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I am a Grand Pa now --- I want to talk about my Grand Pa Emile/ -----he lived through two wars , fighting in the first one 1914, --was a prisoner of the "Boche" the Germans-- as he would say.-----He had his first hollydays in 1936! One week!

I am talking of another time--- you cannot bury me yet-
I am a Grand Pa now I still have things to say. Ask

We lived my brother and I with our grand parents for few years in a two rooms flat of around 35 square meters,slept together in a folding bed in the dinning room. There were wheels under the dining table to push in order to make room for the bed. Imagine Belleville a sort of village in the north of Paris-----a working class area, beginning of the 60 ties-----Now you find Matcha tea and vegan , and dishes without gluten in trendy restaurant

Another time Another time ---I am talking of another time- you cannot bury me yet- I am a Grand Pa now I still have things to say. ASK

No toilet in the flat, it was on the stairs, no fayence seat/ just a hole, --"toilette à la Turc" or squat-toilet-- At night we did our thing home in a pot---remember the colour light blue and gran-pa carrying it out of the flat

No hot water

No fridge (a box with ice in summer)

The heating was in a stove working with coal Grand Pa had to carry it from the cellar to the 3 floor

No washing machine -----one did not change underwear every day -----we were clean though

I am talking of another time--- you cannot bury me yet-
I am a Grand Pa now I still have things to say. Ask

Grand Pa lived all his life until 94 in the same rental flat. Never went abroad beside the camp in Germany

He liked to go working---- did it until he was 74--- at this time there were still small fabrik in Paris center-----he liked to do things with his hands. He brought back small materiels to reuse from his job.... he made small furnitures--- when he died I wanted them.----- My father wanted to throw them away.

Lucky to have experienced that time where things where not thrown away easily. You had to deal with what you had available, specially if you were poor. Consumerism was not a life style...consumerism

All my life I have been frugal, Artist learn how to be of course...not keeping things ...looking at carbage...discovering stuff

I guess he has inspired me as a child I observed him also grand ma--- She taught me how to sew and said I would be a fine tailor she was sure one day...at one point I wanted to be a fashion designer...she sensed something

we were so close to each other in that space , we did not talk about our "personal space" as we hear today

he made a knife he gave it to me..later when I was older, how do you make knife....wonder----He made that in the tiny kitchen

He hanged an "art work" I did at school..... it was the Art he could understand

Sunday was washing day for us—imagine two boys in a bucket in the kitchen----grand mother boiled the water in a kettle and poured it on us and washed us vigourously.

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It was screaming soap and shampoo in the eyes , and fun,
and water all over the floor.

~~We went to the public bath sometimes with grand pa I~~
~~remember naked men I remember naked men naked~~
~~men I remember~~

Grand-pa grand-ma were in their early 70 ties... they
were old taking care of us ---full of life

The sound of valse musette acordeon that was played
on the radio on sunday morning while being washed, it
was like an air of joy,--- it was the only "culture" they
knew no---- Art museum visit! It was for the educated...
the rich. On sunday morning— it was the smell of a
roasted chicken or "poulet roti" for lunch---- every
sunday chicken it was--- He was the cook he was a good
cook until the end

It is not such a long time ago really ~~thanks for your life~~ it
was another time before this frenzy og consumerism
and trash all over

I am a Grand Pa now---you cannot bury me yet—I have
things to say—ask ---Ask--- I am a witness of another
time