

The Docent Muse

May 2008

For this final issue of The Docent Muse we have enlisted the help of four Muses. I like to call them The Girls of Summer. Let's meet them.



"Hi, my name is Thalia. I am the Muse of Comedy. I like the sound of laughter."



"And me, my name is Clio. I'm a little more serious because my interest is History."

"Terpsichore is my name. And dancing is my game."



"As the Muse of Astronomy, I help people look deep into the skies. My name is Urania."

As Muses tend to do, they have inspired some great articles for our newsletter.

Laughter, It's a Good Thing.

Allison Thiel

For the last few months Hotei has welcomed our visitors to the delights of the Weber Collection in Target Gallery. His presence has brought smiles to so many people. It has made my job as a guide easy.

Hotei, the tenth century itinerant monk is a favorite figure of Zen Buddhism. Who can resist his roly-poly jiggling figure filled with delight, joy and laughter? What a great way to set a tone for our visitors.

Laughter connects us with others. Laughter is contagious. Laughter brings life.

If you are a practical sort of person you may like to know that a good belly laugh exercises the diaphragm, contracts the abs and even works out the shoulders, leaving muscles more relaxed afterward. It even provides a good workout for the heart.

So with Thalia, the Muse of Comedy in mind, get in touch with your inner Hotei. Let laughter ring through the halls of the MIA.

I am so happy to share this photo with you. It was made available by Emily Clausman an Associate in Development & Membership.



I Just Love That Snake Jug

Sheila McGuire

I offer this article in honor of our muses of history and comedy. Some of you tell me that you add a new object to every tour you prepare in order to stay fresh and expand your knowledge. I like that idea on many levels. I believe we all benefit when we stretch outside of our comfort zones. My fair muses pushed me outside of mine when they urged me to look deeper into a funny little jug in the McCullough gallery, which has drawn my attention for a couple of years now. Perhaps you have seen it. If not, I know you will go look at it now—maybe even incorporate it into an appropriate tour, if such a tour exists.

The quirky object of my affection is simply called *Snake jug* on the label. Snake jugs were the purview of two clever brothers named Wallace and Cornwall Kirkpatrick, the founders and operators of a wildly successful stoneware pottery in Anna, Illinois from 1859 to 1896. The brothers produced many kinds of utilitarian as well as souvenir wares ranging from drainage pipes and fire bricks to pig-shaped flasks and the fabulously eccentric, snake-entwined whiskey jugs. They exhibited their wares at the 1876 Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia and the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

The MIA's snake jug, which first graced our galleries in Jason Busch's exhibition, *Currents of Change* in 2004, is exceptional in many ways. Although its



shape and naturalistic details link it to others, of the two dozen some jugs known today it is the most pointedly narrative and the finest in terms of the rich colors used to tell the tale. Scholars believe that Wallace crafted the snake jugs as he was an avid collector and observer of snakes and insects and other creepy-crawlers and gifted in the arts of sculpting figures in clay.

So, what is going on in this jug? The jug depicts a not very historical account of the capture of Jefferson Davis (1808-1889), president of the Confederate states, by Union soldiers. Davis is the running figure with full breasts in the skirt billowing just enough to reveal his genitals (that is before they were removed at some point later in the object's history!). This is where comedy comes into play. I am no historian, but what a quick Web search tells me is that in the early morning of May 10, 1865, the 4th Michigan cavalry apprehended Davis at Irwinsville, Georgia, on his way to Texas to join General Kirby Smith to try to reestablish the confederacy. When he was captured with his party, which included his wife and four children, he was said to have been wearing Mrs. Davis' waterproof dress or robe over his gray suit with a shawl covering his head and shoulders. On the jug Davis is identified as "the great belligerent (sic) in petticoats." The media went wild with the story elaborating on his dress, including tales of hoop skirts and sun bonnets. It would seem that the outer garment he had on was actually a type of water-repellant, wide-sleeved cloak worn by both men and women of the time.



The Kirkpatricks spared no detail or humor in their overtly sexual parody of the event. Between Davis' legs words read, "trying to get out of the last ditch his boots betray him." With no historic account to support the representation, the jug depicts Davis with a dagger lunging at the soldier who brandishes a gun. The backside of the jug shows copperhead snakes essentially imprisoning a Union soldier. Anna pottery scholar Richard D. Mohr interprets the snakes on this jug as symbolic of treason and treachery. Wallace, so knowledgeable in all things snakes,

places a dab of copper color on each snake's head to leave no doubt that they represent copperheads, the poisonous snake used as the namesake and symbols of the northern Democrats who supported the southern cause. The Kirkpatricks were radical Republicans, that is, raving liberals, in a part of the north still given to supporting the confederate cause.

If this all seems a bit confusing to you, you are not alone. In fact, Mohr's recent article in *Folk Art*, fall 2007, takes issue with the common interpretation of the snakes on these jugs as symbols of temperance. Although both Kirkpatrick brothers were involved with temperance movements at one time or another, they also profited greatly from commissions from liquor providers and the sale of objects made for consumers. Mohr argues that these jugs, which he calls *delirium tremens* jugs, were never intended to be temperance propaganda. He believes that the over-the-top style and high humor of these, as well as the fact that they were often sold at fairs and carnivals, suggests that they invite drinking rather than condemn it. He writes, "In their riotous form and execution, the Anna Pottery snake jugs are send-ups of pomposity, religiosity, and Puritanism." I love the idea that this jug continues to prompt dialogue even today.

Back to the jug, I don't want to close without inviting you to look for the six-legged spider, spotted frog, dung beetles pushing the pile of dung with the word UNION emblazoned on it, or the seductive female figure, labeled "Playing Dixie," who plucks her harp and sets the rhythm of the jug's activity into motion. And by all means look for the man in tight pants and short coat tails, whose pink rear end juts out of a hole. Above him are the words "in secret session." Between the legs of a similar figure on the rear of the jug is the message, "hunting his hole." I don't know what this means exactly, but the possibilities are interesting. Rear-end figures like these appear on many of the snakes jugs, a gag too good to use just once. Also look for the architectural drawing below the main narrative scene, which I believe, based on other images, depicts the Anna Pottery itself. There is so much to see and think about with this little gem of a jug, that I hope you too will check it out and share it with mature audiences in need of a little historical comedy or comedic history!

Adieu from the Docent Chair

Patty McCullough

With the coming of spring, (a very late Minnesota spring) my term as Docent Chair is soon ending. I feel as if it has been a "quiet year in Lake Wobegon." There have been only a few small grumblings over our badges which are finally here, and some positive comments over the elimination of the Holiday luncheon. On completing my third year on the Docent Executive Committee, I can say it has been a great experience, and I would strongly recommend to those of you who are asked to join to make the commitment. It won't take up much of your time, and you will enjoy it!

I want to thank my terrific committee this year, all of them performing their various duties beautifully, and to welcome Martha Bordwell as the next Docent Chair.

Our ever-creative and inventive *Muse* editor, Allison Thiel, has again provided her writers with four Muses from whom to choose the themes of our various articles. I have alluded in a feeble way to Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, in my first paragraph, and I now bequeath that role forever to Tom Byfield. The rest of my "musings" will fall under Clio, the Muse of History, as that is what I continually hark back to in my relationship with the museum.

At our April meeting, I was asked about the museum councils which I know seem to many docents as something quite apart from Monday training and touring. However, they are just another aspect of the museum; and we are very fortunate to have five curatorial councils: Decorative Arts, Paintings, Prints and Drawings, Asian Arts, and Photography. I suspect when our new African curator arrives, it won't be long before there is a movement to establish a sixth council, as there is so much interest in this art.

All the councils welcome new members; just ask for a brochure at the Information Desk. They are not put out front as are the museum brochures, not because of exclusivity, but because they are printed in limited quantities.

The oldest council is the Decorative Arts Curatorial Council. It was started in 1976, and although I had been a museum member, it was not until I joined the council that inaugural year that I became truly involved. That happens to many members; they meet new people, get to know the curators

Getting paint in my hair and on my clothes:
stretching (I don't like getting messy)

Wanting to do a good job at something that
was completely new to me: challenging

Giving up other possible activities to do some-
thing for someone else: extremely gratifying

Seeing the smile on the face of the future owner
of the Habitat House: priceless satisfying

At the close of another great touring year at the
MIA, I want to acknowledge how I've seen you take
on the challenges of docenting, stretching and balanc-
ing to meet the needs and desires of thousands of vis-
itors every year. And, I especially want to thank you
for all of those smiles!

Thank you from the bottom of my heart

Sheila McGuire

I am in complete denial that our museum fiscal year
will draw to a close in about a month and a half. But
the questionnaire is undergoing its finishing touches,
Art in Bloom has ended, and the galleries are filled to
capacity with school groups, as they only can be in
May. There simply are not enough words to describe
our gratitude for the personal touch each of you
lends to so many visitors' experiences of the
Minneapolis Institute of Arts. I am, as always, hum-
bled to be able to say I work with the most amazing
group of people possible. Thank you.

Summer To-Do List

The Editor

1. Buy a summer robe.



2. Share wine with a friend.



4. Enjoy a summer day.



3. Go to the theater.



5. Run in the park.



6. Go fishing.



7. Learn to tango.



The Patrons Dance

On April 17, four Docent Guides made their way into the Villa Rosa room for the purpose of leading members of the Patrons Circle on tours based on the theme of Dance.

I thought it would be interesting for you to read how each of us approached the theme.

May I say that we all rose to the challenge. In our own unique way, we all got the job done.

And a good time was had by all.

Allison Thiel

Here was my route: *Uji Bridge* (take a walk) *Tea House* (go thru the door) *Egyptian Funerary Boat* (row the boat) *kpele kpele* (stamp your feet) *Nkisi Nkondi* (pound the nail) *Transformation Mask* (open it up) *Hohokam Bowl* (swirl the paint) *Shirt w/ fringe* (spread your arms) Richard Serra prints (walk the path) MAEP (listen in) *Running man* clay sculpture (running man) contemporary ceramics (I'm a little teapot).

My group was very enthusiastic and embraced the idea of movement, dance, bringing art to life.

Once very nice man (named Jack or Frank!) went through every dance move with me! We started with the movement for the *Uji Bridge* and then added a movement for each object. By the time we were done, we had gone thru the routine several times, adding more along the way. We brought the house down with our joyful movement. I saw so many smiles and heard so much laughter.

He and I performed the Grand Finale in the Contemporary Ceramics Gallery-we therefore had a dance-like visual review of the whole tour. He was a great sport and enjoyed performing with me.

People were really contributing throughout the tour and I got so many wonderful comments afterwards. It made me feel so good.

We really brought Art to Life.

Jane Oden Stull

Dancing with the Stars

First, the painting done by Ernst Kirchner, *Dance Training*, provided a wealth of comment, both negative and positive, and though I was reluctant to use

the picture because of its controversial nature (the young ballerina's nudity), the conversation really flowed. Some found the teacher demanding but encouraging, others found her to be an evil task master. A few participants found the colors in the picture amazing, and one gentleman wondered why the painting was even in the museum. Much discussion about the reason for the young student's nudity. Lesson to be learned: don't shy away from a provocative painting, especially with adults; it can provide lively discourse.

The other object that proved very interesting was the bronze sculpture by Degas of the *Dancer Putting on Her Stocking*. The beauty of the piece rests in its beautiful balance, the balance that both the dancer and Degas have achieved. To get the tour participants to see this, I asked them to demonstrate how they put on their stockings and much laughter ensued. They demonstrated how they sit down on the bed or bend over from the waist to pull on a stocking, but no one could manage the pose that the dancer took so they then better understood the genius of Degas's work.

Joy Erickson

It's Spring! Time to Dance and Frolic at the MIA!

The first half of the tour featured dance as frolic and entertainment. Corot, *Silenus* started with the most bawdy dance image (This painting ties in nicely with the *Red-Figure Volute Krater* which I showed later). Silenus taught Dionysos all he needed to know about enjoying the fruits of the vine. Satyrs are portrayed dancing and cavorting in both objects. We also have a sculpture of Silenus in the Greek gallery.

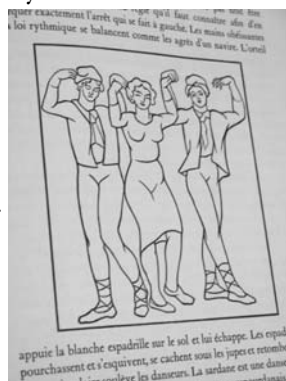
French Period Room, Le Grand Salon Setting for *le bal pare*-dress-up dance party for the upper class.

Degas, *Dancer Putting on her Stocking*. Degas, the painter who loved to paint dancers.

For Parisiens, attending the ballet at the newly opened *l'Opera* 1895(?) was the place to see and be seen.

Raoul-Francois Larche, *Table Lamp* featuring Loie Fuller, a dancer in the *Folies Bergères* and at the cabarets. She was an American who took Paris by storm with her dance combining light and motion.

Methyse Painter, *Red Figure Volute Krater*- see note above under Corot, *Silenus*.



Second half of tour dealt with dance as ceremony, ritual and masquerade: Great Plains Region, *Lakota Dress*; Chokwe, *Mwana Puo Mask*; India, *Shiva Nataraja*.

Marilyn Smith

A Reason to Dance

In my introduction I told my group that we would be looking at objects that had a connection to dance and I asked them to determine the reasons for the dance as depicted in each of the objects we would consider. I started my tour on third floor east.

The Prodigal Son by Pier Leone Ghezzi. The reason to dance in this picture is to show joy and merriment as you celebrate that a son has returned. The participants had much fun as they tried to find the second son, the one who did not leave home. They also enjoyed that I had a copy of a caricature done by Ghezzi. He was well known for his caricatures and the one I showed was of Vivaldi with a very big nose.

The Grand Salon. I had fun learning how to correctly pronounce the French names, thanks to Florence Walklet. Since the reason to dance was that there was a suitable floor, I only wish that I had had a quick little dance that I could have done or taught that was French and not Swedish. They loved the mirrors and learning about how the plaster work was done. I have recently become an expert on this art form.

Baccarat, *Lidded Punch Bowl with Twelve Goblets*. The detail is a Bacchanal, so, the reason to dance is that you are feeling really good after imbibing a little wine. This was one of two that were made for the Paris International Fair in 1867. It was fun to explain the processes of etching and cutting two colored glass that were used.

The Three Graces, Carpeaux's commission to make "The Dance" for the Paris Opera was a direct result of his exhibiting his sculpture, *Ugolino and his Sons* also in the Paris International Fair of 1867. My group enjoyed seeing a picture of what the other sculptures for the Paris Opera were like. The group determined that the reason the Graces were dancing was that they were young, beautiful, full of fun and naked (just like little naked kids).

Bow Porcelain Factory, *Pair of Dancers*. After quite a bit of research on these figures, I was able to determine with the help of short videos, 18th

century illustrations and a Watteau painting that the dancers were in fact doing a dance called a Bouree. The group decided that the reason to dance was a boy-meets-girl thing. They were very interested in the process and history of producing porcelain as well as pictures of dance notation published first published c.1700 which allowed the steps to the dances to be standardized.

Our last third-floor stop was Kirchner's *Dance Training*. The group determined that, though the experience appeared to be painful, the reason to dance was to learn, practice and perhaps to become a professional dancer. There was much discussion about the face of the nude dancer and a comparison was soon made with Kirchner's portrait of Fränzi Fehrmann, *Seated Girl*. They were interested in the story of Fränzi and the fact that she considered the time spent with the *Die Brücke* artists as the happiest of her life. The group was also interested in a Kirchner quote, "My paintings are allegories not portraits."

On the second floor we first looked at the Anishinabe bead work done on the vests and bandler bags. The group determined that the reason to dance was to fulfill the requirements of a communal spiritual ceremony. They were very interested in where the Anishinabe obtained the beads for their designs and that some of the designs had connections to calico cloth that was obtained from Europeans. Old photographs from the Minnesota Historical Society helped illuminate these objects as dance related.

To Sierra Leone to view the *Sande Society Mask*. The group spent quite a long time describing what they saw as they viewed this object. They were extremely interested in how and when this mask was used. They determined that the reason to dance was to enlist the aid of the spirits in the lives of the newly-acknowledged beautiful Mende women who were no longer girls. I was able to show them a photo of actual Mende women from the turn of the century that shows these women with many of the features of the face portrayed in the MIA's mask as well as a photo from the Natural History Museum in New York showing a figure with a complete costume and mask.

From Africa we went to China and the Western Han Dynasty *Female Long Sleeve Dancer*. The group determined that the reason to dance in

this instance was to entertain. The group was interested in the sumptuary laws and that the wealthy were allotted certain numbers of entertainers depending upon their wealth. They thought that this figure was very beautiful and were interested in that she portrayed what was the Han ideal of beauty. They also enjoyed seeing pictures of other sculptures of long-sleeve dancers from the Wei and Tang dynasties indicating that this traditional dance spanned 800 years as documented in ancient tomb figures. They were surprised to learn that it is still in existence today.

Our next object was the Athenian *Red - Figure Volute Krater*. As with the other objects on this tour, there was quite a bit of interest in the process used in making this object and in its utilitarian purpose. The group quickly determined that the purpose of this dance was similar to that on the *Lidded Punch Bowl*. However, they noticed that the artist had portrayed the scene with a bit more intensity, so that, the dance might just be the prelude to other more intimate activities between the satyrs and maenads! They enjoyed knowing the controversy over the provenance for this object and hearing the MIA's official response.

Finally, our last object was *Shiva Nataraja*, Lord of the Dance. The group enjoyed identifying all the different things they could find and hearing how they informed the meaning of the sculpture. The connection was made that the reason for this cosmic dance was the continuation of the world and all that is in it. The group especially enjoyed this idea given that nature's rebirth in our northern Spring was just beginning.

I concluded my tour by expressing my hope that they would each find a reason to dance in our lovely Minnesota Spring that was just beginning in spite of the snow, rain and cold weather!



Make Like Marie Antoinette and Eat Cake at the Spring Luncheon!

Joanne Platt

The annual docent Spring Luncheon will be held Monday, May 12, 2008 in the Target Reception Hall, renamed for the occasion *Cafe La Vie En Rose*. The theme is a springtime trip to Paris, and a French-inspired buffet lunch will be served by D'Amico Catering. To lend a festive air, music will be provided by the acclaimed strolling accordionist, Mark Stillman.

This issue of *The Muse* is coincidentally published the same day as the luncheon. I invoke Melpomene, the Muse of Tragedy, when I wholeheartedly hope that you are not reading this article after the fact, and that you were able to enjoy the festivities in person.

What, Me, Volunteer?

Debbi Hegstrom

Over the past several years, my life has been full of the many tasks and delights of being a mother, full-time MIA employee, and UofM graduate student. The concept of volunteering largely didn't enter my mind. This April, with school and day-to-day parenting now behind me, on a trip to New Orleans, I had the opportunity to participate in a bonafide volunteer opportunity! My daughter, Caitlyn, works as a crew leader for Habitat for Humanity and invited her dad and me to help work on the house she is currently in charge of building.

This was a chance for me to be in the position of follower, rather than leader. It gave me a new appreciation for what all of you do for the museum and its visitors – with so much passion and dedication. Here's what I learned and experienced; I think you will see parallels with the things you all know and do so well!

Working with no prospect of monetary compensation: freeing

Following directions given by my crew leader (Caitlyn, age 21): humbling

Observing others dedicating time and energy to their assigned tasks: heart-warming

Standing on a ladder while pounding nails into siding: a balancing act

Attaching said siding with my partner, Scott, while he gave me lots of advice: patience-building

Inspired

It was a quiet Thursday. A few museum goers wandered from gallery to gallery. I had the last tour that night. Sitting on the black couches, I scanned the lobby for people who had an interest in a Highlights tour.

No one was there.

Until. A woman, maybe in her late 20s, came up the stairs toward the information desk. Greek? I couldn't tell. Didn't matter. At least one person on the tour would be good.

After a brief consultation at the information desk, she approached me, "Are you giving the tour?"

Definitely an accent. It did sound Greek, but I'm not much of a language expert. Her dress, a slippery fabric like silk, maybe it was silk, looked cool. A swath of stars ran across it like the Milky Way and a crescent moon hung high above them.

She had my attention.

"Yes, yes, I am."

"Good. I so wanted a guide through the collection." Her voice thrilled me.

"Well, since you're the only one here, we can see whatever you like. Did you have a particular interest?"

"The moon and the stars."

"Oh. Well, I don't know." How many objects could we have?

A burst of inspiration hit me. "Wait. I just recalled a piece you might like." A place to start had popped in my mind. A quick introduction to the museum and we headed upstairs.

As we walked past the sarcophagus, headed for the third floor, I noticed the museum seemed empty. No people in the galleries that I could see, no guards in sight, either. Strange.

My guest walked quietly, her sandals only a gentle slap now and then. Twice I turned to engage her in conversation, but each time she had her attention elsewhere. Once on *Confucius*, the second time on the *Winged Genius*. She floated along the corridors, evanescent except for the intensity of her gaze.

After we had climbed the long marble staircase, passed by the swords and empty chain mail, we approached our first stop.

"What do you notice here?" I asked.

"Hmmm. Let me see." A small smile. Amusement? "I see Clio there, the muse of history and," she leaned in closer, "Yes. Urania, astronomy and astrology."⁽¹⁾ She smiled again, but not for me, for herself.

No. Bemused. That was it. Bemused. This woman knew art. Not many could have picked those ladies out. Another object came to mind. I led her there. After retracing some of our steps, she noticed our destination before I had to time to pause.

She said, without prompting, "Oh, I see a symbol for Astrology! The quadrant here. And, a symbol for Urania, her globe."⁽²⁾ She gestured with long, thin fingers.

The route for this tour leaped into my mind work by work, but only just in time, when I thought I would draw a blank. Again, the next painting hung not too far away.

"And here?" I said, looking up.

"Ah," she smiled, "yes. The queen of heaven. See the sickle moon? Delightful."⁽³⁾

Puzzled, I mean, how could I count on inspiration to keep coming, but following a sense of excitement, I moved us further into the museum. Her dress swished a bit as she walked. Each time we neared a point near the next object her body would go still, then quiver, only a bit, but it was noticeable.

"Diana. Lovely. Not a good likeness, too modern. Still, it has her spirit."⁽⁴⁾

We descended the long marble staircase together. By now I had relaxed into the pattern, confident that when I needed to know where we would go next, a piece would come to me. The Sacred Symbols exhibit had come to mind as we looked at Diana. Why? Oh, wait. Yes. We went to the Art of the Americas.

"So, what do you notice with this piece?"

"Birds. A pumpkin, maybe? No moon, no stars." She didn't seem quite so certain here. "Why are we looking at this?"⁽⁵⁾

This time I smiled. “The parrots that make up the feet of this pot? The Colima people saw them as sacred birds, symbols of the morning star.”

“Yes. I see. Birds fly into the heavens. We have this belief, too.”

We? Should I ask her? Somehow it didn’t seem necessary. Just a case or two over from the Colima birds, I showed her a piece from Costa Rica “This is a jaguar vessel. The jaguar swallows the sun.”(6)

“And these?” she indicated design work on the jar, “stars?”

She was quick. “Yes. Stars.”

“Let’s go to Africa. Some of the work there will interest you.”

We stopped in front of a beaded mask. She looked, her dark eyes intent, then frowned, a delicate, fleeting look and shook her head. “It’s powerful. Mysterious. But I don’t see the connection here either.”

“See the triangles across the top, where the hairline might be?”

“Yes.”

“This pattern refers to the rising of the new moon. The Tabwa believed there was danger in the darkness between moons, a time to be cautious.”(7) I could see this idea struck her, but she didn’t go further.

“What about this one?” I asked, not far from the Tabwa, “It’s a mask, too.”

“So big. I can’t see how you’d wear that.” Again, she examined the wood mask from top to bottom, “The top design? The crescent looks like a moon.”

I nodded, “The Bwa put it there in part to emphasize time, ceremonial time, especially the times when they wear masks and perform ritual dances.”(8)

Her eyes brightened, “Are there any more? This is fun.”

Who could resist enthusiasm? Besides, objects kept coming to mind. I was on a roll. She noticed the lunar gate(9) on our way toward the Chinese sculpture court.

“We have time for two more.”

We stopped in front of a wooden statue.

“Buddhist,” she said, “Am I right?”

“It is. A bodhisattva. Kuan-yin.”

A hand on her hip near the middle of the Milky Way, she moved in for a closer look. “I like this very much. It’s graceful, fine craft. But, again, I don’t see the connection with the moon or the stars.”

“Not easy unless you know a little more about this particular representation of Kuan-yin. She sits on the edge of a pond, looking down at the reflection of the moon.”

Shifting her weight off her hip, my guest straightened and became serious, “I see. The impermanence of a reflection. It stands in for a reality other than itself. Illusory. Yes.”(10)

We had run over our time and the museum had already announced closing in 5 minutes.

I thanked my guest for her attention and her willingness to interact during the tour. We went over the objects we had seen. How had I had access to that tour, those objects? That route? I still don’t know.

“Thank you.” she said, “Museums are my favorite places,” and turned away in swirl of stars.

Charlie Ellis

What objects did we see on our tour? Are there others we could have seen? See answers.

1. Clock with Vestals
2. Six Tuscan Poets
3. Immaculate Conception with Assisi and Anthony
4. Bust of Diana
5. Jaguar vessel, 46.3.6
6. Colima vessel, 92.85.20
7. Tabwa mask 89.14
8. Bwa Plank Mask 98.2
9. Moon Gate
10. Seated Kuan-yin 99.24.2

and perhaps serve on the Board. Many go on to become involved with the Friends or other councils. Still others, like myself, go on to become docents.

The cost of membership in each Council varies slightly. A number of councils have changed all of their categories to individual fees. All have a \$15 student membership and a \$25 to \$30 fee for a sponsoring membership. You can attend a council lecture, often on a Thursday night or on a weekend, free, as a member of the museum just to see what it's about. The higher membership categories usually offer a Benefactor or Patron event at a home or possibly a special tour, and they qualify you to have the first opportunity to attend a council trip. I think many docents would love the councils, as we all have special interests, such as Asian art or textiles; and it is an opportunity to learn and meet others with the same interests.

Two of the councils have fund raisers, the Decorative Arts sponsors the Antiques Show in October; and the Prints & Drawings Council sponsors a Print Fair each year in April. However, the councils depend on membership to help with speakers and other expenses. Think about joining one. Incidentally, all the councils (and the museum) are trying to attract younger members; if you are under 40, or maybe even 50, they will be doubly thrilled! This hasn't changed in the thirty-five plus years since I first became involved!

Upon reflection

One gleans from many sources
The knowledge one seeks



Greatest Bargain in 30,000 Years

Allison Thiel

Forget the neighborhood garage sale. Don't worry about going to Costco. Boy, do I have a deal for you.



In November of 2007, Phaidon Press published a gigantic book entitled *30,000 Years of Art*.

"This book offers an unusual and exciting way of looking at art. It presents 1000 masterworks from different countries, cultures and civilizations in simple chronological order."



Those of you from the Docent Class of 2005 will recall that this was the format in which our training was presented.

OK, now back to the financial details. You can order this book from Amazon for \$32.47.

That comes out to 1/10 of one cent for each of the 30,000 years.

That comes out to 3 cents for each of the artworks.



You will feel like it is your birthday when you go to your mailbox and bring the TWELVE POUND package into your house.

I was thrilled to see artwork from the MIA collection included in this wonderful book.

Five Reasons No One should miss the Lee Friedlander Exhibition

George Slade, *Adjunct Assistant Curator*

Department of Photographs

1. Great for book lovers!
2. More cherry blossoms than you can shake a stick at.
3. For still photography, it's very musical.
4. It's hip to be square.
5. Did you know that photography is a very generous medium?



Tweedledum and Tweedledee?