

Jury Statements

As a curator of contemporary decorative arts in an encyclopedic fine arts museum, I am constantly challenged by objects that combine a variety of media and techniques. With a background in the social sciences, art history, and decorative arts, I have developed a particular interest in art, craft, and design objects. I have a strong inclination toward ideas and concepts. I favor edgy/critical artworks, but I can easily be swayed by the purely decorative.

An invitation to jury artworks is always a privilege. One is confronted by a barrage of images and ideas—some established, re-enforcing one's comfort zone and personal canon, and others disruptively challenging one's assumptions and raising questions. I find myself nourished by the dynamic exchanges and discussions of jury members in a communal activity that strives toward a consensual body of works, based on mutual respect and individual integrity.

Being chosen as a jury member for *New Glass Review 32* was an invitation I could not refuse. The applications from 45 countries provided us with an overview of the flourishing state of international contemporary glass. For this I am infinitely grateful. I was enriched by the overall process. What follows is a modest reflection on the works that caught my attention. It is the result of a combination of conceptual and formal considerations following two intense days of reviewing more than 2,500 works with fellow glass artists and specialists. I am grateful to my fellow jury members for sharing their knowledge and experience, and to all of the artists who submitted, for making their works and taking the risk.

I have arbitrarily determined 11 headings to group my selections. These categories, by no means restrictive, exclusive, or prescriptive, were a way for me to organize my ideas, to create some filiations, and (I hope) to allow for some insight. "Pure Bliss" addresses the works of Camille Jacobs, Jiyong Lee, and Mare Saare, whose formal qualities and techniques inspire wonder. The glass pieces created by Mike Crawford, Aya Oki, and Barbora Vobořilová follow under "The Order of Things" for their unique sense of composition: essentially a polished yet sensuous visual logic. For their referencing of the natural world, the sculptures of Nancy Cohen, Takeshi Fukunishi, Martie Negri, and Yasuo Okuda have been aligned under "The Organically Correct." Notable is Fukunishi's in situ work titled *All Things in Nature*. Meanwhile, the protagonists of "Natural Realities," such as Jeffrey Ballard, Jaesik Kim, and Stine Diness Mikkelsen, reflect on the complex relationship between nature and the postindustrial world. If Kim's landscape appears serene, Mikkelsen's natural world is more disturbing. The "Surreal Act" describes the works of Pernille Braun, Mark Elliott and Jack McGrath, Tomoko Iwasaki, and Tom Moore: visions that titillate our imagination beyond its own fantasies.

I was also drawn to the sculptural works of Robert Bender, Michèle Lapointe, Silvia Levenson, Joanna Manousis, and Emma Woffenden for their queries into the "Meaning of Life." Adjacent is the "Power of Ideas," informing the works of Christian Christensen and Lothar Böttcher, the latter responding to the 2010 FIFA World Cup in South Africa by creating an upgraded vuvuzela (plastic horn). I selected such artists as Robert Lewis, Andy Paiko and Ethan Rose, and Ladislav Průcha for their exploration of the vessel for "Containing Use." Lewis chose a solar mixer to heat water. The everyday and tasking are underscored in "Beyond Domesticity," the main impulse for the works of Wendy Fairclough, Jennifer Halvorson, Anna Mlasowsky, Cassandra Straubing, and Jody Danner Walker. "Body Mapping" is the prerogative for the collaborative work by the fashion designer Helmer Joseph and the glass artist Jean-Marie Giguère, the structural body protuberances of Jessica Jane Julius and Josh DeWall, and the imagery found on Els Otten's celestial vessel. Laura Donefer, Quavé Inman, Ivan Mareš, Colin Reid, and Anjali Srinivasan have a tendency toward "Pushing the Envelope." Noteworthy are Inman's work, which combines glass and photography, and the extravagances of Srinivasan's mirror painting and Donefer's basket.

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As jury members, we are also asked to select up to 10 works that caught our attention in the last year or so. This was a difficult exercise that not only reflects my curatorial activities but also takes into consideration my vivid interest in hybrid savoir-faire. Pieke Bergmans's "Mother of Pearl Meets Crystal Virus" series falls into my last category. Her exploration of materials and objects informs craft and defies mass production. Our ever-pressing environmental concerns underline the "Multi-Vase" hanging lamp by Tejo Remy and René Veenhuizen, as well as *Local River*, a fish and vegetable farm for urban settings by Mathieu Lehanneur and Anthony van den Bossche. For their formal coherence, free of superfluous intervention, I have selected the glass works by Ettore Sottsass and Konstantin Grcic. "Edgy" definitively describes *Green Sprawl through the 'Burbs*, a brooch from Andrea Wagner's series "The Architect Who Faced His Jardin Interieur." I find myself attracted to the sculptural works of Donald Robertson for their universal resonance, as well as to the social content and conceptual rigor of Fred Wilson's artwork.

The world of contemporary glass is rather healthy and constantly evolving. Creators continue to push the limits of their medium with new propositions and novel ways to interpret them. Glass is turned inside out in the act of

creation. It can be recycled or made the subject of a performance in works such as *The Shape of Emotion II*, a video still by Kimberly Marina Mc Kinnis, to name only a couple of its possible permutations.

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(A Letter to TO – 1.12.2011)

Dear Tina,

Thank you so very much for the privilege of joining the jury of *New Glass Review 32*! This completes my minor life list of Groundhog Day goals: there was my goblet in *New Glass* (that the Museum did not want), light sculpture in the early microfiche, and sculpture in the print version of *New Glass Review*. Last year, my likeness was in *New Glass Review* twice, shaking hands with the astonishing Anjali Srinivasan, and I got credit on David Murphy and Sharon McJannet's effort, which also sneaked in seven other artists' names (they are working off a different sort of minor goal list). But for me, there was your invitation left. How fantastic!

December is winter, and I drove, carefree at 5 mph, from Ohio, through a blizzard to comfortable Corning. It was like being in a snowdome. When the snow lands, people still have colds. There is sneezing. And coughing. In the jury room at the Rakow Research Library, for the first cut, images are shown in the order in which the entries came in. They need to be full-frame images; can't use those cropped ones unless they came in as an insert. Hmm. Third cut, it's printed pictures. Hmm. Publication in alphabetical order? Hmm.

Nifty process. But the process and the product make it hard for me to think of connections and themes, so we'll have none of that, except maybe the categories of "mirrors" and "kitsch" and, sure, "video" and "installation." And I'm skipping "design" and whatever else we can hold onto, fervently hoping someone else (you, Diane, Mark) will be discussing the finer points of the medley of selections we made, as I've cut my analysis to a minimum.

I'm thinking some things may be around for a really, really, really long while. Then there are those that will be around for just a while as artifacts, and there are some that may already have become "just" information, to exist in old *New Glass Reviews* or a storage space—like my stuff (except for the goblet).

I've been excited and puzzled for a month as to exactly what to tell you, and those reading over your shoulder, about *New Glass Review 32*, and it's not just that I had a great time in fabulous, frozen Corning looking at some art, but it's also that, with this experience, I believe there's a tingle of sea change in the mighty Ocean of Glass Art.

This is a good thing. Really. Makers of things of glass, and things now in the glass gravitational field, appear less burdened to conform to the expectations of what is "glass" history. There is a trying-on of ideas. There's poetry. It does not appear that glassmaking humanity is all that lashed to the contemporary masters, either. Beginners are making important contributions in the glass conversation.

Aside from the jury, we non-residents got to spend some time in the Corning Museum. We were charged up from the act of looking at some of what's been made this year, albeit flat and fleeting in big projections and small prints, and stained by the knowledge that there is at least one secret door from the gallery floor to your office.

The core of the Corning Museum seems changed from when I last visited; it has gone from a collection of glass treasure and toil into a mounting glacier of art. It's the anchor to the contemporary you have now from the Ben W. Heineman Sr. Family Gallery of contemporary glass. That title's a mouthful, but every word's good. The word "Family" is fantastic, even. As well as having come from a family, the collection *is* a family. I love that. More than being just a selection of masterworks, the exhibition reflects the making of things in progress and use, experiments, like *New Glass Review* in 3D, even down to the exhibition design.

Here's how it makes your museum into a great new thing. First, I'm not sure anyone but the adults in the room worry about it, but the place is full of "new" broken glass. I noticed there were *chips* in the art in the Heineman Collection. This glass has been lived with! Brings to mind the "old" broken glass of the flood of June 23, 1972, when the whole of what was then the Corning Museum and Library and Steuben went 5 feet 4 inches underwater. Ah, the Corning flood. I was just a kid (though a college senior), minding my own business, wondering how those goblets were going to be put back together.

Second, define your terms. "Glacier of art," you say? OK. The art I'm thinking about and seeing (and making) is an art that's a "reflection of the time we are in" (thank you John Canaday), and this glass mirror will be around for a long, long time to come, which may mean something. Glaciers are these slow things, but they also melt. One was once a mile above Ohio. There's another thought:

the Studio Glass movement. Gone, but the results are still apparent. You get the image?

Think about glass. Some's got to have been around as long as our silica planet—we'll peg it at 4.6 billion years (or, as we say in the annealing business, 4.54×10^9 years $\pm 1\%$). Some natural stuff's existed for just 40,000 years for sure, and useful as art/craft people made stuff. People figured out how to make glass 5,000 years ago, and "crazy" (for lack of a better term meaning "studio glass") people have, for just a few generations now, been tinkering. (Didn't Harvey Littleton's dad, only just last century, science-up the names and details of annealing?) Unlike other art activity—and only if we want to, and can keep it dry—some of humanity's glass art could be slated to survive the 7.6 billion years it will take for the sun to expand into our planet's orbit to re-melt everything.

It's awesome that it's not completely out of the question that some art we jurors were drawn to will possibly live past the human animal. Some of these: Martin Hlubuček's powerful *Manacle*; will its color carry some meaning when the word *manacle* has none? Peter Ivy's alluring "Untitled (Repair)" No. Wait. The earth's magnetic field may change the game here, and it looks like there's a piece of string attached to the magnets that are holding this repair in effect. Better move this one to the "survive for 40,000 years" category? Just an idea, this, and Silvia Levenson's perhaps melancholic *My Hormones Are Balanced*. In the way future, what will be the generic design of those familiar bottles? I wonder. Will there be bottles? I used to use a dial phone and play records. My six-year-old is familiar with them only because he's seen the pictures.

Mark Salsbury's *Exponential Growth* (reverse) might need to be buried in a desert cave to get it to join Peter's magnet. I know that's what I should do with my credit card. My other cards are already optical or embedded microchipped. Soon enough, no one's going to know what a card swipe is. Cortney Boyd's playful *Silly Putty: 1979 Tasty Treats* will surely make it to the sun re-melt party. Jody Danner Walker's *Turn and Face the Changes* may make it, too (but will there be English, and David Bowie, in the year 7.6×10^9 ? It's anybody's guess. We sent a gold disk out of the solar system with some Chuck Berry on it.

It's interesting that objects that utilize words may be read and "heard." Cailey Buye's *Literal Goblets* takes this on. Michael Rogers's narrative *Premonition* has what appears to be shorthand, squiggles standing for sounds. When she was a secretary, my mother used to take shorthand. It's kind of personally adjustable, so she has a hard time reading someone else's sounds. I can't hear them at all. The image is bathed in silence and mystery.

Oops, sorry. Only we jurors with discrete images can sort them into a show. You may have been madly thumbing through the *Review* to see what I'm talking about. Take it easy.

Scott Benefield's mysterious *Spook* is a cold construction. It's good for now, but honestly, will this really last 7.6 billion years? I think not. Does this mean that it has any less validity, as art, if it just makes it through the show that closes with humanity? I wonder.

Tomoko Iwasaki's dramatic *The Three Billy Goats Gruff* has an alluring comic power to it, coming off its color and gesture. Add in Tom Moore's fun *Continental Drift*, Wes Valdez's hilarious yet supremely useful *Polite Pointer*, and Justin Mckenney's *Assembly Required*—all demanding that they be played with *right now*—but keep this in mind if your kids get to them: Tom Kreager once gave my children magnificent, fat glass piggy banks he'd made for them. We carefully loaded in seemingly thousands of pennies. One child went and got a knife to get them out, and cracked the bank to cullet and copper. Same afternoon.

There's what might be considered a temporal lattice category: Josh DeWall's entrapped *Glass Cage*, David King's fanatic leaky *Bottle*, Jessica Jane Julius's intricate *Blurring the Subject*, and, to some degree, Jeffrey Sarmiento's delicate *Comb*. May these already be sleeping with the fishes?

Anjali Srinivasan's *Mirror Painting*, Sibylle Peretti's *Genie 1*, and Kanako Togawa's *Spring Night* employ silver and leaf, a surface color that's not really a color, each to different effect. These objects are blending in the air's oxygen at this very moment. That's why mirror is so valuable.

There was strong, interesting, sensitive, immersive temporary installation and video work, obviously utilizing other qualities of glass than its possibilities for duration. Kimberly Marina Mc Kinnis's video still *The Shape of an Emotion II*, Sayaka Suzuki's *Gentle Play: Hunting for Animal Spirits* performance, and C. Matthew Szösz's dramatic *Euplectella* video still make a nice set if you want to take an X-Acto to your NGR 32.

In the "hard-as-heck-to-tell-in-the-photo" department: Janhein van Stiphout's seemingly innocent but aptly named *Killing Field* has glass wheat among the grasses. To my thought: "Careful. If you harvest and grind, it's silica flour! Wear your respirator." Shohei Yokoyama's *Tidepool #01* plays with a lens made of olive oil. When I read that, I smelled it, though maybe it doesn't smell in reality unless you heat it. We couldn't pick two pictures, and this one seemed to be the one, but the neon in Warren Langley's monumental *Touching Lightly* is awesome at dusk. Give it a Google before there's an earthquake.

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I have mentioned some of the quirks peculiar to *New Glass Review*, and "Jurors' Choice" is another one. We can supplement the *Review* with up to 10 images that we essentially drop in without any rules. It's an interesting idea, and I'm hoping I didn't waste it for you. There's contemporary art to consider, but I've way too many glass

friends and ex-students to show what a handful have been up to in the past year. I picked these examples from the Corning Museum, which, oddly enough, also have some thematic or technical or spiritual relevance to some of the mess I've listed above:

The "mechanical glass theater": let's just say this one's in honor of my Aunt Julia, who directed and taught theater, unsung, in snowy Buffalo, New York, for nearly her entire adult life. She was very concerned about the history of women in the theater, and her course was nicknamed "Shakespeare's Sisters." Because of mixed media—the fabric, in particular—this thing's on display kind of hidden in darkness, easy to miss, and the closest to a mechanical experience you can do is to light a light bulb. But that in itself is cool, and the photo helps you to see what's there. I'm interested in making one of these if someone wants to volunteer to lampwork.

"Two goblets with covers (reliquaries) containing bone (?) paper, wood." I love that we can be sure they are glass, but we don't know if there is bone inside or if one of those French lampworkers in the mechanical theater dropped into Venice to mimic bone and wood and paper. It's statistically possible (though it's a tiny number) that a molecule of oxygen from Jesus' breath is contained in each, so no touching.

The "crystallophone" and "armonica" are two early 19th-century musical instruments that should still be in tune in the year 7.6×10^9 . Also of note is that the "armonica" case is from Cincinnati, Ohio, made a century after the Bohemian glass. In case you think the Bohemian glass might have been someone's kitchen mixing bowls with holes cut in their bottoms, look at *Spaceman* by Gio Colucci, which is a 20th-century arrangement of painted Duralex bowls, possibly musical. (I love the "eyes." What a great idea!) These may be of vague interest to Andy Paiko and Ethan Rose, whose *Transference* glass/sound bowls installation is bigger than all three put together. We debated, as a jury, as to whether this was a percussive piece (or if the sound might come from "bowing" the bowls), but the juror's choice I wanted, a Black Forest musical wall clock with glass bells, had no photograph (and Richard, we won't have time to make a picture for you), hence the triptych to make the idea.

I chose the "Maxfield Parrish light bulb tester" for those of you who think you know my work. I was recently suspicious of one of my students' claims that large incandescent light bulbs (none being tested in the photo) were slated to be discontinued in 2011, though often they know more about these things than I do. This thing's from Ohio, too. Another subtheme emerges in the choices category?

Then there's Edris Eckhardt's *Uriel*, for those who know my heart. It's blue, but Uriel was one of Blake's favorite angels. This Ohio artist was kind of a nut, changed her name to that of a favorite angel. I've put in this one for Els

Otten and Sibylle Peretti, for starters. If we had 11 choices, I'd toss in Jean Cocteau's "King Athamas" pitcher made at Daum; maybe it's in some other *New Glass Review*? That guy had a vision, too. Would have made a good prop in *Beauty and the Beast*. Or was it? Nah. Couldn't be.

I chose a "Picasso satyr," or some such, from his 1964 Italian Escapade in Glass—just because he was Picasso and there isn't one (yet) in the Corning Museum (and his daughter won't count). There's a terrific 1956 French movie of a Picasso painting on glass, *The Mystery Picasso* by Henri-Georges Clouzot. No actual painting survives from this, but what does survive is the process. Yes, see him really screw up more than one. Yes, really. Yes, and then, in some miracle move, it's fixed, yes. At one point, Clouzot tells Picasso he's almost out of film, and he has only a few brief minutes to make a masterpiece. Picasso's game to give it a shot. Turns out Clouzot lied about the time, but OMG, *it's just like blowing glass*.

The obsidian spearhead is a dramatic picture of a chunk of "natural glass." The glass itself is likely to have been around for only 40,000 years, if it came from that mountain in Deschutes National Forest—a distinct possibility. This one ought to make it to 7.6×10^9 .

The trinitite is a modest picture of a chunk of "unnatural glass." Trinitite: bomb glass with a birthday, July 16, 1945 (that makes it a "Cancer," *n'est-ce pas?*) from the Trinity Test Site, White Sands. My grandfather Harned, a chemist, made "heavy water" for the Manhattan Project. He blew his own glass apparatus, and family myth is that it gave him cataracts. I doubt it. My eye doctor says I have cataracts, but they are "old-guy cataracts," not the distinctive glass ones. Family myth also has us related to Einstein, a likely story, as we did apparently share the same rug salesman.

OK. Well. Thanks for the wine, and last month's puzzler answer from your museum's director, David Whitehouse, and his wife as to why one has to refuel a jet airplane on the westward trip to the United States from South Africa, *but not on the return flight*.*

Peace and love,
Richard

* It's so the plane is light enough to make it over the mountains.

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The year 2010 was one of milestones for *New Glass Review*. The 32nd issue—published in 2011 but documenting 2010—is the first to be bundled with *Neues Glas* magazine, whose publishers in Germany print *New Glass Review*, and with *GLASS Quarterly* magazine, which is produced by UrbanGlass in New York City. Most of our readers are well acquainted with *GLASS*, and I hope that they are equally familiar with the magazine's excellent blog, "The *GLASS Quarterly* Hot Sheet." Our partnership with *GLASS* ensures a much-improved distribution for *New Glass Review* in the United States. So, look for the *Review* to continue to appear with the summer issues of *Neues Glas* and *GLASS Quarterly* in the coming years.

The second milestone is a sad one. Thomas S. Buechner, the founder of *New Glass Review* (and the founding director of The Corning Museum of Glass) died in June 2010 at the age of 83. Tom served as a juror on *New Glass Review* for 24 years; his 25th turn (*New Glass Review* 28) celebrated his 80th birthday. In his last essay for the *Review*, Tom wrote that he saw "art as the tangible result of ideas expressed by exceptional individuals through some sort of process—such as glassmaking. For me, art is the residue of action, each piece a reflection of its unique creator. I am lost if I cannot discern talent. Ideas, even originality, are not enough." When Tom wrote, or spoke, such statements, I was always so glad to hear them, because he did not often share such observations (he disliked generalizations). Although he was quick to give his opinion on any subject, he was characteristically thoughtful in his pronouncements and always succinct.

Tom's promotion of contemporary glass, from museum acquisitions and exhibitions to the founding of *New Glass Review*, brought a degree of academic seriousness to the field that was unmatched. His 1959 exhibition and catalog, *Glass 1959: A Special International Exhibition of Contemporary Glass*, brought contemporary glass design to the attention of critics, museum curators, manufacturers, and the general public. His seminal 1979 exhibition and catalog, *New Glass: A Worldwide Survey*, brought glass, as a material for contemporary art, craft, and design, to the attention of the same audience, as well as collectors and artists. Addressing the participants of the 1979 Glass Art Society conference in Corning, Tom said: "*New Glass* is about discovery, about new forms, new decorations and new ways of making things. The history of glass has changed radically and profoundly. There *is* something new under the sun." Tom's recognition of studio glass, and the artists who make it, encouraged the movement's development from a relatively small band of dedicated artists into a worldwide phenomenon.

A man of style and substance, Tom was an accomplished painter and a highly regarded museum professional. He will be missed. In his honor, I included a portrait of him as one of my "Jurors' Choice" selections. *Tom Buechner: Inward Gaze* was made in 2004 by Tom's

longtime and close friend Erwin Eisch. Eisch inscribed the portrait "Open Mind."

This year—as every year, I must admit—I had the pleasure of assembling a jury of individuals whom I admire, and who happen to have something to do with glass. This year's jurors were Diane Charbonneau, Richard Harned, and Mark Zirpel.

Diane Charbonneau is curator of photography and contemporary decorative arts at The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts in Montreal, Quebec, Canada. A curator with a strong design background, Diane has embraced all kinds of work in craft-associated media, and her institution is the recent recipient of a major collection of studio glass assembled by the Montreal collectors Joseph and Anna Mendel. Diane brought her unique perspective to the 2010 exhibition of the Mendel Collection, and to its catalog, and we are fortunate to have her insights for *New Glass Review* 32. Her selections for the "Jurors' Choice" section focused on a rich category that is generally underrepresented in *New Glass Review*: design.

Richard Harned and Mark Zirpel are artists and teachers. Richard is the director of the glass program at Ohio State University (OSU) in Columbus, and Mark is assistant professor, Dale Chihuly Endowed Chair of Glass, at the University of Washington in Seattle. Both artists are well versed in the properties of glass, both make a habit of breaking its "rules," and both make work that is, to me, inspirational. Richard hooked me with his mysterious and ambiguous sculpture *God's Eye*, which I saw in the 1980s (and which I included in my book *25 Years of New Glass Review*). He was one of the driving forces behind the ambitious "Breakthrough Ideas in Global Glass" (BIGG) exhibition at OSU and the Hawk Galleries in Columbus (I served as a juror), which many people saw at the 2009 SOFA Expo in Chicago.

Mark Zirpel is an artist who discovered glass fairly recently, after many years of drawing, printmaking, and forays into other sculptural media. In Mark's work, glass as a material is a subject of investigation in the context of larger, machine-like constructs that, in themselves, are subjects of investigation. The way in which Mark uses glass directly reflects the character of his work, which is technical, romantic, scientific, eccentric, antique, and ahistorical. I particularly appreciated Mark's and Richard's essays for setting interesting, and very different, tones. While Richard focused on the Museum's collections for his "Jurors' Choice" selections (which I always appreciate), Mark brought in some fascinating projects that I found exciting to learn about.

When I am confronted with 100 images of an impressive, and often overwhelming, array of work, it is difficult to know where to begin. This year, the choice was easier: I was struck by how many of the submissions were tagged by three or four of the jurors. Generally, only four or five objects receive the initials of all four jurors, so my attention was drawn to the fact that 14 objects received such notice in this issue.

The first works that I selected fall into a category that I think of as the “luscious object,” or “object of desire,” which is related to Diane Charbonneau’s “Pure Bliss” category. All of these pieces exude a confident aesthetic authority: they are complete in themselves, with nothing to be added or taken away. Laura’s Donefer’s exuberant *Yellow Heart Bonnechance Basket* and Jiyong Lee’s complex *DNA Electrophoresis* are eye candy, but more sophisticated than most such works, in that there is intellectual content in addition to beauty. Wendy Fairclough’s *Quiet Industry* occupies the opposite end of the visual spectrum in its silence and simplicity.

Two of the most powerful sculptors working in glass today are Ivan Mareš and Michael Scheiner, who both submitted images of very large-scale works. Mareš has created yet another charismatic form in his uranium yellow, egg-shaped pod titled *Leaf*. Scheiner’s *Sheer Volume, Element 1* is an ambitious project employing heavy plate glass and dense clay. Yet, in spite of its prodigious weight, the sculpture looks natural, even ephemeral.

I am always drawn to work that considers the past, but I do not enjoy new glass that copies old. What I prefer is interpretation and suggestion. Barbora Vobořilová gives us a goblet, *Sacraments 01*, that is full of contradictions. At first glance, it looks stoutly Bohemian, in vivid 19th-century colors that suggest, in accordance with the title, transubstantiation. Look more closely and you see that its dimensions are oversize, and that it combines blowing and mold-melting techniques. It is not at all what it seems to be. Valeria Florescano found a way to interpret the traditional costumes of the women of Tehuantepec, reputed to be the most beautiful women in Mexico. I like the way that Florescano used Old World, Venetian *filigrana* to a New World end.

Glass in architecture has lately received much attention, particularly in connection with the rebuilding of the World Trade Center in New York City. Visible and invisible, glass is the perfect material to reconstruct something that is missing, particularly if you do not want to obliterate the memory of the original. For a project at the Canberra Glassworks, housed in the city’s 1915 Power House, Warren Langley restored a missing steel smokestack with a cylinder of light. The intervention was clever enough to exist on its own as a sculpture, yet elegant in its conjuring of the stack. The translucent frosted glass of *Touching Lightly* shimmers during the day and turns into a glowing deep blue LED beacon at night.

I have often written about glass as a material well suited for objects inspired by the natural world. Such is the case for the fleeting lives of plants captured in Kanako Togawa’s unfurling fronds of *Spring Night* and in Takashi Ishizeki’s delicate husk, made of copper wire and fused pieces of glass fiber. The other side of the “nature” coin is the exploration of artifice in Christian Christensen’s *Is the Grass Greener on the Other Side?*

We enter the realm of the fairy tale with Sayaka Suzuki, squatting on the ground in full camo and holding a glass rifle in order to perform *Gentle Play: Hunting for Animal Spirits*. Fairy tales often take place in forests and deep woods, symbolic of the unconscious, and sometimes they take place under the sea, as in the charming film *Dr. Mermaid and the Abovemarine*, by Mark Elliott and Jack McGrath (see it on Vimeo). The video still of *Dr. Mermaid’s Medicinal Seaweed Garden* reflects the ability of the artists to take advantage of the on-the-spot sculpting techniques possible withameworking, and of the tendency of shiny glass to look wet. This riveting, six-minute animation, which took its creators a year to make, tips a hat to the famous Czech animated short *Inspirace* (1948) by Karel Zeman. (The stars of *Inspirace* were whimsical flameworked glass figurines made by Jaroslav Brychta, father of the glass sculptor Jaroslava Brychtová; see this on YouTube.)

In the category of “glass and the body,” few images have the claustrophobic energy of Josh DeWall in his glass cage. I am intrigued by the physicality and symbolism of the cage, and by its potential to appear and disappear at will. On the other, less psychological side of glass *prêt-à-porter*, there was Laura Donefer, who dreamed up an extraordinary Glass Fashion Show for the 2010 Glass Art Association of Canada (GAAC) Conference in Montreal. The collaboration of well-known fashion designers and studio glass artists was the theme of Donefer’s extravaganza, and *La Robe de Sarah*, by the designer Helmer Joseph and the artist Jean-Marie Giguère, was only one of the remarkable offerings that memorable evening.

Several works were a revelation to me in terms of how glass can be used to communicate in nontraditional ways. Kimberly Marina Mc Kinnis grabs a broken bottle, which she scrapes and crushes, as a way of externalizing emotional states, while Jessica Jane Julius employs a flameworked glass structure, in *Blurring the Subject*, as a headdress-like extension of the self. Joanna Manousis’s *Life Lists* is an installation consisting of paperlike kiln-formed sheets of glass onto which text is projected. Although the work has a humble structure, its theme is well-defined, and its potential for rich content makes it highly effective. Finally, in the event of stormy emotional weather, it is good to know that there is an alternative in the pretty little jars of Silvia Levenson’s *My Hormones Are Balanced*.

The last and largest category of objects selected by three or four jurors was material-based, which I found pleasantly surprising. Many of the pioneering artists working

in glass in the 1970s were exploring these avenues, which the B Team turned into elaborate, staged performances in the early 1990s. Still, the growth of such projects in recent years represents a significant directional change, as does the appearance of alternative material-based groups, such as the Post-Glass artists, Cirque du Verre, and the Burnt Asphalt Family.

One of the characteristics of glass is its brittleness, and I always look forward to seeing broken glass. Well, let me put that another way, since I work in a glass museum: I look forward to seeing glass that has been intentionally broken. Why? Because it's fascinating. Peter Ivy's small, broken glass bowl, *Untitled (Repair)*, is carefully, and just barely, held together with magnets. Ivy's objects are precious in their delicateness and in their sense of having survived a hard life, like ancient Roman glass. Anjali Srinivasan uses broken silvered shards to maximum reflective and optical effect in her *Mirror Painting*, which needs to be performed—that is, to engage with someone—in order to really come alive.

I love an unlikely technique, and I know that much investigation goes into developing the ideas realized in works that emphasize process. Sometimes history provides clues. In *Heritage*, Anna Mlasowsky invents new ways of manipulating hot glass using an old-fashioned spinning wheel, while Quavé Inman creates an original and innovative photograph, *Light Scapes #1*, with bits of colored glass placed inside a 4x5 pinhole camera.

Glass can also be used as a tool, which we see in Aesa Björk Thorsteinsdóttir's installation *First Impression from the Measuring Device for Negative Space*, which is about using glass to enable drawing with light. In Andy Paiko and Ethan Rose's installation *Transference*, glass is used as a tool, or instrument, to create sound. Projects like these are always ephemeral, so they need to be documented in a photograph or a video to have any kind of life span. C. Matthew Szösz's parabolic *Euplectella* is the most experimental and transitory of all, with a life expectancy of about 15 minutes. This project represents the kind of pioneering activity that is essential to making discoveries about the nature of glass and its capabilities.

* * *

My "Jurors' Choice" selections inevitably reflect my activities throughout the year, and especially exhibitions that I have seen. Or, I might see the work of someone who is new to me, work that I find it hard to stop thinking about. Sanford Biggers's 2007 sculpture *Lotus* is a glass disk seven feet in diameter, which, from across the room, looks like an immense petaled flower. Etched into each of the petals, however, is an illustration, in cross section, of bodies lined up in the hold of an 18th-century slave ship. LED light projects these images onto the gallery walls and onto visitors, who are drawn into the experience by passing

through the projected images. Glass is the only material that Biggers could have used to adequately express his idea. The same goes for the photographer James Welling, whose brilliant photographs of Philip Johnson's iconic Glass House (completed in 1949) exploit the reflectivity and transparency of the structure. I have been a longtime fan of Welling, but I had never seen any glass-related work. I was delighted to discover his 2006 "Glass House" series that, somehow, I had missed.

Several exhibitions that I saw in 2010 deeply impressed me. I chose a beautiful wide-mouthed beaker with applied trailed decoration from the Corning Museum's special exhibition "Medieval Glass for Popes, Princes, and Peasants," curated by the Museum's executive director, David Whitehouse. Not quite on-center and with somewhat uneven trails, this late 13th- or early 14th-century beaker has a sense of presence and command that is bestowed by the authority of history. It is mute, but we can imagine what it may have experienced, and that is breathtaking.

In the spring, during the International Contemporary Furniture Fair (ICFF) in New York, Heller Gallery hosted a special exhibition of 29 young designers, "Breakable: Glass by Design," which they organized with the American Design Club in Brooklyn. There was much exciting work, and the Corning Museum purchased several objects, including a glass-fabric basket by Lara Knutson and lighting by Patrick Townsend (these are illustrated in the "Recent Important Acquisitions" section of this issue).

In July, I traveled to Amsterdam, where I served as an external examiner for the glass graduates of the Rietveld Academie, the premier art school in the Netherlands. Although all of the work was strong, I was taken aback by the eccentric vision of Anna Zajac, whose mixed-media paintings—combining glass and found materials ranging from plastic to miniature folk dolls—pay homage to two of her favorite artists, Hieronymus Bosch (about 1450–1516) and Witkacy (Stanisław Ignacy Witkiewicz, 1885–1939). In her work, colored ribbons become brushstrokes, and doll parts, random black plastic rings, bits of cloth, and a silk flower become areas of dense, abstract shapes of color. They are marvelous (in the Surrealist sense) and remarkable in their obsessive process.

The following month, I was in Canberra, jurying the Ranamok Prize for artists working in glass from Australia and New Zealand. The winner of the Ranamok was Sue Hawker, a New Zealander whose work in cast glass tended to be literal, detailed, and technically highly precise. On the advice of a friend to "loosen up," she sailed off in a new direction, going from super-refined to fairly raw in her casting, and wrestling with impossible colors (and attendant incompatibility problems). The result was the oversize *Too Much Is Never Enough*, a riot of '60s Warholian *pâte de verre* flowers. When I first saw it, I immediately wanted to possess it, it was so fresh, bright, and self-confident.

In Seattle at the end of the year, I saw two solo museum shows by artists who have been receiving quite a lot of attention lately: Beth Lipman and Ginny Ruffner. At the Museum of Glass in Tacoma, Beth Lipman and Ingalena Klenell made an unbelievable, monumental glass landscape for their exhibition "Glimmering Gone," as well as smaller, more mysterious objects, presented in traditional wall cases, and a wall of shards. All of the glass used was colorless, and the transparency and reflectivity heightened the sense of materiality/immateriality that is unique to glass. It was a risky and remarkable achievement.

Ginny Ruffner showed metal and blown glass sculptures and installations, made over the last four years, in her exhibition "Aesthetic Engineering: The Imagination Cycle" at the Bellevue Arts Museum. In form and execution, Ruffner's work has evolved dramatically over the course of her career, but her signature content, relating to the sources of creativity, beauty, imagination, and the brain, and her strong Surrealist connection remain constant. Her immense, imaginary flowers, such as *When Lightning Blooms*, are somewhat menacing in their power, and I am reminded of André Breton's maxim that beauty should be convulsive or should not be at all. Last year, a feature-length documentary about Ruffner's life and work was released: *A Not So Still Life*, directed by Karen Stanton for ShadowCatcher Entertainment. This is not a self-produced or self-initiated video to showcase her work and process, but a film over which Ruffner had no editorial control. That kind of gutsiness and go-for-broke attitude is characteristic of Ruffner, and it is apparent throughout her work.

The last exhibition I will mention is one that I did not see, and I am kind of cranky about not having seen it. This was an exhibition curated by someone whose work

It was an honor to be asked to participate in the jurying of the 32nd New Glass Review, and it was highly stimulating to see the inventiveness and breadth of approach of artists from all over the world who are creating with glass.

Several aspects of the jurying struck me as significant. Being asked to judge these 2,700 entries prompted me to question my criteria for making these judgments. One unavoidably compares the submissions with one's own work, with all of the other submitted work, with glass art in general, with art in general, and with all the art one has ever experienced. On what is the judgment to be based? On technical skill, historical accuracy, alluring color, imitation, beauty, ideas addressed, or some other parameter? How do we make such decisions? It is a great help to do this in the company of others so that we can discuss what and how we see, as well as sharing our common expectations of work being considered for inclusion. It is a process that exposes our own predilections and forces us

is consistently original: Grainne Sweeney of the National Glass Centre in Sunderland, U.K. With guest curator Alessandra Pace, she created the exhibition "The Glass Delusion," which explores fragile and risky states (mental and physical) in contemporary art. The title refers to a psychological syndrome in which the afflicted individuals, usually obsessive-compulsive and driven by irrational fears, imagine themselves to be made of glass. Brittle and transparent, they are terrified of moving, afraid that they may physically fall apart at any moment.

From this cleverly themed exhibition, I chose two works: *Magnet Spring* by Attilia Csörgö, and *House of Mirrors*, built in Woodstock, New York, by the outsider architect Clarence Schmidt. Like Peter Ivy's object, *Magnet Spring* pairs glass and magnets in a chancy encounter, but in this case it is minimalist sculpture. Beryl Sokoloff's photograph of the transitory *House of Mirrors* is one of the few images documenting its existence. Over a period of several years, Schmidt's one-room log cabin grew into a seven-story structure with ramps, balconies, and rooftop gardens made of scavenged windows, aluminum foil, paint, flowers, wood, shards of mirror, string, and tar. Photographed and filmed in 1966–1967, it was destroyed by fire in 1968.

As I reviewed the works I chose to discuss in this essay, it was made clear to me, once again, how vibrant a material glass is, and how potentially fresh and exciting it can be in the hands of artists who, like scientists, are breaking a path to its future.

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Curator of Modern Glass
The Corning Museum of Glass



to acknowledge the inescapable narrowness of our vision. This is a great thing about art, that it requires us to believe in our own vision while at the same time acknowledging its limitations.

Then we must consider the relationship between the past, the present, and the future. How do we acknowledge the past? How are the possibilities for the future obscured by the practices of the past? Must we inch forward, or are we capable of quantum leaps? What prevents us from advancing? Should advances be avoided so that we may savor the accomplishments of the past? Working with glass in any manner certainly offers a lifetime of challenges. Viewing the submissions provides strong evidence for the value of looking both forward and backward, continually redefining what role artists play in society.

What is the role of technique in studio glass? Must we be masters of the medium in order to produce art, or visionaries for whom technique is irrelevant?

I am impressed by the dynamic between technique and content and material. Some degree of mastery is necessary, but some intention that directs technique is perhaps even more important. There must be a vision, a commitment to exploring what one does not yet know, prompted by the possibility of discovery and by the urge to express oneself. I saw many examples of artists who had something to say, something to express, some concern that guides their approach in utilizing glass. One example was Kimberly Marina Mc Kinnis's *The Shape of an Emotion II*, a video still of a woman scraping a glass bottle on concrete. It was perhaps devoid of technique but raw in feeling. In some cases, the technical merits of a piece are the content of the piece. Glass can demand a lifelong commitment to technical mastery. Or not.

There is also the difficulty of photography. It is an unfortunate fact that most people will see our art only in photographic form. Photography can make a good piece look bad. It can make the virtual real. What is there in art that cannot be effectively photographed? How will video documentation grow and support time-based exploration with glass? What about the performative? Consider the Web site created by Yuka Otani and Anjali Srinivasan called "How Is This Glass?" This site embraces artists who are adventuring beyond the use of glass to make objects. Interesting things are happening to expand traditional approaches to making things with glass.

Glass can also be used to imitate things. It can imitate some things better than others. Think about it.

My favorite entry might appear in a category called "strange biomorphic glass things." It is *Leaf* by Ivan Mareš. It is big, beautiful, glowing, and mysterious. I need to see this. In the same category is Maret Sarapu's *Half of Egg or Empty Shell*. I also admired C. Matthew Szösz's "glass action film," *Euplectella*. Tom Moore's *Continental Drift* makes me laugh, and I hope for more art that does so.

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Here are some thoughts on my selections for the "Jurors' Choice" section of *New Glass Review 32*.

I met the "glass community" in 1994, when I moved to Seattle. Since that time, I have made many friends and received much support, encouragement, goodwill, and generosity that have permanently convinced me of the fundamental goodness of the human race. Amen. Thank you.

The 200-inch disk for the Hale Telescope on Palomar Mountain, California, is certainly a fantastic piece of glass—one whose creation pushed the limits of everything that was known about glass at the time (1934). It enabled us to exponentially expand our understanding of the universe and our place in it. This piece of glass has

essentially allowed us to travel back in time, to peer into events that occurred more than 10 billion years ago. A piece of glass, properly formed, can so broaden our understanding of existence. Consider the role that glass has played in almost any aspect of discovery during the last 500 years. From optics to semiconductors to photovoltaics to the space shuttle, glass has been at the core of much of what we call civilization.

Diatoms are tiny ocean-dwelling organisms that build the structure they inhabit, their exoskeleton, out of silica rather than calcium. These extraordinary life forms are glass animals that look like Gothic cathedrals.

Prof. Mark Ganter works in mechanical engineering at the University of Washington in Seattle. He has designed and built rapid-prototyping systems to create objects in glass. True to the generous spirit of the glass community, he has made his research available to any interested party.

Brian Boldon is an artist living in Minneapolis. His work has spurred a convergence of ceramics, glass, video, photography, and sculpture. Modular construction, architectural support structures, eye-popping photographic processes on glass—all of these play a role in Brian's adventurous cross-disciplinary approach to exploring glass as sculpture.

Photovoltaics. Glass that makes electricity is way cool. I'm speechless. We are wasting our planet to produce more and more of the energy we crave. The fact that we can produce glass that can perform many of its traditional functions and at the same time produce the electricity that we need is key to our survival. What are we waiting for?

Prof. Jim Butler of Middlebury (Vermont) College superintended a "City of Glass" project that involved a one-month collaboration between students and faculty. It resulted in a city constructed of found and fabricated glass. The ambitious scale of the project, the speculative/open-ended nature of the outcome, and the complex workings of the collaboration were significant aspects of this experiment in large-scale glass.

Richard Marquis, artist. Almost everything I see of Dick's is the result of a focused effort to figure out how to do something really well. I admire that. His persistence and dedication in continuing to learn and to push the possibilities are notable. I can only hope to remain as creative as he is for as long as he has.

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