

A Unique Artist.

The furnished house beside the sea in the plantation next to mine had been vacant for some time.

One morning, my servant brought the news that it had now been leased by an artist and that he was living alone.

Giving him time to settle in, I sent him a message asking whether I might call upon him. The reply came back "Yes if you don't stay too long." Expecting a rather cool reception, I strolled along the beach and up to his house.

It did not take long to recognize the work of an accomplished professional artist painter. So unlike that of the numerous amateurs who specialized in female nudes. The only recognizable likeness to the subject being a black triangle somewhere near the middle.

My new neighbour worked on landscapes and interiors, which were really exquisite. While admiring his handiwork, I was intrigued to know what a peculiar looking cross section of sausage skin was doing painted somewhere in all his pictures. "Oh that. That is my foreskin. A doctor cut it off when I was a boy and as my paintings are a part of me, they would not be complete without this extra."

---