Finding the Authentic Self



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Clay has the ability to reveal the passions of life.

Within my journey as an artist the pursuit of functional ware that transcended time has given way to the intoxicating revelry of the aesthetic drunk. The formal elements of functional ware and the systematic approach within the throwing process are still deeply cherished, however they are now backdrop for the overtly decorative. Centerpieces for the celebratory moments are made from re-purposed craft hobby molds that embellish surfaces or construct aspects of a vessel. Who knew that the repetition of a Santa's beard used as a sprig to embellish could harbor such innate potential? From my studio... much laughter ensues.

My formal education has informed my current work despite my best efforts. I have been fortunate to learn from those who appreciated historic pots, asked dynamic questions and understood the inherent beauty of the journey. My earliest inquiries regarding clay were "how?" then "why?" but alas, my current mantra has become "why the hell not?". I feel the strong foundation of my undergraduate experience and the open-ended questions of graduate school challenged by the daily discourse of life has led me to this current work. Previous assumptions or "rules" are now suspect.

Conclusion: The good Catholic girl has become the irreverent run away. I am on my lost weekend with no plan to return home. I want only the visual pleasures of abundance of texture, tactility and lushness of excess.

