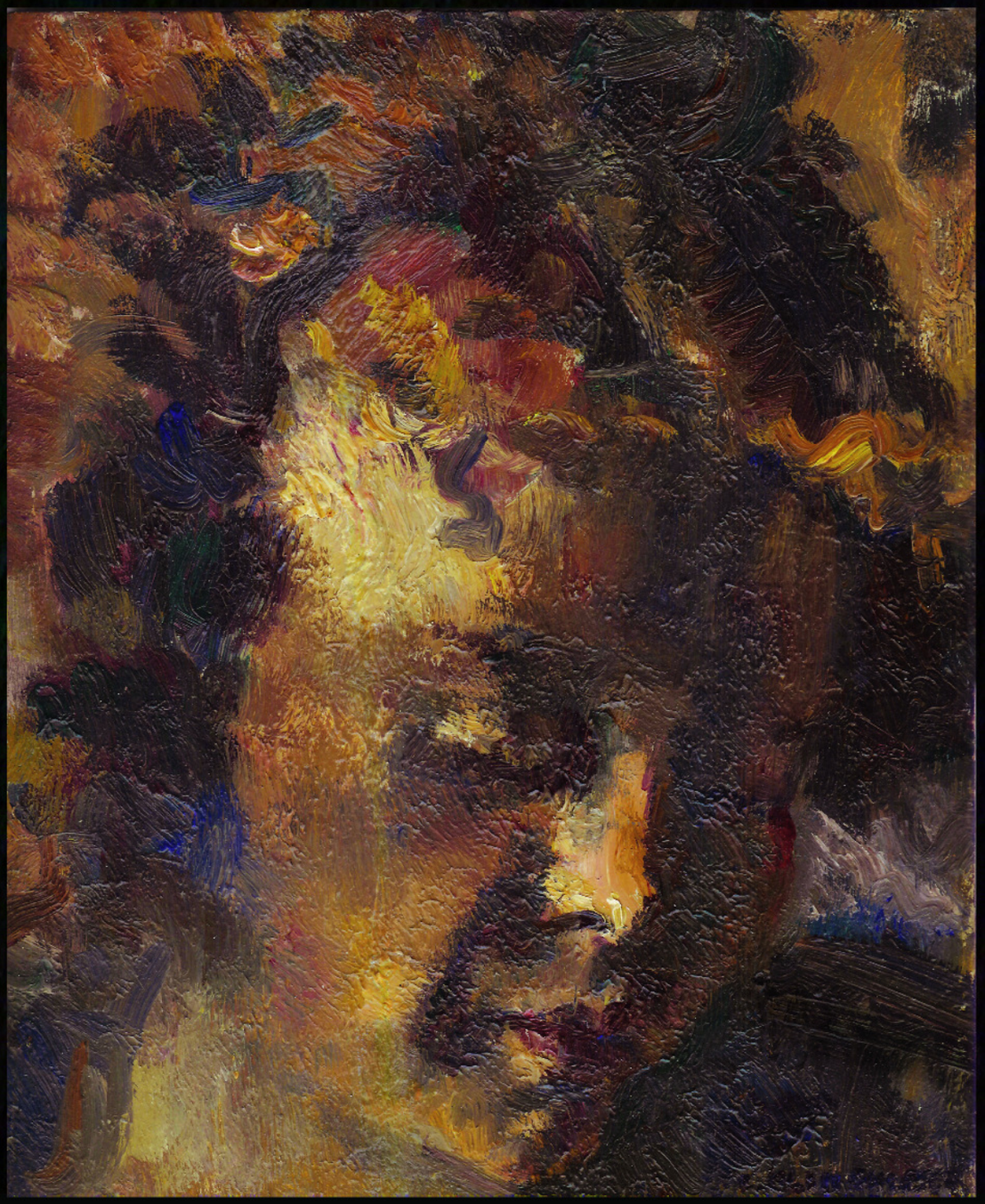


Clara Klinghoffer

“ THE GIRL WHO DRAWS LIKE RAPHAEL”

Front Cover:
Rose, one of seven Klinghoffer sisters, c. 1920.
Oil on wood panel.
10 x 8 in.

Clara Klinghoffer

*"THE GIRL WHO DRAWS LIKE RAPHAEL"**

Michael J. Laurence

* CKG in the London Daily Graphic, May 3, 1920.

To those generations who loved and admired Clara Klinghoffer and her work, and to those just arriving, seeking to discover our common humanity, whether evident or guarded beneath the surface.

I first discovered the editor of this text and design at CBS. Looking like Ingrid Bergman in her best screen moments, she passed my desk and forever changed my life. It is with love and gratitude to my Barbara that I dedicate this book.

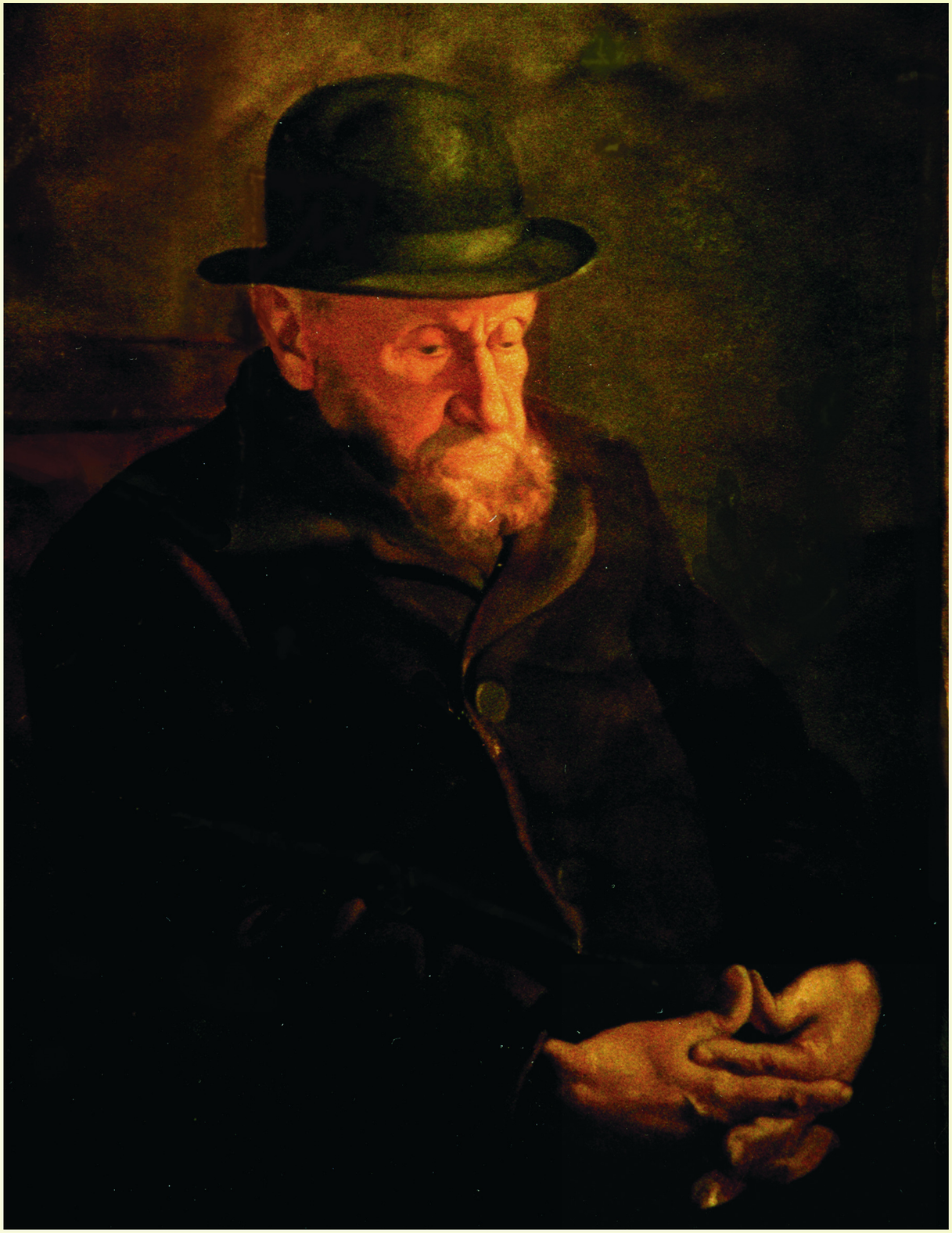
--Michael

"When much more celebrated artists are forgotton,
Clara Klinghoffer will be remembered."

Terrence Mullaly, The Daily Telegraph, 1981

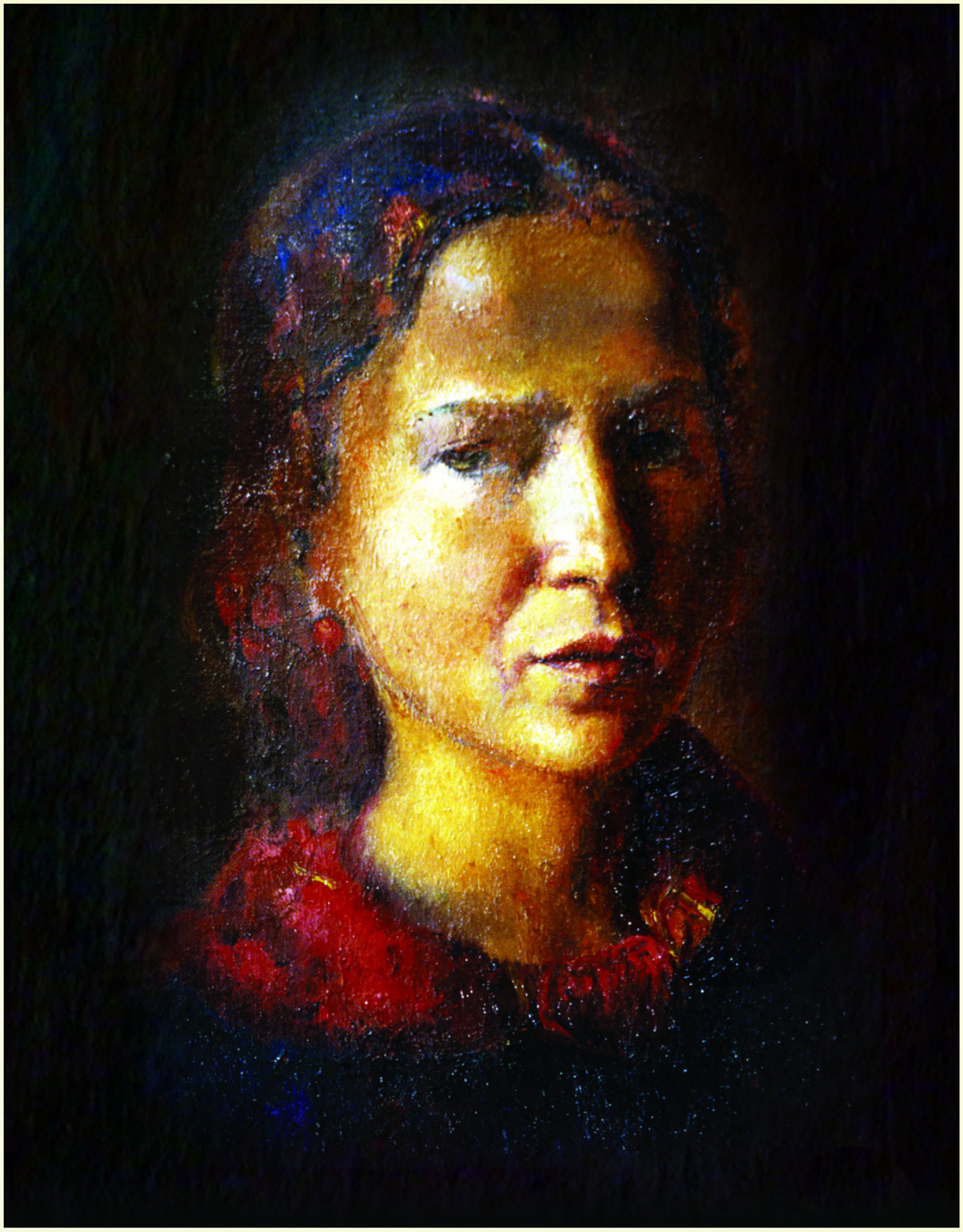
Old Gentleman with Cane, 1938.
Charcoal

*The Tassle (*Youngest Sister Hilda), c.1917. Oil on canvas.



Upon Reflection, 1919.
Oil on canvas.
48 x 36 in.

"I consider Clara Klinghoffer an artist of great talent, a painter of the first order...
Her understanding of form places her in the very first rank of draughtsmen in the world."
- Sir Jacob Epstein, London, March 30, 1939.



The Artist s Self-Portrait, c.1937.
Oil on canvas.
22.25 x 17 in.

Michael, 1950. Pencil on paper. 5.5 x 5.5 in.

Author's note:

As Clara Klinghoffer's son, it will be difficult to be entirely objective about my mother's life and art. She was Mom and mother. But at times I will refer to her as Clara which may better suit my other role as observer. I have tried to rely on archives, letters, reviews and interviews to tell her story in which such public figures as Vivien Leigh, Lord Laurence Olivier, actress and daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, Sarah Churchill, Nobel Peace Prize winner Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Kier Dullea of the film "2001 - A Space Odyssey," Author Isaac Bashevis Singer, recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature, playwright J. B. Priestley, broadcasters, ne'er-do-wells and Presidents were a part.

I was a witness of course, so observations about her life and trials, particularly in the United States, are largely mine.

I have included interviews recorded by Clara Klinghoffer's niece, Ruth Temple, who was one of her loveliest models. Ruth knew Clara well and was devoted to her. She interviewed two of the artist's surviving sisters - Ruth's own mother, Beth, and her aunt Rachel, and myself - to develop a more personal view of the woman who had been hailed as ***"One of the greatest English woman painters…"****

I have tried to identify the forces that influenced her positively, and those that did not. For example, there were early reviewers who assumed she painted and drew in the tradition of the great Venetian masters because she must have seen their works. The truth is she had not - not by 19 when her "masterly" drawings and canvases were first acclaimed. She had been a poor youngster in London's East End and had never had the opportunity to visit the museums.

Aside from the positive influences of her loving parents and sisters, there were destructive pressures on her which she had to combat with a firmness sufficient to preserve her unique focus. I will refer to them, and while harsh when read against the insights and beauty of her work, they were there and shaped her life and art as well.

This, therefore, will not be a didactic exploration of what an artist meant or how certain canvases were achieved.

Clara herself was interesting, a living, breathing soul who, like most, dealt with daily obstacles. Unlike most, she also had to confront a continuum of psychological and physical assaults. The fact that she stood her ground and persisted in her art throughout her life makes her story all the more remarkable.

* *News Review*, 14 April, 1938

Heemstede Canal from Gouds Bloom Plein, 1931.
Oil on canvas. 12 x 14.5 in.

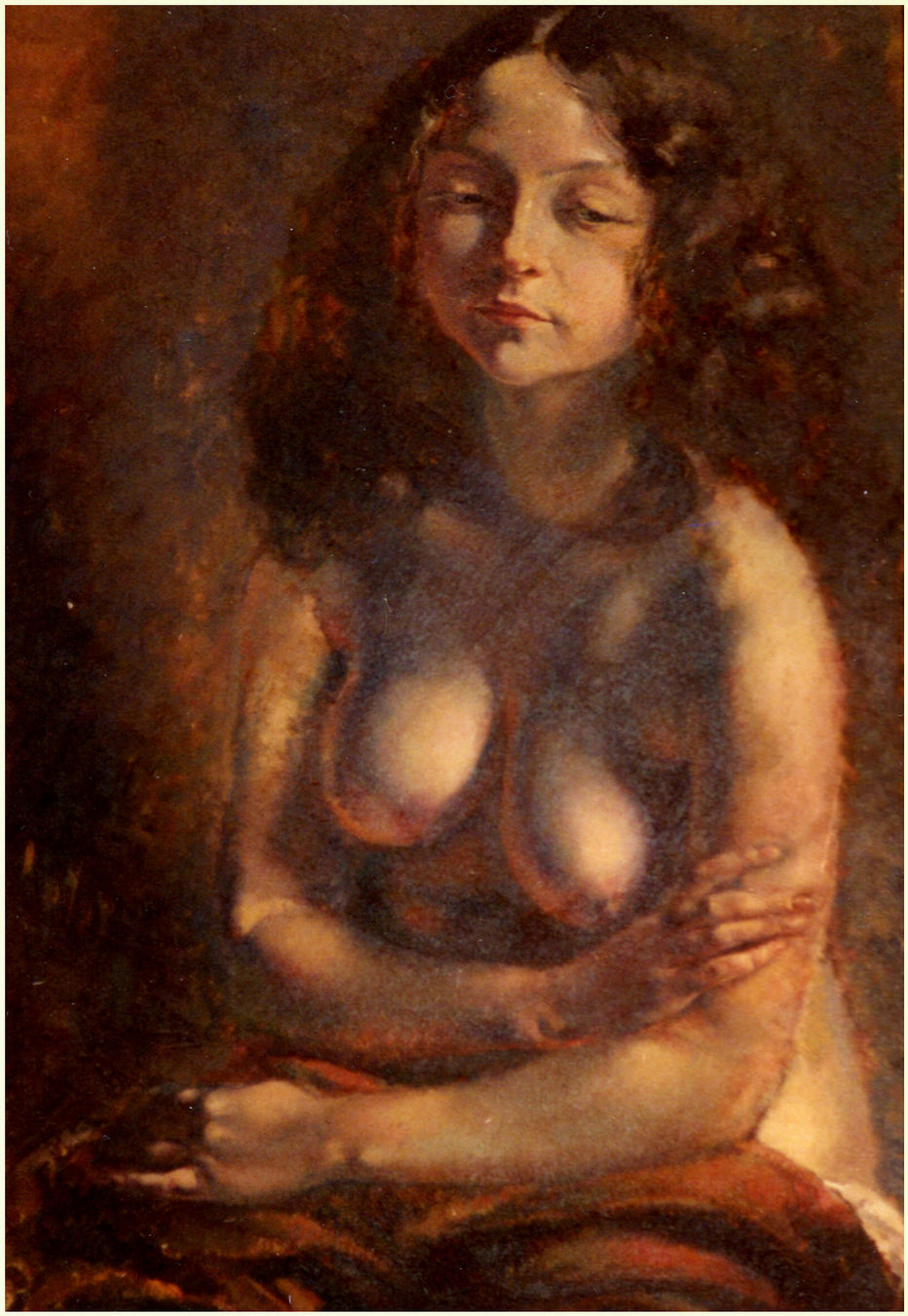
My earliest recollections of Clara go back to the 1930s when it first dawned on me as a toddler that Clara Klinghoffer was also someone other than Mom. She was famous. She was living in Holland with her husband, Joop, my sister, Sonia, and me in bucolic Heemstede-Aerdenhout, about twenty minutes from Amsterdam by train.

By 1939, World War II was imminent. Gentlemen diplomats were scurrying about with appeals to reason while Germany continued honing the combat worthiness of its 136 divisions. The Luftwaffe's Stuka dive bombers, capable of levels of terror never used in warfare before, were practicing their city-killing maneuvers out in the open. Astute journalists were predicting Hitler would attack Poland by September first. World leaders were urgently pressing the Fuehrer for the specifics of his intentions. Yet few of Clara Klinghoffer's friends could be persuaded that the Nazis would soon roll over Holland and that the time had come to leave. It was easy to rationalize against the possibility, even for someone as politically astute as Clara. She had a comfortable suburban home and two in help to manage the house and the children.

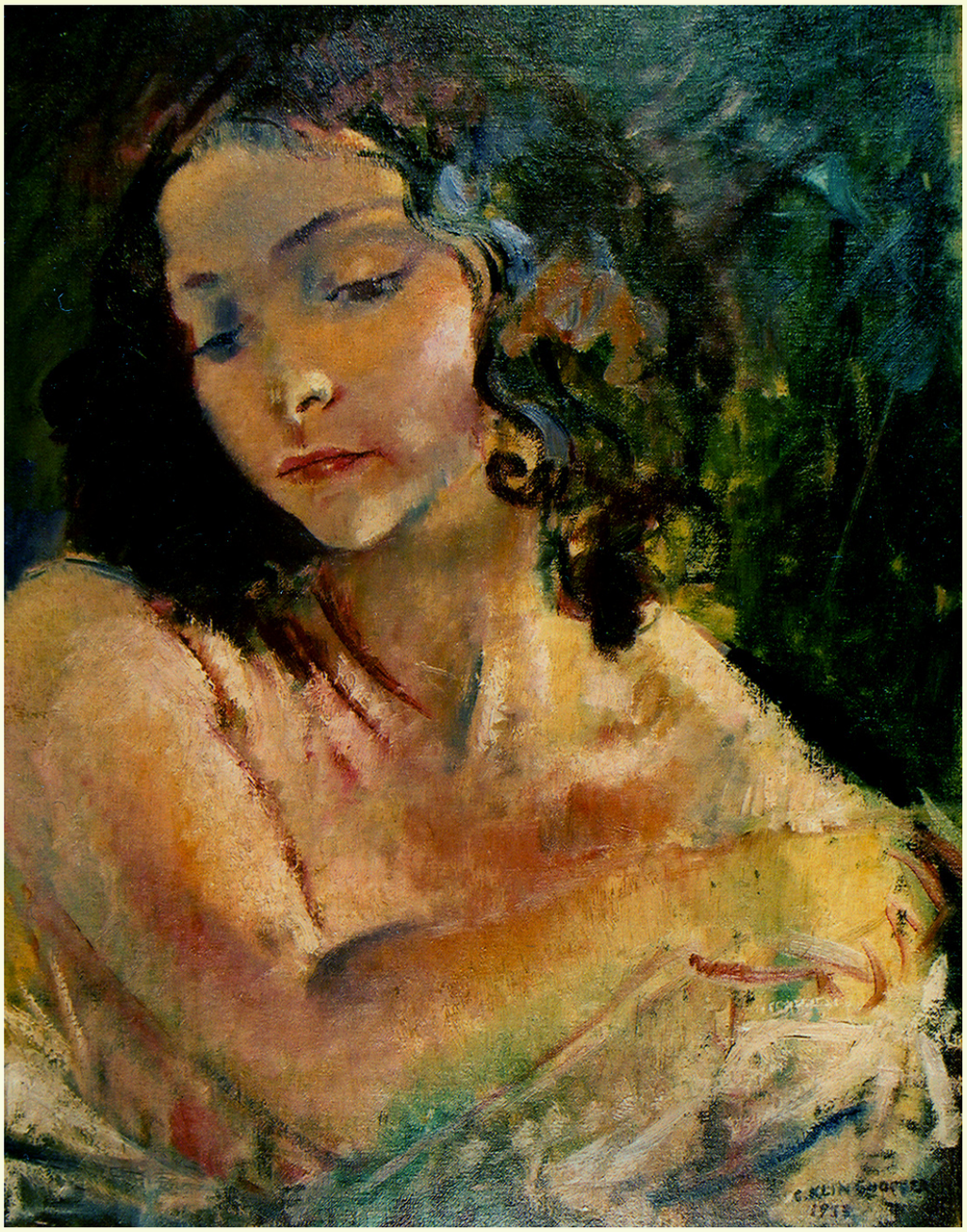
Her six strikingly beautiful sisters and her parents were just across the channel in London. Why leave Europe? After all, she was the young woman who, at 19, had been hailed as ***"The Girl Who Draws Like Raphael"*** and having in her ***"...some of the qualities possessed by the great Venitian painters."****

* Amelia DeFries, *Colour*, 1923

*Woman of Scheviningen,*1932.
Chalk on paper.
15.5 x 17.5 in.



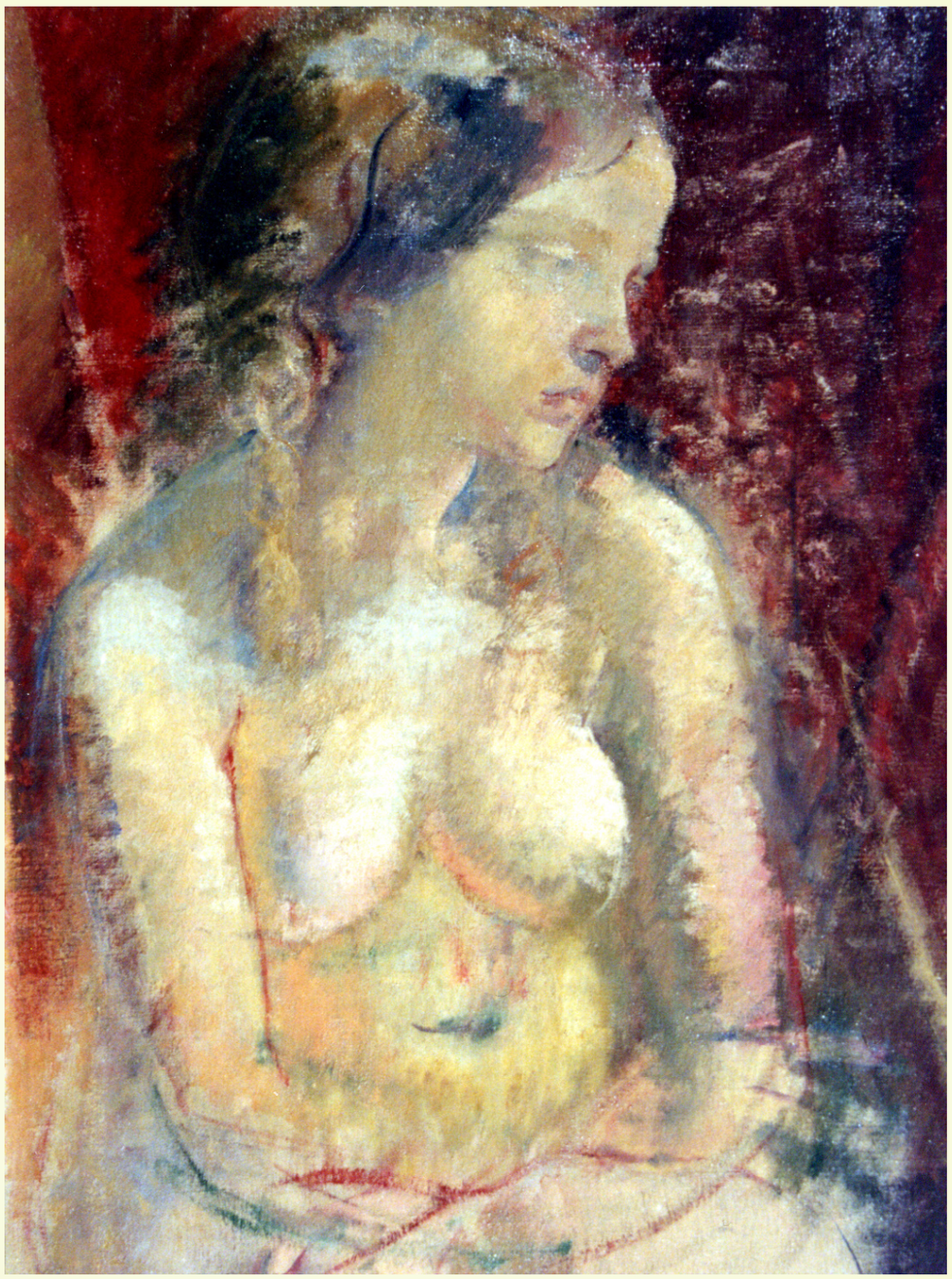
My Sister Beth, 1918.
Oil on canvas.
30 x 19.5 in.



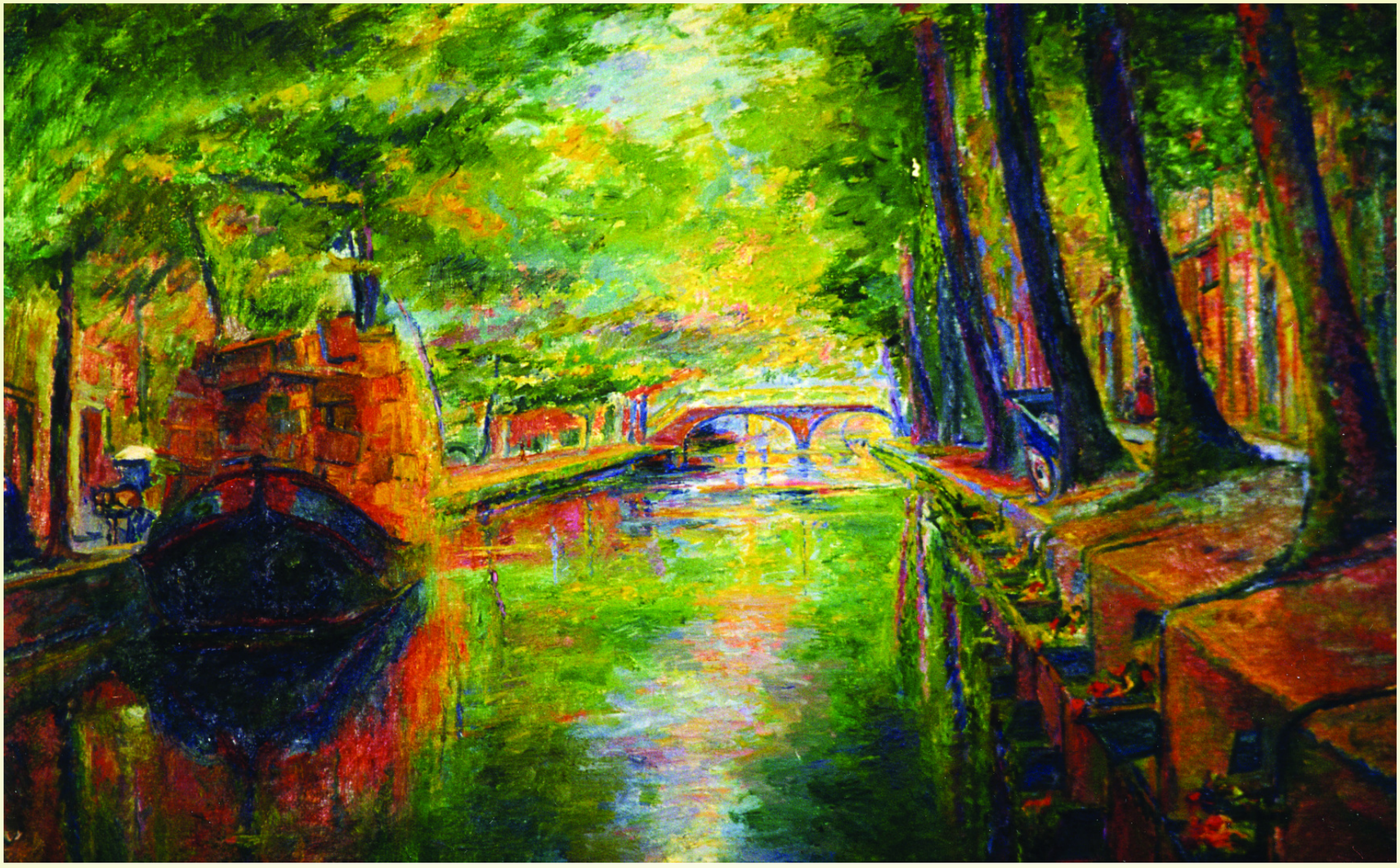
My Sister Leah, 1933.
Oil on canvas.
22 x 18.5 in.

Four Sisters, 1918. Oil on canvas. 48 x 30 in.
(Rose, Fannie, Rachel and baby Hilda)

Rachel: "We were seven sisters. Remember to tell them we were seven sisters..."



Paint Sketch, Hilda, 1932. Oil on canvas.



Delft Canal, 1935. Oil on canvas. 26 x 30 in.

She had held solo exhibitions at such major venues as London's ***Leicester*** and ***Redfern Galleries***. She had been compared to ***Rambrandt***, ***da Vinci*** and ***Renoir***. She had shown with ***Picasso***, ***Augustus John, Walter Sickert, Raoul Duffy, Henri Matisse, Lucien Pissarro, Salvador Dali, Maurice Utrillo, Bernard Meninsky, Mark Gertler and Dame Laura Knight***. Her extraordinary painting, ***The Old Troubadour***, was in the ***Tate Gallery collection***. Her admiring public was in England and on the Continent. Perhaps Hitler would be assassinated. Perhaps he was all bluster. And Holland was idyllic, a lovely place to live--with its weeping willows alongside winding canals--and her studio in Haarlem with its serene view of the barges and boats along the Spaarne.

Clara had lived through one war and didn't believe the one threatening would become any more personal for her than the first.

GREAT BRITAIN DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY
KING SPEECH TO NAVY

Headline from ***The Times***, London.

The Prayer, 1920. Ink wash on brown paper. 16.5 x 11.75 in.

Her remarkable talent had been discovered when she was 14 -- in 1914. The family had settled in a three storey house with a piano on each floor on Cannon Street Road in London's "less than smart" East End. Clara's Mom insisted her girls become refined ladies by learning to play classical piano. Clara's sketching was a laudable thing to do but music... Ah...music was a means to acceptance in high society. But Brahms, Mozart and Bach could not overcome the somber mood of the poor neighborhood made worse by the start of the First World War. "Going Out Of Business" signs and listings of discounted goods decorated the adjoining commercial establishments. Happiness was related to a roof that didn't leak and the candlelit magic of family dinners Friday nights. Mother would place a small napkin on her head, offer thanks, ask for health and peace and sit, the signal to begin.

Man In A Felt Hat (“Daddy”), 1929. Pen and ink.

Father was frequently away in Manchester where he dealt in cloth for army blankets and uniforms. Remarkably, he predated an uncanny likeness to Arthur Miller's Willy Loman of “Death of a Salesman” years before Willy's invention and international stage debut. "Salman K," as Mr. Klinghoffer was sometimes known, was a salesman too, finely attired, with hope in his step and in his engaging smile. He would come home rumpled. Clara would later capture the terrible weight of his exhaustion in her drawing, "Daddy,” which she also called "Man in a Felt Hat."”

Fashion detail from Clara's sketchbook at age 13.

It was in her mother's dress shop that the child who loved to draw was first noticed by the outside world.

Ruth: *Can you recall the first time anyone took notice of what she was doing?*

Beth: *The earliest thing I remember is inside the shop on Cannon Street Road and on the wall were several exceptionally good fashion drawings.*

Rachel: *A gentleman came into the shop and he noticed drawings on the wall. he said, "You've got a genius here."'*

Ruth: *And how old was she then?*

Rachel: *She must have been thirteen or fourteen.*

Beth: *She was completely absorbed in drawing. Where she saw a possible composition, she'd quickly get her sketch book and start drawing. There wasn't a lot of space. The shop was small.*

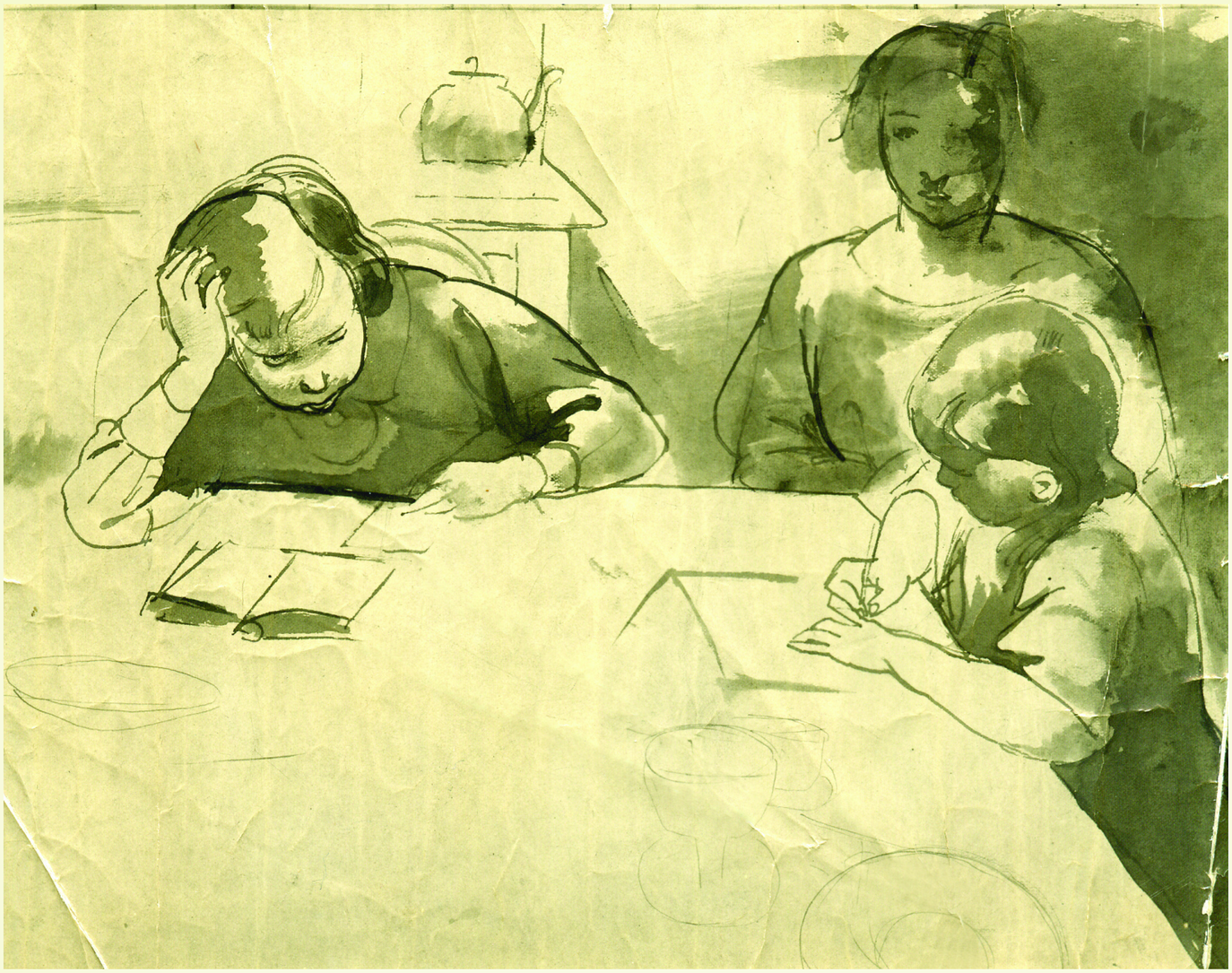
About a year later she decided to go to the Central School of Arts and Crafts to see what it was like. Clara was rather petite and she had a lovely deportment - she walked beautifully. And off she went, her back straight, wearing a cape, carrying a portfolio about half the size of a kitchen table.

Once inside, she meets Bernard Meninsky, one of the masters there at the time and another teacher (Duncan Grant, ed.*) - and Meninsky looks at her. Well, what he thought, God only knows. A little girl like that carrying a portfolio almost as big as she was. Mr. Meninsky and that other teacher started laughing.*

Rachel: *And then she opened the portfolio and began turning the drawings over...*

The Violinist, 1914. Pencil on paper.
(Clara was 14 years old)

In The Kitchen (Rose), 1914. Pen and ink wash.
(Clara was 14 years old)



Studying, 1913. Ink wash on paper.
(Clara was 13 years old)

Four Faces, c.1914. Page from an early sketchbook.

Faces and an Ear, 1914. Pencil drawings from early sketchbook.

Folded Drawing, c. 1915. Pen and ink wash.

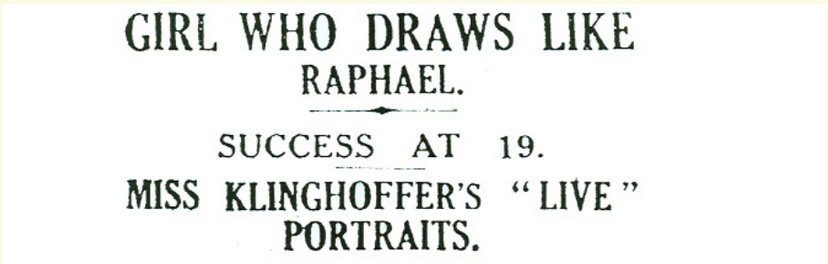
East End School Girl, c.1915. Oil on canvas.

Sketches of Hands and Faces. Page from an early sketchbook.

Sketches of the Artist's Hand. Page from an early sketchbook.

TRachel (continued): *Meninsky's smirk? It fell off his face. "My God," he said. "The child draws like da Vinci!" "Oh, she's talented, she's got talent," the other teacher said. And that's how it started. She just walked in. And then she won a scholarship at the Slade. That was in 1918. Henry Tonks was the professor there and turned to her one day and said, "You know, Miss Klinghoffer, I think it would be far better for you to leave because we can't teach you much more here." She took his word for it and worked at home. And at 19 she had her first solo exhibition at the Hampstead Gallery - twenty one paintings and thirty-two drawings. Alfred Wolmark had recommended her. I can't tell you the stir her work made. She got wonderful criticisms. They compared her to Rembrandt. The Sunday papers did! And all the national papers! Reporters were knocking the door down, they were. You know what reporters are like!*

It was a momentous sendoff. On May 3rd, 1920, **C.K.G. in London's Daily Graphic** headlined:


GIRL WHO DRAWS LIKE
RAPHAEL.

SUCCESS AT 19.

MISS KLINGHOFFER'S "LIVE"
PORTRAITS.

"Miss Klinghoffer must be regarded as a new star…Her work is strongly individualistic and original, her point of view strictly her own, her power great…If she elects to do a thing it is done with masterful force. Her drawings of heads are splendid, full of the beautiful spirit of Raphael. Her portraits are uncompromising in their severity, but full of clever characterization, and the use to which the hands are put in helping to develop the character of the subject is a revelation. Such work is welcome, for its promise is very great."

Two days later, **The Evening Standard** followed with: ***"So far as can be judged at the present stage of her career, Clara Klinghoffer, who is now holding her first exhibition of paintings and drawings at the Hampstead Art Gallery, is destined to have a brilliant future…Portraits like 'Russian Girl,' 'Little Annie' and of a white bearded man with a cigarette can be praised without qualifications."***

Old Mr. Brodetsky, 1918. Drawing in preparation for painting. 20 x 17 in.

Old Mr. Brodetsky, 1918. Oil on canvas.

Rosie, 1925.
Charcoal on paper.

Sick Child, 1935.
Chalk on paper.

The Neighbour, c. 1925. Pencil on paper.

Untitled, 1925. Chalk on paper.

Rosie In Repose, 1925. Chalk on paper.

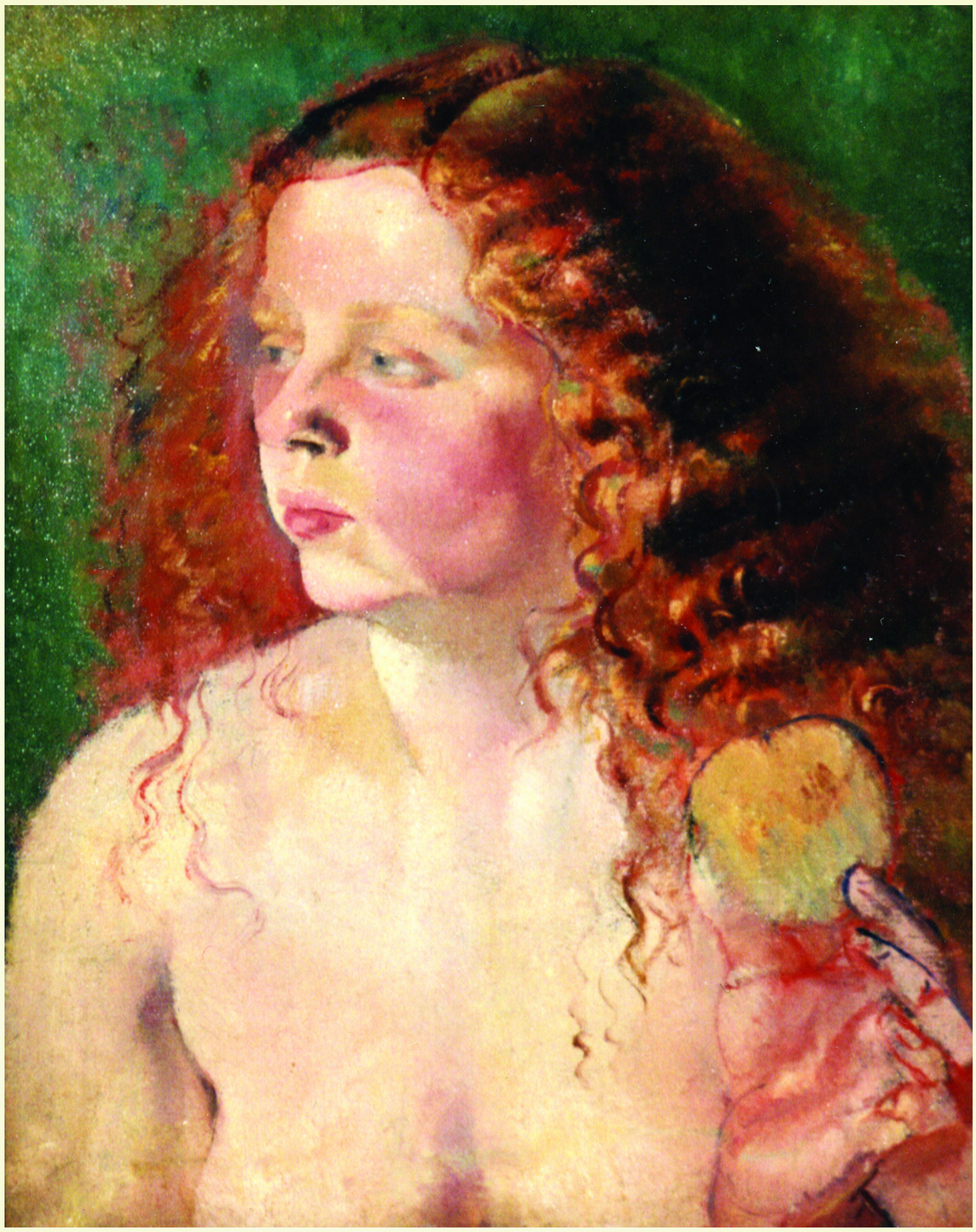
Fannie, c. 1916. Pen and ink wash.

Impatience, 1920. Pen and ink wash.

Little Annie, 1918. Oil on canvas.

The Manicure, c.1934. Oil on canvas.

The Dutch Antique Dealer, 1930. Oil on canvas.



Rosie with Apple, c.1929. Oil on canvas. 21 x 17.5 in.

After The Bath, c. 1918. Oil on canvas.

Clara's work had also been on display at the New English Art Club. On June 11th, the **Daily Mail** judged that ***"Clara Klinghoffer's 'Mother and Child' is manifestly brimming with talent."***

On the 13th, the **Sunday Times** coverage of the New English Art Club exhibition singled Clara out. After describing accomplished painters of the day as ***"affecting an austerity which regards charm as a dangerous concession to the public taste,"*** there is this: ***"The newcomer whose work is a brilliant exception to this rule is Miss Klinghoffer whose 'Mother and Child' (19) will appeal to many as having more sheer beauty than any work at the exhibition. While exceedingly able in point of drawing, this picture of a mother just lifting her child out of a bath delights one by the piquancy of its colour, the shimmer of light on the bare flesh being rendered with the tenderness of a Renoir and the dexterity of a Besnard. In its dazzling radiance is a joy of pure colour that has no equal at present in Pall Mall."***

There is one mistake in that review that should be pointed out. The mother in the painting is Clara's older sister, Fanny. The child is Hilda, the newest and last of the seven Klinghoffer girls to arrive.

Ruth: *Instant fame?*

Rachel: *She had become very popular and started being invited to society affairs. The society girls used to pay her two guineas for a drawing. I'll tell you where else she was very popular, Leicester Galleries. That was one of the finest galleries. She showed with Mark Gertler there and David Bomberg.*

Ruth: *Bomberg?*

Rachel: *She didn't get on with him.*

Ruth: *Didn't like him?*

Rachel: *She was in the same studio with him. No, she couldn't get on with him. Couldn't stick him, dear.*

In 1923, **Amelia Defries**, after an interview with Clara, wrote the following, in part, in the magazine, **Colour**:

"For some time past, at the Grosvenor, the Goupil, and the Hampstead Art Galleries (and also in the pages of Colour, Drawing, and other papers), I have been attracted to the work of Clara Klinghoffer, who recently showed her work at the Leicester Galleries...

"Thanks to the Grosvenor Galleries, I obtained her address, and one foggy day I set forth on a pilgrimage to Hackney - where she lives.

"After traveling underground and over ground for over an hour - realizing all at once the immensity of London - I reached a street where urchins playing on the kerb in the fog made me long to be a painter, for they formed such a picture on the tree-bordered road as would have appealed to Daumier and Forain.

"In answer to my ring the door of the house was opened and I was let into a misty hall by a small pale girl with a face at once wistful and gay. She showed me into a brightly lit room and I noticed her bronze-coloured, bobbed hair. A wistful little child in a pink knitted frock ran in after and climbed on her knee...

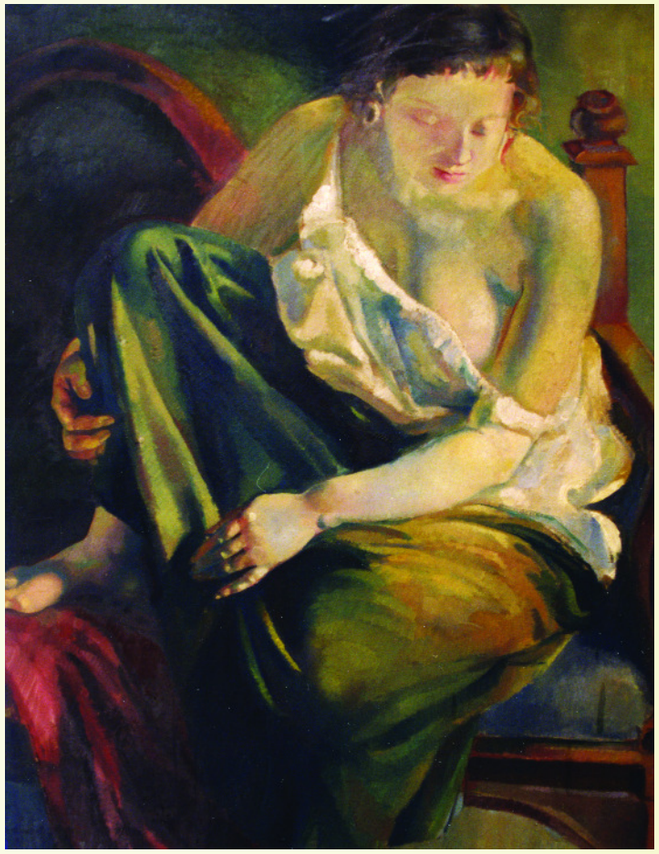

"Yes," she said, "here I am."

"Could I see Clara Klinghoffer?" I asked the young girl who had opened the door to me. She laughed, 'Yes,' she said simply, 'here I am' and she began to move about among the many large canvases in the room. Was this girl the artist about whom London was beginning to talk? The artist who had already shown large oil paintings, and accomplished drawings, at the chief exhibitions! This girl, who was among the five or six moderns included in the show of Drawings by Old Masters held at the Leicester Galleries - the others being such men as (Sir William) Orpen and (Augustus) John!"

The Leicester Galleries had come into Clara's life when she was 23 in 1923. After the opening, Miss **Defries** wrote in part: ***"…In her teens, without money or influence, and living in the non-fashionable end of London, she has made her mark in the center of the most difficult city in the world.***

"When I spoke to her of her Leonardo tendency, she smiled softly and, pointing to a figure in one of her pictures, she said, 'It is one of my sisters. Isn't she lovely? (Sir Jacob) Epstein has done her too. He thinks she's a wonderful beauty.

"Because of her gift for composition and colour on a majestic scale and her flowing line and form, I would like to see her genius develop into a mural decoration on a large scale, for she has in her some of the qualities possessed by the great Venetian painters."


Fannie, 1920. Oil on canvas. 59.5 x 39.5 in.

The Drink, 1920. Oil on canvas. 50 x 40” in.

Lakshme, 1918. Oil on canvas. 27 x 20 in.

Portrait of Fannie, 1924. Oil on canvas.

Dutch Workman with Cap, c. 1937. Charcoal on paper.

Ruth: *She was intellectually quite bright wasn't she?*

Beth: *Lovely to talk to. And she wasn't conceited.*

Ruth: *What is it about her drawings do you think that made them attract so much attention?*

Rachel: *Her drawings were magnificent. Pencil on paper. I never have seen anything like it. Miraculous. They wrote about it. Sir Jacob Epstein said it, 'Clara Klinghoffer, one of the finest draughtsmen in the world.'*

The suggestion that Clara try her hand at a huge mural would come up again and again. If she ever considered doing so, there is no letter, there are no documents or preparatory sketches that refer to the possibility. The people of the East End, the peddlers, the street rascals, the aging poor clinging to scraps of dignity, they were at the center of her focus and empathy.

Ruth*: You mentioned she was lucky.*

Beth*: Well, she had six sisters willing to sit for her at any time. She could have been in a family where they might have said, 'What are you spending your time doing this for?' Painting pictures and drawing was a rather elite sort of thing to do. Mother encouraged her, mother particularly. She wasn't an easy person but she did encourage Clara and gave her the money she needed. Daddy wouldn't have done it. He was much more down to earth. Daddy was a sweet man but it was mother who made it possible for her to do what she did.*

Rachel*: But Daddy would always put his hand in his back pocket to give her money for canvases. I would catch him at it. She always had money. Daddy always wanted her to paint a big picture.*

"Daddy" had read about Michelangelo. He felt Clara would one day be compared to the great master and, on his journeys to Leeds and Manchester, would peek inside the grandest churches he could find to examine their ceilings. He urged Clara to write a letter to King Edward offering to paint the inside of St. Paul's Cathedral. Mother thought it crazy. "It would take fifty years," she announced. "And what if they convert her? They would have fifty years to do it!"

Ceilings as "canvases" were of no special interest to Clara. She loved people and loved to study them. Her interests, from her earliest sketches to those at the end of her career, were the psychological hints of

The London Agent, 1920. Oil on canvas. 40 x 30 in.

“Her portraits are of the personality rather than the physical likeness alone.” Meyer Levin, author.

character formed on a face, shadings and luminous accents that molded form, eyes and hands that revealed exclusive histories. As critics would later attest, Clara Klinghoffer could somehow see beyond the mask of social presentation and capture "hidden" actualities.

Meyer Levin, internationally noted author of *Compulsion* and *The Old Bunch*, commenting in The Philadelphia Inquirer, wrote, ***"The creative dimension in any painting lies ultimately in the artist's imagination...'Absolute likeness,' (Miss Klinghoffer says) 'is shallow. Portraiture can be practiced creatively only by an artist with the gift of intuition.' Her portraits are of the personality rather than the physical likeness alone."***

Ruth: *What do you think was particular about her portraits?*

Rachel: *Clara was always true to herself. She said there's always beauty even in outwardly ugly people. She always said that to me. It wasn't just the face she drew. It was what came out of the person, the innards. I have never seen anything like it. Miraculous. But when you're doing a commission, you've got to be able to make people look what they are not. And when you do what they are, they don't like it. But she could only draw the truth. She used to exhibit at the Royal Academy. Her work was hung on the line. All good work went on the line and there was a picture there, one of her pictures was of a Troubadour - The Old Troubadour. That's in the Tate. The Tate bought it. (Purchased for the Tate Gallery under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. - Ed.)*

In *The Old Troubadour* (Torquato Simoncelli), Clara Klinghoffer was able to capture the guitarist's nuanced control of a musical tone with a subtlety that only Haiku might put into a single equally evocative word. Unlike obtuse modern works often requiring supplemental written explanations, *The Old Troubadour* requires only a glance for the viewer to be engaged.

In May, 1926, after exhausting herself preparing for her one-woman show of 55 works at the Redfern Gallery, she went to Holland for her first real holiday. It was at the suggestion of a Dutch gentleman who had been courting her for a couple of years.

Holland charmed her. Bicycles and trams, each warning the other with trilling bells and metallic pizzicatos, "windmolen" in the countryside, their huge fans turning gracefully, fishermen hawking their dried bokking (red herring) hanging in wheeled carts, and, as parting clouds let the sun in - the widening light revealing depth and character- this was the brilliant, moody, precise land of Van Gogh, Rembrandt and Vermeer. She would later paint the neighborhood and maroon-red house in which Vermeer had his second floor studio.

In towns, street organs bedecked with ceramic birds with mouths open as though chirping, entertained passersby. Small children would be given the honor of placing coins in the orgeldraaier's - organ-grinder's - tin cup as he powered the bellows, switching hands in a continuous motion when one arm tired - all without any change in the melody. The entertainer would bow to the child in polite acknowledgement. To Clara, Holland seemed a merry, civilized place of human-sized proportions where the person, rather than machines or massive buildings, was paramount.

The Old Troubadour, 1926. Tate Gallery Collection. London.
Purchased for the Tate Gallery under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest.

"There can, I think, be little doubt that in the present exhibition of the Women's International Art Club at the Suffolk Galleries, Miss Clara Klinghoffer's 'The Old Troubadour' (141) is an outstanding achievement, both as a bit of character delineation and as sheer painting." - Apollo, April 1928.

Madonna, 1920. Oil on canvas. 44 x 30 in.

Rachel forwarded the latest press clippings praising the Redfern Exhibition.

"Her drawings...while they are reminiscent of Leonardo da Vinci, they leave out his emphasis and thus their correctness becomes apparent only after close examination...They are profoundly sensitive." **- The Times, London, 15 March, 1926**

"Clara Klinghoffer, Bernard Meninsky's erstwhile pupil, is holding an exhibition of paintings and drawings at the Redfern Gallery in Bond Street...Her drawing of a Sick Child is exquisitely felt and drawn with a touch as sure as it is delicate. In her paintings she uses a palette permeated with iridescent opalescent colours which play into each other and produce a vague surface movement. Of her pictures, 'Rachel' which has been bought by the Contemporary Art Society, 'In the Studio,' 'Madonna' and 'Brunette' may be mentioned as being among the most successful." **- The Observer, London, 21 March 1926**

"The work of Clara Klinghoffer at the Redfern Gallery reveals an artist of great subtlety. Remarkable results are obtained with very restrained use of material, as is evident in her 'Madonna'...Students of modern art should not miss the work of this young artist." **- The Sphere, London, 27 March, 1926**

Clara was back in London for her July 29th wedding at Duke Street's Great Synagogue. The next morning, paint case, sketch books and brushes packed, the newlyweds were off to Menton for their long planned French Riviera honeymoon. Envisioned for six weeks, it extended to nearly ten months as Clara found landscapes and people that intrigued her. One in particular, the archway at Menton with its split lighting - what cinematographers refer to as the key and fill lights - gave it a dramatically haunting quality that would not be there in either total light or virtual darkness. One can almost hear an echo of someone approaching from the other side. Her authoritative use of darks and lights, particularly for nudes, was frequently pointed out by those assessing her work.

Clara's husband, Joop* Willem Ferdinand Stoppelman, was a journalist and novelist, brilliant, largely self-taught. Born in 1898, he grew up penniless in the mud-poor streets of Groningen, north Holland, where he endured the horror of watching his police officer father, favorite sister and brother succumb to tuberculosis. One must assume the powerlessness of that experience scarred him deeply and may have contributed in some part to his harsh conduct later on. As a young man he left Groningen determined not to look back. In his lifetime, he would work his way up from hefting sides of beef in a London slaughterhouse to U.N. political correspondent for Holland's leading daily, Het Vrije Volk (The Free People).

Self-taught, he became fluent in seven languages and, in the lead-up to World War II, when he was in America, he could be heard on WOR radio providing simultaneous translations of Hitler's and Mussolini's tirades. He could be gracious at parties and charming when interviewing diplomats and prime ministers and traveling with the Royal Family. But at home, Stoppelman had a vile temper.

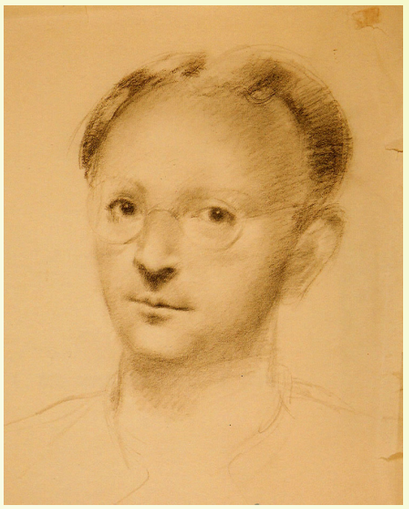
Menton Arch, 1926. Oil on wood. 13 x 10.5 in.

* Joop pronounced as in cope

His screaming rages would ultimately become known to his neighbors in three countries. In America, the New York City police (32nd Precinct) would become involved. Looking owlish behind his dark-rimmed glasses and with his pursed lips, his fury could be sparked by an imagined challenge or erupt full-blown without a detectable reason. With a "Well, Goddamnit!" his fist would crash down on the dinner table and we were off to the races.

None of us would dare move. There was no telling what he had in mind. There would come a time when murder became an actual prospect. As he stomped around the room screaming invectives, urging himself to ever greater peaks of rage, neighbors would call the police. Generally it would last for hours leaving him spent and voiceless and Clara and the children terrified.

For Clara, it was not the most encouraging atmosphere in which to nurture a career.



Joop Sketch, 1929. Pencil on canvas.

Rachel: *He was very jealous of her. Why should he have to work and be the provider and she do her art? I don't think he had much knowledge of art. He was jealous of her fame. (Before she married him) she knew him for about two years and then it went off. And her sister Fanny sent her to a tea party and there he was. And again, she was crazy about him. Ever hear of anything like it? So she came back.*

Beth: *Head over heels. He was frightful. On the one hand he was an intellectual and on the other there was another body there with this vile behavior. Say one word to him, he'd blow up. His own mother said to Clara and I was there at the time, "Why don't you leave him? Go back to England." I had gone to Holland and stayed once in the house. His mother was living there and there was never a moment that he wasn't shouting about something. No other woman would stick it. I remember her son, Michael, sitting in his little chair after one of Joop's outbursts, and he said to his Mommy, "Why don't you go to England?" He was sitting in the baby chair. I always remember that. I don't know how she stuck it. She seemed to think that was all part of the marriage - to put up with anything he did. I mean he was cruel. He beat her.*

Michael, 1934. Charcoal on canvas.

Not easy to walk out on, is it? Especially for women in those days. She once had a very nice gentleman friend.

***Ruth**: But despite her marriage she continued to work.*

***Beth**: And kept house and shopped and cooked. But she was also single-minded about her work. And when she was expressing herself on canvas, she was herself.*

***Ruth**: Did she ever divulge her feelings?*

***Beth**: In those days you didn't tell people. Clara would have felt a little disloyal even though he was behaving badly. She felt she shouldn't be talking about him.*

The world hadn't yet entertained the notion that a woman could be an innocent victim. The belief then was that, as a woman, she must have been doing something to earn her husband's wrath and beatings. Either she hadn't "obeyed" (a condition in the woman's marriage vow at that time) or had provoked him in some other way. As often happens with battered people, she became particularly defensive on behalf of the world's underdogs. It was that empathy that became increasingly evident in her work.

Clara returned to London in March of 1927 to await Sonia's birth which was celebrated two months later on May 28th. The baby wasn't yet one when the family moved to Montmorency, a short distance from Paris. Joop had been offered a job there which would leave Clara free to care for her daughter while continuing to work.

Madame Marie-Louise Colzy, lovely daughter of a high level commandant, who lived across the street, was hired to help with the diapers, shopping and cooking. Freed from housework, the new Mom was able to pay visits to Paris' renowned art school, the Grande Chaumiere, to sketch their models.

Commandant Colzy, 1927. Charcoal on board.

Père Daviet, 1927. Oil on canvas. 32 x 25 in.

Two paintings done during that period became outstanding contributions to the Klinghoffer collection. First, the somewhat impressionistic study of Père Daviet, a taciturn, gimlet-eyed restaurateur devoted to his midday glass of wine.

Alathene, 1927. Oil on canvas. 30 x 24 in.

The same year, Clara found the strolling guitarist, Alathene, flamboyantly dressed in eighteenth century attire, in the Oubliettes Rouges on the Ile de la Cité, where he sang to his own accompaniment nightly.

Bananas, 1923. Oil on canvas. 36 x 28 in.

Years earlier, she had already become well known for her gift of revealing character. *Bananas* was one of London's East End peddlers Clara asked to sit to her. Flattered to have his likeness preserved, he appeared for his appointments in upper class finery to be recorded, one imagines, for posterity that way. But Miss Klinghoffer also saw and captured something else. The hands, gnarled and powerful, wore the unmistakable evidence of hard times. The stooped figure, though imposing, had been bent by the crush of losing. The eyes still searched but no longer with hope.

In December, 1927, **J. B. Manson, Curator of the Tate Gallery, wrote in The Studio:** ***"(Clara Klinghoffer) has, it would seem, naturally a precious gift: the power of transmuting the facts of experience into the gold of expression."***

1928 marked the start of trips between Holland and England to respond to gallery requests and commitments in both countries.

Ruth: *There's a brochure here from the Redfern Gallery, May 2nd to June 1st in 1929. One-man show. And according to the catalogue there's an indication that fourteen were sold and the Redfern held on to nine more. Do you know how many she sold in her lifetime?*

Beth: *No, I don't.*

Rachel: *They were walking off the walls they were.*

Beth: *She was prolific.*

Ruth: *Then in 1932, she was at the Leicester again.*

Beth: *I believe that's right.*

I know I contributed to her beleaguered schedule in the year leading up to that exhibition. I was born in January of 1931 and despite nurses, I must have interrupted her for meals. And my older sister, Sonia, almost four, also needed her mom's attention. Nevertheless, Clara persisted and continued to evoke praise.

"Clara Klinghoffer's three paintings, which include a study of a head - Leah - as exquisite in colour as it is masterly in its drawing and modeling, are in a class by themselves. Beside the ripe achievement of this highly gifted painter, the remaining exhibits appear the work of novices." -- **Sunday Times, London**

Leah, 1932. Oil on canvas.

Lucien Pissarro, son of Camille, 1932. Oil on canvas.

"As an expression of personality in paint the portrait of Lucien Pissarro is one of the most successful paintings we have ever seen. It positively simmers with the temperamental qualities of a veteran artist." **- The Times, London.**

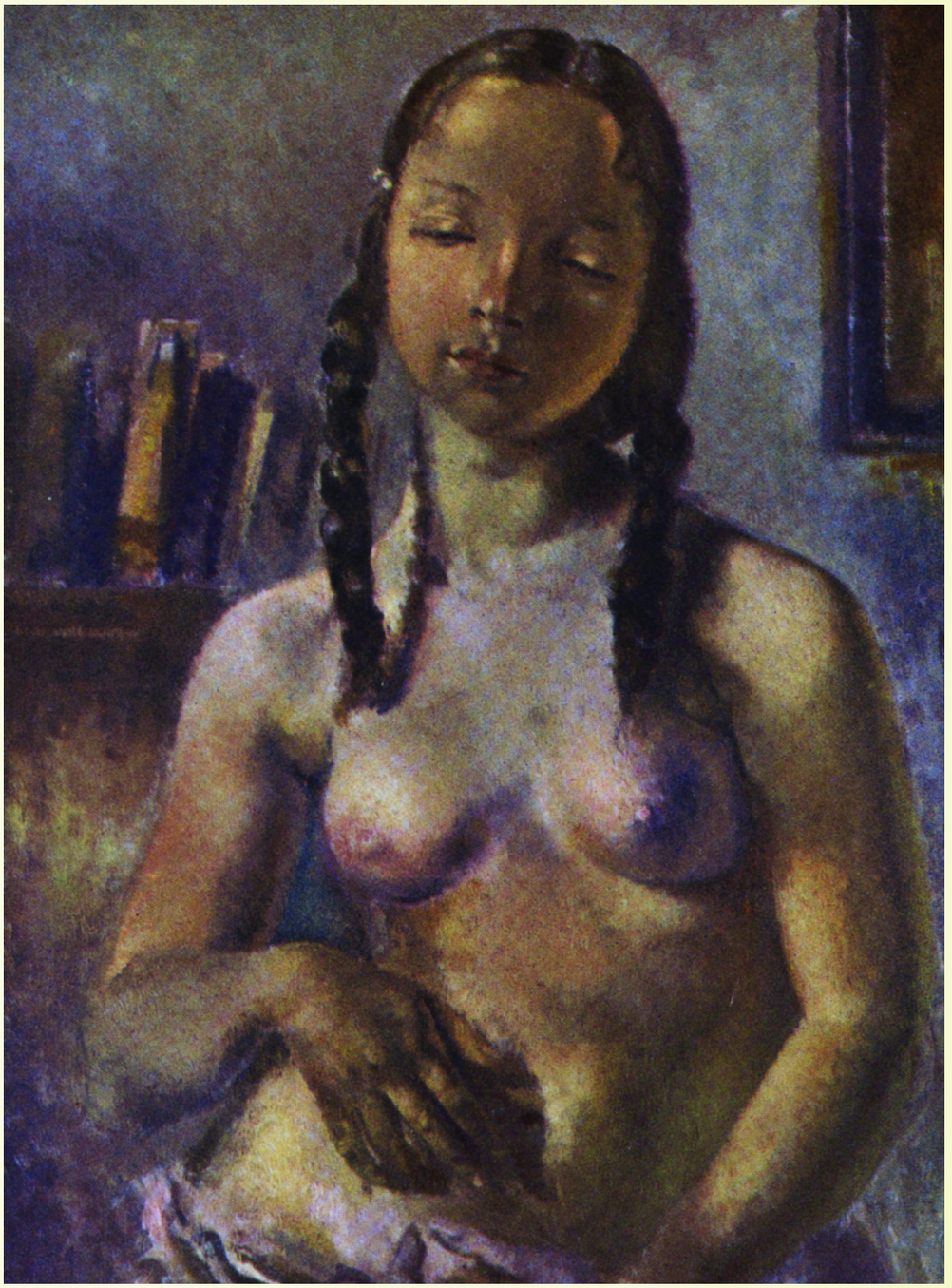
Child in High Chair, 1934. Oil on canvas. 28.75 x 19.75 in.

And later, again in the **Sunday Times:**

"Splendidly virile draughtsmanship and subtle tonal qualities are characteristic of the art of Miss Clara Klinghoffer, whose paintings and drawings are on view at the Leicester Galleries. Her portraits include an admirable painting of Lucien Pissarro, which is not only a 'speaking likeness' of the distinguished artist, but also a most skillful and delicately executed example of impressionist portraiture.

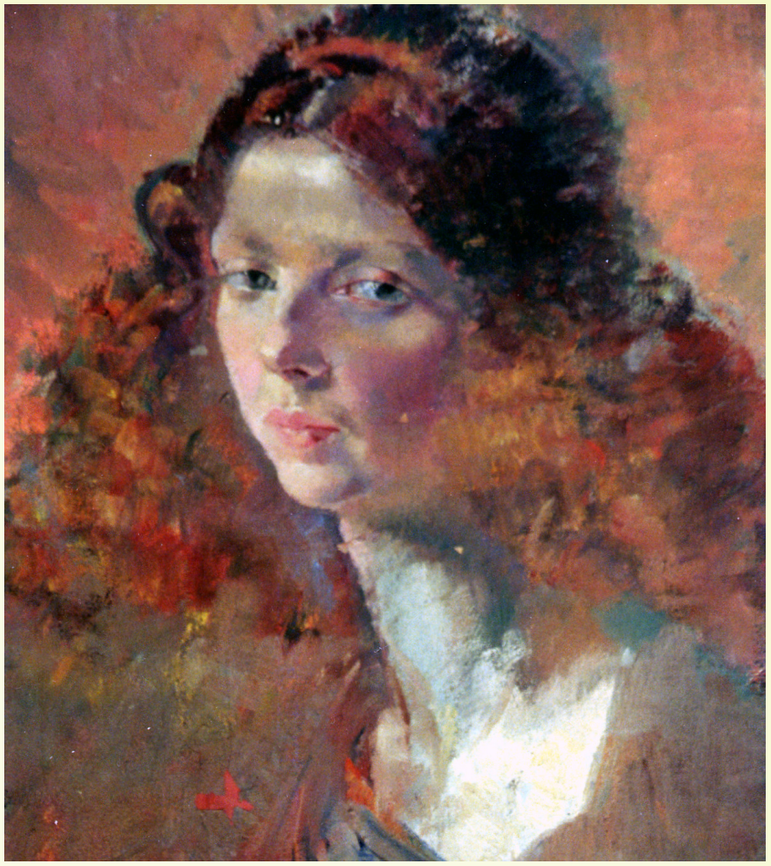
"The perfection of her draughtsmanship and modeling in paint can be seen in 'Nude Girl with Plaits,' which well deserves the award of that much-abused adjective 'masterly'. Of the larger paintings, 'The Sisters' is one of the most impressive in its convincing atmospheric qualities, and it has also great charm in its colour. A number of other paintings and a group of excellent drawings further demonstrate the sterling talent of this gifted artist.'

Having become familiar with Klinghoffer drawings and paintings at the Leicester Gallery and at other venues, the ***J. B. Priestleys*** commissioned Clara to do a portrait of their son, Tom. Priestley recorded it in his Diary of the Week: "Coming home I found Jane with Clara Klinghoffer who is doing a drawing of our baby Thomas. She fell quite in love with him as she drew him..."



Nude Girl with Plaits, 1931. Oil on canvas.

Rachel, 1925. **Courtesy City of Aberdeen Museum.**



Rose, c. 1925. Oil on canvas.

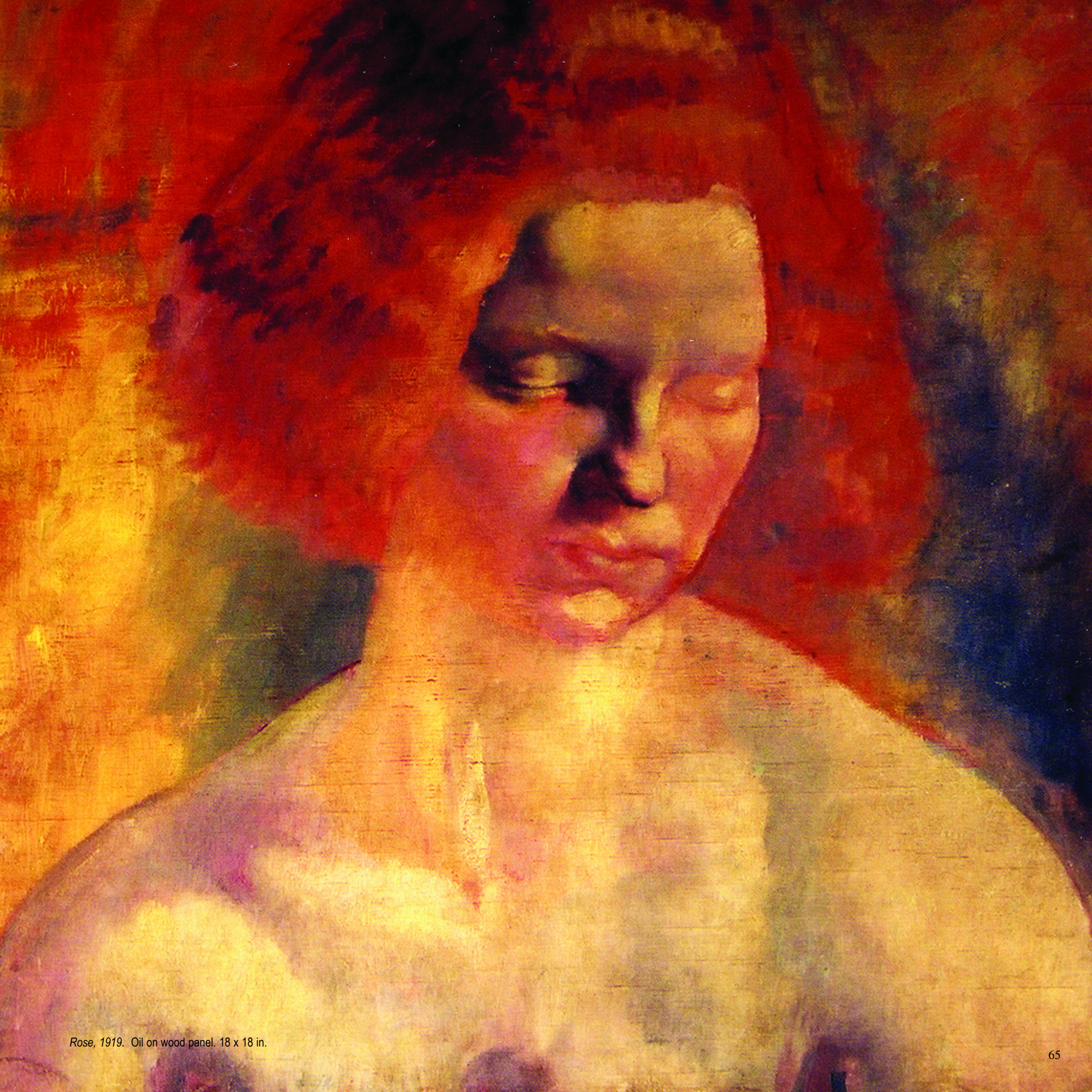
Ruth: *How often would she have you sit?*

Rachel: *If you look at one of the catalogues, there are three pictures of me, Rachel. Three. And then there was another portrait, a lovely head of me that was bought by The Contemporary Art Society that hangs in the Aberdeen Art Gallery. I used to love sitting. Our sister Rosie, who died in her twenties, used to love sitting for Clara. She was a beautiful model…red hair. We were very good models. We were seven girls. You must remember to tell them we were seven sisters.*

Because of Clara's name recognition and because her sisters had become known as London's most exquisite models, several painted in the nude, gentlemen callers were posting their cards and notes, all reserved and proper but leaving no doubt they were smitten. All except Rosie would marry - Rachel to pharmacist Charles, a dear man, Leah to Mark, a civil servant, Beth to entrepreneur Morris, another good soul, Fanny to Shea, a business man who, at Clara's suggestion, created a successful news-clipping service, and the youngest, Hilda, to David, a gentleman in insurance.

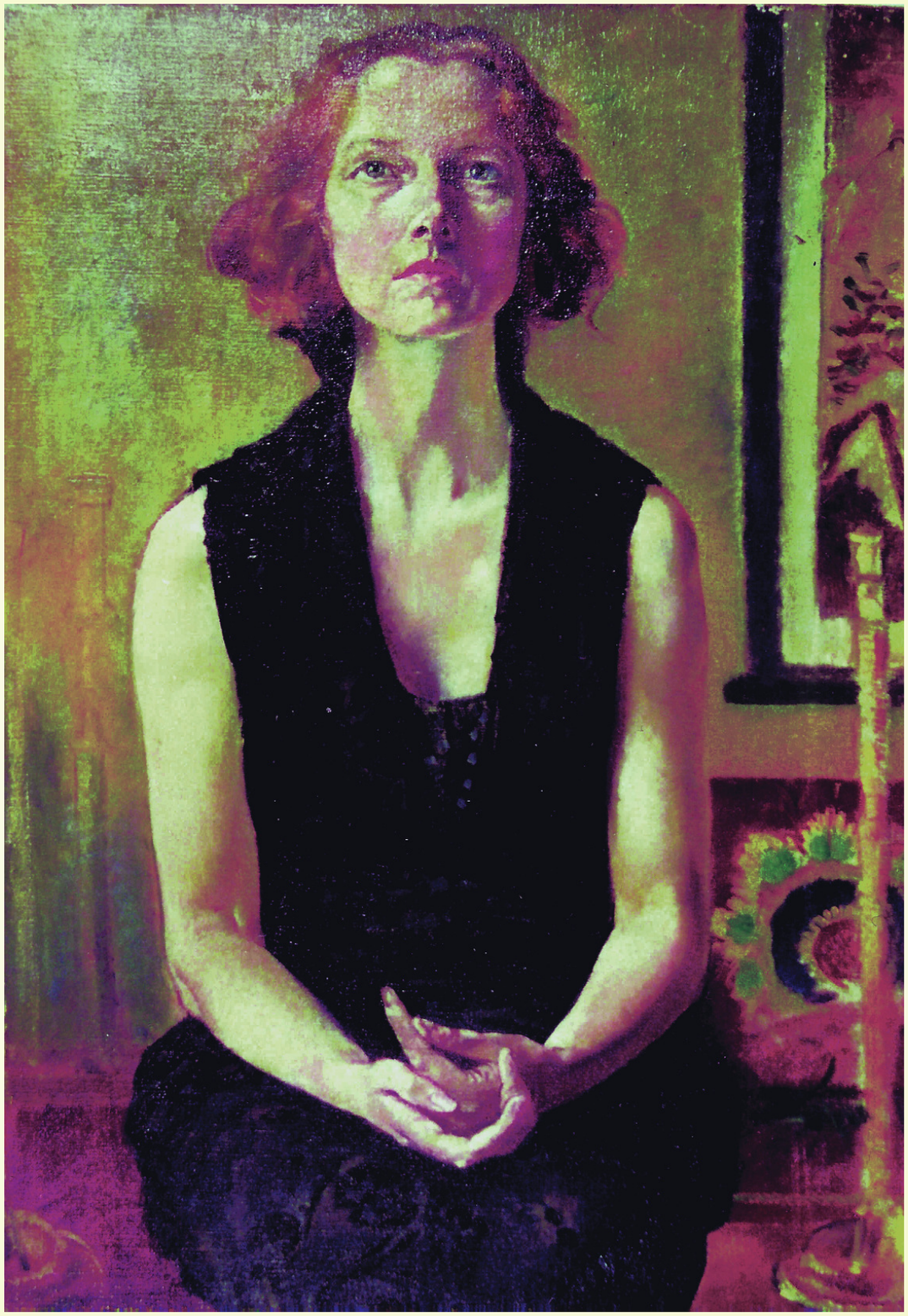
Judging by the number of portraits and sketches Clara did of Rose and Rachel, both sisters became her most readily available sitters. Often hung "on the line" at various galleries, inquiries from other artists and from the Central School of Arts and Crafts arrived asking if Miss Rose Klinghoffer might sit for them. She turned away all but one: Sir Jacob Epstein. Gossip soon circulated that she had become his mistress but no evidence has been uncovered to substantiate this.

Tragically, Rose died in 1932. Clara was shattered. She had been very close to her delightful young sister and found herself unable to work for months. She would stay home or wander through the British Museum which would eventually acquire portfolios of her work. Fortunately, Rosie's soft beauty had been preserved by Clara.



Rose, 1919. Oil on wood panel. 18 x 18 in.

Standing Nude, Backview, c.1927. Chalk on paper.



The Pianist, Brigett Patmore, 1923. Oil on canvas.

Oma, 1933. Chalk on paper. (Clara's Mother-in-law, Holland)

Rachel: *It's not the face that she drew. It's what came out of the person, darling, the innards.*

In Holland, Rudi and Mary Hornecker lived on the other side of the canal across from Clara's home. They were an elegant, stylish couple. She, always superbly turned out, often in white, could pass for a film star. Rudi, with the looks of a screen idol himself, was, in fact, Holland's first noted cinematographer and would go on to be celebrated as a first-rate talent. In the World War that was to come, he would secretly photograph Rommel's Atlantic Wall, Hitler's huge steel and concrete barricade against an Allied invasion, and managed to smuggle the films to England. Due to his German birth, the Nazis forced him to wear a Wehrmacht uniform which, providentially, served as cover for his dangerous clandestine activities.

In the summer of 1936, Mary and Rudi invited Clara and Joop to vacation with them in Italy and, after arranging to leave the children with nurses, the four left for Capri.

Heemstede Canal Behind Rudi's House, 1932. Oil on canvas

Rudi's mechanical pride and joy was his snazzy sky blue Ford Zephyr convertible which he later ranked ahead of his gleaming Stuts Bearcat. It would be a long drive, best handled with two drivers. But the only times Joop sat behind the wheel of a car (and he would often tell this with disarming, self-deprecating glee), he first backed into a canal and later into a horse-drawn vegetable cart, knocking it and the horse over. Joop was a talented writer, happy to leave mechanical matters to others. So Rudi was the driver. But, as it turned out, not without irony.

Godmother of Capri, 1932. Oil on canvas. 23 x 20 in.

On a bad turn on a road near Capri, Rudi drove the four of them into a haystack and thus, as recounted on their return, the laughter began. It was probably one of Clara's most relaxed holidays and she happily settled into her work there, beginning by asking the owner of the haystack to sit for her. It is one of my favorite paintings and I have renamed it from "Farm Woman" to "Godmother of Capri." It transmits the sunshine and the woman's straightforward dignity despite the grit-hard years captured unstintingly down to the hands.

Baby in Italian Church, 1932. Oil on board.

On Sunday, April 10th, 1937, by a "vote" margin of 99.75%, the annexation, the Anschluss of Austria, was completed. Austria became part of Germany.

On November 5th, 1937, in a top secret meeting with the commanders of Germany's three military branches, Hitler announced his decision to go to war. He postulated that by expanding the country's Lebensraum (living space), Germany would solve its mounting economic problems. As part of the plan, Holland and Belgium would be overrun to provide bases from which the Luftwaffe would be able to attack England.*

There would be other clear public warnings of Germany's intentions.

By 1937, four concentration camps were already in operation in Germany, and Holland's own Nazis, generally members of the NSB (National Socialist Bund), were becoming visible.

Joop Stoppelman was at the top of his game in the geopolitical arena. Though the Nazi decision to take over Europe had not escaped the room in which the secret proclamation was made, and despite Clara's friends and neighbors shrugging at the Anschluss (after all, Austria was mostly German anyway and the Catholic Church had encouraged the population to vote for the Nazi grab) and at the military buildup on Holland's border, Joop had become convinced that the Dutch, particularly its Jews, stood in the path of a predictable calamity.

And so in 1937, well before the first catastrophe that would befall Germany's Jews, he booked passage to New York on the S.S. Washington to organize our disappearance ahead of Hitler's expected Blitzkrieg. But could he get the paperwork done in time? When would the Panzers and Stuka dive bombers roll? Holland had only a small, poorly equipped military.

In New York, Joop had to prove he and his family would not become a financial burden. He knew no one in the States who could vouch for him. Did he have any money in the bank?

On the nights of November 9th and 10th, 1938, which became known as Kristallnacht, shattered glass littered German streets as some 7,500 Jewish businesses and homes were plundered. The Jews were then charged for the destruction and forced to pay a fine of a billion marks, thereby eliminating them from the German economy. Nazi brown-shirt savages murdered three dozen Jewish men, women and children. More than 120 synagogues were destroyed by fire, many set by Germany's fire brigades, and 76 were leveled to the ground. 20,000 Jews were arrested.*

Actual survival would now depend on the success of Joop's arrangements.

Wisely, he had invested in three small houses near Heemstede. He would have to sell them before hostilities rendered them worthless. I had no idea what happened to them until some fifty years later. My wife, Barbara, and I were serving as docents at an elementary school holocaust exhibit when a woman who had heard me speak of having come from Holland, asked if I might possibly be related to a Joop Stoppelman. It was a hunch. "I'm his son," I replied. "My God!" she exclaimed and sat down hard. "I'm the woman who bought your father's last house, the one I lived in during the war!" Then it was my turn to be shocked. This lovely, dignified woman was Miep Gees, the remarkably courageous rescuer who sustained gentle Anne Frank and her family with food she smuggled to their hidden Amsterdam attic. It was a commitment she would carry out until the day the Franks were betrayed by a Dutch fascist informer and sent to their deaths in Auschwitz. Otto Frank, who later became one of Joop's good friends, was his family's only survivor.

It is apparent now that it was the sale of that last property that made our move to the United States financially feasible.

Kristallnacht, November 9th and 10th, 1938. Courtesy Holocaust Museum.

Kristallnacht, November 9th and 10th, 1938. Burned Synagogue.
Courtesy Holocaust Museum.

* William L. Shirer, "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich", "The Nightmare Years"

While checking prospects in the western United States, Joop bought me a Texas Ranger outfit which, when it arrived, my mother immediately had me wear for this portrait.

Please notice the hat is out of place. No Texas Ranger ever wore a hat like that. One day when I insisted on wearing the whole rig to a doctor's visit in Haarlem, the original magnificent red Stetson with white braided rope blew off and landed in a canal. England's best known woman artist grabbed a stick and, flailing through the mud and water, went after it. But the current was too swift and off it went.

I became inconsolable…that is until I could be convinced that sheriffs in America wore hats exactly like those worn by Dutch Boy Scouts. Mother bought the replacement. That's how I was persuaded to climb back on the horse -- but only as a sheriff. There have been museum and private offers for the painting but I'll not part with it. When it's their turn, my sons, Erik and Trevor, will have to decide its destiny.

No sooner was "Texas Ranger" finished then it was on its way to London's Redfern Gallery as part of Clara's first one-woman show in England in six years.

Ruth: *That had to be her last exhibition before the war.*

Beth: *It was, yes.*

Ruth: *Big turnout?*

Beth: *Oh, yes. Crowded and, again, extraordinary notices.*

A press clipping from **The Sketch dated April 13, 1938***: "Miss Clara Klinghoffer came over from Holland to give her first 'one-man' show for six years at the Redfern Gallery last week. The private view was an event in the world of art. For she has many followers, and at the age of nineteen she created a furor, for her drawings were compared to Raphael's work. She has lived up to her 'Old Master' tradition, for several of the portraits in her present show are definitely comparable in manner and colour to that indefinite quantity 'an Old Master.' They are lovely, especially 'Titia,' a portrait of a woman. Her landscapes, however, are modern, very fine work indeed, showing Dutch and Italian scenes - including several of Capri.*

"'Texas Ranger' is a delightful study of a small boy - her own son - **on a hobby horse."**

Texas Ranger , 1938. Oil on canvas. 38 x 36 in.

The Philosopher, 1937. Oil on canvas.

"CLARA KLINGHOFFER - Portrait and topographical painter - new work at the Redfern Gallery" **- Excerpts from the two-page article by Adrian Bury in London Studio, May 1938, prior to the opening:** ***"With Clara Klinghoffer…we are in the presence of a painter who holds our attention by something deeper than manual dexterity. Her portraits are stimulating in the sense that we forget the illusion of paint and canvas and meditate on the man or woman before our eyes…Her approach to her subjects has a superb touch of realism that places her in the category of brilliant interpreters of humanity.***

"How memorably vital is the study called 'The Philosopher'. The head is painted with great intensity and feeling, the eyes behind the glasses, the tolerant smile, the nervous hands, the loose overcoat are observed as much psychologically as well as physically. This is far more than a likeness. It is a revelation…That is the point about Clara Klinghoffer's genius. She paints with her mind and not with her hand.

"The exhibition at the Redfern Gallery contains many of her recent paintings, portraits and landscapes and about 30 drawings, and finally establishes Miss Klinghoffer among the most distinguished contemporary artists."

Ruth: *Was she well known in Holland as well?*

Beth: *Oh, yes. The art world knew her very well. She exhibited there - one man shows - and also with a wonderful response.*

Ruth*: When the war came along, that must have had a devastating effect. Everything just stopped, didn't it?*

Rachel: *When the war came, he decided to go to the States. If they hadn't gone there they would have got caught in the Holocaust.*

Ruth: *They didn't think of coming to England then?*

Rachel: *He was terribly jealous of us, her sisters.*

Rosie, Model with Straw Hat, 1930. Oil on canvas.

CATALOG

VAN

SCHILDERIJEN

EN

TEEKENINGEN

DOOR

CLARA KLINGHOFFER

Catalogue of Paintings and Drawings by Clara Klinghoffer, c. 1930

Drawing of Sonia. Remaining photo of sketch of the artist's daughter, only weeks old, stolen from the warehouse by the Nazis.

The Fisherman. Remaining photo of one of the warehoused paintings stolen by the Nazis.

It was in Haarlem that Clara met Marcus,* the stranger who had a studio next to hers. At low points in her life she would confide in him, revealing details of her appalling marriage. In time, a devotion developed between them. There was talk about the future. Would he marry her? Though his faith prevented him from being a factor in a family breakup, he said he would think about it and promised to let her know his decision before the expected German invasion would force her to leave.

Perhaps the only one of Joop's outbursts ever warranted was when he discovered the household help were German spies planted in the home to identify Heemstede's Jews. He chucked their clothes and suitcases into the street and tossed the two "Huns" out with "Goddamned Nazi Swine!" The family's departure was scheduled soon after that.

Paintings and drawings were trucked to Haarlem for crating and shipping to the States. Canvases and drawings and "a vast number of possessions" were consigned for safekeeping to a Haarlem warehouse. In time, the Nazis would steal everything.

On the last day in Holland Clara waited anxiously for the mail. It was sunny, a soft breeze making it a delightful morning. A black taxi appeared on the canal bridge near the train station and turned toward the house. Minutes later the postman approached on his bike as the luggage was being tied to the cab's roof. Yes, he had a letter addressed to Miss Klinghoffer. Clara took it and crossed the street to read it. Ducks were gliding by with the current and disappeared under a willow tree.

"Dear Clara," the letter began. "I wish I could have come to the decision we both thought about…" Clara's head was bowed, her auburn hair hiding her profile. She stood like that for a long time and then folded the note and put it away.

We said goodbye to Rudi and Mary Hornecker and their beautiful daughter Maja. We would come back some day.

Clara cried during the ride to the harbor. Her husband, believing the tears had to do with leaving her home in Holland, straightened himself imperiously in the front seat. We crossed the channel from Rotterdam on a moonless night. German U boats were already active in those waters - something I was to learn later.

* pseudonym

Untitled, 1939. Charcoal drawing.

Gus, 1939. Charcoal drawing.

Among Clara's last charcoal drawings before leaving Holland.

Whatever one can say about Joop's temper, the worst of which was yet to show itself, he had the courage to deal with hard realities. All too many of his contemporaries didn't and stuck their heads in the sand. While in the United States, he had managed to assemble all the requisite papers and upon his return to Holland provided the American consulate at Rotterdam with proof of funds sufficient to sustain his family until he could find work.

To pick up and leave a lifetime behind, to give up the reassuring comforts of a home and a career for an unfamiliar continent takes considerable courage. Clara had been reluctant to pack and family friends tried to convince Joop he was being paranoid. Our phone (26711) would ring with pleas for Clara to stay. But he would hear none of it. He would have us make one stop in London before the Atlantic crossing. Aware of Hitler's buildup of the Luftwaffe, he felt certain London would be bombed and England invaded.

Once docked at Harwich, the boat train took us to the vast, soot-stained glass dome of Liverpool Street Station. It was early morning. Clara was carrying a portfolio under one arm and a couple of wrapped framed drawings tied with string under the other. The echo of an arriving locomotive stuttered to a stop. Another was chugging, powering up to get underway. Travelers were hurrying past us. The smoke, the whistles, the huge cathedral-like glass shed -- all of it was daunting to this wide-eyed eight-year-old tagging along behind the baggage porter with his mother and sister. Joop, irritable and impatient, marched on ahead.

Everyone was present at Clara's reunion with her family - her sisters checking her over. "She looks thinner she does!" Rachel announced. Leah thought she'd grown. (Clara was never more than four foot eleven). She was their star. She was the one among them who had made it "in the most difficult city in the world."* She had been lionized by the press. And here she was surrounded by her familial entourage, smiling, laughing, her mother, Anna, running in and out with lekach (honey cake) and her Dad, shying away from the noise, preferring to remain seated in the kitchen with his tea. Joop, out-numbered, did his best to be agreeable.

At the end of the evening there was talk about the sinking of the HMS Lusitania by a German submarine twenty four years earlier. Without warning and contrary to all the conventions of so-called civilized nations, 1,201 civilians had been murdered. Joop was asked to forego his stateside plans. Why cross the Atlantic? After all, what possible use would Hitler have for England? And Neville Chamberlain had gotten a non-aggression pact from the German dictator, hadn't he? He had brought back "Peace in our time!" And Clara really wanted to stay in London, didn't she?

The family settled at Shire Hall Park in Hendon while arrangements were made for the crossing to New York. Olive colored Hurricane fighter fuselages without wings were being wheeled through the streets on their way to nearby Hendon Aerodrome. Once there, engines, wings, tail sections, weaponry and other fittings would be attached. War with Germany had become a foregone conclusion.

No sooner had we moved in than a warden appeared at the door with gas masks and instructions on how to use them. To me, blowing air out the side to make a tight seal and then scaring myself in the mirror was great fun. To Joop, the threat of nerve gas, used with such appalling effect in World War I, intensified his resolve.

* Amelia Defries

On Sunday March 12th, 1939, Hitler gave the order for the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Paintings that had collected at Clara's mother's home and other works from the most recent exhibitions were quickly stored 'for the duration' on loan in Fanny's flat.

Ruth: *Do you remember going to the States?*

Michael: Yes. *We left by boat on the SS Manhattan from Southampton. Again terrific fun for an eight year old - getting lost on deck-to-deck explorations and having the crew look for me. At night, shoes would be left in the corridors for shining. When no one was looking I would crawl from door to door switching ladies delicate footwear for men's shoes, joyously harboring thoughts of the pandemonium that would ensue in the morning.*

A week later we docked at a pier at about 54th Street on the Hudson River in New York. A yellow cab took us to the Ansonia Hotel on 72nd Street and Broadway. A plush, dark red carpet extended from the grand doorway, past life-sized heraldic statues in armor to the distant concierge's desk framed by gleaming gold elevator doors. Men in green uniforms with white trim and wearing white gloves took our luggage. This America was going to be all right.

I next recall my sister and me crossing Broadway over trolley tracks, my mother holding both of us tightly, uncertain which way to look. I felt New York with its tall buildings and blaring traffic truly terrified her.

Ruth: *But as time went on, what did she think of America?*

Michael: *She was very grateful we were being sheltered from the war and, in retrospect of course, it turned out to be a deliverance from a hell beyond all imaginings -- something Joop deserves eternal credit for. But Clara was unhappy about what she considered the crassness of the people she met, their impoliteness. She missed the gentility of London, at least the courtesies of that time, and she missed her family. In New York she was spiritually alone. She had left as one of England's most acclaimed woman artists and arrived in America a stranger.*

Ruth: *She hadn't shown in the States?*

Michael: *Some of her work had been shown at the Carnegie International in 1934 in Baltimore - but no. She would have to start over. From "The Girl Who Draws Like Raphael" to anonymity.*

Ruth: *How old was she then?*

Michael: *Thirty-nine. And it wasn't just about starting over. That might have been simple. Galleries were beginning to promote puzzling images, things never seen before. And America itself was disorienting to her -a strange, far-off place. The connection to England was the mail and a crackling radio or an expensive short-wave phone that folks would shout into to be heard. So it was a little like landing on the moon in those days.*

Surprisingly, heeding Joop's forebodings, the eldest sister, Fanny, and her family suddenly appeared in New York. America was still more than a year away from a shooting involvement in the war - and so the Atlantic remained relatively safe for ships of US registry. Fanny Podro, her husband and their three children moved to Forest Hills, accessible by subway from our home. It was a great comfort to Clara, a safe harbor should she need it.

She needed it sooner than she expected.

Michael: *One morning, Joop got himself into such a fit of sputtering rage (one does not know about what) that Clara hustled us out of the house and over to Fanny's. That was it. She had had enough. She was absolutely through with him. It was over. We stayed there for several days and then, as happens so often in abuse cases, he showed up and begged her to return. Henceforth he would behave. He would get counseling. He would not lift his voice again. He would not use his hands, and on and on. Clara gave in and back we went to what would soon become a far more serious matter.*

Remarkably, after being in the States for only weeks, Fanny and her family packed up and returned to London. Homesickness was the reason given. Hard to understand a preference for a war to the calm of Forest Hills. One has to wonder whether Joop's towering temper had played a part. The Podros had been well aware of his hellish conduct in Europe and possibly didn't want to become its "safe harbor" recipient in the States. Incredible, but in light of the latest eruption, plausible.

Clara was alone again.

Ruth: *But she did resume working and was exhibited.*

Michael: *Not at first. There was another obstacle. I remember going with her on the number 5 bus to the galleries along 57th Street and Madison Avenue to help carry a portfolio. I must have been nine or ten. There was a woman at one of the galleries who looked at her canvases and drawings impatiently and said my mother was out of step. It was all about abstraction now. Wasn't she aware, my dear? The huge canvases on the walls didn't make sense to me. I imagine my mother just didn't believe figurative art had been pronounced dead and buried. Of course it had by a small circle of New York insiders. The human form was passé. **

* See Addendum.

A View of London's East End. Oil on canvas.

"*I feel that all fine painting has an element of abstractionism...*" Clara Klinghoffer, WNYC Radio, 1953.

Ruth: *What did Clara think of abstract art? Did she think it was all fraudulent?*

Michael*: No, she didn't.*

She frequently discussed abstract art in lectures and as a radio guest in London ("In Town Tonight") and New York. Her last Stateside recording was done in 1953 when she addressed the topic during an interview on New York's WNYC.

Clara: "I feel that all fine painting has an element of abstractionism. Throughout many centuries people have looked for what I would call true realism in painting and found it, for instance, in the Renaissance period. They visit the great museums and love what they see there mainly because it has a clear, recognizable meaning for them. On the other hand, when they go to most art dealers' galleries in this city, they face strange distortions, mysterious patterns of lines and paint blobs, all of it offered as the overwhelming expression of our time. The obvious result is confusion. Is this the genuine true art? Does all representational art only have meaning as antiquarian products having little -- or maybe nothing -- to say to our time? What does it all mean? The onlooker needs an explanation...

"My quarrel with abstractionism is its denial of an existing harmony in terms of humanity. It is to abstractionists as if we are floating in a nebulous something. They reject 'our' world, have no longer faith in the past and wish to fashion a new world - a world that cannot possibly hurt them because they think they are its Masters. But it is a sterile world without vista, without hope.

"...all works of art are in various degrees and nuances permeated with abstract overtones. If that were not so, the term 'realism' would be applied to soulless pictures on magazine covers, illustrations that bear no relation to art. In other words, the process of abstraction arrives at the essence of a work of art, namely, the creative idea.

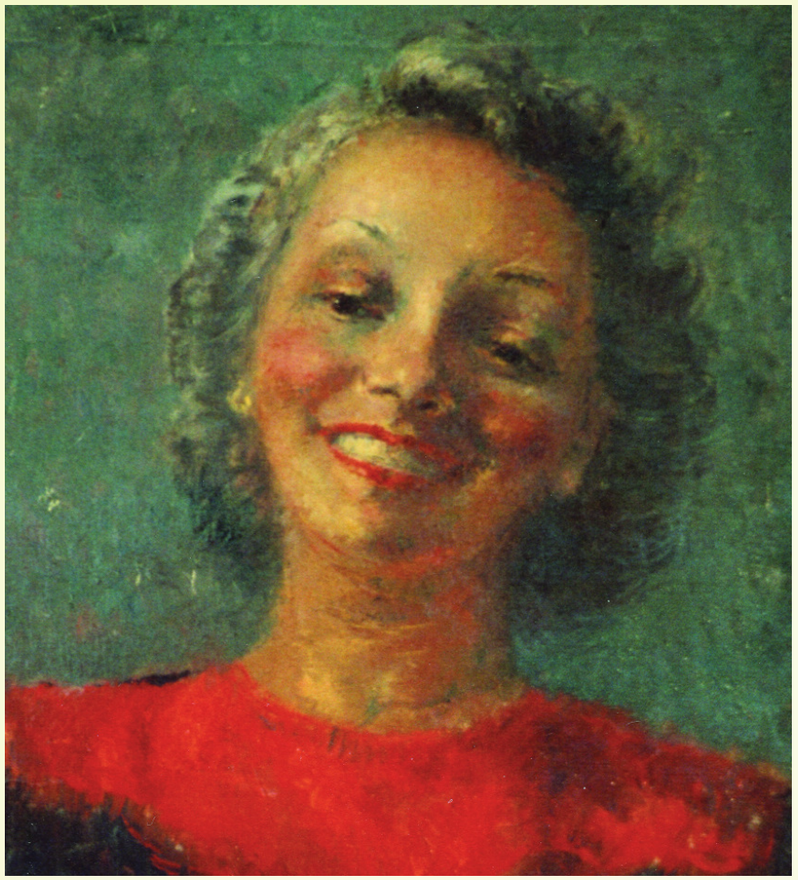
"How then to distinguish art from pretentious abstraction? What is necessary is, I think, above all a rebirth of honesty, both in the abstractionists and their thoughtlessly admiring followers."

Ruth: *But then she was recognized in New York.*

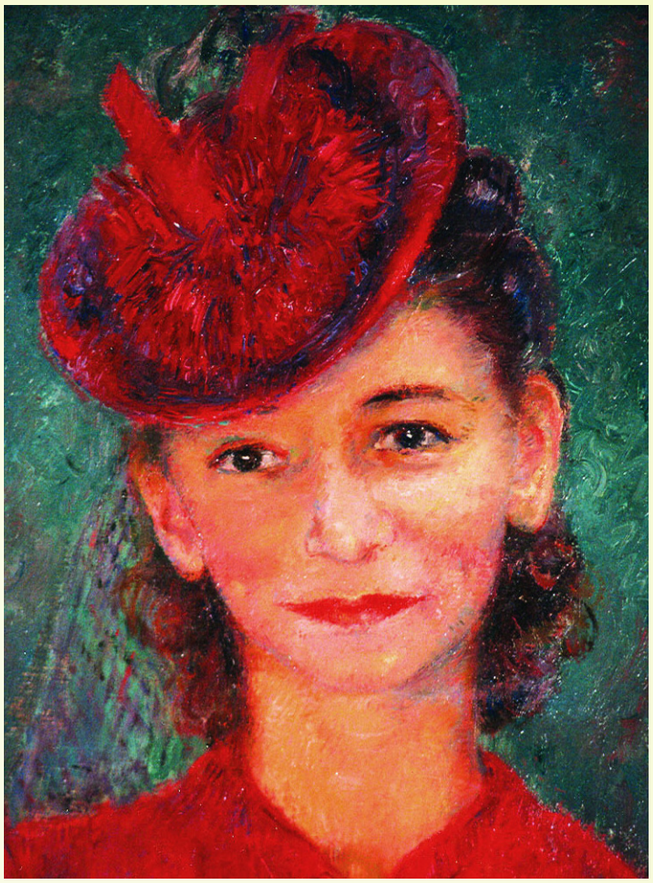
Michael: *She let them know she was there.*

Betrothed. (Shea and Fanny), 1920. Pencil on paper.

"Get a pencil and a piece of paper and try it. It may provide you with the answer."
Clara Klinghoffer, 1953



Joy (Bessie Samuels), c. 1939. Oil on canvas. 24 x 20 in



The Red Hat, 1942. Oil on canvas. 17.75 x 15.5 in

Ruth: *But how did she restart things, so to speak?*

Michael: *Friends. I think it was friends. In an effort to cheer her up, I think, Bessie Samuels, an old friend from London who had moved to New York, agreed to have her portrait done. Mrs. Samuels was a stunning woman with an effervescent personality. I think the canvas makes that point. Her husband, Lester, was the talented surgeon recalled from overseas wartime duty by President Roosevelt to operate on a desperate woman dying from unstoppable hiccups. The procedure, involving the phrenic nerve, was successful and Dr. Samuels, who had developed the treatment, became noted for it.*

Bea Rose, in the red hat, was also a most delightful woman, and was eager, it seemed to me, to encourage my mother in her new environment. Her sympathetic nature still eminates from that canvas.

Yet one began to see a vagueness. The likenesses were there but it was as though Clara's perceptivity had been jolted. A visitor pointed it out to her. Tears filled her eyes and she cried, and later, when reflecting on it she said they had been tears of recognition. It had been true. The cold shoulder she had received from the non-objective quarter in New York's art world had begun to wear her down and her husband's unending tirades had finally begun to cut into her concentration.

And then, just as she had begun working in London painting poor East End folks facing harsh realities, Clara found herself working with the same hard luck people in New York. She hadn't been in Manhattan too long before she walked smack into the middle of a gun-toting stickup in a Broadway liquor store. No sooner had she stepped inside for some wine for the evening's dinner guests than bullets began banging around her. The cops had been tipped off. The gunman who was white, not black as is often assumed, was shot dead, landing at Clara's feet. That didn't help soften her notion that America was the wild west - exactly as depicted by Hollywood. The Riverside Drive neighborhood to which Clara and family had moved, though upscale, was just two blocks from Amsterdam Avenue. That neighborhood beyond the white demarcation became one of her first

Delma. c.1948. Photo of oil on canvas.

welcome resources. Clara never had the slightest prejudice toward anyone. In fact she was outspoken about the black dilemma in America and would tolerate no racist cracks from acquaintances, friends or strangers. Nevertheless, as Clara captured so vividly, sweet Delma Wiggins, seated in the white woman's apartment, was terrified. Black children weren't supposed to be in white people's houses unless accompanied by the maid - usually the mother. These were the years when there still were lots of "understood" restrictions. Clara didn't give a hoot about them and befriended whomsoever she “damn pleased.”

“No horns.”
Clara in Woodstock.

Rose Hamilton, who for years would help her around the house, became one of her closest and dearest friends. So did Hugh, Rose's husband, who remains in touch 35 years after Clara's death. Clara had no hidden ill-feelings toward people of other origins. She was guileless. She was straightforward - always - with anti-Semites as well.

I was with her at a get-together in Woodstock, New York. It was a familiar gathering of bohemians, several dressed summer at a horse ranch up the road. All were chatting amiably over pretzels and wine. And then the bombshell. "You can always tell a Jew!" spat a "cowpoke" in a red shirt. Silence descended so completely one suddenly heard birds chirping outside. Clara put her drink down and crossed to him. Facing him but barely reaching his chest, she asked, "Is that right? And who am I speaking to that can always tell a Jew?! And how is it you can tell? Is it the horns on my head or is it the tail this time?! Take a good look! Go on, tell us the secret! Everyone here wants to know!"

"I didn't realize that you..." offered the crimson faced ranch hand.

"That I'm Jewish? But I thought you could tell! Was it the straight nose that had you fooled?" Then reassuringly, louder to the rest, "It was the straight nose that had him fooled."

On the way out she slammed the door so hard I thought the glass pane would crack. It was an admirable lesson for her ten-year-old son. Perhaps she'd had similar unpleasant experiences in Holland or England. But I'm only aware of one early review in a London paper which was filled with anti-Semitic loathing disguised as an intellectual query into her innate "race-based" abilities. It would not merit newspaper ink in any civilized society today.

Ruth: *There are these marvelous reviews about two years after she arrived.*

Michael: *Yes, that would make it 1941. The "second chapter" had already been well underway.*

"KLINGHOFFER, CLARA *- England's best-known woman artist seen here for the first time. Rare indeed is such mastery of line as shown in her drawings, such subtlety and warmth of paint as in her canvases of women, men, children and types. First 'portraits' to come to this gallery (or most anywhere) that are first of all fine paintings -- are entirely unmundane, masterful to a degree. It is definitely our gain if we can claim her as our own. 460 Park Avenue Gallery at 57th, Thru Jan. 18 (See CUE SAYS GO)." Cue, January 4, 1941*

"KLINGHOFFER'S TALENTED PAINTING AND DRAWING *- Jacob Epstein has given Clara Klinghoffer at the 460 Park Avenue Gallery a wonderful send-off. A young Englishwoman, one of the greatest talents sent us by the war, she is said by Epstein to be 'a painter of the first order...Her understanding of form places her in the very first rank of draftsmen in the world.'*

"This artist has a fascinating grasp of the essentials. Her portraits have soft focus, but what inner life! Clara Klinghoffer's Sergei Radamsky is Rembrandtesque in feeling and spiritual quality. Highly sensitive, it is one of the best portraits we have seen in a dog's age..." - The Art News, January 11, 1941

"CLARA KLINGHOFFER *- Those fortunate enough through kind fate to have had their occasional pilgrimages to old world art museums, and those unhappily denied by the vagaries of a present day despotism, the former privilege of browsing at will through halls hung with famous masters - these, and everyone else, found the exhibition of the works of Clara Klinghoffer, at the 460 Park Avenue Galleries, from January 6th to 18th, nothing short of a balm.*

"Her display of the feeling and technique of these priceless treasures to be seen in Paris, Milan, Belgium, London and Amsterdam, is remarkable. Clara Klinghoffer is one of those affable little beings, quite unaffected and quite contrary to one's conception of a Who's Who in fame. It was a pleasure to meet her, but after a visit to the Galleries, it became more than a pleasure - it was an honor.

"Since she was 19, the year of her 'discovery', Miss Klinghoffer has had her paintings and drawings hanging in one or the other of famous galleries throughout England and the continent. Her works have been acquired by many well-known collectors, private and public. Famous names throughout the world have acclaimed her one of the foremost portrait painters of the day.

Sergei Radamsky, World Renowned Tenor, 1940. Oil on canvas. 27 x 24 in.

Hilda, 1947. Black & white photo of chalk drawing.

"A noteworthy incident is that a son of one of America's foremost news commentators (*H.V. Kaltenborn - ed.*), seeing a Klinghoffer drawing on exhibition in these galleries, bought it on the spot and removed it to his home, without waiting for the showing to be closed." - **Alma Mae Butler, January, 1941.**

Ruth: *So despite the turn away from figurative expression, her work was again acclaimed.*

Michael: *And it remained that way through the next decades. Leading art critic,* **Emily Genauer of the New York World Telegram**, *had this to say:* ***"One can go through a year of New York exhibitions and not encounter this sort of draughtsmanship. It is assured, parsimonious, succinct. Also incredibly sensitive, with a tender, tremulous, poetic quality."***

And interestingly, at the time of that exhibition there also was a notice by **Charles Offin in "Pictures on Exhibit"** which first speaks of her fame in Europe, of her work being acquired by such notables as **Lord Beaverbrook, Leverton Harris, and J.B. Priestley** and others and then quotes one of her London contemporaries and friends, the renowned British artist, **Dame Laura Knight**: ***"(Clara Klinghoffer) is an extremely fine painter of the human figure and head."*** And ***Offin*** goes on with, ***"an opinion which is strongly borne out in the current month's exhibition at the 460 Park Avenue Gallery."***

In what appears to be a separate review for the same column, Mr. **Offin** wrote: ***Clara Klinghoffer...has kept over the years to her course of recording people in a traditionally realistic manner, with beautifully sensitive and sentient handling of tones and line. What has changed is the enrichment and luminosity of her color. Landscapes are also included in her Show, and one sees in these the furthest evolution of her palette. But it is the studies of people that reveal her at her best, in the black and white drawings as well as in the paintings.***

Clara must have seen Laura Knight's tribute as a welcome connection to the heady past they once shared in England now so many years and thousands of miles away. But she was ambivalent about her renewed success. Holland had already been under brutal Nazi occupation since the previous May 10th. Belgium and France lay under the Fascist boot and the Battle of Britain was underway. Nightly air raids forced Clara's parents, sisters and their families to seek safety in the London Underground.

The bombings became the prelude to the even more terrifying "Doodle Bug", the V-1 and V-2 rockets fired from the German Baltic coast at Peenemunde and from other coastal locations on the European Continent. As Clara's mother, Anna, would later describe, "As long as you could hear it you were safe. When the noise stopped, it was coming straight down." One blew up a school in the neighborhood. Fortunately, after hours. To Clara, how Werner Von Braun, architect of that widespread robotic massacre, could subsequently be embraced by the U.S. Space Program, regardless of his abilities or the Russian space challenge, was incomprehensible.

In the end, the stress of the nightly evacuations, the bombardments and terror weapons became too much for Daddy Klinghoffer and he died.

When the war in Europe ended in 1945, there were tears and long dreamt-of jubilation, but one couldn't go back to where one had left off. In the clinging aftermath of the barbarism that had been committed, concerns about careers suddenly seemed paltry. Six million innocents -- infants, toddlers, children, men and women had been methodically starved, burned, gunned down and gassed -- murdered solely because of their religion. In Germany, accredited physicians had performed heinous "medical" experiments on living souls. The physically and mentally disabled, rather than having been cared for, had been put to death. Millions more had been bombed, asphyxiated, drowned, blown to bits and maimed. How could one just go on with one's business, continue with a lifelong study of human beings within this new context of human behavior? What should one do? Clara returned to London briefly but found it impossible to work.

She first took solice in land and seascapes - reaching for a return to an understandable symmetry.

Battening Down, 1947. Oil on canvas. 25.5 x 24 in.

Golden Hour, Venice, 1948. Oil on canvas. 30 x 24 in.

She wondered if her interest in people which had always sparked her ability to see beneath pretense could be rekindled. She spent time with friends in the theatre and film - with actors Ronnie Adam, Harold Kasket, Miles Malleson, Sybil Thorndike and Harry Andrews at the Old Vic, kindred spirits who shared the fear common to all artists of one day reaching for the high notes only to discover they had disappeared. She met Laurence Olivier. They discussed doing his portrait. Unfortunately, his schedule wouldn't permit it.

Figure studies were first to reabsorb her interest in the human form. And in the January 1947 New York edition of **THE STUDIO**, G.S. Whittet wrote: "***On viewing a large selection of Clara Klinghoffer's figure studies, tendencies already well established in her previous paintings confirm themselves: deep psychological insight into the characters of the persons she paints, a mastery of subtle tone values, a fine delicacy of modeling and use of luminous colour which, together with the artist's warm humanity, combine to render her figure studies revealing but kindly biographies in oils.***

"Nor is her work touched by that slick finish which so often characterizes facile virtuosity. Each of her studies reflects the highest artistic integrity, seeking the ideal in treatment and posing of the subject, so that the result is the sincere picture of a person -- not, as is so common, the impersonation of a subject by the artist. In her American years, Clara Klinghoffer has added great luster to a reputation already bright." But despite her history or the new accolades, gallery contracts were becoming harder to come by. The prevailing winds were about abstraction.

She met Olivier again in 1949 when he appeared at Carnegie Hall as narrator of Aaron Copland's ***Preamble for a Solemn Occasion*** which Mr. Copland composed for the first anniversary of the Preamble to the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Leonard Bernstein was the conductor. Sir Laurence's voice, rising purely above the orchestra, his celebrated clarity adding magnificence, proclaimed:

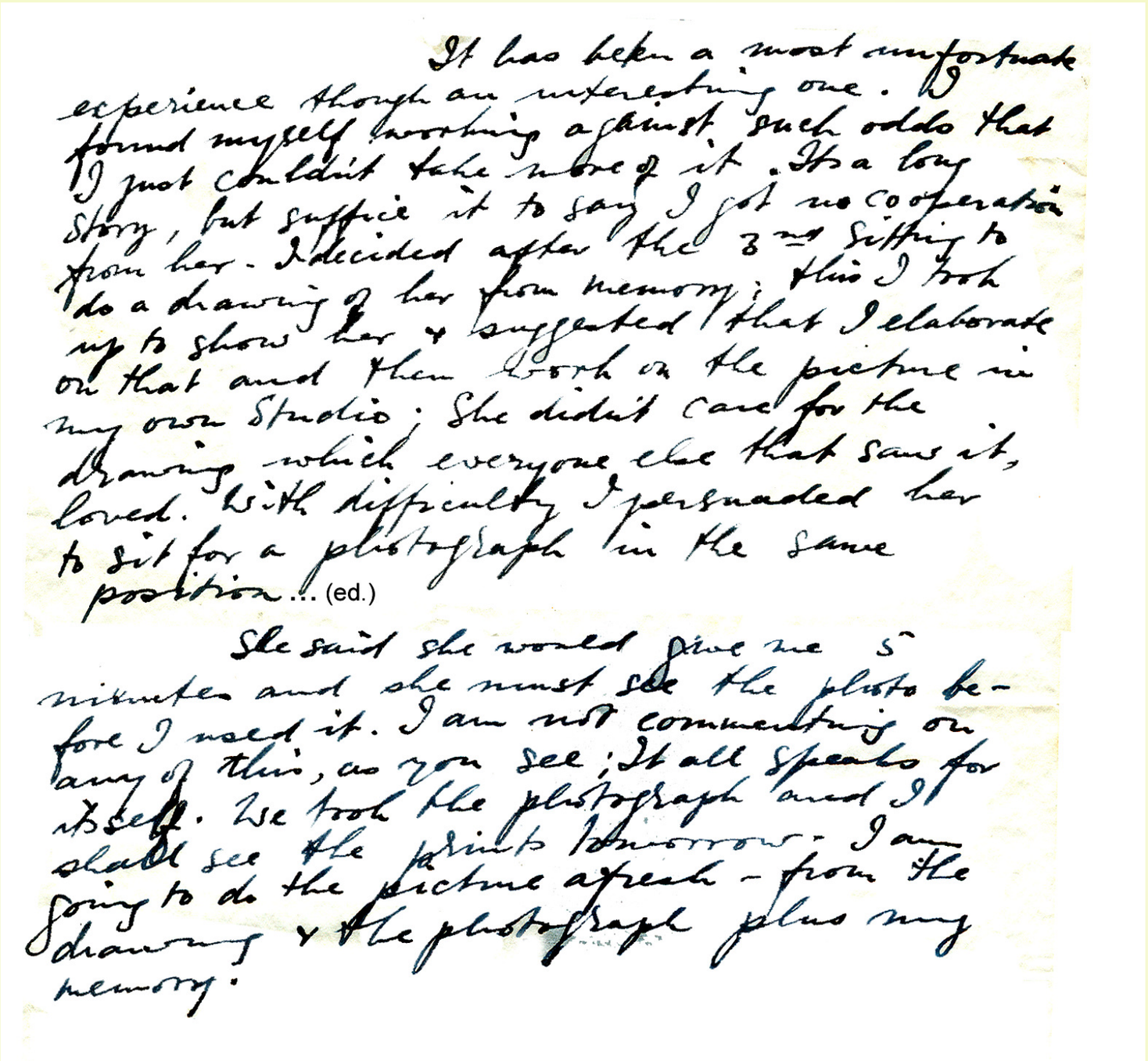
> ***"We the people of the United Nations...***
>
> ***determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war,***
>
> ***which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and***
>
> ***to reaffirm faith in fundamental rights,***
>
> ***in the dignity and worth of the human person ...***
>
> ***have resolved to combine our efforts to accomplish these aims!"***

Clara would try to arrange a sitting again. She had been invited to the event to consider doing a poster of a mother and child that would reflect the ideal of the Charter, particularly as its articles applied to children. She did several versions. Ultimately, this was the pose that years later became synonymous with UNICEF's efforts throughout the world.

She would get her wish to do an Olivier two and a half years later when Mrs. Olivier, the superb actress, Vivien Leigh, perhaps best remembered as Scarlett O'Hara in ***Gone With The Wind***, agreed to have her painting done, but in costume and makeup as Cleopatra. She had been co-starring with Sir Laurence in Antony and Cleopatra and Caesar and Cleopatra. But would Clara be able to find Ms. Leigh beneath the stage paint? Perhaps that would have been a straightforward quest compared to the barricades that were added.


UNICEF
help and hope for the world's childre
UNITED NATIONS CHILDREN'S FUND

My mother wrote me about it on March 16, 1952. Following is a description in her own hand:

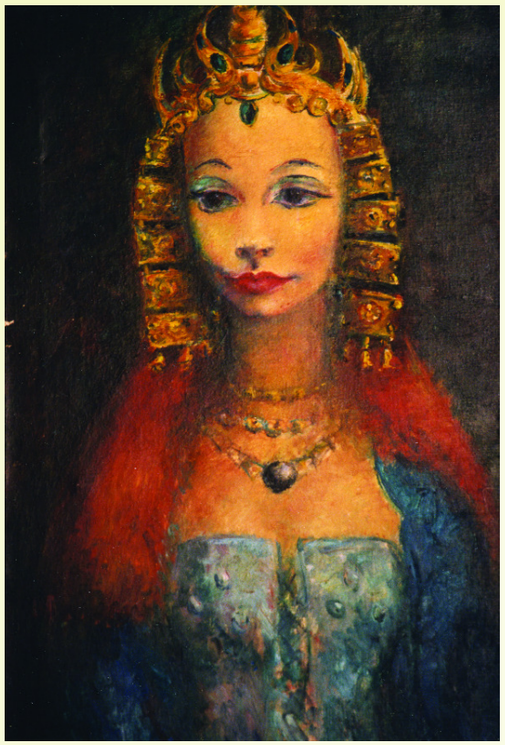


It has been a most unfortunate experience though an interesting one. I found myself contending against such odds that I just couldn't take more of it. It's a long story, but suffice it to say I got no cooperation from her. I decided after the 2nd sitting to do a drawing of her from memory; this I took up to show her & suggested that I elaborate on that and then work on the picture in my own Studio. She didn't care for the drawing which everyone else that saw it, loved. With difficulty I persuaded her to sit for a photograph in the same position ... (ed.)

She said she would give me 5 minutes and she must see the photo before I used it. I am not commenting on any of this, as you see; it all speaks for itself. We took the photograph and I shall see the prints tomorrow. I am going to do the picture afresh - from the drawing & the photograph plus my memory.

She conveyed Vivien's finely chiseled beauty in the preparatory drawings, but a beauty seemingly pinched by remoteness. The actress had been suffering from tuberculosis exacerbated by palliative reliance on alcohol. By the time of the sitting she was battling bipolar depression. Clara did not see the vital Cleopatra that Vivien was able to embody on stage. Instead she painted a Vivien gleaned from a photograph and from memory of the actress who, once back to herself, was tragically distracted.

Vivien Leigh as Cleopatra, 1952. Preparatory drawing for the painting. 41 x 26.5 in.



Vivien Leigh as Cleopatra, 1952. Oil on canvas. 30 x 20 in.

The result was a mask covering a conflict that even the remarkably talented Ms. Leigh could not hide.

From time to time, Sir Laurence had come by to chat and check on the progress. He never mentioned whether he condoned what was happening or not. Olivier was widely considered the most accomplished actor of his time. Whether directing and playing the title role in his film of "Hamlet" or Archie Rice, the tacky vaudevillian in "The Entertainer" or the sadistic dentist in "Marathon Man," all of his performances were incomparable achievements. Clara found him "utterly charming." At the end of the last sitting, after Vivien had left, the conversation turned to interpretation, how one must try to come into contact with a character's inner qualities if one is ever to come close to conveying truth, whether on stage or on canvas. Clara would later ask, ruefully, why fate couldn't have let her meet Mr. Olivier years ago.

***Beth**: Miss Leigh's portrait was the truth as Clara saw it. She didn't cover up anything. Nor did she exaggerate.*

***Rachel**: It's not the face that she drew, it's what came out of the person, darling - the innards.*

***Ruth**: Do you think she was particularly perceptive about people?*

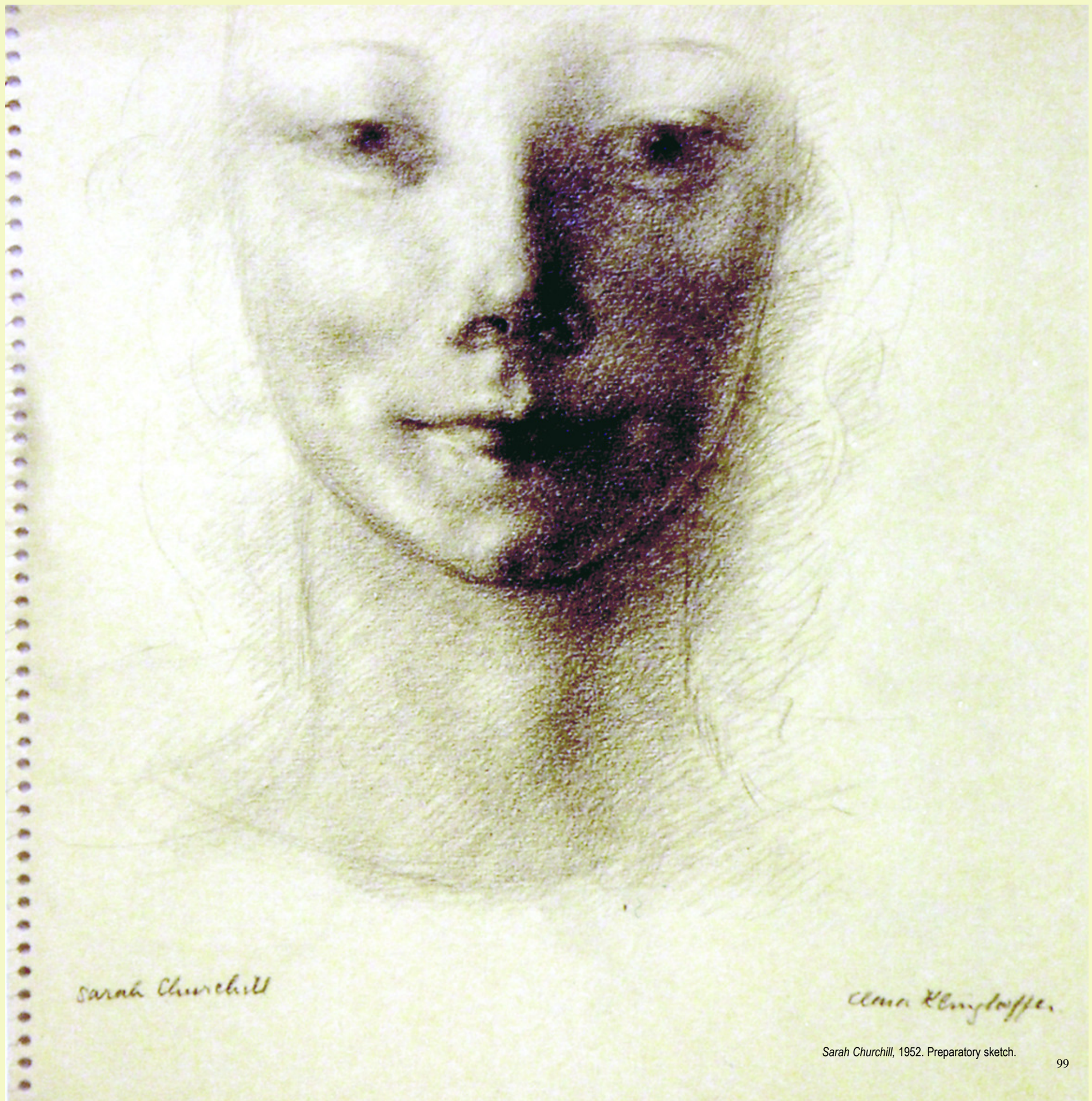
***Beth**: It was her feeling for people, an innate knowledge. She had this quality of seeing through the superficial.*

And so there would be an occasional commission that would be rejected, in one case by a world-beating executive who didn't end up on canvas that way. As much as she might try, Clara was never able to render a facade as fundamental truth.

In a postscript, my mother summed up her initial Cleopatra experience with: *"I still hope to do a good picture of her and we may (though I doubt) still become friends."* Things changed for the better almost immediately after Clara's testy visit with Vivien when she met Sarah Churchill. In the same letter Clara wrote:

"At 6 o'clock I visited Sarah Churchill and had two of the pleasantest hours with her; in fact it got so late I had to take a cab to meet the photographer at the Ziegfield Theatre. When that ordeal was over I had some supper at the 6th Ave Delicatessen and then stayed around until 11 p.m. when I was again due at the theatre to work on a picture of Harry Andrews who has a big part in Antony and Cleopatra. Sarah Churchill is 'sitting' to me next week. I shall work at her apartment which is lovely, beautiful light, beautiful atmosphere and a very sweet person to paint in the bargain."

This preparatory drawing, which evokes a remarkable likeness to the resolute Winston Churchill the entire world knew, clearly reveals the sweetness of character Clara referred to and may be seen as an example of the human basis she sought in her work.



Sarah Churchill, 1952. Preparatory sketch.

In time, in New York, the nouvelle vogue issued a new proclamation. Word emanated from its lower Manhattan pantheon that paint could now only be applied in a microscopically thin layer for the work to be considered worthy. The inmates, standing tall in their sandals and ripped pants and abetted by their sycophantic critics, had taken over the remainder of their asylum.

Years later, in 1964, one hardy Swedish citizen whose country had likewise been assaulted by the new regulations, decided to tweak the collective's gravitas by supplying paint and canvas to a four year-old West African chimpanzee named Peter. The resulting smears, twirls and splotches were signed "Pierre Brassau." Well, one would have thought the Holy Grail had been discovered. One fawning critic opined that *"Brassau paints with powerful strokes, but also with clear determination. Pierre is an artist who performs with the delicacy of a ballet dancer."* When the hoax was revealed, the nouvelle vogue became incensed, and Park Avenue, with its love of non-objective art close to its wallet, failed to see the humor.

Clara would find it amusing but would not see it as a final judgment. Then, as earlier, she was always happy to persist with her own work no matter the combat among and within the competing schools.

Nude. Charcoal on paper.

Nude of Beth. 1937. Oil on canvas. 34 x 22 in.

Ruth: *Surely Clara wasn't the only artist to find herself sidelined by the abstractionists.*

Michael: *No, she was by no means alone. During that time, for example, the value of a Renoir dropped to about a hundred dollars, a week's salary for a blue collar manager. Other name people saw their classic efforts virtually eliminated from the marketplace. In New York, figurative artists banded together to try to find some means of staying afloat. Associated American Artists was one such effort.*

When Clara joined she gave this reason:

"I would like to contribute toward keeping alive traditional painting in its finest sense. By doing so I would help refute the charges of the extremist painters who assert that art, unless it is non-representational and has no obvious connection with human life, is bad or outmoded art. I try to express my deep belief in form, a belief that has held good from Giotto to Renoir."

But as more and more Rockefeller money poured into **MOMA**, the Association of American Artists' best efforts fizzled. The members were bewildered. Were their lives, their life's work to be flushed down the drain? In a lecture she gave in New York about the New Wave, Clara said, ***"...These new developments try to intimidate and may well be out to throttle such artists as dare to be inspired by the physical world -- I mean all those who find no pleasure in degrading, distorting, tearing apart and making unrecognizable all that in itself is the artist's greatest gift, the power to make others share in his discoveries, anxieties, ecstacies, and awareness of beauty."***

In 1960, **The New York Times** published an article by **Dore Ashton** about a growing number of galleries in Manhattan, inferring that opportunities remained boundless. Clara wrote back. She pointed out the galleries the woman was referring to were costly "for hire" walls which most artists couldn't afford. Worse, after spending upward of a thousand dollars for one or two "vanity" rooms "for the joy of seeing one's work hung for a week" there would be no reasonable expectation they would ever be seen by a competent critic. Reputable galleries share profits from sales and, as a general rule, do not charge artists rent. At that time, the establishment found that abstractions, including dribbles, angles and blobs, paid theirs.

Partly because Clara was in "Who's Who," she continued to find herself invited to receptions with New York's Mayors, hit Broadway producers and playwrights and Hollywood luminaries.

At one of those evenings she met Jimmy Cagney. Often absorbed studying faces for their distinctiveness, she could go blank on a person's well-known identity. This time she couldn't recall Mr. Cagney's name but told him she definitely knew him from some place - that she'd seen him before. Had they met? "Could it have been in a dark place?" he prompted. Though still puzzled, she agreed it might have been. She never forgot an interesting face, she said, but to her everlasting embarrassment couldn't always remember the name. "Could it have been in a theatre on a large screen?" Mr.Cagney offered. "Oh my God," Clara exclaimed, "Cary Grant!"

Through her husband's work with the Netherlands Information Service, which began as a branch of Holland's government in exile, she was celebrated at diplomatic soirees. Carlos Romulo, President of the Philippines, became a devoted admirer of her work as did Trigvie Lee, Secretary General of the United Nations.

Ruth: And did she sell well in New York?

Michael: *Yes. There is this letter from the* ***Juster Gallery in New York*** *dated 20 February, 1958.*

Juster *Gallery*

154 EAST 79 ST. • NEW YORK 21, N. Y. • TRAFALGAR 9-1007

20 February 1958

Dear Miss Klinghoffer,

We have to ask you to deliver at least fifteen more paintings to us by day after tomorrow, as all those mentioned in your Catalogue have already been sold.

Weare sorry to bother you but the demand for your pieces is growing by the hour, and we do hope that you will be able to keep up with the pace of this demand.

As to your prices, we have now increased them by 10%; and we are sure that in doing this we are acting in accordance with your wishes.

Very sincerely,

J. L. Juster

P.S. Check for $3,769,33 will follow within a day or two.

Miss Clara Klinghoffer
800 Riverside Drive
(where the Lion hangs out)
New York 32, NY

PAINTINGS SCULPTURE

On the 28th of February in 1958, **New York Times** art critic, **Howard Devree,** wrote the following of the Juster exhibit: ***"...the present selection is ample evidence that she has not lost her touch. Oils in the present show include Dutch and Mexican subjects, vigorously painted and with resonance of color more marked than in earlier work. Besides such themes as a street in Taxco and a Delft canal she has painted Mexican types observantly and sympathetically. Although Miss Klinghoffer is well known for her portraits of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Sarah Churchill and other celebrities, only one example is included in the current show -- a fittingly rugged depiction of Peter Freuchen.***

"The group of drawings includes a large study of Vivien Leigh as Cleopatra as well as several heads of children -- a field in which the artist excels. She uses charcoal, pencil, ink, crayon or wash in turn with equal effectiveness and establishes character in every case. Figures are sculptural. Her work is firmly grounded in discipline and many of her drawings recall the traditions of some of the old masters."

Carillion House, Delft, 1956. Oil on canvas. 27.5 x 23.5 in.

*Dr. Albert Schweitzer,** c.1956. Chalk on paper.

*Holder of the 1952 Nobel Peace Prize, missionary surgeon, founder of the hospital at Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa (Gabon) to treat victims of leprosy and African sleeping sickness, philosopher compared to St. Francis of Assisi for his call for a Reverence for Life, theologian, renowned church organist and interpreter of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach and staunch adversary with Albert Einstein and Bertrand Russell of nuclear weapons development and testing.

*Wally the Mailman, c.*1950. Oil on canvas. *36 x 30 in.*

Poppy. of Taxco, 1959. Oil on canvas.

Ruth: C*lara had done landscapes in Italy and France and Holland and in Mexico but she was partial to portraiture.*

Michael: *Yes, and nudes. The forties and fifties were a prolific time. Among the street people she did, those she was most sympathetic to, was dear Wally the Mailman, unassuming, a loyal friend for many years and so awfully tired from walking his beat. Clara would invite him in for a rest and a cup of tea -- and his portrait.*

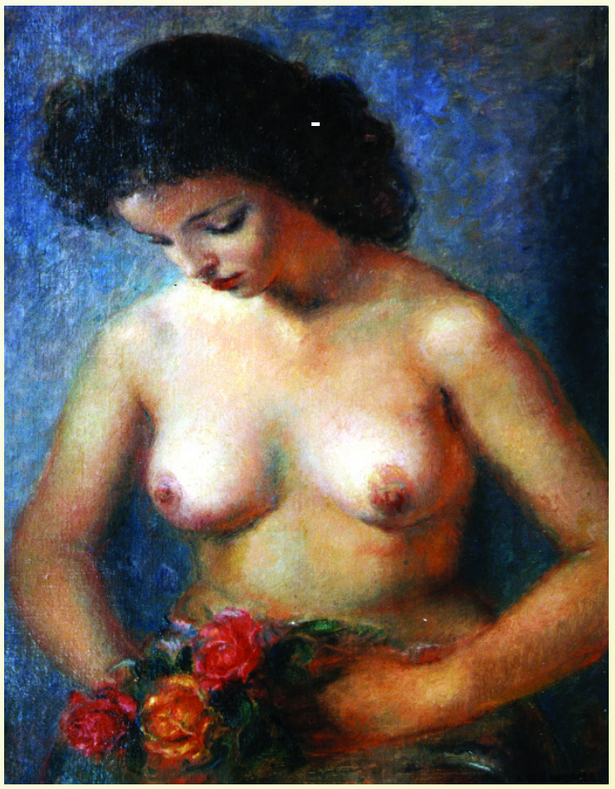
Aside from her depictions of the arctic explorer, Peter Freuchen, Dr. Albert Schweitzer and Sarah Churchill, she did sketches and paintings of Isaac Bashevis Singer, Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, Kier Dullea of the Stanley Kubrick film, "2001"--A Space Odyssey," Israeli Prime Minister Moshe Sharett and, in London, the actor Harry Andrews as he appeared as St. Barnabus at the Old Vic theatre, dear friend Dame Sybil Thorndike in costume as Sister Theresa of Avila, and once more produced paintings and drawings of her favorite London models and this time, of their children too...

Dame Sybil Thorndike as Saint Theresa of Avila. c.1966. Sketch for the Painting.

*The Little Ballerina, (*Erica, daughter of Beth). Lithograph.

Sweet Simone, (Simone, daughter of Hilda). Chalk on paper.

*The Left-Handed Guitarist (*Ruth, daughter of Beth). Oil on canvas. 36 x 26 in.



Sheila With Roses (Sheila, daughter of Fannie), 1947. Oil on canvas. 20 x 16 in.

And then there was a period when her pace seemed to slow, not only because of declining commercial interest in figurative art. Her husband had become more of a distraction. After being treated to hours of screaming hysterics, neighbors would alert the 32nd Police Precinct. When the doorbell rang, Joop would scurry to his study at the far end of the apartment and hide. It would be up to Clara, red faced and teary eyed, to answer the door. She'd invite the two cops in, usher them into the living room and offer them tea. They would refuse and listen half-heartedly to her embarrassed explanations as their attention shifted to the voluptuous nude hanging on the wall. After handing her a phone number to call in case of need, they'd leave. That became the drill.

He would appear hours later, say nothing, sit down and read a book.

One winter evening his rampage grew to such heights it crossed the line from a growing volcanic din to unrestrained physical violence. Windows were flung open. Doors crashed against walls. It became necessary to seek shelter as he battered his way to get at us. Coats on, Clara managed to get my sister, Sonia, and me into the elevator and five floors down to the street. It was bitterly cold yet we walked aimlessly for hours around the building and along Riverside Drive, up to the George Washington Bridge and back and up to the bridge again. There was no doubt in any of our minds that we had actually come close to being murdered.

We returned about midnight, frozen. He was asleep.

Ruth: *How did she continue to put up with it?*

Michael: *I don't think anybody knows, really.*

Ruth: *How did she manage to do her work then?*

Michael: *Somehow she was able to continue. To observe, I believe she had to focus even harder and set aside the mayhem of her marriage. Like a mountain climber gripping a dangling rope she had to hold on, blocking her anxiety in order to still see.*

Music was Clara's consolation. She loved Bach and Mozart and Handel. She played Beethoven well on the piano. A recording of the brilliant soprano, Kathleen Ferrier's rendition of Handel's "Art Thou Troubled - Music Will Calm Thee - Art Thou Weary - Rest Child Divine..." could often be heard in the living room, she resting, her small frame in the large easy chair near the window overlooking Riverside Drive, her eyes closed.

At Christmas Clara and Joop would take the bus to a Church in The Village to listen to Handel's Messiah. It is there she first drew sketches of Dr. Albert Schweitzer playing the organ. Anything to do with harmony in music, in people, in literature, in art, captivated her. But the classics weren't the only thing she enjoyed. She loved Perry Como and his effortless style. She loved Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong and Artie Shaw and Errol Garner and the imaginative talents and stage work of Leonard Bernstein. When Elvis was chastised for his sexually liberated gyrations, she listened to his voice and knew he was a talent. She caught the Beatles on Ed Sullivan and understood what they were about. She enjoyed their boyish audacity and harmony.

She loathed Senator Joseph McCarthy and his Communist witch hunt gang of the 1950s and spoke out about his un-American activities. She admired the elderly, kindly attorney, Robert Welch who, during the Army-McCarthy hearings, when admonishing McCarthy for sullying an innocent young man's reputation, put the country's disgust into words.
"Senator," he asked gently, "have you no sense of decency, sir, at long last? Have you left no sense of decency?" She admired Edward R. Murrow, the venerable CBS correspondent who, with one documentary, clearly identified McCarthy and his twisted cronies for what they were.

Clara was so much more than the definitions of her in the press. She was a wonderfully gifted actress who astonished friends and followers by playing Mrs. Midget at the Cherry Lane Theatre in a New York production of "Outward Bound".

She was an excellent tennis player.

And though trapped in an abusive marriage, she persisted in her work and found time to teach at City College and at the Art Students League on 57th Street.

Ruth: *But surely the relationship must have affected her work.*

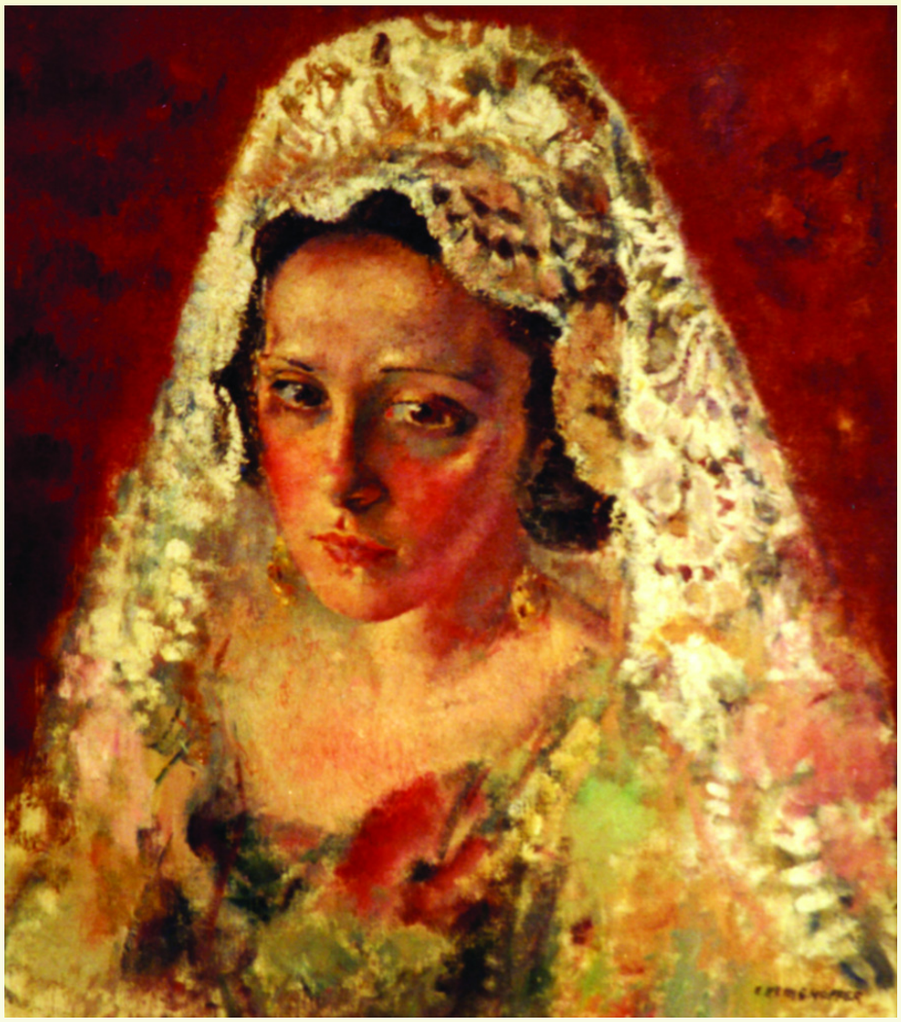
Michael: *The hell of that marriage should have broken her spirit. But if you compare the early drawings with the ones done, say, in the twenties, forties and fifties and even the sixties, so many are equally magnificent.*

Sketch of Rose, 1924. Pencil on paper.

Rachel, 1947. Charcoal on paper.

Roz, 1968. Pencil on paper.

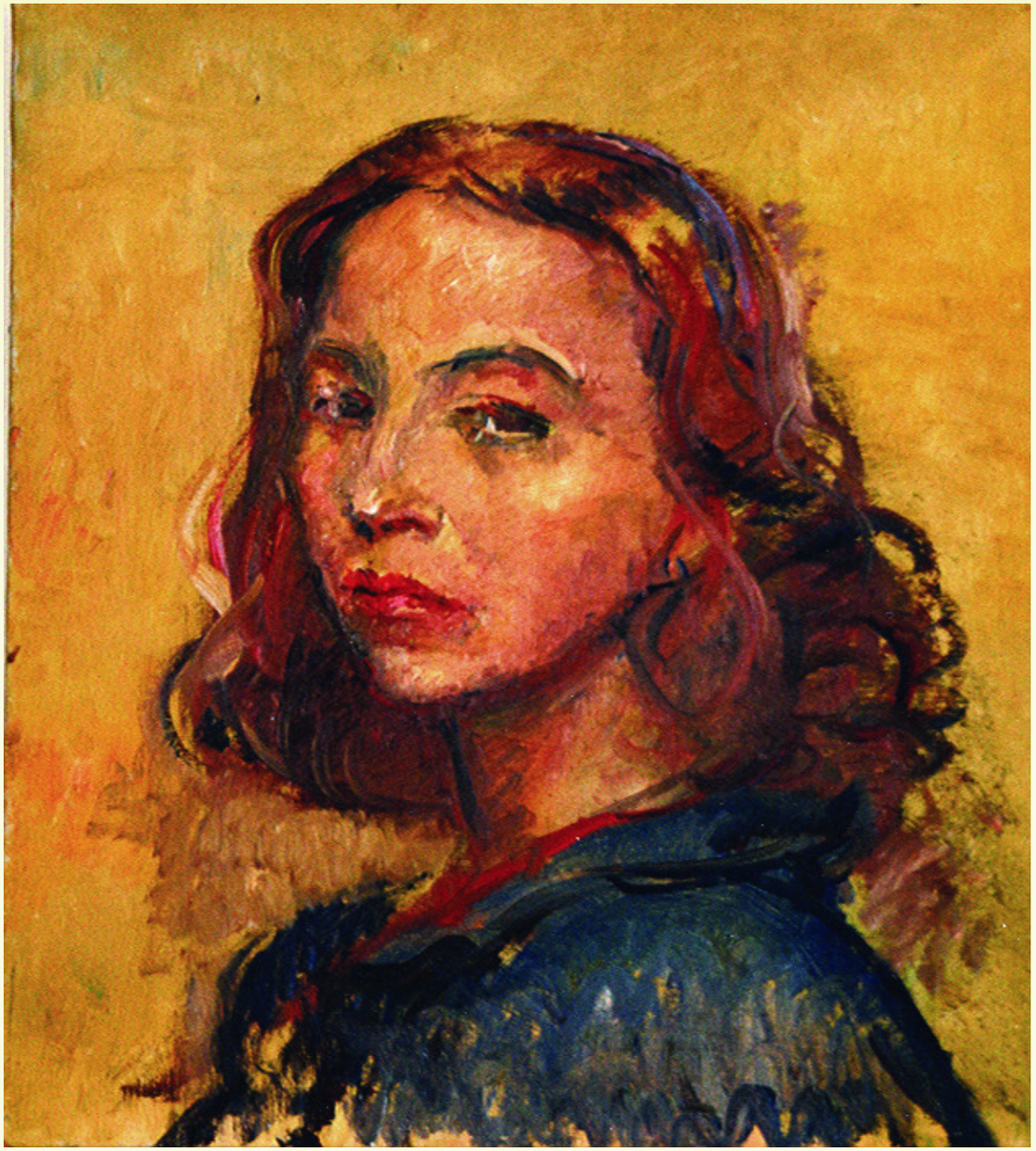
Seated Nude, New York, 1950's. Chalk on paper.



Mercedes, c.1960. Oil on Canvas. 22 x 18.5 in.

Michael: *But there was a change, I believe. A sadness crept into her work in the sixties. The people she drew and painted tended to be downcast. And I sensed that that was where she probably was in her own life by then. And quite possibly it skewed what she saw.*

Art critic **Linda Talbot, writing in Hampstead & Highgate** nearly a dozen years after Clara passed away, noted that some of her studies done in Mexico near the end of her life seemed ***"coldly contemplative as though focused on some unappeasable misfortune. Even when they are dressed in finery for a fiesta, the gloom is undispelled."***



Clara Self Portrait, 1955.
Oil on canvas.

And yet there had also developed a kind of straight-shooting anger. The portrait of herself, the one with the yellow background, her face is gentle but her eyes absolutely follow you around the room as if to say, "I've got your number. You can't put anything over on me anymore." There's a challenging confidence in them that's so much more intense and direct than the earlier Rembrandtesque self portrait.

And there's the painting of the one-eyed Mexican farmer. He's spring-wound, tough, uncompromising, defiant.

***Michael**: Given the professional and personal obstacles she had to surmount, it is a wonder she never fell into a life-stopping depression. Perhaps, in the end, she transferred some of her pain and bottled-up anger onto her work. It may also be interesting to note the change in her technique - from the realism and romanticism in much of her early work to a far bolder, more impressionistic approach.*

One-eyed Mexican Farmer, 1962. Oil on Canvas.

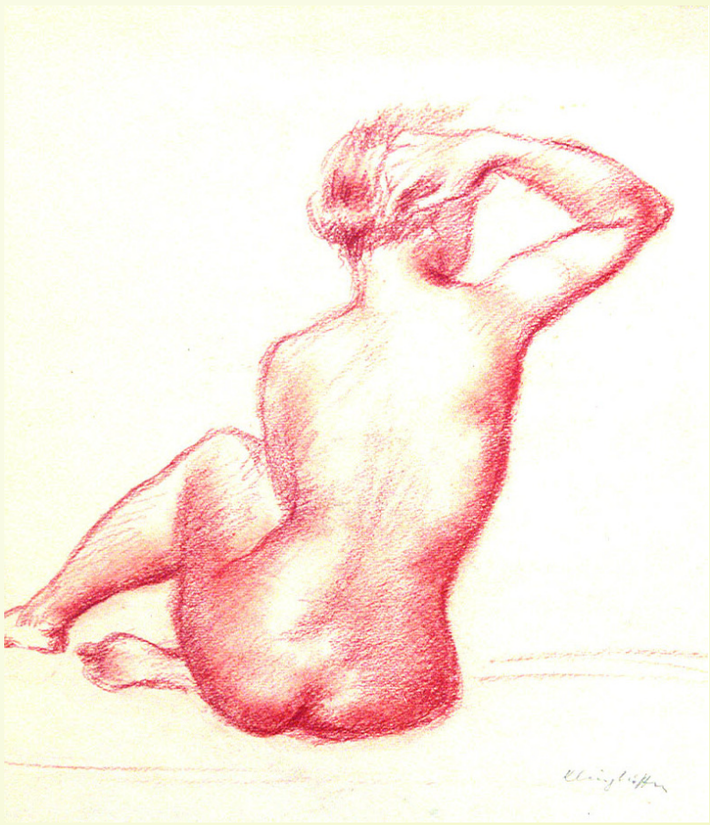
Ruth: *Did her husband's behavior ever improve?*

Michael*: The physical side of it did. When I was fifteen, there was an occasion when I was finally able to intervene. His rage not spent on Clara, he came after me for ripping off pieces of grocery bags covering my Books of Knowledge. The bags had been his idea and my tearing at them was my oblique response to the attack that had been ongoing in the kitchen. It was a particularly steamy summer night. My fifth floor window was open wide to let air in and he was flailing away, backing me up to it. In defense I stopped him. There was no choice. He sat on the floor feeling around for his glasses and didn't make a sound. That was the end of the one-sided assaults. The amazing thing to me was none of his male contemporaries, grown men, neighbors, some of them powerfully built, ever did anything. They could have. They all knew what had been going on. And that was all it took. Clara wanted me to apologize. I refused and walked the neighborhood.*

From what we now know, hers was the reaction of the relentlessly battered woman.

Though the screaming went on, I believe she began not to hear it anymore. She was exhausted. Her work had became more of an effort, a search perhaps for that earlier time before the mountain of roadblocks. Yet her drawings done in the nineteen sixties were still accomplished with the insight and masterly touch of The Girl Who Draws Like Raphael.

Sheila, c.1960. Charcoal on paper.



Nude, Back View, 1960s. Chalk on Paper

Ruth: *What did you think of her - as her son?*

Michael: *Well, here's my favorite memory. In Holland she would take me to her studio and we would stop somewhere at an outdoor automat to get a bite. I remember it so clearly. I was probably five. It was raining and we stood in this little alcove facing a semi-circle of thick windows with brightly lit dishes of food behind them. And I would get a hot chicken croquette. And her coat had such a sweet perfume about it and I remember sticking my face into that coat, and the cold rain just out of reach. And just the two of us. I was a small kid but she was pretty small, too. So it was a little like the two of us small people against the world.*

That's the cape and hood I wore. It was painted in Holland in 1936.

Ruth: *Did she ever see herself as being against the world?*

Michael: *The world at large? No.*

Ruth: *Or when she was regarded in England as a Jewish artist. She did a lot of Jewish subjects in London. Do you think that was the reason some would refer to her as a Jewish artist?*

Michael In Cape, 1936. Oil on canvas. 16 x 13 in.

Old Scholar, c. 1920. Photo, oil on canvas.

East End Yeshiva Boy, 1917. Oil on Canvas. 35 x 30 in.

Michael: *No. Poor Jewish kids and elderly scholars lived in her neighborhood. They were her available models. Other artists painted those same subjects and were not labeled. Of course, the Jewish Chronicle would herald her religion out of pride. I'm not convinced others, particularly in England, did so to add luster.*

Clara dealt with the topic once in remarks she made at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C. From notes in her own hand: ***"We once again come to the question - is there such a thing as Jewish Art? For those of you who have been absent when this fiery subject has been talked about, I would like to state briefly why I do not*** (her underscore) ***think there is such a thing as Jewish art. I have thought about it a great deal, before and since the subject came up between us. But today, more than ever I hold steadfastly to my conviction.***

"Let us assume, for argument's sake, that there is such a thing as Jewish art; then the next logical step would be there must necessarily be a Christian art or a gentile art. How would this difference manifest itself?"

She then sets up a hypothetical situation, suggesting a Jewish artist paint a picture of the crucifixion and a gentile artist render a painting of a Jewish man wearing a prayer shawl.

"How would you recognize the Jewishness in the Christ (depiction)? Because if you say there is such a thing as Jewish art, you should be able to spot it at once despite the subject matter. Where would that Jewishness be - in the colour, the design? Is there such a phenomenon as a Jewish colour, Jewish blue, Jewish red - or is there such a thing as Jewish design? Do the lines run in a special direction, are they sharper, rounder? No, I do not think so, for art takes its impression from life. If there were Jewish art, there must also be Jewish trees, Jewish sand and sky. Of course there aren't, neither in fact nor in interpretation.

"I'm afraid it all has to do with dragging more persecution after us."

Ruth: *Do you have her talent?*

Michael: *No. But my sister, Sonia, is a very talented artist. I remember her starting years ago with seascapes during one summer at the University of Rhode Island. Watercolors. They were wonderful. I remember being surprised because I thought only Mom could do that. In recent years Sonia continued her work at the Art Students League in New York. Her drawings and quick figure sketches are absolutely marvelous. Her teachers there recognized her as a fine talent. Very different from our mother. To me she's bolder and can suggest modeling and reveal character with incredible economy. There's an elegance to her work and a kind of quick truth. Sadly, Clara never saw the drawings done at the League. They were done too late.*

Ruth: *I know my Auntie Clara came back to London in 1970.*

Michael: *Actually, she and her husband left New York for Europe on Holland America's Nieuw Amsterdam on May 25, 1968. It would be her last Atlantic crossing. When back in England, she visited some of her early supporters hoping to set up a sort of farewell exhibition. By that time, the non-objective school had fully ensconced itself there as well. Her one-time devotees would see her coming through a gallery entrance and turn their backs. For now, the money was elsewhere. I remember her as she stepped out of a dark doorway into the street pausing to look at what had once been her London. "Well," she said softly, "I tried..."*

Ruth: *We were all hoping she had come to stay, which she did of course in the wrong sense.*

Joop would let her remain only for short visits in the post-war years and did help her maintain a studio for a while at College Crescent in Swiss Cottage. But he was adamant about not letting her move back to London permanently. So after a short work period in Bonnieux, France and a brief visit to friends in Holland she returned for the last time. Clearly ill and in pain, she was sent to the hospital for an exploratory operation. It was pancreatic cancer. She painted her last work three months before she died. She was 70.

Her husband moved to London permanently after she passed away.

On November 12, 1976, after the opening of a retrospective exhibit at the **Belgrave Gallery** in London, **Linda Talbot** wrote in **Express and News:**

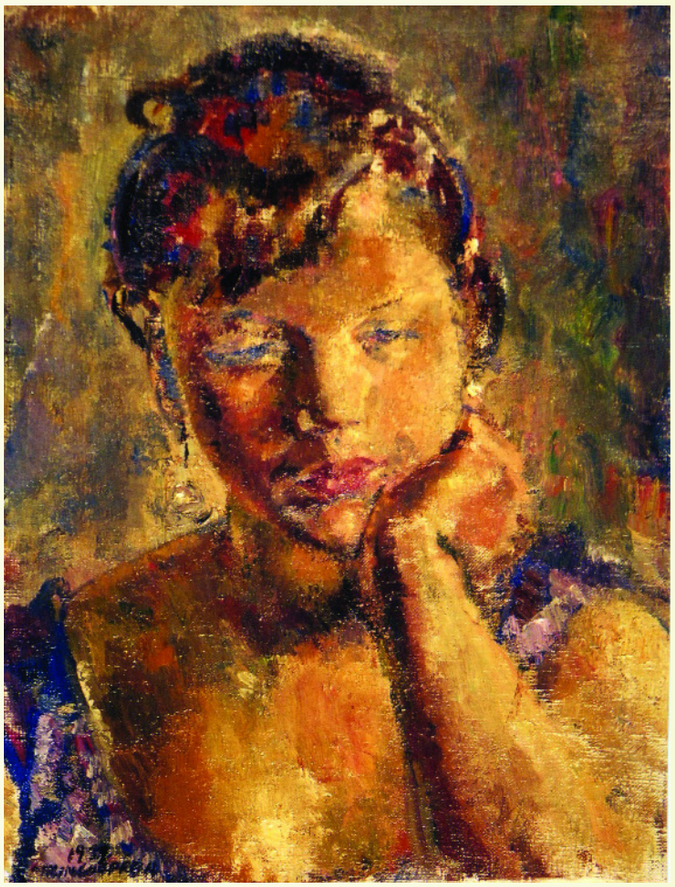
*"**Here is a clear case of superb draughtsmanship and sensitive insight that was appreciated, dismissed as outdated and is now being acclaimed once more. Now, in this show, we have a formidable distillation of her work that deserves lasting recognition."***

After the 1981 retrospective, there was a particularly moving comment by **Terrence Mullaly** in the **Daily Telegraph,** under the heading, "**Clara Klinghoffer Unjustly Forgotten":**

"...if ever there was an artist who for some time has been unjustly forgotten, it is Clara Klinghoffer...While the temporary eclipse of her reputation is not, given the trends in the visual arts, surprising, it is certainly lamentable. She was a portrait painter of sensitive talent and, above all, a fine draughtsman...In her work her obvious sensitivity towards her sitters is manifested, and enforced by her ability not only to suggest weight and substance of a body, but also to convey mood...When much more celebrated artists are forgotten, she will be remembered."

Ruth: *Ray, what do you miss about her?*

Rachel: *I miss everything about her, dear, her personality, her nice nature. You couldn't wish anybody sweeter. There was never another one to touch her. Do you know, I've lived in this house (on Hill Rise in Hampstead Garden Suburb, ed.) now about fifty years and the only rooms that mean something to me are where my husband was and the one with her work. Whenever I go to the room where her work is and I see her drawings and paintings, it's the only time I'm happy.*



Rachel, c. 1960. Oil on canvas.

Clara s London. Oil on board. 9 x 13 in.

In The Dress Shop - where it all began..

Addendum

While I have tried to remain objective in telling Clara's story, I am sure that hints of at least two of my personal views must have surfaced. And though linked to what I learned from my mother, I offer them here as my own.

The incursions of abstractionism and the condescensions that came her way as a consequence, were far more damning than she had the strength to respond to. So allow me.

I think what first astonished me was that so many abstract efforts that temporarily swept Clara's work aside seemed to require lengthy explanations. Worse, the explanations themselves often needed explaining. When white on white, intersecting splotches and jagged warring colors were heralded as new insights, I had the feeling that something other than art was being peddled. "Art" now had to deny all human form and explode from the artist in twitches of physical energy as expressions of total intuitive creation. Slinging and dribbling paint through and around blobs that might or might not deserve trampling – depending on the level of profundity sought - those things were suddenly valid. Frantic scrawls on paper had become works of gut-tortured (thus pure) inspiration. I was there when Clara listened politely to postulates supporting the new vogue and it is my sense, taken from the disbelief on her face, that she must have thought she crossed the ocean into hell. She wondered aloud whether any of these people could actually draw.

At that time and for decades after, 57th Street couldn't get over it. The Nouvelle Vogue's invitees would gather for peanuts and wine, hardly glancing at the excreta on the walls – a sort of signal to their world-weary friends that they didn't *need* to look. They understood. During our interview sessions, Ruth challenged me. "So why do you think it became so popular?"

People were afraid to speak their minds. Ask folks on the street about art today. Most will sheepishly tell you they don't know much about it. So who were they to say that the canvases and re-welded car wrecks being exhibited at the top galleries were incomprehensible when the swells, the 400, the Hamptons and Park Avenue "ins" were promoting slash, dribble and smear as the breakthrough art of the future? So they shrugged and said, "I guess this must be it." Political correctness isn't a new phenomenon.

The second reason is once the "ins" tumble to a "revelation," so declared by a village oracle, oceans of me-too cash flow in, lifting the gathering vested interest in non-objective art, whether rubbish or not, to increasing fiscal heights. In the end it boils down to money which, because it is sacrosanct, makes the canvases holy.

This is not to say that all non-objective, abstractionist art is fraudulent. There are notable collectors who are equally admiring of representational and abstractionist works – they collect both. There are provocative realizations I wish I could afford. Picasso's Guernica, I think, is a work of genius. But, as Clara often pointed out, Picasso could draw, too! There are other compelling visions that can transport, reveal, trigger laughter or captivate. And there are still others that might make fitting products from an asylum. A non-objective piece can evoke a mood, insight, a sweet or painful recollection as surely as a single trumpet note, unbound by structure, can which, by definition, ties it to its human basis. But when accidentally delivered splatters and random scratches are given exhibition space alongside lengthy explanations in an attempt to validate them, I tend to develop an abnormal interest in the wine and peanuts.

Recently. the New York Times ran a story about abstractionists deciding to take a stab at figurative art. According to the paper, they found it rather difficult. Clara once advised those who shrugged at drawing, “Pick up a pencil and a piece of paper and try it. You may be very surprised.”

My second concern is the anti-Semitism, cloaked as praise and even learned investigation, that was tossed at her in England.

Except for such pointed instances as the one that occurred at Woodstock, Clara was not inclined to dignify slurs. However, after Clara died, when a London gallery owner, countering my objection to pigeon-holing her as a Jewish artist, followed me into the street to shout that Clara *was* a Jewish painter, I placed his insistence, often heard by Clara, in a file to deal with later.

During the research, I came across an article by one Charles Marriott in a paper called The Outlook dated May 15. 1920, when Clara was just 20. The gentleman got away with what he wrote then because girls of twenty were not accorded platforms from which to respond, and so Clara would carry these remarks, which are viewed as absurd in any civilized quarter today, but inappropriate remarks nevertheless, into the outset of her career.

Mr. Marriot opened by asserting *“Apart from the merits of her work, one is grateful to Miss Clara Klinghoffer, the young Polish Jewess who is now exhibiting at the Hampstead Art Gallery...for enabling one to discuss the subject of the Jew in art with complete frankness.”* After declaring that Jews have not been prominent in painting, preferring instead to be dealers and *“exploiting” (“using the word in a quite inoffensive meaning,*” he explains) *of other people’s works,* he writes, *“Lately, however, there has been a quite remarkable influx of Jews into the arts of painting and sculpture,”* which he attributes to a modernist movement of intellectualism in art *“attractive to the Jew who prefers thinking to using his hands. Miss Klinghoffer, however, is not obviously connected with what are called modernist movements in painting. That, in a sense, makes her work all the more interesting because it brings you down to the peculiarities of the Jew in craftsmanship itself. To begin with there is a definitely Jewish style of drawing.”* He offers backup for this heretofore hidden finding. *“This is not my discovery in the first place,”* he states humbly*, ‘but ever since it was pointed out to me by an artist I have seen enough to convince me of its truth.”* The anthropologically learned artist is not identified.

Jewish drawing,” he explains, “*tends to be calligraphic or, in cruder language, curly...The Jewish draughtsman negotiates his angles with difficulty, and his characteristic treatment of the human figure recalls the simile of the guttering candle.”* Could it be something like globules dripping down a candle? Does anything come to mind? But there’s more. “*In addition to this curliness in drawing the Jew has a liking for shiny surfaces and bright colours...”* No doubt like the ape is mesmerized by shiny trinkets. The gentleman tries to absolve himself of these grotesque attributions by tip-toeing around them, claiming to have Jews as friends, admiring their music and finally supplying Clara with a condescending pat on the head by asserting, without knowing or ever having met her, that she *“is justly proud of her nationality.”*

This nonsense would be laughable but for it and the permutations of it that Clara would have to carry with her. Since Clara never saw herself or her work as based on being Jewish, she believed that the labeling of her by other than her co-religionists was done to set her apart in some elemental, corporeal way from “the rest of us.” Was there ever an artist in England who was identified as a Catholic painter? Or a Presbyterian draughtsman? How about a Church of England

artist? Interesting to note that in the United States, Clara's talents were never tied to her born religion. The American press spoke of her as "one of the greatest modern English women painters" and "England's best-known artist seen here for the first time..." And that's who she was, notwithstanding efforts to insert distance from that achievement.

What I believe "Jewish artist" does mean in the fair sense is that artist whose execution of a topic may, on occasion, be tied to his singular, searing historical connection which he, as a consequence, may then realize with particular sensitivity, deep personal identification and passion. It is my opinion that strong evidence of that can be found in Clara's works titled, "Bananas," "Upon Reflection," and "Oma" among others.

Michael J. Laurence

EXHIBITIONS

1919	*HAMPSTEAD ART GALLERY*	*(One woman show)*
1921, JAN, FEB	*WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY*	
1922	*GROSVENOR GALLERIES*	
1923, JUNE, JULY	*LEICESTER GALLERIES*	*(One woman show)*
1923, OCT, NOV	*WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY*	
1924, OCT	*LEICESTER GALLERIES*	
1924, JAN	*THE FACULTY OF ARTS GALLERY, LONDON — ALSO VENICE*	
1924, FEB, MAR	*WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY*	
1925, APR, MAY	*REDFERN GALLERY*	*(One woman show)*
1925, FEB	*THE SOCIETY OF INDEPENDENT ARTISTS (OXFORD STREET)*	
1925, OCT	*THE FRENCH GALLERY (PALL MALL)*	
1925, MAY-JULY	*WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY*	
1927, DEC	*THE NEW BURLINGTON ART GALLERIES (THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB)*	
1927, APR-JUNE	*IMPERIAL GALLERY OF ART*	
1927	*THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS*	
1927, JUNE-JULY	*STUDENTS OF THE SLADE SCHOOL*	
1927, DECEMBER	*THE NEW BURLINGTON ART GALLERIES (THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB)*	
1927, MAY-JUNE	*WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY*	
1927	*STOCKHOLM*	
1933	*THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS*	
1934, OCT-NOV	*THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB (THE SUFFOLK ST. GALLERIES)*	
1937, MAY	*COUNTY BOROUGH OF BLACKPOOL—GRUNDY ART GALLERY WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL ART CLUB*	

1938	*REDFERN GALLERY*	*(One woman show)*
1940, MAY	*ACADEMY OF ALLIED ARTS, NEW YORK CITY*	
1941	*460 PARK AVE GALLERIES, NYC*	*(One woman show)*
1951	*NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH*	*(One woman show)*
1955, OCT	*NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB (R.B.A. GALLERIES)*	
1958	*JUSTER GALLERY, NYC*	*(One woman show)*
1965, OCT	*NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB AT THE GALLERIES OF THE FEDERATION OF BRITISH ARTISTS*	
1968	*FAIRLEIGH-DICKENSON, N.J.*	*(One woman show)*
1968	*GALLERY TWELVE, LIVINGSTON, N.J.*	*(One woman show)*
1969	*GALLERY TWELVE, LIVINGSTON, N.J.*	*(One woman show)*
1970	*INSTITUTE MEXICANO NORTEAMERICANO, MEXICO CITY*	
1970	*Clara Klinghoffer died in London*	
1972	*BELGRAVE, LONDON (First Retrospective)*	*(One woman show)*
1976	*BELGRAVE GALLERY LTD, LONDON*	*(One woman show)*
1981	*CAMPBELL & FRANKS LTD, LONDON*	*(One woman show)*

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