

2001: Dear Nancy

I was glad to come over to see you and your achievement in the art of glass blowing. I felt that I was shy and somewhat intimidated by the fact that we haven't been in good touch for so long. I don't know how that came to pass, but I sure hope its over.

I'd like to describe here in more detail what I thought about your artwork, something I resisted talking about yesterday. It has to do with my interpretation of you as a Eurasian artist, perhaps something you have or have not given much thought to.

I don't know whether your father was Euro-American [or European] or your mother. It wouldn't really matter in this context. I particularly like the white and clear vase that I showed you. It had a poetry to it that I'd like to describe here. The while glass you chose to use, reminded me, poetically, of your parent who's Caucasian. The clear glass you used in that vase was particular evocative because it allowed me to see my hands holding the vase. It gave me the impression that you could see yourself clearly through your European heritage. I thought that was a fascinating poetic concept that you had [consciously or unconsciously] created.

The other vase I particularly liked, as you may remember, was the tall reddish vase. It had white blotches on it with orange and red squiggles. The squiggles reminded me of Chinese characters – perhaps with a Euro-American understatement. The red and orange evoked a strong Asian motif for me. The white background reinforced again your Euro-American root.

A more obvious interpretation of the shapes of your glass work would be that of Lesbian art, the embrace of the feminine, the vagina, the womb. Needless to say, I have respect, but far less interest in that symbolism as a gay man. I'm very much interested in sexualizing [and sensualizing] art. But I prefer to use the femininity I got from my mother to help men see themselves as a work of clay art on a wheel.

I thought your most recent pieces were very tasteful. [I damn with faint praise.] If there was more to them than that, I'm sorry, but it escaped me. Your color and shapes are beautiful. I think you've shown a mastery of your craft. But mastery interests me less than inspiration.

If I could suggest a direction for your artwork to take, I'd recommend a dynamic interchange between the white and the red, the clear and the obscure – for the obvious reason that I think it would describe the unfolding of your bi-racial heritage and conscious unfolding of self-intimacy. This fascinates me. This directs me to embrace my own mother and father. What greater message of peace can we bring the world than the peace we find in the unfolding union of our parents – in ourself.

If you don't like any of my ideas, please take what you like and disregard the rest. It's 2:30 in the morning. I got up from a fitful sleep to put these words on paper for you. They're all meant in kindness, every word of it. But as with any gift, the receiver has full power over what to do with words gifted. You may chuck them all into the sea. I wouldn't mind. All words can float, but only a few can fly. I'd understand.