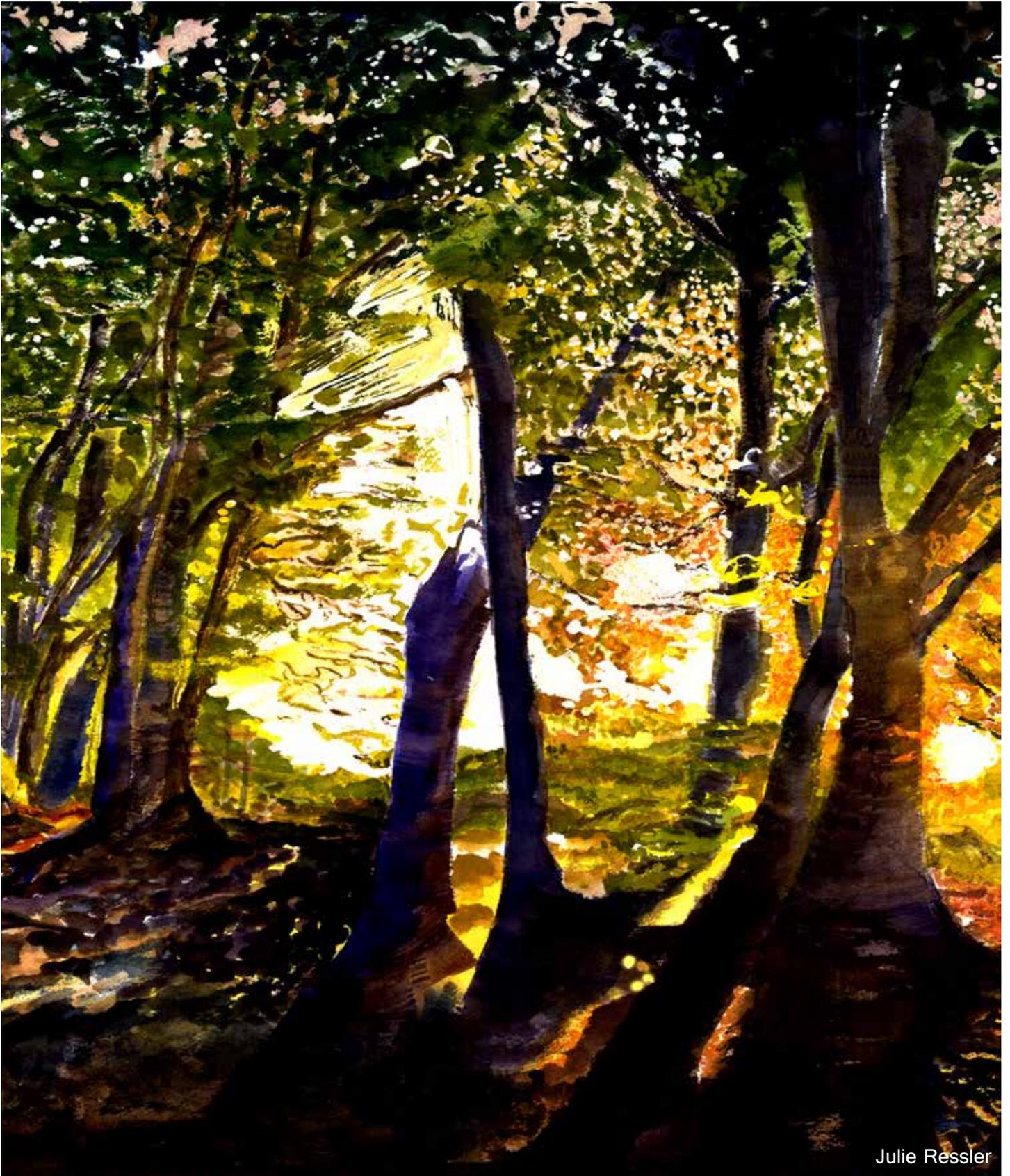


ARTS REVIEW

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

Fall 2017



Julie Ressler

Chicago Cultural Center

by Ted Ressler from sources in Wikipedia

photos by Richard Fisher

The Chicago Cultural Center has hosted an exciting series of events and exhibitions over the years, including the this year's Second Architectural Biennial. The building that became the nation's first free, city-operated cultural center started out as something quite different.

THE CITY'S FIRST PUBLIC LIBRARY

Chicago had no public library until a group of English donors, mistakenly believing that they were replacing books that had burned in the Great Fire of 1871, furnished 8,000 titles to the rebuilding city. The books were housed in an empty iron water tank in 1872, then moved around the Loop until their first permanent home was completed in 1897.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE

Boston architects Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge had designed the Art Institute for the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in the classical style Daniel Burnham set for the fair. Their plans for the city's first public library followed suit on an even grander



Preston Bradley Hall



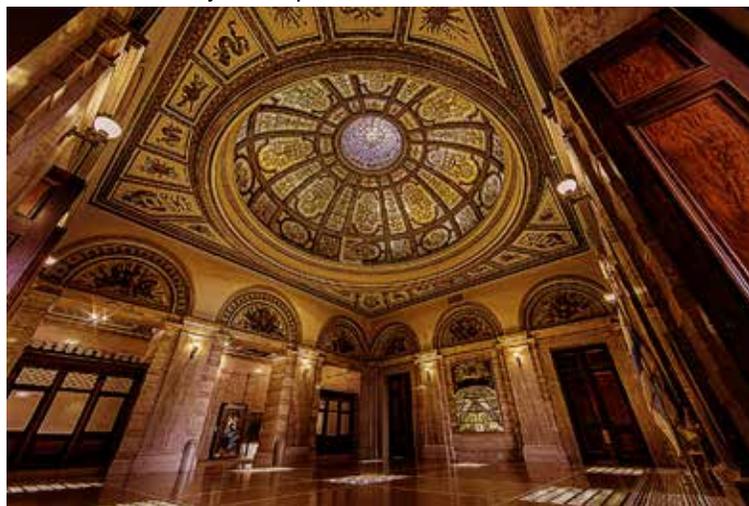
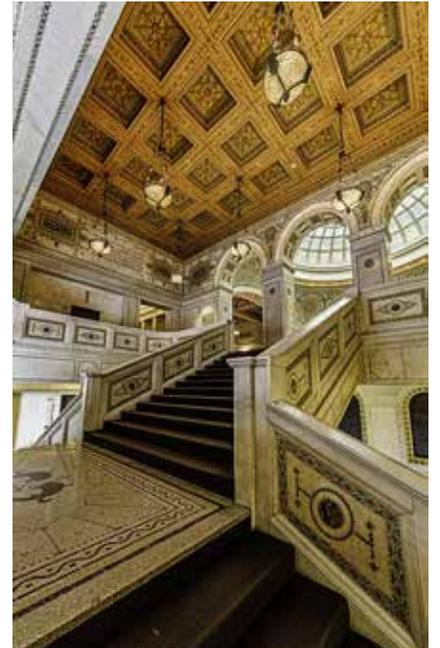
scale—to the tune of \$2 million. They designed an interior as lavish as the limestone exterior was restrained. Sumptuous marbles and vast, vivid mosaics marked the building's grand spaces, some inspired by Venetian landmarks.

Today, the Cultural Center's pair of remarkable stained-glass domes are a visual delight. The elaborately designed mosaic patterns include quotations from great western thinkers and are breathtakingly beautiful—a remembrance of a more elegant age.

**"KEEP ALL THE BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS"
ELEANOR "SIS" DALEY**

By the mid-1960s, the building, like many structures of its age, seemed obsolete.

Demolition was a real possibility—although a dogged group of historic preservationists, most notably Charles Staples and the organization that eventually became Landmarks Illinois, advocated tirelessly for its preservation.



Grand Army of the Republic Hall

When a committee was appointed to determine the future of the building in 1972, Eleanor "Sis" Daley, the wife of Mayor Richard J. Daley, spoke up on its behalf, saying "I am for restoring and keeping all the beautiful buildings." Her one-sentence pronouncement is given credit for saving the building. Renovation added exhibition spaces while allowing the building to continue to serve its original purpose as a library for another decade.

After the dedication of the new Harold Washington Library in 1991, Lois Weisberg, Mayor Richard M. Daley's first Commissioner of Cultural Affairs, completed the building's transformation into the Chicago Cultural Center. The space is now dedicated to making the arts a free and central part of Chicagoans' everyday lives. The information room should be every tourist's first stop.

Painting in Roussillon, France, Home of the Ochre Pits

by Karen Vierneisel

As Fall approaches, I think about the bright yellow, crimson red, and crinkled brown leaves of the trees that mark the new season. These are the colors of ochre: an earth pigment whose color ranges from light yellow to red to brown. Ochre is the earliest known pigment used by our ancient ancestors. Freelance writer and ex-archeologist, K. Kris Hirst provides useful information about the chemical properties of ochre and the history of its use. She writes "Ochre is very common on archaeological sites worldwide. . . . Upper Paleolithic cave art in Europe and Australia contain the generous use of the mineral: but ochre use is much older. The earliest possible use of ochre discovered so far is from a *Homo erectus* site about 285,000 years old."



I had no idea about the history of ochre when one of my painting instructors, Bill Bartelt, told me he was taking a group to Provence to paint in Spring 2015. I had seen stunning permutations of ochre in Siena in 2014, and artist friends commented on my frequent use of yellow ochre in my landscapes. When Bill told me the trip would include a visit to the ochre pits in the perched village of Roussillon seen here, I began planning my trip to Provence and researching more about the history of ochre.

I learned the major ingredient in ochre is iron oxide-hydroxide, known as limonite which imparts a yellow hue. When the ochre contains hematite, it has a reddish hue and brownish ochre owes its hue to Goethite. The intensity of its color, according to K. Kris Hirst, ". . . depends on the degree of oxidation and hydration of the iron oxides, and the color becomes browner depending on the percentage of manganese dioxide, and redder based on the percentage of hematite." Here are pictures of the different types of ochre

before the mineral is processed.



Limonite, a mineraloid containing iron hydroxide, is the main ingredient of all the ochre pigments



Hematite is a more reddish variety of iron oxide.



Goethite, named for the German poet Goethe, is the main ingredient of brown ochre.

The industrial use of ochre began in 1780 once Jean Etienne Astier, a scientist from Roussillon, developed a process for its production. The red and yellow clay was extracted from open pits. Since the clay was composed primarily of sand, the clay was washed to separate the ochre from the sand. The remaining mixture was emptied in large basins to refine the separation. Then the water was drained and the ochre pigment dried, cut into bricks, and classified by color and quality. The best quality was reserved for artists' pigments.¹ Ochre is also found in stucco, linoleum, kraft paper, cardboard, ceramic, rubber, cosmetics, and cheese rinds. The use of the pigment in food preparation and cosmetics is possible because of its non-toxic nature.

The ochre from Roussillon remained an important French export until the mid-20th century. But the development of synthetic dyes led inevitably to the closing of the mines in the Luberon region.

Today, the history of this vibrant pigment is brought to life in the Ochre Conservatory located at the site of the old factory near the Ochre Trail which visitors to Roussillon do not want to miss. This sign marks the entrance to the trail.

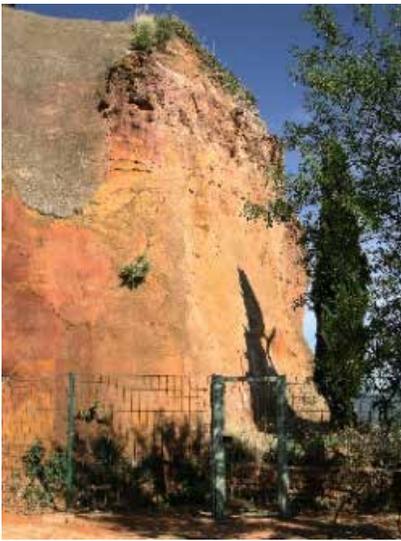
I knew it was hot in Provence, but I was not prepared for intense heat in May. I soon learned to appreciate the benefit of living in an old stucco farmhouse which resisted the heat and sun. Here is a picture of me in front of the farmhouse painting.

Each day we drove to nearby villages in the Luberon area: Roussillon, Gordes, Jocas, and Fontaine de Vaucluse to paint plein air. The farmhouse was only a mile from Roussillon. Given the steep climb into the village, I decided to drive to the edge of the



Karen Vierneisel



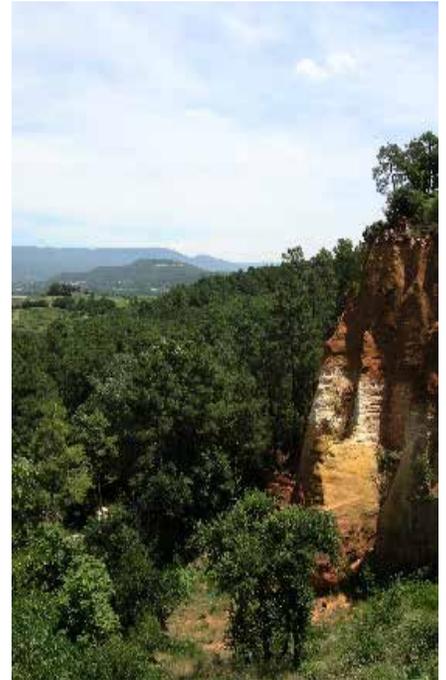


city and then walk the remaining way up the hill into the center of the city which is about half-way up the cliff pictured here.

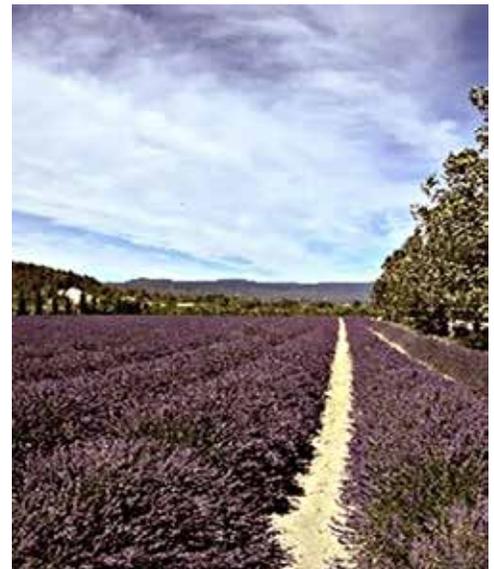
From this vantage point, I looked out over the Luberon valley below and the ochre quarries carved out of clay over two centuries ago. Red, yellow, and brown ochre are visible in the cliffs seen at the right. The red of the cliffs is mirrored in the earthen pigments of Roussillon's stucco homes. My painting "The Green Door – Roussillon" reflects the various permutations of those rich, red layered pigments.

Below are pictures of the ochre trail and a lavender field near the farmhouse. The warmth of the red ochre perfectly complements the greens of the olive and cypress trees that surround the village and the yellow and orange ochres complement the lavender fields and blue skies: an artist's palette without a doubt. So it should be no surprise than many artists have been drawn to Roussillon: Jean Cocteau, Carzou, Buffet, and Ambrogiani among them.

While ochre is no longer processed in Roussillon, it is still mined in many places in the world including Brazil, China, and Australia. For a nuanced history of color, I suggest you read Color: A Natural History of the Palette by Victoria Finlay. She devotes an entire chapter to ochre and her trip to Australia to learn about the Aboriginal peoples use of this pigment in secret rituals and for body painting. Artists continue to rely on ochre especially in landscape painting. Many of the well-known oil paint manufacturers here and abroad continue to produce new ochre colors. One American company, Williamsburg, whose oil colors are hand-made, has recently introduced a French Earth set of colors, most of which are derived from ochre. Williamsburg stresses that the natural pigments from regions with historical importance offer "... a texture and subtlety of color that synthetic iron oxides simply cannot provide." Daniel Smith Watercolors provides a large palette of ochres. Clearly, the fascination with ochre persists.



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(Endnotes)

- i. K. Kris Hirst, "Ochre - The Oldest Known Natural Pigment in the World: Natural Earth Pigments and the Ancient Artist," April 15, 2017 in ThoughtCo
- ii. [En.wikipedia.org/wiki/ochre](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/ochre)
- iii. Roelofs, Isabelle (2012). *La couleur expliquée aux artistes. Groupe Eyrolles. ISBN 978-2-212-134865. p.30 as referenced in Wikipedia/ochre.*
- iv. Online: williamsburgoil.com/products/colors/sets/french-earth-set
Daniel Smith Ochre Colors (Images)

Wilmette Arts Guild 2017 Fall Members' Show

Wilmette Recreation Center

photos by Peter Nussbaum



Audrey Barrett



Laurie T. Walker



Judith Edelman



Bryan Fuller



Julie Ressler



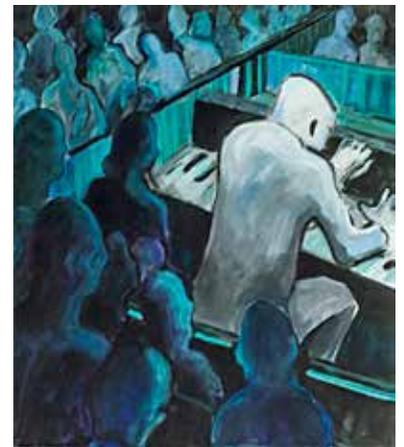
Marilynn Robinson



Elizabeth DeGryse Buino



Milvi Wheeler



Joanne Epcke

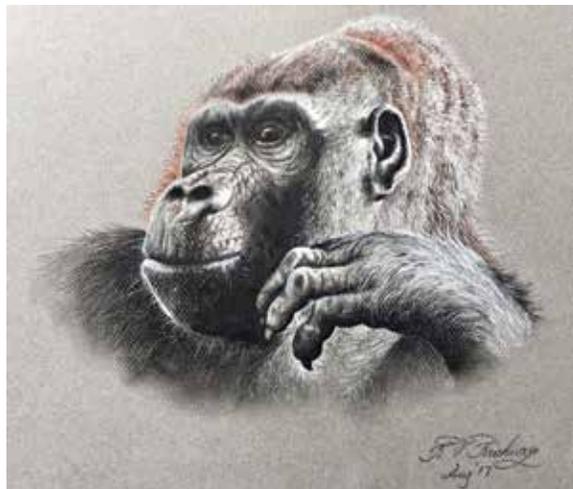
Wilmette Arts Guild 2017 Fall Members' Show

Wilmette Recreation Center

photos by Peter Nussbaum



Charlotte Kaplan



KV Krishnan



Barbara Roseman



Nancy Desmond



Tema Rosenblum



Peter Nussbaum



Peter Nussbaum



Rich Fisher



Karen Barrie

Wilmette Arts Guild 2017 Fall Members' Show

Wilmette Recreation Center

photos by Peter Nussbaum



Ralph Greenhow



Ralph Greenhow



Susan Bennett



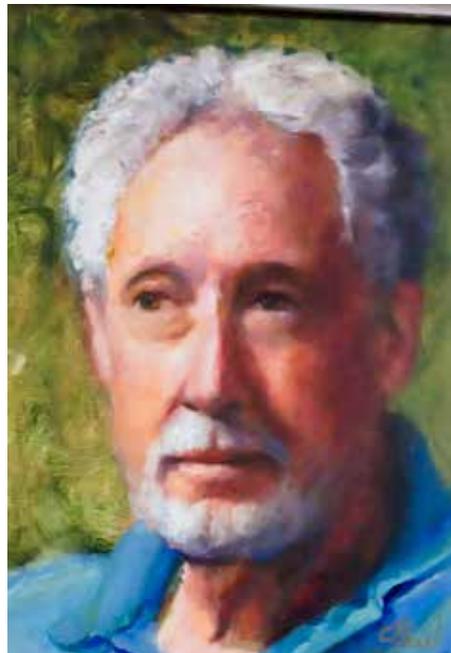
Ralph Greenhow



Tobi Star Abrams



Vivian Finkelstein



Catherine Priest



Sally Schoch posing in front of work by
Oswaldo Trejo - Erica Simoni

Wilmette Arts Guild 2017 Fall Members' Show

Wilmette Recreation Center

photos by Peter Nussbaum



Ralph Greenhow



Candace Stack



Beverly Fleischman



Hope Salmanoff



Roberta Boitano



Boruch Lev

8



Shirley Engelstein



Patricia Berg Drazin



Shirley Engelstein



Mary Krebs Smyth

Wilmette Arts Guild 2017 Fall Members' Show

Wilmette Recreation Center

photos by Peter Nussbaum



Rae Luskin



Barbara Primack



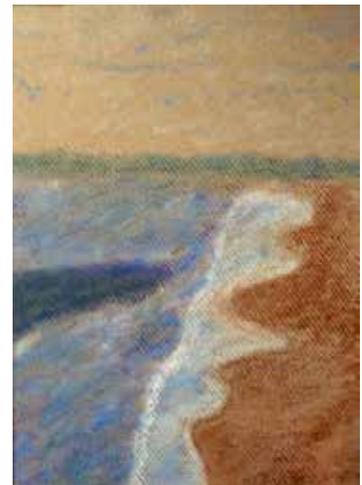
Claire Hogan



Mary Krebs Smyth



Sally Schoch



Catherine Morgan

An amazing phenomenon has developed in the art world but no one has paid much attention. Namely the booming market for contemporary artworks that no one would want for free. But they aren't free. No, people are spending millions of dollars for anything



The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living, by Damien Hirst

which has somehow become established as a "contemporary masterpiece." Such things as aluminum boxes (Donald Judd), basketballs in a fish tank (Jeff Koons), off the shelf 8" X 8" metal plates (Carl Andre), stuffed shark (Damien Hirst), even a used bed spread

filled with detritus (Tracy Emin). The list goes on--the primary qualification for such artwork is that it is "original", i.e. no one else is selling the same product and that it has been branded by the art establishment as great art. The fact that such work sells for huge sums is like an elephant smack dab in the center of the room. No one seems surprised, it is just there.

The news media does in fact report on all these sales, especially the annual auctions for contemporary art, but the general tone is that of awe and admiration for how much a given work will bring. They list the new high for a given artist much the way the weekly paper lists the amount of box office money each movie brought in the past week. Magazines often profile star artists and give them the kind of press one expects of a rock star. Little is said about the aesthetic accomplishments of the artist, rather they extoll their status (generally linked to sales) or how much the important curators and collectors have valued the work.

So how does this happen? How does the



My Bed by Tracy Emin

average wannabe artist break into the big time and sell stuff of nugatory aesthetic value for big bucks? How can stuff made with a minimum of technical skill or perhaps even made by someone else (a "fabricator") somehow become worth millions of dollars on the art market?

The basis for that market is a three legged stool consisting of collectors, dealers and curators. Remove any leg and it collapses. There are many reasons for the success of that market which involves a combination of the fashion industry (everyone wants to be cool), potential for large profit (a thousand dollars' worth of materials and labor may become a million dollar item) and

the eccentric taste of folks who will go to great lengths to create an original identity. It all begins with a given work of art being branded as a modern masterpiece. Often this starts with a dealer who believes in the genius of some unknown artist. Once that has been established the collectors vie for the right to own it. After the big collectors buy in, the curators are not far behind.

When works go for millions at auction the curators feel obliged to have exhibitions and put some of these works in their museums. All of which leads to more frenzy on the part of the collectors. The dealers are always in attendance, keeping the machinery well oiled. In the last century art critics were an important part of this process. People like Greenberg, Rosenberg and Steinberg were power brokers; but now the market seems to have a mind of its own and the critics are more like cheerleaders than kingmakers. The Painted Word by Tom Wolfe claimed that modern art was only there to illustrate various theories about art and that such writing would become more important than the art itself. Although very amusing, this thesis has not borne out. Recently dealers have relied on the collectors and curators to establish value. A single multi-million dollar sale at auction is worth more than the opinion of even a widely read critic.

The Stool: Collectors, Dealers Curators

Collectors

There are many different kinds of collectors, people who buy rare coins, movie costumes, antiques, whatever. Recently the New Yorker wrote about the sale of a baseball card for two million dollars. So what is special about those who collect contemporary art? These are people who buy things which someone, usually a dealer, has told them is a great work. Inevitably this is something no one else would want in the first place, maybe a fabricated object (not actually made by the artist himself) such as Koon's Balloon Dog. Maybe it is something from an industrial supply house like the Andre fire bricks. Other examples include "found objects" which Richard Tuttle has presented as art. The crushed cars which Chamberlain got from the auto salvage yard fall into that category. Once these objects have been branded they can increase in value. One may well ask "if someone has the yen to collect, why not collect something he actually wants?" That is indeed a good question. The problem is that anything which other people want, such as a fancy car, a diamond ring, whatever... is something for which there is already a market. You can't jack up the value just by owning it. If you buy a Cadillac, anyone else can get the same car at the standard market value. However, if you buy a painting for which no market has been established then it can appreciate just by being in your collection. You may sell it later for ten times the original price. That doesn't usually happen in the ordinary market unless a lot of time has gone by and there are other folks who want that type of painting. On top of that one can be seen as a brilliant connoisseur who bought in early before others realized that a stuffed shark could be worth twelve million dollars. This is an extension of the old story of the "Emperor's New Clothes": namely, that the collector can indeed see the new clothes, can well appreciate them. If the ordinary mortal doesn't get it... well that is just evidence of their inability to understand the nature of art. Finally, there are many people who

in the Room

Reprinted by popular request

by I. Austen Tripp

are eager to create a new environment for themselves; to actually erase the past—to escape the hum-drum bourgeois world of their upbringing. They create a new world by having rooms dominated by contemporary art. Maybe a monochrome by Ellsworth Kelly or a painting of letters on a blue background like the Ruscha painting “OOF”. Taken together these works create a brave, new environment. These are some of the motives which explain how contemporary art has found its way into major collections and become such a hot commodity in the auction market.



Chamberlain Crushed Car \$1.8 Million market.

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The Dealers

There are thousands of dealers all across the country. Most handle traditional forms such as landscape, portraits, still life or other decorative styles. These are not people promoting new art or anything which one would find in a contemporary art gallery. Although these forms can be expensive there is a fairly standard way of establishing value for them. A well done landscape by a known artist can bring several thousand dollars, perhaps more but will not be a million dollar painting within the lifetime of the artist. The pricing of such work is related to the level of comparable works by that artist or equivalent paintings by others. Since one is dealing with an established product it is easy to compare prices and

have expert opinions about the level of value for any given work.

Things are different in the realm of contemporary art. There each work is quite original compared to anything else one finds in galleries. Indeed that is the whole point of a lot of contemporary art—the work is more of an invention than a new example of some recognized art form. When Warhol makes a silk screen of a photo from a magazine, as in “Car Wreck”, the artist hands may not even touch the canvas. A photo is transposed onto canvas and turned into a silk screen by mechanical process. What the artist did was to create the idea of this photo as art----it was not necessarily created by him. And this kind of process can be done in multiples so that two or more



OOF by Ed Ruscha

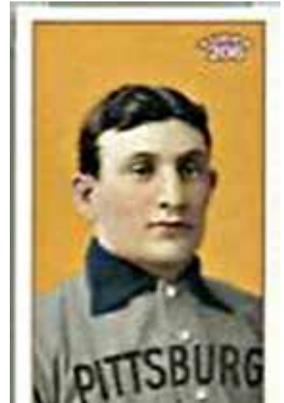
collectors can actually have the same work, done by the same artist. What makes such a work valuable? First, this is an invention of a new art form —if another artist made the same photographic blow up and turned it into a silk screen that would only be a copy of Warhol’s idea. Richard Prince made a photograph of a photograph of the Marlboro man that was originally a billboard advertisement. This sold at auction for over three million dollars. So why don’t other photographers make such a copy? Because he successfully invented a new work - it was the idea of it, the concept of making the copy, which became valued as art. In the parlance of the art world, he “appropriated” this image and turned it into a work of art.

This is where the dealer comes in. Anyone can invent a new style, a new form of art. What takes real talent is to market this, to create a brand for the new form. Not an easy thing for the artist alone. The new work needs exposure, to be seen in a gallery, to be written about, to reach a large audience. Once such work is in major collections, the museums feel it is time to have it also. Richard Serra made a lot of “drawings” that were large canvas works covered with black oil pencil. Some were all black, some left part of the canvas bare. The Metropolitan Museum of Art hosted a large exhibition of this work. It is hard to imagine that the curators at the Met would have decided to show this work on its own merits. At the same time as the show. These and similar works were being offered at a blue chip gallery in NY for hundreds of thousands of dollars each. The art dealers have created a brand, sold millions of dollars of the product and even had it validated by one of the most prestigious museums in the country.

In a way it is like the old alchemist dream of turning base metal into gold. One wonders why the bright young stars at Wharton, Harvard Business School etc are not interning with the art dealers instead of those stuffy banks in Wall Street. How many B school courses teach students the way to turn a few hundred dollars’ worth of material and labor into five hundred thousand dollars’ worth of product in the course of a few years? So how do dealers accomplish that? It is an impressive feat which many have tried but relatively few have pulled off in the big art markets. What it comes down to is finding a way to get enough rich people to accept something as great art so that the brand is established and then it can be marketed it like any



Non-Chamberlain Crushed Car \$500. Forney Museum



Wagner Baseball Card



Balloon Dog by Jeff Koons

The Elephant in the Room



A monochrome by Ellsworth Kelly

other product.

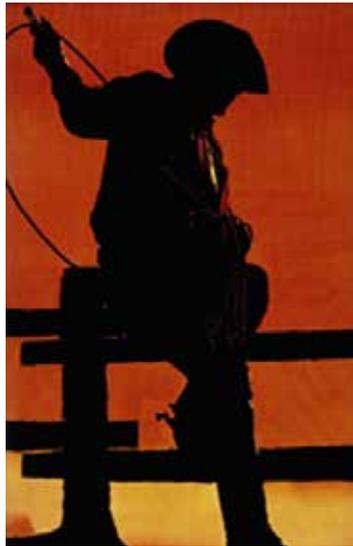
The Curators

The third leg of the stool supporting the contemporary art market is the curator. These are the people who arrange for new work to be shown in museums or major exhibitions such as the Venice Biennial. It would be unusual for a new work to find its way into

that kind of venue without already being promoted by dealers and held in important collections. Once new art has been successfully branded it becomes collected; then it needs the imprimatur of museums such as MOMA to validate it as having lasting value. Theoretically, the curator has no financial or other ties to the artist or dealer. In fact there are often incentives which are not made public, such as having a dealer underwrite the costs of a catalog for a show or help the curator acquire some other works which the museum wants for their permanent collection. Curators may be beholden to collectors as well. If someone like David Rockefeller (who gave MOMA ninety million dollars a few years ago) wants the "something" from a curator he will get undivided attention.

Overview

The question is: "Why do people spend huge sums for stuff nobody would want for free?" The short answer is because it has become accepted as a commodity. Robert Skull described his beginnings as a collector in the early '60's: "When I see a new work that I hate, I know it is maybe worth collecting." He was on target for the times, buying Pop art and virtually creating a market for it. Later in the '70's he sold a lot of it at auction for



Untitled Cowboy by Richard Prince

large profit. Some of the artists were outraged, like: "How dare he make all that profit on my work?" What they didn't appreciate was the fact that Skull began the process of establishing the work as a viable investment. Anything else the artist did would be much more profitable because of Skull having bought their work at a time when most people would not have accepted it.

One problem with the three divisions (collector, dealer and curator) is that these lines are often blurred now - today's dealer may become tomorrow's curator. There was some dissension when Jeff Deitch (noted New York dealer who has represented Jeff Koons among other art stars) was named director of the LA Museum of Contemporary Art. He retained his status as a dealer as well. Some thought this represented a

conflict of interest. His position was due in large part to the support of Eli Broad who is one of the premier collectors of contemporary art. So the various players in the contemporary art world may at times wear different hats. Another example of dealer turned curator is Massimiliano Gioni who is this year's curator of the Venice Biennial. That role will certainly enhance his position as a NY dealer in contemporary art. Among collectors the same changing of roles can occur. Emily Rales was a former dealer and curator who has developed a museum for contemporary art called Glenstone in suburban Washington.



Run Dog Run
Christopher Wool

So all of this activity in the world of contemporary art generates interest and eventually acceptance for the product. Why don't people ask more questions such as with all that money why can't the collectors get something of value? Mainly because what constitutes value now is different from the traditional ideas of beauty and craft. Now it's

about being an original concept, about being branded as "important art". The public accepts anything that can be traded in the open market for cash. If museums have good attendance and the auction houses are making money, who can argue with that?



"The U.S. Courts Are Partial to the Government,"
"No Mandatory Patriotism" (center)
"The United States Government Destroys Art."
in black oil paint stick, by Richard Serra

Meanwhile the elephant stands in the room as a symbol of how much the canons of aesthetic taste have changed over the past fifty years. It is a large animal which folks bump into, go around and yet never seem to wonder just how or why it is there.

Ewan MacGregor



Glenstone Museum

For information about the artists or articles in this issue go to
www.wilmetteartguild.org

HOW PHOTOSHOPPING DISQUALIFIED A WINNING ENTRY IN NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CONTEST

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



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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.

Here is the original unretouched photo that was submitted to National Geographic upon winning the contest.

While the contest rules allow the use of dodging and burning, it specifically prohibit the digital removal and addition of elements in the photograph. Had Fisch burned the bag to complete darkness or simply cropped the bag out, he would have been fine. Harry pleaded his case to the juries and to Monica Corcoran, the editor of the magazine, but the ruling was not overturned.



In Corcoran's e-mail back to Fisch, she stated that "it is unfortunate you did not crop the bag or just leave it in, as it really had no impact either way."

This costly lesson is an example that we can learn from. It is important to read the rules of a contest, especially one that is as major and as strict as the National Geographic contest.

You can read the rest of the story from the article in Nomad Expediciones Fotográficas Blog: National Geographic, how I won and lost the contest in less than one second.

Thanks to Peta Pixel for the find!
Image credits: Harry Fisch

Comments on the article:

See page 6.

Julia Taylor

National Geographic is similar to shooting for Time, Newsweek, Life or the New York Times where integrity is paramount. It is not a fine arts or glamour magazine like Vogue. It's about real life and you shoot the way you see it and don't change it.

Many professional photographers have lost their jobs with top newspapers and magazine for cleaning, adding things or enhancing their images so they could have a shot at winning the Pulitzer and get more accolades. As a photographer you don't do that as an oversight, is done with a purpose to gain something with the extra edge. A cardinal sin in the news world.



In this case the photographer entered the photo contest and violated the rules which are clearly stated. Personally the photo is beautiful but for a photo contest judge, specially an editorial magazine of the highest degree, maybe showing the image the raw way and with the bag would not had been enough to be the winner. Then by erasing the trash out the environment, for the sake of making the photo more appealing and a shot to win the contest, the truth of the frame have been changed.

So this image falls in the same category as many photoshop abusers have done which is just plain cheating. Photoshop and digital cameras have opened the way to everybody including grandmom. Everybody is a "photographer." So the field has been leveled with the many wannabe shooters who before were doing something else with their lives and who would never be making a living taking photos on a higher level.

I bet that 99% of photographers who are shooting today would had never been able to do it with regular film at all. Too much money to spend on film, going to the lab to process the film, then back a few days later to pick it up, then waiting and waiting to see if a single image finally came out at all. And with lots of luck maybe one would be average.

With film, to get a real image took a lot more than photoshop and fancy apps, it took real talent, dedication, patience and lots of luck. I dared anyone in here to choose a subject and go and get a film camera and shot a couple of rolls then talk about it.

With film, to get a real image took a lot more than photoshop and fancy apps, it took real talent, dedication, patience and lots of luck. I dare anyone to choose a subject and go and get a film camera and shoot a couple of rolls then talk about it.

Another sad thing happening due to digital cameras and apps is that many photo editors, who never were good at it, have become "photographers." Some are even publishing their photo books due to their industry connections.

Also it opened doors to "photographers" who are teaching when they had never done anything in the photography world at all. So before any of you spend money with someone, Google their names and find out what they have accomplished in the fine arts field, who are their clients, what well known advertising or magazine are they working for or have worked in the past. Don't settle for mediocrity when you can get the very best and if you loose a photo contest do it for the right reasons instead of being a cheater or you may never be respected in the photo industry.



Sergio Tapiro Velasco of Mexico was awarded the prestigious grand prize for his awe-inspiring image of the moment an erupting volcano was hit by a bolt of lightning.

**Note: Julie Ressler: "I love Photoshop! It makes visual life so interesting!"

"*Classic Chicago: The Art of Architecture*," a major drawing exhibition of Chicago's most revered buildings, monuments, and ornamental detail will be taking place in Winnetka at the Ann Brierly Gallery in New Trier's \$110 M addition on Sunday, October 15th. The new gallery will be christened at 3:15 pm with the school's new wing being available for touring between 3:00 and 5:00 pm.

A '75 New Trier alum and 50 year resident of Wilmette, Jack Nixon will be displaying his incredible drawings of Chicago's late 19th and early 20th centuries Neoclassic, Gothic Revival, and Art Deco architectural styles in a thirty year retrospective. The highlight of the show is his seminal masterpiece: "*Studies in Light and Form: The Chicago Seven and the Michigan Avenue Bridge Sculptures*" - "a monumental, modular, six piece suite of graphites that took four solid years (8000 hrs) to produce over a 25 year period. A local work of exceptional skill, patience, and determination, it celebrates the romance and grandeur of the most beautifully ornate, most dramatic, and most dynamic urban landscape on earth."

Rather than concentrate on the pencils, paper, and materials that allows these very intimate works to emerge, this modest and industrious man tells us who he is and why he has devoted his life to Chicago. In his own words, responding to - "How did you do this?"

"Sacrifice - and no compromise! The technical aspects of doing these drawings is only a small part of the work. Choosing a life of speculation working 9am to 2 am seven days a week for years for no pay is the really, really tough part. It's the unsalaried, unenviable, dependent situation living at home as an adult you must mentally adjust to. If you can sacrifice your freedom, you can avoid the Catch 22 of splitting time on a 9-5."

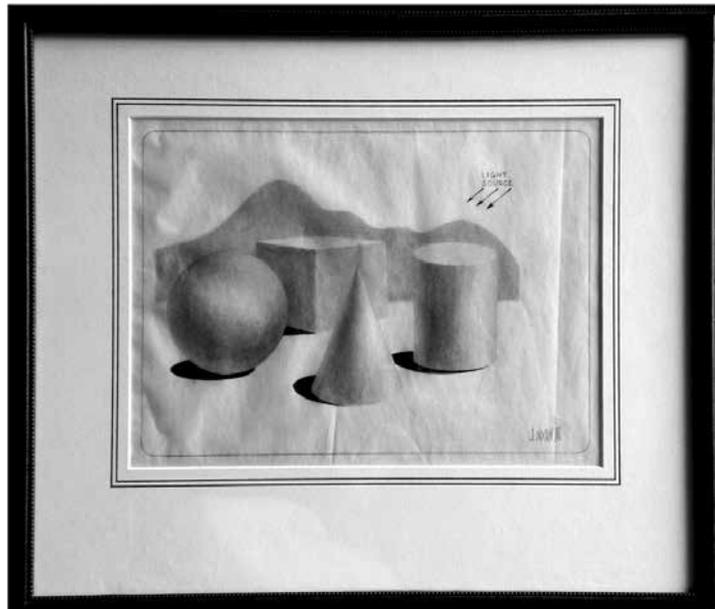
"There are lots and lots of people with my technical skill, many much better than me - technically. But to beg, borrow, and steal the time, which is the most valuable thing in our lives, is much more difficult for work like this. Sacrificing away nights, weekends, holidays, and time with your friends is much more difficult than the drawing ability."

Michelangelo's sacrifice was spending four years on his back getting paint in his nose and mouth and eyes, freezing his ass off for the Sistine ceiling. Being in a different situation in the 21st century, what has to be swallowed in the loss of pride of an independent life is about the same. Full time artists must have patrons. Michelangelo had Julius II. I have my parents. I owe everything to them for believing and trusting in me and supporting my art from the beginning. I am grateful to my parents for their patience, love, and support and have dedicated my life's work to them."



photo Howard Frank

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The first of many to come.

"The difficult choice for dependency lays on the ability to focus. These extremely detailed, oversize drawings need complete concentration. Trying to focus on them after a hard day of 9 to 5 would be impossible - and take forever. My vision was to produce a portfolio of Chicago graphites that would never be equaled or surpassed and present them enmass as Monet displayed his *Haystacks*, *Poplars*, *Mornings on the Seine*, and *Rouen Cathedral* oils. My only surprise, with what could not have been foreseen, is that the oeuvre took thirty years to execute."

"One pivotal moment as a freshman at New Trier was my first 'art' assignment in Technical Drawing class. I shaded a circle, square, triangle, and rectangle into a sphere, cube, cone, and cylinder. At 14, I was amused at being able to interpret dimension graphically. Other illuminations and what moved me to draw Chicago's classic architecture was doing a few home portraits for friends on the North Shore and then working a very large drawing of Market Square in Lake Forest to promote the fledgling portrait business. My thoughts soon turned to Chicago and the independence I knew I would have to sacrifice to begin the long

journey of producing superlative images to publish for everyone's enjoyment."

"But what's surprised me the most is personally learning of the infinite capacity of the mind's miraculous ability to solve impossible problems. Later having found and then having lost the love of my life in divorce, with my wife not caring to see my drawing suite finished, I cried for a year into the three year written catharsis working 16-20 hour days trying to understand us. With that human experience of commitment, love, and loss, I don't know but, maybe I have another very different 'Agony and the Ecstasy' on my hands?"

If that's the case, this quote is an apt description for our artist: "Talent does what it can. Genius does what it must."
Edward G. Bulwer-Lytton.



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The Wrigley Building, Chicago, IL



Studies in Light and Form: The Chicago Seven and the Michigan Avenue Bridge Sculptures

Autumn

by Emily Dickinson

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

Leaves of Verna Todd



Autumnal Pun

I have a thing about leaves. Come spring, I'm impatient to spot the first sign of green, and in the fall I snatch up leaves like crazy, convinced each one is more beautiful than the last. One of the first photography exhibits I ever put together was a series of dracaena leaves, and I've done more shows featuring leaves, six, than any other subject.

The leaves that my dracaena houseplant dropped on my den carpeting were the inspiration for that first leaf exhibit. Tall and slender, each one dried with a unique twist – looking almost like a person with an attitude, sometimes sassy and sometimes shy. Another show featured dried garden variety hosta leaves – large, with veins that form deep ridges and curve in sensuous landscapes.



Cabbage Leaves

One gusty fall day, I was sweeping the sidewalk in front of Perspective Gallery in Evanston (where I'm a member) when grubby little ornamental cabbage leaves raced away from my broom. When I caught them, they looked like they might have possibilities. In my studio and with photographic lighting, they revealed astonishing beauty.

An early spring trip to Harms Woods yielded photographs of leaf "muck" with mysterious concentric black lines surrounding tiny areas of open water. I have yet to figure out where those lines came from, but they added to the tapestry-like appearance of the wet, decaying leaves.

My burning leaves project threatened to set the house on fire. I was shooting in my front entry hall when the scrim in front of my floodlights caught fire. Screaming, I watched flaming pieces of the flimsy fabric float about the living room. Luckily, they quickly burned themselves out on the hardwood floor.

Leaves have even become embedded in our language, and language is the means I've chosen to explore them for my exhibit at Perspective Gallery this fall. A leaf can be a page, for example, or part of a common expression, like turning over a new leaf. A leaf even rustles fancifully in words like belief.



Burning Leaf

What is it about leaves that draws me? Beauty, of course.

Color, shape, structure, texture – yes. But there's more, something my spirit craves.

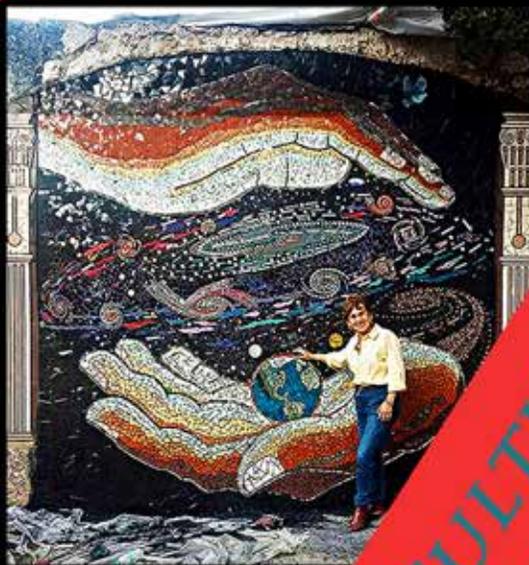
Mine is not the only spirit with an affinity for leaves. In cultures around the world from ancient times, people have used them in art and song and ritual to signify nourishment, shelter, and healing. As they emerge, grow, wither, then fall to earth to nourish the next generation, they allow us to glimpse the mystery of life.

Verna Todd's exhibit "Leafing Out" is on view at Perspective Gallery of Fine Art Photography in Evanston from October 5 through October 29. The opening reception is Saturday, October 7, from 5 to 7 PM, and she will be giving an artist's talk at 7 PM on Thursday, October 19. The gallery, at 1310 Chicago Avenue, is open Thursdays through Saturdays from 12 to 6, and from 12 to 5 on Sundays.



Hosta Leaf

GREAT MOSAIC BANNERS



In the Beginning



Quetzalcóatl

ZACATLÁN

Photographs - Howard Frank

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Krebs' Heads

by Mary Krebs Smyth



There once was little girl, growing up in a four-room apartment in Rogers Park, Chicago with her parents and younger brother. He had the bed by the window. But every chance she got, she laid down on his bed, so she could stare out the window, seeing shapes and faces in the leaves and branches of the big, old elm trees on their street.

She didn't know then that it was a sign of an overactive imagination. She thought everyone could see them. There began her ongoing fascination with the human face and its stories.

Drawings, paintings, sculpture, assemblage and masks of all forms showed her thoughts and emotions from multiple cultures. And it fascinated her.

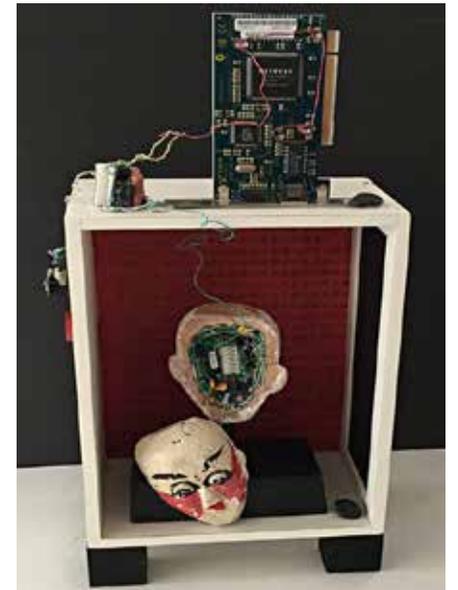
As she grew up, she began to exhibit a strong interest in art, which was supported by her many wonderful teachers.

The faces she created as an artist often used a unique combination of materials, including many repurposed objects. Her drawings and prints were imaginative and sprang from somewhere deep inside her. They paid tribute to the beauty of those big, old elm trees of her youth.

I am sure you know by now that the little girl was me, Mary Krebs Smyth. As an adult process-oriented, mixed-media artist, I am still fascinated by the interpretation of the human face and figure.

A variety of forms just enter my imagination and I create my pieces with whatever materials are at hand. The objects inspire me to use them to express myself, whether in a two-dimensional or three-dimensional format.

As you can see in my current work, I am still fascinated with the human face and all the artistic possibilities it presents. I encourage you to look — really look — at the faces you encounter in everyday life. They are nothing short of inspiring.





Kris Teague

Kristine Teague