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Regional Oral History Office

Helen A. Salz

SKETCHES OF AN IMPROBABLE NINETY YEARS

With an Introduction by
Ernest Besig

An Interview Conducted by
Suzanne Riess

Copy No. 1



Susan H. H. H. H.

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PREFACE

The Northern California Jewish Community Series is a collection of oral history interviews with persons who have contributed significantly to Jewish life and to the wider secular community. Sponsored by the Western Jewish History Center of the Judah L. Magnes Memorial Museum, the interviews have been produced by the Regional Oral History Office of The Bancroft Library. Moses Rischin, professor of history at San Francisco State College, is advisor to the series, assisted by the Center's Advisory Committee: Harold M. Edelstein, Seymour Fromer, Mrs. Theodore Geballe, James M. Gerstley, Professor James D. Hart, Louis H. Heilbron, Frank H. Sloss, and Robert E. Sinton. The series was inaugurated in 1967.

In the oral history process, the interviewer works closely with the memoirist in preliminary research and in setting up topics for discussion. The interviews are informal conversations which are tape recorded, transcribed, edited by the interviewer for continuity and clarity, checked and approved by the interviewee, and then final-typed. The resulting manuscripts, indexed and bound, are deposited in the Jesse E. Colman Memorial Library of the Western Jewish History Center, The Bancroft Library, and the University Library at the University of California at Los Angeles. By special arrangement copies may be deposited in other manuscript repositories holding relevant collections. Related information may be found in earlier interviews with Lawrence Arnstein, Amy Steinhart Braden, Adrien J. Falk, Alice Gerstle Levison, Jennie Matyas, Walter Clay Lowdermilk, and Mrs. Simon J. Lubin. Untranscribed tapes of interviews with descendants of pioneer California Jews conducted by Professor Robert E. Levinson are on deposit at The Bancroft Library and the Western Jewish History Center.

The Regional Oral History Office was established to tape record autobiographical interviews with persons prominent in recent California history. The Office is under the administrative supervision of Professor James D. Hart, the director of The Bancroft Library.

Willa K. Baum, Head
Regional Oral History Office

30 January 1971
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CALIFORNIA JEWISH COMMUNITY INTERVIEW SERIES

- Rinder, Rose (Mrs. Reuben R.), Music, Prayer, and Religious Leadership: Temple Emanu-El, 1913-1969. 1971
- Koshland, Lucile Heming (Mrs. Daniel E., Sr.), Citizen Participation in Government. 1970.
- Koshland, Daniel E., Sr., The Principle of Sharing. 1971.
- Hilborn, Walter S., Reflections on Legal Practice and Jewish Community Leadership: New York and Los Angeles, 1907-1973. 1974.
- Magnin, Rabbi Edgar F., Leader and Personality. 1975.
- Fleishhacker, Mortimer, and Janet Choynski (Mrs. Mortimer), Family, Business, and the San Francisco Community. 1975.
- Haas, Walter A., Sr. Civic, Philanthropic, and Business Leadership. 1975.
- Haas, Elise Stern (Mrs. Walter, Sr.), The Appreciation of Quality. 1975.
- Salz, Helen Arnstein (Mrs. Ansley), Sketches of An Improbable Ninety Years. 1975.

Related information may be found in other Regional Oral History Office interviews with Lawrence Arnstein, Amy Steinhart Braden, Adrien J. Falk, Alice Gerstle Levison (Mrs. J.B.), Jennie Matyas, Walter Clay Lowdermilk, Mrs. Simon J. Lubin, and with Harold Zellerbach whose interview is now in process. Untranscribed tapes of interviews with descendants of pioneer California Jews conducted by Professor Robert E. Levinson are on deposit at The Bancroft Library and the Western Jewish History Center.

INTRODUCTION by Ernest Besig

Helen Salz, artist, poet, linguist and civil libertarian, is a remarkable woman. I became acquainted with her briefly in August of 1934 when Chester Williams and I came to northern California on behalf of the national American Civil Liberties Union in order to oppose the vigilantism that accompanied the San Francisco general strike. We didn't have much contact then because I returned to Los Angeles around the middle of September.

The next June I received a telegram from Helen on behalf of the newly-established Northern California Committee of the ACLU which had lost its executive, Professor George Hedley, several months before, asking me to investigate the strike at the Holmes-Eureka Lumber Mill in Eureka where three pickets had been killed, eight wounded, and scores jailed--no local lawyer would jeopardize his practice by representing the jailed pickets.

I agreed to come for thirty days, but one incident followed another in northern California and I stayed on as a protégé of Helen Salz. After more than forty years Helen is one of my oldest friends in northern California.

As an energetic, rambunctious young man, I would meet with Helen for lunch from time to time, first at the now-defunct Solari's Grill on Geary Street, and later at Bardelli's. We would talk over the endless office problems and Helen would dispose of them with her extraordinary good sense. Invariably at these lunches we would both order filet of sole. Reflecting her exquisite sense of humor she dubbed us "filet of sole mates."

Helen is a great story teller. In fact, she never has been a great respecter of facts. Indeed, her imaginative mind can always provide much better and more exciting facts. She would have been an excellent actress.

Helen was a unique presiding officer of the ACLU board; she never seemed to get the hang of what she called "Robert's Rules of Disorder." Even so, during an absence of our first chairman, Dr. Charles A. Hogan, she served as acting chairman and then, together with Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, as a perennial vice-chairman.

Helen has great insight into people and she was always most helpful in making judgments on proposed board and staff members. That ability, I venture to say, is also reflected in her portraits of people. She unflinchingly portrays what is under the surface, although I'm not sure that some of her subjects like to be unmasked. (At the moment I am

thinking of her portrait of Wayne Collins whom she depicted as a fiery crusader and zealot.)

Helen loves people, even though she sees them as they are. She needs and has always had them around her. She is a gracious and charming hostess and, I recall, used to delight in being the only woman who met with one of Ansley's groups.

Helen is a kind, compassionate and generous human being who must be on the sucker list of every do-good organization in the country. She tries to be selective but she must be overwhelmed with requests for help.

One of the things that has impressed me particularly about Helen is her ability to keep pace with the times; she isn't mired in the past. In particular, the changing habits of young people don't bother her. She expects that the present will do things differently than the past.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ernest Borg". The signature is highly stylized and cursive, with large loops and flourishes.

10 January 1975
San Francisco

HELEN SALZ: A PERSONAL INTRODUCTION TO HER ORAL HISTORY

Perhaps it is only toward the end of a life that one can begin to see the thread of purpose, the graph, the overriding and dominating characteristics. Helen Salz is a realist. She has faced reality both in the long-range sense of acceptance of the life-span and in day to day living with acceptance of the changes in attitudes and life styles far beyond those that could have been predicted in her youth. It is interesting that, a prolific reader, she reads history, biography and current literature of the contemporary scene, rather than novels; she paints and draws what she sees both in portraits and landscape. But as an artist she reads and writes poetry, sketches with the genius touch of the ethereal.

Traditionally and in upbringing, a sense of justice and honesty of expression are deep within her. Help goes to friends at precisely the right moment when it is most supportive and in a way that does not need prolonged thanks--help to artists whose work she admires, to institutions whose work she can support--and always within the framework of freedom for the recipient. Sentimentality plays no part though there are soul-searching decisions. She knows the limitations of giving and the need constantly to adjust to new concepts.

She has weathered the tragedies of her life with dignity and growing acceptance and in the normal stream of problems gives herself to the unfolding resolution, often with humor. Old of body as I write this, she is ageless as far as response, involvement and an ever-growing understanding are concerned. She "rides the waves" with dignity and, given this extraordinary capacity to face reality, she now almost accepts the increasing physical infirmities.

Written with love and admiration on 18th January 1975, by

Elizabeth Elkus

To Helen, from Forgie*

I stand here now in a unique position: nobody (except Lawrie, who has no recollection of his childhood) has known you, Helen, as long as I. Our first acquaintance took place at school, when I was 7 or 8 years old or thereabouts, and where we were fellow pupils, except that you were a class ahead of me. But outside of school we participated in joint activities. We were both members of an art class taught by Julie Heyneman, I not for long, as I was excruciatingly bored, and was perhaps the least talented pupil who ever took charcoal in hand. Then we were both members of a gymnasium class, where your prowess, Helen, far exceeded that of all the other members. The class took place in an old raftered attic in my home, where you, Helen, were actually able to shimmy up a rope to the ceiling. I looked on with envy--I was never able to raise myself off the ground.

Then there was our shared play, in your old house on Franklin Street, every detail of which I remember: the old-fashioned front and back parlor, the breakfast room where you took your French and German lessons. The second floor was given over to bedrooms--yours between that of your parents' and Mabel's, then Katie's and Lawrie's. I remember how you barricaded us in by locking the doors against the onslaughts of your impetuous brother. (Little did I know then that he was to become my husband.) I remember the room you dubbed the "pen" where your books and other treasures were housed. In reading, as in other matters you were always the leader, discovering new authors, whose books were then handed on to the rest of the clan (of which we numbered four). Lastly the attic where a stage provided a setting for your, Helen, flights of dramatic imagination. Plays from farce to high tragedy were there created and performed, much to the awe of the unsophisticated audience of one that I constituted. The attic contained also a playroom where a fabulous doll's house occupied the main space. It was actually lighted by electricity, another source of amazement to my unsophisticated self. Numerous dolls peopled the room, whose elaborate wardrobes were all made, Helen, by your grandmother Mandelbaum.

From the playroom we often repaired to the breakfastroom where Katie, the surrogate mother and general factotum dispensed for us the most delectable drink I have ever tasted--raspberry syrup made from a secret recipe of some member of the family. I looked forward to this treat from visit to visit.

* written for Helen Salz's 90th birthday celebration

The years went by. Our interests diverged, yours into art, mine into music, but we never ceased to see one another and share what interests we had in common--poetry being one of them, though you, Helen, blossomed out much earlier in this field than I. I remember how impressed I was by your extensive vocabulary, especially the word "azure" whose meaning I did not know, which appeared in one of your youthful poems.

Then with my marriage we became sisters as well as friends--shared the vicissitudes of early motherhood, as your first, and my only brood entered the scene.

And still the years went by, until now I ask myself, as you no doubt do, too, where have they all gone?

Tonight you are here among your numerous progeny, assembled from far and near to do you honor. I want now to turn from you and address myself to them. (Will all the grandchildren please stand up.)

To you I want to say: you have been blessed with a wonderful heritage, a grandmother whose vivid love of life, whose creativity in art and poetry, whose courage in the face of adversity, whose manifold interests, whose concern for civil liberties, whose compassion for the unfortunate, and lastly, whose unbounded love embraces you all. If each and every one of you will hold her ever in your minds and hearts, and try to emulate her admirable qualities, you will be paying her a tribute far beyond any words that can be said here tonight. Let us all rise and drink to the health and happiness of your wonderful grandmother, to Helen, our sister and friend.

Forgie Jacobi Arnstein

*For Helen **

Because you have always seemed to me one who has kept the precarious balance between love of society and love of people, the precarious balance between love of the arts for their own sake and for that human content which they represent, between the deepest caring and support for those you love, and the ability to pursue your own career, you have been perhaps an involuntary exemplar for many of us in a manner of engagement with life.

You have shown us through your years of engagement in countless social causes and with countless persons how the welfare of causes and of the single human life are each important but that they cannot be weighed in the same scale.

You have shown us through painting and through poetry in periods in which it has not been stylish to do so how "the lengthened shadow of a man is history" and how the shape and color in a vase or in the flowering trees in Golden Gate Park are a part of that history or perhaps that which both makes it worth the struggle and gives it continuity.

For me, personally, you have represented all those values, but you have also been the one that introduced me as a child to the engaging strictures of the sonnet form, to the importance of laughter and grace, one who has always affirmed for me all that is good and relegated to the inconsequential all that is cavilling or self-deprecatory.

To Helen with love

Edith Arnstein Jenkins

* written for Helen Salz's 90th birthday celebration

TO HELEN SALZ *

*Praise for our Helen comes
From here, there, and everywhere.
Helen as Artist, Poet, Heart of the ACLU,
And tolerant, patient listener through the years
To the joys and woes of all of us.
But I shall always love her for her endearing wisdom.
For years ago my bridegroom, Paul, told me
That in her nursery on Clay Street,
a nursery vibrant with four little devils,
Helen placed a sign with these wise words:
"This phase shall also pass."
Thank you, Helen, for this stout staff
Of advice to all enduring parents.*

Alice G. Heyneman

* written for Helen Salz's 90th birthday celebration

HELEN: I toast you--I toast what you have been to others, and I toast what you will always be to me. *

With great love and affection I toast--

The dignity of your traditions and manners,
That even though, as you walked serenely down Maiden Lane,
ten years ago, tearing a Richard Nixon sticker from an
automobile, you wore your white gloves.

I toast your great love and loyalty to all of us, that even though you are an onlooker to our careers, you have always performed the role, often neglected by industry and government, that is, in promoting us.

I toast your brilliance in criticizing art--and teaching me the words that have so often helped me to understand new works of art, the words "how dreadful," and "how very interesting."

I toast your participation in the great art movements of our generation, by depending solely on the meager resources of your home, such as the andirons from your fireplace.

I toast the quickness of your insights, that fifteen years ago, you confirmed the evil in Richard Nixon during a 15 second sketch from your TV.

I toast the beauty you have brought to words and that you have shown others--the words you could never get me to enunciate clearly.

I toast the endless limits of your resourcefulness in San Francisco, to mobilize the Russian language community, and then to mobilize Russia, and even more difficult, to have me arrive on time for dinner.

I toast your gentleness in showing me that beauty is within the limits of my perception, and that I am within the perception of beauty--by having me model as all the persons in one painting.

And I toast your ability to transcend your own disciplines, to show that the conservation of energy does not apply to movies and speeches, that any movie or speech can be immeasurably improved by the removal of twenty minutes.

Since I have transgressed into this twenty minute area, I end this salute by saying that the greatest tribute to you on this 90th birthday by the generations of your family, is that this tribute could have been given during any of the years I have known you.

My love to you,

Neil Koskinen

* written for Helen Salz's 90th birthday celebration

For Helen *

James Caldwell

*This verse,
Which now for better or worse,
After some pushing
by Charles Cushing
Emerges in time and space,
With but limited grace,
With, indeed some falterings and falls,
Is made by me for Helen Salz.*

*But I sing
Under the orders of one of the campus's best cabals
Le faction Salz (or Salz Ring).
I was told to begin: "To Helen; hail her!
All blessings avail her!
No ailments ail her!
Nor assailments assail her!"*

*But,--let it appall whom it may appall--
This poem doesn't begin that way at all.
For I had the idea
That before we discover
To Helen the secret that we love her,
We should raise a cheer
To remind us
Of the dramatic days behind us;
We should say, "Here's to F.S.M.,
God bless 'em!
With a hey down derry oh! (or davy oh!)
To Mario Savio!"
Not that these hellions
With their rebellions
Were all heroes;
Some of them, I guess, were zeroes.
But if it hadn't been for the glory
Of their great argumentum a posteriori,
If the administrators had not been haltered,
And the regulations altered,
Membership in the Salz cabal could hardly have failed
To have got us all jailed:
And rhyming a rhyme to Helen
Would certainly have made a man a felon.*

*
written for the dedication of the Richard O'Hanlon sculpture given by
Helen Salz to the University in 1961.

Perhaps it would have been allright to fete her,
Or even to date her
But to advocate her...!
Even in proscribed areas--
That would surely have brought out the laws terriers.
For is she not, however witty and wise,
An off-campus enterprise?
And is not she
A beloved conspiracy?
Beautiful and regal
And reliably illegal?
Well....

My orders were to be factful,
And if possible tactful,
And above all (to your relief)
Brief.

So without further discursiveness,
Let us toast her dear subversiveness.

Helen:
Here's to her
Cheers to her
Happy years to her.

INTERVIEW HISTORY

When Helen Arnstein Salz was invited to be a memoirist in the California Jewish Community Series of oral interviews sponsored by the Judah L. Magnes Memorial Museum, her response was immediate and positive. What she said, in fact, was that she was "flattered and puzzled" at being selected for interviewing. For Helen Salz those are key words. Something that is a puzzle is just her meat; yet she seems honestly to enjoy the attention, interest, and admiration that come to her.

Helen Salz's art and poetry, her consistent civil libertarianism, her friendships, her marriage to Ansley Salz, and her long view of life and people made a full biographical interview with her a priority of the Magnes Museum. And no doubt her agreement to being interviewed was facilitated by the fact that her brother, Lawrence Arnstein, and her sister-in-law and lifelong good friend, Forgie Jacobi Arnstein, had several years before been interviewed by the Regional Oral History Office.

My first visit to Helen Salz was on May 5, 1973. She received me in the beautiful living room of the one-story home on Locust Street designed for the Salzes by William Wurster in 1954. A bright and memorable setting, the walls of the main rooms are white and the ceilings are high. The abundance of paintings by Helen, and Karl Hofer, and others, family faces, snapshots, sculptures, books, a grand piano, is not overwhelming in this place. Full windows at each end of the room extend the space, and the gardens and the sky beyond add to the openness.

At that first meeting, Helen Salz was handsome in a long flowered jersey skirt and a black jacket top with a white blouse. She charmingly arranged us so that she could best hear me, and indeed that day I learned to speak loudly enough to be heard by Helen. To make a question loud and clear requires singleness of thought and purpose; there were times I was not heard and times when I chose not to continue a line of questioning because of misunderstanding that I wished not to compound. Helen offers an extraordinary amount in a social interchange in order to spare herself and her visitors the frustration of missed conversational connections, and it is likely this made up for the unasked questions.

Helen Salz was not well that spring of 1973. Her health, then and always, she will not speak much about, except realistically to say, "I haven't been very well," as explanation for why some appointment must be broken, or some promised material be late. I was struck by Helen's saying

that she was trying to get along without drugs at night and finding that the insomnia, and some kind of lucidity, was opening up memories and making past events "available" for the interviews.

Before she wished the taping to begin, Helen Salz needed her own time of organizing what she was going to say. The idea of a memoir set well with her, but it was her own memoir that she had in mind, and this she began to write. Such preparation worked best for her in terms of remembering, and of doing a good job.

With her need to organize her thoughts, her poor health, and a busy summer, our interviews did not begin until September 1973. As the interviews went on--November 19 and 26, January 16--Helen and I evolved a system, so that by the fifth interview, in March, we had dispensed with such questions as Should Helen read her notes and I listen and ask questions later, or May I interrupt? As the memoir opens, Helen is reading her reminiscences aloud, and this is a piece of literature which contrasts with the conversational mode, more natural to oral history, which finally takes over the interviews.

April 16, two interviews in May, another in June, and they ended. I did my editing--a process underway to some extent throughout the early interviewing because Helen kept making small changes in her own basic text which we inserted, while trying to keep the sections in some chronological or other logical order--and after several sessions of reading back to Helen from the interviews, and working with her questions about the appropriateness of the material, I gave the manuscript to her to read and correct. It turned out that she was a fine editor of her own material; to my surprise she did not try to rewrite it; in that year she had come to terms with the oral history process, and her freedom from the burdens of modesty and her firm sense of self stood her in good stead.

If I understand Helen Salz at all, then I say for her that this is not the book about herself she would have written. Of course not. She is the woman who just now in the spring of 1975 read War and Peace for the third time and was not going to consider reading a current popular novel because the author's style was so poor as to be beyond the pale. Good words and fine phrasing are important and give pleasure. Humanness, understanding, precision, directedness, beauty--those are concepts that find expression in Helen's poetry and art; not as easily are they a part of oral history.

Here, from a scrap of paper that I have of Helen's, are notes on her thoughts about a topic:

"Medicine and scientific study and experimentation (the fine passionate dedication to civil liberties seen in our thoughtful Supreme Court decisions)...have made strides in the last hundred years...can we hope for some transformation of humanity that will darken the road to ignorance

and vice and greed and through honest forward-looking education breed a finer humanity."

Just notes, these cues for a fuller presentation of the thoughts of Helen Salz on another day, were written, not surprisingly, at the height of the Watergate period in the United States of America.

When I think of Helen, I see the settings for our interviews. After that first meeting in May, the location of the actual sessions moved from the living room, down the hall--a gallery of prints, paintings, plants, works of Sargent Johnson, Ralph Stackpole--into Helen's study, mentioned in the interview as the room with the Piazzonis. In this setting, with another pleasant garden vista, we did our recording, facing across a card table strewn with relevant material.

If that was a second background for this "portrait of Helen," a third was unplanned, as she, wonderfully wrapped in peach-colored silk and silky, peachy bed-clothes had an eleven o'clock visit with me one morning before she Had to Get Up. A fourth was Helen as a pleased observer in her own studio where I admired and propped on an easel various of her pastels and watercolors. A fine fifth sight of Helen was in her brilliant yellow coat, arriving importantly in her wheelchair, surrounded immediately with friends and determined to ascend the steep staircase to the newly-opened Jacob H. Voorsanger Archive Room of the Western Jewish History Center of the Magnes Museum.

Five years ago she said, with the poet Quasimodo, "and suddenly it is evening,"* but the sun has yet to set on Helen Salz. She gobbles up newspapers, magazines, and current events, and creates from this mix a relevant and often challenging wealth of information, wit, and provocative questions. While her friends come to keep her up to the minute on them, I imagine she keeps them, as she kept me, on their toes. Her language and her style are perfectly sharp. Though her mediums are the good old ones of painting and writing, she, as were many that season, was engaged in watching on educational TV the complexities of the Edwardian life of "Upstairs, Downstairs." When she didn't catch all the lines she called a friend to find out what she had not understood. It must have been amusing to be Helen Salz watching a show about changing manners around the turn of the century. She had been there; and she was equally present for the day to day changes in the Watergate case.

*Poems and Pictures, 1918-1970, by Helen A. Salz.

Helen Salz is a humorous lady and if she gets low about things she chooses not to show it; she does something about it because life goes on. There are always visitors to receive, visits to make, family comings and goings, grandchildren with whole new views to be aware of. "Today a librarian is coming to reorganize my library, at last. " "Where is the time to paint?" Once, in response to her uncharacteristic admission of tiredness and discouragement about her disabilities and the deaths of friends, I ventured to Helen that she could, after all, choose not to arise; she could, like an Indian, lie back, fold her hands, and will her soul to steal away. "Oh," she said, "but after waiting for a while I would be so bored I would have to get up and do something."

In addition to my glimpses, others have pictures of their friend Helen. I am grateful to Ernest Besig and Elizabeth Elkus for making thoughtful contributions to these pages, and to the authors of the verses and dedications and tributes introductory to the volume. Only limitations of space prevented our giving more friends a chance to write other sketches of Helen Salz's self-titled "Improbable Ninety Years."

Suzanne Bassett Riess
Interviewer/Editor

6 May 1975
Regional Oral History Office
486 The Bancroft Library
University of California, Berkeley

I GIRLHOOD

Salz: [reading] What I am going to write is not really a sequential memoir. It is a collection of some accurate, and some inaccurate, memories of a very long life, lasting practically ninety years--perhaps longer.

When I was a little girl I wrote verses, usually with my sister Gertrude, for every possible occasion. Our father was very impatient of festivals without tributes. We wrote them in English, and many in German.

The poems I wrote in my teens and later were poems of indignation about the uneven world we lived in and about people in suffering, and with the indignation of youth I sent them to liberal magazines and papers, and was published. My poem "County Poorhouse" was promptly published by the prestigious Survey, a social protest and information magazine, well-edited and much read at that time. I remember my horror when I saw the Solano County Poorhouse and, perhaps for the first time, really understood what the sad refuge of the poor was. "Swell Resort," "Gift Suggestions," "Seared," were all written in the thirties or early forties. "Moral Word to Utopians" was, to my great pleasure, published in the Saturday Review of Literature.

Later, after I had worked with Lawrence Hart, I think my poetry improved, and it forms the first part of my 1970 book. [Poems and Pictures, 1918-1970, by Helen Salz. 175 privately-printed copies. Adrian Wilson, San Francisco, 1970.]

Family Background

Salz: 1883. Years ago on what we knew as Franklin Street we played in what we thought was a very big garden, with little pinks, fragrant verbena, and little, blue climbing flowers. And after

Salz: I again saw the flower a lifetime later in Hawaii, I was thrilled and asked the woman in the Hawaiian garden its name. I'd clean forgotten it. She said, "Oh, plumbago. You can remember it. It rhymes with lumbago." And I pleasantly remembered the instruction and rhymed it with arthritis, or pneumonia.

We bicycled and skated in front of our house, always under the watchful eye of Katie Orr, our wonderful Irish nurse, who came as a young girl when we were four or five and stayed thirty-five years with my mother, long after we were all married. She must have had a natural understanding of children, because I cannot remember any scolding or punishment.

Our parents, Ludwig and Mercedes Arnstein, were kind, formal and a little remote. My father, at the age of fourteen, came to San Francisco from Furth, Bavaria, at the invitation of an enterprising uncle who ran a large wholesale woolen business on Market Street.

I don't think my father was ever much interested in business, and would like to have studied medicine, but the family was poor. His father, Lemuel Arnstein, the son of a wealthy man, inherited much money which he gave away to the poor, panic-stricken Jews fleeing to America from the persecutions in Germany. Needless to say, he was never repaid, and he found himself for the first time in need of earning his living, and started with the aid of his wife to run a girls' school, wrote a brief history, and died young.

Many years later we visited Furth, Bavaria, met our warm-hearted grandmother Pauline Arnstein, and an army of relatives, surprising them with our fluent German.

An uncle, Sigmund Arnstein, a publisher and printer, published in Hebrew a beautiful little prayer book which now belongs to me. That was the only bit of religion that touched our lives. Religion was not part of our training. We were earnestly taught to be honest and thoughtful of others. It was, in fact, an ethical code, learned more by example than by uttered precept. We stayed home from school on Jewish holidays so as not to offend other Jews. Of course there was another side. When my daughter, many years later, was in Israel completely untrained in the Jewish religion and the history of the Jews, she was very much embarrassed when she asked the guide, who was very well informed, what were considered absurd questions, which they might expect from a goy, but not from a Jew. [Laughter.] She was really ashamed of her ignorance.

Our mother was well-educated, spoke three languages, read constantly. She was a born executive, looked after her own four children, ran a punctilious household, directed four servants, supervised the life of four older children of our widowed Uncle Herman Simon (in whose wholesale woolen business my father was employed). These responsibilities fell on her in her twenties,

Salz: but I have heard her word was law, and not to be disputed.

Our mother (to continue) was kind but a little distant. She was witty and at times jolly, had a formalized notion about children, attended scrupulously to our education, our manners, our habits of neatness. She loved us all, but we were never on terms of intimacy with her.

I remember my Uncle Herman Simon's house (to our eyes great), with its beautiful garden, palms and a greenhouse. In his impressive drawing room hung handsomely gold-framed pictures (I think even at that time we knew the pictures were bad). Then, of course, there was a billiard room downstairs, and on the wall were a series of, for us, fascinating pictures of frogs playing billiards. Sometimes in the early evening we were allowed to watch the exciting contest with the delicate cues (usually hung neatly on a rack on the wall), and the beautiful polished balls.

My mother's family was a well-to-do family of vineyardists in Bohemia. Her grandfather, Simon Epstein (who I was pleased to learn was courageous and dissident) was evidently connected with the dire days of 1848 and had to flee the country when the powerful bloody imperialist forces took hold. He hurriedly left Europe and his young family and arrived penniless in the United States. He earned a scant living writing for magazines and newspapers. He finally sent for his family.

His wife Kati, a girl of luxurious background in Bohemia, was bitterly unhappy in her new sad quarters. She took in boarders and apprenticed her four children to silversmiths and goldsmiths, and her daughter Louisa in her teens was apprenticed to a milliner.

Her husband [Simon Epstein] decided to start a small boys' school--so the tradition of teaching is an old one in our family!

He had also, I heard, a hobby which, two generations later, became one of mine which began in my adolescence. I owned a valuable Skeat etymology and many books on roots. I was not happy until I had reached the Sanskrit or Gothic. I still have the same Skeat, much tattered and torn, after seventy-five years of eager use. And now that I'm almost ninety, I am very sure to get up at three o'clock in the morning to settle for myself, referring to my beloved old ten-volume Century Dictionary, or Skeat, the most probable ancestor to a difficult word--so deep, sometimes, is an early imprint.

I was at the same time interested in Bhagavad-Gita and Buddhism. Odd as it seems, just as my rebellious great-grandfather's

Salz: love of linguistics strikes a familiar chord, so the interest my grandchildren have in East Indian religion strikes friendly understanding in me.

My mother's mother, Louisa Epstein, was at the age of sixteen given in marriage to a businessman--Frank Mandelbaum--and left with him to go around the Horn to California. On her trip she carried her favorite doll, and when she was informed during this long trip by some older woman that she was pregnant, she began making clothes to fit her doll. She was quite ignorant of what it all meant and arrived in Sacramento, a rather sad little bride.

We, of course, knew her many years later. She had, I think, eight children. Six survived. I believe she lived her real life in romantic books and plays, and she named her six children after heroes and heroines of the books she had read. The girls were: Mercedes, Camilla, and Olga; the boys: Herbert, Fiesole, and Raoul. The boys, like many boys everywhere, led very unconventional lives. One of them fell into serious trouble and, gradually, all three were shown the door by their stern father, a procedure I believe more usual in the 1890s than in the present 1973.

She was invalided some years after we knew her, always being lovingly cared for by her adoring Tina Toepel. We knew her, our grandmother, as a formal, witty old lady always seated in her big chair, crippled by gout, dressed in spotless white, with a big organdy bow under her chin. She read plays of Schiller to us and much German poetry.

Riess: Was your grandmother living with you?

Salz: No, no. She was living with her third daughter and her husband.

She was in a chair almost all those years. She was not a person who went visiting other people. Everybody had to come and see her. [Laughter.] I'm beginning to feel like that because I don't go out very much and people come to see me.

Lessons, and More Lessons

Salz: [reading] Our own lives were a tremendous routine of lessons. We studied German under the stern eye of Miss Tun Suden and patiently learned our accusatives and datives, including the didactic verses that told us which was which. (Both she, and the French teacher, were celebrated in my book a life-time later, Poems and Pictures.)

Salz: Later, an Italian professor from Parma taught us Italian, and we read Dante and Leopardi. The Italian professor often translated in memorable phrases such as, "and me love and 'ate for a reason not yet." Miss Fjareem, a Swedish teacher, took charge of the gymnastic class in our busy attic. Then there was a music teacher for piano and we practiced for hours and hours, but were not especially talented or eager.

Mr. Wienowski taught us fencing. He was over six feet tall, taller than most men we knew, and if somebody said a room was eighteen or twenty-four feet in length, we counted them in three or four Wienowskis. Our closets upstairs were filled with everybody's masks, plastrons and swords. It was fun.

Then there was Captain Dillon, an impulsive Frenchman at the Riding Academy, to teach us how young ladies rode. I can still hear him as we went around the ring in our fitted jackets and long skirts riding sidesaddle, of course, he calling in despair: "Bebe number one, what are you doing with your reins? Bebe number two, . . ." etc.

We attended a sewing class too, where we did not really learn to make clothes, but we learned to do little, tiny stitches. We learned to make seams and beautiful hems and things like that. We never really learned to do as my grandchildren, who learned in Honolulu to actually make clothes, so that they can really make themselves slacks or shorts.

Riess: But you learned to sew a fine stitch?

Salz: Yes, we learned the fine stitches and my grandmother taught me that too. I can make a tiny, little seam [laughter] and a very nice little hem. I made innumerable clothes for my first children. There were lessons every afternoon. This sewing class was just a class made up of girls who were socially in our group at the time whom we met at parties and dinners.

Salz: [reading] There was little time for idling. We had a large household and there were two women, one known as Big Mary and one known as Little Mary. They came on certain days and Big Mary made clothes for all of us. She was very round and very fat. When we were in our teens she made boned linings for our dresses. And when she was ready to cut the top part she would call us. My sister and I, who were quite wicked, would lie down on the floor face downward, and being flexible little girls, strained ourselves until our heads and feet met up in the air. There was a sizzling sound of ripping and the linings all burst. She was furious but we said the linings were much too tight, and we were very uncomfortable. This went on year after year.

Then on other days Little Mary came. She was very plain and very thin and had a badly marked long face. She had a horror story which we insisted upon hearing week after week. I remember it well, a father coming home from a trip and being met by one excited child after another. He grabbed each one by the neck and, Mary would say dramatically, "the child died on the spot." We waited, every week, in great excitement until the third child was killed. And Mary was placidly going on mending napkins, underwear, towels. It was the sad day before paper was used, and so there was a lot of mending all the time.

Riess: Are you implying that you were on the way to being a rebel all the way through this?

Salz: Well, I did different things from what my family did. I was interested in Eastern religions the way my grandchildren are. I was very much interested, which nobody else was, in the roots of words.

Riess: Wasn't it painful to have nobody else interested?

Salz: No, I was quite satisfied with the books I had around me. I talked to the books, I presume. I was interested in Max Miller, who was a great authority in England at that time.

Then we dedicated ourselves to art, really. (When I speak of painting, "we" includes my gifted and fascinating sister Gertrude. She was talented in every field she entered.) There were so many painters in our family that it was almost a custom to paint. My Aunt Olga Ackerman, my mother's sister, was a very, very well-known painter and a very brilliant portraitist, very talented. She painted day-in, day-out, and was a great influence on us.

Then we had a friend, Julie Heyneman, who was both a painter and a writer, and very strict. (A woman who was visiting me the

Salz: other day told me that she had been in a class also with Julie Heyneman, who had put her out of her class because she thought she had no talent. That just isn't done today any more.) Julie Heyneman was extremely talented, very dogmatic. She went to live in England, became a student and good friend of Sargent's, who did a beautiful pen and ink portrait of her. She was devoted to everything English, even more than English people are.

Traveling Around the Turn of the Century

Salz: [reading] In the late 1890s we went on a long trip to Europe, first to Germany and then to Montreux, Switzerland, where we had a French teacher every afternoon and sledding daily in the unaccustomed snow. Nice followed . . . walking through the town with a teacher, speaking French and learning Italian. Our instructor was a pleasant young woman who was fluently bilingual. While we were in Nice, in 1896 I think, the great flower festival during Easter took place, and down the streets came a grand equipage carrying a stout old lady whom everybody applauded. It was Queen Victoria.

We picked up Italian easily, loved the language, and it transformed our trip to Italy in the spring. Italy with its great galleries and churches left us in awe. Katie Orr, who always traveled with us, secured an audience with the Pope--I presume through her local archbishop or priest--and included us, her two little charges. With white veils around our heads we entered the impressive portals, were blessed by him, kissed his ring. This probably was Katie Orr's greatest experience in life.

We were six weeks in Italy, and then came our first trip to Paris . . . the unbelievable excitement of the Louvre and the other great galleries, and turning down Sarah Stein's offer to have her twelve-year-old son conduct us around the Louvre, and point out what we should look at.

We were introduced to Gertrude Stein, a large walrus of a woman in corduroy, who threw herself on the couch and continued to read the Katzenjammer Kids, refusing to have any commerce with two eager little girls.

We knew Sarah Stein from San Francisco and had last seen her amidst her large collection of Japanese prints.

The great treat in Paris was seeing one of the first performances of "Cyrano de Bergerac" with Coquelin as Cyrano, and

Salz: the great Sarah Bernhardt as Roxanne. Long after we left Paris, at the drop of a hat, needing no encouragement, we gave performances of Cyrano in our attic, reciting with fervor his great song, invented as he fenced, "Ce sont les cadets de Gascoyne," and his great death scene in the garden. This, recited with deep tragedy, was supposed to bring tears to the eyes of any audience casually captured.

(In my recent trip to Russia with my dear friend Dr. Gertrude Jones, we traveled with easy suitcases and I remembered my father in the 1890s standing at stations counting in German the mountains of luggage we took along, innovation trunks, hat trunks, shoe trunks, and a steamer rug roll wrapped and bound with leather straps--in case it was very cold somewhere. All emergencies were to be met. After he had counted he regularly forgot where he had started and did it over many times. I shudder when I think of the porters in the old hotels carrying this heavy luggage up so many flights of stairs, and no elevators!)

Then home intermittently to San Francisco and to Miss Murison's private school. She taught English literature (mostly Shelley and Keats) sitting on a piano stool, and occasionally stopping to say, "Young ladies, where are your spines?" or "Miss Arnstein, what are you doing?" And I meekly answered, "Nothing," as I hid a caricature of her with a blooming moustache.

We had little geography or science. Rhetoric was well-taught by Mary Wilson, a charming beloved woman. Seven years of Latin grammar and Caesar and Cicero and six months of Greek. Miss Wilson later became principal of the Anna Head School in Berkeley.

There were many trips in there. A second trip east was at the invitation of the Charles Altschuls--Auntie Millie, our mother's sister, and Uncle Charlie. Their young children, at least five or six years younger than we were, we considered completely negligible. Many years later we all became very close and warm friends, and stayed with each other on visits east and west. The oldest, a lovely young woman, was happily married to Herbert Lehman, three times governor of New York and later a well-known and courageous senator. Hilda married a talented cardiologist, and Frank, a brilliant young man, followed his father as partner of Lazard-Freres.

The entire Altschul family were totally conventional, and later when [our daughter] Elizabeth married Bill Cummings we never discussed the unusual marriage with them as they all lived in New York and this to them unheard-of marriage could not from any angle be accepted. Five years later when Elizabeth and Bill's marriage was public and they lived in Mexico as publishers of a newspaper and had three children, in some way establishing their

Salz: regularity, we broke the news to our still rather reluctant relatives.

Our father was a worrisome man who felt every emergency must be met in time. We had many little packages of things in case of need on our first trip alone [1903], at the ages of seventeen and eighteen, to New York. I remember a ball of string, which we surmised was to tie up the engine if it got restless, and a bottle of strong, red medicine to take care of sudden toothaches.

We wickedly delighted when a man in an upper berth had a bad toothache. We helped him promptly and wired home, as we were supposed to do at every town we passed through safely, "Gott Sei Dank, ein Mann hat Zahnweh gehabt." ("God be thanked, a man had a toothache.") [Laughter.]

At the station, before our departure, my father saw an old acquaintance, Mr. I. W. Hellman, founder or president of the Wells Fargo Bank. Father asked him whether he would be good enough to keep an eye on us as we were traveling for the first time alone.

When we entered the dining room, Mr. Hellman beckoned to us to join him and his wife to lunch. We chatted pleasantly. When the waiter stood hesitantly with the bill in his hand, I stretched out my hand immediately and said to the waiter, "We are our own guests." Mr. Hellman, surprised--he was an enormously wealthy man, a billionaire, I guess--protested, but I remember saying courteously but punctiliously, "You are very kind, but our father told us to be sure to pay for our own meals."

Mr. Hellman was highly amused at this unusual adventure for him and told the City when he returned that we were the best brought-up young girls he had ever met. [Laughter.] I think that's kind of a funny story, don't you?

Earthquake

Salz: Then, in 1906, the earthquake. The story is too well-known to repeat. Our clever Japanese, Imada, took our silver cutlery and the family portraits, well-wrapped, and buried them in the garden. (He stayed with my mother for twenty-five years.) Our house was burnt down.

We moved to Belvedere and my sister Gertrude and I decided to offer our inexperience to the big Marina camp which housed thousands of people, tenement people, middleclass merchants,

Salz: clerks, bankers, students, teachers, prostitutes, Italians, Spanish, few Blacks, all were there.

We came over for many months from Belvedere, bringing clothes and shoes. A generous cousin, Leo Arnstein from New York, understanding the local plight, sent us a large check to help in the purchase of immediate needs. I think our experiences in the camp for the first time really opened our eyes to how a great part of the world lived.

Art Study in the East

Salz: In 1910 I went to New York, stopped with the Eugene Arnsteins, and had my greatest exciting art experience studying at the big Broadway studio of Robert Henri, the famous painter and fine draftsman, and perhaps greater teacher than artist. George Bellows and John Sloan were amongst his many well-known pupils. Friday afternoons were the weekly studio exhibitions of what we had done during the week. I considered it a great compliment to Henri if no one painted as he did.

My good friend at Henri's, a witty, talented girl, Florence Barkley, persuaded me to go to Monhegan Island, off the coast of Maine, and study for the summer with Rockwell Kent. This was an inspiring summer. We learned among other things a simple procedure for painting out-of-doors, a cartridge belt around your waist holding paints, canvasses held in your hand, brushes and rags in a simple cotton bag. Your canvas, when you knew what you wanted to do, was propped without easel and with four stones and two sticks found on the steep hillsides. We painted all summer, saw few outsiders.

But I remember with pleasure one visitor, a shy young man, Charles Demuth by name, who wanted to buy one of my pictures. It was my first bid, but I refused to sell. Henri had to see everything. A few years later when I and my husband were in New York we saw a show by Charles Demuth advertised. We went and were enchanted. We bought three inexpensive water colors. He now hangs with all the great galleries and museums. (My husband, always generous and impulsive, also wanted to buy me a moderately priced Degas. When I gently questioned him I found it would cost almost every cent he had and I dissuaded him.)

Riess: Your parents let you go to Maine?

Salz: Yes, I had permission. I sent home for money to live. I knew

Salz: nothing at all about money, but nobody on Monhegan Island did either. One woman came and said she would do our laundry while we were there, and when we asked her what we owed her she said, "Oh, nothing special." She wasn't used to being paid.

I think I have about two pictures left from Monhegan. One is of almond trees in a garden, which I think I still have, and another is of the coast of Monhegan--those were the only ones I kept. I destroyed a great deal that I did. If I didn't like it I painted it over, or destroyed it completely.

The Eastern Relatives

Riess: You and Gertrude were taken care of in New York by the Eugene Arnsteins?

Salz: Oh, yes. We lived with them there.

Riess: And did their life seem very different from your California life?

Salz: Well, it was more strictly social, yes.

Riess: In other words, their associations were with a very particular group?

Salz: Yes, just a certain social group. I don't think they knew anybody outside of it. I think that my uncle was president of a bank, or something like that, but they associated only with Jews and only with top-flight Jews, I think. [Laughter.] We'd had new dresses made to go to New York and, when we arrived there, my aunt brought them to their own dressmaker and had them remade completely, to our great embarrassment. We thought we had beautiful dresses.

Riess: But they just weren't right?

Salz: They weren't right for the styles in New York. Well, New York was very different. When my aunt visited us in San Francisco, she had a trunkful of clothes such as we hadn't seen in San Francisco in those days and we were awfully interested in the styles in New York.

Riess: You had to be dressed up?

Salz: Yes, we had to be dressed. When we went out with our cousin in the evening we'd sit around sort of in a little sitting room or drawing room on little chairs in very formal conversation.

Riess: In asking about your New York relatives, I was thinking that perhaps they were more religious.

Salz: No, they weren't, none of them were, nobody in the family was.

We were, like the rest of the world, horrorstruck at the slaughter of the Jews in Germany in their unspeakable camps. We guaranteed the visas of many relatives of both Ansley's and my family. We were responsible for them, and did what we could to bring them back to life again. Most of them were proud people and, as soon as possible, on their own feet with some family aid and the Jewish Welfare. We were delighted in 1948 with the Balfour Declaration and the knowledge that the Jews now had a home.

In all truth we were not as emotionally involved as were other Jews; perhaps we were citizens of the world and suffered for the war in Vietnam and all the outrages of the century. I remember, warmly, one family of Salz who came from Czechoslovakia--man, wife and son. After we were acquainted, he said in German, "Tell your husband how grateful we will always be for his great help." My husband kindly replied, "Tell him, that if the situation were reversed they would have done this for us." He looked embarrassed and replied, "No. Tell your husband we would not have done that for you." My husband and I agreed that he was the most honest man we had ever met.

Early Writing

Riess: Did you start writing poetry at an early age?

Salz: Well, I had written poetry from the time I was about eight, I guess. My sister and I, as I've told you, wrote long poems for every occasion for my father.

And then we published a newspaper. I was twelve, I think, or thirteen. My sister-in-law, Forgie Arnstein [Flora Jacobi Arnstein], was always indignant because she says that at the age of ten or eleven she and her cousin, who was nine, had the idea of writing a newspaper and they came and suggested it to my sister and myself. and to Alice Sussman. When the thing was

Salz: organized, I said that I was the editor and my sister was the treasurer and that Alice was the secretary or something and they had no positions at all. They were indignant about this for years, which we never knew about at all. But we did publish a two-page paper for a couple of years, called "Pastime." It was very poor. I've seen one copy of it which I still have.

Riess: How did you print it?

Salz: It was printed by somebody that we knew for the advertisements that he got in it and we went from door to door and peddled it. Our parents allowed us to do that. We charged ten cents a copy.

Riess: Was it sort of a neighborhood news, gossipy thing?

Salz: No, no. It was stories and poems that were very poor, both of them. I've seen them recently. [Laughter.] They're awfully bad.

Society and Customs

Salz: Our parents, we found, were very pleased with us. People thought "they were very interesting children if they can put out a newspaper."

Riess: Yes, and you were all girls, no boys.

Salz: Yes. We knew very few boys at that time, only later in our adolescence when we went to dancing school. I don't think people knew then how to entertain children very well. When we were adolescents of seventeen or eighteen we were known gradually as coming out socially. We were invited to long dinners and the only thing we were interested in was who was going to be put next to us.

I remember one incident which I've told my grandchildren and they chuckle over this. I learned from my grandmother, Louisa Mandelbaum, who was very, very prim, always to call people "Mr. So-and-So" and insist they call us "Miss Arnstein."

I remember sitting at one of these formal dinners where they served us oysters and all kinds of delicacies, but we didn't notice what we were eating. All we took notice of was

Salz: who was sitting next to us, whether it was going to be a bore or it was going to be somebody amusing.

I remember this very well. There was a man next to me by the name of Jessie Coleman. He was a supervisor or the head of the board of supervisors later. He was a very nice man, very young at the time. He's dead now.

At this dinner I felt sure there was an arm at the back of my chair. With chilly graciousness I said to him, "Mr. Coleman, where is your arm?" Deeply embarrassed, Jessie Coleman, future chairman of the board of supervisors, rapidly withdrew the offending member.

I think that's immortal, because that gives you a whole picture of the period.

Riess: There was a Jewish social club then, the "Verein." Did you belong to the "Verein?"

Salz: Verein just meant a joining, and what you did was go to their dances and to their evenings.

I remember one young man who had never--there was a very fancy family which was never invited to our house and this was rather a distinction for them. There were invited everywhere else but they couldn't be invited to our house. I think we could say that there were certain families who were accepted everywhere but that my father for his own reasons refused to accept in our house. A young man from this family rather nervously came to our house one day to ask my father--my sister and I were quite well-known as actresses at that time--whether we could take part in a play that the "Verein" was giving.

My father insisted on knowing the plot of the play and what parts we would take in the play. When he heard that we were to take parts that had to do with love or something of a really intimate variety, he said no, he was sorry, his daughters couldn't be in that play. So, we definitely refused the "Verein," which was very sad at the moment, because we would have liked to have taken part, probably.

Once a young man came in a two-seater carriage to call for one of us. My father made him send it away, and the other young man, who was calling for my sister, was telephoned to and told he had to engage a Victoria with four seats and then we were allowed to go. I don't know if my father thought we were going to be raped on the way down to the Palace Hotel or what! [Laughter.] He was very, very particular about us.

Salz: We had a big clock in the hall and once when a young man was visiting--both my sister and I had to receive together--the clock registered ten strokes and we all heard the ten strokes downstairs. Then all of a sudden--it seemed a very short time--it struck eleven. The young man said, "Oh, I'm overstaying my welcome. Time goes so quickly here," or some polite statement of that kind.

Afterwards, we caught a glimpse of my father running upstairs in his short nightgown and he said, "He was staying too long!" He was very strict about our lives.

But we were allowed to do something which was supposed to be extremely unconventional at the time. My sister and I had an upstairs sitting room in which we sat on cushions on the floor and entertained young men and this was supposed to be terrifically intimate and unconventional. I don't know what people said about us at the time, but that was allowable, though other things weren't.

I evidently was an extremely informal young girl who knew no customs and made quick decisions about doing things. There was a young man who came to visit me who was an awful bore and I didn't know what to do with him. He came over in the morning and he would quote baseball scores by the hour. I said to him, "Let's go out and call on some people." (People only did it at that time if maybe you were announcing an engagement, you know.)

So, the first thing we did, we called on Mrs. Louis Sloss, who was a friend of our mother's. Mrs. Sloss looked dazed and she said she was very glad to see us young people. She waited and waited, I realize now, for us to announce our engagement. We said we just felt like calling on her, and we went around and we called on some more of these people and paid visits to them so that I didn't need to talk about baseball. [Laughter.]

I had no notion at that time . . . I don't think my mother knew what I was going to do. I just said to him, "Oh, let's go out and pay some visits," at maybe half past ten in the morning. I don't know. Probably people had just gotten up! [Laughter.] But I called on them all! Oh, dear!

Riess: Would your mother have cared?

Salz: Yes. I think she would think that was very bad form.

Good Friends

Riess: Who were your friends when you were young?

Salz: Well, when I was a little girl there were the five of us who wrote the "Pastime." My sister-in-law, Forgie Jacobi Arnstein;* and then there was Alice Sussman, who was the sister of Amy Sussman Steinhart.

The Sussmans were a very prominent family. One was Louise Sussman, who married Alfred Esberg. Another one was Amy Steinhart, who was the wife of Jesse Steinhart, the regent of the university and a very brilliant attorney. Now Amy Sussman Steinhart was a very enterprising young woman, went to Bryn Mawr before everyone else was going east to college--a very bright person, rather arbitrary, as I remember.

Alice Sussman, as I remember, was easy-going, bright. At the time of the earthquake she married my cousin, Walter Arnstein, who was living with us at the time. That was a period when if anybody's relatives came to town, especially cousins, you always housed them, whether it was convenient or not convenient, you know.

Riess: Where had he come from?

Salz: New York. He was about twenty-two, a rather half-baked engineer, full of imagination and ambition. I think he started some railroad over in Alameda County, which went to Walnut Creek. After he married Alice they had four children, three boys and a girl. I remember the children used to be frightened of him because he lifted them up by their hair. [Laughter.]

He lived in our house for a long time. He was very fascinating, handsome, we all thought he was quite wonderful-looking. He was a very eccentric boy. I think he graduated from Yale. I don't know how good he was at all.

Riess: Did these girls remain your good friends through your life?

*The reader is referred to interviews by the Regional Oral History office, Berkeley, with Lawrence Arnstein, Community Service in California Public Health and Social Welfare, including an interview with Mrs. Flora Jacobi Arnstein on the Presidio Open Air School of San Francisco and Progressive Education, 1964; Emma Moffat McLaughlin, A Life in Community Service, 1970; Amy Steinhart Braden, Child Welfare and Community Service, 1964.

Salz: Yes, Forgie was a friend all through my life. Alice Sussman moved over to Walnut Creek with her husband. They bought a piece of land over there.

Erma Brandenstein Arnstein--she also married a cousin. She was very eccentric, very brilliant. She was somebody with manias; nowadays we would look on it as paranoia. If she went up a flight of stairs and it didn't come out even, the way she'd planned it, she would have to go downstairs and start again and come up until she got them right. The paving of the sidewalk had to come out right, the distance that she had planned, or if she touched a crack she had to go back and do it all over again.

She had these obsessions until she was about nine years old, and she always has been full of obsessions. She had an extraordinary historical memory of the politics of the world, way back. At present--she is now in her eighties--she will see nobody. She watches T.V. programs and she reads--newspapers and magazines from all over the world.

Recently when she was quite ill my brother took charge of her illness, found the right doctors for her, got her a private room at Presbyterian, took care of her and saved her life. Everybody came into her room then; she hadn't seen anybody for years.

Alice Lilienthal is the other one. She was Alice Haas, and her family then lived on Franklin Street, not very far from us. She wasn't a very bright little girl, but she was awfully nice, we all loved her. So, there were Alice Haas, Erma Brandenstein, Forgie Jacobi, and Alice Sussman. They were all our friends, and lived around Franklin Street, and we saw each other constantly.

Riess: Even after you were married?

Salz: After we were married, everything was changed. Erma was married, and she'd begun not to see many people. Alice Sussman lived over in Walnut Creek. Forgie lived here and we saw her.

Riess: I can picture you at home, and painting, and lessons. What else?

Salz: I read, omnivorously, if that's what you do. I read all the time, Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, all the things that were read at that time. I had whole sets of those authors when I got married, but when we moved to San Francisco from Benicia in 1914 the ferry boat that was moving us over from Port Costa--the hinged apron of the boat gave away and all the boxes with the books fell to the bottom of the sea. That was the second library

Salz: that I lost.

The whole first library was lost in the burning of our house at the time of the earthquake. So I lost all books that I had when I was young. I had to start a third library and that is kind of hard.

The library I lost the first time contained any number of Max Miller's books. He was the great philologist and etymologist from England who knew about seventeen languages and dialects. And I read that all the time.



1880



1930

THE PARENTS OF HELEN ARNSTEIN AND ANSLEY SALZ

Above: Ludwig and Mercedes Arnstein
Below: Rachel and Jacob Salz





THE CHILDREN OF LUDWIG AND MERCEDES
ARNSTEIN, ca. 1910

Upper left: Helen Arnstein
Upper right: Helen and Gertrude,
photograph by Arnold Genthe
Lower left: Laurence Arnstein
Lower right: Mabel Arnstein



CHILDHOOD FRIENDS OF HELEN AND GERTRUDE
ARNSTEIN

Right: Alice Sussman Arnstein



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

Forgie Jacobi Arnstein



Irma Brandenstein

II DECISIONS AND DUTIES

Sheltered Life and Strong Conscience

Riess: You suggest you were sheltered and innocent, you and your sister.

Salz: Well, my parents had been very sheltered too. My father came out West at the age of fourteen and he moved into his uncle's concern, knew very little about American history, I think, or about life. We never discussed politics at our table. My father was just a Republican, and that was it.

I knew nothing about politics until I was grown up and went to Monhegan Island to paint, and there I met very aware people, some of them socialists, all of them interested in the political life of America. It was a different group than I had ever known. Although I never learned a great deal from them since we were painting, mostly, I learned to see a whole new world around me that I had never known.

Riess: Did you feel you were deliberately sheltered?

Salz: No. I don't think my parents knew any better. My mother spoke a great many languages, read a great deal, read poetry, recited poetry. It was an ivory tower world. She raised us, she ran the servants I think without any knowledge of whether they worked ten hours or twelve hours, or what time they had off. She would look after the servants carefully when they were ill, and they were as well paid as anybody paid at that time, which was probably about \$30 a month. She was very kind, but quite remote from any modern ideas.

Riess: Who were your parents' close friends?

Salz: I don't remember that we saw a great many people. My father had a very good friend, a man who adored my father, and he always came when we were finishing dinner. He would embrace my father and then would sit down and talk to us, and he was quite characteristically German.

Salz: And there were a Dr. and Mrs. Lisser; he was the head of the music department at Mills College. They used to come regularly to see us. I remember our parents would serve sherry and little sandwiches at about half past eight or nine.

Riess: Would you girls stay up for that?

Salz: No, we were not invited to stay downstairs when there were guests there.

Riess: Was it difficult? Did you feel like rebelling against some of these things?

Salz: No, no. We accepted this all as natural that everybody would do this.

Riess: I think it seems unconventional to be a painter, in fact. Wasn't that your biggest convention?

Salz: No, no. There was quite a little group. We belonged to what was known as the Sketch Club at that time, of women. There were a lot of painters in the family. We were a painting family.

Riess: But wasn't painting always sort of a Bohemian life?

Salz: No, no, not at all, not then. That was about beginning 1900. My aunt was so brilliantly talented that I think she broke the way for everybody. I think she was the first person who bought Chinese and Japanese art in San Francisco. She had teakwood furniture in her house in 1900 and all kinds of Japanese and Chinese treasures. She was a very aesthetic and very brilliant woman in any field she touched.

Riess: When was la vie Boheme, that whole idea?

Salz: I don't really know. That was something that took place in the wicked city of Paris, I think--nowhere else. [Laughter.] I don't think we ever heard of the word "brothel," or anything of that kind. I think we must have entered the twenties, or the early twenties, very, very naive about things that little girls of six years old know now through sex education.

[Continuing a discussion begun before tape-recording, of the importance of conscience and responsibility in the family.]
A German emigre once showed us an old newspaper from Germany which reported that some ancestor of ours, when he died, the whole village had come out to his burial because he was so much valued as a helper to everybody.

Salz: My grandfather was the son of very wealthy people. He had his own horse. He was sent around the world. He gave away all his money to send impoverished Jews to the United States who were afraid of the onslaughts of German prejudice at that time. He gave away all his money and he was not repaid. He started a school. He was a man of very fine education. He wrote a little history and taught. You might say there is a tradition of teaching in our family. They seem to have taught on both sides of the family.

Then, when my father's generation came along, he was a kind of Santa Claus. If anybody was in trouble, he'd want to help them. He was not a wealthy man, but he'd do what he could to help people, go to see them, visit them, and help them as much as he could. If a man came to the door to bring a telegram or a package, he'd rush out and give him some little money and a banana besides. [Laughter.] He was always visiting people who were either very old or in a very sad condition of some kind.

Then our generation came along, my sister and I. It comes out in my daughter too. We had a conscience. I told you of going to the Marina camps to bring clothes and shoes and help them all. And then we helped Miss Felton, the head of the Children's Agency, afterwards, from about 1906 to 1910.

Katherine Felton

Salz: I saw Miss Felton was spoken of in Mrs. McLaughlin's biography.* We all admired Miss Felton, but I don't think I realized until reading the interviews what a terrific power she was. I knew very little about those things.

She was one of the most extraordinary women I have ever met. Long before the underdog became important, it was important to her. She was one of the greatest influences in mine and my sister's lives. She was a small, eccentric woman, a gold medalist at the University and a graduate lawyer. (Actually I don't know whether she took the gold medal. She's the kind of person who'd be apt not to take it, to turn her back on it and walk away.)

*The interviewer had given a copy of Emma Moffat McLaughlin's A Life in Community Service, Berkeley, 1970, to Mrs. Salz to read.

Salz: Her deep interest in children was almost unique. No foster home was good enough for the child unless it was the best and her workers, adoring her, searched out tirelessly for the place where love and common sense guided the choice. I remember she said once that the Irish homes were often the best, as there was an informal, intuitive understanding of children. This was all in the early part of the 1900's.

She had a great sense of humor. She was impatient of dull, perhaps well-meaning bores who came into her office and she often disappeared without apology, swinging her shoddy old hat on an elastic. [Laughter.] If she didn't like people--you could be the King of Spain--she would walk out of the room. People who bored her were people who didn't have the same ideas that she had. We all loved her and learned what real caring meant. My sister and I did social work for her for a number of years.

A Decision Against College

Riess: What was your education after Europe?

Salz: I spoke about Miss Murison's school. It was rather an exclusive school.

Riess: Did you go to college?

Salz: No. When we spoke about going to college, because one of our best friends went, my mother said, "No. Your father needs you now as companions." And as we, at that time, were very deep in painting, we gave college up and decided just to paint. There wasn't a great deal of tradition of girls going to college. This was in the 1900's. A lot of your people [persons mentioned in the McLaughlin interview] have gone to college. But my mother wasn't very enlightened about college and she belonged a good deal to the older world of what a woman's place was and that was it.

My mother read a great deal and she was a well educated woman and a very bright woman, an excellent executor. She could have run a whole institution. She was excellent. I imagine, which I didn't know at the time, she was quite a dominating woman too.

Riess: What did she really mean by, "Your father needs you now?"

Salz: We were big enough to talk to him, go around with him, and be

- Salz: friends with him. His little girls were very important. He would like to have our companionship, and so it was somewhat of our duty to stay home. It sounds so silly now.
- Riess: Was your father retired at that point?
- Salz: No. As I remember, he must have been partially retired a good many years. We spent so many months and a whole year once in Europe.
- Riess: I'm very curious about this idea of his daughters being companions for him. Was this his idea also, or mostly your mother's?
- Salz: It was her decision, I think, probably. He wouldn't have approved of women going to college anyway. He'd probably never heard of that. He left Europe at the age of fourteen and knew nothing about the education of girls or what might have been starting in Germany. I don't know whether it was or not.
- Riess: But your interest in languages and etymology seems very academic.
- Salz: Yes. I don't think I was ever meant to be a profound student. I was a very impatient person my whole life. I've done everything very fast. My most successful portraits were done in one afternoon and then they were completed, unless my husband didn't think they were good or weren't exactly like the person. He was a wonderful critic of portraits. And I would do a new portrait, sometimes five or six portraits, because he hadn't thought what I had caught was good. He said, "You have the features, but you haven't got the person." He was very astute about them, very sensitive, a very aesthetic man.
- Riess: And is it easy for you to take criticism?
- Salz: I took it from him because he really was very good at it. I don't remember I had much criticism. Piazzoni, my aunt--she didn't give us much. She was painting all the time. She was a very remarkable painter, my mother's sister, Olga Ackerman.

You know who Bruce Porter was? He was a landscape gardener, an architect, a writer. He was married to William James' daughter, Peggy James. He married, I think, probably around the age of forty. He was a good friend of my aunt's, a very brilliant, charming, very aesthetic man. He went to my first show in San Francisco and wrote me the most beautiful letter. He said, "Your pictures make me very happy," which is very nice.

Since then, lots of people who own my pictures have said the same thing. They've said that other people would come into

Salz: the room where there were other pictures and when they'd go to my pictures, they seemed to refresh them and make them happy in some way. I think I'm an optimist maybe.

Priorities, in Retrospect

Salz: I have to compare my biography to Mrs. McLaughlin's because hers is the first biography I've seen.* Mine is so sketchy and hers is so accurate and full of exactly what she did and what anybody else did and what their positions were. She was a political woman, which I wasn't, I guess. People knew her, a lot of people. She was very much admired. She was a darling person to know, really. She was so charming and she was so likable and so generous with herself and with invitations to dinner. Probably I was completely different from anybody she knew.

Riess: And did she draw you out?

Salz: Not especially, no. I drew her out! [Laughter.] I was interested in her life. I'll really tell you the truth. You see, the reason I was a little overpowered in doing this [interview] is that it's been a great effort for me to go back over my own life. I'm really more interested in other people's lives. I'd like to interview you instead of your interviewing me!

Riess: How do you think people viewed you?

Salz: I don't really know. They were fond of me, I guess, and liked me. I've always enjoyed people. I don't know what they've thought about me. I've never found that out. I've never thought about it.

Riess: People might say to you, "Oh Helen, you get so much done! I don't do anything." Don't you find it true that people have enormous misconceptions about how other people's lives work?

Salz: Yes, I think so. I think if people do something different from what you do that you admire them very much if they seem very efficient and very well-regularized with their lives and if they're very active letter-writers or respond to letters and are very good typists. [Laughter.] All of that strikes me as wonderful! I haven't been very good at any of those things. I've known a lot of interesting people all of my life.

Emma was a conventional woman, really conventional, and she values, in that book, much more the social background than I do.

*See footnote page 21.

Salz: I don't think it's very important or very interesting. I don't know what family people belonged to, or who their grandparents were, or what their background was. I'm interested in what they're doing and what they are. Money, or what people had, weren't discussed in our home. Afterwards Ansley never talked about those things. I knew nothing about peoples' backgrounds or who they belonged to.

Emma mentions very carefully in her biography who people were and whether they came of a good family, or whether people were a very low type. That's the way she was, and that's the way she stayed, and very constructively, for many years, with that view.

Also, I don't like to use the word "brilliant" as often as Mrs. McLaughlin does! [Laughter.] Everybody's "brilliant!" There were many people whom I knew who were not brilliant, really! I mean not at all! But if they weren't in her line, she thought they were all brilliant, I think. I don't mean anything that I'm saying to be derogatory about Mrs. McLaughlin. I really loved her. She was a darling person whom everybody liked really. But once in a while she goes a little askew, I think, about some of the people that she admires so much.

Riess: You wonder how she organized it all, whether she had files.

Salz: She must have had files. She must have had secretaries at various times. She was very well-to-do.

Riess: And you, for instance, didn't have secretaries?

Salz: Oh no, no. I never had anybody to help me in any way.

Riess: Just household help?

Salz: Just household help, plenty of household help. I had two people when I got married and four people afterwards. I had plenty of help. They stayed with me quite a long time, some of them. Some of them turned out to be crazy and I had to let them go [laughter], all reluctantly.

Riess: That makes you sound very abstracted from your household.

Salz: Yes. I think I was, very. I don't think I knew a great deal about housekeeping or what to ask of people very much, but the place always looked very nice. I don't know, maybe it was superficially nice. When my daughter Elizabeth roomed with another girl at college, she said, "Dodie knows all about cleaning bathrooms and washing floors and I always keep the room full of

Salz: flowers." [Laughter.] And I said, "I guess you haven't learned too much at home."

Riess: In the mornings, would you be up?

Salz: No. I had breakfast in bed for years. It got to be a habit. They'd come in and ask for the orders for the day, which I usually allowed them to handle. I got up later. My husband had kept house a lot for himself before we were married. He was a very undemanding man. He'd just order his breakfast when he went downstairs. He really didn't need me for that. The children got dressed and went to school. They had a nurse to look after them.

Riess: They came to you with their problems?

Salz: Yes, sometimes. I don't know how helpful I really was. They all turned out extremely interesting children. We had very interesting children. I decided afterwards maybe mothers and fathers shouldn't bother about them so much.

Riess: Did you read with them a lot when they were very young?

Salz: Yes, I think I must have. I don't remember.

Riess: Did they have a time that you were available to them?

Salz: I don't think I was regular in anything in my life at any time, I'm sorry to say. [Laughter.] It would have been better for everybody if I had been.

The San Francisco Public Dance Hall Committee

Salz: [reading] About 1917 or 1918 the San Francisco Center of the California Civic League became interested in the public dance halls of San Francisco. Marion Delaney, later president of the San Francisco Center of the Civic League, became the first chairman of the San Francisco Public Dance Hall Committee.

A group made up of Marion Delaney, chairman, Miss May Willard, myself, Ernestine Black, Mrs. Walter Arnstein, Mrs. Parker Maddox, Emma McLaughlin, Alicia Mosgrove, and later joined by Dr. Mary Lehman, made up the first committee.

This group with the police department and the dance hall managers made an odd triangle of support. The problem was obvious: soldiers and sailors, during and after the war, plus

Salz: the regular visitors, plus many prostitutes and hundreds of minors, flooded the halls.

There was a chief supervisor appointed by the League who placed as experienced, tactful, sensible women as she could find, in the halls. (Sometimes with the aid of the police, who made the well-known prostitutes rather unwelcome. Sometimes taking very young minors home and becoming acquainted with their parents.) The supervisors had on the whole an excellent relationship with the boys and girls, trying to show them the dangers they were in, urging sex education, helping unmarried mothers.

We had twelve halls and about twelve thousand people a week to work with. I remember a few remarkable hardworking chief supervisors: Lucille Wollenberg, Maria Lambin, Georgiana Carden.* Social service agencies cooperated and I believe the work went on through the Second World War. Maria Lambin wrote a whole history of the dance hall movement; and Georgiana Carden, who stayed with the group for many years, is now celebrating her one hundredth birthday in Carmel. Visitors from all over the country interested in the rather unique triangular partnership came to visit us.

I don't know whether I speak for other members of our committee, but they as surely as I did realized then or later that though we were undoubtedly of genuine assistance during a very troubled time, it was impossible with crowded halls and one supervisor supervising as well as was possible, to do a job in depth. Sometimes a supervisor, conducting a minor home, arrived at a home where lack of supervision and unrecognized sullen rebellion among younger girls (perhaps no healthful plan for diversion) was a situation not too often successfully met. The prostitutes, well known by the police, feeling unwelcome in our halls, hied themselves to less restricted ones.

Riess: Were these twelve dance halls commercial enterprises?

Salz: Yes, they were all commercial enterprises and twelve halls were glad to cooperate with us.

Riess: I didn't understand that the whole idea of the dance hall was so popular.

Salz: Yes. There were thousands of people going to dance halls.

*Two taped interviews with Georgiana Carden, one by Helena Brewer on the San Francisco Public Dance Hall Committee, and one by Ruth Teiser on Georgiana Carden's work with migratory laborers' children are available for research in The Bancroft Library.

Riess: What kind of people went?

Salz: Young girls, minors, regular visitors who wanted to dance, who wanted to leave their husbands or their lovers and go and find somebody else. Prostitutes came in looking for a man. Young soldiers and sailors by the dozens, looking for company, some of them just wanting to dance, some of them looking for a girl.

Riess: Was the dance hall atmosphere slightly shady?

Salz: No, no. It was mixed. I thought I explained that. Some were young girls, minors.

Riess: It was the young girls who you were trying to protect?

Salz: Yes. We tried to protect the young girls. I thought that the police ejected the prostitutes, the well-known ones, but Mary Hutchinson, whom I spoke to the other day and who was a part of this group too, said to me, "Oh no! They never did that at all, ejecting people." But I knew they were aware of them and they knew they were not welcome there, which was true.

But there were a great many halls in the city and we had twelve of them under supervision.

Riess: Were they in a particular part of the city?

Salz: They were scattered all over the city.

Riess: And were there big bands playing there?

Salz: Yes. There were bands playing and there was music. There was dance and there was light and it was attractive to young people who were cramped up in dreadful homes very often.

Mrs. McLaughlin talks about the work that Georgiana Carden had done which at that time may have been considered more intensive. That I knew later. That is, she would get an apartment for two or three girls and she tried to help them. But she being alone and going into the home--you couldn't really attack a whole family situation. Probably everybody needed analysis [laughter], but I think maybe they were more hopeful then. I don't know whether other members of the committee realized this, and it was probably later that I realized it, because I too was ignorant at that time of a good many things. We couldn't possibly have gone in depth into many of these matters.

Riess: In fact, in your upbringing, hadn't you been kept pretty much unaware . . .

Salz: Yes, of everything. I don't believe I knew what a prostitute was then! [Laughter.]

Riess: How is it that you came to work on the dance hall committee?

Salz: I was asked to. Marion Delaney, who was a very good friend of mine, wanted me on.

I tell you, I think that my judgment on this kind of a committee was considered valuable. Sometimes I wasn't of help in the work that came, but my decision as to what to do, both in this and much later in the American Civil Liberties Union was considered good.

Riess: So, your values were . . .

Salz: Yes. My values sometimes were different from some of theirs and they wanted to hear from me. For instance, with the American Civil Liberties Union, I regularly attended their board meetings and sometimes had the pleasure of swaying their vote on crucial matters as they rightly or wrongly believed in my long (perhaps not too valuable) experience.

More About the Marina Camps and Volunteer Work

Salz: To go back to my work in the Marina camps, that was one whole revelation and I don't believe my sister and I knew even when we were going into prostitutes' tents or what they were doing there. I don't think we had any notion of what was happening. We spoke to them in their own language and they were so happy and I guess we were happy and that was it. I don't think we really realized a good deal of things that were happening.

Riess: You were translating their problems?

Salz: Yes. We were translating their problems for them and talking to them in their own language. They were happy that somebody knew what they were talking about.

Riess: And were you actually a go-between with the authorities?

Salz: Well, we knew the young man who was in charge and we would bring this all to him. Both of us were probably in love with him at the time! [Laughter.]

Riess: Did your father know what sort of work you were doing?

Salz: No, he didn't know much about it either. No. They wanted to help too, and just the word "help" was enough.

Riess: Was seeing these conditions very distressing for you?

Salz: I don't think so. Some of it was distressing, probably some of it we thought was a great adventure for us. [Laughter.] I don't know how broadminded we were or how much we suffered. Probably in extreme cases we knew what was happening.

There was one case which was kind of a revelation to me. The husband was Spanish and the wife was French and they'd been married for many years and neither of them spoke the language of the other. What happened was when she explained in French what she wanted and what they needed, he would shout, "Shuddup." That was all they had. And when he tried to explain, she would sit there frowning and say, "Shuddup" and that was all that they understood of each other. They'd slept together and had many children and run a house or whatever it was for many years, but they didn't speak each other's language and didn't know what the other one was talking about.

Riess: That's horrible!

Salz: Yes, I know. It's horrible, but that's what happened. I think we probably thought that was funny, you know?

Riess: Did this politicize you or radicalize you, all these other peoples' problems?

Salz: No. It was a very practical job we were doing. We were helping people in their immediate needs and through their immediate needs. We were talking to them in their language, which meant so much to them, just to be understood. They'd come away without anything, rushed out of their houses that were gone to pieces.

This was the first time we'd ever done anything of this kind, but we went in without a knowledge, I guess, of what we were doing, and just wanted to help everybody. Then there was this excellent man, Dr. Devine, who came from New York and told us about social service procedure.

Riess: What was your experience with social service between that 1906 time and the dance halls in 1917?

Salz: We worked with Katherine Felton as social service workers for a short period between 1906 and 1910 when I went East to paint,

Salz: not a great many years. We worked with her probably for a couple of years, my sister much longer because she was out here.

We went out on cases for her. We'd had quite a little experience, more than I guess I'm indicating, at the camps. With her instructions and from what Dr. Devine had told us and our willingness in all this--and she was always ready to use anybody she could who seemed kind, as I suppose we were considered, and interested in what she had to tell us--we went out on cases and had pet cases that we looked after specially, you know, and so on.

Riess: And you were volunteers with her?

Salz: Oh, volunteers only, yes.

Riess: Did she have a great corps of volunteers?

Salz: She had a number of volunteers. Most of the people were paid.

Riess: Did this ever tempt you to study social work or get into the field?

Salz: No. I was a painter and my sister was too. That's what we wanted to do. We wanted to paint.

Riess: So, you did this because it was the right thing to do?

Salz: The right thing to do, yes. I think I mentioned at the beginning that we didn't go to any church. I had no religious training, but there was a kind of an ethical code that was understood, I think I wrote, more by example than uttered precept. There was very little lecturing about things, but we saw what our parents did and we just did it too. We thought that was our duty and a part of life and we just did it naturally.

Riess: Did your mother do volunteer work?

Salz: No, but her life was so crowded. There were all of us still. I think my brother was living at home still. He wasn't married until 1910. I don't remember really. I think much, much later in my life she went to do some public work somewhere. I don't really remember.

Riess: But your father and grandfather were always examples to you?

Salz: Yes. My father, very much so.

Riess: So, at times you felt called upon to come away from the painting and things like that?

Salz: Yes. When emergencies seemed to arise in the world, we felt we surely must do that.

Brother, Lawrence Arnstein*

Riess: When your brother Larry [Lawrence Arnstein] was being brought up, did all you girls know that he was something really different, the son in the family?

Salz: We didn't know him at all. We never associated with him when he was little. We didn't know anything about him. When we went to Europe, he was put in a boarding school in Germany. He was there all the while we were in Nice and Italy and everywhere.

Riess: Was he part of your plays?

Salz: No, never any part of our life in that way at all. My sister and I were extremely close. Gertrude and I were very separate from other members of the family.

We treated my youngest sister, who was six or seven years younger, very badly. She would come knock at the door and we would say, "No, you can't come in. We're talking about something very important." We were six or seven years older, and she wasn't allowed to come in at all. I think she suffered her whole life from not being included.

Riess: Your brother probably didn't want to be included.

Salz: No, no, no. He didn't want to be included. He never wanted to be included, by anybody very much. I think he's gotten rather more sociable since about fifty years ago when he joined the Olympic Golf Club. When he'd go out to the Olympic Golf Club he'd talk to the caddies. He asked, "What do you do on rainy days?"

"Well, those are kind of tough. We don't make any money."

"Well, this is wrong. I'm going to talk to the board." So he did and he said there should be a caddy fund so that on rainy days the boys are paid just the same. They'll pay something back afterwards if they can, but if not, that was the obligation of the club.

*See footnote page 16.

Salz: Recently, some months before the Club was to give him a birthday party, he went to one of the caddies and said, "Are you getting your monthly check in the rainy season?"

They said, "No. We haven't heard about that in a long time."

He was very indignant. He went to the secretary or whoever it was and said to them, "You said that was going to be a Larry Arnstein Fund and the boys say they haven't gotten any money."

They said, "Well, we can't find a letter of that kind--we've looked through everything--saying that that was to be started."

Larry went home and he found the letter himself and he brought it to the club. So, on his birthday--he was ninety-three and they were having a lunch of fifteen people out there for him--he got up and he said that as his birthday present he wanted the "Larry Arnstein Fund" continued indefinitely. So, they promised him that and that's it.

He carries through what he starts. This is one example, you see.

Riess: Were he and your father very close friends?

Salz: Well, my father was quite amusing. I haven't said that at all. He was quite entertaining and he had a great sense of humor. Yes, I think we enjoyed him very much. We were very, very fond of him. He was a very likable person. Everybody liked him, an enormously likable person who all his life was sorry that his education hadn't been completed. He would have liked to have been a doctor. He was interested in people's welfare and helping them and, instead, he was in business, in which he was not interested, my brother wasn't interested, and that was it.

Riess: Did he and your brother enjoy each other's company?

Salz: Not especially, no, I don't think so. I don't think they were enemies or anything.

I'm an awful person at "making up." I said to somebody, "After I've made up something completely, I just believe it's true." I told my sister-in-law last night the story I made up about Larry, her husband.

He and I have been fond of each other our whole lives, but they've been so apart because his was very political for thirty or forty years and mine has never been. If you asked me who the presidents were at various times, I probably wouldn't know. If

Salz: you asked me about the formation of the Senate or the House of Representatives, I'd have to look that up. I'd have to look up a good many things. I keep a United States history in my bedroom so as to look up what everybody else knows. [Laughter.] I don't think I knew very much about political life in this country for a great many years.

But I said to my sister-in-law, "I'll tell you a story about your husband that I made up and I think it's a pretty good picture of him."

Then she said, "What is it? I'd like to hear it."

And I said, "Well, he telephones to President Wilbur of Stanford at ten o'clock at night and the maid says, 'Oh sir! It's his birthday dinner and they're just going to light the candles and cut the cake. I don't think he would like to answer unless it's an emergency.'"

"And my brother says, 'Yes, this is an emergency.' So, she goes away and President Wilbur (who's a good friend of my brother's) comes to the telephone, and my brother talks to him. When he is finished, after about an hour, President Wilbur has promised to arrange to have forty more nurses put in the city and county hospital. He goes back to his table. The candles are all out and most of the cake is eaten."

And I said, "For this reason, Forgie, and that is that while my brother seems rather conservative politically he really is a communist at heart, he believes more in communal life than people's personal life." [Laughter.]

She said, "That's a pretty good picture of it!"

III AN IMPORTANT TEACHER, AND TWO LIFELONG FRIENDS

Gottardo Piazzoni

Riess: You studied with Gottardo Piazzoni?

Salz: Yes. Piazzoni was a very remarkable man. He was Swiss-Italian and extremely modest. He knew how good he was, but never showed it. My husband took a great fancy to his pictures after we were married, and bought a great many. He'd bring home a big picture which he'd paid \$1,000 for in the back of his car, and say, "This is what I bought!" And they were always beautiful, because Piazzoni's things were done with great love, great talent, great knowledge of what to exclude, very selective. Those two on the wall behind you are his.

He achieved the nearest thing to the abstract painters who talk about understanding space; he understood space without talking about it. You can see it from those pictures. The painters who are abstractionists who come here are enchanted with those pictures. They think they are beautiful, because he was expressing there something they're trying to say very awkwardly, some of them, and some of them badly.

He instinctively knew what he wanted to do. He made many little sketches, sometimes on the spot, and then later painted large pictures.

He was a fine painter and an interesting man. He was a short man who looked like a typical artist of Paris, where he had studied, too. He wore wide-brimmed hats and Windsor ties, and always stayed in that costume, wore the same thing for years.

Riess: Did he always do landscapes?

Salz: I think once in a while he did sculptured heads of people. Everything he touched became very beautiful, and his criticisms which

Salz: he gave when we studied with him were always very unique. For instance I painted a whole country flooded with moonlight, plus a moon, and he stood for a long time looking at it and then he said, "Perhaps next time you leave out the moon." That was the most he would say, or if you were in a life class he'd stand for a long time studying the picture you were trying to do and then he'd say, "Well, maybe next time you do the pose." That's the most he would say. It was never heavy criticism, but he'd draw your attention to what it was that was failing in your picture.

Riess: Did he teach large classes, or individuals, or what?

Salz: I don't know whether my sister and I went privately to him. I can't remember. I think we may have gone with him--he had landscape classes that walked everywhere. There were no automobiles for running around in very much in the early 1900s and he would take whole groups over to Marin County and they might walk a couple of miles with their boxes and paints and everything. And we took it for granted that that's what you did if you wanted to do landscape. If you were very young it meant nothing to you.

Riess: Would you paint, or sketch?

Salz: You did what you wanted. He wasn't arbitrary at all about it. You took a ferry boat and went over to Sausalito. They were always lovely days with him. He was a marvelous teacher because he communicated without being arbitrary. Very, very uncommercial, completely so. Much loved by the painters here, he was sort of dean of painters. He was in demand as a juror because he was so fair and understood art so well. He drew beautifully. He was a genuine artist.

Riess: The kind of flatness of these paintings is typical of Piazzoni?

Salz: Yes.

Riess: Over the years his painting style didn't change?

Salz: No, he did other things too that were different. They were not always like this. He did small sketches that were very much like the impressionist period, with three dimensions, much more obvious. This has three dimensions, too, but not too obviously. Nothing about Piazzoni is very obvious.

Arthur Putnam

Salz: Piazzoni was over in Paris with Ralph Stackpole and Arthur Putnam. Do you know that name? Putnam was the great animal sculptor of

Salz: California. Untutored. His work is behind you, too. That is called "Passing Pumas." Magnificent. There is a collection of his things at the Metropolitan, in New York, and also Mrs. Spreckels out here has casts of most of his things.

What they tell me was that he skinned dead animals, so he could understand their muscles, up in the mountains, up in Oregon somewhere. He did mostly animals--I have another one in front of a puma, very, very beautiful. He was a talented sculptor. Julie Heyneman wrote a book about Arthur Putnam with illustrations of his things.*

Putnam's wife, Grace, was a very interesting woman. She was an inventor, and what she invented was a doll which was just like a baby. It was so like a baby that if you touched it it had all the consistency of a baby--almost.

Riess: What was it made of?

Salz: I don't know just what it was made of, but she was very clever and made all the clothes for it and everything. After Arthur died she was going east to seek her fortune, and I gave her a letter to Herbert Lehman, who was married to my cousin [Edith Altschul Lehman] and asked Herbert if he'd keep an eye on her, if he could--he had so much to do, he was in the Senate just before--and I said, "Tell her where to go to see if she can sell this and have it patented."

And so he introduced her promptly--he was a very kind man, he would do anything for everybody--and he sent her to a big toy manufacturer who was enchanted with what she had there. And he put it into large circulation, and she finally made enough money to buy apartment houses over in Brooklyn and in New Jersey. [Laughter.] She did magnificently in New York. He just gave her an introduction to the right man--I thought he would, he was tireless about helping everybody. He was quite an extraordinary man.

*Heyneman, Julie H., Arthur Putnam, Sculptor, Johnck & Seeger: San Francisco, 1932.

Mireille Piazzoni Wood

Salz: The Piazzoni's were a beautiful family. His wife was a lovely person, and his daughter is one of my best friends. Her name is Mireille Wood. She is a marvelous person who will and does do everything for everybody always, without in any way limiting her own life. She has none of the self-sacrifice about her, but you could ring her up any time for help in anything. Her husband Phil Wood, was a fine arts painter who couldn't make a living. He's been a house painter but he is giving it up next year. Mireille is a good painter. They have two excellent sons married to two lovely women.

Riess: I had had the impression that Piazzoni was naive, lower-class Italian.

Salz: Oh, no no no. He was a very distinguished man, moved a whole family from Switzerland, cousins, and everything, and they always seemed quite comfortable. He and his uncle, and his father who came out here around 1880, somewhere around there, bought a thousand acres in Carmel Valley--before anyone else did, at all. It's been sold over the years. His daughter now, and her sister, still own three hundred acres up there, and they have a cabin that he built. It had no water, and no electricity, no gas, but they demanded very very little. They were very, very unspoiled people. The daughter is too. She told me recently how she was at the shack, up in the mountains, when a couple of bulls came and staged a tremendous fight right outside her door.

They live very simply there. They take people there who love it. It was finally connected up so that it had water, not hot water, but water. They have a couple of bedrooms. Last week when there were these terrific storms and rain and it had been so freezing down there she said that she had her old fur coat-- I had given it to her because no furrier would touch it anymore, because he said the skin had dried and you couldn't do anything to it, so I had said to her, "Do you want this?" because otherwise it'll go to pieces with nobody wearing it, and she said, "Oh, I can fix it up," and she's worn it ever since, including a little hat that goes with it which she remade. She's very clever. And so she told me that while she was in Carmel Valley last week she had to cook in her fur coat and hat, and I said, "I can see you, saying to Phil, 'Scrambled eggs or fried eggs this morning, Phil,' and he looks up and sees the cook all dressed in fur!"

For many years Piazzoni and his family lived in a houseboat over in Belvedere, and Mireille said that at night when bigger

Salz: boats would come over and start to hit their little houseboat her father got up with his short nightgown, put on his hat, and went outside and took a big pole and shoved them off! I don't think she'd ever worn shoes until she was quite a big girl. They lived simply and unpretentiously. She said her father said to her, "You know, we are very fortunate people. All our friends are either artists or poets or musicians." Very happy.

Riess: Did your family and Piazzoni ever meet?

Salz: I don't remember. I could make something up! [Laughter.]

They were completely different generations and backgrounds. They [Piazzoni's] never had any money at all. We always had plenty to live on.

Ralph Stackpole

Riess: You knew Ralph Stackpole.

Salz: Stackpole I knew from the time he was about seventeen, I guess. I think I was eighteen. We were great friends. He came to our house all the time. I probably met him through Julie Heyneman.

Stackpole came down to the Montgomery Block Building-- somebody had told him that was where to go--and she was teaching there, I think. She said she'd found a remarkable young man, who was a natural drawer, to start with. There are some people who are just natural draftsmen. If you go to an exhibition of children's work at the museum, if you happen to be a painter, an artist, or whatever, and know one thing from another you can pick out the six or seven children amongst the hundreds who are there who are really gifted. Maybe a few more, but there is a definite percentage that are really talented. And the others just churn on colors, you know, very like the canvasses that are done now. [Laughter.]

Riess: The talented ones do careful work?

Salz: Not careful, necessarily, but they are very talented though they may work just as fast. I have a little grandson over in Honolulu who's very talented. He's twelve now, but I have his drawing since he was eight, and it's extraordinary and beautiful-- turtles and birds, and lots of ichthyosauruses. Crazy about ichthyosauruses and brontosauruses. When I was at Yale, in New

Salz: Haven, I had to go over to the museum with his sister who also was interested in art--he was a baby then--and also talented, and she would spend all her time looking at the big skeletons of I've-forgotten-which-saurus but that's what she liked to look at.

Have I told you about her observation about the Jackson Pollock? There's a Jackson Pollock--I've never known Jackson Pollock very well and I've never been really mad about him--but Kay, who was eight years old, looked at it a long time, and then she shrugged her shoulders and she said, "He couldn't do it over again." A very astute observation.

Riess: Where was Stackpole from?

Salz: I think it was Oregon. His mother lived up there. (She came down later I think and lived in Mill Valley.) He came down [in 1901] to go to art school. He painted and drew all the time. He was quite a remarkable draftsman. I have a little drawing of his of a black girl next to the entrance to my little studio, down the hall. It's a beautiful drawing if you'd like to see it. Right in the little alleyway there.

Isn't that beautiful?

Ralph was very devoted to me. We saw each other a great deal. I was his first girlfriend. That was about it, I guess, I don't mean any more than that, I wasn't especially in love with him but he was devoted to me. I think I was his only experience of somebody who painted and who was a woman.

I have a number of drawings of his from many years ago, which he discarded completely. (Maybe you saw in the paper that he died recently.) A year after he arrived in San Francisco he went to Paris with Putnam and Piazzoni, and I think he discovered then that he wanted to be a sculptor. He was a very good sculptor, and also an equally good draftsman, though not as good a painter, which he liked to do just as much. His color was not especially interesting. But his sculpture was almost always interesting from the time he did that rather conventional nude that I have, to the abstracts that he was doing in 1960 when I was there. [Ralph Stackpole died in France, December 11, 1973.]

Riess: Was he disappointed not to be painting?

Salz: No, I think he found that sculpture was just as big a thrill to him, and he was very happy at it.

Riess: When Stackpole came to the Bay Area, was his plan to go to the

Riess: Mark Hopkins Art Institute, which would have been the school of art in San Francisco at the time?

Salz: I think he probably inquired of people there when he got down here. They probably told him he could get the best instruction right down in the Montgomery Block Building.

The Montgomery Block

Riess: Who had studios in the Montgomery Block Building?

Salz: I get two buildings mixed up. Piazzoni had a studio which later was occupied by Will Gerstle, one of the Gerstle family here, who fancied himself as a painter. He wasn't very good, but he was very generous with his interest in real painters, bought all their pictures and gave them to museums. He was a very nice little man, though not very good as a painter.

There were two buildings there on Montgomery Street. In one building Ralph had a studio, and his stoneyard, downstairs. He was used to working in open air. Piazzoni had a beautiful studio with wonderful skylights. I did Piazzoni's portrait there. He told me I was the only person he'd ever really posed for. The portrait is in my book. Don't you think he's an interesting-looking man? He was a wonderful, very gentle, very philosophical man. He was an immeasurably kind, nice man.

Riess: Was Maynard Dixon down there too?

Salz: Yes, I think he was in the Montgomery Block Building.

I had a room down there too. I was writing at the time and wanted some place that was quiet, and so I put a couch in there, an extra couch from my attic. And I brought a typewriter and a table down. I think I slept most of the time I was there. [Laughter.]

Riess: In what period of your life was this?

Salz: That must have been after I was married, and had a couple of children.

Riess: I was just reading A Room of One's Own, which was written in 1929, I think.

Salz: I read that years ago. I think somebody borrowed my copy and

Salz: never returned it. That happens to me, because I have books in my shelves with other people's names in them. May Delaney came out once just after I had had a birthday and somebody had given me Mencken's American Language, knowing I was so interested in words. And May said, "Oh, Helen, I want to read it. When can I borrow it?"

"Well, I'm not going to read it right now, you can have it. You can keep it for a month if you want."

She said, rather haughtily, "Helen, do you know how long you kept the last book that I loaned you?"

"How long did I keep it, May?"

"You kept it for nine years!" [Laughter.]

She's quite a character. She was a very good president of the San Francisco Center of the Civic League, and very much admired. She was very bright, and had a very quick temper, would get into a fury over almost nothing.

Riess: Can you remember the idea of having a room of your own germinating in your mind?

Salz: I don't remember if I'd read Virginia Woolf at that time or not. But I wanted some privacy, and when I got there I was so tired I slept all afternoon. I don't know that I got much work done there, I don't think I did. You know, I've found that stolen time is more valuable than all the time in the world at your disposal. I find that very interesting, very true. I had a friend, a man who went to Mexico to work, and he did very little work while he was down there. He had month after month free. And I've known people who have gone to Paris on scholarships who have done very little work, with a whole year ahead of them.

This friend of mine, Ted Polos, the Greek painter, he had a completely full life. He was a housepainter, foreman of a group of housepainters. He worked very hard, and he'd come home and weekends he loved to paint, for a long time. And on those weekends he did just beautiful pictures. He did lovely pictures of artichokes in his garden, all kinds of things he did when he came home, just painted all the time, passionately, because that was the only time that he had free.

Now when I had this time free, I slept. And I find that if you have too much time free it's sometimes like having all the leisure in the world, and a big blank canvas in front of you,

Salz: and you don't know what you want to do. But if you're pressed for time you're much more intensely eager to properly use it, I think.

Riess: So this didn't turn out to be a productive time for you?

Salz: No, not at all. I don't know what I did down there except sleep. Then I think finally I gave up the room.

Riess: But really it must have been something . . .

Salz: It must have been something I thought I needed, but when I had what I needed I was so darned used to it. That I find very often happens. I knew a young man whom Charlotte Mack thought was immensely talented. She sent him to Paris for a year. He came back and he was painting so badly. I've never seen such a change in one's work. I think he wasted a lot of time in Paris.

Riess: There were the Montgomery Block studios, and then there was the established art school. Who went to the art school?

Salz: I don't know who went there. I wasn't very well acquainted with a great many artists at that period. I knew Piazzoni and I knew Stackpole and I knew Putnam slightly, and I had met a number of painters my parents thought were good. I just met them. They weren't so very good, those painters. They were earlier, even, than that. The period of Keith was earlier.* I didn't know a lot of painters. I didn't glorify them. I was busy; I was terribly busy all my life.

Ralph in France, Letters

Salz: I must have in my files about thirty letters from Ralph. I was his main correspondent when he left for France. I was his oldest friend. Did I tell you my happy experience with KPIX?

Well, Peter Stackpole is Ralph's son. (He had two more adopted sons, but Peter Stackpole is his real son of his first wife.) Peter told KPIX to come over and see me. KPIX telephoned and sent out a photographer with a great, big camera and a black reporter who was very bright. They spent almost an entire hour with me, in which I showed them what I owned of Stackpole's, told them what I knew of him, and they were very grateful to me. I said, "When will this appear?"

"Tonight."

*William Keith, 1839-1911.

Salz: And so I said, "What hour?"

They weren't sure.

I then did the kind of thing that you and everybody's done, spending much too much time finding out when it was going to appear. They said, "6:20," and I wasn't too hopeful about that hour, but I was being picked up for dinner. David Perlman and Anne came over and they waited.

Pretty soon, a very much blurred picture came on and when it was finished, David said, "You know how long that lasted?"

"How long?"

He said, "Thirty seconds. Who came out here?"

I said, "A reporter and a photographer and I spent a whole hour."

He said, "Well, you know what KPIX spent? They spent probably \$300 or \$400 on this."

I said, "It's an awful nuisance. That's all I can say!"
[Laughter.]

You can read Ralph's letters. I'll tell you ahead of time something curious about Ralph, and that is that I don't think in all the letters either sculpture or painting is mentioned. He mentions musicians and the music he's heard and the poets who came to visit him and the poetry evenings he had. He was interested in the arts. His own work he never thought worth mentioning and he never talked about it at all. The letters give you quite a picture of his life and his wonderful second wife. *

His first wife was a very eccentric person. Maybe you've known people who are perfectionists, which means they spend all their time doing over what they did to make it better? When she was given an order, let's say, to do a curtain for a theater, she'd do the whole thing, and she used to be well paid for it, but then if it didn't suit her she'd tear it up and throw it away and go on doing so until she was satisfied. By that time she usually owed her people money who engaged her.

She could do bookplates beautifully and she made the most beautiful clothes, she invented them. She's the only woman I've ever known who went as far as making her husband's overcoats. She could do everything and do it very well, but she

*Two letters are included in the Appendices.

Salz: was completely immersed in perfection.

She lives in Oakland now. When her son Peter was building a house (he lives next door) and she didn't approve of the kind of steps he was making, I don't think she spoke to him for months. She felt passionately about art and how it should be done, and did it her own way and that was it.

Ralph's second wife was a model he had in Paris, whom he later married.

Well, these are his letters. Naturally, you wouldn't have to read all of them, but I thought by reading them you'd get some impression of what kind of a man he was. They're interesting from that point of view. He was a remarkable correspondent from 1947 to 1972.*

Riess: Would you make any generalizations about people who talk about what they're doing in contrast to just doing it? You say Stackpole didn't talk about his art.

Salz: I have not really thought about this as a generality at all. I know on the whole, as you do, that some people are very self-centered and do spend more time about themselves always. Other people who can envisage larger horizons, with the world included, and many other people, aren't quite so self-centered. We all know that. I knew Piazzoni never talked about his own work. I didn't know Putnam well enough to know whether he did or didn't.

*For more comments on Ralph Stackpole, see Chapter XVI

IV MARRIAGE AND NEW DIRECTIONS

A Married Woman in Benicia

Salz: Ansley Salz and I had fallen in love in the year 1911 and were married in September. Ansley lived in Benicia and was president of the Kullman-Salz Tannery.

Riess: How had you met Ansley?

Salz: I met him about nine years before at his sister's wedding and he had had me in mind all that time. He was thirty when we married.

Riess: Were you courted by him over those years?

Salz: No, I didn't see him for a long time. I thought of him very often, but I didn't see him. He was in Benicia.

Riess: He went to the University?

Salz: For one year, and then he had to leave because his father died, and he had to take charge. He was then president of the concern.

Riess: Had his family lived in Benicia?

Salz: No, they lived in San Francisco, but they operated a tannery up there, he, and his cousin's family, the Kullmans--that's why it was called the Kullman-Salz Tannery. Later they sold their tannery and came down here in 1914, and then they bought the tannery in Santa Cruz, and it then became the A. K. Salz Tannery.

Riess: Did he have brothers and sisters?

Salz: Yes, he did, but he was not on very warm terms with his family. He was feuding with his brother and one brother moved somewhere

Salz: so he didn't know him any more. He was on pleasant terms with his sister but there was no deep relationship existing there. He really had no tremendously great affection for members of his family, although he remembers he was devoted to his mother, who died when he was about thirteen.

Riess: Were the brothers in the business too?

Salz: Yes, and these are all very, very complicated business relationships. I don't think I understood the details of it when it was explained to me.

[reading] Our month-long wedding trip took us across Canada and when we returned we moved promptly to Benicia. My husband owned a house there. Next door to us the mayor lived and my keenest recollection of him was that they had the most beautiful violet-dark lilac tree I had ever seen.

Another memory of Benicia is the Suskes. When I came to Benicia I was told they were the dirtiest, drunkenest family in town, their children the filthiest that went to school. I became acquainted with Mrs. Suske. As part of my ignorance I decided that I could start her and her family on a new and better life. We secured a pleasant little apartment for her, clean as a pin, saw that she had some new furniture, and left her there, hopefully.

A few months later I went, cheerfully, to visit her. There was Mrs. Suske, slightly high, the room extraordinarily dirty, and the children in the accustomed rags. I said a few words which I presume indicated my disappointment, and she said, "My cleaning woman is coming in on Saturday." I think I learned my first lesson that "wherever the Suskes moved, they took the Suskes with them."

I was promptly put on the Benicia library board. I was a little overcome when the chairman of the board, a stout pompous man, told me one of the rules of the library was that no book was put in the library that could hurt anyone's feelings. I found out later that I, being a woman, he thought I must be a prohibitionist and I might recommend some anti-liquor books. He owned, I heard, a number of the twenty-five saloons in the town of 2500 people. His niece was the librarian and had arranged the library alphabetically. Alice in Wonderland was side-by-side with Astronomy, and Thackeray and Tennis stood lovingly together.

(The Benét family, good friends of Ansley's, moved out of that town about this time and I only met William Rose Benét in

Salz: New York at lunch with a tall, gangly, red-headed young man who was working at a publishing house. Sinclair Lewis was his name. He said his office was flooded with offerings from farmers' wives who told their children stories. Their neighbors insisted these must be published. "Sorry, sorry!")

When we returned from our wedding trip to settle in Benicia, I found I was pregnant. Elizabeth was born in 1912 and proved to be a dominant young woman from about the time she was born. She ran us (and we were very amateur parents), and she ran her tall, humorless English nurse, Rose Bohan. She was very advanced and spoke fluently at one. During her first year she was driven down Main Street in her buggy by her tailor-made and veiled horse, who startled the native small fry with her elegant starched baby. (When we went to visit her grandparents in a large hotel Rose refused to pass the front desk unless Elizabeth was provided with white shoes. Otherwise, a disgrace for Rose herself.)

Riess: Where did you have your baby?

Salz: Elizabeth I had in Benicia, but with a San Francisco physician who assisted the man up there, who was disgusted and insulted at that. I came down here, didn't trust the doctor up there, for my second baby, Andrew.

Riess: Was the leather business a family interest in Europe?

Salz: No, just over here. A very able uncle named Kullman had started it.

Riess: Why in Benicia?

Salz: I don't really know, I don't think I ever asked Ansley. Even when I got married I was pretty remote from life as it goes.

When I was expecting the baby my mother bought me a satin hostess gown in which I was to receive people when they came to call. I don't think anybody came to call on me, except one lady, and I think she looked very alarmed at my costume in Benicia, and she probably reported, so that nobody else came to see me. I led a very solitary life up there, except when my sisters or friends came up, or when my husband brought my cousins to lunch.

I had a cook who had worked for my mother, and a nurse for the baby. It was a different world from what we live in now. We hardly ever took care of our own babies.

Riess: Were you the only Jewish family in Benicia?

Salz: My husband's cousin's family was there, and that was the only family I knew. At that time I was very formal. I called everybody "Mr. and Mrs.," even his relatives. I didn't know any better, yet I know they were all very insulted. [Laughter.]

Riess: You said you didn't ask questions about the tannery in Benicia. You weren't interested?

Salz: Well, I was a little interested. Cousins of his worked there and would talk tannery when they came up to lunch.

Riess: Was Ansley interested?

Salz: Deeply interested. Whatever he was in he was always deeply interested, very thorough, and knew a great deal about it, and he was very good at whatever he did. He was a very able man.

Those years of 1912, 1913 . . . Ansley played his violin at home and I painted the lovely almond trees in the garden, shooed away the unfamiliar chickens. I am afraid I talked severely but fruitlessly to them.

Riess: Was that a productive painting time for you?

Salz: Yes. I painted a good deal there. I painted in oils then because I had come back recently from Monhegan Island where I had painted in oils.

[reading] Well then, about this time the tannery closed. (A whole other story.) We moved to San Francisco. I was already many months pregnant with baby Andrew, who arrived in November, 1914. My husband's company bought another tannery in Santa Cruz, established an office in San Francisco and we bought and moved into 3838 Clay Street, where we lived from 1914 to 1954.

Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Salz: [reading] During the years of the teens, on through the twenties and the thirties, our lives were so closely woven with so many different strands it is difficult to separate them. Long before this, we had become acquainted with Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood. This friendship has lasted a lifetime, perhaps forty or fifty years now. [Sara Bard Field died June, 1974.] Their lives have been often written about.

Salz: Charles Erskine Scott Wood was a poet, painter, attorney for northern banks and also for the underdogs and freethinkers, like Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman. Sara Bard Field was a fine poet and scholar who published a number of works. She had also been a leader in the suffragist movement and the rights of women in the early part of the century. She crossed the country with two other women gathering thousands of signatures to present to Washington.

To proceed a little further about the Colonel--Charles Erskine Scott Wood. (Many people still called him "Colonel" as in the eighties he had been an Indian fighter.) In the teens and twenties he did work for the ACLU in Portland, Oregon. His defenses of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman were so disparate from his work for the banks that they finally gave him a choice of working for them, or for what were known as the underdogs. He chose freedom. His brilliant handling of what was known as a very big case in New York may have helped him make his decision by giving him financial security. He was a most delightful and fascinating man.

He and Sara Bard Field built a lovely home in the Los Gatos Hills and we spent many happy days there with them and their friends.* They had a very unique living room. A collector's room with pictures and sculpture and shelves and shelves of a bibliophile's beautiful and unusual books. Added to these treasures was a large generous fireplace, old Chinese teak furniture, and a breath-taking view of the Los Gatos gardens and hills.

Kay, their beautiful daughter, was married in these ideal surroundings to James Caldwell, then a recent graduate from Harvard, and later a professor of English at the University. Dr. [Louis] Newman officiated.

Ansley Salz's Report on Health Insurance

Salz: The first years at Clay Street moved happily along, and in 1915 a pleasant occurrence happened. Emily Huntington, professor of economics at U.C., who had worked with Ansley over many years of public service, recently wrote for me at length on this subject.

*The Regional Oral History Office has an unedited interview with Sara Bard Field that took place in the years from 1959 to 1963.

Salz: "I am setting forth below some brief statements concerning a few of Ansley's many public services. He was a member of the California State Industrial Welfare Commission from 1942 to 1945. The responsibility of this Commission is to set minimum wages, maximum hours, and other conditions of employment for women and minors.

"As one would expect, Ansley was always concerned with the problems of the workers covered by the protection of the Commission. His judgments were based on objective analysis of the facts and he was never swayed by any 'special interest' group. I was also a member of the Commission at this time. He was a public member of the Tenth Regional War Labor Board from about 1942 to 1945. This Board included representatives of employers, labor, and the public.

"The War Labor Board was responsible for the administration of the control of wages and for handling wage disputes of organized labor related to the control of wages. During this period," she continues to write, "I was Director of the Wage Stabilization Division and almost daily saw Ansley struggle to have the decisions conform to the law and rules and regulations and not to permit twisted interpretations of special interest groups.

"One field of Ansley's public service with which I am familiar, health insurance, from about 1912 on and possibly earlier, and through all the years that followed, Ansley had been convinced of the need for a true health insurance system as the only way to provide protection against the uneven burden of the cost of sickness.

"In 1915 Governor Hiram Johnson appointed a Social Insurance Commission to study and make recommendations on health insurance. Chester Rowell the brilliant editor of the Fresno Republican was the chairman, Ansley was an appointed member of the Commission. At the request of the Commission, Ansley gave much of his time and later, financial assistance to their program to educate the public." (Many meetings took place at our house and Chester Rowell, with the aid of a scissors and paper as he lucidly and logically talked, cut magnificent doilies and opened them proudly to show us.)

"In 1916 the Commonwealth Club of California was requested by the Social Insurance Commission to assist in the investigation of health insurance and Ansley became the chairman of a section to make this study. In 1918 this section made two reports: A majority report in favor of health insurance presented by both Chester Rowell and Ansley and a minority report presented by a

Salz: member of the Board of the Commonwealth Club. (Just for your information those at the meeting voted 29 for, 88 against, with the understanding that this vote was not binding on the Club.)"

Signed: Emily Huntington

Presidio Open Air School

Salz: [reading] Turning to a different subject, during the years 1917 to 1918, one by one our children approached kindergarten age. Ansley and I decided to build a small one-room house in our ample back yard. We consulted with Mr. and Mrs. Larry Arnstein, who also had two children, and engaged an experienced kindergarten teacher. Other parents delightedly sent their children, and soon a happy group of youngsters would daily occupy the small school in the yard.

As school age approached, Mrs. Arnstein and I became concerned with providing our children with a more adequate education than the public or private schools at that time afforded. In back of our Clay Street yard a large lot was tempting. My husband decided to buy it and build an elementary school on it.

Mrs. Arnstein (my sister-in-law Forgie Arnstein), always deeply interested in education, and interested in the newer ideas of teaching that were rife in the country, assisted tremendously in all the plans. Other parents were contacted, pleased with the idea, and glad to cooperate. And the Presidio Open Air School was established and opened auspiciously.

When Marion Turner became the school's director she installed many of the practices of what was then known as "Progressive Education." She had received her training at Columbia University, the fountainhead of progressive education, where she had studied under such notable scholars as Dr. Kilpatrick and other exponents of John Dewey's philosophy. During her guidance the school prospered, and ultimately included all the grades through the eighth. The children were graduated from the school into the public high school and made creditable showings, and we were gratified that they felt adequately prepared.

Mrs. Arnstein's interest in education prompted Miss Turner to ask her to teach school, which she did for some twenty-odd years, first as teacher of music and dance, then specializing

Salz: in poetry, and finally at different times teaching the grades from second through eighth. The poetry classes she pioneered encouraged the children to write, so that she was able to amass a great deal of poetry material which she subsequently used for her books. Adventure into Poetry was published by the Stanford University Press. She had a simple and beautiful approach to children.

When my son was five years old he wrote a four-page poem, which is very long at his age, on the circus. It was a very amusing poem. In her book, Mrs. Arnstein writes, "Creative language, picturesque expression, come to a young child as naturally as speech. Eric at three says: 'I can't look at the sun long, it makes my eyes all out of breath.'" Then she says, quietly encouraging, "Write in your own words, or write it just as it comes to you." A seven-year old boy quickly begins to write of the ocean with originality and thought:

*"The ocean is rattling
and the sea is rearing
It makes a moaning sound
just as if it were hurt
to have the boats go over it."*

In the foreword to this book, Hugh Mearns, chairman of the department of creative education, New York University, says: "Mrs. Arnstein belongs to that small but daring group of artist-teacher who knows that guided self-expression opens up important paths, not only to cultural living, but also to learning, to morality and to health; that each revelation of the inner spirit successfully handled by adult guidance has canceled at once a hundred personal and social problems of the faraway future."

Her first book published by Stanford University Press was later reprinted by Dover Press under the title Children Write Poetry. Then she wrote Poetry in the Elementary Classroom, published by the Appleton-Century-Crofts, and later reprinted by the Dover Press under the title Poetry and the Child.

After our children had graduated the school was reorganized as a cooperative venture run by the parents and staff and at that time my husband decided to sell the property and present the building to a new group of parents. Under new management and new name, "The Presidio Hills School" has continued to operate until the present time. Aside from giving it our blessing we are no longer connected with it.

Riess: What was it that was wrong with the public schools that made the Presidio Open Air School imperative?

Salz: There were a lot of people who didn't want to send their children to public schools.

Riess: Why? What was happening?

Salz: Parents wanted more for their children than the public schools were offering at that time. The Presidio Open Air School was a school that fostered the individual child and inasmuch as the classes were small the teachers were able to concentrate on each child. Marion Turner, this remarkable principal, initiated a type of government by the children in which they took responsibility for matters pertaining to their own interests, such as the playground, etc. They were introduced to Roberts Rules of Order which they employed in their discussions.

Then, as an interpolation . . . Elizabeth was the first of my many experiences, after I had four children, of a strange, inherited knowledge of the world long before they really knew it. I think she was between three and four when I instructed her definitely not to put all my dressing-table silver into the wastebasket. She listened attentively and proceeded the following morning on the same routine. I led her to the next room and said, "Now you can stay there alone."

In two minutes the door opened and she said impressively, "And YOU are all alone in there." An eternal truth about life she was not yet aware of.

Andrew, at six, gave a birthday party and composed an Indian play for it. He was the Indian chief, the herb doctor, the deerslayer. I said, "Elizabeth is so sad she can't be in the play."

He replied, "No, she can't." Then, thinking it over, he said, "She can be The Squaw Who Skins The Deer Behind the Tent." An unspoken word of all great actors who prefer all others to be the squaw who skins the deer behind the tent.

Years later a great-grandchild, Brigitte Berry, played with her small brother, all the toys between them on the floor. Their mother observing thought it a happy scene. Coming in a half hour later she was aware of a new scene: all the toys were behind Brigitte while Gregory, a year-and-a-half old, clutched one toy to his chest and Brigitte was saying, "Aren't you Sharing, Gregory?" Unconsciously uttering the capitalistic doctrine--cleavage.

In 1919 Anne Gertrude was born and at the same time one of the greatest tragedies in my life happened. My sister Gertrude,

Salz: wife of Harry Wollenberg, also had a baby. She died very suddenly in New York. We had been almost inseparable over a lifetime. And I, with a new baby and two other children and a wonderful husband, was almost suicidal.

In 1921 while my husband was in Texas I decided to surprise him by learning to drive our big car. (He, wisely, had never approved of my driving.) I did, and I had a dreadful accident and was in the hospital three months. Five doctors left me for dead, but an old doctor of my mother's gave me strong shots of caffeine and I survived. I never drove again.

A Hide-Buying Trip to Argentina

Salz: The next year my husband had to go to South America to buy hides. He wanted very much to have me go with him.

My sister Mabel, with great reluctance and immeasurable kindness, made it possible for me to go by taking care of my lively three children and the house. (Elizabeth broke her leg while we were on that trip. We were gone three months instead of six weeks, as we said we'd be, and she broke her leg and had it in a cast for about six weeks. She begged the doctor to leave it on, which he didn't do of course, because she wanted to show me the cast when I came home.)

We traveled at a time when it took three weeks to go to the Argentine from New York. My husband was of course there on business and we visited many mataderos (slaughterhouses). The workmen there often had roses behind their ears, bloody arms, and a very sharp knife to cut the dried beef hanging at their sides. These knives, incredibly sharp, served every purpose, feeding slices to babies, later picking their teeth with the same tool, and sometimes killing each other with them.

I remember sitting on the steps. They were chatting in their special Argentine dialect. I was talking my Castillian Spanish with the wives who gathered around me. Excitement. "Did I know Carlito Chaplin? or Norma Talmadge?" "Did we have such large, wonderful cocinas (kitchens) as they saw in California movies?" They wanted to certify that we had kitchens here in California. They lived in one room, most of them. The reason so many children, in fact, died in the family was that they fed them on this dried beef that the husband cut off from

Salz: his pocket,when they were just babies and only ready for milk. Half the children died. Only the very sturdy ones survived.

I, of course, asked them no questions until they had asked me a great deal. "How many children," they inquired, "did I have?" I said I had only three.

"And you?" I said to the spokesman of the group.

"Quince," (fifteen) she said happily.

"A lot to take care of?" I inquired.

"Oh," she replied, pointing to heaven, "eight are with the angels."

The houses around the mataderos were small clay houses with chickens running around the dirt floor and a Singer sewing machine carefully covered with a handsome cloth in the middle of the room.

After a month in Buenos Aires we traveled across the Andes and looking out of a window of the train saw a curious sight, trees red with thousands of locusts and men, the locusteros, killing them. I decided that if that was their livelihood, there would always be locusts. I opened the window unwisely that night and as I slept was covered with locusts in the morning.

When I returned home I found I was again pregnant. And soon a beautiful little smiling girl, Margaret, was born in 1923.

V THE PLEASURES OF A PORTRAITIST

Some Portrait Subjects

Salz: [reading] I had a beautiful studio on the top floor of our house. I painted all the time. As I didn't actually have to earn my living painting I had the luxury of painting who and what I chose. I did portraits with an avid interest in the uniqueness of who I was painting and what made them different from everybody else in the world. There was an enchanted spell between us which was often wickedly broken, whether by telephone or personal interruptions. I seemed to return to the portrait greatly depressed.

I think my favorite model was my romantic-looking niece, Ethel Voorsanger. The deep inwardness, her natural taste, and esthetic perception, were joined to a rich sense of humor. She was a person of great natural gift. Her own portraits, often interesting memory paintings, were astonishing achievements.

I was, during those years, greatly interested in the impressionists and post-impressionists: Renoir, Vuillard, Cezanne, Degas, Bonnard; then Braque, Picasso, Kandinsky and Miro, and later, Kokoshka.

Amongst many portraits I did I remember with pleasure a young black boy who had seen my portraits at the home of Mireille and Phil Wood. Son John, then fourteen years old, announced, "Bernard wants his portrait done." I said, "Tell him to come downstairs and I'll see if I want to do him." He came down. I did want to, and I said, "I'll do your picture and you buy the frame. Do you earn some money?" "Yes," he said, "walking dogs." He was fascinating to do. Many years later, when he was in the navy, he visited me and said, "I never told you that when my picture was hanging at the DeYoung Museum I went and stood next to it in the same shirt, so people could see who it was."

Salz: I remember doing our longtime cook, Mary, from my mother's house. It was voted excellent and she said, "It looks just like my great-grandfather."

Then I invited Junzo Kimura who had worked for us for years to pose. He was delighted and brought three different shirts for me to choose from. "Peticular lady," he said. He liked it and showed it one Sunday afternoon to a group of friends.

Junzo Kimura still visits me with his wife. He's gone to live somewhere near Los Angeles. His son fell in love with a schoolteacher and suddenly discovered that she was the only heir of the man who owned the largest orchid nursery in the United States. She inherited it, and the son got Jimmy to come down and work with him because he knew what a good workman he was and what a good foreman he'd be.

Then there was our friend Harriet Levy, a brilliant conversationalist. I did three portraits of her, all happily owned by members of her family. She too said, "Amazing. It looks just like my uncle."

Then there was Joe Bellas, an interesting and powerful Yugoslav who had an important job at the tannery.

I remember inviting Dr. Howard Thurman, the popular Black clergyman, to pose for me. He arrived in a smart-looking shirt and slacks. I was overwhelmed and said hesitantly, "I have thought of you always in your beautiful ministerial robes . . . would you mind very much going home (which was not very far away) and putting them on? I can then do what I want to do." He did, and I painted him feverishly all afternoon. At the end of the day he was pleased . . . and so was I. He then brought his wife out to pose and they own both the portraits.

Then there was Babette Deutsch, the well-known lecturer, poet and critic. I had a beautiful and happy letter from her about it. And Josephine Miles, the poet, sat for me.

Years later a young student, looking over my book of photographs of my portraits, stopped dead at Babette Deutsch's portrait and said, "And who is that? She is the image of a fellow I went to college with." I said, "What was his name?" He said, "Adam Yarmolinsky." I said, "This is his mother, Babette Deutsch. The father is Avram Yarmolinsky, the well-known translator of Russian literature."

Ted Polos

Salz: Theodore Polos, a very original and talented Greek painter, was our friend for many years. He and I had joint shows in museums and galleries and our friendship is now over forty years old, and we still, pretty regularly, share a model in my studio. [end reading]

I can tell you a funny story about Ted Polos. He does the most beautiful drawings of the nudes that we have had in the studio posing for us. I said to him once, "Ted, I'd like to buy this one and I'm going to frame it because it's so beautiful and I want to have it for myself."

When it was bought and framed it looked so beautiful that I said, "Why don't you take this home for a while? If you're showing your pictures, it's good to show one framed"--because the average buyer doesn't know what a picture is like when it's just on a piece of paper--"so you show them this framed picture and then you can ask real money for it."

About six months later he rang me up and said, "You know, I had a pleasant experience you'll be awfully pleased to hear. My doctor, who comes in sometimes, was so delighted with that picture I gave it to him."

I said, "You GAVE my picture to your doctor?"

"I thought YOU'D be pleased. He was so delighted with it."

I said, "I'm not at all pleased! That's the one I selected."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You can have another one."

"I've selected that one out of thirty!"

He said, "Well, I'll bring over a bunch and you see them."
[Laughter.]

He's that innocent. He's the most innocent and uncommercial man I think I've ever met, except for Piazzoni. If you go to his place and you like something very much, though he always can well use the money, he gives it to you.

Riess: Would Piazzoni be like this too?

- Salz: I don't think he would have given things so freely because he had a big family to look after. And Polos has too, but he's very innocent about money, very.
- Riess: I guess so many people now have dealers and they stay away from the public.
- Salz: Yes. He had a dealer, one of the big dealers on Sutter Street, he died recently. He reframed Ted's pictures expensively (at Ted's expense), and he took such a large commission that Ted got very little, really, out of a big show.

New Years' Parties and Dong Kingman

[Further stories about portraits and models have been collected here.]

- Salz: [reading] A few years passed and we began giving our big New Years' parties. We had lots of fun, Ansel Adams at the piano, playing Wagner with a whisk broom and later with an orange. We had singing, skits and plays. Jack Voorsanger did a wrestling act by himself. His wife Ethel, with an Indian costume and an Indian drum, sang five monotonous songs, all exactly alike, with a variety of titles, such as "Eagle Hunter," "Deer Stalker," etc. I told stories, Andrew told stories in Lancashire dialect. Then we had a big supper and at midnight Dong Kingman's wife, whom we had invited with Dong, asked when we started bridge. We regretted we had no cards in the house!

Dong Kingman, the talented Chinese watercolorist, drew with me for a while in my studio, posed for his portrait, and finally offered to bring his mother out to pose. I was enchanted and sleepless over the idea of a Chinese elderly woman, her hair pulled back in a shiny black knot, a lovely blue jacket and trousers. She arrived a week later. I opened the door. She was all smiles, her head full of short, tightly curled hair, as American as possible, in a short American dress.

We proceeded to the studio, I despondent. She posed quietly, but talked incessantly to Dong in Chinese. She spoke no word of English. All this time, she was looking affectionately at me. I was flattered and said to Dong, "What is she saying?" He shook his head. I persisted. Reluctantly, he answered, "She wants to know why you get your hands so very, very dirty."

Salz: I laughed and said, "That is the fate of all pastellists."

Dong went on to greater glories. He left San Francisco, became very famous in New York, and was shown in large, important galleries. I think we bought his first picture.

A Show in New York, 1935

Salz: I was in New York during the early thirties and went around to the best galleries with a portfolio in my arm. I wanted to have a show there and I'd heard that they only bought names, but I had a stroke of luck. I arrived in an exclusive gallery on East 57th Street. "Good," I thought, "It's opposite Knoedler's." To my surprise, I met a charming woman, Marie Sterner herself, interested in impressionists. To my joy, she offered to give me a show the following season.

It is good to show in New York. After that, you're invited to show in many places! It is equated for a writer to appearing in the Atlantic or Harper's. [Laughter.]

Riess: What was the gallery called?

Salz: It was the Marie Sterner Gallery. She was very well-known at that time. It was a long time ago.

Riess: Did you have enough things for her, or did you have to paint busily?

Salz: No, I had enough. I called them my bar-room nudes. I had mostly nudes in various actions of dressing and undressing. A cousin of mine went with her son who was about seventeen and she said he was greatly embarrassed. I discovered afterwards I think he thought I was a lesbian. [Laughter.] He didn't know that I was married for years and had dozens of grandchildren! But they were pictures with the models posing in my bedroom and other places.

Riess: Do you have any of them, or did you sell them all?

Salz: I think I have one of them left. I think I have one of them here.

Riess: It was a successful show, though?

Salz: No. She expected me to come out there and be there to receive

Salz: and see people and talk to them and so on, but I couldn't come out and she wasn't very successful. I don't think she did much to sell me.

Riess: You couldn't come out?

Salz: I had a large family here and was busy.

Riess: Would you describe your studio?

Salz: It was a large, attic room, completely finished, a beautiful, fourth-story room. It had a ping-pong table in it and the children came and played ping-pong. It had plenty of room for models and for me and a studio. I have a picture of myself in the studio with things around me.

Riess: Did it have a skylight?

Salz: Yes. It was the most beautiful studio I've ever seen. It had a marvelous skylight, of all things (which is so wonderful). I did a lot of work up there. I don't know how I did with such young children at the time, but I painted all the time, I know. My husband was playing violin downstairs. I think we must have led very separate lives from our children. We had a nurse, of course. During that period, you had a nurse if you could afford it.

Riess: It sounds like there was enough room for everybody.

Salz: Oh yes. Plenty of room. And with the help one had in those days, one could handle it.

Riess: Was your studio a tidy studio, or was it chaotic?

Salz: It was pretty tidy. The other day I received some photographs of the pictures that are being done today up at the Art Institute. One picture had very interesting ingredients of tomato catsup, pieces of metal, all kinds of things which seem important, and then these finally molded together under a plastic frame. It was perfectly dreadful! [Laughter.] I don't know why people think that using a lot of materials is going to necessarily produce art.

Models

Salz: Amongst the models I often did was a lively black girl. We will call her Luella. She arrived one day, troubled. "Mrs. Salz," she said, "You know Chuck, the fellow I've been with for a long time. Well, last night he took me out to dinner and never spoke a word all evening. I am so mad, I'm going to leave him. What do you think?"

I said, "Well, pose again and rest and I'll have a little time to consider this."

Half an hour later, she stopped posing and said, "Well, what do you think?"

"If you saw him walking down Fillmore Street with another girl, how about it?"

She blazed, "I'd tear her eyes out!"

I said, "You'd better stay with him."

Another day a model arrived with a bag full of clothes, rapidly undressed and said, "Do you want me as Classic?"--demonstration--"Early American?"--demonstration--"Or gypsy?" I said, "Oh, just yourself I want."

The models from thirty and forty years ago were very often girls from the street or girls who lived with people and so on. But nowadays the girls are all going to be either architects or schoolteachers or students of languages. They're all of them out for higher education. And the nicest girls you know strip in a minute anywhere. They're used to doing it at the beaches pretty much. The size of a bikini and a bra at present is worse than nudity, really. I think people look much better nude than with these trifles hanging onto them.

Lawrence Welk

Salz: Much later I did Lawrence Welk. He had seen my portraits and wanted to be done. I said to the man who told me this, "Tell him I have to talk with him before I know if I can do him." I met him at lunch and he told me how his rather celebrated career had started, modestly. I said I would do him.

Salz: Would I be his guest at the St. Francis? (He was leading a small orchestra there, Saturday afternoons.) He would like me to see him demonstrate. I said I would go there. There on the stage were half a dozen boys my husband knew and had played with. They all waved to me. Welk had reserved a table for us and during the intermission the orchestra surrounded us. He paid handsomely for our coffee, and when the show was over asked us to go up to his rooms to see his uniforms. They were very fancy. I said, "How does your wife see you at home?" He said, "Oh, in a sport shirt." I said, "Come in that." He liked the picture and bought it for his wife for Christmas.

One More Portrait

Salz: I have another story I want to tell you, that fits in with talking about the portraits and my models. I am not giving the names of the people involved, because the family still exists out here.

(I worry about giving names. For instance, I spoke to my granddaughter, Claudia, who is the daughter of Elizabeth, my oldest daughter, and where it says that marrying a Negro was unheard of in the thirties, I want that changed to "intermarriage was unheard of," because she said to me, "Where can I ever see your memoirs, Grandma?" last night. I said, "Well, I think there may be a copy in the UCLA library. I'm not sure."

She said, "Oh, I want to get and read it. I think it's so exciting!" Well, she would be startled to hear there was any question about the marriage and I thought that if she read this she should know that I've told her about it. I do think that I should change that to the word "intermarriage."

Riess: If you think you should. I don't think that you should be expected to reflect everybody else's point of view or even their way of saying things.

Salz: Well, they may know this themselves by now. They're part Negro and they've all accepted the Negro side of themselves completely, because Negroes don't feel embarrassed any more at being Negroes. But there was real discrimination. You know that and I do too.)

Well, then, the story is of the Silva family.* The father and son were musicians. The son's wife was to me a beautiful

*See page 86

Salz: Botticelli-looking girl whose portrait I wanted to do. She had been brought up in a wealthy family in Italy and she was not used to doing anything. She moved into a family where they did, the way most of my friends and yours do, their own cooking and their own work, except to have somebody come in and do cleaning, or something like that.

Nanelle did nothing but sit with her hands folded while all the work was being done, even dishes being taken off the table. She didn't know how to do anything. The elders disliked her cordially; they thought she was quite dreadful.

I wished to do her portrait. She was quite crippled, early, from polio. When she posed for me, I showed her the portrait and she said, "Oh, it's beautiful! And the eyes! The eyes are wonderful! They show all the years of suffering I've been through and all that I've suffered in my life and how I've tried to conquer it. You've done a wonderful job with the eyes." (This was all in Italian that we spoke.)

Then she said, "Can Luigi see it?"

"Of course."

So, he came out and he looked at it and he turned to me and he said, "The eyes! The eyes are wonderful!"

"What do you see in the eyes?"

"Well, in the eyes, you see all her great patience and her courage and what a wonderful wife she's been." He went on with a great laudatory description of her and then he said, "I would love my father to see it."

So, Giulio, the father, came up and he looked at it and his eyes twinkled. He had a great sense of humor. He touched me on the arm and he said, "Mia Helena, you know, don't you?"

I said, "What do I know?"

He said, "The eyes!"

"What do you see in the eyes?"

"Well, there's NOTHING there!"

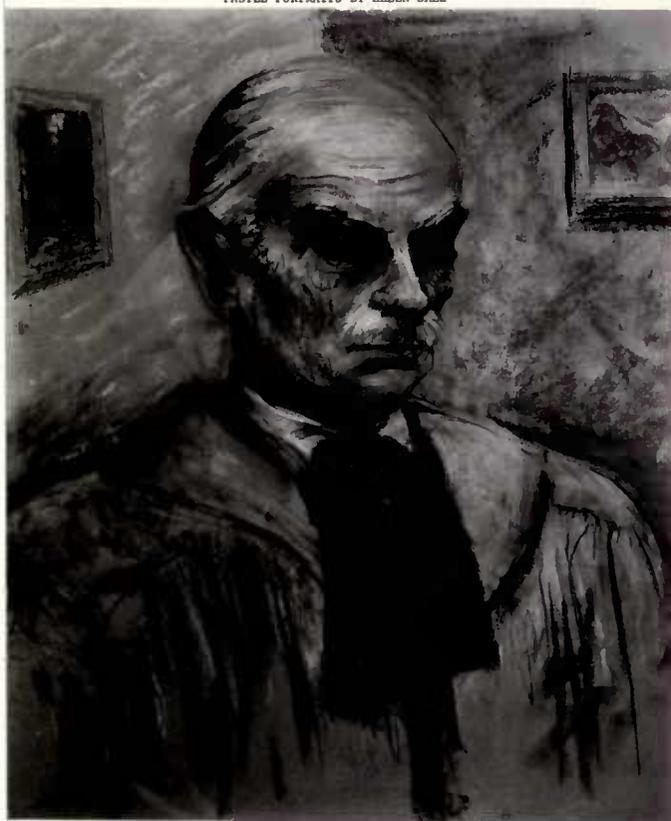


Alexander Meiklejohn



Mirella Piazzi Wood

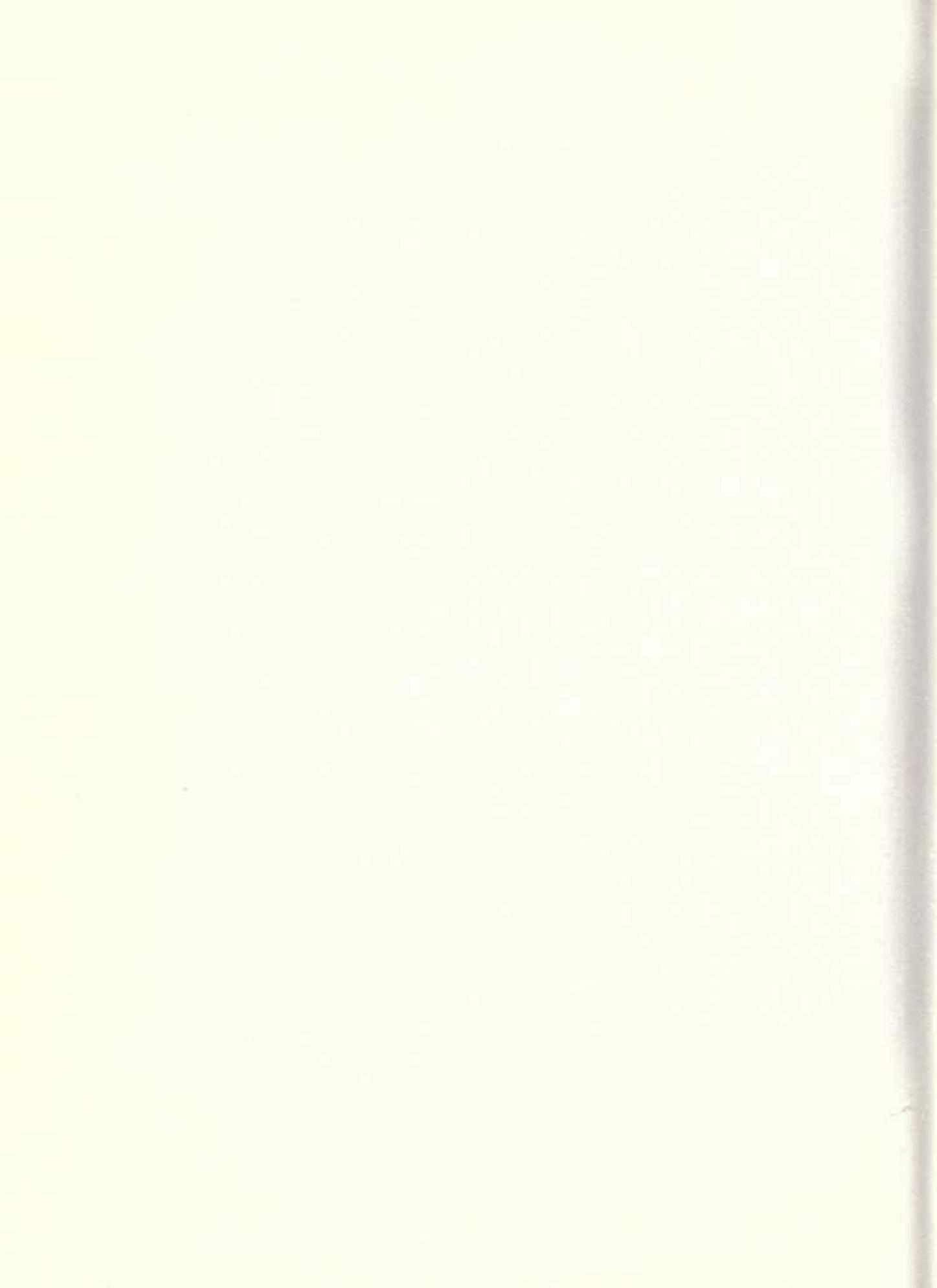
PASTEL PORTRAITS BY HELEN SALZ



Gottardo Piazzi



Harriet Levy





Ansley Sels at home on Clay Street



Photograph by Sonia Noskowiak
Helen Sels in her studio on Clay Street



Photograph by Peter Stackpole
Ralph Stackpole in his studio



Ted Polow, pastel by Helen Sels

VI A NEW GENERATION

Elizabeth's Marriage

Salz: [reading] In 1930 our parents celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at our house at 3838 Clay Street. It was a gay affair, conceived and produced by all the grandchildren with songs and plays and imitations, really hilarious, of my father who thoroughly enjoyed them. In this same happy year, nine months later great sadness fell upon the family. Both parents died within a short time of each other.

During the same decade our daughter Elizabeth was living in the East and working. She had graduated from the New York School of Social Services and had met at a rather left wing workers' school a Negro [Bill Cummings] who was lecturing there. They had fallen in love and she wished to marry him. We passionately urged her to give up this plan. At our request she waited for a while, then they were married. My husband went East soon afterward, and being a just man, telephoned that they had had lunch together and that he liked the young man. Bill, I surmised later, though tremendously in love with Elizabeth, was more cannily aware of the difficulties they were facing through his own knowledge of the world and knew more than she did of the big step they were taking and studied my husband as carefully as he was being studied.

For a few years this marriage had to be kept secret as intermarriage was unheard of in the thirties. Then, after a prudent period, perhaps three or four years, I decided to go to my mother's old friends and tell them of this unconventional marriage. So I drove around for an afternoon and visited them, told of our own initial reaction, of my husband's meeting with Bill in the East, that they had lunch together and Ansley liked him very much and the next day they went out together in the afternoon. I wanted these old friends to hear this all directly from me, how we opposed it at first (as most people would in the thirties), but in the light of Elizabeth's happiness, and

Salz: our liking her husband we had decided to accept this union as we would have another, less controversial one.

Riess: Did you meet Elizabeth's husband Bill's family?

Salz: I met his sister. I don't think I met anybody else in his family. They lived out on Long Island or on Staten Island or somewhere. I met his sister, who was very charming, tall, and a very sophisticated person.

Riess: I wondered if you could recall Elizabeth's problems at the other end of her acceptance.

Salz: I don't think he was very close to his family, so I don't think she had many problems. I don't think she had very much time. She was employed all the time in New York. She didn't see our family really. The relatives we had in the East would not have accepted alliance with Negroes at all. (My cousin Edith Lehman's husband was Herbert Lehman, the governor of New York, and in those days all of this was not heard of.)

Riess: Do you remember some of the responses of people to your announcement?

Salz: Complete surprise and great pleasure that I came and told them. They were my mother's friends. They were much older. (I wouldn't say "old" now any more.) They were probably sixty to seventy. They were flattered and pleased that I came around and told them. I felt they should know about it.

Riess: That was very kind of you to have done that.

Salz: I probably did it more to protect myself. I don't believe I was being kind. I think I was being sensible. [Laughter.]

Riess: Well, it gave them a chance not to put their foot into it.

Salz: Yes. They could say, "Well, she's been over here to see me and she told me that all of them liked him and have accepted him."

[reading] I remember various significant incidents that taught me that although we had accepted the marriage, it remained a strange phenomenon as far as the public was concerned. One was at a luncheon in Berkeley, I think it was Mrs. Tolman's. The luncheon was being given in honor of the wife of one of the many Harvard Eliots. The guests around the room were mostly my friends. In the course of desultory conversation, the guest

Salz: said, amusedly, "Well, how would you like your daughter to marry a Negro?"

There was a breathless silence in the room. I saw what had happened and said, "Mrs. Eliot, please don't be embarrassed by what I am going to tell you, because I am not embarrassed. You could say this in a million homes in the United States and nothing would happen.

"Our daughter did marry a Negro in the thirties and we, I and my husband, as passionately as you and Dr. Eliot would have done, tried to dissuade her. But she said they were much in love and they wanted to be married. Within a year she married him. My husband, a just man, met him and telephoned to me that he was a very nice fellow and that they had just had lunch together. My son Andrew on his wedding trip a year later reported the same thing, as did his wife Betty."

When Ansley and I took a summer house in Carmel much later my son-in-law Bill Cummings stopped with us and helped us move. A neighbor said, "What a nice Negro helped you move. Where did you find a good one like that?" I said, cheerfully, "Well, that's my son-in-law." She gasped and then broke out, "How lovely." It was going to take a long time to be acceptable.

Elizabeth and Bill published a successful Negro newspaper in Los Angeles and then, after a few years, moved to Mexico. Black people told me that it was the best black newspaper published in California.

Riess: Was Bill the editor?

Salz: Bill was the editor, but Elizabeth was so able and so efficient, I think she probably did a great deal of it. He wrote the editorials, but she went out and got advertisements and interested the public.

She told me an awfully funny story about that. She said that she went to one man in the neighborhood where she was, a Jewish merchant, and she told him all the advantages of advertising in their paper. He said to her, "Clara, or Alice, or whatever your name is, don't tell me it'll give me an advantage for my business. Tell me it is going to help mankind and I will put in an advertisement." [Laughter.] I think that was charming, don't you?

Andrew Salz

Salz: [reading] The crowded thirties and early forties were filled with many unrelated things, happy and tragic. [Elizabeth Salz Cummings died in 1952.]

Margaret was living at home. She'd come home from Reed College and was practically engaged to the man she married, Norman Lezin. Anne was living at home too because her husband, David Perlman, was in Paris finishing his officers' training and his first year in the army. Both girls at home: one, engaged, very impatient to see her fiance, and the other just furious to be separated from her husband.

Andrew and Betty came up from Santa Cruz to the house with their two small children--Janet, a little over three, and Pat, a little over one. Andrew left for lumber camp and shortly afterwards Betty, our lovely young daughter-in-law, contracted polio. There was an epidemic in town at that time. We soon learned it was the almost always fatal kind. Andrew returned and within five days Betty, in terrifying agony, died.

The little girls lived with us for three or four years, Andrew in the army for a year or so. Soon he returned, married, and moved away with his new wife and children. Timothy, a splendid little Irishman, was born. The marriage was not a happy one and divorce in Hawaii, where they had moved, followed.

In the forties, Andrew married a wise and delightful Japanese woman, Namie Tanaka. At first he had worked for the ILWU as pension and research man. Later he conceived the idea that he would like to study law. He went to Hawaii University for a year to get back his habits of study. He was then forty-five. He was admitted to Yale, gained his degree under Professor Emerson, whom he valued greatly, and celebrated his daughter Pat's wedding to young John Koskinen.

Pat was at Connecticut College for Women and John was a splendid young man of Finnish background. He's had nothing but tremendous jobs since he left there, clerks to all kinds of Supreme Court people etc. John was a hard worker, on the Yale Law Review. Andrew said, "He and I closed the library every night."

Andrew was offered Assistant Deanship in Law at Yale when he graduated but preferred practicing law in Hawaii to an administrative job. He returned to Hawaii richer by two more

Salz: children, and was finally appointed by the governor to an eight-year, three-man post to handle Workman's Compensation in the Islands.

This year in 1974 he was appointed District Judge. (Did I promise not to write about my children? They keep sliding in and out by accident!) I think at last he is in the niche where he belongs--the work he has enjoyed the most. I think of him as a sort of "social service" judge.

The Grandchildren

Salz: You know, since I've seen you I've celebrated my ninetieth birthday. I didn't see any special reason to celebrate ninety. I said, "You might celebrate nineteen, or twenty, or thirty. But not ninety." Anyway, my children insisted. They thought my grandchildren should all get to know each other. Some of them lived in the south and some lived in the east, in Washington. Some came from Redding, some from Santa Cruz, Honolulu. They all came out for this affair, which was very nice.

[reading] As my children have grown up and married we have, by this time, genes from many races: Polish/Jewish; Russian/Jewish; Scotch/Irish; straight Irish; African/West Indian; Finnish; Japanese; and Czech/Bohemian.

And when one of my grandchildren telephoned to me recently and said she had adopted a baby with a Scotch/Irish mother and a Chinese father, I said, "Thank God we at last have a Chinese gene."

As the years went by and we grew to be more, and more, citizens of the world and I saw how energetic and beautiful and intelligent they were, I decided these mixed genes were valuable. (But I realized at the same time that I was the kind of a person who with one valuable experiment is apt to offer an authoritative opinion!)

I want to include some brief word about our grandchildren, who are fifteen in number.

Andrew's are: Janet Salz Berry, married, with two children, taught school in Redding where she lives; Pat Salz Koskinen, took her master's, taught school, and on account of original work she was urged to work for a doctorate and to teach teachers;

Salz: Timothy Salz, enterprising and talented, gone into building; Kay Tanaka Salz, married, with one child, living in Arizona; Kenji and Kimi Salz, twelve and ten years old, ambitious and talented children.

Anne and David Perlman's are: Katherine Salz Perlman, graduate nurse, now in India, deep in Buddhist lore; Eric Salz Perlman, imaginative and inventive, working on assorted projects; Thomas David Perlman, graduate with high honors from Washington High School, a student now in Chico, California.

Margaret and Norman Lezin's are: Jeremy Salz Lezin, now in Hollywood, filming; Jennifer, graduate of Smith College with a master's degree in psychiatric social work; Matthew, a championswimmer and an extraordinarily talented potter, a delightful boy now at Lewis and Clark College in Portland.

Elizabeth and Bill Cummings' are: Christine Cummings Taylor, graduate with honors from UCLA; Craig Cummings, a master's in business management; Claudia Cummings Knox, an extremely talented woman, with three children, in Los Angeles.

VII MORE PORTRAITS, AND A FEW POEMS, FROM THE THIRTIES AND FORTIES

Teaching English to Refugees

Salz: [reading] During the late thirties and early forties San Francisco was the mecca for many Jews, German and Austrian, who had fled from the dread Hitler onslaught. Some spoke a carefully tutored English; others, no English at all. I received my quota of doctors, psychologists, wealthy businessmen in sable-collared coats come to learn English, and had with them over a few years some happy experimental hours. This was the first teaching I'd ever done.

Riess: Now, why did that appeal to you? Did it?

Salz: Not especially. I thought it was what I should do at that time. I did a good many things the way other people do, things they feel they should do at various times in their lives.

Riess: Wouldn't you think of that as taking time from your painting?

Salz: Yes, yes. But it was evenings. They came in the evenings. I furnished them with beer and sandwiches. I had never more than about five or six at a time.

[reading] One distinguished pupil, a Viennese professor of philosophy, was somewhat of a prize student. When I asked his beautiful wife (a professor of philology) what preparation for my classes Dr. Merlan was making, she gave the immortal German answer: "He has just reached the letter D in the dictionary, Frau Salz."

Later, he was for many years professor at Scripps College, and intermittently lectured in the European universities. I think they have a scholarship or lectureship, something I contributed to recently, at Scripps College under his name.

Salz: His wife was beautiful. I did her portrait and he had an afternoon in his office inviting the Scripps College people to come and see her portrait. She was a very beautiful woman and I have her picture too. They were a delightful couple. They lived in one room on McAllister Street. She was the daughter of some oil magnate in Poland, I think. She came out to our New Year's party in a sable coat and diamonds. It was all they had.

Through all these years, I had an insatiable passion for doing portraits of friends and casual acquaintances whom I had an unconquerable desire to do. One memorable day, I had just finished the first excited sketch of William Gaw, our good painter friend. (He was a professor over at Mills College for years.) The telephone rang and somebody said, "Albert Bender just died." And I said, thunder-struck, "Oh no! Not Albert!" He was a warm and delightful friend of so many of us.

I told William Gaw. We knew we could not go on. Albert had been the generous and kindly friend of almost every artist, musician, and actor in San Francisco. His bounty was known far and wide and his spontaneous laughter was infectious.

Carmel, Portraits and Friends

Salz: In 1947 came a completely unexpected shock. Ansley had a coronary. I won't go into his illness, but it sent us to spend many summers in one-story houses in Carmel. We rented for four to five months each year during the next five years.

I painted a great deal and wrote and published poetry. Ansley practiced his violin, entertained many musicians, and I think it was then that he played in the first Bach Festival conducted by Ernst Bacon.

I did portraits of people who fascinated me and was invited to give a one-man show in the Carmel art gallery. My experience with one portrait I remember. (The poet's son now owns it.) Her husband, a phlegmatic banker, arrived. I foolishly said, "Oh, you must tell me how you like Carla's portrait." He went carefully over detail after detail, said slowly, "Yes, that's Carla's hair. Yes, that's her eyes, hmm, . . . yes, that's her nose, . . . that's her mouth. Yes," he said, after cautiously adding up the figures, "that's Carla."

Salz: I did the fine poet Jean Garrigue's portrait. I had seen her in an unusually appropriate high-necked black dress and when I invited her, forgot to mention this. She arrived in a shirt-waist, saying breezily, "I sent my black dress to the cleaner's this morning." I did a good portrait of her but it was not exactly what I wanted.

Two of our best friends in Carmel were Dr. Tage Skogsberg, a well-known marine biologist, and head of the institute down there, and his wife Yady Skogsberg who had been a nurse in Holland and who was one of the dearest and most spiritual people I've ever known--much influenced by a spiritualist from Monterey who gathered around her people whose wish to be reunited with the dead was very strong. After Tage's death, Yady isolated herself almost completely, but we always remained very close.

Fritz and Marjorie Wurzman--he was a German engineer--were two more most warm-hearted and loyal friends.

Ansley and I returned to San Francisco after a last summer in Carmel and the dawn came. We would sell our beloved four-story house and build a one-story house with no stairs! In the fall of 1954 we moved into the new house at 301 Locust, and had two and one half years there together. Ansley was delighted with it and Bill Wurster [architect] dropped in occasionally for a cocktail and to declare it was his favorite house.

Ansley suffered immeasurably under the increasing restrictions upon his activities which finally had made it impractical for him to drive his car. He became more and more despondent and silent. He was aware that another heart attack, which he expected might come at any time, would probably be his last. He secretly decided to end it all. There was a way out. He could put an end to his life. This he did.

Hundreds of telegrams and letters poured into this desolate house expressing love and admiration for his beautiful life and sorrow at his death. [Mrs. Salz added this information on her husband's death in writing subsequent to the interview session.]

Noel Sullivan

Salz: We knew Noel Sullivan in Carmel and he was a very shy man. People always thought he was being imposed upon. I did his portrait and I said to him, "You know, Noel, everybody thinks you're so shy that sometimes you don't even know what you're doing. But I think you're a man with his fingers on all the keys." [Laughter.]

If you went out to his house for dinner in the country--he always entertained the Bach Festival people--when you came in there were about ten dachshunds sitting on all the furniture and he had to scoot them out. Then you sat down and usually got hair all over your dress.

Salz: After dinner I noticed that all the dogs came in and sat at the table and licked up whatever sherbet was left! Noel was devoted to animals. He had goats and deer and lots of dogs. He had every kind of animal up at his place. He had a big ranch, which after he died was turned into an old people's home.

He was a very charming host, but if you went there you knew that people were carefully selected whom he had there for dinner. He wasn't absentminded in his selection at all. Nobody got out to his house whom he didn't want! *

Riess: And were they all what you would call brilliant people?

Salz: No, no. They were just people he liked--artists, musicians, conductors. He was a very bright man himself, and he sang until somebody told him, very kindly, that he wasn't as good as he used to be, and then he stopped.

Poetry Themes

Salz: [reading] My steady interest in people I discovered after I surveyed what my life demonstrated to me. I did portraits, dozens, of unrelated types, artists, poets, psychiatrists, and teachers, lively young people, old philosophers, workers, and ministers. As I quite objectively looked at that I painted or wrote, when a poem dominated me and floated first unformed and gradually assumed a shape, it never, or hardly ever related to nature or historical vision, or classical recall, it always symbolically or very actively touched on people and their identification with the world they lived in, or thought they did, or their complicated relations to the lives they themselves lived.

Riess: When you wanted to protest, you wouldn't do it in your painting?

Salz: No. It would have to be in the poetry.

Riess: Why?

Salz: I don't know how much of this would be considered modern poetry either. You know, they shift from decade to decade.

Riess: Yes. Why do you think you could show social protest in your poetry and not in your painting?

*The reader will find additional material on Noel Sullivan in the Regional Oral History Office interview with Benjamin H. Lehman.

Salz: It wouldn't have been very interesting in painting. John Sloan did some of that in New York, but he would have had a wider experience in visual experience than I ever had. My paintings were chiefly a great many portraits, a great many landscapes, a great many still lifes, but they had very little to do with the social life, any of them. None of them did.

Riess: Did you ever write poetry in response to your own personal turmoil?

Salz: No, no. I always wrote about other people. I had a number of poems in relationship to women I knew, about their married lives.

There's a short poem called "Chasm" and there's a poem called just "Poem," about a woman who saw only *"the meteors that were his eyes, his tethered mouth."*

There are small indignation poems, and then there's a four-line poem which has been a number of people's favorite poem. I'd always rather they'd like a longer one better.

Riess: Which is that?

Salz: One called "Rural Wisdom." I think it's probably a rather original and irreligious statement:

*"Rural Wisdom" **

*"Some people groaning
Carry their crosses,
Others ride 'em
Around like hosses."*

Riess: Was Ansley a good critic of your poetry too?

Salz: No. He didn't read poetry at all. He just said he didn't understand poetry and I didn't bother about explaining it to him. I might have, but I didn't. He had a whole other world of music that interested him.

Riess: You say poetry came and went in your life. When did it come?

Salz: Something would come to me as a poem and I would write it, write it many times. Most poems I wrote twenty or thirty times. I was a very careful workman in poetry.

Riess: When you had a poem of protest, you wanted it seen?

* Four additional poems by Helen Salz are to be found in the Appendices.

Salz: Oh yes. I wanted them published and they were practically all published. There weren't so many of them, but they were all published and most of them are in my book.

Max Eastman was one of the first people who published me. He published two poems of mine in the Liberator, which had I think taken hold after New Masses died. He published me, and I got three dollars for my first poem and I was very pleased. I'd never had any money for any poem before. Most magazines, the small magazines, pay you nothing. You're supposed to be pleased at arriving.

Two poems of mine that are read always and mentioned by very modern people are "Velasquez Dwarf," and "Seared," about a man who remembers his childhood when he worked in a pants factory. There must be something modern about "Seared," maybe because it's just a straight experience that a child had, which he remembers very vividly through his life. It has been put in anthologies and is even in an anthology called Modern Verse, with Edna St. Vincent Millay, Rupert Brooke, Robert Frost, and people like that.

Riess: Do you have poems that you're still working on?

Salz: No, I haven't been working on poetry for quite a while. I'll have to get back to it sometime between ninety and one hundred. I may.

Sonya Noskowiak

Riess: How did you choose the portraits to include in your book?

Salz: I had a friend come in and help me as to what they thought were the best. You're very prejudiced about your own portraits and I have dozens and dozens of them, you know.

Riess: Did you have to go and photograph them at other people's homes?

Salz: No. Sonya Noskowiak, whose portrait is in the book, had photographed them. She was a student of Edward Weston and lived with him and brought up his children, Brett and Cole, who have never afterwards, since she left, paid any attention to her at all. She came out here year after year with her big apparatus and took photographs of all the portraits I did. Many of the portraits I did I was very attached to. When they were sold

Salz: or given to people who had posed I had photographs of them taken and I have three books of photographs of people I've done.

Sonya lived very, very poorly and took photographs for which she always charged too little. I think she was the Gump photographer for a while. Probably the price she mentioned was so low that they took it. I think those big stores grind people down.

Riess: Was she a creative person?

Salz: She loved to do scenery, which was only pretty good. Her technique was remarkable. It was beautiful. She had studied Weston's technique. Her taste was good and she did exceptional photography of paintings.

When I wanted to put this book out I found she had disappeared. I telephoned to the place she had lived and they'd never heard of her. I telephoned to the photographic center in San Francisco. They didn't know where she'd moved. I wrote to the post office. They knew nothing about it.

Then, amazingly, just at the right time, my niece Edith Jenkins was in a shop in Carmel and the woman said, "Oh, you just missed Mrs. Bancroft, you know, Sonya Noskowiak's sister?" Edith knew I was looking desperately for Sonya and she said, "Oh, what is Mrs. Bancroft's name?" She said, "Oh, she lives in Portola Valley." So, I looked that up and got her and she told me that Sonya was living with an elderly woman, a doctor's wife. The doctor was very sick and the wife wanted somebody to be with her and Sonya went to live with her.

I telephoned to her after all these searchings and I said, "Sonya!"

"Oh, Helen!" [In British accent] She had a little accent. "Oh, Helen," she said, "How are you?"

I said, "Sonya, I've lost you for five years! Why don't you ever let anybody know where you've gone?" And so she told me and came over here to see me, looking very thin and very little, and I think she had the same old car, which she wasn't quite sure of any more.

She'd stopped taking photographs. I said to her, nervously, "Have you by any chance still the films of all my pictures?" She said, "Yes. They're at Beacon Storage."

Salz: She brought them all out for me. I appreciated it so much! I said to her, "I'm going to pay you for all these," and Sonya said, "Oh, no, you mustn't pay me for them because you paid for them once." I said, "Well, this is a whole different deal. You're bringing me the films now, which I'm going to use, and this is a whole new deal."

But she was a very modest little person who'd give you, really, anything she had, with a great love of nature, of flowers and birds.

Riess: Not able to make the success of photography that Imogen Cunningham and Ansel Adams did.

Salz: No, she wasn't that great. She was excellent, but she wasn't a great photographer.

Some Other Women Artists

Riess: Imogen and Ansel are great publicists for themselves.

Salz: Oh, indeed! [Laughter.] I told you about my meeting with Imogen, such an unfortunate variety!

Riess: Is it a story that can be on the machine?

Salz: It's too mean.

Riess: Well, she probably wouldn't mind having it on.

Salz: The reason I attribute to our meeting not being a success was that there were no photographs of any kind around my rooms, and there was no photograph of hers. She just looked rapidly around, discarded the room completely, including Hofer, de Forest, and Demuth, I think, and a lot of my own pictures. She discarded everything with a very cool glance, just passed over everything like lightning. She was very chilly, I thought,

*The reader is referred to interviews by the Regional Oral History Office, Berkeley, with Imogen Cunningham, Portraits, Ideas, and Design, 1961; Adrian Wilson, Printing and Book Designing, 1966; and interviews in process with Ruth Cravath and Dorothy Pucinelli.

Salz:

I think she's a great friend of Adrian Wilson's who is doing a book about her. He's an awfully nice man. I think he's the legal inheritor of the Grabhorn tradition in printing. I think he's very good. Everybody thought my book was beautiful, but I began to be a little nervous that his printing had superceded my poems and pictures! Everybody said, "What a beautiful book! It's so beautifully produced!" You keep wondering whether they've looked any further than that. [Laughter.]

Riess: Did you know Edith Hamlin?

Salz: I have known her on and off for years. I don't know who she was married to first; I knew her as Maynard Dixon's wife. Now she's independent and has bought herself a house south of the edge of San Francisco, a big piece of property. She's very, very clever technically, I think.

Riess: She's one of the women who were very active during the thirties with WPA art which probably gave a great boost particularly to women. The Bruton sisters . . .

Salz: Now, the Bruton sisters did a memorable room at the Fairmont Hotel. It was called the Circus Room, a beautiful room, which I hear has since been painted over in one of the jobs of repainting rooms.

Riess: It was a mural?

Salz: A mural. Half a dozen, maybe six or eight, pictures of scenes in circuses, very talented and very good. They also did, I think, two big murals on Powell Street on some store there, and whether those have been painted over or not, I don't know. They're very nice people. I think it's Margaret Bruton who has done the mosaic tables. They do all kinds of varieties of technique--gesso murals, I think.

Riess: How about Dorothy Puccinelli-Cravath?

Salz: I consider her a very talented woman. I have her mosaic fish in my front yard on the wall. It's in back of the Stackpole, kind of a background there. She does stained glass windows, I think, and mosaics and pictures. She can do almost anything. She's not very well now. [Died July, 1974.] She married Ruth Cravath's brother and became Dorothy Puccinelli-Cravath. (Some people do this, which is odd. They hang on

Salz: to their first husband's name, who may have been more famous than the second husband.) She's a particularly nice person, awfully good. She's one of these very talented artists who can take up any medium and do it, like Sargent Johnson, who could do any medium.

Riess: Also from that period, did you know Lucien Labaudt?

Salz: Lucien Labaudt was a very good painter and met his death sadly and prematurely on an army plane during the Second World War. His wife Marcelle, passionately devoted to him, decided to start a gallery in their home in his honor as a perpetual memorial and over the years since then has generously invited hundreds of sometimes unknown painters to have their one-man show in the gallery. Her opening nights are always well-attended and she is much admired by the artists.

VIII ALWAYS CHOICES TO BE MADE

Women's Opportunities, Enola Maxwell

Riess: When women got the vote did you cheer?

Salz: Frankly, I don't think I was excited. I wasn't interested in politics. To this day it is hard for me to be really interested. I have a great distaste for the man my housekeeper calls "the bargarer" (meaning burglar), Richard Nixon.

Riess: But politics is one thing and suffrage is closer to you, or to the plight of women, or something like that.

Salz: I have always been interested in and always subscribed to liberal causes, or against injustice.

I was interested, but not active, in fair play for women--equal opportunity for women in public work, in business, banks, and certainly the same pay as men for the same work and equal opportunities to rise in position. I was badly informed of many unfair legal matters. I was occupied in painting, in writing and in my husband and children.

When women are spoken of as "slaves" in America, I don't think they are slaves. They run most of the schools, and many of their husbands, and there ARE dozens of women doctors. They don't, as we know, have as big a chance to be heads of hospitals--though perhaps there is one here or there.

Riess: When you speak of someone like May Delaney and her temper (see page 42) . . .

Salz: Oh, she had a temper, a quick boiling Irish temper.

Riess: Not knowing her, one might suspect she had a lot of energy and was frustrated in what she was doing.

Salz: Well, she never married and I think that is a frustrating thing to start with. I think a good many women who never marry are very unfortunate, you know. But nowadays people have lovers quite openly and their lives are simpler. I was very fond of her. She was a loyal friend, a hard and capable worker in any cause that interested her, and was greatly valued as a leader.

Riess: Women can run their own lives more now.

Salz: That's true. Do you know Enola Maxwell? She is a woman I met for the first time when I went to a Haight Ashbury meeting to hear two people who had been to Washington to attend a two hundred thousand person protest meeting on peace and freedom, in 1963. (People went around from door to door collecting dollar by dollar and they sent a white man and a black woman.) The man got up on returning to report--a very dull report to restrained applause.

It was a mixed audience of whites and blacks and when Enola Maxwell finished speaking people rose to their feet and gave her an ovation. She was so very good. After the meeting I went up and told her how good I thought she was and said, "I wish you'd come over and visit me. Are you free some day next week?" She came. I liked her. We got to be friends. Then we lost each other.

The next thing I heard she was made minister, by a committee, of a small interracial church in the Mission. So I went out there for her formal installation and she was delighted when she saw me.

Then I heard she was made the head of the Potrero Neighborhood Center and for that occasion I went out to see her. She came rushing to me, embraced me and said, "Your being here makes my whole day."

Before this appointment she had seen what great difficulty they were having in the Potrero district with their young people who were all getting into trouble. She conceived the idea of starting a Friday evening entertainment. She did all the efficient things. She secured free use of an empty lot. She persuaded people, by going from door to door, to bring sandwiches, and others to bring bottled drinks. Other boys and girls brought guitars and banjos. So they danced and had happy evenings. You see she is inventive and can be indignant actively and courageously.

Riess: Was it a liberated gesture when you got that room of your own in the Montgomery Block Building?

Salz: No, no. My husband thought it a good idea, if I wanted it--a private place to work. He was most sympathetic to anything I wanted to do.

Studying Poetry and Short Story Writing

Salz: I also went to evening classes of Lawrence Hart. He taught poetry in University Extension. It was a valuable experience.

Riess: Until then your poetry was self-taught?

Salz: Yes, as really all my life I was self-taught. Except for Lawrence Hart in the forties and fifties, I had no regular instruction of any kind. I did have guidance when I was a young girl, in art. In painting, in later years, Piazzoni would come over to my studio and usually made some excellent suggestions.

I practically never went to any lectures. I am visual. In 1918 or 1919 I did go to some lectures by Benjamin Lehman on short story writing. I still have some of his excellent criticisms.

Riess: How did you decide whether you wanted to write or paint?

Salz: I was a very creative little girl evidently, which I don't think my parents and my family recognized. We did what my mother said we should do. In fact, I never knew exactly what I wanted to do. If somebody asks me, "What do you think you'd like to do if you had a chance to start again?" I would say, "I'd like to be an actress. I like a good audience and enjoy assuming different characters." We are all mimics in the family--even my grandchildren.

Riess: Would you rather have concentrated on one thing, more than the others?

Salz: I don't think so. I think I was unfortunately born a creative person in many fields and couldn't keep up with them. That was about it. So, I wasn't active enough in the things that I was in. Possible, that was what was happening. Still, I

Salz: look back masochistically over my own life. I suddenly realize I must be mistaken because I've had five one-man shows in big museums, and six one-man gallery shows--all invitational--and did dozens of portraits, landscapes, still lifes and nudes. I must have worked pretty hard.

Riess: Well, are you saying that you went into too many things and would like to have gone into fewer things?

Salz: Yes.

Riess: Is it that you would have liked to go into things much more deeply, like poetry?

Salz: No. I went into poetry deeply. And I have seriously written and rewritten many times. And a good many of the propaganda poems which were published by the Socialist Call--in which I looked at the world with very sardonic eyes--were frequently re-published in anthologies.

Riess: Did you go to poetry readings at all?

Salz: No. I don't like to hear other people read. I like to read to them. [Laughter.]

Riess: What other poets did you admire?

Salz: Well, my great passion when I was young was Elinor Wylie--and Edna Millay, Robert Frost, Rupert Brooke, etc.

Riess: Do you try to keep up with the present Russian poetry?

Salz: Yes. I really read them in bilingual editions. I was in Russia in 1960. I found I could talk to people but not about too serious things, not about books or politics. I have read Anna Karenina through in Russian with a translation next to me when I was in difficulties. I think the language very beautiful and I enjoy speaking it. I am interested in how much of their vocabulary they have taken from France and Germany. Probably because their tutors were French and German and very lonesome young men and girls. They never quite fitted into any portion of Russian society.

I think the whole beginning of Anna Karenina, which has a whole family upset through the affair the husband has had with the French governess--probably the most lonely woman in the world--and he, quite a fascinating person, and his wife

Salz: extraordinarily unforgiving . . . I think that Anna Karenina and War and Peace are probably two of the great books of the world.

Musician Friends

Riess: Did you enjoy entertaining?

Salz: Yes, I always had big parties at our house, lots of people to dinner, especially in the days when servants were easier to get. We did much entertaining. The fact that my husband's close friends were musicians and I was not especially interested in music resulted in our having odd dinner parties. [Laughter.] Musicians, I find, are interested in music and that is what they are interested in and there is very little else that occupies them.

Bloch was a complete exception. He was, of course, a great musician and a happy and amusing raconteur. His cello orchestra piece "Schlomo" was played for the first time, I believe, at our house by Luigi Silva who had been first cellist in Peru, was head of the cello department at Eastman's. He'd had a very interesting career. He was one of the five children of Gulio Silva who was a teacher of singing and had written the most authoritative book on the Gregorian chant. Ernst Bloch had brought him out to California where he taught at the Conservatory of Music. These years ran from the thirties to the sixties.

Riess: When "Schlomo" was performed, did you invite the musical community, so to speak, to come?

Salz: We had one night only when really a limited section of the musical community was invited and that was the opening night of Bloch's "Schlomo."

Riess: Did you send out formal invitations?

Salz: Oh, no, no, no! It was very private. It was only musicians we knew who were invited. Many people were very insulted not to be asked to come.

Riess: That's what I'm asking about. I should think it would be hard to decide.

Salz: Yes, it was difficult. But only musicians were invited. Bloch, I remember, was so enchanted with Luigi Silva's playing of it that he rushed up and kissed him on both cheeks in the European fashion and embraced him, he was so happy about it.

Riess: How did you get to know Bloch?

Salz: I don't remember. I think probably Silva brought him to our house and we met him many other places. He and Ansley talked violins. Ansley and his good friend Tom Petersen from across the Bay used to test each other on instruments, maybe in the early fifties.

Ansley and Tom Petersen went through an interesting performance, which I don't know that many people try. Ansley had very beautiful, very valuable bows and violins, and Tom Petersen did too. They went through severe tests with each other for long hours. Both were collectors.

Our dining room was opposite our living room with a wide hall between. Ansley would play, let's say, with a Pecatte bow on a Stradivarius violin and then he would call in to Petersen, "What was that?" And Petersen would guess the right violin and the wrong bow. Then Ansley would be put up to a test by Petersen. Sometimes it was correct and sometimes it wasn't. It was a very expert test they were putting each other to, as to what bow was played on what violin!

Riess: Had Ansley grown up playing the violin?

Salz: Yes. He played as a little boy. His mother was musical and very interested, thought he was talented and sat with him while he practiced. I think he started at seven or eight. He played, practiced a great deal, and was an excellent violinist, never a concert violinist. I think the only time he played in an orchestra was in Carmel when Ernst Bacon, who started the Carmel Festival, invited him to come and play in the violin section.

We had quartets and trios at our house all the time--and that's where the whole Van Den Burg family comes in. Some of Ansley's many violins and bows were donated in the fifties to Israel, and the rest after his death, according to his will, were left to the University of California music department. He left very careful instructions about their care. They were to be loaned to concert players and to promising students and before they were returned to the Institute they must be sent to a violin maker to see if any damage has been done, then back to the vault. He was assisted in these plans by his good friends Dr. David Boyden and Dr. Charles Cushing.*

*Additional information on the violins, and gifts of violins, is included in the Appendices.

Salz: We were close friends at this time with the whole Van Den Burg family. Willie was our good friend. His father had been a conductor in Holland. Willie was a cellist and a favorite pupil of Pablo Casals. (I must digress a moment.)

Casals told us a beautiful story of his youth. He was widely known and was asked to play at a "big" house in England. The hostess inquired his price. He said one-hundred-fifty pounds. She agreed, but added, "Of course, you know, you will not associate with my guests." (At that time, musicians, actors and artists were not de rigeur socially.) "Oh," said Casals, "if that is not necessary, my price will be seventy-five pounds."

Back to the Van Den Burg family. When Willie was only nineteen he was assistant conductor at one time to Casals, Stokowski, and later to Pierre Monteux. His sister Nini was an expert pianist; his brother, first violinist with the St. Louis Symphony. The whole family were musical, delightful, and as foreign as anything you could think of.

If they went out for dinner a good deal of the conversation would be: "Mama, how do you like your veal?" to which she would say, "It's nice. Do you want a piece, Willie?"

"Yes."

She'd pass him a piece across the table and then he would say, "How you like to try my crab Newburg? I think you like it."

"Let me try, Willie," and across the table would go his crab Newburg. And the whole family who were there, they all interchanged food at the table, each one wishing to find out what the other one was enjoying. It was kind of an amusing scene always, but we were much entertained by them.

Another amusing, if more absent-minded, friend was Ernst Bacon, pianist. One Thursday night when the Scottish Auditorium was filled with an audience, the manager kept coming onto the stage saying, "Mr. Bacon will be here in a few minutes." After a long, long wait they finally reached him at his studio where he was happily practicing. And he said, "Oh, I thought it was next Thursday."

Riess: Did the famous Menuhin ever come here?

Salz: No, no. Ansley knew Yehudi. They discussed violins together, but I never met him. I don't remember his coming to our house. He may have. He wasn't part of our environment.

Salz: Ansley knew Isaac Stern and he gave his first concert, I believe, when he was ten years old, about 1929, at our house, under the auspices of the Hadassah Society. When he finished playing and had been embraced by an enraptured audience, I rescued him and told him he could play in the yard with Anne and the other children.

Riess: Were you a member of Hadassah?

Salz: Yes, and the Jewish Hospital and quite a number of Jewish groups. Hadassah is an old, outstanding group of women who assist Israel in every way.

 The larger gifts that Ansley and I gave were to the Jewish Welfare. We also bought bonds and later after Ansley's death I gave them to the Jewish Welfare--which isn't the headquarters for bonds--and told them they were just to send the bonds to Israel as a gift. I didn't want them left in my will, which I thought was simple.

Riess: Was there any kind of ostracism because you didn't participate more in everything in the Jewish community?

Salz: No. We didn't go out a great deal socially. Ansley had no business obligations that we needed, perforce, to entertain. He invited musicians, and I knew a few artists well and we had family friends. We did quite a little bit of entertaining, but no obligation entertaining at all. We didn't move around socially a great deal.

 Oh, we had a few friends--Rosalie Stern (Elise Haas's mother). We were very fond of each other, and she was especially devoted to my husband. We were invited there a great deal. She was so insulted when we would not give up another accepted invitation so as to go to her house. She always had special guests she wanted us to meet. She was formal, generous, and perhaps a little formidable. But when she chose her own best friends she would choose fine people, like Josephine Randall, supervisor of the San Francisco recreation system, and Katherine Felton. Those were her good friends whom she thoroughly enjoyed. She was "prominent socially," as they say, but those were her real natural choices, which is nice to know about her.

Harriet Levy

Riess: You knew Harriet Levy?

Salz: Oh, she was a wonderful person! I must lend you her book if I can find it in my library. It's called 920 O'Farrell Street. [Harriet Lane Levy, Doubleday & Company; New York, 1947.] It's a fascinating book. She lived in Paris for years. She was an intimate friend of Gertrude Stein and Sarah Stein and Mike Stein. We knew Sarah Stein out here. She was at that time, I think I wrote somewhere, a collector of Japanese prints.

Riess: And Harriet Levy?

Salz: She lived in a suite at the Playa Hotel in Carmel for many years with a devoted woman who took care of her. She received people there in a queen-like and magnificent manner. We went there for many years, both before my husband had a coronary and then afterwards we'd rented houses down there, so we knew Carmel pretty well.

Riess: When did you first meet Harriet Levy? What was the age difference between you?

Salz: Oh, she was much older than I was. She was about fifteen or twenty years older, I think. You've seen her picture? It's in my book.

Riess: Yes.

Salz: She was very plain but unusual in looks, really. Matisse had done a drawing of her which I couldn't recognize, but she loved it. I did three portraits of her which her family own, and like. She herself said, when she saw my portrait of her, "Amazing, it looks just like my great-uncle."

I saw a great deal of her while I was in Carmel. She was a marvelous conversationalist, but she did most of the conversation, and was a delightful talker. She was a very interesting and fascinating woman, and she wrote very well, as you'll appreciate when I give you this book, 920 O'Farrell. Her writing was original and unique. Her descriptions of her father and mother going to synagogue are an immortal picture.

IX A COOKBOOK IN THE WRITING

An Invasion of Personalities

Salz: [reading] We had a large household and a variety of cooks over the years.

Mrs. Mohr

Salz: There was Mrs. Hannah Mohr, not a sensational nor a dramatic person, German, faithful, hardworking and sincerely devoted to whatever she did. She was an excellent cook and Mohr cookies became famous and were known amongst dozens of children as the "Mrs. Mohr cookies."

She always did way way beyond what was asked of her, silently and lovingly. I did a portrait of her sewing in the attic, Margaret at three years old, in her crib, watching her.

The Guatemalan

Salz: Then there was Carmen, from Guatemala, who was divorced. She had evidently hated her husband at the time and when she left the house in a hurry, she told me proudly she had "left all windows open in the summer so that house be FULL of flies when he come home." When her husband returned from a short trip he found out where she was and telephoned to her, "Carmen, why you do THIS to me? House full of flies."

A few years later her husband died and she went into heavy black mourning. She told me triumphantly she had met her former employer from Palo Alto downtown and the woman said to

Salz: her, "Carmen, why you go into mourning, when you hate your husband so and divorce him?" "Then I remember," said Carmen, "her husband die suddenly New Year's eve about eight or nine o'clock. She giving big, wild, jolly party and doctor called at five in the morning and he say, 'man dead a long time.' I only say to her, 'How about night Professor die, Mrs. G.?' She get bright red and then she get all white. I give her a gude wan!"

"The Perfect Housekeeper"

Salz: She was followed in my house a little later by a woman who looked like the perfect housekeeper. She had beautiful black uniforms and snowy white cuffs and collars. Her hair was shining and neatly done. I'm afraid I decided too quickly I had a treasure. One day she met me in the hall and said: "If Martha (the baby's nurse) put milk bottles on second shelf on frigidaire again I show her," and with that, she took a long, highly-sharpened breadknife out of her pocket. I was really terrified. I knew she was crazy. I telephoned to my husband and he came home and quietly took charge.

Then I had...

The Czechoslovak

Salz: Then I had a stout, peasant-looking Czechoslovak who sang till midnight in the kitchen. She had no decent clothes and I bought her three black uniforms and aprons. I discovered she wore them all at once, putting a towel over the top one and a newspaper over the towel. She pulled one after the other off, as it grew soiled, until, I presume, she reached the last one. I imagine she washed them in sequence, but she was a little too odd to keep in the house as she was not even a good cook!

Hindsight

Salz: I've told many young people that in looking over their lives at three in the morning they get very masochistic as to what they said to their husbands, to their children, to their employees. They should say to themselves, "I did the best I

Salz: knew how at that time," and then not forget the words "at that time."

I thoroughly enjoyed my home life, my own children, nephews and nieces and we often had gay times together. They remind me now that I read a good deal of poetry to them.

The subject of employees is always puzzling. If you have one, she is lonely. If you have two, they usually disagree. If you have three, it's two against one, and if you have four-- it's two against two.

The Russian

Salz: One of my last employees, a Russian woman, stole from me all the time. She was with us seven years when help was practically unprocurable during World War Two. We all admired her greatly. She was so pleasant. But she stole everything until one day my husband said, "You know what? I'm losing money all the time. When I take my shower today I'm going to put some money in my wallet and I'll know what I put there." (He was a little careless about money too.) And he said, "When I come out, I'm going to look. She's doing my room."

When he came out, he looked and a twenty dollar bill was missing and he accused her.

"Oh, she could never do anything like that!"

My son, who was a more exigent judge, interviewed her.

She burst into tears and said if anybody ever accused her of anything she would "keel herself" if anybody told her husband. He was in with everything, I think. He was a bad egg. I met him once.

But she stole my jewelry, which my mother left me. She stole sheets and clothes and tablecloths, hosiery--she stole everything! I didn't know that anything was gone. I never seemed to count my things or know what I had. I wasn't very good on possessions. I know more now that I did then. I should have felt, as a Frenchman once said, "As to household help, I expect ten per cent of my things to be taken, but no more."

The Scotswoman

Salz: Really, I have such a catalogue of cooks--I have thought of sometime writing "Helen Salz's Cookbook."

We had a Scotswoman who had worked in England, obviously with the aristocracy. There evidently was a confidential relationship between herself and Lady Elsemere because Lady Elsemere gave her a slip of paper on which the chief item was that there was to be a leg of lamb for dinner. This, with other confidential items, was handed in a sealed envelope to be given to the cook because, said Mackie, she didn't "want anybody but meself and the cook to know what was in it."

She came over to this country partially trained as a cook, as a nurse, and a few other skills. We all had to measure up to milady in London. Intermittently, she cooked for us, or took care of the grandchildren.

When we went to Carmel she decided to make good use of the beach. She donned her Victorian bathing outfit of alpaca bloomers, a skirt, a little round collar to her blouse, and puffed sleeves. She took numerous towels with her (from our rented house) and when she returned later, with a few less towels, I would say, "What did you do with all the towels, Mackie?"

She would say, rather indignantly, "Therre was a fine young man on the beach and we were having a good talk and he was still kind of wet and shiverin with the cauld. I said, 'Wherre are your towels, young man?' and he said, 'I hae none,' and so I gave him a few of mine."

I said, "But those are Mrs. Bardley's towels." And Mackie replied, "She hae plenty and he needed them."

I remember a Christmas when I said, "Of course I'll give you a check, Mackie, but I want to give you a little present," and I said, "How about a little handbag?"

"No," she said, "I hae five in me trunk."

"How about a nice warm sweater?"

"I hae six," she said, "that I never use."

"Well," I said, "what could you think of?"

Salz: There was a pause, and she said, "You couldna go wrrong in a nightgown."

I wasn't sure of that.

Riess: You got your people through an employment agency?

Salz: Yes, a very fussy one that took a great deal of their first salary.

The woman who stole--I didn't give her much of a reference. You know, when you don't give what's called a "character," as they say in England, a person is really lost. So I usually wrote, if I had to write, something as vague as possible. I didn't write anything for the one who did all the stealing. But the next thing I heard accidentally was that somebody said to me, "You know that wonderful cook you had so long, that Russian, she's working for the Magnins now." [Laughter.] I thought, "Oh, God! What an opportunity she's got there!"

Riess: They went on to bigger and better things?

Salz: Yes, sometimes. As the years went by there was a great need of domestic help. You see, little by little people don't go into domestic help or live in. It's impossible almost to get somebody who will live in your house. Black people, of whom there are many who will work, almost all have big families, and they have to go home to their children and you can't possibly urge them not to.

Riess: Then your most recent ones have been Japanese women?

Salz: Yes. One of them was also a painter and did stay with me eight years. She found it difficult to combine the two things. She finally left to visit her mother in Japan.

Mrs. Onishi

Salz: [reading] There was Mrs. Onishi--a most charming and lovely character. Her portrait is in my book, and was done for her son who was to be married in Japan.

I told Sargent Johnson I was afraid the portrait was going to be injured--it's a pastel--on the road to Japan. He said to

Salz: me, "Here, I'll pack it for you so it can't suffer." So, he took the picture and he put cotton around it and cotton cloths and papers. He packed it magnificently and we put it into her suitcase.

One day I looked into her room. (The door was always open. She always had windows and doors all open.) And on top of her bureau, I saw the portrait! This happened many times, as she took the picture out to show her friends, and then re-packed it each time as carefully and conscientiously as Sargent Johnson had done. She finally took it with her to Japan. Over the next few years I received from Japan copies of embroideries made especially for the Emperor, covers for cushions, and plates and many other beautiful things.

The German Woman

Salz: There was a German woman who worked for us for years of whom everybody was very fond. She was a wonderful person. On Sundays, she would say, "I go out with my friend. She very ambitious woman. We go to cemetery."

"Why is she ambitious, Anna?"

She said, "She buys vegetables all along road."

So, I said to her, "What do you do, ride in the car with her?" I knew she didn't have many friends with cars.

And she said, "Well, she have car. Not so very good. Back door fly open all the time. I have to hold back door."

And I said, "You go to the same cemetery?"

"Yes. We go to cemetery and we sit there. I sit next to my husband's grave and she and I sit next to place where my niece going to be buried."

"Where is your niece?"

"She's a missionary in San Diego." And that was the first time that I heard that San Diego needed a missionary!

My Current Housekeeper

Salz: My current housekeeper, a delightful woman, has been with me an unbelievable two years. She is a kindly woman and treats me like her pet child. She's actually an expert in many fields, gardening, flower arranging, cooking, sewing. She has all the household virtues.

We are friends and have almost exactly the same sense of humor. She is surprisingly deeply interested in politics and watches all the news programs carefully. What she actually gets out of them is sometimes a puzzle--her Hawaiian-Japanese background makes a language difficulty and she has never really learned English.

She has an abiding hatred of Nixon and will not even listen to him over T.V. Sometimes she will say, "Some people want to pinch Nixon. Other people say, 'No.'" When I question "pinch," she pinches my arm and says, "You know, 'pinch'." (meaning "impeach" of course).

Or she will say, "People from Matetuchibu (Massachusetts) come examine my granddaughter to go to college. She's selected." I say, "What is Matetuchibu?" And she says, "Matetuchibu, where Haba (Harvard) is." "I don't know Haba," I say. "You know, where Coxey (Cox) go." It begins to clarify.

Or, "What you think? Joe Whisky (Jaworski) and Nixon don't get along any more."

She knows many things. When I say, "Why do you give me soup every day?" she says, "Your stomach delicate, like my lady in Honolulu." I protest, but she insists upon our sharing stomachs. When I say, "The doctor says I don't need any more puree," she says, "Cooks know more than doctors."

I hope Aiko stays with me until I am a hundred and she is eighty. [Mrs. Aiko Hiroki]

X THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL
LIBERTIES UNION

Alexander Meiklejohn at Amherst

Salz: [reading] In 1934 a very interesting and important period of my life developed: a whole world of serious endeavor, an unexplored forest. I had met Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn and the American Civil Liberties Union through its great cry for help in the West. Together we founded the ACLU here in 1934.

Former Chief Justice Earl Warren writes much later, "The ACLU has stood foursquare against the recurring tides of hysteria that from time to time threaten freedom everywhere . . . Indeed it is difficult to appreciate how far our freedoms might have eroded had it not been for the Union's valiant representation in the courts of the constitutional rights of people of all persuasions, no matter how unpopular or even despised by the majority they were at the time."

Before I read the report Ernest Besig and I prepared, a few words about Dr. Meiklejohn. Alexander Meiklejohn was at one time the president of Amherst College, and was let go by the trustees as being too radical. Later, he founded the experimental college at the University of Wisconsin. I think it was an all-Greek college. They studied Greek and Greek philosophy and Greek customs and Greek history. He was very fond of everything that had to do with Greece. His son died over in Greece. I think he was in archaeological research.

Professor James Caldwell said that he was "Probably the most widely loved man in the western hemisphere . . . he taught philosophy in a way to mold men's minds and lives." [Alexander Meiklejohn died December 17, 1964.]

Salz: A long life offered him many experiences and he told me the following incident that took place on a visit to the East many years after he had left Amherst. He was in New York briefly, and while there he received a telephone call asking him to speak at Amherst's Charter Day. He accepted and then was told that the only time they had for him on the program was 8:30 in the morning. When he arrived he was introduced by the chairman of the trustees who regretted that as they had been informed only at the last minute of his being in the East, the only time in that crowded day for him to address his old college was 8:30 in the morning.

"So," Alexander Meiklejohn told me with a happy grin, "I said to the audience, 'This hour suits me perfectly. I am accustomed to awakening the trustees of Amherst.'"

A History, by Ernest Besig and Helen Salz

Salz: [reading] After a series of abortive attempts from 1917 to 1935--with eager sponsors, Bishop Parsons, Rabbi Newman, Mary Hutchinson, David Starr Jordan and Guido Marx and with two fine dedicated attorneys, Austin Lewis, an English attorney in San Francisco and Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood in Portland--the ACLU was dissolved until 1934 when Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn and Helen Salz founded it permanently with Ernest Besig from Los Angeles as executive director and Charles A. Hogan as the first chairman.

In the thirties, California was still a frontier state where lawless mobs or vigilantes carried on their violent activities with impunity especially during the San Francisco general strike and the painful efforts to organize the exploited migratory workers. During its first year, the branch filed damage suits against vigilante raids; it intervened in the thug-ridden and violent strike at the Holmes-Eureka Lumber Mill in Eureka; it challenged official inaction in California's final lynching in Yreka; and it secured prosecutions in the Santa Rosa tar and feather party of August 21, 1935, which grew out of efforts to organize the apple pickers.

Until the outbreak of World War II, the branch was concerned principally with labor issues arising out of anti-picketing, failure-to-move-on and repressive handbill ordinances. But there were numerous political and religious issues as well, the latter

Salz: involving the militant Jehoyah's Witnesses. The greatest success of the period was achieved in the U.S. Supreme Court in the case of Fred F. Edwards where the ACLU challenged the validity of California's so-called anti-Okie law which made it a misdemeanor to aid an indigent to enter the state. This law was applied against the families of migratory workers to discourage them from remaining in a community and burdening its relief rolls. Edwards was prosecuted for driving his brother-in-law into California from Texas where he had been on the WPA. The Edwards case is a landmark decision which holds that law-abiding citizens may freely move about from state to state irrespective of the amount of money they have in their pockets. In the Edwards case they were trying to keep people out who came from Oklahoma relief to California relief. The point that the narrow-minded people did not realize is that American citizens have the right to travel from state to state.

The expulsion of Charlotte Gabrielli from elementary school for refusing to salute the flag and give the pledge of allegiance was lost in the courts, but that case helped to set the stage for the final court ruling that no person can be compelled to affirm a belief in the flag or in anything else. Meantime, in the political area, among other cases, a successful court appeal resulted in citizenship for an alien who had been charged by the Immigration & Naturalization Service with merely reading a communist paper. In fact, ever since 1934 when the ACLU intervened in the deportation cases of two Italian philosophical anarchists, it has had an endless procession of cases arising from the high-handed and arbitrary actions of the Immigration & Naturalization Service. And, finally, I should mention that in the latter thirties the ACLU assisted twenty-two IWW [International Workers of the World] victims of California's notorious criminal syndicalism act to secure pardons.

World War II caused a change in the character of the ACLU's work with considerable emphasis on the cases of conscientious objectors and especially the problems of U.S. citizens of Japanese ancestry. This branch, over the objections of its national office, fought the curfew, exclusion, detention and general mistreatment of the Nisei. Unfortunately, in the Korematsu case, which this branch carried to the Supreme Court, the exclusion program was upheld on grounds of military necessity. In the Endo case, which the branch supported, the Supreme Court held that loyal American citizens could not be detained in concentration camps. By that time, however, the war was over and the Japanese had suffered paralyzing economic losses and disrupted lives.

Salz: Also, we supported more than five thousand Japanese who renounced their U.S. citizenship under duress while being held at Tule Lake and we opposed the deportation to Japan of Peruvian Japanese who were charged with being illegal entrants even though the government brought them to this country against their will for internment.

Near the end of the war, conscientious objector Henry Weber was court martialed and sentenced to death at Camp Roberts for refusing to bear arms, but eventually the sentence was reduced to five years as a result of the ACLU's efforts.

Typical of its intervention in behalf of the civil liberties of all persons without distinction was the ACLU's successful representation of Gerald L. K. Smith, the anti-semitic and native fascist who, because of his opinions, was denied the use of Commerce High School auditorium in San Francisco for a meeting.

After World War II, during the period of McCarthyism, the ACLU's energies were largely concentrated in the loyalty and security area. Community after community in California adopted loyalty oaths for their public employees in a hysterical search for so-called "Reds." A state Levering Act loyalty oath finally replaced the local versions and, in addition, the Regents required a special loyalty oath for University of California teachers while at the same time tolerating a so-called "thought policeman" who gathered political information about professors. [end reading]

What actually happened was that--I think this is about 1950--most of the professors signed the oath. I knew a number who didn't. Some of them left the University, resigned, went away.

Some people spent sleepless nights, over and over again. They had their children's teeth to straighten, they had to pay on mortgages on their houses, they had no income except what came from the University. Sometimes they couldn't leave. Some of the older professors very often who intended not to sign advised the young ones to sign because as they said, "We can afford it now, but you can't." It was a very troubled time.

Riess: And when you refer to a "thought policeman," who is that?

Salz: They had policemen around, stooges, everywhere to listen to professors and students and report what they thought were opinions antagonistic to the government.

Riess: And these were paid by whom?

Salz: They were paid by the people who wanted these oaths signed. It was a very bad time. One professor came to me and asked my opinion as to whether he should sign. I said, "I don't give any opinions about this. I can pay my rent and I live comfortably. This is a decision you have to make yourself. I can't tell you."

All of the oaths were eventually struck down by the courts, as I mentioned, but the Truman loyalty program for federal employees, which evolved into a security program under President Eisenhower, has survived until today.

[reading] The ACLU represented hundreds of persons in loyalty and security hearings of one kind or another. Also, on three occasions when the House Committee on Un-American Activities paid visits to San Francisco we represented subpoenaed persons, and when the film "Operation Abolition" was circulated in defense of the committee, the branch produced and circulated nationwide its own film, "Operation Correction," to expose the committee's activities. And in June, 1958 in the most notable of its court victories in challenging loyalty oaths, the U.S. Supreme Court in the Speiser and Unitarian Church cases held that California's tax exemption loyalty oath was invalid because it assumed in effect the disloyalty of applicants (veterans and churches) for tax exemption.

The late fifties and the sixties brought a deluge of obscenity issues. Among them were the seizure of imported girlie and nudist magazines (tame by today's standards) by the Customs Service; the prosecution of a bookseller for selling Ginsberg's "Howl and Other Poems"; the defense of an art gallery which exhibited Ron Boise's sheet metal sculptures; a prosecution for the sale of Lenore Kandel's "The Love Book"; and a prosecution against the exhibitor of Jean Genet's film "Un Chant d'Amour"; not to speak of the defeat administered to the "Clean" ballot initiative in 1966.

The issues of yesterday are already forgotten and last June the Burger Court proclaimed a new yardstick for deciding what material must be kept from the eyes and ears of adults. It was during this period too that the ACLU successfully challenged the Post Office and Customs seizure of unsealed mail containing what it decided was communist political propaganda.

The sixties, too, were marked by the ban on sidewalk tables at Sather Gate at the University of California for the solicitation of memberships and contributions and for the distribution of literature. That issue gave rise to the Free Speech Movement, the Sproul Hall sit-in, and many other student issues. Today, as a

Salz: result of those struggles, subject only to regulations as to time, place and manner, students on public University campuses enjoy the same right to First Amendment freedoms as do persons off the campuses.

The many long hair and beard issues in public employment, unemployment insurance claims, public schools, and in the military are beginning to subside and will no doubt disappear with new hair styles. And, while the courts are not yet ready to accept chronic alcoholism as a disease rather than a criminal offense, local communities are beginning to provide treatment centers rather than jails for handling alcoholics.

And, in one of our frequent trips to the U.S. Supreme Court in the sixties, the U.S. Supreme Court held that warrantless searches by health inspectors were invalid.

On July 15, 1971 Ernest Besig retired as ACLU executive director and was succeeded by Jay Miller. Under his leadership, the seventies brought an outstanding State Supreme Court victory outlawing the death penalty as cruel and unusual punishment, but that decision was set aside by an initiative and then the State Legislature established mandatory death sentences in a large group of offenses which will lead to further court tests.

Currently, the ACLU is engaged in a Victimless Crimes Project, a Rights of Prisoners Project and a Women's Rights Project.

From the small beginnings in 1934, the branch has grown to fourteen chapters and a present membership of 11,500. Last year it raised more than \$235,000.

Surely the history of the ACLU demonstrates that if our freedom is to be retained it must constantly be re-won. [end reading]

Riess: As an executive board member, how active were you?

Salz: I had frequent conferences with Meiklejohn and Besig, regularly of course, on nominations to the board. It seemed important to us to consider appointees as having backgrounds of genuine interest in civil liberties and acting in liberal causes. If it was a choice between a race or sex the first consideration was their past attitude on civil liberties and liberal causes. Every vote was important.

There were policies to be discussed and decided on for which we were important. We had a smaller board at that time and every

Salz: decision was crucial. It has grown tremendously since that time so that thirty or forty people come to meetings.

Riess: Do you remember in your policy decisions if you were guided by the national?

Salz: No. A number of matters were decided independently out here.

Early Efforts to Form a Branch of the ACLU

Riess: What were your particular interests in the ACLU? What was it that brought you to the ACLU in the very beginning?

Salz: The terrific injustices that were being done to the people. There were the vigilantes in 1934, all these things in Santa Rosa, the lynching in Yreka, the beating up of people, tar-and-feathering people in Santa Rosa, all kinds of things.

Riess: How about earlier? The ACLU had started and stopped a couple of times earlier. Had you been interested?

Salz: No. I hadn't been interested in it earlier. I got interested in it through Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn.

Riess: Let me read you a list of names of some of the people who worked with the ACLU in the twenties. George West.

Salz: He was the editor of the San Francisco News.

Riess: And Alexander Fleisher, Bartley Crum, John Barry . . .

Salz: John Barry was a newspaperman. He was a columnist for the San Francisco Evening News. He was a good friend of ours.

Riess: And then Austin Lewis, through all the years.

Salz: Austin Lewis! He was a socialist, very brilliant and very independent. Austin worked alone on legal matters for a good many years. But those interested never really got solidified into a group raising money and getting members and making it a permanent branch until 1934.

Riess: Because by then the outrage was so general?

Salz: Yes, in 1934 it was so general that they began to have meetings downtown. I went to some of them and I talked a good deal to Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn about it.

Riess: How had you first met Alexander Meiklejohn? Did he bring you into the group, or did you first meet him in the group?

Salz: No, no, no. I'd met him before and we had liked each other. We'd started a friendship. He was enormously interested. He'd written books about the first amendment. He'd written many books on free speech. He left Amherst College. In fact, they let him go because he was so radical.

Riess: Did you identify yourself as a radical?

Salz: No, not at all. I was just in great sympathy with the cause.

Riess: How about a liberal? You would call yourself a liberal?

Salz: Yes. I'd call myself a liberal, yes, whatever liberal meant at various times. [Laughter.] Sometimes it means nothing and sometimes it means a great deal.

I was supposed to be very good on policies in the American Civil Liberties Union. I've always done a good deal with the executive director, Besig, now Jay Miller, discussing policy. I never raised money for them, though we always gave them money. My husband gave to them separately. He was interested in it too. But Dr. Meiklejohn and I never planned anything together especially. I knew him and he'd come over and visit me and we'd talk together about crucial matters.

Riess: That phrase "co-founder" of the ACLU suggests working side by side.

Salz: He interested me in it. I knew very little about civil liberties at the time, but I was terribly indignant over the vigilantes in San Francisco, and I always had been very indignant at that kind of thing.

Riess: Did you have to tutor yourself in political areas when you became involved with the ACLU?

Salz: I undoubtedly must have acquainted myself with the things that were happening at that time. I never knew a great deal about political life. That was a subject I didn't know from my home. My husband was only morally interested in politics. He was

Salz: interested in social welfare, and he was always interested in fair play. We've all of us been interested in that.

Riess: Were your friends surprised at your involvement with the ACLU?

Salz: No. I knew so many disconnected people from all over the city that probably very few people knew I'd become interested in this. [Laughter.] I was not a central figure of any kind. After a while, as I've stayed with it so long, I kept being introduced always as one of the founders of the American Civil Liberties. I was their vice-chairman for years and I guess I still am.

Riess: I think I've read that that is one of the things that people say about the ACLU, that the board, because of its self-perpetuating nature--I guess there has been some question about all of that.

Salz: Oh yes, of course. Well, now we have lots of new members, lots of women, and we've had minority groups coming in, black people and Japanese.

At the outset, the general membership did not participate in the ACLU's work but merely provided financial support. Most were content with this kind of arrangement because in the early days the ACLU was not regarded as entirely respectable. Some charged it with being a Communist front; therefore it was more comfortable and less hazardous for general members not to be out in front. Indeed, at the beginning, the branch in Northern California was known as the Northern California Committee of the ACLU, and it took some courage to serve on it. That Committee was drawn from the Bay Area to allow its members to attend noon meetings and it was, indeed, self-perpetuating. At the same time it was not easy to find working Committee members among the handful of general members. It should be remembered that in 1946, twelve years after its founding, the general membership finally reached 1,000, while its budget was only \$7,000.

As the membership grew, chapters were established in Marin, Berkeley, Palo Alto, Sacramento, Fresno, Santa Cruz, Monterey, etc. Finally, in 1965 such chapters were given direct representation on the branch board of directors.

Riess: Speaking of women, at one point in the history, somebody--I guess maybe it was Roger Baldwin--wrote to Miriam Allen de Ford. [Knutson, ACLU in Northern California, M.A. Thesis, U.C., 1950.]

Salz: Oh yes. She's an old friend of mine.

Riess: She and several other women, Lillian Symes . . .

Salz: Oh yes, a great friend of mine.

Riess: Ella Winter, Sam White, Fremont Older, Tom Ward. Now, this seems to be just maybe about a year before the ACLU organized out here. What was the role of this group?

Salz: Lillian Symes was a writer and she and her husband Travis Clement, who was a newspaperman--I think it was for the Scripps-Howard papers--had written a book called Rebel America. It's out of print and it's very, very interesting. I have a copy. You can't get it anywhere. It's been long, long out of print. She was an ardent socialist and a very brilliant woman who wrote for Harper's and other magazines. She was a very interesting person.

Miriam Allen de Ford is a writer and a poet who is still alive. I've known her for about thirty years, although we've never been very close. She's a very bright and capable woman and has one of these extraordinary memories. If you're taking dinner with some friend and somebody brings up a question of fact, and nobody knows the answer, I say, "Wait a minute. I'll ring up Miriam." It's like peeling her brains. If she doesn't know, she says, "Give me a minute, I'll find out," and she has innumerable reference books and she comes back with the answer always: "You'll find that either in Luke, Chapter 10, Verse 3, or you'll find it in so on and so on." She has an amazing memory. She writes for the science fiction magazines.

Riess: Oh! Just recently?

Salz: She's always written. She's published, I think, about eight books. She was married for years to a man named Maynard Shipley and with him she got out an encyclopedia of science, I believe.

Riess: The other officers in 1934 besides yourself were Marie Welsh . . .

Salz: Marie Welsh is mostly a poet, and at present so completely deaf she prefers not to be with people. Before her name was Marie Welsh she was Marie deLaveaga Welsh.

Riess: That's a familiar name.

Salz: Yes. It's an old San Francisco Spanish family, the deLaveaga's. I think my brother played with a little boy named deLaveaga around our block, but I've forgotten.

Riess: Charles Hogan, who was he?

Salz: Yes, he was our first real chairman.

Riess: It sounded as if you had a couple of tries with executive directors.

Salz: Oh, yes. George Hedley was executive director for two and a half months. He disagreed with the board and resigned. He was a fine man--a minister over at Mills College for years.

The Popular Front Issue, and Other Unfinished Business

Riess: The issue with Hedley seemed to be that he felt that the ACLU should appear in all civil rights situations no matter what the political or economic struggle.

Salz: Yes. I'm not sure about this, but there was a great drive all the time that we should have a popular front, that we should join with all kinds of organizations. The policy of the board at that time, which I think was quite correct, was that when you join a group you also seem to endorse all their policies and there were many of them that were straight communist groups and we did not endorse all their policies, you see. So, we didn't join with them, we didn't have a popular front.

At present, we do join some groups with certain restrictions, but we didn't at that time.

Riess: It's always a problem, isn't it?

Salz: Yes, as to whether you're going to endorse everything. Very often, if you endorsed, let's say, all kinds of communist plans, ideals, and methods of procedure, half your membership might withdraw, socialists as well as everybody else. You had to really keep within the aim of the ACLU, which was to preserve civil liberties, which we did pretty much by ourselves.

Riess: How closely did the executive board reflect the membership?

Salz: Very well, because we were elected by the membership.

Riess: And actually there have always been quite a substantial number of women on the board, haven't there?

Salz: No. There were only two or three women on the board when we first started in 1934.

Salz: In recent times the Women's Rights group did have a justifiable complaint--there were too few women. But soon they obtained a good deal of influence. They are very powerful and dedicated. They're more powerful than men. I don't know if you have ever worked with women. [Laughter.] They want their entire plans adopted. You have to be very strong to work with them. They demanded fifty per cent of the board be women. And I don't happen to be in favor of that. I've said to Jay Miller I think people should be chosen only on their qualifications and people whose vote we'd like to count on as being an intelligent vote and qualified and not because it's a man or a woman or black or white. He agrees with me about it. The expectation and hope is that the board members will be agreed on basic principles. They may be satisfied right now in the seventies. We have a number of women attorneys on at present.

Riess: How would those women feel about racial balance then? They don't care about racial balance?

Salz: Yes. No, we've done that and they understand that. We've had some black people on who have been good and we've had some black people on that are bad. I have no feeling at all about people being completely different because they are one race or another.

You can put this down in all honesty. I was never a great organizer or a person who brought in people. The people whom I knew came voluntarily, had enough money to contribute and were eager to, and the other people were almost useless sometimes to telephone to or write to. I did very little soliciting and asking. It's not always easy to get people to come out and volunteer themselves. In fact, people are so overburdened with causes of all kinds these days that they resent being asked for anything further. Still, we only exist because so many small-income people are eager about the ACLU. They contribute what they can. We have their moral support.

Riess: When I was reading about the ACLU in Northern California, I was most struck by how much some group is always needed to defend rights.

Salz: Yes. During 1934 and 1935 there were the most violent manifestations. There was an agricultural strike that was going on. Caroline Dekker was the head of it.

Riess: Who was she?

Salz: She was very prominent in 1934. Later she was being tried up

Salz: in Sacramento with Jack Warnick, a co-worker, under the criminal syndicalism act and she went to Tehachapi, the women's prison, for a number of years.

She's a woman with a very strong character and very courageous. We have her and a man also on trial refuge at our house. They had really no place to go and, so, they came and stopped at our house in San Francisco.

Riess: You mean they wouldn't have been accepted?

Salz: No. In most places at that moment they were under very dark shadow, she and her friend, as being part of the communist or lawless side of the world at that moment. None of this fits in very well into the memoirs especially. I don't know enough about Caroline Dekker, except that she did marry Richard Gladstein later, who was the attorney for the Longshoremen's Union. These were the labor lawyers--George Anderson, and Aubrey Grossman, who is on trial again for the same thing.

This is a curious story! Aubrey Grossman, when he wanted to enter the Bar and he had passed all his examinations--he was a very bright, impulsive man--they weren't admitting him into the Bar because they said he'd been a communist. My husband, who was very much respected as an impartial chairman, as a man of a good deal of wide judgment, wrote a very strong letter to the Bar Association endorsing Aubrey Grossman. This must have been about thirty-five years ago, and Aubrey got in.

Then, recently, the Bar is again trying to disbar him on account of his freewheeling procedures. He's not a very tactful man. In court he'll accuse the judge of something or other, even of lying. He's a very sincere, hard-working man, a very good man. I hadn't heard of him in so long. I didn't take any part in this second affair. The ACLU had come to his rescue and I don't know whether the case is finished yet.

Riess: Someone told me that Besig came up from Los Angeles to San Francisco to prevent a "Red takeover" of the ACLU.

Salz: Oh, no. That never happened at all. It's completely wrong. There was never any question of a "Red takeover." Completely none! It didn't exist at all. That never happened. She was misinformed. It's all forty years ago, you know, and she may have heard from her mother or her father. Who is she, a woman well on in years?

Riess: No. She's the woman who runs the Meiklejohn Library in Berkeley, Ann Ginger.

Salz: Oh, well, Ann Ginger is prejudiced against our group in the City. We haven't taken too much cognizance of her library which we feel adds little to the name of Meiklejohn.

A lot of people don't like Besig, and a lot of people are his most ardent admirers. He was known for years and is still called, "Mr. Civil Liberties." He had an indomitable courage, put in tremendous hours of work, and was a sincere, fair-minded man. I said to him, "Well, the difference between you and Jay Miller (who is now our executive secretary), is that you never wanted to start anything unless you saw the money in your hand, and Jay Miller, with a hope that some foundation's going to do it, goes right ahead and starts it."

Jay Miller is very resourceful. He's successful in raising money too. He was here last night for many hours visiting. I told him I'd almost resigned from the board over some of the things that the women are putting through. I said, "I don't know how they put through their last thing." He said, "Well, they came armed with about thirty women around the room, all in favor of what they wanted, and there were about five women lawyers."

What they wanted--that point of view is absurd--but they thought that if an attorney has a woman who is typing his briefs and doing work for him, that she's in a very menial position, and that she should be getting the same salary as the attorney and be given the job of an educational director too, and if the lawyers want typing service, they should get it outside the office. This is so impractical, the whole thing, you know? It's kind of a ridiculous protest, but they evidently carried this through, some part of it. There undoubtedly could be a better plan worked out than at present, but not as drastic as the one we just spoke of.

I said to Jay last night if I had been there I would have protested against this. He has asked me in another matter to come down and address the board and I did carry my point. Sometimes there were new groups there who have no traditions about ACLU to work with.

Riess: The board is very new?

Salz: A lot of it is new, very new. He's got some very good members and some people--two or three--I just don't know about. I used to be on the nominating committee for new board members. I wanted people who already were interested in civil liberties for quite a while, and whose vote would count for something serious.

Salz: Some people just like to be on boards, like their names on sponsor lists and aren't seriously dedicated to the aims of the board. They think they are.

Meiklejohn and Free Speech

Salz: Re a disputable point that came up with Meiklejohn . . .

Riess: From what I have read about Meiklejohn, he stood for an extreme view of the First Amendment.

Salz: He disagreed with some of the prominent people on the Supreme Court. He thought there was private speech and public speech, and public speech was defended and certain kinds of private obscenity speech was not defensible.*

He had wanted a very well-known leftist to address our group, but he was so far left that I don't think they wanted him at that time.

Meiklejohn's general position with respect to Free Speech is that so-called "public speech," that is to say speech dealing with self-government, is protected by the First Amendment. On the other hand, what he describes as "private speech," dealing with private matters, is not. Of course, it is not always easy to draw the line between public and private speech. In any case, he argued against protecting obscenity under the First Amendment on the ground that this was private speech. Incidentally, Alec was a bit puritanical.

Meiklejohn was particularly concerned in the activities of the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC), loyalty oaths for public employees and especially teachers, and academic freedom. These issues all fall into the area of political speech or as Meiklejohn called it "public speech." As far as universities were concerned, he believed they should be self-governing communities of scholars.

*The reader is referred to a Statement of Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn before the Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, Nov. 14, 1955, which is deposited in The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

Salz: On one occasion Meiklejohn had a disagreement with the board and didn't return for a couple of meetings. If you disagreed with him he was very unhappy.

He was an awfully good man and had a fine idea. He wrote a book on the First Amendment. Some of it is difficult to understand, even for me, and I was interested in it and fond of Meiklejohn.

Riess: But he really was a great influence on the group?

Salz: Originally. When he and I started the group, got money and people interested in it and all that, he knew lots more about civil liberties than I did. We did a good many things together socially, and he wanted me very much to come in with him on the new ACLU project.

Riess: If you had not understood his point of view, would you have usually accepted it anyway as being . . .

Salz: No, not always, no. He was always open for debate. But he wouldn't come to a meeting if he disagreed with everybody, as I have said. [Laughter.]

His wife Helen and I never grew to know each other very well. I went over to see Alex. He and I were great friends. Very often I--and maybe you too--have been closer friends with the men in the family than the women. But I'm not prejudiced, I'll have to say, the way people are about Jews. Some of my best friends are women. [Laughter.]

Riess: What was Helen like?

Salz: She's a very bright woman. My son-in-law, David Perlman, works on the Planned Parenthood board with her. He says she's the best person on the board. She should be chairman if she had any voice.

You know she had a cancer operation on her throat and talks so that I, who am three-quarters deaf, don't understand a word she says. She used to drop in to see me, but she's discouraged now and she doesn't because I keep saying, "I don't understand you Helen." It's very trying for both of us.

She's an exceptional woman. Her father was a professor at Brown, I think, and she comes from a very erudite family. She is brilliant and charming.

Salz: I was over there for lunch one day, just Sara Bard Field and Helen and I and Alec. After lunch, we started for some reason to talk about Shelley and I said that my favorite poem was "Ode to the West Wind." Alec said to me, "Will you read it to us?" And I said, "Yes, I'd love to." (It was stupid of me to read in the same room with Sara Bard Field, because she loved to do reading and she read exceptionally well.) But I'm delighted to be invited to read. I love to read. So, I read. Then he sent me a book--Oxford Verse--and inside it was a little inscription saying that this was in memory of my beautiful reading of "The West Wind"; that he had Helen had enjoyed it so. Here I go bragging! [Laughter.]

I love to read aloud and I love to read poetry aloud. I don't like to listen to other people read poetry! That's just egotistical on my part.

Board Members, Rust, Adams

Riess: Let me name some of the early board members and we'll see if there's something you would say about them.

Salz: Yes, surely.

Riess: Clarence Rust came on in 1938.

Salz: Oh, Clarence Rust was an excellent member, a man of good judgment. He was a socialist and lived in Oakland. I did his portrait. It's somewhere in their front room. They have it over there. What happened was that he was quite fat and then he deliberately lost thirty or forty pounds. He was very pleased with himself and he wasn't sure whether that picture of himself as a stouter man was just what he or his wife would continue to like. [Laughter.]

Riess: Philip Adams came on the board in 1939.

Salz: For many reasons I didn't especially fancy Phil. His wife, Alice, lives down on the Peninsula and does what Mrs. Ferguson does for me. She is a secretary for private busy people and very efficiently interprets all the business that comes through the house.

I told you of my conversation with the broker who rang me up and said something about margins? I said, "Listen, I don't know

Salz: about margins. I don't know anything about business. I have a woman who comes in and does all this for me. She takes care of feeble-minded women." There was a long pause, and this stranger at the other end said, "Mrs. Salz, you must not speak of yourself that way." [Laughter.]

I decided that I'd better not keep on being funny at the telephone with people I don't know.

Riess: In 1940 Elizabeth Gurley Flynn was put out of the National ACLU, wasn't she?

Salz: Yes, their policy being that board members well known for their communist association did not belong in the ACLU. We did not agree with them. We did not always agree with the National Board. I think I told you that the National Board took no stand on our concentration camps for Japanese and Japanese-Americans in World War II. We did. We (Northern California ACLU branch) were the only branch that took a definite stand on that subject.

Wayne Collins, our great friend and attorney (and a very eccentric man who is now honorary counsel), working independently of the ACLU, went up and visited the camps at his own expense and got some of the people released. They couldn't come to California, but they did get released to go east--this was almost at the end of their incarceration. The Endo decision, which freed all of them, came later. Wayne was a good friend of ours, and emotionally terribly upset at this injustice being done in America.

Of the incarceration, I've heard intimate stories from two Japanese. It was a dreadful ordeal and an unfair one, the whole thing. Some people suspected--I've never heard it confirmed--that it was the idea of the Associated Farmers who wanted to buy the property for a song, land well-cared for and well started by the Japanese, who were great farmers and prosperous.

Riess: That's an interesting idea.

Salz: Yes. I heard that and I believed it because I wished to believe anything against the Associated Farmers. [Laughter.]

Bishop Parsons

Riess: Bishop Parsons came on in 1941.

Salz: I did his portrait. When he was posing I said to him, "Are you tired, Bishop?" He smiled and he said, "Why should I be tired? I'm sitting here in a room, looking at charming pictures on the wall, being painted by a charming lady, and I don't need to talk to her." [Laughter.] Isn't that delightful!*

I always liked the Bishop. He ran the American Civil Liberties [Union] with a gloved iron hand, in the most gentle way, and most decisive, and got everybody talking. He didn't do a lot of the talking himself, but he handled the board beautifully. We never had anybody who did as well afterwards. He was there twelve years as chairman, which is a long time. Nobody wanted to give him up.

The Bishop agreed with the board on everything except our point of view on the release time in the schools for religious services--supposing you were Catholic, that you were allowed to get up and leave the room and go out of school for Catholic instruction on certain days of the week.

Riess: What was the ACLU's point of view?

Salz: The ACLU's point of view was that it was a very divisive thing in the school, I think, which it would have been, to have this large group of Catholic children, perhaps, go out, and maybe six Jewish children finding themselves very isolated. Then the Protestant children went out and then a few Buddhist children and so on, whatever it was. They probably, at that time, weren't considering Buddhist children. But it wasn't within a framework that we approved of. The Bishop wouldn't vote about that at all. He had nothing to do with it. He didn't agree with us, but he was very decisive about that, very courteous, but he didn't feel overwhelmed.

Riess: So, Bishop Parsons came in 1941. Then, Oscar Green was also a member for years.

Salz: Oh, Oscar Green was an excellent member, and a very independent man. He was a minister in Palo Alto. He voted well and he was really genuinely interested. I went down to his retirement ceremony from the ministry. He'd served there about thirty or forty years and was unhappy to retire.

*A reproduction of this portrait, and a memorial to Bishop Parsons are included in the Appendices.

Diversity of Opinion

Riess: Did the board make an effort to get diversity of opinion?

Salz: Oh, there were always plenty of diverse opinions.

Riess: But they wouldn't go out of their way to get a sort of right-wing opinion?

Salz: I don't know. I don't believe Ernest Besig ever did that especially. I think that there was always so much opposition to so many things that we always knew what the average people were saying and thinking.

Supposing you started here in San Francisco, from here to New York, to find out what people thought of mixed marriages or frequent changing of partners. If you tried to get the opinion, as you moved probably toward the Middle West, you'd find a whole different point of view than you'd find in the bigger cities, where most of the people, middle-class people and all kinds, have accepted the fact that their daughters and sons are going to live with different girls and different boys at various times, maybe for a few years with somebody and then, suddenly, somebody else, or frequently marry each other. You know that as well as I do.

The event that has come about in the 1970's, or thereabouts, or the late sixties, is that the parents receive the children, with their lovers, in their own houses, entertain them, and accept this. They've found that it's the only way they're friends with their children and they do that.

Riess: In other words, you don't have to go out of your way to find unenlightened opinion.

Salz: No. You can find it in the Middle West. I told you the story of my grandson's trip to Iowa, didn't I?

Riess: No, that I don't recall.

Salz: Well, I don't know whether that makes a story or not, but he went East with his girlfriend to attend the marriage of his best friend, who'd helped him build the house up in Bolinas. The bride took along her little boy who is the product of her first liaison. When they got up there and Tim was introduced to the farmer and his wife, the parents of this young bride-to-be, they

Salz: refused to accept Tim because he was there with his girlfriend and they didn't approve of this. They didn't accept him in any way, or invite him into the house.

I said to Tim, "Well, how did they accept Kevin as a bridegroom for their daughter, or how did they accept their daughter, who obviously is here with an eight-year-old boy?" And Tim said, "Oh, they were delighted with him because he was making their daughter an Honest Woman." That gives you a whole clue to opinion on these things there.

When the wedding came, his friend turned his back on the minister and faced the farmers who'd all come to the wedding. He said, "We are getting married because we love each other and expect to spend the rest of our lives together," and he went on a little bit in this vein, much to the surprise of the people who'd arrived, until he then turned his back on them and the minister proceeded to steam away on the usual marriage ceremony. [Laughter.] I think it was nice that he did that.

Board Members, Caldwell, Manning, Thierman, Heyneman, Tolman, Pike, Roth, Fine, Merryman

Riess: And then Jim Caldwell came on in 1946. [James Caldwell died April, 1965.]

Salz: Yes. Well, Jim Caldwell was a professor of English over at the University and a perfectly delightful man, a very erudite man in teaching literature. He wrote a book on Keats. His wife Kay was the daughter of Sara Bard Field and taught oriental art at Mills College.

Riess: Who was Seaton Manning?

Salz: Seaton Manning is a black man who's a professor of social science out at [San Francisco] State College. He's a very bright man and I think rather conservative, a close friend of Ernest Besig and so is his wife. I think she teaches too. They have some grownup children who I think are married. I don't see them any more.

Riess: Was he the first black man on the board?

Salz: I think he was. I did his portrait too and I did his wife's portrait. They both have them and like them very much.

Riess: Let me finish my list of ACLU people. There's a Stephen Thierman, 1951.

Salz: He was a very good man too on our committee. He rarely spoke. I don't remember how he voted even, except that we liked him. I think he's president of the overseas branches of the American Friends Service Committee now.

Riess: Now, there's Alice Heyneman, in 1952.

Salz: She's somebody that you don't write about very much. She's generous and warm, very intelligent. She's been on all kinds of boards. She was on our board for a while. She's very good. She's very attractive-looking. After my ninetieth birthday party I had quite a few letters, but hers was so charming, and she wrote, "I talked to almost all your wonderful grandchildren and I wish I could spend a whole week or weekend with each of them." Isn't that a pleasant statement?

Other fine members of the board were Katherine Tolman and Esther Pike.

Riess: Then, William Matson Roth, 1953.

Salz: Oh, I just remember he always voted in the right way. (My way!) I've sent a modest check to his campaign [gubernatorial primary, California, 1974], just so that he'd have backing from a lot of people. He certainly won't be elected, but I wanted him to figure anyway. I liked him very much indeed.

Riess: Alvin Fine, 1954.

Salz: Oh, yes. He was our chairman, an excellent chairman.

Riess: He took over . . .

Salz: After the Bishop, yes. He was a good chairman, a very able and bright man, not very strong. He doesn't do anything with us any more. I think he's out at State College.

I don't remember any chairman ever quite as good as the Bishop. We had John Merryman from Stanford. He's the head of some big department at Stanford. He was rather conservative for a Civil Liberties chairman. We liked him, he was able as a chairman, but bound to be a little conservative in his decisions.

Warren Saltzman was an indispensable member, capable, hard-working, responsible and a man of excellent judgment.

Salz: We have had so many unusually fine members over the years that it is impossible to mention more than a few.

Our legal staff was a very notable one. Brilliant young attorneys: Marshall Krause, Paul Halvonik, Charles Marson, Joe Remcho, and now, Deborah Hinkel.

XI TODAY IS TOO MUCH WITH US

Problems, Problems

Salz: This morning [16 April, 1974], the garage door is locked, so you can't get a car out. A boy I know who handles all that kind of stuff showed me the broken works and the whole machinery and said he could open it manually in case I needed a car. But I'm just not going out of the house. I'm getting so disgusted with the world that I'd just as leave stay home and die here. [Laughter.]

Then the gardener's helper came and broke one of these big windows on the porch. And I'll have to have a long row with Sears about something I bought there, my frigidaire, which in a year and a half had a broken part.

I said I felt they ought to either replace it or do something about it and they said my guarantee had gone out after a year. The young man at the phone was very chilly about the situation. I decided to be snobbish with him. There was something about his voice that made me know that he could be had.

I said to him, "Well, telephone to the Wells Fargo Bank. You can get word from them about my responsibility. And telephone to--I have credits everywhere." And so on. I just wanted to be really snobbish.

All of a sudden his voice changed completely and he said, "Oh, Mrs. Salz, I'm awfully sorry you're so inconvenienced. Let me see what we can do for you." This is really what happened. So, he came back within a while and he said to me, "Let me ring you up tomorrow." So, he did, the next day, and he said, "We'd like to make you an offer. How would it be if Sears paid half of this whole thing of having your part replaced and the service for doing the job?"

Salz: I said, "That isn't satisfactory at all. But I'm not going to fight with you about it. I'll probably pay it, but I consider it very stingy of Sears to sell you a lemon, something that doesn't work quite right, and then refuse to exchange it for you or pay for a new part. I'll pay it, but I don't feel friendly to Sears. So many of my friends"--and this part isn't true at all!--"have said to me, 'Do you mean Sears has done nothing about this yet?'" [Laughter.]

He became conciliatory. He felt maybe I was going to damage the whole national reputation of Sears by talking, talking, talking about them. Well, the final thing is that whatever it is, I'll be paying half. I've found that in debating with big concerns like telephone companies and Pacific Gas and Electric you end up by losing always; they're always the ones who win.

I'm just giving you a few of the things. But everything, I think, had happened within two weeks, including a lot of human tragedies that came into my life.

I decided I believe in astrology and that a little man in a star five hundred million miles away said to another little man, "Let's have a go at her for a couple of weeks."

Organizations, Solicitations

Salz: Well, anyway, I just felt as if nothing was worthwhile anymore. Not only the world was too much with me, but every day was too much with me. Every newspaper was too much with me. You know, you wake up in the morning and get your newspaper, and instead of the news you had sixty or eighty years ago . . . the mails are piled high with pleas in which you become personally responsible for every legless, hungry, mutilated child, injured through bombing in Vietnam, starving in Bangladesh. Each child is your child and you should give everything to Africa, Vietnam, Alabama, India. Help him, adopt him. If you don't you're going to be responsible for the rest of your life for that.

The letters are so good, too, that come out, and the pictures are so pathetic. Why, all of a sudden the world just will lie on top of your head from every side. I know the horrors on every side.

Sometimes, though, when you receive duplicates and triplicates of the pleas, the horrid thought comes, "Am I just paying

Salz: overhead for a long-existing, well-established office? Are the seemingly eternal poor never to be more adequately helped than by a thousand, ten thousand, earnest, inadequate offices?"

Was ever a country so besieged with causes? How about birth control for organizations. They all buy each others' sponsor lists and so produce six, eight children. If you subscribe to Guide Dogs, then within about two weeks the Visually Handicapped come to you. In another week, The Hebrew Tapes for Blind People, etc.

This morning I received eight duplicate envelopes from Planned Parenthood. One of them was addressed to Helen Salz, 301 Locust, one to Helen H. Salz, and so on--Mrs. A. K. Salz, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Salz. There were eight of them. I counted. I wrote back and I said, "I contributed last January to the Planned Parenthood and that is my yearly contribution. I will contribute again in 1975. Please don't send me eight warnings any more." [Laughter.] What you feel eventually is that any money, little or much, that you contribute buys stamps and paper. Anyway, with all this going on today I could not think of the past.

You got my notes about Albert Elkus and Ralph Stackpole, and Piazzoni?

Riess: Yes.

Salz: I thought you might use them in any way you wanted. I wrote it down, but I appreciate that I'm not really cooperating with you in exactly the way you like to be cooperated with, that you're used to asking your own questions and to getting answers that you can work with.

Riess: You called these "notes." Did you want to read this?

Salz: I thought if you wanted to look over it and see what you wanted to take out of it to ask questions about, it'll take you just five minutes to read it.

Riess: It's very impressionistic.

Salz: It is, as you say, impressionistic of these two people. I'm sure I've said other things about Piazzoni throughout my memoirs. They're very close to my life, both of them.

Riess: It sounds as if they were very similar too.

Notes, cl-1 Mtg, Pt. - to early rep

Ralph Stackpole and Gottardo Piazzoni*

Ralph in his studio cutting the great Stock Exchange figures, and including my eight-year-old daughter whom he had sketched the week before at our house at dinner. . . Ralph's head of George Sterling which we later bought for the University of California and now adorns Dwinelle Hall. Drawing with Ralph in his lovely large studio. I an artist and he a sculptor. I saying of the model "she moved" and he with his immortal Stackpole gesture "Well, move around a little and do her a little further on." Always Ralph the same from his early arrival in San Francisco thru the many years of friendship. Hard working, amazingly talented, prolific, completely uncommercial. . . it was hard to pay him for anything!

Than Gottardo Piazzoni, Ralph's warm friend during a lifetime. Almost. . . quite unconsciously. . . the Bohemian figure with flowing tie, wide hat, and bushy mustache, a delightful sense of humor, a man of unerring taste and a prodigious, natural, and original talent. . . I remember well the days he posed for me and I had the joy of doing his portrait; now in the possession of Mrs. Philip Wood, his daughter, also a talented painter. That studio where I drew had been at that time enlarged so as to make room for the great murals he was commissioned to do and with the initial excitement of Albert Bender and my husband Ansley Salz were ordered by a group of San Francisco art-loving citizens for the San Francisco Public Library. His standard of what he was satisfied with was exemplified by a phrase I recall/I have painted that sky thirty-five times. I think I have it now. The great day of the installation was memorable and he felt, I feel, on that day he had made his great and personal statement about California. Gottardo Piazzoni was an artist's artist. His impeccable taste, his deep feeling sense of beauty, and silent discarding of the meretricious, made him a much sought-after juror for shows. Incorruptible, kindly, but secure within himself. His reputation grows with the years.

*notes prepared for interviewer by Helen Salz

Salz: They were very similar, and Arthur Putnam--they were all completely uncommercial artists.

Art, Teaching

Riess: Spencer Macky spoke about Piazzoni and Stackpole and also Gertrude Albright, all three, as being very simple people and far from talkative about art.*

Salz: Yes.

I knew Gertrude Albright casually and liked her very much. She was a good teacher and a well-equipped artist. I don't remember that she did sensational pictures. She knew them all very well up at the school [California School of Fine Arts]. I never was at the school.

Riess: Did you ever teach?

Salz: No, I never wanted to teach. I didn't know well enough, I suppose, what I was doing. I had no method, couldn't have explained it to anybody, and would be rather an impatient teacher, I guess.

Riess: Maybe teaching makes you have a method.

Salz: That's possible, yes. I never wanted to teach and I actually didn't have to teach. I just had the luxury of painting.

Riess: Do you think that teaching is the price that people have to pay?

Salz: I read recently a book of Ben Shahn's, in which he wrote that the painters whom he has known who have been very good painters and interesting painters have lost that when they've gone into teaching. They start in doing little things, as they don't have energy enough left over to do the big, imaginative, creative things they'd been doing, I guess. Their work deteriorated greatly. He didn't advise people who were good painters, even in their difficulties, to go into teaching.

*The reader is referred to an interview by the Regional Oral History Office, Berkeley, with E. Spencer and Constance Macky, Reminiscences, 1954.

Riess: Did Stackpole or Piazzoni complain about it?

Salz: No, no. Ralph wasn't a very good teacher. I mentioned his procedure with you. Piazzoni was a better teacher. I don't know how to describe them exactly. I'm not very good at analysis.

Directions in Art Today

Riess: When you have supported or helped artists . . .

Salz: Artists don't want to be helped. They want to be appreciated. We bought pictures only because we liked them.

Riess: What do you think of Kasten's development?

Salz: Well, I think what has happened to my good friend Karl is that he has followed a pattern of a good many painters at present, which is to feel that in 1974 you have to paint more like people in 1974. He had a talent of his own when I first met him and he did beautiful etchings and lithographs and even colographs. Then he went into painting and his feeling for color I'm not sympathetic to, but that's personal, and his feeling for design in large things I don't think is good.

He did a beautiful painting which we gave the University, and it was then put into the University Library and hung there for a long time, much to his delight. I think he felt he never had been really recognized enough. I remember as he walked up the aisle to see his picture, he made a deep humorous bow, kind of kneeled, to his picture, a little courtesy. He was so happy about it being there.

I liked Karl immensely. He was here the day before yesterday with his wife, Georgette. They are very dear people and we had a nice visit together and he and I go out and visit galleries together, but I don't feel that he's helping himself by what he's doing at the moment. I think if he would give up being 1974 and go back to the 1950's and 1960's--I think he was doing more natural work then and his own gift was apparent. He drew very well and he's a well-equipped artist, an excellent technician for whatever field he works in.

Riess: It sounds like a problem if you are where the ethic is change and growth.

Salz: Yes. But, unfortunately, I don't happen to believe change is always growth. I think sometimes I think it's deterioration. I think what they think is growth because it's change isn't really growth at all. What has happened now is that some of the painters have been using more abstract material, parallelograms, or circles or whatever, to give their ideas. Then there are other people who think that all you need to do is arrange--I'm making this up!--parallels and circles and you get a picture. What's happening now is that often all they do get are parallels and circles. [Laughter.] And there's very little genius or understanding, I think, in back of it.

I've been to so many shows. I went over to a show the other day. I won't mention what it was. It was extremely bad, from my point of view. It had neither design nor color nor anything that you would care to hang around or put in your place. I thought it was the very misunderstood art of a good many people who wanted to be artists because they didn't know what else to do and had no special gift for seeing.

And I've gone up to the art school of the Art Institute recently. I've been in the rooms where they're teaching and watched the students there who don't seem to know what they're doing, having enormous canvases, slashing all over, with no organization, from my point of view, no technical knowledge or achievement, no real knowledge about color or anything.

[In response to the interviewer's request for a formulation of her thoughts about art and poetry in the 1970s, Mrs. Salz reluctantly offered the following comments on art, feeling she had "outlived recent productions"; as she said, "I am apologetically not a great authority on poetry or art but will today nevertheless in spite of thousands and thousands of historical and well-informed articles and books give my amateur impressions of art."]

"In the twentieth century some of the greatest, most original painters and sculptors appeared--Monet, Manet, Picasso, Renoir, Cezanne, Matisse, Rodin, Henry Moore, Arthur Putnam, Ralph Stackpole, too many to mention. Some were strongly influenced and excited by African, Mexican, South Seas, and Asiatic art.

"Then late in the century many young people, seeking art as a refuge, and with little talent to encourage them, offered intellectual decisions and technical achievements, some of the most elaborate and difficult kind, as a substitute for beauty, color, design, or any feeling to give pleasure to the eye. Miles of galleries are filled with these works and you wonder, if you

Salz: are unsympathetic, why they are hung. They seem meaningless and dull, yet they receive prizes. Meanwhile the industrial arts, great rugs and scarves and throws and handsome wall stitchery, the work of craftsmen from Africa, Finland, Italy, France, Guatemala and Mexico, suddenly and surprisingly take their place."

New Living Styles

Riess: What do you think of today's life styles?

Salz: I told you my conversation with a girl who wanted to know what I thought about the different forms of living together. Did I?

Riess: No.

Salz: She said to me, "What do you think is the best way, the way your parents and you and your grandparents lived, in which the family was the unit and people stayed together and they raised families, or the way we live, changing when we want to and having a more fluid existence?"

And I said, "I can't tell you until you're about forty and I'm here when you're forty, because then I would know how your life is really working out. When there is no unit and maybe no children that belong to a group, there is no central motif in your family of any kind, and so I wouldn't be able to tell. I think if I knew you all when you were forty, then I could look over the scene and I would have some notion which of the two choices is a little safer or happier!"

It's impossible to say. I have no criticism at all for people living together right now. I know loads of people who are living together. Both the boys and the girls bring their lovers home and stay there in their homes and the parents receive them and the whole approach is noncritical. I think it's an age that's being passed through right now and the young people are accepted.

Riess: When you talk about a central motif of a family, what do you mean?

Salz: Well, I myself think that there's a great advantage in people learning to live together. I think it takes a while--often because people have to learn to understand each other and not expect exactly their own identical psyches in the people whom they love and decide to live with. If they do, then they're

Salz: often disappointed and feel they have to move on to somebody who's going to have the same point of view they have about life. I don't think that it always works out that way.

I think that where there has been love or real kinship at the start, there is real value in staying with it for a while and in trying to learn the other person's point of view, in accepting some of their ideas and in not conceding everything.

If it's been an arranged marriage for any reason, as they used to be in Europe, the Orient and even here, then I don't think you can have the same criteria. If it's been a love marriage originally, then there is something definitely to go back to and to hold on to.

I've come to realize that there is a concave and a convex side to married life. There is. Very often a young man is a delightful dancer and provider for dinner and going out together and having a wonderful time. You picture an ideal life of that kind with him forever, and then when you're married to him you're surprised to find that he doesn't realize that rent has to be paid once a month and that fire insurance has to be paid and, after a while, there are children's teeth to be straightened, and that life has certain difficulties attached to it which neither you nor he envisaged and he was not prepared to meet at all. He expected to go on into middle age and have a perpetual good time. Within his superficial view of life he has had no realization that life is not only made up of pie, and she too, is as unrealistic as he.

Why convex and concave? They are implicit in each other. What makes the convex side is really a sense of exuberant unreality. What makes the concave side is just the opposite--a defeated sense of reality and almost childish disappointment.

XII SOME INTERESTING CHARACTERS, ARTISTS, AND INSTITUTIONS

Beatrice Judd Ryan

Riess: What do you remember of Beatrice Judd Ryan, who ran the Rotunda Gallery in San Francisco?

Salz: I exhibited twice in Beatrice Judd Ryan's Gallery in the City of Paris. She was a unique person, and very strange. She was a tall woman, and I think her hair was bright red. She wore enormous hats. I think Ruth Cravath did a wonderful portrait of her. She ran her gallery arbitrarily. People thought she was a terrible snob, but she would deal with things she thought would sell, you know, or were well known.

She gave me two shows, and I rang her up and I said to her, "Beatrice Judd Ryan, I wish you would put my pictures at least twelve to fourteen inches apart. I don't like them right next to each other." (I think pictures hurt each other when they're right on top of each other.)

And she said to me, "Mrs. Salz, I hang my own pictures." That was it.

She was definite about her running the gallery herself. She was always nice with me, and I think she sold a few things for me too. She was a person who was quite enterprising. Before that she had her own gallery on Sutter Street, and when I was in my twenties she showed me there. She was quite independent in her way, arbitrary, decisive, kind of a character--everybody knew who Beatrice Judd Ryan was, you know. She wore fantastic clothes, the hats. She was a colorful note in the city.

Riess: Were there other galleries in San Francisco where one might have gone to see what was new?

Salz: I went around very little to galleries in my life. I didn't know what other people were doing.

Riess: What about Vickery, Atkins & Torrey?

Salz: Everybody knew Vickery, Atkins, & Torrey. When my aunt Olga Ackerman the portrait painter died, Bruce Porter, a devoted friend of hers who thought she was a marvelous painter (he was very aware about her, as he was himself a stained-glass window man, a landscape gardener, a builder; he could do everything) arranged for a show of her portraits at Vickery, Atkins. That was a very exclusive place to show pictures at that time, and he showed a lot of her portraits there. She was a remarkable portrait painter; she did mostly her family, and a few others. She had a big studio in her house on Jackson Street and was a very, very talented painter.

Riess: Where would someone have gone to see what was new in the galleries? Or would you go to museums?

Salz: I don't really know. I wasn't public-spirited at that time. I was either painting, or later busy with my family, or myself painting with whatever time I had.

Albert Bender

Riess: You once mentioned knowing Albert Bender too.

Salz: He was a very nice man. Everybody knew his name. I questioned his taste very often. I don't think he knew an awful lot about art. He had a cousin who knew more about it, Anne Bremer. They lived together in a large studio apartment. (When I say "lived together," they lived in separate apartments but they were near each other. [Laughter.] I don't think they ever really lived together. I don't think Anne Bremer wanted to live with him, and he wasn't a man who would freely live with somebody without marrying her, you know.)

Riess: People speak of his devotion to her. It's never clear.

Salz: No, but I don't think they ever lived together. It is presumptuous and unimportant to even guess. She was a very tall, gaunt woman, devoted to painting. And he thought she was wonderful. I think I mentioned Albert Bender when I was doing a portrait of William Gaw, didn't I?

Albert was somebody who bought the pictures of all the artists in the city, helped everybody in every different direction. He

Salz: always had innumerable letters in his pocket.

"Would you like to see a letter of Bernard Shaw's?"

Out it would come.

"Would you like to see anybody's letter?"

Out it would come. He carried just piles of letters from famous people all over the world. I don't know how he got in touch with them, but he did. He was a man who was--I won't say he was interested in his public image, but he saw himself in some kind of a character.

Riess: Did he get along well with people like Piazzoni and Stackpole?

Salz: Oh, yes.

Recently Elise Haas sent me a book of Albert Bender's life which she put out in about two hundred copies. She knew I knew Albert. And I've known Elise always. So she sent me a copy of this. In it I discovered, to my utter surprise, that he planned to have the Piazzoni pictures at the Public Library. This mistake was, possibly, a natural one as he was on the library board and could encourage their acceptance. My husband was the man who had worked with Piazzoni over these pictures and understood his beautiful plan for the unique interpretation of California country. He wrote us beautiful letters about his studying the landscape all over the Monterey hills to get spiritual refreshment.

The whole original idea was Ansley's and Piazzoni's who had wanted to do these ten murals for many years.

I didn't telephone to Elise to tell her this because the book was out and she had given it to two hundred people and that was it.

A number of us visited many people to donate the modest sum of \$25,000 for all ten murals. This was to be paid over three years. It took three years to complete them.

Albert Bender was a charming, friendly man. I remember three women once meeting--all of us met over at Mills College--and I looked at one of them and I said, "That's a lovely jade you have," on a chain. And the woman said, "Thank you. Albert Bender gave me this." And the other woman said, "Oh, did he? He gave me this," [twisting a bracelet].

Salz: And I said, "Well, he gave me this!" [showing a brooch]. He had given us all presents!

He gave everyone whom he knew presents. He would buy things and then if he met you on the street an hour later, give them to you, if he liked you. He took fancies to people and gave them gifts, or he'd invite them to come down and see his collection.

Bruno Adriani

Salz: Did I tell you about the night Albert invited me to come to see--do you know who Lawrence Straus was, or Theresa Schuckel? They were very well known out here. Theresa Schuckel was married three times, and I always, when I telephoned and spoke to her husband, gave the name of the last husband, and he would say, "No, no, this is not Mr. Bauer, this is Mr. Schuckel." "Oh, of course, hello Mr. Schuckel. I'm so sorry; that is so stupid of me." And then later she got married to a man named Jelenko.

She herself was a fine pianist, and her sister was the wife of Lawrence Straus, who was a very good concert singer, always small things, French songs. He had a special fine idea which I liked, and that was that when he sang a French song he gave the plot of the song first in English to his audience, which I thought was very understanding, because the average person does not understand a French song. It's sung faster than the French they know from books or high school.

When I was in Carmel at one time, Adriani--do you know his name?--had a group that came in the evening, and he read them French poetry. And I told him about Lawrence Straus, what I've just told you, and he said, "It's absolutely unnecessary, Mrs. Salz, absolutely unnecessary. Everybody speaks French."

"Well, they may speak French, but I don't think they all understand the songs right away."

"Oh, they all do."

That night there were a large group of us. I went to his reading too, but I had gone through three poems of Baudelaire with him before the meeting, and parts I didn't understand he explained to me--he was a real student. And when the evening came, everybody listened to them and applauded when he finished

Salz: reading. Afterwards I casually walked up to two women, and one was Irene Alexander, who was a reporter on the paper, and I said, "Do you understand that? Do you understand French that well Irene, because I don't."

"No, I don't understand a word that he says, but he reads so nicely I enjoy him. I do speak French, but not that fast."

So then I sauntered up to Noel Sullivan and I said, "Noel, tell me about your French. Do you understand it when Adriani reads new poems?"

And Noel said, "No, I can't understand them that fast either, and I don't understand Baudelaire anyway. He's very difficult."

I really should have told this to Adriani, but I didn't. Adriani was a great collector of original things, late French etchings, Monet, and I think Manet and a number of good German painters. Most of his gifts have gone to the Legion of Honor. Bruno Adriani died recently. He was Commissar of Art in Berlin I think, but as a Jew he had to leave Germany. His wife was an American girl from Georgia--wealthy and delicate in health. They were both out here and had a big house in Carmel. He was devoted to her and she was a nice woman.

Henri Matisse

Riess: Karl Kasten tells me Matisse came to San Francisco around twenty-five years ago. Do you recall?

Salz: Yes, I do remember.

Riess: Apparently he said something very funny when somebody asked him, "How do you like San Francisco?" Karl couldn't remember what it was, but he thought you could.

Salz: No, I don't remember hearing that. I remember that when I met him I said, "Fifteen years ago, Monsieur Matisse, I met you in Paris." He said, "I remember your face perfectly. I never forget a face."

So, I was greatly flattered and pleased, until I met a friend of mine who is very plain and not very interesting-looking. She said, "I saw Matisse the other day. You know, I met him in Paris

Salz: with the Steins. He said to me, 'I remember you. I never forget a face.'" [Laughter.] So, I stopped being so pleased with myself.

Riess: Oh, what a blow! What did he do when he was here?

Salz: I don't remember very much. It's quite a long time ago.

Sargent Johnson

Salz: I have been thinking about Sargent Johnson, and I want to put in here some things about him: [reading.] Sargent Johnson was one of the most distinguished sculptors of the West. As a small, black boy, obviously talented, he was in a Catholic home for children. The nuns recognized his gifts in music and in art and gave him special lessons.

A young woman named Evangeline Montgomery was here the other day to spend the afternoon. She is writing a book about Sargent Johnson. He was born, evidently, just a few years after I was. He must have been in his eighties when I knew him and he still seemed very young to me, very able. He handled every medium you can think of with equal expertise. Besides being an excellent artist he was a very good technician and craftsman, which they aren't always.

The show she did of his work at the Oakland Museum was after his death and, sad to say, the first show that he had ever had. [end reading]

I knew little of his life. I knew that he had had a wife who went insane and was in an institution, that he had a daughter who, I don't think, was quite right. She's always had jobs at filing and typing and a few things, and looked after herself in Chicago. But she didn't treat him really very well and didn't connect with him very much. She came out here after his death and was interested in the fact that he was somebody out here.

He was a pupil of Bufano's, talented in sculpture and in half a dozen art fields, as a painter, as a sculptor, in etching, in lithography. We have half a dozen, maybe, of all his things here which we bought. We knew him over thirty years, before many other people did.

Salz: My husband recognized excellent sculpture right away. He was very intuitive about it. There is kind of a funny story attached to that. We went down to the big art festival [Union Square, San Francisco, ca. late 40s] and there was the "Hippopotamus" (which is in our front hall). Beautiful!

My husband said, "I'll buy this. If you'll just pack it up, I'll take it with me and here's the check."

"Oh, we can't have anything go until after the show."

My husband was discomfited and went off, drove two blocks, and drove back, and he said, "Unless I can take it with me, I won't buy it." (In fact, we saw there were two little boys with nails, digging into the nose [of the figure].) He pointed this out to the woman and said, "This is the reason why I'm going to take it with me or not buy it."

So she said, "Well, I guess I understand now," and she sold it to him. Then a museum wanted it very much; it's one of his finest pieces.

This figure [in hallway, visible during interview] of mother and child is an example of his woodwork, copied from an ancient Egyptian pattern of clay and then linen over it and then painted with thick paint. It's a very elaborate process. I've said it's the psychoanalyst's ideal of the child within the woman and all the influence, the pre-birth influence, which some of us believe in and some of us don't. It's interesting.

On each side of that, there are two African flutists, male and female.

Riess: When your husband bought the "Hippopotamus," did he know anything about Sargent Johnson?

Salz: Not a thing about him. I'll tell you this, and it's not to brag about it, but neither of us were ever interested in names. We bought things because we liked them and we hadn't the slightest interest in anybody's name.

At the time of his death I wrote the following eulogy which was read during the church service for him:

We have all known Sargent over many decades and known him as one of the finest and most original of Western sculptors. He brought a personal Negro-African American quality into his work that had been

Salz: hitherto unknown in our art world. Many of his large, important works are owned and prized by museums and private collectors. Frequently he traveled to Mexico and found in Oaxaca a special and beautiful black clay which he used in his own special and lovely way and brought back to this country extraordinary small figures -- The Politician, The Laughing Girl, Man and Woman, and many other delightful things.

He was the gentlest and kindest of men. Unconscious of money-value, ready to give to his friends what they happened to admire. Ready to share his last half-dollar with anyone in need. Always spoke warmly of the kindness of others, doctors, nurses, (in his recent hard hospital experiences) and always how friendly and helpful everyone was -- unaware perhaps that his own kindness brought this forth.

Everyone will miss this remarkable and gentle soul. Peace be with him.

Riess: What kind of a problem was his being a black man for him?

Salz: Well, he didn't seem to have much problem. He was a black man, perfectly charming. As far as we were concerned, we paid no attention to it. We thought he was an excellent artist. That was all we seemed to care about, I guess.

Ansley Salz's Choices in Art

Salz: [reading] Ansley, who had really no training in art, as his training had been in music, was intuitively aesthetic. When he wanted to buy a piece of sculpture he would, if he could, bring it home and study it for a long time in the middle of the night. He bought many pieces of sculpture of a man whose work he admired greatly. Joseph Goethe was his name. And when Goethe went East to live for a long time, Ansley asked him to send photographs of what he was doing. He did and Ansley bought them and told him to choose some eastern museum where he would like to donate a piece of sculpture. We are represented in many eastern galleries and I still after almost thirty-five years receive invitations for the opening night in a number of middle-western and southern states.

Salz: His interest in Ellwood Graham, the painter, was equally great, and when the man at the head of the Whitney Museum, Lloyd Goodrich, saw our own Grahams, he hinted broadly that he'd like one for the Whitney Museum. Katherine Kuh of the Chicago Museum was also equally interested and I offered to have him bring up his pictures from Carmel if they were pretty definitely sure they wanted one. The selections were made and the works undoubtedly now hang in the respective museums. (Unless they are in the basement, where pictures so often land.) [end reading]

In 1915 for the first time Nicholas Roerich was shown out here and my husband bought me two of his beautiful pictures; one of them was used for a stage set and the subject of the other was two priests in a boat riding down the Volga. There is now a Roerich museum in New York.

Albert Elkus

Riess: Albert Elkus was another close friend of yours, wasn't he? [Albert Elkus died February, 1962.]

Salz: Albert was a very, very old friend, yet I wouldn't know just what to say about him. When you've known people for so long, you know . . . He was really a very shy and a very inarticulate person. His music has been played by the Symphony here.

His son has had rather an odd career. He had a very good position at Leligh University and he decided to leave. He felt that there was no especially interesting or inspiring future for him there, so they bought a place in Cape Cod and they sent out the most amusing invitations. They wrote that all kinds of services were being offered--instructions in piano and legal stenography and apartments to be rented in their building, as well as composing music and leading orchestras.

Elizabeth Elkus, Albert's wife, is very popular over in Berkeley. If you know her even a little bit, if you're in trouble, she's just the person who comes to help you out in the most unofficious way, so that you wouldn't even know you were being helped. She's that kind of a person.

Riess: Those are really the great ladies.

Salz: Yes. I really have known only nice people mostly all my life. [Laughter.] I don't know many mean people or horrid people.

ALBERT ISRAEL ELKUS*

1884-1963

Pedagogue, composer, pianist, conductor.
Graduated U.C. Berkeley, 1906.
Master's Degree, 1907.

Studied piano, composition in San Francisco, Paris, Vienna, Berlin.

As pedagogue he taught at San Francisco Conservatory of Music, Mills and Dominican colleges, Stanford University Summer School. Professor of Music at U.C. Berkeley, conductor of its orchestra, Chairman of Music Department for 14 years. His influence on his pupils was deep and far-reaching. Young musicians sought him out for help and counsel, which they received from an open and untiring hand.

As composer he came out of the Romantic period. His gods were Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin, Verdi, Brahms, but he loved as well the music of the Renaissance and Baroque composers, and furthered the music of his own time. His composition, "Impressions from a Greek Tragedy," received the Julliard Award in 1935.

As pianist, a true poet, with concepts of grandeur, delicacy, drama.

A loyal, generous and devoted friend; the colleagues with whom he worked as well as his pupils were greatly influenced, and in some degree changed by association with him.

Active in musical life of the community; a member of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, served on numerous boards, and administrative committees, on campus, regionally and nationally.

On Charter Day, 1959, U.C. conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and upon his death an "In Memoriam" was written by his colleagues, professors Boyden, Cushing, Lawton, and Pepper.

* prepared by Helen Salz for inclusion in this interview

Salz: Maybe I select them and maybe I let the others go. I don't know.

Riess: If Albert Elkus was shy and inarticulate, was that something that he got over when he was with close friends?

Salz: He stuttered. Something he got over? A little bit, but he always stuttered a little bit. He lectured more easily. When he lectured he seemed to have better control of himself. He wrote music which has been played in many places. I will write out something more about him for you.

Henry Schaefer-Simmern

Riess: Where did Henry Schaefer-Simmern fit into things?

Salz: I knew very little about him, except that he became a very popular figure with a whole group of women down at Atherton, who met usually at Elise Haas's place, and they all drew down there and all liked him immensely. Elise herself was a good sculptor and owned beautiful things. She really has a feel for art.

Schaefer-Simmern also had a creative art school in Berkeley. To my surprise, one day he asked me to do his portrait. I did two, one of which he said was "zükologically correct" [sic]-- and that was the one I gave him.

Riess: That was his field, wasn't it, the art as therapy?

Salz: Well, his idea was that you shouldn't have any models and that's why it amused me greatly that he used to come and pose for me. He didn't want any mistakes made about himself! [Laughter.]

Riess: His thing was that you draw from your inner . . .

Salz: Yes, you draw from your head. What's inside your head you draw, and that's it. He was a good instructor for one year. I've seen some work of his pupils. It seemed to me they didn't advance very far. I think they need a little more background of actual work first, of working, drawing, you know.

Riess: Do you subscribe at all to the idea that you can keep working from within your head?

Salz: No. There are a lot of people who do and a good many of the modern painters are working entirely from their heads. I think

Salz: they're doing awfully arid stuff, a lot of them, because I don't think a lot of them have very interesting heads! [Laughter.]

I happen to have two remarkable Renoir prints which were done in Germany about thirty years ago and they're the best I've ever seen. Everybody thinks they're originals. Schaefer-Simmern, a German expert, came out to sell me a Renoir. The moment he looked at one of them on the wall he said, "Ah, Mrs. Salz, I didn't know you had one!"

I said, "Look a little closer." (I didn't want him to really lose face. I don't like people to lose face.) I said, "Look a little closer and you'll see it's not an original."

So, then he used one of the spyglasses the Germans carry around with them: "Ah, yes, I see!" [Laughter.] The whole thing was funny.

Riess: Did Schaefer-Simmern's school have a very big influence, do you think?

Salz: Yes, I think so. I don't know whether the school is still running. He's a terrific egoist. You couldn't believe anybody so--I don't know what his work is like. I haven't seen it.

I think I told you I said to him, "How did you get the name Schaefer-Simmern?" (The name Schaefer, meaning shepherd, is quite common in Germany.) He said, "Well, you are the only person in the United States who has asked me that question. I will tell you. I went to"-- and he mentioned the name of a famous German painter he knew--"and he said to me, 'You are doing very good work. What is your name? What do you sign it?' I said, 'I sign it Schaefer.' And he said, 'No, you can't sign your work Schaefer. There are a thousand Schaefers in Germany. What city do you come from?' I said, 'The city of Simmern.' He said, 'You put a hyphen and you put Schaefer-Simmern. That's a name you can sign.'"

Susan Tibben

Salz: Recently I bought a picture. About Christmas time I went up to the Art Institute because I'd received their catalogue and the photographs of the work of their prize pupils. It was so bad that I telephoned to Mireille Wood and we went down there to see the show. It was just as bad as the photographs were. I said, "I don't really know why I subscribe any more to this institute."

Salz: But before we left, we went to a room called the Diego Rivera Room, which you know, and there was an exhibition of Japanese paintings, not very good. Then there were two absolutely beautiful pictures done by somebody whose name I'd never heard. Her name was Susan Tibben. I became so interested in these pictures. They were enormous. You couldn't place them in a house. They were eight by five feet. You know how long that is, two feet longer than the bed! That's tremendous.

So, the girl came out to see me. She was rather--what shall I say?--pugnacious, if anything. I don't think she thought that I seriously wanted to see her or buy anything of hers. I'd asked her over the telephone how much they were. She told me. Because of my deafness I sometimes misunderstand figures--especially over the telephone. So, what she actually was asking was twice as much as what I thought she had told me on the telephone. I said something about the high price for the work of a completely unknown artist. "It's worth it," she replied.

She turned out to be twenty-one years old. She walked around my room and was very contemptuous of practically everything I had, except one picture, which was my picture of my niece [Ethel Voorsanger] at the end of the room. The Hofers didn't merit so much as a glance, or anything else. I think she accepted the Roy de Forest. And she went in my studio. "Off with their heads," as far as I could see.

I bought her picture. I told her I thought I'd buy it, that I'd pay her part of it now, and I'd pay her the rest if the University of Santa Cruz would place it, because I would like to give it to them, which at least meant that part of this large sum I was paying would be deductible anyway.

My daughter Margaret, who's an excellent judge, came up and said, "Oh, it's a beauty. I'd get it. I know they'll take it down there." She went back and talked to Eloise Smith. (Eloise has a gallery named after her. She's the wife of Page, you know. He's an historian. He wrote ten volumes on the American Revolution.) Eloise said they would take something that I sent down there because I'd given them only good pictures. They didn't need to send a jury up here.

I had it framed--I didn't like her frame--and sent it down. They're delighted with it down there. I had a beautiful letter from Dean McHenry, who is now resigning, a beautiful letter about this picture. Also one from President Hitch. So, I had xerox copies made of them and sent them down to Susan Tibben so she could make use of them, if she wanted these letters for entry into any schools.

Salz: This morning she sent me a poster that was made of the painting. This may be cruder in color than the photo that she's having made. I'll show it if you'd like to see it.

Anyway, I was simply fascinated with the picture, and Margaret said everybody down there loved it. McHenry wrote and he said, "The DeYoung Museum has asked for the picture to be in their show next year, called their 'Rainbow Show,' and we'd be very happy and honored to have them take it." (Well, they never will when they find how expensive it is to get it to and fro from Santa Cruz.)

When I said to her over the telephone, "That was nice the DeYoung Museum was inviting you," she laughed and she said, "Well, the truth is I really went out there to see the museum director and told him the whole story and he said he'd like to have it for the museum."

I also said to her, "You know, somebody asked me the other day what you were like--I was telling them about you, discovering you down there."

She said, "What did you say about me?"

I said, "That you're very contemptuous about almost everybody's pictures."

"Did you really think I was contemptuous?"

"Oh, yes. You're just about as arbitrary as I am about pictures." [Laughter.] And I said, "You were very contemptuous of some very good things that I have around."

She was overcome, but I think it gave her a good lesson to stop doing what she was doing, being so casual, hardly giving a look at really good things.

Tastemakers, Curators, and Mistakes

Riess: Did you know Hans Hofmann?

Salz: No. I've heard he's a remarkable teacher. I do not care for his pictures, except a few of them. I think a great many of them are great, big splashes on canvas of not an interesting variety. I never did think that Peter Selz, the curator, was

Salz: a discriminating chooser of pictures. I didn't think he knew awfully well.

Riess: He ended up getting all of Hofmann, didn't he?

Salz: He got all of them. Selz was a dominant man who, academically, was very well equipped, had written papers on Giacometti and written papers on Beckmann, the German painter, and he'd written documents about each of these people. But I think he's a little bit one of those people who knows everything about the famous there is to know, but when he sees their work, he doesn't really know exactly what's so good about it and why it's distinguished from somebody else's.

I never took him seriously and wouldn't, as he wished, serve on his boards. Since he was there, I never gave anything to the University. He was there about eight years. I didn't trust him, didn't want to discuss it with him. One that he showed me in his office and he treasured I didn't think was very good. So, I didn't care about sharing with him the decisions for the University.

Riess: Did you know the Art Institute people in the late forties, like Clifford Still and Hassel Smith?

Salz: No. I didn't like a lot of their work. I think Hassel Smith is one of those people who became quite a well-known teacher and was bought by people and so on yet I don't think I liked his things ever. I don't think he's an interesting painter. There are some people that I see and they grip me right away. There's something I know that's very, very right about it that I like. My husband was very quick like that with sculpture.

The other day, Mireille Wood brought three people to see me. They were people who'd heard I had these wonderful casts of Arthur Putnam. One of them, Benjamin Deane, was a class-mate of Phil Woods, a collector, and a very inventive man. Gradually, over his life, Deane had bought acres and acres of land down around Los Angeles, places that looked deserted (which later would be discovered to have oil), places where the eucalyptus trees were not in good condition but where nevertheless he built small houses and then bigger houses. Finally, the Occidental Oil people purposefully arrived and offered to buy his rights and said he could share in the profits. He's a tremendously wealthy man now and he's begun to collect sculpture, such as Rodins and Maillols and happily wandered into the great. He doesn't care what he spends and he's getting quite a big collection.

Salz: Mireille told him that I had some very fine casts of Putnam, which he wanted to see. I saw in some recent note about Putnam--it's in a book I have about Putnam--that this is one of the four casts of this original kind made in Rome by Luigi Gatti in the early part of the century. They were very excited to see them.

Dr. Albert Elsen, evidently the head art historian at Stanford and head of that department, was immensely interested in everything I had. I wouldn't know what his taste is.

I never know what the taste is of art historians. I know they know everything there is to know about people, all about their lives and who they studied with and who they were influenced by and what effect they had on their generation. But actually, like curators, I'm never sure what their taste is. I know they know everything there is to be known about the world of art, but what their actual knowledge is of what's good and bad . . .

Did I tell you that story about Albert Bender showing me a whole group of pictures and telling me they were Picasso drawings? Then we both started laughing when I said they were beautiful and he said they were done by some Mexican children. I said, "Well, I don't care who did them. They're beautiful all the same." It's awfully unimportant to me who the name is if they're good pictures! [Laughter.]

Riess: When you ask historians, are they reluctant to commit themselves?

Salz: Oh, no. But I've seen them. I know that their choices, at times, aren't very good. The same way with curators.

The curators down in the San Francisco Museum showed me a de Kooning the women's board bought for the museum. They wheeled me in my wheelchair to a back gallery all the way over to see it. It's maybe the worst de Kooning I've ever seen. The curator probably persuaded them to buy it, you know.

And then he showed me how they have had the Picasso still-life reframed with a brilliant gold frame by the man who was such an expert at gold leaf, and it knocked the picture completely out. I've seen it before with a modest frame on it and this is what they've done to it. He doesn't even seem to know the difference.

Riess: I guess art museum directors or people who pick pictures are in

Riess: one of the most vulnerable positions that you could ever be in.

Salz: Yes. They buy whole traveling collections unseen, you know--a Matisse show and there may be some very, very bad Matisses amongst them, maybe Matisses that Matisse threw in the wastebasket that would be carefully treated and ironed out and framed and matted and sold for \$50,000 or \$100,000.

Riess: That sounds illegal.

Salz: It sounds illegal. Well, I think they do that all the time. They may not. I just make that up.

Riess: Did you go on art juries?

Salz: No, I've never been on a jury. I wouldn't be very good on a jury because I'm very opinionated. [Laughter.]

Riess: But that's what's needed.

Salz: I don't know. You have to have somebody with rather a tolerant view in art. Spencer Macky was married to a woman who was much more talented than he was, Constance Macky. He was accurate and he drew well and he did portraits that were as like people as photographs and he was an awfully nice man, but he wasn't really a talented artist. He may have been a good teacher, I don't know, but his wife was a very good teacher and she was a very good artist.

Riess: Did you know Ray Boynton and Lee Randolph?

Salz: Yes. Ray Boynton was a gifted colorist, good in design. The work that he did over at Mills College, on the walls of the church and the auditorium and so on was excellent. He was an artist.

Lee Randolph was a good draftsman, but not a remarkable artist. He was an awfully nice man. I don't know what he was like as a teacher.

Gifts of Art from the Salzes

Riess: You have been responsible for giving a lot of beautiful things to the University.

Salz: [reading] Ansley and I have presented many pictures and sculpture to the University. We presented a number of Ralph Stackpole's sculptures, a head of George Sterling now in Dwinelle Building, and later a Stackpole abstract, not far from Sather Gate.

We gave many of Karl Kasten's etchings, Oliviera's etchings, and some others to the graphics rental collection. A beautiful large Piazzoni hangs in University House, and two Piazzonis were later placed in Hertz Hall.

A number of Helen Salz pastels requested by the University and a beautiful Theodore Polos all hang in the faculty room of the music administration building. Also there are some Helen Salzes in the womens' dormitories.

Later we gave a beautiful Dick O'Hanlon sculpture called "Voyage". The sculpture was placed by a group of professors who went around the grounds with me, head of the art historians Herschel Chipp, and James Caldwell of the English Department, so that things would be placed satisfactorily to the University.

They decided to give me a luncheon of all of us who had placed the sculpture. It was supposed to be in my honor, and Jim Caldwell wrote a funny poem about me, which I will include.

Charlotte Mack

Riess: Do you recall Galka Scheyer's arrival in the Bay Area?

Salz: Oh, yes, the German. She was evidently a very discriminating person. She brought out--well, let me see. I don't remember the names even.

Riess: The Blue Four.

Salz: Yes, Klee and Kandinsky.

Riess: Jawlinsky and Feininger.

Salz: Charlotte Mack bought a Kokoschka in 1915 when he was shown here for the first time. Later it was given to the San Francisco Museum. She was a collector and a very natural, discriminating woman with a flair for what was good.

Salz: She was a little woman who taught mathematics in some school in the East and was married to a man who belonged to a very conventional, wealthy family in San Francisco and he brought her back here. She said to me once, and she told me this rather secretly, "I have a corset and a hat and when I go out to lunch with his relatives, his sisters and family, I put on my hat and my corset and then I feel that it's all right to go out to lunch." [Laughter.]

She was very informal and her husband was very wealthy. They had an apartment on which she spent everything that he would like to have spent. The place was just beautiful, beautifully furnished. She had no notion about anything for herself and I think most of the time she would wear something navy blue that she found in Hale's basement, thought it was a good color, and bought it.

Riess: Her main interest was art?

Salz: It was art, yes, and she had a natural instinct for art. She bought good things, long before other people were buying them. She bought Picassos, and Matisse, and Kokoschka and other people. She had a real feeling for art. She would support a struggling artist, send him abroad, and help everybody who needed her help and whose aims she admired. A great and generous soul.

Riess: Do you remember a great stir when the Klee and Kandinsky and so on were shown?

Salz: No, I don't remember. I have a very bad memory for almost everything.

Riess: How about a great stir way back in 1916 in the Annex Show at the Palace of Fine Arts, and there was the Duchamps "Nude Descending a Staircase?"

Salz: No, I don't remember.

Riess: Well, some people got very excited when that came to town.

Salz: Yes, people were angry at it. Some people were pleasantly excited and others were furious at it. They thought that some kind of a joke was being put over on the public, I think.

No, I don't remember about it. I wish I did, but I don't. I really didn't go to visit many shows. I've not gone around to a lot of galleries and shows. I've stayed home working

Salz: most of the time. I wasn't good at going around and seeing things. I should have been, maybe, but I didn't want it especially.

The Stock Exchange Building

Riess: I was thinking about that Stock Exchange building. [1929-1933] Now, that was a very extraordinary coming together of the architect, Timothy Pfleuger, and Rivera and Stackpole.

Salz: Yes, that's right. I wrote a little about that, how Stackpole had come out to my house to dinner and my youngest daughter, age six, came down to show her new bathing suit to us at dinner. The moment she came down, he took a pencil and paper out of his pocket and made an instantaneous brilliant drawing of her. The next thing I saw, Margaret was on the Stock Exchange. On the other side was one of his children. I asked Peter Stackpole the other night if that was a portrait of Peter when he was seven. He said no; he thinks it was Francis. It might have been him, but he doesn't remember.

Riess: I thought it was one of Dorothea and Maynard Dixon's children.

Salz: I don't think so. It might have been. Who was Maynard's wife then?

Riess: Dorothea Lange.

Salz: Oh, yes. She was a very, very talented photographer.*

Adrian Wilson was out on Sunday with his wife. He wanted to show me he had a firsthand copy of the book that the Washington Museum is getting out of Imogen Cunningham's pictures. Some of them are very beautiful and some of them are very bad, I think, for some reason. But I thought some of them were extraordinarily beautiful and very original.

Riess: How did the Stock Exchange project originate?

Salz: I don't know the story of it. There is a picture in this article about Ralph that Peter brought me. That's my daughter in her bathing suit that she came down to show me. [Laughter.]

*The reader is referred to an interview by the Regional Oral History Office with Dorothea Lange, The Making of a Documentary Photographer, 1968.

Salz: That reminds me of a funny story of her older sister, Anne. Anne was also down there getting a bathing suit when she was about eight. She'd stripped to try on a bathing suit and the saleswoman came in and Anne was furious. So, I asked her to go out and we'd see if it was all right.

Anne said, "Why did she come in?" I said, "Well, she wanted to see if it fits you and if it's all right." And I said, "They pay so little attention. She doesn't really care. She sees so many people putting on their bathing suits and pulling them off. She doesn't care."

And then Anne made this immortal classical remark. She said, "It isn't the people who are outside who care; it's the people who are inside who care." [Laughter.] Isn't that good?

Riess: That's right, yes.

Salz: It fits on so many occasions. It's a good story too. I've discovered that most stories about children that are interesting-- it has to be any child, not yours, or your grandchild, or your great-grandchild, or your niece, it has to be anybody's child, it has to be a classic story.

Riess: Universal.

Salz: A universal story that fits any child, you know.

Riess: I guess what I was interested in is any sort of sense of excitement about having Rivera and Stackpole do the Stock Exchange.

Salz: Did Rivera do it too? I don't remember.

Riess: He did the murals.

Salz: Oh, did he? I didn't remember that. I don't think I've ever been inside the Stock Exchange. [Laughter.] No.

Diego Rivera

Salz: Did I tell you that I asked Rivera, "What do you teach in art?"

He said, "Well, one really can't teach art."

And I said, "What do you teach, if you lecture or have a class?"

Salz: He said, "There are only, I think, two things you can teach." (He does mostly big murals.) He said, "You can teach the use of materials, which is useless for people to waste their time learning how to use materials, and you can teach geometry. That's all you can teach. If people don't know the other things, you can't teach them."

I think that's pretty true. If people have no special color sense you can go on forever and still they don't know what it's all about. It's the same way with design. If they have no real feeling for design, you can't help them really. You can lecture to them and tell them about designs and that's about it, but you have to feel your way into a design. I know when you do this that you do this [gestures] and so on. There are certain things that you have to know intuitively.

Riess: I asked you about being on juries. I also wondered about boards for art institutions.

Salz: No, I've never been on any boards. You see, I was on the American Civil Liberties board and, what with the four children at that time and one board that I went on and the Dance Hall Committee, I think that's about all I could handle. But I was never invited to go on any of the boards. I think people thought I was eccentric and also that most people weren't doing pastels. I told you Frankenstein wrote that he was sure that there must be more pastellists than Helen Salz because the people who were in the pastel business couldn't be making them for only three people.

Both Degas and Matisse and a number of them did beautiful pastels and used them beautifully. I think they're a very happy medium. I always enjoyed them. I have done oils, and I do watercolors too, but I always preferred pastel.

Riess: It's so involved with the fingers.

Salz: Yes, I know. In trying to describe it to somebody I remember saying that you have nothing between you and what you're doing. You're right there, you know, which is very nice.

Society of Women Artists

Riess: What was the Society of Women Artists?

Salz: I belonged to that. I want you to turn this off while I'm

- Salz: telling you what I think of them. [Tape off briefly.]
- Riess: You don't believe in the Society of Women Artists, then?
- Salz: No.
- Riess: Because you think it encourages mediocrity or something?
- Salz: No. I think that men and women are either artists or not artists. I don't think it's a matter of sex.
- Riess: Well, why do you think they grouped in the first place?
- Salz: Because they feel they're being discriminated against in juries, which are made up mostly of men. I've made that up. I'm not sure; I think that's what they'd think.
- Riess: Yes, that's probably right.
- Salz: And I think they should be discriminated against, a good many of them.
- Riess: I think of many women painting alone in their basements in their spare time, so that the Society of Women Artists means a great coming together of similarly . . .
- Salz: [Laughter.] Eager, untalented people who don't know what to do after they've finished their household duties and want to do something in the higher arts. But I wish often that they would choose to learn how to do carpentry or woodwork or upholstery or some handicraft or something else.
- I have in my family two men, one now twenty-three or twenty-four and one twenty-two, who are excellent ceramicists. One of them is already selling like hot fire up in his school and I have a vase of his which he presented me with. I gave one to Mireille Piazzoni and she says everybody comes in and says, "Oh, where can you buy a vase like that? It's so beautiful!" He's very talented. The other one took a course at Redlands, or whatever the name of the university is, the Scripps group down there, and everything he touches is beautiful. They're both of them very good.
- Riess: Are you saying that's a lesser medium?
- Salz: No. I think that at least they would know that you have to have a long discipline before you can do anything at all.

Grace McCann Morley and the Board of the San Francisco Museum
of Art

Riess: I'd like to talk about Dr. Grace Morley and the people associated with art in the City.*

Salz: Dr. Morley was one of the finest and most knowledgeable curators they have ever had at the San Francisco Museum. I did her portrait, which she bought and liked very much. I said to her, "Dr. Morley, I'm going to do your portrait like a Dutch still life, because you really look like one." She had her hair pulled smooth back and wide, round cheeks and a face like an apricot a little bit, a nice fruit.

They let her go for one of the stupidest reasons I know, which is that she was a good curator, excellent, but not a good administrator. I said to the people who were in charge at the time, "You rarely get at universities people who are good scholars and also good administrators. Usually there have to be two people. I think at your museum you have to have two people. A good person for deciding what shows to have and who to exhibit of the traveling shows and who to accept and who not to accept--that's the kind of person you want for your curator. If she's not a good administrator, that's a different story."

They didn't follow my advice and they kept getting curator after curator. As far as I know, none of them were as good as Dr. Morley, but all of them bright young men from all over, who'd probably written pamphlets on Giacometti and Beckmann.

Riess: Dr. Morley appreciated the interest in modern art of the Steins, Michael and Sarah.

Salz: Well, I knew Sarah Stein out here, but she was at that time and for a long time a collector of Japanese prints. That's what she was doing here.

Riess: Because they came in here from the Orient?

Salz: Yes. They were very good ones and she got to be very discriminating, I guess, and bought Japanese prints. I think they went into modern art more or less seriously when they came to his sister, Gertrude Stein, in Paris, and Leo Stein, who was a critic.

*The reader is referred to an interview by the Regional Oral History Office with Grace McCann Morley, Art, Artists, Museums, and the San Francisco Museum of Art, 1960.

Salz: Then they began to go into modern art. They did collect excellent things.

Sarah Stein was very sure of herself after a while when she came back to San Francisco. She'd been in a world of great connoisseurship in Paris. She came to see the pictures I had done at Monhegan. She looked at them and she said, "You understand color. You should go to Paris to study." I had no intention of leaving San Francisco at that time and I thanked her for her advice, but after Henri I never studied very much. I was, I presume, what's called creative myself and went on my own way pretty much.

Riess: It sounds as if Dr. Morley had to educate many that she came in contact with.

Salz: Yes, with modern art. I don't quite remember all that. That's bad. This was about twenty-five years ago, I guess. She's been in New Delhi, in India. She was a curator of the museum there.

Riess: She said that one of the great givers of important works was William Gerstle.

Salz: Yes, William Gerstle. I think he was the brother of Mrs. Levison.* She was Alice Gerstle, yes. He was enormously interested in art and very generous and bought many of the unknown artists and gave them to the San Francisco Museum. I believe that most of them landed in the basement where they put everything they weren't sure of and kept them there.

Recently somebody told me they'd had an auction, a very stupid auction, in which they sold drawings of Sargent Johnson and Ralph Stackpole for \$5 and \$10. These are things that were bought for \$100 and \$150 at least. I don't know what they did this for. [speaking of San Francisco Museum of Art]

I'd ring up John Humphrey, but he's not the curator or sub-curator any more. He has a different department now. He's been with the museum about thirty years. He's a very nice man. I don't know how much he knows about art. I'm a little suspicious, to tell you the truth, of most people.

Gerstle himself painted. I always have to correct people who say, "He painted himself." [Laughter.] Don't you?

*The reader is referred to an interview by the Regional Oral History Office with Alice Gerstle Levison, Family Reminiscences, 1967.

Riess: Yes. [Laughter.]

Salz: He himself painted. That's awkward too. But he did. He was not a good painter. He had a big studio and invited the artists and was interested in art and very generously bought pictures of unknown people and gave them to museums. He was evidently a very kindly and a very generous-hearted man.

Riess: [Looking at a list of museum board members] Did you know Dorothy Liebes?

Salz: Yes. She was more of a weaver and a decorator, but she really knew quite a lot about art.

Riess: And her husband is Leon Liebes?

Salz: Leon Liebes, yes. I think she was divorced from him and married somebody in the East. She went to Washington and was very well thought of there and did the curtains for some of the big buildings.

Riess: Mrs. Henry Potter Russell?

Salz: I never knew her.

Riess: And then there's Mrs. Milton Esberg.

Salz: I think she was Carrie Lilienthal. Her husband was somebody who was prominent.

They had a brother whose name was Alfred Esberg and who was the husband of Louise Sussman and that family we were very close to. He was a very nice man and took part in many civic undertakings.

Riess: Mrs. Gerd Sullivan?

Salz: I didn't know her.

Riess: Mrs. Nion Tucker?

Salz: I have met her. She was in everything and I don't know how seriously.

Riess: Dr. Morley mentioned Robert Oppenheimer giving a very valuable and interesting collection to the museum in 1936 because he was worried about the future of these things.

Salz: Oh, did he? He should have worried at that time. He was very seriously called a communist, which was difficult then. It ceased to be serious later. He and his brother both were known to be very brilliant men. I never knew Robert Oppenheimer. He was a good friend of many friends of mine, but by some chance I never met him.

I've met his brother, Frank Oppenheimer. He is the one who started the Exploratorium here in the Palace of Fine Arts. My friend Esther Pike was the secretary there. I met Oppenheimer and his wife and we liked each other. I intended to ask them to come to my house. I don't know whether they ever did, whether I had them here or not. He was an extremely pleasant man.

Riess: Dr. Morley thought Robert Oppenheimer's was an important contribution because she had just reopened that museum the year before and he brought her Vuillard, Renoir, Picasso, and van Gogh.

Salz: Well, of course, she couldn't have done better.

XIII THE CHILDREN, NOW

Andrew and Namie Salz

Salz: My son Andrew is a very fair-minded man and he likes his work. He has been made judge of the municipal court in Honolulu, the first court, which is for misdemeanors and traffic with fines up to \$3,000, I think.

In Andrew's letter to his son he said, "I'm so afraid my mother"--I saw this last night; the letter was mailed to me--"with her charming aplomb has already made me a superior court judge." [Laughter.] My children were always afraid of me; they're so afraid I'm going to brag about them. This is his wife. [Shows photograph.]

Andrew's wife, Namie, is one of the most remarkably equipped persons for living, for being a wife and a mother, a gardener or a citizen. She's a very good person with a great understanding of human nature. She's a very clever woman.

Her mother had been imported from Japan with her husband to work on one of the big plantations. They arrived at the island, promised big wages and homes, and found just very poor little shacks to live in, very poor wages. She's a very proud, remarkable woman. I met her. All we could do was bow to each other.

I could speak no Japanese and she could speak no English. She summed me up rapidly. I said to her, "Your granddaughter looks so much like you." She thanked me very much. The next time I met her, I must have said something of the same kind. Well, the third time, after evidently a variation of this remark on my part, she turned to my daughter-in-law and said, "She has said that now three times!" [Laughter.]

She brought up her children very strictly, took no nonsense



Andrew Salz



Elizabeth Salz Cummings



Anne Salz Perlman

THE CHILDREN OF ANSLEY AND HELEN SALZ



Margaret Salz Lezin

Salz: from her children, you know. They all had duties and they performed them. She was very wise-looking and a very important-looking woman who worked hard in the daytime on the plantation, came home at night and did laundry. She had six children, I think. A remarkable woman. This girl, Namie, pulled herself up by her bootstraps, got herself the education she wanted, became a secretary to a doctor and met my son that way.

Riess: You seem to be able to judge a lot by looking at people, by their appearance.

Salz: Oh, yes! Much too much! [Laughter.] I once said that people thought that with the women's vote everything was going to be changed for the better, but I also added "The wives of the ILGWU men are going to vote with their husbands and, after television comes in, the women are not going to vote for the man whose eyes are too close together or whose mouth is tight." [Laughter.] I think a lot of women--I know I do--judge so much by what people look like. I don't know whether they all do or not.

This is Andrew's youngest grandchild, named Gregory [points to photograph], who's considered an irresistible baby. His mother says that he's superseding his sister, the artist, Brigitte.

Riess: [Looking at photograph.] He looks a little bit frightening to me, so self-possessed.

Salz: Oh, very frighteningly self-possessed. He's only three. How about your son, Adam? Is he very self-possessed?

Riess: No, he's rather shy.

Salz: How about your younger son, Peter? How old is he?

Riess: He's seven and Adam is nine.

Salz: At nine, you get to be pretty self-possessed, but you want to know about everything too and you want to know why about everything. Do your boys come to your dinner table when you have guests for dinner, or does it depend on who's coming?

Riess: It depends on whether it's an early dinner or what the nature of the dinner is.

Salz: Are they used to family discussions at the table, or very little of that happening?

Riess: Discussions, but not terribly intelligent ones.

Salz: I know, yes. I know. My husband and I didn't have what I'd call very good political discussions the way some families do in front of the children.

Riess: But, certainly, this quality of fairness and the ability to make decisions--

Salz: That's my husband. My husband was like this.

Riess: And that's what Andrew has also.

Salz: Andrew has inherited that from his father and got it from his training at Yale, from his interest in people, and from the thousands of people he's met. His work has taken him into so many places and fields: first the longshoremen and all the AFL and CIO people, and going to the University of Hawaii, and then going to Yale for three years (where he was offered the position of Assistant Dean of the Law School upon his graduation), and the coming back here and working in the Attorney General's Office, then sharing an office with a Chinese attorney and now, as District Judge in Honolulu.

Somebody said, "Does he know people in Hawaii?" [Laughter.] I said, "He knows everybody on Oahu!"

Riess: He looks very proper. Did he start out looking very radical?

Salz: Oh, he's been all through that. He was very left-wing; they all were at that age.

Riess: And did you just bide your time, or you didn't care?

Salz: No, you can't do anything about it. You might as well not tussle. [Laughter.] You really can't do very much about them when they're eighteen and nineteen, starting college. He became editor of the Pelican and he was very good with that. He writes easily.

Riess: So, he went to Berkeley?

Salz: Yes.

Riess: That was in 1932?

Salz: Yes. He was very left-wing.

Riess: How did he become involved with the left wing?

Salz: Well, you know, all the young men of that period were involved more or less.

Riess: But how about Margaret and Anne?

Salz: Well, Reed College evidently wasn't quite as violent as they were down here. He was married to a young woman who was interested in that too.

The Childrens' School

Riess: I bet I know the answer, but I will still ask you about points where you tried to really influence your children's decisions.

Salz: Oh, I never tried to influence their decisions. They were all of them absolutely independent people from the time they were born.

Riess: From the time they were born?

Salz: Yes, they were completely independent men and women.

Riess: Well, now, in their schooling, you sent them all to--

Salz: Presidio Open Air School.

Riess: But then Anne, I see, went down to--

Salz: La Jolla, the Bishop School. Hated it. I discovered this years later. She just hated it. She was very unhappy up here and so we sent her down there. Everybody said that was a wonderful school, but it was a real dames school, evidently, and she wasn't brought up for that.

She became famous for the flag incident. They took turns in lowering the flag and it was her day to bring the flag down. The bell just started to ring then, for lunch. The principal demanded, "And may I ask who it is who put the flag at half-mast?"

Anne stood up very happily and said, "I did."

"And why did you leave the flag at half-mast?"

She said, "The lunch bell rang."

And the whole town of La Jolla wanted to know why the flag

Salz: at school was at half-mast!

Andrew went to military school, Tamalpais School. I don't think he was happy there either for a while. I imagine we didn't know just what to do with our children when they were adolescents. A lot of people don't, but I don't think we knew at all. I don't think we were very good at it either.

Riess: So, you let them do what they thought they wanted to do?

Salz: Well, I think maybe he had heard from somebody that this was a school that he would like. He was in the dramatic group there and played the part of Polonius. When we came home, my husband said, "You know, in a way, Andrew has made Polonius the hero of Hamlet." [Laughter.] He was a very powerful young man and whatever role he took became the most important in the play!

Margaret and Norman Lezin

Riess: We haven't talked about your daughter Margaret and her family.

Salz: Yes. Margaret is a person who has had a career that is not easy to describe. My sister-in-law, Forgie Arnstein, who was at the Presidio Open Air School for twenty years, said that Margaret was always the leader amongst the children; she was chosen to be the negotiator when there was a fight on or when things were happening on the playground or in the classroom.

Riess: Was that also a role she had at home?

Salz: I don't know that my children had special roles at home. I was not a very dominant mother and did not try to lead their lives for them. My mind was off on a great many other things--on my painting, writing poetry, and on the committees I served on. Perhaps I was leading too many lives at once.

Riess: It sounds as though your children had also chosen to lead very complicated lives.

Salz: Yes, all of them. They've all had very interesting lives and very independent lives. Perhaps it was good for them that their mother held loose reins on them.

Salz: Margaret is an unusually practical woman with a tremendous amount of common sense. She takes me in hand now. When I say that I'm stumbling she says, "Can you attribute it to any of the medicines you're getting?" I say, "I don't think so. They all seem to be all right." And she says, "Well, stop that last one that you're taking for three or four days and see what happens." Then she goes logically through everything that I'm taking to see for how long I could stop them and whether I have immediate physical improvement.

Riess: A logical mind!

Salz: She has that kind of logical mind.

She was chosen by about thirty doctors down there [Santa Cruz County] to be the chairman for a discussion as to whether they should give up the county hospital and continue the private hospitals there. She's impersonal about herself and, I think, for that reason she probably makes a good chairman. She is not dictatorial at all and not dogmatic, listens to other people quietly, and is decisive when it comes to the blow. Her husband heard that she was the best chairman they'd ever had.

I said, "What was the final result?" She said, "The result was the vote was they should give up the county hospital." "What's happened now?" And she said, "It's still flourishing." [Laughter.] That's what happens!

Riess: She sounds as if she has the same quality that Ansley had.

Salz: Yes, she has a great sense of fairness.

When Jeremy was to be born, Norman and Margaret lived out in an out section of Santa Cruz where all the neighbors knew each other. Margaret decided that when her baby was to be born she was going to the hospital in the middle of the night so that nobody would know she had gone there. She didn't want to be bothered. So, she got up at half past four or five and went to the hospital.

At seven o'clock, the telephone began ringing at the hospital to ask whether it was a boy or a girl that had been born. As soon as she recovered she inquired, "How did anybody know?" because she had gone so early to the hospital. It developed that, let's say, Mrs. MacKenzie, who lived across the street, had heard a little sound, gotten up, looked out of the window, seen Margaret leave the house, and walked down the entire street and

Salz: rang all the bells and said, "The Lezin baby is to be born over at the hospital." [Laughter.] I think that's such a village story, don't you?

Riess: Yes, I do.

Salz: And, so, the whole town knew. All the streets out there, 13th Street and 14th Street and 15th Street, or Avenues, or whatever they were, they all knew the baby was there and everybody announced to everybody, "It's a boy. He was born at 6:30," or whatever it was.

I might tell you a story about their daughter, Jennifer. Margaret came home one day and Jennifer was then, I think, three years old. She said to her mother, "Get me that book and read to me about the leopard's b.m.'s." Her mother said, "I never read about that." She said, "Yes, you did!" So, Jennifer went and got the book and she said, "Yes, you did! He was very wonderful." And, so, she quoted. She said, "The leopard has swift and graceful movements." [Laughter.]

They take a very earnest part in the life down there. If there's a fund drive or a political candidate to be spoken for, she and Norman will give an evening for them and entertain people and get contributions and so on.

Norman is the president of the tannery and has been ever since Ansley's first coronary in 1947. He's a very brilliant man, perfectly delightful.

He and Margaret met at Reed and fell in love at Reed. Then he came down here and married her.

Riess: He decided that the tannery was interesting to him?

Salz: No, not especially. But it was urgent.

Riess: What was Margaret's training? What was her interest?

Salz: Let's see. She worked with Emily Huntington on some board.

Friends, Visitors

Salz: Emily is coming over tonight for dinner. Do you know her?

Riess: You're so social! You're doing things all the time, aren't you?

Salz: No, I try not to have--I haven't had anybody to dinner for about six weeks now because my housekeeper hasn't been strong enough. She became my nurse, which she likes to be, and my housekeeper and my gardener and has gradually taken complete charge of me.

Riess: But I was thinking of Adrian Wilson dropping by and Karl Kasten dropping by.

Salz: Yes. The [Felix] Ruvulo's were in here yesterday, four of them, and I couldn't understand one word any of them said. Felix doesn't talk very much anyway. He just goes into a complete collapse, as far as I can see.

The boy, whom I knew in high school, a clean-shaven little boy, was there with whiskers this way [gestures]. What is he going into? He's going into African metal work. Of course, he arrived with his girlfriend. All four of them are going on a six-months charter trip, to Greece and Africa. [Laughter.] She seemed an awfully nice girl too. I think she's going in for anthropology, so between them they have lots of interests.

I think his wife, Mardi, [Felix's wife] would like to write, but I don't think she's ever had a chance to write in her life. I did three portraits of Felix, one in each of his Mexican shirts. His wife owns one which hangs in their bedroom.

Riess: People keep coming back to see you as sort of, it sounds like, a touchstone.

Salz: Well, I know an awful lot of people. I don't see them all the time. The way I talk to you, it probably sounds as if people drop in on me every minute. Sometimes I don't see anybody for days and there are other days when I have lots of people that I haven't seen in a long time who telephone suddenly and want to come over.

Some second cousin from New York rang up. His aunt, Edith Lehman, who's my first cousin and my good friend, tells him to "be sure to go in and see Helen." So, then he arrives here with two boys, one sixteen and one fourteen, who couldn't be less interested in visiting somebody's great aunt!

Anne and David Perlman

Riess: Would you tell me more about Anne?

Salz: She writes poetry, which she only started to do in mid-life, and her poetry is so good that Hudson Review is publishing it as is the Nation and other top magazines. She gets nice letters from editors asking her for some more. I've collected all her stuff together. I told her the other day I'd copied everything. She said, "You don't need to keep them if you don't want to." She's that kind of a person. "I have copies myself."

I said, "No, I really like to keep them."

I don't understand her poetry very often. She works a great deal. She works on into the night on her things. Her husband, David Perlman, is a good critic I think. She listens to him.

David has become, as you know, Regents' Professor at U.C. since he was here. He has been giving seminars at the Medical School. He loves to lecture and then he was invited down to Los Angeles, where they just had a big time too, to the medical department there to lecture.

Riess: It sounds as if he's somebody who underwent a big change in his life, picking up and deciding to be a science specialist.

Salz: Yes, that was a departure for him. But he's the kind of man who would read tremendously if he wanted to do that and associate with a great many physicists, chemists, and doctors of science, or whatever field he was interested in. He's got an excellent head.

He and his wife are very much in love with each other; it was a case of love at first sight when they met. They got married within a couple of months after they met and it was really kind of funny how they met. Is it one of those things that fate arranges?

There was to be a new principal for the Presidio Open Air School, and one of the other people who helped in supporting the school brought a man over who she said was applying for the new principalship. She wanted us [Ansley and Helen] to meet him and see whether we sanctioned him. We liked him pretty well.

Salz: It had just about come time for him to arise and go when the door opened and Anne rushed in. She was introduced and she said, "Has nobody had a drink?" I said, "I think we forgot drinks." She said, "Oh, wait a minute!" She was horror-struck. So, she rushed out and brought a tray in with drinks and he settled down. He said, "Well, I'd very much like to talk to one of the pupils of this school." He was quite dazzled with Anne. She was such a lively person to come in, and give him a drink besides. [Laughter.] So, he talked to her at great length.

The woman who brought him suddenly turned to me and said, "You know, I have two young men reporters from the New York papers who are out here visiting me and I've only been able to introduce them to married women. Do you think your daughter Anne and some friend would like to come over for dinner?"

I said, "Oh, I think she'd adore it. She meets the same men all the time. All of them, I think, want to marry her, but she isn't interested in any of them."

So, she went and met David that night. As we were going down to Carmel the next morning she telephoned and said, "I've met the most wonderful man and we talked until four or five in the morning!" [Laughter.] When we came back, they were engaged and within a couple of months, they were married. They've always been very much in love with each other. They're very different, but it's been a good marriage. She's a strange person. She's very--not neurotic, but passionate in her feelings about everything.

Riess: You say very passionate.

Salz: Yes, very.

Riess: Like you?

Salz: Like me? I don't feel strongly about things. Do you think I do?

Riess: I think you probably do.

Salz: Feel strongly?

Riess: Yes.

Salz: Hm. I think I'm better now that I'm older. I guess I was worse when I was younger. I don't know.

Riess: Worse? In which direction? Feeling more strongly or less?

Salz: I probably felt strongly about those whose work I liked and whose I didn't and who I would read and who I wouldn't.

Riess: If I were to ask you a very general question like the milestones or the most important sort of points of your life, would anything come immediately to mind?

Salz: Well, there are so many things. You see, one of the troubles in writing my memoirs that makes it difficult for you or anybody is that my life was interwoven with too many strands, too many people's lives, and it is right now, you know. I've got dozens of people in my head at the same time, people that I'm connected with in various parts of the world who are sick or dying.

I think everybody's life gets very involved. I think mine was a little more involved than most people's. But we had enough money to pay our bills which was the most important of all. [Laughter.]

XIV THE FIFTIES

Kenneth Rexroth's Portrait

Riess: When you are sitting at meetings do you do sketches of the others?

Salz: No, you really can't. You're nearby people and even if you do it on your lap and are looking down all the time, you're not paying any attention to the thing that's going to be voted on. You really can't do it there, no.

Riess: How about in other situations? Would you doodle?

Salz: Well, I have done drawings at restaurants and other places.

Did I tell you about doing Kenneth Rexroth's portrait?

Riess: No.

Salz: Well, I went out one day with Sonya Noskawiak. She wanted to take photographs of the Mission and various places and I thought I'd like to draw out there.

As we rode out, she said, "Do you know Kenneth Rexroth? He is an old friend of mine." I said, "No, I don't." She said, "Let's go and visit him first," so I said, "All right, let's."

When we came, he put his head out of the window, with his hair hanging this way [gestures] and he said, "I'm just washing my hair. I can't see you now."

Sonya said, "Well, could you see us later?"

"Yes. Will you come back about two o'clock," or something. So, we came back at two o'clock.

I thought he was awfully interesting-looking and I said to

Salz: him, "Well, Kenneth, if you want I've got my pastels and I'll do your portrait."

And he said in the most disagreeable voice, "Well, I haven't had any lunch yet."

"Did you have breakfast?"

"Yes, I had breakfast."

I said, "Well, if you have breakfast and you have dinner, you don't need lunch so much."

Then he said very sarcastically, "Do you mind if I have a cup of tea and a peach?"

I said, "No. It would be nice. Put it on the table. We'll put that all in it."

So, I did his portrait, which is just like him. It's a remarkable portrait of him about twenty-five years ago. But he himself was doing painting at that time too and was very much sold on his own painting. He was doing abstracts and I was probably passé as far as he was concerned.

Some people, when they go into a different period, feel that everything--I always wonder whether they discard Giotto and Rembrandt or not. They're names, all of them. They keep those, you know, but anybody else who is working in a different period from what they've gone into is anathema to them.

Riess: I think it's interesting that you weren't put off by his kind of testiness.

Salz: Oh, I wasn't put off at all. I could see what he was like right away. I have a photograph of his portrait. I don't think it's in my book, but I have it in my collection of photographs. I may even have the portrait still. I don't think I ever gave it to him at all. He wasn't pleasant enough, really, to give him his own portrait.

Riess: If somebody were that sort of reluctant or testy, wouldn't that give your whole portrait an edge that--?

Salz: No, by the time he got settled down he wanted to be nice and he wanted to have a nice picture of himself, which I did.

Margaret Peterson

Riess: There are still more artists and names I'd like to talk about with you. Some of them I noted in my last letter. Can we talk about Margaret Peterson?

Salz: Oh, she was here the day before yesterday. She has come home from Sicily with her husband. She's the most courageous, unbelievable woman I've ever met. She was living on practically nothing in Italy in a cottage that had no heat and it was right on the sea. During the winter, they went to bed in all their clothes, I think.

Everybody was surprised that she was coming to San Francisco with this husband, who is in such difficulties, but she did; she wanted to see her old friends here. I think I told you there's a Margaret Peterson Fund over in Berkeley.

Riess: I know that you're involved with it.

Salz: Well, I'm involved with it by just being a member of the group. I don't always agree with them. This is a strange thing. Vernon de Mars, the architect for Zellerbach Auditorium, selected a big triptych by Margaret for the lobby in the Zellerbach building. They had an opening for it, but I couldn't go to it because I had the flu. I heard from John Grover that quite a crowd came that night to see the picture and that it was very much admired.

When Margaret came yesterday, I said, "Oh, did you see your picture, Margaret, in the Zellerbach building?" She said, "It's just horribly placed. I can't have it there." I said, "For heavens' sake, it has to stay there! The architect selected it and he has it placed exactly where he wants it. What's the matter with the placing?" I have an idea (being a painter myself) that pictures have to be placed well. For instance, you can't place pastels opposite windows, especially when they're glassed. The basis of chalk shows very much when sunlight comes in.

Anyway, I said, "What's the matter with the placing, Margaret?" She said, "Oh, it's just perfectly dreadful. I think possibly it could be put at an angle." But if it's up against his wall in the lobby, he won't want it at an angle. An angle very often is where nobody wants their picture, you know. You can't take a picture like this [gestures] and put it at an angle. She said, "The lighting on it is just perfectly dreadful. It makes the picture so crude." Eventually, the lighting was changed and everybody was satisfied.

Salz: Well, I hadn't liked the picture much, but everybody else on the board had selected this picture because de Mars wanted it too and he was at the meeting, too.

Betty Hirschfeld, who is part of this group, was at the meeting where they told me about this thing that was being bought for de Mars' lobby. Betty said--I can hardly understand her, she has some difficulty with speech--but what she said was clear to everybody. It was, "Mrs. Salz doesn't like it." Everybody looked in surprise and horror at me because they'd selected it.

I said, "No, I didn't like it as well as I did some other things, but I'm a democrat and if everybody else on the board wants it, I'll vote with you. I don't like to lend my name to things that I don't favor, but I will vote with you if you want it there." And, apparently, Margaret evidently doesn't like it there either.

Riess: What is Margaret Peterson working on?

Salz: She's always working. She must be in her seventies. She's of a courage that's unbelievable. She has come out here, stopping for a week at the Andy Myers' in Berkeley, and then is leaving for Seattle before she goes to Vancouver. Her husband is a Canadian citizen and he will get an old-age pension (which probably won't be very large) from that government.

Riess: So, they're coming back for good?

Salz: Oh, yes. They can't afford anything else. They can hardly afford the trip. I think they had to draw on the fund for their trip too.

When Dorothy Grover first came over, she said that she was getting more and more members for the Peterson Foundation. I said, "Well, Dorothy, this isn't a foundation. This is a fund." She said, "Well, why isn't it a foundation?" I said, "A foundation is something with big backing and they use the interest for projects. But we haven't any funding. We aren't a foundation. We just have collections every year toward this fund." The next letter she sent out, she called it a fund. [Laughter.] I had enough business in me to know it wasn't a foundation.

Riess: The Margaret Peterson painting that's at the Oakland Museum has a beautiful, hammered metal frame around it. Is that something that she made?

Salz: Oh, yes. She made that herself. She does everything. You've seen

Salz: the one in the hall we have here?

Riess: Yes.

Salz: She likes that immensely and I do too.

I did her portrait. I never knew what happened to the portrait when she went to Sicily. You don't take everything with you. I pictured it in somebody's basement or closet. But she said to me yesterday that she had it with her in Sicily and if she has an exhibition here, she wants to show this portrait of herself. She was describing it and I'd forgotten it complete.

She's an interesting-looking woman, Swedish-looking. I think she's probably of Swedish background. Her eyes are about this far apart, you know [gestures], and blonde hair, which has never been touched by any hairdresser. It just hangs this way [gestures] all around her. And there is great determination in her face.

The Poetry Center

Salz: Ruth DeWitt Diamant started a very brilliant and original poetry center at San Francisco State College in the early fifties. She was quite a wonderful person. She got together poets, new poets, and people that nobody knew of. She had Denise Levertov. She was out here and she had lectured and she was a delightful girl.

George Barker, the poet, was here from England--very fancy and very impossible. [Laughter.] You know how English people talk, like lightning, and often it is difficult to understand a word they say. The forum at the San Francisco Art Museum is a poor place for either voices or music.

He spoke one night and Ruth Diamant, who is very keen, noticed that everybody was changing seats and trying to get nearer and nearer to hear him. Nobody could hear him. I was in about the sixth or eighth row and could hear nothing, even there.

So, she stopped everything and said, "I'm so sorry this is happening here, George Barker. It's not possible to hear you."

I had invited some people to come out after the meeting and I had some little sandwiches and some drinks for them, so I got up and said, "Well, everybody can come out to my house if they want to."

Salz: I didn't realize how many people were in the room. There wasn't nearly enough food for all these people. Anyway, they came out with George Barker. He looked over at the table and said, "You know, I've had no dinner. I'm absolutely starved."

I said, "Can we fix you some eggs? We're not very well supplied."

He gave the table a quick look and said, "Oh, I think there is enough there for me." I believe, as I remember, he finished the supply that filled the table.

I said, "Now George Barker, won't you read to us some of your beautiful poems?"

"Oh, I'm frightfully taad."

I said, as pleasantly as I could, "Oh, but you must, most of these people have come miles and miles to hear you."

And so, as incomprehensible as at the museum, he proceeded. I would not call the evening a complete success.

I had Stephen Spender out here to dinner one evening and while we were taking dinner I said, "Stephen Spender, I want to suggest something to you and I hope you won't mind, and that is when you read your poems aloud, will you read every one of them twice, because the average audience comes quite cold on a poem and doesn't always get the whole meaning the first time! If you read it a second time, most people would be very grateful." He paused a moment and he said, "Oh, I couldn't possibly do that. Everybody would think, 'He's so in love with his poem, he has to read it over again.'"

[Added at a later interview]

Salz: Ruth Diamant would belong in the 1950's somewhere. (You see, as I've said, I wish I had kept a diary like Nixon's cohorts who remember the dates and exact hours [laughter] and I don't remember them at all.)

Ruth was very enterprising. She gave readings to about 132 people. I happen to be one of the people who read at the Poetry Center at State College and so did my sister-in-law, Forgie Arnstein. Here is her list of people whom she had read at the Tele-

Salz: graph Hill Poetry Center and at the San Francisco Museum. Of this list, I entertained quite a lot of the people at parties afterwards very often at my house.*

Ruth was here yesterday. I hadn't seen her in years and years and I really wanted this list. I rang her and told her frankly that I wanted to talk to her about that.

What she did is more than interesting; it's unheard of. She entertained a great, great many of these people at her own house where she does all of her own cooking and all of her own work. She has two or three extra bedrooms and many of the poets on this list stopped with her for weeks.

Riess: She's a single woman?

Salz: Yes. No, she has a son. She can't be single, not at her age, so she must have been married. You didn't just have sons then the way you do now and carry them around to your second affair. [Laughter.]

Riess: The "beats", Gregory Corso...did the Poetry Center reflect everything that was happening out here in poetry?

Salz: Yes. When Randall Jarrell was here he said that he thought that Gregory Corso was the most talented person on the coast. When Robert Lowell was here, he said he thought that Helen Adams was. Did I tell you the story of Helen Adams' portrait?

Helen Adams' Portrait

Salz: Helen Adams was a ballad writer, excellent and very talented. A long, lean, Englishwoman with the usual rodent teeth, you know. I said I'd like to do her portrait and she said she'd like me to do it, so I did. She loved the portrait and she wanted everybody to see it.

The first part of the story was she came to have tea with me. Not this picture [points to picture on wall], but I had a picture that was here for quite a long time. It was of moonlight too, with a man walking up a path, and the moon included.

She stood a long time and she said to me, "And what is the little man doing?"

*This list is in the Appendices.

Salz: "What do you think he's doing?"

She said, "I wouldn't know."

So, we parted on this mysterious note.

Two weeks later, she rang me up and said, "May I bring my sister over to see the picture with the little man?"

"Yes, surely. Come in early and have tea with me. Surely, you can see it."

So, she brought another thin, tall, rodent-toothed woman with her. They came in together and they came back to see the picture.

Both of them stood for about ten minutes looking at it and then Helen Adams said to her sister, "You know what I mean?" Then she said slowly, "Yes, I do." I think, as far as I can gather, they both thought he was on a road to commit murder on the top of the hill. You can't explain to people who have no understanding of art that possibly the reason the little man was there was that I needed a vertical at that place in the picture, and that he had no intention at all.

Riess: But they want it to be pictorial.

Salz: Yes. They wanted it to be anecdotal.

Then, the next thing that happens is that Robert Duncan rings me up and says to me, "I hear you've done an interesting portrait of Helen Adams. May I bring my friend over to see the portrait? He'd like to see it." Well, any painter is pleased to have anybody want to see a picture, so I said, "Well, yes. I would be delighted to have you come over."

So, we had a drink or something in the front room. I'm not crazy about Robert Duncan's poetry. I think it's frightfully intellectual and not terribly interesting. His friend Jess Collins does the most extraordinary portraits of his friends. (Ruth Diamant reminded me yesterday that he has a tremendous picture of James Broughton at James Broughton's house. When I went there, I was shocked at the picture, not on account of the subject, but because it was so badly done. Ruth said, "Oh, that was the picture where he features the genitals, isn't it?" I said, "I guess. I don't remember that. I just remember it was a very bad piece of painting.")

He [Duncan] brought Collins along and they stayed for a long

Salz: time. Then he said very seriously, "May we see the picture?" I said, "Yes, certainly." I didn't go back with them to the room because when people are going back on an expedition, I leave them alone. So, I said, "You'll find it at the end of the hall in the room to the right."

Pretty soon they came back and they sat down. Not a word was said. I said, "You evidently didn't like this interpretation of Helen Adams." And exactly simultaneously they said, "No, not at all!" [Laughter.] So, I was quite sure they didn't like it.

She just loved it! She has it somewhere in the East or in England or wherever she is now. She's an interesting woman and a wonderful and grisly ballad writer. Very, very grisly! On the most dreadful subjects her things all are, like a good many of the old English ballads, you know. That's her line.

Riess: And that's how she could see that story in your painting.

Salz: Yes, she saw that story. She immediately saw a murder in the distance. [Laughter.]

Riess: Did you go into smoky coffeehouses in North Beach and see what was going on there?

Salz: No, I would always rather read poetry than listen to it read.

Riess: Were the poets paid to read at the Poetry Center?

Salz: No. Nobody was paid.

Riess: And this is a list of all people who have been in the San Francisco area?

Salz: All of the people. Some of them have become very famous.

Riess: And were they ever brought from other parts of the country to read?

Salz: Oh, yes. They came. A good many of them came from England or from New York and various places. Maybe their trip was paid by the Poetry Center. I don't know.

Allen Ginsberg

Salz: Allen Ginsberg I met for the first time out at Ruth Diamant's and he was so dirty! He gave every indication that he wished to come and pay me a visit and see me again. I took no notice of it. I just couldn't ask him over to my house. I just didn't want him. I considered him a very uneven poet. I thought that "Howl" was a very interesting poem and he wrote a poem about a sunflower that was a beautiful poem and he has written some very good poems. But he also has written an awful lot of tripe too.

I heard that he and his father had read recently out at the Poetry Center. Louis Ginsberg, his father, is an old-fashioned poet. He probably gets a great kick out of his son's fame. Allen Ginsberg is a talented man and I have no doubt, quite brilliant.

Anne Sexton's name is there on the list. She has a poem in this week's New Yorker [June 3, 1974.] I thought it was a good poem. Do you take the New Yorker?

Riess: Yes, and I'll look it up.

Salz: In this issue there are two good poems. I think the New Yorker lately has had extremely bad poetry. I'm wondering if they've changed the editor. Howard Moss was the editor and he writes very indifferent poetry himself.

Riess: Where were the readings given?

Salz: At the Telegraph Hill Community Center. They had a big room up there which you could use for that and people came there. The Community Center has a building up there. They have a board of directors, committees, basketball rooms, and billiard rooms. There are all kinds of things. It is a real center. It has one room that is big enough to invite people to come, not a tremendous room, but it used to be pretty well filled when people came to hear your poetry, which is fun.

Harry Bridges

Salz: I also thought I might tell you about Harry Bridges. Harry Bridges came over to our house one day--he's a friend of my son's--to a party. I had a cocktail party and Rosalie Stern [Mrs. Sigmund Stern]

Salz: was there and I went up to her and said, "Rosalie, Harry Bridges is here. Wouldn't you like to meet him?" She said, "Most certainly NOT, Helen!": And that was it! [Laughter.]

He's a highly prejudiced man. He spent an entire evening dragging the Kennedy family into dirt. He thought they were all so outrageous. He had no use for any of them, presidents or family or Joe Kennedy or Rose Kennedy or any of them.

Riess: What was his prejudice?

Salz: I don't know, but he had no use for their politics or their handling of things or the money that was spent in doing what they wanted to do.

Anyway, we were at a party over in Kentfield or somewhere and he came over and sat next to me to talk to me. He kept me a whole hour, I think, again talking about the Kennedy family. I got so bored. He's a great talker.

Riess: The fact that he's been the center of so much controversy--

Salz: Yes, I know that.

Riess: Does he like to talk about himself?

Salz: No, he didn't do that especially, no. He's done almost too many things to talk about them. He really has. He's had kind of a sensational career in a way, in which people have just loathed him and people have loved him. My son and he have been great friends.

Riess: Do you know some sort of other side of him?

Salz: No, I don't know. I know he was married a few times and I think he's married to a Japanese now, with whom he's extremely happy. Do you know them, perhaps, yourself?

Riess: No. I just wondered if you had seen some other side of him.

Salz: No, I just know that the people he works with are very loyal to him and admire him immensely. I think he's still a big figure on the waterfront.

Riess: Did you paint his portrait?

Salz: No, I didn't. He would be fun to do. He's almost too obvious. You'd be doing almost a caricature of him.

Henry Temianka

Salz: Henry Temianka started the Paganini Quartet around the country. He's widely known nowadays and he came to us about twenty or thirty years ago and played for my husband. He was a marvelous violinist.

We were going down to Atherton to dinner, to Mrs. Sigmund Stern's. I rang her up and said, "Rosalie, there's a wonderful violinist here. Would you like us to bring him down and he'll play for all of you. I think he'd like to get known out here." She said, "Oh, I'd be delighted to have him." She had a lot of musicians coming that night. "Neuscha" [Naoum] Blinder and a great many others were all coming.

I don't know why she thought that other violinists would enjoy hearing Temianka. She didn't know enough about people, I don't think, to know that. Anyway we brought him down. He's a very bumptious little man, Temianka is. After dinner, which is always a tremendous affair at her place, Mrs. Stern asked him to play.

I remember the scene perfectly. It was in a kind of big corridor, a lobby that's like a living room or something or other. Blinder and a number of the top musicians from the Symphony were all sitting together with their backs to Temianka. He took out his violin and they just sat there.

All of a sudden, as he touched his violin and played about four notes, every one of them turned around with expressions of, "WHO is that?" The whole thing was so funny. I was observing them from the side and it was so startling to see their complete indifference had changed. They knew he was an obvious competitor, you know.

Then he started up his own quartet around the United States called the Paganini Quartet and he played in various symphonies. He's very prominent and very well-known, Henry Temianka.

Ansley's Violins

Reiss: Here we might speak about your husband's interest in violins. David Boyden told me a bit about it.

Salz: David Boyden was a friend of Ansley's. I think he's a generous-hearted, lovely person. He's called to lecture all over. He's written a number of books. His last book was on the violin. I have it in the front room. It's a valuable book, which I haven't read because I'm not interested terribly in the history of the violin, but he wrote about that.

I have Dr. Boyden's account for you of the gifts to the University when Ansley died and before then. I think what it does is give a list of the instruments that were given to the University in 1957. Ansley died in January of '57. Some of them were given in '55, and some in '56, and then just one in '57. Some of them were given quite a while before his death.

These certificates are the original certificates that he has from Erich Lachman, who is the great appraiser and violin dealer in Los Angeles. He advised Ansley and he sold to him and they exchanged things. Erich Lachman was a great "endorser," like Hill Brothers in London. A signature of his as to the value of something is very important.

Riess: Would Ansley go down to Lachman to get things?

Salz: Oh, yes. I remember after one interminable trip to Los Angeles by car that as we arrived in Los Angeles and I wanted to go to a hotel and wash up and unpack, he said, "Do you mind if we go first to Lachman's?"

Riess: Did you get excited about the whole thing?

Salz: No. I understood little about it and didn't get very excited about it.

Riess: When I talked to Professor Boyden he said that when he met Ansley he recognized in him a fellow perfectionist.

Salz: Yes. Well, they had a good time together. He's a charming man, a delightful man.

Riess: When Boyden describes Ansley as a "canny trader," and the two of them, he says, enjoyed "sleuthing the history of the instrument," this sounds as if it meant many hours of good times over the whole business.

Salz: Yes. Well, you could write about that. You've spoken to Boyden. He didn't speak to me about that.

Here's Dr. Boyden's summary of Berkeley gifts. [Hands inter-

Salz: viewer the summary.] [In Appendices.]

Here are the descriptions of the ceremonies of the reception of the violins in Israel in 1953. I think there was an ambassador there and all kinds of people and tremendous joy and excitement amongst the students. Many of them had had good violins in their own countries, in Poland or Czechoslovakia. Of course, as you know, so many great musicians and great performers are Jews. This was something very exciting that happened in Israel when Ansley sent them such a large group of beautiful, new violins--old violins, you know.

Riess: Had he been encouraged by someone in Israel to do this?

Salz: No. This was his own idea. [Laughter.] Everything was his own idea always. He didn't ask many people about anything.

I have long letters from Charles Cushing in Ansley's papers, but they're not really enough to mention in here. I'm going over to meet them for dinner next week in Berkeley. He's an awfully nice man, Charles Cushing is. I think these men were all head of the music department at various times--Boyden, Cushing, and Kerman. I don't know who is there now. I've lost track of this world very much.

Riess: It's hard to picture Ansley getting his tannery business done in the midst of all this. This sounds like more fun for him.

Salz: Yes, yes, I know. This was where his heart was, really. But he was awfully good at whatever he did. He was a conscientious man. He'd go to the tannery and he'd give his entire constructive thought to what could be done there. He was a great man for detail who married a woman with a very bad sense of detail. [Laughter.]

Standards, Studio, Shows

Riess: Are you in any area a perfectionist, would you say?

Salz: Well, I couldn't count the number of things I've torn up! If I don't like something, I tear it up promptly. I've had models who've been crazy about a picture that I've done of them and they've said, "Oh, could I have it?" And I've said, "I don't like this. I'm going to tear it up." They'd say, "Oh, won't you give it to me?" And I would say, "No, if I don't like something, I don't give it to anybody. I tear it up."

Riess: And that means that it can't be worked over?

Salz: Nobody can touch it and I don't want to ever hear of it again. If what I was trying to do has been completely unsuccessful--a portrait, or a drawing, or anything--I destroy it immediately. I work on paper with pastel and they're easy to destroy. Thousands of things I've destroyed.

What I have left, I have in my racks in my studio or on the walls. Those are kept. I've sold from there or sell from my studio all the time, not a great deal, but this last year people have been very penurious about everything outside of having their children's teeth straightened and sending them to camps.

Riess: Do you still have things for sale in galleries or in your studio?

Salz: Oh, yes.

Riess: I want to see them sometime.

Salz; Sure, you can go in and see my things any time. I think I told you that a man said to me once, "Would it be possible to see your studio?" I said to him, "I'll tell you a secret. You can get any poet to read his poems aloud to you and you can see anybody's studio. People like to show their own things." [Laughter.]

Riess: As an artist, how much did you exhibit?

Salz: Oh, well, I was invited many places. I was invited to give one-man shows by the San Francisco Art Museum (twice), and by the Legion of Honor and the De Young Museum and the Santa Barbara Museum and by the Richmond Art Gallery. I was also invited to give one-man shows by six private galleries.

I have a story about the very knowledgeable curator of the Santa Barbara Museum who came up to my house to see the Hofers and the Piazzonis. He was a remarkable man and really knew one picture from another. To my great pleasure he was much taken with my pastels.

He came into our living room and I had a picture there, rather a large still life, with an open window in the background, and from the window you could see a landscape of houses and trees. He stood a long time in front of this picture and suddenly said, "This picture fascinates me. There's a strange world that I've never seen through that window. I've never seen that world." Then, before he left, he said, "Would you give us a show in Santa Barbara Museum?" And I said, "Yes, we can plan it for the summer."

- Salz: Well, within three weeks I heard he had died. My name was still on the list and my show still was on and was going, but I said to Ansley, "This is the strangest story I can think of because he stood so long in front of that picture and said, 'This is a world I've never seen.'"
- Riess: As if he were getting ready to cross over?
- Salz: Yes, cross over somewhere. He stood so long and said, "I'm seeing a world I've never seen." He was an awfully nice man.
- Riess: Was it fun to have a show?
- Salz: Yes, it was always fun. I love to exhibit. Is that what you're asking me?
- Riess: Yes.
- Salz: Yes, I love to exhibit! All painters do. They don't all say so, but they all do.
- Riess: I would always think that, first of all, there would be a lot of complaining about the nuisance of getting it all together.
- Salz: Yes, there is. There is lots of trouble. The only good curator that I've ever had was a black man named Hayward King, who was at the Richmond Art Gallery in 1967. That's the last show I've had. That isn't so far back, is it, 1967?
- Riess: No. And what makes a good curator?
- Salz: He came down here with a photographer and took pictures of my pictures. He sent a truck to call for my pictures. I didn't have to do this myself. When I wrote illegibly on the back of my pictures the prices or the titles, he rewrote in a beautiful hand what the prices and the names were. He did the same thing for Ted Polos. He gave us both a most beautiful, an easy time for giving shows, and we appreciated it greatly because, by that time, I had shown at five other museums where they let you do everything. They let you deliver the pictures.
- Riess: Let you?
- Salz: Expect you to do everything, you know. Even if they're hanging everything themselves, they may ask you to come out before the show and see if you're satisfied with the hanging, except John Humphrey. I don't think he liked that. He thought he knew everything. [Laughter.] Poor John!

Ansley's Luncheons

Riess: You once mentioned the lunches Ansley had for his friends.

Salz: Yes, let me see who was there. There was Judge Traynor and Ernest Besig and my husband. That's three. And Arthur Miller, always.

Riess: Who was he?

Salz: He was an attorney. I've forgotten who he attorneyed for. He was a very, very able man and perfectly delightful. We were all devoted to him. He was Ansley's friend for years and years. He had big jobs and I can't remember what they were. I have a friend, somebody who knows all about him because she lived with him for years. But she's since been married and he's dead. That's one of those things you can't go back and trace. Ben Dunaway was here always.

Riess: Who was he?

Salz: I think he's on the appellate court now. Yes, he's very well-known, Ben Dunaway. He was in Honolulu last year and he told my son how much he'd enjoyed these luncheons.

The men used to come out and have the most wonderful time. They had lots of drinks first, you know, and then they stayed here, usually from twelve until two or two-thirty, when they'd have to get back to their offices or various things. We had lots of fun.

I think we did it either once a month or once every two months regularly for a number of years. It must have been a number of years because we did it in our old house, 3838 Clay Street, and then over here on Locust Street for I don't remember how many years.

Riess: Did they talk business?

Salz: Oh, they talked about cases and they talked about everything. Judge Traynor, we were all hoping, would be appointed Supreme Court Justice somewhere, but he was getting a little old for that. I think he was sixty and I don't think they started in with people in their sixties, really, because you do stay as long as you live. That's the dreadful thing about [W. H.] Rehnquist. He stays as long as he lives [on the U.S. Supreme Court], with that dreadful, dreadful psychology and mind that he has, a brilliant, able attorney, and always on the wrong side of everything.

I say that I thought next to the Vietnam War it was the greatest tragedy that happened to the United States that Nixon had

Salz: the appointment of so many Supreme Court judges. And if he's not impeached right away, Douglas or Marshall or one of those fellows who are so old now [may die] and he'll have the appointment, so there's really a majority vote of his group there. It's dreadful.

Riess: I'd like to picture you at these luncheons. Were you at the head of the table, kind of graciously bringing it off?

Salz: Oh, yes. No, not especially gracious. [Laughter.] I didn't talk very much. I told them stories sometimes that they loved to hear, but they talked most of the time. Hubert Wyckoff came up sometimes from Watsonville with Stephen, his brother, who was the attorney for this tannery down there.

I think there were about seven or eight of us, not more than that. They told each other all stories and laughed tremendously. After they had lots of drinks, they were very, very jolly!

First Impressions

Salz: [Looking through materials.] I had a couple of pages of names here, but they're not terribly interesting. There's very little body to the information that I'm giving you. It's rather superficial because I didn't know these people well.

Riess: People have the idea that an artist can see right into souls.

Salz: Yes. I've always prided myself that as people came into a room, they had a halo over their heads which told me a great deal about them before they ever even spoke. But afterwards, very often, I'd change my mind completely. And very often, maybe a couple of years later, I came back to that first impression.

You know, when babies are born they look for the first few days, or sometimes the first hour or so, exactly like somebody in the family. Shortly they lose that look completely. Then, when they grow up, they again look like the people they first resembled. It's very interesting, that first glimpse of the baby.

Riess: But what you mean by this halo you speak of--

Salz: It isn't actually a halo.

Riess: An aura?

Salz: It's an announcement to me as they come in whether I can believe them or trust them and so on, you know, whether they're reliable people or sincere or so on. But I've discovered there are some people who give the impression and are very insincere. They overdo very much their relationship to you. They think that maybe they're closer friends with you than they are and will for themselves build up something that maybe doesn't exist. But then there are sometimes very good sides to them too that you find out later.

People are a great mixture and one's first decision is usually kind of unfair because it tells you something that is true, but doesn't color the whole personality maybe. You must have found there are people that you've changed your mind very much about after you've gotten to really know them and know what their real troubles are.

Riess: Well, because you bring a different part of yourself then.

Salz: Yes. And they respond to that very often. They're very different after a while and you feel sometimes that your first thing is an overall judgement which wasn't fair.

You don't quite give them credit sometimes for all kinds of things that make up people. You learn this after you've met many people from all kinds of groups.

The Book, "Poems and Pictures"

Riess: You opened your book with a quotation from Quasimodo, "And suddenly it's evening." Would you tell why you chose that?

Salz: Well, I thought that was very apparent. "Suddenly it's evening" is my life; that's the end of my life and that's what his is. You live, then all of a sudden evening comes, which is just before the end.

Riess: You were summing up, then?

Salz: Yes. It was my book.

By the way, I only have about two copies of my book left I think. There is one already in The Bancroft Library and one in the University Library. I have to give one to the Jewish Museum.

Riess: It's too bad that you didn't make more.

Salz: Yes. I thought that was an awful lot.

A number of people have asked me where they can buy it, but unless I have some xeroxed copies made of some of them--they won't include the portraits, any of them you know. It would be just the poems.

Riess: Who is Helen Jenkins of your book?

Salz: Helen Jenkins is David Jenkins' mother. [David Jenkins is married to Edith Arnstein Jenkins, niece of Mrs. Salz.] I thought she was an interesting-looking person. She was a very courageous woman. She lost her husband when she was quite young and raised a big family. I think she took up millinery. I met her out at David Jenkins' house one night and I was very impulsive about whose portrait I did.

I would ask people just suddenly whether they would like to come pose for me. Sometimes after ten minutes I would ask people whose portraits I wanted to do.

People are always coming to portrait painters and saying, "You'll just have to do Mrs. So-and-So, or the wife of So-and-So. She's so beautiful," and I just hadn't the slightest desire to do her. I might think she was an absolute beauty, but if I wanted to do either of them, I would do her husband. He was more likely somebody I'd want to do.

[Looking at book] The fact that this picture right here was called "Sudden Light"--I think a lot of people interpreted this in a symbolic fashion, that maybe within my life I'd had a sudden light. You know, people do all their own interpreting, which has nothing to do very often with what the artist intended. It's like with Helen Adams. If she wanted to have somebody murdered, that was her problem, not mine! [Laughter.]

Riess: You do draw people out. You're as much a talker as you are a painter or a writer, I think.

Salz: Yes. I'm interested in people. I have been. I mentioned in my memoirs that, looking back over both my poems and my portraits I find they're mostly about people.

When Ruth Diamant was here yesterday she expressed, without my having said this, almost this about herself. She said that when

Salz: she traveled around in Japan with a high-class Japanese woman who wanted her to go with her, when they wrote a description of what was happening on their trip, that she would write about the people there, and that this lady would write about the weather, and about the fact that she had traveled for a whole day to see the bloom on a certain tree--like they're little haikus.

Ruth said they approached things completely differently. The woman hardly ever mentioned anything about people; she mentioned always the weather and the things that she saw, especially natural phenomena of any kind.

XV THE SALZ TANNERY IN SANTA CRUZ

A Party for the New Fountain

Salz: Last week I went down to Santa Cruz. I was invited to a festivity. My son-in-law, Norman Lezin, who is a clever man, invented a system to get warm water out of the tannery and cold water poured in. But he decided that instead of putting in a circulating system, he was going to have a fountain.

So, he engaged a good man down there by the name of Flores who has made about six fountains in California. I met him that day. He's a modest fellow. He's done a most original and beautiful fountain. I guess this is the only tannery in the United States with a big fountain.

This fountain is like two enormous, slightly uneven abalone shells, bronze, back-to-back, like this [gestures]. They're perfectly beautiful! In the center of each shell is a fat pipe which automatically collects the warm water and sends back cold water into the tannery. To start this going he asked me to press a button.

Norman is a very friendly man and very warm. He likes people and they know he likes them and he is generous about them. He is very civic-minded, has been Mayor, and chairman of innumerable diverse projects.

He has good judgment, is sensible and open to fresh ideas.

Riess: Does he have any consuming passion-hobbies like your husband had?

Salz: No. He's interested in all kinds of things. His office is amusing because all of the offices, the secretary's and the typist's, and everybody's, are filled with paintings and sculpture. Outside there is beautiful land around the building and lovely tremendous birch



Helen Salz and Norman Lezin at the dedication of the fountain at the Tannery in Santa Cruz, 1974

Salz: trees grown tall as the Russian birch trees. And for this festivity there were little tables with red tablecloths and napkins and about a hundred or more people came. All the old surviving employees who'd retired were invited to the party. There was a great big crowd and a band made up only of people in their eighties. A most amusing band. One of the players was a man with a saw who was sawing out melodies on his saw. His wife had one too and they did a duet with saws.

And then there was a man who had worked for forty-six years in the tannery who was back to celebrate. One of the members of the band was a woman who must have been well on in her eighties, who'd been a ballet dancer when she was young. She had castenets which she snapped gaily and did a little hula dance at the same time. [Laughter.] It was amusing to see this whole crowd. They all had little hats with flowers in them and they were all gaily dressed. It was very entertaining.

Riess: Were there speeches?

Salz: Yes. My son-in-law made a speech and then he asked me to come up and press the button to turn the water on. I never can resist, when I'm in public, making a speech, so I made a little speech. My daughter said to me, "Mother, do you mind going up and pressing the button?" I said, "No, I'd love it! You know I like to be in the public eye." [Laughter.] Anyway, it was fun.

My son-in-law said it was awfully good that I was there to do all this and speak about having been there fifty years ago with my husband. He said, "It gives all these people who have been here so long a wonderful feeling of continuity." It does. People were happy that day. It was a scene of a great deal of happiness.

Riess: Do they have many people working there?

Salz: Oh, about 250, I guess. It's quite a big place. He's built on and built on ever since my husband had it. He's a very enterprising man.

Riess: The tannery went from Benicia to Santa Cruz?

Salz: No. The Benicia tannery was closed and this was a tannery that belonged to a man named Henry Windt, I think. It was bought from him about 1916, or around there.

Riess: Tanneries have to be near water?

Salz: Yes, the tannery takes lots of water.

Riess: Where did the skins come from?

Salz: The skins came from all over and the tan bark came from the north of California. Now it isn't oak tannin any more. It's a chemical that's used.

The Dead Cow

Riess: Does the tannery just turn out the skins?

Salz: Well, my grandson, Jeremy Lezin, a bright and delightful young man, who's also very inventive, asked his father if he could have a room that was empty next to the tannery. He started a little business of his own when he was sixteen called "The Dead Cow."

He had an idea, which was a good one. The idea was there are so many young people making things out of leather now that he let it be known that he had things to cater to them. So, he sold a great deal of leather.

Riess: The scraps?

Salz: Yes, scraps of leather big enough to make a girl's skirt or a man's pants or sandals or bags or knapsacks. He sold a great deal. When he left, my husband put two men in there and they did a very large business. They put a big, glass case with belts and bags and kits with tools for handling leather and with the patterns and things for making leather, and people came.

One afternoon, after Jerry left, one man telephoned from Los Gatos and San Jose and said a few of them wanted to come down and buy leather. The man who answered the telephone said, "We're not open on Saturdays." The voice said, "Well, there are about five of us who want to come in and this is the only day we can." So, the man on the telephone said, "All right. I'll go over and sell it to you." So, he went over and, I think, at the end of the afternoon, they'd sold \$600 worth of leather to the boys who came down.

Now it's quite a regular business. They have different colors, you know, reds and tans and blacks and all kinds of leathers in rolls on racks. People can buy what they want.

Ansley and the Business

Riess: Did Ansley have to travel a lot every year?

Salz: Yes he did. The only big trip I made with him was to South America to buy skins in 1922.

Riess: Did he get in on all the aspects of the tannery, the tanning, the buying and the selling?

Salz: Yes, everything. He was just sold on the tannery. You have to know that my husband was a man who went absolutely seriously, steadily, into expertise about tanneries, about leather, about violins. Whatever he went into he entered with tremendous seriousness.

What happened to me very often was that I would see him at dinner and hear nervously across the table some woman saying to him, "Well, I'd Love to know how you tan." And you know how serious men are who are really serious about their business. So, he thought she really did want to know.

By the time he had gotten about half through, I could see her blinking. She didn't want to know so much, you know, and I didn't know how to stop him. This happens to all wives sometimes. You don't know how to stop your husband once in a while about something across the table.

Riess: Was he competitive, would you say?

Salz: No, not especially, though most businessmen are. He was a perfectionist. He wanted to put out the best leather in the United States! [Laughter.]

Riess: Was he competitive in the violin collecting?

Salz: He wasn't a competitive man. He wasn't terribly interested in what anybody else had, except that he wanted it if it was better than what he had. He'd pay a lot of money for violins because money suddenly seemed like nothing to him next to the violin that he had to have. He was that kind of a person.

Riess: What was his attitude about money?

Salz: Well, he had money. We were comfortable, always. He made a great deal of money in the tannery and he would spend it. I didn't dare let him loose in a hardware store, for instance. He'd come out with

- Salz: all kinds of stuff we didn't have to have! [Laughter.] I never have been a "shopper," so I don't know the temptations of people who are shoppers. They often buy stuff they don't need.
- Riess: Sometimes you just admire the way something is made or the idea behind it.
- Salz: Yes, that's right. He was always fascinated by the way something was made, something new or some invention, which you have to have, you know.
- Riess: How about the idea: Behind every great man is a great woman. How vital do you feel in providing a comfortable situation for him?
- Salz: I think the only thing I did was that he changed to be a Democrat while we were married. [Laughter.] That's the only thing I can remember I had any influence on especially. We were always very close and very, very good friends, but we left each other alone in our special hobbies, or whatever we did.

In the 1930's, Ansley became the arbitrator, strangely enough, I think, for his tannery and the butchers' union, which were having a strike. This is interesting because I have here a newspaper article in which the man who is the head of the butchers' union writes about his experience with his opponent, who was Ansley, which is quite interesting. His name is Kaspar Bauer. [Reads from newspaper article on agreement following strike:]

"Kaspar Bauer, Santa Cruz butchers' union president and international organizer who directed negotiations for the employees, paid high compliment to Tannery President Salz following adjournment of the meeting. 'In all my experience I have never met a fairer, more farsighted business executive than Mr. Salz,' Bauer declared. 'He met with us in the friendliest cooperative manner, dealt with us as man to man. Outcome of our negotiations has been a great step forward, both for the tannery concern and the union labor cause in Santa Cruz.'"

- Riess: The same compliments, the fairness.
- Salz: I thought it was rather interesting, as it accumulates, that not only Emily Huntington, who worked with him in the fifties,

Salz: but Kaspar Bauer, who worked with him in the thirties, and then Hubert Wyckoff, who worked with him in the forties--all of them, without knowing what the other ones said, said almost identical things about him. It seems to be unusual to be so completely impartial.

XVI NOTES FROM THE TRAVEL JOURNALS, THE SIXTIES

Salz: The first serious traveling I did was after Ansley died. I went to Europe with my dear friend, Dr. Gertrude Jones. Do you know her? Everybody in Berkeley whom I have met seemed to know her and Jonathan Garst. Jonathan followed us all over Europe on the first trip. He was so in love with Gertrude.

Riess: Oh. Was she a young woman?

Salz: No. She was in her fifties, I guess, and he had been in love with her for many years. He was married to an invalid wife and he stayed with her until she died, and then he immediately started pursuing Gertrude. She brought him out here to lunch for me to meet him. She said he was going to be in Europe while we were there. He telephoned perpetually from Czechoslovakia and Rumania, to Paris, or sent us special delivery letters. So, he knew where we were going and met us in Russia.

Gertrude and I were very close friends. We were extraordinarily congenial.

[Mrs. Salz reading from her journals] "We were in Paris and I decided to visit Les Halles at four o'clock in the morning. Little angry men with aprons and coats sticking out, berets, shouting in dialect, coming in from the cold slapping their hands, fur collars...a liquor bar with a filthy floor...a bar man drying glasses with a dirty rag. Women, dark, fat, with scarves and round red faces...all occupied selling great baskets, boxes, sides of beef...an angry woman of about forty with black short hair fighting with a man...Russian noses" (Whenever I say "Russian noses," it always means a kind of a pug nose that looks like a potato; the Russians have a lot of those noses.) "hoods on their jackets...old, old sweaters and aprons, shawls, the hard-working common people of Paris. Butcher with bloody apron and big steel sharpener tucked into apron in back. Man with an official visor, cap, and leather bag hanging over his shoulder, marching around.

Salz: "Tried to talk to a few people. They were too busy and ignored me. Finally, I sat down in a small cafe, talked to nobody at all, took out my tablet and started to draw. A woman near me got interested. She turned out to be an asparagus merchant. We discussed the virtues of green and white asparagus and the shocking preparation in the medium-priced restaurants. For sauce we both had a preference for mayonnaise with mustard or vinaigrette, sometimes hollandaise, or just butter. I said I was slightly shocked; she was definitely indignant that they were peeled, as you can eat the whole asparagus. She called angrily over to a poissonier, a fisherman, told him of the scandalous treatment of the asparagus, and he was equally angry.

"He was a nice fellow who had been in Amerique, had traded in sheep in Santa Rosa where, to his delight, my brother-in-law had a sheep ranch. Then, everybody in the cafe talked to me!"

(The thing to do, as you know from your life's experience, is, with strangers like that, not to talk and not to ask them any questions at all.)

Back again in Paris, "saw the Guimet Museum with very beautiful old Chinese plates and vases and pictures. Saw the Jeu de Paumes with its wonderful collection of Impressionist pictures. Then, a handsome Kandinsky show, startling, new, and original. From the Louvre, I remember best the dazzling Goya. Woman in long black skirt with a pink bow, a transparent shawl, hands folded across her bosom. A Courbet masterpiece, a young man with a leather belt, hands holding up his head, profound and lovely face, unequalled, done in the style of the period. A Rembrandt nude, feet being dried by a bent figure.

Visit to the Stackpoles

Salz: "Decided to go down and visit Ralph Stackpole. We drove through French countryside...alleys of poplar...miles of green, the blé of France, tall stone silos...innumerable small, old, broken-down Utrillo villages. Little life and a general sense of defeat. I have a heavy cold and laryngitis. Ralph and Francine are delighted to see us, and I have a little guest room, very uncomfortable, with no hook or drawer, or closet or table. I put my clothes on the chair and there is a big, wide bed with an eiderdown quilt. I told Ralph that I had visited the big gallery on Avenue Woodrow Wilson, a sculpture show, and not knowing it was Ralph's, I had picked his beautiful abstraction in stone as being the finest

Salz: in the show." (I bought it and it now stands handsomely in my garden, with a background of ivy and dark fence that holds Dorothy Pucinelli's charming fish mosaic.)

"The Stackpoles have a big bassecour with chickens, rabbits, cats, dogs, and a new proudly installed stone toilet with a curtain and a bucket. The house is attractive, with large designs on the wall by Francine (Ginette, as Ralph calls her). A half-finished needlepoint on linen, very beautiful color. She is a talented woman in many directions. She is warm and darling. Ralph is very happy to have us with them. He is solicitous beyond belief about my health, borrows an electric stove from a nearby neighbor to put in my freezing room. We have a delicious dinner. As we eat the chicken that Francine served, Francine says to Ralph, 'C'est le poulet malicieux.' It's a kind of a shock to realize one is eating a tempermental chicken. We eat their homegrown lettuce, their homemade jam, everything easily and pleasantly served.

"In the afternoon, Helen Morange, a poet, and her husband come over and we have coffee and fresh baked cake. Helen Morange very introverted. I know her poetry. It is good. Ralph says, 'She really likes only sick people, or dogs or cats. She is full of sympathy.' He showed me his big, ice-cold, open-to-the-yard, studio filled with enormous stone and granite sculpture. I said, 'Isn't it cold here in the winter when it's snowing or raining, with only three walls to your studio?' 'Oh, Helen, he says, 'We just put on more sweaters or coats.' Monday, Ralph and Gertrude Jones go to a funeral. I am still in bed. The whole town comes to the funeral. The drunken hearse driver is to be buried. He was a freethinker. He has no family, but a funeral is an occasion to dress and attend.

"We talk about his son Peter, who has become famous as a photographer for Life. He took his first pictures on the construction of the San Francisco Bay Bridge. He was so young he climbed all over and did things no older man would have done. We talk of the problem of the Stackpole's adopted son John. They have struggled with it a long time, not understanding it for years, but at twenty-two he had his first real breakdown and as Francine reads and turns the pages of her book, he keeps saying, 'Why do you turn the page? Why? Why? Why?' until they're at their wits end. They take him to an American hospital. He stays two weeks and the psychiatrist advises an institution. They would consider this a public disgrace and a financial impossibility.

"He is an oboist. There is a demand everywhere for his services

Salz: ...expenses paid, little salary. When he comes home again, he seems to be the same. Still puzzled by his strange behavior at home, they consult the doctor again and this time he suggests nurses at home...three are required. Ralph takes one period, Francine the second, and a hired nurse the third. Then John wants out. They let him go to America. He holds a good job in Texas, stays a year with the symphony, but is not re-engaged. Dr. Eloesser, who visits him in Texas, takes him down to Mexico for a while, later sends him to Helen La Plante, his sister in San Francisco. He spends six months at Langley Porter, then leaves and has assorted jobs out at the beach. Ralph and friends who are visiting San Francisco see him. They have no understanding of his breakdown. Ralph and Francine say he is self-centered and enjoys attention. Tragically, sometime after they leave, he commits suicide.

"Drove with Francine to Sainte Etienne, and excellent museum with bronze figures of Daumier's, which he used for models for his drawings." (I think that's interesting.) "Also, a fine Gabo, a wire beauty, and a Hepworth. Spent two days in bed in Lyon, completely speechless. Traveled on to Geneva. Gertrude very sweet and patient over the delay.

"Then we drive through France again, the landscape everywhere the land of Cezanne and Pissaro, dull orange and red roofs, grey-stained stone or plaster, bright poplars and horsechestnuts, the narrow, narrow winding streets--these are all Utrillo. The woods with straight trees and rocks are Cezanne. All of these men in the last half of 1800 and the first half of 1900 have painted France memorably. Monet, Manet, Poussin, and Claude Lorraine all have given what they felt about France in their century. What most of the palettes of today are saying, I am at a loss to understand.

"We go in and out of France and Switzerland, through unbelievable country--lilac and birch and chestnut trees and red roofs--and across the landscape a single man with one horse and one plough and an old woman raking the ground over--the only figures in acres of land.

Switzerland

Salz: "Arrived in Geneva. My voice is gone. Losing my voice was a grave inconvenience, as Gertrude speaks neither French nor German. I

Salz: would try to go through our difficulties in silence.

"Berne is a lovely city with a tall, ancient clock and old streets, and Bremgarten, perhaps the oldest city, is almost like medieval opera, with castles, narrow streets, old bridges, and a winding river.

"We arrive in Zurich the same night. Gertrude has many medical friends there and through their help I regain my lost voice. We found the Hotel Plaza with difficulty because I couldn't speak and we'd have to write down what I wanted to say and sometimes the Swiss couldn't read what we'd written. The travel bureau arranges for all your rooms. Zurich: This was a very pleasant experience-- Persian rugs on the floor, special linen rugs (clean and light grey) on the floor by the bedside, stationery, a lamp on the desk, and sufficient light to read in bed. A washstand with plenty of towels, two stands for the suitcases, a well-equipped bathroom, also closet space, bureau space, and Japanese prints on the wall."

(Long years of civilization are a closer tie than you are willing to admit. [Laughter.])

"I was in bed almost all the time I was in Zurich. I had a head inhalator prescribed by Dr. George Kern, a bright, humorless young man who choked me regularly while trying to look at my larynx, wrapping my tongue in paper. Gertrude and I were hysterical over the poultice he recommended at night. We used his recipe of a poultice, an umschlag: a quarter of a centimeter of paste, covered with cotton, wrapped with ace bandage. He suggested a woolen scarf, which neither of us had. I went to bed with a black sweater around my throat, a white towel protecting the sweater, and my throat tied up like a guillotine. Gertrude doubted the efficacy, but my voice was better the next day. We did the same dirty mess the next night and, evidently, I was cured."

[Mrs. Salz stops reading.] We'd been in Germany when I was about ten years old. They had invented that then in Germany, the terrible umschlag, which really helps you, and when she [Mrs. Hiroki] is sick--they evidently have this in Japan too--she wraps her throat up with all kinds of stuff and she's all right the next day. So, almost all of us could try it. It's pretty good.

Riess: What kind of a paste was it?

Salz: I don't know. It really seemed to be hot water. That's all you need, with, I suppose, cellophane now. We used to have strips of rubber, something to prevent water from drying. I can't think of the word, but, anyway, it was something that is impervious to water.

Salz: The water doesn't dry over night. Then you put your stocking around. You make a great, big, thick poultice and overnight, the heat and the water and the warmth actually helps you. You don't believe it, but it does.

[reading.] "We had chocolate in the afternoon at one of the characteristic coffee rooms of middle-class Europe. Lace curtains, red drapes, crystal hangings, and marble tables. Many old people using it as a club sat side-by-side reading the newspapers. Old girls shabbily dressed, solitary old men, who looked like retired-and-gone professors, eager young homosexuals. A grandfather waiter with grey mustache and a white jacket greeting a young couple who come in, obviously his son, and taking a tender interest in a young baby who evidently knows him.

"Evening in a restaurant, same equipment. A young pilot, American, trying to seduce a beautiful girl--small, neat, dyed hair, graceful neck and profile. He is urging her to come to Italy with him for seven days. She is evidently connected with some airline as hostess. She was not persuaded when we left! At another table a homely young man in a grey suit is gesturing and talking about some personal achievement--it looks as though it was at his office at the bank. The girl is obviously bored. He is buying her a dinner. It looks as though he valued his gift greatly. She has to try what is on his plate.

"We are out dining with Gertrude's friends, the Reuters. I am grateful she has some companionship. I can't talk to her at all. Her friend Dr. Reuter orders the dinner in detail. He asks about the meat, the dressing--what is in it, how the vegetables are prepared--and spends about fifteen minutes ordering his dinner. I've never been with a man who takes so long." (He was unheard of. Every detail of food is important to people who eat carefully because they are on diets or are simply fussy.)

"I am still running a temperature and feeling pretty depleted and look horrid. I tell the doctor I look horrible. He has been in Russia recently and says contemptuously 'You'd still be the best looking woman there.' I laugh at this absurdity. [Laughter.]

(He obviously didn't care for Russian women's looks. The truth is that they're dressed so dreadfully and there are so many dozens of them clearing the streets dressed practically in rags, and they look so worn and so old, all of them. In the big shopping centers they look better, but still shabby. All this in 1960. It is probably much better now fourteen years later.)

[reading.] "My room in the hotel in Zurich

Salz: looks out on a lovely fountain with tall maple trees and poplars. Many women waiting for trams or older women wheeling baby buggies or dragging along reluctant grandchildren. People at large are cleanly but tastelessly dressed--messy hair, and everybody carries a package." (Evidently, there's no delivery there. That's probably too expensive.) "Innumerable lone girls and lone men in the streets. Today I saw a large crowd of boys, stripped but for red shorts, leaping for a ball on the lawn. They were so young and so gay and so slim. I envied their liveliness and speed.

"The chambermaids here are all plump, kind, and rosy. 'Schönes Sonntag und Sie müssen in Bett bleiben!' (That means, 'It's a nice Sunday and you have to stay in bed!') An attentive housekeeper comes in to ask what she can do for me. 'A heater? A hot bottle? Another cushion? Something for dinner?' She is charming and young and is married to an Italian Swiss, Berbochio by name. She talks straight Swiss. The doctor tells me I can leave tomorrow.

Russia, A Visit to a Kolhoz

Salz: "Elizabeth Reuter drives us to the airport, I having luckily had a shampoo. Reach Vienna in a short trip. Very sad we have to leave without seeing the town. Leave at 6:40 p.m. for Kiev. We reach Kiev in a couple of hours. The plane is filled with Russian Jews from New York coming home to Kiev. Short, stout, prosperous-looking men with older-looking family members. They all talk Yiddish, English, and Russian. A semi-stylish American daughter. They all talk excitedly, incessantly.

"It is pouring in Kiev. A long, cold, windy walk to the customs building, and about two hours of checking passports and suitcases. We meet a pleasant, friendly guide, pug-nosed, fair, shabby, English speaking Intourist, full of Russian propaganda and brag. Then to Intourist Office to register, show passport, change money, another long wait. Around us hundreds of bandanaed, curious-eyed women and heavy-set men. Hotel is straight out of a Russian novel. Enormous, freezing foyer, flights and flights of stairs with stripe-banded carpets. Crowds milling around the desk. There sit three tired men and one bored woman ignoring us and reading the paper.

"Intourist summons us. They try to give us one bedroom and when we insist on two they offer us two suites. Mine is a red velvet parlor with tassels and red velvet curtains and a red velvet tassled tablecloth and an old, old lamp that doesn't work. A freezing room.

Salz: Bathroom pretty dreadful looking. Rusted pipes, water that doesn't go through the drain. Stiff, almost starched toilet paper with squares of newsprint mixed in between. This is the first-class hotel!" (I'm sure nobody else reporting from Russia reports on this.) "And elaborate Emperor wall lights. Windows are recessed, no shades, and only velvet hangings that don't close.

"We meet Jonathan Garst downstairs in a wild state of excitement at seeing us." (John Garst is madly in love with Gertrude, as I said.) "We dine at the hotel and then drive through the city. The city has some beautiful old buildings. Quite a few large apartment houses and big, handsome squares and monuments. Each hotel floor has a group of bandanaed women sitting at the end of a long corridor talking to each other. The old elevator man calls, 'Devochki,' which means 'girls,' and they sit. You finally go down to them and ask them to come and open your door and show you your room. They stare, still seated, at you, and they let you walk the entire length of the hall pretending not to see you. If you smile and talk Russian to them, they smile and get up and do as they're told."

(The point is, really, as you know from traveling, that the average American thinks if you talk loud enough the people will understand you. When we went to South America there were some Kentuckians whom we got acquainted with on the steamer. When we got to Buenos Aires they brought our breakfast up in the room. They just bring you coffee and a roll, like in England. And if you dare go in the dining room, it's just been cleaned and swept and tables moved. And there was our friend from Kentucky, shouting at the top of his voice, "I said ham and eggs!" [Laughter.] I said, "I'll write it down for you, 'jamon y huevos,' and you hand that to them and you'll get it then," which he did. He met me later and told me it worked wonderfully. [Laughter.] He got jamon y huevos every morning.)

[reading.] "Gertrude's satchel band breaks and I bring it down to the floor desk to ask what to do with it and there I have the pleasant experience of seeing Mikael Mikaelova take out a big needle and a heavy thread and, without a thimble, sew the satchel.

"A jolly young girl joined us and stared hard...talked to me. Most of them here talk Ukraine, which makes it a little tough. Dinner with Jonathan. He has secured permission for us to go with him to a Kolhoz, a cooperative farm. This was a shock to our guide who said it couldn't be done. We asked the guide a little about life in Russia. About herself, she says she has a room about fifteen to eighteen feet square. She is married and shares a kitchen and bath

Salz: with others and pays \$4.00 a month rent."
 (But she hasn't her own bath or her own kitchen. This seeming luxury is desired by millions of people who fruitlessly crave a little privacy.)

"Our guide talks and talks like a parrot. She is well-instructed and ready to quote unreliable figures, according to Jonathan Garst. Her statement about the milk production in Russia as compared with ours is completely false. Jonathan says he has seen the cows. He feels in Rumania, for instance, that he may have saved them millions of dollars with just a few careful suggestions. They are very sensitive to any suggestions.

"We went to the Kolhoz today. We were received into a red velvet office with embroidered curtains." (It's the funniest thing. This is left over from the czar's time. They keep all this splendor in their offices and in the schools and everywhere, they just can't let it go. It evidently is still part of their youth and they have nothing they want to put in its place instead, so they keep all of this, the tassels and the velvet and the lace.)

"There was a large table in the room and large pictures on the wall. Very poor art. At the table sit two stout, good-natured, rather shrewd-looking peasants. On the second round of peasants who came in, more potato-nosed peasants surrounded the table. They seem very accurately informed as Jonathan asks about their machines, their harvesting tractors, their cattle, their milk cans, about the acreage of wheat and rye, their orchards and produce. They had about 6,000 acres and 600 families lived there and worked the land. About 4,500 people live on the land. About \$1,000 a year can buy produce at the collectives. The chairman's wife is a teacher. The Kolhoz has two schools and a hospital. We waited for about an hour and a half for a car to take us to see them but it never came. There was mud and sand everywhere. The beautiful trees, chestnut, apple, cherry, maple, elms. Women working in the fields everywhere, completely indifferent, I suppose as was natural, to their appearance, unbelievably shabby old scarves, grubby skirts and shawls, and high boots." (They haven't gotten into pants there, unfortunately, for working, and they all had dreadful-looking long skirts. They were filthy.)

"A walk in the rain to the Pavillion, an exhibition of agricultural and industrial products. Inside, many of the peasants in bright skirts and scarves and high boots were eagerly looking at the displays. In Russia, you actually see the proletariat and the peasants everywhere. The restaurants were filled with peasants, little boys with homemade pants gathered at the ankles, and old,

Salz: long coats, completely unfitted, slouch caps and scarves. No attempt at neatness, shapeliness, or beauty. People look serious, sturdy, and disciplined to a hard life.

"Gertrude then wanted to visit a polyclinic for children. It was from prenatal through adolescence. A large very old, stone building. We entered. The usual velvet hangings, Venetian silk gathered blinds, enormous very bad pictures hung on the walls. We were first introduced to Dr. Nadesjda Deukina, a stout, friendly woman who told us at some length the pattern of the hospital.

"Pregnant mothers come for instruction, care, feeding of babies, and care of self. After birth, the children are checked weekly, then monthly. During the nursing period a mother is allowed time off and may go home and nurse. They nurse nine or ten months. Two months with pay, as pre-birth, and two months with pay, postpartum. Any night emergency brings a doctor, a day nurse follows a serious case, and the child is then taken to the hospital by the doctor and the mother, who stays with the child. There are nine such clinics in Kiev. If a mother has insufficient milk, another mother nurses the baby and is paid.

"Met many of the doctors and nurses, most of them with long, messy hair and enormous white aprons and caps. They looked perfectly dreadful. We saw the calisthenic room where a number of children were under gymnastic therapeutic care. Saw a model room where proper foods, clothes, toys and furniture for children were displayed. Gertrude asked many questions re preventive and prophylactic medical care and shots, and received satisfactory answers. She was much impressed with the earnestness and thoroughness of their interest in children and childcare. The whole place was freezing cold." (They seemed to be used to that.)

Riess: I think it's all very interesting. It's so easy to picture it from your writing.

Salz: Gertrude, of course, was able to ask very good questions and then I or the interpreter told her what they were saying. So, it was very good.

"We then visited a secondary school, this time in company with thirty Canadians and Ukrainians. The reception room was, again, all lace, velvet, and tassels. The first classroom had pictures of hogs displayed on the walls and the children were getting instruction in the care and breeding of hogs. Then a room with girls learning knitting stitches and materials, aided with whole books of work with samples. The wall was covered with samplers of work, all most

Salz: excellently done and in very bad taste. In the next room there was instruction in physics and chemistry. Then a room for singing accompanied by playing on the accordian.

"At the secondary school, they usually worked two years at a preferred trade, both boys and girls. The advanced ones go to the University. Of those who go straight to the University without two years of work, great favoritism is shown with a work record. The vacations are also usually a work period. The boys and girls in the school looked clean and happy. The girls were in brown dresses with white collars and black aprons with ruffles over the shoulders. They seemed eager to answer questions." (This costume they wear is worn all over Russia in all the schools. Any little girl who would come from the Ukraine or from the North comes and finds that she's dressed just like the other children.)

"The teachers one saw were all sturdy and active. The desks in the schools were black painted tables with stools and either two girls or a boy and a girl sat there. Most of the girls had long braids doubled up, the boys in homemade looking jackets, but everybody was very neat and clean. At lunch time, the hall was noisy and boisterous, very much like any school in America.

Odessa

Salz: "We were at the station at three o'clock leaving Kiev, Jonathan accompanied by his agronomist and interpreter. They all drank a great deal of cognac. The Minister of the Ukraine was also with us, very fond of cognac. He pinned a badge of merit on Jonathan's lapel and kissed us all good-bye a number of times and very often said, 'Hello and Good-bye.' His companion was a trifle embarrassed.

"The plane we took looked as if it were made by the pilot's wife, with very odd green upholstery, very straight seats with no straps, little white curtains, and a stinking toilet with the door flying open all the time. We were met by a little girl in Odessa, our guide, who looked just like my granddaughter, Pat Salz. She must have been a good seventeen. She was to be our Intouristguide. She spoke English nicely, but seemed to be reluctant to be much with us on Sunday. We ordered the car for 2:30. Odessa is a very romantic spot on the Black Sea, with a world of handsome shipping; a lovely green lawn promenade on the paseo, along the sea. We smiled at a couple of people who stopped, chatted with them. They

Salz: wished us well as we passed and trusted there would be peace in the world. We bowed and smiled and parted." [Mrs. Salz stops reading.]

We talked to everybody we came across. As long as we spoke Russian, it was all right and they were happy and talked to us, you know. In talking Russian, it's awfully unimportant that you speak very well. The point is that you thought it's worthwhile to learn their language. That's the important thing to people, that you think it's worthwhile to study what they speak, because most people do what our Kentuckian did, shout louder and louder, thinking that everybody must understand English if you yell at them.

[Mrs. Salz resumes reading.] "Our hotel is monstrous. My sitting room is fifty feet long. Our rooms are up two terrific flights of stairs to the second storey. No lift. Bokhara rugs, all covered with soiled canvas. Enormous lobby, cold and dreary and friendless. We walked on the paseo in the evening. There was a glorious view of Odessa. We enjoyed Gertrude's birthday dinner with cassia and wine.

"A dining room with a pageant of short, unattractive, very badly dressed people for a Saturday night, for the biggest hotel in Odessa. Soldiers, housewives, old women, and bearded men, fat and bald with stiff, padded shoulders. The girls don't look as if they every brushed their hair, and those who did had crimped little caricul curls. The men looked earnest, active, and uninspired. The menu is filled with things that don't exist, taken from foreign menus." (You keep pointing to something you want to eat and they say, "Nyet. We don't have that.") "The hotel is kept around sixty degrees.

"We then visited the handsome administrative building and were met by twelve men in Sunday suits. All shaking hands. This time we went into a large room. There was an immaculate table set and it turned out there was to be a wine-tasting orgy."

(This was a vineyard that we visited. Our guides never thought we could get out to any of those places, but he Jonathan had buttons on his lapel saying he was an agriculturalist, I guess, or a university professor and, so, we had entry there. It was very nice traveling with him because we visited places that most people never see.)

"They wanted us to taste and to pass on a variety of wines and see what we liked. A waiter would pass

Salz: around a bottle. We were supposed to swirl the wine around and around in our mouths and then spit it out into a common crystal container on the table. There were about six wines to be tasted; thin slices of cheese and bread on the table." [Mrs. Salz stops reading.]

I don't know one wine from another. I don't know how good you are. My daughter, Anne, is wonderful. She knows one from the other. When she was in Palo Alto one night a man came in from a vineyard with some wine. He wanted to test it to see whether people knew what they were drinking. Anne not only knew the wines were from Bordeaux, but she also knew the provinces in Bordeaux from which they came. She said she became famous as a Wine-taster and she never dared go back to anybody for dinner or wine tasting a second time.

[Mrs. Salz resumes reading.] "All of the men were eager, intelligent, and friendly. No sign of the antagonism we expected with the Great Summit meeting starting May 16, 1960, that very day, in Paris. They were all, or seemed to be, delighted with my meagre Russian and were friendly and cooperative in helping me out, as was young Ivan Petrova Lypashko, the guide assigned to Jonathan Garst.

"He was small, intense, esthetic, iron-willed, and interested in art, music, languages, history, and agriculture. He was recently married to a twenty-year-old chemical engineer, whom we will meet. I judge from his conversation that he attempts to dominate her completely. He is thirty-two years old and speaks English, Turkish, a little French, Ukrainian, and of course, Russian.

"We parted from our viticulture hosts in a shower of bouquets of lilacs and tulips and the most affectionate gestures of friendship. Jonathan feels that we, Gertrude and I, added much to this aspect, especially that I spoke Russian. He has a big reception everywhere. He has a reputation as an agriculturalist, a lecturer at several universities, and an excellent writer on his subjects." [Mrs. Salz stops reading.]

Jonathan Garst died recently. He was an interesting man with the heartiest laugh and spoke only English. He wanted us to come to his hotel to meet his housekeepers. He said he was very good friends with them. I said, "What do you to talk to them in Jonathan?" He said, "English. They understand me all right." So, we went over there and we met two very pleasant-looking women. I spoke Russian to them and they spoke. Then Jonathan shouts to them in English and he bows to them and they smile and he says, "See. They understand

Salz: everything I say." [Laughter.] He was so cute about it. He's so friendly and has such a broad smile and he seems to like everybody. He was a great, big man. The Russians are very short, most of them. They're very short, wide-set people. You'll notice Brezhnev, or any of them if you see them in pictures, are always shorter than American men.

Riess: Were you sketching in Russia?

Salz: I didn't sketch much in Russia. I think I sketched out of my window in Russia. I didn't feel very well. I went to bed there, too. Gertrude and I were sick a great deal on our trip. I hadn't known, and Elizabeth Elkus told me the other day, that Gertrude had had a very serious operation, a hysterectomy I believe, before she left San Francisco, and I don't think that she should have traveled, really. She wasn't well enough, but she did.

I said to Elizabeth Elkus, "You know, I never ask anybody anything about what's the matter with them or about their health. I wouldn't think of asking them such intimate questions." So, I went all through Europe with her and never found out she'd had an operation or why she was feeling so badly. I never asked her anything. I thought, "She's a doctor." You know, I wouldn't bother her.

Moscow

Salz: [Mrs. Salz resumes reading.] "Off to Moscow on a small, homey-looking plane. We arrive in Moscow and find we have been moved from the hotel engaged for us to the Hotel Ukraine. They try to put the two of us in a room, but we refused. Finally, we are placed in two rooms miles apart. The hotel personnel is indifferent, slightly stern. Atmosphere is chilly. Marble floors and columns and crowds milling around. Actually, the lower you get in the social echelon, the pleasanter the people are." Maybe that is everywhere. Do you think so?

Riess: Well, I think that hotel people very often put one off.

Salz: Yes, I think so too, unless they've heard of you ahead of time. I think of the funny story of the Negro who dressed himself up as a Turk with a very great title, and put it all over on Los Angeles society for a while. He was entertained everywhere and, all of a sudden, he revealed himself, much to the mortification of all the

Salz: hosts and hostesses. It served them right.

[reading] "Elevators are incredibly slow. You wait fifteen minutes for an elevator. Meals last an hour and three-quarters to two hours. The washrooms are miles away and have lukewarm water. A very sloppy old woman sits at a table and hands you a dirty comb and a dirty towel.

"Sunday we went to the Kremlin Museum and saw the ivory throne of Ivan the Terrible, an extraordinary exhibit of embroidered saddles and caparisoned horses from the 16th and 17th centuries, and amazing coaches, great painted boxes, the early ones with mica and the later ones with glass. They say that it took forty men to move the coach. For the Army, great heavy armor, so heavy that if a man fell he could not arise. They must have been trampled over by horses. Horse blankets were woven of parrot skins and diamond front pieces for the horses. The museum is jammed on weekdays with visitors from the fifteen republics, not from America or anywhere, but from all over Russia. They come to Moscow to see the museum and to see Lenin's tomb too."

Riess: Did you ever ask about all the old trappings and tassels and the velvet? Did they say that those were the bad old days?

Salz: No, no. Nothing at all, no. I don't think anything ever in Russia was badly spoken of as bad old days.

[reading] "St. Basil's is now a museum. The tale is that Ivan the Terrible had the architect blinded after he built it so as not to duplicate it. Lenin's mausoleum has 10,000 to 15,000 visitors a day." (There are blocks long of people waiting, except if you're a tourist or obviously American you're allowed to go to the head of the line. This isn't fair, but they do it.)

"On November 7, the anniversary of the Revolution, banners carry slogans about Soviet geological explorations, their discovery of iron, coal, and so on. Workers in agriculture strive for electrification and complex mechanization. Workers in newspapers or in literature strive for high ideological level. Later we met ueronsky, our newspaper friend, who delayed us as usual. He was so unpunctual. We waited and waited for three-quarters of an hour for him. A message that he would meet us at Pushkin's; 10,000 people milling around. We sat on the stone steps and waited. We received him rather coolly. We saw beautiful Monets, Pissarros, Gaugins, and Picassos."

Do you know that Cezanne was so devoted to Pissarro that he

Salz: signed some of his pictures, "Pissarro's student"?

Riess: No, I didn't know that.

Salz: Pissarro was very, very famous for his beautiful use of color, the skies, hills and trees. Cezanne learned a lot from him. He learned from everybody he could.

[reading] "Guide tells us that 700 rubles are the lowest wages; sometimes there are 650. My chambermaid tells me she gets 400." (My chambermaid--of course--one of her sons was a chemical engineer and her daughter a doctor--everyone's children are professional people.)

"There is no speculation about instability or rifts in the leader's life, nor personal criticism of heads of government. If the President of the USSR is not there to receive an ambassador some important person from one of the fifteen republics comes down to do this in full dress. Every invitation must go to the Foreign Office. One ambassador, unaware of this, invited all the republics to a party and only three arrived.

"Many Chinese in Hotel Ukraine. They exploit American Jim-Crowism. They have such a shortage of wares in Russia that this is a typical joke: One Russian tells another that they have perfected an intricate Russian bomb that will fit into a suitcase and be delivered to New York. 'Impossible,' the other one says, 'Where would you get the suitcase?'" [Laughter.] (I think that's a funny story that shows the shortage of goods there almost better than anything else could.)

"We go to a magnificent circus. There are four lions riding around on caparisoned horses, rather a cruel scene. The lions sit on stools. One is angry and snarls and the woman trainer slaps him across the mouth wickedly a number of times. Lions climb on high stands and then crawl over dogs who are lying immovable, all very painful to see. It's a kind of a painful circus. The audience is made up mostly of provincial Russians.

"The streets always look as if there were a continental parade. Thousands of people crowd the streets and there are parades of school children with balloons, or there are queues of women waiting to buy milk. The national costume of women seems to be flowered or patterned cotton skirts with cloth jackets and bandanas. The children look well and clean, but there is little gaiety in the streets and restaurants. You never see people laugh or talk to each other as if they're enjoying each other or anything like that. All the women

Salz: are working, running elevators, or at desks in offices, or cleaning streets; the streets are clean everywhere and the floors everywhere are spotless. You see no sign of paper or peel or cigarette anywhere." (I wish they would come and take care of our streets!)

"In the afternoon we went down to the famous subways. We went down about 150 feet on an escalator and came to the great stations. Mosaic and aluminum and chandeliered ceilings. Every station is different. The ceilings are mountain high. People are reading, standing, or rushing. The escalators, at about 3:30, are crowded. In the train, men get up to give you their seats and gladly talk to you.

"In the evening, we had a great experience of Bolshoi Ballet. It is out of this world, and Lepeshinskaya is the most enchanting dancer I have ever seen. The audience screams and shouts and showers the stage with flowers. The male danseur was also quite remarkable and very popular. The stage sets were beautiful and one knew one was in the theatre where Tolstoy's people sat in boxes and looked at each other with opera glasses." [end reading] It was a wonderful feeling.

Riess: And what kind of people were in the theatre then?

Salz: Everybody. Everybody was in the theatre. I guess you pay very little to get in. There were soldiers and peasants and everybody was there. It's very nice, you know. It really is. They don't seem to care about looking nice. There seems to be very little vanity, except if you want to give a woman a special present--I was told that before I went there and brought along some lipsticks or cosmetics of some kind. They're enchanted to see the lipsticks. I gave my chambermaid a lipstick. She just screamed with excitement! Oh, she was so excited!

[reading] "Breakfast at leisure, very poor, and waitresses have much time to think about other things besides your unimportant breakfast.

"Gertrude became very sick in Moscow and, being a doctor, had nervously diagnosed her case as meningitis. The assistant hotel doctor was sent to her. She took her blood pressure with an instrument Gertrude said was the size they use for horses in America. She put a mustard plaster on her chest and said she would send the head doctor the next day. The head doctor came and did very little more.

"I was then sick and sent for the head doctor. She came into my room looking like an ordinary Turkish workman. She stared at me

Salz: and then she said, 'Skol'ko ruble vasha rubashka?', which means, 'How many rubles did your nightgown cost?' [Laughter.] And I said to her, 'Zabilha. Ya bolnaya,' which means, 'I have forgotten, but I am sick.' So, she paid a little attention to me, but could do nothing but tell me to come up to her office the next day in the hotel and she would give me an electric treatment. I thought I had the flu. I obediently went up and she was not there; only her assistant, who seemed to know very little, was there, who gave me what she thought possibly was electricity, but seemed to be 100% nothing." (There wasn't the slightest sound or feeling or anything.)

Riess: How was it applied to you?

Salz: It was applied to my head, I think, or to my neck.

Riess: That was very trusting of you.

Salz: Very trusting of me. It probably was dirty besides.

London

Salz: [reading] "Both Gertrude and I recovered and we left for London. We arrived in London. Gertrude went to bed and I visited the sights of London alone." (London was so crowded that, though we wanted to stay through the ninth, when our plane left, we had to move somewhere else for one night.)

"All of it seemed deja vu. If you've read English novels, you feel you know everything. I had read so many English novels. I annexed a nice-looking English woman at Westminster Abbey and we saw London together." [stops reading]

I walked up to her and I said to her, "Are you alone?" She said, "Yes. Are you?" I said, "Yes, I am, and trying to see London alone. Shall we go together?" She said, "Oh, I would love to." She was a cashier in a bank. It was her day off. We had fish and chips for lunch and we went everywhere together. She was very pleasant and bright and we saw London. [reading] "Then we came home." That's the end of that trip to Russia.

Riess: [Applause.] I like it.

Salz: You do? I interpolated a few little things as I went along, which I notice weren't in there.

Iran and Pakistan

Salz: In 1964 Gertrude, by now Mrs. Garst, asked me to go with her and Jonathan to Iran and Pakistan. We were there about a month. I got very little out of the trip and kept no journal.

In Pakistan, a friend told me to look up a friend of his who taught in a university. He had been a roommate who came from Pakistan. I telephoned to the university and asked for his name and the girl on the telephone had only learned about six words of English. When I asked for Mr. So-and-So, she said, "Not here. Nobody here. Good-bye." That was all she said. So, I rang up the next day and again somebody, another voice, answered, "Nobody here. Good-bye." So, then I knew I couldn't get any information. So, I wrote him a note there and he got it.

He arrived with two friends and Gertrude and I received them out in the garden of our hotel and we talked. I wanted to find out about the universities in Pakistan and a little bit about their government. I said, "Where did you go to university?" to the first one.

He said, "Oh, I graduated from Johns Hopkins."

I said to the next one, "And you?"

"I graduated from Stanford."

And the third one was from Yale. [Laughter.] I could get very little news from them about Pakistan. They thought it was backward, I think, when they came home and you couldn't get anything, except that they'd studied medicine in America.

When we were in Shiraz, Dr. Livingston, the chief of the hospital--and the father of my grand-nephew Bart's wife--came over to lunch, or maybe it was dinner, with Gertrude Jones and myself. It was late in the afternoon. Each of them were enormously interested in contraceptives and he in his suitcase, and she in hers, had some with them. They put them out like cards on the little tables in the lobby to discuss them. As far as I was concerned--the rest of the people were drinking cocktails--I was wondering what kind of game this was, all the strange patterned things on the table!

Salz: He was a lovely man. He said that something very interesting was happening the following day and he would send a man who spoke Persian with us out to a school. It was to be a day where the children from all the villages recited, and the teachers were all there.

That was really a very great event. There was a perfectly charming, young, and beautiful teacher, who had brought about twenty children with her, and one little girl got up. (One of the tests was their being able to remember and recite long poems of Hafiz, the Iranian poet.) A little girl about eight got up and recited a long poem at full speed, was very much applauded, and she sat down.

The next test was something unbelievable. A little boy about six years old was asked to recite a poem of Hafiz, but the first word of the poem had to be the last word of the poem the little girl had recited. He was being put to the test as to how well he knew his Hafiz. He stood there, a little fellow with his head very closely shaved, a very bright-looking little boy, and he put his hands up to his head this way [gestures] and he stood looking up at the ceiling for about five minutes, while the whole audience waited breathlessly. Then all of a sudden he has it and he starts and he recites a long poem of Hafiz that had all the requirements they were giving.

When he finished, there was a real ovation. The whole audience stood up and applauded and shouted for him, which was very nice, because he had done a quite remarkable thing.

Riess: What an extraordinary kind of education they were getting!

Salz: I know. From memory, and for no special purpose that I could see.

Then we went outside and the teacher, who was so beautiful, brought out a number of her village students and other young teachers. (I always carry a dictionary in every country I go to, so that I know a few words, and the words that I picked out were, "Your children are all very beautiful." I said this with great success to all the women I met. They handed me their babies and they were all very pleased. That was the only thing I could say.) When she came out with her young teachers, I made a deep bow and I said to her, "Your children are all very beautiful."

She made a deep bow to me and she said to me, "And you are a gude woman."

Salz: So, all I could say was, again, "And your children are all very beautiful," because that was all I knew in Iranian.

And she again said to me, "And you are a gude woman."
[Laughter.] So, we terminated our conversation anyway. That was quite a wonderful day. It was a very interesting experience.

We also visited a number of villages where the children had no toys. We could see them taking clay and making balls of it and sticking a stick in the ground and making up games for themselves out of whatever was there. They evidently had nothing to play with. The little girls of twelve and thirteen were sitting at looms doing modern Persian carpets, working very, very hard all day. There was evidently no child labor law. (I don't know how much it's obeyed in this country. I think that it isn't really obeyed on the big ranches at all.) But these little girls were very young and they were working all day on these rugs.

Riess: Did you look up any artists or poets when you went there?

Salz: No. We weren't there very long and both Gertrude and I were sick very often when we were in both Pakistan and Iran.

"An End to This"--The Birthday Party

Salz: Because we have to put an end to this somewhere, I have written some notes on the last ten years. [reading] In 1964 I returned from Iran and Pakistan in a wheelchair after a wretched week in Bombay under the care of a kindly, not-too-expert, Indian, English-trained physician. I went straight to the hospital in San Francisco and the case was diagnosed (I may be repeating incorrectly) as spinal sciatica.

"I was four weeks in traction, but I'm a little bored with laymen's accounts of illnesses, so common to the human race, and I must confess to be bored with mine and other people's. Doctors are really the ones who are paid to listen; nobody else should have to. A brutal statement." (You can't imagine how brutal I am about that. I never ask anybody how they are or what's happened to them.)

"On recovery, I was promptly invited to show a quite numerous collection of Iran and Pakistan watercolors at the San Francisco Museum of Art. The way I had made them was to go out in cabs, with difficulty got the children to move away from the windows, then made

Salz: ink drawings and came home and used my watercolors. I had brought a children's watercolor box with me and had only one brush and I did all these pictures with that equipment! It was a successful crowded show, probably on account of the unfamiliar subjects.

"The next year the Richmond Gallery invited Ted Polos and me to give a show in their spacious galleries. This was beautifully and thoughtfully handled by their black curator, Hayward King. Ted and I were delighted with the reception we had.

"The next years I (I am braggingly stating) was urged by my grandchildren to collect and print my poems and photographs of my pastels. Most of these were portraits. The book's title was Poems and Pictures. I was assisted in the production by the distinguished printer Adrian Wilson, who produced a book modestly reduced to only 175 copies. I had the usual satisfying letters that writers receive and was persuaded by Dr. James D. Hart of The Bancroft Library to send copies to many libraries and campuses. I had a few readings of my poems generously planned by Edith and David Jenkins and the Leonard Wolfs. It is a little embarrassing to state how genuinely I enjoyed doing this.

"And so gradually I come to the end of the eighties and of my life story. I objected at first, but finally and graciously consented to be feted for my ninetieth in November 1973. Only children, grandchildren and three or four intimate friends attended. Fortunately I was left out of the planning. The party was a riotous memorable one, and lasted from six until three in the morning. Almost everybody spoke and gave me lovely tributes--even the young ones. I'm afraid this is usual at birthdays. David asked me to speak, but I said I couldn't, until the very end when I said I had a very brief statement to make and in a tragic voice I said, 'It almost brings tears to my eyes to hear how nice I am.' They all shouted and that was the end of the party."

Transcriber: Marilyn Wood

Typists: Betty Dubravac and Marjorie Prince

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ANSLEY SALZ: THE IMPARTIAL ARBITRATOR

In 1941 the SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL OWNERS ASSOCIATION represented a group of 191 hotels not maintaining culinary service which by prior arbitration awards in 1937 and 1938 had been classified into Classes B, C, D and E for purposes of wages and working conditions. The APARTMENT and HOTEL EMPLOYERS' UNION Local 14 and the HOTEL SERVICE WORKERS UNION Local 283 represented about 1469 positions filling 29 classifications of work in these hotels.

On June 25 1941 the parties had executed a collective bargaining agreement establishing their relationship for a five year period ending January 4 1947; but they were unable to agree upon a wage schedule for the period from August 1 1941 to January 4 1943; and the dispute was submitted to arbitration before a Wage Board upon which ANSLEY K. SALZ was chosen to serve as IMPARTIAL CHAIRMAN. The wage scale in effect amounted to a weighted average day shift wage of \$3.50 for an eight-hour day, six-day week. The Unions were proposing a weighted average wage rate of \$5.15; and Hotel Employers were at first proposing wage decreases and finally no increases at all.

The Wage Board first met on October 14 1941 and, after numerous sessions at which voluminous evidence was received and extensive argument heard, issued an AWARD on January 14 1942 establishing a weighted average day shift wage of \$4.25 or an increase of about 21.5%.

The Impartial Chairman accompanied the AWARD with a 25-page "CHAIRMAN'S OPINION" in which he set forth in considerable detail his reasons for the increase and its extent.

In attempting to arrive at a living wage, the Chairman observed that no cost-of-living index furnished an "automatic yardstick for wages" but that the previously existing wage scale was "so far below any estimates of the budgets submitted that it was impossible for the Board to do otherwise than to make a reasonable increase in the wages of these employees in line with prevailing wage increases [in the community] over the past three years and now."

The Hotel Employers relied heavily upon a claim of inability to pay, based both upon the financial condition of these hotels and upon conditions said to be peculiar to the hotel business. The Chairman subjected the Hotel Employers' evidence to close analysis, concluding that it would be "manifestly unfair to base this Award upon generalizations which apply to those Employers least able to pay" and saying "wages are in the nature of a first lien or charge on the revenue of the owner." He recognized that there are marked differences between a hotel business and a manufacturing or sales business; but he declined to accept "arguments based

upon them in their entirety."

In company with two Board Members the Chairman visited several hotels to observe the nature and quality of the services performed. He was convinced that "these employees are at neither extreme of the wide latitude between skilled and unskilled labor." Instead of addressing himself to "a theoretical question on the meaning of 'real skill' or 'expert knowledge'", he found that "all these employees are an average group of San Francisco employees with average problems, desires and ambitions, who perform an important function in the community."

Comparative wages was a major issue. The evidence showed that since 1938 wages in the San Francisco hotel industry were the highest in the United States; that wages for comparable work in San Francisco were higher in other industries than in the hotel industry; and that, while wages had generally increased in other industries in San Francisco, wages in the hotel industry had remained substantially the same since the 1938 Award. On this issue he announced: "The trend of wage standards in San Francisco for the last three years has been upward. The wage scale in the hotel industry generally, and in San Francisco particularly, is low. The Board gave more weight to comparative wages for similar work in other industries in San Francisco than to comparable wages in the hotel industry in other cities."

Addressing himself to several major classifications of work in the various classes of hotels involved, the Chairman analyzed and spelled out his conclusions in detail, illustrating the methods by which he reached the rates established for each of the four classes of hotels with appropriate differentials.

In conclusion, he estimated the effect of the award upon each class of the hotels by making nice calculations of the average penny increases in operating expense per room, broken into 60%, 70% and 100% occupancy.

The Award was made effective for the period beginning August 1 1941 to and including January 4 1943, thus providing the parties with a financial way of life for a year and a half.

The climate in the San Francisco hotel industry was clouded by a sensation among hotel employers that the previous awards, decided on the heels of a protracted and costly strike, was throttling them with an insupportable wage scale. Consequently the Salz Award was viewed with alarm and received with dismay among the smaller hotels and, perhaps, among the 30 large hotels with culinary establishments, although they were not directly affected by it. A sensitive man, Salz was hurt by intimations that the award was foolhardy and that he was a "traitor to his class" in the business circles in which he moved and at his clubs.

The climate soon changed however with the advent of the wartime economy and the wage freezes imposed by the National War Labor Board during the ensuing war-years of severe personnel shortages. The wage freeze prevented the larger hotels from paying the higher wage rates established by the Salz Award for the smaller hotels, thus placing the larger hotels at a severe competitive disadvantage in the retention and hiring of employees in a tight labor market. The extremists who had been most vocal in their denunciation of Salz now hailed him as a man of prophetic business vision.

Salz took a courageous step in accepting this appointment as Impartial Chairman. The antagonists were strong, vigorous and well-organized. The atmosphere was charged with emotions. Although he acquitted himself well, Salz had no technical experience in the field of arbitration. The issues he undertook to decide were grave and not susceptible to mathematical demonstration; and they significantly affected important elements of the community in which he had to live.

The Award is written with the skill, urbanity and objectivity of a professional arbitrator: it is a good example of how an amateur endowed with common sense, sound judgment and a fair view of people and things can outshine professionals.

Dear Mary Hutch from HW 26 August 1973

I hope this is what you expected and what the Salz Family want.

I am indifferent about use of my name; but if it be used, I would prefer that no changes be made in the text including such precious minutia as no commas in dates.

No thanks are needed. It was a pleasure to sit down on a Sunday afternoon and relive many enjoyable lunches with Art Miller, Ernie Besig, a Viennese labor expert named Rudi and Ansley at Bardelli's at which we drank Beefeater Martinis, ate broiled tripe and put the world in its place with guffaws.

Hubert Wyckoff



THE CHANCELLOR
and the
COMMITTEE ON CENTENNIAL HONORS
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

have the pleasure to announce

that

Helen A. Salz

has been elected to charter membership in
THE BERKELEY FELLOWS
an honorific society of one hundred fellows
being established on the occasion of the
University's One Hundredth Anniversary

INSTALLATION DINNER:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1968, 7 p. m.
UNIVERSITY HOUSE, BERKELEY
BLACK TIE

PLEASE RESPOND TO ROGER W. HEYNS
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY 94720

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

BERKELEY • DAVIS • IRVINE • LOS ANGELES • RIVERSIDE • SAN DIEGO • SAN FRANCISCO



SANTA BARBARA • SANTA CRUZ

OFFICE OF THE PROVOST
COWELL COLLEGE

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA 95060

May 11, 1967

Mrs. Ansley K. Salz
301 Locust Street
San Francisco, California

Dear Mrs. Salz:

It's a great pleasure to me to write you that the Fellows of Cowell College have voted to make you an Honorary Fellow of the College. So if you don't mind being a Fellow, we certainly want to have you. The resolution adopted by the Cowell Faculty reads in part:

"By an honorary fellow is meant an individual elected by the Fellows of Cowell to join in the life of the College without assuming formal teaching or administrative responsibilities."

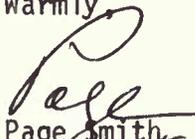
The primary consideration in selecting Fellows of the College, according to the same resolution, "is whether the person is an exciting, disturbing, challenging, provoking, penetrating and/or joy-bringing individual." A secondary but important consideration is whether the person would be able and could reasonably be expected to visit the College at least once a year for several days.

The other Honorary Fellows are David Riesman, Helen Merrill Lynd, Sarah Hogan, and Catherine Hearst.

Eloise and I are, of course, delighted. Stevenson grabbed off Norm whom I had designs on from the first but we did even better! No reflection on Norm.

If you could come down for College Evening next Thursday, that would please us, but if not, then hopefully some other time.

Warmly,


Page Smith



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PRESIDIO HILL SCHOOL
 3839 WASHINGTON STREET
 SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94118

PRESIDIO HILL SCHOOL

proudly announces the creation of the Flora J. Arnstein/Helen Salz Fund for Tuition Aid, in honor of the two women whose insights, resourcefulness and dedication to humane concepts created Presidio Hill School in 1918, giving the Bay Area its first and oldest alternative school.

The fund will be administered by the Board of Directors of Presidio Hill School and established with an initial \$10,000 from school funds.

All monies budgeted to the Flora J. Arnstein/Helen Salz Fund for Tuition Aid by the school, or donated through foundation grants or by gifts from alumni and friends, will be used exclusively to subsidize tuition for families unable to afford the loving, exciting and educationally rewarding experience we believe is every child's due.

The concept of tuition aid is a tradition established by Mrs. Arnstein and Mrs. Salz so that Presidio Hill might be a true community institution, serving all races, classes, ethnic groups and life-styles. Because of it, the school stands today as a model of what a totally integrated, essentially community-controlled school can be like—for everyone's children.

Tuition aid has long been an important tradition of the school. Ever-increasing costs of operation are making it impossible to sustain this tradition without the aid of such a Tuition Fund.

Thus we invite all who have loved Presidio Hill School, had their lives enriched there, seen their children blossom into real people there, or just sympathize with what we are, to contribute what they can to the Flora J. Arnstein/Helen Salz Fund for Tuition Aid. All contributions are tax-deductible and we will gladly consult with your insurance agent, tax consultant or financial advisor.



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MRS. FLORA J. ARNSTEIN

Mrs. Flora J. Arnstein, a gifted poet, author and educator, co-founded the Presidio Open Air School with Mrs. Helen Salz in 1918.

Many years later, in her *Children Write Poetry*, Mrs. Arnstein explained: "All children need to grow in the direction of self-confidence if they are to achieve satisfactions in any field, and particularly in the pursuit of any creative activity they must be secure in the belief in self, which alone provides them with the key to their creative powers."

The grand-daughter of Gold Rush pioneers, Mrs. Arnstein was born in San Francisco. She has described herself as an early drop-out, having left school at fifteen "to study music." But: "I've gone to college off and on ever since."

Between courses she has written two popular and highly regarded books (the aforementioned and *Poetry In The Elementary School*), published many poems, and for fifteen years taught at Presidio Hill. Mrs. Arnstein lives in San Francisco with her husband, Lawrence, a civic leader long active in public health. Her daughter, Mrs. Edith Jenkins, is a professor of English at Merritt College in Oakland.



MRS. HELEN SALZ

An artist by birthright and inclination, Helen Salz has studied with Robert Henri, Rockwell Kent and Gottardo Piazzoni. She works in water color, ink and pastel, and has exhibited in museums and galleries throughout the United States. Her poems have been published by a wide variety of literary periodicals.

In the nineteen-thirties Dr. Alexander Mciklejohn and Helen Salz founded the Northern California Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, an organization that has since expanded into many chapters and today plays an increasingly active role in the defense of the rights of all citizens.

For forty-six years, Helen Salz was married to Ansley Salz, businessman, violinist, and Chairman of a number of State commissions. He was also a connoisseur of art and gathered a notable collection of sculptures, paintings and violins, many of which he gave to universities and museums. The Salzes had a son and three daughters, and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Salz and her late husband contributed the land upon which Presidio Hill School stands today, just a few blocks from her Pacific Heights home.

POETS WHO HAVE READ FOR THE POETRY CENTER

Flora Arnstein	1953-62.	
Helen Adams	Kenneth Koch	Gael Turnbull
Leonie Adams	Lawrence Lipton	Ruthven Todd
W.H.Auden	John Logan	Philip Whalen
George Barker	Ron Lowinson	Wm.Carlos Williams
Louise Bogan	Jerry Malanga	Janet Lewis Winters
Eric Barker	David Meltzer	Diane Wakoski
John Berryman	W.S.Merwin	Oscar Williams
Rosalie Moore Brown	Robert Mezey	Yvor Winters
Earl Birney	James Merrill	Lew Welch
Robin Blazer Robert Bly	William Meredith	Celeste Turner Wright
Edgar Bowers	Josephine Miles	John Weiners
Holly Beye	Marianne Moore	David Wagoner
Kenneth Burke Elizabeth Bishop	Richard Moore	Guy Wernham
James Broughton	H.G.Munro	Richard Wilbur
Cid Corman	Norman MacLeod	Jonathan Williams
Tze-Chiang Chao	Vincent McHugh	David Wang
Robert Coulette	Michael McClure	
Frances Cornford	Jeanne McGahey	Jean Starr Untermeyer
Malcolm Cowley	Anais Nin	Louis Zukofsky
Gregory Corso	Charles Olson	
Allen Curnow	Anthony Ostroff	
Robert Creeley	Gil Orlovitz	
Donald Davie	C.M.Naim	
Drake Carol C.	Frank O'Hara	
Babette Deutsch	John Crowe Ransom	
Richard Duerden	Ralph Pomeroy	
Robert Duncan	Stuart Perkoff	
Everson -William	Robert Peterson William Paszkard	
Richard Eberhart	Kenneth Patchen	
Herbert Feinstein	Tom Parkinson	
Paul Engle Lawrence Ferlinghetti	Edouard Roditti	
Barbara Guest	Seldon Rodman	
Thom Gunn	Muriel Rukeyser	
Madeline Gleason	Kenneth Rexroth	
Allen Ginsberg Elsa Gidlow	Theodore Roethke	
Jeanne Garrigue	Charles Reznikoff	
George Elliott	Stephen Spender	
Jack Gilbert	Gary Snyder Ann Sexton	
Langston Hughes	Helen Salz	
Donald Hall	May Sarton	
Carol Hall	May Swenson	
James Harmon	Ann Stanford	
Robert Horan Rolf Humphries	Karl Shapiro	
David Hughes	Delmore Schwartz	
Christopher Humble	Jack Spicer	
Randall Jarrell	James Schéville	
LeRoi Jones	Louis Simpson	
Carolyn Kizer	Gerd Stern Richard Scowcroft	
Stanley Kunitz	William Stafford	
Weldon Kees	Ed.Siemens	
Denise Levertov	William Jay Smith	
Robert Lowell	Winfield Townlet Scott	
Joseph Langland	George Stanley	
Walter Lowenfels	Eve Triem	
Philip Levine		

THE POETRY CENTER
 San Francisco State College
 at Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Assn.,
 555 Chestnut Street
 Sunday, May 24, 1959, 8:30 p.m.
 Page 2

* * *

HELEN SALZ

"I am practically of caveman antiquity. German and Bohemian forebears. Teachers, business men, printers, painters and lovers of poetry.

"I am an artist by trade, but seem to have written verse as long as I can recall. I will briefly comment. In the background, telescoped, kaleidoscoped, leaps into view 'Little magazines that died to make verse free' (as the squib of the day related) published me. My first publisher was Max Eastman in The Liberator. Later, The Survey, The Saturday Review, The Western Review, The Prairie Schooner, and the New York Herald Tribune. Also, a number of less known anthologies included me.

"I have not taught English at any university. I am not even a university graduate. I have received no scholarships, fellowships, or awards. No prizes except one which was thriftily divided between myself and another poet.

"My husband was Ansley Salz and we have a large family of children and many grandchildren."

* * * * *

Coming events: Sunday, June 7, 8:30 p.m., Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Assn.:
 Advanced Workshop Poets, led by Leonard Wolf. Participating:
 Helen Adam, Robert Chrisman, Ada Davies, Robert Kaffke, William J. Margolis,
 Kathryn Martin, Dana Sargent, R. M. White, Jack Anderson, Leonard Horwitz,
 Diane Wakoski and Douglas Silker. The Public is invited.

Sunday, June 21, 8:30 p.m., Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Assn.:
 Harold Dull, Celeste Turner Wright and John Weiners. Public - 50¢; Students 25¢.

Summer Events - three Thursdays in July:

July 9 - 12:30 Little Theater SFSC Campus - THEODORE ROETHKE.
 " 9 8:30 p.m. Downtown Center, 540 Powell St., - THEODORE ROETHKE
 July 16- 12:30 Little Theater SFSC Campus - ROBERT CREELEY
 " 16 8:30 p.m. Downtown Center, 540 Powell St. - ROBERT CREELEY
 July 23 12:30 Little Theater SFSC Campus - WILLIAM STAFFORD
 " 23 8:30 p.m. Downtown Center, 540 Powell St. - WILLIAM STAFFORD
 Admission: Little Theater - General: 50¢ - Students 25¢
 Downtown Center - General: \$1.00 - Students 50¢

ERICH LACHMANN Rare Old Stringed Instruments

1601 Marlay Drive, Los Angeles 46, California

October 22, 1955

Mr. Ansley K. Salz
301 Locust Street
San Francisco 18, California

Dear Mr. Salz:

Appended are photostatic copies of my certificate No. 1440 with commenting letter, both dated October 12, 1955, and a certificate No. 9308 by the Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., signed by Kember Wurlitzer and dated October 5, 1948. Both certificates apply to your violin by Antonius Stradivarius, Cremona 1687. Also appended are photostatic copies of front and back pictures of this violin and of an autograph by Jan Kubelik, reproduced from a Hamma & Co. brochure of 1912. As stated in my letter of October 12, I have always considered this violin one of the most representative works of the master's 1685/90 period when, at the age of 43, he had reached full maturity. The name of the great artist Jan Kubelik is attached to it, because this famous virtuoso made it heard with tremendous success throughout the world. I may say: it was instrumental to his artistic as well as to his financial accomplishment. This violin was presented to him on his 21st birthday by Lord and Lady Palmer in London 1901 and for eight years he used it in his concerts everywhere. It shared his publicity and was a great favorite of the lay public as well as of the musicians and violin experts who, like myself, were allowed to handle it.

Surely, no fault or lack of authenticity of any part could have escaped the connoisseurs observation and comment. In my own activity of over half a century in the rare-violin world I have never seen or heard a depreciating assertion concerning this Strad. The existence of the Wurlitzer certificate was not known to me when I saw the ex "Kubelik" again in the possession of Leonard Wasserman, otherwise I would have strongly defended the originality of the head. It is true that sometime in its long life it must have met with an injury of the peg-case, necessitating the insertion of a small piece at the D string peg holes. This repair has been so perfectly done that it is not noticeable.

William E. Hill & Sons, in their book "Antonio Stradivari", make the following remark about the master's heads of the 1685/90 period: "The heads show considerable variations. --- The absence of a decided chamfer tends to impart a meagre appearance; yet again at times the design is too small for that of the body, though we have seen heads that were too heavy". It was undoubtedly Stradivari's and other makers' custom to carve several heads at a time and to select gradually the suitable ones for the body; consequently we do not find very often backs, ribs and heads fashioned from wood of matching figure.

ERICH LACHMANN Rare Old Stringed Instruments

1601 Marlay Drive, Los Angeles 46, California

The turns of the Kubelik Strad's head are not chamfered but beautifully rounded; the master did not as yet chamfer the edges at that period. Size, proportions and delicate carving of the scroll are, to my practiced eye, perfectly matched with the rest of this violin.

I now wish to point out the apparent discrepancies in the certificate of Mr. Wurlitzer:

1. "We certify that the violin ... was made, in our opinion, by Antonius Stradivarius"; a rather cautious phrase, as the authenticity of this violin is internationally recognized. He writes it was made "about 1687", though the last two figures are definitely written by the master's own hand.
2. Wurlitzer does not mention that this violin is the famous Jan Kubelik Stradivari.
3. Wurlitzer measures the body length 14 1/16" and the upper width 6 5/8", while the correct measurements are 14" and 6 11/16" respectively.
4. He calls the color of the varnish "a brownish red", while Hamma defines it as "yellow-brown", Doring and myself as "golden-brown".
5. Wurlitzer fails to mention the fine state of preservation, an important point, usually covered in experts certificates (also Wurlitzers). He omits the also customary description of the handsomely figured maple of back, ribs and head or the select spruce of the table. Further: the practically perfect condition of the violin's interior body, with the original willow blocks and linings left intact.
6. As mentioned before this Wurlitzer certificate has been submitted to me only recently and I wish to express my very definite disagreement with Mr. Kember Wurlitzers opinion that the scroll is "not original". In addition to my unlimited certificate you have Hills Reference to the Jan Kubelik Strad of 1687 as one of the "Typical Examples" of its period, further Hamma & Co.'s brochure of 1912, listing it among six first class Strads (no. 2); E.W. Doring, who actually examined the violin, calls it in "How Many Strads": A handsome specimen of full proportions; see photostat attached.

You may rest assured, by the weight of overwhelming authority, that your "Jan Kubelik Strad of 1687" is in every part authentic and original.

With best regards,
very sincerely yours,

.....
Erich Lachmann

ERIC N. ...

1001 ...

45

ERIC N. ...

Rare Old Violins Violas Violoncellos & Bows

Certificate Number

9308

New York, October 5, 1948

We certify that the violin sold by us to Mr. Leonard Wasserman of West Los Angeles, California

was made, in our opinion, by (with the exception of the scroll) Antonius

Stradivarius in Cremona, Italy about 1687, as indicated by the original label which it bears. The back is formed by one piece of quarter cut maple having strong medium width flames extending slightly downward from table to bass side. The top is cut from two pieces of spruce with a medium width grain at the center, broadening then narrowing at the flanks. The sides are of quarter cut maple having less prominent flames than that of the back. The scroll, not original, is of quarter cut maple with strong very narrow flames. The varnish is original and platy, and a brownish red color. Photographs are attached.

Measurements

Length 14 $\frac{1}{16}$ "

Width U. B. 6 $\frac{5}{8}$ "

Width M. B. 4 $\frac{1}{16}$ "

Width L. B. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

Registered No.
of Instrument

9271

The Rudolph Murlitzer Co.

Rudolph Murlitzer

301 Locust Street
 San Francisco 18, California
 October 21, 1955

Mr. T. C. Petersen
 1104 Spruce Street
 Berkeley, California

Dear Mr. Petersen:

Yesterday I submitted for your examination my recently acquired violin known as "The Jan Kubelik Stradivarius of 1687". You said you have known this instrument for thirty-five years. You found it to be unchanged in its fine physical condition. You remarked how beautiful the original head and how very fine the tone, just as you remembered them.

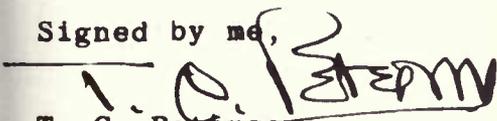
Although I knew you never placed your stamp on a violin not in your possession, I asked you as a favor in this one instance to make an exception so that this instrument would carry your mark authenticating its complete genuineness, the same as do the other internationally-known violins by Antonio Stradivarius that Ernest N. Doring in the book "How Many Strads?" lists as having belonged to you during your sixty years as a connoisseur and collector. These are -

On page 31	The Arayni	1667
150	The Hammerle	1709
222	The Bavarian	1720
236	The Vidoudez	1721
252	The Spanish	1723
357	The LeBesque	1734

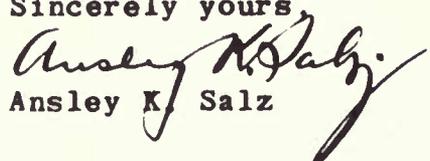
"The Jan Kubelik Stradivarius of 1687" now carries your stamp, for which I thank you exceedingly.

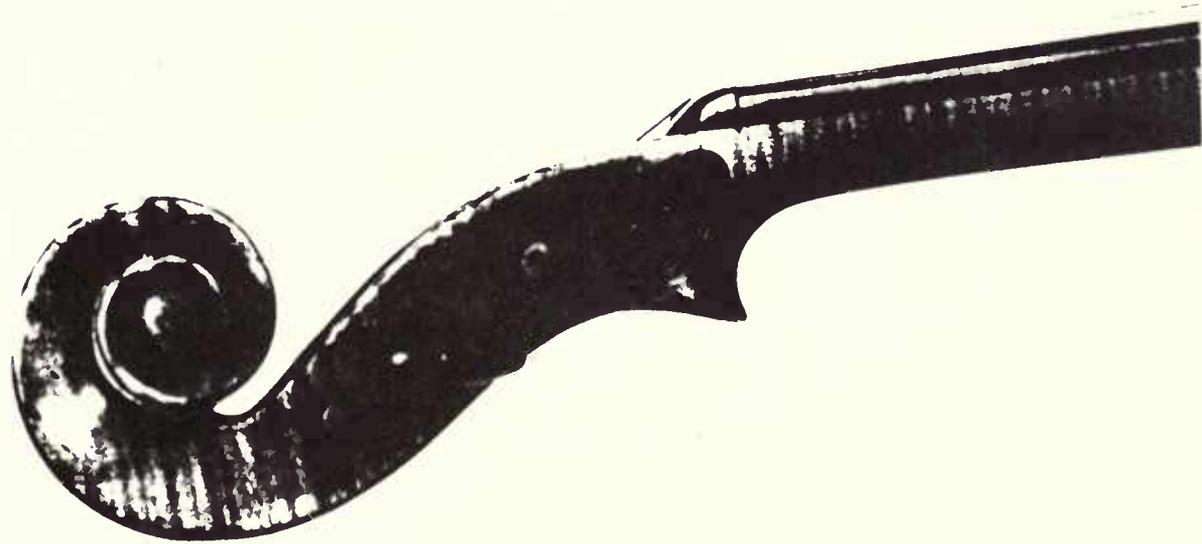
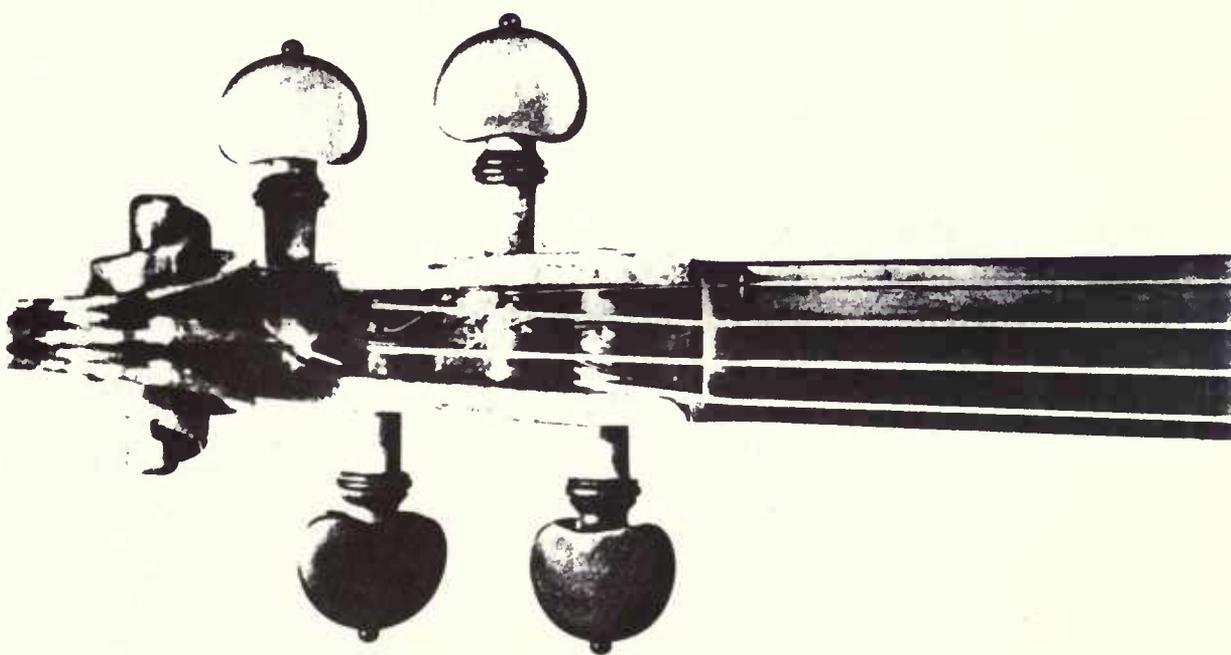
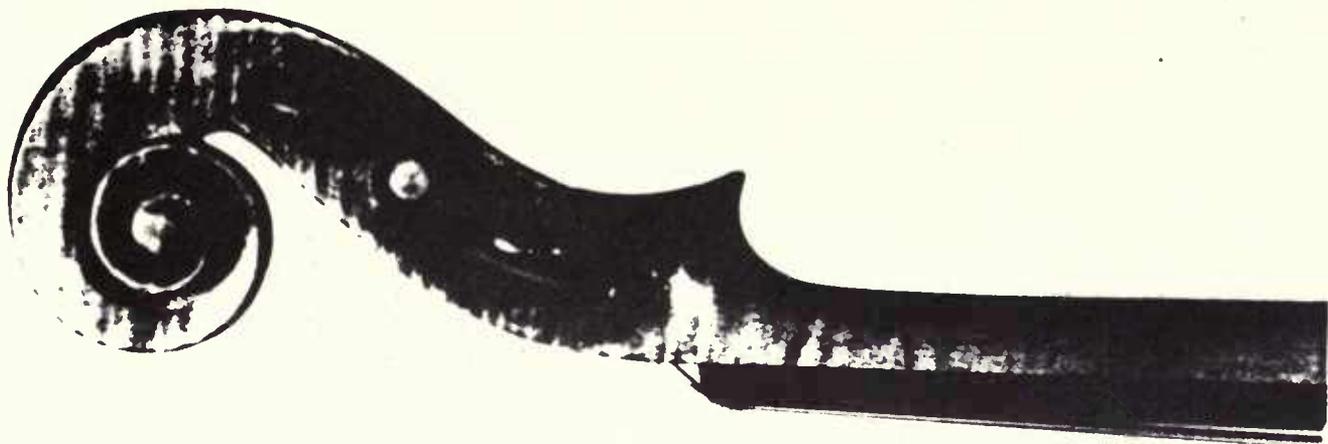
I would like to have this letter accompany this instrument on its journey through the years to come, with your signature.

Signed by me,


 T. C. Petersen

Sincerely yours,


 Ansley K. Salz



FROM
" HOW MANY STRADS "

By Ernest N. Doring
Published in 1945

THE KUBELIK STRAD OF 1687

Jan Kubelik owned a number of fine instruments during the course of his career. Although the famous "Emperor" Stradivari of 1715 is generally associated with the later years of his career, that grand violin could not have brought him a greater joy of possession than did a fine example of 1687 which was presented to him when, a youthful virtuoso, he had made his successful appearance before English audiences, on his 21st birthday, as a gift from Lord and Lady Palmer. That was in 1901, before the riches showered upon him as he toured America and other lands had made possible for him such acquisitions as the "Emperor" in 1912. About 1908 the 1687 Stradivari passed to the possession of Hamma & Company. In 1912 its portrait appeared in one of their brochures, together with a reproduction of Kubelik's written statement affirming that he had played upon the instrument for eight years. After passing through the hands of various foreign owners, Emil Herrmann brought the violin to America and sold it to the late Mrs. Paul Bloch, *née* Jeanette Powers, a Joachim pupil, who, before marriage and retirement from professional life, had been a well known concert player.

1687* The KUBELIK. A handsome specimen of full proportions. Illustrated in the Hamma book. Has a one piece of broad grained curly maple, and fine covering of golden-brown varnish.

An asterisk () following the year of specimens hereinafter named indicates actual handling by the author. All others are entered under the impression that they are authentic, from information derived from reliable sources.*

INVENTORY OF SALE INSTRUMENTS

Oct., 1957

VIOLINS

V	Antonius Stradivarius	Cremona	1687	\$15,000
	Gennaro Gagliano	Naples	1741	10,000
IV	G. Grancino	Milan	1700	4,000
	N. Lupot	Paris	1811	4,000
V	J. B. Vuillaume	Paris # 48		3,500
II	Joannes Baptista Pressenda	Turin	1834	3,500
I	Gaetano Guadagnini II	Turin	1857	2,500
	Lorenzo and Tomaso Garcassi	Florence	1781	2,250
IV	J. B. Vuillaume	Paris	1869-70	2,000
V	George Chanot	Paris-London	1875	1,750
IV	J. B. Vuillaume	Paris	1865	1,500
	G. Chanot	Paris	1845	1,500
I	Pierre Silvestre	Lyons, France	1819	1,250
	Charles Francis Gand # 24	Paris	1841	1,200
V	Gand Freres # 196	Paris	1865	1,200
	Michael Dötsch	Berlin		1,000
I	Andreas Postacchini	Fermo, Italy	1824	800
	N. Audinot # 221	Paris	1880	600
	N. Audinot # 595	Paris	1889	600
	E. Germain	Paris	1907	600
	J. G. Schonfelder II	Saxony	1840	600
	H. Derasey	Paris	1855	600
V	Archibald (copy of Stradivarius)			500

VIOLAS

II	Jean Baptiste Vuillaume	Paris	1865	3,000
	Joseph Rocca	Turin	1856	3,000
I	Pierre Silvestre	Lyons	1848	800
	Gand and Bernardel	Paris	1887	600

III VIOLA POMPOSA

	Johann Christian Hoffman	Leipzig	1731	2,500
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VIOLIN BOWS

V	Francois Fourte			2,500
	Dominique Peccatte			1,000
	Antique Stradivarius			1,000
	James Tubbs			750
	"W. E. Hill" (Tubbs)			650
	N. Kittel			400
IV	E. Sartory			300
	C. Thomassin			275
	J. B. Vuillaume			200
V	F. N. Voirin			200
	W. E. Hill			200
	W. E. Hill			200
III	Peccatte			200
	F. N. Voirin			175
IV	Dodd			175
V	J. Dodd Antique			150
III	W. Tubbs			150

VIOLIN BOWS (cont.)

III	Copy of Fr. Tonte Eury	150
IV	A. Lamy	125
III	W. E. Hill and Sons	125
V	Vigneron	100
	A. Nürnburger	100
III	A. Nürnburger	75
		75

III VIOLA BOWS

	John Kew Dodd	300
	John Kew Dodd	250
	Charles Peccatte	250
	James Tubbs	250
	J. B. Vuillaume	125

GRAND TOTAL \$80,600

Gifts of Mr. Ansley K. Salz of San Francisco

- I July, 1955
- II December, 1955
- III March, 1956
- IV May, 1956
- V October, 1957

Chancellor Kerr's remarks at the Music Building Dedication ceremonies (April 15, 1958) about the Ansley K. Salz Collection of Stringed Instruments, and about Mr. Salz himself:

In Morrison Hall of Music, you will note the Ansley Salz Collection of Stringed Instruments - - the best collection of its kind held by any university in the United States.

Mr. Salz, a member of the Class of 1902, was a San Francisco business man with wide interests. They covered such diverse subjects as ordinary labor disputes and rare violins. I knew Mr. Salz in connection with the former subject when we both served as public members of the War Labor Board, and I admired his dispassionate approach to impassioned arguments. Professor Boyden shared his interest not only in violins, but also in leather (which Mr. Salz manufactured). We are happy that Mrs. Ansley Salz is here in the audience this evening.

הקרן האמריקאית למוסדות בישראל

רח' אלנבי 32, תל-אביב

AMERICAN FUND FOR ISRAEL INSTITUTIONS

32, ALLENBY ROAD, TEL-AVIV

טלפון 66753

February 10, 1956

המועצה הישראלית
ISRAEL ADVISORY BOARD

Mr. Ansley K. Salz
3838 Clay Street
San Francisco, California

Dear Mr. Salz,

It is with a sense of deep pride and pleasure that I write to you on the morrow of the Ceremony for the distribution of the violins which you donated and the award of the Edward A. Norman Scholarships for Music and Art. It was truly an extraordinarily impressive musical event!

The program included remarks by the Ambassadors of the United States and Italy and the French Cultural Attache, followed by a concert in which the recipients of the violins and of the music scholarships participated. The American Ambassador, Mr. Edward B. Lawson, represented you in distributing the violins to the winners of the contest. The ceremony was recorded by the Kol Yisrael Radio Station as well as by Kol Zion LaGola (for overseas -- which also reaches the United States). We will inform you as soon as we are advised when the overseas broadcast may be heard in the States. The most important illustrated weekly sent its photographer, and promised to give the Ceremony a full spread. Representatives of the other newspapers were also present, and we will, of course, be sending you clippings, photographs and a tape recording as soon as these are available.

Our one source of regret is that you were not present to see and hear for yourself the unusually high level of artistic talent that was here revealed. I don't think I can put it more aptly than did the United States Ambassador, when he said, "The opportunity to use violins of this supreme quality should, in itself, be a stimulus to greater achievement by those students and graduate musicians into whose hands they come." Indeed, we may all be proud of the degree of accomplishment of the youth of Israel as well as their teachers.

I am attaching brief biographical notes on the recipients of the violins, which I hope will be of interest to you, as well as personal photographs which will identify them for you. Also enclosed are copies of the addresses and a program of the Ceremony.

I may tell you that these youngsters are completely overwhelmed by your generous gesture, which will not only facilitate the development of their musical talent through the fine instruments you have made available but will serve as a source of stimulus and encouragement. There is no doubt that in this manner you have succeeded in creating a human tie with an important phase of Israel's culture.

I am enclosing also a list of the violins and their recipients. The Amati and the Rocca are being held in safekeeping at the Tel-Aviv Museum, to be lent to local artists for public appearances in solo concerts. The certificates are also in the vault of the Museum. As you know, the Tel-Aviv Museum has been named the

Mr. Ansley K. Salz

- 2 -

February 10, 1956

Trustee for the violins, and these are presented to the recipients on loan for one year. As to what will happen at the end of the year will be discussed in our Committee in due course. The violins are covered by insurance, and each winner has signed an undertaking to safeguard the condition of the violin and its ownership.

We call your special attention to the name of Shmuel Ashkenazi, who was awarded first place in the competition for students. He was also the winner of the Edward A. Norman Scholarship for Violin, which enables him to pursue his further studies in the United States. One of the rules of the competition, necessitated by the regulations of the insurance company, is that the violins may not be taken out of the country. Shmuel, who, by the way, is only 14½ years old, is leaving Israel on February 19th to study at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. A sixth contestant will, therefore, receive the extra violin thus made available. We are wondering whether, in view of the unusual circumstances, a substitute award of a suitable violin could not be made to him in the States. Our Office in New York will be apprised of his whereabouts.

In closing, may I, on behalf of the American Fund, which has proudly undertaken to act as your representative, and in the name of the students, teachers and all those concerned with the musical development of Israel, send you our blessings and expressions of deep appreciation.

Very sincerely yours,

E. Peri

Eliezer Peri
Chairman

STACKPOLE!



SAN FRANCISCO SCULPTOR
by Edward Hartzler

The completion of the statues outside the San Francisco Stock Exchange was one of the high points of Ralph Stackpole's career. But the Oregon-born sculptor had dazzled the art world with his work for years before this, and would continue to do so in the future.

Stackpole was born in Williams, Oregon, on May 1, 1885 and came to San Francisco at the age of 16 to study at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. After four months, he became interested in sculpture and studied under Arthur Putman, the animal sculptor.

Stackpole made his debut as a professional artist in March, 1906, at the San Francisco Art Association's Spring Exhibition. His entry was a statue of a mountain lion.

After studying at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, Stackpole returned to San Francisco in 1908 and opened his first studio at 728 Montgomery Street. His first commission (1909) was a bust of a brother and sister, Rosalie and Lloyd Heyneman.

In 1911, Stackpole went to New York to study painting under Robert Henri. While he was there, he received a commission to execute a bronze statuette of Edith Altchal, later Mrs. Lehman. This brought Stackpole an invitation to the Whitney Warren Architectural Exhibition, where he won first prize for his head of David the Shepard Boy.

Between 1913 and 1923 Stackpole executed a number of other works, including the Ornamantation of the Masonic Temple (1913), Southern facade of the Palace of Varied Industries for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, (1915) and the "Kneeling Figure" (1918). He did the William P. Coleman and the James Swanston Memorial Fountains, both located in Sacramento, as well.

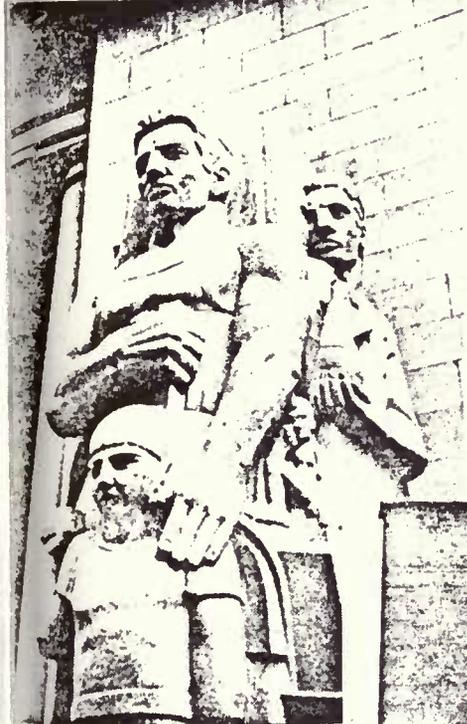
Stackpole began work on the two statues for the pylon corners of the San Francisco Stock Exchange in 1929. These statues, "Mother Earth" and "Spirit of Earth's Products", perhaps the city's most famous statuary, were completed in 1933.

Stackpole did "Major Industries of California" for the "American Scene" decoration of Coit Tower. However, his great dream, Pacifica - a kind of Western Statue of Liberty to be located on Alcatraz, was never realized.

In 1949, after serving on President Roosevelt's National Fine Arts Commission and the San Francisco Art Commission, Stackpole and his wife moved permanently to France.

Stackpole's son, Peter is a nationally known photojournalist.

Ralph Stackpole died on December 11, 1973 at Chauriat Puyde-Dome in France. He was 88.



".....one finds in it a symbol, whether employed consciously or not, of the aforesaid future."

Junius Cravens
Argonaut 1/18/30

Dec 10 1949

Pont-Audemer
(Eure)

France

Dear Ansley - The Time Keeper

will soon push the 49 off the score board and a 50 will slide in its place. There is a drawing in this morning's paper, two men are in conversation in the year 2000 one says "when you think in 1949 one could get a kilo of bread for 35 frs.

yesterday Ginette and I went to the Halles, the big market in Paris, like our commission markets around the custom house. We got there before it was light and it was very interesting. We bought meat-vegetables etc. and when Ginette came home she added it up and we had spent 1872 frs. about \$5.50 she said you could not get at home what we got for that money here. but other things are more expensive so she thinks except for rents it costs a little more to live here. rents here are extremely low. music lessons less. also concerts tickets, much less. John had a good break last week when he went to Pont-Audemer last summer he went to a Mrs Carter's house to practice on her piano, she had 5, her husband was a violinist and there were violins and cellos all over the place, she had 5 sons, all priests, one girl studying singing in Paris. The priests are all musicians, and Mrs herself is organist at the church. She heard through her son (string bass) that they needed an oboe player in the orchestra at Verne a town of 10,000 between Paris and Rouen, they were giving a concert and Mr. Sabey director of the Conservatory School of music would conduct. She wrote and asked John if he would play. John

This priest came 18 miles on his bicycle to play in the concert and returned home that night after midnight and he mentioned a big concert. Hello! and Happy New Year to Helen and Ansley Ginette

got-in touch with M. Laby, and went-over to
 Vernon with him. Some musicians and a singer
 were on the train too. At Vernon they went to the
 local conductor's house for tea. John said it was
 a nice house and he had a collection of records,
 books and musical boxes. He said they had violins
 and got-out-books and catalogues. John said it
 reminded him of your house. They all went to
 a restaurant - had dinner. Then the concert-
 started at 9 o'clock. John played 1st Oboe in
 The Beethoven, M. Laby conducting, and in two other
 pieces with the local conductor. He said both
 were very good. There was a cello solo by a man
 from the Government at Brunells. John had his
 expenses paid. hotel room, meals and R.R.
 He came back on the train and M. Laby asked
 him to come to his school once a week and rehearse
 with his orchestra, with out-paying tuition.
 He has a good oboe teacher and a good piano
 teacher and they give him lots of work.

Dr. O'Brien was here for a few days we went
 with him to a fine concert - all Bash.

John usually goes to a concert - Sunday's,
 we hear some good music on the Radio. Yesterday
 the Standard Oil began a Symphony concert - in
 Italy, with the program announced in 4 languages.
 Ginette is well, she & John have a cute little
 Box Terrier pup. The weather is a little cool
 we have a good stove in the hall way which heats
 the 4 rooms very well.

This note is to pay greetings and
 good luck to you and Helen for
 next-year. We all send love

Ralph.

CHAURIAT

Puy-de-Dôme
France

Feb 19, 1954

Dear Helen -

Clermont is 20 kilometers from here, like going to Berkeley - John goes in two or three times a week and Ginette and I perhaps twice a month. This week I went in and went to see Hélène Morange & her husband, I read them part of your letter she said she had felt exactly as you when she heard of the death of Cadou "felt she had lost a good friend" she was pleased at your estimation and interest in the poets, and asked if she could send you her book "Mrs Hautis Page" &rix Francis January 1952 also she gave me something else had written about Cadou to send to you, so I'll put them in the mail in a day or two. She has done ^{almost} no writing in Clermont from their window they see the factories, chimneys of the great Michelin works, schools for workers children, play grounds for workers children etc, here in Chauriat they see from their window the fields and activities in the fields. They lived in a high part of town with a splendid view. She loaned me some more books which I have hardly looked at yet.

Did you know that this region is famous for its mineral springs a spring and resort for all the major ailments Royat just the other side of Clermont is for heart trouble, Vichy for stomach. The resorts they are very nice places, scores of hotels, gambling, concerts, opera, theatre and people from all parts of the world as guests. Would Audrey be interested in a visit to Royat, if so I could get all information at the Syndicat d'initiative at Clermont. When the Romans were here around 2600 years ago they exploited these springs and when their soldiers and generals were on the verge of a nervous breakdown in Rome they sent them here to mend.

In talking to Hélène Morange I told her you were about my age and that you and Audrey were building a new house, this to them is extremely unusual. The adventure of building a new house is even thinking of it - being's not to the grey hair group, People have asked me "Do you still ride a bicycle?"

Pat & I are now working on a big collage, you remember when I gave you some pieces of cloth, rags & bits from dresses etc - so far it's not really good and you would recognize pieces in it. John will be glad the work and he has a job in the orchestra of a theatre group that plays in neighbouring towns.

Some of SF people are coming over from St. Denis, Solignac, Sape the Mexican kids is ~~the~~ shipping loads to come by the girls,

But say hi
Rud.

712 Montgomery St. July 9 - '32

Dear Ansley & Helen Jaly -

La festa è finita!

It was a great reception, great because it ~~was~~ simple & just as I had wished it. It could not have turned out better if planned, no officials, no sham nor flattery, it was genuine, spontaneous & sincere. Only those that cared or that we care for came & the presence of those who could not come was felt, it was a quiet audience, friendly, appreciative & enthusiastic. I shall never forget that day, I don't remember of ever having stood on my feet so long 10.30^{a.m.} to 3.30^{p.m.} and enjoyed every moment of that time (including the sandwiches you so kindly brought me & of course as you know I enjoyed the murals). Nor shall I ever forget that evening of years ago when you suggested & inspired me with the idea of decorating the panels in the San Francisco Public Library. And now that the work is done & becoming I hope more & more part of the wall I want to

Thank you for that vision which made possible the realization of that dream, but thanks are not enough for this occasion to express my gratitude. I appreciate above everything else the way you went about it interviewing people with the financing of such project, which I know was no easy task, the managing of every detail, the frequent visits to my studio during the long years of work & moments of struggle, always encouraging and your ever felt confidence spurred me on to express or to suggest rather if only a little of that beauty which we all feel for this wonderful land of California. If I did succeed in making permanent on canvas a little of that vision, I owe it to you for having inspired & encouraged me, I am forever grateful. If thanks are in order now for that which started as a dream and ended in enthusiasm I want to heartily thank you both.

Most sincerely your friend
G.P. Piazzoni

Introductory pages to the San Francisco Public Dance Hall Report*

SINCE 1918 the Public Dance Hall Committee of the San Francisco Center has been concerned with the supervision of the dance halls of this city. San Francisco may well be proud of the standards which have been established and of the elimination of some of the evils which for many years have caused a good deal of justified criticism to be directed against commercial dance halls. Much remains to be done and in the following report the immediate problems are indicated.

We take this occasion to thank the members of the Police Commission, the Chief of Police and other members of the force, to whose unfailing co-operation we owe much of the effectiveness of our work.

Signed:

MARION DELANY, *Chairman*
MRS. ANSLEY SALZ
MRS. ALFRED McLAUGHLIN
MRS. WALTER ARNSTEIN
MISS E. M. WILLARD
MISS ALICIA MOSGROVE
MRS. ORLOW BLACK
MRS. PARKER S. MADDUX
MARIA LAMBIN (Mrs. James Rorty),
Chief Supervisor.

*deposited in The Bancroft Library

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PART ONE

Some General Considerations Involved in a Comprehensive Dance Hall Policy

INTRODUCTORY

The public dance hall has been a target of abuse in the United States for a generation, owing chiefly to its entanglement with the liquor traffic and prostitution and its disregard of current standards of decorum. In the past it was the fashion to advocate its annihilation; but of late its increased growth has been tolerated when coupled with a plan for regulation of one kind or another.

Despite controversy—or because of it—the dance hall has seldom been examined strictly on its own merits, apart from its vicious associations. It is rather loosely assumed that if the latter could be eliminated, the commercial dance would be a wholesome amusement. But it is by no means certain that this is so. Scientific evidence to support any assumptions about the dance hall is lacking. Yet, because of its growing importance, it demands and justifies searching study. We ought to know what ends the dance hall is serving; what are likely to be its psychic and physical effects on the young men and women that flood through its portals night after night; exactly what is its social and economic significance.

Social questions are being moved from the realm of emotion and prejudice to that of impartial inquiry. It is to be hoped that this will happen to “the dance hall problem” and that in the near future exact and authoritative information about the commercial dance will be available so that agencies concerned with its regulation will no longer have to rely on prejudice or mere practical expediency for guidance.

The Public Dance Hall Committee recognizes that the following report does not give such authoritative information. It merely summarizes conclusions which the Committee considers of primary importance after its five years of work. Nor does the Committee regard its psychological hypothesis as proved. Later study might invalidate these particular interpretations. The Committee has ventured to present this material, however, because these criteria underly the technique it is developing in San Francisco and they may be helpful to other agencies interested in the problem.

An evaluation of the modern dance hall should properly begin with understanding the great role dancing has always played in human life as revealed by the new anthropology and social psychology. Important also, is a study of the evolution of the dance in modern times and a review of the historical movements that have shaped the patterns of American social life.

In the light of such findings, specific studies of the dance hall begin to assume a new significance. We have, therefore, placed the general section of our report first and followed it by the section on the dance halls of San Francisco.

1936 Editor's Mail

Emanu-el and the Jewish Journal
Contributions on any Jewish subject are gladly received. All letters must be limited to 100 words. This publication does not assume responsibility for opinions expressed.

Hitler Disguised In Americanism

Editor, Emanu-El and Jewish Journal:

I saw in your last number an allusion to the case of Aubrey Grossman, a brilliant student of the University of California, whose admission to the Bar was being challenged by the Subversive Activities Commission of the American Legion. The American Civil Liberties Union, members of the Law Department of the university, many lawyers, the newspapers, all urged that this malicious and empty attack be ignored. It was. He was admitted.

As I considered this case, I marvelled at "Americanism" and the fantastic costumes she wears these days. Black hoods, Ku Klux masks, army puttees. She is dressed as a Vigilante and says to the fruit or cotton picker, struggling for better working and living conditions, "Dirty foreigner, we'll tar and feather you; you're un-American." Or she is dressed as a judge, and says to the striker or picket, "You're a Red and a vagrant and a rioter . . . six months . . . go and learn to be a good American citizen."

Again, she is dressed as a director of a Board of Education, and says sternly to a religious sect, whose belief forbids saluting the flag, "Either your children salute the flag or they can't come to school. It is a matter of indifference to us that our forefathers came to this country to assure religious freedom." Then she is dressed as Regent of a University and proclaims, "We will consider it un-American to introduce the name of Karl Marx in history or government courses." And finally, she looks over the length and breadth of the land and says, "Good Americans; don't think."

Look closely: there is something strangely familiar about these figures. You can penetrate these disguises. They are Hitler's costumes! Woven of intolerance, cowardice, self-interest, ignorance and fear they are the garb of every tyrant and persecutor since the beginning of time.

The warp and woof of genuine Americanism is faith in freedom, knowledge, courage and justice.

MRS. ANSLEY SALZ.



ERNEST BESIG, who will retire on July 6 after 36 years as ACLUNC executive director and more than 37 years association with the ACLU. He will be available at the ACLUNC office until July 15.

Helen Salz' Tribute To Ernest Besig

It seems a long time ago that Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, Charles Hogan, then our chairman, and I engaged Ernest Besig, an intrepid and forthright young man passionately devoted to the Bill of Rights in all its vivid chastity.

He has carried on modestly, and yet with magnificent skill ever since then — for thirty-six years — in many arenas. There have been the people, first a few and then a flood, who came to the ACLU office with all their varied grievances — some genuine, some debateable. What were their constitutional rights?

And the Japanese concentration camps — the thousands of interned Japanese — what were their constitutional rights? Ernest Besig and Wayne Collins, backed by a strong Board, took the lone leadership in the U.S. in this struggle for justice.

Ernie prepared our monthly agenda, published an informative monthly bulletin, watched our finances scrupulously, and helped our organization grow from a few hundred members to more than eight thousand. Over the years he found himself dealing with a legislative office in Sacramento, and twelve eager, energetic chapters extending from Sacramento to Fresno. Monthly Board meetings, which in early days brought half a dozen members, are, as the chapters have become deeply involved, now attended by thirty to thirty-five dedicated Civil Libertarians.

Ernie Besig has spent tireless hours in the office each day, many of his Saturdays, and countless evenings lecturing on Civil Liberties in and out of town.

His knowledge of the law has been invaluable, and he has represented hundreds of individuals in naturalization, immigration, loyalty, security and other administrative hearings. He has, for all of us in the ACLU, been a wise and capable executive. And to many, many Americans he has become known affectionately as "Mr. Civil Liberties."

We shall miss him!

—The foregoing statement was presented by Helen Salz, vice chairman of the Board of Directors and one of the founders of the branch, at the June 10, 1971 board meeting. It was ordered printed in the "News."

ACLU News, 1971

Bishop Edward Lambe Parsons

1868-1960

During many happy and successful years, Bishop Parsons was our leader. What was that strange, compelling power by which he guided us?

Into an organization whose relatively external task is that of repelling attacks upon freedom and justice, he poured the reflective wisdom of a man who was himself both just and free. For him defense was means, not end. He was creative. He had faith in men.

At our meetings, his manner of speaking was gentle. He was gay and humorous. He bided his time. Even when controversy raged around opinions which he held, he seemed untroubled and serene. That serenity came from a passionate trust in freedom which few men have achieved. Beneath his quietness, or in it, was an unquarable will, pliant to reasoning, but utterly resistant to pressure or to fear.

He believed that every man should have his say, every idea its hearing. When the "Red Dean" of Canterbury came to San Francisco to praise the Soviet Union, the Bishop presided at his meeting. By that public act, as by many others like it within the Union, he preached a gospel, taught a lesson which neither our nation nor our group dare to forget.

He had a faith in freedom and justice—a faith which casts out both the hatred and the fear which breed intolerance.

Alexander Meiklejohn
Helen Salz

August 9, 1960.



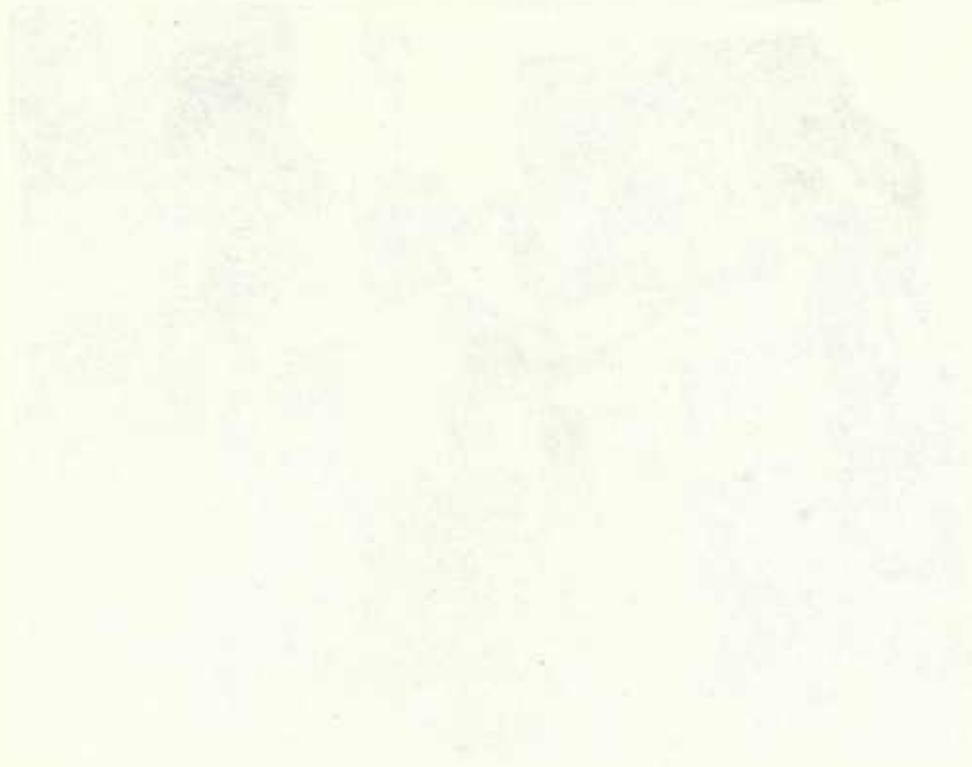


PASTELS
BY
HELEN SALZ

November 25 to December 7, 1939

MATHE STERNER GALLERIES
9 East 57th Street New York City

- | | | | |
|---|----------------------------|----|------------------------|
| 1 | Portrait of Mrs. S. | 7 | Girl with Mirror |
| 2 | Vie Intime | 8 | The Fitting |
| 3 | After the Siesta | 9 | Morning |
| 4 | Portrait Sketch of Miss R. | 10 | Girls at Leisure No 1. |
| 5 | Moving | 11 | " " " " 2. |
| 6 | Late Afternoon | | |



1870
1871
1872

1873

1874

1875



photo: Dwain Faubion

One man shows:

- The Marie Sterner Gallery, New York
- The San Francisco Museum of Art (two shows)
- The Palace of the Legion of Honor
- The Carmel Art Gallery
- The Santa Barbara Museum
- The De Young Museum

Works in the Private Collections of:

- Mr. and Mrs. Jonathon Garst
- Mr. Wayne Collins
- Mr. Howard Friedman
- Mr. and Mrs. Richard Werthimer
- Mr. Ralph Atkinson
- Mr. Herbert Lehman
- Mrs. Edgar Sinton
- University of California
- San Francisco State College
- Santa Barbara Museum

It is essential to Helen Salz's nature to be an artist, by birthright and inclination, for she was born into a family of painters and has painted since she was a little girl. She has exhibited widely and won much acclaim. She works in water color and ink, but she favors pastel because she "can get an immediate transference of an exciting impression." In her portraits she strives "for the inner unique quality that distinguishes each person from everyone else in the world..." and her landscapes are that "special day, that special place..." She has studied with Robert Henri, Rockwell Kent, and Gottardo Piazzoni, whom she described as a great painter and extraordinary man. She, herself married an extraordinary man, Ansley Salz, who was a business man, amateur violinist, and chairman of a number of state commissions. He was also a connoisseur of art and gathered a notable collection of sculptures and paintings many of which he gave to universities and museums. Helen and Ansley Salz, together with the Lawrence Arnsteins, founded the Presidio Open Air School in 1918. This was the first progressive school in the Bay Area. The Salz's had a family of four and later a flock of grandchildren. In the thirties, Helen Salz along with Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn founded the Northern California Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union. Helen Salz is also a poet of note and has been published in such anthologies as **Poetry Society of America** and in many university quarterlies and reviews. Thus her pastels and poetry are expressions of a creative spirit; Helen Salz finds an appropriate language to convey what she sees and feels and extracts beauty from it.

J.D., Artists Equity Association

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
 introduction to the subject of the history of the
 world. The author discusses the various theories
 of the origin of the world and the different
 views of the different nations. He then proceeds
 to a detailed account of the history of the
 world from the beginning of time to the
 present day. The book is written in a clear
 and concise style and is suitable for
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Years of Involvement

An Artist and Poet Recalls Her Teachers

By Thomas Albright

"The way to tell a great teacher is when he shows his students' work at the end of the week and no one's resembles his."

Mrs. Helen Salz was speaking about Robert Henri, turn-of-the-century artist who inspired the Ash Can School and her first teacher when she was a young art student visiting New York.

Mrs. Salz returned to San Francisco to begin her career as a painter of "bar-room nudes." Today, her work — currently on exhibition at the Richmond Art Center — runs mostly to landscape, portraits and genre scenes, in such modest media as pastel, watercolor and gouache. But her paintings reflect the keen feeling for time and place which sparked the birth of realism in early-century American painting, and her thinking retains the sharp cutting edge that enlivened the Ash Can artists, together with a gadflyish humor.

SHOWS

Mrs. Salz, who has had one-man shows in all three San Francisco museums — the most recent two years ago at the San Francisco Museum of Art — lives in a Presidio Heights home combining modern line with Oriental screens and windows that look out on an enclosed garden of bamboo and sculpture; it was designed in 1954 by the late William Wurster, University of California architect, but has a lived-in patina that makes it seem older.

The rooms are tastefully filled with art works that recall earlier generations who made San Francisco an important art center before the vast influx of new artists from places like Kansas City and Yreka: Sculpture by Sargent Johnson, Ralph Stackpole and Arthur Putnam; paintings by Margaret Peterson and Roy de Forrest, as well as some collector's pieces by Karl Hoffer and Charles Demuth.

A grand piano and selections of musical scores serve as mementoes of the time when the Griller String Quartet used to practice there, as well as of Mrs. Salz' late husband, Ansley K. Salz, a tanning company executive who died in 1957. He was an amateur violinist and avid collector of rare musical instruments, most of which now form a distinguished collection at the University of California. Others were presented to the state of Israel, and are now in the collections of schools and conservatories there. Many works from the Salz' large collection of paintings and sculpture also now belong to various museums.

LIBRARY

A large library of books and periodicals reflect Mrs.

Salz' other interests. Her poetry — "originally Socialist propaganda" — was first published in Max Eastman's "The Liberator" and continues to appear in university and literary journals. In the field of education, she was among the founders of the Bay Area's first progressive school, the Presidio Open Air School, in 1918. With Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn she helped found the Northern California Branch of the A.C.L.U., in the heat of the general strike and agricultural warfare of the '30s. She continues to serve as the branch's vice president.

Mrs. Salz — whose comments on her age were limited to a statement that she "painted the original buffalos at Altamira" — is a native San Franciscan who was born into a family of painters. She said a particular inspiration was an aunt, Olga Ackerman, a distinguished portraitist.

After she was graduated from a small, San Francisco private school, she went to New York to study under Henri. Her teachers have also included Rockwell Kent and, back in San Francisco, Gottardo Piazzoni, whose decorations are in the public library.

PORTFOLIOS

Mrs. Salz returned to New York with a portfolio of her "bar-room nudes" and was given her first one-man show at the Marie Sterner gallery on East 57th. Then she had her first local exhibition at the San Francisco Museum.

Many of her early paint-

ings were in oil — she recalls doing one under Kent, in 1910, which was a highly original form of "paint thrown on the canvas."

For the most part, she says: "Perhaps I stopped with Picasso. I like him, Miro, Bonnard, Renoir, Degas, Modigliana, Munch and Karl Hoffer." She added: "Modern art has gone into a tailspin. I hope and trust it will soon recover. I believe in a certain discipline for all the arts. Now there is a good deal of feeling that you can shoot things off into the air and it will be all right."

Mrs. Salz' husband was active in politics, serving on a number of state boards during the depression and war years. Mrs. Salz' continued interest sparked some sharp comments on the present state administration. "That's my old socialist propaganda — my old poetry — speaking," she said.

Mrs. Salz has traveled extensively in recent years — a trip to the Soviet Union in 1960, and a tour of the Near East which produced the scenes of India and Pakistan that made up her last museum show.

Now navigating on a pair of crutches while a broken tibia is mending, she is preparing for another one-man show in February at the University of Santa Cruz.

Painting has taken precedence over writing poetry during the last year or two, she said, "although I don't have any regular routine. Sometimes I paint a few hours, sometimes all day. I could use a little more discipline myself."

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FHE★ Tuesday, Dec 15, 1942



World of Art

★ ★ ★

THE SAN FRANCISCO Museum also has a show of small watercolor-drawings by Helene Salz—swift, deft sketches of bazaars and coastlines in India and the Near East. Mrs. Salz says these were done on the spot under conditions of considerable optical excitement, but the artist did not let her excitement run away with her sense of form or her light-handed, luminous approach to her medium.

EMANU-EL AND THE JEWISH JOURNAL

Pastels of Mrs. Helen Salz at S. F. Museum of Art Lauded For Artistry

By JACQUES SCHNIER

Lecturer in modeling and sculpture, University of California

At the San Francisco Museum of Art, there is now on display an exhibition of delightful pastels by Mrs. Helen Salz. The exhibit is made up of landscapes, intimate interior scenes, nudes and some very interesting portrait studies.

In the medium of pastel, which she uses almost exclusively, Mrs. Salz has developed a sure, distinctive and individual style. This is the outcome of years of thoughtful working. It is the result of experimentation, of adapting new methods of expression and discarding old ones.

The ability to discard obsolete ideas and accept new ones is a characteristic of mental growth in an individual. Sir James George Frazer, the great anthropologist, who sensed the importance of a flexible mental machine, once wrote: "I have changed my views repeatedly and am resolved to change them again with every chance the evidence."

Style Is Changed

This might also apply to Mrs. Salz. From an impressionistic style of infinite color masses, she has evolved, during the last few years, the present method of presentation. Forms are now delineated with a decisive line. Color is simplified frequently and confined to well-defined areas. The range of subject matter has been broadened, thereby widening the field of expression.

Mrs. Salz comes to her present work by way of study with some outstanding personalities in the field of contemporary painting. Each one of these is as different from the other as a quiet western town is from New York. Robert Henri, the well-known American painter, was her first guide. He was noted for the zeal and energy with which he strove to fire his students with an enthusiasm for their work. Rockwell Kent was another of her early instructors. She studied landscape painting with him on Montegan Island, off the coast of Maine.

In analyzing the pastels of Mrs. Salz, one finds some predominating qualities. One of these is the fullness of the forms in her composition, especially in the nude studies. Here there is a softness, a richness and a fleshiness in the treatment of the body. This seems to be the outcome of a sure line, strong modeling and an interesting play of light, as if from dancing sunshine, on the warm, lush forms. The line in her drawing is also

pastels by Helen Salz and water colors by Rex Brandt. Mrs. Salz is almost unique among artists devoted to the pastel in that she uses this medium with a strong and positive sense of form. Today pastel is commonly a means of communicating nothing in particular, or at best a sweet innocuousness, but Mrs. Salz uses it as well as did the impressionists and their contemporaries. Take a look at her flower pictures and then at the painting by Bonnard in the 20th century portraiture show upstairs. There are no portraits by Degas upstairs, but there are some portraits that would stand up ex-

Chronicle - July 1942 - Fred Frankel

*Alfred Inghamstein
Legin 7/14/42*

distinctive, especially when used to describe portions of the figure. In the portrait studies there is an interesting treatment of the eyes—most often very dark and softly rendered eyes. These gaze out upon the onlooker with a feeling of inquiry and questioning.

Prefers Interiors

Although there are a number of charming little landscapes in the collection, it seems that Mrs. Salz has a decided preference for interior scenes. There are glimpses into living rooms, the corner of a bedroom with the rich form of a female figure arising from a siesta or arrangement of figures silhouetted against windows through which bright sunshine pours.

Regarding her choice of subject matter, Mrs. Salz says: "I have always loved the fleeting moments in rooms—the impermanent beauty of suddenly interlocking patterns. Delicate relations appear and disappear with the lifting of sunlight. I like to do portraits. The 'I' in people is tantalizing, elusive—and obvious. I want people's friends to like their pictures. I feel I must convey the essence, the 'I.' That essence is felt by almost everyone. The design or color might be good, but if I have not caught that which is most important, I have failed."

SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF ART
WAR MEMORIAL • • • CIVIC CENTER

1872

1872

1872

1872

1872

1872

1872

1872

From Darkness To Light in Art

1967

By Alfred Frankenstein

The two artists now exhibiting at the Richmond Art Center exhibit a similar progress from darkness to light. In the case of Theodore Polos, the darkness, to be sure, is nowhere visible, but anyone who has been observing art in this community for any length of time will remember the somber and powerful landscapes he used to paint. In the case of Helen Salz, the earlier, dark pictures are still very much in evidence.

Mrs. Salz is one of the last living practitioners of the art of pastel. Pastels, presumably, are not being manufactured these days exclusively for her, so somebody else must be using them, too, but I'd hate to stake my life on naming three others who employ this medium. And recently Mrs. Salz has been mixing pastel with transparent and opaque watercolor to produce her own kind of sparkle in the rendering of light.

The early, dark pastels by Mrs. Salz emphasize such romantic themes as the sea by night and such social themes as longshore workers at dockside; there are also some portraits in her earlier manner and medium.

The later works—very high in key, brilliant in sunlit contrasts, transforming the white of the paper with a minimum of spot and stroke—reflect our familiar Northern California landscape with a spirit, a zest, and an eye for the essential which hearteningly reaffirm the fact, in these days of artistic immensity, that a small painting can be as large as the world.

Skillful, Imaginative Work Of Helen Salz at Art Museum

Few artists choose pastel as their medium these days and to see it used skillfully and imaginatively as in the one-man show by Helen Salz now on exhibit at the Art Museum is really quite pleasant.

The San Francisco painter—well known as a patron of her fellow-artists—explains that she prefers working in pastel because there is "so little between you and the medium. You can get an immediate transference of an exciting impression." The freshness of her "Green Park," "Kitchen Garden" and "October Burning" show the appropriateness of the medium to her purpose.

DELICATE, EXPRESSIVE

Among the most successful of these delicately expressive works are "Still Life and Open Window," "Late Afternoon in Monterey" and "Two Girls at Leisure." Her drawing "Nude

Arranging Headdress" is very sensitively conceived.

In her portraits Helen Salz aims to capture "the one thing that distinguishes the person completely from anyone else in the world." In the fine picture of her teacher Gottardo Piazzoni she represented his philosophical attitude as well as his physical likeness. She also studied with Robert Henri and Rockwell Kent.

WIDELY SHOWN

This artist's works have been widely shown and the collection she owns with her husband includes works by Karl Hofer, Ralph Stackpole, Elwood Graham, Joseph Goethe, Theodore Polos, Don Kingman, Sergeant Johnson and Piazzoni.

The "Nude Study" in the current exhibit has been given to the Art Museum by the artist in memory of Donald Bear.—H.J.S.

Santa Barbara, 1952



HELEN SALZ
—pastel painter

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VELASQUEZ DWARF

Behind the oblique planes
of his being,
in squat perspective
he vanishes,
seeking in the greenroom.

Staring from the traveled depths,
sees phantoms in the mirrors,
sees the makeup man
in crystal,
sees terror in the mirror,
moves in swiveled darkness.

Moves uncertain
in the fractured light,
knows not what he seeks . . .
for dazzle-eyed sees amber peaks
and cobalt lakes
and water-fall.

Sees on jeweled trees
gold tufted birds,
hears flowering words,
knows the greenroom roofless
when stars appear
and the cavern-blackness
is flying.

Was the makeup man a fragile tale
and his baggage
a sorcerer's ring?
And the dwarf no dwarf at all
but the slim Castilian King?

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GERMAN TEACHER

With feathered hat and velvet crown,
she wore a grey alpaca gown
that seemed to petrify her pose.
Of buttons marshaled in two rows
we counted twelve. At all her classes
she polished up her steelrim glasses.
We sat like mice and watched with glee
one nostril move perpetually.
Her massive face and agate eyes,
forever fixed in stern surprise,
brought just a hint of German wars
and Frederick's giant-like hussars.
Large bony fingers held the grammar
and should we feebly try to stammer
verbs and genders, then she rapped
our knuckles. We were always trapped:
for articles and conjugations
were more than rise and fall of nations.

Beneath a manner cold, apart,
she hid a sentimental heart:
and when she read a piteous tale
her handkerchief of no avail
the big tears fell upon the book
and we pretended not to look.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS (1939)

*Why not give her a fur coat—a glamorous coat,
a leopard, a caracul, a smooth shining otter,
a golden brown mink?*

Where is the old woman going
with heavy step and joyless eyes?
Will she speak of years in the cotton,
hands swollen and cut by the stalks?
Will she tell of the days when she sorted rags
and the fetid smell in the lint-thick air?
Will she speak of the thousand steps
in the office buildings
and the tiled hallways gleaming and icy
at night,
the hundred offices sharp with stale cigars,
mahogany, magnificent,
the thundering subway
and the wind-curling street?

*Why not give him a car—all steel body,
hydraulic brakes?
He'll ride cushioned with airplane-type
shock absorbers
to smooth rough roads.*

He has tramped for many decades,
duststorms have blinded him.
Farm-wives hastily closed protective doors.
Prison tanks held his indifferent bones
on winter nights.
He remembers his home and a bed in a damp room
(where he picked the green plaster
clean off the wall),
the gang on the late secret street,
the cops, the reform school,
the blows and solitary.
He has tramped footsore from Maine to California,
from California to Maine.

*Why not give them a home movie camera?
It tells the precious story.*

SUMMER RESORT (1940)

Faces glossy, empty
or brittle, worried, delicately wrinkled.
Our American morale is gone, They say,
the people are pampered with easy money.
Smooth round tables like great pond-lilies
rise from the lawn, magical food on the tables,
waiters, whitestarched enigmas,
come eager to serve.
The people, They say — a cigar ash is scattered —
are pampered with easy money
so they will never work
(in the distance the drums are rumbling).

We are a free nation
most privileged, most democratic,
(he adjusts his bifocal thoughtfully)
we are weakening the country's fibre;
electric stoves for the farmer, running water for all,
nylon stockings . . . my maid, she interrupts gently,
has my almost new fur coat . . .
Everyone has radios, automobiles.
No one, They all say in stern voices,
starves in America today
(in the distance the drums are rumbling).

*Oh sharecropper the air is sombre and forbidding,
and the highway too kempt and clean a place
to house your squalid children.
Miner with the quick hoarse cough
your strike is lost, your leaders jailed,
your drab belongings litter the public street.
Take your children to the cities,
to the high narrow cities
they can make flowers, gay posies for sportswear
they can pull bastings far into the night.
Take them to the cities — to the shrimpcanning towns,
take them to the mills.
Their fingers are swift,
they can earn money,
they can buy you a bed.*

The lawn is jade, closeclipped,
the sprinkler casts rainbow streamers;
America, they repeat, is the land
of equal opportunity.
But they are a little dreary under their bright awnings.
They are a little bored at their bright tables.
They are a little frightened
for in the distance,
they, too, hear the drums rumble.

Biography - Margaret Salz Lezin

Grammar school - President of student body when I was in sixth or seventh grade of eight-grade school.

College - Chairman of the Student Educational Policies Committee. Graduated Reed College, 1945, Political Science. (Thesis on labor unions in national politics.)

Worked in Portland for two years as a personnel technician. Wrote, administered and evaluated civil service exams for the entire Portland Fire Department, some positions in Police Department, and various other civil service positions.

Moved to Santa Cruz, 1948. (Married Norman, 1946.) We had three children between 1949 and 1955, Jennifer, Jeremy, and Matthew.

Community Service:

Participated and chairmanned major override tax elections in the school district. Also assumed a leading role in a school board recall petition and election.

Chairmanned a school board appointed citizens committee to evaluate various aspects of Santa Cruz schools - libraries, counseling program, special education programs, etc.

Member and chairman of local ACLU board.

Active in setting up and serving on board and acting as chairman in various years of the Family Service Association of Northern Santa Cruz County. Also put together an organization to act as an auxiliary to fund the Family Service Agency.

Chairmanned a committee of health workers, mostly doctors, appointed by Board of Supervisors to evaluate a consultant's report which recommended that the County Hospital be closed. This committee worked for a year and met almost every two weeks.

Presently serving as a member of the Mental Health Advisory Board. The committee members are appointed by the Board of Supervisors and are responsible for evaluating the County Mental Health Services and recommending to the Board of Supervisors.

Biography - Norman Lezin

Born - Cleveland, Ohio, September 14, 1924.

Three years Army, U.S., World War II.

Educated: Reed College, Portland, Oregon. B.A. - Political Science.

Married Margaret Salz - June, 1946.

Moved to Santa Cruz - 1948.

Employed at tannery since 1948 continuously, president since 1952.

Major interests: Business; local, state, national government; hobbies.

Business: Led conversion of tannery from small, old-fashioned facility with 80 employees and 1 1/2 million in sales to 300 employees and 17 million in sales.

Government: Member, Santa Cruz Planning Commission.
Member, Santa Cruz City Council.
Mayor of city, Santa Cruz.
Chairman, State of California Industrial Welfare Commission.
Chairman, Santa Cruz County Housing Authority.
Chairman, Santa Cruz Port District.
Honorary Fellow, Stevenson College, U.C. Santa Cruz.
Local manager for countless Democratic state and federal campaigns.

Avocations: Travel with family.
Sailing - cruising and racing.
Bicycling - touring and commuting.
Photography.

Anne Salz Perlman by Anne S. Perlman

Anne S. Perlman, born May 19, 1919 in San Francisco. Third child of Helen and Ansley Salz. Went to Presidio Open Air School through backyard gate. On graduation, attended Galileo High School for 1 1/2 years, then to The Bishop's School, a high Episcopalian boarding school, in La Jolla, California, where I graduated in 1936.

Entered University of California at Berkeley that fall and graduated in 1941 as a major in International Relations. During that period I lived in France in 1938 for a number of months with a French family.

In 1941 I met David Perlman, a reporter on the San Francisco Chronicle. We were married in October of that year. The wedding took place, one week after our engagement, at my family's house at 3838 Clay Street, in San Francisco. An elaborate luncheon at home followed the ceremony for the 14 people present. A month later, my parents gave a wedding reception for us with 250 people coming and going throughout the afternoon. It was gala, jolly and well arranged--in the family tradition. I worked for a number of months as the only copy-girl on the Chronicle. We lived in an ap't on Telegraph Hill. A day or so after Pearl Harbor, David enlisted in the army. For the next 2 1/2 years I went from one army post to the other with him until he went overseas in June 1944.

We were separated for 19 months while he was on overseas duty and rejoined each other in January 1946. He became City Editor of the European Edition of the New York Herald Tribune (the Paris Herald) and I was reporter on the same paper for the next two years.

During the period David was in the army in England and Europe, I returned to San Francisco where I lived in my parents' house and worked as a reporter on the San Francisco Chronicle. Every room in the large house was occupied (that's all doubtlessly been described in the interview with my mother); so I lived in what had formerly been the cook's room.

In 1948, after 2 1/2 years on the Paris Herald we moved to New York. In January of that year our first child, Katherine Salz Perlman was born in Paris. Later in the year we visited my parents in Carmel where they were vacationing. They gave us a house, and a nurse, there for the holidays. In the fall we settled down in New York where David was covering the United Nations at Lake Success for the New York Herald Tribune. First, we lived at the dilapidated Madison Square Hotel and then, in a Greenwich Village apartment.

A year later we returned to Paris where we rented a villa in the small town of Bougival, just west of Paris. David and two fellow reporters worked for the next year and a half as a writing team (they had all left the Herald Tribune). They published articles in a number of American magazines including the now defunct Life and Colliers.

In July 1950, while David was covering a story in Teheran our second child was born to us in Paris a month early. This was Eric Salz Perlman. In November of 1950 we returned to San Francisco with our two children. Shortly thereafter David returned to his job as a reporter on the Chronicle here, and we bought a comfortable house on Fifth Avenue on a cheerful, dead-end block. In 1957 David became interested in science and has been Science Editor of the Chronicle ever since with many honors and many trips. He is currently on leave from the Chronicle as he is Regents' Professor of Human Biology at the University of California at San Francisco for two quarters.

In January 1955, our third--and last--child was born here in San Francisco. This is Thomas David Perlman. During the next number of years I spent principally as housewife and mother with its usual demands and rewards. I took up tennis again (had played a good deal as a child). We vacationed mainly at our house in Squaw Valley, where we had built in 1955. And we did make some longer trips with the children, to Europe once; New York, Seattle, and Montreal (for the world fairs).

Our oldest child, Katy, is a Registered Nurse. She is 26 and is currently visiting India. Our second, Eric, now 23, is making a movie on "Meditation" (we'll see what luck he has with it!) Tom, the third, now, 19, is a freshman student at the California State University at Chico.

And I? I am a poet. I never did return to newspaper work after Paris except to become the current Poetry Critic for the San Francisco Chronicle. In 1956, for the fun of it, I had organized a group of housewives to meet once a week at the home of my aunt, Flora J. Arnstein, a poet who is also an accomplished teacher of poetry. We read a good deal. A few of us even tried writing. My aunt was extremely encouraging, and felt I was very talented. After that brief foray, I wrote no more poetry for ten years, until, at the age of 46, I enrolled as a graduate student in the Creative Writing Program at the California State University at San Francisco where I eventually took my Master of Arts degree in the spring of 1972. Mark Linenthal then Director of the Poetry Center there, became my advisor and chief professor. He was hugely helpful during the next number of years as I studied and wrote --and rewrote!--a great many poems.

I have poems now published, or scheduled for publication, in The Nation, Mademoiselle, The Hudson Review, the West Coast Poetry Review, Response, Poetry Now, Inscape and Intro #1, and Intro #5.

NEWS from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO

OFFICE OF PUBLIC INFORMATION
(415) 666-2557

Information: Jim Crawford

For release: Friday, Sept. 21st/p.m.

David Perlman, Science Editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, was today named Regents Professor of Human Biology at the University of California, San Francisco, according to an announcement by Dean A. Watkins, Chairman of the UC Board of Regents.

The appointment, which will take place during the 1973-74 Winter and Spring Quarters, is made annually to bring non-academic professionals of "outstanding accomplishment" to UC campuses for lectures, seminars and continuing close contact with the students and faculty.

Commenting on the appointment, UC President Charles J. Hitch said: "His contributions to the scientific community and to the health professions in communicating the important elements of the healing arts to the public and to other professionals are well known. He is a frequent speaker at seminars and conferences and has appeared as lecturer before University audiences."

During his six-month tenure at the Medical Center, Perlman will conduct a seminar for medical students and UC physicians on the public communication of scientific research and health policy issues.

He will also participate in other interdisciplinary courses on the campus dealing with medical ethics, drug abuse, and medical writing, and will lecture on other UC campuses as well.

Dr. Francis A. Sooy, UCSF Chancellor, notes: "The San Francisco campus is very fortunate to attract a person of Dave Perlman's caliber. The entire campus will benefit from his participation. His knowledge

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and understanding of the complexities of science and technology make his contributions extremely valuable to the professions and to the public."

Perlman is a past president of the National Association of Science Writers, a member of the Council for the Advancement of Science Writing, and the Committee on Public Understanding of Science of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

A reporter, foreign correspondent and magazine writer for 30 years, Perlman has been the Chronicle's chief science correspondent since 1958. His writing assignments have covered a wide range of issues in medicine, health care, the physical sciences, space research, energy, environmental problems, and issues in science and public affairs. He currently writes an annual feature article for the Encyclopedia Britannica Yearbook of Science.

A native of Baltimore, Md., Perlman was graduated with honors in government from Columbia College in 1939, after a campus career that included service as editor of the Columbia Daily Spectator.

After receiving his master's degree from the Columbia University School of Journalism, he began his newspaper career on the Bismarck (N.D.) Capitol. He then joined the staff of the Chronicle, where he remained for two years.

He enlisted as a private in the U.S. Army during World War II and served with the infantry in England, France and Germany. After nearly four years in the service, he was discharged overseas with the rank of captain.

Perlman joined the staff of the New York Herald-Tribune in 1945, covered major assignments in seven European nations, and served as city editor of the newspaper's Paris edition. He returned to the United States three years later and was assigned to the United Nations by the



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Herald-Tribune. He resigned in 1949, and spent the next two years in Europe and the Middle East as a correspondent for several national magazines and a columnist for the New York Post.

He returned to the Chronicle in 1951, and concentrated on covering political problems of water development and national resources. With the coming of the space age, in 1958 he turned to science reporting for the Chronicle.

Since then, he has travelled throughout the U.S. and abroad to cover scientific expeditions, atomic tests, rocket launchings and major international science and medical meetings. His assignments have taken him from Alaska to the Galapagos, from Antarctica to Hawaii, Tahiti and Israel.

In his reporting he has stressed the impact of research and technological progress on public and political affairs in such varied areas as nuclear arms control, environmental pollution and the economics of medical care.

In San Francisco he serves as a Bay Area director of Planned Parenthood/World Population. He has also been a director of the Bay Area Social Planning Council and on the San Francisco Health Council.

* * * *

Mailed: September 21, 1973

An item about District Judge Andrew Salz, Honolulu, 1974

July 17, 1974 Hon. Advertiser

DEAR MISS FIXIT: Recently I had a delightful experience at, of all places, Kaneohe District Court. There I saw friendly clerks, a smiling prosecutor and a magistrate, District Judge Andrew Salz, who gave distinction to the bench.

Concerned but not pompous, matter-of-fact but wry, Salz went about the business of dispensing justice with a seriousness which went beyond the usual solemn intonements of fines and future proceedings.

Salz, instead, took time to see that every individual had a chance to say his piece, no matter the crowded schedule, and twice looked up in a rather worried way to admonish a restless crowd that being in court could be an educational experience. He even went so far as to encourage a traffic violator to take his complaint across the street to the Satellite City Hall, in the interests of being a "public-spirited citizen."

Watching Judge Salz in his humane, diligent action, it became clear to me he is the public-spirited citizen of whom he speaks, a judge who is aware that, after all, behind the offenses there are people. (This experience cost me \$11 for my own peccadillo. It was almost worth it.) — LAUREL MURPHY, Waimanalo.

A — Your letter speaks for itself and is a refreshing break in the usual stream of complaints.

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