Explorations in Glass, Sculpture and Art

A Thesis

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for Masters of Fine Art in the
Graduate School of The Ohio State University

By

Molly Jo Burke, B.F.A.

Graduate Program in Fine Arts

The Ohio State University

2009

Thesis Committee

Richard Harned, Advisor

Amy Youngs

Steven Thurston

Approved by

Advisor Graduate Program in Art
Abstract

In my art making, I find myself concerned with issues of growth and preservation. Although initially much of my sculpture is engaging and beautiful to look upon, there is a dark undercurrent that can at times be repulsive. I have found myself creating forms that use multiples, and repeated motion is involved throughout the making process, thus the theme of growth through repetition in form. However upon closer examination works that are viewed explore the image of dying cells and tumors, objects that have been lost or forgotten, a cataloguing of dead specimens and a slow release of tension in an ever decreasing insectary.

I often find myself examining these subjects on a microscopic plane blown out of proportion to the macro level. Using materials and imagery to suit the needs of each installation, I work to create an environment that will encompass the audiences’ vision and for a brief moment fully engage them. These works are about life and death, the incredible flurry of activity that occurs during a life span and then the eerie sterile tranquility that follows death.
Dedication

In loving memory of Ronald William Burke and Katherine Elizabeth Burke

To my lovely mother Anne April Burke, my sister Sally Anne Burke Manning
Acknowledgements

I would like to briefly thank my fellow glass graduate students, Bethany Haeseler, Matt Carmean, Aimee Sones and David Murphy. I would also like to acknowledge the incredible help, assistance and friendship of undergraduates David King, Nate Ricciuto and Linda Diec. And the guidance and assistance of faculty Richard Harned and Joel O’Dorisio.
Vita

January 15, 1984………………………………………………Born – Miamisburg, OH

2002……………………………………………………………Miamisburg High School

2006……………………………………………………………B.F.A. Columbus College of Art and Design

2007- present ……………………………………………Graduate Teaching Associate, Department
                                       of Art, The Ohio State University

Fields of Study

Major Field: Art
Table of Contents

Abstract ......................................................................................................................................................... ii

Dedication.................................................................................................................................................... iii

Acknowledgements ....................................................................................................................................... iv

Vita............................................................................................................................................................... v

List of Plates ............................................................................................................................................... vii

Chapter 1: From Seed to Cells ............................................................................................................... 1

Chapter 2: Consideration of Release ...................................................................................................... 12

Chapter 3: What is Left Behind ............................................................................................................. 18

Chapter 4: Clinging to the Wall .............................................................................................................. 27

Chapter 5: Just a Moment ....................................................................................................................... 31
List of Plates

1. Open Seed Pod Series (Fuschia) ........................................................................ pg 3
2. Open Seed Pod Series (Granny Apple Green) ..................................................... pg 4
3. Seed Pod Series (Granny Apple Green) ............................................................... pg 6
4. Seed Pod Series (Strawberry over White) .......................................................... pg 7
5. Untitled (Body Forms) detail ........................................................................ pg 9
6. Untitled (Body Forms) ................................................................................ pg 10
7. Untitled (Body Forms) detail ........................................................................ pg 11
8. Untitled (Body Forms) detail ........................................................................ pg 11
9. Insectary detail .......................................................................................... pg 14
10. Insectary detail ........................................................................................ pg 14
11. Insectary detail ........................................................................................ pg 16
12. Insectary .................................................................................................. pg 17
13. On Display detail ................................................................................ pg 22
14. On Display .............................................................................................. pg 23
15. In Need of Repair .................................................................................. pg 24
16. Untitled (potter wasp) ........................................................................ pg 28
17. Encroaching .......................................................................................... pg 30
18. Encroaching detail .............................................................................. pg 30
CHAPTER 1: FROM SEEDS TO CELLS

When I was in 6th grade, my father was diagnosed with cancer of the mouth, I remember much about that time but I specifically remember the treatments and my mother’s toned down descriptions of what would be happening or had happened each time Dad went away or returned from this doctor or that hospital. The worst time was when he had gone for surgery and treatments but my sisters and I couldn’t see him, because as Mom put it after surgery to remove tumors that had spread to his lymph nodes “they were putting seeds of radiation” into him and the “seeds” would kill the cancer cells that were left inside him. We couldn’t visit because the radiation would be too strong for our bodies to be in the same room and could potentially affect our ability to reproduce when we were older, and Mom in fact had to wear a special vest and sit behind a divider. But the “seeds” were doing their job to help my father in my young mind. I would like to note though, that the seeds that were planted into my father were unsuccessful. The cancer cells continued to develop and grow eventually bringing about my fathers death. It’s hard for me to imagine what exactly my mother was going through, and how she could formulate a way to explain to her children what was happening to their father. And I often wonder if it’s her descriptions put into a way that was as unthreatening as it could be that clings to my memory and drives my art making.
I wanted to make work that explains seeds. I began a recent body of work entitled *Seed Pod Series* by closely examining the pattern on seeds with a collapsed hexagon structure. I began to mimic this pattern on a variety of blown glass forms. Some of these forms I would cut apart and dissect to expose an empty cavity within the seeds. The texture that was applied to the forms using hot glass is reminiscent of a cellular structure, in the fact that it clusters and repeats throughout the form. Other forms have long thick and thin striations that run across the vessel, again taken from examining a multitude of seeds, but it also is evocative of muscle tissue. As I worked with the forms more, they would morph between the idea of seed and that of an organ or tissue or even a simple culture taken from a scientific slide. Both structures are similar in that they are alive and contribute to growth, production, and function. Seeds grow into plants; tissues on the cellular level divide and grow, and organs are important to the overall function of the body in order for it to continue developing and living. These forms are a continuing investigation in remains and preservation of an object. But they are also the product of growth.
1. Open Seed Pod Series (Fuschia)
Blown and Hot Sculpted Glass, Cut and Cold-worked
4.5x 4x 6 in
As I continued my exploration of these blown glass forms, the *Seed Pod Series* evolved into cellular forms, *Untitled (body forms)*. And when I created them in the hot shop little stories or scenarios would play about in my head. The large and often brightly colored main form is either a good cell or a bad cell.

For some reason, I have never been able to pin down what I preferred it to be. I believe it has to do with my mood, a good day and the white blood cells are out there winning the battle against the virus or disease, and a bad day the disease is running rampant and although the cell looks strong and healthy it will soon fade. Either way the little cells that begin to multiply on the surface, at times hundreds of them attaching to
the main form, are either white blood cells or cancer cells proliferating, mounding in abundance, soon to dominate the form.

Although I did search through images of many different cells, I decided that I never wanted to replicate precisely what I saw in these images. However I did take some of the basic principals of what I viewed and simplified the forms. The bits of glass that attach to the main body of the blown form are mostly done in clear always with a smooth satin finish achieved through sandblasting with a 400 grit and buffing the surface with an oil based cleanser. On a few forms I tried a different color, some with amber colored bits, a few with black cells attached and most recently with gold colored bits. I believe that the clear best gets my point across. I don’t want to tell the viewer these cells are “Bad!” Or these cells are “Good!” I want them to assess the work and determine their own story for which battle is going on. With black gatherings of cells the small cells were immediately translated as bad, and although there was a certain beauty to the form it was far too “black and white” per say. The forms that had clear bits, once the forms were fully finished with sandblasting and buffed to a nice sateen surface, had a glow to them and with the surface treatment seemed to have a membrane, almost as though there was a life that was contained inside the glass and with the correct lighting they truly do feel alive.
3. Seed Pod Series (Granny Apple)
Blown and Hot Sculpted Glass
6.5 x 6.5 x 6.5 in
After intense experimentation in a variety of different ways I could display these works, I decided to carefully place the forms inside white nylon tubes. Although the works could exist singularly I came to realize that I always displayed them in multiples and that I needed to find a way to show the forms as a group but in a way that they could also be examined as an individual. The stretched nylon cocoons that contain the glass sculptures hang from the ceiling creating a visual that highlights the forms contained within but also creates an entanglement of tissue which encapsulates these larger than life cellular structures. The viewer can stand back and examine the overall composition or can become immersed in the middle of the web of membranes and
glass. The bright colors of the glass are still apparent through the nylon with intense light focused carefully on the forms. Through the creation of these works I often think of what has driven me to the subject matter that I choose to reference.

Those membranous sacks hanging from the ceiling often take me back to childlike vision of what a tumor might appear to be in the body, that dense collection of cells. And whether the white blood cells are winning the battle or the cancer is encroaching upon the healthy normal cells, I wanted the tension that was visually created both by the glass forms themselves and their physical weight cocooned within the nylon to be a focal point. Oddly enough these blown up versions of tumors were at times incredibly beautiful and compelling, but also disturbing and repulsive. In that way it reminded me of life, it seems there is always something beautiful but with a disconcerting twist when too closely examined.
5. Untitled (Body Forms) detail
Blown and Hot Sculpted Glass and Nylon
Installation Variable
6. Untitled (Body Forms)
Blown and Hot Sculpted Glass and Nylon
Installation Variable
7. Untitled (Body Forms) detail
Blown and Hot Sculpted Glass and Nylon
Installation Variable

8. Untitled (Body Forms) detail
Blown and Hot Sculpted Glass and Nylon
Installation Variable
CHAPTER 2: CONSIDERATION OF RELEASE

With *Insectary* I wanted to create a large encompassing work that would take the principle of form I had observed in the seed structures, the wasp nests and bee hives, and the cellular structures. I wanted it to trigger apprehension in the viewer; for it too seem almost impossible. I began making sketches and experimenting with a variety of materials until I settled on scientific test tubes, inserted into a found fabric which perfectly holds the tubes in place.

As I constructed the first version the accumulating test tubes began to effect the fabric forcing it to sag, stretch or collect in different ways depending on how far the test tubes are pushed in or out and also how many I allowed to collect in certain areas. Although the test tubes give an initial expression of growth, on further examination they bring question to the tension that they create within the fabric. I believe that the tension is almost the most beautiful part of the entire structure.

The work was so massive to take on for installation, that it wouldn’t have been possible without the support of my mother. She worked diligently by my side as we put in each test tube, sometimes working for hours without me as I installed other work throughout the gallery space. As I could tell that she was starting to tire or wonder at
the senselessness of the work at hand, I would gently say, “you’re doing a great job, Mom”. And she would instantly brighten up, replying, “you are too honey!” There were points in time that I began to feel as though we were wasps or bees building a nest, or an insectary that the work is named in reference to. Thousands of test tubes later we could finally stand back and admire our work. And what we had achieved together. As I created the work the realization that the glass is held in place by the tension of the other test tubes surrounding it, each piece contributing to the stability of the one next to it.

Nearly 8,000 test tubes are held in place almost purely by this tautness and the principles of physics. Initially for display I refused to use any glue to hold the tubes in place but after the realization that the gallery would not appreciate the slow release of tension in the form which would cause an occasional test tube to fall from the piece, or sometimes two or three, I decided to glue the bottom section where the tubes had been pushed by the weight of the fabric and form into a completely vertical position within the fabric. The rest of the tubes remained unglued, though during the course of display the piece released a handful of glass anyway.
8-9. Insectary (detail)
Borosilicate Test Tubes, Fabric, Steel Frame
6 ft x 40 in
The anxious echoing noise that the “tink-tinking” of the test tube created when it bounced off the smooth hard concrete floors and finally shattered was incredibly beautiful but created an incredible apprehension within the pit of my stomach each time. Even though I knew that eventually the test tubes would fall out of the piece it was still always a source of anxiety when the act was in process. There were times that I would think about this work and imagine how incredible it would be for the entire work to release and go crashing to the floor. Thousands of test tubes, bursting and shattering on the ground. As I reflect on it I consider that the work expresses the cold sterility of the scientific realm through the use of these once sterile test tubes and that they are used for testing and containment of various specimens.

The finished piece has almost a glacial feel to it, the glass feels incredibly cold and ice like with the reflection and refraction of the white light bounding through and off of the test tubes. I consider all of the tensions, anxieties, the beautiful but cold light that is emitted and reflected through the piece and it causes me to ponder on the emotional state that I often exist in. Although I don’t believe myself to be a “cold” person, I know that sometimes I am caught in the grip of my anxieties about my past and the uncontrollable aspects of the future that I appear to be very chilly and cold. I believe that the work does reflect a certain emotionless state, one that I felt I needed to strive for in order to survive, but the only way to achieve that state was to be carefully balanced, controlled and filled with an incredible tension. I was always afraid that a full release was eminent, but almost wishing for that time to come at the same moment. I
have admired the emotionless state of science, everything is cut and dry and fits into its categories and there was always a purpose for the next step, and each event would eventually be fully explained through the scientific process. Not only did the test tubes provide a shaping and a form that I increasingly admired, that of the honeycomb, but they also expressed directly the clinical nature of the scientific realm that I am often in awe of.
12. Insectary (detail)
Borosilicate Test Tubes, Fabric, Steel Frame
6 ft x 40 in
CHAPTER 3: WHAT IS LEFT BEHIND

I often think and consider on our acts of preservation and display of those who have passed on in our life, and also of possessions and objects that we collect and admire. The entire funeral and grieving process to me is something that has always intrigued me. When my father passed, I had just turned 13 a few days prior. My older sister was almost 17 and my younger sister was just 8 years old. I have clung to the memory of this birthday almost as much as I have simultaneously wished that it would be stricken from my head. All of us were melancholy but trying to put on bright faces, the party was truly sad as we crowded around my parents bed where my father lay. My father had always been lean, but as the cancer and treatments had gotten more severe, his weight loss was devastating to look upon. The few pictures from that evening are particularly hard to look at, and they are tucked away in a box, as I don’t need pictures to remind me of the evening. At the time it was humorous as my father had hallucinations, from his pain medication, of a robotic mouse circling the bed while we were serving the small birthday cake, which to appease him we each tried to catch “the mouse” so that it would stop bothering him. I remember laughing about it, maybe because it was the best reaction we could have, there had already been enough tears shed. As I have grown away from this period in my life I have often reflected on our
different reactions to his death. I used to think that it was because of our age differences and the amount of development that had occurred in our lives to cause our incredibly different reactions to his death.

My older sister, Sally, acted out, staying out late; partying more than my mother would have liked. But she always seemed to be torn between doing what she thought Dad would want her to do, which was to finish her program at the vocational school, while trying to work. She refused to sell the beater of a car that Dad had bought her in hopes that he would recover and fix it up with her, even after our grandmother offered to help pay for a reliable and safer car. She became a collector of his things. It seemed nothing could be thrown away, if Dad had touched it, owned it, or even if he would have liked it, that item was suddenly very important.

Katie, my younger sister, seemed very angry, she often acted out towards me, but remained still quiet, she ended up with an incredible sense of humor though and collected in her own way various items that had belonged to our father, but she would have the strongest reminder of him as she had inherited his height and lankiness as well as his coloring and his smile.

I retracted into a shell. I remember being extremely quiet, withdrawn and reading, hundreds of books, most of which I could tell nothing about now, but I gobbled them up at the time. Books ranging from the classics to historical romance novels and vampire books, the many boxes and stacks luckily were damaged in a house fire and
thrown out, the record no longer in existence. I too collected my items, but almost secretly. I believe that I thought the easiest way to move on would be to put everything in its category, catalogue it, and come back to it later. Whatever “it” was, either way it was a bit like peeking into Pandora’s Box, probably not a good idea. This compartmentalizing of areas of my life is actually a coping mechanism and it took me a long time to realize that I wasn’t as good at it as I thought. Although the grieving often didn’t creep out in public, the anger could slip out with my friends and family.

It wasn’t until after Katie, my little sister, passed in a car accident that I realized, our way of grieving were the same, no matter what stage in our lives. I retreated and collected my items secretly, putting most of them in specific drawers of just Katie’s belongings, and Sally acted out a bit, though not as much as before, and she held onto as many items as she could. I have slowly put the possessions of my father and sister out on display, although most remain in drawers. With the funerary process for Katie I wonder about what we wanted. Put the body on display, even though it certainly wasn’t how Katie normally looked? Or go straight to cremation? Does display, does looking address the nature of grief?

I often think and consider on our acts of preservation and display of those who have passed on in our life, and also of possessions and objects that we collect and admire. For a long time I didn’t believe that I was making artwork that was about my life experiences. It wasn’t until I was speaking about objects I had created that I wanted to look “Dead” that the vehemence with which I spoke the word struck me. And I began
to realize that I was questioning death, display of remains and even the grieving process itself.

This question of display or preservation becomes more apparent in *On Display*, where I have created forms that are a mix between an insect and a seed that is dispersed by wind (anemochory), representing an abstract specimen. The body of the form is made of wax and feathers that have been stripped of the majority of the vane exposing the shaft of the feather, creating a spinney bone-like structure. I have then sewn together eight to ten of these spinney forms to create a splay that curves outwards mimicking ribs, fingers, the splay of a feather or a the silken tuft of the top of a seed. I modeled the wax piece from the seed of a milkweed plant, a common weed found in the Midwest. I often admired this seed as a child and it still fascinates me; the incredible and beautiful structure of the pod and the hundreds of seeds that are stored inside ready to be released at just the right time by a breeze passing by. Although the milkweed seed inspired the original pursuit of the form, it slowly progressed into something more abstract, the form drawing on several influences, from insects’ anatomical structures and seed forms to the bone structures of small animals.

A grid is drawn on the wall and labeled into sections that catalog or label the fifteen individual works. Although the items are not put behind glass, there is no display case to carefully enclose them; the grid represents containment, which visually holds the pieces, putting them in their place. The forms are pinned to the wall using small nails, suspended slightly, referencing the pins used to hold specimens suspended and
safe in their containers in the scientific and collector’s realm. I have made my specimens of white paraffin and white feathers to reference the sterility of the environment that would normally contain specimens, but also trying to expose purity and innocence through my choice of color. The boney white feathers and the cool looking wax also bring chilliness to the subject as I want to express that these forms represent something that is dead and that collector’s of insects and other scientific specimens are often collecting and caring for something that is no longer living.

13. On Display (detail)
Wax Feathers, Nails, Pencil
100” x 60” (variable wall installation)
13. On Display
Wax, Feathers, Nails, Pencil
100”x 60” (variable wall installation)
In *In Need of Repair*, I wanted to make a piece about how objects are affected by time. I have taken an old wall mounted clock and carefully covered it with small tubes of porcelain, adding each individual comb until visually it begins to form a sort of paper wasp nest that delicately clings to the clock. The porcelain has been glazed white and has a lovely but cold sterility to it. The combs crowd partially around the face of the clock, move behind the pendulum and then rest on the outside, spreading above and below the clock. The combs represent what was a flurry of activity created by my hand as I carefully construct and mimic how a wasp would create. The porcelain clay body is
one that I created to utilize the thin fragility that I would need to replicate the delicate paper combs. The clay body contains nylon fibers, the fibers tangle up together and act like a felt or more precisely acting like paper pulp. This allows me to create very thin pieces but also allows for incredible strength and stability in the form.

It is important to consider what is left behind in this piece. The viewer must assume that the clock itself has been left behind, forgotten or discarded, and then the nest that has formed on it no longer has any activity surrounding it. The combs are cold and sterile carefully preserved; the clock has now been placed on a blank white gallery wall for the viewer to consider. There is much to consider when the remains of life are left on view for the world to see, preserved and cared for, laid out in an environment that is controlled.

The clock has special meaning to me. Not necessarily as the clock itself, but in what it represents. I have decided that it is an object that once had great value to its owner and still does; it was put in a place that was out of sight but not truly out of mind. The clock reminds me very much of the objects that we collect from family and friends that have passed. For me it is sometimes too painful to have these objects constantly in our environment, I often try to keep them around me long enough to remove the guilt that is felt in not remembering someone everyday and maybe the objects are a warm reminder but slowly these reminders need to be put away. In my family a few prized ones remain out, as pieces of furniture around the house, an oriental fan on the mantle, a fish mobile in the bathroom, but slowly the reminders are tucked into drawers for
keepsakes, old suitcases under the bed and careful storage in the basement or attic. And so the clock is the object placed in careful storage. There is no water damage, dents or scuffs to the surface, just an aging of the wood and tarnishing of the fittings; the gears all work sufficiently well with a little bit of oil. But it has been left to sit and wait until it can be looked upon again.

I felt that it was necessary for the wasp nest to exist on the surface of the clock and seem as though it had slowly engulfed it. When I worked creating the combs the piece was slowly coming to life, the combs multiplying steadily on the surface carefully becoming part of the object, but not truly disturbing the object itself, until the combs slowly found themselves set upon the face of the clock, impeding any future movement of the clock hands, presenting an end to the life of the clock as we know it. And the image of the empty combs existing as part of the clock, carefully preserved but with no other evidence of the wasps existence causes me to ponder on the loneliness of the work. Empty white and sterile combs and an object pushed into the background of the mind. I begin to wonder if the combs represent an unfinished or unfulfilled life on an object that was cared for and now it is put on display. Could the number of combs represent aspects of life lived and memories accounted for? Or are they just the receptacle for life that is now left empty and unproductive?
CHAPTER 4: CLINGING TO THE WALL

The original untitled sketch for encroaching was initially created out of wet clay using the potters wheel, small section of the installation are quickly pulled off the hump, a large mound of clay centered on the wheel head that the potter can pull as little or as much needed without having to re-center a ball of clay each time. I wanted to create a work about survival, a piece that literally had a life span.

In this work I truly felt that I was directly mimicking a potter wasp building the small forms out of clay and putting them directly on the wall allowing the form to build and mass quickly into something that encompasses your vision. I appreciated this form in that it was so directly gratifying, the installation could be built in just a few hours leaving the rough edges as they were, only adjusting and correcting the form when the roughness took away from the composition of the work or when it became too distracting.

The work itself was incredibly beautiful, the neutral color of the clay subtly contrasting with the whiteness of the wall. The squished combs twisting, turning, gathering and multiplying. Pushing into a corner and trailing above and below eyelevel. The ridges and dimples created by my fingers working the clay still evidence of its
creation. What was truly beautiful about the original work is that it possessed a life span. The wet clay would cling to the wall and as it dried it would shrink and relinquish the grip that it had on the wall dropping to the floor and shattering into shards of clay and dust.

Although I appreciated many aspects of this piece, I wanted to take it further. I wanted the form to feel as though it were trying to blend in with its environment, almost successful in its endeavor but still eerie and slightly out of place. I conceived of a way to recreate my original forms by taking a rubber mold off of several sections thrown
from the potter’s wheel. I then cast these forms in Paraffin, the translucent white waxy surface that subtly blended in with the white wall but still stood out enough to catch the viewer’s attention, especially with the contrast from the shadows of the form from the lights overhead. I do believe that the form was successful as it felt it was slowly growing and encroaching as it grew from the space overhead. The pieces were beautiful but at the same time menacing as they appeared to be blown up versions of a wasp nest or honeycomb. Of all the works that I have created this is the first to break out of a contained space; it no longer fits into an area delegated for it. This piece was very important for me to create and display. I believe that it starts to reference reclamation of environment. Whether this form is taking over its original home or if it is just breaking the mold, I think that it could be something new, where my artwork no longer needs to be as restrained and contained within a visual boundary.

When installing this work I would accidentally drop pieces from the box. The paraffin would clack against the floor and I would climb down the ladder and dust it off. It did not have the tension that my other pieces possessed, and although that tension is something that I enjoy in a perverse way, I was relieved to be able to brush it off and continue on with my work. Slowly the form came together, growing with each piece added. I diligently worked, much like the wasp and bees, the piece grew into the space living there whether it was welcome or not, but oddly beautiful in its subtleties.
17-18. Encroaching
Paraffin Wax
Dimensions Variable
CHAPTER 5: JUST A MOMENT

As I examine my work I have come to realize I don’t enjoy the work, or find it successful, if the finished product is too beautiful. I really only find the work to be completed if there is an element of repulsion to the piece, and that is when I find it most appealing. With Untitled (Body Forms) jewel-like blown glass forms are eerily similar to organs or cells, and the forms hang in sacks in the middle of the space, creating an entanglement of lines and cocooned forms. Insectary, not only is named after a place that houses, breeds and keeps insects, but the entire piece is tension filled and creates a particular apprehension, while refracting light in a magical way and inspiring awe as to how it is all possible. On Display is incredibly elegant and beautifully subtle as the forms simultaneously blend in with the wall and stand out dramatically from the surface, but the forms are mimicking the qualities found in deceased insects left on display, their waxy bodies are pasty white and the forms are contained by a catalogued grid. I could go on this way with each of my works, and it’s not that I think that there needs to be something ugly in each of the works, but I don’t find that something is admirable unless it is complex. And it is these complexities that make artwork, and life itself worth observing.
I would wish none of the circumstances in my life on someone else. They were horrible and devastating and I am still evaluating how they have affected who I am and the work that I create. But because of these experiences, the little things mean a lot more. The seeds produced by a plant, truly are miracles to observe. The seeds of radiation really might be the magical procedure that saves another person’s father. Those moments spent with mother each of us telling the other that they were doing a good job, efforts which might culminate in a great work of art.