

Only now, in the quiet of my new study in the Augustinum, have I found the peace of mind to think of my parents, to whom I owe everything. I have therefore decided to write a few pages about them.

My mother died of pneumonia in the summer of 1929, when I was 13 years old, in the Landgrafen Strasse 10, Berlin. This was the apartment in which my parents had lived since they were married in about 1910, and where I was born, our real home. My last memory of my mother is of her lying peacefully in bed. Many years later, when I learnt that Gerhard Domagk had discovered in 1932 the first sulphonamide, prontosil, which would have cured her pneumonia, I could not overcome my resentment that, had his discovery come five years earlier, it would have saved my mother's life.

My mother was '*eine treffliche Berliner Bildhauerin*' (a splendid Berlin sculptor) as she was described in one of the many press notices published in 1912 on the occasion of the exhibition 'Women at Home and in their Professions'. This Berlin Exhibition had an art section in which my mother showed two sculptures, a boy in bronze and a young woman in marble both life-size. She received for them one of the five prizes awarded by the Committee and hence her name appeared in 17 Berlin and provincial newspapers, as well as in a Paris journal. She must have subscribed to the Berlin Press Cutting Agency, the 'Literary Bureau', because I still have the cuttings, slightly discoloured, now lying in front of me.

Later in the same year, my mother sent two sculptures to Paris, to an Exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which honoured her by making her an honorary member. She had already shown her work at the Leipzig Annual Art Exhibitions of 1908, 1909 and 1911, as recorded in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of Berlin.

It is most remarkable that in spite of the severe conditions of World War I in Berlin, the annual "Great Art Exhibition" took place and my mother was able to exhibit in 1915, when she received mention in seven newspapers and in 1916 again with three mention and in 1918 with one. As the reporters wrote, the exhibitions were getting smaller and smaller, and this also explains fewer press notices. All these were lovingly preserved by my father and have thus reached me now, after nearly a century. I am also certain that my mother showed a new sculpture on each occasion and this was a great achievement to have created them during the war years. They earned her the description '*grossartig*' (splendid, magnificent).