

ARTIST STATEMENT

“Oh, be careful — if you breathe, it breaks!”
— *The Glass Menagerie, scene iv*

Like the boxer’s bluff, we play our fashions in feints. We turn illusionists. We cast characters from closets, masking and making, tidying our ticks. But how easy we are played in turn — how easy we fill in what we’ve drawn out. Fashions join and split us. They make us experts and idiots, they veil and reveal us, they ease us, tease us, and deceive us.

And how faint these feints — fashions fall from favor as quickly as from shoulder. Left as echoes down marble halls, as the wizard’s curtain strewn across the floor, as banners and billboards with colors run dry, decrees in liquid crystal turned kitsch and back again. How easy all the magic reveals itself to be a game of mirrors.

Clements’ glass work here is as potent in these delicacies as it is in form. The wall, the frame, the fold we follow that might shatter at a breath. Ornaments beyond nature, transparent and fragile.

By Henry Fording Eddins