2012 THIRD PLACE

Mary Jo Minerich
Drills smoking, rock blasting, engines growling, derricks creaking, wires straining.
Then...dead silence.
The quarry remains, but it lives
only through the accumulated traces of activity.
High and low.
Preservation is another form of death.
So the artist pieces together the tangled remains of its infrastructure and commences work at the Quarry.
Activity concentrates along the wire intensifying the affects. The elements of the site are raw material for transformation alongside manufactured cast-offs.

Charred excavations foreground graceful aerial movements against their counterpoint, the terrible glow and roar of the blast furnace kilns.

Pigment dyed fabric, fluttering in the breeze to dry, etone large swathes of granite deep indigo.
Improvising

The art of living within the quarry requires the improvisational skills of a jazz musician. Its productions are at times beautiful and unexpected or so chaotic as to invite their own destruction. Such life depends on architecture that does not concern itself with elegant monuments to a precious past, instead it mines the past for materials, to provide what is needed for new engagements by the hand, the eye, and the machine.