



*Amstel River II, 2000*

## Memories

It is hard to believe that Lieuwe has been painting for 25 years! I first met him and his wife in the mid-1990s when I had the privilege of living in Amsterdam and working as the American Consul General. His art was recommended by a friend, and I was captivated by it immediately. His paintings were distinctly “Dutch” to me, for lack of a better way of describing it.

I am not an art connoisseur. I can't explain in any technical terms why I like or dislike a piece of art. I buy what I like and what has meaning for me. My collection includes various forms of art, such as sculpture, weavings, tapestries, collages, and other things that make my home comfortable to me. They are not necessarily expensive pieces, nor are they “collector's items”, but they speak to me and revive memories of places I've been and people I've met. I traveled a lot during my 33-year career as a diplomat, and my furnishings were what made houses or apartments around the world feel like home to me, and my lifestyle seem less nomadic.

A purchase becomes even more meaningful if I've been lucky enough to have met the artist or seen him or her at work. Whether it is a peasant weaving a rug in a wooden hut in Peru or a glass vase being blown in an English village, I carry away with me not just the vase or rug, but something of the lives of the artists. I fondly remember visiting Lieuwe and Julie in their home and seeing many of Lieuwe's finished pieces, as well as those in progress. When I looked at his works, I felt that I knew the place he had depicted, or could touch and smell the flowers.

The two pieces I bought are examples of that ‘tangibility’. I lived on the Museumplein in Amsterdam and jogged daily. As I am easily bored, I sought out a variety of routes to keep me motivated. One of my favorites was along the Amstel River, which required a drive to one of my various starting points. ***Amstel River II***, completed in 2000, is what I saw everyday I ran that route. The skies were gray and the water felt cold. The breezes blurred

the trees and were exhilarating. Although I never tested my abilities, I felt as if I could run forever along that river. The painting is above my fireplace in Tucson, Arizona, and there isn't a moment when I glance at it that I am not reminded of my life in Amsterdam, and of all the very fond memories of that time. I am also a bit sad that that part of my life is over.

Dianne Andruch  
Former American Consul General to The  
Netherlands  
Tucson, Arizona, USA

My second purchase has less personal meaning, but is equally enjoyable. The Netherlands, of course, invokes images of flowers, and rightly or wrongly, that image is usually of tulips. When selecting this painting, I sought not a superficial reminder of the country, but instead something that would be reminiscent of the culture. I always had fresh flowers in my apartment in Amsterdam. Here in Tucson I have *white flowers in a blue-gray vase* that adorn my living room. They are enough.



*white flowers in a blue-gray vase*, 2000