

# S N Y D E R M A N - W O R K S G A L L E R I E S

## **Stoney Lamar Artist Statement**

I am most interested in the exchange between my conceptual and technical vocabularies. The original development of multiple axis techniques became a way of sculpting asymmetrical forms on the lathe that led to an exploration of the power of a single line to represent gesture, attitude, and emotion. These compositions dealt both with figurative and architectural concerns that were influenced by both process and material. The addition of steel as a skeletal element to the wood forms has enhanced the narrative opportunities in the objects through the natural tensions produced between the two materials. The sandblasted and painted surfaces on the wood has become perhaps the final major addition to my sculptural palate moving the focus further away from material and emphasizing the form.

"The work of Stoney Lamar represents the body exploring its relation to the force of gravity--These sinewy forms, have an acrobat's dynamism of balance through movement, and the dancer's joy in eccentric gesture. They take place in history yet aren't pedantic. His work amplifies the music in the wood. Each form is a suspension bridge placed on its end--connecting earth to sky. If our field is a body, this work is the spine, humanly upright, flexible yet strong."

**Michelle Hozapfel  
Expression and Content panel World Turning Conference, 1997**

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## **He Calls to The Wood**

and it answers him, his hands rest  
on the wood and wait as he speaks  
of summer wood soft as rain wind breath  
and the wood of winter held hard  
against the crack of ice, closed  
against the cold and braced  
for what will come. The wood waits  
as the lathe embraces angles, spins  
them into curves, into a comet's blur,  
an aleph holding all moments  
in its bright sphere as the sculptor holds  
in his arms Gabriel of the Gate, the one  
he calls Arc Angle.  
Slick steel draws angles in  
and pushes them apart, the notes call out,  
the voice responds and into the wood  
comes history, not just of the tree,  
but of family farms and tobacco barns,  
great aunts and uncles who knew the stories  
in the trees: stories about a circus boy in a magic world  
where nothing behaves as we expect  
but we are mesmerized with the arc the trapeze makes  
while hoops and balls spin and leap and bodies balance  
in thin air and the creates a home  
for the oddest lives, but inside the tent  
all of it makes sense; the story  
of someone to watch over, me the longing,  
the longing; the story of the rock  
and the snow-bitten ridge and the way we see  
from there; the sine of the wave,  
curve of power, sweet shape  
of comfort; the wilderness  
where we keep watch, where  
we wait; and the best story of all  
the one where our partner bows and holds out a hand  
and we hear the very music the stars sing,  
we see even into the heart of the wood, even  
into wood that now, at last,  
has turned to stone.

By Susan Lefler