

great-grandfather and probably his wife's name. The chances are not good that I would have any background on the wife at this time. More research is needed into the full-blood Indians.

After collecting information for two years I feel that I have only begun. I have run across references to records that I have so far been unable to locate. Putting together the genealogy of a large group such as the Ojibway is a bit like reconstructing a large mosaic that has been scattered over an archaeological dig. Instead of shards you are working with bits of information, which eventually fit

together into a fascinating picture. In the case of the Ojibway, what is emerging is more than just data. It is the untold story of the upper Midwest, of the mixing and blending of two cultures under frontier conditions. The story is all there in the records of marriages and births from Montreal to St. Louis and in the accounts and journals of the early explorers, traders, and settlers. It will be a long time before historians and scholars have filled in the whole picture, but the outline is beginning to take shape in the biographical file.

# Clement Haupers

## CONVERSATIONS ON SIX DECADES OF PAINTING IN MINNESOTA

Edited by Nicholas Westbrook

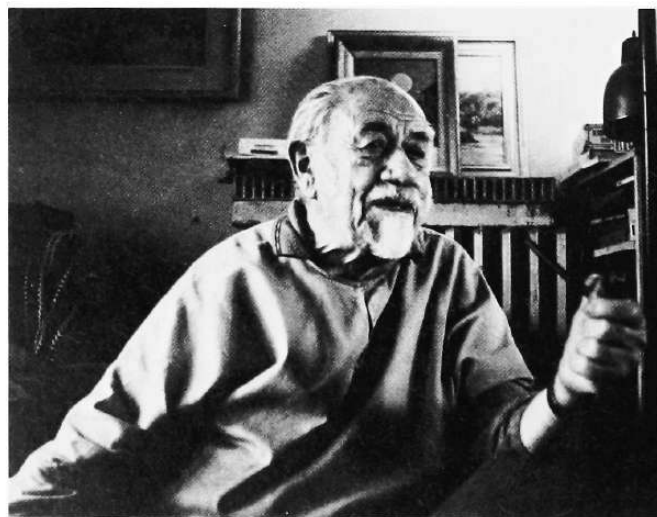
*AS AN ARTIST, teacher, and pioneering arts administrator, Clement Haupers has been a central figure in the history of art in Minnesota during the twentieth century. With the generous support of the General Service Foundation of St. Paul, the Minnesota Historical Society has organized a biographical exhibition reviewing six decades of Haupers' art. His paintings, prints, and etchings are seen in the personal and cultural contexts of their creation. Accompanying the exhibit is an illustrated catalog by guest curator Jane H. Hancock. The exhibit is being shown in the museum galleries at 690 Cedar Street from September 20, 1979, until February 14, 1980.*

*While an exhibition is being planned, new materials are frequently drawn into the society's collections. The Haupers' exhibit has proved to be no exception. The variety of materials assembled will be a significant resource for future students of Minnesota's twentieth-century art history. In addition to several works of art, the society has been fortunate to acquire photographs, scrapbooks, and personal papers from the artist. MHS staff photographer Elizabeth Hall has documented the artist's studio of forty years. And preserving an essential aspect of this vigorous and outspoken raconteur are hours of oral history tapes. These interviews have been conducted during the past five years by literary historian Lloyd Hackl; by George Reid, Nina Archabal, and Mary Harvey, working with the University Gallery; and by Jane Hancock and*

*Nicholas Westbrook, working with the society. The tapes and transcripts are held in the society's audio-visual library. Some of the extracts below appear through the courtesy of the University Gallery.*

*Haupers is a determined man – "mulish," he describes himself. His very determination to be an artist and to earn a living at it makes the study of his career paths a particularly illuminating key to understanding the evolution of art and its supporting institutions in Minnesota during this century. Our state's present na-*

*HAUPERS, in early 1979, in a photo by Elizabeth Hall*



*Mr. Westbrook is curator of exhibits in the Minnesota Historical Society's education division.*

tionally recognized arts organizations and the broad public support for them scarcely existed fifty years ago. Yet *Haupers* has repeatedly availed himself of such opportunities as did exist. And he has struggled to broaden those opportunities for others. Intertwined with his work as an artist is his equally determined effort to build institutions which can foster public understanding of art and provide the necessary support for patronage, instruction, and exhibition. As is quickly apparent in conversation with him, *Haupers* is at once an irreverent individualist and an organization man.

Clement *Haupers* was born in St. Paul in 1900. By his late teens he had determined to pursue a career as an artist. He took advantage of every sort of formal and informal art training available locally. He studied briefly at the Minneapolis School of Art, joined Clara Mairs's Art League in St. Paul, soaked up the "art talk" from magazines, and journeyed to the Art Institute of Chicago to study paintings there. In his early twenties, he worked briefly for the State Art Society, an organization funded by the legislature and supported largely by women's clubs. For the Art Society *Haupers* pioneered in developing state-wide exhibition opportunities for the work of local artists. Ten years later, after studying in Paris under the celebrated teacher André Lhote (who attracted a number of other Minnesotans as well during the 1920s), *Haupers* was asked to develop the State Fair art exhibit into a major annual exhibition of local work. For Minnesota artists striving to be seen by the public, there were few alternatives in museums or galleries. Too often art was imported from Chicago, New York, Europe. *Haupers* commented:

When I was very young, in 1921, I was secretary of the State Art Society which was a rather loosely knit organization. It had one stipulation — an annual state exhibit to be shown in two locations, never the same two. Then they had a file of lecture material which was sent out to study clubs that wanted the material. Also the secretary was available to deliver lectures if the group wanting a lecture would pay his expenses. The society paid me a salary. It was \$1,800 for six months work, which in 1921 seemed like quite a bit.

That's what kind of threw me into the State Fair deal because I came back from Europe in 1929 and the State Fair [Fine Arts] department had kind of fallen apart. For years it was operated by Maurice Flagg and his wife. They did a very good job. Then they moved to Florida. I forget the name of the man who took over [Edwin C. Moeckel], but he was an antique dealer and he brought out Grand Central Galleries from New York and just had no local work whatever. And the artists got together; they were kind of irate. In the early winter of '31 the State Fair board invited a group of the artists to a dinner at the Lowry [Hotel]. And they asked, "Just what shall we do?" Cameron Booth kind of shoved me into it —

because of my previous experience. And by that time I guess I was a gabby bastard.

*DURING* the 1930s *Haupers* organized large and tremendously popular art exhibits at the State Fair. In each exhibit he took care both to encourage strong local work and to broaden local horizons by borrowing outstanding material from other parts of the country. As the nation plunged into the depression, *Haupers* found support in various relief programs both for his own art work and for his interests in broadening public awareness. Thus, when the Federal Art Project of the Works Progress Administration (WPA) was organized, *Haupers* seemed almost an inevitable choice to direct the program in Minnesota. He had organizational experience, extensive contacts throughout the state's art community, and a demonstrated commitment to broadening the base of public support for the arts. *Haupers* continued:

WPA started in 1935. There were activities all through the country under other relief agencies. We had one going here under the State Emergency Relief Administration in '33. I gave a series of art appreciation lectures at the [St. Paul] library under that, and we had a school going in the attic of the Federal Courts Building. It was then the post office. Then we also had the Public Works of Art Project which was a very short term in '33, and that was directed out of Washington through the museums — [locally,] the director of the Minneapolis Art Institute and an advisory committee had charge of that. Under that, individual artists who had already established themselves were asked to contribute work for which they would be paid. I've forgotten, [but] it was about 130 some dollars a month. It wasn't a great deal. But I was asked to do a series of etchings because as far back as 1930 the Brooklyn Museum had bought one of my prints [*Small House, Cagnes*]. It was included in "Fifty Prints of the Year" in '30 and '31 and all that kind of junk you see.

My basic training was in Paris in the '20s. So I had some contact with that and in '31 I was asked to manage the art section of the State Fair, and that's a totally other story. But it gave me a background when WPA came along. Mrs. [Increase] Robinson out of the regional office in Chicago had been interested in the WPA idea. She envisioned a program for the professional artists only and wrote up a project for about a dozen people. [She] asked me to act as the PR person, really, and a sidekick of mine who is now dead, Roy Turner, to supervise the technical aspect of it so that we wouldn't have things turned in that were sloppy. In other words, there had to be a certain measure of quality established through that ubiquitous and haunting and disliked word, supervision. It's there. You can't avoid it. Well, when I saw the manual of procedure for the Federal Art Project, and Holger Cahill [national director of FAP] came here in July of '35, he

and I spent half a day sitting in the air-conditioned cabin inside the Covered Wagon restaurant down there on Wabasha and 4th, at the time. When I saw that outline I realized that Mrs. Robinson's program for the professional artist, per se, was all wet because the Federal Art Project plainly stated in the procedural manual, "to maintain and increase skills." Well now, I knew from personal experience (after all, my work at the fair had put me in contact with a lot of people) there were many who were in advertising art, but they were very good technicians. And virtually the whole program was predicated on people in *need* because 90 per cent of employment had to come from the welfare rolls and 10 per cent was allowed for supervision and whatever was needed administratively. I knew that a lot of these fellows were out of work. Here were people and I couldn't find them in the records, so I spent a couple of days in Ramsey County [Courthouse], and equal time or more at Hennepin, and then I went up to Duluth because I knew the people personally. And, you see, not anticipating a program such as was being inaugurated then, they simply wrote down "white collar." So they were just in an open employment pool which was unrelated to their skills.

*FINDING artists was one problem. Finding homes for their work was another. The Federal Art Project intended that the artists' work would generally somehow serve the public welfare. Haupers describes much of his work as state director (and later as regional director) as "public relations." He had to develop receptive audiences for the arts in communities where many believed that art had to be Art — imported or certified by the ages. He not only had to find audiences, but he had to find sponsors — local institutions or community leaders who would bear the costs of a project. He continued:*

The program was predicated on community service. The government paid the artist's salary, but the recipient of his work was the sponsor who paid all other than labor costs. And that's rather important to remember.

The superintendent of schools for the little town of Sebeka came in one day to the office, and he said, "We have an addition — a new auditorium and a seventy-two-foot-long corridor. We'd like a mural." Well, seventy-two feet is really quite something. There was a young chap [Richard Haines] who had just graduated from the Minneapolis art school. I called him in. I said, "Here's the layout. Read up on the locale of the community and do a plan." He was a rather rapid worker, eager beaver. There was one thing about it, you see — all these people (the younger ones, and that was the majority) were only too glad to have something to do — and to find that there was an integration with the community. So he made the inch scale and then I was going to take it up to get the sponsorship, and something told me

seventy-two inches placed in the middle of seventy-two feet is going to look like a special registry stamp on an outsize legal envelope. It's going to be difficult. So I postponed my visit and said, "Dick, do a full-scale in charcoal six feet around each of the doors." Because the powers of visualization of the average person are limited. So we went up there and put the thing up, and it was just fine.

One chap kept looking at it with his hands behind his back, scrutinizing it from end to end, and the superintendent said, "There's the guy you've got to nail. He's the town's banker, and he's got to pay for this." It would mean that this artist would have to be fed and housed in the community. (Of course, it could've been done on canvas and pasted to the wall which would've been a tremendously expensive undertaking. I didn't even suggest it because I didn't think I had the labor that could do that type of thing.) So I went up to this man and said, "How do you like it?" "Oh, I don't know, I don't know. Where did you get the pattern?" Bang! For one instant, believe it or not, I was speechless. I pulled his necktie out of his vest and said, "Where'd you get that? An artist designed these colors." "Tell me more." We went over to his house and sat up until the wee hours talking about the development of the visual sense and its function. Of course, we got the sponsorship.

*OTHER sponsorships came with greater difficulty. Seeking homes for works produced in the easel paintings program, Haupers visited the art supervisor for the St. Paul Public Schools.*

And I went to her and here was her return: "Now Mr. Haupers, if I could be sure, be very very sure, that these would go down as great art I'd be all for it." Well, that was just a little too much. So I said to her, "I doubt that, when Michelangelo lay on his back painting the Sistine ceiling, he had any idea that he was creating great art. He was doing a job: that's what these people are doing. And Michelangelo gave little thought that in the twentieth century you and others like you would crane your necks contemplating this great ceiling. And when your neck got stiff and tired, you would rent a mirror from the guide and bump into your neighbors' backsides and study the great art in fragments."

*AS AN early innovator in developing government patronage for the arts, Haupers is frequently asked to comment on today's burgeoning programs to support the arts. While he acknowledges the significance and necessity of the depression-era programs, he remains committed to free enterprise as the best way to preserve the artist's face-to-face contact with his audience, his roots. He said:*

WPA put the floor under a whole generation of younger artists. And countrywise I'm not as aware as [Holger] Cahill was, who also is deceased. Many have

filtered through and made quite a name for themselves. . . . I think there were just three of us nationally who were highly skilled professional artists. Joe Danish in 'Frisco and Harry Jones in Iowa. Cahill several times said, "You fellows have sacrificed a part of your career on this." Let me digress on this and regress a little bit. This was set up as a six-months emergency program, and seven and one-half years later I'm sitting in Washington.

Q: So, it was quite an extended six months?

Haupers: Yes. The longest six months I've spent in my life.

Q: Do you feel, then, that it did in some way or other interfere with your own creative development?

Haupers: I don't think it did because I'm mulish enough. Up to the time it started I had turned out a tremendous amount of work and I still am doing it. It slowed it up a bit, yes. But quality-wise I don't see how it could. It helped me as a person because I think one of the handicaps most artists labor under is a segregation from society. And this way I had to prove that what we were doing had a social function and it was wanted. [Today,] we have galleries popping up all over, and art is perhaps more widely understood and enjoyed. But it has one tremendous competition and that's television. And our lifestyle . . . how many people's daily lives are so geared that they are ready to sit down and contemplate *anything* for ten or fifteen minutes? Because, of course, a work of art to be enjoyed at all demands of the spectator a little bit of scrutiny and an absorption . . . get into it. Because, of course, from a purely mechanical side I always tell my

students you must engage the spectator's eye within every inch of that surface because that is your presentation and you must make your spectator captive first to the point of interest; secondly, we hope cupidity; and thirdly a check in your pocket. . . . The average artist has been encouraged to think of himself as apart from society. I would like everyone to really get into the rat-race and try to market himself early in the game and cut out all these extra fellowships and things . . . these subsidies. They're dangerous. Because it tends to segregate the individual. Over the years I painted screens, I decorated amusement rooms, I did all kinds of stuff.

On one occasion when [H. Harvard] Harvey Arnason was in charge of the liberal arts college at the university here and WPA was over he called me and said, "I guess you're about the only artist in this area who isn't on a regular teaching staff and is making a livelihood at free-lance. I wonder if you'd come and talk to my group and tell them how you do it?" I said, "Harvey, how long do you want me to talk?" "Oh, 30-45 minutes." I said, "That'll be \$150 bucks, Harvey." He said, "What?" I said, "That's one way the free-lance makes his living. He sells his words when he can't sell his hand." He asked what I was actually working on now. I said, "I am being Francois Boucher painting little fat backsides of cupids on the headboards of a pair of twin beds." "Oh."

Q: Well, did he pay you to come and speak?

Haupers: No, of course not. But other groups did. After all is said and done there just ain't no free lunch. If you know where it is, tell me. I've never found it. After 77 years of banging around this spinning ball.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

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*The Chippewas of Lake Superior.* By Edmund Jefferson Danziger, Jr.

(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1978. 263 p. Illustrations. \$14.95.)

THE OJIBWAY, or Chippewa, Indians form one of the most widespread tribes in North America. The greatest number live in Minnesota, but organized groups are found from northern Ohio and southern Ontario to Saskatchewan. The four major divisions include the southeastern (in Canada often called Missisauga); the Northern Ojibway, who share with the Cree a triangle bounded roughly by Lake Superior, Lake Winnipeg, and Hudson Bay; the western, or Plains, Ojibway, sometimes

called Bungee; and the southwestern division, who are customarily and legally designated Chippewa.

No comprehensive history of the entire tribe has yet been done, but substantial beginnings have been made in recent years with several of the divisions. Harold Hickerson broke ground in 1962 with *The Southwestern Chippewa: An Ethnohistorical Study*, published as a *Memoir* of the American Anthropological Association, and followed it with *The Chippewa and Their Neighbors* (1970). In Canada, Arthur J. Ray's *Indians in the Fur Trade* (1974) has added greatly to our knowledge of the Ojibway in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and Charles A. Bishop has covered those in upper Ontario in his work on *The Northern Ojibwa* (1974).

In limiting himself to the Lake Superior bands Edmund Danziger has been less ambitious than either Hickerson or Bishop, and the logic of his selection is difficult to follow until one realizes that he has chosen the La Pointe treaty, signed in 1854, as the pivotal event in his story. The groups who signed this treaty as "Chippewas of Lake Superior" include those now

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