

Looking for the Light

BOB SCHIEFFER



PROJECT • SPACE

Looking for the Light

IN THE AGE OF COVID, CHAOS, AND CONFUSION



Bob Schieffer



Michael Beschloss, Curator
April 6 – May 19, 2024

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY MUSEUM PROJECT SPACE



Curator's Statement

Michael Beschloss

Bob Schieffer is one of the greatest American journalists of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. In our still-young country, his career spans a full quarter of all of American history. He has long been known and honored for connecting the news events he reports and analyzes with key moments and figures of the American past, and for his ability to see into the souls of the people he covers and interviews. This includes Lee Harvey Oswald's mother Marguerite, whom Bob, in a famous early burst of reportorial instinct, managed to interview after the Kennedy assassination on November 22, 1963 to the American presidents and other world leaders of our own time. He is also a wonderful person of modesty, great humor, high intelligence, and kindness, especially to the younger members of his profession.

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It makes perfect sense that in his ardor and singular talent for painting, Bob would follow in the footsteps of great leaders he has covered and studied, like Winston Churchill and Dwight Eisenhower. It is almost unfair to the rest of us mortals that Schieffer is blessed with not only the journalistic gifts we have all admired while watching him on CBS News all these years, but also the artistic vision, technical skill, and intense personal feeling we observe on these canvases.

Why shouldn't we have suspected that Schieffer would merge his interest in history with his keen understanding of human motivation and character to bring us these images of people and signal events both horrifying and exalted? Bob Schieffer has never taken human beings or their earthly deeds at face value nor does he do so in these paintings. With echoes of the later Norman Rockwell and the fabled social realist Ben Shahn, each one of Schieffer's paintings reveals new dimensions of human beings, epochs, and crucial events that changed and transformed our nation and world.

Opposite: Bob Schieffer, *Honest Abe*, 1983. Pencil on paper, 50 x 39 in.
Courtesy of the artist.

We see John Lewis; Ruth Bader Ginsburg; a triptych of our greatest presidents, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Franklin D. Roosevelt (FDR); a chilling version of the notorious 1968 image in which the screaming Phan Thi Kim Phuc tries to escape napalm during a South Vietnamese raid; as well as a wry and charming self-portrait of Schieffer the painter that reminds us of the famous one by Rockwell. We experience the American civil rights movement from the 1950s to Black Lives Matter and beyond, the horror of the January 6, 2021 attack on the U.S. Capitol, portraits of Liz Cheney and Bennie Thompson, and the tumult around the White House as the Trump years gave way to those of Joe Biden.

With this exhibition, it is now clear that Bob Schieffer is a national treasure in more ways than one. What I revere most of all is how these paintings reveal the part of Bob's soul that he kept off the TV screen during his most active years as a journalist. In Philip Graham's famous phrase about journalism, he brought us the "first draft of history," and there was never any doubt about his love of country. But because he was such a fastidious journalist, the passions that drove those feelings were often necessarily implicit.

Now that he is no longer reporting on daily events, he allows those emotions to come through every one of these paintings. Showing the hindsight and later understanding that the pressures of classic daily reportage must exclude, the paintings he now brings us here are to news photographs as history is to journalism. They allow us all to understand, in case there was ever any doubt, how—and how deeply—Bob Schieffer understands the American story and how intensely he dreams of what our American experiment can still become.

Michael Beschloss is an American historian and has been a friend and admirer of Bob Schieffer for decades.

Opposite: Bob Schieffer, *The Bump*, 2020. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in.
Courtesy of the artist.



Artist Statement

Bob Schieffer

In early 2020, I decided to document the enormous changes we were undergoing during the era that began with COVID-19, having no idea where it would end or how long it would last. I did so remembering what technology columnist Walt Mossberg once told me—that sometimes we don't realize how difficult an experience is until we have passed through it. I was sure of one thing: COVID-19 had tested our mettle, but it was just the beginning.

The vast majority of images in this collection were inspired by pictures I tore from daily newspapers, an admittedly odd habit I developed years ago. Mostly they came from the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, and the *Wall Street Journal*. Other images came from taking pictures of scenes I saw on my television. Photographers have always been some of my favorite people and teachers, and that includes Harry Cabluck during my days at the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. Later, in Vietnam, I became a close friend of the Pulitzer Prize winner Eddie Adams who taught me how to shoot pictures in combat, and then in Washington I learned more from CBS News video photographers Bob Peterson, Don Lee, Tony Furlong, and the late George Christian.

As this project unfolded, one problem piled on another for the nation—some we had ignored in the past and others we had not foreseen. We were left feeling vulnerable, sometimes helpless and, at the least, confused.

What made it even more difficult was that it was happening as our sources of reliable information were rapidly and dramatically changing. Local newspapers, once the place where most of us got our news, were dying—victims of the voracious internet, which was siphoning off the advertising revenue that had once been their life's blood. Many Americans turned to social media, where information was sometimes



Bob Schieffer photographed with *The Poet*.

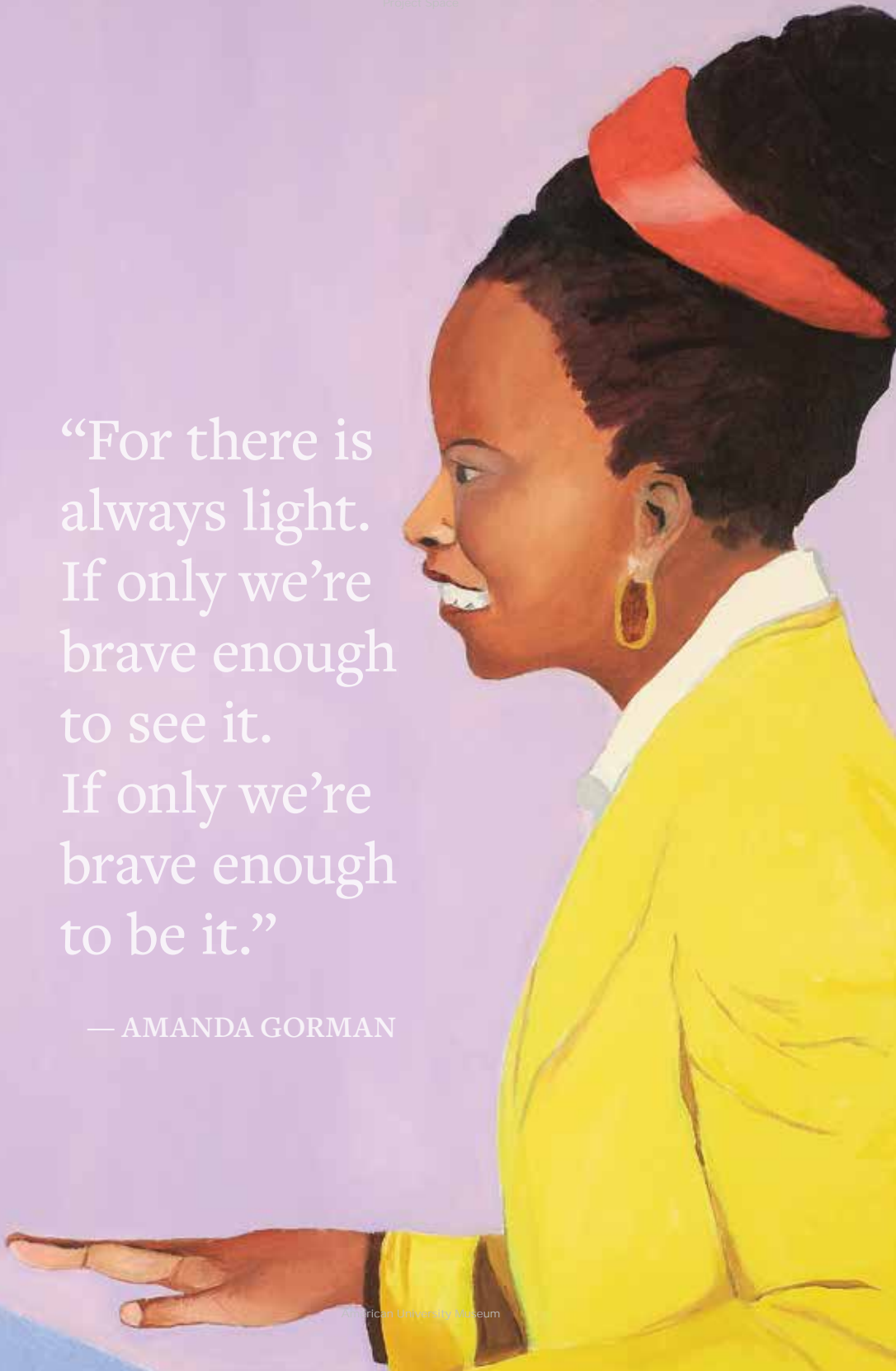
true and many times wasn't. We had entered an era that arts critic Jason Farago described as "shifting from reading to scrolling."

This project was already underway when I heard Youth Poet Laureate Amanda Gorman speak at the Biden Inauguration. Somehow, in her calm and measured way, she broke through the chaos and confusion. In the last lines of her poem that day she said, "For there is always light. If only we're brave enough to see it. If only we're brave enough to be it." At that moment, I decided to call this collection *Looking for the Light*.

In the pages to come, I'll have more to say about how I was moved by those words and how they inspired me to find hope in a dark and dangerous time.

“For there is
always light.
If only we’re
brave enough
to see it.
If only we’re
brave enough
to be it.”

— AMANDA GORMAN



One Million Dead

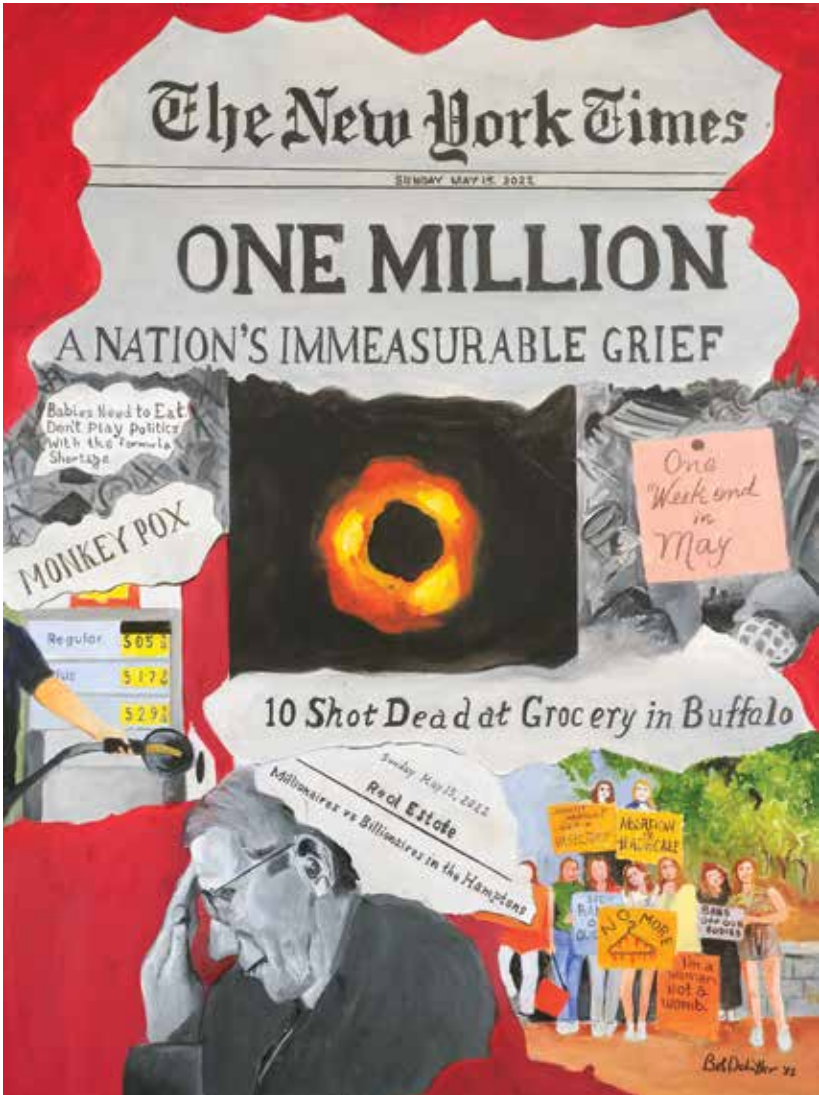
By May 15, 2022, we still didn't know exactly where COVID-19 came from or how deeply the chaos that followed had damaged America, its people, and its culture.

But on that weekend, it was official. The pandemic had taken more than a million American lives, roiled our economy, and left many Americans questioning the historic institutions on which our country was founded.

I chose this headline from the *New York Times* to begin this series. The NASA image of the black hole is from the *Wall Street Journal*. A friend snapped the picture of high school students marching for abortion rights.

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Profile of Anthony Fauci (lower left-hand corner), reference photo: Erin Schaff, *New York Times* photographer, used with permission.



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One Million, 2022. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

The Trouble in Michigan

Experts led by the National Institute of Health's Anthony Fauci warned us from the beginning that the pandemic had to be taken seriously, but many balked at the remedies various government agencies were recommending including wearing face masks, closing schools, and avoiding public places and offices. Some saw the moves as infringing on their freedoms. One of the worst protests occurred in Michigan, where armed intruders invaded the state capitol, threats were made to local officials, and a plot was uncovered to kidnap the governor. One of my first paintings depicts the terror-filled events that took place in Michigan. It contrasts the troublemakers to those who came to our defense—the doctors, nurses, first responders, moms and dads, postal workers, and grocery clerks who stayed on the job. To me, the crisis showed the divide between the best of us from the rest of us. Little did we know then it would be a harbinger of the riots on January 6.

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The Trouble in Michigan, 2020. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

Say His Name

His name was George Floyd, and it would soon become the battle cry of the Black Lives Matter (BLM) movement. He had been accused of trying to use a phony twenty-dollar bill to pay a merchant, but he was held down for over nine minutes by a Minneapolis policeman who put his knee on Floyd's throat. America watched Floyd die on television. The uncertainty, toxic politics, and disagreements of the COVID-19 era left the country in a dispirited mood and helped reignite the BLM movement. It came to a boil as protestors argued that police treated people of color differently than Whites—a textbook example of what my favorite philosopher Will Durant once said:

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“Barbarism, like the jungle, does not die out, but only retreats behind the barriers that civilization has thrown up against it and waits there always to reclaim that to which civilization has temporarily laid claim.”



Say His Name, 2020. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

The Disconnect

As months became years, I was perplexed. Had we forgotten what John Lewis and the great civil rights leaders from our past taught us years ago? Had we forgotten the Selma March and the years when people of color across the South were assured of their right to vote? Were we in some strange way trying to refight the Civil War?

One thing was obvious: Black Lives Matter protestors had not forgotten what that war was about. The memorials to Confederate heroes across the South were plastered with BLM posters and signs. In many cases, the memorials which had been erected during the Jim Crow era were eventually torn down.

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Roger Stone, reference photo: Joe Skipper, Reuters photographer, used with permission. Mothers demonstrating, reference photo: Caitlin Ochs, Reuters photographer, used with permission.



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The Disconnect, 2020. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

A Bible Story

On June 1, 2020, Black Lives Matter demonstrators who had gathered in Lafayette Park across from the White House were surprised when law enforcement officials told them they would have to move on. When they refused, the authorities resorted to tear gas, and soon the demonstrators understood why. A heavily guarded President Trump emerged from the White House and came striding toward them. A posse of senior administration officials including the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Mark Milley, trailed behind him.

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Trump walked directly to St. John's Church, which is across the park, turned, and held up a Bible. Asked if it was his Bible, he answered it was "a Bible." After posing with the Bible he returned to the White House.

In an administration with a reputation for the unexpected, this was one of the weirdest incidents yet. General Milley later apologized for being part of it.



A Bible Story, 2020. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

The Bump

After Biden won the election, his followers poured into Lafayette Square, where *Washington Post* photographer Jabin Botsford got an extraordinary photo which I used as a basis for this painting. I laid over it a painting based on a photo of Barack Obama and Joe Biden bumping elbows by photographer Demetrius Freeman. To me, those images melded into one painting, symbolizing the joy that so many felt that night.

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Reference photos: *Washington Post* photographers, used with permission.



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The Bump, 2020. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

Caligula's Drop By

On January 6, 2021, I settled in front of my TV to watch Trump's speech, curious as to why he was speaking at all. He had refused to concede, but he had lost by a sizable margin.

I couldn't believe my eyes as I watched his followers march to the U.S. Capitol, and a riot broke out. It literally sickened me. To me, the U.S. Capitol is to politics what the Sistine Chapel is to religion—holy ground. To see it being defiled by hooligans and fools was akin to someone defecating on the Sistine Chapel altar.

22 At first, it didn't occur to me that this crowd was trying to overthrow the government; they seemed more interested in selfies. Yet, as the afternoon wore on, a blood-lust settled over the crowd. The rioters broke windows and doors, pepper sprayed Capitol Police, and beat them with poles and other blunt instruments. Some protestors actually brought a gallows. Cries of "Hang Mike Pence," and obscenities seldom heard in those halls (at least out loud) rang out. Could this be for real? It was, and it was like nothing I had ever seen.



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Caligula's Drop-By, 2021. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

The Poet

Maybe the bizarre unreality of what I saw the day of the riot was what caused me to take to heart the message that Youth Poet Laureate Amanda Gorman delivered at the Biden inauguration. Her poem that day ends, “For there is always light. If only we’re brave enough to see it. If only we’re brave enough to be it.” It was her way of telling us that we have overcome seemingly impossible challenges throughout our history, but it was a reminder as well that no form of government is invulnerable and that democracy must be nourished by each generation.



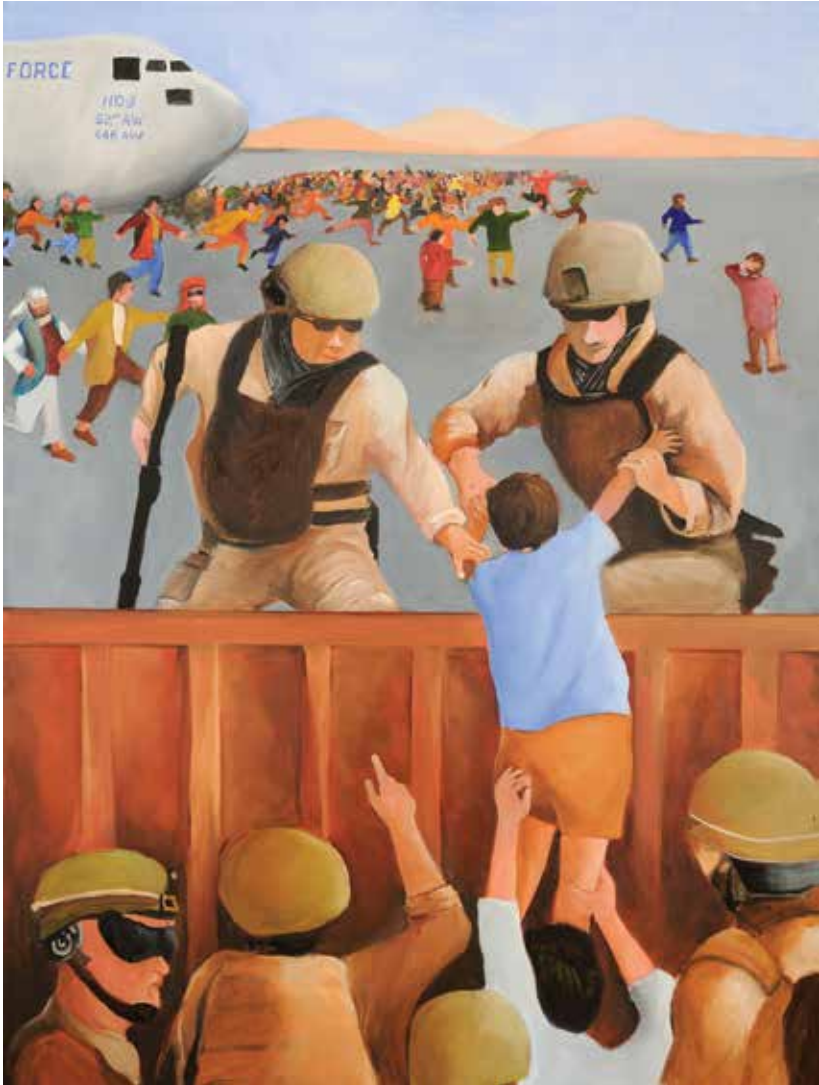
The Poet, 2021. Oil on canvas, 46 x 36 in. Courtesy of the artist.

The Unforced Error: Leaving the Graveyard of Empires

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The bitterness of the campaign had overflowed into Biden's presidency, but he and Trump had shared one goal: They believed it was time to bring American soldiers home from Afghanistan, our longest war. Biden gave the order during his first year, expecting a dignified exit, unlike America's chaotic departure from Vietnam where helicopters plucked the last Americans from the embassy roof. The departure from Afghanistan was far worse. Thirteen Americans were killed as they guarded the airport. Many Afghan allies who had been promised safe passage out discovered they were on their own. They clogged the airport runways, grabbing at the wheels and landing gear of the U.S. cargo planes that were lifting off. U.S. forces eventually got thousands out. There were some brave attempts to save children, but for the most part, America's leaving was a debacle. It was then that Biden's approval ratings took their first dive as his administration's competence came into question.

The image of the Marines lifting a child over the barrier is based on a U.S. Marine 2021 photo by Victor Mancilla.



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The Unforced Error: Leaving the Graveyard of Empires, 2021. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

Journalism 101: News is Where You Find it

Maggie Haberman of the *New York Times* is my kind of reporter. She spends her time tracking down facts. Nothing fancy, just the facts. She and the news site Axios came up with photos of torn-up documents that someone tried to flush down a White House toilet (the sources suggested it was Trump's doing). The saga of Donald Trump and classified documents was underway...

28 **Maggie Haberman, reference photo: used with permission of Keppler Associates, Inc., Warren Jones, CEO.**



Journalism 101: News is Where You Find it, 2021. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in.
Courtesy of the artist.

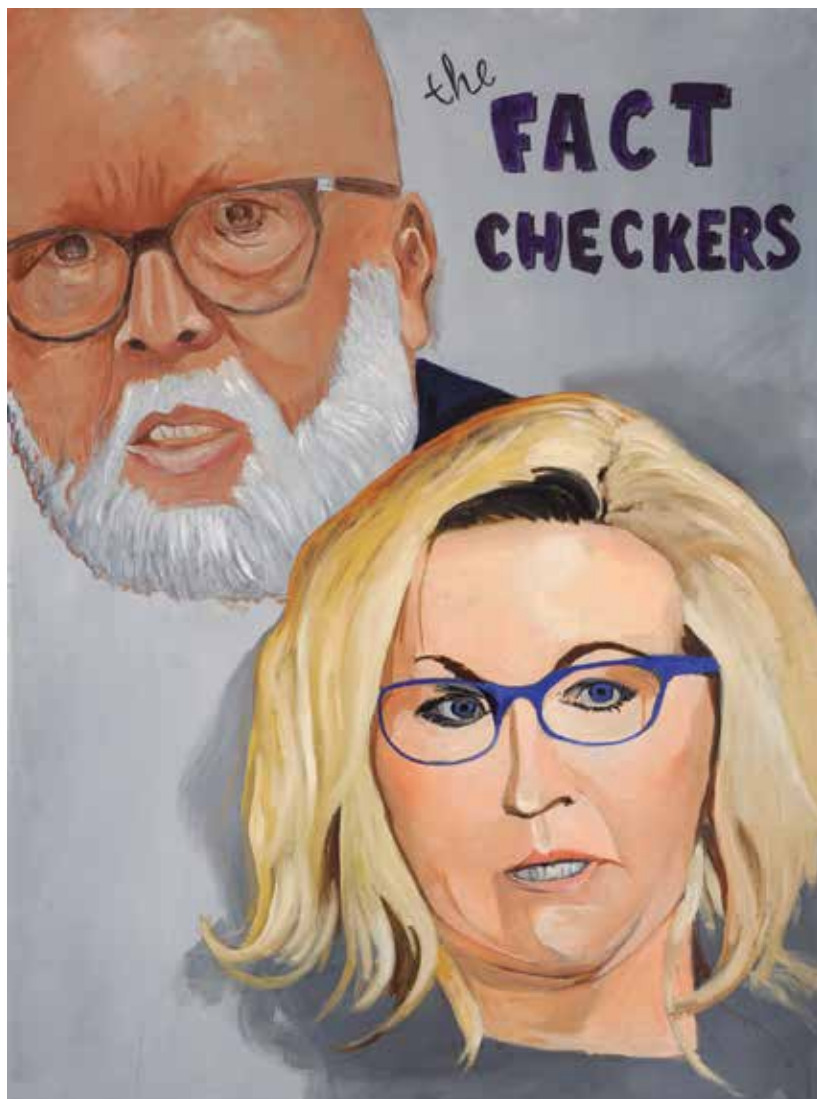
The Fact Checkers

Democratic Congressman Bennie Thompson of Mississippi and Republican Liz Cheney of Wyoming were an unlikely pair who shared a passion for truth and headed the congressional probe into the horrific events of January 6.

Their investigation was one of the most organized and successful since Watergate. It set the stage for the multiple investigations that followed. It also cost Cheney her seat in Congress, but she never looked back, one of the few in her party to challenge its leaders and the former president.

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Created using images from television broadcasts.



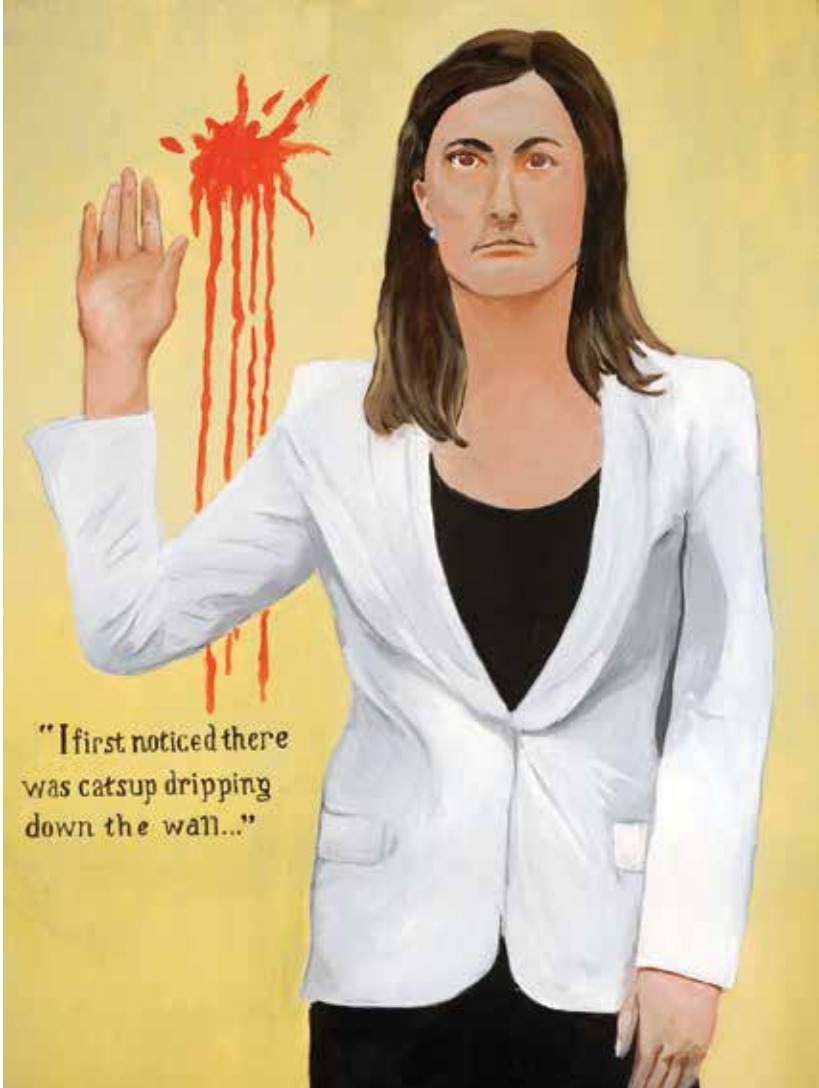
The Fact Checkers, 2021. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

Cassidy Hutchinson: Profile in Courage

No witness who appeared before the January 6 committee provided more drama than 25-year-old former White House aide Cassidy Hutchinson. On national television, she said the president tried to force the Secret Service agent driving the presidential limo to head toward the U.S. Capitol, where the marchers were going. She also spoke about a day when she helped a White House valet clean catsup from the wall of the president's private dining room after a plate of food had been thrown against the wall.

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Created using images from television broadcasts.



Cassidy Hutchinson: Profile in Courage, 2021. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

Napalm Girl and Uvalde

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For all the political turmoil, the saddest scenes we kept seeing on television were far from Washington. They were in our schools, where gun violence was unending. As I looked at Pete Luna's photo of the school shooting in Uvalde, Texas, that left seventeen students and two teachers dead, and seventeen others wounded, it reminded me of *Napalm Girl*, the iconic photo by Vietnamese AP photographer Nick Ut. I was in Vietnam at the time Ut was working there, and I later wrote the forward to his book. Putting the two scenes together brought home to me that it is always the children who pay the greatest price for whatever turmoil adults have created. In Vietnam, the young victims were killed and wounded because they were in the wrong place. The children in Uvalde died because they were in the right place—school, where they were supposed to be, yet we have not found a way to protect them.

Uvalde School Shooting, reference photo: Pete Luna, *Uvalde Leader-News*, used with permission. *Napalm Girl*, reference photo: Nick Ut, Associated Press, used with permission.



Napalm Girl and Uvalde, 2022. Oil on canvas, 31 x 41 in. Courtesy of the artist.

Thoughts and Prayers: The Question We Refuse to Answer

Gun violence has become the number one cause of death of children and teens in America. We offer “thoughts and prayers” and for the most part just wait for the next shooting.

When I discovered protest after protest over the years when young people were holding signs that asked the same question “Am I next?,” I decided this painting belonged near the *Napalm Girl and Uvalde* painting—testament to the reality that we have yet to resolve our most shameful problem: keeping our children safe when they are in school.



Thoughts and Prayers: The Question We Refuse to Answer, 2023. Oil on canvas, 31 x 41 in. Courtesy of the artist.

The Face of Evil

Of all the images I collected over the years, this was the easiest to title and required the least explanation. I have no idea who first painted it, but I discovered that it appeared on hundreds of Ukrainian protesters' signs. I hope they will not mind my helping to spread their message. I say this remembering what President Zelensky said on his second visit to Washington, "Evil cannot be trusted."



The Face of Evil, 2022. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

At What Price: The Real Cost of War

When CNN's Jake Tapper asked President Zelensky about the cost of war he replied, "How do you compensate someone for the loss of a child?" It made me remember a poem my mother taught me about a little boy who died in the night, leaving his toys to wonder where he had gone. That made me think of the awful grief Ukrainian parents go through each time they put away toys that will never be played with again.



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At What Price: The Real Cost of War, 2023. Oil on canvas, 31 x 41 in. Courtesy of the artist.

The Irony of War

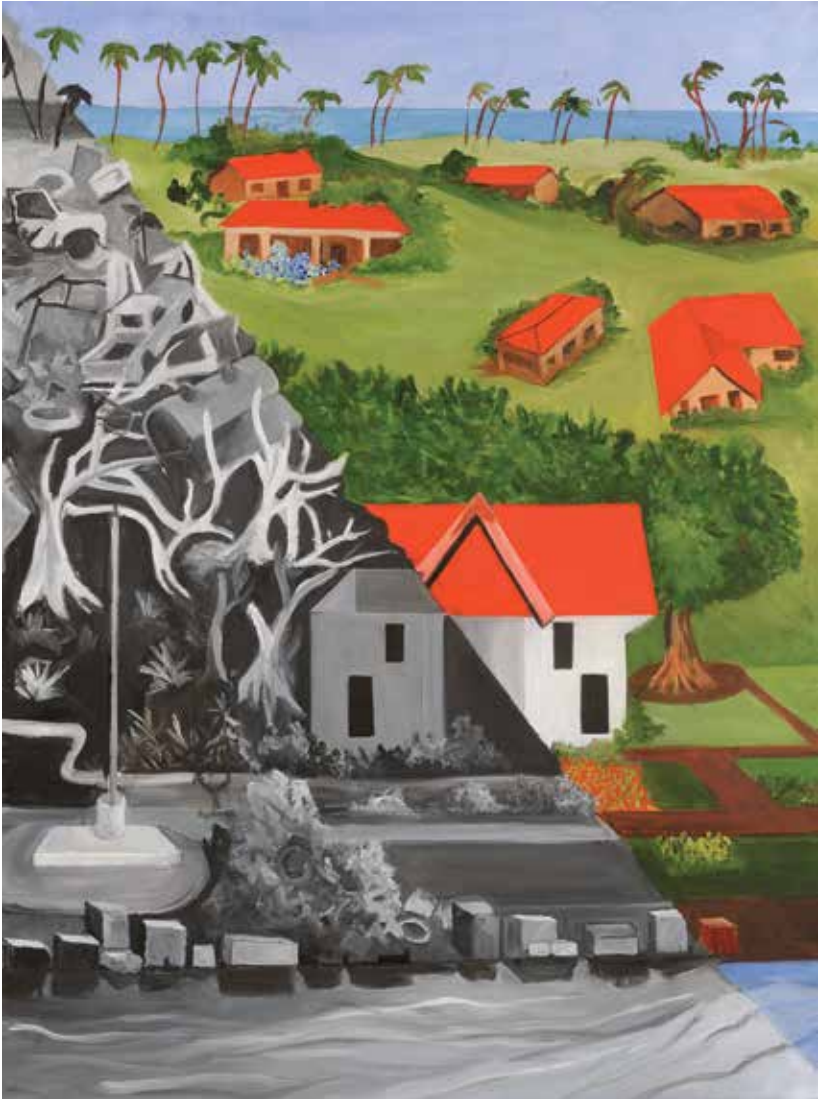
As I watched the TV images of the orange and white parachute of the Russian and American astronauts returning to Earth, I thought of the irony of war. After a year of working together on very complicated tasks in outer space, how strange that once back on Earth, that no longer seems possible. That is CBS correspondent Holly Williams in the right-hand corner of the picture.



The Irony of War, 2022-2023. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

Paradise Lost

To me, the horrible fire on the Hawaiian island of Maui was the perfect symbol of the dangers posed in this era by increasingly severe weather events. Some linked it to climate change. Others did not. Yet, in less than a day, one of the most beautiful places on earth was just no longer there, and we were left to wonder: Why didn't we know this was coming? Why did no one sound the alarm? Who was to blame? Is it possible that those warnings did come and had been coming for years, but we just weren't listening?



Paradise Lost, 2023. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

Our Very Best: Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt

Why a painting of Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt in this exhibit? Because they represent the best of us, and each of them faced far greater problems in their day than we have faced in ours. Without Washington's pure courage to take on the greatest military force in his day, without the fairness and insight of Lincoln who managed to put a nation that had come apart back together, and without the foresight and optimism of Roosevelt who led us to victory in a war that could have led to a new Dark Age, there would be no America as we know it today.

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These leaders succeeded not by trying to divide Americans, but by finding ways to bring them together. They did not try to gloss over the problems or rewrite history. They prevailed by meeting the problems head-on.



Our Very Best: Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt, 2023. Oil on canvas, 44 x 34 in. Courtesy of the artist.

Honest Abe

As I painted this series, I seriously wondered if the nation might actually and finally be coming apart. It caused me to think many times about Lincoln, who had been in office when the nation did come apart. What would he think of today's politics? The name-calling, the gotcha moments, the coarseness and obscenities, the enormous amount of money required which created a cottage industry of political fundraising that became more important to many politicians than constituent services.

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We have created a politics that has become so unseemly and misguided that our best and brightest people—both Democrat and Republican—want no part of it. Have you heard anyone say lately, “I hope my child grows up to be a politician?” I believe Lincoln would have been shocked by all this. Then one day I happened to reread his second inaugural address with the unforgettable words, “with malice toward none and charity for all,” and I decided that somehow, some way, he has already charted our way to a better place. That was when I decided to add a drawing I did of Lincoln in 1983. Why? Over the years, thinking about Lincoln just made me feel better about things.



Honest Abe, 1983. Pencil on paper, 50 x 39 in. Courtesy of the artist.



“You needed
to persuade
men that this
was right
for society,
that it was
right for their
daughters and
granddaughters.”

— RBG

Remarkable Heroes of Our Time

The headlines of the COVID-19 era were often crowded with the rantings of bad actors of all stripes, but the era also marked the passing of some remarkable people. Their voices have been stilled, but our obligation to future generations is to ensure they are not forgotten. Among the four I most admire are John McCain, Sandra Day O'Connor, John Lewis, and Ruth Bader Ginsburg.

They were heroes all.

— McCain, who spent five years in a Vietnam prison but returned there after the war and led the effort to reestablish relations with our one-time enemy.

— O'Connor, the first woman to serve on the Supreme Court.

— Lewis, who was severely beaten during his years as a leader in the civil rights movement but survived and went on to congress where he continued to fight for the rights of African Americans.

— Ginsburg, who was to women's rights what Lewis had been to African-American rights.

On the following pages, I have painted them all and shared my thoughts about each.

John McCain

When President Nixon held a White House reception in 1973 for the returning American prisoners of war who had been held in Vietnam prisons, John McCain was still on crutches. The injuries he received when his fighter plane was shot down over Hanoi and the difficult prison conditions left him with lifetime injuries. He walked with a limp and could no longer comb his hair because he was unable to lift his arms above his shoulders.

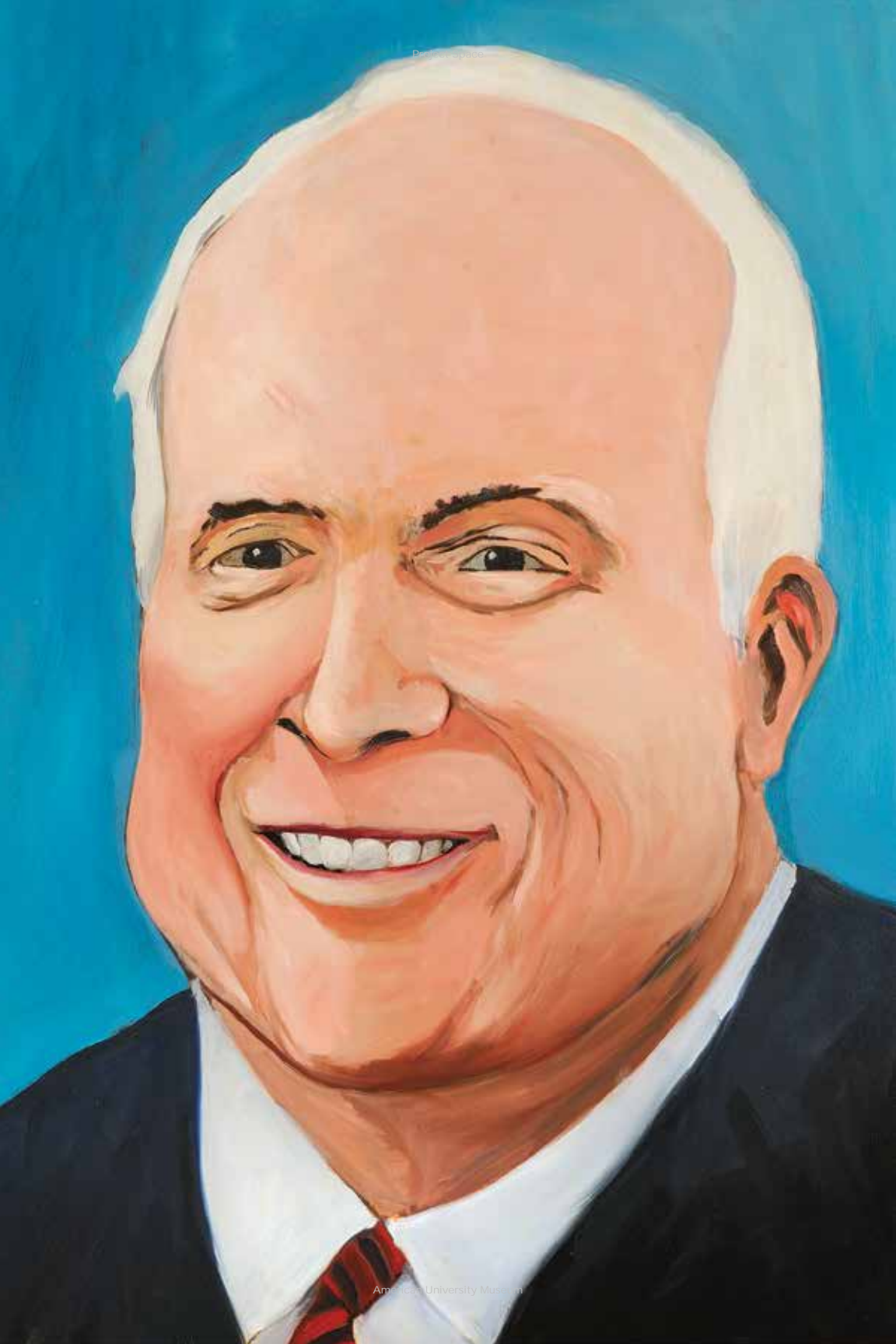
Yet, his decision to return to Vietnam after the war to open discussions with our one-time enemy was vital to reestablishing diplomatic relations with Vietnam, now considered one of our closest allies in that part of the world.

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Donald Trump despised McCain. Trump said, “He’s not a war hero. He was a war hero because he was captured. I like people who weren’t captured.” Such talk rolled off McCain’s back. Like most fighter pilots I have known, he was fearless and sometimes laughed at death.

We were once on a commercial flight that hit severe turbulence, and he reassured me by saying, “Don’t worry, if I was going to die in an airplane, I’d already be dead.”

Opposite: *John McCain*, 2022. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.



Portrait space



Sandra Day O'Connor

Appointed to the Supreme Court by Ronald Reagan, O'Connor was a down-to-earth moderate Republican who grew up on an Arizona ranch. She had no problem with those who called her "the Cowgirl of the Court." To the contrary, she was proud of her heritage, prouder still to be the first woman to sit on the bench and, as the years passed, just as proud not to be the last. During her quarter of a century on the court, she became such an important swing vote that Linda Greenhouse, the respected *New York Times* correspondent, noted that very little of significance happened on the court without O'Connor's support.

As Greenhouse noted, when it came to the polarizing issues on the court's docket: affirmative action, abortion, voting rights, religion, federalism, and sex discrimination, the court's position was usually what O'Connor thought it should be.

She was an aggressive questioner from the bench who could take on the stare of a schoolteacher wanting to know why homework had not been done; a habit that sometimes showed up in private conversations. Yet, it was her softer side that friends remember, when she would have lunches at the court, where she would do all the cooking and bring it from home.

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Opposite: *Sandra Day O'Connor*, 2023. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

John Lewis

John Lewis was one of the Freedom Riders who held protests and sit-ins to protest bans on Blacks in restaurants, public places, and transportation across the South. And in March 1965, led the now-famous attempt to hold a protest march for voting rights from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama. The crowd just got across the Selma bridge when law officers on horseback and on foot attacked them with clubs. President Lyndon Johnson used the riot to push Congress into approving the first Voting Rights Act.

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On the 50th anniversary of the march, I went to Selma to interview Lewis for *Face the Nation* and it was an interview I'll never forget. He told me he thought he had died during the attack and had no memory of how he later got to a hospital.

He called those early protests “good trouble,” and he took pride in causing “good trouble” in Congress throughout his long career in Washington.

Opposite: *John Lewis*, 2023. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.





RBG

For the most part, my journey through the halls of Congress, the Pentagon, the State Department, and occasionally the back stairs at the White House was a great adventure. But I do have one regret—I never met Ruth Bader Ginsburg. That may be one reason I had trouble catching her likeness when I began to paint her and why I decided a black-and-white image might be easier. When I placed it against a red background, it had a boldness I hadn't imagined.

I continue to wonder if young women today realize the impact she has had on their lives—this academic star in classes at our top university law schools who became a professor, all because she was a woman and couldn't get a job in a law firm.

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On the Supreme Court she became known for her powerful dissents, and from her earliest days she defied stereotypes, fought for gender rights and equal pay for women, and co-founded the first law journal on women's rights and the Women's Rights Project at the American Civil Liberties Union.

Reference photo: Nikki Kahn, *Washington Post*, used with permission.

Opposite: *RBG*, 2021. Oil on canvas, 41 x 31 in. Courtesy of the artist.

To remember and learn from these remarkable people (and from Washington and Lincoln and FDR) is why I made these paintings. When Amanda Gorman told us the light is always there I take that to mean we can be proud that it was in our time that we had the courage to take on some of the most difficult issues our country ever faced—the strain of racism that still courses through our society and gender issues too long ignored. But there is still much to do. America has always been a work in progress and remains so.

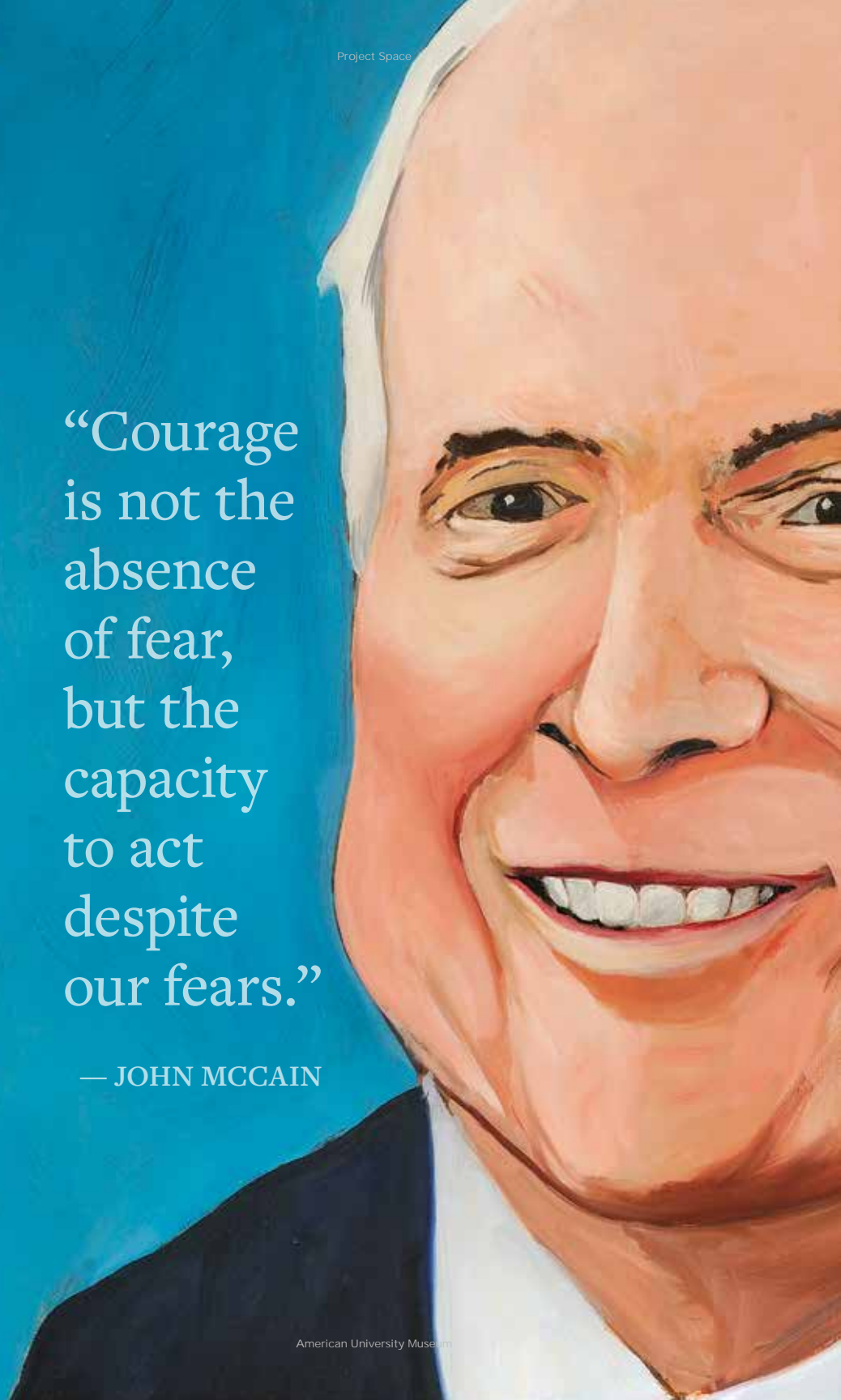
I am an old man now and my journey is almost done. But I offer this work in the spirit and memory of another young woman who, like Amanda Gorman, urged us to look for the light in the darkest of another time.

“How wonderful it is,” she said, “that nobody need wait a single moment before starting to improve the world.”

That young writer’s name was Anne Frank.

“Courage
is not the
absence
of fear,
but the
capacity
to act
despite
our fears.”

— JOHN MCCAIN

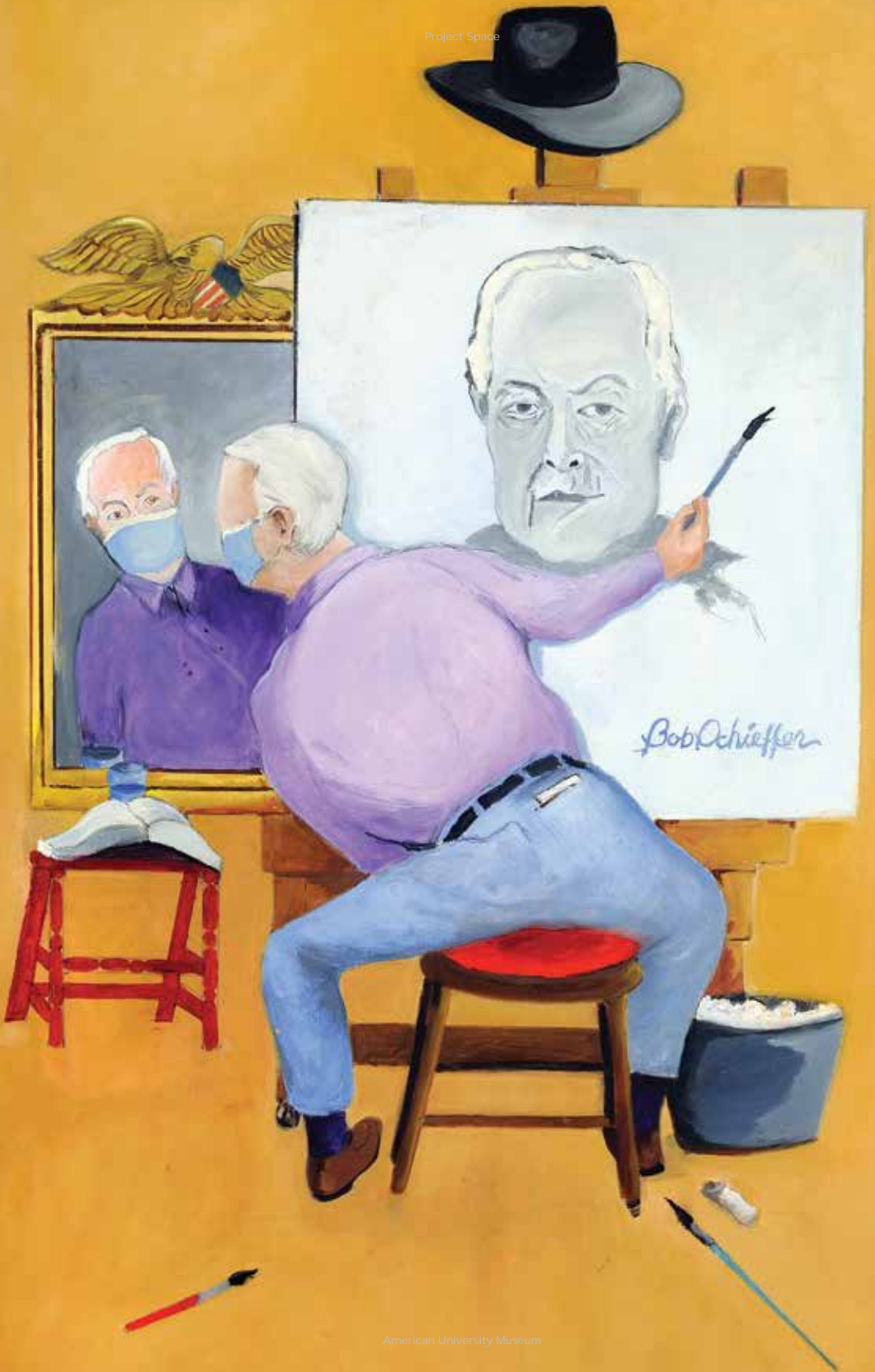


I liked Norman Rockwell before it was cool. I believe it was George Lucas who called him a “one-frame storyteller” and there has never been a better one.

As a very young child (about the age when my grandmother showed me how to draw the cows in her pasture), Rockwell was the first artist whose work I came to recognize, and I spent many happy hours looking at the covers he painted for the *Saturday Evening Post*. Although I haven’t heard any of them admit it, I always thought he was also an influence on the super realists of the 1980s when I was working the early shift at CBS News and attending classes at New York’s Art Student League in my off-hours. I still smile when I see the Rockwell self-portrait, which I parodied in this painting. I hope there’s a smile there for you too.

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Opposite: *Portrait of the Artist as an Old Man*, 2021. Oil on canvas, 43 x 31 in.
Courtesy of the artist.



ABOUT THE ARTIST

Bob Schieffer is 87 and has been a reporter most of his life. He landed his first job at a small radio station while still a student at Texas Christian University (TCU), in his hometown of Fort Worth. After graduation, he spent three years as a lieutenant in the U.S. Air Force where he edited several military publications. He returned to Fort Worth and became the night police reporter at the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. The Star-Telegram would later send him to Vietnam where he became the first reporter from a Texas metropolitan newspaper to report from the war zone. That led to the anchor job at WBAP-TV, the NBC television affiliate in the Fort Worth-Dallas area. In 1969, that, in turn, led to CBS News and more than 47 years as a CBS News correspondent including 24 years as moderator of *Face the Nation*. He covered all the major Washington beats and received multiple awards including eight Emmys. He was named to the Broadcasting Hall of Fame, and the Library of Congress designated him a “Living Legend.” His most meaningful recognition, he says, came when TCU named its College of Communication in his honor. He and his wife Pat have been married 57 years and are still speaking.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To be part of a project such as this at my age is both an honor and unexpected. My first thanks go to AU Museum director Jack Rasmussen for his invitation and to his able staff: Aly Schuman, Kristin Howard, and Kevin Runyon who guided me through the process. Thanks as well to Iris Krasnow our liaison with AU faculty and to fine arts dealer Lesley Duncan who introduced my work to Jack. A special thanks to Tom Hentoff for his wise counsel and infinite patience.

Many thanks as well to the teachers who taught me along the way including William Newman of the Corcoran School of Art, and in later years, two Georgia painters, Sherry Egger of St. Simons Island, a masterful painter of birds, and Peggy Everett, not only a great teacher but a delightful raconteur as well. I also thank Mary Anderson, St. Simons Island gallery owner, who introduced me to the Georgia art crowd.

I'm extremely grateful to historian Michael Beschloss who found time while writing yet another book himself to curate this show and write an essay for this catalog.

And finally, my love to the one person without whom I could not have completed this project, my wife Pat. As has been the case in virtually everything I have ever done, she deserves a co-byline.

Bob Schieffer
April 1, 2024

First published in conjunction with the exhibition
*Bob Schieffer: Looking for the Light in the Age of COVID,
Chaos, and Confusion*
April 6–May 19, 2024
Curated by Michael Beschloss
American University Museum Project Space
Washington, DC

Published by:
American University Museum
Beth Bright, *Registrar*
Deborah Hanselman, *Associate Director*
Kristin E. Howard, *Marketing & Publications Specialist*
Jack Rasmussen, *Director & Curator*
Kevin Runyon, *Preparator*
Aly Schuman, *Assistant Registrar*

Design by Lloyd Greenberg Design, LLC
Vida Russell and Lloyd Greenberg, *Designers*

Photography by Greg Staley
All images Courtesy of the Artist.

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ISBN: 979-8-9882146-8-7

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Front cover: Bob Schieffer, *The Poet*, 2021. Oil on canvas, 46 x 36 in.
Courtesy of the artist.



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