

# PAINT Shortage Endangers Artistic Community, Film at Eleven

By  
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## A Valentine's Day Art Show

from

### SEEKERVILLE'S READING ROOM

This is Venus, the Roman Goddess of Love and her son, Cupid, the Roman God of Love (*Same last name? Who was the father? Already a scandal?*)

I did a lot of reading about Cupid...

*(translated to English... "that's four hours of my life I'm never gettin' back.)*

With it in mind to talk about Cupid on Valentine's Day Week.

I actually started out to talk about St. Valentine. Except, well, the information is shady about the real St. Valentine, mostly I got,

there were three Catholic priests named St. Valentine

*(well, I suppose they were actually named just Valentine. The Saint came later, right?)*

and they all died hideous deaths as martyrs,

soooo **NOT** the warm and romantic blog I had in mind.

So, the St. Valentine guys had a feast day which was on February 14th.

Also on February 14th (*so the legend goes*) birds picked their mates which somehow got mixed up with the god of love, namely Cupid.

*(hang in there, I know how boring backstory can be)*

So St. Valentine's Day became connected to this pagan holiday which was for the birds. (*okay, you KNOW I had to say that*)

The birds mating is actually immortalized in a Chaucer Poem

called *Parlement in Foules (Fowls??)*--

***For this was on seynt Volantynys day***

***Whan every bryd comyth there to chese his make.***

*(choose his MATE? maybe?)*

Not **MY** typos, complain to Chauer.



Cupid is sometimes young,  
There are BEES on that kid...what sadist painted that?  
(I checked, Lucas Cranach the Elder about 1525-  
I suppose it's too late to file charges now)



Sometimes Cupid is dang near girly, (*why, oh why doesn't Dan Brown write a DaVinci Code about the 'cover-up' about Cupid being a girl??? Huh???*--Noooooo he's gotta go for Jesus being married. Well, *fine, my next book is being outlined right now! Miss Cupid!*)  
But, boy or girl, child or adult, Cupid is *all the time Nekkid*.



What? Was there a colored paint shortage?  
Flesh tones were on sale?  
An artist had to make do?  
I'll encapsulate four hours of reading here.  
Psyche...*no, that's a person, not a mental illness*...was pretty but conceited.  
Venus...also conceited...sent her son Cupid to **MESS HER UP**.  
Cupid fell in love instead.  
Venus did some payback on poor old conceited Psyche  
but Psyche was so beautiful that people kept rescuing her. (**BEEN THERE**)



Finally Venus got control of her jealousy,



Psyche got over herself

*(and put some clothes on, thank the Good Lord)*

and



Cupid got the girl.  
My gosh it's just like one of my romance novels...  
only with wings instead of a Stetson.  
The end, cue the Godiva Chocolates, the Hallmark card industry  
and bring on Pro-Flowers.com



This, well, this is just disturbing, I'd need a paint roller and a gallon of Little Dutch Boy to get clothes on  
all these people.

I'm sorry, I just don't like people running around **nekkid**.  
I never do it myself and don't see why anyone else should get to.

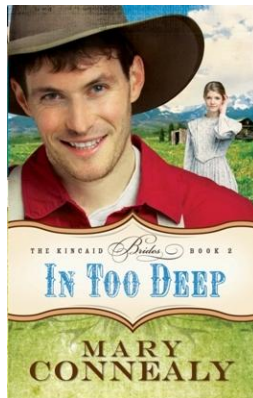
I know, it's art. I've got a friend who's an artist.  
She's talked me through it.

The reasons for nudes, the **ART** of it all.



Not buying it. Put some clothes on for heaven's sake.  
And that is the story of Valentine's Day,  
minus the slow agonizing death and graphic dismemberment  
of some Catholic Priests.  
Enjoy your chocolates and hope and pray the roses don't attract bees.

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**In Too Deep**