

Title:

I Love To Collect African Art

Word Count:

454

Summary:

I love venturing around the world and learning about other cultures. A huge part of me comes alive when I'm in another culture. Ever since I was a little girl I have always been fascinated with the faces of people from other parts of the world and I've been intrigued by the way other people live life. Photography seemed to be the right profession for me because it allows me to travel the world and get paid, literally, to see people and cultures and things. I love it. I also l...

Keywords:

african art

Article Body:

I love venturing around the world and learning about other cultures. A huge part of me comes alive when I'm in another culture. Ever since I was a little girl I have always been fascinated with the faces of people from other parts of the world and I've been intrigued by the way other people live life. Photography seemed to be the right profession for me because it allows me to travel the world and get paid, literally, to see people and cultures and things. I love it. I also love collecting special things from other continents and nations that I visit. My latest fascination has been growing my collection of African art.

I'll admit that at first, African art seemed a little too strange for my liking. It wasn't typically in my color scheme and I couldn't see it fitting into the home I had created back in Vermont. So on many of my first journeys to Africa I came home without any African art. If you're thinking that it is strange for an artist to pass up any chance to collect art, I agree with you now, but I haven't always.

I learned to love and collect African art when I took my two daughters with me to Africa on my latest photoshoot project there. It was a busy three week trip during which we would be making our way through six different countries. I didn't expect to find much time for shopping, but my daughters kept insisting upon it and so I frequently found myself in the most quaint markets meeting stall owners and finding more shots for my photography project than I ever

imagined to.

I had given each of my daughters a set amount of spending money before we ever arrived in Africa, and they had that amount gone within the first two markets we enjoyed. I learned to love African art through the eyes of my daughters. They were intrigued and captivated by the art more than I had expected they would be. Watching them pick up new items and love their look I too began to love looking at African art. I decided that I wanted to forego my need to have everything matching in my home in order that I could collect important art work from Africa, the continent that I had grown to love.

If you come into my home today you can hardly walk through a room without seeing the imprint of Africa somewhere. That's because African art adorns almost every room that I spend time in. I have had a transformation: I went from being someone who practically ignored the beauty of African art to being someone that is enthralled with its beauty.