

MASSIMO LUNARDON







MASSIMO LUNARDON

ESSERI

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SOMMARIO

FRANCESCA GIUBILEI

EXTRAPOP

BREVE TESTO CRITICO E BIOGRAFIA DI UN ARTISTA
VENUTO DA UN ALTRO LONTANISSIMO PIANETA

9

EXTRAPOP

BRIEF CRITICAL TEXT AND BIOGRAPHY
OF AN ARTIST FROM A FAR-AWAY PLANET

19

LUCA MASSIMO BARBERO

GLI ALIENI IN ISOLA

OVVERO NOI ALIENI ISOLATI

27

ALIENS ON THE ISLAND

OR WE ISOLATED ALIENS

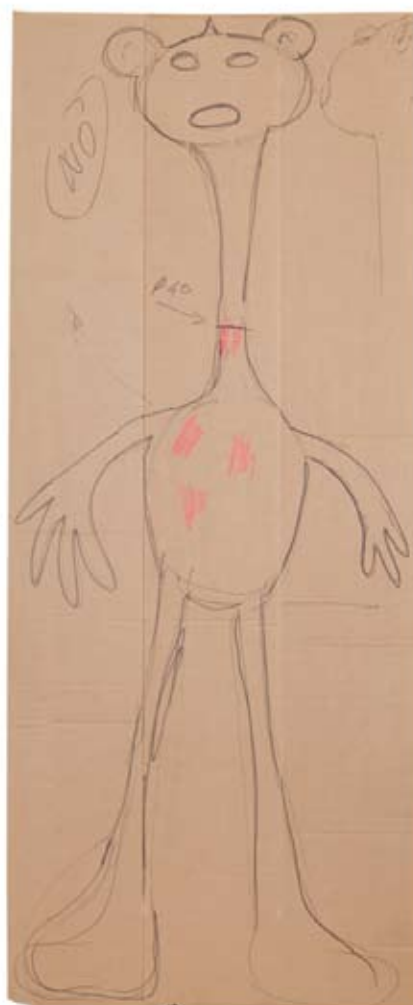
41

CURRICULUM

73







FRANCESCA GIUBILEI

EXTRAPOP

BRIEF CRITICAL TEXT AND BIOGRAPHY OF AN ARTIST FROM A FAR-AWAY PLANET

Let us imagine a landing, this time not of desperate, malnourished, dehydrated wretches dressed in rags and stripped of all hope, transported on wooden rafts or in the carcasses of rusty ships. Let us imagine an invasion, this time not of a hobbling multitude overcome by the weight of wars, injustice and poverty...

Let us imagine a different scenario; let us imagine a remote future in which we will be the ones on the other side of the barricade, we ourselves being looked at as underdeveloped Beings, as the progeny of a backwards society that has produced inequalities, neuroses and global imbalances.

What aliens would see, landing on Planet Earth, would be a desolate landscape scarred by stumps of buildings, cars, tangles of streets, an immense dumping ground of all sorts of refuse and rubbish.

A nuclear winter scenario, monochromatic gray, marked by a strong sensation of “coldness,” not only in terms of temperature but above all sensorial, in which humans fight one another for food, for a bit of uncontaminated water and a lungful of air, even air that has become unbreathable.

The Beings that Lunardon brought in to land prematurely in Venice are gangling creatures, with rather flaccid bellies that we humans would define as “adipose accumulations,” but which I prefer to consider sacks of well-being that contain serotonin and oxytocin, the good-mood hormones!

They have the big eyes of *manga* characters, hypertrophic limbs and canine ears.

The surface in which they are sheathed appears so shiny and iridescent that they seem to have mercury in their veins.

Their stride is heroic and proud, their appearance and attitude cuddly and cute, so that rather than fear, they arouse a strong sense of reassurance,

and anyone would want to have them as friends. Their features are cheerful and good-natured, although stylized to the maximum degree; their skin is smooth, and in fact seems to be made of who knows what futuristic synthetic material, but is actually... borosilicate!

They have orifices, but they seem to have no need to ingest or expel anything, nor do they seem to have sexual organs – they are asexual, because “sex is the opium of the people,” at least the less-evolved peoples. They are cold to the touch, and yet they emanate a feeling of sympathy and affection that makes us perceive them as being very close to us. We like them because we recognize in them a vital life force that we no longer feel in ourselves.

They are hieratic in presenting themselves, and yet their bodies seem so flexible as to be moldable like a gel or liquid, to adapt to any space and any need. They are static but at the same time extremely soft; they can flatten to the thinness of a slice of cheese to pass through cracks and interstices, almost like a beneficent contaminating virus, almost like a benevolent fertilizer for a situation that has become wan and lacking in vital energies.

I believe that our encounter with these Beings will be greatly enlightening, especially for us humans, I mean. Or rather, for those who, mustering the necessary courage to get close enough to these unknown creatures, will have an opportunity to see themselves through different eyes, reflected in the mirroring surfaces of their extraterrestrial bodies.

Unfortunately, I think that we will see for the most part men and women who are wounded, troubled and filled with rage.

An anorexic and bulimic, neurotic and spiteful, greedy and violent humanity is what I expect to see reflected, alas, in the bellies of the Beings created by Massimo Lunardon.

Controversial is the adjective I would use to describe this artistic project, in which the joyous easygoing quality and vivid colors of Lunardon’s works clashes completely with the cutting, penetrating message that the artist provocatively throws in the face of the festive crowd come to celebrate the essential rite of an exhibition opening.

The artist himself is also controversial; in describing him I would use the expression “homo faber”, intended not only as a craftsman who makes and creates things using his hand, but also as the conceiver and creator of something immaterial and spiritual, that is, the pursuit of cultural evolution in transforming utilitarian work into art.



The Latin maxim “*homo faber, fortunae suae*”, which literally means “man is the maker of his own destiny,” thus fits like a glove in this context.

I do not believe that art seeks to transmit universal messages; I tend more to think that every artist uses his work to express himself first and foremost, but at times it happens that this individual feeling is shared by others, and in those cases we can say that art universalizes a common feeling.

Thus I venture to propose that the “message in a bottle” that Lunardon’s Beings send us is, in terms of urgency and necessity, that man must become “responsible for himself and for his own well-being,” aware of and aligned with his own “destiny.”

Massimo Lunardon’s artistic adventure presents itself as an itinerary which, developing over time and through his work, led to the maturation of a project in which the artist’s awareness of his own abilities and language is clear and evident.

Prior to this exhibition, Lunardon was fascinated by the world of design and the innumerable uses and types of glass.

His path as an eclectic experimenter with lampwork began in 1988, when as a young workshop apprentice he gained significant knowledge of glass-making techniques and started collaborating with artists, designers and architects. His varied encounters and numerous requests fostered his innate need to experiment. In 1996 he opened his Creative Laboratory, a space where, along with other collaborators, he had an outlet for his artistic vocations and technical virtuosity.

I believe that this artist’s distinguishing trait lies precisely in his capacity to integrate creativity, industry and the territory; he has managed to transform his experience and history as a “craftsman” rooted in a given territory and anchored to given traditions and skills into meaningful and distinctive expressive resources in his work.

At a moment in history when globalization and internationalization have begun to show their cracks – within the contemporary art world as well –, Lunardon proves to be capable of creating a dialogue in a fresh and innovative way between the art world and the productive/industrial world.

The return to making art and to the development of a craft is one of the fundamental traits of the most recent trends in art: many artists prefer

handwork and the exuberance of craftsmanship and decoration to the dictat of video and photography.

Massimo Lunardon's Beings are the end point of a journey, a constant "pushing the envelope" in an attempt to go beyond the physical and chemical limitations of the material. His fascination with all those modifications, aggregations, tensions and contrasts of materials that open up ever-new possibilities is something he has in common with *arte povera* artists like Gilberto Zorio and Giuseppe Penone.

The neo-pop aspect of his creatures, on the other hand, recalls the style of a younger generation, raised on Japanese *manga* comics, for which the super-flat language of cartoons, of pixels, of digitalization and hypertechnology is an indispensable base of experimentation.

But Lunardon is of another generation, and comes from another cultural context. This cannot help but influence his work, which is nonetheless proposed as a brilliant juxtaposition of leanings toward tradition and flashes of experimentalism.

Tradition can be found not only in the technical process of realization of his sculptures, but also in his particular interpretation and reading of the cultural-sensorial-visual baggage of recent years.

While in well-known Oriental neo-pop artists like Murakami and Nara, the cuteness and cuddliness of their creations always masks an ironic cruelty and bitter cynicism, Lunardon's creatures are simply good-natured, no ifs, ands or buts.

Lunardon's Beings, with their reflecting surface/skin on which the silhouettes of their human observers reverberate, say much about us men, about our fragility, caducity and insecurity, our sufferings and our weaknesses. They, the Beings, are resilient; the borosilicate glass of which they are made, although very thin and light, is extremely durable and hardly deteriorates over time. So, with their imperturbability, Lunardon's creatures mock us humans and remind us of our limitations – limitations that they, as extra-terrestrials, do not have.

This is not a science-fiction film, but reality viewed from another point of view: aliens or humans? humans or aliens?

We'll never know. Perhaps, simply and sadly, alienated humans.







LUCA MASSIMO BARBERO

ALIENS ON THE ISLAND

OR WE ISOLATED ALIENS

There wasn't the slightest hint of a bit of wind or a breath of a breeze over the artful little wavelets that spread like wispy lace over the stretch of lagoon towards the island of fire and magic. The white screen of the church of San Michele, resplendently reflecting the sunlight, was still there, and beside it that curious polyhedric and columned salt- or pepper-shaker that someone had wanted to build and that at least lent a sense of rotundity and curliness to that rare, ashlar-worked white-stone wonder that has for centuries been a point of reference for travelers heading north on the lagoon. Water taxis whooshed by, with a mechanical and alpha-dominant attitude, striving to swiftly deliver their loads of disoriented tourists convinced they've landed in the umpteenth 18th century Venetian scenario of costumes, masks and alluring ladies-in-waiting, powder-puff-dusted prey to their ever-deflating wallets. An initial surge, another wave, a slight rising of the boat, and our observers manage to spot the "land" of the island, an agglomeration of stones, wood, bricks and residues unknown in nature, scourged by and saturated with briny water that suddenly was no longer colorless and crystalline, but became dark and appeared terrestrial. The island rested literally on a "something," whether earth or water, artificial like a foundation, so that, seen from the little wooden boat, it seemed a Portable Island, set down there by capricious and farsighted ancient inhabitants, fleeing pirates, restoration-minded doges, Belle Epoque merchants, right down to today. And yet, the water goaded it, penetrated its invisible foundations sunk to who knows what depths, consumed layers of it, making the wall into which that water entered appear as a sort of cake eaten away at by algae and mud, layer after layer consumed by the waves and by the wakes of the hundreds of boats in lazy or voracious approach

and retreat, constantly loading and unloading all kinds of things and all kinds of people. That curious, suspended morning, just after dawn, with a light that seemed to originate from the Alps that stood impertinently as a backdrop to the lagoon with their snow-capped peaks – that light was of an almost mineral coldness and preciseness. A strange, transparent light, a (cold) light that rendered everything exact and precise in outlines and details, a light that entered within every possible material and, illuminating it, froze it with precision, as if it were made of splendid stones in nature's rarest colors. The blinding whites, the basalt-like bricks of the luminous lime-and-cement perimeters, the blocks of *pietra d'Istria* like moonstones emanating glittery rays. In short, a Nordic light with no shadows, only magnificent exactnesses, exactnesses that made the island-floating-in-time even more mystifying, with those strange mountains in the background that frankly seemed to have nothing to do with the lagoon but instead once again and disturbingly transformed it into an ancient painting, so ancient as to seem beyond time. Upon arrival in an open space with an unfinished air, a column on a base with a capital stuck on top seemed to stand in judgment. The passengers-observers got off the boat with an unsteady foot, lifting their legs to reach the stone platform, hurdling the disparity of levels between water and island. Hands on the ground, head low to scrutinize the "terrain" and avoid slipping down between boat and island, and then, pretending it was all perfectly natural, returning to a vertical position. And there stood the column, like a witness. And in fact it was a witness, centuries ago, of another observer, an experimenter with the gaze into "space." Residue of recycling of Roman marble and capitals from other eras, the column, in legend and in history, was a clear, extraordinary key, a door into space and time of which our tourist/observers were quite unaware. In fact, it owes its role and its unrecognized fame to Galileo Galilei, who from the campanile of San Marco in Venice focused on it with his latest, astounding invention: the telescope. Legend has it that the scientist presented his system of lenses to the Senate of Venice amid general skepticism, and from that center of absolute power, reached with his gaze (another spatial observer) the column on the island, seeing it. Even Prosecutor Antonio Priuli, on August 21, 1609, saw people *getting on and off the ferry gondola at the Column at the start of Rio dei Vereri...* Well, the column was not exactly where our observers saw it, but slightly

to the side; but as we know, on the portable island of mineral light, even columns can move and wander a bit, just for a little change of scenery when they have tired of throwing their shaft of shadow always in the same place. Or was it perhaps the other big, round, vertical antenna that generated the event to which our observers had been invited to witness? There it was, on the edge of the lagoon, completely white, a blinding white that time seemed not to have sullied at all. In layers, white upon white, with a few lines, the island's Lighthouse rose up rather like a squat, terraced spyglass; it sought attention and, over time, had always gotten it. One could see it from afar, from the mainland – touched by the sun's rays, antenna and vertical instrument almost like an electrical plug between the lagoon and the absurdly cerulean sky of that morning, it shone metallic and mirror-like over the island and the water that seemed a set for a grand American film.

All these signs of observation, these witnesses of captured gazes, columns, spyglasses, antenna-lighthouses, were signs that seemed unequivocal motivations of the event. Among other things, our observers had to act quickly before the island's inhabitants got used to it.

It had happened suddenly. As if by a sort of electrical discharge or invisible atomic wave, the inhabitants – the shopgirls already chilled by a harsh winter in which snow had already made several appearances, the salesmen squeezed into not-quite-new suits with ties as wide as landing strips and shoes with the shininess of animal skins – all were jolted by a sort of gelid shock. It spread in widening circles, transparent, invisible, like ice. A chain of cold energy that enveloped the island from the center out to the edges and then disappeared, or at least so witnesses said. A silence had fallen, as if everything was immobilized and blocked for no more than two seconds, and then everything was as it had been before, the sounds from the houses and factories, the liquidity of water, the sound of boats, the good-natured shouts of workers, the low sound of a few cats and the sound of shoes on the stones of the streets and quays. Some habitués of the few bars that had been open the evening before had noted that late at night, in an unseemly secrecy, a number of crates and strange packages had arrived on the island. Their contents were unknown, and besides, secrecy, brought into the public domain, was one of the characteristics of the island, rightly jealous of its secrets, which were known to most. A few

young people, returning by boat from a night on the neighboring island of Venice, claimed to have seen flickers of light from one of the factory workshops, near a kiln; nothing more, just a curiosity. And it seems that the first sighting took place in the very same zone indicated by the nocturnal youths.

Mid-morning, the island is carrying on with its sleepy winter stretching and yawning. Life begins early for some; fires are being lit, kilns warm those who work at them with extraordinary effort and with such immense strength that their labor seems a delicate magic that only their arms and their expert minds can possess and use. The fields release the gelid dampness of the night to welcome the new dampness of the day. A pallid sun rises to accompany some islanders as they do their shopping. A sigh, an obstructed view, a step backwards by the old woman who exhales and seems to hold back a cry of disbelief. I saw an... Alien. An alien, while I'm on the quay with my bag and the usual light of my familiar neighborhood, the hum of an engine and the far-off sounds of gondolier men singing? Oh, come on. No, No: it was really an alien. This, in a few words, is the first account of one of the first apparitions. In a few hours the island found itself populated by these beings, almost naturally. Some walked hand in hand beneath the few trees in a square. Others chased one another amorously, almost as if they were trying a form of courting in this new scenario. Others, prepared to adapt immediately to the new environment, walked along the salt-spray-decorated walls. We often think of aliens as coming purely from science fiction. Rather, it is much, much more likely that they come from the possibility of opening up a space between one reality and another, with a good omen. So, setting foot on the island, our observers pontificated as well. At the entrance to the supermarket, ladies who would once have been called housewives without taking offense as they might today looked calmly at their reflections in the spherical heads of these new island inhabitants. The adamant light of day made them not so much shine as reflect everything around them, including human beings. Within a few hours of the first sighting, the old lady who now boasted of it crossed bridges over the centuries-tired water to introduce the new beings to her friends, notify husbands, alert the younger generations (the most skeptical about the occurrence and the least interested in the normality of its unfolding). While some of these aliens continued to walk along the canalside





roads, even as far as the dirt-filled sacks still unoccupied by construction and utilized for centuries as a dump for glass cullet, others let their rotund legs carry them towards the Medieval reliefs and truly alien decorations depicting animals and late-Medieval geometric designs on the churches, houses and ancient noble palazzos. The glass island was mirrored in the reflecting object that it itself had provided. In fact, it seemed that some of the island's everyday alchemists had created the amazing essence that had nourished them and made them visible. Not the body, but the "reflectiveness," that skin that was not merely a casing but which, along with cold glass, constituted them and allowed them to be seen – not to have landed from some other place, but simply to be seen by some (but perhaps not by all). The observers had even called a young man from the island who, it was said, had years earlier (in the antediluvian 1980s) somehow foreseen the possibility of the unearthly presence of such inhabitants on the island. S.T. – those were the initials of the secret name – had been called by the observer L.M.B. because he remembered certain sketches and drawings in which the then young man had hinted at a possible alien presence on the island. Then, over time, giving up the wearying struggle, he himself had taken refuge in an ancient observatory, the bell tower of the other nearby island of Torcello. So much verticality in a lagoon which, flat as it is, seems to desire no other point of view.

Art historians and so-called "contemporaneists" were also consulted, but the latter arrived too late as they were waiting for the mass media to confirm of the exceptional nature of the event. What had these aliens drawn their energy from if not from the island's secrets? Had they always been there, or had someone invoked their presence from elsewhere to bring, happy, en masse, to the island? The observers were unable to respond to these queries with solutions. With the arrival of the next day's dawn, everything had calmed down. The inhabitants had given each alien a nickname; some rang their neighbors' doorbells like old, retired friends, and others raised the reflections of their decorations towards the treetops, lending the scruffy greenery a new color that might have been taken for a Martian florescence. A few boys, coming out of the gym with their brand-name gym bags, passed alongside some of the creatures, paying them little attention as they leaned against the railing on the canal, reflecting the still somewhat startled gazes of the freight workers and boatmen arriving from



other islands. Little by little, with the indolence and centuries-old habit of adapting to every new event, the inhabitants no longer noticed the oddness of the aliens, and some of those creatures, following the workers and tourists, set off for Venice, landed and crossed the city. Their feet were ill suited to the uneven stones of the streets and the steep steps of the bridges. But their bodies were extraordinary, durable, alien, and yet made of natural materials and chemistry and fire. Hence they were also lightweight bodies, and at every impossible obstacle in their path, there was always a smiling volunteer ready to help, to pick them up and help them over it. Creatures new to this world, but already old hands at the obstacles of man's architecture. Certain aliens came to a bare space and inhabited it, parking themselves in every part of it, from the middle to the display window, from the ceiling to the walls, and they decided to establish it as an ephemeral home, a place to stop in and then set forth again. Their eyes, illuminated by the artificial light, became gentle, more aquatic, transparent in color. Their mouths opened wide into round shapes indicating wonder, or the desire to absorb every possible thing, sound, noise or word that did not yet have. They were resonators and at the same time hunters of every space and object that came near them or that they approached. They reflected the world, mirroring it but also capturing it, entering into it in disguise, in a game of appearing and then trying to use camouflage to disappear once again. They emitted no sounds except those of the people who, looking at them, initially behaved as one might when leaning over a newborn baby in a cradle, making funny faces, little noises, murmurs and silly gestures that he would never make in front of another adult. So it was with the aliens. Human beings came towards them waving their little hands, making little sounds through pursed lips, rolling their eyes and shaking their heads while trying to hold the aliens' gaze. This was perhaps the aliens' first great achievement with regard to human beings – to transhumanize them and make them smile, make them recognize themselves in the mirror of the profound rotundities of the alien body. In fact, the beings had understood that the reflection was not indicative of futuristic spaceships, but was problematic and emblematic of the people of the humid Earth. They were losing themselves in mirrors, losing their sense of imagination, of fantasy and of play. Among that terrestrial population, the mirror had become merely a flat surface in which to recognize our own shells, make

sure we were presentable and, above all, check to see if we were still... alive. But those games the earth beings played with them, the funny faces that almost led them to anamorphosis, managed to shift the earthly world of the observer towards a *slightly* more true moment in time. In short, playing with them, earth people felt less “alien.” Over time, many of these creatures have moved around the world; some, they say, have appeared at other latitudes and longitudes, and a few, so the story goes, are hiding, ready to reappear on the island of Murano and in the Veneto countryside. Still others are amidst the little waves of the lagoon and in the springtime fields in bloom (with now-rare poppies), almost like the ancient Etruscan and pagan divinities of nature. Scientists and art critics declare that they have seen them in various zones that “hint of future biennials,” scrutinizing the horizon with Galileo Galilei’s original spyglass. Others claim that they have returned to the prefix of the surname of the person who brought them into the world of art – the “Luna” (Moon) of Lunardon.

An homage to
Un *Marziano a Roma* by E. Flaiano





















MASSIMO LUNARDON

nato a Marostica (VI) l'11.05.1964

Diplomato in Industrial Design alla Domus Academy nel 1991. Ha collaborato con diverse aziende come Artemide, Driade, Flos, Memphis, Bisazza, Luxit, Metalarte, Yamagiwa, realizzando prototipi e oggetti in serie limitata.

Ha realizzato produzioni di oggetti in serie limitata per designer tra cui: Andrea Anastasio, Ron Arad, Aldo Cibic, Javier Mariscal, Marc Newson, Denis Santachiara, Matteo Thun, Bob Wilson, Michele De Lucchi, Sam Baron, Martino Gamper, Jaime Hayon, Andrea Branzi.

Dal 1998 è stato docente di soffiatura a lume presso la scuola Vetroricerca di Bolzano.

Dal 1992 ad oggi ha partecipato a numerose mostre (individuali e collettive) sia in Italia che all'estero, presso gallerie d'arte e musei.

MASSIMO LUNARDON

born in Marostica (VI) 11.05.1964

Earned a degree in Industrial Design at Domus Academy in 1991. Has collaborated with numerous companies including Artemide, Driade, Flos, Memphis, Bisazza, Luxit, Metalarte and Yamagiwa, creating prototypes and objects in limited series.

Has produced objects in limited series for designers including: Andrea Anastasio, Ron Arad, Aldo Cibic, Javier Mariscal, Marc Newson, Denis Santachiara, Matteo Thun, Bob Wilson, Michele De Lucchi, Sam Baron, Martino Gamper, Jaime Hayon and Andrea Branzi.

Since 1998, has taught lampworking at the Vetroricerca school of Bolzano.

Between 1992 and the present, has participated in numerous exhibitions (solo and group) at art galleries and museums in Italy and abroad.

PRINCIPALI ESPOSIZIONI | SELECTED EXHIBITIONS

1992 FLUXERS, Museo d'Arte Moderna, Bolzano

1993 FUN GLASS, Centro Domus, Milano

1993 WHAT HAVE I MADE? WHAT HAVEN'T I DONE?, Dongey Gallery, Parigi

1994 GOTO '94, Galleria Inter Nos, Milano

1995 TRIBEQUELLE, Botanikum, Monaco di Baviera

1995 GOTO '95, Galleria Inter Nos, Milano

1995 MILVCHwirtschaft, Kubus, Hannover

1996 HERZ JESU, Stift-Wilten, Innsbruck

1996 TIME TRAPS, sculture in vetro per TAG-HEUER Galleria Inter Nos, Milano

1996 VETRO, Galleria Materia Prima, Venezia

1996 PREMIO INTERNAZIONALE SCULTURE D'ACQUA, Terme Berzieri,
Salsomaggiore Terme

1996 CONTENITORIO, Triennale, Milano

1996 BESTIARIO, Galleria Roberta Lietti, Como

1996 VASI DINAMICI, Galleria Rino Costa, Casale Monferrato (AL)
 e Galleria Inter Nos, Milano
 1997 NEW DESIGN IN GLASS, Kunstmuseum, Dusseldorf
 1997 LA CASA DI VETRO, Galleria Materia Prima, Venezia
 1997 L'ARCA DI NOE, Studio Tomaino, La Spezia
 1997 FRAMMENTI E VETRI, Galleria Ad Arte, Milano
 1997 ANIMALI NERI, Galleria Rino Costa, Casale Monferrato, Alessandria
 1998 APERTO VETRO, Biennale del vetro, Venezia
 1998 LA CASA DI VETRO, Merano, Innsbruck Monaco di Baviera
 1998 FUORI SALONE DEL MOBILE, Milano, collezione 'LEGOGLASS'
 1998 GIOIELLI INDISCRETI, Galleria Spatia, Milano
 1999 MUSEO PECCI LABORATORIO DIDATTICO, Prato
 1999-2002 SALONE SATELLITE, presso il SALONE DEL MOBILE di Milano
 in mostra con Luca Bonato e Takahide Sano, Milano
 1999 GIOIELLI, VASI E BICCHIERI, Studio ELP, Roma
 1999 ITALIAN CONTEMPORARY DESIGNERS, Fachhochschule fur Technik,
 Stoccarda
 1999 MAKE UP, Adelphi, Padova
 1999 PARTY SURVIVAL KIT, Inter Nos, Milano
 1999 GARASU, Galleria L'Isola, Trento, Palazzo dei congressi
 1999 MASSIMO LUNARDON, Galleria Maurizio Corraini, Mantova
 2000 VETRO-GLASS, Istituto Italiano di cultura, Stoccolma
 2000 BRESCIA MUSIC ART Collettiva, Brescia
 2000 CONTENITORI, retrospettiva presentata dalla Galleria G7, Bologna
 2001 OLTRE LA TRASPARENZA Collettiva, Galleria G7, Bologna
 2001 CONTENITORI retrospettiva Galleria Tornabuoni, Pietrasanta
 e Galleria Maurizio Corraini, Mantova
 2001-2003 CDA. Contemporary Decorative Arts Collettiva presentata da Sotheby's,
 Londra
 2002 SOUL AND BODY, Biennale d'Arte di Dakar, Dakar
 2002 BICCHIERATA, Galleria Roberta Lietti, Como
 2003 CDA. Contemporary Decorative Arts Collettiva presentata da Sotheby's Londra
 2003 OMAGGIO A LEONARDO, Gallerie X, Monaco/Aldersbach
 2004 AVANZI, BRICIOLE, GOCCE, Galleria Civica di Desenzano del Garda, Brescia
 2004 WHAT IS FUORI BIENNALE>04 Biennale di Architettura
 I GOTI. VANDALISMI DI VETRO, Lanaro Arredamenti, Vicenza
 LA CAFFETTIERA DEL MASOCHISTA OVVERO DE "GLI OGGETTI
 IMPOSSIBILI" Asa Studio Albanese, Vicenza
 2005 AD ARTE, Biennale Nazionale delle Arti Applicate, Palazzo dei Congressi,
 Darfo Boario Terme
 2005 CENTO ANNI DI FABBRI, Monte di Pietà, Bologna

2005 MUSEO DELL'ARTE VENEZIANA, Otaru, Hokkaido
2006 ZOO DI VETRO, Galleria G7, Bologna
2007 TAVOLE A SPECCHIO, Galleria Maurizio Corraini, Mantova
2008 EUROPEAN GLASS CONTEXT, Bornholms Kunstmuseum
2009 VENTI VETRI, Galleria Maurizio Corraini, Mantova

PUBBLICAZIONI | PUBLICATIONS

1994 DESIGN YEAR BOOK (goto bicchiere cognac)
1994 GOTO "94", Massimo Lunardon
1995 GOTO "95", Massimo Lunardon
1998 LA CASA DI VETRO, edizioni Adriano Parise
2001 DESIGN YEAR BOOK curato da Ross Lovegrove
2002 DESIGN YEAR BOOK curato da Michele De Lucchi
2004 LE STORIE DI MAZANENDABA, edizioni Corraini, Mantova
2009 VENTI VETRI, edizioni Corraini, Mantova

MASSIMO LUNARDON



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