

Duality and the Domestic
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The plate I received in the Metal Ink-Orporated exchange from Sarah Smelser had a simple pattern of parallel lines with hatch marks at right angles. The arrangement of the pattern was equally divided between two halves of the plate along the shorter axis. One side was more openly patterned with single-direction marks and the other slightly more complex with crossing marks. I thought about the texture for a long time and began to see it as a textile pattern. To this add the fact of a recent realization: during a conversation with a friend I said something that betrayed a married person's prejudice for the coupled state. Upon reflection on this conversation I realized this unnoticed prejudice; I assumed she would have preferred to have a partner rather than be single. I also remembered being single and thinking that suburban grocery stores did not stock goods in quantities that were practical for single people. It was hard to find small cartons of the milk I liked and it therefore often spoiled before it was drunk.

All these thoughts were spinning around in my mind as I was contemplating this plate of cross-hatched copper. I chose to make an eight inch, fingered lap joint along a diagonal in order to give it some volume. After removing the excess ends I necked in one end with hammers and stakes and pushed the walls out a bit with a snarling iron. Once the form had resolved into a milk bottle, I capped the base end. I chose to mask off a 1960's Saarinen chair on one side (corresponding with the availability of the birth control pill) and a 1813 neoclassical couch on the other (corresponding with the publication of Jane Austin's *Pride and Prejudice* and the rise of the idea of marriage based on romantic love). Then many layers of auto body paint were layered to increase the reference to milk. The original single-mark texture shows through on the chair and the crossed texture shown through on the couch. Thus I have tried to represent the duality of these domestic objects and own up to a prejudice I had not realized that I had harbored.