



“So dawned the time of *Sturm und Drang*: storm and stress to-day rocks our little boat on the mad waters of the world-sea”

W. E. B. Du Bois, *The Souls of Black Folk*, 1903, Ch. 1: “Of Our Spiritual Strivings”

Whisperings and portents came home upon the four winds: Lo! we are diseased and dying, cried the dark hosts; we cannot write, our voting is vain; what need of education, since we must always cook and serve? And the Nation echoed and enforced this self-criticism, saying: Be content to be servants, and nothing more; what need of higher culture for half-men? Away with the black man's ballot, by force or fraud . . .

So dawned the time of *Sturm und Drang*: storm and stress to-day rocks our little boat on the mad waters of the world-sea; there is within and without the sound of conflict, the burning of body and rending of soul; inspiration strives with doubt, and faith with vain questionings.

Winslow Homer (American, 1836-1910)

The Gulf Stream, 1899

Oil on canvas, 28 1/8 x 49 1/8 in. (71.4 x 124.8 cm.)

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Wolfe Fund, 1906 (06.1234)

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