



STILLED LIFE

judiHARVEST

STILLED LIFE

September 10, 5:00AM. Morning fog in Venice heavier than usual. The boat passed the cemetery and then Murano, as I approached the airport for my return to New York. A turbulent flight. Approaching Newark, there was a fire called "suspicious". We circled for more than one hour, then had to refuel at JFK. A violent thunderstorm grounded us for two hours. I arrived at Newark at 10PM, six hours late and home close to midnight.

September 11, 8:00AM. I awakened to a gorgeous, cobalt blue, cloudless New York City sky. The sun was bouncing off the Empire State Building. I was happy to be home. 8:35AM, as the espresso was rising in the pot, I heard a very low flying airplane pass my apartment building. There was a terrible sound as I felt my 52 story building tremble. My phone rang. It was my sister calling from Miami to tell me there had been an accident: a plane hit the World Trade Center.



Objects, 2002: All Murano glass, made by the artist in Venice.



WHITE COLLAR, 2002
Murano glass, cotton
collar and buttons
10" x 8.5" x 5.5"
25 x 22 x 14cm

Four blocks from what would soon be known as Ground Zero, I immediately lost all television reception since our antenna was on top of the World Trade Center. It would be two days before I would see the images of planes hitting the towers. I stayed in my apartment without electricity, phone service, gas or water for 24 hours, witnessing the chaos in the streets below. I had a radio with batteries, candles and an uncharged cell phone.

September 12, 9:00AM. I walked down 26 flights of pitch black stairs to the street. I was carrying a photo of my family, a flashlight, my passport and camera. Reporters from CNN were camping out in my lobby. The pungent odor of everything burning, the heavy clouds of concrete smoke and layers of brown dust overcame me as I exited my building.



STILLED LIFE III
11.11-12.11.01
Oil paint on linen
15" x 15"
38 x 38cm

Life had ended in New York for many. People were prevented from going to their homes for weeks and months. There was still no phone or mail service, electricity, water, gas or public transportation. What was significant? What possessions were indispensable? In that moment, unlike other days, life seemed to stand still, the streets which were filled with sirens were now frighteningly silent. We all looked at one another and interacted with our neighbors-people everywhere were in tears. No amount of money could get a car service, a flight or even a working cell phone. Despair united everyone.



STILLED LIFE V
1.11-2.11.02
Oil paint on linen
44" x 44"
112 x 112cm

Tanks, the National Guard and FBI were on my block - I continued walking as if in a trance. I saw abandoned shoes, a dust covered necktie, an empty wallet, a striped shirt and a tattered teddy bear. Crushed, dust covered cars were being towed down the silent streets. The baby powder-like brown dust looked soft and touchable. But as I neared it, I was warned not to touch anything by the armed soldiers surrounding me. I continued walking for what seemed like hours, through a whirlwind of papers, stepping over abandoned or lost personal items. I thought about the anonymity of these everyday objects. Who did they belong to and where were they now? Did the teddy bear fall from one of the airplanes? Did the stockbroker kick off his shoes before he started running?



Still image from video, *STILLED LIFE*, 2002

The next day, fire stations were covered in sunflowers, letters, candles and photographs. I went to the Salvation Army across the street from my studio and quickly grabbed a striped shirt, a teddy bear, some men's and women's shoes, a wallet and a necktie. I felt an urgency to immortalize these objects. I mixed the dust from memory with baby powder and brown powdered pigment and poured it over the objects. Then I began painting. I planned only to create the four small, intimate works for myself. But I could not stop.



WALLET, 2002, Murano glass 4" x 4" x 1.5" , 10 x 10 x 4cm

Everyday for the next nine months, I read the obituaries of the thousands killed on September 11 and gazed at the smiling faces of the nearly 3000 victims. Men who liked cigars, women who gardened, firemen who sang, policemen who wrote poetry.

My work has always been about the fragility of life and the search for beauty. To connect these themes to what we experienced on September 11, I created a work in glass to complete this series.

March 7, I went to Venice, a place I lived and worked in for many years. I blew a glass globe, then each individual object in glass: the shirt, teddy bear, glove, shoe, necktie, wallet and sunflower. With a burning/dust technique I recreated the images as they were etched in my memory. I motorized the globe because the world must keep moving even if on that horrendous day, the world stood still while we lost our innocence forever.



STILLED LIFE VI, 2.11-3.11.02, Oil on linen, 44" x 44", 112 x 112cm

GLI ULTIMI
DUE GIRASOLI, 2001
Enamel and collage
on linen
30" x 20", 76 x 51cm



I am part of the generation of bottled water, vitamins, anti-bacterial soaps, hand purifiers and daily gym workouts. We now live with the possibility that any minute could be our last. If two 110 story buildings can be annihilated in a moment of time, what further can we anticipate?

During the four weeks the World Trade Center site was illuminated with the two large upward beams of light, I noticed many stars congregating in the sky around these beams. I would point this out to people in the street. Everyone looked up and agreed.
Art heals.

Judi Harvest
2002, NYC



SWEATSHOP LOFTS, 2002
Silkscreen on metal chairs, 14" x 14" x 30" each, 36 x 36 x 76 cm

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11-16 settembre 2002

Opening: mercoledì,

11 settembre

18:00 - 20:00

Arte Daniele Luchetta

Painting and Glass

S. Marco, 2513/a

30124 VENEZIA



STILLED LIFE VII
3.11-4.11.02
Oil paint on wood
48" round, 122cm

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Cover image: *MAPPOMONDO, 2002*
Motorized Murano glass sculpture 27" x 20" x 16" (52" cir)
69 x 51 x 42cm (132cm cir)

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