

LOIS
RIC HA



**LOI S
RI CHARD**



The Children of Avry Vork

part 1/3

How did they use to climb the stairs?
In a philosophical manner?
Accompanied by architectural
sounds dressing up only their feet
Cycling through the corridors
shifting from space to space
A house named Avry
A family called Vork
Still unfinished yet with so many
stories to tell
Open windows, that remain circular
and closed at the same time
In which timeframe does Avry
belong, and in which one do we want
to belong?

deel 1/3

Hoe beklommen zij de trappen?
Onder invloed van filosofische
gedachtes?
Omringd door architecturale
geluiden die slechts hun voeten
sierden
Fietsend door de gangen,
verschuivend van plek naar plek
Een huis genaamd Avry
Een familie genaamd Vork
Nog altijd niet af maar met zo veel
stille verhalen
Open ramen die rond blijven en
gesloten tezelfdertijd
In welk tijdsbestek behoort Avry,
en tot welk willen wij behoren?



How did they use to climb the stairs?

In a philosophical manner?

Accompanied by architectural sounds dressing up cycling through the corridors shifting from

A house named Avery

A family called Vork

still unfinished yet with so many stories to tell

Open windows, that remain

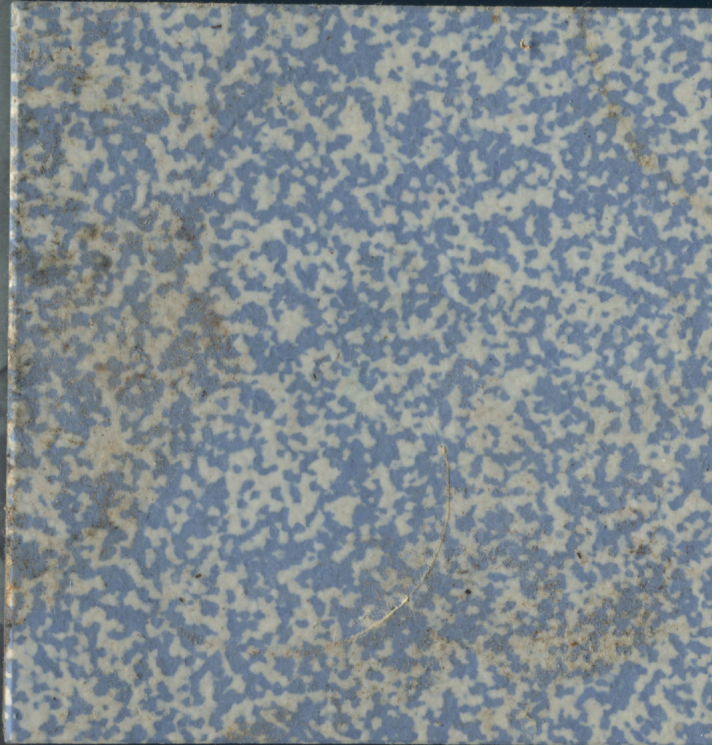
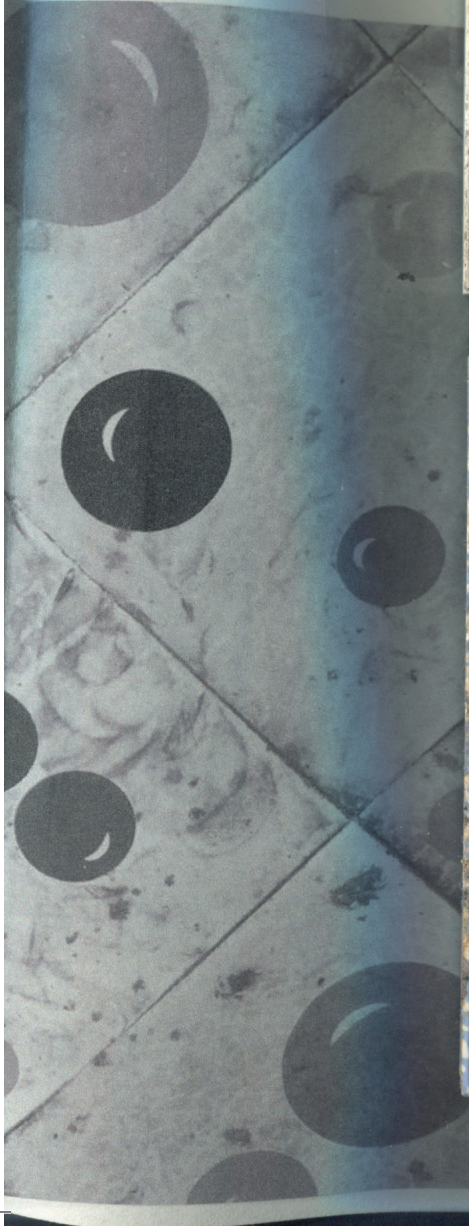
circulair and closed at the same time

In which timeframe

does Avery belong,

And in which one do we want to belong?

only their feet
sprinkled to space









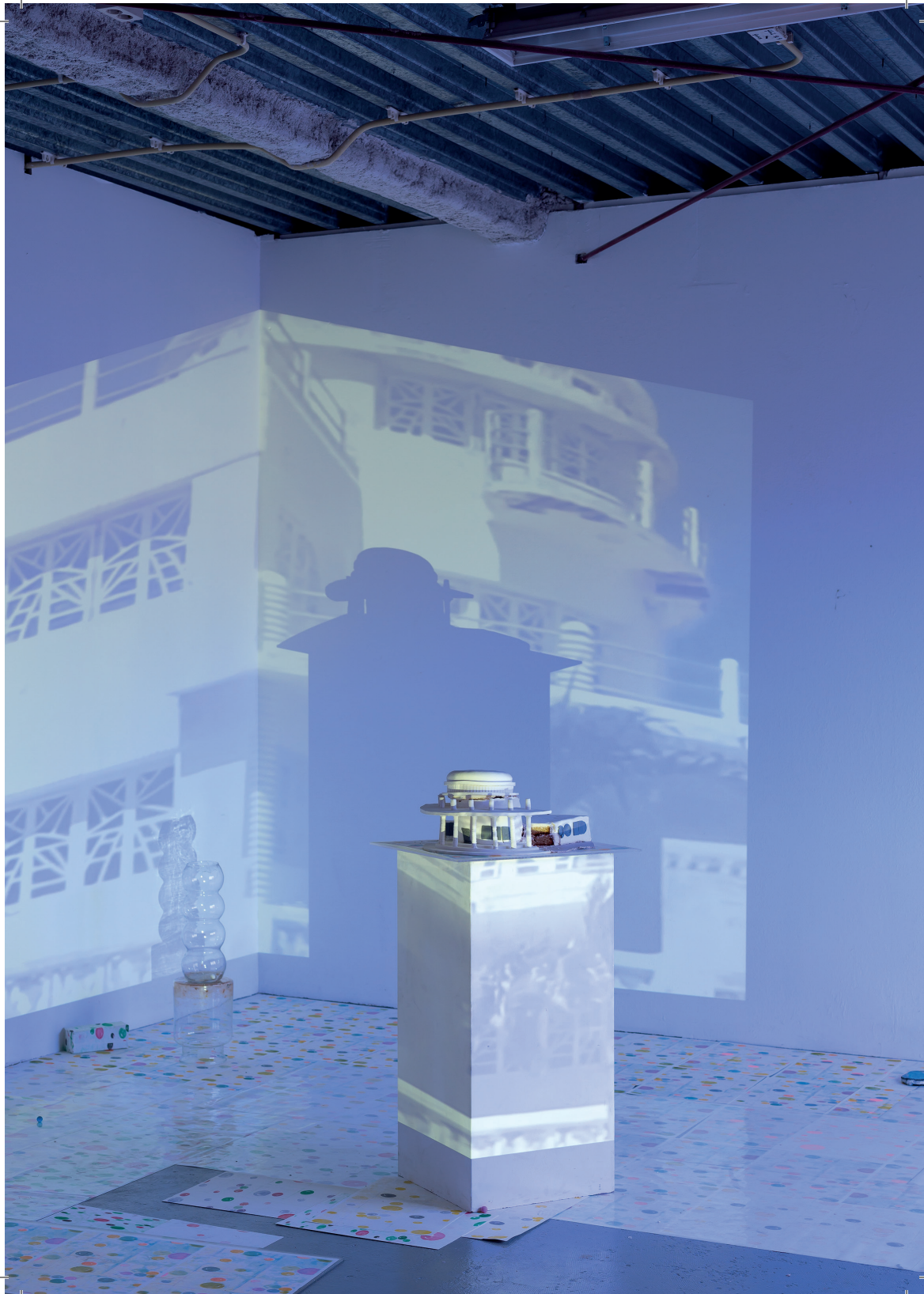


P
AVRY
T

VORK

Hand-drawn symbols and characters including a stick figure, a heart, and various scribbles.









Joost Janmaat Amsterdam, August 2018

A Ruin at the Edge of Progress

Lois Richard brought a house to Amsterdam. A ruin at the beach of Progreso, a small town on the Yucatan peninsula in the Gulf of Mexico.

Nobody could tell her anything about the ruin, except that it was commonly known as the Casa de Pastel, the cake house. Richard couldn't enter it, only peek through the cracks and open windows. When her search for information, stories, data and meaning turned out to be in vain, the phantasy began. The step she took inside, she made through the fictive character of Avry Vork.

What are we looking at? What is this house that Richard has brought to Amsterdam?

A building without a clear history, without a clear meaning. A building in decay or perhaps still under construction. Did people live here or were they still going to? A floor decorated with brightly painted balls, some sort of gumballs, the stairs a syrupy trail, a garland of molten sugar.

Progreso is reminiscent of the village of Macondo in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*; a village on the edge of a swamp, where everything would be better, plagued by a collective amnesia that travels through the streets like a white fog and robs the people of their knowledge.

This house seems to be sitting in that fog indefinitely.

Chronic Camouflage

The house is a sort of mixture of styles: Ancient Roman, Art Deco, Figurative, Modern. A mixture of times as well, some kind of chronic (as in chrono, 'time') camouflage.

The house is literally of all times. The colonnades are classic, but their supportive quality is denied by their upward continuation into the balconies. The stepped dome is classic (even though it is in fact not a dome). The bundle columns on the upper floor are Gothic, the canopy, connecting the interior and exterior, is a modernistic element and the floral motives are reminiscent of Art Nouveau. On the other hand the use of material and the non-grammatical, non-tectonic, purely decorative shape are rather Art Deco. And that prominent, Baroque entrance, staggering like a

Borromini cathedral and forcing one's gaze, attempting to fixate on something, up towards the heavens. Actually the entire building, or at least the façade, a gigantic staircase with a tiny little house in the left hand corner – the wooden door is the only place with somewhat domestic dimensions, probably a (service) entrance to the kitchen. Somehow the whole thing, at first glance, creates an impression of a classical order schemes, but a closer look shows these have not been fully applied anywhere. The imperfection is in a thousand details. Symbolic for the entire house are the schizophrenic windows, that don't want to be square but don't want to be round either.

Ruin Porn and the Architecture of Loss

Ruins are like a city's wilderness. The dark, rugged, monstrous places on which we can project the fears and longings that will not stick to a supermarket or church. How important are your surroundings when it comes to evoking emotions? Music can be a go-between for deep, raw feelings. Images, phantasies and memories equally so. Which are the memories that we surround ourselves with in this day and age, and which are the emotions we shut out or lock in? Which emotions are the buildings in our city evoking, and which emotions have we erased from our streetscape?

Think about Sir John Soane, the eighteenth century architect, builder of the gigantic, neo-classical Bank of England, immortalized by his 'court painter' Gandy, not as a Georgian power-building, but as a splendid ruin (The Bank of England as a ruin, 1830).

Think about Albert Speer, Hitler's architect who designed Germania as the capitol of the Third, thousand-year Reich. A thousand years is a long time, but also finite. Speer purposely designed buildings and used materials that would still work well in a state of ruin: his Ruinenwerttheorie. Building something new as an advance on its decay, again this Romantic notion of the finiteness of life. Think about Detroit, icon of the American Rust Belt, where a whole tourist industry emerged from the city's ruins.

The gigantic ruin of the Packard Plant (nowadays a popular location for wedding pictures), the crumbled cathedral of the Michigan Station, the endless streets where the collapsed houses are lined up along the sidewalks like rotten teeth: ruin porn, as the local inhabitants call this touristic fascination for their broken city. There's something impertinent in looking at the decay, the faded glory, the destroyed economy. Ruin Porn is a form of disaster tourism, but in this case fifty years after the event.

Think about all the illustrations inspired by Allen Weisman's book *The World Without Us*, on how nature and buildings on this world would develop if humans would suddenly seize to

exist – it leads to a variety of highly aesthetic apocalyptic impressions, from Manhattan to the Hoover Dam, of overgrown cities.

Catastrophic Space

But what exactly is it about ruins that causes such a strong reaction? This ‘wow’ upon seeing an image of a destroyed Manhattan, a derelict Detroit house, the Casa del Pastel in Progreso? Is decay in itself somehow not present anymore? No corpses, no ill, no dead animals; even dying trees are cleared in time. Yet we need dying and ruins to project our feelings of loss and nostalgia upon. Or put more strongly: to feel at all. One of our most powerful reflexes – a reflex literally being a ‘subconscious act’ – is to recognize deterioration and decay. As civilized humans we are perfectly capable of maintaining our decorum – until we smell death and the body takes over from the mind. Death and decay are a sort of express-way to our ‘animal’, irrational, physical being. Perhaps that is where the attraction of the imperfect lies. Not in the visual spectacle, but rather the promise of the tactile. Perhaps it not our eyes that are opening, but rather the rest of our body opening up in the proximity of ruins.

Ten years ago I was walking through Achrafie, the East-Beirut hill, with the Lebanese artist and architect Tony Chakar, and while we walked he said this:

The Space and Time of Catastrophe is very different from the space we are used to as the rational space, made up of numbers, addresses, maps, facades. The space of catastrophe is a tactile experience, in which the city becomes an extension of our body, which is in decay from the moment we were born. This means we always see the end of things, not their beginning. It is a way to look beyond the spectacular (the ruins) and the banal (the commercial advertisements). We are looking for the scars of the future. In the space of catastrophe you never find closure, things are never fixed, everything can always be something else. One should let the city penetrate one’s skin. It is a very tactile experience. It is never a visual experience. If it’s just a visual experience, it’s lost, for it remains in the realm of the spectacular and the incidental. If you go from one tactile experience to another, you should leave the visual façade behind, your body will start to produce meaning. And you never stop walking. If you stop walking, everything will go to waste.

Lois Richard brought a house to Amsterdam. She couldn’t place the building but also not let it go. A ruin as a magnet for wonderment and phantasy. Let Richard drag more of those fantastic buildings over here.

Betwixt*

part 2/3

my eye has caught
this space
I can't get underneath, on top or
around it
like a sun in the night time she
remained
words missing in their space

when can we call a space our own?
how many times do I have to enter
this one
before it will give me a sense of
worth or ownership?
how many stairs have we all climbed/
walked by now?
but nobody as far as I know
has found the way upstairs.

deel 2/3

mijn oog heeft gevangen
deze ruimte
ik kan er niet onder door,
over- of omheen
als een zon in de nacht is zij
gebleven
missende woorden in hun ruimte

Wanneer is een ruimte van ons?
Hoe vaak zal ik deze ruimte moeten
betreden
totdat het mij een gevoel van waarde
en of eigendom zal geven?
Hoeveel trappen hebben wij met z'n
allen inmiddels belopen?
Maar niemand die naar mijn weten
de trap naar boven heeft weten te
vinden.

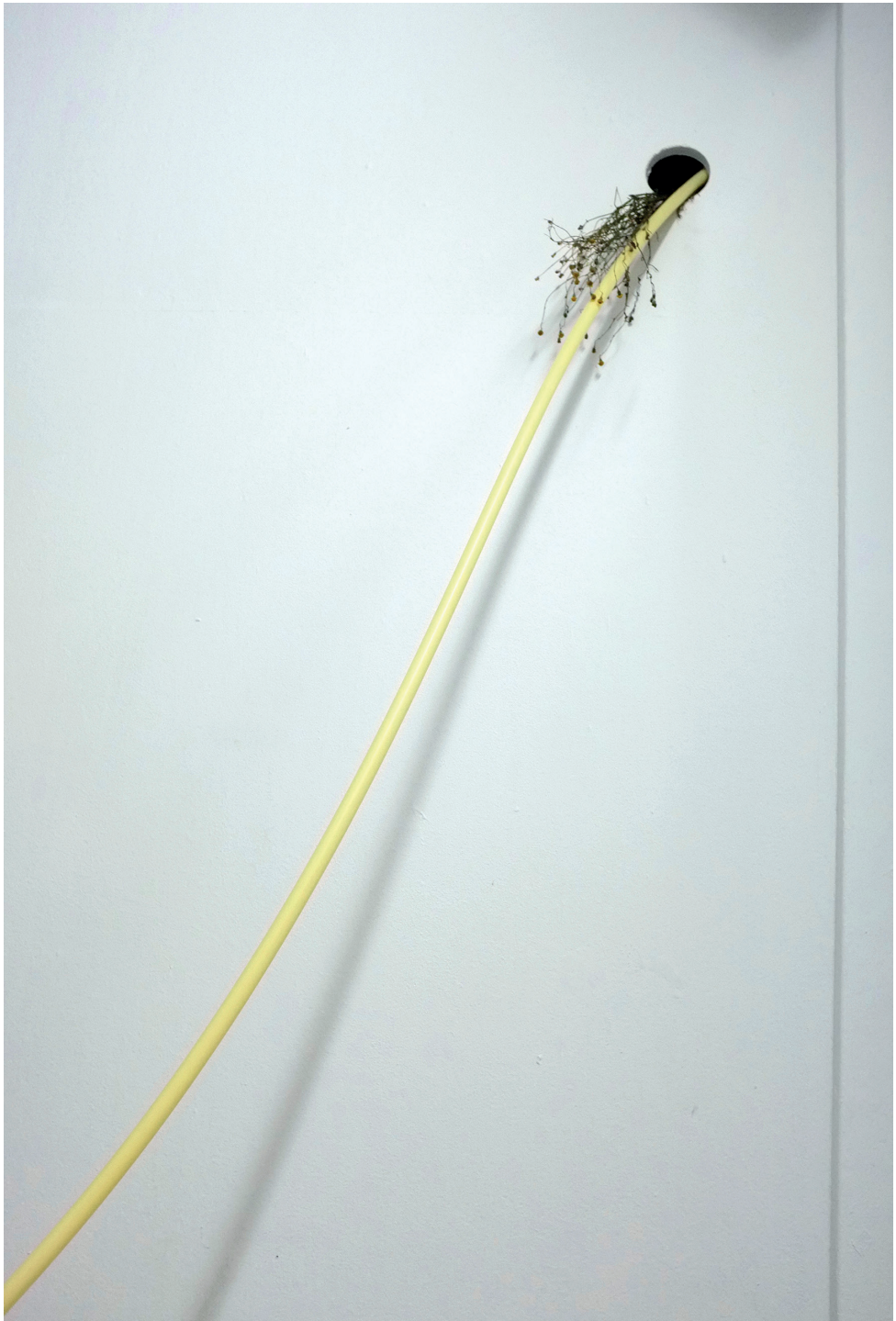
* Before 950; Middle English betwix, Old English betwix, betweox, equivalent to be- be- + tweox, cognate with Old High German zwiski two each; akin to German zwischen between (preposition)

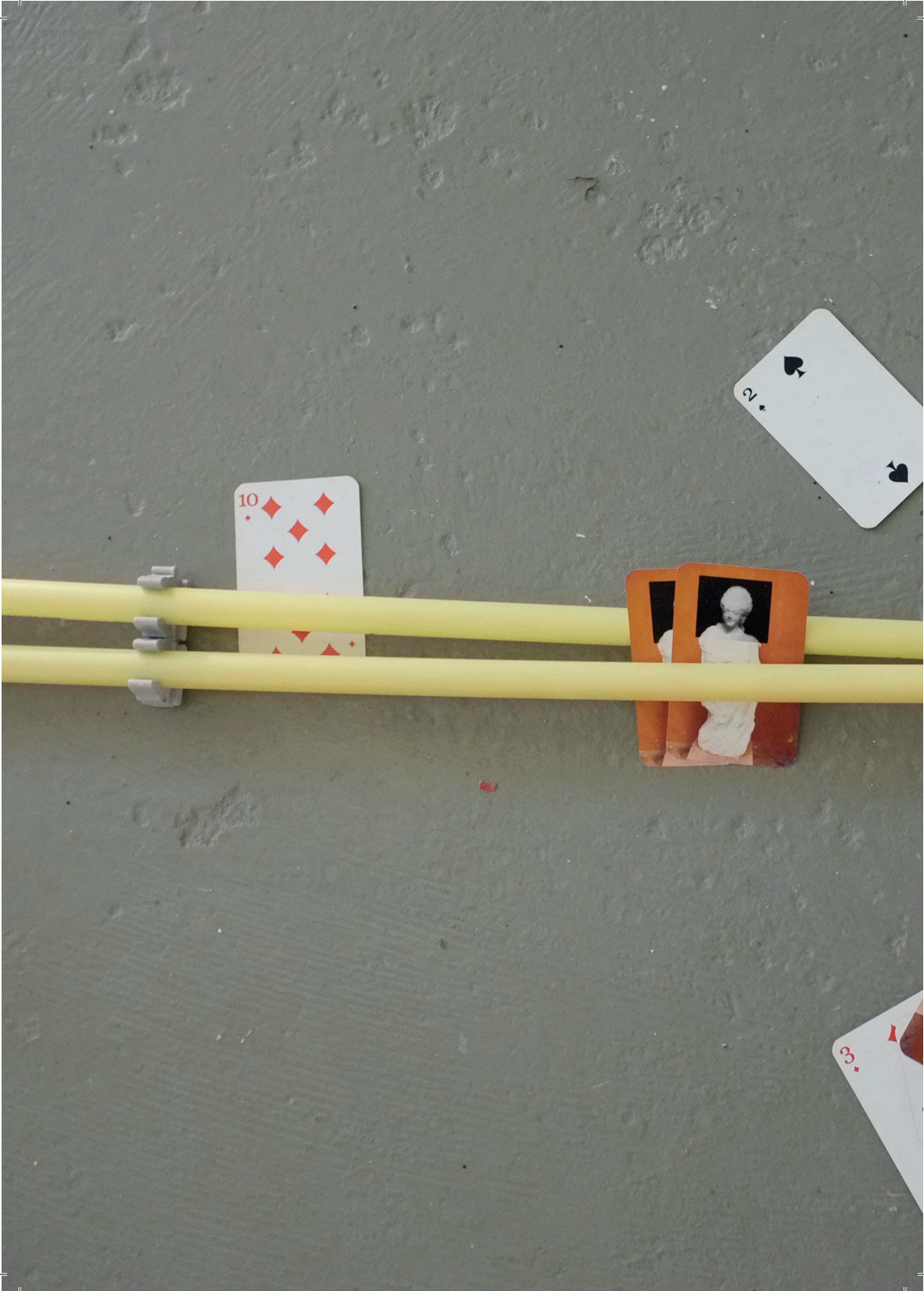


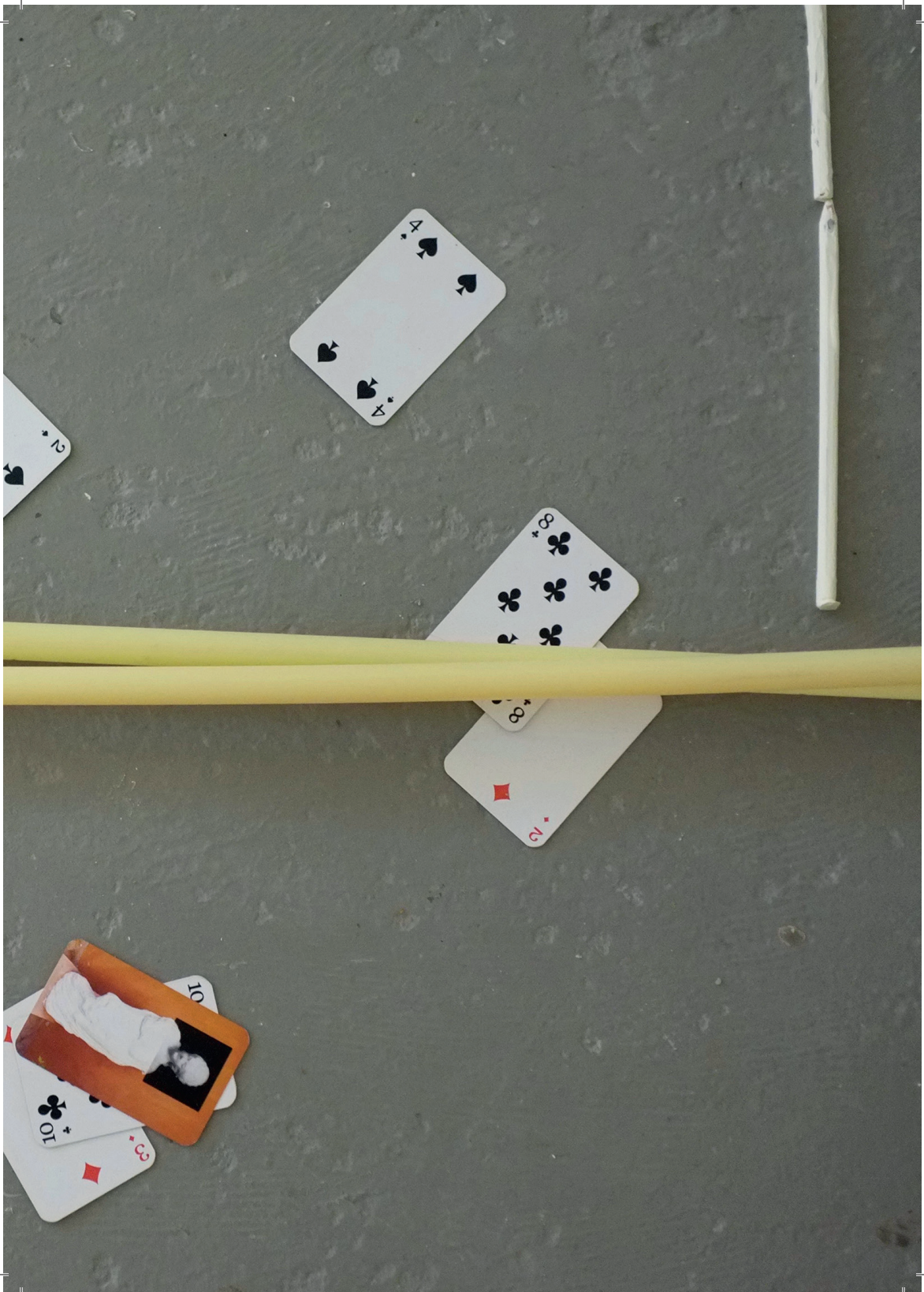














Lotte van Geijn
Six perspectives, October 2018

Six perspectives

Wiggly and Wobbly
the boy
the KKKing
The doubleWoman
The sensual Lady
The ma ma mothers

_parallel scene (1): Garden Radio (past tense)
by rotating a 3D globe - gliding between borders, over metropolises
and cities The s. Lady @China Town – a gift from Tokyo, Japan

**(shape vase shape vase shape
vase shape vase shape vase
shape vase shape vase shape
vase shape vase shape vase
shape vase shape vase shape
vase shape etc.)**

vase (pict.) in vase (glass)
vase and vase as ceiling (fire resistant spray plaster)
groundless? invisibly infinite
vase (mold) on vase (mold under glass) vase (mold on the wall)

the boy: 'Can I bring a piece of the tube home? to shoot paper arrows.'

_parallel scene (2): The arrow halfway the tail-end of the electrical conduit pipe... (future tense)

freeze the moment. and rewind...

arrow =

- orange and yellow (with red tip) pencil
 - pink and red pencil (2x)
 - orange and red pencil
- orange and yellow pencil
 - blue marble
 - eye Wiggly (spy)
- eye Woggly (chameleon)

stagnation. Snap-of-a-finger;

Poofffff imaginary marbles flies through space:
clouds of blue dust dencends (4x):
cues

The K. High and Dry
The K. on the heating
The K. (small) with pink frame

The ma ma mothers witnesses *the white space* disappear in the radiator. The starting point becomes the vanishing point.

_parallel scene(3): infinite spiral staircase

**step step step step STEP STEP
STEP step step STEP step step
step step STEP STEP STEP step
step STEP STEP step step step
step step step etc.**

The dW: 'What percentage of the space is yours?'

50:50

(she's a collage / a construction / 30:70)

_(parallel) scene(3): Yogurt-with-a-little-vanilla-custard coloured wall. (present tense)

same colour pencils outlined as small electrical conduit pipes:

graphite = electricity = POWER

unveiling

the composition - construction:

The blueprint is a little drawing on the wall.

solid - semi-transparent - transparent

> ochre-red steel wire:

diagonal

> three tubes:

One within the framework - edge to edge.

one beyond the frame with aperture

One in the frame with aperture

> blue triangle:

volatile





Epilogue through the looking glass

part 3/3

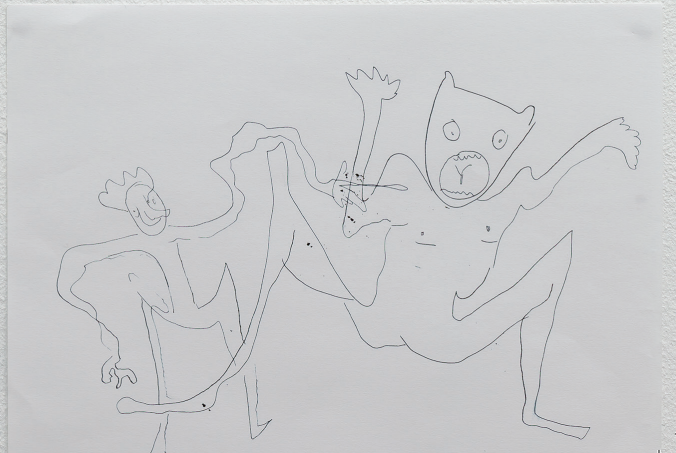
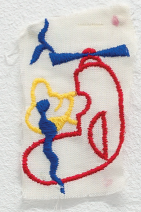
bienvenidos
intertwined together
twisted around
without a begin
there is no end
we can go through it
inside and out
as often as I
wonder
loaded transparency
is the beginning inheritable?
I will miss you, really

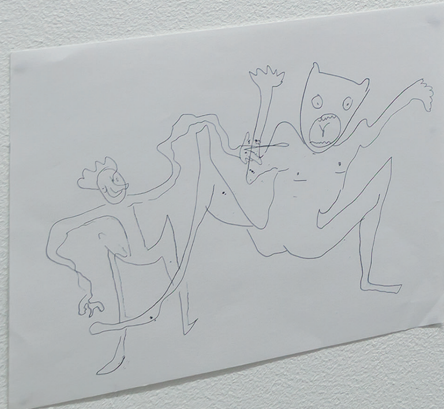
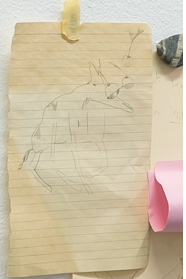
deel 3/3

bienvenidos
door elkaar heen geweven
in 't rond gedraaid
zonder begin
geen einde
we kunnen er dwars doorheen
zo dikwijls als ik
dwalend
beladen doorzichtigheid
is het begin erfelijk?
Ik zal je heus missen







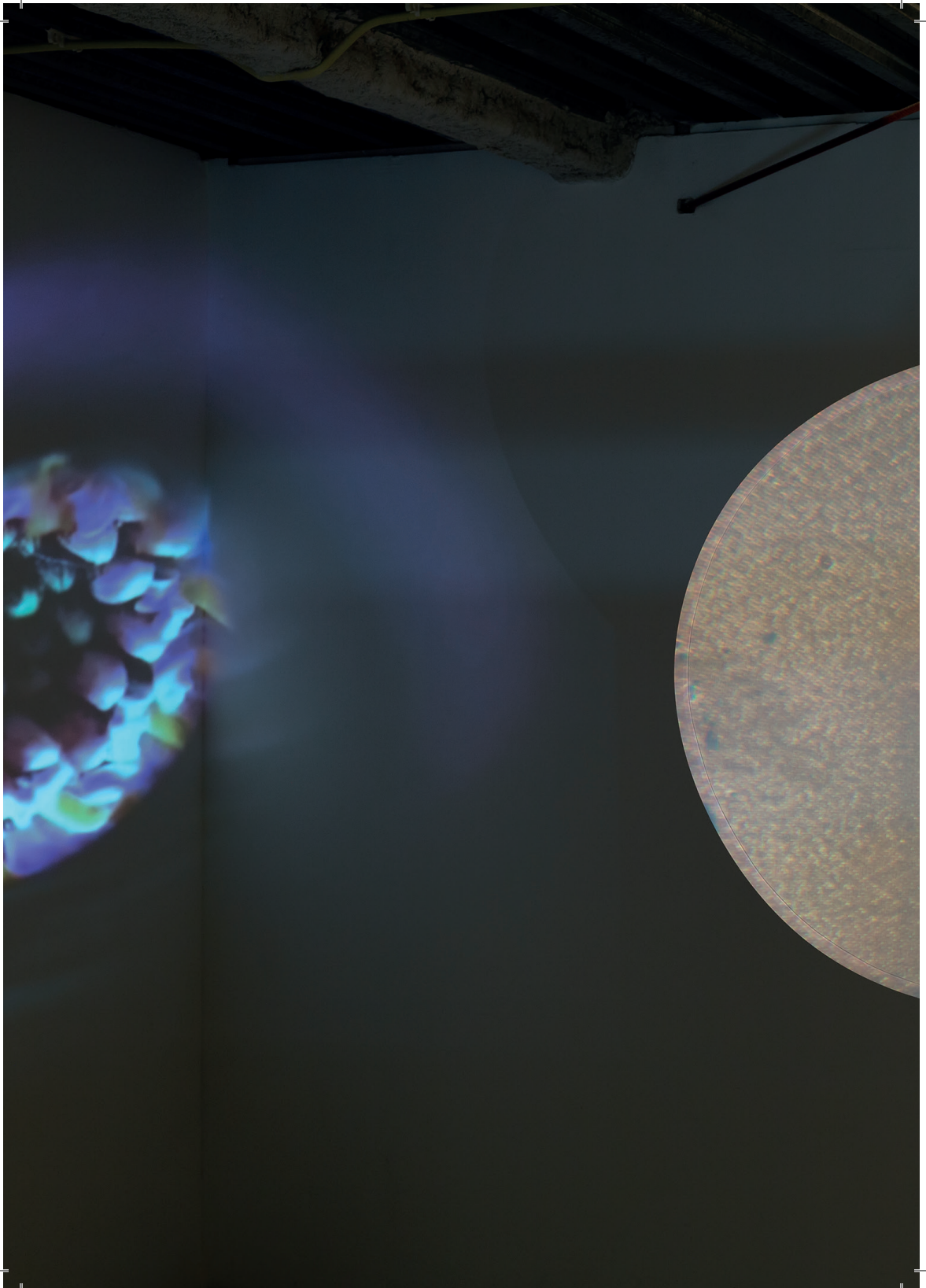


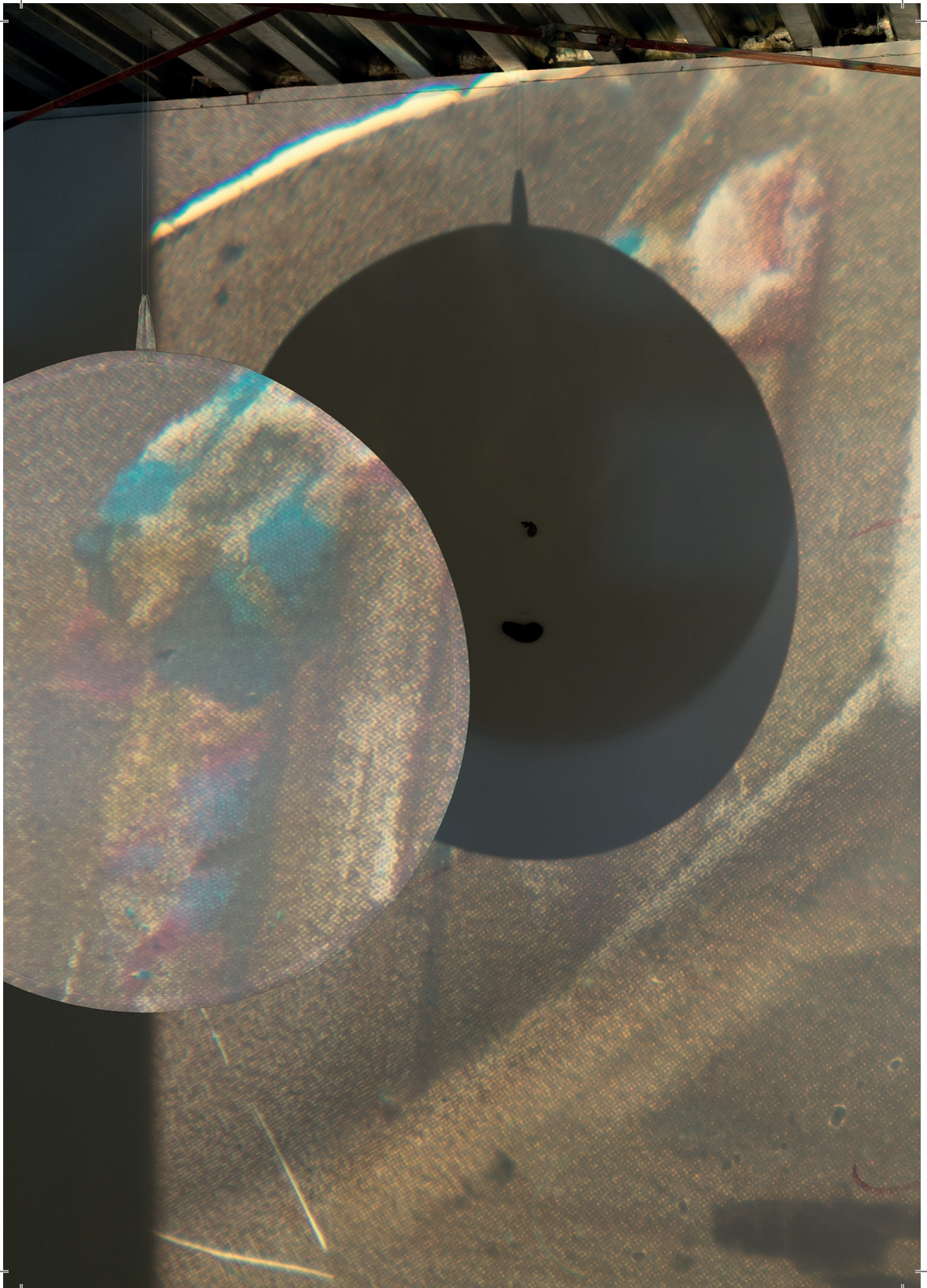


Handwritten text on a pink note, including a diagram and the words "pink glass", "red", "pink", "pink will not", "the pink community", "also had going off", "a place".



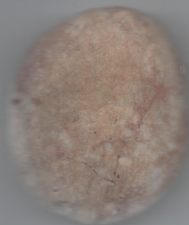
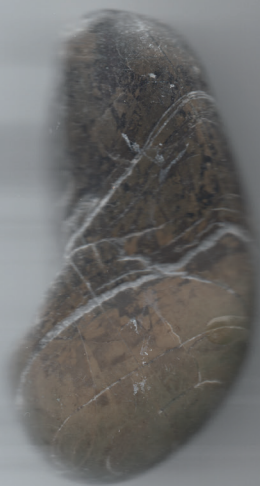
Red cursive text on a brown paper scrap, possibly reading "Hello my love" or similar.



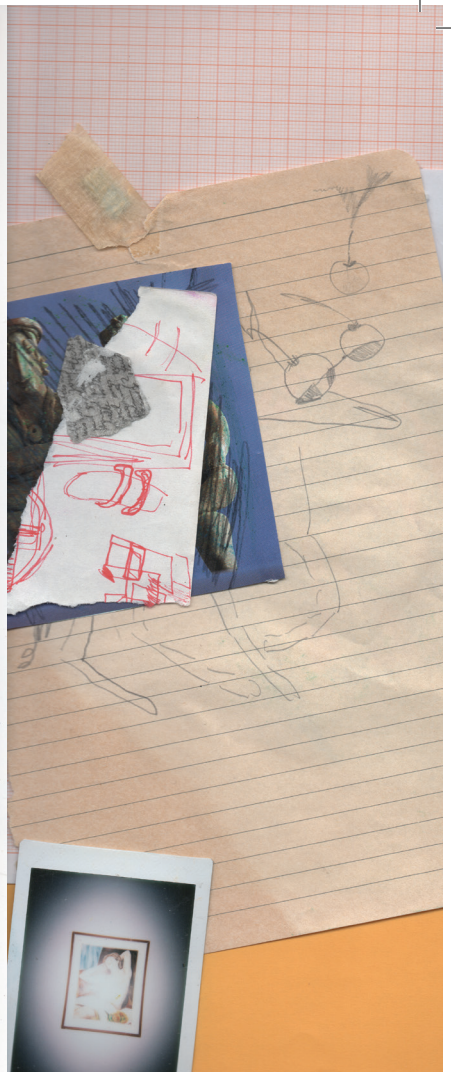








VOORDAT IK HET VERGEET



Dina Danish
Amsterdam, January 2019

Dear Lois,

I've been trying to find something interesting that relates to our wonderful talk a couple of weeks ago.

Your work and our talk left me with a few thoughts in mind: Is it possible to understand complex scientific ideas like space-time through literature or more specifically through the omniscient narrator in a novel? I had to think of Proust's *Swann's Way- Search of Lost Time*, in which he gets access to different memories through the tasting of a madeleine.

So, I googled a recipe for a good Proustian Lemon Madeleine for you, hoping that it would serve as a good example to how I came to understand your work. I hope you'll get to try the recipe yourself.

All my best,

Dina

Proust's Lemon Madeleines

Prep time: 20 minutes

Total time: 2 hours, including 1 hour resting time

Makes about 24 full-sized or 48 mini madeleines

Ingredients:

- 8 tablespoons (4 oz.; 1 stick) unsalted butter + 2 tablespoons butter for greasing the pan, if desired
 - 1 cup all-purpose flour
 - 2/3 cup granulated sugar
 - Pinch of salt
 - 2 large eggs
 - 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
 - 1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
 - 1 tablespoon lemon zest (the zest of about 1 lemon)
 - Powdered sugar (optional)
-

Method:

Brown the butter by melting it in a small saucepan over medium-low heat and continuing to cook until the butter separates. The white solid bits that initially rise to the top of the liquid will fall to the bottom of the pan and start to brown, while the liquid will turn deeper golden and begin to smell gorgeously nutty. When this happens, remove the pan from the heat—you're going for a very light brown here; make sure not to burn.

If you're greasing your madeleine pans with butter, spoon 2 tablespoons of the melted butter into a prep bowl and set aside.

In a medium bowl, whisk the flour, sugar, and salt together. In a separate bowl, whisk the eggs, vanilla, lemon juice, and lemon zest together until the liquid is slightly foamy. Pour the egg mixture into the flour mixture, and stir with a silicone spatula until just combined.

Add the 8 tablespoons brown butter and gently but persistently fold it into the batter to incorporate. At first it will look like too much butter, but it will integrate. Stop stirring when it does. Chill the batter in the refrigerator for at least 1 hour (and up to 24 hours, if you'd like to make the batter in advance). If you're greasing your madeleine pans with butter, brush the reserved melted butter into the shells of each pan and place those in the freezer.

When you're ready to bake your madeleines, preheat the oven to 350°F and take your batter and pans from the cold.

Fill each shell in the madeleine pan with about 1 tablespoon of the batter for a standard madeleine pan, and 1 teaspoon if you're using a mini-madeleine pan. If you overfill them, the batter will spread and you'll get a little halo around the shell shape, which is not traditional, but I think looks kind of like a pretty frame.

Bake for 8-10 minutes and then rotate pans to assure even browning. Bake for another 2-5 minutes, watching carefully to determine doneness—mini madeleines may only need 10 minutes total, depending on your oven. Your madeleines are ready when the edges are browned and the middle feels firm and springy to the touch.

Let your madeleines cool for a minute or two before using the tip of a knife to lift them gently from the pan. If you'd like, once they're cool, dust them lightly with powdered sugar.

Repeat with the remaining batter. Madeleines will keep for up to 3 days in an airtight container, but they taste best when eaten within a day.



This Publication comes as a result of the P/////AKTPOOL program which ran from 24 June until 16 Dec. 2018, allowing Lois Richard (graduated KABK Den Haag 2017) to show three consecutive presentations over the course of 6 months and to invite guests to give inputs regarding her practice.

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P/////AKT

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P O O L

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