

Anshelm Schultzberg: At the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair

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The turn of the last century was the high point of what was called in Swedish “*utställningsraseri*,” the extreme vogue for vast international expositions.¹ The Columbian Exposition was held in 1893 in Chicago, an unlikely place to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The Stockholm Exposition of 1897 highlighted the nation’s technological and industrial developments as well as its culture. The 1900 Paris World’s Fair, held along the banks of the Seine, celebrated the cultural and material accomplishments of the nineteenth century. It was an enormous success. Such grand fairs required a pretext for a commemoration, however far-fetched. An unused pretext awaited in America, the celebration of the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase. Already voices were being raised saying “enough is enough,” but the proud city of St. Louis, the largest in the original area of the Louisiana Purchase, could not miss an opportunity to outdo its broad-shouldered rival to the North.² A vast new exposition was planned for 1904.

Sweden—where a new word had already been coined: “*utställningströtthet*” (exposition fatigue)—joined, nevertheless, with many other nations to show off its culture and wares at these expositions.³ The Swedish participation at the St. Louis World’s Fair was

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officially sanctioned by the Swedish government, and funds were appropriated for education and art exhibits. The funds to build a pavilion were privately raised by an only modestly successful subscription, as a thanks to Swedish Americans for recently contributing generously to famine relief in northern Sweden.⁴

International art exhibits were a necessary feature of these expositions. But Sweden's artists were divided at the time into four groups, the largest being Konsthärförbund (the Artists' Union) and Konstnärernas Förening, (the Artists' Association), which were in open war against each other. In November 1903, the Swedish Royal Exposition Committee offered each of the two largest groups the right to send a *montör*, a person to design and hang their exhibit. The Artists' Association chose Anshelm Schultzberg (1862-1945) to be their *montör*.⁵ The Artists' Union declined to participate, so only one *montör* was sent. Schultzberg was a well-known, academic landscape artist. He had a reputation as a safe and respected person who was not tempted by radical movements. In the fall of 1903 he had successfully



The Swedish Pavilion at the St. Louis World's Fair. Stefan Larsson, Larssons Konsthandel; Karlstad, Sweden.



Anselm Schultzberg. Stefan Larsson, Larssons Konsthandel; Karlstad, Sweden.

put on an art exhibit in Karlstad, and this is apparently what got him the job in St. Louis.⁶ Schultzberg was quite touchy about his prestige and prerogatives and immediately started trying to acquire a more distinguished title than the rather plebeian *montör* (rigger), although, as we will see, he was not loath to engage in the physical work of hanging the exhibit that his new title implied. On 29 March 1904 the Artists' Association asked that he be granted the title *delegerad* (attaché), which was officially granted.⁷ Because of Schultzberg's great contributions to the success of the enterprise, by the time the ex-

position was over he bore the title Commissioner.⁸

The Swedish Pavilion was designed by Ferdinand Boberg, the most prominent Swedish architect at the time. He already had ample experience designing exposition pavilions. In particular, he had designed some of the major buildings at the Stockholm Exposition of 1897. He excelled at what was called then "expositional" architecture. Nothing in the way of overwrought ornamentation was spared, and his work was characterized by domes, cupolas, minarets, turrets, colonnades, loggias, flying buttresses, and grottos. Boberg was asked to design the Swedish Pavilion for the Paris World's Fair of 1900, which was an overdone hodgepodge of disparate elements.⁹

The Swedish Pavilion at the St. Louis World's Fair, with its financial constraints, was modest in size and design. It was built in the form of a Swedish manor house with the jutting wings that many of them feature. Its charming vernacular architecture fit gracefully into

the National Romantic spirit of the time, and one could easily imagine Anders Zorn's Midsummer dancers around the Maypole in front of it. Just a few days after the pavilion's completion, on 11 May 1904, the great Swedish composer Hugo Alfvén premiered in Stockholm his classic *Midsommarvaka* (Swedish rhapsody).¹⁰ This moment in time was certainly a high water mark for the National Romantic movement. Boberg, whose architectural signature was never leaving ornamental well enough alone, could not resist adding two arches of a loggia on either side of the manor house, the loggia being a trademark of his. Boberg arrived in St. Louis eight days before the opening of the exposition and stayed ten days after that event, thus showing his strong commitment to even this modest project.¹¹ Since the pavilion was so small, it contained no exhibits, but was meant rather to be a comfortable meeting place for visiting Swedes and Swedish Americans. Also, it can be said that since the Swedish community of St. Louis was so small, lacking a Swedish consulate or newspaper, the modest building corresponded to the local reality. The exhibits of Swedish manufactured goods, arts, crafts, and educational programs were scattered in the various relevant "palaces."

Schultzberg left Stockholm in the middle of March 1904 and arrived in St. Louis on 3 April.¹² He prepared carefully for his task as Swedish art commissioner and took his work very seriously. He was a hands-on commissioner who spared no effort to assure a success for Swedish art and artists. Erik Nyblom, who wrote under the signature "mac" for *Dagens Nyheter*, gives a vivid portrait of the artist at work in the Swedish galleries on 29 April 1904, preparing for the opening of the exhibit scheduled for the following day:

This morning I met the artist Schultzberg—covered with dust and sweat, with his sleeves rolled up and his mouth filled with nails.

How's it going?

I'll be ready, naturally, but this art exhibit is not opening tomorrow.

Why not?

Mr. Schultzberg takes me by the arm and brings me to a nearby door.

Look at Germany! Look at that hall. Only a pile of lumber. Everything they had was smashed in transit, statues of kings and dukes and knights on horseback, the whole lot. Does it make any sense to ship such huge things over the Atlantic to show off? Now all their stuff is a mess, and so President Ives [Halsey Ives, Director of the Art Exhibits] said to me today, "We can't open here. I can't on the one hand show people a Sweden that's ready and then a completely unprepared Germany."

I'm certainly not sad about that; I'll have more time to arrange things better.

Are you satisfied with Sweden's site?

Yes, but the grouping is dumb. All the Northern Europeans in this wing and all the southern Europeans in the other, as though that meant something. So here we have Germany in the middle and Sweden's six rooms next door, nice rooms, good lighting. At home we were afraid that we wouldn't have enough distance [from the viewer to the art works] but if you look at these two rooms in the center you see that we have enough distance. Everyone who has come here has been delighted. The Americans most of all. What they praise most is our freshness. . . . Our "secessionists" [Konstnärskörbundet members] are not included, moreover, and that's a big shame, but it looks as though it was a tacit agreement among them in all of Europe. Sculpture will look good in this room, but it might look a little like a doll house. . . . [When I heard how much they wanted locally to finish the room properly] I was horrified, believe me. But then I took and bought the materials and hired a couple more men, and so I think I'll get that job done for under \$250.00, but then I had to pitch in on everything myself. The French commissioner doesn't say hello to me anymore since I've been working in shirtsleeves.¹³

Before he left Stockholm Schultzberg arranged with a wealthy art collector friend, John Wilhelm Walldén, the publisher of *Stockholms Dagblad*, to furnish about ten columns on the St. Louis World's Fair.¹⁴ He only produced five, some of which we will reproduce here in our

translation to give an idea of his forthright approach to art and life. Unlike some other artists, Schultzberg was not a prolific or eager writer. Walldén had to send him a telegram in June 1904 to coax forth the promised letters.¹⁵ The artist did not spend much time on them, either; he just wrote them out directly without a first draft and then sent them off.¹⁶ What they lack in polish they gain in immediacy and vividness. In publishing his articles from St. Louis, Schultzberg used an Italian signature, fra Anselmo (Brother Anselm), that he had already used in articles he had published on his trips to Italy. We quote from several of them here, in translation, to give an up-close-and-personal view of the St. Louis World's Fair from a Swedish point of view, and to give an impression of Schultzberg as author:

“In America nothing surprises you,” somebody said to me when, at the beginning of my stay here, I made some comment or other. This paradox, like other paradoxes, does not hold true, for if nothing can surprise Americans because they're so used to surprises, so we Europeans who come here with expectations and interest in the country get more and more surprised every day. Taking into consideration the conceptions that we at home in Sweden have about America, I would almost not want to express myself unfavorably. . . . I have, however, here in St. Louis, not met one person who has not expressed disappointment or strong disapproval, at least as regards St. Louis.

I quite willingly recognize that life here bustles and roars along. It comes like a powerful river and carries one along, and anyone who wants to achieve great things or who wants to get rich quick finds here innumerable opportunities to escape the life of a drone. But every river has its backwaters and it's certainly unlucky that the World's Fair is such a backwater. I have been here for almost three months, but I still can't stop being surprised at the amount of backwardness as regards the Exposition itself, and at most of the administrative measures. I heard a European commissioner say to one of the administration, “Do you know that if one of our children back home played World's Fair they would show

just as much ingenuity as you have?"

For the sake of the regulations you have so many authorities to deal with that the whole thing is a tangle of disorder and anyone who tries in any way to accomplish something has to deal with the "regulations." It's good to have troops of people in a locomotive factory when in the short time of seven days they have to deliver a brand-new locomotive, but it's not good to have people who know that "time is money" running up and down stairs to talk to a dozen different people in a matter which easily could be settled by one person in five minutes.

As an example I could cite how the Swedish shipment of glass, handwork, porcelain, knives, etc. which is now exhibited in the Manufacturing Department, despite the strongest protests and the clearest written instructions from higher authority in the administration, was sent from one place to the other, loaded and unloaded, which caused a great loss of time and unneeded expenses. But the shipping monopoly does what it wants. And there's no shortage of monopolies in the Fair administration who know how to make life tough for whoever has dealings with them.

And now a little about the fairgrounds whose colossal size has caused the most shrilly raised voices from the St. Louis Exposition. Yes, numbers speak: 5,018,280 square meters is a pretty large area to walk on, but I don't understand why they didn't fence in a few hundred more acres of wilderness, since America certainly is big and land is cheap. When you so easily as here get away from the roads, streetcars, etc., the extra cost would have been small. You can't suppose either that the fenced in forest is some sort of Bois de Boulogne or Djurgård hillsides. Far from it! Not by a long shot. It's a dump for plaster waste, lath, garbage and empty containers. You can't deny that even there you can find shade under spreading oaks and plane trees at a comfortable distance from trash and bustling hubbub and noise. In the twilight you can sit there with your friends and have a picnic while the fireflies do their best to brighten up the dark thickets or

trace long glowing lines along the grass.

Now to the exposition's roads, communications, and distances. If "the biggest in the world" had not been so seductive and instead the area had been better supplied with good roads, easing the connections between the palaces, and if those palaces had been better sited, many of the causes of the dissatisfaction of the visitors would have been avoided. But what can you say about roads where the thousands who have passed through the ticket booths have to wade up to their ankles in the most horrid mud, which pulls the galoshes off your feet. If rainy weather were the exception here, it could sound like an excuse that in bad weather you can't be too fussy about the road conditions. But then both the torrential rains and the unusually muddy and soft soil during the whole time that the work has gone on showed that *something must be done* for the sake of the public. So you are astonished with the indifference with which they let us trudge around in muddy swamps. In the central areas, i.e., around St. Louis Square, as well as between some of the palaces they have paid for excellent asphalt roads and concrete steps. But what good does it do if you can neither arrive nor leave without ruining your clothes and your shoes!

If there were something here like streetcars or "rolling sidewalks" you could get some help. But there is no way of getting around except for walking—or to be pushed about in a wheel chair for a few kronor an hour. The street car that goes around the periphery of the area is obviously of no help to the visitor to the central exposition buildings. I don't need to tell about how it feels to walk the long distances in the powerful heat of the sun. You can easily imagine that the deep marks in the asphalt left by shoe heels and soles tell how hot it can be. And even so we haven't gotten to the hottest part of the summer yet.

After these scarcely enticing introductory words I want to try to stress what is good and worthy of recognition which is offered both indoors and outdoors. I suggest therefore a visit to the Palace of Fine Arts to begin with. Generally

speaking you go up there after a walk around “The Lagoons” and the Cascades. But now comes the hard part. There are 112 steps to climb. There is no elevator, wheelchair path or streetcar that goes there. You have to go the equivalent of five or six flights of Stockholm stairs to go there. But you get a reward because from the top, crowned by Festival Hall with its wings of colonnades and turrets, you have a splendid overview of the main part of the Exposition with its monuments, cascades, palaces, lagoons and bridges. If it weren’t for the fact that the backside of the artificial Tyrolean Alps constituted the distant backdrop, the picture would be harmonious—but (and there is always a “but” here!) close behind Festival Hall are the four large buildings that house the fine arts. They are not characterized by ostentatious exposition architecture, but are straightforward in a simple Greek style. The idea is for these buildings to remain after the exposition to constitute in the future St. Louis’ museum buildings. The center part that houses only American art as well as a small collection of the masterworks of the greatest artists borrowed from private collections is an especially solidly constructed building in stone and iron. The side buildings appear, however, to the extent that they are intended to become museum halls, to need to be re-equipped, as it is not good for art works, as is currently the case there, to be rained on. One must admit, though, that such defects in the roof were taken care of quickly, and fortunately in Sweden’s area there was no water damage.

I can’t fully agree with how the nations are laid out. For example it doesn’t seem right to me that the rooms of France, Belgium and Italy are together. There is altogether too little contrast between the art of these countries. It becomes tiresome to again and again be seeing similar motifs, conceptions and color schemes. Not to mention the names of the artists. And then you have the art that was sent to the galleries of Brazil, Argentina and Mexico which at best reminds you of the school of Paris. No, those nations should have been separated, by, for example, Sweden and England which

have something really national to offer and their own characteristic color choices in its art.

Neither are there great differences between the art of Germany and Holland. And if Sweden had still stayed around in the schools of Munich and Düsseldorf no one could have told the difference between the various exhibits. But fortunately Sweden's art has something so completely independent and fresh about it that the visitor immediately at the entrance to our rooms looks around and up towards the roof whose surrounding frieze shows which country's art is being shown here.¹⁷

The impression of the art exhibit that you get is that in general for each country there is an important name that is missing. Any art lover who visits St. Louis strongly deplors this state of affairs. . . . But since there are such gaps in the Art Building as the entire art of Norway and Denmark you shouldn't be surprised that individual artists for one reason or another are absent. Judging by the comments of artists, art lovers and a large part of the public, Sweden's art is attracting high honors. Every day you hear in the Swedish rooms, "This is the best exhibit." These comments come from completely neutral people and they are right.

In the 17 July 1904 issue of *Stockholms Dagblad*, Schultzberg published his second letter about the Exposition:

Now at long last the preparations in the art palace are finished. America has opened up the doors to its magnificent halls. The rooms that were designated for Russia have been divided up between Italy and Japan.¹⁸ So we are in a position to make comparisons between the art of the various countries as it is shown here. Nowadays it is extremely difficult to attain a so harmonious and representative world's art exposition that one can say of it, "Here every country is completely and worthily represented." The goal of art is certainly not to compete at expositions. Indeed it is somewhat shocking that people should get it in their heads that the

artist is some sort of wrestler who in his specialty is striving for a championship. The true artist naturally works without ulterior motives regarding either expositions or critics; he cannot go about his task unless he is led solely by his inspiration and love for his work. But the completed art work will at some point be moved from the studio. . . . It doesn't happen that often in our day that a work of inspiration is commissioned for a certain place. So out to the "market place" with it, and in the same way to the art exhibit. Therefore, artists are more or less dependent, for all are eager to win some renown and the way to it, unfortunately, goes by way of these large mass contests where altogether too much is piled up, but where, nevertheless, a completely impartial judgment can be rendered.

At a world's fair it is indeed the nations that are competing, and, therefore, the more defective a nation's art exhibit is the greater the damage. What a great achievement our art would accomplish if just once, and it is hoped that day will not be too distant, when all our foremost artists competed as one group. Sweden's art is now so highly thought of and greatly esteemed that we should not let ourselves be placed among the small nations of the art world and settle for an altogether too small space, which time after time excludes one or the other important artists' group.¹⁹ Why should Sweden be held back? No, it's about time that hereafter we are granted space fully comparable with that of any other nation—we could fill it in a most worthy way. Swedish art is of a type that clearly betokens love for the task and a complete absence of pandering to an exposition audience. Wherever both our important groups of artists have exhibited in recent years they have won the most beautiful recognition. Even though in a completely unworthy space in Munich in 1901 they won a glowing success. Here in St. Louis we would have had a splendid opportunity to astonish the world. But now we must be happy with filling a world with wonderment and admiration and to be considered the best of the art exposition.

It is a well-deserved and genuine success that is being

won here by our so often ridiculed group, [i.e., Konstnärernas Förening, the Artists' Association] persecuted by a certain press (motivated or unmotivated . . .). Out here it is in nobody's interest to make black into white or the other way around. There is so much good competing here that a completely impartial judgment can be expressed. Naturally every nation is exceptionally keen on being the best, but when all is said and done, everyone's opinion gathers around one group, and when its renown and its reputation are trumpeted in different languages, then that group has won a splendid triumph.

It's not just the two rooms which contain the works of Larsson, Liljefors, and Zorn, but all six rooms are equally interesting and elicit admiration. As one example of our art's prestige, I can stress that during the great Congress on Education which was held here a few days ago where the subject was national and naïve art, Prof. [Halsey] Ives' speech in Festival Hall, entitled "A Walk through the Art Halls," contained the warmest recognition of Sweden's art and especially emphasized its importance as being completely national, a recognition that could not have been given to any other group. It is the rich variety in the choices of subjects and mood, color and technique which endows our rooms with a so fresh and distinctive effect compared to other nations' art. . . .

. . . [Anders] Zorn established his reputation as the foremost portrait painter of his time thanks to the brilliant ones he is exhibiting. The one of [Charles] Deering must be the best one he ever painted. Noble in its conception, splendid in its color and technique it beats all other portraits. Zorn displays his versatility here, for, besides the portraits he exhibits, we observe his mastery as a painter of nudes. A woman on the way to a creek making her way furtively through a leafy thicket is one motif; the other shows an early morning in a mountain cabin. The peasant girl gets out of bed and opens the low door through which a reflected light from the grass casts a curious glow on her skin. There is also a sister painting to our museum's "Midsummer Dance," belonging to Mr. Deering in Chicago, as well as a very funny painting with

a peasant girl climbing up a heavy ladder through the low door to a loft. These works elicit the strongest and completely deserved admiration.²⁰

[Bruno] Liljefors is the most controversial. What one observer is charmed by, for example the extremely naïve technique, bothers another. But whoever cannot appreciate his "Duck in Reeds," "Migrating Eider Ducks," admires instead "Hawk and Hare," "Fox in the Snow," "Wood Grouse," etc. Liljefors is without any doubt the most distinctive painter in the exposition, and his crowd of admirers grows daily. His art is discussed, people come back, convince each other, and the understanding grows of how fully and beautifully this artist looks at nature, how powerfully he creates life and movement. Carl Larsson is likewise the subject of vigorous discussion. Some people have trouble imagining that his sharply outlined water colors are paintings, but think they are artistic color lithographs. But when people here get to know them better, they get interested, even though they are completely different from the watercolors people out here are used to. We are all familiar with his warmly human images from his home in Dalarna. His exhibit shows eight of them. The large, colorful and supplely drawn portrait of Mrs. Lamm and her children looks excellent out here. His self portrait "Father" attracts notice.

In his third letter about the art at the World's Fair in St. Louis, published in *Stockholms Dagblad* on 24 July 1904, Schultzberg discusses the importance of the interior design of each country's exhibit and how necessary it is for the design to work *with* rather than *against* the paintings. He cites the German exhibit where brightly colored carpets detract from the art. Schultzberg's attention to detail that called for a quiet background for the Swedish paintings enhanced the impression they made. Not averse to cranky comments, he observes, "What anybody values during a walk around art galleries is a certain calm and quiet. But you hope in vain for that here. After a while you don't notice the big picnic baskets, dripping umbrellas and baby carriages which are pushed along the art-filled walls. But you can

never get used to the noise. In America children are free to do as they please; they go around singing and whistling.”

Schultzberg discusses at length the French art that he was so familiar with after his repeated stays in that country. But the artists he praises are largely those relegated to the ground floor of the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, academic canvases of mythological or historic subjects, or static landscapes. When he does bring up something modern it is to criticize:

The *pointillistes* who at one time had so much to say, they who brought life to all of modern painting's palette by banning smooth surfaced atelier painting and introduced the optical unification technique which spread out into almost all schools, are represented by Sisley, Pissaro, Claude Monet, and a couple of imitators [*efterapare*]. There are no longer crowds around their work. For the public in America they can't be unknown, for most of their works have found their way over here, and many paintings in America's galleries, indeed altogether too many, show a lineage with the works of these masters. They have already sucked the life out of them. There's nothing new there anymore. The joy of being in style doesn't last long.

In a fourth letter, published in *Stockholms Dagblad* on 7 August 1904, Schultzberg discusses the Italian art at the Exposition. He deplores the imitation of Segantini's work: "It is incomprehensible that such plagiarism can be tolerated by a jury!" Schultzberg's fifth and final letter about the art at the exposition, published in *Stockholms Dagblad* on 31 August 1904, is dedicated to German art. Many of the German paintings he finds dry and monotonous, but it is not all the artists' fault:

There's something wrong with the rooms' proportions and most of all the lighting. In European art galleries I've never seen such a hard and sharp lighting as here. Whether this is because the sun is so high in the sky or because of the bright sun of the South, I can't decide. But while one side of a room

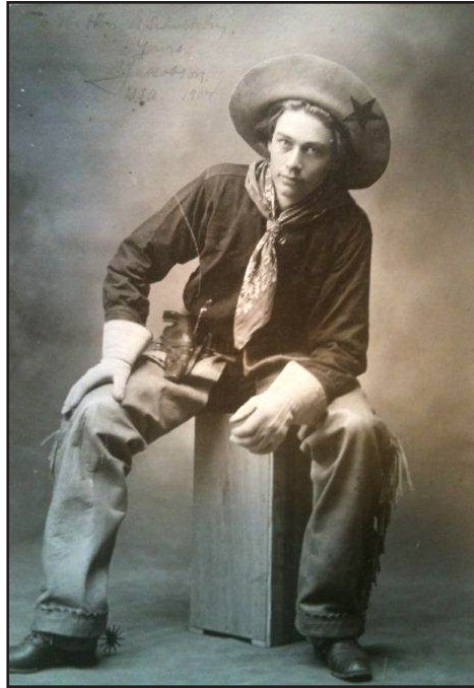
is bathing in a harsh light the other side is dark. This isn't helped by the "velum" [skylight screen] because the "velum" buries the whole place in a shadow that casts everything in a mournful darkness several hours before closing, and those hours are the most comfortable in the Art Palace [because of the lessening of the heat]. Because of the bad lighting many of the paintings that in their European homes are viewed as masterpieces fall flat in St. Louis.

Schultzberg also makes fun of the German history paintings glorifying Kaiser Wilhelm and never misses a chance to take a dig at American manners. In a painting of German soldiers who took over a château near Paris during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, he comments, "Like Americans they put their feet on chairs and tables." He ends by saying, "I'd like to say something nice about [various other German paintings], but I can't bear to go around and pay attention when it's 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the galleries. But now I'm packing my bags and heading for the mountains of the West in Colorado where the air is said to be a delight compared to the heavy and oppressive heat that is in store for summer guests in St. Louis." Schultzberg promises to produce letters on the American, Belgian, English, Japanese and Dutch art later on, and had he done so this would have made up the ten letters he had contracted to write for Walldén. It was not, however, to be, and the five letters mentioned above are Schultzberg's only published record of his stay at the St. Louis World's Fair.

Schultzberg was granted a one month vacation by the Swedish World's Fair Committee, and one of his goals in coming to America seems to have been to see the Rockies, as much for their beautiful scenery, sure to inspire this landscape painter, as for an opportunity to escape the oppressive climate of St. Louis that he hated. A young graduate of Bethany College in Lindsborg, Kansas, Oscar Jacobson, helped Schultzberg to decide to leave and was hired to guard and clean the Swedish exhibit.

In a letter to Birger Sandzén, his art teacher at Bethany, Jacobson, wrote on 15 April 1904, "Old Sweden started to unpack in the beginning of the week. I have been in there a couple of times. I

noticed five or six of Liljefors. . . . Schultzberg has some dandies. He is here supervising the unpacking. I have had the good fortune to meet him. He's a fine fellow. He asked me, when he heard that I was from the West, if it was safe to go further West than St. Louis. . . . Their exhibit is not very large (only six rooms) but it is all right, you bet."²¹ Jacobson received a small commission if any of the Swedish art works were sold. He was well liked and esteemed by Schultzberg and the Swedish Commissioner General Lagerstedt.²² After his experience at St. Louis, he studied art at Yale and went



Oscar Jacobson, 1915. Note his signature faintly visible in the upper left. Stefan Larsson, Larssons Konsthandel; Karlstad, Sweden.

on to be a professor of art at the University of Oklahoma and became one of the better-known Swedish-American artists.

Although Schultzberg needed to be pestered to write the newspaper articles he had promised, he was a prolific letter writer and left a substantial and well-written correspondence documenting his stay in the United States in 1904. While there were many correspondents, the three main recipients of his letters were his close personal friend and artist colleague, Gottfrid Kallstenius, his then wife Constance, and his parents.

The numerous letters to Kallstenius, preserved at the Royal Art Academy in Stockholm, give a vivid and close-up picture of Schultzberg's involvement with the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair. Already in a letter of 1 February 1904, several months before he left for America, Schultzberg refers to St. Louis' reputation as a well-known

haven for robbers and crime. He broadens our knowledge of the Swedish vocabulary by adding the expression “*hands-upad*” (mugged).²³ We see Schultzberg’s feeling for details when he asks his friend about the right hooks for hanging the art works in St. Louis.²⁴ One of the main themes in all his letters from St. Louis is how much he hates it there and how much he wishes he were back home in Sweden. In a letter dated 4 May to Kallstenius he writes: “With all my heart I already long for Constance [his then wife], the boys, and our bright nights. I know that it will be unbearably depressing and hot in this den of thieves. . . . But I have not yet accomplished anything, and I must win for us, we, Sweden’s artists, win for us the recognition we deserve.” His unhappiness was not expressed just to Kallstenius. In a letter from Carl Larsson to Schultzberg we read, “What gave me pause was that you didn’t seem to be happy there in the hubbub.” Another letter from Larsson to Schultzberg mentions how the latter had “suffered from homesickness.”²⁵

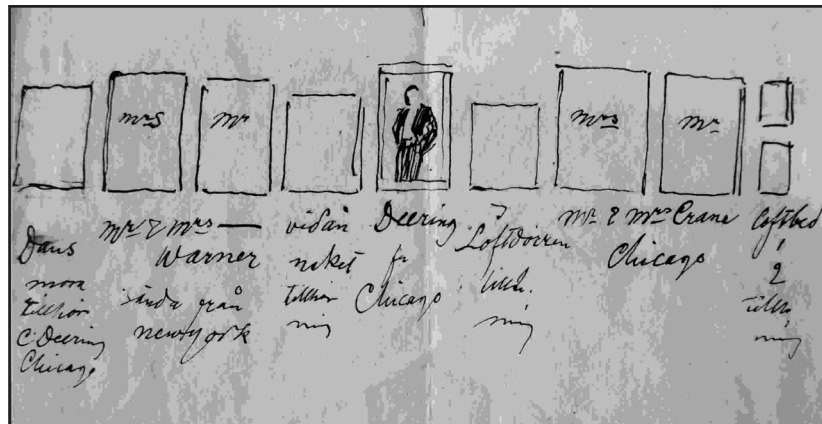
People who arrange exhibits always have to deal with the touchy susceptibilities of the participating artists. For Schultzberg, the most problematic was Zorn. The latter visited the St. Louis World’s Fair in May 1904, probably mainly to see that his works were displayed according to his instructions. The two artists ran into each other in the “Tyrolean Alps.” Made of papier mâché and designed to appeal to the large German population of St. Louis, this site was one of the Fair’s most popular attractions. In his letters to Kallstenius, Schultzberg describes their meeting:

Yes, Zorn, he said to me that it felt like fresh air to come into Sweden’s rooms. He sure has changed his tune! He came toward me in the Tyrolean Alps and treated me to a merry dinner with champagne that ended the following day at three in the morning with my first hangover in America. The next morning he treated me to breakfast (which I couldn’t eat) and today gave me a membership card in the University Club. He couldn’t have been more friendly, and I gave him a lesson that did him good. We were completely in agreement about our duty to stick together for Sweden’s honor and be proud about the respect that our many and fine comrades

year after year succeeded in bringing to our country. “We’re soiling our own nest while everyone else is raising Sweden to the skies,” I said. Zorn said it is about time we ended this split [between Konstnärsförbundet (the Artists Union) and the Swedish Artists’ Association (Konstnärernas Förening)], for Sweden is something now. He was so nice that I was a little bit distressed about the rage that, with a certain justice, I had poured out over him.²⁶

Later, the two visited the Fair’s Pueblo Indian village, where Schultzberg saw a little Indian boy on his belly drawing a stick figure that he bought for his son Gösta. “Zorn thought about buying the little Indian boy because he was completely charmed by him.”²⁷

In his letters to Kallstenius, Schultzberg often brings up his dealings with the *prima donna* demands of Zorn, “who is beginning to roll his wrath out there [in the U.S.] and beat me in the head with his oil kings [that Zorn painted] and important decorations. No one knows where Zorn’s intriguing can lead.”²⁸ This St. Louis assignment was decidedly not a high point in the relations between Zorn and Schultzberg. In a manuscript report on his experiences arranging world’s fair exhibits Schultzberg notes:



Anders Zorn’s drawing for where to hang his paintings in the Swedish exhibit. His portrait of Charles Deering takes the center place. Photo by the author; Schultzberg Collection, Konstakademien, Stockholm.

Toward the beginning of the [1904] exposition, it became evident that our art was having a success. And I was called upon by Dr. Lagerstedt to serve as Swedish juror and at the same time Commissioner and work for a good outcome. I agreed on condition that after the end of the jury work I would be allowed to go home and, therefore, not at all be responsible for the return shipping of the art exhibit. This was a responsibility that from the beginning I had never taken upon myself. Unfortunately, in the shipping process it happened that some of the Zorn works were sent back to the wrong addresses so that a lot of trouble and difficulties arose. I was completely innocent in this matter, but as I have learned, Zorn did not feel the same. The responsibility was that of Prof. Ives.”²⁹

The return shipping of Zorn's portraits of Dr. Ira Warner, a wealthy corset manufacturer from Bridgeport, Connecticut, and his wife was indeed the occasion for an inordinate amount of correspondence, preserved in a heavy sheaf in the archive of the Royal Swedish Committee for the 1904 World's Fair at the National Archive in Stockholm. Lagerstedt and Schultzberg had already left St. Louis when it came time to ship back the art works. The Swedish secretary, Ernst Lundblad, who remained to take care of these matters, had no idea where to ship the portraits. He corresponded with Charles Deering in Chicago, Zorn's close friend. Deering thought that Dr. Warner lived in either Hartford or New Haven, Connecticut, and suggested that the secretary send a letter to Dr. Warner addressed to those two places. There was, of course, no answer because the doctor lived in Bridgeport. The secretary, under the press of time to get everything disposed of, did the best he could and sent the portraits to Deering in Chicago. On 13 December, Zorn wrote from Mora, Sweden, telling them to send the portraits to Bridgeport, but by the time that letter arrived the paintings were on their way to Chicago. Deering had to have them re-crated and sent to Connecticut at a cost of \$63.00. The matter poisoned the relations between Schultzbeg and Zorn and has had such a long life that it was written about recently in a

historical work on Zorn.³⁰

This was, alas, not the only point of contention between Zorn and Schultzberg regarding the Swedish art exhibit at the 1904 World's Fair. Zorn had a long memory, and in 1911, after a contentious sale of a painting by Zorn at an international art exhibit in Rome, Zorn reminded Schultzberg that the latter had "sold, completely against my orders, one of my works to a private individual whose house then burned to the ground."³¹ In a letter of 26 June 1904, Zorn had indeed instructed Schultzberg, "If there is some public collection that is interested in one of my works, I would like to know, but otherwise they are not for sale." So the warm understanding that united Zorn and Schultzberg at their wine-soaked dinner at the *papier mâché* Tyrolean Alps, after which Schultzberg had hoped that Zorn would help to repair the breach between the two artists' groups, did not bear any fruit at all. In defense of Schultzberg, if he sold this painting, it was probably to boost the sales figures of the Swedish art exhibit by which its success was measured.

Schultzberg's letters are vivid and often humorous. Here, for example, is his description of the German arrangements for the exhibit: "In the hall that is next to us the Germans have laid a sky blue carpet for which the devil found the color, and in the next room—next to ours—a mustard yellow carpet that the devil's grandmother dyed."³² However, despite his pleasure at the quality of the Swedish art exhibit, on 4 May 1904 he writes to Kallstenius that he is already homesick for his wife and son, realizing that he will have to stay well into September to participate in the jury work for the distribution of medals.³³

In Schultzberg's letters the combative vocabulary of the National Romantic movement is ubiquitous: "I know what I am facing, but I have not yet accomplished anything, and I must win *for us*, we Sweden's artists as well as 'the others' [mainly those in Konstnärstörbundet], win for us the just recognition that we deserve. Now we will go forth in a splendid battle line and the field of battle will be ours just as much as Zorn's, Liljefors's, and Larsson's."³⁴

Another theme in the correspondence is "orders." These artists were always busy figuring out how to be decorated by their King or the ruler of some other country. If their art attracted strong attention

within Sweden, they could hope to be decorated with the order of Vasa or of the Polar Star. Besides being a splendid ornament at formal dinners, of which there were many, it could help in the business of art. People were more likely to purchase and more likely to pay amply for the work of an artist who had been knighted. Schultzberg was duly decorated by King Gustav V as Knight of the Order of Vasa in July 1904, and it gave him and his family great pride.³⁵

While Schultzberg was miserable in St. Louis, he looked forward to taking a vacation in the West. The one-month's vacation had been granted to him by the Royal Committee for the St. Louis World's Fair in Stockholm, and it was one of the conditions for his agreeing to stay on in St. Louis. He had been nourished on the Indian books so popular among the Swedish youth of his generation.³⁶ Further, his artistic soul felt an urge to see the grand motifs offered by the Rockies, the cliffs, canyons, waterfalls, and sky. Not the least important attraction was the cool and refreshing air, so pleasant after the oppressive heat and humidity of St. Louis. He wrote many letters from Colorado and did many sketches of the scenery that he saw there. He was delighted to receive a free pass on the railroad to go wherever he wanted on its lines, a common practice at the time for clergy and other dignitaries.

While Schultzberg had promised several more articles for *Stockholms Dagblad*, notably about his trip to Colorado and about American art at the Exposition, none appeared. We have, however, found a fragment of the manuscript of what is apparently the artist's intended article about his Colorado trip.³⁷ Because of its visible corrections and clearly literary ambitions, we reproduce it here, in our translation, to follow the artist on his trip around Colorado, and to give a fuller idea of Schultzberg as an author.

I have never missed Sweden's Summer as much as when the July heat broke in over the Mississippi Valley. Like a hot rag it came from the Gulf of Mexico and shoved the cooling north winds back towards Hudson's Bay with violent tropical storms. A calm hot day was followed by a sultry evening. In the dark the fireflies drew shimmering lines and threw themselves like shooting stars into dark hiding places in the bushes

while crickets made a racket in the trees. Around the horizon lightning cut long flaming tears in the blue black dome of the sky, and it didn't take long before all of space was a wildly flaming chaos where clouds piled up in bold Alps with fire behind, becoming like a herd of giant elephants out hunting in a frenzied mob among thunder bolts and lightning. Not a sound except for the monotonous chirping of the crickets and a slight sputtering from the clouds. But before the night was over the tropical storm was here with thunder and torrential rain. The rain was whipped by the wind, into a horizontal sheet, glistening like broken glass. Lightning and thunder kept their appointed rounds. This was the overture to the "Great Heat." And it came. The heat came with an unmovable inevitability, like day and night. The sunlight filtered through a yellow fog and the asphalt of the streets became as soft as dough. On the roofs of the restaurants the big wings of the electric fans spun around at top speed and at every table people were calling for rice, cantaloupe and iced drinks.³⁸

The newspapers warned forcefully against eating meat. Down in St. Louis's city center the big travel agencies advertised America's best attractions in the way of recreation. People stopped in front of the shop windows filled with the wonderful scenery from Yellowstone Park's story book land showing how bears lumber right up to the hotel verandahs, and how the famous hot springs bubble up and gurgle from terrace to terrace. There were pictures from Canada's south coast in Ontario along the Great Lakes, reminiscent of Nordic coolness and idyllic beauty, and areas in the Alps reminded one of views from the Rocky Mountains' snow-covered peaks.

Soon I was looking over a little advertising brochure, "A Handbook of Colorado," which showed and described the most longed-for splendor. Just reading it gave invigorating coolness. There in the West high clean air called to me, clear mountain streams, swiftly running rivers in canyons between sheer cliffs, five and ten thousand feet above sea level. Hmm! It was something to hurry to from the steam room of St. Louis. And soon I was being conveyed in the comfortable

Pullman sleeping car over the broad prairies toward the mountains. Low in the horizon in the North twinkled the Big Dipper. It seemed to be making the same trip, as we rolled on, here and there hidden by the trees of a farm. The trip had taken two days and a night when the hazy blue snow-capped mountain giants loomed up as in a dream in the morning air. . . .

The train still had a few miles to go to get over the prairies and low rolling hills where only the lifetime of a man ago buffalo grazed and Indians rode around hunting or waging war, a landscape that has now been changed into enormous herds of cattle and cowboys. At last we caught sight of Denver, Colorado, the neat capital, beautifully situated on the high plain, 5200 feet above sea level at the foot of the Rocky Mountains' lofty heights to the West. Here the air was like a glass of cool spring water for the thirsty. Of the 365 days in the year Denver enjoys 304 sunny days. But a city is a city and for my longing senses I heard the call, "Off for the lofty shaded hills and cooling mountain rills." [Quote is in English in the original.]

During my wanderings here and there I came upon a Swedish tramp whose profession was making music in saloons. He didn't look very musical, but it was certainly possible that his skill lay in pulling a gun. . . . He had been all around, and I got addresses from him of quite a few places where I could meet countrymen and even see how life as a prospector had affected people. From a little station on the Colorado Midland Line, whose administration had generously given me a free pass on all its routes, a branch track rambled in toward a dead end in the mountains. In the valleys there was flourishing agriculture and along the mountain sides the irrigation lines and culverts extended mile after mile. . . . Deep into Colorado, in among the Rocky Mountains' most untamed precipices and along the abyss, the railroad pushed its way forward. Sometimes it goes high over the tree line and into tunnels ten thousand feet above sea level; sometimes it goes in a zigzag fashion along the sides of the mountains where ghostlike charred skeletons of giant spruce

trees speak a mournful language about days of battle and forests that used to exist. For days you can travel through desolate expanses that bear witness to the Indians' efforts to put insurmountable barriers between themselves and the pale-faces by burning vast areas. . . .

Now it's humanity's search for the mountains' treasures that drives the loner out into the wilderness, and as soon as a rich find is made, it's a rush. First comes the barkeep and then the grocer, and in hastily erected wooden huts are established all the sorts of things that create a town's comforts.³⁹

Schultzberg visited Manitou, Glenwood Springs, Ashcroft, Grand River, Leadville, the Garden of the Gods, Snowdon, Golden, and Forks Creek, and climbed Pike's Peak. He keeps a schematic diary with a brief description of the places he passes through. There are also some pencil drawings of the places he visits in a small sketch-book he carried with him.⁴⁰ Schultzberg had met a Swedish mining engineer from his home area of Filipstad, and the two traveled extensively in Colorado. Another letter gives an idea of their daily activities:

In Manitou life was beautiful. Mountain climbing, splendid walks, as well as excellent soda water springs rising from the ground, and a strong iron spring. From there we traveled through high mountain areas and beautiful passes to a little neighboring town [Leadville] where many Swedes work. That town is 10,140 feet above sea level. It was finally cool and refreshing. And there I got a lot of mail, among other things the letter [from the Foreign Ministry] about the Vasa [Order] as well as the kind letter from my parents. We were there for a few days and among other things went down in a big silver mine. Part of that town was washed away in a strong down-pour. From there our route went back over a very high pass where there was no vegetation. The air was thin and hard to breathe. Then it went downward through very beautiful valleys. And I came to Glenwood where I'm staying now to have the splendid baths. Here there is a large swimming pool



Drawings by Anshelm Schultzberg from his trip to Colorado. From the collection of Josephine Schultzberg.



where the water is 30-32 degrees [Celsius] with high concentrations of sulfur and salt and is said to be helpful for all sort of things not least rheumatism. There are warm, wonderful caves where the heat is such that you can stand it, naked, for only ten to fifteen minutes.⁴¹

Schultzberg returned to St. Louis on 25 August after about five weeks spent in Colorado. In September the international jury work would begin that was so central to the artist's combative mission. He saw this process as a means to assure the Swedish artists on his team the medals that would increase their fame, prestige, and marketability. The various international commissioners were a clubby group and the sociable and goal-oriented Schultzberg made many friends among them. The jury was where the horse trading and back scratching took place. Many exhibitors thought that the host country, with many jurors, enjoyed an unfair advantage. The rules for the exhibits, medals, and juries were extremely complex and easily abused and bent. Because Schultzberg was so passionately involved in this process, he tried to take advantage of the rules by adding an extra juror for Sweden. The Director of the Art Exhibits, Halsey Ives, seems originally to have acceded to his wishes, but the American jurors protested, and this set off a nasty and vitriolic squabble. The St. Louis Art Museum as well as the National Archive in Stockholm, over one hundred years later, still preserve the surprisingly abusive memos and counter memos that marked the course of this overheated dispute.⁴²

Serving on the jury was a key mission for Schultzberg, but it had the negative consequence of keeping him longer in the St. Louis that he so hated. On the other hand, as the weather cooled, a higher type of visitor came to the Fair, and he started selling art works. All these pluses and minuses roiling about created a very troubled art commissioner. On 2 October, he writes to Kallstenius "Here I am sitting in my room in a city where from the very first moment right to the very last I have been unhappy. It seems very strange to me that I was able to do violence to my nature that I find myself in this situation. How happy I'll be when I get back to my beloved Sweden. God how noble Sweden is, beautiful, infinitely beautiful and rich in all its

quietness and poverty. The reward for my exhausting stay here will be that I have grown in my respect and love for our country. Goffi, never wish to leave Sweden."⁴³

It is noteworthy that at a time when tens of thousands of Swedes were leaving their country each year to emigrate to the United States, the thought never crossed Schultzberg's mind. The political, religious, and economic "push-pull" factors that incited Swedes to emigrate are well known and amply studied. The factors that incited Swedes to remain in their country are less well understood. Schultzberg offers a good case study of one who never would have considered leaving. A disproportionate number of the young artists that in 1891 were in the founding class of the painting school of the more politically liberal and in general poorer Artists' Union ended up in America.⁴⁴ The members of the more conservative and generally better off Artists' Association, with which Schultzberg was associated, tended to stay home. But Schultzberg's passionate cry to return and stay in Sweden points to other more intangible factors that deserve further study.

Swedish travelers, journalists, and businessmen traveling around America often sent home letters and articles that ridiculed America and in sarcastic language deprecated the country and its people. This was, needless to say, hurtful and annoying to Swedish Americans.⁴⁵ Unfortunately, Schultzberg was not averse to dabbling in this genre. In a letter written in Colorado in August 1904 to some friends named Larsson in Värmland's Råmen, he describes his feelings about America:

You mustn't think that someone here in this country cleans off the mud from your pants unless if you do it yourself or go to a street corner and have a negro do it. The country is certainly ugly, right from the Alleghany Mountains and westwards right up to the Rocky Mountains. Flat as a pancake and think of what a great distance that is! And the same plain from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. It's good that you sleep so nicely in Pullman cars, for there wasn't much to see between New York and St. Louis or St. Louis and Denver. In the morning you lay in your bed with

the pillow behind your neck and watched the world go by. The oil derricks didn't even have sense enough to make themselves interesting by catching on fire. And when you didn't see the flat prairie you saw bunches of shacks, dirty huts which our Lord must wash away with a hurricane or two. And these buildings made up small towns. . . . Here and there was a little sooty, stifling railroad station we rolled into. And it was proof that we were in a big city. It could be called Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, or Smutstown, doesn't make any difference, for in the great scheme of things all that distinguishes them one from another is the type of industry or amount of piled up trash. Crooked thick poles along the streets hold up great nets of electric wires. Wherever there is an opening the negro has his workshop where under an umbrella he shines our shoes so that we are gentlemen at least as regards our feet.

When an American starts talking to you and hears that you are a European, he outdoes himself with courtesy. Then he begins to compare and distort and deprecate Europe in all respects while his America is the "best in the world." He brags and carries on. What yokels! . . . I see as a flaw in the nation's esthetic development the fact that of one hundred faces eighty of them are in a constant chewing motion. The worst are the ladies. They chew as if they were being paid to do it. In the streetcars, on the streets, in the drawing rooms, while they're looking at paintings. There isn't a time or a place when they're not chewing their gum. The men are occupied with their tobacco, but they spit, they spit, and spit by the half liter out through the street car windows so that the pedestrians almost have to carry umbrellas. They have such a good aim in their spitting that even without moving from their seat they aim their brown stream over their neighbor's shoulder or behind his back and out the window. In the smoking compartments there is one spittoon. They kick it out in the center of the floor and then all they have to do is spit, a half liter every thirty seconds from different corners and directions.⁴⁶

The most obvious characteristic of this text is hyperbole. Travel literature, whether real or imaginary, has been used over the centuries for satire, and hyperbole is one of the tent poles of satire. The foreign traveler, with his fresh eyes, sees and comments critically on all the oddities lost to the native, in this case, smoking, gum and tobacco chewing, perfume, religion, cosmetic surgery, government practices, hairdos and on and on. Another characteristic in this text is a great affective distance. There is no warmth or sympathy for the people or places he observes. Rather, they are off in the distance, subject to his detached judgment and disdain. On the other hand, the physical distance is very small. Schultzberg gives us a close-up view of the object of his satire; we see up close the spit, the trash, the dirt on the shoes. All of these factors form a constellation that is part of a literary genre: the foreign visitor with his fresh eyes, making a critique of what is for him or her a foreign culture, be it primitive tribesmen or cultivated Parisians, in works like the *Micromégas* of Voltaire, the *Persian Letters* of Montesquieu, or the *Gulliver's Travels* of Swift. Of note, too, are references to negroes. This visit to St. Louis was probably the first time that the Swedes had come in contact with negroes, and it clearly left an impression on them. Another text shows us how clearly these attitudes are representative of a literary genre, the satirical imaginary voyage.⁴⁷ The journalist with the signature "Craal" wrote for the 18 May 1904 *Aftonbladet* a description of the opening of the Fair:

If it was the intention of the St. Louis Exposition to break all records—and breaking records is certainly a Yankee passion, well, then it can't be denied that the little Mississippi River city has had success on its side. . . . Even though the opening of the exposition was delayed a year, it still wasn't ready. [He describes the opening ceremony.] Such a ceremony is just as lacking in ideas, just as empty, and fatiguing and with a lot less style in the new world's great republic than in the old world's kingdoms. . . . But here the whole thing was empty and flashy, abysmally traditional and visibly dismal, compared to the pompous white palaces, the splendid colon-

nades, the admirably white sculptures and the enormous scope of the exposition . . . but in the buildings there was nothing to see and at the edges it was messier than in a junkyard. . . . The ceremony was comprised of hours of babbling sprinkled with all the superlatives that are so much a part of Americans that they really believe them, that everything that is American is the biggest, the most beautiful, the best and the most expensive in the world. [There were fifteen speeches after that of the Exposition President Francis.] Then breakfast was served in the Industry Palace. The unruly mob pushed and shoved their way to the hall imagining that they would find refreshment in the cool shade there. And there they found small dessert plates of dried-out salad with a slice of sausage between two slices of stale bread as well as coffee with a little cake. By the time half of the guests had come in, the tables were emptied of food and there was a pitched battle over the skimpy additions that black waiters brought in. I've never seen anything like it. Otherwise distinguished gentlemen fought each other for a piece of bread. A father who had wangled a dish of pudding, crept like a cat who had snatched a meatball [frikadell] over to a corner where he divided it up among his kids. . . . Before the evening was over two hundred thousand persons had gone into the Exposition, another record. Tomorrow, Sunday, it is closed out of consideration for the Lord's Day. And the craziness of this rule is perhaps the most notable record any world's fair has set.⁴⁸

This text features the same affective distance as Schultzberg's. It manifests a detached, superior attitude towards its object. It features also the same physical closeness that shows even a meatball in close up. The combination of affective distance and physical closeness results in a dehumanization of the object. It focuses on the petty and deprecates the whole. This constellation of attitudes reveals an underlying psychological mindset resistant, indeed inimical to alterity and change. [See Editor's Corner.] For people with a mindset that is fundamentally resistant to a different land and society, the push-pull factors that incited hundreds of thousands of Swedes to emigrate

would have much less vigorous influence. Perhaps they would not have functioned at all, and the idea of places like America may have been abhorrent. An image that helps us to understand this syndrome is that of a kitten taken away by force from its litter mates. It struggles desperately to return to the place it knows because it feels that it was pretty good there and is not likely to get any better somewhere else.⁴⁹ Schultzberg's separation anxiety leading to his plaintive cries about missing Sweden and his clear longing to return home betoken a similar mindset—one that favored stability and comfort over change and disruption. In fact, when his career was over, critics commented on the sameness of his lilac-tinged winter landscapes that never changed much throughout his whole career.⁵⁰

An interesting and revelatory comparison lies in the career of the Swedish-American artist Birger Sandzén, who, like Schultzberg, came from a stable, prosperous middle-class background. Also, as with Schultzberg, the political, economic, and religious push-pull factors had little sway over Sandzén. Nevertheless, Sandzén wanted nothing more than to go to America, become an American, and make American art. In line with this fundamental psychological makeup, which opened him to change, his art changed radically in the New Land, and he developed a completely new and original personal style.⁵¹ In this comparison, the unchanging sameness of the one and the radical change of the other is not because the one went to America and the other one did not, but because the underlying psychological makeup of the one favored change and that of the other favored stability. Although probably difficult to undertake, further studies of the psychological factors that influenced emigration decisions would be useful and revelatory.

The last act in Schultzberg's eight-month-long assignment in St. Louis was a party given for him upon his return to Stockholm by his friend Gottfrid Kallstenius. On 6 January 1905, *Stockholms Dagblad's* journalist "B" recounts the joyous evening when a ring of artists and collectors surround the newly returned commissioner. Of note is that he left Stockholm with the title "*montör*" (rigger) and returned with the titles Commissioner and Knight of the Order of Vasa, so that the stay in America was certainly a professional advancement. Schultzberg tells the journalist about the great success of the Swedish exhibit and

how more paintings were sold from it than from any other country's exhibit. In general, it was not Swedish Americans who bought the art works, but "Yankees." As always, Schultzberg decries the disunity among Swedish artists and calls for reconciliation. He is happy to be back home where, for a time at least, he can leave his role as art bureaucrat and work as a painter again.⁵²

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ENDNOTES

1. *Svenska Dagbladet*, 24 February 1915. See also *Aftonbladet*, 2 May 1904: "It seems as though world's fairs have become indispensable for the celebration of some important national event." All translations from the Swedish are by the author.

2. See *Hemlandet*, 29 June 1904; *Svenska Amerikanaren*, 9 June and 6 September 1904; Anders Schön, "Sverige på Världsutställning i St. Louis," *Prärieblomman* (1905): 94-117; and *Stockholms Dagblad*, 16 October 1904: "A highly significant part of the St. Louis exposition's *raison d'être* is to seek to outshine the bigger and envied city (Chicago)."

3. Anshelm Schultzberg, manuscript article from the collection of Larssons Konsthandel, Karlstad, Sweden. I am deeply grateful to Mr. Stefan Larsson for granting me access to this extraordinary collection.

4. See *Hemlandet*, 29 June 1904; *Svenska Amerikanaren*, 6 September 1904; and Anders Schön, 98-99.

5. Minutes of the Royal Swedish Committee for the St. Louis World's Fair, 16 November 1903, 8 February 1904. Riksarkivet, Stockholm, *Utställningsbestyrelserna Komm.* U.10 St. Louis, 1904, Box 1.

6. Otto Carlsund, *Anshelm Schultzberg* (Stockholm: 1937), 81.

7. St. Louis 1904, box 1, Riksarkivet, Stockholm. Schultzberg had complete confidence in his competence as exhibit director and did not care to share the leadership. In a letter of 22 July 1923 to his friend William Fox, director of the Brooklyn Museum, he says, "I had the impression that our Swedish shows in St. Louis and San Francisco were good, appreciated shows. . . . If I have the charge to work for an exhibition I do not like to be the second to others" (in English in the original). Brooklyn Museum Archives.

8. See a letter of early December 1904 from Swedish Commissioner General N. G. F. Lagerstedt to Jacob Ekman, secretary of the Royal Swedish Committee for the St. Louis World's Fair, asking for a first-class ticket home for Schultzberg

as Commissioner: "Mr. Schultzberg has in fact really done the work of Art Commissioner during the exposition. Sweden has sold more art works than any other country." St. Louis World's Fair, Box 5, Riksarkivet, Stockholm. In all the correspondence between the Department of Art of the World's Fair administration, Schultzberg is addressed as "Commissioner of Art for Sweden." See St. Louis Art Museum Archives.

9. See Ulf Sörenson, *Ferdinand Boberg: Arkitekten som Konstnär* (Stockholm, 1992). Anne Thorson Walton, "The Swedish and Finnish Pavilions in the Exposition Universelle in Paris 1900," doctoral thesis, University of Minnesota, 1986. Walton appropriately observes that the fairs were an opportunity for "fantastical, dream architecture" and for technical experimentation.

10. For the premiere of Alfvén's masterpiece, see *Stockholms Dagblad*, 11 May 1904.

11. Sörensen, 166-67. One feature of the Swedish Pavilion was to have the highest flagpole of the fair, a practice continued at the San Francisco World's Fair of 1915. See *Stockholms Dagblad*, 26 May 1904.

12. Letter from Anshelm Schultzberg to his close friend Gottfried Kallstenius (hereinafter A.S. to G. K.) 4 April 1904, Konstakademien, Stockholm. See also *Stockholms Dagblad*, 17 March 1904.

13. On the identity of "mac" and other St. Louis correspondents for Stockholm newspapers, see *Lindsborgs Posten*, 27 April 1904.

14. Letter from Anshelm Schultzberg to Wilhelm Walldén, 26 February 1904. Special Collections, Royal Library, Stockholm.

15. Letter from Anshelm Schultzberg to Wilhelm Walldén, 15 June 1904. Special Collections, Royal Library, Stockholm. In a rather noteworthy quote Schultzberg says, "This whole exposition is very insignificant."

16. Letter from Anshelm Schultzberg, in St. Louis, to his parents, 7 July 1904, Konstakademien, Stockholm: "The air is fatiguing. I have now sent two epistles to *Stockholms Dagblad*. I will continue until it amounts to about 10 letters. I have unfortunately not labored much over them, but I have written them out directly like letters, i.e., without a draft so they perhaps seem rough."

17. The walls of the Swedish rooms were surmounted by a soffit, designed by Schultzberg, showing the three crowns emblem of Sweden.

18. The two countries were involved in the Russo-Japanese war, which would have disastrous results for Russia. Nevertheless, Japan participated in the exposition.

19. The Swedish art world was divided into several feuding groups, the two most important of which were the Konstnärsförbund (Artists' Union) and Konstnärernas Förening (the Artists' Association). The former refused to appear in an art exhibit with the latter, and that over a long period of time. Schultzberg was a champion of the Artists' Association, a more establishment group. There

were divisions between the groups based on artistic style and content, but also social and political aspects. See Sixten Strömbom, *Konstnärsförbundets Historia* (The Artists' Union's history) 2, Stockholm, Konstnärsförbundet, 1965.

20. See William and Willow Hagens, *Zorn in America* (Chicago: Swedish American Historical Society, 2009). See also Maud Oliver, "Swedish Art at the St. Louis Exposition," *International Studio* 24 (1904), 51-57.

21. Birger Sandzén Memorial Gallery, Lindsborg, Kansas. See also a letter of 17 May 1904, A.S. to G. K.: "We have a good young Swedish American who studied art in Lindsborg as watchman and janitor. He gets \$50.00 a month and receives a 1% commission when something sells. That percent keeps him on his toes, and on the spot he alerts me if anyone so much as looks at an artwork. He's not pushy, but alert." See also A.S. to G.K., 6 August 1904: "My watchman, Oscar Jacobson, an excellent, fine Swedish-American boy about 20 years old has written that it is like the Dead Sea back there [in St. Louis]." Konstakademien, Stockholm. For a modern appreciation of Oscar Jacobson, see Beate Sydhoff, "Ljuset Från Prärien," *Konstperspektiv* (2008:1): 34-38. Schultzberg had such warm, paternal feelings for the young Jacobson that on 11 July 1904 he made remonstrations with the fair administration, through Swedish Commissioner Lagerstedt, to provide Jacobson with water and toilet facilities free. See St. Louis Art Museum Archive.

22. See letter of 10 June 1905 from Lagerstedt to Schultzberg discussing Jacobson's remuneration. See cordial and appreciative letters from Swedish Commissioner General Lagerstedt to Oscar Jacobson, 17 June 1905 and 1 August 1905. St. Louis World's Fair, Riksarkivet, Box 1.

23. *Aftonbladet*, 26 May 1904. See also a letter from A.S. to G. K. of 20 October, 1904: "I have about one minute to go from the streetcar but I'm unsure about getting home without being mugged [*hands-upad*]. Konstakademien, Stockholm.

24. A.S. to G. K., 23 February 1904 (card), Konstakademien, Stockholm.

25. Carl Larsson to A.S., 5 May 1904 and 25 February 1905, Konstakademien, Stockholm.

26. Letter from A.S. to G.K., 25 May 1904, Konstakademien, Stockholm.

27. A.S. to G.K. 4 May 1904, Konstakademien, Stockholm.

28. Letter from A.S. to G.K., 23 March 1904, Konstakademien, Stockholm.

29. Manuscript report on Schultzberg's participation in the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair, Larssons Konsthandel, Karlstad, Sweden.

30. See Willans, 235-36, and St. Louis Exposition Collection, Riksarkivet, Box 5.

31. See letters from Anders Zorn to Anshelm Schultzberg, 26 June 1904 and 17 December 1911, Konstakademien, Stockholm.

32. A.S. to G. K. 4 May 1904, Konstakademien, Stockholm.

33. Konstakademien, Stockholm.

34. A.S. to G.K., 28 April 1904, Konstakademien, Stockholm.

35. Larsson's Konsthandel, Karlstad, Sweden, has a remarkable collection of the medals and "orders" that Schultzberg received over the years. See a letter from Schultzberg's parents congratulating him on being named Knight of the Order of Vasa, 12 July 1904. Collection of Charlotte Bernström James. See also A.S. to G.K., 12 April and 12 May 1904, Konstakademien, Stockholm.

36. See letter from A.S. to G. K. from Glenwood Springs, Colo., 6 August 1904: "Memories from some Indian books popped up and one's thoughts wandered over how life was out here when the whites pressed westward . . . what a place for buffalo herders and Indian hunts" (Konstakademien, Stockholm). See an article by Ulf Jonas Björck, "Stories of America: The Rise of the 'Indian Book' in Sweden, 1862-1895," *Scandinavian Studies* 75, no. 4 (Winter): 509-626.

37. Manuscript article in the collection of Larssons Konsthandel, Karlstad, Sweden.

38. Schultzberg seemed to be fascinated with the view of big-city roofs. See a painting he did of downtown San Francisco from the perspective of the dome of City Hall. See James M. Kaplan, "Doing the Work of Memory in Stockholm and San Francisco," *Swedish American Historical Quarterly* 59 (January 2008): 36.

39. Larssons Konsthandel, Karlstad, Sweden.

40. Collection of Josephine Schultzberg. I am grateful to the grandchildren of Anshelm Schultzberg for their kind help on this project and for the much-appreciated encouragement of Director Peter Bernström and Ms. Charlotte Bernström James, Schultzberg's great-granddaughter.

41. Letter to his parents, 16 August, 1904, Konstakademien, Stockholm.

42. See the St. Louis World's Fair Collection of Riksarkivet, Stockholm, Box 7. Letter from Art Exhibit director Halsey Ives to Swedish Commissioner General Lagerstedt of 9 September 1904: "Mr. Schultzberg, with slight knowledge of human nature as also of the methods usually employed in deliberative bodies referred frequently to his position until finally his warmest friends and co-workers were disposed to treat him with scant consideration." The St. Louis Museum Archive documents this quarrel thoroughly in all its pettiness and rancor.

43. Konstakademien, Stockholm.

44. James M. Kaplan, *Birger Sandzén on Art, Music and Transcendence* (Chicago: Nordic Studies Press, 2010), 22-27.

45. See *Dagens Nyheter*, 4 January 1905.

46. Larssons Konsthandel, Karlstad, Sweden.

47. There is a vast critical literature on travel writings, real and imaginary. One of its chief themes is the traveler's narrative as a vehicle for social and political commentary and satire. See, for example, Percy Adams, *Travelers and*

Travel Liars 1660-1800 (University of California Press, 1962). See also Georges May, "Voyages Imaginaires. Découvertes Réelles." *Corps Ecrit* 27 (September 1988): 27-36.

48. It is noteworthy that the Swedish-American take on the same events was radically different. They embraced and lauded the same events that the Swedes ridiculed. See Anders Schön; *Hemlandet*, 4 May 1904; *Svenska Amerikanaren*, 3 and 10 May and 30 August 1904 (article by Emil Amelin). The Swedish Americans had become an integral part of the American community and so the affective distance was erased.

49. This phenomenon of the kitten struggling to remain with its litter mates is an empirically observed fact. Although we have no empirical data on this, one can easily imagine, however, that there are other kittens who, when taken away from their litter mates serenely, confidently march off to their new home . . . in America.

50. *Svenskt Konstnärslexikon* 5 (Malmö: Allhems Förlag, 1967): 91: "He did not avoid the temptation to repeat himself in a popular genre." See also Ragnar Hoppe, *Anshelm Schultzberg 1861-1945: Minnesutställning* (Stockholm, 1948). "In his snow paintings he had succeeded in striking a chord that went right to the heart of the Swedish people, and he attained a popularity with them that did not always further his art. It can sometimes be a danger to be too popular" (in Swedish in the original).

51. This openness to new experiences and change is what the French author Gide called "*disponibilité*."

52. For another interview with Schultzberg at this time, see *Aftonbladet*, 5 January 1905.