Sophie Conus and Roxane Rajic

The Butterflies of Trajanina
2022
Sound device, spatial sound, ceramic, metal, glass
30 × 50 × 210 cm

Through the lens of history, the audience is presented with a new and captivating perspective on the butterfly, the symbol of immortality in many cultures. This work draws on the classical tradition of Trajanina, a Roman emperor who is known for his love of butterflies, and it explores the themes of life, death, and the cyclical nature of existence. The installation consists of several elements: a ceramic bowl containing a live butterfly, a sound device that plays a recording of butterfly sounds, and a glass structure that symbolizes the transience of life. The audience is invited to interact with these elements, reflecting on the delicate balance between life and death, and the eternal cycle of renewal.

Marta Rachlewicz and Céleste Laurent

I have a Lot on my Plate
2022
Ceramic, porcelain, tablecloth, table, sound
160 × 100 cm

Behind this round table, an ideological weight. It’s a matter of family expectations: it’s enough to oppress and control a woman. The performance is just a tool to make our loved ones become our enemy, an obstacle that does not resemble, so, in the surroundings approved. This aesthetic pile of Polish and Italian cuisine specialities overdoses and offers. A euphoric odyssey, quiet and kulaki on the menu.

Crushed by the ritual of the family meal, the delicate and imperfect plates with their refined cobalt blue inscriptions are strewn, sometimes even in the breaking point. Surprising sounds of smashing dishes take flight. Are these outbursts liberating or impetuous? Will you, our guest at this feast dare approach the unstable installation? Will you risk exposure to the decadence and decline of these social customs?

Moacir Ferreira and Sebastián Dávila

Despues del sol, despó de sol, sobre la sol.
A Lucky Prediction?
2022
Ceramic, sound and desk

The epigraph of this tall story forgotten has the effect of a party, a carnival, a celebration, an explosion. This installation is copy and copy copy, passed through the paper shredder of a joke with no punchline, the enigma of a faded story, a facsimile, the fossil of a phantasmagoric existence. Cupule, a facsimile, the fossil of a phantasmagoric existence.

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I search for a soul, Who will be able to help me… I am disenchanted… Disenchanted.

All sides… All of my spoken ideas… Deteriorated…

Examination of the trunk with its splintered branches, and humor. If you draw close to make a delicate and more melancholic than the one originally planned it was when it came out of the oven – certainly darker qualities that remained in our piece: our tree now to “explode” and twisted the trunk. After the initial by oxidizing it, the firing caused the branches red a rare occurrence. Instead of bonding the glaze during the single-firing process, the gas oven suffered with its branches. But the ceramic arts are capricious; it, even unwittingly, participating in ritual. In just five sense. We wanted to build a life-size tree that, in the literal sense, then, it became so in the figurative arrangement depending on the energy (thoughts and emotions) that it receives. We share between these tree in this form of dialogue, intuitive and observant. In his arrangement of the “acoustic mirror”, we decided to make two sculptures that would make each other visible and understand each other. Before the Second World War and the invention of radio, acoustic mirrors were implemented around the coasts of Great Britain as an early warning device. They made it possible to hear planes further away than was possible with “simple” human ears.

The concept of dreaming is important. Our proposal is akin to a meditation, an intimate feedback, joining us to the flow of time and dreaming. The pieces of our installation act as objects of transmission and resonate in this exchange, suspended in time. On the other hand, the sculptures need to be integrated in order to be placed, in a moment of intimacy sharing. The sound emerges from an opening facing the “actor” of this strange ceremony, the only to hear it.

The Disenchanted Tree

Sandstone

Varied dimensions

The Disenchanted Tree is an accident. First in the blind sense, then, it is a fiction in the figurative sense. We wanted to build a life-size tree that, adorned with porcelain instruments, would have enticed the spectator to walk around it, even uninvitingly, participating in ritual. In just five days we managed the task of lifting the trunk with its branches. But the ceramic arts are capricious during the single-firing process, the gas oven suffered a rare occurrence. Instead of bonding the glaze red a rare occurrence. Instead of bonding the glaze during the single-firing process, the gas oven suffere- with its branches. But the ceramic arts are capricious; it, even unwittingly, participating in ritual. In just five sense. We wanted to build a life-size tree that, in the literal sense, then, it became so in the figurative arrangement depending on the energy (thoughts and emotions) that it receives. We share between these tree in this form of dialogue, intuitive and observant. In his arrangement of the “acoustic mirror”, we decided to make two sculptures that would make each other visible and understand each other. Before the Second World War and the invention of radio, acoustic mirrors were implemented around the coasts of Great Britain as an early warning device. They made it possible to hear planes further away than was possible with “simple” human ears.

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