

ARTS REVIEW

from the Wilmette Arts Guild ...to inform, stimulate and inspire

Summer 2016



1958 FERRARI 250 TESTA ROSSA



2011 HUAYRA PAGANI

Rolling Sculpture



Born: Alexander Winton
 June 20, 1860
 Grangemouth, Scotland
 Died: June 21, 1932 (aged 72)
 Cleveland, Ohio
 Nationality: Scottish, American
 Occupation: Inventor and manufacturer
 Known for: Winton Motor Carriage Co.
 Awards Inducted into the National Inventors Hall of Fame



Born: Horacio Pagani
 10 November 1955
 Casilda, Argentina
 Nationality: Argentine
 Occupation: Automotive Entrepreneur
 Founder and CEO of Pagani

“I’ll tell you something very important: I have never worked for the money. I have only worked for passion and for the love of making what I love.”



1904 Serial#:3452 · Owners: Donna and Larry Hughes



Huayra. It is named after Huayra Tata, the god of the wind in Incan Culture.



2

This rear entrance touring car boasts a 5 ½ by 6 inch, 20 HP, two cylinder motor. It is chain driven with a two speed constant mesh transmission utilizing clutches integral with the gears. Primrose Yellow was the new color introduced in 1904 by the Winton Motor Carriage Company. It was a Toledo, Ohio car which spent about 50 years in a garage at Bono, Ohio. It was awarded “first in class” at the Forest Grove Concourse d’Elegance. The car was used to provide the sound track for Ken Burn’s “Horatio’s Drive”, a Public Television special on the first coast to coast crossing of the United States.

DISPENSE WITH A HORSE



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 THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Rolling Sculpture, Boys and Their Toys

by Casandra Six

The Blackhawk Museum in Danville California is the world's foremost automotive museum which presents the car as a work of art. Dick Davis insisted that I accompany him. "We are really going to look at cars?" I said with disbelief. Now I am a FAN! It was thrilling! From grand touring cars to high-speed racers, brass antiques to state-of-the-art exotics: if the design is inspirational the Blackhawk Museum will exhibit it. From Franklin to Ferrari, Daimler to Delahaye, Mercer to Mercedes: if it holds a special place in history of the automobile, it will be seen here at some time.

Located in: Blackhawk Plaza, 3700 Blackhawk Plaza Cir, Danville, CA



3



Destination: Japan

ART IN BLOOM – JAPANESE JUBAKO AND FUBAKO

BY MISAKI IMAGAWA

Springtime – Nara, Japan

A small cherry blossom petal landed abruptly and silently in a cup of chilled barley tea. Shinobu, the man cradling the cup found his gaze drawn to tiny ripples spreading across the surface, momentarily forgetting what his wife Chiyo, was talking about. A gust of wind blew across the hillside meadow where they sat picnicking under the Sakura trees in full bloom. Chiyo hurriedly stacked traditional lacquered food boxes filled with their lunch to avoid any petals landing inside, but Shinobu hardly noticed. It was snowing cherry blossoms. They streaked everywhere, tumbling off branches and dancing in the air. In the distance, their two children were running in circles trying to catch the falling flowers. The sight was ethereal and beautiful. It filled his heart with joy and it brought to mind his mother's final letter to him.



Cherry blossoms in Nara Park, Japan

4



Jubako or tiered food box with bamboo motif; PRIMITIVE ID# A0800-396

Dear Shinobu,

Last night I had a peculiar dream. It was a memory of when I was a young girl. My sisters and parents were sitting together beneath the cherry blossoms all afternoon and into the evening. When night fell my mother lit paper lanterns and the cherry blossoms appeared to glow against the backdrop of night. Drinking rice wine, my father gazed at the drifting blossoms. He used to always recite an old poem, but I had forgotten the words until I heard it in my dream. "Flowers beckoned by the storm fill the garden with white; not snow that scatters but the years of my life."

The poem was written by a court official named Saionji Kintsune in the 12th century. It's strange how the words come back to me now, when my hands are wrinkled and my days numbered. How fleeting life truly is. It took passing my father in age to finally understand what his poem meant. Cherry blossoms are beautiful because they fall – just as life is beautiful because our time is limited. The passage of time stops for no one, so we learn to appreciate and treasure



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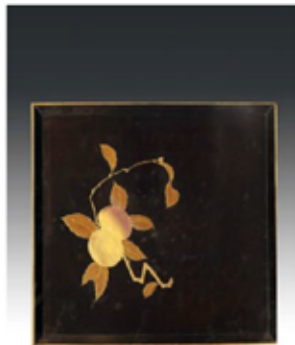
each moment – with family, friends and loved ones. That reminds me, why not do something special this year with your family – take them to the hillsides of Mt. Yoshino where I used to take you as a young boy to view the cherry blossoms. There is a special lacquer box for packing festive meals that my mother, your grandmother, received as a family heirloom. She gave it to me. Now it is my turn to give it to you. It would please me if you took it.



Jubako or tiered food box with floral motif; PRIMITIVE ID# A0800-399



Shinobu placed a hand on the black lacquered boxes his wife had stacked. The sides depicted a pine tree, bamboo shoots and plum blossoms – ‘Three Friends of Winter’ – symbolizing steadfastness, perseverance and resilience. Lingering on the plum blossoms, he mused how art was the only medium that could freeze them in full bloom. The tradition of viewing and admiring *cherry* blossoms, called *hanami*, originally began with the viewing of plum flowers and stemmed from a Chinese tradition.



Japanese lacquered serving tray with fruit motif; PRIMITIVE ID# A0800-710

Emperor Saga, who ruled during the early Heian period (794-1185), was the first to hold a hanami banquet during the cherry blossom season in the Imperial Court of Kyoto. Poems were written praising the exquisiteness of cherry blossoms and how they symbolized the transient beauty of life. Beginning with court nobility and the aristocracy, the hanami tradition eventually spread to the samurai warrior class during the late Muromachi period (1336-1573) and then to all classes of society in the peaceful Edo period (1603-1868).

Hanami, as a major festival celebrating one of the four seasons, came to be associated with tiered food boxes called *jubako*. Often made of lacquered wood, the tradition of stacking them was not only for functionality but also to symbolize the desire for good fortune to “accumulate.” Records of jubako can be traced back to historical texts from the Muromachi period. They were traditionally made with four tiers to express each season. Although today jubako are most prominently used to serve special New Year’s meals, this was a later development that emerged during the Edo period. Previously, they were used for hanami festivals and called *hanami-ju*, or for any other outing, for which they were called *sage-ju*. These were, of course, leisure activities enjoyed only by the upper classes. Consequently, lacquered boxes became items associated wealth and refinement. They were therefore referred to in the honorary tense as *o-jubako*.



Fubako, or letter box; PRIMITIVE ID# A0800-329

Destination: Japan



Fubako, or letter box with family crest; PRIMITIVE ID# A0800-373

The respect bestowed on jubako did not stem from their cultural context alone. The art of decorative lacquering elevated them further as objects of admiration and connoisseurship. Lacquering, at its most basic, creates a protective layer over wood that is water and acid resistant. In the East, it was traditionally made from urushiol, the tree sap from a species called *toxicodendron vernicifluum*, a close cousin of poison ivy. The toxic properties of the liquid, along with its long drying time under carefully controlled conditions made it a craft requiring great skill. Historical excavations in Japan have revealed lacquered artifacts from ancient times, suggesting the ancient indigenous development of the technique. However, lacquering did not come to be recognized as a major art form until after the 6th century when much cultural advancement was introduced from China.

Although heavily influenced by Chinese and Korean aesthetics early on, Japanese lacquer works soon developed a distinct style emphasizing lyrical and elegant surface decorations. Inlays of gold and silver foil enjoyed great favor as did inlays of other materials such as sea shells and minerals. In particular, Maki-e, translated as ‘sprinkled paintings,’ became praised as one of the highest decorative art forms in Japan. In Maki-e, gold and silver powder was sprinkled over wet lacquer using thin bamboo shoots or fine brushes, a skill that required many years of apprenticeship to master. Lacquer was used to decorate a wide variety of objects, including Buddhist artwork, writing boxes, altars, folding screens, sword scabbards, saddles, furniture and of course, jubako.

6

Back on the hillside beneath the cherry blossoms, Shinobu told his children about the special heirloom their grandmother had left them. He knew they didn’t understand half of what he explained about the cultural and artistic heritage, but he determined he would bring his family to hanami next year and tell them again. It wasn’t just the art he wanted them to appreciate, but also what it represented – the ephemeral beauty of life. He hoped everyone could view springtime blooms and scattering cherry blossoms; and they would be reminded to treasure the here and now in all of life’s fleeting moments.



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Thank you to Primitive for permission to reprint this article in the Wilmette Arts Guild Arts Review

Evolution of a Commission

by Claire Hogan

Last year I was fortunate enough to have a number of my works shown at the Wilmette Park District through the help of The Wilmette Arts Guild. While my work was on display I was able to sell a few of my paintings and I also received a wonderful opportunity from the Hole family of Winnetka. After seeing

my work Ms. Hole contacted me inquiring about a custom painting.

At the time, she had been working diligently for the past few months decorating her home in preparation for it to be featured in the annual Winnetka House Walk.

The Holes had been looking for a large painting to display in their front sitting room but they couldn't quite find the right one, which is where I came in. I was able to look at the space and together we selected colors, which complimented the space well.

From these conversations the painting began to come together in my mind. We decided on a design that would be an abstract representation of the Chicago skyline. I then began by creating a small test painting (above left) to feel out what the final piece might look like. From there we discussed what aspects they liked and which ones they wanted to change and then I started on the final painting.

The painting, as with most works of art, went through several stages as you can see through the photos. Through emails and texts the Holes and I were able to develop different versions of the work until we had a piece we were both really happy with. It was fast paced, as we were working on a tight schedule for the House Walk, but overall it was very fun and a rewarding challenge.

Looking back I think that this is a great example of how opportunities can be created just by having exposure.



Mira and Steve Holes' front sitting room



"This City is Ours," by Claire Hogan

7

Claire is currently pursuing a BFA at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. She is the youngest member of the Wilmette Arts Guild.

www.clairehogan.com



Reg Loving

The Figure in N Dimensional Space

by Ewan McGregor



"Garden of Eden" by Peter Paul Rubens

Paintings are a two dimensional object which can create the illusion of having three dimensions by adding depth to the dimensions of height and width that define a picture plane. Whenever figures are present, human, animal or other, that illusion of three dimensional space is an important part of the total work. Most of the paintings from the Renaissance on have used figures to tell a story, usually a story already known to the public. Often these were scenes from the bible, such as Ruben's "Garden of Eden", in which the mere presence of Adam, Eve and the serpent pretty much summarizes the story of the Fall. That narrative, already known to the viewer, provides another dimension of reality which is a story line. By the nineteenth century many artists portrayed figures in activities of everyday life without any story line, just "slice of life" pictures of people in ordinary circumstances. Cezanne's "Card Players" is such a painting: four men seated at a table playing cards. There is no suggestion about anything these guys are doing relates

to their lives before or after the card game. Many variations of figure painting followed over the next century and new dimensions were introduced. When the figures were involved in activity that creates questions those unanswered questions present new dimensions of reality. Things like what were the figures doing and what does the artist wish us to take away from the scene? Painting becomes loaded with ambiguity, with tension between competing ideas and images. We have to think how to read the painting.

Another dimension can be introduced by showing a scene that suggests forbidden acts or something that would create a sense of shame. It is an incomplete story but gives the viewer a degree of emotional stimulus that is a bit jarring. That emotional reaction is a new dimension that is fundamental to the work. Eric Fischl is a master of that kind of dimension as in the painting **Bad Boy** showing an adolescent looking at a nude woman while reaching behind his back to put his hand in her purse. These are just some of the ways painting can introduce new dimensions above the normal three dimensional world, time, circumstance, ambiguity and tension among these elements.



"Card Players" by Cezanne

Reg Loving is a New Mexico artist who has spent forty years developing images of the southwest and reinterpreting them, often making multiple reactions in the same picture. An



"Bad Boy" by Eric Fischl

early painting, "Cowboy Shooting at a Tornado," does exactly this.

In this work, we have a cowboy riding a horse over the desert with his gun drawn. He is firing at a tornado which has touched down off in the distance. It is a ridiculous image. No one has ever stopped a tornado with a pistol shot. The cowboy is an obvious Don Quixote figure tilting at a windmill. There is his intention, but what is the effect? It is a cartoon with an existential punch line. Is he a nut case? Is the idea of shooting at things you don't like a reasonable response? He may be the traditional good guy cowboy fighting against evil threat. "Where are we?" the picture seems to ask.

One of his cowboy pictures is a black and white linoleum cut entitled "**Lixiviation Work #12.**" This is part of a series centered around the ore extraction process known as lixiviation. The picture shows a cowboy running from



Cowboy Shooting at a Tornado by Reg Loving

Reg Loving

The Figure in N Dimensional Space

(continued from Page 8)

something, half his face obliterated by something, maybe a demon possessing him, leaving behind another cowboy and images of totem animals such as a snake, dog, rabbit. All this on a desert landscape with a smelter building in background. What is going on? Part of the picture is realistic in cartoon fashion, part is surreal the way his left arm swings down in front of him with a deformed hand, the way his face has been transformed into some other reality. This all creates not only ambiguity but tension into what seems to be a narrative without explanation. Many of the iconic images like the snake and the dog appear in other works of his and create a sense of time and place. What we see is a mini drama in progress with no clue as to outcome. Is the cowboy running away or chasing something down? Is he a good guy or a bad guy? In the western tradition everybody seems to either be a good guy or a bad guy; and here we have to wonder, which kind of guy is this one? Maybe, just maybe, he is both at once.



Lixiviation Work #12 by Reg Loving

The painting "Push-Pull of the Picture Plane" is a reference to one of Reg's art teachers who emphasized the idea that pictures were by definition, existing in the two dimensional plane. The goal for the artist was to create a sense of tension in the work, a balance between pushing and pulling as it were. This particular painting has the normal dimensions needed for landscape and figures but goes on to add an unresolved narrative where the cowboy, wearing a white hat, has a gun drawn and pointed at some unknown threat. There are more iconic images, dogs looking dopey, a bird is in the

9



Push-Pull of the Picture Plane by Reg Loving

background, or is it perched on top of the gun? There is a second cowboy, only his hat is showing behind a row of blankets hanging in front of him. In the background a golden sunset going down over the mountains. So there it is, cartoon figures that are partly representational, partly mysterious images, surrounded by totem animals against a western landscape. The compelling image is the cowboy with a drawn gun. What is going on? Is the good guy protecting us from bandits? Is he also a bandit in a gang war? No narrative information here, just images and landscape. The title "Push-Pull" above the mountains, imprinted in the sunset as it were, may yield a clue. That is reminiscent of the old western movies, where the words "The End" play on the screen as the curtains close. And a cowboy in a white hat firing a pistol may indeed be the sheriff defeating the bad guys in the classic story. We don't know, he could be a Quixote figure like the one shooting at a tornado, taking action that has no meaning. He could be one of the bad guys holding that tension between what is, what might

have been and what could be driving the picture as an ongoing statement without explanation. Maybe we should make up our own narrative, the artist doesn't tell us either way. This is a picture with fantastic color. It is not realistic color. No one ever saw a pink desert like that or patches of red, yellow, green in the background, but the whole image is so bizarre that the fantastic colors simply add to the sense of a surreal moment, like in a dream. All the bizarre elements are in fact sign posts of other dimensions. The question arises: "Do we all live in a multi-dimensional reality where parts of it come and go without logic or conventional understanding of what is real?" Reg Loving's paintings challenge our sense of ordinary reality and how other dimensions may be with us all the time if only we knew how to look for them.

Destination: New Mexico

Summer Destination Cascada Tuliman, Zacatlan, Mexico

Text and photos by Thaddeus Tripp Ressler

I hate not being the person driving, it's a control thing. We were on a steep decline in the middle of nowhere, Mexico. In a truck that was made around the time I graduated high school, with a big crack across the windshield that looks like it was mended with super glue. There was no guardrail much less a shoulder before you plummeted 100 feet into the Mexican wilderness. And good news up ahead there's a switchback that I wouldn't want to take in a Smart Car, much less this massive F150 pickup. I forgot to mention this was all happening on an uneven dirt road that looked like a teenagers skin, with deep gouges and mounds. This was obviously not Guido's first rodeo, his cigarette lazily hung from his mouth as he took the hairpin turn slowly. Guillermo, or Billy as he likes to be called, took a puff off his cigarette and looked bored.

The thought popped into my head, this would never fly in the US, no national park attraction would be allowed to be this wild.. There would have to be paved roads, signage, a parking lot, wheelchair access, they'd probably build a cable car system to get down. Here though, it's still very much wild.

We parked in a dirt lot where there were a couple tiny shops selling refreshments. We headed for the trail and there again I found something that by American standards would be considered unacceptable. It was a steep and uneven dirt trail with a rickety fence, more to guide than to protect, that overlooked an extremely long and painful looking drop. Towards the end of the trail a bridge had collapsed and someone had laid down unanchored 4X12's. Quick aside, I'm not uncomfortable with any of these things. I've been on, in, and through far worse, but these comparisons kept popping into my head.

After the makeshift bridge we came to Los Cascados Tuliman. The waterfall is an impressive 300 meters, almost a thousand feet. The upper viewing area is right in front of a hundred foot drop that essentially creates horizontal rain that's comes straight at you. It



was a warm day so the "misting" was refreshing, Guido and

Billy smiled like little boys that had just found a puddle to stomp. We took pictures and selfies and reveled in the thunderous noise of the waterfall that made us shout to be heard. When Guido asked if I was ready to go, I said sure, but I was kind of disappointed. I thought the plan was to be out all day.

We headed back over the makeshift bridge and up the dirt trail back to the truck. We piled back in and took off, but instead of turning right to go back up we made a left. I was a bit confused, but figured what the heck, it's not like I had anything better to do, Lvet's see where this goes. Plus, it would've taken all the mystery and anticipation out of it. More switchbacks, but this time a gang of street motorcycles thought it would be wise to treat this road like any other. Guido nearly clipped one as we did a near k-turn to get around a particular switchback. He shot us a grin, "Es muy peligroso para los motocicletas."

"Yeah, especially when you're stupid." I reply. This makes Guido and Billy chuckle, they find my lack of ability to speak, yet still understand Spanish highly amusing. They both speak damn near perfect English, actually Billy might speak it better than I do, albeit with a Tom Waits rasp. He was educated at University of Texas. I forget what he studied, but based on our late night drinking sessions at the Happy House, philosophy must have been somewhere in the curriculum.

We came to another parking area. Now I was intrigued, I thought this was a one shot deal. We hopped out, but when I closed the door the side view mirror fell off. I picked up the shattered piece and held it up to Guido. He just looked at it with annoyance. "I just replaced that stupid thing. Just throw it on the floor inside." That's Guido, a man who goes with the flow.

This was a bit more of a hike than we anticipated. The families walking up the steep incline gasping for air and sweating did not make the prospect of coming back up a pleasant one. At one point, a young-ish looking boy just sat down in front of his family and stated that he simply couldn't go any further. Every face coming up looking more pained than the next, which was fine since the natural beauty of the surroundings was more than enough to make us feel better.

The trees had beards. Long, thick, grey locks of moss hung off the branches. It was odd, like being in a fantasy story. I was just waiting for them to start singing or something, but aside from our huffing and puffing, and the crunching underneath our feet, it was silent.

When we finally made it through the twists and turns to the mineral waters there was a outhouse that was much needed by



the three of us. When it came my turn I held my breath and went in. Judging by the pale look on Billy's face it was a necessary move. Even when I finally breathed through my mouth because I couldn't hold my breath any longer, I could taste the foulness in my mouth. I must have had that same blanched look Billy did, because both of them were smiling when I came stumbling out. I asked if anyone had a tic-tac, which just made them roar with laughter. "No seriously, a mint, some gum, anything."

The mineral waters looked like Dunkin' Donuts coffee if you asked for it light and sweet. Grayish tan and kind of gross. There was a large yurt to the side of the river that diverted some of the water in there for people to dunk themselves in. An older woman in a black bathing suit breaststroked her way across. All I could think to

myself was, "Not even with *your* skin would you get me to dunk myself in there."

We made our way over to the cable bridge that crossed the river. Despite the inch thick steel cables and the seemingly good construction, it gave me pause. Heights don't stop me, but they do give me pause.

The cable bridge felt like walking on a trampoline held aloft by bungee cords in high winds. We made it across

though and walked the path to the Arbol Hueco, or Hollow Tree. It's about eight feet in diameter and easily a hundred and fifty feet tall. The inside looked to have burned out, but I couldn't tell if it was a single fire that had caused it, or this had been someone's miniature cabin. The charred walls of the tree tapered up over eight feet at its peak. Despite all this, the tree was very much alive, not even a few dead branches, which I found odd. Like a human being it had weathered many storms and was still going strong.

We decided it was best to take a little rest before we made our way back up the harrowingly steep path. So we climbed up the massive boulder to the side of the tree and laid down, staring up into the leaves and branches of the tree that was most likely older than the US Constitution. We weren't the only ones that wanted to see the tree though, and after about ten minutes of children shouting and their corresponding parents yelling for them to be careful we decided it was time to go.

I'd like to say that the walk up wasn't that bad and that everyone that we had seen on the way back up were just woefully out of shape, but it was that bad. My calves started burning, from walking up on the balls of my feet, about five minutes in. I tried using the "railing" which turned out to be flimsy plastic made to look like wooden slats, but their wobble made me nervous that I'd rely to hard on it and end up pitching myself over the side when it decided to give way. We had to stop twice for a break because our collective gasping was disturbing the wildlife. We did eventually make it, stopping at the roadside stand for a few beers to signal our victory and because it was just damn necessary.





Thankfully, the third part of Tuliman was a short walk to where the two rivers met. On one side of the mountainous fork there was a small waterfall that people were playing in with cold dark water and on the other side it was a much lazier river that had the tan/gray hue of the mineral waters. We walked around, taking it all in enjoying the views of the striated rocks and the people playing, but it was time. We were hungry, we were tired, and we had taken in as much as we could for the day. We rocked our way back up the side of the mountain in Guido's truck. It was a good day, and the three of us were quiet in our contemplation. Guido pulled into a restaurant, now it was time to feast.



Having diligently developed a comprehensive and eclectic frame of reference, Thaddeus Tripp Ressler is vigorously and joyously filling in the blanks.

He is only interested in "Living Authentically Thaddeus" which at times might seem odd or confusing to others, but then they are not "Living Thaddeus." He expects this all to improve with age.



Thaddeus Tripp Ressler

Summer Destination: Loveland, Colorado



The Departure by George Lundeen

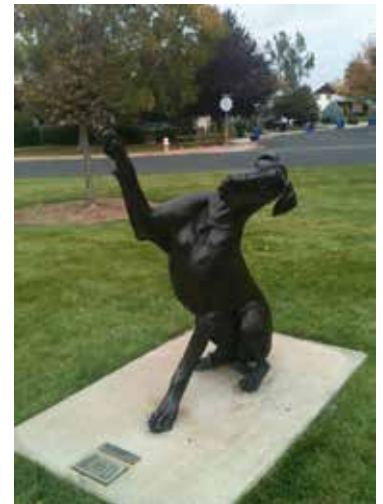


Front Range of the Rockies

Loveland, Colorado actually lies along the Front Range of the Rockies near Fort Collins. Estes Park is a short drive away. This charming town now world famous for three dimensional art and gorgeous sculpture on every corner was just a few decades ago headed for rust bucket poverty. Closing of the sugar beet factories had left a huge blank in the economy. The old foundry, without work, was bought by a group of sculptors eventually replacing it with the spectacular Art Castings of Colorado.

This successful little town has raised the consciousness of the whole state. Sculptures appear on every corner in Vail and Pueblo and all over the state. Even smaller towns like Northglenn have parks filled with borrowed sculptures and a yearly sculpture competition. Art is good for business! Art creates tourism and a sense of community. Art creates money!

13



The Northglenn Dog

Many helping hands created the Benson Sculpture Garden in Loveland, Colorado



Jane DeDecker and her sculpture

Jane DeDecker

Jane DeDecker is one of the most successful sculptresses in Loveland.

She has her own foundry to produce her magical works staffed by her family. She designs and everyone else in the family produces.

Jane has the distinction of having over 175 public sculptures in 33 states.



Jane DeDecker's "Short Cut" Iconic image for Loveland, CO

Art Castings of Colorado 511 8th St. SE Loveland CO 80537 (970) 667-1114, which produces and repairs world class metal sculptures in bronze or stainless steel using the "Lost Wax Process"

The basic steps in the "Lost Wax Process" are the same whether you are creating stainless steel or bronze artwork – make a mold, pour the wax, "chase" the wax, create a ceramic shell, dewax and pour the metal, sandblast the cast metal, weld all the pieces together, chase the metal, apply patina and mount it to a base.



www.artcastings.com



Selecting the patina



Christy Yamaguchi's new leg



All photos by Julie Ressler

Art Castings of Colorado offers tours and you should go!!!

Summer Destination: Ireland



15

Cashel, County Tipperary, Ireland

photo by Joan Louise Hall

Summer Destination: Glacier National Park, Montana



photo by Brian N. Smith