

CLAY BODY
SLWHL





United States
Environmental Protection
Agency

Office Of Air Quality
Planning And Standards
Research Triangle Park, NC 27711

EPA-452/R-03-007
February 2003

Air

*Economic Impact Analysis of
the Clay Ceramics
Manufacturing NESHAP: Final Rule*





CLAYS- Prepared Clay Bodies

There is a certain amount of mystique and a bit of "black magic" involved with clay bodies. There is no "perfect" clay body. Anyone working in clay needs to realize and continuously appreciate the fact that the basic ingredients of all clay bodies are naturally occurring, removed from the earth with little if any refinement and ground to powder, mostly for industrial purposes other than for use by ceramic artists. Thus, regardless of the care and testing done by the mines and commercial clay body manufacturers, variations are to be expected from batch to batch over time.

Before use, it is recommended that testing be performed on any new batch of clay to determine its suitability for your particular technique and application. It must also be kept in mind that in every step of the forming process there are innumerable variables that are often immeasurable and all but impossible to adequately control and will affect the finished product.

SELECTING A CLAY BODY

Generally, most commercially prepared clay bodies can be made to work for almost any application with sufficient experience, practice and testing. However, certain fundamental characteristics can certainly lead to minimizing the time and frustration of repeated testing and failure. Beyond that, it becomes a matter of personal preference ("different strokes for different folks") whereby a particular clay is preferred over others within the same category. Every clay body is a bit different and very minor changes in shape, or in the forming, drying or firing process can make a previously unacceptable body suddenly ideal. The only way to determine which body is best for you is to test different bodies through your entire process.



You work with what you are given,
the red clay of grief,
the black clay of stubbornness going on after.
Clay that tastes of care or carelessness,
clay that smells of the bottoms of rivers or dust.

here on this bridge between
starshine and clay,

Betwixt damnation and impassion'd clay

Even the mud, the sticky lemon-colored clay
hardens and then yields, crumbs.

The surface breaks
into shingled, grassed clusters; lifts.
If I press, pick-in with fingers, pluck,
I can unfold the loam. It is tender. It is a tender
maneuver, hands making and unmaking promises.

I know not how it is, but certainly I
Have never been more tired with any reading
Than with dissertations upon happiness,

Which seems not only to elude inquiry,
But to cast unmerciful loads of clay
And sand and husks and stubble

life shapes us like clay
drop my drive in with the black box

life shapes us like clay
drop my drive in with the black box
savour my sign, my fingerprint rhyme

we inherit the logos of our forefathers
ghostly identity packages
friendly homing beacons

what time is it. what season is it.
we can't wait for desertification
think of all the clay at our fingertips