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Dislocation Relocation Displacement

As a foreigner living in a country not of my origin, I have been dislocated, relocated, displaced: the removal of oneself from what is familiar, normal, the same. Like the raw clay, I have been re-located from a place where I was grounded and comfortable to a place unfamiliar and strange. The clay starts its journey when the shovel or pick-axe pierces the earth, dislodging the clay. The clay is removed from the riverbed, from the earth, where it was once grounded and solid. Now it stands in its raw form, somewhat vulnerable, for all to observe and wonder what is possible. In the hands of a ceramicist the clay is shaped, molded, turned, gouged, scraped and manipulated with care and respect. The ceramicist sometimes has to bend to the will of the clay, allowing the material to dictate the ultimate shape and form. A relationship develops between the artist and the material; they both need each other to achieve their goal of creating something useful, beautiful, provocative or sometimes disturbing. The material becomes the voice of the artist. This relationship can only be achieved because the raw clay has been displaced from its roots. It is boxed and packaged for removal, just as a foreigner is packed up for relocation.

The clays' journey is one of time and patience. It awaits its transformation until the artists' hands start the creative process.

My journey is also about time and patience. Slowly I am being shaped, molded and transformed by the land, the people, the language and the culture. I too am like a piece of raw clay, centered on the throwing wheel; the hands of a foreign land hold me as the wheel turns and I go around and around. The final shape remains to be seen. This place will craft me into something new, something I didn't know that I would become. I am at times at the mercy of this place. I can resist some of the forces that try to shape me but in the end, the place shapes and forms the life. The evolution of a life happens and we can resist it or follow it. The time and space between can and will be difficult but in the end, a new vessel will have been created.

Donna E. Price (August 2015)