

Zakheim, Jews in America



Moses Smashes the 10 Commandments
Zakheim, 1960



Zakheim, First Jewish Immigrants in America, 1650
Zakheim, 1966



First Jewish Immigrants to "New Amsterdam (New York), 1650
Zakheim, 1967

Bernard Zakheim Creates Artistic Sculpture of the Holocaust
Mt. Sinai Cemetery, Hollywood Hills-Burbank, California, 1969

*Mount Sinai Memorial-Park
and Mortuary*



*Undertaking
Cemetery
Mausoleum
Chapel
Flower Shop*

19 January 1977

5950 Forest Lawn Drive • Los Angeles, Calif. 90068
466-4171 • 763-6204 • 787-7200

Mr. Bernard Baruch Zakheim
9790 O'Connell Road
Sebastopol, Ca
95472

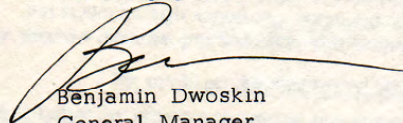
Dear Mr. Zakheim:

It has been eight years since we placed your Warsaw Ghetto Memorial to the Six Million in Mount Sinai, and the impact has been gratifying. Over the years, however, the wood has darkened and the Hebrew lettering has become indistinct. I would therefore like your advice about possibly refurbishing the sculpture. First of all, should we do this? Would you be interested in supervising the work; if so what would your fee be and how long do you feel it would take? Also, when would your schedule permit you to come to Los Angeles?

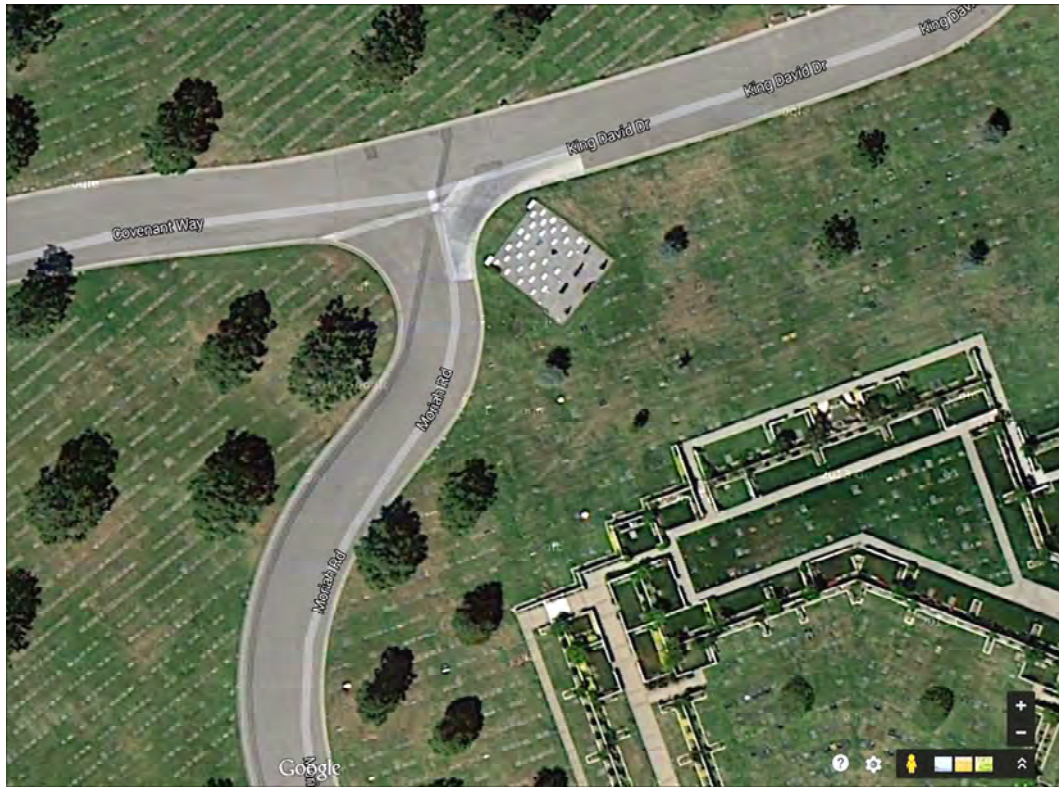
I'll appreciate hearing from you at your earliest convenience, so that I may discuss this further with my committee.

Warmest personal regards and all best wishes for a good and rewarding 1977.

Cordially yours,


Benjamin Dwoskin
General Manager
jf

Owned and operated by Sinai Temple to serve the entire Jewish Community



Mt. Sinai Jewish Cemetery, Hollywood Hills-Burbank, California



Poetry of Bernard Zakheim

Quite often during his lifetime, Bernard Zakheim wrote poetry. His thoughts dwelled upon the troubled world. He had lost most of his family to the Holocaust, an emotional trauma, from which he never fully recovered. Zakheim was fluent in several languages and frequently translated the poems of others from Hebrew, Yiddish, Polish and German works. Three of his poems caught my attention and were particularly poignant. They are copied for the reader. Zakheim's remaining poetic works can be viewed in the Appendix.

May in Warsaw April 25, 1965

For the extra few years of life and health
I bartered the cream in my coffee
and "Polish Kielbasa". (Polish Sausage)

In nostalgia I shouted:
Poland, my Poland!
My mother's placenta is buried in your earth.

I have returned from across oceans and many lands
to live again in the womb of my birth.

With my hands on Jadwiga's buttocks
I pressed her to y chest and exclaimed:
"Moja Polska Ziemia!" (Mother Earth)

I saw on many walls in Warsaw
the German Nazis have executed Polish Partriots.
In my spirit I joined in their agony,
I looked up with them to the roof-tops and chimneys. No miracle happened.
It got darker and black.

When I saw the multitude of May Day marchers
and the prolific lilac in the garden
of a hero from the Warsaw Ghetto,
Together they composed the colors for a Renoir painting.

Now, in California in the orchard at the Farm Arts,
surrounded with exquisite apple blossoms,
with chisel and mallet I peel out
a human body in the red flesh of a Sequoia tree.

I daydream of my love, and
the coal smoke of railroad engines,

and the heavy frying from sow belly, sauerkraut
and human excretion
All enveloped in the vapor of lilac perfume.

A Statement of Bernard Baruch Zakheim

- - -

Poland
January 21, 1966

Poland, my Poland!
My mother's placenta is buried in your earth.

I have returned from across oceans and many lands
to live again in the womb of my birth.

Black crows. I missed you, for more than two thirds of my life
in the far lands.
You are the nostalgia in my youth
of fear and insecurity.

In my early youth, wandering on the outskirts of Warsaw,
I saw the horizon for the first time.

U saw the telegraph posts becoming smaller in the distance,
the railroad tracks narrowing down to a point.

The perspective I learned in school
applied itself to my "Line of Vision".

I exclaimed, "I am important!
The sky bows to my eyes; horizon."

The earth lifts itself up to the line of my eyes.
When that happened I became conscious that – I am a human!

A Collage by Bernard Baruch Zakheim

- - -

The Ecstasy of the Fresco Painter
November 12, 1966

*The pungent aroma from the pine trees,
multiplied by hundreds of the trees from the forest,
penetrated the large auditorium at Srodborow, Poland.*

*Inside the sharp frost was struggling with the heat of the furnaces,
And the vibration of the voices from the singers of the Jewish Chorus
Also the nostalgic folk songs. Together.*

*All those elements created a symphony in union with the composition
and colors of the fresco painting*

Gave the fresco painter spiritual joy and elevated him into an ecstasy.

*By Bernard Baruch Zakheim, dedicated as a wedding present to Gabriel and
rs. Sunshine*

- - -

Bernard Zakheim

1970s

Deed of "Farm Arts" Apple Farm Granted to Bernard Zakheim
by his wife, Phyllis Wrightson Zakheim
Sebastopol, 18 June 1973

<p>WHEN RECORDED, PLEASE MAIL THIS INSTRUMENT TO</p> <p>✓ <i>Phyllis W. Zakheim</i> <i>Box 5156</i> <i>Santa Barbara, Calif 93108</i></p> <p>Order No. _____</p> <p>Escrow No. _____</p> <p>Loan No. _____</p>	<p>RECORDED AT REQUEST OF <i>Phyllis W. Zakheim</i> BOOK <i>2774</i> PAGE <i>875</i></p> <p>AT <i>55</i> MIN. PAST <i>12</i> M Sonoma County, California</p> <p><i>H. H. Douglas</i> RECORDER <i>p</i></p> <p>JUN 21 1973</p> <p>OFFICIAL RECORDS</p> <p>FEES \$ <i>3.50</i> PD.</p> <p>BOOK <i>2774</i> PAGE <i>875</i></p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.2em;">N 43595</p>
<p>SPACE ABOVE THIS LINE FOR RECORDER'S USE</p> <p>Consideration is less than \$100.00 No transfer tax due <i>Land & Surveying</i></p> <p>PLACE INTERNAL REVENUE STAMPS IN THIS SPACE</p>	
<p>GRANT DEED</p>	
<p>FOR A VALUABLE CONSIDERATION, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged,</p> <p>PHYLLIS WRIGHTSON ZAKHEIM, does hereby</p> <p>GRANT to NATHAN BARUCH ZAKHEIM and MATTHEW JAMES ZAKHEIM, as tenants in common, her undivided one-half interest in</p> <p>the real property in the County of Sonoma State of California, described as:</p> <p>Beginning at a stake in the Easterly boundary line of Chris Schlake Ranch, said stake being the Southwest corner of a tract of land conveyed to William Marshall by Henry Marshall and M. J. Marshall, his wife, by deed dated October 7, 1885; thence North 78° 40' East along the Southerly line of the William Marshall tract 15.20 chains; thence South 9° 45' East 6.62 chains along the Westerly line of present Marshall tract; thence South 78° 50' West, 14.56 chains to Easterly line of Chris Schlake Ranch; thence along said line North 15° 33' West, 6.54 chains to the place of beginning.</p> <p><u>RESERVING</u> from said grant, however, a life estate in said property which I grant to BERNARD ZAKHEIM for his lifetime.</p> <p><u>SUBJECT TO:</u> Rights of Way, Restrictions, Reservations and Easements existing or of record.</p>	
<p>Dated: <i>June 18, 1973</i> <i>Phyllis Wrightson Zakheim</i></p> <p>STATE OF CALIFORNIA COUNTY OF <i>Santa Barbara</i></p> <p>On <i>June 18, 1973</i> before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said State, personally appeared <i>Phyllis</i> <i>NATHAN ZAKHEIM</i></p>	

Copy to Nathan and
Matthew Zakheim

FOR A VALUABLE CONSIDERATION, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged,

PHYLLIS WRIGHTSON ZAKHEIM

, does hereby

GRANT to NATHAN BARUCH ZAKHEIM and MATTHEW JAMES ZAKHEIM, as tenants in common, her undivided one-half interest in

the real property in the
State of California, described as:

County of Sonoma

Beginning at a stake in the Easterly boundary line of Chris Schlake Ranch, said stake being the Southwest corner of a tract of land conveyed to William Marshall by Henry Marshall and M. J. Marshall, his wife, by deed dated October 7, 1885; thence North 78° 40' East along the Southerly line of the William Marshall tract 15.20 chains; thence South 9° 45' East 6.62 chains along the Westerly line of present Marshall tract; thence South 78° 50' West, 14.56 chains to Easterly line of Chris Schlake Ranch; thence along said line North 15° 33' West, 6.54 chains to the place of beginning.

RESERVING from said grant, however, a life estate in said property which I grant to BERNARD ZAKHEIM for his lifetime.

SUBJECT TO: Rights of Way, Restrictions, Reservations and Easements existing or of record.

Copy to Nathan and
Matthew Zakheim

Dated:

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
COUNTY OF
Santa Barbara

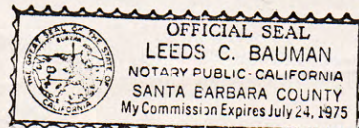
On June 18, 1973
before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said

State, personally appeared PHYLLIS
WRIGHTSON ZAKHEIM

known to me to be the person whose name is
subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged that
she executed the same.

WITNESS my hand and official seal.

Signature Leeds C. Bauman
Name (Typed or Printed)



5276 Hollister Ave., Ste. "L", Santa Barbara, Ca. 93111

(This area for official notarial seal)

MAIL TAX STATEMENTS TO:

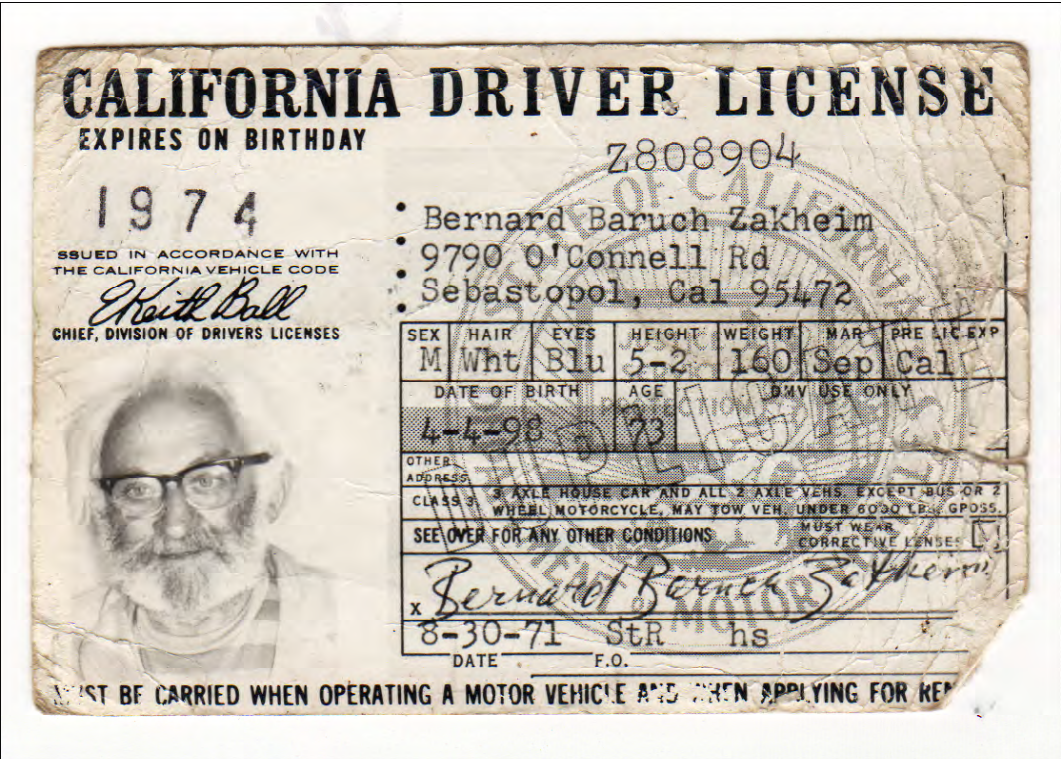
Phyllis H. Zakheim
Box 156 Santa Barbara Calif 93108

Address

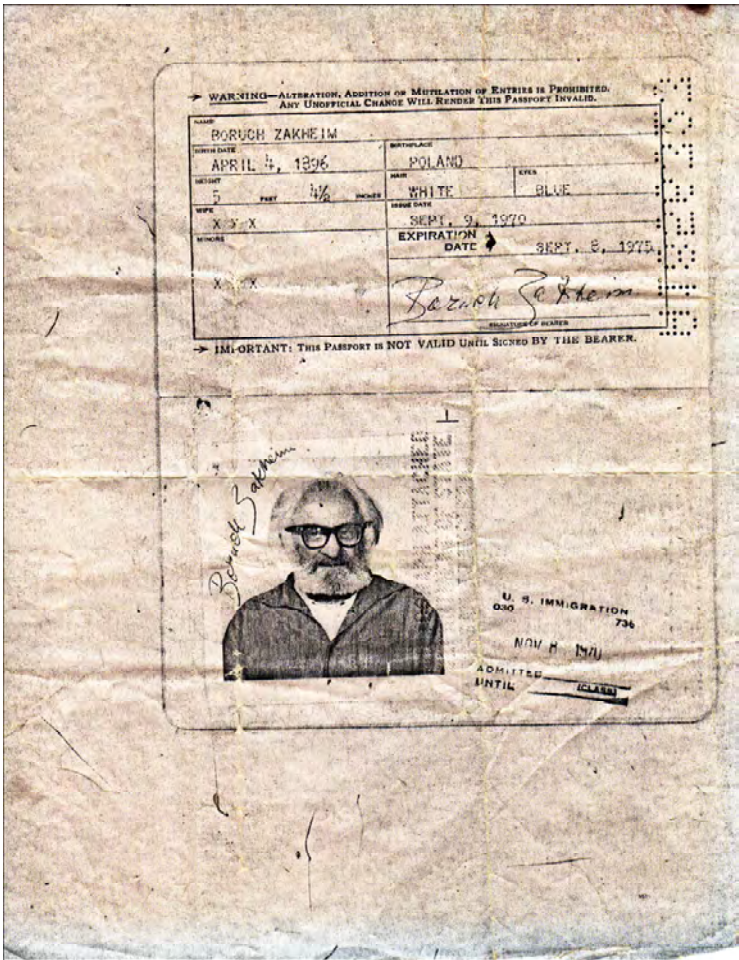
Zip Code

FORM 1002

END OF DOCUMENT



California Driver's License, 1974



U. S. Passport - Bernard Zakheim traveled to Israel, September 9, 1970



Bernard Zakheim with Sculpture, San Francisco 1978

An Autobiographic Essay
By Bernard Baruch Zakheim
Memorial Day, 1978

On Memorial Day in 1978, Bernard Zakheim wrote an autobiographical summary about some of the most interesting aspects of his life experience. His "Memoirs" were taken back to the time of the 1930s, when he and his wife, Eda Spiegelman Zakheim, arrived in San Francisco. The subjects revealed did not progress in any specific order, sometimes reverting to earlier periods. I was not able to learn why this very detailed revelation of Zakheim's life was published at this time, when he was quite senior, age 82. [Ed.]

It was in the early twenties of this century and I was in my early twenties. I attended the Mark Hopkins School of Fine Arts. A lady sitting near me asked what I am rushing off, in the middle of the day. I told her I have a small upholstering shop and I am the only upholsterer. She told me, her name was Huntington and asked me if I could upholster for her a club chair with down-feathers in the back and seat. I estimated something about \$75.00 and she should furnish the material for covering.

She gave me the order and the material was a hunters green crushed silk. And I was to deliver to the City of Paris furniture department which was the most elegant furniture store in San Francisco.

Mrs. Huntington was arguing with the furniture buyer of why they were going to charge her \$260.00 and had to be imported from the East.

An upholster from their repair shop was asked to open the chair at the seams and examine the inerts and the quality of down and hair, everything was all right.

The furniture buyer told Mrs. Huntington, "We are thankful to you, Mrs. Huntington, to bring up this upholsterer," and turned to me. "Are you ready to make six chairs for us?" I said, "No, too many chairs and I haven't got such money for the frame work and materials." Then he asked me, "Could you teach helpers to work with you and I'll make out an order to your local bank and they will advance you the money. We will get in touch with the bank."

Section II

I am a bit ahead of myself. When I opened the small shop on Third Ave. and Geary Blvd., I went to the City Hall for information on how to go about it. I wandered around the corridors until I decided to open a door. A tall, gaunt man smiled at me and asked if he could help me. In a broken English, "where do I get a Paten (license) to

open an upholstering," he told me "This is a free country, no license are necessary." Then he asked me if I go to school. "Yes, I am going to an art school." He asked me "what for?" I told him I want to be a history mural painter. He asked me "what is it?" I pointed to a illustration hanging on the wall I think "the battle at Valley Forge." Then he said "When you ARE going to be an American Citizen, come to me." Then he asked me if I have orders for upholstering repairs. I said no. He pointed to a judges leather chair all tufted with buttons, a Victorian chair. On godd-by he told me "My name is Judge Cavanaugh. Anytrouble, come up and see me."

My next door neighbor, a printer, I told him about my outcome at the City Hall and about a man, Joe Cavanaugh, the neighbor told me that this man is Judge Cavanaugh, a Superior Judge.

With the loaded chair on the touring Chevrolet car on the way to the shop I passed by our flat on Bust Street and honked the horn for my wife to show her my first job.

After a few months, the Judge asked me to appear in his chambers. He asked, "Why didn't you mail a bill for the repair of the chair, he wasn't as nice." I told him this was a gift to you, he send the clerk to bring up the money for the unholstery of the chair.

My neighbor-printer asked me, "What are you going to call your shop?" I said my name, he said, "no, that wouldn't do for business. You want to be an artist and your name will appear in the newspapers and no one will give you any orders."

This was in a period when William Hearst was leading viscious propaganda: "Artista are Bohemians, their belief is: Wine, woman and song. They live in the garetts." Therefore I called my little shop Bernard Upholstering Co.

Many years being a wholesale manufacturer, my name came up regarding an annual exhibit, of Art. One of the furniture merchants,

said to ~~me~~ me: "You are an artist." I had to talk him out of it.

Section III

From the little shop on Third Avenue I moved to Fifteenth and Mission where I bought a defunct factory with a group ~~of~~ of White Russian officers whom President Harding allowed to land from Manila to the shores of California. They were called White Russians because they fought against the Red Russians. To look at this miserable lot, I assured them that I ~~will~~ not fire them. But one of them I had some Vodka recently. He assured me "He wants to forget that part of his ~~pory~~ pory."

I prospered and got ~~orders~~ orders from McCan, Kries and Sons and Sloans. I got richer and richer, that was during Prohibition days and to carry a flask on your hip pocket was a sign of distinction.

With enthusiasm I looked forward to a new season when kids return to school. I prepared a new sample line, new creations in the upholstering trade.

I showed off the furniture buyers. They replied, "Sure it's nice, only we are doing well with the present models, why change?"

I was crest-fallen, being I was the cutter (fashioned the cloth for upholstering). I didn't feel like carrying on.

I asked the advice of the GREAT Lillian Martin, a psychologist. She advised me to read the daily press and when I feel anger, like fighting, "Lean against the table head, bend down, and you will feel better."

I didn't feel better. I discovered about his mural frescoes in Mexico. I decided to follow up Diego ~~Rivera~~ Rivera. I packed up a bunch of water colors and mailed them to ~~Diego~~ Rivera. Soon an invitation arrived to come to Mexico. At the railroad station, waiting for me, Victor Arnautoff.

While I was in Mexico my headquarters were at the Arnautoffs. ~~Vlctor~~ Victor advised me to obtain a book by Elia Ehrenburg, "Julio Huronito"

written about Rivera and his gang of disciples.

Section IV

The first time when I saw the frescoes in the National Place at the Zocolo, in Mexico City, I was confronted with frescoe murals which I jcouldn't believe its real existence or some wonderful dream. I couldn't see details, I saw a marvelour pattern with colors and forms, groups of people held together in marvelour composition, it was great! Greater than great!! I didn't have the adjective to express my wonderment. I adored this master, heavy bodied, with wall-eyed moisture, benevelent like an ox described in the Jewish legend "SHORE HABOR."

Only once I saw Diego in a rage ~~of~~ and his small ~~wife~~ half-Jewish wife Frieda. Her father was an Austrian Jew, a photographer. She became more famous as a great artist even greater than ~~WXY~~ Diego Rivera himself. The rage ~~Diego~~ was because she mised up an arrangement of small statuesks of an ancient Mayan civilization.

I followed the Riveras to a hanging of an exhibit of paintings. After a few hours they send out for tortillas, they arrived wrapped in newspapers, very oily, and were eaten with great appetites. By this occasion I was photographed with Rivera for the Excellsior newspaper.

I followed ~~Rlx~~ Rivera to Chapingo, an ~~xxx~~ Agricultural college. The frescoes there didn't compare with the magnitude of the frescoes at the National Palace, ~~expecially~~ because they walls were about one story high.

My frescoes at the University of California Schoo1 of Medicine at the Toland Hall, because of the low ceiling over them gives the impression of a frieze. In the rotunda of the hall.

Section V

An American woman archiologist invited Rivera to a ~~xxxx~~ cafe for a talk and I was invited because I talked English with the archiologist

and translated into Russian. I talked with Rivera in Russian, ~~and~~. In the conversation came up the writer of a book, Mexico, ~~Rivera~~ by Prescott. Rivera had no use for Prescott, especially what he wrote about the Aztec Indians, who believed that the Spanish horseman and the horses were the same animal. Rivera laughed and repeated, the Mexicans still believe in that. Because a Mexican hombre sold a pocket watch to a Spanish merchant, the Mexican wanted 500 pesos. The merchant offered only 5 pesos. As the bargaining went on, the Mexican reduced a few pesos and the Spanish merchant got up from 5 to 10. After a long bargaining, the Spaniard settled for 30 pesos.

The Mexican after getting paid off laughed and laughed. The Mexican said, "Us Mexicans still believe that the Spanish and the horse is the same animal. I bought this cheap watch for 10 pesos."

This American woman archaeologist made me promise her that I should not attend the bullfights and I didn't. I shouldn't have made her that promise.

As I have seen paintings of bullfights, I really missed a concept of bravery and ~~the~~ courage, it's good that this woman wasn't a nun. She would have made me promise to live in celibacy.

Section VI

We traveled to Morales state to Cojacan in a rented taxi by Diego himself and ~~Victor~~ ^{typical} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~me~~. And I hung on to every word Diego said and I asked questions. Diego told me in a bit of secrecy: "My people are descended from the 'Marones.'" (The Marones were Jews in secrecy at the time of Queen Elizabeth and King Ferdinand, arouse a Priest Terquimate, and he convinced the religious queen that all Jews of Spain must be Catholics, otherwise their wealth must be confiscated and he established an Inquisition to carry out the conversion. The Jews were tortured and the cellars of the inquisition. Out of religious piety, refused to become Catholics. Then they were burned in a public of Auto de Fe, A big crowd assembled when a woman was to be burned. The man craved to see a nude body. The Jews who converted, they were spied on by the Inquisition and in great secrecy in the underground they worshipped as Jews. And they composed the prayer called "Call-Nidrai"

As some historians have it, or legend? In Spain a ~~xxx~~ gang of farmers under the leadership of Colombo also a Jewish farmer and pirate

made trouble for the Queen. This must have been before the Inquisition Turqumate? part time farmer. The queen exiled the trouble maker. Colombo and gave him a few ships to find a direct route to India for spices, & the rest is known of how he discovered America.

~~and the rest of~~
 ^ In Cojacan, Morales state, Diego painted frescoes relating to the historical liberations by the peons of that state, the preliminary sections of these frescoes were too large for the Spanish arched corridor. This came to me many years later; I wouldn't have had the courage to think so at the time.

And with great reverence I listened to the maestro speak about the Greek mathematician Euclid with his theory of division of space; also about the Golden Center in & Dynamic Symetry. All these theories

overwhelmed me. And I was going to my room at the Barrows Estate. I slept there for a while. By the way, this Barrow was the U.S. Ambassador to Mexico. Later the father-in-law to the aviator Charles Lindbourg. As it happened I still have an 8-inch key to the gate of the estate hanging above my door in the kitchen of the farm ~~now~~ arts, hanging from an ~~an~~ iron hand-made frame around an acient tiêe of blue and white Six Star emblem from King David. I found it in the debris of an ancient cloister at the estate.

Section VII

As I was going to my lounge, I heard Yiddish spoken by a group of churning men who were loading packs of merchandise on a big gruck. I approached the nearest one, with the proper greeting of Shalom Elichem (peace with you) and asked what is the commotion, he said ~~we~~ we are steel venders and traveling to the fair. I asked if I can come along and I'll pay my share, he said "Why not" where is your pack. I pointed to my water color sketch book and color box. The destination was somewhere in a village of the mountain Popoqualcatl.

As it was, these were escaping from the Petlura gang who killed and pogomed Jews in the Ukrainen. These Jews knew each other by relations or lived inthe small towns in the Ukraine. ~~They~~ They helped each other and those became a group of steel vendors.

By the way this murdered ~~Hattman~~ Petlura met his death on the street of Paris, France, by a Jewish watchmaker from the Ukraine. The courts ~~a~~ acquitted him. HIS NAME SAWARZIBARD (?)

We arrived at night, thirsty. There was a lot of beer unloaded. Good beer. Only too warm to drink. My neighbor who ~~became~~ became my friend gave me a piece of tarpelin and told me to cover myself well, otherwise you get a chill and will take days to get rid of it.

Next morning I took off to make water color sketches. I came to a shaded mongrove tree clearing. The trees were very high, and the

nails or spikes. I loved to watch him, better any time than a Wagner opera. A pudgy woman on high heels with ~~at~~ a little valentine mouth asked "Ho much?" he answered, she in a ~~ex~~complaining voice, "Ho much for two?" Two times as one. The woman waved a dollar note in his face, "I want six and you make it better wholesale." The man just walked away and I ~~wanted~~ wanted to kick er in the "~~xx~~ asnaye."

Section IX

While I was still at the fair, on the outskirts I saw a sign on a building, with huge letters, LABOR OMNIA VINCINT.

Suddenly I heard yellings CHARO! CHARO! many voices and suddenly a man on a horse wielding a long sword. I didn't know what is happening, people were running and I was rooted, then seeing the riders sword, a very long sword and rusty, that looked to me funny. The rider came up towards me and said, "How does a Jew fair?" In a beautiful Lithuanian accented Yiddish, "he put his sword in his left hand, and reachme with his right and pulled me up on the horses back.

We galloped quite a distance, dismounted, he was a beautiful tall young man with black curly hair and a beautiful smile. Him and many European ~~x~~ people of different nationalities begin an acquaintance with telling their biography, something like the ancient Mariner.

His was, my brother brought me to Mexico from Lithuania were I was attending a Jewish High School. My brother had to run from Lithuania because the radical government fell, and he was a representative. He had to run for his lffe. The Mexican government gave him permission to live in Mexico. ~~x~~

The next thing he was helped to have a stand with custom jewelry. Staying all day in the broiling sun and without being able to use a toilet was very hard on him. Therefore he brought me to Mexico.

And I relieved him. I learned Spanish ~~am~~ soon and many Jews learn Spanish in a short time without an accent. He laughed, not like in the United States. They never lose their accent, and learn English

with difficulties.

He went on, in the market place hanged on a couple of Mexicans, after some time they confided in me that they have discovered a "spike" of gold in the jungle and if I would join them, they will take me for a third partner. I agreed and off we went to the jungle. In the jungle, my two friends got in a fight and the one who was like a brother to me got killed. He ran and I after him, to avenge my true friend. I went from village to village from town to town looking for my enemy. As I was ~~ask~~ asking around, I notice people are scared of me. Is it because of my height or looks people didn't like me? They would give me food or anything, I should leave. ~~xxx~~ Finally I took sick. I got on a train with fever, a Mexican woman tried to help ~~put~~ out of pity. One I came to, she asked if I wanted a Priest, I told her "I am a Judea" She laughed, shoved in her fingers in my hair and said, "You have no horns" (Judea is a ~~devil~~ devil and a devil has horns). Knowing people are scared of me I raided the markets on a horse with a sword and got away with loot. He laughed and took off.

This reminds me of a story I was told by my Jewish friend, an escapee from the pogoms, went to the flat and served dinners. After a while the landlord called him in and said "I find ~~x~~ out you are a Judea, and I can't have under my roof a Judea." The fellow was dumbfounded and said, "here, let me show you my passport." On the passport he was registered as Israelita. The man said "~~xxx~~ ^{you are} a descendent of ~~x~~ Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, I am honored to live with you under the same roof."

Section X

On my return I showed Diego my water colors, especially the "Banana Plantation" He exclaimed, "All my life I wanted to ~~go~~ go up in the mountain and paint the exotic plantations, and this hombre comes for a short time and was there already."

A few years later I attended a lecture Rivera gave in the little theater at the Legion of Honor. When asked, j "What do you like to paint the most?" his reply was, p "Plantation jungle" and described my water color exactly. In later experiences with Diego I found out about him in Paris, he x was called a "Pirate."

With a collection of water colors I returned to San Francisco. ~~XXXX~~ Rivera asked me to prepare a design for a mural. I painted a water color "Mexico". A couple named McNeiter bought the water color, by an x occasion I met a nun, a Sister of Mercy, by the same name, she really was a first cousin to the McNeiter and she told me by water color was in a trunk and this trunk was lost in the waters of the ocean. A second oil painting, "Mexico" I left in a bar in Petaluma and couldn't get the painting back.

Section XI

All this happened in the year of 1930. I became very unhappy. I couldn't paint anymore. I was a Sunday Painter and since my return I didn't dare to paint anymore with fear that I couldn't adjust to the theories of Dynamic Symetry. and composition. I once asked Arnautoff "What does Diego think of my compositions in mural painting?" Arnautoff told me, "Rivera said, you are a natural composer." Still I couldn't paint for fear of not being able to apply Dynamic Symetry.

I asked and x inquired x about theories in art, k nobody know. I finally decided to find out by myself. It was 12 years since I was in the United States, and I came on a plan for a Sabbathical. I asked my wife we should go to Paris, she argued, "we have such good accounts orders come in by themselves. No, we can't leave." x As a gesture I gave her \$22,000 in gold coins. She invested the money in Dodge automobiles, on the advise of her cousin Seroff. And lost because our baby Marsha took sick and she was worried. When her brother Jay Spiegelman brought her the check book she signed checks, the result was

she ran out of capital and lost the business. I kept on writing from Paris, "Close the factory until I come back." My mind was made up that I have to straighten myself out.

My method was like in modern Psychoanalysis. I didn't know anything about it was applied in 1932.

I rented a studio 111 Rue ^{de} Orleans. Provided myself with food and went to bed for ~~x~~ about ^{a few} months, meditated ~~x~~ about my childhood, as it is I remember things when I was sleeping on my mother's belly, it must be when she wanted to soothe me.

I accounted for all the colors which attracted me in my infancy. I came up with a palette of colors which were earthen colors.

(Prolongation to page "11.") SECTION XII

After I emerged from my meditations, I visited the Parthenon-monument. And I saw a mural in oils by Peter de Shaven^o. I wanted to go down on my knees and proclaim him as my master. Only ^{I was} brought up as a Chasidic Jew we don't bow.

During my stay in ~~xx~~ France, I traveled to Italy, Tuscany and Florence and there I saw sculptures in process by Michael Angelo, the marbles were in work and they looked like emerging from under water. They were magnificent. Only other finished marbles by Michaelangelo looked like later merchandise sold at the tencent ~~xxx~~ store. As I was in the ~~xxxx~~ quiet of the chapel, suddenly ugly noises like hundreds of bees broke loose, these were American tourists.

In Florence I ~~x~~ saw altar pieces by Massaccio, Chimebua in different cloisters in Tuscany. These paintings ~~xxx~~ were great and the masters who painted them ~~x~~ were so near I felt if I ~~xxxxxxx~~ go out to the next cafe they will be there, and that was five hundred years ago they painted them.

I went to Pauda and looked at Giotto's fresco paintings and I declared him my master. His art in a tunnel-shaped interior, with three rows of

frescoes on top of each other to compare with Michaelangelo Cistine Cahpel the Sistene Chapel is Shmalzig.

When I looked on the alters by Massacie and Chimeabus, they brought me back to the first World War when I was a soldier war-prisoner and somehow got to Munich to the Alto Penaketak where they kept the alter pieces by Mathaias Grudenwalden, their spiritual ~~h~~ quality came back when I looked at Chimeabus and Massacie. Riveras figures looked like sacks of cement (that what Phyllis said about them). ~~XXXX ARKS~~ Another disappointment about Rivera. And I was enchanted with Pierra de la Francesca, with the rhythm in his paintings, looked so familiar with me, because I saw a reproduction of his art on a postal card in the Warsaw ghetto where I was born and raised. (Krechmalna Gas)

SECTION XIII

When I returned from Mexico to San Francisco, with an arm full of water color sketches, I showed them to Mr. * Gratten English who was in the lighting fixture business. Myself being ~~XXXXXX~~ in the custom upholstery business, we developed a friendship. Mr. English was a real San Franciscan with a ~~xxx~~ hard derby hat and a double-breasted chest and ~~xx~~ a heavy black ribbon attached to his glasses. A great enthusiast with attractive manners, and always wielding a pencil. That resulted in selling to the Hawaiian elite fixtures. He was so successful, he complained, "my designers are good, only not good enough to design fixtures of precious stones. We could sell them, only the good designers come from poor homes and they are economical."

Mr. English after viewing my water colors phoned to the editor of the Call-Bulletin exclaiming in his usual manner, "I was to come over to the editors office. Some of my sketches were photographed. ~~xx~~ I told them about my visit with Diego Rivera. *Handwritten: I told them about my visit with Diego Rivera*

Mr. English picked up the ball and talked ~~xx~~ about me to the leading rich Jews from San Francisco and in the conversation Riveras name came up

I was going to paint some of them, in fact a rich lady picked me up and brought me to her home for preliminaries. She had in the car a young Philipino, he looked to me like a pet. It came to me I'll be a second show piece.

SECTION XIV

A Mr. Spencer McKey, my instructor at the Mark Hopkins school of art, was instrumental in selling the school building and built the school of fine arts on Chestnut and Columbus Streets. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ By the way, ~~at~~ where the old school was the ~~xf~~ foundation can be viewed from Bush St, the back of the Mark Hopkins Hotel. He got in touch with me to talk about Rivera. The result was, I got in touch with Rivera in Mexico and and invited him to ~~XX~~ San Francisco. I brought Rivera to the school while an evening lecture was ~~a~~ going on. We were crowding on the entrance stairs and couldn't get in. Somehow Mackey came up, also crowding, and there I introduced Diego to Mackey. Because of this transaction, Spencer Mackey got a lot out of the deal, booze, and speeding cars, which resulted in an accident and his death.

At that time I showed Rivera my designs for a mural. As time passed on, Rivera got a commission to paint a mural for the School of Fine Arts. When I ~~f~~ visited the school with a musician, the ~~McGillan~~ exclaimed that is your design, he swipped it, It is from your watercolor I though myself Rivera the PIRATE.

SECTION XV

When Rivera arrived I invited him to my home, for dinner, on Schaller St. Rivera ~~xxx~~ brought a magnificent Mexican blanket for my older daughter, Ruth, just a child, and went down on his knee and kissed her hand. I showed ~~KKK~~ Rivera my usual size water colors, 18x24. Frida asked him what ~~xxx xxxxx~~ sort of art is it? Rivera said, An Art

of his own will evolve. And that is the way I painted my fresco murals at the University of California School of Medicine.

My former wife, Eda sure put up a dinner, it was mentioned in a newspaper in San Francisco. Her sister was invited too, only she spoiled the party. Each time she was to participate, she just walked out to the kitchen, like in a trance. All stopped talking and looked at her, and that repeated itself until the dinner was ended and the party-dinner broke up.

SECTION XVI

From my factory I made up an extra fine club chair for his studio and other items of luxury. He never invited me. I found out from the newspapers that Rivera received a commission to paint at the Stock Exchange, and through Matthew Barns, a great artist and a plasterer. Barns was told, pack a suitcase and come with me to New York. I'm going to ~~paint~~ paint the Rockerfellers building. Barns, a very proud man was embittered, because he was ~~like~~ left high and dry. Instead a Canadian artist was taken and this ~~man~~ artist painted illustrative oblong figures at the Coit Memorial Tower. Above the window between the figures, he painted WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

The San Francisco Examiner photographer inserted this slogan ~~x~~ by cutting out a shelf of books in my Library Scene. This was in a time of the waterfront strike, and to break the strike "Iron Pants Johnson" organized a vigilante group to fight the strikers and I was asked to leave San Francisco.

An artist, Ben Cunningham was present. Naturally that resulted in me being neglected as an artist.

And I must emphasize Riveras success in San Francisco was due to Gratten English.

While I lived in Paris, 1932, I made an effort to look up Elia Ehrenburg. ~~xxxxx~~ He was supposed to be in de Dorme at his regular table. He wasn't there. Friends assured me he'll be back. Somehow I never got in touch with him. Later I found out that he went to Russia and I marveled, he did not agree in 1917 with the militancy of the Russianx beaurucrats. He wrote a book "The Stormy Life of Lezik Rothshwanz." which was a satire against the beaureaucrats. Still, he wentx to the USSR as a war correspondent. And his articles were inflaming. The opinion was his articles were like another division to fight the Germans. And these were printed or published in the Peoples World. Until an comrade artist complainéd he couldn't stomach that.

At the Golden Gate Exposition Diego Rivera was painting frescoes ~~xxxx~~ about Mexico, that was his subject. Only when he glorified Hollywood, that was his downfall. Any illustrator for an American magazine could do better.

At the time of the exposition, no organized boycott from the artist showed up to say hello x and Rivera asked;

WHERE ARE THE ARTISTS?

SECTION XVII

It was Rivera who introduced me to Mexican peasant sculptor, Martenio Magnanid who became a janitor at the National Academy of Art, and I ~~xxxx~~ bought two ~~xxxx~~ sculptures in wood and gave them to my daughter Ruth. The last I heard, Magnai x became a professor in the Academy of Art.

P.S. On the occasion of my birthday, April 4, 1930, I received a leather pocket wallet, on which was tooled on the Aztec calendar.

SECTION XVIII

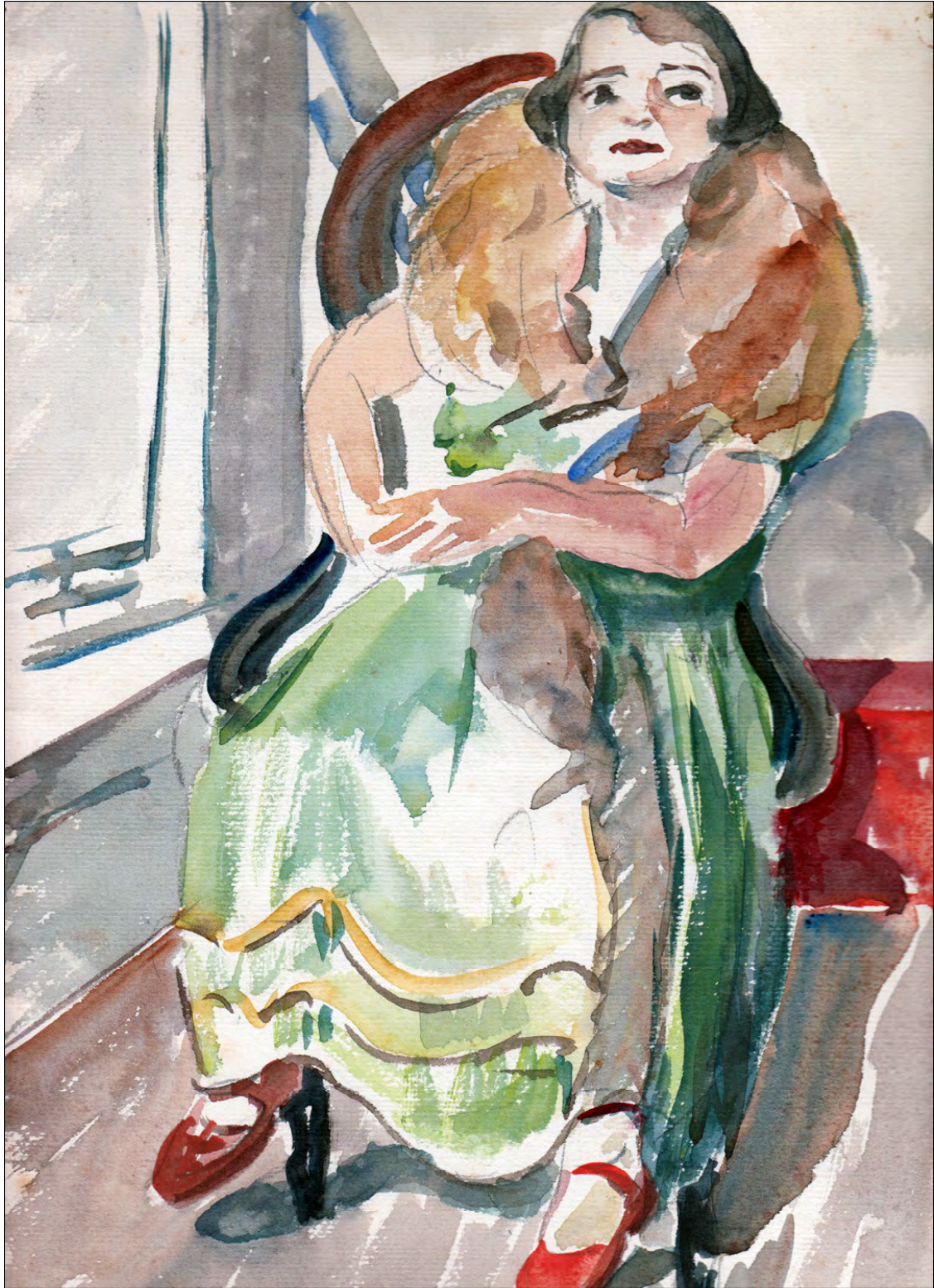
When I finished my fresco in Warsaw, Poland, in 1962, I traveled to Austria. And the national museum in Vienna, I saw the paintings of Brueghel the older, there I found the source where Rivera tirated his figures.

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Zakheim 1980s



Portrait of Bernard Zakheim, Drawing by Unknown Artist, 1980s



Sketch of Masha Zakheim Jewett at Opera
Bernard Zakheim, San Francisco, 1980s

California State Artist of the Year

1984

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SENATOR
MILTON MARKS

REPRESENTING THE
FIFTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT
IN THE

Senate

CHAIRMAN
SENATE COMMITTEE ON LOCAL GOVERNMENT

STANDING COMMITTEES
HOUSING AND URBAN AFFAIRS
(VICE CHAIRMAN)
FINANCE
JUDICIARY
NATURAL RESOURCES AND WILDLIFE
SUBCOMMITTEES
DISABLED (CHAIRMAN)
SELECT COMMITTEES
CHILDREN AND YOUTH
MARITIME INDUSTRY (CHAIRMAN)
JOINT COMMITTEES
FISHERIES AND AQUACULTURE
STATE'S ECONOMY
LEGISLATIVE BUDGET COMMITTEE
COMMISSIONS
STATE GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION
AND ECONOMY
STATUS OF WOMEN

August 15, 1984

Mr. Bernard Baruch Zackheim
Jewish Home for the Aged
302 Silver Avenue, Room 350
San Francisco, CA 94112

Dear Bernard,

I read with interest the fine article about you in the Northern California Jewish Bulletin and I thought you might like an extra copy.

My congratulations come to you on being named Sculptor of the Year by the San Francisco Arts Commission. This represents another well-deserved honor for your lifetime of artistic endeavors.

As a long-time advocate for the Arts in San Francisco, I appreciate the fine work you are doing. Whenever I may be of assistance, please call upon me.

With best wishes.

Cordially,

Milton Marks
MILTON MARKS

MM:clb

Index of Artworks

Bernard Baruch Zakheim

	Year	Title	Medium
1	1908	War Prison in Poland	Oil
2	1918	Harvesters	Oil
3	1918	Portrait of a Polish Stevedore	Oil
4	1918	Dr. Goldfaden, Warsaw, Poland: Portrait of a Polish Stevedore	Oil
5	1918	Polish Fight Scene	Oil
6	1925	Self Portrait	Oil
7	1927	Jews from Poland to Israel #1	Oil
8	1930	Jews from Poland to Israel #2	Oil
9	1931	Manservant with Clock	Oil
10	1932	Jews from Poland to Israel #3	Oil
11	1933	The Family	Oil
12	1933	The Interloper	Oil
13	1933	d'Amour	Oil
14	1935	Eternal Fears	Oil
15	1938	Our Land	Oil
16	1930s	Farm Arts	Oil
17	1930s	Factory Scene	Oil
18	1940	General DeKalb being carried from the battlefield by Jewish American Soldiers	Oil
19	1940	Revolutionary Patriot Chaim Solomon revealing secrets of Red Coat military activities to Americans	Oil
20	1940	Chaim Solomon: revolutionary financier	Oil
21	1940	Colonel Solomon Bush of Charleston with his corps of Jewish volunteers-1776	Oil
22	1940	Jewish patriot signing the Non-Importation Resolution of 1775 to protest the Stamp Act	Oil
23	1945	Massacre in a Synagogue	Oil-Egg Tempura on Masonite
24	1946	New Life from Burned Trees in Concentration Camp	Oil
25	1946	Furnaces of Lublin	Oil
26	1946	Elsa Koch, the Bitch of Buchenwald	Oil
27	1946	Jewish Partisans in Forest	Oil
28	1946	Krochmaza #8	Oil
29	1946	Bolshevik Peasants cut down Nazi Wheat	Oil
30	1966	Detail from First Jewish Immigrants	Oil
31	1967	First Jewish Immigrants to New Amsterdam in 1650	Oil
32	1920s	Three Shakheads	Oil
33	1930s	Diego Rivera Painting Mural with Assistants	Oil
34	1930s	Two Assistant Louis Shanker and Frank Mechow	Oil
35	1950s	Forbidden Fruit	Oil
36	1950s	Salome with the head of John the Baptist	Oil
37	1950s	Moses Smashes the 10-Commandments	Oil
38	1950s	Isaiah, "Thou Shalt Beat Swords in to Ploughshares"	Oil
38	1950s	Red tape – Ticker tape	Oil
39	1960s	Self Portrait	Oil

40	1960s	Woman of the Mountains	Oil
41	1960s	Nude with Flowers	Oil
42	1960s	Untitled	Oil
43	1960s	Untitled (Nude in Flower Scene)	Oil
44	1960s	Nude Portrait	Oil
45	1918	Dr. James B. Sharp, San Francisco	
46	1918	Burgermeister Von Zahn, Berlin, Germany	Watercolor
47	1918	Still-life	Watercolor
48	1920s	Sholem Aleichem's "Matchmaker"	Watercolor
49	1920s	Warsaw, Poland: Funeral Scene	Watercolor
50	1920s	Shalom Sewing Factory	Watercolor
51	1920s	Town Clown	Watercolor
52	1927	Carmel Rocks	Watercolor
53	1927	Polish Accountant	Watercolor
54	1927	Jews from Poland #1	Watercolor
55	1930	Mexican Cantina	Watercolor
56	1930	Mexican Market Scene	Watercolor
57	1930	Jews from Poland #2	Watercolor
58	1930	Factory Scene	Watercolor
59	1930	[Mexican] Boy With Fruit	Watercolor
60	1931	Mexican Death Scene	Watercolor
61	1931	Mexican Market	Watercolor
62	1931	Professor Bebauer, Pecs, Hungary	Watercolor
63	1932	Pacific Avenue Gospel	Watercolor
64	1932	Adams-Danysh Galleries: Girl Bringing the Veil	Watercolor
65	1932	Adams-Danysh Galleries: Ghosts	Watercolor
66	1932	Adams-Danysh Galleries: Boxing Match	Watercolor
67	1932	Adams-Danysh Galleries: The Clown	Watercolor
68	1932	Adams-Danysh Galleries: Boxing Match	Watercolor
69	1932	Gorgeous Francesca Hart, Paris	Watercolor
70	1932	Polish Jews, Paris	Watercolor
71	1933	Untitled: (The Family)	Watercolor
72	1933	California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Scene from the Dybbuk	Watercolor
73	1933	California Palace of the Legion of Honor: The Master	Watercolor
74	1934	Nahum Zemach	Watercolor
75	1934	San Francisco Longshoreman	Watercolor
76	1934	Harry Bridges	Watercolor
77	1935	Reading the Scrolls	Watercolor
78	1936	Medical Seminar	Watercolor
79	1935	Jewish Community Center: Scene from the Dybbuk #2	Watercolor
80	1935	Yeshivah	Watercolor
81	1935	Tashlech	Watercolor
82	1936	Modern Transportation meets Obsolete Transportation: Minneola, Texas	Egg Tempura Marouflage
83	1936	University of California San Francisco, School of Medicine: In the Pharmacology Laboratory	Watercolor
84	1936	UCSF: In a Ward Laboratory	Watercolor
85	1936	UCSF: x-ray	Watercolor

86	1936	UCSF: The Anatomist	Watercolor
87	1936	UCSF: Dog Surgery	Watercolor
88	1936	UCSF: Anesthesia Apparatus	Watercolor
89	1936	UCSF: Still life	Watercolor
90	1939	Mass Executions in the Stadium	Watercolor
91	1930s	U.S. Emperor over Mexico	Watercolor
92	1930s	Nude at Clothesline	Watercolor
		Polish Cattle Car use to transport Jews to	
93	1946	Concentration Camp	Watercolor
94	1946	Bab Yar	Watercolor
95	1940s	Untitled: Rabbi or Jewish Worshiper	Watercolor
96	1940s	Yeshiva	Watercolor
97	1940s	Exodus	Watercolor
98	1940s	Jewish Defense in Israel	Watercolor
99	1940s	Funeral	Watercolor
100	1940s	Haganah at rest	Watercolor
101	1940s	The defense of Israel	Pencil Drawing
102	1940s	WWII Shipyard workers	Pen & Ink
103	1940s	Adolf Eichman	Pencil Drawing
104	1940s	Holocaust	Drawing
		Destruction of Zakheim homes in Warsaw,	
105	1940s	Poland	Watercolor
106	1941	Tractored Out	Watercolor
		Paul Robeson while speaking in Peekskill, New	
107	1949	York is attacked by stone throwers.	Watercolor
		Maimonides, a fresco-design for Maimonides	
108	1955	Convalescent, San Francisco	Watercolor
109	1960s	Zakheim in Vineyard	Watercolor
110	1960s	Dancers	Watercolor
111	1980	"Masha (Zakheim) at Opera-San Francisco	Watercolor
112	1931	Jews in Poland	Fresco
113	1933	Ancient Jewish Wedding	Fresco
144	1933	Jewish Festival	Fresco
115	1934	Coit Tower: Library Periodical Room	Fresco
115	1934	Alemany Health Center: Growth	Fresco
116	1934	Alemany Health Center: Community Spirit	Fresco
117	1936	Superstitious Medicine, Bernard Baruch Zakheim	Fresco
118	1936	Rational Medicine	Fresco
119	1937	History of Medicine in California	Frescoes (12)
		Union Recreation Center: History of San	
120	1937	Francisco Waterfront	Frescoes
121	1937	Women Walk Free	Fresco
122	1939	Mass Executions in the Stadium	
123	1939	Penny-Catcher-Money for the Spanish Civil War	Wood Sculpture
		Warsaw Ghetto: Never to forget and never to	
124	1943	forgive	Wood Sculpture
			Wood & Metal
125	1960	Genocide	Sculpture
126	1960	Talmudic Sculpture	Wood Sculpture
			Terra cotta
127	1960s	Moses	Sculpture

128	1956	Dancers	Mosaic
129	1950s	Cock Fight	Mosaic
130	1950s	Fisherman	Mosaic
131	1950s	Zakheim-Worker in Field	Mosaic
132	1959	Abraham Attempted to slay his son, Isaiac	Stained Glass
133		Sitting Nude	Sketch
134		Welfare Office	Sketch
135		Peasants Walking	Sketch
136		Lady's Face	Sketch
137		Reclining Woman	Sketch
138		Political Cartoon	Sketch
139		Sini Arnbon	Sketch
140		Let Sequeros Paing	Sketch
141		Nude on her back	Sketch
142		Woman	Drawing
143		"Bernard's Upholstery Co.	Drawing
144		Lou Baerlow	Drawing
145		Elias Boldtowsky, New York	Drawing
146		Nathan Baby	Drawing
147		Portrait of Zakheim	Drawing
148		Bernard Zakheim self portrait	Drawing
149		Woman with dress flying in wind: Fresh! "That is what the wind it"	Drawing

Obituary

San Francisco Chronicle, November 30, 1985

OBITUARIES



Bay Area artist Bernard Zakheim in 1968 as he stood with one of his carvings on the theme of the Holocaust

Artist Bernard Baruch Zakheim

Bernard Baruch Zakheim, a Bay Area artist who painted frescoes in Colt Tower and at the University of California at San Francisco, died Thursday at age 89.

Born in Poland, Mr. Zakheim arrived in San Francisco in 1920 seeking political asylum after World War I. An upholsterer by trade, he had begun art studies in Europe and continued them at the Mark Hopkins Art Institute (now the San Francisco Art Institute).

In 1934 he painted the library scene on the southwest wall of Colt Tower under the auspices of the federally sponsored Works Progress Administration. The fresco initially stirred strong feelings because it showed a man (fellow artist John Langley Howard) reaching for Karl Marx's "Das Kapital" and depicted newspapers bearing the gloomy headlines of the Great Depression.

Mr. Zakheim later painted the fresco titled "Community Spirit" for the Alemany Health Center in San Francisco. Next he undertook the four-year task of illustrating the history of medicine with 10 frescoes on the walls of UCSF's Toland Hall.

In 1938, he painted oil murals for post offices in Texas. In 1961, he returned to Poland to paint a 6-by-25-foot fresco called "The History of Jews Through Song."

Mr. Zakheim was outraged in 1948 when the Toland Hall frescoes were covered with wallpaper because a UCSF professor complained that students were distracted by the murals. In 1963, UCSF ordered the frescoes uncovered and restored. Mr. Zakheim learned in 1976 that half of his Alemany Health Center fresco, which showed a bare-breasted woman and a man planting a small bush, was painted over because it was considered too disturbing to the patients.

Mr. Zakheim lived in Sebastopol for about 40 years until he became ill in 1982. He died at the Jewish Home for the Aged in San Francisco.

He is survived by his wife, Phyllis of Santa Barbara; two sons, Nathan of Culver City and Matthew of Los Angeles; two daughters, Masha Jewett of San Francisco and Ruth Gottstein of Volcano, and 12 grandchildren and great-grandchildren. A memorial service is scheduled at 4 p.m. January 21 in Toland Hall.