

REPORT FROM BODENSEE
July 8 thru 21, 1947
Frankfurt a/M, Germany

On a surprisingly cool July morning I began my journey to Bodensee with Mrs. Hanna Bekker vom Rath. I picked her up in Hofheim in Taunus and then went onto the autobahn to Stuttgart. The car was loaded with extra gas, suitcases and food for ourselves and my dog for two weeks. We had but one purpose in mind for this trip and that was to visit as many artists as possible. I believe that we were rather successful. Mrs. B. strengthened and established business relations with many of the artists for her art gallery in Frankfurt, and I made a photographic record of my visit with each artist to go with this report on my experiences and their activities and progress.

As soon as we reached Stuttgart we drove up the winding road to the top of a hill overlooking the city known as the **Degerloch** section of town. The city is beautiful from the hills, but actually rather badly destroyed down town. We immediately sought out Ida Kerkovius in the little house built for her by an artist and his wife whose house adjoins hers. Their vegetable gardens were in full bloom about the double cottage and it was good to see that these artists were able to make a new dwelling and continue in their simple and happy way of painting. Kovy, as I was later allowed to call her, was born in Riga, Latvia some 68 years ago. She came to Germany at an early age and worked under Adol Hoelzel in Stuttgart and later at the Bauhaus in Weimar. The work she is doing defies her age. She is a fountain of quiet energy. Her little studio was filled with pastel and pencil sketches, oil paintings and cartoons for proposed weaving. She, like all the craftsmen we talked to, ~~was~~ held up only by lack of materials. I was not surprised at seeing her free use of brilliant color because of the country she came from, nor at the simple almost childlike designs she produced. There is a happy lyricism in her work which is entirely in keeping with her nature. When she puts these designs and colors in the rugs and table ~~mats~~ she weaves on the big loom which ~~crowds~~ ^{occupies} one corner of her room, she is at her best because then her wonderful skill in using varying textures and materials all on one design show her great craftsmanship and creative imagination ~~in~~ their ~~best~~ ^{happiest} manor.... Mrs. B. has known Kerkovius for many years and was her pupil at one time. We ate most of our meals or snacks in her house and took ~~her~~ with us on our visits architect? other artists. We stayed in Stuttgart two days and ~~three~~ ^{three} nights. Kovy had reserved a room for us in a little pension called the Golden Ox ☺ which was conveniently located just a short ways from her home, and on the route leading out to the autobahn.... On the 20th of July we returned to the Golden Ox and drove Kovy to Hofheim the following afternoon for a weeks rest and vacation. She and Mrs. B. often spoke of **Erich Shurr** who built the two houses, but it was not until our return trip that I met him and his wife. He, too, was one of her pupils. He is a Sunday painter who does different work during the week. Amoung his painting Erich Shurr ~~was~~ ^{one} fine Oscar Schlemmer and ^a Hofer.

On this first day in Stuttgart Kerkovius wanted us Gidaly to meet one of her American friends who seemed to be Ottomar Domnick friendly ~~to~~ ^{with} most of the Stuttgart artists. We piled ~~our~~ ^{our} car and went down town to the Military Govt. Finance office where we found **Mr. Gidaly**. He ~~was~~ ^{is} a tall elderly jovial bachelor, and promptly invited us to his home after dinner. There we met **Mr. Domynick**, the nerve doctor we had heard much about because of the somewhat abrupt entry he had made into Modern Art.

Willi Baumeister

After coffee, Dominick left us after making sure that we would visit him the next evening; and we went on to Baumeister's home. Gidaly had made this arrangement for us....I liked Baumeister immediately. He let me look around to my hearts content while the others chatted away in German. In his living room there were several early examples of his work and on the book shelves a very fine collection of African wood and stone carvings and masks. He did not have very many paintings in his studio because his work is shipped off to museums and galleries for exhibitions just about as fast as he paints them, so it seemed to me. His early work was easily recognizable for his flat non-objective shapes on a plain field, usually black on white or tan, and his abstracted figure compositions where his awareness of Schlemmer and Leger was felt. Today, there is far more use of varied textures and color in his work and his canvas is filled with a continual moving design from edge to edge. Many of his paintings are made in the manor of a photographers negative. He is a strong and prolific painter, turning out a mountain of work. His lithographs and drawings in charcoal impressed me as though they had been made with great speed and sureness, but not all successful by any means. However, his graphic work certainly showed the tremendous vitality and rich imagination which streamed through his fingers....I joined in the conversation a little bit and told Baumeister that I had seen one of his paintings in the Boucher gallery in Paris and that Mr. Alfred Barr had stated in a letter to me that Baumeister was the best possible in Germany today to be teaching the young German painters...He then remarked how happy he was to have the ten art books Mr. Barr had sent him from the Museum of Modern Art about a year ago. Books, pamphlets and pictures on art activities outside of Germany are a very rare and much sought after pleasures for all German artists. Our Picasso book by Mr. Barr has been on continual loan to artists ever since we received it from the States. Mr. Gidaly had told me what a fine and often amusing conversationalist Baumeister was, and that finally his friends had enviegeled him into writing down his ideas on art which have recently been published in book form in German. I saw the book and wished that some one would trouble to translate it for the English speaking world. I recall one remark he made to the affect that the more white space left on the canvas, the better the picture, which hardly jibes with the work he is now doing. And when I enquired about buying a painting from him, he said that he could hear me and would listen, but that if he owed me a 100 Marks, he couldn't hear a word I said.....A Mr. Klihm from Munich was also present that evening. He was a young man who had opened a modern art gallery in Munich. He joined us when we left his house and returned to Gidaly's to continue our discussion. Gidaly opened a bottle of wine and Baumeister began speaking of a man in Vienna who built the first building without ornament at the end of the century. He then asked me about F.L.Wright's museum for Non-objective art. I told him that I had been to Taliesin, Spring Green, Wisconsin to visit my friends Ken and Polly Lockhart just a few weeks before I left for Europe, but that as far as I knew the new museum had not been started. And he was amazed when I said the probable delay was due to lack of materials. Such an excuse in America sounded quite unbelievable.

Alfred Barr

Klihm

Laots

I then went on to tell what Polly Coan Lockhart had written to me recently about Ken's experiences in supervising the building of Mr. Wright's designs for new buildings on the campus of a Methodist College in Lakeland, Florida. "Visitors now coming leave none the wiser, often not even knowing who is the architect." "(only now) the library has seen fit to order books by and on F.L.L.W. and modern architecture". And that Polly's younger sister, Ellen, had married Nizar Ali Jawdat while they were both students of Gropius at Cambridge, and that this year they have put out their architect's shingle in Bagdad, Iraq. Nizar's father represents his country on the U.N. Concil.... Baumeister was pleased to know that I was familiar with the work of Maholy-Nagy and had heard him lecture in Milwaukee. And I enjoyed telling him how much the Chicago New Design School had (and still is) influenced art in daily life and business in the mid-west.... I was surprised to find myself speaking in German, French and English and that we all understood one another quite easily and that harmony, understanding and pleasure filled the room. It was with reluctance the party broke up at midnight and my first day with Stuttgart artists ended.

The next morning, Wednesday, July 9, Mrs. B. and I began with a short visit with Capt. Edith Standon who is in charge of Monuments and Fine Arts research in the American zone. She seemed pleased to see us again as we had both known her in Wiesbaden when she directed the Museum there. She told us to be sure to stop in Tubingen in the French zone on our way to Bodensee because of the excellent exhibition of art in the local museum. We took her advice and it was a wonderful show.... We then picked up Baumeister at his home, as previously arranged, and went down town to the Herrmann Gallery to see the one-man Baumeister show.... I will venture to say that the Herbert Herrmann gallery at 60 Konigstrasse, fourth floor, is the best gallery in Tubingen. He is a tall, black haired young man who is working hard to put on good shows. And he, like most of the new galleries, has had to deal with possibilities and then practically completely rebuild an entire floor of a bombed office building. The staircase leading up to his floor was open all the way and I guess that snow will be on the steps in the winter time.... I thought that the Baumeister exhibition was good and the quality of the work shown was consistently high and varied but the feeling that there was too much on view disturbed me, and I felt no urge to return to see it again after leaving. Mr. Herrmann was very happy to have me take a few pictures in his gallery and we worked hard in arrangeing one with Baumeister in it, but they did not turn out very well after all..... Our next stop was at the Wurtemberg Kunstverein gallery on Gahkopf 3 where we saw the Haubrich collection from Cologne. I was familiar with the collection from photographs and it was a pleasure to see some of the paintings for the first time. And I took some photos in the gallery. The list of artists reads like an honor roll of the best artists working in Germany the first 30 years of the 20th century, altho a few French and Swiss are also included: Adler, Beckmann, Chagall, Dix, Ensor, Fuhr, Heckel, Hodler, Hofer, Jawlensky, Kirchner, Kisling, Kokoschka, Marc, Mueller, Nolde, Rohlf's, Schmidt-Rottluff, Scholz, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Marcks, Matare, Sintenis, Archipenko, Barlach, Campendonk, Despiou, Feininger, Gromaire, Grosz, Kubin, Macke, Modersohn-Becker, Pascin, Pecznstein, Rodin and a few others.... Heckel's canal-landscape in oil was the first and only work of his which I really liked; Fuhr's Gothic cathedral was the best I have seen of his work. Usually his canvas has so much empty meaningless space. Hofer's three clowns were familiar; and Matare's cow was handsome as always.

Just by chance I happen to be writing page four at Hofheim and the director of the Colone museum is here for the afternoon and evening. I thought that on a thursday it would be very quiet for writing, but so far, ^{with these} ~~an~~ artists and ^{Domstadt & Wiesbaden} his wife, from Dusseldorf have arrived and departed, a pianist has arrived ^{from Wiesbaden} to give a concert this evening, Nay has come down the hill for a cup of tea and a little talk and the Colone museum director came with him and is staying. He was surprised to learn that I am the same American lady his wife had met in Berlin at Schmidt-Rottlaff's apartment, last May. Needless to say, I am impressed with the energy and determination shown by German artists in traveling from one end of the country to the other just to see certain pictures and people for an hour or a day at the most.....I asked the Colone director more about the Haubrick collection. **Mr. Haubrick** is still a very active lawyer in Colone and had begun collecting pictures when in his youth. At that time, many of the artists were not very well known or appreciated. Today, the collection belongs to the museum and a fund has been provided to purchase new works. The director and collector are good friends and work together on purchasing additions to the collection. I think that they are doing considerable good in letting the collection travel extensively throughout Germany since many of the artists represented were forbidden artists under the Nazi regime. The collection was never disturbed because it was owned privately until 1945 when it was given to the museum.....The museum director is a very charming man, rather tall with sandy hair and glasses. When I told him that I thought the three best painters today in Germany were Baumeister, Nay and Reichla, he said "no" to the last name. And when I mentioned whom I thought the best among the sculptors today, Mataré, Hartung and Baum, he said emphatically that Gerhard Marcks was first, he was not familiar with Hartung and that Baum seemed to work in the manor of Mataré, which is somewhat true. (I am beginning to feel like a Boswell, the way I quote everyone's opinion, tho I hope I have a few of my own without Paul's influence). Incidentally, the Colone director is somewhat of an authority on far eastern art and has spent considerable time there, but has never been to the States. We spoke ^{of} the Solomon Guggenheim collection also. His name is Prof. ~~Reedemeister~~.

On Thursday, July 10th, we left the American zone and our first stop in the French zone was Tübingen to see the exhibition of German art there. The work ^{shown} there was far beyond my expectations and the best I ^{collection} have seen so far in Germany, surpassing the Mainz show. There I saw more Leubrock heads in one room than ever before, also sculpture by Barlack, Mataré, Baum and others. Again I ran into Hofer, four big oils, including a self portrait. It was then that I began to laugh with Mrs. Bekker because it seemed, as though everywhere I went I ran into Hofer and he was becoming an "idea fixe", and this feeling increased as I continued my journey, to our continual surprise. In this same room were several fine Beckmanns, Knolde, Jawlensky which led to a small room of Kollwitz. Another small choice room was dominated in the center by a black Mataré torso while on the walls were Klee, Baumeister, Schlemmer and Kandinsky....the best room in the show. Other rooms showed the earlier revolutionary painters of the "Bridge", Kirkner, Heckel, Peckstein, and also Grosz and Dix, none of which interested me at all. One small room was devoted to Geitlinger. This surprised me. He is a young fantasy painter, clever and superficial heavily influenced by Klee, as are many of the younger German painters. When I spoke of him to Gunther Franke in Munich, he shook his head in the negative. On the other hand the painter ~~wild~~ man in Stuttgart is likewise influenced by Klee, but is still one of the most promising artists in Germany today. We visited him the evening before we left for Tübingen and found him to be a very serious, quiet and hard working man. Paul and I visited him a second time in August, and Paul liked his work, too.

We left the Tübingen show in high spirits and continued on south toward Bodensee. The countryside was lovely, passed a very romantic looking Hohenzollern castle on the top of a mountain, skirted the black forest and arrived at the little town of Ludwigshaven on Bodensee at 5 O'clock where we stayed at the home of Frau and **Wilhelm Schaeffer**, old friends of Mrs. Bekker's. Mr. Schaefer is a poet, novelist and painter, and I found them both to be a very charming couple. Throughout their large and comfortable home were many drawings, paintings and sculptures of Mr. Schaefer's head. And he does indeed have a head artist like to make. He has sharp twinkling eyes, gray hair and a good sized beard. We exchanged so very few words during my entire visit that I can only describe his appearance. His wife made most of the conversation and Mrs. B. interpreted. Things would have been different if my French had been any better which it wasn't. I was the first American to visit in their home and they honored us with a bottle of choice German wine at dinner followed by coffee on the balcony where we had a wonderful view of the setting sun over the sea. I was glad that I had brought food along to supplement a part of our meals because the ration in the French zone is not even as good as that found in the American zone, which isn't saying much ~~at that~~. We made the Schaefer house our headquarters and sent telegrams to our families about our safe arrival. And all the next day I just rested and worked on the car. Because it is almost impossible to replace car parts, it is essential for a driver, even a woman, to keep a car in good shape. And shortly before our departure Paul had taught me how to clean the carburetor and everything but give a thorough oil and grease job. The gas we use is not very clean and one never knows when he might have to clean out the carburetor on a lonely back woods road. I had to clean the carb---twice on this trip. Occasionally we have to use regular water in the battery because there is such a shortage of distilled water in the EC (European command)..... Mr. Schaefer had the delightful custom of playing a little music on his piano before and after every meal. So, when we heard the piano, we knew it was time to come from wherever we happened to be, to eat. And if we heard him twice, we knew we had missed his company at the dinner table. He stayed on schedule, though we couldn't always, and the rest of the day he was cloistered in his study working on a new novel which is part of a trilogy well known to his public. His wife was usually with him typing his dictation.... After our first day there I felt completely at home and realized that we could come and go as we liked without offence. ~~So~~, we would pack the car and make short journeys to other nearby towns along the sea, visiting many artists, and sometimes returning to Schaefer-house and sometimes not; and ~~the~~ it went for 8 days. They were ~~always~~ happy to see the car come up their driveway and listen to the report of our adventures; ~~they~~ ^{at the} always refused to come with us except once when Mr. Schaefer and his seven year old grandson joined us on a trip to Meersburg, a lovely old town and castle. We passed thru the old town of Überlingen as well where I noticed a beautifully designed, very small modern white church with brown roof and portico. On the return trip from Meersburg to Ludwigshaven, on an excellent sea-board highway, we enjoyed one of those picture post card red sunsets. The dark mountains, tall poplar trees, scattered church steeples and white light on the water composed a painting I had seen time and again in the studios of artists who had ^{visited} lived or were living on Bodensee.... Schmidt-Rottluff, Heckel and even Hofer, and countless others, of course. On Saturday, the 12th, we had one ^{of} our longest and most enjoyable days, driving to Konstanz early in the morning, then by ferry-boat from the ^{to} Meersburg again, and back to Ludwigshaven in the late evening.

In Konstanz I was quickly given a swiss visa on my passport, good for a month. The consul office also said that they would promptly OK Mrs. B's entry if she could get an exit visa from the French out of the French Zone. We were unable to get beyond the french woman secretary to the Military Director of Constance, Capt. Hilt. As an American, I was surprised, because so many Americans have to travel with interpreters, and I thought that the French would be more cooperative. This was not the case and we were told that it was impossible for a German to go to Switzerland for just one day. I knew of many instances where Germans were allowed to enter Switzerland and wondered what the 'open sesame' consisted of. In Frankfurt the Swiss office had told me that they thought it would be quite possible for me to take my German interpreter with me across the boarder at Konstanz. I never thought of asking the French office. But now I know how closely they guard their newly acquired boarders (~~by the grace of the American army which won the war~~)...2 years ago)... We forgot the incident for the time being and sought out the Malhaus Apotheke, the residence of Dr. Leiner, director of the local museum. We parked the car in a little square by the building and Mrs. B. went in to see if the daughter was at home. She had visited Mrs. B's gallery on her recent tour of the American zone. Mrs. B. returned soon to tell me that I must come into the house and meet the family and see that house because it was so old and beautiful. We entered by a small side door and went up some very old stairs to the second floor where Mrs. Leiner greeted us in their drawing room. She was a strong looking woman with brown eyes and black hair. I felt that I had seen her before. The daughter wanted to take us to a nearby exhibition of Hans Kuhn's work, and we left shortly. Mr. Kuhn was present ^{at the gallery} and I spoke to him. A nice man, about 40; but his work, though interesting and bright in color, was not convincing. I seemed to see too many influences and symbols introduced into his work which were not his own. I felt that de Chirico, Dali and Berman were also present. But one must also consider the isolation German artists experienced for ten years and often longer, and perhaps the ideas they worked on were entirely their own, and original as far as they knew. Kuhn is in the Gerd Rosen group in Berlin. He should be encouraged, as all the modern painters should, but he will have to work a little harder before he rings any bells... Miss Leiner took us into the back room of the gallery and showed us the work of artist Becker. Again I was not impressed but pleased to see one more painter influenced more by the French school than the German. He was obviously well trained in academic drawing, and then had mixed impressionism with abstractionism in the watercolor medium and had missed his shot. Better than most, but still lacking in complete understanding of picture building and creating. Miss Leiner and her brother and his wife seem to have a lot to do with the exhibitions in Constance, and I think that she was disappointed in my lack of enthusiasm over Becker.... and then we returned to Leinerhaus where a lunch was awaiting us. As we entered the dining room I was struck by a large portrait of Mrs. Leiner. "By Karl Hofer", Mrs. Leiner said. Then Mrs. B. told them that I had visited Hofer in Berlin two months ago. They asked me more about him and Mrs. Leiner told Mrs. B. that he was an old friend of the family and had spent many months visiting and painting in their home and that they owned many Hofer paintings. It turned out that the four Hofer paintings we had seen in the Tübingen exhibition had been loaned by the Leiners. At the end of the war they had asked Hofer to come to their house from Berlin so that he would be safe from the Bombing, and his paintings as well, but he had not come because of his wife who did not wish to leave.

I then ^{realized} knew that I had somehow seen Mrs. Leiner in some of Hofer's two figure group paintings, not implying that she had necessarily modeled for them, which I doubt....They told us more about the old house. It had been occupied by the Leiner family for six hundred years. The wood paneled drawing room walls were closely hung with family portraits, all around the room. The apothecary business still carried on on the ground floor while the present generation were occupied chiefly with art....Miss Leiner asked me to come with her through the rest of the house. She led me into countless small rooms, each with one or more Hofer paintings on the wall...still lifes, landscapes and figure....I enjoyed myself immensely. The rooms were, of course, very old and charming, and we traversed up and down winding stairways on the tour....When we returned to the drawing room, Dr. Leiner had arrived home and was busily conversing with Mrs. B. He ~~seemed to be~~ ^{was} a very spritely small man, with small bright eyes, sharp pointed nose, and his dark hair, gray at the sides, puffed straight back. His family made such a charming group that I quickly started taking pictures of them, and they acted pleased....Dr. Leiner told Mrs. B. that he formerly had been allowed to enter Switzerland to visit museums there on business, but that now such privileges were practically impossible to obtain, even for himself....It was a pleasure for me to visit in such a wonderful old house, one of the famous landmarks in Konstanz....We left around 3 in the afternoon, in time to drive to the ferry landing and take the boat across the lake to Meersburg, a 30 minute ride. This was Hexi's first sea voyage and she didn't like it very much.

At Meersburg we drove up the hill above the castle to the home of Frau Erdman Macke where her young 18 year old son, Claus, a fine potter, led us to the nearby studio of Fraulein Gaspert. Miss Gaspert showed us through her ceramics factory where she and a friend are making lovely dishes, pots and vases, tho not quite original enough for me. But Mrs. B. ordered a few things for her gallery.

Then Frau Erdman, talking constantly, directed us along more back roads to the home of metal worker Reichle. He was not there but his wife showed us his work. We saw big brass and copper jugs and pitchers standing on the floor and shelves, two and three feet high. Some were in natural color and others black with a single odd design, oriental in feeling. I did not think that the surface design could have come from the hand of the same artist, and I was right. Their artist friend Julius Bissier had collaborated on many of the Reichle jugs and bowls. A handsome big plate hanging on the wall, black with natural brass wide loops and line design was the most creative object in the room. Then the smaller red bowls and dishes of varying sizes and shapes held a certain interest because of their odd coloring. This was done, as Bissier later told us, by heating the bowl and letting oxidization take place, so that the bowl was red in color but streaked with black and natural brass color. Thus each bowl was different from the next. And it was Bissier who told Reichle to leave the bowls in that manner and not try to polish them into monotony. They believe that they have discovered a new process; but, as usual, the smithy is held up by lack of materials and metal....Frau Reichle makes nice weavings, but I did not see much of her work. She did not strike me as very friendly. We later were told that Herr Reichle believes strongly in communism, and does not have much to do with anybody, just likes to work by himself. I did not wish to intrude any longer, and we departed gracefully and continued on our way to Bissier's home in a nearby town. *Hagnau*

Frau Bissier greeted us at the door of her home. The house was very attractive; low white plaster building on a small village street by the sea. She took us into her small office and then the store room where we looked at the fine weaving products from her small factory. The rugs were handsome and colorful, but the linen was beautiful. The factory was controlled by the French and everything made was for export purposes. They had owned a big factory in the east which they had to evacuate, and she was content in being able to start building a new business by Bodensee. Frau Bissier was a very friendly woman who enjoyed showing her work. In a short time we learned that she wanted to travel to Munich and Stuttgart on business, and Mrs. B suggested that she come with us when we left the French Zone. The idea of traveling by car made her very happy, for we all knew how awful the trip would have to be on the slow overcrowded trains.....and then Herr Bissier entered the office. He was a short little man, dressed in a blue suit. Little hair was left on his round jovial head. His eyes, watery blue, sparkled with friendliness. And he led us upstairs to his big drawing and working room. A large tile stove stood in one corner with big Reichle bowls perched on each corner. At the end of the room was a glass cabinet which held more pottery both by Reichle and another potter who worked near the boarder nearer Basle. (We hope to visit him on a later journey).....I have to chuckle, now that I am writing this report many days after the actual meeting with the artist I have since learned that he is a very difficult man for anyone to live with, much less, do business and discuss art with.....But I found him very pleasant and cheerful in every way.....In his room, the pictures on the wall, in his person I felt the influence of the orient. And over coffee and the aroma of good American cigarettes and thru Mrs. B's translations added to what I could see, feel and hear by myself, I learned that Bissier was a student of Oriental philosophies and was particularly fond of Sen. Before painting, he would read and study, go into a period of silence and concentration, and then begin painting. He made hundreds of sketches and drawings, destroyed most of them, and saved those he felt had the perfect design he wanted. Because of the great amount of time and thinking that went into the creation of his little drawings, paintings and sketches, he began to think of them as his children....So, when he let me depart with a very few of them, he first had to make quick sketches of what he was letting go so that he could remember them....I was touched by the scene. But later when I related the story to Paul, he was disgusted. "Baloney", was his reaction. Once an artist gets a painting out of his system, it is done, and if some one wants it, good, and that's the end of it. A good artist is always producing and if too much of the work hangs around the studio, pretty soon there is no place left to work. And I think ~~that~~ he is right. Bissier also showed us the work of his daughter. From the combined influences both from father and mother, she is interested in designing big tapestries. I took a photo of one. I felt that Lurcat was in her work, and later learned from her that she was very interested in him and the Gobelin work he is doing; and had even gone so far as to try to get permission from the French to go to him to study. She is about 17 years old. A buxom blond lass who shall certainly make her way in the world. I believe that she will be in France and working with the best of them in a comparatively short time.... She helped her father considerably with his feather patterns. He first made big black and white or brown and white designs, about a yard square, and the daughter sewed on each little chicken feather onto the cloth. White feather background and black or brown feathers for the design. A lot of work and interesting, but I

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am not sure what place they have in art, if any. However, they are creative and have a decorative use; but still seem to be more a novelty and technical experiment that overshadows the design.....Again we returned to Shaefferhouse in Ludwigshaven for the night, and reported our day's adventures to the family.

On Sunday the 13th we finally made our appearance at Maria Proells' home in Hemmenhofen; about a half hours drive from Ludwigshaven, on another bay of Bodensee.....It was difficult finding her house because it was hidden from the road by a long high hedge, and the little gate in the hedge was equally hard to find. The first few times we drove to the gate we used, as a land mark, a stack of fire wood near her entrance. Then, after the wood had been cut and stored by her house, we tried counting the tall poplar trees that lined the road, but our counting proved rather faulty.....It was really high time we visited Miss Proells for it was because of her that I made my first plans to come to Bodensee.....I had seen some of her watercolors in Chichio Haller's gallery in Zurich last November, 1946; and I had told Mrs. Haller that I was interested in finding modern painters in Germany.....a month later Miss proells came to Zurich and learned about me from Mrs. Haller, and then I received an invitation to come to Bodensee Hemmenhofen where Miss Proells said she would take me to visit Erich Heckel, Otto Dix and many other artists. It was impossible for me to travel by train in the winter and I had none of the numerous permits for such a trip at that time.... Then she wrote and asked if I knew Mrs. Bekker in Hofheim and perhaps we could make the trip together, in the spring....In December, 46, I had visited Hofheim for the first time, in April, 47, Paul and I had gone to Paris for our new Renault car, and in July the Bodensee trip materialized.

A noisy cow bell clanged as we opened the gate. Miss proells greeted us from her bathroom window wearing a bathing suit. Hanni Rocco came out of the house and led us down to the ~~sea~~ where we sat on the sea wall talking until Maria made her appearance, this time in a dress. The two women were most cordial and friendly. Maria, a former concert pianist, now a painter, and Hanni a violinist, have made a tollerable life for themselves in their small attractive studio house. They make music together and live very quietly. Hemmenhofen is a refuge to many artists. Mrs. B. had last seen Maria in Berlin before the war. After she was banned from the concert stage because she was a jewess, she went south as did many others. However, I found that she was writing about music even though not playing much today. And Hanni was doing a little sketching besides playing the violin. The two women were in their forties...the last excitement for the two women before the war's end was their short stay in the local jail. They had assisted a nefew of Hanni' make his way, by boat, across Bodensee to the green snow capped mountains of Switzerland, and safety. It was simple to realize, as they do, what a so near and yet so far country Switzerland is.... We sat on their ~~te~~ eating lunch and our eyes never left the mountains across the bay. We, too, hoped to go there and had found little success so far.After lunch we went swimming. It was my first swim in famous lake Constance and I loved it. I knew that I could crawl across in 30 minutes and felt tempted.

Later in the afternoon Erich Heckel and his wife come over to join our high tea, and again I got busy with my camera. Mrs. Heckel was very charming. A short, pretty woman, always ready with a smile. Heckel, too was very friendly and tried hard with his faulty English to speak to me. His big brown eyes opened wide like a happy sprite when he wished to

tell a joke or make an amusing remark about art. His ears seem to become more pointed and his bawled head glistened in the sun. He was obviously conscious of his head because what hair remained on the sides was carefully combed forward somewhat in the manor of Picasso who poss~~ibly~~ a little more of a crop. We did not venture far in our discussion of art as I had not seen any of his recent work. However, retiring as he was, one could feel that he was aware of his place in the history of modern German art; Though such a feeling is naturally hard to explain. Way back in 1905, as he later told Mrs. B., he was the one who first thought of founding "The Bridge" with Kirchner, Schmidt-Rottluff and Otto Muelle Peckstein and others also joined the bridge, but Heckel was the founder. We all knew of this famous group but now I had the facts about its beginning.

Today Heckel is a very quiet man of 64, painting in his summer home on Bodensee. He began his training in architecture and moved from Dresden to Berlin in 1911. By that time the purpose of the "Brucke" had run its course and the painters were working separately. However, the work that these men did together in Dresden remained the greatest single influence on the development of modern German art until the founding of the Bauhaus in Weimar in 1919. The purpose of the "Brucke" was to break away from the realism of the old germanic landscape school, which, as one can well realize, was well established and its professors were loaded with prestige. But these younger painters were determined to paint what they felt as well as what they thought and saw and that spelled revolution. Of course they were probably influenced by the French ~~painters~~, but what they produced was entirely germanic in feeling and heavy in touch compared to the French. When seen together as a group they carried the greatest weight in an exhibition, and, as a group inspired a fresh trend in painting. Individually only a few retained their strength....After a few years they saw that they influenced one another too much and drifted apart in a natural friendly manor.

Today, Kirchner and Mueller are dead, Heckel is at Bodensee and Schmidt Rottluff in Berlin. At this writing, the later is visiting Mrs. B in Hofheim for a month or two....And, now that I know both of these men rather well, it is somewhat difficult to speak of them abstractly. The I have written more extensively about Schmidt-Rottluff in my earlier "Berlin Report", it can be added now that he and Kirchner, and Nolde too were obviously the strongest men in the group. But today, bold as his paintings remain, Schmidt-Rottluff is no longer experimenting or searching new fields, but rather very competently repeating himself. The same darkly outlined shapes in his landscapes, and bright color; and Paul says that his shapes are too uninteresting as well as his color. And it is almost unbelievable to me to realize the slump (only word I can think of) after seeing the powerful woodcuts he made years ago which were so much his own and on a par with the designs of ~~Wagner~~ ^{Wagner}....But the story is much sadder for Heckel. His work is really awful. But I do not wish to be too much misunderstood. There are a few American watercolorists today who are producing ~~the same, and I can't~~ ^{very strange work} stuff; and these American painters are spoken of as our best. Sure, they are good, for example Adolf Dehen. But after the realistic thunderstorm on the meadow or the mountain has been made, what exactly has that to do with creative art?....the next morning we spent several hours looking at Heckel's work. He paints the country about him. The mountains, fields and sea, in all the four seasons; using watercolor mostly. He also is making stone lithographs. His most recent work was a set of portraits from memory of the four men in the Brucke. He made the set as a memorial, for posterity, I suppose....The fire found in his early work is reduced to a quiet ember. His borrowed strength from the Brucke is ~~gone~~ ^{spent}.

In the ~~early~~ evening of our first day in Hemmenhofen we called on Dr. Kaesbach. Mrs. B knew him from former visits at Bodensee, but he was an entirely new figure to me. However, from the three separate calls we made up the hill to his attractive home, I gathered that he played a considerable part in the encouragement of young painters in the northern part of Germany, Westphalia, and in Dusseldorf in particular. On this first visit he told me that Hitler had done him a great favor in firing him from his job as director of the Art School in Dusseldorf, because, today he is left alone and considered a victim of the Nazis. During his fairly long reign in Dusseldorf he built up a fine private collection totaling 174 pictures. Unfortunately they were on loan in a public museum where the Nazis confiscated the entire collection as degenerate art. To date he has been able to recover only four pictures and has little hope of finding the rest. So much work the Nazis stole was sent out of the country ~~for~~ to be sold, and what the Nazis kept for themselves in their own homes was often destroyed when their homes were bombed. ~~Then, too,~~ There were always a few Nazi art galleries and private collectors who had a field day in buying up, cheap, parts of confiscated art collections. And it is practically impossible for the original owners to trace their paintings. The Monuments and Fine Arts Section of Military Government has done a splendid job of tracing stolen Museum collections and individual famous works of art, but I do not believe they are concerned with, or required to, assisting ^{locate} individual private losses.

Dr. Kaesbach is a man of medium height who stands with dignity and poise in his summer white duck slacks and open shirt. His white head is held high. His blue eyes are kind, though guarded; his nose aquiline, his mouth a close line. He is a handsome man and gentle person until he gets on the subject of Paul Klee. "Do you know N----?", he asked. His eyes looked at me sharply. "I spoke to him about Hofer and Feininger in his gallery ten years ago", I replied bravely. The Dr. raised his pointed finger like a proclaiming saint and with a hushed slow words uttered, "He stole all the Klees"..... I was surprised at this and said that there are always two sides and we should not forget the good this man did in showing the artists work in America. Europeans seem to be unaware of the fickleness in the American public, and the great commercial effort which must be made by a gallery to put an artist across, especially an artist who clearly represents his time but whose audience is behind the times. A true contemporary representing his ~~own~~ ^{own} seldom has an audience..... The Dr.'s answer to that explanation was that Klee would have found his way and those that understood art would have recognized Klee without any middleman's assistance..... Time, as always, answers such questions, and I will not go farther at this writing. There is much more that can be said on this subject, and that we did say when ~~speaking to each other~~ ^{we discussed the situation}, the Dr. and I and Mrs. B.

The Dr. showed me a number of paintings, drawings and etchings on this first visit, but declined to show more when the light failed. We must come back again if we wished to see his ³Klee's. We were tempted, of course, and did return. I particularly remember a charming folio he had of children's paintings which he had taken with him when he left Dusseldorf. I took a photo of the Dr. with this folio. His personal leanings were ~~really~~ toward the more romantic impressionists and expressionists, and not so much towards the abstract painters. Examples from the Brucke and Blaue Reiter groups were on his walls, and many young men, unknown to me, who had died at an early age..... Yes, this man has done much for art in Germany, and it would be a pleasure to be of any help to him today. He is 70 years old and alone. His son is in South America.

It was very pleasant to talk with Dr. Kaesbach. He was witty and at times his tongue was quite sharp. However, no mention was ever made of Otto Dix who lived and painted nearby.....I had been told that the two men, who had once been close friends, were no longer on speaking terms. The Dr.'s son had fallen in love with the artist's wife, which problem had precipitated the young man's departure for South America and left the two families at odds.

Among Kaesbach's present collections are examples of most of the artists who live around Bodensee. Among the names new to me were Alexander Rat and Macketanz. That is only a reflection on my own ignorance because the artists are not unknown to those better acquainted with German and European art.

There was a tall, thin bony woman present during our visits, and at first I was under the impression that she was the Dr.'s wife; but later learned that she was a local peasant ~~girl~~ who was the housekeeper. She spoke no English, but I could see that she had acquired an agreeable understanding of art from the Dr. and intended to take care of the man until he passed on. The agreement is quite sensible as she will inherit ~~the the~~ paintings, and probably the house as well. (I do not wish to be quoted on any of the remarks made on this page).

.....As I said before, we went over to Heckel's house to see his work on Monday morning, the day after our arrival in Hemmenhofen. The house was familiar to Mrs. B. as she had been there many times before and on this visit was their guest, while I was the guest of Miss Proelks..... The house was situated on a gradually rising slope from the sea. It was low and rambling, white with a brown roof, well hidden from the road by trees, garden and fence. It was built in the Italian style, U shaped, the patio enclosed on the three sides, the open side evers-facing the sea...and the Swiss mountains.

In the artists studio, above the fire place at one end of the room, was a boldly painted picture of Dresden, in red, black and green. It had been painted many years ago when the artist lived in Dresden, and held that same rebellious fire of expressionism found in the work of all the members of the revolutionary Brucke group.....My eyes kept repeatedly returned ~~up~~ to this painting as the artist placed one picture after another on the easle or floor before the fireplace. There was little for me to say so I kept very quiet and let the others talk....Among the guests in the house was a young man who had come down from the north. He was a rich merchant's son who was making an art tour, just as we were, visiting artists and gathering material for a critical report of some kind, I think. It was always so difficult for me to quickly gather just who the many people were, and what their interests were, ~~what~~ I always found in artist's homes. If Mrs. B. remembered their names and interests she would, ofcourse, tell me later; but often we both forgot or never caught their name at first meeting.

While we were there Mrs. B. received a tel/egram from her gallery asking if Heckel would please sell one of his watercolors which were currently being exhibited in Mrs. B.'s gallery in Frankfurt, the Frankfurter 'Kunst-Kabinett. Heckel would not sell, no matter how much the buyer was willing to pay for the picture. And that episode is a typical example of the attitude of many of the artists in Germany today. And it is understandable. The explanation is this: The Mark is worth so little today that the artist prefers to hold his paintings for a better day. They believe there will be a curancy reform and do not want to be caught with too much worthless money and no pictures. The other good reason is that many artist lost all of their work when their homes were bombed and will to use *their present output for exhibition purposes to re-established*

their names before the public, in the cases of those who had not been permitted to exhibit for 10 years or so; or to simply establish themselves, in the cases of those who had never had a chance in the first place because they were too young and radical when they were first ready to show and had to wait until the end of the Nazi regime to get their start.....The older artists are waiting for channels to open for them to show their work outside of Germany, and eventually in the States where they hope to be acclaimed and purchased, and, I suppose, retire in riches and glory.....Happy day, I wish all artist, even in America had such optimism.....I guess it is time for me again to repeat what I said in my Berlin Report several months ago, that it will be 25 years before indiginous creative modern german art will be felt to a considerable extent outside of Germany. I hope that I am wrong but feel that I am sadly ~~wright~~.....The last great artistic gift we received from Germany were those members of the Bauhaus faculty who came to the States when Hitler came to power in the early 30's. Perhaps sometime in the 50's we shall again benefit from the cultures of Europe....Those German men of arts who came to the States are familiar to all American student and indirectly to all of America because of the great contribution they made to American design in industry as well as architecture and painting.....such men as Walter Gropius, George Grosz, Maholy-Nagy, Fieninger and numerous others. *Melo Vander Rode*

After looking at Heckel's paintings and lithographs, he presented me with a small souvenir wood-cut of bathers by the sea; and then we ambled out into the courtyard, or patio rather, where we all had lunch together. Frau Kerschbäumer and her daughter joined us. They were also guests in the Heckel house and had come from Munich.....They were dressed in such beautiful sophisticated versions of the peasant Bavarian costume that I could not help commenting on their striking appearance. They were delighted with my awareness of their gowns, for, as it turned out, that was their business, dressmaking. And I was filled with envy of the American women in Munich who could have such lovely clothes made by such an artist....Her Artist husband was at one time considered one of the most talented painters in Germany and even today, his paintings are much sought after. He, too, was one of the revolutionary painters at the time of the first world war. But he passed on when still a young man and his wife treasures what he left her....Kerschbäumer was a good expressive impressionist painter who caught the spirit of the watercolor medium at about the same time the American watercolorist Marin did...only an ocean separated them....I guess that he must have been with the Blau Reiter (1906-7) Munich revolutionary group which also included Kandinsk and Jawlensky....and Schoneberg as well, which is surprising. A few of his watercolors were published along with some of his music in a book published in 1916, entitled the Blau Reiter. The cover design was by Kandinsky, and he as well as many others wrote articles in the book which was some what in the manner of a manifesto and included most of the original artists in southern Germany. ...I read the book in Kerkovius' house in Stuttgart on a later visit there. And today, The musician is happy and busy in California, U.S.A, Wonderful world, even for artists!

At three o'clock that afternoon we called on Otto Dix. Miss Proells and Miss Rocco came with us. He, too, lived on the hill surrounding the sea and had a wonderful view of the mountains from his house. It was a big house, beautifully appointed and bespoke the comfortable success he reaped from his early work which told the story of his people, their hardships, and horror of war in particular. It was a fine home any artist would appreciate living in. And he should be credited with one

difference from his contemporaries. He has tried to find new ways and is not content to repeat what he has done in the past. His color is new, his technique is new and his ideas are new; but whether this change is for the better, I will leave for the professional critics to say. I, personally, found one small still-life of sponges and mushrooms which I liked very much and wished to purchase. I had to be content, however, with a photograph of the picture which Mr. Dix gave me for consolation.

Otto Dix was born in 1891 in Gera. He studied in the Dresden Accademy, worked in Berlin, and from 1922-25 was in Dusseldorf. Since 1926 he has lived in Dresden, and, ofcourse, moved to his summer home in Hemmenhofen every summer....He was relieved of his position in the Dresden Accademy very soon after Hitler came to power, but continued to paint in the city even though not allowed to exhibit.....An interesting story about the artist has just been told me by Carl Schmidt-Rottluff who is sitting in the same room with me and Mrs. B. in Hofheim on this pleasant September Afternoon. It goes like this: Otto Dix painted a very large picture in Dresden several years before the war. The subject of the painting was the story of Lot and his wives and the city in the background was actually the city of Dresden being bombed. Such a professy could hardly be seen publicly, and today it is in the private collection of a friend of the artist's who has always purchased his work.

I made a photograph of the artist in his studio which came out rather well, and the paintings shown in the background tell pretty well the type of work the artist is doing today. Some of the sensualism found in his earlier works is gone, and in its place a worried concern about the hereafter and approaching ~~age~~ age....His earlier things hardly prepare one for the religious painting he is doing today and a certain amount of sincerity is lacking...Also a somewhat sour sweetness is found in such pictures as self-portraits of himself painting at his easle with a little golden haired girl ^{in the picture} carrying flowers, and flowers sprinkled about the floor. In fact, ordinary taste seems entirely lacking....The predominant colors in his new work are blues and grays; and as for forms, shapes and pattern or design of some kind, there just aren't any. His statements are vague and foggy and are probably true expressions of the artist's thinking at this period. By statements, I mean what he has painted, not what he has said....As a man I found him quite pleasant and cordial, but slow to smile. He was probably a little flustered to have four women descend upon him because, in Germany, it is usually a masculine visitor in an artist's studio. Very few women, if any, are in the art business in Germany.... Mrs. Vogel in the Gerd Rosen Gallery in Berlin is the only other woman besides Mrs. B. I know of.....Mr. Dix is not a very large man, but his long white smock made him appear taller than he actually was. His hair was sandy color and turning gray. It was long and combed straight back from his high forehead. Although his face was lined, he looked younger than his 56 years....I was impressed with the comfortable circumstances in which I found this artist, the best of any of the artist I had visited so far. He had the largest unbombed house, studio and estate I had yet seen. All that was lacking was plentiful food. No one in Germany has enough of that. And the terrible draught this summer means another hard winter for everyone.

I believe that people in America knew Dix best for his powerful anti-war lithographs, drawings and paintings made about the first wa

and for him to do the same type of work today would be repetitious and empty. Apparently, the Bible has been his source of inspiration for painting for the past ten years. However, there is no more difficult problem for an artist, than to translate into paint the spiritual experience one should have when reading the Bible. And when too much realism and emotion is seen in a painting, the artistic and creative purpose of art is lost. The painting becomes an illustration.

In fact, it was quite an experience for me to discover Dix the painter in Germany. I had really only known his name and fame a year ago. I knew and admired his early work in my art student days, but to discover his later paintings in current exhibitions confused me considerably and aroused my curiosity to meet the painter....The first time I ran into his ~~new~~ work was in the Mainz exhibition in the Kunsthalle Am Dom last June, 1947. Dr. Rudolf Busch, local museum director, had done a fine job in assembling one of the ~~first~~ post-war shows of the modern German painters. He is quite an old man and one can only marvel at his energy and devotion in traveling about the country to pick out the pictures he wished to exhibit....In this show Dix had entered two very large oil paintings; one entitled "Pieta", which was reproduced in the catalogue, and the other "Woman with Child in Ruins", painted in 1946 and 47 respectively....Paul and I did not think much of these paintings.

The next time I found Dix paintings was in the Kunstlerhaus "Sonnenhalt" in Stuttgart where the Haubrich Collection from Cologne was on view in July. The paintings Haubrich had purchased were from an earlier Dix period and were entirely different from what I had seen in Mainz. These were very realistic tightly painted portraits, two of himself and one of "Dichters Theodore Daubler". I took a photo of the later.

Other paintings which I remember seeing in Dix's studio were: a sensuous nude hanging above the door, a big painting of a nude woman struggling with wierd goblins, a portrait head of Erich Heckel painted in green, rather frightening to look at; The Temptation of St. Anthony painted in his new impressionist manor, and a recent nude figure painting of a tall attractive blond girl I had met at Miss Proells' home....most of this work seemed to lack good color and taste....When we told Heckel that we had seen his portrait by Dix, he was surprised and said he had never seen it and knew nothing about it.

When we returned to Miss Proells' home for tea, Ferdinand Macketanz joined us. He had walked over from nearby Kattenhorn to see Heckel and Heckel had sent him over to meet us. He was a tall dark haired good looking man who looked more like 25 than 45 years old. Although he spoke quietly and with humor, there was infinite sadness in his big brown eyes....He told Mrs. B that he was not drafted by the Army because of his very weak heart, that his beautiful young wife passed on during the war and then he came to Bodensee with his mother-in-law who takes care of him. His native city of Dusseldorf is far behind him. He has little interest in returning to the environs haunted by memories of his happiest and saddest experiences. Perhaps, much later, he will return..... We drove him home to his small house hidden on a pine knoll at the end of a long cart track road....His mother-in-law was a charming white-haired motherly type of woman whom we liked immediately....The artist had a big full length nude painting on his easle in the center of his studio. It was unfinished. He works very slowly and carefully. His technique was something like pointilism, but more opaque and heavier in texture. His colors shimmered like sunlight on an opal stone. He is a master draughtsman of the human figure....His watercolors were deftly washed impressions of the surrounding countryside. He was also working

-16-

Note: When I found the first 15 pages of this report and reread them out of curiosity, because it is now just four years ago that I made this trip I also found a half page of notes which covered the last seven days. It seems that these 15 pages only actually covered the first seven days. Just for fun I shall try to wip the thing to its conclusion for my own satisfaction.

Macketanz was also working on designs for stained glass windows and painting glass, as I remember. His knowledge of the effects of light on color and colored glass apparently affected his later development. The only painting I have since seen by him was a large oil in the Badische Sezession Ausstellung which I attended in Baden-Baden this month. It was a park landscape made up of large clear color areas and at first glance I thought it might be by a student of Jawlensky, it so much resembled the early landscapes of Jawlensky and Kandinsky. In this same show I also found that Miss Proels' painting was similar to Heckel's work, that Dix's oils were consistently weak. Just ugly mask-like faces, an attempt at religious subject matter again, and one passable uncomplicated and well painted landscape of Bodensee in winter. Bissier had managed to widen his scope or at least the size of his pictures; and Heckel looked the same as ever. One fine still-life all-over pattern and two figure compositions with no blood. Kuhn had a new style, a landscape made up of many contra-punctal lines reminiscent of Klinger. It was interesting to note, however, that the older artists retained their lead and that there were very few new names among the painters from the state of Baden. The younger painters had so far produced rather mediocre imitative painting as well as sculpture.

On Tuesday we tried very hard to get over to Switzerland. Early in the morning Miss Proels showed me her watercolors which were pleasant and rather pleasing but not exhibition material and she made a gift to me of a very small watercolor sketch. The two women suggested that we try the small border-crossing at Stein am Rhein. The black haired French Sergeant had orders not to let any Germans across and he was not susceptible to a cigarette bribe. He suggested that we try for permission from a Capt. Harris at Singen. We found the Capt. and I explained to him that we only wanted to make a short trip of a few hours and I needed my interpreter. My objective was to see the Wintertur Museum and the collection of Dr. Reinhardt. The Capt. said he didn't mind helping me but I must be cleared through Capt. Hilt at Kanstanz and he would telephone him for me. What a merry-go-round. This time we got beyond Capt. Hilt's secretary and here Frau Bekker spoke for me to the Capt. When he asked her if she was related to the Vom Rath who was murdered by Goering's men in the German Embassy in Paris, she said he was her cousin and then the Capt. grew more amiable. He also started speaking to me in English and grudgingly ordered a pass for her to be picked up in the morning and only good until 6 in the evening. We returned to Ludwigshaven and the Schaeffers for the night. They had thought we were already in Switzerland.

Wednesday morning we picked up the pass and at the border the car was thoroughly searched. Even the purpose of the camera light meter was questioned. Every page of Frau Bekker's sketch book was scrutinized except the last. Behind the last page lay a James Ensor etching we were taking to Zurich for Dr. Kaesbach. I remembered the townspeople telling us that Capt. Hilt was a communist as well as many other French officers, which must explain the uncooperative attitude of the French towards an American woman.

The air seemed so much freer in Switzerland and Mrs. Bekker was overjoyed to be outside of Germany for the first time since the war. She had always been an inveterate traveler on the continent driving everywhere in her own car. She hadn't been allowed to leave Germany for almost seven years, I believe, so this brief excursion was a very happy one, indeed.

We wizzed on to Winterthur in no time, and in a small photographic shop I made a phone call to the home of Dr. Reinhardt. The secretary asked what I wanted and then politely and firmly told me that the collection was only open to visitors on Thursdays after first writing a letter of request. Undaunted, we continued on to Zurich and directly to Chichio Haller's gallery on Grossmunsterplatz. Unfortunately she was not at home, but her neighbor, the photographer Bettina allowed us to use her phone. While Mrs. Bekker was making her calls, I was amazed to find that birds were flying around the room freely. Sometimes they entered their cages to take a quick bath or eat a little something and then continued on their flight or rested on the big camera in the studio. As a side note, I should mention that some time later, perhaps six months or so, I was introduced to Dr. Reinhardt in Chichio Haller's sitting room. He asked me many questions about German artists and particularly his friend Hofer. He even asked me to phone him next time I came to Winterthur so that he could show me his collection. I bravely replied that perhaps he didn't mean what he had said because I had already tried once to visit him and had been refused. He said that would never happen again and that I would be welcome at any time and that I should also bring Paul with me. So far, I have never been able to follow up this invitation although it has always been a pleasant feeling just to know that I have been invited. Dr. Reinhardt is a very large man with a large ruddy head, blue eyes, bushy eyebrows, gray-white hair (perhaps balled on the top, I don't remember). He wore a gray suit.

By this time we were hungry and went across the river to a cheerful second floor tea room overlooking the Limat. It was a hot day and we sat on the terrace. Frau Bekker went inside for a moment to ask something of the waiter and was surprised to hear a voice cry out, "Why Hanna, what are you doing here?" She looked to see who it was and found an old friend Baron von der Heydt sitting in a corner. His home is in Ascona and he was only in Zurich for the day. We joined him, of course, and he immediately wanted us to visit him in Ascona to see his collection of modern and eastern art. It was out of the question since we had to be back in Germany at the end of the day. However, about a year later I asked him to provide an invitation for Frau Bekker to come to Switzerland which he did, but the trip never materialized. I phoned him once the following summer but Paul suddenly changed his mind about driving from Zurich to Ascona and I have since had no further contact with him. In the afternoon we visited Mrs. B's friend Frau von Schultess-Rechberg who lives in an interesting modern home built by one of Switzerland's more famous architects, Moser. The home is high on a hill in the part of town known as Zollikon. Our hostess was so pleased to see Mrs. B again and asked all about her family and friends in Germany. On the staircase was a watercolor by Corbussier which didn't look like much to me. The second family we visited was Dr. Wolfensperger, an old retired banker friend of Mrs. B's. His wife was very ill and we had to be very quiet and at the same time Mrs. B had to speak very loud because he was rather deaf. I meanwhile browsed around looking at the paintings. A Delacroix, a Corot and a Roederstein portrait. The late was a former teacher and friend to Mrs. B and a well known popular portrait painter in Germany who lived in Hofheim.

By this time it was close to 4 in the afternoon and we had to start back to the border which we reached in time without mishap and returned again to Ludwigshaven for the night.

In the morning we drove over to the Heckels to say 'goodby' as well as to Misses Proells and Rocco and Dr. Kaesbach. The artist Becker came to Heckels with the hope of showing his work to Mrs. B. but she felt she had no spare time at the moment and also that she had seen what he was doing at Konstanz. We hurried over to Kattenhorn again, this time to visit Alexander Rath. He and his friend and her daughter have a little brown house close to the sea. It is really a summer place and very uncomfortable in winter I imagine. Rath is a fairly tall thin man with dark eyes and a thin drawn face. His brush of graying black hair recedes far back on his high domed head. His friend had lived most of her life in the east Indies and is only part German. A few years later, when life became more agreeable for them, they married. According to post-war German law, a married couple are entitled to only one room, whereas two single persons are permitted two rooms. They had two rooms and did not wish to lose the second one. Rath's work was very small in scale, about the size of a postcard. His work was skillful and craftmanlike. Good design and color. He had been a student of Klee at the Bauhaus and the influence was unavoidable and unmistakable. I bought two little pictures for about 500 Reichsmarks. This sum of money amounted at the time to about five dollars at the most. While we were there the wife of Helmuth Macke came to show some of her husband's pictures to Mrs. B. Of course, when I visit artists I always tell them that my husband is an artist, too, but working for the army. Then I am usually asked in what way he is an artist for the Army and I tell them that he is in the Art Section of AG. Well, invariably the Germans confuse this title with the Fine Arts Office of Military Govt. and are unfamiliar with the fact that there are several offices doing art work for different branches of the army, but they all know about the Monuments and Fine Arts Section which has been confiscating Nazi art and restoring museum collections.

Several months later I experienced a very unpleasant surprise ^{so} due to this misunderstanding. Unknown to me, Rath's friend announced in the local Bodensee newspaper that Rath had sold a picture to the wife of an American from the Fine Arts Office and that it would be exhibited in America. Naturally I intend to bring my pictures to America one day, but have not as yet. Then the artist Becker whom we had not had time to see at Hemenhofen sat down and wrote a long sad letter to the Fine Arts Office in Frankfurt asking that his work be looked at too so that he could sell a picture and exhibit in America. The Frankfurt office was just a library at the time and was run by a friend of ours, Mr. Horne. The letter was turned over to the Wiesbaden office where Capt. Heinrich held sway. I had never met Heinrich and Horne had not mentioned the matter to me. Heinrich phoned me on the day of my departure for a pleasure trip to Berlin. He asked me about my trip to Bodensee, about my purchases there and conclude by ordering me to go to see Mr. Howard, at that time Chief of Monuments and Fine Arts in Berlin. This took place in the dead of winter after all three men who handled Becker's letter had had the opportunity for several months to call at my home like any gentleman in the States and ask me what the misunderstanding was about. But that was expecting too much from these cops and robbers boys and they wanted to play it the hard way. I visited Howard and explained my big purchase at Bodensee and quoted my husband's title at the time: Chief of Finished art, AG Art Section, US Army. Howard smugly related how he had kicked Nierendorf out of Germany although he did not know that was N's second trip into Germany, and that his wife's brother was the editor of one of the American art magazines. So what!

Fortunately I was aware that the other Americans interested in German art, including Mr. Howard, had made just as many, if not more, art purchases than I and that I had in no way done anything out of the ordinary or different from himself and Mr. Heinrich except perhaps pick up better examples of contemporary German art. I did not appreciate the backhanded attitude of either of these men and never saw Howard again. When a friend of mine replaced Howard in the Fine Arts office, he took the opportunity to reprimand Heinrich for his carelessness in not investigating the letter instead of passing the buck to the Berlin office. Four years later I accepted a luncheon invitation from Heinrich in Wiesbaden because he wished to entertain my house-guest Mrs. McKnight who had come down from Berlin to see her Berlin Artists show in the Wiesbaden Museum. Later I had H. to the house for dinner party for Dr. Charlotte Weidler. Soon after he left for the States to become the director of the Huntington Museum in California. He is a good museum administrator as far as I know and cares nothing about contemporary or modern art. He is a good conversationalist.

When we left Rath we made our last stop at the home of Herr Weber in the town of Boadman. He was a farmer who collected art much to every ones surprise. He had many works of Gilles and of the Expressionist school. He was a rich farmer and still it was considered very remarkable that a peasant could be interested in art. In the living room of his large house there was a long glass show case on one side which was filled with pots, spoons and other implements which had been found on his father's farm-land on Bodensee. These objects were used and made by prehistoric man who was known to have lived in this part of Europe. Bodensee and its surroundings has always been a favorite local for archeologists. If the grandfather felt the importance to preserve these relics, it should not be surprising that the succeeding generations continued to be sensitive to the natural beauties about them and the artists who worked in the neighborhood. He recently purchased another Schmidt-Rottluff at this time. We returned to Ludwigshaven for the night.

On Friday the 18th we began the long drive home. Our first stop was at Meersberg to try to get some ceramics to bring to the gallery. Miss Gaspar t said she had nothing at the time but would send some work later. She never did. We stopped at Reichle again where I purchased two copper bowls and two little ash trays, then at Bissier's we stopped to pick up Mrs. Bissier to take along with us to Munich. For some reason forgotten now, we were unable to cross from the French zone into the American zone on the most direct road to Munich. The German passengers could go over, but I couldn't. The next nearest crossing for me was near Ulm. So we wandered up along a river and finally found the crossing and landed in the badly bombed out city early in the evening. Every hof still standing was full, and in desperation I phoned the American resident officer, a Capt. Dunn. He told me how to find his house and when I landed there he said that he could take care of me but not the Germans. Meanwhile Frau Bissier phoned a business acquaintance who volunteered to take care of the two women. They slept on improvised beds in a bombed out hayloft. It did not rain since this was one of the driest summers on record. I meanwhile felt almost guilty sleeping in clean sheets. I remember well the Capt's black-haired attractive secretary who had been married to an Austrian ski champ. The Capt. told me that he relied on her for everything, especially as his interpreter. In no time I learned from the townspeople that her husband had been a big Nazi and she was no rosepetal herself. Dunn was rather suspicious of me traveling around with Germans in such an unofficial manner and insisted that I sign his visitors book in his office with my

full military address. I was grateful, however, for his and his wife's hospitality and in a moment of sentimentality I gave Mrs. Dunn my biggest bowl by Reichle. Mrs. B and Mrs. Bissier made sport of our adventure in Ulm and a little business as well. Their host made glass jars for preserving fruit and they both left and order with him. At this time such an item was almost impossible to procure in the shops. This must have been the most roundabout and prolonged trip to Munich Mrs. Bissier ever experienced

In 1947 the general attitude towards the Germans was one of suspicion, distrust and contempt. The Americans usually referred to them as Krauts, made little effort to understand them or to be friendly with them, altho there were thousands who were eager to cooperate with the Americans. It was some time later that an official order was issued to the effect that Americans were to pursue a more friendly policy towards the Germans. The Army resident officer stationed in every town was a combination administrator, mayor, engineer, lawyer, educator, judge, jury, politician, transportation god and housing chief. What he couldn't do himself he turned over to his assistants and picked Germans. I imagine that years afterwards many of these young men, who are probably back at their desk in some innocuous job in the States, marvel over how they managed to muddle through the tangled responsibilities of getting a town back on its feet and in running order. The townspeople have also marveled over the speed and ingenuity practiced by the army in getting power plants and water systems working and also over some of the astonishing mistakes when disreputable and questionable Germans were selected as advisors to the officers for both public and personal services. The representative Americans were truly a representative cross-section of America which is not saying much for anyone. I believe that the Germans already know us and probably even understand us after watching and dealing with us for five years, just as the Americans here think that they know all about Germany.

We dropped Mrs. Bissier in Munich and drove directly to Gunther Franke's gallery on Prinzregentenstrasse. The gallery is called Stuckvilla because it formerly was the studio of the German sculptor Stuck. The gallery is quite large and has always been considered the best in Munich. Franke was very quiet, slow to speak and friendly. He was not as heavy set as he is today and was in far better health then. His blue eyes are ~~sham~~ narrow slits, close together in his large oval head. His thin hair has a low part on one side ~~se-that~~ to ~~deserve~~ one of his baldness. ~~Ha~~ his office he showed us part of his fine collection of Beckman paintings. When I mentioned Klee to him, he very carefully took one picture after another out of his cabinet and placed it on my lap to look at. They were all beauties but not for sale because they belonged to a private collection. He also had some fine Baumeisters, Noade' and Fietz. He kindly telephoned Mrs. Fietz who lived near Ickinggen to arrange for us to visit the painter in the afternoon. Some months later Franke surprised us with a visit in Frankfurt together with his attractive young blond wife almost half his age. We enjoyed a wonderful evening together and Franke remarked that he would never forget his pleasure in placing those lovely Klees on my knees. A week or so later a package arrived from him containing a Beckman graphic of the head of a woman with mantilla and fan. His movement then as now is slow and purposeful and almost silent. I doubt that very many people have ever seen him so relaxed and in such good humor as he was that evening with us in Frankfurt. Hanna Bekker was also present on that evening and she has a very special talent in helping to make a party good fun.

Whenever we are in Munich we always visit Franke and see his exhibitions. His formal reserved approach remains the same.

It is not so easy to find the home of Gerhardt Fietz and fortunately when we stopped in Ickinggen to ask directions, one of his children was in the shop and she guided us home. We left the main Garmisch road thru Wolfratshausen at a little sign reading Shlederlohe which led us well into the woods and finally to a wooden gate where we halted. We walked up to the house which delighted my eyes because it was a typical brown wooden Bavarian chalet with balconys, wide overhanging roof with stones on the top and shuttered windows.

Mrs. Fietz and her husband greeted us merrily and seemed so pleased that we had come so far to see them. He is a tall good looking man, brown eyes, round face and long dark brown hair held back with a bobby pin. He had a lovely friendly smile and was very quiet and moved with the grace of a cat. His wife was equally tall and attractive with large sparkling brown eyes and beautiful wavy almost white hair. They had four children at the time. Two were by her first husband, Gunther Franke, and two from Fietz. The home belonged to the wife. I believe she must have been a good ten years older than her husband and he seemed dependant on her for everything. Later this proved their undoing. She bore him one more child and then he left her and to live with a young woman ten years his junior in Stuttgart. They were divorced in 1950.

I shall always remember the touching and openhearted welcome I met in almost every artists' home and their willingness to share with me their simple meals which mostly consisted of boiled potatoes and butterless black bread, and a little garden salad. We ate more potatoes again at the big square table in the living room.

Gerhardt showed us all the work he had done before the war and in his student days, but only in his photo album. I believe that he lost much of his work from bombing. He had only recently returned from soldiering on the eastern front and was still in a thin and weakened condition. He had progressed steadily from a sound academic background in painting and was now feeling his way in the wide spaces of an abstract canvas. He can design with skill, he knows his mediums, his color and form and works hard and prolifically. I bought two small oils on paper. He distills his work with such intellectual refinement that seldom a bad picture results, and yet original creative vitality is utterly lacking in his work. As in his personal life, so in his painting he is unconsciously dependant on outside influences. Traces of Klee, Winter and Cavael are in this period although unintentionally; and now that he is in Stuttgart, Baumeister's forms are appearing in his latest work. We have visited Fietz many times and have made further purchases and we are still hoping that he will develop his very own style of painting. I am sure that is why he is living in Stuttgart from what the Domnicks have told me.

The Fietzs insisted that they had plenty of room for us to stay over night. They put a mattress on the dinning table and that was their bed for the night while we slept upstairs in their bedrooms. I would never have known this had I not entered the living room in the morning before their bedding had been removed from the table.

I took some very poor photos of the Fietz and Mrs. B while we were out of doors and admiring the magnificent view of the great river valley which spread out far below the mountain bluff of their land. Then Mrs. Fietz told me that she too was a photographer and was just starting up her business again although it was still very difficult to get supplies. She has done some very beautiful work since then, both portrait and for industries. She has made photos of me and Genie, but never quite satisfactory. While there, Mrs. F made an appointment for us by phone to visit Frau Erbslöh who lived nearby.

Frau Erbslöh was the widow of a painter who had worked with Jawlensky and the Munich painters and had lived with and worked in Paris. She had some very fine early Jawlenskys including portraits of his great friend Verefkin, and early Picasso still life of fruit which was dark and dirty and no one would imagine that Picasso had made it. Also much work by Vechtejeff and a beautiful Delaunay of the interior of a French church. Frau E. and her daughter were living alone in this forlorn old house miles from anywhere and especially their homeland of Westfalia. They were dressed in their best finery for our visit. A black velvet dress in such hot weather. I did not get the impression that either of them truly appreciated what the father had collected. The daughter made very mediocre sculpture.

We returned to Munich for lunch and reached Stuttgart again and the Golden Ox in the late afternoon and reported our adventures to Kovi. On Monday morning, the 21st, we visited the Herman Galerie again. A few years later he was forced to close because business was so slow and he was losing money. He is now connected with the theater and Opera ballet in some way in Stuttgart. We stopped at Lutz and Meyer, book publishers and sellers where I purchased graphic folios by Baumeister and Eickhorn. At this time Eickhorn made several Baumeister mappas, but he too found it too unprofitable to continue after the currency reform. He continues his painting which is interesting and very important. I brought Hanna Bekker to her home in Hofheim and returned to my own family and our apartment at 3 Karl von Weinberg strasse, Frankfurt.

~~What-is-it~~ The most pleasurable feeling I now have about this journey back in 1947 is that it marked the beginning of many long friendships with the German artist I encountered. I have seen the Heckels several times. We have two large tapestries by Kerkovius and love her dearly, and we have since become good friends with Baumeister and the Domnicks. I have kept up contact with almost every person met on this journey and Hanna Bekker has become my dearest friend in Germany.

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