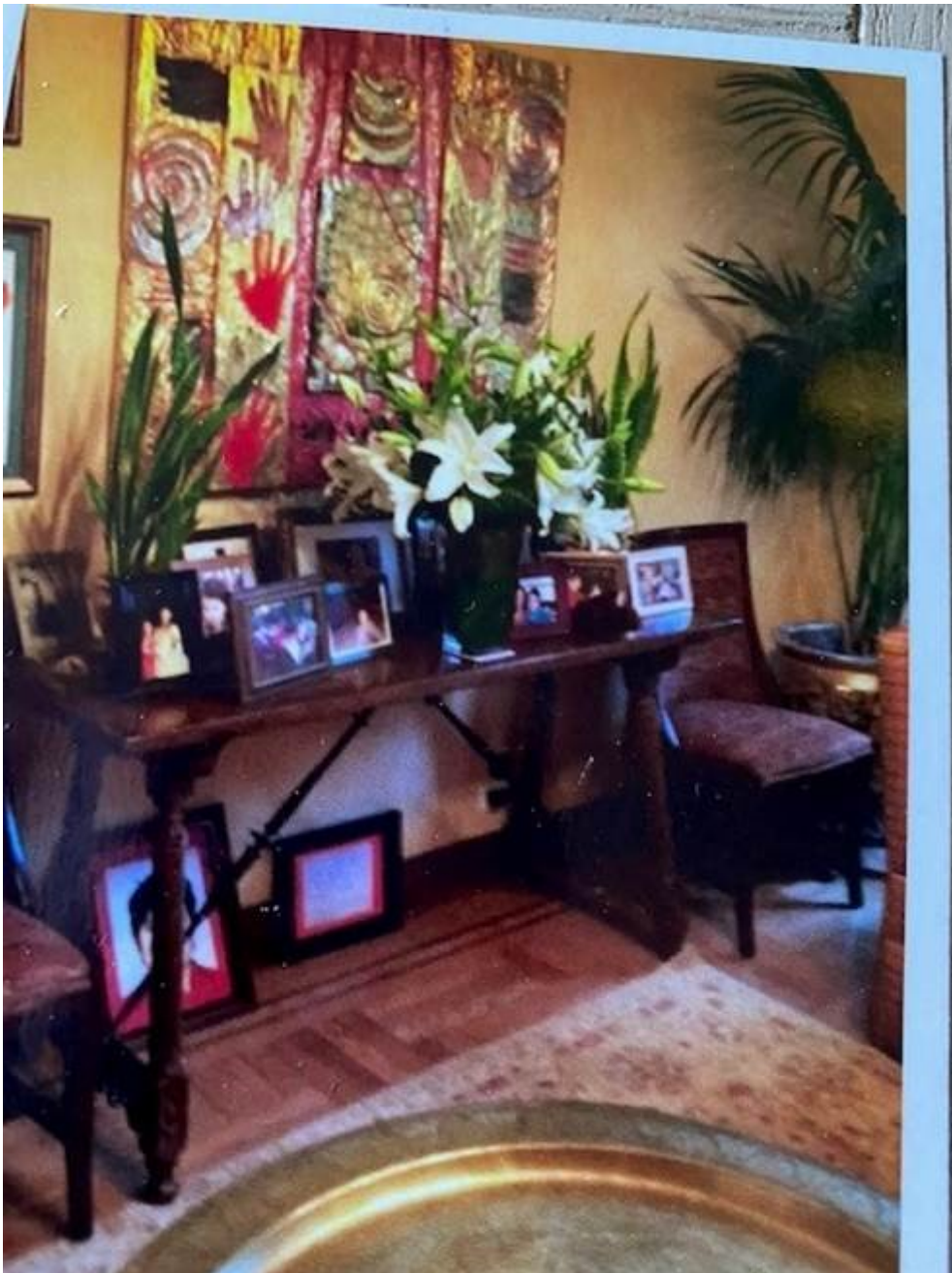


I MISS MY OLD LIVING ROOM

by Phyllis Chesler



Renovation required redecoration and gone is the dark and lovely Spanish table, gone is the round brass coffee table from Jerusalem via Greenwich Village, gone—but where?—is the caricature of myself that once I treasured. I came across an old photo of this side of the living room and decided to share it with you. The plants remain. Nancy Azara's splendid, living sculpture remains. All else, as Marcus Aurelius taught us, has

changed. Everything always changes, nothing remains the same. The good, the bad, anything at all never remains the same. Even our memories of former times keeps changing.