

# ARTFORUM

ABIGAIL DEVILLE  
Artforum International  
May 2026



# ARTFORUM

MAY 2026

INTERNATIONAL



**The Queen of Kitsch**  
BY OLIVIA-KAN SPERLING

**Palantir Goes to MoMA**  
BY SIMON DENNY

**The Totemic Returns**  
BY GLENN ADAMSON

**Ben Lerner's Devices**  
BY GEMMA SIEFF

# BRONZE CARNIVORES

HORACE D. BALLARD ON "MONUMENTS"

THE BICAMERAL Los Angeles exhibition "MONUMENTS" was always going to be an epochal must-see. Nothing less than the memorial ecology of the country was (potentially) at stake.

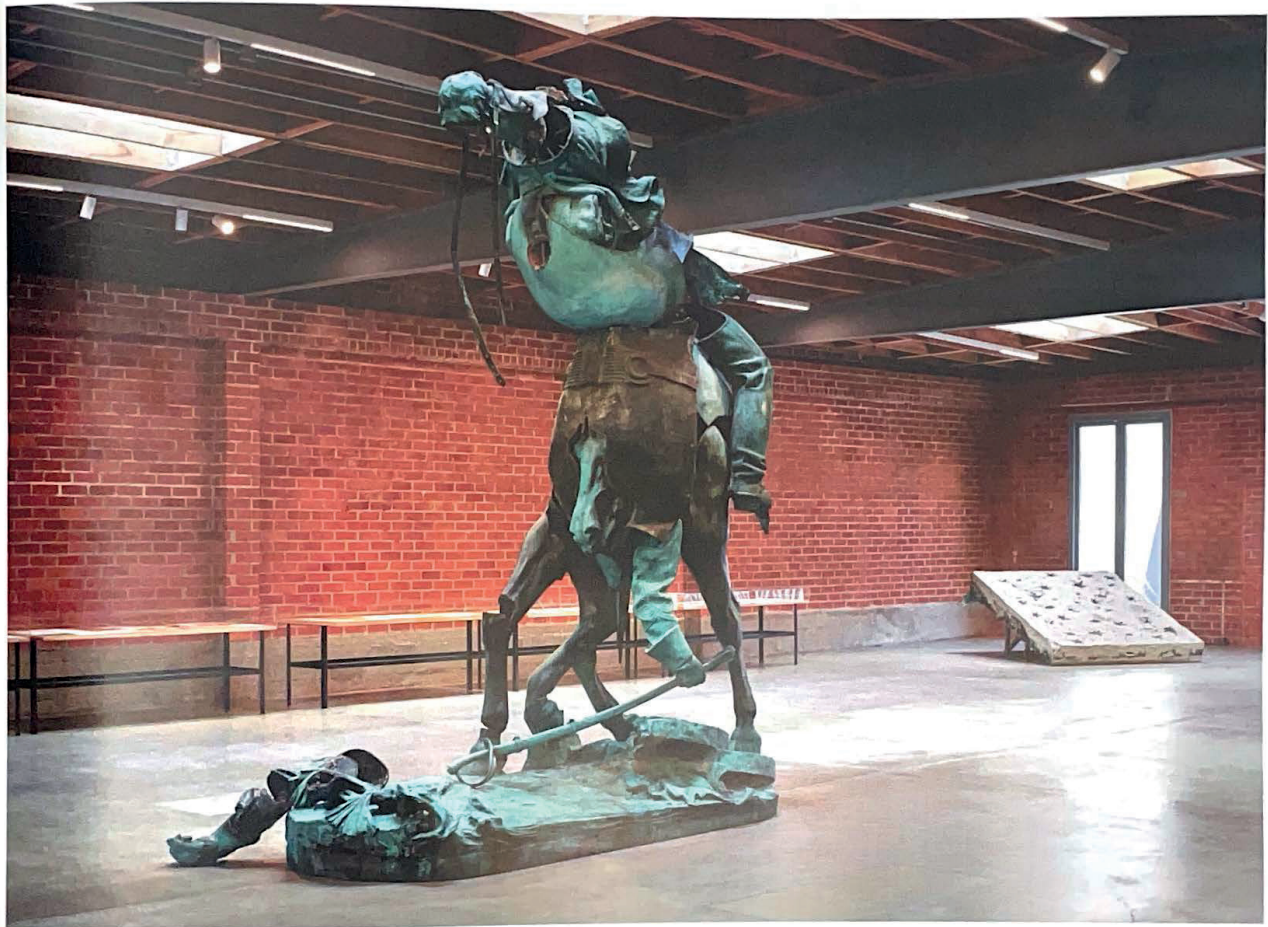
Divided between the Brick and the Geffen Contemporary at MOCA, the show's two halves are calibrated quite distinctly in pacing and tone. At the Brick, the versatile gallery space becomes an abattoir where the base, plinth, socle, and aggregate parts of Charles Keck's 1921 equestrian statue of Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson—removed from its perch before the Albemarle County Courthouse in Charlottesville, Virginia, in 2021—have been transmogrified into sites of reuse and reconstitution by the artist Kara Walker, who serves as a cocurator of the show, along with Bennett Simpson and Hamza Walker. At MOCA, ten twentieth-century sculptures dedicated as monuments to the Lost Cause of the Confederacy commingle with a range of modern and contemporary works by nineteen artists and two collectives. These "conversation partners" for the monuments range from a selection of photographs made from glass-plate negatives by the itinerant portraitist Hugh Mangum (1877–1922) to new commissions animated by questions of memory, memorial, and site.

Walker's *Unmanned Drone*, 2023, at the Brick, is the synecdochic node around which conversations about "MONUMENTS" have revolved. In the work, Keck's statue is gouged and exploded into a folded mutiny of forms impossibly reassembled. The metaphoric infrastructure of white supremacy is being bucked and overturned in this excavation by the patinated revenant of Stonewall Jackson's fifteen-hand Morgan gelding, Little Sorrel (né Fancy). Here, the sado-sensual yearning of the Confederacy to instantiate itself through the fetishes and reliquaries of figurative sculpture is shown as hollow, impotent, all too discomfiting, and very real. Walker's work offers a nonpareil example of how sculpture operating as monument is designed to be existentially heavy. Sections of the granite supports of the Keck statue are cannily manipulated and embellished with stars and swirling vortex-forms in Lithichrome paint into works of art themselves. Collectively, they operate as a chorus of exploded forms, as if the statue was once buried and broke free of its subterranean vault, mutating into its new, xenomorphic guise.

Informed by equine anatomical studies, butcher diagrams, and AI-generated programs that enable 3D scans of volumetric space to imagine a range of incision points and rearrangements of core shapes, Walker's colossus negotiates the bounds of bricolage and collage to locate in the bronze bulk of the Confederate wreckage some semblance of poetic justice. Toni Morrison's dark Nemesis-adjacent *Beloved* is here. So is Shelley's *Ozymandias*, Sylvia Plath's *Colossus*, and the lesser-told end of Orpheus, whose body was ripped open and eviscerated, his head severed by the Maenads in ritualistic rage, all because the bard was too enamored of the past. Nature's drones are male bees that build the walls and octagonal cells of the hive and die after mating. Our human-made drones deliver toilet paper, drop bombs, and spy on us. All this is live subtext for Walker's creation. At the Brick, we get to experience how an artist at the height of her powers of precision and the paranormal is thinking this through, in real time, alongside us—working it out both materially and physically through the tonal strategies of cacophony, the cut, and the remix. Eleven years after *A Subtlety, or*

This page: Kara Walker, *Unmanned Drone* (detail), 2023, bronze, 13' x 11' x 4' 8". Photo: Fredrik Nilsen.

Opposite page: Kara Walker, *Unmanned Drone*, 2023, bronze. Installation view, the Brick, Los Angeles, 2025. Photo: Fredrik Nilsen.



*the Marvelous Sugar Baby*, 2014, part of her site-specific installation at the former Domino Sugar factory in Brooklyn, Walker has created another of the great works of our century.

Across town at MOCA is another of the exhibition's defining works, Abigail DeVille's conceptually taut assemblage *Deo Vindice (Orion's Cabinet)*, 2025. Titled after the motto of the Confederacy ("God is our defender"), it presents a lexicon of ramshackle midcentury China cabinets in colonial and federal revival styles. These furnishings are arranged to visually echo the outlines and pinnacles of the burnt husks of the Gallego Flour Mills on the James River in Richmond, Virginia, in 1865, memorialized by Alexander Gardner in an iconic composite panorama stitched together from two glass-plate negatives. The image confronts the reality of buildings that had been set ablaze by Confederate forces in retreat, who preferred to destroy their own capital rather than cede it to the Union. Rather than make use of the residues of removed Lost Cause monuments themselves,

DeVill returns to their primal scene, as if to ask what happens when we turn our destructive impulses on ourselves.

There is no suggested path through the works at the Geffen. One can choose (as I did) to move to the left, up the industrial ramp lined with the graffitied fragments and remnants of various granite plinths of removed Lost Cause monuments, around the corner from the entrance and introductory text, to a second story and discover DeVill's installation; or, after reading the intro, one can move forward into an open, cacophonous assembly of works spanning nearly a century of making. This lack of direction feels unhemmed rather than generous. Artworks from the past, the recent past, and the present reverberate and scratch against each other with material and scalar heterogeneity, talking at, with, and beyond themselves. This can feel equally dynamic, dizzying, and itchy. Several times, as I walked through and then retraced my steps in the galleries, I heard visitors whispering to one another, worried (as I was) that they had missed something.



Artworks from the past, the recent past, and the present reverberate and scratch against each other with material and scalar heterogeneity, talking at, with, and beyond themselves.

Some of the “conversations” between Lost Cause monuments, new commissions, and borrowed modern and contemporary works are much more successful than others. Walking down the steps after the DeVille, one encounters Hank Willis Thomas’s *A Suspension of Hostilities*, 2019: a replica of the 1969 Dodge Charger dubbed the “General Lee” in the action-comedy series *The Dukes of Hazzard*, rotated 90 degrees. This orange hot-rod meridian is perfectly matched, in its nose-dive verticality, with the campy pathos of the homosocial buddy-comedy that is Laura Gardin Fraser’s 1948 bronze double portrait of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, which commemorates the last time Jackson and Lee spoke before the Battle of Chancellorsville (Lee’s last victory, which also marked the beginning of Jackson’s demise). The statue was a parabolic gesture of high seriousness aimed at African American veterans, newly returned from World War II. Though they had fought alongside their white counterparts, they needed an imposing reminder that the liberation they had collectively secured for Europe was not to be expected, let alone agitated for, at home. *BEWARE TRAITORS* is now spray-painted in white acrylic on the socle of the work, clarifying the sculpture’s hypocrisy, its cruelty, and its dangerous, misguided, anxious, self-defeating malice. Thomas has given us a powerful analogue for a nation driving itself off a cliff.

112 ARTFORUM

Rhetorical questions of form are ushered in by a surprising yet convivial conversation between John Henry’s photographic series “Stranger Fruits,” 2014–21, and Joseph Maxwell Miller’s 1917 neo-Victorian statue dedicated to “the Confederate Women of Maryland” (which, for the record, was a state that remained in the Union). Inspired by the most recent decade of killings of unarmed Black men by police, the seven prints selected from Henry’s series draw upon the sculptural pathos and solemn formalities of Michelangelo’s *Pietà di San Pietro*. The contemporary Black mothers posing with their sons in Henry’s work have not actually lost their sons to police violence; but in the gesture of cradling their children’s bodies, they reckon with the reality that such loss and pain is a possibility. Miller also strategically employs the *Pietà* in his *Confederate Women’s Monument*, turning the dead Christ is not draped on Mary’s lap and knees but undulates across the bodies of his earthbound beloveds. (A muted third wheel in this pairing is Karon Davis’s majestic but awkwardly placed *Descendant*, 2025, a monumental chalk-white likeness of her son holding an equestrian figure by the tail—a replica of a statue of the Confederate general John Hunt Morgan.) In this installed conversation between Henry and Miller, we have the beginnings of a discourse around the

Opposite page: Abigail DeVille, *Deo Vindice (Orion's Cabinet)*, 2025, china cabinets, charcoal, rusted steel scaffolding, pig blood, salt, mud, lights, natural fiber. Installation view, the Geffen Contemporary at MoCA, Los Angeles. Photo: Fredrik Nilsen.

Right: Alexander Gardner, *Ruins of Gallego Flour Mills, Richmond*, 1865, albumen silver print, 6 1/2 x 14 1/2".

Below: Bethany Collins, *Love is dangerous*, 2024–25, pink granite from the decommissioned Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson Monument, Charlottesville, VA, re-carved by Sean Hunter Williams. Installation view, the Geffen Contemporary at MoCA, Los Angeles, 2025. Photo: Fredrik Nilsen.

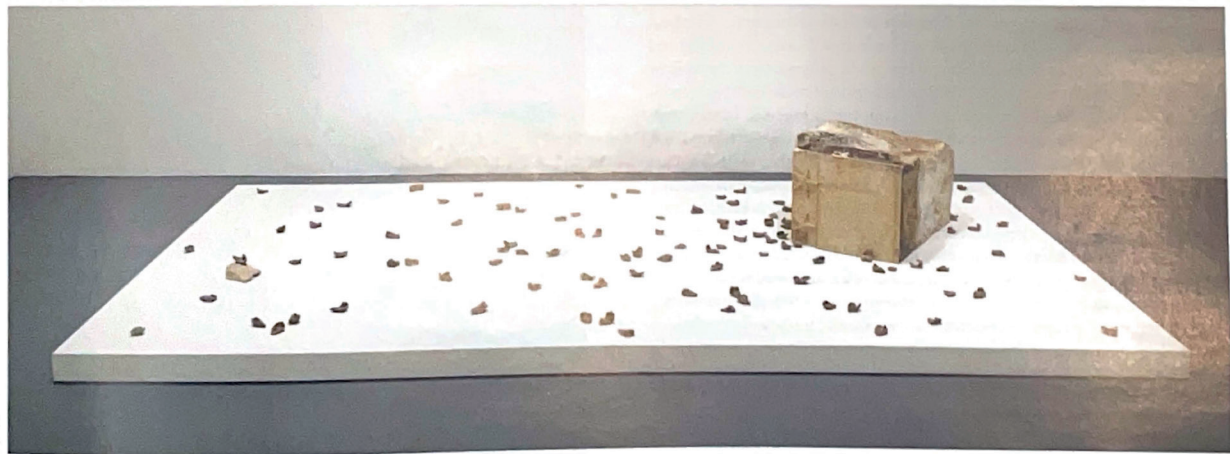


nature of citation in modern art. Both artists draw from their Renaissance references to take up the significations of light, mass, and scale. Both also probe the axiological visualizations of love qua form. Perhaps most revelatory of all is the implied, tautological reinforcement of humanism and the sacred, which leads to stylizations of the body's catalogue of gestures and postures that seem intuitive and interculturally legible across media.

Around the corner from Henry and Miller's conclave is a sumptuous new commission by Bethany Joy Collins. Working with a fragment of the base of Keck's statue of Stonewall Jackson, Collins scoops into the porous viscera of rose granite and emerges with festoons of carved Carolina rose petals. The artist arranges these delicate yet weighty indexes of meaning across a white plinth to form a kind of *écriture* that resonates gloriously with her long-held interests in writing, erasure, and memory. Titled *Love is dangerous*, the 2024–25 work alludes to Decoration

Day, on May 1, 1865, when the formerly enslaved residents of Charleston, South Carolina, transformed the site of a Confederate prisoner-of-war camp for Union soldiers into a carpet of flowers: an interracial act of gratitude recognized as the first Memorial Day. It is Collins's exactitude of form, expertise in memory-work, and archival witness that make this more than a response or gesture. This is a mercy.

**MUCH IS REMARKABLE ABOUT "MONUMENTS,"** though I remain nonplussed and meditative about the experience. Charlottesville is home. To be reintroduced to many of these statues, more than three thousand miles away, after I thought they had left my life, felt metaphysical and strangely cinematic. There were moments I felt like I was in a psychological thriller—traipsing through some brightly lit abandoned zoo, stalked by vampiric bronze predators. Several times I became faint and sat down on the floor of the Geffen, to pull myself out of memory run amok,



MAY 2026 113

back into the present. Even as I write, time past and the present tense swim together, in waves of reminiscence. Walking through “MONUMENTS,” I was six years old and afraid; then twelve years old and dismissive; nineteen and running late to class; twenty-two and on a date; thirty with a pebble in my loafer; then thirty-six (the age I was when they were removed), staring up into the statues’ dulled yet ever watchful eyes, eyes scornful of my very existence. The associative, choose-your-own-adventure pathways through the Geffen Contemporary at MOCA were reconstituted, for me, into a politically tinged inner fun house of dark-mirrored surprise—and sometimes terror. Oddly, this experience clarified a knotted series of truths the exhibition does not articulate.

Memory is identity; yet it is also, as Julian Barnes writes, “where degradation and embellishment overlap.”<sup>1</sup> Every time we retrieve a memory, we either reconstruct or reconsolidate it. Over time, the memory can harden or it can refract. In either case, the center of fact shifts, and the involuntary enhancing and trimming of our personal histories (Barnes’s sense of “embellishment”) happens naturally in the retrieval—all while remaining “true.” This is how and why the varied yet interrelated modes of embodied and narrated understanding we term by degrees “experience,” “history,” “memory,” “myth,” and “story” become so intricate and entangled. In the retelling, personal narrative becomes public history, communal memory, and even cultural myth.

If we consider myth as a working, intergenerational ideology of the self within society and place, we can understand how myth shapes and mediates memory, and why it often springs from the predations and realities of war. When one loses everything but stories, those memories are clung to, retold, turned into legends. What could be more human than to weave a mythic narrative of self and clan around what is remembered, and the slippages of what might have been? So it was after the US Civil War. The Lost Cause myth allowed Confederate leaders, sympathizers, and their kin to band together across socioeconomic lines around a reconstituted and expansive understanding of white hegemony. Anger, anxiety, fear, and nostalgia around this phantom “loss” began to contort and compound family legends and public memory into regional, cultural pathologies of injured power for which the ready remedy was the lie of supremacy. And then national politics intervened.

Between 1865 and 1868, President Andrew Johnson pardoned nearly thirteen thousand Confederate officers and landowners. Through amnesty, Johnson implied that these individuals, who had committed treason, had somehow been wronged. As the Reconstruction era gave way to Jim Crow and the belated civil rights landmarks of the twentieth century, the myths of what had been lost and who had been “truly” wronged grew and bore fruits of bronze and stone. The Lost Cause monuments are the still-visible presentation of this dis-ease of injured and ill-earned power in the body politic. They are the public talismans and fetishes of delusion: redolent of the desperation, anxieties, and pride of those with few stories to tell themselves about themselves but ones of contorted and refracted memory.

These statues may be removed from their specific sites and thus defanged, but regardless of how they are situated, they can never not be what they were designed to be: memory’s apex predators, scaled to devour truth and prevent it from being publicly spoken. The prolonged and braided circumstance of history with identity, memory, myth, and aesthetic responses in metal and stone accords with the haunted abjection of memory that William Faulkner terms, in his 1930 novel *As I Lay Dying*, “the womb of time: the agony and the despair of spreading bones, the hard girdle in which lie the outraged entrails of events.” Nonetheless, as Barnes aptly reflects, “take away memory and what do we have?”

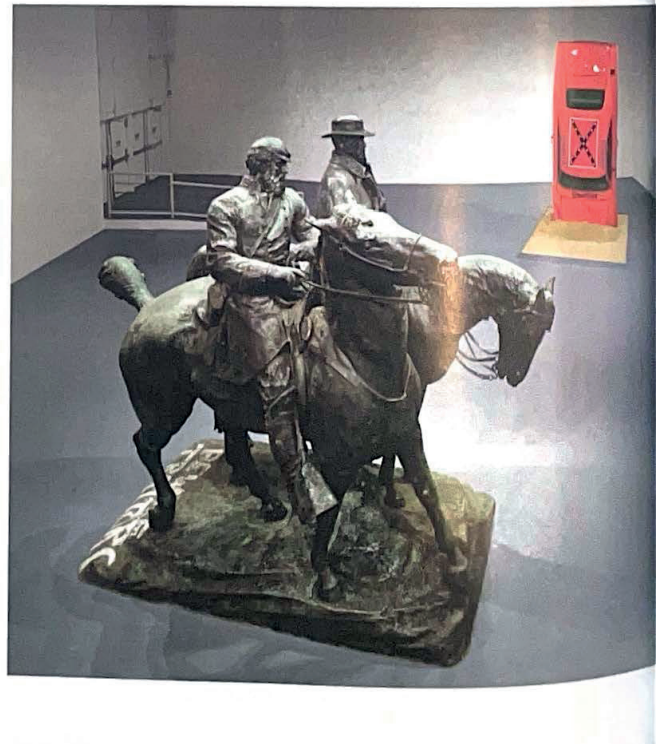
My encounter with the exploded bits of Keck’s statue of Jackson across the two sites of the exhibition, followed by a fresh engagement with the poignant ziggurat of bronze ingots that once were Henry Shradley and Leo Lentelli’s equestrian statue of Robert E. Lee, released forty years of memories of self and home. I am still turning these memories over, folding them up, and tucking them back inside. And now

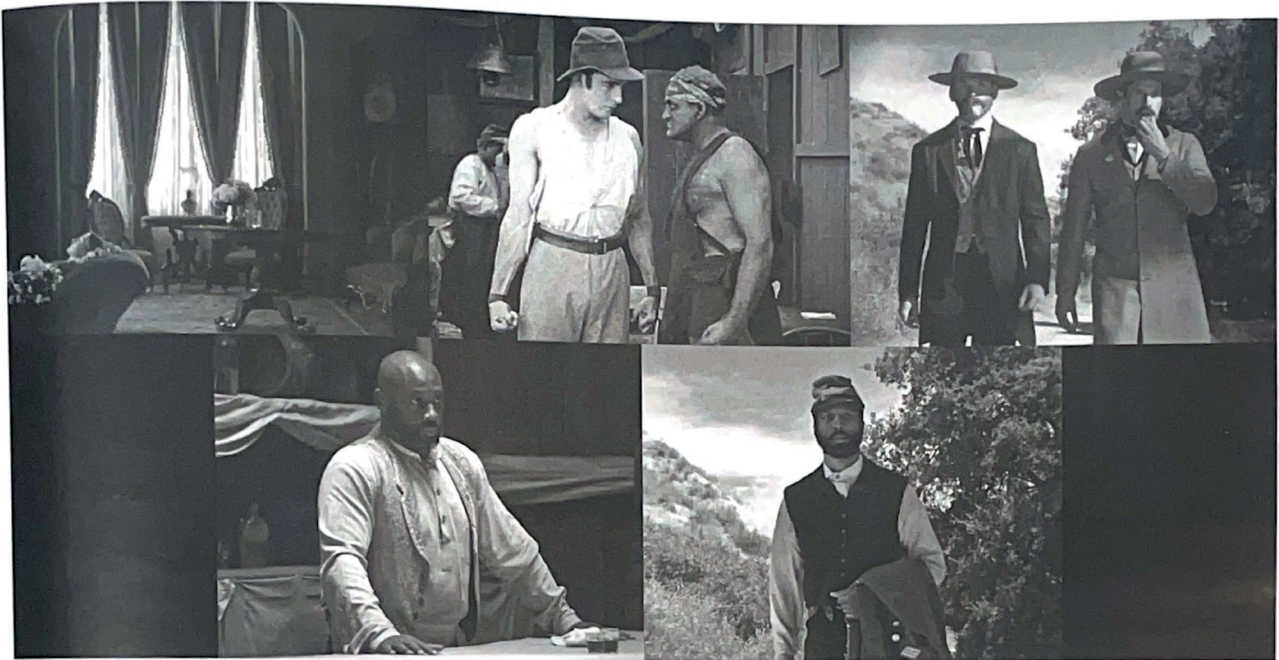
these fiends were not only “back” but multiplied and gathered together. If my memories are thus saturated, how about the memories of the nation?

“MONUMENTS” has received near-universal, and well-deserved, ovations for its sheer curatorial pluck, not to mention the feats of engineering, mounting, and logistics carried out by the curators, with the aid of Hannah Burstein, Paula Kroll, and a cadre of preparators and registrars. Yet my overall impressions of the exhibition—as a public forum of address, redress, and dialogue in which critical questions of public memory, regional identity, ideologies of nationalism, and the capacious field of site-specific sculpture can, if not should be borne out—are decidedly more mixed. The problem with the exhibition is not the works of art on view, but its ambiguous premise, its unwillingness to define its terms and approach the Lost Cause with historical clarity.

I am perplexed as to why the exhibition’s organizers were committed to such a Herculean undertaking only to ultimately demur in offering clear explications of the histories of these works that might ground our present, or to present concrete, clearly stated possibilities for public art moving forward. Though some reviewers have lauded the show for what “it risks [in] complexity and ambiguity” and the ways it asks us “to think for ourselves” and “holds a space open for analysis,” with many of the contemporary works said to be acting as “countermonuments,” I feel differently.<sup>2</sup> Perhaps I expected too much. However, I keep returning to the curatorial adage I was given by a mentor, which is simply that to reflect is good;

Below: View of “MONUMENTS,” 2025–26, the Geffen Contemporary at MOCA, Los Angeles. Foreground: Laura Gardin Fraser, *Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson*, 1948. Background: Hank Willis Thomas, *A Suspension of Hostilities*, 2019. Photo: Fredrik Nilsen. Opposite page: Stan Douglas, *Birth of a Nation*, 2025, five-channel HD video installation, color, silent, 13 minutes 20 seconds.





In the retelling, personal narrative becomes public history, communal memory, and even cultural myth.

to say something is critical. The assumption that we all came to the exhibition with a baseline of information about the Lost Cause, and the refusal to concretize that history in such a way as to offer specific lines of inquiry into how to think about the present and future ramifications of memorialization, of myths standing in for fact, of whose creative and psychological labor in the United States is continuously expected to do the double and triple duty of cultural repair, is worse than disorienting. It is heart-breaking.

Both exhibition sites share the same introductory text, to the advantage of the Brick's focused presentation and the detriment of the Geffen's plurality of offerings. The first sentence begins, "The removal of Confederate monuments from public spaces across the United States is one of the most significant aesthetic, cultural, and political developments of the past decade." It continues by stating that these removals are the result of mass protest as well as long-changing attitudes about history, race, and national identity. "Have attitudes changed? If so, what attitudes? Whose attitudes?"

Additional language from the intro text wrests into relief the schematic tension between localities, regions, and the nation. "Borrowed from municipal, institutional, and private lenders in Baltimore, Maryland; Charlottesville and Richmond, Virginia; Raleigh, North Carolina; and Montgomery, Alabama," the intro text continues, "the monuments included here were all decommissioned . . ." I will set aside the choice of the word *decommissioned* (rather than *removed* or *detroned*)

to get to a more pressing question: Why is this show taking place in Los Angeles? Why are we not told explicitly why? Why is it OK if we assume the reason without knowing? And why is there no statement of why these statues were available and chosen, from the hundreds that have been removed?

Though it is easy to miss within the cavernous space of the Geffen, Kevin Jerome Everson's film *Practice, Practice, Practice*, 2024, reminds us that California has its demons too. The ten-minute offering reflects on a 1984 protest action by activist Richard Bradley, who donned a Union infantry uniform and climbed a flagpole outside San Francisco's city hall to remove the Confederate banner from a display of eighteen flags; it was ordered to be replaced by then-mayor (and future US senator) Dianne Feinstein, and Bradley once again climbed the pole to remove it. In the 1850s, California boasted chapters of the Knights of the Golden Circle, a proslavery secret society hoping to annex land that is now part of Mexico, Central America, South America, and the US and form a slaveholding empire that could rival the Union in both territory and population. During the Civil War, Southern California had its own pro-Confederacy secessionist militia, the Los Angeles Mounted Rifles. Over a dozen Lost Cause monuments were erected and inscribed in the state.<sup>3</sup> Where are these in the show? Moreover, nowhere in the introductory text or contemporary works in the exhibition is there an acknowledgment of California's history of Indigenous enslavement, of haciendas and missions serving as work camps from the beginning of the Spanish colonial period well into the nineteenth century.



Above: Jon Henry, *Untitled #39, Santa Monica, CA*, 2019, ink jet print, 30 x 24". Right: View of "MONUMENTS," 2025–26, the Geffen Contemporary at MOCA, Los Angeles. Background: J. Maxwell Miller, *Confederate Women of Maryland*, 1917. Foreground: Karon Davis, *Descendant*, 2025. Photo: Fredrik Nilsen. Opposite page: Cauleen Smith, *The Warden*, 2025. CCTV camera, single-channel live-feed video. Installation view, the Geffen Contemporary at MOCA, Los Angeles. Photo: Fredrik Nilsen.



The risk of these silences is that they allow some visitors to come away with a sense of the City of Angels as a kind of paradisaical tabula rasa for these conversations. The Lost Cause was fortified by presidential power and bulwarked for a century by Jim Crow. It was not just an aesthetic mode of commemoration: Textbooks, flags, legal ordinances, school and street names, grave markers, popular songs, the names of trees—all of these gave oxygen to a lie. There is no need to project these horrors onto a US "South," imagined as some fixed Hades within the national borders. Civic spending in all but eight states testifies to the fact that the Lost Cause fantasy was not an aberration or an abomination, but the reality across the country.

ONE OF THE CHIEF JOYS of "MONUMENTS" has also gone largely unremarked upon. This is the range of sculptural approaches on display across 120 years of US and Canadian practice. It feels odd for a show about monuments not to have much to say about the shifting criteria of sculpture, or its long historical partnership with figural representation, devotion, and ecology. I am curious whether there is, even unintentionally, a nervousness at play around language: a fear that if visitors are given the vocabulary to think about the big whys and hows of sculpture as a plastic art with a still largely idealized human referent, we might, in spite of ourselves, find some of these Lost Cause bronze marauders enthralling, if not beautiful. Anger, fear, and repulsion are so often compelled by objects of desire.

The monuments erected immediately following Emancipation and Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House in April 1865 were, as historian Kirk Savage maintains, largely celebratory commissions, representing abolition through a

widely codified formal strategy involving two figures. One figure kneels in shackles at the feet of an upright second, modeled on the Apollo Belvedere—a crouching, shirking freedman beseeching the ankles of Abraham Lincoln.<sup>4</sup> The Lost Cause sculptures were in turn a politicized aesthetic response on the part of municipal lawmakers and civic groups to these sculpted evocations of Emancipation a generation earlier. Some of them were made by the same artists. What do we make of this artistic call-and-response? And then what do we make of the fact, as scholar Kelvin Parnell has shown, that many of the workshops and foundries that were called upon to cast and point up these statues utilized enslaved and newly freed Black labor? Communities endured the triple indignity of working on the statues and being both redressed and oppressed by those statues.

Thankfully, Rosalind Krauss gave us an aesthetic heads-up: By the 1960s, the classicized definitions and the corporal referents of sculpture were changing. The new postmodern sculpture involved a set of positions and choices geared toward the manipulation of material and scale "on the periphery of an expanded field" of possibilities to be inhabited and explored. This roominess of sculpture as a category is on full view in "MONUMENTS," from the incredible obsidian monoliths comprised in Torkwase Dyson's *Rate of Transformation, Distance*, 2018/2025, a series of geometric masses that reflect upon the forcible abstraction imposed on Black embodiment vis-à-vis the life of Colby College's longtime custodian Samuel Osborne (ca. 1833–1904), to Leonardo Drew's miraculous *Number 363*, 2023, a rampart of compressed cotton bales that returns the artist to his elastic and philosophical conceptions of the grid; Kahlil Robert Irving's cast-bronze topographic

imposition of Ferguson, Missouri, over the city plan of Manassas, Virginia, titled *New Nation (States) Battle of Manassas*, 2014/2024–25; and Davóne Tines's cinematic opus *HOMEGOING*, 2025, made in collaboration with members of his band the Truth and filmmaker Julie Dash. The crescendos of Tines's operatic bass-baritone bleed through the entirety of the Geffen like thunder, concretizing the space into a heartbeat of resistance that reanimates the categorization of witness.

"MONUMENTS" has been in the works since 2017, conceived amid a wave of monument removals across the country, and it both marks and is marked by that era. The one it lands in is very different. This might have been fine if President Trump's first term were a singular political aberration. But nearly ten years on, as the world order unravels, the exhibition's ruminative posture comes across as toothless and unfinished. It reflects, but does not wrestle with, the continued ecological, material, and visual presence of the Lost Cause. It does not excavate or push back against the alarm of hearing the secretary of war (formerly defense) say, "We're putting the statues back." The only thing more horrifying and ugly than such rhetoric is the truth that most of the symbols of the Lost Cause do not need to be put back, because they are still standing. How are we to think about that? On this point, too, the exhibition is silent.

What "MONUMENTS" does best is materially distill a particular cultural disposition that we have been swimming in for too long. It is a prolonged associative state of high contrasts, of selective visibilities, of aversive and bias-cut perspectives, of camp and of denial, serving earnest existential queries, elisions, and situational irony, as well as the necro-political dialectics of obsession and haunting. In short: We are left with the sweaty hermeneutics of horror.

Horror holds up a gilded mirror to the real world's anxieties about inequality or retribution. Repulsion, disgust, and ambivalence can all find rootedness in

horror. As can the self-enforced code of polite silence that presses upon one's fears until all that we do not say becomes deafening. The poignancy of taking in "MONUMENTS" lies in the all-too-real realization and the patinated, sixteen-foot proof that, yes, we have seen terror before, and it is happening again.

This is the brilliance and haunting immensity of Cauleen Smith's *The Warden*, 2025. Placed sporadically throughout the galleries are screens displaying the idiosyncratic image of a single hand. One discovers, near the exhibition's rambling edge, the object that these images are livestreamed from: a limb belonging to Vindicatrix, the femme avenger of the Confederacy, sculpted in bronze by Edward Valentine and commissioned by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to sit atop a Doric column at the center of the 1907 Jefferson Davis Monument along Richmond's Monument Avenue. A periapt modeled off France's national personification, Marianne, Vindicatrix was a warning. She, being immortal, would never forget and never forgive.

Smith positions the avenging goddess in a horror-show hall of mirrors, with a closed-circuit video feed focused on Vindicatrix's upraised arm gesturing in oath. The half-dozen screens punctuating the show with this gesture offer potent and campy but all-too-serious reminders that anger and nostalgia for a world of white supremacy are not dead. We may have removed Vindicatrix from her lofty perch above the Fan District of Richmond, but we have not removed the altars to her patronage in human hearts. If we are not mindful, there will be an even bloodier sequel. □

"MONUMENTS" is on view through May 3.

HORACE D. BALLARD IS THE THEODORE E. STEBBINS JR. CURATOR OF AMERICAN ART AT THE FOGG/HARVARD ART MUSEUMS. HE LIVES BETWEEN CAMBRIDGE, MA, AND NELSON COUNTY, VA. (SEE CONTRIBUTORS.)

For notes, see page 164.

