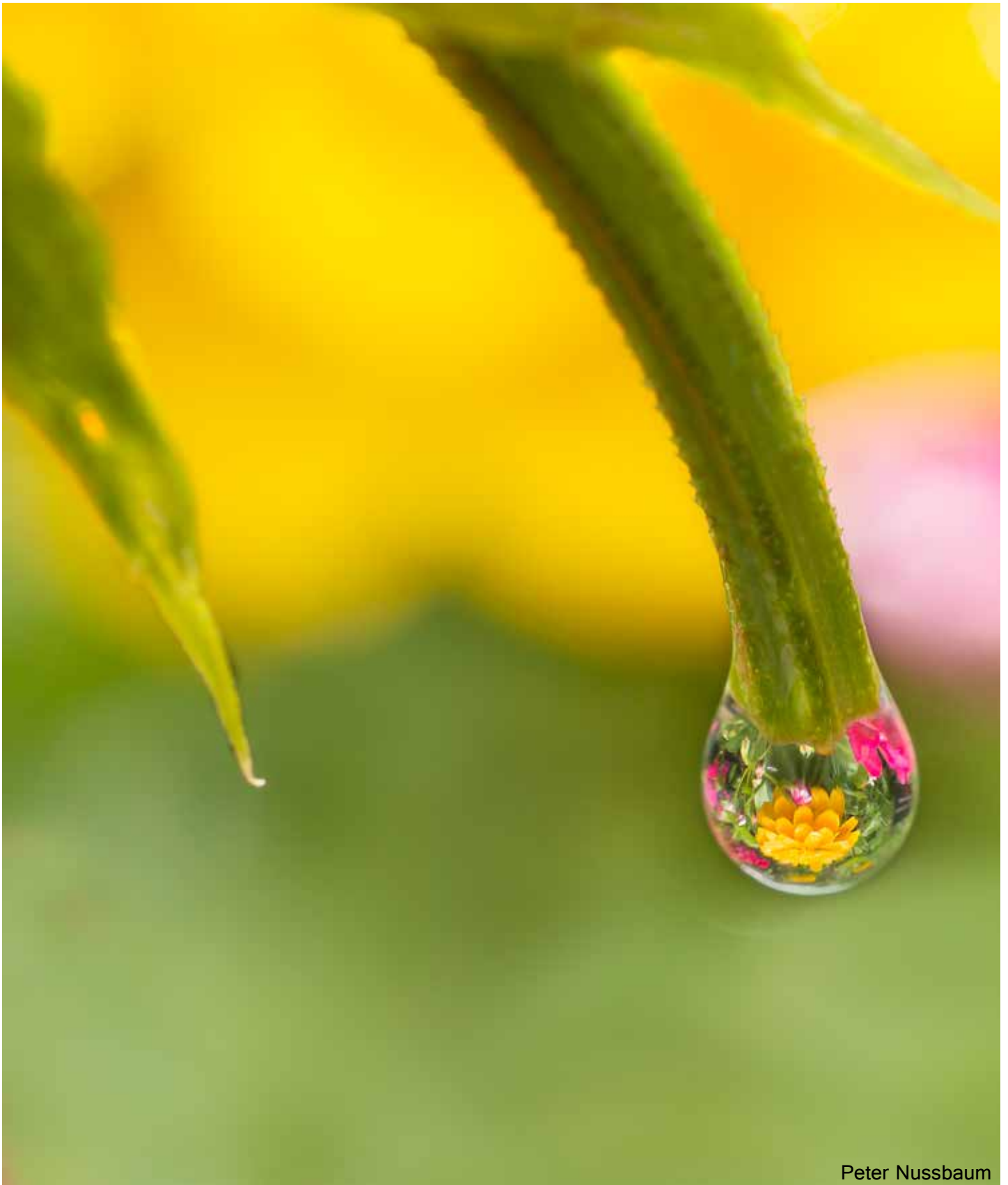


ARTS REVIEW

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

Spring/Summer 2017



Peter Nussbaum

Wilmette Arts Guild 2017 Members' Show

Wilmette Public Library

photos by Patricia Berg-Drazin



Claire Hogan



Tema Rosenblum



Bonnie Zak



Marilynn Robinson



Susan Bennett



Brigette Wolf



Barbara Roseman



Laurie T. Walker



Verna Todd

Wilmette Arts Guild 2017 Members' Show



Jacqui Blatchford



Kate Compennolle



Nancy Desmond



Jessie Lee



Karen Barrie



Howard Frank

Wilmette Arts Guild 2017 Members' Show



Barbara Primack



Trierweiler-Schaefer



Catherine Morgan



Betty D. Buino



Peter Nussbaum



Mary Krebs-Smyth



Beverly Fleischman



Jack Nixon



Dalia Kleinmuntz



C.M. Priest



Tobi Star Abrams



Patricia Berg-Drazin



Sally Schoch



Sarah Rose

“More Dimensions in Art” • WAG Members’ Show 2017

Wilmette Recreation Center

photos by Patricia Berg-Drazin



Rosellen Monter



Ralph Greenhow



“The Gale - A Tribute to Winslow Homer”

The American artist, Winslow Homer spent time on the storm battered coast of England and was impressed with these sturdy folks who harvested the seas at great peril.

His paintings record the harsh and dangerous life of these families, with a sense of admiration and pathos.

The wives were young, sturdy women of enormous character, living with the dangers of their family's life careers.

My father, CH Greenhow, a popular artist, was an admirer of the work of Winslow Homer. These are welcome influences for the imagination and observing the beauties of the world around us.

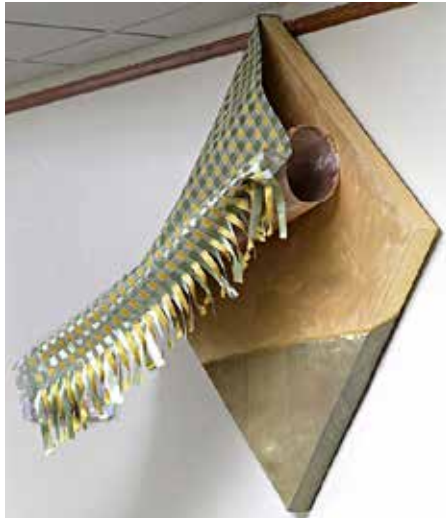
...from Winslow Homer



“More Dimensions in Art” • WAG Members’ Show 2017



Thaddeus T. Ressler



Julie Ragsdale Ressler



Shirley Engelstein



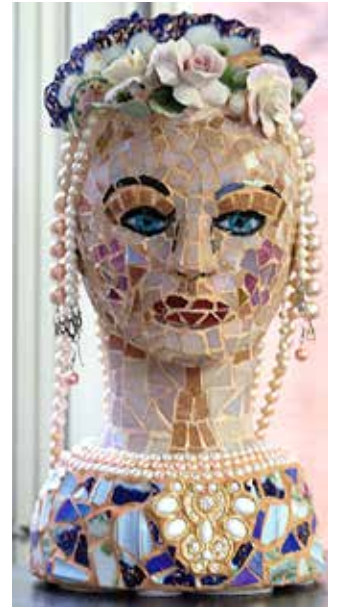
Hyangsook Cho



Ralph Greenhow



Joan Hall



Laurie Walker



Sarah Goone



Ingrid Anderson-Mary Vihon-Debra Campbell



Sarah Goone

Desert Spring

Each year, the unique combination of sun, wind, water, temperature and elevation sets the stage for the the desert blooms.
Spring rains bring gorgeous colors to the boundless earth.



Kris Teague



Laurie Boyanovsky



Julie Ressler



Peter Nussbaum



Peter Nussbaum



A Vintage Vacation in France

by Marvin Primack

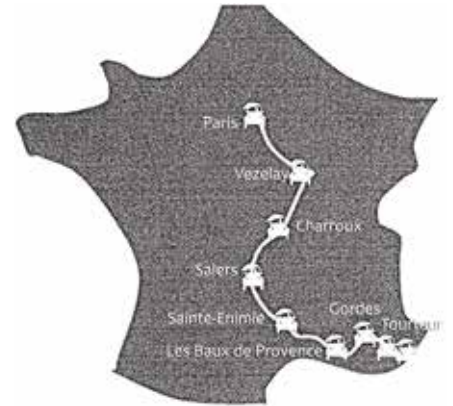


Last May my wife and I took the most wonderful and unique vacation to France. We learned of this trip through our friends in the vintage car group we belong to. The trip was arranged by two groups. The first was “4 rouers sous 1 parapluie” translated as an umbrella with 4 wheels. This is the description given to the cars we were to drive. The second was “Le Plus Beaux Villages de France” or “The Most Beautiful Villages of France.” About 150 villages are included in that list and they are required to be rural, under 2000 people, having at least 2 protected historical sites, and have a self-sustaining economy.

Each couple was given a Citroën 2CV to drive on the trip. This car is the “people’s car” of France. They were built between 1948 and 1990 and are basically a rounded metal box with a full length folding top. They were primarily designed for the French farmers and meant to be very light, use very little fuel, serviced by the owner as inexpensively as possible, and carry an entire load of fresh eggs through the fields without breaking any. The design uses an air cooled 2 cylinder engine of 28 horsepower, a very sparse interior, and a very supple suspension giving an amazingly comfortable ride.



On the first day of the tour, a Sunday morning, all the participants met at a restaurant in Paris where we were each assigned a car and a driver. Our car was a very bright pink and was called “Antoinette”. Our young lady driver took us for a brief tour of Paris and explained all the controls in the car and then handed the car to us. We were then led out of Paris by a lead vehicle (not easy to do by yourself) and then we were on our own. We were given a very detailed Michelin map of southern France with the route marked in it, a cell phone with everyone’s cell number and emergency numbers. As all the cars were



over 25 years old and somewhat temperamental, there was also a truck with 2 mechanics and a spare car just in case.

We quickly found out that despite the very detailed map with the route marked for us, we were on small 2-lane rural roads which were so poorly marked that it was almost impossible to keep to the route. The road markers were not always at intersections. After spending the first day buried in the map trying to find our way back to the actual route after getting lost, we realized if we continued this way we would miss seeing France. Several of us, therefore, teamed up with another couple that had done the tour before and had a GPS. As a little 4-car caravan, we could now enjoy the scenery and always had great company. She also had an app on her phone her phone which could read and translate the menu, a great help at lunches.



Each day our itinerary put us at lovely villages where tours had been arranged, where lunches had been suggested, and where we could refuel. Gas stations were not frequent and bathrooms were either non-existent or primitive to say the least. Planning was essential. The days travel took us through amazing landscapes, snow covered mountains, and farms with crops of incredible colors such as lavender, poppies, and bright yellow rapeseed. Each evening we stayed at a different chateau, manor house, or spa, one more beautiful than the other. Dinner was always preceded by a cocktail reception from the mayor of the village who would explain the history, economy, and specialties that made that village unique. We would always leave with a gift representative of the town. Every dinner was itself a work of art and a true example of French cuisine.



Our trip took us south from Paris through the Loire Valley to the Auvergne region of southeast France, through Provence and ended at the Cote d’Azur at Cannes. As for the villages, the beauty of them takes your breath away. From the cobblestone roads, to the medieval buildings and churches, to the farmhouses all bedecked with flowers, each was worthy of a painting. The locals were very friendly and very helpful, especially when we appeared in our Citroëns which they view as a national symbol. They seemed so proud of their villages and were all anxious to talk to the foreigners in the bright pink car.



A Vintage Vacation in France Yields a Trove of Paintings

all images in oils by Barbara Primack

While the main reason for their trip was to experience the vintage cars, Barbara Primack took advantage of being in the area and produced studies of the French windows.



Rub-A-Dub-Dub

Art as Money



Mark Rothko

There are two facts about the contemporary art market which make it ideal for laundering money. First is that there is a huge amount of money changing hands in the art market. The second thing is that generally the identities of the buyer and the seller are not known to anyone but themselves. That means that an individual can buy a painting for whatever price he wishes to declare and sell it the same way. In the case of sale by auction there will be a price listed with the auction house for the sale and some twenty percent commission taken by the house. If a person owning a famous work, say a Warhol silk screen and sells it for seventy million dollars (which actually happened with his "Car Wreck" some years ago) the seller must pay a long term capital gains tax of fifteen per cent on the profit. If the seller says he bought the work for twenty million and pays capital gains tax to the IRS, then he

realizes some forty million dollars net profit that is now clean money. He can use it to buy more art, real estate or any other investment. Fausto De Sanctis has written a whole book about how this process has been used to turn illicit gains into clean money.



Ann Freedman

What is the scope of the problem? In the year 2015 over fifty billion dollars was spent in the world art market. Approximately fifty percent of that money was spent at auction and ninety per cent of the auction sales were at either Sotheby's or Christie's. People using auction houses to launder money have been known to buy a hundred million dollars' worth of art at one house and then leave the art at another auction house as collateral for a loan or accept a guaranteed minimum price for the collection.



Rothko Forgery sold for \$8,300,000

Another way to launder money is to sell a forgery for a huge profit but only claim as much capital gains as would have been made by selling a real master piece. Last year there was a well-publicized trial of an art gallery selling a fake Rothko for eight million dollars. Two things about this case were particularly interesting: first, the gallery was Knoedler, which was one of the oldest and most respected galleries in New York. Secondly, the buyer was Domenico De Sole who is chairman of the board at Sotheby's auction house. While not a painting expert himself he certainly had access to the most knowledgeable authorities of contemporary art. He never suspected that the painting was a forgery until some newspaper stories came out about other fake painting being sold through that gallery. Then, he sought the proper expertise which revealed the painting to be a fake! A major law suit followed which was well documented in the New York Times. It turned

out that a woman, Glafira Rosales, living on Long Island hired Pei-Shen Qian, a handyman, who became a master forger, to make a number of forgeries including works by Rothko, Pollock, De Kooning and Motherwell. Over a twenty year period, she sold over 63 counterfeit works of art. When the scientific analysis was done, it showed that some of the paint used had not even been invented when those artists were alive.

As the defining example, the Rothko was a great opportunity for someone to claim a profit based on art sales and pay whatever capital gains taxes were due. There you have it: a forger gets a few hundred dollars to make the paintings (undoubtedly not realizing how much they would sell for) Voila! ... eight million dollars of freshly laundered money! Apparently Pei-Shen Qian, the handyman, was a native of China. He has repatriated to Shanghai and become invisible. It would be interesting to hear his side of the story. It was not until the big lawsuit erupted that anyone realized how much money had been laundered through the sale of forged art works

.Another way to keep the price low to later sell high is for a dealer to latch onto an up and coming artist who can be put on stipend to produce a certain amount of work on a contract basis. This allows the dealer to hype up the work and carefully "place" these works in well-established collections. Soon a curator gets involved and offers to show some of the newly discovered artist in a museum. Once the artist has a certain



Money in the Tub y Laundering

I. Austen Tripp



Glafira Rosales

million dollars. That difference of price would have made a very handsome profit for the money launderer had it escaped notice.

What to make of all this money going through the art world? New museums and huge purchases by Russian and Middle Eastern billionaires continuously expand pricing in this market. For instance, Qatar's billions of dollars of art purchasing is directed through intermediaries by Sheika al Mayassa bint Hamad bin Khalifa al-Thani, chairwoman of the Qatar Museums Authority and a sister to Qatar's new emir. At age 30 she has become one of the most influential players in the art world. No one knows how much of it, if any... is being laundered. It's the quantity that begs the question. Probably the great majority of art sales are just that, legitimate sales of work which someone actually wants to own and show.

Over the past thirty years the huge volume of profit made in selling art has been a siren call to certain people who had no prior interest in art. The whole thing is reminiscent of people cleaning up large sums by owning a casino. The majority of customers are just there to gamble. But some use the chance to produce large profits with no paper trail for the purpose of turning dirty money into good, clean cash. Who knows? Maybe the result will be a bonanza for the art world by attracting a new clientele with money in need of a clean record.

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Wall Street Journal, Art Market Monitor :Feb-27-2017

track record the dealer can claim almost any amount of money as having been realized by sales of these works. This all gets into the realm of art market manipulation as well as money laundering. The key is that it is possible to claim a great deal of profit based on completely private transactions. The only agency having information is the IRS who collects the capital gains taxes on whatever profit is claimed.

There have been a number of articles written about how the art market has been used to provide a plausible explanation for how new money is generated. Usually the mechanism involves an arbitrary purchase price followed by later sale for whatever value the "laundryman" wished to declare. Last year a collector from Brazil sent a Basquiat painting into the port of New York with declared value of one hundred dollars. A customs agent spotted this as a commercially valuable piece which was later appraised for eight



Skull by Jean-Michel Basquiat sold for
\$82,000,000



Al-Mayassa bint Hamad bin Khalifa Al-Thani
has a purchasing budget of \$1 billion per year



"Card Players" by Cézanne
\$250,000,000



Flightless in Mongolia

by Dick W. Davis

most images by Laura Rodriguez



"How do we get out of here?" Sonia wanted to know.

"Gan won't translate my suggestion," I replied with a flutter of anxiety in my voice.

Gan was our guide interpreter to Mongolia and he was our only source of communication with the nomads in the Gobi Desert. We had met Gan in Ulan Bator, the Russian built capital of Mongolia, where we saw the "yurts", the traditional nomad circular tent and learned that the Mongols preferred to use their own word "ger" instead of the Russian "yurt."

Nine of us flew in a small private twelve passenger plane into the Gobi Desert. When we left Ulan Bator looking down on the massive square blocks of Stalinesque buildings ringed by thousands of gers set out on the high plateau of wind swept central Mongolia, we never considered that this might be a one way trip.

We left from Ulan Bator's modern, vacant airport. They were ready for the jet age, but the only flight that morning was our small craft. We walked through the silent airport, passed the empty counters, and spoke in hushes as if it were a foreign holy day and we were trying not to desecrate some unknown sacred memory.

Our pilot greeted us on the tarmac. He smiled with movie star good looks, black hair, thick brows, and high cheekbones without the ruddiness that tints many Mongolians as if they just came in from a cold wind. Whatever he said, he appeared friendly and confident, but he spoke no English just memorized phrases. Gan was in charge.

We settled in, with three vacant seats. For the two nights in the Gobi we carried only our hand luggage, and left our larger bags at the hotel. "Everyone satisfied, OK? Buckled up?" Gan inquired. He seemed to like the words "buckled up." An engineer by training, he had studied in Moscow but there wasn't any work in his field in Mongolia.

Gan got out a tightly rolled sleeping mattress and took over the aisle. "I have to lie down during flight, I get sick," he explained. He kneeled, and then carefully lay down on his back. In his right hand he clutched an air sickness bag.

"I hope you don't need that," Clyde Beals spoke up. "Did you get a good breakfast? You know, you're less likely to get sick on a full stomach. Lots of people make their problem worse by not eating."

Is that true?" Gan asked in a manner that expected no reply, as if he were filing the information away for an experiment.

As we taxied down the runway, we saw a squadron of old bi planes from the 1930s lined up in formation. "It's the Mongolian Air Force!" Al shouted in mocked amazement as he fumbled to get his camera out. But by the time he was ready the air force was shrinking out of sight. "Well, we at least know where all the old planes from "Wings" are stashed," he commiserated. "Maybe I'll get a shot on the way back."

As we climbed from the Ulan Bator airport, we watched the city shrink. Whiffs of smoke from the thousands of gers which ringed the Soviet built city, gracefully swayed skyward. "Looks like hens and chicks down there," commented Al, a retired grocery store manager, "except the hens are all square."

"I'll bet those felt lined gers with their pot bellied stoves are warmer than those concrete juggernauts," said Irene cheerfully. "By the way, was I the only one to get a cold shower? Any one have hot water this morning?"

"No hot water, no shower!!" Al said. We all laughed. "You're the only one who won't need deodorant, Irene!" Al pressed his point by dipping into his carry on and pulling out a slender can of OLD SPICE. "Anyone?" he offered.

As the smoke dissipated into the panorama, so did the capital city of Ulan Bator disappear into the vast plain of Mongolia. Then there was desert, and desert and desert.



Flightless in Mongolia

The Gobi was everywhere. The color was tan, but there was a green tint, faint as if you mistrusted your sight yet could feel the green. Gan indicated a mountain range far to our left, "Tomorrow we'll hike into that pass." All we could see was a saw-toothed range; the pass could be anywhere. "In the morning we'll visit the sand dunes, then we'll have a special picnic lunch in the pasture," he continued, meaning "meadow."

"Gengis Khan rode through the pass which you will hike tomorrow!" Gan claimed. I knew that Gengis had ridden his stout horses 6000 miles, all the way to Hungary. But the hordes of Gengis Khan in this remote region seemed improbable.

Sonia was the first to spot a ger and as we descended she spoke, "I see people." Two small brown figures, maybe looking at us, were visible. An empty corral, about the same diameter as the ger showed that this family had only a small herd.

We spotted another ger and then, loping across the desert, three Bactrian camels, with two humps. I felt like it could be Christmas and the Three Kings lived nearby in a ger.

Then our camp appeared. There must have been fifty white, round disks set in order on the desert plain. A rectangular building broke the symmetry. This would be our home for the next two days.

Our plane jostled to a near stop. Then the pilot revved up the engine, made a right turn on the hard desert floor and brought us close to the white disks that we had seen from the air. The disks now looked like fresh baked muffins all set out to cool on a vast desert cookie sheet. A rectangular building that was decorated across the entire front with a copper facade depicting mounted warriors in action flanked it. "Freedom! Strength! Stamina!" Gan explained. Inside, the building contained a restaurant, bar disco, two private dining rooms, rest rooms and showers. Modern facilities for two hundred people, and we were the only guests.

Our pilot had maneuvered the plane close to the camp. He found the tie down brackets that were firmly set in concrete and toggled the plane in place.

The pilot clutched his gear, a shiny leather bag and struggled to hoist a heavy carton from the plane's bay. The box was a case of vodka, a gift for the skeleton staff that would tend our needs here in the Gobi.

The staff consisted of one male cook who also served as van driver on our excursions and as the card playing, drinking companion for our bored pilot in the evenings. There were also three young Mongolian women who took care of kitchen and house keeping chores. They could have been teen agers or in their thirties. I couldn't tell, but all three seemed pleased with the arrival of our pilot.

Each ger was about thirty feet in diameter and could accommodate four people. Colorful wooden beds lined the perimeter in a semi circle, each separated by a small wardrobe. The beds looked like large trunks, wonderfully lacquered in bright red and decorated with gold filigree of vines without grapes. A blanket, which looked like it came from Pendleton, covered a thin mattress that lay directly on wooden planks. A large drawer underneath, the full length of the bed, stored any travelers belongings. A stove with a stovepipe and box of firewood commanded the center. Looking up, following the stovepipe, you could see the sky. There were two ropes that adjusted center tent flaps for ventilation. Rain was not the concern; it was wind, cold and fresh air.

Late that night, Sonia and I, both single travelers, were the last to turn in. We walked around the periphery of the camp, gazed at the stars, picked out the Big Dipper and tried to identify planets. "We must be standing in the vortex where space meets time," Sonia turned her feeling into words. I looked about, the starlight illuminated our tents, and they glowed white in the blackness of the desert. "Our gers do look like a squadron of marooned space ships," I added. "Beam me up Scotty!" We laughed. "Not just yet," Sonia smiled.

We walked around the circumference of the camp. The night air was cold and calm. It felt good to stroll without a guide herding us along. As we made our last round, we passed close by the rectangular restaurant where the cook, our pilot and the three young ladies were enjoying themselves. The cook slapped down a card, the pilot laughed, and all five shared the vodka. One girl stood watching the pilot's play resting her right hand on his shoulder.

The next morning our driver unlocked a storage compartment on the side of the bus. He raised the lid, reached in and pulled out a 4-foot long rod with a handle. Out here in the Gobi the van had no battery, and he cranked the engine like a Model T. We headed for the sand dunes. There was no road, just desert. Our map was the distant saw toothed mountains that only our driver could read. We explored the dunes and were surprised when the small plane buzzed us, flying low and kicking up sand. Our pilot rocked the plane in salute as he made a second pass, and we could see that someone else was aboard.

We left the dunes and traveled into the mountains to a green meadow fed by a mountain stream. We picnicked, Mongolian barbecue en situs! On foot, we followed the stream,



Flightless in Mongolia



which lead us to the Gengis Khan pass. Snow and ice rimmed our path, it was May, but Gan said that in these mountains there was always some snow.

The return ride back took nearly three hours, although we raced at top speed with the needle on the speedometer jostling back and forth across 100 km/per.

On the way out we had stopped to visit nomads who raised camels, goats, and horses. I had taken Polaroid pictures and passed them out as gifts, and I was just as surprised as a Mongol with an instant picture, when I received a

hand embroidered hand towel in return. We had taken pictures of a ger completely dismantled and didn't realize just how far we had traveled.

We sang our way back. Al started with "I've been working on the railroad." It was followed by a medley of old favorites, but some of us conked out after the first verse leaving the lyrics to those with the best memories. Our cook van driver took the mike and serenaded us with throat singing. In his throat he could create two pitches simultaneously like a pipe organ playing two notes. In the U.S. he would have been a concert artist. I chipped in with the "Cal Drinking Song" and received applause. Gan marveled at the spontaneous energy and joy.

When I asked, "Do you notice any difference between European tourists and American?" He replied instantly, "Americans are crazy!" We all took that to be a compliment.

That night Sonia and I repeated our rounds. We gave less time to star gazing, and our conversation turned to events of the day. "What a remarkable day," Sonia spoke, "I never expected snow when I signed up for this trip to the Gobi. And those nomads, with their tent and belongings all laid out as orderly as Boy Scouts."

"The guide book said that it takes about 4 hours for a family to dismantle and another 4 to reassemble, but I never thought I'd see it done," I commented. "I wonder how far they moved? They remind me of the Swiss moving their cows from the high Alps to the valleys following the seasons of the grass."

"And did you notice how the old man took that Polaroid and put it secretly inside his shirt?" Sonia asked. "It was really precious to him."



It was late, but as we passed by the restaurant, we could see our pilot and his waitress. They sat at a table, the cards were put aside, but two glasses and the bottle of vodka were there.

The next morning we ate breakfast, packed our few items and were ready to go. The plane sat in the desert. Gan and the pilot were talking in front of the pilot's ger. The pilot went back inside, Gan came over to our expectant group.

"Are we ready to go?" Al inquired.

Gan hesitated, "The pilot can't find the keys."

For the next two hours, we waited and speculated while the pilot, the girls, the cook van driver and Gan all swarmed about retracing steps, looking every where, thinking it over and looking again.

A little annoyed and mischievous, I said to Gan, "Ask him where he last took off his pants." Gan was cool to my suggestion, but replied in a low voice, "Too much vodka."

Sonia asked, "How do we get out of here?"

"First camel," Clyde said, as he gestured with a hitchhiking thumb.

Gan directed us to grab our gear and bring it into the restaurant. He ordered the cook to have the girls prepare lunch, as we would be staying a while. Then he told us, "There is another camp, about 30 miles away. I'll go in the van. They have a short wave radio. Maybe we can have a second set of keys flown in from Ulan Bator." There was a low groan as our group let out our feelings of frustration and doubt.

Gan and the cook-driver disappeared heading for the camp, but there was no road!

Clyde and Al were talking. They were in agreement that they really didn't want to fly back with our pilot, keys or no keys. "You can fly with a hang over," Clyde cautioned, "but if there is an emergency, your reaction time is slow." That case of vodka was now making all of us edgy.

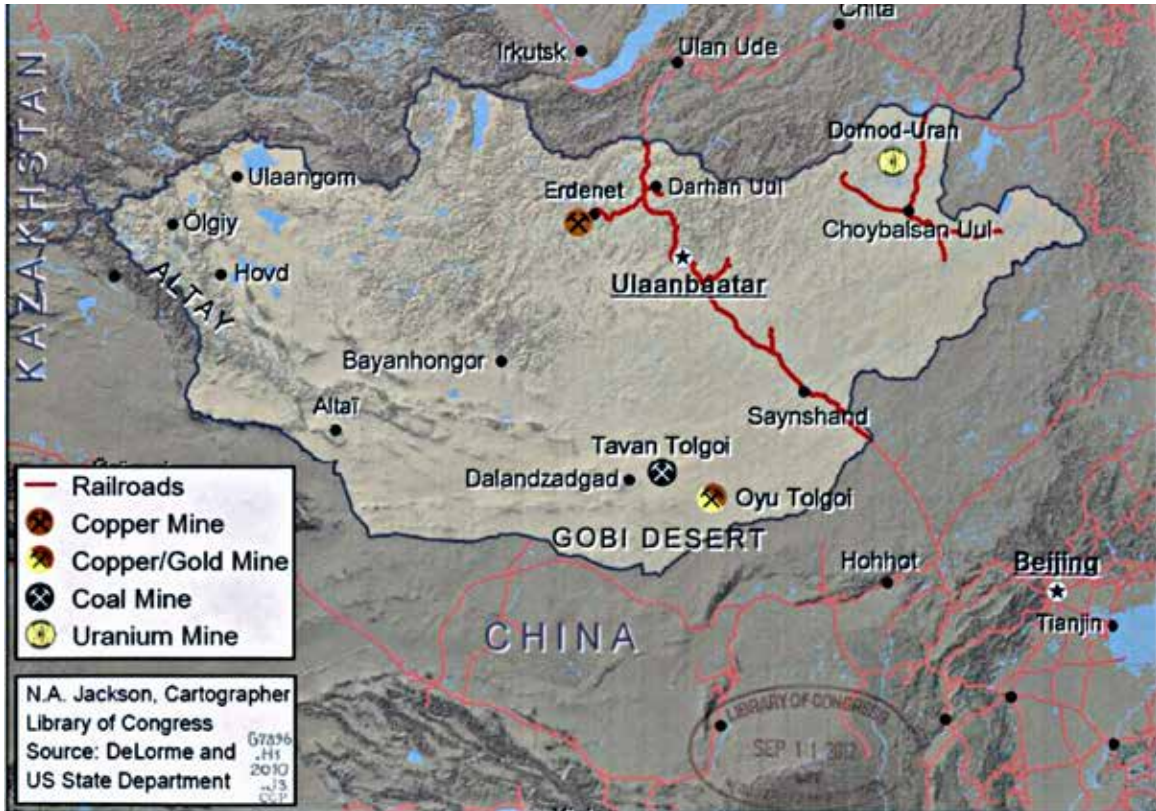


Flightless in Mongolia

"Where do we catch the plane?" Sonia asked.

"Right here," Gan explained. "They are taking a plane from the provincial capital en-route to Ulan Bator, and diverting it." I couldn't imagine United Airlines dropping a commercial plane in the Mohave Desert. But this was Mongolia... not California!

The late afternoon sun glowed golden orange in the west. I first saw a twinkle of silver to the left of the sun, then a flash, then a solid object. Mongolian Airlines, a two engine, prop jet glided to graceful contact with the desert floor. On the hard pan, the large plane surprisingly kicked up little sand and dust. Home we go!



Mongolian Alphabet

The alphabet for foreign words

	v	va	ve	vi	vo	vu	p	pa	pe	pi	po	pu
at the beginning	ᠠ	ᠠᠠ	ᠠᠡ	ᠠᠢ	ᠠᠣ	ᠠᠤ	ᠡ	ᠡᠠ	ᠡᠡ	ᠡᠢ	ᠡᠣ	ᠡᠤ
at the middle	ᠠ	ᠠᠠ	ᠠᠡ	ᠠᠢ	ᠠᠣ	ᠠᠤ	ᠢ	ᠢᠠ	ᠢᠡ	ᠢᠢ	ᠢᠣ	ᠢᠤ
at the end	ᠠ	ᠠ	ᠠ	ᠠ	ᠠ	ᠠ	ᠢ	ᠢ	ᠢ	ᠢ	ᠢ	ᠢ

	f	fa	fe	fi	fo	fu	k	ka	ke	ki	ko	ku
at the beginning	ᠪ	ᠪᠠ	ᠪᠡ	ᠪᠢ	ᠪᠣ	ᠪᠤ	ᠬ	ᠬᠠ	ᠬᠡ	ᠬᠢ	ᠬᠣ	ᠬᠤ
at the middle	ᠪ	ᠪᠠ	ᠪᠡ	ᠪᠢ	ᠪᠣ	ᠪᠤ	ᠬ	ᠬᠠ	ᠬᠡ	ᠬᠢ	ᠬᠣ	ᠬᠤ
at the end	ᠪ	ᠪ	ᠪ	ᠪ	ᠪ	ᠪ	ᠬ	ᠬ	ᠬ	ᠬ	ᠬ	ᠬ

	z	za	ze	zi	zo	zu	ts	tza	tse	tsi	tso	tsu
at the beginning	ᠵ	ᠵᠠ	ᠵᠡ	ᠵᠢ	ᠵᠣ	ᠵᠤ	ᠲᠰ	ᠲᠰᠠ	ᠲᠰᠡ	ᠲᠰᠢ	ᠲᠰᠣ	ᠲᠰᠤ
at the middle	ᠵ	ᠵᠠ	ᠵᠡ	ᠵᠢ	ᠵᠣ	ᠵᠤ	ᠲᠰ	ᠲᠰᠠ	ᠲᠰᠡ	ᠲᠰᠢ	ᠲᠰᠣ	ᠲᠰᠤ
at the end	ᠵ	ᠵ	ᠵ	ᠵ	ᠵ	ᠵ	ᠲᠰ	ᠲᠰ	ᠲᠰ	ᠲᠰ	ᠲᠰ	ᠲᠰ

	h	ha	he	hi	ho	hu	lh	lha	lho	lhu	j	ja
at the beginning	ᠬ	ᠬᠠ	ᠬᠡ	ᠬᠢ	ᠬᠣ	ᠬᠤ	ᠯ	ᠯᠠ	ᠯᠡ	ᠯᠢ	ᠵ	ᠵᠠ
at the middle	ᠬ	ᠬᠠ	ᠬᠡ	ᠬᠢ	ᠬᠣ	ᠬᠤ	ᠯ	ᠯᠠ	ᠯᠡ	ᠯᠢ	ᠵ	ᠵᠠ
at the end	ᠬ	ᠬ	ᠬ	ᠬ	ᠬ	ᠬ	ᠯ	ᠯ	ᠯ	ᠯ	ᠵ	ᠵ

		Alphabet of Mongol script						
vowels		n	b	kh	g	j, z	i	u
		ᠨ	ᠪ	ᠬ	ᠭ	ᠵ	ᠢ	ᠤ
a	ᠠ	ᠠᠨ	ᠠᠪ	ᠠᠬ	ᠠᠭ	ᠠᠵ	ᠠᠢ	ᠠᠤ
e	ᠡ	ᠡᠨ	ᠡᠪ	ᠡᠬ	ᠡᠭ	ᠡᠵ	ᠡᠢ	ᠡᠤ
i	ᠢ	ᠢᠨ	ᠢᠪ	ᠢᠬ	ᠢᠭ	ᠢᠵ	ᠢᠢ	ᠢᠣ
o	ᠣ	ᠣᠨ	ᠣᠪ	ᠣᠬ	ᠣᠭ	ᠣᠵ	ᠣᠢ	ᠣᠤ
u	ᠤ	ᠤᠨ	ᠤᠪ	ᠤᠬ	ᠤᠭ	ᠤᠵ	ᠤᠢ	ᠤᠣ
closed consonants		ᠠᠨ	ᠠᠪ	ᠠᠬ	ᠠᠭ	ᠠᠵ	ᠠᠢ	ᠠᠣ

		Alphabet of Mongol script						
vowels		d	m	ch, ts	r	c	sh	l
		ᠳ	ᠮ	ᠴ	ᠷ	ᠰ	ᠱ	ᠯ
a	ᠠ	ᠠᠳ	ᠠᠮ	ᠠᠴ	ᠠᠷ	ᠠᠰ	ᠠᠱ	ᠠᠯ
e	ᠡ	ᠡᠳ	ᠡᠮ	ᠡᠴ	ᠡᠷ	ᠡᠰ	ᠡᠱ	ᠡᠯ
i	ᠢ	ᠢᠳ	ᠢᠮ	ᠢᠴ	ᠢᠷ	ᠢᠰ	ᠢᠱ	ᠢᠯ
o	ᠣ	ᠣᠳ	ᠣᠮ	ᠣᠴ	ᠣᠷ	ᠣᠰ	ᠣᠱ	ᠣᠯ
u	ᠤ	ᠤᠳ	ᠤᠮ	ᠤᠴ	ᠤᠷ	ᠤᠰ	ᠤᠱ	ᠤᠯ
closed consonants		ᠳ	ᠮ	ᠴ	ᠷ	ᠰ	ᠱ	ᠯ

Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady 1906

republished in 1977 to worldwide acclaim



Diaries and journals continue to fascinate us long after the person or the way of life existed. These lives and events, these moments are gone, but they are not lost. To know another's experience of his culture and know a different instant of time as that person saw it, felt it, lived it....well, that is the luxurious privilege of a literate human being.

The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady, 1906 by Edith Holden (1871-1920) are the personal and sentimental observations of a calendar year in the gardens and fields near her home in England. She included poetry, her own watercolors of birds, plants and insects and with her choices reveals herself and a different concept of time. She had no intention of publishing it.



However, the nostalgic charm of her vanished world-view seven decades earlier resonated powerfully with so many when it was published for the first time in 1977 that it remained on the "Best Seller Lists" for 64 weeks! This sweet book in various forms is available through Amazon.

The continuing success of this gentle, very small "masterpiece" reaffirms what we artists hope and know in our depths: a "true" and entirely individual statement has a mysterious power that transcends time and place and is valuable for a very long time.



16



Musical Instrument Museum

Phoenix, Arizona



The "MIM", Musical Instruments Museum is simply fabulous. It really needs a two day visit because there is sooooo much to see. The exhibits are arranged by country and the TV screens play music by native players as you walk by with your headphones in place. It's a Great System! You can listen over and over again if you wish. You only have to regulate the volume.



Wilmette Arts Guild 2017 Student Awards



Toasting in Cider...TO ART!

Ana Di Vito W.A.G. Senior Scholarship Recipient

Laurie Walker, Bob Di Vito, Donovan Crowe, Barbara Roseman, Anne Hogan, Nadine Di Vito, Julie Ressler, Howard Frank

photo by Laura Rodriguez

Thank You...

WAG would like to thank the judges for their time and sharing their expertise. Everyone is delighted with their choices. Thank you to Laurie Walker, Barbara Roseman, Mimika Papavasiliou, Anne Hogan and Howard Frank.

Many thanks to Jane Carney of Loyola Academy and to Alicia Landes of New Trier High School.

A special thank you to Laura Rodriguez and Monique Boyd for their photographs.

New Awards for 2018

In 2018, the Wilmette Arts Guild will be adding three new awards to those mentioned here.

The Elizabeth V. Nelms Business of Art Award

The Larry and Donna Hughes Restoration Award

Ad Hoc Arts Awards

Senior Scholarship Award

The Wilmette Arts Guild Senior Scholarship, 2017 of \$1000 was awarded this August to Ana Di Vito. She studied with Jane Carney at Loyola Academy. This Scholarship will enable her to apply for future WAG grants as her academic career progresses. She is enrolled in a 5 year BFA/BA program at Tufts University and the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. It is a thrilling opportunity!

Walker & Graham Award

The Walker & Graham Award for 2017 is a cash grant in variable amounts. This year's winner is Giulia Liebovich of New Trier High School. Giulia will pursue her pre-med studies in physiology at the University of Iowa. The WAG judges found her blown glass mermaid for her teacher, Monique Boyd, both meticulous and extraordinary.



photo by Monique Boyd

Giulia Liebovich

Wilmette Arts Guild 2017 Walker & Graham
Scholarship Award Recipient

The Wilmette Arts Guild Arts Review

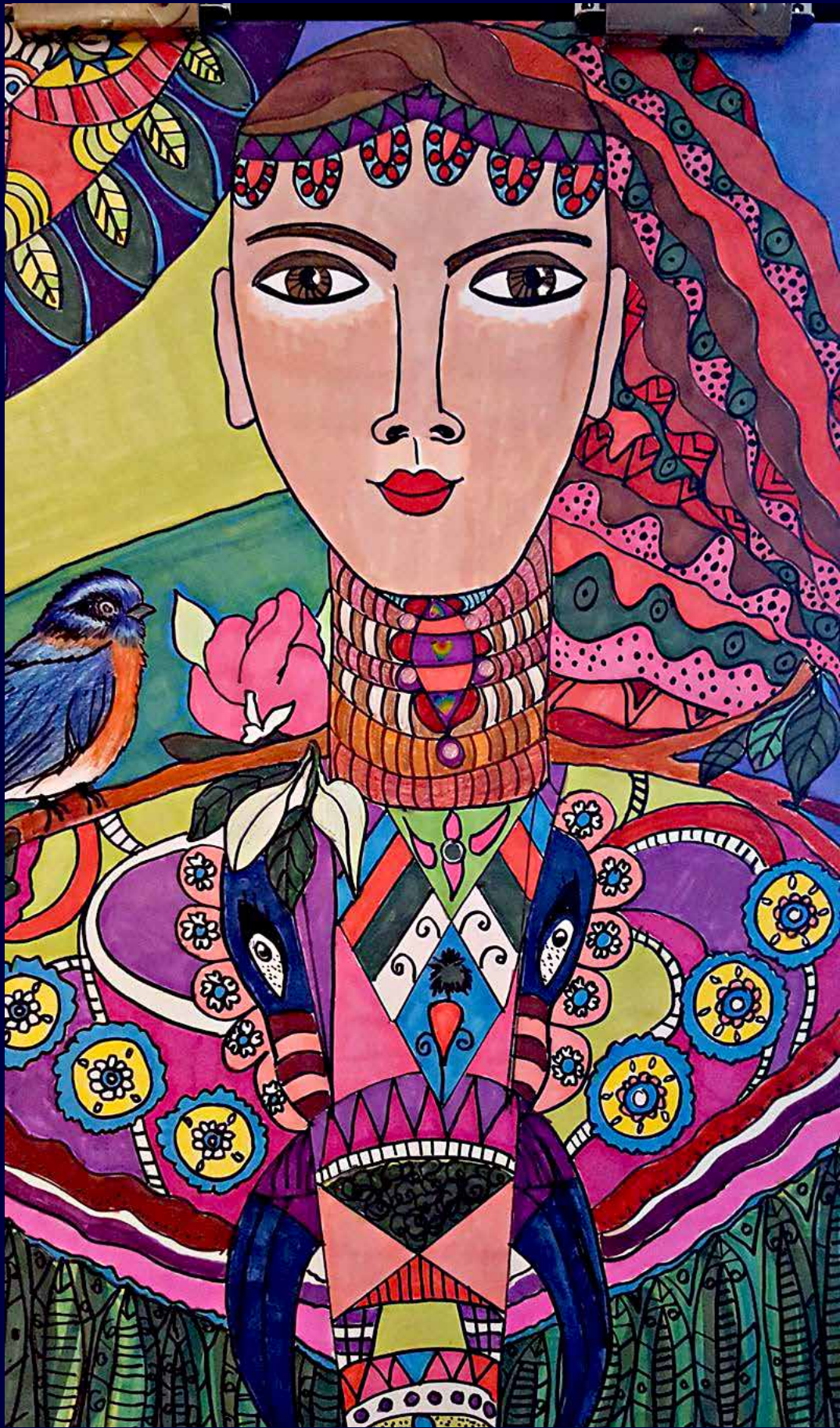
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Member contributions needed and welcomed

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This piece represents the birth of Ganesha, elephant wisdom in my life. Lord Ganesha is the Hindu God of Beginnings, the Destroyer of Obstacles and the God of Education, Knowledge, Wisdom and Wealth. -Rae Luskin



Marilynn Robinson