

The World of Henry J. Dietrich 1918-2000

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Henry J. Dietrich (HJD is his painting signature)

Henry J. Dietrich was born Heinz Otto Joseph Lewin, Berlin 1918. His family lived near the Tiergarten. His father was Denny Lewin, a manufacturer of box springs. Neither his Jewish father nor Lutheran mother (Dietrich) desired children; the birth control method they used was early-term abortions, which, over time, threatened his mother's health. Finally, after HJD was conceived as another unwanted pregnancy, his mother's doctor refusing one more abortion, due to his mother's surgical fragility at age 39.

Due to a botched surgery, HJD's mother lived in constant pain and was prescribed heroin for years, becoming quite addicted. When the Nazis came to power in Germany, they promulgated laws against the use of heroin and similar drugs, making them difficult to obtain, even on the black market. His mother suffered terribly, as his father had difficulty in obtaining sufficient narcotics to quell the withdrawal pains. His mother died in hospital in 1933, following a gallbladder surgery, when HJD was 15 years old.

HJD was physically very much like his mother, without appetite and considered far too thin. Like many other children in that era, he was given arsenic, an appetite stimulant for the times; he suffered paralysis for half a year as a consequence. He may have received sufficiently large doses to compromise his health for life.

Although he was an undesired event in his parents' lives, HJD was born to very doting parents. He grew up as the only child in a household of personable, loving, indulgent, and interested parents. As a somewhat hyperactive child, he was calmed by being given paper and pencils, starting at age 2.

His father was very supportive of everything that HJD wanted to do – singing, writing, drawing. When HJD's mother died, his father allowed HJD to travel by bicycle with a friend to Vienna for a few weeks, where he went night-clubbing. HJD did a credible impersonation of tenor Richard Tauber, so credible that Tauber even came to see him perform. Hired by an agent, at age 15, he created a small three-month sensation with that impersonation in Vienna night clubs and appeared on a Vienna radio station along with actor Leo Slezak. He was offered free voice training. He calculated how much boring, repetitious work would lie ahead of him in music, singing the same songs performance after performance. At age 16, back from Vienna, HJD determined to go to art school to become a painter.

Since his father was able to pay, HJD went to perhaps the best art school in Berlin, starting in 1935. His first two years were spent at the Kunstschule Reimann. Founded as a private college of arts, crafts, mode, fashion, and decoration by the prominent sculptor/designer Albert Reimann in 1926, Kunstschule Reimann was host to many

prominent faculty and students, among whom were caricaturists Alwin Kinkelin and Erna Schmidt Caroll; photographers Werner Graeff, Kurt Mill, and Wilhelm Maywald; lithographers Fritz Ahlers and Moriz Melzer; painters Robert Rehfeldt and Emmy Stahlmann; and fashion designer/painter Helen Ernst. In 1938, Reimann escaped Berlin for London and architect Hugo Haering took the leadership role to keep the school alive. The name of the school was changed to Kunsthochschule des Westens.

This was a very dynamic and thorough art school, replete with excellent teachers in theory, history, media, and technique. His teachers respected HJD's talent, one telling him that he could become great painter. HJD completed his last two years at Kunsthochschule des Westens, essentially fulfilling his basic curriculum, although students could remain at the school for their lifetimes, should they wish.

A typical teen, HJD was not a political person. He was seemingly oblivious to what was happening around him in his society or the implications of such a regime on his life or that of other German Jews. When someone told him that Hitler had become Chancellor of Germany, HJD, who was skating on an ice rink at the time, laughed so hard that he fell down. He thought he was a great joke. His father, like many others, assumed that Hitler would be voted out in three months (he ultimately emigrated to Israel).

In the pre-war years of the Third Reich, HJD immersed himself in his painting. He would have remained at the art school, but, because he was half-Jewish, he was told that he could not continue. He might have become a very well-known artist, as were others from his school, had the Nazis not come to power and the war not intervened dramatically in his life. He was age-eligible to be drafted into the German army and, although "racially impure," did, in fact, receive his draft notice in 1938.

HJD determined to leave Germany for personal reasons -- avoid the draft, avoid a coming war, anger about not being able to continue in art school, and dislike for the Nazis. He and his father wanted him to emigrate to the United States, but he had no papers, relatives, or sponsors to get him there in a quota-defined situation. Shanghai, China was the only place he could enter as a Jewish refugee with an exit visa only.

From his childhood, HJD was virtually blind in one eye (due, most probably, to a birth defect) and had diminished vision in his other eye. As he was being processed by German emigration, the very last emigration official asked him for his draft notice which he handed over, fully expecting to be permanently detained in Germany. The official looked at his bad eye and stamped his approval on his exit visa.

HJD purchased round-trip passage from Genoa to Shanghai; a round-trip was required, since these refugee ships returned to Europe essentially without passengers. HJD had 10 German marks for his initial survival, all the currency that Germany would allow out of the country. After departing by ship, he and his fellow émigrés discovered that their German money could be used only on shipboard and not thereafter. They immediately bought everything their funds could acquire from ship stores that they could use or barter

upon their arrival in China. HJD had a violent stomach disorder for much of the trip and remained drunk throughout the trip.

HJD arrived penniless and without a marketable trade, friends, or family in Shanghai as a very young man. Following the 1942 implementation of Japanese administration of Shanghai, HJD lived in the German district that contained about 18,000 post-1937 German Jewish refugees living in very exploitive straits, poor and bomb-ruined houses, and limited food and clothing. He was supported by the Jewish Refugee Committee and lived in communal camps and barracks, selling his clothing piece-by-piece to live. He lived from hand-to-mouth for several years, earning small amounts of money going door-to-door, drawing portraits for Chinese and Japanese families.

Martha Dietrich

Martha Miriam Eigner was born in 1916, in Zurich, Switzerland. She was the youngest amongst her siblings. Her father was a successful Jewish businessman. She grew up in a large mansion that the edge of a wooded park, supported by a large array of live-in household servants. Her father was an Austrian national, traveling on a Czech passport, a stateless person in Switzerland. He made an ultimately catastrophic decision to move the family back to Austria in about 1928, being in love with Vienna as a city. The consequence of this removal was that Martha lost most members of her family to the Holocaust.

After the Anschluss, Martha's parents escaped Vienna for Brno, Czechoslovakia. They were afraid to continue their escape to Shanghai because they had heard rumors about how many people were starving to death in China. Martha, who was in Yugoslavia during the Kristalnacht, took the next train to Brno to see her parents. Her parents felt secure among the Czechs because they were not as Nazified as the Austrians or the Slovaks. They thought that they could survive in Czechoslovakia by selling her mother's jewelry; when the war broke out, her parents and other relatives were arrested and died in the Theresienstadt concentration camp. Martha's exit visa was finally issued and she left for Bremerhaven on her way to China, in 1939. Martha lived in a tiny house with the wife of a refugee band leader; she had one room of her own. In order to remain warm, Martha played poker for match-sticks with another woman in the house whose room had a stove.

HJD and Martha in Shanghai

HJD met Martha in Shanghai in 1944. HJD lived in a dormitory with 150 other people; he had no regular source of income and was always close to starvation, relying on a soup kitchen for survival. HJD came to the poker evenings, but Martha did not talk to him for the first two years because she thought he was involved with the woman who was her host. But it turned out that HJD also came only for the warmth of the room. The other woman's husband was often absent due to bombings and resultant closures of transport in Shanghai. Being nervous, she suggested that HJD stay with them to have a man in the

house. HJD was delighted to be asked. He moved in that moment because his only belonging was his toothbrush that he carried with him; he lived in his own half-room.

Following the Japanese surrender, Martha worked for a German-language Shanghai newspaper, as a proof-reader and translator of English newspaper articles into German. Martha worked for 15 hours a day for \$35 a month, but “we all starved.” Martha and HJD were married in Shanghai after the war was over. Since they had been sleeping on a tablecloth during the war, Martha promised herself that they would not be married until they owned a pair of bed sheets and she could provide a wedding dinner for the wedding guests. Some friends acquired the sheets and she acquired six eggs for her six guests. The couple was married by the editor of the paper but Martha, unknowing, cooked the eggs without butter or oil and burned them. The editor took them all out to a dinner in a Chinese restaurant. (This marriage never seemed quite legitimate to Martha and HJD and they married again in Reno in 1975.)

Martha and HJD could not leave Shanghai together at the immediate end of the war because they were quota-restricted and lacked sponsorship. While she could have returned to immediately to Switzerland, Martha intended to emigrate from Shanghai to Israel to join her older brother who smuggled out of Europe in late 1938.

HJD, on the other hand, wanted to go the United States. The son of a Lutheran mother, HJD did not grow up in the Jewish religion or community and had no interest in living in Israel. HJD saw America as a land of artistic opportunity and freedom. He loved America, even before he arrived as a refugee, for its quality and range of freedom in the arts and for the high quality and abundance of its artists, cartoonists, graphics, style, and advertising execution in fashion magazines; his expectations were based on Conde Nast magazines and in images like the Vargas girls. America, he thought, was the land in which he could flourish as an artist. But he was limited by the American quota for Germans; his number did not come up until 1948.

Finally, in 1948, HJD’s number came up and they left Shanghai in 1948, HJD (as a Protestant) with the financial support of the Church World Service in the United States (on the condition that the money be repaid eventually), and Martha with American-Jewish Joint Agency sponsorship.

All of HJD's and Martha’s immediate relatives have now passed away, leaving only distant nephews and cousins. HJD's father, as an elderly man, immigrated to Israel at the end of the war and remained contentedly in a retirement “village” with his sister for his entire life. Due to the lack of money to travel for the first three decades in the United States, HJD was not able to see his father again before his father died. Martha sent whatever small amounts she could to his father on a regular basis so that he would have some spending money. Martha's family in Israel regularly visited with HJD's father and reported back because they knew how important that was for Martha and HJD.

HJD and Martha in the United States

The sponsoring agency wanted to settle Martha and HJD in Chicago but HJD already had nabbed the promise of his first show of his work at the M.H. de Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco. HJD legally changed his name from Lewin (his father's name) to Dietrich (his mother's name) because it sounded less Jewish and more German, in order to be more accepted in the United States.

For all practical purposes, HJD had been unable to paint for the first seven of his ten years in Shanghai; he had no money to purchase art materials. He wrote lyrical poetry and short stories instead, published without pay in the German-language refugee paper. He also painted backdrops for a tiny theater.

HJD had a German friend in Shanghai, a man slightly younger than himself but more mature, a mentor of sorts; a student of languages, he was interned in Shanghai following the Japanese invasion. He encouraged HJD to start painting again as soon as he had any monies for any kind of art material. But paints, canvas, brushes, everything was in short supply and, in any event, HJD had no money. After the war and when she could, Martha paid for his art supplies, starting with a children's set of watercolors, and "liberated" paper from the newspaper. HJD painted on salvaged UNRRA box cardboard and crate wood. Martha got a job with an export house, so she had more money to support his art materials. This resulted in a suitcase containing 25 paintings.

Martha found a job as a salesgirl at the City of Paris department store in San Francisco. HJD had a more difficult time trying to find a job and fit into the new society. He had no skills but painting. He was willing to do any work, but no one hired him. And he did not know how to seek work in American graphic arts. However, between Martha's work and HJD's first art museum exhibit, they could assert their financial independence and self-reliance, thus freeing the sponsoring agency from any other responsibilities.

HJD walked into the office of the then-director, Walter Heil, of the M.H. de Young Memorial Museum, and showed him small black-and-white snapshots of his work. The director said that he needed to see the real paintings in HJD's suitcase. HJD invited him to their hotel room where the director was served beer and pretzels while he examined the paintings. HJD asked how he could make a living from his painting and Mr. Heil asked, "Are you willing to get a divorce and marry a rich woman?" "No." "Can you cook or garden?" "No." "Can you do art restoration?" "No, but I can learn." So, while HJD was putting his museum show together, he spent six months watching an art restorer at work. But no jobs turned up and he, as a refugee non-citizen, was ineligible for museum civil service positions in any event. His September, 1948, M.H. de Young Memorial Museum exhibit was shown, but not reviewed in the San Francisco papers.

HJD tried to make a living by painting and teaching art. A gallery owner, who became a friend, organized an art class for a garden club; it paid very little. His subsequent job at the San Francisco Chronicle was his first and last job and it happened by accident.

A woman who had purchased some of HJD's small paintings from the de Young museum exhibition contacted the art department at the newspaper, HJD unaware that newspapers had art departments. She thought that the art director could advise HJD on what to do with his work. The art director looked at his work and told him that he thought it was "too European" for the American market, but that HJD should come back when he had more to show him. At that time, HJD's portfolio did contain some cartoon and line drawings. He had also purchased an airbrush to learn on his own how to do airbrushing, a skill ultimately needed at the newspaper.

HJD also completed a book intended for children, with stories and drawings. When he finished it, neither Martha nor HJD knew what to do with the book. So HJD returned to the newspaper's art director to seek more advice. The art director asked HJD if he wanted to do illustrations for the newspaper's travel guide. HJD did a few illustrations and was paid for them. Then the art director asked HJD if he needed a job, not knowing that HJD had no money. HJD appeared to be a prosperous artist when introducing himself, because Martha ensured that he always wore elegant Chinese tailor-made clothes and hand-stitched shoes. Hired by the paper in 1950 as a staff artist, he started at \$75 a week, receiving two years' credit for his formal art schooling.

HJD started on a probationary basis, as a wire photo retoucher and story illustrator in cartoon form. Over the years, he produced literally thousands of images as a cartoonist/illustrator. His cartoon work involved spare, line-drawing sidebar impressions of the content of reported stories, editorials, columns, and special editions. Initially, he constantly expected to be fired, because he had not learned some of the basic techniques, such as reproducing pictures in revised scale. Once, he agonized because he had completed a line illustration of an airplane but neglected to provide it with wings.

HJD's life at the newspaper was always interesting because there were many subjects about which he knew nothing but had to draw sidebar cartoon illustrations with very short deadlines. It was high-pressure work, because of these deadlines and his unfamiliarity with many aspects of life in America, such as the number of fingers in a baseball glove.

Martha and HJD became American citizens in 1953. With both of them employed, they purchased their first home, known fondly for decades years as the "little house." HJD finally had a place to paint on the weekends and there he produced the 22 portraits and fantasies for his second solo exhibit "Paintings 1951 – 1955" at the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum (now The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco) in September-October, 1955.

"Color – high, bold, and raw – is the first thing that hit my eye in Dietrich's paintings. Next I took note of the clear, simple, incisive stylization – often awkward or semi-primitive – with which he shapes figures, outline or pictorial forms. His best works have sharp, exceptional insights and individuality. He has moments of humor or gentleness (as in his 'Dr. Honigbaum') to balance his frequent expressionistic gloom." (Alexander Fried, San Francisco Chronicle, 9/25/55)

“The public Dietrich of daily journalism is backed up by another who uses brush and canvas and exhibits the results of his private labors at infrequent, irregular intervals. The private Dietrich is now public once again in a show at the M.H. de Young Memorial Museum...this painter takes far too much pleasure in human being and human situations to remain long devoted to cubes and squares, but everything he does is suffused with his own humor, his own whimsicality, and a strong sense of design which is clearly a hangover from his abstract days. There are some very strong figure paintings and quite a few paintings of a fantastic and ironic sort. (Two) would make wonderful curtains for the ballet. But their comment on human foibles, their brilliant dissonance of color, and their finely simplified forms provide a highly satisfactory ballet in themselves.” (Alfred Frankenstein, San Francisco Chronicle, 9/14/55)

“Henry Dietrich’s decorative, stylized paintings have whimsical charm.” (Miriam Dungan Cross, Oakland Tribune, 10/9/55)

“His painting deals with large, decorative shapes and rich colors, with beautifully controlled space and line relationship.” (E.M. Polley, Vallejo Times-Herald, 9/18/55)

By this time, HJD had no need for commercial gallery success because he enjoyed his work and regular income at the newspaper. However, he did have one-man gallery shows:

“Paintings by Henry Dietrich”, Raymond & Raymond Gallery, San Francisco, 7/50

“Among Henry Dietrich’s works, I particularly admired “Mid-afternoon Quiet,” a painting that is a little reminiscent of Matisse in its own crisp fashion and two sharply patterned studies of backyard scenes. Henry J. Dietrich strikes a fresh, crisp note with his multi-colored patterns of San Francisco roofs.” (Alexander Fried, San Francisco Chronicle, 7/9/50)

“Acrylics by Henry J. Dietrich”, 1878 Union Street Gallery, San Francisco, September 26-November 1, 1967

“Henry Dietrich has obviously mused long over the still-lives of Picasso, Miro, and Klee and has made a synthesis of these elements with his own quite remarkable humor and with the new range of light, color, and textural effects offered by the acrylic paints. Dietrich is a visual humorist in the great tradition. His funny animals, birds, children, and still-life objects are not mere jokes or pleasantries; they carry the fine art of visual design into a new and very personal realm of expression. The surety and power of his line are matched by the brightness and variety of his color, and it all adds up to one of the Bay Area’s

most endearing artistic personalities.” (Alfred Frankenstein, San Francisco Chronicle, 10/13/67)

“New Paintings – Henry Dietrich”, Ankrum Gallery, Los Angeles, 10/68

“Henry Dietrich, a Bay Area painter whose work seems disarmingly fresh despite its Picassoid overtones, deals beguilingly and gaily with a child’s world. At first glance, his draftsmanship seems childlike but closer examination reveals a sophisticated and successful intent to be artless. Such playful canvases as “Lollypops” and “Seahorses” are examples of pictorial high humor at its best. Like all meaningful humor, Dietrich’s work is seriously created. Perhaps these highly stylized compositions with their bright colors and their flat patterning might be thought of as ideal decorations for a nursery. But they are also ingratiating to all those who have not abandoned all aspects of their childhood.” (Henry J. Seldis and William Wilson, Los Angeles Times, 10/18/68)

“Paintings – Henry Dietrich”, Vorpal Galleries, San Francisco, 6/68

“Dietrich’s overall style comes close to the austere simplification practiced by the founder of Purism, Amedee Ozenfant...he has fashioned an expression that is uniquely his own, characterized by a wit and whimsy that are as much visual as cerebral...Dietrich reduces his images to their simplest, bare-boned shapes, enclosing them in bold outlines and then painting them in solid colors, frequently adding a stippled effect to his textures...all are superbly decorative in design and pattern, but their beguiling surface charms simply add to the sneakiness with which a deeper whimsy, surprise, and occasional feel of vague disquietude insinuates itself into one’s senses.” (Thomas Albright, San Francisco Chronicle)

“Acrylic Paintings by Henry Dietrich”, Marquoit Galleries, San Francisco, 8-9/73

“Marquoit Galleries has just opened one of the most delightful shows current in the Bay Area...painted in flat pattern and bright colors reminiscent of a happier (than later) Picasso, Paul Klee, and Joan Miro. Dietrich, who is no stranger to the exhibition field, has seemingly brought his broad literary interests and prodigious talent to a peak in this show, with humor and wit as the catalyst. He is a marvelous colorist with a flair for the decorative and a selective eye that sees the relationship of objects (albeit somewhat absurd)...this is a show to enjoy.” (E.M. Polley, Vallejo Times-Herald, 8/26/73)

“Henry Dietrich establishes an esthetic posture of both control and spontaneity. Based on real and referential subject matter, his recent acrylics are carefully composed abstractions. As ideograms, his simple depictions of figures, landscapes and objects become a symbolic means for the conveyance of

universally comprehensible information. His particular arrangement and combination of the ideograms of this language result simultaneously in straightforward and occasional indirect insights. Considered as a whole, Henry Dietrich's paintings represent an interesting visual discovery." (Judith L. Dunham, Artweek, 9/8/73)

"In my book, (HJD's) content and style show great sophistication...for an artist to be able to achieve a successful 'dialogue' between realism and the abstract takes a good deal more craftsmanship than do the abstracts or the new realism which are the pillars of the current trends...another of the joys of Dietrich's work is his genius for pattern and decorative design; the consistent balance of linearity and color and compositional restraint and the clumsy naivete of a 'primitive.'" (Debbie Chapin, Artweek, 10/6/73)

"A reviewer often gets the idea he is wallowing in botchery as he goes to gallery after gallery. It's a rare pleasure, therefore, to come upon exhibits that show marked sensitivity. Sensitivity of a different, more elementary sort is presented by local artist Henry Dietrich. His playfulness follows the leads of Picasso, Miro, and Klee, with simplifications of his own in his whimsy and fun. Some of his pictures look like a child's naïve fancy, on motifs of birds, fish, people, a pseudo-pastoral or garden theme, goats and a monkey smugly dangling his tail. Their use of color areas is freshly soft, brilliant and clear." (Alexander Fried, "Some Oases of Sensitivity," San Francisco Examiner, 8/24/73)

In addition, one of his paintings "The Annunciation" was invited and selected for a national exhibit, "Religion and Man in Contemporary Art," Fiftieth Anniversary of Washington Cathedral, Washington, DC, 11-12/57.

His work as an independent artist, while well reviewed in the press, did not provide him with a reliable income. After unhappy but not atypical business experiences showing and selling his paintings in West Coast galleries, he evinced little interest in showing his paintings or selling them. He retained most of them, selling or giving a handful of paintings to his close friends and associates.

HJD had a stable routine of working daily at the paper. Working the evening shift for the morning edition paper, he could paint on Sundays and Mondays only, his days off. When he had down time at the paper, he would exercise his drawing skills, to keep his imagination and drafting skills in good order. HJD was concerned that his newspaper cartoon illustrations would conflict with or influence his paintings, so he kept them as separate and distinct as possible during his work years, creating two or more entirely different styles.

In 1960, now in her 40s and needing a real profession and more substantial lifetime income, Martha started college and rushed through her bachelor's and master's degrees in psychiatric social work, although from childhood she had wanted to be a physical scientist. Upon graduation, she worked for community mental health agencies in the San

Francisco area. Their financial situation improved and, in 1969, they purchased a somewhat larger home in San Francisco and installed a studio for HJD to pursue his painting. In the late 1970's, they began to travel a bit, to Paris and once to Israel.

Martha and HJD had a relatively restricted social life because of their work and school schedules. HJD formed a small number of cheerful good friendships at the newspaper, Martha through her work, and jointly in their stable neighborhood and among other dog-walkers (they had a number of dogs over the years, starting with the Dalmatians that appear in HJD's paintings). Socializing with HJD was impossible on his days off until after the sun had gone down and he had lost the natural light under which he painted. Given the tight compartments in which he lived his life (newspaper work, home life, painting, recorded music), he did not "Americanize" much, but remained an essential European in tastes and vision, although he did love American jazz and Martinis.

HJD continued to work for the newspaper for some 33 years, until his retirement in 1983. While he enjoyed and took pride in both his newspaper staff artist style and his emerging painting style, he adamantly excluded his newspaper style from his painting style. Both, however, reflected his composition and drafting skills, his ingenuity, and his sense of balance and simplicity. His newspaper job freed him to do the painting that he wanted to do, independent of the market and the marketers, both of which he came to abhor; his ultimate retirement from the newspaper opened up all of his days to his all-consuming studio work.

His productivity rose dramatically in the years immediately following his retirement as he threw himself exclusively into painting. HJD was happy painting in his studio for days on end, taking less and less time out for social activities, theater, or travel. Painting was demanding and exhausting work for HJD, laboring to find and implement the solutions for hours and days on end. Often, the end of his day's work was not exhaustion but heightened tension and a need for decompression.

However, he was marvelous, caustic, joking, flamboyant company, seldom talking of serious issues or matters very far outside of himself. When he was not working, he loved to listen to jazz and classical music and operettas, to read mysteries, to read about the origins and rise of the Nazi regime as an unsolvable enigma, and to look at art books. In order to spend time on his painting, HJD reduced his obligations to the minimum. He did not drive, shop, cook, clean, or do much of anything else, depending like most European males of these times and class, on others, Martha and hired help, to provide all of these supports.

From the mid-1940s until his death, HJD produced about 400 paintings, most of which survive today in private collections. While keeping some sketchbooks, photographs, and slides of his paintings, HJD kept no log of his works, so the exact number, sequence, and location of his products cannot be determined. Some of his early works appear in museum and the gallery catalogs and in black-and-white interior photographs of his paintings on museum walls and home interiors. Those paintings he disliked or considered unfinished he destroyed, perhaps 10%; a few years before his death, he and a

handyman went through many of the paintings he retained, destroying a number that he found inferior until the assistant, in tears, refused to destroy any more beauty. Only a handful of the surviving paintings are unsigned and undated, indicating his view that each painting was still unfinished. In addition to his paintings, a large number of small drawings, sketches, exercises, and cartoons survive, along with his draft children's books.

This body of work makes one wonder what accomplishments he might have made and recognition he might have received had he not been a refugee, totally lacking in art supplies for the entire decade of his 20s and then so distant from the art marketplace during the subsequent 35 years. HJD had to stop painting in 1997, due a long and debilitating physical decline. He died at home on March 27, 2000.