

ART IN THE HOUSE

I grew up in a small apartment that had a real French watercolor painting on the wall, along with two small Dutch oil paintings, a marble bust, a China closet filled with cut glass, and expensive mahogany furniture. I never gave them a thought. My mother must have bought most of the stuff, other than the furniture, at auctions that she went to during the brief period from the time she married, until the depression and my father's death.

When I was in college, I added to the art that my mother owned, by cutting out reproductions from Life magazine.

After my mother died, and I married, I got rid of much of the art, the cut glass and the furniture.

What do I have these days:

Some of my sculpture, my children's art, and over our bed are two prints by the same artist; one that Fran had and one that I bought at ? We also have ...