

Gondola! Gondola!

Hans Haacke

“Gondola! Gondola! That is the battle cry of Venice.” With this line, the party paper of the capital of the Reich opened its first-page atmospheric report from Venice, on June 14, 1934.¹ The following day, the correspondent cabled enthusiastically: “The gondolas, marvelously festooned with lanterns, come to a stop at the Biennale. Aristocratic ladies alight, men stride solemnly. ... Has there really ever been a time in Germany when the Führer was called a foreigner? Venice greets him with the Meistersinger! He sits to the right of the Duce.”² What is behind this story? An Austrian postcard painter was on his first trip to Italy. He had a friend down there, Benito. A dozen years earlier, Benito had made a march on Rome and taken over the place. That inspired the postcard painter to try something similar a year later in Munich. It was a flop. It took him until 1933 to pull off a coup in Berlin. A celebration was thus in order. But Adolfo, as the Italians called him, was very busy at first. They had to wait for an entire year. Only then could the two friends go on a vacation together in Venice. Benito threw him a tremendous welcoming party, with everything Venice had to offer. After the first night, there was plenty of action again. Already at the crack of dawn there was shouting in the Piazza San Marco: “Evviva Hitler!” Berliners read in the paper on the following day: “Throngs of fascist maidens in black skirts and white blouses were on their feet.”³ But not only girls were filling the streets. Blackshirts, too, were lining up en masse: “The avant-gardists left a particularly good impression. The human material was excellent.”⁴ Benito appeared in full regalia on the grandstand that had been put up in front of the Caffè Florian. “There was a reveling in light and colors, costumes and beauty. And as always, there was the blue sky of the South.”⁵ The press spoke of a “frenzy of enthusiasm.”

After the celebration on the Piazza San Marco, the postcard painter took a motorboat to the Biennale. As a former denizen of Schwabing, he was curious to see what his colleagues had been up to. At the Giardini Pubblici landing, he was greeted by Count Giuseppe Volpi di Misurata,⁶ the president of the Biennale, and by Antonio Maraini, its general secretary. Like the two thousand giovani fascisti who had lined up to welcome him, the two gentlemen had donned the local black garb of boots, shoulder strap, and decorations that had become fashionable in those years. This black costume was only one of many the goateed Count Volpi donned as he moved in the circles of international finance and politics. He had busied himself, among other interests, in the Balkans, at Rapallo, in regional electric power companies, in banking and insurance, and in transportation. As a condottiere and governor of

the Italian colony of Tripolitania he had won the title of count as well as large land holdings. Together with Vittorio Cini and Achille Gaggia, Volpi had been promoting a new port and industrial zone at Marghera, near Mestre on the mainland. To venerable Venice they had assigned the role of a museum island with fully integrated service industries. Volpi, the godfather of Venice, had substantial interests on both sides of the lagoon. Benito's guest from Berlin, for example, was lodged in the Grand Hotel, which was one of many luxury hotels belonging to his CIGA chain. The agile tactician had been an early patron of the Venetian 'fascio,' perhaps assuming that his revolutionary political friends would protect him from the red menace. When things had reliably settled in 1922, he joined the party. The Duce thought highly of him. In 1925 he entrusted the Venetian senator with his ministry of finance, and a few months after the Biennale visit from Berlin he made him president of the Italian Association of Industrialists. As head of Confinindustria he had frequent dealings with the newly established Reichsgruppe Industrie. Like his colleague Hermann Josef Abs⁷ of the Deutsche Bank in the cold North, the busy Count of Misurata warmed seats in more than forty different boardrooms. And after the big crash, both men were able to rely on old business friends abroad. Happily, their exoneration was assured (for the comrade-in-arms up North, this turned out to be the prelude to a spectacular postwar career and, in his old age, even the occupation of the Städel Museum in Frankfurt; only in the United States is he still persona non grata). No question, Benito's Biennale guest was not received by some doddering, impoverished nobleman who had charitably been put in charge of an honorary culture post: il Conte Giuseppe Volpi di Misurata was a seasoned man, well versed in all the dirty tricks Venice has up its sleeve.

The painter from Schwabing made his way immediately to the German Pavilion. In 1934, it had been decorated by Eberhard Hanfstaengl, who had just been appointed director of the National Gallery in Berlin (he was a cousin of the painter's good friend Putzi from Munich). For a good while he remained silent in the first room, contemplating the bust of Hindenburg. Then he saw himself confronted with Ferdinand Liebermann's *Reich Chancellor Hitler*. He looked deeply into his bronze eyes. What he found there has not been recorded. Eventually, without comment, he turned away. Joseph Wackerle's *National Emblem*, an excellent example for the postcard painter's new corporate identity program, filled him with new confidence in predestination. Continuing on his tour, he had occasion to celebrate a happy reunion with the *German Soil*, a painting by Werner Peiner from his own collection. In the intoxicating atmosphere of Venice, this painting offered a welcome opportunity to reconnect with the heaviness of the earth at home, and with the discipline of the German peasant.⁸ Finally, facing Georg Kolbe's *Statue for a Stadium*, a giant nude,

he was inspired to think about film projects for Leni Riefenstahl. He was not only a lover of the visual arts and architecture. For many years he also had been a movie buff. Like so much else, he shared this passion with his 'cicerone.' The Biennale president, in fact, was the one who, in 1932, had invented the Venice Film Festival, even though he was also occupying the office of provost of San Marco. Naturally, like the Biennale, the Festival played an important part in his investments in the local tourist industry. Volpi also had acted as patron saint at times when trouble was brewing in Rome over some hot scenes on the silver screen. At the end of this tour, our vacationer was clearly pleased.

The Reichskulturkammer of his Ministry of Public Relations under Joseph Goebbels had done an excellent job. To be sure, there were a few minor glitches, such as the exhibition of Kolbe's bust of Hans Prinzhorn and Barlach's *Monks Reading*. That had to do with an argument that was still raging between Goebbels, who was known for this connoisseurship, and the hard line of the national observer Alfred Rosenberg. They quarreled over whether the Expressionists were to be branded cultural Bolsheviks or whether their angular style was, in fact, a perfect representation of the new era. Goebbels, the consummate PR man, had a penchant for modern art. During the preceding year, he had sponsored a Futurist show in Berlin, and prior to Fritz Lang's sudden departure from *Metropolis*, he had seriously considered entrusting him with the supervision of the entire film production of the Reich. For the time being, in Venice, the Biennale visitor let his hosts know how much he appreciated their efforts. During a warm farewell, Antonio Maraini, the general secretary, expressed the hope that the German Pavilion would be enlarged and equipped with state-of-the-art exhibition technology in the near future. Within a few years, this wish was to be fulfilled. In spite of the inclusion of Prinzhorn and Barlach, Eberhard Hanfstaengl had done his 'Kulturarbeit' with such loyalty that he was allowed to continue in 1936. (His triumphal period, however, had to wait until 1948; for ten years, until 1958, the buddy from Munich atoned). No doubt, the 'Kraft durch Freude' (Strength through Joy) excursion to Venice could be chalked up as a fantastic success. The enthusiastic review in the *Lavoro Fascista* served as confirmation: "The fact that Fascism and National Socialism let the seeds of a new culture sprout is the best guarantee for the peaceful intentions of Fascist Italy and National Socialist Germany."⁹

This editorial from Rome was both high praise and an appeal to diligently nurture the frail shoots of the new German "Will to Culture." It was a matter of defending German soil and German blood against all that was foreign. Martin Heidegger, as president of the University of Freiburg, had already announced in 1933, in a proud 'Declaration of Allegiance to Adolf Hitler and the National Socialist State': "We have

completely broken with idolizing a thinking that is bottomless and lacking power.”¹⁰ Contemplating human existence, the New Age philosopher arrived at the conclusion: “Superman belongs to that race [‘Schlag’] of mankind which, above all, wills itself as a race, and allies itself with that race. ... Amidst meaningless totality, this race [‘Menschenschlag’] posits the will to power as the ‘meaning of the earth.’ The final stage of European nihilism is ‘catastrophe’ in the sense of an affirmative turnabout.”¹¹ Superman’s race struck. Marxist, Jewish, and democratic literature was purged by fire. (Born late, Hans Jürgen Syberberg recently also voiced the opinion that the Left and the Jews were responsible for the misery of German culture.)¹² The cleansing had begun.

The 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin offered another opportunity to spread the image of the New German around the world. *Mens sana in corpore sano sit*. Shortly after his return from the sun of Italy, the tanned vacationer laid down the ardently awaited line in the quarrel over pictures: “Our resolve was firm that the driveling Dadaist-Cubist and Futuristic ‘experience’-mongers and ‘objectivity’-mongers would, under no circumstances, be allowed any part in our cultural rebirth.”¹³ Tried and tested artists like Joseph Wackerle and Arno Breker, as well as Leni Riefenstahl, were given major commissions. The Bauhaus artist Herbert Bayer also came on board. He produced a brash design for the ‘Deutschland Ausstellung 1936’ exhibition guide (six years later he would take care of ‘The Road to Victory’ at the Museum of Modern Art in New York).¹⁴ For artists who did not belong to the Field and Stream variety but who thought, nevertheless, their works were compatible with the dominant ‘Zeitgeist’—and many well-known modern artists held such mistaken beliefs—the year 1937 turned out to be a major educational experience. In Munich, the chief artist of the Reich inaugurated his Haus der Deutschen Kunst with a representative selection from the pool of new creativity—and they were not invited. Instead their products could be inspected in the ‘Degenerate Art’ exhibition around the corner. 1937 was also the year in which preparations for the next Biennale got under way. The new ‘völkisch’ art was to be presented to the world in a monumental new building, representative of the power and self-confidence of the Third Reich, not in that classicist treasure box in which Count Volpi’s guest had encountered his double in 1934. Like the old building, the new one was to be designed by a Bavarian architect.¹⁵ Professor Ernst Haiger from Munich, the ‘Stadt der Bewegung’ (City of the Movement), got the commission. In January 1938, the professor informed the general secretary of the Biennale that the Führer had approved his plans (this decision was not surprising, since he had faithfully followed the model of Paul Ludwig Troost, the ocean liner decorator). He closed his letter with a remark that beautifully linked economic and political considerations with esthetic expectations:

“Since the costs of the construction will be covered by the German government, I am looking forward to a concession on your part in regard to the reshaping of the area in front of the building. It needs more symmetry.”¹⁶ In response, Commendatore Bazzoni asserted his proprietary rights. He agreed, however, to meet the Axis partner half way. One of the three trees that was in the way was cut down, and Società Anonima Cementi Armati of Venice streamlined the pavilion according to the new Munich style in the record time of sixty-four days. The master architect described his work in a statement: “Tall and strong pillars of stone support the portico; above the entrance the national emblem of the Third Reich prepares us for the new spirit of German art.”¹⁷ A stonemason of the Società Anonima chiseled, in unadorned simple letters, the word GERMANIA into the entablature. In order to lend the interior a cool and solemn appearance, the drawing room parquet of the old Bavarian Pavilion was replaced with Chiampo mandorlato, a stone similar to Istrian marble. On November 2, 1938, the periodical of the Building Department of the Prussian Ministry of Finance gave the edifice an excellent review: “The setting in which the art of our German fatherland is presented abroad is not immaterial. The new German exhibition hall in Venice is not only an impressive and distinguished representation of the Third Reich, it also demonstrates how an artistically perfect environment can enhance the art works it houses.”¹⁸ A week after this review, the Jews of the Reich were given a crystal shower.

The Master of the Pubic Hair was granted first crack in the new state chapel in Venice. Adolf Ziegler had well earned this honor with his service at the Haus der Deutschen Kunst in Munich. Now, in the Giardini Pubblici, he proved his manhood again. His exhibition concept assigned the central role to the boss’s two favorite artists.¹⁹ In their work he recognized that “The unbeatable spirit of our people’s race and the manifestations of a proud past have once again opened up the German soul.”²⁰ Coyly waving a laurel twig, Arno Breker’s *Heroine and Her Decathlete* companion did an impressive burlesque number as nude sentries (they had trained together at the 1936 Berlin Olympics). By comparison, Josef Thorak’s tête-à-tête of *Führer and Duce* was rather chaste. Breker’s ensemble, in fact, amounted to an exquisite foreplay for the next date in Venice. In 1940, the first year of the war, Breker’s bodybuilder demonstrated his *Readiness*. Already from the steps leading up to the portico, pilgrims could see through the open door, far away in the depth of the apse, the resplendent hunk drawing his sword, his eyes firmly turned toward the East (the master had put the last touches on the magnificent body just before the German invasion of Poland). It was a top performance. The creator was awarded the Grand Prix. After this high point in Venice, Arno Breker distinguished himself with great bravery on the home front. With blind devotion to his supreme commander,

he fought in his studio until the last drop of blood was shed. He was on special assignment. Meanwhile, smoke signals appeared in the sky—like those rising from incinerators (cleansing also occurred in Venice). And as far as one could see, the fields of honor were being fertilized. When, after twelve years, the time clocks of the Thousand Year Reich stopped and Breker's long-time patron went down ingloriously, there was only a brief pause for the tenacious fighter. Old comrades such as Maillol, Vlaminck, Céline, Cocteau, and Jean Marais, as well as Salvador Dalí, Ezra Pound, and, of course, Winifred Wagner and Ernst Junger, needed busts. However, new admirers from trade and industry also knocked on the door of his studio in Düsseldorf. There were even commissions from statesmen for the creator of the *Party* and the *Armed Forces*, two monumental action figures that had been guarding the entrance to the Reich Chancellery in Berlin until the end. Among the new clients were the Christian Democrats Konrad Adenauer and Ludwig Erhard. The easy-going father of the German Miracle sent the yapping pipsqueaks packing: "The rebuilding of a country requires not only economic efforts from a people but also reflection on its spiritual and cultural values. Arno Breker's artistic achievements have survived all kinds of political favors and resentments because of their unshakable foundation. An artist like Breker, tolerant and unwavering, who works with a deep commitment to Christian ethics and the Good, needs no defense. Through his work Breker defends man's freedom and dignity in society."²¹

Unfortunately, the man who had made the deutsche mark roll lacked the art-world reputation necessary to shield the master from petulant grumbling. Art connoisseurs with impeccable credentials had to come forward. Peter Ludwig and Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza stepped in. As a sign of their admiration, they commissioned the victor of Venice to fashion their and their spouses' likenesses for eternity. Tastefully, the Baron proceeded in private. The chocolate master, however, as is his habit, did so in public. When the Ludwig-Museum was opened in Cologne he confided to *Der Spiegel*: "I think Breker is an interesting artist, a great portraitist. ... Certainly there is a penchant for conservatism around the world. I have followed Breker's work for quite a while. It was only a year and a half ago, however, that my wife and I decided to commission a portrait." The admirer of Cicciolina also offered an art-theoretical aperçu: "Postmodern, what else does that mean other than being traditional?"²² A week after the 1993 Biennale opening, an exhibition with the title 'LudwigsLust – Die Sammlung Irene und Peter Ludwig' is to be inaugurated in Nuremberg at the Germanic National Museum. To get the visitors in the right mood, the collectors will be introduced to them through portraits by Andy Warhol, Bernhard Heisig, Jean-Olivier Hucleux, and Arno Breker.²³

In 1993, as always, Venice is worth a visit. The art world's logistical strategists booked hotels as early as Christmas for the big days of the Biennale opening in June. Travel agencies with an intimate knowledge of the industry's needs have prepared informational pamphlets and are offering personalized service. The Danieli, a hangout of art stars, is making this pitch: "Over the past five years almost all rooms have been renovated in the CIGA Empire style. The spacious rooms have muted color schemes and luxurious marble bathrooms."²⁴ Old hands in the hotel industry remember CIGA Empire as the favored style of Count Volpi's hotel chain. For people with more exquisite taste there is the Cipriani, on the Giudecca: "It is noteworthy for its exceptional comfort, amenities, personalized service, secure surroundings, and refined taste."²⁵ The secure surroundings of the Cipriani are not emphasized without reason: for decades the bohemians of the art world stayed around the corner at the Casa Frolo. The establishment also knows how to fend off overtures from the working-class residents of the Giudecca. In fact, the Cipriani, with its refined taste and tight security, has proven itself an ideal pied-à-terre for the World Economic Forum. If need be, the American Sixth Fleet can interpose itself between the Giardini Pubblici and the hotel, with its concern for an atmosphere of total relaxation and privacy for intimate business transactions. During the time of the Biennale opening, a double superior room is available for 690,000 lire (approximately \$435). An additional value-added tax of nineteen percent is charged. However, given the deterioration of the Italian currency, the tax will be of little significance for foreign clients. The Cipriani name is a guarantee of good company in other ways as well. Since preparations for the 1993 Biennale have entered their final stretch, Harry Cipriani is commemorating Ernest Hemingway, who was his father's loyal drinking buddy. His own bottom-line, double-page advertisements: "I think that having the American Express® Card, the world becomes smaller"²⁶ (years ago American Express had already contributed to the Mystic Lamb in Ghent). Deutsches Reisebüro is encouraging its clients to think of intimate settings, too: "How about an exquisite dinner for two at Antico Martini's or at Harry's famous bar?"²⁷

The desire for a global love-in was present at the birth of the Biennale. It still brings masses of visitors to Venice one hundred years later. Riccardo Selvatico, an author of comedies and mayor from 1890 to 1895, together with local artist friends, invented the Biennale as an international sales exhibition.²⁸ In his appeal to German artists for participation, he declared: "The city council of Venice decided to establish this art exhibition because it is convinced that art is indeed one of the most valuable elements of civilization and that it represents an unprejudiced act of the spirit as much as the brotherly union of all peoples."²⁹ Thanks to excellent publicity, 224,000 visitors came to the first Biennale. There were also sales.³⁰ Selvatico, the good soul,

was replaced by a clerical-conservative coalition, of which the first general secretary of the Biennale, Antonio Fradeletto, was an active member. He was a traditionalist art historian at the University Ca' Pesaro in Venice. Under his aegis the exhibition developed as an event to benefit the local restaurant and hotel industry and as an asset in the development plans of the Venetian establishment. As is customary with World Fairs and the Olympic Games, in Venice local investment policy and the insatiable desire for national representation happily joined forces in an ideologically saturated arena.

The Biennale troops traditionally pass their busy days at the Paradiso or the Florian on the Piazza San Marco and continue into the wee hours at Harry's. In case of doubt, the bills are processed as tax-deductible business expenses. However, the excursion to Venice does not just satisfy everybody's understandable need for relaxation and disinterested pleasure. The traders, producers, buyers, and cultural officials, the press and the hangers-on, all flock to the Venetian get-together to spy ("information is power"), to develop and push opinions, and, of course, to nurture old and establish new friendships and business connections. What is at stake isn't chicken shit. The Venetian gift for comedy in marrying big money with sublime art challenges today's jet-set actors to rival the model of 'La Serenissima' with contemporary versions of intimacy, chutzpah, and nonchalance. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. A few days after the abandon of the carnival in Venice, the show moves on to the hard sell of the Basel Art Fair, and, depending on one's taste, it could end in Nuremberg with 'LudwigsLust.' One would underestimate the Biennale (held on a site where Napoleon razed a monastery two-hundred years ago to make room for a park) if one were to believe that it is only concerned with development aid for Venice and dividing up the secular shares of the art market. Philip Morris, at least, was not fooled when the giant consumer-goods corporation sponsored the American Pavilion of Isamu Noguchi in 1986. The Marlboro cowboys couldn't care less whether Noguchi's prices would go up. Living in the saddle all their lives, they understood one thing: "It takes art to make a company great."³¹ One might be tempted to assume that the weather-beaten fellows with big hats were thinking of paintings of their horses, or of fiery sunsets behind the Rockies. No, they are used to more powerful stuff. They aim at the big showplaces for "high art" around the world. One can surmise what they are looking for from the jargon with which such behavior is analyzed in a book published by the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* (FAZ, a conservative German newspaper): "Sponsoring has three central communications goals: recognition, attitudes, and the promotion of good relations." What matters is that "the positive image of the sponsored is transferred to the sponsor (image transfer)." FAZ-summary: "Sponsoring is an opportunity to cultivate relations with selected big clients, trading partners,

opinion makers, and opinion multipliers in an attractive setting.”³² The oil men from Mobil are more direct. They call it “Art, for the sake of business.” For those who are a bit dense they elaborate: “What’s in it for us—or for ‘your’ company? ‘Improving—and securing—the business climate.’”³³ In plain English this means low taxes; favorable regulations in the areas of commerce, public health, and the environment; governmental export assistance, irrespective of the nature of the products and the politics of the country of destination; and a defense against criticism of the sponsor’s conduct. For example, behind the smokescreen of art, it is easier for the ‘Wehrwirtschaftsführer’ (Leaders of the Defense Industry, in the terminology of the Third Reich) of Daimler-Benz to rid themselves elegantly of pesky reporters inquiring about the company’s chumminess with Saddam Hussein and the Iranian Revolutionary Guards. Alain-Dominique Perrin, the boss of the Cartier bauble shop in Paris, once described this mechanism in exquisite, amorous terms: “Sponsoring art is not only a fantastic communications tool. It is much more than that. It is a tool for the seduction of public opinion.”³⁴ The best part is that the seduced are allowed to pay for the aphrodisiac expenses incurred in their seduction—they are tax deductible. The cowboys with their cancer sticks simply followed their innate country smarts when they decided to take Noguchi for a ride. “Culture is in fashion. All the better. As long as it lasts, we should use it,” applauds the gentleman from the Place Vendôme³⁵ (apparently he is aware of the impermanence of the high entertainment value culture enjoys at the moment).

According to Thomas Wegner, who staged a fair of electronic consumer products (MEDIALE) laced with art in the 1993 cyberspace of Hamburg, “art events of the scale of Documenta or the Biennale are modern myths.”³⁶ Public-relations experts and their marketing colleagues have gleefully discovered that, of late, the prestige and symbolic power of these and comparable mythical art institutions are at their disposal. Art still exudes the odor of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, an unbeatable opportunity for image transfer. Because they are not suspected of serving worldly interests, the Good, the True, and the Beautiful (GTB) represent enormous symbolic capital, even though this cannot be put into numbers.³⁷ In his Biennale call, the mayor-comedy writer Riccardo Selvatico had declared that “art is one of the most valuable elements of civilization,” and that it represents “an unprejudiced act of the spirit.”³⁸ Managers do not need to worry about what this may mean, as long as their target groups believe in immaculate conception, and no mass lay-offs are in the offing. While Casanova—that great Venetian expert—has taught them that not just anything is suitable for the enterprise of seduction, they can rely on the art institutions to choose the appropriate means. We know from Philippe de Montebello, unquestionably a connoisseur of the milieu, how the internal

control mechanism of sponsorship works: “It’s an inherent, insidious, hidden form of censorship.”³⁹ GTB not only serves as a lubricant and constitutes exchange value in art markets. The Good, the True, and the Beautiful are empty terms, ready to be filled by any number of different contents. It is therefore not surprising that fierce arguments have always raged among producers and traders, as well as in the warehouses, over the dominance of this or that ingredient. And not only there. When it comes to the definition of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, more is at stake than parochial politicians of the art world sometimes imagine. Determining language is ideological and political management—to be sampled also in what has filled the pavilions of the Biennale over the past hundred years. On October 3, 1786, Goethe wrote in his diary about his visit to the Chiesa dei Gesuati at Zattere, in Venice: “Gesuati, a true Jesuit church. Merry paintings by Tiepolo. On sections of the ceiling, one can see more of the lovely saints than their thighs, if my perspective does not fool me.”⁴⁰

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- 1 Gustav W. Eberlein, 'Venedig feiert Hitler,' Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger, Zentralorgan für die Reichshauptstadt 278, 15 June 1934, I.
- 2 Gustav Eberlein, 'Venedigs große Tage,' Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger, Zentralorgan für die Reichshauptstadt 279, 16 June 1934, I.
- 3 Ibid.
- 4 'Der Vorbeimarsch der Giovani Fascisti,' Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger, Zentralorgan für die Reichshauptstadt 279, 16 June 1934.
- 5 'Faschistenparade vor Hitler,' Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger, Zentralorgan für die Reichshauptstadt 279, 16 June 1934.
- 6 Sergio Romano, Giuseppe Volpi et l'Italie moderne: Finance, industrie et l'état de l'ère giolittienne à la Deuxième Guerre Mondiale, trans. Sophie Gherardi (1979), reprint École Française de Rome, 1982. See also Rolf Petri, 'Industriestadt Im Zugriff des großen Geldes,' in Venedig: Ein politisches Reisebuch, ed. Rolf Petri (Hamburg: 1986), 113–17; Maurizio Reberschak, 'Faschismus, Antifaschismus, Widerstand,' in *ibid.*, 118–31; Mario Isneghi, 'Die Biennale: Väter und Söhne,' in *ibid.*, 195–211; and Rolf Petri, 'Disneyland in der Lagune: Tourismus als Selbstentfremdung,' in *ibid.*, 213–21.
- 7 See Hans Haacke, 'Manet-PROJEKT'74, first exhibited at Galerie Paul Maenz, Cologne, 1974. Facsimile reproduction pp. 177–22, and in Hans Haacke, *Framing and Being Framed* (Halifax: Press of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design; New York: New York University Press, 1975), 69–94; also in Hans Haacke: *Unfinished Business*, ed. Brian Wallis (New York and Cambridge: New Museum of Contemporary Art and M.I.T. Press, 1986), and other exhibition catalogues.
- 8 Annette Lagler, *Biennale Venedig: Der deutsche Beitrag und seine Theorie in der Chronologie von Zusammenkunft und Abgrenzung*, dissertation, Technische Hochschule, Aachen, 1991, 169–79. See also 'La visita di Hitler alla XIX Biennale,' *Gazzetta di Venezia*, 16 June 1934, 10–11; 'Hitler alla Biennale,' *Tevere* (Rome), 16 June 1934; 'La visita di Hitler alla Biennale,' *Gazzetta del Popolo* (Turin), 16 June 1934; "Besuch der Kunstausstellung 'Biennale,'" *Völkischer Beobachter* (Berlin) 167, 16 June 1934, I.
- 9 'Aus der italienischen Presse,' *Frankfurter Zeitung*, 16 June 1934, 1.
- 10 Martin Heidegger, cited in Jürgen Habermas, *Der philosophische Diskurs der Moderne* (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1985), 187.
- 11 Martin Heidegger, *Nietzsche*, vol. 2 (Pfullingen, 1961), 313.
- 12 Hans Jürgen Syberberg, *Vom Unglück und Glück der Kunst in Deutschland nach dem letzten Kriege* (Munich: Matthes & Seitz, 1990).
- 13 Adolf Hitler, speech at Reichsparteitag 1935, cited in Stephanie Barron, ed., *Degenerate Art: The Fate of the Avant-Garde in Nazi Germany*, exh. cat. (Los Angeles: Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1991), 386.
- 14 'Inszenierung der Macht: Herbert Bayer, Kataloggestaltung,' in *Inszenierung der Macht: Ästhetische Faszination im Faschismus*, ed. Klaus Behnken and Frank Wagner (Berlin: NGBK, 1978), 286–97. See also Benjamin H. D. Buchloh, 'From Factura to Factography,' *October* 30 (Fall 1984): 80–119.
- 15 Annette Lagler, *Biennale Venedig*, 118f., 179f.
- 16 Letter of Ernst Haiger to Comm. Bazzoni, General Secretary of the Biennale, 10 January 1938, Archivio storico delle arti contemporanee, La Biennale di Venezia, Venice.
- 17 Ernst Haiger, 'Der neue deutsche Ausstellungsbau der Biennale in Venedig,' typewritten manuscript, 19 April 1938, Archivio storico delle arti contemporanee, La Biennale di Venezia, Venice.
- 18 G., 'Das deutsche Kunstausstellungsgebäude in Venedig,' in Prussian Ministry of Finance, ed., *Zentralblatt der Bauverwaltung, vereinigt mit Zeitschrift für Bauwesen* (Berlin) 58, 2 November 1938, 1192–95.
- 19 Annette Lagler, *Biennale Venedig*, 182–88.
- 20 Adolf Ziegler, *XXI Biennale di Venezia*, exh. Cat. (1938), 257.
- 21 Ludwig Erhard, 1974, in *Form und Schönheit* (Salzburg: Salzburger Kulturvereinigung, 1978), 15; cited in Siegfried Salzmann, 'Der Fall Breker' *Im Namen des Volkes: Das 'gesunde Volksempfinden' als Kunstmaßstab*, exh. cat. (Duisburg: Wilhelm-Lehmbruck-Museum, 1979), 160.
- 22 Jürgen Hohmeyer, 'Breker wird zur Seite gedrückt,' *Der Spiegel* (Hamburg), 1 September 1986.
- 23 *Presse-Information* (3), Germanisches Nationalmuseum, Nuremberg, July 1992.
- 24 *Biennale Venice 1993*, promotional flier, Humbert Travel Agency, Inc., New York, 1993.
- 25 Ibid.
- 26 American Express, double-page advertisement in *Art News* (April 1993): 5–6; also in *New York Times Magazine*, 7 March 1993, 8–9.
- 27 *DER Tour: Städtereisen*, Deutsches Reisebüro GmbH, Frankfurt, 1992.
- 28 Mario Isneghi, 'Die Biennale: Väter und Söhne,' 195–211.
- 29 Cited in Annette Lagler, *Biennale Venedig*, 20.
- 30 Mario Isneghi, 'Die Biennale: Väter und Söhne,' 195–211.
- 31 Philip Morris slogan on double-page ads in the American press announcing art events sponsored by the company during the 1970s and 1980s.
- 32 Manfred Bruhn, *Sponsoring: Unternehmen als Mäzene und Sponsoren* (Frankfurt am Main, 1987), 87.
- 33 'Art for the sake of business,' Mobil Corporation advertisement, *New York Times*, 10 October 1985.
- 34 Alain-Dominique Perrin, 'Le Mécénat français: La fin d'un préjugé,' interview by Sandra d'Aboville, *Galleries Magazine* 15 (October–November 1986): 74.
- 35 *Ibid.*, 75.
- 36 Thomas Wegner, 'Bei der MEDIALE gehen Markenartikel und Kultur eine Ehe in getrennten Schlafzimmern ein' (At MEDIALE, brand-name consumer goods are joined in a marriage with separate bedrooms), interview, *Prinz-Stadt-Monitor* (Bochum) (February 1993): 15.
- 37 The sociologist Pierre Bourdieu has contributed much to the understanding of 'symbolic power' and 'symbolic capital.' 38 Cited in Annette Lagler, *Biennale Venedig*, 20.
- 39 Cited in 'A Word from our Sponsor,' *Newsweek*, 25 November 1985, 98.
- 40 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Tagebuch der Italienischen Reise 1786: Notizen und Briefe aus Italien mit Skizzen und Zeichnungen des Autors*, ed. Christoph Michel (Frankfurt am Main: Insel Verlag, 1976), 114.