

PETTY CASH
1991 Ongoing

It's almost never there now . . . much of coin, cash, scratch, moola, flow. It seems antiquated, gone. But there used to be whole dishes/containers designed for men with valets to empty their pockets into, leaving the days' change liberated, until dress began again the next day. I loved these receptacles, and my father's was open season, for the taking . . . It was called "the tray", and he had lots of it—petty cash—and it never seemed empty . . . It was my segue to candy heaven. Hope it's not empty, or in between changes.