

Date: 6/28/2015 7:47:51 PM

Subject: Postcard

Bishop Castle – Dementia Concretia

I guess the best way to show you Bishop Castle is just the way we saw it...



First we drove past it and had to turn around because the entrance looked like porta johns and Harleys. Well, *it was* porta johns and Harleys.



Posted in the parking area.

Walking over the drawbridge (Yep. No moat. No water. Just a drawbridge.) we read the second of many signs posted on the property.



Harleys, potties, strange admonitions, the stage was set.

Bishop Castle.



Wow! In the picture it actually looks good!

Thumbnail Sketch

Surrounded on all sides by San Isabel National Forest, the setting could not be more picturesque. Here Jim Bishop labored virtually alone for 46 years, creating an ongoing,

unfinished medley of rock and ornamental iron. 1000 tons of it. He quit school at 15 to follow his dream and has pursued it relentlessly. Jim now has an aggressive, terminal cancer and it is unlikely he can ever complete it, certainly not alone. To further muddy the waters he is locked in a legal battle for control with his appointed trustee. His life and his project are so odd they will have to be a book and movie someday. Google for more. Or not.

So, all are welcome provided the guidelines on the signs are adhered to (good luck there!). We'll include a sign sampling.



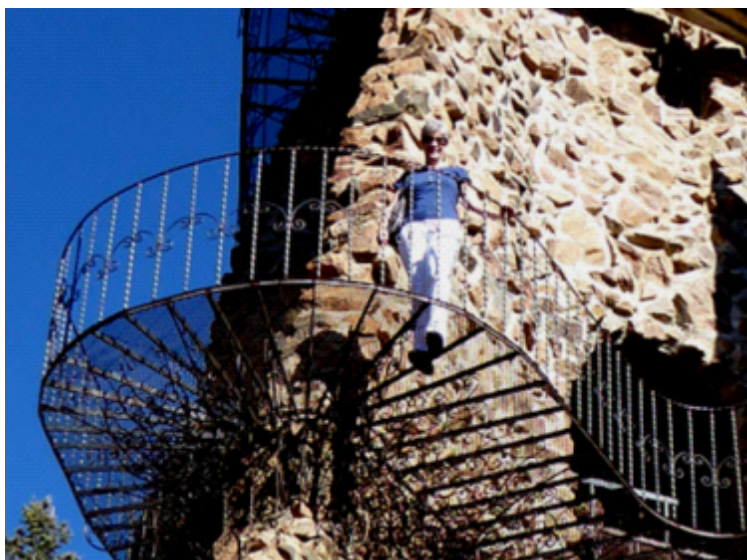


The main room, unfinished of course, is the only place we found wood in the building. It gave us a nice secure feeling unlike the iron walkways, platforms and spiral stairs that climbed up and around the castle. The stained glass figure seems to be Gandalf.



The metal bridge is incomplete. It doesn't quite span the two towers. Of course.

We clambered around a little bit with the bikers. Well, we clambered around at the same time, we weren't really clambering together.



Sheila ventured out onto one of the shaky metal balconies at my urging so I could take her picture. Oh, don't worry about me, I'll be fine. She has already forgiven me.

I went up a spiral staircase in a tower and she went to ground.

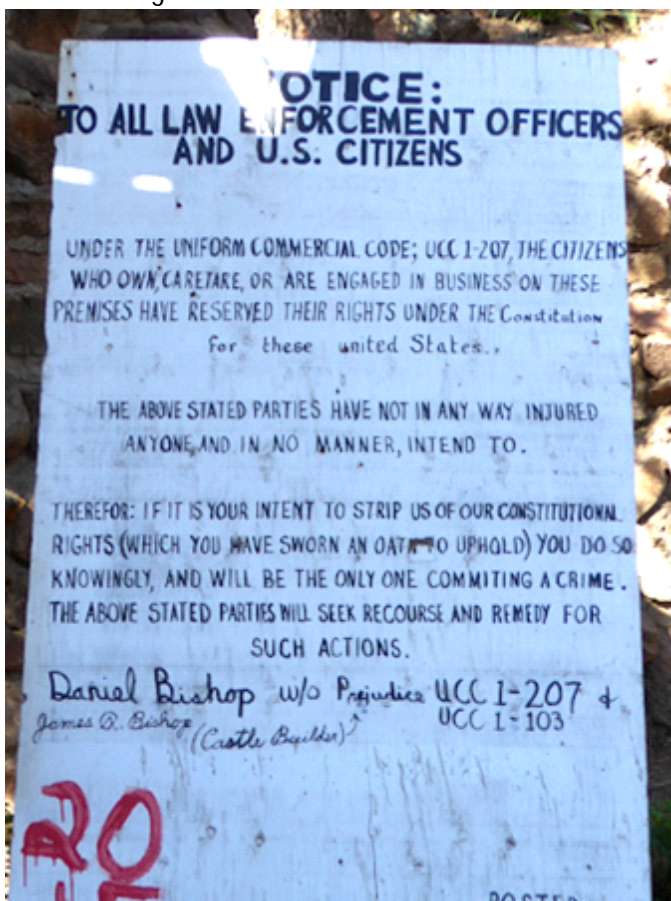


I'm the little white speck in the metal globe.

She's the little dark speck in front of the trees and between the two far buildings.



One more sign.



We stuffed some money in a collection slot and drove to Kansas.

Thanks Wendy. It's as strange as you said.

D&S