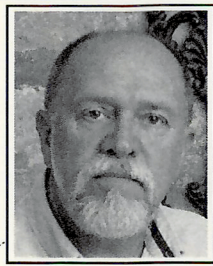
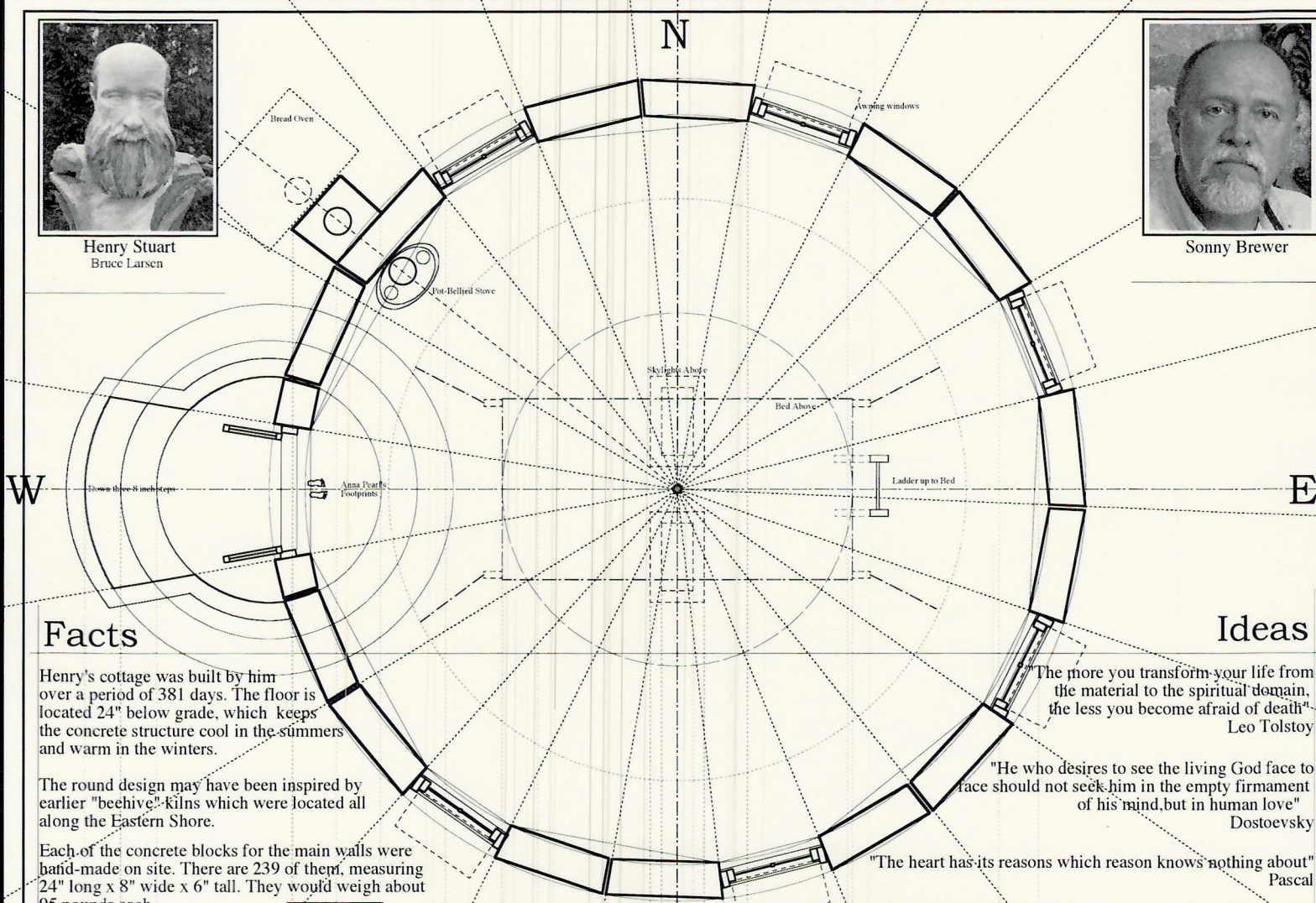


Henry Stuart
Bruce Larsen



Sonny Brewer



Facts

Henry's cottage was built by him over a period of 381 days. The floor is located 24" below grade, which keeps the concrete structure cool in the summers and warm in the winters.

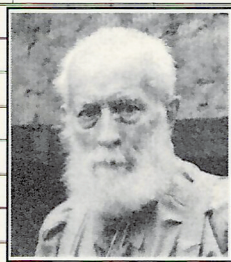
The round design may have been inspired by earlier "beehive" kilns which were located all along the Eastern Shore.

Each of the concrete blocks for the main walls were hand-made on site. There are 239 of them, measuring 24" long x 8" wide x 6" tall. They would weigh about 95 pounds each.

Each block is etched with the date on which it was cast. The door lintel is 4/19/26; the last dated block is 9/27/26; the last step is 10/1/26.

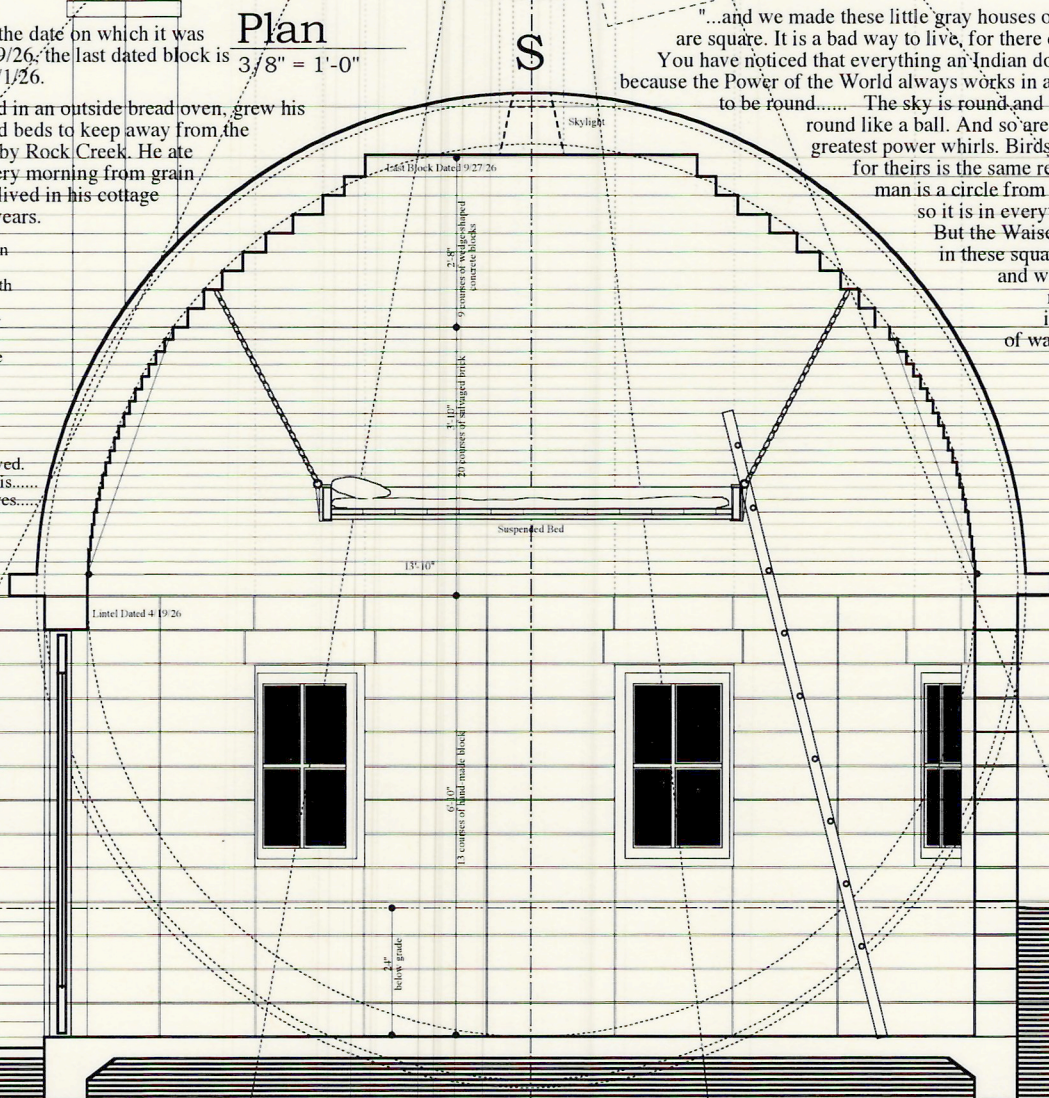
Henry baked his own bread in an outside bread oven, grew his own vegetables on elevated beds to keep away from the rabbits, and bathed in nearby Rock Creek. He ate the same cold porridge every morning from grain he ground himself. Henry lived in his cottage from 1926 until 1945, 19 years.

"...Never I think, shall I see again
such eyes as yours!
Eyes that held me speechless with
their transparent beauty.
Eyes that had been washed clear
of every bitterness.
Cleansed by briny tears from the
pain of the thing called living.
Cool and clean they were as
the striking smell of ether;
Keen and brave they were as
the knife of a surgeon.
I felt little and frightened and awed.
They had not prepared me for this.....
They had not mentioned your eyes.....
Miss V.V.



Henry Stuart

Cast Step Dated 10/1/26



Section

3/8" = 1'-0"

Ideas

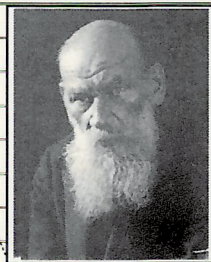
"The more you transform your life from the material to the spiritual domain, the less you become afraid of death"
Leo Tolstoy

"He who desires to see the living God face to face should not seek him in the empty firmament of his mind, but in human love"
Dostoevsky

"The heart has its reasons which reason knows nothing about"
Pascal

"...and we made these little gray houses of logs that you see, and they are square. It is a bad way to live, for there can be no power in a square. You have noticed that everything an Indian does is in a circle. And that is because the Power of the World always works in a circle, and everything tries to be round..... The sky is round, and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball. And so are all the stars. The wind in its greatest power whirls. Birds make their nests in a circle, for theirs is the same religion as ours..... The life of man is a circle from childhood to childhood, and so it is in everything where power moves.... But the Waischus (white men) have put us in these square boxes. Our power is gone and we are dying, for the Power is not in us any more..... Well, it is as it is. We are prisoners of war while we are waiting here. But there is another world."
Black Elk

"In the name of God,
stop a moment,
cease your work,
look around you"
Leo Tolstoy



Leo Tolstoy

Henry James Stuart migrated from Canyon County, Idaho to the Eastern Shore of Mobile Bay in 1923. He was 67. He came to die, but instead lived another 24 years. His magical cottage exists today in Montrose, Alabama. Henry's remarkable story has been beautifully retold by Sonny Brewer in "The Poet of Tolstoy Park", a new release by Ballantine Books. For more information about Henry Stuart and Sonny Brewer, go to his website, Over the Transom Books.com

Henry Stuart Cottage

Tolstoy Park Montrose, Alabama

"Sonny Brewer writes the way people think and talk, if, of course, those people are poets. He writes like a man who knows something about life, like a man who knows that a hammer handle is made of hickory, that a man with faith can pray up rain, that you can't hide from a hurricane in a tin-roofed barn.... I loved this book because I love to read... this book wraps its arms around you, rubs its face against yours with a stubbled cheek, and refuses to let you go." RICK BRAGG

Love, memory, architecture

All that Henry's life did, all that those circular blocks do, all that Sonny's book will do, is allow us to remember; allow us to dream about another time like ours when Moderns like Henry (like us) tried to remember a timeless way of living, a boundless way of loving one another. And this memory of love is a wonderful thing; it is most of what we need. If stones and words placed carefully together can become the seeds of memory and then love, our years have not been wasted. Stones and words placed without love are vanity. (We are all so vain.)