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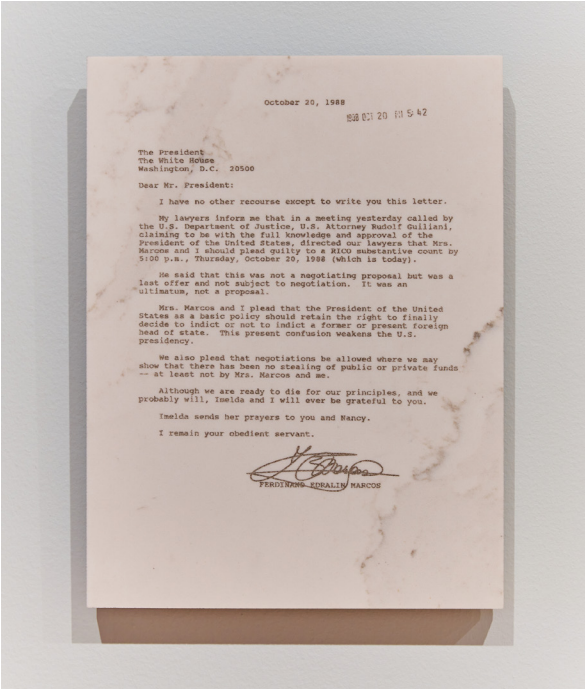
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Gallery Text

Inheritance

As possessions pass from one generation to the next, personal values, social hierarchies, and belief systems do too. In 1895, industrialist Andrew Carnegie, who amassed his wealth from steel, established the Carnegie Institute and inscribed on its stone edifice, “Gift to the People of Pittsburgh.” In his dedication speech for the building, he also stated, “Nothing is given for nothing,” prompting the question: What did he expect in exchange?

The artworks chosen for this gallery span different periods in the museum’s collecting history. Through their selection and their relation to each other, the artworks invite reflections, questions, and conversations about the social and personal dimensions of inheritance, gifts, and exchange. How have artists responded to the region’s inherited legacy of steel and the repercussions of extractive resource industries more broadly? What ideas of art, beauty, and culture do the objects on view here perpetuate or disrupt as time passes? What choices are possible today based on decisions of the past? And what impact will our decisions have on future generations of inheritors?



Pio Abad
Born 1983, Manila, Philippines; lives in London, United Kingdom

Thoughtful Gifts (October 20, 1988), 2020
laser engraving on Carrara marble

Carnegie Mellon Art Gallery Fund, 2023.7.1

As part of his series *Thoughtful Gifts*, Pio Abad engraved in marble correspondences exchanged between former US president Ronald Reagan and his close associates, including Ferdinand Marcos, former dictator of the Philippines (1965–1986), and Marcos’s wife Imelda. This particular work reproduces a letter Ferdinand Marcos

wrote to President Reagan on October 20, 1988, while he was in exile in Hawaii, following a coup that overthrew his infamously corrupt government and brutal martial law. The letter, signed “I remain your obedient servant,” makes clear the Marcos administration’s economic and political dependency on the United States. Abad’s inscription onto marble insists on the memory of this recent history. Two years after Abad completed this work, Marcos’s son Ferdinand “Bongbong” Marcos Jr. assumed the presidency of the Philippines.



Albert Bierstadt

Born 1830, Solingen, Germany; died 1902, Irving, NY

Farallon Island, 1887

oil on canvas

Acquired through the generosity of the Sarah Mellon Scaife Family, 73.13

This painting is one of several that Albert Bierstadt produced after his visit to the Farallon Islands, about 30 miles west of San Francisco Bay, in 1872. Depicted here with seemingly thriving wildlife, the islands have in fact witnessed centuries of human exploitation. After early 19th-century American and Russian seal hunters decimated some of the local seal populations, mid-19th-century eggers removed millions of the islands' common murre eggs. Bierstadt visited the islands during a time

of ongoing disputes between the Pacific Egg Company and the lighthouse keepers. Years later, the US government dumped an estimated 47,500 steel drums of radioactive waste in the islands' waters between 1946 and 1970. Despite these violent disturbances, all of the Farallon Islands have been a National Wildlife Refuge since 1969 and are experiencing the recovery of many of their wildlife populations.



Thomas Fletcher

Born 1787, Alstead, NH; died 1866, Delanco, NJ

Vase, 1832

silver

John Berdan Memorial Trust Fund, 2017.17.1

This silver vase was created in memory of Major Thomas Biddle, who died in a duel on the Mississippi River near East St. Louis, Illinois, in 1831. Together with an illustrated locket, the vase was part of an identical set of 10 commissioned by Biddle's wife, Ann Mullanphy Biddle, to honor her husband's dying wish. Created by Thomas Fletcher, a prominent Philadelphia silversmith,

it was given to Biddle's younger brother Richard, who established a law practice in Pittsburgh in the 1820s, and whose portrait was gifted to Carnegie Museum of Art by a descendant. The vase illustrates how the museum has become a repository for the histories of prominent and powerful families such as the Biddles.

Engraved on vase:

Extract from the will of
Major Thos. Biddle

U.S. Army

25th August 1831

I request that my beloved wife will
present to each of my brothers and sisters a silver
vase as a testimony of my affection.

Mark stamped on underside of base:



**American
Mourning Locket, 1831–1832**

gold, glass, and enamel

John Berdan Memorial Trust Fund, 2017.17.2

Engraved on locket:

In Memory of
Thomas Biddle Aug. 29th, 1831



¹ This locket is not on view but was commissioned, along with Thomas Fletcher's silver vase, as part of Thomas Biddle's will.



LaToya Ruby Frazier

Born 1982, Braddock, PA; lives in Chicago, IL

***Momme*, 2008**

gelatin silver print

Second Century Acquisition Fund, 2014.27.1

LaToya Ruby Frazier's *Momme* is part of *The Notion of Family*, a series of photographs composed in collaboration with the artist's mother and published as a book of the same title (a copy is available to read on the nearby shelf). Frazier captured herself looking past her mother's profile, directly into the camera lens. With their matching durags, overlapping faces, and domestic interior, the photograph portrays a reflection on genealogy, motherhood, and the idea

of home. Frazier's series documents the social, economic, and environmental devastation in Braddock, Pennsylvania—a once-thriving steel town. Both intimate and matter-of-fact in their approach, Frazier's photographs shed light on the everyday life of individuals in an economically divested part of America.



Louise Lawler

Born 1947, Bronxville, NY; lives in New York, NY

Woman (Statue), from above (adjusted to fit),
1985/2024

adhesive wall material

Courtesy of the artist and Sprüth Magers

Louise Lawler's photographs often depict art in the context of its display, preservation, and storage to draw attention to the institutional structures that give it value. In her *Adjusted to fit* series, Lawler revisits her own photographs to select an image that she then digitally stretches to fit the dimensions of a given location. For this gallery, Lawler chose a bird's-eye view of a cast of the Aphrodite of Capua at the Slater Memorial Museum in Norwich, Connecticut. Lawler's image manipulation

defies Western ideals of feminine beauty and cultural patrimony constructed through museum displays of Greco-Roman statues.



Louise Lawler

Born 1947, Bronxville, NY; lives in New York, NY

Untitled (Carnegie), 1991

crystal, silver-dye bleach print, and felt

A. W. Mellon Acquisition Endowment Fund, 91.57

First presented in the 1991 Carnegie International, Louise Lawler's *Untitled (Carnegie)* takes the form of a glass paperweight, at the base of which is a photograph of Café Carnegie in Carnegie Museum of Art. In the photograph, prominently displayed on the wall is a pair of silkscreen paintings of museum founder Andrew Carnegie by Pittsburgh-born artist Andy Warhol.

Lawler's work invites the viewer to literally peer over the museum and consider how it represents itself and establishes its own significance in art history and the cultural life of the city.



Claude Monet

Born 1840, Paris, France; died 1926,
Giverny, France

Waterloo Bridge, London, 1903

oil on canvas

Acquired through the generosity of the
Sarah Mellon Scaife Family, 67.2

This work is one of over 40 paintings Claude Monet made of the Waterloo Bridge in London between 1899 and 1904. Monet viewed the bridge from the Savoy Hotel across the River Thames to the industrial southern bank and its prominent smokestacks. Scientists have found that the levels of hazy whiteness in impressionist cityscapes such as this one correlate with documented concentrations of sulfur dioxide in London's air during the peak of the Industrial Revolution. The shifting effects

of fog, light, and reflections on water, which Monet sought to render with his brush, are as much the artist's expressive gestures as they are his record of the coal industry's impact on the atmosphere.



Betty Parsons

Born 1900, New York, NY; died 1982, New York, NY

Treasure Boat, 1969

painted wood and metal

Director's Discretionary Fund: Gift of the Women's Committee, 71.40

Best known for her storied career as a New York gallerist of midcentury art, Betty Parsons also maintained an artistic practice of her own, creating abstract paintings and sculptures over the course of six decades. Inspired by the coastal landscape near her Long Island studio, Parsons collected driftwood and

flotsam from the shore and transformed these materials into expressive assemblages that suggest personal mementos, architectural forms, and ceremonial objects. A discarded washing board at the core of this sculpture still retains its promotional inscription—“PACKS EASILY INTO SUIT CASE OR TRAVELING BAG”—a statement that suggests movement and storage of things. Taken together with the title *Treasure Boat*, Parsons’s work alludes to her fascination with assembling a group of objects, with each retaining their own histories.



Pope.L

Born 1955, Newark, NJ; died 2023, Chicago, IL

Fountain (reparations version), 2016–2017

acrylic, oil, oil stick, chalk, and chewing gum on porcelain fountain

A. W. Mellon Acquisition Endowment Fund, 2018.20

Pope.L’s upturned and painted water fountain refers to the canon of art history—from Jackson Pollock’s abstract expressionism to Marcel Duchamp’s readymade sculpture of the same title. It also refers to the legacy of enslavement and segregation of African Americans—specifically pointing to the water fountain

as a symbol of Jim Crow laws that denied Black people access to the same drinking water available to white people. Pope.L was deeply affected by the 2014 health crisis caused by contaminated water in Flint, Michigan. He began to conceptualize a body of work, including this sculpture, that addresses how Flint’s structural failure disproportionately impacted Black working-class residents. With the inclusion of “reparations” in the title, *Fountain* suggests the cost of this crisis goes far beyond the immediate harm it caused.



Augustus Saint-Gaudens

Born 1848, Dublin, Ireland; died 1907, Cornish, NH

***Victory*, 1892–1903, cast after 1912**

gilded bronze

Purchase, 19.5.2

Augustus Saint-Gaudens’s reduced-scale model *Victory* is an allegorical figure that speaks of both remembered and forgotten American histories. Designed for the Sherman Monument installed at Grand Army Plaza in Manhattan, New York City, in 1903, *Victory* accompanies the equestrian statue of General William Tecumseh Sherman. The complete monument celebrates Sherman,

known for his scorched-earth tactics, developed in Georgia and South Carolina during the American Civil War, which he later used against Indigenous people in the Great Plains. Taking its source from ancient Greek mythology, *Victory* equates the American general with the legendary heroes of an ancient world. While this reference may still be widely recognized, the woman after whom the artist modeled the winged goddess—Hettie Anderson—is less so. Anderson was an African American model, whose beauty and professionalism inspired many celebrated artists of the Gilded Age. Saint Gaudens’s *Victory* brings forward neglected histories: the life of a Black woman, who personified both the divine and American beauty at the turn of the 20th century, and the painful history of Sherman’s genocidal campaign in the American West.



Richard Serra

Born 1938, San Francisco, CA; died 2024, Orient, NY

Model for “Carnegie”, 1985

weathering steel

Gift of the artist, 85.71

This sculpture is a model for Richard Serra’s monumental sculpture in the museum’s Fountain Plaza, first presented in the 1985 Carnegie International. The title, *Carnegie*, makes the museum and its founder synonymous and further conflates the enduring legacy of the industrialist with the perceived durability of steel, Serra’s artistic material of choice.



Ginger Brooks Takahashi

Born 1977, Huntington, WV; lives in Pittsburgh, PA

What causes one to break their silence, 2020

megaphone (sound), 8:36 min.

Joseph Soffer Family Trust Fund, 2020.56

From the bell of a megaphone, Ginger Brooks Takahashi's voice delivers a sobering call about the air pollution crisis in Pittsburgh. In the monologue, Takahashi weaves together a description of the air conditions near Edgar Thomson Steel Works, one of the last operating U.S. Steel mills in Braddock, Pennsylvania; excerpts from news articles; community reports submitted to Smell PGH, an app that

crowdsources air quality by location; and inflammatory online comments responding to a selfie of the artist wearing a respiratory mask. By underscoring how air pollution threatens public health, Takahashi reflects on how environmental issues exacerbate socioeconomic and racial divisions. The politicization of these issues further complicates efforts to address these urgent concerns.



Benjamin West

Born 1738, Springfield (now Swarthmore), PA; died 1820, London, United Kingdom

Venus Lamenting the Death of Adonis, 1768, retouched 1819

oil on canvas

Purchase 11.2

Created for the founding exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts in London in 1768, this painting by Benjamin West is a prime example of Neoclassicism, an artistic movement that began around the 1760s and drew inspiration from Greek and Roman antiquity. The artist chose to represent a story from one of Rome's

most famous literary works, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. As an artist, teacher, and president of the Royal Academy from 1792 until his death in 1820, West became one of the most influential artists of his time. Through his mentorship, three generations of American artists developed an artistic identity that claimed the heritage of the European classical artistic tradition as its own.

Additional Resources

This section includes a selection of research materials consulted by the museum’s curatorial team in the process of organizing *Inheritance*.

Pio Abad

The following are three of the letters kept in the Ronald Reagan Presidential Archives, which Pio Abad replicated in his 2020–2022 works *Thoughtful Gifts (October 8, 1986)*; *Thoughtful Gifts (October 20, 1988)*; and *Thoughtful Gifts (October 20, 1988)*, all in the collection of Carnegie Museum of Art.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
October 8, 1986

Dear Imelda:

Thank you for your letter of September 11, 1986, concerning proposed depositions to be taken from Mr. Marcos and you. It is my understanding that such depositions have already been taken and I regret that my response could not have been more timely.

As President Reagan has stated, during your stay in this country, both the benefits and the obligations in our system are yours. One of those obligations, which we know may prove onerous is responding to our judicial processes.

I understand you have legal counsel that we trust will advise you on any defense and procedural rights available to you, including such immunities from judicial process that may be applicable.

I appreciate your kind remarks concerning the President and myself and wish you continued good health.

Sincerely,
Nancy

October 20, 1988

The President
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President:

I have no other recourse except to write you this letter.

My lawyers inform me that in a meeting yesterday called by the U.S. Department of Justice, U.S. Attorney Rudolf Guiliani, claiming to be with the full knowledge and approval of the President of the United States, directed our lawyers that Mrs. Marcos and I should plead guilty to a RICO substantive count by 5:00 p.m., Thursday, October 20, 1988 (which is today).

He said that this was not a negotiating proposal but was a last offer and not subject to negotiation. It was an ultimatum, not a proposal.

Mrs. Marcos and I plead that the President of the United States as a basic policy should retain the right to finally decide to indict or not to indict a former or present foreign head of state. This present confusion weakens the U.S. presidency.

We also plead that negotiations be allowed where we may show that there has been no stealing of public or private funds -- at least not by Mrs. Marcos and me.

Although we are ready to die for our principles, and we probably will, Imelda and I will ever be grateful to you.

Imelda sends her prayers to you and Nancy.
I remain your obedient servant.

FERDINAND EDRALIN MARCOS

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
October 20, 1988

Dear Ferdinand:

I have read with great care the letter you sent to me today. I must tell you that I have been kept fully informed of the proceedings in this case.

I understand fully your belief that you and Mrs. Marcos are not guilty of any wrongdoing. As you well know under our system, you have the right to have such charges resolved before a court of law with the benefit of the presumption of innocence.

In an attempt to see if this matter could be resolved without such proceedings, it was with my full knowledge and concurrence that Mr. Guiliani and representatives of the Justice Department provided you with an opportunity to enter a plea upon the terms outlined to your counsel. This was an extraordinary procedure to see if we could resolve this matter in a way that you would find acceptable. Your lawyers have advised us that this is not acceptable and for this I am sorry.

You are quite right that the President of the United States does retain the ultimate executive authority, but as I mentioned above, the facts and circumstances in this case left me no choice except to defer to the Attorney General.

I regret very much that this has become necessary but under our system you will have every opportunity to refute these charges.

Nancy joins me in extending to you and Imelda our best wishes.

Sincerely,
Ronald Reagan

His Excellency
Ferdinand Marcos
Honolulu, Hawaii

Albert Bierstadt



It was the aftermath of the California Gold Rush that instigated the whole hard-boiled affair.

The discovery of gold at Sutter’s Mill in 1848 triggered one of the largest mass migrations in American history. Between 1848 and 1855, some 300,000 fortune-hunters flocked to California from all over the world in hopes of finding gold. Ships began pouring into the San Francisco Bay, depositing an endless wave of gold-seekers, entrepreneurs, and trouble-makers. As the gateway to the goldmines, San Francisco became the fastest growing city in the world. Within two years of the 1848 discovery, San Francisco’s population mushroomed from around 800 to over 20,000, with hundreds of thousands of miners passing through the city each year on their way to the gold fields.

The feverish growth strained the area’s modest agriculture industry. Farmers struggled to keep up with the influx of hungry forty-niners and food prices skyrocketed. “It was a protein hungry town, but there was nothing to eat,” says Eva Chrysanthe, author of *Garibaldi and the Farallon Egg War*. “They didn’t have the infrastructure to feed all the hungry male workers.”

Chicken eggs were particularly scarce and cost up to \$1.00 apiece, the equivalent of \$30 today. “When San Francisco first

became a city, its constant cry was for eggs,” a journalist recalled in 1881. The situation became so dire that grocery stores started placing “egg wanted” advertisements in newspapers. An 1857 advertisement in The Sonoma County Journal read: “Wanted. Butter and Eggs for which the highest price will be paid.”

The scramble for eggs drew entrepreneurs to an unusual source: a 211-acre archipelago 26 miles west of the Golden Gate Bridge known as the Farallon Islands. The skeletal string of islets are outcroppings of the continental shelf, made up of ancient, weather-worn granite. . . .

Though the islands are inhospitable to humans—the Coast Miwok tribe called them “the Islands of the Dead”—they have long been a sanctuary for seabirds and marine mammals. . . .

. . . [T]he Farallones had one feature that appealed to the ravenous San Franciscans: they hosted the largest seabird nesting colony in the United States. Each spring, hundreds of thousands of birds descended on the forbidding islands, blanketing their jagged cliffs with eggs of all colors and sizes. . . .

In 1849, or so the story goes, an enterprising pharmacist named “Doc” Robinson hatched a plan to profit off the egg shortage. He and his brother-in-law sailed

to the Farallones and raided the nesting grounds. Despite losing half their haul on the rough ride back to San Francisco, the pair pocketed \$3,000 from the sale of the remaining eggs. . . . Word of their success traveled fast and almost overnight, the islands were crawling with “egggers.”

The task proved far more dangerous than the standard Easter egg hunt. To reach the rookeries, the egggers had to scramble over guano-slicked rocks, scale sheer cliffs, and fend off clouds of rapacious gulls. Even with the help of handmade crampons, fashioned from rope and rusted nails, accidents and injuries were common. . . .

The eggs of the common murre—a sharp-billed seabird with black and white coloring—were the most desirable. They had a thick pear-shaped shell that ranged in color from grey to turquoise, with speckled markings as individual as a fingerprint. . . . Most importantly for the entrepreneurs, murre eggs were as edible as chicken eggs, but double the size. Still, they weren’t a perfect replacement. Fried murre eggs had a strange and unappealing appearance. “I must confess the sight. . . can scarcely be called appetizing,” wrote one visitor, “the whites, though thoroughly fried, still transparent and the yolks of a fiery orange color, almost red.” . . . Approximately 14 million murre eggs were sent to San Francisco between 1849 and 1896.

“The common murre eggs were an important source of protein for the forty-niners and they commanded a high price,” says Mary Jane Schramm of the Gulf of the

Farallones National Marine Sanctuary.. “Entrepreneurs systematically plundered all of the eggs they could gather because they were very valuable. They were sort of the other gold in the gold rush.”

With murre eggs selling for a dollar a dozen, the poaching industry grew too lucrative for friendly competition. . . . In line with the land-grabbing mentality of the time, six men sailed to the Farallones in 1851 and declared themselves owners by right of possession. They formed the Pacific Egg Company, which claimed exclusive rights to the nesting grounds.

The monopoly was vehemently challenged by rival egggers, including a group of Italian fishermen, who were granted access to the islands by the United States Topographical Engineers. To complicate matters further, in 1859, the federal government appropriated the islands for a lighthouse. All of these conflicting claims festered into a brutal, decades-long power struggle over the Farallones.

The eggging season became increasingly violent. In the words of one commentator, the eight weeks between May and July devolved into “an annual naval engagement, known. . . as the egg war.” Brawls broke out constantly between rival gangs, ranging in brutality from threats and shell-throwing to stabbings and shootouts. In 1860, police officers discovered “two parties, armed to the teeth, in possession of different parts of the island, and breathing defiance against each other.”

The fighting was not confined to the islands; boats transporting eggs were

hijacked regularly. [. . .] Back in San Francisco, the courts were barraged by a dizzying variety of egg-related cases that included charges of petit larceny, trespassing, property damage, resisting an officer, and manslaughter. . . .

In 1859, the Daily Alta California reported that eggers were “breaking up the Government roads” and threatening lighthouse keepers with the “pain of death.” Then, in May 1860, an armed mob took control of the islands and forced the keepers to leave. By June, the head keeper claimed “the Egg Company and Light Keepers are at war.” Just a few weeks later, an assistant keeper was assaulted.

The accumulating tension exploded into a full-blown melee in 1863. That spring, an army of Italian fishermen under the command of David Batchelder made multiple attempts to seize the Farallones. Each time, the United States Revenue Cutter Service—a predecessor to the Coast Guard—arrested the trespassers and confiscated their weapons. But Batchelder and his men refused to surrender the lucrative nesting grounds without a fight.

On the evening of June 3, 1863, the fishermen sailed out to the Farallones once again where they were met by a group of armed employees of the Pacific Egg Company. Issac Harrington, the company’s foremen, warned the men to land “at their peril.”. . .

At dawn, the bleary-eyed fleet attempted to land and the employees of the Pacific Egg Company opened fire. For the next

20 minutes, the rocky peaks reverberated with the thunder of gunshots and cannon blasts. By the time the Italians retreated, one Pacific Egg Company employee was dead and at least 5 boatmen were wounded; one of whom was shot through the throat and died a few days later.

The gruesome battle shocked the government into action. Rather than banning eggging altogether, they granted the Pacific Egg Company a monopoly over the trade. Thus, the ravaging of the rookeries continued for decades, decimating the once-robust seabird colony. “Essentially it was the wildlife that lost the war,” says Schramm.

. . . Tempers flared in 1879, after the company began rendering seals and sealions into oil, a gruesome process that involved vats of boiling blubber and mountains of fly-ridden carcasses. This unsanctioned action filled the air with the stench of burning flesh and a thick cloud of smog that obscured the lighthouse signal.

Over the next few years, the company became increasingly confrontational. First, they demanded the removal of the fog horn—a necessary safety measure—because the sound scared the birds away. Soon after, keepers were prohibited from gathering eggs for personal consumption—a long-standing tradition and critical food source. The final straw was when an assistant keeper was attacked for collecting eggs. On May 23, 1881, the United States military forcibly evicted the Pacific Egg Company from the islands.

After 30 bitter years, the Egg War was finally over—for the humans at least. . . . In the late 1800s, a poultry industry was established in Petaluma, just 38 miles north of San Francisco, which decreased the demand for murre eggs. . . .

In addition, murre eggs were becoming increasingly scarce. After four decades of unregulated plunder, the population on the Farallones dropped from an estimated 400,000 to 60,000. . . . Indeed, the annual egg yield thinned from over 500,000 in 1854 to a mere 91,740 in 1896. “It just wasn’t worth going out there any longer,” says Schramm, “the industry shut itself down in that respect, out of sheer greed.” Today, the Farallon Islands are home to a seabird sanctuary with a thriving—albeit still recovering—common murre population. . . . The Egg War may have faded from public memory, but its legacy continues to shape life on the Farallones more than a century later.

Claude Monet

“That dreamy haze in Monet’s impressionist paintings?

Air Pollution, study says,” Excerpts

Kasha Patel

Washington Post, updated January 31, 2023



Claude Monet was “terrified.” He looked outside and saw a scene across the London landscape that worried him: no fog, clear skies.

“Not even a wisp of mist,” he wrote in a letter on March 4, 1900, to his wife, Alice, while the French painter visited London. “I was prostrate, and could just see all my paintings done for.”

Then, he writes in translated letters shared by the Tate art museum, gradually fires were lit, and smoke and a haze of industrial pollution returned to the skies. His work continued.

A new study, published Tuesday in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, analyzed changes in style and color in nearly 100 paintings by Monet and Joseph Mallord William (J.M.W.) Turner, who are known for their impressionistic art and lived during Western Europe’s Industrial Revolution in the 18th and 19th centuries. The study found that over time, as industrial air pollution increased throughout Turner’s and Monet’s careers, skies in their paintings became hazier, too. . . .

The early Industrial Revolution transformed lives and skies of London and Paris, the painters’ hometowns, in unprecedented ways. Coal-burning factories increased employment opportunities but

obscured the atmosphere with harmful pollutants, such as sulfur dioxide.

Much of the change is apparent in the United Kingdom, which emitted nearly half of global sulfur dioxide emissions from 1800 to 1850; London accounted for around 10 percent of the U.K.’s emissions. Paris industrialized slower but still saw noticeable increases in sulfur dioxide in the atmosphere after 1850.

Air pollutants can heavily alter the appearance of landscapes in ways visible to the naked eye. Aerosols can both absorb and scatter radiation from the sun. Scattering radiation decreases the contrast between distinct objects, making them blend in more. Aerosols also scatter visible light of all wavelengths, leading to whiter hues and more intense light during the daytime.

. . . The team examined 60 paintings by Turner from 1796 to 1850 and 38 paintings by Monet from 1864 to 1901. Using a mathematical model, they looked at how sharp the outlines of objects were compared with the background; less contrast meant hazier conditions. They also looked at the intensity of the haze by measuring the level of whiteness; whiter hues generally indicated more intense haze.

Researchers found that around 61 percent of the contrast changes in the paintings largely tracked with increasing sulfur dio-

xide concentrations during that time period. . . .

The visual transformations are stark.

In Turner’s “Apullia in Search of Appullus,” which he painted in 1814, sharper edges and a clear sky are easily discernible. In “Rain, Steam and Speed - The Great Western Railway,” painted 30 years later, hazy skies dominate. During that time, sulfur dioxide emissions more than doubled. . . .

“Impressionism is often contrasted with realism, but our results highlight that Turner and Monet’s impressionistic works also capture a certain reality,” said co-author Peter Huybers, a climate scientist and professor at Harvard University. “Specifically, Turner and Monet seem to have realistically shown how sunlight filters through smoke and clouds.”

Perhaps, some could argue, Turner’s and Monet’s painting style just changed over the decades, giving rise to what we now call impressionistic art. But the researchers also analyzed the contrast and intensity in another 18 paintings from four other impressionist artists (James Whistler, Gustave Caillebotte, Camille Pissarro and Berthe Morisot) in London and Paris. They found the same results: Visibility in the paintings decreased as outside air pollution increased.

“When different artists are exposed to similar environmental conditions, then they paint in more similar ways,” said lead author of the study and atmospheric scientist Anna Lea Albright, based at

École Normale Supérieure in Paris, “even if that’s happening in different points of history.” . . .

Monet’s letters to his wife while living in London provide additional compelling evidence that he was acutely aware of the environmental changes around him. In some letters, he even laments the absence of the new industries to spark his creativity: “Everything is as if dead, no train, no smoke or boat, nothing to excite the verve a bit.”

Art historian James Rubin, who was not involved in the research, said the study was fascinating for its analysis of pigments and the progression of blurriness.

. . . Monet revels in the aesthetic effects of sunlight bouncing off clouds in the polluted air and “celebrates the spectacle of modern change,” Rubin said.

Portrayals of environmental changes or meteorology in paintings are not new. Some meteorologists argue that Edvard Munch’s “The Scream” depicts polar stratospheric clouds.[. . .] Turner’s other paintings accurately depicted sunsets during volcanic eruptions, which appear redder due to scattering through the aerosol-laden stratosphere. . . .

Albright said this study, to her knowledge, is “the first to look at anthropogenic changes in the environment and how artists might capture that in painting on canvas” and through time.

Artists and others living at the time in London and Paris “were aware of changes

in air pollution and really engaging with those changes,” Albright said. “Maybe that could be a sort of parallel to today of how society and how artists respond to these unprecedented changes that we’re experiencing,” she said.



H.R. 40 and the Path to Restorative Justice: Hearing before the Subcommittee on the Constitution, Civil Rights, and Civil Liberties of the Committee on the Judiciary House of Representatives, 116th Cong. 1 (2019) (statement of Ta-Nehisi Coates, Distinguished Writer in Residence, Arthur L. Carter Journalism Institute of New York University).

STATEMENTS OF TA-NEHISI COATES, DISTINGUISHED WRITER IN RESIDENCE, ARTHUR L. CARTER JOURNALISM INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY; DANNY GLOVER, ACTOR AND ACTIVIST; KATRINA BROWNE, DOCUMENTARIAN, TRACES OF THE TRADE; COLEMAN HUGHES, WRITER, QUILETTE; BURGESS OWENS, SPEAKER AND WRITER; THE RIGHT REVEREND EUGENE TAYLOR SUTTON, EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF MARYLAND; JULIANNE MALVEAUX, ECONOMIST AND POLITICAL COMMENTATOR; AND ERIC J. MILLER, PROFESSOR, LOYOLA LAW SCHOOL, LOYOLA MARYMOUNT UNIVERSITY

STATEMENT OF TA-NEHISI COATES

Yesterday, when asked about reparations, Senate majority leader Mitch McConnell offered a familiar reply: “America should not be held liable for something that happened 150 years ago” since “none of us currently are responsible.” This rebuttal proffers a strange theory of governance, that American accounts are somehow bound by the lifetime of its generations.

But well into this century, the United States was still paying our pensions to the heirs of Civil War soldiers. We honor treaties that date back some 200 years, despite no one being alive who signed those treaties. Many of us would love to be taxed for things we are solely and individually responsible for. But we are American citizens and thus bound to a collective enterprise that extends beyond our individual and personal reach.

It would seem ridiculous to dispute invocations of the Founders

or the Greatest Generation on the basis of a lack of membership in either group. We recognize our lineage as a generational trust, as inheritance. And the real dilemma posed by reparations is just that: a dilemma of inheritance. It is impossible to imagine America without the inheritance of slavery. As historian Ed Baptist has written, enslavement, quote, shaped every crucial aspect of the economy and politics of America so that by 1836, more than 600 million, or almost half of the economic activity in the United States, derived directly or indirectly from the cotton produced by a million-odd slaves.

By the time the enslaved were emancipated, they compromised the largest single asset in America: 3 billion in 1860 dollars, more than all the other assets in the country combined. The method of cultivating this asset was neither gentle cajoling nor persuasion but torture, rape, and child trafficking.

Enslavement reigned for 250 years on these shores. When it ended, this country could have extended its hollowed principles, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, to all regardless of color. But America had other principles in mind. And so, for a century after the Civil War, Black people were subjected to a relentless campaign of terror, a campaign that extended well into the lifetime of Majority Leader McConnell.

It is tempting to divorce this modern campaign of terror, of plunder from enslavement. But the logic of enslavement, of white supremacy, respects no such borders. And the god of bondage was lustful and begat many heirs: coup d'états and convict leasing, vagrancy laws and debt peonage, redlining and racist GI Bills, poll taxes and state-sponsored terrorism. Regret that Mr. McConnell was not alive for Appomattox. But he was alive for the electrocution of George Stinney. He was alive for the blinding of Isaac Woodard. He was alive to witness kleptocracy in his native Alabama and a regime premised on electoral theft.

Majority Leader McConnell cited civil rights legislation yesterday, as well he should, because he was alive to witness the harassment, jailing, and betrayal of those responsible for that legislation by a government sworn to protect them. He was alive for the redlining of Chicago and the looting of Black homeowners of some \$4 billion. Victims of that plunder are very much alive today. I am sure they would love a word with the majority leader.

What they know, what this committee must know, is that while emancipation dead-bolted the door against the bandits of America, Jim Crow wedged the windows wide open. And that is the thing about Senator McConnell's something. It was 150 years ago, and it was right now. The typical Black family in this country has 1/10th the wealth of the typical White family. Black women die in childbirth at four times the rate of White women. And there is, of course, the shame of this land of the free boasting the largest prison population on the planet of which the decedents of the enslaved make up the largest share.

The matter of reparations is one of making amends and direct redress. But it is also a question of citizenship. In H.R. 40, this body has a chance to both make good on its 2009 apology for enslavement and reject fair-weather patriotism; to say that a Nation is both its credits and its debits, that if Thomas Jefferson matters, so does Sally Hemings; that if D-Day matters, so does Black Wall Street; that if Valley Forge matters, so does Fort Pillow. Because the question really is not whether we will be tied to the somethings of our past but whether we are courageous enough to be tied to the whole of them.

Thank you.

Augustin Saint-Gaudens

“Overlooked No More: Hettie Anderson, Sculptors’ Model Who Evaded Fame,” Excerpts

Eve M. Khan

New York Times, updated Aug. 19, 2021



Her likeness has been rendered atop monuments and on gold coins. In Augustus Saint-Gaudens’s towering, gilded equestrian sculpture honoring the Civil War general William Tecumseh Sherman at Grand Army Plaza in Manhattan, she represents the winged Greek goddess Victory striding in sandals ahead of his horse, one arm outstretched. But though her image can be found in multiple places around the United States, little is known about the model, Hettie Anderson.

What is known is that she surfaced in Manhattan in the 1890s, a light-skinned African American who joined its cultural scene after escaping bitter prejudice in the South. Sculptors and painters sought to portray what one newspaper article described as her “creamy skin, crisp curling hair and warm brown eyes.”...

Her story remained in obscurity until the 1990s, when the researcher Willow Hagans, who is also Anderson’s cousin, began publishing scholarly articles about her that Ms. Hagans wrote with her husband, William E. Hagans.

The couple first learned about Anderson in about 1980 from William Hagans’s grandmother Jeanne Wallace McCampbell Lee. They learned that though Anderson was African American, her light skin had led census takers to list her as white. (It is not clear what she told people about her race.)

There is no evidence that Anderson marketed herself, despite her high-profile commissions. . . .

Anderson was born Harriette Eugenia Dickerson in 1873 in Columbia, S.C. Her mother, Caroline Scott, was a seamstress. Her father is listed in documents as Benjamin Dickerson.

Research, including findings by her cousin Amir Bey, shows that before the Civil War the government designated Anderson’s family “free colored persons;” they owned land and earned wages.

But the brutal enforcement of Jim Crow laws in the South and financial hardship eventually drove Anderson and many of her relatives northward. She and her mother rented an apartment in Manhattan on Amsterdam Avenue at 94th Street.

Anderson—it is not known why she used that name—sometimes worked as a clerk and seamstress while taking classes at the Art Students League, the storied nonprofit school in Manhattan. She also spent weeks at a time at sculptors’ country studios, including Chesterwood, on Daniel Chester French’s estate in Stockbridge, Mass.

Soon artists were approaching her to pose for them, and newspapers praised her “heroic” appearance.

“There is nothing in Greek sculpture finer than her figure,” The New York Journal and Advertiser wrote in 1899, adding, “Her figure is imposing, her carriage queenly and she is famous for her perfect foot.” . . .

Anderson’s likeness can be seen in French’s sculptures at Congress Park in Saratoga Springs, N.Y.; in cemeteries in northern New Jersey and Concord, Mass.; and in entryways to the St. Louis Art Museum and Boston Public Library. . . .

She was a favorite of Saint-Gaudens, who called her “the handsomest model I have ever seen.”

“I need her badly,” he once wrote to a friend. In a draft of his memoir, he wrote that he depended on her stamina for “posing patiently, steadily and thoroughly in the spirit one wished”—in his case in swirling togas atop monuments and on gold coins.

In 1908, soon after Saint-Gaudens’s death, Anderson copyrighted his bronze bust of her. His family wanted to make replicas for sale, but she refused, insisting that it would remain most valuable as “the only one in existence,” and she lent it to museums. . . .

Saint-Gaudens’s son, Homer, who managed his father’s artwork after the sculptor’s death, was infuriated by Anderson’s defiance and tried to conceal her association with his father.¹

¹ Curator’s note: Homer Saint-Gaudens was the second director of Carnegie Museum of Art (then called Carnegie Institute), from 1921 to 1950.

In the late 1910s, as modeling opportunities faded, Anderson worked as a classroom attendant at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. . . .

By the 1920s, Anderson retired, in declining health.

Her death certificate listed her profession as “model.” She and her mother are buried in unmarked graves in a mostly white cemetery in Columbia, near the remains of President Woodrow Wilson’s family members and Confederate memorials.

“The Frontier Army and the Destruction of the Buffalo: 1865–1883,” Excerpts¹

David D. Smits

The Western Historical Quarterly 25, No. 3 (Autumn 1994): 312–338



Scholars of Western American History have long recognized the post-Civil War frontier army’s complicity in the near-extirmination of the buffalo. Historian Richard White represents the scholarly consensus in stating that “various military commanders encouraged the slaughter of bison” by white hide hunters in order to cut the heart from the Plains Indians’ economy. Some scholars implicate the army’s high command more directly in annihilation. Retired Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall, for instance, claimed that Generals William T. Sherman and Philip Sheridan viewed the eradication of the buffalo as “the critical line of attack” in the struggle with the plains tribes. . . .

. . . A scrutiny of official military reports, personal letters, the reminiscences of retired army officers and ex-buffalo hunters, the observations of Indian Bureau personnel and Indians themselves, along with other eye-witness accounts reveals that traditional interpretations have inadequately defined (and revisionists have underestimated) the army’s involvement in the destruction of the bison.

General Sherman, more than any other officer, was responsible for devising a strategy to conquer the Plains Indians.

¹ Curator’s note: Footnotes from Smits’s original article have been re-organized to accompany the excerpts included here.

Remembered most for his Civil War “march through Georgia,” Sherman was a battle-seasoned veteran who in 1866 assumed command of the Division of the Missouri, which encompassed the vast wind-blown blanket of grass known as the Great Plains, home to those Indians whose life revolved around the buffalo. In 1869, Sherman succeeded Grant as commanding general, a position that he held until his retirement in 1883. The Civil War had taught Sherman that the enemy’s power to resist depended not only upon its military strength, but also upon the will of its people. He had learned that to shatter the enemy’s will to resist, it was necessary to destroy his ability to supply his armies. The man who desolated much of the South did so with the conviction that his Army of the Tennessee “must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war;” Sherman relied on the same strategy to subdue the Plains Indians.

The Civil War had also taught Sherman that railroads were immensely important for moving troops, munitions, and supplies. Applying that lesson, he became convinced that the railroads traversing the plains would seal the fate of the aboriginal inhabitants. To clear the central plains for the Union Pacific and the Kansas Pacific, Sherman proposed to annihilate

the buffalo in the region. On 10 May 1868, Sherman wrote to his friend and comrade-in-arms, General Sheridan, “as long as Buffalo are up on the Republican the Indians will go there. I think it would be wise to invite all the sportsmen of England and America there this fall for a Grand Buffalo hunt, and make one grand sweep of them all. Until the Buffalo and consequent[ly] Indians are out [from between] the Roads we will have collisions and trouble.”²

Sherman’s remarks were not made in jest; his proposal came very close to what the frontier army actually did under his leadership. Indeed, the army’s high command routinely sponsored and outfitted civilian hunting expeditions onto the plains. Sheridan, as Hutton observes, “heartily approved of the activities of the buffalo hunters, feeling that they were doing the public a great service by depleting the Indians’ shaggy commissary.” Sherman and Sheridan regularly provided influential American citizens and foreigners with letters of introduction to western commanders. The letters enabled the influential “to obtain supplies, equipment, military escorts, knowledgeable scouts, and other types of assistance at frontier military posts.”

That accommodating policy allowed the army to advance its goal of exterminating the buffalo while gaining favor with the prominent and powerful. Such hunting

2 Sherman to Sheridan, May 10, 1868, *The Papers of Philip H. Sheridan*, microfilm reel no. 17, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington, DC (hereafter *Sheridan Papers*).
3 William F Cody, “Famous Hunting Parties of the Plains,” *Cosmopolitan* 17 (June 1894), 138–139.
4 Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield, *Forty-Six Years in the Army* (New York, 1897), 428.

parties normally slaughtered buffalo and other game with reckless abandon. William F Cody recounted how the army assisted a party of prominent businessmen who visited Fort McPherson in 1871 as Sheridan’s guests. Many officers accompanied the party, and two companies of the Fifth Cavalry provided an escort. Cody remarked that any guest “who wished could use army guns.” In fact, the Springfield army rifle was initially the favorite weapon of the hide hunters. The party killed over six hundred buffalo on the hunt, keeping only the tongues and the choice cuts, but leaving the rest of the carcasses to rot on the plains³. . . .

Military commanders who permitted their troops to kill buffalo did so with the knowledge that they were doing their part to resolve the so-called “Indian Problem.” Lieutenant General John M. Schofield, commander of the Department of the Missouri in 1869–1870, exhibited this outlook. His headquarters at Fort Leavenworth afforded Schofield a propitious site from which to launch strikes against the Plains Indians and their buffalo. In retirement, Schofield wrote in his memoirs: “With my cavalry and carbined artillery encamped in front, I wanted no other occupation in life than to ward off the savage and kill off his food until there should no longer be an Indian frontier in our beautiful country.”⁴ Sherman himself publicly proposed the employment of the army to slaughter

the buffalo in order to subdue the plains tribes. On 26 June 1869, the prestigious Army Navy Journal reported that “General Sherman remarked, in conversation the other day, that the quickest way to compel the Indians to settle down to civilized life was to send ten regiments of soldiers to the plains, with orders to shoot buffaloes until they became too scarce to support the redskins.” Agreeing with Sherman, the Journal’s commentator maintained that to campaign effectively against a wartime enemy it was ordinarily necessary to move on his armies, his works, his communications, or his supplies. But in a guerrilla war, such as that being fought against the plains tribes, the enemy had no home base, no line of operations or defense, no strategic points to defend and no important storage facilities for ammunition or provisions. A guerrilla foe could be defeated only “by making it impossible for him to exist in the country he operates in.” The buffalo were to the Plains Indians what the Shenandoah Valley’s grain was to the Confederate armies of “Stonewall” Jackson and Jubal Early. Phil Sheridan had finally gained control of the Shenandoah Valley, the Journal recalled, by laying “waste the grain fields-the supply of food and forage to the enemy-and it was like robbing the Indian of his buffalo.” As long as the buffalo roamed in great herds the plains tribes would spurn the reservations. But the buffalo’s disappearance would draw the tribes to the reservations for subsistence. Furthermore, the Indians’ determination to protect the buffalo pastures of the plains compelled them to

5 *Army Navy Journal* 6 (26 June 1869), 705.

oppose the railroad. Hence, according to the Journal, “to campaign against the buffalo would be, if successful, not only to destroy the enemy’s supplies, but to put the whole casus belli out of existence by annihilation.”⁵

Sherman’s proposal was a trial balloon. When it was not promptly shot down, he was encouraged to continue a policy that the army had actually already begun. Of course, in the post-Civil War era a parsimonious Congress and a war-weary public would not permit him to devote ten full regiments to the annihilation of buffalo. But the thin blue line that was America’s western military force would slaughter buffalo wherever and whenever practicable.

The army killed under the pervasive assumption that “regardless of tribe, most Indians required a demonstration of power.” Army officers hoped that America’s Indians could be civilized and Christianized, but the military was thoroughly convinced that Indians respected martial power and that only punishment would persuade them to capitulate. . . .

The total number of buffalo killed by the frontier army in the post-Civil War period should not be underestimated. Individual soldiers, especially officers, ran up huge kills in their careers in buffalo country. In 1887, for instance, Sherman’s close personal friend, General Stewart Van Vliet, who had no particular reputation as a buffalo hunter, matter-of-factly

informed Spencer F Baird, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, that he had personally killed “hundreds.” Furthermore, the soldiers’ inexperience at hunting buffalo or their ignorance about the animals’ needs sometimes led to the deaths of large numbers. Thus, on a hunt outside Camp McIntosh shooting troopers accidentally stampeded sixty-four buffalo and many antelope over a seventy-foot precipice to their deaths in a writhing mass below. The sportsmen adventurer John Mortimer Murphy claimed to have seen a troop of cavalry lasso one hundred buffalo calves and bring them to a corral near the post barracks. Although the little ones had sufficient room to run about and an abundance of hay and grass, “few of them lived more than a week.”⁶

Nothing better exemplified the callousness with which the frontier army destroyed buffalo than its use of artillery to obliterate the unwanted beasts. Captain J. Lee Humfreville claimed that the soldiers at Fort Keamey fired cannons into herds to keep them out of the post. In his retirement, Major General D. S. Stanley recalled the soldiers’ use of cannon at Fort Cobb to drive away from the post a huge herd of buffalo moving north in its annual spring migration. In Stanley’s words, “cannon were fired, men foolishly shot the poor beasts by the hundreds,” until the

6 William T. Homaday, “The Extermination of the American Bison,” *Report of the National Museum*, 1887 (Washington, DC, 1889), 403; Mari Sandoz, *The Buffalo Hunters: The Story of the Hide Men* (New York, 1954), 346; John Mortimer Murphy, *Sporting Adventures in the Far West* (1879; reprint, New York, 1880), 199.

7 J. Lee Humfreville, *Twenty Years Among Our Hostile Indians* (New York, 1899), 433; D. W. Moody, *The Life of a Rover, 1865 to 1926* (n. p., n. d.), 28; D. S. Stanley, *Personal Memoirs of Major General D. S. Stanley, U. S. A.* (Cambridge, MA, 1917), 55. For an account of how the army killed buffalo with twelve-pound howitzers, see Colonel Henry Inman, *The Old Santa Fe Trail: The Story of a Great Highway* (New York, 1897), 214.

8 Peter Nabokov, ed., *Native American Testimony: A Chronicle of Indian-White Relations from Prophecy to the Present, 1492–1992* (New York, 1991), 175.

herd had finally passed.

Soon thereafter, “the weather turned very warm and the folly of shooting the poor beasts appeared. The putrefying carcasses, by their stench-nearly ran the people out of the post, and for a week the whole command was kept busy hauling carcasses into heaps and burning them.”⁷

Colonel Grierson’s Tenth Cavalry, composed of black enlisted men remembered as the “Buffalo Soldiers,” attempted to keep buffalo herds away from Fort Sill by gunning them down in great numbers. Despite the Tenth’s resolute efforts, however, it was unable to drive the animals off. With regard to these endeavors the Kiowa woman, Old Lady Horse, remembered: “There was war between the buffalo and the white men. The white men built forts in the Kiowa country, and the woolly-headed buffalo soldiers shot the buffalo as fast as they could, but the buffalo kept coming on, coming on, even into the post cemetery at Fort Sill. Soldiers were not enough to hold them back.”⁸

Of all the white people’s activities in Indian country none enraged and disheartened the Native Americans more than the destruction of their buffalo. Hide hunter Billy Dixon reminisced that the annihilation

“lay at the very heart of the grievances of the Indian against the white man in frontier days.” At the Medicine Lodge Treaty Council of 1867, the great Kiowa chief Satanta complained bitterly about the army’s shooting of his buffalo. “A long time ago this land belonged to our fathers,” lamented Satanta, “but when I go up to the river I see a camp of soldiers, and they are cutting my wood down, or killing my buffalo. I don’t like that, and when I see it my heart feels like bursting with sorrow.” Satanta was furious at the army because the two infantry companies that escorted the peace commissioners from Fort Lamed to Medicine Lodge Creek had wantonly slaughtered buffalo along the route of their march. Riding spare cavalry horses, most of the soldier hunters had dismounted to cut the tongues from the animals they had dropped; others sliced hump steaks from their kills; some merely left the dead buffalo lying where they fell and rode on to continue the bloodshed. In response, Satanta complained to General William Hamey, asking “has the white man become a child, that he should recklessly kill and not eat? When the red men slay game, they do so that they may live and not starve.”⁹

Even before the Medicine Lodge Treaty Council, the army’s high command on the plains was convinced that the buffalo were on the brink of extinction. That the herds on the eastern plains were fast disappearing was apparent to many observant persons. . . .

9 Billy Dixon, *Life and Adventures of “Billy” Dixon of Adobe Walls, Texas Panhandle (Guthrie, OK, 1914)*, 55; Henry M. Stanley, *My Early Travels and Adventures in America* (1895; reprint, Lincoln, 1982), 249; Tom McHugh, *The Time of the Buffalo* (New York, 1972), 282–283.

In the early years of Grant’s first presidential term, because the army’s high command was obliged to give the Peace Policy a chance to succeed and because Sheridan himself then believed the buffalo were too numerous to be rapidly destroyed, the army temporarily abandoned its efforts to exterminate the animals. This is not, by any means, to imply that the blue-coated soldiers’ prodigal killing of the buffalo ceased, for the army had no difficulty in rationalizing its excesses. Even before the end of Grant’s first term, however, events made it evident to the army’s high command that the buffalo must and could be annihilated. Intensified Indian attacks on the southern plains in the early 1870s compelled the army to forsake peaceful methods for resolving the Indian problem. There, the off-reservation tribes had to be forced to give up their traditional nomadic existence and agency Indians had to be coerced into remaining on their assigned lands. Sherman discovered for himself the gravity of the Indian menace while on an inspection tour of Texas military posts in the spring of 1871. Narrowly escaping the ambush of a Kiowa raiding party, Sherman soon learned of the tragic fate of twelve teamsters whose wagon train was attacked by the same war party. Now convinced of the genuineness of the Indian threat on the southern plains, an enraged Sherman ordered Colonel Mackenzie to employ the crack Fourth Cavalry to bring peace and order to the

region. Sherman thereby abandoned the Peace Policy and Sheridan, as commander of the Division of the Missouri, was responsible for all military matters in the million-square-mile expanse of the Indian insurrection.

Confronted with amplified Indian warfare, Sheridan found that he had new means to end it. The fate of the southern herd was sealed in 1871, the year a Pennsylvania tannery developed a method of converting buffalo hides into commercial leather, especially useful for harnesses and the machine belting needed by an industrializing America. With every hide worth between \$1 and \$3, swarms of hide hunters invaded western Kansas where the animals still abounded and where the Kansas Pacific and the Atcheson, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroads could carry the hides to eastern markets. . . .

Of course, army commanders on the northern plains could encourage the killing of buffalo for seemingly legitimate purposes that obscured their real reasons for wanting the herds obliterated. Food needs enabled them to rationalize exorbitant death-dealing. In 1882, a herd appeared on the northern side of the Yellowstone where a high plateau overlooked Miles City and Fort Keogh in the valley below. Fifth Infantrymen sent from the post killed so many animals that their meat filled a half-dozen four-mule team wagons. General Hugh Scott remembered that soldiers had no trouble

keeping a six-mule team wagon carrying fresh buffalo meat into Fort Meade “all the time,” early in 1883.¹⁰

The troops also required cold-weather gear to protect them from the sub-zero temperatures of northern plains winters. In response, the Quartermaster Department by the 1880s issued long buffalo overcoats manufactured from the hides of cows killed in the winter months when their coats were in prime condition. General George Crook ordered for his men arctic boots made from buffalo-fur overshoes, wrapped around cork-soled Indian moccasins. Hungry Northern Pacific Railroad construction crews, protected by the army, were fed elephantine amounts of buffalo and other wild game. And the army still provided military escorts for sportsmen bent upon killing “the monarch of the plains.” In 1881, Major James Bell and twelve specially picked Seventh Cavalrymen located a huge herd and helped to ensure several successful hunts for George O. Shields’s party, visitors to Montana Territory.¹¹ In the same year, with the northern herd rapidly declining, Sheridan privately expressed his satisfaction. His note, “respectfully forwarded” to an unknown recipient, probably Sherman, betrays his true feelings:

If I could learn that every Buffalo in the northern herd were killed I would be glad. The destruction of this herd would do more to keep

Indians quiet than anything else that could happen, except the death of all the Indians. Since the destruction of the southern herd . . . the Indians in that section have given us no trouble.¹²

Sheridan got his wish. Within two years the northern herd had almost disappeared. General Sherman was no less pleased than Sheridan with the advancement of civilization at the expense of the buffalo. Sherman recalled in his *Memoirs* the Civil War veterans who “flocked to the plains” and helped to win the West from savagery. “This was another potent agency in producing the result we enjoy to-day,” wrote Sherman, “in having in so short a time replaced the wild buffaloes by more numerous herds of tame cattle, and by substituting for the useless Indians the intelligent owners of productive farms and cattle-ranches.”¹³

In conclusion, then, Generals Sherman and Sheridan, among other high-ranking commanders of the post-Civil War frontier army, applied to the Plains Indians the lessons that they had learned in defeating the Confederate states. The army’s high command decided to halt its efforts to destroy the buffalo herds during President Grant’s first term. But this decision, dictated by Grant’s “Peace Policy,” was only a partial and temporary interruption in the general pattern of destruction. Once Sherman, Sheridan, and like-minded commanders became disillusioned with

peaceful methods, they resumed their strategy of trying to conquer the plains tribes by destroying their commissary on the hoof.

The destruction of the buffalo proceeded through three phases: the killing of the animals on the central plains in the early 1870s; the slaughter of the herds on the southern plains in the mid and late 1870s; and the near extermination of the great beasts on the northern plains in the early 1880s. Sheridan was the officer most responsible for promoting the annihilation. But because of his tendency, when dealing with contentious or potentially embarrassing matters, to issue oral rather than written commands, document-minded historians have failed to appreciate the army’s covert role in the great buffalo slaughter. Undeniably, a few individual officers opposed the destruction, for as historian Sherry C. Smith has shown, “there was no monolithic military mind”; but these dissenters proved unable to influence events.¹⁴

In the end, the frontier army’s well-calculated policy of destroying the buffalo in order to conquer the Plains Indians proved more effective than any other weapon in its arsenal. Too small and too inept to vanquish the plains tribes expeditiously, the army aided and was in turn aided by the “sportsmen” and professional hunters who, along with the army itself, managed to destroy the Indians’ staff of life. With the mainstay

10 William T. Hornaday, “The Extermination of the American Bison,” *Report of the National Museum, 1887* (Washington, DC, 1889), 509; Hugh Lenox Scott, *Some Memories of a Soldier* (New York, 1928), 124.
11 G.O. Shields, *Hunting in the Great West* (1883; 5th ed., New York, 1888), 133–170.

12 *Sheridan Papers*, microfilm reel no. 12.
13 William Tecumseh Sherman, *Memoirs of General W.T. Sherman* (1875; reprint, New York, 1892), 2:413–14.
14 Sherry L. Smith, *The View From Officers’ Row: Army Perceptions of Western Indians* (Tucson, 1990), 182.

of their diet gone the Indians had no choice but to accept a servile fate on a reservation where they could subsist on government handouts. From the Indian perspective the buffalo’s disappearance was a shattering blow. Crow Chief Plenty Coups described its impact to Frank Linderman: “When the buffalo went away the hearts of my people fell to the ground, and they could not lift them up again. After this nothing happened. There was little singing anywhere.” Sitting Bull summed up the results of the annihilation: “A cold wind blew across the prairie when the last buffalo fell—a death-wind for my people.”¹⁵

Richard Serra

¹⁵ Frank B. Linderman, *Plenty-Coups: Chief of the Crows* (Lincoln, 1962), 311; Norman B. Wiltsey, “The Great Buffalo Slaughter,” in *The American West*, ed. and comp. Raymond Friday Locke (Los Angeles, 1971), 134.

Mr. Carnegie’s Address.

My Dear Good Friends of Pittsburgh,
and Citizens of the Greater Pittsburgh
that is to be:

The Library Commissioners who have so
admirably managed the trust committed
to them, expressed some weeks ago their
desire that upon this occasion I should
state the reasons which induced me to
establish among you the institution about
to be opened, and the objects which I had
in view. With your indulgence, I shall now
do so. . .

It is distasteful to speak of one’s self, but
as I am called upon to give reasons for
what I have done, necessarily these must
be purely personal. . . .

Fellow-citizens, one has not to study
deeply or to travel far to learn that the
path of the philanthropist is difficult, and to
find, through sad experience, that how to
do genuine good and not mischief by the
giving of money, is one of the most difficult
problems with which man has to deal. . .

. . .My views of wealth and its duties soon
became fixed, and to these I have ever
since sought to give expression upon
fitting occasions; which are, that under
existing industrial conditions, which we
shall not see changed, but which may be
modified in the course of centuries to

come, surplus wealth must sometimes
flow into the hands of a few, the number,
however, becoming less and less under
the operation of present conditions, which
are rapidly causing the general distribution
of wealth day by day, the proportion of the
combined earnings of capital and labor
going to labor growing greater and greater,
and that to capital less and less. To one
to whom surplus comes, there come also
the questions: What is my duty? What is
the best use that can be made of it? The
conclusion forced upon me, and which
I retain, is this: That surplus wealth is a
sacred trust, to be administered during
life by its possessor for the best good of
his fellow-men; and I have ventured to
predict the coming of the day the dawn
of which, indeed, we already begin to see,
when the man who dies possessed of
available millions which were free and in
his hands to distribute, will die disgraced.
Great applause. He will pass away “unwept,
unhonored, and unsung,” as one who has
been unfaithful to his trust. The aim of
millionaires should be to deserve such a
eulogy as that upon the monument of Pitt:
“He lived without ostentation, and he
died poor.” . . .

Considerations such as these must render
it difficult for any man, if he be seeking
solely the lasting good of his fellows, and
not his own gratification or popularity, to
determine just how to administer surplus
wealth so as to work good and not evil. It

may be said, if surplus wealth brings such
difficulties, much better try to prevent
its coming. Distribute every month, for
instance, your surplus gains among those
you employ. This would be indiscriminate
giving again—our supposed millionaire’s
plan of curing evils—by distribution. . .

. . .Trifling sums given to each every week
or month—and the sums would be trifling
indeed—would be frittered away, nine
times out of ten, in things which pertain to
the body and not to the spirit; upon richer
food and drink, better clothing, more
extravagant living, which are beneficial
neither to rich nor poor. These are things
external and of the flesh; they do not
minister to the higher, the divine, part
of man. . . .

. . .I am not content to pass down in the
history of Pittsburgh as one who only
helped the masses to obtain greater
enjoyment of those appetites which we
share equally with the brutes—more to
eat, more to drink, and richer raiment.
“Man does not live by bread alone.” I have
known millionaires starving for lack of the
nutriment which alone can sustain all that
is human in man, and I know workmen,
and many so-called poor men, who revel
in luxuries beyond the power of those
millionaires to reach. It is the mind that
makes the body rich. There is no class so
pitifully wretched as that which possesses
money and nothing else. Money can
only be the useful drudge of things
immeasurably higher than itself. Exalted
beyond this, as it sometimes is, it remains
Caliban still and still plays the beast. My
aspirations take a higher flight. Mine be it
to have contributed to the enlightenment

and the joys of the mind, to the things of
the spirit, to all that tends to bring into the
lives of the toilers of Pittsburgh sweetness
and light. I hold this the noblest possible
use of wealth. *Applause.*

What we must seek, then, for surplus
wealth, if we are to work genuine good,
are uses which give nothing for nothing,
which require co-operation, self-help, and
which, by no possibility, can tend to sap
the spirit of manly independence, which is
the only sure foundation upon which the
steady improvement of our race can be
built. We were soon led to see in the Free
Library an institution which fulfilled these
conditions, and which must work only for
good and never for evil. It gives nothing
for nothing. *Applause.*

The taste for reading is one of the most
precious possessions of life, and the
success of Allegheny and Braddock
Libraries proves that the masses in this
community fully appreciate this fact, and
are rapidly acquiring it. *Applause.*

I should much rather be instrumental in
bringing to the working man or woman this
taste than mere dollars. It is better than
a fortune. When this library is supported
by the community, as Pittsburgh is wisely
to support her library, all taint of charity
is dispelled. Every citizen of Pittsburgh,
even the very humblest, now walks into
this, his own library, for the poorest
laborer contributes his mite indirectly
to its support. The man who enters a
library is in the best society this world
affords; the good and the great welcome
him, surround him, and humbly ask to be
allowed to become his servants; and if

he himself, from his own earnings, contributes to its support, he is more of a man than before. *Applause.*

Our newspapers have recently quoted from a speech in which I referred to the fact that Colonel Anderson—honored be his memory—opened his four hundred books to the young in Allegheny City, and attended every Saturday to exchange them; and that to him I was indebted, as was Mr. Phipps *Applause*, for admission to the sources of knowledge and that I then resolved that if ever surplus wealth came to me—and nothing then seemed more unlikely, since my revenue was one dollar and twenty cents a week as a bobbin boy in a factory; still I had my dreams—it should be devoted to such work as Colonel Anderson's. The opening to-night of this library, free to the people, is one more realization of the boyish dream. But I also come by heredity to my preference for free libraries. The newspaper of my native town recently published a history of the free library in Dunfermline, and it is there recorded that the first books gathered together and opened to the public were the small collections of three weavers. Imagine the feelings with which I read that one of these three was my honored father. He founded the first library in Dunfermline, his native town, and his son was privileged to found the last. *Applause.* Another privilege is his—to build a library for the people, here in the community in which he has been so greatly blessed with material success. I have never heard of a lineage for which I would exchange that of the library-founding weaver. Many congratulations have been offered upon my having given for this

purpose, which I have declined to receive, always saying, however, that I was open to receive the heartiest congratulations upon the City of Pittsburgh having resolved to devote part of its revenues to the maintenance of a library for its people. *Applause.*

Ladies and gentlemen, I hope sufficient reasons have been given for devoting surplus wealth to the founding of the Library.

We now come to another branch, the Art Gallery and Museum, which the City is not to maintain. These are to be regarded as wise extravagances, for which public revenues should not be given, not as necessities. These are such gifts as a citizen may fitly bestow upon a community and endow, so that it will cost the City nothing.

The Art Gallery and also the Museum you will to-night have an opportunity to see. Already many casts of the world's masterpieces of sculpture are within its walls. Ultimately, there will be gathered from all parts of the world casts of those objects which take highest rank. The Museum will thus be the means of bringing to the knowledge of the masses of the people who cannot travel many of the most interesting and instructive objects to be seen in the world; so that, while they pursue their tasks at home, they may yet enjoy some of the pleasures and benefits of travel abroad. If they cannot go to the objects which allure people abroad, we shall do our best to bring the rarest of those objects to them at home. Another use we have in view is that the objects, rare, valuable and historical, belonging to this region will here find their final

home. We think we see that there will be gathered in this Museum many of the treasures of Western Pennsylvania, so that after generations may be able to examine many things in the far-distant past, which our present will then be, which otherwise would have been destroyed.

It is to be hoped that special attention will be given to the industrial feature, so that the artisans of Pittsburgh and their children may see and examine the raw materials as found in the mines, and after each of the various stages of their manufacture, up to the finished product, and that they may become acquainted with their physical and chemical properties, and learn how strange these are, and how wonderful their preparation for the use of man. . . .

Now we come to the third branch, the Art Gallery. Here we enter upon a wide field. I remember, as if it were yesterday, when I first awoke to the sense of color, and what an awakening it was and has been. A child, sitting in a cold, barren little church, the only relief to the dull white walls and plain ceiling being one inch of a border of colored glass around the edge of the principal window, and yet that narrow line of little square pieces of different colors was the first glimpse I ever had of what seemed to me the radiance of heaven. Color in nature—on the moors, and on the hills, and in the sky, and in the streams, and on the sea—and the scene of beauty pervading the earth becomes more and more a tearful joy. I am firmly convinced that no surer means of improving the tastes of men can be found than through color and the sense of beauty. The cant

of art, indulged in most by those who are least under its influence, is not, perhaps, to be altogether deplored, for it keeps interest alive. Each petty school calls aloud that it has the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but no school can embrace the whole, since art is universal, and the judgment of the masses of the people is finally to prove the truest test of the supreme in art, as it is admittedly in literature. *Applause.* Let us hope that the pictures exhibited here from time to time will be of all schools, and reach both extremes--the highest critic and the humblest citizen; as the greatest books appeal to both, and attract not only the few, but the many. That extreme care will be given to the purchase of pictures for the historical collection may be taken for granted. . . .

. . . Mrs. Carnegie and myself, who have given this subject much thought, and have had it upon our minds for years, survey to-night what has been done; the use to which we have put our surplus wealth, the community to which we have devoted it, and say to ourselves, if we had the decision to make again we should resolve to do precisely as we have done. *Great applause.* We feel that we have made the best use of surplus wealth according to our judgment and conscience; beyond that is not for us; it is for the citizens of Pittsburgh to decree whether the tree planted in your midst shall wither or grow and bear such fruits as shall best serve the county where my parents and myself first found in this land a home, and to which we owe so much. *Applause.*

There is nothing in what we have done

here that can possibly work evil; all must work good, and that continually. If a man would learn of the treasures of art, he must come here and study; if he would gain knowledge, he must come to the library and read; if he would know of the great masterpieces of the world in sculpture or architecture, or of nature's secrets in the minerals which he refines, or of natural history, he must spend his time in the museum; if he is ever to enjoy the elevating solace and delights of music, he must frequent this [music] hall and give himself over to its sway. There is nothing here that can tend to pauperize, for there is neither trace nor taint of charity; nothing which will help any man who does not help himself; nothing is given here for nothing. But there are ladders provided upon which the aspiring may climb to the enjoyment of the beautiful and the delights of harmony, whence comes sensibility and refinement; to the sources of knowledge, from which spring wisdom; and to wider and grander views of human life, from whence comes the elevation of man. *Applause.*

We now hand over the gift; take it from one who loves Pittsburgh deeply and would serve her well. *Great and prolonged applause.*

Ginger Brooks Takahashi

A Note from the Artist

I wrote this text in 2018 while I was working on a farm located next to an active steel mill outside of Pittsburgh. This text is woven from writing from my own experiences, public reports submitted to an app used to document and report air quality, and comments from Steelworkers and internet trolls responding to a selfie I posted on social media, as well as various news sources. The performance text was commissioned by Pauline Boudry and Renate Lorenz, performed at The High Line in 2018.

What causes one to break their silence?

Sulfur

Industrial, sulfur

rotten eggs.

industrial, rotten eggs

Industrial, burning

Industrial. Fuel. Diesel and gas.

Diesel from trucks

Industrial, like burning plastic

I wear an air filter mask when I’m at my work site
I wear it to filter (out toxins from) the air I’m breathing

Industrial, sulfur

Industrial

Smells like manure

Industrial

Diesel

Diesel
Sulfuric
Industrial
I use an app on my phone to check the air quality reading
The app reminds me that there have been 362 dirty days in the past year.

Rotten eggs

Smoke, fuel, industrial

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

When I first started spending time here eight years ago I didn’t think that the air quality was something to worry about. If the town allowed the steel industry to coexist with residents and laborers, then I assumed it was safe to be around. And I didn’t hear residents talk about it, only visitors.

Rotten eggs, burning smell

Industrial, rotten eggs, exhaust

Industrial, rotten eggs

Rotten eggs, burning chemical smell.

The damn steel mill. It smells like sulfur and farts

Rotten eggs, burning chemical smell

Industrial and rotten eggs

Rotten eggs, burning smell

One narrative I hear often is that the air used to be so thick with smog that you couldn’t hang your laundry to dry outdoors. Also, that the smog was so thick that days would look like nights. People talk about how much cleaner the air is now as if that justifies an acceptable level of air pollution.

Diesel

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

The steel mill. It smells like sulfur
and rotting flesh. It’s bad

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

Diesel

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

Our city’s air was ranked 8th worst for fine particulate pollution in the US for the last
three years by the American Lung Association.

Rotten eggs, chemical smell

Rotten eggs and a little sweet

Sulfur

Rotten eggs
Industrial

Rotten eggs

Diesel exhaust from trains?
Diesel and rotten eggs

I became more acutely aware of the air quality where I live when I started to learn about
the local steel mill as a potential site for a proposed unconventional gas well. This highly
toxic and dangerous, yet de-regulated practice is proposed on an industrial site which
already regularly exceeds emissions violations.

As my community group explores the environmental dangers of hydraulic fracturing,

we also ask ourselves, what else is possible here? Could we build wind turbines or solar
fields at the top of the hill? Would that satisfy the economic hunger? Or is wind and sun
too much of the other?

Who gives a FUCK!
And tell Ginger to go fuck his self !!!

They’re drilling and have been drilling all over the place.....
nothing around where I live has happened...

Your faucet water is going to catch on fire Jerry

I have PA American water... lol

Water is overrated... that’s why I drink beer

In March, Trump announced a 25 percent tax on foreign steel and 10 percent tax on
aluminum, citing national security as a primary reason.

The Administration argued the tariffs would give a boost to the domestic steel and
aluminum industries, which have declined over the last few decades because of
competition abroad.

Oil and gas production is steel-intensive, with steel products needed for drilling, pipeline,
onshore and offshore production facilities, refineries, Liquified Natural Gas terminals,
and petrochemical plants.

I am assuming the dude with the mask on is from the country (Japan) who’s nuclear
power plant (Fukushima) is still dumping toxic nuclear radioactive waste into the
Pacific Ocean

I lived in Braddock all of my life go back to eat your dogs and cats

I miss when the smoke was black and killed the weak.

My savage meter is going off the charts

Those mills are my fucking birthright.

My home sure is beautiful. Choke on it pussy!

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs.

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

PM 2.5 is also produced by diesel vehicles. My work site is situated along a route used by trucks to transport the coke produced at the mill. Soot from the trucks accumulates in the space between the street and the sidewalk. Upon recent testing, this soot contains chromium, lead and manganese. When the wind blows, these particulates re-enter the air and become part of us.

Rotten eggs, burning chemical

Industrial

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs.

Rotten eggs

One of my co-workers did a study of the neighborhood as a high school student and found that there was not one place in the borough with (EPA) acceptable levels of air pollution.

Industrial

Rotten eggs

Diesel trucks along Braddock Ave

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

Rotten eggs

What causes one to break their silence?

Benjamin West

A peer to Benjamin West, Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first president of the Royal Academy of Art. His *Discourses on Art* were an influential series of lectures delivered at the Academy between 1769 and 1790. On Reynolds's death in 1792, Benjamin West became the academy's second president.

“Discourse I: Delivered at the Opening of the Royal Academy, January 2, 1769,”

Excerpts

Sir Joshua Reynolds

In *Discourses on Art*, ed. Robert R. Wark (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1997), 9–21.

Gentlemen,—An academy in which the polite arts may be regularly cultivated is at last opened among us by royal munificence. This must appear an event in the highest degree interesting, not only to the artists, but to the whole nation.

It is indeed difficult to give any other reason why an Empire like that of Britain should so long have wanted an ornament so suitable to its greatness than that slow progression of things which naturally makes elegance and refinement the last effect of opulence and power.

An institution like this has often been recommended upon considerations merely mercantile. But an academy founded upon such principles can never effect even its own narrow purposes. If it has an origin no higher, no taste can ever be formed in it which can be useful even in manufactures; but if the higher arts of design flourish, these inferior ends will be answered of course. . . .

There are at this time a greater number of excellent artists than were ever known before at one period in this nation; there is a general desire among our nobility to be distinguished as lovers and judges of the arts; there is a greater superfluity of wealth among the people to reward the professors; and, above all, we are patronised by a monarch, who, knowing

the value of science and of elegance, thinks every art worthy of his notice that tends to soften and humanise the mind.

After so much has been done by his Majesty, it will be wholly our fault if our progress is not in some degree correspondent to the wisdom and, generosity of the institution; let us show our gratitude in our diligence, that, though our merit may not answer his expectations, yet, at least, our industry may deserve his protection.

But whatever may be our proportion of success, of this we may be sure, that the present institution will at least contribute to advance our knowledge of the arts, and bring us nearer to that ideal excellence which it is the lot of genius always to contemplate and never to attain.

The principal advantage of an academy is, that, besides furnishing able men to direct the student, it will be a repository for the great examples of the art. These are the materials on which genius is to work, and without which the strongest intellect may be fruitlessly or deviously employed. By studying these authentic models, that idea of excellence which is the result of the accumulated experience of past ages may be at once acquired, and the tardy and obstructed progress of our predecessors may teach us a shorter and easier way. The student receives at one glance the

principles which many artists have spent their whole lives in ascertaining; and, satisfied with their effect, is spared the painful investigation by which they come to be known and fixed. How many men of great natural abilities have been lost to this nation for want of these advantages? They never had an opportunity of seeing those masterly efforts of genius which at once kindle the whole soul, and force it into sudden and irresistible approbation. . . .

In short, the method I recommend can only be detrimental when there are but few living forms to copy; for then students, by always drawing from one alone, will by habit be taught to overlook defects, and mistake deformity for beauty. But of this there is no danger, since the council has determined to supply the academy with a variety of subjects; and indeed those laws which they have drawn up, and which the secretary will presently read for your confirmation, have in some measure precluded me from saying more upon this occasion. Instead, therefore, of offering my advice, permit me to indulge my wishes, and express my hope, that this institution may answer the expectations of its royal founder; that the present age may vie in arts with that of Leo X. and that “the dignity of the dying art” (to make use of an expression of Pliny) may be revived under the reign of George III.

“Discourse III: A Discourse Delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, on the Distribution of the Prizes, December 14, 1770,” Excerpts
Sir Joshua Reynolds
In *Discourses on Art*, ed. Robert R. Wark (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1997), 39–53.

. . . When a man once possesses this idea in its perfection, there is no danger but that he will be sufficiently warmed by it himself, and be able to warm and ravish every one else.

Thus it is from a reiterated experience, and a close comparison of the objects in nature, that an artist becomes possessed of the idea of that central form, if I may so express it, from which every deviation is deformity. But the investigation of this form I grant is painful, and I know but of one method of shortening the road; this is, by a careful study of the works of the ancient sculptors; who, being indefatigable in the school of nature, have left models of that perfect form behind them, which an artist would prefer as supremely beautiful, who had spent his whole life in that single contemplation. But if industry carried them thus far, may not you also hope for the same reward from the same labour? We have the same school opened to us that was opened to them; for nature denies her instructions to none who desire to become her pupils.

To the principle I have laid down, that the idea of beauty in each species of beings is invariably one, it may be objected that in every particular species there are various central forms, which are separate and distinct from each other, and yet are undeniably beautiful; that in the human

figure, for instance, the beauty of the Hercules is one, of the gladiator another, of the Apollo another, which makes so many different ideas of beauty.

It is true, indeed, that these figures are each perfect in their kind, though of different characters and proportions; but still none of them is the representation of an individual, but of a class. And as there is one general form, which, as I have said, belongs to the human kind at large, so in each of these classes there is one common idea and central form, which is the abstract of the various individual forms belonging to that class. Thus, though the forms of childhood and age differ exceedingly, there is a common form in childhood, and a common form in age,—which is the more perfect, as it is more remote from all peculiarities. But I must add further, that though the most perfect forms of each of the general divisions of the human figure are ideal, and superior to any individual form of that class, yet the highest perfection of the human figure is not to be found in any one of them. It is not in the Hercules, nor in the gladiator, nor in the Apollo; but in that form which is taken from them all, and which partakes equally of the activity of the gladiator, of the delicacy of the Apollo, and of the muscular strength of the Hercules. For perfect beauty in any species must combine all the characters which are beautiful in that

species. It cannot consist in any one to the exclusion of the rest: no one, therefore, must be predominant, that no one may be deficient.

The knowledge of these different characters, and the power of separating and distinguishing them, is undoubtedly necessary to the painter, who is to vary his compositions with figures of various forms and proportions, though he is never to lose sight of the general idea of perfection in each kind.

There is, likewise, a kind of symmetry or proportion, which may properly be said to belong to deformity. A figure lean or corpulent, tall or short, though deviating from beauty, may still have a certain union of the various parts, which may contribute to make them, on the whole, not displeasing. When the artist has by diligent attention acquired a clear and distinct idea of beauty and symmetry; when he has reduced the variety of nature to the abstract idea; his next task will be to become acquainted with the genuine habits of nature, as distinguished from those of fashion. For in the same manner, and on the same principles, as he has acquired the knowledge of the real forms of nature, distinct from accidental deformity, he must endeavour to separate simple chaste nature from those adventitious, those affected and forced airs or actions, with which she is loaded by modern education.

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