

The Theft

Part I



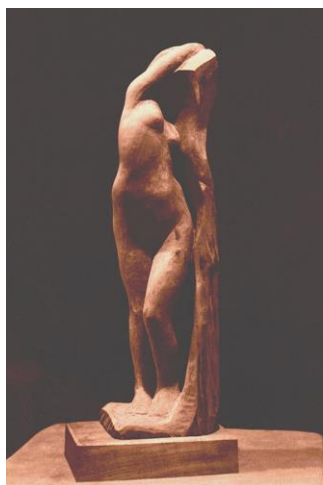
For many years I had not that something a person needs to exhibit himself. This meant I did not invite people to see my work, nor did I especially care to show it. One individual had understood it to be of a 'personal' nature; another ventured it was perhaps 'not good enough'; another sort of



hung around looking 'buy', or to copy the comment hand I had modeled Ballantine Beer ad. I another person's doings. For me, riding on this activity. Father, who dumped the art business. been good enough; medals, no pedigree; dead now; he wasn't how good he was, he forever; besides



for something unique to maybe; one even made regarding a particular as reminding him of a could never be sure of reaction to my sculptural there was too much Most of it had to do with the damned stuff on me; Well, I might not have no blue ribbons, no the guy who said that is good enough; no matter couldn't make it last others thought he was a



son-uv-a-bitch anyway. He may have been right in his assessment of me, even though he was a son-uv-a-bitch.

My reticence lasted until I gave up doing sculpture. When I fell in love, that is, became emotionally involved with a woman, sculpture seemed to lose its importance in my life. Like father said: "Art and wimen don't mix."

Whatever possessed me to bring some woodcarvings to



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work and place them on my desk, I'll never know. I was exhibiting myself; I felt good about myself in this love mode. What I might have felt about the work in my critical moments seemed to slide into the background. I guess I brought the carvings to show 'her' I wasn't any ordinary bloke.

In the beginning, before the reticence had become fixed in stone, I had attempted to make things, and show them, all with the idea I might be able to sell them, so I could live by the sweat of my own. I entered them in shows with modest prices, sort of on a scale of minimum wage, no more. I did not regard myself as the great 'artiste', who could command his own price from an eagerly awaiting public. The public seems to like 'art', but the kind of public that came to these shows was not well heeled. They might have been discriminating, but when it came to liking, they wanted only to rent rather than buy. I did not really understand this approach, and I scoffed at it. I was not pleased; I did not wish to deal with the public; so I sort of said to myself, the hell with the public; if I ever show again, they will regret they could have had me on the cheap. Besides, by laboring for someone else to make a living, then doing Art on the side, meant the Art time was bought dearly - so fuggum.

So I kept it all pretty much to myself; it gave my life meaning, whereas working at a job, and dealing with the public, gave my life little meaning.

Yes, it was personal; it is still personal; these writings are personal; they strike out at the world, almost bitterly; because that's all the public deserves; the great skimming public (Yes!, I came pretty close to writing - scum.). Now, is that anything to call one's fellow man?

Obviously I did not have a very good attitude, but I felt more secure in that attitude than I did in trying to relate to something I considered impossible; I saw the public as impossible. "Well, who the hell do you art for anyway, if it aint for somebody else; you don't just art for yourself do ya?"

I guess I arted for daddy, even though I tried to make it real for myself. Having 'talent' makes it easier for one to go down a road upon which he doesn't belong.

I don't know whether I have any talent for writing, but I'm on the road anyway; its a last ditch stand, right at the edge of the cliff.

All my little sculptings, and my little scribbles are comforting to me; I have worked at something that is part of myself. I cannot bring myself to part with these 'things'.

As I had started out to say, when I fell in love, I sorta let go a little. I had taken different wood-carvings to work with me, leaving them on my desk, taking them home at night. People seemed to enjoy them; it was a nice thing. One girl wanted to borrow one for over a weekend, which I hesitantly allowed her do.

Well, I had been doing this for a couple of weeks, when, one afternoon, upon returning to my office, I noticed the carving was missing from my desk. At first I thought someone had borrowed it to show somebody; then after some time I began to imagine a 'practical' joke; then I began asking

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around; some resented the questions. I then had to begin to consider the fact the carving had been stolen. It was not possible for it to have levitated; no Pygmalions, mine.

I reported the 'Theft' to the City Police (the same who held me 'prisoner' for 'Trespassing'), providing them with photographs; they thanked me.

That was in 1970, it is now 1988. Fortunately I had taken some photographs of the piece, that I am able to now occasionally recall the pleasure I had in carving it, and in my own sense of composition, and creative nuances. But I still resent the taking. It is not the same as having one's car stolen, or one's Stereo ripped off, or money taken from one's pocket.

What has worried me all these years is that someone might burn the carving to relieve their own feelings of apprehension at being discovered.

Someone has taken a part of me, yes!, a tangible part, a part that, before the carving, had been only a state of meness, that emerged as part of the doing. Surely I still have all my parts.

After all, I did not grow the tree, or even fell the tree from which the wood was taken. I merely took the tools to a piece of dead tree; that's all. So why get so upset; there is lots of wood; make another one. Besides, maybe somebody is really enjoying that carving. Hay! tell ya what, if this ever gets published, and you get to read it, will ya let me know huh, before I croak. If you return it to me now, you might hit the jackpot. Even though you have had it in your possession all these years, it remains stolen property that belongs to me, then to my wife, and to whomever my wife assigns that ownership.

Since I had pretty much abandoned sculpture, these few things I had done, that I was bringing to the workplace, were the ones that pleased me the most; they were the one's I wanted most to retain as part of the good that came from the whole trauma of arting.

You may have already guessed that arting was not my idea. To this day I do not know what my idea could possibly be, since, once I got so far down this road of arting, somebody else's road, I found myself in a position of having traveled too far. I was incontrovertibly committed.

When some people find themselves in this position, they commit suicide, or they take to drink or drugs. I must say it would be easy to take to drink, until one has to face the hangovers. I guess if you are drunk all the time there is no hangover. I haven't done drugs, lest you account nicotine, caffeine, alcohol, aspirin, life savers, prescription stuff, herbicides, pesticides, hydrocarbons, et al. Oh sure, I toked up once on cannabis sativa; it was a psychedelic experience of a sort that frightened me, because I had no control. Then once I tried a clay pipefull of hash after some wine and dinner and conviviality (you know what that is?) with some friends at their house; I can remember lying on the floor laughing my fool head off at the slightest suggestion or provocation; I remember staring into the corner of a room where was located a black

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woodstove, and its appurtenant stovepipe, well delineated against a gray-white background. It was an old house with high ceilings, higher than the standard stud length of these days which is something like 89 inches, or is it 93 inches; let's see if you subtract $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches from 96 inches, you get $92\frac{3}{4}$ inches; that takes care of the top plate; if you subtract $1\frac{5}{8}$ inches from $92\frac{3}{4}$ inches you get $91\frac{1}{8}$ inches, that takes care of the bottom plate. Well, $91\frac{1}{8}$ is neither 89 or 93. So something is wrong somewhere. The object is to be able to put up a stud wall and be able to nail a standard piece of 4 x 8 gyprock long-side up. You gotta nail the studs to something on each end. Usually there is a bottom plate that rests on something else, then there is a top plate that sets on top of the studs. Lets see, if you make the top plate into a triple decker; $1\frac{5}{8}$ subtracted from $91\frac{1}{8}$, that's $89\frac{1}{2}$; well then, maybe that's it; maybe they are a little longer than 89; its kind of like knowing what Latitude you are on, North $89^{\circ}E$ Latitude, when actually you are at North $89^{\circ}E 30' 00''$. Why all the fuss? Its true, when you are around the North Pole $1/2$ of an inch of ice or anything else doesn't matter, unless its insulation (shall we talk about R factors; it would be good place to discuss it - naw - too distracting). I better measure those standard length studs again. What's in a measure any way? If you buy a 2 x 4 you get something like $1\frac{5}{8}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$. Same holds true for a 2 x 6, and so on. And very often, because its made of wood you get warpage, shrinkage, cracks, knots, and things growing on it; so its a bad deal all around. Twenty-five years ago I built the walls of my shop from scrap $1\frac{5}{8}$ x $3\frac{1}{2}$ x randoms. Most of those pieces were culled from a pile called a 'farm pack'. I bought 4 farm packs for \$100.00; the scrap $1\frac{5}{8}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ of yesteryear are of better quality than the standard studs of today, and they cost a helluva lot more money today. Coarse, there's inflation; there's always inflation; but what happens simultaneously, like any good profit making venture, you get more shit for more money. What I mean is you get an inferior product for more money, until the whole rotten materioconsumereconomic proposition goes belly up - soon I hope. The earth is the same price for the same fare all the time. They think I'm cynical; well I can't hold a candle to those big Corporations making the World Safe for Democracy; For What?. What I wanted to say is it wouldn't surprise me if a 2 x 4 would be shorter than I expected, since most everything I expect of a 2 x 4 doesn't exist. Even the earth falls a little short of expectation. It is not a perfect sphere, it is an oblate spheroid (this is not a dirty name, any more than $1\frac{5}{8}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ is a dirty name). What this means, then, when you are at $89^{\circ}E 30' 00''$ North Latitude, you are sort of setting on a squashed down, less round earth; but at least its all there, oblate or not; you get your money's worth. 2 x 4 is a misrepresentation. This isn't relevant to the black stove setting in the corner. (Wonder what I was on while writing this? A roll.)

The thing about the stove that got me, it was not completely installed. The stove was there right enough, and most of the stovepipe was there

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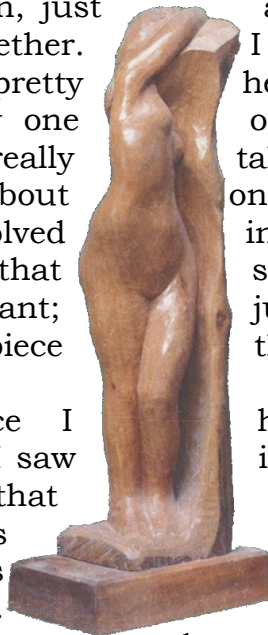
all right, but there was some question as to where to run the stove pipe, so what had happened was, the good people whose stove it was, they put the pieces of stovepipe together, and stuck them onto the stove; so there was this stove with this sort-of leaning Pisa pipe reaching for the ceiling, going nowhere. Well when you are half out of it with good food, wine and conviviality (that stuff again), then you get into this hashish stuff, and you get to lying on the floor looking at this apparition in the corner, and you begin to study it from all angles, then you just start to laugh, then you keep thinking of funny things to say in order to keep it going. Like "This really helps me through some heavy places." "That's mind-blown." "It feels right and natural" "I can see how you guys tripped." "I see you were in good communication" "You guys are getting accustomed to handle energy" " It seems like a heavy trip" "I can see you were really trying to stone Harriet" "Yeah I felt stonder than I ever had in my life." "I laughed how stoned it was." " Yeah it kept getting prettier, and clearer, and kept feeling better, and getting more stoned, and Mike was getting off on that too." "It really helped make our relationship solid." "It was an absolute groove." "Then I'd get it together, just getting it together, keeping it together." "Could not dig it, just freaked out, we weren't as connected as we could be."

"It was far out what happened. It was a heavy timeless moment. I felt totally elated and grateful and stoned. It blew my mind that I had to put out so much juice." "That's Swell." That will teach me to partake of the simple pleasures: imagine, stovepipe.

You might be able to imagine why I didn't commit suicide. But, really I was in love. My guess is, if you are in love, like two people are in love, not just one; then you just sort of free fall, or tumble along. It doesn't really matter what road you are on, just as long as the love lasts, and both of you are doing it together. I guess you can even do that without drugs. Love is pretty heady stuff.

This morning I stood by one of my other little carvings; I hadn't noticed it in weeks, really taken notice of it I mean; then I looked at it, something about one of its lines took me back to in studying them, in insisting the moments when I was involved on that particular line, that scintillating line, sensuous, but not provocative, or blatant; just inner, and soulful. Then it was I recalled the stolen piece that I haven't seen for 17 years.

There is another piece I haven't seen for 27 years, and another, for thirty, and two I saw in 1966, that went up in smoke in 1972; and others that went up in smoke in 1960, and drawings and writings that went up in smoke in 1960; all these were losses that left an ache inside; but they were not stolen. That stealing lives with me in a way that the others do not; an ache and a mystery.



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But none of it can compare to what *Ernst Barlach* must have felt when, in his old age, Nazi Germany removed all his sculptures (mostly woodcarvings) from public display, confiscated and destroyed other creative works; and condemned his work as an example of degenerate art. He died in October of 1938 of heart failure at age 68, after a series of stressful dislodgments and persecutions. I was 5 years old at the time.

Part II

Age 79.

After 43 years, an attempt is being made to perhaps discover the whereabouts of the aforementioned wood carving, and to recover said wood carving.

If one uses the public servant as an avenue to attempt to achieve the foregoing, he is most likely in for a great disappointment. Public servants operate under bureaucratic umbrellas that maintain a monopoly on swivel chairs, Catch 22's, and denials.

There is no real mystery to this last declaration.

The swivel chair is both symbol and symptom. Symbol in the sense that it requires inertia to dislodge the chair's occupant. Symptom in the sense that the malaise of bureaucratic malfeasance is anchored in inertia. Inertia is anchored in the will of the individual public servant.

Catch 22 is the outcome of the foregoing. They see you coming, they jump out the back window. This statement may seem a contradiction to the notion of inertia. But inertia has a way of following the last path of resistance.

The end result is 'denial'.

When the wood carving was stolen, it was reported to the local police. This past summer I called the local police in order to find out if they kept a police report on file (one was not provided to me at the time). I was told it was archived out of existence. But I was also told at the time of the original phone call, that my local police department could or would (hypothetically, as it turned out) provide a courtesy report. I needed the report in order to file the theft under the FBI Art Theft Program (a website that lists stolen art works, and sundry cultural assets [presumably stolen] that have a value in excess of \$2,000.00,).

The devil is in the details.

My local police would not file a courtesy report.

The FBI would not list the object on their website without the report.

Dead in the water?!

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However, the photographs I gave to the police department were forwarded to the local FBI office. I was advised that I should call the FBI office to let them know that this material would be forwarded to them (without a report).

I did so, and was once again informed of the requirements of the FBI Art Theft Program, no exceptions.

Dead in the water, caught in the twenty-twos, trapped by denial.

I tried the police again, only to be given the full discharge of the bureaucratic three barrel shotgun, swivel chair, catch 22, and denial, all at once. "Its out of our jurisdiction." "The University has its own police department." At the time I reported the theft the University had no police department. Anyway, I did contact them to be given the swivel chair, catch 22 and denial, once again, all in one blast, "The statute of limitations has expired." (No shit!).

So much for the locals. The big parent FBI, in DC, wasn't any more helpful. Bonnie Gardiner who operates the big swivel chair in DC insisted upon the police report.

I did receive a call from a local FBI agent, informing me that her FBI contact in Portland had found auction valuations of \$2,000.00 or more, for an L. Durchanek. I told the agent, it was my father's work. Later I also received a call from the local police who were in the process of writing up a 'courtesy' report, providing a case number etc. I suspect this was engineered by the FBI agent, who, it seemed, was trying to be helpful.

I wasn't waiting for great things to happen, so persisted, on the Internet, seeking possible sources of art-sleuthing when I came upon the Robert K. Wittman website. I wrote to Mr. Wittman, who passed the communication to his son Jeff. Jeff called me, obtaining certain information, to be followed up, it was my impression, with some kind of confirmation of what had transpired. Most importantly was the fact that I had offered \$2,000.00 for the recovery of the carving. I told the younger Wittman what I had attempted to do on my end, and what had happened on my end.

The local FBI agent had intimated she would call me regarding any further developments. I informed Mr. Wittman of this latter; he suggested I let the agent know, when she called me, what else was happening. (Jeff Wittman would charge \$200.00 per hour, plus expenses, for his services).

As it turned out nothing was happening on either end until I received a letter from another local agent informing me I did not qualify for the FBI Art Theft Program because I had no proof of value. It seems the chief local bureaucrat insisted upon teaching the underling bureaucrat that one did not become a helpful public servant, for any personal reason. I suspect there was a personal reason, the suspected helpful agent just happened to like what the photographs showed.

Is any of this worth pursuing?

I will be calling the Wittman agency to learn if anything has been filed anywhere besides the trash bin. If something has been filed, especially the registration of the reward amount for the return, to be used by me to

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establish one kind of value. Any other kind of value cannot be established because nothing of mine is for sale, and nothing of mine has been for sale for fifty years. I know it has value, as do others, some things more than others, some for their uniqueness, and some for their workmanship, others for the hours required to make them, and for other unquantifiable reasons. Other valuations stemming from association (as LWD jr. [you know, like Breugel the elder, and Breugel the younger.]), and for their cultural value, which cannot not possibly be known at this time, or at any time. It's a very fluid world full of uncertainties.

An Ernst Barlach wood carving recently sold at auction for \$935,000 00.

Anything but degenerate. Unfortunately, he is very dead.

Bonnie Gardiner suggested I create my own website to advertise the theft, and I believe she suggested stating a reward amount. Jeff Wittman seemed to think this was not a good idea, for some reason.

At present I feel I am back to square one. My own inertia is wanting at this time.

If not cared for, and protected, a wood carving is vulnerable to a host of ills, the greatest peril being fire. But excessive heat, or long exposure to water, and insect infestations, can work their destructive forces as well. All destructive activities associated with man also exist as a constant threat, either by intent or accident, to anything, with, or without value. I do not discount hostility, aggression, and man's innate bent toward malicious destruction.

Part II (version 2)

Its been a while since the author has pecked away.

He continues thus, with further exploration of the theme found in *The Theft*, and, in *The Young Artist*.

The Theft was eventually to become dedicated to Ernst Barlach. If the reader, and/or the authorities, do not know who Ernst Barlach is, in the opinion of the author it is time the reader, or authorities, learned who he was. *The Young Artist* is also dedicated to Ernst Barlach.

There was a theft from the author's desk at the University of Oregon, while he was employed by the Institute of Molecular Biology as a technical person and a Laboratory Manager. There was actually more than one theft from that same office, but the one of concern herein involves the removal of a wood carving, fashioned by the author, setting on the author's desk.

At the time, the 'theft' was reported to the City of Eugene's Police Department, accompanied by photos.

This was a very hurtful experience to the author, since it was a coming out time for him. He was naively trusting in the institutional setting (educational institutional setting [higher educational institutional setting]), a

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secure place, hypothetically, more appreciative of artistic endeavors, without becoming involved in criminal activity.

He might have suspected a few individuals, but could not, with any certainty, name them, so kept silent. It would do little good to name them now.

At various times the sadness over the theft has yielded to sardonic humor, as well as empathy for one who suffered a great deal more than he.

Upon his favorite island retreat in Canada, one day, the author, in regarding, and contemplating, his long ago wood carvings, and other 'art' works, after reading John Gardner's 'On Becoming A Novelist', decided to write something regarding his early sculpting days, while compiling a booklet of photographs, as part of such effort. Hence 'The Young Artist', whose title represents a roman de clef, or tongue-in-cheek, response to Mr. Gardner's pontifications regarding young artists. Whilst so engaged, he came upon the extant photographs of the stolen wood carving, one of which resides, framed, under glass, upon the piano, between another wood carving and a piece of metal sculpture. Of course, the author wanted to include these extant photos in the compilation, which would also include photos of other works not in his possession, and those destroyed or neglected over time, for which he might have photographs.

As he was reviewing the record, the stolen carving assumed new importance in his thoughts. The old wound was still there, raw with the pain of betrayal by the hominid animal.

He searched the Internet for possible ways to list the work amongst other stolen art objects. He discovered a website provided by the FBI for the listing of stolen art objects. The FBI required a police report in order to qualify for their consideration. Also they required a valuation of at least \$2,000.00.

As it has developed the \$2,000.00 valuation has become the easiest requirement to fulfill. If I had it in my possession I would not sell it for less; I would not sell it for a lot more; I would not sell it all. That would become my family's inheritance, and their prerogative. It is the author's 'considered opinion' that the carving is a cultural asset.

The author is getting ahead of himself.

Yes!, for those most resistant to elevating themselves from their swivel chairs, a request for public assistance has proven troublesome, and fruitless, and a great unexpected disappointment to a taxpayer.

From his island retreat in Canada, he called the City Of Eugene Police Dept. in search of the Police Report. He was informed that such an old complaint would have long ago been disposed into the vagaries of time.

The person to whom he was speaking, in Records, one named Ruth, suggested that the Eugene Police Department could (?), or might (?), provide the author with a 'courtesy' police report.

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Six months later after he returned to his home in Eugene, the author sought to obtain said 'courtesy' report, submitting copies of extant photographs, with an accompanying statement.

The author must interrupt the flow once again with a reference to a familiar catch-phrase 'Catch-22'; also the title of a book, wherefrom the phrase was obtained, and given reason-to-be, as well as its meaning, amply demonstrated therein. The personification finds its most eloquent revelation in the person of Major Major (played by Bob Newhart in the movie), who made his exit through the back window of his office when called upon in his official capacity.

Catcha, twanty-too (sic, Italian) was amply demonstrated by the City of Eugene Police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in the following manner. The officer behind the clear bullet-proof shield took the materials supplied, indicating he would forward them to the local FBI office. He seemed most unresponsive to the request for a 'courtesy' police report, although at that point he was not sitting in his swivel chair. The officer suggested that the author call the local FBI office to apprise them of materials that would be coming their way. Swivel Chair #1

The author called the local FBI office, being directed to a Damara who deftly eluded the author with (paraphrasing) 'whatever the police forwarded to them, if not a police report, would be useless'. Swivel Chair #2. He went back to FBI website to find a number for the FBI Art Theft Program to contact a Bonnie Gardiner who was sitting in another swivel chair insisting upon a police report. Swivel Chair #3

Once again he called the City police to talk to the person in Records once again, who happened to be the same Ruth who had spoken to him six months earlier. After a conversation full of reminders and recalls, Ruth, although she could not help him personally, suggested he contact the dispatcher, who might allocate an officer who might draft a police report. A sort of swivel chair # 3 ½.

'Call the non-emergency number and punch 1 (one) three times to get to the dispatcher'. He reached a Kenna, who gave the author a case number, also supplied the number of the desk officer. The desk officer was left with a voicemail. The author was actually surprised when the desk officer called back a few hours later; he (Mike) was ready for the author by telling him the complaint was not in their jurisdiction, that the University had their own police department. This Swivel Chair makes up for the half swivel of Ruth; skipping an official # 4, easily qualifying for Swivel Chair #5 (1 ½ swivel chairs). Although the author explained to the desk officer, Mike, there was no campus police at the time of the theft, he swiveled his way out of that one.

By now you know with great certainty what the University Of Oregon Police would say from their swivel. Yes!, the darlings said the statute of limitations had long expired. Swivel Chair # 6.

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A lot of insurance claims were being filed, as public servants were sustaining broken bones, bruises, concussions, contusions, and sprains. as they jumped out of their respective windows, to the ground below.

In desperation, once again, the author voicemailled Bonnie, who called from her swivel chair in Washington DC at the FBI Art Theft Program office, to reiterate her need for a police report.

As always, the absurd must play a part in these human embroilments, especially when public servants (bureaucrats on the dole) are involved.

It was suggested that the author could offer no proof of the art object as being his. It was further intimated that any photographs the author might have of the object would not establish proof (provenance) that it was his. Like Catch-22, we have heard at one time or another, 'possession is nine tenths of the law'.

Anyway, Swivel Chair # 7.

As the author swivels in his very own swivel chair, he mulls the denials. Being unable to reach Ruth (you remember Ruth, dontcha?) one more time, he got Sarah in Records, to whom he suggested that his 50 years as a taxpayer yielded poor dividends from the public servants on the dole, sitting in their swivel chairs. The author realizes it was probably an unfair dump on Sarah, who seemed helplessly sympathetic.

Knowing what he needed to satisfy the requirements of the FBI Art Theft Program, he visited the Internet once again for other possible sites where he might display his photographs of the stolen carving. None seemed to leap out at him. A Robert K. Wittman website seemed to offer a possibility; yet to be explored. He purchased a copy of Mr. Wittman's book, titled, 'Priceless'.

Before the author reads Mr. Wittman's book, and before he attempts to avail himself of the possibilities of Mr. Wittman's website, he will note that someone, perhaps Bonnie, suggested to the author that he display the photographs of the 'stolen' art work on his own website; still another possibility, offering a reward for its recovery.

Also, before going any further, it has occurred to the author that negatives of, and prints of, photographs may be dated. Also the material: wood, arbutus (madrone) may be dated, it may also be shown to be part of a lot of cured arbutus pieces acquired, all at the same time, from which other wood carvings have been fashioned, and blanks, of which, a few still existed, in his possession.

The author would hope for a happy resolution to his dilemma, but after a lifetime of exposure to the human animal it seems unlikely, especially during his life time.

A pause for further developments. Hopefully more to come, dear reader. Cynicism is barely being held in abeyance, pending these further developments.

Alas alas alas a lass.

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The police, out of the kindness of their hearts, and promptings from Damara of the FBI, finally submitted a police report to the FBI. Damara obtained clearance from her superiors to forward the request to Bonnie, the administrator of the FBI Internet Art theft listings program. Therein it currently resides with thousands of other missing 'Art' objects.

One added note. Following Bonnie's advice about listing this theft on a website of my own, I am considering listing it on a web-hosting site, that I had arranged four years ago, without using it, until very recently. It seems this is about to happen through Go Daddy.

Cedric mounted a large carved sign above a doorway in his house "PERSEVERENCE".

Further revision and addendum.

The author wishes to stress the dedication of this writing to Ernst Barlach, the German sculptor (woodcarver) who was persecuted by Nazi Germany, denoting his work as degenerate. It would not be an untoward statement to say that Barlach was without equal as an original and skilled wood carver.