50 Years on 5th
A Retrospective Exhibition of Steuben Glass
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A Retrospective Exhibition of Steuben Glass
Atlantica (1939)
By Sidney Waugh
Height 36"  
Collection of The Corning Museum of Glass

Front cover:
By Paul Schulze
Height 17"

Back cover:
The Crown Cup (1954)
By George Thompson
Height 19½"
INTRODUCTION

Founded in Corning, New York, in 1903, Steuben Glass opened its first shop in New York City in 1934. Thus, 1984 marks a half-century on Fifth Avenue. In celebration of this occasion, Steuben presents a retrospective exhibition, "Fifty Years on Fifth." Included in the retrospective and seen in this catalogue is a juried selection of characteristic designs from the last five decades, chosen by a distinguished committee of curators from several major American museums. Steuben is deeply indebted to them for their invaluable assistance.

These works were selected as, in the judgment of the jurors, exemplars of Steuben's design evolution. Chosen from nearly 2,000 crystal designs, all of the objects seen were selected by two or more of the four curators.

The text for this catalogue was specially commissioned from Brendan Gill, the noted author and critic. Steuben is profoundly grateful for the honor he has done us by gracing our anniversary celebration with his essay.

This is the first Steuben retrospective since "Steuben, Seventy Years of American Glassmaking" toured American and Canadian museums from 1974 to 1976. The variety of works displayed range from the earliest pieces, influenced by a philosophy of simplicity and by the strong geometry of art deco, to today's abstract sculptures and innovative functional forms. The unifying element in this variety is the brilliant, flawless crystal material combined with the highest standards of design and craftsmanship.

Steuben's first New York shop was opened fifty years ago at 748 Fifth Avenue. Three years later, it moved into the ground floor of Manhattan's first glass office building, constructed of glass blocks for Corning Glass Works on the southwest corner of 56th Street and Fifth. Steuben moved across the street to 715 Fifth Avenue, its current premises, in 1959; this skyscraper was then the tallest glass building in New York.

New York’s Fifth Avenue was already known throughout the world as an elegant boulevard, a symbol of the American Dream. It had evolved from an opulent street of millionaires' residences to a sumptuous showcase, the equal of any in the world. Along its luxurious length today may be found not only some of the most beautiful stores in the world, but grand hotels, elaborate houses of worship, exclusive clubs, one of the world’s great libraries, and world-famous museums. Steuben is proud to be an established part of this glittering panorama.

Steuben makes all its glass in Corning and has been part of Corning Glass Works since 1918.

Davis A. Chiodo
President
When our country was young, fifty years was thought to be a long time; the period grows shorter as the country grows older. Dying in 1826, Jefferson was grateful that the republic he had done so much to bring into existence had succeeded in surviving for half a century. He would have considered it reckless to foretell that republic's bicentennial, which, arriving with many a brassy fanfare, proved an occasion for extravagant self-congratulation but not (as I had assumed it would be) for astonishment.

To defy high odds, to flourish in spite of dire predictions to the contrary—if this happy fate can be achieved by a nation on a grand scale, it can also be achieved on a more modest scale by enterprises both public and private, by families, and even by individuals. In almost every instance, it provides a reason for celebrating, and among the numerous events of this nature that are taking place in the course of 1984 not the least important to my mind is the fiftieth anniversary of Steuben's debut upon Fifth Avenue. True that in terms of age Steuben is a veritable cadet compared to some of its elder neighbors up and down the Avenue, but what Steuben has chosen to celebrate isn't, after all, a matter of mere longevity; rather, it is the company's unwavering pursuit of excellence over those five decades.

In an age of ever-increasing consumerism, which is to say an age devoted to spending for its own sake, Steuben has always known precisely what its intentions were: to make the finest glass in the world and to have that glass be given shape and purpose by artists and craftsmen of the highest talent and skill. What goal could be simpler to describe than that, or more difficult to accomplish? For when it comes to commerce, the loftier one's ambitions the more likely one is to be accused of eccentricity—of doing something so odd as to make other people uneasy. I suspect that Steuben, after fifty years, would be content to plead guilty to that accusation. The company has often been out of step with accepted business practices, but the thread of the quixotic that runs through its history strikes me as being an exceptionally sturdy one.

In its earliest incarnation, the Steuben Glass Company dates back to 1903. In that year, Frederick Carder, a well-known designer of art glass in England, was making an inspection tour of glasshouses in the Eastern United States. His itinerary included Corning, in Steuben County, New York—a small, leafy town in the rolling countryside not far north of the Pennsylvania border. There he met with prominent citizens of the community, among them Thomas G. Hawkes, president of a glass cutting firm that had long been accustomed to purchasing glass blanks from the English company by which Carder was employed. He and Hawkes decided to establish a new glasshouse in Corning to manufacture the blanks that Hawkes's firm required. They named the company Steuben, after the county (the accent falling, by native tradition, on the second syllable: Stewben). Soon the company was prospering to the point where Carder could branch out into the manufacture of art glass.

The First World War dealt a harsh blow to Steuben, which lacked the financial resources to wait it out. Corning Glass Works, the biggest glasshouse in town, stood ready to take immediate advantage of Steuben's skilled employees and idle plant facilities; early in 1918, a deal was struck and Steuben became a division of Corning. After the war, Steuben returned to the making of ornamental glass, but by then fashion was changing and Steuben fell upon hard times.

By 1933, Corning Glass was ready to let its Steuben division drop into the limbo of lost causes; it was rescued by Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., a Harvard graduate then in his twenties. Already distinguished as a bibliophile and already a member of the Board of Directors of Corning (Houghtons go into glass as naturally as Rothschilds go into banking; members of the sixth generation of Houghtons are at work at Corning Glass today), Arthur, Jr.
was a chance-taker, strong-willed, skeptical of received wisdom, pungent in expressing his opinions, and with a droll sense of humor. From the cradle, he had appeared bent upon going his own way and at the present moment, nearing eighty, he remains undiminished in his vigorous singularity. In *Steuben Glass, An American Tradition in Crystal*, Mary Jean Madigan's definitive history of the company, Houghton is quoted directly on Steuben's near-demise and revival in the grim year of 1933:

...the question came up in a directors' meeting at Corning as to whether the division should be discontinued...I asked if I could take a crack at it, because although not really knowledgeable about glassmaking or the arts, I was fascinated by the prospect.

The prospect that Houghton mentions had to do in part with the development of a new kind of glass at Corning. According to Madigan:

For some time, Corning Glass Works chemists had been trying to achieve an optical glass that would transmit, instead of absorb, ultra-violet light. Experiments begun in the fall of 1929 yielded, by the following spring, an exceptional glass of extremely high refractive quality [permitting] the whole spectrum of a light wave, including the ultra-violet range, to pass through...Since only small amounts of the new glass...were needed for commercial optical applications, other large-volume uses were sought.

What Houghton wished to try was what no prudent businessman in the depths of the depression would have dared to think of doing: to make use of this new, exquisite crystal for artistic purposes, marketing it in the form of artist-designed bowls, vases, and the like in shopping areas that would be, in Houghton's words, "as swank as could be." Such was Houghton's idealistic ardor and such were his powers of persuasion that his fellow directors voted to let him undertake the daring experiment. To help carry it out, Houghton summoned a friend he had known since childhood, John Monteith Gates, who had graduated from Harvard a year ahead of Houghton, had earned a degree in architecture at Columbia, and had studied at l'Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. Gates at twenty-eight was just beginning to make a name for himself in the august architectural office of Charles A. Platt; he may have assumed that his association with Houghton would last only for as long as it took to get the transformed Steuben well launched, but events often outwit our inclinations and Gates ended by devoting his entire professional career to Corning and Steuben.

Gates suggested to Houghton that still another young man be invited to join them. This was Sidney Waugh, who had studied architecture at M.I.T. before settling upon sculpture as a career and who had long been interested in glass as a sculptural material; conscientiously, he agreed to allot a third of his time to the experiment. Each of them would assume certain responsibilities, but they would always take care to work together. Many young men as they start out in business profess that a lifelong comradeship will be their goal, but the way to the goal is beset by perils (success being often a greater peril than failure) and so it is rarely reached; it may be a sign of Steuben's eccentricity—and a worthy tribute to it—that Houghton, Gates, and Waugh achieved such a comradeship.

Waugh would be in charge of preparing new designs for Steuben and would seek to recruit other artists and sculptors for that purpose. Houghton would be in charge of marketing the new designs—a task that would include advertising and publicity on a scale hitherto unknown in the decorous backwater of art glass. (Among other things, there would be full-page advertisements in *The New Yorker Magazine*. Surely the end of the world was at hand?) Gates would find a "swank" location for a shop somewhere in New York City and would be in charge of its design. Vacancies were plentiful in New York in the early thirties.
and suitable quarters were quickly found at 748 Fifth Avenue, in what had once been a Sherry's restaurant; with the assistance of Charles Platt's two architect-sons, William and Geoffrey, and the interior decorating firm of McMillen, Inc., Gates designed a shop of such suavely seductive elegance that visitor after visitor described it as being more like a private art gallery than a place of business. This was exactly what Houghton and Gates had counted on their saying.

The staff in the shop included three salespersons, but Houghton had instructed them that they were on hand only in order to offer assistance to anyone who happened in; there was to be no overt selling. "For forty years, that was the message I kept hammering into our people,\" Houghton has said. "No selling, no selling, no selling! An uphill fight, but it appears that it was worth it."

The date of the opening of the shop was Monday, February 19th, 1934. Leopold, King of the Belgians, had just fallen off a steep cliff and killed himself while mountain-climbing, the Nazis were giving Austria eight days in which to surrender its independence, and here in New York City Martha Graham was dancing at the Guild Theatre. The cost of a room at the Plaza was seven dollars a day, which was the top price in town; the Chelsea Hotel was advertising rooms at seven dollars a week. The local temperature was in the thirties and a light snow was falling.

Fifty years on Fifth Avenue! What I find surprising is not how much has changed in that period of time but how little. As I hurry from block to block (New Yorkers are divided into those who are always tardy and those who are never tardy, and I am one of the latter, lonely group), I feel the continuous reassurance of being among old friends. Altman's has been on the Avenue for upwards of eighty years, and so have Scribner's, Tiffany's, and the Bank of New York. Of houses of worship, several have stood on the Avenue for well over a century. Across from venerable St. Patrick's rises the comely gray limestone complex of Rockefeller Center, no longer in its first youth but yet to show the least sign of age; gilded Prometheus hovering above his fountain looks downright boyish in posture and demeanor. Here stands the aristocratic old Beaux Arts town house of Commodore Morton Plant, long since transmogrified into Cartier's; Mrs. Plant is said to have traded it to Cartier's for a string of pearls, and why not—who ever had too many pearls? Next door, we glimpse a remnant of George Vanderbilt's palely pilastered residence; indeed, the air throughout this neighborhood is quick with the ghosts of generations of dead Vanderbilts, whose great houses used to stare with approbation at one another over the heads of the rabble outside their doors. At the southwest corner of Fifty-seventh Street and the Avenue the old Heckscher tower (known at present as the Crown building) leaps insouciantly skyward, decorated with more blazing goldleaf than even levitating Prometheus can boast; its fenestration and diapered brickwork pay silent homage to Chambord, Blois, and Azay-le-Rideau.

Certain new buildings are, in a sense, simply old buildings in disguise; the tall slab on the southeast corner of Forty-seventh Street and the Avenue makes use of the steel skeleton of what was once the much smaller building of the furniture dealers, W. & J. Sloane, which in turn had made use of the steel skeleton of the flamboyant old Windsor Arcade. The Morgan Guaranty Bank, on Forty-fourth Street and the Avenue, conceals the skeleton of Sherry's hotel, designed by Stanford White in the late nineties; where today computers tot up dreary columns of dollars and cents, pretty women once danced the bunny-hug. When Steuben Glass moved, in 1937, from 748 Fifth Avenue to 718 Fifth Avenue, it constructed a building with walls of glass block, manufactured by the Corning Glass Works and used for the first time in New York City as a building material. Designed by the Platt brothers, in association with Gates, and bearing high
on its facade a sculptured limestone figure by Waugh in lieu of a conventional cornice, the building created a sensation. Glass block became an instant fad from coast to coast. (Remodeling a shingled bungalow in northwestern Connecticut in 1940, I found myself replacing wide old windows with a glass block wall. Why? As far as I can recollect, because everybody else was replacing wide old windows with glass block walls. And this in open country, among delightful views!) In 1959, when Steuben moved across the Avenue to larger quarters in the newly erected Corning-Steuben skyscraper, the jewelry firm of Harry Winston, Inc., purchased the "old" building, removed the glass block skin, and replaced it with a skin of travertine, in a design that hinted, none too convincingly, of a hôtel particulier somewhere in eighteenth-century France.

In spite of the destruction of the 718 building and of many other buildings of far greater age along the Avenue, the architectural fabric of New York City as a whole has altered less than one might have expected over half a century. What of the changes in the city's cultural life over the same period? It is notoriously the case that there can be no progress in the arts—there is only change, dictated not by reason but by emotions aroused by succeeding generations of artists, forever securing bridgeheads into seemingly unclaimed and therefore promising territory and forever finding themselves in the fullness of time the defenders of that exhausted territory, sentenced to die a slow, painful, but obligatory death. In our day, we have observed, among visual artists, the unlooked-for triumph of the Abstract Expressionists (every new group has affixed to it, willy-nilly, a more or less inappropriate label), and their reluctant giving way to one set or another of fiercely competitive young Turks, advancing under new banners—Minimalists, perhaps, or Neo-Realists, or whatever tag one chooses to apply to the latest of challengers, among them the Schnabels and Salles, who are thought by many amateur soothsayers on the art scene to be overtaking the now middle-aged "establishment" icons like Rauschenberg, Johns, Stella.

Probably not so vividly in music and certainly not so vividly in fiction and poetry, the conventional unconventionalities of change over the past half-century have been charted by legions of critics in and out of Academe; in the field of architecture, we have seen the wreaths of glory wrenched from the brows of the Bauhaus designers of the thirties and forties and placed on the brows of the contemporary Post-Modernists—Robert Venturi, Michael Graves, Charles Moore, Robert A. M. Stern, and the like. While all these bloodless but often bloody-minded palace revolutions have been taking place in the arts, can the handiwork of the designers of Steuben Glass be said to have kept pace with them—at the very least (and not in any punning sense), can they be said to have reflected them?

I would think that the proper answer to that question is still another question: Whether directly or indirectly how can they not have? As artists, they have necessarily been responsive to whatever was in the air; moreover, as artists working for a business dependent upon the taste of a comparatively small and yet measurable public, they have had boundaries to labor within and then, with the passage of time, to expand. Obviously, one sees in much of the Steuben glass of the thirties an austerity of style that Steuben designers shared with the best contemporary European designers; it was an austerity that sprang, one guesses, from the feeling that the skilled execution of a piece of art glass was an end in itself: though it might have a function to perform as a bowl or vase, say, it could be thought to be as nearly abstract as a Mondrian.

With such works as Sidney Waugh's 1942 Paul Revere Vase, story-telling of a charmingly old-fashioned kind enters into the work of art, and in Waugh's case along with the narrative comes a lively sense of humor—the artist is simultaneously paying homage to the past and
keeping a vaguely playful distance from it. In the years since then, I have the impression that many works of art favored by Steuben's artists have been of a narrative nature. Some are intensely representational—a sword plunged into a boulder, an Eskimo fishing through the ice—and yet dependent upon sources of knowledge, whether literary or anthropological, that are exterior to the work of art if they are to yield up their full meaning. No doubt Thomas S. Buechner, who succeeded Arthur Houghton as president of Steuben Glass and is now its chairman—and who is himself a formidably distinguished artist, art historian, and museum director—would cast a skeptical eye on the popularity of readily recognizable animal forms in Steuben glass—elephants, rabbits, turtles, and so on—regarding them as a yielding to the public's taste for these delightful, whimsical creatures. Buechner is far more interested in the innovative, abstract sculptures created by the new artists he attracted to Steuben in the seventies. Today, while continuing to produce both narrative works and classic functional forms, Steuben is devoting a considerable effort to the creation of contemporary glass sculpture under the direction of its current president, Davis A. Chiodo.

To glance for a moment in another direction—it is assuredly the case that Steuben glass, presented as a gift, implies (or is intended to imply) a certain degree of social prestige; this is unquestionably agreeable to Steuben as a fact of business life, but it is neither here nor there in respect to judging a piece on its own merits, as a work of art. That judgment and its corollary, which is the relationship of Steuben's artistry to the artistic standards of the culture in which Steuben has flourished for fifty years, are better left to history; to examine the changes in a culture is, in a sense, to carry out an autopsy on that culture—something not to be practiced with prudence upon the living.

Speaking of prudence, I ought to mention that all my life I have been in the presence of prophets of doom, both amateur and professional. They have been shaking their heads over the manifest decline of civilization, whether local, national, or international, ever since I was a child, and their pleasure in bemoaning that decline has been so obvious that I have rarely troubled to debate the topic with them. Something in our natures as we grow older induces us to shake our heads and mutter darkly that things were better in the old days. For myself, in glancing over the past, I cannot see that things were ever better, in any historical context capable of being accurately measured. What most of us perceive as being changes out in the world are, in fact, changes within ourselves, based on emotions that we are nearly always unwilling to confront. Once upon a time, we were young and full of promise, and today it may be the case—sooner or later, it is bound to be the case—that we are neither young nor full of promise; rather than rebuke ourselves for this intolerable state of affairs, we fall back upon rebuking the present.

Granted that there are many ways in which New York City is, for some of us, a more difficult city to live in today than it was in the thirties. We are aware of the filthy, ill-repaired streets, of the decaying subways, of the violence of drug-crazed marauding youths, of the ever-mounting cost of food and shelter, to say nothing of the cost of the social and artistic activities that we would like to pursue. Nevertheless, I am convinced that some of the attributes New York City has acquired since the thirties far outweigh the difficulties it has been unable to outwit. Chief among these attributes is a profound change in our point of view toward how we live and ought to live—a change little noted by the so-called media because it is largely psychological. The physical consequences of this change are, however, visible all round us; indeed, they are to be bumped into on almost every street corner.

I give a jaw-breaking name to the change: I call it the Mediterraneanization of New York. Though the city is in the latitude of Barcelona,
Rome, Athens, and Istanbul, and though a couple of million of its inhabitants have come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean, until recently that sunny inland sea has had astonishingly little impact upon our behavior. For centuries, we have been a city dominated by a culture northern and Protestant—even Puritanical—in its outlook. We have been a buttoned-up city, a city in three-piece Brooks Brothers suits, a city on guard against any open display of emotions. The great waves of Catholic and Jewish immigration ought to have overwhelmed this culture; instead, they sought to make themselves into good Americans by imitating it. In my youth, it was thought totally impermissible to eat in the streets, dance in the streets, make love in the streets; with acrobatic diligence, one avoided the slightest physical contact with one's fellow pedestrians, and one would consent to sit on a curbstone only if one were undergoing a severe heart attack (with a mild attack, one took care to keep walking). And now look about and see how blue jeans, sneakers, and T-shirts have usurped the place of three-piece gray worsted suits and polished cordovan brogans, see how the once barren steps of the Metropolitan Museum have come to resemble the Spanish Steps in Rome, crowded all summer with young lovers in one another's arms, see how our sidewalks have become like North African bazaars, with fruit, ices, gloves, beads, sun-glasses, umbrellas, and watches on sale at every turn! And from every doorway, listen—young musicians are playing for our pleasure Mozart and Lully and Couperin, while on the pavement in front of them black break-dancers spin like dervishes under a burnished sky. The last Puritan has gone off to his dour heaven, to reflect upon his sins.

I judge this Mediterraneanization of New York to be the most important change that has taken place here in my lifetime. It has been achieved in large part by the addition of two robust cultures, both of Mediterranean origin—the Hispanic culture, from the Caribbean islands, and the black culture, imported on slave-ships directly from Africa into our own South—to the many diverse cultures that had preceded them, and it has come at an ideal moment in our history, when the city was plainly in need of a stimulus for growth. Nothing could be more fruitful for us than the mingling, both in business and in the arts, of this new blood with old. Already we see some of the happy consequences in the arts—in painting and sculpture, in dance, in music, and in novels, plays, and verse. If New York has come to be recognized as the greatest city on earth, how much greater it is sure to be by the year 2000! That double millennium is only sixteen years away, and I have no doubt that designers at Steuben are at work even now upon the creation of works of art appropriate to that occasion.

Over the years, it has become a tradition throughout the country to mark anniversaries and state occasions of various sorts with gifts of Steuben crystal, large and small. I assume Steuben has respected this tradition and has created a work of art worthy of its fiftieth birthday on Fifth Avenue. Having no skill in glass, I salute Steuben in words: may its handiwork always be looked up to, and into, and through, and may it hold the light forever!

Brendan Gill
1934-1943
1) Gazelle Bowl (1935)
   By Sidney Waugh
   Height 6 3/4"

2) Lens Bowl (c. 1934)
   Diameter 16"

3) Cocktail Shaker (c. 1941)
   By John M. Gates
   Height 7 1/8"

Collection of The Corning Museum of Glass

4) Agnus Dei Vase (c. 1935)
   By Sidney Waugh
   Height 7 1/4"

Collection of Lillian Nassau, Ltd.

5) Massive Cut Vase (1935)
   By Sidney Waugh
   Height 11"

Anonymous Loan
1) Acrobats (1940)
   By Pavel Tchelitchew
   Height 13½"  
   Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Anderson

2) Teardrop Candlesticks (1937)
   Height 9"

3) Olive Dish (1939)
   By John Dreves
   Diameter 5½"

4) Ashtray (c. 1938)
   Diameter 5½"
   Collection of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Thurston

5) St. Tropez Table Glass (1932)
   By Walter Dorwin Teague
1944-1953
1) Crystal Bowl with Cut Base (c.1950)
   By George Thompson
   Diameter 15 1/2"

2) Vase (c. 1949)
   By George Thompson
   Anonymous Loan

3) Martini Mixer (1946)
   By George Thompson
   Height 9 1/4"

4) Bowl (c. 1953)
   By George Thompson

5) Drinking Glasses (1947)
   By George Thompson
1) Vase (1953)
   By George Thompson
2) Vase (1953)
   By Lloyd Atkins
   Height 12 1/2"
3) Bud Vase (1949)
   By David Hills
   Height 8"
4) Airtrap Vase (1950)
   By John Dreves
   Height 8 1/2"
   Anonymous Loan
5) Iced Tea Glass (1947)
   By Don Wier
   Height 5 7/8"
1954-1963
1) Orchids (1954)
   Glass design by Donald Pollard
   Engraving design by Sir Jacob Epstein
   Diameter 11"
   Anonymous Loan

2) Drinking Glass (1956)
   By George Thompson
   Height 7"

3) Ascent (1955)
   By George Thompson
   Height 13 3/4"

4) Bowl (c. 1954)
   By George Thompson
   Diameter 5 1/2"
1) Pan and Nymph (1954)
   By Leslie Durbin
   Height 10"
   Anonymous Loan

2) Punch Bowl (1956)
   By Lloyd Atkins
   Diameter 9"

3) The Lone Bamboo in All Its Gracefulness (1956)
   Glass design by Lloyd Atkins
   Engraving design by Ma Shou-hua
   Height 15½"
   Collection of Mrs. Yu Chang Woo

4) Trillium Bowl (1958)
   By Donald Pollard
   Width 9¾"
1964-1973
1) Camellia Bowl (1973)
   By Peter Yenawine
   Diameter 16"

2) Cut Vase (1969)
   By Paul Schulze
   Height 6 1/2"

3) Ogee Bowl (1973)
   By Donald Pollard
   Diameter 7"

4) Bell-Shaped Bowl (1973)
   By Donald Pollard
   Diameter 5 1/4"

5) Salad Bowl (1968)
   By George Thompson
   Diameter 11"
1) Convolution (1966)
   By Paul Schulze
   Height with base 8"

2) Flared Bowl (1973)
   By Peter Yenawine
   Diameter 13 1/4"

3) Ball Interior (1965)
   By Paul Schulze
   Height 13 1/2"
   Collection of Norman H. Strouse

4) Subtraction (1966)
   By Paul Schulze
   Height 4"
   Collection of an anonymous lender
1974-1984
1) Innerland (1980)  
By Eric Hilton  
Limited to a single example  
Width and length 19⅜"  

2) Space and Time Are Nothing But Names (1981)  
By Peter Aldridge  
Limited to a single example  
Width 25"  

3) Oriental Bowl (1979)  
By James Carpenter  
Diameter 12⅜"
1) Passage: An Interval of Time (1981)
   By Peter Aldridge
   Limited to an edition of fifteen
   Height 10 3/4"

2) Lunar Vase (1977)
   By David Dowler
   Height 10 3/4"

3) Four Bright Corners (1980)
   By David Dowler
   Width 10"

4) Oracle (1980)
   By David Dowler
   Length 7"

5) Dark Vortex (1982)
   By Eric Hilton
   Limited to a single example
   Diameter 9"

6) Heavy Walled Bowl (1979)
   By James Carpenter
   Diameter 7 1/2"
By Peter Aldridge
Limited to a single example
Width 12”

2) Left:
Double Volume Vase (1979)
Height 11¼”
Right:
Double Volume Bowl (1979)
Diameter 10”
By James Carpenter
ADDITIONAL NONJURIED DESIGNS

American Ballad Bowl (1942)
Glass design by George Thompson
Engraving design by Sidney Waugh
Arcus (1977)
By Peter Aldridge
Autumn Moon (1972)
By James Houston
Collection of Mrs. Helen H. Brown
Bamboo Vase (1978)
Glass design by Donald Pollard
Engraving design by Linchia Li
Bombus (1953)
By Bruce Moore
Collection of Ludwig W. Eichna
Butterfly Girl (1973)
Glass design by Peter Yenawine
Engraving design by David Johnston
Collection of The Corning Museum of Glass
Canyons and Rivers (1980)
By David Dowler
Carnation Vase (1982)
By Luciana Roselli
Cathedral (1955)
By George Thompson
Centroid (1977)
By Peter Aldridge
Cityscape (1976)
By Lloyd Atkins
Cosmic Wind (1982)
By Eric Hilton
Cream Pitcher (1939)
By John Gates
Crown of Oberon (1982)
Glass design by Donald Pollard
Engraving design by Beni Montresor
Dandelions (1973)
Glass design by Paul Schulze
Engraving design by Donald Crowley
Dyadic Vessel (1981)
By Peter Aldridge
Ferdinand Magellan (1970)
By Lloyd Atkins
Fish (c. 1935)
By Sidney Waugh and Frederick Carder
Hercules Vase: The First Trial (1983)
Hercules Vase: The Second Trial (1983)
Hercules Vase: The Third Trial (1983)
By Bernard X. Wolff
Holiday Bowl (1954)
Glass design by George Thompson
Engraving design by Bruce Moore
Moby Dick (1959)
Glass design by Donald Pollard
Engraving design by Sidney Waugh
Mother and Child (1962)
Glass design by George Thompson
Engraving design by Tom Vincent
Collection of Mr. & Mrs. Harvey M. Meyerhoff
Passage: A Function of Eleven (1981)
By Peter Aldridge
Prismatic Column (1965)
By Paul Schulze
Snipe Bowl (1975)
By James Houston
Table Glass (1934)
By Frederick Carder
Collection of Miss Mary E. Gallagher
Temple in the Sand (1980)
By David Dowler
The Bicentennial Goblet (1975)
Glass design by Donald Pollard
Engraving design by Donald Pollard and Patricia Weisberg
Collection of an anonymous lender
The Butterfly (1967)
Glass design by George Thompson
Engraving design by Alexander Seidel
The Cat (1940)
By Isamu Noguchi
The Cowboy (1943)
By Sidney Waugh
Collection of Ludwig W. Eichna
The Indian (1943)
By Sidney Waugh
Collection of Ludwig W. Eichna
The Myth of Adonis (1966)
Glass design by Donald Pollard
Engraving design by Jerry Pfohl
Collection of Mr. & Mrs. Marcus E. Cunningham
Every United States president since President Truman has selected Steuben glass as gifts of state. Some are listed below, along with other presentation pieces. The first gift of state was Sidney Waugh’s Merry-Go-Round Bowl, presented to Her Royal Highness The Princess Elizabeth and His Royal Highness The Prince Philip on the occasion of their marriage, by President Truman, 1947.

On the back cover is George Thompson’s The Crown Cup, presented to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, on the occasion of her visit to Washington, by President and Mrs. Eisenhower, 1954.

Cathedral
By George Thompson
Presented to French President Charles de Gaulle by President Dwight D. Eisenhower on the occasion of his trip to Paris, 1959.

Centroid
By Peter Aldridge
Presented to Her Majesty Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands by President Ronald Reagan, 1982.

Cuadra
By Peter Yenawine
Presented to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, on the occasion of her Bicentennial visit to the United States, by the British American Queens Reception Committee, 1976.

Peace Crystals
By Peter Aldridge
Presented to Egyptian President Anwar al-Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin by President Jimmy Carter to commemorate the signing of the Peace Treaty at the Camp David Summit, 1979.

Saying of Confucius
Glass design by Donald Pollard
Engraving design by Cho Chung-yung
Presented to Chinese President Chiang Kai-shek on the occasion of his 70th birthday by the Chinese Ambassadors, 1956.

Shepherd’s Cup
Glass design by Peter Yenawine
Engraving design by Zevi Blum
Presented to His Holiness Pope John Paul II by President and Mrs. Reagan, 1982.

The Butterfly
Glass design by George Thompson
Engraving design by Alexander Seidel
Presented to His Majesty Emperor Hirohito of Japan by President and Mrs. Reagan on the occasion of their visit to Japan, 1983.