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CERA — CYNIC

CODE University of Applied Sciences
OS Semester

15|23

Ava, Nikita, Tatenda,
Lilly & Mercedes

CERAMICS REBORN!

CERA SYNC



CREATED BY AVA
HURST

The age-old art of ceramics has long been known as a renewable and largely un-problematic endeavor, where natural materials are formed into shapes and fired until solid. These fired ceramics can last for thousands of years, often being found by archaeologists all over the world, and the practice often takes a lot of skill and patience developed over years. However there is one aspect that is often overlooked, and as the popularity of ceramics rises, it's becoming harder and harder to ignore.

it is well known that once ceramics are fired, they can no longer be turned back into clay. Their chemical composition has changed, and therefore it is in it's 'final' form. However, if this ceramic piece ends up broken, it is usually chunked away. It can end up in landfill, or in a back garden, where sharp broken pieces of ceramic can remain for potentially thousands of years



But what if there was another route? A route that would allow artists to use these broken ceramics in a new way?

After significant experimentation, it has been found to be possible, and to show this process to the general public, Ava Hurst has developed a fully interactive, fun and engaging computerized demonstration of the process, where anybody can easily enter themselves into virtual world and involve themselves in every step of the recycling process thanks to 3D camera tracking.

Join Ava Hurst and the rest of the Cera Sync team at the CODE University of Applied Sciences Winter Expo at Factory Berlin in Gorkitzer Park to participate at this event on 15 December 2023 from 11:15 am.

If you would like your event to be featured in this magazine or on our website or if you would like to see more featured ceramic events, please scan here:

FINDING MAGGIE

by Tatenda Mudavanhu



FICTION

One of the first things Russel and Rose did upon their arrival in Berlin was to go paint a figurine at the nearest ceramic studio. It wasn't a tiny souvenir, but rather a massive life-size doll with long hair, huge eyes, and round hips. Painting the doll took more hours of work than it took for Chinese hospital builders to complete their mandates at the peak of the coronavirus pandemic.

"Her name is Maggie," Rose announced as soon as the delivery men left the couple's Friedrichshain apartment. Russell went up and stared at the doll long and hard while it stood by the corner of the living room like a futuristic scarecrow.

"You are not Maggie, are you?," he asked the figurine, playing with its earthen hair. "You are Roxanne." Rose smiled. She suddenly felt the need to snap a Boomerang video of her husband and the doll, so she did.

"Not happening, Mr.," she said as she posted the loop on social media. "That's not happening at all."

So, settled the situation was. They toasted to Maggie that evening as they ravished through roast duck and slurped down red wine. Maggie also crossed Russel's mind even later that night, as the Schmidts made love. "What a good addition to the family Maggie is," he thought. "She simply belongs."

The next morning after Maggie's arrival, Rose woke up to the most delightful piece of music she had ever heard. Her eyes fluttered open to the sight of a doll sitting on the edge of the bed with a flute. It was Maggie! For several seconds, Rose's body failed her, and a myriad of questions rushed to her brain like a kick. Was she inside a dream? Was her mind playing tricks? The woman ran out of the room at the first chance.

"Help! Help!," she screamed. "Help!" She fell into the wet, muscular arms of her husband who happened to come out of the shower right at that instant.

"Why are you screaming? What happened?," Russell asked.

"No, no, no. It can't be! It can't be!"

"What can't be?"

Rose pointed towards the bedroom. Russel tiptoed towards it.

"What is it?" he queried as he went. When they got into the bedroom, Rose reeled with confusion.

"She was - she was sitting there with a pip- no, with a flute! She was sitting right there with a flute."

"Who?"

"Maggie!"

"Maggie?"

"Maggie the ceramic! Look, she's made the bed. What is happening in this place?" Russell looked at his wife with concern and left for the living room. When he came back, confusion was written all over his face.

"Where did you put her? Where did she go?"

"I don't know!"

"Somebody has stolen her then! I'm calling the police."

"Don't call the police!," a young lady's voice shouted from the closet. It was Maggie. She came out holding Russell's favourite suit and tie. Her walk came with the sound of the friction of two bricks.

"There she is," cried out Rose. "There she is!"

Maggie laid the clothes on the bed and gave the couple a huge smile. "Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt."

Russell pinched himself. "No, no, no. Who are you?"

"I'm your new assistant."

"Assistant?"

"But how? How are you alive? This is ridiculous. Are we on some sort of trip or what?"

That morning, Rose and Russell skipped work. They had so many questions to ask - so many things to understand. Who really was Maggie? Who had made her? How? Why? Was all of this even real? Maggie tried her best to answer every question while she prepared breakfast. She answered more questions while she gave them deep tissue massages in the afternoon. She entertained them with stories that told the life of 18th-century citizens of Prussia. Getting one of the rare appointments for an Anmeldung in Berlin for Rose and Russell took ten seconds for Maggie

. "Please don't send me away," Maggie pleaded with the couple during dinner. "That's all I ask," the doll pleaded. "Oh, and one more thing, my name is Roxanne AI."

FICTION



*What happened next
to Rose, Russell, and Roxanne?
Find out in our next issue!*

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Our stakeholders comment
on our collaboration.

Flea markets are great places where you can purchase ceramic art inexpensively. Whether from local artists from the present who offer their art or old models of all kinds. Don't be afraid to buy dirty ceramics. It is easy to clean and using vinegar often helps with odours. See the art behind the dirt. Ceramics can easily become cracked or damaged. It is important that you touch the ceramic and examine it with your fingers. This makes it easier for you to feel bumps or damage. Finally, you should make sure that you do not destroy the treasure you have acquired when cleaning it. A temperature difference that is too large can destroy the glaze on some ceramics, especially older ones, and unsightly cracks can form.

Alexander
ceramic collector, Köpenick

If you search for the **keywords "ceramics and Berlin"** in the internet, you will get many hits. There are the commercial sites of shops and suppliers, studios offering workshops, reports on ceramics in public spaces or on the history of the Königliche Porzellan-Manufaktur (KPM). You can even find a Keramik-Museum. The variety is great and exciting. But what seems to be missing is a network, a platform that presents Berlin with its ceramics offerings and themes in a clear and exciting way as a "city of ceramics".

Konrad
Journalist, Mitte

The Ceramic Community in Berlin has boomed within the past 5 years. As a professional artist myself, I started bringing people together to share ceramic space. Humans need to get their hands dirty and be creative in a social environment. This is what has always been and continues to be unique to the ceramic process in comparison to other art forms. However, it's not easy to try to sell a work of art that could break at any point in the process and has been undervalued in society for so many years. Ironically that's why Ceramics is the closest art form to life itself and is often equated with birth. I believe the greater Ceramic Community in Berlin would benefit greatly by working together more! We need to find new ways of demanding that the system change to allow for more sustainable options for ceramic art and ceramic artists.

Madeline ceramic artist,
Neukölln



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