

Only a small selection of personal contributions to this publication provided here.

To see **GLASSOGRAPHY: the Journal (vol. 2)** in full, pilgrimage to either the Rakow Research Library at The Corning Museum of Glass or the Pilchuck Glass School Library.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'd. Schnuckel', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

David Schnuckel

GLASSOGRAPHY

the journal

janeill **besecker**
david **fox**
david **king**
ying chiun **lee**
david **schnuckel**

volume **two**

Use Your **Foreword(s)**

The second iteration of **GLASSOGRAPHY** took place at the Pilchuck Glass School during the first session of the 2019 program from June 7th to the 14th.

A handful of **GLASSOGRAPHERS** joined on campus and dove right into the content. Their conversations were rich, their work was illuminating. The course's pace was determined and, as a result, the session went by quick. Course participants were asked to investigate the multi-faceted organism that the field of glass is through various writing exercises and projects; activities that would then invite further conversation between the group on topics of shared appeal (which would, in turn, influence more writing direction).

The work that the **GLASSOGRAPHERS** were doing relied heavily on interaction with the community upon the school's campus; crossover with various members and happenings at Pilchuck (in this particular moment) as a focal point in their thinking, writing and conversation. In turn, many more fellow Pilchuckers took part in **GLASSOGRAPHY** readings, discussions and class events than the year before. Members of staff, students from other courses, instructors and the Artist in Residence joining in and enriching the **GLASSOGRAPHY** experience.

They wore many hats in the work they did. They explored various corners of the field through several ways in which writing exists: in lists, critique and criticism, field journalism, the op-ed, poetry, narrative and the experimental. The work even transcended words and writing by heading into the creation of visual artwork, song writing, video and performance. All different lenses with which to examine this "*glass thing*." A variety of methods engaged to help them explore it's various parts.

This second group of **GLASSOGRAPHERS** included Janeill Besecker, Ying Chiun Lee, David King, David Fox and David Schnuckel.

The following are selections of the work they had done during their time together at the Pilchuck Glass School.

o v o i d

You emerge from blackness. The black is uniform and dark. It does not vary in tone. It is unmistakably black.

You do not “blend in.” You pop. You are exuberant. You are bulbous, a crystalline peacock of a thing. I catch you in a moment. you are on the move.

I see you. I step forward with haste. Far at first. Then closer. Closer. Gracefully. Quickly. I am unnoticeable. My movement is brisk. I am an air current with legs. Legs that stop and place me *just* so. I’m comfortable with my positioning. I know exactly where to be that holds full view of you, but just enough out of your periphery to be unnoticed. I have eyes on you. Eyes that don’t just watch, but look. Eyes that *capture*. I’m so good at noticing you without being noticed back.

I feel like I’m getting away with something.

You are round. You are colorful. Your body is defined by a bizarre abstraction of light...giving you a rainbowed coat of mostly turquoise, greens, blues, fuchsias. You are a psychedelic phenomenon. Yet, you are clear. You are a clear, hollow body...a membrane of refracted light that holds the fleshy nothingness of air inside. Your skin looks a lot like the iridescent surface of the oil-stained pavement after a light drizzle. You are exotic.

I am smitten.

Your surface has ripples. They are still for now, but that’s only because I’ve frozen this moment in time. Your rippled surface is indicating the velocity of your speed. You are so fast that your rate of movement is manipulating your essence. Yours is a graceful sort of malformation. Yours is a small, rapid rolling along your surface. As you move, your skin moves. Like something tidal. It is not texture, it is residual. You are in flight. You are ascending. Rapidly. You are lighter than a startled gasp.

I follow. I carry a certain look as I do.

Your shape is an undulating almond. Your summit is leading the way in your journey. The broader side of your shape is your base, positioned at your 5 o’clock spot. It is there that I catch a glimpse of your indentation. A depression of the outer edge of this most broad part of your shape. The bottom of you somehow plunging inside yourself. A circular peak, a crowning within your surface like when a pebble drops within a pond. This is not your part of your bodily design. This is residue of bodily impact, something forceful is manipulating you. The spattering of something clear near this recession is pivotal in understanding what you are, where you

came from, how you came to be. I think of things that gush in life. Instances of pain, instances of pleasure. When things go right, when things go wrong.

I cringe. I blush. I shudder. I salivate.

Seeing you is what it must be like to see for the first time. Seeing as Adam saw on the morning of his creation. You are impossible. You are quiet. You are so much in such a minimal package. You move like a predator. You move like prey. You are glassy. You are fragile. You are reflective. You are up there. Your body has language. It says you want to be and look fabulous somewhere else. Somewhere potentially far, far away from here.

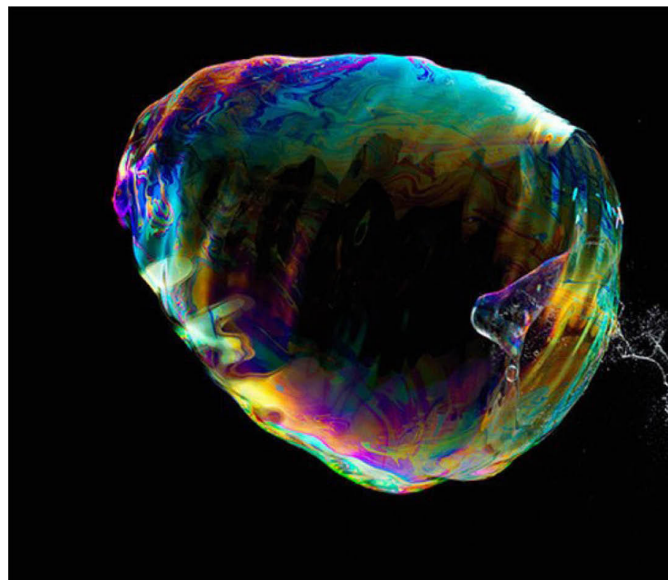
I am down here, left behind.

Although silent, your essence is a song. A visual anthem of escape. Your colors, surface and shape something imagined in delirium. You awaken the human dream of leaving. The joy of leaving something big and empty and monochromatic. The heart's search of a place where the things one dares to dream could possibly come true. You aren't just going somewhere else; you epitomize the notion of *elsewhere*.

I am sensing an ominous change. The major key is turning minor.

You are an ovoid for now, but you will slow down at some point soon. You will smooth over, become a sphere. You may still have some float left in you, but you will waiver only upwards instead of out. But only for a bit. Your buoyancy will soon then slowly compromise. You will succumb to gravity and make your way back down here. A life of rising and ascent will transition into a life of falling and decline. You will touch down. You will pop on impact.

I digress.



And “*Clear*” appears. Absolute *clear*. *Clear* beyond all *clearness*. *Clear* of the coming of the *Clear*. *Clear* without compromise, through exclusion, through total eradication of *nonclear*. Insane, enraged *clear*, screaming with *clearness*. Fanatical, furious, riddling the retina. Horrible electric *clear*, implacable, murderous. *Clear* in bursts of *clear*. God of “*clear*.” No, not a god, a howler monkey. (Let’s hope my *vitreous organs* don’t blow apart.)

End of *clear*. I have a feeling that for a long time to come *clear* is going to have something excessive for me.

Collaboration between Henri Michaux and David Schnuckel

(a passage of “With Mescaline” where glass-related amendments are placed in *italics*)

I will maintain a studio practice that will forever reside somewhere between emerging and established.

I will engage yet another unpaid opportunity to justify my practice.

I will agree to pay to be part of an opportunity to justify my practice.

I will agree to pay an entry fee to be considered for a juried opportunity to justify my practice.

I will be denied that opportunity from time to time. More often than not.

I will agree to pay to have my work shipped to an unimportant opportunity to justify my practice.

I will do this often.

I will agree to spend all my time making artwork that will potentially never be professionally acknowledged.

I will agree to spend all my money to make artwork that will potentially never be sold or seen.

I will doubt myself most of the time.

I will remain suspicious when something good in my career is happening.

I will remain suspicious when my work is complimented by people I adore.

I will return to the memory of those compliments from people I adore many times down the road when "having a bad moment."

I will secretly thrive off of all my professional "rejection" and perceived "failures."

I will always wish there was a reality TV crew filming my every struggle and pairing it up with the most captivating talking-head one-liner of me both narrating and validating my perpetual dance with fucking up.

I will always be relieved that no such reality TV crew is giving the world access to my idiocy in studio, how uncharismatic I am off the cuff and how fat I look on camera.

I will donate an artwork to fund an organization I believe in that will not do my career or that organization any good in how my donated artwork financially performs during auction.

I will do this a handful of times.

I will facilitate a daily moment of doubt regarding the legitimacy of my practice every day until it is indisputably clear that I was right or wrong to feel that way.

I will always wonder what could've happened to my career as an artist if I just would've done that one thing I chose not to do.

I will always wonder what could've happened to my career as an artist if I just would've hitched up to all the art stars around me that I have serious ethical/professional problems with.

I will always wonder what could've happened to my career as an artist if I just would've followed the trend du jour at any given moment instead of my artistic convictions.

I will always wonder what direction the field could have gone towards if I called out that art star who was awarded regardless of fraudulent application materials.

I will always wonder what direction my career would've gone if I abandoned my morals and applied for the same award with fraudulent application materials, too.

I will always wonder if my career was held back due to a diligent commitment to professional and personal integrity.

I will constantly have to prove my validity as an artist to a consistently unimpressed administrative staff who assesses my value as a faculty member in the visual arts.

I will constantly have to prove my validity as an art educator to a consistently unimpressed administrative staff who assesses my value as a faculty member in the visual arts.

I will congratulate admired peers and colleagues online and in person who beat me out of important opportunities with great warmth and sincerity. I will still want to kill myself.

I will blatantly avoid despicable peers and colleagues online and in person who beat me out of important opportunities with furious astonishment. I will want to kill myself even harder.

I will make it look like I'm doing fine on social media.

I will make it look like my practice couldn't be going any better on social media.

I will use my social media as a billboard to falsely advertise my "constant productivity."

I will secretly measure the validity of my practice based on what response my posts get on social media.

I, _____, agree to all the above and to commit my time, money, emotion and energy to pursue the thing that will be the best and worst life decision I've ever made: of becoming an artist.

Signature: _____

Printed: _____

Date: _____

Witness: _____

File Number: _____

THEMES / MOTIFS / PATTERNS OF WORK WITHIN STAFF SHOW

- TIME BASED STUDIES (ICE, VIDEO WIFE X 3)
- IDEAS OF CAPTURE (ICE: BRAINWAS, CORNER WETTING, TURT BOTTLES, GUES: SCRENS, SPIKES: PUFF)
- LACK OF STILL IMAGERY (IMAGING PROCESSES (MOVING PICTURES IN THEIR PLACE))
- LACK OF KIN FORMING ... NO CASTING
- ... THE HOT SHOP STILL REIGNS (SOMEHOW...)
- DENIAL ... WORK SUBVERTING PREVIOUS NOTIONS OF "EXCELLENCE" (UPSIDE DOWN, SCRENS, WBSL, RAE)
- SUBTLE BLEMISH ... SUBTLE TRACES OF HUMAN ERROR WITHIN PROCESS (CANDIDWORKED PAPERWEIGHTS, LIP BLEMISH, BUBBLE IN VESSEL)
- THE HALO ... SUBVERTING ~~EXISTING~~ HISTORICAL DEPICTIONS OF GLORY AND THE EAGLE (LAMPEN PROJECTION, TURT BOTTLE, BLOW THROUGH COUNSEL, PUFF MIRROR)
- THE RECTANGLE ... A FORMAT FOR _____ (?) (WBSL, ABRAM, THE PRINT, TURT CARBON, VIDEOS, SPIKES: PUFF, ICE: BRAINWAS)
- CONNECTION OF TITLING DISREGARDED ... OR NOT TAKEN SERIOUSLY IN A PURPOSEFUL WAY (WHETHER KNOWN BY THE ARTIST OR NOT)
- ~~UNIDENTIFIED~~

The quest for mastery hasn't disappeared. It has detoured. Or, better yet, rerouted its path.

A B J E C T S is a current exhibition at the Pilchuck Glass School Gallery of gestures involving glass (somehow) as a way to investigate denial in a most unusual kind of proficiency. Skill, finesse and command of both material and process lives in the upside down for these artists...a place of refusal and abandon...which significantly opposes the hand/material values of their predecessors, their glassy godmothers and fathers, who unlocked so many technical doors for the current generation of young practitioners to navigate through. If they'd like, that is. If success was once measured by grand and flawless efforts to craft equally grand and flawless objects, the metric within the work exhibited in **A B J E C T S** is measured in how masterfully these artists approached the idea of ignoring those very things.

And these gestures are so simple. So simple, in fact, that they border on the profound from time to time:

Conventions of display are challenged by Doug Burgess in '*upside down*', a nonchalant placement of a flared bowl vessel form upside down on its pedestal. The orientation not only denies the object the conventions of right side up display, but denies the object's potential function to contain or house things. Although compromised of its ability to literally withhold contents, it is figuratively withholding content of a conceptual sort: the notion of NAH.

Liesl Schubel extends this conversation in '*Eht*', a humble kiln formed slab. It postures itself like the Fonz, with its bottom edge firmly on a plinth and its top edge leaning against the wall. But what's facing us isn't the glossy, topographical side of what we expect to have priority when kiln formed glass is displayed, but its bottom...the flat "dirty side"...the side that is placed directly on the kiln shelf during a firing, soaking in a matte finish and holding the texture of the shelf's priming. The slab

has turned its back on us and, in turn, refusing us access to what may be its much more informative side...it's raison d'être.

Denial exists in terms of material handling; a refusal to adhere to the rules of material crossover as they relate to compatibility in Leah Kaczanowicz's '*Clasp*.' The object is an open-ended bubble of clear, blown glass opening itself as two hands when put together to hold something precious. In its grasp, however, is an assemblage of screws almost like a dandelion in their formation, pointy ends out. The blown glass is shaped and pressed against those pointy ends. The fusion of the screw tips to the glass lends way to a molecular disharmony...evidence seen of this in the fissures and cracks beginning to take shape at those points of contact. Cracks and fissures predicted to grow and further compromise the object's structure; structural compromise to the point of the glass coming completely undone at some point in the unknown future. It could be tomorrow. Could be 30 years from now.

Glass not only exists as a substance to make things out of, but a skin to house projected video projects in the show. And, in a unique circumstance involving multimedia, sabotage in the exhibition's relationship to glass exists in its own way here, too. In "*Mumble*", Rae Clark composes an unending video loop of quick cuts to *kind of* recognizable - but ultimately unidentifiable - subject matter. Faces. Bodies. Environments. The picture is quite large, perhaps 28 by 28 inches, but the formal motifs within the video are hard to visually access. The picture is blurry. A gesture of refusal and artistic denial reliant on one of the most quintessential qualities of glass there is: clarity. Whether due to the image quality of the video work, the treatment of the glass surface being projected through or a combination of both, the idea of compromising transparency through blurry distortion is as visually present as it is conceptually based.

A B J E C T S is a declaration that what a glass practitioner can do with glass is not important to this generation of artists. That currency doesn't lie in what one can make, but in how one can think. Nor do any of these artists care about engaging a practice based on feelings, but of ideas. The advocacy for surrender is strong within the exhibition: glass and glass-adjacent instances of erasure, negation, compromise and abandon that includes objects, arrangements, prints, performance and video. All of which used as tools for the artists (and their viewing public) to consider the curious nature of letting go.

Doug Burgess

'upside down'
Blown Glass



Liesl Schubel

'Eht'
Kiln Formed Glass



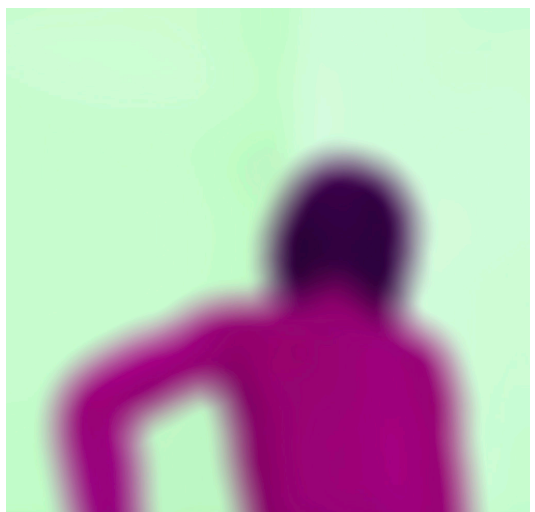
Leah Kaczanowicz

'Clasp'
Blown Glass, Metal



Rae Clark

'Mumble'
Video, Glass



Cold Seal

I know I don't know anything about anything. But I try.

My handle on things is tenuous.

My handle can break apart at any time.

Sometimes that's a benchmark of success, when the separation is intentional.

An exquisite dismount from an exquisite performance in that making moment.

The punty mark as a termination point...a centered detachment broken clean.

More often than not, however, my handle detaches suddenly.

It catches me off guard.

A separation I am unprepared for...unforeseen and unanticipated.

In the best of cases, I can dwell in this wrongness...adapt to it until it goes right again.

Heal things gone broken.

Center things gone askew.

In the worst of cases, I am forced back to square one, to build my way back to where I just was. Time and energy are the calves I sacrifice to the jealous god that MASTERY is.

My spirit sometimes butchered, too.

I am the student hand, eager to grasp a knowledge still unknown.

I am the student eye, eager to see a thing still far away.

Hot Seal

I don't know that I know things about things. But I should.

I have a handle on things, stuff, matter.

A handle is the thing I hold.

It connects me to another thing before me; we are joined entirely and completely.

Two things coming together to form a single entity.

This is joinery that is as stable as it is secure.

This thing I'm holding - turning, pulling, torqueing on - it's not going anywhere.

Not until I give it permission.

Nor until it gives me permission.

And when we separate it's because we finished our work, our mission complete.

Like two colleagues shaking hands after doing a job well done.

When we part ways it is fire polished clean, smooth. Fulfilling.

We are not friends, but there is fellowship.

Always proud of what was done, but never audacious enough to be content with it.

This is a faith where satisfaction is sin.

I am the masterful hand, a tool of touch well-traveled.

I am the masterful eye, a lens which sees there and then in relation to now.