



BIENNIAL
School of Art, Design
& Creative Industries



Ulrich Museum of Art

The XXIII Faculty Biennial It's All Part of the Process

Artist Statement

John Hammer

Spiders in My Head

He is the voice in my head that thinks shiny things are simply keen.
That tomorrow will never come.
That straight lines are horizons with nothing going on.
That the X is always found
At the end of a tangled and dotted line.
He parades and peddles
The shortest distance between
Is not the point.
He has a point.
And along the way
Each dot a thing.
A seed that roots outward.
Virginia Creeper
Taking over a yard.
Lightning webs of lace
Searching for ground.
With comet flowers
Across his face
Jupiter steals the show.
He is my co-pilot.
My junior high prankster
And my high school quitter.
My Ferris
And my Cameron.
He is the George
Who steals my hat
For a merry chase
Down alleys
And, surprise, we're here
Locations.
He is the trouble-finder
And inspiration seeker
Faking the ability to fly.
No Tinker here, no Tinker to see.
Move along.
Move along.
Wait.
What's that?
And that
Is the next corner round.
And round.
What would Pooh do?
Investigate. That's who.