

ARTS REVIEW

Wilmette Arts Guild... to inform, stimulate, inspire.

Summer 2026



"I put Rodin in one pocket, Michelangelo in the other, and I walk toward the sun." - Stanislaw Szukalski

Stanislav Szukalski

photos by Jeff Vaughan



Struggle

Quantity is the fingers and Quality is the thumb.



Echo is headless as she does not originate the sound. (1918)



Bor Komorowski - Son of Merman
by Stanislaw Szukalski

Komorowski was the leader of the Warsaw uprising against the German invaders who assembled in the sewers of the Polish capital. Like frogs, the uprisers had to duck in the sewerage filth, hence the stylized frog around the neckline, the scumlines on the face.

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"Szukalski himself wrote that to understand his work these five works must be known and understood."



Birth of Thought by Stanislaw Szukalski



Longing - (Far and Long Ago) by Stanislaw Szukalski

Stanislaw Szukalski

by Julie Ressler from multiple incredible sources

For those who know his work, his name is enough to summon breathless awe and the spirit of one of the greatest artists of humanity.... A difficult genius, aren't they all? I don't have to tell you what to see, you can see it for yourself. Why isn't he better known? He has been. He offended everyone by saying life as he saw it. Unfiltered by jejune respect for the ordinary. One of the most fascinating books, STRUGGLE by Leonardo and George Di Caprio is where to begin. This should be required reading for all young artists. I can hear them now. "What ? What did he mean by that? WOW!"

His drawings,sculptures,photographs evoke the treasure jewels and pains of being alive in this world. Our imperfections create the greatest art.

He was born in Warta, Poland on Dec 13,1893. He remained devoted to Poland but the politics was too dangerous for his art- in the United States he lived in Los Angeles.

As a child prodigy he came to the Art Institute of Chicago at the age of 13 primarily admitted for his carving skills. He developed all areas of art as he grew older. He later went to the Academy of Fine Arts in Krakow, Poland."He was known for his "BENT CLASSICISM" which merged Slavic mythology with Aztek forms and blistering modernism. He was a key figure in Chicagos's art scene in the 1920s. His Bent classicism featured anatomical distortions and themes of cultural nationalism. He was a philosopher and a mystic but in this article we will only discuss and present his art.

He returned to Warsaw in 1936 with his entire collection in time for its nearly total destruction in 1939!

He and his wife escaped to the US Embassy and went to California. He dedicated himself to his religion, Zermatism and many interests. We will focus on his sculptures and art. His philosophy and periferal interests are fascinating but for another time.

He was brilliant in drawing and photography as well. He lived next door to the DiCaprios in California. The DiCaprios wrote an excellent biography and produced a film about their very talented neighbor.

His intensity and utter brilliance is exhilarating to those who can see it. There is nothing to criticize. What he has done is his own and belongs to those who can see him. Others will be the poorer for the lack.



Frozen Youth A project for a monument to those who die too young in life: youth, frozen in the moment of its flight. by Stanislaw Szukalski

Stanislaw Szukalski



Katyn

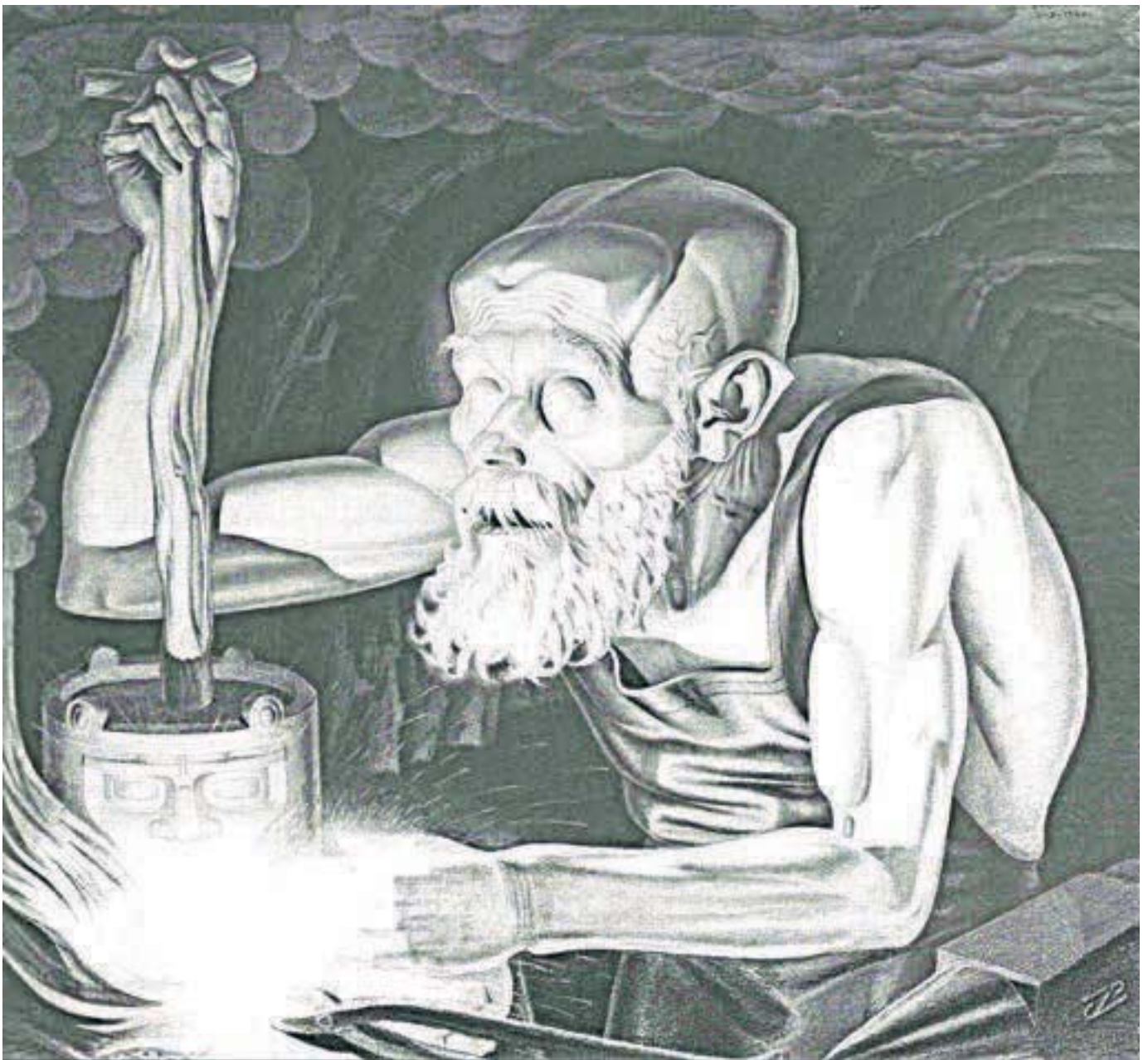
"Katyn tells the story of the 14,500 Polish intellectuals who were executed during WWII in the Katyn Forest. The Communist is executing **God's Eagle**."

Stanislav Szukalski



photo by Glenn Bray

"Szukalski understood the gist of the century in a perfect yet capriciously paradoxical way. The perfection displayed by Szukalski was incongruous because he offered an alternative and highly individualistic interpretation of his time. Like many other artists, he chose the noble path of provocation intended to shock the audiences, question the validity of their views by sharing the underlying principles and then developing them in a different direction."



Ludola, Father of Khrak

"His function was to forge the souls for the newly born in his anvil and to repair the rusted, long-unused ones of the elderly."

Murales de Zacatlán

by Thaddeus Tripp Ressler



Mary Carmen Olvera Trejo

It had been nine years since I had seen the lovely Mary Carmen in her home town of Zacatlán de Las Manzanas. In those nine years this vibrant little city has transformed itself into the center for mosaic murals, if not in Mexico certainly in its own state of Puebla. When I left they were in the midst of creating huge biblical scenes on the walls of the town cemetery. It was all very impressive work, however, what they've accomplished since seems staggering by comparison. I'm in no way denigrating any of their older work, but you can see the evolution of style just by walking around the city.

El Patron himself, Dick Davis, took me to Callejón Del Hueso, an alleyway covered on both sides with ten foot high murals. Entitled Zacatlán De Mis Recuerdos, or Zacatlán Of My



Thaddeus Tripp Ressler

Memories, each mural is a snapshot of town life in Zacatlán from years gone by. Some showed off scenes of local farmers bringing in their wares, or places of significance in town, others portrayed people of historical note. The intricacy in the expressions on the faces themselves was incredible.

6 As we turned the corner my jaw dropped. The murals continued down and around another stretch of alley. Several of them reaching up the side of a building. We wandered slowly down the alley taking in all the different scenes. Each one similar in feel, yet different according to the hands that placed the bits of colored tile. Complimenting and contrasting grout work mixed with choice of tile created detailed textures that were beautiful to behold. Some relied solely on the small bits of tile to create these intricacies, while others used larger pieces that had graphic variation directly on them that played into what they were trying to create. One mural that drew my eye was made primarily of half-inch squares at its base. It used small shaped pieces to create things like eyes and mouths, but still maintained the grid pattern.

Turning another corner we came to a courtyard with a playground which had a metal swing set and slides I hadn't seen since the early nineties. Several concrete benches had gotten the mosaic treatment too, one had a waterfall scene, and another seemed to portray a dragon in a dungeon. Even a few of the shops around the perimeter had their facades covered in mosaic. All this creates a wonderfully welcoming feel to the courtyard. If that was all there was, it would have been enough, but according to Dick, we weren't even through this side of the callejon, and there was a whole other alley opposite to where we had come in that had more going on in it. Before that though, there was still another full length of this alleyway to explore.

The other alleyway, Colonia Linda Vista, came next and was headed up by Mary Carmen's son Rafa Carreño-Olvera. With Mexican heavy metal playing softly in the background, he and I sat down to talk in his Casa de Vitromuralista, started in 2020. Rafa's English is as good as my Spanish, so his son Leonel, who's fluent in both, joined us to help.

When he did join his mother and her merry band of artists, in 2018, they were working on the murals on Callejón Hueso. He worked on several there, before deciding that he wanted to head up a project all his own. In the beginning, no one was really interested in working with him on his new project. Some were already working on other projects, while others were working commissions, and I'm sure some thought he was an upstart that should wait his proper turn. Instead of being deterred though, he recruited Leonel and his mother, and set to work. Others soon followed.

On Linda Vista we see much of the work he's done. Named after a famous song about the love Mexicans have for their country, Mexico Linda y Querido, it aimed to highlight the different states of Mexico and their history. On the right of the alley are previous winners of the Feria de Manzanas, or Apple Fair, dressed in the traditional style of the state they chose to represent. In the background there are little tidbits that are representative of the states they come from. Above the Caballero Aguila, or Eagle Warrior, of the State of Mexico you can see the Pyramid of the Sun looming over the whole scene. And in the background of Guerrero they put La Quebrada de Acapulco, the famous Acapulco cliff diving spot.

Murales de Zacatlán *(continued)*

by Thaddeus Tripp Ressler

On the left hand side of the alley is the international side. These were people that wanted to be a part of the project and volunteered their likeness to the wall. With a little research the artists were able to find traditional garb for all but one of the thirty-five people memorialized. The exception being the United States which was represented by Cristy Olvera Trejo, who's children live in the US, dressed as Lady Liberty.

In all this work that they've done, Rafa was able to develop techniques and strategies for making the mural process smoother and faster, but also figuring out ways to better show perspective and give better depth to the murals. This was highlighted when we visited the workshop they use. He and his team were setting up for a mural they've agreed to do in Veracruz. A gaggle of young artists hunched over tables with heavy duty nippers in one hand and tile in the other. The familiar tink sound of tile snapping, cut through the Mexican pop music playing throughout the shop. The twenty-ish feet of background mural took up nearly the entire left side of the workshop's floor space. It's to be the Crucifixion of Jesus, and so there's a line of faceless Roman soldiers standing in front of a gathered crowd with their back to us. The disembodied faces and hands of several of major players in the scene, were being cobbled together on tables next to it.

They put down a plastic mesh, similar to the kind for needlepoint, rolled out over base drawings. This gave them a flexible foundation to attach the tiles to. That meant that they could plan the whole mural before stepping foot on the site to begin. The planning stage may be far more involved, but time at the actual site, working under the hot sun, is shortened considerably. There is certainly something to be said for being able to do your artwork in a comfortable environment.

Speaking of comfort, at the end of the day we retreated to the tavern at Rafa's Casa de Vitromuralista. Here on display is some of his smaller scale, more intricate work. In these he took a more fun approach to the kind of art on display, but more detailed approach to the workmanship. His framed mosaic of a young girl, Catrina, in Dia de Los Muertos makeup required him to sand the sides of each piece smooth to allow for the tight tolerances that give the final product such fine detail. He told me that just this small 12x18" mosaic took him two weeks of full time work to complete because of the labor of sanding alone. Inside there is an Alice in Wonderland theme with a fantastic account of the smoking caterpillar. The extra steps that are taken on these framed mosaics makes them look like printed computer graphics, rather than painted bits of vitrified clay arranged with cement. To be fair, he is in fact using computer graphics to get the outlines of what he wants, because in his own words, he's not very good at drawing. He more than makes up for that supposed lack, with a fine attention to detail and craftsmanship.

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The economic impact on the community has been impressive. When last I was here they were certainly already a tourist trade, but the number of shops has jumped, as has the range of products they sell. Restaurants along La Barranca, where the first of the murals went up, do a good business throughout the week. In a lower level of the road passing in front of the original pantheon murals, dozens of little stalls have opened up. El Corredor De Artesenos is a place where artisans sell a smorgasbord of little trinkets, paintings, photography, local honeys, flavored syrups, herbal concoctions, specialty cooking oils, flower arrangements, soaps, you name it. All made by local artisans being helped by the draw of the mosaic work that's been done here.

There's been so much work done in the last nine years, I find it truly amazing. I've been here three weeks now and I still can't get over how much work has been done, and the work isn't even close to being done either. On our first day here Dick and I looked at the church that Mary Carmen is currently working on. She and her crew are close to finishing the street side wall, and will be moving on to the interior of the church to start work there. She does it all with smiles and good cheer for everyone.



One of the coolest things to me is that since all these murals are all locally made, by locals, from conception to finished work, they have become a source of great pride for this beautiful little city. Everybody in town knows about these murals, people from far corners of Mexico are coming to appreciate these murals, and in a town that is frankly out of the way for most people. Three hours from Mexico City, and two from Puebla, you have to want to come here, and they do. Every weekend the streets and alleys fill with people that want to view history through the eyes of artists, or find pride in their culture, and then others that are simply appreciating a beautiful little city that happens to have some fantastic murals and people.

Body Doubling for Artists:

How Creative Partners 4,000 Mile Apart, Fuel Each Other's Creativity By Jennifer Rapp Peterson and Margriet Van Nieuwburg

Jennifer: From Isolation to Connection--The Creative Journey as a Shared Experience



Jennifer Rapp Peterson

Every Tuesday morning at 9 a.m., I enter my studio ready to dive into my creative work. But I'm not doing it alone. At that very moment, my creative partner, Margriet, is also stepping into her studio—4,000 miles away. While I paint in Wilmette, Illinois, she's in Suffolk, England, getting ready for her afternoon painting session. And yet, thanks to Zoom, we share our creative time as if we were side by side.

It's more than a time for painting. It's a weekly commitment we've held for almost a year, dedicated to showing up for our art and for each other. During the first half of each Zoom session,



Margriet

we discuss what we're working on, where we feel stuck, and set intentions for the time ahead. Then, for the last half, we slip into silence, working side by side, separated by an ocean but united by purpose.

This practice, known as body doubling, has become a substantive part of my creative process. The term itself might sound clinical, but what it means to me as an artist is anything but. Body doubling is about sharing space, virtually or physically, with another person as you both work on your own tasks. It's a technique often used by people with ADHD to boost productivity, but I've found it incredibly powerful in a creative context. And, as any artist will tell you, the creative process is as much about managing focus and overcoming internal resistance as it is about the art itself.

In the corporate world, it's often referred to as virtual co working or parallel working, a concept that gained momentum during the pandemic when many people were forced to work from home. "Work with me," "co-work with me," and "co working livestreams" are popular trends on TikTok. Strangers are coming together to work silently—without the need for conversation.



Body Doubling for Artists



For artists, our work is often solitary. Spending long hours alone in the studio can be isolating. Without anyone to witness the journey, it's easy to fall into self-doubt. Body doubling keeps us both grounded and committed to our work.

Margriet: Energy, Courage and Breakthroughs – A Partner Who “Gets It”

Every artist knows the struggle of getting stuck, of staring at the canvas (or page, or screen) and feeling utterly lost. That's where the magic of body doubling comes in. It creates this beautiful combination of focus, accountability, and shared intention, which helps us push through those moments when we might otherwise retreat into avoidance.

It's deeply comforting knowing someone else is right there, immersed in their own work. It's not about policing each other or checking in constantly—there's no pressure. It's about silently witnessing each other's process. This unspoken support can make all the difference.

When I'm about to play it safe or back away from trying something new, the knowledge that she's right there, pushing her own limits, gives me the courage to keep going. It's through our quiet

partnership that I often find the breakthroughs I need—the ones that come when I dare to be bolder in my vision, to step further into the unknown.

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One of the most unexpected benefits of body doubling has been the energy exchange. It's subtle but profound—just being in the presence of another creative soul can spark ideas and fuel the flow. There's a rhythm to it, a silent conversation happening between us as we paint. When I'm stuck, I can look at Jennifer on the screen, see her brush moving across the canvas, and suddenly feel a surge of motivation. It's as if her focus spills over into my space, reminding me that I, too, am capable of pushing through.

Creativity, after all, is an energetic exchange. When you're alone, it's easy to get stuck in your own head, to start questioning whether you're on the right path. But when you're working alongside someone else, even virtually, their energy helps carry you forward. It gives you that extra bit of courage to try something new, to take risks, and to envision something bigger for yourself and your art.



Both: A Sacred Ritual of Creative Accountability

We both cherish our sessions - it's a ritual that anchors our individual art practices - giving each of us the space to take stock of where we are and what we want to do next. We tend to push ourselves further, experiment more, and show up with greater consistency.

And while body doubling might seem like a simple concept, it's the depth of connection, the shared intention, and the mutual support that has made it an integral part of our creative lives. Whether your studio partner is 4,000 miles away or sitting next to you in the same room, the impact is undeniable.

Sir Who?

by Dick W. Davis

My brother Jordi was the smartest boy in school. He was articulate beyond his years. He could invent stories and back them up with references! As easily as our dog Homer caught table scraps in mid-air and gulped them whole, people believed Jordi's tales.

Jordi was a year younger than I. But when I started the fourth grade and Jordi the third, some school test advanced Jordi to my grade. A school psychologist came to our home and explained to Papa and Mama, "Your son ran right off the scale, he's a very bright lad, but for social interaction, I recommended that Jordi not be advanced more than one grade."

Jordi was the only one I ever knew who skipped a grade. He was large for his age, so we were about the same size. After the first few weeks of fourth grade, classmates considered us fraternal twins. Grade school was a happy time for both of us. We worked on projects together, built backyard forts, experimented with Mr. Wizard's Chemistry Lab, and mystified our friends with a crystal radio set. The neighborhood boys gathered in our basement like iron filings to a magnet, and Mama would have to turn off the light to remind them that they really didn't live here.

It was in high school that Jordi had trouble. I can't explain it. He just wanted out. He wished and read his life away, or at least three of the four high school years. He knew the earth had to revolve around the sun and it depressed him to think of the distance and the time he just had to wait. He tried to speed up the process with an interest in stock car racing. He lied about his age, signed Papa's name to "permits" and with tailpipe thunder; he blasted around the local dirt track fiercely. A group of us, all hot-rodders from Oakland Tech, cheered him on and envied his daring.

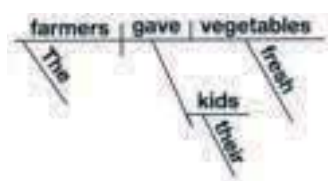
But the most memorable feat in high school, outside of the Saturday that he rolled our battered souped-up '49 Ford at the Altamont Speedway and the promoter paid him fifty bucks for thrilling the crowd, was the day in English class that Jordi explained, "Don Quixote wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare."



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Mr. Tilloch was our Senior English teacher. His specialty was diagramming sentences and following the school outline for "content to be covered" Mr. Tilloch was a young teacher, still in his twenties. He was small, muscular and athletic. A gymnast in college, he had been hired as the Boys' P.E. coach. But when Mrs. Ellsworth, the real English teacher, had a baby in the summer of '57, and decided not to return that year, Mr. Tilloch was drafted to teach the Senior English Class. Mr. Tilloch had jet-black hair, crew cut. Jordi suspected, "He kept his hair style from his previous life in the Marine Corp." His close clipped hair was indicative of his uneasiness as an English instructor. He found safety in organization and carefully followed the published outline for our grammar text, Wordsmithing. He was comfortable with grammar; it was cut and dried like Marine boot camp. He avoided literature. Analysis and interpretations threatened him. Assignments in Mr. Tilloch's class were always on time. There could be no excuses without hospitalization, a note from your doctor and a Purple Heart. Chalk dust seemed foreign in his classroom. Neatness, order, organization were priorities. Jordi was dismayed with his rigid, humorless teaching. Jordi claimed, "He doesn't even read! His idea of a test is a pole vault!"

I pointed out, "He sure can diagram sentences, that's reading."



"Androids are programmed to diagram. He doesn't read and can't think. There's a switch in his back which is disguised as a bayonet scar, flip it and his right arm reaches for chalk and diagrams sentences!" Jordi backed up one absurdity with another. We all laughed, and let him have his way.

We were assigned to report on an author of our choice, to read his biography and research the author's roots. Mr. Tilloch suggested, "Noble writers came from noble sources." He was eager for us to prove this to ourselves. He had an aristocratic viewpoint and believed that authors like Jack London were the exception. Mr. Tilloch bred dogs as a hobby and believed in bloodlines. His Weimaraner, "Gray Ghost," gained show honors and was featured in our local newspaper. This publicity and Gray Ghost's enthusiastic cooperation earned Mr. Tilloch a tidy sum, as breeder and "little ghosts" appeared everywhere.

"Great families were the foundation for great educated men," said Mr. Tilloch.

Exceptions bothered him, like Gray Ghost siring a runt. In literature, the great exception that troubled him was the mystery of Shakespeare. He believed that someday the facts would be known and he leaned to the theory that Sir Francis Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare.

Jordi came to class unprepared the day Mr. Tilloch called on him to present his paper. Each paper was to be presented orally. The student could write out the entire draft or use notes as he wished. Each student was to address the class while Mr. Tilloch watched and graded from his desk that was off to the far interior side behind the speaker.

Sir Who?

Jordi was last in order of presentation. He kept watching the clock with the hope that Melissa Henderson and her report on George Sands would end the period and save him. But Melissa wasn't cooperative. She finished well before the bell and Mr. Tilloch called, "Jordi, there's just enough time for your report."

Jordi rose confidently. He gathered up three or four absolutely blank pages and walked to the front center. As if looking at the notes of an extensive effort he began, "Don Quijote wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare." He paused, staring at the blank sheet of paper.

Mr. Tilloch stirred in his chair with interest. Obviously, he had no idea who was Don Quijote nor did other classmates. I jiggled my head in a nodding "yes" fashion, trying to signal Jordi to continue. His silver tongue might pull this off.

Jordi continued, "How could a man of such humble stock rise to the position of being the greatest literary figure in the English language?" Jordi paraphrased Mr. Tilloch's own question concerning Shakespeare. I looked at him. He was all interest. Maybe Jordi was about to solve his greatest mystery. Perhaps Jordi's research would tell him who really wrote Hamlet!

In his broadcast voice, Jordi spoke with authority, "Shakespeare was born before 1600..."

I thought to myself, "Don't you know at least his birth date?" Then he continued with the one accurate fact that sounded the least credible.

"...and he died on the same date as Cervantes."



Sir Vantes

"Sir Who?" interrupted Mr. Tilloch.

"Sir Vantes, the nom de plume of a great aristocrat," replied Jordi quickly, emphasizing "Sir". Mr. Tilloch seemed satisfied although perplexed. "Aristocrat" had its desired effect and he wanted to know more.

I was now sure that Jordi's earlier contention that Mr. Tilloch "doesn't read and can't think", was so. Other classmates were equally ignorant of Cervantes and were starting to take notes.

"Shakespeare's father was Spanish," declared Jordi. "He was a survivor of the defeated Spanish Armada. He swam ashore and found refuge in a hayloft. His real name was Juan Paniagua de Lanza. This name was Anglicized to John Shakespeare." With this wild declaration, Jordi held up the blank pages in his left hand and with his right hand in front of these barren pages, out of sight of Mr. Tilloch but in full view of the entire class, Jordi saluted us with an obscene gesture!

The girls in the front tried to stifle their giggles and looked at a spot on the floor. Laughter rolled across the room. Mr. Tilloch immediately stood up to restore decorum in his classroom.

Mr. Tilloch did not understand the source of laughter, but believed someone was trying to make fun of Jordi. He came to Jordi's aid, "Class, that's enough," he dryly chided.

"Jordi has done a lot of original research. Courtesy is due." He beckoned Jordi to continue, and he looked suspiciously at the spot on the floor where the front row of girls had stared when trying to control their outburst.

Jordi really felt up to historical invention now. "Juan survived in the hay, a milkmaid discovered him, protected him and fell in love." He contended, looking right at Mr. Tilloch, "An ordinary sailor and milkmaid union could never have produced the genius Shakespeare." Jordi continued, "The milkmaid from Wessex gave birth to a son named William." I rolled my eyes, and grabbed the side of my desk in self-control. "Jordi, you're on the wrong side of England!" I tried to communicate my thoughts.

Mr. Tilloch didn't seem to notice.

"It was in a London coffee-house while drinking Dry Sack that William Shakespeare, a bit actor," Jordi said slowly with sarcasm, "met Don Quijote an educated aristocrat and a man of letters. The young actor, believing 'all the world's a stage' first accepted the role of Sir Vantes, a name known to Queen Elisabeth."

Jordi hesitated, then catching his idea, continued, "Short comical plays titled 'Between Scenes' were performed before her majesty. Don Quijote preferred the pseudonym Sir Vantes and allowed Shakespeare to take the credit. Quijote did not wish to associate his proud family lineage with vulgar, popular entertainment. And when Don Quijote wrote full five act plays for the Globe Theater, Shakespeare presented them as his own."

Sir Who?

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Jordi glanced at the school clock; the class was starting to stir in anticipation of the bell, he concluded, "By comparing similarities in the acknowledged novels of Don Quijote, his spelling errors, and diagramming sentence...it is obvious that William Shakespeare was a front for Don Quijote plays. The death of Shakespeare on April 23, 1616 allowed Don Quijote to fake the death of his fictitious non-de plume, Sir Vantes, and thus end the charade."

"Where did you get such fine information?" requested Mr. Tilloch.

"It was just published by researchers at the Mormon Genealogy Library," Jordi lied.

Before Mr. Tilloch could inquire further, the bell rang. Jordi folded his blank pages. Pushing against the flow of classmates rushing for the door, Jordi returned to his desk and picked up his books.

Mr. Tilloch grinned and closed his grading book.

I waited in the hall for Jordi to catch up. It was lunchtime. We walked down the brown hallway with its creaking linoleum, took a left at the stairwell and descended two flights to my locker. We both had separate lockers, but we shared mine since it was near the school cafeteria and our lunch bags were stashed inside. I twirled the combination lock, left, right, and left, stopped at the final 17 and opened the door. We grabbed the brown paper bags which Mama had reused from Safeway and entered the school lunchroom.

Usually we sat with a group of friends, but today Jordi chose an empty table against the far, sunless wall. It was cold.

I unwrapped my peanut butter and strawberry jam sandwich from its waxed paper. Taking a bite, I looked at Jordi. He had a carrot stick in his hand. He held the carrot in his mouth like a contemplative pipe smoker.

"You really pulled off a classic!" I congratulated him.

"Jordi remained silent, brooding. "No, not classy," he finally replied, purposely substituting "classy" for "classic", "Mr. Tilloch didn't choose to teach 'Screwball Fiction.' He filled in, came off the bench. He gave it his best. He's a straight arrow. But can you guess what he said about my paper?"

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"No," I stumbled, "thought it was great?"

"Tilloch said, 'I don't think it was Mormon Genealogy, my guess it's more like Ali Baba...GENIE-o1ogy.'"



William Shakespeare



Miguel de Cervantes

Portrait of Joanna Koerten



Peter the Great, Tsar of Russia, and Cosimo de Medici were among her admirers. Poets compared her art to Michelangelo's. Seventeenth-century Dutch textile and paper cutting artist Joanna Koerten who was one of the most celebrated artists of her age, even if today she's fallen into near total obscurity
From information gathered by Katie White October 16, 2025



Naturae. Photo: Museum De Lakenhal, Leiden.

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Nicolaas Juweel, Portrait of a Paper Cutter, possibly Alijda Juweel, in Rotterdam (1696). Photo courtesy of Rotterdam Museum.



Johanna Koerten, Portrait of Peter the Great, Tsar of Russia (1697–1715). Collection of the Rijksmuseum.

Shibui, Wabi-Sabi, Kintsugi and the Watery Divide

Notes from Kimiko Tower

These three principles of Japanese aesthetics are fundamentally Zen, but so fundamentally true of the human condition that West must meet East and just ignore the watery divide. These concepts are the three legged cauldron or "ting" in which ART is cooked, so that it can nourish the world spirit. Here are some of my notes: I don't pretend to be an expert, just an enthusiastic student.



Example of Shibui

Shibui relates to a refined beauty that isn't associated with popular fashions or current fads. It is a basic quality that's unaffected by time or social changes.

Shibui is something beyond words, indescribable. It is understanding rather than knowledge. It is powerful silence. It is simplicity. It is spiritual tranquility. It's a matter of soaring through knowledge and touching down at simplicity. Shibui has to do with spontaneity. It implies creative restraint. It is being with no thought of becoming.

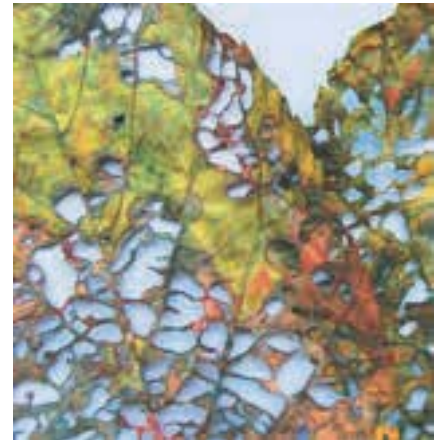
Wabi-Sabi does have some physical characteristics, although relying on a mere physical description won't get it. It is the well-worn spirit manifest in an object.



The simplicity of Shibui

In the *Velveteen Rabbit*, a beloved children's story, Bunny is rubbed real by being loved by the boy. That's wabi-sabi. (What is Real? Bunny asks the Skin Horse. "Real isn't how you are made but a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become real. It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby.

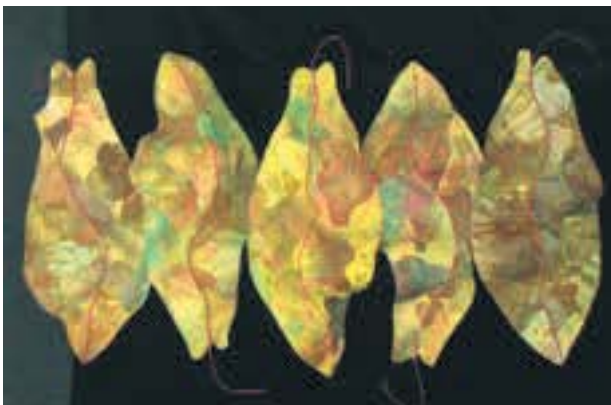
But these things don't matter at all, because once you are Real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand.) Margery Williams Bianco, *The Velveteen Rabbit*



Painted and stitched fiber by Barbara Schneider

Barbara Schneider and her work in fiber visual art, doesn't reveal itself until the winds of time have had their say. A cracked pot, for example, has an essence that a perfectly round pot is lacking. Beauty is in the cracks, the worn spots, and the imperfect lines." These characteristics apply to everything from Japanese brush painting, to Japanese tea ceremony, to the Japanese garden." W.Todd Dominey.

Materials of wabi-sabi creations are organic rather than synthetic. Plastic is false, and can't take the place of wood, stone, or clay. The form or shape of an object—whether it's a bowl or a small-space garden—is natural, and it expresses its own nature. Form is not forced or artificially contorted to make a point. Rough, coarse, irregular surfaces are preferable to smooth or slick textures. Surfaces should imply natural processes rather than exteriors devised by humans. Beauty is derived from the emotion conveyed, not



"Fall 2" in fiber by Barbara Schneider

from any particular detail of the work.

In the world of Zen, purpose is secondary to the sense of wabi-sabi.

I'm sure you have known people who will point to a piece of sculpture or a pottery object and ask, "But what's it for?" "What does it do?" Back for a moment to the *Velveteen Rabbit*..... These are the people who don't understand.



Loengard's Georgia O'Keefe

Kintsugi, translated as “gold joinery,” is the Japanese craft tradition of repairing broken pottery with gold-filled resin. Now artisans use a variety of materials to connect the shards, but the message remains the same. Instead of the mend hiding the formerly broken pieces, kintsugi proudly proclaims the damage visibly with defined lines of gold.

In Kintsugi, the fact of brokenness represents a history beyond newness and, therefore, the object is even more beautiful.

What an allegory for our lives in a culture where new is “improved” and age is to be defied with plastic surgery. Kintsugi can be applied to all of us so that we indeed see that we are both beautiful and strong in our broken places. With this sense, we derive meaning from our suffering, our “woundedness”, our aging.



Example of Kintsugi

The power of Kintsugi was brought home to me by singer-songwriter John Flynn. I was not familiar with the term until I heard Flynn’s composition eponymously named.

The lyrics of his song bespeak how the analogy of a broken bowl made whole meets our deepest experience:

“Rejoining shattered pieces ... in a whole new way. ... You are beautiful because your heart is broken ... because you have the wisdom, kindness, upon your face.”

“It”—whatever “it” is—doesn’t always have to be for anything and it doesn’t always have to do anything.

It is... and that’s enough.



Example of Kintsugi - gold and lacquer filled

- Koren, Leonard, Wabi-sabi for Artists, Designers, Poets, and Philosophers, Stone Bridge Press, Berkeley, California.
- Juniper, Andrew, Wabi-sabi: The Japanese Art of Impermanence, Tuttle, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Soetsu Yanagi, The Unknown Craftsman: A Japanese Insight into Beauty, Kodansha International, New York, New York.
- Okakura Kakuzo, The Book of Tea, Tuttle, Rutland, Vermont.



Beautiful repair using Kintsugi



Increased value due to Kintsugi repair

From the Editor, Julie Ressler,

What began as the W.A.G. Newsletter has now come to maturity in the Arts Review. We know now that we have an enthusiastic audience for our diverse subjects and irreverent treatments of the sacrosanct in the arts. The range of artful experience is always new even if it's very old!

Our “staff” is our membership and the Arts Review gave us a wide audience, both national and international. Galleries and individuals who have interests they wish to share for the joy of art contact us for extra copies, and then usually join. We are inclusive rather than exclusive.

Many people have asked what we do for local artists. In past years Wilmette Arts Guild has set up shows each year in all different media at the Rec Center and a continuously changing display at the Meskill/ Mallincrodt Center. The Members’ Show happens in April. We hang lots of art in local businesses. We have supported the NSNG at their fiber shows at the Chicago Botanic Gardens.

Since April of 2011 WAG has sent out thousands of E- Blasts to our membership, promoting their art and on Art Topics. Thank you so much for your responses.

If you have a topic or something to say and would like to tell or write about it, please let us know. We need articles! We need feedback! Please donate as you are able...completely tax deductible. We need YOU!

Love to all,

Julie

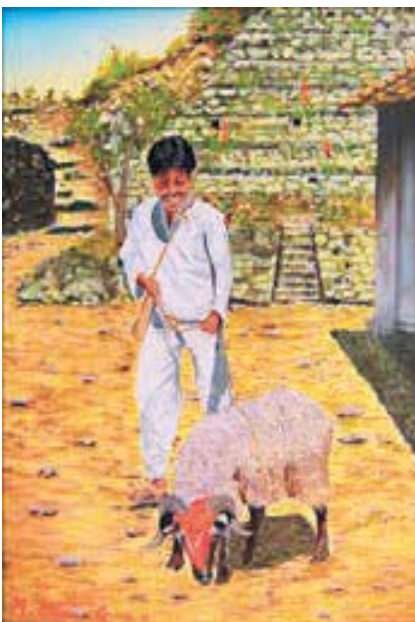
This was the beginning of the Wilmette Arts Guild Supporting

Art as Cultural Preservation

by Dick Davis, Features Writer Our Mexico, Arte y Cultura, WAG Newsletter



Miguel Diaz Guererro



The Weaver

How poor would be our library of knowledge without Mayan murals or Huichol bead and yarn paintings, or native designs incorporated in handicrafts? Art is a major source for what we know about ancient and indigenous cultures.

Art has preserved history, rituals, beliefs, and the fabric of daily life. Art has recorded landscapes, flora and fauna. Butterflies and birds, textiles and pottery, with a swish of an artistic hand, have been melded into objects of utility and a cultural record. The illustrious and the inconsequential are part of our knowledge due to art.

Artists have used vibrant colors, symbols and masks to express mystical experiences in recording a people's spirit, culture and beliefs.

Traditional art is realistic and is often the only record that preserves an event, a person or a community. The cave paintings of Baja California are the single source of our knowledge of a now vanished people. Drawings give evidence of the cultural disruption of a people once considered "a nation of giants."

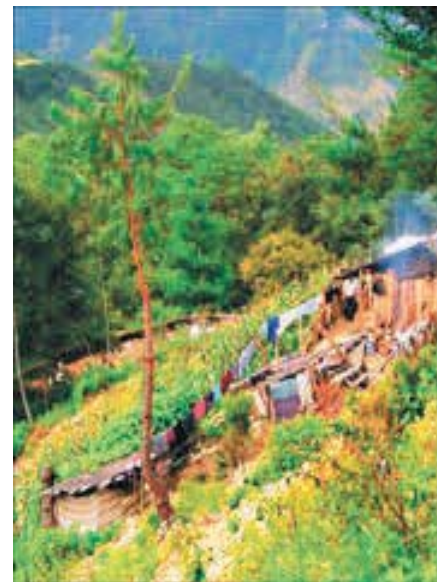
Throughout Mexico murals decorate municipal buildings and comment on the cultural history of Mexico. Diego Rivera's "A Dream of a Sunday Afternoon in Alameda Park," a fresco preserves a cultural commentary that lives in the Alameda Hotel. José Guadalupe Posada, "the peoples' artist," keeps alive in caricature and satire the political culture of the era.

Art, sometimes wild and incomprehensible, displays the mind of man, the irrational and the rational, the sophisticated and the primitive, the grotesque and the sublime. Since the 1900s art has become less traditional, recording dreams and using new abstract styles such as surrealism and cubism. It has become invention, created new forms such as drip paintings and colored rectangles, and artists have combined materials in totally unexpected ways that record and preserve the vitality of a culture.

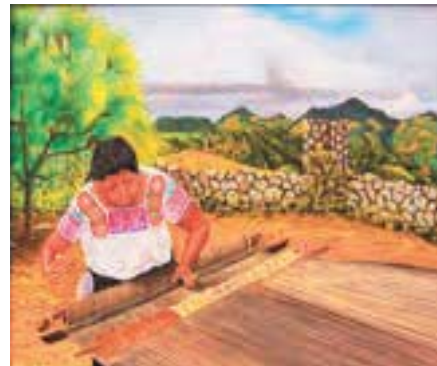
When art is examined one sees a preserved history sometimes a window to the past, sometimes a vision of the present that one day, will be the past. Art reveals and preserves a vision of our heritage, our culture, our spiritual beliefs, our environment and



En plein air studio with critic



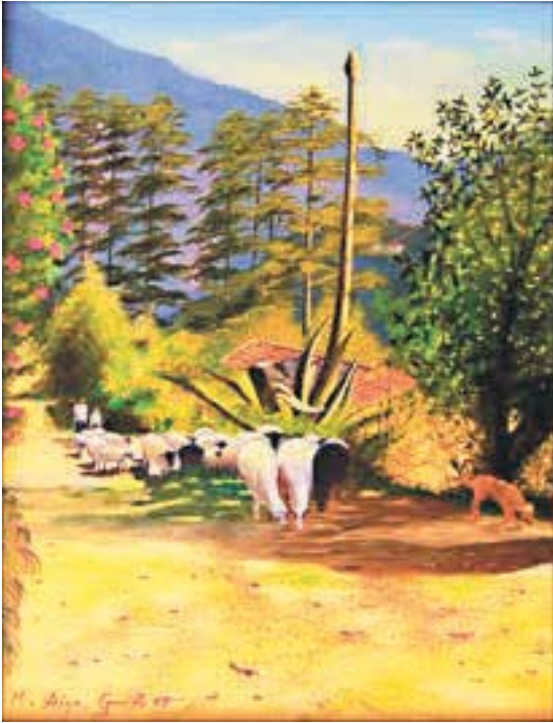
Miguel's home in the mountains



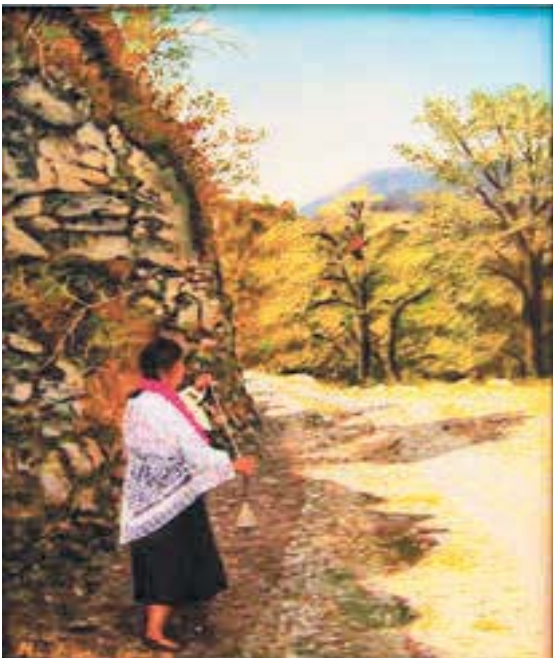
The Loom



A Dream of a Sunday Afternoon in Alameda Park by Diego Rivera



On the mountain path



Waiting for the bus

our attitudes. Whether pre Hispanic or Christian, in textiles, amate bark, pottery, murals or masks, art is a cultural preserver.

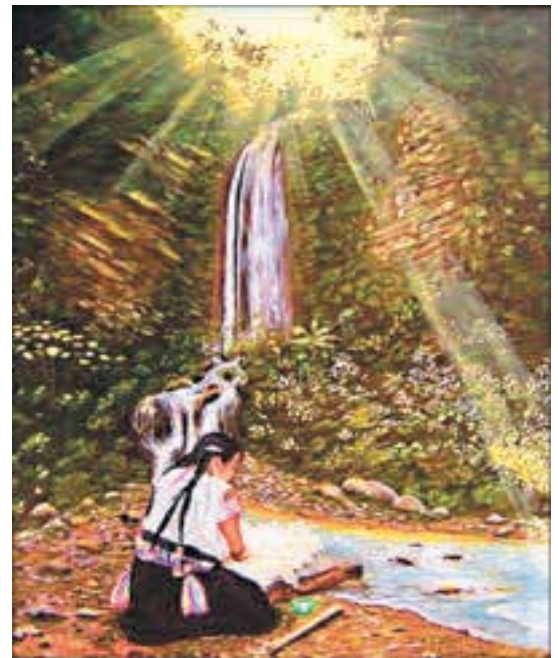
Miguel Diaz Guererro is a painter who lives in the Sierra Norte. He was born December 13, 1981 in Popotihuilco, Zacatlan Sierra Norte, Puebla, Mexico. He graduated from Cuacui-la Primary and Tetela de Ocampo Secondary. As a child Miguel took naturally to drawing, but in Secondary school he was challenged with the opportunity to paint with oil.

He is an indigenous artist who lives with nature and his community. He participates in daily life and culture. His realistic paintings preserve and record life in the Sierra. He incorporates landscapes, flora, fauna, individual activities, and the community. He has recently created twelve paintings themed around sheep: the herding, gathering, shearing, washing wool, carding, spinning, weaving and garment wearing.

For posterity Miguel has recorded and preserved life in the Sierra Norte.



Sheep shearing



Washing in the river

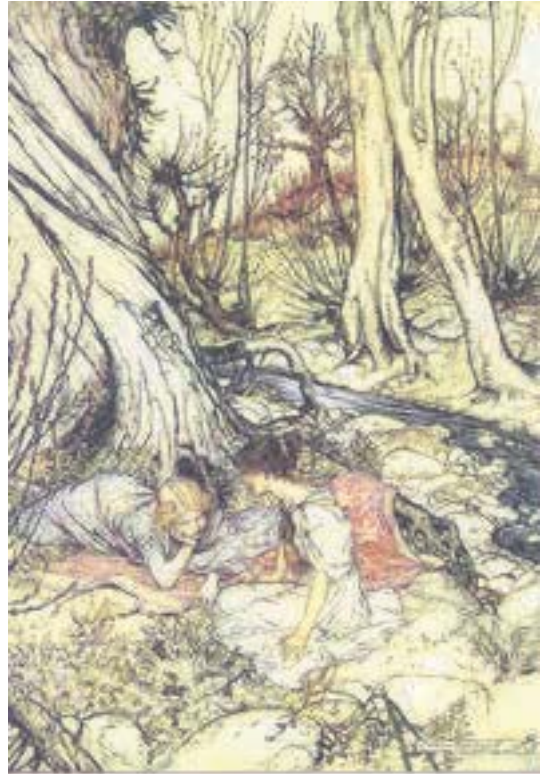
Midsummer Night's Dream

Shakespeare's Fairies

"In England, the fairy season begins in the middle of April, at the time of the coming of the cuckoo, when the earth is newfangled, and continues until the last scant mushroom has undergone its spongy decay under the rains and the whistling winds. Within the limits of this charmed period we are constantly teased by the suspicion that it is only because of some congenital denseness that we cannot see fairies.

Where the fairies go none can tell."

Llewellyn Powys Earth Memories



*...where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-buds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet
Act I, Scene I*



*She never had so sweet a changeling
Act II, Scene I*



*I am that merry wanderer of the night
Act II, Scene I*

Midsummer Night's Dream

illustrations by Arthur Rackham



To hear the sea-maid's music
Act II, Scene I



And a fairy song
Act II, Scene II



Titania lying asleep
Act III, Scene I



What angel wakes me from my flower bed!
Act III, Scene I

Midsummer Night's Dream



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"Bottom Scratch my Head" Henry Fuseli 1741-1825. Swiss born British painter "famous" for his dark romantic themes - painters, draftsman, writer "Damn nature! She always puts me out!"



"Titania Awakes" Engraving from a painting by H. Fuseli (1741-1825)



The fairy queen Titania here leans adoringly against Bottom, a weaver who has magically been given the head of an ass. (Shakespeare's act 4, scene 1)

Famous lullaby sung by The Fairies

Midsummer Night's Dream Act II Scene II

*"You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen....."*

*"Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, etc."*

Midsummer Night's Dream - Felix Mendelssohn

Overture (1826) - Incidental Music (1843)

In 1843, King Friedrich Wilhelm IV of Prussia and Czar Nicholas I of Russia asked Mendelssohn to write music for the entire Shakespeare play. Mendelssohn supplied thirteen new pieces; not only full-length pieces for scene changes and settings of the song texts in the play, but a few snippets to underlay stage action. The Scherzo, Intermezzo, Nocturne and Wedding March on this program all come between acts.

Mendelssohn was making new sounds here. Many composers had conjured the fairy world before, but no one had been able to do it so convincingly and completely



Felix Mendelssohn



Ophicleide

The Midsummer Night's Dream Overture is a startling work. In the Overture, Mendelssohn created a new musical genre, and a musical language and expression, unlike any that had come before. It was the first "concert overture," a work intended not to introduce a dramatic presentation, but to represent, complete in itself, a literary work, or story, or place. Music as literature became such a quintessentially Romantic concept, and the concert overture (such as Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*), and its offshoot, the tone poem, became so common in the 19th century that it is easy to forget that this one overture started it all.

Mendelssohn scored the overture for the same orchestra that had been standard since Mozart's day, with one startling exception. He added an ophicleide (1817), a bass brass instrument. The sound is coarser than that of the tuba which had not been invented until 1826. The big uncouth instrument sticks out of the shimmering orchestral texture like Bottom, the weaver, with his jackass head, sticks out of the gossamer bower of the fairy queen Titania, which was Mendelssohn's point in using it. It even gets to bray like an ass in the recapitulation.

The Forms of the music:

1. The Scherzo
2. The Intermezzo
3. The Nocturne
4. The Wedding March comes at the end of Act IV and leads to the post-wedding part of Act V, giving us the most iconic wedding march in the world.

In 1833 Mendelssohn wrote to his publishers, who had apparently asked him if there was a specific program to the overture.

"I believe it will suffice to remember how the rulers of the elves, Oberon and Titania, constantly appear throughout the play will all their train, now here and now there; then comes Prince Theseus of Athens and joins a hunting party in the forest...then the two pairs of tender lovers, who lose and find themselves; finally the troop of clumsy, coarse tradesmen, who ply their ponderous amusements; then again the elves, who entice all - and on this the piece is constructed. When at the end all is happily resolved...the elves return and bless the house, and disappear as morning arrives.

So ends the play, and also my overture."

Musical notes from the expertise of Harold Posner.

Cicely Mary Barker



Cicely Mary Barker (28 June 1895 – 16 February 1973) was an English illustrator who created the Flower Fairies, images of ethereal smiling children with butterfly wings. As a child, she was greatly influenced by the works of the illustrator Kate Greenaway,[1] whom she assiduously copied in her formative years. Her principal influence, however, which she duly credited, was the art of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Early life

Cicely Mary Barker was born in 1895 in Croydon, England.[2] She suffered from epilepsy as a child and remained physically delicate for most of her life. She was unable to go to school, so she was educated at home and spent much of her time on her own, reading and drawing.

In 1908, when Cicely was 13, her father enrolled her at the Croydon Art Society, where

they both exhibited work. She also enrolled in a Correspondence Art course which she continued until 1918. At 16, Cicely was elected a life member of Croydon Art Society, the youngest person ever to receive this honour.[3] The art critic for the Croydon Advertiser commented: "Her drawings show a remarkable freedom of spirit. She has distinct promise."

In 1911, when she was 15 her father submitted some of her work to Raphael Tuck, the stationery printer, who bought four of her pictures for greeting cards. From this time onwards, she was able to sell her work to magazines, to postcard and greeting card manufacturers, and later to book publishers. This was very helpful to the family finances for her father died when she was 17, leaving Cicely, her elder sister and her mother in difficult circumstances.

Cicely was industrious and determined. She sent her flower fairy paintings to several publishers before Blackie accepted them for publication in 1923. She was paid only £25 for a total of twenty-four illustrations and verses in *Flower Fairies of the Spring*, the first of the Flower Fairy series. Seven more little books about Fairies were to follow.

Fairy art

Cicely was also influenced by the huge popular interest in fairies which developed from the Victorian enthusiasm for fairy stories and was



Cicely Mary Barker

epitomised by the immense popularity of J. M. Barrie's Peter Pan in the early part of the 20th century. Published in 1923, *Flower Fairies of the Spring* was well received by a post-industrial, war-weary public who were charmed by her vision of hope and innocence, which seemed to evoke a less aggressively modern world.

Queen Mary did much to encourage the vogue for fairy paintings during the 1920s by frequently sending postcards depicting fairies to her friends. This popularity saw the publication of Cicely Mary Barker's *Elves and Fairies* postcards in 1918.[1]

Barker always used real-life models for her paintings. Most of the models came from the kindergarten her sister Dorothy ran in the back room of the house in which they lived. She also painted the children and relatives. One of her models was Gladys Tidy, the young girl who came to the house every Saturday to do the household work.[1]



Barker always asked the child model to hold the flower, twig or blossom of a particular fairy, for she wanted to be sure of the accuracy of her depiction of the shape, texture and form of the plant. Her only alteration was to the size, she enlarged the flower to make it the same size as the child.

Her flowers are always botanically accurate. If she could not find a flower close at hand, she enlisted the help of staff at Kew Gardens, who would often visit with specimens for her to paint. She wrote in the foreword to *Flower Fairies of the Wayside*:

So let me say quite plainly, that I have drawn all the plants and flowers very carefully, from real ones; and everything that I have said about them is as true as I could make it. But I have never seen a fairy; the fairies and all about them are just "pretend".[4]

Barker's art reflects several strong influences. Her family was deeply religious and she retained a strong Christian faith all her life.[3] She greatly admired the work of the Pre-Raphaelites and her own work echoes their philosophy of being true to nature both in her meticulous depiction of flowers and plants and in the way in which the fairies represent their spirit.

Canon Ingram Hill remembers her as "one of the pillars" of St Andrew's Church, Croydon.[citation needed] Her faith informed all of her work, religious or secular, whether in cards, children's books or decorating the churches with which she was affiliated.

In 1916, Barker designed eight mission postcards, including *Prayer*, a picture of a young woman kneeling before an open window, possibly modelled on her sister. In 1923, she painted a series of five birthday cards featuring angels and babies for The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Starting in 1920, Barker painted many religious works, including illustrated Bible stories, written with her sister Dorothy. She also painted panels and triptych for chapels and churches including *The Feeding of the Five Thousand* for the chapel at Penarth and *The Parable of the Great Supper* for the chapel of St. George's Waddon.

In 1926, Queen Mary purchased one of her religious paintings, entitled "The Darling of the World Has Come."



Alebrijes

by Thaddeus Tripp Ressler



In 1943 a man by the name of Pedro Linares became deathly ill. While he was in bed unconscious, he dreamt of a place that resembled a forest. There, he saw strange, unknown animals. A donkey with butterfly wings, a rooster with bull horns, and a lion with an eagle head. All of them were shouting one word “Alebrijes! Alebrijes! Alebrijes!” When he got better, he began recreating these creatures in giant papier-mâché format.

Alebrijes are now famous all over Mexico and especially in Oaxaca and Mexico City. The ones made in Oaxaca are primarily made from wood, while the ones from Mexico City tend towards the original cardboard and papier-mâché. In either, you are going to find wild color schemes and intricate patterning. And they’re not just restricted to these two areas, they’ve expanded well past any state borders in Mexico. With the release of the Pixar movie Coco, in 2017, alebrijes became world famous.



Alebrijes might have been the only thing that could distract you from the pastel palette that are the buildings that line the streets of the Yucatan town of Valladolid. I will grant you that the paint is chipped and peeling, but it doesn’t change the flavor that the greens, pinks, reds, and blues bring to the streets. With a view like this it’s amazing that anything else of visual significance could pull your attention, but within minutes of dropping my bags at the hostel I was surrounded by a psychedelic smorgasbord of color and design. No window displays, no music blasting, just a simple sign above the doorway signaling the coffee that I was in desperate need of.



Rafael Baca



The Ik-Kan gallery and workshop is just a block and a half away from the main square. It’s run by a man named Rafael Baca, an autodidact born and raised in Mexico City. He’s a painter, muralist, sculptor, and deeply spiritual man, that focuses on themes of Mexican culture. He spent quite a bit of time in Chiapas and Guerrero, helping indigenous communities to bring art to their public spaces. And in many ways, his focus continues to be on bringing art to public spaces.

And this can be seen in the aforementioned cafe attached to the back of the workshop, where he painted a giant mural of his oldest riding a Jaguar with wings, the external gills of an axolotl, and a rattlesnake’s tail. For me, I couldn’t help but think of my favorite comic strip of all time, Calvin & Hobbes. It had the same energy

Alebrijes

by Thaddeus Tripp Ressler

of adventurous child mixed with a dose of danger, as all children should have in their lives, or at least their imagination.

One of the things that struck me was the intricacy of each piece. It wasn't until I saw one of the raw unpainted pieces being sanded down in the back in preparation for paint that it really hit me. There's the base layer, then the accent layers, the outlines following the different body parts and muscle groups, and then after all that then there is the detail work that goes into the multiple patterns on each piece.

Rafael told me that the larger pieces, about the size of a border collie, can take three and half to four months to complete. That sounded like an incredibly long time, but when I went back to my photos and looked at the intricacy of each piece it seemed possible. Then I remembered watching the students and workers in the workshop carefully propping their painting hand with their other hand and slowly making deliberate stroke after stroke. I would imagine that without the dedication to the artform and cultural significance that it represents that it would be absolutely maddening to try and do more than one. Yet here was a whole gallery filled with them.



Orphan Art

by A.J. Magrue

Every year there is a new crop of art passed on from one generation to the next. The problem is that when the older generation passes on their heirs are often at cross purposes about how to handle the legacy of paintings, sculpture and other art works that are left to them in the estate. A young family may like pictures which hung in the parent's house but have n where to place them in their smaller house. Or the children may think such works are out of fashion and simply want to get rid of them. There's the rub. If a painting originally cost a lot and was thought to have value, how to do something with it which will bring a fair price ? If there is a market for a given artist there will be some dealer who can sell it, If it is appraised for significant value it can be sold at auction. But what if there is no appraised value? Like paintings by unknown artists and not even terribly attractive to look at? Many people are reluctant to simply discard such work thinking that someone might actually want them. But if there is no market for given works there's not much chance to make a profit from them. That brings up the whole question of how to find out if there may indeed be a market for specific artists. First one may consult dealers who handle contemporary art (or art from whatever period is being represented). If no one knows anything about the work you have how to find out more about that work.

There are some specific indicators that a given artist may be valued by someone else. The first question is : does this artist find buyers on the secondary market? If the answer is yes then you may indeed find people who will be interested in a particular painting by a given artist. Auction records may show the same thing. For any given artist whose works are in demand there will be dealers who know specific collectors or even museum curators who will be interested. If so then you need some professional advice to appraise the work for a fair market value. Suppose no one you contact has any such information about the work you have. If that artist was



Curt Frankenstein - Members Only - Oils

from a specific area, like Santa Fe, you might advertise in search of other works by this artist. Regional artists often have a certain following, and at times an active following after the artist is no longer alive.

If there is at least a recognition of a given artist particularly in the area where the artist did most of their work, then there is a chance to find a buyer. What really indicates the existence of interested buyers is the discovery of forgeries. No one bothers to fake a painting by someone whom no one has ever heard of. But actual forgery happens with some frequency: when forgeries are discovered as happened a few years ago at Knoedler Gallery in NY there was a big scandal and lots of unwelcome attention paid to the dealer and buyer. Ironically the finding of forgery is good luck for collectors who have legitimate works. It also may cause alarm for those who suddenly wonder "Is this a real Picasso?"

What about the case where no secondary market is found and certainly no evidence of forgery. This is by far the largest group of art works in the orphan category. The vast majority of this work, it is mostly paintings or works on paper, it simply stored in garages, attics and even commercial storage spaces. So what can be done with it? One thing is money laundering. Yes, a mechanism for turning large amounts of illegally gained money into nice clean cash. How does that work? Well we have seen direct evidence of this process, selling art of no commercial value for millions of dollars. 'The income is legitimate profit for goods sold. Pay a tax on



Peter Nussbaum - Drops - Photography

Orphan Art

by A.J. Magrue



Milvi Wheeler - Raven - Oils

it, either as income or capital gains and voila! Clean money. Who was famous for doing this? None other than the son of the US President, Hunter Biden. He produce a number of art works which were colorful, abstract and met the current industry standard of art (which has never been defined very well in the first place) and received millions of dollars for such works. All out in the public eye----no one has accused him of receiving the money illegally. No need to prove that such a sale was legitimate; everyone is free to pay what they want for a private transaction. The fact that the art had no commercial value was key---if instead he said that

he sold brand new Ford car to someone, anyone, including the Chinese, the tax agents would say "the commercial value of said car is forty thousand dollars; anything over that amount is a bribe or worse." But since the art was a one of a kind object that had not been sold before there is no track record of what a legitimate price might be.

Some cynics might accuse him of a money laundry scheme; but so what? Now the use of art for money laundry also occurs with valuable works like a print by Warhol which can sell at auction for a million dollars or more. As long as the object is one of a kind it can be sold at auction for whatever someone will pay for it. Suppose some oligarch from Russia gets a painting by Picasso with a legitimate provenance and bill of sale. Said oligarch can send the painting to a place in Switzerland called Freeport where art is stored under safe conditions. No tax is paid until it is moved to another country, then tax is charged according to value. While it is limbo, so to speak, there in Freeport there is no tax charged. The owner can then sell the work to whomever he wants for whatever price he can get. The buyer may be someone in the US who becomes the new owner and pays any tax due upon bringing the work into the US.

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Shirley Engelstein - String Quartet - Fiber Art

When the new owner takes delivery of the work ,say in New York, it has a declared value. Such value will be compared by customs agents with similar works by known artists and a "fair market value" is assigned. So yes there is room for profit or loss but if the new owner claims a profit way out of line from the mainstream value of such art then the tax agents can confiscate the work. But if the work is by an unknown artist, such as a painting handed down in a legacy by an amateur painter, there will be little problem having it accepted at face value. For that matter someone here in the US can offer the same orphan art work for sale; if someone wishes to pay a million dollars for it the artist collects and pays the capital gains tax. Only two people know how much was received, namely the artist and the buyer. There is no established level of value the way there would be for a Picasso sale.

So orphan art can be used for nefarious purposes and often is. But there is a new avenue for dealing with orphan art called the Zero Art group in New York. Here they show tons of painting which fall into the orphan art category. You can go and get one for free, sign a contract not to sell for five years. At the end of five years the work is yours. Before the five years are up you can sell it but fifty per cent of price goes to the artist. That is the story in a nutshell. Look up Zero Art on line for edtails.

Curt Frankenstein - Chicago

by Julie Ressler



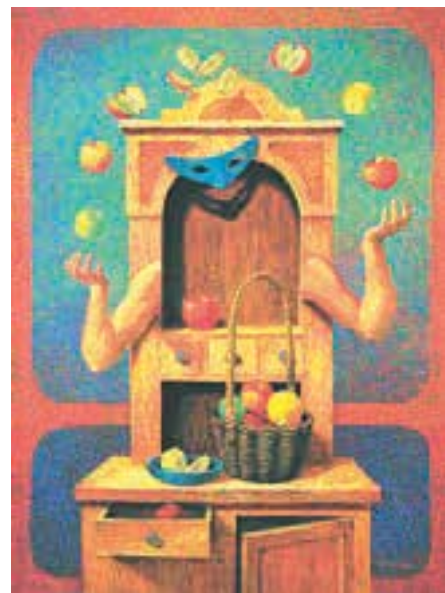
Chicago Tribune photo by Anthony Robert La Penna

Curt Frankenstein was a well known painter and printmaker, who came to the Chicago area from Germany at the age of 25. He attended the American Academy of Art, The Art Institute of Chicago, and the Otis Art Institute of Los Angeles. Subsequently he took courses in Lithography under Max Kahn at the Art Institute and in Etching under Hedi Bak at Studio 22 in Chicago.

Curt lived in Wilmette, IL, until his death on January 4, 2009. He had a studio and print shop with his own etching press. His work is represented in numerous public and private collections: Illinois State Museum, Union League Club of Chicago, Borg-Warner Corporate Collection, Standard Oil of Indiana Collection to name a few. He participated in many juried group and one-man shows around the country. As a member of the Wilmette Arts Guild, he displayed at the Wilmette Public Library and the Coldwell Banker Gallery shows. For over 35 years, Curt's work appeared in many important publications and he received many awards including the prestigious "Municipal Art League of Chicago Award of Excellence."



Victory of Spring by Curt Frankenstein



The Juggler by Curt Frankenstein

The Yellow Iris Effect

Suggested by Llewelyn Powys
observed by Julie Ressler

This short, sweet thought poem of a gifted mind takes us on a brief journey through life's chafings and delivers us to a passion that could appreciate beauty even in the midst of life rubbing us raw.

We learn not to think of life with stipulations by accepting pain. Then, in the same life, "Look I've brought you Yellow Iris. "This is a balm to even the rudest mind!" This gentle scene lives in the mind far longer than the pain. We note that beauty sends us back to the good that's hiding in even the coarsest experience.

This theme is always present in love moving, either leaving or arriving. The power of beauty to soothe

whatever emotional beast

threatens is active even in the frantic elation of the "new" or the rancid departure of the "used" experience. There are the long nights when only the yellow of the iris has not yet passed and has kept us from complete despair. It catches the light of the morning, the bright yellow of the new day!



Iris Orientalis
Pierre Joseph Redoute



Iris Pseudacorus
Pierre Joseph Redoute

Marilynn Robinson

1938-2023



Extraordinary Luminous Transparent Watercolors

I hope to create an ethereal diffused effect that captures the Eternal breaking through in an instant and illuminating the natural world with an interior light.



Our thanks for this issue go to: Dick W. Davis, Everett Campbell, Lili Nelms, Colin Cox, Bonnie Zak, Cathy Priest, and Sally Schoch.

These generous people allow Wilmette Arts Guild to publish and distribute this magazine free of charge.



Maillincrodt Center-Wilmette

A heartfelt thanks to three people who are always there when we need them for setting up and taking down shows at the Mallincrodt Center. Thank you Lisa Sullivan and Laura Rodriguez and Barbara Primack for all you do. **THANK YOU!**



Many thanks to **Barbara and Francis Hunt** for their valuable insights and first rate sources like *Earth Memories* by Llewellyn Powys, a "must read" for love of the English language.



Nathan Sulack - State Farm Insurance
417 Linden Avenue · Wilmette, IL
847-906-0096



A special thanks for his windows that displays our members' art

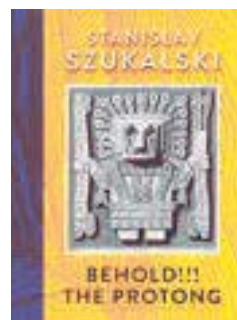
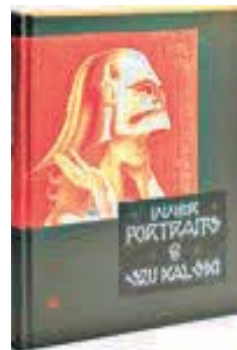
Bibliography for Szukalski

Arts Review Summer 2026

All available from Thrift Books

"I put Rodin in one pocket, Michelangelo in the other and walk toward the sun." -Stanislav Szukalski

1. **Struggle – The Art of Szukalski** – Leonardo and George DiCaprio.
(This should be required reading for young artists and artists of any age that are young at heart). "Thank yous" Page 192
2. **Inner Portraits** – Szukalski
3. **The Lost Tune** – Stanislav Szukalski – Early Works
4. **Behold!!! The Protong** – Stanislav Szukalski



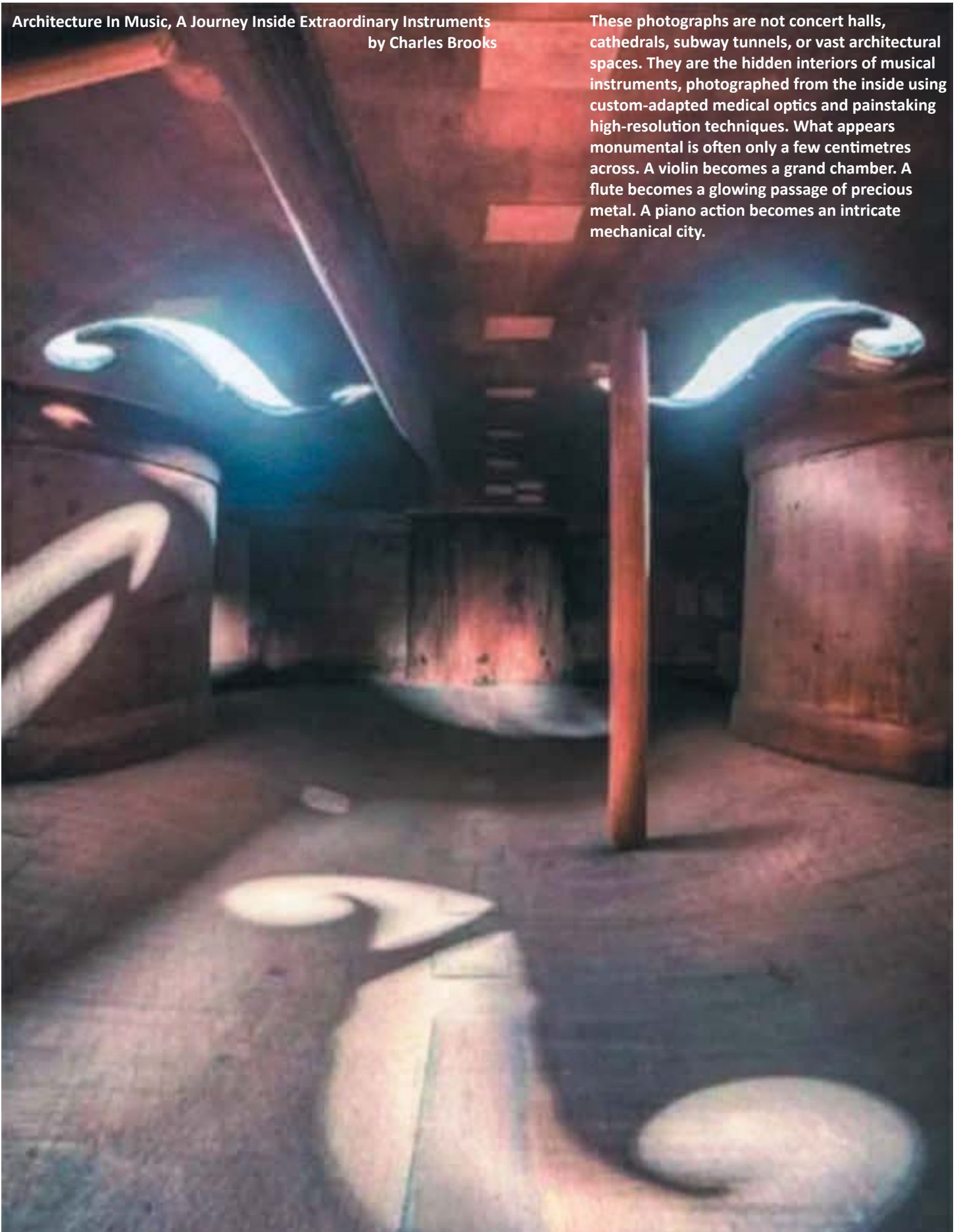
Thank you to **Wojciech Mika** for giving me new eyes!



These books are strongly recommended.
Found at AbeBooks: www.abebooks.com
and
Thrift Books: www.thriftbooks.com

Architecture In Music, A Journey Inside Extraordinary Instruments
by Charles Brooks

These photographs are not concert halls, cathedrals, subway tunnels, or vast architectural spaces. They are the hidden interiors of musical instruments, photographed from the inside using custom-adapted medical optics and painstaking high-resolution techniques. What appears monumental is often only a few centimetres across. A violin becomes a grand chamber. A flute becomes a glowing passage of precious metal. A piano action becomes an intricate mechanical city.



"Inside a Lockey Hill Cello, circa 1780" by Charles Brooks
Online you can find many other examples of instrument interiors.

Without that sound post, there is no "full" sound!