FRAGMENTS OF PLACE, IMAGINATION OF ABSENCE
PIERRE GENTIEU AND THE CIVIL WAR

(SLIDE 1) In April 1863, Pierre Gentieu of the 13th Connecticut Volunteer Infantry sketched an inconspicuous picture at Thibodeaux, Louisiana (SLIDE 2). The version on screen is a colored lithograph. It portrays Union soldiers at camp in the deep southern delta, the off-the-grid marshland town of plantations, sugar cane, and deep-seeded racisms that is Thibodeaux, a place roughly 60 miles west from New Orleans. Little could the young soldier predict the uncanny afterlife and resonance of his humble bivouac picture.

Wounded nothing less than three times and with fragments of bullets lodged in at least two parts of his body, the young artist took photographs, sketched campsites, and made drawings like this one throughout his time enlisted in the Union Army.

In the next forty-five minutes I want to explore the function of absence, hauntings, and memory through historical images. Specifically, pictures made by Gentieu during the war and at during the late 19th century while working for the DuPont Company—DuPont, the largest provider of gunpower for the Union Army during the Civil War. A number of related paintings and pictures from other artists—known and unknown—will texture the historical *anti-narrative* I recount here.

In short, I want to uncover and show how this entire constellation of pictures, and also too Gentieu's unusual biography, in some enigmatically way fall back into the 1863 lithograph on screen—associative and allegorical like a magnetized cynosure of sorts—a vortex—the landscape, *placeness*, of southern Louisiana acting similarly too as invisible guide with the process. In effect, this art history project is sideways kin with the torn residue of a paper trail; the erasure of a blood trail even. Think 'Tales from the Crypt' (a 19th c. noir-like nightmare) more than a Sherlock Holmes style story of detective sleuthing.

Gentieu's tiny drawing is an origin point, a File. And it is read as both a centripetal and centrifugal force—an image summoning inward and eddying out.

In this way, the fragment, spatiality and places of dislocation, and cultivated indeterminacy configure the pillars of the aesthetic terrain I present today. Most especially, it is two sites—Thibodeaux and the DuPont complex in Wilmington, Delaware.

So, some of the pressing questions at hand: How to Attend to the work of art. What can artworks reveal—if anything at all—about the mood and atmosphere of a singular site, a place, a battleground for example, in time? Is it possible for pictures to contain unseen portentous future worlds? For images to operate as vessels replete with prospective stories? The unknowable. How may then the historian's intuition, sensibility and imagination, in fact, create the many palimpsest layers of the past? To consider these types of questions indeed requires some gentle, and ecstatic temperament.

Gentieu's wandering life and little-known pictures tell this story, a ghost story of prophesy and loss, destruction and war. *Back to the picture on screen.

The landscape is tranquil and pristine, almost-too-clean in its horizontal bifurcation; camp nearly cut in half—land and sky, heaven and earth, clouds and characters alike separated neatly in space; discreet action corded-off as if to provide the belated viewing public in the North a glimpse of war-time stillness. Two stamped incisions of lightened soil—lines forming a nearly upside-down prism, or triangle—bracket the foreground and twin the encampment of tents behind. Together, the two subtle marks are an unfolding invitation of sorts to enter the site. Next, in the near center of this grassy stage, six neatly spaced-out soldiers each perform a military gesture of sorts—rifles tilted skyward, arms-raised in address; and just to the right of this small cohort, a man on a horse (the only one pictured) seems to ignite the group. He leads us away from this central action. At far left, a group of laboring quarters are neatly sequestered off, wood cabins purportedly safe within the

yellow fencing. In front of this compartmentalized fragment, two black men carry a spit. The art historian Angela Miller's phrase the 'composed sequential landscape'—a discursive mode of representation that dominated 19th c aesthetics makes good sense here. Time and space are made to be traversed, inseparable in their mental logic. Compartmentalization was a normative way of picturing the world.

Perhaps most conspicuous—and overtly political—above the horizon line a Union flag not only anchors the picture—rising up to the birds and touching the clouds—but also at once doubles itself in the church steeple behind, rhyming also too with the women's fluttering dress in the foreground: flag, faith, and family in unison… Or something like that. In all, beholden to the 13th Connecticut's camp at Thibodeaux, we spectators are privy to some quasi-domestic scene of quietude, a tamed landscape and terrain so palpably different from the imagined chaos of battle throughout the war. Here then, Gentieu offers us a moment of reprieve, calmed hiatus, from the madness and cacophony of fighting.

Dated 1865, the small, yet decisive, battle for Southern Louisiana pictured, is in fact, from summer 1863, the day and night of June 20-21. One of at least nine battles Gentieu fought in. The too serene uncanny aesthetic nature of the picture begins to make more sense still then as an after-the-fact rendering—and this sort of sincere pretense begins to also outline the vertiginous—fog-ridden, moss-filled and oft-cloudy—historical tale I tell. Mystery and defamiliarization here recognized as teleporting-like forces of authenticity; an almost subliminal way to make contact with the past. **I'm thinking here too of the concept of seam, or the fold; in-betweenness and activation that both engages space and gestures outward; the seam or fold as an operation and connecting device of sorts.

*A quick bit of more background first about the itinerant artist, and an introduction to a few objects, before a short digression about art historical method and my more general phenomenological

approach to writing; performing art history; participating in that exchange of visual wisdom. (SLIDE 3) As is already clear, Gentieu is not a typical art historical figure—he didn't exhibit work in salons or galleries; or make pictures for royal patrons or a petite-bourgeois sensibility; and he didn't overtly participate in modernist discourse or critique. However, behold a "Wanted or Warrant-like" advertising Poster that reads 'Soldiers and Citizens: ATTENTION' … Chromo-Lithographs from a painting by Pierre Gentieu. 'Sent by mail.' Somewhere out there, once-upon-a-time, Gentieu's folky (sign-painter-esque) hand, was part of "Culture."

Born 1842 in Tarbe, France, Gentieu at seventeen moved to Pau, France, and in 1859 and working as an apprentice craftsman for a bookbinding guild (SLIDE 4). A handsome example manuscript here embossed in gold with a young bad boy flaneur donning a pink blazer begins to visually illustrate the setting of Gentieu's early life. Constructed in Pau in the 1840s, the black book with a braggadocios figure framed in foliage and straddling a golden village is emblematic of some bravura of youthfulness, a Whitmanian or Baudelaire-ian neophyte nonchalantly sauntering into in the world. Gentieu in 1859, perhaps a quasi-version of that young man and likewise eager to make his mark, attempted to join the armed forces: he had aspirations to help liberate Italy in their second war of independence: a letter to his parents was met with objections in haste, their immediate response of disapproval squashing his hopes of his armed justice.

Instead, on March 4, 1860, at the behest of his family Gentieu left France to sail for America, a trip to meet his uncle (SLIDE 5). On screen, the anachronically configured insignia of the Gentieu clan—a tribute to the family's genealogical origin roots across the Atlantic, and the town motto of Orthez, in the Lower Pyrenees—shows a meticulously crafted plaque of stained glass. It reads *Toques Si Gaouses—Touch it if you dare.* The valiant adage, a summoning of materialized light and imaginary potentialities, feels to bespeak the intrepid temperament of young Pierre. Resplendent, the crest is gracefully totemic. An elixir or sorts.

I think just with these barebone vignettes—the geographical shifts, zealous epistolary exchanges, and early artisanal endeavors—we begin to recognize the inspired and unusual sensibility of Gentieu. Here, the artist is understood as an experimental force of discovery, a figure on a quest; a *trickster*, in Lewis Hyde's apropos sense of the word, and title of his 1998 book that *'makes the world.*' That liminal figure, the trickster, operating at the interstices of culture and acceptability, most importantly acts to bring the world into *Being*. The historian too, at least my own invented archetypal chronicler, ought likewise aim to skirt that brim of sanity—Acting with the past.

So then, for Gentieu, some kind of brazen courage or radical idiocy brings him to Brooklyn—fifty days at sea, and in late April he arrives. (SLIDE 6)

**I want to slow down a bit more and in fact begin again more acutely with three signifiers—reflections/ideas/object—from the archive: the first, an unusual object; the second, an anecdote; the third, a photograph. Together, these tokens signal to the young man's empathetic, and personal aesthetic vision; his lifeworld as a freedom seeker, a lost artist, and liberty-defending 19th century nomad. These three *things* set the stage, sculpt the contours, and introduce the narrative arc

And when I say *things* here, I am intentional; I am thinking in the quasi-Heideggerian sense of the word: A *thing* as in a kind of an object quaking with lifeforce—a relational entity in the cosmos. A 'world that worlds,' is Heidegger's phrase. A jug or a vessel, his example in the essay *The Thing*—that is at once both object and container. Rendered to *Being* and offering truth in its *nearness* and its phenomenological re-making (or Un-making) of the world. The *thing* then is tool or a technology or an artwork, possibly even an ephemeral moment, that holds the world in itself. (SLIDE 7)

First, a relic, pieces of a flag—actually two flags—from the Civil War. Scraps from both the north and south pasted in tatters on a card. At left on screen, see an excerpt from a NY Times interview in the late 1920s describing the 'relic.' As saliently, the elder veteran Gentieu made the courageous,

prescient and righteous announcement that the Confederate Flag belongs in a museum: Note the title of the article. Really Think about this: nearly a century before the social reckoning of George Floyd, 2020, the wider cultural issues of reparations, the ongoing theft and booty collecting from imperialist empires in museums across the world, the elderly veteran says, and I quote (see the clip on screen): "put the rebel flag in a museum; the North and South should join hands." (SLIDE 8)
Our second thing: During his lifetime, Gentieu once went to D.C., naïve and utterly romantic indeed, he intended to meet the 'great Emancipator,' Abraham Lincoln; and recalls it as one of the saddest days of his life when he realized he was not permitted inside the White House. Pictured here at right in a daguerreotype (an immobile version of the *carte-de-visite;* those disseminating photographs of likeness printed in mass and made most popular by the great Emancipator himself), the dapper Gentieu with regal attire and his bowtie, causally stares out. The red vallum inside of the locket-like charm a sign not necessarily of opulent wealth as much as a meticulously detailed choosing of one's own desired self, personhood. Art historian Maria Loh describes the ghostliness of portraiture. "In the portrait," she writes "a double, an avatar, a friend (but also a potential enemy), and a ghost are born." In this infinitely ongoing and recursive process of image-making, selves in similitude (multiplicities of personhood are birthed). Digesting this paradigm of *haunting*—a Tony Morrison-like word from *Beloved*—is essential; and as Avery Gordon's adage from her text *Ghostly Matters* so crucially reminds us: Haunting is 'an animated state in which repressed or unresolved social violence makes itself known.' Her words again, 'The ghost is a social figure.' This rebirth through likeness in images and reflections in mirrors propels us forward. (SLIDE 9)
*The Third thing I introduce here is a photograph, also a portrait of sorts but stranger still as we look closer. A different technology of mimesis and mechanical reproduction, the photograph on screen is not a Civil War era document. Instead, the picture is the first of many we will see from the late 19th century. Created by Gentieu during his time as an employee, and the sole visual

documentarian of the DuPont Company and Estate, the photograph portrays Joseph Knox standing outside the Hagley Power Yards. Remember, DuPont was the largest producer and provider of gun powder for the Union during the Civil War; they had begun to import Salpeter in 1861 from Europe, and this savvy busy decision led to their eventual complete domination of the market. As will become clear, Gentieu's lightning-rod-like connectivity with DuPont and Thibodaux, labor, capital, and inimitable forms of American violence create the crucible of our inquiry.

A cursory look at Knox's quasi-romantic picture reveals its own deeper tones of melancholia. Notice the willowy sprouting grasses atop the mason wall of rock; their wisps of life embracing the gentleman's face and hat; his steadfast gazing back at us. And witness how the softened, almost diaphanous, lighting of the photograph gracefully works to situate the man between two powdery mounds of matter. The chalky granules acting as a kind of framing elixir. Sculptural and sepulchral, it is as if the grounded earth has split not only the granite stony wall behind, but also our ability to *see* clearly. We are lost in the materiality of light. More than Roland Barthes' notion of longing that he so persuasively outlines in *Camera Lucida,* or the *that-which-has-been-there* quality of photography as a medium, the portrait of our heroic laborer is an intimate record of personal loss. How so? Think of the *punctum*, that other quintessential idea for Barthes and a term that denotes the piercing element of photography, and here how it appears in the space below the man's right arm. An arm that is completely missing—a detail I venture many of us had yet to observe or reckon with. And in its place of absence—that fleshy, corporeal physicality—a ghost seeps through; a heart-shaped light-beam projected onto the rocky masonry behind.

This unlikely apparition and site of material indexicality—traces of light, an auratic mark made unbeknownst to the photographer or subject—is what the great 20th century cultural critic and philosopher Walter Benjamin deemed the 'optical unconsciousness.' ** Photography's apocalyptic temperament is often a conjuring: a messianic resurrecting of the unknown and unknowable. The

obliterating destruction in the Eleutherin Mills of DuPont; the dynamite explosivity of work in the Brandywine River Valley; the eruption of historical truth in the most unforeseen nooks and crevices. And this is where the photographic theorist Ulrich Baer is so utterly right about photography's eidetic entrenchment, how it casually 'Embeds the subject's afterlife.' Ghosts go forwards. Spirits speak animate. For Baer, like myself, 'photography is a medium of *salvaging, preservation,* and the *rescue* of reality."

** Gentieu's story commencing in the 1860s, and witnessed through his modest oeuvre of artworks, is a template that presents us with a robust psychic template for historical recollection—an intuitively embodied relational model. Even the simple re-presentation of original token experiences and pictures revealing the blood- soaked stains of the future; Gentieu's only-by-chance survival across nine battles inscribed in the *lost land of the past*. There is predilection, clairvoyance thickly lodged in his pictures; images *a priori* imbued with the texture of memory. *Now, for a short, delayed, note on historical practice and theory, my conceptual approach to writing with images: belatedness is key, a revelation not a curse.

For the Historian (capital H), the archive and all of its weighty data and details, indexes and record, is often imagined as a kind of paragon of truth. Virtuous in its indisputability. It is an inventory of legal accountings, primary documents, and testimonial papers. *Evidence* is paramount: conclusions therefore often formulaic, even at times. The objectivity of observation—some kind of positivistic method, epistemically rooted in rationale—often seen as our primary, only, and a sanctimonious access point into history.

As an astute chronicler of the past—a documentary truthteller in search of lost time and oft-erased events, persons and places—the archive is thus often fantasized as container of definitive Facts; token computational stamps of proof accounted; mechanistically tended to and institutionally reduced to the inside catacombs and stoney text of libraries.

However, what if the unknown and unknowable is as ripe with kernels of historical truth? Could, then, absences, ephemera and imagination, in fact, approximate History more palpably and genuinely than mere factual rehashing's. What if the strangeness of the past, and interactive illegibility of everyday life (Herman Melville's oft-quoted maxim *the past is a foreign country*) is only ever most true in its own erasure, a cosmic landscape of uneven knots, fissures and cracks. Historical validity then, alas, is finely a mere good guess (at best), a fabrication of reality (at worst): a shot in the dark. *The Historian,* then, not as a dead-end destroyer of dreams, or humdrum stamp-making, fact-finding force of gravitas, or righteously minded taskmaster certifying yesterday's news. *The Historian* instead, like the artist or the poet-philosopher, tracing a different path of possibilities, their work creating an auto-generative tapestry of *Life* lived—an homage equally committed to both material reality and inspired principles.

History-making and truth-telling would, in other words, be an ulterior project—one of necromantic, fantastical hesitations; a resculpting of vanished records. This kind of *History* would be more like a ghost story. And the historian, an alchemist or blind magician attune to uneven forces, juggling carefully the levity of chance. The resonance of history following my account here, in this more mystically minded undertaking, is found in the gaps of silence, the missing steps, the fragmented bullet, the torched earth of sugar cane, the laboring bodies of workers, soldiers and indentured servants alike, the shadowy stamp of an imprinted underside of earthen rock. The *world-picturing* made be a thickly engraved palimpsest, a montage tapestry of mischievous forces. My method then approaches (not an analog at all) what Irene Smalls in her recently published monograph on the 20th c. Brazilian artist Lygia Clark calls the 'organic line.' This line is devoid of any mark—it is a void, the nothingness between the door and its support frame—Small's example. The encounter in space between a canvas, its edge, and the wall: interstitial, yet at once a sensuously prescient blankness.

Perhaps in a kind of aslant, and modest, intellectual gesture, my project thus allies with the *queering/quasi-decolonizing* of the archive's obsessive claims to truth and knowing. Emptiness and absence, the wound that remains open—a gift with its rawness and not yet a scar or a branding: These are the channels of history-making I caste.

Out then from the mere weighty wreckage, destruction and detritus of the past: the Historian's most noble task becomes one of gracious invention. Sincere imagination: watching, reading, and molding; *pure innocence* of a keen historical Mind made manifest. However, this structured undertaking—persistently latent with graves and cemeteries, ditches dug, and fossilized topographies—is not some gratuitous flight of fancy wherein impressionistic recounting supersedes indexical impressions of truth. Surely, Not this.

What then? Fragments and Contingency. Memory living in landscape. History most palpable in its own fracturing and dissipations. Discreet objects and pictures telling a story that if assembled with great responsibility and care—and untangled through a kind of motivated set of descriptions—may belatedly (that word again) offer us a version of the past more closely attuned with the lost world it once was. *My praxis and method is not only phenomenological, as in receptive to and sensuously attentive with the everyday; the perceptive and resonant world of objects and persons; but also, kindred with the ongoing poetical project of the great literary critic and writer W.G. Sebald. 'The representation of history,' writes Sebald, 'requires a falsification of perspective. We, the survivors, see everything from above, see everything at once, and still we do not know how it was.' Sebald's melancholic tone toward the past (as he says: 'obliquely, tangentially, by reference'), his intuitive wandering and absorptive prosaic language; his fragile dissociative-like calling on the blind and mute to sense and feel; to see, speak and interpolate the world, is my mystic guide.

From an Art historical lens, it is clear that I believe the interpretative act or descriptive interplay between words and images—what Jan Elsner and others have explored in contemporary

art historical scholarship through the language of *ekphrasis*—is paramount. Onward now: Gentieu in his uniform soon-to-be. (SLIDE 10)

It is as if the heavily-patinaed photograph on screen is already an auratically imbibed vessel; Gentieu's geographies of experience and disjunctive life detours evident in the surrounding atmospheric scene of wall-paper-like golden peelings; his cap and countenance both steady amidst the liquid life of bric-a-brac festooned around.

After Brooklyn, April 1860: Gentieu survives not-but-a-winter in New York; he can't bear the cold; the temperament of the urban streets covered in snow. Unbeknownst to his uncle then, he decides to go southward. And on January 8, 1861, travels by boat to New Orleans. Arriving in the city amidst the heightened climate of Confederate withdrawal from the union—just days before the secession of Louisiana, weeks before Lincoln's March 4 inauguration, a mere few months before April 12, Fort Sumter, South Carolina—Gentieu decides to proactively enlist in the New Orleans Artillery, a unit which drilled in both French and English. Little did he know that the imminent secession of Louisiana—and pro-slavery decision from the New Orleans—would dominate any willful choice or possibilities to discharge for the still newly-arrived French emigrant. As 1861 dragged on and fighting against the Union seemed more likely for his New Orleans militia unit, a key legal precedent in Louisiana service doctrine—French civil law and Napoleonic code—became an essential lifeline for the young Gentieu. In brief, militia enlisted men were not required to perform armed service past the Stateline; and in early Spring 1862, the Union capture of New Orleans presented Pierre with an opportunity, a palpable chance to follow fate, make destiny.

It began as Gentieu's mendacious colonel berated the last-standing militia members, demanding conscription and full enlistment into the regular Confederate army. He also feigned an option to leave the service for those that didn't 'Believe in the Rebel cause' (READ: slavery) At this crossroads, stationed in an artillery camps dozens of miles from the city and deep in the bayou,

Gentieu stood up. Palpably shaken, he was the first of his ranks to rise; and was soon joined by his friend Albert Fest, then thereafter by three Germans as well. They were told by the officer to drop their weapons, rucksacks and belongings.

In a harrowing letter, Gentieu recalls the near certainty of knowing he would be shot in the back as he and the four others were told to flee—run, head back upstream toward New Orleans. In a kind of instant miracle moment and transcendent flash, the young 19-year-old stepped through the veil; a first near-death experience, he was alive and on the right-side of history—back in the city.[i] One-month later, rejuvenated and with his wits about him, on May 21, 1862, Gentieu enlisted in the 13th Volunteer Connecticut Infantry. For the next 18-months he and the regiment would be entrenched in Lafourche Parish (a parish, subdivisions like counties), where Thibodeaux was the capital.

Lt. Colonel Homer Sprague's historical account of the 13th Volunteer Connecticut Infantry, published in 1867, recounts build-up to the first battle facing the group. On October 25, 1862, a Sunday evening, the 13th slithered down the left bank of the bayou leaving Donaldsville—en route to Thibodeaux 30 miles south. (SLIDE 11) Sprague explains the raucous scene and recalls the sudden joining of their ranks by strangers. "A Great numbers of negroes left their owners' plantations and joined us, bringing with them mules, turkeys, furniture, and bundles of clothing. It was the first time they had ever seen the Yankees…" As was the case, *Gentieu wasn't alone in joining the ranks *ad hoc.* (SLIDE 12)

Five days later, on October 30, Camp Stevens was established 1-mile below the center of town at Thibodeaux. This photograph of the camp illustrates the land and temporary domiciles; we will come back to it shortly. One week forward, on Saturday November 7, 1862, an explosion at a railroad crossing near Thibodeaux sobered the calm at camp. Train tracks and rail lines—with their

bilateral themes of mobility and disjunction; traversal and collapse; access and exclusion—as an anchoring motif in these next chapters of our tale. SLIDE 13

And as we prepare our final return to the epicenter of the campgrounds, skirmish, and eventual massacre at Thibodaux—a site Gentieu and his compatriots would eventually return to and spend some 6 months bivouacked in 1863—I want to sketch details of a different battle in the region, and a related depiction. I also want to proactively situate again metaphor as *the* central device orienting this historical environment and its ramifications. I'm thinking most acutely here of a Wave (in three parts) as this fluid, figurative force—the thrashing groundswell of war that lasted until spring 1865, a pinnacle of intensity, one; two, the way crested water once catapulted onto the shore quietly retreats, a whisper of sea salt dragged along the beach back home; this shoal and its sandy residue the twelve years following the war's end until 1877; and finally, three, the aftermath of the cascading watery scene—this last vector of haunting quietude, a voided nothingness, the diachronic time propelling forward after autumn 1877.[ii] These dates and numbers soon to find their own precise pathos. (SLIDE 14)

Pierre's first action in battle was April 18, 1863; he drafted a letter to his uncle Ulysses. (SLIDE 15) First, William Hall of the 22nd Maine (Division) published this picture in Harper's Weekly. The April 14 Battle of Irish Bend was short-lived, and hugely significant. The two languid soldiers in the foreground of Hall's picture—both pictured in white—attest to the losses for the Union. Most conspicuous still, is a whited-out detail in the distance; a diamond-like light stationed just barely atop the horizon at left. Ostensibly an explosive shock of artillery combustion, the mini-mushroom-cloud-like symbol is also an apparition: faint beams of light shooting out from its underside. At right, a star balances the sky.

Suspension: numinous craters above. The astral world of activity like the illustrious 1861 comet caste an omen from the looming world overhead. Divinity, belief, and the spheres of God

still had collective gravitas in the mid-19th c.— suspension too as it relates with communication— not celestial but with messages in the air. The Civil War was one of the first conflicts to implement the use of telegraphic letters. Memoranda sent across the ether like the many war balloons surveilling land. (SLIDE 16) Timothy O'Sullivan's April 1864 photograph printed in Alexander Gardner's *Sketchbook of the War* shos this process of aerial construction. Two soldiers, not dead in white like Hall's picture, but rather straddling atop wooden pillars fixed in the earth; the barebones structure preparing for wires to next be hung, suspender in the air. A network of invisible communication absently traversing space **The alacrity of this motion so different than the stiff lodging of a bullet. Or, as Gentieu says: "I had a narrow escape… my rifle broken in two by a shell; the blow hit me on my right knee, knocking me to the ground. I thought my legs were broken." Like the great Emily Dickinson wrote in her poem: "My life had stood – a Loaded Gun." Again just barely escaping death, Gentieu's epistolary voice is heard in an echo, a whisper across the page.[iii] (SLIDE 17).

"I am tearing a tear sheet from my portfolio to trace these lines. You will excuse my writing as it is with a piece of wood that I am writing to you." So more precisely, his voice was not heard at all, but his wooden words—that letter to his uncle crafted with bark and 'traced' onto a blank paper sheet from his portfolio; the draftsman's scraps themselves made from a tree's pulp long digested, watered-down like the bog that was Irish Bend. Gentieu's arboreal text scratched itself into life: to be read. to be felt; to be held.

And consider more closely Gentieu's chosen phrase of turn— 'to trace these lines;' the calligraphic aspect of script; his artistic making of letters come to life; the *traces* left behind after the battle, after any battle—shadows and memory, spirits and blood alike; traces like patterns or silhouettes. Their imprints and contours, the indexical records of life-left, lost in the landscape: twig tools once for writing, now long faded back into the glittery dew of mud. Dust. Dirt. *That* which remains. *The after quiet*. Phantom figures taking flight.

(SLIDE 18) And flight makes sense too; because it wasn't only telegraphic technology that dominated the sky. Consider both this diagrammatic rendering of the battle and a cartographic picture from Englishman John Bachmann. Different articulations of perspective—both, nonetheless, an address to *Aerial-ity*. As devices of representation that scoured the land from above, their material impact makes sharp sense. Visions from an ulterior plane directly touching the outcomes of battle. Bachmann's unsettling Bird's Eye View of four southern states titled 'Panorama of the Seat of War' appears to slide upward off the page. The painting percolates with ghoulish green contours; it is, however, the stringy blue artery of the Mississippi River that guides our eyes into the swampy cavity of southern Louisiana (SLIDE 19). At the base of the delta a totemic stamp; the detail some symbolic goblin god with green tributary figures: call Bachmann picture a version of the topographical grotesque.

Today at Irish Bend, a plaque rest in commemoration. While Confederate forces had a small success—temporarily receiving rail supplies from Texas out west (SLIDE 20)—the real outcome would be felt that night and over the next two months leading up to Thibodaux. **Notice the modest inscription of a While Pelican resting atop. Only a few years prior, the prehistoric-looking creature with a 9-foot wingspan, had become the state bird (SLIDE 21). Surveying the land and waters from above with a different native lens than Bachmann and his panorama, the white pelican's presence in the delta was ubiquitous. And think too: the esteemed ornithological painter in New Orleans John James Audubon had only decades before painted the bird's picture, a post-mortem creaturely portrait. A self-identified naturalist, Audubon's *Birds of America* was a collection of watercolors reproduced from hand-engraved plates. This mammoth-sized folio shows birds in their actual size and scale. In other words, Audubon's project required a shooting down of the animals. (SLIDE 22). Taken out of the sky by the man with his shotgun—an object held in Princeton's special collection archive—it seems target practice, decimation of the living world, has long had

precedent in the American landscape. Art Historian Jennifer Roberts' research on Audubon in her brilliant book *Transporting Visions* discusses the zeal of technological changes, movement of images in the 19th century, and the role of new media. For Roberts', the telegraph, the railroad, and the photograph fundamentally altered perceptions of space. Communication and legibility were at stake. (SLIDE 23)

The photograph on screen shows part of the 13th Company D. Along the Mississippi, the regiment is immaculately clad. Photography's wizardry is seen in its ability to cleanly picture the world. As we horizontally scan the ranks, however, uncanny details emerge: notice how the photograph predominately pictures black, African American, men. "Soldiers that have joined the ranks," as Sprague hinted at. In their navy coats, their white-gloved hands grasp together to form an undulating line of white fists that anchor the row. A chord, a barrier. ** The racial, colored, element continues to become more unsettling.

See the bog just below: the unsteady, flame-like reflections of the soldier's bodies. Wavering apparitions in the crystal-stilled water mutter the surface like a rank of inverted candles. Strange, it as if these mirrored shadows were able to alchemically leap over the arboreal detritus at center. So, the situation amplifies as we consider then that most conspicuous object at hand: this massive hollowed-out tree, a sodden log, dividing the picture. The woody spindle appears like some microscopically exaggerated bugle: a dirge lodged in the land; a call to arms. And there is something more menacing, too—the tree's reflection beside the soldier's spectral selves—in tandem create an the almost gill-like, ribbed jaw of flickering teeth. The simple photograph is, in fact, a mordant record sliced in time / space. (SLIDE 24)

And while it appears Gentieu is not pictured on the riverbank, in some way his portrait feels to be synecdochical—a part of/for the whole; a surrogate, or symbol, standing in for the cohort. Isolate and removed from the unified congregation, our protagonist is adrift, mobile in his own

motley colored frame and universe. In motion, a link missing and a missing link—Gentieu's service not so much singular but splintered off, a solitary stranger like any other soldier on their own journeying in war.

(SLIDE 25) Returning now to that other photograph, Gentieu's version of camp at Thibodaux, we notice how ulterior narratives inscribe pictures. Similar to the regiment photograph just discussed, the image defamiliarizes space. It accomplishes this through positionality. At ground level and nearly abut the first file of tents, the angle is askance. We tilt to tread carefully into the outdoor hallway-like, corridor (SLIDE 26). Whereas a picturesque and atomized *flat* view oriented the lithograph, the *affect* of the photograph is different—entrance into camp is obfuscated.

Two figures at right and left anchor the bivouacs; the surreptitious man at left engages the camera's lens (SLIDE 27). Even in his murky stance and washed-out face is a lurking presence; his blanked-out stare, a precautionary tale; some muted question that returns both our gaze today and Gentieu's then. The strangeness of photography is an echo that returns onto and into itself. Folding inward.

And this echo, like the lithograph and photo alike, is only the aftermath of combat on June 21, 1863. Camp at Thibodaux—the battle also known as La Fourche Crossing—was an encounter that ended with Confederates troops ransacking the land and burning the bridge at the crossing. The encroaching Union army's imminent control of the railroad and marshy lands of southern Louisiana was, in effect, already written in the fire.[iv] Gentieu would continue to fight with the Connecticut Volunteers over the following 18-months as they made their way back north. *If only the story ended there in that mid-summer heat.*

As a kind of disjunctive pivot, for the concluding episodes of this talk, we shift time and tilt space—partially at least. And We adjust our sight. In June 1877, nearly twelve-years hence, and after a raft of failed NY ventures including a few artisanal patisseries in Brooklyn, Gentieu found stable

work as a book keeper for the DuPont Corporation (SLIDE 28). Ghastly scenes like this one, miners at work suffocated by the striations of extracted minerals, orient the center of capital at DuPont. An extraterrestrial-like site of terror, the shattered whiteness of the factory's quarry is a haunting.

Meanwhile, also in the same year of 1877, the federal government withdrew troops from the south—formally ending the Reconstruction period. And in autumn, November, 1877 became the year of the largest labor strike to date in US history. Sugar cane workers—nearly all black—indentured to a racist and subjugating system of exploitation in southern Louisiana at the Laurel Valley Plantation demanded a change to both their working and living conditions: fair payment for laboring hours; adequate housing (SLIDE 29). The plantation system indeed still ruled the land of the old south. After three-weeks of protest and unrest, the striking farmers were met by a white-mob of violence (SLIDE 30); and on November 23, upwards of 60 black workers were slaughtered; most all of their bodies never found: it was one of the largest mass-murder-campaigns in the post-Civil War Reconstruction era: the racial killings became known as the Thibodeaux massacre. It was *the* scene of the crime (SLIDE 31). A newspaper clip from that November, and another posthumous picture of slave quarter housing on screen. You see, there is something uncanny in the footprints and pictures, the phantom thread of Pierre Gentieu's lost trails—paper and blood alike: a mournful vitalism that fuses together forming an uneven quilt, his life and pictures a constellational forcefield. A space of ordinariness and absence slowly making the world.

Apocalyptically attune to some minor key, Gentieu continued to plod along, lumbering into the unknown (SLIDE 32). For the DuPont people at that time, pyrotechnic fascinations and the booming explosives industry only swelled. In 1868, dynamite was patented; and soon thereafter the company bought the rights to the detonating invention. And then in 1876, the corporation took off; 'blew up' as they say, making extensive purchases across the United States: Capital acquisitions;

exploitation and profiteering; destruction and biochemical fetishizing the tools for the trade. Gentieu was just content to have steady, ordinary work. He kept to his bookkeeping (not bookmaking) business, and only gently minded the time.

An early photographic record from up north in the Brandywine depicts Alec Burns, employed as 'Gatekeeper' of the Hagley Yards—Hagley the name of the former industrial site prior to 1802 and DuPont's acquisition of the land. Burns' work was tough; Gentieu, however, offers this Gatekeeper his own space of refuge, a sanctuary of stillness even if for only a fleeting instant. With piercing eyes, the silent bard in his own earthen studio rests. He is a painterly figure. Situated near to the camera, with legs crossed and arms rested as if in a kind of prayer, his melancholia is palpable. The floorboards bracing his stillness are strewn with life, living matter: dried dirt, sooty resin, clumps of clay caked into the wooden grooves. A pile of ashy rubble, black gold, glimmers in the corner like the opacity of darkness. Above Burns' naked head—his hat nearby—a kind of stained halo imprints the wall; off-kilter, in the *kingdom of cash* this 'working class hero' wears an oily splattered crown.

(SLIDE 33) Soon thereafter, Gentieu would paint the ominous Mount Salem Methodist Church. A paranormal mood envelops the atmosphere: the lone standing figure, double galloping horses, stony architectonics of the castle-like cathedral. Which all makes keen sense because Gentieu completed the painting on January 26, 1879, the day after the church had burned down. This is the only known picture of its fated existence.[v] (SLIDE 34)

It was, however, this watercolor sketch from Gentieu of the Lower Yards completed one day at lunch in 1878—another quirky landscape with the earthen colors and somber tones—that drew the attention of Lamott Du Pont, cementing his future position at the estate; therein-after Gentieu was offered access into the inner gothic sanctum of the area.[vi] (SLIDE 35) It seems Lamott—the appointed president of the firm and mastermind behind the newly formed subsidiary company, Repauno Chemical—wanted to find someone artistic and able to document the property

and business. Sites of visceral gore, innards of the chemical sublime scour the environment. Here, Carney's Points a grinding factory for sodium nitrate; also a plant for guncotton and smokeless powder. You can imagine the nefarious dangers. While the intentions behind his pseudo- support of Gentieu are unclear, it wouldn't matter: Lamott was dead in three years' time; (SLIDE 36). blown apart due to a misguided experiment in the new Repauno facilities. Test tubes and beakers of scientific light also simultaneously lethal liquid vials, deadly biochemical poison: the fine glassy lines of desire and Eros always cutting both ways (SLIDE 37). Outside of the furnace heat, chaos also reigned. *The resplendent awe of this burning barn is an exasperated sigh*. Singular and disposed, its X-ray insides bare the shimmering horrors beneath the surface. And while it seems the tragic hiss of flames may have quelled, a sweltering cloud of smoke continues to eviscerate the roof like a rapacious ghost. Even the edges ripple back like embers to echo this hellish fiery scene.

From my view, Gentieu's best photographs disclose an evocative sense of the uncanny, and often seem to approximate the trembling reality of life at the Mills. They are a kind of dark electricity that reaches out, and shocks. The voltage remains resonant. In this way, his life's work was an Attending to the pathos of the everyday; and at DuPont's exploitative and vile gunpowder mills, he captured the devastation of labor; the psychic alienation and material dispossession embedded in *early-mass-industrial* toil (SLIDE 38). Here, to conclude, a few final pictures. *One*, William Flannigan. Another long-term employee of the estate (loyal for more than ½ a century), Flannigan here stands next to a 'packing house car.' The photograph is murderous: Raw brutality seen through Gentieu's camera eyes. On center stage hangs an uncouth prophylactic—the afterlife bag a carrier for the grainy particles of *artisanal mining*—that perverse phrase and misnomer; a better term: indentured and hazardous servitude. Dwarfed beside the white canvas ghost, Flannigan is revealed to be the mere pawn he is in the labyrinthine scheme of the DuPont gangsters. In this mechanistic tableau, it becomes *plain* that the coffin-esque planked machine, narrow-gauge rail-lines *below*, and *nailed-to-the-*

cross empty *white bag* are each more Vital than the man himself. There is no resurrection here. No rebirth. "Our product," says the master, "owns you." The photograph is a monument to the gallows of profit (SLIDE 39). Murder most foul.

You see, Gentieu never forgot Thibodeaux. Those slave quarter houses that still remain today—spaces I walked through (SLIDE 40), staggered into last April myself. He didn't forget his first 1863 drawing or those bullet wounds (SLIDE 41). And maybe even the massacre too in 1877—months after he moved to Delaware; the remains of his spirit still there then 12 years hence. Like Dickinson writes, "I FELT A FUNERAL IN MY BRAIN;" or "This is the Hour of Lead — Remembered, if outlived." You see, it was only chance, contingency, that Gentieu happened to be in Thibodeaux in 1863; or happened to travel to New Orleans or Brooklyn; or happened to find work at DuPont; *the vitality and unknowability of life*. The grief of experience working to create his own personal vision of solidarity.[vii] Not with disavowal; but with seeing and Being in good faith (SLIDE 42). And today, like a torch lighting the oculus of the stage but darkening the room itself, his final work of art—a self-portrait painted in 1929 shines like a dampened searchlight (SLIDE 43). Strange earthen colors and a flimsy black cane bookending our tale.

Imaginatively attune to both the splendor and dread of the world (SLIDE 44)—the creative joys and elations as much as the horror and abjections—Gentieu was right then, as he is now, teaching us to see. To look through the dark and into the light.

Thank you.

April 8, 2025.

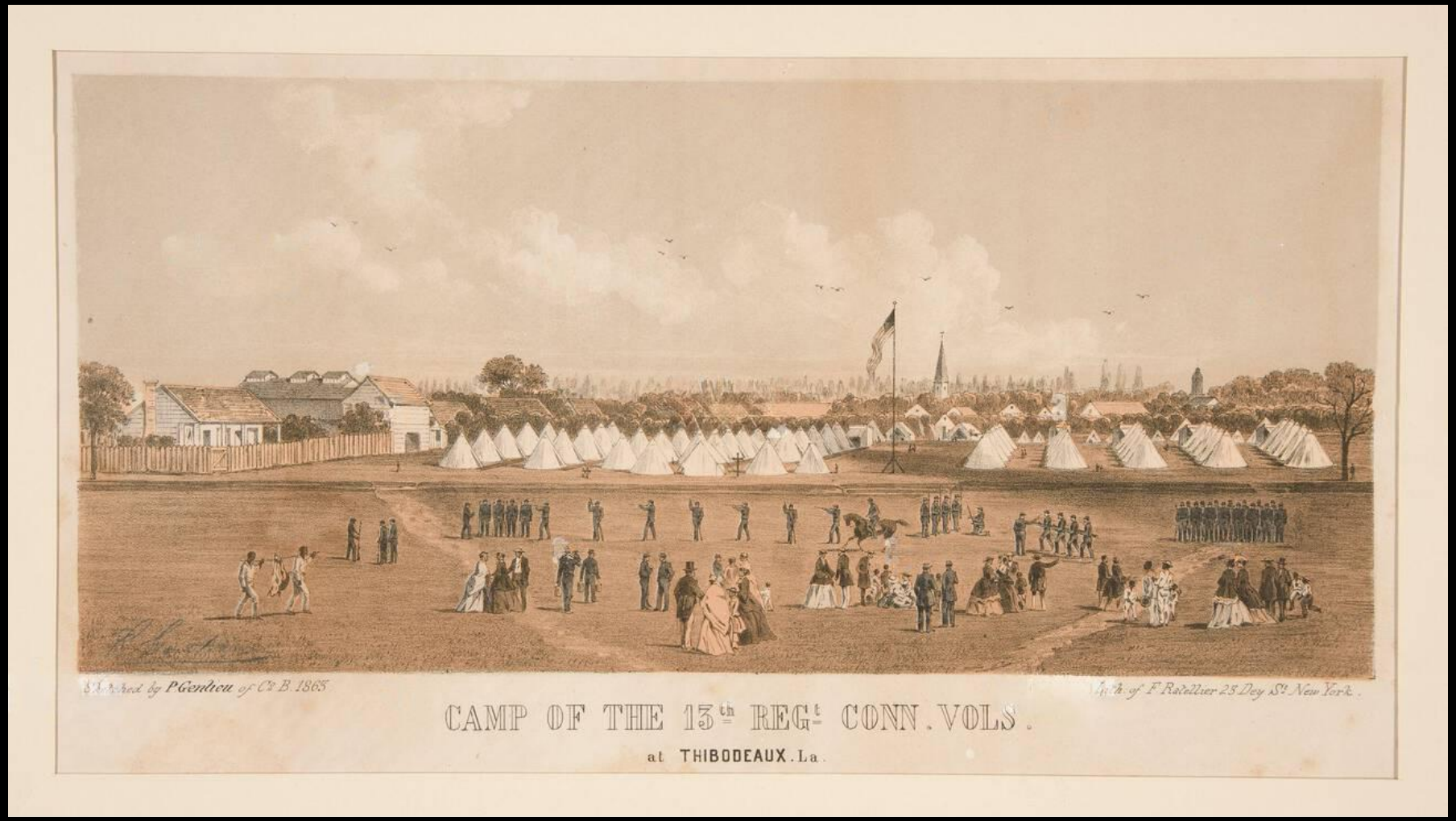
[i] file:///Users/writing4lyfe/Downloads/brigade-nouvelle-orleans%20Gentieu.pdf

[ii] https://archive.org/details/historyof13thinf00spra/page/74/mode/2up?q=thibodaux&view=theater
LaFarche campaign, p. 74
[iii] **Acoustic Shadows, Jonathon Sterne**
[iv] https://www.jstor.org/stable/pdf/4231313.pdf?refreqid=fastly-default%3A8ed9d60f68a257abb6bada9e67743d82&ab_segments=&initiator=&acceptTC=1

[v] Sarah Burns *Painting the Dark Side*
[vi] gentieu

[vii] (Thoreau's *vitalism*)

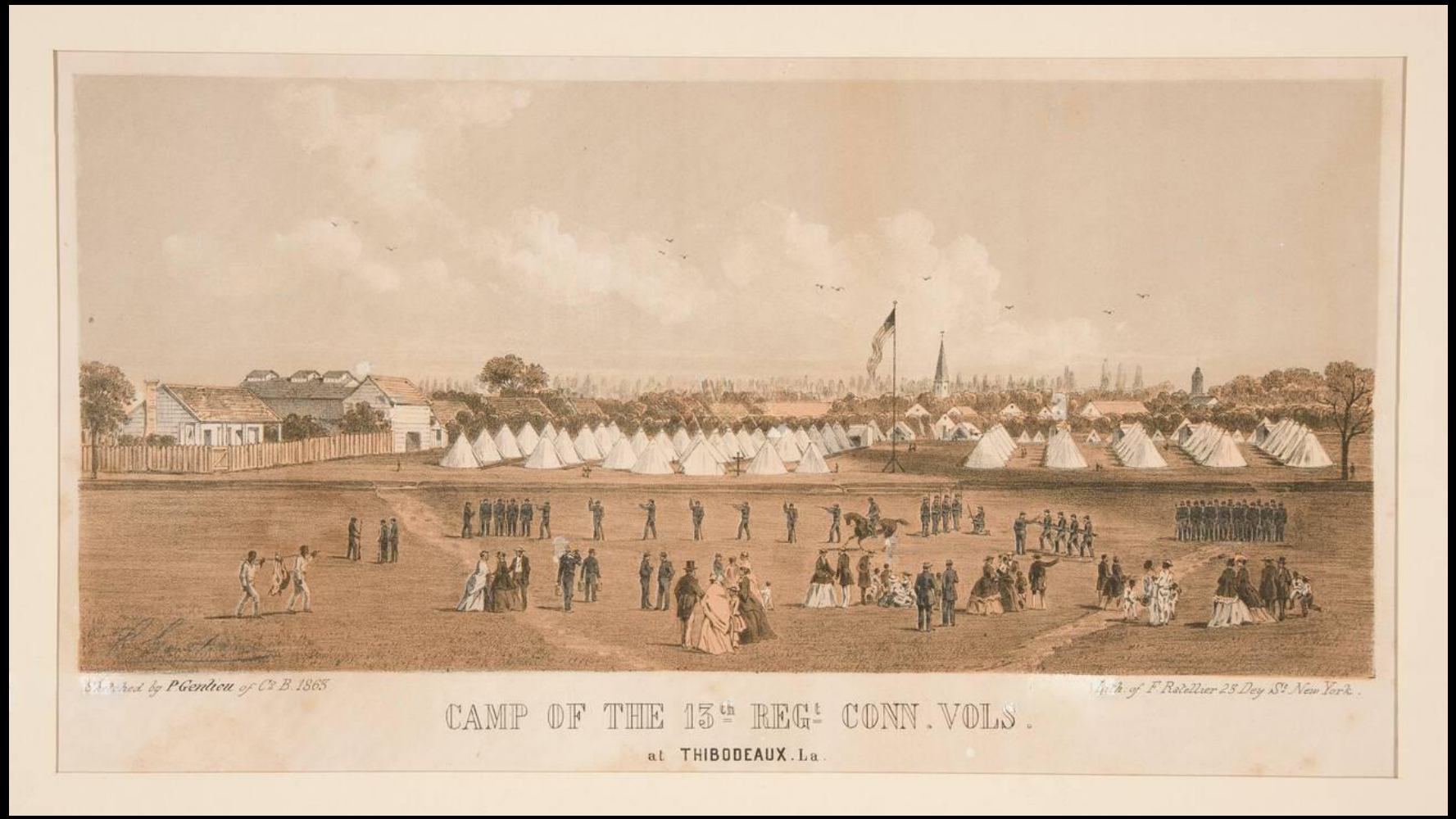
Fragments of Place, Imagination of Absence
Pierre Gentieu and the Civil War



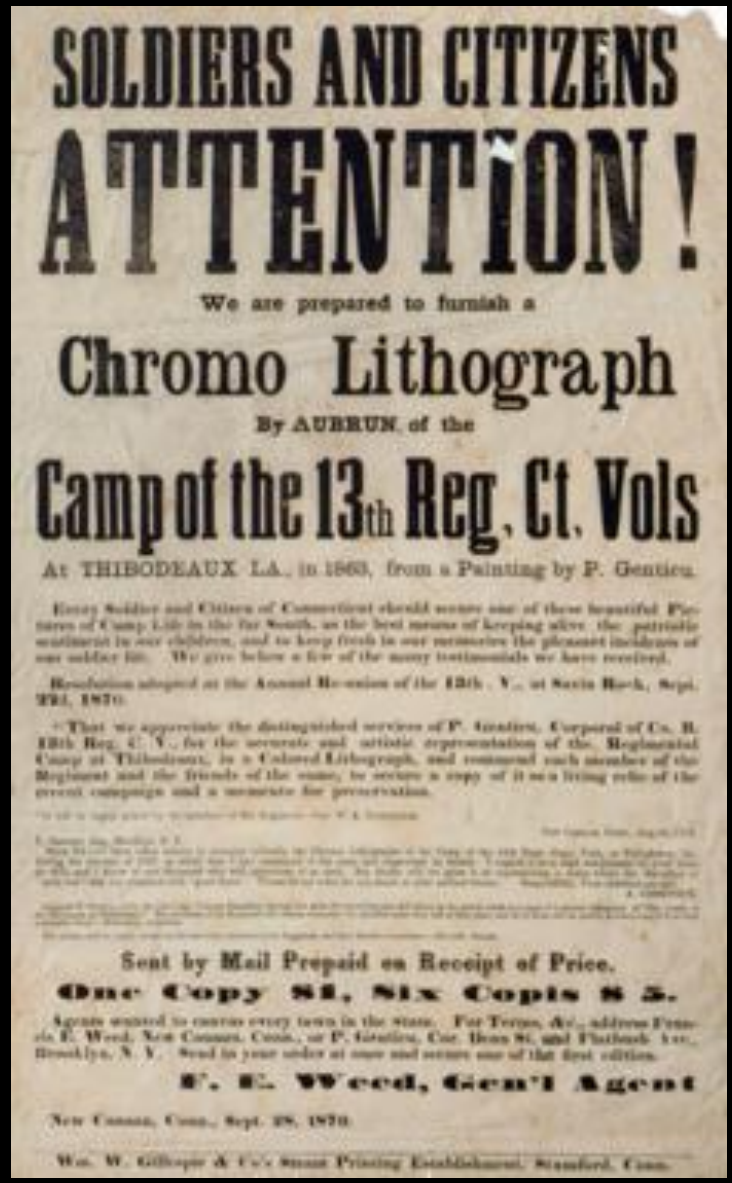
Pierre Gentieu, *Camp of the 13th Regiment or Connecticut Volunteers,* 1863
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

By what mysterious influence is it that cemeteries are fated to become battlefields,
as many a one from Baton Rouge to Gettysburg testifies?

-Homer Sprague,
History of the 13th Infantry Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers



Pierre Gentieu, *Camp of the 13th Regiment or Connecticut Volunteers,* 1863
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware



SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS

ATTENTION!

We are prepared to furnish a

Chromo Lithograph

By AUBRUN of the

Camp of the 13th Reg. Ct. Vols

At THIBODEAUX LA., in 1863, from a Painting by P. Gentieu.

Every Soldier and Citizen of Connecticut should secure one of these beautiful Pictures of Camp Life in the far South, as the best means of keeping alive the patriotic sentiment in our children, and to keep fresh in our memories the pleasant incidents of our soldier life. We give below a few of the many testimonials we have received.

Resolution adopted at the Annual Re-union of the 13th C. V., at Savin Rock, Sept. 7th, 1870.

"That we appreciate the distinguished services of P. Gentieu, Corporal of Co. B, 13th Reg. C. V., for the accurate and artistic representation of the Regimental Camp at Thibodeaux, in a Colored Lithograph, and commend each member of the Regiment and the friends of the same, to secure a copy of it as a living relic of the event campaign and a memento for preservation.

Sent by Mail Prepaid on Receipt of Price.

One Copy $1, Six Copies $5.

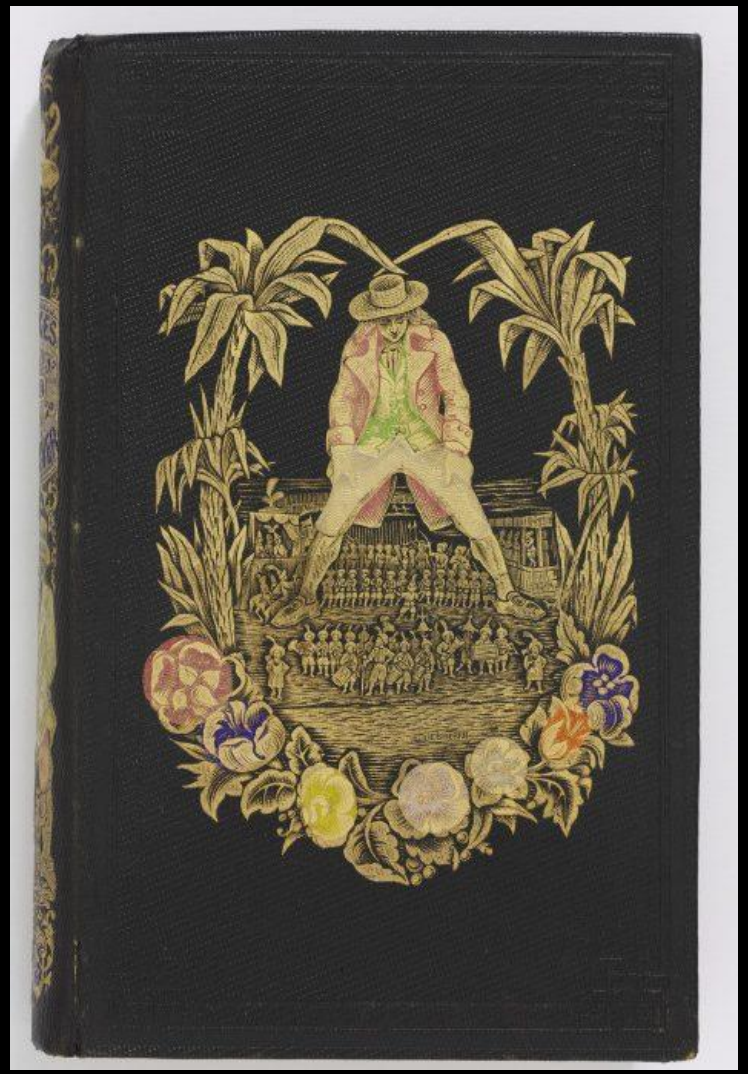
Agents wanted to canvas every town in the state. For Terms, &c., address Francis E. Weed, New Canaan, Conn., or P. Gentieu, Cor. Bean St. and Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send in your order at once and secure one of the first edition.

F. E. Weed, Gen'l Agent

New Canaan, Conn., Sept. 28, 1870.

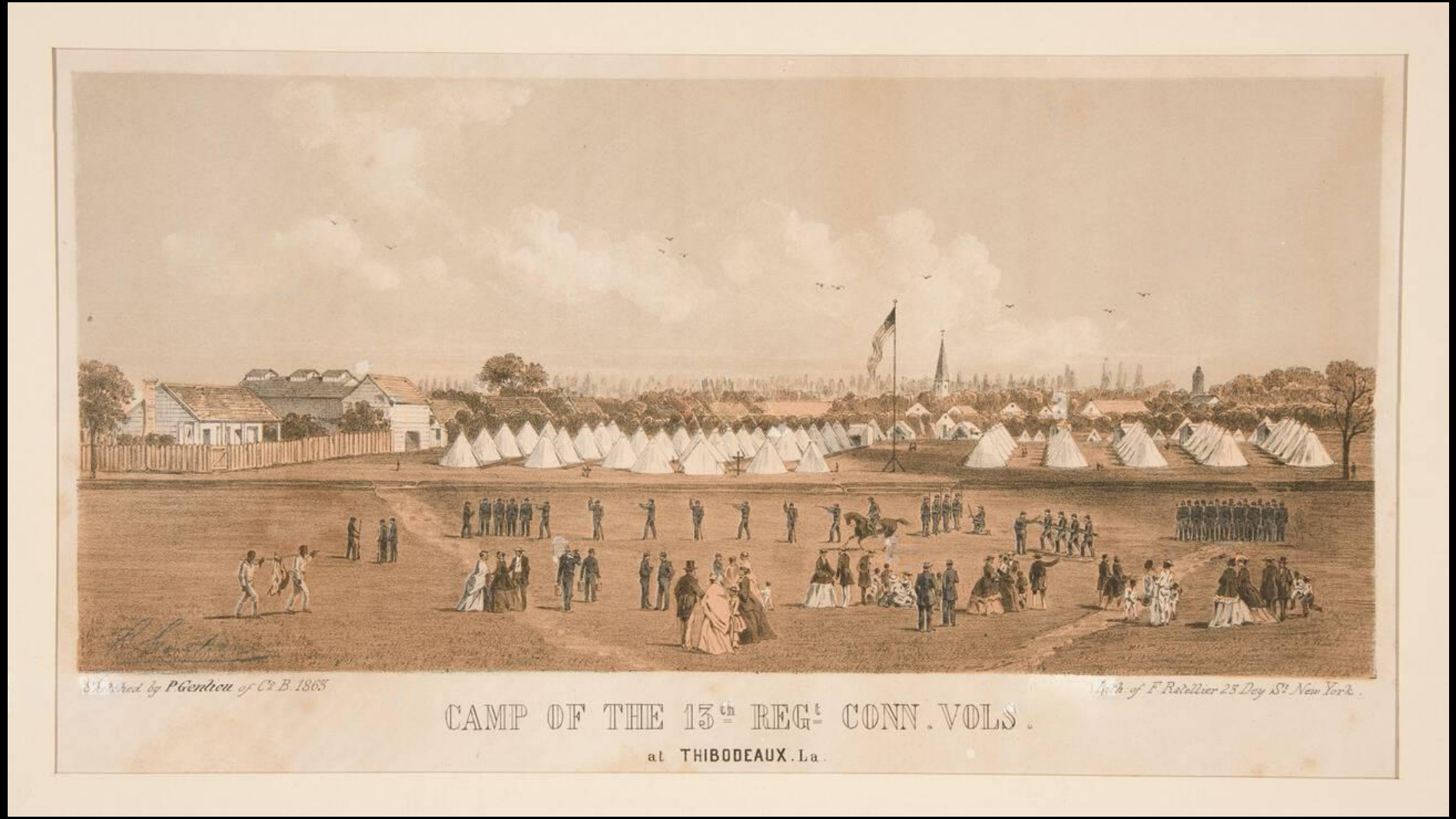
Wm. W. Gillespie & Co's Steam Printing Establishment, Stamford, Conn.

Pierre Gentieu, '*Soldiers and Citizens Attention' Advertisement,* 1863
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware



Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*, c. 1840,
Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department

Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware



Pierre Gentieu, *Camp of the 13th Regiment or Connecticut Volunteers,* 1863
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

He has an interesting relic at home of the Civil War, in the form of a few shreds of the flags of both the North and the South pasted on a card. They were salvaged by him from the field of battle.

"Many people were killed where these pieces come from," he declared. "I value them so much, I wouldn't part with them for anything in the world."

Put Rebel Flag in Museum Says Vet

Pierre Gentieu Recalls Stirring Incidents of Civil War Battles.

A gray haired, kindly old veteran of the Civil War sat in his home yesterday afternoon, indulging in a few reminiscences of past glories and defeats. A wistful, far-away expression played about his features, and his eyes, tear-filled almost at times, gleamed as he recounted his experiences and adventures during the conflict in the early '60's.

He is Pierre Gentieu, 87 years old, 1405 Riverview Ave., a descendant of sturdy warriors who fought with Napoleon. This aged veteran served in the Union Army as a soldier for three years, escaping death many times, and seeing many of his comrades killed in action at his side.

(Continued on page 5)

SAYS NORTH, SOUTH SHOULD JOIN HANDS

PIERRE GENTIEU.

Pierre Gentieu, *Untitled* (*Self-Portrait*), c.1861
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

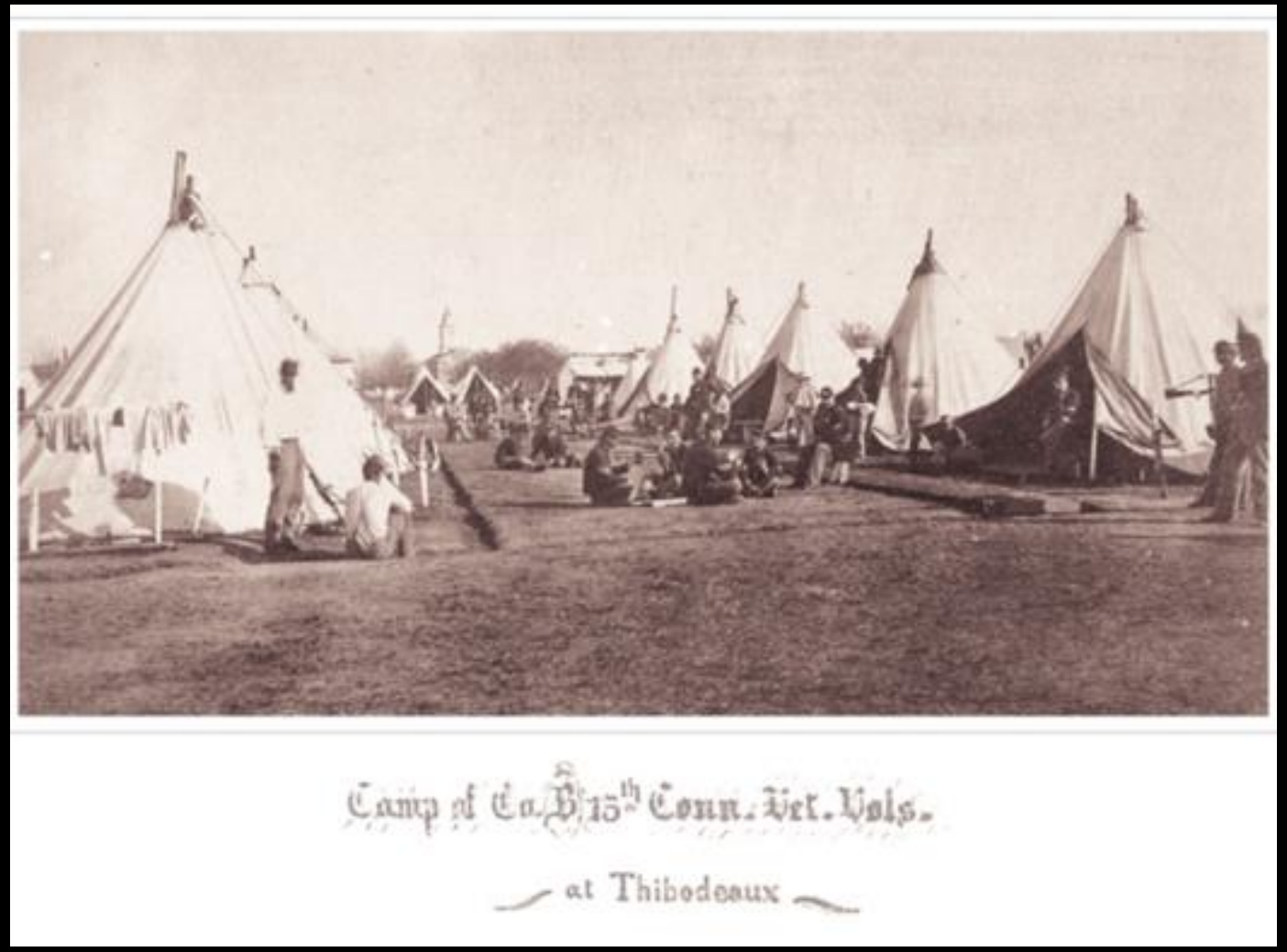
During the life of Abraham Lincoln he once went to Washington, he declared, purposely to see the great Emancipator. It was one of the saddest days of his life when he discovered that he was not permitted to go inside the White House, and he had no opportunity to see him outside.

Pierre Gentieu, *Joseph Knox standing outside the Hagley Power Yards,* c. 1880
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

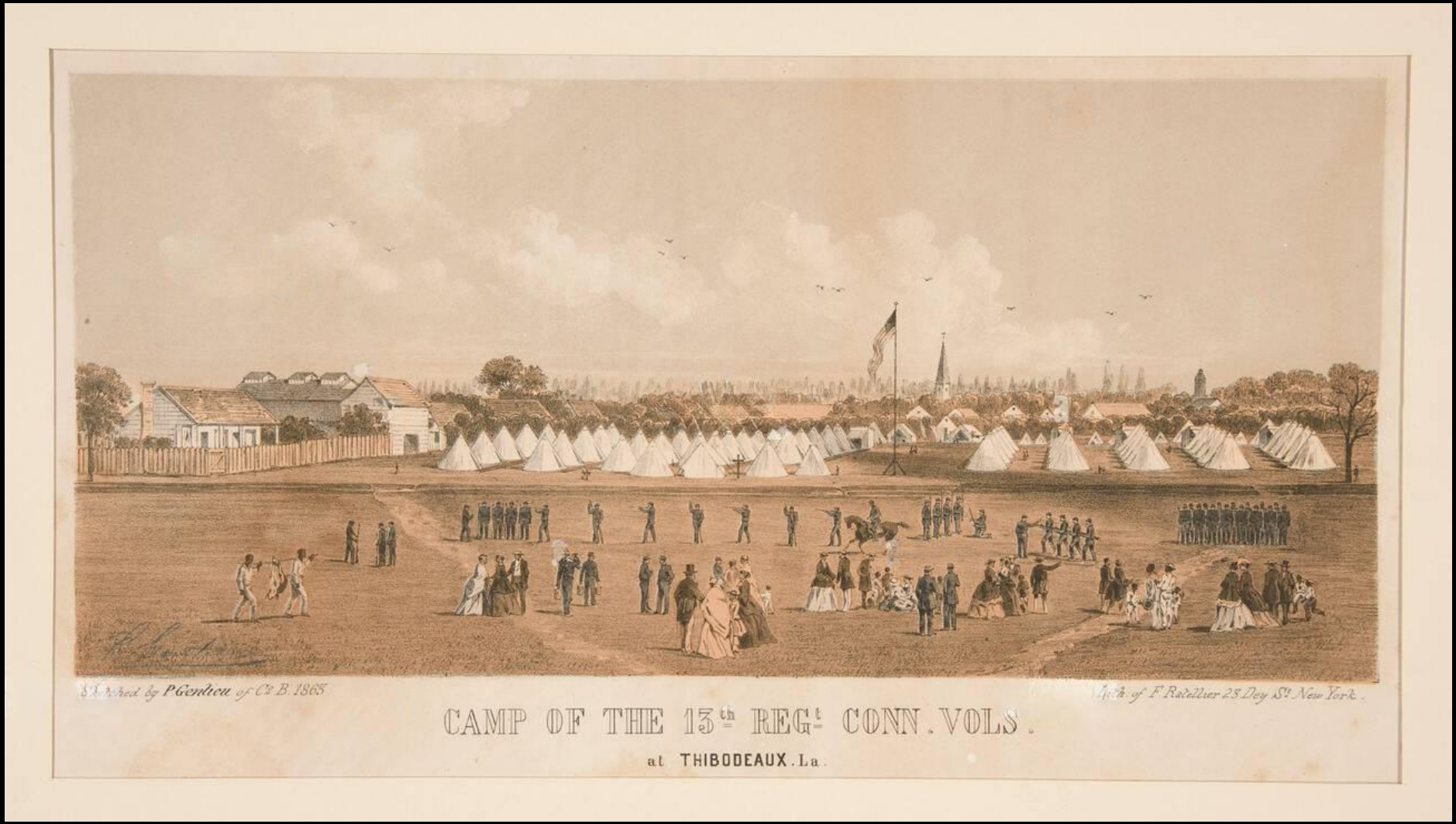
Pierre Gentieu, *Untitled* (*Portrait in Uniform*), 1862
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

Great numbers of negroes left their owners' plantations and joined us, bringing with them mules, turkeys, furniture, and bundles of clothing. It was the first time they had ever seen the Yankees.

-Homer Sprague,
History of the 13th Infantry Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers



Pierre Gentieu, *Camp of Company B.,* 1863, Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware



Pierre Gentieu, *Camp of the 13th Regiment or Connecticut Volunteers,* 1863
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

English translation of a French letter written by Pierre Gentieu of Company B. 13th Connecticut Volunteers Infantry, to his Uncle Ulysse Darrigrand, 452 Dean St., Brooklyn, from Vermilion Bayou, La., April 18, 1863.

Photo copy of letter and scene of action attached.

On the battlefield, April 18, 1863.

Dear Ulysse,

I am tearing a sheet from my portfolio to trace these lines. You will excuse my writing as it is with a piece of wood that I am writing to you.

Before receiving this letter you will have had news of our expedition therefore I will not give any details only to tell you that I am safe and sound for the present but I had a narrow escape at the battle of April 14th, I had my rifle broken in two by a shell, the blow hit me on the right knee, and was knocked on the ground all stunned. I thought that my legs were broken, so much was I deadened by the fall, but I have been quit of it with only a bad bruise, which pains me yet, but though this makes me walk lame, I have not been willing to be left in the rear while we were on such fine confederate hunt.

Since we left Baton Rouge we have been without rest in the way we are pressing the rebels in pursuit. We are traversing now the Athakapas; the rebels have burned a bridge just as we were catching up to them, but we could not stop the fire so that gives us a respite of which I profit. All along the way we have to fight, but there where we had the hardest knocks has been on the 14th near Franklin. I do not know yet what they will name that battle, but you will surely hear of my regiment in the newspaper, we have captured 6 caissons of artillery and the flag of the battery. The 13th regiment has signalized itself, also our Colonel who commanded the Brigade.

We have lost quite good many men, but it cannot be otherwise, as we are always on open ground, and the rebels are in the woods.

Give news from me to papa and mama, I hope to write to them myself, but for the present it is not possible.

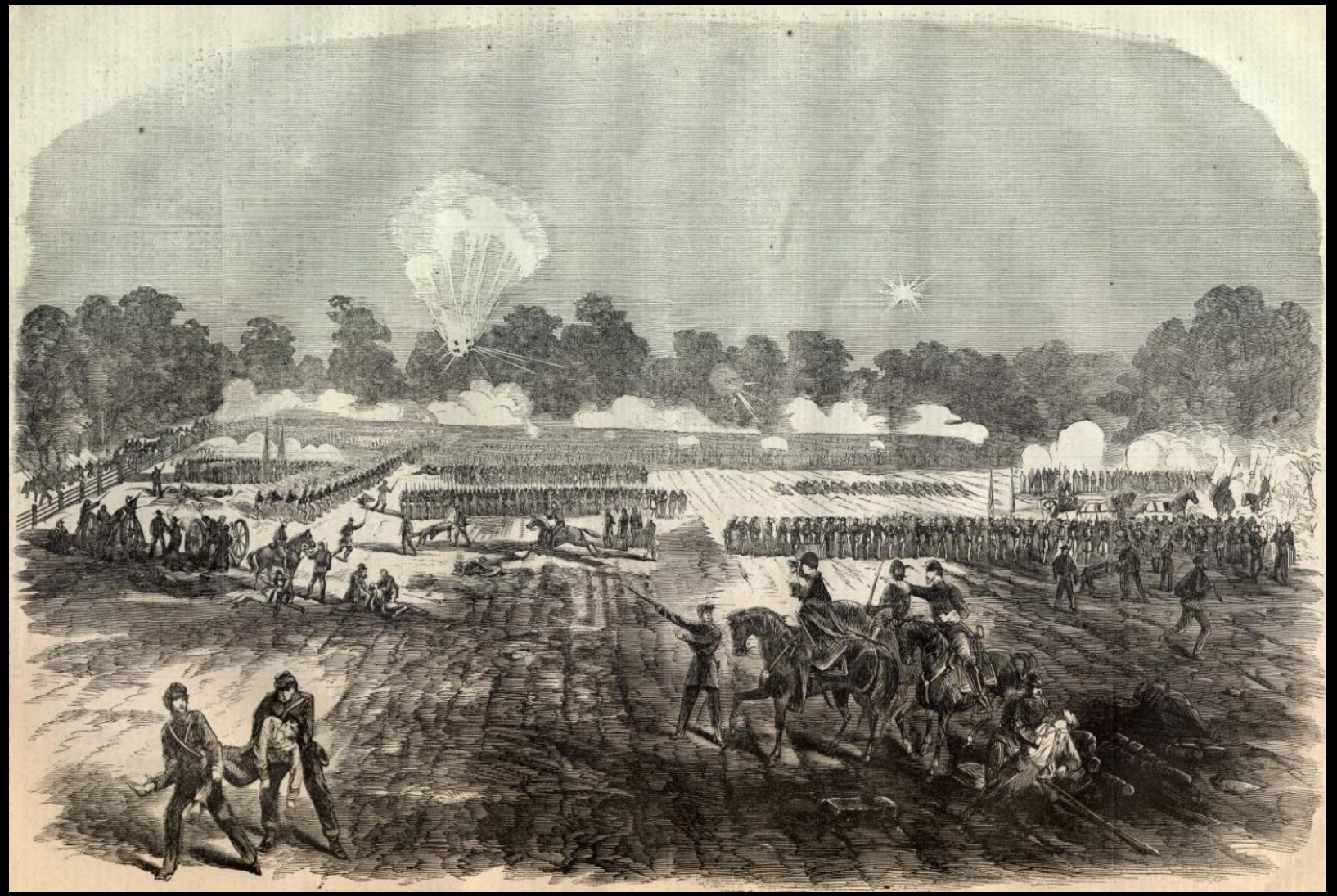
They are asking for our company to go as skirmishers along a bayou which is in front of us; impossible to write any longer, the rifle firing is commencing.

Good bye, your nephew, who does his duty and expects to hear from you.

P. GENTIEU.

Battle of Irish Bend. La.

Pierre Gentieu Letter to his Uncle, 1863
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware



William Hall, *Battle at Irish Bend,* Harpers Weekly, 1863

Timothy O'Sullivan, *U.S. Military Telegraph Construction Corps,*1864
Printed in Alexander Gardner's *Photographic Sketchbook of the Civil War* (1865), Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

On the battlefield, April 18, 1863.

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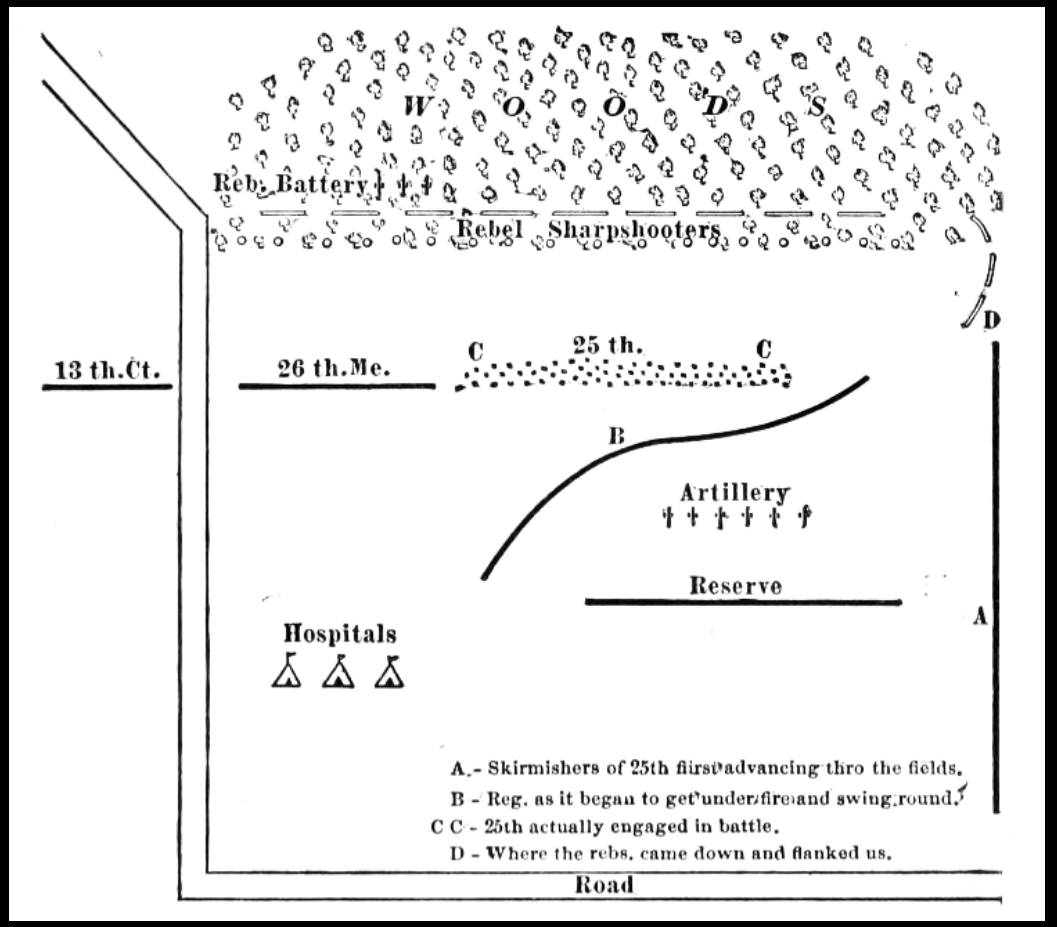


John Bachmann, *Panorama of the Seat of the War,, Birds Eye View, 1861*
Amon Carter Museum of American Art, Forth Worth, Texas


GULF OF MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI
FT PICKENS
BIRDS EYE VIEW
DISTANCES FROM
Drawn from Nature and Lith by John Bachmann


MISSISSIPPI SOUND
CHANDELEUR
ISLANDS
FT PICKENS
I. AU BRETON SOUND
BLACK BAY
GULF OF MEXICO
LIVINGSTON
LANAUX
BAY RONDE
PASS A LOUTRE
BLIND BAY
WEST BAY
NORTH EAST PASS
SOUTH EAST PASS
GARDEN I. BAY
EAST BAY
LIGHT HOUSE
SOUTH WEST PASS
GRAND BAYOU
SOUTH PASS
DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI

Pierre Gentieu, *Untitled* (*Portrait in Uniform*), 1862 Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

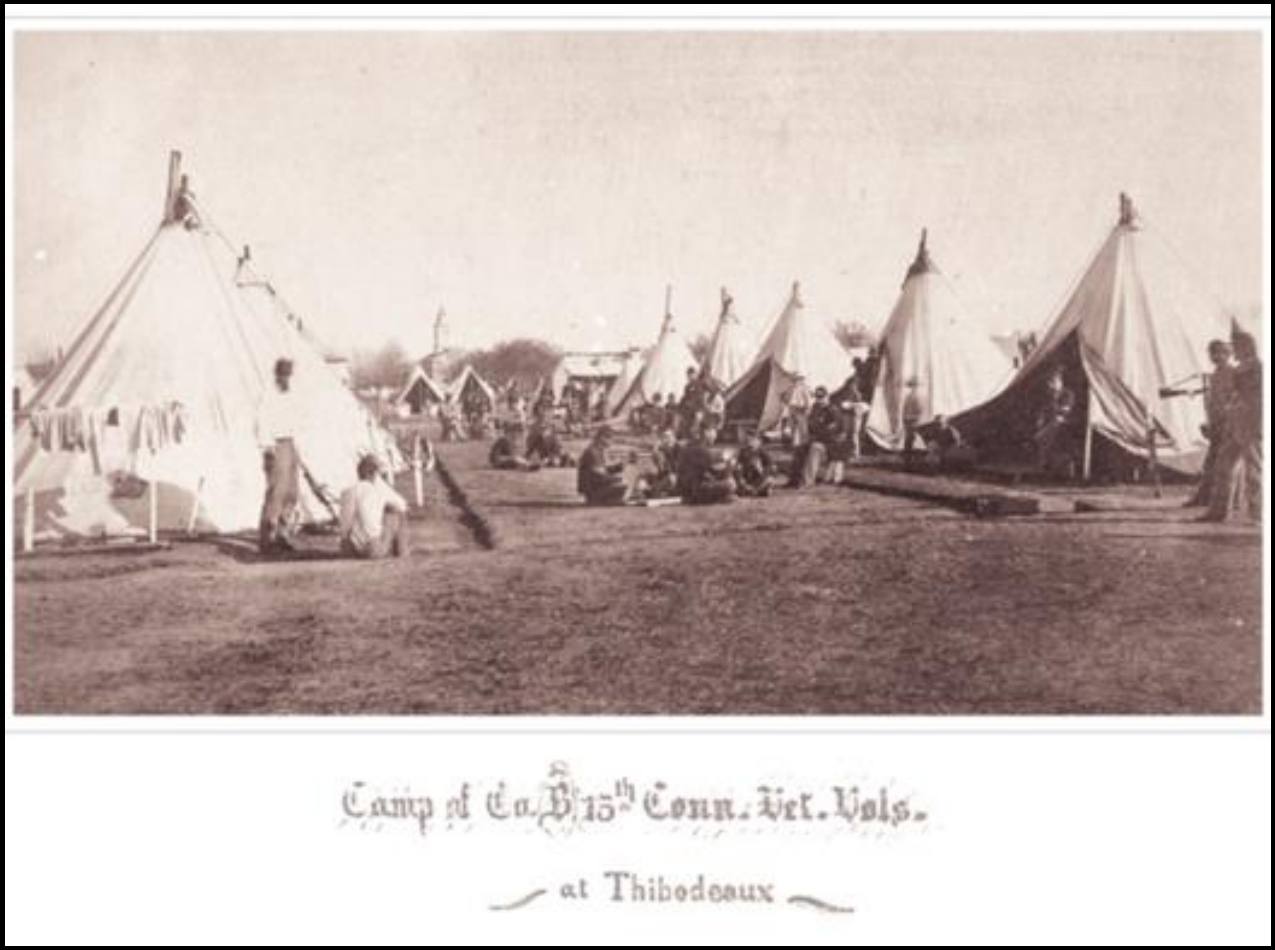
John James Audubon, *American White Pelican* (Birds of America), 1838,
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

Audubon's Shotgun, Special Collections, Firestone Library, Princeton, New Jersey

Unknown Photographer, *Company D of 13th Connecticut,* 1863

Camp of Co. B 15th Conn. Vet. Vols.

at Thibodeaux



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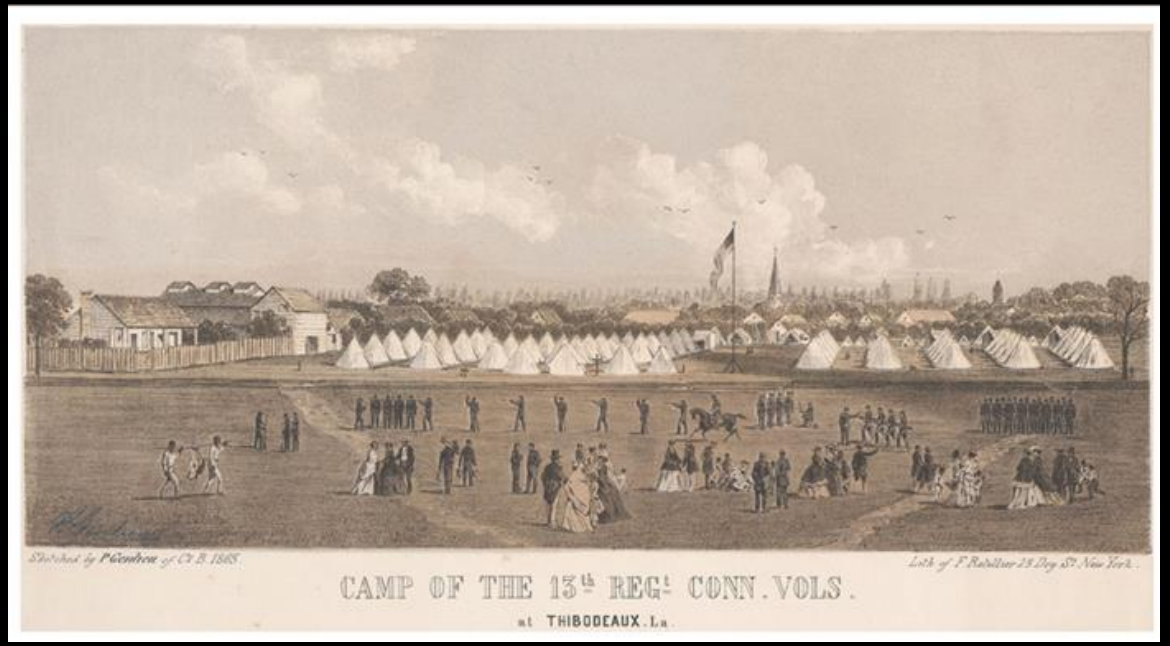
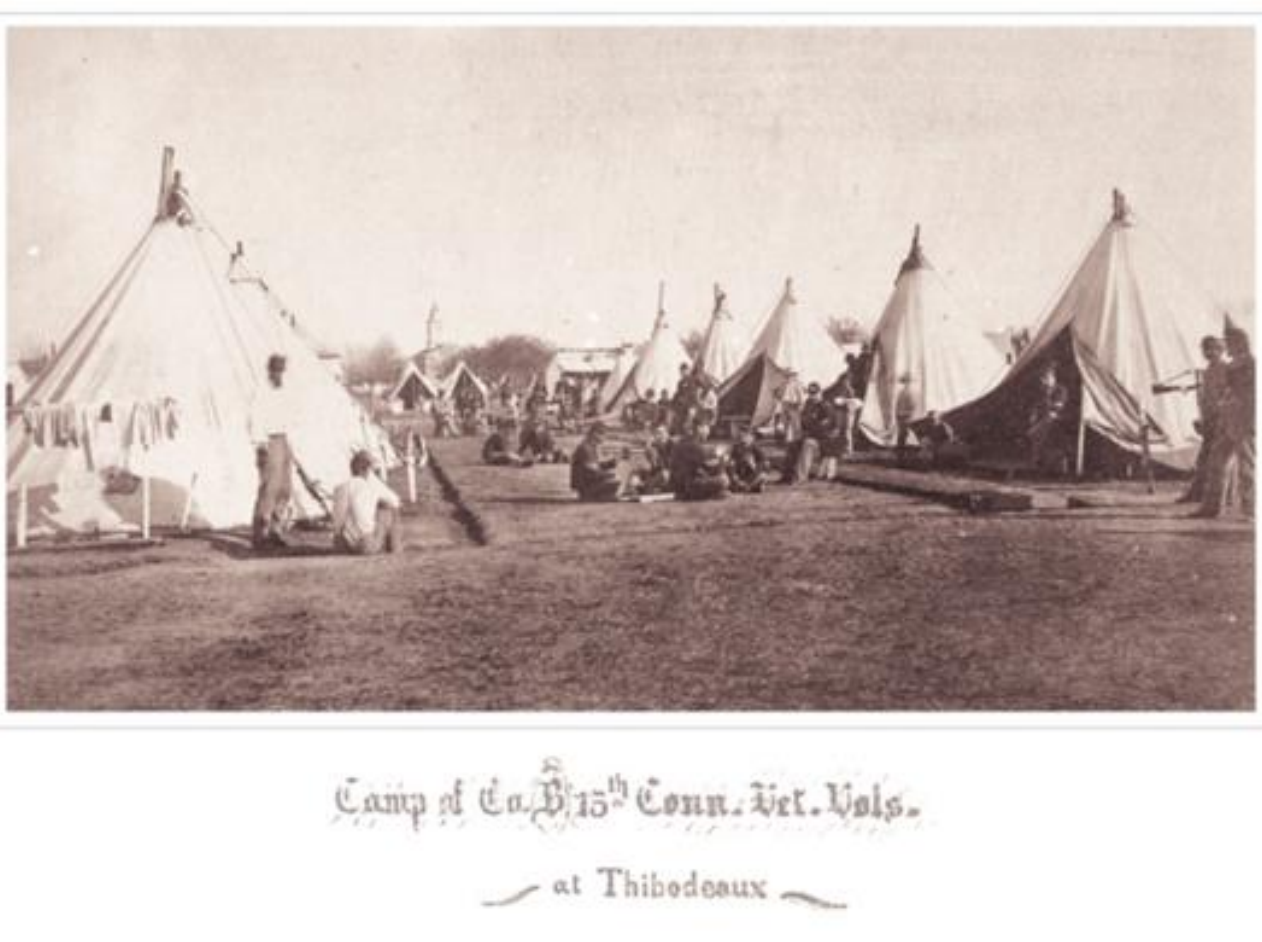




Camp of Co. B 15th Conn. Vet. Vols.

at Thibodeaux

Pierre Gentieu, *Eleutherin Mills,* 1881
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

Burch A Wormald, and Jet Lowe. *View of Background of Row of Double Creole Quarters*, Laurel Valley Sugar Plantation 2 Miles South of Thibodaux on State Route 308, Thibodaux Louisiana, c. 1930 (compiled 1968) , Library of Congress

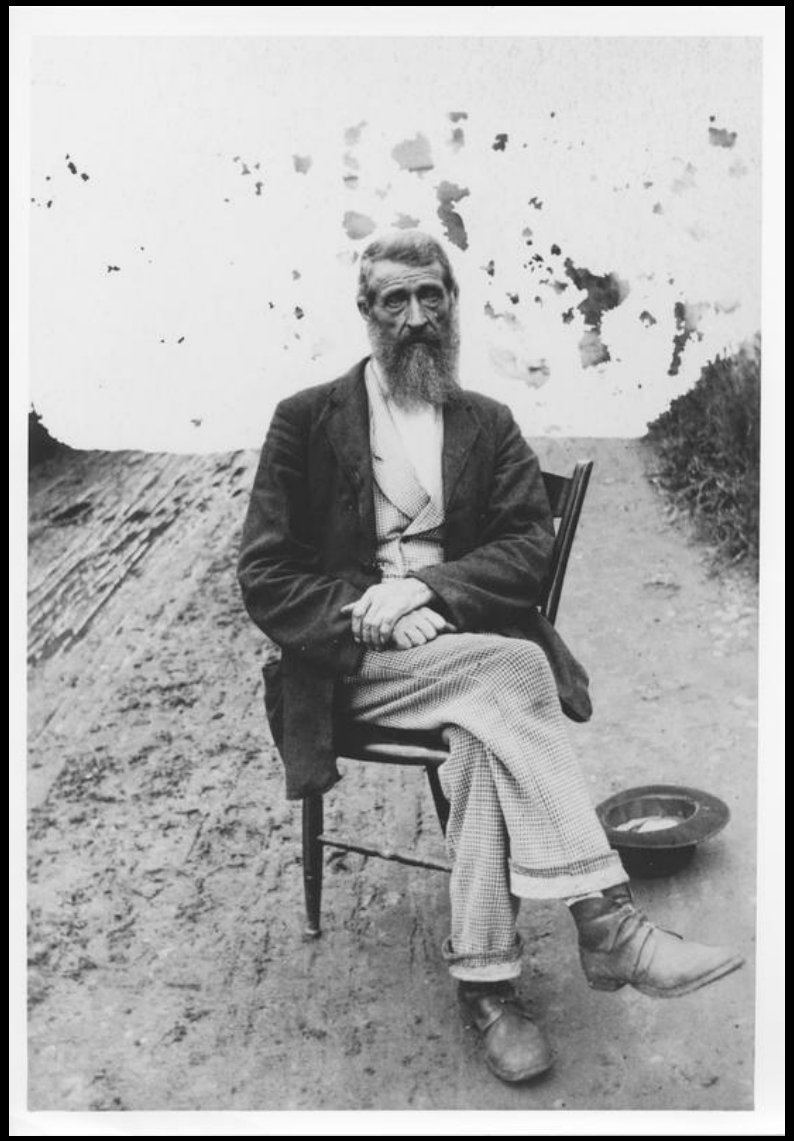
On November 23, 1887, after weeks of striking by sugarcane laborers seeking better work conditions and wages, mobs of deputized white vigilantes terrorized and indiscriminately killed Black residents of Thibodaux, Louisiana, in what would become known as The Thibodaux Massacre.

Courtesy of: https://www.thibodeauxvillefilm.com/. (Documentary currently in post-production)
ThibodeauxVille The Story of the Thibodaux Massacre: Race, Riot, and Resilience, 2025

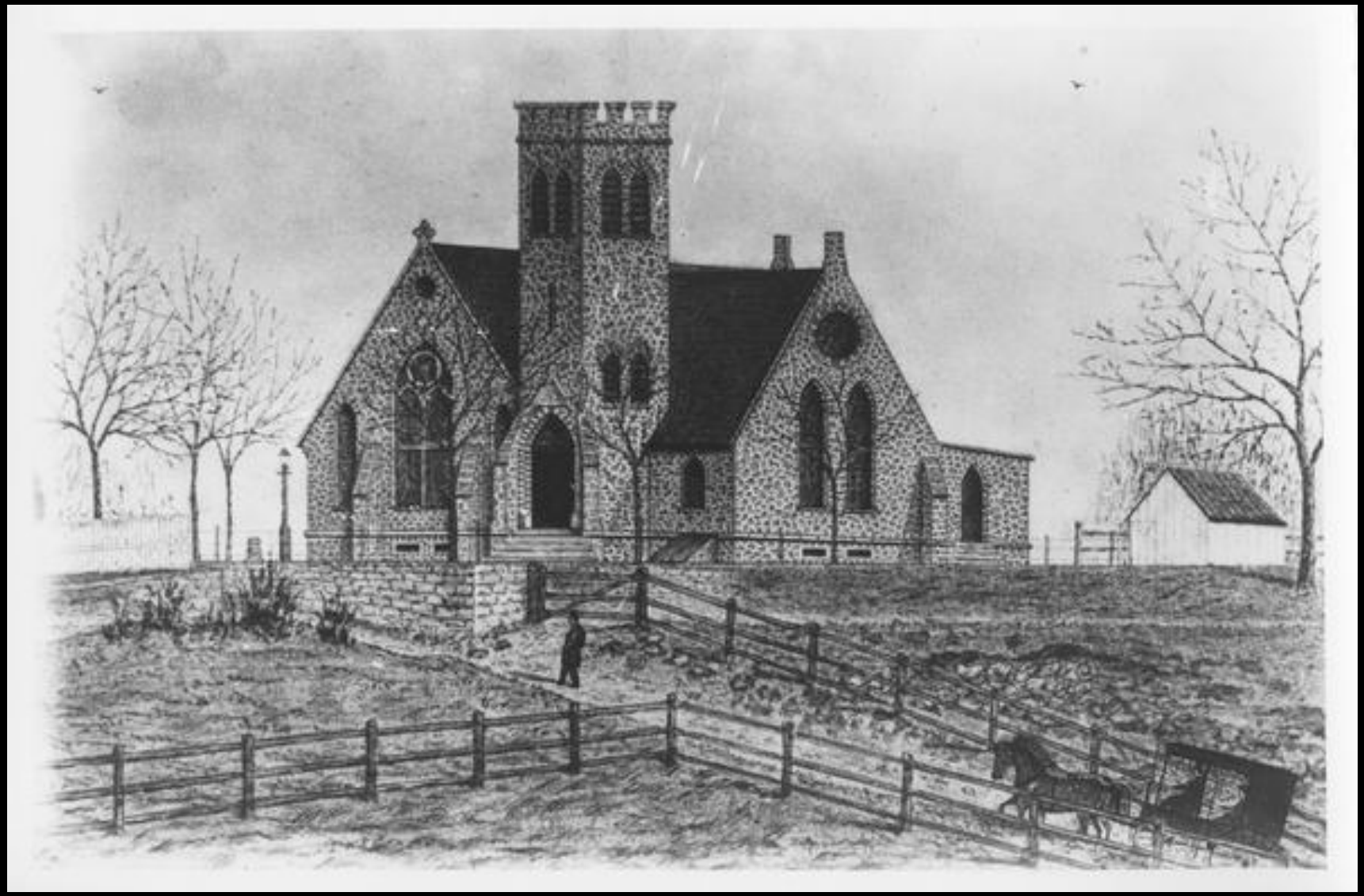
Driving the Strikers from the Country—Believed there were Thirty Killed.

THIBOBEAUX, La., Nov. 27.—Although the town is now quiet, sentries are stationed on all the roads. There are very few negroes in town. Two of their leaders, Enoch Adams and Solomon Williams, returned to town Friday night, but were immediately driven away. The woods in the vicinity are full of hiding negroes. The bodies of three dead negroes were

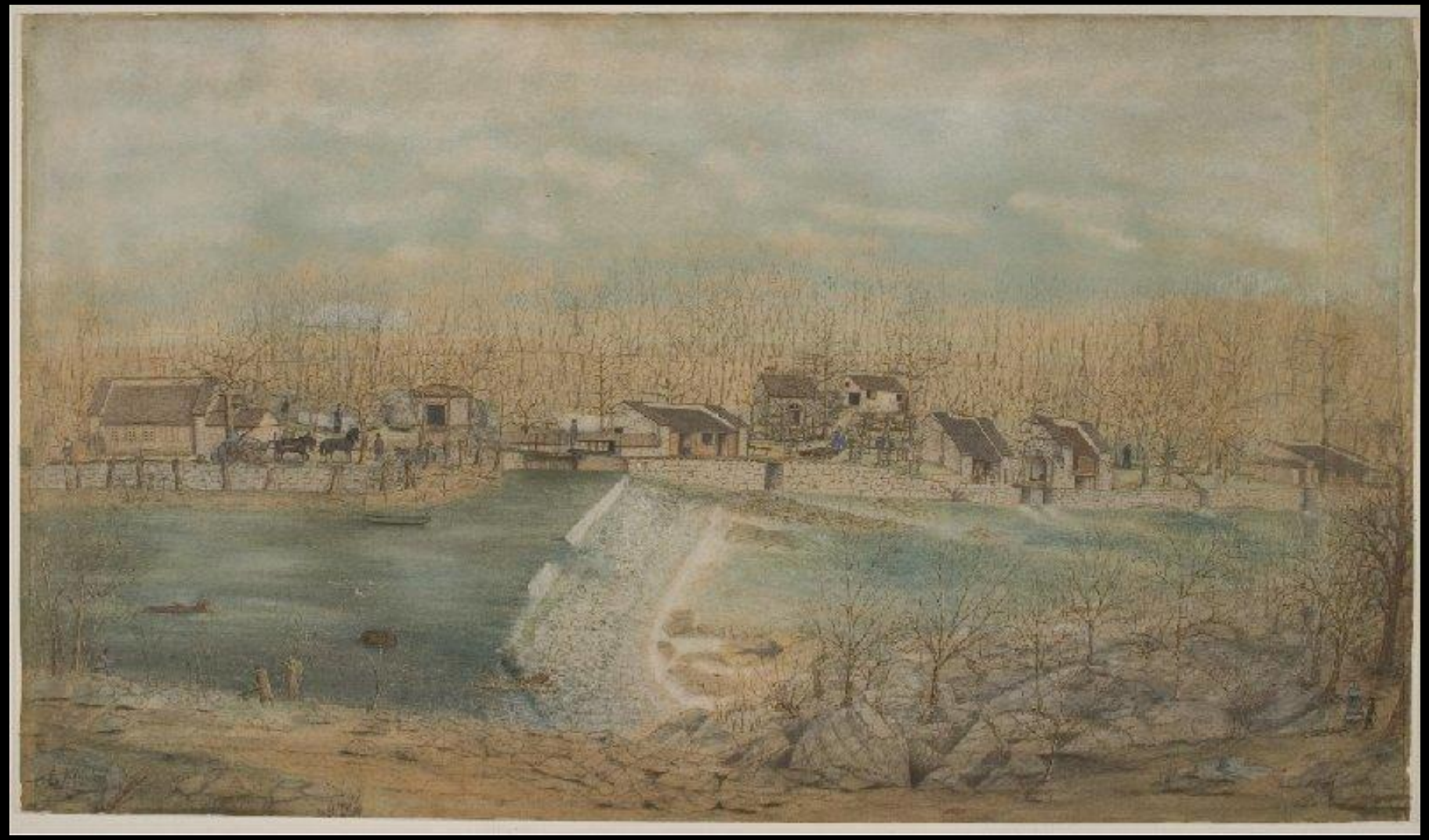
Burch A Wornald, and Jet Lowe. *View of Worker's House.*, Laurel Valley Sugar Plantation 2 Miles South of Thibodaux on State Route 308, Thibodaux Louisiana, c. 1930 (compiled 1968)



Pierre Gentieu, *Alec Burns,* 1880
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

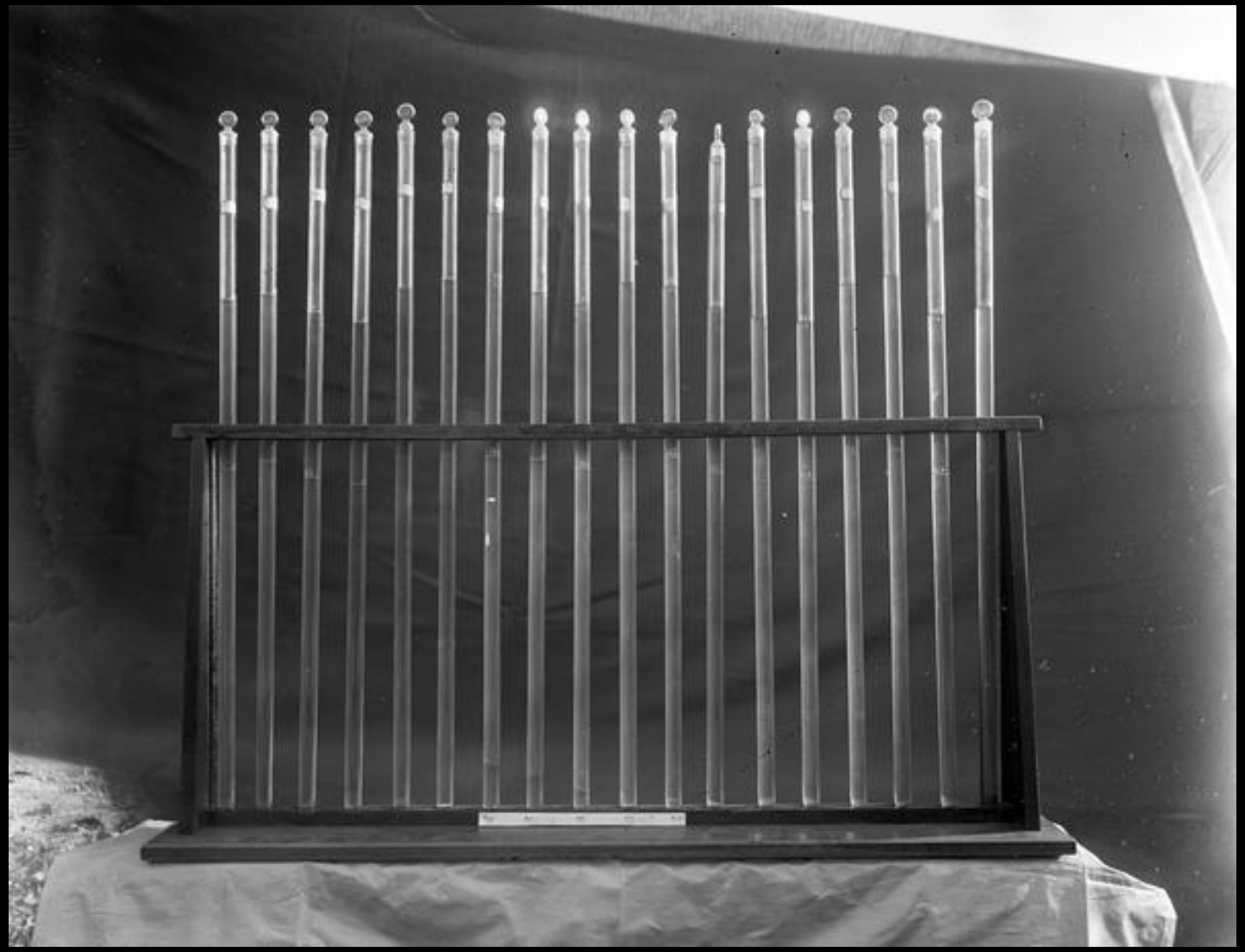


Pierre Gentieu, *Untitled,* 1879, Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware



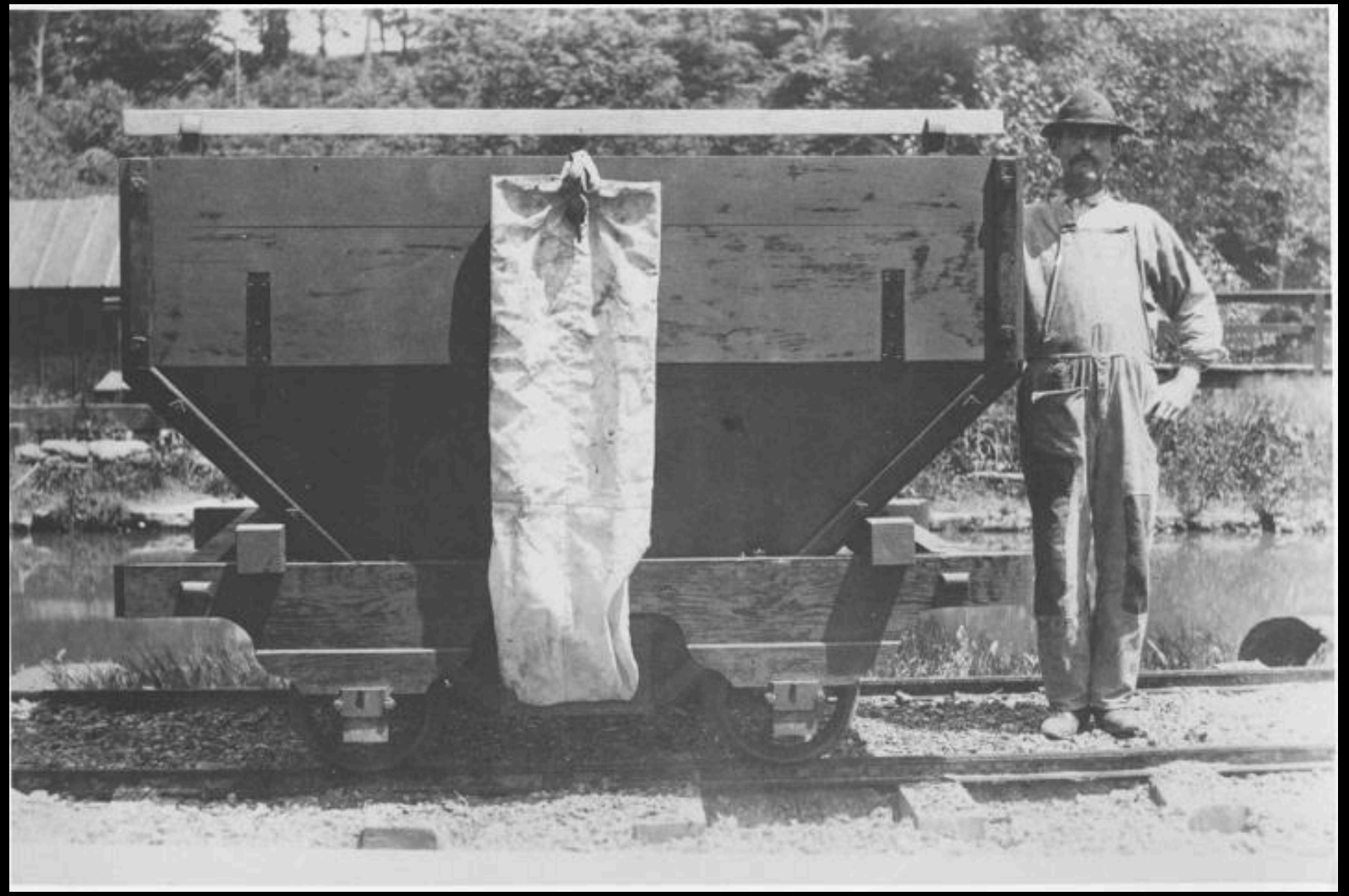
Pierre Gentieu, *The Lower Yards,* 1878, Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

Pierre Gentieu, *Carney's Point,* 1880
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware



Pierre Gentieu, *Untitled,* c. 1881
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

Pierre Gentieu, *Barn Burning,* c. 1882
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware



Pierre Gentieu, *William Flannigan and a Packing Car,* c. 1882
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

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Stephen Saks, *Thibodeaux Housing Quarters*, 2017
Smithsonian American Art Museum, Washington, D.C.

Sketched by P. Gendreu of Co. B. 1863. Lith of F. Ratellier 23 Dey St. New York.

CAMP OF THE 13th REGt. CONN. VOLS.

at THIBODEAUX, La.

Pierre Gentieu, *Self-Portrait in Uniform*, 1929
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware

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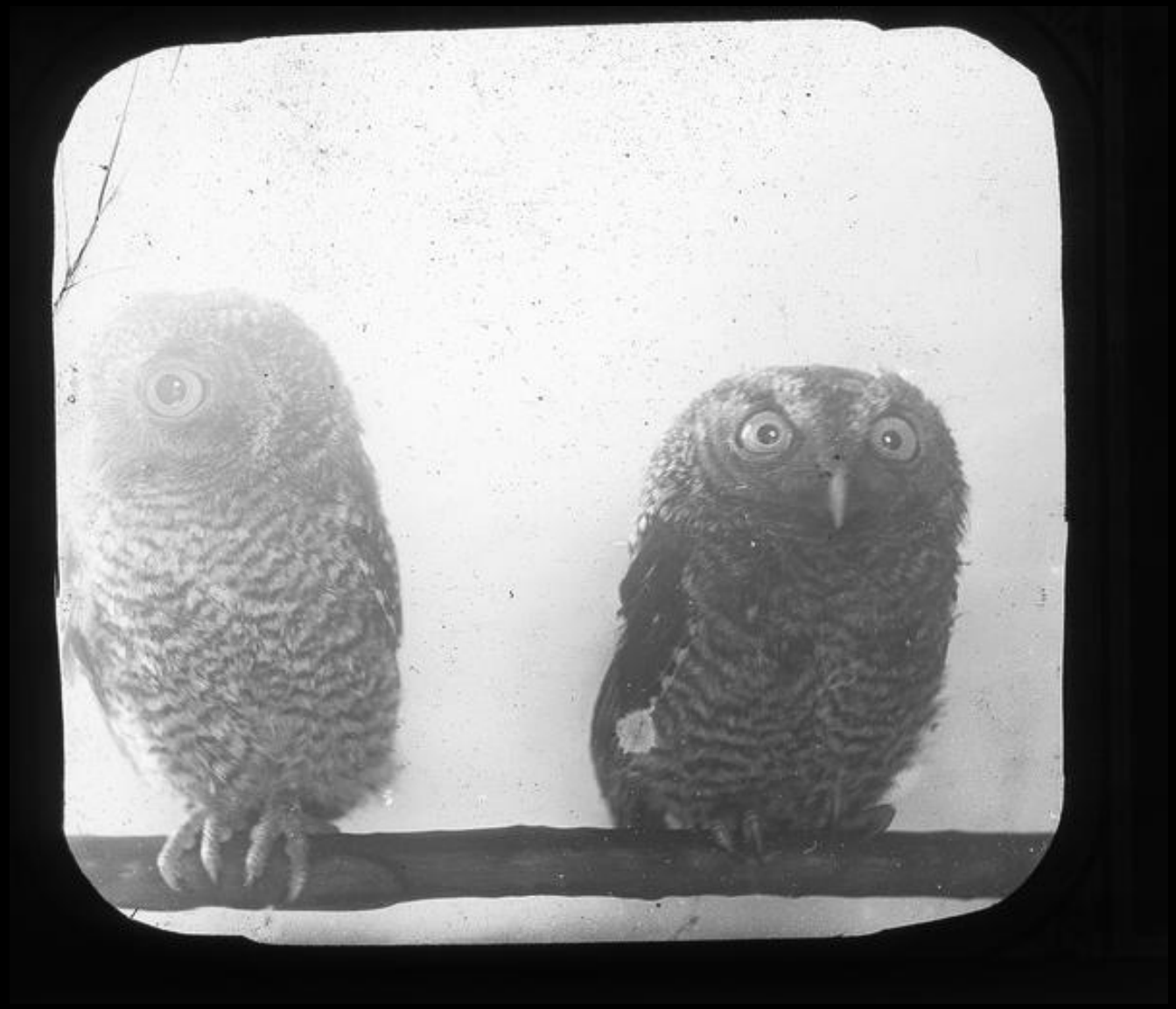
(Continued on page 5)

SAYS NORTH, SOUTH SHOULD JOIN HANDS

PIERRE GENTIEU.



Pierre Gentieu, *Untitled,* c. 1885
Hagley Museum and Library, Wilmington, Delaware