



Elizabeth Dychter

Ceramic, sculptures to preserve memory

By Thimo Pimentel

"A Traves de los Ojos de Mi Padre (Through My Father's Eyes)" is the title chosen for the most recent exhibition from Elizabeth Dychter, Argentinean sculptor in the exhibition halls of the Museo del Holocausto (Holocaust Museum) in Buenos Aires. Clay, cracked enamels, salt... you will find the figures with submissive, devoted or surrendered attitudes, attitudes which recall the many millions of people exterminated in the Holocaust, once again they are brought back from the darkness of memory. This conceptual perception of the artist, ennobles with this gesture the many missing and above all the murdered family members. The curator work of the exhibition was excellent, both in sculpture and in installations and photos that support visual interaction between them through the language of memory.

Of the more than twenty sculptures in clay, oxides and the most delicate enamel treatments, calls our attention on particular, the series "Condemned", which is a graphic icon that will accompany the sculptor while life she has. Her white figures, cracks, repeaters, heads bowed, surrendered, submitted, are the result of a lifelong passion for the memory and the company of her father Henry, patient and suffer at first hand.

In this new century of careless technologies, the potter faces the conceptual challenges offering as a tribute to the man and his memory. With her blessed hands they transfer soul and sensations, these "condemned" are reborn and are rescue from oblivion with those white figures, static, full of mystery and memories.

It calls our attention other of the sculptures pre-

sented by the symbiosis between the shapes and the piece's surface treatment, it is clear that the author has experienced not only with color and oxides, but with the temperature of her ovens. It undoubtedly reflects an internal war for the sculpture rips in joints and disunities. Expressions of Dychter allows the spectator to make a fair offering to the memory of these so many, for that multiply sorrow, for that ignominious label stamped with fire on humanity itself.

In the central chamber of the facility was placed what in the sculptor's words strengthened her intention to communicate the distress and suffering of all those "condemned". Watching she working, her hands exploring the matter (mud) letting it guide her in her creations and says ... "You never know where the piece will go, I make no sketches, no drawing, I let the clay lead me" "Only know what I'm going to make, when working in series with molds. There I do have a preconceived idea, I do not know what the reason, it simply is and do not question it". "What is pottery for me? ... Something I'm questioned about and that I still wonder. When I begun studying pottery more than twenty years ago, I never thought it would become as fundamental to my life as the very air I breathe today. I cannot imagine doing anything but what I do."

The sculptor has been driven a while ago by one of the most solid technique Argentine potters that I know, co-author of one of the most educational books published about Ceramics in Castilian language "Raku Pottery, a technique a passion", where

Alejandra Jones gives us the opportunity of learning from her experiences in this popular and ancient pottery technique.

Alexandra Jones deserves to be mentioned in the technical success of this magnificent exhibition of Elizabeth Dychter, her student for years, and I would think that her hand was also an excellent guide for the curatorship of this exhibition. And what is the ceramic to a sculptor like Dychter?

"It's the creativity in three dimensions, the possibility to play, make mistakes and recover instantly. It is the uncertainty of waiting, the ability to test your patience, sensitivity of the clay ... the magic of fire."

"It is the land, fire, water and air.

It is the matter that allows you everything. The absolute freedom chance plays against and even the error is still wonderful. Today I am grateful to life that has been bent on showing me this way."

"Of course life was not only one... nothing could have been possible without the invaluable wisdom and sensitivity of Alejandra Jones who knew how to teach me and guide me, stimulating me with infinite patience and absolute conviction ... something that only have a great soul ... Thanks Ale!" Fairly grateful to her mentor and friend, the artist reinforces her feelings skillfully managing the terms patience, sensitivity, magic and the uncertainty of waiting.

The sculptor shows in her work a human warmth very special and unequivocal artistic maturity. This feeling not only explains the close relationship with all the family and those harrowing stories of her father throughout his life.