A GENEROUS VISION II

Samuel H. Kress Professors
1995–2016
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Titian, *Cupid with the Wheel of Fortune*, c. 1520, oil on canvas
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, SAMUEL H. KRESS COLLECTION
Annibale Carracci, *River Landscape* (detail), c. 1590, oil on canvas
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, SAMUEL H. KRESS COLLECTION
7
Director's Foreword
EARL A. POWELL III

9
Introduction
ELIZABETH CROPPER

14
Samuel H. Kress Professors
1995–2016
Director’s Foreword

It is a pleasure to reflect on the Samuel H. Kress Foundation’s legacy of giving at the National Gallery of Art. Over the past seventy-five years, the foundation has inestimably enriched the nation’s collections; supported countless publications, symposia, catalogs, and exhibitions; and brought the world’s finest scholars to our Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts.

Samuel H. Kress, founder of the Kress Foundation, holds special distinction as the first major benefactor to join with Andrew W. Mellon in offering his private collection to the National Gallery of Art for the people of the United States. This gift was not only an extraordinary founding collection: it was a definitive endorsement of the idea of an American national gallery jointly supported by private citizens and the federal government. When the Gallery opened its doors in 1941, the Kress donations accounted for more than two-thirds of the works of art on view, and in the ensuing years the Kress family and foundation have continued to donate and fund notable gifts of art that add breadth and depth to the nation’s collection.

The visionary support of the Kress Foundation extends well beyond the walls of the National Gallery. Kress Collection gifts to scores of regional and academic art museums and Kress grant programs in scholarship, conservation, and digital resources have transformed the entire museum landscape in the United States. The Samuel H. Kress Professorship has played an integral role in the life of the National Gallery since 1965 and in the fellowship program of the Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts since its founding in 1979. The Kress Professors are an ever-renewing source of energy and enlightenment for this institution, leading our community of scholars and ensuring that the Gallery’s collections are studied and understood.

The Board of Trustees of the National Gallery of Art joins me in saluting the Samuel H. Kress Foundation and more than fifty years of the Kress Professorship. On behalf of the trustees and the Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts, I extend our deep gratitude for the Kress Foundation’s continued generosity. This volume and the decades of scholarship it documents are a testament to the foundation’s distinguished academic and philanthropic legacy.

Earl A. Powell III
National Gallery of Art

Élisabeth-Louise Vigée Le Brun, Madame d’Aguesseau de Fresnes, 1789, oil on wood
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, SAMUEL H. KRESS COLLECTION
Introduction

In 1995 the National Gallery of Art published *A Generous Vision: Samuel H. Kress Professors, 1965–1995*, edited by Elizabeth Pendleton Streicher, with a preface by Henry A. Millon, dean, Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts, and a brief foreword by Marilyn Perry, then president, Samuel H. Kress Foundation. J. Carter Brown, director emeritus, National Gallery of Art, provided an introduction. This year, when the National Gallery of Art celebrates the seventy-fifth anniversary of its inauguration by President Roosevelt on March 17, 1941, the opportunity to bring the Kress volume up to the present was irresistible. This new record of achievement for the years 1995–2016 is intended to reflect the previous volume in spirit and structure, with short reminiscences about each Kress Professor by a young scholar (typically a predoctoral fellow) who was part of that year’s cohort at CASVA. The focus remains on these reflections and on the achievements of the appointees, now enlivened by a richer program of illustrations.

The introductory material to the original volume, available as a PDF file online, thanks to the Kress Foundation, provides a succinct history of the institution of the Kress Professorship. It is important not to lose sight of this important account. In his preface Henry Millon calls attention to the breadth of the Kress Foundation’s support for scholarship and research in the history of art and in conservation at the National Gallery, building upon the original gift of the Kress Collection. This is not the occasion to document the full extent of Kress generosity to the National Gallery of Art, to which director Earl A. Powell III refers in his foreword here. It should be noted, however, that the growth in number and size of fellowships for both predoctoral and senior fellows, greatly inspired by the vision of Franklin D. Murphy (president, Kress Foundation, 1963–1984), has been crucial for the sustained evolution of CASVA. Marilyn Perry observed in her 1995 foreword that the Samuel H. Kress Professorship at the National Gallery of Art was established as the “unifying symbol” of all the new Kress programs across the United States, reflecting the (then) threefold increase over thirty years in doctoral programs in the history of art as well as growing public interest. Within the embrace of the nation’s gallery, as she put it, the Kress Professor, selected on the basis of outstanding accomplishments, “has only the assignment of providing consultation to the National Gallery’s predoctoral fellows, confirming the essential nexus between scholarship and great art.”

From inside the Gallery, J. Carter Brown brought a different perspective, crediting leadership in supporting the research of young scholars in the museum field not only to Franklin Murphy but also to Paul Mellon and former director John Walker. As a young man Walker had experienced the benefit of working with senior scholars at the American Academy in Rome and at Bernard Berenson’s Villa I Tatti, and it was Walker who wrote on February 4, 1964, to Mary Davis, then assistant director of the Kress Foundation, to propose that the presence of a senior scholar would enhance the experience of younger researchers at the Gallery. Paul Mellon, he added, had suggested the title should be “resident professor.”

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Leone Battista Alberti, *Self-Portrait*, c. 1435, bronze
*NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, SAMUEL H. KRÉSS COLLECTION*
The Kress Foundation responded generously, and in Carter Brown’s words, by the mid-1960s “the critical mass that this full range of fellowships and a senior professorship provided, in terms of visiting scholars, meant that the National Gallery had already created, de facto, a center for art-historical scholarship.”

There was as yet, however, no physical expression or permanent setting for such a center, and there were few tools for research beyond the collection itself. Many of the essays in the first Kress volume reflect upon the cramped and often bizarre spaces in which fellows were housed. Charles Talbot (1965–1966) had an office in an unused cloakroom overlooking the tennis courts; over the years several fellows were located on a mezzanine level accessible only through a hidden door in the boiserie paneling of a period room. Ann Percy (1967–1968) recalls René Huyghe, member of the Académie française and holder of several French orders of merit, disappearing quite literally into the woodwork; and Arthur Wheelock remembers the overdoor painting above the same secret doorway depicting monkeys dressed as human beings (one of Christophe Huet’s Singeries). A mocking reminder of the need for humility, this was, in his words, “not an auspicious door through which to pass,” and it “captured a sense of the benign neglect for the fellows’ program as it then existed at the National Gallery.” William C. Seitz (1971–1972) and Wolfgang Lotz (fall 1976) struggled with windowless offices. Egbert Havercamp-Begemann’s (1968–1969) office did have windows overlooking the greenhouse, but he worked so long and late that the holiday poinsettias refused to turn red. A minor town-and-gown skirmish produced blackout curtains. Many of the early essays suggest that both professors and fellows hoped for more regular daily exchange as well as for closer contact with the rest of the Gallery that might allow them to contribute more to its activities. Visits to the collection and to other museums, as well as frequent entertainment, whether dining in Georgetown town houses, playing tennis, or even watching belly dancing and wrestling, broke the ice and often led to lifelong professional friendships. The annual presence of the Kress Professor was certainly never forgotten by the fellows.

As Carter Brown tells the story, it was this center without a home that prompted the East Building project. Andrew Mellon had secured the oddly shaped piece of land for future needs, and John Walker, inspired by Professor John White of Johns Hopkins University, worked to realize his and Paul Mellon’s vision of a place where works of art and scholarly resources might come together around a group of scholars and curators. The demonstrable success of existing programs clustered around the Kress Professor helped to make the argument to Congress that the Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts should be at the core of the East Building.

With the dedication of I. M. Pei’s building in 1978, the vision for CASVA could be realized, even if the fellowship program remained “on the scale of a cottage industry,” as Mary Smith Podles put it when writing about the first year of residency in the new building under the guidance of Kress Professor George Heard Hamilton (1978–1979). Only in 1980–1981, with Leopold Ettlinger serving as Kress Professor, was there an entire year of programming at CASVA under the deanship of Henry Millon. By the following year the program had expanded to include a full complement of fellows, both senior and predoctoral, as well as a curatorial fellow from the National
Gallery of Art. By all accounts this was an exciting but not easy year: a generational and intellectual shift threatened the collegial spirit of the new institution. Over the next few years this tension would resolve itself into a more tolerable and tolerant engagement with the issues then confronting the history of art as well as the larger world. Neil Harris has pointed out that the East Building was conceived at the lowest point in the civic life of the capital. CASVA’s success in expanding and disseminating new knowledge and understanding of art took place against the backdrop of contemporary events in the city and the nation that were often threatening.

The biographies of Kress Professors from the first three decades are almost all marked by distinguished military service. The few exceptions are those four women, beginning with Agnes Mongan (1977–1978), who gained recognition as Kress Professors in these years. Mongan was also only the second appointee (after William Seitz) to have been born in the United States. For the most part they embraced the opportunities provided by the Kress Professorship upon compulsory retirement from long careers that in many cases had been interrupted by World War II. Every one of them had received national and international honors and been appointed to learned societies. Their accomplishments appeared formidable to the young predoctoral fellows, and the delight in spending a year in their extraordinary company came as much from discovering the person behind the unfamiliar résumé as in opportunities for true and often unexpected learning.
The twenty-one Kress Professors recorded in this second volume present rather different, though no less distinguished, profiles. The Kress Professorship has made possible continuing close relationships with institutions overseas and the establishment of new ones, long outlasting the special circumstances of the immediate post–World War II period that were so fundamental for the establishment of the history of art in the United States. These sustained international relationships are deeply important for the Gallery and for the future of the field. The lifting of mandatory retirement has meant that Kress Professors from the United States have not always fully relinquished duties at home, remaining in touch with the practicalities of academic life. On the other hand, the generation of senior fellows who challenged the boundaries of art history in the early 1980s is now at retirement age, and in many ways this second chapter in the continuing history of the Kress Professorship reflects the recent history of the profession. The importance of bringing different generations together on a daily basis to share problems and visions is perhaps even more evident than before, and this conversation takes place in a less awed and formal context. Kress Professors in the twenty-first century are no longer hidden behind the boiserie: they occupy a prestigious office in the East Building (ornamented with a painting by William Seitz rather than Huet’s Singeries) and enjoy substantial support for their work. They also tend to share their own knowledge and experiences even more generously, knowing that the early stages of a scholarly career, whether in a university or a museum, or in the new worlds of digital dissemination and education, are even more challenging than two decades ago. The support for scholars’ housing provided by Robert H. Smith and the Paul Mellon Endowment has further deepened the possibilities for establishing a true community of fellows, with the Kress Professor in residence in its midst.

Recent reports on the state of the PhD in the humanities in the United States have emphasized the importance of this sort of constant dialogue and advice, not always available in graduate departments. The early Kress Professors were recruited from among a small pool of renowned scholars from elite programs. With the passage of time that pool has expanded greatly, even if the challenge remains to be met of achieving the diversity that is lacking in museums and universities more generally. Meanwhile, the Samuel H. Kress Professor provides the entire community at the National Gallery with an example of outstanding, lifelong dedication to the shared goal of the understanding and preservation of art and architecture for the public good. Several former Kress Professors have even donated material support for research at the Gallery in the form of personal libraries and research materials. William Seitz and his wife, Irma, most generously remembered CASVA in their will, allowing for the much-needed endowment of the William B. Seitz Senior Fellowship at the Center.

The essays that follow, written by scholars who were just beginning their careers with a residency at CASVA, are, like the earlier ones, quite personal. As in the first volume, each author was encouraged to pick out unique and often surprising memories. Reading them through, one can catch a connecting, if not unifying, theme. After a period of solitary research, often far away, before coming to CASVA, predoctoral fellows experience the sense of community fostered by the Center and by the Kress Professor in particular as a deeply significant turning point. Whatever intellectual themes
emerge in the course of the year (and they usually do), the rediscovery of the excitement of sharing knowledge with peers and with senior colleagues within the stimulating visual and intellectual world of the National Gallery of Art is almost always mentioned. In almost every case, food also plays a noticeable role. However, the word most used in connection with the Samuel H. Kress Professors by the younger scholars in this volume is “generous.” The 1995 volume documenting what J. Carter Brown called “the group of heroes and heroines” who first held the Kress Professorship was entitled A Generous Vision. This new volume documents how such generosity can multiply over time, generating a virtuous cycle that continues and expands the visionary aims of our benefactors. To the Samuel H. Kress Foundation, under the leadership of its chairman, Frederick W. Beinecke, and its president, Max Marmor, we owe much gratitude on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the National Gallery of Art.

Elizabeth Cropper
Dean, Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts
hen I arrived at CASVA late in the summer of 1995, the routines that shaped the days and weeks under Hank Millon’s stewardship were well established. On most weekdays, these consisted of work, punctuated by lunch in the airy Refectory, followed by more work, afternoon tea, and more work. On some days, this cadence was enlivened by predoctoral shop-talks or senior fellows’ colloquia, the latter followed by elaborate dinners. Symposia, conferences, and lectures invigorated weekends, but I also remember wandering the galleries, trips to the farmers’ market and, once, bingeing on the entire run of PBS Masterpiece’s *Pride and Prejudice* to avoid my dissertation. My office mate, David Roxburgh, and I competed to see who could write the most in a day (David always won) and argued about how long a footnote should be. Associate deans Therese O’Malley and Joanne Pillsbury kept the ship running smoothly with the aid of Helen Tangires, who always had the answer no matter what the question. Research assistants Francesca Consagra, Anne Helmreich, and Mary Pye were wonderful friends and mentors.

I was too green a scholar to know what I didn’t know, and so I fearlessly engaged the august and erudite minds surrounding me. And no one was more patient or hid any possible bemusement better than the Samuel H. Kress Professor that year, David Coffin. With his calm and friendly demeanor and encyclopedic knowledge of Renaissance architecture and gardens, Professor Coffin was...
a great source of help and encouragement. In his tweed coat and bow tie, slightly owlish behind his round glasses, he was decidedly professorial but without hauteur. Although I was not working on a Renaissance topic, our areas of inquiry overlapped chronologically, and he had many insights to share about the transition from the late Gothic to the classical style. Professor Coffin, no doubt through his long tenure at Princeton, had a talent for sharing knowledge rather than dispensing it and encouraged younger scholars to devise their own ways through a problem. Always affable, he seemed to very much enjoy the convivial atmosphere of CASVA.

Academic year 1995–1996 was an exciting one both within CASVA and without. A remarkable range of scholars, both fellows and visitors, lectured on a diverse array of subjects, and a groundbreaking Vermeer exhibition opened late in the fall. Albert Ammerman probed the complex archaeological history of Venice, Beatrice Colomina considered midcentury architecture through the prism of World War II, Elizabeth Cropper investigated the identity of Pontormo’s Halberdier, and David Coffin discussed the self-referential images of Roman villas during the Renaissance. These, along with a masterful lecture by French scholar Daniel Arasse on Vermeer’s allegories and Pierre Rosenberg’s A.W. Mellon Lectures on French rococo and neoclassical drawing and painting, were among the highlights of that year. We had the privilege of visiting the Vermeer exhibition in the morning hour between the time the building

PUBLICATIONS

opened to employees and the first public admittance. Being in the quiet of the galleries with those luminous paintings remains one of the most memorable aesthetic experiences of my life.

Then there was the weather. A hot and exceptionally muggy fall turned into a bitterly cold winter with an unusual amount of snow. The District of Columbia was largely unprepared for snow, and the freezing conditions created a pothole so large near my apartment that someone threw a mattress in it. The wind and snow did not deter the visitors in long lines that snaked around the West Building, determined to see those Vermeers. Although the weather did not dampen the enthusiasm of art lovers, the federal government could and did, shutting down not once but twice during the show’s run. Even extended hours could not satisfy the demand to see the works of a once obscure Dutch painter. Earlier that fall, the Million Man March, equal parts protest and celebration, took place on the Mall. The exuberance in the city for the few days bookending the march was palpable.

With the exception of the federal shutdown, the rhythms at CASVA remained largely unchanged. By spring, I understood how profoundly the experience of interacting with senior fellows who were not our own faculty helped prepare us for the beginning of our professional lives. In addition to the opportunity to engage with so many accomplished scholars and spend time with such great art, food figures prominently in my memories of that year. Not only the expertly orchestrated lunches and dinners at CASVA, but Therese’s crab cakes, Francesca’s pasta carbonara, Ethiopian food in Georgetown, and elegant meals at Joanne’s and at Hank and Judy Millon’s.

The last time I saw David Coffin was a year or two after we had left CASVA. I was in Princeton undergoing an intimidating interview process. We enjoyed a pleasant lunch in a sunny dining room on campus and talked about classicism in France and England. He provided me with sources and ideas to mull over afterward. Looking back almost twenty years now, I am struck that as a junior scholar, I felt entirely comfortable calling him up and suggesting lunch. It is testament not only to his generosity and genuine interest in mentoring a younger generation but also to CASVA as a place that made those relationships possible.

Abby McGehee
Oregon College of Art and Craft

PREDOCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 1995–1996
Julien Chapuis [Indiana University]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 1994–1996
Leah Dickerman [Columbia University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 1993–1996
Abby McGehee [University of California, Berkeley]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 1993–1996
Nancy Norwood [University of California, Berkeley]
Mary Davis Fellow, 1994–1996
David J. Roxburgh [University of Pennsylvania]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 1994–1996
Eugene Yuejin Wang [Harvard University]
Ittleson Fellow, 1994–1995

Hubert Robert, The Oval Fountain in the Gardens of the Villa d’Este, Tivoli (detail), 1760, red chalk over graphite on laid paper
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, GIFT OF MR. AND MRS. NEIL PHILLIPS AND MR. AND MRS. IVAN PHILLIPS, IN HONOR OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
Hubert Damisch mystified me and likely other predoctoral fellows during his tenure as Kress Professor at CASVA. His serious, almost severe demeanor at lectures and discussions could morph into near chortling at lunches over jokes with David Freedberg or, sometimes, Jeffrey Schnapp. He was a silent collaborator in Henry Millon’s strict instruction (intended for us less civilized members) never to cut the “nose” of the cheese. He and his lovely wife, filmmaker Teri Wehn-Damisch, joined us all for a gusty spring boat tour of Baltimore Harbor, followed by a major-league baseball game at the then-newish Oriole Park at Camden Yards; behind his dark glasses, the French philosopher appeared bemused all day long. His severity softened in general during his wife’s visits, and he beamed with pride when she screened her film Robert Morris: The Mind/Body Problem (starring Morris and Rosalind Krauss) at CASVA. Then there could be a sudden outpouring of generosity: the Damisches treated some of us predoctoral fellows to an exquisite meal in the private room of a fine restaurant. I well remember his piqued curiosity as he questioned my office mate, Irina Oryshkevich, about her past as an aspiring ballet dancer. All in all, though, Damisch’s professional focus on abstract diagrams for his project, “Toward a Graphic Archaeology,” seemed incommensurate with both the light amusement and the intensity of personal feeling that he occasionally conveyed.

Two scenes in particular charmed me yet felt utterly discordant. The first was at the Gallery’s
holiday party. Damisch was circulating amiably when he suddenly stopped, realizing that the little girl with golden curls, swaying in the middle of the dance floor, was the daughter of a predoctoral fellow (Sandy Isenstadt). We were all young, and presumably Damisch had not entertained the idea that any of us might already have a family of his or her own. Or maybe five-year-old Anna truly was the vision of insouciant beauty that I then remember seeing when Damisch pronounced, with his heavy accent, “But she is a masterpiece!” Time and even the music seemed to stop as we all took her in.

The second scene was in a jazz club (which has probably not survived gentrification) on Eighteenth Street NW in the Adams Morgan neighborhood. I remember that expanded moment as pulsing with time and energy. Late in the evening, a dancer sprang onto the top of the bar and slid and swayed and somehow remained aloft while we held tightly onto our drinks and watched the acrobatics, with some alarm, from foot level. But Damisch, the otherwise serious philosopher, was overjoyed, blissful in facial expression and vigorously tapping out the tune on the edge of the bar. His fingering appeared learned, and I discovered then that he positively loves jazz and that he played a mean saxophone in his youth.

Just about twenty years later, these scenes feel far less incompatible either with each other or with Damisch’s scholarship. He studied with Maurice Merleau-Ponty and mingled with Louis Althusser, Jacques Derrida, Gilles Deleuze, and

**PUBLICATIONS**

System and its excess: that resonates strongly with Damisch’s personal, somatic identification with jazz music. My pristine memory of his visceral engagement with the music and the dance—a long time ago in a place that no longer exists—speaks both to moments in history and to duration: of systems, of memory, of affect. The staying power of Damisch’s scholarship belies the primacy of academic fashion in accord with his appreciation for the *longue durée*; indeed, although *Cloud* appeared in English some thirty years after its initial publication in French, no one I know has found it anything but timely.

Further, Damisch’s CASVA colloquium—“Piero della Francesca’s *Madonna del Parto*: Constructing a Childhood Memory”—resonates unexpectedly with his off-hours declaration that little dancing Anna was a masterpiece. In his lecture, he argued that Piero’s depiction of the Madonna pointing at Christ’s point of origin in her womb, like the vanishing point of perspective, provides an allegory of the origin of painting. At the same time, though, the image resists interpretive closure. Whether the angels to either side of Mary raise or lower the curtains that frame her, Damisch maintained, depends on how the viewer subjectively frames the image to construct meaning. Thus, one does not find an origin so much as construct a narrative, one situated in history and inflected by individual investments in the past and the present. As a corollary, the viewer’s or historian’s framing of a work with words can shift the viewing perspective of others, helping them see what they did not see before. A girl with curls becomes a masterpiece.

Félix Guattari at the École des hautes études en sciences sociales in Paris from 1967 to 1996. He was close to artist Jean Dubuffet for many years and to Barnett Newman for a few. Second to *The Origin of Perspective* (1987; published in English, 1994), *A Theory of Cloud: Toward a History of Painting* (1972; published in English, 2002) is perhaps his best-known work in translation. In it he theorizes the “other” of perspective, that is, what escapes the purely linear system that provides a stage for narrative (Alberti’s *istoria*). The cloud exceeds signification and becomes pure painting.
A photograph of Damisch in *Center* 17 says much after all these years. He sits in front of the huge window in his office; his head turns in profile to the viewer’s right. He holds an empty picture frame, through which we see his head on the upper left balanced compositionally, on the upper right, by the fuzzy central mass of the distant Capitol. The vanishing point would be... in a crease or wrinkle at his left shoulder? No identifiable origin here; we are left to construct a narrative, our memories. However carefully combed, Damisch’s white hair exceeds the frame to the left, just as the Capitol stretches well beyond this arbitrary demarcation to the right. The chance highlight on the lower left of the frame draws my attention to his curved right fingers, which hold the frame aloft; I think they are ready to mark the beat of some internal music. Here he tries to stay serious, but his grin nearly breaks into laughter. Hubert Damisch exceeds his own frame, and he has helped me and countless others see so much.

Jenny Anger

*Grinnell College*
The position of research associate to the Kress and Mellon Professors at CASVA was my first proper job as a freshly minted PhD from the Universität Wien. It is impossible to describe how happy I was when this exceptional opportunity was presented to me. I remember with how much enthusiasm and astonishingly little anxiety I threw myself into the challenge. Youth truly is a wonderful state, for I should have been petrified with awe to work for such a distinguished art historian as Bezalel Narkiss. His achievements as scholar, professor, editor, and founder of the Index of Jewish Art as well as the Center for Jewish Art at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem are too many and too significant to be discussed here adequately. My unawareness of what an honor it was to become his assistant proved to be just the right attitude, however, for nothing would have been farther from his wishes than to be worshiped. Tzali—as he wanted to be called—was the kindest and most unpretentious man I have ever met. I swore to myself to someday be like him: erudite, modest, and cheerful. I am still far away from that goal and will probably never reach it, but few do. It is, after all, probably less a question of willpower than of character.

During his year at CASVA Tzali was working mostly on the style and iconography of the illuminations of the Ashburnham Pentateuch, a research project that had already occupied him for forty years and would become his magnum opus. Although I was proud to be a graduate of the
Institut für Österreichische Geschichtsforschung and thus fully trained in paleography and codicology, I was, of course, of very little real help to him. Today I can see this, but Tzali never gave me that feeling, so appreciative was he of any of my little findings. When we spoke, for instance, about whether similar postures of figures should be seen as an element of style, he would sometimes show his approval of my observations by closing his eyes and nodding with a big, content smile on his face.

Always aware that I was supposed also to do my own research at CASVA, he was never demanding of my time and charmingly apologetic whenever he needed me for something as lowly as making Xeroxes, for he wanted me to spend my time with meaningful tasks. But even this mechanical work was interesting, because it gave me an intriguing glimpse of Tzali’s truly Warburgian approach to his research topic, which was mainly the collecting of images and the comparing of everything from wall paintings to mosaics and ivory carvings. While making what seemed a myriad of photocopies, I started to understand a bit of his remarkable sensorium for subtle connections, invisible to most others. My hours of duty at the Xerox machine thus turned into a veritable school of looking, a training of my eyes from which I benefit to this day. I also became familiar with the wonderful library of Dumbarton Oaks, where I was treated, as Tzali’s assistant, with undeserved respect.
As one can learn from his biography, he started his career as a high school teacher and wanted to be an educator, and this seems to have been truly his calling. Although I was supposed to be his assistant and to support him in his research, he was always much more interested in ways in which he could help and inspire me. Knowing that my passion was Venetian bronze sculpture, he introduced me to his extraordinary collection of material on Hanukkah lamps and encouraged me to research the Veronese sculptor Giuseppe de Levi (1552–1611/1614), who was assumed to be of Jewish origin and to whom therefore a couple of Renaissance examples of the genre were attributed. Alas, we had to drop this line of inquiry when it turned out that the surname “Levi” was not Hebrew but derived from the hometown of Giuseppe’s father, the little village of Levo near the Lago Maggiore. We were both disappointed when the beautiful theory collapsed. Although our project thus did not lead to anything, the episode shows how considerate Tzali was.

There are many great professors who can hardly bear to spend time with anyone who is not on their intellectual level. Tzali not only tolerated younger scholars; he genuinely enjoyed their company and liked to talk about subjects that were far removed from his own field of interest. Whenever he was present for lunch at the long table in the Refectory, he was surrounded by...

*Moses Receiving the Tablets of the Law* (top), *Moses Reading the Tablets to the Israelites* (center), and *The Ark of the Covenant (Tabernacle)* (bottom), from the Ashburnham Pentateuch, fifth–sixth century

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predoctoral fellows and much laughter. Therefore I am sure that he would be amused if I relate an unscholarly episode. It is to him that I owe perhaps my most impressive American experience. It was toward the end of the academic year, at the beginning of May 1998 when a major exhibition on Mark Rothko opened at the National Gallery of Art. There was a black tie gala in the evening, and Tzali asked me to come. I had no idea that this event would be honored by the presence of the president of the United States, Bill Clinton. When Tzali took his position as Kress Professor in the receiving line, I wanted to sneak away, but he firmly gripped my hand to make me stay next to him. He even introduced me to the president, who gave me one of his famous handshakes. It was an encounter I will never forget. I still have the menu and my place card from the evening in the exhibition catalog, which is one of the very few books on modern art in my library but because of these memories a much cherished one.

Despite his amiable disposition Tzali was not an outgoing person and was rather quiet. Although he was always friendly and understanding, it was not easy to make him talk, in particular about himself. I longed to learn more about his time at the Warburg Institute, about Ernst Gombrich and Karl Popper, or about Kurt Weitzmann and Meyer Shapiro, but I had enough sensibility not to press him. I regret those good manners a bit today, for I am sure I missed some great stories. While writing these lines I am listening to the Mozart Requiem, an unconscious choice but one that I realize I made in his honor. It makes me think of people I would like to invite to a lovingly home-cooked dinner with lots of good wine and who are unfortunately gone. Tzali would be on the top of my list, not only because I might get to hear some of the stories of his fascinating life, but above all as a thank you for the many good things he did for me, some of which I understood only much later.

Claudia Kryza-Gersch
Vienna

**PREDOCCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 1997–1998**

Edward Eigen [Massachusetts Institute of Technology]
Mary Davis Fellow, 1996–1998
Marian Feldman [Harvard University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 1995–1998
Branden Joseph [Harvard University]
Wyeth Fellow, 1996–1998
Matthew Kennedy [New York University, Institute of Fine Arts]
Heghnar Watenpaugh [University of California, Los Angeles]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 1996–1998
Inspired by Frese Senior Fellow Hanns Hubach’s story of a youthful drive to Paris for breakfast at the close of a late-night party in western Germany, a few of us, in the fall of 1998, determined to find a suitable destination for a similar road trip from Washington, DC. The very American “equivalent” that we settled on was Graceland, Elvis Presley’s fabled mansion in Memphis, Tennessee. At the last minute Hanns was ill and couldn’t come along, so on the way we picked up an Italian friend who had just begun graduate study in philosophy at Vanderbilt University.

If, with its Parthenon (where we also stopped), Nashville has antiquity covered, Graceland is a medieval experience. There are Elvis’s Trinitarian TV room, his Meditation Garden, the pervasive red and gold, the many relics, and even the relatively modest size of the living quarters, compared to current displays of bling. If a late-night trip from Germany to Paris retraced the steps of many a young medieval scholar who traveled from afar to study at Paris’s famed universities, the trip to Graceland was a pilgrimage. It seemed, indeed, an appropriate undertaking for the year in which Ilene Forsyth (pronounced For-SYTH), authority on Romanesque sculpture—much of it, of course, in pilgrimage churches—held the Kress Professorship.

For the predoctoral fellows and research associates who were on the job market, Ilene conducted mock interviews to help us prepare for this terrifying undertaking. She took us out for tapas at Jaleo and offered advice from her eminent store of wisdom.
Before settling on the Renaissance I had seriously considered working on Romanesque sculpture, and it was humbling to sit at the dinner table with Ilene, who was already a renowned scholar in that field when one of my own advisors, Linda Seidel, began work in it. In mentoring the predoctoral fellows she combined generosity with the tough-mindedness that she had needed as a female scholar of her generation. When Ilene set about applying to graduate programs to study Byzantine art, she wrote to Princeton for application materials only to receive, as she put it in Women Medievalists and the Academy (2005), “a polite but curt response indicating that, as [her] name seemed female, [she] should be aware that Princeton only admitted males, even to its graduate Department of Art and Archeology.”

My shoptalk that year was drawn from a dissertation chapter on a sixteenth-century French book of engravings of the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece: a highly self-conscious, witty, iconographically and formally intricate collaboration involving a publisher, author, draftsman, and engraver, all inspired by Rosso Fiorentino’s complex fresco ensembles in the Galerie François Ier at Fontainebleau. Putti cavort lasciviously with goats in the margins of these prints, along with grotesque figures of all types and personifications of the fertile Earth. Ilene provided me with several examples to help trace the medieval lineage of those earthy personifications. (Some of them are discussed in “Children in Early Medieval Art: Ninth through Twelfth Centuries,” an article she
published in *The Journal of Psychohistory* in 1976.) But it was the goats that were on her mind when she stopped by my office a day or two after the talk with a suggestion for me. (This was not the strangest conversation to emerge from my shop-talk: one of the other fellows stopped me in the hallway with a bone to pick about the direction of a peeing putto’s spray.) Ilene explained that Isidore of Seville, in his seventh-century *Etymologiae*, had proposed that the Latin word for goat — *caper* for he-goat, or *capra* for she-goat — came from the phrase *captet aspera*. *Captet* (*captare*) means to try to seize or attain; *aspera*, difficulties. In the context of Isidore’s discussion of goats, it is often translated with a more literalist phrase such as “rough ground.” Goats indeed seek out high places, sometimes characterized by rough ground — one of them can be seen doing just that, for example, in the upper right-hand corner of Dürer’s *Adam and Eve*. But as is obvious from the phrase *ad astra per aspera* (to the stars through hardships), *aspera* had a range of metaphoric meanings. That goats
seek the highest mountaintops also suggests, allegorically, that they seek out what's not easy to grasp. Ilene was helping me make the point that even in this seemingly small detail, the Golden Fleece engravings were not only enacting but also commenting on an aesthetics of difficulty that demanded careful study and conversation of its reader-viewers.

I noticed only later that Ilene's report in Center 19 on her research during that year at CASVA mentions Romanesque capitals depicting “she-goats seeking high pasture” in the context of a study of the complexities of animal imagery. Her work that year tracked “a monastic ideal that links animals (varying in degree and kind from wild to domestic), with visionaries, petitioners, and celibates, holding reward for the astute in a cluster of loosely associated, playful permutations of meanings.” Animal studies have recently become popular in the humanities as part of a general turn toward environmental issues. Ilene Forsyth has looked closely at animals throughout her career: Samson and the lion, Ganymede and the eagle, the cockfight. For her, animals such as those seen on the ever-captivating Romanesque capitals at Moissac and elsewhere, and marginal, ludic figures like children and acrobats may be playful, but that does not make them meaningless. Rather, they embodied textual references and nods to contemporary events, served as focal points for identification, and incited viewers to complex interpretive experiences.

The combination of a sensitive visual analysis of these figures with a rich understanding of the context of production and reception characterizes Ilene’s contributions to medieval art history. She too has not shied away from difficulty. As she put it in her own reflections on her work in 2005, art-historical method should include “analyses of form, along with study of style, sources, and provenience; deep study of history; incorporation of archaeological data; reliance on textual evidences and other forms of documentary resources; awareness of political and socio-economic factors; knowledge of current theoretical thinking; and especially serious consideration of contexts along with the possibility of multiple audiences and varied intentions and receptions.” It is a comprehensive description of the art historian’s task—and a tall order. One can see in it why Ilene would have found the goat to be an appealing metaphor. We could do worse than to emulate its quest for rough ground and high places.

Rebecca Zorach
Northwestern University

PREDOCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 1998–1999

Jacqueline Francis [Emory University]
Wyeth Fellow, 1997–1999

Richard Neer [University of California, Berkeley]
David E. Finley Fellow, 1996–1999

Lauren S. Nemroff [New York University, Institute of Fine Arts]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 1997–1999

Rebecca Zorach [University of Chicago]
Mary Davis Fellow, 1997–1999
Mina Gregori

Born: Cremona, Italy

Educatio

Università di Bologna

Positio

Università di Firenze, professor, history of medieval and modern art (1950–1999), emeritus (1999–);
Fondazione di Studi di Storia dell’Arte Roberto Longhi, president

Honors, Fellowships, and Professional Service

Villa I Tatti, The Harvard University Center for Italian Renaissance Studies, fellow (1963–1964); Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, member (1968);
Chevalier de la Légion d’honneur (1999); Paragone, director; Accademia Nazionale dei Lincei

Publications

Rubens e Firenze, ed. (1983); Raffaello a Firenze (exh. cat., 1984); A Critical and Historical Corpus of Florentine Painting, ed. Richard Offner with Klara Steinweg, codirector with Miklós Boskovits (1986–2003); Il “Paradiso” in Pian di Ripoli: Studi e ricerche su un antico monastero, ed. with Giuseppe Rocchi (1985);

For those of us who were predoctoral fellows in residence in 1999–2000, CASVA’s twentieth year, Kress Professor Mina Gregori, a leading scholar of medieval and early modern Italian art, presented both a model of scholarly rigor and a fruitful challenge to our usual ways of thinking and working. At CASVA to continue her research on the fourteenth-century Italian painter Giovanni da Milano, the subject of a monographic study she had begun many years earlier and to which she had only recently returned, Professor Gregori spent many hours examining the outstanding collection of Florentine Trecento painting at the National Gallery of Art. A comparison of Giovanni da Milano’s work to that of his contemporaries across Italy assisted her in establishing new information about the painter’s biography, commissioned works, and sources of influence. Her findings, fundamentally concerned with attribution and dating, style and its transmission, artistic training, and patronage, presented a far more complex and nuanced picture of the trajectory and scope of the artist’s career than had previously existed in the literature. In addition, her discoveries underscored the importance of understanding Trecento art in terms of the circulation of style among Italian urban centers and in light of instances of collaboration between artists from different regions, for example, Tuscany and Lombardy. The 2008 monographic exhibition at the Accademia in Florence of Giovanni di Milano’s work was dedicated to Gregori, and her catalog essay joins
her long list of publications and exhibition projects, including several authoritative studies of Caravaggio.

Among the predoctoral fellows in residence, only one, Leila Whittemore, whose dissertation considered Filarete’s *Treatise on Architecture* in relation to Milanese urbanism, could be described as a student of Renaissance and baroque art. Another, Mimi Hellman, who worked on architecture and interior decoration in eighteenth-century France, necessarily claimed seventeenth-century through nineteenth-century European art as her broader bailiwick. The rest of us, however, worked on material far afield from Professor Gregori’s areas of expertise. Andrew Leung studied central-piller cave architecture in China and Central Asia; Melissa McCormick worked on the art of early modern Japan; Paul Cézanne was the subject of Kathryn Tuma’s dissertation; and my focus was nineteenth-century American landscape painting and the art of George Inness in particular. What is more, we predoctoral fellows belonged to a completely different generation of art historians. Professor Gregori had trained with Roberto Longhi at the Università di Bologna before joining in 1950 the faculty of the Università degli Studi di Firenze, which would be her academic home for close to fifty years. In the thick of our own scholarly work and intensely dedicated to our methodologies of choice—connoisseurship decidedly not among them—it could easily have been quite difficult to fathom what our “cutting-edge” research had in common with
a detailed question, probably several paragraphs long, having something to do with vision, viewing, networks of gazes, eyes, and the beholder’s relation to the paintings. My question was sparked by a comment Professor Gregori had made about the ears of Caravaggio’s painted subjects, and the fact that it was often with the ear that the painter commenced his work on a figure, even if that ear would later be hidden by another layer of paint, perhaps delineating a head covering or strands of hair. I was not interested in the ears as would be a connoisseur, or in terms of technical analysis. Rather, I wondered why the ears served as a starting point for Caravaggio given what I took to be his paintings’ overarching emphasis on matters of vision. After I finished articulating my lengthy query, Professor Gregori looked at me, clearly perplexed, and requested that I restate or clarify my question. Feeling a bit foolish, I did, making it as short and succinct as possible, excavating a focused inquiry from the ungainly pile of prefatory observations and comments I had produced a moment earlier: Why did Caravaggio begin with the ears? Ah, said Professor Gregori, I see! She went on to offer a richly textured and wonderfully illuminating description of Caravaggio’s process and the importance of understanding how his canvases took shape as a result of that process. This, for me, and surely for many others present at the colloquium, especially the predoctoral fellows, served as a vital lesson, one that boiled down to an admonition not to jump the scholarly gun and race to conclusions without attending to and asking questions about the basic facts and figures of one’s object of inquiry. Being forced to get to the point, and being reminded to dwell on something (in this case, ears) for a while before attempting to explain or theorize that thing or fit

Giovanni da Milano, Pietà, 1565, oil on panel
ACCADEMIA, FLORENCE
it into one’s own interpretive paradigm, provided me with an important check, and also with an intellectual challenge essential to my subsequent formation as a scholar of art history.

Although most of the fellows towered over the diminutive Professor Gregori, she was a formidable presence, generous in her attention to our work yet unstintingly scrupulous in her evaluation of its rigor. Befitting, then, was the main course at the dinner held to celebrate her Caravaggio colloquium: roasted squab, a dish enjoyed in Lombardy. Like the fundamentals of much art-historical research—attribution, stylistic analysis, the study of patronage and workshops, and so forth—it might make the uninitiated hesitate, as new generations of art historians will do when faced with something perceived to be old fashioned or out of date. But it is an offering that should be savored nonetheless.

Rachael Z. DeLue

Princeton University
My first encounter with Juergen Schulz occurred during the opening week of CASVA in the fall of 2000. He terrified me. Tall, precise, with an air of rumpled elegance, he presented to the assembled group of fellows a concise yet brilliant summary of the articles he planned to write during his tenure as Kress Professor, all of them centered in some way on Venice. Where most fellows had one or perhaps two projects they hoped to accomplish, Juergen laid out at least four, among them an article on sculptural decoration at Ca’ Loredan, a study of seventeenth-century guidebooks and views of Venice, and an analysis of the units of measure (braccio, palmo, piede) reproduced in Sebastiano Serlio’s sixteenth-century architectural treatise.

Laser-focused, serious, multilingual, with a long and impressive list of publications and awards, he seemed unapproachably accomplished. Never had I felt so much a tyro as I did that first week.

But then something interesting happened. Over the next few weeks, I began to know Juergen better and soon gleaned what his family and his many colleagues, friends, and students have known for years. He was warm, humane, ethical, and both personally and intellectually generous, with a twinkling sense of humor. Over morning espresso, or Tuesday lunch, or post-colloquium drinks, we talked—not necessarily about art history, but perhaps about something in the newspaper, a lecture we had attended, the best way to foam milk, or—after the presidential election of 2000 and
the debacle of the hanging chads—the quirks of the American political system. I eventually brought up my experience of living in Venice for several months in 1992 when I was an intern at the Peggy Guggenheim Collection. I admitted that I tried very hard to understand and know Venice—to explore every quiet corner, every footbridge, every fantastically painted cupola—but I had the feeling that at night, when I was sleeping, the city would slightly rearrange itself, so that I never could quite find my way around with confidence and was forced to discover it anew each day. Juergen nodded and half-smiled in agreement: yes, he noted, Venice can be like that.

Of course no one knew Venice—and especially its layered past—more intimately than Juergen, who devoted the bulk of his academic career to examining the city, its art, and its architecture through myriad lenses. Born in Kiel, Germany in 1927, he fled Nazi Germany with his family in 1938. They settled in Berkeley, California, where he later attended the University of California. He studied engineering and English and, after a brief stint in the postwar army, worked as a reporter in San Francisco and London. I have no doubt that his ability to analyze and create maps and his succinct prose reflected these formative experiences. (Perhaps his study of engineering also accounts for his noted ability, rare among art historians, to repair cars, lawnmowers, and washing machines.) In 1953 he enrolled at the Courtauld Institute of Art, where, under Johannes Wilde, he completed...
his thesis on Venetian painted ceilings of the Renaissance. This early project, which introduced him to the vast archival resources of Venice, established a lifelong fascination with the art, architecture, and urban fabric of Venice itself.

During his extensive academic career—first as a professor at UC Berkeley and then as professor and chair of art history at Brown University—Juergen made fundamental contributions to the study not just of Venice but of urbanism more broadly. We were fortunate to hear his colloquium talk on the “Byzantine-Veneto” palace, based on many years of meticulous research that would eventually find its fullest expression as the groundbreaking publication The New Palaces of Medieval Venice (2004). In the talk, Juergen analyzed a rich variety of sources—architecture, maps, city views—to trace the origins of the palaces of Venice, the first monumental private residences in Europe, and to demonstrate how environmental conditions and political and mercantile culture shaped the evolution of this architectural form. At the end, an audience member sparked a free-form discussion of the proposed Venice gates project, a system of mobile underwater gates (now nearly complete) designed to prevent the feared acqua alta, the periodic flooding during high tide that constantly threatened the city’s cultural treasures. Juergen spoke thoughtfully but also passionately about the need to protect the city from flooding and, more broadly, to address the roots of global warming exacerbating these threats. Only recently did I learn that he had been instrumental in saving a great many works of art after the devastating floods of 1966, an act for which he was designated grande ufficiale of the Ordine della Stella della Solidarietà della Repubblica Italiana.

This calm under pressure was an immense asset that year, for CASVA underwent a momentous transition when Dean Henry Millon, who had led the Center for twenty-one years, retired at the end of 2000, having just opened the magnificent exhibition The Triumph of the Baroque: Architecture in Europe, 1600–1750. In January Elizabeth Cropper assumed the position of dean, and CASVA entered a new phase. I have no doubt that many at the National Gallery of Art deeply felt the impact of this seismic shift, but thanks to Juergen’s steady leadership, most fellows experienced only the slightest reverberations. In calmly guiding us and our work, Juergen was joined by the erudite and colorful Nicholas Penny, who served as Mellon Professor from 2000 to 2002. Although they shared deep interests in Italian art and especially sculpture, the two were strikingly different in demeanor. Where Juergen was precise in speech, Nick was loquacious; where Juergen held himself with a firm, upright posture, Nick punctuated his stories with expansive gestures. And yet, even if at times Juergen played the straight man to Nick’s mischievousness, together they were a class act.

As Kress Professor, Juergen gave a presentation to the Kress Foundation board when it made a special visit to the National Gallery. He told a charming story about his first visit to a Kress department store. He had just arrived in America from Germany, and his mother took him, dressed in knickerbockers, to the Kress store in Berkeley. Samuel Kress had decreed that each one of his stores should be built in a representative
architectural style, so that as you shopped you also learned something about the history of architecture. For Juergen this combination of Old World ambience and New World commerce helped to mark the passage into his new American life.

Juergen was not afraid to let loose when the occasion required it. In early 2001 many of us celebrated a colleague’s birthday with a spectacular hoedown in a Virginia barn. We ate barbecue, drank beer, and, with a little trepidation and lots of self-conscious laughter, took instruction in square dancing. While most of us cautiously executed the caller’s instructions, Juergen—clad in jeans, a plaid shirt, and a red bandana, looking every bit like a Hollywood cowboy—entered into the dance with great gusto, weaving in and out of formations, whirling partners around. He was completely unconcerned with following the prescribed steps, instead going diagonally from group to group. “Like a cartographer measuring the space” is how Juergen’s close friend, curator David Alan Brown, described it. I also think it was Juergen’s way of dancing with each and every one of us and connecting us all in the joyous celebration of community, embodying the best of the dance, and of what it means to be a Kress Professor.

Sarah Kennel
Peabody Essex Museum

Francesco Guardi, View on the Cannaregio Canal, c. 1775–1780, oil on canvas
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, SAMUEL H. KRESS COLLECTION
PREDOCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2000 – 2001

Wendy Bellion [Northwestern University]
Wyeth Fellow, 1999 – 2001

David T. Doris [Yale University]
Ittleson Fellow, 1999 – 2001

Sarah Kennel [University of California, Berkeley]
Mary Davis Fellow, 1999 – 2001

Sarah Linford [Princeton University]

Stella Nair [University of California, Berkeley]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 1999 – 2001

Kathryn Rudy [Columbia University]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 1999 – 2001

Kristel Smentek [University of Delaware]
David E. Finley Fellow, 1998 – 2001
Richard Ormond

Born: Batheaston, UK

EDUCATION
Brown University, BA (1958); Oxford University, MA (1962)

POSITIONS

HONORS, FELLOWSHIPS, AND PROFESSIONAL SERVICE

My foremost recollection of Richard Ormond is a greeting to fellows and staff of CASVA in which he referred to CASVA as a “center of excellence.” There is no doubt that he meant those words, and he demonstrated it in spirit and in practice throughout the year in three areas. One was the passion he brought to his work, as expressed in particular in his ongoing John Singer Sargent catalogue raisonné and in the exhibition he was planning, Sargent in Italy. Second was his mentorship of the predoctoral fellows. The third area was my conversations with him, which touched on art and architecture and on our shared heritage, his as an Englishman and mine as someone born in a former British colony, Nigeria. A synoptic view of these three areas of Professor Ormond’s work at CASVA shows a scholar whose contributions in art-historical studies and aspects of professional practice are outstanding.

I came to art history from architectural training, in which the demands of the design studio left little room for detailed exploration beyond the survey level in the visual arts. Professor Ormond’s work on Sargent and other artists such as Frederic Leighton and Edwin Landseer opened a path for me to explore and appreciate art of another place and time. He demonstrated that I could focus my research on modern African art and architecture while examining the intersections of these topics with contemporaneous American and European modernisms. That realization would not necessarily be surprising from today’s standpoint, as a large
body of work in transatlantic studies in various disciplines now exists and continues to evolve; but from the perspective of a graduate student fifteen years ago who was exploring where and how to situate his work in the academic arena, it was a huge breakthrough and discovery.

Richard Ormond exemplified the legacy of the Samuel H. Kress Professorship at CASVA, a place where one learns to be a scholar and prepares to assist in the development of future students’ careers while contributing to the enrichment of all cultures in the area of art scholarship. He had served in various administrative capacities in museum settings, including the City Museum and Art Gallery in Birmingham, the National Portrait Gallery in London, and the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, where he had been chief curator and director. In mentoring the predoctoral fellows, in addition to his scholarly expertise, he drew on the wealth of knowledge he had gained from these posts to share and model professionalism. He discussed his work freely with me and my predoctoral colleagues. He was accessible to all of us and often joined us for lunch in the Refectory. Knowing that we were in the job market, he reminded us that it was important to explore positions where we would enjoy what we were doing. He looked over our application letters and CVs and politely made comments and suggestions. The ease with which any one of us could approach him meant a great deal.
Richard Ormond’s experience at the National Maritime Museum was a subject of my own conversations with him. During our discussions it began to dawn on me that study of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century navigators’ explorations was necessary to understanding certain aspects of the modern world, especially what we loosely refer to today as “globalization.” Although the Portuguese and the Spaniards dominated the early stages of exploration, the emergence of the Dutch, English, French, and Germans in the centuries that followed effectively sowed the seeds of our attitudes toward nation states and global trade agreements today. Whether in the sphere of the arts, architecture, culture, or economics, the sailors who traversed the oceans and seas of the world developed and constructed narratives; exploited local resources; drew maps; and transported goods, biological agents (people, animals, plants, diseases), wealth, and of course cultures to other continents, often in ways that were and remain highly contentious. Those explorations

John Singer Sargent, *Street in Venice*, 1882, oil on wood
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, GIFT OF THE AVALON FOUNDATION
were the beginnings of modernity(-ies) as diverse and multicentered local, national, regional, and global experiences.

CASVA recollections for 2001–2002 would be incomplete without mention of the events that radically changed our world on September 11. As I walked to the National Gallery on the morning of September 17, opening day of the academic year, I recall seeing heavily armed government motorcades speeding toward Capitol Hill. It was a rare sight, and it reminded me of Nigeria under military dictatorship before it returned to a democratically elected government in 1999. The thought that came to my mind was that our country had just lost its innocence. However, the cloud of sadness and shock was lifted by the kindness of the CASVA staff and my colleagues. CASVA created a culture that fostered the development of lifelong friendships and prospects for the future.

In addition to attending symposia, seminars, and lectures, including the Mellon Lectures by Salvatore Settis, I and my predoctoral colleagues, Carla Keyvanian, Hajime Nakatani, Alona Nitzan-Shiftan, Kathlyn M. Cooney, and Stephen C. Pinson, went on excursions that included a visit to Bear Run, Pennsylvania, to see Frank Lloyd Wright’s Fallingwater, to which I have returned over the years. Our friendships opened an opportunity for cochairing a session with Alona at the SAH in Philadelphia in 2002. I will always remember the receptions and the dinners in the homes of Dean Elizabeth Cropper, associate deans Therese O’Malley and Peter Lukehart, and Mellon Professor Nicholas Penny as well as Richard Ormond. They were excellent examples of sharing and of how to mentor our students in the future, and I am grateful for the experiences. We have an Igbo saying in southeastern Nigeria: “S/he who brings food and drink brings life.” The generosity of the CASVA staff and fellows was nourishing; it reminded everyone that being at CASVA was more than participating in an academic endeavor. It was also being a member of a community that believes in the common good.

Nnamdi Elleh
University of Cincinnati

PREDOCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2001–2002

Kathlyn M. Cooney [Johns Hopkins University]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 2000–2002

Nnamdi Elleh [Northwestern University]
Ittleson Fellow, 2000–2002

Carla Keyvanian [Massachusetts Institute of Technology]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 1999–2002

Hajime Nakatani [The University of Chicago]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 2000–2002

Alona Nitzan-Shiftan [Massachusetts Institute of Technology]
Mary Davis Fellow, 2000–2002

Stephen C. Pinson [Harvard University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 1999–2002
New museum architecture was on everyone’s minds the year Wolf-Dieter Dube was in residence as the Samuel H. Kress Professor at CASVA. Five years had passed since the opening of the Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao. Frank Gehry’s audaciously sinuous design had not only had an immediate impact within the elite circle of architecture aficionados but had just as quickly penetrated popular consciousness. It would not be wrong to fully credit Gehry’s unruly titanium masterpiece—an unapologetic disruption of conventional neoclassical and modernist boxes—for soaring museum attendance in the hitherto little-known city in Spain. The building’s design and its exhilarating effect on museum and regional economies set the minds of academics, critics, and journalists spinning; they proceeded to spill much ink over the power of architecture, space, and design at large—often overdramatizing the importance of the space over the art that it housed.

Enter Wolf-Dieter Dube and his project for the year at CASVA. In contrast to the gushing encomium and animated speculations being bounced around in mass media and trade publications alike, he offered a sobering and informed look at what is new about the new museums and their architecture and how adequately they display and protect collections. As the former director general of the Staatliche Museen zu Berlin for more than sixteen years, Dr. Dube had a true insider’s knowledge of how museums work. Having overseen the unification of the museums of East and West
Berlin, he was equipped with a critical awareness of the challenges of operating with existing buildings, collections, staff, and budgets. As he wisely intoned, all that is new will one day be old, and that applied to both art and museum buildings. Art conservation and building preservation had become two main responsibilities of museum institutions with long histories; the creation of new architecture should be undertaken with this awareness.

As we all gathered that year inside the East Building of the National Gallery of Art, experiencing on a daily basis the thrills (the giant Calder mobile hovering in the great space of the pink marble atrium) and unique drawbacks (that is, sharp corners) of living with(in) a modern masterpiece, Dr. Dube’s stance against overprivileging the visual-spatial genius of architectural design provided just the right dose of corrective caution. That year CASVA had an especially full group of fellows in residence with specialized interests in museum design, modern architecture, and collection and exhibition history, from senior fellows to postdocs to predocs: Carla Yanni, Dennis Doordan, Nancy Yeide, Gregory Martz, Alona Nitzan-Shiftan, Adnan Morshed, and myself. Not only was I furiously finalizing a dissertation on the formation of Japan’s national museums, but the core of my dissertation asked that very question of how the architecture of a museum functioned in tandem with collections to project the institution’s identity. As most of the available archival material for my project consisted of architects’ presentation...
drawings, sketches, and notes and less of it represented museum directors’ and curators’ points of view, I was wary of the lopsided vision I had accessed. It was exactly the right moment for me to hear straight talk from a senior figure like Dr. Dube, art historian, curator, and director of one of the world’s most historic and diverse museum complexes.

Dr. Dube was no-nonsense; he did not mince words when it came to his disappointment with the latest museum design fad, what he pegged as “museums for a new century.” He mistrusted the dominance of contemporary architecture critics and modern historians in fostering the vision for a twenty-first-century museum that allegedly presented a radical diversion from past models. Aside from some unconventional exterior shells, including the aforementioned one at Bilbao, the greatest changes appeared in the exponential expansion of nonexhibition spaces such as entry concourses, food services, and gift shops, while the gallery spaces remained essentially unchanged physically and conceptually. These thoughts were brewing in the heads of a number of us that year, especially those who specialized in the nineteenth century, a time when similar debates and overstatements about the future development of the museum institution ranged freely. The oversaturation of information about recently completed, ongoing, and proposed new museum construction that year—the Getty Center, MoMA, the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth—offered endless conversation fodder for CASVA members at the weekly Tuesday lunches and daily afternoon tea breaks. Dr. Dube’s colloquium lecture placed his skepticism about unsubstantiated claims of the “new” front...
and center. To quote his abstract: “One hundred years ago it was declared that the educational mission of the art museum had failed. Despite the boom in museum buildings we are experiencing today…we have yet to witness the emergence of a truly new museum.” His message, in essence, was not to reduce the museum to a discrete aesthetic object but to recognize it as a functional space with cultural, social, and historical responsibilities.

One of the highlights of the year was our tour of the old US Patent Office building, which houses the Smithsonian American Art Museum and the National Portrait Gallery, while it underwent extensive renovation to include new study and conservation centers. All of us, including Dr. Dube, donned hard hats and trod carefully around the construction site, admiring the neoclassical details and colorful encaustic tile in the cavernous halls. To see firsthand the care and effort devoted to restoring a grand building from more than one hundred fifty years ago for a new phase of adaptive reuse really drove home what Dr. Dube advocated for the respectful treatment of historic architecture. The goal is not to freeze these buildings in time but to allow them to grow with time (in his words: “respond to the aesthetic and didactic needs of today’s visitors”).

As Dr. Dube’s research required him to travel throughout the year to visit museums across the United States, we did not see as much of him as we would have liked. Yet his strong and valid critique of new architecture for new architecture’s sake resounded. He cautioned us, in our thinking and writing, to be mindful of the constitutions of museums—not just the building; not just the art; not just the people; but a dynamic interplay of these elements, each aging at a different rate. One has to wonder how he would have reacted to the news of MoMA in New York once again embroiling itself in a major renovation and expansion in 2016, only ten years after completing its Herculean expansion and redesign by Yoshio Taniguchi.

Alice Y. Tseng
Boston University

PREDOPCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2002–2003

Fabio Barry [Columbia University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 2000–2003

Kevin Chua [University of California, Berkeley]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 2001–2003

Yukio Lippit [Princeton University]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 2001–2003

Adnan Morshed [Massachusetts Institute of Technology]
Wyeth Fellow, 2001–2003

Teresa K. Nevins [University of Delaware]
Mary Davis Fellow, 2001–2003

Alice Y. Tseng [Harvard University]
Ittleson Fellow, 2002–2003

Pamela J. Warner [University of Delaware]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 2000–2003
The Merz collages and constructions of the Hanover Dada artist Kurt Schwitters were deemed “Degenerate” by the Nazis. Schwitters fled to Norway in 1937 to avoid questioning by the Gestapo, and then to England in 1940, where he was arrested as an enemy alien and interned in the Hutchinson camp on the Isle of Man, along with many other German and Jewish refugees. In his earlier Dada performances, Schwitters had often barked as a dog. While interned, he increasingly adopted his canine alter ego, notably by mournfully barking himself to sleep. When the art historian Ernst Gombrich, who was exempt from internment, visited the camp, he sought out Schwitters and some of the other resident artists to discuss aesthetics. Schwitters bit him.

This story, the last part of which may or may not be apocryphal, was one of the many anecdotes about artists and art historians with which Virginia Spate regaled the predoctoral fellows while she was Kress Professor at CASVA in 2003–2004. Of the many things she taught us, one of the most important was surely the place of humor and pleasure in academic research. In her long black tunics and chunky jewelry, with her untameable wavy gray hair and knowing smile, Virginia was and is truly a grande dame of art history—one who always has a harumph, snort, or playful retort at the ready.

The stories Virginia told us at CASVA did not revolve around her teaching at a number of UK and Australian institutions, past Slade Professorship,
honoraire (2000–); Mitchell Prize for Art History for *The Colour of Time: Claude Monet* (1992); Cambridge University, Clare Hall, visiting fellow (1998); Cambridge University, Slade Professor of Fine Arts (1998); Australian Centenary Medal (2001); National Gallery of Art, CASVA, Paul Mellon Visiting Senior Fellow (2002); Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, chevalier (2004)

**PUBLICATIONS**


Membership in the Comité international de l’histoire de l’art, or other professional accomplishments. They had a larger frame of reference. For instance, I vividly remember her telling us about traveling by ship in the 1940s. Born in England in 1937, Virginia was often at sea in her childhood years, en route to Burma (where her politically engaged geographer father had a university post and served as part of the defense during World War II, England, or Australia, where her family settled in 1951. She described the painstaking process of passing through the Panama Canal, the slowness with which the ship changed levels as she looked over the railing. I cannot help but think that her watery journeys and the ways in which they made her aware of the changing pace of time’s passage drew her to Monet. Like the painter’s, her patience in looking, attunement to the element of water, and sensitivity to the nuances of the experience of time are all evident in her justly renowned book *The Colour of Time: Claude Monet* (1992), particularly in its magisterial passages on the Orangerie’s *Water Lilies* cycle.

Virginia’s occasional air of ethereality arises from her habit, while speaking, of looking past you, or upward, and steadily blinking, as if bringing her thoughts into focus. This seeming abstraction cannot disguise, however, how grounded her scholarship is in exceptionally thorough research and in her sensory responsiveness to the material touch of paint. One of the qualities in Virginia that I find most admirable and worthy of emulation is
her refusal to disdain the genuine pleasure and joy people get out of Monet’s and other impressionists’ paintings. Her own passion for Monet “survived the book,” as she puts it, and helped her withstand her mother’s skepticism while writing it (“Does the world need another book on Monet, darling?”). Indeed, she has spoken of joy as often essential to the experience of art and lamented the fact that “art historians aren’t meant to talk emotionally about paintings,” coyly pointing out that this seems “a bit sad.”

The major project on which Virginia was working during our time together at CASVA was entitled “Metamorphoses.” Considering the representation of Ovidian themes in nineteenth-century French painting in conjunction with changing views in the natural sciences and the radical transformations wrought on the

Claude Monet, The Japanese Footbridge, 1889, oil on canvas
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, GIFT OF VICTORIA NEBEKER COBERLY, IN MEMORY OF HER SON JOHN W. MUDD, AND WALTER H. AND LEONORE ANNENBERG
environment by capitalism and the Industrial Revolution, Virginia probed how people thought and felt about the shifting relationship between humans and nature. By examining a range of artistic, literary, and scientific naturalizations of gender, sexuality, class, and politics, she sought to understand a widely experienced, desired, and feared “union between the human body and the natural world.” Organized by element, “Metamorphoses” set out to treat representations of earthy peasants, fluid bathers, and flowery women. Her colloquium talk, for example, focused on the mud, and muddy paint, of Millet’s *Sower*—a work described by Théophile Gautier as “painted with the earth that [the artist] inseminates.” Virginia’s digging revealed to us the national history, evolutionary theory, and class identity rooted in the painting’s depiction of French soil.

Virginia’s work on metamorphoses could not have been more germane to my own project on fin-de-siècle floral metaphors of artistic production, and she was extremely generous with her time and vast knowledge. Because of her intellectual range, the other predoctoral fellows, who were working on Chinese, American, Dutch, and Italian art, found her equally helpful with their own projects and a most thoughtful interlocutor. We all particularly remember, however, the Friday afternoon gatherings for drinks she held for predocs in her office, which were, predictably, a huge success and a welcome moment of informality at the end of the work week. Those of us in residence recall them as delightfully relaxed and occasionally mischievous.

I conclude this brief sketch, however, by describing a more serious, though equally pleasurable, occasion. On November 30, 2003, Virginia gave a public lecture at the National Gallery of Art entitled “A New and Strange Beauty: Monet and Japanese Art.” Based on her research for the exhibition *Monet and Japan* (National Gallery of Australia, 2001), this presentation consisted of a series of comparisons, each one a Monet painting and a Japanese print. As she talked us through them, we learned how to see elements they shared—compositional structures, motifs, color palettes, spatial confusions, nature poetry, and so on. The talk was considerably longer than billed, and after about an hour and a half, Virginia paused: “I think I’ve gone on rather a long time… should I stop?” The audience loudly demanded that she “keep going!” In that lecture, as in her writing, Virginia conveyed the joy of discovery in looking, and I hope that she keeps going in her research for many years to come; we will all be the richer for it.

Alison Syme  
*University of Toronto*

**PREDOCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2003–2004**

| University of Toronto, Institute of Fine Arts |  
| [Columbia University] |  
| [University of Michigan, Ann Arbor] |  
| Carmenita Higginbotham [University of Michigan, Ann Arbor] | Chester Dale Fellow, 2003–2004 |
| [University of Pittsburgh] |  
| [University of Chicago] |  
| Kate Lingley [University of Chicago] | Ittleson Fellow, 2002–2004 |
| [Harvard University] |  
| Alison Mairi Syme [Harvard University] | Wyeth Fellow, 2002–2004 |
| [New York University, Institute of Fine Arts] |  
| Adriaan E. Waiboer [New York University, Institute of Fine Arts] | Mary Davis Fellow, 2002–2004 |
As Samuel H. Kress Professor for 2004–2005, Jonathan J. G. Alexander delivered the first colloquium of that year. The subject of his lecture was portraiture in Italian Renaissance manuscripts—a topic that represented only a small part of a much larger project on the history of Italian Renaissance book illumination. Yet a disquisition on portraiture proved to be the perfect introduction to this ambitious work and its author. Jonathan began his lecture with an image of Saint Jerome in his study from a late fifteenth-century edition of Didymus Alexandrinus's *De spiritu sancto* (The Pierpont Morgan Library, MS M.496, fol. 2). In this delightful illumination by Gherardo del Fora, a heavily robed Jerome sits at a desk, anachronistically holding an illuminated manuscript in his hands. Both he and his faithful lion look out of the painted frame at the reader/viewer, whose presence, it is implied, has disrupted their quiet. Most striking, however, is the landscape that appears beyond the walls enclosing this studious church father and his pet. For in it we see what is unmistakably a view of the city of Florence, clearly identified by the large dome of Santa Maria del Fiore.

For Jonathan, Gherardo del Fora's Saint Jerome epitomized several of the questions he was interested in exploring: what, after all, is a portrait? What is the relationship between this image and the text it adorns? And what can we learn about the artist's methods, his cultural and artistic milieu, and his rapport with his patrons? But
as Jonathan explained to us that evening, this depiction of Jerome in his study had become especially meaningful to him since his arrival at CASVA, where he, too, sat in an office overlooking a large dome. We were all, of course, charmed by this comparison. But as I got to know Jonathan, I came to perceive key differences between this great living scholar and the saintly, solitary theologian in his study. Jonathan was certainly not an ascetic hermit. Unlike the figure of Jerome in Gherardo’s illumination, who turns his back to the alluring cityscape beyond his alcove, Jonathan’s gaze was intensely fixed on the contemporary world.

From the very beginning, Jonathan was keenly interested in the cohort of predoctoral fellows at CASVA. He understood that part of his charge as Kress Professor was to be our mentor. And his method of mentoring reflected what a wonderfully open-minded intellectual Jonathan is. In order to get to know us better as both scholars and individuals, he proposed that we hold a biweekly salon in his office to discuss what we considered the most important contributions to art history in the past thirty years. For each salon meeting, one of us would select a text to be discussed by the group. Fueled by wine and peanuts, our conversations were always productive and lively. Despite the informal atmosphere of our soirées, we all took the challenge of thinking about the history of art history very seriously. The limits of critical theory and its applicability to our individual fields of study were recurring concerns in our conversations. During
these debates, Jonathan was invariably the most philosophically daring of us all. There was no methodological approach he wasn’t willing to engage with, and his enthusiasm for our research projects was unbounded. At every presentation, he was among the first to ask a question of the speaker in his characteristically kind yet provocative manner.

To say that Jonathan Alexander was an important figure in shaping the predoctoral fellows’ experience at CASVA in 2004–2005 would be an understatement. In addition to creating our salon, he read our dissertation chapters and writing

Gherardo del Fora, Saint Jerome in His Study with a View of Florence in the Distance (detail), from Didymus Alexandrinus, De spiritu sancto, Florence, 1488
THE PIERPONT-MORGAN LIBRARY, MS. M.496, FOL. 2
samples, organized mock interviews for those on the job market, and listened to our practice talks. He comforted us in moments of anxiety and celebrated every victory. Most important, he never let us lose sight of the significance of what we were doing. Through his erudition, kindness, and insatiable curiosity, Jonathan reminded us on a daily basis that the preservation of human culture in its innumerable manifestations is not just a noble, but an essential, endeavor. It is also—or ought to be—a joyful ride filled with laughter, witty banter, and delicious meals shared among good friends.

Hérica Valladares
*The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill*

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**PREDOCRATIONAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2004–2005**

Sabina de Cavi [Columbia University]  
Paul Mellon Fellow, 2002–2005

André Dombrowski [University of California, Berkeley]  
Twelve-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2004–2005

Nina Dubin [University of California, Berkeley]  
David E. Finley Fellow, 2002–2005

Talinn Grigor [Massachusetts Institute of Technology]  
Ittleson Fellow, 2003–2005

Shilpa Prasad [Johns Hopkins University]  
Mary Davis Fellow, 2003–2005

Hérica Valladares [Columbia University]  
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 2003–2005

Terri Weissman [Columbia University]  
Wyeth Fellow, 2003–2005
Annamaria Petrioli Tofani

Born: Florence

EDUCATION
Università degli Studi di Firenze, PhD (1963)

POSITIONS

HONORS, FELLOWSHIPS, AND PROFESSIONAL SERVICE
Centro per l’Arte Contemporanea Luigi Pecci, administrative board member (1978–1998); Smith College, honorary doctorate (1990), Kennedy Professor (1997); University of Saint Andrew’s, Scotland, honorary doctorate (1998); Museu Nacional de Catalunya, Barcelona, guest honorary lecturer in museology (1999); State Hermitage

We were something of a motley crew of predoctoral fellows in terms of academic interests and methodologies, covering aspects of nineteenth-century American locomotion photography, German Renaissance printmaking, Metaphysical painting and Nietzschean theories of myth, medieval Sino-Tibetan wall painting, the imagery of the Munich Kunstkammer, contemporary Latin American fotonovelas, and early IBM computer and industrial design. We may not have had much in common in our respective topics, but we shared the daily routine of writing—flying and flailing in turn—and we were in unanimous admiration for Annamaria’s deep knowledge and keen eye for Italian Renaissance drawing.

Annamaria Petrioli Tofani was very recently retired as the esteemed director of the Uffizi in Florence when she came to CASVA as Samuel H. Kress Professor in 2005–2006. Her project focused on the role of drawing among a team of independent artists engaged in creating stylistically unified and coherent decoration of the Palazzo Vecchio under the direction of Giorgio Vasari and patronage of Duke Cosimo I de’ Medici in the sixteenth century. The project was a brilliant application of the strengths of the Uffizi’s collections and Annamaria’s incisive skills as an art historian and connoisseur. It also represents her astute stewardship of the Uffizi collection, promoting scholarship and carefully selecting the venues for showing its invaluable riches abroad.
Her research at CASVA formed the basis for a culminating exhibition, *Michelangelo, Vasari, and Their Contemporaries: Drawings from the Uffizi*, at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York in 2008, which I was lucky enough to visit in its opening days; the exhibition catalog has a place on my bookshelf even now.

A highlight for me that year at CASVA was Annamaria’s generous offer to take a stroll together through the exhibition *Master Drawings from the Woodner Collections*, on view in the West Building of the National Gallery of Art. I remember well walking through those galleries in a small group led by Annamaria, examining a double-sided sheet with studies by Giorgio Vasari, Filippino Lippi, Raffaellino del Garbo, and a beautiful head of a youth by Sandro Botticelli. There were also a pair of angels by Fra Bartolommeo, a portrait of Alexander the Great by Perino del Vaga, a profile head of Christ by Guido Reni, and Mary Magdalene by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. I learned about the different techniques and materials of drawing in the Renaissance, understood more fully from Annamaria the various functions of these drawings, some marked for transfer, others focused studies of details, still others valued as complete in themselves. I gained a better appreciation for the quality of line, the range of tonality, the assuredness of some artists, the exploratory gestures of others. We nearly gasped when we saw the gorgeous drawing of a full-length nude satyr by Benvenuto Cellini, its brows furrowed, head
all calligraphic swirls of hair and horns, the
body a prime example of a well-modeled nude study.
Perhaps not surprisingly I had a little trouble
pulling Annamaria to the northern material in the
exhibition—my area—to admire the German and
Netherlandish drawings: a forlorn-looking Swabian
sibyl, Holbein’s lovely chalk Portrait of a Man,
Abraham Bloemaert’s torqueing lovers of the River
Acis and Galatea in crisp brown ink, and Rembrandt
van Rijn’s atmospheric and cavernous retelling
of the parable of the publican and the pharisee. And
there was something I could show Annamaria: my
favorite work in the show, the small painted pastoral
by Albrecht Dürer that filled the lower edge of the
first page of an Aldine edition of Theocritus’s Idylls.
She listened patiently as I tried to articulate my
immediate response to its splendor, perhaps just
a little open to my praise of it because it was a
kind of cultural hybrid rooted in Italian theories of
poetics and invenzione, even though it was owned
by German humanist Willibald Pirckheimer.
Although Annamaria was completely at home
in her role of tutor and guide that memorable day
in the exhibition, I did have the opportunity to
experience firsthand her wicked sense of humor.
With such a keenly trained eye, she bore charm-
ingly little tolerance for false attributions—a great
sin in her estimation. Annamaria was known on
one occasion here or there to utter such pronounce-
ments as “If that’s a [name of Italian Renaissance
artist], then I’m Sophia Loren!” Case closed.
Annamaria and her husband, Gianni Tofani,
were all elegance when he came to visit CASVA
partway through the term. No politician or lobbyist
in Washington could have been more in demand
or had as many formal evening invitations as this
pair for those weeks. They were desirable guests,
a complementary twosome, like the halves of
the brain working together synchronously: she,
emerita at the Uffizi, an internationally renowned
art scholar who sought beauty and truth in the
details of an artist’s disegno and had handled
priceless Renaissance drawings on a daily basis;
he, a world-class astrophysicist who used the
most advanced technologies in optics to seek his
answers in the material of the universe, reading
truth telescopically and across millions of years.
During those busy weeks of nightly commitments,
they were gracious enough to accept an invitation
to dinner in my studio apartment. It was an
informal affair—indeed, the table could only seat
five and the meal consisted of soup, pasta, and
wine—but Annamaria and Gianni clearly enjoyed
themselves, told their share of tales, and genuinely
wanted to hear more about the other guests.
Another meal we had together, this one in our
final month at CASVA, demonstrates Annamaria’s
grace in unfamiliar territory. She initiated an eve-
ning out for all of the predoctoral fellows and staff.
She allowed us to determine the dinner spot, and
we eagerly followed the suggestion of Karl
Debreczeny, whose dissertation on Sino-Tibetan
wall painting had led naturally to an expertise
in Szechuanese cuisine. He took us to the most
authentic Szechuanese restaurant in the region,
which is to say that its menu was the spiciest

Giorgio Vasari with drawings by Filippino Lippi, Sandro Botticelli, and Raffaellino del Garbo, Libro de’ Disegni, sheets probably 1480–1504; mounting and framework by Vasari after 1524, album page with ten drawings on recto and verso in various media with decoration in pen and brown ink and brown and gray wash on light buff paper
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, WOODNER COLLECTION, PATRONS’ PERMANENT FUND
possible, the spiciest imaginable. Although she was entirely venturesome, little could have prepared Annamaria’s taste buds — refined by years of the best Italian olive oil — for the hot oils infused with chilies that flavored many of our family-style dishes. I have no doubt that she left more than a little hungry that evening, but in her genial way she deflected attention to the desires and interests of the others in the group.

Academic year 2005–2006 was one of several firsts at CASVA. It was the year that the Clara Barton apartments opened to fellows in residence. As I recall, it was also the year that the windows framing the gorgeous view of the Capitol were measured for blast-proof transparent coatings, a precaution of the post-9/11 era. But among my brightest memories of that time are those encounters, formal and informal, planned and spontaneous, that I had with Annamaria Petrioli Tofani in and around CASVA.

Ashley D. West
Temple University, Tyler School of Art

Fellows’ tour of photograph conservation with Connie McCabe, fall 2005
PREDICTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2005–2006

Karl Debreczeny [University of Chicago]
Ittleson Fellow, 2004–2006

Sarah Gordon [Northwestern University]
Wyeth Fellow, 2004–2006

John Harwood [Columbia University]
Twenty-Four-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2004–2006

Ara H. Merjian [University of California, Berkeley]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 2004–2006

Katharina Pilaski [University of California, Santa Barbara]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 2004–2006

Carlos Roberto de Souza [University of California, Santa Barbara]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 2004–2006

Ashley West [University of Pennsylvania]
David E. Finley Fellow, 2003–2006
2006–2007

Wanda M. Corn

Born: New Haven, Connecticut

EDUCATION
Washington Square College / New York University, BA (1963); Institute of Fine Arts, New York University, MA (1965), PhD (1974)

POSITIONS

Many art historians invoke the period eye, but Kress Professor Wanda M. Corn actually wore period dress—adopting the flowing robes, magisterial pose, and closely cropped hair of her topic of study, Gertrude Stein. (Corn’s perfectly round glasses—in the style of Philip Johnson’s but far bigger—broke with the costume yet added an erudite, owlish touch.) Literally inhabiting her subject, the Stanford art historian made for a spirited presence throughout the activities of the Center’s 2006–2007 year. Her colloquium, the first of the season, brilliantly examined Stein’s legendary sartorial, visual, and social self-fashioning. Corn revealed the ways in which one of the first modern media personalities shaped her identity both privately and publicly.

She showed that Stein’s life and oeuvre were inextricable from one another—and from early twentieth-century American and continental European contexts of travel, photography, and news. These insights would go on to provide the conceptual armature for a major exhibition and book, Seeing Gertrude Stein: Five Stories (with Tirza True Latimer; National Portrait Gallery, 2011) that challenged the very definition of the historical portrait.

Corn’s endeavor signaled the stunningly diverse range of historical and historiographical pursuits at CASVA. (It also somehow chimed with Simon Schama’s impressively performative A.W. Mellon Lectures that fall and Helen Vendler’s commanding Mellon series in the spring.)
HONORS, FELLOWSHIPS, AND PROFESSIONAL SERVICE
University of Southern California, Graves Award for Outstanding Teaching in the Humanities (1974–1975); Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars, fellow (1979–1980); Phi Beta Kappa, visiting scholar (1984–1985); American Council of Learned Societies, fellow (1986); Smithsonian Museum of American Art, Regents Fellow (1987); Princeton University, visiting short-term fellow (1993); Smithsonian American Art Museum, Charles C. Eldredge Prize for Distinguished Scholarship in American Art (2000); University of Kansas, Franklin Murphy Distinguished Professor (2001); Stanford University, Phi Beta Kappa Teaching Prize (2002); Williams College, Clark Distinguished Visiting Professor (2003); Harvard University, Radcliffe Institute of Advanced Study, fellow (2003–2004); Archives of American Art, Lawrence A. Fleischman Award for Scholarly Excellence in the Field of American Art History (2006); College Art Association, Distinguished Teaching of Art History Award (2007); Women’s Caucus for Art, Lifetime Achievement Award in the Visual Arts (2007); City University of New York, Graduate Center, John Rewald Distinguished Visiting Lecturer (2009); Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, fellow (2010); Georgia O’Keeffe Research Center, fellow (2013); College Art Association, Distinguished Scholar award (2014)

PUBLICATIONS

Each lively lunch meeting occasioned far-flung points of contact: between Samanid mausoleums and Aztec pictography, visual culture and hermeneutics, formalism and historicism, figure and figura. As we passed bowls of grapes, gingerly cutting the vines with silver shears whose handles were reflexively shaped into likenesses of that classical fruit, we discussed the wry and piercing acumen of Simon Swynfen Jervis’s project, “The Cabinet: Evolution of an Archetype,” which managed to marry material culture, decorative arts studies, and Kublerian analysis of the transformation and transmission of form; we reflected on anthropomorphism, monumental sculpture, and the reliquary as limned by Thomas E. A. Dale’s “Romanesque Corporealities.” We ruminated over the rise of electric sound in film; art brut; absolute music; theology and the vernacular; postwar painting and revolutionary portraiture.

Whether touring the White House and its stately collection or relaxing in the appropriately restorative leisure spaces of the fellows’ main domicile, the Clara Barton (built around the site of the nurse’s Civil War-era office), we enjoyed the myriad pleasures of Washington. And Corn was the perfect interlocutor for our nation’s capital, having helped pioneer the discipline of American art history. She had long grappled with the myth that America was somehow devoid of cultural heritage, deemed a place of perpetual newness, a place without history. Corn posed the question: How do you write a history of a place that
supposedly had none? And then she dedicated her life’s work to answering it—navigating the treacherous waters of American exceptionalism and jingoism and charting the invention of national and international modernisms in art between the wars, decades before American art was supposed to have come from nowhere to assume the mantle of high modernism from its cosmopolitan forebears. Her research confronted issues of nationhood, nativism, empire, and technocracy, and all of these were brought to bear as we wended our way around the Mall, through Georgetown, and along K Street during the waning months of the George W. Bush administration.

One of Corn’s first books had been on Andrew Wyeth, and we had the good fortune to partake in the artist and patron’s namesake Wyeth Conference, which convenes biennially at the National Gallery of Art. That year, it took documentary photography in America as its theme. Riveting presentations by Robin Kelsey, Terri Weissman, and others concluded in a convivial dinner and conversation ranging from Weegee to Roland Barthes to the artifice behind Joe Rosenthal’s iconic photograph of the flag raising on Iwo Jima.

Flags of another kind were dissected at length during the first Mellon Curatorial/Conservation Colloquy in Modern and Contemporary Art, which

Man Ray, Gertrude Stein Posing for Jo Davidson (detail), c. 1922, gelatin silver print
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
focused on Jasper Johns and was occasioned by an exhibition, curated by Jeffrey Weiss, of the artist’s works from 1955 to 1965 based on flags, targets, compasslike “devices,” and other deductive compositional structures. Approximately twenty invited participants were offered an unprecedented opportunity to scrutinize paintings, drawings, and prints at close range over a three-day period. Renowned conservator Carol Mancusi-Ungaro drew our attention to the peculiar selvedge edge of Johns’s canvases; National Gallery of Art senior conservator Jay Krueger walked us through x-ray imaging of their surfaces. We were able to view these works not only as objects in the round but as structures we might penetrate through and through. We could see more of, and see better, Johns’s pioneering exploration of readymade materials and the physical support.

This was, then, a remarkably American year. But it was also a remarkably cosmopolitan one, as we fellows covered a vast array of geographies, cultures, and sites in our work and dialogue. And in our dining: over internationally themed repasts in the elegant East Building Refectory, or gelato in the Cascade Café, or espresso and champagne (sometimes at the same time) in the CASVA lounge, or Ethiopian and Japanese and haute Iberian and molecular gastronomy out in the city. Indeed, this diversity was simply a reflection of the ways in which America is cosmopolitan by its very definition. (I must especially acknowledge senior fellow Daniel Sherman’s generous organization of late-night expeditions to Whole Foods, which saved many a graduate-student attempt at cooking.)

During these epicurean moments, the predoctoral fellows benefited from the Kress Professor’s advisory role. Her tutelage touched on everything from dissertation style (find the writing you admire most and imitate it) to bargaining tactics in China (gleaned while acting as emissary on a Smithsonian-sponsored museum exchange trip). She and her husband, Joe, a fellow historian and Americanist, were legendary hosts—of themed “Transatlantic Modernism” costume parties, no less—at Stanford, and CASVA was no exception, as their hospitality extended to casual get-togethers at their home. Such gatherings fit seamlessly into CASVA’s schedule of events throughout the fall and spring terms. At the final dinner, fellows recited witty haikus they had composed to reflect on the year that was. But perhaps Stein’s own words would have made for the most fitting conclusion: “History is made and remains=A delight.”

Michelle Kuo
*Artforum International Magazine*

**PREDOCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2006–2007**

Amy J. Buono [University of California, Santa Barbara]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 2005–2007

Robert Glass [Princeton University]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 2004–2007

Aden Kumler [Harvard University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 2004–2007

Michelle Kuo [Harvard University]
Wyeth Fellow, 2005–2007

Janice Mercurio [University of Pennsylvania]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 2005–2007

Melanie Michailidis [Massachusetts Institute of Technology]
Ittleson Fellow, 2005–2007

Molly Warnock [Johns Hopkins University]
Twenty-Four-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2005–2007
Already at the first official lunch gathering of the 2007–2008 academic year, Professor Rudolf Preimesberger charmed us all: “Call me Rudi,” he said, as if he was embarrassed by the numerous achievements and titles that had just been listed as he was introduced to the new fellows. “Call me Rudi,” he urged us sincerely, as if he wanted to ease the impact of his impressive résumé on those of us who were just starting out. I don’t know if any hapless souls (except myself) actually dared call him by that nickname, but I do know that my cohort of predoctoral fellows interpreted this first gesture as a sign that behind this formidable scholar was a delightfully mischievous person.

Our suspicions were confirmed at the beginning of November, when Professor Preimesberger delivered his brilliant lecture on Andrea Bolgi’s statue of Saint Helen in St. Peter’s basilica. Here was the supreme linguist and the subtle hermeneut who had received his doctorate from the Universität Wien in 1962, who had trained with Otto Pächt in the tradition of the Vienna School, and who had himself trained a horde of devoted students at the Kunsthistorisches Institut in Vienna, the Zentralinstitut für Kunstgeschichte in Munich, the Universität Zürich, and, finally and most recently, at the Freie Universität in Berlin.

Here was the scholar who had pushed the boundaries of art-historical scholarship into the other Geisteswissenschaften by recognizing rhetoric and poetics as the foundation of early modern art, who had written numerous influential essays...

**PUBLICATIONS**


that had theorized portraiture, brought Bernini’s works into direct relation with the art theory of the period, explained Caravaggio’s *Entombment* and Van Eyck’s Ghent Altarpiece as theoretical meditations, and opened up new horizons for the understanding of the concept of *paragone*. Yet, as he took us around the niches in the crossing of St. Peter’s during the first minutes of his lecture, what struck us first and foremost was his modesty.

Our understanding slowly deepened as the lecture went on. We were listening to the ultimate art historian from the Old World, with his perfectly tailored suit, flawlessly constructed sentences, and impeccable manners. But there was nothing conventional about the ideas that we were hearing: his words gradually revealed a theoretical ingenuity that is rarely matched in the most fashionable intellectual ventures of North American art history. The rewards of Professor Preimesberger’s linguistic mastery soon became clear. He entered into early modern texts with a heightened understanding of the rhetorical conventions that governed them. He questioned the methodological problems that arose from the exchange of media. He offered an inventive perspective on the longstanding question of the relationship of images to words. By the end of the lecture, we had all fallen under his deceptively old-school spell. Afterward we—the predoctoral fellows, all of us still at that frightening start line of our careers—huddled together over glasses of wine and wondered: could we ever achieve such theoretical originality?
If we did, could we imagine maintaining our intellectual curiosity in forty years’ time? What did it take to combine such cautious readings of texts and works of art with such exciting theoretical conclusions? How did the most established methods of art history yield such refreshing ideas? If we had been courageous enough to ask any of these questions, I am certain that Professor Preimesberger’s reticence would have prevented him from answering. Yet I am also certain that I will be looking for answers to those questions until the end of my career.

By this point in the academic year, Professor Preimesberger’s charisma had been established as a fact, so there was competition every Tuesday to sit next to him during lunch and every Thursday to stand near him during tea. It seemed that years of lecturing had done no damage to his ability to listen: even when speaking in his third or fourth or fifth foreign language, he was the most gracious conversationalist, always ready with a question that manifested how carefully he listened and how deeply he understood his conversation partner.
Such empathy is always the mark of a great teacher. If you managed to get beyond the politeness, however, you could see a glimpse of that mischievous core, the source, I believe, of his theoretical inventiveness. He and his beautiful wife, Hella, were the quintessence of elegance, politeness, and cordiality at every event at the National Gallery of Art that year. They were gracious even when, at a reception in their honor, they were confronted with unrecognizably Americanized versions of their beloved Austrian cuisine.

After I left CASVA, I learned that during those nine months we had caught only a glimpse of the much larger Preimesberger legend. Much of Professor Preimesberger’s work concerns itself with competition: between ancients and moderns, between artists, between popes, and between media. He spent his year at CASVA writing about a fascinating epigraphic contest among three seventeenth-century popes, engaged in inventively writing, erasing, and rewriting each others’ words on the interior surfaces of St. Peter’s. And yet, I am told, part of what makes Professor Preimesberger extraordinary in the world of art history has been his reluctance to be part of the world of competition himself. “He is uninterested in power,” one colleague told me, “he lives above the fray, with a handful of scholarly questions that are his companions.” It seems, then, that Professor Preimesberger is universally admired not only because of the brilliance of his work but because he is the epitome of the true scholar.

Zeynep Çelik Alexander
University of Toronto

PREDOCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2007–2008

Zeynep Çelik Alexander [Massachusetts Institute of Technology]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 2005–2008

Bridget Alsdorf [University of California, Berkeley]
Twenty-Four-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2006–2008

Ross Barrett [Boston University]
Wyeth Fellow, 2006–2008

Cécile Fromont [Harvard University]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 2006–2008

Susan Elizabeth Gagliardi [University of California, Los Angeles]
Ittleson Fellow, 2006–2008

Rebecca M. Molholt [Columbia University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 2005–2008

Sara Switzer [Columbia University]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 2006–2008
During his residence at CASVA as Kress Professor, John House’s intense enjoyment and the gratification with which he approached his project on realism and French painting in the nineteenth century slipped seamlessly into the accumulation and analysis of research. I did not even realize that we had begun to work when, the day after his arrival at CASVA, we began to discuss the original installation of the Barnes Collection, soon to be closed and transferred from its suburban location to Philadelphia. John enlivened the then-current debate about relocating the collection through discussions of its origins and the logic of its installation as we reviewed archival images with the Gallery’s library and image collections staff.

We all benefited tremendously from John’s deep generosity toward younger scholars. Always the professor, he wanted me to be familiar with scholarship on realism and the background information he considered important to his project as much as he wanted assistance in gathering and organizing material. In working with him, I had the opportunity to apply visual and ideological comparison directly, as one of the enduring approaches to art history. John explored the importance of the Salon as one of the first sites of comparison for competing ideas about art in late nineteenth-century Paris. He saw as one of the first tasks of his project an accumulation of the multivalent meanings of realism, from a documentary approach to painting in which a quotidian moment was captured, to
understanding the world through ethnography, as only two examples.

As I reviewed the material that he had already accumulated, one of the principal tasks for which John requested assistance was that of disengaging information about the paintings he studied from interpretations imposed on the work over time. Viewing scholarship as collaborative, he pursued every line of inquiry I introduced, even if only to tell me why it might not be worthwhile. He made me feel that I was a partner in his project, entitled to experience the same revelations he did. He insisted I keep copies of his research material for my own records in case I needed it for future teaching.

John would occasionally ask to read my own essays and articles about the art and architecture of Renaissance Venice. His feedback was always incisive and clearly demonstrated a knowledge of the subject matter rivaling that of scholars who have written at length about the topic. After implementing his suggestions, I kept the drafts with his notations in light pencil as a guide for offering criticism to my peers and students. His interest was not just the consequence of dedication to the mentoring responsibilities that accompany the Kress professorship but derived from what was clearly his natural disposition as a teacher.

Though John’s arrival as Kress Professor coincided with a faltering of the economy, he considered it an exciting time to be in Washington, in part because of the approaching presidential elections in November. His enthusiasm for Washington
not only carried through to the inauguration but was clearly enhanced by his profound admiration for and gratitude to the fellows and staff of CASVA. He spent a good deal of his time providing meticulous and specific feedback to fellows about their research projects after hearing presentations and reading drafts of chapters, and he invited fellows to meals in different combinations to make connections among their projects. John dispensed information and advice on presentations, writing, and job applications, but he also advised us of out-of-the-way exhibitions we should see and even discounts he spotted at stores. That he considered the staff and members of CASVA a temporary family was evident in the news he joyfully shared about his personal travels and triumphs and, most notably, about his own family, as he became a grandfather while he was in Washington.

For me and for many fellows and staff, the enduring memory of John as Kress Professor was

Édouard Manet, *The Old Musician*, 1862, oil on canvas
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, CHESTER DALE COLLECTION
his thrill about spending a year at the Gallery while Édouard Manet’s *The Old Musician* was in final stages of cleaning and conservation. Not only did he incorporate the painting into his larger project, but he made use of technical information that had been accumulated by Gallery conservator Ann Hoenigswald during conservation as a part of the developing scholarship about the painting. He frequently engaged Ann in conversations about her work and his scholarship before the painting, welcoming participation in the discussion not only by CASVA staff and fellows but by other staff at the Gallery. He sought to dissolve any sense of a lingering division between the museum and the academy. For many of us who spent time with John while he was in residence, *The Old Musician* remains a point of reference in constructing an evolving narrative about art.

Janna Israel
*Richmond, Virginia*
*Research Associate to the Kress and Mellon Professors, 2008–2009*
Born: The Hague, The Netherlands

**EDUCATION**

Utrecht University, BA (1966), MA (1970), PhD (1975)

**POSITIONS**


**HONORS, FELLOWSHIPS, AND PROFESSIONAL SERVICE**

Intergovernmental fellowship, Italian ministry of foreign affairs, research fellow in Venice (1969–1970); Netherlands Organization for Scientific Research, fellowship, research in France and Spain (1972); British Council, fellow (1974); Centro Studi Europa delle Corti, cofounder (1975); Fulbright-Hays research grant (1977); Accademia delle Arti del Disegno, Florence, member (1984–2008); Ubbo-Emmius medal of the University of Groningen for scholarly merit (1986); Ministerial Assessment and Foresight Committee for Art Historical Research in Holland, department

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The first memory that comes to my mind when Bert and Washington are mentioned is the Capitol as seen from Bert’s office, framed by an enormous window. I was there to talk about James Ensor, an artist about whom Bert naturally knew more than I did. Washington that year seemed an anthill of activity, idealistic interns rubbing shoulders with Tea Party protesters. What a contrast to the closed, Kremlin-like atmosphere of the Mall two years earlier when I interviewed for the fellowship. Everyone was excited or outraged.

This nervous energy of course did not stop at the security desk of the East Building, and we predoctoral fellows seemed to ourselves perhaps more original than we were. I was by far the most traditional, trying to divine a novel approach to classicism in the work of Henry Fuseli. But I enjoyed being behind my colleagues: Sinem Arcak, tracing imperial gifts from Turkey to Persia and back again; Ivan Drpić, discovering the uses of incantatory epigraphs in Byzantium; George Flaherty, telling us about Mexico City in 1968; Tobias Wofford, taking a look at the *longue durée* of American artists’ engagement with Africa; Albert Narath, showing mustachioed German musclemen around 1900 posing as caryatids; Wen-shing Chou, comparing maps of holy mountains and photographs of holy men in Buddhist China and Tibet. And those were only the predoctoral fellows in residence. The postdoctoral fellows, Mayan art historian and philologist Megan O’Neil and the underwater-drilling classicist Hendrik Dey, set high standards for
emulation. Our senior fellows, in no particular order, were Suzanne Blier, Jaime Lara, Michael Schreffler, David Getsy, Evonne Levy, and Jonathan Reynolds. I despair of characterizing the projects of these scholars in a few words; let it just be said that Africa and Berlin, Peru and David Smith, Jakob Burckhardt and Hans Sedlmayr, Leni Riefenstahl and contemporary Japan met and bounced off each other, often with enlightening results. Likewise, I would never get through a Homeric list of the visiting senior fellows, but I have to mention the anarchic, stimulating novelty of their projects, ranging from Margaret “Peggy” Haines’s charismatic builders of St. Peter’s and Ruth Iskin’s bicycling feminists to Giovanni Careri’s (Jewish) ancestors of Christ on the Sistine Chapel ceiling and Nino Simonishvili’s rethinking of Georgian art history. Add to this the ambitious projects of the center’s permanent staff, from Peter Lukehart’s Accademia Seminars and Therese O’Malley’s sumptuous Keywords in American Landscape Design to Elizabeth Cropper’s monumental, ongoing Malvasia edition, and a roster of first-rate, idiosyncratic exhibitions ranging from Tullio Lombardo to Spanish painted sculptures that looked alive, and you have an intellectual pressure cooker in which it was a miracle to get any work done.

Bert, it should be said, enjoyed and seemed unfazed by the bustle. In a photograph of CASVA members visiting the exhibition The Sacred Made Real, the dramatic lighting and the wall colors make us look like a motorcycle gang. Bert alone looks...
himself, and, as always, like none other: small in
a substantial suit, with a white shock of hair, eagle
eyes, and a face not unlike that of Bosch in the
Arras Codex. His distinguished work as a connois-
seur and historian of drawing made him seem
distant—exotically distant—from the predoctoral
fellows, but he was as much a maverick among the
historians at the Gallery. While Mellon Professor
Miguel Falomir toiled at a catalogue raisonné
of Titian’s paintings in the Prado, Bert dedicated
his patience to the study and, when possible,
attribution of obscure and anonymous Venetian
drawings from the Renaissance and the baroque.
The work he presented aroused our quiet respect.
We had a vague sense that with books like Parma
e Bruxelles (1988) and a stream of exhibition cat-
als and catalogue raisonnés, produced during
his three-decade stint as head of NIKI, the Dutch
University Institute for Art History in Florence, he
pioneered a cross-geographic art history that would
become canonical.

Not that Bert’s interests had anything modish
about them. We would-be “global art historians”
took it for granted that his erudition would be global
because his curiosity was. He had a sharp eye for
our own work in progress: from identifying the
statue Lady Hamilton was miming in a drawing
recording a dozen of her mercurial “Attitudes” to
noticing the German inscription “bodyguard of
the king” (Leibgarde des Königs) on a photograph
of African “Amazons” from Côte d’Ivoire on
tour in nineteenth-century Germany. When, a few
months after leaving CASVA, I had to write an
encyclopedia article on the fall of Icarus in art,
I was dissatisfied with the assumption that the
figure of the indifferent fisherman could be found
only in Virgil and Bruegel. So I turned to Bert’s
research report in Center 30, and lo and behold, he
had reproduced a drawing by Odoardo Fialetti
showing the fall of Icarus with indifferent fisherfolk.
That was a coincidence, but the better one knew
Bert and his labyrinthine intellect, the less unlikely
it seemed that he should be drawn to the essential
within the seemingly obscure. When the Gallery
acquired a work by Francesca Woodman, a pioneer
of performance-based photography who died tragically young, Bert knew more about the artist
than anyone else. He was a friend of the family.

Bert is as generous and approachable in
person as he is independent academically. I still
regret that we never visited a Washington jazz
club together, an idea very dear to Bert. I and
several other junior members of CASVA warmly
recall his presence at Thanksgiving dinner with
my family at the Artisan Apartments. At the office,
being new and not fully fitting in, we put together
a reading group: Bert came, and promptly convinced
us to organize a “looking group” to go with it.
From Therese O’Malley’s politico-historical tour
of the Mall to visits to the Gallery’s painting
and frame conservation departments, the looking

group was a resounding success, meeting about
five times to every meeting of the reading group.
Bert had a way of being quietly attentive, then
bursting into speech when he could no longer
contain himself. When the reading group tackled
Hans Sedlmayr, he gamely reread “Bruegel’s
Macchia.” Then he wrote to apologize for sitting
out the discussion. He could not participate
because late in the essay Sedlmayr preposterously

Odoardo Fialetti, attribution by Bert W. Meijer, Landscape with Daedalus and Icarus, c. 1610, pen and brown ink over black chalk
CURTIS O. BAER COLLECTION, ON DEPOSIT AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON
dismisses Bruegel’s early drawings. A survivor of German occupation of the Netherlands, Bert might have objected to Sedlmayr for personal and political reasons. But it was the injustice to a draftsman that he could not forgive.

Andrei Pop
University of Chicago
PREDOCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2009–2010

Sinem Arcak [University of Minnesota]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 2008–2010

Wen-shing Chou [University of California, Berkeley]
Ittleson Fellow, 2008–2010

Ivan Drpić [Harvard University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 2007–2010

George F. Flaherty [University of California, Santa Barbara]
Twenty-Four-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2008–2010

Albert Narath [Columbia University]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 2007–2010

Andrei Pop [Harvard University]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 2008–2010

Tobias Wofford [University of California, Los Angeles]
Wyeth Fellow, 2008–2010
Eriphia spinifrons, the yellow shore crab, may not be the first creature that comes to mind when one thinks of the warm-spirited and ever generous expert on pre-1900 European paintings, Joseph Rishel. The crustacean, with its thick exoskeleton, is skittish and quick to hide. It is not easy to have a conversation with a crab. It is perhaps for this reason that Joe and I enjoyed, in one of our many talks during our year in residence at CASVA, a discussion of Albrecht Dürer’s watercolor of one of this species. I was writing my dissertation on Dürer. Joe was drawn to the German artist’s graphic studies by a monograph and essays written by Charles Ephrussi, the Odessa-born curator and collector of impressionist paintings who had brought Old Master drawings, particularly the work of Dürer, to readers and viewers in late nineteenth-century France. I think of Joe whenever I am reminded of Dürer’s watercolor not only because of our discussion of Ephrussi—his role in encouraging the appreciation of a foreigner’s art, his participation in the milieu of famous Parisian salonnières, his taste for Japanese netsuke all made the Frenchman a figure of fascination to Joe and to me—but because I would describe Joe’s leadership that year as bringing us to water.

If there had ever been, historically, a divide between the kind of scholarship conducted by curators of museums and research taking place in academe, Joe was there, on the first day of CASVA orientation, to pronounce those boundaries dissolved. Put up a slide of Cézanne’s bathers and...
des Lettres (2002); American Academy of Arts and Sciences, fellow (2002); Association of Art Museum Curators, board member (2002–2005); IRS, Art Advisory Panel (2002); American Philosophical Society, member (2010–); Getty Research Institute, guest scholar (2014–2015)

PUBLICATIONS


listen to Joe as he opens up his—and your—mind, rocking you back and forth in time, guiding you, gently, to see, and you are reminded that art-historical work need not be a solitary preening; it can happen openly, on the banks of a river, where all are welcome to stay. The spirit of collaborative investigation that Joe sparked set the pace of our inquiries throughout the year at the National Gallery of Art, as we were shown by the Gallery’s own curatorial staff such riches as archives of photographs, engravings from the print study room’s exquisite collection, treasures from the library, and breathtaking findings in the conservation lab. (Dürer’s double-sided panel of the Madonna and child, with Lot and his daughters on the reverse, was, to my delight, one of the paintings being explored; chemistries I had not heard of were generously explained.) As a group of fellows, we felt that we were all discovering together. Carmen Bambach, Mellon Professor, exuberantly expressive, ever responsive to new ideas and information, also helped with this.

That year Joe was working on Gauguin, Cézanne, Matisse: Visions of Arcadia, an exhibition that would open at the Philadelphia Museum of Art in 2012 to display stunning canvases by the three artists of bathers on the shore, along with other large-scale works on Arcadian themes. Joe’s aim was not merely to celebrate the subject matter but rather to expose how fragile a thing is the longing for a past. Throughout his career, Joe has attended to this: the encouragement to see, in
the oeuvres of artists most often associated with the rushing in of modern notions of what it means to paint, precious instances of holding on to certain aspects of another time. Arcadia, Joe’s research revealed, was not just a place remembered, but an idea, a frail one, that what once had been might—or could—be again. Joe was dedicated to describing the delicacy of this form of nostalgia, which the paintings evoke even as they hint that, in a flash, such a grasp of the ideal past might be gone.

Boldness balanced with delicacy. This is Joe. I learned not only from watching him think, but also from how he treated others. When he had a question that manifested support, that highlighted what was courageous and strong about another person’s project, he would ask it aloud. But if there

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Paul Cézanne, *The Battle of Love*, c. 1880, oil on canvas

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, GIFT OF THE W. AVERELL HARRIMAN FOUNDATION IN MEMORY OF MARIE N. HARRIMAN
was a thread of weakness that needed attention or repair, he would pose his question in a side moment, carefully, and always with respect. I wonder whether studying so many bathers — the setting is all about what is guarded and what is shown — developed in Joe this sensitivity about when to make an idea public and when to conduct a quiet talk.

Like the bodies of Cézanne’s nudes, or like the trees he painted that bend as if to touch, Joe’s mind is lithe. (He is also a stunningly graceful dancer, with a lightness to his sway; at the holiday party, he took our dean for a spin.) When I sat next to him at Tuesday lunch, Joe would marvel at how much the discipline of art history had expanded since the days when he was trained. He wanted it known that he was learning from us — and by “us” I mean the predoctoral fellows. The youngest of the bunch, Christina Ferando, was excavating evidence of the circumstances and politics of Canova’s sculptural displays. Beatrice Kitzinger was weaving a complex narrative about the relationship of icon, idea, and experience in medieval manuscripts. Lisa Lee’s prose made our eyes sting with the lyrical beauty of Isa Genzken and Thomas Hirschhorn; her writing exposed poetry, not paucity, in the postmodern world. Jason LaFountain and Priyanka Basu were both, in different ways, writing groundbreaking contributions to art-historical study by using texts and intellectual movements rather than images or objects as their primary points of investigative study. Dipti Khera and I, both concerned with movement and space, were articulating previously unacknowledged pictorial tropes. Joe listened, he absorbed, he turned over the ideas he was receiving in his great, capacious mind.

Take a second look at Dürer’s watercolor of the crab. The creature is facing forward, with — yes, it really seems that this is the case — a gaze that is ready to meet ours. It is listening, alert, poised to connect. Those pincers are really just elegant appendages. Something about that stately, attentive crab will always remind me of Joe.

Shira Brisman
University of Wisconsin — Madison

PREDICTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2010 – 2011

Priyanka Basu [University of Southern California]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 2009 – 2011

Shira Brisman [Yale University]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 2009 – 2011

Christina Ferando [Columbia University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 2008 – 2011

Dipti Khera [Columbia University]
Ittleson Fellow, 2009 – 2011

Beatrice Kitzinger [Harvard University]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 2008 – 2011

Jason David LaFountain [Harvard University]
Wyeth Fellow, 2009 – 2011

Lisa Lee [Princeton University]
Twenty-Four-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2009 – 2011
Early in his tenure as Kress Professor for 2011–2012, Julian Gardner instituted a series of Tuesday “Encounters in the Galleries” designed to take advantage of our good fortune in living amid so much great art. Julian himself led the first encounter in both fall and spring terms. In September we looked at the famous Trecento Coronation of the Virgin (the Washington Coronation), in January at Bernardo Daddi’s Saint Paul and a Group of Worshipers. In the discussions it became clear that, for Julian, Trecento painting is a three-dimensional art. Frames and supports vied with painted surfaces for attention, and members of the Gallery’s conservation department helped us more bookishly inclined fellows to understand the language of materials. It cannot be an accident that some of the most memorable encounters — Estelle Lingo on Duquesnoy, Jennifer Stager on Rachel Whiteread, Dana Byrd on the Shaw Memorial, and Anna Seastrand on South Indian bronzes — were about sculpture. We had been reminded of the pleasures and rewards of occupying the same space as the object of our conversation.

Julian and his wife, Christa Gardner von Teuffel, were, it seemed, always traveling on the weekend — by train, to cities that Amtrak barely serves — to inspect one or two panels tucked away in a college or university museum, or in the civic collection of an erstwhile industrial center. In the preface to his Berenson Lectures, Julian writes: “it has been possible in my lifetime for the moderately
energetic scholar to study virtually all the works by or attributed to Giotto from the scaffold.” Surely it requires unusual energy to pursue the goal of firsthand inspection for a host of lesser masters.

While at CASVA, Julian continued to work on Giotto, but also on those lesser masters and above all on their names. It is ironic that a field so concerned with attribution had never paid much attention to the names themselves and what they could tell us about their bearers. But within Julian’s work the focus on names fits into a broader pattern of never despising the auxiliary sciences. The first publication that he presented at Tuesday lunch was on sigillography, proudly.

Julian’s colloquium introduced us all to the rich specialist lexicon of anthroponymy. My favorite was the category of augurative names, those that express joy at the child’s arrival and good wishes for its future. Here such common names as Bencevenne, Benvenutus, and Bonaventura sit alongside the more distinctive and art-historically resonant Buoninsegna and Bondone. Students of anthroponymy derive “Gardner” from “gardener” or “Gärtner,” a vocation that is itself augurative in its care for the future. Julian’s door was open to all fellows, but especially to the predoctoral, and we had ample need for his guidance as we faced our eviction from Eden and the looming necessity to till the soil from which we had been taken.

Julian’s professional counsel, honed through a career in which scholarly pursuits and administrative duties received equal attention,
Giotto, Madonna and Child, probably 1320/1330, tempera on panel
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, SAMUEL H. KRESS COLLECTION
was of a piece with his intellectual mentorship. A passage from the writing of a medieval Armenian historian, which he sent to me in an e-mail, seemed of uncertain relevance until a year or so later, when it became crucial. To this command of philological detail was joined a humanist’s scope: Julian invoked a passage on the language of color from Norman Douglas’s *Old Calabria* at just the right moment during a Tuesday lunch discussion of a shoptalk on color in ancient art.

In a year replete with pleasures, those Tuesdays stood out. On most weeks the gathering began with an encounter or a visit to one of the Gallery’s departments, followed by a glass in the CASVA lounge before we processed into the seminar-cum-lunch room. After the meal came the discussion, opened by the request for announcements of new publications. The overall impression was less of individual accomplishment than of collective energy, as close as art historians come to the feeling of working in a lab—an impression aided, to be sure, by the room’s white walls and odd angles.

This was, among other things, the year of Warhol, with an exhibition accompanied by an extensive program of the film work. In the spring semester, senior fellow David James, writing a history of the rock ’n’ roll film, led a memorable encounter with *Aquarian Rushes* (1970), Jud Yalkut’s Woodstock film. Tuesdays culminated in the discussion of research presented by fellows in the preceding week, be it in shoptalks, colloquia, or in Craig Clunas’s A. W. Mellon Lectures on Chinese painting. These discussions ranged across the map, from Jenny Purtle’s Quanzhou, Sonya Lee’s Sichuan, and Di Yin Lu’s Shanghai to Amy Powell’s Netherlands, Jason Di Resta’s Pordenone, and Razan Francis’s Andalusia. What linked them was a commitment to critical collegiality. We were learning to grapple with the unfamiliar, not as a curiosity, but as something that might matter to us as much as our more accustomed provinces.

One more memory, from later in the week: early in the fall semester, Julian, without fanfare or discussion, instituted something very like casual Friday, wearing jeans to the office. He was followed in this by a few of the senior fellows, although we predocs remained too timid to join. Within the sartorial economy of the East Building this had the character of a mild rebellion. This may seem a trivial recollection, but it conveys something of the relaxed and unpretentious atmosphere that Julian encouraged. The projection of personae took a back seat. We were there for the art.

Benjamin Anderson
Cornell University

**PREDOPCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2011–2012**

Benjamin Anderson [Bryn Mawr College]
David E. Finley Fellow, 2009–2012

Dana E. Byrd [Yale University]
Wyeth Fellow, 2010–2012

Jason Di Resta [Johns Hopkins University]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 2010–2012

Razan Francis [Massachusetts Institute of Technology]
Twenty-Four-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2010–2012

Di Yin Lu [Harvard University]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 2010–2012

Anna Lise Seastrand [Columbia University]
Ittleson Fellow, 2010–2012

Jennifer M. S. Stager [University of California, Berkeley]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 2009–2012
At the celebratory final dinner of the 2012–2013 academic year at CASVA, held over a long table in the Refectory of I. M. Pei’s imposing and angular East Building of the National Gallery of Art, Elizabeth Cropper referred to Samuel H. Kress Professor Oskar Bätschmann as the “ideal” holder of the position. Indeed, from our first meeting in September to the end-of-the-year dinner, Oskar took up his role as Kress Professor with such enthusiasm for sharing his own research and for acting deftly as a mentor to the predoctoral fellows that we could not help but nod in agreement around the table as Elizabeth spoke. Together with his wife, Marie Therese, also an art historian and an active participant in CASVA events, Oskar worked hard to ensure that discussions at both formal and informal events were intellectually productive, inspiring, and thought provoking.

An emeritus professor of the University of Bern, Switzerland, Oskar came to CASVA with a considerable bibliography of groundbreaking works in art history, on an impressively broad range of topics, including the “exhibition artist,” the paragone, and artists as diverse as Holbein, Bellini, Poussin, and Manet. Marie Therese joked that Oskar never went on any vacation without carving out time to visit a local archive. The fellows and deans at CASVA were in awe of his extraordinary productivity: when fellows were asked to introduce their new publications at our weekly Tuesday lunches, Oskar almost always had some new article,

**PUBLICATIONS**


While pursuing research on these and many other projects, Oskar was always conscientious about his role as a mentor to the predoctoral fellows. He provided invaluable feedback and advice to the seven of us in residence that year. Oskar took a front-row seat at our shoptalks throughout the year, as well as after the senior fellows’ colloquia, and always asked incisive questions that provoked compelling discussion. His depth and breadth of knowledge allowed him to participate equally constructively after each paper that year, whether it was about contemporary Native American art history, Roman wall paintings, modern Chinese painting, or the art of eighteenth-century public executions in Britain. Oskar often reminded us to think carefully about our scholarly methodology.
Oskar Bätschmann with predoctoral fellows Susanna Berger, Yanfei Zhu, Jessica L. Horton, and Marius Bratsberg Hauknes (front); Nathaniel B. Jones, Meredith Gamer, and Fredo Rivera (back)
and to be precise in the terms we used: in one discussion session, for instance, when he heard us using the word “influence” unclearly, Oskar encouraged us to study several pages on this term in Michael Baxandall’s *Patterns of Intention*. His comments helped strengthen all of the predoctoral fellows’ projects, in part because he made an active effort to meet with us individually and welcomed us in his impressive office overlooking the majestic government buildings on Capitol Hill.

As a component of his mentorship of the younger scholars at CASVA, Oskar was always looking for opportunities for predoctoral fellows to engage with art in the galleries and approach works of art as tools of pedagogy. To that end he collaborated with research associate Joseph Hammond to set up a series of “encounters” in the galleries, in which fellows presented works to one another and the visiting public. He made sure these events were not only instructive but also enjoyable, once noting that one of the fellows looked uncannily like the shark that had bitten off a man’s leg in *Watson and the Shark*.

Oskar and Marie Therese made an effort to extend our discussions to more informal events outside the museum walls. One of the most pleasant evenings of our year at CASVA was a dinner that Oskar and Mellon Professor Lynne Cooke hosted at the restaurant Pesce, off Dupont Circle. Over steaming bowls of seafood, Oskar and Marie Therese told us of their recent walk around the Tidal Basin, where they had marveled at the beauty of the cherry blossoms and at the extravagance of a carefully orchestrated marriage proposal among the trees. They were stunned that a couple would want to experience such a personal moment in such a public fashion. I remember Oskar exclaiming that the young man had even had a friend photograph the proposal. Oskar’s humorous description of his surprise reminded me of the subtlety he brought to his role at CASVA, as he helped each of us in a way that was productive and honest but understated and deeply thoughtful.

With his energy and enthusiasm and his remarkable knowledge of art history, Oskar truly was the ideal Kress Professor. His scholarly accomplishments and devoted mentorship serve as an example that all of us who were predoctoral fellows that year will always aspire to emulate. Oskar helped ensure that 2012 – 2013 was a happy and fruitful year for all CASVA fellows, and our only regret is that we can no longer stop by his office or meet him for lunch or coffee to debate a difficult art-historical conundrum.


Susanna Berger  
*University of Southern California*

**PREDOCRATIONAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2012–2013**

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Institution</th>
<th>Fellowship</th>
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<td>Samuel H. Kress Fellow</td>
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<td>Meredith Gamer</td>
<td>Yale University</td>
<td>Paul Mellon Fellow, 2010–2013</td>
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<td>Marius Bratsberg Hauknes</td>
<td>Princeton University</td>
<td>Twenty-Four-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2011–2013</td>
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<td>Jessica L. Horton</td>
<td>University of Rochester</td>
<td>Wyeth Fellow, 2011–2013</td>
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<td>Nathaniel B. Jones</td>
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<td>David E. Finley Fellow</td>
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<td>Fredo Rivera</td>
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<td>Andrew W. Mellon Fellow</td>
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<td>Yanfei Zhu</td>
<td>The Ohio State University</td>
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<td>Ittleson Fellow</td>
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As a Samuel H. Kress Fellow in residence at CASVA for the 2013–2014 academic year, I was a proud member of the coterie dubbed “Holly and the Predocs” by our distinguished mentor and Samuel H. Kress Professor, S. Hollis Clayson. Under Holly’s leadership, our band of art historians set out on “art jaunts” through the halls of the National Gallery of Art and met for salon-style discussions over tapas at Jaleo or cheese boards at Holly’s CASVA-issued apartment. The topics at these soirées ranged from adventures in archival research to Hans Belting on the end of art history. We even took our act on the road to visit Philadelphia, where we had the pleasure of looking at nineteenth-century French paintings in Holly’s company at the Barnes Collection and the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and—less far afield—to the Kennedy Center, for an operatic production of Moby Dick.

The itinerant unity conjured by this notion of a traveling rock band is especially apt for describing our CASVA year, which was marked by unusual circumstances: a government shutdown. Shortly after we arrived in Washington, settled into our offices, and began to master the Tuesday lunch routine, the Gallery was shuttered, pending appropriations legislation by a deadlocked Congress. Our temporary exile, however, had the unexpected effect of strengthening the incipient bonds of our scholarly community. Thanks to the initiative and masterly organizational skills of senior fellow Louise Bourdua, our catered Tuesday lunches in the CASVA seminar...
room were reconfigured as potluck feasts in the common room of the Artisan Apartments. The room’s tangerine color scheme and blackout curtains were a jarring contrast with the sun-drenched I.M. Pei glass and marble building to which we had just become accustomed, but aesthetic shortcomings did not stand in the way of our jovial lunches filled with lively discussion. We learned about each other’s projects, but also about the culinary prowess of certain among us. Caroline Fowler (the dialectic between absence and presence in early modern drawing pedagogy) made a particularly memorable plum cake, and Andrés Zervigón (the role of extremist politicians and traditionally trained print professionals in the aesthetic innovations of the AIZ) treated us to his rich spaghetti alla carbonara.

Fortunately, the shutdown was relatively short lived, and within two weeks we were back in our offices, continuing our work. It is perhaps appropriate that circulation and mobility were recurring themes in several of the projects in progress that year. My dissertation looked at the translation of François Boucher’s images into luxury media, while senior fellow Nina Dubin’s project explored images of love letters in relation to the “papered” eighteenth century and its culture of risk. Postdoctoral fellow Stephen Whiteman was investigating the Kangxi emperor’s album of the Thirty-Six Views of the Mountain Estate, a work that existed in three different versions, employing different media and directed at different audiences. Senior fellow Mario Carpo was working on...
Alberti’s descriptions in *De statua* of processes and machines for making and replicating three-dimensional reproductions of human bodies.

Holly’s project, entitled “Electric Paris: Episodes from the Visual Culture of the City of Light in the Era of Thomas Edison,” investigated artistic and cultural responses to the implementation of electric arc lighting in nineteenth-century Paris. We learned, from her colloquium and subsequent discussions, about how the new and strange illumination of Parisian night spaces precipitated a dramatic realignment of perceptual conditions. (I would sometimes think about this on mornings when Holly would arrive in the CASVA lounge wearing large 1960s movie-star sunglasses to protect her from the blinding perceptual conditions caused by the room’s east-facing floor-to-ceiling windows.) Indeed, from the shock of blond in her brown hair to the mischievous sense of humor that frequently sparked an explosion of laughter among those around her, Holly seemed especially suited to the study of “electric Paris.” When Peter Lukehart announced one day at lunch that our final dinner would, following protocol, be “black tie optional,” Holly’s powerful voice cut across the otherwise muted conference room: “Isn’t black tie always an option?”

Holly’s formidable sense of humor overlapped with her work. While at CASVA, she began to look at French caricatures that reflected on the electrification of Paris. The peculiarity of nineteenth-century French humor is often difficult to decode, and Holly occasionally asked me to look at a particularly perplexing example with her. In one of these caricatures, a gentleman asks his female companion, both of whom are shrouded in darkness, if, since they can no longer see clearly, this would be the moment to “éclairer [son] chat” or “light up [one’s] cat.” Beyond a sense that this had sexual connotations, we were stumped. Holly spent the rest of the day at a table in the library, poring over large tomes of historical French dictionaries. At tea that evening, she entertained us with the fruit of her labors: a litany of cat metaphors. Cats, it turned out, were a sort of general equivalent in the economy of French proverbs. Rare are those who can emerge from a day of dry lexical research with a vast new repertoire of cocktail-party jokes.

Holly’s genuine curiosity spilled over into our own projects, especially those of the “Predocs.” On the occasions when Holly had to be away from CASVA to give lectures, she would send images from her travels that related to our projects—a revelatory Boucher etching at the Met, a Houdon sculpture in Virginia. She returned from one trip with a ceramic mug from the Milwaukee Art Museum that featured a reproduction of a wooden squirrel from the museum’s folk art collection. At Tuesday lunch, she announced that she would gift it to whichever of our two resident experts on “outsider” or “self-taught” art—Mellon Professor Lynne Cooke and predoctoral fellow Elaine Yau—could correctly guess a number between one and ten. Elaine guessed “correctly” and proudly installed the mug in her office. Later, it was revealed that Holly had slyly rigged the contest in Elaine’s favor.

Of course, Holly’s generosity to young scholars also took a more intellectually rigorous form.
Her breadth of knowledge, sharp eye and ear, and depth of interest made her an exceptionally receptive and engaging interlocutor. She took her role as mentor very seriously and made a point of meeting with each of us individually and together, on multiple occasions, to listen, ask questions, suggest sources or new directions, and try to help us untangle any particularly “knotty” areas of our work, as she called them.

Holly was known for her incisive and refreshingly direct questions, which one scholar, for whom English was not a native language, described offhandedly one day as “cruel.” Holly’s questions were never cruel but rather were genuine, curious, sharp, and purposeful. One issue that has stuck with me and caused me to continually question the structure of my own work was the problem of the case study, which Holly had raised in the introduction to her book *Paris in Despair: Art and Everyday Life under Siege (1870–1871)* and then again in response to Emmelyn Butterfield-Rosen’s summary of her provocative project on frontality in relation to Seurat, Klimt, and Nijinsky. How do we reconcile the irreducible individuality of many of the artists or works we study with the tendency to seek arguments that have the potential for generalization?

Toward the end of our residence, Holly and the Predocs were summoned to pose for a group portrait to be published in *Center*. Holly insisted
that we pose in front of The Dying Gaul, which was temporarily on loan to the National Gallery of Art from the Capitoline Museum in Rome. I was never quite sure what it was that attracted Holly to that particular backdrop—perhaps it was the absurd contrast of the naked warrior’s abject physical anguish with our group of smiling faces, all of us decked out in our sartorial finest. What Holly did not realize was that we had secretly planned that each would wear a piece of animal-print clothing that day, as a tribute to Holly’s stylish, or one might say, fierce, predilection for animal prints in her daily wardrobe. In that photo, none of us has full access to all of the jokes in play, and yet one can detect a trace of irony in all of our smiles. I’m not sure how many other photos of a Kress Professor with predoctoral fellows can be read as complex diagrams of both shared and private humor. But it seems to me that ours is a testament to Holly’s brilliant and subtle leadership. Each of us had arrived at CASVA following a year of archival research and writing, both of which are among the most solitary activities of our discipline. At CASVA, largely thanks to Holly’s warmth, razor-sharp intellect, and charm, we converged into a constellation of solitary togetherness.

Susan Wager

University of New Hampshire

PREDOCTORAL FELLOWS IN RESIDENCE, 2013–2014

Emmelyn Butterfield-Rosen [Princeton University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 2011–2014

Subhashini Kaligotla [Columbia University]
Ittleson Fellow, 2012–2014

Kristopher W. Kersey [University of California, Berkeley]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 2012–2014

Joshua O’Driscoll [Harvard University]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 2011–2014

James M. Thomas [Stanford University]
Twenty-Four-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2012–2014

Susan M. Wager [Columbia University]
Samuel H. Kress Fellow, 2012–2014

Elaine Y. Yau [University of California, Berkeley]
Wyeth Fellow, 2012–2014
Robert S. Nelson

Born: Temple, Texas

EDUCATION
Rice University, BA (1969); New York University, Institute of Fine Arts, MA (1973), PhD (1978)

POSITIONS

HONORS, FELLOWSHIPS, AND PROFESSIONAL SERVICE

It is always a bit strange to meet in person someone whose scholarly work one has known for many years. With Robert Nelson, it would not be an exaggeration to say that his personality is much like his scholarship. It is serious but not without wit; catholic (not unlike his collection of bow ties) but also expert; scrupulous but always constructively so; and, above all, generously invested in generating ideas of benefit to a wide range of fellow scholars, often far outside his own field of Byzantine studies. The ability to cast complex, often esoteric concepts in lucid and elegant terms that characterizes Rob’s scholarship came through in person when, for instance, he enthusiastically explained the symbolic importance of porphyry and baldachins during a chance encounter in the library stacks. Furthermore, the engaging way in which he presented the early stages of his own research on the afterlives of a Byzantine manuscript, including the book’s peregrinations among Constantinople, Trebizond, and Florence, proved conceptually stimulating to many fellows in our cohort.

One of Rob’s roles as Kress Professor was to guide the predoctoral fellows during our time at the Gallery, and his easygoing demeanor set the tone for us right from the start. When he invited us to a get-together on the night before the official opening of the academic year, he declared himself amused by the promise of the coming months’ formality. After nearly a year of solitary research and travel, to me this was a most welcome

**PUBLICATIONS**


proclamation. I arrived in Washington with some trepidation about coming into a markedly nicer lunchtime environment than my then recent standard of scarifying down canned olives while waiting for buses in small towns throughout central Spain. The Kress Professor’s attitude was thus important to many of us as we entered into the new environment of the Gallery. From that point onward, even the year’s most formal event, the opening reception, at which Rob greeted guests while standing on the resplendent Mellon Bruce carpet, could not ruffle our feathers.

When I solicited my predoctoral colleagues’ recollections of their time with Rob at CASVA, they invariably stressed his generosity, his warmth and support to those braving the job market, his wide-ranging interests, and his impressive erudition. Some remembered impromptu conversations at the espresso machine that resulted in scurrying off into the library to follow a lead that Rob had suggested. Others recalled his gifts of books and his willingness to sit down and brainstorm about half-baked dissertation ideas, often on topics quite divergent from his own area of expertise. Yet others fondly thought back to the excursion Rob organized to see the great production of Wagner’s *Flying Dutchman* at the Washington National Opera. When Rob, joined by Mellon Professor Paul Jaskot and senior fellow Sarah Blake McHam, conducted a mock job interview for a few of the predoctoral fellows, he did not for a moment break character, having assumed the role of a severe and
uncompromising dean, until the very last moment, when he allowed himself a grin, Rob once more.

One can only wonder whether Rob thought back on the comforts of CASVA while traversing the rugged landscape of Mount Athos just a few days after leaving the Gallery, on a research trip to examine important holdings of Byzantine manuscripts. In fact, the character of CASVA after the May departure of the senior fellows might not have struck him as very different from that of the remote Greek peninsula that he was visiting.

He would have likely commended the severity with which we imposed on ourselves a quasi-monastic lifestyle, as we stayed within the Gallery’s walls during the summer months in a push to finish our dissertation writing. What is certain is that while cloistered in our offices, we often thought of Rob’s ambitious summer trek with no little envy.

Adam Jasienski
Southern Methodist University
Kate Cowcher [Stanford University]
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow, 2013 – 2015

Nikolas Drosos [The Graduate Center, City University of New York]
Twenty-Four-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2013 – 2015

Hannah J. Friedman [Johns Hopkins University]
Paul Mellon Fellow, 2012 – 2015

Adam Jasienski [Harvard University]

Miri Kim [Princeton University]
Wyeth Fellow, 2013 – 2015

David Pullins [Harvard University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 2012 – 2015

Rachel Saunders [Harvard University]
Ittleson Fellow, 2013 – 2015
Iain Boyd Whyte

Born: Bexley, Kent, UK

EDUCATION
Nottingham University, BA (1969), MPhil (1971); Leeds University, MA (1987); Cambridge University, PhD (1979)

POSITIONS

HONORS, FELLOWSHIPS, AND PROFESSIONAL SERVICE

It was characteristic of Iain Boyd Whyte to have issued a drinks invitation early in his tenure as Kress Professor. Notice of the inaugural gathering chez Whyte was given by means of a card announcing a “Temporary Change of Address.” Iain and Deborah were on the move, not for the first time, from Scotland to a haven for scholars in America. Or, rather, to the future. For their card was illustrated with the salubrious image of a mother and daughter, a dog, and a bag of shopping hovering gaily over the roof of a low-slung modernist bungalow in a flying saucer. This airborne utopia, this carless picture of flight in a glass bubble, came from a Newsweek advertisement of May 1959 for America’s Independent Electric Light and Power Companies. “Your personal ‘flying carpet,’” read the original caption. “Step inside it, press a button, and off you go to market, to a friend’s home, or to your job.” And the electricity companies were working on making a reality of this Jetsonian dream by investing in power plants at a rate of $5 billion a year. “The time isn’t too far off, the experts say, when you’ll wash your dishes without soap or water — ultrasonic waves will do the job. Your beds will be made at the touch of a button. The kids’ homework will be made interesting and even exciting when they are able to dial a library book, a lecture or a classroom demonstration right into your home — with sound.”

Echoes might be detected here of a fantasy discussed in Iain’s magisterial first book, Bruno Taut and the Architecture of Activism (1982). Wenzel
Hablik, a member of Taut’s utopian Crystal Chain group, had envisioned the construction of a house for scholars and artists in 1920—a grandiose glass spiral imagined for the German island of Sylt—in his scenario for an unrealized film: “Already, stately forms are arising, gigantic, scintillating glass domes, serrated and pinnacled—spheres and strips—cones and flowery cylinders—a glistening, a shimmering, a shower of sparks. The inmost depths of craters congeal into a molten foundation, and spatial structures radiate leapfrogging from the centre. The mighty airship is launched forth, seven aeroplanes part from it and orbit the building site.” Alas, the beige carpets and glass-topped coffee tables of the Clara Barton apartments could not live up to Hablik’s dizzying synthesis of the elemental and technological that had so excited Iain at the outset of his career.

Yet glimpses of the future could be had by other means. On a bright autumnal afternoon in November, the professor rounded up his predoctoral charges—the “Casvoids,” we called ourselves—for a spin around Washington on that earthbound yet still faintly implausible vehicle, the Segway. Iain cheerfully explained that the owner of Segway Inc., one Jimi Heselden from Leeds, had perished by driving himself over a cliff into the waters of the River Wharfe in Deborah’s (and the present author’s) native Yorkshire. Was this an omen, he pondered? Fortunately, no casualties were claimed during the maiden voyage of the Casvoids. In those waning
months of the Obama administration, the Mall looked splendid, its monuments rolling by at a rate just fast enough to preclude our quizzing the distinguished architectural historian on their significance. The surviving photographs document a group of eager young scholars in cycle helmets, gathering merrily around their professor like a brood of ducklings.

There was in Iain's own dashing, even theatrical, pose on the Segway's accelerator platform a hint of one of his latest subjects: the Wilhelmine court architect Ernst von Ihne (1848–1917), whose portrait photograph—Van Dyck mustache and goatee, a cascade of medals, lace cravat, breeches, silver-buckled slippers, and an elegant dress sword—formed part of the colloquium talk Iain delivered at CASVA in summary of his present book project, a history of German architecture in the twentieth century. This history, he explained, will redress the balance of standard accounts that stress the achievements of the avant-garde by focusing instead on establishment architects whose buildings—like von Ihne’s Bode Museum—supplied the scenery of power, their portals and pediments “the essential backdrop or mise-en-scène for specific social, political, and ideological agendas.” The book will provide another side to the story Iain has told so compellingly in his work on Taut and others. It is representative of his commitment to more complex narratives of architectural modernity that emphasize its continuities as well as ruptures.

Iain’s intellectual origins were revealed at a second gathering for predoctoral fellows. On this occasion, an evening of “Epiphanic Moments,” Deborah provided the assembled guests with a taste of the old country in the form of bangers and mash, while we each described the decisive event that had brought us to our field (or, conversely, as our sagelike host clarified, “the moment when you decided not to become an accountant, drifting rudderless thereafter into art history”). Iain’s contribution was illuminating and moving. He chose a passage from Rudolf Wittkower’s Architectural Principles in the Age of Humanism (1949), which he had read as a second-year undergraduate at Nottingham University. Wittkower wrote of the centralized church of the Renaissance as expressing not only a formal shift from the Latin-cross plan of the Middle Ages but a fundamental transformation in the whole understanding of the source of the sacred: “What had changed was the conception of the godhead: Christ as the essence of perfection and harmony superseded Him who had suffered on the Cross for humanity; the Pantocrator replaced the Man of Sorrows.” What so moved Iain was not just the crystalline prose, but the simple eloquence of Wittkower’s conviction that buildings could say more about the ideas of an epoch than philosophers, that it was through architecture above all—man-made space disposed in the service of the spiritual—that the artists of the Renaissance believed the principles of universal harmony would manifest themselves. Built form was charged with meaning; allowed to speak through the historian, buildings could reveal the very essence of a cultural period and man’s conception of himself within it.

Some days later, Iain wrote to reflect on his choice. He might, he thought, have selected instead the moment when, as a sixteen year-old

Dome of the Reichstag, Berlin, remodeling by Foster + Partners, 1999
schoolboy marched around Venice by his Latin teacher (“the redoubtable Colonel Roberton”), he was first confronted by another great monument of the Renaissance—Titian’s Assumption in the Frari. He had been reminded of this earlier epiphany by a reading of Friedrich Theodor Vischer’s essay “The Symbol” (1887). Although “murderously heavy going,” Vischer’s description of the effect of the altarpiece upon even an unbelieving beholder rekindled Iain’s experience in front of the painting all those years ago: “All earthly suffering, all deep woe that can penetrate a human heart, and all yearning for a pure, free, blessed existence breathes and gazes out of that wonderful female countenance. A spark of joy, emanating from the smoke of life, flows through the moving limbs, the folds of the garment. We are the lingering, gazing followers, yearning to be free from our heavy earthly bonds. Above, the reachable, humanlike God the Father and his angels do not appear strange to us, they are necessary for the reception of the person ascending and embodiments of boundless existence.”

We have in this evocation many ingredients of our Kress Professor’s subsequent fascinations. There is an attunement to the ecstatic element, the visionary, and the utopian. There is an attention
to the real, the human, the worldly. Musing on his choice of Wittkower’s words over the divine forms of Titian’s glowing canvas, Iain wondered whether it was not the Scottish Calvinist lurking within him that had favored the text over the image. Might it be this same spirit, paradoxically, that is the source of his irreverent humor — always ready to bring us from flights of academic fancy back down to earth? In the words of his first subject, Bruno Taut: “Let the professorial wigs fly.”

Esther Chadwick

British Museum

John R. Blakinger [Stanford University]
Twenty-Four-Month Chester Dale Fellow, 2014 – 2016

Monica Bravo [Brown University]
Wyeth Fellow, 2014 – 2016

Esther Chadwick [Yale University]

Robert Fucci [Columbia University]
David E. Finley Fellow, 2013 – 2016

Brendan C. McMahon [The University of Southern California]
Wyeth Fellow, 2014 – 2016

Eiren L. Shea [University of Pennsylvania]
Ittleson Fellow, 2014 – 2016

Kelli Wood [University of Chicago]