spaces of wait and their weight
a thesis presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the mas-
ter of fine arts in ceramics in the department of ceramics of the rhode
island school of design, providence, rhode island

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2023

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I have been exploring, researching and observing what influences affect a space within the traditions, rituals, food, thoughts and behavior. What happens when that space of comfort disappears and changes? Through a series of work that waits, melts, merges, and exaggerates in an attempt to find its place. As I borrow objects and movements from daily life, observing my surroundings and extracting mundane things that take on different forms whether exaggerated or identifiable. This recent culmination of work over the two years at RISD look at objects and spaces of waiting, discomfort, longing and sharing. Our behavior is affected by our surroundings and the systems put in place, and through certain playful scenes, these two are merged together, allowing the viewer to question what we choose to hold on to and give value and what might be overlooked.

The work in this book focuses on a few aspects that have been recurring in my work from packaging material to objects waiting for their turn to acts of waiting.
I have been thinking a lot about waiting.

Objects that wait.
People that wait.
Spaces that wait.
Landscapes that wait.

And it made me wonder about the spaces between the wait.

What happens in these spaces?

Dates.
Time.
Fasting.
Hijri calendar.
California palm trees.
Coffee.
Gahwa.
Cups.
Dawn.
Seasons.
Type G sockets.
Or plugs.
Words.
Language.
Counting.
Numbers.
Our days.
Travel.
Movement.
Traces.
Back pain.
Medication.

It is interesting to think about time in relationship to how we spend our days.

How time has become very rigid.

Even time has lost freedom.

It has to be justified.

It has to follow certain rules and orders.

When thinking about notions of time or the lack of time.

When the body becomes a tool of time.

When repetition becomes pain, does pain become meditation or does meditation become pain?

I followed the minutes every morning.

I have been thinking a lot about waiting.

Or was it six?
traces of a socket
a series of sculptures and installation
their is always a socket not being used as their is always an extra brick that is left on the side of the road. i often wonder about the existence of sockets. what does the socket on the ceiling do? what does the socket on the bottom of the staircase think about? what does the socket in between two sockets wait for? is the upside down socket bothered at all. i wonder what happens when they wait, what happens between the wait, what is created in the space of waiting, filling these gaps and the restlessness in the wait. i want to convey the wait- some are
wait time: sixteen sockets, glazed ceramic, 2021
are they plugs?, glazed ceramic, 2022
I took many photos of sockets or plugs— I am not sure what the right word for it is— they intrigued me whenever they looked out of place whether far from reach or difficult to find then I started making some they were not far from reach yet they were they were a type g they were supposed to be a type b I thought type g was acceptable it seemed still confusing and out of place I guess that is why they melt and shift and crack
waiting sockets: melt, warp, crack, shift
glazed ceramic, 2022
thesis work
spaces of wait and their weight
I started to think about a finjan of gahwa and a cup of coffee
the difference and similarity
the slowness and speed

It made me wonder how many of these fanajeen would fit into a takeaway coffee cup
what would it mean for them to fit into that

How many fanajeen can fit in a Starbucks takeaway cup
How many cups of coffee does one miss by trying to be a larger cup?

When looking at Ai Weiwei’s sunflower seeds and how these seeds exist as a community
and a whole, it reminded me of a finjan and how it does not exist individually

The word “finjan” does not exist in English, it only exists in explanation or description
which also makes me wonder about spaces of misunderstanding or spaces
that are lost in translation—what does it mean when these lines are blurred?

Coffee is not drunk in a hurry, coffee is the sister of time, sipping slowly, coffee is the sound of taste, the sound of smell, coffee is meditation and deepening into the soul and memories.

Mahmoud Darwish
this installation combines waiting cups, a rug, traces of a foam packaging, fanajeen imitating takeaway coffee cups and larger vessels that sit on the sides for any discarded cups to stay in.

the glaze marks resembles a space that was once full, the activation of coffee drinking resembles how it can be filled.
when the warping cups walk out of the packing foam, ceramic, 2022
when the coffee cups wait, ceramic cups, thread, ink on paper, 2022
I bring dates with me every time I go home
dates that grow in my parents' garden
they pick the rattab up in the summer and the tamr after that
I am not as familiar with timings
but when it gets hot- the rattab season is near

after months of being here
I run out of dates
or date biscuits my mom makes

I ordered some dates from Amazon
some said they were from the home
they came in different packages every time
some were grown in California
some in Florida

I also found some from the Middle Eastern market in Cranston
they were packed in different places

I wondered about these travelling dates
how they felt in their packages
do the dates from the different regions meet
or do they not realize each other’s existence?
packing dates, ceramic and dates, 2023
wrapping seeds, unfired porcelain, ceramic, and date seeds, 2023
through this series of thoughts and work, I hope to touch upon notions of time, history and value. what we choose as societies to value and keep and what we choose to unsee and dispose of. what we choose to stop time for and what we choose to leave in the blur.