Alfred Bader

Writing - More Adventures

Drafts of "More Adventures"

[200-]

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
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MORE ADVENTURES. . .

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continue from bottom 2 lines of 01

New paragraph

museums

~~Museums~~ occasionally deaccession paintings, but generally do so with care, though sometimes – to put it mildly – without care. None I hope with less care than the Milwaukee Art Museum did in 2001.

A add to back of this page (01)

I

of my gifts

Over the years, ~~beginning in the 1950's~~, ~~we~~ have given some forty paintings ~~to Milwaukee~~. Some of these are masterpieces; some are not so good. It took me years to be able to tell the difference. Until May 29, 2001 none was deaccessioned, but on April 30th of that year, Russell Bowman, then the Director of the Milwaukee Art Museum sent me a letter with a list of ten ~~our~~ my gifts which were to be deaccessioned soon. I replied on May 4, ". . . I can understand the need for deaccessioning, but would it not make sense to discuss with living donors what their thoughts are, before the decision is made? There is one decision that I really question and that is the one regarding the Berchem. Ms. Winters questioned whether this painting is really by Berchem, but I have no doubt whatsoever, as explained in entry 4 of *The Detective's Eye* catalogue. I don't know of any art historian anywhere who knows as much about just such paintings as Professor Stechow at Oberlin knew. And he didn't just decide on the basis of a photograph, but had the original painting there for study. If you have sent that painting for auction then at least I hope that the auction house will have the good sense of referring to *The Detective's Eye* entry and Professor Stechow's clear opinion. The Art Museum has no work by Berchem, so the first question in my mind was: why do you deaccession it?. . ."

Back to 01 for 2 lines

Sadly, Mr. Bowman did not reply, and on May 29th Christie's East offered the Berchem without any reference to the *Detective's Eye*, where there is a detailed two page

Milwaukee Art
Institute

In our apartment in Vienna there were many
paintings, only one of which I liked. I know exactly where it
was hanging in the salon (a small 17th century Dutch landscape)
and ~~when~~ Mother began selling her belongings, it was among
the first to go. I missed it. I was already
collecting stamps, but had no money so I looked into the dealers'
windows in the inner city where there were also a great many
antique stores with many paintings in the windows. It was
the 17 century Dutch paintings I saw there and during
the one or two visits to the Kunsthistorisches Museum
and the Akademie, that I admired most. After my escape
from Vienna in 1938, all connection with paintings ended until I
went to Harvard in 1947.

There I had the good fortune of attending a
number of lectures by Jacob Rosenberg on Rembrandt
and his circle. That was it, I was hooked, and
from my first purchase of an Old master from Dr. Paul Drey in 19
my love of paintings has brought me in contact with
great art historians, museum directors & curators round
the world. These are the people who can guide collectors.

In 1956 Edward Dwight, director of the Milwaukee
Art Institute, mounted a beautiful exhibition "Still
62. Life Painting since 1470". As a result of the friendship that
developed between us and the help and encouragement he
gave me, I made my first gifts of art to Milwaukee.

Ⓐ It is this interaction with directors and curators
that has resulted in so many gifts to American museums.
(To page 1 over) A over

⊙1 page

description of the painting, with signature and date, 1650, ~~reproduced~~ (Fig.). Christie's offered it as lot 108, by C. Iwry, an unrecorded artist. A perceptive buyer paid $3760. Unfortunately ~~Sadly~~, I was leaving for England on the day of the sale and didn't have the good sense to leave a bid for this or any other paintings.

One other which was deaccessioned was lot 114, a fine portrait of a Flemish officer, circa 1635, so thickly painted that I thought it might have been done for a blind person. I learned that a knowledgeable young collector, Avram Saban, in Florida bought it for $4113. At least this seemed to me a happy ending, since Mr. Saban was really pleased with his acquisition, it ~~It~~ was deaccessioned simply because there was as yet no attribution (A ~~a~~lthough it was in mint condition),

begin the sentence. no brackets.

Another of the really happy endings to these was lot 119, by Jan van der Venne, also known as the Pseudo van der Venne, yet although it too was described in *The Detective's Eye*. Christie's stated that the artist was Dutch rather than Flemish. It was bought by the H.F. Johnson Museum of Art at Cornell University for $4700. The Museum's Director, Frank Robinson, an old friend, wrote to me in July 2001:

"Just a note to say that this museum just bought your beautiful Jan van de Venne, A Family Making Music. We are delighted with it; it is full of the tenderness and realism of this exceptional artist." Perhaps we should have given the painting to Cornell in the first place.

These ten paintings of my gifts and a few others also in that sale from some of the Milwaukee Art Museum's major donors, for instance Mr. & Mrs. William D. Vogel, Mr. & Mrs. Richard Flagg and Mrs. Catherine Jean Quirk - were, I believe, unimportant compared to a painting deaccessioned later, in October 2001. This was *The Battle of Gibraltar* for which the artist, Joseph Wright of Derby, was paid £420: the largest sum he ever received for any of his paintings. The purchaser in 1786 was John Milnes of Wakefield who had already amassed one of the largest Wright of Derby collections over a period of some twenty years.

In his two volume work on the artist published in 1968, the great art historian and editor of the Burlington Magazine, Benedict Nicolson, wrote a lengthy [illegible] of this *Battle of Gibraltar,* whose whereabouts was unknown:

"We know more about the genesis of the *View of Gibraltar during the destruction of the Spanish Floating Batteries* (Cat No 245) than about any other picture except the *Corinthian Maid* and his scene from *The Tempest*, but in its absence it would be depressing to enter into too many details. One is not grateful to, but curses, the guide who points at the blank walls of the Palais des Papes at Avignon and goes into raptures about frescoes that are no longer there. A few facts only need be recorded. On 13th September 1782 the British garrison at Gibraltar decisively defeated the Spanish floating batteries, thereby restoring some of that British prestige which had been shaken by the loss of the American colonies. The news had the same effect on public opinion in England as the Suez operation of 1956 would have had, if it had proved a triumph instead

of a dismal failure. The subject was an obvious one for any history painter following in the footsteps of Benjamin West, and most of all for Wright whose specialty was fire, and who could visualize the contribution he alone could make to the events of that memorable day: the firing of red-hot missiles at the Spanish ships; the ensuing conflagration in the harbour; the dramatic feature of the Mole; the proud garrison standing back to survey the blaze. . .He worked hard on the picture during 1784, as far as failing health and torpor would permit, finishing it on 17th February of the following year. . .Wright had the idea of painting two pictures as companions: in the first (the only one executed) 'to represent an extensive view of the scenery combined with the action'; in the second 'to make the action his principal object'. He also thought of raffling the picture, but was relieved of this necessity by the appearance of Maecenas in the guise of John Milnes who carted the vast canvas off to Yorkshire, paying him a more handsome sum for it than he had received for any other work" _end

Luck has played a great pa~~s~~rt in art purchases. In 1967 a Milwaukee dealer, Tom Lenz, and I purchased some eighty paintings from the Laura Davidson Sears Academy of Fine Arts in Elgin, Illinois. Among these was an enormous *Battle of Gibraltar*, attributed to John Singleton Copley. The ~~students~~ had not treated it kindly; all sorts of things, from balls to arrows, had been thrown at it. It had probably been badly restored even before Judge Nathaniel C. Sears bought it in 1923 from the well-known Ehrich gallery in New York who had it relined with sailcloth at a cost of $72.

Tom Lenz and I agreed that he would prepare a handsome catalogue of the Elgin Academy paintings which he offered in the Lenz Art Gallery between 1968 and 1970. Many of them were photographed, but the *Siege of Gibraltar,* oil on canvas, 61" x 93-1/2", was too big to be photographed and did not sell, perhaps because of its size. After two years with the Lenz Art Gallery, the few unsold paintings came to me – the Gibraltar among them.

I am not really interested in battle scenes, and there was certainly no room for the painting on our walls. It went into the basement.

Benedict Nicolson had become a good friend and although not particularly interested in Wright of Derby I wanted to read Ben's work. He was interested in art in all its forms, and had written the definitive books on Terbrugghen, Georges de La Tour, the followers of Caravaggio and Wright of Derby. A great wordsmith, he had written many editorials in *The Burlington* which still echo in my mind. I enjoyed our evenings together when I went to England and benefited from his help and advice. As I read his discussion of this missing *Siege of Gibraltar* I wondered: could that possibly be the "Copley" in my basement?

I now had a great incentive to find out more about this large canvas and decided to ship it, without the frame, to Ms. Mary D. Randall, a conservator in London. I asked her to reline it, remove the large amounts of overpaint and then to ask Benedict to look at it. She put a great deal of work into it over many months. When Ben looked at the stripped

canvas he realized it was in very poor condition but came to the conclusion that it was in fact the missing Wright of Derby. Ben and I talked at length about this discovery - my first foray into this major British artist, and when it was returned to Milwaukee, I offered it to the Milwaukee Art Center (as our museum was then known). In January 1973 they bought it with funds given in memory of Miss Paula Uihlein by the Charleston Foundation which she had created.

Once the *Battle of Gibraltar* was on view at the Art Center, Professor Damie Stillman, the chairman of the Art History Department of the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee, became very interested in it and directed one of his students, Biruta Erdmann, to mount an exhibition and to submit a paper to the Burlington Magazine which Nicolson, the editor, accepted [vol. 116, 1974, pp. 270-272].

Ms. Erdmann began her paper "This painting (lent by the Milwaukee Art Center) and Wright's two drawings the *Sea Battle* and *British Gunboat in Action* (lent by the Derby Museum and Art Gallery), were exhibited at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Art History Gallery, from 27th February through 27th March 1973. This exhibition was designed to clarify the authorship of the painting, which was previously listed as attributed to Copley.

This paper did clarify everything, or so I thought, until I looked at Christie's East catalog of October 2001. There, as lot 46 (from the Milwaukee Art Museum, 1973 to present), was *The Siege of Gibraltar* listed as a follower of Joseph Wright of Derby, with an

estimate of $8,000-$12,000. There was no provenance of any kind, not even a mention of its being a gift from the Charleston Foundation in memory of Paula Uihlein, nothing about Benedict Nicolson's opinion, no reference to the seminal paper in the <u>Burlington Magazine</u>. Wow! How not to deaccession paintings. Should I try to buy it back, I wondered. Years ago I had helped Queen's University to purchase a collection of seven small landscapes by Wright of Derby. Wouldn't it be great if I could add Wright's most ambitious work to Queen's collection? But would either the Getty or the Yale Center for British Art see this Christie's entry and connect it with the Burlington Magazine paper of 1974? If so, I believed I would have no chance. Hope springs eternal, however, and I asked my old friend, Dr. Otto Naumann, to send his secretary to bid for Queen's up to $100,000. As it turned out, there was only one other bidder and it was knocked down to Queen's for $10,000.

The Museum had shipped the painting unframed to save extra cost, but I was very pleased to be able to buy it from the Museum and reunite the painting and frame which I believe is the original, chosen by Wright himself.

The museum also gave me its files on the *Gibraltar* which included some interesting correspondence from a very able art historian and collector in London, Dr. Gert-Rudolf Flick. Dr. Flick had first written to Milwaukee in 1998 requesting a photograph and any assistance they could give regarding the *Siege of Gibraltar* listed in the Burlington Magazine of May 1974 and attributed to Wright of Derby. He knew that Judy Egeston of the Tate Gallery believed it was not by Wright, but he believed he could trace the

painting to a sale in 1921. As a result of the documentation he ~~was sent~~, he became convinced that the painting was indeed by Wright of Derby. When I received the file on the painting, I contacted Dr. Flick and learned that he was working on a book, <u>Missing Masterpieces, Lost Works of Art 1450-1900</u>, and had planned to include *The Battle of Gibraltar*, but ~~now believed that Milwaukee's painting was the Wright of Derby~~.

In the introduction to his fascinating book published in 2002, Dr. Flick wrote, "As I began to research the subject, it soon became clear that many works of art which were listed as missing had either been destroyed or were in fact extant. For example, a painting of *The siege of Gibraltar* in the Milwaukee Art Museum (U.S.A.) was sold recently as by a 'Follower of Joseph Wright of Derby', but has now been firmly identified as the original by Wright of Derby – the very painting that was always thought to be missing. In this case the difficulty in making the correct identification arose from the ruinous state of preservation of the painting, which made a comparison with preparatory drawings hazardous, although not impossible."

Why were these paintings deaccessioned without literature references? It was the confluence of a director who was just not knowledgeable about older paintings, a hard-working and ambitious curator, Laurie Winters, who was not experienced in deaccessioning, and inadequate oversight from the Board of Trustees. Laurie Winters has good reason to be self-confident: she has succeeded brilliantly in bringing a wonderful collection of art – including a Leonardo – from Poland which, with the new Calatrava wing, really put Milwaukee on the art world map. When I asked her why she did not

send literature references to the Berchem and the Wright of Derby to Christie's, she told me that such references might have undermined her research. This surprised me because the inclusion in the catalogue of provenance and literature references would surely have increased the prices realized. Laurie had indeed studied the problem of the *Gibraltar*. She had received a letter from Ms. Judy Egerton at the Tate Gallery in London who had looked at the painting very carefully in 1986 and had written to the Museum, ". . . I cannot believe that it is by Joseph Wright of Derby, even though Benedict Nicolson came to think so. There is a lumpishness about the figures, and a failure to extract maximum light and shade effects from the burning ships, that would never have suggested Wright's name to me, though I agree that now we have to find the missing Wright." In the catalogue ~~she wrote in 1990~~ for a Wright of Derby exhibition, she wrote that it "is now widely thought not to be by Wright." Other art historians concurred, some suggesting Loutherbourg. One of the guiding spirits of our Museum is Dr. Myron (Ronnie) Laskin who has great knowledge, particularly about Italian art, and he has a wonderful visual memory. He also has the ability to express himself so strongly that he tends to be believed, even when he is mistaken. He told me that he does not believe Benedict Nicolson could possibly have accepted the *Gibraltar* but in fact he did, both verbally and in writing, and was the editor of the Burlington Magazine when the article was published in 1974. Nicolson's opinion is also included in Wright of Derby: addenda and corrigenda published posthumously in the Burlington Magazine in 1998. As I have said many times, it is possible to be convinced and mistaken. Yet even if Ben and I had been mistaken about the attribution of the *Gibraltar* to Wright of Derby, surely giving the

Subject: Wright of Derby
From: David A de Witt <3dad5@post.queensu.ca>
Date: Mon, 28 Aug 2006 16:47:45 -0400 (EDT)
To: Alfred Bader <baderfa@execpc.com>

Dear Alfred,

Here is what I have come up with for the Wright of Derby. Please let me know if you find it too academic:

As Dr. David de Witt has written

Even before the cleaning, this canvas reflected Joseph Wright of Derby's sense of atmosphere and monumentality, in the large proportion of the composition given over to the sky, filled with billowing clouds and dramatized with contrasts of light and colour. But the cleaning went on to reveal daring, lively brushwork, with direct strokes and even his characteristic scratches with the butt end of the brush. Most importantly, however, was the revelation of several scenarios of firelight reflected off fabric, wood, figures and faces, in the burning ship at the left edge, the exploding barges at the centre, and especially in the dynamic figures in the boats to the lower right. These remarkable passages showcase the particular achievement of which Wright of Derby was himself most proud: the rendering of artificial light in night scenes.

With all best wishes,
David

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literature references and Nicolson's opinion to Christie's would have aroused more interest.

It is certainly true that the painting was in very poor condition, but the Art Centre at Queen's, ~~determined~~ to dig further for information, ~~has been helped by~~ a provenance researcher in London, James Mulraine, ~~who~~ found that the *Battle of Gibraltar*, last recorded as a Wright of Derby in the Overstone Park Collection catalog of 1877 was sold in a sale of that collection in 1921. But by that time the painting had ~~lost its~~ attribution and was sold nameless by the minor auction gallery, Curtis & Henson, which simply described lot 982 hanging in a hall corridor ~~as~~ "A large gallery painting, Naval Battle Scene at Night". The Ehrich Gallery in New York which acquired it called it Copley and offered it as such to Judge Sears in Elgin, Illinois in 1923.

The ~~Art Centre~~ at Queen's sent the *Gibraltar* to a Canadian government laboratory in Ottawa for extensive tests, and then employed a conservator, Mrs. Barbara Klempan, to remove the extensive overpaint and conserve the painting properly. This ~~was~~ painstaking work ~~which~~ has now been completed. There can no longer be any doubt that this is the Wright of Derby's *Battle of Gibraltar* (Fig.).

~~How important~~ this painting ~~really is~~ was stressed in a letter from Dr. John Bonehill at the University of Leicester ~~sent~~ in June 2005. He told me that he and Dr. Matthew Craske in Oxford were collaborating in a study of Wright's one-man ~~show~~ of 1785 ~~and~~ ~~its~~ centerpiece, ~~the view~~ of *Gibraltar*. ~~Christie's~~ in New York had told Dr. Bonehill ~~that~~

I had bought their view of *Gibraltar* by a follower of Wright of Derby and he was interested in this copy. ~~He was excited to learn~~ that the "copy" is in fact the original and ~~he~~ now looks forward to seeing the conserved painting as ~~we do to seeing his publication~~.

There is no question that museums have received many gifts and even made purchases which prove less than important and sometimes embarrassing. These take up space and money from their sale can be put to better use, but all deaccessions should be done with great care. The director, curators and board of trustees should work together. If the donors are alive, I believe they should be contacted to discuss the matter and certainly every effort should be made to obtain the highest possible price for items sold. I think that a number of items deaccessioned from Milwaukee have been mistakes. Our museum has perhaps this country's finest and most extensive collection of German and Austrian paintings of the 19th century, the gift of René von Schleinitz. René, the treasurer of the Harnischfeger Corporation, loved paintings by artists like Spitzweg and Waldmüller and the works he acquired are among the best by these artists. He and I were good friends. We met regularly and alerted each other to possible acquisitions – he pointing to Dutch old masters and I to works by his favorite artists. A great many Milwaukeeans are of German origin. This collection was most appropriate for the city. Since his death two other major collections of German expressionist paintings have been formed here. Sadly, the decision was recently made to send eighty of René's paintings to auction in Munich. The funds were used to buy a very expensive and beautiful landscape with Ruth and Boaz, by the Austrian, Joseph Anton Koch, but René would never have considered buying such an

Italianate Biblical subject – there was nothing like it in his collection. It seems entirely out of place.

Recently ~~there was~~ a beautiful Spitzweg exhibition near Zürich and in Munich and twelve works were borrowed from Milwaukee. Six of these were René's gifts; five paintings he had given to the Milwaukee Art Museum and one to our Public Library. The other six came from Eckhart Grohmann, a distinguished Milwaukee collector, who hoped the exhibition would come to Milwaukee. That would have made good sense, but Spitzweg ~~must~~ have seemed too minor a figure ~~to the director~~. If René knew, he would turn over in his grave.

Of course I am really familiar only with the details of the deaccessioning of some paintings, but I understand that the sale of some Chinese works was even worse. Sotheby's in Chicago put on ridiculously low estimates and~~, as I understand it~~, a dealer from London bought many of them and promptly sold them at auction, described properly, at many times the prices he paid in Chicago. It is truly sad that the Art Museum lost a great deal of potential income.

~~With the change of directorship in 2002 and the appointment of some new curators, we~~ must hope that greater consideration will be given in the future.

~~Directors and curators have many functions, one of which is to guide local collectors in their different areas of interest. Many then reciprocate by giving or leaving their~~

masterpieces to the museums, ~~which have certainly been a major source of~~ ________ for many American museums.

~~The new director~~,David Gordon, been knows a great deal about finances – he was ~~had been~~ the chief executive of *The Economist* and of the Independent Television News and was on the board of the Financial Times. And he also has considerable experience in ~~knows a good deal about~~ museums, having been the secretary (i.e. the director) of the Royal Academy of Arts in London from 1996 to 2002 and a trustee of the Tate Gallery from 1993 to 1998. He certainly had true courage to become the director of a museum with an enormous debt left as a result of the Calatrava expansion. Working with many donors ________________, ~~the debt has been~~ completely eliminated. Though David's actual art historical knowledge may not be extensive, he listens carefully and expresses himself well, with a great sense of humor.

In the two years since he took up his position I have very much enjoyed working with him. I find him the most caring director we have had since Edward Dwight, forced to leave in 1962, ~~and~~ I look forward to future exhibitions of old masters.

ad

Art

Museum

XVII F

The Ignaz L. Lieben Award

Isabel and I have been to Vienna many times, usually to visit our chemist friends at the University of Vienna and at Loba Chemie, a valued supplier of Aldrich. One of the happiest occasions was in 1995 when a number of eminent chemists from around the world came to a symposium to mark the 100th anniversary of the death of Josef Loschmidt.

Another important visit was early in June 2003 when we attended a very interesting two day symposium at the University ~~of Vienna~~ at which scientists and historians discussed how the Nazis dealt with Jews at Austrian universities and how this affected intellectual life in Austria after the war. Among the speakers were two Nobel Laureates, Eric Kandel and Walter Kohn, both born in Vienna, and two old friends, Edward Timms from Sussex University in England and Ruth Sime from Sacramento, California. We were pleased to hear of the positive ways in which Austria has changed in the last 50 years.

That week two of our Austrian chemist friends, Dr. Robert Rosner and Professor Christian Noe, told us about the Ignaz L. Lieben Prize, the most important scientific award in the 19th century. Dr. Rosner had ~~recently~~ come upon the fascinating story of this award while researching the history of chemistry in Austria for a degree in Political Sciences and the History of Science that he took after his retirement as sales manager of Loba Chemie. An Austrian banker, Ignaz L. Lieben (1805-1862) had left 10,000 Gulden in his will 'for the general good', and his eldest son, Adolf Lieben, an eminent organic chemist and the first Jew appointed to chairs in chemistry in Prague and then in Vienna,

persuaded the family to use 6,000 Gulden to fund the Ignaz L. Lieben Prize. Established in1865, it was the first privately funded award in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and until the Nobel Prize thirty-five years later, was the most prestigious scientific award. ~~It was~~ administered by the Academy of Sciences and awarded annually to an outstanding scientist in the Austro-Hungarian Empire until after the collapse of the Empire in 1918 when it was given within Austria. The family increased the award by 36,000 Kronen in 1898 and by a further 18,000 Kronen in 1908. During the terrible inflation of 1923 the capital was lost, but despite the general economic chaos of the time and the bankruptcy of the Lieben Bank, the family continued to pay 1,000 Austrian Schillinge until 1938 when the Nazis discontinued the award. The last donation was made in 1937 by Adolf Lieben's son, Heinrich who died in Buchenwald in 1944. In all, the Ignaz Lieben Prize honored fifty-five eminent scientists including four who later received the Nobel and Lise Meitner, the first female recipient, who played a significant role in the scientific ~~prepared a great deal of the essential scientific~~ research ~~work~~ which led to the Nobel award to Dr. Hahn in 1944. Although she did not share the Nobel, some compensation was made for her contribution when the element Meitnerium was eventually named in her honor.

Dr. Rosner had shared this information with our ~~mutual friend~~, Professor Noe, with whom I had collaborated so well on the chemical work of Josef Loschmidt, and they had already gone to the Austrian Academy of Sciences eager to discuss ~~the~~ possibility of ~~reinstating this virtually forgotten~~ prize. (*) I then ~~asked~~ [illegible] They ~~now~~ asked ~~Isabel~~ ~~and me~~ whether we might consider ~~providing the funds~~. This was a very interesting project ~~proposition~~. When I first returned to Vienna occasionally after the war, the idea of establishing an award for Austrians would have been unthinkable. Whenever I met an Austrian older than myself, I

wondered what that person had done in 1938. Yet most of the old Nazis have died, and I sense that the younger Austrians are much better people. So my thoughts were, the past is behind us; this is an opportunity! A prize for young scientists, started by a Jewish chemist, to be reinstated by another Jewish chemist! Of course our answer was yes, provided the Lieben family did not object in any way. That very week Professor Noe invited Dr. Wolfgang Lieben-Seutter, a grandson of Adolf Lieben, to discuss our plans. He and others assured us that they had no objections.

We were very grateful that the Austrian Academy of Sciences agreed to administer the prize and to open it to young scientists from all those countries formerly part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Molecular biologists, chemists or physicists from Austria, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Croatia, the Czech Republic, Hungary, Slovakia and Slovenia are eligible. The prize comes at a politically interesting time, when the EU-enlargement has brought these countries together in a modern European undertaking of unheard of scope. We decided that we would give US $18,000 annually and guaranteed this for 30 years.

In the next months the Austrian Academy of Sciences did a wonderful job of selecting an award committee. Significantly the prize was advertised in seven languages throughout the scientific community and the first winner was chosen from the group of over 50 applicants who had learnt about the new Ignaz L. Lieben award and applied in this very short time.

The decision was made to make the first presentation on Tuesday, November 9, 2004, 66 years after Kristallnacht, and Isabel and I flew to Vienna on November 7th to enjoy the four days of festivities connected with this event. At a press conference on

Monday night, the emphasis of the questions was on our reasons for funding this particular award. I had already been asked this a number of times during my first discussions with the Academy. We could add nothing to our answer that it seemed a most fitting opportunity and a great pleasure to support science in this way.

A welcoming speech by Georg Winkler, rector of the University of Vienna, began R
the public festivities. The father of the "pill", Professor Carl Djerassi, assisted by Maria Hartmann, presented a reading of a duologue written by Djerassi entitled "Sex in an Age of Mechanical Reproduction". This heated discussion deals with the possibility and the ethics of the fertilization of a human egg with a single sperm by direct injection under the microscope, followed by reinsertion of the egg into the woman's uterus. The question and answer period after the reading was very interesting with many opposing views expressed. No doubt the discussions went on as we made our way to a pleasant semi-formal dinner where we had the opportunity to get to know the award winner, Dr.Zoltan Nusser, and his wife.

The following day we were interviewed with a group of academics, city officials and Dr. Zoltan for a short TV presentation. Dr. Zoltan gave an account of his work in English, since he does not speak German. It was very clear why his research is so important, since it deals with how the brain receives and retains information.

The presentation ceremony was held in the beautiful building of the Austrian Academy of Sciences. Herbert Mang, president of the Academy, greeted the large group of friends and introduced a Hungarian academic who gave a background lecture on Science in Hungary. He was particularly proud, for only one Hungarian had won the award from 1865 to 1937, and Dr. Nusser is a 36-year-old Hungarian neurophysiologist,

who studied at Oxford University, at University College London and at UCLA before returning to the Hungarian Academy of Sciences in 2000.

We then had the pleasure of listening to the Mozart Ensemble of the Vienna Volksoper play a Hayden trio. We have learned that formal events of this nature in Europe usually include music by a trio or quartet, often between each speech, and the music on this occasion was particularly beautiful. Then came the presentation to Dr. Zoltan Nusser by the Secretary of the Academy. It was a moving moment for all of those who had worked so hard to reinstate this award, and we could not help thinking back to the reasons why it was necessary, to the great loss to science in Europe by the exodus of so many during the Nazi years and to events in our own lives. President Mang then presented Isabel and me with the "Bene merito" gold medal and certificate, and in the brief acceptance speech in German, I stressed the Liebens' and my Jewish and Austrian backgrounds and explained that my view of Vienna had gradually changed during the last 50 years. I ended with," Recently I saw a letter of April 15, 1937, in which Heinrich Lieben wrote to the Academy that in that year also the Lieben family would give 1000 Schilling~~e~~ for the prize. He ended with, 'Empfangen Sie, sehr geehrte Herren, den Ausdruck der vorzuglichsten Hochachtung, des stets ganz ergebenen Heinrich Lieben.'

"When I read that, tears came to my eyes. Because exactly in such language Mother had taught me to write to important men.

" Heinrich Lieben and my mother were really good Austrians. He died in Buchenwald in 1944, she in Theresienstadt two years earlier.

"There is a Jewish saying: 'Secher Zadik Livrocho', the memory of the righteous is a blessing. The memory of the entire Lieben family and of my mother is a blessing for all of us." (See appendix A for the entire speech in German.)

The symposium at the University lasted for a day and a half, the lecturers dealing with the Lieben family, the 55 Lieben prize- winners, Jewish culture and anti-Semitism and the migration from Austria after 1938. This was accompanied by two exhibitions at the University; one depicting the lives and works of the 55 prizewinners, the other "1924 – A Good Year" illustrating the lives of six scientists, myself included, born in Austria in 1924.

Isabel and I had never been to the Konzerthaus in Vienna, and really enjoyed a fundraising concert there that evening. Two young musicians, a violinist and a pianist, were playing modern music with a great deal of spirit. I had heard music by Maurice Ravel and Bela Bartok before, as well as Manuel de Falla and George Enescu, although I did not remember their names, but Otto Zykan whose work had its first performance that evening was completely unknown to us both. Nor had I ever watched a young violinist play with such vigor. Her performance was a sort of musical dance-drama with violin. We ended the long and eventful day with Dr. Wolfgang Lieben-Seutter, who had invited us for supper with his family. Isabel had brought a special dress for this occasion and, as usual, to my eyes was the most beautiful woman there.

I found some of the lectures the next day rather hard to understand, but several were brilliant and informative. In the afternoon, Yechiel Bar-Chaim of the Joint joined us on his way from Paris to the Balkans. He gave me the "Via Bona" award which he had accepted for me in Prague in September " for …support of civil and human rights

and … of baroque art history and chemistry in the Czech Republic". This was an opportunity to discuss the help we should give the following year. There are many needy people in the Balkans and we rely on Yechiel to suggest where we can do most good.

That evening we went to the opening of a Lieben exhibition in the Jewish Museum, a most interesting display of many documents, photographs and paintings showing the rise and fall of extended Lieben family. I wondered why they had increased the award to 36,000 Kronen and had then added another 18,000. Had they chosen 18, as we had, because 18 represents Chai, life in Hebrew? And why had they continued to pay for the Prize, even after the bankruptcy of the Lieben Bank in 1932? I was particularly interested to see that the Liebens were related to the Freund family. A young historian at the exhibition, Georg Gaugusch who specializes in genealogy told me that he had found out a good deal about my grandmother, Hermine Freund's family. He may be able to help me identify the four Freund family portraits we have at home! The evening ended with supper in the Augustinerkeller nearby – lots of talk with Paul Löw Beer's daughter Kitty, Professor Arnold Schmidt and Christian Noe, all long-time friends.

Thursday morning began with an hour's breakfast with Dr. Antonovic who had come from Innsbruck, a very able young Czech art historian whom I am trying to help – not an easy task. We then hurried to my high school in Vienna where I had spoken to a class of senior students on Monday morning and now returned to answer more questions. In the afternoon we met for tea with an Austrian historian, Professor Gerhard Botz who would like to publish an abridged German translation of my autobiography. Why not? The woman translator who had come along seemed competent and I look forward to a

sample translation. It was another busy day, meeting with as many people possible in the time we have.

The evening turned out to be most difficult for Isabel. X The Jewish Museum had invited me to present “The Bible Through Dutch Eyes” and I had requested two projectors and two carousels to show two slides side by side. This was impossible with the set-up provided, and in order to project the slides Isabel had to rearrange everything and stand on a ladder – for 50 minutes! We have often worked together presenting talks and have had many challenging experiences, but this was a first. The museum presented me with many Austrian stamps commemorating the revival of the Ignaz L. Lieben prize – I wish they had spent that money on improving their facilities for showing slides.

We were able to wind down with our old friend Bobby Rosner who joined us for supper. He was really the guiding spirit for the revival of the prize. All the events had gone wonderfully well, and we were so grateful to him for all he had done. He was particularly pleased with the publication of his book “Chemistry in Austria 1740-1914” which had appeared that week.

There was a lot of publicity about the new Lieben award. *Profil*, an Austrian *Time*-like magazine, had a two-page article with photographs of Isabel, Bobby Rosner and myself in its October 29, 2004 issue. Most Viennese dailies published reports on November 10, 2004, the most detailed in *The Kurier*, headlined “Help for the Ablest and the Poorest” and showed a photograph of Dr. Nusser and the president of the Academy with the two of us. I’m sure there must have been many, older scientists in particular, who were pleased, as we were that what had often been called ‘The Austrian Nobel” was reinstated.

X ~~Dr.~~ Ing. Georg Haber and Dr. Gabriele Kohlbauer of

Chapter 18

Museums often deaccession paintings, sometimes carefully, sometimes – to put it mildly – without care. None with less care than the Milwaukee Art Museum.

Over the years, beginning in the 1950's, we have given some forty paintings to the Milwaukee ~~Art Museum~~. Some of these are masterpieces; some are not so good. It took me years to be able to tell the difference. Until May 29, 2001 none was deaccessioned. ~~A month before that~~ date, on April 30, Russell Bowman, then the Director of the Milwaukee Art Museum sent me a letter with a list of ten of my gifts to be deaccessioned. I replied on May 4,

". . . I can understand the need for deaccessioning, but would it not make sense to discuss with living donors what their thoughts are, before the decision is made?

There is one decision that I really question and that is the one regarding the Berchem. Ms Dr. Winters questioned whether this painting is really by Berchem, but I have no doubt whatsoever, as explained in entry 4 of *The Detective's Eye* catalogue. I don't know of any art historian anywhere who knows as much about just such paintings as Professor Stechow at Oberlin knew. And he didn't just decide on the basis of a photograph, but had the original painting there for study.

If you have sent that painting for auction then at least I hope that the auction house will have the good sense of referring to *The Detective's Eye* entry and Professor Stechow's clear opinion.

The Art Museum has no work by Berchem, so the first question in my mind was: why do you deaccession it?. . ."

Sadly, Mr. Bowman did not reply ~~discuss the matter with~~ me and on May 29th Christie's East offered the Berchem without any reference to the ~~Milwaukee Art Museum's~~ *Detective's Eye* ~~catalogue~~, where there is a detailed two page description of the painting, with signature and date, 1650, reproduced. Christie's offered it as lot 108, by C. Iwry, an unrecorded artist. A perceptive buyer paid $3760. Sadly, I was leaving for England on the day of the sale and didn't have the good sense to bid ~~on~~ this any ~~and~~ other paintings.

One other painting which was deaccessioned was ~~Christie's~~ lot 114, a fine portrait of a Flemish officer, circa 1635, so thickly painted that I thought it might have been ~~painted~~ for a blind person. It was deaccessioned simply because there was as yet no attribution, although it ~~was~~ in mint condition, ~~and it was~~ acquired for $4113 by a knowledgeable young collector, Avram Saban, in Florida.

Sometimes there ~~were~~ really happy endings to these. Lot 119, by Jan van der Venne, also known as the Pseudo van der Venne, ~~had~~ too ~~also been~~ described in *The Detective's Eye* ~~exhibition~~ catalogue. Christie's stated that ~~this~~ artist was Dutch rather than Flemish ~~and~~ I it was bought by the H.F. Johnson Museum of Art at Cornell University for $4700. The Museum's Director, Frank Robinson, an old friend, wrote to me in July 2001:

"Just a note to say that this museum just bought your beautiful Jan van de Venne, A Family Making Music. We are delighted with it; it is full of the tenderness and realism of this exceptional artist."

Perhaps we should have given the painting to Cornell in the first place.

These deaccessions – ten of my gifts and ~~others~~ from some of the ~~Milwaukee Art~~ Museum's major donors, for instance Mr. & Mrs. William D. Vogel, Mr. & Mrs. Richard Flagg and Mrs. Catherine Jean Quirk - were unimportant compared to a painting [illegible] deaccessioned in October 2001. This was~~, I believe,~~ *The Battle of Gibraltar* for which the artist, Joseph Wright of Derby, was paid £420 ~~in 1786~~: the largest sum he ever received for ~~one~~ of his paintings. It was bought by John Milnes of Wakefield who had amassed one of the largest Wright of Derby collections over a period of some twenty years.

The great art historian and editor of the <u>Burlington Magazine</u>, Benedict Nicolson, ~~was~~ the expert of the works of Wright of Derby. In his book on the artist, published in 1968, he discussed the of the battle [illegible], who lost painting on pp. 159 and 160:

"We know more about the genesis of the *View of Gibraltar during the destruction of the Spanish Floating Batteries* (Cat No 245) than about any other picture except the *Corinthian Maid* and his scene from *The Tempest*, but in its absence it would be depressing to enter into too many details. One is not grateful to, but curses, the guide

who points at the blank walls of the Palais des Papes at Avignon and goes into raptures about frescoes that are no longer there. A few facts only need be recorded. On 13th September 1782 the British garrison at Gibraltar decisively defeated the Spanish floating batteries, thereby restoring some of that British prestige which had been shaken by the loss of the American colonies. The news had the same effect on public opinion in England as the Suez operation of 1956 would have had, if it had proved a triumph instead of a dismal failure. The subject was an obvious one for any history painter following in the footsteps of Benjamin West, and most of all for Wright whose specialty was fire, and who could visualize the contribution he alone could make to the events of that memorable day: the firing of red-hot missiles at the Spanish ships; the ensuing conflagration in the harbour; the dramatic feature of the Mole; the proud garrison standing back to survey the blaze. . .He worked hard on the picture during 1784, as far as failing health and torpor would permit, finishing it on 17th February of the following year. . .Wright had the idea of painting two pictures as companions: in the first (the only one executed) 'to represent an extensive view of the scenery combined with the action'; in the second 'to make the action his principal object'. He also thought of raffling the picture, but was relieved of this necessity by the appearance of Maecenas in the guise of John Milnes who carted the vast canvas off to Yorkshire, paying him a more handsome sum for it than he had received for any other work"

I believe that through a real bit of luck I had found that lost masterpiece in 1967, although at the time I did not realize it. A Milwaukee dealer, Tom Lenz, and I purchased some eighty paintings from the Laura Davidson Sears Academy of Fine Arts in Elgin, Illinois.

Among these was an enormous *Battle of Gibraltar*, attributed to John Singleton Copley. The students ~~in the Academy~~ had not treated it kindly; all sorts of things, from ~~arrows~~ to balls, had been thrown at it. I believe it had been mistreated even before that with a great ~~deal of overpaint, and when~~ Judge Nathaniel C. Sears bought it from the well-known Ehrich gallery in New York ~~it was~~ re-lined with sailcloth at a cost of $72.

Tom Lenz prepared a handsome catalogue of the Elgin Academy paintings which he offered in the Lenz Art Gallery between 1968 and 1970. Many of them ~~the paintings~~ were photographed, but the *Siege of Gibraltar,* oil on canvas, 61" x 93-1/2", ~~attributed to~~ Copley, was too big to be photographed and did not sell, probably because it was so large.

After two years with the Lenz Art Gallery, the few unsold paintings came to me – the Gibraltar among them.

Benedict Nicolson had become a good friend ~~whom I visited when I was in England.~~ I [illegible] have referred to our friendship in my autobiography, *Adventures of a Chemist Collector*, "We spent only one or two evenings a year together, meeting at his home, and then having supper at a simple Italian restaurant nearby and talking about my recent acquisitions. He was interested in art in all its forms, and had written the definitive books on Terbrugghen, Georges de La Tour, the followers of Caravaggio and Wright of Derby. He was a great wordsmith, and many ~~of his~~ editorials in *The Burlington* still echo in my mind. I always looked forward to his help, which was given with such enthusiasm and

bolstered by his encyclopedic knowledge." And of course I ordered his two volume work on Joseph Wright of Derby when it was published in 1968. As I read his discussion of the missing *Siege of Gibraltar* the penny dropped: could that be the "Copley" in my basement?

Keeping the period frame at home, I shipped the canvas to Ms. Mary D. Randall, a conservator in London asking her to reline it and to remove the large amounts of overpaint. She put a great deal of work into it over many months. When Benedict Nicolson looked at the stripped canvas he realized it was in very poor condition but believed that it was the missing Wright of Derby.

Once it was returned to Milwaukee, I offered it to the Milwaukee Art Center (as our museum was then known) and in January 1973 our Art Center acquired it with funds given by the Charleston Foundation in memory of Miss Paula Uihlein. The sister of Erwin Uihlein, the long-time president of Milwaukee's best known company, Schlitz Brewing, Paula Uihlein had created the Charleston Foundation.

Professor Damie Stillman, the chairman of the Art History Department of the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee, became very interested in the *Gibraltar* and directed one of his students, Biruta Erdmann, to mount an exhibition and to submit a paper to the Burlington Magazine which Nicolson, the editor, accepted [vol. 116, 1974, pp. 270-272].

Ms. Erdmann began her paper "This painting (lent by the Milwaukee Art Center) and Wright's two drawings the *Sea Battle* and *British Gunboat in Action* (lent by the Derby Museum and Art Gallery), were exhibited at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Art History Gallery, from 27th February through 27th March 1973. Included in the exhibition were photographs of other artists' works (West, Copley, and Trumbull), maps, engravings of the battle and the topographical scene, and comparative photographs of other works by Wright. This exhibition was designed to clarify the authorship of the painting, which was previously listed as attributed to Copley. The exhibition was organized by the author for the Department of Art History, University of Wisconsin – Milwaukee."

This paper clarified everything – or so I thought, until I looked at Christie's East Old Master Paintings catalog of October 10, 2001. There, as lot 46 (from the Milwaukee Art Museum, 1973 to present), was *The Siege of Gibraltar* by a Follower of Joseph Wright of Derby, with an estimate of $8,000-$12,000. There was no provenance of any kind, not even a mention of its being a gift from the Charleston Foundation in memory of Paula Uihlein; nothing about Benedict Nicolson's opinion; no reference to the seminal paper in the Burlington Magazine. Wow! How not to deaccession paintings.

Years ago I had helped my alma mater, Queen's University, to purchase a collection of seven smaller landscapes by Wright of Derby. Wouldn't it be great if I could acquire Wright's most ambitious work for Queen's? But would either the Getty or the Yale Center for British Art connect Christie's entry with the Burlington Magazine paper of

1974? If so, I ~~had~~ no chance. Hope springs eternal, however, and I asked my old friend, ~~Dr.~~ Otto Naumann, to send his secretary to bid for Queen's up to $100,000. There was only one other bidder and it was knocked down to ~~her~~ for $10,000.

The ~~Milwaukee Art~~ Museum had ~~decided to~~ ship the painting unframed. ~~To send it with~~ the period frame, perhaps picked by the artist himself, would have cost more. Fortunately, I was able to acquire it from the Museum ~~for $6,000, and it~~ was delivered to Queen's.

~~After the sale,~~ The ~~Milwaukee Art~~ Museum gave me its files on the *Gibraltar* ~~and there~~ I ~~saw~~ correspondence ~~with~~ from a very able art historian and collector in London, Dr. Gert-Rudolf Flick. I called him to inquire why he had written to our Museum in 1996 and he told me that he was working on a book, Missing Masterpieces, Lost Works of Art 1450-1900, and had planned to include *The Battle of Gibraltar*, ~~until he~~ studied the material sent by the Museum.

In the introduction to ~~this~~ his fascinating book, ~~which he~~ published in 2002, Dr. Flick wrote, "As I began to research the subject, it soon became clear that many works of art which were listed as missing had either been destroyed or were in fact extant. For example, a painting of *The siege of Gibraltar* in the Milwaukee Art Museum (U.S.A.) was sold recently as by a 'Follower of Joseph Wright of Derby', but has now been firmly identified as the original by Wright of Derby – the very painting that was always thought to be missing. In this case the difficulty in making the correct identification arose from

the ruinous state of preservation of the painting, which made a comparison with preparatory drawings hazardous, although not impossible."

How could such deaccessions take place? It was the confluence of a director who was just not knowledgeable about older paintings, a hard-working and ambitious curator, Laurie Winters, who was not experienced in deaccessioning, and inadequate oversight from the Board of Trustees. Laurie Winters has good reason to be self-confident: she succeeded brilliantly in bringing a wonderful collection of art – including a Leonardo – from Poland and that, and the new Calatrava wing, really put our Museum on the map. But she was not guided in getting more advice. When I asked her why she did not send literature references to the Berchem and the Wright of Derby to Christie's, she told me that such references might have undermined her research. It would almost certainly have increased the prices realized. And she had indeed studied the problem of the *Gibraltar*. Ms. Judy Egerton at the Tate Gallery in London had looked at the ~~*Gibraltar*~~ painting very carefully in 1986 and had written, to the Museum "... I cannot believe that it is by Joseph Wright of Derby, even though Benedict Nicolson came to think so. There is a lumpishness about the figures, and a failure to extract maximum light and shade effects from the burning ships, that would never have suggested Wright's name to me, though I agree that now we have to find the missing Wright." She had written in a 1990 Wright of Derby catalogue that it "is now widely thought not to be by Wright." Other art historians concurred, some suggesting Loutherbourg. One of the guiding spirits of our Museum is Dr. Myron (Ronnie) Laskin whose parents had left our Museum a large legacy for acquisitions. Dr. Laskin has great knowledge, particularly about Italian art, and he has a wonderful visual

memory. He also has the ability to express himself so strongly that he tends to be believed, even when he is mistaken. He ~~has~~ told me that he does not believe Benedict Nicolson could possibly have accepted the *Gibraltar*, but in fact ~~and yet~~ he did, both verbally and in writing, and he was the editor of the Burlington Magazine when the article was published in 1974. * as I have said many times, it ~~It~~ is possible to be convinced and mistaken.

Of course, to be convinced and mistaken could apply also to me. What if Benedict Nicolson and I were mistaken about the attribution of the *Gibraltar* to Wright of Derby? No matter who is mistaken, giving the literature references and Nicolson's opinion to Christie's would have aroused more interest.

In the meantime the Art Centre at Queen's has been helped by a provenance researcher in London, James Mulraine, who found that the *Battle of Gibraltar*, last recorded as a Wright of Derby in the Overstone Park Collection catalog of 1877 was sold in a sale of that collection in 1921. But by that time the painting had lost its attribution and was sold nameless. The minor auction gallery, Curtis & Henson, had no idea what it had, and simply described lot 982 hanging in a hall corridor as "A large gallery painting, Naval Battle Scene at Night". The Ehrich Gallery in New York called it Copley and offered it as such to Judge Sears in Elgin, Illinois in 1923.

The Art Centre at Queen's sent the *Gibraltar* to a Canadian government laboratory in Ottawa for extensive tests, and then employed a conservator ~~at Queen's~~, Mrs. Barbara

Klempan, to remove the extensive overpaint and conserve the painting properly. This ~~is~~ was painstaking work which ~~will, I hope, be completed by the summer of 2006.~~ has now been completed. There can no longer be any doubt that this is the Wright of Derby's Battle of Gibraltar (cf fig. 1) X

How important this painting really is was stressed in a letter from Dr. John Bonehill at the University of Leicester sent in June 2005. He told me that he and Dr. Matthew Craske in Oxford were collaborating in a study of Wright's one-man show of 1785 and its centerpiece, the view of *Gibraltar*. Christie's in New York had told Dr. Bonehill that I had bought the view of *Gibraltar* by a follower of Wright of Derby and he was interested in this copy. He was excited about the news he received about the painting, and he now looks forward to seeing the conserved painting as we do to seeing his publication.

How could the view of *Gibraltar* be deaccessioned by the Milwaukee Art Museum? The basic problem was Russell Bowman's lack of interest in older paintings. Many other paintings were also deaccessioned. Our museum has perhaps this country's finest collection of German and Austrian paintings of the 19th century, the gift of René von Schleinitz. René, the treasurer of the Harnischfeger Corporation, loved paintings by artists like Spitzweg and Waldmüller and the works he acquired are among the best by these artists. René and I were good friends. We met regularly and alerted each other to possible acquisitions – he pointing to Dutch old masters and I to works by his favorite artists. XX Russell Bowman did not like these at all, and eighty of René's paintings were sent to auction in Munich. The funds were used to buy a very expensive and beautiful landscape with Ruth and Boaz, by the Austrian, Joseph Anton Koch. René would never

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have considered such an Italianate Biblical subject – there was nothing like it in his collection.

Recently there was a beautiful Spitzweg exhibition near Zürich and in Munich and twelve works were borrowed from Milwaukee. Six of these were René's gifts; five to the Milwaukee Art Museum and one to our Public Library. The other six came from a distinguished Milwaukee collector, It would have made good sense to ~~bring the~~ exhibition to ~~Milwaukee~~, but Spitzweg must have seemed too minor a figure ~~to Russell Bowman~~. If René knew, he would turn over in his grave.

Of course I am really familiar only with the details of the ~~Milwaukee Art Museum's~~ deaccessioning of some paintings, but I understand that the sale of some Chinese works was even worse. Sotheby's in Chicago put on ridiculously low estimates and, as I understand it, a dealer from London bought many of them and promptly sold them at auction, described properly, at many times the prices he paid in Chicago. It is truly sad that the ~~Milwaukee~~ Art Museum lost a great deal of potential income.

Russell Bowman left the museum in 2002, to do consulting – surely in modern paintings – in Chicago. Our new director, David Gordon, is totally different, probably the ablest, most caring director we have had since Edward Dwight who was forced to leave in 1962. I cannot help thinking what my life would have been like if Ed Dwight had stayed or if David Gordon had been his successor.

Directors and curators have many functions, one of which is to guide local collectors. These then reciprocate by giving or leaving their masterpieces to the museums. ~~But if there is little interest and help, then there are few gifts.~~

David Gordon knows a great deal about finances – he had been the chief executive of *The Economist* and of the Independent Television News and was on the board of the Financial Times. And he knows so much about museums, having been the secretary (i.e. the director) of the Royal Academy of Arts in London from 1996 to 2002 and a trustee of the Tate Gallery from 1993 to 1998. I think of him as David Tobias Gordon. Tobias was the most courageous man in the Bible. He proposed to a girl whose previous suitors had been killed by a demon. And it takes true courage to become the director of an art museum with an enormous debt. David has ~~reduced this and I am confident that he will~~ will eliminate this debt succeed ~~in wiping it out altogether~~. But, most important, he does not disdain old master [illegible] paintings, listens carefully and expresses himself well, with a great sense of humor. ~~It took the Art Museum's Board of Trustees 40 years to choose a great director.~~

Museum

A Theater for a Canadian in Love

One of the gifts that made Isabel and me so happy, without any of the problems that often accompany major gifts, was the Isabel Bader Theatre at Victoria University in Toronto.

The famous Old Vic Theatre in London had been bought by a well-known Toronto family, the Mervishes, who tried very hard to improve it. But early in 1999 we learned that they were giving up and wanted to sell it. Of course I immediately called Principal Leggett at Queen's to inquire whether Queen's might like the Old Vic and his answer was "no thanks, we have enough problems with Herstmonceux Castle!" Roseann Runte, the president of Victoria, as intelligent as she is gracious, had become our good friend and so we asked her. Her reply was encouraging "No, we don't want the Old Vic, but why not build a new Vic? For close to a hundred years we have had the land right here on Charles Street, it is just being used as a tennis court, but we have never had the money. Even though Victoria has the oldest dramatic review in North America, an annual comedy show called 'The Bob' and many graduates have become distinguished directors and actors, we have never had a theatre." And how much would it cost? I have never had an answer from Roseann that wasn't clear and simple: Canadian $6 million.

We have been involved in one major building project at Queen's University, the expansion of the Agnes Etherington Art Centre. This necessitated an architectural competition, at considerable cost, and a great deal of bureaucratic hassle. There were no such complications at Vic. Roseann wanted a Toronto architect, Peter Smith, who had

designed many other theatres. Smith described the project as "an 'intimate' two-level theatre; it will have basic staging and audio-visual equipment in the first year, with room to grow." The faculty wanted another floor for lecture rooms and so the university raised an additional Canadian $2 million. There were no cost overruns.

On June 4, 1999 Isabel, Roseann and I turned the first sod for the theatre during Isabel's 50th reunion. There were delays to completing the building because of strikes of workers supplying concrete, but finally on March 3, 2001 there was a wonderfully happy celebration for the opening with our families sharing our joy. Roseann said about this largest gift that Victoria University had ever received, "When Alfred gave us the money for the theatre, it was because he wanted to make a gift to Isabel. It's a kind of a double generosity, and a true love story."

If only other major gifts would lead so simply to truly happy endings.

While getting to know, like and admire Roseann, it occurred to me that she might be just the right person to edit and publish the 82 letters Isabel had written to me between July 21, 1949 and August 11, 1951. I had kept all of Isabel's letters, and on each November 1st, her birthday, had read some of her letters. Isabel now often faults me for looking back too much, but how could I not, having met a woman of such inner and outer beauty.

Roseann did a fine job as editor of *A Canadian in Love* published in 2000 as a limited edition of 1000 by the University of Toronto Press. The 82 letters appear unchanged, as

do two of Isabel's mother's letters written in 1951. It ends with Isabel's brief letter, #83 written in March 1975, and my long reply written after our meeting in April.

Roseann's Introduction, describing our lives and love is a gem. Some evenings when I am too weary to fall asleep I read some of the introduction with a few of Isabel's letters and then fall asleep happily.

Isabel thought that she had thrown all my letters away – they were too painful to look at. But after *A Canadian in Love* appeared, Isabel did find some of my letters and when she showed them to Roseann, she commented that they contained no surprises. Of course we have kept the hundreds of letters we wrote to each other before our marriage in 1982, but these cannot be published in our lifetime.

As a wonderful postscript, Roseann sent Isabel (insert)

Chapter XV

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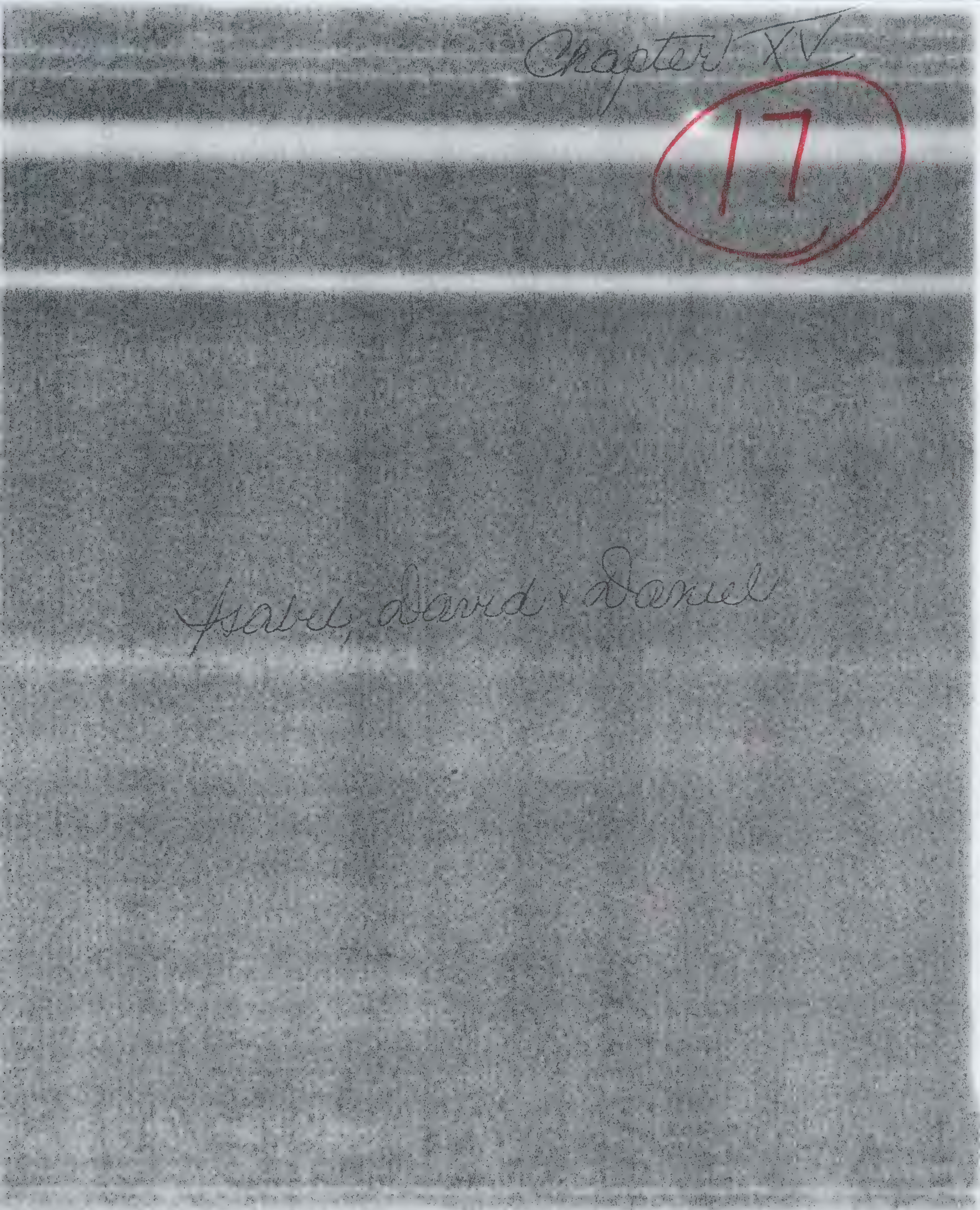

Isabel, David + Daniel

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Life After Expulsion

My expulsion from Sigma-Aldrich in 1992 caused me a great deal of grief. But now, looking back, I can truly say that I am much happier. Life is better because I no longer have to work with the top management of Sigma who were so sure they were right about everything. Of the many days spent at board meetings in St. Louis, there was not a single one I could call happy. Sigma's culture and business philosophy were very different from those of Aldrich, and the pressures from Aaron Fischer and Tom Cori were enormous. Now I can choose people with whom I enjoy working – art dealers with whom I can discuss paintings and who can sell some of the many paintings I buy, men and women like Yechiel Bar Chaim and Adina Shapiro who help us choose and then administer many of our charitable donations intelligently, friends like Joe Bernstein to talk about investments, local charities, problems with art. My days are just as busy as they were when I was at Sigma-Aldrich. Of course there are personal frustrations and disappointments, but I still have the joy of learning about new chemical discoveries, of meeting great chemists from time to time and a much more intense involvement in art. I am a workaholic and pressures are mostly self imposed.

Also, I am wealthier because I have followed Daniel's advice in 1991 to sell covered call options. Tom Cori's "good" reason for expelling me was that I had bet against the company by selling call options of Sigma-Aldrich stock for my university; his "real" reason was probably his desire to run the company without any input from me. Until that first sale and my realization that Queen's did indeed benefit from it, I had not known

anything about call options. Now, as I am no longer a director, I am free to sell these for myself. What fun that is, and so profitable, allowing us to extend our charitable endeavors.

Of course I am still interested in the company's progress. Since 1992, Sigma-Aldrich's performance has been very mixed, never reaching the steady 10-20% growth in annual sales and earnings that we had reached before. The stock hit a low in July 1994 after an unprecedented announcement of flat quarterly earnings. I realize that it is a great deal more difficult to have an annual 10-20% growth in sales and earnings in a large company than a small one, and the company has indeed grown, partly as a result of acquisitions. I believe, however, that at least part of the slower growth has been caused by the absence of close contact with the academic community and hence the slower flow of new products. Another reason, I ~~believe~~, is that all decisions have been made at the very top with little communication or discussion within the company. The old Aldrich policy of encouraging talents and suggestions of employees is long gone. In 1999, the last year under Cori's leadership, sales increased by all of 3.3% and net income from continuing operations declined by 6.4%.

An important turning point in the history of the company came in that year when the decision was made to find a new plan to improve performance. Eight company executives helped by two summer interns from Washington University worked for six months on the problem. Mike Hogan, the company's very able CFO, had previously

worked on such plans at McKinsey, the management consulting company. The committee interviewed over 650 customers and 150 Sigma-Aldrich employees.

In December 1999, in an interview with Joan Suda, Marketing Communications Coordinator, Sigma St. Louis, David Harvey explained the Strategic Plan: "…the performance of our Company has not been satisfactory during recent years. 1998 was not good and this year has been only slightly better…Over the last five years our Return on Equity has declined from 20 to 14…We achieved ROE of 20 in the past – so I believe we can do it again".

The basic intention of the Strategic Plan was to make the company "One Company Worldwide", a goal I had when we merged in 1975 but had found so hard to achieve because I was so often frustrated by Sigma's unwillingness to share information or make any changes.

In the interview, David was asked, "Sigma-Aldrich has lost a lot of good people over the last year. In times of stress and uncertainty, more people might consider leaving. How can we convince them to stay?" and he replied, "Regarding commitment to our company, my belief is that the answer above all is to provide job satisfaction. And we need this at all levels. Employees want to be asked for their ideas, work where excellence is rewarded, be informed how the organization is performing and achieve personal growth. Quite candidly, we have room for lots of improvement and this was recognized in the Strategic Plan." This is exactly what we had aimed for from the early days at Aldrich, but had been unable to convince Sigma management of its importance after the merger.

The Company also decided to require its officers and other senior managers (about 50 worldwide) to hold shares of the Company's stock valued at ½ to 2 times their annual salaries. As David explained: "They should have their own money at risk, which should be an added incentive to improve the performance of our Company". Also the company began repurchasing stock; over 30% in the next five years.

Tom Cori moved from CEO to Chairman of the Board for one year, and David Harvey became CEO. One important result of the shakeup was the resignation of Tom Cori the following year and the replacement by David of the directors beholden to Cori with really able financial experts: W. Lee McCollum, Senior VP and CFO of S.C. Johnson; J. Pedro Reinhard, Executive VP and CFO of Dow and Barrett A. Toan, CEO of Express Scripts.

Cori was given an obituary-like farewell (Fig.) in the 2000 company annual report. This reminded me of a similar report (Fig.) which he had prepared for me for the 1991 annual report but which was scrapped when I vigorously protested my expulsion (Fig.). Since his departure, Cori has had almost no contact with anyone in the company.

This is so different from my relationship with the company. I have continued to find many research samples for the library of rare chemicals and received suggestions for new products and, occasionally, complaints which I have relayed to chemists in Milwaukee and St. Louis. What I really enjoy are the two evenings, one in spring and one in autumn,

which we spend with some 40 Aldrich employees and retirees who join us for a simple Chinese dinner – a really fun evening.

The relationship between David Harvey and myself has been mixed. Shortly after my first *Adventures* came out, David Harvey asked employees in Milwaukee for their anonymous comments and I am sure that I was much happier seeing what they wrote than was David. Here are a few examples.

"Alfred Bader's book is educational as well as incredibly interesting. It tells about a self-made man who stepped on a few toes during his lifetime, but when you start a business and try to make it go, sometimes you have to do what is necessary to keep that business. He made the only judgments he thought were correct at the time, and I believe he was a very wise, concerned individual. He tells about the hiring of a black lady with great compassion. I don't think he has a discriminatory bone in his body as far as that is concerned. He mentioned that when he first started his business, he didn't even cash his paycheck in order to pay his employees. That to me rather proves his allegiance to the employees working for him. I believe he did the best he could with what he had to work with at the time. He must have spent some sleepless nights back then worrying whether his small business could make it. I also believe he was a man of vision, determined, is religious, and is a man of great character."

"I don't have much education; I'm a janitor; quit school. My friend says read the book. Learn about your Company. It takes me a long time to read and understand but my friend

is right, he knows a lot. My wife is reading it too. I've never read very much. My family just never had many books at home, just the ones we read in school and that wasn't much. Now we talk about it. We've never met the man, but I heard like because he is a Jew, Jews stick together and get anything they want. But man, he didn't have nothing to start with, he was real poor like a lot of us. I'm glad he done real good. He helped a lot of people like me, I have a good job that I come to every day and I try to work hard. I like working at Aldrich and I can keep this job for as long as I want to and maybe someday I can have a better job if I read and study, and learn things. If I ever met the man I like to shake his hand and say 'thanks, man'. I tell you more when I'm done (with) the book."

"Alfred Bader is a survivor. His story of his adventures told of some heavy blows dealt to him personally at a very young age and again later in life. Especially, his expulsion from the Sigma-Aldrich Board of Directors. He did a good job explaining in detail his position and the Board's decision, and I'm glad he put it in writing. I cannot for the life of me understand the fairness in the final decision and I can well imagine the effect it had on him. I think they were very narrow-minded, and also believe that Tom Cori, the leader, was determined to do it his mean-spirited way regardless of the consequences and the hurt it caused. It is my opinion that Tom Cori wanted Alfred Bader out of his way completely and that was the only method he had to do so. Jealousy, perhaps? This is a case of not only surviving from being struck down, but not counted out. He was dealt a raw deal in the end which was not planned, but he did not collapse. He showed resilience

and coped under the circumstances, attaining a healthy self image to the world. People admire him for his spirit and tenacity. Definitely a remarkable life adventure."

"*Adventures of a Chemist Collector* is filled with inspiring success stories, from the beginning to the end. It seemed to cover everything – his personal life and life in the business world. His savvy as a business man is to be greatly admired. How he started out in the chemical industry, learning the ethical, legal, security and privacy issues as he went along. The more I think about it, the book portrayed his great potential from the very beginning. He believed in himself; had great faith and vision to build a business from a one product order/catalog to a worldwide corporation. Along the way, over the years, he met and interacted appropriately with many extremely knowledgeable, interesting people throughout the world, established a good relationship, and remained friends with them. I have never heard or read anything detrimental about Alfred Bader or his family. He's an immensely hard-working, dedicated individual with a tremendous amount of talent and expertise in his field of chemistry and art, which he applied very successfully."

When Aldrich celebrated its 50th birthday in 2001 David permitted the publication of a very fair history of the company, with a reproduction of a beautiful painting I had bought years earlier. It was particularly suitable for an Acta cover since it depicts Professor Brande teaching the young Michael Faraday how to make Prussian Blue. (see chapter 8)

An evening I spent with David in August 2003 was interesting and disturbing. We had invited him and Margarete to dinner at the University Club. I had a number of questions I hoped David would answer. One was why he allowed Ralph Emanuel to be fired as a Director of Sigma-Aldrich in 1980. David answered, "He was no longer useful to the company. Look how I fired some of the other Directors recently." He was referring to the departure of several friends of Tom Cori who had really made little contribution to the company but had effectively kept Cori in power for years. But it was Ralph who had hired David in 1974. Ralph had constantly pushed him ahead, urging me to put him in charge of our German operations, and then urging that he come to Milwaukee to become my successor. Ralph is an astute businessman, and the only one of us familiar with British law and practice, and he played a major role in the growth of our English company. David had consulted Ralph on every serious problem, and Tom Cori on his visits to the UK had kept him up until 2 AM or 3 AM in discussions on company matters. However, in 1980 Ralph had offended Aaron Fischer and Tom Cori by voting to retain Dan Broida in management when they wanted to get rid of him during his fight with cancer. Talk of good reasons – Ralph was no longer useful – and real reasons!

Another question I hoped David would clear up for me was why he refused to use Bader paintings on *Aldrichimica Acta* and catalog covers. These had a long recognizable impact amongst world chemists and would have twofold advantages. It would not cost the company anything to use the paintings, and the covers could be reproduced in good color. This is difficult when the printer works only from color transparencies submitted by museums. The color of a recent Aldrich catalog cover, a painting by Fragonard in the

National Gallery in Washington, was particularly poor. I had asked Joe Porwoll, president of Aldrich, whether he did not think it would be better to use some of my paintings again. Joe told me that "he had sent it up the flagpole" and the answer was no. Up the flagpole meant to Dr. Jai Nagarkatti, ~~and so~~ I sent a detailed query to Jai who advised me to speak directly to David Harvey.

This was one of the questions I was able to put in our discussions before we left for the club. His reply astounded me. "Certainly not," David said. "You hurt the company tremendously when you left in 1992. You spoke to many chemists about how badly we had treated you and many of these chemists in turn talked to us. Many of us in the company were very angry. And then you asked the Milwaukee Art Museum and the St. Louis Art Museum not to help Aldrich with catalog covers." I admitted that I might well have made a mistake asking the two museums not to help but that I had been so deeply hurt. David said that I should have left the company quietly and all would have been much calmer. To me this seemed like the world upside down. I had been treated horribly, accused of betting against the company, and now once again I was the accused. I wonder if David ever asks himself whether he has made personal mistakes, like firing so many good people, Ralph, Marvin, me and many others. When I asked why he allowed the *Prussian Blue* painting on the *Acta* cover, he said that this was a one-time event celebrating 50 years of Aldrich and I said again how pleased I was that he had done this.

Later on, during dinner, we talked about Marvin Klitsner, and David admitted that he was the ablest attorney he had known and that he had greatly enjoyed working with him.

When I reminded David that the accusation against us about 'betting against the company' had happened while Marvin was in the hospital undergoing bypass surgery, David said that he had not known that. David has a selective memory. If Marvin had not been in the hospital, our defense before the Board would have been much stronger but most likely still of little avail since the accusation was simply an excuse.

Of course we talked about a great many other matters. For instance, David just the month before had sold over 33,000 shares of Sigma-Aldrich. He told me that he planned to sell more because with most of his assets in company stock he should diversify. That of course I understand. We discussed the acquisition of other companies and our competitors. He mentioned that Roma Broida would be celebrating her 80th birthday in February 2004 and that her family was preparing a book to present to her. David actually wrote a play "Beauty and the Beast" (Fig.) as his contribution which he also had printed in a Sigma-Aldrich newsletter. I found this astounding, because Dan Broida was certainly not a beast; he was very demanding but he was the remarkable builder of Sigma.

David is stridently atheist, saying time and again that he does not want to have anything to do with all that "religious mumbo-jumbo". In an interview published in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch in September 2004 he said, "I became an atheist about the age of 13. My mother was Catholic. I think I once read there were 3,000 religions…What are the chances of Christianity being the right one? Nonsense!" I have known many intelligent atheists, but none who are as publicly offensive to people of faith. He is also offensive to British chemists. Though himself a Ph.D. from Oxford, he wrote in an editorial in *C&E*

News in 2003: "…American institutions for chemical research are the best in the world." They certainly are very good, but are they better than Oxford and Cambridge and the ETH?

There is no question in my mind that David is able and hard-working but he is also arrogant and that must put off many people inside and outside the company. I have faulted him but I admire his hard work and analytical ability. Since Cori's departure, the Company has really prospered and morale has improved greatly. By 2003 ROE exceeded the 20% goal and reached 21.1% by 2004. Excellent acquisitions have been made, a $50 million Life Science R&D building was completed in St. Louis in 2000 and a $70 million production and distribution facility in Milwaukee in 2005. The latter was helped by Milwaukee County's paying $32.5 million for Aldrich's eight story facility on St. Paul Ave., which Marvin Klitsner and I had been able to purchase from General Electric for only $300,000 in 1966. This was because at the time the County was unwilling to pay GE fair compensation and had ~~had~~ to construct the new freeway around the building which GE was then glad to sell to us.

To hear good reports of products and service is just as pleasing as it is distressing to me to hear criticism, and of course I am very happy that Sigma-Aldrich continues to be the most profitable fine chemical company in the world.

As for my own life since 1992, the major decision I had to make when I was forced out of Aldrich was what I wanted to do when we returned from our summer trip to Europe at the

end of July. As the realization that I had been forced out became painfully clear, I knew that something absorbing must take the place of the intense effort I had put into what had been my life's work. The answer was to become much more deeply involved in art.

Alfred Bader Fine Arts had been founded in 1961 and for 30 years I had bought and sold paintings, a very part-time interest. Marvin Klitsner and I eventually turned the company over, half to David and Daniel, half to Marvin and Jane's grandchildren. I became the president owning no shares myself.

David, Daniel, and by 1992, the 19 grandchildren of Marvin and Jane are the shareholders. I looked forward to building a successful dealership in paintings. I am sure some people have wondered why I work so hard for ABFA. The simple answer is that I love buying and selling paintings; I love my work and do not want to stop and retire. The choice of location for the gallery was decided quite quickly. Fourteen years of occupancy have proved me right in that. The apartment in the Astor Hotel soon became a comfortable gallery but my urgent need was for a good secretary. To my great relief the problem was soon solved . My long time associate from Aldrich, Marilyn Hassmann, decided to take early retirement from Aldrich and come to work for ABFA. What good fortune! We knew each other's ways and she quickly tackled the challenge of our new venture. Sadly I lost Marilyn's excellent help at the beginning of 1995. Experiencing great pain, she was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital in Milwaukee on a weekend. Her treatment, or lack of, was completely mishandled. Malpractice led to a stroke which left her partially paralyzed and unable to speak. Marvin recommended Gerald J. Block, an

able lawyer who sued and recovered a million dollars net for Marilyn – materially helpful, but nothing could give her back the active, useful life she had.

Good fortune again eventually brought me another able and experienced secretary, Ann Zuehlke~~, who has become~~ my gallery manager and ~~is~~ a great help with our many projects. She has become increasingly interested in paintings and enjoys the buying and selling, wheeling and dealing, almost as much as I do. She checks the websites of a number of auctions around the world for works of interest. Ann and my son David have brought ABFA into the 21st century. David has done a fine job of constructing our website, www.alfredbader.com which has brought in a lot of interest from all over, though so far it has attracted more sellers than buyers. We have learned to monitor the site carefully because of an exchange we had with an Italian dealer. He bought a delightful Italian genre painting which he found on our website and sent us an e-mail expressing his delight when he received it. This turned to anger when he discovered a week later that it had not been removed from our website. "You don't think that I would be selling it for less than $5,000!" he e-mailed us. Gott lebt im Detail.

David has now taught Ann how to photograph our paintings in the gallery so that we can e-mail them and add them to the website more easily. All in all, we buy several hundred paintings – minor works from local auctions in Milwaukee, Chicago and England and major works at auctions in New York, London and Vienna. Occasionally an owner who is anxious to sell will bring a painting into the gallery. We sell through our website, largely to dealers, and I have a few collectors who have often become friends. Paintings

priced over $100,000 would not sell in Milwaukee and so are handled by my dealer friends in New York, London and Munich.

Ann is good with people and with figures. She does much of ABFA's accounting and is a great help to me in my often complicated philanthropic efforts. Whereas computers are a complete mystery to me, Ann is quite capable of recovering material when a computer crashes or is attacked by a virus. She has saved us from many a possible disaster, managing to remain calm in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. She upgrades hardware and software regularly as the technology changes. It's a pleasure to work with her.

My second 'job' is to invest in fledgling chemical and pharmaceutical companies. You would think that with my background I would do uniformly well, but this has not been so. My first investment in 1992 was as successful as it was fun. I had long known Jim Jappy, a really able Scot specializing in fluoroaromatics in the south of the England at Yarsley, owned by the British Institute of Physics. Jim was often frustrated because he felt that he was underused. Even after the company was taken over by Shell, when he hoped for better things, promises were not kept. In 1991 Shell sold Yarsley Fluorochemicals to British Nuclear Fuels which did not stipulate that Jim and his two able co-workers stay on. They took the opportunity they had talked about in the past – to leave and start their own company.

They found a good location nearby in Leatherhead, Surrey, and in 1992 formed JRD Fluorochemicals Ltd. using the initials of the three partners. I had often asked Jim why he didn't strike out on his own. They needed capital so Jim asked if I would help with £48,000 for a 38% share of the company. I was sure he could make a success of it and readily agreed, with the understanding that I would visit twice a year and consult for them whenever they felt I could help. They were soon operational, growth was steady, and within ten years came close to a million pounds in sales. When they began paying substantial dividends, I felt they were making a mistake. They should reinvest. But Jim did not want to expand the company. Leslie, his wife, handled the secretarial and financial work capably. One and later two very able lab technicians were hired and with the three partners managing production, money started to accumulate. They were happy as they were and obviously I was no longer needed. I offered my shares at a price which was accepted immediately. I do not travel to Leatherhead as often, but we still enjoy getting together with Jim and Leslie in Sussex when Isabel and I are there.

My second investment, in Coelacanth Chemicals began even more promisingly but turned into a failure. It was started by my old friends, Barry and Jan Sharpless whom I have known for many years, first at MIT and Stanford, then at the Scripps Clinic in San Diego. Barry's first review article on one of the great discoveries of the century – metal-catalyzed asymmetric epoxidation – was published in the *Aldrichimica Acta* in 1979, and since then Barry has won the Nobel prize for this work. His grandfather had started the Sharpless Chemical Company and Barry and Jan longed for involvement in a chemical company of their own. Would I help kick start Coelacanth with half a million dollars?

Knowing of Barry's brilliant chemistry, I agreed. One of his able co-workers, Hartmuth Kolb, soon joined Coelacanth and I thought that their joint effort would lead to many new compounds of great interest to pharmaceutical companies. But the man heading the company, Seth Harrison, was not the right man and in 2001 Coelacanth had to be rescued by Lexicon Genetics in Texas and I sold my stock ~~in Lexicon~~ at a substantial loss.

In my more recent investments in Cedarburg Pharmaceuticals and Fluorous Technologies I have been joined by my son Daniel. This has made the venture all the more pleasant. I really value ~~Daniel~~'s input. He has a fine business sense, honed by his business training at the Rochester Institute of Technology. Daniel has joined the Board of Directors of Cedarburg Pharmaceuticals, a company some ten miles north of Milwaukee. Started in 1998, it manufactures active ~~pharmaceutical~~ ingredients for pharmaceutical companies in GMP facilities. Fluorous Technologies Inc. in Pittsburgh was started by Professor Dennis Curran, an old friend at the University of Pittsburgh. Dennis had won the ACS Award for Creative Work in Synthetic Organic Chemistry sponsored by Aldrich. The company develops Fluorous products and applications for life science market needs in drug discovery, biopolymer synthesis, and protein science.

~~Most recently I've been joined in a new investment by my friend Joe Bernstein. I had heard of Joe for years as an able and caring lawyer. We met a few years ago and have worked together recently on several philanthropic efforts, the Hillel Academy and Lubavitch of Wisconsin. We have met fairly often for lunch and I told him of my interest in investing in Materia, a company offering versatile catalysts, the inventions of Professor~~

~~Robert Grubbs at CalTech. Joe became really interested and we formed a jointly owned company, Bader/Bernstein LLC, which invested in Materia. The management quickly appreciated Joe's ability and asked him to join its Board of Directors. Professor Grubbs recently won the Nobel Prize, and Materia continues to do well.~~

My third 'job' is to give many talks, fifty or sixty a year, from a Menu of twelve. I particularly enjoy talking about the history of Aldrich, about Josef Loschmidt, the Rembrandt Research Project and my own collection. And what I really look forward to are the questions which range from serious to funny. The funniest, from a girl at Herstmonceux Castle: "Is one of your sons still available?"

My fourth 'job', giving money away sensibly, is very complicated, requires a great deal of time and input from friends as well as family, and is a chapter of its own.

X MAM Deaccessioning

In our apartment in Vienna there were many paintings, only one of which I liked (a small 17th century Dutch landscape). I know exactly where it was hanging in the salon and when Mother began selling her belongings, it was among the first to go. I missed it. I was already collecting stamps, but had no money, so I looked into the dealers' windows in the inner city where there were also a great many antique stores with many paintings in the windows. It was the 17th century Dutch paintings I saw there and during the one or two visits to the Kunsthistorische Museum and the Akademie that I admired most. After my escape from Vienna in 1938, all connection with paintings ended until I went to Harvard in 1947.

There I had the good fortune of attending a number of lectures by Ja~~c~~Kob Rosenberg on Rembrandt and his circle. That was it. I was hooked and from my first purchase of an old ~~m~~Master from Dr. Paul Drey in 19__ my love of paintings has brought me into contact with great art historians, museum directors and curators around the world. These are the people who can guide collectors.

In 1956 Edward Dwight, director of the Milwaukee Art Institute, mounted a beautiful exhibition "Still Life Painting Since 1470". As a result of the friendship that developed between us and the help and encouragement he gave me, I made my first gifts of art to Milwaukee.

Over the years I have given some forty paintings. Some of these are masterpieces; some are not so good. It took me years to be able to tell the difference. It is this interaction with directors and curators that has resulted in so many gifts to American museums.

Museums occasionally deaccession paintings, but generally do so with care, though sometimes – to put it mildly – without care. None I hope with less care than the Milwaukee Art Museum did in 2001.

Until May 29, 2001 none of my gifts was deaccessioned, but on April 30th of that year, Russell Bowman, then the Director of the Milwaukee Art Museum sent me a letter with a list of ten which were to be deaccessioned soon. I replied on May 4, ". . . I can understand the need for deaccessioning, but would it not make sense to discuss with living donors what their thoughts are, before the decision is made? There is one decision that I really question and that is the one regarding the Berchem. Ms. Winters questioned whether this painting is really by Berchem, but I have no doubt whatsoever, as explained in entry 4 of *The Detective's Eye* catalogue. I don't know of any art historian anywhere who knows as much about just such paintings as Professor Stechow at Oberlin knew. And he didn't just decide on the basis of a photograph, but had the original painting there for study. If you have sent that painting for auction then at least I hope that the auction house will have the good sense of referring to *The Detective's Eye* entry and Professor Stechow's clear opinion. The Art Museum has no work by Berchem, so the first question in my mind was: why do you deaccession it?. . ."

Sadly, Mr. Bowman did not reply and on May 29th Christie's East offered the Berchem ~~without any~~ reference to the *Detective's Eye*, where there is a detailed two page description of the painting, with signature and date, 1650. ~~Christie's offered it~~ ~~as lot 108~~, ~~by C. Iwry, an unrecorded artist~~. A perceptive buyer paid $3760. Unfortunately, I was leaving for England on the day of the sale and didn't have the good sense to leave a bid for this or any other paintings.

One other which was deaccessioned was lot 114, a fine portrait of a Flemish officer, circa 1635, so thickly painted that I thought it might have been done for a blind person. I learned that a knowledgeable young collector, Avram Saban, in Florida bought it for $4113. At least this seemed to me a happy ending, since Mr. Saban was really pleased with his acquisition, it was deaccessioned simply because there was as yet no attribution. (Although it was in mint condition)

Another of the really happy endings ~~to these~~ was lot 119, by Jan van der Venne, also known as the Pseudo van der Venne, ~~yet~~ although it too was described in *The Detective's Eye*, Christie's stated that the artist was Dutch rather than Flemish. ~~It was bought by~~ the H.F. Johnson Museum of Art at Cornell University for $4700. The Museum's Director, Frank Robinson, an old friend, wrote to me in July 2001: "Just a note to say that this museum just bought your beautiful Jan van de Venne, A Family Making Music. We are delighted with it; it is full of the tenderness and realism of this exceptional artist." Perhaps we should have given the painting to Cornell in the first place.

These ten paintings of my gifts and a few others also in that sale from some of the Milwaukee Art Museum's major donors, for instance Mr. & Mrs. William D. Vogel, Mr. & Mrs. Richard Flagg and Mrs. Catherine Jean Quirk - were, I believe, unimportant compared to a painting deaccessioned later, in October 2001. This was *The Battle of Gibraltar* for which the artist, Joseph Wright of Derby, was paid £420: the largest sum he ever received for any of his paintings. The purchaser in 1786 was John Milnes of Wakefield who had already amassed one of the largest Wright of Derby collections over a period of some twenty years.

Luck has played a great part in my art purchases. In 1967 a Milwaukee dealer, Tom Lenz, and I purchased some eighty paintings from the Laura Davidson Sears Academy of Fine Arts in Elgin, Illinois. Among these was an enormous *Battle of Gibraltar*, attributed to John Singleton Copley. The pupils had not treated it kindly; all sorts of things, from balls to arrows, had been thrown at it. It had probably been badly restored even before Judge Nathaniel C. Sears bought it in 1923 from the well-known Ehrich gallery in New York which had it relined with sailcloth at a cost of $72.

Tom Lenz and I agreed that he would prepare a handsome catalogue of the Elgin Academy paintings which he offered in the Lenz Art Gallery between 1968 and 1970. Many of them were photographed, but the *Siege of Gibraltar,* oil on canvas, 61" x 93-1/2", was too big to be photographed and did not sell, perhaps because of its size. After two years with the Lenz Art Gallery, the few unsold paintings came to me – the Copley Gibraltar among them.

I am not really interested in battle scenes, and there was certainly no room for the painting on our walls. It went into the basement.

I had become good friends with Benedict Nicolson, the great art historian and editor of the Burlington Magazine. He was interested in art in all its forms, and had written the definitive books on Terbrugghen, Georges de La Tour and the followers of Caravaggio. He had recently written a two volume work on Wright of Derby and although I was not particularly interested in this artist, I wanted to read Ben's book. I came upon a lengthy description of a *Battle of Gibraltar*, whose whereabouts were unknown. As I read his discussion of this missing *Siege of Gibraltar* I began to wonder: could it possibly be the "Copley" in my basement? Ben had written:

"We know more about the genesis of the *View of Gibraltar during the destruction of the Spanish Floating Batteries* (Cat No 245) than about any other picture except the *Corinthian Maid* and his scene from *The Tempest*, but in its absence it would be depressing to enter into too many details. One is not grateful to, but curses, the guide who points at the blank walls of the Palais des Papes at Avignon and goes into raptures about frescoes that are no longer there. A few facts only need be recorded. On 13th September 1782 the British garrison at Gibraltar decisively defeated the Spanish floating batteries, thereby restoring some of that British prestige which had been shaken by the loss of the American colonies. The news had the same effect on public opinion in England as the Suez operation of 1956 would have had, if it had proved a triumph instead

of a dismal failure. The subject was an obvious one for any history painter following in the footsteps of Benjamin West, and most of all for Wright whose specialty was fire, and who could visualize the contribution he alone could make to the events of that memorable day: the firing of red-hot missiles at the Spanish ships; the ensuing conflagration in the harbour; the dramatic feature of the Mole; the proud garrison standing back to survey the blaze. . .He worked hard on the picture during 1784, as far as failing health and torpor would permit, finishing it on 17th February of the following year. . .Wright had the idea of painting two pictures as companions: in the first (the only one executed) 'to represent an extensive view of the scenery combined with the action'; in the second 'to make the action his principal object'. He also thought of raffling the picture, but was relieved of this necessity by the appearance of Maecenas in the guise of John Milnes who carted the vast canvas off to Yorkshire, paying him a more handsome sum for it than he had received for any other work".

I now had a great incentive to find out more about this large canvas and decided to ship it, without the frame, to Ms. Mary D. Randall, a conservator in London. I asked her to reline it, remove the large amounts of overpaint and then to ask Benedict to look at it. She put a great deal of work into it over many months. When Ben looked at the stripped canvas he realized it was in very poor condition but came to the conclusion that it was in fact the missing Wright of Derby. He and I talked at length about this discovery - my first foray into this major British artist, and when it was returned to Milwaukee, I offered it to the Milwaukee Art Center (as our museum was then known). In January 1973 they

bought it with funds given in memory of Miss Paula Uihlein by the Charleston Foundation which she had created.

Once the *Battle of Gibraltar* was on view at the Art Center, Professor Damie Stillman, the chairman of the Art History Department of the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee, became very interested in it and directed one of his students, Biruta Erdmann, to mount an exhibition and to submit a paper to the Burlington Magazine which Nicolson, the editor, accepted [vol. 116, 1974, pp. 270-272].

Ms. Erdmann began her paper "This painting (lent by the Milwaukee Art Center) and Wright's two drawings the *Sea Battle* and *British Gunboat in Action* (lent by the Derby Museum and Art Gallery), were exhibited at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Art History Gallery, from 27th February through 27th March 1973. This exhibition was designed to clarify the authorship of the painting, which was previously listed as attributed to Copley".

This paper did clarify everything, or so I thought, until I looked at Christie's East catalog of October 2001. There, as lot 46 (from the Milwaukee Art Museum, 1973 to present), was *The Siege of Gibraltar* listed as a follower of Joseph Wright of Derby, with an estimate of $8,000-$12,000. There was no provenance of any kind, not even a mention of its being a gift from the Charleston Foundation in memory of Paula Uihlein, nothing about Benedict Nicolson's opinion, no reference to the seminal paper in the Burlington Magazine. Wow! How not to deaccession paintings. Should I try to buy it back, I

wondered. Years ago I had helped Queen's University to purchase a collection of seven small landscapes by Wright of Derby. Wouldn't it be great if I could add Wright's most ambitious work to Queen's collection? But would either the Getty or the Yale Center for British Art see this Christie's entry and connect it with the Burlington Magazine paper of 1974? If so, I believed I would have no chance. Hope springs eternal, however, and I asked my old friend, Otto Naumann, to send his secretary to bid for Queen's up to $100,000. As it turned out, there was only one other bidder and the painting was knocked down to Queen's for $10,000.

The Museum had shipped the painting unframed to save extra cost, but I was ~~very~~ ~~pleased~~ to be able to buy it from the Museum and reunite painting and frame which I believe ~~is~~ the original, chosen by Wright himself.

I was very pleased that the museum also gave me its files on the *Gibraltar* which included some interesting, and to me unknown, correspondence from a very able art historian and collector in London, Dr. Gert-Rudolf Flick. Dr. Flick had first written to Milwaukee in 1998 requesting a photograph and any assistance they could give regarding the *Siege of Gibraltar* listed in the Burlington Magazine of May 1974 as attributed to Wright of Derby. He knew that Judy Egeston of the Tate Gallery believed it was not by Wright, but he believed he could trace the painting to a sale in 1921. As a result of the documentation he received from Milwaukee, he became convinced that the painting was indeed by Wright of Derby. When I received the file on the painting and read these letters, I contacted Dr. Flick and learned that he was working on a book, <u>Missing</u>

Masterpieces, Lost Works of Art 1450-1900, and had planned to include *The Battle of Gibraltar*, but would not now do so.

In the introduction to his fascinating book published in 2002, Dr. Flick wrote, "As I began to research the subject, it soon became clear that many works of art which were listed as missing had either been destroyed or were in fact extant. For example, a painting of *The Siege of Gibraltar* in the Milwaukee Art Museum (U.S.A.) was sold recently as by a 'Follower of Joseph Wright of Derby', but has now been firmly identified as the original by Wright of Derby – the very painting that was always thought to be missing. In this case the difficulty in making the correct identification arose from the ruinous state of preservation of the painting, which made a comparison with preparatory drawings hazardous, although not impossible."

Why were these paintings deaccessioned without literature references? It was the confluence of a director who was just not knowledgeable about older paintings, a hard-working and ambitious curator, Laurie Winters, who was not experienced in deaccessioning, and inadequate oversight from the Board of Trustees. Laurie Winters has good reason to be self-confident: she has succeeded brilliantly in bringing a wonderful collection of art – including a Leonardo – from Poland which, with the new Calatrava wing, really put Milwaukee on the art world map. When I asked her why she did not send literature references with the Berchem and the Wright of Derby to Christie's, she told me that such references might have undermined her research. This surprised me because the inclusion in the catalogue of provenance and literature references would

surely have increased the prices realized. Laurie had indeed studied the problem of the *Gibraltar*. She had received a letter from Ms. Judy Egeston at the Tate Gallery in London who had looked at the painting very carefully in 1986 and had written to the Museum, ". . . I cannot believe that it is by Joseph Wright of Derby, even though Benedict Nicolson came to think so. There is a lumpishness about the figures, and a failure to extract maximum light and shade effects from the burning ships, that would never have suggested Wright's name to me, though I agree that now we have to find the missing Wright." In her 1990 catalogue for a Wright of Derby exhibition, she wrote that it "is now widely thought not to be by Wright." Other art historians concurred, some suggesting Loutherbourg. One of the guiding spirits of our Museum is Dr. Myron (Ronnie) Laskin who has great knowledge, particularly about Italian art, and he has a wonderful visual memory. He also has the ability to express himself so strongly that he tends to be believed, even when he is mistaken. He told me that he ~~does~~ did not believe Benedict Nicolson could possibly have accepted the *Gibraltar,* but in fact he did, both verbally and in writing, and was the editor of the Burlington Magazine when Ms. Erdmann's article was published in 1974. Nicolson's opinion is also included in "Wright of Derby: Addenda and Corrigenda" published posthumously in the Burlington Magazine in 1998. As I have said many times, it is possible to be convinced and mistaken. Yet even if Ben and I had been mistaken about the attribution of the *Gibraltar* to Wright of Derby, surely giving the literature references and Nicolson's opinion to Christie's would have aroused more interest.

It is certainly true that the painting was in very poor condition, but as soon as the Art Centre at Queen's received the painting, the decision was made to dig further for information. A provenance researcher in London, James Mulraine, found that the *Battle of Gibraltar*, last recorded as a Wright of Derby in the Overstone Park Collection catalog of 1877 was sold in a sale of that collection in 1921. However, at that time the painting had no attribution and was sold nameless by the minor auction gallery, Curtis & Henson, which simply described lot 982 as hanging in a hall corridor "A large gallery painting, Naval Battle Scene at Night". The Ehrich Gallery in New York which acquired it called it Copley and offered it as such to Judge Sears in Elgin, Illinois in 1923.

Queen's sent the *Gibraltar* to a Canadian government laboratory in Ottawa for extensive tests, and then employed a conservator, Mrs. Barbara Klempan, to remove the extensive overpaint and conserve the painting properly. This painstaking work has now been completed. There can no longer be any doubt that this is the Wright of Derby's *Battle of Gibraltar* (Fig.).

As Dr. David de Witt, the Curator at Queen's, has written: "Even before the cleaning, this canvas reflected Joseph Wright of Derby's sense of atmosphere and monumentality, in the large proportion of the composition given over to the sky, filled with billowing clouds and dramatized with contrasts of light and colour. But the cleaning went on to reveal daring, lively brushwork, with direct strokes and even his characteristic scratches with the butt end of the brush. Most importantly, however, was the revelation of several scenarios of firelight reflected off fabric, wood, figures and faces, in the burning ship at

the left edge, the exploding barges at the centre, and especially in the dynamic figures in the boats to the lower right. These remarkable passages showcase the particular achievement of which Wright of Derby was himself most proud: the rendering of artificial light in night scenes".

The importance of this painting was stressed by a letter I received from Dr. John Bonehill at the University of Leicester in June 2005. He told me that he and Dr. Matthew Craske in Oxford were collaborating in a study of Wright's one-man exhibition of 1785 in which the *Siege of Gibraltar* was the centerpiece. Dr. Bonehill had learned from Christie's in New York that I had bought their view of *Gibraltar* by a follower of Wright of Derby and he was interested in this copy. When I sent him our provenance he was really excited to learn that the "copy" is in fact the original and now looks forward to seeing the conserved painting.

There is no question that museums have received many gifts and even made purchases which prove less than important and sometimes embarrassing. These take up space and money from their sale can be put to better use, but all deaccessions should be done with great care. The director, curators and board of trustees should work together. If the donors are alive, I believe they should be contacted to discuss the matter and certainly every effort should be made to obtain the highest possible price for items sold. I think that a number of items deaccessioned from Milwaukee have been mistakes. Our museum has perhaps this country's finest and most extensive collection of German and Austrian paintings of the 19th century, the gift of René von Schleinitz. René, the treasurer of the

Harnischfeger Corporation, loved paintings by artists like Spitzweg and Waldmüller and the works he acquired are among the best by these artists. He and I were good friends. We met regularly and alerted each other to possible acquisitions – he pointing to Dutch Old Masters, and I to works by his favorite artists, as a great many Milwaukeeans are of German origin. ~~This~~ His collection is most appropriate for the city. Since René's death two other major collections of German expressionist paintings have been formed here. Sadly, the decision was recently made to send eighty of René's paintings to auction in Munich. The funds were used to buy a very expensive and beautiful landscape with Ruth and Boaz, by the Austrian, Joseph Anton Koch, but René would never have considered buying such an Italianate Biblical subject – there was nothing like it in his collection. ~~It~~ seems entirely out of place.

In 20__ there was a beautiful Spitzweg exhibition near Zürich and in Munich and twelve works were borrowed from Milwaukee. Six of these were René's gifts; five paintings he had given to the Milwaukee Art Museum and one to our Public Library. The other six came from Eckhart Grohmann, a distinguished Milwaukee collector, who hoped the exhibition would come to Milwaukee. That would have made good sense, but Spitzweg may have seemed too minor a figure, or the calendar may have been full, but if René knew, he would turn over in his grave.

Of course I am really familiar only with the details of the deaccessioning of some paintings, but I understand that the sale of some Chinese works by the Milwaukee Art Museum was even worse. Sotheby's in Chicago put on ridiculously low estimates and a dealer from London bought

many of them and promptly sold them at auction, described properly, at many times the prices he paid in Chicago. ~~It is truly sad that the Art Museum lost a great deal of potential income.~~ ~~We must hope that greater consideration will be given in the future.~~

In 2002 David Gordon became the Museum's director. He knows a great deal about finances. Before coming to Milwaukee he was the chief executive of *The Economist* and of the Independent Television News and was on the board of the Financial Times. ~~And~~ H~~h~~e also has considerable experience in museums, having been the secretary (i.e. the director) of the Royal Academy of Arts in London from 1996 to 2002 and a trustee of the Tate Gallery from 1993 to 1998. He certainly had true courage to become the director of a museum with an enormous debt left as a result of the Calatrava expansion. Working with many donors, he has completely eliminated the debt. Though David's actual art historical knowledge may not be extensive, he listens carefully and expresses himself well, with a great sense of humor.

In the two years since he took up his position I have very much enjoyed working with him. I find him the most caring director we have had since Edward Dwight, who was forced to leave in 1962. I look forward to future exhibitions of Old Masters.

Chapter XIII

CHAPTER

12

Love of Friend's

Chapter ~~XIV~~ 13 1 - 17

A Theater for a Canadian in Love

One of the gifts that made Isabel and me so happy, without any of the problems that often accompany major gifts, was the Isabel Bader Theatre at Victoria University in Toronto.

The famous Old Vic Theatre in London had been bought by a well-known Toronto family, the Mervishes, who tried very hard to improve it. But early in 1999 we learned that they were giving up and wanted to sell it. Of course I immediately called Principal Leggett at Queen's to inquire whether Queen's might like the Old Vic and his answer was "no thanks, we have enough problems with Herstmonceux Castle!" Roseann Runte, the president of Victoria, as intelligent as she is gracious, had become our good friend and so we asked her. Her reply was encouraging "No, we don't want the Old Vic, but why not build a new Vic? For close to a hundred years we have had the land right here on Charles Street, it is just being used as a tennis court, but we have never had the money. Even though Victoria has the oldest dramatic review in North America, an annual comedy show called 'The Bob' and many graduates have become distinguished directors and actors, we have never had a theatre." And how much would it cost? I have never had an answer from Roseann that wasn't clear and simple: Canadian $6 million.

We have been involved in one major building project at Queen's University, the expansion of the Agnes Etherington Art Centre. This necessitated an architectural competition, at considerable cost, and a great deal of bureaucratic hassle. There were no such complications at Vic. Roseann wanted a Toronto architect, Peter Smith, who had

designed many other theatres. Smith described the project as "an 'intimate' two-level theatre; it will have basic staging and audio-visual equipment in the first year, with room to grow." The faculty wanted another floor for lecture rooms and so the university raised an additional Canadian $2 million. There were no cost overruns.

On June 4, 1999 Isabel, Roseann and I turned the first sod for the theatre during Isabel's 50th reunion. There were delays to completing the building because of strikes of workers supplying concrete, but finally on March 3, 2001 there was a wonderfully happy celebration for the opening with our families sharing our joy. Roseann said about this largest gift that Victoria University had ever received, "When Alfred gave us the money for the theatre, it was because he wanted to make a gift to Isabel. It's a kind of a double generosity, and a true love story."

If only other major gifts would lead so simply to truly happy endings.

While getting to know, like and admire Roseann, it occurred to me that she might be just the right person to edit and publish the 82 letters Isabel had written to me between July 21, 1949 and August 11, 1951. I had kept all of Isabel's letters, and on each November 1st, her birthday, had read some of her letters. Isabel now often faults me for looking back too much, but how could I not, having met a woman of such inner and outer beauty.

Roseann did a fine job as editor of *A Canadian in Love* published in 2000 as a limited edition of 1000 by the University of Toronto Press. The 82 letters appear unchanged, as

do two of Isabel's mother's letters written in 1951. It ends with Isabel's brief letter, #83 written in March 1975, and my long reply written after our meeting in April.

Roseann's Introduction, describing our lives and love is a gem. Some evenings when I am too weary to fall asleep I read some of the Introduction with a few of Isabel's letters and then fall asleep happily.

Isabel thought that she had thrown all my letters away – they were too painful to look at. But after *A Canadian in Love* appeared, Isabel did find some of my letters and when she showed them to Roseann, she commented that they contained no surprises. Of course we have kept the hundreds of letters we wrote to each other before our marriage in 1982, but these cannot be published in our lifetime.

As a wonderful postscript, Roseann sent Isabel (insert)

words of love, for Isabel

some would maintain that chance runs rife
that a force beyond set the date
when twice we met, tourists in life
in love, a twist of fate

yet if only I could utter
the words I know you wish to hear
if only I could defer
if only you were here

words rise in my heart, flow steadfast
course down my veins, oh, my prince of men
only to be betrayed at last
by this, my very pen

I carried your sad smile with me
in my mind's eye for many years
not to be forgotten you see
or dulled by time and tears

in my solitude by the sea
of you I think and often pray
can you feel my sighs for thee
mingling in the salt spray?

silence dwells in my heart you know
where once I heard the chords of love
trembling in the air so sweet and low
whisp'ring on the wings of doves

it is said, hearts that meet at sea
must wait out storms, sail mists and more
yet true soul mates will finally
return to home's harbour

pride stayed my voice, and yet you knew
of my love, though I spoke it not
my hand you won with a small blue
true blue forget-me-not

and now where once sadness did reign
at last two hands in one enfold
at last, dear heart, I can speak plain
my love, I do behold

thoughts borne upon the wind
barely uttered may yet be heard
true love in truth need not be penned
nor speak a single word.

Chapter XI

Help the Neediest and Ablest: Promoting Communication Between People

We have been in a wonderful position to help people. Isabel and I don't need much for ourselves. Our good friend Marvin Klitsner arranged for my sons' trusts each to have 6.5% of Aldrich – long before Aldrich was worth much – and so both are well-to-do and know that Isabel and I have wills, also written by Marvin. These wills leave almost everything to a foundation, just as Danny did. My son Daniel, who administers this charity, the Helen Bader Foundation, will administer our foundation also, but why should we not help others in our lifetime? Help for others and pleasure for us. But, giving money away is not all pleasure and in fact it is the most difficult of my four jobs.

Luckily we have been helped by good and able people. Daniel has 17 able people in the Helen Bader Foundation, and he himself is always willing to help us. He and Linda often make suggestions, particularly for local causes.

Marvin Klitsner, of course, had guided us in everything, but sadly he died in Jerusalem in August 2001. His older daughter, Frances Wolff, has taken his place on the Board of the Helen Bader Foundation, and one of Marvin's 19 grandchildren, Adina Shapiro, has also been most helpful to us. A remarkable young woman with a Hebrew University law degree, she was co-chair of MECA, the Middle East Children's Association. This tries to bring together Israeli and Palestinian teachers to discuss how best to teach children. Such meetings are very difficult to arrange during the mutual hatred engendered by the second intifada, but Adina and her able Palestinian co-chair, Dr. Abdullah Ghassan, have succeeded in arranging for several meetings, two at Herstmonceux Castle which we have funded, and other larger meetings in Turkey.

MECA has also been funded by the Konrad Adenauer Foundation, the US and EU governments.

I have long wondered whether life in Israel would be safer and better if Arab Israelis had been treated equally. Israel is a democracy, there are Arab members of the Knesset, public signs are in Hebrew, English and Arabic. But educationally, in the infrastructure of Arab towns and villages and socially, there has not been equality. Adina agrees. So now we give her several hundred thousand dollars annually through the Foundation for the Jewish Community, which she spends as she sees fit. I believe that since we are dealing with Marvin's granddaughter we need no accounting, but she has told us that she has spent it on diverse projects, most recently on improving Israeli Arab libraries. I have asked her to explain.

"One of Israel's greatest challenges as a Jewish Democratic State has been its treatment of its Arab citizens. Although many organizations, projects and research have addressed this issue, the past few years of *Intifada* have also marked a significant decline in Jewish Arab relationships within the State of Israel, indicating that strategic approaches were significantly needed. We chose to address this question by using two principles. First, private initiative with the Arab sector must replace the government agencies and should engage them in seeing their role as serving the Israeli population in its entirety. Second, the Jewish-Arab question cannot be addressed as an independent 'problem' but must find its way into the mainstream issues that the State must address. In keeping with these principles we decided to address the field of the public libraries in Israel which was in dire need of incentives to reach out to their communities. Encouraging the public libraries to take a community based approach was an optimal

opportunity to look at all parts of the Israeli community with its many cultures, religions and political beliefs.

With the help of the funds at my disposal, as well as some matching funds from our family in memory of my grandfather, we funded approximately thirty projects a year in public libraries throughout the country. The projects, which took place equally in Jewish and Arab libraries, reach out to the community in different ways such as programs for toddlers, single parents, youth in distress and documenting the oral history of communities. All of the librarians meet once a month in a joint forum where they discuss the professional challenges of their community based programs as well as discussions about Jewish-Arab relationships in the country. The entire program has been done in partnership with the Ministry of Education and some local municipalities, leveraging the funds with matching governmental grants for the Arab sector that did not exist previously. The outcome of the first few years has led to the establishment of several Bedouin libraries in unrecognized villages as well as an Arab library in Haifa and in Mukeble, where no public libraries existed prior to this. Furthermore, contents have been brought into the libraries by the directors infusing some of their experiences with the different populations to their communities. The ultimate success of the programs, however, in my eyes has been that as different peripheral populations in Israel address the needs of their communities, they see professional cooperation with their Jewish or Arab colleagues as integral and complementary parts of their pursuits. This is a sound basis for not only paying lip service to concepts of equality and diversity but actually implementing it on the ground."

Daniel is on the Board of Trustees of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Joint, a wonderful, almost century old organization that helps people in need – and not only Jews – around the world. We have made good friends and been helped enormously by Yechiel Bar Chaim who operates from the Joint office in Paris.

Born in Washington, D.C. in 1945, Yechiel has degrees from Harvard, the Sorbonne and the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. He served in the US Army, last as captain in the NATO Military Headquarters in Belgium from 1969 to 1972. After his move to Israel in January 1974, he held several industrial and governmental jobs and served in the reserves as a press liaison officer of the Israel Defense Forces. Since 1986 he has been working for the Joint and in 1989 came to Vienna to help the tens of thousands of Jews then leaving the Soviet Union for the West. Later that year he was also made responsible for the JDC programs in what was then Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia and recently in Tunisia and Algeria as well. He and his family moved from Vienna to Paris in 1991.

What a background, but most important, he is such a caring, totally reliable man.

And, of course, many like-minded people really enjoy working with him. To me, the most outstanding of these is an American writer and humanist, Paul Polansky. Originally from Mason City in Iowa, Polansky moved to Prague in 1990 where he became a Romany rights activist, documenting how the Nazis with the help of some Czechs treated Roma. In 1999 he volunteered to live in Kosovo trying to help Roma threatened by the Albanian majority. He now calls Kosovo and Nis, in southern Serbia, his homes.

The Nis gypsies live under the worst living conditions anywhere in Europe. Some of their homes were built in an historic Jewish cemetery, while another part of the cemetery became their garbage dump and open-air latrines. It was Yechiel who told us about Polansky and his work with the Roma. The scenes he described were so dreadful that we immediately decided we would make a donation to fund an employment project which Yechiel and Paul hoped to set up. The idea was to employ the Roma living in one part of the cemetery to clean up the other part. These efforts with the Roma produced a remarkable clean up of what had been a site of shame and an opportunity for the workers to earn money, often for the first time in their lives. Yechiel described this so clearly when he nominated Paul for the John Humphrey Freedom Award:

"Paul put together teams of Roma workers from the cemetery settlement (called 'the Jewish village') to do the work. For better pay than they usually get, these Roma workers took out 220,000 wheelbarrows full of indescribable refuse over seven weeks' time. They spent eight hours a day in the sweltering heat, sometimes up to their chests manoeuvring heavy 17th century tombstones to get them out of the cesspools. Some of them had never had a job for so long in their entire lives."

From other historic cemeteries in the area Serbs had taken tombstones as building materials, but – as Paul wrote in a 2005 book of poems entitled <u>Sarah's People</u>:

"rubbish had saved the tombstones
no Serb would have dug through
gypsy garbage
gypsy shit
to get a paving stone"

Saving a cemetery is fine and easily publicized by television and reporters, but, as Paul tells in another poem:

"HOW LONG?

. . . . . how long until the skinheads
smash the tombstones?

how long until the neo-Nazis spray-paint
their swastikas on the tombstones?

how long until the Serbs pave
their driveways with the tombstones?

wasn't it better for these Jewish graves
to be preserved

by gypsy garbage?"

More important than saving cemeteries is saving lives. Again to quote Yechiel from his John Humphrey Freedom Award nomination: "When the Albanian refugees came back to Kosovo, some of their extremists drove the Kosovar Roma out of their settlements and burned down their houses. Near Mitrovica the UN put the displaced

Roma in camps, “temporary” ones that just happened to be located on land where the toxic wastes of nearby mines had been dumped. Paul warned the UN that the sites were dangerous, but to no avail. That was in 1999. Repeated appeals and alarming medical reports since then have never budged the authorities.

The camps are still there and now there is a generation of Roma children showing lead in the blood at unprecedented levels: above 65 mg/dl (About 10 mg/dl is considered safe). The affected children (and adults) are suffering irreparable brain damage. They stagger around disoriented, vomiting, some going in and out of coma. Paul is the one on the spot. The one taking a child in coma to a hospital in Belgrade for treatment. (Actually he had to smuggle her in, because Roma kids don’t have any identification papers). The one finding a new residence for the family so Nikolina doesn’t go back to the camp when she’s better. The one badgering the alphabet soup of international organizations that we trust to prevent these tragedies from happening, the ones who aren’t supposed to let children get lead poisoning in their camps: UNMIK, UNHCR; WHO….

When no one stepped forward, Dr. Bader again agreed to make a grant. Now Paul has taken a new set of kids to the hospital in Mitrovica. Some of them are beyond saving, it appears. Paul will be finding ways to help the fathers become self-employed so they can move away from the camps. Now Paul has the International Committee of the Red Cross calling for their immediate evacuation and scurrying to find trailers (caravans) for the families Paul helps to escape these UN-sponsored death traps.”

The world is truly blessed to have men like Yechiel Bar Chaim and Paul Polansky working together.

Working with Yechiel and Paul was not our first involvement with the Roma. We first learned of their plight in Czechoslovakia years ago. We know that during the war they had been treated almost as brutally by the Nazis as Jews were, but while Jews spoke up after the war and were compensated by Germany, the Roma had hardly anyone to speak up for them and even now have received little compensation. The Roma are disliked almost everywhere, because they try to live in their closed society. Some are thieves, and their children, often not speaking Czech, are put into schools for disadvantaged children. It is a vicious circle that can be broken only through education. We first became involved by funneling support through Charter 77 and now through to the Joint, with Nadace Via, an organization in Prague which supports Roma educational efforts.

Eventually I asked Yechiel what he thought of our collaboration and his response almost overwhelmed me.

"   see 3 page insertion   "

To p8

Your Philanthropy as I See It

~~Dear Alfred,~~ Eventually I asked Yechiel what he thought of our collaboration and his response almost overwhelmed me

" How might one characterize the philanthropic giving you channel through the JOINT (and thus through me)?

There is a saying attributed to the great teacher Hillel in the Talmudic Tractate, ***Pirke Avot***, (The Sayings of the Fathers II: 6), which in English goes as follows: ***"In a place where there are no men, strive to be a man."***

Now this phrase has two markedly different interpretations, both of which you seem to fulfil.

It might be thought that virtuous behaviour requires interaction with other, like-minded men. Yet here Hillel characteristically stresses the importance of individual independence. ***One should be virtuous even in the absence of any partners or observers.*** When it comes to supporting a soup kitchen for the poor in Novi Sad (Serbia) or vocational training for Roma refugees from Kosovo living near Skopje (Macedonia), I am well placed to assure you that when we began these projects no one anywhere in the vicinity had any idea who Alfred Bader was. And I presume that even now these places mean little to those who have known you for years.

You yourself refused any sort of plaque or naming ceremony in these locations, saying justly, ***"My family has never had any connection to the Balkans."*** The most we have been able to do for you is to name as ***"Bader Vests"*** the sweaters made by paraplegic women in Sarajevo for individuals living in institutions or homebound elderly.

The second interpretation --- which I like better --- has a "High Noon" ring about it. ***Where no one else will step forward, you do it.*** The first project we ever did together exemplifies this approach. When the Bosnian War ended, there were nearly 200 NGO's working in Sarajevo, all basically looking for ways to help the most deprived, the neediest victims of the conflict. Left out of these considerations, however, was the vital center, the capable young men and women whose potential was being ignored. You enabled us to introduce entrepreneurship training for these individuals, and based on the same rationale our local partners built an important micro-lending operation to go with it that still thrives today.

You have, I would say, also introduced a so-called "Bader Corollary" to Hillel's Talmudic dictum. Phrase it this way, ***"Where there are men present, go elsewhere."*** Thus, when other funders are already helping, your tendency has been to say, ***"Count me out. I'll save my resources for those causes that others overlook."*** Thus you were distinctly reluctant to assist after the catastrophic floods in the Czech Republic in 2002, precisely because everyone else was rushing to chip in. Only when I found an overlooked, nearly orphaned school in Prague which served the youngest mentally challenged children --- most of them Roma --- a school with a playground dangerously polluted by two meters of floodwaters, did you come forward. If I am

not mistaken a picture of a cheerfully costumed child taken during the festive reopening of that playground should grace this book.

In your philanthropy you take special pleasure, Alfred, it seems to me in recognizing merit that has been heretofore overlooked. Just like you like discovering masterpieces of art in unsuspected paintings. How else to understand your efforts to build up the reputation of that until now less than well-known nineteenth century Czech ~~Moravian~~ chemist, Josef Loschmidt, or your lonely efforts to support the Jewish School in Vienna in memory of its noble headmaster at the time of the Anschluss, or your re-establishment of the Ignaz Lieben Prize for scientific achievement in the former Habsburg Empire, a prize initially established by a prominent Jewish family in Vienna that also fell victim to Nazi depredations.

By my reading, you like to combine a certain sense of righteous indignation (drawn perhaps from your faithful teaching over the years of the Hebrew prophets) with an unswerving respect for personal character (a trait in my experience which no one who has ever studied at Harvard can ever fully escape). Thus the sterling record of the British Quakers in saving Jewish children from the Nazis (including yourself) during World War II has endeared them to you forever.

Of course you would never describe your philanthropy in the terms I have used above. As you always like to tell me, *"I just like to help 'good people'."* Yet that seemingly straightforward ethical principle has proven to be one of our most challenging issues.

Thanks to one of your grants, JDC-Israel was able to train Roma --- living under frightful conditions of poverty and multiple discrimination in East Jerusalem --- to work as caterers or cleaning staff in hotels. But when these Roma insisted on being paid in black so as not to put their welfare benefits in jeopardy, you pulled the plug. My colleagues in Israel are still trying to figure out how to do it right.

A special trip to Vienna --- and from what I could tell your entire afternoon with Isabel --- was upset when I informed you that I had used some of the funds you had put at my discretion to organize through the Jewish Community of Zagreb a summer camp on the Dalmatian Coast for young juvenile delinquents. But juvenile delinquents just didn't qualify as 'good people.' Only when we were able to clarify much later that these youngsters were in reality only "children at risk" who had good chances of not becoming juvenile delinquents if given the right care, could the argument be settled and the project carry on.

More seriously, this debate between us has continued over your considerable philanthropic aid to projects in Serbia. Certainly before, but even after, Slobodan Milosevic was deposed as the leader of Serbia and Montenegro and put on trial in the Hague, you have felt uncomfortable about such assistance. In making the case to you for putting mentally retarded adults to work producing furniture or providing a modern, sanitary kitchen for children from Kosovo still living in refugee camps years after the war ended, I have sometimes imagined the scene when Abraham had to argue with the Almighty on behalf of even the smallest number of virtuous residents in Sodom.

What a delight it is to be able to work with a man of such strong character and principles! In discussing which path to take in directing your gifts towards worthy goals we have to wrestle over questions of morality and politics. I love it.

At any given moment your thoughts and reactions seem to reach back in time. They draw on your varied past, coursing over the so markedly different phases of your own life. They touch on fierce loyalties and acute sensitivities that sometimes I can only guess at. Vienna; England; the internment camp ~~on the St. Lawrence;~~ in Quebec, Queens University in Canada; Harvard; Milwaukee; Prague … they all speak in many different voices through you and through your special generosity.

Alfred, I feel I am especially privileged to work with you.

The biggest challenge of course is that so much remains to be done and to be done well. Whenever I become especially overwhelmed by the opportunities you open up before me, it is another phrase from *Pirke Avot* to which I turn. This teaching is attributed to Rabbi Tarphon, and perhaps it can bring you comfort as well.

"It is not up to you to finish the work, but neither are you free to turn aside from it."

Yechiel Bar-Chaim
Paris,
14 October 2005

We first thought about helping in the Balkans when our old friend Jane Whistler returned from Sarajevo in 1994. She had gone there with an organization called 'Through Heart to Peace' of the Dandelion Trust, Women helping Women. She told us about the great help being given by the small Jewish community led by Jacob Finci. The old synagogue in Sarajevo was the only safe building in the city and the community was trying to help everyone it could. Jane wondered whether Isabel and I might be able to help in Bosnia, perhaps through Queen's University.

Following her suggestion we learned that Queen's did indeed have a strong presence in Bosnia, through an organization with the cumbersome name International Centre for the Advancement of Community-Based Rehabilitation (ICACBR). Dr. Malcolm Peat, the director of the Queen's School of Rehabilitation Therapy spent a long time in Sarajevo where help was indeed needed so badly. During a visit to Queen's in 1995, the dean of medicine at Sarajevo University reported that "in Sarajevo alone 12,000 citizens, including 2500 children have been killed over the past three years. Our surgery has performed over two million operations to remove shrapnel!" We were very impressed by the work of Dr. Peat and Queen's students, so in 1995 we gave Queen's US $500,000 to help Dr. Peat in his work with the traumatized in Bosnia.

One of our happiest days in Prague was Friday, June 13, 2003, described so clearly by Alan Levy in the Prague Post of June 25, 2003:

Alfred Bader: Chemist cares for Karlín

PRAGUE PROFILE

BY ALAN LEVY

Making money work wonders

When Alfred Bader was growing up in his native Vienna in the early 1930s, he used to spend summers visiting the family of his Jewish governess, Hilda Kozáková, in the south Moravian village of Miroslav, near the Austrian border. Hilda's brother Robert Herzog was a businessman traveling from village to village visiting butchers to buy the skins of slaughtered animals in order to sell leather to village shoemakers. The boy would tag along to help unload hides, salt them and store them in the family cellar.

Watching Herzog, then a communist, sweet-talk his clients or bargain with a tanner from Mikulov "was the beginning of my business education," says Bader, now a 79-year-old multimillionaire philanthropist who gives away half of each year's income to good causes, many of them in the Czech Republic. He makes annual gifts of at least $5 million (135 million Kč); this year's "will certainly exceed $15 million."

There were weekend journeys to Prague, too, centered around the Old-New Synagogue and the Jewish Cemetery. Near there, a vendor sold drawings for 5 Czechoslovak crowns apiece. "Given the choice of spending 5 crowns on a drawing or on 10 ice-cream cones" Bader recalls, "I usually bought the drawings, many of which I still have."

This was the beginning of Alfred Bader's career as an art collector and dealer, whose milestones include buying a painting for $55,000 in 1979 — a study of Rembrandt's father that was originally disqualified as an authentic Rembrandt by experts in Amsterdam — and then proving it was a real Rembrandt. It was recently appraised at $10 million when he gave it to his Canadian alma mater, Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario. Since he also founded and headed the Sigma–Aldrich global chemical conglomerate from 1955 to 1991, his candid memoir is appropriately titled *Adventures of a Chemist Collector* (see box for details).

Alfred Bader became a Nazi target at 13 when Hitler annexed Austria. But when the British government allocated 10,000 visas for Jewish children between 12 and 16, Bader was placed on the first *Kindertransport* train, which left Vienna Dec. 10, 1938.

Lodged with a Jewish family in Brighton, he enjoyed a good year in school. But when he turned 16 in the spring of 1940, he was interned as an "enemy alien" in a roundup of potential threats between ages 16 and 65. Thrown in with German prisoners-of-war and labeled a POW himself, the teenager was sent to prison camps on the Isle of Man and then in Canada, where a guard named Bruno, father of six, used to wake him every morning by "playing with my penis." Fortunately, the son of his British sponsors resided in Montréal and Bader was released to them after 15 months of internment.

VLADIMIR WEISS/The Prague Post

Benefactor Bader will pull the puppet strings for Patrik Gadžo, 8.

Though he'd passed the matriculation exam for McGill University, he was rejected there and by the University of Toronto because their Jewish quotas were filled. Accepted by the applied-science faculty of Queen's University, the young man with a thick German accent proved a brilliant student who, in three successive years, was awarded bachelor's degrees in engineering chemistry (1945) and history (1946) and a master's in chemistry (1947). He is now Queen's University's most generous benefactor.

Young Bader's appetite for paint and chemicals was whetted by a summer job as a lab technician at a paint company in Montréal. Upon graduation, he went south of the border on a fellowship in organic chemistry to Harvard, where he took another master's in 1949 and a doctorate in 1950. That year, he moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which is still his home city, to work as a research chemist for the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.

A marriage deferred

During his 1949 Harvard summer vacation, Bader sailed from Québec City to Liverpool for his first return visit to Europe. Two days before the ship docked, he met Isabel Overton, the daughter of a Protestant lay preacher from northern Ontario. After a week's courtship in London, he proposed marriage to her. She hesitated — mostly because of their religious differences and his determination to raise any children as Jews, meaning that their mother would have to be Jewish or convert to Judaism.

Their courtship continued by correspondence after he returned to the States and she settled in England as a schoolteacher in Sussex. In her 80th letter to him (he kept them all), she wrote that she didn't think their marriage would work.

On the rebound, he met Helen Ann Daniels, from a South Dakota religious background similar to Isabel's but willing to convert. They were married in Milwaukee by an orthodox rabbi in 1952 and had two sons.

His heart, however, still belonged to Isabel and, in 1975 — propelled by a recurrent dream in which her gaunt preacher father asked him why he wasn't with her — he looked her up in Sussex. In 1981, "Danny" divorced him so he could marry Isabel.

A playground for outsiders

Partly because he has roots in southern Moravia, Bader endows prestigious annual prizes and a professorship in organic chemistry at Masaryk University in Brno. He also funds Bader Art History Fellowships for Czech scholars to do research, mostly abroad, and Bader Science Fellowships enabling four Czech students a year to do their doctoral work at the Imperial College in London and three U.S. Ivy League universities: Harvard, Columbia and Pennsylvania.

There is a non-elitist side to Bader's generosity, epitomized by his motto: "Save my money for somebody left out." In recent years, he and his wife have been active in humanitarian and educational aid programs for Roma (Gypsies).

One of the reasons they visited Prague in June is a case history in how philanthropy can prove profitable for everyone:

In Prague 8's flood-devastated Karlín sector, the Molákova street special school for 120 children classified as mentally or socially underdeveloped (90 percent of them Roma) was heavily damaged by last August's waters. City funds weren't readily forthcoming to repair the school. So the children were dispersed to study in special shifts elsewhere, if at all.

To encourage action, Bader pledged $20,000 (now 540,000 Kč) toward repair of the school *if* City Hall would match that sum. Neither school director Jitka Vargová nor the municipal officials to whom she brought Bader's offer had ever heard of matching grants, so the bureaucrats threw up their hands and gave her the entire 5.5 million Kč needed to restore the school.

Pleased but embarrassed, Vargová offered the Baders their money back. No way! Instead, they re-earmarked the money to dredge a sea of contaminated mud coating the school's garden. When work started, it was discovered that soil and plant contamination was much less than feared. So the money was reassigned again — this time for architect Josef Smola to create a state-of-the-art playground in the school's garden.

Complete with slides, swings, climbing wall, gazebo and wicked-witch hut, the playground was opened on Friday the 13th by the roly-poly, cherubic philanthropist and his slender, elegant wife. During the speech-making and after the ribbon-cutting, this loving and generous couple held hands, already enjoying their gift as much as the kids who couldn't and didn't wait to start using it.

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VITAL STATISTICS

Born April 28, 1924, in Vienna
Career Research chemist and group leader 1950–54 for Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he and his lawyer founded Aldrich Chemical Co., supplying research chemicals, 1955, president, 1955–81; chairman, 1981–91. In 1981, Aldrich merged with biochemicals supplier Sigma of St. Louis; president, Sigma–Aldrich, 1975–80, chairman, 1980–91. Upon involuntary retirement, founded Bader Fine Arts gallery, Milwaukee.
Author *Adventures of a Chemist Collector,* Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 1995: out of print but can be ordered from amazon.com by ISBN 0-297-83461-4
Married Helen Ann "Danny" Daniels, 1952, divorced, 1981 two sons: David, Daniel; married Isabel Overton, 1982

Through the Joint we have also helped the ablest in art history and chemistry in the Czech Republic. After some initial difficulties, both proceed relatively straightforwardly. Two awards go to young Czech chemists, one in organic chemistry and one in bioorganic/bioinorganic chemistry chosen by the Czech Chemical Society. Three awards for students in baroque art are chosen with the help of an old friend, Milena Bartlova, and in June of 2003 there was a ten year celebration in Prague, organized by Yechiel, with some 30 art historians who had received the Bader awards. We were very pleased to see that students who ten years ago were much more confined in their areas of interest have now branched out confidently after study outside the Czech Republic. Some have found positions abroad but many have returned, enriching Czech art history.

Our most ambitious and difficult effort was to establish a chair in chemistry at the Masaryk University in Brno. To be called the Josef Loschmidt chair, after one of the ablest Bohemian born chemists of the 19th century, it was the first chair in chemistry funded in the Czech Republic by an outsider. The only difficulty we foresaw at the beginning was that the academics in Brno insisted that the salary offered be very low, initially $20,000, so that the Loschmidt professor would not be paid more than they were. This would mean that few who had studied outside the Czech Republic would be interested to apply because they could earn far more elsewhere. Far greater difficulties followed.

The simple contract (appendix A) which Dean Jan Slovak, Isabel and I signed in August 2001 established a Josef Loschmidt professorship in physical organic chemistry, this position to be an addition to the existing faculty of the department. The University did indeed have great difficulty in attracting a suitable candidate, partly because of the

low salary and partly because many able Czech chemists prefer to work in Prague, where they can be in close contact with the country's ablest chemists. Eventually, a very able young biochemist, Dr. Jiri Damborsky, applied. He had worked at the Masaryk University for five years after receiving his Ph.D. there and had won the Bader Award in bioorganic chemistry in 2003. Our belief that he was an excellent choice has been borne out by the fine scientific work he does and also by his efforts to make Josef Loschmidt's chemistry known. As he came from within the university, we expected his department to find a junior to replace him. This has still not happened, probably for the same reasons that made finding the chemist for the Loschmidt chair so difficult. But a much larger problem arose. Professor Damborsky received ample funding for his research, particularly from the Howard Hughes Medical Institute and the Czech Ministry of Education. With seven Ph.D. students and several assistants and post-docs he produced world-class biochemical research. But the Masaryk University was building a new chemistry building, to be completed in 2005, and the department was unwilling to give him sufficient laboratories in the new building! Clearly, nasty politics were involved. Dean Slovak, who had signed our contract, was really sympathetic, and so was his successor Dean Milan Gelnar. But at least one senior professor created such opposition that Professor Damborsky considered seriously accepting a position in Prague. It had not occurred to us to put into the contract that the Loschmidt professor should be provided with adequate laboratories. We have been staggered by all this, since he is clearly an excellent research professor and his care for his students is admirable.

To force him to leave would, of course, end the Loschmidt Chair, as the University would have broken its contract. Perhaps we should have taken legal counsel

before establishing the chair, but donors seldom question the good faith of the recipients. At first we only questioned the wisdom of the low salary, which was easily raised. We did not foresee that some of the key players would be so jealous of Professor Damborsky's successes.

We visited the Masaryk University in June 2005 and spoke strongly with the key players. Luckily that helped and Professor Damborsky is now really happy in his new laboratories.

One of our ongoing gifts which brings us a lot of pleasure is to Project SEED of the American Chemical Society, about which I wrote in some detail in my first "Adventures…" (pp. 263-266). Project SEED provides economically disadvantaged high school students with opportunities to conduct mentored research in academic, industry or government laboratories during the summer. The original program was for one summer. Because we believed that it would be a great advantage to offer these students a second summer's research, we helped start the SEED II program, and have recently given funds which the ACS has matched for about 20 college scholarships to support former Project SEED students who are accepted at universities. We have been so happy to see how well many of these students are doing, most in chemistry and chemical engineering, but some also in other disciplines, medicine and dentistry for instance.

In Milwaukee we have been really impressed by the many educational efforts of Chabad, the Lubavitch organization. Two of my grandsons, Carlos and Alex, have gone to their nursery school. They now direct the Hillel Academy, one of the local Jewish day schools, and one of the rabbis, Mendel Shmotkin, has become our good personal friend.

We have been able to help to get them completely out of their debt, and Rabbi Shmotkin has guided us to help elsewhere, for instance the Chabad orphanage in Dnepopetrovsk.

Establishing bursaries for able students who need some financial help seemed eminently sensible to Isabel and me, because both of us benefited from scholarships and bursaries when we were students. Isabel established the first such bursaries at Victoria University in Toronto where she graduated in 1949. Bursaries at University College in London, at Edinburgh University and the University of Glasgow followed. Victoria and Edinburgh have been clear and punctual in their reporting to us, and it gives us such pleasure to see how well some of the students have done. At University College the funds for the bursaries were mixed up with the funds for an annual prize I had given earlier, but that has now been straightened out. With Glasgow we have had the surprising problem that time and again we do not receive its promised annual reports about the students receiving the awards.

We have often said that of my four jobs, three are easy; the fourth, giving money away sensibly is the most difficult.

Helping the ablest is relatively simple. Bursaries, scholarships and fellowships help the ablest and most, though not all, are easily monitored. But, how to help the neediest? Again, in Milwaukee it is relatively simple, particularly with the advice of my son Daniel and the Helen Bader Foundation. But in the world, in Africa and Asia? In the Balkans we have the help of Yechiel and Paul Polansky, and there even fifty or a hundred thousand dollars help. But in Africa our gifts would be drops in a bucket and we feel so helpless.

Until Monday, March 22, a month before my 80th birthday, when Ralph Emanuel and Yechiel Bar Heim arranged a surprise luncheon for me in London, I had not thought much about my coming birthday. Why should an 80th be any different from a 79th or an 81s? Yet if this carefully planned luncheon with friends was any foretaste of what was to follow, clearly my 80th birthday would indeed be very special. When April 28, 2004 did arrive I was as busy as could be because I knew that David would be coming in from Pennsylvania and Charles Munch from his home near Madison, so I wanted to get as much work done as possible before they arrived.

Despite many phone calls and e-mails that required my attention, I couldn't help thinking of April 28th in years past. I have often wondered what my parents' lives were like before I was born. Were they overjoyed at the prospect of a second child? Was my father concerned at this addition to his family? Addicted to gambling, he was not a reliable provider; was he aware that his financial position was very precarious? Did Mama have any inkling of this? Were they delighted to have a son? Within two weeks my father was dead, the cause of death unclear, suicide or murder. I shall always wonder about this.

In 1938, on what would be my last birthday in Vienna, my mother gave me a slip of paper, a promissory note for a trip up the Danube. I knew at the time that the intent was good, but it would be impossible because we had no money, and life was so precarious because the Nazis had marched in the

month before. I couldn't know that within seven months I would be leaving Vienna on the first Kindertransport to England.

By my 16th birthday, a Sunday in 1940, the war had begun. No one in Hove where I was living remembered that it was my birthday. It was a sad day, but on Monday a letter came from Muttili wishing me a very happy birthday, always concerned for me, always worrying about my health. I was so pleased to have her letter. Within days Holland and Belgium fell, Britain expected an invasion and within two weeks I was arrested as an enemy alien, interned, and then shipped to Canada as a prisoner of war. My next birthday was spent in the internment camp. How long would I be kept there? That was the question we all asked ourselves, but at least we were safe from the Nazis, and by April of 1941 conditions were very much easier than on our arrival.

Certainly my 17th birthday was a happier day than the lonely Sunday in England. I kept a diary in German of our lives in the camp and made the following notation for April 28th:

> "28.4.41 Seventeen. When I compare my last birthday with this and consider what happened in this last year, I ask myself 'was the last year a lost year or not?' Materially, certainly, mentally, certainly not. In free life I could never have had these experiences, and what is much more important, is not a true friend, a friend you can really trust worth much more than

material gain? And now, should I pass the matriculation exam in June, I will certainly not look back to my sixteenth year as a waste"

"It is customary on one's birthday to make resolutions, and some years I set goals which seemed hopeless from the start; this time, however, I know that I will reach my goal: I will try to bring myself mentally, morally and physically to the level of Pong.

"My birthday passed well. The weather was and still is beautiful, and many of my friends had given me small presents. Bobby, Max, Arno, Heinz, Walter and Bruno [the Canadian sergeant] were among the first - my box is full of oranges, apples, coconuts, chocolates and cookies! Rudi gave me an Agatha Christie, chocolates and cookies. My greatest pleasure came from Muttili's and Pong's letters received yesterday and Pong's book. The day is coming to an end, may my seventeenth year see the world at peace, and me in freedom, united with Muttili and Pong."

Heinrich (Pong) Wohlaŭer, my best friend in camp, who had returned to England had written in English, ". . . and I shall think of the lone island in a river in Canada, where my friends are, and just are celebrating the birthday of one of them, the one

whom I liked most of them. Alfred, become a good and honest man! There are so few about now and the world is in need of them!"

My hopes for freedom came true six months and four days later, so that on my 18th birthday I was a free man, although I had to report each week to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I had been taken into the heart of the wonderful family of Martin Wolff in Montreal and I was enrolled in Queen's University where I had been welcomed and helped in every way. I was working hard and knew that my life lay before me.

So, for the next many years, birthdays are a blur until my 70th and 75th when we had wonderfully happy celebrations with family and friends, some of the best of whom are no longer with us. Marvin Klitsner has died since, as has Bill Schield, the best stockbroker I have ever known. He and his wife died in a tragic car accident while vacationing in Spain.

I am blessed to have reached my 80th birthday and to have so many friends who have sent greetings from around the world. Among the most memorable were an e-mail from Yechiel Bar-Chaim and a card from Margarete Harvey, David Harvey's wife.

Yechiel's e-mail read in part:

"Your generosity has changed the way I work and liberated certain instincts from within that perhaps were there before well-hidden and perhaps not. I can say that as a result in communities like Belgrade, Zagreb, and Sarajevo there are now Jewish activists involved in helping others - inside and outside the community - in ways we wouldn't have imagined just a few short years ago.

"At least as important to me, however, have been the new friends and contacts to whom you have introduced me in London, Prague, and Brno. Looking forward to our dinners in Prague scheduled in June with some of the best of them."

When I got home from the gallery there was a beautiful orchid from Margarete Harvey and a card which read:

"Dear Alfred,

"Congratulations on this very special day! I wish you - and Isabel of course - good health and many happy returns of the day.

"While I am thinking of all your achievements, I want to thank you for having brought our entire family over the Atlantic to Milwaukee. You may have mixed feelings on that subject, but I for one am very grateful for it.

"So thank you again and many successful years of hunting, finding and selling (and uniting) those extraordinary works of art that we all love.

"Fondly, Margarete (and David)"

As I walked into the living room I saw that my good friend, Otto Naumann had filled our house with 80 tulips in 8 vases, an unforgettable sight! Charles Munch brought me a beautiful sketch painted by his partner, Jane, a sketch which will join the two which Charles and Jane gave me for my 70th and 75th birthdays. David and Daniel gave us a beautiful flat view television set for our living room which will allow us to see all sorts of programs much more clearly. Ann Zuehlke, my very helpful gallery manager, gave me a back massager to ease the occasional discomfort I get in my lower back and a large jar full of cookies to add to my weight.

Isabel and I had intended to have a quiet evening at home, but David would not hear of it, so he and Daniel had invited us instead for a quiet dinner in a secluded room at the University Club with Linda and her parents, our dear friend Lucy Cohn, Charles Munch, Ann Zuehlke and Michael Hatcher. It was so good to be with family and friends. By the time we came home shortly before 10 o'clock I was dead tired, happy with my first day as an octogenarian.

The celebrations continued. On Monday evening, May 3rd, there was another birthday dinner at the home of Joe and Audrey Bernstein at which Rabbi Israel Shmotkin and his family presented me with an extraordinary map portraying my journeys in life. The Bernsteins and Rabbi Mendel Shmotkin, a charismatic Lubavitch rabbi, have become our close friends in recent years, and Joe and I have been working together both charitably and

in business. This was a very different and very special party. Within a few days it would be May 12th

V a Oct 17 ILB

CARAVAGGIO   **Paintings by Great Old Masters**

Perhaps the most exciting painting I ever acquired was a painting of a Lute Player sold by Sotheby's in New York in January 2001 for $110,000 (Fig). That was not the reason Isabel and I were in New York. We had gone there specifically hoping to buy a lovely, very dirty, unpublished painting of Tobit by Eeckhout (Fig.), signed and dated 1652. Eeckhout may have seen his friend Rembrandt's treatment of almost the same subject (RRP A3) painted in 1626. In Eeckhout's painting the old, blind Tobit is clearly fearful that his wife may have stolen the kid. In Rembrandt's version, Tobit regrets having accused his wife of theft. During the auction preview I was bothered when Ben Hall of Sotheby's offered to take the painting down from the high spot where it was hard to see to show me its real beauty with the help of mineral spirits. I already knew how much I liked the painting but feared that he would do the same for others. Whether others had a good look at the painting or not I do not know, but I was able to buy it at the bargain price of $30,000.

Of course we looked at all the other paintings in the preview and really liked one other, lot 179, the large Lute Player which was catalogued as Circle of Caravaggio and estimated at $100,000-$150,000. It certainly looked 17th century, not like a copy, but was marred by a thick, yellowed old varnish. I am no expert on Caravaggio, nor on any Italian baroque paintings, but as luck would have it, our friend Clovis Whitfield, who certainly is an expert, was at the preview at the same time. And so I asked him to look at lot 179. He was intrigued as I was, only with much more knowledge. We agreed that I

Lute Player and, until quite recently, scholars believed that Caravaggio did not repeat himself. The prime version was believed to be the one in The Hermitage (Fig.), a painting that came from the collection of Vincenzo Giustiniani and was first mentioned in his inventory in 1638. A third version (Fig) owned by Wildenstein, is on loan to the Metropolitan Museum. A fourth version, similar to the painting in New York, is in a private collection in Rome. We now know that Caravaggio did occasionally repeat himself – albeit not three or four times, and that one original Caravaggio version was copied. Which of the versions are originals, which copies? And of the originals, which is the prime version and which Caravaggio's own replica?

Clovis believes that he found the answer in a dictionary of artists entitled Vite de' Pittori, Scultori et Architetti written by Giovanni Baglione, a painter in Rome in 1642. On p. 136 Baglione described the Lute Player: "He also painted for the Cardinal [Del Monte] a young man, playing the Lute, who seemed altogether alive and real with a carafe of flowers full of water, in which you could see perfectly the reflection of a window and other features of that room inside the water, and on those flowers there was a lively dew depicted with every exquisite care. And this (he said) was the best piece that he ever painted." Only our version fits that description exactly, " a carafe…in which you could see perfectly the reflection…"

How did Caravaggio paint this? Clovis enlisted the help of Martin Kemp at Oxford, the author of The Science of Art, which traces the connection between art and science. Kemp published his conclusions in Nature (in the November 28, 2002 issue of Vol. 420).

would bid on the painting and if I was successful, Clovis would handle the selling and we would share the profit.

Since then Clovis has worked immensely hard to trace the history of our Lute Player and to prove that it is in fact a work by Caravaggio – in fact, the work which Caravaggio himself considered his best. Tracing the painting back to 1726 was easy. The nineteen year old Henry Somerset, 3rd Duke of Beaufort, bought it in Rome that year, as a work by Caravaggio. The Duke was on his Grand Tour when he spent the enormous sum of 30,000 scudi on art, 200 of these he paid for the Lute Player which he sent to England. It remained in the Badminton collection of the Dukes of Beaufort, a collection that contained many fine works, until about 1960. Believed by experts to be a copy, it was sold to a London dealer, Marshall Spink and offered at auction as "after Caravaggio" at Sotheby's, London in 1969 where it brought £750. It was acquired for a family in Athens, Greece looking for decorations for their home. On their deaths the contents of the home were sold and the Lute Player was bought by a dealer in London, who sent it to the Sotheby's auction in New York in 2001 He must have been happy that I paid $110,000 for it. So was I.

To discover the path of the Lute Player from 1726 back to the time Caravaggio painted it around 1600 was more difficult. The Duke of Beaufort had bought it from Grand Prior Antonio Vaini, of the Jerusalem Order of the Knights of Malta, who sold a number of seventeenth century Italian paintings to the Duke. But we do not yet know how Vaini acquired it. The problem is complicated by the fact that there are four versions of the

Caravaggio probably used a mirror-based device, and the result greatly impressed our painting's first owner, Cardinal Francesco Maria Del Monte, who invited Caravaggio to stay at his home, the Palazzo Madama.

Clovis of course has invited many experts to examine our painting and also sent it to the museum in Berlin, for comparison with the Hermitage version then on view there. Sir Denis Mahon, the doyen of English experts of the Italian Baroque agreed that ours is by Caravaggio. At first he thought the Hermitage was the first version, but then agreed that Baglione's description fitted only our version which must therefore be the first.

One of Italy's greatest experts, Mina Gregori, agreed and wrote the entry for the catalogue of the exhibition where our painting was first exhibited publicly. That was a beautiful show of Italian still lives entitled "Stille Welt" in the Kunsthalle der Hypo-Kulturstiftung in Munich, held from December 2002 to February 2003.

5b

One of the most interesting and in some ways most difficult dealers I have ever known is Christophe Janet. French born, into a wealthy family, educated at the Institute of Fine Arts in New York, he has a fine eye for old masters and led me to some beautiful works. He also bought several paintings from me but was sometimes unreliable businesswise. Some of his checks bounced, though eventually he always made good and once gave me a beautiful painting by Aert de Gelder in lieu. Life for his second wife, Roxane, a New Zealander, may have been difficult since Christophe seemed to have no idea of how to manage his financial affairs and make regular, adequate provisions for his home life. However, Roxane was always charming and they were a fun couple to be with. Eventually, in 1985 they left New York; Christophe undoubtedly hoped to do better in Paris.

Once they moved to France we saw each other less frequently. However, early in December 1996 I met him in London, viewing the old master sales. He urged me to look at and bid on lot 36 in the Phillips sale on December 10, a charming study of a Chihuahua, a Mexican dwarf dog (Fig.) in a mountainous landscape, from the studio of Velazquez. Interestingly the painting was on the catalogue cover of the Phillips sale on December 10, 1985 and the American collector who bought it then was now offering it eleven years later. December 10th has been an important date in my life – it was my last day in Vienna in 1938, and somehow, I have always been sadly alert on December 10th. I really liked that little oil on canvas, just 47 x 37 cms., but so did several others, including Rob Noortman, and I had to go to a hammer price of £30,000, way above the estimate of £6,000-8,000.

If Christophe had not brought the painting to my attention, I would not have noticed the little gem and so I promised him that if I could sell it profitably, we would share the profit equally.

The painting was in very good condition. It just needed a simple cleaning by my friends Charles Munch and Jane Furchgott, and Charles found a decent frame for me.

Naturally I sent photographs to many art historians and received very diverse opinions. Werner Sumowski wrote that he had no doubt whatever that this was painted by Velazquez. He believed that the animal must come from the same hand as the dog in the portrait of the *Infant* Don Fernando, painted around 1632/36. And not just the dog but the landscape! But he concluded that sadly he was just Sumowski and not a Velazquez-dictator.

[illegible] ?

William Jordan, one of the great experts of Spanish 17th century paintings, thought differently. He remembered the little painting of a dog which he had seen at both Phillips sales, "It is a very beautiful painting, and one filled with charm and vitality. I can understand how anyone might speculate about the painting's relation to the art of Velazquez . Nevertheless, I do not feel it is by him. It is no closer to his style than the work of any numbers of painters of the following generation whose styles were profoundly affected by Velazquez's. Although the free brush work in the modeling of the dog's body is reminiscent of Velazquez (that is what these artists were known for), the conception and execution of the landscape are quite different from his . . .Your painting does not appear to be a fragment but is instead an intimate portrait of a dog. As such it departs from any painting known to have been painted by Velazquez…The one artist who is known to have painted such pictures of animals is **José Antolínez (1635-**

1675), one of the extremely talented generation of younger artists who followed Velazquez at the Court and who are regrettably too little known by the general public today."

A beautiful painting, in fine condition, painted by whom? Velazquez or José Antolínez? The difference in value was a million dollars or two.

George Gordon, Senior Director of Old Master Paintings at Sotheby's in London, conducts some of the auctions in New York as well as London and over the years we have become very good friends. He is always as kind and helpful as he is knowledgeable about old masters and so I showed him this portrait of a dog and mentioned the varied opinions I had had. He thought that there was a good chance that it could be by Velazquez. The key would be the opinion of the world expert on that artist, Professor Perez-Sanchez in Madrid. And so, in April 2000 we signed an agreement that Sotheby's would ship the painting to Madrid for Professor Perez-Sanchez's opinion. If he said yes, Sotheby's would offer it as a Velazquez. If no, Sotheby's would try to ascertain the correct name and offer it as such. I suggested that Sotheby's insure it for one million dollars, a modest price for a Velazquez in great condition. But George explained that a courier would have to accompany a million dollar painting, at considerable expense. The maximum that Sotheby's would insure it at its expense was $150,000, and so, not being a prophet, I agreed. The specialist of Spanish paintings at Sotheby's, James Macdonald, who was to liaise between the Madrid office and Professor Perez-Sanchez, faxed me on January 12, 2001, "As you are aware the painting is currently safely stored in our office in Madrid. Sadly Professor Perez-Sanchez had to cancel my meeting with him during my last sojourn to Spain, however he has kindly agreed to come into the office on Monday of

next week (15th January) to inspect the picture. Although I will not be there in person I will discuss the matter with him over the telephone." 'Safely stored' until Professor Perez-Sanchez's visit on January 15. But on Saturday, January 13, Sotheby's office was broken into and our dog and some other works of art were stolen.

The insurance agent, Iain Fairley International, advertised the theft, offering a reward, as did the IFAR Journal – all to no avail.

Sotheby's insurance paid us $150,000 – with the understanding that if the painting should be recovered within five years we would have the option to purchase it for $150,000. Were it recovered after five years we would have the option of acquiring it for $150,000 "in addition to a reasonable sum to reflect interest and expenses relating to recovery." The five years have passed, and we haven't yet had to make the decision whether we want to repurchase it.

The payment of $150,000 gave us a "profit" of close to $70,000, half of this Janet's. But Christophe had turned his interest over to a former business partner, Paolo Affif, resident in Ireland. Affif told me that Janet owed him a considerable sum of money and was hoping that our gem would yield a great deal. So at first, Affif decided not to accept the half 'profit' but hope for its recovery and sale. ~~But~~ eventually, in September 2002, he decided that a bird in hand is better than two in the bush and accepted his share of the 'profit', $34,646.00.

Will I ever know whether I owned a real Velazquez? Probably not.

V b OCT 17 ILB VELAZQUEZ

One of the most interesting and in some ways most difficult dealers I have ever known is Christophe Janet. French born, into a wealthy family, educated at the Institute of Fine Arts in New York, he has a fine eye for old masters and led me to some beautiful works. He also bought several paintings from me but was sometimes unreliable businesswise. Some of his checks bounced, though eventually he always made good and once gave me a beautiful painting by Aert de Gelder in lieu. Life for his second wife, Roxane, a New Zealander, may have been difficult since Christophe seemed to have no idea of how to manage his financial affairs and make regular, adequate provisions for his home life. However, Roxane was always charming and they were a fun couple to be with. Eventually, in 1985 they left New York; Christophe undoubtedly hoped to do better in Paris.

Once they moved to France we saw each other less frequently. However, early in December 1996 I met him in London, viewing the old master sales. He urged me to look at and bid on lot 36 in the Phillips sale on December 10, a charming study of a Chihuahua, a Mexican dwarf dog (Fig.) in a mountainous landscape, from the studio of Velazquez. Interestingly the painting was on the catalogue cover of the Phillips sale on December 10, 1985 and the American collector who bought it then was now offering it eleven years later. December 10th has been an important date in my life – it was my last day in Vienna in 1938, and somehow, I have always been sadly alert on December 10th. I

really liked that little oil on canvas, just 47 x 37cms., but so did several others, including Rob Noortman, and I had to go to a hammer price of £30,000, way above the estimate of £6,000-8,000. If Christophe had not brought the painting to my attention, I would not have noticed the little gem and so I promised him that if I could sell it profitably, we would share the profit equally.

The painting was in very good condition. It just needed a simple cleaning by my friends Charles Munch and Jane Furchgott, and Charles found a decent frame for me. Naturally I sent photographs to many art historians and received very diverse opinions. Werner Sumowski wrote that he had no doubt whatever that this was painted by Velazquez. He believed that the animal must come from the same hand as the dog in the portrait of the *Infant* Don Fernando, painted around 1632/36. And not just the dog but the landscape! But he concluded that sadly he was just Sumowski and not a Velazquez-dictator.

William Jordan, one of the great experts of Spanish 17th century paintings, thought differently. He remembered the little painting of a dog which he had seen at both Phillips sales, and wrote: "It is a very beautiful painting, and one filled with charm and vitality. I can understand how anyone might speculate about the painting's relation to the art of Velazquez . Nevertheless, I do not feel it is by him. It is no closer to his style than the work of any numbers of painters of the following generation whose styles were profoundly affected by Velazquez's. Although the free brush work in the modeling of the dog's body is reminiscent of Velazquez (that is what these artists were known for), the conception and execution of the landscape are quite different from his . . .Your painting does not appear to be a fragment but is instead an intimate portrait of a dog. As

such it departs from any painting known to have been painted by Velazquez…The one artist who is known to have painted such pictures of animals is **José Antolínez (1635-1675),** one of the extremely talented generation of younger artists who followed Velazquez at the Court and who are regrettably too little known by the general public today."

A beautiful painting, in fine condition, painted by whom? Velazquez or José Antolínez? The difference in value was a million or two dollars..

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Will I ever know whether I owned a real Velazquez? Probably not.

Sept 23/04 [illegible]/06

VI

A Liss Lost

I am always pleased to be reminded of the great art historian and teacher Wolfgang Stechow. In 1994 a whole flood of memories came back to me when I looked into the Christie's London catalog of their sale in December. There was an illustration of a painting by Johann Liss described as a "Repentant Sinner turning away from Temptation and offered a Palm of Salvation by Angels", consigned by the Cartwright family in Edgcote , Northhamptonshire. It was a most beautiful painting, estimated at only £400,000 – 600,000, and I was sure it was the original of a copy I had first seen at the Cleveland Museum early in 1976 when I was visiting a most interesting exhibition in honor of Wolfgang Stechow.

The 39 paintings were said to be the works of Johann Liss, a brilliant German-born, Dutch, Flemish and Italian educated artist, who died of the plague in Venice around 1630, in his early thirties. Wolf had often spoken very highly of Liss, comparing him with Adam Elsheimer and pointing out the great beauty of *Amor Vincit*, the Liss owned by the Cleveland Museum. I spent several hours in the exhibition thinking of Wolf and wondering whether he would have agreed that all the paintings really were by Liss. I did not and annotated my catalogue with comments like 'Beautiful' the A29 *Amor Vincit*, 'ok' with many and 'copy' with some. One of these was A17, called *The Repentant Magdalene* from Dresden. Dr. Rüdiger Klessmann, the well- respected German art historian who had written the Cleveland catalogue, knew of the painting that now, 20 years later, was for sale at Christie's, but he had referred to it as a copy. Clearly he had never seen the original in Northhamptonshire, which was now being offered unframed in

London. It was smaller (98.8 cms x 125.8 cms, excluding 2 cms of canvas folded over at the top, bottom and left edges) than the canvas in Dresden (114 cms x 131.5 cms). The edges of the canvas had been turned over to make it fit on the overmantel of the Billiard Room of the Cartwright family. So what! It was a magnificent work, one of the best by Liss that I had ever seen. Otto Naumann agreed and I bought it at a hammer price of £900,000. Rob Noortman was the underbidder; he knows a good painting when he sees one.

In January 1995 I was informed that export from Britain would be stopped. This has happened when I bought a German altarpiece of ca. 1510 in December 1993. On that occasion I had been treated entirely fairly. In fact I had rather enjoyed my meeting with the Reviewing Committee to put my case for permission to export. Unfortunately this encounter was to prove totally different. Export of artwork from Britain can be stopped based on one or more of three criteria called the Waverly criteria: if the work is closely connected with British history, if it is of outstanding aesthetic importance, or if it is of great significance for study.

Julia Willmore informed me that the Reviewing Committee would meet in its office on 2-4 Cockspur Street at 11:15 AM on February 1st. I faxed her on January 20th that I would fly to London to be at that meeting and included an outline of my arguments for export. "I believe that this painting does not fall under any of the three Waverly criteria .It does not come under (1) because it is totally unrelated to British history and national

life. It hung unrecognized and unframed in a billiard room the canvas folded over the top to fit available space!

"No one can argue that the Liss is an unimportant picture in today's market. However, there is no question that while it remained in a British collection, it was neglected and abused. Apparently while in the collection of the Cartwright family in Edgcote, the picture was cut down, losing over half a foot on the bottom edge; moreover, the canvas was folded over a reduced stretcher before framing, thereby damaging the original paint at the top edge.

"The reduced composition is further evidenced by the existence of another version of the picture in the Dresden Museum showing the original, uncut format.

"Nonetheless, the painting is a great work by Johann Liss, but Liss is hardly a household name and chances are that not one in a thousand Britons has ever heard of him.

"The National Gallery in London owns a comparably great work by Liss, as does Sir Denis Mahon, whose collection is widely believed to be destined for the National Gallery. Both works are fine examples of the artist's work and are works that have not been cut down. Hence I do not believe that Waverly criteria 2 or 3 apply."

My most helpful contact at Christie's in London was Nicholas Lambourn who faxed me on January 19th confirming that the meeting would take place at the Export Licensing

Unit at 2-4 Cockspur Street. I phoned him the next day to say that I did not know where Cockspur Street was, and he replied by fax that the nearest tube station was Charing Cross and sent a map showing how to get to Cockspur Street. Immediately after arriving in London on January 31, I called to assure him that I would be at Cockspur Street timely the next morning. He wished me luck.

When I arrived at 11:10 AM on February 1st I was told that the venue had been changed – no one had mentioned this to either Nicholas Lambourn or me, though they knew that I was the buyer. When I reached the new meeting place 11:30, Jonathan Scott, the Committee Chairman, said that they had already decided unanimously to deny export. Before my arrival, a Mr. Tabor of Vulcan International Services, a shipping organization employed by Christie's, had presented a report alleging that "the painting was not of outstanding aesthetic importance due to alterations and damage." This was so clearly incorrect that his argument was easily refuted by Neil MacGregor, Director of the National Gallery acting as expert adviser to the Department of National Heritage. He stated, "The painting under discussion had not been properly studied before the recent Christie's sale and had been dismissed as a copy of the painting of the same composition in the Dresden Gemäldegalerie. The picture has now been universally accepted as an autograph work and the Liss specialist Rüdiger Klessmann has reversed his view about the relative status of the two works. This is indeed a work of the very highest quality, superbly illustrating Liss's fluid brushwork, his inventive approach to composition and iconography, and his skilful treatment of facial expression. The subject, which is almost certainly the Magdalene turning away from worldly temptation (represented by the

sinister figure who offers precious objects on a dish and whose face is cast in shadow) to the angel who extends the palm of heavenly glory, is rare in art, although, significantly, there is a painting with a similar treatment of the subject by Jordaens (Private collection, Chicago). The present work is a great deal more sensuous and visually exciting. Liss's chromatic juxtaposition of the golden orange of the central figure's drape with the flashes of blue lining recalls similar passages in the later works of Veronese, and adds weight to the assumption that this painting was made in Venice."

When I demurred, explaining the reason for my late arrival, Mr. Scott allowed me to state my case "but be quick about it". And of course I understood that I had to be quick about it, because the committee had already decided, and the next painting was already on view. Was this British justice? Once export has been questioned and permission given, of course, there is definite proof that the work has left the country legitimately, and ever since the meeting dealing with the German altarpiece I had been so elated by the fair treatment I had received that I almost looked forward to another export denial. Clearly, I am no prophet – for worse was to come. Despite what I believed were my very good arguments, export was still denied. Diana Forbes-McNeil of the Reviewing Committee on the Export of Works of Art wrote to me on March 24th, "I can assure you that as soon as the initial two month deferral period on your painting by Liss has ended, i.e. 8 April 1995, we shall let you know as to whether or not any museum has expressed an interest in acquiring it." Nicholas Lambourn faxed me on April 11 that the Department of National Heritage had just assured Christie's that "we would be notified of the outcome this week,

and that if there was no definite interest, the export would be approved and the licence granted immediately after Easter." Neither promise was kept. We heard nothing.

Otto Naumann, with whom I was working on the Liss, was then approached by a London dealer, Alan Hobart of Pyms Gallery in Mayfair, London. He alleged that he knew of a British museum that intended to apply to Christie's for the Liss and thus stop its export, but he also said he had a private collector, Sir Graham Kirkham, in Britain who wanted to buy it. We did not know of Mr. Hobart's reputation and were in a quandary: should we accept Mr. Hobart's offer of £1,270,000 or take the risk of losing the painting to the museum interested? If we sold in Britain we would not need an export permit. We learned later of another purchase engineered by Alan Hobart, also for Sir Graham Kirkham, that of a *Constable* sold by the Royal Hollway and Bedford New College in 1995. In that case Peter Nahum, a respected dealer sued for his commission, and the judge accused Mr. Hobart of "blatant lying and devious actions." Sadly we did not know of his reputation in time and believed him when he told us his "inside information", that a museum was seriously interested. Had we heard from the Reviewing Committee on April 8th that no museum was interested, we would not have accepted the offer, made on behalf of Sir Graham Kirkham.

In July the Reviewing Committee sent me a draft for their 1994-5 Report alleging that "the representative for the applicant contended that the painting was not of outstanding aesthetic importance due to alterations and damage." Of course I objected immediately, because Mr. Tabor was not my representative. I would not have made that silly

statement and, had I not been misled to Cockspur Street, would have made a more cogent argument. My objection was brushed aside. Simon Mitchell, the Committee's Secretary ended his summary dismissal of August 3rd with, "I can assure you that the Reviewing Committee makes every effort to deal fairly as between all parties and we will endeavour to ensure that if any of your paintings are referred to the Committee in the future, the cases proceed smoothly."

Commercially Otto and I did well: a quick but relatively modest profit. But had the Reviewing Committee kept its promise, and Mr. Hobart been truthful, this painting would now be in one of the world's great museums. Of course it has been accepted as one of Liss' greatest masterpieces and is on the cover of Rüdiger Klessmann's catalogue raisonné published in 1999. What I have learned is that one cannot rely on the fairness of the Reviewing Committee, or the words of a stranger, and I no longer look forward to meeting with them. Every time I think of it, I feel pained by the Reviewing Committee's ill treatment. Wolfgang Stechow would have followed the saga with great interest and understanding.

⑤ 1994

A Liss Lost

Early in 1976 I visited a most interesting exhibition of the works of Johann Liss at the Cleveland Museum of Art; 39 paintings said to be by this brilliant German-born, Dutch, Flemish and Italian educated artist, who died of the plague in Venice around 1630, in his early thirties.

The catalogue of the exhibition was in memory of my good friend Wolfgang Stechow who had spoken ~~so~~ to me so highly of Liss, comparing him with Adam Elsheimer and pointing to the great beauty of the Liss in Cleveland, the *Amor Vincit*. I spent several hours in the exhibition, wondering whether all the paintings really were by Liss and annotating my catalogue with comments like 'Beautiful' the ~~A29~~ *Amor Vincit*; 'ok' with many and 'copy' with some. One of these ~~was A17, called~~ *The Repentant Magdalene* from Dresden.

Then, on December 9, 1994, Christie's in London offered lot 96 described as a 'Repentant Sinner turning away from Temptation and offered a Palm of Salvation by an Angels' by Johann Liss, a most beautiful painting, estimated at only £400,000-600,000. Here was the original of A17, ~~with~~ the version I had seen in Cleveland either a replica or a copy. Dr. Rüdiger Klessmann who had written the Cleveland catalogue entry ~~knew of this painting~~ and referred to ~~it~~ as a copy; clearly he had never seen the original.

The painting offered in London unframed was smaller (98.8 cms x 125.8 cms, excluding 2 cms of canvas folded over at the top, bottom and left edges) than the canvas in Dresden

(114 cms x 131.5 cms). The Christie's painting was reduced in size to fit on the overmantel of the Billiard Room of the Cartwright family in Edgcote in Northhamptonshire. So what! It was a magnificent work, one of the best Liss I had ever seen. Otto Naumann agreed and I bought this at a hammer price of £900,000 ~~and a final~~ price of £992,000. Rob Noortman ~~was~~ the underbidder.

In January 1995 I was informed that export would be stopped, as it was when I bought a German altarpiece of ca. 1510 in December 1993. I had rather enjoyed my meeting with the Reviewing Committee then. It had treated ~~me~~ entirely fairly, ~~and I described~~ the meeting on pp. 207-208 of my first autobiography. ~~Now~~ I was treated totally differently.

Export can be stopped based on one or more of three criteria called the Waverly criteria:

1. closely connected with British history
2. of outstanding aesthetic importance, or
3. of great significance for study.

Ms. Julia Willmore informed me that the Reviewing Committee would meet at is office on 2-4 Cockspur Street at 11:15 AM on February 1st ~~and~~ I faxed her on January 20th that I would fly to London to be at that meeting. ~~I~~ also outlined my arguments in the fax.

"I believe that this painting does not fall under any of the three Waverly criteria.

It does not come under (1) because it is totally unrelated to British history and national life. It hung unrecognized and unframed in a billiard room with a canvas folder over the top to fit available space!

No one can argue that the Liss is an unimportant picture in today's market. However, there is no question that while it remained in a British collection, it was neglected and abused. Apparently, while in the collection of the Cartwright family in Edgcote, the picture was cut down, losing over half a foot on the bottom edge; moreover, the canvas was folded over a reduced stretcher before framing, thereby damaging the original paint at the top edge.

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Hence I do not believe that Waverly criteria 2 or 3 apply."

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In a telephone conversation on January 20th I told Mr. Lambourn that I did not know where Cockspur Street is. He replied by fax that the nearest tube station is Charing Cross, and sent a map showing how to get to Cockspur Street. Immediately after arriving in London on January 31st I called Mr. Lambourn to assure him that I would be at Cockspur Street timely the next morning. He wished me luck.

When I arrived at the Cockspur Street office at 11:10 AM on February 1st I was told that the venue had been changed – no one had told Nicholas Lambourn or me, though it was well known that I was the buyer. When I arrived at the new meeting place in Whitehall at 11:30, I was told by Mr. Jonathan Scott, the Committee Chairman, that it had already decided unanimously to deny export.

Before my arrival Mr. Tabor of Vulcan International Services, a shipping organization employed by Christie's, had presented a report alleging that "the painting was not of outstanding aesthetic importance due to alterations and damage." This was simply incorrect and Mr. Tabor was easily refuted by Mr. Neil MacGregor, then the Director of the National Gallery acting as expert adviser to the Department of National Heritage. Mr. MacGregor stated, "The painting under discussion had not been properly studied

before the recent Christie's sale and had been dismissed as a copy of the painting of the same composition in the Dresden Gamäldegalerie. The picture has now been universally accepted as an autograph work and the Liss specialist Rüdiger Klessmann has reversed his view about the relative status of the two works. This is indeed a work of the very highest quality, superbly illustrating Liss's fluid brushwork, his inventive approach to composition and iconography, and his skilful treatment of facial expression. The subject, which is almost certainly the Magdalene turning away from worldly temptation (represented by the sinister figure who offers precious objects on a dish and whose face is cast in shadow) to the angel who extends the palm of heavenly glory, is rare in art, although, significantly, there is a painting with a similar treatment of the subject by Jordaens (Private collection, Chicago). The present work is a great deal more sensuous and visually exciting. Liss's chromatic juxtaposition of the golden orange of the central figure's drape with the flashes of blue lining recalls similar passages in the later works of Veronese, and adds weight to the assumption that this painting was made in Venice."

When I demurred, Mr. Scott allowed me to state my case "but be quick about it". And of course I understood that I had to be quick about it, because the committee had already decided and the next painting, a *Holy Family* by Giulio Romano was already on view.

Was this British justice? Ever since leaving the meeting dealing with the German altarpiece "I had been elated about the fair treatment I had received and almost looked forward to purchasing another great painting with export denied" ~~(p. 209 of my~~ autobiography). Clearly, I am not a prophet – and worse was to come.

Export was now denied. Diana Forbes-McNeil of the Reviewing Committee on the Export of Works of Art wrote to me on March 24th that "I can assure you that as soon as the initial two month deferral period on your painting by Liss has ended, i.e. 8 April 1995, we shall let you know as to whether or not any museum has expressed an interest in acquiring it." And Nicholas Lambourn faxed me on April 11 that Christie's was assured by the Department of National Heritage that day that "we would be notified of the outcome this week, and that if there was no definite interest, the export would be approved and the licence granted immediately after Easter." Neither promise was kept.

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One of the most helpful and knowledgeable art historians I have ever known is Professor Werner Sumowski in Stuttgart.

In my autobiography I wrote: "I have heard that students, and even some mature adults, are afraid of Werner Sumowski, professor of art history in Stuttgart; they would not be if they knew him well. He looks so impressive, with his shock of white hair, and he speaks and writes very incisively. He has written two encyclopedic works on Rembrandt students, one on their drawings - ten volumes so far - and the other on their paintings, in six volumes. His work on the paintings alone, a Herculean undertaking, illustrates over 2000 examples and contains an enormous amount of information. I have spent many an evening studying these volumes.

Werner does not travel much, preferring to work almost entirely from photographs, and of course, as with ~~almost~~ every art historian who makes attributions, some of them have been questioned. Job's saying is applicable here: "Shall we take the good from God and not the bad?" Werner has helped thousands like myself to understand Rembrandt students better."

~~Now, sadly, I have to revise one statement. "They would not be [afraid of him] if they knew him well."~~

Over some 25 years we became good friends. I enjoyed sending him detailed information about Rembrandt School paintings in upcoming sales. We exchanged our thoughts about their quality and he gave his opinions about my acquisitions. We both enjoyed this give and take over many years

and the formal “Herr Dr, Bader . . . Sie” of our correspondence moved to a friendly “Lieber Alfred . . . Du” basis, unusual with German academics.

Every June Isabel and I and two Stuttgart friends, Doris and Helge Herd, visited Werner on an afternoon, spent two hours discussing paintings and then enjoyed a simple supper. For me, these hours were a highpoint of our European trip as often the highpoint of my week’s reading was to study his by now well-worn six volumes of Rembrandt school paintings which illustrate over sixty of our paintings.

After his retirement as professor at the University of Stuttgart and the death of his beloved mother-by-adoption with whom he lived, it was clear that he was lonelier and quieter, and at our last parting in June 2003, he seemed so unwell that he mentioned that he wondered whether we would see each other again.

I began calling him a little more frequently, particularly during the hot summer of 2003 and often thought of one really moving sentence he had written: “Dass Du den alten müden Esel auf Trapp zu bringen versuchst, finde ich rührend. Leider ist die Aussicht auf Erfolg gering.” “I find it really touching that you are trying to move the old, tired donkey. But the chances for success are slight.”

~~And then, I made a horrible mistake, perhaps the worst I have ever made with a good friend~~. At an auction in London in July 2003, I met a German dealer, Hans Ellermann, who offered me a painting once attributed

to Rembrandt. There are several versions of this study of a bearded man, Bredius 264, and I thought Mr. Ellermann's might well be the best version. This opinion he had already been given by Werner and Professor Ernst van de Wetering of the Rembrandt Research Project. ~~However~~ I did not think it good enough for my own collection and told Mr. Ellerman that I felt I could not resell it profitably. During our discussion he spoke ~~so highly~~ of the Rembrandt Research Project, as if they could never make a mistake, that I pointed out that in fact they had made some mistakes. I mentioned that in 1981 I had written a very strong letter to Ernst van de Wetering, about a painting I owned which the RRP had numbered C-22, not by Rembrandt. I had sent Werner a copy of my letter at the time and he had replied, "Your letter to Mr. van de Wetering deserves complete approval." He was harshly critical of their methods in dismissing paintings from Rembrandt's oeuvre. He had attended a Lievens symposium in Braunschweig, and had been very disappointed in Van de Wetering and Bruyn. He felt completely alienated as a scholar, even referring to himself as a "fossil". All this he expressed in his typically pungent style.

~~Mr. Ellermann seemed convinced the decisions of the RRP were always flawless,~~ so I sent ~~him~~ a copy of Werner's 1981 letter, hoping to make him reconsider because over the years I had often thought of Werner's letter and found it correct and historically important. Since then, my opinion of

Ernst van de Wetering has gradually changed and we have become good friends, and Werner's opinion of the RRP has changed radically also.

sometime later Werner wrote that he had heard that I had sent one of his letters - he did not know which - to Mr. Ellermann, and I replied that I had sent his letter of 1981 which I considered so historically important. His reply showed how I may have ~~had~~ erred.

"Your letter of 3. September upset me even more. It is true that you regret that what you have done has hurt me, but you do not admit in the slightest , that it just is not right to send strangers private and confidential letters where the sender is counting on your discretion.

“I just chanced to hear about Ellermann. How do I know that you have not been writing for years to every Tom, Dick and Harry.

“I simply do not understand why you sent this copy to Ellermann. If Ernst van de Wetering praises the painting and if Ellermann thinks the RRP important, there was not reason to send this.

“It is absolutely <u>scandalous</u> that in 2003 you sent a statement of <u>April 1981</u> to someone where you don't know what he will do with it.

“I know: he will peddle it around, and what I said about the Amsterdam Project 22 years ago -- before the appearance of the first volume, because of negative impressions at the Lievens Symposium will be circulated as my judgment <u>to-day</u> about the Corpus. To-day, knowing the publication and being in touch with van de Wetering, I think totally differently. I can make

enemies all by myself; I do not need your indiscretion and your thoughtlessness.

"You have deeply disappointed me. I have no confidence in you and really cannot work with you as before. Our association has ended irrevocably.

Best wishes for the future."

I have been truly saddened and wrote several times trying to explain and apologize. But each letter was returned unopened. In my last note I wrote, of course in German, "Both of us are close to the end of life and so I am particularly sorry about my stupidity. What can I say other than 'mea culpa' and my life is poorer without our friendship. Fond regards, your old and stupid friend."

— I truly regret then an innocent action on my part a man whom I so respect and consider my friend.

Sadly, I cannot live my life over again.

Had I known or had any reason to believe that Werner would react in such a manner I would never have disclosed the contents of this letter