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SPECIAL COLLECTIONS
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Musical Director
C-Span
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Dear Sir:

I have long wanted to express to you my admiration for the subtle and most enjoyable underscoring you are giving the various CCL programs. Each is proof of a profound knowledge of musical literature and high standards of taste.

Whenever I listen to your presentations - selectively, no more than perhaps an hour a day - I always look forward to a short, elevating musical postscript you provide by playing excerpts from a Beethoven quartet or a Brahms rhapsody long cherished but rarely heard.

In a way I am not enjoying those long drawn out Congressional "quorum calls," but the musical fillers you provide are always a source of nostalgic remembrance. I am also grateful that you don't play certain amicable composers decidedly overexposed: Vivaldi is one of them. I lived through too many "Seasons."

On the other hand, I regret that you are neglecting my own favorite Johann Sebastian Bach. As you know, any human emotion from despair to frolicsome elation has found expression in his unfathomable oeuvre.

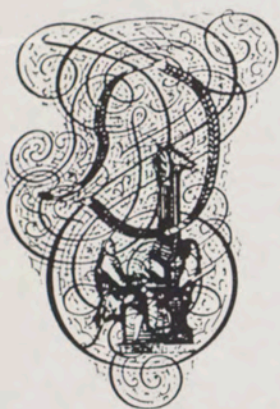
I am taking the liberty of sending you a Xerox copy from a page in my recently published book Picture Man which might explain my "bachic affliction."

Again, my compliments and thanks for the impeccable taste evinced in all your musical selections.

[REDACTED]
Research Scholar
Founder, [REDACTED]
New York City

[REDACTED]/bh

A companion in solitude.



THOUGH I HAVE BEEN blessed with a loving family and many friends, Bach's music palliates that existential loneliness that lies deep within each human soul. So long as I can move my fingers to play a little of his music, loneliness has little chance to creep up on me.

Every morning I begin with exercises performed to Bachian music. There is nothing more suited to doing one's push-ups than the assertive sound of Bach. His decisive rhythms are bracing, chasing away the brain's nocturnal shadows. No less a man than Pablo Casals followed a similar regimen—though less athletically oriented. In his Casals biography (p. 18), Albert Kahn recalls the master cellist's remarks: "In the past eighty years I have started each day in the same manner: I go to the piano and play two preludes and fugues by Bach . . . it is a sort of benediction of the house . . . a benediction of the world which I enjoy being a part of."

At the end of the day, I again take refuge in the unfathomable works of my patron saint. I sit down at the piano—or rather, my little earphone-quipped Yamaha, which I acquired to spare my neighbors. I reach on top of the pile of music for *The Well-Tempered Clavier*. "Well tempered" indeed is the music of Bach: running the gamut from sunlit contemplation and joy to sorrow and melancholy borne by a heroic heart. I turn to the tattered pages and tackle once more a prelude or a fugue on which I have worked for months (sometimes for a lifetime). As I immerse myself in these crystalline, logical structures, I leave for a few precious moments the disorderly world with its myriad unsolved problems and enter one where serenity and order prevail.

Bach always "takes me home." Conflicting thoughts that beset me during the day seem to fall in line. The rhythmic certainties, the sense of destination that prevails in all he wrote, prove infinitely bracing. And so to bed, perchance to dream.

The Picture Man

When Hitler dismissed Jews from state employment in 1933, Dr. [redacted] was a young curator at the Prussian State Art Library in Berlin. He packed two steamer trunks with pictures, books, and film and left for New York City. At customs, the Nazis confiscated his money for the "leaving the Reich" tax and then eyed his bulging trunks. At length, one guard commented, "Some kind of nut," and the other waved him through.

The trunks held the core of the [redacted] Archive, one of the largest repositories of visual images in the world, and one of the most famous credit lines in the field of picture journalism. Arriving in New York just as photojournalism was emerging in the pages of *Life* and *Look*, [redacted] virtually defined his own industry, though his success was not entirely smooth and immediate. At least one acquaintance advised him to dump the old pictures in the Hudson and return to librarianship. In *The Picture Man*, [redacted] offers these and other vignettes of a remarkable life stretching from Leipzig and Berlin to New York and Boca Raton.

He recalls for us a privileged childhood in the Weimar Republic that he and others believed would face down the Nazis. In America, he shows us hustling New York in the thirties and forties, life above the Blue Ribbon Restaurant on West 44th Street, and his early archive/antique shop in a coal bin at 215 E. 57th Street. Though money remained tight for some time, these years were spent amid challenging projects and notable figures in the publishing and entertainment industries, such as Harry Abrams, Alfred Kinsey, Johnny Carson, Edward Steichen, Barbara Tuchman, and Peter Max.

Illustrated with 285 of [redacted]'s favorite finds, the book also describes his lucky breaks, the treasures amid the worthless memorabilia, and the business deals that moved him out of the pack of photo services and established the distinctive quality of his agency. And he proves a learned, dry-witted, and companionable narrator who has seen remarkable things, loves Bach, and has always displayed an acute sense of timing—from his early keyboard dexterity to his eye for the defining moment in pictures to his decision to sell the Archive and move to Florida in 1981, there to start a new career.



[redacted] is the author of nine books, including *A Pictorial History of Medicine*, *Our Literary Heritage* (with Van Wyck Brooks), *The Good Old Days—They Were Terrible*, and *The Delights of Reading*. He is curator of rare books at the Florida Atlantic University Library, Boca Raton.

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