

SEEING ART

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Ernest A. Eynon II

I've got a secret. Don't tell anyone. Pass it on. Say what! It is just that anomaly that several years ago attracted not only this writer, but more than a few to the Philadelphia Main Line suburb of Merion; that and another one, I've got a museum. It's private. You're not welcome unless invited. This makes no sense, none of it. How could the world's largest collection of Impressionist and post-impressionist art be found in such a place? As you may recall from my last paper, the world class Impressionist collection at the Clark Art Institute in Williamstown, Massachusetts, would have to be pretty close to setting the standard as the most remote, private and complete, unheard of museum possible, but even it was eclipsed by a collection that was a secret known only to a few and viewable by fewer still. How did this come to be?

And that is the subject of this little tale, which as we will discover has as many twists, turns and surprises as any Perry Mason tale. It also reveals another of my favorite subjects, the grand plan carried out against adversity. Now to the Barnes Foundation. Indeed, the rumored scope of the hidden art treasure proved true. It was housed in a lovely building of French chateau style in the midst of a twelve acre arboretum, complete with even more mystery, and tales of very eccentric actions and rules. Written invitations, limited viewing, the Philadelphia Main Line, more paintings than could be absorbed at a single viewing, and so much more, but it made no sense; what was the story behind all of this, what rationality could come from these contradictions?

For that let us look to beginnings and those early events that in many cases precede and explain unexpected results. This means that we need to go back to the American Civil War when John Barnes was a young man in Philadelphia working as a butcher in a slaughterhouse alongside his friend Peter Widener. Two men, two visions, two very different paths. Peter viewed his circumstances and saw an enormous opportunity and determined to supply the meat needs himself of the Union Army and then other customers, eventually and a generation later, benefitting Harvard University with its main library, while John, his fellow butcher working beside him, saw a likely

draft and no signing bonus, so in 1864 he opted for the \$300 bonus. Four months later his right arm was so damaged in battle that it had to be amputated and he was sent home with an \$8 monthly pension, his prior trade at an end. Upon returning he began his next career as a mail man, living in one Philadelphia inner-city slum area after another and trying to provide for his wife and the two sons of four who survived infancy. It was a hard merciless life with no extras and the barest of necessities. The boys had to work to help support the family; so it was odd jobs and early morning paper sales and deliveries, and anything else they could manage. Because of their living circumstances, the boys learned early to protect themselves and developed boxing skills to survive. John's wife, Lydia truly mothered her two young sons, encouraging them in every arena she could, given their poverty, and particularly worked with her younger son who showed such promise. Lydia was a staunch Methodist and raised both sons in that austere religion, taking them to week-long camp meetings in the summers, where son Albert first came into contact with Negro spirituals and culture; in later life he identified the experiences as life-changing.

Lydia recognized the need for a first rate education and aspired for Albert to succeed and perhaps even become a doctor someday. She encouraged Albert in these visions and at age 13 Albert entered Central High School, then considered one of the very best public high schools in the country. While at Central High, Albert performed well with the rigorous course load. One of his friends was William Glackens, due in part as Barnes claimed "my interest in his drawing and the fact that we were both on the baseball team." Of such stuff worlds are often changed. Central High in those days was able to bestow a baccalaureate degree, and after four years, Albert graduated and was off to the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. Barnes became fascinated with his medical studies and graduated after three years as a twenty year old MD, while living at home, commuting to Penn as was the norm at the time, and working long hours to pay for his education, adding a small scholarship to his usual panoply of odd jobs, later adding tutoring and boxing along with semi-pro baseball at a stipend of \$10 per game.

His first job in 1893 was an internship in a state insane hospital in rural Pennsylvania among other internships during the year. These experiences led him to realize he had to change careers. Deciding to pursue chemistry, he was off to the

University of Berlin in Germany, where the leading work in chemistry was being done at the time. He returned three years later to work at H. K. Mulford Company, a Philadelphia pharmaceutical company that had just produced the first diphtheria antitoxin and also had been the first American firm to produce smallpox vaccine. True to form he took a second job writing ads for another medical concern, eventually rising to advertising and sales manager for the pharmaceutical company and in 1900 convinced them to send him back to Germany for pharmacology training, and to recruit chemists for his employer.

Bringing Hermann Hille, a young Phd. who had studied with Wilhelm Roentgen, of X-ray fame, Barnes returned to Philadelphia, then the third largest city in the United States, with 1.3 million inhabitants, but strangely a place for all of its distinguished painters--the Peale family instantly comes to mind--along with the Pennsylvania Academy--the greatest collections were private, one belonging to the Wideners, and the other belonging to John G. Johnson, another poor boy who went to Central High and the University of Pennsylvania--but to its law school. Johnson, who was considered the preeminent corporate lawyer of his time, and twice turned down a position as a Supreme Court Justice preferring to remain in his words "a Philadelphia lawyer" would come to have a definite impact on Barnes and his art collection. Johnson's client list included Henry and Louisine Havemeyer, sugar trust beneficiaries whose Impressionist art collection is legendary (now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City) and later Albert Barnes.

Though Hille was recruited for the Mulford company, he was just the person Barnes had in mind to help with his own observation of a needed eye drop formula to be used to protect baby's eyes from infection, as the remedies then available tended to be too caustic resulting in discoloration of the eye and surrounding membranes, or too weak to be truly effective.

Working together, Hille and Barnes produced a solution that Barnes was able to get approved for testing at his alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and Hospital. The tests were successful and in the spring of 1902 they resigned as employees of Mulford Pharmaceutical Company and formed their own business, Barnes & Hille Co. Hille managed the laboratory and production side of the eye drops they called Argylol, and Barnes handled marketing and sales, initially by making sure the

most renowned physicians of the day had literature and samples of the product in hand. As a result of the access Barnes could accomplish in meeting with other physicians and Barnes's other successful marketing, Argyrol sales skyrocketed and the company expanded to new quarters within the year.

With success, came more money and wealth, but not harmony, and within 5 years Albert Barnes would hire John Johnson to bring suit to partition the company. In 1908 the court ordered an auction between the two partners, resulting in Barnes's buying out Hille for only \$350,000, and making a life long friend of the premier Philadelphia lawyer and art collector, while demonstrating his singular approach to life in yet another aspect. Hire the best talent, go after what you want ruthlessly if necessary, and never fear to litigate. Now he was the total master of his domain, with complete control of Argyrol and the newly formed A.C. Barnes Company.

He had not only promoted Argyrol to the medical professionals, Barnes had persuaded the legislatures in all the states to mandate the eye drops for every newborn, and extended that success with foreign countries. He had a product no one else possessed, and although a onetime user customer base, that base was every newborn infant. His product was relatively easy to make, inexpensive, cheap and easy to ship, and had profit margins any capitalist would envy. It was not capital intensive, and because 20 was the highest number of employees in the company, labor issues were non-existent.

In his personal life, as Argyrol sales took off, Albert built a mansion on the Main Line in Merion and took up riding and fox hunting in an effort to achieve acceptance into formal society. Although he now had the wealth to join, circumstances did not work out that way for him. He detested the indolent passing of time, and suffered fools (in his view all those who did not share his opinions, and he had many opinions) not at all. He may have been a brilliant and ruthlessly single-minded businessman, but no one would ever call Albert clubbable. Despite his brilliant mind and tireless work ethic, his self-reliance and self assured way left plenty of edges much too rough for the more genteel society. While he could be charming, he more often than not, simply did not want to be.

There was another aspect to Albert, and that was his belief that with education, all persons could rise and all could achieve a better life. He believed that educated employees were happy employees and that happy employees were better employees.

Once he had gained sole control of his company, he reduced the employees' work but not their pay, from eight hours to six and began two hours per day of continuing education, holding seminars and tutorials for his employees which he taught himself. He lectured on a variety of subjects including works and theories of William James and Henry James, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, George Santayana, and Sigmund Freud among others, hardly light reading. As time went on, he expanded to art lectures and provided temporary exhibitions for the employees, primarily of American artists such as Ash Can School stalwarts William Glackens, Maurice Prendergast and Ernest Lawson.

In 1911 he revitalized his friendship with his old school mate William Glackens, whom Barnes proceeded to have instruct him on the new art, and who in turn Barnes entrusted with \$20,000 and instructed to go to Paris and buy paintings he liked for Dr. Barnes, who was by this time a millionaire several times over. Thus began the most interesting step in this bizarre story. Glackens came back with twenty paintings for the \$20,000 despite in letters to his wife complaining that "you can't touch a Cezanne for under \$3,000, and that for a little landscape," and added before departing for home that he was relieved to be done with his task, "I am sick of looking at pictures and asking prices." Among the treasures he secured were paintings by Cezanne, Picasso, van Gogh and Renoir (for only \$1,400) and all still in the collection.

In 1912 Barnes himself bought a Renoir and a Monet from the Durand-Ruel Galleries New York outpost of that Parisian dealer, as well as making a Paris trip himself where he met Gertrude Stein and her brother Leo and acquired two Matisse paintings from them, along with as many other paintings as he could find. That very year Albert's mother died at age 66 of brain cancer, and though he kept his father on as a janitor at A. C. Barnes Co., Barnes inherited his mother's house and kept it in his name, although he did let his father live there until he died in 1930. There appears to be no record extant of whether rent was charged.

In February 1913, the fabled Armory Show in New York introduced modern American Art to the world. Like the originally derisively named Impressionist movement, the Ash Can School painters—sometimes called "The Eight", painters under the loose association with Robert Henri, changed forever the face of art, and especially so in America. William Glackens, Ernest Lawson, Maurice Prendergast, George Bellows,

John Sloan, George Luks, Everett Shinn, and Henri were the originators and Albert Barnes was enthralled. Here was a new way of looking at art, of new subject matter—the everyday life of everyday people, those being the very people Barnes identified with and sympathized with. Barnes purchased the premier painting Glackens entered in that Exhibition, the first of nine paintings by Glackens to become a major part of the Barnes collection.

Barnes bought increasing numbers of paintings, and in a letter to Leo Stein before the outbreak of World War I, confided that he already had acquired more than two dozen Renoirs and a dozen Cezannes. The war years obviously halted travel to Europe, but all the while Barnes continued his searching and purchasing. In a letter in 1921 to Leo Stein, Barnes noted that his collection of Renoirs totaled over one hundred, twenty or so of which he had bought since the end of the war.

While contemporary articles referred to Barnes as an American de Medici for his voraciously acquisitive buying excursions, and Gertrude Stein reported “He literally waived his checkbook at them.” He was by no means an easy touch. Hard bargaining was a hallmark of assembling the collection.

In 1913 he sought a Cezanne still life, *Oranges and a Bottle* from French dealer Volland but refused to pay the F30,000 price, so Barnes contacted Durand-Ruel to buy the painting—dealers will usually sell to another dealer for less than the retail asking price—on the condition that Durand-Ruel then sell the painting for the dealer price to Barnes plus a standard commission. After the deal was done for F23,000, Durand-Ruel charged a 10% commission which Barnes asked them to cut in half. Mais non, said the Frenchman, pointing out that Barnes was still getting the painting for less than Volland’s price—which was under the market at that, and reiterating that 10% was the standard commission.

In 1915 Barnes heard that his new dealer, Durand-Ruel was holding a Renoir self portrait for safekeeping for the artist and wrote asking if they could convince Renoir to part with the painting, arguing that by buying over the recent years, Renoir paintings totaling more than F1,500,000, Barnes had greatly enhanced the market for Renoir’s paintings and intended to give his collection to the City of Philadelphia some day, “he hoped Renoir would perhaps be willing to let him have the portrait at a fair price.” Faint

heart never won the fair lady, nor in this instance the Renoir portrait, which turned out to be a family portrait, not a self portrait as thought by Barnes, and the old master turned Albert down flat. After Renoir died in 1927, his son inherited the painting and Albert had better luck with the son and the long-sought painting was added to the other Renoirs in his collection.

On another occasion Durand-Ruel offered Barnes a small, but “quite well-done portrait of Mme. Renoir” by her husband for \$2,500, but in an effort to undercut the price, Barnes complained that he had bought larger Renoirs for less, and unless he could have it for the lower price, he would send it back. Durand-Ruel called his bluff, and pointed out that Durand-Ruel would establish the price for its wares and just because a lower price had been available in years past, did not mandate those prices in the future. So Barnes lost out on a Renoir which he could have had for only \$2,500, but by then he already had more than a hundred in his collection.

Throughout the years, Barnes had been considering what to do with his collection and with the death of John Johnson in 1917, Barnes hired another Philadelphia lawyer, Owen J. Roberts, who later did accept appointment to the U.S. Supreme Court, to draft the terms of his Barnes Foundation Trust in 1922, funding it with \$7,000,000 and 635 paintings plus A.C. Barnes Co. stock.

It was Barnes’s vision that he would create an educational institution primarily directed toward those less fortunate in life and in essence scholarship students, whether of school age or older and desirous of artistic knowledge and training. His paintings and art collection would be geared toward that endeavor, and the Foundation was not to be strictly a museum. In his view, “Art is not a phase of life apart from the workaday world to which one may turn in moments of leisure or so called ‘culture,’ it is linked up with life itself.” This was his mission with the Barnes Foundation.

It would have been out of character for Barnes not to control everything down to the last possible detail and the Foundation trust document as drafted and redrafted was more than a little specific; for example, it recited that the funds of the foundation during Barnes’s lifetime could be invested in stocks of reputable companies—like the A.C. Barnes Co., but after his death had to be in federal, state or municipal bonds.

As for the collection, no pictures or reproductions were to be made of the paintings and art work, it being a tenet of his teachings and beliefs that only the original artwork could be accurate, and any other views therefore by definition were misleading, so no catalogues, post cards, art books or anything of the like were permissible. As for the board of directors, there were to be five, Albert and his wife during their lives, a director from the Girard Trust Co., and two others appointed by Barnes. After his death, and the terms of the current directors, the University of Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts would each alternate in picking the other four directors.

In April 1923 a large selection from the collection was to be presented at an exhibition at The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in advance of the completion of the museum facility being constructed next to the residence on the 12 acre estate in Merion. This exhibition proved a total disaster with critics deriding the works as degenerate, not worth the time to walk across the street to view, the product of a deranged mind, of absolutely no artistic merit, and similar statements. The individual viewers were no more appreciative of the works, and the praise and admiration Barnes had expected was instead all but universal derision, if not abhorrence.

Dr. Barnes returned the favor. He closed his collection to only those who were students, his invited guests, and “the laboring class who might not otherwise be exposed to works of art.” Even the slightly better reception the opening of the completed Barnes Foundation Museum in 1925 received, did nothing to assuage Dr. Barnes from his further privatization of his museum.

He decreed for example, that the paintings were always to be hung as he had hung them; the displays were not to be changed; and of course the artwork could never leave the Barnes or be sold. Over the years he continued to collect, and began to add African art to the collection.

He had become acquainted with African art while in Paris in the mid 1920's and soon had the largest collection of African art in the United States. He displayed it with the post impressionist paintings and demonstrated its closeness with the works of Picasso and other post impressionist and modern artists. He compared those works to straps, angle irons and other functional metalwork that he asserted showed form and design in a

way similar to that evidenced by the great works of art, side by side. No other museum anywhere so displayed its art, and like the early Victorians, he hung art 2, 3 and sometimes 4 paintings high, and put the metal pieces in any open spaces there happened to be left. He wrote art books and treatises and education theories. He never stopped investigating and learning about art and the works he collected. In the meantime his collection just continued to grow in number and value, almost as if possessed of a mind of its own. His school was free to its students, and one of his first students Violette de Mazia went to work at the Barnes as soon as her two year course was up and never left, becoming the chief assistant and directress of the Museum and assisting with the authoring of multiple books with Dr. Barnes.

The value of the collection only increased from day one. At one point as the museum construction was being finished, Barnes proudly claimed the collection to be worth \$20 million, and that he had only paid \$5 million. By 2000, the Barnes collection was estimated at a value of \$6,000,000,000 and contained over a thousand paintings. There were 181 by Renoir, 69 by Gauguin, 59 by Matisse, 46 by Picasso, 11 by Degas, 16 by Modigliani, 21 by Soutine, 18 by Rousseau, 7 by van Gogh, 6 by Seurat, and examples by Monet, Manet, Titian, and Rubens and by Americans Glackens, Lawson and Prendergast to hit the high points. And its quality equaled its quantity.

In 1929, demonstrating his exquisite prescience and knowing when to seize opportunity that seemed to be in evidence throughout his career, Barnes sold the A.C. Barnes Company for \$8,000,000, and kept his proceeds in cash. Within months, the stock market crashed, and the man with cash was king indeed; so much so that a painting he had refused to buy when offered before the Crash at what he believed was too high a price at \$500,000, was his for \$50,000 in 1933.

Barnes retained that hunger and self preservation imbedded from his early life of hardship throughout his life. He continued to be concerned for those who labored for a living, and he carried on his little wars against those he disliked—most persons he considered “society” and self-important celebrities. He was especially irritated by any who proclaimed themselves titled or worse yet, royal. In what became a famous event, one such lady had sought an audience and special tour of the collection. Barnes responded that the time she selected would unfortunately be unavailable due to a charity

event already scheduled for the same time. He said the Barnes Institute would be busy with a striptease contest for debutantes, and out of consideration for the modesty of the debutantes, the audience would be limited to their boyfriends. Somehow this exchange of personal correspondence found its way to the local papers, which left only the lady and select debutante family members unamused.

On another occasion, one Alexander Woollcott, a caustic radio personality and the subject of “The Man Who Came to Dinner” was playing himself in its production in Philadelphia, and requested a private viewing of the collection, but received no response to a letter and then a telegram, so he finally called. With Barnes standing nearby, the receptionist came back on the line to tell Woollcott that Dr. Barnes had left strict instructions not to be disturbed as he was busy outside, whistling to the birds. Woollcott then got a telegram apology for “not recognizing what an important person you are” signed by Barnes’s dog. After the exchanges again ended up in local newspapers, Woollcott tried to top Barnes by claiming despite the many requests from Dr. Barnes, he had to refuse the invitation to visit the museum due to the press of work, to which Barnes replied that the Seurat “Bathers” painting for which the French government had just offered \$500,000, would be given free to Woollcott if he could prove either an invitation or his presence ever inside the Institute. It was exchanges such as these that demonstrated the irascibility of the Doctor, and undoubtedly the injuries and slights that he must have perceived growing up.

Barnes had observed that his first great lawyer, John Johnson, had left his art collection including his house where he had kept it, to the City of Philadelphia, and that it did not take too long for the Philadelphia Museum of Art to accede to the control of the collection and then convince a judge that the terms of the bequest should be reconstrued, resulting in Johnson’s house being sold (and torn down), and so too some of the paintings, with the rest relocated to the new Philadelphia Museum building on Benjamin Franklin Parkway. Barnes vowed to prevent such an occurrence with his collection, and continued to have Owen Roberts tighten and make ever more restrictive the provisions of the Foundation Trust Agreement, so by the time it came into use, it even specified for example how many staff personnel were to be employed: There would be no more than two gallery attendants and two watchmen at a maximum annual salary of \$2,000 each, a

stenographic clerk at no more than a \$2,500 annual salary, and cleaning and janitorial staff to total no more than \$6,000 annually. The director of the museum was to be paid only slightly better. At the same time, the 1923 exhibition fiasco finished off the relationship between Barnes and the Philadelphia Academy, not to mention the Main Line residents and all those who might have gone to the opening of the exhibition of his paintings, whether or not they were actually there.

While relations could have been better with his alma mater, the ascendancy of Harold Stassen to the presidency of the University of Pennsylvania was the coup de gras for that relationship, as Barnes detested him at first meeting, and things went downhill from there. As a result Dr. Barnes wrote the University of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts out of the selection process for the Foundation directors, and he further stipulated that no trustees be named from any of the other local major universities or colleges, specifying Penn, Bryn Mawr, Haverford Swarthmore and Temple.

In the meantime Barnes had acquired a summer place in rural Chester County southwest of Philadelphia, where he became acquainted with and a friend of Horace Mann Bond, the president of Lincoln University, and father of Julian Bond. This black university while prominent at one time, was never adequately funded and as all colleges became less segregated, its student body numbers dropped, and its financial condition continued to become ever more precarious. The right to select the board members of the Barnes Foundation after the death of Barnes, his wife and Violette de Mazia, was given to the trustees of Lincoln University. What could possibly fit better into his attitude toward the Main Line and all those University of Pennsylvania sorts than to have small rural black Lincoln University in charge of his art treasures that they had so scorned? Especially when he had everything all tied up almost down to the penny and no one could change the exhibits or the art, and still no one could visit the museum except on invitation and at the permission of those he left in charge. As sure as Albert was of his art selections, he was equally sure of the tidy little package he left behind to control the Barnes Foundation. He fully expected he had planned for everything and it would always remain so.

Then one hot Sunday evening in July, 1951 Barnes, who was known for racing his Packard along the back country roads of Chester County and even Merion, ran through a stop sign and at age 79 was thrown from the car in a collision with a truck, and died. His memorial service was not peopled with very many Main Line residents, but he undoubtedly expected his control over his beloved Foundation to continue.

A half year later some old Barnes pay back commenced. It seems that Albert had slighted Moses Annenberg, the founder of the Racing News and father of Walter Annenberg. The Annenbergs had in the interim picked up more publishing concerns, including Readers' Digest and newspapers, notably the Philadelphia Inquirer. Within six months of Barnes's death Annenberg brought suit in the name of the editor of the paper claiming the private nature of the Barnes was inimical to the public nature of the tax exemption it enjoyed. Although Annenberg lost in the trial, and at the supreme court, he had cost the Barnes Foundation dearly in legal fees and public ill will. Annenberg continued using his influence with the state attorney general's office to pursue the idiosyncrasies of the Barnes, and in whatever the Philadelphia Inquirer could do to disrupt the Barnes, from bad publicity to downright muckraking.

Unfortunately the overly detailed and restrictive operating terms for the Barnes Foundation set the institution on a course for disaster. For example, the investment restrictions resulted in the purchase of tax free bonds, but the Barnes was a charity and did not pay tax. Next the restrictive employee and pay prescriptions prevented growth, and obtaining talented and necessary help. Laura Barnes outlived her husband by 15 years, dying in 1966, but Violette de Mazia lived until 1989 and with other original Barnes board appointees also enjoying long lives, had a majority until then, though only 3-2 toward the end.

While all of this was harmful, the Barnes was most harmed by the mischief Albert Barnes set out to work when he put Lincoln University in charge of his museum. Before where he had two institutions, now he had one, in charge of his beloved foundation, and that one had a blatant conflict in shepherding the Barnes due to its own financial issues. Of all people, Albert Barnes should have realized that there might be other individuals out there who were at least as sure of themselves as he had been of himself, and perhaps even as single-minded and ruthless, and there were known to be scoundrels still about,

and with an asset as valuable as the art collection, one could predict some scoundrel might see a benefit to controlling it.

At the time the board control finally fell to Lincoln University, its student body had dropped to below one thousand and its trustees were of a mind to use the assets of the Barnes for the benefit of the financially struggling university. The friction generated by the original Barnes Board members' trying to continue the practices and personality quirks of Albert Barnes further complicated matters, along with the machinations of Richard Glanton, a deal-making attorney and general counsel for the university who had gotten himself appointed to the Barnes Board and appeared to be more concerned with bettering the lot of the University, as distinguished from the Barnes, and whose personal interest came well before either.

On the one hand, Glanton did see the need to put the Barnes on sound financial footing, which entailed removing the restrictions Dr. Barnes had placed on the Foundation. He understood the building had to be updated with new mechanicals, lighting and security, and more staff. All of this would take money and require changes in the operations. From the beginning he was the instigator for going to court to change the terms of the Foundation by-laws and other provisions and restrictions, and he understood and appreciated better than others that once the door was opened, changes far beyond those proposed could result. He proposed a book deal to show the Barnes paintings to the world. He proposed touring the paintings for fees, and he proposed the ultimate art world sacrilege, the sale of paintings from the collection to pay for the work and to build up the dwindling endowment without appreciating what a firestorm that step would ignite, or perhaps just choosing to overlook it.

He was charming when it suited his purpose. He was far more ruthless than Dr. Barnes. He did not earn the money and spend a lifetime acquiring and learning about the art, nor come up the hard way to the extent Dr. Barnes had, though his was not a privileged upbringing. He was every bit as tough and unforgiving, and was even more aggressive, but shot to kill not wound. He saw the removal of the restrictions Dr. Barnes put on the collection as the way to begin earning money from the collection. He saw the need to modernize the facility, and knew how to use that need to his advantage. Unfortunately none of this was really to benefit anyone other than Richard Glanton;

every step, every appeal, every action was really directed at enhancing Richard Glanton. That the Barnes benefited was only incidental to the real goal, to promote Richard Glanton. That the Barnes increased its funds meant Glanton would have more to spend on himself.

But give the devil his due, he did push through the court, permission for and then directed the 1993 through 1995 tour of the cream of the Barnes painting collection to Washington, Paris, Tokyo, Toronto, Fort Worth, and Germany. It proved wildly successful in terms of visitors, expanding the availability of others to be able to see the paintings, and netted \$10 million for the Barnes (but the Pennsylvania state court judge required those funds to be escrowed in a separate fund to maintain the building under the court's continuing control). The Barnes museum had to be closed anyway during that time for the needed renovations and upgrades to the mechanical systems and utilities. He also recognized the value to producing the Knopf art book of French Impressionist Paintings in the Barnes Collection, which in addition to the great publicity and scholarly benefits, brought in millions.

On the other hand, Glanton was so Machiavellian in his outlook and actions, that he had not only embroiled the Barnes in litigation, but also the Lincoln University board and personnel. Glanton ran the Barnes as if he were Barnes himself, and in a deposition even proclaimed, "I am the Barnes," but he had none of the artistic feel necessary, just the hunger for power and acclamation. He instigated discrimination claims in Federal Court against township trustees for refusing the parking lot construction permit and also named them individually for discriminating against a black university controlled board. He charged in the same discrimination suit, the neighbors in Merion for complaining about the parking lot expansion which Glanton perceived as necessary to handle the increased visitors resulting from changes approved in the probate court over the trust agreement modifications. These actions resulted in millions of dollars in legal fees and hardening of opinions all around. It took years and multiple sets of attorneys to resolve the charges and countercharges.

The end result was Glanton's removal as President of the Barnes, and finally from the board, but by that time he had so stirred the litigation pot that the endowment of the Barnes stood at only \$1.6 million by the end of 1998 and was essentially gone after

the next year with only the tour funds left and approval of the court required to dip into those funds. The Barnes with \$6 billion in art was basically bankrupt.

In 2002 court proceedings led by the Pew Charitable Trust, the Lenfest and Annenberg Foundations agreed to provide \$3 million over two years to cover operations of the Barnes while a permanent solution could be devised. In 2004 the court authorized a move to Benjamin Franklin Parkway in view of the Philadelphia Art Museum, next to the Rodin Museum and a to be constructed Calder Museum, provided \$150 million could be raised. In 2006 that goal was met and architects were selected last year for the project. This proceeding has resulted in an increase from 5 to 15 board members with the Pew and Lenfest Trusts appointing the majority. Just last month Merion residents and Keep the Barnes in Merion supporters petitioned the court to reopen its decision authorizing the move. So, it's not over yet.

From a brilliant and self confident poor boy with a desire to succeed and a focus of incredible intensity came the antimicrobial Argyrol which allowed babies to see and be protected. From Argyrol came the fortune that Dr. Barnes used to see and recognize fabulous art, select it and turn it into a \$6 billion art collection. Along the way Dr. Barnes brought the art world to his vision of art, and all the rest of us as well. The ride had its fits and starts and never was particularly smooth, but then neither was Dr. Barnes, and all what one might expect from a man who once said, "Good paintings are more satisfying than the best of good books, and infinitely more so than nice people."