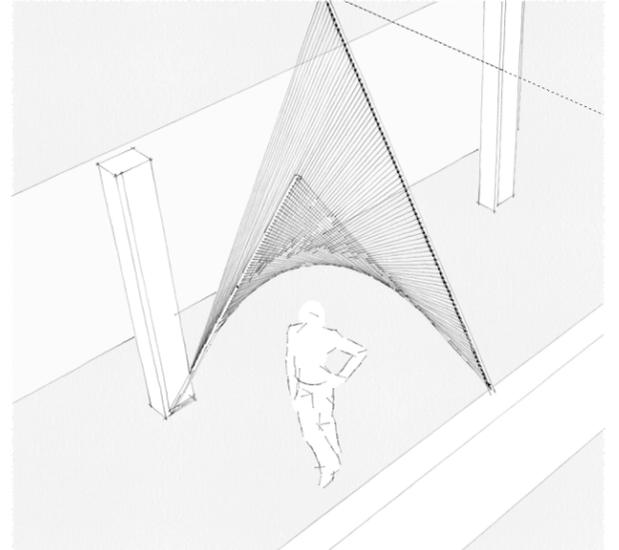
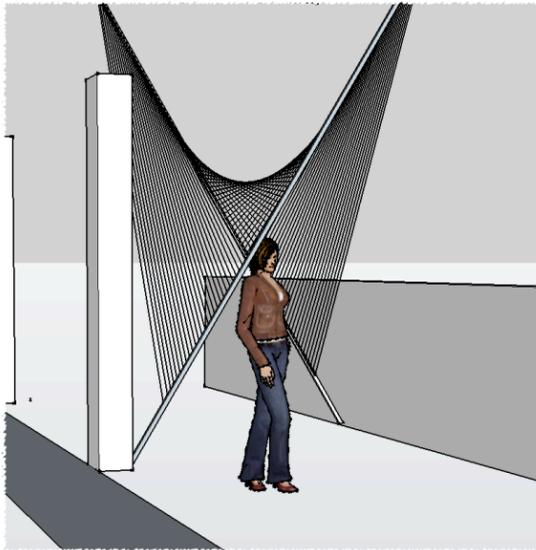
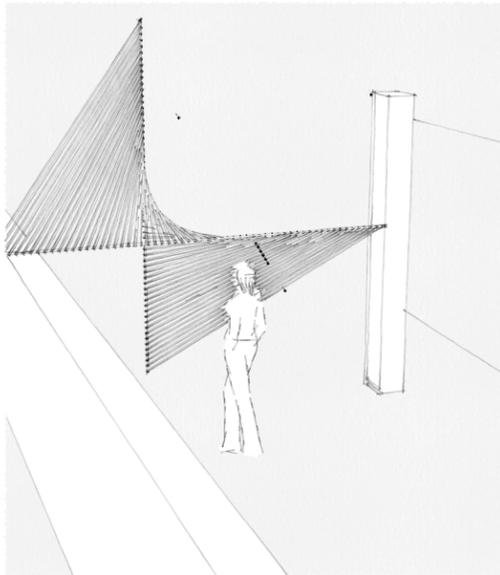


PAIR A PARABOLOIDS

2014

SITE: Milliken Fine Arts Center Courtyard

MATERIALS: re-claimed architectural millwork - Wood Tectronics, Greer, South Carolina



Creative Work Statement Greg Mueller

The claw hammer hung from two 16-penny nails in the tool corner of the garage, just above the Elgin outboard boat motor Dad used for duck hunting. The hammer handle was a dark brown Hickory; not a crack in the wood, only a few random drops of barn red paint from the annual touch up work on our modest, single story rambler. Dad ok-ed my borrowing of the hammer, as long the cold iron mallet made its way back to the hooks each night. If not...I would hear about it.

The routine was always the same; I would step onto the overturned tin bucket sitting next to the Elgin, and reach for the hammer with an outstretched arm. Then, with the other hand, clutching one of Dad's glass peanut butter jars, (now used as a nail container) I jumped down, loaded the wagon full of scrap wood, and pulled it up our quiet, car-less street. The Blue Earth River Valley woods, or "the ravine" as the older kids called it, was just a couple blocks from the house. With the advent of summer, nature's playground of rocks, trails and trees provided us with an open canvas, with grand visions of the greatest tree fort ever...rarely, if ever, coming to full fruition.

During one of my typical construction spurts, just about dusk, when I was supposed to be asleep, I peered out my bedroom window to see Dad leaving the garage with a hand full of spikes and the dark hickory claw hammer I had used earlier in the day. He walked toward the ravine, fading out of site. The following morning, back on the building site, I would occasionally come across a slightly larger, shiny fresh nail head, intermixed among my own in the random 2 x 4 scraps. I soon came to the conclusion Dad's unannounced inspections were not meant to criticize my craftsmanship, but to insure the kid's latest "refuge" wasn't going to come tumbling down. Dad never said anything; I never asked.

Jaywalking between my individual studio practice as a sculptor and my public, collaborative projects is an essential, personal balance that makes up my artist-citizen spirit. In my studio practice, the vision is to reshape and reinvent with a child-like curiosity, forms that celebrate the potential of rejected debris into objects and places of hope. Rescuing and selecting agricultural and architectural salvage is an intuitive attempt to breathe new life into the reclaim and cultivate the spirit of the material. The works are a by-product of work - the act of constructing. Instinctive decisions are made slowly and intuitively with some uncertainty to the outcome. My intention is to harmonize the faded and worn into the semblance of a whole, resulting in forms fostered by the poetics of materiality and a yearning for discovery.

For the group sculpture exhibit, *Concord and Flow*, I chose to share four documentations of my public, collaborative and commission work from 2014. On the Courtyard, the statement above is made manifest in a site-responsive experiment in millwork constructivism.