



# Rolland Golden

*Life, Love, and Art in the French Quarter*



R O L L A N D G O L D E N

“As a matter of fact, I have, and it will be something that ties into the Civil War series.” I stopped, knowing he was anxious.

“What’s that?” he asked hesitantly.

“I’ve been considering a series called *The Death of the Plantation*. I have lots of photographic material from when Bob Carr and I were going to do a book about all of the old plantations standing along both sides of the river road. I did most of my part, but then Bob got real busy and the thing died.” Silence. Then Bryant said,

“That sounds great, Rolland. This series will be on a similar theme, yet it won’t have the fear and turmoil of the Civil War exhibits. I think it’s the perfect extension.”

“Thanks,” I said. “I’ve thought about it a lot, and in fact, have already come up with ideas, sketches, and so forth. I’m about to begin the first major piece. I’m excited about this new series.”

My Civil War show had been taken down and a show by one of Bryant’s Spanish artists, **Alvar Sunol**, was up and set to open in a couple of days.

“I’ll be down for the **Alvar** opening with Doris. See you then, okay?”

“I’ll be here,” I replied.

We hung up and I turned my attention to the acrylic painting I was just starting. This was going to be a fun, yet sad, exhibit to paint. I thought of the old building I was working in. I’d say at least a hundred years old, probably more. To those of us who liked old buildings, it wasn’t just because they were old, but because they’d been lived in for many years; within them babies were born, people died, and others took up the task of keeping the house inhabitable and a desirable place to live.

We had a wonderful surprise **at the** beginning of spring. My favorite uncle on my father’s side was coming to visit. Uncle Dubs, whose real name was Warren D. Golden, was the youngest of the four Golden boys from Granddaddy Golden’s marriage. He started out as a musician and ended up a Methodist preacher. Uncle Dubs was coming to New Orleans for a conference of ministers, and we were thrilled to spend some time with him.

Uncle Dubs was a great preacher. I know because as a teenager, over a few summers, I went to stay with him, Aunt Lorene, and their daughter Simone. Simone was about six or seven years younger than me, but we still had a great time together.