

ARTS REVIEW

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

Winter/Spring 2018



Spring 2018

Delia Hulseman

Art for all Ages 2018

North Shore Community Bank

photos by Peter Nussbaum



Delia Hulseman



Caid Slattery



Peter Nussbaum



Grace Balestrey



Natalie Regan



Tommy Ahern



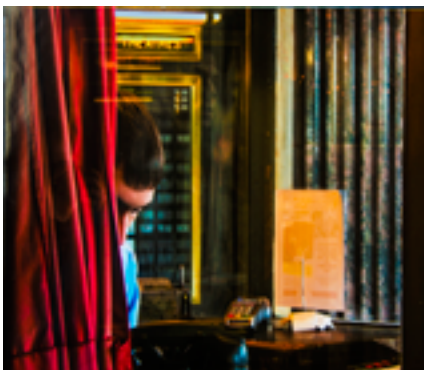
Jason Kesse



Miguel Moreles



Courtney Rei Cochico



Sabrina Sanfratello



Nancy Desmond

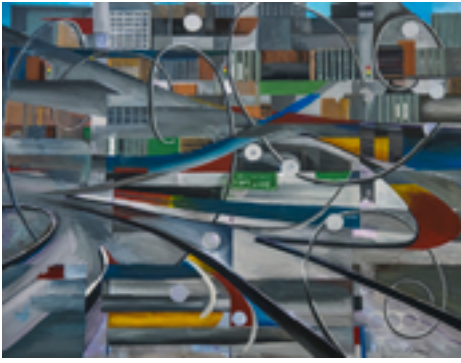


Annie Free

Art for all Ages 2018

North Shore Community Bank

photos by Peter Nussbaum



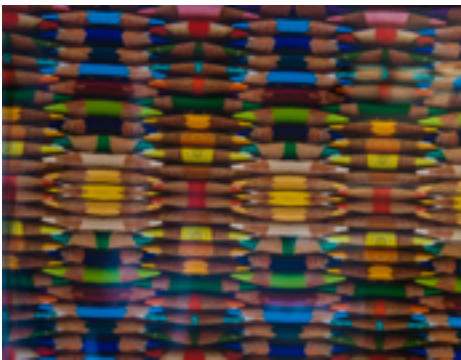
Nancy Desmond



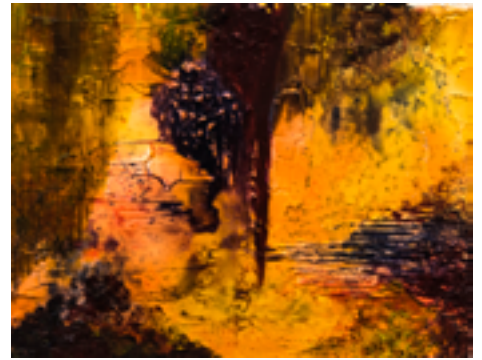
Julie Ressler



Tobi Star Abrams



George Olney



Claire Hogan



Peter Nussbaum



Tobi Star Abrams



Beverly Fleischman



Miguel Moreles



Joan Hall



Joan Hall

Carnevale di Venezia

photos by Richard Fisher



Carnevale, is Venice's answer to Mardi Gras. For eight days before Lent each winter, tourists flood the city for an orgy of pageants, commedia dell'arte, concerts, balls, and masked self-display until Shrove Tuesday signals an end to the party.

The term "carnevale" comes from the Latin for "farewell to meat" and suggests a good-bye party for the steaks and stews that Catholics traditionally gave up during the weeks of fasting before Easter. The masquerade aspect of Carnival is even older: the Romans celebrated winter with a fertility festival where masks were worn by citizens and slaves alike.

Carnevale di Venezia

photos by Richard Fisher



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Witch Hazel, photo by Peter Nussbaum

Spring - Thoreau's Journal - March 15, 1852



Palisades Winter by Hans Olson

This afternoon I throw off my outside coat. A mild spring day. I must hie to the Great Meadows. The air is full of blue-birds. The ground almost entirely bare. The villagers are out in the sun, and every man is happy whose work takes him outdoors. I go by Sleepy Hollow toward the Great Fields. I lean over a rail to hear what is in the air, liquid with the blue-birds' warble. My life partakes of infinity. The air is as deep as our natures. Is the drawing in of this vital air attended with no more glorious results than I witness?

The air is a velvet cushion against which

I press my ear. I go forth to make new demands on life. I wish to begin this summer well; to do something in it worthy of it and of me; to transcend my daily routine and that of my townsmen; to have my immortality now, that it be in the quality of my daily life; to pay the greatest price, the greatest tax, of any man in Concord, and enjoy the most!! I will give all I am for my nobility. I will pay all my days for my success. I pray that the life of this spring and summer may lie fair in my memory. May I dare as I have never done! May I persevere as I have never done! May I purify myself anew as with fire and water, soul and body! May my melody not be wanting to the season! May I gird myself to be a hunter of the beautiful, that naught escape me! May I attain to a youth never attained! I am eager to report the glory of the universe; may I be worthy to do it; to have got through with regarding human values, so as not to be distracted from regarding divine values. It is reasonable that a man should be something worthier at the end of the year than he was at the beginning.



Through the Tulips,
photo by Daina Jacobson

Spring 2018



Little Girl in Blue Hat in Flower Bed by Cathy Priest



French Poppy Field by Julie Ressler



Ballet, photo by Jamie Buzil



La Fraîcheur, photo by Jamie Buzil



"Don't believe a word she says" by Lucy Phillips



Indio Bunting, photo by Patricia Abby Berg

Marvin Primack Walldogs!

We frequently travel through Wisconsin and, while walking through Plymouth, we noticed some beautiful murals painted on the sides of some of the buildings. They stretched all along the course of the downtown area. We didn't know quite how they got there nor who had painted them but, as part of our walk, we stopped at the Plymouth Arts Center and were given an explanation of their origin and a tour map of all 25 murals.

In 2011 a group of artists called "The Walldogs" were contracted to come to Plymouth and spend a week doing the murals. Each mural is sponsored by a local business or civic organization and depicts a business or some event from the city's history. The tour map is essential to finding each magnificent art work as some are on the sides or backs of various buildings and are not all visible from the main street. It also leads to finding some wonderful shops you might otherwise drive right past.

The Walldogs are a group of sign painters and muralists from all over the world who come together once a year to spend a week in a town and do the murals. They began 25 years ago and have painted over 500 murals in 28 towns. At present they comprise almost 350 artists. Projects are already scheduled through 2020 and this July they will be doing their work in Streator, Illinois. Though their visits are short, they leave a lasting impression of both art and local history and represent a novel way to foster appreciation of art.



Marvin Primack Walldogs!



Should we love the art if the artist is a monster?

The outrage over the abuse scandal is killing the idea that great works can transcend the moral failures of their creators

Bryan Appleyard December 24 2017, 12:01am, The Sunday Times



Gauguin's 1892 Arearea depicts his life in Tahiti, where he had a number of child brides. ALAMY

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Roger Crisp, professor of moral philosophy at Oxford, was clearing out his CD collection. No moral issues there, you might think — but then, suddenly, there were. “Because of our kids, we have quite a few old Rolf Harris CDs. I was thinking, ‘Should I give these to the Scouts’ jumble sale? No! Those go in the bin.’”

The works were tainted by Harris’s convictions for indecently assaulting teenage girls. “The association with the person is too close for them to get any pleasure out of listening to his stuff,” says Crisp.

This seems clear enough. But it isn’t. Harris may be no great artist, but what about Kevin Spacey or Roman Polanski? Good or great art may be made by people who have done something horribly wrong. This year, a wave of shocking revelations has forced us to ponder this issue much more carefully.

Crisp imagines himself owning a work by the English sculptor Eric Gill. Thanks to Fiona MacCarthy’s 1989 study, we know Gill was a monster — among other things, he sexually abused his daughters.

“I don’t think I’d be inclined to take my Gill work down from the wall,” Crisp says, “because I don’t get that same sense of immediate revulsion. Imagine if more and more revelations came out, so almost every great artist was morally tainted. Would we stop looking at art? I don’t think so.”

Yet for others Gill is well within the revulsion spectrum. This newspaper’s art critic, Waldemar Januszczak, said of a Gill exhibition this year that, having learnt of his crimes, “it became impossible to forgive his art”.

What about Caravaggio, a murderer, a street hoodlum and one of the greatest artists of the Renaissance? For Januszczak, his art “has such enormous power and depth, carries so much religious conviction, that the darkness of its creator feels irrelevant”. This is known as the “aesthetic alibi”. For Crisp, however, it is more to do with “temporal distance”.

“Somebody might try to make me revolted about Caravaggio, but it probably wouldn’t work, because it’s too long ago and he’s too distant from us.”

Should we damn him anyway? “In the case of a dead artist such as Caravaggio,” says Jennifer Saul, professor of philosophy at Sheffield University, “a boycott obviously would have no effect on the artist. However, it can be an effective way of expressing disapproval for the behaviour and indicating that the art world will no longer stand for it.”



Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio

Should we love the art if the artist is a monster?

Closer to our time is the 19th-century post-impressionist Paul Gauguin. Is he far enough back in our past for his sins to be forgotten? "Scholars have fought about Gauguin for the past 25 years," says Tamar Garb, professor in the History of Art at University College London. "He's a paedophile racist, running around with these 13-year-old girls who become his so-called wives. Many scholars think it completely compromises you when you look at those doe-eyed, brown bodies and how they were representative of a culture of racism and colonialism."

On the other hand, Garb points out, the history of modern art would be different if there had been no Gauguin. Similarly, would the history of cinema have been different without Roman Polanski?

Polanski has been on the lam from US justice since 1978, having pleaded guilty to unlawful sexual intercourse with a 13-year-old girl. In October, a retrospective of his films in Paris led to protests, but in 2003 he won an Oscar for best director. He was not rejected for his crime by the establishment that is now feverishly striking Harvey Weinstein off its guest lists.



Roman Polanski

Has Polanski become a living Caravaggio? For me, I'm afraid, he has. Nobody will ever convince me that *Rosemary's Baby*, *Chinatown* and *The Pianist* are anything less than great movies. So the question becomes: is a work of art independent, fully autonomous? Is the moral character of the artist irrelevant? If so, is the artist irrelevant?

Which brings me to a long list: Weinstein, Spacey, Dustin Hoffman, Bill Cosby, Bryan Singer, Louis CK, Max Stafford-Clark, James Toback and countless others who have been — or will be — caught in the wave of revelation, revulsion and outrage that has been the most startling and unpredicted story of 2017. All of the above, except Louis CK, deny the claims.

It has also been the story with the most remarkable real-world results. You cannot now see Spacey in the last series of *House of Cards* or in Ridley Scott's film, *All the Money in the World*. Singer won't be directing *Bohemian Rhapsody*, the biopic about Queen. Louis CK is off the comedy circuit; Hoffman has been grilled live by the chat-show host John Oliver. And the BBC has cancelled transmission of "Ordeal by Innocence," an Agatha Christie story, because of rape allegations involving Ed Westwick, a cast member, which he denies.

Trials and public executions, as Garb calls them, are happening at the speed of Twitter. No evidence other than allegation is presented. This is not to say that any of the accusers are lying, but it is to say that some, in the future, will be.

The internet, that outrage amplifier and 15-minute-fame machine, will ensure that false claims are inevitable. "We know some charges will be false," Garb says. "And at the other extreme, we know this predatory behaviour is endemic." We are, in short, caught in a thought trap, a moral maelstrom, devised by technology.



Harvey Weinstein

Weinstein, in the context of art, is irrelevant: he didn't make or write any of the films with his name on, he financed and fixed them. Nobody in their right mind would now feel queasy about seeing "Shakespeare in Love" or even "Paddington." But what about Spacey? He didn't write "House of Cards," he just appeared in it, but his has become the name on everybody's lips. At one level, it's because of the character he played, Frank Underwood, the supremely corrupt and cynical politician.

Garb, a *House of Cards* lover, has trouble with the possible elision of the values of character and actor. "Is he really that ghastly, Machiavellian creature in life as well?" She adds, however, that it would be a pity to lose such great performances and to lock ourselves into a world in which "everything is reducible to the private trajectory of these people who are being executed".

Perhaps, she suggests (not seriously), we could go back to the "death of the author" ideology of Roland Barthes, the most influential aesthetic thinker of the 1970s. For him, once a work of art is made, the creator vanishes, becoming an irrelevance.

That, almost, is the position now advocated by the American psychologist Peggy Drexler. "It's critical to remember that when we watch a film, view art or read a book, we're doing so to be entertained and enriched," she says. "We're not doing it to issue an endorsement of the human being whose work it is."

I doubt that Drexler is fully agreeing with Barthes. Lives do cast light on works — how could they not? — but the trick is not to regard them as having a simple one-to-one moral correspondence. Pursue that logic and the right could not watch the films of Sergei Eisenstein, because of their glorification of the 1917 revolution, and the left would have to reject Leni Riefenstahl's films celebrating Nazism as having no aesthetic significance. Both would remain crucially ignorant of the history of cinema.

There are two points here, one on each side of this argument. First, though I have not worked in an office for years, I know casual and often brutal sexism was and is widespread in workplaces. A change of manners is now occurring — as occurred when Victorian values superseded Georgian ones — and that is to be welcomed, as is any correction of social incontinence and extremity.

The second point is captured in an essay published by George Orwell in 1944 on the subject of Salvador Dali, whose work and character he found repulsive. He also found it necessary to acknowledge that Dali was a gifted artist. In thinking about what this means, Orwell imagines Shakespeare coming back to life. "If it were found," he wrote, "that his favourite recreation was raping little



Shakespeare

girls in railway carriages, we should not tell him to go ahead with it on the ground that he might write another King Lear.”

Well, no; and, in any case, Shakespeare could perfectly well write another King Lear in prison. But that is not Orwell’s point. He is saying that an artist, however great, is a social creature who must be judged by the same standards as the rest of us. Crucially, however, that does not lead him to condemn Lear as Roger Crisp condemned the works of Rolf Harris. Rather, his point depends on the assumption that Lear is one of art’s greatest works and could not be tainted by association with a rapist.



Salvador Dali

Art is not separate from life — but it is different. Many great artists have noted the way their creations have a life of their own. Mozart even disclaimed responsibility for his. He wrote wonderingly of the origins of his thoughts: “Whence and how do they come? I do not know and I have nothing to do with it.”

The vital insights of genius are unlikely to be heard in the present climate. As Garb points out, we are trapped between, on one side, the film, television and advertising industries’ “hypersexualisation of women and children”, which colludes with the abusers; and, on the other, the incontinent and all-too-often evidence-free outrage and blame culture of the internet.

From this collision, perhaps, a new world of gentle manners and high aesthetic insight will emerge. Come on, it is Christmas and there’s a new year coming — we can dream a little.

Art Monsters - Readers’ Responses

Peter Nussbaum

Thank you for the article. It is a good discussion and alerts the reader to many facets of life, art, and social conduct. Social transgressions are condemned with the first breath of the story. In today’s climate tenets of jurisprudence, i.e., “you are innocent until proven guilty” are cast aside. Also, the judgement in the heat of the moment made by many may need to be re-evaluated in terms of the longer term aspects. None of us are perfect. We as well as those that came before us should be judged balancing our sins and our good deeds.

Chris Porter

I’ve had trouble appreciating the work of Paul Gauguin for years when I found out that he ditched his wife and five children back in France to go to the islands to paint. Little did I know what a horrible sexual predator he was too. I’m glad that I’ve never been very fond of his work and don’t have to decide if I will view it.

There is something about time and distance that tempers the emotional response to works of art by people who violate expected civil behavior. I don’t like what Caravaggio did in his life but his talent is so unbelievable that I am willing to chalk his bad deeds up to a crazy and genius temperament.

Tema Rosenblum

What if these great artists had been ostracized before they created their works of art. Would the world be a better place?

I. Austen Tripp

If someone is abhorrent to me, like Hitler, my ability to appreciate his art would be negatively impacted. Picasso was one such monster. Some of his work transcends his character. Knowledge of an artist’s transgressions can lessen my wish to see the work but if it is truly great I can detach my personal feelings from the art appreciation. Conversely admiration for the person does not make their art any better. On a strictly personal level it might. If someone saved your life, even the simplest of drawings, might seem important to you as an individual. If Mother Theresa drew pictures they might not be great just because she was a great humanitarian. Most great artists are flawed, just like the rest of us. But the Last Supper is great art no matter what Da Vinci did outside the studio. The artist would have to be truly awful for me to worry about his personal life.

Francis Bacon was a great artist and a lot of what made his art great was his ability to express his sickness and understanding of other sick people in paint, never more true in the painting of Pope Innocent X after the portrait done by Velasquez.



Portrait of Pope Innocent X by Velasquez and Bacon

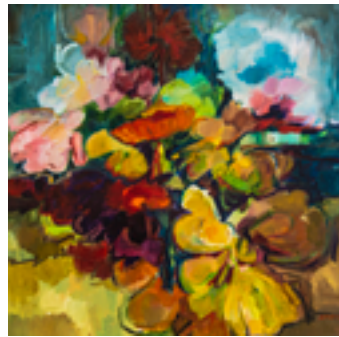
North Shore Senior Center WAG Art Show



Elizabeth Buino



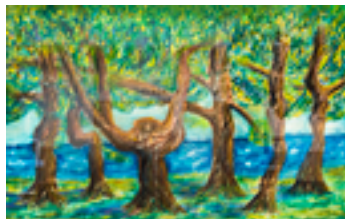
Tema Rosenblum



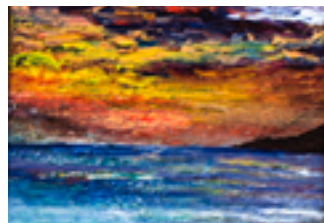
Sally Schoch



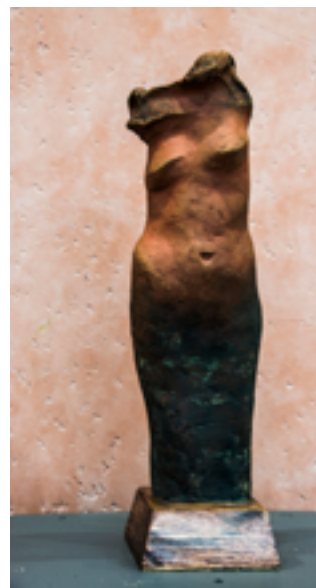
Karen Barrie



Mary Krebs Smyth



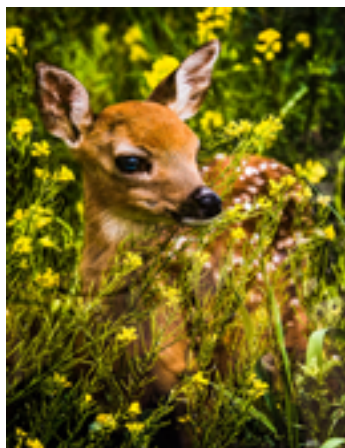
Beverly Fleischman



Boruch Lev



Susan Bennett



Richard Fisher



Barbara Primack



Charlotte Kaplan



Peter Nussbaum



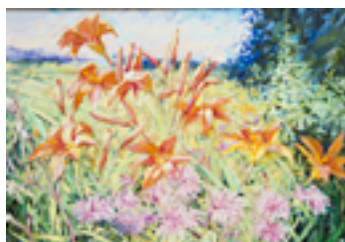
Shirley Engelstein



Julie Ressler



Joanne Epcke



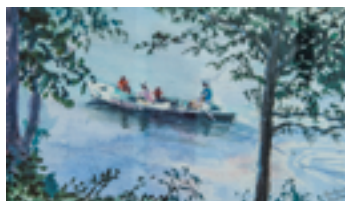
Milvi Wheeler



Laura Rodriguez



Tobi Star Abrams



Barbara Roseman



Ansel Adams photo of Ranchos de Taos



Church at Black Mesa by Reg Loving



Ranchos de Taos by Georgia O'Keeffe



Back of Church at Ranchos de Taos
by Reg Loving

When tourists first began making the trip out to New Mexico at the turn of the twentieth century most arrived by train, landing in Albuquerque or Santa Fe. Gradually these folks began exploring smaller towns and wilderness areas. About that time there was a thriving art colony in Taos where artists such as Berninghaus, Higgins, Sharp and others were painting the world of northern New Mexico. The main audience for this work was the group of tourists who wanted to take pictures back home to show their friends what an exotic land there was out west. This gave rise to the title "Land of Enchantment". Everything was new and different to these eastern visitors. Most obviously the high desert landscape and native peoples. Another major difference from their own background was the architecture. Buildings were square, box like shapes that had developed from the Indian pueblos which were found up and down the Rio Grande valley. The building used adobe bricks, made from the earth and covered by timbers from the forests. No building was high rise building, the thick adobe walls were usual a limiting factor, buildings were no more than two stories tall. The arrival of the Spanish led to

building churches which were the center of each village built by the use of the Catholic Church and promulgation of the faith. Over the succeeding centuries the most prominent architectural elements which have been preserved are those village churches. Enter the artists and photographers of the twentieth century. The local church was the most conspicuous part of the village landscape to be documented by them. These buildings were square, modular shapes which only looked different from any other building by the addition of a bell tower or a cross. The colors were earth tones, tan, muted yellow, pinks and brown. When more space was needed a new room could be added, often requiring pilasters of adobe for support, like the flying buttress construction of European cathedrals. These minor variations in shapes created abstract forms which the artists admired. Early photographers such as Paul Strand and Ansel Adams portrayed these churches in black and white photos. Often the view is from the back as in the case of the Church at Ranchos de Taos. Georgia O'Keeffe and other painters interpreted these churches, emphasizing the shapes and contours more than the specifically religious identity of the buildings. This is somewhat different from the traditional rendering of churches as historical subjects. What really made these churches objects of aesthetic interest was their massive forms and abstract lines.

The majority of the photographers developing this subject matter were working in the thirties, forties and fifties before color photography had come of age in the art world. The paintings tended to use a soft pallet of earth tones that was an accurate representation of the churches themselves. With all that attention from tourists, artists and photographers images of a number New Mexico village churches became well known. In the 1960s there was an article in the New Yorker magazine about the village church at Las Trampas. Coming to New Mexico in the 1970s was artist Reg Loving who began to paint these churches and surrounding landscape. His rendering is straightforward, reproducing the lines and shapes pretty much intact. Where he moved on towards new interpretation was in the use of color. An early work is an example of how he painted the Rancho de Taos church, changing some of the colors and flattening out the image. It becomes an abstraction of the way it is seen in photographs. This church is one of the most photographed and painted buildings in the United States.

The outline of the back of the church is a straight rendition. We see a building made of block like modular forms surrounded by a dark blue sky. The building is reddish orange on the straight ahead views, yellow on one side where the sun is striking it and dark blue fading



Inside of Church at Ranchos de Taos

into black and the far side which is in shadow. There is a faint almost iridescent outline going on all around the building. The foreground is tan, dusty brown and has streaks of dark blue suggesting some sort of shadow. Although the image is completely representational, the way Loving has used color makes the overall image something new, something bordering on the abstract. The actual colors of the different facets would be much less striking in real life, more of a homogenous series of shapes in brown and tan. If you were to see this church from the front it would be a completely different image. So the net effect has been to define an image that has been well explored by other artists and reinterpret it.

Here Loving has painted the same posterior view of the church but from an angle, pushing the block like forms and pilasters supporting them into the foreground. Now then sky is pale yellow, the sides are a mix of pale green and pink except for the wall of the church and a pilaster catching



Taos Morada, Waning Light by Reg Loving



Mission Church East of Santa Fe by Reg Loving

the direct glare of the sun. Far side again dark and in the shadow. Foreground now a mix of blue, pink, green and some black rock-like shapes.

Again the back of the church, now with similar combination of colors against a pale blue sky that has a large patch of pink over the upper left. What is that pink doing? It could be the kind of shy color we often see in NM, pale colors moving around as the sun begins to set. It may also be a matter of bringing your eye around to that side of the painting which is cast in shadow. While there are a number of churches in this series of paintings they all share certain features. They are all low lying buildings made of adobe, most having bell towers and crosses.

+Despite these similarities they are remarkably different from one another. There is La Sagrada de la Familia at Black Mesa. This church is located just east of Santa Clara pueblo. The setting is one of isolation in contrast to the churches situation in the center of a village.

It is a relatively small painting, 8"X16", made with a mixture of marble dust and medium, giving the surface an almost tactile sense. The subject is a fairly small building set against



Ranchos de Taos by Reg Loving

high desert landscape below Black Mesa. What stands out is the white wall facing us, a slightly pitched roof (it is unusual for these churches to have a slanted roof) and topped with a bell tower. The wall we see has a square of black tar which was used to patch some defect in the wall. The brightness of the white focuses our attention, then we look about to find a large dark foreground, some shadows to the left side of the church and on up to the very dark side of the mesa until we reach the blue sky above. Most of the land filling the center of the painting is dull yellow with splotches of shadow. Small blobs of vegetation or rocks are scattered about. Surrounding the entire painting is a thin yellow line that is like the remnant of a background as though the artist had simply painted over a pre-existing yellow surface leaving

the edges showing. This is deliberate. Loving often paints over earlier pictures and some evidence of the prior work may remain as a palimpsest from the original painting. The effect can be unsettling at first, as though there was more going on here than is now evident. Like "what was there before?", and "How did the original image get displaced?" or "Was there an original image aside from the field of color which peeks out from behind the present one?" This invites a sense of transience about time and place that is particularly interesting when looking at a church that has been there for a long time, has been witness to untold events and realities that are no longer visible. What we do see is the remnant, the sense of transience. *(cont. on next page)*



Santuario de Chimayo by Reg Loving



Ranchos de Taos by Raymond Johnson

This is the famous Santuario de Chimayo where pilgrims come at Easter and other holidays to worship and receive some of the holy dust in the sanctuary. Legends of people being healed of injuries and illness go back centuries. It is located in the beautiful village of Chimayo north of Santa Fe on the high road to Taos.

Here we see red adobe wall and two bell towers, each having a cross on top. Between the towers is a brown wooden structure with a slanted roof. A ladder in front reaches up to a loft door. The foreground is dominated by a bright yellow adobe wall that arches over the entrance gate. Rising up on either side of the painting are dull yellow hills until they reach the sky which is blue, but has streaks of yellow. The effect is one of bright yellow at the base, gradually turning into medium yellow in the hills surrounding the church and turning into the sky although maintaining some sense of the yellow below.

These colors are quite different from what one sees in a photograph. Yet the lines, the rendering of the church and landscape are quite accurate in terms of to what it looks like to someone visiting the site. It turns the painting into a picture that is abstract while at the same time realistic.

Here is a Church which is painted as a muted image of reddish brown roof with a one room side building. This painting is distinctive by the fact that the surrounding landscape dominated the picture. Foreground is in dark shadow, church and side building are in the middle and the top third of the painting is a dark mesa with a line of trees (these are not the actual trees in the landscape) they are popular trees from the Tuscan landscape that Reg has used in paintings from other series. Up at the very top is a pale yellow sky. The result is a layering of foreground, church landscape with tree and then sky. This creates an abstraction of the building, land and sky. It is reminiscent of Diebenkorn breaking up the landscape in the Ocean Park series, using lines, colors and shapes to create a new image out of the Southern California real estate development. While the subject of the picture is realistic, the surrounding landscape and use of colors turns the painting into an abstraction. This use of landscape is quite different from the other paintings we have reviewed. It is an entirely made up landscape. The trees are from other paintings, the layering of the color scheme, the yellow sky, which bears no resemblance to any sky we have ever seen before, it is just a band of dull yellow forming a layer about the mesa and the trees. Like this church could be anywhere, in the country, in a village, even in cyberspace! It takes a recognized structure, straightforward lines and color and makes it the centerpiece of anywhere and nowhere. Using color to reinterpret the scene this painting lifts the church out of its specifically local environment and shows it as an universal image.



In 2015 for an exhibit at the New Concepts Gallery in Santa Fe, photographer Steve Jackson, sculptor Tim Prythero and painter Reg Loving agreed to create a Collaborative Triptych of The Church at Cañoncito.

Rosa Bonheur



The Horse Fair by Rosa Bonheur

she met Anna Klumpke who was in France acting as an interpreter for an American businessman. Ms Bonheur had recently lost her life long companion. The attraction for both women was instantaneous. They were together happily for ten years until Bonheur's death in 1899. Ms. Klumpke took over her estate and legacy.

"In 1898 Anna Klumpke painted a portrait of Rosa Bonheur. The partnership that resulted shaped both their artistic legacies."

-KarenChernick, www.Hyperallergic.com

(For the entire fascinating article please go to this website.)

Rosa Bonheur was already a world famous artist when



Rosa Bonheur by Anna Klumpke

Suitcase Art

Walk up to the reception desk in any hotel today and ask for its luggage label, and you will receive a puzzled expression. Luggage labels, also called baggage labels, are long gone. However they used to be a small but eye-catching part of the so-called golden age of travel from approximately 1900 to the mid-1960s.

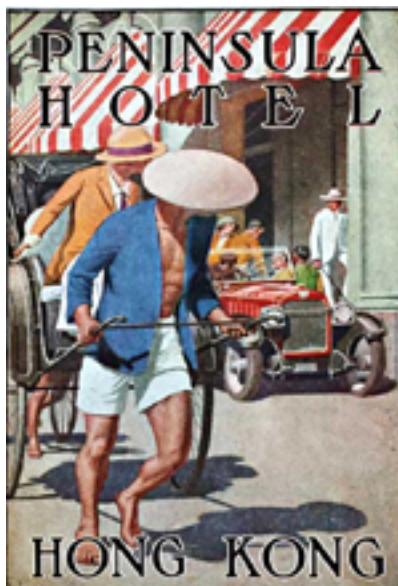
We are primarily talking about hotel luggage labels as hotels, particularly the so-called 'Grand Hotels', led the development of these small labels. Hotel chains and many of the world's most notable hotels produced luggage labels, which today remind us that travel wasn't always about budget airlines, overbooked hotels and security line-ups. Luggage labels



were a form of advertising that hotel staff would apply, using a sticky gum, to the suitcases and trunks of travelers arriving at their establishment. Back in those days, suitcases were rigid affairs, which made it easy for bellhops or concierges to stick on their label.

For the hotel, they were free advertising. For the traveler, they were a badge of honor if you stayed in prestigious hotels or visited fashionable places, or if the suitcase showed you were a seasoned traveler. Is there a more fascinating travel accessory than a well-used classic brown leather suitcase plastered with luggage labels of hotels from Lake Como to Paris?

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What is Art? (A Quest?)

by Thaddeus Tripp Ressler



Equestrian Statue of Theodore Roosevelt
by James Earl Frazier

Dear lord those are some big ones! I thought with infantile admiration. It's not every day that you see an anatomically correct-ish scrotum on a bronze horse. It's just not a detail that most artists would have cared about. His mount though was probably the reason for the attention to that kind of detail. On top of the proud beast rides Teddy Roosevelt, a man of such myth and legend as to be a modern day Hercules. In this portrayal his shoulders are broad and relaxed. His gaze that of a general reviewing his troops, or that of a hunter whose prey would choose to fall dead in front of him rather than make him give chase. I'm sure they made jokes about him the way they do about Chuck Norris nowadays. "Did you know that Giraffes were created when Teddy Roosevelt upper-cut a horse."

I pictured Roosevelt walking up to the animal seeing that huge set, grinning that toothy grin of his, and giving the stud a fine slap on the rump before mounting him for the artists portrayal.

I'm trying to find a way to speak about art, but I need to know what art means from my perspective. So, I called my pops. I told him about the study of testosterone in bronze that I had just observed, to which he couldn't stop laughing. Afterwards I told him that I was having a minor case of writers block. He told me to write about the statue. I pulled

the phone from my ear and stared at it, hoping that the look of aggravation on my face was somehow being conveyed. It didn't, he just kept asking if I was still there. So, I called my mom instead, she's an artist, she can commiserate. Nope. 'Oh Thaddeus, that's great, write about that.' You see what I have to deal with? Useless, I tell you, just plain useless. To them, everything out of my mouth screams WRITE ME. But I know, not everything is a story, some things are just blurbs, others are anecdotes, some are merely pieces of something bigger, and others are just summaries. Yet, here I am, describing the massive stones of a bronze horse, and the man riding it. Is that art?

Obviously there is something to be said for the fact that there is art in everything. I never consciously think about it that way, I doubt that most of us do, but even the filthy, rat infested, garbage laden, New York City subway system had a ridiculous amount of art built into it. Beautifully tiled walls with some stations having mosaics, sconces, stained glass, and statues. One only needs to look up pictures of the now defunct City Hall Station or walk through Grand Central to know that someone was really trying to bring beauty into this troglodyte network of tunnels. What about the Washington Square Arch? Does it serve any purpose other than to be admired? Is there really a need for public library to be beautiful? Yet, the lions in front of the New York Public Library are an iconic symbol of New York.

So then, where do I stand? Is everything art? Can I qualify my Upper Upper Upper East side neighborhood's Cuchifrito as art, with its large hunks of fried pork and pastelles in the window? What if I took a picture of this counter service only establishment? Or if someone painted the Dominican ladies, in bright outfits, gossiping outside? Do we need the interpretation of the artist paintbrush to see the art or for it to be art? What about when it comes to the written word? If I wrote down the whole scene for you, in detail, would it be art? Surely there is no art to a service manual, and yet every service manual has had extensive work done on it by a graphic designer. Even the lowly penny had an artist's renderings before it went to mint. Speaking of lowly, what if we don't appreciate the art? What if we find it insipid and just kind of nothing?



The Lowly Penny, Obverse side designed by Victor David Brenner



My Shoes, photo by Thaddeus Tripp Ressler

To me the most boring exhibit in any art museum are the religious paintings. How many interpretations of Jesus getting dunked into a river can I really go through? Or maybe the Crucifixion, perhaps his resurrection. There are probably thousands of renditions of these events, I say probably because I refuse to even look it up it's so boring to me. I would rather be the judge at an elementary school recorder competition, than have to walk through one more gallery of sad images of Jesus on the cross. Most of these paintings were done by commissioned early masters of the craft, and I won't deny the talent and effort that went into these paintings. That being said I'd rather be the one being scourged than have to see one more depiction of it.

Then there are the modern artists. I have no idea why

What is Art? (A Quest?)

by Thaddeus Tripp Ressler

pubic hairs arranged into concentric circles onto a bar of soap qualifies as art, but there it was on the wall at the MoMA. What about a thirty foot wide canvas with a simple red circle and a black stripe on it, or was it black circle red stripe? Who cares, it's a cheat. That's the artist convincing some art nerd that they need learn how to interpret rather than the artist learning how to paint.



My Bed by Traci Emins

may not like hip-hop, but it doesn't make it any less music. I gave my pops a ten minute rundown on the history of rap, and he found it fascinating. He will never, ever, ever, seek out the music or even another history lesson on it, but he did find certain points that I brought up about the genre interesting. So then, maybe art, much like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder.

Then we come to nature? I think most of us would agree that nature has some of the most spectacular scenes that

could never be recreated by a human hand or mind. That being said, can something without a mind be an artist? Can the product of natural events, such as gravity, growth, erosion, and decay that we find so beautiful be considered art? Does art require an active consciousness, or does art reside in the eye of the person taking it in? At that point, for copying it to paper and canvas, should we call artist plagiarists?

I think we may need to evaluate and reevaluate regularly what we consider art. There may never be a definitive answer as to what is art, but does that make the seeking any less enjoyable? We



Beauty Beheld, image by ~Szkolok on deviantART

all search for meaning in our lives and we rarely get a definitive answer, maybe it's the same with art. It's less about the end judgment and more about what we've been able to experience from our exposure to various forms, colors, and textures. "The purpose of art is washing the dust of daily life off our souls." ~Pablo Picasso



Crushed Car Parts
by John Chamberlain



Lips by Jeff Koons

A note from the Editor of the Arts Review:

We enjoy bringing the Arts Review to you periodically, but we would like to publish more frequently. If you are enjoying the articles, would you take a moment and help us with a donation to "The Wilmette Arts Guild", PO Box 902, Wilmette, IL 60091. Or, go online and view past issues of this magazine. While there you can make a contribution at: <http://wilmetteartsguild.org/members-show-2016-images/about-wilmette-arts-guild/> The Wilmette Arts Guild is a 501 (c)(3) so your donation is tax deductible. Thank you.

Photoshop Disqualification - Readers' Responses

HOW PHOTOSHOPPING DISQUALIFIED A WINNING ENTRY IN NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CONTEST

From Nomad Blog Expediciones, January 10, 2013 assembled by George William Olney

Following two paragraphs are excerpted from the Fall 2017 Arts Review to give a little background for the letters of response

In a way, it is similar to watching a glorious Olympic athlete win a gold medal, only to have the medal be stripped away because a performance-enhancing drug test came back positive. Photographer Harry Fisch, experienced this firsthand when his winning entry for the 2012 National Geographic Photo Contest was disqualified 72-hours after it was awarded because of his unfortunate decision to clone out a plastic bag from the far right side of the photo.

Michael Berns: professional photographer

The first of the critiques of Harry Fitch's photograph suggested a comparison to an athlete using a performance-enhancing drug. I think that this is a bit much since his decision to remove the bag seems to be simply about aesthetics, not a desire to change the meaning of the image, however, allowing the rules to be ignored would not be fair to the other photographers who entered the National Geographic contest, thus the image had to be disqualified.



The discussion by Julia Taylor brings up the question of how much a journalist can alter an image and still meet the standards of the profession. I would believe that any photographer who lost his or her job didn't simply make minor changes to their photographs, but either altered the meaning and representation of those images or neglected to follow the guidelines of the agency or news outlet that the work was submitted to.

Improving an image, whether in the computer or the darkroom, is a long accepted part of the photography process. Eugene Smith, one of the great photojournalists, believed that the pure negative could not produce the photograph as he saw it without adjustments in the darkroom. He dodged, burned, used potassium Ferro cyanide to bleach areas of his print, and when appropriate, cropped the image. His goal was to have the print re-produce history as he experienced it for others to see.

Cropping a photograph to create the best image has long been an accepted practice in photography. It doesn't just happen in the darkroom or on the computer. We crop a scene with the rectangle or square that our camera sees and the type of lens used. We crop by where we stand, how close or far from the subject we are, or the angle at which we are shooting. We crop as we release the shutter on a camera when adhering to Cartier Bresson's paradigm of the decisive moment. The bottom line is that the purpose of documentary photography is to show the audience a vignette, a cropped sliver, of the continuous story playing out in front of a camera. It is the personal act of conveying the essence and meaning of the situation photographed. Obviously using tricks to redefine that meaning or not following the required parameters of proper journalism should not be allowed, but certain minor adjustments have always been acceptable as long as the image still conveys the photographer's honest interpretation of the moment.

As a final comment regarding Julia Taylor's essay, I must say that I like film and believe that all serious photographers would benefit from learning how to use it and how to work in a darkroom, but I also believe that digital photographers can make wonderful images whether they have experienced with film or not.

Successful photography is not limited to any specific type of camera. Making images is about the profound act of just seeing.

Peter Nussbaum, member: Boundaries to photo manipulation

Photography is used by a diverse group of practitioners to catch a scene or a moment in time. It is among others: a form of reportage regarding an event, an account of evidence in forensic proceeding, and on the other end of the spectrum a fine arts presentation.

The overall thrust of regulations should be to preserve the integrity of the presentation. Thus, for example, when used as a vehicle of reportage, the image, as originally captured, should not be altered in terms the photo's content. Items should not be eliminated by cloning, cropping, or other means. However, adjusting exposure to gain improved visual acuity should not be proscribed. Similar limits on photo alteration/enhancement would apply to prints used in court proceedings.

When photography is used as a fine art vehicle, as for example: in landscape photography, in a portrait setting, in a still life, etc. the work of the photographer does not end with clicking the shutter of the camera and going directly, without intermediate enhancement, to the output printer. It is perfectly reasonable to eliminate accidental background elements, as for example, a pole extending from a person's head. Neither should we disdain



combinations of two photos within one to enhance the overall presentation.

Similarly, put yourself in the position of a scenery photographer. Wind, after completing framing and setting exposures and focus has blown a white paper into the area. The photographer may remove the paper before clicking the shutter or he/she may do it post initial capture by manipulating the capture in a computer before printing. Untimely, there is no difference in the final product and the intent and there is no loss of integrity.



George Olney, member, professional photographer: Photoshop Disqualification

I do this stuff for a living, and it is amazing what changes every day. I will after this email forward another link about Reuters and Assoc Press no longer accepting RAW files-- only jpegs. Too many options to fake Raws.

I very much agree with most of M. Berns opinions. Tell him that going to Syracuse in the 70's we had a working relationship with Kodak in Rochester about two hours



away. I have done 4X5 color transparencies and dye transfer prints at Kodak. I think it will make MB smile if he is a film guy! Nothing comes close to dye transfer. There are only ten people in the world that still do DYES at about \$1000 each for 16x20 from a trans.

Anyway- National Geographic rules are basically if you could do it in the dark room-- you can do it now in Photoshop. The basic stuff! Cropping IS legal for NG images-- but they frown on it if they have non crops to pick from.

Interesting- and a bit techy- but in the old days when we made 8x10 prints- 4x5 aspect ratio-- from 35 mm 3x2 aspect ratio slides-- WE WERE CROPPING! It actually eliminated the outside edges which are always the weak spot in anything but Zeiss lens slides. This is also what will I think make the new 4x3 format cameras the wave of the future- smaller files- better images because format is closer to square- which the lenses like!! Again this is a dissertation if you want to get into it.

I had the pleasure a couple years ago of shooting with the NG Your Shot Directors for a day when they were in Queretaro. We talked a lot about Photoshop-- which THEY ALL LOVE by the way. But-- they all had the same response- we need images made IN-CAMERA- because once we open the PS manipulations door- we could NEVER write the rules to control it.

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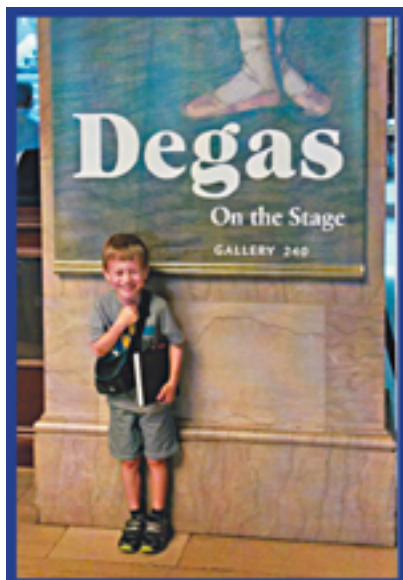
As far as my pictures used on international news stuff etc.--DO NOT MANIPULATE! They want news- with art if you can catch or make it in the picture. NO CLONING- it gets you thrown out, period.

I am a follower of the VII Agency- NYC. Basically a news org run by photographers that risk their lives to make real pictures. They definitely make news into art in my opinion. VII might be a bit progressive for some folks- but I repeat- these are pros that make picture of what is happening in the world- not what a board of directors wants to see. I think they make art out of the game of life.

Patricia Abby Berg, member, photographer

While I can feel for Harry Fisch on his disqualification the fact is that he knew, or should have known, the rules of the publication re submission. Sadly, if the bag bothered him as much as it apparently did there were ways to remove it from the picture that would not have meant his disqualification.

Annie Leibovitz: "When you sit at your computer, you are in your darkroom." Masterworks Course in Photography"



*I heard that,
laughing, laughing from the belly out
you can't stop,
eyes watering, shut tight
Mouth open, erupting in sounds
sounds you try to suppress.
Heard it all the way out here
across the desert,
over the prairies
Twelve hundred miles of laughing.*

by J. Austen Gripp

Clyfford Still Museum

Denver, Colorado



Maria del Carmen Olvera Trejo at Clyfford Still Museum, Denver



Julie Ressler at Clyfford Still Museum, Denver

Clyfford Still (1904-1980) after WWII was considered one of the most important developers of Abstract Expressionism, a new and powerful approach to painting. He practically invented the idea that there can be a painting with no content, ie, no recognizable image, no obvious reason to exist. It is art about art.

In his will he stipulated that, with a few exceptions, his entire collection and estate would be given to the American city willing to build a museum dedicated to and exclusively showing his work. After decades, Denver agreed and both Stills and his wife left their estates to Denver. The museum opened in 2011.

The "Art World " was amazed at this arrogance verging on hubris. However, I think he was justified. His paintings radiate an entirely brilliant energy when massed together. His drawings are masterful. The exhibits of his palettes and brushes, knives and printing plates, photos- the total accoutrement of his genius is fascinating, personally and artistically.....and..... Why should his work be shown in contrast to any other but his own?

He didn't care what anyone else thought. Why should the viewer? He painted for himself. He invites you into his thoughts and consciousness. His "world" is compelling because it is so personal. Mary Carmen, Dick Davis and I loved it.



Drawing by Clyfford Still



Painting by Clyfford Still

Julie Ressler

As Science Informs Art:

Works by Virginia Scribner Mallard

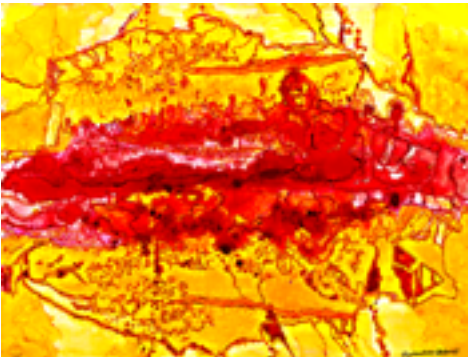
(February 21, 1927 - December 17, 2016)

Everett Campbell

Gamma Rays by Virginia Scribner Mallard

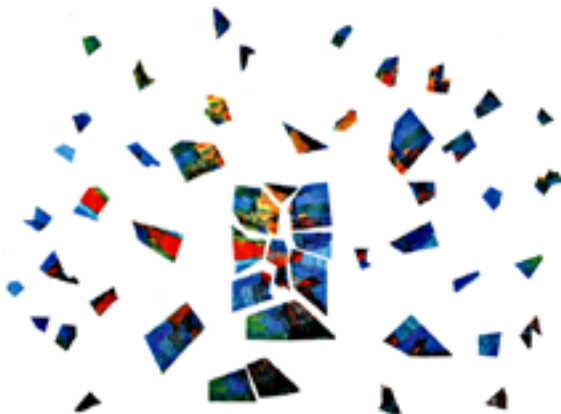
Oysters have the ability to take a tiny foreign particle, like a grain of sand, and then layer it with nacre until a pearl is formed. This is a slow process but creates a thing of beauty. Ginger Mallard does something like this with painting: she starts with an idea, an abstraction, then meditates on it until something starts to form as she paints. When she first applies some paint she doesn't really know where it is going; it is almost like automatic writing in that there is no specific object that she wishes to portray. Rather it is a process of applying paint, reflecting upon it and coming back to put on new layers. As the work progresses she often uses fine lines to surround parts of the painting and then use these lines to connect with other parts until finally there is skein of lines connecting the various parts of the picture. These lines form an abstract inner framework that might correspond to the warp and woof of a rug on a loom.

Specifically the source of her meditation in this new series has been astrophysics and the theories of how the universe was formed. She reencountered this material upon seeing a TV interview with the Nobel laureate Richard Feynman. In that program he described the process called the "Big Bang" which states that there was an actual beginning of the entire universe when a tiny particle (called a "singularity") exploded with tremendous force. The resulting fall out turned into matter that distributed itself in space and formed what became the universe. All of this is quite abstract. Ginger spent a lot of time meditating on these ideas. She remembered reading "The Tao of Physics" by Fritjof Capra in the early 70's, which correlates traditional wisdom of eastern mysticism with theories of modern physics. It purports to show how the creation myth is actually consonant with our present scientific explanation of the origin of the universe. She gradually began to incorporate this fusion of physics and eastern lore into her painting. One result of this effort is her installation entitled: "The Big Bang".



Faultline $Pv=mrT$

with four arms and four legs. The image has been abstracted so that it is not easy to make out the figure but on close inspection the image is there. There are many component parts that make up this painting which can be cut out like parts of a jigsaw puzzle and then reassembled. She has done this by painting the piece again and cutting out each fragment. Then she created each separate fragment again but made each piece slightly smaller, and then reduced each fragment once again. The fragments are then



The Big Bang: A 3D Installation

placed all around the central painting creating an installation. What this does is to effectively blow up the original painting into a series component parts. These parts are successively reduced in size and spread around the painting in concentric circles. The effect is rather like a stone falling into a pond and making a series of waves which ripple out from the center.

The result of this junction of painting and science is a highly original three dimensional work of art. It has grown out of a deep sense that there is an underlying connection between cosmology and scientific truth. Neither topic is often the subject of visual interpretation. Finding a way to link them together has been a signal achievement. The TV Show "Numb3rs" has posted Ginger's work on the program's blog. "The Big Bang."



Shiva the Destroyer



Cosmic Dance

In Memorium: When last I looked, Virginia was busy in Indiana, now I find she's gone. Her interdisciplinary work is timeless and her questing intellect a challenge to us all. She leaves us a legacy of art, well done and valuable always.

GREAT MOSAIC WORKS



IN THE BEGINNING



GABRIEL BLOWING HIS HORN

ZACATLÁN

ST. JAMES COMMONS

65 EAST HURON ST. • CHICAGO, IL
(CORNER RUSH & HURON, 1 BLOCK WEST OF MICHIGAN)

COURTESY OF THE WILMETTE ARTS GUILD

ZACATLÁN'S 900 FOOT MOSAIC WALL FUNDED BY A DICK W. DAVIS CULTURAL PRESERVATION GRANT THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES AND THE WILMETTE ARTS GUILD

ST. JAMES COMMONS

Biblical Images from the Great Mosaic Wall of Zacatlán, Mexico

Biblical references by Dent Davidson, Translation by Carmen Jane Reid

These beautiful images are excerpted from a 900' mosaic wall that took fourteen artists three years to complete. The unifying theme is the spiritual influences on this lovely peaceful town of Zacatlán in the Sierra Norte Mountains of Mexico. The fourteen artists who hand-cut and shaped each piece and drew the cartoons for the design under the direction of Mary Carmen Olvera Trejo, Trish Metzner, Miguel Geurrero and architect Manuel Aldana were almost all amateurs...housewives, passers-by with no formal training at all. They worked at night under lights, in the scorching sun under canopies, in the rain.

The merchants and townspeople opened their homes and shops to them for water, food and "necessities". Together they turned a dreary plaster eyesore into a treasure that has brought movie makers, advertisers and tourists, invigorating the entire economy.

The Wilmette Arts Guild is honored to have done our part insponsoring such a grand endeavor.

Julie Ressler, President, Wilmette Arts Guild



In the Beginning *Genesis*

La Creación *Genesis*

Artists: Erica Berra Simoni -Oswaldo Trejo

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The Annunciation *Luke 1*

The Archangel Gabriel salutes young Mary with the news that she will bear the Son of God, as the Holy Spirit hovers.

La Anunciación *Lucas 1*

El arcángel Gabriel saluda a la joven María con la noticia de que ella dará a luz al hijo de Dios mientras el Espíritu Santo sobrevuela.

Artists: Luis Enrique "Guicho" Olvera Candelario - Raul Sanchez Marchena



The Fall: Adam and Eve and the Serpent in the Garden of Eden *Genesis 3*

Standing at the Tree of Knowledge Eve is shown handing the forbidden fruit to Adam and picks another for herself, as the beguiling serpent witnesses the Fall.

Adán y Eva y la serpiente en el jardín del Edén *Génesis 3*

Se ve Eva de pie, en el árbol de ciencia, ofreciendo el fruto prohibido a Adán, y escoge otro para sí misma, mientras la serpiente seductora es testigo a la caída.

Artists: Miguel Guererro -Tonita Hernandez



The Nativity/Visit of the Magi *Matthew 1; Luke 1*

The birth of Jesus, with Mary, a child, the Magi, and animals, as a wondrous star shines over-head.

La Natividad/visita de los Reyes Magos *Mateo 1; Lucas 1*

El nacimiento de Jesús, con María, un niño, los Reyes Magos y unos animales, mientras una estrella maravillosa brilla sobre ellos.

Artists: Mary Carmen Olvera Trejo -Arq. Manuel Aldana Zarate-Bernardino Villordo Leon Juvenal Cruz Perez

Biblical Images from the Great Mosaic Wall of Zacatlán, Mexico

Biblical references by Dent Davidson, Translation by Carmen Jane Reid



The Crucifixion Matthew 27; Mark 15; Luke 23: John 19

Jesus dies on the cross along with a pair of thieves. The centurion's spear is no match for God's radiant glory, even in death.

La Crucifixión Mateo 27; Marcos 15; Lucas 23: Juan 19

Jesús muere en la cruz junto a un par de ladrones. La lanza del centurión no es rival para la gloria radiante de Dios, incluso en la muerte.

Artists: Arq.Manuel Aldana Zarate, Bernardino Villordo Leon-JuvenalCruz Perez



The Resurrection Matthew 28; Mark 16; Luke 24; John 20

Jesus breaks the bonds of death. Surrounded by angels, the empty tomb is exploded open, conquering death for ever.

La Resurrección Mateo 28; Marcos 16; Lucas 24; Juan 20

Jesús rompe los lazos de la muerte. Rodeada de Ángeles, la tumba vacía es estalló abierta, conquista la muerte para siempre.

Artists: Zefe Cruz Perez-Miriam Barrios Martinez



The Ascension Mark 16; Luke 24; Acts 1

Forty days after the Resurrection, Jesus is taken up into heaven to sit at the right hand of God.

La ascensión Marcos 16; Lucas 24; 1 los actos

Cuarenta días después de la resurrección, Jesús es llevado al cielo a sentarse al lado derecho de Dios.

Artists: Miguel Diaz Guererro, Tonita Hernandez Hernandez



Jesus Appears to Mary Magdalene John 20

At first Mary supposes he is the gardener, until Jesus calls out her name. She responds "Rabbouni (Teacher)" Jesus is seen here saying, "Do not touch me, for I have not yet ascended to the Father." Note the angel in the background.

Jesús se aparece a María Magdalena Juan 20

Al principio, María supone que es el jardinero, hasta que Jesús llama su nombre. Ella responde "Rabbouni (profesor)" Jesús se ve aquí diciendo, "No me toques, porque todavía no he ascendido al padre." Tenga en cuenta al ángel en el fondo.

Artists: Jorge Gutierrez Ordóñez-Trish Metzner,Oscar Sosa



The Raising of Lazarus John 11

After weeping at the tomb of Lazarus, Jesus calls him out of death, and then tells the community: "Unbind him and let him go!"

La resurrección de Lázaro Juan 11

Después de llorar en la tumba de Lázaro, Jesús lo llama de la muerte y le dice a la comunidad: ¡desvinculad y dejadle ir!

Artists: Luis Enrique "Guicho" Olvera Canelario-Raul Sanchez Marchena



MANY THANKS!

Dick W.Davis for his generous and continuous cultural preservation grants.
Bishop Lee and the Episcopal Archdiocese of Chicago for this incredible art space and
its inspired staff.

Photos: Howard Frank

Graphics: Ted Ressler

Biblical "Dent Notes": Dent Davidson

Printing: Dave Salzman of Central Avenue Printing



photo by Kevin Fitzpatrick