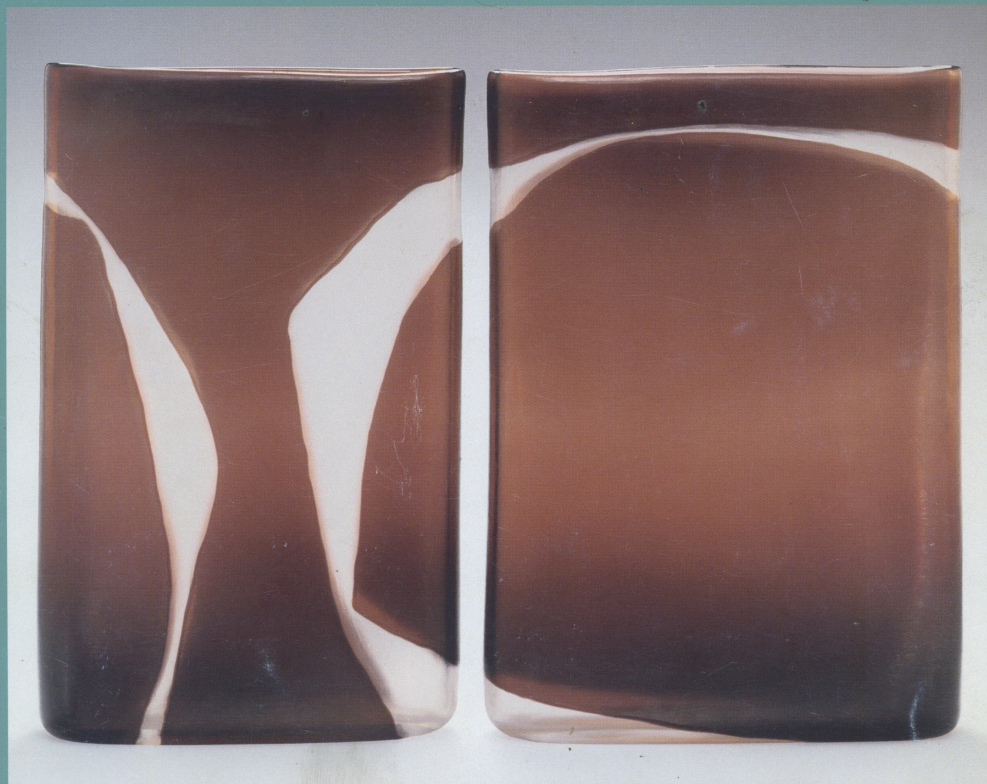


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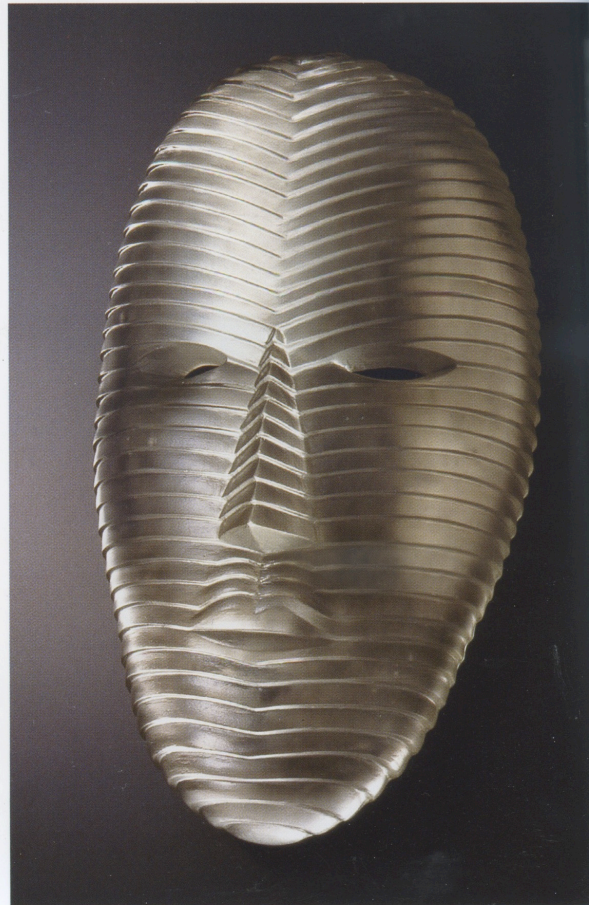
Review 28



The Corning Museum of Glass



46. Joanna Manousis
United Kingdom
Sandy
Blown glass; oil paint
H. 15 cm, W. 10 cm, D. 5 cm
TSB



47. Paul Marioni
United States
Machine (Kinetic)
Kiln-cast glass, silvered
H. 38 cm, W. 25 cm, D. 10 cm
Photo: Russell Johnson
TSB, KM

Jury Statements

At 80 and as the first director of The Corning Museum of Glass (1951), I feel paternal toward young people making glass. I want them to succeed as I want my own children and grandchildren to succeed. The trouble is that the measure of success is always changing. It was mostly about making a living and doing something well; now it's more about finding your path and doing something original. Here's an example of my plight: *Woman in Light/Guadalupe* by Kana Tanaka consists of dichroic and colorless broken glass fragments on a tilted mirror, lighted in such a way that the space in which it lies is filled with reflected colors. I didn't put my initials on it because I don't know how to evaluate it. Is the ultimate consequence of this creative act a photograph? Or is it the reality of a space that once existed? Did anybody make anything?

As a boy roaming around The Metropolitan Museum of Art (in the late 1930s), I came to the conclusion that the things in that huge building were there because they were of exceptional quality. Of course, there were other factors, such as historical importance, but for the most part I thought those galleries were filled with a selection of the best. This notion involves comparison. The Met's tables and chairs, and especially paintings, were clearly better than those in our house.

I came to see 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.

Tanja Pak's bowl is one of my choices. I can compare it in my memory with hundreds of other hemispherical bowls, but the relationship of the parts is, I think, outstanding: the benign exterior wall with that polished, angled rim leading precipitously into the matte interior, black and intimidating. I wish I could see it—and hold it.

The work of Gerhard Ribka is deceptively simple and always a delight. His *Horse* describes the author as much as the animal: funny, poignant, whimsical, profound. How tender, how vulnerable, is all that pink, how pretentious the gold veneer on that pointy-dumb head. I fear it is about all of us as well as about a very talented man.

As a still-life painter, I am partial to the geometry of nature, and so I was much taken with Jean Salatino and Steven Gandolfo's *Urchin*. This is difficult to do, and it appears to have been beautifully done. Art shows in the extent of the challenge. Nobody applauds a high-wire act performed on the ground. I remember a piece in which an artist unloaded a shotgun into a thick sheet of flat glass. So far as I know, it was an original idea, maybe even awesome, but it left me behind. This red urchin, with its exquisitely cut, pointed hexagonal facets combining to make a squishy, threatening oval, does not.

Joanna Manousis is a good painter. That portrait of Sandy is about the size of a Christmas tree ball, and the form is as ordinary as glass gets, but to create so convincing an illusion of a tiny, sad person—a real person—on a shape that almost coincides with the shape of a head transforming into a tear is poignant. It is an interesting idea; the quality of the painting transcends interesting.

* * *

To the "Jurors' Choice" assignment, I bring the asset of having seen an enormous number of things made of glass and the liability of an extremely bad memory.

Heading my list is the building housing The Corning Museum of Glass, designed by Gunnar Birkerts, which opened in 1980. As a narcissist, I see myself in this structure because I was the museum's director when it was built. In fact, I had nothing to do with making it so beautiful. This ribbon of glass floating above its periscopic apron, reflecting its interior at night and the world around it during the day, is, for me, an immense work of art. Toledo's new Glass Pavilion by Kazuyo Sejima and Ryue Nishizawa (SANAA) is also an extraordinary project, exquisite in its detail.

When I think back on my "wow" experiences with glass, scale is a big factor. I saw the windows of Chartres in 1946, coming from the rubble of Normandy: huge, climbing sheets of colored light so rich with ideas, so structured, so ancient, so profound—nothing in glass has been comparable to that experience for me.

Two other very big pieces that have survived in my memory are from the Tiffany Studios: the great landscape stained glass curtain in the opera house in Mexico City and the glass mosaic wall designed by Maxfield Parrish for the Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia. The opera curtain changes color with the position of the sun. You have to see it to believe it.

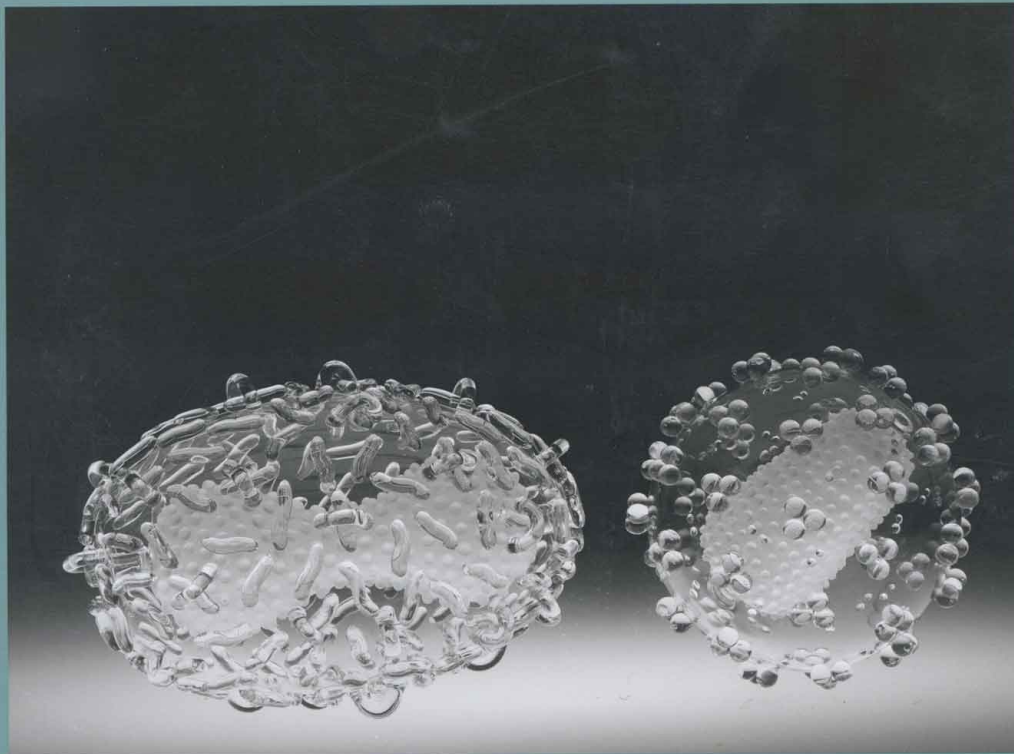
My first choice in small glass objects would be the Lycurgus Cup, now in The British Museum. I first saw it in the closet where the previous owner kept tennis rackets. The cup is green in reflected light, red in transmitted light, carved from a single block of glass, and literally surrounded by the fear, pain, and anger of the myth.

From Corning's collection, I would take the Islamic carved ewer that bears our name. The complex linear frieze of birds and animals is cut from a thin green overlay, a triumph of rhythmic composition based on the form of the vessel itself. I can't think of an object in which form and decoration are brought together more powerfully.

Jumping a thousand years into our own time, I will bring my list to 10 with Jiří Hrcuba's portrait of Kafka, Stanislav Libenský and Jaroslava Brychtová's *Red Flower*, and Lino Tagliapietra's *Endeavor*. Jiří finds his subject with so few cuts, with such biting accuracy, and with such spontaneity

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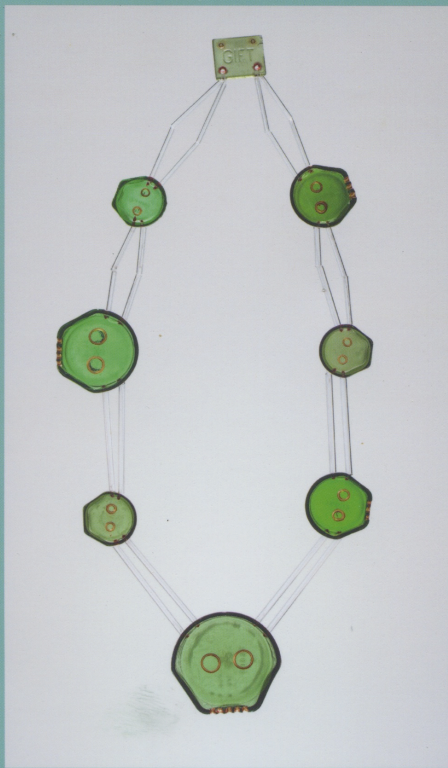
52. Joanna Manousis
 British, working in the United States
Life Lists (installation)
Pâte de verre, enameled; video animation
 Each: H. 17.7 cm, W. 12.7 cm
 Photo: Woody Packard
 DC, RH, TO, MZ

53. Ivan M
 Czech Rep
 Cast g
 H. 95 cm, W. 128 cm, D. 16
 Photo: O. Koco
 DC, RH, TO,



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The Corning Museum of Glass



55. Joanna Manousis
United Kingdom
Demeter's Rose
Negative core cast crystal; forged
steel, stainless steel
H. 147 cm, W. 147 cm, D. 12 cm
Photo: Wexler Gallery
GI, TO