

insider outsider

— Learning from Richmond



Rich-mouth

Louiza Combrinck & Charlotte Laurent

I don't know you yet but I miss you already.

Steel is in the mountain.
As a plant becomes pot-bound.
Humanity becomes ego-bound.

Strong or extra mild.
La mayonaise a besoin de moutarde.

Enclosed in his own limited mental consciousness.

It is the end of the world.
La nuit est jeune.
The night is young.
La vie est claire.

Because the mind even, just because the shape is right or wrong.

No!

Not for the plastic and the foil.
Of decorations in symmetric coil.
Decked out with vulgar art across the street.

Why is it neither, nor any land is home?

Dusty scrubby is beauty.
Dusty scrubby is beauty.
Dusty scrubby is beauty.
Dusty scrubby is beauty.

Tu es derrière ton œil.
Tu es née avec une langue.
I was born with a tongue
of my own, a certain quarter of the sky, and two lungs.
Mais c'est ton nez que le soleil brûle en premier.

People committed the same sins in a different ways.
Like dogs do bark.

Naked emotion. Naked mind.
Naked mind.

My body bears those scars.
Does yours legs hurt where it touched the ground ?

There's no farwell to the koppie-studded plain.
Who is one with it, shall come again.

When bones and flesh have flaked to ash.
At the end of the years.

I shed no tears
I feel no pain.
For I know, I know.

Je crois.
We leaned together and experiment.
We experiment together.

Loin de rien.
Sans comprendre.

We bent and felt a cold attraction.
And knelt and came to grips with science.

A charge of lips.
The belly of thought.
Microscopically correct.
Le contexte change, la réalité reste.

Even the subtle process of invasion by osmosis observed,
recorded.
Technology kill the possible!
And exploration cannot find by what soft phrases of spiritual
invasion your world could merge with mine.

You are the problem.
It's a pearl.
Sniff your tears.
What else is there?

Ons sluk sluk aan jou verlede en die bloekomboom lugweg.
Nous avalons votre passé et de l'eucalyptus.

Les gens sont bons.
The food is gross.
Concentration pour l'éphémère.

When we found the centre of the universe, it became a hole.
When we found the centre of the universe, it became a hole.

Accept the illusion of progress.
Ons spekkeleer en loop soos miere in jou mond.

But where you go.
That's where you are.

Don't let your light delight.
Too hot to forget.

Tell me your story.
This is our story.
This is my story.
What is history?

Je ne suis plus connecter.
Now, I can be connected.

Living a life behind the new world.

I don't know.
I don't need to always understand.

That now assumes relaxed positions
And prostitutes your garden?

Daarom stap jy rond, maar die mond sluk jou in.

Names are not humans.
Places are not always homes.

But how much of you is repetition.
You didn't whisper to them too.

Maybe nobody cares or believes.
Maybe nobody cares or believes.

Maybe nobody cares or believes.
Maybe nobody cares or believes.

Tu ne peux pas toujours tout être et voir en même temps.
You are the time.

Always too late.
Ici s'installe la patience.



Araya De Rossi, Sibenoxolo Foji, Sethu Menye & Garance Raynaud





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"Children (both male and female) experience violence in places where they should feel safe to play and learn, such as homes, schools, and even on playgrounds. In most cases, the perpetrator is someone the child knows and trusts."

- Dwayne Evans

Henry Drake—Kara Schoeman



Trash Kite

Drake and Schoeman also collected hessian sacks and stitched them into a kite which was attempted to fly with the help of a pick up truck in the middle of the desert. The documentations of the performance show a frustration in making the trash-kite fly.



Gat / Ton Trou

Henry Drake and Kara Schoeman collaborated over the idea of reusing waste materials found in the landscape to create satirical actions in the public space of a small town in the Northern Cape of South Africa. Drake and Schoeman dug up glass, ceramics and bones from the garbage dumps which had permeated the landscapes on the outskirts of Richmond and used the materials to repair potholes in the road. We saw the potholes as an endemic problem to South Africa, but also as an opportunity for artistic intervention. We wanted to talk about the relationship people have with waste and their problems in maintaining progress. We covered a pothole with stained glass and felt that the material represents how tragedy can manifest itself as trash but can be transform into treasure. The potholes were vandalised at night, a few hours after we had completed them. This iconoclastic confrontation with in the town made us aware of our position as outsiders and our legitimacy in completing actions on a social level.

I went straight to the hospital, avoiding the distraught feeling I get when I find myself in a new place. This is where everything started and ended. Here, both birth and death are registered and everything comes full circle. But I was only beginning my own journey in Richmond. Some people just stop here on their way through South Africa, and some others get stuck and never leave again. My mother got stuck at some point.

She got stuck but left for Bloemfontein soon after my birth. Luckily, everything went well for my birth, as for other situations, mothers are transported many kilometers away to the next city, where they can be taken care of. I wondered why my mother left Richmond, but also what pushed her to come back to Richmond just before her death. She left without leaving a note and a couple of days later I got a call from an old friend of hers, telling me she had passed away.

My mother never told me anything about Richmond, a part of her life she polished and preserved like an old precious stone, full of facets and reflections. I always felt there was something hidden and mystical about her way of not talking about it. Something had happened that I needed to pursue. Her sudden departure followed by her death made it even stranger. Her friend said she was agitated, talking about healing plants, grasshopper and snake curses. Maybe she knew she was about to die and she was searching for a cure?

I decided to walk to the church and pray as she taught me, thinking about these stories of curses and cures. It seemed strange for someone as religious as my mother to talk about alternative medicines. She would rather believe in the healing power of prayer. Isn't prayer an alternative medicine too?

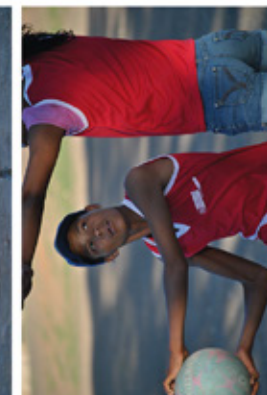
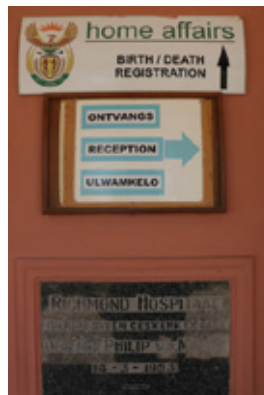
My mother was a nurse, that is the reason she came in Richmond in the first place, and it was my absent father who had led her to this job. My mother was responsible for preparing the medicine, taking care of the medical equipment and making sure that everything stayed clean. She was very good at her job, she left everything neat and shiny behind her, it was like nothing had happened. She left no traces of what had happened prior to every cleaning session. This cleaning echoed in many parts of her life, it became a way of living.

Ironically, that is what happened when she died here, where she used to work. Everything got cleaned up after her, as she did herself for other people. Instruments were covered, like you close the curtains after a show. Not a single trace of my mother, there was nothing left of her presence here. I started to understand that I would probably find no answers to my questions.

In a last attempt to find clues, I went to the mortuary, hoping they could tell me what would've been the reason behind her death. When I got there, all the doors were shut, almost as if to say that this would be the end of my journey to finding out the truth.

All that was remaining of her was here, buried underground, kept like a precious polished stone. She rests here in the desert, surrounded by herbs, grasshoppers and snakes. The wind erases the footsteps in the sand and the thunderstorms slowly wash down the graves, until everything comes neat and clean until there are no traces of my mother left to see.

Noémie Gambino—Poloko Mohanoe



Miné Kleynhans & Yan Pavilik

Paal haal

Paal haal



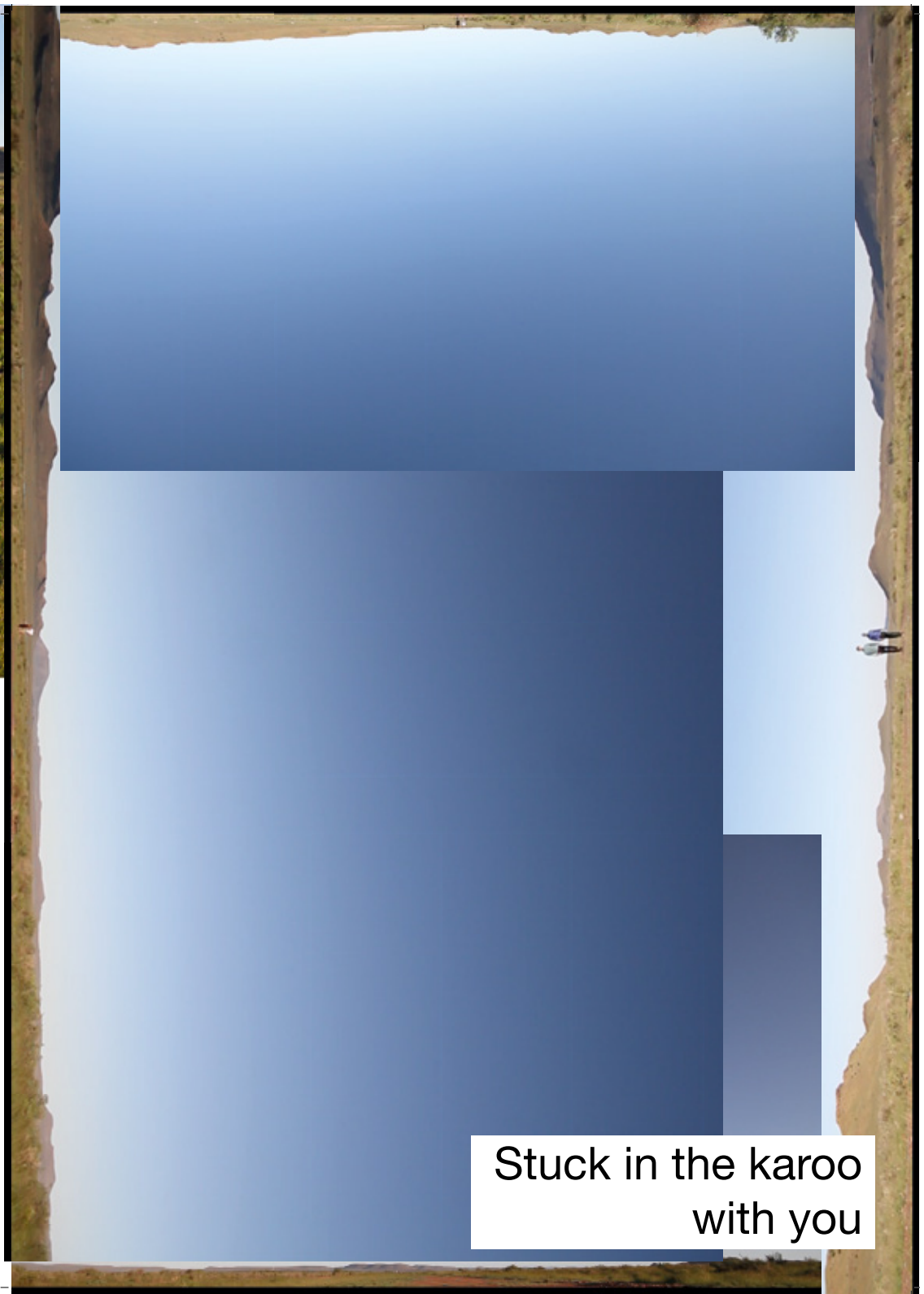


Momentary pillars of time

Leon Witthuhn & Nathan Solioz



Our work is about time. Time from a human perspective and a geological perspective. A person approaching the installation is presented with objects that depict time. In both geological terms and human historical terms. The circular arrangement points to the cyclic nature of time. The ruin in the middle reflects the temporality of humans on this planet.



Stuck in the karoo
with you



insider outsider – Learning from Richmond

17.02.2020 – 28.02.2020

A collaboration between Option Construction, art et espaces, HEAD-Geneva (CH), University of the Free State (UFS), Department of Fine Arts, Bloemfontein (ZA) and Modern Art Projects South Africa (MAPSA), Richmond, Northern Cape.

The project insider outsider – Learning from Richmond, is an open approach where students from two parts of the world meet to explore and respond to the intriguing specific context of Richmond and its surroundings.

Richmond is a small town with circa 5000 inhabitants from very diverse backgrounds, religion, colour, cultures and nationality, and surrounded by the overwhelming vast landscape of the Karoo Desert.

With the participation of:

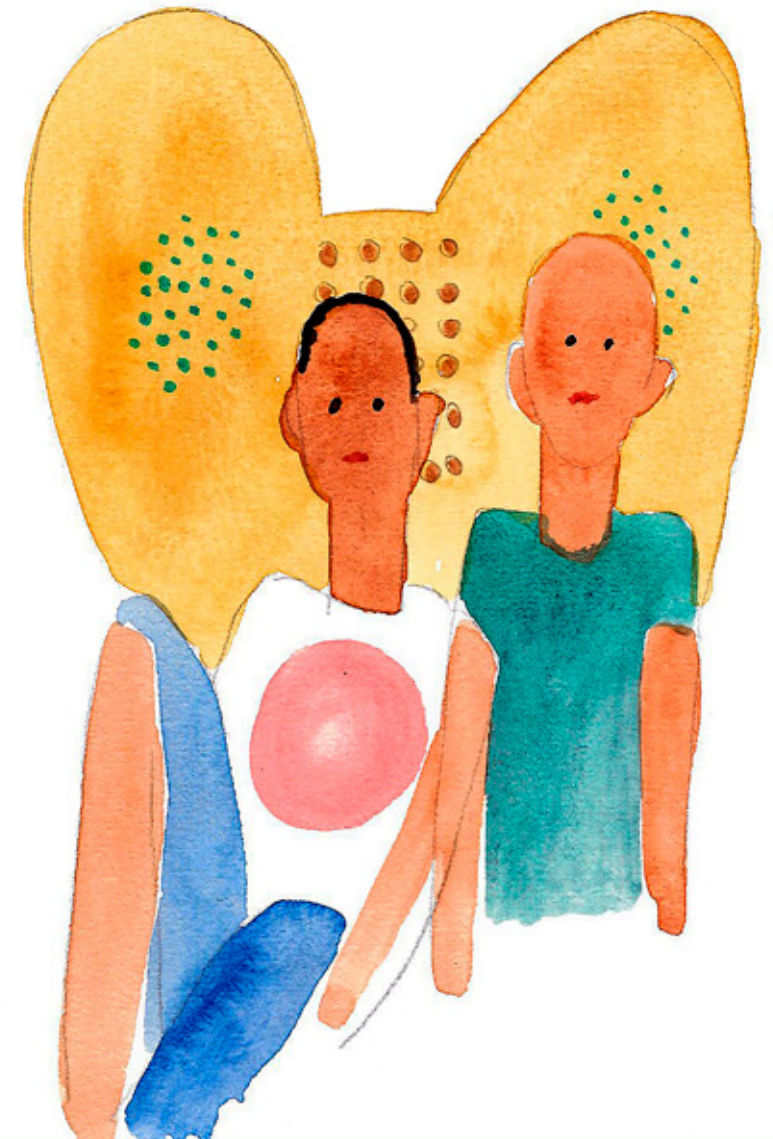
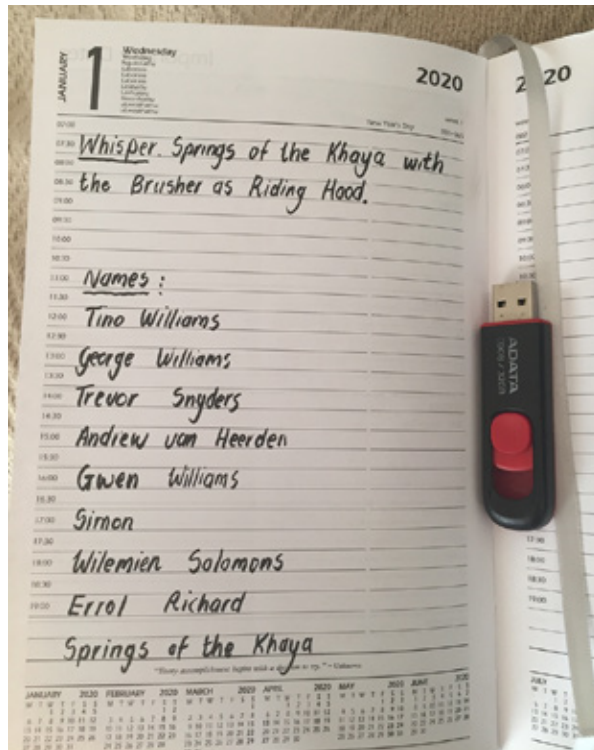
Louiza Combrink, Araya De Rossi, Henry Drake, Sibenoxolo Foji, Noémie Gambino, Miné Kleynhans, Charlotte Laurent, Sethu Menye, Poloko Mohanoe, Yan Pavilik, Garance Raynaud, Kara Schoeman, Nathan Solioz, Jaco Spies and Leon Witthuhn.

The project is guided by Janine Allen-Spies (UFS), Abrie Fourie (MAPSA) and Katharina Hohmann (Head), and made possible with the support of SUMMER SCHOOL, Hes-so, Genève, the Faculty of Humanities, Johannes Stegmann Gallery at the UFS and MAPSA.

Many thanks to Julian Mentz for hosting us at Louis Building and to Harrie Siertsema for his generosity! A heartfelt thanks for everyone in Richmond who assisted in the project: John Donaldson, Angie Gallagher, Donel Louw, Philip Mans, Ivan Messelaar, Andrew Munnik, Jessica Olifant, Morné Ramsay, Errol Richards, Willemien Solomons, Spring of the Khaya, Trevor Snyders, Andrew van Heerden, George Williams, Gwen Williams, Tino Williamson, and George Wentzel.



Janine Allen-Spies



COMING SOON
RICH JUKE MOND BOX

Katharina Hohmann



Abrie Fourie