Woodland Indian Arts Survey

Bad River & St. Croix Tribes
Fieldwork completed by Paula Maday

Methods

Fieldwork for this project was completed primarily by the following methods:

- Conducting surveys through phone calls and/or on-site conversations with individual artists, arts organizations, arts guilds, other types of organizations that provide artistic opportunities (such as tribal schools and colleges and colleges with Indian student groups), arts businesses, and tribal staff
- Using leads provided by the Wisconsin Arts Board and Wisconsin Indian Education Association to contact key artists in these communities.
- Using fieldwork techniques to identify additional artists and arts activities not provided through the aforementioned leads.
- Identifying and evaluating the quantity and quality of arts activity occurring in each community by creating a report that lists the art, artists, organization, contact information (as possible), and images or recordings of the art (as possible)

Project Outcomes

Through the Woodland Indian Arts Survey Project:

- 66 artists and/or arts organizations were identified in Bad River
- 23 artists and/or arts organizations were identified in St. Croix
- 9 interviews conducted with 18 individuals from Bad River
- 8 Interviews conducted with 10 individuals from St. Croix

Indian Arts Activities in Bad River

April & Jarrod StoneDahl
Stephanie Julian
Rebecca & Bernard Lemieux
Bad River Star Quilt Group
Dennis Soulier

April & Jarrod StoneDahl

Black Ash Basketry





Birch Bark Stars and Boxes



Traditional-style Ojibwe Shovels and Brooms





Wooden Boxes and Snowshoes





300-year old technology used to make bowls!





Carved Spoons

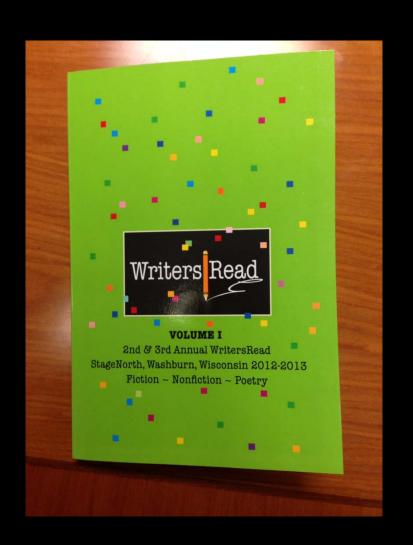


Stephanie Julian

Writer



Incident at Battle Island published in Writers Read Anthology



Incident at Battle Island

Stephanie Muruy-Julian

The old woman gently picked up the squalling, shivering baby. Wrapping her apron around the small, naked body, she carefully placed the baby in the cloth aling she had fashioned around her shoulders. The island was damp with the blood of their people. The rank, coppery odor of death, mixed with the damp, dead leaves of autumn, coated her nose and throat. The woman coughed and spat, trying to rid her senses of the reality that lay waste over the island. Cathering herself, and the now hushed baby, she slowly began to wade

The old woman was Fall Moon Woman, and this year of the white man's Lord, was 1836. This would be Fall Moon Woman's 77th winter. Her gray hair hung to her waist in two loose braids. Wispy strands framed her deeply wrinkled, yet open face. The young Ojibwe man, who had stood above her with his knife, had not been able to take her life. Perhaps he had seen a glimpse of his own grandmother in her. As Fall Moon Woman steadily held his gaze, he quickly turned back toward the river, and ran without looking

The old woman had only a short distance to cross the icy waters of the Flowage, but the current was strong and unforgiving. The woman hoisted the baby up over her head, and struggled against the current, stepping diligently

Reaching the far bank of the mainland, she removed the sling and gently set the baby on the ground. The baby sat up, suddenly alert to her new surroundings. She looked to the old woman, and a slow, ever-cautious smile spread across her face. The corners of her dark, brown eyes, crinkled and drew upward. Fall Moon Woman, held her gaze, mesmerized by the baby's

Yes, she was a child of the enemy. She was the child of the Ojibwe. Her family was gone, as was Fall Moon Woman's. She and the baby would have to work our their own differences on their journey north.

fall Moon Woman nestled the baby back into the sling and swung her fall Moon.

They would have to travel north, toward the white man's town to the old woman picked by and her total.

As the old woman picked her way through the sloughs, the begin to sing her Dakota songs to the Ojibwe baby. The sound of the old armin and the soon drifted into a dreamless, peaceful sleep.

Many days passed, as the old woman traveled slowly through the forests Many day.

And sloughs. Occasionally, she would stop and give the child some water and store and some water some anarby creek, or some dried autumn berries, she plucked off a bush in passing. Fall Moon Woman would slowly chew the berries in her own much first, and then drop the slurry into the baby's open mouth, like another bird. The baby only grew hungrier with each bite, and wailed frantially when the old woman placed her back in the sling. Gently swinging from ing sling, the baby chewed at her small hands in a desperate effort to curb the my prins of hunger in her belly. The old woman, herself, grew more tired and with each passing step. She sensed this would be her last true mission

One late afternoon, the old woman and the baby finally reached the white man's town. Fall Moon Woman hesitantly approached the church is the center of town. Here as she turned the baby over to the nun outside the mission, who collapsed on the ground, and mound in mourning for all that had been taken from her, and all that she had given back, in the name silife. The old woman and the now wailing baby were taken into the mission infirmary. A church missionary, and interpreter of the Dakota language, was sunmoned to speak with the old woman. The nuns recognized her time was that, as the old woman drifted in and out of a peaceful sleep. Her own mission had been accomplished, with the surrendering of the child to those the yearned to believe were as close to their God, as she was to hers.

Fall Moon Woman remained silent, until she was rested, and ready will. She then asked the nuns if she could once more have a moment with the baby, before she took her journey to the Creator. The baby was brought Fill Moon Woman, and gently placed in the crook of the old woman's arm. The haby, smiled as the old woman crooned to her in soft Dakota murmurs.

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In The Elements 125

Rebecca & Bernard Lemieux

Driftwood Creations



Walking Sticks





Feather Keepers & Ojibwe-Designed Kitchen Items





Wintergreen Tea and Wild Grape Jelly





Beaded jewelry & inspiration for Woodland Treasures catalog





Bad River Star Quilt Group



Historical photos of Bad River Quilters





Quilt Designs





Star Quilt Ceremony for Graduates





Dennis Soulier

Wood Carving











Indian Arts Activities in St. Croix

St. Croix Film Group
Hazel Hindsley
Karen Washington
Steve Fowler
Marjorie Eagleman

St. Croix Film Group



YouTube Link to Videos

http://www.youtube.com/channel/UCP6xrlk78j ZUkrQA6aFTYkA

Hazel Hindsley

Moccasins & Woven Rugs

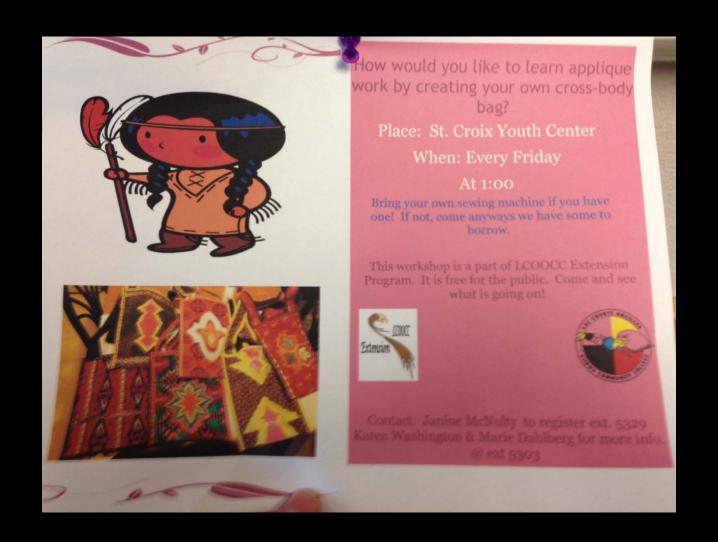


Karen Washington

Regalia



Ojibwe Designed Cross-Body Bags



Steve Fowler

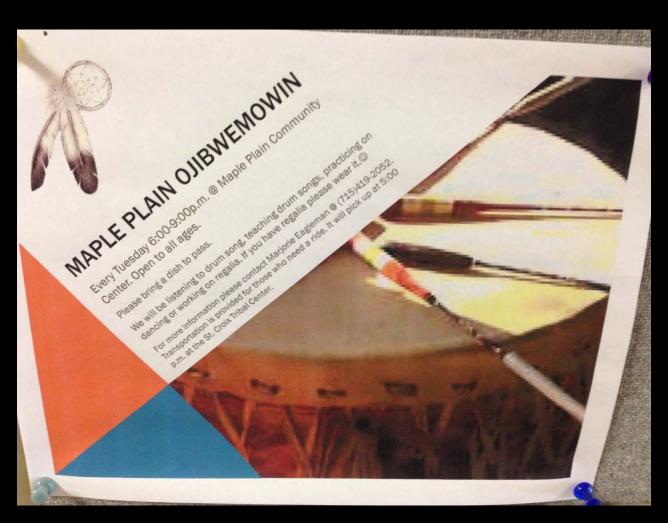
Wood work, canoe making, pipe making, dream catchers, writing, drawing





Marjorie Eagleman

Drum Group, Dancing, Regalia Making



Reflections & Recommendations

- Organized arts activities in both Bad River and St. Croix are limited.
 Neither Tribe has an established arts program. Funding for arts activities are limited. Most of what I found occurring on the reservations was happening only due to volunteer hours and donated materials by individuals who were passionate about their art or craft.
- There were more individuals in Bad River who were interested in pursuing their art and craft as a profession than in St. Croix. St. Croix's efforts seem to be more focused on teaching and the passing along of traditions. Bad River is starting to incorporate culture and art into their Tribal programming, but they are not fully there yet.
- The needs that were communicated to me by artists and arts organizations fell into three main categories:
 - Funding for Materials and/or Equipment
 - Funding for Professional Development
 - Funding to Establish a Space Presence

Miigwech to the Wisconsin Arts Board and the Wisconsin Indian Education Association for giving me the opportunity to work on this project!