

“It’s rude to interrupt when someone is speaking”
africa95 and the *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*

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PhD Thesis
Anthropology
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Abstract

My research explores the notion of 'art as process' and 'exhibition as process' by examining the difficulties which an inter-disciplinary and international group of individuals encounter, when attempting to put into practice contemporary theory surrounding the politics of representation. The research examines the creation (initiation and implementation) of the *africa95 visual arts programme*, which was staged in Britain in 1995 as part of *africa95: A Season Celebrating the Arts of Africa*, and within that, the *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, held at the *Yorkshire Sculpture Park*. The focus of the research is the case study of twenty sculptors and one photographer, who participated within the *Pamoja Workshop*, with particular attention being given to the Makonde sculptress Reinata Sadhimba. This reveals how the contexts in which these artists found themselves - 'context of creation' or 'context of exhibition' - directly affected how they presented themselves and their work.

The credibility of the artist-author is paramount. It is the significance of this credibility that lies at the heart of my thesis.

The case study suggests, first, that the *Pamoja* artists spoke most freely about their lives and work within their own creational context at the workshop - while they were making their work - rather than within the presentational contexts provided by the *africa95 VAP* - exhibitions, slide shows, conferences. Second, the artists' preferred mode of communication was narrative, through which they were able to express most fully their relationship with their work. Third, it was only after being aware of these narratives that any significant shift in perception began to take place within their audience.

As I explain in the Introductory paragraphs on pages 11-17, I have chosen to set out the major sections of the case study in narrative form. I have also adapted the other sections to this style of presentation. This presentational device allows the artists' contributions to take the lead, whilst simultaneously acknowledging academic thought processes within the context of practice.

The *Pamoja* sculptors - from eleven African countries, the USA and the UK - produced between them over 120 works during *africa95*. This paper is also a record of the substantial body of work, the majority of which has remained in Britain, and of the narratives with which the artists' described their individuality in this work.

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Main Cast of Characters Discussed In My Thesis

Co-founders, Curators, Consultants & Artists involved in *africa95: A Season Celebrating the Arts of Africa*.

Hassan Aliyu	Nigerian artist living in Britain; affiliated with <i>The 198 Gallery</i> .
Anna Bowman	Educational Officer at the <i>Yorkshire Sculpture Park</i> .
Clementine Deliss	Co-founder of <i>africa95</i> . Artistic Director of <i>africa95</i> ; co-curator of seven stories at the Whitechapel.
Vervan Edwards	British artist living in Botswana. Co-founder and Chairperson of the <i>Thapong Workshop</i> , Botswana.
Anna Kindersley	Co-ordinator for the <i>Triangle Arts Trust</i> & the <i>Pamoja Workshop</i> .
Zachary Kingdon	Anthropologist. Worked on the <i>africa95</i> exhibition at the <i>Royal Academy of Arts</i> .
Zuleika Kingdon	Film-maker. Produced the video of the <i>Pamoja Workshop</i> .
Robert Loder	Collector of contemporary African art. Co-founder of <i>Triangle Arts Trust</i> & <i>International Workshop Movement</i> . Co-founder of <i>africa95</i> & Executive Committee Member.
Felicity Lunn	Exhibitions Officer at the <i>Whitechapel</i> ; co-curator of seven stories.
John Picton	Lecturer in the Department of Art & Archaeology, SOAS. Consultant for the <i>africa95</i> exhibition at <i>Barbican Art Gallery</i> .
Susan Vogel	Curator; worked on initial ideas for the <i>africa95</i> exhibition at the <i>Royal Academy of Arts</i> .

Artists who participated in the *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*.

Willard Boepple	USA	Ikram Kabbaj	Morocco	Gamal Abdel Nasser	Egypt
Flinto Chandia	Zambia	Duke Keyte	South Africa	Francis Nnagenda	Uganda
David Chirwa	Zambia	Noria Mabasa	South Africa	Frances Richardson	UK
Ndidi Dike	Nigeria	Colleen Madamombe	Zimbabwe	Reinata Sadhimba	Mozambique
Guibril André Diop	Senegal	Adam Madebe	Zimbabwe	Djibril Sy	Senegal (photographer)
Arthur Fata	Zimbabwe	Moitshepi Madibela	Botswana	Babacar Sedikh Traoré	Senegal
Jon Isherwood	UK	Dias Mahlate	Mozambique	Hercules Viljoen	Namibia



Abbreviations Used In My Thesis

List of Abbreviations used in thesis:

<i>africa95</i>	<i>africa95: A Season Celebrating the Arts of Africa.</i>	<i>seven stories</i>	<i>seven stories about modern art in africa.</i>
<i>VAP</i>	<i>africa95 Visual Arts Programme.</i>	<i>Whitechapel</i>	<i>Whitechapel Art Gallery, London.</i>
<i>Pamoja Workshop</i>	<i>africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop.</i>	<i>Delfina</i>	<i>Delfina Studio Trust, London.</i>
<i>YSP</i>	<i>Yorkshire Sculpture Park.</i>	<i>Gasworks</i>	<i>Gasworks Artists' Studios & Gallery.</i>
<i>Workshop Movement</i>	<i>International Artists' Workshop Movement.</i>	<i>SOAS</i>	<i>School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London.</i>
<i>SOAS Conference</i>	<i>Mediums of Change: The Arts in Africa, 95.</i>	<i>CAA</i>	<i>Center for African Art, New York.</i>
<i>SOAS Symposium</i>	<i>African Artists: school, studio and society.</i>	<i>MAA</i>	<i>Museum of African Art, New York.</i>
<i>RA</i>	<i>Royal Academy of Arts, London.</i>		

Names of workshops affiliated with the *International Artists' Workshop Movement* and the Countries in which they are held:

<i>Braziers</i>	UK	<i>Shave</i>	UK	<i>Tulipamwe</i>	Namibia
<i>Khoj</i>	India	<i>Soraa</i>	Cuba	<i>Ujamaa</i>	Mozambique
<i>Kimberley</i>	Australia	<i>Teng/Articulations</i>	Senegal	<i>Wasanii</i>	Kenya
<i>Mbile</i>	Zambia	<i>Thapong</i>	Botswana	<i>Xayamaca</i>	Jamaica
<i>Pachipamwe</i>	Zimbabwe	<i>Thupelo</i>	South Africa		
<i>Pamoja</i>	UK	<i>Triangle</i>	USA		

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Cast of Characters pull-out summary: In order to avoid any repetition of names - people and venues - I have provided a pull-out summary to assist the reader. This may be found in the cover pocket and has been designed to be left out during the reading of the thesis.

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Photographs: I am responsible for having taken all the photographs in the thesis; apart from those acknowledged in the text as having been taken by the Senegalese photographer, Djibril Sy (co-owned by the *Yorkshire Sculpture Park*), or by the Zimbabwean sculptor, Adam Madebe. The images on pages 76-90, 105, 108-109, 144-147, 152, 357 & 363 have been taken from exhibition & workshop catalogues.

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“It’s rude to interrupt when someone is speaking”

Standing in a place where the heat of the sun stifles the breeze; where the dust of dry clay embraces crumpled plastic bags clinging to damp forms; where the smell of newly felled wood and rich clay mingles with adhesives, cigarette smoke and the remains of a chilli con carne; where the prominence of power tools punctuated by bursts of laughter challenges the air waves, harnessed by the rhythm of a *Gypsy Kings*’ soundtrack; where through misted windows the distant sprays of limestone are chased by metal blades to play in the energy of the day; where figures huddle over actions of chipping and sanding and scraping in the excavation of texture; where visor covered forms wield hungry chain saws and from the safety of the cabin direct metal arms to lift and drag and manoeuvre the creation of things to come; where smiling, pondering faces stand back... then forward, to examine the vision of their thoughts.

In the midst of this storm of senses, a fifty-year-old sculptress captivates with stories in the telling: her body is engaged in a stimulation of movement that blurs the edges of ChiMakonde sounds and summons life through the presentation, the evocation, of her imaginings. Her gesturing entices the anthropomorphic clay forms to slither and amble and scurry across the space to where they may chatter quietly with each other, whilst their colleagues’ new lives are sent to tickle their elders through a teasing of giggles; to chastise their unborn children through the membranes of their bellies; to groan and holler with the pain of overindulgence and to weep gently for the terrors of dead babies. As this life of stories seeps through the spaces of our vision, the mother of generations begins to command our attention, as her daily growth forces our gaze onto the tumbling of actions spilling from her body - each one being interrupted by the exploits of the other. And after the *Ujamaa* of tellings have been summoned to play with our imaginings, the celebration begins... and cannot end, until the last of the dancers’ gasps for breath.

By beginning my thesis with this image of Reinata Sadhimba at work, my intention has been to convey a sense of the creative context in which the Mozambican sculptress worked during the *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* (Yorkshire Sculpture Park); as well as to provide the reader with an insight into how Reinata perceived her work and communicated these perceptions to her audience. It is the significance of this image that lies at the heart of my thesis.

By beginning my thesis with this picture, this image, of Reinata Sadhimba at work, and then to stop abruptly, my intention has also been to illustrate how the moment a story is interrupted one is often left feeling frustrated and with a desire to develop the story/image on offer. Such a presentation is problematic, because

it interrupts the artist and denies the artist's stories an opportunity to be heard.¹

My research is an examination of the context into which artists such as Reinata Sadhimba were invited to represent themselves during the *africa95 visual arts programme*; and how such artists were able to represent themselves and were listened to within such a context. This examination first shows that curators, art critics and academics are most articulate, most able to speak about works of art, within the context of exhibition; whereas artists such as Reinata, are most articulate, most able to speak about their work, within the context of creation. Secondly my study shows how the language used within the context of exhibition tends to promote notions of collectivity and sameness, thus denying the individuality of the artist and his/her work; whereas the language used within the context of creation, tends to promote notions of individuality and difference, and thereby engages the reader in a celebration of the individuality of the artist and his/her work.

For Reinata the most important aspect to her work is the conceptual imagery associated with her material creations. She does not consider her work to be static vehicles encapsulating a particular thought, or as inanimate objects to be focussed on for their aesthetic characteristics and/or cultural distinctions. Rather, each of her creations is a heuristic device - representing a moment in the telling of a great story, or to trigger the telling of a magnificent tale. To miss this point is to misrepresent Reinata and her work. To dismiss this distinction as being of little value or interest within academic circles, currently engaged in a consideration of non-western art forms and the creation of a language by which to discuss such work, is a deeply troubling perspective.

When Reinata came to Britain for *africa95*, many art critics, curators and academics were using the generic language of contemporary theory, to consider the work produced by African artists. Simultaneously they were demanding that the voices of such a category of artists be heard. Yet, many of these *africa95* discussants did not visit Reinata whilst she was in London, or during the time she was working alongside twenty artists, who had come to participate in the *Pamoja Workshop*. Thus, the collective actions and claims that 'one must listen to the artists' voices,' or 'artists such as Reinata have been invited to Britain so their voices may be heard,' were therefore not particularly useful to the artists themselves. Indeed they could even seem rather odd, if one considers the differences between what such individuals appear to be saying and what they appear to be doing.

A focus on the creative process provides a wealth of material that is often ignored within the world of exhibition. The significance of such research is that it provides an insight into an artist's relationship with

¹ '...the birth of the reader must be at the cost of the death of the Author' (Barthes 1977:148). The presentation of an artist and his/her work within the current context of the British art gallery, encourages the visitor to create their own story through the associations they make in their assessment of seeing and their prior knowledge. The danger with such a presentation, such a practice of interruption, is it often ends up stifling the very thing it purports to achieve, the very thing that often attracts the audiences to the art gallery in the first place: the celebration of an artist's individuality and the individuality of the artist's creations. For instance, a presentation of Reinata's work that includes a brief caption stating *Shetani* or *Ujamaa*, may trigger some visitors to narrow their field of interpretation to that of the spirit world and concepts of unity, as held by the Makonde people of Mozambique, who have been influenced by their Tanzanian neighbours. Yet, even with such prior knowledge, the visitor's understanding of her work has very little to do with the experiences and individuality of Reinata; very little to do with the stories she tells about her material creations.

his/her work; something that leads to an understanding of the work beyond an assessment of its aesthetic characteristics or cultural symbolism. This allows the significance of a piece of work to come into view and thereby to enter and enlarge the language within the international art world.

The language used by Reinata during her visit to Britain expressed the relational context uniting her and her work; and reflected how most of human experience and interaction is not verbalised. It is a language that



Reinata Sadhimba at work on *Shetani* at the *Pamoja Workshop*.

evokes a world full of senses and experiences, one in which her creations have an identity, a life, which allows them to sit and chatter and laugh alongside ourselves. It is a language that I came to understand only after I had engaged in a relationship with Reinata. When I stopped perceiving her as a stranger. When her world ceased appearing to me as a series of disjointed static images of facial tattoos embellishing dark skin, strange anthropomorphic creatures and foreign sounds. It was only after such a process that I came to understand Reinata's words and her work are best understood as markers of movement, as stories in the telling, because that is how she considers her life and the world around her.²

For the reader to grasp a sense of the significance of Reinata's contribution to the body of knowledge relating to the work currently being produced by artists working within Africa, one requires an understanding of the creative process that gives her work its life. The creative process is not simply the production of a material creation, but the artist's presentation of the conceptual imagery associated with the piece in focus. It is within this process that the significance of Reinata's work is located. Reinata's goal is to persuade her audience that the tale she creates is something they have never encountered before... highly original. To achieve this recognition and status, the conceptual imagery, the tale, has the ability to evolve and metamorphosis in direct response to the reactions of her audience. Reinata engages in a relationship with her audience to assist the creative process and the achievement of her desired goal. She plays with them, teases them, makes them

² Mary Nooter, the senior curator for the exhibition *secrecy: african art that conceals and reveals*, at *The Museum of African Art* (New York), wrote how the anthropologist Cesare Poppi 'examines the way secrecy is constituted in Valga initiations in north-western Ghana. The strategies of communication in these ceremonies, he concludes, are more important than any hard content. Secrets are created through initiation, where multi-sensory signals are used to erect boundaries between the initiated and the non-initiated, and also between novices of different levels. Poppi extends the metaphor of boundaries to boxes and frames, and determines that initiation involves not the acquisition of new information but the ability to "see" information in a new way. An initiate proceeds through a hierarchy of the senses, progressing from listening to hearing, from looking to seeing - and finally, in Poppi's case, to writing' (1993: 29-32).

laugh... shocks them. She employs the use of wit, pathos, humour and sexual innuendo. Taps into fear. She adapts and reformulates her imagery. Even creates a new tale, if that is what is required to persuade her audience that her tale is magnificent, one they have never encountered before... highly original... remarkable. Within the domain of inter and cross-cultural negotiations, Reinata's accomplishment is considerable. Reinata's experience is that most individuals she encounters seek to challenge her ability to persuade them of her goal of recognition. After witnessing many of these encounters in action, I have come to learn these are the relationships that end in the greatest laughter on the part of both parties – when the audience acknowledges Reinata's desire. It is not Reinata's intention to upset or to aggravate her audience. Her desire is to be remembered as the creator of a highly original experience. It is not Reinata's intention to discuss the minutiae of detailing associated with her work. Her aim is to achieve recognition for her ability to create an extraordinary piece of conceptual imagery. To miss this distinction is to misunderstand Reinata's project.

This thesis seeks to reveal the danger of a perception that is primarily based on a glance – looks tribal, speaks English differently – whether it is in relation to an artist or his/her work. How the *africa95 Pamoja* artists were perceived during their visit to Britain directly affected how their contributions and their works were considered and valued. The credibility of the artist-author is what lies at the heart of my thesis. The perception the reader has of the creator is paramount. For instance, if an author were to write: "Is $1 + 2$ really equal to 3?" the statement may be understood and assigned differing values, depending on the reader's perception of the speaker; as well as upon the reader's awareness of differing perspectives. One may conclude that the author is unaware of basic mathematics. Or, that the author is addressing a higher level of questioning of the concepts 1, 2 and 3. The distinction between these interpretations is significant.

Moitshepi Madibela was one of the twenty sculptors who worked alongside Reinata within the *Pamoja Workshop*. As with Reinata, to judge Moitshepi and his work purely for their aesthetic characteristics or cultural distinctions would be a misrepresentation; and, more importantly, would deny his conceptual imagery an opportunity to participate within the discussions relating to the significance of non-western works of art. As with Reinata, Moitshepi was not fluent enough academically to be able to overtly flag his knowledge of particular theoretical models, or to manipulate the vocabulary in practice within the international art world. However, when he spoke of the concepts relating to his work, it became apparent that he was not only aware of the complexity of peoples' experiences, but was also able to offer a valuable contribution regarding, for instance, issues of perception and belief. The focus of Moitshepi's work was on the transmission of AIDS within Botswana and on the tension that exists between the value assigned to scientific explanations and those advocated by traditional medicine men. His work illustrates a sophisticated awareness of the complexity that constitutes an ideas contact zone; and under what circumstance people come to shift their beliefs. This issue, as we shall see, lay at the heart of the *africa95* project.

This thesis seeks to reveal that artists such as Reinata and Moitshepi have an important contribution to make within the body of literature and thought, which is currently focussed on the project of creating a vocabulary and language by which non-western art forms may be considered. Reinata and Moitshepi offered their

audience during their visit to Britain: the opportunity to come a little closer to perceiving the world from a different perspective; and to consider a presentational style that represents this perception.

Since undertaking my fieldwork, whenever I encounter Reinata's work, she always appears... At first she crouches down to gently reposition her clay forms. Then after a clap of her hands and a call of "*Reinata Makonde, Reinata Makonde*," she entices her creations to sip water from their gourds, stretch their bodies in a yawning of morning flatulence and giggle with the smiles of stories to come. Enjoying this spectacle she offers me her hand and encourages me to join her celebration; to follow her footsteps and chant "*yambone, yambone, yambone lisinami*" (good... sculpture). In the midst of this activity, as our performance gains pace and my heart begins to pound with Reinata's laughter, her creations mischievously flick water at each other and jostle for space amongst our feet. And as I pause for breath Reinata begins her narrative...

Introduction

To me, the whole journey through the creative experience is like going on a walk. What you see and experience on a walk is the point of taking the walk, as much as where you finally reach.

The aim of my thesis is to explore the notion of 'exhibition as process' and 'art as process,' through focussing on the characters, issues and events associated with the *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, which was staged at the Yorkshire Sculpture Park as part of the *africa95 visual arts programme (VAP)*. My examination of the process of creation and presentation of works of art, within this context, reveals that the presentational spaces and language employed within the art world in Britain, during the latter part of the twentieth century, can often obscure the significance of an artist's work.

The *africa95 VAP* provided a potentially ideal environment within which to examine the difficulties with which an inter-disciplinary and international group of individuals are faced, when attempting to put into practice much contemporary theory surrounding the politics of representation (see Karp & Lavine eds. 1991). My research into the creational context (the production stage) of the *africa95 VAP*, would allow me to examine the dynamics associated with the creation of a project whose publicly stated intentions were to raise cross-cultural and international awareness through the application of contemporary theory. While the theory acknowledges that there is a multiplicity of world views and therefore encourages individuals to put forward their own representations, people often find it difficult to express their particular world view and are left feeling dissatisfied with the presentation as it is realised within the theory's constraining context. This is particularly so when dealing with representations that enter a cross-cultural domain. To establish the problems and their origins I decided to focus on the process involved in the formation of these representations, since the majority of peoples' experiences lie within this process.

The importance of representation lies in its characterisation of identity, whether directly, through assertion, or indirectly, through implication. When cultural Others are implicated, representations tell us who we are and, perhaps most significantly, who we are not (Karp 1991:15). Yet, such representations are filtered through the tastes, interests, political standpoints, and states of knowledge of those making the representations at a particular moment (Vogel 1991:201). Thus, anthropologists become interested in how social groups project and contrast images and ideas, and how the procedures and categories used to order the real are generated, mediated and constituted by cultural institutions. In other words, anthropologists are interested to know how processes of 'cultural translation' and 'cultural representation' are enmeshed in conditions of power (Asad 1986:163) that both determine and are determined by a particular set of social actions (Bourdieu 1984:86).

Ethnographies of the human relations involved in the process of creation within the world of exhibition have rarely been written (see Durrans 1992). The lack of discussion has arisen because most theorists and researchers have focused on 'exhibition as object' or 'art as object,' on the final product which is traditionally placed on view to the public; and because gaining access to 'behind the scenes' spaces is not an easy task. I felt a study of such spaces would lead to a greater understanding of the process involved in setting up an event to promote cross-cultural awareness and would help to explain the reasons why the *VAP* was, or was not, able to achieve its publicly stated objectives:

africa95 is a season of education, seminars and public debates reflecting the diversity of ideas and visions of African artists and artists of African descent.

africa95 is a programme of international workshops in Africa and the UK - inspired and directed by artists - to increase networks and share creative ideas (1994 promotional literature).

To establish an understanding of the framework being created for the guest artists to present themselves and their work, I first focused on the creational context of *africa95 VAP*. This inquiry revealed the interconnections between the publicly stated intentions surrounding the *VAP* and the philosophy of the *International Triangle Artists' Workshop Movement*. These were primarily that the projects should be 'artist-led'; held within an environment that raises awareness about the work being produced; and encourages an exchange of ideas to take place. Given these initial findings, I decided to centre my research on the *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* at the *Yorkshire Sculpture Park (YSP)* - one of the sister workshops within the *Workshop Movement* and one of the events within the *VAP*. This decision allowed me to observe how the largest group of contemporary African artists, who came to Britain to participate in *africa95*, was able to raise awareness about the significance of their work within the framework created by the *VAP*.

Undertaking my fieldwork within the creational context of the *Pamoja Workshop* allowed me to observe how the artists spoke about their work, during the moments it was being created. This study revealed the *Pamoja* artists found it easier to speak about the meaning of their work within an environment where they had

established a personal relationship with their audience; and harder within the context of exhibition - display, slide shows, group criticisms, seminars and conferences. Much of an artist's work reflected his/her personal experiences and identity and this was something they felt uneasy about communicating in a theoretical or objectified fashion.

My research revealed that each artist considered there to be a relationship between the aesthetic and cultural aspects of his/her work and that this interrelation resembled the fashion in which each artist perceived his/her particular identity to be constituted. This relationship between an artist and their work became visible when they chose to tell their stories: all stories ultimately sought to present the individuality of the artist and to invest their work with its particular identity and value. For this reason, many of the *Pamoja* artists experienced much discomfort in being expected to present in an objectified way something they considered to be closely related to their concept of self. Though I am aware the notions of individuality are a much debated construct, I use the term individuality only in so far as it relates to the presentations each artist made in an attempt to distinguish him/herself from other people, and to emphasise he/she was the creator, originator, of a particular work of art.

My research amongst the artists during the *Pamoja Workshop* ('art as process') allowed me to appreciate that these artists had something to say and yet also to understand why they often appeared silent. This is of great importance given that the *VAP* sought to put into practice the idea that artists should be involved in their own presentations to avoid homogenising artists and their works. On the other hand, my research into the creation of the *africa95* context ('exhibition as process'), allowed me to appreciate why many of the *VAP* participants (in particular the *africa95* hosts) found it difficult to put the theory into practice and even to recognise why they were having a problem in doing so. Some of the reasons for this, which directly affected the guest artists' experiences of visiting Britain and often left them feeling unwelcome, ignored and silenced, are listed below:

- Many hosts found it difficult not to fit what their guests said into a hierarchy of views in which contemporary western theoretical models were at the top.
- Many hosts found it difficult not to look down on, or be dismissive of, their guests if the guests were unaware of particular perceptions to which the hosts assigned a high value.
- Many hosts found it difficult not to judge the vocabulary used by their guests as evidence that they were unaware of the complexity of ideas surrounding notions of tradition and modernity, art and artefact, duplication and originality, etc.
- Many hosts found it difficult to restrain themselves from interpreting, from a theoretical standpoint, what a guest was saying. Such an approach implied the artist was not articulate enough to communicate what

he/she was saying or producing. It was also an approach that ended up homogenising peoples' ideas within a particular hierarchical model.

- Many hosts found it difficult to restrain themselves from summarising what a guest was saying. This approach ended up speaking for the artist; as well as, once again, homogenising what people were saying.
- Many hosts found it difficult not to be entrenched in their prior knowledge and assumptions. This was an approach that made it difficult for people to recognise the originality of an artist's contribution, particularly if it differed from their own understanding of the world around them.
- Many hosts found it difficult to recognise that the contexts provided for their guests' presentations during the *africa95* project, as well as how the hosts spoke to and about the artists and their work, were perceived of as dismissive and un-welcoming by the artists; as something that left them feeling ignored and silenced.

The major theme running through my thesis is how the work produced by contemporary African artists is considered in Britain in the 1990s. How an artist's individuality and the individuality of his/her work so often becomes obscured through the homogenising theoretical language and presentational spaces within the international art world. This theme illustrates how, despite the best of intentions, the point is so often being missed and the problem is being compounded, through situating the work in spaces that make it difficult for the artists to get their meaning across.

James Clifford (1997) writes of a recent project that provided a site for a rather different set of contact relations and space of communication. This project becomes of interest here because the framework provided for the sculptors to raise awareness about themselves and their work, was the creational context:

'A dozen or so sculptors from the [New Guinea] Highlands recently travelled to Palo Alto to carve and install a sculpture garden on the university's campus. The project was organized on a shoestring by Jim Mason, a student in anthropology, with small grants and contributions. Once at Stanford, the sculptors occupied a wooded corner of the central campus and set to work. Throughout the summer of 1994 they transformed tree trunks... and soft stone... into human figures entwined with animals, fantastic designs. Their workplace was open to everyone passing by, and on Friday evenings it turned into a party, with barbecues, face painting, drumming, and dancing. The New Guinea artists taught their designs to interested Palo Altoans. Growing numbers turned up every week to hang out, make art, and celebrate... At the New Guinea Sculpture Garden, interactive process was as important as the production and collection of "art" or "culture." Although there is a long tradition of bringing exotic people to Western museums, zoos, and world fairs, the sculptors at Stanford were not offered as specimens on display. They were presented as practising "artists," not as "natives." People could, of course, view them as exotica, but this went against the spirit of the project, which

invited people to participate, financially and personally, in the making of the garden.'
(1997:195-196).

As a result of my fieldwork I came to the conclusion that the presentational spaces created for the *africa95 VAP*, did not encourage a greater understanding of the work produced by contemporary African artists. These communication spaces tended to obscure both the individuality of the artists and their work and to interrupt an artist's telling of his/her individual story. In order to illustrate this I have divided my work into five sections: 1) Genesis of the *africa95 visual arts programme*; 2) First Impressions: the arrival of the *Pamoja* artists; 3) *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*; 4) Reinata Sadhimba: her stories and her work; 5) Post-*Pamoja*.

1) Genesis of the *africa95 visual arts programme*. This section examines the creational context (1988-1995) within which the *VAP* was realised and the framework into which the *Pamoja* artists were located. I set the scene by exploring the theory and practice of exhibition; and by explaining what *africa95* was about, who the main characters were, what their contribution was, and what they hoped to achieve. My concerns in this section address the presentational language that was used to promote the *VAP* and to frame the guest artists' contributions.

2) First Impressions: the arrival of the *Pamoja* artists. This section introduces the reader to the artists who had been invited to Britain to participate within the *africa95 Pamoja Workshop*; provides an insight into the contexts from which the artists came to Britain and of the artists' first impressions of the *africa95* context. This section also shows how I got more deeply involved in my fieldwork through taking part in greeting the artists; and how through establishing a relationship with the artists I was able to gain access to their workshop, which was closed to non-participants.

3) *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*. This section represents aspects of the three weeks of the *Pamoja Workshop* and records the feelings, interactions, and aspirations of the artists. This highlights the difficulties they found in speaking about their work and that produced by their colleagues. It gives the reader an insight into the modes of communication and forums which may best suit an artist when choosing to speak about their work; as well as an insight into those that engage the attention of their audience and thereby lead to a greater understanding of the significance of the work.

4) Reinata Sadhimba: her stories and her work. This section focuses on the experience and work of one artist, Reinata Sadhimba, the Makonde sculptress who came to Britain from Mozambique. This illustrates how one artist chose to present herself and her work, given the issues raised by her colleagues in the previous section. It also illustrates that it is possible for an artist, who has no knowledge of the English language or the world of exhibition and academia, to raise awareness about the significance of her work within a cross-cultural and international context.

5) *Post-Pamoja*. The final section of my narrative follows the stories of the *Pamoja* artists who stayed on in Britain for a few weeks at the end of the workshop. This section explores their experiences as they entered the domain in which many of the *africa95 VAP* events were taking place. I follow within this new environment, how their host community acknowledged their guests, and how the artists chose to present themselves and their work within the framework of this acknowledgement.

In each section I summarise how my own perception shifted in light of the contextual circumstances and some of the reactions of the other participants. I also try to show, in each instance, how and why previously held perceptions and accepted knowledge needs to be reconsidered; and to comment on whether or not the *africa95 VAP* experience was successful in altering peoples' perceptions and thereby leading to a greater understanding of the significance of work presented. I illustrate how the *Pamoja* artists' experiences shifted in relation to the environments within which they found themselves; how these contexts influenced the work produced and how it was presented; and how such presentations were considered by the individuals with whom the artists interacted. These sections directly address the issue of what type of awareness was raised by whom and to whom within the context of the *africa95 VAP*.

My intention has been to create a presentational structure that is easy to read yet also leaves the reader with an awareness of multiple perspectives and issues. The five sections, which over-lap each other in time, are each constituted by a series of cameos that allow the introduction of characters, events and issue, and then carries these forward to create an evermore complex picture. I feel my presentational style allows complexity to be palatable and illustrates how it is possible to research a complex project in its details, without losing the overall composite whole.

What I found during my fieldwork is that the creational process is constituted by the dynamic interplay of characters, issues and events within particular contexts, which may differ at different moments. Whilst searching for a presentational style to preserve this interplay, what I have come to believe is that the only way to present process is through the narrative style I have used.

My narrative has been created to allow the *Pamoja Workshop* artists' perspectives to be made visible and to take the lead. This I have sought to achieve through creating a series of cameos, each reflecting an incident, work of art or conversation. These have been carefully selected and positioned within the text so they speak to each other, develop a train of thought and move the narrative forward. Although I have chosen not to create a theory-led presentation, my theoretical knowledge has informed my narrative construction; the juxtaposition of the cameos.

'The purpose of my collage is not to blur, but rather to juxtapose, distinct forms of evocation and analysis. The method of collage asserts a relationship among heterogeneous elements in a meaningful ensemble. It brings parts together while sustaining a tension among them... The personal explorations... I include them in the belief that a degree of self-location is possible and

valuable, particularly when it points beyond the individual toward ongoing webs of relationship' (Clifford 1997:12).

When I experimented with an issue-based format I found that certain aspects began to take on a greater or lesser importance, thereby distorting the sense of what actually happened – the context in which a view was expressed. When I tried to extract an artist's view on a particular issue, to re-present in a dedicated chapter – dealing with, say, originality/authenticity – I found I was constantly having to re-create the context in which the view was expressed to me. For instance, a view offered by a particular artist within a general discussion about originality as an abstract concept, differed to the one the same artist expressed when a suggestion was made that his/her work was influenced by a colleagues ideas. I also found that when representing my research in a topic-by-topic fashion the subtlety of the moment in which three or four theoretical notions were being addressed was lost. For these reasons I decided it was far better to present the dynamic context as it happened, and to grow an awareness of many issues at the same time.

The problem an academic faces in choosing to present their research within a narrative style is that the text may be considered unaware of the many underlying theoretical issues, because it does not overtly flag or interrupt the flow of the narrative to discuss these issues directly. My narrative construction has taken its point of departure from the contemporary theoretical literature and debates out of which the *africa95* season was born and within which it was meant to be an intervention. These I set out in my first chapter.

The language in which I have chosen to present my narrative seeks to reflect the languages spoken during the *africa95 VAP*; and to illustrate how when people speak and think in different ways, they often find it to difficult to listen to each other's contributions. For instance, the academics and curators used an analytic and objectifying vocabulary that made reference to abstract ideas related to specific theoretical notions. Whereas, the *Pamoja* artists, to whom I introduce the reader in my case study, used a vocabulary that sought to express their personal and very specific experiences of the world around them.

The presentational style I have used has been carefully constructed to preserve the sense of what the artists had to say about their work, as well as to convey to the reader why these perceptions are important for a greater understanding of the significance of the work. I have used wherever possible the artists' own words and have presented my thesis in a narrative style. To avoid interrupting the flow of the narrative I have also chosen not to draw conclusions until a wider understanding has been reached. Although I have used a style that attempts minimum distortion of the artists' stories [given the confines of 100,000 words], I have also avoided simply being the artists' mouthpiece by structuring my presentation to offer the reader an insight into the wider context of the artists' experiences and relationships with their work, and into my own widening understanding as I came to form a relationship with them. To add to the sense of revelation that constituted the creational context I have also included a series of photographs within my discussion, each placed in such a way as to capture a point in thought or an event in time. In presenting my thesis in this style, my intention has been to explore the complexity associated with putting into practice the notion that "*artists should speak for*

themselves" to encourage a greater understanding of themselves and their work.

Section 1) Genesis of the africa95 Visual Arts Programme.

Raising Awareness

africa95: A Season Celebrating the Arts of Africa sought to raise awareness of the 'Arts of Africa' - visual arts, cinema, music, performing arts and literature. These five areas were divided into separate programmes, each constituted by a series of events, staged at high profile museums & art galleries throughout Britain. For example, under the heading of the africa95 visual arts programme, the *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* was held at the prestigious *Yorkshire Sculpture Park*. The twenty-one artists who attended this three-week workshop came from Botswana, Egypt, Morocco, Mozambique, Namibia, Nigeria, Senegal, South Africa, Uganda, UK, USA, Zambia and Zimbabwe. Of these artists, men and women who ranged in age from between twenty-five to sixty, only four had been to Britain prior to *africa95* and very little had been documented about their work, or the artistic contexts from which they came. *Pamoja* is the Swahili word for 'coming together' and in this sense reflects the intention and philosophy of the *Pamoja Workshop*, the *VAP* and, from an even wider perspective, the *africa95* season.

To complement the *africa95* workshops, exhibitions and performances, a series of educational projects, conferences and symposiums had also been planned. For example, Anna Bowman, the *YSP* Educational Officer, arranged for two of the *Pamoja* artists, Noria Mabasa (*South Africa*) and Dias Mahlate (*Mozambique*), to teach a five-day *Sculpture Course*, open to anyone who wished to learn from the artists themselves. Elsbeth Court, the convenor of the *SOAS africa95 Symposium - African Artists: school, studio and society* - also utilised the *africa95* network of artists by inviting three of the *Pamoja* artists - Flinto Chandia (*Zambia*), David Chirwa (*Zambia*) and Ndidi Dike (*Nigeria*)³ - to speak about their work in the session entitled *Becoming a Sculptor*, to an audience of international artists, art historians, critics and curators. In the *SOAS africa95* conference - *Mediums of Change: The Arts In Africa, '95*, John Picton, the convenor of the session - *Artist, Medium & Development in the Visual Arts* - invited El Hadji Sy and Issa Samb, both of whose work was displayed in the *africa95* exhibition *seven stories about modern art in africa* at the *Whitechapel Art Gallery*, to speak about their work to an international inter-disciplinary audience.⁴

Many of the *africa95* events stated their intention was to provide a space in which the artists would be able to 'speak for themselves,' to 'represent themselves,' by acting as co-curators / co-presenters. Such statements sought to illustrate the organisers' awareness of 'the ethical and political violence inherent in the indignity of speaking for others' (Foucault 1977; also see Gilroy 1989), by demonstrating their positioning with regards to the theoretical stance which advocates for such a practice (see Said 1975; Hooks 1989; Karp & Lavine

³ Ndidi decided not speak at this Symposium, I shall discuss the reasons for this later in my paper.

⁴ Dr Clémentine Deliss translated these artists' contributions from French into English and re-presented them to the audience.

1991). For instance, the *Pamoja Workshop* was promoted as being an 'artist-led' project, co-ordinated by the administrator Anna Kindersley and the sculptors Flinto Chandia from Zambia and Tapfuma Gutsa from Zimbabwe; and *seven stories* (promoted as 'the key modern art exhibition in *africa95*'), which exhibited the work of over sixty contemporary African artists, was curated by Felicity Lunn of the *Whitechapel* and co-curated by the Artistic Director of *africa95*, Clémentine Deliss, the art historians, Salah Hassan and Wanjiku Nyachae, and the artists, David Koloane (*South Africa*), Chika Okeke (*Nigeria*) and El Hadji Sy (*Senegal*).

Within the context of museums, art galleries and other sites of cultural valuation throughout the world and, in particular, in Europe and the United States, many critics argue there is a pervasive absence in these highly policed environments of art by contemporary African artists and artists of African descent: 'Not only are the works of these artists (many of whom have been working for the past half century) conspicuously absent from the museum and gallery environment, they've also been accorded little attention or significance in academic art historical practices, university curriculums, the print media, or other organs of such reportage' Enwezor (1994). Exclusionary tactics such as racism and a lack of awareness as to the work being produced by contemporary African artists, are some of the reasons offered by artists, critics, collectors and curators.

Competition for exhibition / presentation space faces all artists. There are many reasons for this, ranging from practical restrictions imposed by finance, space and time, to an hierarchical system assigned to the work by art critics, curators and collectors, that determines in a given moment which work should be promoted or collected and at what price it should be valued. These circumstances, which constitute the international art world, are primarily dependent on a highly complex network of individuals, whose views are filtered through their tastes, interests, political standpoint, and state of knowledge at a particular moment in time (see Vogel 1991; and Shelton 1990).

By encouraging museums, high profile galleries and academic venues to participate in the *VAP*, the organisers sought to alter the often-negative perception of such work in the West, by exhibiting it within venues associated with the presentation of work by well-respected artists. For instance, the work produced during the *Pamoja Workshop* was exhibited within the grounds of the *YSP*, where sculpture by Henry Moore, Elizabeth Frink and a sequence of internationally recognised artists, is displayed; *seven stories*, exhibiting modern art, was staged at the well-respected *Whitechapel*; and the exhibition *Africa: The Art of a Continent*, which provided the historical context and was promoted as the centrepiece of the *VAP*, was staged at the *Royal Academy of Arts (RA)*. Thus, the importance of context, of situating the project within such a presentational framework, was a major concern for the organisers behind the *africa95* season. As I shall go on to discuss, it was a context that directly affected the interaction between the *africa95* host community and the guest artists; and how each artist and his/her work was considered and understood.

Slowly Coming Together with the Benefit of Hindsight

I do not suggest that the artists will find themselves in an alien environment - most of them are

seasoned travellers and have exhibited in European galleries. No, it is their works I am principally concerned with, and the current environment and creative tendencies in which those works have been thrust... (Wole Soyinka, reflecting on the *VAP* presentational framework that was created for the guest artists and their works, in his keynote address at the *SOAS africa95* conference, 1995:2).

To give a definitive statement as to the origins of *africa95* is not an easy task, even with the benefit of hindsight. There are many reasons for this, which I shall discuss throughout this chapter. However to summarise, I feel it is probably fair to say, using the words of the late Sir Michael Caine, Chairman of *africa95*: 'the concept of *africa95* - that of exchange and collaboration between artists - was greatly informed by a series of African artists' talks held at the *School of Oriental and African Studies* in 1991 and by the experiences of the *Triangle* art workshops in Southern Africa over the last ten years' (*africa95* brochure 1995). In other words, the catalyst for the *africa95* project was when John Picton, a senior lecturer in the Art & Archaeology Department at *SOAS*, Dr Clémentine Deliss, an anthropologist / curator, and The Hon. Robert Loder, a collector of contemporary African art and co-founder of the *International Triangle Workshop Movement*, came to form a working relationship with Norman Rosenthal, the Exhibitions Secretary of the *RA*. It was a meeting that led to the creation of *africa95*; and to the *VAP* being promoted as the leading programme of events.

These key individuals contributed to the formation of *africa95*: knowledge of academic material surrounding African art practices; an articulate understanding of contemporary issues surrounding modes of representation; a large network of contemporary African artists, theorists, critics, curators and collectors working in the field; experience in establishing a series of non-centralised 'artist-led' projects; and perhaps most importantly, the credibility of the institutions with which they were directly and indirectly associated. As the anthropologist Andrew Strathern revealed in his study of Melanesian society's 'big-men' and what becomes important in the creation and realisation of a prestigious event:

There are well-defined social groups, in relations of opposition to, and alliance, with each other, and it is possible to analyse the political system of the society at least partly in terms of these groups and their interrelations. But crossing over all the boundaries of opposition there are networks of exchange ties between individuals, developed to a high degree of organisation. Whenever a group holds a festival [*moka*], the importance of these individual ties is demonstrated, as well as the solidarity of the group (1971:220).

It would however be wrong to begin my account without first acknowledging the influence of the American curator and African art specialist, Dr Susan Vogel, on the specific institutional conditions and contemporary critical debates out of which the *africa95* season was born, and within which it was meant to be an intervention. Similarly incomplete would be an account that failed to mention how Norman Rosenthal had for many years been nursing an idea for an exhibition of African Art to be staged at the *RA*. Indeed, whilst

speaking to Robert Loder I learnt that Rosenthal had first spoken to him about the idea as early as 1982 (the same year Robert co-founded the *Triangle Arts Trust*, which I shall return to discuss).

Rosenthal's initial plan was to exhibit a body of work - referred to within the art world as 'tribal' or 'primitive' - to be gathered from various international public and private collections. However, when he realised that such an exhibition might not be well received within the contemporary political climate,⁵ and after seeing the exhibition *Africa and the Renaissance* at the *Centre for African Art (CAA)* in New York, he invited the exhibition's curator, Susan Vogel, to oversee the *RA*'s show.

Vogel, who has done extensive fieldwork on the Baule in Ivory Coast,⁶ received her PhD from the *Institute of Fine Arts*, before serving as curator at the *Museum of Primitive Art* in New York. She then spent ten years working at the *Metropolitan Museum of Art* in New York, during which time she oversaw the installation of the Rockefeller African Art collection. Commenting on this period of her life Vogel wrote: 'Ten years at the Metropolitan had given me a clear sense of how difficult it was for many people - including confident, sophisticated people who saw African art as art - to really look at and react to African objects. At Acquisition meetings, trustees and senior curators had often seemed to feel that they could not trust their taste or knowledge when it came to looking at work I showed them... They seemed bedevilled by doubts of the most basic sort - is this old? Is this a good one?... Am I supposed to like it?... ' (1994:105).

Since 1984 Vogel has worked as the Executive Director of the *Center for African Art (CAA)*, which in 1993 moved location within New York and re-opened under the name *The Museum of African Art (MAA)*: 'Two factors have driven the Museum's concern with museum practice and installation theories. The first comes with the subject, African art - an art so manifestly not intended to be displayed in a museum that the objects themselves pose the question every time we try to install them. They have forced us to wrestle with the issue of how museums might better present the art of Africa, and what relationship this art should have to conventional museum presentation techniques' (Vogel 1994:97).

Vogel was strongly aware of how different styles of presentation, of exhibition, reflect differences in attitude and interpretation, and that the viewer is manipulated by all of them (1991:198). In 1988 Vogel presented her views and experiences at the conference held at the *International Center of Smithsonian Institution* in Washington; and in, what is now regarded as a highly influential, accompanying publication *Exhibiting Cultures: The Poetics and Politics of Museum Display*, organised and edited by Ivan Karp and Steven D. Lavine. Clémentine Deliss also presented a paper at this conference, although she withdrew it prior to publication.

In her paper Vogel discussed two recent exhibitions she had curated at the *CAA*, which sought to empower the visitor to look critically at the work of African art. The first exhibition *Perspectives: Angles on African Art*

⁵ John Picton had spoken to Norman Rosenthal in 1990, to express his concern over an exhibition that would display solely 'tribal' masterpieces.

(1987), was about different approaches to the viewing and understanding of African art. Ten individuals were invited to select objects and to discuss their selections and perspectives.⁷ All these co-curators were concerned with the dichotomy between appreciation and understanding, form and meaning. As Ivan Karp,⁸ one of the co-curators, commented: "I'm really torn between the arguments that are made for universal aesthetic criteria and the idea that we can only truly appreciate something from the point of view of the people for whom it was originally made - that aesthetics are 'culture bound'" (Vogel 1991:194). The idea of co-curatorship was also adopted by 'the key modern art exhibition in *africa95*,' staged at the *Whitechapel* and co-curated by Clémentine Deliss.⁹

The second exhibition Vogel discussed - *ART/artifact: African Art in Anthropology Collections* (1988) - was about perception and the museum experience: 'The exhibition showed how we view African objects (both literally and figuratively), arguing that much of our vision of Africa and African art has been conditioned by our own culture' (1991:195). This exhibition illustrated how further effects of display which, implicitly or explicitly, manipulate a visitor's perceptions can be found in the placement of various objects in an exhibition and their lighting; how the context of their presentation influences how they are considered by the reader. Recognising that the physical setting of an object is part of what makes it identifiable as art, Vogel describes a scene in her experimental exhibition that approached the question of perception: 'A hunting net from Zaire was one non-aesthetic, non-signifying object that bore a spurious resemblance to some contemporary artworks. It was reverently displayed in a pool of light on a low platform' (1991:195). This transformative display technique - artefact into work of art - led to Vogel later receiving 'inquiries from art collectors about where they might acquire such a marvellous net' (1991:196).¹⁰

These exhibitions, and in particular the catalogue essays and resultant seminars, which I shall return to discuss, were highly influential within academic and museological circles concerned with issues of cross-cultural perception, interpretation and representation. For instance, the notion that one should be concerned with indigenous interpretations of objects within social systems, as opposed to merely aesthetic appreciation was, as we shall see, at the heart of discussions surrounding how the work was perceived and presented within the *RA*'s exhibit, which was heralded as the centrepiece of the *africa95 VAP*.

⁶ In 1998 Vogel won the Herskovits Award for best book in African Studies for *BAULE: African Art/Western Eyes*.

⁷ The co-curators came from many backgrounds: Romare Bearden, Nancy Graves and Iba N'Diaye were artists; Robert Farris Thompson an Africanist art historian; Ivan Karp an Africanist anthropologist; James Baldwin a writer; David Rockefeller a banker and collector; Ekpo Eyo an Africanist archaeologist; Lela Kouakou a Baule diviner and artist; and William Rubin a modernist art historian.

⁸ In 1994 Ivan Karp, a social anthropologist, was the National Endowment for the Humanities Professor and Director of Emory University's Graduate Institute for the Liberal Arts. He is a social anthropologist with research interests in social theory, systems of thought, comparative philosophy, and museum culture. He is the author and editor of numerous books, including *Explorations in African Systems of Thought*, *Exhibiting Cultures* with Steven D. Lavine, and *Museums and Communities* with Steven D. Lavine and Christine Kremer.

⁹ As Deliss wrote: 'When the exhibition *Seven Stories about Modern Art in Africa* was devised in July 1992, it proposed to do two things: first, to provide a series of personal interpretations, by artists and historians from Africa, of specific movements or connections which have significantly qualified twentieth-century modern art in Africa and, secondly, to experiment with the idea of the exhibition as a pooling system for a plurality of approaches to curating, that run in tandem with the specificities of the works on show and that signal different ways of making, looking at and presenting art' (1995:13). With regards to the artists, who were invited to participate in the exhibition as co-curators, Deliss wrote: 'The narrator and actor would be combined: the artist would tell the story through direct intervention in the gallery site' (1995:18).

¹⁰ As Danto wrote in relation to being shown a photograph of this particular object: 'Contemporary art has made us aesthetically responsive to objects such as this, but that does not transform them into works of art. In some sense Warhol's *Brillo Box* was "inspired" by the ordinary Brillo boxes it so precisely resembled. But that did not turn the ordinary packing cartons into works of art, even if a case

Thus it was that in 1988, as Norman Rosenthal found himself in the midst of all the philosophical and theoretical discussions surrounding notions of how best to consider and exhibit African art, Susan Vogel presented her ideas, based on her many curatorial concerns and experiences, for the *RA*'s show. Some of her suggestions for the proposed exhibition of approximately 600 pieces included:

- The exhibit should include art by academically trained artists and by apprenticed or self-taught artists.
- The exhibit will not be thesis-driven or polemical. It will be the first to present dispassionately art made on the African continent without promoting a theory about the similarities and dissimilarities that are found there. The exhibition will not be about race nor will it concern itself with the skin colour of those who created Africa's rich civilisations.
- The exhibition will aspire for the first time to acknowledge and identify individual African artists whose works are represented.
- After conferring with specialists, Susan Vogel will make the final selection for discussion and approval by the *RA*. Outstanding aesthetic quality will be the primary basis for the selection within each category.

Furthermore, by the time Robert Loder, John Picton and Clémentine Deliss approached Norman Rosenthal in the latter part of 1991,¹¹ to discuss the idea for an African Festival, Vogel had gained even more experience through working on the exhibition - *Africa Explores 20th Century African Art*, at the *CAA*, which opened in May 1991. In this exhibition Vogel attempted to put into practice much contemporary theory surrounding issues of representation: 'Africa Explores seeks to focus on Africa, its concerns, and its art and artists in their own contexts and in their own voices' (1991:9). These sentiments, as we shall go on to see, were echoed in the promotional literature surrounding the *VAP*.

Africa Explores also highlights many of the problems and concerns with which curators are faced when deciding which material will be exhibited. As Vogel reflected in her catalogue Forward:

As the exhibition developed, it became evident that the selection was necessarily going to be arbitrary and personal because the body of work is so enormous and so difficult to access, and because there are so few earlier choices upon which to build. If this selection neglects some well-known and deserving artists, it also certainly overlooks obscure but talented artists whose work I never encountered... This study was affected by two related exhibitions that appeared during this period in which it developed. The Studio Museum in Harlem's widely seen "*Contemporary African Artists: Changing Tradition*," of 1990, featured the work of nine generally well-established International artists. I decided not to duplicate any of those choices, some of which were shown not only in New York but also at the 1990 Venice Biennale. And the Centre Pompidou's courageous and provocative "*Magiciens de la terre*," of 1989, showed

can be made that Warhol elevated them as objects of aesthetic consciousness' (1988:20).

¹¹ By 1991 Clémentine Deliss had worked on the 1990 exhibition and catalogue entitled *Lotte or the transformation of the object*, which reflected many of the views and concerns as raised by the exhibition entitled *ART/artifact*; and was working on the 1991 exhibition entitled *Exotic Europeans*, held at the South Bank Centre. By 1991 Robert Loder had encouraged the artists in Botswana, the UK and Mozambique to set up sister workshops, within the *International Triangle Artists' Workshop Movement*.

traditional and Urban African artists, three of whom had already been selected for this exhibition (1991:12).¹²

Vogel's plan for the RA's exhibition of African art, was to utilise all of the thirteen gallery spaces and to cover the story of African art produced within the continent of Africa throughout the ages. It was to be a blockbuster exhibition celebrating the diversity of work and ideas. By including pieces produced by contemporary African artists, the exhibition sought to shift perceptions that African art is only recognisable or may only be considered to be authentically African, if it looks 'tribal.' As Vogel commented in *Africa Explores*: 'African artists and their clients who have assimilated foreign elements are often described as "Westernized." The word has been used as a kind of accusation, and a pretext for dismissal... "Westernization" seems too sweeping a term for the phenomena we have observed... African artists select foreign ingredients carefully from the array of choices, and insert them into a preexisting matrix in meaningful ways... To regard the entire resulting work as "Westernized" is to ignore the substantial part that is African... African artists borrow foreign elements that answer their own needs, and that may have little relationship to events and ideas in the West itself' (1991:28).

¹² The artists whose work was exhibited in the 1990 exhibition *Contemporary African Artists: Changing Tradition*, as well as in the 1990 *Venice Biennale* were as follows: El Anatsui (Ghanaian, living in Nigeria - exhibited at *The October Gallery* as part of *africa95*); Youssouf Bath (Ivoirian); Ablade Glover (Ghanaian - exhibited at *The October Gallery* as part of *africa95*); Tapfuma Gutsa (co-ordinator of the *africa95 Pamoja Workshop*); Rosemary Karuga (Kenya); Souleymane Keita (Senegal - exhibited in *seven stories* and participated in *Tenq/Articulations* as part of *africa95*); Nicholas Mukomberanwa (Zimbabwe - exhibited in *Zimbabwe '95: the McEwen Collection and the paintings of Thomas Mukarobwa*, Art for Mayfair Gallery, during *africa95*); Henry Mynyaradzi (Zimbabwe); and Bruce Onobrakpeya (Nigeria - exhibited in *seven stories*).

Some of the artists whose work was shown in *Africa Explores* and during the *VAP* included: Magdalene Odundo (Kenya/UK - curator of the *Crafts Council africa95* exhibition); Fode Camara (Senegal - exhibited at the *Bluecoat Gallery*, Liverpool and participated in *Tenq/Articulations*, as part of *africa95*); and Sokari Douglas Camp (Nigeria/UK - exhibited at the *Museum of Mankind* as part of *africa95*).

Vogel discusses how a conscious decision was made to exhibit in *Africa Explores*, the work of many artists working within Francophone countries such as Senegal and Zaire, in an attempt to redress the imbalance of information available in the West about such artists. The work of twenty-four Senegalese artists, and two Zairian artists, were represented within the *VAP*; and even more work by Senegalese artists would have been exhibited within the *VAP*, if the *Birmingham Museums & Art Gallery* had chosen to stage an exhibition of *Senegalese Glass Painting*, which they considered during the initial planning stages. The Keeper of Archaeology and Ethnography, Jane Peirson Jones, informed me the *africa95* exhibition - *Siyawela: Love, Loss and Liberation in Art from South Africa* - co-curated by Pitika N'tuli and Colin Richards, had been chosen by a focus group in Birmingham, in June 1994. The choice given was A) *Siyawela*, B) *Senegalese Glass Painting*, and C) *African pop / Venda sculpture*. I understand that although Deliss was keen for the *Senegalese Glass Painting* exhibition to be chosen, she pointed out there was already a strong representation of art from Senegal within the *africa95* project. During the creational context of the *VAP*, Deliss also suggested the *Bluecoat Gallery* in Liverpool stage the travelling exhibition - *New Art from Senegal* - as part of *africa95*.

Deliss writes in the *seven stories* catalogue: '*Magiciens de la Terre* and its offshoot *Out of Africa* brought to the fore artists such as Cyprien Toukoudagba and Esther Nahlangu, whose 'African iconography was unmistakable and showed no contamination from European modernist sources... Collectors who neither knew Africa nor were ready to build up an important body of work characterised by its foolproof graphic 'Africanness', often connected with folk or religious activities rather than a distinctive and self-conscious art practice... An increasing artificial division began to appear between academic and self-taught artists. Although this was a response to the reality of becoming an artist in Africa (as elsewhere), it was extended into a framing device to establish the criteria of a new authenticity, quality and, ultimately, marketability for a western-led audience suddenly keen on 'zippy, energetic, narrative billboard art' or 'le look africain' (1995:15). The work of Cyprien Toukoudagba from Benin was displayed at both the *Tate Gallery Liverpool* and the *Serpentine Gallery*, London, as part of the *VAP*. The *africa95* exhibition *Big City: Artists from Africa*, at the *Serpentine Gallery*, was co-curated by Julia Peyton-Jones, Director of the *Serpentine Gallery*, and André Magnin, Independent Curator and Curator of the *CAAC*, *The Pigozzi Collection* (the work of Cyprien Toukoudagba is collected by *The Pigozzi Collection*). My feeling is Deliss was using the opportunity provided by the *seven stories* catalogue, to criticise western patrons of contemporary African art, such as Pigozzi. It is clear that Deliss hoped *seven stories* would redress 'the need for a far greater circulation of information on the materials, perceptions and models of art practice within the various artistic communities in Africa and beyond its shores' (1995:17); and suggested that her 'taste' was also for the work produced by academically trained artists. This view was reiterated by Catherine Lampert, Director of the *Whitechapel*, in her catalogue Foreword: 'the romantic authenticity automatically associated with the 'untrained' artist has become an exhausted assumption, except in the media and among some collectors. Indeed, the curators and galleries participating in this exhibition have chosen an approach that welcomes educated and intellectually rigorous thinking and acknowledges African art as being cosmopolitan while at the same time its content may abound in local and personal references' (1995:10).

Within a climate where modes of presentation were being debated and put into practice, Vogel sought to illustrate that African art is heterogeneous: a diverse body of work produced within the 52 countries that geographically forms the continent of Africa. Such an approach sought to put forward the view that work produced by African artists should be considered and respected in a similar vein to the diversity of work produced by artists, whose countries of origins geographically form, for example, the land mass known as Europe. This approach also advocated that the voices of African artists and African academics be heard. It was particularly salient at a moment in time when the international art world was beginning to consider the body of work currently being produced by African artists.¹³ For instance, Vogel's research led her to write: 'Content, for example, is of prime importance for African artists, critics and audiences, who tend to share an expectation that works of art will have a readable message or story. African art of all kinds is likely to be explainable in terms of a narrative or a religious, social, or political text known to both artists and audiences. These explanations, however, are fluid, varying from circumstance to circumstance and even from individual to individual. This has long been recognized of traditional and Urban art, but is a less acknowledged part of International art, where the narrative may be more obliquely stated' (1991:16).

Shortly after Rosenthal had seen *Africa Explores* Vogel ceased working on the *RA*'s exhibition. Tom Philips, a Royal Academician, was appointed as the selector; and the design and co-ordination of the project was overseen, in-house, by the *RA* staff. It was decided that the *RA*'s exhibit would not include twentieth century art. Although Vogel had been relieved of her duties at the *RA* and was not invited to participate in the creation of *africa95*, her influence remained and many of her ideas - to exhibit work produced throughout the continent of Africa and throughout the ages until the present day - were put into practice, albeit in a variety of venues and under the heading of the *VAP* (see **Appendix B**).

Due to a series of 'behind closed door' meetings, to which I was not privy, my request to follow the process involved in the creation of the *VAP* was turned down by the *africa95* executive committee; the *Whitechapel* and the *RA*. I managed to meet with Clementine Deliss, the Artistic Director of *africa95*, once during my fieldwork; this meeting took place a few streets away from *SOAS* in the *africa95* office. Shortly after this encounter I was encouraged, through a third party, to shift the focus of my research away from the creation of the *africa95 VAP*. As Kafka commented, albeit in another context: 'the gentlemen, driven to desperation, had begun to defend themselves, and, after an overcoming of their own feelings unimaginable for ordinary people, had reached for the bell and called for help to expel this person on whom nothing else could make any impression!' (1930/1992:268). The second time I returned to the *africa95* office was a year later, at the end of the *africa95* project, for the auction of the office equipment. I was accompanying Robert Loder.¹⁴ The auction was also attended by Sir Michael Caine (Chairman of *africa95*),¹⁵ Dr Adotey Bing (*africa95*

¹³ See Picton's 1992 article in which he challenges the categories of African art put forward within *Africa Explores*: traditional art, new functional art, urban art, international art and "extinct" art. Deliss made a similar criticism: 'the American exhibition... set up an equally stifling categorisation of art practice in Africa, it helped to entrench arguments about the pre-eminence of the self-taught over the academic artist, and of the popular over the international' (1995:16).

¹⁴ I was working at the Gasworks to help pay for my post-*Pamoja* research.

¹⁵ After the *africa95* season, Sir Michael Caine went on to take up the position of Chairman of *The Africa Centre*. He sadly passed away in 1999.

Executive Committee Member & Trustee), Mr Deliss (Clémentine's father), John Picton (*SOAS* Lecturer), Claire Whitaker (*africa95* Director, Finance & Development), Helen Denniston (*africa95* Director, Arts Management), Katherine Bligh (*africa95* Finance & Development Assistant) and Claudette Sterling (*africa95* Project Administrator).

During the initial stages of my research it had proved an immensely difficult task to learn anything about the project, beyond that disseminated in the *africa95* promotional literature. This was primarily because the *africa95* conceptualisers I met were immensely uncomfortable when asked to speak about the formulation of their ideas regarding the setting up of a space in which presentations and discussions of African art were due to be held. They were particularly reluctant to speak to me because they regarded me as an 'outsider.' I was someone who was not associated with the international art world; someone who was not attached to the particular institution they themselves were representing or with which they were associated; someone who was a research student; and, someone who was associated with a profession - Social Anthropology - which many people regarded with extreme caution. Other reasons, which I shall return to discuss, were related to the difficulties the conceptualisers were experiencing in encouraging individuals and organisations to participate within the project; and the discomfort they were experiencing in being confronted by members of the Black British community, many of whom wished to be involved in the decisions surrounding the content and presentational spaces being created. As Carol Duncan has commented:

Museums can be powerful identity-defining machines. To control the museum means precisely to control the representation of a community and some of its highest, most authoritative truths. It can also mean the power to define and rank people, to declare some as having a greater share than others in the community's common heritage – in its very identity. Those who are in the greatest accord with the museum's version of what is beautiful and good may partake of this greater identity. It is precisely for this reason that museums and museum practices can become objects of fierce struggle and impassioned debate. What we see and do not see in our most prestigious art museums involves a much larger question of who constitutes the community and who shall exercise the power to define this identity (quoted in Vogel 1994:104).

Whilst Clémentine Deliss, John Picton and Robert Loder were busy organising the *VAP*, Susan Vogel, as Executive Director of the *MAA*, was involved in staging the exhibition - *secrecy: african art that conceals and reveals* - which opened in 1993. As Vogel wrote in the exhibition catalogue: 'Most simply put, there are three participants in the life of an African artwork transposed to the West: the art object itself, the African artists and users, with their ideas, and the Western audience and presenters, with theirs. Our exhibitions have attempted to devote serious attention to each of these subjects in turn. Sometimes, as in "Secrecy," we approach all of them together' (1993:12-13).

The purpose of the exhibition and the catalogue, Mary Nooter Roberts, the senior curator for *Secrecy*, wrote: 'is not to tell secrets but to explore secrecy as a strategy, and as an important dimension of African

knowledge, power, and the aesthetic experience... There is a paradox here: although the content of a secret may be guarded and concealed, the secret's existence is often flaunted. To own secret knowledge, and to show that one does, is a form of power...' (1993:23-24). Following this line of thought Cesare Poppi writes in his catalogue essay: 'How can the secret be at once protected and loudly broadcast?... To answer the question requires a shift in approach... instead of looking at *what* the secret contains, one has to look at *how* the secret is constituted' (1993:197). In light of this comment, it is interesting to note, the first page of Poppi's catalogue contribution is taken up by a statement which reads: 'Following the wishes of the elders of the Sigma association, to which Dr Poppi belongs as an initiated member, his essay does not contain any images of Sigma masks' (1993:196). It is a statement that demonstrates the existence of a secret and Poppi's role as guardian/gatekeeper.¹⁶

In 1994, as the *africa95* executive committee were experiencing all the ramifications associated with the creation of the *VAP*, 'Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art' was staged at the *MAA* by Susan Vogel and Mary Nooter Roberts in collaboration with Chris Muller. The exhibition sought to mirror the process of conceiving and constructing an exhibition: 'The conversations and interactions that go into the making of an exhibition are among the most exciting stages in a museum's life... Here, we lay our behind-the-scenes conversations out under the spotlights of the exhibition and book... [and include the observations made by] participants in the Museum's 1992 symposium "Africa by Design: Designing a Museum for the 21st century," and [the comments made during] interviews in the spring of 1994' (1994:9-10). Much of the creational process, Chris Muller wrote, 'involved sitting around imagining things we've always wanted to see in a museum, trying to fulfil a frustrated desire we felt when we attended exhibitions – and to identify for ourselves what the frustrations and satisfactions are of mounting displays' (1994:13):

An installation is not natural... it's man-made... a work of art and craft (Ivan Karp, quoted in *Exhibition-ism* 1994:23).

To me the great thing missing in museums is sound... Sound goes through partitions and walls, so you can't contain it the way exhibits create spaces for viewing... Sound messes that up terribly, so it's always seen as something intrusive and hokey – or Muzak. And yet, sometimes the excruciating absent sound of these objects... is so poignant. You know the piece in the Museum of Modern Art "Primitivism" show, the piece called "rhythm pounder"... A torso where the two arms make handles... How could you not want to get your hands on it and hit the

¹⁶ During my fieldwork I spoke to Dr Nigel Barley, the Assistant Keeper at the *Museum of Mankind* in London, about the *africa95* exhibition *Play and Display: Steel Masquerades From Top To Toe*, which displayed the work of the Nigerian artist Sokari Douglas Camp, who both made the work to be exhibited and curated the exhibition. Sokari was born and spent her earliest years in Buguma, the principal settlement of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta. Barley informed me he had known Sokari for a long time and they had worked together, prior to *africa95*, on a joint exhibition of Kalabari screens at the Smithsonian called *Foreheads of the Dead*. Apparently, according to Sokari's custom, as a woman she is not allowed to see certain of the Kalabari screens, which were being exhibited in the Smithsonian exhibition. So when no-one was around, in secret, Barley conducted a ritual to de-danger them so Sokari could see them. Barley described this event as being an odd experience: a white man conducting an African sacred ritual for an African woman in America.

dirt with it, hear its shape? (James Clifford,¹⁷ quoted in *Exhibition-ism* 1994:64).

I'd love to see dance docents. I'd like to see gesture docents... And I'd also like to see some spotlights that spotlight people. Spotlights are only on the *objects*, and there should be double spotlights... so the art object is what it's meant to be in Africa: a *copresence* (Robert Faris Thompson,¹⁸ quoted in *Exhibition-ism* 1994:65).

I want to give a sensory experience that we in museums really have not exploited at all. We're very much tied to intellectual experience and a very narrow, bogus visual experience... As one narrow interpretation or singular sensory experience is replaced by multiple ones, it will evoke for the viewer something much closer to what the object, image, or culture is about, for the very reason that it is more complex because multiple viewpoints or forms, "multiple lives" as Maya [Lin] put it, are really the way we experience the world (Fred Wilson,¹⁹ quoted in *Exhibition-ism* 1994:65).

By focussing on the creative process, perceptions and practices of exhibition are made visible. As Mary Nooter Roberts writes: 'Curators are examining the signifying process through which museums and exhibitions endow objects with meaning, and exploring the "exhibiting frame" itself as the source of meaning. Museum practice is beginning to be concerned not strictly with "exhibited culture" but also with "exhibition culture" – that is, with the values, symbols, and ideas that pervade and shape the practice of exhibiting (Sherman and Rogoff 1994:ix)... 'Exhibition-ism' problematizes the act of looking itself. Scrutinizing an isolated object at eye level... may be inappropriate in African contexts, which rely so often on the nonvisual and the performative. This book and the exhibition... question... more specifically, the ways museum practice conveys meanings and messages (which are often in stark contrast to African perspectives), the limits and possibilities of cross-cultural understanding, and the culturally determined nature of exhibiting as a mode of communication' (1994:23-25).

In 1994 Susan Vogel moved to Yale where she became the Director of the Yale University Art Gallery. During this period she produced her book 'BAULE: African Art/Western Eyes,' which won the 1998 Herskovits Award for best book in African Studies. In 1998 Vogel enrolled at the New York University Film School, so she could begin her current (2000) exploration of another medium with which to communicate.

¹⁷ In 1994 James Clifford, the historian and critic of anthropology and Western exoticism, was teaching in the History of Consciousness Program at the University of California, Santa Cruz. Among his publications are *The Predicament of Culture* and *Writing Culture: The Poetics of Ethnography* (with George Marcus).

¹⁸ In 1994 Robert Faris Thompson was Professor of African and African-American Art History at Yale University. He is author of *Flash of the Spirit: African and Afro-American Art and Philosophy* and has written and lectured extensively on the endurance and evolution of African aesthetic and religious traditions. He has curated many exhibitions on African art, including *Face of the Gods: Art and Altars of Africa and the African Americas* at the Museum for African Art.

¹⁹ Fred Wilson is an artist who created the award-winning 1992 installation *Mining the Museum*, critiques the museum environment in his work. He has had solo exhibitions at the Indianapolis Museum of Art, the Seattle Art Museum, the Museum for Contemporary Art in Baltimore, and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago. In 1993 he represented the United States in the Fourth International Cairo Biennial in Egypt (as at 1994).

A Culture of Distinction

The art historian and theorist Peter Vergo defines museology as 'the study of museums, their history and underlying philosophy, the various ways in which they have, over time, been established and developed, their avowed and unspoken aims and policies, their educative or social role.' He explains that the 'new museology' integrates an awareness that the acts of acquisition and collection, and the act of public presentation mean making certain choices about the value of objects and the construction of history; choices which are ideologically, politically, and aesthetically loaded (1989:1-3). Until recently a museum or curator's role has been largely 'unquestioned and unexamined' (Vogel 1991:191; also see Beard 1992). The 'new museology' seeks to question the fixed nature of meanings, by finding modes of installation and exhibition that illuminate more effectively the multivalent significance of images and objects, and the complexity of their ideological function as forms of cultural expressiveness (see Weil 1989:61). This implies a critique of the old orthodoxy in matters of perception, presentation and representation.

As with academic institutions the arena of documentation and representation within the museum world has been associated for many hundreds of years with places of high culture. As Kenneth Hudson has pointed out, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries 'visitors were admitted as a privilege, not as a right, and consequently gratitude and admiration, not criticism, was required of them (quoted in Wright 1989:123; also see Hudson 1975:6).²⁰ The curator Nick Merriman also addressed this theme when he wrote of how since the nineteenth century museums have been associated with aristocratic homes and high culture, with the emphasis on their educative potential in a monologic and didactic way (1989:165).

The sociologist Pierre Bourdieu's work locates museums as part of the mechanism through which a 'consensual recognition of the dominant culture is produced while at the same time most are excluded from participating fully in it' (Merriman 1989:163). Merriman provides a clear summary of Bourdieu's work around this theme, which is important for an understanding of a museum's social position. It is argued, that schooling produces two cultures, a 'culture of consensus' where the hierarchy of social classes is 'naturalised' and 'legitimated' by 'all social classes,' and a 'culture of distinction.' The latter is achieved through the fact that only certain children will benefit from their education, and this is perpetuated since it is generally those children born into a [white] bourgeois 'habitus,' who fit in best to the educative environment and ultimately reap the rewards, through degrees and hopefully employment. Bourdieu particularly sees art museums as being part of this two-way process between consensus and distinction. They are accepted and naturalised as being representative of 'art' as a universal category, applicable to all, and yet often in order to 'read' the works of art, and more importantly to talk about them, one requires access to the 'knowledge' system within which they operate (Merriman 1989:161-162).

²⁰ When I spoke to the artist Duke Keyte, who came from South Africa to participate in the *africa95 VAP*, he told me that until Nelson Mandela came to power, Duke was unable to visit the National Museums and Galleries in Johannesburg, because he was Black. Also see David Koloane's essay *Art Criticism for whom?* In *Art Criticism and Africa*, edited by Katy Deepwell (1997:72).

Bourdieu's view that a person's ability to interpret and assign a particular meaning to a specific work of art is dependent upon 'someone who possesses the cultural competence, that is, the code, into which it is encoded' (1979:2), has also been addressed by the visual arts consultant Peter Wright, in his discussion of how works of art are often presented:

What is shown is a history of style, as written by those-in-the-know, divided up by media (oil paint, watercolour, printing, etc.), subject, schools and movements, nationalities, and occasionally by individual artists or patrons. It is alleged that this best 'allows the works to speak for themselves,' but to those who lead busy lives outside the confines of full-time art history, it must at times seem as if the intent is deliberately to conceal the several meanings of works of art, by offering hardly any clues to those who are not fortunate or privileged enough to have studied them beforehand, and who do not carry them all in their mind's eye (as art historians do) (1989:125).

In his book *Ways of Seeing* John Berger explains how the successive ruling classes (within Europe) between 1500 to 1900 used the aesthetic to reinforce and legitimate their own dominant position in society. Berger demonstrated how a new way of seeing the world, which was ultimately determined by new attitudes to property and exchange, found its visual expression in the oil painting: 'Oil painting did to appearances what capital did to social relations. It reduced everything to the equality of objects. Everything became exchangeable because everything became a commodity. All reality was mechanically measured by its materiality' (1972:86-87).²¹ To illustrate this theory Berger considered Holbein's oil painting of *The Ambassadors* (1533). This painting, he argued, due to its medium, was able to create the illusion to the spectator that he was looking at real objects and materials. It is a celebration of private property for the spectator-owner (1972:139-140). This suggests that the mode of production in a particular and historical cultural context not only determines the aesthetic form, but also acts as a signifier of a specific cultural message. As Bourdieu commented in his book 'Distinction: A Social Critique of the Judgement of Taste,' '...the appropriation of symbolic objects with a material existence... raises the distinctive force of ownership... To appropriate a work of art is to assert oneself as the exclusive possessor of the object and of the authentic taste for that object' (1984:280).

The concept that there is commonly a close relationship between possession, the construction of identity and the adherence to certain social values led the anthropologist Daniel Miller to suggest that Bourdieu's notion of 'habitus' 'allows us to consider directly the implications of the object as physical form which mediates between the subjective and objective worlds' (1987:103). Bourdieu's examination of the ways goods are used

²¹ Marx used 'fetishism' to reflect on reification. The process in which people are converted into things, as an effect of the expansion of capital and the freeing of men's labour. For Marx, this rupture between man and his products accounted for the failure of modern individuals to recognise themselves in the world of goods. As Harvey wrote: 'Money and market exchange draws a veil over, 'masks' social relationships between things. This condition Marx calls 'the fetishism of commodities.'... We cannot tell from contemplation of any object in the supermarket what conditions of labour lay behind its production. The concept of fetishism explains how it is that under conditions of capitalist modernisation we can be so objectively dependent on 'others' whose lives and aspirations remain so totally opaque to us. Marx's meta-theory seeks to tear away that fetishistic mask, and to understand the social relations that lie behind it' (1989:100-101).

to mark social differences and act as communicators revealed that even minute distinctions in 'taste' carry a world of social meaning, which functions as a system of power relations as well as a symbolic system forming the basis for social judgement: 'it distinguishes in an essential way, since taste is the basis of all that one has – people and things – and all that one is for others, whereby one classifies oneself and is classified by others' (Bourdieu 1984:56). Taste functions as a marker of 'distinction' or better 'class' due to its ability to stand for something by being differentiated. Each particular element receives its distinctive values from its relationship to other elements: 'taste is the practical operator of the transmutation of things into distinct and distinctive signs, of continuous distributions into discontinuous oppositions' (Bourdieu 1984:175).

The lingering connection between the dominant culture and museums is further backed up by ethnographic museums, which like academic anthropology, emerged as adjuncts to European expansion and colonialism (Durrans 1988:147; also see Jordanova 1989:32). Museums, as part of the colonial venture, imposed what Donna Haraway calls 'technologies of enforced meaning' that are central to the creation of scientific authority and objectivity (quoted in Jordanova 1989:34). As the anthropologist & curator Brian Durrans points out, museums played a legitimating role for colonial domination, and in order to do this effectively they had to 'retain an image of detached objectivity, and the simplest way to retain that image was by working... with a positivist orientation and a commitment to science' (1988:154-5).

Collection, a fundamental premise for any museum, implies ownership, a thoroughly western concept rooted in capitalism that does not apply to all cultures. Furthermore, the inference is control over, in the case of ethnographic museums, non-western culture through the collection of their art and artefacts. When objects produced by people from the continent of Africa have been collected and displayed within Britain's national museums and art galleries, they have been classified under a system that has changed very little over the last hundred years. For instance, three dimensional objects have tended to be viewed as culturally functional artefacts and have therefore been collected by The Museum of Mankind, the ethnographic department of The British Museum; two-dimensional prints and drawings have primarily been housed in The British Museum and the Victoria & Albert Museum; and some oil on canvas works have been collected by the Victoria & Albert Museum, the Tate Gallery and the National Gallery. The reason so few works by contemporary artists working within the continent of Africa, have been collected by British national museums & art galleries is usually because the selectors are unaware of the material; and when they do view the work, they do so with little prior experience or knowledge of the individuality of the artist and his/her work. This set of circumstances often results in a judgement that the work is some sort of second-rate-hybrid art, or, as in the words of one British art critic, "*is simply not good enough.*"

Another reason for the small size of the collections, as I shall go on to discuss, is because these works often fall into an anomalous category, when it comes to the classification procedures associated with an organisation's collection remit. For instance, should the objects in question be categorised as 'works of art' or

'cultural artefacts.'²² Yet, as a further examination reveals, such classificatory views are difficult to justify with any strong rationale, particularly as many recent theoretical discussions have shown, as have many works produced by contemporary artists in the west, the difficulties surrounding what exactly constitutes a work of art and who should be given the authority to make such a decision (see James C. Faris' response to Arthur C. Danto, 1988:209-212).²³ When faced with the diversity of ideas and objects that enter the frame through a cross-cultural extension of the debate, as I shall go onto illustrate, a complex picture begins to form.

As museum collections and classifications are about partial 'truths' and selected representations, which are not always apparent, and given their traditional role as cultural authority and educator of the public, what museum curators exclude or marginalise from their exhibitions therefore becomes of great interest (see Vogel's reflection on the selection of work to be exhibited in *Africa Explores*). An exploration of the politics surrounding the presentation of knowledge within the international art world, in the 1990s, reveals much about these institutions' authority and their ability to influence perceptions of the work produced by contemporary African artists. As the anthropologist & curator Anthony Shelton comments (1992), curators actually 'control' two very significant things. One is the meaning of the objects they conserve, classify, and display. The other is the discrete space within the museum: exhibition space is a rare and highly sought after resource over which the curator has a monopoly. The very fact that certain objects are deemed worthy of museum exhibition or collection, whilst others are ignored, places a great deal of power and control in the curator's hands. As museologists Crew & Sims, who also participated in the 1988 'Exhibiting Cultures' conference, commented: 'Authenticity is not about factuality or reality. It is about authority. Objects have no authority; people do. It is people on the exhibition team who must make a judgement about how to tell...' (1991:163).

Vogel was aware that the popular image of the museum and the art museum in Britain today, indeed in the West as a whole, was still that of a storehouse of knowledge and facts about the past, which is usually unquestioned by the visitor (see Mary Beard 1992). For this reason Vogel felt that any presentation of African art the *RA* was to make, would be a statement about African art that most of the general public would not seek to challenge. As John Berger (1972) wrote: 'what we are told about a work of art conditions what we see'; and subsequently determines our understanding of the artist and his/her work. Shelton (1992) has also spoken of how the public often implicitly trusts the labelling of objects, which denotes a definition. These definitions, or in Bourdieu's term 'distinctions', become highly problematic when we talk about Other cultures. For instance, there has been a tendency in many western ethnographic museums to fix, particularly

²² See Danto's *ART/artifact* catalogue essay (1988:18-32), which I shall go onto discuss.

²³ As Kwame Anthony Appiah commented in the catalogue forward for the exhibition entitled *secrecy: african art that conceals and reveals*, staged at the *Museum for African Art* in 1993: 'European art is supposed to be opposed to science and to utility. And however beautiful my microscope is, it could only be made into a Western work of art by an artist: by a Marcel Duchamp, perhaps, who could place it in a gallery for us, attach it, perhaps, to a board, and name it, perhaps, *Vision Minuscule*. Now that could be a European work of art' (1993:14).

Wole Soyinka also commented on this theme, in his keynote address at the *SOAS africa95* conference: '...the sweeping statement in the Sunday Times Arts FOCUS Section which claims that "the public has learnt over the past year that a dead sheep can be art." Now that is where the problem really lies... what would a fellow tenant of that gallery from a far-flung corner of the world, or of another gallery within that same but distant environment have to say about such a claim?' (1995:4-5).

Africa, 'primitive cultures' in 'mythic time', to see them as 'in need of preservation, redemption, and representation' before their singular past 'vanishes' (Clifford 1988:200). Not only does this deny the social, historical, and cultural changes of the entire twentieth century, but is often criticised as being highly patronising and indicative of the way selective western classifications create historic myths about the past and places which eventually become naturalised. As Durrans points out:

Whether fractured or continuous, exclusive or interwoven with that of other groups, the past development of all surviving societies has the same time-depth... This does not mean they meet the needs of their members equally well or are equally prepared to cope with current or future pressures; but it does mean they cannot be evaluated according to the idea of intrinsic 'primitiveness.' This is an important challenge to which many ethnographic museums have responded as well as they can by stressing the complexity and sophistication of traditional ways of life. In a world where the 'primitive' other has long been the victim of imperial domination, this is one way of attacking the ideology that supports it (1988:145).

The anthropologist & curator Michael Ames has written about three exhibitions in which a new and more open approach to museum curating was adopted: representatives from particular cultural groups were given access to exhibition space and presentational decisions. The first – *Robes of Power: Totem Poles on Cloth* (1986) - of North-West-Coast Indian 'button blankets' was the first exhibition of the Museum of Anthropology, 'solely curated by a First Nations person' (1990:162). It demonstrated the different cultural styles within the Indian tradition in Canada which exist side by side: the 'antiquity and continuity,' the men and the women working together, and the fact that these 'blankets' are both 'art' and 'artefact' (1990:163). The second – *Proud to be Musqueam* (1988) – was about 'skills transfer,' where two Musqueam women researched their own community to present the exhibition, learning at the same time the skills for curation and about their own culture (1990:165). The third – *A Rattling Under Glass* – was based on 'Indian trickster figures' which challenged dominant ideologies about representation: 'A recurring feature of the trickster is his/her tendency to cross the boundaries of social and natural conventions, thus simultaneously challenging and highlighting them...' (1990:166). By stressing the transformative and flexible nature of the trickster's identity this exhibition challenged the notion of an essential and pure cultural or national identity.

It became philosophically evident...

Contemporary anthropologists are concerned with indigenous interpretations of objects within social systems as opposed to merely aesthetic appreciation. As contemporary philosopher Arthur C. Danto argued, in his 'ART/artifact' catalogue essay, although we can respond to objects aesthetically, being aesthetically responsive to objects, does not transform them into works of art. Thus, the clarification of meaning and the ways in which aesthetic and functional properties diverge is integral. As Price commented, in her article

'Afro-American Arts of the Suriname Rain Forest,' the meaning of an object is bound to the social context for which it is intended.²⁴

Danto proposes that to establish whether an object was to be considered as 'art' or artefact' one must refer to the context of its creation. This view is influenced by the Hegelian notion of art objects as belonging to the realm of 'Absolute Spirit': a realm of being which is that of art, religion, and philosophy. Whereas, artefacts are defined by their daily function and called the 'Prose of the World.' The use of an artefact is its meaning. This distinction, Danto suggests, acts as a heuristic device (1988:23;29).

Danto indicates that before the artist Marcel Duchamp it had seemed obvious that the distinction between artworks and other things was perceptual.' However, with 'Duchamp, and those who followed him, it became philosophically evident that the differences are not of a kind that meets or even can meet the eye' (1989:23). For instance, objects exactly like urinals could be made which really were works of art, so that art was not merely a question of what kind of object one was dealing with, at least not on the level of simple perception (1988:19-20). To illustrate his stance Danto created an anthropological case study of two imaginary 'African tribes,' the Pot People and the Basket Folk. Both 'tribes' are known for their tightly woven baskets and more elaborate pots. The objects, in both 'tribes,' appear identical to the eye.

Danto argued that the culturally specific 'meanings' assigned to each particular object, by each tribe's 'Wise Persons,' is what determines whether the object in question should be considered as 'art' or 'artefact.' The Basket Folk's 'wise men' considered the world itself is a basket, woven of grass and air and water by their God the Basketmaker. The Basket Folks' pots are purely considered as household vessels. On the other hand, the Pot peoples' 'wise men' considered their God to be a Potmaker, having shaped the universe out of primal unformed clay. Baskets, for the Pot People, are merely useful vessels. Thus, Danto argued, the Pot peoples' pots and the Basket folks' baskets are 'art.' Whereas, the Pot peoples' baskets and the Basket folks' pots are 'artefacts' (1988:23-24). The differences are revealed through the application of a philosophical mind, rather than through the 'eye' or scientific examination (1988:23-26).

James C. Faris takes issue with Danto's notion that art is what 'wise men' say it is. By positing the 'wise men' with the ability/power to reveal the 'authentic' and 'correct' cultural meaning, Danto may well deny the tyranny that constitutes local culture and, in turn, obscure the real meaning assigned by the 'wise men' who commissioned such works. Also, Danto's distinction between art and artefact, Faris argued, is characteristic of functional anthropology's desire to reproduce definitively the 'authentic' cultures of other peoples. Thus, although Faris agreed it is true that context is relevant to meaning he argued that it cannot be accorded axiomatic authority, since anthropology has its own rationalist agenda and fixed methodology, which results in Others objects being 'labelled,' art or artefact, from 'Our statement of Their function' (see 1988:209-212).

²⁴ Edmund Carpenter wrote 'the study of tribal art begins with the question: What did this art mean to the people for whom it was originally intended?' Or, as Coomaraswamy said in the early forties: 'We must examine their theory of art' (quoted in Cole 1969:35).

Danto's distinction between art and artefact is also problematic, because of its implication that Absolute Spirit is embodied in an object or artwork per se, reflecting the western academic view of 'art as object.' As Cole discussed, in his article 'Art as a verb in Iboland,' the view that 'art as object' contrasts with that of 'art as process.' That is, art is much more than the object alone, being the whole matrix in which it is embedded. Although Cole would support Danto's stance, that one should privilege the creational context, his examination of Ibo town and market-day gods illustrated the dangers inherent in an interpretation of 'art as object.' For instance, to see only the carved and painted sculpture of Eke (one deity), is to miss much of the art associated with the cult, and the Ibo stress on the importance of process. Eke moves through the periodic ceremonies in the cyclical life of his cult, transformed anew by libations, painting and clothing, shifting his location to meet the demands of a life of worship in which there is no static element. He lives out his life in an environment of arts (see Cole 1969:41). Thus, to deconstruct an attempt to 'fit' Ibo 'art' neatly into Danto's 'ideal types' would result in misinterpretation. That is, Danto's distinctions are too reductionist.

Although Danto advocated a distinction between art and artefact, he would argue, his 'ideal types' are a heuristic device to encourage westerners to reassess their interpretation of Other peoples' 'art.' For instance, western perceptions of art reflect a view that privileges art objects as embodying the aesthetic pursuits in highest forms. This interrelation between art and western aesthetic perceptions is predicated upon the concept of 'beauty.' Thus, the term beauty, with its classical Greek associations becomes an ethnocentric standard of comparison when applied as a measure to Other cultures. Fred Myers in his article 'Truth, Beauty, and Pintupi Painting' refuted the idea that beauty is necessarily central to non-western artistic expression. While westerners appear to find the Western Desert paintings to be aesthetically powerful in our 'own' terms, Pintupi stress not their 'beauty' but their referential and ontological 'truth,' which gives their society internal coherence.

Vincent Megaw, in his article 'Western Desert Acrylic Painting – Artefact or Art?,' also addressed the problem of misinterpretation through discussing the reactions to the first public showings of Western Desert art - *abstracts to put moderns to shame*. The Desert paintings, Megaw argued, are not abstract paintings but ground designs of 'dream-time' cognitive maps that have been turned into acrylic paintings to be sold to tourists and art galleries. This transference of artefact into art, he argued, has resulted in paintings being displayed on gallery walls but which, like their ultimate progenitors, the ground designs, should logically be placed horizontally to be touched as well as looked at. Thus, the art is seen mostly by those who can have no comprehension of the meaning – or meanings – of what must be one of the least abstract of all modern art forms.

Megaw and Myers research revealed interpreting the original meaning, as well as the meaning when it is re-appropriated or re-constituted in the new context of the public painting, is a complex issue. For example, should the original 'dream-time' map-like representations be considered as artefacts that have been transformed / transposed into art? Or, should they be considered as transcendent work that has been desecrelised and sold as artefacts to tourists? Danto would argue, ask the 'wise men' and look to the

philosophical context of creation for the answer. Yet, as Myers observed, the new form of painting produced for the western commercial market has led to a shift in the context of creation and its subsequent meaning – or meanings – are often difficult to identify. For instance, the designs are no longer being produced for ritual in which Pintupi 'wise men' will judge the designs by their 'fit.' However, because Myers also observed that the Pintupi still stress the referential and ontological 'truth' of the paintings, his conclusion implies he considers they should be perceived as 'art' because they embody Absolute Spirit. Thus, any ambiguity resulting from the new circumstances appears to have been neatly dismissed. This example illustrates the dangers inherent in the Western desire to classify and categorise Other peoples' objects. Also, how anthropologists, in their eagerness to represent the Other to their colleagues and the wider world, may be tempted to don the mantle of 'Wise Persons.'

There is much evidence to support Danto's stance that one should privilege the context of creation. However, this is problematic because it is often difficult to identify and many interpretations may exist simultaneously. Thus, Danto's proposition constitutes a paradox: it posits that one is able to identify Other's art through the distinction of Absolute Spirit, yet it fails to recognise that Absolute Spirit is not a universal trait. Positing that there is one philosophical context from which something is judged to as art or artefact tends to result in a single static meaning, when as anthropological research suggests, reality like art is dynamic, multiple and mobile.

It is easy to misconstrue even the most elementary kinds of messages

Though the formalists and contextualists hold opposing doctrines, they are usually willing to tolerate differences providing the formalists remain in art museums and the contextualists remain in their museums of anthropology and natural history. Only when boundaries are crossed do people get agitated or confused. If a museum of anthropology displays the material workings of a tribal society as fine art, then a boundary is violated, categories become mixed, and people are likely to become disoriented and upset (Ames 1992:53).

Vogel encouraged museum professionals to be aware of the different approaches to the viewing and understanding of an object, as well as those of perception and the museum experience - how an exhibit is presented plays an important role in influencing a visitor's perception. The 1994 exhibition at the Museum of Mankind - *Paradise: Continuity and Change in the New Guinea Highlands* – illustrates how one curator, the anthropologist Michael O'Hanlon, sought to present a particular cultural set of images and ideas within a western exhibition forum. This exhibition also illustrates the difficulties with which curators are faced when representing cross-cultural interpretations to a western audience; particularly when visitors' perceptions are often subjected to, using Bourdieu's term, 'hierarchies of legitimacy.' For instance, O'Hanlon's intention was to shift any negative perceptions of Papua New Guinea being the 'last refuge of exotic practices,' and to raise awareness that the incorporation of western goods within Wahgi society does not determine how they are used and is not the simple question of acculturation it is sometimes taken to be (O'Hanlon 1993:82). This he

sought to do through the inclusion of a full range of manufactured goods used by the Wahgi, accompanying photographs and text.

For O'Hanlon, finding a mode of presentation to realise such an intellectual project was not an easy task. As one of the visitors to Paradise commented: *"Some of the uses the Wahgi put the battery grease to are extremely creative and clever. However, it is battery grease not face paint."* The comment illustrates that although the visitor acknowledged the incorporation of western goods within Wahgi society does not determine how they are used, she found it difficult not to place the Wahgi's perception within an hierarchy of meaning, reflecting what she considered to be real. The comment also illustrates just how complex it is to represent someone or something in a way that can shift a viewer's perceptions away from preconceived notions of western dominance.

The challenge for exhibition makers, Ivan Karp suggests, 'is to provide the contexts and resources that enable audiences to reorganise their Knowledge' (1991:23). According to the exhibition catalogue, O'Hanlon wanted to 'avoid reinforcing stereotypes of "tribal warriors," "naturally" prone to fighting' (1993:90). This was indeed a challenge, given that within one of the major focal points of the exhibition space O'Hanlon had chosen to display fourteen battle shields. His solution was to arrange the shields to emphasise their iconography, thereby diverting his visitors' attention away from the shields' protective function and any tribal warrior associations. This aesthetic presentation led, however, to much confusion amongst the visitors to whom I spoke. They equated the shields with western art objects. O'Hanlon's display invested the Wahgi warrior shields with the same 'spurious resemblance' to contemporary art as that of the hunting net from Zaire. As the art historian Svetlana Alpers, who coined the term 'the museum effect,' has written: 'Museums turn cultural materials into art objects' (1991:31).

The *Paradise* visitors' perceptions refer again to the blurring of the boundary between what is 'art' and what is 'artefact' both in contemporary theoretical literature and in practice. Danto's suggestion, as we have seen, was to conduct anthropological research to search for the creative context and to consult the particular culture's wise men.²⁵ O'Hanlon's perception of the world of the Wahgi had resulted from a two year period of anthropological fieldwork (1979-81) combined with a three-month collecting trip (in 1986 & 1990) in the same community on the Kar River, Papua New Guinea: 'I found that I could use my knowledge of the community to give the artefacts I collected something of an individual biography, rather than treating them as anonymous types' (1993:7). During this period O'Hanlon spoke to one of the shield painters, as well as the senior men who had commissioned some of the designs. This enquiry revealed that the shields were used in a warfare context to protect the bearer, and that the iconography painted onto them made statements about the warriors themselves, the tribe to which they belonged, or the battle in which they were engaged. For example, when the image of 'Six to Six' - which generally referred to a dusk to dawn party - was incorporated into a Gilgalkup shield design, it became an assertion of the Gilgalkup men's ability to fight all day long

²⁵ Also see Erik Cohen's discussion of how the identification of what is 'truly' authentic requires the skills of an anthropologist (discussed in Culler 1988:164).

(O'Hanlon 1993:66-67). The shield designs also refer to the curse of a war, following a traditional instruction from senior men. In the earlier example, the South Pacific beer design made the point that it was beer alone which had precipitated this fighting: 'The war followed the breakdown of negotiations for compensation after an inebriated Senglap man had fallen from a Dange-owned vehicle' (O'Hanlon 1988:68).

O'Hanlon had learnt during his fieldwork that although the shields' iconography had been designed to be looked at, the Wahgi considered there to be an integral relationship between the shields decorative and protective function. The aesthetic presentation chosen by O'Hanlon had obscured the shields' protective function. Since the shields' iconography superficially resembled 'Pop Art' paintings, with which the visitors had some awareness, a connection between the shields and the western art genre was made. However, as O'Hanlon's fieldwork established, the meaning of the iconography for the Wahgi was totally different to the meaning of this western art form.

The exhibitor's role as interpreter is less relevant within some contemporary western presentations, for instance, where it is the artist's intention that each visitor ascribes his/her own meaning to a particular work.²⁶ However, the situation with regards to *Paradise* was different. Here, O'Hanlon wanted to communicate the indigenous meanings of the objects. The art historian Michael Baxandall suggests, if viewers of visually appealing objects in exhibitions are to receive the curator's messages unambiguously, they should have their interpretation of the objects directed (1991:39).²⁷ However, as Vergo noted, it is also easy to misconstrue even the most elementary kinds of messages (1989:49).

Many of the visitors I spoke to mistook the shields for art objects, and all of them thought a more contextual presentation (with the inclusion of full-size figures holding the shields) would have communicated the indigenous meaning of the objects more clearly. "*The Museum of Mankind are not keen to use full-size sculpted figures*" O'Hanlon informed me, "*because they tend to reinforce stereotypes of tribal people. Added to this, such figures were considered too expensive for this particular exhibition's budget.*" Although this response offered valid reasons for the presentational choice made, a comment in his catalogue essay reads: 'the narrowing of the raised platform at this point [in the exhibition] suits such two-dimensional objects' (1993:90). This suggests to me that O'Hanlon himself did not quite perceive the shields as three-dimensional objects. Perhaps this shift in his perception occurred during the process of creating the exhibition; a process that involved trying to make the exhibits fit into a particular framework.

Representing cultures is what anthropologists do. However, representing cultures in a coherent way, to an audience who may not be well-versed in current anthropological theory, or the objects, images and ideas being presented, is what an exhibition such as *Paradise* sought to do. In the name of clarity much is omitted. Meanings, interpretations, even cultures are necessarily reduced to bounded entities. In addition, it certainly

²⁶ For instance, the artist Damian Hirst refuses to discuss his sculpture, because he maintains that any meaning is both personal and private.

²⁷ See John Urry's discussion of how the touristic gaze is structured (1990).

does not help that many anthropologists choose to represent a culture through a display of objects. As Sorensen commented, artefacts are often expected to perform 'unaided the immense task of explanation and evocation – a totemic symbol of an otherwise unrepresented complexity' (1989:71). The aesthetic presentation of Wahgi battle shields illustrates well how problematic the process of seeing can be (Vergo 1989:49).

The success of the aesthetic or contextual presentation as a tool to represent a particular object, image or idea is much debated within anthropological and museological circles. For instance, theorists like Vogel have argued that the aesthetic presentation results in viewers reading the objects as 'art' and the contextual presentation results in viewers reading the objects as artefacts. The central issue here is authenticity; a concept that is highly valued within western scholarship and museological circles, where it is precisely the possession of the 'real thing' that gives museums their unique role. This concern with the 'real thing' has led to re-creations, due to their relationship with the copy and the fake, being considered unscholarly and assigned a low value within many curatorial circles. However, the problem here is that the re-creation also has a relationship to the real thing.

The criticism often levelled at contextual presentations is that they are misleading because they encourage the audience to believe that what they are looking at is the whole story. What they see is highly selective because only those aspects that are easy to visualise are present (Jordanova 1989:25). This view was reiterated by Brian Durrans in his discussion of how reconstructed environments and sculptured figures tend to exclude the other contexts in which artefacts have figured including their present one as museum objects (1988:162). Contextual displays are also said to mislead visitors because they are able to trigger associations based on presuppositions that a curator may wish to dispel. For instance, O'Hanlon felt that a warfare diorama would trigger associations in the visitors' minds of tribal warrior stereotypes based on notions of primitive peoples naturally prone to fighting.

These criticisms levelled at contextual displays may, however, also be applied to aesthetic displays. As already discussed, the aesthetic mode of presentation used to display the battle shields provided a context which led to the shields being associated with western art objects. It was therefore extremely misleading. In addition, the criticism that contextual displays are misleading because they 'tend to exclude the other contexts in which artefacts have figured' strikes me as a view that reflects functional anthropology's desire to replicate a culture in total. It is also a view that ignores the fact that visitors understand that an exhibition cannot possibly convey everything about a particular culture and that what they are looking at is only part of the whole story.

So far we have established that a particular mode of presentation may trigger chains of ideas and images that allow a visitor to identify the kind of message they are encountering in light of what they know. They help visitors to think about things they have not encountered before. As Dean MacCannell commented: 'A marker is any kind of information or representation that constitutes a sight as a sight: by giving information

about it, representing it, making it recognisable' (quoted in Culler 1988:159). The evidence also suggests that, despite all the criticisms, contextual displays play a particularly useful role within ethnographic exhibitions because they provide visitors, whose background of prior texts does not incorporate any understanding of the world being presented, with an access point into the information on offer. As the anthropologist Mark Hobart has suggested, you cannot begin guessing without some background of prior texts (1994:4). In other words, an object has meaning only for someone who possesses the cultural code, a background, into which to fit that object. As Bourdieu wrote: 'A beholder who lacks the specific code feels lost in a chaos of sounds and rhythms, colours and lines, without rhyme or reason' (1984:2). For instance, when James Clifford wrote of his visit to *Paradise*: 'In places, photos challenge the object/context distinction. The bride-wealth banners made of banknotes really make sense only when one sees the nearby color photograph of men holding them aloft in a procession. The "Ah ha!" response comes when looking at the picture, not at the object' (1997:160).

The ability of contextual displays to allow a visitor an access point into another culture appears to be particularly important when considering that 'exhibition topics deal with both concrete things and abstractions; we display objects that are simultaneously real and emblematic' (Gurain 1991:181). Visitors, Jordanova suggests, 'both reify the objects they examine, treating them as decontextualised commodities, and identify with them, allowing them to generate memories, associations, fantasies' (1989:25). The museologist Susan Pearce developed this theme by discussing how this convergence of the object and the viewer brings the meaningful object into existence. Yet, as she went on to suggest, this is not the true meaning of the object, it is an individual's construction of its meaning, and so is an illusion created to fit into our individual imaginative world (1992:220).

This notion that any understanding is based on an individual's own construction of meaning calls into question, once again, the very concept of the real. The dual nature of objects as real things and as constructed understanding takes us to the heart of the matter. The possession of real things gives the museum its unique role. But, real things alone mean very little to curators and visitors alike until the meaning has been constructed. In other words, metaphorically constructed understandings are seen as superior to the concrete, contextual reality of the objects (Pearce 1992:257).

"It's disgracefully misleading..."

I take it as a given that however well thought out the concepts and however meticulous the planning, actually setting things up in the gallery space creates a new, wholly unforeseen set of circumstances (Muller 1994:14).

An exhibition of interest here is *Henry VIII: A European Court in England*, staged at The National Maritime Museum in 1991 to celebrate the 500th anniversary of Henry VIII's birth at Greenwich Palace in 1491. The exhibition sought to re-present the images, ideas and objects created and understood by a society that differs

to contemporary western society. It also introduced the notion of evocation as a style of presentation. However, as I shall discuss, one of the things that quickly became apparent was that an evocation can only operate in an exhibition context in tension with the traditional notions of a museum's role as a house of the authentic. An evocation only exercises a power to suggest, not to authenticate.

Henry VIII was born at Greenwich Palace on 28 June 1491, and christened in the Church of the Observant Friars. Nothing of the original church survived except for one ceramic floor tile, which for conservation reasons was not available for exhibit. Due to the limited availability of information surviving from the period with which the exhibition was concerned the design team (in-house curators, consultant historian and a commercial design company) chose to create an evocation rather than a recreation. They felt that any attempt to recreate faithfully, in visual terms, the European Court of Henry VIII would necessarily involve a large degree of speculation about how that Court actually appeared to the eye. The alternative was to evoke a qualitative sense of the Court by picking out references such as stained-glass roundels from various stately homes and churches, or the brickwork from Hampton Court Palace. This approach, it was felt, would promote the idea of Henry VIII's Court at Greenwich to the visiting public, whilst not claiming to be an exact replication of that actual Court.

The space was framed by a creation that sought to evoke the sense of church walls: rubbings taken from Hampton Court Palace were collaged together, photographed, printed onto photographic sheets to replicate the size of the original bricks, dry mounted onto MDF sheets and finally pinned onto the timber supports. A series of stained glass displays were then set into these walls. As only a few original stained glass roundels from the period were available for exhibition, the design team decided to include some colour transparencies of stained glass to complement the presentation. To ensure there was a unity of atmosphere within the small space both the objects and transparencies were set into the photographic backdrop and backlit by florescent tubes. This allowed the images to shine out, their colours falling onto the brown carpet tiles, chosen to evoke a stone floor.

Significant proportions of visitors were parties of school children accompanied by their teachers. Most of the teachers had prepared their pupils prior to arrival. It was one of these teachers, with a group of uniform clad ten-year-old girls, who entered the Friars' Church while I was standing in its evocative memory. *"The original church was destroyed and nothing survived,"* the teacher began. *"Everything here is either an example of something similar or a photograph. Which pieces of stained glass do you think are real and which are transparencies?"* The children were unsure, so the teacher moved forward to point out the distinctions.

A group of three middle-aged, rather smart-looking women, who had been peering through their bifocals at Henry VIII's prayer book, looked up and listened carefully to the young female teacher. As the school party moved on into the next space the women retraced their steps to re-examine all the stained glass. Critical sounds slowly began to replace their earlier gestures of pleasure, until, in a state of agitation, one of the women summoned the warden and in an authoritative voice, pitched to be overheard, announced: *"It is*

extremely misleading the way these pieces of stained-glass are displayed. There is no way of knowing which pieces are real and which are just imitations, copies.” Pausing just long enough for a small group of pensioners to draw nearer, but not long enough for the warden to respond, she continued: *“You see, this is real and this is simply a transparency. It’s disgracefully misleading.”* All eyes turned on the warden... who without flinching, stated: *“This is a transparency because it would be impossible to remove a section of the east window from St Margaret’s Church in Westminster. It’s fixed solid in the wall. Nothing in here is from the original Friars’ Church... although it did all belong to Henry VIII. Anyway, it’s all in your catalogue.”*

The pensioners began to move away, apparently satisfied with the response. However, the three women stood their ground. They felt cheated, disappointed, annoyed. On first entering the space they had felt peaceful and pleased by the treasures on display. It mattered to them that they had mistaken transparencies, fakes, for the real stained glass. It was important to them that things were not what they seemed. And above all, it concerned them that no one else appeared to be as agitated by the information they now owned. They felt deceived by a technological illusion (see Alfred Gell); an illusion that had been more persuasive than the logical reality highlighted by the warden... How could the museum possibly have moved the east window from Westminster Abbey? They had been fooled and felt foolish. As Crew and Sims have written: ‘authenticity – authority – enforces the social contract between the audience and the museum, a socially agreed-upon reality that exists only as long as the confidence in the voice of the exhibition holds’ (1991:163).

Whilst the notion of evocation solved many problems faced by the National Maritime Museum’s design team, who were concerned to maintain their academic credibility and seriousness in the eyes of their visitors, it created just as many new problems. The public was not easily able to distinguish, in the presentation, between the authentic and the inauthentic, the original and the fake.

The juxtaposition of original artefacts together with facsimiles and purely invented Tudoresque decorative elements in the Friars’ Church, succeeded in evoking an ecclesiastical atmosphere. It was so convincing, in fact, that some viewers did not stop to question the authenticity of the material being displayed. The evocation offered too much scope for misinterpretation. Whereas a recreation would have openly proclaimed its fakeness to the viewers, the evocation made no such admission. It created an illusion that suggested reality. In turn, this reality was not questioned, as the visitors did not expect a presentation at the National Maritime Museum, with all the authority the museum carries, to be so ambiguous.

This was the first time the National Maritime Museum’s design team had used an evocation as a means of representation. Moreover, the visiting public was not familiar with how an evocation should be read. By creating an evocation the exhibition team was breaking new ground. The implications were unforeseen.

As the three women were still standing their ground, it was at this point that the warden called upon me: *“Ah, Rachel worked on the exhibition. Perhaps she can help...”* His audience turned, their eyes demanding a refund, an explanation. Suddenly, the sense of power I had felt from my privileged position of informed yet

anonymous observer disintegrated. The endless meetings with the directors, senior curators, assistant curators, conservators, fire officers, security officers, inter-museums loans officers, technicians, electricians, audio-visual consultants, carpenters, scenic painters, lighting designers, education officers, showcase dressers, accountants, lorry drivers, cleaners, labourers, illustrators, photographers, graphic designers and the press, flooded my mind. Where should I start? How was I going to speak about the presentation? To recall the original vision was not an easy task. Somehow along the way the process of creation and realisation had taken over and become the most important element.

As I looked around the presentation space all I could see were the multitude of minute imperfections. If only we had had the money to do... that nail is in the wrong place, that panel does not butt-up perfectly, the edge of the transparency was scuffed during installation, the chink of light where the filler had not sealed properly, the speck of dust inside the secured showcase, that caption was not straight, the stain on the carpet where the scenic artist had smudged a blob of paint... During the process of production I had acquired a new set of eyes. Although we were all viewing the same exhibition, it appeared we were all seeing something different, while at the same time we all wished we could see something different.

I heard myself telling the visitors behind-the-scenes secrets: the decisions involved in the production of each section, the security, documentation and conservation procedures attached to each exhibit, how many people had been involved and for how much each exhibit was insured. As I looked into their engaged eyes, I was reminded of the curator Nigel Barley's words: '...every museum curator knows that the exhibition everyone wants to get into is the one that he is trying to keep them out of, because it is still being built. Just as rehearsals are usually much more interesting than performances, so an exhibition in the course of arrangement offers much greater entertainment than the polished final product' (1988:187).

Although I would query the phrase entertainment, as I recalled Barley's words, I wondered this time whether there was, in fact, not much difference between what excites historians, curators, designers, contractors or visitors. The process of becoming appears to stir us all. The ability to lift the veil and peer behind, whether it is the scenes of a production or history, appears to create a sense of belonging. The moments of possibility and potential are somehow as exciting, and sometimes even more exciting, than the completed, signed, sealed and delivered end product. Those moments of wanting to own something, to discover something, to reveal something, are all times when full stops do not exist. They are moments when we feel empowered and alive. Yet, those moments are difficult to capture as they disappear as quickly as they appear. To grasp the next moment means letting the previous one go and this appears to be difficult to do because we also want to own it and make it mean something.

I realised as I watched the women dissolve quietly into the crowd, armed with their newly acquired knowledge and £13 catalogues, that they would return home with their souvenirs and proudly display them to their own visitors. The exhibition, like the original Palace at Greenwich, would shortly fade into a memory. The lived experience that the women had that day would be gone forever, like the many experiences once

lived through in the original Friars' Church. The catalogue, however, would survive as authoritative evidence. The full-colour illustrated pages and academic names against each article would mean something; probably something different to what they had experienced in the Friars' Church.

The 'mismatch' between the intention and reception of an exhibition message, some may argue, is inevitable, because the audience takes part, becoming co-creators of social meaning (Crew & Sims 1991:174). The audience constructs a narrative because the space between the object and the label is an active one (Baxandall 1991:37). However, as Vogel (1991:195) revealed, the exhibitor is also able to play a major role in directing the visitors' gaze and manipulating their perception through the mode of presentation chosen. This view has led theorists, such as the museum curator Elaine Heumann Gurian, to write: 'If the audience, or some segment thereof, feels alienated, unworthy, or out of place, I contend it is because we want them to feel that way' (1991:177). Although Vogel would argue that such alienation is often not intended by curators, she was keen to urge museum professionals to become conscious about what they are doing and why.

'There but for the grace of God go I'

I think there's a better title out there: "Exhibition-ism" doesn't do it for me. "Presentation"... it seems the more perfect word is "presentation" – how it's presented, not how it's exhibited (Maya Lin,²⁸ quoted in *Exhibition-ism* 1994:32).

I like "Exhibition-ism" very much... because it opens out a whole series of issues that go to making a spectacle of oneself, of exhibiting, of being exhibited, of what it means to show, what it means to be given to be seen... The moment you add "ism," right away you make it a nervous word. And I think it should be a nervous word. It is a nervous word' (Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett,²⁹ quoted in *Exhibition-ism* 1994:27;32).

The Royal Ontario Museum's (ROM) exhibition *Into The Heart of Africa* illustrates how a highly reflexive and self-consciously post-modern approach to museum curation and exhibition produced some unexpected reactions when it was brought to the public in Toronto. The exhibition, Clifford writes, 'was inspired in part by recent critical writings on the history of collecting and museum display. "*Studying the museum as an artifact, reading collections as cultural texts, and discovering life histories of objects,*" it sought to "*understand something of the complexities of cross-cultural encounters*" (Cannizzo, 1989:92)' (1997:206). The exhibit was intended by its curator Jeanne Cannizzo, a white Canadian, to be ambiguous, with room for meanings to be generated in the interaction between the curator, the object, and the visitor. Cannizzo had

²⁸ Maya Lin, an artist, has produced public sculptures such as the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, the Civil Rights Memorial, and the Women's Table at Yale University. Recent works include *Groundswell*, at the Wexner Center for the Arts, and *Eclipsed Time*, a project for Long Island Railroad at Pennsylvania Station. Her architectural work includes designs for galleries, private residences, and, in 1993, the Museum for African Art (as at 1994).

²⁹ Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett, is Professor of Performance Studies at the Tisch School of the Arts, New York University, was a Getty Scholar at the Getty Center for the History of Art and the Humanities (1991-92). She writes on exhibition theory and practice (as at 1994).

wanted to implicate the white Canadian's part in the colonialist encounter with Africa. Many academic anthropologists recognised the exhibit intellectually as part of the crisis of representation in anthropology and the West in general post-colonially. However, the majority of black Canadians who saw the exhibition thought very differently. They were horrified and humiliated by the images and words that confronted them, most of which were intended to be ironic, yet to them brought painful memories of a past which in many ways lingers on today in urban black-Canadian lives (see Mackey 1991).

The exhibition's approach was reflexive, relying strongly on juxtaposition and irony... Objects and images were often left to "speak for themselves." (Clifford 1997:206).

The exhibit was curated in an extremely subtle manner, and was continually defended by saying it was supposed to be understood as 'ironic' – the quotation marks around the words 'savage' and 'barbarous,' for example. Harry Lalla, an advisor for Race Relations and Multi-culturalism for the 'Toronto Board of Education,' said that "*the quotation marks are taken by some as acknowledgement of sources, and therefore, indicate statements of truth about Africa.*" Furthermore, "*in dealing with issues as sensitive as cultural imperialism and racism, the use of irony is a highly inappropriate luxury*" (quoted in Mackey 1991). Brenda Austin wrote that the irony placed another burden on blacks who felt offended by the exhibit: 'Either black viewers submit to a white culture's model of ironic art, or they listen to art critics [or curators] who tell them that they just aren't culturally literate enough to know irony when they see it' (quoted in Mackey 1991).

Irony and humor, though often present in individual works of art, are encountered so seldom in museums that there is a great risk they won't be recognized for what they are (Vogel 1994:117).

A group called the 'Coalition for the truth about Africa' [CFTA] was set up by those black Canadians who objected to the exhibition, and they picketed the museum, protesting at its continuation. This gave rise to further demonstrations, clashes with the police, and the eventually termination of the exhibition (see Mackey 1991). Commenting on these circumstances Clifford has written: 'The controversy has since rippled through museum contexts, and as Enid Schildkraut, in a sensitive critique, confesses: "It made many of us working in the field of ethnographic exhibitions, particularly African exhibitions, tremble with a sense of 'There but for the grace of God go I.' How could an exhibition have gone so wrong? How could it have offended so many people from different sides of the political spectrum?"' (Schildkraut 1991:16)' (1997:207).

As long as institutions and individuals fail to understand how thoroughly racism permeates the very underpinnings of Western thought, then despite all the good will in the world, catastrophes like 'Into The Heart of Africa' will continue to happen. Intentions, particularly the goods ones, continue to pave the way to hell. And to Africa (Nourbese 1991:75).

There ain't no Black in the Union Jack

Race as a biologically distinct category of people systematised by the 19th century evolutionist theories has been discredited. Yet, it is still a widespread ideology in the way race and racism inscribes itself in people's perceptions, practices with regards to the construction of a cultural or national identity. Mudimbe in 'The Invention of Africa' asserts that the concept of racial individuality became the cornerstone in the construction of a nation. Gilroy, in 'There ain't no Black in the Union Jack', discusses how a British politics of race which is fired by the conception of national belonging and homogeneity, which not only blurs the distinction between race and nation, but relies on that very ambiguity for its effect. The nation is represented in terms both biological and cultural.

However, Anderson in 'Imagined Communities' claims that racism is somewhat antithetical to nationalism because nations are made possible primarily through the vernacular and print medium, rather than notions of biological difference and kinship. Therefore, anyone within its boundaries can learn the language of nation and become part of the 'imagined community.' This positive aspect of nationalism rests in awkward tension with its more racist connotations. Anderson understates the dialogue between race and nation. The 'imagined community' could be just as significantly premised on 'fictive' yet 'real' ideas about 'race,' especially when it is this that is articulated through the print medium.

Wallman, in her article 'The Boundaries of Race: Processes of Ethnicity in England', discusses how any significant difference between race and ethnicity as boundary messages (a term which distinguishes a group a distinct from another group) in England, as elsewhere, is explained by the perspective of the classifier, who is the person interpreting or reading a boundary message. Yet, this perspective is never fixed and rarely explicit. Thus, Wallman contends, if these anomalies – the confusion of the terms, the fluidity of 'racial' boundaries, the inconsistency of meaning ascribed to 'difference' – can be explained as related parts of a single system, then we may begin to understand the particular dynamic of that system and identify the points of ambiguity and danger.

Wallman goes on to demonstrate how anthropological research helps to reveal any misrepresentations resulting from 'our' categories of 'them.' That is, 'our' categories tend to ignore or over-simplify internal divisions in somebody else's group, and thus neglect to take account of shifts in context and meaning on 'their' side of the boundary. This results, she argued, in 'us' classifying them in ways, which may not always be meaningful to them. For instance, the South Asians now living in London are officially so categorised by virtue of their common origins in the Indian sub-continent; they are perceived to constitute a single population category. But these same South Asians may in fact come from countries that are traditional enemies; or from provinces so far apart that they have no history of interaction and little knowledge of each other. More important, they belong to numerous vernacular language groups; have few food taboos or preferences in common; and virtually never inter-marry.

Werbner, in her article 'Barefoot in Britain: anthropological research on Asian immigrants,' also suggests that anthropological research has an important contribution to make, due to its ability to expose the complexities which constitute the wider cultural contexts. The implication is that if such research was made more accessible, for instance, to the British population as a whole, it might make them less susceptible to 'scare mongering' tactics such as those employed by Winston Churchill (MP for Davyhulme). In a controversial speech, Churchill implied 'Blacks' were threatening the British way of life ('spinsters cycling to communion on Sunday mornings'). As the Sunday Observer (30 May 1993) pointed out, although Churchill's remarks were based on inaccurate statistics, the myth that Blacks were swamping the country and stealing peoples jobs and homes is strong within the White British public.

Despite the fact that ethnicity and its definitions and terms of reference are notoriously mobile and amorphous, ethnicity is commonly the term associated with the ethnocisation of minorities, which may or may not be separatist in motivation. It is a relational concept and like many instances of identifications, is premised on a difference between 'them' and 'us.' It could be the result of collectivity deemed Other and labelled as 'ethnic', ascribing certain essences to 'them,' instantiating what Foucault in 'Discipline and Punishment' has located as an act of power. Or, it may be appropriated and/or advanced by the groups themselves in their bids for empowerment in various realms of social and political life. This could be a type of resistance rather than just a reaction.

Bourne in her article 'Cheerleaders and Ombudsmen: The Sociology of Race Relations in Britain' takes issue with anthropologists who look exclusively at ethnic relations. She argues that in so doing they err on the side of culturalism, which in practice leads to a cul-de-sac nationalism – defeatist, inward looking, in-breeding – incapable of changing the power relations in society. By freezing the dynamics of race struggle in culture or ethnicity, pluralists also subserve the interests of the state. At best, she argues, they are no more than the self-appointed 'cheer-leaders' of ethnic resistance, and as such are absolved from combating the racism of their own organisations, institutions, curricula, practice or whatever; at worst, their theories help to launder social control and serve it up as legitimate minority demands.

Bourne discusses the work of Jenkin and Hiro. Jenkin, a researcher in the 1971 'International Race Studies Programme,' warned blacks not to submit themselves to the scrutiny of white researchers whom, in effect, act as spies for the government. And Hiro, in his paper 'Black British White British' (1971), told white academics their role as interpreter was over. This statement, Bourne suggested, heralded a black power phase which began to find its way into the literature; and has empowered 'Black British' to reconstitute their 'own' identity, through 'naming' and representing themselves. Also, this discourse has subsequently helped to alert the 'White British' to the dangers inherent in a belief that the 'Black British' are an homogeneous group whose economic and social role is a fixed entity. Although Wallman would argue that anthropological research is also able to raise such an awareness, Bourne's position is that anthropological research provides useful information for those in power to structure their policies and direct people's perceptions, in such a way

that they veil the overt power relations in society at a particular moment in time (also see Foucault's 'The Medical Gaze').

An examination of the Race-Relations debate reveals that the messages appear to be extremely ambiguous, because there are an enormous variety of terms used to address the issue. For instance, race, racism, ethnicity, multi-culturalism, cultural pluralism, political pluralism, immigrants, underclass, etc. The meaning assigned to the various terms also often shifts and reformulates depending on the context or theorist. This flexibility and ambiguity Bourne would argue, following a Marxist viewpoint, is deliberately fostered by those in power so it becomes difficult to grasp the real conditions of social relations. Lyon, in his article 'Banton's Contribution to Racial Studies in Britain,' suggested that although one does not need to believe the whole Marxist theory that racism is an ideology of capitalists to distract and divide workers – or that the strained false consciousness will disappear only in a cataclysmic revolution – in order to perceive that a very close, contrary and disturbing relationship exists between race and class. That is, those societies in which distinctions of race are structurally embedded are also highly developed in class terms (see Bourdieu's discussion of the relationship between art and class).

Creating the context: Past Imperfect / Future Tense? ³⁰

'It's very difficult to engage audiences in a dialogue. The most successful example I know is "Field to Factory," at the American History Museum. This is an exhibit about black migration from the South to the North, and at one point, in order to go from one room to another, you have to go through a door marked "Colored" or a door marked "White." You have to. And people back up, they pause, they hesitate. They don't know whether to make a gesture or obey the rule – they have to confront "Why am I doing this?" It's not an equal dialogue [between audience and curators], because clearly the designer holds a certain element of power here... but it's a dialogue, as opposed to a lecture, or a slide show' (Ivan Karp, quoted in *Exhibitionism* 1994:52).

From October 1991, when Norman Rosenthal, Robert Loder, John Picton and Clémentine Deliss began a series of meetings to discuss the creation of the *africa95* project, until July 1995, when the official *africa95* brochure was distributed under the title *africa95: A Season Celebrating the Arts of Africa*, the *africa95* executive committee members and *africa95* staff had the task of enrolling curators, venues, artists, sponsors, academics, government departments and researchers into the project. This process was a complex affair, dependent for its success on the commitment of individuals, their networks of influence and ideas, and their ability to persuade others to participate in the project (for details of these relationships and the courses of action undertaken see **Appendix A**). ³¹

³⁰ The Black British artist Keith Piper's 1984 solo exhibition at *The Black-Art Gallery* in London, was called *Past-Imperfect / Future Tense*.

³¹ John Picton had worked at the *Museum of Mankind* prior to his appointment at *SOAS*. During this period he worked with Dr John

There was much discussion amongst the *africa95* staff about the way the project would be perceived and much concern about the fact that despite its aim to represent African artists' points of view the project was being created by non-Africans, particularly within a climate where the prevailing view was that westerners should not be determining how non-westerners are presented. For this reason, there was an attempt to enrol into the project, people who were living and working in Britain and who were of African origin. For instance, Dr Adotey Bing, the Director of The Africa Centre who is from Nigeria, was invited to sit on the *africa95* executive council; and much was made of the fact that Professor Stuart Hall, who is of Afro-Caribbean origin, was the Chairman of the *SOAS africa95* conference. Due to such concerns there was also a guarded reluctance on the part of the *africa95* staff to speak to 'outsiders' and when such encounters took place, the project was presented as being a non-centralised affair. Black British artists such as Eddie Chambers and Sonia Boyce, as well as artists and art historians within the continent of Africa, had been consulted; and contemporary African artists were being invited to attend the programme of events, to co-curate many of the exhibitions and to speak for themselves.³²

Another problem for the *africa95* staff was how to deal with venues in Britain that promote the black arts, but are not high-profile galleries. Their living on a shoe-string budget and being manned by people whose language often accused the art world of exclusionary and racist tactics, was something with which *africa95* did not want to become associated; for fear of putting off the prestigious galleries and institutional sponsors they were courting; as well as for fear that a conflict of ideas and interests would undermine or delay the project. In the end venues such as The 198 Gallery, who staged three exhibitions of work by Nigerian and Zairian artists, were positioned at the back of the official *africa95* brochure under the section entitled 'Conferences, Education and Young People's Events;' rather than alongside the other visual arts exhibitions, which were heavily promoted at the beginning of the literature under the *VAP* section.

Another problem that faced the *africa95* organisers was an expectation that the *VAP* would be representative of the art produced by 'African artists and artists of African descent.' This view was partly encouraged by the statements set out in the promotional literature: '*africa 95* is a season of education, seminars and public debates reflecting the diversity of ideas and visions of African artists and artists of African descent.' As *africa95* was being promoted as the first event of its kind (to be held in the key sites of the official national culture in the visual arts in Britain), it became burdened with the role of making present that which has been rendered absent in the official versions of modernist history. As a moment of corrective inclusion to counteract such historical exclusion in Britain, there was a danger that *africa95* would have to carry an

Mack on an exhibition of *African Textiles* (1979). John Hoole, curator of the *Barbican Art Gallery*, saw a version of this exhibition when it travelled to Japan, curated by Christopher Spring and John Mack. The *Barbican* staged an exhibition of *African Textiles* as part of the *africa95 VAP*. John Picton worked as a consultant on this exhibition and many of his students worked as researchers.

³² In his keynote address at the *SOAS africa95* conference, Wole Soyinka said: 'The Whitechapel gallery will be playing host to an exhibition entitled "Seven Stories about Modern Art in Africa" whose concept is unique in a number of ways. What the public will see in fact is the harvest of a creative journey that was begun on the African continent - insofar as it relates to this Festival - several journeys in fact. I was in on the beginning simply because the organisers of this part of the Festival not only discussed their ideas with me when they visited Nigeria, but attempted to involve me at some level or the other. Since I was too preoccupied with more pressing commitments to respond positively, I hope the role I have now elected to play - a mediating role - a medium in a way - will provide a small measure of compensation for my inability to write a preface to the exhibition catalogue, declare it open, or whatever else - I forget now - that they wanted me to do' (1995:1-2).



impossible burden of representation in the sense that this single event would have to stand for the totality of everything that would conceivably fall within the category of art produced by 'African artists and artists of African descent' (see Kobena Mercer's discussion (1994:234) of the Hayward Gallery's 1989 exhibition *The Other Story*, an exhibition of Afro-Asian artists in post-war Britain).³³ These circumstances gave rise to a sense of urgency and much voicing of criticism whenever the *africa95* committee made public a particular editorial decision. As Martina Attille commented in another context: 'Sometimes we can't afford to hold anything back for another time, another conversation... sometimes we only get the one chance to make ourselves heard' (1989:101).

One of the initial intentions of the *africa95* project was to create a space in which the voices of 'African artists and artists of African descent' would be heard. This intention led to a 'burden of representation'³⁴ falling on the artists participating the *VAP* (see **Appendix C** for a list of the artists and the countries they came from to participate in the *africa95 VAP*). For in situating these particular artists as agents of representation located in the public sphere, as Paul Gilroy observes, 'the idea that artists are representative, public figures has become an extra burden for them to carry. Its weight can be felt in the tension between the two quite different senses of a word which refers not just to depiction but to the idea of delegation or substitution' (1989:34). Thus, through attempting to counteract the exclusionary discourses and depictions surrounding contemporary 'African artists and artists of African descent,' *africa95* opened up the paradigm associated with the 'social responsibility of the artist.'

The main problem, Mercer suggested, 'with the 'social responsibility of the artist' paradigm is that it both depends on the notion of the artist as racially 'representative,' in the sense of speaking on behalf of a supposedly homogeneous and monolithic community; and that the prescriptive demands by which black critics have sought to set out such rights and duties that make up the responsibilities of the black artist have had the effect of binding him or her ever more closely to the burden of being 'representative' (1994:248). This of course becomes problematic, Mercer goes on to point out, when one encounters work that is non-representational, such as abstraction in painting or sculpture. When it is not possible to deduce or infer the racial, ethnic or gendered identity of the artist from the work alone (1994:248). This train of thought, as I shall return to discuss, also applies in relation to the notion of African artist as curator.

Can you avoid this?

'I'd ask the question: to what degree does all the sophistication and planning and scholarship that goes into [an exhibition] run up against the wall of representations that people bring into the museums? Remember... the audience [is] not coming innocently into the museum... They

When I spoke to Clémentine Deliss in 1994 she was very keen that *africa95* be referred to as a Season, rather than a Festival.

³³ Kobena Mercer wrote the catalogue essay for the *africa95* exhibition staged at the *Ikon Gallery* in Birmingham. He also participated in the post-*africa95* panel discussion held at the *Whitechapel Art Gallery*; as well as in the *ICA's pre-africa95* 1995 Conference - *Black Skin/White Masks, Working with Fanon: Contemporary Politics and Cultural Reflection*.

³⁴ A term coined by John Tagg in 1988.

already have notions about Africa. So the question is: can you avoid this?' (Ivan Karp, quoted in *Exhibition-ism* 1994:115).

The 'new museology' can be seen within the context of the 'crisis of representation' in which aspects of anthropology and many other disciplines have been brought into question. In seeking to respond to the complex issues of this crisis – issues surrounding the relationship between subject, object, spectator, and truth – there has been, within anthropology, a shift to more experimental modes of representation. The term 'new ethnography' or 'post-modern ethnography' has been applied to this work, which is not in any sense homogeneous, but has a common focus on reflexivity (see Clifford and Marcus 1986; Clifford 1988). Some of this new work has its impetus in the way anthropology as a discipline has been implicated in the colonial venture, and in the construction of truths about other people which reinforced domination (Asad 1979). According to Mascia-Lees *et al* the new ethnography is underpinned by questions concerning anthropology's role in the maintenance of Western hegemony. For instance, how have anthropological writings constructed or perpetuated myths about the non-Western Other; and how have these constructed images invented, rather than represented, cultures (1989:9).

The manifestation of the transformational power generated between the producer, the representation and the audience many theorists argue cannot possibly be determined by the creator. As Barthes commented: 'a text's unity lies not in its origin but in its destination' (1977:148). This point was reinforced by Ricoeur when he wrote: 'In the same way that a text is detached from its author, an action is detached from its agent and develops consequences of its own' (1979:83). However, the negotiated realities that result from a producer's juxtaposition of Self and Other cannot be dismissed as culturally or sociologically insignificant. As Said (1979), Todorov (1984) and Kuper (1988) have all argued, the Other is culturally constructed by negating racial and cultural identities in order to construct, by opposition, an identity of Self (see Crawford & Turton 1992:140). Thus, although intention may not fully control the significance and consequence of an act, the notion of the determining effect of conscious intention plays an important role on the formation of meaning (see Moore 1989:45-46). As Said commented: 'Foucault believes that in general the individual text or author counts for very little; empirically, in the case of Orientalism, I find this not to be so' (quoted in Clifford 1988:269).

Ronald Inden's work discusses how western academics (Indologists) held certain presuppositions about the relationship of knowledge to reality. They assumed there is a single determinate external reality 'out there' which human knowledge merely 'copies,' 'represents,' or 'mirrors.' Also, that Western science, claiming to be empiricist (or rationalist) in its epistemology and realist in its ontology, has privileged access to that reality. The metaphor implicit in the text of many Indologists, he argued, is the metaphor of the Other as a dreamer, one whose own representations of reality are made by imagination rather than reason. The Other is represented as a gross distortion of Self or the opposite of Self. This view allows the possible threat the Other poses to be neutralised, and to be placed in a hierarchy which always culminate in Homo Euro-Americanus (see Inden 1986 & 1990). This line of criticism is also reiterated in Edward Said's discussion of how the

Orientalists tended to represent Europe as powerful, masculine and articulate, and Asia as defeated, distant, feminine and passive (see Said 1978).

The way to challenge such perceptions about non-western peoples, both Inden and Said have suggested, is for Others to represent themselves. As the black female writer bell hooks has commented: 'Only as subjects can we speak' (1989:12). As Marilyn Strathern has written: '...feminist anthropologists are trying to shift discourse about the Other by representing themselves. These representations alter the nature of the audience, the range of the audience, and the range of readership and the kinds of interactions between author and reader, and they alter the subject matter of conversation in the way it allows others to speak – what is talked about and whom one is talking to' (1987). However, as Durrans has observed, 'what people would like others to know about them usually differs from how they actually live' (1988:145). In addition, as Mencher and Berreman have warned, just as much caution needs to be exercised within any such an alternative context. For instance, in the case of India, a high caste, literate and powerful Brahmin may well create a representation which someone from the Untouchable caste finds they are unable to, or chooses not to refute, because they may be illiterate and/or frightened to speak out from a position of dependency. Thus, it is important to be aware that one people with one voice do not constitute India.

The 1992 Universal Exposition (EXPO), held on La Cartuja Island in Seville, Spain, provided the framework within which each nation sought to communicate a strong individual national identity, whilst simultaneously evoking an image of diversity: a nation of many interwoven races and cultures. In addition to this representation, each nation also attempted to reinforce, or project a new, international identity through claiming to have made contributions to an international heritage – 'civilisation.' Yet, despite the claims that each national identity presented at EXPO '92 was constituted by a multiplicity of factors only one version of its complexity was presented: that of harmony and unity. Also, only one nation's citizens, those of Poland, criticised its pavilion for privileging one version and for failing 'properly' to represent the country. This claim is particularly pertinent when considering that the theme of the Polish Pavilion was 'solidarity' (see Knight's article – 'Discovering the World in Seville').

'To represent someone or even something' Said reflected, 'has become an endeavour as complex and as problematic as an asymptote' (1989:205-206). As the anthropologists Sharp and McAllister discussed in 'Ethnicity, identity and Nationalism,' a national identity may be shaped by many forms of difference – of class, gender, age, place, ideology or ethnic grouping – and these may be further divided or combined and subject to change over time. For instance, Inkatha leaders may define Zulu identity in confrontational, male terms, as 'brothers born of warrior blood' (Mare), but it is unlikely that Zulu women, who have to bury the dead and rear the next generation of these 'warriors,' see their own 'Zuluness' in the same light. There is no one insider perspective, no one orthodoxy.

Scott (1990:2-8) discusses the difference between 'public' and 'hidden transcripts.' It is the public transcripts of both the dominant group and the subordinate group which, in Scott's words, characterise 'the etiquette of

power relations.' Public transcript is that which is said in, and by, the face of power. As Scott remarks, it is 'frequently in the interest of both parties to tacitly conspire in misrepresentation,' and thus any analysis based solely on an examination of the public transcript is unlikely to tell the whole story about power relations. Scott has highlighted a danger inherent in such an approach: 'any analysis based exclusively on the public transcript is likely to conclude that subordinate groups endorse the terms of their subordination and are willing, even enthusiastic, partners in that subordination.' By contrast, Scott's term 'hidden transcript,' is used to characterise discourse – whether in the form of speeches, gestures, or practices – which takes place beyond the direct observation of the dominant group, and which confirms, contradicts, or inflects what appears in the public transcript.

A development of this theme of 'public' and 'hidden transcripts' can be seen in the work of Baudrillard (1993:168-170) when he asserted that 'one who lets others believe is always superior to one who believes, or makes others believe.' For Baudrillard, the placing of oneself 'in the hands of another with respect to will, belief, love or choice is not an abdication but a strategy.' A strategy that is far from innocent as the placer is able to exert their own subtle power to alter things, due to the fact that they use the same unconscious strategy of letting others want, letting others believe.

The success of ideology, Foucault posited, is dependent precisely to the degree that its views are shared by those who exercise power and those who submit to it. There is a strictly relational character to power relationships: resistance to power can, by definition, 'only exist in the strategic field of power relations' (1981:96). Thus, it is through the discourse of interaction that power relationships are created, sustained, transformed, and occasionally, overturned. In other words, although 'discourse transmits and produces power; it also undermines and exposes it, renders it fragile and makes it possible to thwart it' (1981:101). For this reason minority groups have often employed the use of deconstructive practices in an attempt to expose the production of ideas and their inscription in the unconscious; the practice of appropriation being used as a means to reconstitute themselves and as a means of empowerment. However, to be able to employ the use of such deconstructive practices one first 'requires access to the 'knowledge' system within which they operate' (Bourdieu 1989:162); to 'possesses the cultural competence, that is, the code, into which it is encoded' (Bourdieu 1979:2).

Clifford suggests that Orientalist discourses about the Other have simply been reversed as part of a general writing back against the West (1988:256). The implication here is that the use of deconstructive practices does not make a difference because, as Bourdieu would argue, there is no way out of the culture game as the dominant class has structured all the meanings. This view is also reflected in Fregoso and Chabram's suggestion that although the dominant cultural theory (post-structuralism, ethnography, postmodernism, etc.) acknowledges the existence of the Other, it also fails to give the Other an equal position as subjects and the ability to mount an effective challenge (quoted in Mascia-Lees *et al* 1990:211). In addition, although the terms Self and Other, Subject and Object are intended by minority groups and feminists to be used as weapons of challenge, they often seem to have lost their critical edge, their power to incite moments of

possibility or potential, as a result of being encompassed, re-appropriated and effectively rendered toothless by an established discourse.

From another perspective, however, Baudrillard has suggested that the revenge of the colonised, the ubiquitous other 'may be seen in the way in which the Whites have been mysteriously made aware of the disarray of their own culture.' And in so doing, the colonised have been able to 'reach the very heart of our ultra-sophisticated but ultra-vulnerable systems, which it will easily convulse from within without mounting a frontal attack' (1993:138). The controversy and resultant circumstances surrounding the exhibition *Into The Heart Of Africa* may be cited as one example of this thought in practice.

Desperately Seeking An African Artist³⁵

What was K. thinking of? What special things had he in mind? Was he going to achieve something special? A good appointment, a distinction? Was he after something of that sort? Well, then he ought to have set about things differently from the very beginning. After all, he was a nonentity, it was heart-rendering to see his situation. He was a Land Surveyor, that was perhaps something, so he had learnt something, but if one didn't know what to do with it, then again it was nothing after all. And at the same time he made demands, without having the slightest backing, made demands not outright, but one noticed that he was making some sort of demands, and that was, after all, infuriating. Did he know that even a chambermaid was lowering herself if she talked to him for any length of time? (Kafka 1930/1992:280).

My quest to meet a person from the continent of Africa, and in particular someone who was an artist, was triggered during the preliminary stages of my fieldwork, not only due to the statement that the *africa95* project was 'artist-led,' but also on hearing the words "*I hope you will be speaking to an African*" constantly being echoed by my initial informants (anthropologists, Africanists, academics and curators). Although I had always envisaged I would be talking to many Africans for my research, finding an African in London to speak about the *africa95* project, during the *VAP* context of creation, proved to be more difficult than I initially anticipated. My research problem was further aggravated, because I did not have the budget to travel to the continent of Africa and the only person any of my initial informants suggested I speak to was Dr Adotey Bing. However, during the first few months of my research, whenever I phoned to arrange a meeting, he was either on a trip to Africa, in a meeting, or too busy. The other person suggested was Professor Stuart Hall. However, in this case, I was advised not to approach him until the *africa95* conference was 'in action.' The inference here being, it would be considered rude of me to disrespect his privacy and my informants' wishes otherwise.

As the days came and went, with no appointment being made to meet an African artist, let alone an African or

³⁵ See John Picton's 1992 article entitled *Desperately Seeking Africa*.

someone of African descent, my anxiety became two-fold. I was not able to arrange a meeting with the category of informants, who were being heralded as important for ensuring the success of my project; and I was also beginning to feel a growing burden of responsibility being placed on me by the second piece of advice offered to me: *"You are going to have to be extremely diplomatic."* My anxiety centred around the notion of representation. Due to the predicament that the category of informants labelled as 'African and of African descent' were being placed in, I was beginning to perceive them as potentially standing for and being expected to speak as representatives of everything that could conceivably fall within the category of 'African and of African descent.' In addition, in relation to my own position as an intermediary (see Said's discussion of anthropology's interlocutors, 1989), I was concerned both with the thought of how I was going to represent the information offered to me and with the message I was receiving from my informants' second piece of advice. Was I myself being perceived as a representative for a particular faction by my initial informants? And, if so, which particular faction was I being perceived to represent?³⁶

It was within this context, as I struggled with my informants' directives and their possible meanings, that I went to Brixton to meet Zoe Linsley-Thomas, the administrative officer for The 198 Gallery. I had learnt of the gallery's existence and its dedication to displaying contemporary art by black artists through the back issues of exhibition catalogues in the *SOAS* library. Although I presumed the 198 was not participating in the *VAP* - because its name had not appeared to-date in any of the *africa95* promotional literature and none of the *africa95* consultants or staff had mentioned it to me - I decided to make an appointment on the off-chance I might meet an artist who was from Africa.

When I arrived I was therefore most surprised to be informed by Zoe that the 198 were planning an exhibition of contemporary African art to be staged during the *africa95* season; and that they were having a difficult time campaigning for it to be acknowledged by the *africa95* office, because they were not considered to be in the same league as the high profile art galleries the *africa95* office were trying to woo. Zoe gave me the names of the two artists, Hassan Aliyu and Henrietta Alele, both from Nigeria and working in London, who would be exhibiting their work: *"Hassan will be acting as the co-curator for the exhibition and Henrietta's work is interesting, because it expresses the experience of racism, isolation and poverty she felt when she first arrived in London."*

One week later Hassan opened the door to his flat in Tooting and showed me into a sitting-room crammed full of large canvasses covered with black and white athletes sprinting and jumping through brightly coloured sunsets: *"My work is all about race. The race of life. How sometimes you win the race and sometimes you lose the race. I will be exhibiting these paintings in my africa95 exhibition."* As Hassan spoke I thought of the predicament that Zoe found herself in, as she was attempting to have the 198's exhibition included in the

³⁶ During my meeting with Dr John Mack at the *Museum of Mankind*, I was left with the impression that he thought I may have been trying to approach Sokari Douglas Camp with the intention of making a film; something of which she was apparently not in favour. I felt slightly baffled, until I remembered my supervisor, Dr Christopher Davis, had a film production company. Perhaps he felt I was being used by my supervisor to make contact with Sokari. Or, perhaps it was just after so many interviews I was reading too much into the ambiguous sentences that were being offered to me.

africa95 season, and I was reminded of Mercer's words: 'like any game with winners and losers, what matters are the moves, strategies, and tactics by which opponents play the game' (1994:291).

It also struck me that Hassan was speaking as though his exhibition would be included in the *africa95 Season*. I pondered momentarily over whether it was my place to pass on the information I had gleaned from Zoe and recalled the advice I had constantly been receiving: "*You are going to have to be extremely diplomatic.*" I need not have worried, however, because Hassan volunteered the information: "*There are always problems when organising an exhibition and trying to get the work taken seriously. Even if we end up being excluded by africa95 or ignored by the critics, we will still stage our exhibition at the same time as the other galleries who are included. You can't give up just because of what a few people think and say.*"

We moved into Hassan's kitchen and as we stood drinking coffee and eating marmalade sandwiches I told Hassan he was the first African I had met, apart from a few people associated with the tourist industry when I had visited Zimbabwe for a two week holiday.³⁷ "*Congratulations*" he exclaimed, leaning forward to give me a hug. From that moment of celebration Hassan proceeded to take great care to contextualise everything he said and to write the African names of places and people in my note-book. He never once made me feel insecure or belittled by my lack of knowledge relating to the art world, nor did he make me feel uncomfortable about the colour of my skin or my public school accent. The two hours we spent looking through his portfolio, press releases and essays on black art, seemed to whiz by and as I drove home through Tooting and Brixton I mulled over our meeting.

Hassan had told me that if he had remained in Nigeria he would have been one of the artists chosen to be exhibited in *seven stories*, because he was a well-known artist in Nigeria. However, because he was living and working in England he felt he had become an anomaly: he wasn't perceived as an African from Africa and he wasn't considered as a Black British artist. Whether this belief is true or untrue is not the issue here. Hassan believed it to be true and it therefore affected his experience of living and working in Britain and his view of the *VAP*. When he talked about *africa95* he spoke in terms of selection procedures: inclusion and exclusion, and in so doing reiterated his views which he had set out in his essay 'Black Art: Which Way Forward?'

Locating venues to show or perform their work and patronage to justify professional engagement has been an endless struggle [for black artists]. This may be largely attributive to attitudes towards them informed on the basis of racial identity and perceptions about 'black art' - the term which is used more indicatively to suggest the racial identity of the artists but has often been erroneously interpreted as an art style or philosophy. As the term 'white art' (were

³⁷ There were no students or lecturers from Africa in any of the classes I took within the Anthropology Department at *SOAS*; and when I worked as an exhibition designer in London, I never came across a client or contractor who was from Africa. The only time I had worked closely with someone of African descent was during my time at the *London College of Furniture*; many of my fellow students were second generation Afro-Caribbean. I had, however, known many other cultural groups, having grown up in Hong Kong, Singapore and Malaysia amongst the Gurkha soldiers from Nepal; and by marriage, I have come to know something of the Bengali community.

such a term to exist) would not be descriptive of the creative practices in Europe or the Western world, conversely it becomes absurd to deduce the same for the black artist.

After this Hassan went onto raise and then immediately dismiss as racist nonsense, the statement made by a well-known British art critic when declining an invitation to a recent exhibition at the 198: *"I presently have no interest in black art and never will."* As I heard these words I was reminded of Mercer's comment, in relation to *The Other Story*: 'The dismissive reaction of right-wing critics was fairly predictable: Brian Sewell argued that the reason why this body of work has been overlooked by the British art establishment is because it is *"simply not good enough"*' (1994:233).

After a brief pause Hassan continued: *"What happens in the absence of any support, is that we begin to see ourselves as victims on the outskirts and as the artists that Britain ignores. But, art shouldn't have a colour, it's a universal. It's the artist who is black not his art."* I was now reminded of, the artist and editor of *Third Text*, Rasheed Araeen's words: 'it is absurd to see a painting of flowers, for example, as 'black art' just because it has been painted by a person of African [origin]... Of course, the identity of the artist is important, because that is how racism enters into this domain, but to categorise it separately on the basis of the above is another kind of racism' (1988:11).



Work in progress, by Hassan Aliyu.

Our meeting ended with Hassan showing me the paintings he had produced on his arrival in Britain in 1986. The images expressed the pain, despair and submission he had felt. They were also, apparently, the only paintings that white people wanted to buy from him. As we reflected on the photograph of a painting he had recently sold to a well-known westerner, Hassan informed

me: *"But, I can only paint like this when I feel like this."* From the centre of a mass of dark blue paint, the figure of a black man emerged in a pose similar to Rodin's *The Thinker*. However in Hassan's portrayal, the mysterious man's head was bowed so low that it was not clearly visible. After a momentary silence, Hassan concluded in an adamant tone of voice: *"I never want to feel like that again."*

The public has learnt over the past year that a dead sheep can be art³⁸

My meeting with Felicity Lunn, the Exhibition Officer at the *Whitechapel* was my first introduction to the environment in which 'the key modern art exhibition in africa95' - *seven stories about modern art in africa* - was to be staged. It was my first viewing of the context in which the work of over sixty contemporary African artists from seven geographical regions was to be promoted.³⁹ It was my first impression of a project promoted as being co-curated by Felicity Lunn, Clémentine Deliss, Salah Hassan, Wanjiku Nyachae, El Hadji Sy, David Koloane and Chika Okeke.

I arrived early for my meeting with Felicity Lunn, so after browsing in the *Whitechapel* bookshop, which stocked a range of theoretical and pictorial books and magazines, I decided to wander through the gallery. Pushing open a set of glass doors, I entered a large space housing metal sculptures displayed on plinths and large canvasses positioned on high walls painted a brilliant white. The floor was made of a polished lightwood that reminded me of a dance studio. It was also the type of floor that announces loudly when you have moved from one painting to the next. A man in his early thirties was crouched giving an enthusiastic talk to a group of school children, all of whom were sitting in a tight circle on the shiny floor at the far end of the gallery. His animated sentences were punctuated by a series of questions designed to encourage the children to participate: "*If you had to describe yourself as an animal which one would you be?*" Listening to the children's answers, I stared at the composition in front of me.

Initially all I could see was an 8' x 8' canvas filled with a mass of shapes and colours. The atmosphere within the gallery created a desire in me to glance at the caption from a distance, thereby avoiding any public display that I could not understand what I was looking at without the aid of an explanation. As I glanced at the caption the text informed me of the artist's name, the title of the painting and the owner of the painting. Not much information, but enough to allow me to narrow my field of possibilities. I didn't recognise the artist's name, or that of the owner, however, the moment I read 'Boiling Sea' the heat of churning waves came into view. The experience of sudden realisation was just like the experience of looking at the 3D computer generated prints, which have become popular in High Street shops: the ones you stare at intently, until from within the mass of brilliant colours and intricate patterns, suddenly, as if by magic, the hidden image, such as the *Statue of Liberty*, is revealed.

Wandering through the gallery, where a few months later the work by Nigerian, Sudanese and Ethiopian

³⁸ Quote taken from Wole Soyinka's *africa95* conference keynote address text.

³⁹ In his keynote address at the *SOAS africa95* conference, Wole Soyinka raised the problem of cross-cultural misunderstanding in relation to the reading of works of art produced by African artists, which were displayed at the *Whitechapel*. Soyinka discussed the works as though they had anthropomorphic characteristics and referred to the British artist Damien Hirst's work in which he had displayed dead cows and sheep in glass tanks of formaldehyde: 'They might even feel as if they have been brought here as inferior or second-class citizens, to be gawked at as mindless, even comatose exotica. This very real possibility, which would contradict the entire idea of bridging cultures... Obviously such a laudable manifesto of AFRICA 95 does not stand a chance if, for example, a fellow Nigerian, nostalgic for the open-air *suya* - locally known here as kebab - dispensed in roadside stalls of Lagos and Sagamu, can only respond to a stuffed sheep in a London gallery with the lament: "What a waste of good lamb kebab." As for the African sculptures themselves, how do they feel about such neighbours?' (1995:3).

artists was to be displayed in *seven stories*, I approached the teacher, his young audience and a set of steep steps, which would be transformed into the temporary home for the *africa95* Senegalese story. The steps led me up past the coffee shop and on into the upper gallery, which had smaller paintings hanging on the lower white walls. As I entered I caught the eye of an art student seated on the floor. Seeing me approach he pulled his sketchbook to his chest and looked away. The other visitor in the space was peering closely at a small painting composed of rusts and torn strips of paper. After a moment's hesitation I looked at my watch and proceeded decidedly through the gallery. This decision and my subsequent actions were communicated loudly by the wooden floor and instantly made me feel better about my visit. I had been beginning to feel uncomfortable within such unfamiliar and silent surroundings.

As I strode past the peering woman, through the space that would later be dedicated to David Koloane's telling of the *africa95* South African story, I entered the second part of the upper gallery, which was to become the *seven stories* awareness space for the Kenyan artists. I was immediately struck by the high ceilings, the stark white walls decorated with large canvasses; and the sense of light, which invited my eyes to follow the glass panels rising to a skylight apex. Behind the glass I glimpsed the network of metal louvers standing guard over the amount of sun-rays allowed into the space; and I could not help wondering how much all the equipment had cost, as I passed the seated security attendant and approached a large canvas covered with thick blue and white paint that had been scraped into a circular shape. Protruding a few feet into the gallery from the centre of the painted swirl was a large orange wooden stick. I stopped momentarily to read the caption - *Sea Soup*. A few months later when I returned to the gallery I found paintings by Ugandan artists entitled *The Owl Drums Death*, *Mother's Nightmare* and *Misfortune*, had taken the place of *Sea Soup* and its neighbours...

I descended the stairs, passing pin boards crammed with leaflets and passages leading to lavatories; and on emerging from the stairwell into the entrance foyer I gave my name to the receptionist and waited for Felicity Lunn to arrive. She found me transfixed by the sealed Perspex donation box. The position of the entrance slot at the top had resulted in the coins landing to form a pile in the centre, whereas the notes had floated to the sides. It reminded me of one of the amusement arcade machines, where you hope your pound will be the one that pushes the pile over the edge and down into the tray for you to collect.

Felicity looked tall, slim and in her early thirties. She greeted me with a smile as we shook hands and I thanked her for finding the time to see me. I thought she looks so friendly and neat, in her short burgundy-flecked tweed skirt and flat shiny Russell & Bromley shoes. She walked slightly ahead of me through the spacious ground floor gallery and as we passed the animated teacher I momentarily noticed he was still speaking about the same piece of sculpture. "*Have you visited the gallery before?*" Felicity asked. "*No, I'm ashamed to say I haven't, which is strange considering I spent four years across the road at the London College of Furniture,*" I replied. "*Well, yes that certainly is inexcusable,*" she responded. Her reaction made me wince. She could have asked why I had never felt the compulsion to walk into the gallery, especially as I had passed the doors twice a day for many years. She could have told me it was a shame, because the

Whitechapel have had some marvellous exhibitions. But she chose not to make social chit-chat. I followed Felicity in silence up the steep stairs, where later El Hadji Sy was to stage his *africa95* performance. I traced her foot-steps as they wove their way around the clattering and chattering of cappuccino-sipping visitors; and then up another set of even narrower stairs. Our procession rekindled my distant experience of being marched off to see the head mistress. I could hardly bear the anticipation of what was to come...

As I reached the top step, Felicity suddenly turned and asked me what information I wanted from her. Standing wedged in the doorway I blurted out that I would like to know what stage the *Whitechapel's africa95* exhibition had got to? Which artists work they would be displaying? And how they came to participate in the *africa95* project? Also, that I would like to talk to her about following their project through the various stages of its creation. "Right" she said, as she moved down the corridor, collected a chair from a neighbouring office and wheeled it into her room for me.

Felicity appeared to share a small office with a male colleague, who was speaking quietly to woman just inside the door. As we squeezed past their chairs neither of them looked up to acknowledge our presence. I sat down and taking my coat off immediately wished I had worn something other than my jeans and sweatshirt. Felicity lifted down a file and took out a typed document: "*This is the project update report. I could give you a copy of the papers the five artists and two art historians from Africa presented to the Whitechapel in October 1993. The papers were on the state of contemporary African art and artists.*" Then after a moment's reflection, she said "*just a minute*" and left the office.

Although I felt uncomfortable sharing such a confined space with two people who were ignoring my presence, I stared out of the window looking forward to reading the documents, which I assumed were being photocopied for me. Just as I started wondering why it was taking such a long time, Felicity returned and I knew immediately something other than photocopying had been taking place. Felicity sat upright in her chair and clutching the documents to her chest stated: "*I have just spoken to my Director, Catherine Lampert, and we don't feel happy about letting you have copies. However, I can certainly let you know where the project has got to.*" This information was quickly followed by a series of questions: whether I had spoken to my supervisor about my project and whether he had approved of my research idea? Also, how I had planned to gather my information when I was not working within one of the *africa95* venues? After I had confirmed my project had been upgraded from an MPhil to Ph.D. by *SOAS* and that I had planned to gather my information by speaking to the curators and artists, who were participating in the *VAP*, I was informed: the *africa95* office are helping the *Whitechapel* to find sponsorship; the *RA* and the *Whitechapel* had never had any meetings to discuss the *africa95* project; and the co-curators will be three African artists, two African art historians, the *Whitechapel* and Clémentine Deliss.⁴⁰

⁴⁰ Deliss wrote: 'In 1992 the Whitechapel Art Gallery in London became the first institution in the UK to support the Royal Academy of Arts in developing the *africa95* season of events. As a result, the small *africa95* nucleus of which I was a part received generous assistance from the Visiting Arts of Great Britain with the brief that I should pursue these discussions directly with artists in several African countries, including Senegal, Cote D'Ivoire, Ghana, Nigeria, Kenya, Uganda, Ethiopia, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Mozambique, Morocco and Tunisia. These discussions were to inform an 'artist-led' approach, which became not only the lead characteristic of *africa95* but an integral part of the methodology of the exhibition' (1995:16).

Felicity then announced she would have to speak to Clémentine Deliss and Catherine Lampert before divulging any further information, because the *Whitechapel* were apparently unhappy to speak to me during this stage of their *africa95* project: they felt unsure about how I would use the information. After this announcement she shut her file with the words "you must understand there are lots of personalities involved." We walked down the corridor in silence until we reached the top of the narrow staircase, upon which Felicity stated: "*The Royal Academy of Arts is the historical exhibition and the Whitechapel's exhibition is the major contemporary exhibition. Which exhibition is the most important is a matter of opinion. The Royal Academy would probably say theirs is.*" As we shook hands the words "I hope you won't leave feeling we have been *unhelpful*" hung in the air and I mustered a smile and a parting pleasantry from somewhere deep inside my experience of rejection.

After finding my way through the extensive staircase system I pushed aside my rising tears and the heavy glass doors onto *Whitechapel High Street*. I wanted to go home. It had been an awful experience, an unwelcoming space full of un-welcoming people. My sense of relief was, however, instantly followed by one of disorientation. Having never seen the high street from the perspective of the gallery doors, nothing initially seemed familiar. As I desperately scanned the horizon for the tube sign, my senses became overwhelmed by the smell of petrol fumes and fried chicken mingling with the noise of the London traffic, the sight of the street dwellers huddled in corners and the alert sellers of individual batteries, cigarette lighters and Kodak film, swaying over their suitcases on the pavement edge. Then suddenly in the midst of this chaotic performance, I saw what I was looking for: the white square framing a bold red & blue symbol proclaiming the words *Aldgate East Underground*.

I followed my meeting up with a letter (26.1.1995) to Catherine Lampert, setting out who I was and requesting permission to undertake my research: '...I envisage this research beginning with a study of the preliminary forum discussions, which took place at the *Whitechapel* in October 1993, and a period spent as a participant-observer at the *Whitechapel*. This would then be followed by a series of interviews with the co-curators and artists, and would culminate in interviews with audiences. My research will be written up as a Ph.D. thesis and I intend to produce 'visitor feedback' reports for the curators who have helped me with my research...'

On 2 Feb. 1995 - Catherine Lampert replied: '... The problems in fulfilling your requests is your time-frame and the necessary and established professional codes of practice which govern all exhibitions organised by museums and public galleries. In order for artists and curators to develop their ideas, they must be confident that their letters, telephone conversations and meetings are conducted and held in confidence. The process is organic and not bureaucratic (rarely are full notes of meetings kept such that they could be used as research)

Catherine Lampert went on to write in the *seven stories* exhibition catalogue: 'The introductory essay by Clémentine Deliss describes the origins of *africa95* in the seminars she organised with the School of Oriental and African Studies, London, in 1991. The following year the Whitechapel greatly welcomed the idea of continuing to the present the historical story of African art which the Royal Academy was preparing. From the research visits Clémentine Deliss made and from her preliminary concept came the invitations to a forum in autumn 1993 and, shortly after, decisions on the approach and those who might be commissioned to act as co-curators' (1995:10).

and given that the ambitions of the installation and catalogue are creative as well as documentary, the results are the aspect best judged. The Whitechapel normally arranges for an audience survey (we expect to do so this time) as well as having our Community Education team organise discussions and workshops where there is feedback from all sides. I imagine there will be requests for interviews with the co-curators and artists by people writing articles, some of which can be accommodated. Unfortunately, in the end I don't think it would be possible to centre your Ph.D. on the process of organising 'Seven Stories' which is going on during 1993-1996 and, indeed, the impact is not fully able to be assessed until 1997 and beyond.'⁴¹

I was somewhat surprised that a charitable organisation funded by public bodies was so unwilling to provide information about its public activities; to allow me to interview the co-curators; and to provide information on the forum and the artists. In addition, I could find no-one who could confirm the claim that there are established professional codes of practice which govern all exhibitions organised by museums and public galleries, beyond those which ensure the security of artefacts, insurance, etc.

Discrete Spaces and Ambiguous Faces: White Skin, Black Masks?

"Secrecy: African Art That Conceals and Reveals" (1993), provided apt metaphors for museum practice and experience. It is often a quality of secrecy that the presence of a secret is apparent while its content is withheld – that in a way, the secret implies its own existence. Exhibitions similarly manifest revelation yet imply concealment. Behind museum walls, certainly in privacy and often with at least some degree of secrecy, anonymous museum staff make decisions, select and reject objects, assess quality, mold grant proposals, acquire and spend money, further careers, and edit information for public consumption. Exhibiting, then, is not simple revelation but rather an economy of partial disclosure. For every object and idea on display and in print, dozens of others have been eliminated along the way. Like a secret, an exhibition demands a dual process of revelation and concealment, absence and presence (Nooter Roberts 1994:25;32).

I found it immensely difficult during the production stages of the *africa95* project, to persuade people to explain to me what was going on: what *africa95* was, how it was developing, why certain academics and artists had been invited to participate and why others had chosen not to participate. My conclusions during this period were that the ambiguous and guarded reluctance I encountered was probably more to do with a

⁴¹ Deliss wrote: 'The selection of the seven stories was made after careful consideration and consultancy with numerous artists and historians in Africa and the UK. The final choice of locations depended on the intensity of the dynamic or on connections which grew out of them and the possibility of identifying works in good condition that could play parts in telling the tales. Alongside this catalogue, the reconstruction of recent history would have to succeed through visual means in the first instance, introducing key works to create a resonance around others and through these counterpoints transform their significance into memories for the future. The narrator and actor would be combined: the artist would tell the story through direct intervention in the gallery site. The involvement of artists from Africa as curators and intellectual observers is an essential aspect of the exhibition's storytelling process. David Koloane, Etale Sukuro, El Hadji Sy and Chika Okeke had all themselves been part of the kind of artist-led initiatives that they were proposing as curatorial focus points. This organic proximity to the subject, its thesis and practicability in visual terms, is one of the exhibition's most vulnerable yet experimental points of entry' (1995:17-18).

fear of being quoted out of context in a climate when issues surrounding inter and cross-cultural politics were so contentious. This situation was primarily fuelled by the anxiety of the participants who did not wish to become the object of a study, which they feared might lead to a representation of their positions, intentions or actions that might be misunderstood within the current post-colonially sensitive and culturally politically aware climate; a climate in which their careers and the *africa95* season were located. Thus, when confronted in a moment with the choice of speaking to me or of passing me on to someone else in their developing network, they often decided it was too risky to take the chance because they could not predict the consequences (see Barthes 1977).

If my informants held consultant or curatorial or academic posts and were Westerners, from a particular class (such as middle or upper middle), they were reluctant to speak in a climate in which they felt they might quickly be criticised as being an exploiter or an interpreter. Criticisms they felt may be made, because they were perceived as being situated in a position of dominance i.e., as a curator/consultant. They were therefore sensitive to the same criticisms and concerns that face contemporary anthropologists: How does one speak about / represent another person or group, whilst simultaneously illustrating that you recognise / are aware of the ethical and political violence inherent in 'the indignity of speaking for others?' (Foucault 1977:209).

The popular answer in recent times to redress this has been to encourage each individual and community to speak for themselves. It was for this reason the *africa95* promotional literature, was always keen to stress that the *VAP* was an 'artist-led' project and African artists were acting as co-curators. This situation - this moment in time - which some considered to be "*politically correct*" and others to be "*empowering*," was advocated by the creators of *africa95* and led to many of the difficulties and tensions.

For instance, the creators, who were predominantly white, Western, middle/upper middle class, academics, curators or collectors, were also the persons who conducted the initial research and issued the initial invitations for the African artists and historians to participate. Some argued it was for this reason that the *africa95* season was a sham and that stating it was an 'artist-led' project was a nonsense, because the African artists and historians were purely set up as a front to mask the fact that it was yet another project organised by Westerners, holding positions of dominance, who were seeking to maintain their control of the discourse and therefore the currency, surrounding African art and the emerging market of contemporary African art. Following the Marxist position, they argued such representations were deliberately created by those in power to mask and pervert the real conditions.

The organisers argued, yes of course they were the instigators for the initial concept, but it was not a centralised project and the African artists would select the work to be exhibited: '*africa95* is a programme of international workshops in Africa and the UK - inspired and directed by artists - to increase networks and share creative ideas' and '*africa95* does not select artists but through the expertise of it's co-ordinators seeks to provide as much information as possible to the participating institutions and the media about practising artists and art forms in Africa today' (*africa95* promotional literature).

Some of the curators I spoke to had been given advice by the *africa95* office, with regards to which contemporary artists were working within the continent of Africa and how to contact them, or what travelling exhibitions may be suitable to stage given their desire to participate in the *VAP* and their limited budget. Most of this advice had been gathered by Clémentine Deliss during her research trip to Africa for the *africa95* project.⁴² For instance, Bryan Biggs, the Director of the *Bluecoat Gallery* in Liverpool, was shown the *africa95* reference material on the work of contemporary African artists by Clémentine and then went with her to visit the exhibition of Senegalese art in Belgium - *Art from Senegal in Flanders* - which was curated by Jan Cools of the Warande Gallery in Belgium. After this visit the *Bluecoat* decided to stage a selection of work from this exhibition as part of *africa95*, under the title *Cross-Currents: New Art from Senegal*, which was co-curated by one of the Senegalese artists, Fode Camara, in collaboration with Jan Cools.⁴³

Other venues participating in the *africa95* project chose not to refer to the expertise of *africa95*'s co-ordinators for information about practising artists and art forms in Africa today. Instead they developed their own projects, based on their existing knowledge of contemporary African artists and their own contacts. For instance, Dr John Mack and Dr Nigel Barley from the *Museum of Mankind*, commissioned Sokari Douglas Camp, the Nigerian artist who lives and works in Britain, to produce a series of sculpture and to curate her own exhibition.

Most of the visual arts venues, who chose to participate within the *africa95* project, found trying to put into practice the theoretical notions surrounding issues of exhibition problematic. For instance, when I spoke to Carol Brown, the Exhibition Organiser for the *Barbican Art Gallery*, her concerns for the *africa95 African Textiles* exhibition were:

- How to keep within the spirit of *africa95*. How to avoid producing an exhibition that would be perceived as presenting a white producer's vision. Although she had decided to approach a selection of regional experts, such as John Picton, to advise her, she was worried about how to ensure the African voices would be heard.
- How to display the textiles. This was a particular worry for her as the textiles are not only representative of the different periods in time, but also locations in Africa: "It's like a massive jig-saw puzzle with lots of bits missing." In addition, the textiles tended to be very large and many of the pieces require strict conservation display conditions.
- How to display and categorise the textiles which have been influenced by the West. Those textiles that may be perceived as being not authentically African. For instance, many development programmes had set-up community printing projects within Africa.
- How to think about and display those works that were produced by a co-operative. The *africa95* project

⁴² I understand that Clémentine Deliss has ownership of the various *africa95* texts, photographs and research data.

⁴³ This exhibition featured the work of El Hadji Sy, the Senegalese artist who curated the Senegalese section of *seven stories* and participated in the *africa95 Teng/Articulations* Workshop in Senegal, which was promoted as being the launch of the *VAP*; Jean-Marie Bruce; Serigne Mbaye Camara; Cheikh Niass; Kan-Si; Abdoulaye Ndoye; and Fode Camara & Moustapha Dime, who participated in *Teng/Articulations*. This example illustrates how the same artists are often invited to work together and how their work is repeatedly selected to be presented together within exhibition. Betsy Harney, one of John Picton's PhD students, wrote the exhibition essay.

was keen, and so for that matter was the *Barbican*, to name the artist. Often, however, this was not possible. For instance, "*how does one deal with the concept of attributing the work to an artist, if the artist is anonymous because they work within a co-operative; and then what about the artists who made the older pieces and whose names have not been documented?*"

Many of the *africa95* organisers were attempting to set-up communication spaces to raise awareness of, and in which people would be encouraged to shift their perception of, contemporary African art practices; whilst they were themselves experiencing the difficulties one faces when entering a space where one becomes aware of new perspectives and is faced with the choice of shifting one's position. Their discomfort was heightened given the context such intentions were being located within; an environment where the hierarchical realities, which affect how one would like to be presented and to be perceived by other people, makes one cautious. As Clémentine wrote in 1990, prior to be appointed as the artistic director of the *africa95* project:

'But where does the dialogue actually get off the ground? At what point does it move beyond its rhetoric - so easily and erroneously subsumed under the notion of discourse - and become an exchange of proposals? ...the ultimate control lies in the hands of the editor and reflects both the compromises and the limits of his or her intentions to listen and respond, to be open to the far more nebulous, political and psychological fears of the effects of dialogue' (1990:26).

During the initial stages of my research, the presentation made by many of the *VAP* venues was that African artists were involved in the creation and curation of the exhibitions. Although I thought it rather odd at the time that I was not able to meet any of these curators, it was not a major concern, just one of those niggling things that sticks in your mind and recurs in your thoughts, because something about what is being said bothers you; for some reason it just does not feel right. Due to the rush of my fieldwork it was not until a few months later, after I had interrupted my reading of the *seven stories* catalogue to watch a T.V. re-run of a Columbo detective story, that I was once again reminded of what had bothered me so much at the beginning of my research; and why, after having spent three months with the *Pamoja* artists, I was still bothered by my memory of the statements, which appeared to suggest the curatorial role to be played by African artists would make a difference to the presentations on offer to the audience. With this thought in mind I returned to read Clémentine's *seven stories* textual presentation of artist as storyteller:

The narrator and actor would be combined: the artists would tell the story through direct intervention in the gallery site. The involvement of artists from Africa as curators and intellectual observers is an essential aspect of the exhibition's storytelling process... This organic proximity to the subject, its thesis and practicability in visual terms, is one of the exhibition's most vulnerable yet experimental points of entry. 'As cultural forces drift into new conformations that will not yet hold enough to be inspected, the artist proposes a sign system for the future that is necessarily dark, oracular and ambiguous,' wrote Thomas McEvelley in 1992. While one might question the mythologising connotations of the term 'oracular', as

emblematic of western presuppositions that the artist in Africa is still bound to ritualistic and spiritual practices, the pre-eminence of the artist's role is an essential part in the weighting of a new interpretative configuration, to which McEvilley alludes and within which Africa plays a major part today. 'Oracular' suggests that the artist can, following Franz Fanon's words, be the new visual communicator, and art the 'mouthpiece of a new reality in action' (1995: 18).

After much pondering I concluded, because the language was so difficult to access, it was Clémentine's voice that was of an oracular nature. Her constant emphasis on the notion of artist as storyteller / actor and artist as visual storyteller, within the framework provided by the art exhibition, was confusing. It seemed to me that what she was actually talking about was not the notion of artist as storyteller, but the notion of curator as storyteller: 'With this exhibition, the focus has not been on the presentation and documentation of individual artists, so much as on a collective effort to inscribe and disseminate some of the recent histories of the visual arts in Africa' (1995:27). I had been confused for so long, because the language used kept refocusing my attention away from the notion of curator (creator of exhibition presentation) to that of artist (creator of work of art). The emphasis on the word artist left me with the impression I would come to understand something more about the work than an African curator could tell me, because, of course, such persons would be faced with similar problems and be subjected to similar criticisms as those of western curators. Particularly if they were to curate an historical presentation of work by many artists. In short, I was given a sense, during the initial stages of my research, that I had to be patient, because all would be revealed when the African artists came to London town.

It was an impression that was also fostered by the language used at the *SOAS africa95* conference, when most of the *Pamoja* artists had already left; and when other African artists, such as El Hadji Sy, had remained in town. For instance, in *Mediums of Change* Clémentine urged the audience "to go back and to look at the shows, and to try and take our departure point from the content of the work," rather than continue a theoretical and art historical discussion within the context of the auditorium. The language she used, once again, suggested the audience would find at the *Whitechapel* something different; something important, because three of the sections had been presented by artists and the gallery was filled with the work of over sixty artists. This was, of course, misleading, because *seven stories* was an art historical show presented in a language that was no different to that being used within the *SOAS* conference, or within other art exhibitions.

Yet, the manner in which Clémentine's information was communicated, with the constant emphasis being on artist and work of art, was distracting for the listener and tapped into many of their fears: if they spoke up without having visited the *Whitechapel* they would be speaking as an uninformed person and therefore look ignorant in front of their peers; if they had visited the gallery and somehow missed what was being implied existed by such statements, then they would once again look foolish; and if they spoke up to criticise the work and the guest artists, whose work was presented, they would either appear rude, or as though they were living within some prejudicial time warp - anti the aesthetics of contemporary African art and in favour of the aesthetics of traditional African art.

When I did re-visit the *Whitechapel*, as Clémentine had suggested, what greeted me curatorially did not strike me as being very different to when I had visited the gallery prior to *africa95*. The space was recognisably the same and filled with works of art sitting on plinths, or hung on white walls with small black & white captions beside them. When I stood looking at the diverse range of work, it was not perceptually obvious that certain sections of the exhibition had been selected, curated, by an African artist, or indeed an African curator. When I went across London to visit *Play and Display* at the *Museum of Mankind* in the hope that a solo exhibition curated by the artist herself may make a difference, I once again found myself thinking similar thoughts. The space did not seem very different to when I had visited the *Paradise* exhibition, which had occupied the gallery prior to *Play and Display*, and had been curated by Michael O'Hanlon, one of the Assistant Keepers at the *MoM*. Thus, I found myself leaving with the same conclusions: the fact these exhibitions had been curated by African artists, as opposed to western curators, was not perceptually evident; only philosophically evident after further inquiry (see Danto & Faris' 1988 discussions associated with perceptual and philosophical interpretations of what constitutes a work of art).

The difference between the exhibitions was, of course, the content, the exhibits. However, the manner in which they were presented did little to raise the visitors' understanding of the each artist's stories, little to assist the visitor to access the stories being told through the work. I realised that the reason why what Clémentine was saying bothered me so much was because, despite their theoretical persuasiveness the ideas when put into practice were not so convincing. On the one hand, she was privileging the ocular reading of the work, through instructing the *SOAS* audience to visit the *Whitechapel* and look at the work; whilst simultaneously implying only one particular reading was important, that of the artist/curator. As the recent literature surrounding the intention and reception of messages within art exhibitions suggests, the aesthetic viewing of a work of art within the environment of an art gallery tends to encourage a visitor to create their own reading.

Curators have embraced the contemporary theoretical approach, which advocates a multiplicity of readings, in particular those involved with the exhibition of works of art. However, as discussed, such an approach often obscures the individuality of an artist and his/her work. Although the acknowledgement of heterogeneity is an important awareness, if the discussion focuses solely on the theoretical notions of heterogeneity without discussing the individual details that constitute such a body of material/concept, then there is a danger of the heterogeneous material/concept coming to have an effect equivalent to that of homogeneity. In addition, if the notion of heterogeneity is emphasised without any supporting discussion of the individual details then the participant/reader is left with a sense that what constitutes the body of material is somehow mysterious, unattainable; which thereby allows the reader to assign any meaning, any interpretation to the material. For instance, as in the case of McEvelley, a reader may state that the work produced by contemporary African artists has an oracular aspect to it.

Perhaps the artists who displayed their work within the *seven stories* exhibition were happy that the reader of their works apply any reading they so choose; tell any story that comes into their minds triggered by their

aesthetic reading of the work and their prior knowledge. If that was the case then there was no problem with the presentation of work within such an exhibition. However, if that is the case, the *africa95* project's statements immediately become extremely problematic. For if they were the artist-led and artist-informed project they claimed to be, why did they go to so much effort to communicate that it is the artists' stories which are important when raising awareness of the works produced by contemporary 'African artists and artists of African descent;' and why, if on the other hand, this publicly stated intention was what the artists desired, did they choose to exhibit the work within an environment that was not conducive to the communication of such a message, because its style of presentation interrupts an artist's telling of his/her story.

The reason I had not been too disturbed by the fact I found it difficult to speak to the 'curatorial' artists, during the creational context of *africa95*, was because I was not concerned with researching curatorial skills: display methods or the influence of finance and time restrictions. So much had been written on these subjects and I personally did not have a problem with, for example, an exhibition in which a white western male curator had consulted with a black African female artist, so as to avoid any misrepresentation of herself and her work within a proposed exhibition. The reason I would have liked, however, to have spoken to the artists during this period, was to gain an understanding of how they would like their works to be presented; to follow the reasons why certain presentation styles were chosen; and to record how the artists' desires may or may not have been implemented in the final exhibition.

During my research I became aware of the choices with which people were faced in deciding how to present certain ideas; how within certain contexts what people said and how they said it determined how their intentions were understood. Much of what was said during the initial stages of the *africa95* project implied the organisers were keen to set up a communication space in which the artists would be able to present themselves in a fashion whereby they may raise awareness surrounding the work they produce and shift any negative perceptions. This intention met with much approval, because it tapped into much contemporary theory advocating that people be involved in their own presentations so as to avoid any misrepresentation.

Yet, when such intentions and theoretical ideas were put into practice, many people were left with feelings of unease. For instance, during the initial stages when such theory was spoken I heard the words, but somehow the manner in which they were communicated left me with a sense that something was not right: how the words were situated within the conversation, the tonal and bodily expressions surrounding the presentation of the ideas, all created a picture which evoked a particular message, a particular reading that suggested to me something different was being communicated. This same feeling was one I was also left with when I visited the exhibitions; somehow the manner in which the work was presented, left me with a feeling that what was being spoken about and written about, differed to the message that was being communicated.

Being in the presence of someone when they are speaking.

The only way to avoid encountering someone is to follow them... Implicit in the situation, however, is the dramatic moment when the one being followed, suddenly intuiting, suddenly becoming conscious that there is someone behind him, swings round and spots his pursuer. Then the rules are reversed, and the hunter becomes the hunted (for there is no escape laterally). The only truly dramatic point is this unexpected turning-round of the other, who insists upon knowing and damns the consequences (Baudrillard 1993:158-159).

Since beginning my research, I had become aware of a world that seemed both familiar and unfamiliar to me. I was British, I regarded London as my home and I was enrolled at *SOAS*. However, I found little I recognised as I entered a world constituted by British academics, African art historians, art gallery curators, African art collectors & dealers, and artists of African descent working in London. My research was further hampered because it appeared I was conducting my fieldwork 'at home.' Although no-one said it directly, I became aware that most people I approached considered an authentic anthropological study to be one involving the anthropologist learning a new language and entering a group of people who have not been previously researched. Yet, all of these qualifications could easily be applied to my study of a particular group of people, by an anthropologist who was considered an 'outsider.' As many of my informants repeatedly retorted: "*How do you think you will be able to conduct your study when you are not part of one of the institutions participating in africa95?*" In short, my experience of attempting to gain access to the information regarding the content and intentions of *africa95* - through cold-calling phone calls, letters and visits - was a slow process, which often left me feeling bewildered and frustrated.⁴⁴

The initial difficulty I faced was gaining access to and interpreting my informants' - academics, curators, consultants, collectors - recollections as to the circumstances and provenance of the *africa95* project. Then, if and when I did manage to speak to someone, the information provided by their multiple and diverging memories, as to the origins, roles and intentions culminating in the *africa95* season, led to the emergence of an incomplete and multi-faceted story; each strand being told from the perspective of the teller and often presented in a fashion to make them look good. The picture that emerged in my field notes was of a complex affair. It portrayed, through the language of ambiguous expression, a network of persons, ideas and

⁴⁴ I found myself speaking to academics and curators, many of whom had conducted their own fieldwork. Yet, these were often the people I found it the most difficult to speak to, or rather to persuade to speak to me. They appeared to be experiencing the frustration of having to speak to an 'outsider:' it is extremely hard work and time consuming to find oneself in a position of having to explain the so-called obvious to someone who cannot see it is obvious. Thus, they would either ignore me, or amuse themselves by throwing me little pieces of information, perhaps thereby replicating the struggle they themselves experienced during their own period of research. Whatever the reason, it appeared this group of people felt that to come to understand one must go through a period of struggle, some sort of initiation ceremony; and that unless a person is considered worth knowing, cultivating, then most people will not make the effort in their busy schedules to speak to them, let alone bother to listen to what they may have to say. The curators who offered me their time and assistance were Bryan Biggs, Jane Peirson Jones, Carol Brown and Judith Dames. After having experienced the reception I received as an 'outsider', especially one who is not accorded a high status or does appear to be offering anything of value in return, I was not at all surprised at the reception, or non-reception, most of the *Pamoja* artists received from this particular group of people, during their visit to Britain. Many of these artists were not academically trained, did not speak the language of their hosts, nor did they have networks of people or ideas that appeared to be of much interest or considered of use. In short, when the *Pamoja* artists arrived they were often expected to stand and listen gratefully in the corner, or silently decorate the galleries along with their work.



africa95 office entrance door.

influences, full of ephemeral alliances that shifted and reformulated; due to the intersection of a variety of political and financial interests: artistic, academic, curatorial, institutional. Although I often found these circumstances frustrating and confusing, I came to understand my primary difficulty lay in understanding the language used: the manner in which ideas were presented and re-presented, made it so difficult for an 'outsider' to grasp what exactly was being said and by whom. This was of particular interest given the *VAP* was created to celebrate the individuality of contemporary African artists, their work, their stories; to raise awareness, to communicate, to encourage a greater understanding.

I managed to speak to Clementine Deliss during my fieldwork. The meeting took place a few streets away from *SOAS* in the *africa95* office. This was my introduction to the *africa95* project and as such, formed my first impressions of an event

being promoted as a non-centralised project, which was attempting to put into practice much contemporary theory surrounding issues of cultural representation. The image I shall attempt to evoke over the following pages is based on my experience: my first viewing of the individual, named as being responsible for directing the creation of a project designed to raise awareness of the diversity of images and ideas produced by contemporary African artists; my first viewing of Clémentine's presentation.

... After buzzing the intercom marked *africa95* a young English woman opened the door and as we travelled in the lift up to the second floor I learnt she worked for a company called *Blue Circle*. She wasn't clear as to why she greeted the *africa95* visitors, or what the relationship was between the two organisations. "*That's just how it is,*" the woman replied, as we emerged from the lift and I was pointed in the direction of a small office at the end of the hallway.⁴⁵

On entering the *africa95* office Clémentine came to greet me; and as we shook hands, she expressed her surprise that anyone would want to write a PhD about the *VAP*. Showing me into the meeting room she handed me a copy of the most recent *africa95* brochure (4.10.1994), asked if I would like a coffee and then left apologising for the fact she had to go and make an urgent phone call in the other room. I told her I would get the coffee for myself and that of course I did not mind waiting. Wandering through the office towards the small kitchen, I noticed all the staff, apart from Clémentine, looked to be of African descent and the majority of staff were female. It felt rather unusual.

⁴⁵ I later found out that *Blue Circle* had sponsored the *africa95* project in kind, by letting them use some of their office space.

Having made my coffee I returned to the meeting room and so doing noticed the office was an extension at the back of the main building. It consisted of one main room with three desks covered with piles of paperwork and telephones, and the few second-hand looking filing cabinets, pushed-up against the white walls, looked in need of a lick of paint. Apart from the small kitchen and the boardroom there were two small offices leading off the main room, which were also filled with desks, paperwork and shelves crammed with files. Everything reminded me of an under-funded charity/aid office and I couldn't help thinking, if I was a commercial sponsor I would feel slightly anxious.

The boardroom was the smartest room in the office. There was a large table in the centre on which were scattered a variety of glossy looking books on the visual arts of Africa, information on past Festivals held in Britain and a selection of magazines such as *Revue Noire*. Although this was the first time I had seen this magazine, I later found out, whilst browsing through the *SOAS* library, the *Revue Noire* back issues had covered many of the artists who had been invited to participate in the *VAP*. Indeed, many of the curators I visited over the following months, for instance, Judith Nesbitt at the *Tate Gallery Liverpool*, had copies of these magazines in their office.

Sitting at the board room table I started to compare the recent brochure with the one I had been sent by Clémentine two months earlier, after my 'cold-call' telephone conversation. A few venues, such as the *Camden Arts Centre*, *Leeds City Art Gallery*, *Museum of Modern Art (Oxford)* and *Institute of Contemporary Art* appeared to have been omitted from the list. Also, although most of the aims and objectives remained the same some of the wording had altered, for example: '*africa95* does not select artists but through the expertise of it's co-ordinators seeks to provide as much information as possible to the participating institutions and the media about practising artists and art forms in Africa today.' As I went about my research Clémentine popped in twice to check if I was okay, before disappearing to take the next call. Her actions left me with the impression that although she was extremely busy she was polite enough to show she cared.

Twenty minutes later Clémentine came in, sat down and asked me what I wanted to know and how she could help. I opened my file and so doing asked: "*I wonder if I could just check the names of the curators and the venues who will be participating in africa95?*" Her response took me by surprise: "*No, I do not want you to contact the curators. I do not want them phoning me up saying, who is this person snooping around?*" Her tone of voice was angry and to emphasise her directive she firmly pointed her finger at me. I stumbled to salvage my research project: "*That is one of the things I wanted to talk to you about, because I didn't want to tread on your toes whilst doing my research. So far I have only phoned up the venues listed in the brochure you sent me, to ask when their africa95 exhibition will take place and the name of the curator responsible.*" Clémentine's raised tone became even more fractious: "*Well that's precisely the problem. They don't know yet.*"

The situation felt decidedly uncomfortable and I heard myself defensively trying to justify my actions: "*I only spoke to the people who answered the phones - the receptionists - and they either said 'we are not*

participating,' or told me the dates, the name of the exhibition and the curator who I should write to." I decided not to tell Clémentine I had spoken to Ruth Charity, the curator at the *Photographer's Gallery*; that I had written to most of the curators a couple of days earlier to ask if I could chat to them about their project; or, that some of the venues I had phoned had responded to my inquiry with irritation: "*are you from africa95? ... we have told them we are not interested...*"

Sensing I was now beginning to irritate Clémentine I decided it was probably best to change my interview tack: "*I wonder if you could let me know how africa95 started and how you came to be appointed as the artistic director?*" Clémentine leant back in her chair and with her arms behind her head began... "*Well, no-one would describe my skin as black and I'm certainly not African.*" The way the words skin, black and African were emphasised made me feel uneasy and reminded me of Talal Asad's discussion of 'authoritative discourse': 'authoritative discourse is materially founded discourse which seeks continually to pre-empt the space of radically opposed utterances and so to prevent them from being uttered' (1979:621). I wondered whether Clémentine was pre-empting any criticism that she was a white western organiser, by stating the fact herself. Thereby taking control of the direction of the conversation and the pace at which it was moved away from such an issue; which it certainly did, because on hearing the words, I first experienced a sense that it would be rude to comment on such a personal characteristic, and secondly, there was no pause in her conversation which invited me to speak...

"*Also, I'm a maverick. Not an academic,*" Clémentine continued. Glancing at her cropped orange hair, tight leggings, black lacy shirt and large costume jewellery, I wondered if she had gone to art school; then chastised myself for contemplating such thoughts as I recalled Clémentine had been at SOAS. She continued her presentation: "*It all started a few years ago. I completed my PhD at SOAS in 1988, then in 1990 I produced the DURCH 8/9 exhibition with Jeff Koon.*" I had always wondered why the unusual catalogue was in the SOAS anthropology library, so responded by saying, "*Oh I've seen that catalogue. I didn't realise you had been involved.*" Clémentine stopped to smile at me rather graciously, before continuing: "*In 1991 I organised a series of talks by Black British artists at SOAS. I had the idea and SOAS agreed to fund it.*" On hearing this I enquired rather enthusiastically, "*is it possible to get copies of the talks? Were they transcribed?*" Although Clémentine responded with a "yes," she did so in a tone to communicate she was being interrupted and such interruptions were extremely irritating: "*they were taped and Sasha Markovich is transcribing them. Anyway, it was at these talks that I met Robert Loder. Robert is a businessman. He works at Curtis Brown and set up the Triangle Workshops. Robert and I went to see Norman at the Royal Academy and we came up with the idea for africa95.*"⁴⁶

I was pleased we were now talking about the conception of *africa95* and so inquired, "*weren't the Royal Academy already planning to stage an exhibition of African art?*" "Yes," Clémentine responded assertively, "*but we decided to expand it to include contemporary art works and performance arts. I then worked at the*

⁴⁶ Clémentine was referring to the Exhibitions Secretary of the RA, Norman Rosenthal. At the time of this meeting I had not heard his name before. It was also the first time I had heard of Robert Loder and the *Triangle Workshops*.

South Bank Centre producing an exhibition called the 'Exotic European,' in 1991. But I haven't even got a copy of the exhibition catalogue myself.⁴⁷ I then worked in T.V. in 1992. On Channel 4, MTV's programme called Buzz. Have you heard of it?" "No, I'm afraid I haven't," I replied apologetically. "Well, nothing really came of it," she said in a gentle tone before continuing: "it was also in 1992 that I went to Africa to research contemporary African art and artists for the Royal Academy. I went to about thirteen countries."

I interrupted Clémentine to ask if the RA had paid for the trip. "The Royal Academy, Palumbo, Astor and Robert all contributed," she replied.⁴⁸ "How did you know where to go and who to talk to?" I asked, imagining myself in such a situation. "I had some contacts who introduced me to different artists and I took a pile of letters of introduction from the Royal Academy. The headed paper and official stamps and signatures worked wonders. And, of course, I speak fluent French. The project has access to many specialists - Africanists - but I am probably the expert on contemporary African art now. I discovered many of the artists whose work we will be displaying."

I was frantically attempting to jot down all the details when Clémentine commented in an instructive tone, "don't worry yourself with trying to write it all down, you can come back with a tape recorder and I can say it all again for you." After being made to feel rather foolish, I composed myself to ask, "how is the project being funded?" This question gave rise to an answer, which was expressed with much exasperation: "we are not a centralised project like the previous Festivals. For instance, we weren't given any seed money like the Festival of Japan. They were given millions of pounds to start their project. We have had to find sponsors for every little thing and that's a full-time job. It has also been extremely difficult to find funding for the *africa95* office. Blue Circle have let us have this space, but no-one wants to pay our electricity, or telephone bills, or our salaries. I will introduce you to Claire Whitaker, who used to work at the South Bank Centre. She is our fund-raiser."

After Clémentine's response to my initial questioning of the information presented in the *africa95* brochure, I hesitantly asked, "the brochure says the Royal Academy's exhibition will be the centrepiece of the *africa95* season." I needn't have worried, however, as Clémentine responded in a matter of fact style, "their exhibition will begin with a piece of flint. The idea is that not only is Africa the birth place of mankind, but of art as well. This point will be made by the guest speaker at the opening of the exhibition." I was confused as to why the Royal Academy's exhibition was being presented as the centrepiece of the *africa95* season, when the promotional literature continually gave the impression the season was trying to promote the work of contemporary 'African artists and artists of African descent'. So I asked, "will the Royal Academy be displaying any contemporary art works?" Clémentine continued in the same matter of fact style, "the Royal Academy is keen to raise the status of contemporary African art. However, because they will be using all of their rooms for their own exhibition it is the other venues that will be displaying the contemporary art

⁴⁷ A copy of this catalogue may be found in Robert Loder's library.

⁴⁸ In January 1992 Robert Loder donated £1000, David Astor £3000 & Lord Palumbo £3000 to the Royal Academy of Arts *africa95* account: "It all really started from here," Robert Loder informed me.

works.”⁴⁹

Noticing the image of the *africa95* logo on the table, I casually enquired: “*who designed the africa95 logo and chose to use the small ‘a’ for Africa?*” Clémentine suddenly became more interested in our conversation. “*A friend of mine who is a graphic designer*” she replied, as she excitedly handed me a black & white photographic sheet.⁵⁰ In the middle of the rectangular bromide was a white oval shape and running horizontally through the centre of the oval was a black zigzagging line. “*What is it?*” I inquired. “*It’s a cowry shell, to symbolise exchange*” Clémentine told me, as she stared at the image with a look that conveyed complete satisfaction and affection. It was a look I had seen many times on designers’ faces, after they had spent long hours agonising over a final detail. “*Don’t you think it looks like a vagina?*” Clémentine asked, without glancing up from the image. I was completely taken aback and could not see such a resemblance; although by then I could now see the image was of a cowry shell. “*I took the cowry shell to my dentist and asked him to x-ray it for me. The x-rayed image looks exactly like a womb. I’ll show you after. It’s pinned up next door.*”

As we got up to leave the room I asked Clémentine whether it would be possible for me to come and interview her at monthly intervals. To monitor the progress of the project. “*No problem,*” was her reply, as she rooted through the rickety filing cabinet and handed me some press releases, discussing the *africa95* British delegation’s visit to Africa to promote the project: “*We’re tired of seeing starving children and deserted landscapes. There is more to Africa than this. Africa’s art and culture has been denied exposure to the rest of the world for too long. Africa 95 hopes to change that,*” Clémentine had been quoted as telling the Nigerian magazine *SAFARA*.

“*The idea is that a citizen of Lagos, for example, can watch the africa 95 Birmingham concert on television, walk out of his front door and see an africa 95 sponsored artwork [in the form of huge posters]. The events cross boundaries and everyone is involved in the celebration,*” Clémentine had told the British reporter for *The Times*.

“*The stereotypical image of Africa is that of the backward continent, where the extreme forms of poverty, disease, civil strife, despots and tyrannical governments exist. Such a picture, says, Dr Clémentine Deliss, Concepts and Arts co-ordinator of the Africa 95 project, should not be sustained and a way of shattering the negative myths is by exploring and exposing the vast talents being produced in the sundry areas of art, music, dance and literature,*” the Nigerian *Sunday Times* had informed its readers.

As we ambled through the office Clémentine introduced me to the *africa95* staff we passed as, “*this girl is doing her MPhil at SOAS on africa95. Amazing isn’t it?*” Everyone smiled, as I followed Clémentine into

⁴⁹ Clémentine made no mention of Susan Vogel within this meeting.

⁵⁰ I later found out that the logo had been designed by the Senegalese artist El Hadji Sy. However, Clémentine decided not to mention this fact to me, or use the opportunity to promote the notion that named contemporary African artists were involved in the *africa95* project. Perhaps because El Hadji Sy was in London and she did not want me to speak to him at this stage in the project.

her office. "This is Claire... This is Rachel, who is doing her MPhil at SOAS on *africa95*. She hopes to have it up graded to a PhD. Amazing isn't it?" As Claire Whitaker looked at me and smiled, I took the opportunity to ask, "I wonder if I could come and talk to you at some point about your fund-raising activities?" She responded in a hesitant tone of voice, which was highlighted with a touch of laughter, "yes, but I've never done this type of job before." Interrupting our conversation Clémentine pointed to the office wall and exclaimed, "oh, there's the x-ray of the cowry shell. Doesn't it look like a womb?" As I peered at the Polaroid image I couldn't help recognising her vision. "Isn't that strange" I replied... to a room full of gently nodding heads.

Patronage or Patronising ?

The moka has many parallels, both in Melanesia and elsewhere. Each of these systems of ceremonial exchange has its particular features: but all are crucial institutions by which relations of equality or inequality are established between groups and individuals... to understand the moka we must constantly focus on processes of competition... Big-men struggle to obtain and increase their influence and eminence within their clan and outside it; the result is that a few men gain and preserve a superior status for several years of their life - these are the major big-men - while others gain lesser prestige and may or may not maintain it for long - the minor big-men and others. The whole system can thus be seen as a mechanism creating status-divisions within society (Strathern 1971:214).

In August 1991, three months after *Africa Explores* had opened in New York, a brief devised by Clémentine Deliss in association with John Picton - *Contemporary African Art Criticism: An interdisciplinary and intercultural seminar*, was submitted to the Department of Art & Archaeology and the Centre of African Studies, SOAS, London.⁵¹ Funding was granted, and Clémentine and John set up a three-month series of discussions: 'These seminars and artists' talks were attended by African and Africa-descent artists either resident in the UK (e.g. Sonia Boyce, Olu Oguibe, Sokari Douglas-Camp, Pitika Ntuli) or passing through (David Koloane, Ato Delaquis), as well as historians, independent critics and administrators from institutions such as the Arts Council and the Institute of Contemporary Art' (Deliss 1995:14).⁵²

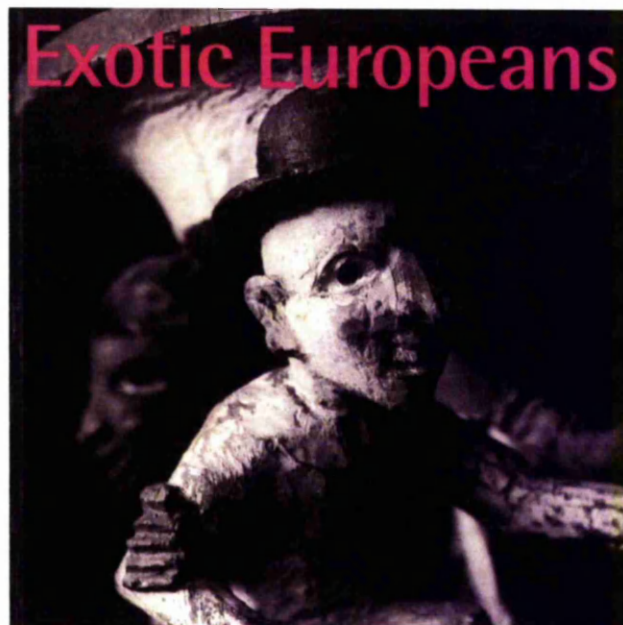
Clémentine had first met John, who had been working as a senior lecturer in the SOAS Art & Archaeology Department, when she had taken his course on African art, before going on to complete (in 1988) her PhD in the SOAS Anthropology Department: *Exoticism and Eroticism - Representations of the Other in Early Twentieth Century French Anthropology*. John's area of speciality was African art, within which he was extending his teaching programme to include the arena of contemporary art. Indeed, many of his students were being encouraged to undertake their research projects within this domain. John and Clémentine's

⁵¹ I understand that John Picton played an important role in the establishment of this seminars series, because he sat on the SOAS research committee that was responsible for designating funding for such projects.

⁵² Sonia Boyce, Sokari Douglas Camp and David Koloane had all participated in the *International Workshop Movement*.

working relationship developed over the following years, whilst Susan Vogel was working on *ART/artifact* and *Africa Explores*:

- In 1988 Clémentine participated, as did Vogel, in the *Poetics and Politics of Representation* conference in Washington. Her paper was based on two artefacts that belonged to John: a 'blue & white plastic kettle' and a 'red plastic doll with blue eyes'.⁵³



Front cover of *Exotic Europeans* exhibition catalogue.

- In 1990 Clémentine worked on the DURCH 8/9 exhibition. The image of John's 'red plastic doll with blue eyes' was used as the catalogue cover. Clémentine's catalogue essay was *Lotte or the transformation of the object*; and John's was *Transformations of the Artifact: John Wayne, plastic bags, and the Eye-That-Surpasses-All-Other-Eyes*.
- In 1991 Clémentine worked on the South Bank Centre exhibition: *Exotic Europeans*. Her catalogue essay was *Cultures... Objects... Identities*; and John's was *Nigerian Images of Europeans: Commentary, Appropriation, Subversion*.

The 1991/92 SOAS Seminar - *Contemporary African Art Criticism* - sought to encourage a variety of perspectives to be heard on the theme of contemporary African art; including those put forward by the artists themselves. Within the context of Britain this stimulated much interest, particularly as many Black British artists claimed they were rarely given an opportunity to be heard, or for their work to be exhibited; due to what they cited as the exclusionary views held by the international art world (see Chambers & Joseph 1988 and Gilroy 1990).

The issue of African artists living and working within Britain was also addressed in the seminar. For instance, artists such as Yinka Shonibare and Olu Oguibe, Nigerian artists working in the west, were invited to participate. Shonibare went on to participate within the VAP, as did Oguibe, who has a PhD from the SOAS Art & Archaeology Department.⁵⁴ 'There is a somewhat bemusing tendency, when mention is made of African artists, to think of a far-off race in a far-away land working within specific forms fabricated in our imaginations in the West. Seldom does it occur to us that some of these artists live and work among the rest of us and are part of our society. The mental ellipsis is encouraged by strategies of narration and elision which erase these artists from the histories of contemporary culture in the West, or at best impose little grids

⁵³ Similar dolls used as *Ere Ibeji* Twin-Cult figures from Nigeria were exhibited in *Africa Explores* (see catalogue 1991:89).

⁵⁴ Nancy Hynes, a PhD student from America, was researching West African artists living and working in Britain, during the time I was conducting my fieldwork in Britain. She curated an exhibition of work by Olu Oguibe, Yinka Shonibare and Osi Audu, staged at The Economist, during the period that the *africa95* project was taking place. Yinka Shonibare's work was also exhibited in the *Barbican Art Gallery's africa95* exhibition; and Olu Oguibe's work was exhibited in the *Whitechapel's africa95* exhibition.

over their practice which suit popular or favoured notions' (Oguibe 1994:52).



Woman (wood, 84cm), by Moitshepi Madibela (Botswana), 1993 *Thapong Collection*. Moitshepi was one of the *Pamoja* artists.

Other perspectives on contemporary African art presented during the seminar were offered by those such as the collector, Robert Loder, who was invited to present a paper on the *International Triangle Artists' Workshop Movement*, which he had co-founded in 1982. In his paper he paid particular attention to the movement's history since its introduction within Southern Africa in 1985. Robert was acutely aware of the difficulties many contemporary African artists face when producing their work and in gaining recognition within the international art world; due to their limited access to art schools, materials, financial support, and the world of exhibition and collection. The *Workshop Movement* and Robert's art collection, provide a much needed access point for many of the artists. As Vervan Edwards, an artist and co-founder of the *Thapong Workshop* in Botswana, one of the sister workshops in the movement, stated: "Each year when Robert comes to Botswana, he buys one or two or sometimes even as many as five pieces of work. I think that is tremendously valuable, because it means that the local Botswana artists' work goes into a collection. And, Robert's collection is an important collection, which often gets shown elsewhere in the world, which all helps to heighten the perception of what art is happening in Botswana."

Robert went on to play a key role in the creation of *africa95* due to his knowledge of the work; because he personally knew many of the artists; and because through his involvement in the *Workshop Movement* he had gained much experience with regards to how a complex and non-centralised 'artist-led' project is able to be established, despite the often difficult financial and political context into which it is being located.

International Triangle Artists' Workshop Movement

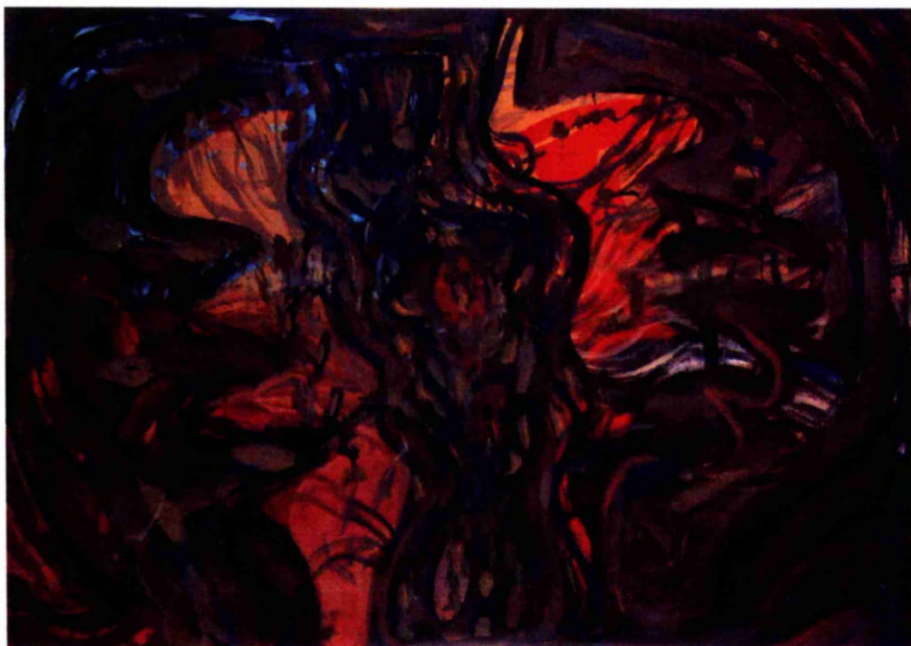
The *Pamoja Workshop*, located within the *africa95* context, developed out of the *Workshop Movement*. It is therefore important to study the interconnections between, and the influences associated with, the philosophy of the *Workshop Movement* and the publicly stated intentions surrounding the *VAP*: the projects should be 'artist-led' and held within an environment that encourages an exchange of ideas and for networks to be developed.

Robert Loder co-founded the *Triangle Arts Trust* with the British sculptor Sir Anthony Caro in 1982. The Trust was set up with the aim of bringing together mid-career artists from the Triangle of the USA, Canada and the UK, to share their experiences, experiment with new materials and ideas, and to present 'work in progress' rather than for exhibition - the idea was for the artists to feel under no constraint to finish work. The context for these annual two week 'artist-led' *Triangle Workshops* was a self-contained and isolated location - studios, materials, accommodation, food, etc. - providing an environment to ensure the artists were able to 'get to know each other' uninterrupted by everyday concerns such as career and family pressures: "*It was always Caro's firmly held view that it was the intensity of the experience not the duration that was important for the artist*" (Robert Loder). For this reason the workshops are closed to 'non-participants' until the Open Day, held at the end of each workshop, when visitors are invited to meet the artists and to view their work.

The *Workshop Movement* has developed since 1982 into an annual or biannual event, held within the USA, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Botswana, UK, Mozambique, Zambia, Jamaica, Namibia and Senegal (by 1995 there were plans to extend the movement to Australia, Cuba, India, Kenya, Nigeria and Uganda).⁵⁵ These artist-led workshops have created a space in which a series of empowering relationships are formed and developed between the international artists, from a variety of cultural and educational backgrounds, who wish to work within an environment that is outside the teaching framework of an art school and in which an exchange of ideas and friendship is encouraged.

Robert Loder was instrumental in extending the *Workshop Movement* outside the Triangle of the USA, Canada and the UK, through the network he had established whilst living and working in South Africa in the 1950s and 1960s. During the time he spent in Johannesburg Robert was involved with *Norray House*, which was renowned, during the apartheid regime, for being a non-segregated theatrical house where artists could meet and exhibit their work (performance and visual arts). Through this project Robert met many South African artists, such as the photographers associated with the magazine *DRUM* who were invited to participate in the *africa95* season; he also co-founded the charitable organisation *The African Arts Trust*, which was set up to provide grants for black South African artists to study in the UK.

The first artists to attend the workshops from outside the USA, Canada and the UK were Bill Ainslie (a white South African) and David Koloane (a black South African).⁵⁶ David Koloane, one of the leading artists within South Africa and a keen supporter of community-based projects for local artists living in the townships, particularly in post-apartheid South Africa, went onto participate for many years within the *Workshop Movement*. David was invited to participate in the *africa95 Tenq/Articulations Workshop* in Senegal; and to co-curate the South Africa section of *seven stories* at the *Whitechapel*.



Harvest (acrylic on canvas, 100x75cm), by David Koloane (South Africa), 1992 *Thapong Collection*.

Of interest to the *africa95* project were the 41 workshops, which had taken place between 1985 - 1995 within South Africa, Zimbabwe, Botswana, Mozambique, Zambia, Namibia, Senegal, Jamaica and the UK. These workshops were attended by both self-taught and academically trained artists, many of whom have not been previously documented. (See **Appendix D** for a list of artists, who formed the extensive network of artists that was tapped into and made available by Robert Loder for the *africa95* project).⁵⁷

The philosophy and practice of the *Workshop Movement* are conveyed by the names given to each workshop. For instance, *Thupelo*, a *Sotho* word meaning 'to teach by example,' is the name given to the South African workshops; *Pachipamwe*, a *Shona* word meaning 'we come together,' was chosen by the Zimbabwean artists for their workshop; *Thapong*, derived from the *Setswana* idiom '*makgatlhanela thapong*,' meaning 'the

⁵⁵ At the time of writing this paper (in 1998) the *Workshop Movement* has been extended to include: *Wasanii* in Kenya, *Soroa* in Cuba, *Braziers* in the UK, *Kimberleys* in Australia and *Khoj* in India (see **Appendix D & E**).

⁵⁶ Bill Ainslie, who died in a car crash whilst driving home after attending the first *Pachipamwe Workshop* in Zimbabwe (1989), was the founder of the *Johannesburg Art Foundation*. David Koloane, worked as the curator of the *Fuba Gallery* in Johannesburg.

⁵⁷ When the 1994 *Tenq/Articulations International Artists' Workshop* (the workshop promoted as being the launch of *africa95* within the continent of Africa) was held in Senegal towards the end of 1994, the choice of artists to be invited was largely informed by the *Triangle Arts Trust* network of participants.

coming together of people for a common purpose,' is used by the Botswana workshop; *Ujamaa*, the Swahili concept for 'unity and brotherhood,' is the name given to the Mozambican workshop; *Mbile*, the Bemba call in a village for people 'to come together and share' in, for example, the building of a new house, is used by the Zambian workshop; *Tulipamwe*, translated from the *Oshindonga* word meaning 'we are together,' is the title of the Namibian workshop; *Xayamaca*, meaning 'land of wood and water,' was the name chosen by the Jamaican artists for their workshop;⁵⁸ *Tenq*, the *Wolof* word for 'connections / articulations,' was the name adopted by the Senegalese workshop; and, *Pamoja*, the Swahili word meaning 'coming together,' was chosen by the artists for the *africa95* workshop (see Appendix E for list of artists who attended these workshops).⁵⁹

Each workshop is organised by a committee of local artists, who arrange sponsorship, accommodation, facilities, materials, food and transport. These artists also issue the invitations to the participants, half of whom are usually local artists, referred to within the *Movement* as hosts. The guest or 'visiting' artists, are invited via the rapidly expanding network of artists associated with the *Movement* and make up the rest of the group, which usually comprises of between 15-30 artists. Although the basic philosophy and practical organisational aspects of the *Workshop Movement* are adhered to by each of the workshops, it is not a centralised organisation and therefore, over time, a variety of the details shift to suit each particular workshop context.⁶⁰ For instance, whether an exhibition is held at the end of a particular workshop and whether the workshop forms a collection of contemporary works of art, after the example led by the *Thupelo Workshop* in South Africa.

These collections become of great interest with regards to the theoretical stance advocated within the creational context of *africa95*. The collection forms a basis for the documentation of work currently being produced by African artists and the work within the collection has been selected by the artists themselves. For instance, in Botswana each artist who has participated in one of the *Thapong Workshops*, held annually since 1989 (until 1996), is asked to donate what they consider to be their best piece of work for the workshop collection, which is stored at the *National Museum & Art Gallery* in Gaborone. This collection currently comprises of approximately 200 works - paintings, sculptures and installations.⁶¹ Of interest here are the set of circumstances that gave rise to the formation of this collection - something that was not planned by the workshop co-ordinators. Also, how the collection is viewed by many of the local Botswana artists - something that has involved a shift in the artists' views, understanding, awareness.

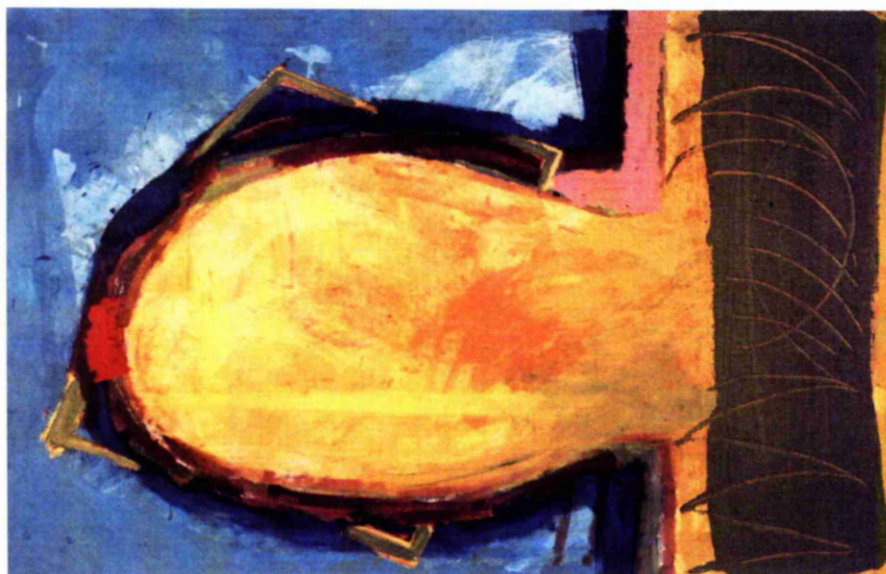
⁵⁸ Laura Hamilton, the co-ordinator & co-founder of the *Xayamaca Workshop* and one of the resident artists at the *Gasworks Artists Studios & Gallery* in London (in 1995), who had chosen the name with the Jamaican artists, commented: "It was the original name for Jamaica prior to colonisation. However, I'm not sure if it is a Spanish word or an Arawak Indian word."

⁵⁹ My research into the *Workshop Movement* was undertaken at the *Gasworks*. I donated a copy of my research to the *Gasworks* to distribute to the workshops and to be included in future sponsorship applications. Further research into the exchange of ideas and influences amongst this extensive and international group of artists' work would be an interesting study to undertake.

⁶⁰ The *africa95* executive committee were always keen to promote the *africa95* project as a federated project.

⁶¹ In 1996 when I visited Botswana, sponsored by *The British Council*, to collate and document the *Thapong Workshop* art collection, I was surprised to find such a large body of material. Primarily due to the financial constraints and lack of labour to organise the collection, the works were crammed together within a disused store room at the *National Museum & Art Gallery* in Gaborone: there were no suitable storage racks or conservation procedures, which had resulted in many of the canvasses sticking together and many of the sculptures being damaged. During my visit I photographed and catalogued the collection, and re-organised the works within the store room area. This research is housed at the *Thapong Workshop* and is awaiting funds to be artworked and published. On speaking to Vryan Edwards in 1998 I learnt that the cataloguing of the collection and collation of material on artists, is currently being prepared for publication, along with my suggestion that some of the artists be interviewed and their comments included in the publication.

As Vervan Edwards, an English artist who has been living in Botswana for thirteen years (and in South Africa for ten years prior), commented: *"Quite by chance in a sense, we have become one of the few countries within Southern Africa who have managed to keep some of the contemporary work together. Originally, and rather naively, we thought we could sell these works and use the money towards the next workshop. But it is so difficult to sell art works in Botswana; there just isn't a market. So after a couple of years it dawned on me that what we had was a very important collection developing and we decided at the committee meeting to keep it instead. We had enormous support from the museum in Gaborone and from Robert Loder, who has helped us to become aware of the importance of such a collection, of the importance of such a perception - of keeping the work together."*



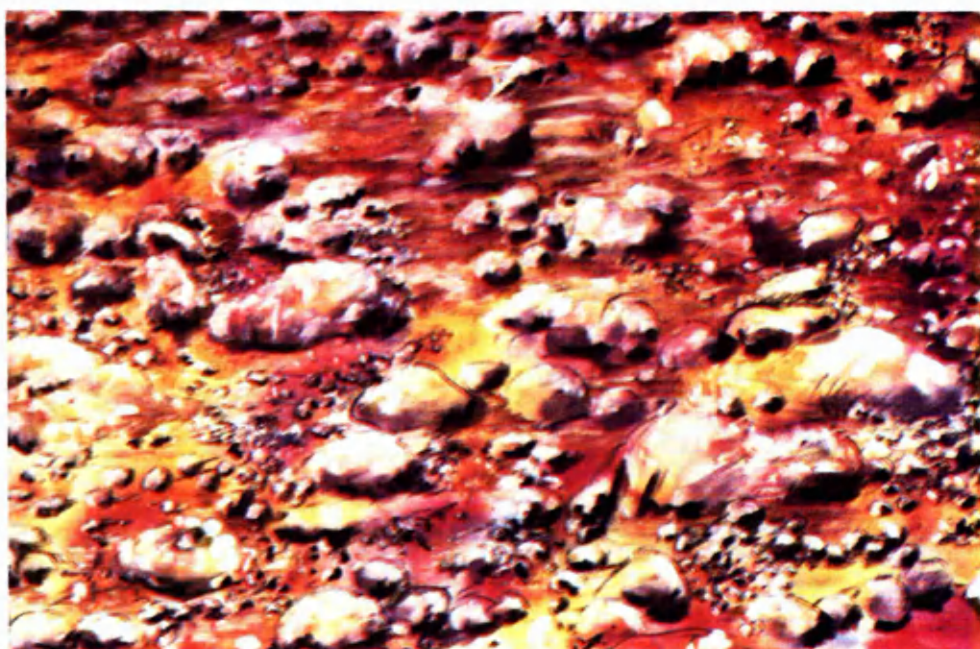
Goddogday (acrylic on canvas, 125x200cm), by Vervan Edwards (UK/Botswana), 1994 *Thapong Collection*.

On whether the local Botswana artists feel such a collection is important, Vervan remarked: *"I think it's unlikely that anyone bothers really with even thinking about it. We have found rather that we had to go through some lengthy explanations as to why the workshop should want one of the artist's works and why we should have it for free, so to speak. We've had to go over with people whether it is fair that when they've had everything for free - their board, lodging, transport, materials - in return the Thapong Workshop takes one piece and a small percentage of any sales that may take place during the exhibition. That has had to be very clearly justified in many cases. And understandably so, because for most of the artists selling their work is so important, not only because they need the money to support their families, to buy materials, etc., but also because for many of them selling an art work is a sign that you are successful, that you are a good artist."*

Each workshop is reliant on the voluntary enthusiasm and dedication of the local artists to find the location and sponsorship and invite the participants. The effort required results in the artists feeling responsible for the workshop, which has provided an important contributing factor in helping the *Movement* to establish itself

and to spread so successfully. For example, within South Africa the *Thupelo Workshop* has been run as a co-operative by the local artists and held as an annual event since 1985. The *Workshop Movement* provides a much-needed creative environment and contact system for the artists, particularly those within Southern Africa, who often feel isolated from their regional colleagues, let alone the international art world. For example, within Botswana, where the artists have no access to an art teaching environment, the workshops provide a meeting place and important support system for the local artists, who are often geographically and socially isolated from each other.

As Vervan reflected: *"In Botswana art is only seen as something good, something of value, if you can earn money from it. As it's so difficult to sell your work in Botswana people think you are wasting time, particularly when you live in a context where everyone is expected to contribute financially to the up-keep of the family. You have to declare yourself as an individual and outside of the family if you want to be an artist in Botswana. It's an incredibly brave thing to do and therefore it's so difficult for local artists like Moitshepi Madibela [who participated in the Pamoja Workshop], who have to support a large family. He has to constantly question himself and justify to others, why he wants to be an artist in a society where there are extremely poor people and lots of major life threatening issues like AIDS. The workshops provide support and give us the encouragement to believe in ourselves as artists."*



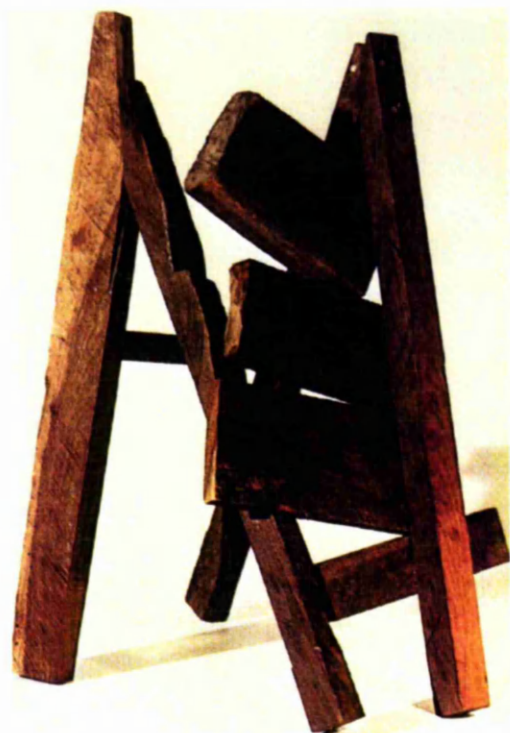
Rocks (acrylic on canvas, 100x150cm), by Moitshepi Madibela (Botswana), 1991 *Thapong Collection*.



Abstract Shapes 1 (acrylic on canvas, 200x100cm), by Moitsepi Madibela (Botswana), 1991 *Thapong Collection*.

The artists usually learn of the movement through 'word of mouth,' as I did, and then after attending one of the workshops, usually held in a neighbouring country, they return home to set up their own. For instance, after David Koloane (in 1983, '84 & '85) and Bill Ainslie (in 1985) had participated in the *Triangle Workshop* in the USA, they returned to Johannesburg to set up the first *Thupelo Workshop* in 1985.

Although the *Thupelo Workshops* proved successful with the artists, it was not however until the end of the



Bone (wood, 89cm high), by Willard Boepple (USA), 1989 *Thapong Collection*.

apartheid boycott that non-South African artists were able to participate. This was also one of the reasons that the workshops came to be established in the neighbouring countries such as Zimbabwe (in 1988) & Botswana (in 1989). As Vervan commented: "When I was visiting South Africa Bill Ainslie was talking about *Thupelo* and how he felt that it would be easier for people from the regional countries to attend a workshop in a place like Botswana. Bill organised for myself and a local Botswana artist called Stephen Mogotsi to attend the workshop in Zimbabwe, because he felt it was important that we experience one. When we returned to Botswana, we formed a committee of artists, who were working at the National Museum & Art Gallery in Gaborone. However, it took a long time to organise the first workshop in Botswana, because a lot of the time I found I was talking about something no-one had ever experienced and so the response tended to be a 'wait-and-see' attitude on the part of most people."

When a workshop is held for the first time, a few artists who have attended or organised a 'sister' workshop are invited to participate and to share their experiences. For instance, the American sculptor, Willard Boepple, who had been closely connected with *Triangle Workshops* in the USA, attended the first *Pachipamwe Workshop* in Zimbabwe (1988), the first *Thapong Workshop* in Botswana (1989) and the first *Xayamaca Workshop* in Jamaica (1993). Willard was also invited to participate in the *africa95 Pamoja Workshop*. Artists such as Willard are invited not only so they may share their experience and help in the creation of a new workshop environment, but also for their contribution as visiting artists. As Veryan commented: *"From my perception of things the overseas artists bring a challenge of a different sort, of a subtly different perspective and context to things. Obviously people from overseas are dealing with issues that we don't meet here. For instance, the amount of dialogue people have over there I think subtly changes the work they do and is something fostered by the training one receives at art school. So often the visitors have a verbal aspect to their work and how they present their work, which is something we don't have in Botswana. The local artists find meeting the visiting artists a very important part of the workshop, because they gradually learn how to articulate their work, which is something artists need to do if they want to be part of the international art world today."*

"It's important to remember, however, that in Botswana one is talking about a group of people who don't have access to art schools, where getting hold of materials and references books is virtually impossible and where peoples' home language is Setswana. Then you are expecting them to understand the private language of art, which is difficult enough to deal with even if you have been to art school and English is your first language. The visiting artists who come from the Western countries don't find it that easy, because of feeling the need to be very careful about not imposing their views. One can't just walk in as if it was an art school in England or America or Canada."

"In an art school setting one can often presume certain attitudes on the part of the student, so that when you say something you can assume that they are going to understand the context from which you are talking and are talking about. Here, in Botswana, you can't really presume that. A lot of the visiting artists find it very difficult to give critical feedback in these circumstances, because they feel they might be misunderstood. Having said that though, I feel that people meet people on an individual basis and if they are coming here, if they agree to come here, they often come for their own reasons, but they also come with a certain measure of awareness of what they are doing and the implications of what they do and say when they arrive."⁶²

*"I think that the overseas visiting artists are more readily seen as role models by the local Botswana artists, because they have come from outside, from a different context and their professionalism and attitudes towards the practice of art affects the local artists. They see it is possible to work as a full-time artist and to be taken seriously, which are both difficult to achieve in Botswana. However, as an artist to get excited about and someone to say 'I'm going to be like so-and-so,' I think it is artists like Dias Mahlate from Mozambique or Adam Madebe from Zimbabwe [both of whom participated in the *Pamoja Workshop*], who have an effect on*

the local Batswana artists; they are the role models the local artists look to and can relate to.”



***Couple* (wood, 225x115cm), by Dias Mahlate, 1995 Thapong Collection.**



***Untitled* (clay), by Dias Mahlate (Mozambique), Tullipamwe 1994.**

The context of the workshops allows the artists to establish a series of good working relationships, which often strengthens and develops into a network over the years. For instance, when Willard Boepple (who participated in the *Pamoja Workshop*) and David Koloane (who co-curated *seven stories*) attended the first *Pachipamwe Workshop* (1988), they worked alongside the local Zimbabwean artists such as Tapfuma Gutsa (one of the co-ordinators of the *Pamoja Workshop*); Adam Madebe (who

⁶² I shall go onto illustrate how aware the *Pamoja* artists were of the context they had been invited to participate within as visiting artists.



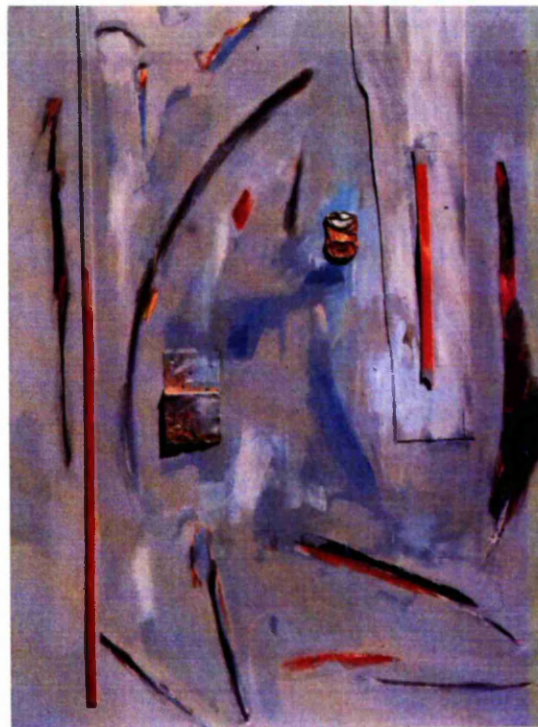
Kgogomodumo (wood, 100x50cm), by Tapfuma Gutsa (Zimbabwe), 1990 *Thapong Collection*.

again worked alongside Vervan Edwards and Stephen Williams⁶³ (who participated in the *africa95 SOAS Symposium*) and his fellow guest artist Adam Madebe.

Often an experienced workshop co-ordinator, such as Anna Kindersley (who co-ordinated *Pamoja* with Tapfuma Gutsa and Flinto Chandia), is also on hand to offer advice and support where necessary. For instance, the local artists in Zimbabwe (1992 & 1993), Zambia (1993) and Namibia (1994), invited Anna to help them to raise the sponsorship, to organise the materials, to find a suitable location and to put them in contact with the growing network of international *Workshop* artists. This chain of supportive initiating events, reflects the means by which the large and complex cross-cultural network of artists has developed and no doubt helps to explain the strength of the rapidly increasing *Workshop Movement*.

participated in the *Pamoja Workshop*); and Berry Bickle (who participated in *On The Road*, the *africa95* exhibition staged at *The Delfina Studio Trust*). In the following year David Koloane returned to participate in the second *Pachipamwe Workshop*, where he not only, once again, worked alongside Adam Madebe and Tapfuma Gutsa, but also other visiting artists such as Antonio Ole (from *Angola* who participated in *On The Road*) and Sokari Douglas Camp (from *Nigeria/UK*, who participated in *Play and Display*, the *africa95* exhibition staged at the *Museum of Mankind*).

After this Zimbabwean workshop and at the end of the same year, David Koloane met up again with Willard Boepple at the first *Thapong Workshop*, where he once



Kwa Kanye 1 (mixed media, 150x200cm), by Stephen Williams (Botswana/Zimbabwe), 1992 *Thapong Collection*.

⁶³ Stephen Williams was unfortunately killed in a motorbike accident in the summer of 1996 in Zimbabwe.

The co-ordinating role that Anna Kindersley has played over the years, has often been criticised by those persons who are not associated with the *Workshop Movement*. The criticisms usually present her as an 'outsider' - white, privileged, non-artist - and imply, directly or indirectly, that her involvement compromises the stated intention of the *Workshop Movement*: that the workshops are 'artist-led' - by local artists. Yet, after speaking to numerous artists who have worked alongside Anna, when she was helping them to co-ordinate their first workshop and thus laying the foundations for their future workshops; and having seen her 'in action' for myself at the *Pamoja Workshop*, I feel that such criticisms are both misinformed and misleading. For they deny the reality involved in the complex working relationship required to establish and to sustain such a venture. Anna's sensitivity and her skill in co-ordinating a workshop that actively encourages artists to take responsibility, becomes of great interest to an anthropologist seeking to understand the dynamics surrounding notions of empowerment. Particularly when they are put into practice through the *Workshop Movement*, which, in turn, came to influence *africa95*.



Crocodile Man (acrylic on canvas, 175x125cm), by Hercules Viljoen (Namibia), 1991 *Thapong Collection*. Hercules co-founded the first *Tulipamwe Workshop* in Namibia, which Anna Kindersley helped to co-ordinate; and he participated in the *Pamoja Workshop*.



Modirwa Or He Who Was Created (oil on canvas, 300x160cm), by Vanessa Jackson , 1992 *Thapong Collection*.



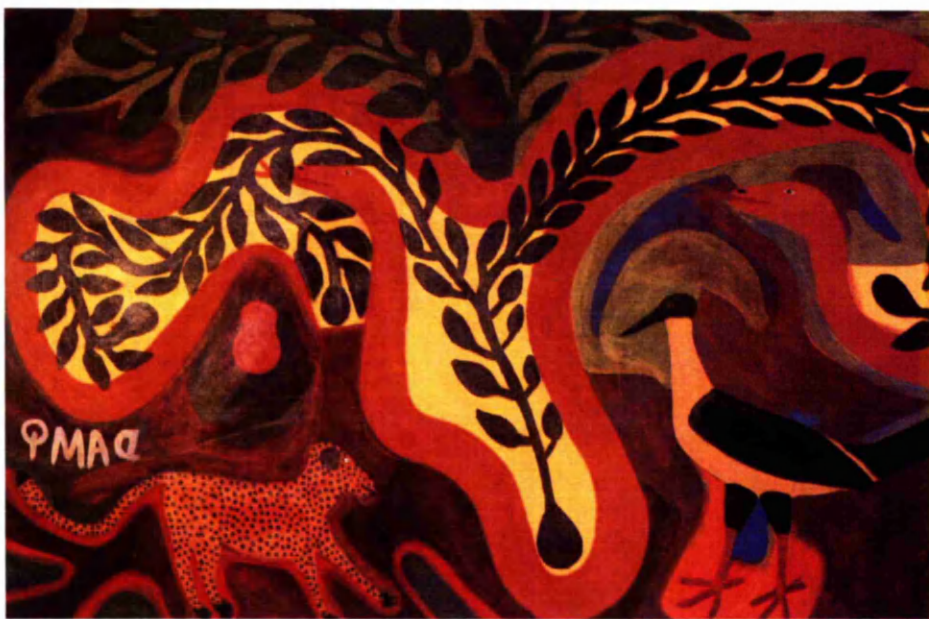
Basarwa Food (acrylic on canvas, 200x250cm), by Xwexae Dada Qgam, 1992 *Thapong Collection*.

The complexity of this relationship between artist and non-artist is also evident when considering the involvement of Robert Loder from the perspective of a workshop artist, rather than that of a workshop critic. As Veryan commented: *"Every single workshop is an independent entity, depending on the resourcefulness and energy of the people living in the country. There is no actual organisation as such, it is a very free floating matter of just networking. The links are informal. What Robert Loder does is provide moral support and an information link between the workshops, because he visits the workshops once a year. Even though he only stays perhaps for one night in Botswana, after seeing the work he will have a meeting in the evening with the committee of local artists. In these meetings Robert gives us the benefit of his information about the other*

workshops and his advice, which, although we don't always take it, is very useful. He is yet another voice, another intelligence that comes to bear on the thing and that's very useful, particularly as he can bring in the European, for want of a better phrase, perspective on the issue, and so broaden our discussion. Robert also plays an important role in the formation of the network of workshop artists. For instance, through his travels he meets many artists and sees their work and passes on this information when he meets us. Also, I may phone up Robert and ask if he can recommend a British artist to visit Thapong. Within each country there's someone like Robert, who has been to Botswana and whom I ask to suggest the name of a visiting artist we could invite to Thapong. You see it's difficult to tell just from the artist's work, what they are like as a person, or how they would function in a group situation, which is actually vital in the workshop situation."

Although there is much criticism to be heard with reference to the initial founders and co-ordinators of these workshops, such as Robert Loder and Anna Kindersley, because they are not themselves artists, I feel on reflection, that the 'heart of the matter' probably has more to do with the colour of a person's skin and all the loaded connotations that go with the historical legacy of colonialism within Africa. I say this because the same kinds of criticisms triggered by peoples' discomfort, when they learn of Anna or Robert's involvement in the *Workshop Movement*, are often levelled at the white artists who live and work within one of the Southern Africa countries; particularly those who play any sort of co-ordinating role within the *Workshop Movement*. As Vervan reflected: *"I feel very sensitive to issues such as being a woman, being white, not being poverty stricken... People often arrive at the workshop and see me as a stereotype: white woman, can't possibly be serious about her work, must be a bored housewife, dabbling with art. People do not necessarily say it directly, but I often see it in their eyes and in the difference between how they speak to me and the other local artists. It's difficult to constantly have to challenge how people see you, particularly when you are constantly questioning how you see yourself."*

As my fieldwork progressed I began to notice there was a similarity between the views that were often expressed surrounding the notion of what constitutes an authentic African work of art (something that has not been influenced by Western art practices); and those views regarding which of the *International Workshops* constitute an authentically African workshop (those that are organised solely by local black artists such as David Koloane or Flinto Chandia). As I shall seek to illustrate throughout my paper, viewing the co-ordinators, as well as the artists and their works through these black & white aesthetic lens is extremely unhelpful. It ignores the sophistication of social and inter-cultural relationships and obscures the diversity of work; thereby denying the individuality of each artist and his/her work.



Cao (acrylic on canvas, 175x115cm), by Qmao Nxuku, 1993 *Thapong Collection*.⁶⁴

“I’m pleased that the works will be seen from an aesthetic point of view...”

The *africa95* artists were making and speaking about their work within the context of the *africa95* season, which, in turn, received the majority of its publicity for the *RA*’s *africa95* exhibition - (‘the centrepiece of the season’).⁶⁵ These artists were therefore working within a wider context of critical debate that had an historical dimension to it. This debate reflects the uneasiness people feel when thinking about a body of work, traditionally categorised as African Art; and how to consider contemporary artists and the work they are producing. The influence of Susan Vogel’s 1991 exhibition/catalogue *ART/artifact* can be seen in the comments made in relation to many of the *africa95* exhibitions and in particular the one held at the *RA* (Anthony Appiah’s influence is also of great interest).

In the article *Art of A Continent* (in the *South Africa News*, June 1995) one of the *africa95* executive committee members, the novelist Simi Bedford, was quoted as saying: “*I’m pleased that the works will be seen from an aesthetic point of view rather than anthropological. It will show Africa’s contribution towards world civilisation, and if people’s perception change, the government in the West may see Africa in a different way also. It’s important for us to feel proud of our culture.*”

As the Artistic Director of *africa95*, Clémentine Deliss was interviewed by Andy Lavender for his article

⁶⁴ Xwexae Dada Qgam and Qmao Nxuku are known as *San* or *Basarwa*. When the term ‘Bushmen’ became considered racist and sexist, *San*, the word originally used to refer to the language of one group of indigenous people, was adopted by the Europeans to refer to several groups of non-Negroid peoples of southern Africa. The *Tswana* people generally refer to them by the rather derogatory name *Basarwa*, which essentially means ‘people from the sticks.’

⁶⁵ The exhibition *Africa: The Art of a Continent*, opened after the *Pamoja Workshop* and most of the artists had returned to their respective homes. The *RA* considered placing some of the work made during *Pamoja* in the entrance courtyard, whilst their *africa95* exhibition was ‘in action.’ However, after seeing photographs of some of the work they decided not to proceed with this idea. I was unable to find out why they made this decision.

Unknown Africa comes to Britain, published in *The Times* (4 August 1995): “‘You say ‘African art’ to somebody and they probably think of the mask. People are going to be amazed by what they see... One 20th century vision is to say that colonialism decimated African culture and art,” says Deliss. “Yet the actual situation is far more akin to parts of Europe where you get multifarious arts scenes. And there has always been contact between Africa and Europe since the 15th century. Nigerian, Sudanese and Ethiopian artists were studying at the Slade, the Royal College and the Chelsea School of Art as early as 1904, and all these experiences were taken to Africa. But we only know about the other side. We know about the influence of African art on Derain, Vlaminck and Picasso, but we haven’t heard from African artists themselves...’).⁶⁶

Moments of Interruption

With the benefit of hindsight an author may choose to assess, re-read and re-present many of the intentions and courses of action that were undertaken, to convey that the *VAP*, or a particular aspect of the project such as the *Pamoja Workshop*, was constituted by a set of circumstances that were inevitable or coherent. As Featherstone commented, ‘the practical aspect of cultural reproduction demands that people will attempt to stabilise signs into classificatory schemes which possess a practical coherence and symbolic dimension’ (1991:127). My concern, however, with this style of presentation - a deductive illustration of a coherent project, based on western classificatory rules - is that it does not reflect, or communicate, what the experience was for the participants associated with, say, the *Pamoja Workshop*; an experience which directly influenced the relationships and discussions they participated within, and the work they created during *africa95*.

When one tosses a coin in the air, it can land heads or tails with equal probability. As the coin spins in the air, it is still uncertain as to the outcome. However, once the coin has landed, the uncertainty disappears and one is left with only the fact that the coin was tossed and landed heads, or even merely that the coin landed heads.

⁶⁶ Just as the *VAP* was getting under way, Richard Dowden, wrote in his article *Should we feel guilty?*, which was published in *The Spectator* (30 September 1995): ‘It began as a simple idea: ‘Let’s put on an exhibition of African art.’ A worthy and wonderful idea as neat as its emblem, the cowrie shell. But not simple. What does African mean? Is there such a thing as African art? If there is, what objects best represent it? How can they be gathered in one place and who will pay for it? No wonder it hasn’t been done before... To start Africa is a land mass. African is not a colour or a race, and certainly not a culture. Until the Europeans sailed round it and began to walk all over it (and its people) it wasn’t even a name... As Professor Kwame Anthony Appiah, a Ghanaian at Harvard University, says: ‘It would never have occurred to most of the Africans in their long history to think that they belonged to a larger human group defined by a shared relationship to the African continent.’ Africa, he points out, is an invention of outsiders... Tom Phillips who has put the exhibition together, says bluntly: ‘There is no common denominator except that it comes from the continent. It is not trying to say something about Africa.’... Which brings us to the greatest problem of all: political correctness. Mr Phillips is already under fire from people asking why the exhibition wasn’t organised by a black African or at least an academic specialising in African art. But it runs deeper than that. The PC line on Africa is that it was the Garden of Eden before the Europeans pitched up and ruined it... Those who are driven by this belief now demand that we praise it simply because it was a victim of imperialism. Are they closer to appreciating it for its own sake or is their appreciation simply a feel-guilt reaction to past? If it were true that African culture had been wiped out by imperialism, Africans would simply be copying European art, building neo-classical houses, painting like Rembrandt and writing like Jane Austen. But Africans are not doing this...’ Simon Jenkins wrote in his article *Out of Africa and out of context*, published in *The Times* (17 October 1995): ‘Both words, Africa and art, throb with political correctness... So what of the thesis? Ask the director [secretary], Piers Rodgers, whether this is all art and he will reply, “You tell me.” But he is telling me. He is titling it art and putting it in the academy... Filling the catalogue with adjectives such as powerful, enigmatic and unusual do not take us much further. I prefer Appiah’s description of these objects as artefacts. Many if not most could have been picked up at an African crafts shop - and are none the worse for that. But then so could modern African painting, which has been excluded. (Why? For fear of comparison?) But I wonder if the academy would have dared grace this show with the cloak of art had it been selected by an anthropologist rather than a professional artist [Tom Phillips]... If we are to make comparisons we shall be challenging in our honesty: these works are not in the same class as the “art” of Europe or Asia...’

To describe the event only from its outcome would ignore the uncertainty that was lived as the coin still spun and all the thoughts that went through one's mind during the uncertainty. If this example were extended to multiple tosses and decisions made after each toss, then to understand the final outcome, the full action of tossing with uncertainty needs to be discussed; indeed, the process that led to the outcome.

In those moments when the *Pamoja* artists' experiences were 'in action,' when the artists were experiencing the uncertainty surrounding what seemed to be an opening up of several possibilities. In those moments, when the artist's responsibility was engaged through the process of having to choose, for example, how to present their ideas - whether it be through a discussion, or their work, or their silence - when their uncertainty about the future was being jostled with their past recollections and present experiences. In those moments, it is often difficult to be open to the realisation that we cannot always determine our future and that the best we can do is to make a choice in the present. These moments of vulnerability are, however, difficult to capture after the moment has passed, because we immediately refocus our attention on the resultant courses of action, in an attempt to classify and assign a meaning, to help us make sense of the world we live in. This process of justifying the resultant course of action, leads to a re-focusing and re-presentation that feels, to the experiencer i.e., the artist, in this case, to bear little relationship to the moments that are subsequently being spoken of, captured and documented.

After having spent three years speaking to artists associated with the *Gasworks* and the *International Workshop Movement*, I feel these moments are of great significance when attempting to understand what it is an artist feels their work is communicating; and why these artists often find it difficult to convey the meaning of their work. The meaning of the work for an artist is often the experience in which it was made; an experience that was a jostling, in the present, of things remembered with the uncertainty of things to come; an experience that the artists I met chose to present through their work. It is an experience that cannot be easily recaptured using the words made available by the critics and art historians, because the image that such a communication system often evokes is something different to what the artist was experiencing when they made the work - in those moments when the coin was twirling in the air.

As an anthropologist I am interested in how groups of people attempt to communicate their particular world views when each party involved in the exchange often has little prior knowledge of the information being transmitted; or of the style of presentation or language through which such information is being conveyed. It continually struck me throughout my fieldwork that it was during these kinds of interactions, when people entered a space where they were able to negotiate without any 'loss of face,' that an awareness and a shift in perspective often took place. Indeed, when I began my fieldwork I had no idea how difficult the participants would find it to communicate with each other in a manner that would allow a shift in perception to take place. This was because I had not appreciated how difficult it was to create a space for people to stumble and listen and reformulate their views and allow others to do the same. The busy rush of Western institutional and academic life did not provide a conducive environment in which to realise one of the *africa95* project's primary publicly stated intentions: to listen to what the artists had to say about their work.

I have decided to present my case study of the *Pamoja Workshop* - albeit it with the inevitable benefit of hindsight - in a manner that illustrates, how influential the element of chance was in the linking of certain networks, ideas and persons, which culminated in the *VAP* and in particular, one of the programme's constituent parts, the *Pamoja Workshop*. I have chosen to evoke the notion of chance, because I feel it best communicates the sense of amazement, luck and risk I continually experienced many of the circumstances to be. So also did the artists I was living with during my fieldwork, when we came face to face with a new person, image, idea or network; and then subsequently had to make a decision about how to present ourselves and make sense of each other's presentations. These moments were of particular importance considering the stated intention of the *VAP*, was: 'to promote awareness in Britain of the work produced by African artists and artists of African descent, to increase networks and share creative ideas.'

Bourdieu's notion of 'habitus' allows us to consider directly the implications of the object as physical form which mediates between the subjective and objective worlds (Miller 1987:103). The fieldwork I conducted amongst the *Pamoja* artists was an exploration of the circumstances in which their work mediated between the complex subjective and objective worlds, that influenced their formation and gave rise to their reception. It is for this reason that the *Pamoja Workshop* could be perceived as the 'habitus' I shall present as my case study. However, to view such a 'habitus' as an isolated context is extremely problematic, because although the *Pamoja Workshop* was effectively closed to 'outsiders' (non-participants) until the last final weekend, it was situated within the *VAP*, and from a wider perspective within the *africa95* season. For this reason, I shall give due mention whenever the *Pamoja* artists came into contact with the participants or exhibits relating to the wider 'habitus' of *africa95*. Particularly if such contact may have affected the artists' experience(s) of living and working within Britain; and influenced the creation of their work and how they presented themselves.

My interest in focusing on the circumstances surrounding the *Pamoja* artists' experiences in Britain - the context in which they found themselves - stemmed from my desire to explore how influential the creational context is when attempting to consider, or speak about, or interpret the work produced by a particular group of artists; and to take a look at the process(es) involved in the production of the body of material the *YSP* were planning to exhibit as part of the *africa95* season at the end of the workshop. Although from where I was located it may have been possible for me to speak to the artists at the end of the workshop and to study the work they had produced during the workshop by visiting the exhibition, I felt it was of greater importance to attempt to gain an insight into why the works were produced, by speaking to the artists during the context of creation. My intention was therefore to view their 'art as process' rather than 'art as object.' As Cole discussed in his 1969 article 'Art as a Verb in Iboland,' art is much more than the object alone, being the whole matrix in which it is embedded.

As I Watched the Coin Spin in the Air

As I drove through the quiet streets of London towards Heathrow airport in the early hours of the 9th August 1995, I was filled with anticipation and all the wondering that had culminated from my twelve months of research into what was being promoted by Sir Michael Caine, as 'the largest ever nation-wide season of the arts of Africa and the African Diaspora to be held in the UK.' I was on my way to begin meeting the twenty-one artists, coming from eleven African countries to participate in the *Pamoja Workshop*. As I turned off the motorway, I felt a rush of excitement on seeing the aeroplane lights overhead and through the glow of dawn momentarily recalled the advice a well-known anthropologist, apparently, used to impart to his research students, who were deliberating over where to conduct their fieldwork: "*choose somewhere you have always wanted to go, where the weather is beautiful, the food is good and the people are friendly.*" So the story goes, those students who followed this advice usually produced the most interesting research.

As I parked my car, switched off my headlights and strode brusquely through the chilly dawn air into the starkly illuminated Terminal 4 arrivals hall, I pondered my situation in relation to the end of this story; and so doing, a dull panic began to rise through my thoughts and overlay my earlier sense of excitable anticipation. My research project seemed to-date to be little more than a swirling haze of ambiguity and miscomprehension, conducted in the London drizzle on a diet of pasta and coffee, amongst people who appeared to work within an atmosphere of secrecy and to publicly disapprove of relationships that mixed business with friendship. As I momentarily considered my predicament - I had no idea what to expect next - I reached out and grasped hold of my instinct: to speak to the artists. As the coin spun in the air, all I was certain of was the direction I wanted to be heading in; and with that one thought, I justified to myself the reason I was at Heathrow airport on that Wednesday morning and made my way to the meeting point.

Scanning the constant movement of well-planned information on the overhanging monitors, for the flight arrival times, it occurred to me that my fieldwork had been little different to finding myself at Heathrow and getting on any available standby flight bound for the continent of Africa. What I had learnt and who I befriended had been the result of a series of chance encounters. For instance, if I had not been in Anna Kindersley's office - speaking about why I should like to meet some of the *africa95* artists - whilst Robert Loder happened to walk in to send a fax, I should not have found an access point to speak to him. This chance meeting resulted in me being given access to Robert's *africa95* files. If Anna had not been overworked and in need of extra voluntary help, I would not have been invited up to the *YSP* to assist in the preparations for the *Pamoja Workshop*. This gave me access to the Workshop context and an insight into the *africa95* network. However, more importantly, if I had not owned a car, I would not have been invited to Heathrow to greet the *Pamoja* artists that August morning. That it was my reliable Toyota Corolla, which had provided me with the access point to meet the artists, was what disturbed me the most.

As I stood at the metal barriers alongside the bleary-eyed placard-holding chauffeurs, I had no idea who was to come round the corner into view. I had no idea that I would find myself befriending a fifty-year-old

Makonde sculptress by the name of Reinata Sadhimba. This was not due to my academic qualifications, the credibility of the institution with which I was associated, or my anthropological skills; but because when Reinata arrived in London she was ill and as my sister-in-law was a GP I was found myself looking after this particular *africa95* guest. I had no idea as I stood at the barrier I was to be invited by the *Pamoja* artists to stay with them during their three week workshop; not due to any interest in my research project, but for very practical reasons, triggered by Reinata crying as I prepared to return to London at the end of the first weekend: I was considered by the artists to be useful to have around the workshop, because I could look after Reinata; be a general workshop helper; and finally because I owned a car - deemed a particularly useful asset, as the workshop was held in an isolated setting.

It is from this position that I shall move onto my narrative of the *Pamoja* artists' visit to Britain. It is a story about the '*coming together*' of persons from different cultures; of the individuality of artists and their work; of what sort of awareness was raised by whom, to whom... within the context provided by the *africa95 VAP*.

To give the reader a sense of the process involved in the creational context and of the important role uncertainty and progression plays during the period of production, I have chosen to present my research in a fashion that reflects the sense of revelation. To tell the story as it unfolds, as the coin was spinning in the air, through using the artists' words and a language that invites the reader to experience the coming together of images and ideas. My intention has been to provide the reader with an alternative means by which to consider the work produced by the *Pamoja* artists. Also, to explore a presentational language that puts into practice the notion that "*artists should speak for themselves*" to encourage a greater understanding of themselves and their work.

An Invitation to the Reader

For a full appreciation of the *Pamoja* artists' contributions to the body of knowledge on the subject of contemporary African art practices with which the *africa95* project was concerned, I feel it is of great importance that the reader allows him/herself to experience the story I have presented as it unfolds; as well as from the position that each artist has something to say about their work that is worth listening to. It is my belief that by so doing the reader will gain an insight into who these artists are and why they make the work they do.

I also invite the reader to follow the shifts in their own perception as they are introduced to this group of individuals, with a variety of different worldviews, whom they have not met before. I ask the reader to recognise their reactions to these particular artists' presentations of self and work. It is this recognition that lies at the heart of the problem the *africa95* experiment faced.



The *Pamoja Workshop* artists, support staff and technicians. (from left to right) Adam Madebe (Zimbabwe), Ian Fallon (UK), Francis Nnaggenda (Uganda), Matthew Fairley (UK), Daniel McGinley (UK), Les Hall (UK), Gamal Abdel Nasser (Egypt), Jon Isherwood (UK), Duke Keyte (South Africa), Ikram Kabbaj (Morocco), Moitshepi Madibela (Botswana), Reinata Sathimba (Mozambique), Willard Boepple (USA), Colleen Madamombe (Zimbabwe), Ndidi Dike (Nigeria), Hercules Viljoen (Namibia), Frances Richardson (UK), Babacar Traoré (Senegal), Daniel Hunziker (Austria), André Diop (Senegal), Flinto Chandia (Zambia), David Chirwa (Zambia), Arthur Fata (Zimbabwe), Noria Mabasa (South Africa), Dias Mahlate (Mozambique).

Section 2) First Impressions: the arrival of the *Pamoja* artists.

"We hadn't researched what circumstances people had come from and what difficulties they might face when they arrived in Britain. That's why I think Anna Kindersley was so protective of everybody, because she knew about the artists' backgrounds, what sort of places they were coming from. Yes, such concern was shared by many of the people at the YSP who were prepared to listen and to find out more, but the realities of life are that people are passing by very quickly in our society and it is difficult to make, or remember to make, the time to listen" (Anna Bowman, YSP Educational Officer).

In this section I shall introduce the reader to the *Pamoja* artists, the contexts from which they came to Britain, the people with whom they came into contact and their initial experience of arriving in Britain as guests of *africa95*. This section will also give the reader an insight into the complex network of relationships that were formed and developed; something which is of particular importance given the *Pamoja* artists felt most comfortable to speak about their lives and their work within a space of trust and friendship.

Anna Kindersley, Zuleika Kingdon and I went to Heathrow airport to begin meeting the *Pamoja* artists. After the artists had been met at Heathrow they were driven to *St. Margaret's Hotel*, in London, where they stayed for a couple of nights until they moved, via the *Henry Moore Foundation*, to the YSP.¹ The hotel was located just off Russell Square, five minutes walk from *The British Museum* and *SOAS*. Anna, Zuleika and I had volunteered for the job of greeting and collecting the *Pamoja* artists, because we each owned a car (the project had a limited budget) and because we each had a particular interest in so doing. Anna, who became known as Anna K., was one of the workshop co-ordinators; Zuleika (freelance filmmaker) had been commissioned by the YSP to make a video documentary about the workshop; and I was researching the workshop for my thesis.²

¹ The *Pamoja Workshop* was held at the YSP from 12 Aug. - 3 Sept. '95.

² During *africa95* the three of us came to establish a good working relationship and friendship. We had much in common with regards to our cultural backgrounds, our interest in working within a cross-cultural environment and our shared experience of working on projects, whose success was dependent on the implementation of careful project co-ordination.

Anna Kindersley: After working at the *Mall Galleries* in London, Anna moved to the *National Museum* in Zimbabwe, where she first became aware of and began working as a co-ordinator for the *Workshop Movement*. Since 1993 Anna has helped the local artists in Zimbabwe, Namibia and Zambia to set up their annual workshops and currently administrates the international studio residency programme at the *Gasworks* in London. Her responsibilities include raising sponsorship and negotiating between various multicultural

"I think workshops are good for business"

Zuleika agreed to meet Francis Nnaggenda (*Uganda*), Adam Madebe (*Zimbabwe*) and Colleen Madamombe (*Zimbabwe*). The first to arrive that morning was Francis, who in August 1995 was working as the well-respected Head of the Sculpture Department at the *Margaret Trowell School of Fine Art*, Makerere University, Kampala, Uganda. Pilkington Ssengendo (*Uganda*), the then Dean of the school, arrived in Britain to participate in the *africa95 visual arts programme* the following month and after Francis had returned to Uganda. Ssengendo was invited to speak at the *SOAS Symposium - African Artists - school, studio and society* - and to attend the opening of *seven stories* at the *Whitechapel*. Much of the initial planning and conceptualising for *seven stories* had been undertaken by Clémentine Deliss, who had met Francis and Pilkington Ssengendo when she visited Uganda in her role as Artistic Director of *africa95*: both these men had subsequently been invited to contribute to the *seven stories* exhibition. However, Francis returned to Uganda, on the 4th September 1995, at the end of *Pamoja*, two days after the official launch of the *africa95* programme of events in Britain, which was marked by a concert in Birmingham; and prior to the opening of the majority of *africa95* visual art exhibitions.

Zuleika had known Francis³ since she was a child and from which time she has developed an in-depth knowledge of the contemporary Ugandan art world. Her father, Dr Jonathan Kingdon, had taught art and worked as Head of the *Margaret Trowell School of Fine Art* until 1972, when he had to leave as a result of Idi Amin's regime.⁴ In 1995 Robert Loder had approached Zuleika to ask whether she would be interested in helping to set up and co-ordinate a sister workshop in Uganda. To find out more about the *Workshop Movement* Zuleika went to the *YSP* with Anna K. during the preparation stages for the *Pamoja Workshop*. It was during this time the idea for a documentary video of the *Pamoja Workshop* was discussed and commissioned by the *YSP*.

groups, to ensure all the working environments meet the artists' needs.

Zuleika Kingdon: After graduating as a filmmaker Zuleika worked as a production assistant / researcher on the award winning Channel 4 documentary *Under the Clouds*, which followed everyday village life in rural China. Prior to filming, Zuleika spent 18 months living in the village with a carpenter's family: to learn the language, conduct in-depth research into the local stories and gain the villagers confidence. Since this time she has worked as a freelance filmmaker on subjects ranging from development projects in South America to life within a bronze casting foundry in Britain.

Rachel Bardhan: After training as an exhibition designer, I worked for a number of years as a senior designer and project co-ordinator on a variety of national museum and visitor attractions within Britain; before undertaking my BA and PhD at *SOAS*.

³ **Francis Nnaggenda:** After informally attending the *Margaret Trowell School of Fine Art* in the 1950s as a school boy, he undertook a three year BA correspondence course with the *Ecole de Dessin* in Paris. In 1963 he joined the *Kampala Teachers' Institute* at Kiambogo and shortly after was awarded a scholarship to the *University of Fribourg* in Switzerland, who arranged for him to work in the Black Forest in Germany with a sculptor, before he moved onto the *Academy of Fine Art* in Munich, where he completed his studies in 1967. On returning to Uganda in 1968 he taught at *Mutolere Secondary School* and *Kitante Secondary School*, before being offered a two-year post as Tutorial Fellow at the *University of Nairobi* in Kenya. In 1970 he was appointed Research Fellow and Head of Art Project at the Institute of African Studies, *University of Nairobi* and in 1975 took a sabbatical to become Visiting Associate Professor at the *University of Indiana* in the USA. In 1976 Francis returned to the USA, where he worked on a commission for the *Kennedy Center* in Washington and a body of work for two exhibitions. Francis returned to Kenya and in 1978 moved back to Uganda, where he was appointed to a teaching post at Makerere in 1980 (Makerere University stayed open while Uganda went through a civil war between 1982 and 1986).

⁴ During his time in Uganda, Jonathan Kingdon was instrumental in creating an environment in which the Ugandan artists were able to develop their distinctive complex and painterly images that both provide a valuable visual commentary on and reflect the influences of, the local social and cultural stories which constitute their lives. He also started the *Makerere University Art Gallery*, which houses work produced by contemporary Ugandan artists. The idea behind the setting up of this art gallery was to form a collection that would provide an invaluable record of the contemporary Ugandan art movement; be an inspiration for all Ugandan artists; and provide an important resource for international and multi-disciplinary researchers.

After meeting Francis, Zuleika agreed to wait, due to the limited transport available, to greet Colleen Madamombe and Adam Madebe.⁵ Zuleika had not met either of these two artists, who were travelling together from Harare. Prior to *africa95*, Adam, a lecturer at the art school in Bulawayo, had attended the *International Workshops* held in South Africa, Zimbabwe, Botswana, Mozambique, Namibia and the USA. He had also taught at the *Thlale pre-Thapong Workshop* in Botswana, which had been set-up for local artists to experience working together and be given access to the advice of experienced artists (there are no art schools in Botswana). Francis had not attended an *International Workshop* prior to *africa95* and neither had Colleen, who worked as one of the artists in residence at the *Chapungu Sculpture Park*.

The *Chapungu Sculpture Park* opened on the outskirts of Harare, Zimbabwe, in November 1985. The Park's aims have been to provide a permanent home in Zimbabwe for a collection of contemporary stone sculpture, as well as acting as a promoter of such work on the international circuit. The Park generates most of the research and documentation currently being carried out on Zimbabwe stone sculpture and serves as an important resource centre for all artists. Aside from Colleen, the Park was represented by two other artists involved in the *Pamoja Workshop* - Arthur Fata⁶ and Tapfuma Gutsa. Arthur and Colleen participated in the *Pamoja Workshop* and Tapfuma was one of the *Pamoja Workshop* co-ordinators, along with Flinto Chandia (Zambia) and Anna K.

Zuleika had contacted Francis when she re-visited Uganda, after many years, in May 1995. She had been commissioned to collect some research data by the *Whitechapel* for *seven stories*. Zuleika, who had been researching for a film on the subject, was aware that since 1972 many of the works of art, which had once formed part of the *Makerere University Art Collection*, had been sold and found new homes both within Uganda and elsewhere in the world. When some of these particular pieces were displayed in *seven stories* - because they were perceived by the selectors / co-curators as being valuable / good representations of contemporary Ugandan art and would not require the expense of transport fees from Uganda to Britain - many of the names of the collections to which these works currently formed a part, were cited as anonymous on the exhibition labels. (Zuleika, co-sponsored by *The British Council*, returned to Uganda in May 1996 to make a film about the contemporary Ugandan art world and to document the *Makerere University Art Gallery Collection*. In 1997 she received some financial assistance towards editing this film from the *africa95* fund.)

⁵ Adam Madebe was born in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe in 1954. After completing a three-year multi-discipline arts course at the *Mzilikazi Art & Craft Centre* in Bulawayo, Adam stayed on as an art instructor. He is considered an artist-hero by local Botswana artists. When Zuleika was filming at the workshop, Adam made the following comments relating to how he became an artist: "What inspired me, my brother. He is a singer at the present moment, but at first he wasn't a singer, he used to carve small figures. I really liked what he was doing and I thought that was a nice idea if I could follow. He used to tell me stories, you know like comedy, and I like being around with him. He really inspired me and then I went through school and to an art centre, where I did my training in ceramics. But ceramics is too fragile, so I wanted to work in something strong, so that is why I wanted to use metal to make sculptures now."

⁶ Arthur Fata: "I was born in Zimbabwe in 1963. I spent a long-time with my grandfather on the farm - tobacco and cotton - in the north of Zimbabwe. We spent time working with wood and carving with a knife in the evenings. Then when I was in junior school I started to draw. There weren't art classes as such, because art was an exclusion for blacks. And art school was only for the whites. So you couldn't even think on it. But if you had a geography or history lesson you could draw and one of the teachers encouraged me. We had to draw a lion and I draw the best and she put it on the wall and I was very happy. I was motivated."

"Then I went to St. Ignatius High School, it's one of the most expensive in Harare. That's where Tapfuma Gutsa and George Shirri [the cultural critic who attended many of the *africa95* events] went. It was a boarding school and a Catholic school and there was a whole lot of facilities. Just before Independence in 1980 it became a multi-racial school. After I finished high school I wanted to be an air technician, but they turned me down, even though I scored highly in the exam and the interview. They didn't select me, because I was too short. You see, they measure your fingers and they measure your height. I was so depressed for many years after that. It was a terrible thing, because nowadays even if the aeroplane engine is as high as a roof, there are ladders and there are lifts so you can go to the top."

"Well then around 1978 I visited Tapfuma. I happened to pass his place as I was staying with my aunt and he was staying with some relations. So I was curious and went to look when he work. He said I was welcome to look. Then I started to ask questions and he showed me, but I didn't have any tools. So I went to the old yard to pick some steel there to use as tools. The first sculpture I did, I did it all by hammer. It was hard because the stone was Portland stone. Tapfuma told me where to go to get the stone - from a big cement factory. They let me take the stone pieces they didn't use in the factory. I made an eagle about three foot high and then I said where can I sell this thing? Tapfuma said no problem and told me the way to finish it and polish it and where to sell it. Then this guy gave me 80 Zim dollars for it. Tapfuma let me take one of his Serpentine stones and I made another sculpture and sold it and I was very happy."

"Then I said to my father I wanted to be an artist and he said I don't want to see you, you are not my son, you have to go and be a teacher. I said I am not going to do it and they were very disappointed. So I went to live with some friends and worked as an artist."

Tapfuma Gutsa was invited by Anna K. to act in an advisory capacity for the *Pamoja Workshop*, because he knew Britain after having attended art school in London; he had undertaken a residency programme at the *Delfina Studio Trust*, London; he was an experienced *International Workshop* participant and a co-ordinator of the *Pachipamwe Workshop* in Zimbabwe; and finally he had participated in the *Zimbabwean Stone Carving* exhibition held at the YSP in 1990. Tapfuma had been planning to participate in the *Pamoja Workshop*, but unfortunately due to an unforeseen accident he broke his leg and was unable to attend. It was for this reason that Arthur Fata came to be invited. Although Arthur had not previously attended an *International Workshop*, he had participated in many group exhibitions throughout Europe and North America, which meant he had much experience of travelling and representing himself outside his home context. Arthur had also visited Tapfuma at the YSP.

Anna Bowman, YSP Educational Officer: *"I was partly aware of the impact of having African artists come to the YSP, because I'd met the artists, Tapfuma Gutsa was one, who came over for the 'Zimbabwe Stone Carving' exhibition in 1990. In fact, Jerry Mawdsley who was working as the site manager at the YSP, at the time, was so taken by what he saw and the artists he met, like Tapfuma, that he and his wife Joceline moved to Zimbabwe. Jerry now works as the curator for Chapungo Sculpture Park and Joceline is the editor of the Chapungo newsletter. So the connections between Zimbabwe and the YSP go back to that exhibition.*

*"However, none of us at the YSP really have an idea about how to talk about the Zimbabwean stone carvings or what the art means in that culture. Or, even how isolated the artists feel from the international art world. Although such imbalances are beginning to be redressed, because the Zimbabwean artists are constantly being asked about their ideas and these are being documented and disseminated through the Chapungo newsletter. In fact, it's because of such documentation that Zimbabwean stone carvers and their work can now be spoken about at all. Such promotion has meant that we now know, internationally, their work is a recognisable art form, which is only about fifty years old and started under the influence of Frank McEwen."*⁷

Then I met a guy who told me about the BAC school in Harare, where they can help with training. At the BAC we were paid 5 Zim dollars per week, for the bus fare and for lunch - the materials were free. You do all the disciplines, painting and sculpture and textiles and printmaking. Then you specialise for three years. You know, Colleen came when I was in my second year there, but she quit after a short while. After I went to Bulgaria to do my MA in fine art at the Sofia Art Academy; and I had exhibitions in Europe, America and Australia. And now I want to do a PhD about Zimbabwe stone carving."

⁷ The exhibition *Zimbabwe '95: the McEwen collection and the paintings of Thomas Mukarobwa*, was held at the *Art for Mayfair Gallery*, London (26 Sept. - 4 Nov. 1995). Although this exhibition was staged during the *VAP*, it was not listed in the official catalogue of events. In 1956 the British artist and art historian, Frank McEwen, left Paris, where he was a close friend of Picasso, Brancusi and Matisse, for Rhodesia (now called Zimbabwe), to become the first director of the *National Gallery of Art* in the capital city of Salisbury (now called Harare). In 1957 he opened an informal artists' workshop within the National Gallery: *'Here, young black men and women were encouraged to express themselves with paints, clay, wood... basketry, weaving and beadwork. But it was with stone carving that the most profound expressions came to life... [McEwen's workshop school, ran from 1957 to 1973 and] the art produced during that period spoke of a strengthening cultural identity and perhaps foretold of the political independence to come'* (Chapungo newsletter: Dec. '95). The sculptor Nicholas Mukomberanwa, recalled that *"Frank told me, 'You are a Shona man. There are no lines to say you should do it this way or that way. You are free.' This was the moment when I felt - I am free."* However, as Charles Hall wrote in his *Financial Times* article *Man who set Shona artists free* (22 September 1995): *"'Free' was the last thing Ian Smith's government wanted black Africans to feel. By the time McEwen was forced to leave the country in 1973, his artists were the subject of active persecution: John Takawira was arrested for the possession of that most dangerous and incendiary of materials - stone... The work of Mubayi and his colleagues in the late 1950s and 60s was viewed as dangerously subversive by the rulers of white Rhodesia. The authorities censored certain works for specific reasons (McEwen smuggled Joseph Ndandarika's carving of a mixed race couple out of the country rather than comply with Ian Smith's demand that it should be destroyed).'* The work of Nicholas Mukomberanwa was exhibited in *Contemporary African Artists* (1990), as well as in the 1990 *Venice Biennale*, which is why Vogel decided not to include his work in *Africa Explores*.

Colleen Madamombe had visited Britain prior to *africa95*, when she had participated in the 1994 group exhibition *Out of Africa: Second Generation Zimbabwean Stone Sculpture*, staged at Millfield School; alongside her husband Fabian Madamombe, as well as Tapfuma Gutsa and Arthur Fata. Since 1990 Colleen's work has been exhibited in Germany, Spain, the USA and the UK; and she is fully aware of the value of her work within such environments: *"When I was in England in 1994, I sold one sculpture for £7,000... Yes, I think workshops are good for business."*

"When I arrived at Heathrow in London, I was a bit shocked"

I had agreed to meet Moitshepi Madibela (*Botswana*) and Duke Keyte (*South Africa*), who had experienced a long and complicated journey to reach Britain. As Moitshepi informed me: *"My journey started from my home village, which is called Moletemane [Moletemane, which is not marked on any ordinance survey maps, is located in the Tuli Block Farms, in the Eastern part of Botswana on the border of South Africa, near to the village of Tsetsebjwe]. I hitched from my home village to the nearest town, which is called Selebi-Phikwe. There is no bus from my home village and it is difficult if you have to take something with you. Sometimes you can wait all day in the sun for a ride. If you get the right day and Mr Kirby [the farm manager] agrees, sometimes I take a lift on the truck from the Poultry farm, near my home village, which goes to Gaborone [the capital of Botswana]. But that day it was not going to Gaborone. So after hitching to Selebi-Phikwe I took a bus to Gaborone, which takes may be another five hours."*



The road to *Moletemane* is full of pot-holes, which makes the journey difficult - even for vehicles with four-wheel drive.

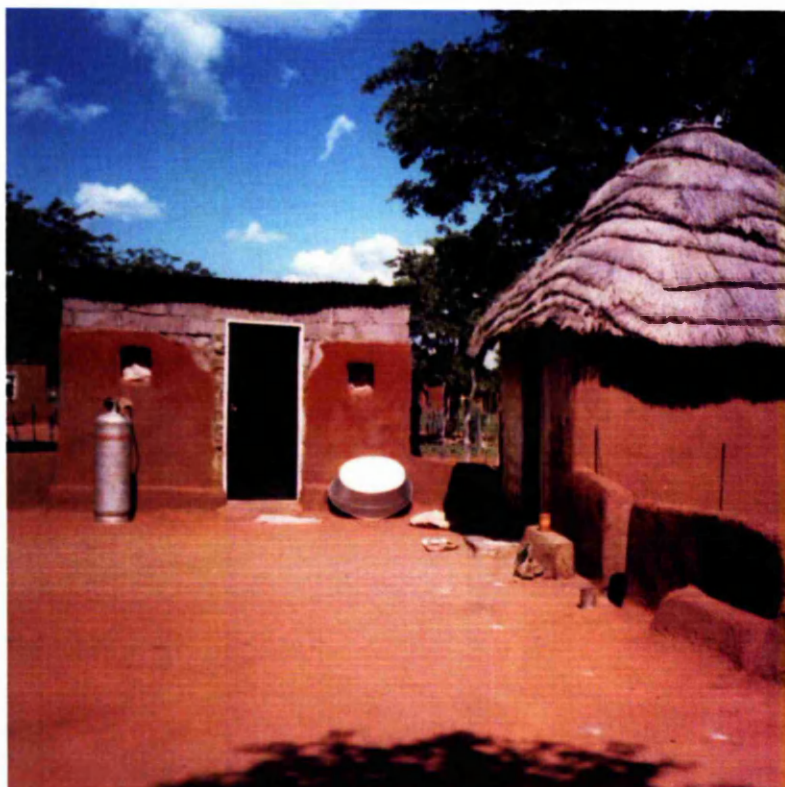
"In Gaborone Veryan Edwards [Thapong Workshop Chairperson] gave me my ticket [which was sponsored by The British Council] and I stayed with my friend Velias Ndaba. He is the Thapong co-ordinator, he works at the museum in Gaborone. Velias lent me his very nice jacket for my journey to Britain and he drove me to the airport, where it was my first time to see such a huge plane. You know, I didn't know that



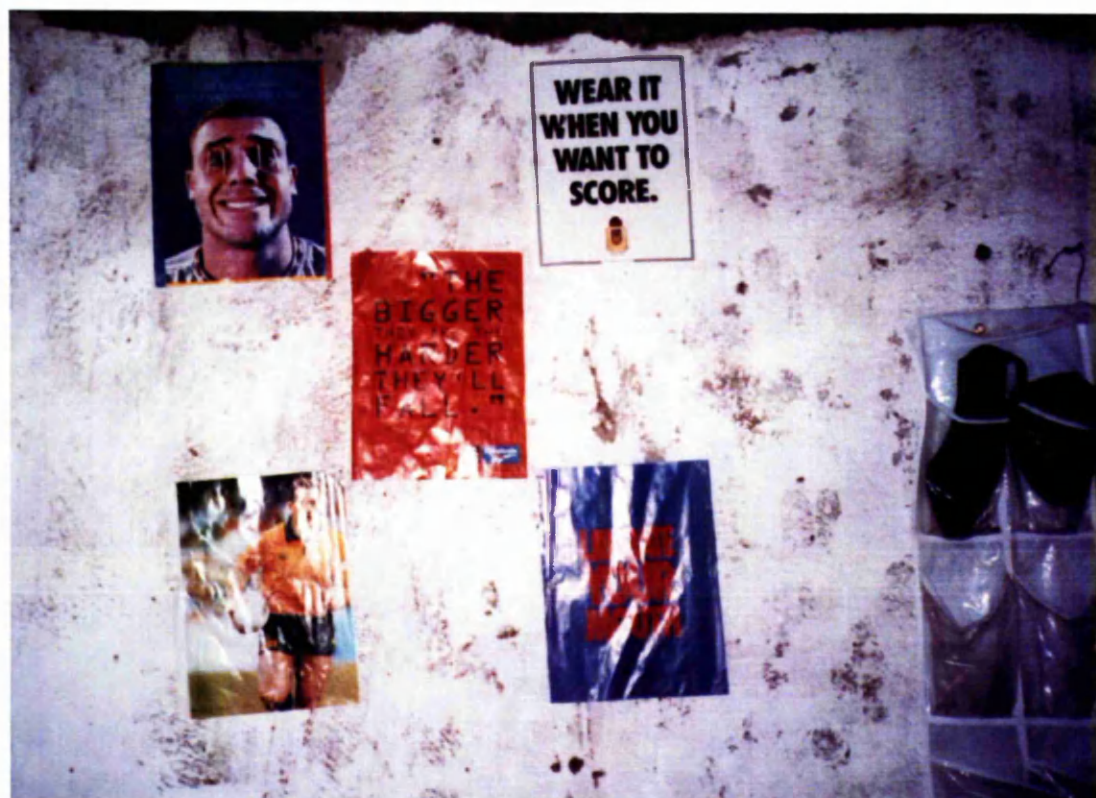
The only transport in *Moletemane* is by donkey-cart. The villagers use these to travel to and from their fields. Moitshepi's family cannot afford to own any donkeys.

British Airways has such big planes that come to Botswana. I felt a bit afraid because I thought I would be going on a small plane. When thinking about flying almost twelve hours on a huge plane like that one, with may be carrying some hundreds of people, I had this feeling it is going to be a very long journey without stopping

somewhere and having a rest and in case it crash. You know, I thought may be it was dangerous to go. But when I was in the plane I felt very comfortable and I couldn't think of any accident to happen."



Moitshepi's house is on the left and his mother's house is on the right. Moitshepi built his house from concrete blocks and corrugated roof sheets. It cost him approx. £300. His intention is to build similar houses for each of his parents, when he has saved enough money. There is no electricity, telephone, or sewerage sanitation within his family's compound; and their water is collected from the village well.



Inside Moitshepi's house he displayed advertisements & magazine pages on the white-washed walls. When I asked him why he did not display any of his, or his colleagues, drawings or paintings on the walls, he replied: *"those pictures they will go in my museum. One day I am going to build it."*

I had never met any of the artists or Zuleika prior to that morning. As I wandered up and down the arrival area, squeezing between the layers of waiting people, listening to the hum of public space noises and wishing I had had a little more sleep. My anxiety rose when the flight I was to meet was billed as having arrived, I could not see Anna K and I did not know how to recognise the artists.

After a few minutes of deliberation I raised my *africa95* brochure to my chest, approached a group of Africans gathered with laden trolleys, and interrupted their animated conversation. A few puzzled moments of publicly witnessed exchange took place before they informed me that the name *africa95* meant nothing to them. I then noticed a young woman, who I decided was probably Zuleika the filmmaker: a good looking, casually dressed young woman with an air of confidence about her. However, as she was not standing with a male African artist, as I assumed she would be because I knew Francis' flight had landed, my shyness prevailed, due to my previous very public attempt to make contact having failed, and I resumed my search for Anna K.

On explaining how he had felt on arriving in Britain, Moitshepi informed me: *"When I arrived at Heathrow in London, I was a bit shocked again. I was thinking how can somebody go around. I knew I was going to be collected, but it was my first time being there and it made me afraid that maybe I can be lost with the other buildings. Then when I was at the passport control I saw Noria. I didn't know her before, but because I saw her photo sometime I recognised her. I asked her whether she was part of the group and then I started realising that she was part of us. I asked her whether she was one of the participants and she said yes and then she introduced me to Duke. Noria had travelled with Duke and that is how I met Duke. Then I felt relieved because we were in a group and we could find out the way together. But then we could not find out the way and Noria was feeling a bit frightened. Then when we were at the luggage collection place Noria saw Dias. She knew him from before and we became a bigger group and it was better. Reinata was with Dias. And, Dias, you know, he showed us the way to the point where we were collected"*.

Moitshepi had flown on the *British Airways* flight from Gaborone to London, via Johannesburg, where Noria Mabasa had boarded the flight with her South African colleague Duke Keyte. This flight was also boarded by Dias Mahlate and Reinata Sathimba, who had travelled to Johannesburg from Maputo, Mozambique. Dias and Noria had first met when they attended the *1994 Tulipamwe Workshop* in Namibia. The workshop produced a catalogue with images of the work and photos of the artists who participated. Moitshepi's friend, Velias Ndaba, had also attended the *1994 Tulipamwe Workshop* and had shown Moitshepi a copy of the catalogue just before his departure for Britain. This was how Moitshepi was able to recognise Noria at Heathrow airport that August morning. However, the reason these five artists had not met up on board their 12 hour flight from Johannesburg to London was because they had not received any information, as to the flight details of the other artists, and had therefore not known to look out for each other.⁸

⁸ During the initial stages of my fieldwork, when I visited many of the curators who were organising an exhibition as part of the VAP, the curators often complained that they had not met each other and were not aware of each other's intended programmes. This led in some instances to a doubling-up of the artists to be exhibited and for the dates of the Private Views. When I arranged for a meeting to take place at MORI for all the curators participating in the VAP, to discuss the possibility of commissioning a



Noria Mabasa surrounded by the work she made at the *Tulipamwe Workshop* in 1994.²

visitors' survey, I was told by many of the curators that it was the first time they had met each other. The visitors' survey was not commissioned in the end, because of the expense each of the venues would have to incur.

² **Noria Mabasa** was born on the 10th May 1938 in Xigalo, in the Ramakhumla district of Northern Transvaal, South Africa. She describes herself as "Venda." Much of Noria's work reflects her life experience of living in a country where, in Noria's terms, 'white people' controlled the lives of 'black people': "*Before Mandela is President things in South Africa is very bad. White people they say do this. They all time say do this. White people they come catch you if you no do this.*" A little of Noria's life and work are discussed in Sue Williamson's 1989 book entitled *Resistance Art in South Africa*, which was written in the years running up to Mandela being elected as President. The only other documentation about Noria's life I have found, primarily in exhibition catalogues such as *art from south africa* staged in 1990 at the *Museum of Modern Art* in Oxford, indicates that the figures she makes, in clay and wood, represent traditional themes and depict images of the world around her. During the *Pamoja Workshop* I came to understand that Noria moved to *White City* in Soweto in the early 1950s, where she began to paint murals and make clay figures, which depicted the Vha-Venda people, their traditions, and in particular the young women and children. She then returned to Venda when she got married in 1955 and during the following years lived in great poverty until, quite by chance Noria met a white person, who she told me was called "*Rick Bennett from Johannesburg.*" This mysterious meeting was to change her life: "*I had no food for my children, no clothes. My husband he gone. I live in the bush. I have no house. Really it was too bad. One day I was standing naked, no clothes, really, on the path when I saw this white man. She looked me, I looked her. My hair was not straight. I had no clothes, I naked. I suffering, no food. This lady, he help me. She go her house, she come give me food, bread. She come give me clothes, blankets. She give me clay. She tell me make clay. This lady very nice lady, very good man. This lady buy my clay.*" I suspect that Noria is here referring to the contemporary South African art collector and managing director of *Newtown Galleries*, Ricky Burnett, who lives and works in Johannesburg and was asked to speak at the SOAS seminar on *The State of Art in South Africa* in 1996 (see *Persons and Pictures: the modernist eye in Africa*, produced to complement the 1995 exhibition staged at the *Newtown Galleries* in Johannesburg). Ricky Burnett knows Robert Loder, whose collection was shown in this exhibition and who produced an essay for the catalogue.

In 1983 Noria began working in wood after seeing the sculptures by Nelson Mhuba and Meshack Rapahallani and it was in 1985 that she began working with *Ditike - The Craft House of Venda*, a project of the *Venda Development Corporation*, which began promoting her work. Since then Noria's work has been shown in various group exhibitions in South Africa, Great Britain, Germany and Holland, and she has participated in the *Triangle Workshops* within the Southern African countries: "*I like workshops. The workshops is very good. I get clay, wood, food, everything. I call somebody come help me here, coming, now I am happy. People come see my work. They see my country, they see my people. They learn see Venda people. I tell them see Venda story. Venda story is very nice. It is good. I am teaching. It is very good.*" Noria told me her work is very important, because it brings her the money she needs to support her brother, who she described as 'a cripple,' and his family. Also, as her husband left her and has subsequently died, she told me, she has to support her own two children and their families as well, because "*No work. All's people not working. When I comes UK, I buying big bag millmeal for all family eating.*"

"I felt very welcomed"

Anna K. agreed to meet Noria Mabasa (*South Africa*), Dias Mahlate (*Mozambique*)¹⁰ and Reinata Sadhimba (*Mozambique*). When Anna arrived, half an hour after the BA 56 flight had landed at Heathrow, I felt very relieved and then irritated with myself, when she introduced me to Zuleika (the person I had considered approaching earlier) who I learnt had been having coffee with Francis Nnaggenda at the side of the arrivals area. My deliberations had caused me to miss a chance to speak to Zuleika and Francis. The first artists to appear were Colleen Madamombe and Adam Madebe. Anna had met Adam at the workshop in Zimbabwe and after they had greeted each other with a hug and everyone had introduced themselves to each other by a series of hand-shakes and smiles, Zuleika set off with Francis, Adam and Colleen for *St. Margaret's Hotel*.

The Heathrow staff informed Anna and I that none of the remaining *africa95* artists were having a problem with their papers or luggage. Shortly after this the artists came into view with their laden trolleys and anxious expressions. Anna, who had met Dias, Noria and Moitshepi at the workshops in Namibia and Zimbabwe, stepped forward to greet all the artists with hugs and smiles, whilst I shook their hands rather formally and stood clutching my *africa95* brochure and pocket camera. I couldn't help noticing how smart and business-like Dias looked in his summer suit and in so doing, my first gentle awareness of the importance the artists attached to their visit and how they wanted to present themselves to their hosts, took



Reinata Sadhimba's wicker basket.

place.

Dias told me they had been delayed, because Reinata had been very afraid when she had seen and tried to stand on the moving escalators; he had taken much time to persuade her to follow him. Also, they had all waited a long-time for Reinata's wicker basket to appear from the luggage hold. We assumed at the time this was probably because Reinata's basket was not a sturdy suitcase and had therefore thoughtfully been kept safely to the end by the baggage handlers, so it would not get

¹⁰ Dias Mahlate was born in 1958 in Marracuene, Mozambique: "My childhood was marked by an intensity of living in the countryside, where the children have to build their toys with wire, wood, rubber, etc. My grandmother was a potter and my grandfather was a craftsman. I followed both intensively. When my grandfather died I inherited his tools and by 1972 I realised the first wooden figures. I worked with my friend Rafael Mabota, who was a painter. We had an exhibition in an open space under trees in Marracuene in 1973 and our first exhibition in Maputo in 1974. At the same time I was going to an official primary school and I modelled in clay and carved wood in my free-time." Dias describes how in 1975 he had an exhibition in Maputo with another sculptor called Mafenhe and how "this exhibition was the real beginning of my life as an artist." He attended the official technical school and learnt skills such as masonry, carpentry, plumbing, etc. After graduating as a civil construction teacher, Dias then taught for two years, before winning a scholarship to train in Germany, where he graduated with a BA in 1989 from the *Kunst Akademie Dresden*. Since returning to teach in Maputo he has participated in group exhibitions in Mozambique, Portugal, Finland and South Africa. Dias participated in the 1990 *Ujamaa Workshop* in Mozambique; and has attended workshops in Zimbabwe and Namibia. He has also taught at the *Thlale Workshops*, the pre-*Thapong Workshops* in Botswana, where, as is the case with Adam Madebe, he is considered by the local artists to be an artist-hero. Dias' reputation led to his teaching appointment, which began in 1996 at the *University of Namibia*, where his *Pamoja Workshop* colleague Hercules Viljoen works. When Zuleika was filming Dias commented: "I started to transfer my ceramic figures to wood and so I started to be a sculptor. I was encouraged by Malagatana, the most known artist in Mozambique, to go forward with sculpture. And still today I am holding the line, carving and doing so in several materials... When I was invited to Yorkshire Workshop I was excited. I did everything to prepare my journey to come here and now I am here I am happy."

jostled and squashed by its robust luggage companions. It was not until later, however, that we changed our minds; when we found all the contents - ceramic sculptures - were damaged.



Welcoming the artists at London Heathrow Airport, Terminal 4. (from left) Reinata Sadhimba, Anna Kindersley, Dias Mahlate, Noria Mabasa, Moitshepi Madibela.¹¹

On describing his reception Moitshepi Madibela, informed me: *"At the meeting point we were very relieved. We saw Anna and Rachel and they welcomed us with that smile so you could see they were friendly, very friendly. I had met Anna before, but it was my first time to meet Rachel. I felt very welcomed."* It was a sentiment reiterated by Duke Keyte:¹² *"From the very first day I put my foot on the soil of England, Anna and Rachel were there to welcome me and the others, showing us the wonders of London."*

¹¹ Moitshepi told me that whenever he visits the museum he feels uncomfortable because he does not have any smart clothes and cannot afford to buy any: *"The museum people don't talk to me. They can see from my clothes I am a poor village boy."* Velias also works as a tailor and had made the jacket he lent Moitshepi for his trip to Britain.

¹² Duke Ellington Keyte was born in Orlando East, Soweto in 1943. He lived and went to school in that township until the age of 13 when he and his family moved to King William's Town, where he completed his schooling. From 1960 to 1961 he studied at the *Lumko Art Centre* in Queentown's, Johannesburg, and then won a bursary to attend *St Francis College*, Mariannhill, Natal. While at college, he entered an international art competition, sponsored by the *Famous Artists School in Connecticut, USA*, and won a bursary to further his art education by correspondence. He then worked at a ceramics factory designing patterns and ornamentation for their products. In 1970 he began painting full-time, holding his first one-man exhibition at the *Natal Society of Arts Gallery* in Durban. During 1972 he was commissioned by the *South West African Arts Commission* to make a set of panels depicting life in Namibia. For this he travelled throughout Namibia collecting his reference data, before returning to his studio to complete the murals, which are today displayed at the *Walvis Bay Public Library* and the *City Hall*. In 1976 he became a founder member of the *Mariannhill Art Centre* and in 1985 he became, as did his *Pamoja* colleague Noria Mabasa, a member of the *Vhavenda Art Foundation*. Duke has exhibited his work in South Africa and the USA and has been commissioned by the Catholic Church in South Africa to produce various works of art for their churches in Johannesburg, Durban and Venda. For instance, he was commissioned to illustrate a revised edition of the Gospel and an Epistle, which had been translated into Zulu. His brief was to illustrate the volume without referring to religious works of art by western artists and to make drawings that Zulu readers could identify with. This was the first time in Africa an indigenous artist had been selected to do the job.



St. Margaret's Hotel.

On the way to the hotel Moitshepi sat quietly in the back of my car and Duke, who sat in the front, laughed and chatted in very high spirits. We discussed the variety of British architecture, the class system, social security and education, unemployment and the 'rush hour' - as we drove through the London suburbs into *Sloane Square*, then on to *Buckingham Palace*, passed the *Houses of Parliament*, around *Trafalgar Square*

and finally reaching *St. Margaret's Hotel*. When Moitshepi commented on this trip, he explained: *"Driving down into the city, seeing those huge buildings for my first time was something that I hadn't seen before. Although I'd been to Johannesburg, there's a big difference for what I saw in London. I thought, this traffic and buildings I was really confused. I mean the whole thing was so much different from where I came from. The city of Gaborone, what I call a city in Botswana, is just a village when I compare it to the city in England."*

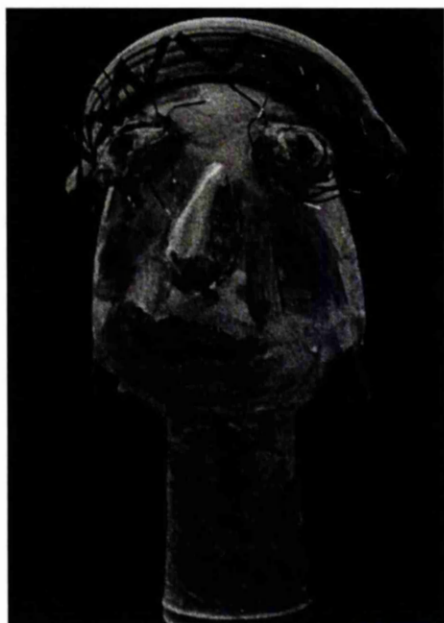
The first time Moitshepi had visited Gaborone, the capital of Botswana, was when he was eighteen and accompanied by his school teacher, he had been invited to the *National Museum & Art Gallery* to see one of his paintings exhibited in the *Annual Artists in Botswana Exhibition*. This annual exhibition is where many of the artists make their first contact with the art world within Botswana and where the co-ordinators of the *Thapong Workshop* become aware of who the local Botswana artists are. Art was not taught as a subject when Moitshepi was at school; however, his teacher, a Dutch expatriate, had encouraged him to draw and paint and had helped Moitshepi to submit one of his paintings for exhibition. As Moitshepi recalled: *"Going to the city of Gaborone for the first time was very amazing. It was a long journey by car. Seeing my painting in the art gallery with all the other art works was something I didn't think I could see. This was my first time to see original art works and I felt very encouraged. The people they encouraged me to continue with my talent. You know, when I saw the works I felt encouraged to be an artist."*

Moitshepi had visited Johannesburg when he attended the *1991 Thupelo Workshop* in South Africa. It was also at this workshop that Moitshepi had met David Koloane, who had been instrumental in the establishment of the *Thupelo Workshops* and had given much support to his colleagues in the neighbouring countries, such as Zimbabwe, and Botswana, when the local artists decided to start their own workshop. David was also involved in setting up *The Bag Factory*, the artists' studios in Johannesburg that is associated with the *Workshop Movement* and is a sister studio to the *Gasworks Artists' Studio* in London, where Robert Loder and Anna K. are based.

When discussing his invitation to participate in *Pamoja*, Duke commented: *"Being my first trip to Britain and the first sculpture workshop I did not know what to expect. I thought to myself that, what did David*

Koloane do to me and bringing me to this strange world. I also wonder why he chose me among so many great sculptors in Johannesburg and Soweto. I only took him as a fellow-artist who was just friendly. I did not know then, that he was not just a friendly-artist but a brother, who introduced me to my new mothers, fathers and a very big family that I have now. Mother number-one is Anna Kindersley. A very young girl whom I am not ashamed to call her a mother, friend and a sister to me."

"What I saw in the British Museum was something I haven't seen before"



The postcard of his mixed media sculpture, which Gamal Abdel Nasser handed out on his arrival.

As the artists arrived they began to greet those people whom they had met through attending the *International Workshops* held within Southern Africa since 1985 (see **Appendix E**). They were joined by Gamal Abdel Nasser (*Egypt*) and Ikram Kabbaj (*Morocco*), who arrived later that morning, and in the afternoon by Flinto Chandia (*Zambia*), David Chirwa (*Zambia*) and Frances Richardson (*UK*).¹³

¹³ Gamal Abdel Nasser completed his studies at the *Faculty of Fine Arts* in Cairo with a distinction in 1981 and since then his work has been exhibited in Egypt, Switzerland and Rome. When Gamal arrived at the hotel he handed out a post-card with an image of one of his sculptures, to everyone to whom he introduced himself. This was Gamal's first trip to Britain and the first time he had participated in an *International Workshop*. He was extremely friendly and made a special effort to speak to everyone.

It was also Ikram Kabbaj's first trip to Britain and the first time she had participated in an *International Workshop*. However, she was very shy when arriving at the hotel and spoke only to Gamal and Rose Issa, the *africa95* North Africa consultant, who arrived at the hotel that afternoon to welcome the artists she had suggested be invited for the *africa95* project. I had learnt, through trying to communicate using my school girl French, during my car journey from Heathrow, that Ikram was a wife and mother and had attended art school. My first impression of Ikram was that she was very sophisticated and sensitive.

Ndidi Dike, the artist who was coming from Nigeria to participate in *Pamoja*, had not arrived on the flight on which she was expected. Ndidi was having a problem leaving Nigeria and in fact did not arrive in Britain until the following week. Ndidi was born in England, where she was educated at *Mossford Primary School* and *Fairlop Girls Secondary School*, before moving to Nigeria to continue her education at *Queen of the Rosary High School* in Onitsha. Ndidi attended the *University of Nigeria*, where after completing a diploma in music education (majoring in voice), she undertook a BA in Fine & Applied Arts (majoring in mixed media painting). Over the following years Ndidi's work became more sculptural. She has held six solo exhibitions and participated in thirty group shows, which have been staged throughout the world. These include: *Art For Want* (1992), Savannah Gallery, London; *3rd Biennale Exhibition* (1989), Havana, Cuba; *Contemporary Art of the Non-Alligned Countires* (1995), Indonesia. Ndidi has also participated in an *International Visual Artists' Competition* organised by the *Mid-American Arts Alliance Programme* in Kansas City: she was one of the 15 international winners selected for a one month *International Visitors' Programme* and a two months *Artist in Residency Fellowship* in Chicago, USA. When Zuleika was filming Ndidi made the following comments about her life and work: "I came to be an artist by sort of like having a natural inclination right from when I was a kid. My mother is artistically inclined too, and ever since then I've always known that I would end up being an artist. I studied painting in university, and I discovered when I left, that wasn't enough challenge, so I went into doing sculpture. So since then I've been sculpting along with a little bit of painting and mixed media, which was my major in university. I've been holding solo exhibitions, group shows: in Kenya, Ghana, London, New York, Canada, West Germany, Indonesia and so on. I practice full-time as a professional sculptor back home in Nigeria. It's pretty tough, but I enjoy doing it."



Adam and Duke outside *The British Museum* (photo by Moitshepi).

Flinto and David had arrived in Britain a week earlier to travel to the *YSP* to see the facilities for themselves, because Flinto was one of the *Pamoja* co-ordinators. They met the *YSP* staff and went to the local quarries to select the stone for the artists to use during the workshop. Frances, who had met David in the 1994 *Pachipamwe Workshop* in Zimbabwe, had collected these two artists from Euston train station and had brought them to the hotel to join up with the group.¹⁴

During the afternoon some of the artists rested in the hotel, whilst some of their colleagues went sightseeing. One of the groups that formed for an impromptu outing was Moitshepi, who had met Adam in Botswana in 1995, who had, in turn, met Duke in South Africa in 1990. Moitshepi and Duke told me they were not used to visiting museums and art galleries: Moitshepi lives so far from any town; and it is only since the end of apartheid that black

South Africans, like Duke, are able to enter such 'storehouses of knowledge.' On relaying to me his

¹⁴ Flinto Chandia was sponsored by *The British Council* to attend the *City and Guilds of London Art School* in 1980-83, where he was awarded a *Fine Arts Diploma*. After returning to Zambia he worked for 3 years as a graphic artist for the *Consumer Buying Corporation* (where Sir Michael Caine was working at the time). Flinto has participated in many solo and group exhibitions within Zambia and been commissioned to produce work for the *Meridien BIAO Bank*. He has also been closely involved (as the Vice and Chairman) in the *Mbile Workshops*, since they began in Zambia in 1993. When Zuleika was filming, Flinto explained how he became an artist: "I started when I was a little boy, my mother was a potter, so I sort of picked up by modelling with clay, which is usual for any other African child growing up. Then they get to a stage where you see if you are encouraged or not. If you are encouraged then you continue. I went to primary school and during that time there was a lot of encouragement by the teachers so I did well by my art lessons. Then I went onto secondary school and I decided to experiment with other materials: metal, copper and wood. Then after my O Levels I was fortunate. I was awarded a scholarship and I came to study at the *City and Guilds* in London. It gave me a chance to move away from home and that way I was able to look at myself in a different way altogether. Being in London I saw a lot of exhibitions and also a lot of works that are in the museums. I think that kind of thing is really good for artists. You have to see as much as possible. This is my life, I can't be another person apart from being a sculptor."

David Baruchi Mulenga Chirwa was born and has lived all his life in Zambia. There are no art schools in Zambia, so after completing his O levels at *Kamwala Secondary School* in 1989, David attended the *Vincent Waropay Sculpture Workshops*, the *Andrew Makromalis Drawing Workshop*; and the 1993 & 1994 *Mbile Workshops* in Zambia. He also participated in the 1994 *Pachipamwe Workshop* in Zimbabwe and the 1994 *Tulipamwe Workshop* in Namibia: "I trace my art experience to my childhood when I had to create my own toys. Due to financial constraints, most African children are forced to create and build their own toys. Then comes the age when you can't play with toys anymore and one is forced to stop creating outwardly but not inside. Over the years our creativity bank collects images, like a river flowing from its source bringing with it debris. Our banks as well, over the years collect emotions, the past, versions and forms from nature and happenings around us, until one day they can't take in anymore but have to release what has been stored in the form of art."

Frances Richardson was born in 1965 in Leeds, England. Between 1984-87 she attended the *Norwich School of Art*, graduating with First Class BA (Hons). When she won a *Commonwealth Foundation Fellowship* in 1990, Frances went to Nigeria, where she trained for eighteen months; she was the first westerner and first female to be accepted as an apprentice and to be shown the secrets of the master carver, Segun Faleye (see *Image and Form* (1997:26) exhibition catalogue). Frances participated in the 1992 *Ujamaa Workshop* (where she met Reinata Sadhimba); and the 1994 *Pachipamwe-Zim-Sculpture Workshop* (Tapfuma's break-away workshop sponsored by Delfina, where she met David Chirwa). In addition Frances participated in a *Carving Workshop* held in Venda, South Africa, after being awarded a *DeBeers Travel Grant*. Her work has been exhibited in *Akoko* at the *Commonwealth Institute* and the *Whitechapel Open Studios*, London; *Erotic Spirit* at the *Rebecca Hossack Gallery*, London; *Eyes Abroad* at the *Wellcome Foundation*, London; and *DAD* at the *Gasworks Gallery*, London. When Zuleika was filming Frances made the following comments: "I don't think I ever made a decision that yes I am going to be an artist, let me find out how to do it. It's really something that just happened, it just happened naturally, it's something that I developed into, with a lot of encouragement on the way from my parents and teachers. I think everybody has artistic skills inside us, it's whether they can be nurtured and brought to the front and it takes time for that to happen."

sightseeing trip, Moitshepi commented: *"When we arrived, because we didn't have much time in London, we decided to take a walk and have a look at the British Museum and some other galleries. Although we were going in a group and walking, I wasn't sure whether we would make it back to the hotel. We were only new in the city. None of us had been there before and I wasn't so much feeling at home.*



Moitshepi and Duke inside *The British Museum* (photo by Adam).

"What I saw in the British Museum was something I haven't seen before. Some of the pieces I have seen in books in the museum in Gaborone, but when I saw them with my own eyes, well it was really fascinating for me. I was really surprised by those pieces which were made out of granite stone or marble. The [Elgin] marbles, those were some of the good pieces I liked the most. I was surprised to see them so old and when I saw the date they were made, I asked myself what kind of tools these people were using? Duke and Adam they asked themselves as well and we asked each other, but we couldn't come up with any solution of it. There was a guard, but we didn't like to ask and the writing [the captions] did not say the time it took to make the pieces or the tools that those people used. When the pieces were made there were no power tools at that date, so I don't know how they could do it. I don't think I can do it. I don't think that we can do such work in Africa."

"There was no contemporary African art works"

The following day Anna K. went to Heathrow airport to meet Hercules Viljoen, the artist arriving from Windhoek, whom she had met in 1994 at the first *Tulipamwe Workshop* in Namibia.¹⁵ Arriving at *St. Margaret's Hotel* at 8am I found the artists having breakfast. Everyone was sitting at a long table apart from Gamal and Ikram, who were occupying a smaller table and speaking in Arabic. In the initial stages the friendships formed appeared to be predominantly based on issues such as North or Southern Africa and male or female. After an exchange of *"good morning"* and *"did you sleep well?"* I was informed by Noria and Dias that Reinata was in her room, because she was not feeling well. When I went to enquire I found Reinata lying in bed with a high temperature.

It was decided that because Reinata was feeling so unwell, I would stay and look after her, whilst Anna K.

¹⁵ Hercules David Viljoen was born in Namibia in 1957. He completed his BA and MA in Fine Art at the *University of Namibia*, where he currently works as a senior lecturer. Hercules has exhibited his work in Namibia, South Africa, Botswana, Zimbabwe, France and Germany; and has attended the *International Workshops* in Botswana, Zimbabwe, South Africa and Namibia.

completed some administration tasks at the *Gasworks* and awaited the artists' arrival before showing them the studios, and then taking them to visit the *Delfina Studio Trust* (an artists' studio that was participating in the *africa95* project). The artists meanwhile went on the scheduled morning visit to the *Tate Gallery*. Zuleika took some of the artists by car before she went to Heathrow to collect Arthur Fata (Zimbabwe). Annabel Nwankwo, who had once worked for Clémentine Deliss in the *africa95* office and had volunteered her services for the day, took some of the artists by bus; and Flinto took the rest of the group by underground, because he knew his way around London.

After this trip Moitshepi commented: *"We went to the Tate Gallery, which is one of those places where there is modern art. When I saw some of those abstract works I was surprised, because I knew, I thought maybe this abstract work started in the '80s. But they were very old, you know some were in the 1960s. Then I started to realise that this happened long-time back. Although I wasn't there by that time, in Africa, I feel sure that nobody knew about it in the '60s. So I was surprised about this. Duke and Adam were also surprised to see that this started in the '60s and we asked each other about this surprise. In our visit I was thinking the Tate Gallery is only for British art works. I didn't see any art works from other countries. There was no contemporary African art works. But, you know, when I visited the British Museum I didn't think there was art works from other places. Then later, I was surprised, you know, somebody they told me there are also may be some art works from other countries. Not just from the British."*

Zuleika told me that at the *Tate Gallery*, Noria and Colleen had giggled in an embarrassed fashion when they saw the full-size sculptures depicting the naked male form; and when they had seen the equivalent representations of the female body they had apparently tutted in a disapproving fashion. When I asked Noria and Colleen later about their reactions, they informed me: *"Those artists do not show what is life for women. They do not respect for women."* When I asked them about the male representations they refused to comment and waved me away in an affectionate manner.¹⁶

¹⁶ The April 1995 issue of the *Chapungu* newsletter, ran an article on the role of women in contemporary Zimbabwean stone sculpture, as both artists and subject matter. The article discussed the reaction from women to the depiction of their sex by younger male sculptors: 'Colleen Madamombe comments, *"The torsos are done in the wrong way. Some of these men are carving the torso in ways that they think women should look like - enlarging areas of their bodies and so on... There was a man who carved a complete torso of a man and the others told him 'You must take that off' - and he did. He made it into a female torso! I always portray a woman wearing clothes - dresses or something. Not like these torsos - with arms and heads chopped off and everything else shown. There is more respect in the way that the older artists carve women in their work."*

This theme was returned to during *Pamaja*, when Zuleika was filming a conversation between Colleen and Noria. I was interested to note how differently the style of Colleen's spoken English presented within the *Chapungu* article is compared to how she spoke during her participation in *africa95*:

Colleen: *"Me I like carving stone because you know not most women are carving stone"*

Noria: *"Why you like carving woman because your stone is woman and baby?"*

Colleen: *"Yes I like women because the women especially when they are doing something, it's good, going to the well, touching baby, carrying baby and fetching firewood. I've done a lot of this. It's all women, I like women"*

Noria: *"You're like me"*

Colleen: *"I am a woman so you have to show what women are doing in life"*

Noria: *"But if you start carving just one day you carving men?"*

Colleen: *"No just women. I've never carved a man"*

Noria: *"I not know, even I say I want to try men I not know men for my carving."*

"A studio is only as big as the door"

After visiting the *Tate Gallery*, the artists went to the *Gasworks Artists' Studios & Gallery* and the *Delfina Studio Trust*.¹⁷ Both Robert Loder and the Spanish born art patron, Delfina, have an interest in providing environments for resident and visiting artists and have worked together on a variety of projects. These two studios provided work space and exhibition space for twenty-five artists, who came to participate in the *VAP* and related events (see **Appendix G** for the *africa95* artists who were provided with studio and exhibition space at the *Gasworks* and *Delfina*).

The *Gasworks* is associated with the *Triangle Arts Trust*. Since 1982, when the *Triangle Workshop* started in the USA, the *Workshop Movement* has spread successfully within Southern Africa (as noted in Section One) and has founded two artists studios. In 1989 the *Triangle Arts Trust* founded *The Bag Factory*, an artists' studio within Johannesburg, and in 1994 the Trust established the *Gasworks*, a 'twin' building in London.

"I think the fact that artists started exploring different materials and media in the workshops also encouraged them to look for studio space where they could confront these issues on an ongoing basis. If an artist goes to a workshop for two weeks and comes back and doesn't have a work space, he has no way of releasing all that experience... Hence the Bag Factory, the complex of studio spaces that Robert Loder facilitated and where the core Thapelo group now works. I think the Bag Factory has shown that studio space is one of the most essential things that artists require" (David Koloane interview 1995:265).

The *Gasworks*, a three storey building in Vauxhall, is where Robert Loder and Anna K. are based. Besides providing a working space for 12 resident artists, the *Gasworks* also has a further 3 studios, which are set aside for the *Visiting Artists' Programme*. This programme offers a free studio space for up to 3 months and an opportunity to exhibit in the *Gasworks Gallery* to artists who may apply from anywhere in the world and are selected by a panel of *Gasworks* resident artists. The idea behind these studios was to provide a working environment for those artists who had attended the workshops and who wished to develop their ideas over a longer period of time. This is particularly beneficial for those artists who live in environments where there are few artists' studios and little contact with the international art world.

¹⁷ The *Delfina Studio Trust* started work in September 1988, as a registered charity established with the principal aim of providing free studio space and other forms of assistance to artists during the early and most difficult period of their careers. The core activity of the Trust - the giving of studios - is funded mainly from private donations but increasingly from renting the exhibition space. Since the autumn of 1994 the *Delfina* has been located in an old chocolate factory in Bermondsey street, Southwark. This building was converted to provide thirty five studios. Twenty four are for painting and two-dimensional work, seven are for sculpture, two are for photography, one is the London base of the Brodsky Quartet and one is for the use of a Music Theatre group. There is also a workshop and two exhibition gallery spaces. Beneficiaries of the Trust are selected by a panel made up of the board of trustees, working artists, critics, gallery owners and academics. British artists receive a two year residency, overseas artists are given a one year residency and also have living accommodation in a house adjacent to the studios. The Trust is also involved in an international artists residency programme (studio promotional literature).

Tapfuma Gutsa undertook a studio residency at the *Delfina*, during which time he formed a working relationship with the patron Delfina. This relationship led to Delfina sponsoring the 1994 *Pachipamwe Zim-Sculpture Workshop*, which took the place of the *International Workshops* that had taken place since 1988. The person who was working for *Delfina* at the time of *africa95*, in a similar role to that of Anna K. at the *Gasworks*, was Bridget Ashley-Miller. Through the contacts she made during *africa95* Bridget went on to work at the *Gasworks* in 1996, before undertaking an MA in Museum Curating at the *Royal College of Art*.

The resident artists are mid-career artists many of whom work as art school lecturers to supplement their incomes. They base their decision as to which visiting artists should be invited on what they see from the slides submitted, along with 'word of mouth' character references and a consideration as to whether the visiting artist would be happy living and working within the busy rush of London, where people do not have much time to act as 'hosts.' Thus the decision to invite visiting artists is not based solely on an aesthetic contemplation of the work, but rather it takes into account the whole matrix in which the artist is to produce their work. At the time of the *Pamoja* artists' trip to the *Gasworks*, the Zimbabwean sculptor, Keston Beeton, was occupying one of the visiting artists' studios and preparing for the *Delfina africa95* exhibition: *On The Road* (see **Appendix F** for a list of the resident artists at the *Gasworks* and the *International Triangle Artists' Workshops* they have attended).

While the *Pamoja* artists had been visiting the *Tate Gallery*, the *Gasworks* and *Delfina*, I took Reinata to see Dr Tiberi in Bloomsbury Street. We walked slowly from the hotel, through Russell Square and passed *The British Museum*. On arriving at the surgery Reinata lay quietly on the waiting room sofa, as the other patients enquired in soft voices where she was from. They were fascinated by her style of clothing, facial tattoos and lip plug. During our visit to Dr Tiberi, who spoke Swahili, Portuguese and English, Reinata refused to acknowledge that she knew any language other than ChiMakonde and clutched at my arm tightly as he attempted to examine her. Although Reinata rolled up her sleeve and offered her arm without being prompted on seeing the blood pressure equipment, she communicated that she had never visited a doctor before. After the consultation I drove Reinata to my Islington home, where she lay on the sofa watching what she called "video" (T.V.) and cradling a decorative gourd from Zimbabwe, which I had bought during my only trip to Africa: a two week holiday in 1985.

Leaving Reinata in the care of my sister I collected Reinata's prescription from the chemist and then went to Sainsbury's to buy some food for my guest. On my return I felt dismayed when all my offerings were rejected until, in a state of desperation, I made a dip to accompany some spicy crisps. Reinata didn't like the crisps,¹⁸ however, she finished the dip and then gestured that I should give her some more. The experimental recipe that proved so successful consisted of natural yoghurt, chilli sauce and tomato puree. At the end of the afternoon, in which we communicated using the language of gesture, I was advised to return Reinata to the hotel, because her things were there and the artists could look after her.

Hercules Viljoen, Adam Madebe, Moitshepi Madibela, Noria Mabasa, Colleen Madamombe, Duke Keyte, Dias Mahlate and Francis Nnaggenda, were all sitting in the hotel common room when I returned with Reinata. When I asked the artists what they thought of their visit, they unanimously agreed that the studios at the *Delfina* were the better working spaces, because of their size and the lighting. Also, Hercules added: "*A studio is only as big as the door. It would be difficult to produce a large sculpture at the Gasworks, because the doors are so narrow. At home I work in a space which is approx. 6' x 6' with a high ceiling. It is really a double garage and I use the outside space for any rough work.*" Although Francis said he has the same sort of workspace at home in Uganda, the other artists did not comment on

¹⁸ I later discovered Reinata found it difficult to chew because she did not have any top teeth; a result of teeth-shaping when she was initiated. This course of action had taken its toll years later - Reinata was fifty years old.

this latest direction taken by the conversation. In those moments I got my first sense of the conditions this group of artists worked under and how they did not like to speak publicly about their difficulties. Particularly as they often interpreted such circumstances as being a sign that they were not successful: they did not have the money for a studio, because they were not able to sell their work; and they were unable to sell their work because they were not good artists.

Francis then asked me whether he would be expected to complete a piece of sculpture at the workshop and if so what size of sculpture was he expected to produce. He was concerned that the workshop was only three weeks and because he had never attended a workshop he wasn't sure what he was expected to do. Also, Francis wanted to know what sort of materials would be available for him to use. He particularly wanted to know if there were any large pieces of wood, and this line of thought triggered Colleen to ask me what size and type of stone was available for her to use. All the artists listened carefully to my response: there was a wide range of materials and there was no pressure on any of them to complete a piece of work. I also advised them to speak to Anna as I had never attended a workshop myself and the only information I knew was based on having helped out at the *YSP*, during the final preparation stages for *Pamoja*.

The workshop preparations in which I was involved had consisted primarily of organising the sponsorship in kind - the artists' materials. This task usually began with a series of cold-call telephone enquiries and then travelling with the *YSP* truck to collect the offerings. The *YSP* related staff involved in this process were dedicated and worked closely together as a team in which each person respected each other's skills: site managers, education staff, technicians, fork lift truck drivers, gardeners, installation staff, tree specialists and sculptors. The atmosphere of respect and friendship was also nurtured by the relaxed living and eating arrangements - evening barbecues and casual clothes - and the thoughtful hospitality shown to all visitors by the staff who lived on site. For instance, the Estate Manager, Alan Mackenzie, allowed me to stay throughout my fieldwork, so I could save my limited research budget, either in his son's bedroom, or in one of the bedrooms or on the sofa in the *YSP* visiting artists' house, where Anna K. and Zuleika always stayed, or if the rooms were all occupied, in my tent, which he allowed me to put up in the garden.

After I described the studio environment the *Pamoja* artists would be working within, the range of materials that had been collected for them to use and the hospitality and variety of skills of the staff who would be there to greet them, Colleen told the group she only works in stone and therefore she would not be interested in any of the other materials; and Francis said he wished someone would sponsor Colleen to visit *Makerere University*, where he teaches.¹⁹

¹⁹ The promotional literature about Colleen Madamombe stated: 'Most apparent in her work are the themes of womanhood - from young girls, through pregnancy and motherhood to the authority of the tribal Matriarch. She is interested not just in the emotional, spiritual side to a woman's life, but is also fascinated in the basic physical appearance and movement peculiar to her sex. The movement and stature of the women in her work reveals great pride and authority and rather than simply being bound by her own feelings, she also tries to portray the experiences she witnesses in other women. Although a quiet and private person, she has strong feelings about the changing role of women in Zimbabwean society. She watches with misgivings as attitudes alter - whereas wider opportunities are developing for women, she feels that they are also losing their positions of traditional respect. In her view, it is still quite difficult for women to pursue a career in the arts - predominantly through an inherent lack of self-confidence but also because the idea of following one's own ideas and ambitions, or of pursuing a profession is still alien to many Zimbabwean women:

Francis told the group that he shows slides of Colleen's work to his female students, because he wants to show them a female African role model: "*I show my students slides of Barbara Hepworth's work, but she is too far away to be a role model for them. It is better to have someone like Colleen, to show that African women can be sculptors.*" He then expressed his concern over how many of his female students give up being a sculptor once they get married and have children, which prompted him to say: "*There is a movement in east and central Africa towards feminist issues and thinking. I am very aware of this, because I have many daughters.*" After everyone had laughed Francis continued: "*But it is slow to come and many people do not think women and men are equal. For instance, I have one son and I hear many 'songs' from my friends on the subject - that I should have an equal balance of sons and daughters. Also, it is not easy for a man to be a sculptor either, especially if they have responsibilities as a father.*" In response Colleen announced she has four children and her husband is also a stone sculptor. After this comment the group fell silent.

After all the *Pamoja* artists had gathered in the common room, they went off to supper at *The Africa Centre*, where a large group of people who were associated with the *Workshop Movement* and the *Gasworks* were meeting up for the evening. I collected a 'take-away' chilli-chicken and rice supper for Reinata, which she happily ate in her bedroom. During this period I began to get a sense of how different everything must seem to Reinata: navigating down the hotel corridors to use the bathroom appeared to be very confusing and all the facilities appeared to be unfamiliar. In addition, Reinata was very upset that the contents of her wicker basket - ceramic sculptures - were damaged, because she had brought some of the pieces as a present for Anna K.. On seeing Reinata's distress I couldn't help feeling cross that no-one had suggested she carry the basket as hand luggage. After administering her medicine, Reinata said "*Asante Sana*" (thank you) and blew me a kiss. As I made my way home, my mind filled with all the times I had been far away from home and had felt unwell and I drew comfort from knowing that Anna K. would check Reinata was okay later that evening; and that when the artists returned from *The Africa Centre* they would be sleeping in the adjacent rooms.

Anna K. had left *The Africa Centre* early to travel once again out to Heathrow airport, this time to collect two Senegalese artists, André Diop and Djibril Sy. The third Senegalese *Pamoja* artist was Babacar Traoré, who was already in London, because he had been undertaking a studio residency at the *Delfina*. Anna had met all three of these artists at the 1994 *Tenq/Articulations Workshop*, held in St. Louis, Senegal. The two other *Pamoja* artists who had also attended this workshop were Flinto Chandia and Ndidi Dike.²⁰

"a lot of women are artists and just don't realise it - making pots and other things for the home, and not for sale." In some of Colleen Madamombe's work over recent years she has given importance to seemingly insignificant subjects such as ants, bees, butterflies and caterpillars. Madamombe admits to a fascination with the apparent humility of insects - a humility which she feels the human race has lost: "*the way ants move in lines particularly. I love to watch their movement.*" With all these subjects, she watches as closely as possible, but finally carves from a strong mental image and the memories she holds of the animal, insect or person.¹

²⁰ The 1994 *Tenq/Articulations Workshop*, the official launch of *africa95*, was co-ordinated by Anna Kindersley, due to her experience within the *Workshop Movement*, Clémentine Deliss and the local Senegalese artist, El Hadji Sy. El Hadji Sy, who curated the Senegalese section of *seven stories*, had participated in the 1994 *Shave Workshop* in the UK, prior to the '94 *Tenq*. Although neither El Hadji Sy or Clémentine Deliss had worked as co-ordinators for the *International Workshop Movement* prior to '94 *Tenq*, this was not initially perceived to be a problem. However, my understanding is that their inexperience as co-ordinators, combined with their strong personalities, led to many publicly aired disagreements and resulted in an atmosphere of tension surrounding the workshop environment. For instance, Yinka Shonibare, the Nigerian artist who lives and works in London and

"Abali ya nelo" (Good Day)

The following morning when I arrived at the Hotel I found the artists having breakfast with Zuleika and her brother Dr Zachary Kingdon, who was working on the RA's *africa95* exhibition *Africa: The Art of a Continent* (where he was responsible for ensuring all the descriptions match the photographs in the catalogue, for producing all the labels for the exhibition displays and as a contributor for the East African section). Zachary had agreed to take a couple of days off work to help translate for Reinata. He had learnt his ChiMakonde whilst conducting his PhD research amongst the male Makonde carvers, who were working in Tanzania. Although Zachary had conducted the majority of his anthropological fieldwork in Swahili, he spoke enough ChiMakonde to make Reinata feel welcome. The extensive research, undertaken through the academic and diplomatic networks over the preceding months, had suggested that Zachary was the only person in Britain, at that time, who spoke any ChiMakonde. Added to this, was the benefit that Zachary had met Reinata briefly, during his fieldwork in 1990, when Reinata had been flown from Maputo to Dar Es Salaam, to be interviewed by a Tanzanian journalist.

When Zachary saw Reinata in London, he said: "*Abali ya nelo. Umumi?*" (Good day. How are you?) to which Reinata clapped her hands in joy and replied: "*Abali ya nelo. Nimumi. Umumi?*" (Good day. I'm fine. How are you?). Although Reinata was feeling much better, Anna K. asked if I would accompany them to the YSP to assist in the process of settling Reinata in. The idea was that I would then return to London with Zachary two days later. As the workshop was closed to 'non-participants' until the *Open Studio Weekend*, at the end of the workshop, I was thrilled to be invited for a couple of days. Due to Anna's sensitivity as a hostess and her experience as a multi-cultural workshop co-ordinator, she had arranged for Zachary to help welcome Reinata to Britain and for me to assist in this task. Anna's concern

attended the workshop, wrote a critical account of the 1994 *Tenq Workshop* in the Autumn/Winter 1994 journal *Third Text*. In his article entitled *Jean-Michel Basquiat, please do not turn in your grave, it's only TENQ*, Yinka commented: 'the exchange of ideas, alas, was non-existent due to a little technical difficulty. Our organisers, bless them, fell in and out of passion too often. This matter, worth only a passing mention, did have a bearing on this historical event - the marriage of modern African Artists, or is it Heroes, being currently groomed for the next season in next year's Art collection... As the days went by our various approaches to the subject, Art, emerged. I cannot overlook the language barrier since we were a mixture of both Anglophone and Francophone artists. The cutting edge of critical discourse amongst us went something like: "Sculptuer?" or "Peintre?"... Senegalese painters like Amedy Kre Mbaye, El Hadji Sy, Soulemane Keita have an uncanny affiliation to abstract expressionist strategies. The sculptures involved in the workshop were mainly plinth sculptors; they make Sir Anthony Caro's work look positively avant-garde in the '90s. Samy Thera from Mali is a sort of neo-primitivist sculptor; Agnes Nianhongo from Zimbabwe, produces stone sculptures akin to glorified porcelain figurines; Flinto Chandia from Zambia is a sort of reluctant Henry Moore. I do not wish to go over the well known cliché that modern African art is derivative. What astounds me is the unwillingness of these artists to begin to locate or question the origins of their adopted strategies... I must add that my initial participation in this affair was inspired by a genuine belief that the participating artists would be empowered. My own discovery and subsequent conclusion is that 'Africa 95' [sic] is currently dominated by one person who seems to have all the power, power that is only in relation to the artists... At present I have very little confidence in the relationship between the participating artists and the organisers of 'Africa 95' [sic] and I wish to say so publicly in the hope that the organisers will take appropriate steps before 1995 to restore confidence in the event' (1994:199-200).

In the same journal Clémentine Deliss responded in her article *Reply to Yinka Shonibare*: "Twenty-six artists were invited to take part from ten countries in Africa. Three came from the UK including Shonibare who had not been back to Africa for nearly fifteen years... "Tenq" offered a temporary meeting ground for artists by artists and was described by those involved as a 'workshop', 'mise-en-loge' and 'espace operatoire'. Given that artists came from both francophone and anglophone African countries, verbal discussion could not be the primary vehicle for communication. With the overlapping routes of experience which came together at "Tenq", it was the actual practice of art in the limitations of space and time which provided the point of contact rather than an art-critical forum. Shonibare clearly felt frustrated by the fact that the "Tenq" group did not provide artists with the safety net of common critical discourse within which he could intervene most easily. Whereas Shonibare wished to talk, show slides and thus expected the 'organisers' to provide a schedule for this type of forum, the host artists from Senegal were concerned with maintaining the tentative, and potentially more demanding, atmosphere of working together. 'Tenq' was not a seminar series, a conference gathering or a straight international exhibition: it was a site of operational activity and as such was an environment where all these questions were open to different frames of definition and could only be as articulate as the actors wished to make them... It is unfortunate that [Shonibare] felt unable to communicate both in the workshop and in the environment of St Louis' (1994:201-202).

was heightened due to a fax she had received from Ivor Powell, a South African art critic, a few days prior to Reinata's arrival:

... Maybe this communication is redundant and the matter has already come to your attention and been dealt with, or I have not been informed of something and there is not a problem in the first place. If so, ignore what follows.

Anyway, I am an art critic in South Africa and am busy writing the catalogue for the Delfina Trust On the Road show. I write on behalf of the Mozambique sculptor Reinata, who, when I saw her in Maputo on the weekend asked me to take this matter up with you. She has apparently been provided with a ticket to London to participate in the sculptors' workshop that you are organising.

Now on the face of it this might seem like a good idea. Under the circumstances - at least insofar as I have been appraised of them, believe me, it is not. Reinata is a Maconde. She wears a lip plug and she has elaborate striations tattooed on her face. She speaks no language other than Maconde. Though she may well fit in on the level of fashion expression level, she remains concerned about the probable alienation of the situation - not being able to communicate, not being understood. Her request (apparently turned down) that her son - who speaks both English and Maconde should be understood against this background - should accompany her. And I think it should be reconsidered.

I don't think Africa 95 wants to be accused of insensitivity; but really, unwitting as this might be, it could (and probably would) be compared to the treatment meted out to Saatjie Baartman, or worse to the group of Bushmen who were set up in Hyde Park during Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebrations if I remember correctly. Most of them died.

I don't think you would want that kind of publicity. I presume also that you do want to treat people with some care and dignity. So, if this has not already been sorted out, please sort it out...

Of course, Anna K. did not have the benefit of hindsight, as I do now, when she received Ivor Powell's thoughts in the summer of 1995. Although Anna did not know how Reinata would cope during her stay in Britain, what she did have was the benefit of her prior experience: a group of people working together within an 'artist-led' workshop always look after each other if they feel their colleagues require assistance.

The second communication Anna received relating to this subject was sent after Reinata had returned to Mozambique, at the end of her participation in *Pamoja*:

... With greatest thanks from Mozambique, writes for you Reinata's son. In few words I want to inform you that they did pleasure journey and arrived here in Maputo, September 20 1995 - 10 am.

I'm grateful for having wonderful reception of my mother and all conditions which you gave her during her works...



Zachary Kingdon, Annabel Nwankwo and Zuleika Kingdon outside *St. Margaret's Hotel* as the artists boarded the coach for the *YSP*.

Before the coach left *St. Margaret's Hotel* for the *YSP*, via the *Henry Moore Foundation*, Annabel Nwankwo arrived to say good-bye; as did the Zimbabwe sculptor, Keston Beeton, who was preparing for the *Delfina africa95* exhibition.

After having witnessed the artists' greetings over the initial two days I got a sense of the network and the strength of their bonding, which had arisen as a result of their participation in the intensive workshops over the years. During this period Gamal Abdel Nasser and Duke Keyte, began introducing themselves as "*Egypt*" and "*South Africa*" respectively; a style of introduction, which was communicated in a teasing and jocular fashion, and was quickly adopted by the other *Pamoja* artists.

Willard Boepple (*USA*) and Jon Isherwood (*UK/USA*) arrived from America and joined the group as Anna K. was persuading everyone, now gathered on the pavement in front of the hotel, to enter the coach. Although Jon had worked as the Director of the *Triangle Artists' Workshop* in New York from 1989-1994, he had not participated in any of the workshops held outside the USA; unlike Willard, who had participated in the first workshops held in Zimbabwe, Botswana and Jamaica.²¹

Eventually everyone and their luggage was boarded and with much waving and smiling to Keston and Annabel, the artists left London in very high spirits for three weeks at the *YSP*, via *The Henry Moore Foundation* - both of these institutions form part of the *Henry Moore Sculpture Trust*.

²¹ Willard Boepple was born in 1945 in Vermont, USA. He attended the *Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture* (1963); the *University of California at Berkeley* (1963-4); *Rhode Island School of Design* (1967); and *City College at The City University of New York* (1968). He was the Technical Assistant in Sculpture at *Bennington College*, Vermont (1969-73); and part of the Faculty at the *School of The Museum of Fine Arts* in Boston (1977-87). He has staged sixteen solo exhibitions between 1971-1994 and has participated in twenty group exhibitions between 1970-1994 in the USA, the UK, Zimbabwe, Botswana and Jamaica. Willard has been awarded prizes from the *Ford Faculty Foundation* and the *Francis J Greenburger Foundation* and has received grants/awards from *The New York State Association of Architects Citation* and the *United States Department of State Information Service*, for his association with the *Triangle Workshop* collaborative projects in New York and as a visiting cultural speciality for the *International Workshops* in Zimbabwe and Jamaica. Willard's experience as a sculptor encompasses most aspects that constitute the contemporary western art world: universities, commercial galleries, museums and workshops.

Jon Isherwood was born in England in 1960 and currently resides in the USA. He completed his BA at *Canterbury College of Art* and *Leeds College of Art*, England; and his M.F.A at *Syracuse University*, New York. Jon has recently worked as the *Distinguished Visiting Professor* at the *State University of New York* and has been commissioned to make stone sculptures for colleges and universities throughout Pennsylvania. His career has included working from 1982-83 as the *Studio Manager and Assistant* to Sir Anthony Caro in England and the United States; and as the *Director* of the *Triangle Workshop* in New York (1989-1994). Jon's work has been widely exhibited throughout North America and the UK.

"I wish I would see Henry Moore alive"

Arriving at the *Henry Moore Foundation*,²² the artists were warmly greeted and shown around by Francois, who had worked closely with Henry Moore before his death in 1986. Francois was a particularly useful guide because he spoke fluent English and French. He explained to the artists how Henry Moore had proclaimed there were three principal themes to his work - mother and child, reclining figure, and interior-exterior forms. Colleen was very interested in what Francois had to say, although she stood slightly removed from the group - of primarily male artists who were asking questions - with Noria and Reinata.



(from left to right) Arthur Fata, Flinto Chandia, Willard Boepple, Daniel Hunziker, Francois (the guide), Jon Isherwood and Dias Mahlate.

Henry Moore explored the mother and child theme (which he described as 'an obsession') right throughout his life... Moore combined the mother and child theme with his favourite position for sculptures - the reclining figure. His sculptures of women have often been likened to the natural forms of rocks and hills, the undulating surface of the land. But there is a practical reason for his preference, too. A standing figure has to be supported... [but as Moore commented] *'A reclining figure can recline on any surface. It is free and stable at the same time. Also, it has repose, it suits me.'*

Moore's third favourite theme was what he called interior-exterior forms... it has obvious connections with the mother and child in embryo - *'the larger form protecting and having*

²² Henry Moore was born at Castleford, West Yorkshire and began his sculpture training at *Leeds College of Art* in 1919 (where the *Pamaja* artist and fellow Yorkshireman, Jon Isherwood (UK/USA), was to train many years later). The *Henry Moore Foundation* was established in 1977. It is based at Dane Tree House in the Hertfordshire village of Perry Green, where Moore lived and worked, with his wife Irina, from 1940 until his death in 1986. Moore's larger works are placed in the less formal setting of the surrounding fields, which yield a limitless supply of flints and old fragments of bone, which fill the Maquette Studio and provided the inspiration for much of Moore's work. The Foundation's sculpture consultants, all of whom worked with Moore as assistants, now maintain and conserve his sculptures world-wide (Promotional Literature).

enveloped within it another form,' as Moore described it. He went on to explain why this was important: 'from a sculptural point of view the putting of the form inside another form gives to it a mystery, makes it unable to be explained immediately. I think it should not be obvious exactly what a work of art is on the very first view. If it is obvious then one tends to look at something, recognise it and then turn away, knowing what it is' (The Henry Moore Foundation promotional literature).

I shall be exploring Moore's statement - *'I think it should not be obvious exactly what a work of art is on the very first view. If it is obvious then one tends to look at something, recognise it and then turn away, knowing what it is'* - frequently throughout my paper. This is primarily because the more I spoke to the Pamoja artists, the more I realised how immensely problematic I found it was to read the meaning of their work; particularly when one is dealing with cross-cultural interpretations.



The Pamoja artists wandered around the extensive grounds, looking at the studios and slowly approaching and touching the large bronze sculptures positioned in the surrounding fields. When speaking about this visit, Moitshepi commented: *"When I arrived I was a bit shocked to see such huge pieces of bronze. When I was in the museum in Gaborone I heard bronze is very expensive. I saw some little bronze pieces in the museum and I understood they were very expensive, maybe 2000 pula [£500]. So when I saw those Henry Moore sculptures, so huge and casted in bronze, I thought to myself, if he is selling them who will have the millions for the selling? I think that they will cost around 12 million pula [£3 million]. It is the material and the value of the piece that makes it so expensive. You know, if someone is famous he value his work.*

Reinata intertwined in a Henry Moore.

"What I like about Henry Moore pieces is they shoot out from the ground. It's like something which is growing up from the ground, or huge rocks. They are very simple, but I think they have something within them. Some kind of spirit that can pull somebody, that can go inside you. I admire those sculptures. The size of the sculpture was amazing to me as well. I have never seen such big sculptures. Although I saw the Henry Moore sculptures in the art books, I didn't get that idea of how big they are. So seeing them with my eyes I



Djibril Sy photographing Henry Moore's Reclining Figure.



Noria Mabasa standing next to Henry Moore's *Upright Internal-External Form* (cast in 1981).

found that amazing."

When you saw the work in the books, did it say what the dimensions were? *"Yeah, but in feet or inches and I don't understand feet or inches. You know, I would have understood if it was in meters, but even if it was in meters I would think it was maybe not right. That maybe the book has a problem. You know, something so huge and casted in bronze."*

When I discussed the visit with Duke he informed me: *"The siting of the art work is very important. Of course, the space is important because you have to be able fit it in, but it is also important so the sculpture can be seen well from all angles. These sculptures are so well positioned, they look different from wherever you look and you can look at them from all positions. If I was to place a large sculpture like this in front of my house [in Johannesburg], well then my neighbours would think I have placed a gate in the wrong place. They would not be able to see it was a sculpture, or to see how interesting it is. This is one of the problems I have at home. Where to put my work. It means I cannot make such large sculptures. I do not have the space to make them or to display them afterwards. These sculptures are really fantastic and the space is fantastic. It is really beautiful."*

The visit also prompted Adam to say: *"I wish I would see Henry Moore alive. Even his work speaks of him. He's got something there. I like his work very much, it really inspires me. Back home I'd like to do something similar works to his, not really his, but I'd like to see how it goes."*



Henry Moore's Maquette Studio.

Noria, Colleen, Reinata and Duke collected the stray pieces of sheep's wool scattered across the fields and the pieces of sheep bone and flint stone lying along the edge of the fences: *"This wool is good for mixing with clay to make it stronger"* (Noria); *"I work in clay, wood, fibre-glass and plaster. I want*



Noria carrying on her head the pieces of flint.

to collect some of the flint that inspired Henry Moore. A beautiful souvenir. A beautiful inspiration" (Duke).

As we entered the small exhibition rooms with some of Henry Moore's marble and stone pieces David Chirwa told me he usually works in marble and that it is not difficult to work with it when you practice, when you are used to it. However, he also said he is keen to try working with some of the limestone that he chose when he went up to the YSP last week with Flinto. He had never worked with the material before and thought it would not be too difficult, *"because it is full of sand, which allows the small pieces to break off easily."*

After the visit around the site we were given lunch and a talk by the director, Tim Ambrose, whose son had been working at the YSP during the Pamoja preparations. The talk was listened to intently by everyone apart from Noria and Reinata, who lay on the grass collecting little pieces of moss and more strands of sheep's wool. The talk triggered a few comments and questions, which with the benefit of hindsight I would say gives an indication of the particular artist's preoccupations. For instance: *"How many wives and lovers did Henry Moore have?"* (Gamal); *"Was family important to him?"* (Francis).



David Chirwa regarding one of Henry Moore's sculptures.

Babacar Traoré then stood up and began a ten minute philosophical speech about the emotional power and organic beauty evoked by the Henry Moore sculptures. His manner was extremely theatrical: wearing his black suit and dramatic red turban, he gently moved his body to emphasise each exquisite thought. His language was filled with metaphorical allusions to life and the universe and the spirit. Everyone, whether they could understand French or otherwise, was transfixed by the performance and agreed it was a very moving spectacle: *"I got his meaning"* (Moitshepi). The only artists who complained to me were Noria, who stated: *"He is talking too long time;"* and Reinata, who after looking in Babacar's direction shook her head and tutted disapprovingly before continuing to collect

moss from the base of a nearby tree.²³

After hearing a variety of the *Pamoja* artists' comments on their first viewing of these particular Henry Moore sculptures, I was left in two minds with regards to Moore's statement: *'I think it should not be obvious exactly what a work of art is on the very first view...'* As an anthropologist this sentiment becomes of great importance when considering, not only the work the *Pamoja* artists produced during the workshop, but also when attempting to 'get to know' the artists: when attempting to make sense of the artists' 'presentations of self,' when one has little prior knowledge of where they have come from or what informs their particular world views, which influences their very particular courses of action, as we shall see, during the 'creational context' of the *Pamoja Workshop*.



This photograph illustrates the spontaneous acts of friendship and caring that were being initiated within the group (from left: Frances, Reinata and Gamal).

²³ When Zuleika was filming Babacar made the following comment (translated from French): "When I visited the Henry Moore Foundation it made a strong impression. I saw how Henry Moore loved nature, how close he was to the living world, because when you look at Henry Moore's sculpture, it's very organic and you see how he was trying to incorporate nature into his works. There was a link between curves and empty spaces that does not clash with nature and you had the impression that it wasn't even Henry Moore who had made these sculptures. It was as if they had dropped from heaven or that they had grown like trees, so well did they blend with the environment. You get the impression those sculptures have always been there. He is close to nature's cosmology. I was very impressed to see the foundation with so many sculptures, a haven of peace where Henry Moore left his mark before leaving this world. And Henry Moore will remain eternal in the history of art and sculpture, because at a given time he placed monumental sculptures that reflect the conception he had of the universe ... Henry Moore will remain Henry Moore, because he did his research with nature, man and everything around him and he found his way. I too will remain Babacar Sedikh Traoré always on a quest for the absolute ... what had spurred Henry Moore to make these universal sculptures, is the same as what incites me to make sculptures that integrate man and nature. The method is different, but the inner idea is the same. So I feel to Henry Moore as Henry Moore, if he were living, would feel to me, because we are all creators."

“We hadn’t researched what circumstances people had come from and what difficulties they might face when they arrived in Britain”

On arriving at the YSP the artists were welcomed by Anna Bowman, the YSP Educational Officer, and shown to their accommodation in *Bretton College*, which had been vacated by the students during their summer holiday. As Anna B., as she became known during the workshop, commented: “*When Noria got off the bus she embraced me while saying ‘Nelson Mandela is my hero’. That’s what she said and I have never forgotten what an amazing thing it was for her to say. Whereas, when Babacar got off the bus he looked absolutely and totally bemused by everything. This was something that continued throughout the workshop. So I picked up and carried his bag for him and he seemed quite happy for that to happen. There was a sense in me that he just didn’t have the strength to pick up his own bag. It was as though I was picking off him an inability to cope with almost anything that was going on around him.*”²⁴

After the artists had been shown their rooms everyone went to the canteen for supper, where to signal the end of the meal the staff pulled down a set of heavy metal grills surrounding the serving area. The action of sheets of metal rushing through their shiny runners and hitting hard into the security slots, sent out a sound which bit into everyone’s conversations and caused Reinata to scream and disappear under the long refectory table. The sound and sight of Reinata taking fright over an event, which many could see because they were facing the shutters and those who were not realised after turning their heads, made everyone laugh from a position of relieved concern. Everyone apart from Zachary, who leant over and told me that Reinata’s response was due to shell-shock: that Reinata was suffering from shell-shock, as a result of experiencing the Liberation War in Mozambique.

Being in receipt of such information within the context of the *Bretton College* canteen, was a strangely disconcerting experience. As I had only ever experienced the notion of warfare through the cinematic screen, I was unsure of how to think about this latest piece of information, or what to say in response. Noria and I helped Reinata from under the table and with some gentle words from Zachary she was reassured. Although Reinata smiled when she became aware of the cause for her fright, the scenario made me feel uncomfortable. I began to realise how little I knew about any of these artists and I began to worry that my lack of knowledge may unintentionally lead to upsetting misunderstandings or *faux pas*. It was a thought that also led me to begin to perceive of the artists as individuals, rather than as a group of interesting ‘makers of works of art,’ whom I had chosen to research as a result of my interest in the VAP and the chain of unforeseen circumstances that had led me to the YSP.

²⁴ The *Yorkshire Sculpture Park* opened in 1977. It is Britain’s first permanent outdoor sculpture site and one of Europe’s leading open air galleries. It is a privately owned charitable trust, which shares the *Bretton Hall Estate* with *Bretton Hall College*. Direct financial, technical and administrative support is given to young artists through residencies and bursaries funded by *The Henry Moore Foundation*. The exhibitions and displays programme attempts to achieve a balance between showing work by internationally renowned artists and those who are younger or less well established. Attracting over 400,000 visitors a year to its varied exhibition programme and related events, the park also houses the *Access Sculpture Trail*, which was started in 1985. This trail is a major landscape project bringing together art and nature with particular emphasis on access for people with disabilities (Promotional Literature). This Trail was where the *Pamaja* artists’ work was exhibited after the workshop. *The Bretton Estate*, of which *Bretton Hall* was a part, was built up gradually from the 13th century by three families, the Dronsfields, the Wentworths and the Beaumonts. It comprises of 260 acres of lakes, woods, park land and formal gardens centred around an eighteenth century Palladian house. The College was founded in 1949 and became a Higher Education Corporation 1989, at which time the *Lawrence Batley Centre* was built to house the *National Arts Education Archive*. *Bretton Hall* is now a College of the *University of Leeds* and the *Bretton Lakes Nature Reserve*, the YSP and *Bretton Country Park* all share the campus with the College (Promotional Literature).

As Anna B. commented: *"It was such a sudden noise. It could have been anything and Reinata's response was to hide under the table. That's one of the things we were not aware of as we probably should have been at the time. We hadn't researched what circumstances people had come from and what difficulties they might face when they arrived in Britain. That's why I think Anna Kindersley was so protective of everybody, because she knew about the artists' backgrounds, what sort of places they were coming from. Yes, such concern was shared by many of the people at the YSP who were prepared to listen and to find out more, but the realities of life are that people are passing by very quickly in our society and it is difficult to make, or remember to make, the time to listen."*

"When you think that most of Reinata's life has been war, it is not surprising she was so highly strung. This was something which also became apparent through her work. The more you saw of her work and the more aware you became of the stories of her life the more apparent it became. Her sculptures were very powerful potent images and in the early days may be that's what people were picking up on. Maybe that's why Reinata and her work was such a strong presence and the reason why some people found it threatening and why others found they were drawn to it - because it spoke so directly to the whole realm of the emotion, to the experiencing of life."



Reinata (self-portrait), made at the Pamoja Workshop (approx. 60cm, clay & metal rods).

'It seems as if it was only yesterday that people were analysing African art purely on the strength of the object alone. disregarding the creature who made the object itself' (El Hadji Sy 1995:79).

Section 3) *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop.*

"It's been the most exciting workshop I've ever been to... I'm sure you can tell by the amount of work produced" (Flinto Chandia).

"I think everyone should make a concerted effort to talk to each other about the work" (Frances Richardson).

"Often the most successful artists are those who have been able to articulate in a way that can be picked up on and discussed using the very particular language of the art world" (Anna Bowman).

"I think it is important to remember that people talk in different ways. If you are in a large group it can be confusing..." (Francis Nnaggenda).

"I think that if people are trusted then the artist will talk about their work" (David Chirwa).

"I think we must be aware of the cultural differences between everyone here. What may in one country be considered as special, may not be considered so in another" (André Diop).

This section explores the spaces in which the *Pamoja* artists expressed themselves and spoke about the pieces they produced; and in so doing comes to tell much about the relationship between the artists and their work. This research provides an insight into why these particular artists choose to make their work, how they think about their work and the importance they assign to these creative processes.

The *Pamoja* artists were making and speaking about their work within the context of the *africa95* season, which, in turn, received the majority of its publicity for the *RA's africa95* exhibition - ('the centrepiece of the season' Sir Michael Caine, Chairman *africa95*).¹ These artists were therefore working within a wider context of critical debate that had an historical dimension to it, of which many of the artists were unaware. This debate reflects the uneasiness people feel when thinking about a body of work, traditionally categorised as African Art; and how to consider contemporary artists and the work they are producing.²

Most of the commentators during *africa95* used generalising terms, a sort of shorthand, such as ethnographic and aesthetic, or artefact and art, to evoke a sense of the perception they were criticising, or empathising with; and the language they used suggested they were experiencing much frustration in trying to grasp hold of and communicate, their sense of the complexity that lived within the concepts they were referencing. At first glance it seems reasonable to utilise such a mode of communication, to reference concepts like heterogeneity in an attempt to evoke an overall sense of what is being alluded to. However, often the dynamics of a concept, such as heterogeneity, become lost through this language of shorthand, which proceeds to speak by stringing together a series of objective captions, and in so doing ends up conveying a sense of homogeneity.

¹ The exhibition *Africa: The Art of a Continent*, opened after the *Pamoja Workshop* and most of the artists had returned to their respective homes. The *RA* considered placing some of the work made during *Pamoja* in the entrance courtyard, whilst their *africa95* exhibition was 'in action.' However, after seeing photographs of some of the work they decided not to proceed with this idea. I was unable to find out why they made this decision.

² In the article *Art of A Continent* (in the *South Africa News*, June 1995) one of the *africa95* executive committee members, the novelist Simi Bedford, was quoted as saying: "I'm pleased that the works will be seen from an aesthetic point of view rather than anthropological. It will show Africa's contribution towards world civilisation, and if people's perception change, the government in the West may see Africa in a different way also. It's important for us to feel proud of our culture."

The influence of Susan Vogel's 1991 exhibition/catalogue *ART/artifact* can be seen in the comments made in relation to many of the *africa95* exhibitions and in particular the one held at the *RA*. Anthony Appiah's influence is also of great interest.

Just as the *VAP* was getting under way, Richard Dowden, wrote in his article *Should we feel guilty?*, which was published in *The Spectator* (30 September 1995): 'It began as a simple idea: 'Let's put on an exhibition of African art.' A worthy and wonderful idea as neat as its emblem, the cowrie shell. But not simple. What does African mean? Is there such a thing as African art? If there is, what objects best represent it? How can they be gathered in one place and who will pay for it? No wonder it hasn't been done before... To start Africa is a land mass. African is not a colour or a race, and certainly not a culture. Until the Europeans sailed round it and began to walk all over it (and its people) it wasn't even a name... As Professor Kwame Anthony Appiah, a Ghanaian at Harvard University, says: 'It would never have occurred to most of the Africans in their long history to think that they belonged to a larger human group defined by a shared relationship to the African continent.' Africa, he points out, is an invention of outsiders... Tom Phillips who has put the exhibition together, says bluntly: 'There is no common denominator except that it comes from the continent. It is not trying to say something about Africa.'... Which brings us to the greatest problem of all: political correctness. Mr Phillips is already under fire from people asking why the exhibition wasn't organised by a black African or at least an academic specialising in African art. But it runs deeper than that. The PC line on Africa is that it was the Garden of Eden before the Europeans pitched up and ruined it... Those who are driven by this belief now demand that we praise it simply because it was a victim of imperialism. Are they closer to appreciating it for its own sake or is their appreciation simply a feel-guilt reaction to past? If it were true that African culture had been wiped out by imperialism, Africans would simply be copying European art, building neo-classical houses, painting like Rembrandt and writing like Jane Austen. But Africans are not doing this...'

Clémentine Deliss was interviewed by Andy Lavender for his article *Unknown Africa comes to Britain*, published in *The Times* (4 August 1995): "'You say 'African art' to somebody and they probably think of the mask. People are going to be amazed by what they see... One 20th century vision is to say that colonialism decimated African culture and art," says Deliss. "Yet the actual situation is far more akin to parts of Europe where you get multifarious arts scenes. And there has always been contact between Africa and Europe since the 15th century. Nigerian, Sudanese and Ethiopian artists were studying at the Slade, the Royal College and the Chelsea School of Art as early as 1904, and all these experiences were taken to Africa. But we only know about the other side. We know about the influence of African art on Derain, Vlaminck and Picasso, but we haven't heard from African artists themselves...'

Simon Jenkins wrote in his article *Out of Africa and out of context*, published in *The Times* (17 October 1995): 'Both words, Africa and art, throb with political correctness... So what of the thesis? Ask the director [secretary], Piers Rodgers, whether this is all art and he will reply, "You tell me." But he is telling me. He is titling it art and putting it in the academy... Filling the catalogue with adjectives such as powerful, enigmatic and unusual do not take us much further. I prefer Appiah's description of these objects as artefacts. Many if not most could have been picked up at an African crafts shop - and are none the worse for that. But then so could modern African painting, which has been excluded. (Why? For fear of comparison?) But I wonder if the academy would have dared grace this show with the cloak of art had it been selected by an anthropologist rather than a professional artist [Tom Phillips]... If we are to make comparisons we shall be challenging in our honesty: these works are not in the same class as the "art" of Europe or Asia...'

Furthermore, even when the speaker and the listener have an understanding of the terms being used, the speaker often feels frustrated and their audience's attention is lost, because it is a painful experience for social beings to both tell and listen to a story that has been reduced to a series of referencing captions.

The majority of commentators on *africa95* were of the view that the term 'African Art' is not a helpful categorisation, particularly when considering the work being produced by contemporary artists. It is too broad a perception, one which tends to homogenise the work produced by artists working within the continent of Africa, and throughout the ages. Following this train of thought many of the commentators also suggested that to think about regional or cultural categorisations, such as art from Mozambique or art produced by the Makonde people, is problematic for similar reasons.

As the majority of commentators were sensitive to issues surrounding the politics of cultural representation, they were concerned with the individuality of a piece (work of art). However, the processes by which each party sought to encourage such a perception were problematic, because they failed to acknowledge that the individuality of a work is associated with the individuality of the artist responsible for its production. The art critics tended to promote the aesthetic characteristics of the work at the expense of the artist; and the advocates for a more ethnographic approach achieved a similar result, but one due to their preoccupation with situating the work within a particular cultural framework. In short, both parties eradicated the individuality of the artist and so doing the individuality of the work was lost.

All the commentators were acutely aware that there exists a relationship between an artist and his/her work; and how each commentator spoke about these works often shifted when they were in the presence of the artist. For instance, they either chose to keep quiet, or to speak in a generalising fashion about the concept of heterogeneity; and often they appeared uncertain about announcing their own interpretations, or appeared embarrassed to air their personal criticisms in an objective fashion. The way in which the commentators behaved and spoke about the works in the presence of their makers, suggests not only that they were aware of the close relationship between an artist and his/her work, but also that speaking about the work is related to the dynamics of how people consider and speak about each other, whether in private or public spaces, or whether the person under discussion is far away or nearby.

Some artists feel comfortable with having their cultural and physical characteristics publicly discussed and indeed take much pride in these aspects, as they consider them to play an important part in the formation of their particular identity. In much the same sense, some artists feel the aesthetic characteristics or the cultural-arena defining aspects of their work should be emphasised. However, not all artists feel this way. For this reason I would argue it is inappropriate to create a presentational structure that privileges either an aesthetic or a cultural view of such works. Such a preference not only homogenises the manner in which the works are perceived, it is also unfair to those artists who wish their work to be considered in an altogether alternative fashion; rather than in black & white terms such as artefact or art, cultural or aesthetic.

In contrast to the questions of categories which preoccupied commentators, the philosophy of the *Workshop Movement* is to provide an environment in which international artists may work together - to experiment and to exchange ideas - with no pressure to complete work. In keeping with this philosophy the promotional literature and oral messages surrounding *Pamoja*, sought to evoke a sense that it would be a creative meeting place for twenty-one artists from thirteen countries (eleven within the continent of Africa). The spirit of the workshop presented was one of creative freedom, of possibilities. My research amongst the *Pamoja* artists follows their experiences during this creative context: the influences that affected the work they produced; and their decision making processes in relation to how they presented their work within such an environment.

During the workshop it became clear through how the artists behaved during the slide shows, group criticism sessions and at the *Open Studio Weekend* (when visitors were invited to meet the artists), that within these particular forums the artists often felt reluctant to speak, beyond stating a minimum of information and thereby encouraging an aesthetic viewing of themselves and their work. In this sense, the dynamics of communication within these particular workshop spaces were similar to those within many art exhibition presentation spaces.

My research suggests that when an artist works outside the pressures of presentation and competition, they are most willing to speak about their work. Now this comment may at first glance seem an obvious remark given many peoples experiences of having to present information to another person or to a group of people under such constraints. However, within the context of my research into the *africa95 VAP* - coming to understand what it is that contemporary artists from the Continent of Africa are producing and what it is they would like to say about such works - the process of identifying which communication forums are problematic becomes of great importance; for it encourages an exploration of the spaces within which an artist feels comfortable to speak about their work, as well as the conditions under which they choose to speak. Such an exploration allowed me to begin to listen to what it is the artists have to say.

I came to understand that the *Pamoja* artists spoke most freely about their lives and their work when they utilised a particular mode of communication: story-telling. Story-telling allows them to convey a powerful image; one that evokes a sense of their lives, their creations; one that reflects the experience of an artist's individuality. Story-telling privileges modes of expression, encourages the creation of images, relishes the messages of senses. For instance, when an artist tells her story, she handles it as she would a child of her own. She teases it. She punishes it. She sends it up like a bubble. She wrestles it to the ground and lets it go again. She laughs at it because she loves it. She can fly you across whole worlds in minutes, or stop for hours to examine a piece of decaying flesh. She can play with a sleeping creature's tail. She turns effortlessly from the carnage of war into the felicity of a woman washing her hair; from the crafty ebullience of a curator with a new idea, into a gossipy critic with a scandal to spread. She can reveal the nugget of sorrow that happiness contains. The hidden note of shame in a choir of glory.³

³ See *The God of Small Things*, by Arundhati Roy - page 230.

In addition and perhaps more importantly, story-telling creates a strong relationship between the teller and his/her audience. In those moments of telling and listening a window into the lives of individuals is opened up, allowing new ways of seeing; understanding. It goes beyond objective analysis, fragmented captioning, competitive jostling, to a place where anything and everything becomes acceptable. In short, story-telling allows people to speak and encourages people to listen. This creative interaction moves both parties beyond the purely functional, the purely reasonable, the purely aesthetic, to a space of possibility and freedom: a place where the artist, their works and their audience are all accorded the same respect, because during the moments of telling they cannot exist without each other.

So just as when you focus on a detail within the process of making a work, the sense of the work disappears; the moment you begin to deconstruct the artist's story is the moment when the relationship is broken, the power to captivate slips away. In an attempt to focus on a particular aspect, the sense conveyed during the story-telling is lost, the simplicity experienced by the teller and the listener is shifted. In short, what is discussed comes to feel frustrating, tedious and complicated.

africa95: Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop Exhibition(s).

At the end of the three week workshop and after the artists had returned to their homes the *YSP* exhibited a selection of the artists' work produced during the *Pamoja Workshop*. Apart from the small exhibition of ceramic and wooden sculpture by Noria Mabasa and Reinata Sadhimba held in the *Bothy Gallery*, the majority of the work was sited outside on the *Access Sculpture Trail* and inside the *Camellia House*. The works, apart from those in the *Bothy Gallery* which had extended captions to accompany each piece,⁴ were displayed with only the name of the artist and from which country they came. Although an accompanying leaflet was made available by Anna B., which set out the titles of each piece and the respective prices, most visitors to the *Access Sculpture Trail* and the *Camellia House* exhibits did not have any further assistance in reading the work produced by the *Pamoja* artists during their stay in Britain.

This formalist approach to the display of works of art is normal practice within the *YSP*. Indeed, the display of works of art presented as pure form - as though their form is their meaning - is a technique followed by many art galleries to encourage and celebrate the aesthetic qualities of the particular pieces exhibited. However, given the *Pamoja* artists had been invited to Britain to participate within the *africa95* project, whose intention it was to raise the awareness and understanding of the work currently being produced by artists from the Continent of Africa; and given the many comments I heard the visitors make when regarding the work on display - "*I wonder what this is?*" - I feel the *YSP* missed an important opportunity to communicate to their visitors the interesting stories and powerful messages associated with many of the *Pamoja* artist's work. As Berger stated: 'what we are told about a work of art conditions what we see.'

⁴ I was commissioned by the *YSP* to produce these extended captions, which were well-received by the visitors.



Visitors viewing Noria Mabasa's *Venda People Crossing the Limpopo River* (Sycamore wood, £6,500).



The children enjoyed playing with Noria's sculpture: chasing each other through the centre, which represented the river that the Venda people were fleeing across from Rhodesia. Many of the Venda women and children drowned in the river and their bodies are lying towards the bottom of the river. On viewing this work, I overheard most of the visitors commenting to each other: "*I wonder what this is about.*"

It could be argued that the context of the workshop also promoted a formalist viewing of works of art, because the artists spent most of their time within the studios making their own sculptures and viewing their colleagues work in progress. In addition, many of the artists often encouraged a silent viewing of their work, because they felt uncomfortable to speak within the group criticism forums. However, after having spent some time at the *YSP* I would argue that the formalist display approach adhered to within the *YSP* exhibition was implemented predominantly because the curatorial staff did not speak to or record the stories surrounding the work produced by the *Pamoja* artists. Indeed, it was not until two days before the artists left the workshop that anyone even attempted to document the titles of the work produced.



Mother and Child, by Colleen Madamombe (Limestone, £9,100).



Although the visitors enjoyed Colleen's sculpture, they did not learn why Colleen had chosen to create this particular piece: to tell what life was like for a Zimbabwean mother and child.

Although the *YSP* exhibition was produced within the usual financial constraints, the primary reason for very little information being produced to accompany the many pieces displayed in the various spaces was due to a lack of importance accorded to the collection and exhibition of such information by the *YSP* curators. Given most of the *Pamoya* artists work has rarely been documented and was being viewed by persons who had little prior knowledge of the world of the artists and their work, I would argue this formalist display approach was extremely unhelpful. This was particularly so in the case of artists such as Moitshepi, Noria and Reinata, who perceive their works as vehicles in the telling of a story or message that may be unfamiliar to the audience they are addressing in 1995.

"Zimbabwean stone sculpture: who keeps it running is the buyer, is the western buyer. But these people they don't know the ideas, they don't ask why is it? Why did you make a man and a man together? Why did you make a chameleon in the form of a man? They just buy a piece of African art, because it is a good investment, it is a good thing to have" (Arthur Fata).

There was also no catalogue produced about the workshop, or to complement the exhibition, which was unlike the normal practice within the *Workshop Movement*. This was due to the lack of interest and sponsorship in the production of such a document, which had been planned by Anna K.. Apart from this thesis, the only official records of the workshop are the photographic images that the Senegalese photographer Djibril and the video that Zuleika Kingdon were commissioned to produce by the *YSP*.



Visitors admiring Dias Mahlate's *Movement* (Elmwood, £10,400).



Visitors taking souvenir photographs of their family members.

When Zuleika was filming at the workshop, Hercules Viljoen made the following comment: *"My final message is simple but honest. I would like to say a huge thank you to Anna [Kindersley] and the rest of the staff who organised this event... And I think that most of our work, they are too big to take back to Africa, so they must look after them well after the exhibition and put them where they will last."*



Visitor plucking one of the tin cans from André Diop's *Ecologie Sculpture* (wood & tin cans, price on request).



The visitor securely holding his *Ecologie* souvenir.

As little of the work made by the *Pamoja* artists was sold during their visit to Britain for *africa95* and because the artists could not afford to transport their pieces back home, the YSP currently houses much of the work made during the *Pamoja Workshop*.⁵

“The field where the contest takes place is the gallery and the exhibitions”

At the end of the three week workshop, just prior to the artists' leaving and the YSP's exhibition, the artists began to prepare their work for the *Open Studio Weekend*: an invitation had been issued for the general public to visit the studios, to see the work and to meet the artists. Although a meeting was held amongst the *Pamoja* artists and co-ordinators to discuss this event, most of the artists remained silent:

Jon Isherwood: *“How do we deal with the visitors and the working situation? I would hate the studios to look like a gallery.”*

Willard Boepple: *“Or, to look like a shop. It's all about open studios, it's not supposed to be an exhibition. The formal exhibition will be opened at the YSP after we have all left. It's possible to wander around the Access Sculpture Trail to see the space and to get an idea of where you would like your work to be placed, because we won't be there to install it. Peter Murray [Director of YSP] will come to the studios tomorrow to ask about which three pieces each artist would like to put forward for the exhibition. David [Chirwa] suggested that we walk about to discuss which pieces should go into the exhibition. Also, to get reactions on the work produced during the workshop, so we can go home with a sense of what others think of our work.”*

Anna Kindersley: *“Everyone must do their own pricing and speak up if they have a problem. You can sell everything and it is your responsibility to deal with the pricing and the money during the Open Studio Weekend. During the exhibition the YSP will be responsible for any sales and add their 30% commission.”*

Normal practice within the *Workshop Movement* is for the artists to select which work should be exhibited and to display the work. It was initially suggested that each artist choose three pieces of their work to be exhibited. However, due to the lack of enthusiasm amongst the artists to participate in a group criticism and selection session, at the end of the day the YSP staff oversaw both the selection and siting of the work. After the limited discussion held in relation to the presentation of the studios for the *Open Studio Weekend* and the selection of work for the exhibition, the artists returned to their studio spaces where the atmosphere was excited and busy; and as the artists watched their colleagues re-organise their spaces, they expressed much surprise over the quantity of work produced during the three week workshop.

⁵ This body of work and the issue of ownership would be an interesting topic for future research. Flinto's sculpture was damaged during the exhibition, due to weather and vandalism. He was extremely upset on hearing this news, particularly as he had donated his work to the YSP. When Dias returned to the YSP, on a post-*africa95* grant in 1998, he informed me: *“I was so shocked, so upset. They keep my work in a place they call the graveyard. My work is lying outside on the ground. Exposed to the weather. It has large cracks in the wood and it is being destroyed by the damp.”*



Many of the Pamoja artists and support staff gathered to assist Noria to move her sculpture - *Venda People Crossing the Limpopo* - from her work-space to inside the workshop courtyard, in preparation for the *Open Studio Weekend*.



(from left to right) Les Hall (technician); Simon Raines (technician), Adam, Ian Fallon (technician), student.



(from left to right) student, Flinto, Noria, Francis.



(from left to right) Les, student, Noria, Flinto, Arthur, Simon, Francis, Daniel, Ian.

Moitshepi first arranged his drawings and paintings onto large black panels provided by the workshop technicians and then placed most of his sculptures within the centre of his studio space. Willard's work area was positioned adjacent to Ndid and Moitshepi's studios. Although Willard watched with disappointment as his two neighbours transformed their studio spaces into "*art gallery / shops*," he resigned himself to their actions by moving his tools and materials to one side, which allowed his neighbours to create the atmosphere they so desired; and he comforted himself with the knowledge that his work would all being displayed in the



Moitshepi's studio arranged for the *Open Studio Weekend*.

central courtyard - removed from such commercialisation of the workshop philosophy.

Then to Willard's frustration he saw that Moitshepi's large unfinished sculpture entitled *The Growing Plant* had been moved from an out-of-the-way small courtyard, overlooked by Reinata and Ndidi's work areas, to the entrance of Moitshepi's studio. Such a placement meant Moitshepi's sculpture, which used the same donated materials and workmanship to accentuate the length of the original planks of wood, was now positioned adjacent to Willard's work in the central courtyard. Almost as soon as this positioning had taken place a complaint was aired by Willard. This episode becomes of interest, because many of the artists took sides and it involved the diplomatic intervention of the busy workshop co-ordinator, Flinto.

large wooden leaf arrangement, saying that too many sculptures in the same material placed too tightly together, detracts from how each of the sculptures is viewed. Moitshepi approached the workshop technicians to help him move the sculpture back to its original position, however, they said they were too busy helping the other artists. So Moitshepi went to speak to Flinto, who in turn spoke to Willard... Moitshepi's sculpture was not moved, Willard was not at all happy and many of the artists huddled together to discuss the event:

Some of the anonymous comments made included: *"Moitshepi has taken enough space already... That piece was an experiment that didn't work out... It doesn't deserve such a prominent position within the central courtyard... Willard is right it is detracting from all the sculptures the other artists have spent so long making... Look it is even interfering with Andre's magnificent tree... Moitshepi just wants to sell his work... He doesn't think about his colleagues... Moitshepi should be able to display his work anywhere he wants too... If it is not an art gallery then why does it matter where he puts his work... Willard is just thinking about displaying his own work so it looks*



Moitshepi assisted by the student, Les Hall and Daniel Hunziker, to position his sculpture: *The Growing Plant*.

good... He is
doing the same
thing as
Moitshepi...

Willard says it is
not a shop, but he
doesn't need to
sell his work, he is
a rich artist..."



When I asked
Moitshepi

whether it was Willard watching Moitshepi arranging his sculptures in the central courtyard.

expensive for him to participate in *Pamoja*, he told me: *"Although you are not paying for transport, materials and food, I have to leave my job in the Government Sub-land Board. This is a problem for me. You see, I must give my parents money. In Botswana the youngest child is taking care of the parents and my mother is getting old for doing the roof when the rains come. You know, I must build a new house for my parents. Also, I have this problem of getting the permission for not working, to come to Britain. One man there he is trying to get my job for his friend. You know, although my parents they do like my art works, but they give me that advice to may be not to do it. It's difficult for them to understand that the money is not coming quickly from it. If I am going home with some money my parents will be very happy. It will be like a healing time for them."*

As the artists preoccupied themselves with how they wished to present their work to their visitors, they also began the process of cataloguing and costing their work, ready for the *Open Studio Weekend* and the exhibition. The policy at most of the *Workshops* is for each artist to donate one piece of work to the workshop organisers. This helps to pay for the next workshop if the piece is sold, or goes into the contemporary art collection some of the workshops are creating. However, it was decided that such a policy would not apply to *Pamoja*, because it had been organised through the *africa95* programme and funded in a different manner.⁶

A paper pad was transformed into the record book of the *Pamoja* artists' work. They were each asked to fill in the following information: a small sketch of their work, the material used, the title of the work and the price. When the artists came to valuing their work and recording the titles, most of them found this a

⁶ Flinto Chandia, Francis Nnaggenda and Arthur Fata were the three artists who donated their work to the *YSP*.

straightforward procedure. For instance, Colleen knew how much to value her work for, because she had sold her sculptures for the equivalent amount in Germany; and when she had participated in the 1994 *Zimbabwe Stone Sculpture* exhibition in England, she had sold a similar piece for £7,000. However, Reinata, Noria and Moitshepi felt very concerned and asked for help. Noria was particularly concerned, because she said she could not draw, that she has never drawn anything, she did not know how to price her work and that she did not know what the name of the wood she had worked with was called.

Noria based her prices on those she had sold her work for in South Africa and this I converted into Sterling. For example, Noria based the price of her large wooden sculpture entitled *Venda People Crossing the Limpopo River* which she made at the workshop, on the price she had received for a similar commission "at home." Noria told me the commission "at home" had been larger than the sculpture she had made at *Pamoja*. Nevertheless, I decided to take the price Noria told me she had received "at home," which was £500, and mark it up to £700. Although Noria was thrilled that I had decided on such a high price, apparently the highest she had ever received for her work, I decided to speak to Willard and ask his advice. Willard informed me that Noria should ask £5,000 not £700 for *Venda People Crossing the Limpopo River*. On hearing this news, Noria was absolutely delighted, particularly as her friend Colleen had valued her large stone sculpture entitled *Mother & Child* for £7,000.

Moitshepi said he had no idea how to value his work, because "*I have never made such large sculptures.*" Willard was once again consulted and valued Moitshepi's sculptures from between £450 to £500 each. Much of the valuation I understood, took into consideration the age, experience and reputation of the artist. Moitshepi was very upset that his work was being valued at a much lower price than the other artists... And he did not change his mood, even after I had pointed out Willard's comments and the fact that such prices were higher than anything he had received for selling any of his sculptures in Botswana (approximately £75 - £250). After this incident Moitshepi returned frequently to the record book in which each of the artists had documented their work and respective prices; and he showed a particular interest in the prices assigned to Reinata's pieces (between £120 - £900, which I shall return to discuss later in my paper).

"For most of the Batswana artists selling their work is so important, not only because they need the money to support their families, to buy materials, etc., but also because for many of them selling an art work is a sign that you are successful, that you are a good artist" (Verqan Edwards).

David Chirwa, commenting on why many of the artists were divided over how they should present their work during the *Open Studio Weekend*, said: "*From what I've seen in my experience in the art scene in Zambia and a bit of experience of the art scene in other countries [South Africa, Namibia, Zimbabwe], artists generally work within a kind of competition framework. It's always like a contest kind of thing and the field where the contest takes place is the gallery and the exhibitions. You put up work there so others can see he's*

got the best piece and he's going to make the most money. Most African artists that are honest will agree with me. That's basically what goes on in Africa. At first I thought well workshops will not be like that. I thought the workshop will be a place where people can come and sit down and talk about their works, talk about their problems, talk about starting new goals. But it's not what usually goes on.

"I think the problem is that people don't come to the workshop with an idea to talk about their work. People come to a workshop with the idea of working and then thinking about selling one or two works. When that happens then you really end up making works that you could make at home. Some say that we don't have to see from different views, or examine every place, or that we don't have to experiment, because we just have to work in a workshop. But I don't really agree with that, cos' you have a free work space, free accommodation and materials, it's a chance that you don't really get when working at home. At home it's work, work, work. At the workshop you get that time and space for everything so you can do things that you normally can't do. It's safe to experiment with your work. But if you think about selling your work that's when you don't experiment in the workshop."

When I asked Arthur Fata how he felt about artists selling their work, he responded with a personal example, which gave me an insight into how the association between financial and artistic value was a particularly sensitive issue among the artists: *"When I was doing my bronze buffalo sculptures, one of the artists came and said to me: 'Ah, so you are doing buffaloes. Do you think you are going to sell them?' That was very stupid of someone to say that. I said 'I'm just doing it, why should I think of selling it?'"* When I enquired as to why is it considered such a problem if an artist wants to sell their work, Arthur remained silent for a few moments before explaining: *"Well they will say we are not here to make sculptures to sell, we are not here doing business and people should do something, they should think sort of. We are at a workshop and we have to give, to share ideas. And there is nothing there, there is no idea there, if someone is doing such a thing because of business. It's like saying what they were doing is thinking so much and making those things and they understand them better than me."*



Colleen washing her small stone sculptures in preparation for the Open Studio Weekend.



Colleen placed her sculptures on the workshop entrance wall: *"I brought these from Zimbabwe. I want to sell them."*

"We have a long way to go before we can produce work like this and call it art"

When the artists first arrived at the workshop they were encouraged to visit the exhibition of work by the Austrian sculptor Karl Prantl, which was being staged in the *Pavilion Gallery* within the grounds of the *YSP*.¹ During their visit to the exhibition a complaint was made. It was reported that the artists had been seen wandering around the *YSP* grounds holding and swigging from cans of beer. The *YSP* managerial/curatorial staff felt the artists from Africa were presenting themselves in an unfavourable light to the general public. They were concerned about the aesthetic presentation the *Pamoja* artists were offering and how such a viewing would be interpreted.

When I arrived at the exhibition I was accompanied by Reinata, who immediately rushed forward to hug an elderly British female visitor, before we had a chance to join some of her *Pamoja* colleagues, who I could see in the distance intently engaged in an examination of Karl Prantl's work. The English woman was initially taken aback by the unsolicited act of friendship/respect and pulled away. However, Reinata continued her greeting un-perturbed by the woman's initial stiffness, whilst I explained: "*Reinata has come from Mozambique to participate in a sculpture work and she is expressing her pleasure to meet you.*" The two women then smiled and hugged each other, before walking up the path - Reinata having linked her arm through her companions - until they reached the woman's husband, who had discreetly gone on ahead. After the woman had been handed over to her husband and the couple had wandered off, Reinata repeatedly gestured how "*yambone*" (good) she thought the woman's grey hair was, whilst intermittently enquiring as to who the woman was and where she lived?



Duke and Adam discussing Karl Prantl's work.

Reinata was extremely puzzled as to why I did not know the answer to her enquiries as we joined Duke Keyte and Adam Madebe, who were running their fingers across one of Karl Prantl's sculptures: a small rectangular and highly polished piece of pink marble; and laughing together at the thought expressed by Duke: "*People at home would say it's not real art. We have a long way to go before we can produce work like this and call it art. It's so simple and uncomplicated.*" As we all stood staring at the piece in question, Adam shook his head thoughtfully and pronounced, "*they wouldn't understand. It's true we have a long way to go,*" and Reinata repeatedly requested for me to tell her the story of the sculpture. As there was little information beyond the media, date and title of the work I communicated that the artist liked the colour, texture and feel of the shape he had sculpted. Reinata responded by stroking the finely polished surface, nodding her head and saying

¹ The literature accompanying this exhibition did not state the prices of the work displayed.

“yambone,” before wandering outside the exhibition pavilion to silently regard the many English visitors sunning themselves and going about their day trip within the grounds of the YSP.

‘Things which came from the sky without no one knowledge’

Shortly after the artists had arrived at the workshop and as they were beginning to gather their materials and establish their studio spaces, two slide shows were held to encourage the artists to introduce themselves and their work to their colleagues. The atmosphere during these presentations was extremely tense and most of the artists simply flashed up the images of their work whilst stating their titles. These viewings occasionally initiated an inquiry into the media used, the length of time it took to make a piece and the size of the image presented; most of the viewings, however, solicited an atmosphere of silent regarding. The tiredness of artists after a long day’s work, was the reason I was frequently offered as to why these sessions were so brief and quiet. My sense was, however, that if the artists presenting their work and those who were watching and listening had spoken more, shown more interest in participating in the presentations, then the meetings would have evolved into something different i.e., gone on to take up a few evenings or been rescheduled to take place at a different time in the day, to accommodate the desire to continue a discussion.

The presentational format and responses were more to do with the artists’ discomfort at having to speak about their work and that of their colleagues: due to a lack of experience and/or notions surrounding a sense of competition. Many of the artists feared that their work and ideas, something in which they had invested much time and effort, might be misunderstood or judged in an hierarchical ordering and they did not want to risk looking foolish in front of their colleagues: if they did not say enough they might show themselves up as being inexperienced and if they said too much they might be perceived as showing off. The artists’ sensitivities were heightened and these sensitivities directly affected their individual choices surrounding how they presented themselves during the introductory slide shows.²

² Many of the *Pamoja* artists did not have any experience of speaking of their work during the forum of a slide presentation. During my research I became aware of how difficult it was for many artists to apply for art school, artists studio residency programmes or exhibition space, because they had little access to the information regarding how to apply and if they did manage to get hold of an application form they found it difficult to submit it. This was because they often did not have access to a camera, slide film or the money to produce the images requested - usually 6 slides of the artists work; and they did not know how to write a c.v. - the format required or access to a word processor to type it up. Due to this reason Anna K. arranged for each of the *Pamoja* artists to choose six images and to take home these slides, produced by Djibril Sy at the workshop. During *africa95* the *Pamoja* artists frequently turned to Anna to provide them with slides of their work to use in their presentations. These slides were ones she had taken during her time as a workshop co-ordinator. Thus many of the presentations made were of images that the artists had not themselves taken, and were of work that the artists themselves may not have chosen to show if they had more slides to choose from. The artists also asked me to collate and produce their c.v.’s for them and run off a few copies so they could distribute them when they returned home. My feeling is that one form of valuable assistance that could be introduced, perhaps via the workshops, would be if every year the artists are able to have their work put onto slide format, their c.v.’s printed up for them and application forms for various art world events distributed. This process would also allow research to be undertaken into what contemporary African artists are producing and what they would like to say about their work to be recorded.

The first slide show sought to introduce Flinto Chandia (*Zambia*), Reinata Sadhimba (*Mozambique*), Frances Richardson (*UK*), Gamal Abdel Nasser (*Egypt*), Jon Isherwood (*UK*), Noria Mabasa (*South Africa*), Moitshepi Madibela (*Botswana*), Babacar Traoré (*Senegal*) and André Diop (*Senegal*). As the workshop co-ordinator, Flinto set the pace by showing his slides and talking briefly about each piece. Although he showed a few slides of the work he had been commissioned to produce within Zambia, Flinto focused primarily on the work he had produced during the 1994 *Tenq/Articulations Workshop* in Senegal (the first *africa95* event). This included the use of Bazite, a Senegalese stone, and a wooden piece he had named *Moustapha*, after Moustapha Dime the Senegalese artist he had met at *Tenq*: “*He is a good friend of mine.*”³

Next came Reinata. She was keen to show her work to the group and handed me the slides she had brought with her from Maputo. Accompanying the slides was a piece of paper with the heading: *Things which came from the sky without no one knowledge*. It was a list of titles accompanying each of the slides; and these I read out as each image was projected onto the white walls of the meeting room.⁴ No-one asked any questions and Reinata looked rather disappointed by the response of the group, which I later came to understand she had interpreted as negative, due to the lack of oral response and the seriousness of her audiences’ facial expressions.

Initially I could not understand Reinata’s work beyond being able to identify that some of the images were representations of people or vessels; and I found some of the titles extremely curious e.g., *A Gentle on an Anthill II*. Yet, after spending six weeks with Reinata, while she was in Britain for *africa95*, and after learning about her life experiences, I came to view Reinata and her work very differently, as did many of the *Pamoja* participants. For instance, learning of Reinata’s participation in the War of Independence in Mozambique, I began to view her sculptures such as *Reinata* as an expression of her anger and grief over the loss of so many children’s lives; and *Ujamaa* as her celebration of the chaos and interdependency of life. Seeing Reinata’s defiance in the face of difficult or unfamiliar circumstances such as poverty, abandonment and illness, made me begin to understand why she dreamt of being rich and famous and why she expressed such concepts through her sculptures such as *The Prayer Pot*. Reading up on Makonde carving and culture I came to realise why Reinata often referred to things falling from the sky and anthills and spirits and medicines, in her sculptures such as *Shetani II* and *The Snake Family*. Interacting with Reinata and watching her interactions with many of the *Pamoja* participants, I came to appreciate how much she loved to share the sentiments of friendship and teasing, and why she communicated these through her sculptures such as *The Belly Man (Munu Citumbu)* or *Friendship II (Anna / Reinata)*. And, after experiencing Reinata telling the stories triggered by her work, I came to understand that she considered her creations and story-telling as evidence that she was: ‘Reinata the most astonishing Makonde sculptress;’ something in which she took much pride. However, at the beginning of the workshop I did not know these things - I did not know Reinata’s stories - and without this knowing Reinata’s work seemed very curious to me.

³ Moustapha participated in the *africa95* exhibition staged at the Bluecoat Gallery in Liverpool.

⁴ Later I learnt this list had been written by her son Samweli, who lives in Maputo with Reinata.



Play Circus, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Union of Family, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Buckets, the other with lid, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Memories, making Love, Play, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Grave of the struggle fighter, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Struggle to stay better life, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Dream II, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Witch-doctor, by Reinata Sadhimba.



A Gentle on an Anthill I, by Reinata Sathimba.



Dream I, by Reinata Sathimba.



A Gentle on an Anthill II, by Reinata Sathimba.



Mother and Child, by Reinata Sathimba.



A mask; a mother washing clothes, by Reinata Sathimba.



Dream III, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Dream IV, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Playing circus; Arriving from the sky, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Family Union, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Pot with a lid, by Reinata Sadhimba.



Pots, Praying, by Reinata Sadhimba.

After Reinata's presentation Frances showed her slides very quickly, whilst saying their titles. Next Gamal made everyone laugh with his colourful work which explored the theme of *"everyone has a little of the opposite sex inside them."* Reinata particularly enjoyed the sculpture depicting a *"woman with man inside her."* Jon followed Gamal by showing work he had produced at the *1988 Triangle Workshop* in the USA, where he had experimented with concrete and steel. He spoke about how he had once been invited to work in stone, but as he had no experience of doing so he had decided to create a sculpture by working inside the stone, by hollowing it out; and he had placed two of these pieces together as though they were in conversation. Jon ended his presentation by telling the group he was currently working on the idea of adding more pieces to expand his idea of a sculptural dialogue. This comment was met with silence in the darkened room.

"I heard someone saying they didn't want to show their slides at the workshop, because some people were going to copy them" (Arthur Fata).

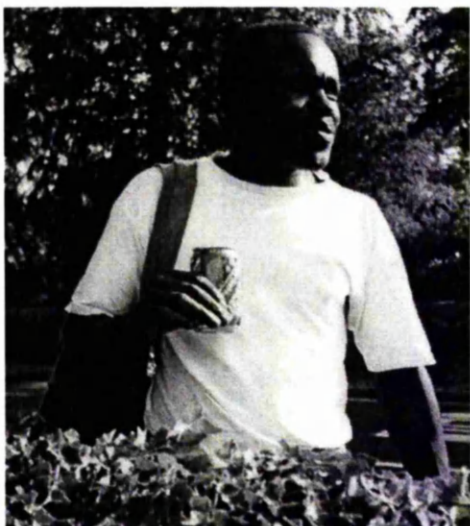
Noria then quickly showed slides of her wooden carvings produced on the theme of South African Independence; and Moitshepi flashed up images of his wooden sculptures, most of which he had made at the *Thapong Workshops* in Botswana. These presentations were followed by Babacar, who showed the work he had produced at the *Tenq/Articulation Workshop* using the same stone as Flinto; and this comment triggered a group discussion as to the various names given to the different types of stone found in different countries. The final slides were shown by André, who began by saying that he did not want to discuss his work, because it was so spiritual. This statement dismissed the tension and an air of peace descended on the room as everyone sat contemplating the series of pieces André had made during *Tenq/Articulations*. Later Moitshepi told me: *"It was like watching a prayer."*



Flinto talking to Anna B.

As the artists wandered out of the presentation space, many in a subdued mood, I stopped to speak to Anna B., who with many years experience running workshops and forums for artists and students commented: *"In the west art talks to itself. We base much of what we say on what has gone before, the influences of different art movements, and the contact system - art schools, galleries, etc. Most of the **africa95** workshop artists have no knowledge or experience of these things, the very things that have shaped how the art world expects artists to speak. Often the most successful artists are those who have been able to articulate in a way that can be picked up on and discussed using the very particular language of the art world. Today artists are expected to analyse what they are doing, to justify what they are doing. The explanation of an art form, like a sculpture or a painting, is often an art form itself."*

“This piece is about people who are talking and they can’t be listened to or their voices can’t be heard”



Moitshepi at the *Pamoja Workshop*.

As Moitshepi was gathering his materials and establishing his studio space, shortly after his slide show presentation, I asked if he could tell me a little more about the images he had presented. Moitshepi handed me the slides and told me their titles, the media, the date and where he made them, in a fashion to communicate that was all he was willing to say. So as we shifted his heavy wooden work bench I proceeded to tell him a little about my research and how I had only once spoken to an artist from Africa about their work, which was why I was a little uncertain about how to proceed or what to ask. Moitshepi listened carefully to what I said and when we had finished thanked me very politely for my help.



Moitshepi gathering together his materials.



Moitshepi's *Pamoja* workspace.

As I stood awkwardly wondering whether to stay or go I picked up one of the slides from his workbench and asked him rather tentatively whether he could tell me why he had made the sculpture. This enquiry, this questioning of why he had made the sculpture, rather than what the sculpture was, solicited an immediate response: *“This piece is about people who are talking and they can’t be listened to or their voices can’t be heard,”* he began... as he took the slide from my hand and stared at the tiny image. *“All of them are African faces. The first face is saying something, but he is more frightened, he is talking but he is afraid to talk something for he is not happy with. The middle face is shouting. Also, he is not being listened to. Then the third face is someone talking, but expecting something from the people he is talking to. But he is also not being listened to. His message is also not going in.”*

On hearing Moitshepi's explanation of *African Faces*, I initially wondered whether he had given such an answer in an attempt to communicate how he was feeling in relation to speaking to me. However, all such thoughts were replaced when he went on to say, in reply to my enquiry into whether he had experienced any of the feelings he ascribed to his sculpture: *"Yes. So it is one of those pieces I call a self-portrait. You know, this is something which is happening in my home village. A lot of people are not happy because of the headman of the village and they are trying to say it out."* I had not been expecting this answer, this story surrounding the rich brown sculpture I had first seen as a large image projected through the darkness and secondly as a tiny outline to be peered at awkwardly against a studio splattered window-pane. Moitshepi's answer gave me a jolt. Listening to his answer my seeing of a carefully sculpted piece of wood depicting expressive faces took flight. As I heard Moitshepi's words my experience of seeing shifted. I marvelled at how a little white plastic holder could encapsulate and stimulate so much emotion; and as I touched the ordinary frame, I sensed the closeness of being near something so precious, someone's life, a person's thoughts.

When I responded by asking which face Moitshepi feels about his headman, he stared at me intently, before silently turning to focus on the image in his hand. As I waited for him to speak, I had time to recall my conversation with David Chirwa: *"It's not easy to explain yourself in just a few words [slides]. It is better if you can build it up, so you can make it into a story. Everyone can talk about their work given the right time and atmosphere cos' I think that art is like self-expression really. If you can express yourself about a performance then you can talk about art given the right chances. If people are trusted then the artist will talk about their work. I think it is important for the artist to talk, because if you do not have the words you facilitate it, you go down in history as not really having contributed to art."*



African Faces, by Moitshepi Madibela (wood, 40cms). The 'talking and afraid' face is on the right.

Moitshepi eventually looked up from his image and after a few "well, you see" and "umms," he began to tell me which face he feels in relation to his village headman: *"Well I never shout... I think... the first one: talking and afraid. I think this one is me."* Then after another long pause and in a more upbeat and confident tone, he informed me: *"You know, I sold this piece actually. I sold it in 1993 to the museum in Gaborone, to*

the Director. He bought it for 300 pula [£75]. Actually I wanted to ask 500 pula [£125], but I didn't because he said 300 and then I said OK." Wondering whether the story of the sculpture would be recorded in the museum archives and whether the director may have possibly experienced the closeness I had felt on hearing the story, I asked Moitshepi if they had discussed it. "No I didn't say it out," was his immediate response, followed by a period of reflection before he explained: "He saw it, he liked it straight away and then he bought it. So I didn't need to talk."

Moitshepi's answer to my further enquiry into why he had not asked for 500 pula and why he had not said anything about the sculpture's story, took a much longer time in coming and was spoken in the direction of the image and in the midst of much body shuffling: "You know it is difficult. The museum people they see I am a low educated poor village boy. They know it straight out. They see my clothes, they see my shoes. They see all these things straight out, so they won't like to talk to me. Also, if I ask for 500 pula, the director may be he said he doesn't buy it. This is a problem for me, because I need money for my parents."



Aerial view of *Fish in a Desert*, by Moitshepi Madibela (wood, 40cms high).

As we began our next conversation about the slides Moitshepi used for the quick viewing during the introductory presentation of himself and his work, he chose to speak about one of the first wooden sculptures he had ever made: "I think this is my favourite piece. I call it *Fish in a Desert*. You know, a fish cannot live easily in a desert. It is also one of those pieces which I call a self-portrait.¹ It tells it is difficult to

live as an artist in Botswana; and it tells about all the sadnesses in Botswana... Like the piece I made of a sad woman" he said, holding up the next slide.

¹ Art is not taught at school and there are no art schools or artists' studios in Botswana. The *Workshop Movement* provides the only environment in Botswana in which artists may work together and the *National Museum & Art Gallery* in Gaborone stages an annual art exhibition for the artists to present their works. These two places are where the artists are able to meet each other and gain access to information about the international art world. Moitshepi was encouraged by his Dutch and English teachers when he attended boarding school (on a poverty grant) to submit his work for the annual exhibition in Gaborone. It was through this event Vervan Edwards, the Chairperson of the *Thapong Workshop*, met Moitshepi and introduced him to the *Workshop Movement*. Today Moitshepi works for six months of the year for one of the Government Sub-land Boards, which deal with the applications for land that all adult Batswana citizens have a right to claim. This work commitment means that Moitshepi often cannot take time off work to attend the workshops; and because of his family obligations i.e., building a house for his parents, he does not have much time to work as an artist during his home leave. His plan is to work over the next few years to fulfil his family obligations, which fall on the youngest child in Botswana, and once these are completed to then try and work as a full-time artist.



Back view of *Fish in a Desert*.

"You know, I mainly make sculptures of sad women, because I think the sadness begins with the women. When their husbands or boyfriends leave them with children. This is also one of those I call a self-portrait. You see, I find I put myself within them."

I took this opportunity to ask Moitshepi what he would have liked to have said during his slide presentation, to which he responded very promptly: *"The artists, they see I did people who are very sad, they see it is obvious. But the sculptures are backed by something about why the people are sad and that is my message. I want them to see the story and the work: the whole thing as one."* At this point Moitshepi pulled out some black & white drawings: *"That's why my paintings and sculpturings are going together. I want to give a message, something drawn from inside my heart. To kind of preach about things that worries me a lot. Things that are happening in Botswana. Like diseases and little money. Those things that some of the people they tend to ignore."*



***Woman*, by Moitshepi Madibela (wood, 84cms high).**

“I think a workshop is quite extraordinary, because to me it feels like one long day”

When Zuleika was filming at the workshop Frances Richardson made the following comment: *“I think a workshop is quite extraordinary, because to me it feels like one long day. You almost forget to say good morning to people, because it doesn’t seem to be relevant if you are seeing them 24 hours a day. Apart from work, what do we do? We eat, we go out and drink and talk, play pool, relax a little, sleep and then it’s back to work.”* When Noria Mabasa saw David Chirwa at work, she told me she remembered him from when they had both attended the *Tulipamwe Workshop* in Namibia: *“That man is always working, working, working... really, that man is working too hard.”*

When I discussed the amount of work produced with Ndidi Dike, she commented: *“There is so much material at the workshop that you go crazy and hop from one thing to the next. The danger is if you try everything you eventually end up with nothing. So a lot depends on you as an artist, whether you are able to handle yourself and cope with the pressure. I arrived at the workshop a week after everyone else. By that time I saw how much Reinata had produced, how much everyone had produced, and I was shocked. I was frightened and I was afraid. The amount of work that had begun was amazing and when you’re working under those conditions, it’s just unbelievably intense.”*

The theme of astonishment at how much work was produced was also something Flinto Chandia commented



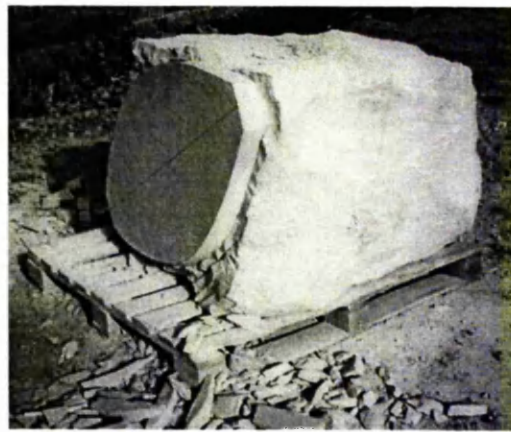
on, when Zuleika was filming: *“It’s the most exciting workshop I’ve ever been to, the amount of energy I mean and everyone is so wonderful. I’m sure you can tell by the amount of work produced... The amount of work that has been done in a very short time is a miracle. It’s because of the better facilities and the most valuable technicians who have been on site to help out with any particular problems... we’ve had some little problems which are just sorted out because everybody is so positive... Anna [Kindersley] has done an incredible job and I think if all other African artists can sort of draw up the spirit, then we are going to have some more great artists coming out of Africa.”*

Flinto was always covered in dust from working on his limestone & sandstone sculpture: *Suncatch*.

Flinto Chandia's work in progress



Flinto chose to work with Limestone.





A common sight was seeing Flinto at work with his electric power tools and the spray of limestone dust in the air all around him.



Flinto contemplating his work.

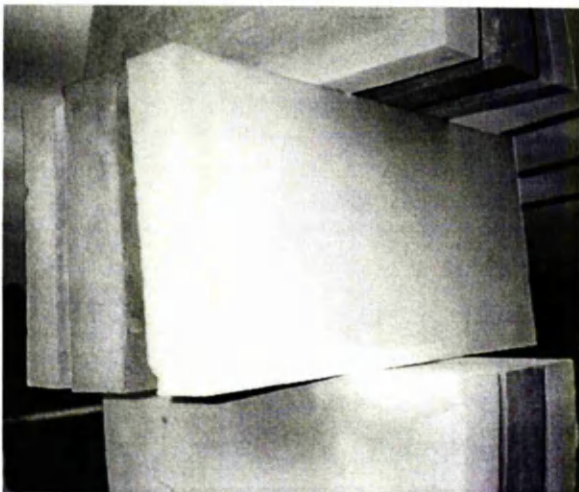


David helping Flinto to position the next section.



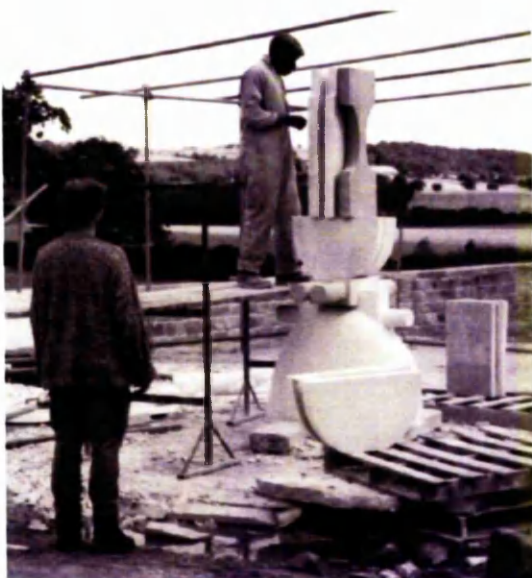
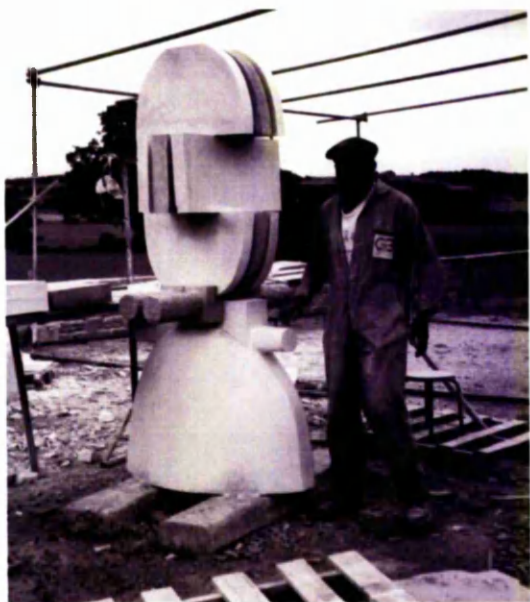


Hercules helping Flinto to prepare for the group criticism.

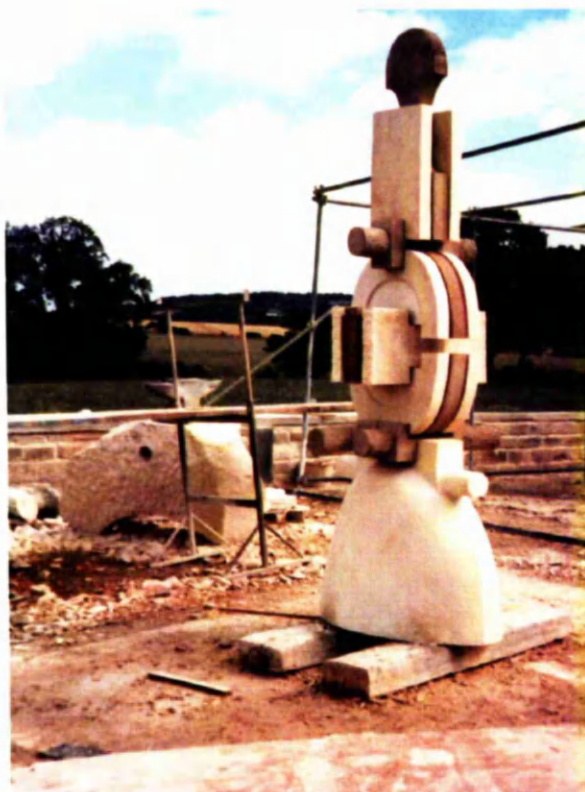




"This is my life. I can't be another person apart from being a sculptor. I really enjoy it and I wouldn't like to change to any other field. The piece I have been working on has been inspired by the spirit in the workshop. I've used the circles to symbolise the sun. It's got two circles that are held together by three pieces to symbolise the strength of the people that I've met here and also it's been really sunny. So that piece has been inspired by the warmth that the workshop has been able to provide... When you feel good and you are surrounded by warmth, you've got to give" (Flinto Chandia).



Ian Fallon helping Flinto to reposition his sculpture.

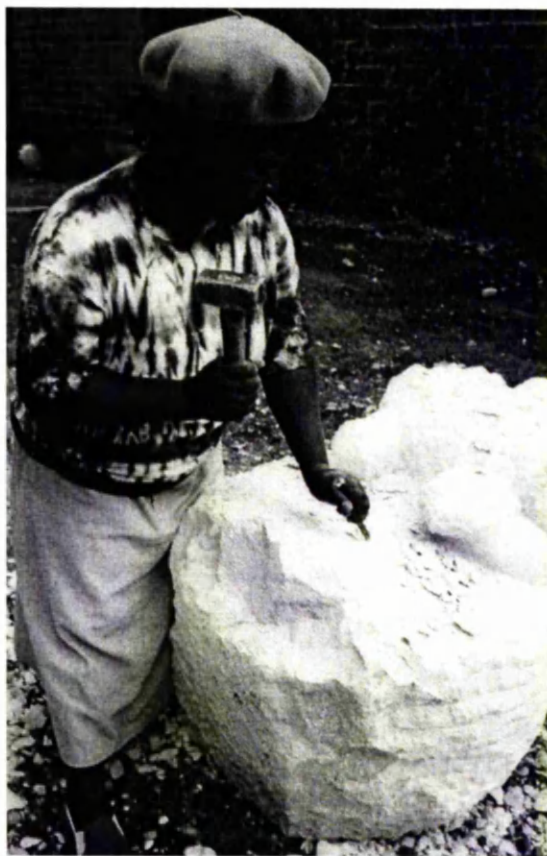


Suncatch, by Flinto Chandia.

Colleen Madamombe's work in progress.



Colleen beginning work on her limestone sculpture.



A familiar sight was to see Colleen with hammer and chisel intensely carving her limestone *Mother and Child*.





Dias Mahlate's work in progress.



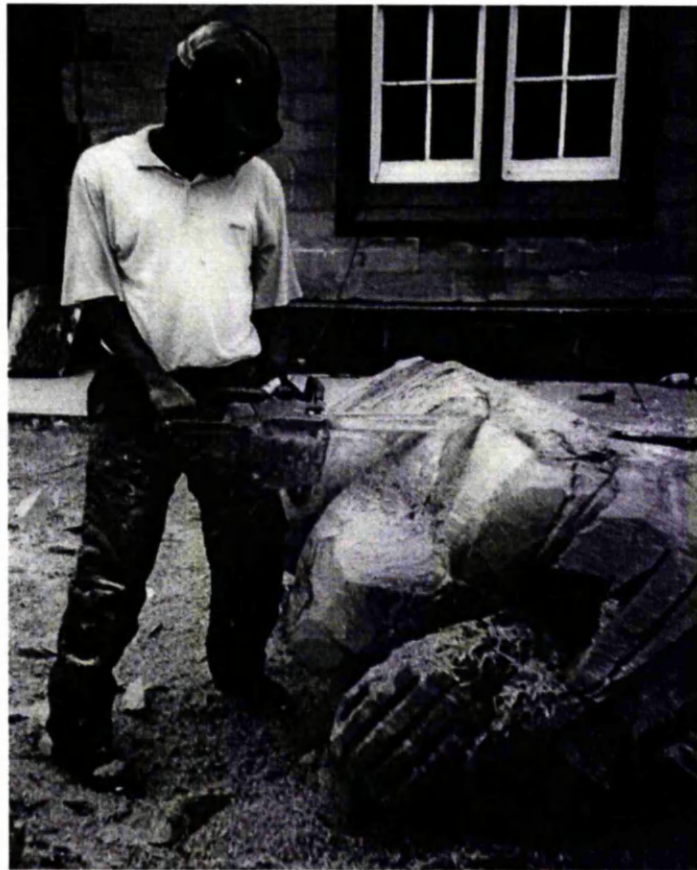
Aerial view of Dias sitting on the log he chose to work with, on the first day of the workshop.



Dias standing beside his Elm-wood sculpture - *Mother Queen*.



Dias would begin work at 6.30am. As there were time limits set for the use of the power tools, due to the villagers request to keep the noise down, Dias would begin each morning by working with the axe and chisel.



Dias used the chain-saw to carve his second Elm-wood sculpture - *Movement*.



The creation of *Movement* begins.



Movement's head.





Aerial view of Dias' work space and his two Elm-wood sculptures.



Noria talking to Dias about his clay sculpture.

Duke Keyte's work in progress.



Duke gathering together his materials. It was not until a few days into the workshop that Duke learnt, via Moitshepi, the *Pamoja* artists did not have to pay for their materials - unless they required something additional to what was provided or could be found by the YSP technicians. This meant he collected off-cuts of timber and spent much time gluing the pieces together before he began carving *South African Cows and Huts*. When Duke understood the situation he became very depressed, particularly as his work began to spilt.



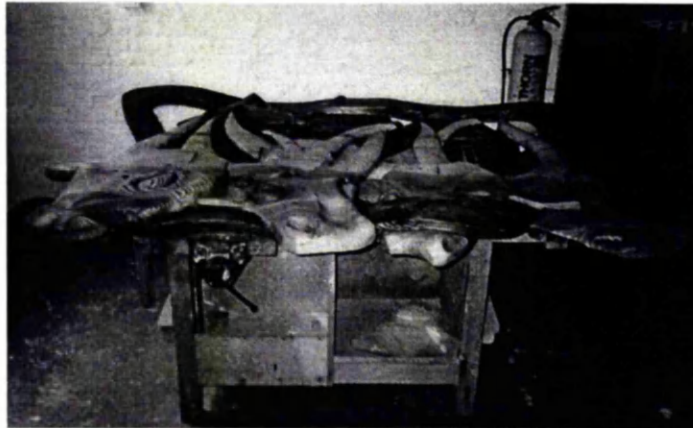
Duke first drew out his idea onto the wood.



Duke and Gamal became very good friends during Pamoja (Francis is in the centre).



A familiar site was seeing Duke clad in plastic bags, face and eye masks, to protect himself whilst jig-sawing.



Duke made *South African Cows & Huts* after seeing all the black & white cows grazing in the fields surrounding the workshop and Bretton Village: *"I wanted people to know that African cows are different, they have long horns. Also, in an African village we have huts."*



Once Duke learnt he did not have to pay for his materials, he ordered some blocks of polystyrene. However, these arrived towards the end of the workshop and he did not have enough time to finish his idea - a group of dancing figures.



After creating timber support frames, Duke applied the polystyrene to create the figures.



The last project Duke attempted, was to experiment with creating a polystyrene mould, which was then cast with concrete. Once the concrete was dry the assistance of the YSP support staff was required, as the work was so heavy.



Adam assisting Duke to remove the polystyrene cast.

"The intention of the workshop is to experiment... When you want to experiment you are always thinking you have to produce good work. So you like to be sure of yourself and the style you are working in before you take the risk" (Ndidi Dike).



Zuleika filming Duke removing the polystyrene cast.

Gamal Abdel Nasser's work in progress.



Gamal and Duke (photo by Djibril Sy).



Gamal's collection of materials.



Gamal glued strips of cloth onto the wooden structure and then applied found objects, to create the female figure.





The beginnings of woman sitting in an armchair.



Gamal chatting-up his sculpture.



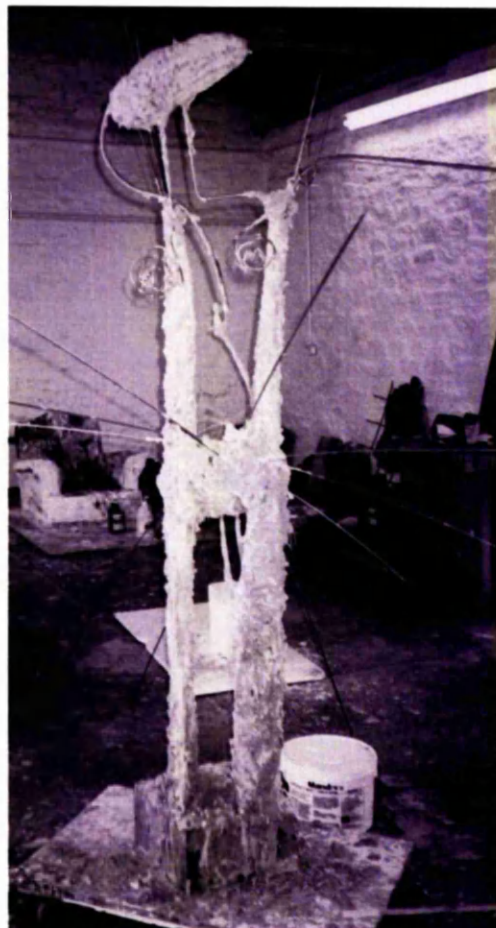
Detail of decorative finish.



Gamal's wire and plaster *Peacock*.



Gamal working on his *Female* wire and plaster sculpture.



Ikram Kabbaj's work in progress.



Ikram began by making lots of small clay pieces, which she stored in boxes after they had dried.



Ikram then constructed wooden frames with the assistance of her Pamoja colleagues. Here Flinto is helping out.



Moitshepi helping Ikram with her carpentry.



Ikram then fixed her clay pieces onto one of the timber frames.



Ikram being assisted by Daniel McGinley and Ian Fallon (workshop technicians).



On another of the frames Ikram fixed some limestone off-cuts from her colleagues work.



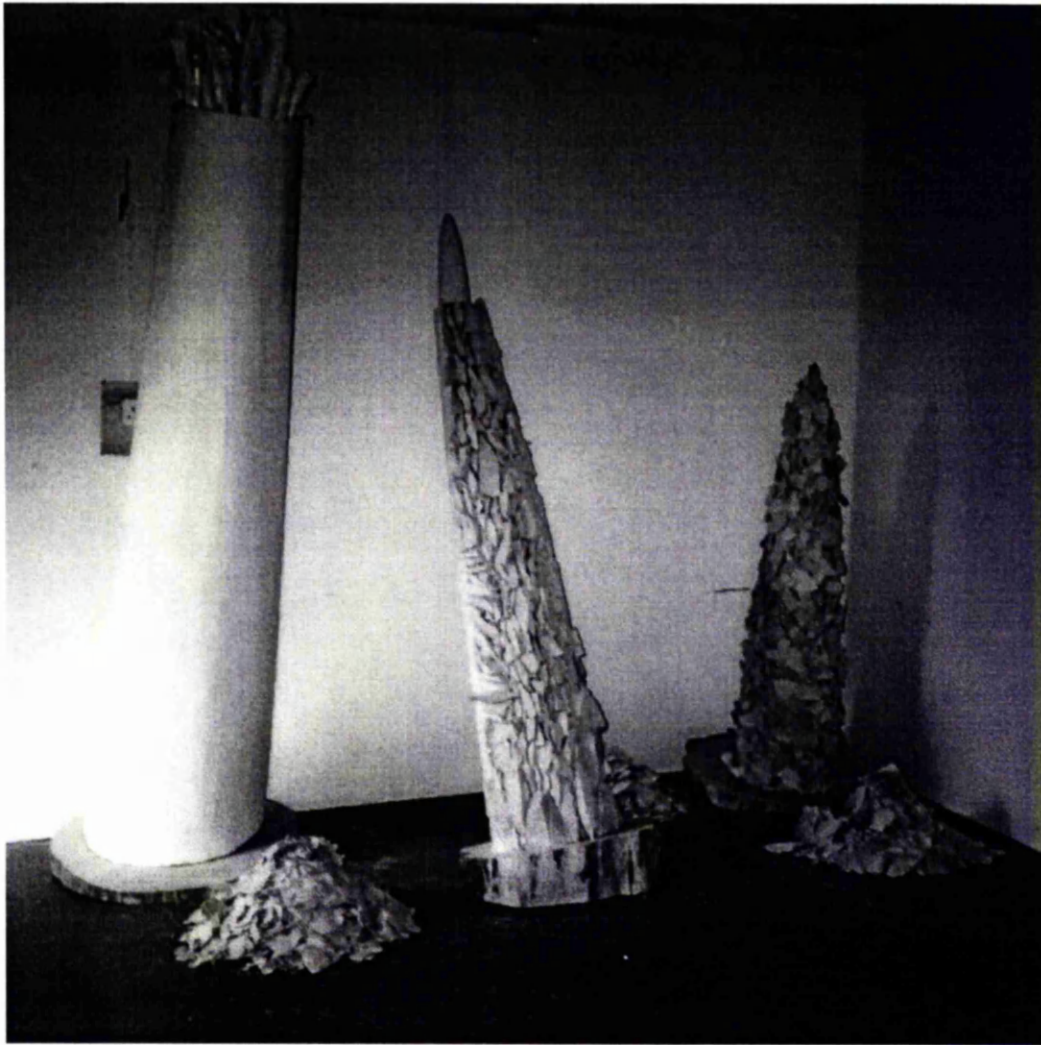


Ikram speaking to Sir Anthony Caro when he visited the workshop.



On the third frame Ikram applied a smooth plaster finish and some painted clay shapes in the apex.





Dancers I, Dancers II, Dancers III, by Ikram Kabbaj.

"The amount of work that has been done in a very short time is a miracle. It's because of the better facilities and the most valuable technicians, who have been on site to help out with any particular problems" (Flinto Chandia).

"The amount of work that had begun was amazing and when you're working under those conditions, it's just unbelievably intense" (Ndididi Dike).

André Diop's work in progress.



Francis watching André at work.



André cut off the top & bottom, and spilt the length, of the tin cans with a welding-torch.



André pinned the flattened tin cans to the surface of a log.

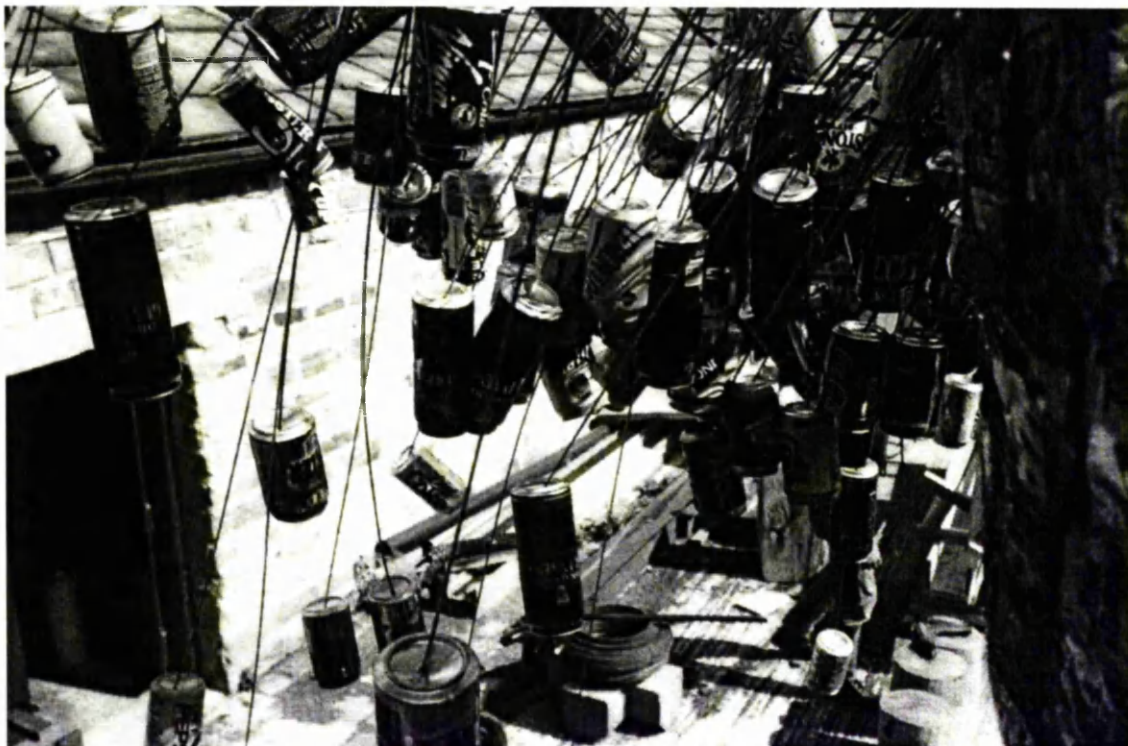


André then began the long task of threading tin cans onto lengths of wire.



André taking a break to watch his neighbours, Willard & Adam, at work in the central courtyard.

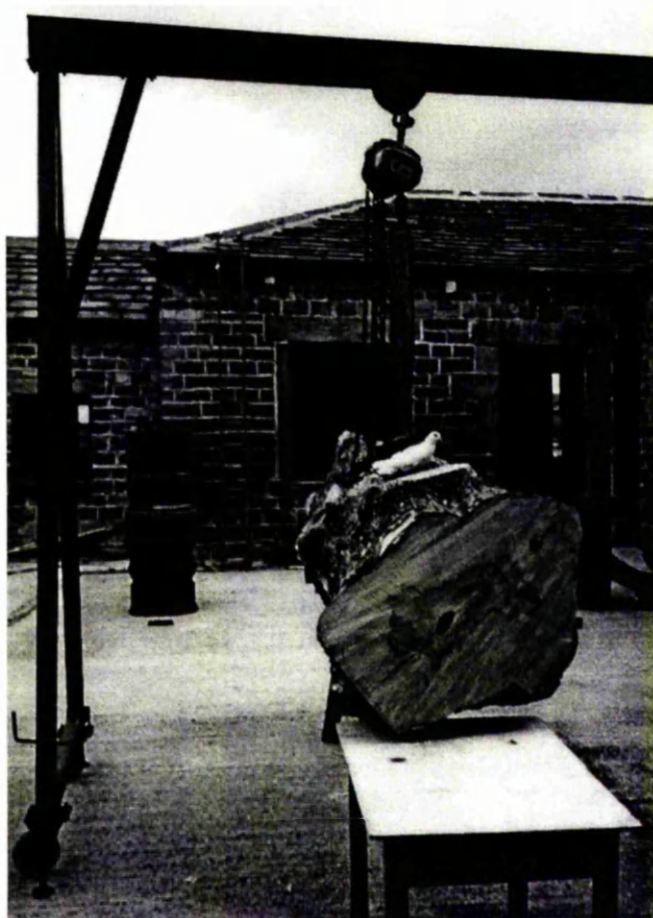
*"My sculpture is to invite people to avoid nature destruction. It's very important people take care of nature, take care its' values"
(André Diop).*



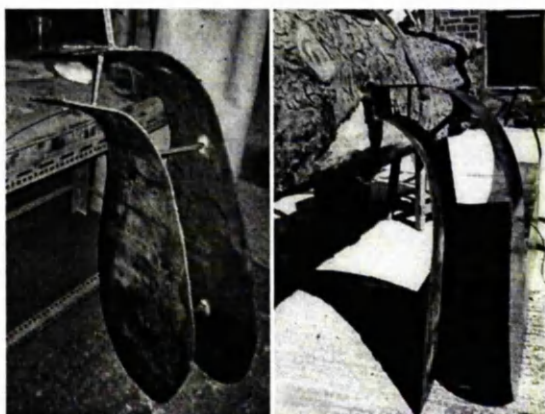
Adam Madebe's work in progress.



Adam Madebe.



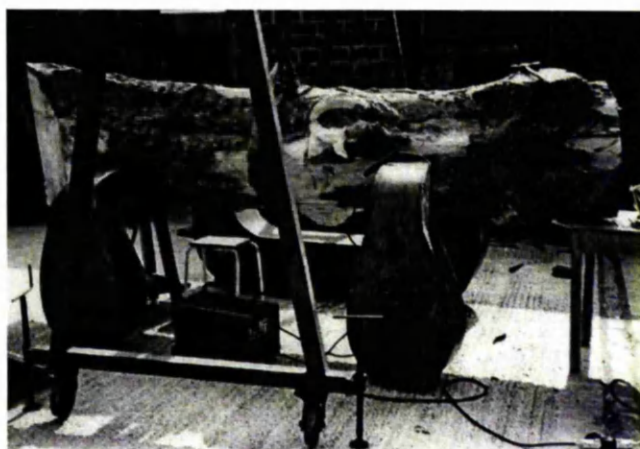
A white dove often used to sit on top of Adam's log, which was situated in the central courtyard adjacent to André and Willard's work spaces.



After cutting and welding the metal legs, Adam then applied them to his log.



Adam welding the legs in place.



Work in progress on *The Perspective of the Environment*, by Adam Madebe (mild steel & wood, £6,500).



After Adam had finished his large sculpture, he sat down to produce a series of small clay and metal sculptures, inspired by the forms of *The Perspective of the Environment*.

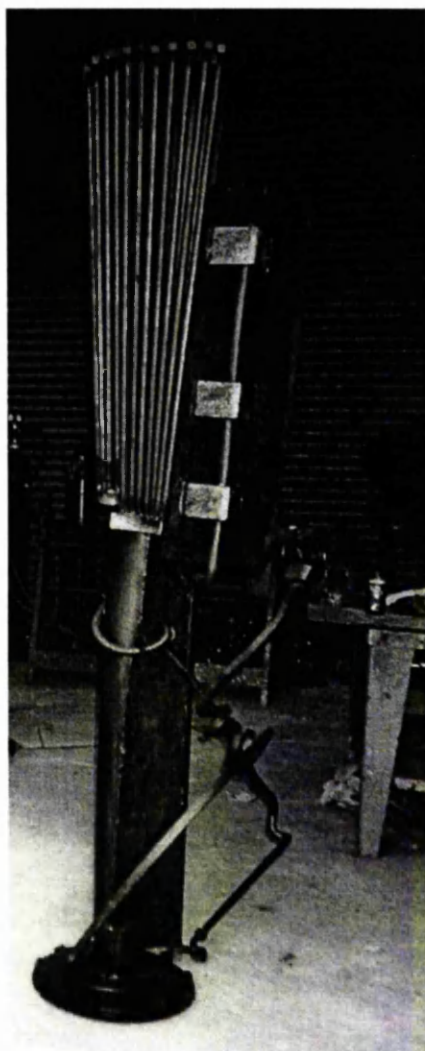




Adam chatting to Francis in the metal workshop, where Adam produced is clay figure which was then cast in concrete - *African Woman*.

"I always work in figurative sculpture, now I'm shifting a little bit to abstract sculpture. It's my first time casting a figure in concrete. It's something new. I really enjoyed doing that one, because I haven't done a figure in concrete. I normally make my figures in metal specially, or clay" (Adam Madebe).





"I like this part. these present a mask. African mask. And I've got a feeling that this is African. The other parts are not really African. those are. that's modern art. That's why I said it's an African Feeling in Yorkshire" (Adam Madebe).



The African Feeling in Yorkshire, by Adam Madebe.

The Observer, by Adam Madebe.



Adam's work gathered together in the central courtyard.

Francis Nnaggenda's work in progress.



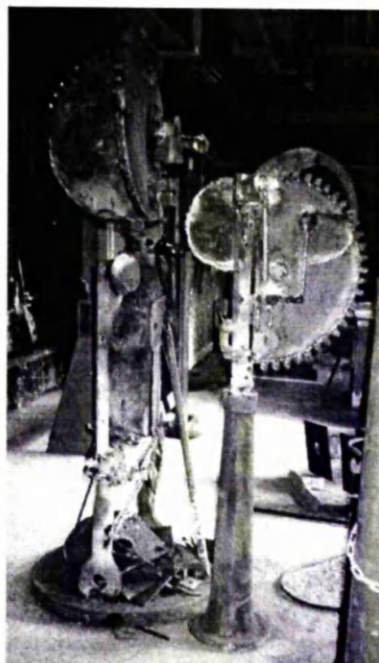
Francis (photograph by Djibril Sy).



Adam assisting Francis to weld (photograph by Djibril Sy).



Woman, by Francis Nnaggenda (welded metal, £4,550).



Woman (on left) and *Singer* (on right), by Francis Nnaggenda.



Moitshepi, Dias, Hercules and Adam assisting Francis to move his sculptures.



Pamoja, Growth and Face to Face, by Francis Nnaggenda.



Francis at work on *The Gate Keeper*.

"I work in quite a number of medias and always I select my gears, you know, switch over to each material. I work very fast, reacting to the material I find" (Francis Nnaggenda).



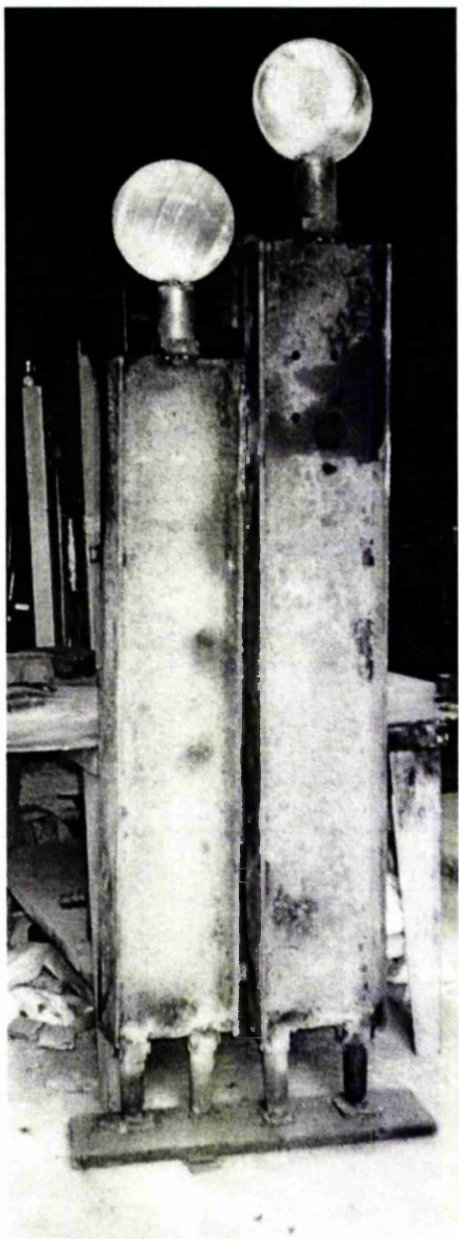
Francis at work on *Pamoja*.



Francis at work on *Pamoja*.



Work in progress on *Face to Face*, by Francis Nnaggenda.



Two Figures, by Francis Nnaggenda (welded metal, £4,500).

talk to the artists, things settled down. In fact the villagers began to see it as something positive and something that they could share in. I think we all learnt a lesson. If events are imposed on you and you don't understand the reason, it can be frightening and cause you to react negatively, especially if your wondering is informed by generalised statements about black people. We learnt how it is important to communicate with each other."

When the studios were opened by the technicians at 6am, the weather heralded the advent of a glorious English summer's day, which apart from a couple of days, continued throughout the workshop. David, Adam and Dias turned up to start work at 6.15am. Shortly after this Flinto and Hercules arrived and the noise of the power tools rose and prompted a series of complaints to be made by the people of Bretton Village (the workshop studios were situated on the edge of the village).

Anna B. acted as the negotiator for this complaint: *"I had to go and calm everyone down. The villagers told me they had come out of their homes and seen lots of Africans who they thought were refugees about to take up abode and sell their wares on the side of the road. That's what frightened them. They hadn't realised that they were artists from Africa and only here for a three week workshop. For them it was that the village was suddenly going to have to support a colony of scruffy looking refugees, for an infinite period... It was a misconception and it gave them a shock."*

"Now that was a shortcoming on the part of the YSP. We didn't realise the sight of so many black faces would cause people to start wondering why and feeling frightened. After we sent out letters to the villagers, to invite them to visit the workshop and



Flinto, Babacar, Anna K. and Matthew Fairley, discussing how to accommodate Babacar's requirements.

“Every peoples they think I stupid for my English”

Most of the *Pamoja* artists - for whom English was their second or third language - understood and spoke English, albeit with a range of accents and grammatical constructions, well enough to be able to express themselves comprehensively on any subject (see **Appendix H** for a list of the languages each of the *Pamoja* artists spoke). The two artists who did not speak any English were Reinata and Babacar; and the artists who struggled a little were Ikram and André, who spoke English in the same manner and at the same level of comprehension; and always incorporated the English they knew when they communicated. For example, with people like myself, who only had a limited French vocabulary, we would speak grammatically incorrect half and half conversations complimented with the ‘language of gesture’ and lots of teasing, to ensure that each person never felt embarrassed by their faltering attempts at friendship or communication:

The only topic that gave rise to upsets between Colleen and Noria, who became inseparable friends during the workshop, was their use of the English language as a means of communication. Often when Noria was speaking, Colleen would interrupt her story with “*you don’t say... you say...*” in an attempt to correct Noria’s grammar or vocabulary. This would prompt Noria to state in an irritated and upset tone: “*She say I no good in my English. She think I stupid for my English. Every peoples they think I stupid for my English.*” I would find myself replying, since Noria always spoke her words in my direction, “*I understand when you speak English Noria and I am sure that everyone who speaks English can understand your English. You know, if speaking a language shows how clever someone is, well then you must be the cleverest person at the workshop, because you speak the most languages.*”¹ Noria and Colleen would then start laughing and acknowledge each other with: “*You see what she say...*” - “*Yes, yes, I heard, I heard...*”

After Noria had raised the subject of her use of the English language, which she did so on any occasion she felt uncertain about how she was presenting herself to other people, she would always re-tell the following incident: “*One day I in Pretoria, you know, one white baby say me ‘popajani’ [gorilla]. This white mother she teach her baby black people they like popajani.*” Then before anyone could interrupt her, Noria would immediately lead onto her story about President Nelson Mandela: “*Before Mandela that time not good, really it was not good. You know Mandela, he is good people. Now in South Africa white people and black people are same. But then white people they say black people ugly. Now white people can sleep in my house. Before if white people they come my house, oohh... they come catch you. White people they say do this. They all time say do this. Really, white people they come catch you, if you no do this. You know, I heard Mandela has white lady who cook his house. Really, now white lady can cook for black man in South Africa. Really Mandela made change.*” The moment Noria had told, or retold, this story she would stand up and raising her extended arm begin to sing the South African National Anthem, *Nkosi Sikelel’ iAfrika* (God Bless Africa). If one of these communication sessions took place within the studio Noria shared with Reinata, Reinata would

¹ Noria spoke Venda, Tswana, Shangana, Zulu, Afrikaans and English.

stop her work to watch Noria's performance, before shaking her head and repeating quietly to herself "*Mandela, Mandela, Mandela*" before returning to her work in progress.



Noria began creating Nelson Mandela from the feet up.



Noria began work on her sculpture entitled *Nelson Mandela* on the morning after our visit to a local pub. The sculpture, Noria informed me, was made so that everyone would know what a good man Mandela is and how it was because of him that Noria was able to participate in the workshop: "*Mandela is very good man. I am here because he is*

President of all South Africa and now I am free. I am happy."

At the beginning of the workshop I drove Noria, Colleen, Reinata and Dias, to the nearest public house, which was a large building with many themed areas. As we sat down to occupy a couple of reproduction mahogany tables, nestling under an arrangement of Impressionist prints and intricately floral curtains, I suggested to the artists, half of whom were dressed in non-western clothes: "*people are looking, because they probably have not seen so many people from Africa in their pub.*" However, none of us felt very comfortable and so when some young men began to pass comments, which began with "*Oh look we're being invaded...*" and progressed onto "*don't they realise we don't serve bananas and coconuts...*," we decided it was perhaps best to finish our drinks and return to the safety of the YSP.

That outing was the last time those particular artists asked me to take them outside the grounds of the YSP in the evening; and as the *Bretton College* bar was opened regularly from the next evening, because Anna K. had negotiated with the barman who usually closed-up for the summer holidays, there was no need to leave the confines of the YSP for an evenings entertainment. When I apologised to the artists for the reception they had received in the pub, Dias told me "*don't worry Rachel, there are bad people everywhere*" and after nodding at this comment, Noria re-told her story about her trip to Pretoria and the changes Nelson Mandela has made since he became President of South Africa. She then stated "*morenge a unamato*" ("feet have no eyes"). When I asked Noria what she meant by such a phrase she pulled me to one side and spoke very quietly of how some white people are blind because all they see is: "*Noria is stupid... It Venda words. You see, those people got foot as head. But foot got no eyes. They blind people. You see,*" she said, bending down to trace the contour of her ankle, to demonstrate the concept: "*this eyelid, but see, no eye here.*"



After Noria had sculpted Mandela's head, from memory, she went to speak to Duke about the accuracy of some of the facial features.



As I went to bed I could not help noticing how difficult I had found it to speak during those moments the pub incident was 'in action' and how we had all responded in a similar fashion: pretending to ignore the comments and deciding to walk away, rather than to speak up to challenge the perceptions on offer. Even Reinata, who never had any problems in conveying her feelings through the 'language of gesture,' had understood something was wrong and had chosen to avert her eyes and silently leave with us.² I went to sleep feeling embarrassed and irritated with myself as I recalled my loss of words in the pub was directly associated with my experience of fear; and I wondered how the artists must be interpreting their reception in Britain, outside the confines of the studios and that of the welcome extended to them by the workshop support staff and technicians.



Mandela waiting to be fired in the Bretton College kiln.

² Perhaps Reinata acted in such a manner because she understood discrimination: 'Early British literature and documents refer to the Mozambican Makonde as the "Maviha" (or "Mawia" or "Mavia"). According to Harries (1970:3) this is a pejorative name which derives from the Tanzanian Makonde verb *kuvaha* ("to be angry"). In earlier times Mozambican Makonde were feared and despised throughout East Africa. A young Kenyan who was staying at the University of East Anglia in 1989 informed me that as a child in Mombassa he was taught the popularly held belief that "Maviha" parents customarily eat their first born child' (Kingdon 1994:26).

“It is difficult to talk for what is inside my heart”

Shortly after the slide shows had begun, group criticism sessions started to take place. In order to increase dialogue it was decided there should be some group criticism sessions to allow the artists to discuss each other's work. The idea was for all the artists to return to the studios after supper and gather around to discuss each artist's work in turn. After the group had visited Moitshepi's studio I returned to discuss his reaction to the artists' visit: *“Well I felt very nervous to talk with my slides and I hoped the artists would not come to my studio. But when they were going round they came to my work place. You know, Jon asked about the healing leaf idea I am making. He asked how people use it at my home village for healing. But they didn't ask about the story itself and its relationship to the drawings and the sculptures. And that's the important part of the work you see.”* Why did you not tell them this when they visited your studio space? *“It's true, I like getting my work to people and for people to understand my work. But sometimes I feel afraid. My problem is I am not good in talking and most of the people they can't get the message quickly, because I am not good in talking.”* If you don't talk to people then how do you know they will not get your message? *“Yes, that's true.”* Perhaps you do not need to talk about your work, perhaps people will know the message just by looking at your sculptures and drawings and paintings? *“No I need to talk. I should talk more.”*

When I asked Moitshepi whether he had talked about his ideas to any of the *Pamoja* artists, he explained he had spoken to Duke and Ikram: *“I told Duke to sort of test the thing. He admired my idea of putting my sculpturing with my paintings. So it gave me an idea that some of the artists can agree with this. That was the first time I talked to an artist about it and he understood. Also, Ikram. I helped her assembling her piece and she had some points on how to look at my piece, sort of advising how to tackle to look at it. These artists encouraged me. But when the others came around to my studio I felt afraid, because maybe they won't understand. I didn't say much. I mean I didn't talk.”*

After pausing to reconsider his position Moitshepi began to speak about, to justify, why he did not feel confident to talk about his work in front of a group of people: *“Although I went to school I did not pass my O Levels. I went to Madibela boarding school; it was offered to those people who were far away in the villages. In that time I didn't totally like some of the subjects and maybe I didn't concentrate very well. I think something carried me away to my feelings. You know, that something was art. Most of the time when we went for study and when I started reading I was feeling sleepy. So I will take a little paper and start sketching or drawing little pictures. Then as that was inside my heart it carried me out of school, it made me not study well. Also, maybe another thing which made me not pass my O Levels was I had to get money for school transport fee and for washing powder and some clothes. In the school holidays I could make some drawings and crafts for selling to the teachers, but there was not much time and I must help my parents with some of the ploughing. It was very difficult and it made me not study well. You know, when I did not pass my O Levels my parents were not pleased and I feel bad about it even now.”³*

³ Although Moitshepi completed his O Level course at school, because he did not pass the English or Setswana examinations he was not

So are you telling me the reason you feel anxious at the thought of speaking about your work to a group of people is because you did not pass your O Levels? *"Well, you see, those people in the museum in Gaborone, they see I am low educated and they do not want to talk to me."* Why do you think the Pamoja artists would be the same? *"Well it's true I am not knowing, but I can see some of them they have passed their O levels and may be some of them has been to art school. I can see they are good at talking."*

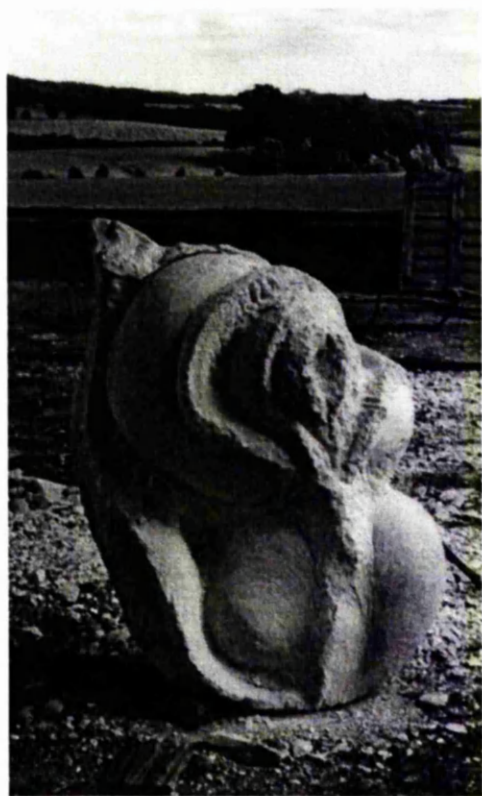
As Moitshepi went onto explain his reasons for being hesitant to speak about his work, I came to understand that much of his anxiousness is attributable to his experiences surrounding the selection of work to be displayed within the exhibitions held at the end of the workshops within which he has participated. These post-workshop exhibitions are promoted within the *Workshop Movement* as being artist-led presentations. *"You see, in Botswana, when they select work for the exhibitions they can select, but they can also put them out. Even though you tell them the drawings they go with the sculptures to give that message. The selectors they don't understand that a painting and a sculpturing can be one thing, they think they are separate things. They always take the sculpture, but the not the drawings. They explain that the space is not enough. So I felt that I couldn't say it out, may be I will cause trouble or confusion."* Are these selectors you are talking about artists or museum curators? *"They are in the workshop with me, they are my colleagues. But they have that experience of exhibitions. I mean, I see they have that experience of selecting the works."* If any of these selectors, these artists, ask for your opinion or suggestions, do you ever tell them what you think? *"No I am not talking. I need to practice talking more. You know I am not used to working with all artists looking at me working."*

Do you ever speak to these artists? *"Well in the workshop if one or may be sometimes two visit my workplace, then I talk."* So if you can speak to these same artists when they visit your studio space, why can you not speak to them when they re-visit your workspace during the group criticism sessions, or later when the group gathers to choose which work should be displayed in the exhibition? *"Well it's true some of the colleagues they are visiting my studio to talk, but its not all, not all the artists come to talk."* If every artist visited you while you are at work and you had a chance to talk to them on a one to one basis, would you then speak during the group criticism and the selection of work for the exhibition sessions? *"May be I will say more. But, you know, I will have that feeling, I will be afraid. May be they will be thinking I am not good in talking. I mean, may be they don't get that message. You know, the one I am trying to say it out."* What if I told you that people who have passed their O levels and have been to art school also feel afraid to speak in front of a group of people, would this information make you feel any different? After a very long silence Moitshepi smiled and as he returned to work on a black & white charcoal sketch, he said very quietly: *"You know, it is difficult to talk for what is inside my heart."* (see **Appendix J** for Moitshepi's experience as an artist in Botswana).

awarded a pass mark. In Botswana you must pass all seven O Levels to achieve a pass. Before being voted as his village representative on the Sub-land Board (due to his educational achievements and diplomatic character), Moitshepi worked in the poultry farm at his home village. When I visited this poultry farm in 1996 I found it was run by a white family and all the local Batswana labourers were very submissive. During this visit I also found that Moitshepi's family was one of the poorest families in his home village of *Moletemane*.

"It is just not true that realism or figurative art is not good art"

As with the slide show presentations the atmosphere during the group criticism sessions was strained and not all the artists wished to discuss or for their work to be discussed (a few of the artist's workspaces were not visited, due to lack of time or enthusiasm). The group criticism sessions did not encourage the majority of the *Pamoja* artists to speak about their own work or to discuss the work of their colleagues; and the few artists who did speak were predominantly those who had attended and/or taught at art school. I was interested to note, however, that André Diop and Francis Nnaggenda, both of whom teach at art schools, were also hesitant to participate in these discussions. Also, although a few of the artists, once again, cited their tiredness after a long day's work as the reason they did not want to participate, it struck me that they did not appear to have much difficulty in regaining their energy when everyone returned to the *Bretton College* bar. It was this observation that gave me my first sense that much of the hesitation to participate was related to something else; something that needed to be identified if people really did want to hear what it was the artists had to say.



Arthur began by carving a limestone sculpture of a *Sea Shell*.

When I asked Arthur Fata why he felt there was such a tense atmosphere during the slide shows and group criticisms, and why the artists were often reluctant to speak about their work and that of their colleagues, he responded by discussing the theme of competition and hierarchical notions assigned to both individual artists and their work: *"I heard somebody say 'Ah, that thing I did it was a commission' and then went on to explain. But then, someone said 'Ah, he thinks he is the only one who can do a commission, we do commissions as well.' It was like a competition. Some people felt the person was trying to be big by mentioning the commission. You see, some people felt higher than others. It's always like that. But Francis he was so simple for a professor. And Duke was the only old guy who lowered himself, he didn't appear his age. He was just on the same level with others.*

"Also some of the things people call it not art. Like Duke's work, for instance, that is not craft at all. It's art, it's relate art. You wouldn't call that craft at all. And Reinata's work is art. You can't call this craft. It's not repeated, so that's a very good sign of original and strong work. Reinata is very much advanced in the sense that there is nothing that is taboo or nothing that is indecent when you come to her work. But someone say it's pornography, but you won't call it pornography. It's not that, it's just showing the truth about how she see things. But it seems some people call this not art.



Arthur then made a Maquette of his next sculpture *Potatoes*.



Arthur chose to make *Potatoes*, because he felt they were representative of British food.

"This is happening because of some kind of aggression. It's like there is this talk about Nigerians. Nigerians they feel they're better Africans, or they are much stronger, or richer than other Africans, which isn't true. They tend to think that you had to respect them. So there was this talk that if you throw a stone in Lagos, what do you expect to hit? They say you hit a professor. And then they say, if you throw a stone in Harare what are you going to hit? They say you are going to hit a fool. Things like that they say. It's normal in societies, but it's not good.

"You know, somebody, one of the artists, went to Colleen and told her 'why are you doing such a mother and child, why don't you do a mother and child like Henry Moore? Like the sculptures we saw at the Henry Moore Foundation?' But it's not reasonable to say that. And Colleen said 'I'm not Henry Moore.' Colleen said 'I don't know what made that person say that.' The person said 'it was too simple and everyone can do that.' I think they have a tendency for thinking that art is abstract. That it should be abstract, because then it means that you have been thinking so much. Yes, of course, anyone can do a million mother and child, but it depends on how you do it and who did it, because there are different ideas. I don't think people should try and distinguish between abstract and figurative and try and say that abstract is better art than figurative art. It is just not true that realism or figurative art is not good art, or that anyone can do this kind of art. I don't know where they get these ideas from. In fact, I would say that anyone can do abstract, but not anyone can do realism or figurative. So I would say it's just the opposite.

*"Even in Harare, in Zimbabwe, there are people who do abstract art, like the late Brighton Sambowesei. Some people when they see it they say because the edges are very sharpened it could be European, which is stupid as well, because when you look at the figurative of the African masks and sculptures, they have straight lines. That's where cubism was born. There are triangles and rectangles. It's stupid to say, because it's a straight line it's European. When you come to Cubism it's a complete thing, you can call it figurative if you want because the figure is there. It depends whether you see it yourself. But once you are told it is a figure, you trace it and you see it. It's like you can be taught how to listen to music. I have seen some people they say, it's in peoples genes, in their hormones. That's not true, I think people learn it from other people."*⁴

⁴ In *Artists' & Illustrators* (Nov. '95) Sokari Douglas Camp commented: "A lot of what Western art has taken from Africa has been based on a misinterpretation: Picasso, for instance, was inspired towards Cubism by the angularity he found in Nigerian art. He didn't understand that this serves a purpose which is specific to the African context, where the harshness of the sunlight breaks down the edges so that the impact of the work as a whole is quite smooth.



Arthur made a wax cast, which he was taught how to bronze cast by Simon Raines (workshop technician). Many of the *Pamoja* artists gathered to watch the procedure. (from left to right) Willard, Adam, Ndidi, Arthur, Dias and Gamal.



Simon and Arthur pouring the bronze into the cast.



Simon then chipped away the plaster cast to reveal the bronze cast.



The bronze cast was then washed and cooled down.



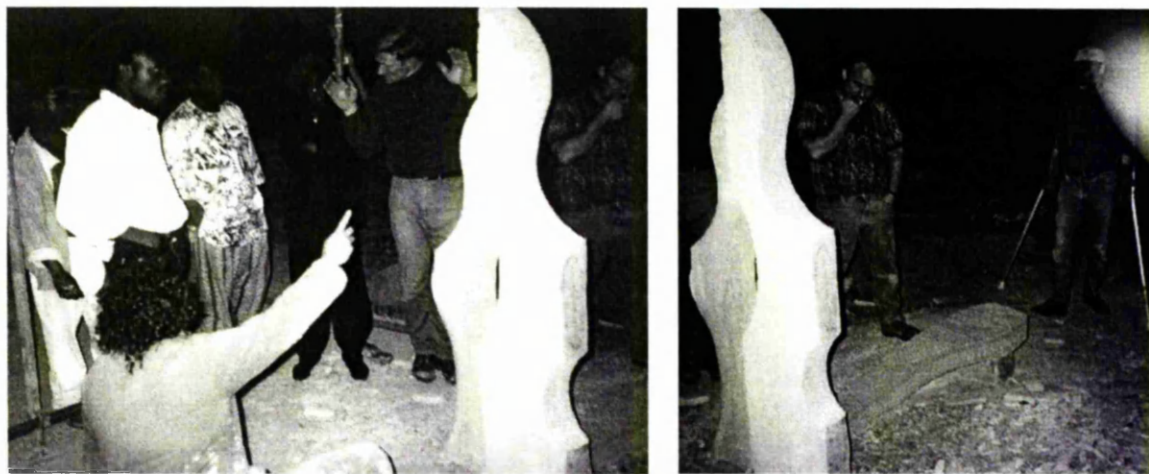
Arthur cleaned up the bronze.



One of the two bronze *Buffaloes* Arthur made. He donated one to the *YSP* and intended to sell the second for £500.

“What may in one country be considered as special, may not be considered so in another”

During a lunch meeting an exchange of views relating to how the artists should discuss each others' work took place and much of the confusion relating to how the work should be considered became apparent. As the conversation developed most of the artists sat quietly; and, apart from David Chirwa, the only artists who spoke were those who had attended and/or taught at art school (the meeting was translated from French into English and vice versa by Anna K.):



The artists discussing David's work in progress on *Confrontation*, Jon and Willard. (from left to right) Arthur, David, André, Babacar, Daniel (Gamal seated on the ground).



During the group criticism sessions Noria and Reinata sat quietly together removed from the group.

Willard Boepple (USA): *“Some of us have talked to each other about other peoples' work, but we have not necessarily been direct. Perhaps we have been too polite and the time has been too short.”*

Hercules Viljoen (Namibia): *“The problem is it gets dark too quickly and so we only get time to spend on one or two pieces and then rush on to the next artist.”*

Flinto Chandia (Zambia): *“We should discuss things at the end of the workshop when people have something to discuss. We would also be more friendly at the end of the workshop, so we would be able to take the criticism.”*

Frances Richardson (UK): *“Everyone should make a concerted effort to talk to each other about the work.”*

Willard Boepple (USA): *"I think the problem is that criticism is too often confused with the negative."*

Frances Richardson (UK): *"When you are being critical and being criticised you are opening up the options."*

Francis Nnaggenda (Uganda): *"I think it is important to remember that people talk in different ways. If you are in a large group it can be confusing and because everything is so public it makes it difficult. It is a problem if individuals only get negative criticism. A workshop should also have a spirit of encouragement."*

André Diop (Senegal): *"I think we should discuss the techniques people have used and make constructive suggestions, rather than to try and provide a criticism of the whole work."*

Willard Boepple (USA): *"Perhaps we could discuss the beauty, then we could make use of some ideas we might get later, after the workshop."*

André Diop (Senegal): *"I think we must be aware of the cultural differences between everyone here. What may in one country be considered as special, may not be considered so in another."*

David Chirwa (Zambia): *"What makes a good piece of work is basically the same thing - wherever you are coming from in Africa. If you are confident of your work I don't think criticism would really shake you. Can you take it or just brush it off?"*

Francis Nnaggenda (Uganda): *"I for one am not afraid of criticism."*



Noria working on her Sycamore sculpture *Waiting To Argue*. Noria made this piece to tell people it is very important to speak-up and get things off one's chest.



"They see the criticism as saying that art from my country is not as good as art from your country"

When I spoke to David about his frustrations relating to the lack of discussion, which took place during the slide shows and group criticisms, like Arthur he also discussed the theme of competition: *"It is an African context, because these people come from Africa, so there is like an Africa Cup happening. Where you have people from all these countries, different teams playing against each other and who ever wins gets the Africa Cup. That's more or less what I see, because everyone is trying to represent his or her country. To show that there is real art in Zambia, to show that there is real art in Botswana, to show that there is real art in Egypt. That I think produces tensions. When the country comes in it is difficult to talk about their works, because they see the criticism as saying that art from my country is not as good as art from your country."*



The first sculpture David made was carved out of wood, with copper tubes inserted as the base.



David and Hercules (photo by Djibril Sy).

"I think it would be better if you would try out those visual things, like the theoretical power behind them, so you really know why this guy is doing it this way at the workshop. Like sometimes I think I'll have a curve here, then no I'll have a straight line. I sort of struggle and then I say OK just do a curve. All those things you just look at. You don't know, so you say, I will just have a curve. You might say that guy had a straight line first and then he had a curve. You think he just changed his mind. Whereas, if you talk to him you have an idea of why he had a curve, because he will tell you he tried to make it a straight line and it wouldn't work. That's why he had a curve. I think it would be more helpful and mature if those things were experimenting with the full knowledge behind it, because it's not just a visual thing."



When David began work on *Confrontation*, he first drew his idea on the stone. In the background the black & white cows that inspired Duke's work are grazing in the fields.



"I think that criticism thing shouldn't really come like a structured focus thing. I think the group should build situations where people slowly begin to talk about their work" (David Chirwa).



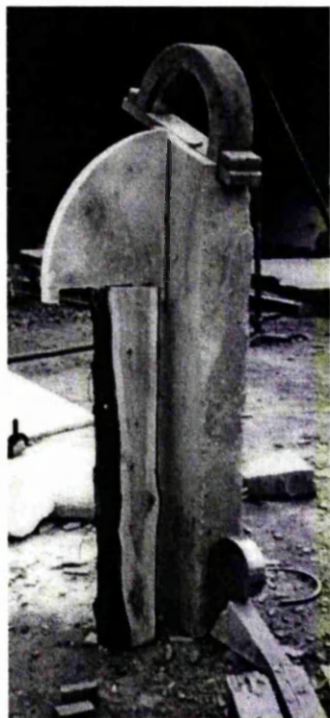
David at work on *Confrontation*.

"I think that if people are trusted then the artist will talk about their work" (David Chirwa).





Confrontation (Limestone, Sandstone & marble), exhibited on the YSP Access Sculpture Trail.



Exit, by David Chirwa (Magnesium, Limestone, marble, Wood).

Whilst Zuleika was filming Willard was discussing David's work in progress:

David: *"The middle level, you could say it's finished there, one would say it's not..."*

Willard: *"The base with the first sort of canons on it, it's got something. Yeah, that looks like a base, but it's that kind of thing in a workshop environment I would avoid - start more things. I wouldn't worry too long about them. I'd get them to a solid state and then move ahead. They're beautiful, it's a beautiful start."*

David: *"Thanks a lot, it's a struggle."*

Willard: *"Just push em, and don't be afraid to be ugly and make mistakes."*

David: *"I think that's the biggest drawback - you'd like to make things in such a way that people will be happy, instead of yourself being satisfied."*

Willard: *"We all want people to like us, we want people to like our work. When our work is polite, that's deadly. We can be polite, but the sculpture doesn't have to be [they both laugh]"*

David: *"Thanks a lot."*¹

¹ Willard invited David to participate the 1997 Triangle Workshop in the USA, after they had met at Pamoja. David then went onto take up a year's artist in residency position in Norway (1997-1998).



Willard overseeing the delivery of his materials by the workshop support staff & technicians.

After this Willard went onto say: *"I think the group of sculptors from Africa have been really remarkable. There is a tremendous range in the sort of sculpture and look of the work. From the very figurative to quite abstract. Flinto's piece, which is quite abstract and quite pure and which he has laboured on the whole time, looks to be quite a remarkable sculpture. Compared to Noria from Venda who has made the most marvellous [figurative] carving. It's from a myth of a river, a tale of a river, a village. I think it's inundated by a river. Anyway, it's a huge trunk that has been carved quite beautifully. I think she is, for me, the*

most interesting sculptor here. Very traditional I gather, although it's not a tradition I am at all familiar with... but the power of this thing this woman has made, in the space of two weeks, well it's just quite extraordinary." Willard's comment illustrates not only his personal 'taste,' but more importantly how much he respects those sculptors who physically produce their own work.²

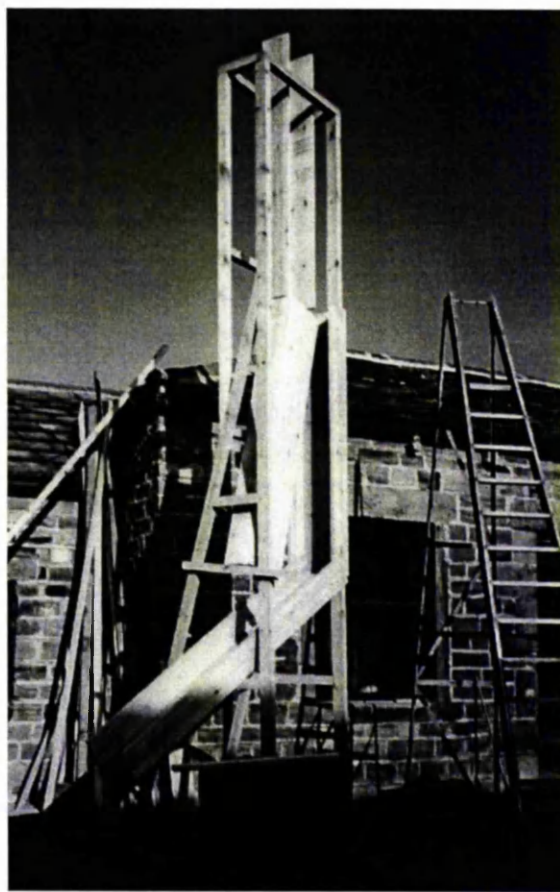
Willard Boepple's work in progress.



Daniel, Willard's assistant.

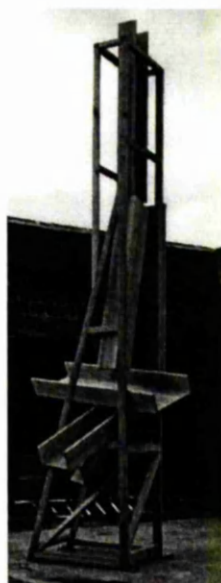


² Willard is physically disabled and requires the help of a full-time assistant to produce his sculptures. During *Pamoja* a Swiss sculptor called Daniel Hunziker worked as Willard's assistant. Willard told me he had contracted a form of polio about ten years earlier and this had left him unable to walk without the assistance of crutches. He had woken up one morning initially thinking he had flu, but had decided to phone his doctor because the soles of his feet were burning with pain. By that evening he was in hospital and totally paralysed. After three weeks in intensive care, the breathing apparatus was removed. He then went on to spend a further eight months lying in hospital completely paralysed, although he could see and hear. After this he spent a further eighteen months recovering: learning how to use his body. *"There are two things I miss"* Willard told me, *"the first is not being able to make my own sculpture and the second is not being able to stand on tiptoe. When I see a young woman reaching up on her toes for something on a shelf, I am racked with jealousy and the sadness of my situation. I felt very moved by Willard's evocation of the young woman stretching and we both sat in silence for a while, contemplating this image before he ended with: "I could have died but I didn't. I got married and still work as a sculptor, although, of course, I now require an assistant."*



Everyday during the workshop Willard experimented with different shapes and structures.

"You think he just changed his mind. Whereas, if you talk to him you have an idea of why he had a curve, because he will tell you he tried to make it a straight line and it wouldn't work" (David Chirwa).





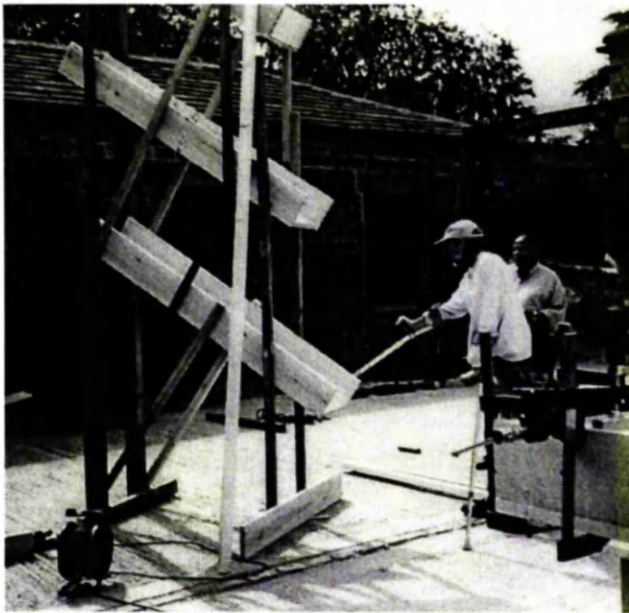
Daniel McGinley, the YSP arborist, cut up the logs for Willard.

"Primarily the objective of the workshop is to experiment" (Ndidi Dike).

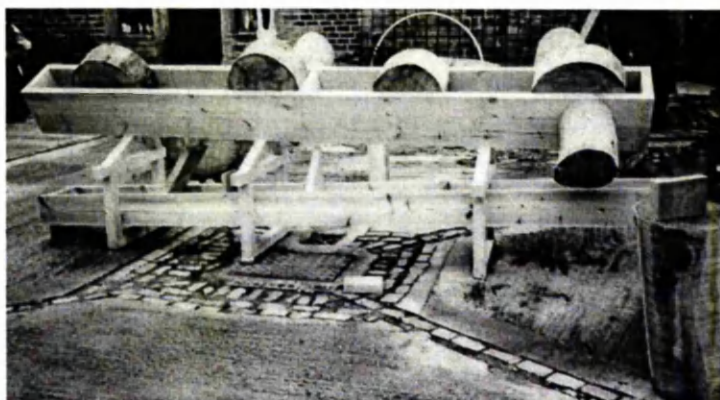


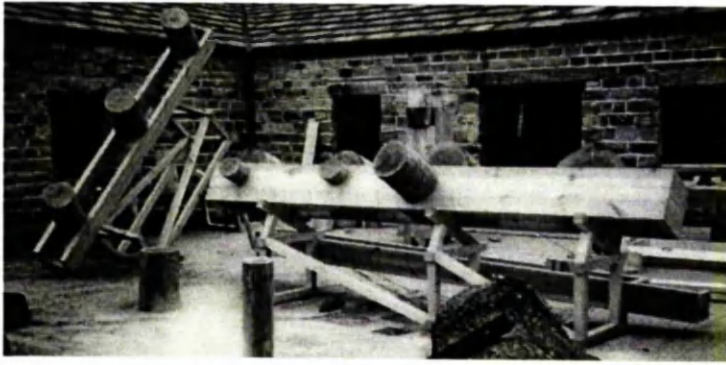
Willard would direct the arrangement of logs, which he experimented with everyday.





"The amount of work that had begun was amazing and when you're working under those conditions, it's just unbelievably intense" (Ndidi Dike).







"I think the problem is that criticism is too often confused with the negative" (Willard Boepple).

"I would hate to see the studios look like a gallery" (Jon Isherwood).



Jon and Willard.

Jon Isherwood's work in progress.



Jon Isherwood (photo by Djibril Sy).



Jon at work on the industrial cogs he used for his sculpture (Photo by Djibril Sy).



Jon's work space - in the courtyard outside Reinata's studio Jon being assisted by the workshop technicians and YSP support staff.



Ian Fallon assisted Jon by manoeuvring the fork-lift truck.



Ian and Jon being watched by Willard.

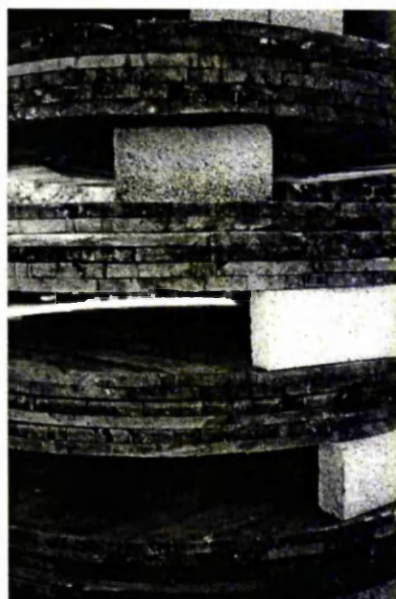


Djibril also assisted in the production he had come to photograph.



Jon manoeuvring the wheels into place.

"My memories of growing up in Yorkshire are of an industrialised stronghold. My ambition is to make a statement with the material about this area"
(Jon Tsherwood).



Wooden cogs and concrete breeze blocks.



Yorkshire I, by Jon Isherwood.



Yorkshire II, by Jon Isherwood.



Yorkshire III, by Jon Isherwood.



"One of the pieces in a way has become quite African instead of Yorkshire. It's become a little crazy and it's got colour in it and it's quite vibrant and it's moving and it seems that after two weeks it starts to seep in. I think I was nearly there, but I needed a little bit of African criticism to get it right, or to get it closer... I think what people are suggesting is that there's got to be more dynamics, more jumping around, more colour, more vibrancy and more movement" (Jon Isherwood).



Daniel McGinley cut up the logs for Jon.



“A lot of sculptors work a bit like an architect... they won’t actually physically produce the work”

When it came to the idea of working with an assistant many artists expressed concern since they felt an artist should make his/her own art work. The artists had been initially told there was no budget for dedicated assistants (Willard paid for his own assistant). When a local English art student volunteered her service to assist Gamal Abdel Nasser many artists did not want it permitted. The reason given was that Duke Keyte and Babacar Traoré’s requests for assistance had been refused since the beginning of the workshop. When it was revealed that a few local art students were willing to volunteer their services to work with the visiting artists, the offers were once again declined. The reason given this time was: the workshop is closed to outsiders and each artist should make their own work. It was these events that gave me an insight into the strong feeling held by many of the *Pamoja* artists that an artist should make their own work; something I was particularly interested to learn given the respect and esteem in which they held many of the large works exhibited at *The Henry Moore Foundation* and at the *YSP*.

From the first day of the workshop Babacar began his negotiations for some assistance to build his design and produced a sketch of his idea: a 100ft tower that reached to the sky, made out of tractor tyres and polished metal: *“I want to build a column that rises endlessly, a column with no limits, a column which goes up and up and up very high.”* Given that most people at the workshop did not speak French, translators were always required during most discussions with Babacar. The group who assembled to listen to Babacar’s requests one lunch-time were: Willard, Daniel, Anna K. and Djibril. Willard and Anna for their workshop experience and the other two as translators. After everyone had peered intently at Babacar’s sketch and heard his request for an assistant, Willard began the proceedings by suggesting to Babacar: *“Perhaps you should think of making the sculpture out of cardboard tubes, which could be covered in wax to give them strength. It would also be easier to make, as it is not possible to provide each artist with an assistant. Also, it would not be so expensive to make. New tractor tyres are about £2000 each and if used ones can be found, you will still have to pay for the cost of their scrap value.”*



Babacar’s design.

Once Babacar had listened to the translation and reinterpreted reasoning offered, he repeated his same request with the additional information that he could not afford to buy any materials. In response Willard spoke more directly: *“We are not a fabricating company hired to make sculpture. The materials all have to be found from*



Babacar wearing his distinctive red turban, which he wore everyday.

Willard spoke more directly: *"We are not a fabricating company hired to make sculpture. The materials all have to be found from those provided by sponsorship. We have the help of the technicians, but they must be available to help everyone and cannot dedicate their time to one person. The idea is that each artist must be able to make his or her own sculpture at a workshop. Why don't you make a mock-up in clay in the meanwhile, until the materials can be collected for you?"* The meeting ended with Babacar informing everyone that he can work with anything, anywhere.

Anna B., who spoke French, frequently visited Babacar during the workshop: *"Babacar's problem the whole way through the workshop was he wanted to have an assistant and was told it wasn't possible. He used the excuse that Willard had an assistant, even though he kept being told that Willard couldn't move to work as a sculptor. He felt this need for someone to construct for him. In this country we would probably consider Babacar as a performance artist. I think Hercules was the person who voiced the artists' feelings most strongly, with that*

wonderful sense of humour he had to diffuse moments of confrontation and upset - all his jokes about Babacar's tower. There was a generosity on the part of the other artists, especially when they too would have liked to have an assistant. They gave Babacar the space to sit on top of his ladder and spend the whole day up there just looking at them all work. Perhaps because they considered that he had a language problem and because he was also a joy at times. He was Babacar the philosopher."

"I have a single ideal which is to show a column rising to the sky, because what the world currently needs is the spiritual dimension of things. And my vocation is to invite mankind to rise up, to make our journey towards the master of power, which is heaven..."

"What counts is to be able to express what I feel deep inside. So I don't have a particular style. I take various materials and I try to understand their essence and to give them life. What is really important for me is to give life to everything I touch... Life has all styles. So when an artist reaches a certain level, he no longer has a style because his work blends with the universe, like water. Water doesn't have a shape, but it can assume all shapes" (Babacar Traoré).



Babacar expressing himself inside one of his tractor tyres - holding a sketch of his idea in his left hand. The workshop support staff paid for some used tractor tyres for Babacar.



Babacar astride the column of metal inner tractor tyres, which he intended to weld together to form his column rising to the sky.

After supper everyone wandered over to the *Bretton College* bar, where Babacar told me - through a combined effort involving André's English and my French - that he had trained as a design architect. Babacar held out his delicate arm to display the silver spoon and fork he had fashioned into a bracelet. After he had turned his wrist graciously so I might admire his work, he proceeded to tell me how he had thought all afternoon about his sculpture and had consequently changed his mind about the piece he would make at the workshop. "*My idea, my vision, my dream,*" he began in a theatrical flourish before stating more practically... "*I will use tractor tyres as the base support and metal inner tyres as the column.*" After requesting he repeat his new idea and being offered the same statement, I was left feeling extremely baffled... it appeared to me that Babacar had not changed his idea, his vision, his dream at all. Babacar continued to speak about his creativity and ideas in terms of flexibility and adaptability throughout the workshop.



Babacar at work.

Babacar kept insisting that the task of welding together the inner tractor tyres and fixing the tractors tyres together was too difficult; and that he required an assistant. After a few days André took some time out from his own work to show Babacar how to proceed. However, when André returned to his own work, Babacar abandoned any further production on his column rising to the sky.



(from left to right) Babacar, André, Alegaye Diagne, Djibril. The Senegalese High Commission put the workshop in touch with a student, who could speak English and was happy to translate for Babacar. He came for three days.



A busy Flinto spent many hours in discussion with Babacar and Alegaye; a request was repeatedly made for Babacar to have an assistant.



It was decided that Les Hall should give Babacar a welding lesson (translated by Alegaye). However, after an hour this task was abandoned, because Babacar felt it was all too difficult to master.

"It's difficult to tell just from the artist's work, what they are like as a person, or how they would function in a group situation, which is actually vital in the workshop situation" (Vernan Edwards).



Eventually Les fixed together Babacar's tyre arrangement.



Babacar's tyre arrangement.

Matthew Fairley, a British sculptor who was assisting at *Pamoja* as one of the technical support staff, made the following comments about Babacar's approach to the production of his work: *"A lot of sculptors work a bit like an architect, they will design something and they will be involved in the actual manufacture, but they won't actually physically produce the work. People like Damien Hirst, he didn't make those tanks of formaldehyde. Traditional sculptors and many people here resent artists who don't make their own work. But you can look at it another way. A lot of traditional sculpture is in bronze, but not many of the artists actually cast the bronze themselves, they take it to foundries, to experts, to do it for them [I was reminded of the Henry Moore sculptures]. The artist will make the original in clay or plaster or stone and then that will be translated into another material by somebody else."*

"Say you saw something carved in wood and welded together, would you feel differently about it if you knew that the artist hadn't done the welding themselves? It's not that different from the bronze casting example, but a lot of people would feel uncomfortable, because they like to look and admire the craftsmanship in a piece of sculpture. If they find that the beautifully made thing wasn't actually made by the artist, then they feel disappointed, they are not sure about the work. They feel that something has been lost."



After Les had fixed together Babacar's tyre arrangement, Babacar began to make an installation in the corridor adjacent to Reinata's studio.



Babacar's installation consisted of found objects: a telegraph pole (left over from Jon Isherwood's collection of materials); black rubber tyres; and anything with the colour red.



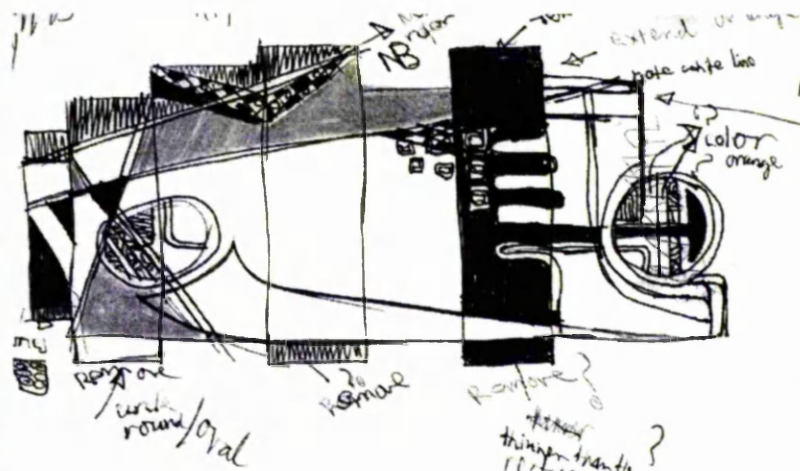
After a while Reinata emerged from her studio to regard Babacar's installation. Then in a decisive moment she "tutted" at Babacar, took hold of his hand and swept him into her workspace, where she sat him down, placed his hands onto a dollop of clay and gestured for him to make something.

'I have learned so much from people other sculptures that the best way to succeed in artistic jobs is to communicate. they have been very friendly indeed' (Babacar's comments. written in English by Alegaye).



Babacar's final self-portrait (he could not make the whole figure stand, so reduced it to head and shoulders). Much to Babacar's pleasure Reinata pronounced that his work was "yambone" (good).

"You can't have this artist works and dies with his knowledge. Those are like journeys that are not finished"



Ndidi always produced sketches of her ideas before beginning work. This was one of the ideas she brought with her to the workshop.

"Primarily the objective of the workshop is to experiment," Ndidi explained: "That's the intention, but it doesn't really happen for most artists. You've got peer pressure, so much pressure to produce good work. When you want to experiment you are always thinking you have to produce good work. So you like to be sure of yourself and the style you are working in before you take the risk."



Ndidi would lay out her designs on the floor; piecing them together like a jig-saw.



"These works form what I call Africa's Dying Heritage Series" (Ndidi Dike).

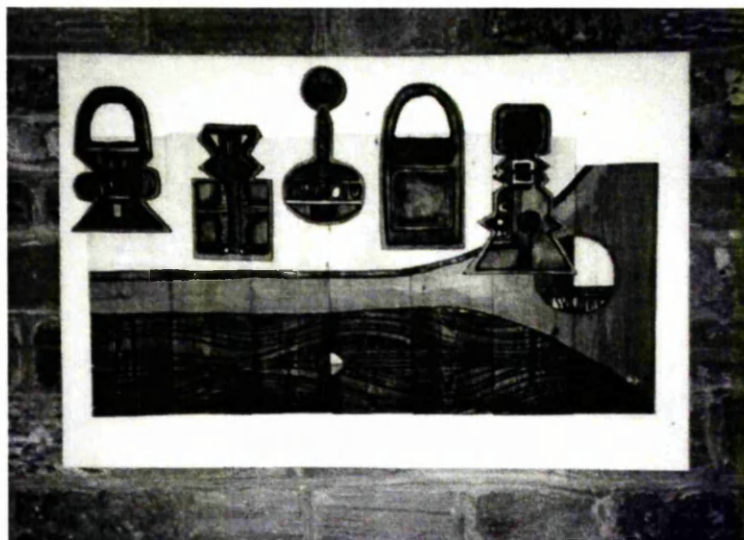


Ndidi working on the lengths of wood with an electric sander.





Ndidi would burn the wooden carvings with a blow-torch, to add a decorative effect.



Africa's Dying Heritage II - Igbo's Womens' Traditional Mirror Holders (Iroko & Pine-wood, dye & acrylic, £4,000).

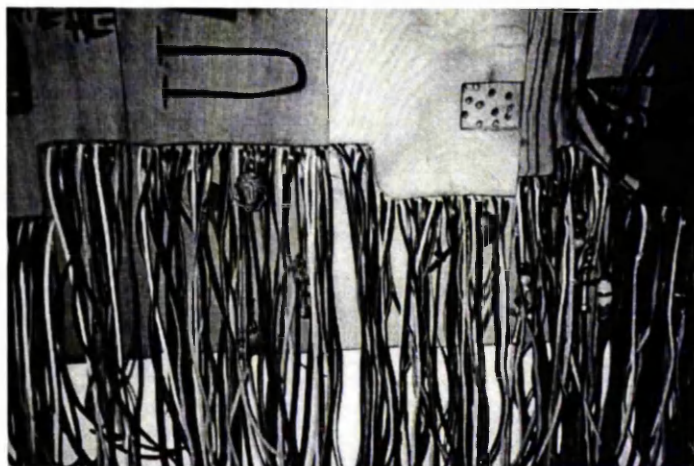
"I have tried to capture some of the things that I feel are dying out. Things that you can't find in Africa anymore, because we are giving up and losing a bit of our traditional things" (Ndidi Dike).



Africa's Dying Heritage I (African Paduka, Zebra, Elm & Iroko wood, bronze figurines, leather, glass & wooden reeds, £6,000).



Detail of *Africa's Dying Heritage I*.



Detail of *Africa's Dying Heritage I*.

Speaking to David Chirwa I raised the topic of how the publicity surrounding the workshop had suggested it was a place where people come to experiment and exchange ideas. *"That's just theoretical"* David responded, *"I see none of that in the workshop."* His response led me to enquire whether this may have been because many of the artists did not want to look foolish in front of their colleagues; that perhaps they were not prepared to experiment, to risk producing a so-called mistake, until they had produced examples of their usual style of work to show they were competent artists. After listening to my speculations David stated *"true, true, true,"* before going on to explain: *"You just get caught up in it. It is quite difficult to stand out and just experiment. Artists in Africa rarely work together in a group. They rarely share knowledge. That's typical of most African artists and I find that quite a lot in myself as well, because I was self-taught."*

"Although I trained as a painter I taught myself sculpture. There are a few female sculptors in Nigeria. We have a few, but there is a problem, because we are not suppose to touch wood, metal, ceramics and textiles; and we're not supposed to carve" (Ndidi Dike).

"You see, you go through all the technical yourself, because you just can't go to get anyone. It's so hard to cope. If you think like passing knowledge from the grandfather to the father to the son, this is like a small school which is going to keep that knowledge to themselves and then die with it. It is difficult to pass on knowledge on grass level, because they are cutting up those who are not with them and cutting up those who have more knowledge. Those people who pass on that knowledge are the chance of continuing the journey, pushing as far as they can push it. But usually you die before you push it. You can't have this artist works and dies with his knowledge. Those are like journeys that are not finished."

"If I am going to be influenced by the work other artists produce, it's not going to show in the workshop. It needs to go into my subconscious and then it gradually oozes itself out into my work. It's a continuous process" (Ndidi Dike).

"If people work together they tend to quote each other"

During the workshop I came to understand that when it came to the concept of experimentation and the exchange of ideas, there were different values assigned to the various aspects involved. For instance, it was considered acceptable for an artist to seek assistance from their colleagues, although, as in Babacar's case, there was a limit with regards to what was considered an acceptable amount of assistance. It was also considered acceptable for an artist to speak about being influenced by ideas relating to the technical production of their work. As Arthur commented: *"It depends what you mean by experiment and sharing ideas. Like Hercules and Dias were working with an axe and I won't learn from somewhere how to use it, if I didn't meet them. Also, seeing them use a chain-saw. I have seen chain-saws being used on television, but I*

have never used it myself until now. I will use those ideas after the workshop.” This sentiment was also expressed by Jon when Zuleika was filming: “The experimental nature of the workshop has meant I’ve found myself carving with the chain saw. I’ve never done that before. I’ve never really worked in wood very much before. That’s been interesting, because wood is such a sensitive material, has such a different feel to it than stone. I usually work with stone or concrete. The wood seems to have a depth to it that’s very interesting and I think that’s going to influence me back in the studio.”

When Ndidi was being filmed by Zuleika, she discussed her *Pamoja* colleagues work; and how it may influence her: *“Some of the people whose work I admire and who I’ve sort of developed a friendship with, are people like Flinto. I first met Flinto in Senegal, so we’ve worked together before in the Tenq Workshop. I also like Frances’ work. There’s a piece she has out there on the grass, that is like a log spilt in two, which she has carved on and then she has little bits of clay. She’s cut about three or four circles from the grass and then put little pieces of clay.”¹ I like the combinations of carving and in natural surroundings. I like anything that has texture so those little clay pieces to me, sort of like bringing texture. It’s sort of like a backdrop to her own art works, which is something entirely different. I like Hercules’ work too. I love the contrast between the very heavy piece of sculpture and then the fragility of the branches... I think it’s a long-term thing. It’s in your subconsciousness, it ferments, it festers and then later on you will probably be able to, perhaps if you like, use it in your work.”*



Frances Richardson at work.

¹ After Ikram Kabbaj had begun producing the small textured pieces out of clay, Frances Richardson started making little textured clay pieces; and when Ikram was searching for a new media to use, she gathered the limestone off-cuts from Flinto Chandia’s sculpture.

Although the artists did speak about any influences that may have occurred as a result of regarding the work of their colleagues, they were also not entirely comfortable with such an exchange of ideas when it related to the aesthetic characteristics of a particular piece. For instance, as Frances commented, whilst Zuleika was filming: *"It's been very interesting for me to watch Flint working, because he's in the same environment, so when I am doing something which is quite repetitive I can sit and watch and see the way he works. I've been learning a lot of lessons from watching different people's processes and some of them are encouraging me to change my process and do things in a different way... I've picked up on things that I've seen other people are doing and tried to put it into my own sculpture. For instance, David's piece of wood was incredibly well-formed naturally and he cut a square in the top and I thought that was a very interesting idea. I then used the same idea on a piece of work. I had some branches which were bent almost in a right angle, so I left the curve on one side and cut a right angle into the other side. So I think that there is that exchange of ideas and we have talked about it. He knows I am pinching his ideas so it's OK [Frances laughs]..."*

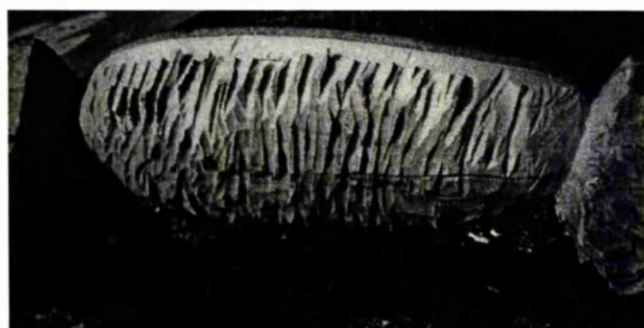


Work in progress on *The Journey*, by Frances Richardson (Beech wood & stone, £1,690).



Frances etching texture into the wood with an electric cutter.

Often after an artist had spoken of such an exchange of ideas, they would quickly go onto speak about the story associated with their own work, in an attempt to individualise their work. This story-telling occurred not only in relation to the aesthetic characteristics of a piece, but also, as I shall return to discuss, when a subject matter such as 'Mother and Child,' 'Siamese Twins,' or 'Destruction of the Environment' was chosen as a



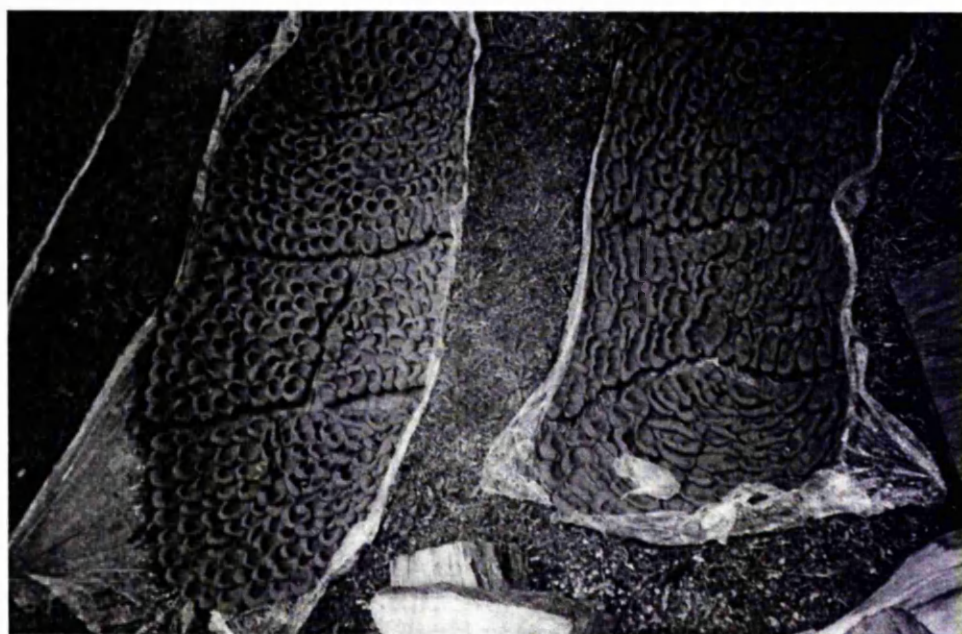
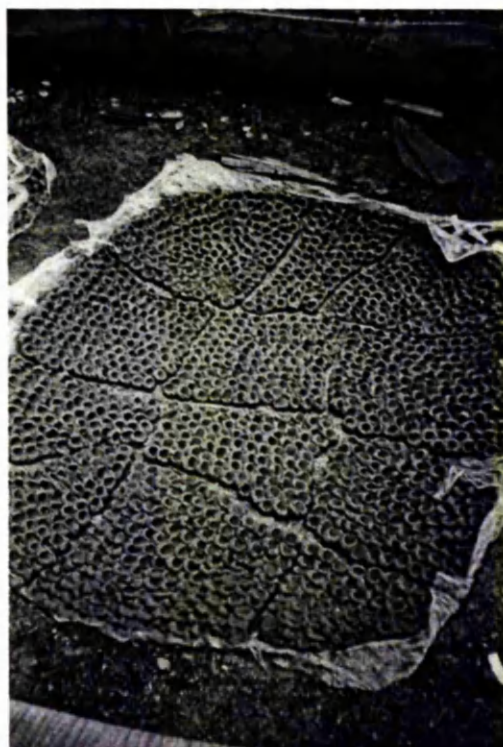
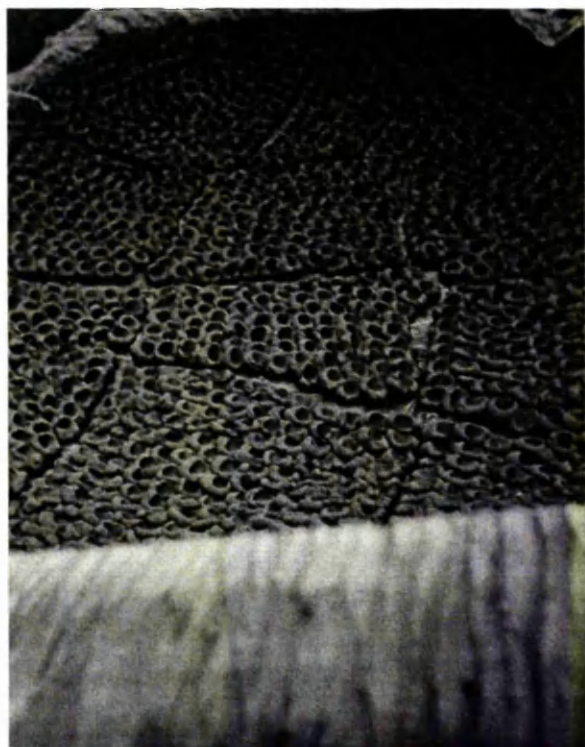


Frances created her sculpture in her workspace, which was adjacent to Dias and Hercules, who is at work in the background of this photo.

theme by more than one artist. As Frances continued: *"I came with the idea of bones and the idea of destruction. The two limbs of wood, almost like fallen warriors of fallen animals and the death is going back into the ground, which posed a challenge sculpturally to have a flat sculpture. So that was the initial idea, but it's funny how it's sort of developed and changed and that the essence of destruction has actually changed into more like a seed pod of life, which is why I'm making all these little containers for seeds. So I suppose it's become about death and renewal and that's how it's come about and it's really grown through the workshop."*



Aerial view of Frances making the small clay pieces, which she placed on plastic sheeting into grooves cut into the ground between the wooden sides.



The workshop environment influenced many of the artists and was also a source of inspiration that they did not appear to be uncomfortable to acknowledge. As Adam Madebe commented whilst he was being filmed at the workshop: *"My first piece in Yorkshire is called **The Perspective, The Environment**. The idea behind it is to conscientise people about the African environment, because I mean this dryness of our weather affects our environment and we depend on our environment. So be careful of our environment. So, for example, if we use our environment say like cutting down a tree it should be a good idea to put a sapling of that tree so*

that it blesses that tree which you have cut down. That gives a balance of our environment. That's the idea behind. Also, metal of course is the main technology that people use. Now that technology destroys our forests, our nature. So I just wanted to remind the people we still need the nature, don't destroy it. That's why I make this mixture of wood and metal to give an idea what to think about." The YSP environment also influenced Francis: *"[this] small piece, a composition with rings and circles. It's a figure in an abstract. A figure of a mother and child, but it may not be easily seen as a figure. One may see it as an abstract, but painted with red. I was reacting to the Yorkshire Park, because Yorkshire Park is very green. It doesn't have trees with flowers, which are flowering trees, but all green. Now I painted it red to react to that, to make some colour somewhere at one corner of the Park."*

Whilst speaking to the *Pamoja* artists I became aware that the notion of originality is assigned a high value; and there exists a fine line between the concept of influence and that of duplication. This notion directly affected how the artists' spoke about their work and how they wished others' to view their works, within the context provided by *Pamoja* and its much publicised goal of experimentation and an exchange of ideas.

When I raised this issue with Arthur he responded very assertively: *"When you come to ideas, I bet if you had a chance to visit each and everyone of those artists, I'm afraid some people are going to use it, to copy directly."*² *Some people don't understand the meaning of a new idea and the meaning of copying directly from someone. I have seen that happen several times before. If people work together they tend to quote each other. Copying the real images of somebody's work is a crime. But people do take advantage of that because they have learnt, they know the artist is very far away so won't know. They know they can do it and sell it. So there is advantages and disadvantages in a workshop of working together. Cos' lots of people just tend to interpret from others. You know, I heard someone saying they didn't want to show their slides at the workshop, because some people were going to copy them."*

Arthur responded emphatically to my enquiry into why he was so afraid of having his work influence another artist's style or ideas: *"That is what has destroyed Zimbabwean stone sculpture. When I talk to people they just say, well people can do it. Also, here is nothing to be afraid of from people who copy, because the real artists will be recognised. But some people they get away with it."* He then cited one of his own experiences as an example: *"When I was at school I made a small sculpture and one of the big artists he made a copy of it. He made it longer, a meter longer, than mine and it won a prize. But you can't confront these people and say that's my thing unless you have power to sue him. You know, I am planning my PhD on Zimbabwean stone sculpture. I will really write about all ideas on the stone. Why the artist do their idea. About the link of the spirit, why a person did a man with a man together, or why a chameleon in the form of a man. I will*

² As I sensed this was an important issue I applied for a grant from SOAS to undertake some follow-up research: to visit the *Pamoja* artists to see the influences on their work a few months after they had participated in the *africa95* programme. Unfortunately my application was refused. I managed to secure a ticket to Botswana and my subsistence expenses from *The British Council Botswana* and the *Thapong Workshop*, in return for cataloguing the *Thapong International Artists' Workshop* art collection, housed at the *National Museum & Art Gallery* in Gaborone. This job allowed me to speak to Moitshepi Madibela. I found much of the work he had produced since his participation in *africa95* had been influenced by what he had seen during his time in Britain.

write all this so the other artist have to explain if confronted about the copy. You will see he have to say a different idea and may be he can't, so it will show up he did a copy. This is what I want to do with my research."

After speaking to many of the artists and witnessing the exchanges that took place during the introductory slide show presentations and the group criticism sessions, I came to understand that the source of the problem centred around the notion of what exactly should be discussed. There appeared to be much confusion as to how an artist should present their work and how other artists should think about what was being presented: whether the aesthetic characteristics of a piece should be focused on, the technical aspects of its production, or the theoretical ideas relating to contemporary art critic vocabulary. In addition, much of the problem was related to providing an environment in which the artists felt comfortable enough to speak and to listen to each other. This aspect of exchange was encouraged through the establishment of relationships that took place during the workshop. As Frances Richardson commented when Zuleika was filming: *"The interesting aspect of exchange is that it doesn't come about immediately, but after working with people for three weeks. There is a point at which you can openly criticise and positively criticise each others' work and that's been happening in this little area. I mean Hercules' work, we've had some fun chopping off the feet that are supporting the cloud. He has a lot of branches supporting a very heavy weight and well, we have encouraged him: 'chop, chop the legs off, go on chop it off, chop it off.' It's been a really good feeling working with other sculptors."*



Hercules with two of his small sculptures.

What I found was that the moment the artist began to communicate what they felt was important about their work, the reason why they had made a particular piece, much of the tension was shifted. The moment the artist claimed ownership of the story surrounding their work, their audience began to listen; and more importantly a shift in the perception of the particular artist and their work took place. When Hercules was being filmed he spoke about his sculpture by discussing the aesthetic characteristics and the conceptual story; neither aspect was emphasised in the telling: *"I did two pieces this one is called Shrine and the tall one is called Nesting Cloud. Initially I didn't have a fixed idea, but I tried to work with an idea of combining something very African with something very European in a certain sense, metaphorically. What I did in the process was I tried to combine total opposites, a very free almost flimsy structure with a very heavy massive form. The one worked off the other in its natural form."*



Hercules' work in progress on *Shrine* (oak, beech, steel & wax, £1,950).

"I started off with the idea of African clouds where it's of huge importance - the cloud and rain, you know, rain making in Bushman, in San culture is prominent. The African cloud as, the thunderstorm cloud, as we are getting there, they are massive and round. So they are very voluminous and many times they sit individually in the sky and you can see how their forms change. They become human beings, they become animals, and so on. You can watch them change all the time and all the time you recognise new potential in them, new forms and shapes. So that's an idea I started off with and I think these forms in the process became very anthropomorphic in a certain sense, but I still would like to think of them as metaphorical clouds. I tried to retain that volume with mass of the African cloud and to combine that with this flimsy, informal structure which is typical of the African housing structure in rural communities, African architecture."



Hercules at work under the gaze of Dias' *Queen Mother* (Djibril's photography screens are in the background leaning against the stone wall perimeter of the workshop).



Hercules chatting to Ikram after having created one of his rain clouds.



Hercules creating his rain clouds, in the space adjacent to Francis, Dias and Arthur.



Arthur was working in the adjacent space to Hercules when he made his Potatoes.

"If you work in your studio in isolation, or in your normal context, I think you think differently about your work than in a changed context like this" (Hercules Viljoen).





At the end of the workshop, which had been hot and sunny, there was a terrific thunder storm.



The Massage, by Reinata Sathimba

The socialising events during the workshop provided an important means by which the artists were able to get to know each other and the more they came to learn about each other the more they came to care about and to respect each other. These events allowed the artists to gain an insight into each other's personalities, which helped the process of negotiating a relationship and communicating with each other. They also provided a space in which the artists could experiment with their ideas of how they may present themselves and their work to each other; how they could encourage a greater understanding of their work.

Many of the artists suggested that to speak about their works was not much different to speaking about their private feelings; and that before they felt confident enough to do so they needed to feel comfortable, to have established a relationship with their audience. It became very apparent throughout the workshop that the forming of a relationship required effort and patience; and was usually initiated by one person's move into the territory of another. For instance, Gamal would visit Reinata's studio and put his arms around her shoulders, or peer into her face and smile in an attempt to provoke a response. Although Reinata did not initially reply beyond offering a quiet smile, Gamal persisted by making funny faces and noises and by playing a sort of 'hide and seek' game from behind her sculptures. He would also always try out some of the ChiMakonde words I had learnt and pinned up on her studio wall.



After a few days Reinata began to explore the workshop and whilst she was walking round to see Dias' sculptures she spied Gamal lying on the ground asleep in the sunshine. The temptation to tease him was too irresistible and she quietly crept up and then quickly stood on his back. The startled Gamal, on realising it was Reinata, responded with appropriate

noises to imply that he was having a wonderful massage... and after a couple of moments that was precisely what she gave him. On returning to her studio Reinata promptly began work on *The Massage*. Although this sculpture may be interpreted as a symbol of their friendship, it is interesting to note that in the sculpture it is a female figure who is lying on the ground and receiving a massage from a small male figure. This example not



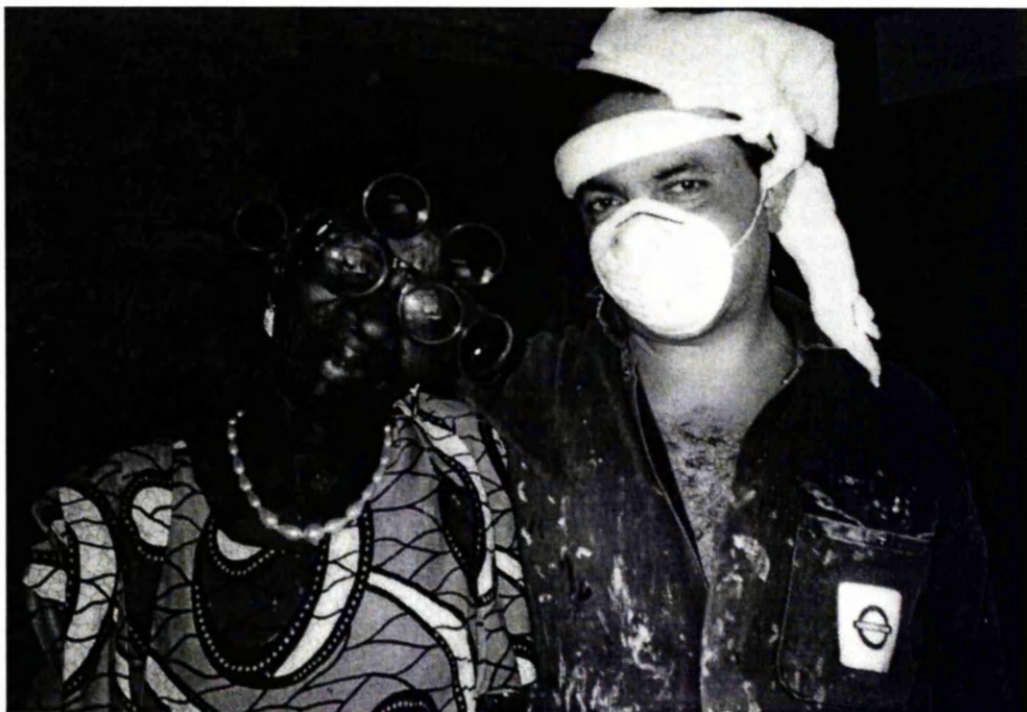
only demonstrates how the relationships and circumstances during the workshop influenced the subject matter of some of the work produced; but how such influences are more about inspiration for a particular theme, an evocation of an experience in an artist's life, rather than a direct replication of a particular event or happening.



Reinata and Gamal



The Massage, by Reinata Sadhimba (clay, approx. 40cm long).



Reinata loved wearing Gamal's joke glasses.

Once people form relationships in which they feel comfortable, much creativity and spontaneity takes place.



Reinata and Gamal joking about at the workshop.

"Gimming is very important after hard work"

Every evening after returning to the accommodation block the artists would have a bath and change out of their dusty work clothes, in preparation for supper and the nightly visit to the *Bretton College* bar. This cleaning, changing and chatting period was what Noria referred to as "gimming," something she also repeatedly stated was "*very important after hard work.*"

The gimming sessions that I participated in were for women only and consisted of singing and dancing and exchanging stories that made people laugh. They always took place in either Noria or Reinata's bedrooms and were occasionally attended by Frances and Ikram. However, the hard core consisted of Noria, Colleen, Reinata and myself.



Bretton College Hall accommodation block.

The sessions would begin the moment we arrived at the bedrooms and after we had all teased Reinata, once again, for mislaying her "*mungooleo*" (door key). Reinata would start clapping her hands, dancing little steps and singing. Noria would race into her room across the corridor to collect the small drum, which Anna K. had lent her, and then take up the rhythm Reinata was chanting. Colleen would sit on the bed clapping her hands and I would be encouraged to learn Reinata's dance movements. Sometimes Noria would introduce a rhythm and show Reinata some new steps, or very occasionally Noria would teach Reinata a rhythm to play on the drum and then dance herself. My movements, due to my inability to keep up, always caused much amusement and often reduced Reinata to collapse on the bed, her eyes streaming with tears of laughter and her hands clutching her stomach.

As the days progressed so did the content of the *gimming sessions*: white wine was introduced and everyone shared it apart from Reinata; a fuller repertoire of singing and dancing took place; and finally information on sexual practices was divulged, which prompted much joking and teasing. For instance, Reinata would perform the information in an exaggerated fashion, which made everyone laugh (see my description set out in Reinata's sculpture entitled *Ujamaa*).¹ These sessions came to form an important foundation for how Reinata communicated the stories of her work to Noria and me.

¹ I was interested to note that no gossiping about the other artists or the YSP staff took place, apart from one brief occasion when Noria and Colleen expressed their upset over seeing Moitshepi, who was the only other artist staying on the same corridor as these three women, walking from his room to the shared bathroom facilities wearing a towel around his waist. This incident reminded me of Zuleika's report that when the artists had visited the *Tate Gallery* in London, Noria and Colleen had giggled in an embarrassed fashion whenever they came across sculptures depicting the naked male form; and how much they had disliked the images of naked female forms. I was reminded of these incidents, once again, when I visited Botswana a few months later and watched Velias Ndaba, the *Thapong Workshop* co-ordinator, hold a life-drawing class at the *National Museum* in Gaborone. During this session I learnt that the museum director had given explicit instructions to Velias that on no account could the female model pose naked. At the time, Moitshepi and the other local Batswana artists were surprised to learn that at art school such a practice takes place and when I went onto ask them what they thought of such a practice, they all immediately replied that they would feel too embarrassed. Velias then informed everyone he had sat in such classes when he had attended the *Art & Design School* in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe (where Adam Madebe taught for many years) and that it was something everyone gets used to very quickly, because you are thinking about art not sex. This information was quietly received by the group and the discussion finished with everyone laughing, after the young local Batswana artist Reginald Bakwena had pronounced in a very serious tone of voice: "*My dream is to go to art school, but I am not sure if I can do it now.*"



Noria and Colleen became inseparable friends during the workshop.



Reinata and Colleen preparing for one of the *Glimming Sessions*.

“The mother kept turning round to tell him to stop”

During one of these *gimming sessions* Reinata explored her concern with me over how the other artists and the authorities would react to one of her sculptures, which she had made in secret, after taking some clay wrapped in a damp cloth back to the accommodation block. When we were alone in her bedroom, Reinata opened the door to her wardrobe and pointed to the floor. There nestling between her possessions was a sculpture, which I couldn't see clearly from my aerial position. As Reinata bent down to lift it out Noria came into the room to begin one of the *gimming sessions*, so she quickly closed the wardrobe and pushed me away. The next evening Reinata showed me her sculpture. As we both stood looking at the two clay figures involved in a sexual act Reinata asked whether she should show anyone else and I informed her I saw no reason why it should cause any problem; and if Reinata was happy to show it then I saw even less of a problem. The following morning when I entered Reinata's studio space I saw the small sculpture sitting on the work bench alongside all her other pieces.



The first artist to see the piece was Noria, who looked at it quietly for a while before turning, laughing and shaking her head repeating “*Reinata, Reinata.*” This reaction triggered Reinata to laugh and when I asked “*Lyna lyake?*” (his/her name is?), Reinata responded with “*Koochumcoodu,*” which at the time I decided may mean anal sex or some style of masturbating. Noria, coached by Reinata, repeated the word and then gesticulated an enquiry into the exact position Reinata was referring to. Reinata acted out the story and laughed a lot as she did so: “*One day the mother was bending over, engaged in some kind of work such as cooking, when she felt her son rubbing himself against her. The mother kept turning round to tell him to stop, but her son continued his activity. As the son was so short and inexperienced due to his young age, he rubbed his penis between his and his mother's thighs.*”

Noria shook her head in disbelief when she witnessed the story and then once again laughed saying "*Reinata, Reinata,*" to which Reinata replied in an assertive voice: "*Reinata Makonde, Reinata Makonde,*" as she clapped her hands and lowering the top of her body engaged in a little foot shuffling dance. After this the two women began miming sexual positions and pointing to parts of the body; and so doing Reinata responded by offering a word in ChiMakonde: *tambana* (penis a quarter in the vagina); *utoovera* (penis fully in the vagina); *nemumbu* (male genitals); *leetoko* (female genitals); *leewarli* (female breasts).

The sculpture solicited a variety of responses, although most people did not touch it or pick it up. Usually the responses began with a quiet look at the piece, then often laughter and one of the following: some sort of teasing of Reinata for her imagination and her choice of subject matter (Gamal, Frances and Andre's approach) or some sort of comment as to how direct Reinata's representations were (many of the artists and visitors to the studio made a comment along this line). There were also more extreme views such as: "*I really love this sculpture*" (Clémentine Deliss' comment made during the *Open Studio Weekend*); or "*that piece must not be displayed in the exhibition... that piece should not be included in the selection shown*" (Peter Murray, Director of the YSP, and H.E. Mr Panguene, the Mozambique High Commissioner's comments). This last comment, which Reinata was unaware of, was the reason why the sculpture was not put on display at the YSP *africa95* exhibition (which opened Oct. '95); or in London at the special diplomatic event in London, in which the *Mozambique High Commission* were represented by a small display of their country's work (Nov. '95).²

² At the time Reinata and Noria were discussing this sculpture in the privacy of Reinata's studio an anonymous image began to appear in one of the workshop bathrooms. This work caused Reinata to laugh a lot and to return frequently to watch it's progression from abstract to figurative representation. The image began with four condoms being positioned as eyes, nose and mouth, after which the outline of a face was added. The work appeared shortly after the authorities at the YSP had expressed their dismay and concern, over the free provision of condoms for the *Pamoja* artists. Indeed, Anna K. was severely chastised for her decision to make these items available through the anonymous placing of a packet in each of the bathrooms. Anna's decision to do so was based on her recognition that there were no condom machines within the YSP grounds; and because she felt it was the responsibility of the hosts to ensure such a potentially serious issue was dealt with as discreetly as possible.

The authorities at the YSP considered such a course of action to be irresponsible. Their point being that if the press or public were to learn that the YSP were providing condoms for their guest artists, then there would be a scandal: "*people may think the YSP were encouraging the African artists to be promiscuous.*" Rather than being perceived as a wise course of action, given the threat of AIDS existed as a reality for many people in 1995, the YSP authorities' fuss - drawing attention a sign that something very private was possibly being undertaken by two consenting adults - transformed the course of action into a stigma of unacceptability. All the *Pamoja* artists were fully aware of the dangers that result from unprotected sexual relations, so when they learnt of Anna's predicament, they expressed their support, whatever their particular personal 'life-style' may have been regarding such matters; and shortly after the studio bathroom work of art began to emerge.

The image is of interest within the context of the workshop for two reasons. First it shows how the *Pamoja* artists were able to support each other if one of their group was upset as a result of a misunderstanding or certain perception; and how they often overcame and diffused any potential conflict from escalating through the use of humour. Second it illustrates the ideas a high profile art establishment fears; and how a preoccupation with such fears often acts as a barrier in coming to understand what it is an artist may be saying both as an individual and through their work; both of which I came to understand are heavily influenced by their experience of the world they live in (see Moitshepi's discussion of *Man and the Use of a Leaf*).

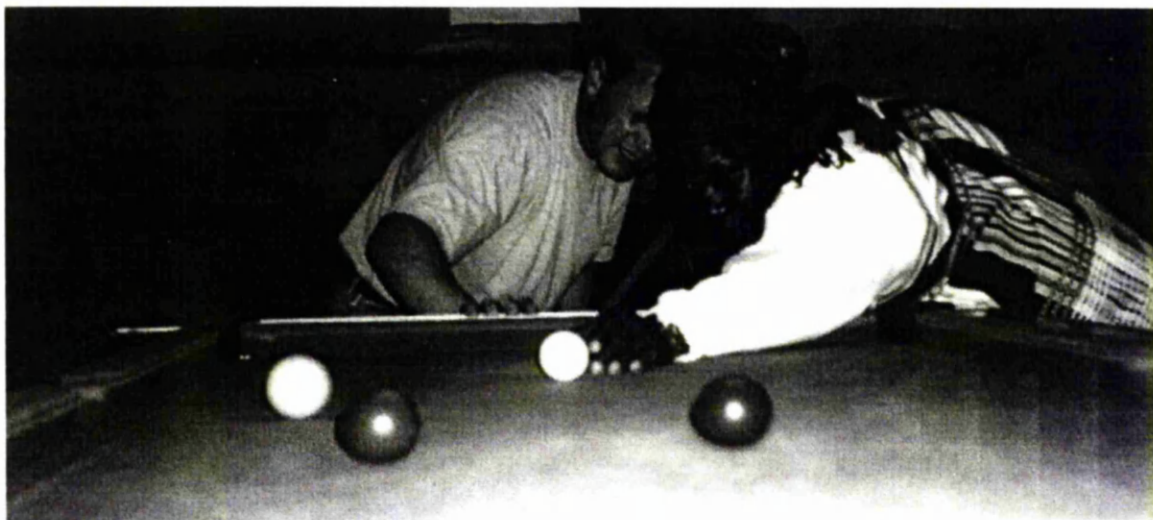
"Do the dance like Reinata teach you"

Many of the relationships were established within the *Bretton College* bar, which became the regular nightly meeting place for the artists and the workshop support staff. Apart from Anna B. these meetings were never attended by any of the *YSP* curatorial staff. The bar's attraction was that it was within the grounds of the *YSP* and was equipped with a well stocked bar, friendly barman, music and two large pool tables. The pool tables were the focus point of the evenings and the range of games and players ensured that everyone circulated - forming friendships as team players or chatting on



Moitshepi teaching Duke how to play pool (photo by Djibril Sy).

the side benches. It also became quickly established that there were two types of players: those who were good at the game and those who had never played before. Any competitive rivalry was of a jocular nature, partly due to the patience on the part of the experienced players such as Moitshepi, who included everyone in the proceedings; and due to the humour of the novice players such as Gamal, who would flamboyantly demonstrate his lack of skill in order to encourage others such as Noria and Colleen to participate. This state of affairs created a relaxed and informal atmosphere - with much teasing and joking. These daily socialising sessions allowed artists such as Moitshepi to demonstrate his skill at playing pool and being able to assist the novice players restored his confidence and self-esteem; and illustrated how a negotiator such as Gamal played an important part in diffusing tension and assisted in building relationships between his colleagues.



Matthew teaching Noria how to play pool.



Gamal and Noria rejoicing as team members (photo by Djibril Sy).

personality and their work, was staged as a special performance and dedicated to the artists in the *Bretton College* auditorium. This creative act of friendship initiated by the musicians dispelled the atmosphere of regarded viewing between the groups and led to an evening of celebration being planned by Flinto Chandia, Simon Allen, an improvisational percussionist, and Nigel Osborne.⁵

The celebration took place in the *Bretton College* bar and was attended by the *Dance Course*, the *Pamoja* artists and the *Bretton College* and *YSP* support staff.

³ *The International Dance Course for Professional Choreographers and Composers 1995* (13th August - 4th September 1995). This annual event was organised by the *Creative Dance Artists Trust* in association with *University College Bretton Hall*: 'This world famous Course, established in 1975, promotes collaboration between choreographer and composer in the creative process and provides a unique opportunity for eight artists in each category to engage in a highly intensive programme of work producing a minimum of 80 choreographic pieces with original music in two weeks. The majority of the 52 artists benefiting from the Course are professional, representing 14 nationalities, who attend free of individual cost allowing evidence of talent to be the sole determining factor for entry' (Promotional Literature).

⁴ After supper one evening Gamal, David, Reinata, Frances, Noria, Colleen and myself set off through the college grounds towards the *Bretton College* auditorium. This incident is important, because what the artists' experienced was the discomfort of entering another person's territory; and allowed them to witness another group's presentations and criticism session. Each performance lasted about 5 minutes and involved eight barefoot and track suit clad dancers and three musicians holding a range of instruments, many of which I had never seen or heard being played before. Their gestures involved racing dramatically across the auditorium, stretching in contorted and inter-linked bodily formations, and silently crawling across or falling heavily onto the wooden floor. The performances were moving and bewildering; and each one was followed by a gruelling criticism session. The criticism sessions lasted for between 5 - 10 minutes and were conducted by Nigel Osborne, Ivan Kramar and the choreographer Sara Rudner. In these periods each artist/performer was challenged on all aspects of their team work and their individual interpretation of the performance they had devised during the day and presented that evening.

⁵ The friendships established between the *Dance Course* and the *Pamoja* artists developed in September '95 in London and in early '96 in Cairo, Egypt, when the percussionist Simon Allen and Gamal Abdel Nasser staged two collaborative musical sculpture performances.



The dance course musicians took their seats at a range of drums alongside Dias and Noria; and Flinto on guitar. After a while Noria paced out a rhythm on Nigel's drum and then stood up to dance and sing in Venda. When this performance was finished Reinata rushed over to Nigel, paced out a different rhythm on the lead drum and began her Makonde performance. As Reinata danced she kept gesturing for the audience to join her and got more and more upset as everyone held back. *"Reinata thinks it's extremely rude that noone is dancing with her,"* Zachary Kingdon informed me. I eventually plucked up the courage to participate.



Noria dancing, accompanied by Gamal on the large drum and Nigel on the seated drum.



Noria was joined by Reinata, who then went onto perform a solo dance.



Dias accompanied Reinata by playing the large drum.

Noria held my hand and told me not to be afraid: *"Do the dance like Reinata teach you. She is very happy."* As I stood up to a rapturous applause and the sound of drumming, Reinata first very publicly tied a scarf tightly around my hips and then under her watchful and immensely critical directions I reproduced the shuffle-style Makonde dance steps she had taught me over the previous few days. When the dance finished with my yell of ChiMakonde into the face of the lead drummer, who was Nigel, Reinata gave me a hug and I returned to my seat to be informed by the audience: *"Very beautiful dance"* (André); *"Well done, it was just how the Makonde women dance"* (Zachary); *"You make me laugh with your funny dancing"* (Moitshepi); *"You were very brave"* (Ikram); *"You did well. I don't like to dance"* (Colleen); and *"It reminds me of Flamingo dancing. I love to dance like that"* (Dance Course participant).



Reinata performing her solo dance.

After my solo performance Gamal took to the floor and vigorously shaking a bead-covered gourd, danced a flamboyant set of clown-like movements towards a laughing Reinata. This display encouraged Nigel and many of the *Dance Course* professionals, as well as most of the *Pamoja* artists, to take to the dance floor; and

the evening progressed to being hot, vigorous and very noisy.



The events that took place within the bar allowed artists such as Moitshepi, Noria and Reinata to express themselves in front of their colleagues. For instance, as Moitshepi had been able to illustrate his skill at playing pool, Noria was able to illustrate her skill at playing the drums and to demonstrate her pride at Venda singing and dancing; and Reinata did the same with regards to Makonde dancing. Also, the importance of a negotiator in the proceedings became apparent, as well as how useful humour was in diffusing any tension. For instance, Gamal would always be prepared to joke about his lack of skill and flamboyantly participate in a fashion to make the audience laugh; and it was not until Nigel got up to dance with Reinata and Noria, that the dance course participants decided it was okay to join in.



Reinata dancing with one of the *Dance Course* participants.



Reinata expressing her gratitude to Nigel for such a great dance..

The following day, Noria informed me she had slept well and had had a good dream, which meant she could begin work on her wooden sculpture entitled *Venda People Crossing the Limpopo River*. Reinata reiterated Noria's sentiments and also began working on her largest sculpture produced at the workshop, which has been officially catalogued as *Ujamaa* (I shall return to discuss this piece later in my paper).

Throughout the workshop it became clear that once people form relationships with which they are comfortable much creativity and spontaneity takes place. Also, that the establishment of such relationships is greatly assisted by the participation of an intermediary, one with whom the group can identify. The dance I have described illustrates how people share a space; and how the relationships they formed came to take possession of the space.

"I waiting dream coming, she telling me for carving"

At the beginning of the workshop many of the artists' relationships were also formed when the participants wandered into each other's work spaces to chat in a relaxed fashion. After a busy morning of looking and assisting I decided to sit down in the cool of the studio on the only available seat, a low tree stump, next to where Noria was working. Whilst I had been preoccupied with ensuring Reinata was comfortable and introducing myself to some of the *Pamoja* artists, I had frequently walked passed and viewed the small clay sculptures Noria had begun to make in the corner of the studio she shared with Reinata. The image I had constructed through my viewing of Noria 'at work,' was of a shy woman producing gentle forms depicting a mother's love for her young baby.



Noria at work (photo by Djibril Sy).

As I positioned myself on the tree stump, our eyes met and she laughed at my awkward balancing act. Noria enquired as to whether Reinata was feeling a little better and as she continued with her work I began to tell her about the time I had once tried to make a clay sculpture of a person, who had stood patiently in front of me for many hours. "The problem was," I told Noria, who had looked up to hear my story, "I could not get the proportions right. However hard I tried I just could not get my hands to make what I was seeing - so my sculpture ended up with a very long body, short legs and a tiny head that looked more like it belonged to a

mouse." After we had laughed at the image conveyed I continued with my tale: "It was only when I began to chat to the person who was modelling for me, that I came to learn from him that he was a postman. In the day he delivers letters and in the evenings he takes his clothes off to pose for the sculpture class." The incongruity made us both smile and I reflected for a moment before finishing my introductory tale: "It's very hard to tell who someone is when they have no clothes on."¹ This comment prompted Noria to nod thoughtfully and after we had sat for a while, she informed me that she never works from a model: "I just doing. Like this it just coming. I making clay first. I making clay for waiting idea coming, for carving big wood. I waiting dream coming, she telling me for carving."

¹ I had attended an evening class at the *Mary Ward Centre*, near to *SOAS*, during my MPhil year. This experience left me with the realisation that not only is it difficult to represent what one sees, but also that it is immensely difficult to know what one is seeing when the symbols of that knowing have been stripped away. I also came to realise that once one has learnt to look in a particular fashion and has assigned a particular meaning to something it is almost impossible to edit the information out of one's seeing. Thus, whenever I come across my sculpture I cannot help but see it as the symbol of an out of hours postman, rather than a representation of a male form.



Mother Nursing Her Baby, by Noria Mabasa (clay, approx. 40cm high).

As I touched her recently completed sculpture of a *Mother Nursing her Baby* I asked Noria where her idea for the sculpture had come from: "This is new idea to do, first time," she responded. "This is Venda woman whose husband gone Johannesburg for work. Sometimes she sits with other woman. She is suffering. She has baby. She has no food, no money. You know, in South Africa lot men give wife baby, then he running. Mother she wear bangle if she is young, if man she want marry. But if you make him come here, that man just give you so two children, then he gone. This woman is not happy. It's lot in South Africa." I was surprised to hear Noria's description, particularly as I had assumed it was about the happiness a mother feels when she nurses her new baby. As Noria went on to describe the hardship the women she sculpts experience, I was reminded of Moitshepi's works telling of the sadness women feel today in Botswana due to similar circumstances. "You no put bangle here," Noria warned me "if you put bangle here man come, give you children, then he gone. I put bangle here [on the arm of the woman]. If you put bangle here, you suffering. You no put bangle here."

As we turned to discuss the sculpture Noria was currently working, she informed me it was a subject matter she had been making for a long time: "This lady, mother feeding baby, Venda. Me, I'm Venda, my husband



(on left) *Mother Force-feeding Her Baby*, by Noria Mabasa (clay, 40cm high).

Shangan, but now he's dead. You get baby sometime in morning, late on you cooking water only, you just give it. This baby just coming, she take it, you are happy because your baby she is eating. Then you do this for one week or for two months, you start taking little bit millimeal, you making soft porridge. Then you do this [hold the baby's nose so it opens it's mouth]. She is eating. But if you come for me talking and me I feeding baby. If I just talking to you I close this [the baby's nose]. Then baby is gone. If you the house for sometime it's got T.V. don't give it baby if you watching T.V. [don't try to force feed the baby when you are watching T.V.]. It's no good, because you get



off here, if you looking T.V., baby is gone. Yes, you must be careful you do like this, like this all the time [watch the baby all the time you are force feeding it, particularly if you are watching T.V., otherwise the baby will suffocate and die].” It seemed a little impolite to ask Noria in those moments whether she had experienced such a tragedy in her own life, and therefore make public the reason behind her decision to re-make the theme of this sculpture to warn young mothers of the consequences of such an action.

As we moved on to discuss her next sculpture - *Unmarried Pregnant Venda Girl* - I asked if the people from her village would be able to recognise the story simply by viewing the work. I was immediately informed, by a most indignant Noria that they most certainly would. However, her tone of voice softened as she went onto to add, this type of sculpture can only be looked at by certain women during the ceremonial dances. This thought prompted Noria to tell me of how one day a woman, a stranger, had come to her house in Venda and asked if she could take one of Noria’s sculptures for an *n’goma* ceremony in her village: “*I am not know n’goma. She taking this in the dark, she just come and show all these lady she is dancing there. But not public, no. But she goes, she is showing little bit.*” Later I asked Noria if the visitor had been a Makonde woman like Reinata, because I had learnt that the word *n’goma* was used by the Makonde to describe their female initiation rites (see Jorge & Margot Dias, 1970). After thinking for a while and staring hard at Reinata,



who sitting in the corner of the studio returned her stare, Noria replied: “*I not knowing.*”²

The sculpture in question tells the dramatic story of what happens to an unmarried Venda girl when she becomes pregnant. Noria describes the girl in the sculpture as about fourteen or fifteen years

old. When the girl’s mother discovers her daughter is pregnant she asks “*who is the father of your baby?*”

²I have subsequently learnt that *n’goma* is also the word for drum in many Bantu languages (it can also mean ceremony, ritual).

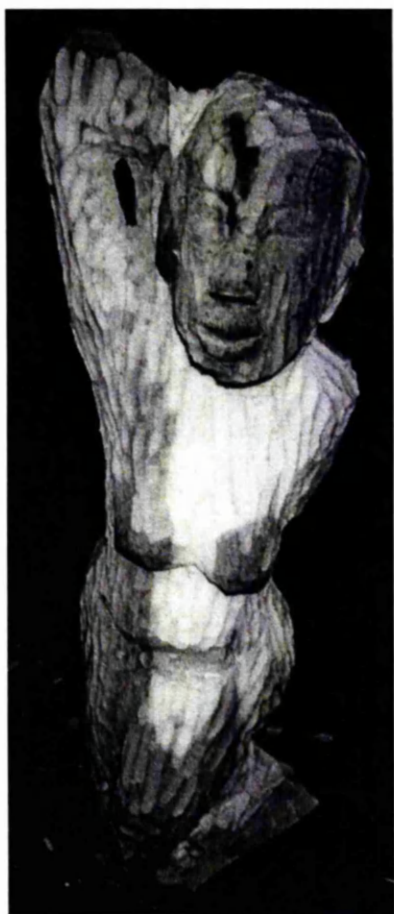
However the girl will not say, so the mother informs her husband, who in turn asks: *"who is the father of your baby?"* As the girl still refuses to divulge the information, her parents turn to the village chief for assistance. The chief summons all the villagers and then chooses one of the old men to perform the public questioning ritual, deemed appropriate for such cases.

The appointed questioner begins by soaking a leather thong in salty water and then, whilst tightly tying it around the girl's head, demands: *"who is the father of your baby?"* While the girl does not tell, the old man ties the thong more tightly and continues his method of enquiry, which according to Noria always eventually produces a response: *"This girl she go talking everything, she say I get this boy, now that boy do this."* Once the confession has been extracted the named boy is brought forward, the leather thong is bound around his ankles and amidst much heckling from the audience, he is hoisted upside down from a tree and beaten for his actions.



When Noria had finished her story she told me how strongly she feels that all village problems should be dealt with by the village chief, rather than being taken to the white man's courts: *"This is good way, Venda way is better for white man way. Yes, Venda laws, if you get baby you not married... ooh you go suffering."*





Venda Female Initiation, by Noria Mabasa.

When Noria began working in wood she made a Sycamore sculpture, approx. 40cms high, of a kneeling female in a stretching pose. The intention of this sculpture was to tell the story of *Venda Female Initiation*: “This is Venda girl of fourteen or fifteen years age. This girl mustn’t do mucky things with boy [the *Unmarried Pregnant Venda Girl* had warned of the potential consequences of such actions]. The chief has a big house. In June or July ten or fifteen girls go there for school, nobody sees them.³ She is in school with the chief. You get punished for one month. It is big punishment. Even if you are good you must still have this punishment.

“In the morning at 4.30, she must sit in the river. In the water, very cold. Then at 7.00 she gets out of the water. She takes a blanket and she goes to the chief’s house and eats. But she has no rest. She has no clothes, really she has nothing. For one month she sits in the chief’s house in the day and at night she gets punished. The whole night she gets punished and she cries, she is in pain. Oohh, she is suffering. Then in morning she must sit in the river again.

“After one month it is finished and she is happy. There is a big party with music and all people come to party. Her parents are very happy. The girl buys a nice dress and wears colourful clothes and puts colourful thread in hair. Lots of people come and pay her money. She

gets lots of money. This party lasts for one week. Now she can get married. If you don’t go to the chief’s house you can’t get married.”

Once Noria had told me the story of this piece, she wanted to clarify that I had understood she was talking about a ceremony in which Venda females graduate from being a **baby** to a **girl**. That it is nothing to do with the transition from **girl** into **woman**. Our conversation took much time to complete, primarily because I initially kept attempting to summarise her story, based on the words and information Noria had relayed to me: “So this is about female initiation, when a girl becomes a woman... Venda girls go through this ritual so they can become a woman and get married.” “No, no,” Noria would reply “this not girl, not girl, this girl baby. This baby now coming chief’s house, after girl. Girl is getting married.” “So at a later time in their lives the girls become a woman,” I would ask in an attempt to understand the larger picture. “No, no, this girl baby. This baby, after girl. Girl getting married,” was the response offered to me in an irritated tone of voice.

As I pondered over the sculptural forms Noria had made, all I could think about was how hard it is to know

³ Noria informed me they round up a few girls who are the same age and about to begin menstruating.



Woman Standing and Stretching, by Noria Mabasa.

what the story, the idea, is without guidance from Noria; how I could not see what this kneeling and stretching female form represented; how dependent I was on Noria to be shown how to read the sculptural symbol and the culturally specific distinctions, she had created.⁴ With these thoughts in my mind I turned to ask Noria about her other Sycamore sculpture, which looked to me like it represented a similar stretching mode, although it was 80cms higher and a standing figure - *Woman Standing & Stretching in the Morning*. I came to understand this was one of the few pieces Noria made that does not represent a Venda woman; a fact I was repeatedly chastised for having to question.

It was apparently blatantly obvious, Noria informed me, that this figure was not a Venda woman. Indeed so obvious that even if one was just to give the sculpture a slight glance from a great distance one would know, was the example Noria cited. Only by apologising profusely did I redeem my credibility as a worthy recipient of her tuition. Noria went on to inform me: *"This is woman, stretching. It is morning. This not Venda woman. Venda woman she can no do this. She not arms here [Noria demonstrated that she cannot stretch her arms over her shoulder and round her waist, so as to meet behind her back]. It is just like that. In morning Venda woman she sit, arms here [placed in front of her body with her hands folded gently in her lap]. This is other woman, stretching, standing. Johannesburg woman do this."*

Every time I ventured to pursue my investigation into why a Venda woman cannot stretch her arms behind her back in such a fashion, why this sculpture stood as a symbol for such a cultural fact, I was first admonished by an extremely irritated Noria, who then after sighing deeply would repeat: *"this other woman, Johannesburg woman she do this. This not Venda woman,"* whilst once again demonstrating how physically impossible it was for herself, who, in those moments, stood as a representative of Venda women, to make such an action. I eventually challenged Noria by pointing to her sculptural story of female initiation and saying *"well this figure is showing a Venda woman and she can stretch like that."* Noria responded by waving her arms in

⁴ This thought is also one I always find myself having whenever I watch *The Turner Prize* being shown on T.V.: how much more accessible, and therefore interesting, the works become once the interview with the artist has been seen.

exasperation and in a raised voice, saying "*this girl, she suffering... this girl. Venda woman not do this.*" I was left wondering whether my problem in trying to understand what it was Noria was telling me was important about her work, was more to do with the questions I was asking and how I was asking them. How I asked directly affected the answers I was listening to; directly affected how I was presenting myself to Noria and she, in turn, was presenting herself to me.

When I asked Noria about her largest sculpture - *Venda People Fleeing Across the Limpopo River* - which she began after the dance in the *Bretton College* bar, she informed me: "*It just coming, coming, coming. Big wood like that one, I use dream. You see, now I see I can make. If I see wood, I leave wood and go sleeping. A little bit dreaming. I not know name, because I use dream. I just carving on. When big wood finish name coming. Me I looking, I see here sculpture, then name coming.*"

"*This history for me. This long-time. My mother, my father, told me story when I was child. My father he was fighting. I do not know, but I think it was M'Boero fighting black people. It stopped now. Venda people, long-time back, they just running from Rhodesia. I do not know properly now. They Venda people coming to Venda-land. Now that river, big river to Southern Africa, she taking another Venda, she kill them, because there was big water in. My brother told me this nice story of fighting. My brother he tell me very, very good story: all Venda people fighting. Really this story very nice story.*"



Noria at work on *Venda People Crossing the Limpopo*.





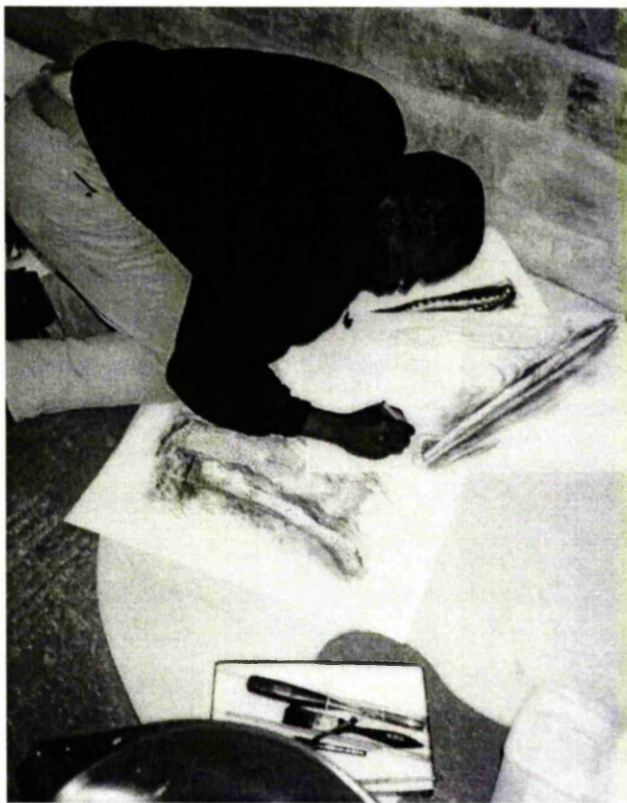




After speaking to Noria I wandered off reconsidering the differences between the artists' slide show presentations and our studio conversations; and so doing recalled Anna B.'s comment: *"From what I've seen of art critics' speak, I suspect it is a very personal and almost intuitive response based on previous and often culturally limited experiences. These critics and theorists have developed a skill for transferring those feelings, those insights into a written form or a verbal form. But they don't have a language with which to discuss other art works made by other cultures. In fact they don't often know what it is that these cultures are producing."* Approaching Moitshepi's studio I looked out over the YSP fields of sculpture and pondered again over the implications of Henry Moore's comment, in relation to a cross-cultural viewing of works of art: 'I think it should not be obvious exactly what a work of art is on the very first view. If it is obvious then one tends to look at something, recognise it and then turn away, knowing what it is.'

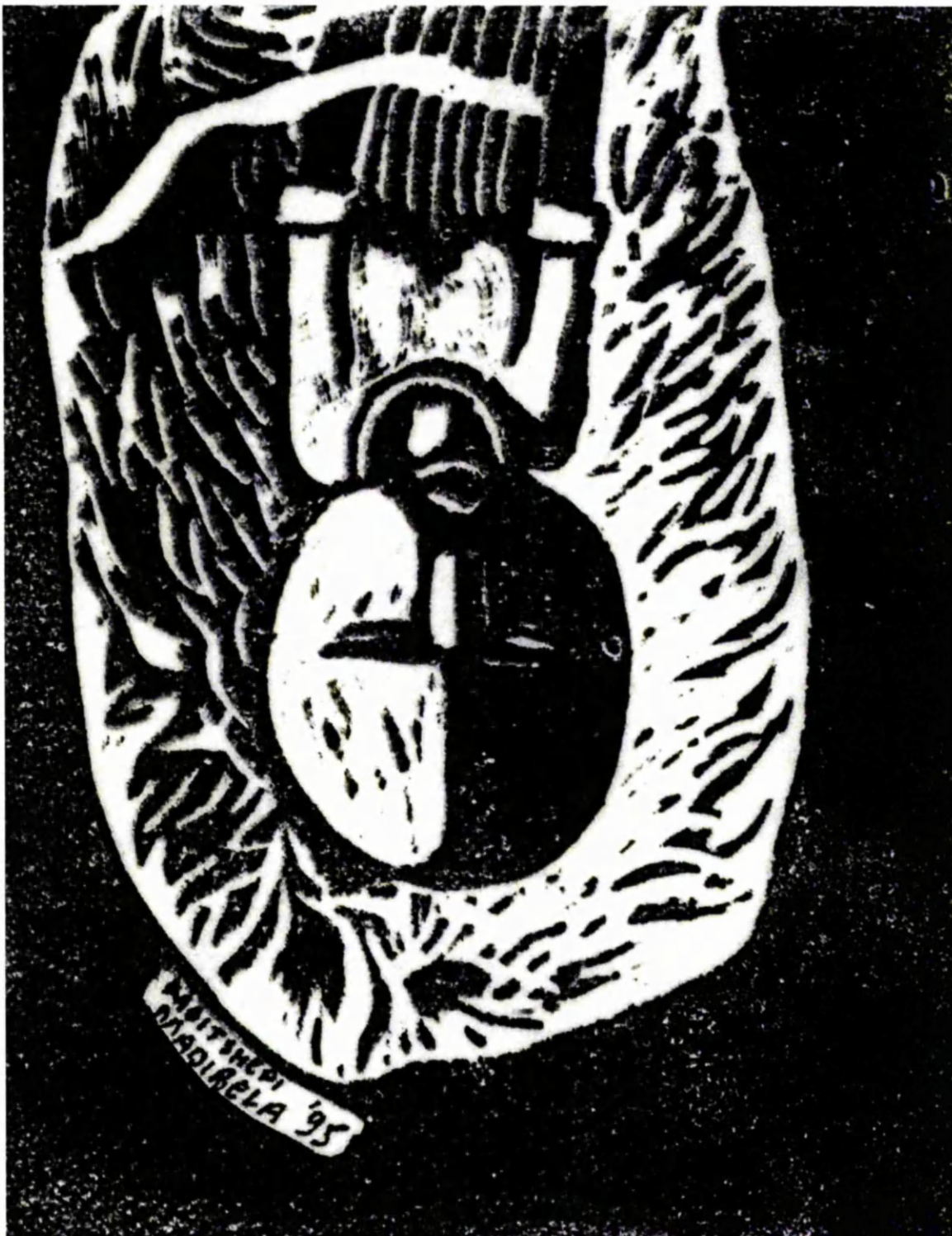
"So then I decided to do a healing leaf theme"

Arriving in Moitshepi's studio I found him sketching out his ideas, prior to making his sculptures; and when I asked him about the work he was producing he explained: *"Firstly I thought of making something from the park, but I didn't manage to get an idea from that. Then I thought may be it's very important to expose myself from home. To expose how I feel about home and what's happening at home. The message I am trying to give the world is that there is a lot of people in Botswana who affected by diseases and being ill and a lot of them may be dying. Diseases like AIDS. I see a lot in my village and in the neighbouring villages. Then my time in Yorkshire is like a healing time for myself. To see those nice accommodations; to make those friendships with Duke and Adam; to have the materials for sculptures. If you are working with other people you will see how to experiment and they*

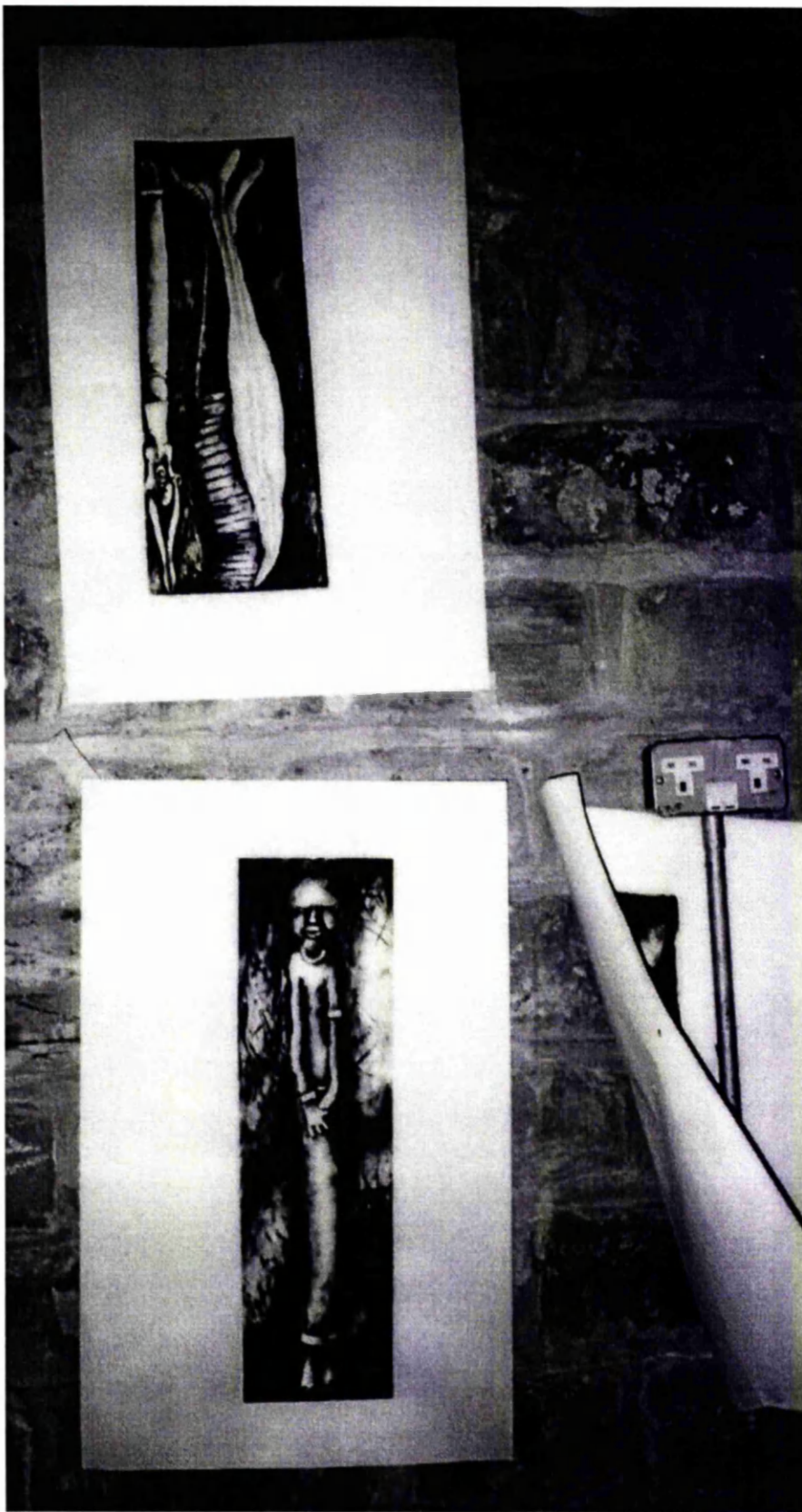


Moitshepi sketching his ideas.

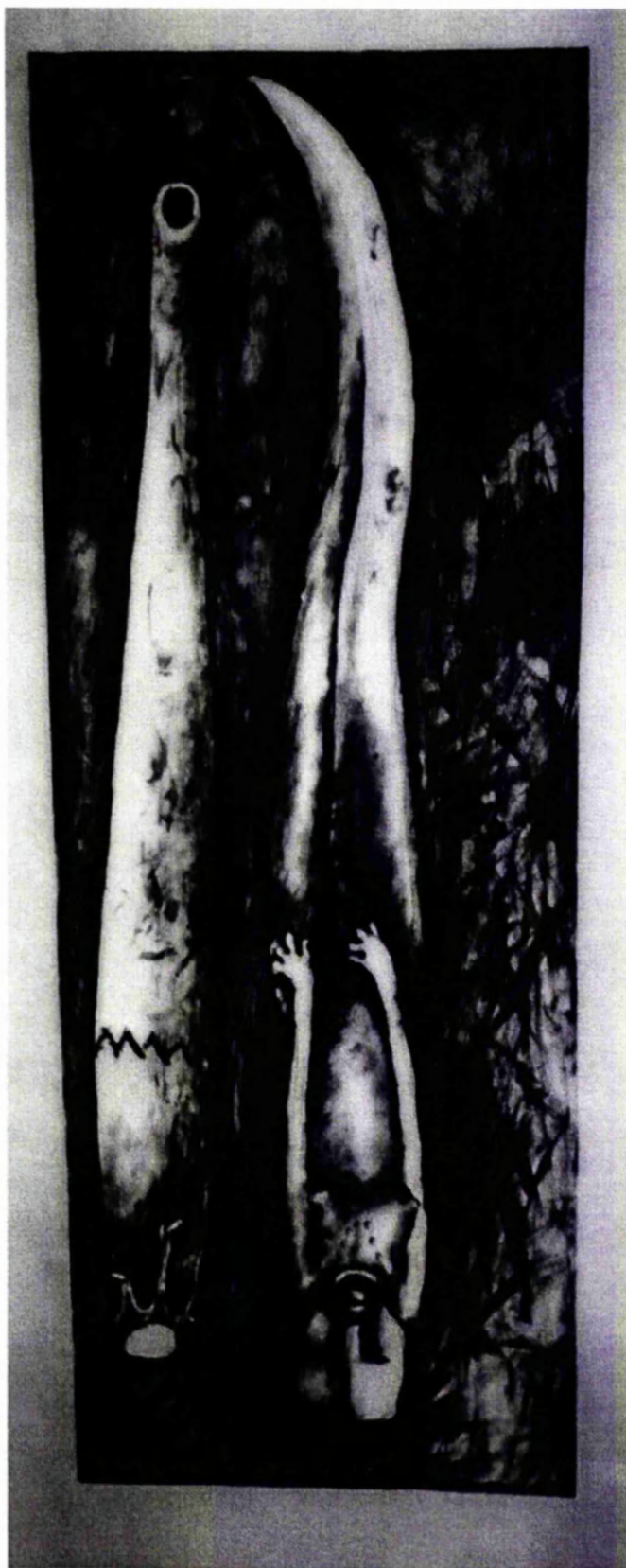
can advise you to improve. They can encourage you to continue. I feel inspired in my time in Yorkshire to be a full-time artist. So then I decided to do a healing leaf theme. To use the healing leaf, which people use at home to heal blood diseases. It is the leaf from the Monetamany Tree, which the people they normally cook it first and drink the water from the leaves."



Moitshepi always produces black & white images, because materials are difficult for him to find in Botswana and he cannot afford colour paints. Moitshepi also paints images of people upside down, "*because the world is difficult to understand.*"



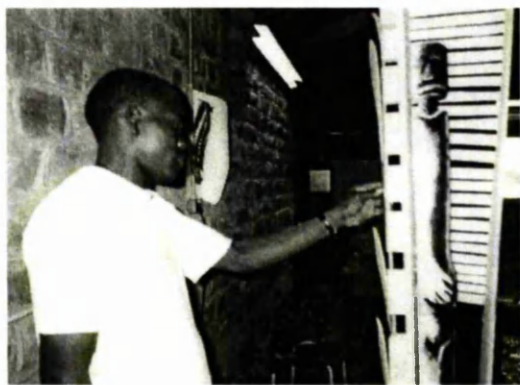
Healing Leaf sketches pinned up around his studio.



Healing Leaf, by Moitshepi Madibela (acrylic on paper, 1 x 0.5m).



Healing Leaf, by Moitshepi Madibela (acrylic on paper, 1 x 0.5m).



After Moitshepi had sketched his ideas he began working on *Man and the use of a leaf* (Pine-wood & paint, approx. 2.5m high).

"Primarily the objective of the workshop is to experiment" (Ndidi Dike).



Detail of leaf applied to exterior of sculpture.



Work in progress: detail of the father inside the leaf and the mother praying on the outside.

As Moitshepi ran his fingers across the painted image on the side of the wooden leaf, he continued to tell me about the work he was producing at Pamoja: *"This was also my first time to paint my sculpturings. So I think I've been successful. The painting on the outside of the leaf is a woman, she is praying. I put them to show that people should also pray, because God is the one who created human being. He is the one who is bringing all these things and people should pray that this end should end. The painting inside the leaf is showing the children who are not happy, because their father is ill. So I constructed the wood, which is showing the two healing leaves fixed together with the spinal chord of a person. How the spinal chord bones go shows there is something inside. Inside is the figure of the father, who is also the one who is representing all the sad people. So I put all the sadness in the healing leaf to heal. So all the sadness it can stop. When I saw a lot of sad people in Botswana I had to put myself within them. So it affects my work."*



Moitshepi's small healing leaf theme sculptures.

After a period of silent contemplation Moitshepi began to speak again: *"I feel that may be this AIDS problem started when people started to choose their own partners and this spoiled all what the old people used to do. The way then, the parents used to tell us. A man would go to the cattle post, he will stay there without sexual*

and take care of the cattle of his father, until he reached a stage whereby the father will think he can get married now. Then the father will tell the other relatives they should look for a wife for the son and they will go to the families where they think they are good people and the daughter can be a good wife. They will say to the boy now is the time for you to get married and we have chosen a wife for you. Then they will tell the boy and the woman - now you are a man and this is your wife. So these two keep it in that way. This is the way the parents used to tell us."



The Leaf for Life, by Moitshepi Madibela (Pine-wood & wax, 4m).

Moitshepi went on to explain his considerations regarding the transitional period from what the old people had told him to what life in the Botswana he experienced was like. As he spoke his eyes followed his fingers as they caressed the image of the father inside the healing leaf: *"You see, as time went on young men started to choose their own partners and this spoiled all what the old people used to do. Now people will not be faithful to their wives or husbands and they have several partners even though they are not married. So they didn't follow their culture, they broke from what*

they used to do. I don't know what made this part loose. Maybe it's because of a group of people mixing together and one forgetting his or her way of living. Another thing I think is a problem with a lot of Batswana is that we don't think first. We have been raised under families who didn't show us the right tracks at the beginning of our childhood. Maybe because different groups are meeting and in the cities is different; and this forgetting is bringing the problem of all the sadnesses - the problem of child with parents who are not getting married, the problem of sexual, the problem of AIDS."

After Moitshepi had told me that all his work represents sad issues I came to consider them as a symbol of contemporary life in Botswana as seen through the eyes of a young artist:¹ *"You know, I am trying to give that message. People in villages in Botswana, they don't believe in AIDS normally. I mean a few of them can, they know about AIDS, but they believe in witchcraft mostly. You see they don't take the message. They think if somebody dies from AIDS diseases he has been witched, somebody's bewitching him. I try to tell some friends it comes through sexual, but it is difficult to teach those who have never been to school so he understands what's going on. May be I can give the message if they see my paintings and my sculpturings. In my village the people they see my work, but they don't know it. But now I am going to the UK they see it is may be something important, so may be they talk now to see."*²

"The stereotypical image of Africa is that of the backward continent, where the extreme forms of poverty, disease... exist. Such a picture, says, Dr Clémentine Deliss... should not be sustained and a way of shattering the negative myths is by exploring and exposing the vast talents being produced in the sundry areas of art, music, dance and literature" (Nigerian Sunday Time).

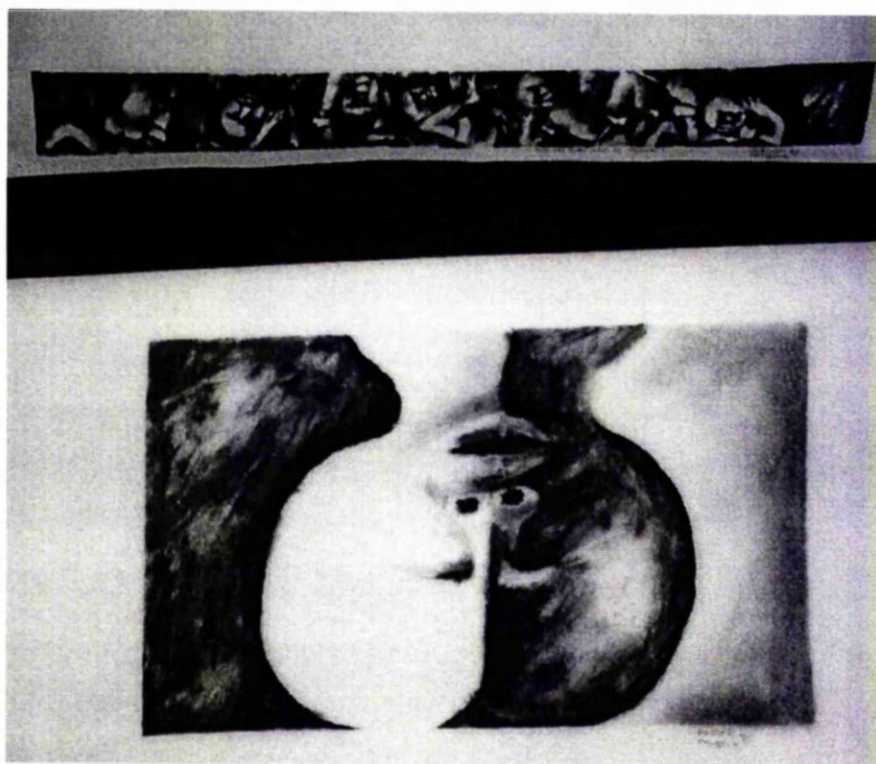
After speaking to Moitshepi and Noria I became aware of two problems: of interpreting the meaning of the sculpture when viewing it aesthetically and of understanding the importance the artists assigned to certain culturally specific meanings. Although I could understand the English words Noria and Moitshepi had spoken and the language of gesture they had used, in their attempt to communicate the messages / stories of their work, I found it difficult to identify with many of the cultural concepts or specific circumstances they spoke about. I did not know what contemporary life amongst the Venda people or within the Botswana that Moitshepi experienced was like, and this made it more difficult for me to understand why Moitshepi was so afraid of his village headman, or why Noria assigned an importance to the distinction of baby and girl and a manner of stretching one's body.

¹ Moitshepi told me he thought he was about 25-30 years old - no records of his birth date existed and his parents did not know.

² When I visited Moitshepi's home village in 1996 many of the villagers came to his family compound to see what all the excitement was about. At the time Moitshepi laughed that from then on people would pay attention to the work he was producing. That because an Englishwoman had come to see his work, to interview him and to photograph his work, the villagers would pay more attention to his messages. At the time of my visit he had just finished working on a large (1.2 meters high) concrete sculpture representing a man having great difficulty peeing, because he was suffering from AIDS: *"This happened to my friend. He is now died of AIDS. He was a soldier. I heard he died when I was in the UK."*

As Moitshepi and Noria spoke, through the stories they had materially illustrated and the feelings they expressed, they were communicating what they felt was important to them; and they spoke from a position that such expressions made perfect sense to them. Indeed so much so, Noria often found it exasperating to have to explain to me what was so familiar to her: the symbols and distinctions. Yet, even though Noria found it often frustrating to speak to me, she always persevered in her explanations until she felt I had understood because... *"this very good story, all Venda people story very nice story."* And Moitshepi persevered with his explanations because... *"I think if I have somebody who can understand what I am trying to say, I feel much better and I got that encouragement to talk more about my work. Most of the people they can't get the message quickly. I need to practice talking so I can give my message to the people."*

How they communicated was not just through speaking English, but the language of gesture, intonation, emotion, pointing at their work, combining illustrations with anecdotes, trusting I would listen. Like Moitshepi it was important for Noria that I understood the stories of her work, what her messages were; and like Noria, it was not okay with Moitshepi that I assign my own meaning to their work, or comment in a critical fashion about their work or their stories. For they interpreted such criticisms as being a slight on their identities and what they believed in; both arenas were directly associated with their concept of self and individuality, and affected how they presented themselves and their work within the context of the *Pamoja Workshop*. These insights made me wonder how their work could ever be solely understood on an aesthetic basis; a practice favoured within the international art world.



(bottom image) *Self-portrait*. This image expresses how Moitshepi felt during his visit to Britain.
 (top image) *Listen Son*, tells of the dilemmas Moitshepi experiences on deciding whether to follow the advice of the elder's within his community.

Section 4) Reinata Sathimba: her stories and work

In this section I discuss the creational context in which Reinata produced her work. This discussion illustrates that if one is to gain a greater understanding of why an artist made a particular piece, it is important to understand the artist's individuality and the circumstances surrounding the process of production. This approach allows the viewer to consider a piece beyond a contemplation of its aesthetic characteristics.

Reinata assigns the most importance to the story, the idea. It is the story-telling that brings her sculptures to life and captivates her audience. For Reinata her sculptures are not static, they are not a caption, they do not encapsulate a moment in time. Rather they are a reflection of the world around her, a world which is constantly on the move due to the "telling." As Reinata has no experience of textual story telling, as far as she is concerned a good story always initiates an oral response. It was for these reasons that she found it extremely difficult to understand why her audience often remained silent as they regarded her work.

After having witnessed many of Reinata's visitors' (*Pamoja* artists, workshop support staff, *YSP* curatorial staff, VIP's and general public) reactions to her work, I came to realise that if I was to convey any sense of the stories surrounding her work, I needed to illustrate the context in which they were told to me and to the other *Pamoja* participants, such as Noria, who were present during the "tellings." I needed to create a style of presentation that would convey to the reader a sense of how Reinata communicated her stories associated with her work. To convey to the reader a sense of how to access, how to participate within the world that Reinata opens up through her sculptures. To convey Reinata's desire to communicate an experience that astonishes one's senses and develops one's perception of the possible ways in which to see and sense the world around us in 1995.

Shetani

Arriving at the workshop studios Reinata quietly followed me through the series of rooms until we eventually reached a corridor and I pointed out a large stack of white bags. Reinata gave me a quizzical look so I ripped open one of the thick plastic coverings to reveal the rich brown textured clay donated to the workshop. As we ran our fingers across the material Reinata nodded and spoke some words in ChiMakonde, which although I couldn't understand gave me the sense that she approved. In return I gestured and spoke some words in English, to try to communicate the clay was for her to use. There then followed a few moments of hesitation and repetition, until Reinata was absolutely certain that I had indeed meant the clay was for her to use at the workshop and that absolutely no money need change hands. Once this was established Reinata jumped up and down, clapped her hands and gave me a hug. Then lifting from the top of the pile one of the heavy plastic bags, she hurried into the nearest workspace, dumped the bag loudly on the concrete floor and in the puff of dust caused by such an action, shouted: "*madengo, madengo*" (work, work).

I looked around the space and spied a long wooden work table, but no chair. When I indicated that I would go and find one Reinata tutted loudly, indicated there was no need and no time, and pulled my arm to help her roll a low tree stump into the corner of the room and balance a wooden board over the top of a larger upturned log. We then spent a few moments struggling to understand each other. Reinata pointed at the clay, mimed the action of working the clay and repeated over and over the words: "*maydi, maydi*." She eventually led me to the bathroom near to her workspace, turned on the small water tap and repeated once again: "*maydi, maydi*" (water, water). I went in search of a bucket and struggled back, from the far side of the workshop buildings, with water slopping over the sides. As I approached Reinata's studio she laughed at my awkwardness and then, pointing to the spot I should place the "*maydi*," took up her position; sitting astride the make-shift arrangement, she thumped a dollop of clay into the centre of the wooden board, smiled, and waved me away.

I wandered outside to join the other artists who were listening to the orientation 'question-and-answer' session, being conducted and translated into French by Anna K.; and then followed them as they went in search of materials and workspaces for their own projects. As they passed Reinata's workspace the theme of their conversations, spoken in a tone of high spirited friendship, was: "*isn't that great?*," "*she's certainly setting the pace*" and "*we'd better get on with it*." Ikram and Noria decided to set up in the same studio space as Reinata. This was primarily because all three women had decided to begin working with clay and the source of the material was only a few steps away. As Ikram and Noria settled into their positions Reinata gave them a momentary glance before she resumed, her face filled with intense concentration, to work silently on the emerging clay form.

Apart from at lunch time, it was only I who disturbed Reinata throughout the day and that was solely to administer her medicine, or rather medicines. The word for medicine in ChiMakonde, Zachary Kingdon had informed me, is *ntela* (pl. *mitela*), which encompasses a much broader category than simply therapeutic medicines:

The bewitchments, enchantments and curses of the Makonde sorcerer are all thought to be achieved through the special effectiveness of the *mitela* he or she uses. It is also *mitela* which constitute the efficacious ingredients in all sorcery prophylactics and in charms. *Ntela* can be used to accomplish both beneficial and detrimental ends and it is probably best described as an 'empowering' substance... Those people who use their knowledge of *mitela* to serve beneficial ends are called either, *muntela* (pl. *vantela*), which translates roughly as "healer," or *pundi wa kulaula* ("expert curer") or, if very knowledgeable, *munu wa mitela* (pl. *vanu va mitela*), translatable roughly as "magician" (Kingdon 1994:33-34).

The Rachel and Reinata '*mitela* ritual' was performed four times a day and took the following form: I would appear and say "*Reinata mitela*." Reinata would then stop her work and sit quietly watching as I carefully



Reinata at work on *Shetani*.

go to wash her hands and take the spoon from me. Normal practice, however, was for Reinata to peer intently at the liquid on the offered spoon, before receiving it with her open mouth. Once Reinata had swallowed the ingredients, she would pull a face to demonstrate how disgusting the medicine tasted, clap her hands and let out a little shout. I would enquire: "*Reinata, Yambone?*" (Reinata, Good?), to which Reinata would smile and turn to carry on with her work. Finally, I would wash the plastic spoon, pack away the various bottles and then tick off the currently scheduled '*Reinata mitela session*,' on the chart I had drawn up.

By the end of the first day Reinata had completed the main body of the figure and before leaving the studio she covered it with a damp length of cloth. The next day we transferred the base board and clay form to

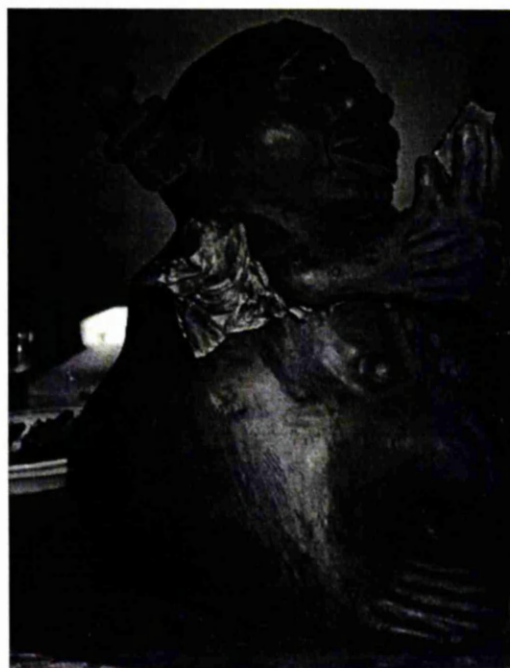
removed each container from the plastic bag, re-read the instructions, firmly shake the bottle and then measure out the liquid. So as to avoid any spillage, in the transfer from my hand to hers and to avoid Reinata having to leave her work position to wash her clay covered hands, I would hold out the filled spoon. Occasionally I felt a little embarrassed if someone else was intently watching the proceedings, because I thought they may think I was 'babying' Reinata.¹ I got a sense that Reinata understood my discomfort as during these very rare moments, she would get up,

¹ Many of the artists at the workshop used to tease me that Reinata was my baby. This began when they saw me collecting Reinata from her accommodation and driving her to the studio every morning; collecting and carrying her buckets of water; administering her medicines; helping her at lunch times; carrying her plastic bags and taking her back to the accommodation block in the evenings; and generally spending time with her on the occasions she decided to visit the *Bretton College* bar. If the artists saw me wandering around the workshop or college bar without Reinata they often called out: "*Where's your baby Rachel?*" to which I would reply in the same jocular tone: "*She's busy making her eightieth piece of sculpture for the day!*" Reinata's ability to produce great quantities of work very quickly became a source of conversation amongst the artists and initially made some of them feel uncomfortable. However, after the artists had begun to settle into the workshop, their fear and hesitation was often transformed into friendly teasing.

I had mixed feelings on the subject as to whether Reinata was my baby or I was hers. When I first met Reinata in London I saw her as a visitor to my country, who could not speak English, who was unwell and who found herself in unfamiliar circumstances. However, once Reinata had begun to settle in, she became more confident and started to 'tease' me at any opportunity she found. She also began to chastise me. For instance, if I spent too much time, in her opinion, with any of the other artists she would rebuke me; or if she did not like the workshop food, she demanded that I go and find her something else. Everyday was filled with little requests that were difficult for me to achieve and often resulted in me being 'tutted at,' 'sulked at,' or 'shouted at.'

Reinata and I had a relationship that was full of emotional ups and downs. We laughed with each other, felt extremely frustrated with each other and followed each other around for a large part of everyday. Sometimes I felt like Reinata's 'gofer,' sometimes like her daughter, sometimes like her protector and sometimes like her friend.

balance on top of a black dustbin. This raised the sculpture to a safer height and provided Reinata with easier access to her work. The second day that Reinata worked on the figure she textured one side of the body with small pieces of clay, to give the effect of some sort of scaly or furry skin, and started to shape the facial features and place arms onto the body form. Over the following few days, the first thing Reinata did when we arrived in her studio space was to crouch close to her sculpture and peer into the little mirror fragment she had placed into one of the hands that the sculpted figure had been endowed with. After this she would add another deformity onto the figure. For instance, she placed a boil with puss oozing out on the back of the clay creature and made a miniature foot with a face as it's heel for the creature's ear.



Side view of smooth surface and mirror.

The positioning of the mirror piece occurred after a search through her equipment box. Reinata often rummaged through this box, which she had brought with her from Maputo. It was full of small wooden instruments, coloured pieces of cloth, pins, buttons, off-cuts of metal rods, pebbles and old toothbrushes; and during her time in Britain other items, such as plastic canteen knives and tubes of glue (from *Bretton College*), strands of sheep wool and pieces of flint stone (from the *Henry Moore Foundation*), bits of gravel (from Sokari Douglas Camp's driveway),² were collected and placed within it.

This particular time Reinata pulled out a small jagged piece of mirror. The piece had once formed part of her hand mirror, which had broken when I had accidentally dropped her handbag on the first day we arrived at the *YSP*. At the time of the accident I had been terribly embarrassed and had promised to buy her a new one. So when Reinata held the piece of mirror for me to see my feelings of discomfort returned and I repeated my

² Sokari Douglas Camp participated in the *africa95* solo exhibition: *Play and Display: Masquerades of Southern Nigeria*, at the *Museum of Mankind*. Sokari allowed Reinata to work in her London studio for a few days *Post-Pamoja*.

earlier promise. However, Reinata shook her head and walked over and placed it carefully in the hands of her sculpted figure. Once this was done she peered closely into the mirror and then turning towards me enquired: “*Yambone, lisinamu?*,” to which I replied, with much relief: “*Yambone na mene*” (very good).

Kingdon (1994:32) discusses how the Makonde practised various forms of divination ritual and describes how the most widespread form involves the use of a ‘pair of rattles (*manyanga*), a mirror (or a *luene* full of water) and a stoppered *inumba* (‘medicine’ gourd) containing castor oil.’ The process includes the shaking of the *manyanga*, the singing of special songs and looking into the oil in the *inumba* and the mirror. The purpose of such divination is frequently to identify the cause of the patient’s illness and then pronounce the future. For instance, the sorcerer may say that the patient will get well again (if that is the case) and the sorcerer either gives the caller a certain medicine (*ntela*) for the patient, or tells the caller to find a healer (*muntela*) who will be able to cure the patient’s illness.



Side view of scaly surface.

Reinata continued to work on this figure for five days and until it appeared to me that she was settled and happy at the workshop and feeling physically much better. I came to this conclusion, because she had begun to explore the workshop by visiting the other artists’ studio spaces and had stopped complaining to me of any pain. It was also only after a few days that she responded to my question: “*Reinata, lisinamu, lyna lyake?*” (Reinata, sculpture, his/her name is?). Her answer was “*Shetani*,” followed by much activity in which she proceeded to point out and talk about, in ChiMakonde, each of the details. Reinata was particularly keen for me to acknowledge the small tail she had placed on the scaly

back-side of the creature, the foot ear and the boil. These three details made her laugh as she touched them, in particular when I pulled faces and made sounds to communicate how horrid, for example, the puss filled boil was. Reinata then asked me, in a very serious and questioning tone of voice: “*Yambone?*.” I replied: “*Yambone na mene lisinamu*” (Very good sculpture). To this Reinata clapped her hands, did a little foot shuffle dance and sang in a chanting rhythmic style: “*Reinata Yambone, Reinata, Reinata Makonde.*”³

³ Reinata comes from the Makonde group who live on the high plateau in the Cabo Delgado province, Mozambique. The Mozambican Makonde plateau is situated between the Ruvuma and Masalo rivers and extends over an area of about 1,715 square kilometres.

We then continued our communication session. I touched the textured body side of the figure and gave Reinata a quizzical look. This triggered Reinata to begin talking very quickly in ChiMakonde and to mime something that looked like she was hiding: she rushed in a scurrying fashion across the studio, stopped suddenly, slowly parted and peered out from behind her hands, which were covering her face, and then repeated the whole demonstration over and over again. All seemed to be going smoothly until I touched the sculpture, pointed at Reinata, who was on the far side of the studio peering from behind her hands, and enquired: "*Shetani?*... *Shetani Yambone?*." Reinata put her hands on her hips, gave me an exasperated look, shook her head in disbelief and repeated in a distinctly disappointed tone: "*Reinata Ndyoko*" (Reinata's Child/ Little Reinata).⁴ She then walked away, still shaking her head, saying "*Shetani, Shetani, Shetani*" and went back to searching through her equipment box; leaving me with the realisation that I had asked, in Reinata's eyes, the wrong question. I was left none the wiser as to what *Shetani* was.

Shetani (or more properly *shaitani* - pl. *mashaitani*) is a Swahili word of Arabic origin, which can take on either a general or more specific meaning depending on the context in which the word is used. Jeremy Coote in his catalogue essay accompanying the 1989 exhibition *Makonde: Wooden sculpture from East Africa from the Malde Collection*, held at *The Museum of Modern Art*, Oxford, describes *Shetani* as the following:

Shetani means 'spirit'. It is normally translated as 'evil' or 'mischievous' spirit, though not all *shetani* are necessarily evil or particularly mischievous. They are perhaps better thought of as imps rather than devils. *Shetani* are often sources of misfortune, bringing dysentery, crop diseases and road accidents, for example. They are innumerable, unpredictable, and not confined to the world of the thicket-covered plateau [the Makonde people inhabit]... Makonde like to tell stories about them, such as meeting one on a path in the forest, and describe them as grotesque versions of human beings, deformed creatures with missing limbs and distorted facial features (1989:19-20).

According to Dias and Dias (1970:385) anonymous spirits of the insignificant dead can be either relatively benevolent or else malevolent. The malevolent ones belong to the wider category of malevolent beings called *machatwani* (after the Swahili *mashetani*)... The relatively benevolent anonymous ancestor spirits are known as *masinamu* (or *machinamu*)' (Kingdon 1994:30-31). [*masinamu* sing. *lisinamu* is also the word for a crafted image, or carving].

Dias and Dias' (1970) account of the Makonde spirit world, appears to reflect the Makonde perception of their spirit world as researched by Zachary Kingdon (1994:104-105): '... With the exception of the *mahoka*, with

⁴ "*Reinata Ndyoko*" was the name that Reinata used to call me, because she could not say Rachel. It was also the name that I referred to myself as whenever I was speaking to Reinata. Zachary told me that in Swahili it means "*Reinata's child*," and Magdalene Odundo, the Kenyan ceramist, told me it means "*Little Reinata*."

whom communication is effected through sacrifice and divination, spirit beings are left well alone by all but sorcerers. Any communication with these beings would be considered very dangerous and to see one is an inauspicious sign which usually augurs illness or the death of a family member...'

To be able to discuss Reinata's *Shetani* sculpture, an understanding of Reinata's personal experiences, within the context of the *Pamoja Workshop*, is required. Combining that with the insights gleaned from the research conducted by Kingdon (1994) and Dias & Dias (1970) into the 'spirit world of the Makonde,' the following statement takes on a particular relevance: 'An entirely original *shetani* carving is most appropriately identified with a completely 'unknown' spirit whose existence, although unverifiable, is nevertheless implied in the incidence of an 'unknown' disease of which it is certainly the causative agent.' In addition, as the Makonde carver, Kashimirir, explained to Kingdon, 'the carvings are intended to "remind" one of the "behaviour" (or "actions" i.e., vitendo) of *mashetani*' (1994:145).

I say this because Reinata produced *Shetani* during the period that she felt most unwell and unsettled; moreover, the production of an 'original' sculpture, I came to understand, was something to which Reinata always assigned a particular importance (see my following discussion of her sculptures entitled *The Prayer Pot* and *The Siamese Twins*). Although the *Shetani* sculpture may be read at many levels, I feel it is a representation of Reinata's initial experience as a guest of *africa95*. Reinata evidently interpreted - made sense of - her experience, by filtering it through her prior knowledge of the 'spirit world of the Makonde;' and communicated her interpretation, through the only effective means available to her at the time: the manipulation of clay to produce *Shetani*.

The environment that Reinata had arrived from Maputo to experience, was filled with things she had never seen or heard or tasted before. In addition to this, Reinata had been unwell on her arrival to Britain and had remained so for the first week of her stay. Despite this state of health, she worked hard and never once gave the appearance of 'feeling sorry for herself.' From one perspective Reinata's behaviour is not surprising: she was a fifty-year old woman who had lived through great periods of violence in Mozambique and struggled against poverty and hunger for most of her life. She was a proud and strong woman, who knew how to adapt and survive under extreme circumstances and, in particular, when things seemed unfamiliar.

When Reinata arrived at the workshop it must, however, have been extremely disconcerting to find herself in an environment where the only familiar face was that of her Mozambican companion, Dias Mahlate; and where the only person who had any knowledge of her language - *ChiMakonde* - and her culture was Zachary Kingdon. Dias Mahlate, who spoke a little Portuguese with Reinata, only knew a little of Reinata's culture; something he had learned from his wife, who had lived for a brief time with the Makonde during the Liberation War in Mozambique. Reinata was also having to contend with a series of 'lifestyle' changes and was finding herself, like many of the other artists, in a position of having to be completely dependent on someone to show her the way in the context she found herself in; that person was usually myself, who was also

having to find my way in an unfamiliar context, albeit perhaps not as unfamiliar as it was to Reinata, because I could speak English and had spent some time in Britain. In addition to experiencing the frustration of not being able to communicate, as a woman in her home context is able, Reinata was also having to contend with the feelings of isolation and moments of fear associated with being away from home.⁵

The Makonde carvers Kashmirir and Chanuo discussed with Kingdon the *shetani* piece made by their colleague, Hendrick Thobias. Kashmirir felt the piece a very good carving, because “*it shows a shetani as we understand them... a spirit is not altogether like an animal, nor is it altogether like a human being... From the back you will think it an animal (especially because of the tail) but the arms are like a person. The head, with its ears and eyes, is animal-like, but the mouth is human.*” Chanuo, also thought Thobias’ carving was very good because: “*One can look at it every day and still say to oneself, ‘It’s human, no it’s an animal, but no, it’s a shetani’*” (1994:147). These discussions of the *shetani* sculpture also bring to mind the ChiMakonde word *kugiligia*, which translates as ‘to be startled’ and thus relates to a ‘mode of being.’ Makonde carvers make association between such an experience and that of *shetani*. As Chanuo explained to Kingdon, ‘when walking in the forest one can be seized by sudden fear and trembling for no visible reason because “the place itself is frightening.” This, he said, would be an example of a *giligia* experience. Chanuo deemed his *Giligia* carving to be a very successful work... the figure had a large protruding eye and frightening teeth which projected outside the mouth’ (1994:147).

In summary, given that the Makonde spirit world is full of the known and the unknown, it therefore becomes a useful heuristic model to ‘think about’ any experiences and ‘happenings’ in one’s life, particularly in relation to illness, or fear, or ‘things out of place.’ It was a concept that Reinata appeared to find useful with regard to ‘thinking about’ her often confusing and unfamiliar circumstances, during the initial stages of her time at the *Pamoja Workshop*. Reinata attributed the difficulties of her initial experience to the power associated with the new and unknown spirit, which she captured in *Shetani*. She ceased working on the *Shetani* sculpture when she appeared to have settled in to the workshop and had got over the worst of her illness. Given her belief in the spirit, she would have perceived the making of *Shetani* to have contributed to this shift in her circumstances.

The Snake Family

My understanding of this sculpture is it has something to do with the practice of sorcery and healing, which as I learnt from Zachary Kingdon, is often expressed amongst the Makonde ‘in the terms of a vocabulary which includes words which also describe day-to-day bodily, or otherwise person-centred actions whose meaning must therefore be understood metaphorically or as a synonym (1994:35); also, that ‘...among the Makonde,

⁵ The only major ethnography of the Mozambican Makonde is *Os Macondes de Mocambique*. Research for this was begun in 1957, when the Portuguese ministry for overseas affairs commissioned Jorge Dias (1907-1973) to begin a *Mission for the study of the Ethnic Minorities of the Portuguese Overseas Territories*. Work on the Makonde Plateau ceased in 1960 (Kingdon 1994:8-9).

and many other groups throughout East Africa, some spirits are thought to be able to transform themselves into snakes. This would therefore make the snake an appropriate iconic form for the representation of *mashetani* and spirit phenomena in general...' (1994:115). Although I never heard Reinata use the word *shetani* when she spoke about *The Snake Family*, I was interested to note that she started to work on *Shetani* and *The Snake Family* on consecutive days, and that both sculptures are associated with the 'spirit world of the Makonde.'



The Snake Family (after having been fired in the kiln).

body is represented by a twisting snake's tail, whereas the top half of his body takes a human form with a chest, two outstretched arms, one holding a ladle, and a human head turned to look up at the small human boy figure, sitting astride his back and holding onto his shoulders.

The two separate pieces can be placed together to form one intertwined piece of work. When fitting the two pieces together, the female's left breast tucks under the right arm of the small boy and her left arm, which is raised high up, moves to embrace the small boy's shoulders.

Reinata acted out the story, whilst speaking ChiMakonde. Some of the words I had learnt and that she used in the 'telling' were: *njoka* (snake); *ndyoko* (child); *nkono* (arm); *ntela* (medicine); *atata* (father); *hapa* (here); *ida kuno* (come here); *ooti* (all of them); *mama* (mother). The story begins by placing the two pieces lying slightly apart from each other:

"At the beginning the mother, father and their little son all lived as one happy family. Then one day everything changed. The woman learnt that her husband had a lover and this made her really angry. So she decided to make a potion to seek her revenge and offered it to her

The sculpture consists of two separate pieces:

- a) The first piece is of a female figure. The top half has a woman's head, shoulders, breasts and two outstretched arms; and the bottom half is represented by the twisting form of a snake's tail.
- b) The second piece is made up of two figures, a male and a boy. The larger and lower figure is the male, the length of his

husband in a ladle. He was completely unaware that the liquid in the ladle contained any 'magic' and so was happy to drink what his wife had offered him. The minute he swallowed the potion the 'magic' began to work and transformed the main part of his body into the twisting form of a snake's tail. His wife was very pleased, because now her husband would not be able to make love with his lover ever again.

"The husband lay at his wife's feet, holding the ladle in despair. However, she felt no sympathy for him, or herself, until their little son appeared. When the son saw his father's body had turned into a snake's tail and when he heard his father's sorrow, the little boy climbed astride his father's back, hugged his father's shoulders and began to sob loudly as he pleaded with his mother to change his father back into his original form. When she heard her son's crying the mother felt sad. It was a sadness that increased when she realised that she would not be able to make love with her husband in his present form.

"However, there was a problem. The 'magic' she had used was so strong that there was no way to undo it. When she explained this to her son he cried even more loudly. Then her husband had an idea. Offering his wife the ladle with the 'magic' potion, he told her: 'If I cannot return to a human form, you can join me by changing yourself.' She took the ladle, drank the liquid and within moments, the lower part of her body had also been transformed into the twisting form of a snake's tail. This meant that the family were all able to hug each other once again and were reunited as a happy family." [At this point in the story, the two separate pieces should be shifted so that they interlock with each other]."

I was aware that Reinata was being viewed by most people she came into contact with, during her time in Britain, as 'different.' Added to this, Zachary had also informed me: 'The bewitchments, enchantment and curses of the Makonde sorcerer are all thought to be achieved through the special effectiveness of the *mitela* he or she uses... spirit beings are left well alone by all but sorcerers' (1994:33 & 104). I became aware after discussing the sorcery and healing aspects of Reinata's sculpture with some of the artists that such concepts directly affected how people perceived of Reinata. For instance, those persons who do not believe in such practices began to speak about Reinata as 'exotic' and to assign a value such as 'she is primitive.' Whereas those persons who do believe in such practices began to assign their own contextual understanding surrounding such practices, which often led them to avoid her out of fear, or to be wary of her. Due to these responses I began to omit any mention of sorcery and healing when discussing the sculpture. Instead I only retold Reinata's story. This resulted in much amusement amongst the listeners, something which Reinata enjoyed and encouraged me to tell and re-tell whenever anyone entered her studio space. The response Reinata desired from her audience, was a jocular one.

“We don’t necessarily talk with the mouth, but we speak with our eyes, with our hearts...”

When Zuleika was filming Djibril, he made the following comments (translated from French): *“What is interesting is that the people come from very different countries, with very different but very open minds. And they are culturally, totally different. We want to get to know each other. We don’t necessarily talk with the mouth, but we speak with our eyes, with our hearts and it is that which is important. And what I try to do with my camera is to show all that. It’s difficult, but it is what I try to do when I take my photographs. There is a relationship between the artist and his work of art, a relationship between the artist and his colleagues. Between these three individuals - the work of art, the artist and his colleagues - and myself too. It makes for painstaking research work...”*

“I watch them work and as soon as I feel I must do something, it’s then that I pull out my camera and try to capture those moments, which are very expressive. Both in the artist’s face and also in the way he tackles his material, because all that is a language... at the moment I feel I have a great responsibility, because I am the communication link between us, the people outside and to other generations.”



Djibril photographing Reinata at work.



Djibril Sy at work.



Djibril creating his photographic montage board of the *Pamoja* artists, which they all then signed.



*Gamal Abdelhameed
Camel/Alot/Vano*



*Adam Hassan
R*

"They are photos that I selected from amongst many others, and what makes them special is that each photograph reflects the personality of the artist. We have been together for three weeks and it was at the end of our last week that I took these pictures" (Djibril Sy).



Gamal, Adam and Babacar.

Noria & Colleen.



Djibril's photo of *Shetani* that offended Reinata.

Reinata first saw the images of herself that Djibril had taken when the artists were being encouraged to sign their names on the montage board of *Pamoja* artists' portraits. Reinata was very disappointed by what she saw and communicated this by shaking her head and tutting with disapproval. The second time she saw Djibril's work was when each of the artists were allowed to choose six of the slides, that he had taken during the workshop, to take home with them. This time, when Reinata saw the images of herself and her work, she was furious and chastised Djibril in a very demonstrative and public fashion. She made it clear the images he had taken of her *Shetani* sculpture were the ones she disliked the most, before waving her arms in a dismissive gesture and stomping off muttering angrily in ChiMakonde.¹

A few minutes later, on seeing me enter her studio, Reinata flung open her equipment box and produced the slides of her work she had brought with her from Maputo. Vigorously pointing at the images Reinata pronounced "yambone na mene" (very good); and then speaking ChiMakonde very rapidly she gesticulated that Djibril's photos were dreadful, because most of what she had made had been edited out by his camera.²

Reinata then pointed at the images of herself that had been published in a newspaper article, which Zachary had collected during his fieldwork (*Tanzania Weekend Magazine*: Friday August 3, 1990). I had pinned this

¹ I understand that these images are some of the ones Djibril selected and which are to be published in the book edited by Elsbeth Court and Salah Hassan's, based on the *africa95 SOAS Symposium* (1998).

² During the workshop a freelance filmmaker called Jo Shinner arrived. Jo had been commissioned to make a short film about the workshop for satellite T.V.; and she made two visits to the workshop. The first to do some research with a small camcorder and the second with a film-crew. Jo Shinner had chosen not to use any of Zuleika Kingdon's well researched and patiently made film-footage. When Jo first arrived and Reinata realised she was going to be filmed she was cross with me for not warning her, because she felt she did not look presentable enough. I was a little surprised because Reinata had never reacted like this when Zuleika had entered her studio to do any filming. Reinata demanded I remove my shirt and necklace so she could wear them and I was left standing in the corner of the studio, clad in Reinata's work clothes. After this, Reinata proceeded to direct Jo's camera-work: Reinata wanted to be shown collecting a bag of clay, before working on building up the top of pot with a very serious expression on her face. The moment Jo left the studio space Reinata teased me before allowing me to swap clothes with her. When Jo arrived with the film-crew I was not present for the filming and have not been able to see the final film. However, I can comment on Reinata and Jo's reactions to the filming process. When I returned to Reinata's studio I found her furiously speaking in ChiMakonde and acting-out how the film-makers had not allowed her to prepare herself for the presentation. When I asked Jo how the filming had gone, she replied: "You should have seen her... It was such an amazing sight... She was brilliant - rushing around the studio shouting and waving her arms about."

article on the studio wall for everyone to read. The article was accompanied by a series of images of Reinata 'at work' and posing with her work. When I examined the photographs I noticed she liked the images which showed as much of her whole figure or that of her work as possible. This was confirmed to me a few weeks later when Reinata was leaving for Maputo and I offered her all the photographs I had taken and suggested she take home any she liked. After ploughing her way through the selection she only chose those photographs which showed either herself or her work more completely, or the series of photographs that built up a larger picture. To demonstrate and reinforce her point of view, she threw any of my detailed and one-off snapshots on the floor in disgust.



Another of Djibril's photos of *Shetani* that offended Reinata.



The montage board photo that Reinata disliked intensely.

Reinata

Shortly after Reinata had first seen Djibril's images, she began work on the sculpture that she always referred to as "*Reinata*." This sculpture represents Reinata's deeply upsetting experience of being ambushed during the Liberation War in Mozambique and was also made as a catalyst to prompt the telling of many stories associated with her war experiences. During this war Reinata worked as a carrier of weapons and supplies for FRELIMO, formed in Tanzania in 1962 to unite all effective opposition to the Portuguese.



The *Reinata* sculpture.



The metal rods represent the bullets.

When Reinata spoke about/described the incident surrounding the ambush, for Noria and myself, she first prepared the studio by creating a narrow path and then engaged the use of various props. A length of cotton fabric was tied around her waist to be an ankle length skirt; another piece of cloth, to support a baby (represented by a piece of wood), was positioned round her back and the ends of the material (over her right shoulder and under her left armpit) were tied at the front of her body; a large woven basket, she indicated was extremely heavy through staggering movements and grunting sounds, was positioned on top of her head (with the assistance of Noria, who joined in the performance of heaving and grunting, after Reinata had gestured for her to participate in the preparations); and, finally Reinata picked up a heavy box which she carried in her left hand.

The atmosphere in the studio was serious and silent as Reinata began to walk quietly and slowly through the space. With one arm carrying the heavy box and her right hand raised to support the side of the large wicker basket balanced on her head. She walked... and she walked, until the tension became almost unbearable. Then suddenly Reinata looked around nervously, fell quickly to the ground on her front... where using the basket to protect her head, she lay very still mimicking the presence of machine gun fire. When the gunfire subsided, Reinata, still lying on the ground, began to feel for the baby on her back: as her grabbing motions became more frenzied, the expressions on her face raced through various stages of desperation. Slowly the

realisation dawned that the baby must be dead. The realisation prompted Reinata to make very gentle sobbing sounds that drifted into stillness, Noria to cradle her head in her hands; and me to sit motionless staring at nothing in particular... at the aftermath of the scene. After a few minutes Reinata stood up, carefully undid the cloth containing the body of the dead child and then staring directly at Noria and myself, said "*Reinata*." Noria and I nodded to show we had understood and were deeply moved by the tragedy.

The Makonde were among the first Mozambicans to organise a popular political opposition against the Portuguese colonial regime and to join the proto-nationalist movement MANU. On 16 June 1960 hidden colonial troops opened fire on a peaceful mass meeting called by the Portuguese authorities under the pretence to discuss Makonde grievances. About 600 Makonde were killed in the massacre at Mueda, which historians site as the turning point in the history of Mozambique. Reinata, who was born in 1945 at Nimu Village in the Mueda District (northern province of Mozambique), would have been fifteen years old at the time of this massacre.

After the Mueda massacre the Makonde support for MANU grew and when FRELIMO launched an armed struggle in September 1964, the MANU members gave their support to the new nationalist liberation organisation. Liberated zones were set up on the Makonde plateau and used by FRELIMO soldiers to maintain and supply a protracted guerrilla war: collective agricultural projects produced surpluses to feed the freedom fighters and war victims, and sold them across the Ruvuma river in Tanzania to buy vital imports. When the liberated zones were set up on the Makonde plateau Reinata would have been a nineteen year old married woman. Reinata and her husband both joined FRELIMO and participated in the Liberation War: Reinata as a carrier of ammunitions and supplies, her husband as a combatant. This period of Reinata's life as a young woman, wife and mother was extremely traumatic. She witnessed countless acts of violence and lost six of her eight children. Her husband survived.

When Reinata "communicated" this period of her life, always triggered by a regarding of the sculpture, I was often in the studio space with Noria. The two of us would watch Reinata's dramatisation of her personal experiences and those she had been witness to, during a time filled with hunger, physical hardship, fear; and above all terrible acts of violence, such as brutal murder and gang rape. Whenever, Reinata chose to "communicate" a particular incident, the studio, boxes and sculptures were transformed into forest paths, bushes and people.

The incident Reinata recounted most frequently and with the most drama, related to the death of another small child. The episode always began with Reinata crouching silently in the bushes hiding from the passers-by. In those moments Reinata was a woman hugging her child, in a desperate attempt to silence its cries. Then suddenly Reinata would jump up and become the soldier... who leant down and yanked the small crying child out of its mother's arms and through the undergrowth. The child, held upside down by one of its legs, was then swung so its head smashed hard against the bow of the tree, before being casually discarded, lifeless, onto the ground. This

action, this moment in Reinata's "telling" would always prompt Noria to leap to her feet, stamp her foot and let out a yell of anguish as she buried her face in her hands. It was a gesture that, in turn, made Reinata stop her account and walk around the studio shaking her own head at the horror of it all.

The workshop studio was always so charged with Reinata's presence during these 'tellings' that I found it completely inappropriate to make any further enquiries into any of the specific details about the stories being related. For instance, I was not absolutely certain whether the young child, whose head had been smashed against the tree trunk, had been killed to prevent it crying and giving away one of the FRELIMO supply group's position; or whether it had been killed by a Portuguese soldier. Also, I was not clear as to whether the child had been one of Reinata's own children or that of a friend of hers; whether it had been Reinata who was holding the child or someone else she had been watching in terror from her nearby hiding place. At the time any attempt to establish such distinctions seemed rather petty, particularly when considering it was the brutality of the act and its memory that had lived with Reinata for so many years; and which she chose to communicate in those moments when Noria and I had been in the presence of *Reinata*. It was clear in Reinata's "telling" that she owned the experience she was communicating; and the manner in which her stories were told always deeply affected us: it became difficult for us to erase what we had been told from our thoughts and from our seeing of *Reinata*.

Reinata was thirty years old (in 1975) when the Liberation War ended, when Mozambique gained its Independence and when her husband left her to take another wife. This thought preoccupied my mind frequently, during these "telling sessions" (at the YSP in August 1995), and I often pondered over how different all our lives had been. Yet, despite our differences, these powerful sessions also provided a forum in which many of our common understandings were able to be expressed. For instance, everyone in the studio, during those moments of communication, felt enraged and deeply saddened at the thought of the injustices that had taken place and which had given rise to *Reinata* and the tellings that it triggered.

After the war and having been abandoned by her husband, Reinata needed to support herself and her two remaining children. The answer came to her, Reinata told the Tanzanian journalist in 1990, through a dream: "*One night I dreamt. I saw clay on one side and money on the other.*" Since this dream-time Reinata has earned her living as a ceramicist predominantly in Maputo, the capital of Mozambique. The Makonde women traditionally make utilitarian ceramic pots and the men produce figurative carvings. "*I began by making household pots for holding water, copying my mother. I was annoyed when I couldn't turn pots as good as hers, but little by little I improved and now I can make things that even she couldn't manage*" (Reinata in conversation with Miguel Costa Mkaina: 1995). It is only during the secret female initiation ceremonies that Makonde women make figurative pieces out of clay (or when practising forms of sorcery and healing). Reinata has combined pot building and figurative techniques to produce a new Makonde ceramic art form that moves beyond the purely functional.

While Reinata worked as a carrier for FRELIMO, she would have been exposed to the Makonde carving

collectives and the work they produced, particularly as towards the end of the war (1973-74) Makonde carvings became a significant export commodity for FRELIMO. Indeed, 'FRELIMO mobilizers not only set up carving collectives they also influenced the subject matter of the carvings. They encouraged carvers to create new themes that would illustrate the evils of colonial oppression and the carvers responded by developing a 'genre' of 'personages in a state of oppression'... Other types of carving produced by carvers' collectives during the liberation struggle, such as the 'unidade de povo' (known as *ujamaa* in Tanzania) and the *shetani* 'genres', were evidently introduced from Tanzania where they were invented' (Kingdon 1994:74). The influence of themes the Makonde carving collectives produced, for instance *shetani* and *ujamaa*, may be seen in Reinata's clay sculptures (see my discussion of Reinata's sculptures entitled: *Shetani* and *Ujamaa*). Reinata has also developed many of these themes within her work, as well as references to Makonde practices of 'sorcery' and 'healing' and the concepts expressed during the Makonde female initiation ceremonies.³

At the end of the day, however, the influences for Reinata's works are multiple and contextual; and because she has developed a new ceramic art form, she makes up the rules for the "telling" of any tale she chooses to communicate. Having met Reinata, albeit for a few weeks in 1995, I would say this eclectic set of circumstances, this freedom in a sense, is what has fuelled her prolific production of work and suits her personality and her pride in presenting herself as: 'Reinata, the great Makonde sculptress; the great Makonde story-teller.' Finally I feel that Michael Stephen's comment is worth noting: 'FRELIMO firmly promotes the position that there can be no emancipation of Mozambicans without the complete emancipation of women' (1989:25). This ideology, to which Reinata would have certainly been exposed, is of interest when considering Reinata's personal achievements as a professional female sculptor, since Mozambique gained its independence in 1975; as well as many of the themes that depict aspects of Makonde motherhood and female strength, which she chooses to represent through her work.

"I felt it was only on invitation that I could go in"

A pair of full length black curtains were positioned at the entrance to Reinata's studio space. These were put up the day after Reinata had shown her slides to an unresponsive audience; soon after our incident at the local pub. Added to this she was very upset at being left behind, when Noria and Colleen had been taken on a shopping trip into Wakefield, by Ruth Lewis, a Friend of the YSP. Arriving at the studio I had found Reinata immensely distressed: striding around her studio shouting in ChiMakonde and furiously gesturing that no-one at the workshop liked Makonde people or her work. After this performance, Reinata then proceeded to threaten to damage her sculptures. I begged her not to take such an action, gave her a hug and told her in my extremely limited and grammatically incorrect ChiMakonde: "*Reinata Ndyoko, Kulota Reinata. Reinata lisinamu, yambone*" (Reinata's child / Little Reinata, to love Reinata. Reinata's sculpture good). Reinata then

³ I understand that Reinata has frequently been accused by some Makonde women of disclosing to 'outsiders' many of their secret practices for commercial gain: a practice they feel unhappy about (I am unclear whether such accusations are made from the perspective of guarding Makonde secrets or jealousy that a Makonde woman is earning her living and gaining a reputation as an international artist).

signalled that she did not want anyone to enter her studio; that she did not want to speak to anyone and that she did not want anyone to see her work. Having done so, she then gestured for me to put up one of her pieces of cloth across the entrance to her studio and when she realised it would be too small I was ordered to go and find something more suitable.

After the studio technicians had provided me with two lengths of timber and a pair of black curtains, I set about, under the direction of Reinata, attaching the materials to the door frame. André came to my assistance. Once this task had been completed I decided to pin up at the entrance to Reinata's studio the list of ChiMakonde words, which I had learnt since the beginning of the workshop. When the list had been posted, André read the ChiMakonde words and phrases, with their English and French counterparts, and then proceeded to say to Reinata: "*Bonjour. Commen Savior?*" - "*Abali ya nelo. Uumumi?*" (Good morning. How are you?). Reinata looked up in amazement, laughed and rushed up to give André a hug. She then pointed at the list and at me, to enquire whether I had made it possible. I explained how Zachary had told me the words and I had written them down so everyone could speak to her. After this, Reinata constantly gestured that I should listen carefully and write down the ChiMakonde words she went on to teach me over the few weeks. At the end of each week I would re-type the list with new words and phrases I had been taught by Reinata and pin it up on her studio wall (see **Appendix K** for words/phrases I learnt during Reinata's visit).

The second time that Reinata referred to the curtains and threatened to destroy her work, occurred on the morning after one of the group criticism sessions had not stopped to visit her studio space. Reinata had noticed that the group had decided to by-pass her work, because of the geographical manner in which the sessions were conducted: going from one artist to the next in adjacent spaces. That day Zachary was at the *RA*; I had gone to on a day trip to visit David Elliott, Director of the *Museum of Modern Art* in Oxford; and no-one at the workshop volunteered to translate for (or attempted to communicate with) Reinata. In a distressed manner Reinata told me, once again, that no-one at the workshop liked Makonde people or her work. As she furiously expressed her sense of rejection, Ndidi, who was also in the studio, told me that



Ndidi and Reinata.

although she had tried to persuade the artists to visit Reinata's studio, it had been decided that to communicate with Reinata through the list of ChiMakonde phrases pinned on her studio wall was too difficult; and neither Dias, who spoke a limited amount of Portuguese with Reinata, nor Francis, who only revealed towards the end of the workshop that he could speak Swahili, had stepped forward to volunteer their services.

After this incident Moitshepi informed me: *"I was with Duke and Dias at a time when we were still getting to know each other, at the beginning of the workshop. Dias told us Reinata wanted to come to England with her son so that he can translate for her. We had a conversation when we saw that you were having the problem of translating. In fact, we asked Dias why he didn't translate? He told us the language that Reinata spoke, Dias didn't know it. But we were surprised because they both come from Mozambique and we thought they would know each other's language. We felt that you were doing a great job managing to know some of the words and to know what they mean and trying to make that dictionary. Dias thought it was good, so he could do his own work without being disturbed."*

Arthur's comment on these circumstances was: *"Dias and Francis wanted to work as artists and didn't want to have the responsibility of translating for Reinata. In fact, in the first place I thought Francis doesn't speak Swahili. Also, Francis is Buganda and so it's a tribal thing. Saying I don't know your language, it's like a war between them... You know, there are times when there is nothing to criticise, you don't have to criticise for the sake of it. But some people have something to criticise if they don't like the person. Like when they say that Reinata is doing a crafty thing, or it's too much that she's producing. It's like saying it's not good art, it's not experimental. But I think quite a lot of people learnt something from Reinata. But these people will not come open and say it."*

How Reinata presented herself at the workshop was complex and often resulted in misunderstandings. For instance, through providing only the titles of her work for the slide show as an access point for her audience, who had little or no prior knowledge of her work; by refusing often to speak anything other than ChiMakonde⁴ and the 'language of gesture'; and by expressing her emotions demonstratively in a public fashion that often left the receiver feeling uncomfortable. These presentations and how they were interpreted, particularly during the initial stages of the workshop, resulted in others seeing Reinata and her work in the same light: different to anything one had directly encountered before and often interpreted as being something 'primitive' and 'mysterious.' These things were beyond the 'knowable' unless one was an initiate and to become an initiate - to come to glimpse the world as Reinata understood it and chose to communicate it through her work - required the desire to do so and much time and effort. In the busy rush of their daily workshop activities, this course of action was something many of the artists and support staff, whether intentionally or unintentionally, chose not to undertake.

In addition, there was an underlying fear that being associated with Reinata would leave one looking less

⁴ During the workshop I was never clear whether Reinata could understand Portuguese and Swahili or speak it well enough to express her ideas. I was also never sure whether the people listening to Reinata speaking Portuguese or Swahili actually understood much of what she was saying. For instance, when a friend of mine spoke Portuguese with Reinata she confirmed Dias' comments that it was extremely difficult to understand what Reinata was saying; and when I took Reinata to the *Mozambique High Commission* towards the end of her visit to Britain, the High Commissioner's assistant informed me that she found it difficult to understand what it was Reinata was saying to her in Swahili. Although Zachary Kingdon and the Kenyan ceramicist, Magdalene Odundo, gave me the impression they could understand what it was Reinata was saying to them when she spoke Swahili, I was also left wondering whether they had perhaps not understood all of what Reinata was saying, because they often chose not to translate what Reinata was saying in Swahili about her work or what it was I wanted to ask Reinata.

sophisticated, especially under the hierarchical viewing in which western clad, non-tattoo marked, city based, art school trained persons, who tended to produce 'abstract' pieces, were at the top. This sense of an hierarchical ordering and progression was often expressed to me by some of the artists, who stated they had begun with modelling clay and then moved on to other materials such as stone or wood or concrete: *"I started to transfer my ceramic figures to wood and so I started to be a sculptor"* (Dias); *"I started when I was a little boy, my mother was a potter, so I sort of picked up by modelling with clay, which is usual for any other African child growing up. Then they get to a stage where you see if you are encouraged or not"* (Flinto). Yet, the flip side of such criticism was also levelled at western people if they showed an interest in Reinata and her work: *"people are interested in Reinata, because she is the most exotic of the Pamoja artists."* Such comments not only reinforced my sense that many artists perceived Reinata in such a manner, but also often resulted in people feeling uncomfortable about spending much time with her, in an attempt to distance themselves from an accusation that left them feeling uneasy.

"It's difficult to tell just from looking at the artist's work, what they are like as a person, or how they would function in a group situation, which is actually vital in the workshop situation" (Vernan Edwards).

This state of affairs was further complicated by Reinata's lack of awareness that many of the signs she had instigated to protect herself against the hurt of further rejection, for instance, the drawing of the curtains to her studio or her constant public declaration that she was *"Makonde,"* often compounded the situation and her experience of isolation and difference. As Anna B. commented (an interpretation that was also expressed to me by many of the artists): *"I know the first time I went up to the studios and found that the curtain was up I didn't go in. I know that a lot of the male technicians wouldn't go in. I felt it was only on invitation that I*



could go in. The feeling I got and the technicians got was it had something to do with the process being secret and that it wasn't to be observed by men. That it had something to do with female things."

View of the curtains drawn across the entrance to Reinata's studio.

Mother Giving Birth and Mother Carrying New-born Baby

These two sculptures depict the same Makonde woman. The first figure shows the woman lying on her side about to give birth and the second sculpture represents the woman, now a mother, carrying her new-born child on her back. Reinata was very keen to communicate that the sculptures must always be kept together and be sold as a pair.



Mother Giving Birth & Mother Carrying New-born Baby, by Reinata Sadhimba (clay, approx. 40cm high).

Reinata “acted out” how the woman would drink the “*ntela*” (medicine) in the vessel at her side, to induce the labour and ease the pain. She particularly liked the detail of the baby’s outline, which is showing through the mother’s stomach; and the little water pot she had made for the mother to carry on her head. Reinata was also keen I notice the amount of decorative detailing she had included. For instance, the style and texture of the clothing; the expression and positioning of various body parts; and the facial tattoos - one of the four main forms of body decoration practised by the Makonde: body painting, tattooing, tooth shaping, and the wearing of lip plugs and ear ornaments.¹

¹ Makonde tattoo designs are highly elaborate and the tattoo designs never distinguished between status groups (nor did they distinguish between *makola*). According to Schneider (1973:27) the forms of Makonde tattoo designs were governed by tradition as were their possible placements on the body (although there is plenty of evidence of innovation, individual idiosyncrasies, and changing fashions over time). Of the designs tattooed on the face chevrons, angles, zigzags, lines, diamonds and dots are common... On the body stylised palm trees and plant designs may be made on the back, shoulder blades, and elsewhere. Stylised animals, especially lizards and spiders, are also tattooed on various parts of the body (Kingdon 1994:47-48).



Mother Carrying New-born Baby, by Reinata Sadhimba.

Once Reinata had made and described these two sculptures to me, she began to discuss the topic of how painful the process of childbirth was. To demonstrate Reinata re-enacted the traumatic moments she had experienced and advised me that when my time came, I must immediately seek out the “*ntela*” her sculpted mother was drinking. Furthermore, if I could not get hold of the “*ntela*” in England or remember her instructions, I must seek out her help in Maputo. This line of thought then triggered Reinata to suggest I go to Mozambique and live with her, in one of her houses in Pemba,² where she would also find me a Makonde husband. When I told Reinata that I had no “*juluku*” (money) to visit her in Mozambique, Reinata thought for a while before pronouncing that she would make me something to drink, which would shrink me to a tiny size... small enough so she could place me in her luggage and transport me back to Mozambique with her (I was reminded of *The Snake Family* and how the *ntela* was able to transform a person’s physical appearance).

We both laughed a lot at Reinata’s suggestion until she suddenly lifted her shirt and showed me her tattoos and the scarification marks on her stomach, shoulder blades, chest, arms & thighs. When I asked Reinata whether

the operation to inscribe the marks had hurt, she responded by pointing to the woman giving birth and then demonstrating how it was much, much worse... by lying on the floor, writhing about on her back with her arms extended and shouting-out agonising noises.³ After this illustration Reinata jumped up and after stating in a defiant tone of voice: "*Reinata Makonde, Reinata Makonde*," she encouraged me to touch her skin and carefully trace the decorations with my finger. Although the practice of tattooing and scarification are currently outlawed in Mozambique, primarily to prevent the spread of blood diseases, Reinata communicated that if I lived with her she would arrange for me to have some tattoos incised on my face. Particularly as such marks would apparently make me more appealing to men and therefore make the task of finding me a husband easier.⁴

Reinata then took me by surprise, by insisting I find my camera and photograph her face and body. I tried to refuse, but any such actions on my behalf were overruled. I felt terribly embarrassed and hoped no-one would walk into the studio to find us: a white anthropologist photographing a Makonde woman's facial tattoos and scarification marks. The tattoos that Reinata instructed me to photograph were the ones on her face and those on the front and back of her upper body. After this documentary session had taken place Reinata then asked me to show her my body, which I rather self-consciously did.

What Reinata saw appeared to simply confirm in her mind that I would benefit from decorative details being applied and she proceeded to communicate her suggestion once again. I responded by indicating I would not be able to bear the pain, to which Reinata "*tutted*" and then laughed as she once again proclaimed, "*Reinata Makonde, Reinata Makonde*." I did not ask Reinata about her *ndona* (lip plug), because Zachary had told me it would be considered extremely rude to do so. In fact the example he had given me was: "*It would be like asking a Western woman to remove all her clothes in public*." Having just experienced being asked to do that very thing in a public place, albeit only in front of one female member of the workshop, Zachary's analogy flooded my mind and I decided, in addition to the consideration that Reinata had not mentioned the object herself, to abandon any enquiries on the subject of her *ndona*.⁵

² Pemba is on the high Makonde plateau, which borders Mozambique and Tanzania.

³ 'Among the Makonde both boys and girls underwent tattooing as an integral part of the initiation rites. The initiates were pinned to the ground in a spread-eagle position while an expert tattooist incised designs into their skin with a special sharp pointed knife. Charcoal powder was then rubbed on the area and into the incisions. Once the initiate had been incised and rubbed with charcoal he or she would sit in the sun until the blood had dried. Several days later the initiate would wash and the tattoos created by charcoal caught under the skin would be revealed. The operation was repeated three times at approximately six month intervals in order to make the designs stand out in relief. Tattooing was an extremely painful ordeal so that it was a sign of courage for a person to bear a prominent set of tattoos. Some Makonde never completed all three tattooing operations but there were few who did not bear at least the facial tattoos' (Kingdon 1994:47-48).

⁴ 'Although most Makonde describe tattooing as a practice which makes a person more attractive and which marks Makonde identity, Dias and Dias (1964:57) state that certain tattoos incised on the thighs and buttocks are considered to have a "magical" as well as an "erotic" significance' (Kingdon 1994:47-48).

The story surrounding the origins of female Makonde facial decoration tells of how a Makonde man married a female 'slave' he had captured in one of the lowland raids and how the great love he felt for her made his first wife extremely envious and plan her revenge. When he went on a hunting expedition his first wife made a hole in the 'slaves' lip and inserted a piece of wood into it with the intention of disfiguring her rival. However, when the husband returned he exclaimed that his 'slave' wife looked even more beautiful. This made the first wife so enraged that when the husband departed next, she seized the 'slave' and, with a razor, covered her face with marks and rubbed the wounds with soot. Yet, contrary to her expectations on her husband's return, he considered his 'slave' wife to be even more beautiful. So the story goes, as a result of this success, all Makonde women began to tattoo the face and to use the *ndona* (see Kingdon 1994:49-50 for further details).

⁵ The only time Reinata showed me her *ndona* was when she was staying with me in London post-*Pamaja*. First she asked if I could



Reinata & Me.



Reinata used to enjoy wrapping my hair over her head to pretend it was her own.

After looking closely at Reinata's two sculptures, Moitshepi made the following comment: *"I see she is putting the markings on the face. You know, I was shocked at the way I saw Reinata's face. I thought of the time they were making those things that it must have been a very painful thing to do. I know some of the things that Africans do on their faces. In Botswana they normally have two marks on the face under the eye. I was once told that they were for curing the eyes [see Moitshepi's sculpture entitled **African Faces** for an illustration of these markings]. But the moment I saw her I also thought that may be it's doing something with traditional medicines. Or, something to do with protection. I think it is something to do with that, not decoration. I don't find it beautiful. It's not making her beautiful."*

"I think we must be aware of the cultural differences between everyone here. What may in one country be considered as special, may not be considered so in another" (André Diop).

This line of conversation then led Moitshepi onto a discussion of what he considered to be beautiful: *"Most people in Botswana they look at the face and whether a person is handsome. To see if a woman is handsome. Although I don't know how to describe what is handsome in the face, I would just know it. A lot of women also try to decorate themselves and try to make their hair decorated. They also look at the colour. If you've got a dark black colour they won't recognise you as being beautiful. Lighter colour is better. If you are talking about Batswana, they are very black who come from the North and if you come down to South Africa*

arrange for her to be given some upper teeth, as hers had all broken off. When I explain that there was not enough time to arrange such things for her and that it would be very expensive, she smiled and then shyly showed me her *ndona*.

they have light colours. I would say that among Batswana my colour would be considered among that category of lighter. People they even look at the body. A little bit fat people is good, not thin. Yeah, this is what I can say is beautiful.”⁶

“*Reinata Ndyoko*” (Little Reinata / Reinata’s Child)

When Reinata made this sculpture of me, she was very keen to explain how she had made me more beautiful: by enlarging my bottom, stomach and breasts. Also, how she had given me long hair and an appropriate shaped nose, rather than one like hers. However, it was the inclusion of the shoulder bag and notebook (symbols of my role as a researcher) that Reinata was most pleased with and insisted that I acknowledge as “*yambone*.” As Reinata pointed them out to me she laughed and repeated “*Reinata Ndyoko*,” before gesturing for me to write the words down for her; after which she copied them carefully onto her sculpture. Reinata nearly always signed her work with the word ‘Reinata.’ This was the only time I saw her write any other word.



The creation of *Reinata Ndyoko*.



Reinata enjoyed trying to pick me up whilst saying “*Reinata Ndyoko*.” However, she could never manage it because I was too heavy.

⁶ When I told the women in Moitshepi’s home village in 1996 that I needed to wash my hair I came to realise how we were all seeing something different. The Batswana women found it very difficult to see what to me was my obviously dirty greasy hair, and sat paying great attention as I tried to explain how to tell when my type of hair is considered clean or in good condition i.e., split ends, etc. It was also during this conversation that I came to understand that they could also not tell whether I had brushed my hair. Hence, I began to rethink, in this new context, all my usual efforts with regards to my actions associated with my self-presentation. Furthermore I came to realise that I required them to tell me how to see if their hair needed washing or brushing: what they considered important when they presented themselves to other people, and how they judged other peoples’ presentations.



After Reinata had made this sculpture she took it upon herself to devise recipes to make me look more physically attractive. For instance, she would encourage me to wrap lengths of cloth around various parts of my body to give the impression they were of a similar proportion to those in the sculpture. Reinata would then stand back and after surveying her handiwork she would state "*akwalala*" (it's attractive) and then clapping her hands in delight would laugh and proclaim "*Reinata Makonde, Reinata Makonde.*" I was interested to note that often Reinata would point to one of her sculptures and also announce "*akwalala.*"

After these type of discussions I was often left pondering over the possible differences in perception we all may have not only when considering the aesthetics of the work produced during the workshop, but also in relation to the aesthetics of another person's appearance. This concept was also illustrated in Reinata's "*Munu Juluku*" (Money Man) sculpture, later

referred to as "*Robert.*"

"*Munu Juluku*" / "*Robert*" (Money Man / Robert Loder)

Reinata made this piece after Robert Loder's first visit to her *Pamoja* studio. When Reinata asked me who Robert was I scrabbled around in my limited knowledge of ChiMakonde and came up with the words "*lyna lyake Robert Loder... atata apah de madengo...*" (his name is Robert Loder... father of the workshop"). Reinata listened carefully and then looked pensively through the studio window at Robert, who was standing in the courtyard wearing a pair of summer trousers, shirt with sleeves rolled up, straw hat and a pair of sunglasses. As he approached the studio she said "*munu yambone*" (good person) and then asked me "*juluku?*" (money?). I nodded.

When Robert arrived in Reinata's studio he read the list of ChiMakonde words on the wall and said "*Abali ya nelo*" (Good day). In response Reinata flung her arms around him and gave him a hug and repeated the words "*Munu yambone... yambone... yambone*" (good person). She then held his hand and using the gestures and ChiMakonde words she had taught me, instructed me to tell him about some of the work: "*Reinata ndyoko, kutangola*" (Reinata ndyoko, to speak). The moment Robert left the studio Reinata set about making the sculpture, which she referred to as "*Munu Juluku.*"⁷

⁷ I do not know where the idea to produce portraits originates from in Reinata's work. I suspect it is an extension of the Makonde carving style known as *Binadamu*, which is used 'to represent Makonde men and women pursuing traditional roles: old men smoking pipes, women with pots and gourds fetching water, and so on. Such carvings reinforce the Western idyllic view of African life, and their content is easily accessible to non-indigenous buyers. These should not, however, be too quickly dismissed as curios and souvenirs. Skill, artistry and creativity can be found in *binadamu* carvings... The practice of representing Makonde men and women at their traditional pursuits developed in response to the desire of Portuguese administrators and missionaries for suitable carvings to decorate their houses and to send home as mementoes' (Coote 1989:18).



Reinata took three days to make the sculpture, working on it between the others she was producing simultaneously. First she made the body, then the head and finally she added the decorative details i.e., textured clothing complete with circular piece to represent "*juluku*" (money) positioned in the middle of his stomach. The things she pointed out to me and laughed a lot as she did so, were the placement of the hands in trouser pockets, the teeth, which I got the impression she considered to be a very good touch, and the money symbol. Reinata demonstrated to me that she had given the sculpture a large stomach, because he was wealthy and had eaten lots of food.

The only detail Reinata repeatedly asked my opinion about was whether she had made the penis too small. Although I would always reply "*yambone Reinata, yambone,*" I always got the sense that Reinata was not convinced by my opinion, because she would stand staring at the detail in question whilst shaking her head in an act of reconsideration. At these times Noria was very often in the studio and would refuse to comment on the size of the sculpture's penis, preferring instead to chastise Reinata for having made it in the first place through repeating "*yambone no*" and "*tutting*" her disapproval in an exasperated fashion. Eventually Reinata produced from her equipment box, a jagged piece of gourd. This she placed, much to Noria's approval, into a slot created at the top of the penis to act as a modesty covering of sorts.

As the days passed Reinata kept enquiring whether "*Munu Juluku*" would be returning and if so when. I always replied with much gesturing: "*elo... jumasarba*" (yes... Friday), to which Reinata always replied "*nelo jumataatu*" or "*jumaann*" or "*jumaseeta*", etc. (today is Monday... Tuesday... Wednesday, etc.) and then count on her fingers until she reached "*jumasarba*" (Friday). Often Gamal was in the studio at these times and he would tease Reinata by appropriating her words and re-communicating them in a sing-song fashion, whilst he peered under the penis gourd and acting out the suggestion that Reinata was in love with Robert. At first Reinata would laugh, then she would chastise Gamal in a friendly fashion and eventually she would get annoyed. It was clear that Reinata placed much importance on Robert's return to see her.⁸

⁸ Reinata used the Swahili words for the days of the week and counting. She told me those are also the words they use in ChiMakonde. However, Zachary told me there was a particular Makonde method of counting time, although he had never used it himself.



When Robert did appear on the eagerly awaited “*jumasarba*,” he was greeted by Reinata in the same welcoming fashion and then immediately shown his portrait, which he told her he would buy. On hearing this news Reinata proceeded to shower him with hugs and from then on referred to the sculpture as *Robert*. Shortly after this visit Reinata went on one of her ‘walk about’ sessions to visit her colleagues at the workshop, and returned with a straw hat and a pair of sunglasses. These were positioned on *Robert’s* head. Reinata found these additions extremely amusing and if anyone tried to remove them she would get very irritated and quickly reposition them in their rightful place.⁹

The final piece of work Reinata carried out on the sculpture was made after it had been fired. A couple of the toes on the sculpture had broken in the kiln and Reinata was shown by Dave Bevan, the workshop ceramic technician, how to glue them back on. Once this task was completed she smeared some of the glue onto the area immediately surrounding the penis gourd, before turning to rummage in her equipment box. She brought out a ball of sheep wool that she had collected during her visit to *The Henry Moore Foundation* and carefully positioned several strands onto the glue smeared area. When Reinata had finished this operation she pointed to the head of the sculpture and then to the newly laid pubic hair, to indicate that they were the



⁹ When this sculpture was displayed in the 1996 exhibition *Image and Form*, Brunei Gallery, Reinata would have been pleased as it was presented wearing this hat and sunglasses.

same colour and that if she had had more of the sheep's wool she would have stuck it onto Robert's sculpted head (When I visited the *RA's africa95* exhibition, I saw the addition of pubic hair and head hair on some of the Makonde wooden carvings).¹⁰

In keeping with her earlier comments, Noria once again expressed her disapproval when she saw the pubic hair and then tried very hard to encourage Reinata to add a larger piece of gourd to cover the whole area. However, this time Reinata forcefully pushed Noria away from the sculpture and began "*tutting*" and shaking her head. Noria responded in a very upset tone of voice, "*no good. Reinata, no good.*" This simply prompted Reinata to shout in ChiMakonde and angrily wave her arms in a dismissive gesture towards Noria and Noria's work.



After witnessing the discussions surrounding *Mother Giving Birth & Mother Carrying Baby*, Reinata Ndyoko and Munu Juluku/Robert, I noticed there did not appear to be much difference between the interpretations most people assigned to the aesthetics and presentation of the human form, when they were viewing a work of art or another person. In such moments I also found myself thinking about how problematic it is to base one's understanding of another person solely in terms of their physical characteristics, an idea and

interpretative legacy originating from particular hierarchical inter-cultural and cross-cultural relations. In those moments I wondered: if the perception - that it was problematic to base one's understanding of a person purely on aesthetic characteristics - was extended to the work produced by artists such as Reinata, then perhaps both the artist and her work would be considered in a different light and be afforded more respect within the art world.

"The Shit Eaters" / Ujamaa (Community Life)

In keeping with her speed at producing sculptures Reinata started to produce this particular piece, whilst simultaneously working on a range of other works. Reinata began by making a 70cms high pot out of rectangular slabs of clay (each approx. 15x20x5cms), which she had flattened and formed by hand. The whole process took her about 50 minutes. Later that day, after the clay had dried out a little, she sat astride this first stage of the pot and with intense concentration began to sculpt little cameos of figures directly onto the vessel.

¹⁰ See *Africa: The Art of a Continent*. A Makonde Drum (*likuti*), showing the application of pubic hair (pg.174); and a Makonde



After this, with a knife borrowed from the canteen, she scored decorative cross-hatching marks onto the surface and cut small holes into the main walls of the pot adjacent to some of the little cameos of figures.

Over the next few days Reinata worked periodically on the sculpture by: extending the height of the pot's walls; sculpting more little intertwined figures; etching geometric patterns and applying a graphite stone finish (which she produced from her equipment box); and cutting a series of ovalish shaped holes into the walls of the pot. The final section that Reinata made took the form of a large double-faced head with smaller figures climbing over it. The small figures were positioned to form one set of the double-faced head's ears. The reason that the top half of the sculpture is a lighter colour is because the initial supply of clay had been exhausted and Reinata moved onto the second batch, which was of a different type.



When the sculpture was completed Dias cut the large double-faced head, from the main body of the work to form a sort of lid. The reason for this action was purely practical: to ensure the sculpture would be able to fit into the *Bretton College* kiln. Once the delicate operation had been performed Reinata carefully showed me how the lid fitted / balanced neatly into position, after which she demanded I take her back to her bedroom. I was extremely surprised, because usually Reinata hated to be informed that it was time to stop work and return to the accommodation block. However, that afternoon Reinata wanted to be alone and that evening she did not participate in any of the socialising events and even refused to acknowledge when somebody spoke to her over supper.



The following morning when I went to have breakfast and drive her to the workshop, I was told by a concerned Noria that Reinata had walked to the studios. I hurried to her work space feeling extremely anxious and was greeted by a huge hug and flow of ChiMakonde. I could hardly follow anything she presented me with. Reinata was speaking extremely loudly and quickly, excitedly pointing to the little

figures on the sculpture and shrieking with laughter. André came to see what all the commotion was about and was waved away by Reinata. However, when Noria appeared she resisted Reinata's dismissal by sitting herself quietly in the corner of the studio.



After I proclaimed: "*Reinata, tongola ne mene*" (speak slowly), Reinata began to speak and act out the stories in a fashion I could follow more easily. Noria by this time was eager to understand as well and so I translated a few of the few words I had understood. For instance, "*Lekoono*" (shit); "*Ndyoka e enkodola*" (naughty child); "*Aju*" (this one - this person); "*Citumbo*" (belly); "*Meeno*" (mouth); "*Dibolo*" (penis); "*Didamba*" (Farting); "*Ooti*" (all of them); "*Koochumcoendu*" (sexual encounter); "*Adeeala*" (mother); "*Chakulya Chipali*" (food is here); "*Emula*" (nose); "*Ida Kuno*" (come here); "*Kuwena*" (to go around); "*Kutangola*" (to speak); "*Madolo*" (legs); "*Mmunda*" (stomach); "*Munu*" (person).

Noria and I then spontaneously began to pool our interpretations as to what certain gestures Reinata was acting out could mean and so doing, we slowly started to piece together the stories. As we did so Reinata demanded we act out what she was saying and doing. I am uncertain whether this was to show her that we had understood, or whether it was because it amused her - she certainly laughed until she cried when she saw our performances. The story also made Noria and myself laugh a lot and this response caused Reinata to dramatise her actions and elaborate on the stories, associated with each little cameo of sculpted figures, even further. For instance, the more Noria gestured in a light-hearted fashion that Reinata was being amazingly outrageous and should stop, the more blatantly suggestive and vocal Reinata became in her acting. Reinata was playing to a captivated and participatory audience; and appeared to love doing so.

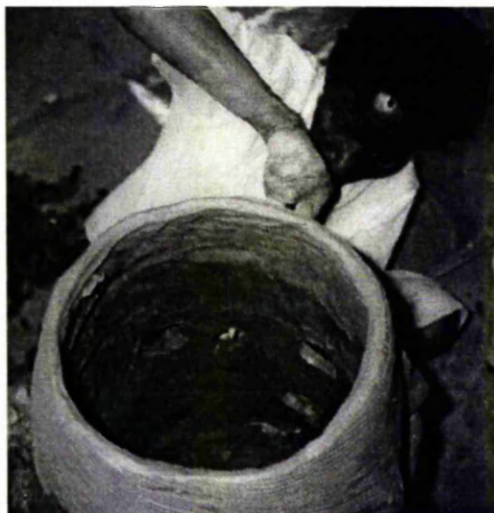
The session then gained pace and shifted into one of the dance and chanting routines, which usually followed Reinata's completion of a piece of sculpture. Noria, after agreeing on a rhythm with Reinata, started to beat her hands on the wooden workbench whilst Reinata taught me the steps and words. Reinata called out a few sentences and then signalled for me to reply with the chorus: "*Adeela*" (mother). Noria slowly increased the pace until the sound became too fast for me to follow Reinata's steps or remember when to call out my response and this triggered Reinata to double-up with laughter and gasp out the words "*Reinata Ndyoko*."

I was interested to read the account by Dias and Dias (1970) of the Makonde *N'goma*: the female rites of initiation (translated from Portuguese into English by a friend of Zachary Kingdon). I feel the passage describing one of the performances during the *n'goma*, evokes the atmosphere that took place in Reinata's studio:

After sometime the old [woman] starts the dance and totally takes control of the direction of the party without hesitation. She used all methods to attract everyone's complete attention. She used gestures, singing, language, obscenity... All the other women present would collaborate actively in this theatre... A great number was played by her and another woman who was personifying public morals... [as she] waved grotesque attitudes and put her piece of fabric to the side showing what Makonde women never normally show in public, the woman personifying public morals pointed to the scandal. [This reaction triggered the dancer, who was flaunting herself, to pretend] to be horrified and angry.

At a certain time a very original woman started acting... she would speak to the public sometimes with dialogue, and her sayings and acting's were so funny that everybody laughed madly. These women would never get tired in their jokes and fun. They would play one with another, always capable of improvisation. The more used comical elements were the *ndonya*, which they pushed in and out with the tongue and the siliceous movements of sex life, which they would repeat in the dance movements non-stop to much laughter. In the presence of men they would always behave with dignity and self-control, however, in this party they were freeing themselves temporarily of all the strains that society imposes on them.

The story of Reinata's sculpture I was able to piece together was based on looking at the sculpture itself; listening to Reinata's ChiMakonde words and to her intonations; watching Reinata meticulously act out the scenarios triggered by the sculpted cameos (it is important to reiterate that Reinata's sculptures were a vehicle for the 'telling' of stories); and finally discussing with Noria her interpretation of the proceedings.



The overall sculpture represents a mother figure: her double-faced head forms the lid and her body, which is covered by the intertwined little cameos of figures, forms the main part of the pot. The intertwined figures represent all her children, who the mother is feeding through the ovalish holes cut into her figure. The food they are eating is "*lekoono*" (shit). Some of the

children are eating directly from the holes in their mother's body and after the food has been digested, their own "*lekoono*" (shit) is dispelled to become the food to be eaten by their siblings.



The groups of figures are also engaged in a variety of activities that are all linked together. For instance in one cameo: while a female figure is feeding from one of the mother's body holes, a male figure is alternating between feeding from another of the mother's body holes and performing a sexual act with the female figure. Whilst this activity is occurring the female figure is concerned: she does not want the other little figure, representing her son, to see the sexual activity taking place. So she places her hand over his eyes. However, although her son cannot now see, he can still hear the sexual encounter taking place and the sounds make him feel so excited that he begins to masturbate.

When viewed from a wider perspective, this little cameo of figures may be seen to be inter-linked even further. For instance, the female figure is being rhythmically pushed up and down, onto the male's face (to

receive a sexual act), by the feet belonging to the figure above her: a figure which, in turn, is being pushed up and down by the hand, belonging to yet another participant, that is emerging from another of the mother figure's body holes. Given the sense of inter-twinedness, it is interesting to note that the son is slightly removed from the group activity and is not feeding from any of the mother figure's body holes. Also, the son appears to be linked, apart from his mother's hand shielding his eyes, primarily through his sense of sound. I was interested to see that the female figure in this cameo, is depicted as half-human and half-creature (she has a small tail).



Another group Reinata sculpted consists of five figures:

- a) Figure (1) is the lowest figure at the base of the pot, who is engaged in four activities: masturbating into one of the mother figure's body holes, being pushed rhythmically by Figure (5); intermittently performing a sexual act with Figure (2), whose legs are the only things seen in the sculpture; and performing a similar sexual act whilst intermittently eating the "*lekoono*" from Figure (3).
- b) Figure (2) is represented by a pair of legs only, as its body is fully submerged into the mother figure's body; and is engaged in three activities: eating the "*lekoono*" from the mother figure's body, whilst intermittently receiving a sexual act from Figure (1) and Figure (3).
- c) Figure (3) is the middle figure shown in the vertically positioned grouping, who is engaged in five activities: intermittently performing a sexual act with Figure (2); intermittently receiving a sexual act and having its "*lekoono*" eaten by Figure (1); whilst intermittently performing a sexual act and eating the "*lekoono*" from Figure (4).
- d) Figure (4) is the top figure, positioned just below the mother figure's bottom, who is engaged in five

activities: masturbating into one of the mother figure's body holes; intermittently receiving a sexual act and having its "*lekoono*" eaten by Figure (3); and intermittently eating "*lekoono*" from one the mother figure's body holes and turning to look down at the chain of inter-linked figures in this particular cameo.

- e) Figure (5) is positioned adjacent to the central cameo being discussed here; and is eating the food from one of the mother figure's body holes. Once his food has been digested it is expelled into a small container placed directly below his anus and the excrement then is filtered back into the mother's body. Figure (5) sits in a relatively isolated position and is inter-linked with the others cameos of figures, through the touching of feet. For instance, Figure (5) is rhythmically pushing Figure (1) up and down with it's feet, whilst being pushed up and down itself by another figure, which is inter-linked to another cameo. And so it goes on....

There are also naughty children who after scampering about spying on all the activities of their siblings, report back to their mother by whispering in her ears. The stories they relay always become embellished in the telling (similar to 'Chinese Whispers'); and as the mother listens to all the evolution of tales, she feeds herself on the never ending length of "*lekoono*" that she pulls up and out of her own body.



The stories of the sculpture are about a continuous cycle of sexual acts and feeding on *lekoono* linked to a theme of regeneration and dependency... which is constantly on the move, due to the story "telling" process.



Dias assisted Reinata to cut-off the top of the sculpture; so it would be able to fit into the kiln for firing (photograph by Djibril Sy).



Reinata at work (photograph by Djibril Sy).

Feedback from the Pamoja Workshop artists:

The workshop artists, such as Duke, Frances, Ndidi, Gamal and André, who visited Reinata's studio to see the sculpture, laughed a lot at what they saw. They also teased Reinata, implying she was naughty. Other artists such as Moitshepi, Ikram, Adam and Dias, also congratulated Reinata on her sculpture, although their tone was more serious when they said "*yambone na mene*." Reinata herself thought the sculpture was "*yambone na mene, na mene*" and often followed such a statement with a quick burst of "*Reinata Makonde... Reinata Makonde... Makonde..., Makonde... Makonde...*"

Feedback from some of the VIP visitors to the Pamoja Workshop:

In the middle of the workshop a few special visitors were invited to meet the artists and to see them at work. One such visitor was David Elliott, who had put on the 1989 exhibition entitled *Makonde wooden sculpture from East Africa from the Malde Collection* at the Museum of Modern Art in Oxford. After reading the list of ChiMakonde words pinned on Reinata's studio wall, David began his visit to Reinata's studio by saying "*abali ya nelo*" (good morning). To this Reinata responded "*abali ya nelo, uumumi?*" (good morning, how are you?) followed by a beaming smile, to which David replied "*nimumi, uumumi?*" (I'm fine, how are you?). After responding "*nimumi*" Reinata then went all coy, stood quietly beside her sculpture and gestured for me to tell her story. I hesitated and Reinata gestured for me to get on with it.

From the moment I started to tell the story, David Elliott laughed, peered closely at the groupings and acknowledged Reinata by saying "*yambone na mene*." Once the story had been told, Reinata asked David: "*lyna lyako lyani?* (what's your name?); after a few moments of silence I replied "*lyna lyake David*" (his name is David). Reinata then looked at David and repeated his name a few times before saying: "*munu yambone*" (good person). I couldn't help but agree as I had been feeling slightly anxious at the thought of having to talk so directly to an English Male VIP about the activities brought to my attention, through the pieces of clay Reinata had given such an eventful life to.

Although my discomfort was in part due to my anxiety at verbalising the words relating to the variety of sexual acts and the eating of "*shit*," I felt equally uncomfortable at the thought of making a public presentation. Until that day, I had little practice of doing either. However, Reinata gave me the confidence to speak. In part this was due to her own inability to speak English - something which led me to feel it was, in a sense, my duty to help her. In addition, David Elliott put me at ease by telling me his daughter was thinking of becoming an anthropologist and by listening very kindly to what I had to say. When I thought about the incident, I realised I had experienced the discomfort and vulnerability associated with speaking. Although I was not the artist and therefore would not be in the direct line for any criticism, which some may argue results in my experience being different to the anxiety an artist feels when speaking about their own work. I felt extremely vulnerable, because of the unconventional style of communication which had taken place between Reinata, Noria and myself; something that was difficult to communicate to others. I felt all the anxiety associated with representing someone else's representations to somebody else: of participating in a world of intertwined persons

and actions and ideas. For instance, what Reinata said to me affected what I said to David and what David said to me affected what I said to Reinata: how we all acted affected each of our experiences. Such an act felt at the time to be, in a sense, similar to the world Reinata was communicating through her sculpture.

Shortly after this episode another VIP attended Reinata's studio. When the visitor arrived there was no attempt to pronounce any of the ChiMakonde words pinned on Reinata's studio wall, even after Reinata had pointed them out. As the visitor peered closely at the little cameos of figures she proceeded to pull a variety of facial expressions to communicate her personal distaste for the sight she beheld, whilst simultaneously uttering a series of English words such as "*primitive*" and "*disgusting*" and expressing phrases such as "*what kind of imagination could think up such things...*" Then in this flash of diplomatic danger, the visitor bade me farewell and rapidly exited the studio space, leaving Reinata and myself standing in silence.

Reinata quietly began placing a length of plastic sheeting over her sculpture and I walked outside into the sunshine to watch the VIP entourage drive away for lunch. When I returned to the studio Reinata yelled at me in ChiMakonde, ripped off the plastic sheeting and proceeded to try and destroy her sculpture. She was a little shorter than myself and in our struggle - Reinata's to demolish her work and mine to prevent such an incident taking place - I picked her up. After she had freed herself, Reinata strode around the studio waving her arms, whilst mimicking the sound and tone of the English words that had been spoken and the facial grimaces that had been performed by the newly departed visitor. Eventually Reinata sat on a wooden crate in the corner of the studio and holding her head in her hands began to sob.

I felt immensely distressed as I tried to explain to Reinata that I loved her sculpture: "*Reinata Ndyoko, Kulota Reinata. Reinata Ndyoko, Kulota, Lisinamu*" (Reinata's child, to love, Reinata. Reinata's child, to love, sculpture); and that she should not let the last visitor's reaction upset her. Although I knew that Reinata understood my communication, I felt terribly frustrated. I wanted to say so much more than my limited vocabulary would allow and any gestures I usually made to fill in for the gaps in my knowledge, would have required me to remove Reinata's hands, which she had placed tightly against her eyes. So I resigned myself instead to slowly covering up the sculpture, with what was left of the now shredded pieces of plastic sheeting, and sat nearby in silence.

After a few minutes Reinata stood up, straightened her clothes and hair, collected another bag of clay and asked me to fetch her another bucket of water. When all the materials were gathered she sent me to collect her lunch from the canteen and then proceeded to work on a new sculpture (the one called *Reinata Ndyoko*). For the following two days Reinata did not allow anyone to see the sculpture I had named *The Shit Eaters* and kept it wrapped under the plastic sheeting. She was also very quiet during this period and did not tease anyone or participate in any of the group activities (if I were to equate Reinata's experience during this time to the actions of an English friend, I would say she was extremely depressed). During this period Noria often entered the studio and placed her arm across Reinata's shoulders in a silent act of caring. The last VIP

visitor's actions and ideas had a ripple affect...¹¹

The performance must go on...

On the third morning when we arrived at her studio Reinata gently unwrapped the sculpture and then looking me straight in the eye demanded I pay close attention. I could see she meant business. She patted the mother figure's head and kept repeating the word: "Ujamaa, Ujamaa." When I replied, "Lyna lyake Ujamaa?" Reinata nodded and repeated the word again. Reinata then proceeded to very carefully point out certain areas of the sculpture and indicate that I should not speak about them. These areas were the figure groupings involved in the eating of "lekoono" (shit) and sexual acts. I nodded to show I had understood. Reinata then patted the head of the mother figure and after repeating once again the word "Ujamaa," began to speak about the following aspects of the sculptural figure and began to smile and gently laugh as she did so.

First, Reinata laughed about the small children she had placed as the mother's ears. Then she mimed the conversation taking place between the mother figure's front face and the small head sitting on top of the mother figure's own head: "*The mother figure is looking up to ask the mischievous little child, who had jumped from the bottom of the sculpture to the top of her head: 'what are you doing up there? ... how did you get up there?'*"

The next thing Reinata acted out was the relationship between the mother figure and the children near to the top of her body. Reinata kept turning her head around to indicate that the mother was looking around her body, whilst asking the children "*what are you doing?*" The children were trying to help the mother figure pound the maize and the extra pair of sculpted arms represented this. However, although the children were trying to help they only succeeded in tickling the mother figure's sides and making her laugh. After Reinata had told me these little stories, she returned to work on her other sculptures and even though I periodically tried to ask her about the sculpture, she never again spoke about any of the stories associated with the sculpture she had named *Ujamaa*.¹²

¹¹ As I pondered the possible interpretations surrounding this incident, the happenings and interactions that had led up to it and the subsequent direction things might take I recalled the extract I had read in the 1991 catalogue exhibition *Exotic Europeans*: 'An Indian, who probably wasn't joking at all once said,' begins the chapter entitled *Cultures...Objects...Identities*, 'the biggest of all Indian problems is the whiteman. Who can understand the whiteman? What makes him tick? How does he think and why does he think the way he does? Why does he talk so much? Why does he say one thing and do the opposite? Most important of all, how do you deal with him? Obviously, he is here to stay. Sometimes it seems like a hopeless task.' After this introductory quote from Keith H. Basso (1979) *Portraits of the "Whiteman" - Linguistic play and cultural symbols among the Western Apache*, the text continues... 'There exists a precarious moment in the process of interpretation when ideas previously submerged, still fluid and indeterminate, become recognised and classified. Like argillite, a slate stone only malleable whilst wet, once aired they take on concrete form and express not only a historical moment but, in terms of Western theories of knowledge, a factuality, and a truth value... The danger of reification, of rendering conceptual models of understanding into rigid stereotypes, was moderated by the indeterminacy's of verbal exchange - a joke's success depending on the aptness of its message in the wider context of the conversation' (Deliss 1991:7).

¹² The formation and some of the detailing in this sculpture are similar to those in the slides of her work Reinata brought with her from Maputo. See: *Union of family; Play Circus; Play; A Gentle on an Anthill*. 'According to a Makonde myth quoted in Dias and Dias (1970:385) which tells of the origin of society, the first man and woman came into the world from out of a termite mound. They married and gave birth to so many sons and daughter that the world was soon filled with them. Much later a number of great female ancestors arose who gave rise to the Makonde *makola* [matrilineages]. Before the imposition of colonial rule on the Makonde plateau the Makonde had never recognised any centralised authority. Matrilineages (*makola*) were semi-autonomous and each Makonde village was essentially a free and independent extended family unit. A village leader had very little power over members of *makola* other than his own and his main authority derived from his performance of the rites associated with the cult of the village founder, and other ancestors, on behalf of the village as a whole' (Kingdon 1994:28)

Ujamaa is often the name given to a form of work made by the Makonde male carvers. These are also sometimes known as 'people poles' and always depict interconnected and intertwined figures. However, according to Jeremy Coote (1989) not much is known about the origins and development of these Makonde *Ujamaa* sculptures:

Often known as "people poles" (occasionally as "totem poles"), *ujamaa* carvings depict, generally in the naturalistic style of *binadamu* carvings, intertwined groups of figures. *Ujamaa* means 'brotherhood, togetherness, co-operation, unity' and has been a by-word of post-Independence East African politics: after the word *Uhuru*, "Freedom", came *Ujamaa*, "Unity..." Many *ujamaa* carvings, however, have themes other than political unity. Variations include family groups... a teacher with his pupils... and - in less serious vein - groups of acrobats or monkeys. In family *ujamaa* carvings the apical figure is often a woman, perhaps to be identified with the ancestral figure of traditional carvings (1989:19).

It maybe that Reinata is among the first female Makonde sculptors to produce such a theme and the first Makonde sculptor to depict *Ujamaa* through the medium of clay.

"*Munu Citumbu*" (The Belly Man)

My experience, whenever I viewed Reinata's work purely as an aesthetic object, was that of confusion and misinterpretation. Even when I was armed with the title of the work my ability to understand what each piece was about did not progress much further, because the subject matter - the experience - being represented was so unfamiliar to me. However, my primary source of confusion, in the initial stages of trying to understand Reinata's work, stemmed from my failure to comprehend that Reinata had made each piece to illustrate one moment within a story. As far as she was concerned, each sculpture could only make sense when the viewer possessed an understanding of the wider context - the story or stories associated with each piece.

The thinking up or "telling" of a story that no-one around her had ever heard before was of great importance to Reinata; and she would always scan her audience's faces to monitor for such a reaction. Indeed, nothing appeared to please her more than surprising her viewers with an amazing tale and after having done so she would clap her hands, perform one of her foot shuffling dances and sing in a chanting rhythmic style - with much defiant pride and an element of taunting - "*Reinata Makonde, Reinata Makonde.*"

After Reinata had made a flat base of clay (approx. 100x60cms), she began to form each of the three figures that constitute this relief sculpture. The sculpture represents a family group who has spent the previous night drinking heavily. First Reinata shaped the figure of a woman lying on her back, which she referred to as "*adeeala*" (mother). The second figure is the son. Every time Reinata pointed at this figure she laughed, especially when she 'communicated' how he was lying on his back squirming with pain and the sense of relief

he felt shortly after the production of a variety of flatulence noises. The largest figure in the sculpted group, Reinata told me, was the “*atata*” (father). Reinata spoke and laughed so much about this last figure that the mother and son quickly became support actors in her story of painful stomachs and noisy relief. It was for this reason, in addition to my limited ChiMakonde vocabulary, that we soon began referring to the sculpture of the father, and later to the sculpture as a whole, as “*Munu Citumbo*” (The Belly Man).¹³



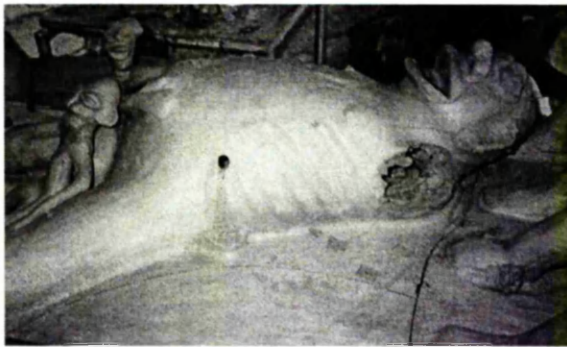
Once Reinata had completed the sculpted family group she began to elaborate on the story. The following accounts reflect the development of the story Reinata “*re-told*” over a period of days.

The first development in the “*telling*” began when Reinata had added to the Belly Man (the father): two small figures; a large penis with a hand holding the end of it; a hole in the side of the stomach; and a piece of mirror slotted into the belly button area: “*The father figure is lying in agony. His ‘mmunda’ (stomach) is full of ‘maydi’ (water) and he cannot urinate, because his ‘dibolo’ (penis) is blocked. This is symbolised by a small hand grasping the end of his penis. The father calls out for some help, but his wife and son are fast asleep. So the father makes a small hole in the side of his stomach to let the water out and to relieve the tension.*”

By the fourth development in the “*telling*” the story had become much more elaborate: “*The father figure is lying in agony. His ‘citumbo’ is full of ‘maydi’ and he cannot urinate, because the end of his penis is being*

¹³ Reinata made this sculpture after looking at Adam’s photographs of his visit to *The British Museum*, which showed the ancient Greek and Roman relief sculptures. Also after Reinata began paying longer visits to Gamal’s studio, where she saw his relief-style sculptures.

tightly grasped by the 'nkono' (hand), which Reinata called 'Tanganika.' The father calls out for some help, but his wife tells him not to bother her because she is trying to sleep and the son at first doesn't hear, because he is making too much noise squirming around on his back and letting out a lot of flatulence. When the father eventually makes himself heard, his son shrugs his shoulders and says he can't help. So the father asks the two small children sitting by his penis to help. They make a small hole in the side of his belly to release the water and then help it along by pushing on his bladder. But the problem is still not solved, so the father calls for assistance from the 'mwiyaangu' (diviner). The 'mwiyaangu' places a mirror on top of the father's belly and says the problem is being caused by 'Tanganika.' After this pronouncement the mirror is plucked out of the belly button, the grasping hand and the little pushing figures are swept away, and the water begins to slowly flow out of his penis."



Work in progress on *The Belly Man*.



Work in progress on the *Mother & Son*.



One day when Noria was in the studio listening and watching the story, Reinata added some more touches in response to Noria's attentiveness. For instance, when Reinata described how the Belly Man's penis was being blocked by a hand called "*Tanganika*," Noria laughed and this response triggered Reinata to describe the penis as being enormously long... The more Noria laughed, the longer Reinata suggested it was... until Reinata had implied it went all the way from the studio at the *Yorkshire Sculpture Park* to *Tanganika*. Noria then requested for Reinata to stop her story, because it made her laugh too much and caused her pain. But Reinata did not stop. Instead she retold the story, this time including little cameo stories relating to the many

sexual adventures the penis encountered on its way to *Tanganika*. Reinata ad-libbed with much wit and confidence. For example, if she saw someone walking passed her studio window, Reinata would immediately, unbeknown to the passer-by, include one of their characteristics into her story.

This use of influence - what Reinata saw acting as a trigger for an idea to be incorporated in the telling of her story, her work - occurred frequently throughout the workshop. For instance, when Reinata made *Half a Man*, before beginning her story she pointed to Willard, who was standing outside her studio window. Reinata then described her sculpture by moving across the studio space in an awkward manner, miming a being who made strange grunting noises and was severely disabled. Indeed, so much so that he had to use a small female figure as a walking stick. This development in her story made Reinata laugh a lot and inspired her to embellish her idea: the deformed man was so physically uncoordinated that he had problems performing a sexual act, something that left him feeling immensely frustrated, until he held the female walking aid upside down and by using the inside crook of her leg, was able to relieve himself.

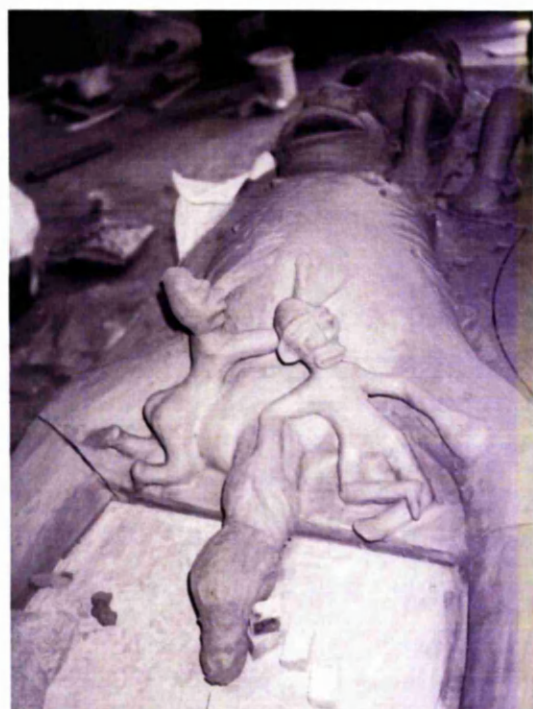


As I document such moments I realise they are difficult to grasp hold of and re-present; and how difficult it is to evoke the fashion in which they were delivered and received: why such interactions felt to be so funny in the moments they were being 'communicated' by Reinata. In a context that was a mixture of strong support alliances made within unfamiliar surroundings, hot sunny studio spaces filled with clay & plaster dust and wet plastic bags, the sound of *The Gypsy Kings* or *Diana Ross* blaring from the cassette players, clothes in need of



Reinata telling one of her stories; the one relating to *Half A Man*.

continued, as she acted out the stories associated with the little figures pushing on the Belly Man's bladder. Reinata briefly introduced Noria to the little figures and then pretended she was one of them... After checking the Belly Man was asleep, the little figure proceeded to carefully and quietly lift off one of the Belly Man's legs... Then creeping through the studio space, the figure made its way to *Tanganika* with the stolen leg. This scenario really made Noria laugh... so Reinata continued her journey carrying the Belly Man's leg, until she was suddenly startled by *Nelson Mandela* (Noria's sculpture in the corner of the studio). At this stage in the telling Noria was laughing so much she could hardly breath and, once again, struggled to



tell Reinata to stop ... However, Reinata was not to be interrupted. As the little person trying to hide the Belly Man's leg, she began, in a cheeky tone of voice, to say to Mandela: *"What do you mean... No, I promise, I've got nothing behind my back... I'm not doing anything I shouldn't..."*

Whilst awaiting firing, Reinata would periodically place old banana skins or any other object she found in the mouth or on the head of the Belly Man. This she would do to make herself and anyone, who happened to be in the studio at the time, laugh. In addition, Reinata often stood staring quietly at her sculpture, after which she would pronounce whilst shaking her head: *"Yambone na mene."*

a good wash clinging to stomachs in need of familiar food, bodily fatigue craving for a good night's sleep after days of being overwhelmed with the adrenaline to achieve... the adrenaline to communicate... the adrenaline to be accepted. In a context where one's thoughts often yearned for some peace to digest the constant stimulation that had bombarded one's senses for days on end.

Within this context Reinata's flirtation with her audience



Dias helped Reinata to cut the sculpture into sections and release it from the table top so it would be able to fit into the kiln. When the kiln doors were opened and Reinata discovered two of the figures had broken in the



firing: the mother and the Belly Man, she quickly threw away the broken pieces that once formed the mother figure. However, she carefully placed the pieces of the Belly Man onto the table, next to the intact figure of the son. Over the following few days, it amused Reinata greatly to fit together the various pieces of the Belly Man, which had survived the firing, to create different poses; and then carry out a little conversation with the sculpture in "*ChiMakonde*," whilst tapping the figure's belly.



During this period, Reinata also loved to offer Noria, disguised in various ways, such as wrapped in a piece of cloth, the Belly Man's penis which had broken off in the kiln. On opening the little package and seeing Reinata's offering, Noria would then let out squeals of rejection and disgust, before chasing the laughing Reinata to the far end of the studio, where cornered, Noria would tickle her mercilessly.

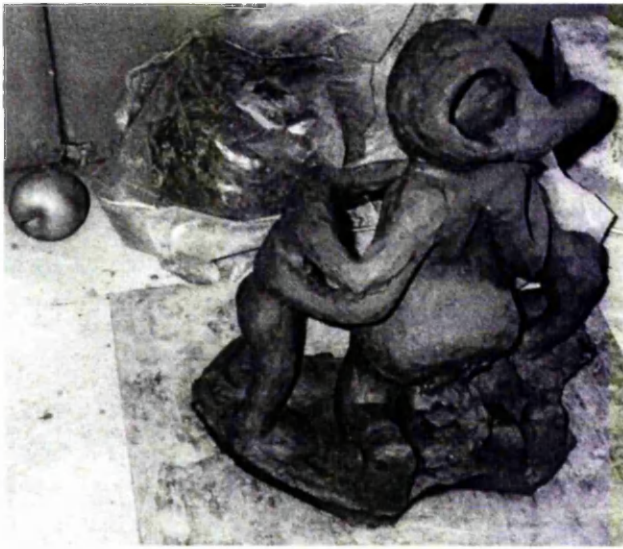


The Son, by Reinata Sadhimba.



“They have stolen the back of my head”

The sculpture *“They have stolen the back of my head”* emphasises Reinata’s pleasure in evoking laughter and amazement from her audience during the telling of her stories; and how teasing was something she came to utilise, as a form of communication. Amongst the Makonde there are a particular set of inter-family ‘teasing’ relationships known as *uvilu* and during the exchanges that occur: ‘If the ‘victims’ of the ‘teasing’ get angry, or if they laugh, they only make things worse for themselves’ (Kingdon 1994:27-28). This reaction is illustrated in the story of this sculpture, which relates to the experiences of a father, whose children have



stolen the back of his head. The central figure in the group is the father and the two small figures on either side are his children.

Whenever Reinata spoke about the scenarios triggered by this sculpture, she laughed a lot: *"One day while the father was peacefully sleeping two of his children crept up and stole the back of his head. The father awoke and after realising what had happened he tried to grab his children and recapture the back of his head. However, the more the father rushed about shouting: "They have stolen the back of my head. Give me back the back of my head.*

The creation of *"they have stolen the back of my head."*

What have you done with my head?" the more the children scampered around him and mischievously prolonged his predicament."



In relation to Reinata's 'teasing' relationships during *Pamoja*, I am reminded of Kingdon's discussion of Samaki, one of the Makonde male carvers: '[Samaki] was a man who had a light hearted attitude to most things and he would laugh and joke with anyone regardless of whether he had a special 'teasing' relationship (*uvilu*) with them or not... Among the Makonde this kind of "meaningless" behaviour is considered improper and is termed *dimbenje*' (1994:110). As I have not met Reinata within her 'home' environment I am unsure

whether she would normally practice the teasing behaviour she exhibited during the workshop, or whether such behaviour was exhibited because she found herself outside her home context and therefore did not feel constrained by the behavioural rules of her cultural group.¹⁴

At the end of each day Reinata would perform a summarising conversation about the sculptures she had been working on. These forums usually took the form of Reinata acting the stories related to each sculpture and depending on the audience in her studio at the time, and how tired she was feeling, she would choose either to embellish the 'tellings' of the previous few days, or simply recount the basic gist of the story that related to a particular sculpture. She would then proceed to point out and loudly count each of her sculptures; before repeating a little performance, in which she was clearly proclaiming herself, albeit in a teasing fashion, as an accomplished sculptress: someone who could produce a series of highly original pieces which collectively looked good together. After Noria and I had smiled at these performances, she would rush up, give us a hug and laugh.

After these tellings associated with the stories of her work and her declaration of her skill as a sculptress, and particularly if Noria was present, Reinata would organise an audience participatory and celebratory performance. Although these sessions were similar to the *gimming sessions*, they were solely directed by Reinata; and had the added benefit of more room in the studios to dance and more variety of rhythmic tones to be made, due to the different sounds emitted when table, dustbins, or buckets were drummed on with our hands. Reinata would show Noria a rhythm; and me what steps to dance and what ChiMakonde words to chant in the chorus. Once Reinata had briefed us, she would begin the performance by singing out a few sentences, which always included her own name, as she began her movements; and then signal for me to follow her steps and when to reply with the chorus chant of "*adeeala*" (mother), "*nanda*," or "*pundi*," "*fundi*."¹⁵

Often I would be encouraged to dance with a prop, such as a shallow woven basket. However, I usually found copying Reinata's dance steps and chanting the chorus at the appropriate moment, whilst balancing a wicker basket on my head, too complicated. In such instances and after many repeat starts, Reinata would comprise her choreography by suggesting I balance the basket on the side of my hip. As we progressed, Noria would slowly increase the pace until the sound became too fast for me to follow Reinata's steps, or to remember

¹⁴ When Dias returned to London in 1998 I asked him about these circumstances. He replied that among the Makonde Reinata is respected for her age; and because of her age is free to do as she pleases. Also, that Reinata is respected because she still produces the sculptures for the secret Makonde female initiation ceremonies.

¹⁵ Having witnessed Reinata's daily declarations of her status and ability as a sculptress, I was interested to learn that the Makonde do not have a word that relates to the concept of art or of artist. Although they do have the notion of 'virtuosity' (or skill), which is encapsulated in the word *ulanda* and linked with the idea of 'fame'; and that the Makonde male carvers usually refer to themselves as *fundi* (craftsmen), when speaking Swahili: '*Nnanda* is the word for a virtuoso and can be applied to a person who is very accomplished in any activity including dancing, carving, curing, farming, and even football... [the Makonde carver, Chanuo, stated] he had not thought of himself as *nanda* until his work began to be sought after by people from outside (i.e. from overseas)... Although the word *msanii* translates as artist in modern Swahili, even the most accomplished of Makonde carvers do not usually think of themselves as *wasanii* (sing. *msanii*). The carver Kashmirir said that to be *msanii* requires education and because he has not studied he cannot be *msanii*. Chanuo said that he would not call himself *msanii* because *msanii* is somebody who makes things gently in soft materials like paint or clay' (Kingdon 1994:130-135).

when to call out my response. The session would end with us all laughing, at which point we would pack up and drive in the car to the accommodation block.

"I think that this workshop has been an amazing discovery for us all..." (Willard Boepple).

Although Reinata loved to sing and dance and laugh, I always got the impression her celebratory sessions were designed so she could publicly acclaim her skill as a sculptress and demonstrate her pride in being a Makonde woman. These declarations relating to Reinata's perception of the brilliance of her work and her status as a sculptress, involved elaborate communication sessions to impart the information; and relied on the means of teasing and laughter to diffuse the message and make it more palatable for her audience (particularly her artist

colleagues). The more I came to know Reinata the clearer it became that it mattered greatly to her that people consider her to be a skilled sculptress; someone capable of creating and telling a proliferation of original and amazing stories, triggered by her material forms.¹⁶



"Munu Yambone," by Reinata Sadhimba.



¹⁶ The only exception to this was when it came to communicating the story of "Munu Yambone" (Good Person). Or rather, after having made this piece extremely quickly, Reinata did not act out a story about it, or speak about it apart from to say "munu yambone" (good person), in response to my request: "lyne lyke?" Reinata also made this sculpture shortly after she had completed the piece she referred to as *Reinata*. Although both sculptures - *Munu Yambone* and *Reinata* - depict a mother and child, when considering the two works one is immediately struck by the contrasts between them: the themes of violence versus peacefulness; the style of clothing and decorative patterning; and even the overall appearance; the *Reinata* figure looks more 'realistic' in the *Binadamu*-style, whereas the *Munu Yambone* figure looks more like the *Shetani*-style figures that Reinata produces. This last difference may well be because the production of *Munu Yambone* followed that of a 'pot-building' technique, whereas the *Reinata* piece used a more free-form technique. It is also worth noting that during this period, Noria, who was working within the same studio space as Reinata, was also producing a couple of sculptures within the theme of *Mother and Child*, as was Colleen. However, the stories each of these sculptors told in relation to their respective sculptures, were often surprisingly different despite the fact that the works often appeared visually to represent a supposed 'universal theme' (see Noria's sculpture entitled *Mother Nursing Her Baby*). It was for this reason that I felt particularly disappointed when Reinata would not communicate anything beyond the saying "munu yambone" when she referred to this sculpture.

The Siamese Twins

As with most of the *Pamoja* artists, Reinata's considerations of the influences for her sculptures varied, due to her perception of the proximity of each influence to each artist's individuality. For instance, it was acceptable to be influenced by the work of another artist when it came to a choice of materials and production techniques; and within limits to be assisted technically in the production of a piece. It was also acceptable to produce a sculpture that fell within the arena of a particular subject matter such as mother and child, or Siamese twins. However, any suggestion that Reinata may have been influenced by the stories associated with another artist's work, was completely unacceptable and taken as an insult. For such an influence was perceived as directly encroaching within the territory relating to an artist's statement of their individuality;¹⁷ something I came to understand was what each artist assigned the highest value.

Reinata took a great interest in the clay sculpted female figures being modelled and subsequently cast in concrete, by Dias and Adam. She followed the developments carefully, paying particular attention to the process of casting and the final result achieved (Moitshepi took a keen interest in this process too). Reinata would often run her fingers across Dias' sculpture, when it was in its clay form, and nod her head in approval. Once it had been cast in concrete she would then tap it with her knuckles and say "*yambone na mene*." Reinata also carefully watched the various stages involved in Gamal's production of his large sculpture, which began its life as an abandoned armchair. Initially, when Gamal began to add a variety of mixed media to the surface of the chair, Reinata would "tutt" her disapproval in a fashion to communicate she felt he was ruining a perfectly good chair. However, as the transformation from 'armchair' into 'work of art' developed Reinata stopped "tutting;" and when the piece was completed she asked from where he had acquired the chair. Her final pronouncement was that the 'armchair' sculpture was "*yambone na mene*" and on receiving this news Gamal gave her a hug. Throughout my research it became clear that an artist liked the person who liked their work.

"We all want people to like us, we want people to like our work. When our work is polite that's deadly. We can be polite, but the sculpture doesn't have to be" (Willard Boepple).

During one of Reinata's explorations to see the work being produced by her fellow artists, I was showing Noria a copy of the 1990 exhibition catalogue: '*art from south africa*,' staged at the *Museum of Modern Art* in Oxford. As we looked at the photos of Noria's sculptures, she told me they represented the famous South African Siamese twins '*Mpho and Mphonyana*,' who were born in the 1980s (these sculptures were later

¹⁷ As a researcher I found it acceptable for my colleagues to state they were working within the discipline of Anthropology, even to say they were researching the work produced by contemporary African artists. However, if I heard they may also be studying the *africa95* artists, I began to feel uncomfortable; and if they began to write about the *Pamoja* artists, or turned up to conduct their research at the *Gasworks Artists' Studios & Gallery* in London, I felt distinctly uncomfortable. At the time I felt irritated primarily because it had taken me many months and much patience to create a relationship with the artists and their colleagues, even to locate where the artists, Workshop co-ordinators and founders, such as Robert Loder, were based. However, once I had created a relationship with the artists and had begun to define my particular research idea, something that individualised my work, I came to experience something different: it was exciting so many research students were taking an interest in these artists and their work.

exhibited in *Image and Form* at the Brunei Gallery in 1997). When Reinata appeared in the studio and saw the photographs, she communicated, in a very excited fashion, how during her visit to Tanzania (in 1990) she had learnt about a pair of Siamese twins. When I told Reinata the sculptures in the catalogue had been made by Noria, she grabbed the book from my hands to peer more closely at the images. Then after a period of silent regarding she casually chucked the catalogue on the work bench and without comment or acknowledgement walked off.



That afternoon Reinata began to shape some clay onto the surface of a *Bretton College* plastic & metal chair, which she had appropriated from the *Nsaka* meeting room.¹⁸ She worked very quickly and over the next couple of days the seated figures, representing a pair of inter-linked Siamese twins, began to emerge. Gamal teased Reinata consistently, during this period of production, about the provenance of the plastic & metal chair; and by indicating Reinata should go and acquire one for him as well. He also made Reinata laugh by suggesting that the inter-linked figures she had sculpted onto the chair represented himself or Robert Loder and Reinata. When Reinata had completed the clay form Dias cast the sculpture, first in plaster and then in concrete. This process was watched very carefully by Moitshepi and very occasionally by Reinata, who had busied herself making a new sculpture (*Double Head I*).¹⁹ When the casting was finished was Reinata was thrilled with the result, particularly as it was the first time she had produced a sculpture using a media other than clay. Also, Reinata commented at the weight of the sculpture and marvelled over Dias' skill in ensuring the narrow cement cast chair legs were able to support the twins.

¹⁸ *Nsaka*, a Bemba word for a meeting place, was the name the artists chose for the meeting room, where they had their lunches and showed their slides.

¹⁹ When Reinata had finished *Double Head I* she sought the assistance of Dias to cast it for her. However, as he was busy with his own work she approached Moitshepi. Once Moitshepi had applied the plaster cast to her clay sculpted form, which he had agreed to do because he had never tried out such a process before, he then returned to his own work. Reinata could not find anyone to help her cast the sculpture in concrete, because they were all too busy. As she had not paid attention to the process required when Dias was casting her *Siamese Twins*, she was left feeling frustrated and the piece was abandoned. Reinata made a similar piece when she went onto work in Sokari Douglas Camp's studio in London (see *Post-Pamoja*). During Reinata's moments of frustration she experienced many of the feelings that her colleague Babacar had, when he was looking for some assistance to produce his 'column rising to the sky.'



Dias applying the dividers.



Duke provided the plaster.



Dias applying the plaster cast.



Zuleika filming Dias who is assisting Reinata by casting her *Siamese Twins*, whilst Reinata is working on *Double Head I*.

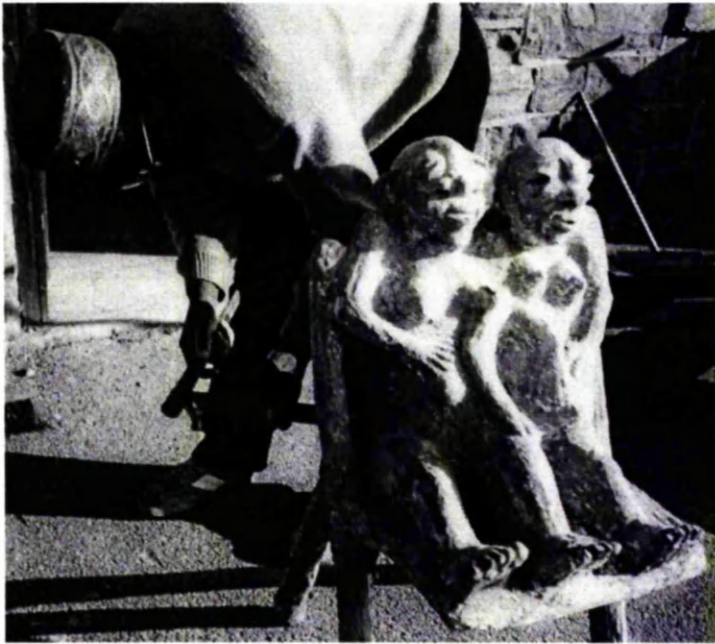
"Say you saw something carved in wood and welded together, would you feel differently about it if you knew that the artist hadn't done the welding themselves?... a lot of people would feel uncomfortable, because they like to look and admire the craftsmanship in a piece of sculpture. If they find that the beautifully made thing wasn't actually made by the artist, then they feel disappointed. They are not sure about the work. They feel that something has been lost" (Matthew Fairley - workshop support staff).



Dias applying the metal plaster cast supports.



The plaster mould being cast in cement by Dias.



The cement cast revealed.

she may have been influenced by Noria's sculptures. When Reinata did begin to speak to me again, she went over and over the fact that it was her own idea and nothing to do with Noria's work; and even gestured that Noria's clay sculptures, sitting in the corner of the studio, were not any good: a fact she stated was blatantly obvious, particularly if one were to compare them with her own works, which were all "*yambone na mene*."



After listening and watching Reinata's fury, I informed her that I could see the sculptures were different: Noria's twins were joined at the head and Reinata's twins were joined in the body; Noria's twins were made from painted clay and Reinata's from concrete. During his research Kingdon (1994:137) noted how the Makonde carvers desire was always to create "*something astonishing*" (*kitu cha ajabu*); something that has never been seen in the world. Also, that the carvers must feel something like "*jealousy*" (*wivu*) towards the work of other carvers and a desire to surpass it, in order to excel.

To ensure I had completely understood that Reinata had not copied Noria's idea, she told me the following story with a very serious and pensive countenance: "*One day a pregnant woman gave birth to a pair of Siamese twins. The twins had to do everything together, because their bodies joined them. However, they did not like each other, because the larger and*

Once the Siamese Twins was completed I approached Reinata with the '*art in south africa*' exhibition catalogue and pointed to the page with Noria's sculptures of '*Mpho and Mphonyana*.' It was an enquiry that taught me how seriously Reinata considered the notion of influence. When Reinata saw what I was suggesting she hit the book out of my hand and furiously began to communicate her sculpture was nothing like, or anything to do with, Noria's work. Reinata would not speak to me, or acknowledge me for quite a few hours: I had offended her by implying



uglier twin had a disagreeable temperament and ate more food than the smaller, kinder and more beautiful twin. Then one day the smaller twin died. As the twins could not be separated and nobody liked the older uglier twin, they were buried together. For five days the cries of the older twin were heard from far below the ground, where it had been buried alongside its dead twin. As the days passed everyone was amazed that the twin had survived and on the fifth day, after much consultation, the grave was dug up and the surviving twin was rescued... upon which it was passed round the people gathered, to receive lots of hugs."

When I enquired as to whether the surviving twin had been cut away from its dead twin, Reinata looked at me and repeated: "*it was alive and the other one was dead.*" Such technical details played no part in the "telling" of such a story. For Reinata it was the idea that was important; what she sought to achieve and assigned a high value to was, the creation of an amazing story to

capture the imagination and play with the emotional experiencing of her audience.

Market Basket and Naughty Children; and The Pumpkin Pot.

Although elements of Reinata's work were aesthetically similar, the story she told about each piece was different. It was the differences that Reinata focused on and valued. The differences were evidence of what she assigned most value to – her originality. Originality was what Reinata considered made her a great sculptress and would bring her recognition and wealth.

Elements of ***Market Basket and Naughty Children***, depicting a shopping basket with little cameos of figures sculpted on its sides, are aesthetically similar to those Reinata placed in some of her other sculptures. For instance, the apex figures are hugging in a similar pose to those in ***Friendship: Anna / Reinata*** (which I shall go onto discuss); and the figure that is defecating into a container is almost identical to one of the characters in her ***Ujamaa*** sculpture. However, although there may be aesthetic similarities, the stories the figures are associated with are very different. For instance, when Reinata began to describe the story of ***Market Basket and Naughty Children***, she first played the role of a mother, who was struggling to carry and then to put down a heavy shopping basket, so she could buy some more food. After laughing at this scenario, Reinata then began to recount, with much amusement at her telling, the activities of the small children, who, whilst their mother was preoccupied, were sneaking into the basket to steal the tomatoes, bananas, etc. Although the mother is not materially represented in this piece, the children are depicted in the sculpture - by the figures climbing up the side of the basket.



The story of *The Pumpkin Pot*, tells of what happens when the mother asks her children "*who has stolen the fruit?*" and how the accused children are all bowing their heads in shame. It is therefore a development in the telling of the tale of *Market Basket* and *Naughty Children*.

Some of Reinata's work was transported from Mozambique, to be displayed in: *On The Road* (Oct.-Nov. '95), staged at the *Delfina*, as part of the *VAP*. Ivor Powell, the South African art critic who sent the concerned letter to Anna K. about Reinata was responsible for the catalogue accompanying the exhibition.²⁰ Amongst the photos of Reinata's work (elements of which are similar, in appearance, to *Market Basket and Naughty Children*) there is a reference to Reinata having been asked: "Can you say what your work is about?" To which she is quoted (in English) as having replied: "Hunger and drought. This is why I make pots: because there is no water and we have no food to eat. If I sell the pots then we can buy food and we can get water" (1995:34).²¹

While Reinata was in Britain for the *africa95* project, she told the representatives at the *Mozambique High Commission* in London (Sept.'95) and Francis Nnaggenda - both conversations were conducted in Swahili - that she made her work primarily to communicate: "what life is like for herself as a Makonde person." Although Reinata frequently communicated 'the devastation's of war,' during her time at the *YSP*, she never once conveyed to me any concepts associated with 'hunger or thirst.' I can only surmise as to the reasons for this: a) due to her pride, her desire to represent Makonde people in a favourable light; b) because she was experiencing and witnessing something different at the time of her participation in *Pamoja*; c) or perhaps she had changed her intellectual project. There could, of course, be numerous other reasons. For instance, concepts such as hunger and thirst had simply slipped her mind.

Having spent some time with Reinata I do not feel that she would have 'held back,' particularly if she felt the issue needed to be "spoken about." In addition, Dias informed me that in Maputo Reinata is considered one of the artists who is doing rather well financially and is certainly selling more work than he is. Although I appreciate this is all hearsay and relative, I feel certain that Dias would have told me if he felt Reinata was presently experiencing conditions of hunger and thirst 'at home' in Maputo.

When Reinata described her 'home' and 'workplace' to me, she gave me the impression that she lived with her son in a small room in Maputo and that they did not have many possessions. Also, her workplace at the *Natural History Museum* in Maputo was not very nice, because she worked outside and when it rained her

²⁰ Ivor Powell also contributed to the exhibition catalogue entitled *Persons and Pictures: the modernist eye in Africa*, which was staged at the *Newtown Galleries* in Johannesburg in 1995, which was co-founded by Ricky Burnett. This exhibition focused on the influence of Jonathan Kingdon, Frank McEwen and Robert Loder in relation to the art produced by contemporary African artists. In this catalogue Ivor Powell is listed as: 'a Johannesburg-based journalist and art critic. Now working for the Sunday Times, he was formerly art critic for the Weekly Mail and Guardian, and assistant editor of Vrye Weekblad. He is the author of "NDEBELE: a people and their culture", published in 1995 by Struik, and has written various exhibition catalogues, including the 1995 Standard Bank young artist award catalogue for Jane Alexander and the catalogue essay accompanying Malcom Payne's Face Value exhibition at the South African National Gallery in 1993-4' (1995:64).

²¹ Towards the back of the catalogue Ivor Powell has written of Reinata: 'I learn all this from Mozambican film maker and social researcher Sol Carvalho while I am in the country meeting with the Maconde ceramicist usually known only as Reinata... And there she lives today [in Maputo, Mozambique], in a broken down block of flats, in the devastated centre of a city ravaged by war. She cuts an unusual figure in her traditional lip plug and her heavily tattooed face, speaking on[ly] the Maconde language, yet all the time growing in her international reputation. Her position is curious and poignant and above all, the product of history. Yet she continues, at the interface of memory and the history of colonialism, to evoke in the stories of her art, the demons of her time and her place: they are namely hunger and thirst and the devastation's of war. Thus, in the work entitled *Anger in Mueda*, for instance, four people are crawling around in a basket, looking for food that is not there. In *Lack of Water*, three figures clamber equally hopelessly on the empty pot' (1995:39-40).

sculptures often got damaged. After the British artist, Maryclare Foa, had visited Maputo in 1996, her assessment of Reinata's situation was: "*Reinata lives in a sparsely furnished small apartment with her son and there is little evidence of any wealth.*"

Maryclare also confirmed Reinata's description of her work conditions: "*She works under the eaves of the museum courtyard. There is no-one around really because the museum is closed due to lack of funding. It all feels rather deserted and derelict.*" In addition to this, Reinata gave me the impression that she did indeed sell her work and with the proceeds, the "*juluku*" (money), she had bought three cars and built a large house in Pemba on the Makonde plateau, where I was invited to stay. However, after telling me this she then went on to describe how her son had crashed two of the cars much to her disappointment; a story which Dias also confirmed.²²

I came to understand from Reinata that her desire to sell her work stems from her wish to become rich and famous. This desire was expressed when Reinata made *The Prayer Pot*, which was constructed from two pots placed together with a snake winding its way through the holes and along the surface. Reinata intended to place images of famous people on the sides, but never completed this exercise. When Francis Nnaggenda appeared in Reinata's studio, for the first time towards the end of the workshop, he greeted Reinata in Swahili and then asked her about *The Prayer Pot*. Although Reinata was not at all relaxed or 'chatty' she spoke a little about her sculpture, which Francis translated into English for my benefit: "*This is about the divine power that comes from God. All what she does comes from God. Now she prays to God to give her power. That she is given the power to meet all these famous people. She is trying to put her wish into this pot. She is worried because although she has her wish she doesn't know how to present it. She is praying for a leader who brings hope. Also, she is praying that through her work she will be recognised and helped. She is using her art to call for attention. This is a prayer. She is praying that God will make her rich and famous. She has put all her dreams and wishes in this pot.*"²³

²² In 1998 Dias informed me that one of Reinata's nephews is the Director of the *Museu Nacional De Arte* in Maputo; and he is concerned that Reinata may be selling her work for too low a price to tourists, who do not appreciate her work is so special. Dias also told me, the Natural History Museum has recently given Reinata a better place to work.

²³ (see Kingdon 1994:115-116, for a description of *Nnngu*, the supreme entity the Makonde believe resides in the sky). Noria showed much interest in this sculpture. Indeed, so much so, that she often interrupted Reinata to make little decorative marks on the surface of the pot, which Reinata not only allowed her to make but watched her make with keen interest. Once the base pot was completed and a snake had been positioned winding out of a hole cut into the sides and around the top of the pot, Reinata began to work on the second section. This began life as another pot, which was then turned upside down to form a sort of mirror image style pot-lid. Holes were cut into the sides and another winding snake was placed on the surface. Noria was extremely interested and when she began asking what the story of the pot was. Reinata 'acted-out' the following scenario:

A powerful force came from the sky and created the double-pot sculpture. Then after a while the power created the three famous people, which Reinata had begun to fashion around the surface of the top pot. Reinata began to name the people by saying the word "*Mandela*," after pointing to Noria's sculpture sitting in the corner of the studio. However, she then struggled to recall anymore names of famous leaders, so Noria helped her along with the words "*Butalesi*" and "*De Clerk*." After cautiously mimicking Noria's pronunciation of these words Reinata continued her story, by performing the actions of the snake appearing through the holes in the pot and silently creeping up to bite Mandela on the arm. Reinata's description suggested that the snake bite was required to prompt Mandela into acknowledging Reinata's talent. When Reinata was asked which three sculptures she would like to put into the YSP exhibition, this was one of the sculptures to which she pointed. It appeared to me that she considered this piece of work a powerful statement of her aspirations: to become acknowledged as a successful and brilliant sculptress, something which would result in her becoming rich and famous. As Reinata had selected this sculpture to be displayed in the exhibition I was therefore interested to note that she never completed work on the top pot (the famous heads were not formed) and when the base pot broke in the kiln she did not express any sadness.



Work in progress on *The Prayer Pot*.



My feeling of discomfort with a portrayal of Reinata as an astute business woman arose after I had made further enquiries into her knowledge of money matters. With the help of Dias, who spoke Portuguese with Reinata, I came to understand that the most money Reinata had ever received for a piece of work was for something she described as being a similar size to her sculpture entitled *Ujamaa* (which was approx. 90cms high). The piece in question was apparently named *Three Men Wanting To Pass Water*.²⁴

This sculpture, Reinata told us, was sold in 1995 for “*kumi milione pesa*” (ten million pesa). Dias then informed me that Reinata meant “*meticasi*” (the official currency of Mozambique) not “*pesa*.” Also, in his opinion, Reinata found it difficult to understand about money; she muddled the tens with hundreds and the hundreds with thousands, etc. Reinata certainly struggled with trying to remember the order in which to count numbers (which she did in Swahili) and constantly changed her mind whenever she reached a verdict. For instance, when speaking of total sums of money relating to how much things cost. Throughout her time in Britain Reinata would ask me, “*is it a good price?*” rather than, “*how much does it cost?*” All these actions and discussions made me feel distinctly uncomfortable and concerned, particularly as Reinata had “gestured” for me to help her price and sell her work during the *Open Studio Weekend*.

After phoning the *Mozambique High Commission* (August 1995) I learnt that the exchange rate was: 10,000 meticasi = £1. I then worked out with Dias the most money Reinata had ever received for a piece of her work - *Three Men Wanting To Pass Water* - was approx. £1,000. Dias was surprised when he heard this sum of money in Sterling, and once again informed me that Reinata may be muddled, because he thought the price was too high for a piece of her work. So I asked Reinata how much money she would charge for the sculpture

²⁴ This theme was used by Reinata in *The Belly Man*. When I visited Moitshepi in Botswana in 1996, he showed me a large sculpture

entitled "*Munu Juluku - Robert*," to which she replied, "*nani milione pesa*," which translated into approx. £900. I decided to wait until I could seek further assistance from Zachary and Robert, when they next visited the workshop.

When Zachary arrived he told me that in Mozambique a similar piece of Reinata's work to that of her sculpture entitled *Robert*, would probably cost around £80 - 150, rather than the £900 she had told me. However, he then concluded, "*it is not an easy task to price her work*." I wondered whether Reinata had given a high price, because she thought people in England had more money or whether it was more to do with what Dias had suggested - Reinata got into a muddle when speaking about the value of her work and meant to say £90 rather than £900. After Zachary's comments, Dias and I had to make a decision.

We decided to price Reinata's work at between £120 - £350 for the smaller pieces and up to £900 for the largest piece.²⁵ Part of our decision was influenced by some of the pieces having been damaged in the kiln; Reinata had not had to pay for any of the materials or her subsistence expenses; and perhaps most importantly of all, I thought Reinata would be happier to sell her work rather than not, which may be the case if her work was considered too expensive by the visitors or collectors. When we explained to Reinata the amount we would ask for her work, she clapped her hands, smiled and then gave me a hug. I was left wondering whether Reinata's response was because she had understood exactly what had been going on and was satisfied with the final price she had negotiated for her work; or whether it was more related to the fact that she could see Dias and I had spent much time deciding what to ask and because we, who she had no choice other than to trust, appeared satisfied with our final decision.

When Robert Loder arrived at the workshop he told us he thought the prices we had suggested for Reinata's work were about right. My feeling, with reference to his comment, is that as a collector Robert would want to buy Reinata's work for a good price. However, not for too cheap a price, otherwise it may undervalue his own collection. In addition, he would not for diplomatic reasons want to be seen as someone who 'short changes' the artists: as a co-founder of the *Workshop Movement* and someone who cares deeply for the contemporary African artists he meets, as well as someone who is a continuous buyer of contemporary African work.

he had made post-*Pamoja* - a man who was unable to pass water due to the effects of AIDS.

²⁵ When Reinata's sculpture, officially entitled *Ujamaa*, was exhibited by the YSP, it was priced at £1,170 (incl. 30% YSP commission).

"Limbonda, Ngambe, Maydi Chilongo" (Pumpkin, Tortoise & Water Pot)

On the morning of the *Open Studio Weekend* the first visitor to Reinata's studio was Robert Loder. After being greeted by Reinata, he began negotiations to acquire some of her work. The pieces he was particularly interested in buying were: *Woman Giving Birth*, *Mother Carrying her Baby* and his portrait *Munu Juluku - Robert*.¹ Reinata was thrilled to be handed a large bundle of cash and immediately tucked it away in her money belt, which Noria had made for her.

Her next visitor was a man, who arrived clutching a copy of the day's *Independent* newspaper. He scanned the studio for the sculpture depicted in the article - *Shetani II* - and then without a moments hesitation or another glance at any of Reinata's other work, he wrote out a cheque to the *YSP Trading Account*. After persuading him to collect the sculpture after it had been exhibited in the *YSP* exhibition, he left clutching his receipt.² Explaining to Reinata all the cheques represented money, which the *YSP* would send to her, was not an easy task and she made me repeatedly promise that I ensure she was sent, what she referred to as her "*chekiesh*" (after much lengthy negotiation, for Reinata to open a bank account in Maputo, the transaction was made in December 1995).



Shetani II, by Reinata Sadhimba. This was one of the sculptures Reinata had brought with her from Maputo, which had been damaged during the journey. After Dave Bevan, the *YSP* ceramic technician, had restored it, Reinata decorated the surface with a powder she had brought with her from Maputo; decorated a base-board with acrylic paint and beads; and mounted everything onto one of the baskets she had brought with her from Maputo. The visitor who bought this piece, which was depicted in the *Independent*, did not want the base-board or basket. However, Reinata insisted her ensemble remain together.

¹ Robert Loder bought Reinata's sculpture entitled *Shetani* during the *Pamoja* exhibition at the *YSP*. I was happy this work had found a home, particularly as it was the first sculpture Reinata made at the workshop, and because it had such an interesting story attached to it.

² When I saw this visitor's determination to buy Reinata's work illustrated in the newspaper, rather than any of her other pieces, I remembered the comments made in Christopher Steiner's book *African Art in Transit*: 'In November 1987, an illustrated coffee-table size book entitled *Potomo Waka* appeared in the window displays and shelves of many Abidjan bookstores. The book contains over one hundred glossy color photographs of sculpted slingshots... With the appearance of *Potomo Waka*... tourists and local buyers have been eager to purchase slingshots as part of their African art collections. In the market places, the price of an average slingshot jumped from a range of about 1,000-6,000 CFA (\$5-20) in early 1987 to 3,000-45,000 CFA (\$15-150) in late 1988...' (Steiner 1994: 112-117).



During the *Open Studio Weekend*, a lunch reception was held at the *YSP* for the artists, VIP's and the press. Speeches were made by people such as Peter Murray, Director of the *YSP*; and gifts were handed to the *Pamoja* support staff by Anna K. on behalf of the artists.



Peter Murray in action.



Anna K. presenting me with a gift.

After this everyone returned to the studios. Many of the artists were keen to do so as they wanted to sell some more of their work.



(from left) David, Moitshepi, Duke, Willard & Noria.



One of the VIP's admiring Francis' work.

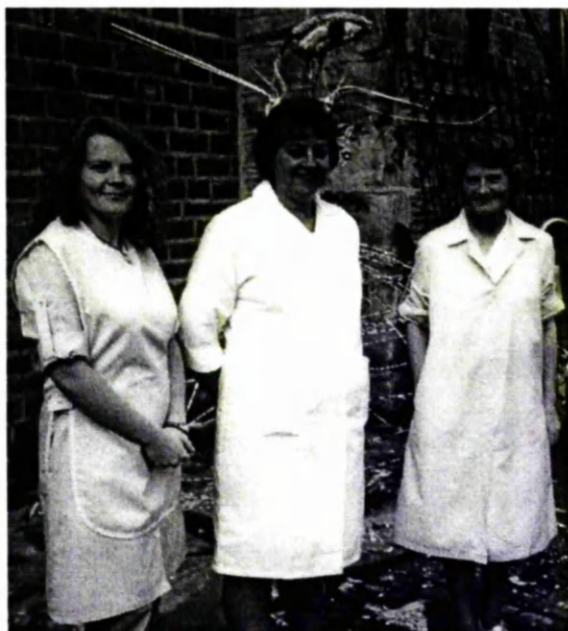


Francis Nnaggenda greeting Elsbeth Court, who worked on the *seven stories* catalogue and was the convenor for the *africa95* SOAS Symposium.



(from left) El Hadji Sy, Robert Loder, Willard Boepple. Many of the visitors such as El Hadji went on from the *Open Studio Weekend* to attend the Official Opening of *africa95*, which was a concert held in Birmingham that evening.

"I would hate the studios to look like a gallery" (Jon Tisherwood): "Or, to look like a shop. It's all about open studios, it's not supposed to be an exhibition" (Willard Boepple).



Three of the *Bretton College* canteen cooks. They were all a little shy and stood together in front of Gamal's sculpture, which they liked very much.



Charty Dugdale, one of the *Pamoja* helpers, chatting to Gamal while her father photographs Gamal's work.



Moitshepi's studio-space and visitors.



One of Moitshepi's visitors was a little boy, who spent the whole day drawing in Moitshepi's studio; and cried when his mother informed him it was time to return to London.

"Selling their work is so important, not only because they need the money to support their families, to buy materials, etc., but also because for many artists selling an art work is a sign that you are successful, that you are a good artist" (Veryan Edwards).



This visitor bought one of Moitshepi's small leaf sculptures after spending sometime admiring it.



(from left) Ndidi, Reinata, Ikram and Clémentine Deliss, in Reinata's studio.

On entering Reinata's space the visitors wandered cautiously around to avoid knocking into her work and warned their children not to touch anything. The visitors, predominantly English people from the surrounding area, peered closely and quietly at some of the pieces and smiled at Reinata if they caught her eye. After a few minutes Reinata would encourage me to speak about her sculptures, whilst she sat on the ground 'at work.' I would start by briefly explaining where Reinata had come from and why, and then continue by telling them a few of the stories relating to her work. The visitors particularly liked the story of *The Snake Family* and the jocular teasing that it triggered between the couples was greeted by Reinata with a smile.

After my little explanations, often to groups of 8 -10 visitors, no-one asked any questions. After listening carefully to the story of *Reinata* the visitors would nod their heads as if to say: "*It's a different world isn't it?*" Or, after peering for a second time at the *Ujamaa* sculpture, they would say to no-one in particular: "*It's amazing isn't it?*" The mothers' would often point out a few of the details on the sculptures to their children saying things like: "*That's what happens when there is a war*" or, "*Look at that little tortoise*" or, "*Can you see the little children climbing into the shopping basket?*" The children, however, rarely looked at the sculptures, which their parents were anxiously encouraging them to appreciate. Rather they chose to stand staring at Reinata, who would smile at their static expressions of amazement, and then pull away if she leant forward to touch their hands.

Most of the visitors said "*thank you*" and "*I hope she has a good trip home,*" as they left the studio. Reinata would then ask me what they had said, to which I would usually say something along the lines of "*they like your sculptures.*" In those moments Reinata was always quick to reply: "*if they like them, then why don't they*

buy them?" To which I would explain: "these visitors do not have any money to buy your sculptures," or "they have come to say hello and to look at your work - like in an exhibition." Reinata would always follow such an exchange by slowly repeated the words "Reinata Ndyoko" in a tone of voice to convey her disappointment.

Every time I left her studio space, to help the other artists such as Moitshepi or Noria to sell their work, or to see what the visitors were doing, Reinata would chastise me on my return. First she would ask me whether the others had sold anything, then she would tell me I had lost her many sales because she could not speak to her visitors. Any attempt I made to explain that most of the visitors did not have the money to buy and were coming just to see her work, only made her more cross. So we compromised. I told Reinata if I was in her studio I would speak to her visitors and when I was absent she should point to the little captions, which I proceeded to write out and leave beside her work.

It was during one of these exchanges that a young couple (in their thirties) entered the studio. After looking closely at all the works they waited to listen to one of my brief visitor information sessions, before informing me they would like to buy one of Reinata's unfinished pieces. It had been hours since Reinata's last sale and the moment she received the news she abandoned all other tasks and began working on the sculpture in

question: *Limbona, Ngambe, Maydi Chilongo.*



Limbona, Ngambe, Maydi Chilongo (Pumpkin, Tortoise, Water Pot). The dots on the pot are red stickers that Reinata took much pride in placing on her work, to indicate which pieces had been sold.

After the transaction had been completed the man asked if I could introduce him to Reinata. So after showing him the list of ChiMakonde words pinned on the studio wall, I turned to Reinata and said, using my limited ChiMakonde vocabulary and muddled sentence construction, full of pauses and gestures to emphasise various points: "Lyna lyake Simon. Simon kutangola, lisinamu yambone na mene. Simon kulota kutangola Makonde" (His name is Simon. Simon to speak, sculpture very good. Simon to love/like to speak Makonde). Reinata was absolutely thrilled when Simon began communicating with a few ChiMakonde words and much improvised "language of gesture." She told him about some of her sculptures and then they sat down together whilst she worked on his piece.



Simon Hale chatting to Reinata as she worked on *Limbonda*, Ngambe, Maydi Chilongo.

Their exchange took place in a studio filled with hushed and briefly commenting visitors and lasted for nearly two hours. At the time I felt Simon had done something rather brave and from the look on his wife's face, I think she did as well. He had walked into an unknown territory full of people he had never met before, seen a piece he liked and after consultation with his wife, decided to buy it (he was not a collector or dealer). He had then gone out of his way to find out about Reinata and her work; not only through myself, but through Reinata, which meant having to explore a means of communication in front of an audience largely comprised of hesitant strangers. After the workshop I sent Simon and his wife a copy of the photographs I had taken of them and Reinata. In response he sent me a letter, which sums up his encounter with Reinata:

'Many apologies for taking a week to get round to writing - here's what I noted down for what it's worth which, I discover, isn't much.

It is of course a turtle pot - *gnambe ndike chilongo*

It's a pot for water - *chilongo cha medi*

And naturally it's mine, Reinata said: *muangu*

There's fruit in my pot - *Limbonda ndike chilongo muangu*

And to dispel any doubt, it's a pot made by Reinata - *chilongo andyumba Reinata...*

Discussions then turned to other matters: *juluku* (money, possibly the first word we all learnt), *nembo* (the pattern on the pot) made by a knife (*shipula*). A calabash spoon (*luene*). A broken bit of gourd stuck on the statue of the sponsor to hide his willy, nervous chap (*chilambela*). And

finally *kukundu* (anal sex) in a context which you were tactful enough not to translate but which was being graphically mimed by Reinata's astonishingly supple rotating bum.

Not much use is it - I'm sorry about that. However what I didn't write down were Reinata's initial description and remarks about the pot, which you interpreted. It has obviously a strong symbolic, which is to say magical, meaning and function. As far as I understood you it seems to be a vessel for our wishes for our lives, a pot of luck. Reinata's prayers for us went into it - by which presumably she means intercessions with the ancestors and the natural spirits (depicted and evoked by the *Mapico* masked dances). But maybe I take her too seriously and the pot is a superb joke.'

This letter illustrates how much a person can learn in a short time. How it is possible to gain access to the stories of Reinata's work and move beyond a purely aesthetic appreciation of her work, if one considers Reinata's individuality is directly linked to the meaning of her work; and if one assigns a value to coming to understand such a relationship.

Friendship I - ("Anna / Reinata")

Reinata always referred to this sculpture as "*Anna / Reinata*," and the moment she had said the words, she would go on to describe how "*yambone na mene*" she thought Anna K. was. Since my ChiMakonde was not very proficient, I always had to think very carefully before I communicated to Reinata any concepts involving a third party, or an abstract idea. It was because I always had to focus carefully on how to say something, I became conscious of how difficult it is to pinpoint exactly why someone likes someone else, or thinks a certain way about a particular piece of work. Also, that when one focuses on any examples they suddenly seem, in their isolation, to be rather petty, which is why forms of communication that evoke a wider sense appear to be

more appropriate. For instance, when Reinata and I were communicating our perceptions of Anna K. or one of



Reinata's pieces, we often expressed ourselves through saying "*yambone na mene*." On the face of it, such a phrase could be considered to be rather superficial. However, somehow the evocation such a phrase communicated felt to more appropriate than if we spoke about or focused on a particular element, or attempted to string together a series of elements such as, we like her because she has such a lovely smile... because she is kind, or we like the sculpture because of the decorative detailing... because it made me laugh. Somehow such an approach showed itself up as fragmented captioning and as such did not convey a sense of the story; somehow a string of such captions restricted the sense of the grandeur associated with a particular concept and in so doing, the freedom of the story's development was interrupted.

Without the benefit of a flow of ChiMakonde or English words between us and because we relied on the "language of gesture," we became more aware of the sense of what it was we were trying to communicate; and because we began our communication from a position of unconditional trust we did not look for any hidden meanings behind the phrases we used. We relied on our shared experiences within the context of the workshop, to provide the referencing for much of our communication and understanding.



Double Headed Mask.

The first time Reinata spoke to me of her relationship with Anna K. was after she had made *Double Headed Mask*. Reinata's animated explanation told of her feelings toward Anna K. Reinata pointed to the lower head on the mask and conveyed how when she had arrived in Britain, Anna had met her at the airport and been full of smiles. Also, how when Anna had learnt about Reinata's broken sculptures in her wicker basket, Anna had given her a cuddle. Then, to my surprise, when Reinata pointed to the top head on the mask, she suddenly changed her tone of voice and began to describe how since she had arrived at the YSP Anna had not come to visit her studio or her work, even when Reinata had asked her... and asked her. The account of the *Double Headed Mask* ended with Reinata touching the lower head and saying "*Anna*" in an affectionate tone whilst mimicking the actions of hugging and kissing;

and then pointing to the upper head, repeating the word "*Anna*" as she gestured dismissively how she was not interested in knowing that particular "*Anna*," because that particular Anna did not want to know Reinata.

When I saw Anna K. later that day I told her Reinata would love her to visit her studio. From the moment Anna appeared Reinata was full of smiles and hugs; and immediately after Anna had departed Reinata set to work on *Friendship I (Anna / Reinata)*.³

³ This incident reminded me of Noria's description of her sculpture entitled *Waiting to Argue*, and the idea that it is important to get things off one's chest. Whenever Reinata and Noria were cross or upset they would publicly display their feelings and then after this cathartic exercise would not hold a grudge and relations would return to friendship.



Friendship I (Anna / Reinata)

On the second day of the *Open Studio Weekend* a group of visitors arrived, in very high spirits, in Reinata's studio. Two of the women appeared to be good friends. After looking at *Friendship I*, one of the women asked me: "*what do you mean when you say it's about friendship?*" I hesitated. I was going to tell the women the story of Anna K. and Reinata's friendship and was struggling with my thoughts of how to convey the sense of this relationship, without it seeming insignificant, when I saw Reinata gesturing in the background that I must sell the sculpture to them. Looking at the women's expectant faces, I suddenly felt torn. This was the first sculpture I felt sad to see Reinata try and sell. It was not the act of selling that made me feel sad, but because I felt the sculpture should be owned by someone who knew and liked "Anna and Reinata" and would therefore value the sculpture as a symbol of their relationship. I had also secretly hoped Anna K. would be able to afford to buy it, or that Reinata would give it to her as a gift. I suddenly felt a terrible

pang of loss at the thought of a woman I did not know and who had not participated in the workshop, about to become the owner of this particular sculpture.

However, watching Reinata's "language of gesture" and not wanting to let her down, I put on my saleswoman's hat: "*It represents the friendship between two women,*" I answered. That did it. The two women laughed and joked with each other that the sculpture had been made for them; and Reinata smiled at their reception and the signed cheque she held in her hand shortly after. I found it very difficult to distance myself from my emotions in those moments and experienced a huge sense of relief when I told the 'happy and proud owner' she could not take the sculpture home until after the *YSP* exhibition was over. After the women had left the studio I expressed my thoughts to Reinata, who smiled as she shook her head and said "*Reinata Ndyoko, Reinata Ndyoko,*" in a tone that conveyed I must learn not to get too attached to the work.

Twenty minutes later the women returned, now with their husbands, who were given a guided tour by the women before I was approached. "*I would like to buy this sculpture*" the female friend informed me, as she pointed to *Mother Carrying Her Baby*. When I explained the sculpture was part of a pair that had already been sold, she was very disappointed; and a few moments of silence passed until the owner of *Friendship I*, without looking in Reinata's direction, stated: "*can't she make another one?*" After Reinata had confirmed this was possible, another cheque was written out and a receipt for the commission produced. "*I will be happy with anything she chooses to make, so long as it's on the theme of mother and child. Anything she wants to do,*" were the woman's parting words. When the group left for a second time I expressed my happiness that another sale had been made and Reinata expressed her disappointment that the woman had not wanted a pair.

After a moment's silence Reinata pointed to the sculpture of *Anna / Reinata* and then shaking her head smiled and said: "*Reinata Ndyoko, Reinata Ndyoko.*" We both laughed at the recognition that our feelings had shifted in relation to the sale of one of her pieces.

The events of the day gave me an idea. If Reinata could be commissioned to produce another "*mother and child*" sculpture (see *Mother Nursing Her New Born Child*), she could be commissioned to produce a second "Anna and Reinata" figure. I made an enquiry, to which Reinata responded "*of course,*" and then I suggested the idea to Anna K., who said she would be very happy to have one made but only if Reinata had the time. Anna felt it was important that Reinata complete the works she had begun and any other commissions before she started work on the piece suggested (see *Friendship II - Anna / Reinata*).

Mother Nursing Her New-born Child

When I saw the commissioned *Mother and Child* I was initially very relieved to find that Reinata had not attempted to produce an exact replica. This was primarily because I felt uncomfortable with the notion of 'duplication' and secondly because the sculpture, which had initiated the request for the commission to be produced, belonged to a story which Reinata always stressed should be told through a pair of figures. Besides the notion of pleasure evoked through a sense of 'ownership' for an original work of art, I wondered whether this was perhaps also why the woman had told me she would be happy with anything Reinata made, so long as it was on the theme of "*mother and child.*"

When I asked Reinata about the sculpture she told me it was the same woman as depicted in the initial grouping, but now the mother was nursing her new born child. On receiving this news and looking at the three figures positioned alongside each other, I saw them as illustrating a longer story about the Makonde mother's relationship with her child and I felt a sudden pang of sadness at the thought that the story would shortly be dispersed.

I learnt from Reinata that this sculpture represented, like most of her sculptures, a moment within a larger and continually evolving story. To illustrate this point Reinata had conveyed the movement of time, through the introduction of an extra arm attached to the mother's figure. When Reinata pointed this detail out to me I





Mother Nursing Her New-born Child.

understood that it was also her way of introducing an element of humour. Based on my conversations with Reinata, the following stories relate to the commissioned 'mother and child' sculpture, which I have named *Mother Nursing Her New Born Child*:

The mother is sitting down to feed her new born child and has dozed off. The mother's hand, represented by the extra arm, is resting on her cheek to support her nodding head. The young and inexperienced baby does not know how to find its mother's exposed bosom and begins to cry. When the mother awakens, due to the baby's cries, she shakes her head, taps her fingers on the side of her face (once again represented by the hand on her cheek) and asks fondly "what are you doing?" The mother then places her baby's mouth onto her bosom and

whilst it suckles happily the mother nods off to sleep once again. (In Reinata's usual fashion the story continues with the baby's mouth falling off the mother's bosom and the mother awaking and repeating the whole process).

When Reinata told me the story of this sculpture for a second time I came to see it from a different perspective, primarily due to the extra arm representing a new set of actions:

The mother, who is sitting down to feed her new born child, has dozed off. The baby young and inexperienced baby does not know how to feed properly and cannot find the mother's exposed bosom. The movement of the baby's hand (represented by the extra arm) trying desperately to find the mother's bosom, tickles the mother and she awakes. The mother shakes her head and says: "what are you doing?" She then places the baby's mouth on her bosom and whilst the child feeds the mother nods off to sleep. (Once again, in Reinata's usual fashion, the story continues with the baby's mouth falling off the mother's bosom and then searching for the bosom. The mother then awakes and repeats the whole process).

When I commented to Reinata that Noria had also made a sculpture representing a 'mother nursing her new born child,' Reinata, once again, became very upset at what she interpreted to be my accusation that she had copied one of Noria's ideas. Reinata told me I was quite wrong, because the sculptures were very different. First of all, hers related to the initial two sculptures she had made on the theme of motherhood - the idea had

not come from looking at Noria's work; secondly, hers was about a Makonde mother, whereas Noria's was about a Venda woman; and thirdly, hers was a better sculpture, because of the additional arm and hand movement and because it is a story that makes people laugh. Reinata's reasoning made me realise she had clearly understood the story Noria had told me, relating to *Mother Force Feeding Her New Born Baby* and *Mother Nursing Her New Born Baby*.

Friendship II ("Anna / Reinata")

Anna K. had given her blessing for the production of *Friendship II* and so it was that the story of friendship was developed. When I saw the commissioned sculpture, I noticed the figures were slightly larger and more rounded; and that I felt rather sad. Initially I could not understand why I felt so disappointed, particularly as I was aware it was the idea of the friendship between Anna and Reinata that I had assigned so much value to. Reinata informed me that she thought it was a very good sculpture, because of the details she had included. She pointed to the length of hair, the style of clothing and the addition of real earrings, which she had found in her equipment box (they were to be re-fitted once the sculpture had been fired). This last touch was something Reinata was particularly pleased with.

I felt disappointed not to find an exact replica, due to my earlier sense of loss over the sale of the *Friendship I*

- *Anna / Reinata* sculpture to the *Open Studio Weekend* visitor. When I expressed my feelings to Reinata, she responded by informing me it was not "*Anna and Reinata*," but rather "*Anna and her Makonde Husband*." Although I felt strangely relieved I was also puzzled, because the



Friendship II (Anna / Reinata).



Reinata and Anna.

supposed male figure looked more like a female to me. When I pointed this out to Reinata she laughed and then mimed that it could be any person that Anna was friends with - any person that Anna loved. For instance, it could be: "*Anna and Reinata*," "*Anna and Reinata Ndyoko*," "*Anna and ...*" The list of examples she offered me related to all the artists and support staff names she could recall in those moments. Although Reinata had obviously created this story to make me feel better, the sense she conveyed was that the sculpture was an evocation of Anna's friendship; her expression of friendship through hugs and smiles.



In short, I had been looking too literally at the work and had forgotten that Reinata never inscribes one particular meaning, never "speaks about" the stories of her work from one static perspective. When I was told by Reinata that the commission represents Anna K. hugging different people, I stopped comparing the sculptures. For instance, whether the second sculpture was able to represent the friendship between "*Anna and Reinata*," as well as I considered the first sculpture to have done. I saw them as being different sculptures, representing different relationships and in so doing I felt differently

about the works. What I had experienced initially was the difficulty of seeing something else, once I had assigned a particular meaning to it. Then I had experienced the ease of seeing something else, once I had assigned a different meaning to it - after having been prompted, having been shown how to see something else.

I had also experienced the many reasons why a person may like a particular sculpture, a particular story; and how many of those reasons appear to be related to a desire associated with the concept and experience of ownership. The desire for ownership appears to be prompted by an emotional experience, which is evoked through the meaning one assigns to the piece. In Reinata's case, it appeared to me that the stories of her work had a greater effect on the reader's perception and their desire to own one of her sculptures, than any viewing of their aesthetic qualities.

After having listened to and regarded Reinata for many days within the intense experience of the workshop context, I would say that Reinata assigns most importance to the story, the idea. For it is the story-telling that

brings her sculptures to life and captivates her audience. For Reinata her sculptures are not static, they are not a caption, they do not encapsulate a moment in time. Rather they are a reflection of the world around her, a world which is constantly on the move due to the "telling." It is for this reason she is able to let one moment go and move onto the next so easily. She is not tied by the burden of ownership focused on one particular idea, or to the need to ascribe a specific meaning to an object. What Reinata values is an acknowledgement that she is an individual, who tells the most astonishing stories; whose sculptures solicit the most amazing stories and response.

As Reinata had no experience of textual story telling, as far as she was concerned a good story always initiates an oral response. It was for these reasons that she found it extremely difficult to understand why her audience remained silent when they looked at her work, or remained so after they had read any of the captions I had written during the *Open Studio Weekend*. It was also this privileging of an oral discourse combined with the inter-family dialogue - when captions read out by parents triggered a response from their children - which led Reinata to conclude: "*English mothers and children like my work best.*" This misunderstanding was in part due to my inexperience at conveying a good story and instead presenting to the visitors brief summaries of the story relating to each particular piece; something that did not assist in raising her visitors' awareness of the experiences and events that have helped to shape Reinata's perception of the world - both visible and invisible - around her in 1995, and which gave rise to her creations.

After having witnessed many of Reinata's visitors (*Pamoja* artists, workshop support staff, *YSP* curatorial staff, VIP's and general public) reaction to her work, I came to realise that if I was to convey any sense of the stories surrounding her work, I would need to illustrate the context in which they were told to me and the other *Pamoja* participants, such as Noria, who were present during the tellings. In short, I needed to create a style of presentation that would convey to the reader a sense of how Reinata communicated her stories associated with her work; to convey to the reader a sense of how to access, to understand, to participate within the astonishing world of story-telling that Reinata opens up through her sculptures. This was the gift of ownership that Reinata left those people she met during the *Pamoja Workshop* with: the desire to tell a story that astonishes one's senses and develops one's perception of the possible ways in which to see and experience the world around us in 1995.

At the end of the *Open Studio Weekend*, which was also the end of the *Pamoja Workshop*, the artists and support staff gathered for a group photo and to celebrate their friendships and achievements.



(from left) Adam Madebe, Ian Fallon, Francis Nnaggenda, Matthew Fairley, Daniel McGinley, Les Hall, Gamal Abdel Nasser, Jon Isherwood, Duke Keyte, Ikram Kabbaj, Moitshepi Madibela, Reinata Sadhimba, Willard Boepple, Colleen Madamombe, Ndidi Dike, Hercules Viljoen, Frances Richardson, Babacar Traoré, Daniel Hunziker, André Diop, Flinto Chandia, David Chirwa, Arthur Fata, Noria Mabasa, Dias Mahlate.

"It's not easy to explain yourself. It is better if you can build it up, so you can make it into a story. Everyone can talk about their work given the right time and atmosphere, cos' I think that art is like self-expression really" (David Chirwa).



Zuleika in action. Anna K. on the left.



Gamal and Reinata spontaneously began to dance, accompanied by the Dance Course musicians improvisational rhythms.



Gamal and Anna B., celebrating in front of Hercules' sculptures.

*"I think that's why we are all here. because we all realise that we are still learning from each other"
(Frances Richardson).*



Reinata doing her Makonde dance (wearing the denim outfit she bought in the *Help The Aged* charity shop; an outfit she enjoyed teasing me, made her look like "Reinata Ndyoko").



The *Pamoja* artists and the *Dance Course* musicians jamming together at the end of the *Open Studio Weekend*.

Section 5) Post-Pamoja

Once *Pamoja* had ended most of the artists returned to their homes, while some stayed on in Britain: Flinto, David and Ndidi took up their two month *Visiting Artists' Studio Residencies* at the *Gasworks*, where Frances is a resident artist;¹ Babacar, André and Djibril moved to the *Delfina* for their *Visiting Artists' Studio Residencies*; Dias, Reinata, Duke and Noria stayed on at the *YSP*,



where Dias and Noria taught a *Five The Gasworks Artist Studios & Gallery, The Oval, London.*

Day Sculpture Course, after which Noria and Duke left for Johannesburg and Dias and Reinata visited London for a couple of weeks; Moitshepi and Gamal revised their plans and negotiated for a space at the *Gasworks* and *Delfina* respectively² (see **Appendix L** for list of *africa95* events the *Pamoja* artists participated within *Post-Pamoja*).



The materials left over from *Pamoja* were transported to the *Gasworks*.



Francis, David, Flinto and Moitshepi unloading the cargo.

¹ These residencies had been arranged prior to their visit to Britain and included travel, accommodation, subsistence, studio space and exhibition expenses. Ndidi and Flinto had discussed the idea of attending the *Gasworks* with Anna K. and Robert Loder, whilst they were participating in the 1994 *Tenq/Articulations Workshop* in Senegal. Although David had not attended *Tenq/Articulations*, he was a friend of Flinto's and he knew Anna K. from when she had co-ordinated the workshops in Zambia and Namibia.

² These two artists had not arranged any sponsorship for this period. They did not pay for their studios and stayed with the English friends they had met during *Pamoja*, to avoid any accommodation expenses. Moitshepi paid for his materials with the donation (£60) given on the spur of the moment by Robert Loder and the money received from selling his work during the *Pamoja Open Studio Weekend* (£600); and Gamal, assisted by his friends, who had attended the *YSP Dance Course*, scavenged through the streets of London and in peoples' attics for his materials.



Flinto, David and Moitshepi at work.



Robert and Ndidi overseeing the proceedings.



David and Ndidi in Frances' studio.

"If you work in your studio in isolation or in your normal context, I think you think differently about your work" (Hercules Viljoen).

Example of Networking

Networking was an important aspect of the *africa95 visual arts programme*. Since many of the *Pamoja* artists either left prior to the main *VAP* events and networking opportunities, or if they stayed on in Britain because they did not know many of the participants or how the networking system operates, they often felt ignored or silenced.

The day after they arrived in London, Moitshepi & Ndidi, accompanied by Robert Loder and myself, went to visit the *Open Studio and Exhibition*, staged for the artists who had been participating in the *Delfina africa95* summer residency programme: Babacar, El Hadji Sy, Chika Okeke (*Nigeria*) and Abderrazak Sahli (*Tunisia*). Ndidi knew Babacar and El Hadji Sy from her participation in the '94 *Tenq/Articulations Workshop*. Ndidi also knew Chika Okeke, because they had both trained at the *University of Nigeria* in Nsukka (as had Olu Oguibe, whom I shall be discussing later). Chika and El Hadji had visited the *Pamoja Open Studio Weekend*, where Moitshepi had also, briefly, met these two artists prior to this visit.

Chika and El Hadji had met prior to their participation in the *Delfina africa95* residencies, because they were both working as co-curators for *seven stories*. Through this relationship Chika was invited to participate in the '96 *Tenq Workshop* in Senegal. The *africa95* network also led to two-Liverpool based artists being invited to '96 *Tenq*. These artists were recommended by Bryan Biggs, Director of the *Bluecoat*

Gallery in Liverpool, whom El Hadji had met when he participated in the *africa95* exhibition entitled *Cross-currents (New Art from Senegal)*, staged at the *Bluecoat*.



Humid Basement, by Johannes Phokela (oil on canvas)

Another artist invited through the *africa95* network to '96 *Tenq* was Johannes Phokela, originally from Soweto in Johannesburg and one of the resident artists at the *Gasworks*.³ He participated in the exhibition entitled *Original*, which was staged at the *Gasworks*, in response to the *africa95* programme. *Original* was curated by the black British artist, Sonia Boyce (also a resident artist at the *Gasworks*). This exhibition showed the work produced by the African Diaspora artists living within Britain: artists who had felt

³ Moitshepi had met Johannes at the 1993 *Thapong Workshop* in Botswana.

excluded from the *africa95* project. As Eddie Chambers commented:

It's always good to see work by Black artists, so the 1995 programme provided, for me, a welcome and much appreciated feast of goodies. I travelled to as many exhibitions as I could, but regret not making it to Liverpool. Some work I saw was good, some very good, some mediocre, some poor. Much is pretty much what one would expect in/from any given number of exhibitions, irrespective of race, nationality or skin colour (of the artists). I have massive problems with some aspects of the 1995 season, but they are largely confined to the antics of art establishment racism, tokenism and a continued stubborn, bloody-minded refusal to properly acknowledge the work of Black British artists. 'Imported' artists have a very troubling relationship with Black artists resident in Britain (vis-à-vis exhibition opportunities) don't you think? (quoted from my questionnaire: *Reflections on the africa95 visual arts programme*).

Another artist who participated in *Original*, was Yinka Shonibare, an artist who had grown-up in Nigeria and was currently working in London. Though Yinka sympathised with the sentiments of the many Diaspora artists, he had not been completely excluded from the official *VAP*. In addition to participating in '94 *Tenq/Articulations*, his work was also exhibited in the *africa95* exhibition of *African Textiles* at the *Barbican*. As a result of this exhibition, Yinka sold his installation to the prestigious *Saatchi Collection*.



A New New Man, by Yinka Shonibare. African printed textiles, which are fabricated in England & Holland and then exported for sale in Africa, are wrapped around wooden frames and pinned to the emulsion painted gallery wall. Frances, Johannes and I helped Yinka to install this work. After the wall had been painted and the nails carefully positioned the textile frames were unpacked. After directing the placement of sixteen frames, Yinka suggested the three of us place the other frames as we desired.



Hassan Aliyu and me.

of black artists. The 198 exhibition entitled *Winds of Change* (showing the work of Hassan Aliyu and Henrietta Alele), which although included in the *africa95* season, had been excluded from the *VAP* by being relegated to the section at the back of the *africa95* brochure: *Conferences, Education and Young People's Events*.

Yinka also took part in the exhibition *Seeing and Believing*, held in the foyer of *The Economist*. Like *Original*, this exhibition was not officially listed in the *africa95* brochure, although it was staged during the *africa95* season. It addressed the relationship between image, belief and memory, and was curated by the American PhD anthropology student Nancy Hynes, who had also worked at *The 198 Gallery*; the gallery dedicated to showing the work



Work in progress, by Hassan Aliyu.



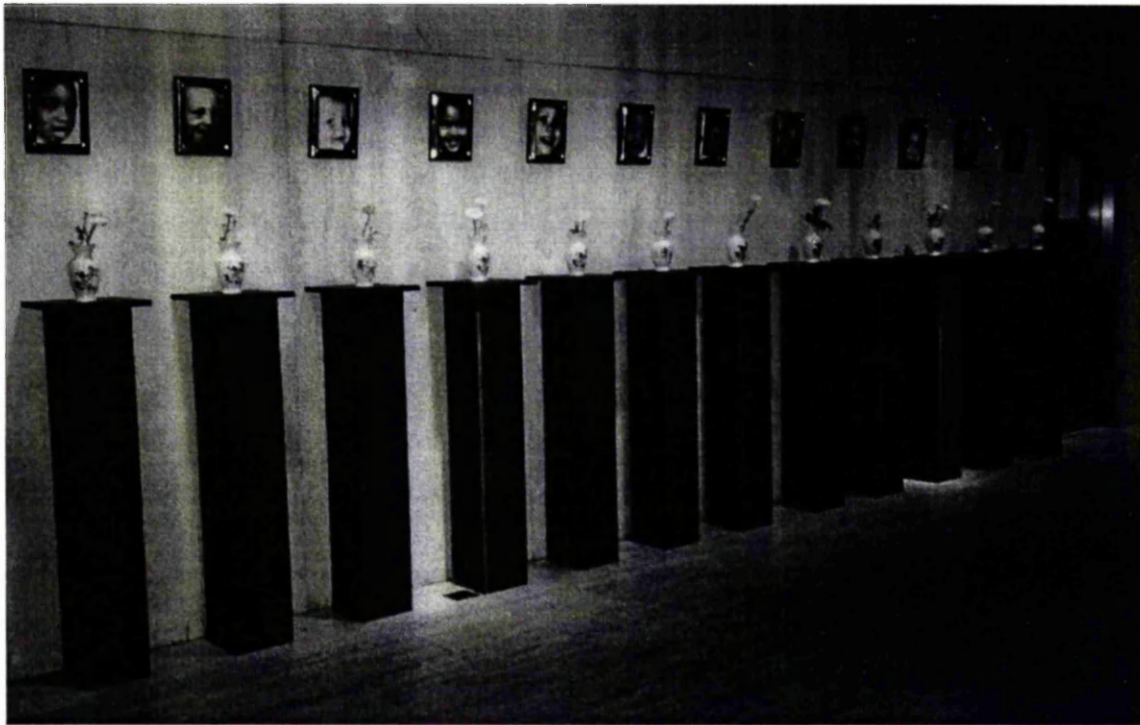
Abstract, by Henrietta Alele.



Henrietta Alele and her costume designer, outside *The 198 Gallery* on the evening of her *Private View*.

The *Seeing and Believing* exhibition also displayed the work of Olu Oguibe, an artist, art historian and art critic, who had chosen to live and work outside Nigeria, after having attended the same art school at the *University of Nigeria* as Ndid and Chika Okeke (albeit in different years). Through his choice to live away from home, Oguibe had developed a large network of contacts who work within the arena of contemporary African art. For instance, he knew John Picton and Clémentine Deliss from the period he had undertaken his PhD in the Art & Archaeology Department at *SOAS* (completed in 1992); and when he had taught at *Goldsmiths College* in London, he had met Paul Gilroy and Kobena Mercer⁴ - both of whom had been involved in the *ICA* seminar entitled *Working with Fanon: Contemporary Politics and Cultural Reflection*, which the *ICA* had made a point to state had nothing to do with the *africa95* project.

Although Olu Oguibe was working in 1995 as the Assistant Professor of Art History at the *University of Illinois*, Chicago, and as the editor of a new magazine produced in New York entitled *Nka: Journal of Contemporary African Art*, he had declined an invitation to speak at the *SOAS africa95* symposium and conference. I am uncertain of the reasons for this decision, because I was unable to speak to him. However, I suspect they are due to a complex interweaving of continually shifting alliances within British academic institutions associated with the cultural politics of the black visual arts.



Oklahoma, by Olu Oguibe.

Moitshepi considered artists such as Olu Oguibe and Yinka Shonibare to be privileged, because they had attended art school and had developed a large network of contacts within the international art world. These

⁴ Kobena Mercer wrote the catalogue essay for the *africa95* exhibition *Self Evident*, staged at the *Ikon Gallery*, Birmingham.

circumstances increased their awareness of the 'state of play' and allowed them to choose how to present themselves, during the *africa95* season - under what circumstances they wanted to be made visible or invisible. For instance, Olu Oguibe participated in the fringe exhibition *Seeing and Believing*; as well as the more prestigious *seven stories*, where his work, along with that of Ndidi's, had been selected by his Nigerian colleague, Chika Okeke, the artist whose studio work and exhibition Robert, Moitshepi, Ndidi and I were visiting that September evening at the *Delfina*.

Making Sense of the World

After looking around the *Delfina* exhibition space, Robert, Moitshepi, Ndidi and I then visited Chika Okeke and El Hadji Sy's studio spaces. Chika had filled the walls of his studio with black & white sketches and large canvases of London scenes, which reflected his initial experience of arriving in Britain for *africa95*. The dramatic portrayals of a rush-hour confusion of bodies within the London Underground system, reminded me of Munch's *The Scream*. Moitshepi was impressed by Chika's drawings and paintings: "*I know what he means when I see his drawings. The meaning goes inside me.*" After this comment Moitshepi fell silent before concluding: "*You know, he has been to a good school. It makes a big difference. It makes him being known by people. You know, I came to my style in black & white drawings as a self-taught artist.*"



People who are lost, by Moitshepi Madibela.

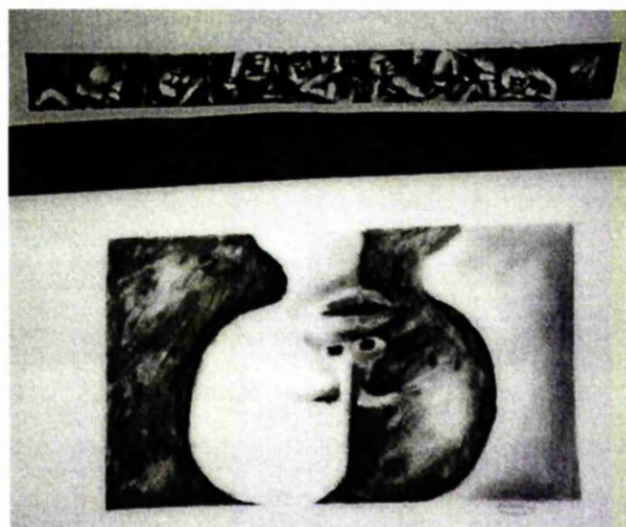
On returning to the *Gasworks* Moitshepi began to work on a large black & white painting of intertwined and dramatically featured figures. This painting was followed by a series of smaller paintings and sketches on the theme of distorted faces, poverty, feelings of loneliness and dislocated families. This work was different to what he had produced during *Pamoja* and reflected his experience of finding himself in a large city surrounded by disinterested people. Considering Moitshepi had come from a country where his only experience of working as an artist had been in his small home village, or within the confines of various *International Workshops*, it was not particularly surprising that he should have found his experience in London unfamiliar.

After his visit to *Delfina*, Moitshepi also decided to send out a little biography and invitation for all the curators and artists, working within Britain and associated with *africa95*, to visit him at his *Gasworks* studio. Only one person responded to his simple photocopied leaflet, which he had sent out by 2nd class mail - with the money he had made from the sale of his paintings during the



When people come together they talk, love, feel and look at things differently, by Moitshepi Madibela (approx. 100x150cms).

visited Botswana a few months later that their friendship had continued: the two had been corresponding with cards and little sketches.



Self-portrait, by Moitshepi Madibela.

Pamoja Open Studio Weekend. In response to this experience, Moitshepi told me: "*these things takes a long-time. It takes a long-time for somebody to know me in London.*"

The sole respondent to Moitshepi's invitation to visit his studio at the *Gasworks*, was the little boy, who three weeks early had driven with his mother from London to visit the *Open Studio Weekend*. This boy, whose father was Kenyan and whose mother was English, spent most of his visit to *Pamoja* in Moitshepi's studio. He was particularly fascinated by one of Moitshepi's paintings; the one in which Moitshepi had depicted a person's face as being half white and half black and upside down. When they arranged to meet in London, the little boy presented Moitshepi with one of his own paintings and in response Moitshepi allowed his young visitor to choose one of his own paintings. However, not the painting of the black & white person, because Moitshepi said that was his favourite as it was a self-portrait of how he had felt in Britain. I learnt when I



The last grains of rice, by Moitshepi Madibela.

El Hadji Sy's *Delfina* studio space was filled with an array of colourful hangings suspended from the ceiling in a screen-like fashion and a series of work constituted by a mosaic of animal and reptile skin-strips, which he had acquired from the exclusive shoe shop; *Deliss* in Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge (the owner of this shop, Mr Deliss, was also standing in the studio at the time of this visit). El Hadji explained to Robert Loder that these beautiful objects were now banished out of sight to the basement of such shops, because the skins belonged to a variety of endangered species and it was illegal for them to be used in the manufacturing of any fashion items, or to be bought and sold within the UK. On seeing the skins, made invisible due to such laws, El Hadji had decided to experiment with the concept of taboo.

I was left pondering over whether any potential transaction, in relation to these transformations from 'illegal skins' into 'works of art,' would prove to be problematic; or whether the art world may fall into a special category when it comes to the visualisation of certain world views and the potential development of any such new artistic style, or mode of communication. As we left the studio space Moitshepi told me that in Botswana the people who catch such animals are sometimes themselves trapped by the police; also that such animals are closely associated with traditional doctors and the spirit world: *"You know, I heard from people that sometimes this kinds of animals is changing into a spirit. You know, the traditional doctors they sometimes make something of magic for this to happen. You know, I have heard from my friend, who has been in that village when the man, he was a teacher actually, he was catching such animals. Although the police rangers they somehow catch that man at night, it seems he is not in jail now. And it seems this man is now gone forever."*

When I visited Moitshepi in Botswana 1996, to explore the effects of *africa95* on his life and work, Moitshepi referred to El Hadji's endangered species work. At the time his reference gave me a further insight into the context from which Moitshepi had come to participate in the *VAP*; and why he had spoken of spirits and traditional doctors on seeing El Hadji's work at *Delfina*. My visit to Botswana also gave me an insight into the effect Moitshepi's experiences, as a direct result of being asked to participate in *africa95*, had on the manner in which he was questioning and making sense of the world around him - both the visible and invisible.

The story I shall tell is also of interest, because it illustrates how a person's knowledge directly affects how they experience and make sense of the world around them; and how the persuasiveness of their particular experience and their subsequent interpretation is so dependent on the context in which it is 'in action.' This is important not just in relation to an understanding of why it was Moitshepi made the work he did whilst he was in Britain, but also for an understanding of how the environment in which he found himself played such an important part in framing how he perceived of an image or idea, and how he chose to present such perceptions to those around him. For instance, he believed that if he was to express a belief in traditional doctors and their power to make the poacher he had heard of disappear, he would be perceived by educated people - people he considered to be more important than himself, because they had passed their exams, had been to art school, or

were fluent in English - as being unsophisticated or foolish. It was a perception that also directly affected how he spoke of his *Pamoja* work, which was based on the theme of healing and the power associated with traditional medicine.

The incident took place after the two of us, accompanied by another local Batswana artist named Reginald Bakwena, visited the cave of Gakogoboko on the outskirts of Molepolole Village; Reginald's home village, which lay approximately 2 hours drive from Gaborone. The cave, which neither of the artists had visited, nor had ever met anyone who had, was reputed to have: *"a big hole inside the cave in which the witchcraft people throw the people."* As we stumbled through the undergrowth up the hill-side and approached the rocky entrance to the cave, the artists decided to wait a few meters away... When commenting on this trip Moitshepi explained: *"I didn't want to come close to the cave. The distance Reggie and myself were was enough so that when something coming we could run away. I didn't want to stay long in that place... I was scared of may be ghosts of people thrown inside. You know, that's the thing I heard from people - some ghosts can be seen in the day. I once heard that spirits change into a real human being talking to you, but not being a real human being. Or they change into animal - just seeing an animal, like animals that are hard to see. Seeing that for the first time, seeing that I would be afraid, because I will think that may be it will attack you because you are disturbing it..."*

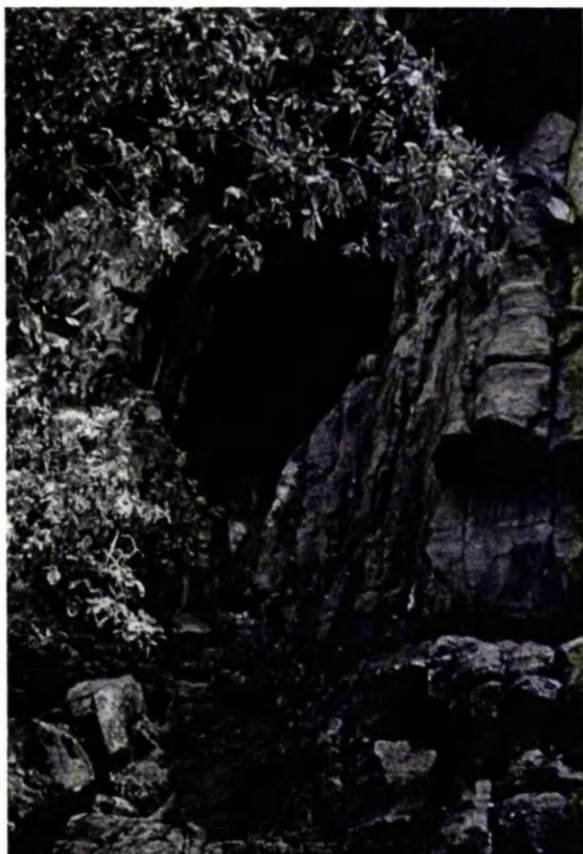
"[Reggi and I] took courage, because one thing that made me think what people were saying - that the caves were frightening - was may be not true... You know, there is another hill in Botswana that people are told not to climb. It is called The Hill of Lovers and they say if you climb it you will go forever. Then in 1991, when I was working in Serowe at the museum, I was shocked when Mokawedi [another local Batswana artist]... he told me that two Batswana they climbed the hill and they came back. You see, since long time back we

thought those hills were not supposed to be climbed. Mokawedi was shocked as well. You know, then I asked myself may be it is possible to climb this hill and see the cave."



Reggi and Moitshepi waiting on the rocky formation below the cave.

As Moitshepi and Reggi waited on the rocky formations I climbed up, accompanied by the voices of the artists urging me to be careful, and cautiously peered inside the cave entrance. I expected to see a large hole into which people could be thrown. However, I was confronted instead by an earthy floor with some



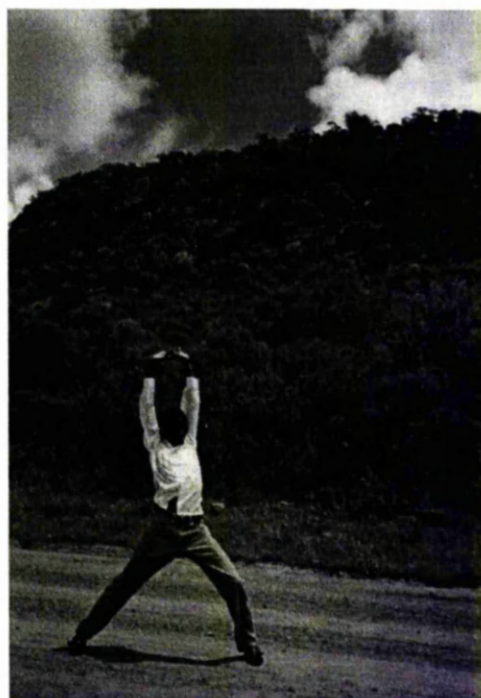
The entrance to Gakogoboko cave.

them I had felt afraid when I thought the cave may be the home of a big cat. Moitshepi told me it would probably be a leopard, like the one we saw in the art work by, *"you know, that man from Senegal."* Also, the cave was probably being used for sacrifices: *"The caves are where they talk to the gods. It's a frightening place. The traditional doctors they can make some magic so when people go there they can get frightened by something they make of magic. You know, sometimes the spirit is changing into a leopard may be. Although I don't know how traditional doctors feel when they go up in frightening places like that, I will say they are brave. I will say you are brave also."*

When I asked Moitshepi whether he believed my story about what I had seen, because he had not looked inside the cave; and whether he would believe my story if I did not show him the photographs I had taken, he told me: *"I would feel like*

broken pots and a scattering of dead baby chicks. I took out my camera and climbed inside to have a closer look. As I did so, the artists' voices urging me to come out alerted my senses to the smell of a big cat. I turned to leave as quickly and quietly as I could possibly manage, given the terrain that confronted me and my mind, which was flooded with images of BBC Natural History programmes and the fragmented advice I had stored in my memory, on how to behave in the presence of wild animals: never run and never show you are afraid. On seeing me retracing my steps in a stumbling hurry, my two colleagues began to race down the hill accompanied by my panting sounds urging everyone not to run and to keep calm.

As we emerged from the scratchy undergrowth onto the dusty track and in easy reach of the my rented Avis Toyota truck, we all suddenly felt safe once again and our conversation resumed. I told the artists what I had seen and smelt, and then informed



Reggi celebrating his achievement of having visited the witchcraft cave.



Inside the cave.

the photos would make me sure the story you have told... even though I haven't seen myself. It's a different story to the story the people they told to Reggi, but I think I will believe that one you told me. When you told it we saw you were saying the truth. You know, we were there when you said it. I mean, we saw for our own eyes. So we told ourselves you were saying the truth."

This was how I came to understand why Moitshepi and Reggi place such an importance on what people tell them, particularly when it is a powerful experience, or a presence, or a possibility, that falls into the domain where words are used to evoke a sense of the experience, or the phenomena, that is being communicated. In those moments of telling one gets completely immersed in the evocation, particularly if the teller uses reference points that are familiar to the listener, as well as when the teller of the story is known to the listener. It is a little like experiencing a dream, when during

those moments of experiencing the dream everything seems to make sense; and then, on reflection, after the event, when the memories of the dream are re-examined, the circumstances often seem very strange, or then again not at all, depending on how one's thoughts are rearranged and reassigned.

As I was paraded through Reggi's extended family and they were told of my entrance into the cave, I suddenly began to see my actions as having been rather foolish and I felt rather uncomfortable at the thought that they may possibly alter my hosts' long-held beliefs and how they behave within their world. Particularly when I realised my actions may also potentially lead to the artists' endangering themselves: the artists told everyone we met that day that they would be making a return journey - to enter the territory of the traditional doctor (and the home of the leopard). As I heard Moitshepi's reflections on why he may choose to undertake such a course of action I became acutely aware of the myriad of associated affects that occur when an exchange of images and ideas takes place: *"You know, in my time in London, I was very shocked to see many things... since that time I thought may be it's good to see if may be some things... that may be somethings is may be not true. Because after... I can think I have done something which I would never have done in my life. For me it can maybe be something great, you know."*

I also noticed how there was perhaps not much difference between what had alarmed the artists and what had alarmed me. Although the subject matter was different i.e., they feared witchcraft and I feared wild animals, we were all afraid of what we imagined in those moments; an imagination, an explanation, that was triggered by what we had seen, what we had not seen. The artists did not see any witchcraft being practised and I did not see a wild animal. However, in those moments, as the coin was tossed in the air, as we entered unfamiliar territory, we all feared the possible... we all feared the experience of fear... and in this emotionally charged state we experienced the moments and remembered the moments as something different and far removed from any rational analysis, or careful description of what took place that afternoon. After such moments I always found myself wondering whether it would be possible to convey to an audience, to exhibit Moitshepi's images and ideas to an audience, who may well be aware of, although not necessarily believe in the power of traditional doctors, without them assigning a derogatory label such as 'primitive,' 'traditional' or 'foolish to believe in such things.'

"Don't Hang the Thunderbird"

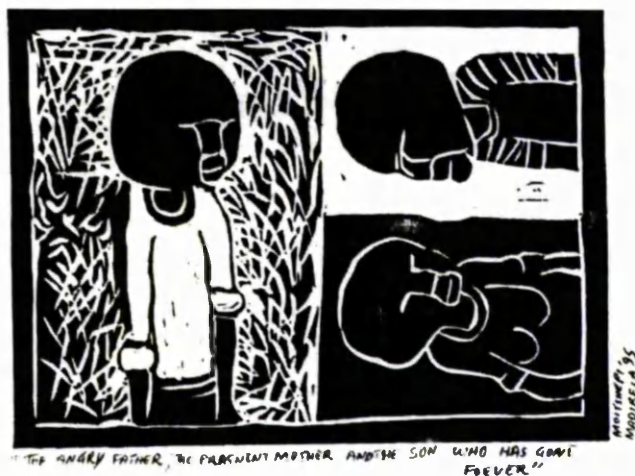
During Moitshepi's time in London an English artist named Maryclare Foa was assisting in the office at the *Gasworks*, after being introduced to Robert Loder through her friend Elsbeth Court, during the *Open Studio Weekend* at the *YSP* (Elsbeth Court was organising the *SOAS africa95* Symposium and had provided the initial introduction for Robert Loder to meet John Picton). Maryclare befriended many of the artists, curators, sponsors and critics associated with the *africa95* events and took a great interest in all the various events that were staged to raise the awareness of contemporary African art in the 1990s.⁵

Moitshepi had expressed an interest in experimenting with the medium of lino-cut, something he had apparently always wanted to try since he had seen a book in the museum in Gaborone. One of the ways Maryclare earned her



Forgive me, by Moitshepi Madibela (lino-cut).

⁵ As a result of these contacts Maryclare invited John Picton to be one of the Director for *Create Connect*, which she founded in 1996 after visiting Zimbabwe, Mozambique and Botswana. *Create Connect* is an exchange programme for art students in the UK and within Southern Africa.



The angry father, the pregnant mother and the son who has gone forever, by Moitshepi Madibela (lino-cut).



The Ginni Fowls, by Moitshepi Madibela (lino-cut).

rains and therefore... from the actions of the *Thunderbird*. The evidence for the existence of the *Thunderbird*, I was told ranged from the disappearance of sacks of millmeal and sometimes even pieces of furniture from peoples' houses... to the destruction of crops and livestock... and occasionally the actions of the *Thunderbird* had even been known to result in the death of a human being.

Moitshepi's story tells of the power of the traditional doctors in Botswana and how they were able to achieve their power, through transforming a once simple 'catcher of blue-headed geckoes' into the *Thunderbird*: the terrible destroyer of objects of value (and occasionally people) within a local community, that suffers from heavy rains... "It was only once man discovered the *Thunderbird*'s power to produce lightning and a way to trap the bird that everything changed... In Botswana, people believe that traditional doctors have the power to create the *Thunderbird*, to tell it where to go and who to kill with its lightning. But it is not the *Thunderbird* who is bad and evil - it is man's imagination and desire." When we came to the end of the tale I asked Moitshepi if he believed in the existence of the *Thunderbird*. After a long pause... "well... my friend, his uncle... he told him, you know. I think it is may be not true... I think may be that such things... they may be cannot exist... You know, in my village we do not have such rains. Um... You know... I heard this thing is happening in many villages where there is lot of rains... In these villages I heard they suffer," was his reply.

living, apart from as a temporary office assistant, art school lecturer and painter, was through illustrating limited edition art books. Thus it was that Maryclare helped Moitshepi to secure a commission from *The Old Stile Press*, to produce a limited edition publication illustrated with his lino-cuts. The book was to be based on a story he wrote during his stay at the *Gasworks*; and immediately after his visit to El Hadji's studio at *Delfina*.

Moitshepi's story was called *Don't Hang the Thunderbird*. As he began to dictate the tale, Moitshepi assured me it was definitely a true story, because of the powerful personal connections that had been involved in the passing of the story from one teller to the next. Moitshepi had apparently been told by his close friend who had, in turn, heard it from his uncle. The uncle lived in a village in Botswana that is known to suffer from terrible



The Thunderbird, by Moitshepi Madibela (lino-cut).



When I visited Botswana six months later I learnt that on his return home Moitshepi had carved a wooden *Thunderbird*.

"My identity had been clouded"

The theme of transformation and perception was reiterated by Maryclare: *"It was difficult for me in the beginning [when I met the Pamoja artists]. I wasn't introduced as an artist, because I was working in the office at the Gasworks. In fact it wasn't until the SOAS seminar when I met Djibril Sy's uncle - an artist who runs the art college in Senegal - that anyone acknowledged me as being an artist. Djibril's uncle didn't have anywhere to stay and so I said he was very welcome to stay on my sofa. He was incredibly complimentary and excited about my work and*



Ndidi Dike & Maryclare Foa in the Gasworks office.

took away one of the catalogues. The next day Djibril came to me and said 'Maryclare, Maryclare, I didn't know you were an artist and what an artist.' He had seen the work in the catalogue and suddenly became much more friendly. It was as though he now felt he was speaking the same language. Whereas, previously he had seen me as somebody who answered the telephone, struggled desperately with the computer and swore at the photocopier. My identity had been clouded so to speak and I hadn't been able to share my artistic life with people.

"What I paint about is what is going on in my life and a lot of what is going on in my heart. What I try to do is weave together dreams and wishes and experiences that I've had and places that I've been to. If somebody asks me 'what do you paint about?', I try to gauge what kind of person they are, because my answers are different. For example, if they are wearing certain kinds of clothes and I think they are a certain sort of person, I don't bother to give them a complicated agenda. I just



Maryclare's lino-cuts.

say that I paint in oils and that I paint people and that it's a bit dreamlike. I leave it at that. But if I realise they are genuinely interested and probably know about paint then I try to say that I weave together my wishes and experiences into other images. You could say it's like a pictorial diary, in a way. My paintings can be read in lots of different ways, so that very few people would know actually what they are about. Although I am exposing myself entirely, not many people, unless they know my life, would know that. They would just imagine it's an invention or a dream. But they are all stories about me, about my wishes and my dreams.¹

¹ When I spoke to Maryclare she made the following comments about her work:

Paradise: "This is about my idea of paradise. It's a man and a house and fertility. It's as basic as that"



The Prayer, by Maryclare Foa.

When discussing her painting entitled *The Prayer*, Maryclare told me: “I painted this at the time of Rwanda and all the appalling slaughter. It struck me as really dreadful that on the news about twenty minutes was about the bomb in Oklahoma and two minutes was about the thousands of people being slaughtered in Rwanda. I just couldn't believe the imbalance of it all. It was staggering. So I thought the only thing to do would be to say a prayer, or to paint a prayer. And so I painted a prayer and this is it. It's a King or an important angel, it's no-one in particular, but I think that the lion is me.”

Seven Strings of Broken Beads: “It's a Shona tradition. I was told when you marry your husband you wear seven strings of beads around your waist and there must be so much passion on your wedding night that he breaks all the seven strings of beads. They go all over the floor and that's part of the deal. I think it's an extraordinarily magical image... [laughs..] the telling of it is perhaps more magical than I managed to make the paint”

Dancing from Zimbabwe Bird: “This is about the twelve birds of Great Zimbabwe. They have all now been scattered to the ends of the globe, they were stolen and pillaged and broken. One is in the Royal Academy's *africa95* exhibition. They are made out of stone and about a foot tall and were what the chiefs used to talk to the Gods through. The name for bird in Shona is Shiri. The figure on the right is me dancing. Strangely I always use a bird as a spirit and in various other paintings I'm holding a bird. A bird to me is the shape of a spirit and one's soul really. The bird in the painting is kept very carefully within a house, which is within another house that the person is holding tightly so that nobody can reach it”

Shall I go to Africa: “I painted this when I first had the notion of wanting to go to Africa. David Chirwa said I'd caught the sun. That was my idea. I imagine that it is a place of great light. I always try to play with colour and sometimes I think it doesn't always work. I can remember being on top of a hill in Wales and doing a painting of a sunset as it was happening in front of me and using purple and red and not knowing if they went together. Then a car drove by and I almost stopped them to say... ‘listen I don't know if this clashes or not.’ But what I've found is, if you can jump outside your head and not worry about trend or style or fashion and what is nice taste and what isn't nice taste, then there is more of a chance of branching out within your own area (some people have told me I am a colourist)... that is if you can bear to make mistakes. The house I have painted is full of people that I don't know. I scrape away at the top surface so the light, the white emulsion, shines through from underneath so you get almost ghost like figures. The small blue figure is me, feeling small and childlike, because one does when one goes to a place that you have never been to and when you don't know the language or how to behave, or the customs. You often feel very ignorant and vulnerable.”

The Language of Experiencing

Having seen Maryclare's painting entitled *The Prayer*, I was fascinated by Olu Oguibe's *Oklahoma* installation in *Seeing and Believing*, which was a memorial to the children killed in the Oklahoma bombing. I was fascinated by how in one moment in time - during the *africa95* season, two artists had exhibited their respective pieces of work, which in turn had each been influenced by the incidents that had taken place in the same moment in time, albeit in different contexts: the Rwanda tragedy and the Oklahoma tragedy.

My fascination was triggered by my initial thoughts surrounding their respective choice of subject matter: Maryclare, a female English artist had chosen to depict the Rwanda tragedy; whereas Olu Oguibe, a male Nigerian artist, had chosen to depict the Oklahoma tragedy. However, having spent a few months talking to artists about their work, my feeling was that to adopt such an oppositional analysis would be extremely misleading and unhelpful. What I had found was that artists tend to make their work in response to their emotional experiencing of the world around them; of each chance encounter, in the moments it is in action (as the coin spins in the air). In those moments it is the artist's emotional experiencing that plays the dominant role in how they come to see and believe and experience the world around them; and then choose to communicate it through their work.

It is only when the artist grasps for ways to speak about their expressions of experience - their work - through adopting the language of objective analysis, that their dissatisfaction with the process of communication often begins. This is perhaps because the artists so often live in a world where the experiencing and expression of a swirl of emotions are placed within a hierarchical ordering, in which explanations deemed to be scientifically coherent are perceived within the international art world (primarily driven by western approaches to interpretation) to be at the top. Throughout my fieldwork I heard numerous stereotypical descriptions of artistic temperaments - emotional, unpredictable, etc. - being conveyed by academics, curators, etc., and the tone of voice in which these classifications were communicated, implied such characteristics should be assigned little value.

It was listening to these repeated so-called 'truths' about artists' personalities and characteristics, which alerted me to the multifaceted hierarchical ordering of perception that underlay the *africa95* project. For instance, throughout my fieldwork I also frequently heard homogeneous descriptions of African people, made by 'Westerners,' which implied 'Africans' were good at expressing their emotions directly (through dance, or ritual, expression of spirit, etc.). This style of categorisation / explanation was often then extended and incorporated in the descriptions, the analysis, of the work produced by the artists from 'Africa.' One of the frustrations I felt and which was shared by many of the *Pamoja* artists, was that such views were often being spoken by speakers who had not met the *Pamoja* artists or asked them about their work.

It also struck me that many of the descriptions I heard, when the speakers spoke in a generalised fashion about some sort of universal artistic temperament and when they spoke about the meaning of the work produced by African artists, were extremely similar. In both cases, it was the domain of the emotions, the spirit, the unknowable that was conjured up in an homogenised fashion. I noticed that all these things were spoken of as moments of danger, as things to be feared for their potential to bring disorder.

During my fieldwork I encountered much defensiveness when people entered what they referred to as the domain of contemporary African art and as they scrambled for a language to discuss the work. It was only after struggling for many months that I came to realise much of the defensiveness I encountered on the part of curators and academics, was due to their not knowing: not knowing who the artists were; not knowing what work the artists were producing; not knowing how to speak to the artists; and therefore, not knowing how to listen to the artists. The reason I took so long to understand this was because such 'not knowing' was hidden behind a mask whose presentation was one of 'knowing.'

These presentations came in many forms. For instance, wait until someone else speaks then ride along with what they are saying; or, speak first and quickly redirect the subject into an area that I know something about; or, give the impression that I do not have much time to spare to talk, because I am important, or because I am important I cannot be interrupted when speaking to persons of a similar status... The list is endless. However, all the forms had something in common and that was a fear of showing that one does not know; a fear of looking foolish in the presence of one's colleagues. And yet this, of course, was exactly what the *Pamoja* artists were most scared of as well.

Much of the confusion during the *africa95* project arose because of the masks of bluff that were being worn by many of the participants. Masks that prevented many of the participants from speaking to each other. The academics were afraid to show their non-knowledge and so were the artists, and the non-knowledge in question was how to speak about what was being categorised as contemporary African art. Many of the academics were uncomfortable speaking about a domain of experiencing and did not have a useful means of communication to do so. And many of the artists felt uncomfortable to do so, because they came to sense that their attempts were being categorised and placed at the bottom of some sort of hierarchical ordering.²

On the Way Home

Reinata was travelling back to Maputo with Dias; and Duke was travelling back to South Africa with Noria. They all stayed on at the YSP after the workshop, since Dias and Noria were going to teach on the *Five-Day Sculpture Course*. This course was open to anyone who wished to learn about ceramic and wood sculpture.

² The most articulate artists in the *africa95* public domain were El Hadji Sy and Issa Samb and Chika Okeke: all artists who were also co-curating *seven stories*. El Hadji and Issa Samb gave a very confident presentation at the *SOAS africa95* conference - perhaps this was because they had had much practice in the domain of performance, as it was one of their art forms.



Noria teaching her students in the grounds of the *Yorkshire Sculpture Park*.



Dias advising one of his students.



Noria helping one of her students.



One of the students teaching Reinata how to make a decorative surface on the clay using an imprint of chicken wire.



Reinata helping one of the students.

"I think that's why we are all here, because we all realise that we are still learning from each other" (Frances Richardson).



Dias tending the kiln.



One of the students feeding his baby whilst keeping Dias company.

During the final week-end of the course, Dias tended the wood burning kiln that he had built well into the night. This was also the evening when the *Bretton College Hall* was being used for a wedding reception, the finale for which included a magnificent fireworks display. As the fireworks were lighting up the sky and signalling their presence in a triumphant noise of colour, Dias, Duke and the sculpture course students sat around the kiln chatting in a relaxed and happy fashion; whilst Reinata, who had gone to bed early with Noria, awoke suddenly in much distress. Without stopping to dress Reinata rushed into Noria's room clutching her handbag and screaming with fear, as she tugged at and demanded for Noria to hide with her in the bushes outside. Although Noria followed Reinata outside, it was only after much persuasion that she managed to convey, the noisy confusion was not the arrival of an armed enemy, but a British wedding celebration. Noria told me it had taken her a long-time to mime a wedding ceremony in a fashion that Reinata understood and believed, *"because she has different things."* In addition, Noria said after they had returned to their rooms,



Dias breaking open the kiln in the morning, watched by Noria and the students.

Reinata had stayed awake *"acting-out"* a variety of *"terrible things, this fighting. Really, it was terrible."*

Thus, it was that Reinata's arrival and departure from the YSP was marked by the distress of shell-shock: triggered initially by the metal canteen shutters slamming shut and finally by the violent energy of wedding fireworks.



On Monday 11 September Duke, Noria, Dias and Reinata travelled by train from the *YSP* to London, where after spending a night at *St. Margaret's Hotel* Duke and Noria returned to South Africa. Thus, these two artists began and ended their first visit to Britain rather fittingly, round the corner from the *School of Oriental & African Studies*, where the initial plans for the *africa95* season had been conceived; and just prior to any of the *africa95* exhibitions or seminars taking place, many of which were calling for the voices of contemporary African artists to be heard!

Although artists such as Duke and Noria participated in the *africa95* project, they were also, in a sense, made invisible due to the circumstances surrounding their participation: the *Pamoja Workshop* was closed to 'non-participants' until the *Open Studio Weekend*, which many of the *africa95* participants found too difficult to get to (3 hours drive from London). In addition, whilst these artists were in Britain, their voices were not recorded apart from in Zuleika's video or my research, and the only evidence of their stay was the work they left behind to be exhibited in the *YSP*. Noria's work was also on display at the *africa95* exhibition staged at the *Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery* (although she was unaware of this occurrence):

Our exhibition, *Siyawela: Love, Loss and Liberation in Art from South Africa*, was a great success on an educational level and achieved some impact locally, but we were disappointed that we did not receive a single national review and that our participation in the wider festival added so little - apparently - to our profile. We felt that the strengths of our contribution (i.e., a particularly sharp thematic focus, the fact that it presented an 'insider's view' of South African art, an extensive schools and outreach programme) passed largely unnoticed amidst the hype surrounding the London exhibitions and events... Overall, however, it was a positive experience - not least because of the wonderful South African curators and artists whom we worked with (Sheila McGregor, *Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery* - quoted from my questionnaire: Reflections on the *africa95* visual arts programme).

Dias and Reinata stayed on in London until the 19th September, because Dias had expressed an interest in visiting London. This was a period in which they shifted from being artists invited to participate in *africa95*, to that of visitors to London, as the *VAP* did not really get underway until they had returned to Maputo. To save on their accommodation expenses they stayed with the English hosts, whom they had met during their time in Britain for the *africa95* project. Dias stayed with Maryclare Foa and Reinata stayed with me, Jessica Strang and Magdalene Odundo.

Reinata Sadhimba at Sokari Douglas Camp's studio.

Reinata wanted to continue working during her stay in London, which proved to be a problem because no studio arrangements had been made for her once she had left the *YSP*. There was no space for her at the *Gasworks* as all the studios were occupied. Even if there had been a studio space, the committee of resident artists were reluctant to invite Reinata to work alongside them, because they felt she would need too much looking after and none of the artists, due to their intensely busy



Sokari Douglas Camp's London home and studio, where she lives with her two daughters and her husband, who is an architect and also works from home.

schedules, would be able to take responsibility for her.

It was for this reason that I made a few telephone calls and arranged for Reinata to work in the studios of Sokari Douglas Camp and Magdalene Odundo. These two artists let Reinata work in their studios, with the clay left over from *Pamoja* that I had transported to London in my car, whilst they busied themselves with their respective *africa95* commitments in London: Sokari was working on her solo exhibition at the *Museum of Mankind*; and Magdalene was working as the curator for the *African Metalwork* exhibition at the *Crafts Council*.

The first time that Reinata saw Sokari's work she was astonished, particularly when she learnt the works had been made by a woman. Indeed, Reinata did not believe me and so asked Sokari herself (through the language of gesture) whether it was true that Sokari had both made the sculptures and was a woman. After Sokari had responded yes to both enquiries, and every time Reinata saw Sokari, she would shake her head and then communicate how much she respected what Sokari had achieved. Sadly, Reinata had left Britain before the opening of Sokari's *africa95* exhibition.



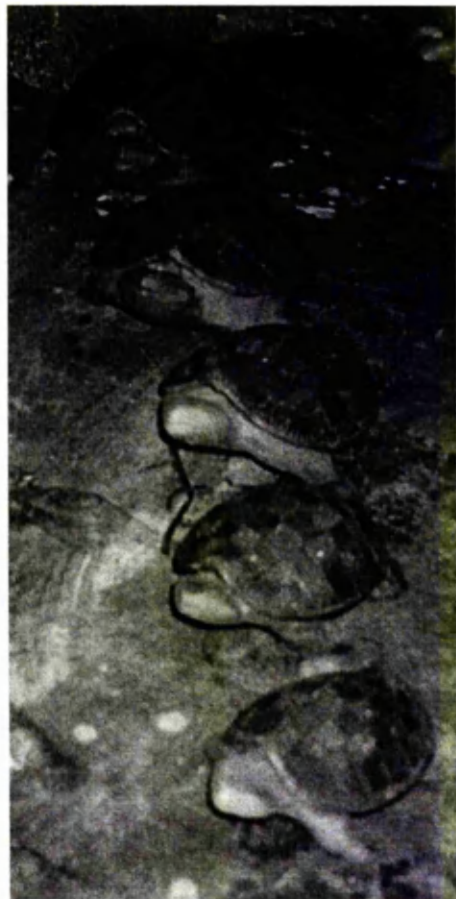
Flying Fish with Bubbles, by Sokari Douglas Camp (steel, wood & feathers, 232cm high).



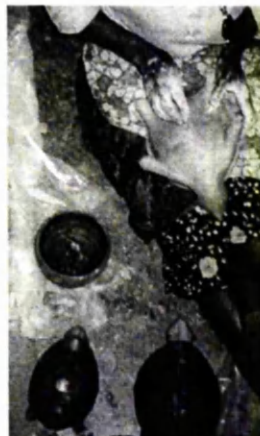
When Reinata arrived at Sokari's home she was thrilled to find a bell-anklet, which she promptly put on; after which she danced around Sokari's sculptures as they were being dismantled and transported to the *Museum of Mankind*.



Sokari talking to Reinata.



The first thing Reinata made in Sokari's studio was *The Family of Turtles*.



Reinata decorated the surface of the turtles with the graphite she brought with her from Maputo.



The final job was to insert pieces of gravel, collected from Sokari's driveway, into the body of the turtles; so they make a rattling sound when picked-up.



Person Drinking Water/Ntela: Reinata told me this sculpture was a thank-you present for looking after her.



Three Heads: Reinata described this sculpture to me as a powerful force was coming from the sky (the piece is similar to *Double Head I*, made at *Pamoja*,; also to *A Gentle on an Anthill*, one of the slides she brought with her from Maputo).





At the end of every day Reinata would celebrate her achievement by singing and dancing around Sokari's studio.



Sokari's two daughters worked alongside Reinata on their return from school.



The Great Fight: After a couple of days at my house Reinata moved to stay with Jessica Strang, Director of *African Arts Trust*. Reinata was very disappointed to leave my house, which was now full of my family who had returned from abroad. I found it very difficult to explain to Reinata in a manner that she accepted, there was no room for her to stay and I did not want her to sleep in my bed with me, because I was so tired at the end of everyday. The morning after I had collected Reinata from Jessica's house and taken her to Sokari's studio, she set about making this piece.



When Reinata described the story of this sculpture she acted out the scenario with many noises of battle and pain. The story begins with two people sitting opposite each other, engaged in daily conversation. Then suddenly one of the figures leans forward and rips the other figure's (a woman) legs from her body. This so enrages the woman that she leans forward and pulls-off her attacker's head, leaving a gapping neck-hole... out of which a snake emerges.

Although Reinata did not indicate the story had anything to do with how she felt about me, I could not help feeling it was, because of her tone of voice and how she was behaving towards me: in an unfriendly and diffident manner.

That evening I gave Reinata one of my shawls that she coveted. After she had nestled herself inside the woollen folds, she blew me a kiss, began to laugh and our relationship returned to one of friendship. After this day whenever we glanced at the sculpture she would look at me and smile.

Reinata made *Pregnant Woman* after she had visited the *Mozambique High Commission* to meet H.E., Mr Panguene, with Dias and me. During the meeting Mr Panguene spoke to Dias in Portuguese and to Reinata in English, which was then translated into Swahili through a translator. As the translator spoke into Reinata's ear, she sat very upright in her chair and stared at the High Commissioner directly in the eye with an extremely serious expression on her face. Mr Panguene informed Reinata that she was a good ambassador for Mozambique, because the newspaper articles about her work at *Pamoja* were excellent publicity. In addition, Mr Panguene cited the following example: he would negotiate and work for many

months before the media or anyone would take an interest in anything to do with Mozambique. Whereas Reinata had come to Britain for just a few weeks and already she was known to the British public.

After Mr Panguene had looked through my photo album of her work, he informed Reinata he would like to visit her at Sokari's studio. After I had spoken to Sokari who said me she would be happy for the High Commissioner to visit her studio, on condition he also viewed her work, it was agreed he should come on Saturday at 11 am; Reinata's last day at Sokari's studio, before she moved onto stay with Magdalene Odundo in Surrey. Reinata thanked Mr Panguene by saying she would like to give him one of her sculptures as a present. The staff then took Reinata and Dias to a local art shop, just off Fitzroy Square, where they bought the artists some materials as a gift.¹



Pregnant Woman, by Reinata Sadhimba (approx. 40cms high).

are furiously tapping on the mother's stomach to gain her attention. However, according to Reinata, the mother is defiantly refusing to comply with the baby's request and constantly repeats her response: "No, I'm not ready yet," which is spoken in the direction of her stomach.

On the Saturday morning, after Reinata had dressed in her best clothes and prepared her sculptures for viewing, the High Commissioner phoned to say he was running behind in his schedule and would not be able to visit Sokari's house and studio. Sokari and Reinata were both extremely disappointed and we quietly packed up Reinata's work and then took them to be stored in my garage.

The moment Reinata returned to Sokari's studio she began work on her sculpture entitled *Pregnant Woman*; and danced and sang with joy at the thought of the High Commissioner's visit. Reinata told me the sculpture represents a pregnant woman whose baby is demanding to be born. This is indicated by the two arms, which



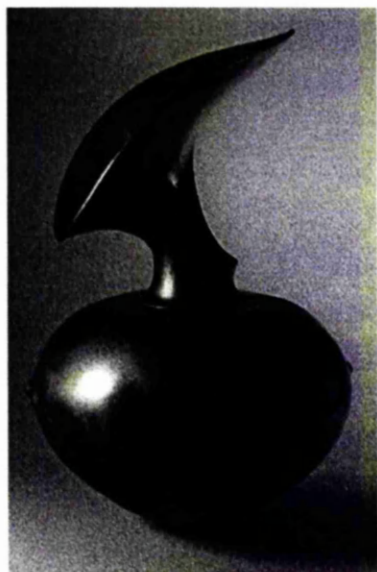
The detailing on the woman's face are similar to Reinata's tattoos.

¹ Unfortunately Reinata chose a heavy knife-sharpening block, which made her luggage, already greatly over weight, go even further into excess. She insisted on choosing this item even though Dias told her it was something she could easily buy in Maputo.

The next morning I went to collect Reinata from Jessica's and take her to stay, via lunch at my brother's house, with Magdalene Odundo. When I arrived to collect Reinata, Jessica told me Reinata was very upset and did not want to leave. After packing my car full of Reinata's luggage and during the long drive, Reinata refused to say anything beyond "tutting" angrily until we arrived for our lunch appointment.²

When I indicated to Reinata it was time to move on again, she silently followed me to the car and remained so until we arrived at Magdalene's house, where she proceeded to talk in a rush of animated *Swahili*. Magdalene told me it was important for me to try and understand how hospitable people are in Mozambique. Apparently Reinata was very upset she had not been able to stay in my house, or my brother's house, and could not understand why I thought it was a problem for her to sleep in my bed with me. Reinata was very upset to have been moved around so much. In fact, she didn't like it at all. Also, I had apparently not tried hard enough to persuade the *Mozambique High Commissioner* to visit her at Sokari's studio. And, finally, Magdalene added her own advice: it was important that I try to understand the high value they place on good hospitality in Mozambique. As I drove back to London I felt insulted, misunderstood and exhausted.³

Reinata and Moitshepi at the Crafts Council



Asymmetrical and Angled Piece, by Magdalene A.N. Odundo (43x29.5cms).

The first time Reinata saw Magdalene's work was when I took her to the Private View of *African Metalwork* at the Crafts Council in London. As we walked around the exhibition, I explained to Reinata and Moitshepi that one of the objects on display had been made by Magdalene, who Reinata had referred to as "Swahili" ever since they had met briefly at the concert held in Birmingham on 2nd September 1995 (the official launch of the *africa95* project in Britain). Reinata spent much time gently running her fingers over the surface of Magdalene's ceramic pot, whilst saying "yambone" (good) and repeatedly asking me whether the pot was made out of clay. Reinata was fascinated by the glazed finish that gave the surface of the pot a metallic appearance.

As I milled through the crowd and jostled between the glass

² After Reinata had been introduced to my brother (David), sister-in-law (Olivia) and nephew (Horatio), and had been given as a gift the ceramic book shelf ends that she had coveted during her guided tour of their house, we all had lunch. During this period Reinata was fascinated by Olivia and made constant reference to the fact Olivia was heavily pregnant. After this Reinata asked if she could work on her sculpture packed up in the back of my car - one of the *Family of Turtles*. Whilst Reinata worked on this piece, in their conservatory, there was a terrific thunderstorm. Reinata chanted loudly in ChiMakonde as she worked and made much of the fact the piece was for Olivia and her unborn baby.

³ I had volunteered to find Reinata places to stay and all her food and transport expenses, so she didn't have to spend her money during the *Post-Pamoja* part of her visit, I had found her a place to work and provided her with the materials to work with; I had stored all the work she had made during her stay in London in my home; after which, I had driven her work up to the YSP and persuaded them to fire it; I had arranged to collect Reinata from Magdalene's house and drive her to Heathrow airport, because everyone else associated with the *africa95* project wanted to attend the Private View of the *African Textiles* exhibition at *The Barbican Art Gallery*, which was taking place the same day; I had organised for her unsold work to be exhibited and stored in London by the *Mozambique High Commission*; and finally, I had ensured that the YSP sent her money to Mozambique.

showcases with Moitshepi and Reinata, I saw many familiar *SOAS* and *africa95* curatorial faces, but none of them approached us. I considered approaching these visitors, to introduce the two *Pamoja* artists. However, I initially abandoned this course of action at the thought of any exchange venturing beyond the confines of a greeting. As I stood in the hub of the Private View I was filled with an overwhelming sense of tiredness. I felt mentally and physically exhausted after the intense few weeks at *Pamoja*, in which I had been bombarded, as had Reinata and Moitshepi, with a catalogue of images and experiences. I yearned for a space in which to feel peaceful and one in which I could begin to digest all the happenings of the previous few weeks. Thus it was that I noticed how content I felt to just be with the two artists in our private space of familiarity, albeit surrounded by the Private View crowd. It was as though I had attended a drinks party after a long day at work, where I had taken comfort from standing next to a member of my family and from knowing that if we did choose to speak it would be okay to talk about nothing in particular.

Feeling a little guilty I turned to ask Moitshepi if he wanted to be introduced to some of the academics and curators I recognised, from having studied at *SOAS* and from the initial stages of my research before the *Pamoja* artists had arrived in Britain. After looking towards the people to whom I was referring, he said “it’s OK they are busy.” I told Moitshepi not to worry and that it would be okay if we interrupted them, because I was sure they would like to meet an artist from Botswana and Mozambique. After he had nodded his agreement I introduced Moitshepi and Reinata to a couple of people. Moitshepi smiled and then looked extremely deferential, while Reinata stood silently by my side with a serious expression on her face. No-one asked any questions, so I extended my explanation of where the artists were from and what they were doing in Britain and braced myself in anticipation of having to take on the role of communicating vessel within the context of the Private View: engaging in an unconventional performance with Reinata, given my limited ChiMakonde. I need not have prepared myself however, because after smiling and nodding at Reinata and Moitshepi, their fellow *private viewers* moved on to speak to someone else. As the three of us were left standing together we, from then on, proceeded to simply nod and smile if we caught anyone’s eye.

After looking at all the displays we decided to return home for supper and a bath. As we pushed our way towards the exit, a few people suggested that we should not leave so early. However, when we did stay nothing happened beyond an expectation for the artists to stand by their side and if anything was said it was spoken in my direction. After a couple of these incidents, Reinata indicated that she definitely wanted to leave. I couldn’t help thinking that the artists were being treated like fashion accessories: it was as though a person’s status appeared to be raised if they were seen talking to, or were accompanied by, an artist who looked to be from one of the countries that constituted the continent of Africa.

On the way home I asked Moitshepi why he didn’t speak to the people we had met and why he always looked so submissive in their presence. These things, I told him, often leave people thinking that he does not speak English or have anything to say. In response Moitshepi told me that in Botswana it was important to finish the introductions first before talking. For Moitshepi a brief exchange of words and a hand shake did not constitute a proper introduction. As Moitshepi spoke I was reminded of David

Chirwa's comment that it is so difficult to launch into speaking about his work and that he needs to warm up to telling the story first; and as Moitshepi and Reinata went off to change out of their work clothes, I also remembered what Moitshepi had told me he felt, whenever he met who he referred to as the "museum people" in Botswana: *"they can see from my clothes that I am a poor village boy with a little education. You know, these people don't want to speak to me... they are better than me."* As I recalled the state of apparel of the *private viewers* I wished I had thought to suggest the three of us change into our 'non-work' clothes prior to attending our first *africa95* Private View.⁴

Exchange of Information

When discussing Dias' visit, Maryclare reflected: *"Dias came for a week and spent most of his time working in my studio. I tried to encourage him to go sightseeing and offered to take him to various places, but he just wanted to get on with his work and he left just before all the africa95 exhibitions opened, which was a pity because he missed a lot."*

"I think, although I might have got this entirely wrong, that he just wanted to get some work done because he knew that Reinata was working. Also, you know how sometimes when you go to a different country you actually don't really want to trog around much, you just want to be quiet and comfortable. I think he enjoyed the space and was happy to do some printmaking. The only insight I got into his feelings was when we went out to dinner [at Jessica Strang's house] and Dias was asked to be the interpreter for Reinata once again. There were a couple of times when he said it is very difficult, she's not easy and the language isn't easy and she doesn't want to talk about whatever she was being asked. I realised then that he had been put into quite a tricky and demanding position and that his identity was being overshadowed by her strong personality. Perhaps it was also for this reason he was very reticent to speak about himself in the end."

"Although he was extremely polite and very courteous I didn't feel terribly relaxed having him to stay for ten days, because he didn't seem to want to discuss or know anything about my life as an artist in Britain or about my work. All he said about my work was what a lot of colour. He didn't ask any questions, which I found rather strange because I don't have much space at home and every wall has a painting on it by me."

I also noticed the *Pamoja* artists asked few questions, apart from how much things cost or what time certain events were to take place. I was constantly surprised that no-one asked me about Britain or my family or my culture, until I noticed that I myself was asking the artists very few questions along these themes. The information I had received in relation to an artist's circumstances was offered almost as a by-product of our conversations about his/her work, rather than my direct questioning of such an anthropological topic. I decided the reason we had not engaged in a conversation to discuss such themes was because we were all so wrapped up in experiencing the moments and locating ourselves in the

⁴ This was Reinata's first and only *africa95* Private View, because she left for Maputo prior to the other exhibition openings.

environment we found ourselves in - full of new sights, sounds, smells, snippets of information, etc. - that we couldn't take in anything else at the time.



Tortoise, by Moitshepi Madibela (chicken wire and concrete, 30cms long). When I asked Moitshepi if his post-*Pamoja* work had been influenced by Reinata's work, he commented: "Well, I liked her work, but I have made my sculptures in a different way."

seeing the work I was struck by how much he had been influenced by both the ideas and materials he had been exposed to during his visit to Britain.

When I was in Botswana a few months later and was speaking to Moitshepi and his colleagues, they confirmed my analysis, based on their experiences of having attended sister workshops. They also suggested that although the experience they had at the time does not necessarily show up in their work, it does seep out over the following months; as do all the things they were influenced by - exchange of ideas, etc. During my visit to Botswana, Moitshepi showed me the sculptures he had been working on since his trip to Britain. On



Traditional Medicine, by Moitshepi Madibela (mixed media, 50cms long): "This is to tell of the things used by a traditional doctor."



Man finding it difficult to pass water, because he is suffering from AIDS, by Moitshepi Madibela (concrete sculpture, 200cms high). Moitshepi informed me that after seeing Dias, Adam's and Reinata's work, he had decided to try working in concrete on his return home.

Saying Good-Bye

I had agreed to take Dias and Reinata to the airport, because everyone else wanted to attend the Private View of the *African Textiles* exhibition. When I arrived at Magdalene's house to pick up Reinata and Dias, I found that during her twenty-four hour stay, Reinata had had her hair cut and had made three sculptures - two figures and a large head. Magdalene told me Reinata was amazing and had been up until late into the night working in her studio; later that day, Reinata told me "Swahili" had made her work late into the night and that she felt really tired.



When I asked Reinata to tell me about the pieces, she simply shrugged her shoulders and said "Swahili."



I was interested to note the different decorative detailing on these pieces: they had flat cut disc shaped marks around the head, into which little pinpointed marks had been made. Also the figures were wearing clothing and the jewellery was made from different coloured clay.



The decorative detailing on the large head consisted of marks that appeared to be very similar to the ones Reinata wore on her own face.

When we arrived at Heathrow airport Reinata was asked to pay for her excess baggage; a request that upset her greatly. Reinata urged me to barter with the *British Airways* official and found it difficult to understand why he would not accept her suggestion: take a little money and let her bags go on the plane. When we disappeared into the *Ladies* cloakroom to retrieve the cash

from inside her money belt, Reinata soundly scolded me and made a final plea for me to negotiate with the official before parting with her money.

These were also difficult moments for Dias, who appeared very embarrassed to be associated with such a conversation. He was also very concerned that he would be made accountable for this apparent loss of Reinata's money on their return to Mozambique: "*the Makonde community in Maputo, they are very strong, you know.*" However, Dias told me he preferred for Reinata to pay the excess penalty, rather than me return to London with her luggage and ask the *Mozambique High Commission* to send it on. This would apparently have been immensely stressful for Dias, because he would be expected to inquire constantly at the various institutional offices as to whereabouts of Reinata's luggage - a task he felt would take many weeks, or even months.⁵

As I hugged Reinata and said good-bye, I suddenly felt a pang of sadness. Reinata held my hand and kissed it several times, then stood back looked me up and down, and saying "*Reinata Nydoko*" gestured that I must visit her as soon as possible in Mozambique. I told Reinata I would try and come in four months time to see her and her work. However, I was unable to raise any funding for this research trip and so seeing Reinata disappear through the passport control barriers, was the last I saw of her or heard of her, despite having written several times via *The British Council* and *The Natural History Museum* in Maputo; until Maryclare Foa had returned from a visit to Maputo in the summer of 1996, where she had found Reinata working under the eaves of the 'closed' *Natural History Museum*.

As Maryclare showed me the photos of Reinata and her work and described the joyous reception she had received, I experienced a sense of loss. Not only because I should have liked to have visited Reinata as a friend, but as a researcher I was fascinated to know whether anything Reinata had seen during her visit to Britain, may have shown up in her work. Or, whether having returned to her 'home context' Reinata was making work that reflected what she was experiencing around her in the moments they were 'in action.' It was difficult to tell from Maryclare's photographs what affect *africa95* has had on Reinata's life and work (see **Appendix M** for the list of work Reinata made during her visit to Britain).

In November 1995 I was asked by the *Mozambique High Commission* to organise a display of Reinata's work for the *Eighth Annual Heads of Mission Assembly* reception and dinner at *Le Meridien Hotel* in London. Anna B. drove Reinata's work to London and after we had set up the display we joined the reception as guests of HE Mr Panguene. The only other guest I recognised was Sir Michael Caine, whose only comment to me was "*How on earth did you manage to get an invitation?*" Sadly, he turned to speak to someone else before I could inform him that one of the *africa95* artist's art works were being exhibited in the adjacent room. After the dinner I transported Reinata's pieces, which had not been sold, to be housed at the *Mozambique High Commission*.

⁵ When I met Dias in 1998 he told me that on their arrival in Maputo Reinata informed the Makonde Community that Dias had helped her a lot and was a wonderful man.

Musical Sculptures

Arriving back in London after saying good-bye to Dias and Reinata, I went straight to the *Delfina* to watch Gamal's *Musical Sculptures Performance*. There I met up with Moitshepi, David and Frances, who had all come on from the *African Textiles Private View*. Sadly, for Gamal very few of the other *africa95* participants, or followers, chose to attend his performance. These circumstances left Gamal feeling bewildered: why did so many people consider his work to be of little interest? ¹

'I thought this festival in general covered most of Africa. However, where the *africa95* sponsorship money was spent was mainly on the *Whitechapel* exhibition, where the quality of the presentation was so bad, that potential touring venues had to cancel their project. Also no North African artists were included. None of the 4 North African projects were supported (Financially, Press, Promotion wise) by *africa95* (*Signs, Traces & Calligraphy; Icons of the Nile; Abderrazak Sahli, Khaled Ben Slunare...*). However, despite the in-house tensions of *africa95*, the artists managed to present or defend themselves, at least visually. The public, the press, the institutions and other artists will judge its relevance' (Rose Issa, *africa95* North Africa consultant - quoted from my questionnaire: Reflections on the *africa95* visual arts programme).



Gamal had worked with the *Dance Course* musicians to produce the one-off improvisational performance at the *Delfina*. They had re-fashioned a variety of abandoned instruments into musical works of art; and designed and made a range of sculptural forms that could be played as musical instruments. The performance began with Gamal and the

¹ The art critic Ahmed Fuad Selim wrote of Gamal: 'I see him as a surrealist romantic character, reminiscent of the protagonist of George de Hamille's novel, *Midnight Confession*, who is obsessed with touching "the manager's nose" and when he does, is dismissed and left miserable and perplexed.' After spending five weeks with Gamal my sense is that such an analogy accurately fits the person I met and whom Gamal expressed, during his visit to Britain for the *africa95* project. I say this because during the workshop he was alive and infectiously happy, however, when the workshop ended he was overwhelmed with an immense sadness at the thought of returning home to Cairo - to a world "where no-one understands me and I have no friends." In addition, Gamal's two weeks in London left him feeling miserable and perplexed, despondent and hurt. He had organised for a studio space at *Delfina* and scavenged for his materials, because he had no sponsorship for this part of his trip to Britain. Then after making his sculptures he negotiated for an evening at *Delfina* to stage the *Musical Sculptures Performance*. Yet, after all this effort there was not a strong turn out for his presentation, because most people were attending the Private View at the *Barbican*. Gamal explained to me that this reaction, or lack of it, made him feel like a child who has excitedly run into a room full of grown-ups... but, on holding out the magnificent fragment of sparkling treasure he has found, in the oddest place, he is told to stop showing off, to throw the dirty piece of glass in the bin, to wash his hands and not to put mud on their carpet.

Selim continues: 'A closer look at Abdel Nasser's work reveals the coarse, unpolished touch of surfaces and objects and the fascination with presenting paradoxes through exploring the interesting and the shameful... the form of art that appeals to him most is one that "combines reason and the senses," because he believes that first impressions and simple primitive instincts are of great importance and they should be given proper expression' (L'Egypte Aujourd'hui).

I feel that Salim's comments, based on discussion with Gamal, may help to explain his particular interest in Reinata and her work and his apparent stimulation and comfort at finding himself surrounded during *Pamoja* with so many artists (musical and sculptural) from a diversity of cultures. Although Gamal's father was a musician, Gamal rejected the constraints of the classical musical education offered to him. This reaction perhaps explains Gamal's willingness to participate in the spontaneous dance/music sessions at the workshop and led him to establish a good working relationship and friendship with the improvisational percussionist Simon Allen.



Gamal removing the sculpture's hat to reveal the drum surface.



Gamal joining the musicians.

musicians, led by Professor Nigel Osborne and the percussionist Simon Allen, entering the space.

The musicians wandered between and played the various sculptures, whilst Gamal produced a painting on a large canvas. It was a captivating spectacle full dramatic movement and sound, which constantly shifted to surprise the viewer. The performance ended when Gamal's painting was completed and he joined the musicians by playing his sculptural drum. After the performance the musicians and Gamal mingled with their guests, who were encouraged to try out all the musical sculptural

possibilities; many asked when the next performance would be staged. This occurred in Cairo, Egypt, in February 1996, when Simon Allen visited Gamal.



The guests were able to try out the musical sculptures.



Zuleika, Gamal, me & Simon, celebrating after the performance.

Mediums of Visibility and Invisibility

"If I say African stone sculpture there isn't much going on in Africa. Until recently we [in Zimbabwe] didn't know about the Zambians doing stone sculpture. We were not informed. I think it has just come into surface now. The only place I know where it is done at a high scale is Zimbabwe" (Arthur Fata).

During the SOAS *africa95* Symposium entitled *African Artists: school, studio and society*, Moitshepi showed much interest in the paper given by Dr Ahmed Elteyib Zienelabdeen. When commenting on this paper, which was an historical look at the artistic developments within the Sudan and Egypt, Moitshepi told me: *"I've never seen such a thing. This man he knows the interesting ideas from long-time back."* Elsbeth Court had co-ordinated the symposium and had hoped that in the section *Becoming a Sculptor*, some of the *Pamoja* artists would speak about their lives and their work. The initial plan was for Flinto, David and Ndidi, to speak. However, in the run up to this event there was much re-organisation of the proceedings, which eventually took the form of an extract from Zuleika's *Pamoja* video, followed by a slide presentation by Flinto and David.

The primary reason for the many deliberations, on the part of these three *Pamoja* artists as to whether they would participate in the symposium, was because they were unsure of what to expect. Eventually Ndidi decided not to participate; she did not want to go on stage and risk presenting herself in a manner that she considered unprofessional: *"I am a perfectionist and need time to prepare for such things. Also I am happy with Zuleika's video. It shows my work nicely and I say all I want to say in it."* In addition, Ndidi felt even more anxious by the 'burden of responsibility' she felt was being placed on her: she felt she was being asked to speak as a representative for black female artists, who were living and working within the continent of Africa.

David and Flinto were very disappointed that Ndidi had decided not to speak at the symposium and initially wanted to withdraw as well. However, they changed their minds when hearing of the impressive list of fellow speakers and attendees; they considered it would be good practice to speak at such an event and would be important for their c.v.s. So it was that they set about collecting together slides of their work from Anna K. and Djibril.

Zuleika did not attend the symposium, which was the first public viewing of her video, because she did not feel comfortable with the thought of the reception she may receive. This was based on her prior experience of presenting her work to the China Society at SOAS, which had left her feeling unwelcome, intimidated and hurt. After Zuleika's video had been shown and Flinto and David had shown some slides of their work, they answered a few questions relating to how Flinto felt about his training in England and the opportunities for sculptors in Zambia:

Flinto Chandia: *"I think any forms of learning for anybody is excellent. Coming over to England I learnt how to work properly as a sculptor. What I used to do was take a chunk of wood and sit on it and start working. By the time I realise my cut might be too deep its then I find I haven't got enough space. So by coming over I was introduced to working from a model. I think that way I changed my custom of work and the school I went to was very flexible. They didn't push me too much to lose my jungle feeling..."*

David Chirwa: *"I think becoming a sculptor in Zambia probably in most parts of Africa is not very easy in that you don't have art schools, and you also get it's sad to say, but there is that protectiveness of knowledge among those that have knowledge in Africa and so you don't really get a chance of really becoming a sculptor. You can easily get discouraged if you don't push the thing, you know. And it's quite hard I would say. I don't really know about other parts but I think in Zambia... you just can't go and work with someone whose been working for years... it's not that easy you know, so you sort of have to fend for yourself and assert yourself.*

"Also maybe it important to try and set up art schools back home instead of may be giving scholarship to individual artists to come and study here. Because if schools were built it's going to benefit a lot more people and I think that way because it was very expensive to bring people over here. And so it can only happen once in a while like in five years we have one Zambian coming to study in one of the schools here..."

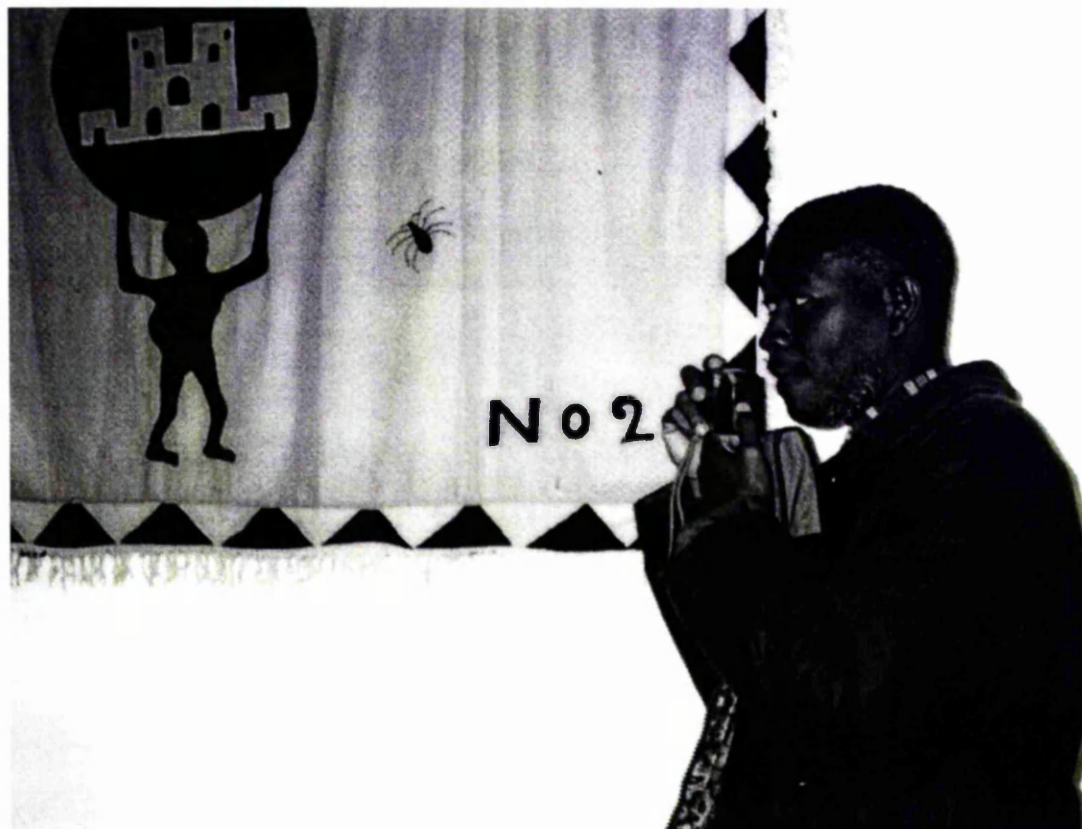
"... usually you don't think about the money side of it, you are more concerned about making the piece. But then, most of our families somewhat understand the possibility of you creating that kind of thing [sculpture]. They just wait for you to give them some money. But deep down they do object, but they object on the money side of it that's all."

After this session everyone circulated in the SOAS foyer for coffee and I asked Moitshepi whether he would have liked to have spoken on the stage with David and Flinto. His response was: *"I don't think I can do it. May be one day I can do it. You know, it's good for people to may be to know your work."* When I approached David to enquire as to how he was feeling, after making his first symposium presentation, he told me he felt confused: no-one was talking to him or asking him about his work and this made him feel they were not interested. Only David Elliott, who had met him at the *Pamoja Workshop*, congratulated him and enquired about the other artists. As I glanced around the crowded foyer full of a networking of animated faces, I felt rather embarrassed and at a loss as what to tell David, as to why so little interest was being shown in these artists by the academics, curators and collectors who were present.

At the time I wondered whether people felt uncomfortable about approaching people with whom they did not have a prior relationship. Although this is definitely a contributing factor, I feel it has probably more to do with whether you are perceived to be of use to someone. In the SOAS foyer that morning David Chirwa and Flinto did not appear to fall into this category for most of the symposium attendees. Most of

the people standing in the *SOAS* foyer were busy making contacts to further their particular projects i.e., future exhibitions, publications, seminars, etc. People were, to borrow a phrase, 'networking-up.' As I stood watching them I felt saddened that such a potentially powerful group of people were ignoring their guest artists; missing an opportunity to further their understanding of the artists' work.

Reception at *The October Gallery*.



Atta Kwami (Ghanaian artist), who participated in 1994 *Tenq/Articulations Workshop*.

After the Symposium many attendees walked across Russell Square to *The October Gallery* for a drink



Dr Richard Fardon (Reader, *SOAS*) chatting to Elsbeth Court.

and buffet supper. At the time the gallery was exhibiting the work of the Ghanaian artist, El Anatsui and some Fante Flags from Peter Adler's collection. Of the *Pamoja* artists only Moitshepi went. David, Flinto, Ndidi and Frances all went home, as did Anna K. and Robert Loder. Frances felt her participation in, and contribution to, the *africa95* programme was being ignored, because she was a British artist, rather than an artist from the continent of Africa.



(from left round table) Yinka Shonibare and his partner; Pitika Ntuli (South African artist & academic, co-curator of *Siyawela*, speaker at *africa95 SOAS Symposium & Conference*); Dr Elizabeth Orchardson-Mazrui (Senior lecturer, Department of Fine Art, *Kenyatta University*, PhD from *SOAS*); El Ahmed Eltyeb Zeinabden.



(from left) Jennifer Law (PhD student, *SOAS*); Sadjit Rivzi (Editor, *Eastern Arts Report*); David Koloane; Chika Okeke; Salah Hassan (Ass. Prof. Of African Art History, *Cornell University*, USA).

A few days later I returned to *The October Gallery* with Ndidi, who had not wanted to see the exhibition within the context of what she considered to be an unfriendly audience. Also, she felt upset at the wording in the *seven stories* catalogue (pages 58-61 68-69), which implied that her work had been influenced by the work of El Anatsui. For Ndidi the concept of influence and duplication were difficult to separate and she had interpreted such a comment as derogatory and upsetting. Interestingly, the only comment Moitshepi made to me, when we entered *The October Gallery*, was: "*Is this Ndidi's work?*"



Dr Joan Maw (retired Swahili Reader, SOAS) chatting to John Picton, besides El Anatsui's work.

After this experience the *Pamoja* artists refused to participate in any further public discussions (symposiums, conferences or seminars) or interview sessions, unless the interviewer or organiser had visited them at the *Gasworks* and shown an interest in their lives and work. This was how the *BBC World Service* journalist, Penny Boreham,² managed to secure interviews with many of the *Pamoja* artists for her half hour programme about *africa95: A Season Celebrating the Arts of Africa*, which was transmitted throughout the world (a friend wrote to me saying he had heard this programme whilst conducting his fieldwork in Thailand). Penny visited the *Gasworks* and employing a similar approach to that of Zuleika, she listened to the artists' stories, before beginning her interview sessions.



Gershom Sanga (National Museum & Art Gallery, Botswana).



Stephen Williams chatting to Veronica Jenke (Natural Museum of Art, Washington) and Maryclare Foa.

² Penny Boreham had completed her BA in Social Anthropology at *Edinburgh University* at the same time as Zachary Kingdon.



David Koloane, Atta Kwami and Maryclare Foa, chatting in front of Berry Bickle's *Burning Boats* in *On The Road*.

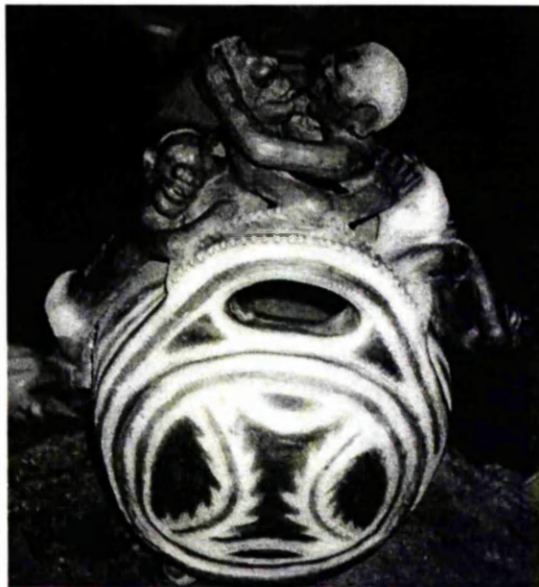
The *Pamoja* artists' silence was also extended during this period to their attendance at many of the Private Views held for the exhibitions associated with the *africa95* project. They were upset by what they saw at these events: most people who attended them did not seem to look at the work, preferring instead to speak to each other holding glasses of wine; and if they spoke to the artists it was to ask them whether they would be able to 'perform' at some event they were planning. Thus, it was that when the artists did attend a *private view* they only stayed for a short period of time and spoke amongst themselves and people they had met through the *Triangle Arts Trust* projects.



David Koloane and me at the private view of *On The Road* at the *Delfina*.



Reinata's work in *On The Road* was displayed by the exhibition organiser, Linda Givon, on packing crates. This decision greatly upset Pat Mautloa and Berry Bickle, two of the artists whose work was also displayed in the exhibition. They felt the presentation suggested Reinata's work should not to be considered as 'work of art,' but 'craft.'



Looking for water, by Reinata Sadhimba (57x38x24cms).



A World, by Reinata Sadhimba (64x36cms). This sculpture and *Untitled* were exhibited in the *Image and Form* exhibition at the *Brunei Gallery* in 1997 (see catalogue page 73) I shall go on to discuss this exhibition in the thesis epilogue.



Anger in Mueda, by Reinata Sadhimba (45x45cms).



Untitled, by Reinata Sadhimba.

The Silence of the Multiples

When I spoke to David Chirwa about his participation in the *africa95 VAP* he told me: *"That thing [africa95 SOAS Symposium] you know, it wasn't really like understanding of why we were going to present our slides. The whole thing just shift into a small bit of their whole thing. We didn't really know what the function was really all about. We just shift in to show our slides and then withdrew... After that next SOAS thing [africa95 Conference] it was like there really wasn't any connection between most people and the artists. It was just like to present their paper and then fashion up their c.v.'s. It was just more like we were being used to let this thing go. That's why we didn't go to these places anymore. We just felt like whow, they don't really care about the artist. They just use him as a topic to just fill themselves up. But not really what should be done, what has been done, or what's happening to the artist. They don't really see; and unless it's going to be on paper it's forgotten."*



Wole Soyinka attending the Private View at the *Royal Academy of Arts*: 'I was in on the beginning [of the *africa95 VAP*, *seven stories*] simply because the organisers of this part of the Festival not only discussed their ideas with me when they visited Nigeria, but attempted to involve me at some level or the other. Since I was too preoccupied with more pressing commitments to respond positively, I hope the role I have now elected to play - a mediating role - a medium in a way - will provide a small measure of compensation for my inability to write a preface to the exhibition catalogue, declare it open, or whatever else - I forget now - that they wanted me to do.'

In the promotional literature and throughout the interviews I conducted, the exhibition at the *RA* was billed as being the centrepiece of the *africa95* season, because it provided the historical context for the story of African art. The exhibition at the *Whitechapel*, on the other hand, was promoted as being the major display of work produced by contemporary African artists and gave the lead to many of the other venues who chose to participate in the *africa95 visual arts programme*.



Zulu dancers performing in the Southern Africa section during the private view of the *RA's africa95* exhibition.



Pitika Ntuli enjoying the celebration.

In response to the choice of presentation at the *RA*, Dr John Mack, Keeper of the *Museum of Mankind*, made the following point in an article in *The Art Quarterly* (No.23, Autumn 1995): 'African works on paper and canvas, let alone more recent sculptural works, have yet to come the way of museum and gallery trustees, the holders of the Lottery purse string, or the National Art collections fund. We must be sure that when the *Royal Academy* decides to complement its ambitious review of African antiquity and ethnography with a show of Africa in the twentieth century, they will know what they have been missing - and we will know where to go for their loans.'

The problem here, of course, is who should be nominated and by whom to select the examples of works produced by African artists working within the twentieth century. If the *RA* were to stage such an exhibition or if the national museum and art galleries were to decide to collect them? Also, how should such works be categorised?... by artist?... by country?... by media?... by decade?; and how should such works be displayed and understood and documented?... aesthetically or culturally? The post-modernist view calls for African academics and artists to be invited to make such selections: to be invited to represent themselves. However, although such an answer allows a non-western perspective to be presented, the danger with such a view is that it may also, whether intentionally or unintentionally, homogenise the category of persons associated with what is referred to as contemporary African art.

Just because a person may be called a contemporary African artist or academic, does not mean they are necessarily able to 'speak for' all those persons who may fall into the same categorisation as they are themselves placed in. Or that they are able to present an unbiased portrayal of their categorised colleagues; or even that they would like such a job if offered to them. Most of the artists I met during my fieldwork simply wanted to be left alone to get on with the job of making their work. They were also often unaware of what their categorised colleagues (other contemporary African artists) were producing. Most of the academics I met appeared to be more knowledgeable about theoretical practices surrounding art critic speak, than they were about the work and art practices that the artists they were theorising about were producing.

The *Whitechapel* invited contemporary 'African artists and academics and artists and academics of African descent,' to co-curate *seven stories*, whilst simultaneously making it clear that the exhibition was not in any sense some sort of totalling or definitive presentation of contemporary African art: it was a story of contemporary African art told by seven people in a particular moment in time. Most of the articulate critics surrounding the *africa95* project were positing views that stemmed from the same theoretical basis. However, this theory has a flexibly cyclical dimension to it, which thereby allows the very deliberations and criticisms one may be seeking to redress or pre-empt, to be repositioned. For instance, most of the criticisms prompting it were themselves applied to *seven stories*: why were those particular seven co-curators invited? The exhibition only showed a limited view of contemporary African art practices. The inference here was that it was therefore not much use. The effect of such criticisms disempowered this specifically located attempt to communicate in Britain in the 1990s the practices of contemporary African artists.

I faced a similar problem to that of the organisers and participants in the *africa95* conferences, symposiums and exhibitions - being restricted by time, space and budget. Initially it was for these reasons that I was sympathetic to those who found themselves being criticised for omitting certain stories or perspectives that others considered to be of importance. However, a feeling of discomfort began to replace my earlier feelings of empathy as the proceedings developed and the dominant theoretical approach, which argued that consideration be given to multiple levels of performance and to voices, images and ideas, was forced to establish a relationship with particular case studies (such as the stories presented in the exhibition *seven stories* or the *Pamoja* artists' individual stories).

This was not because I was reconsidering the importance I myself assign to what Olu Oguibe has termed the 'theory of masquerade' - to look at something from all perspectives - but, because I began to notice how such a theory becomes subverted. Rather than being a useful heuristic device it becomes a masquerade from behind which certain articulate personalities are able to, intentionally or unintentionally, undermine and constrain the potential freedom and inclusivity that the theory is presented as advocating. This state of affairs was made possible by the inherent flexibility of the theory. I was not alone in feeling this discomfort and not alone in hearing the many comments whispered along the corridors or in the studios, during the *africa95* project, in response to such manipulations: "*It sounds good, but somehow it doesn't feel right.*"

If one were to re-contextualise Salah Hassan's (who co-curated the Sudanese & Ethiopian *seven stories* sections) comment, made during the *africa95* SOAS conference, that 'Africa is an idea and a reality' into '*africa95* is an idea and a reality,' then the source of many of the tensions and contradictions perceptible during the *africa95* discussions may be located. Although there were many advocates for the contemporary theoretical stance that consideration be given to multiple levels of performance, voices, images and ideas, because they constitute the 'state of play' - contemporary African art - it was when this theory was put into practice that contradictions were exposed and many of the confusions arose. For instance, it was in the meeting of the theoretical and the practical; in the meeting of the universal and the relative; in the meeting of the abstract and the figurative; precisely the encounters such a theory advocates,

that left many of the *africa95* participants (in particular the *Pamoja* artists) feeling uncomfortable, threatened and frustrated.

There were many articulate personalities (academics working in the UK or the USA) throughout the *africa95* project, who advocated a theoretical *Ujamaa*³ - unity, togetherness, inclusivity. I feel that these personalities tended to silence the very people they were calling to voice. This was partly due to their proficiency in articulating - 'speaking about' - any subject, using the language associated with such an inclusive and flexible theory. In addition, any accusation that implied some of them might be manipulating their power - as selectors or brokers through whose efforts the artists and their work were or were not made visible - was immediately countered by citing specific examples, which had the effect of dissolving any accountability by suggesting that the identification of any social relations was an extremely complex affair...

This power to present and represent the ambiguous, whilst simultaneously citing the very specific, which was often achieved by a self-reflexive presentation of self by the speaker; this power to decontextualise the specific in order to reinforce the presentation and the representation of the ambiguous, was very effective, because in the moments when such speaking was in process it often sounded very persuasive. It often sounded like an inclusive concept, one that implied there was a 'coming together' of ideas and circumstances. This post-modern theoretical positioning sought to convey that *africa95* was constituted by an appealingly considerate and empowering intention: a 'coming together' of (*Pamoja*), a union of, many people to discuss African art practices. In those moments when most of the participants were struggling to find a means by which they would feel included in the proceedings, such 'talk' sounded good. And particularly so because the articulate personalities had much experience in speaking the material, so easily accessible to academics working in the west. These personalities were therefore at an advantage not only over the artists, many of whom had very rarely encountered forums where it was necessary to theorise their work, but also over their African academic colleagues, who found it extremely difficult to have access to the most recent theoretical literature, let alone to debate it in such public forums.

The reality and existence of such advantages and the hierarchical judgements that were assigned showed up in the many corridor overheard comments, such as, "*We have moved on from that debate... We cover those issues in our BA programme.*" These comments implied their colleagues, working within an African context, were a few steps behind. Yet, in what often appeared to be a rush to compete, many of the articulate personalities and their followers often failed to listen to the perspectives being presented by their *africa95* guests: guests who were suggesting that it is the specific that is of great importance when discussing contemporary African art.

³ As discussed earlier the concept of *Ujamaa* is also associated with socialism and has a higher political context to it: 'Ujamaa means, "brotherhood, togetherness, cooperation, unity" and has been a by-word of post-Independence East African politics: after *Uhuru*, "Freedom," came *Ujamaa*, "Unity."' (see Coote 1989:19). Every time I heard the word *Ujamaa* being spoken by Salah Hassan and his conference colleagues, I was distracted by my prior knowledge, by the associations such a word triggered in my mind; of my recent experiences and visualisation of Reinata's *Pamoja* sculpture, which had initially been entitled *The Shit Eaters* and later been named, and retold, as *Ujamaa*. It was a thought that made me realise that to coin a term, to speak about an image and idea, and for such speech to be understood by one's audience, requires an awareness of the context in which it is 'in action.'

Seen from another perspective, many of the African artists and academics were fuelling this cyclical discussion and reinforcing the full-stops, through their yearning to participate in the proposed ecumenical community of global artists and academics evolved through the word *Ujamaa*. While they cited the reality of specific examples and spoke of the importance they assigned to these instances, they simultaneously yearned for the theoretically inclusive evocation of a concept of unity and by implication some sort of equality. This desire, this longing to be included, affected how they themselves were listening, because it diverted their attention from the many realities of unequal relations that constitute the academic / art world in which they sought to participate.

To summarise, witnessing the exchange of information during the *africa95* project often left me feeling extremely uncomfortable. The dominant theory in play - post-modernism - advocates listening to the multiple. However, whenever one of these multiples (African artists or academics) spoke, although their contribution was graciously acknowledged as being a reality, it was also devalued / dis-empowered by immediately being categorised as being too specific, or being only one constituent part of what was being constantly referred to as part of a global ecumenical experience: the world of contemporary African art. The presentation of such a theoretical approach, which advocates the listening to many voices and understanding many perspectives, sounds appealing, because it is expressing a concept similar to 'democracy.' It tapped in to many peoples desire for an idealised, cohesive but not exclusive community.

However, the moments when such concepts were put into practice, also appeared to be those moments when many of the participants were often left feeling frustrated or silenced: excluded. The simple reason is that any such theory of inclusive unity did not do what it suggested: did not value, or know how to deal effectively with, the many moments that apparently constituted it. For instance, it did not know how to speak about the contributions, case studies, that emerged as a result of the many lived realities; or the series of social relations and prior assumptions that determined the moments made available and the selection of the voices and listeners that were able to participate.

During the *africa95* SOAS conference Clémentine Deliss, who was herself adept at articulating and re-articulating theoretically informed and persuasively sounding notions, made the following statement and request for the artists in the audience to 'speak-up':

africa95 was set up as an artist-led project. It was there to provide a facility for artists to engage in a debate which would begin to shift the perception of work being produced today on the African continent, but also in its Diaspora. And I would just like to make a plea for the artists in this audience to speak up - to not let historians cover over the categories which they are themselves reformulating in their own discourse... What are being proposed are identifications by historians, as a new and a continuing discourse of identifications. I would like to hear and listen and think about the models that artists are proposing through the visual language they are proposing. If they wish to speak, that would be wonderful. If they don't wish to speak, then I would take our departure point from the content of the work, rather than depend and rely on historians, whatever colour or race or part of the world they

come from, to give us that support that we need.

The artists who responded to Clémentine's plea were Issa Samb and El Hadji Sy, the two Senegalese artists with whom she had established a good working relationship, through their mutual involvement as co-curators of *seven stories*. On the face of it her request was admirable. One in line with the appealing sentiments advocated through the contemporary theory of masquerade and akin to concepts such as the 'freedom of speech' or 'politically correct language.' However, in practice, within the context of the *SOAS* auditorium, Clémentine's appeal was not heard as a viable request, by many of the artists such as Flinto. The simple reason was that the experience of sitting in the *SOAS* auditorium was intimidating, even for those academics who have had much practice in public speaking.

Deliss' request: "*I would like to hear and listen and think about the models that artists are proposing through the visual language they are proposing...*" had the effect of silencing many of the artists. It implied that if they were to speak they would not only have to articulate their thoughts and ideas coherently and concisely within the time available, but they would also have to demonstrate they had considered things such as visual models; notions that would be judged and challenged by an articulate audience of academically trained eyes and ears. They were being asked to do something they had no experience of doing within a domain that was not their territory and in a language with which they did not feel comfortable. It was an extremely intimidating experience for every *africa95* artist I met, whether they had been art school trained or otherwise. The artists I met spoke fluently about their lives and their work within a context where they did not feel part of a performance or process that resulted in them feeling foolish or excluded; within a context where people were prepared to listen to their stories.

KABASA

Kabasa is the title of the group exhibition staged at the *Gasworks* by Flinto, David and Ndidi, at the end of their residency programme. The word "*Kabasa*" comes from the Bemba language in the Northern Province of Zambia and means sculptor. Many of the comments I heard, made by western academics and curators, about the work exhibited in *Kabasa* were: "*Ndidi's work is like souvenir or airport art, David's is like something one would expect a British art student to be making, and Flinto's is the most interesting and mature.*" These comments were made after aesthetically viewing the work, although the artists were present during the *private view* and had been available to discuss their ideas when working at the *Gasworks*.

By the time these three artists began their residencies they had already completed an intensive workshop and been exposed to the variety of work and ideas produced by their *Pamoja* colleagues. When they arrived in London their spirits were high and they were looking forward to the events promoted in the *africa95* literature. However, after a few weeks these artists felt isolated and ignored by the community of *africa95* participants with whom they came into contact, primarily because no-one appeared to make the time to visit them at work, or to listen to what they had to say.



Flinto at work, preparing for KABASA.

"It seems as if it was only yesterday that people were analysing African art purely on the strength of the object alone, disregarding the creature who made the object itself" (El Hadji Sy 1995:79).



Lullaby, by Flinto Chandia.



David at work in the Gasworks Fire Exit space, due to the dust in the studio.



This sculpture was not exhibited in KABASA.



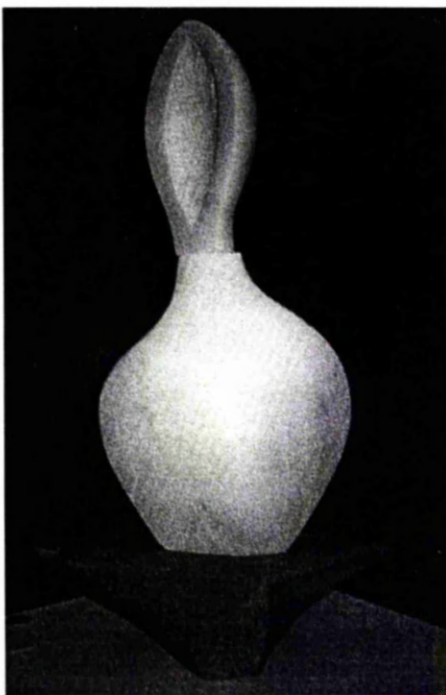
David putting another coat of wax on *Recurring Dream*.

*"This sculpture is called **Recurring Dream**. The forms are very feminine. It's the kind of shapes you get on a woman. When you describe a woman you use curves; and you describe a man with straight lines. At this point in time it's more to do with emotional war. I was dreaming about this woman quite a lot. It's a dream that was sort of like haunting me. Then I thought wow, I have to get rid of this dream and that's how I got rid of it. I just put it all into the sculpture. In a dream you are not really sure of the force, but you sort of have a flow of shapes. So this was a*

dream; a dream I had in London. I can't say the dream come true, but I got relief. It sort of eased off. It's not recurring as much as it was before I made the sculpture; now it's barely there" (David Chirwa).

*"This sculpture is called **Fertility Concept**. Actually it's a fertility idea acquired, cos' I've done a fertility figure which is more of a figure. When you have a sculpture and you keep it with you for quite a while you tend to see other things in it. Like if it was not the way it is, say it was that way, how would it look? So I tried out those things that I think on my old sculpture to make this one.*

"We have like a doll in our culture: say for example, problem when have children, you'd like to have a particular type of child, say a boy or a girl. You go to the medicine man, or medicine woman, and she gives you charms. It's like a doll and sometimes she tells you to have a stone made, which would carry on your back or keep in the bedroom. So I see myself as like being the same people that made those dolls centuries of years ago, but now doing it in the future. I don't like go on to make what they made, I try to imagine like it's me today and you've got to make this fertility doll. If it's a girl there are beautiful forms.



Fertility Concept, by David Chirwa (Serpentine, approx. 40cms high).

"I always work with marble; that's what taught me - doing the stones. I think with marble one has to be careful, there is a big risk of the sculpture breaking. I used to hand polish first, but with time you get machines and power tools. You only see the grains as the last thing, when you say - well now it's finished" (David Chirwa).



Ndidi carrying the Fertility Doll; part of her screen.

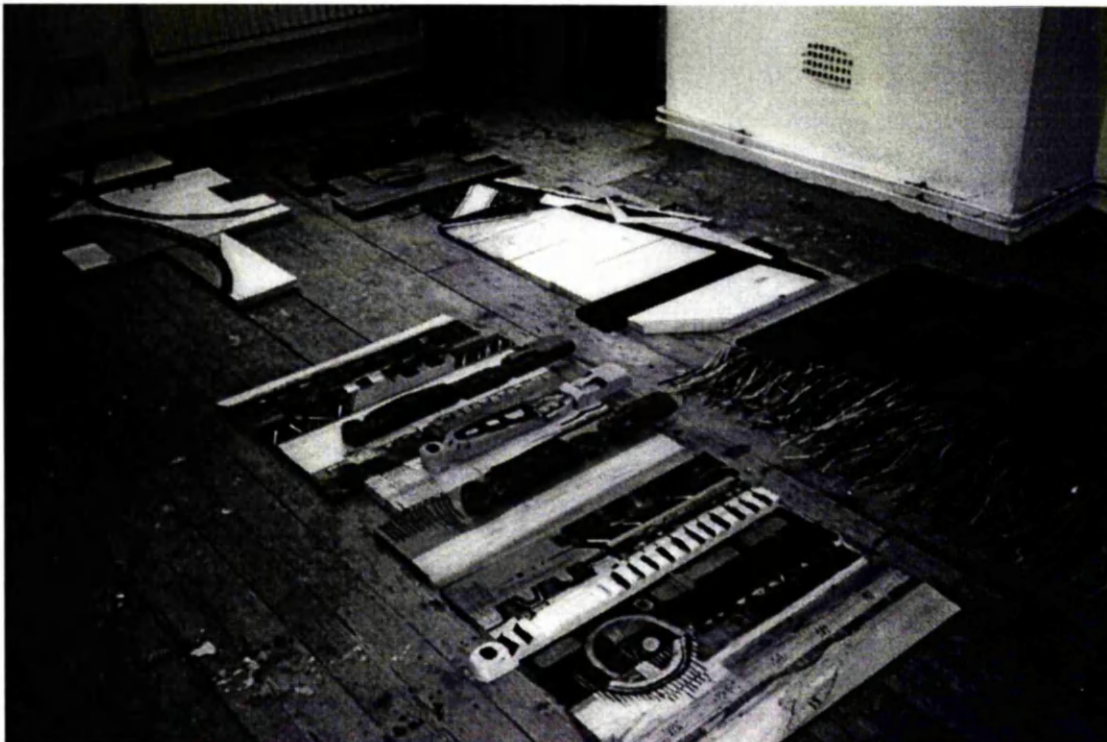


Ndidi placing her Fertility Doll on the top of her screen and the bowl of calabashes at the bottom.



"I've changed my format. I've now come off the wall and onto the floor. This is supposed to be a shrine or a dedication to the God of fertility, who is, of course, a woman. Traditionally in Ghana they have what they

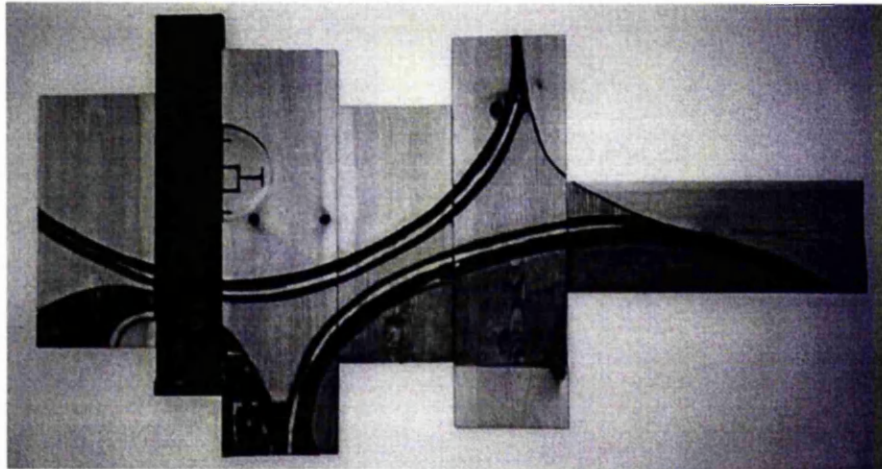
call the Aquaba fertility doll, which is a little wooden doll that women normally carry around in the hope that they will have a child. This is my own interpretation of the whole concept of Aquaba fertility doll and the idea of making an offering to a child. I've used different types of wood - African Paduka, Spotted Beech, Zebrano, Iroko and Elm. The little calabashes I brought with me from Nigeria" (Ndidi Dike).



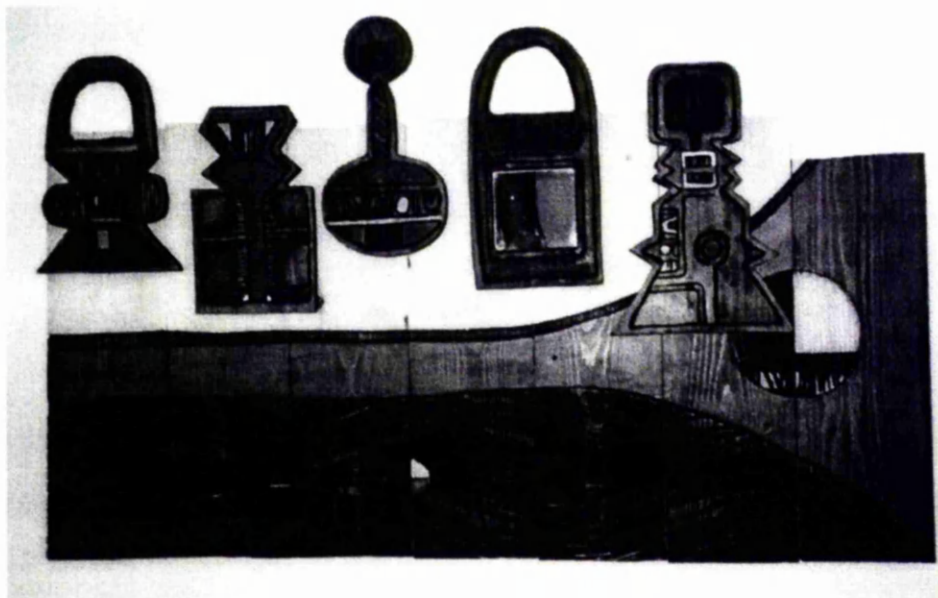
Ndidi laid out on the Gasworks studio floor during her 'work in progress.'



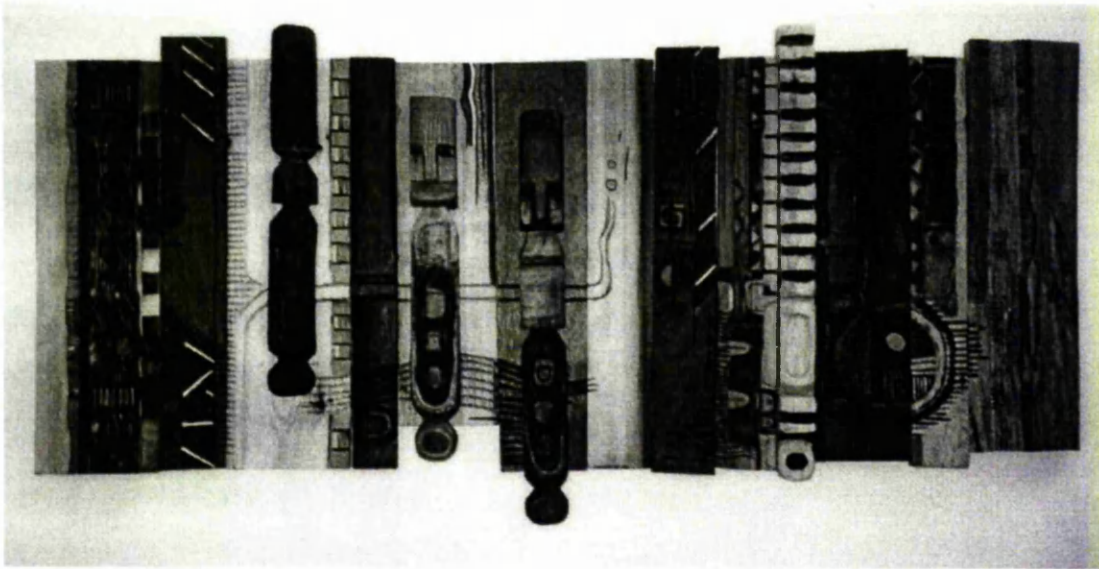
Frances assisting Ndidi to hang her work for KABASA.



Africa's Dying Heritage Series - Uli Painting Tradition, by Ndidi Dike: "In the Eastern part of Nigeria we have the Uli Painting Tradition, which is a form of body decoration. It's a linear type of drawing. The designs are normally painted on the bodies of young women who are about to get married. There is always a lot of play between negative and positive. I've taken the symbol of Kolan art and extended it to a larger format. We come from an area where we normally give a Kolan art to someone who comes to our house for the first time, to symbolise you are welcome to my house."



Africa's Dying Heritage Series - Igbo Women's Traditional Mirror Holders, by Ndidi Dike: "I take ideas from things that are dying out and put my own interpretation. These mirror holders were traditionally just carved, but I've enhanced them with a little bit of colour."



Africa's Dying Heritage Series - Our Heritage, by Ndid Dike: "The people represent the heritage of our people; I'm from the Ibo ethnic group. I've included the lizard and the tortoise, both prominent characters in our folk-tales."



Two visitors sitting under Ndid's *Uli Painting Tradition* at the KABASA private view.



Henrietta Alele and her husband looking for someone to speak to, someone they know, on their arrival at the KABASA private view. One of the problems during *africa95* was being able to identify who people were.



Henrietta speaking to Rose Issa (*africa95* North Africa Consultant) in front of Ndid's *Our Heritage*.



Godfried Donkor (Ghanaian artist working in Britain, attended *Thapong Workshop* in Botswana, ex-SOAS Art & Archaeology Department student; associated with *The 198 Gallery*) & Zoe Linsley-Thomas (*The 198 Gallery*).



Clémentine Deliss and Robert Loder chatting beside David's *Recurring Dream*.



John Picton celebrating at the KABASA private view.

"I think the best way would be to try and find a way of encouraging artists to talk about their work, from where it comes. We should start, cos' you can't really talk at the higher level if you can't talk at the lower level. I think that if people are

trusted then the artist will talk about their work... And we should turn it around if we feel that some people are like pretend to be a friend and then they use us. If we feel a person shouldn't be here, because they sort of exploit us, we could actually make use of those people. Suppose that he's tapping in, then I tap him. You shouldn't really look at it like no he should not be there, because he's part of it. It is both sides of the coin" (David Chirwa).



David felt very upset that the visitors spent more time drinking and chatting to each other than looking at the work: *"It's not like where I come from. In Zambia the people look at the work and talk with the artist."*

Section 6) Conclusion

The aim of the thesis has been to explore the notion of 'exhibition as process' and 'art as process,' through focussing on the characters, issues and events associated with the *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, held at the Yorkshire Sculpture Park. This research has shown that a focus on the creative process allows perceptions and practices to be made visible. The significance of this research lies in the identification of the difficulties the *Pamoja* artists faced communicating their perceptions and practices, and the presentational styles they employed to represent themselves and their work, to an cross-cultural and international audience at the end of the twentieth century.

The importance of researching the creative process is that it provides a wealth of material, which is often ignored within the world of exhibition. By focusing on 'exhibition as process' and 'art as process' I was able to appreciate the *Pamoja* artists had something to say and yet also to understand why they often appeared silent. This is of great importance given that the *VAP* sought to put into practice the idea that artists should be involved in their own presentations to avoid homogenising artists and their works. My research revealed the *Pamoja* artists found it easier to speak about the meaning of their work outside the context of exhibition - display, slide shows, group criticisms, seminars and conferences - and within an environment where they had established a personal relationship with their audience. Much of an artist's work reflected his/her personal experiences and identity and this was something they felt uneasy about communicating in a theoretical or objectifying fashion.

What I found during my fieldwork is that the creative process is constituted by the dynamic interplay of characters, issues and events, within particular spaces that may differ at different moments. What I have come to believe, whilst searching for a presentational style to preserve this interplay, is that the only way to present the creative process is through the narrative style I have used. I felt it was important to re-present within my thesis how people spoke within the context of the *africa95 VAP*. For this reason I use a more analytic and objectifying vocabulary that makes reference to abstract ideas when I am writing about the curators/academics. Whereas, when I represent a sense of how the *Pamoja* artists spoke, I use a vocabulary that seeks to express their personal and specific experiences of the world around them. Although words are important, the photos I have included also play an important role in communicating the sense of revelation that constitutes the creational process. As with the structure and words, I experimented with different photographic formats before deciding to place them within the text - to capture a point in thought.

This thesis has sought to present a complexity of characters, events and issues within an accessible style. Each of the five sections sets the scene for the following chapter. This structure allows for the characters, events and issues to be inter-linked and developed, and the complexity of the context to be examined from differing perspectives. For instance, after being introduced to the climate within which the *africa95* project was located, we are introduced to the *africa95 VAP*, which then sets the scene for the *Pamoja Workshop*. The

Pamoja Workshop then sets the scene for a more detailed focus on Reinata Sadhimba. The final section of my research carries all the characters and issues, of whom the reader is by then aware, forward into the contact space of *africa95* in action. This section reveals, as Mary Nooter Roberts has commented, 'museum practice conveys meanings and messages (which are often in stark contrast to African perspectives)' (1994:23-25). The aim of the *africa95* project, the aim of the *Pamoja* artists and the aim of this thesis, was to make visible the guests' contributions – to speak to a new audience about new ideas and perspectives.

Story-telling as a Style of Presentation

Reinata recognised that story-telling is a powerful presentational tool, because it allows people to speak and encourages people to listen. This heuristic device, this framework, has the advantage of being a familiar mode of communication; one that affords the artist the opportunity to present their images and ideas creatively and one that is accessible to the audience. My research amongst the *Pamoja* artists suggests that this presentational space is very significant. It allows the individuality of the artist to be celebrated without distancing the audience. It allows the audience to mount a challenge, without dethroning the artist. This interaction is what the artist looks for - one in which they trust their audience will listen. As David Chirwa commented: *"I think that if people are trusted then the artist will talk about their work... It's not easy to explain yourself in just a few words. It is better if you can build it up, so you can make it into a story. Everyone can talk about their work given the right time and atmosphere, cos' I think that art is like self-expression really... I think it is important for the artist to talk, because if you do not have the words you facilitate it, you go down in history as not really having contributed to art."*

To represent the *Pamoja* artists' contributions and to allow them to take the lead within my thesis, I chose not to interrupt the flow of their presentational perspectives. The *Pamoja* artists did not consider theoretical issues in an isolated or topic-by-topic fashion, or utilise the same vocabulary or linguistic framework as theorists such as Bourdieu or Danto. The artists did however speak about the subjects that concern academics. My style does not overtly flag or address the same theoretical and practical issues within each section or within the same fashion. Instead, the issues raised within the first chapter both inform and underlie the selection and juxtaposition of the cameos I have created to represent the artists' contributions. After experimenting with a variety of structural formats, I found that this presentational device allowed me to represent the artists' contributions and allowed them to take the lead within the focus of my project, whilst simultaneously acknowledging academic thought processes and developing them within the context of practice.

In the first section of this thesis I set the scene by examining the theoretical literature that informed the creation of the *africa95* project. I introduced the reader to the climate within which *africa95* was created and to the key players involved in the realisation of the project, and I explained what the organisers of the project sought to achieve. This showed that the primary concern for the initiators of the *africa95 VAP* was to raise

awareness about the diverse body of work produced by African artists. To ensure that the project reflected the contemporary belief that artists should be involved in their own presentations, they also invited a number of artists from Africa to visit Britain. The research revealed the creation of a framework to achieve these aims was not an easy task. The climate and context within which the *africa95* project was created, was constituted by an heterogeneous array of ideas and presentational styles, which resulted in the organisers having to make some difficult choices, individual choices. The research also showed the particular dynamic interplay of characters, events and issues involved in the creation of *africa95* played a significant role in determining the image and form of the context within which the guest artists were invited to present themselves and their work. An understanding of this context is of great importance, because it provides the reader with an insight into the environment within which to focus their considerations regarding the artists and their works.

In the second section of my thesis I introduced the reader to the *Pamoja* artists; the largest group of artists invited to Britain to participate within the *africa95 VAP*. I highlighted the artists' diverse backgrounds and experiences through illustrating where they came from and what their views were in response to visiting studios, museums and galleries. This provided an insight into what these guests thought of the host environment that welcomed them, of what they were aware and to what they assigned importance. The aim of this section was to introduce the reader to a group of individuals whom they have not previously encountered and to begin to establish a relationship with these individuals.

The workshop environment gave me the time to develop relationships and friendships with the artists. I was able to get to know them and allow them to speak in their own time, at their own pace. There were no rushed question and answer sessions. Most of all, I was able to study and know my subjects before I had to ask them for information. This allowed me to be more considerate, aware and successful. During my fieldwork I found that people are more comfortable to speak and to listen, when they begin to know something of and identify with each other. Throughout the workshop it became clear that once people form relationships with which they are comfortable much creativity and spontaneity takes place. Also, that the establishment of such relationships is greatly assisted by the participation of an intermediary, one with whom the group can identify. For instance, in the Bretton College Bar Dance cameo I illustrated how people share a space, and how the relationships they form come to take possession of the space.

The third section of my thesis focuses on the *Pamoja Workshop*. Here I provided the reader with a sense of the creative and presentational context, which was closed to non-participants. I also addressed and developed many of the theoretical issues set out within the first section through exploring the artists' views. For instance, what constitutes a work of art or even an artist; notions of beauty, originality, authenticity; cross-cultural interpretations and misrepresentations; styles of presentation/exhibition - aesthetic/contextual; perceptions of art practices - realism and abstraction; notions of hierarchy - artistic, cultural; sharing knowledge; and shifts in perception. I decided, however, not to present these issues within overtly dedicated sub-headings to avoid interrupting the flow of the artists' presentations; to avoid decontextualising and thereby misrepresenting the artists' contributions. The subjective and discursive language utilised by the

artists when making their presentations, is reflected within my narrative style, whilst the underlying theoretical issues are addressed and developed through the selection and juxtaposition of the cameos. This research illustrates that the *Pamoja* artists do not have an homogeneous view of their profession or each other's work. The *Pamoja* artists make individual contributions and assign great significance to subjectivity.

The fourth section of my thesis focuses on Reinata Sathimba and her work. This section aimed to build a more complex image and in depth appreciation of the significance of Reinata's contribution. This would have been difficult to achieve without an understanding of the context within which her presentation was made. I have addressed and developed the underlying issues and those raised by her colleagues, through the content and juxtaposition of the cameos within this section. For instance, the reader is made aware of Reinata's audiences' perceptions, as well as her own, through her reaction to Djibril Sy's photographic representations of Reinata and her work. The reader is also made aware of Reinata's ability to communicate her conceptual imagery within a cross-cultural context; and of the importance she assigns to an interactive presentational style, which engages the audience and allows for critique. It is important to recall, here, that the *africa95* project was created within a climate that considered it important to promote awareness of a particular group of artists' work and perspectives. The aim of my thesis is to illustrate that when it comes to the work of artists such as Reinata, it is important to be aware that conventional presentational methods are not particularly useful in the realisation of this project.

This thesis has sought to shift the reader to a space within which they are more open to a consideration of Reinata's project and style of presentation; more comfortable with listening to her contribution. After experimenting with a variety of presentational styles I came to believe that this combination of focussed detailing and subjective interaction created a more faithful representation of Reinata's exhibition. Reinata's exhibition was created and influenced by her relationship with her audience and by his/her response. To document her presentations without a sense of whom she was presenting to, or why she made the presentations she did, would distort and dis-empower her contribution. My aim within this section was to convey the importance of interaction within Reinata's presentation style; the dynamic interplay of characters, events and issues that are the creative process, the presentation of her creations. This task would have been made more difficult if I had not created the introductory sections, or slowly developed and built up an evermore-complex picture for the reader to identify. This contextualisation and presentational format is important, because it shifts the reader within a space where they become more open to considering Reinata's style of presentation and more comfortable with the idea of listening to her contribution.

My narrative style and presence represents Reinata's presentational style: the language and intimate relationships she formed with her colleagues to communicate her conceptual imagery. This presentational format has been slowly introduced, alongside the creation of an evermore-complex image of the *africa95* project throughout the previous sections. There has been a slow slide into a subjective and colloquial presentational language within my narrative, as the focus of research has become more detailed. This slow slide is significant, because it represents the shift that occurs within the process of becoming aware of another

person's perspective. The anthropologist, Tania Luhrmann, in her book 'Persuasions of the Witch's Craft: Ritual Magi in Contemporary England,' refers to this process as 'interpretive drift' – the slow, often unacknowledged shift in someone's manner of interpreting events as they become involved with a particular activity... By the concept of interpretive drift, I mean to identify the adoption of something like a theory, or at least a significant shift in the interpretation of events' (1989-1994:340).

As I became entangled within Reinata's worldview, perceiving her creations to scurry and giggle across the studio, I was constantly reminded of Luhrmann's reflections on her own fieldwork experience: 'I stood to gain nothing by belief except power..., but I stood to lose credibility and career by adherence. Throughout my time in magic, whenever I felt magical power inside the circle or wanted to say that a ritual had 'worked', I chalked up the event as an insight into the field... In a way, Favret-Saada is correct: if one really understands the practice, one is at a point where the ideas seem quite natural, unless some other factor intervenes to alter one's belief' (1989/1994:349-350).

Five years after my encounter with Reinata I understand her creations are material forms unable to move within a physical dimension; I understood this distinction at the time of my fieldwork, and so did Reinata. However, I also am aware that their purpose is to scurry and giggle, to writhe and scream, to amble through the shadows of forbidden places and to tease the spirits of individuals. This awareness of Reinata's conceptual imagery is what gives her creations their life, their significance. An academic would be tempted to chalk this perception up as an insight into the field, which has its merits. The problem with such an attitude, however, is that it implies a hierarchy of thought that would firmly relocate Reinata's worldview as fantastical, unbelievable, and impossible. Such a perception puts Reinata and her contribution into a sphere within which they are dismissed as tribal, traditional and illiterate. Not cutting edge, not of much interest, beyond that of curious, to theorists within the world of exhibition.

It is important to recall, here, that the project of anthropology, the project of *africa95*, is/was to raise awareness of alternative perspectives, in particular the world views of African artists. One way to achieve such an awareness, as Luhrmann commented, is through introducing and 'describing particular instances which challenge comfortable assumptions and which reveal human understanding in an unexpected light' (1989-1994:387). Luhrmann also discusses the importance of a different sort of knowledge to either knowledge of fact ('knowing that'), or knowledge of skill ('knowing how'): 'It is, rather, an imaginative involvement with – a feeling of intuitively grasping the sense of, the ambience of, the nature of... I call this a 'knowing of.' The key feature of 'knowing of' is the imaginative absorption with a different person or world view... You imagine other ways in which it might be possible to live' (1989/1994:219-220).

Reinata's project is not concerned with the loveliness of details, individual biographies, or isolated play. Her exhibition is a cameo of ideas that patent themselves into an overall sense of magnificent cohesion. In short, Reinata's exhibition concerns itself with the practice of heterogeneity: the dynamic interplay of characters, events and ideas. For this reason Reinata's contribution is of interest to academic anthropologists.

Credibility of the artist-author

The credibility of the artist-author is paramount. It is the significance of this credibility that lies at the heart of my thesis, in particular the way in which it influenced people in their consideration of the artists and their works.

Towards the end of my fieldwork and the *africa95* project, I was disappointed to be confronted by a host's view of Reinata and her work that was founded on nothing more than glimpsing her physical form and those of her works.¹ Reinata and her work were dismissed on the basis that they looked to be tribal, villagey, and illiterate; probably something to do with community, tradition, craft. Not real art, not cutting edge, not of much interest to theorists within the world of exhibition. The concepts individual, original, remarkable did not enter the frame. Even after being apprised that Reinata had some astonishing stories to tell, there was no shift in view – "why should we listen to the ramblings of an old woman." This thesis illustrates that one cannot glimpse the significance of a work of art or the contribution an artist has to offer, particularly within a cross-cultural domain. One has to be apprised of its existence, of the conceptual imagery.

Whilst Reinata was exhibiting 'The Shit-Eaters/Ujamaa' at the Yorkshire Sculpture Park, the British artist Tracey Emin inaugurated The Tracey Emin Museum in South London and presented her best-known work 'Everyone I Have Ever Slept With – 1963-1995,' a tent appliquéd with all the names of her lovers and bedfellows, including her aborted fetuses. The following year, a few months after 'Africa95,' another British artist, Damien Hirst, exhibited his eviscerated cows cut into lots of sections - 'Some Comfort Gained from the Acceptance of the Inherent Lies in Everything' – at the Royal Academy of Arts. Why did these artists make these particular works? Why are they significant? The answers cannot be accessed without an understanding of the context within which the works were created, presented and critiqued.

The artist-author Matthew Collins comments: 'When art is about ideas and not about aesthetics or loveliness or inner spiritual depths... how do you tell a good idea from a bad one? The audience for art now feels suspicious because it suspects there isn't a hierarchy – it's just an anything goes ethos, and that makes the audience feel it is being fooled. It isn't necessarily furious about being fooled. It just takes it for granted that fooling is occurring... The main anxiety of now is that art is vacuous... Today art is popular and there are lots of new Modern art museums opening up all the time. But the audience feels they could easily think up a lot of this stuff themselves and it would fit the bill providing it was empty, shocking, sexual and a bit pretentious. And that makes them despise it even if they enjoy it as a kind of circus... when something seems vacuous you want to dislike it on the grounds of it being vacuous. But the system won't allow this...' (1999:226). He is, of course, commenting contextually with regard to the work of the two British artists; and

¹ This view falls within the same sphere as the Bretton Villagers initial perception of having the *Pamoja* artists as neighbours: a group of scruffy looking refugees about to take up abode and sell their wares on the road side, something that would lower the tone of the community. However, when apprised of the facts the villagers immediately shifted their perception and went out of their way to welcome the artists and to take an interest in their work.

he is also expressing his own opinion, informed by his contextual training and experience as an artist and critic.

The *africa95* project encouraged many of the hosts to declare their views. These were predominantly that African artists are disadvantaged; their work is little known within the world of exhibition. The *africa95* forum, however, sought to illustrate that this category of artists is actually producing a substantial body of work, worthy of note. The audience and the presentational parties were, on the other hand, not well-versed in reading the significance of this work. For this reason the African artists were invited to participate within the presentation of their work. Indeed, their involvement was heralded as of great importance to the success of the project – to communicate to a new audience the significance of their work. The difficulty the *africa95* project faced was located in the style of presentation it employed to frame the works and the artists' contributions. By utilising a conventional method it signalled to the audience that they should consider the work in the same fashion that they considered other works with which they were familiar. This was not useful for artists such as Reinata. As Anna Bowman reflected: "*critics don't have a language to discuss works of art made by other cultures – often they don't know what these cultures are producing.*"

What an artist seeks to communicate is, within some contexts, accorded little value; priority is given to aesthetic agenda and audience perceptions. This circumstance is what I have referred to as the 'practice of interruption.' Within the context of *africa95*, the context of my research, the context within which the *Pamoja* artists found themselves - making visible the artists' views was given priority. This project as we have seen, faced its own special difficulties, which predominantly arose due to audiences' prior assumptions. As Andre Diop commented: "*What may in one country be considered special may not be considered so in another.*" For instance, my initial consideration of Noria's pieces to be about a mother's love for her young child, turned out to be a warning for women not to get married and to be careful when feeding their baby lest it suffocate. I also did not appreciate, without Noria's assistance, that one of her works represented Johannesburg woman – apparently obvious, due to the fashion in which she stretched her body. Neither did I realise, until informed by Moitshepi, that his work addressed a community's perception of change, triggered as its sons and daughters began to die of AIDS. The many deliberations and interactions illustrated throughout my case study, show the *Pamoja* artists also experienced difficulties in understanding their colleagues' work without guidance.

During the *Pamoja Workshop* Reinata's audience of colleagues, unaware of her work, had to make the time to come to know and appreciate the significance of her contribution. Inter-cultural relations and pre-conceived representations coloured the initial reception and recognition afforded to Reinata and her work. Her material forms lowered the tone of the project due to their sexuality and crude production techniques; evoked the taboo of the spirit world; and encapsulated unpredictable behaviours. Reinata and her work were an unknown quantity and were therefore best avoided, ignored or dismissed. However, as her colleagues became familiar with Reinata, became more comfortable, their views shifted. As they became aware of her narratives they began to consider her work from a new perspective – even remarkable. Reinata's Ujamic tale of 'The Shit-

Eaters' - was astonishing; her expression of ambush murdered babies - was shocking; and her mischievous antics and blurring of characterisation boundaries, as told through 'Children Stealing the back of their father's head' and 'Half a Man' - were pronounced to be highly original. In short, this process of coming to know shifted Reinata and her work within the domain of accessibility; a process within which her credibility as an artist/author was raised and recognised within the eyes of her audience of colleagues.

This thesis has illustrated the difficulties with which organisers are faced when trying to realise a project that involves the exhibition of people. In those moments of exhibition one cannot treat an artist as one treats a travelling work of art. If one approaches a project with this philosophy, one should not be surprised to be met with silence. The *africa95* project was conceived and realised within a climate that considered it problematic to base one's perception of a person on his/her aesthetic distinctions. This thesis suggests that this is also the case when it comes to a consideration of the works of art produced by the *Pamoja* artists. To do otherwise, obscures their significance.

So what did the africa95 visual arts programme achieve in terms of a greater understanding of contemporary African art?

It did raise a greater awareness of the quantity and diversity of work; and it certainly helped towards raising the status of such work, by exhibiting it within high profile galleries. But, what it did not do was encourage a greater understanding of the work, because the artists were silenced and prevented from expressing their views.

Does it matter that the artists felt silenced? Does it matter how the artists felt as guests?

Of course, it matters. If one is to consider the art world as being international, then it is vital to understand the work being produced within a whole continent. Since an important means to understanding the work is through gaining access to the artists' experiences, then it matters greatly that they felt silenced as guests. Moreover, in today's art world where it is vitally important that artists are able to market their work, it was unfortunate that the *africa95* guest artists felt uncomfortable and silenced within the very forums provided for them to promote themselves and their work.

Despite the best of intentions what went wrong?

The *africa95 visual arts programme* sought to raise awareness of the work in an attempt to shift negative perceptions. For instance the perception that work produced by contemporary African artists is some sort of

second-rate-hybrid art. To achieve this the work was exhibited in a range of high profile galleries, such as the *Whitechapel*. The organisers also acknowledged the contemporary theoretical stance that argues for individuals to be involved in their own presentations. For this reason some exhibitions were co-curated by the artists and/or African curators. The achievements of the *africa95 visual arts programme* are of great importance. However, because the environment created did not encourage a greater understanding of the work, it is also important to identify where the problems lay.

My research suggests the problems arose during the period in which the exhibitions were created. In the rush and jostle to express and celebrate their own individualities, many of the *africa95* creators (and their critics) got side-tracked. They focused on theoretical concepts such as 'artist-led,' homogeneity, artefact or art, aesthetic or cultural; and chose to work within a mode of presentation that obscured the artists' individualities and their stories. The *africa95* context caused the artists and their work to be viewed as objects subjected to critical whim. Privileging a language the hosts had created, mastered and spoke fluently, often resulted in dismissal of what their guests had to say, as either missing the point or not being quite good enough. In short, many of the guest artists felt they were being treated in a manner that left them feeling unwelcome, inferior and unable to speak about their own individuality, for fear they might be misunderstood, or excluded from the celebration; a celebration in which they wanted to participate because they yearned for recognition. They felt this way because that was how their work was being treated.

It was not perceptually evident when visiting exhibitions such as *seven stories* that they had been co-curated by African artists, or indeed that the curator-artist had produced the work being exhibited. It was only philosophically evident after further enquiry. After spending sometime amongst the *Pamoja* artists I came to the conclusion that even when the artists act as curators, or co-curators, they choose to present their work following a conventional mode of display - to hang their paintings on white walls, to position their sculptures on clean plinths swathed in low voltage lighting and to state the minimum of information in discreet captions. And they do this not because they necessarily consider it to be a good way to communicate their stories, or because they made their work to be displayed within such a presentational context, but because they want their work to be taken seriously within the international art world.

So Which Way Forward?

If artists, such as those who participated in the *Pamoja Workshop*, feel left out, ignored or silenced, how can one ever expect to understand them... or their work? It is my belief that if one seeks to understand an artist such as Reinata, Moitshepi, Noria and David, one must first acknowledge he/she is an individual; and that if one seeks to understand the work produced by such artists, it is important to be aware of the artist's relationship to his/her work. As El Hadji Sy commented: 'It seems as if it was only yesterday that people were analysing African art purely on the strength of the object alone, disregarding the creature who made the object itself.'

Works of art created by artists such as Reinata, Moitshepi, Noria and David are best understood as evocations of certain experiences and perceptions of the world, which are expressed through the creation of a material form during a particular moment in time. For a full appreciation of what each work of art represents, including and beyond its aesthetic characteristics, the story needs to be drawn out. What one needs to look for is the *empirical narrative* associated with each work of art; narrative for the work represents the artist's story; and empirical for the story is a result of the artist's experiences. The *empirical narrative* represents the reason why the artist created a particular piece of work.

Becoming aware of the *empirical narrative* leads to a shift in perception. This is of particular interest and importance when considering the intention of the *africa95 VAP*: to raise awareness of the work being produced by contemporary African artists and to shift any misconceptions or negative perceptions. Whenever I was able to persuade people to listen the *Pamoja* artists' stories, it became clear that a shift in perception took place; that the story had a powerful effect on artists, curators, academics and critics alike. In those moments of telling and listening and responding, everyone came closer to experiencing the importance of being aware of an artist's story; as well as how such an awareness transforms one's understanding and consideration of what one is looking at. Indeed, I was interested to note that some people, after listening to Reinata's stories, not only had shifted their focus away from a discussion of aesthetic characteristics but had also given up their aversion to the idea of a narrative. These encounters clearly demonstrate how difficult it is to ignore the narrative once you have become aware of its relationship with the work.

Although they often spoke about the notion of individuality, of heterogeneity, one of the problems people faced during *africa95* appeared to be that they did not know where to begin, or where to end, their focus of investigation or discussion. For instance, much of the confusion and frustration surrounding how to think about the work produced by artists such as Reinata arose either when people tried to consider too broad a field and go all the way into a cultural background; or when people focused too specifically on a particular aspect of a piece such as its aesthetic characteristics. Both these approaches demeaned the artist.

When it comes to where and what one should be considering, I feel strongly that it is the *creational context*; the moments when a work of art is created, the moments when an artist actually gives their individuality into a piece. It is during the *creational context* that an artist's particular combination of experiences, memories, visions, concerns and interpretations, come together and are realised in the work. Therefore, it is in this context one should focus in order to draw out the *empirical narrative* associated with a particular work of art.

So how does one transfer such knowledge?

If all experience is to some, perhaps very limited, extent mediated through language – one may not be able to describe pain, but one calls it by its name – then even very private experience has a social dimension (Luhmann 1989/1994:344).

Although I have suggested the place one should look to for a greater understanding of such work is the *creational context*, the next question to be addressed is: So how does one transfer such knowledge? To achieve this one needs a language to capture the sense of experiencing and an environment in which such a language is valued. The *Pamoja* artists felt most comfortable to speak about themselves and their work outside the presentational contexts provided within the *africa95 visual arts programme*. Such contexts tended to promote and focus on theoretical discussions and aesthetic presentations; they did not encourage a greater understanding of the radical significance of individuality, of heterogeneity. When the *Pamoja* artists were speaking about their work they were speaking about their identities. They preferred to speak about themselves and their work within their studios and to an audience whom they felt would not judge their stories or their work based on some sort of hierarchical ordering of articulation, aesthetics or cultural supremacy.

In addition, when the *Pamoja* artists spoke about their work they used a language that takes its basis from peoples' ability to empathise with each other; a language that evokes a world full of senses and experiences. To achieve this the artists' communicated through the method of story-telling and the use of colloquial speech; something that created a strong relationship between the teller and his/her audience. This interaction shifted both parties into a space of possibility; where in the moments of telling and listening, of participating, the artist, their work and their audience were accorded the same respect, because during those moments they were related.

The language I propose should take its basis from peoples' ability to empathise with each other and make use of colloquial speech that is open to narrative form. It should also encompass three levels of transference. The first is to allow people to communicate within the moments of creation, so different artists may speak about their experiences. Many of the *Pamoja* artists felt vulnerable when speaking about their work, because of a fear that if their discussion was not 'theoretical' enough their work and hence their identity would not be taken seriously. That is why the use of colloquial language is important. It is also vital that the language is practical enough so that an artist not schooled in a theoretical approach may express their ideas, particularly because the artist is the point where it all begins.

The second level of the language should allow the transference of these experiences to the art world - critics, curators, academics, etc. Not only should the language be able to capture the dynamics of the *creational context*, but allow for the sense of experiencing to be re-presented. This is vital so people not present during the creation of a work of art may appreciate what took place and join in a discussion. Once again, my belief is that this is most effectively achieved through narrative form. Although I believe that theoretical discussions play an important role, I am concerned when such an approach becomes more highly valued than other forms of communication.

The third level should ensure the information can be transferred to the general public. Here I would suggest, for instance, any displays include the use of extended captions that give an idea of the story or of the artist's

background relevant to the *creational context*. Although there may be some general rules that could be adopted for the presentation of work produced by artists such as Reinata, what I am suggesting is more of a general philosophy.

Whilst the *Pamoja* artists were in Britain I often observed an arrogance towards the artists and their work that left me feeling embarrassed. If an artist did not speak English in the same fashion as one of their hosts, or was not fluent at articulating a particular theoretical model, then the artist was often treated as if they had nothing to say that was worth listening to. This view was also often applied to their work if a host had little experience of viewing a particular aesthetic form. The other approach I frequently encountered, one which stemmed from privileging the aesthetic characteristics of a piece, demeaned the artist even further: "*why should I bother listening to or be interested in what an old woman has to say?*" These views were particularly troubling given many of the publicly stated intentions surrounding the *africa95* project implied that such artists' views and presentations would be welcomed.

During my research I also found it very frustrating to be confronted by preconceived notions that anthropologists are interested in the cultural aspect of a work of art; something many people felt was not necessary for the appreciation of an art object. I found this frustrating not only because it was the individuality of the artist and the work of art with which I was concerned, but because artists such as Reinata, Moitshepi and Noria, who had been invited to participate in the *africa95* project to help raise awareness about their views, did not consider their work purely for its aesthetic or cultural aspects. For these artists, when one focuses on a particular detail within the process of making a work, the sense of the work disappears, just as when one deconstructs a story the power to captivate slips away.

The importance of researching the creative process is that it provides a wealth of material, which is often ignored within the world of exhibition. It also, and perhaps more importantly, provides an insight into an artist's relationship with his/her work; something that leads to an understanding of the work beyond an assessment of its aesthetic characteristics. What I found during my fieldwork is that the creative process is constituted by the dynamic interplay of characters, issues and events, within particular spaces, which may differ at different moments. And what I have come to believe, whilst searching for a presentational style to preserve this interplay, is that the only way to present the creative process is through the narrative style I have used.

Focusing on the creational context of the *Pamoja Workshop* allowed me to observe how the artists' spoke about their work, during the moments it was being created. This study revealed the *Pamoja* artists found it easier to speak about the meaning of their work outside the context of exhibition - display, slide shows, group criticisms, seminars and conferences - and within an environment where they had established a personal relationship with their audience. Much of an artist's work reflected his/her personal experiences and identity and this was something they felt uneasy about communicating in a theoretical or objectified fashion.

I see no reason why the context of exhibition - displays, forums, etc. - could not be designed to raise awareness of *empirical narratives*. I see no reason for an artist to be concerned if such awareness is presented or curated by another person, whether they are an artist or non-artist. What I am proposing is that the way forward for a consideration of the work produced by artists such as Reinata, is to include an acknowledgement of the artist's relationship with the piece; the significant moments of which I would argue are located in the *creational context* when the relationship is originated. Perhaps there will come a day when the work produced by artists such as David, Moitshepi, Noria and Reinata, can be aesthetically presented with small black & white captions; a day when everyone understands the work presented. It is my strong belief that such a point has not yet been reached anywhere within the international art world.

Section 7) Epilogue

On my way to visit the 1997 exhibition *Image and Form: Prints, Drawings and Sculpture from Southern Africa and Nigeria* held at the *SOAS Brunei Gallery*, which was co-curated by Robert Loder and John Picton, I felt excited. I knew the exhibits, which had come from Robert's collection, would include some of Noria and Reinata's work; and that John had received my essay about the importance Reinata assigned to the conceptual imagery associated with her work, to the giving of life to her creations. Yet, as I peered into the high showcases, my heart sank. There were Reinata's creations, all neatly arranged under a defining pool of light with black & white captions proclaiming - name, date and place of birth. No narrative, no access into the world of Reinata's creation was on display.

As I re-read the title of the exhibition I began to feel rather foolish... How could I possibly have thought the exhibition would attempt to acknowledge the significance of Reinata's conceptual imagery, to celebrate her individuality and the lives of her creations? How could I possibly have thought the exhibition would be celebrating anything other than the notion of collection or curatorial display skills? As I looked around the gallery I felt as though I was standing in a well-funded scientific laboratory that had humbled and silenced its specimens.

My feelings gave way to ones of shame. Only a few minutes walk from my home, Reinata's creations, Reinata's lives, were being paraded as objects of interest to enhance the pride of other people. As I re-experienced my relationship with Reinata and the trust she had shown me, I was overwhelmed with a desire to smash the glass, to free her creations... So they might writhe and scream with the pain of childbirth and even louder still, under the tattooist's patience. So they might smell the sweetness of their baby's breath, or gorge on their neighbours' excrement. So they might scurry down the corridors whispering peoples' names, or fly through the streets whooping with joy. So they might dance with the conscience of taboo and laugh at the coyness of modesty. So they might amble through the shadows of forbidden places and tease the spirits of celebration... So they might play with their audience, carrying them to a place where laughter and tears, friendship and fear, takes precedence over considered opinions and the seriousness of virtue.

But I didn't smash the glass, because I knew that Reinata and her work wanted to be considered important by the big-men, to be bought by the money-men, to be recognised by the people who had the power to make them famous... and rich. And I knew, if given the choice to be exhibited in such a fashion or not at all, they would choose to sacrifice their individuality, to allow themselves to be judged and understood based on a perception of their aesthetic characteristics, and for their lives to be reduced to black & white homogenising caption points.

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Appendix A - The Genesis of the africa95 visual arts programme

In October 1991 Robert Loder wrote to Norman Rosenthal about Susan Vogel's recent show in New York - *Africa Explores: 20th Century African Art*. In this letter he suggested it suffered from being too wide in scope and therefore did not serve the cause of living artists well. In Robert's opinion a major show of traditional African art should not be combined with contemporary material in one exhibition; and the contemporary aspect of African art would best be dealt with by satellite exhibitions. These could take place at the same time as the RA's exhibition and be conceived as a *Festival of African Art*. Robert stressed in this letter that an enormous service would be done for African artists if their work could be seen in London, in particular, within high profile art galleries.

This letter was followed up by several collective and individual meetings and letters being conducted between Norman Rosenthal, Robert Loder, John Picton and Clémentine Deliss, in which some of the following points were discussed:

- a small *African Festival* of arts with the *Academy* being at the core of the program. Such a program would ensure that the contemporary visual arts be covered by major institutions in London
- that such exhibitions should include directly politically inspired art produced by artists such as Cheri Samba from the Congo, John Muafangejo from South Africa and Kapata from Zambia; as well as the work produced by artists who may not necessarily be well known internationally, but who have been most responsible for influencing ideas and setting new trends in the African contemporary art scene, such as Bruce Onobrakpeya from Nigeria, Tapfuma Gutsa from Zimbabwe, David Koloane from South Africa, and Malagatana from Mozambique.¹
- the idea for an exhibition to be staged at the *Royal College of Art* - of the work produced by the art establishments within the continent of African such as *Makerere University* in Uganda, Ulli Beier's community at *Oshogbo*, Malagatana's studio in Maputo, Bill Ainslie's Art foundation in Johannesburg and the *International Artists' Workshops*.
- an exhibition of the work produced by artists of African descent, whose work traces the path of a wider African identity (an idea Clémentine Deliss was particularly keen on).
- Robert urged that if such an organisation was to go ahead, it should immediately involve people living in Africa whose association with the enterprise would not only help steer it in the right direction, but would reduce the expatriate element. He suggested that Wole Soyinka and Nadine Gordimer, together with artists and museum directors should be approached. Also, that although the conception for the festival may come from Africa, that the festival should be organised from London, rather than from thousands of miles away - whether it be Africa or America.

In December 1991 Clémentine produced a proposed outline for an *African Festival 1995*. In this she set out the various ideas flagged with Norman Rosenthal, John Picton and Robert Loder, suggesting that the *African Festival* take place over the 4 - 6 weeks in conjunction with the dates of the RA's exhibition; and that 'the main aim of the Festival should be to promote a vibrant, up-to-date and positive image of Africa which explores the artistic wealth of the African continent and to a certain degree, the Diaspora. The creative genius of African artists, authors, musicians, and performers will form the heart of the Festival.' A meeting also took place to discuss who should be appointed as the Chairman of the *Africa Festival* - a person who has power, governmental access, who can recruit a group of hit people for the festival, both in terms of finance and credibility, and who has a relationship to African art. And once again it was stressed that an African figure should be brought in to give the festival the necessary cultural and diplomatic balance.

On 31st December 1991 Susan Vogel invited John Picton to join the planning meeting for the RA's exhibition. The meeting was to take place at the RA over a period of 2 days for the purposes of: senior RA representatives and exhibit consultants, and a larger group of institutional and specialised advisors, to engage in a general discussion of the project.

In January 1992 Robert Loder donated £1000, David Astor donated £3000 and Lord Palumbo donated £3000. This money was paid into the *Royal Academy of Arts Africa '95* account: "It all really started from here," Robert Loder informed me in June 1995, when we were discussing the genesis of *africa95*. An office was set up, research trips to Africa were sponsored, committees

¹ Many of these artists had participated in the *Workshop Movement*, which Robert Loder had co-founded. The work of Cheri Samba, Tapfuma Gutsa, Bruce Onobrakpeya and Malagantana Valente was exhibited in *Africa Explores*.

enlisted and venues approached to participate in the series of exhibitions, workshops, educational programmes, conferences and seminars, which sought to encompass the so-called divided 'tribal art' and 'contemporary African art' advocates. The *africa95* project, following the philosophy of the *International Workshops*, was also being presented as a non-centralised project, although the *Royal Academy's* backing of *africa95* provided an important source of credibility in the initial production stages.

The office was set up at the north end of Burlington House, from where the *Academy* exhibition and *africa95* were to be developed, by Clémentine Deliss and an assistant, who would work to an informal Steering Committee comprising of: Robert Loder (pro-tem Chairman), Norman Rosenthal, Piers Rodgers, Tom Phillips, Clémentine Deliss, Griselda Bear, Peter Badejo, Margarest Busby, David Thompson, Simi Bedford, Jasper Parrott and Joe Earle. Some of the initial discussions and correspondence which took place during this period (Feb. '92 - Aug. '92) were with: Eddie Chambers (Black British artist), Sonia Boyce (Black British artist), Joanna Drew (Director of the *Hayward & Regional Exhibitions*); Tony Ford (*Crafts Council*); Malcom Hardy (*Visiting Arts*, who offered the sum of £5000 to enable research in Africa connected with Africa 1995); Mik Flood (Director of the *JCA*); Magdalene Odundo (Kenyan artist living in Britain); John Mack (Keeper of *Museum of Mankind*); Chief Bello; Richard Eyre (*National Theatre*); Rachel Ward (*British Museum*); Catherine Lampert (*Whitechapel Art Gallery*);

In May 1992 Clémentine Deliss and Simon Underwood² submitted a confidential reference document relating to their research trip (10 April to 11th May '92), to: Nigeria - Lagos; Ghana - Accra & Kumasi; Senegal - Dakar. This trip had been sponsored by a *Visiting Arts Country Project Award* of £5,000, to enable research in Africa in connection with Africa 1995.

On 25th June 1992 Susan Vogel sent a letter to Robert Loder informing him that the process of identifying the objects for the *RA's* exhibition was beginning.

In July 1992 one of the ideas Clémentine Deliss was working on included a proposal for an exhibition at the *Whitechapel Art Gallery*, planned for Sept. / Nov. 95.³

In September - November 1992, when Clémentine Deliss' initial funding ran out, the *RA* agreed to pay her £800 per month for three months. Some of the initial discussions and correspondence which took place during this period were with: Emma Dexter (*JCA*); Sir Peter Palumbo (*Arts Council*); Henry Meyric Hughes (*Hayward*); Andrew Dempsey (*Hayward*); Carol Brown (*Barbican Art Gallery*)⁴; Nicholas Baring (*The Baring Foundation*); Sir Peter Holmes (*Shell*). Some of the sponsorship received for the project during this period included: *Blue Circle* agreed to donate the sum of £10,000 for a period of 3 years and *The British Council* gave £15,000 for the current year.⁵

On 20th November 1992 Clémentine Deliss submitted an application to *Malcolm Hardy of Visiting Arts* for a research trip to: Ethiopia, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Mozambique, Botswana and Zambia.

² Simon Underwood worked with Clémentine Deliss and John Picton in 1990 on the exhibition and catalogue: *Lotte or the transformation of the object* (DURCH 8/9).

³ Clémentine Deliss wrote: 'In 1992 the Whitechapel Art Gallery in London became the first institution in the UK to support the Royal Academy of Arts in developing the *africa95* season of events. As a result, the small *africa95* nucleus of which I was a part* received generous assistance from the Visiting Arts of Great Britain with the brief that I should pursue these discussions directly with artists in several African countries, including Senegal, Cote D'Ivoire, Ghana, Nigeria, Kenya, Uganda, Ethiopia, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Mozambique, Morocco and Tunisia. These discussions were to inform an 'artist-led' approach, which became not only the lead characteristic of *africa95* but an integral part of the methodology of the exhibition' (1995:16)

*Clémentine's footnote here states: 'The nucleus consisted of Robert Loder, Simi Bedford, the Royal Academy of Arts and myself. I was charged with developing the *africa95* concept in consultation with artists in Africa and the UK and with helping to seek the support of other UK arts institutions and producers' (1995:314).

⁴ Carol Brown writes in her foreword to exhibition: *The Art of African Textiles: Technology, Tradition and Lurex* began with a telephone call from Clémentine Deliss at the time that she was forming *Africa 95*, the season of arts events of which this exhibition is a part. She was aware that the gallery was considering making an exhibition of contemporary African art of some kind, based on initial research in North Africa supported by Visiting Arts... Not long afterwards, John Hoole, Curator of *Barbican Art Gallery*, happened to visit Japan... While there, he saw the version of the exhibition of African textiles organised by John Mack and Christopher Spring of the Museum of Mankind, London which built upon the earlier exhibition (1979) curated by John Picton and John Mack at the Museum of Mankind. That visit gave impetus to the present exhibition which, in a sense, is a development from and commentary on those earlier explorations... The Museum of Mankind, London, will be showing concurrently exhibitions of textiles from North Africa (*Display and Modesty*), and Ethiopia (*Secular and Sacred*), and so we have limited the representation of those regions within our own exhibition' (1995:6-7).

⁵ It was agreed that Anna Umbina should be paid £1000 at £333 per month (out of the *Blue Circle* money); and £1000 from the Arts Council (grant of £4,982).

In light of their concerns surrounding the exhibition of contemporary African art within *Africa Explores*, Norman Rosenthal and Tom Phillips went to Washington to meet Susan Vogel and to tell her that her services on the *RA's* exhibition were not required any further. This was followed by a meeting at the *RA* attended by: Vivian Davis (*BM's* Egyptologist), Rachel Ward (*BM's* Islamicist), Norman Rosenthal, Tom Phillips and John Picton. The biggest question at this meeting was: Who will do the selection and who will take on the responsibility for organising *RA's* exhibition of African art? Tom Phillips was appointed to this role. It was also decided that the display would be arranged by geographical location. It was the location rather than the themes that was considered to be important. The exhibition would start with Egypt and the Nile Valley, then address the following areas: East Africa, South Africa, Central Africa, the Guinea Coast, Savannah, West Africa and then the Sahara.

The question then arose as to who should co-ordinate the *RA's* exhibition catalogue and who should form the catalogue committee. John Mack at the *Museum of Mankind* suggested Jeremy Coote, but he did not want to become involved. Picton suggested Petrine Archer Straw, a black woman who completed her Ph.D. at the *Courtauld* on '*Negrophilia in the 1920s Paris*,' and has worked as a curator in Jamaica. On his research trip as the *RA's* exhibition selector Tom Phillips had met Petrine and she was appointed. The catalogue was to be divided as follows: 2-3 essays, short regional essays, then substantial catalogue entries. It is these substantial catalogue essays that will provide the scholarship.

One of the main concerns that was discussed at the *RA's* committee meetings was whether the material that has been illegally removed from Africa should be displayed. *The British Museum's* policy was 'NO.' The collector and dealers policy was 'Yes'. The *RA's* policy was 'we should exhibit the best.' John Picton's view was that if the best is displayed and it happens to be a piece whose provenance is unclear, then it will open the discussion and draw international attention to the problem. Picton felt such a discussion should be held as it is one way to expose the dealers concerned.⁶ John Mack suggested that a fund be set-up as a result of the *RA's* exhibition, to sponsor archaeological work in Africa. Piers Rodgers planned to see the President of Mali to try to organise such a project.

By January 1993 it was clear that Clémentine Deliss was keen for *Africa 95* to avoid a *SOAS* bias. And, in March 1993 she submitted a concept update report for the exhibition planned to be staged at the *Whitechapel Art Gallery*: '*Africa and the Modernist Experience*,' which would possibly tour to Johannesburg, Harare and a further location in Africa.

In April '93 - Baroness Chalker of Wallasey (*ODA*) sent a letter to Sir Michael Caine informing him that the Government supports the project; and it was clear that David Elliott of the *MOMA*, Oxford was discussing the possibility of working with Richard Powell, Harvard Ass. Professor, on an *Africa 95* exhibition.

In May 1993 - the project was going by the title: *Africa 95: A National Festival of the Arts of Africa*, was run from 202, Kensington Church street, London W8 and meetings were held with:

- the *Black Arts Alliance*, Manchester. Some of those who attended were Clémentine Deliss, Bryan Biggs (Director of the *Bluecoat Gallery*, Liverpool) and Judith Nesbitt (Exhibitions Officer at the *Tate Gallery Liverpool*).
- Sir Michael Caine visited Washington and Clémentine Deliss joined him for a meeting with *The National Gallery* to discuss the possibility of *Africa 95* touring to Washington.
- some of the people who were sent an invitation to join the *africa95 Executive Council* and to attend a reception on the 21st July '93 were: Professor Stuart Hall (Chairman of the *Royal African Society*); Nicholas Elam (Head of Cultural Relations Department - *Foreign & Commonwealth Office*); Dr Adotey Bing (Director of *The Africa Centre*); Sir Martin Le Quesne; Chief MA Ajao.

⁶ John Picton worked with private collectors and dealers, such as Peter Adler, when organising the *African Textiles* exhibition at the *Barbican Art Gallery*. Some of the lenders for this exhibition include: Trustees of *The British Museum*, Peter Adler, John and Susan Picton, Carol Brown and Clémentine Deliss.

By June 1993⁷ the YSP, *NW Midlands Arts Board*, the *Ikon Gallery* in Birmingham, the *Tate Gallery*, and Michael McWilliam and Graham Furness at *SOAS*⁸ had all been contacted; and additional donations had been received from: *Meridien Bank* (£25,000); *Newton Charitable Trust* (£7,000); *The Baring Foundation* (£50,000)⁹; *Foreign & Commonwealth Office* (£20,000). Sir Michael Caine was appointed as Chairman of *Africa 95* (his name had been put forward by Sir Peter Parker, who had been the Chairman of the *Japanese Festival*).

On 21 July 1993 - Preview Launch for *africa95* took place at the *Royal Academy of Arts*; and a few days later an *africa95* committee meeting took place attended by: Sir Michael Caine, Clémentine Deliss, Ruth Seabrook, Adotey Bing, Robert Loder, Annabelle Nwankwo, to discuss: the positive feedback following those who attended the *RA* preview launch; concern about South African connection to *africa95*; how future speeches must reflect the artists involvement in the season; and that Trevor McDonald had agreed to be the Vice Chairperson & an Executive Council Member.

In August 1993 - the roles and responsibilities of the *Africa 95* staff were being discussed to ensure the executive side of things would run smoothly; and meetings were held with:

- The *Whitechapel Art Gallery* to discuss their *Africa 95* exhibition. Attended by Claire Whitaker (*Africa 95* Director, Finance & Development) and Lucy Crowley. The *Whitechapel* stated that they could only commit £30,000 of their *Arts Council* funding to anyone exhibition; and estimated the cost for their *Africa 95* exhibition would be in the region of £120 - 130,000.
- The *Barbican Art Gallery* to discuss their *Africa 95* exhibition. This was estimated in the region of £60 - 70,000. Attended by Claire Whitaker (*Africa 95*), Carol Brown (*Barbican Art Gallery*, Exhibitions Officer) and Judy Digney (*Barbican Art Gallery*, Head of Sponsorship).
- The *Yorkshire Sculpture Park* to discuss their *Africa 95* project, which was estimated to cost in the region of £70 - 80,000. Attended by Claire Whitaker (*Africa 95*) and David Fisk (*YSP*, Director of Development)
- A seminar also took place at *SOAS*: 'Eastern African Artists and Critics in discussion about Contemporary Art: Berry Bickle, Tapfuma Gutsa, Hassan Musa, Salah Hassan.' This event was sponsored by *IFCOS* & the *Department of Art & Archaeology, SOAS*. (All of these artists and art historians went on to participate in *africa95*).

On 12th, 13th & 14th October 1993 - A forum was held at the *Whitechapel Art Gallery* to discuss their planned exhibition of contemporary art from Africa as part of the *Africa 95* season: '*Africa and the Modernist Experience*'. As the first stage in the process of formulating the exhibition the *Whitechapel* had invited six artists and art historians from Africa to discuss the project: Chika Okeke (Nigeria), El Hadji Sy (Senegal), David Koloane (South Africa), Salah Hassan (USA), Professor Kojo Fosu (Ghana), Etale Sukuro (Kenya) and Ulli Beier (Germany). Each guest speaker was asked to give a one hour presentation to highlight Africans' perception of modernism, including the background, vision and ideas. These presentations were designed to form the basis for the *Whitechapel* exhibition, and were followed later in the Forum by individual consultations with the *Whitechapel*. During this forum Catherine Lampert (Director of the *Whitechapel Art Gallery*) and Clémentine Deliss were presented as being the exhibition co-selectors.¹⁰

In January 1994 - the *Foreign & Commonwealth Office* made a donation of £100,000 towards the *africa95* infrastructure costs, which would take the project through to September 1994; and in March 1994 - *British Airways Plc* agreed that they would offer a 40% discount off any published fares to those journeys undertaken by the *Africa 95* office, or its producer partners in relation to the *africa95* season as approved by the *africa95* office.

The *africa95* executive council discussions focused on the following concerns:

⁷ In June 1993 - an idea was being aired for the *Vitra Design Museum's* exhibition entitled '*African Seats*' to travel to the *Design Museum* or the *V & A* in London for *Africa 95*.

⁸ In June 1993 - a draft paper with reference to the academic input into the *Festival Africa 95* was prepared by Graham Furniss, Deborah Ainger and Richard Fardon. This was submitted to the Director of *SOAS* (?), the Chairman of the *Royal African Society* (Professor Stuart Hall), and the Director of the *Festival Africa 95* (Sir Michael Caine). By September 1993 - *The Royal African Society* had agreed to organise and fund the whole of the two day conference, to be held at *SOAS* as part of *Africa 95*.

⁹ *The Baring Foundation* also support the *Serpentine Gallery* Education programme

¹⁰ Clémentine Deliss wrote: 'Tenq came about as a result of the meeting of El Hadji Sy and David Koloane at the Seven Stories forum at the *Whitechapel Art Gallery* in October 1993. El Hadji Sy, together with a group of Senegalese artists and Anna Kindersley from the *Triangle Arts Trust*, raised local funds and invited 26 artists from ten African countries and the UK to take part in what became the first *africa95* event [which was held in September 1995 in St. Louis, Senegal]' (1995:314).

- In Feb. 1994 a discussion took place about how *The 198 Gallery* in Brixton, a gallery dedicated to exhibiting Black art, were concerned about not being included in the *africa95* programme.
- In March 1994, a discussion took place over the difficulty in getting money for the *RA*, because they were staging what was being seen as an historical exhibition, which meant that any European Corporate Sponsorship may be seen as reflecting the "multinational domination of Africa." It was therefore decided that a strategy was required to tackle the sponsorship from an African perspective.
- Another cause for concern was that *The Charity Commissioners* had refused *africa95* charitable status on the grounds that *africa95* were not spending any money themselves.
- Mik Flood (Director of the *ICA*) informed the *africa95* office that the *ICA* would be unable to participate in the *Africa 95 Season of African Arts*. The reasons given were that the *ICA* did not have a track record of Black Arts programming to do justice to the challenges posed by *africa95*; that the *ICA* wished to first develop stronger affiliations with its own UK Black arts community; and that the *ICA* would be working with the British artist David Bailey, following an introduction from Clémentine Deliss.¹¹
- In April 1994 Robert Loder urged that the *africa95* staff tackle the issue of the involvement of commercial galleries and the community in general, after he had heard some unfavourable reports on *africa95* from the owner of the *Savannah Gallery*, Leroy Coubargy.
- In May 1994 - Robert Loder stressed that the *International Workshops* were always funded locally and therefore Anna Kindersley and El Hadji Sy should start working together on this aspect in Senegal (for the *Teng Workshop*, which was being planned as the first *africa95* event to take place). And there was a discussion with regards to the revised *Whitechapel* budget and the allocation of consultancy fees for their project.
- In June 1994 - a Progress Report on the *International Council of Artists*, which was set up by *africa95* to 'explore possibilities of creating a more permanent organisation beyond the africa 95 season' (*africa95* brochure 4.10.94). Invitations were sent to a number of artists in Jan/Feb. '94 asking them to join the Council. However, out of a possible 265 artists, 179 were actually sent and of these invitations, 30 artists had accepted and 4 had declined.
- On 7th June 1994 - the *Charity Commission* agreed to register *africa95* as a charity.

In August 1994 Clémentine Deliss (assisted by Annabelle Nwankwo) submitted a document in relation to the *Whitechapel Art Gallery* exhibition, which was now entitled: 'Contact Zones, Five Stories about Modern Art from Africa.' In this document they reported on their research undertaken in Nigeria: locations, artists met and list of contacts; and they also on the Nigerian section of Contact Zones, which was entitled: 'The Trail.' Among the artists they met during their trip were Bruce Onobrakpeya and Ndidie Dike (who was to participate in *Teng '94*).

On 4th October 1994 the initial promotional literature, which was printed and distributed under the title: *africa95: A Season Celebrating the Arts of Africa*.

In November & December 1994 the *africa95* executive council discussions included:

- Clémentine Deliss had a met with the *Tate Gallery*, London, who hoped to do an exhibition of works by artists of African descent as well as a debate in Nov. '95
- there were problems between the *Tate Gallery*, the *Serpentine Gallery* and the *Ikon Gallery* with regards to the doubling-up of artists to be included in their *africa95* shows. Although the *Serpentine* exhibition was due to open in September '95, it was still in need of funds and the artists to be included in its show were as yet not finalised,¹² due to similarities between its collection and that of the *Ikon*, which is scheduled to open in July '95. It was agreed that *africa95* should not directly intervene between the *Ikon* and the *Serpentine*, but should encourage them to clarify the selection of works for their exhibitions. Clémentine would arrange for the *Serpentine* to visit *africa95* to examine other possible works for their exhibition and Mark Sealy (*Autograph*) would visit Bamako to finalise the works for the *Ikon* exhibition.
- the difficulties faced in including further galleries in the season, especially where the works to be shown attract the same

'... my involvement [in the Whitechapel exhibition] as co-curator has been in conceiving the exhibition's structure and negotiating with the section curators on the precision of each vision' (1995:27).

¹¹ 13th & 14th May 1995 - *ICA* seminar and exhibition *Black Skin, White Masks* took place, and some of those who attended included: Professor Stuart Hall (Chairman of the *SOAS africa95* conference); Dr Kobena Mercer (who wrote the catalogue essay for the *Ikon Gallery's africa95* exhibition).

¹² There was talk of Jean Pigozzi arranging an exhibition for his collection of African art at the *Serpentine Gallery*, for Autumn '95.

audiences. The decision reached with regards to this point suggested that if time, money and resources cannot cater for additional projects it was best not to include them.

- Helen Denniston's role was to shift to being Chief Executive of *africa95*, in charge of management in the *africa95* office.
- it was becoming more necessary to prepare documents showing lists of participants according to their country of origin for potential sponsors.
- a proposal from an Anthropology Ph.D. student at SOAS (this was me), who wished to do her study on the *africa95 visual arts programme*. Helen Denniston should have a meeting with student's course supervisor (Dr Christopher Davis).¹³

By January 1995 the following money had been raised in association with the *africa95* office:

	Required	Raised
<i>Royal Academy of Arts</i>	725,000	220,500
<i>Whitechapel Art Gallery</i>	180,000	168,000
<i>YSP</i>	50,000	-
<i>Museum of Mankind</i>		-
<i>Barbican Art Gallery</i>	40,000	20,000
<i>Crafts Council</i>	25,000	-
<i>Siyawela</i>		-

In January 1995 there were also *africa95* internal staff problems, which resulted in a shift in each individuals roles and responsibilities:

- Claire Whitaker was to be the *Development Director*, whose prime contribution was to be raising of income.
- Helen Denniston was to be made the *Chief Executive*, in charge of the management of *africa95*, of the office and of the implementation of Executive Committee decisions; to ensure appropriate input from Clémentine Deliss and Claire Whitaker on all plans, policies and actions of *africa95*, including internal, external communications, the use of the *africa95* logo, the development of publicity and marketing, and the overall image of *africa95*.
- Clémentine Deliss was to be the *Creative Director*, whose prime contribution was to be the artistic concept and presentation of *africa95*. 3/5 'ths of Clémentine's time would be devoted to *africa95* and 2/5 'ths to the *Whitechapel*. All fees paid by the *Whitechapel* for Clémentine's services would be received by *africa95*. Although *africa95* would acknowledge that Clémentine has ownership of various texts, photographs and research data, and with El Hadji Sy has ownership of the *africa95* logo, *africa95* would have full use of these items for no payment. In addition, if on the conclusion of *africa95* revenue was earned on any of the items it should be divided between Clémentine and *africa95* (50:50), after *africa95* had recovered all costs incurred in the production.¹⁴

In March 1995 Her Majesty the Queen and President Nelson Mandela became Patrons.

In April 1995 President Senghor of Senegal became a Patron; and the *Commonwealth Development Corporation* held a reception in support of *africa 95* and in the presence of the *Heads of Mission for Africa*.

On 11th May 1995 - A press conference for *Africa The Art of a Continent*, was held at the *Royal Academy of Arts*.

In July 1995 the official *africa95* brochure was distributed with the title - *africa95: A Season Celebrating the Arts of Africa*, and carrying the cowry shell logo (see Appendix B for further details).

¹³ The outcome of this meeting between Dr Christopher Davis and Helen Denniston suggested that I should perhaps focus her study on the *africa95 Performance Arts Programme*, as opposed to the *Visual Arts Programme*.

¹⁴ Zuleika Kingdon was one of the successful applicants for the money left over. She applied for funding towards editing her film about the Ugandan artists. Dias Mahlate, one of the *Pamoja Workshop* artists was also successful and returned to Britain in 1998 to undertake a residency at the *Yorkshire Sculpture Park*.

Appendix B - africa95 visual arts programme

The section of the *africa95* brochure entitled: The Visual Arts Programme, carried an introductory letter from Clémentine Deliss (*africa95* Artistic Director):

africa95 offers a wide range of visual arts from painting, sculpture and photography to performance and installation-based work. The numerous exhibitions around the country concentrate on new and exciting contemporary art from North Africa, the Sub-Saharan regions and the African Diaspora. Several exhibitions explore relationships between Africa and Europe. They show how intimately artists, whether painters, print-makers or photographers, from Africa and of African descent, have been part of international debates in the arts since the beginning of this century. As you will see, their work in all its diversity is immediate and intellectual, heartfelt and experimental.

Africa: The Art of a Continent at the *Royal Academy of Arts* presents masterpieces of African art beginning over one million years ago and ending at the turn of the century. Illustrating the unparalleled excellence of Africa's artistic heritage, it forms a stunning foundation to the contemporary exhibitions. The *Whitechapel Art Gallery* provides the essential link to the present with an exhibition on key modern art movements curated by artists and historians from Africa.

africa95 is an opportunity for artists to exhibit but also to meet, take part in residency programmes and make long-lasting contacts. Many have come together through artist-led workshops in Africa such as *Tenq/Articulations* in Senegal which was the first *africa95* event. More will meet at the International Sculpture Workshop organised by the *Yorkshire Sculpture Park* in August. The workshops, residencies and collaborations are highlights of the season, helping to establish a vital network of artists across Africa and the UK.

The following events were then listed under The Visual Arts Programme (I have indicated the names of the artists, whose work was exhibited within these shows):

4 October 1995 - 21 January 1996

Royal Academy of Arts, London

Africa: The Art of a Continent

12 August - 16 September 1995

Ikon Gallery, Birmingham

Self Evident

Photographers: Mama Casset (Senegal), Seydou Keita (Mali), Oladele Ajiboye Bamgboye (Nigeria), Ingrid Pollard (Guyana), Maxine Walker (UK).

August - September 1995 (& from October 1995)

Yorkshire Sculpture Park

International Sculpture Workshop (& Exhibition)

Photographer: Djibril Sy (Senegal)

Sculptors: Willard Boepple (USA), Flinto Chandia (Zambia), David Chirwa (Zambia), Ndidi Dike (Nigeria), Guibil André Diop (Senegal), Arthur Fata (Zimbabwe), Jon Isherwood (UK), Ikram Kabbaj (Morocco), Duke Keyte (Republic of South Africa), Noria Mabasa (Republic of South Africa), Adam Madebe (Zimbabwe), Colleen Mademombe (Zimbabwe), Moitshepi Madibela (Botswana), Dias Mahlate (Mozambique), Francis Nnaggenda (Uganda), Gamal Abdel Nasser (Egypt), Frances Richardson (UK), Reinata Sathimba (Mozambique), Babacar Traoré (Senegal), Hercules Viljoen (Namibia).

9 September - 14 October 1995

Bluecoat Gallery, Liverpool

Cross-Currents (New Art from Senegal)

Mixed media artists from Senegal: Jean-Marie Bruce, Fode Camara, Serigne M'baye Camara, Moustapha Dime, Abdoulaye Ndoye, Cheikh Niass, Kan-Si, El Hadji Sy.

13 September - 10 December

Tate Gallery Liverpool

Vital: Three Contemporary African Artists

Mixed media artists: Farid Belkahia (Morocco), Cyprien Tokoudagba (Benin)

Photographer: Touhami Ennadre (Paris)

14 September - 14 October 1995

Barbican Concourse Gallery, London

Signs, Traces and Calligraphy

Calligraphy artists: Osman Waqialla (Sudan), Ahmad Mustafa (Egypt), Ali Omar Ermes (Libya), Mehdi Qotbi (Morocco), Rachid Koraichi (Algeria), Nja Mahdaoui (Tunisia).

14 September - 19 November 1995

Crafts Council, London

African Metabwork

Curated by the Kenyan-born potter, Magdalene Odundo. I do not know the names of the artists whose work was exhibited.

20 September - 5 December 1995

Serpentine Gallery, London

Big City - Artists from Africa

Photographer: Seydou Keita (Mali)

Artists: Bodys Isek Kingelez (Zaire), Cyprien Tokoudagba (Benin).

The other artists whose work was exhibited in this show, but whose names did not feature in the official *africa95* brochure, were: Johannes Segogela (South Africa), Frederic Bruly Boubabre (Ivory Coast) and George Adeagbo (Benin).

21 September - 10 December 1995

Barbican Art Gallery, London

The Art of African Textiles: Technology, Tradition & Lurex¹

Artists: El Din M. El Ozy (Egypt), Chant Avedissian (Egypt), Khamis Chehata (Egypt), Sandra Kriel (South Africa), Oumar Bocoum (Mali), Gogo Semega Maiga Bamako (Mali), Issa Bathily (Mali), Alfousseini Kelly (Mali), Mohamadou Zulu Mbaye (Senegal), Aissa Dione (Senegal), Malam Suleiman (Nigeria), Alhaji Sanni (Nigeria), Toyin Oguntona (Nigeria), Nike Olanyi-Davies (Nigeria/UK), Lawrence Ajanaku (Nigeria), Yinka Shonibare (Nigeria/UK).

23 September - 11 May 1995

National Touring Exhibition

New World Imagery: Contemporary Jamaican Art

Artists: African-Omari Ra, David Boxer, Margaret Chen, Albert Chong, Leonard Daley, Ras Dizzy, Milton George, Anna Henriques

23 September - 29 October 1995

mac, Birmingham

Margins To Mainstream - Lost South African Photographers

Photographers: Ernest Cole, Bob Gosani, Leon Levson, Willie de Klerk, Ranjith Kelly, Eli Weinberg

27 September - 26 November 1995

Whitechapel Art Gallery, London

seven stories about modern art in africa

Artists: Mohammed Ahmed Abdella (Sudan), Bill Ainslie (South Africa), Josephine Alacu (Uganda), El Anatsui (Nigeria), Kevin Atkinson (South Africa), Elizabeth Atnafu (Ethiopia), Godfrey Banadda (Uganda), A.K. Birabi (?), Rebecca Bisaso (Uganda), Skunder Boghossian (Ethiopia), Jerry Buhari (Nigeria), Norman Catherine (South Africa), Gebre Kristos Desta (Ethiopia), Achameleh Debela (Ethiopia), Rashid Diab (Sudan), Ndidi Dike (Nigeria), Erhabor Emokpae (Nigeria), Ibrahim El Salahi (Sudan), Ben Enwonwu (Nigeria), Meek Gichugu (Kenya), Girmay H. Hewit (Ethiopia), Robert Hodgins (South Africa), Kamala Ibrahim Ishaq (Sudan), Jacob Jari (Nigeria), B.K. Kaunda (?), Souleymane Keita (Senegal), Abdel Basit El Khatim (Sudan), David Koloane (South Africa), Wosene Worke Kosrof (Ethiopia), Ezrom Legae (South Africa), Leonard Matsoso (?), Severino Matti (Uganda), Kagiso Pat Mautloa (South Africa), Dumile Mhlaba (South Africa), Peter Mulindwa (Uganda), M.K. Muwonge (Uganda), Hassan Musa (Sudan), Sybille Nagel (South Africa), Jenny Namuwonge (Uganda), Sam Nitro (?), Sam Nhlengethwa

¹ The three terms of the sub-title of the exhibition and catalogue were taken from John Picton's paper published by the Smithsonian Institution Press, Washington DC, 1992.

(South Africa), Amir Nour (Sudan), Gani Odutokun (Nigeria), Olu Oguibe (Nigeria), Chika Okeke (Nigeria), Uche Okeke (Nigeria), Bruce Onobrakpeya (Nigeria), Richard Onyango (Kenya), Joel Oswaggo (Kenya), Tayo Quaye (Nigeria), Issa Samb (Senegal), Kefa Sempangi (Uganda), Pilkington Ssengendo (Uganda), Ignatius Sserulyo (Uganda), Paul Stopforth (South Africa), Etale Sukuro (Kenya), El Hadji Sy (Senegal), Obiora Udechukwu (Nigeria), Sane Wadu (Kenya), Osman Waqialla (Sudan), Zerihun Yetmgeta (Ethiopia).

29 September - 17 March 1995

Museum of Mankind, London

Play and Display: Masquerades of Southern Nigeria

Sculptor: Sokari Douglas-Camp

2 - 14 October 1995

Leighton House Museum, London

Icons of the Nile

Artists: Chant Avedissian (Egypt)

17 - 28 October 1995

Leighton House Museum, London

Bakou

Artist: Abderrazak Sahli (Tunisia)

3 October - 11 November 1995

Architectural Association, London

City of Gold - Johannesburg: Public Architecture and Settlement

6 October - 12 November 1995

Delfina Studio Trust, London

On the Road

Artists: Penny Siopis (South Africa), Pat Kagison Mautloa (South Africa), Willie Bester (South Africa), Norman Catherine (South Africa), Kendell Greers (South Africa), William Kentridge (South Africa), Berry Cickle (Zimbabwe), Keston Beeston (Zimbabwe), Reinata Sadhimba (Mozambique), Antonio Ole (Angola).

7 October - 3 December 1995

Impressions Gallery & Touring

Rotimi Fani-Kayode / Alex Hirst Retro-Spective

Photographer: Rotimi Fani-Kayode (Nigeria)

Film maker: Alex Hirst

20 October - 13 January 1995

Photographers' Gallery, London

Exposing the Archive: Visual Dialogues between Photography and Anthropology

Artists: Faisal Abdu'Allah, Zarina Bhimji, David Lewis.

27 October - 9 December 1995

Photographers' Gallery, London

Contemporary Photography from Africa

Photographers: Samuel Fosso (Central African Republic), Mody Sory Diallo (Guinea)

27 October - 9 December 1995

Photographers' Gallery, London

Jurgen Schadeberg

Photographer: Jurgen Schadeberg (South Africa)

21 October - 14 January 1995

Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery

Siyavela: Love, Loss and Liberation in Art from South Africa

Co-curator: Pitika N'tuli (South Africa) & Colin Richards (South Africa). I do not know the names of the artists whose work was exhibited.

The other events which related to the *africa95 visual arts programme* were listed under the section entitled: *Conferences, Education and Young People's Events*. (As above, I have listed the contemporary African artists and artists of African descent whose work was exhibited or who participated as seminar/conference speakers):

23 - 24 September 1995

School of Oriental & African Studies

African Artists: school, studio and society

Artists: Flinto Chandia (Zambia - *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*), David Chirwa (Zambia - *International Artists' Workshop Movement*), David Koloane (South Africa - co-curator *seven stories*, *Whitechapel Art Gallery*; and *International Artists' Workshop Movement*), Hassan Musa (Sudan/France), Rashid Diab (Sudan/ Spain), Atta Kwami (Ghana - researcher for *African Textiles*, *Barbican Art Gallery*), Magdelene Odundo (UK/Kenya - co-curator of *African Metalwork*, *Crafts Council*), Pitika Ntuli (South Africa - co-curator of *Siyawela*, *Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery*), Stephen Williams (Zimbabwe - *International Artists' Workshop Movement*), Professor Pilkington Ssengendo (Uganda - work exhibited in *seven stories*, *Whitechapel Art Gallery*), Fathi Osman (Sudan), Dr Elizabeth Orchardson-Mazrui (Kenya/UK - Ph.D. at *SOAS*)

Other Speakers: Professor Solomon Irein Wangboje (Nigeria), Sultan Somjee (Kenya), Dr Salah Hassan, David Elliott (Director, Museum of Modern Art Oxford), Professor George Kahari, Dr Achamyehle Debela (Ethiopia), Ahmed Elteyib Zienelabdeen (Sudan), John Picton (*SOAS*), Robert Loder (co-founder of *International Triangle Workshop Movement & africa95*), John Tokpabere Agberia (Nigeria), Wanjiku Nyachae (Kenya - co-curator of *seven stories*, *Whitechapel Art Gallery*), Dr Rachel Mason (UK - educationalist), Jackie Guille (UK - co-curator of *African Metalwork*, *Crafts Council*; researcher for *African Textiles*, *Barbican Art Gallery*), Francisco D'Almeida (Togo/France - sociologist), Elsbeth Court (organiser of the seminar)

Speakers from the audience included: Maryclare Foa (UK - artist), Dr George Shiri (Zimbabwe/UK - Cultural Critic)

* Some of the artists who attended this seminar and who feature in my thesis include: Maryclare Foa (UK), Frances Richardson (UK), Djibril Sy (Senegal), Moitshapi Madibela (Botswana), Yinka Shonibare (Nigeria/UK)

29 September - 1 October 1995

School of Oriental & African Studies

Mediums of Change: The Arts in Africa, 95

Artist, Medium & Development in the Visual Arts (30 Sept. '95 - 10 - 12.30 session)

Artist Speakers: El Hadji Sy (Senegal - co-curator of *seven stories*, *Whitechapel Art Gallery*), Issa Samb (Senegal - work exhibited in *seven stories*, *Whitechapel Art Gallery*), Pitika N'tuli (South Africa - co-curator of *Siyawela*, *Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery*), Professor Uche Okeke (Nigeria - work exhibited in *seven stories*, *Whitechapel Art Gallery*).

Other Speakers: Professor Stuart Hall (Chairman *Royal African Society*), Salah Hassan (Art Historian & co-curator of *seven stories*, *Whitechapel Art Gallery*), Simon Njami (Editor, *Revue Noire* - the magazine which informed many of the *africa95* curators about contemporary African art and artists), Dr Clémentine Deliss (Artistic Director of *africa95* & co-selector of *seven stories*, *Whitechapel Art Gallery*)

Speakers from the audience included: Professor Simon Ottenburg (USA - Art Historian), Professor Solomon Wangboje (Nigeria - Art Historian), Dr George Shire (UK/Zimbabwe - Cultural Critic).

* Some of the artists who attended this seminar and who feature in my thesis include: Maryclare Foa (UK), Frances Richardson (UK), Flinto Chandia (Zambia). The records of what was said during this session are held by *The Royal African Society*, *SOAS*.

26 October 1995

Courtauld Institute of Art, London

Eastern Art Report International Conference - Myths and Mothballs: African Art in the 1990s

Artists: Hassan Aliyu (Nigeria/UK - exhibited in *Winds of Change*, *The 198 Gallery*), Godfried Donkor (Ghana/UK - *International Triangle Artists' Workshop*, *SOAS*), Henrietta Attoma Alele (Nigeria/UK - exhibited in *Winds of Change*, *The 198 Gallery*), Osi Audu (Nigeria/UK - exhibited in *Seeing and Believing*, *The Economist*), Dr Ablade Glover (Ghana/UK)

Other Speakers: Dr Clémentine Deliss (Artistic Director *africa95*), John Picton (*SOAS*, Consultant for *African Textiles*, *Barbican Art Gallery*), Anna Kindersley (co-ordinator of *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, *YSP*), professor Pitika Ntuli (co-curator of *Siyawela*, *Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery*), Dr Sarah Wilson (*Courtauld Institute*), Dr Elizabeth Harney (USA - PhD *SOAS*), Rasheed Araeen (Founding Editor, *Third Text*), Rose Issa (*africa95* North African Consultant), Chilli Hawes & Elisabeth Lalouschek (Directors, *The October Gallery*)

Speakers from the audience included: Dr George Shiri (Zimbabwe/UK - Cultural Critic)

* Some of the artists who attended and who feature in my thesis include: Arthur Fata (Zimbabwe - *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*), Maryclare Foa (British artist).

12 September 1995 - 20 January 1996

The 198 Gallery, London

Winds of Change

Hassan Aliyu (UK/Nigeria)

Henrietta Atuma Alele (UK/Nigeria)

Moseka Yoga Ambake (Brussels/Zaire)

From September 1995

The October Gallery, London

Sculptures and Reliefs by El Anatsui (Ghana)

Fante Flags (Ghana)

Photos by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher

Recent Paintings by Ablade Glover (UK/Ghana)

The other events which related to the africa95 visual arts programme were listed under the section entitled: International Workshops and Residences. (As above, I have listed the contemporary African artists and artists of African descent who participated in these events):

September 1994

St Louis du Senegal

Tenq/Articulations

Photographer: Djibril Sy (Senegal)

Artists: Souleymane Keita (Senegal), Djibril N'Diaye (Senegal), El Hadji Sy (Senegal), Moustapha Dime (Senegal), Fode Camara (Senegal), Musaa Baydi (Senegal) Guibril André Diop (Senegal), Khady Lette (Senegal), Amdey Kre M'Baye (Senegal), Pape Macoumba Seck (Senegal), Babacar Sedikh Traoré (Senegal), Jacob Yacuba (Senegal), Anna Best (UK), Flinto Chandia (Zambia), Paul Clarkson (UK), Ndidi Dike (Nigeria), Mohamed Kacimi (Morocco), David Koloane (South Africa), Atta Kwami (Ghana), Sam Nhlengethwa (South Africa), Agnes Nianghongo (Zimbabwe), Dasunye Shikongo (Namibia), Yinka Shonibare (UK/Nigeria), Dany Thera (Mali), Yacoube Toure (Ivory Coast).

August - September 1995

Yorkshire Sculpture Park

Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop

(For list of artists see *The Visual Arts Section*, six of these artists had participated in the *Tenq/Articulations Workshop* in Senegal).

July - September 1995

Delfina Studio Trust

Artists' Residencies

Willie Bester (South Africa), Norman Catherine (South Africa), Chika Okeke (Nigeria), Antonio Ole (Angola), Abderrazak Sahli (Tunisia), Penny Siopis (South Africa), Djibril Sy (Senegal), El Hadji Sy (Senegal), Yacouba Toure (Ivory Coast), Babacar Traoré (Senegal).

August - November 1995

Gasworks Artists' Studios & Gallery

Artists' Residencies

Artists: Keston Beeston (Zimbabwe), Flinto Chandia (Zambia), David Chirwa (Zambia), Ndidi Dike (Nigeria).

The events which were related to the *visual arts programme* and took place during the *africa95* season, but were not included in the official *africa95* brochure included:

24 October - 11 November 1995

The Economist, London

Seeing and Believing

Artists: Olu Oguibe (USA/UK/Nigeria - Editor, *Nka: Journal of Contemporary African Art*, Assistant Professor of Art History, University of Illinois, Chicago), Yinka Shonibare (UK/Nigeria), Osi Audu (Nigeria/UK).

18 - 29 October 1995

Gasworks Artists' Studios & Gallery

KABASA

Artists: Flinto Chandia (Zambia), David Chirwa (Zambia), Ndidi Dike (Nigeria).

3 - 19 November 1995

Gasworks Artists' Studios & Gallery

Original

Artists: Yinka Shonibare (UK/Nigeria), Johannes Phokela (UK/South Africa)

5-7 September 1995

Delfina Studio Trust, London

Summer Residency Open Studio / Exhibition

Artists: El Hadji Sy (Senegal), Babacar Traoré (Senegal), Chika Okeke (Nigeria)

19 September 1995

Delfina Studio Trust, London

Musical Sculptures Performance

Artist: Gamal Abdel Nasser (Egypt)

Musicians: Simon Allen (UK), Nigel

Open to the public in October 1995

Museum of Mankind, London

Display & Modesty: North African Textiles

Secular & Sacred: Ethiopian Textiles

Made in Africa: Africa and the National Art Collections Fund

Great Benin

Power of the Hand: African Arms and Armour

Smashing Pots: Feats of Clay from Africa

***(Play and Display: Masquerades of Southern Nigeria** - this exhibition of the work by sculptress Sokari Douglas-Camp was promoted in the official *africa95* brochure under the *Visual Arts Programme*).

5 - 28 October 1995

Beardsmore Gallery, London

Recent Paintings: Atonsu Agogo

Artist: Ata Kwami (Ghana)

Appendix C - Artists and the countries they represented.

In 1995 the Continent of Africa was constituted by the following countries, which were represented by the work of the following contemporary African artists, who participated within the series of Exhibitions, Workshops and Residencies relating to the africa95 visual arts programme:

(Key = * indicates those artists who were in Britain during africa95.

A name highlighted in bold indicates the artist participated in the *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, held at the *Yorkshire Sculpture Park* as part of africa95).

1) Algeria	*Rachid Koriachi
2) Angola	*Antonio Ole
3) Benin	Cyprien Tokoudagba
4) Botswana	*Moitshepi Madibela
5) Burkina Faso	
6) Burundi	
7) Cabinda	
8) Cameroon	
9) Central African Republic	Samuel Fosso
10) Chad	
11) Congo	
12) Dubouti	
13) Egypt	*Gamal Abdel Nasser, Ahmad Mustafa, *Chant Avedissian, El Din M. El Ozy, Khamis Chehata
14) Equatorial Guinea	
15) Eritrea	
16) Ethiopia	Elizabeth Atnafu, Skunder Boghossian, Gebre Kristos Desta, Achamyelch Debela, Girmay H. Hewit, Wosene Worke Kosrof, Zerihun Yetmgeta
17) Gabon	
18) The Gambia	
19) Ghana	*Atta Kwami, *Ablade Glover
20) Guinea	Mody Sory Diallo
21) Guinea Bissau	
22) Ivory Coast	Yacoube Toure
23) Kenya	*Magdalene Odundo, Meek Gichugu, Richard Onyango, Joel Oswaggo, Etale Sukuro, Sane Wadu, Fatima Abdullah
24) Lesotho	
25) Liberia	
26) Libya	Ali Omar Ermes
27) Madagascar	
28) Malawi	
29) Mali	Seydou Keita, Dany Thera, Oumar Bocoum, Gogo Semega Maiga, Issa Bathily, Alfousseini Kelly
30) Mauritania	
31) Morocco	*Ikram Kabbaj, Farid Belkahia, Mehdi Qotbi, Touhami Ennadre, Mohamed Kacimi
32) Mozambique	*Dias Mahlate, *Reinata Sathimba
33) Namibia	*Hercules Viljoen, Dasunye Shikongo
34) Niger	
35) Nigeria	Oladele Ajiboye Bamgboye, *Ndidi Dike, *Chika Okeke, *Sokari Douglas-Camp, Rotimi Fani-Kayode, *Yinka Shonibare, El Anatsui, *Hassan Aliyu, *Henrietta Alele, Jerry Buhari, Erhabor Emokpae, Ben Enwonwu, Jacob Jari, Gani Odutokun, *Olu Oguibe, Uche Okeke, *Bruce Onobrakpeya, Tayo Quaye, Obiora Udechukwu, Malam Suleiman, Ahaji Sanni, Toyin Oguntona, Nike Olaniyi-Davies, Lawrence Ajanaku, Okun Akpan Abuje
36) Rwanda	
37) Senegal	Mama Casset, *Djibril Sy, *Guibril André Diop, *Babacar Traoré, Jean-Marie Bruce, Fode Camara, Serigne M'baye Camara, Moustapha Dime, Abdoulaye Ndoye, Cheikh Niass, Kan-Si, Souleymane Keita, Djibril N'Diaye, Musaa Baydi, Pape Macoumba Seck, Yacuba Toure, Khady Lette, Amedy Kre M'Baye, Jacob Yacuba, Oumou Sy, *Issa Samb, *El Hadji Sy, Mahamdou Zulu Mbaye, Aissa Dione
38) Sierra Leone	
39) Somali Republic	

- 40) South Africa ***Duke Keyte, *Noria Mabasa, Ernest Cole, Bob Gosani, Leon Levson, Willie de Klerk, Ranjith Kelly, Eli Weinberg, *David Koloane, *Penny Siopis, *Pat Kagiso Mautloa, Willie Bester, Norman Catherine, William Kentridge, Jurgén Schadeberg, Pitika N'tuli, Sam Nhlengethwa, Bill Ainslie, Kevin Atkinson, Robert Hodgins, Ezrom Legae, Dumile Mhlaba, Sybille Nagel, Paul Stopforth, Sandra Kriel, Leonard Matsoso, Sam Ntiro**
- 41) Sudan Osman Waqjalla, Mohammed Ahmed Abdella, *Rashid Diab, Ibrahim El Salahi, Kamala Ibrahim Ishaq, Abdel Basit El Khatim, *Hassan Musa, Amir Nour
- 42) Swaziland
- 43) Tanzania
- 44) Togo
- 45) Tunisia Nja Mahdaoui, *Abderrazak Sahli
- 46) Uganda ***Francis Nnaggenda, Josephine Alacu, Godfrey Banadda, Rebecca Bisaso, Severino Matti, Peter Mulindwa, M.K. Muwonge, Jenny Namuwonge, Kefa Sempangi, *Pilkington Ssengendo, Ignatius Sserulyo**
- 47) Western Sahara
- 48) Zaire Bodys Isck Kingelez, Moseke Yoga Ambake
- 49) Zambia ***Flinto Chandia, *David Chirwa**
- 50) Zimbabwe ***Arthur Fata, *Adam Madebe, *Colleen Mademombe, *Berry Bickle, *Keston Beeston, Agnes Nianghongo**

N.B. Not included are the artists who participated within the *African Metalwork* exhibition at *The Crafts Council*, or the *Siyawela* exhibition at *Birmingham Museums & Art Gallery*.

Appendix D - Artists known to have participated in the *International Workshop Movement* between 1982 - 1997 (see Appendix E for details of which artists participated in which workshops).

- The artists who participated in the Pamoja Workshop are underlined.
- The artists who participated in africa95 VAP are highlighted in bold.

1. Abercrombie, Douglas (*UK*)
2. Abrams, Jake (*UK*)
3. Achimore, Steven (*USA*)
4. Adams, Fuad (*South Africa*)
5. Afonso, Masongi (*Angola*)
6. Aguilar, Sergi (*Spain*)
7. Ainslie, Bill (*South Africa*)
8. Ainslie, Sholto (*South Africa*)
9. Ainslie, Sophia (*South Africa*)
10. Akyem-I, Ras (*Barbados*)
11. Allingham, Jodan (*Papua New Guinea*)
12. Allison, Simon (*New Zealand*)
13. Amoda, Olu (*Nigeria*)
14. Amorós, Rosa (*Spain*)
15. Amunkete, Samuel (*Namibia*)
16. Anthony, Peter (*USA*)
17. Anzano, Carmen Fernandez (*Spain*)
18. Appolis, Tyrone (*South Africa*)
19. Asano, Takuji (*Japan*)
20. Ashby, Gail (*Canada*)
21. Baakile, Edith (*Botswana*)
22. Bacar, Said (RFI of Comores)
23. Back, Simon (*Zimbabwe*)
24. Badiola, Txomin (*Spain*)
25. Bailey, Chris (*UK*)
26. Baker, Vivienne (*UK*)
27. Bakvena, Reginald (*Botswana*)
28. Balch, Ian (*UK*)
29. Ball, Lillian (*USA*)
30. Ballachey, Barbara (*Canada*)
31. Bannard, Walter Darby (*USA*)
32. Banyard, Jocelyn (*Canada*)
33. Bardavid, Reggi (*South Africa*)
34. Barker, Sally (*UK*)
35. Barnes, Curt (*USA*)
36. Barré, Vincent (*France*)
37. Barsi, Joze (*Slovenia*)
38. Barth, Frances (*USA*)
39. Bata (*Mozambique*)
40. Bates, Georgina (*UK*)
41. Bauss, Hans-Ulrich (*Germany*)
42. Baydi, Musaa (*Senegal*)
43. Bayer, Jane (*UK*)
44. Beattie, Basil (*UK*)
45. Beeton, Keston (*Zimbabwe*)
46. Belag, Andrea (*USA*)
47. Bellotti, Evaristo (*Spain*)
48. Bellow, June (*Jamaica*)
49. Bender, Gilbert (*Germany*)
50. Beng-Thi, Jack (*France/Reunion*)
51. Benthura, Dominic (*Zimbabwe*)
52. Bennett, Scott (*USA*)
53. Bennett, Wayne (*UK*)
54. Benson, Amanda (*UK*)
55. Bentham, Douglas (*Canada*)
56. Berner, Dorte (*Namibia*)
57. Bernreider, Barbara (*Germany*)
58. Best, Anna (*UK*)
59. Beth Harland (*UK*)
60. Bickle, Berry (*Zimbabwe*)
61. Biggs, Marcia (*Jamaica*)
62. Biswas, Sutapa (*India/UK*)
63. Bjerklie, John (*USA*)
64. Black, Simon (*UK/Canada*)
65. Bloom, Randy (*USA*)
66. Blunsden, Peter (*UK*)
67. Boepple, Willard (*USA*)
68. Bogatsu, Kentse (*Botswana*)
69. Bohlke, Barbara (*Namibia*)
70. Bolley, Andrea (*Canada*)
71. Bondo-Kahila (*Zaire*)
72. Boshier, Christine (*USA*)
73. Bourdel, Valerie (*France*)
74. Bowers, Robert (*Canada*)
75. Boyce, Sonia (*UK*)
76. Boyd, Graham (*UK*)
77. Bradley, Peter (*South Africa*)
78. Bradshaw, Stuart (*UK*)
79. Braes, Lex (*UK*)
80. Bramwell, Michael (*USA*)
81. Brane, Jeffrey (*USA*)
82. Bremberg, Kristina (*Botswana*)
83. Brent, Steven (*USA*)
84. Briant, Jean-François (*France*)

85. Brodsky, Beverly (*USA*)
86. Brody, David (*USA*)
87. Bromley, Sandra (*UK*)
88. Bruguera, Tania (*Cuba*)
89. Brunnsden, Martin (*UK*)
90. Budaza, Hamilton (*South Africa*)
91. Budd, Rachel (*UK*)
92. Buehner, Fritz (*USA*)
93. Bugsey, Nakale N.U. (*Namibia*)
94. Burdman, Linda (*USA*)
95. Burgess, Catherine (*Canada*)
96. Burnet, Rob (*UK/Kenya*)
97. Burns, Isla (*Canada*)
98. Bush, Ruth (*Zambia*)
99. Butcher, Ras Ishi (*Barbados*)
100. Cabral, Jose (*Mozambique*)
101. Cader, Muhanned (*Sri Lanka*)
102. Cafritz, Anthony (*USA*)
103. Callery, Simon (*UK*)
104. Camara, Fode (*Senegal*)
105. Campbell, Charles (*Jamaica*)
106. Cantieni, Graham (*Canada*)
107. Caro, Anthony (*UK*)
108. Caro, Paul (*UK*)
109. Carr, Pat (*Australia*)
110. Carter, Andrew (*UK*)
111. Carter, Claire (*UK*)
112. Carter, Nanette (*USA*)
113. Casey, Karen (*Australia*)
114. Cassidy, Shaun (*UK*)
115. Chamberlain, Tom (*UK*)
116. Chamisa, Jesserina (*Zimbabwe*)
117. Chanda, Martin (*Zambia*)
118. Chandia, Flinto (*Zambia*)
119. Chandler, Robin (*South Africa*)
120. Chandrasekaran (*Singapore*)
121. Chang, Xiao-Ai 'Diane' (*China*)
122. Chassey, Sylvaine (*France*)
123. Chigic-Vronascaia, Eugenia (*Russia*)
124. Ching, Nai Wee (*Singapore/UK*)
125. Chirwa, David (*Zambia*)
126. Chishimba, Bright R. (*Zambia*)
127. Chishimba, Chansa (*Zambia*)
128. Chiyaba, Beryl (*Zambia*)
129. Christie, Robert (*Canada*)
130. Chuulu, Kenneth (*Zambia*)
131. Ciona, Joelle (*Canada*)
132. Clark, Jane (*UK*)
133. Clarke, Ann (*Canada*)
134. Clarke, Peter (*South Africa*)
135. Clarkson, Paul (*UK*)
136. Clement, Alain (*France*)
137. Cluett, Cora (*Canada*)
138. Coadou, Jean-François (*France*)
139. Coates, Gregory (*USA*)
140. Cagnet, Roland (*France*)
141. Cohen, Andy (*UK*)
142. Collins, Mary (*USA*)
143. Combs, Frances (*Botswana*)
144. Commandaros, Jo Anna (*USA*)
145. Conde, Francisco (*Mozambique*)
146. Condon, Elizabeth (*USA*)
147. Conti, Rona (*USA*)
148. Cookhorne, Robert (*Jamaica*)
149. Cooper, Cecil (*Jamaica*)
150. Cooper, Paul (*UK*)
151. Costa, Anthony (*Australia*)
152. Costa, Antonio (*Angola*)
153. Cotton, Judith (*USA*)
154. Cousinier, Bernard (*France*)
155. Couston, Alison (*Australia*)
156. Cowley, Kay (*Namibia*)
157. Craig, Karl 'Jerry' (*Jamaica*)
158. Crociani, Andrea (*Italy*)
159. Cross, Linda (*USA*)
160. Crossley, John (*UK*)
161. Crouch, Judy (*Botswana*)
162. Crow, Jane (*USA*)
163. Crown, Roberta (*USA*)
164. Cullinan, Charlotte (*UK*)
165. Cullinan, Jenny (*South Africa*)
166. Cummins, Sean (*UK*)
167. Cunningham, Patrick (*UK*) - assistant
168. Cunningham, Steven (*UK*) - assistant
169. Cyphers, Peggy (*USA*)
170. D' Souza, Walter (*India*)
171. Dadi, Iftekar (*Pakistan*)
172. Dadour, Vivienne (*Australia*)
173. Daley, Leonard (*Jamaica*)
174. Darling, Gene (*USA*)
175. Davies, Elizabeth (*France/UK*)
176. Davis, Annalee (*Barbados*)
177. Davis, Lionel (*South Africa*)
178. De Carvalho, Sol (*Mozambique*)
179. De Hita, Francis (*France*)
180. De Lawrence, Nadine (*USA*)
181. De Necker, Francois (*Namibia*)
182. De Ricco, Hank (*USA*)
183. De Souza, Victor (*Mozambique*)
184. Dean, Suzanne (*UK*)
185. Dedeu, Jordi (*Spain*)
186. Delarue, Leo (*France*)

187. Delawrence, Nadine (*USA*)
188. Dellow, Jeff (*UK*)
189. DeLuccia, Paula (*Spain*)
190. Dementevia, Alexandra (*Belgium*)
191. Demidowiz, Judith (*USA*)
192. Denic, Goran (*Yugoslavia*)
193. Denysen, Dylan (*South Africa*)
194. Derere, Stanford (*Zimbabwe*)
195. Desai, Ajay (*India*)
196. Devine, Dan (*USA*)
197. Dhlomo-Mautloa, Bongwiwe (*South Africa*)
198. Dicks, Trudi (*Namibia*)
199. Diggle, Philip (*UK*)
200. Dignan, Paul (*UK*)
201. Dike, Ndidji (*Nigeria*)
202. **Dime, Mustapha (*Senegal*)**
203. Diop, Guibril André (*Senegal*)
204. Dixon, Jerry (*UK/Zimbabwe*)
205. Doberauer, Anke (*Germany*)
206. Domingos, Ernesto "Muando" (*Mozambique*)
207. Donga, Muzi (*South Africa*)
208. Donkor, Godfried (*Ghana/UK*)
209. Donna Stoner (*Botswana*)
210. Donoghue, Lynn (*Canada*)
211. Dorchin, Yaachov (*Israel*)
212. Doucet, Christopher (*France*)
213. **Douglas Camp, Sokari (*UK/Nigeria*)**
214. Drapell, Joseph (*Canada*)
215. Droge-Wendell, Yvonne (*Germany*)
216. Drouin, Michèle (*Canada*)
217. Dube, Anita (*India*)
218. Duchatelet, Caroline (*France*)
219. Dunbart, Bruce (*Canada*)
220. Duncan, Chris (*USA*)
221. Dupont, W. (*France*)
222. Duran, Magdalena (*Spain*)
223. Dutrisac, Normand (*Canada*)
224. Dwyer, James (*USA*)
225. Dyaloyi, Ricky Ayanda (*South Africa*)
226. Dzugas, Friedel (*USA*)
227. E Costa, Antonio (*Angola*)
228. Edwards, Vervan (*UK/Botswana*)
229. Ekning, Shaanika (*Namibia*)
230. Ellis, Belinda (*UK*)
231. Ellis, Clay (*Canada*)
232. English, Kent (*USA*)
233. Episalla, Joy (*USA*)
234. Epp, Edward (*Canada*)
235. Epstein, Danielle (*USA*)
236. Erasmus, Garth (*South Africa*)
237. Ethhecopar, Pascale (*France*)
238. Evans, Mary (*Netherlands*)
239. Evison, David (*UK*)
240. Eyenga, Felix Edu Alo (*Equatorial Guinea*)
241. F., Colin (*Jamaica*)
242. Faber, Didon (*Botswana*)
243. Fahey, Richard (*USA*)
244. Faithfull, Simon (*UK*)
245. Fata, Arthur (*Zimbabwe*)
246. Fautoux, André (*Canada*)
247. Feinmann, Sarah (*UK*)
248. Feist, Harold (*Canada*)
249. Feng (*Botswana*)
250. Fenton, Terry (*Canada*)
251. Ferguson, Catherine (*UK*)
252. Fernandes, Fatima (*Mozambique*)
253. Ferriera, Govane (*Mozambique*)
254. Fisher, Amy (*USA*)
255. Fishman, Beverly (*USA*)
256. Fitzmaurice, John (*USA*)
257. Flynn, Gabriel (*UK*)
258. Foit, Morris (*Kenya*)
259. Fontoura, Alexandra (*Portugal*)
260. Ford, Owen (*Canada*)
261. Fortnum, Rebecca (*UK*)
262. Foster, John (*UK*)
263. Franz, Rina (*Australia*)
264. Fratkin, David (*USA*)
265. Frost, Judith (*UK*)
266. Frost, Terry (*UK*)
267. Fulton, Lynn (*UK*)
268. Funwayo, Japhet (*Zimbabwe*)
269. Gabashane, Gordon (*South Africa*)
270. Galefele Gomang, Doreen (*Botswana*)
271. Gallup, Kyle (*USA*)
272. Galmes, Ana Maria (*Chile*)
273. Gamathan, Ingrid (*Namibia*)
274. Gaomas, Surihes (*Namibia*)
275. Gaotlhalehwe, Speedo (*Botswana*)
276. Garafalo, Mark (*USA*)
277. Garcia, Alfredo (*Namibia*)
278. Gardiner, Lettie (*South Africa*)
279. Garfati, Dawn (*Botswana*)
280. Gehry, Frank (*USA*)
281. **George, Milton (*Jamaica*)**
282. Gerber, Ava (*USA*)
283. Gibbons, John (*UK*)
284. Gibbs, Ella (*UK*)
285. Gibson, Maxine (*Jamaica*)
286. Gichugu, Meek (*Kenya*)
287. Gilbert, Anita (*UK/Botswana*)
288. Gill, Sue (*Australia*)

- 289.Ginsburg, Stephen (*USA*) - assistant
- 290.Girling, Sheila (*UK*)
- 291.Girona, Maria (*Spain*)
- 292.Giscoux, Michele (*Reunion/France*)
- 293.Gittings, David (*UK*)
- 294.Glendenning, Sara (*Botswana*)
- 295.Gliko, Carl (*USA*)
- 296.Godwin, Fay (*UK*)
- 297.Gollifer, Ann (*Botswana*)
- 298.Gomang, Doreen Galefele (*Botswana*)
- 299.Gomez, Luis (*Cuba*)
- 300.Gontier, Vincent (*France*)
- 301.Gontshwanestse, Mokwaledi (*Botswana*)
- 302.Gonzalez, Leonel (*Costa Rica*)
- 303.Goodwin, Paul (*Italy*)
- 304.Gorchov, Ron (*USA*)
- 305.Gordon, Dana (*USA*)
- 306.Gordon, Russell (*Canada*)
- 307.Govane (*Mozambique*)
- 308.Graovac, Zoran (*Yugoslavia*)
- 309.Graser, Toby (*Canada*)
- 310.Gray, Nicola (*UK*)
- 311.Griffin, Peter (*UK*)
- 312.Grimsey, Thomas (*UK*)
- 313.Guhrs, Pam (*Zambia*)
- 314.Guillon, Jean François (*France*)
- 315.Gupta, Subodh (*India*)
- 316.Gutsa, Nicole (*Zimbabwe*)
- 317.Gutsa, Tapfuma (*Zimbabwe*)
- 318.Gutsa, Webster (*Zimbabwe*)
- 319.Hachon, Catherine (*France*)
- 320.Hakamaata, Kyotaro (*Japan*)
- 321.Hamilton, Laura (*Jamaica/UK*)
- 322.Hammacher, Silvia (*Germany*)
- 323.Hanson, Ashley (*UK*)
- 324.Hardy, Gregory (*Canada*)
- 325.Harris, Karen (*USA*)
- 326.Harris, Mark (*USA*)
- 327.Harris, Richard (*UK*)
- 328.Hart, Russell (*UK*)
- 329.Hartland-Rowe, Marion (*Botswana*)
- 330.Harvey, Ian (*USA*)
- 331.Hassan, Kay (*South Africa*)
- 332.Hauge, John Audun (*Norway*)
- 333.Haworth, Derek (*UK*)
- 334.Hedger, Mark (*UK*)
- 335.Heier, Liv (*Norway*)
- 336.Hemsteede, Bert (*Zimbabwe*)
- 337.Henriques, Anna (*Jamaica*)
- 338.Hensteede, Bert (*Netherlands*)
- 339.Herdman, Iain (*UK*)
- 340.Hermick, Gayle (*Canada/Barbados*)
- 341.Hernández Pijuan, Joan (*Spain*)
- 342.Herrera, Fabio (*Costa Rica*)
- 343.Herrerros, Ramón (*Spain*)
- 344.Hewlings, Charles (*UK*)
- 345.Heyliger, Glenda (*Aruba*)
- 346.Heywood, Sara (*UK*)
- 347.Hide, Peter (*UK/Canada*)
- 348.Hiscock, Simon (*UK*)
- 349.Hitikwa, Mateus (*Namibia*)
- 350.Hleza, Austin (*South Africa*)
- 351.Hlongwane, David (*South Africa*)
- 352.Hlongwane, Njabulo (*South Africa*)
- 353.Hock, John (*USA*)
- 354.Hofmann, George (*USA*)
- 355.Holland, Lin (*UK*)
- 356.Hollow, Geoffrey (*UK*)
- 357.Holo, Sydney (*South Africa*)
- 358.Hopkins, Clyde (*UK*)
- 359.Hoyland, John (*South Africa*)
- 360.Hughes, Simon (*UK*)
- 361.Hughto, Darryl (*USA*)
- 362.Hughto, Margie (*USA*)
- 363.Hutchinson, Jaqueth (*USA*)
- 364.Igelsrud, Ann (*USA*)
- 365.Ihuhwa, Ester (*Namibia*)
- 366.Ilunga, Enock (*Zambia*)
- 367.Indongo, Niita (*Namibia*)
- 368.Ireland, Helen (*UK*)
- 369.Isherwood, Jon (*UK*)
- 370.Isomaki, Ahti (*Finland*)
- 371.Ivanoff, Bertrand (*France*)
- 372.Jack, Richard (*Zimbabwe*)
- 373.Jackson, Vanessa (*UK*)
- 374.Jacobs, Katja (*Germany/Canada*)
- 375.Jacger, Trudi (*Norway*)
- 376.Jali, Thami (*South Africa*)
- 377.James, Keran (*UK*)
- 378.Japharidze, Mamuka (*Germany*)
- 379.Jari, Jacob (*Nigeria*)
- 380.Jefferson, Andy (*Jamaica*)
- 381.Jogee, Rashid (*Zimbabwe*)
- 382.Johnson, Amana (*USA*)
- 383.Jonathan, Yoba (*Namibia*)
- 384.Jones, David (*Australia*)
- 385.Jones, Jilaine (*USA*)
- 386.Jones, Michael (*UK*)
- 387.Jones, Patrick (*UK/USA*)
- 388.Jonze, Ndlozy Sebastiao A. (*Mozambique*)
- 389.Joseph, Woody (*Jamaica*)
- 390.Josephs, Valerie (*UK*)

391. Juanpere, Salvador (*Spain*)
392. Juginder Lamba (*UK*)
393. Jungerman, Remy (*Surinam*)
394. Jurrel, Torsten (*Sweden*)
395. Kaashe, Thamae (*Botswana*)
396. Kabbaj, Ikram (*Morocco*)
397. Kabiito, Richard (*Uganda*)
398. Kacimi, Mohamed (*Morocco*)
399. Kahuri, Francis (*Kenya*)
400. Kalulu, Bonaventure (*Zambia*)
401. Kaoma, Blackstone (*Zambia*)
402. Kappata, Stephen (*Zambia*)
403. Karita, Asser (*Namibia*)
404. Karuseb, Karel Karools Shiya (*Namibia*)
405. Kashava, Gabriel (*Namibia*)
406. Kashiri, Hillary (*Zimbabwe*)
407. Katschuna, Max-Edis (*Namibia*)
408. Kcho (*Cuba*)
409. Keatley, Annabel (*UK*)
410. Keita, Souleymane (*Senegal*)
411. Kekwaletswe, Modirwa Alan (*Botswana*)
412. Keller, Terrence (*Canada*)
413. Kent, Sarah (*UK*)
414. Kerr, Bernadette (*France*)
415. Kerr, Edward (*USA*)
416. Kerrigan, Colin (*UK*)
417. Ketlogetswe, Tom (*Botswana*)
418. Ketve, Duke (*South Africa*)
419. Khalfani, Mackandal (*Jamaica*)
420. Kher, Mona (*UK*)
421. Killam, Charles (*Canada*)
422. Kim, Soo-Ja (*Korea*)
423. Kim, Tschoon Su (*Korea*)
424. Kimathi, Richard (*Kenya*)
425. King, Lorraine (*UK*)
426. Kirumira, Rose Namubiru (*Uganda*)
427. Kiti, Thami (*South Africa*)
428. Klähr, Harry (*West Germany*)
429. Klimczak, Andrew (*Canada*)
430. Kohlberg, Bety (*USA*)
431. Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
432. Kolte, Jyotce (*India*)
433. Korpaczewski, Igor (*Czechoslovakia*)
434. Kovats, Tanya (*UK*)
435. Kowalsky, Elaine (*Canada/UK*)
436. Krawczyk, Joan (*Canada*)
437. Kressey, Christopher (*USA*)
438. Kressey, Jane (*USA*)
439. Kriger, Deborah (*USA*)
440. Krikorian, Berj (*USA*)
441. Kuijek, Ruud (*Holland*)
442. Kumpewu, Basil (*Zimbabwe*)
443. Kunda, Style (*Zimbabwe*)
444. Kwami, Atta (*Ghana*)
445. Kyeyune, George W. (*Uganda*)
446. Ladi, Prithal S. (*India*)
447. Lander, Barbara (*UK*)
448. Langa, Naftal (*Mozambique*)
449. Langa, Noel (*Mozambique*)
450. Lanmark, Ann-Mari (*Sweden*)
451. Laubscher, Twinky (*South Africa*)
452. Lauer, Ruth (*USA*)
453. Le Moine, Elizabeth (*Canada*)
454. Leach, Judy (*Australia*)
455. Lee, Kang-So (*Korea*)
456. Lee, Pilar (*Spain*)
457. Lee, Simon (*UK*)
458. Lees, Alex (*Zimbabwe*)
459. Lefevre, Gregg (*USA*)
460. LeGrand, Michael (*Australia*)
461. Leiro, Francisco (*Spain*)
462. Lelong, Sally (*USA*)
463. Lendrum, David (*UK*)
464. León, Carlos (*Spain*)
465. Lerner, Roy (*USA*)
466. Letsolo, Amos (*South Africa*)
467. Lette, Khady (*Senegal*)
468. Levin, Charles (*South Africa*)
469. Levy, Evan (*Canada*)
470. Lewanika, David (*Zambia*)
471. Lewin, Miche (*Zimbabwe*)
472. Lewis, John (*UK*)
473. Lewis, Peter (*UK*)
474. Lewis, Ray (*USA*)
475. Lewis, Sally (*UK*)
476. Lewis, Stephen (*UK*)
477. Lewis-Wreinberger, Marlene (*Jamaica*)
478. Lilley, David (*UK*)
479. Lillington, David (*UK*)
480. Limone, Guy (*France*)
481. Liot, Eric (*France*)
482. Lipsitt, Peter (*USA*)
483. Lis, Lyle (*Canada*)
484. Llimós, Robert (*Spain*)
485. Locke, Hew (*Guyana/UK*)
486. Lockey, Eva (*UK*)
487. Loesch-Sutter, Marlyse (*France*)
488. London, Cara (*USA*)
489. Longa, Sirkkaliisa (*Finland*)
490. Lopez, Elvis (*Aruba*)
491. Lovejoy, Annie (*UK*)
492. Loving, Al (*USA*)

493. Lowe, Jeff (*UK*)
494. Lowsley-Williams, Sebastian (*UK*)
495. Loye, Kate (*USA*)
496. Lucas, Albino Zaqueu (*Mozambique*)
497. Luck, Sheila (*Canada*)
498. Ludyeni, Omega (*Kenya*)
499. Lunga, Paul (*Zimbabwe*)
500. Mabasa, Noria (*South Africa*)
501. Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
502. Mabwe, Mavis (*Zimbabwe*)
503. Machinjili, Afonso (*Angola*)
504. Machinjili, Godfrey (*Zimbabwe*)
505. Mack, Rodger (*USA*)
506. Mackie, Lisa (*USA*)
507. Macklin, Ken (*Canada*)
508. MacLachlan, Anna (*Canada*)
509. Madamombe, Colleen (*Zimbabwe*)
510. Madamombe, Fabian (*Zimbabwe*)
511. Madebe, Adam (*Zimbabwe*)
512. Madekurozwa, Bulelwa (*Zimbabwe*)
513. Madi, Augustinus Moemedi (*Namibia*)
514. Madibela, Moitshepi (*Botswana*)
515. Madisa, Joseph (*Namibia*)
516. Madlophe, Rhoda (*South Africa*)
517. Mafafo, Rochester (*South Africa*)
518. Mafenuka, Timothy (*South Africa*)
519. Magadlela, Eikile (*South Africa*)
520. Magagane, Jeremiah (*South Africa*)
521. Magotsi, Stephen (*Botswana*)
522. Mahlale, Dias (*Mozambique*)
523. Mahoney, Ulick (*USA*)
524. Mahufe, Shepherd (*Zimbabwe*)
525. Maia (*Brazil*)
526. Mainganye, Avashoni (*South Africa*)
527. Makale, Vesna (*Canada*)
528. Makonzi, Godfrey Lutalo (*Jamaica/Uganda*)
529. Makoto, Ito (*Japan*)
530. Malone, Andrew (*UK*)
531. Malumise, Phillip (*South Africa*)
532. Malunga, Julia (*Zambia*)
533. Mandindi, Billy (*South Africa*)
534. Manganye, Cyril (*South Africa*)
535. Manganyi, Chabani Cyril (*South Africa*)
536. Mangena, Marvellous (*Zimbabwe*)
537. Manlik, Florence (*France*)
538. Manyandure, Bernard (*Zimbabwe*)
539. Maonde, Vincent (*Zambia*)
540. Marais, Nicky (*Namibia*)
541. Mariga, Joram (*Zimbabwe*)
542. Martin, Barry (*UK*)
543. Masala, Themba (*Namibia*)
544. Masaya, Eddie (*Zimbabwe*)
545. Mason, Sophie (*UK*)
546. Mastrangelo, Susan (*USA*)
547. Masule, Ellen (*Namibia*)
548. Matamera, Bernard (*Zimbabwe*)
549. Mateu, Assumpcio (*Spain*)
550. Matome, Neo (*Botswana*)
551. Matseba, Andrew (*Botswana*)
552. Matthews, Michael (*Canada*)
553. Maury, Adrian Velasquez (*Peru*)
- 554. Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (*South Africa*)**
555. Mbatha, Eric (*South Africa*)
556. Mbatha, Mzwakhe (*South Africa*)
557. Mbatha, Nhlanhla Clement (*South Africa*)
- 558. Mbaye, Amedy Kre (*Senegal*)**
559. McAvity, Catherine (*Canada*)
560. McCarty, John (*USA*)
561. McClelland, Suzanne (*USA*)
562. McDonnell, Shap (*UK*)
563. McDonough, William (*USA*)
564. McGill, Robert (*Jamaica*)
565. McGrain, Todd (*USA*)
566. McKay, Barbara (*Australia*)
567. McKee, Cormac (*UK*)
568. McKenna, Donnagh (*UK*)
569. McKeown, Michael (*USA*)
570. McLean, John (*UK*)
571. McNish, Andrew (*UK/USA*)
572. McQuinn, Michelle (*UK*)
573. McRoberts, Cathy (*Namibia*)
574. Mdluhi, Charles (*South Africa*)
575. Medcalf, Gina (*USA*)
576. Melbe, Nina Jo (*Norway*)
577. Mellin-Olsen, Kirsten (*Norway*)
578. Mellman, Margery (*USA*)
579. Mensink, Jack (*Netherlands*)
580. Meque, Louis (*Zimbabwe*)
581. Mercier, Elizabeth (*France*)
582. Merta, Vladimir (*Czechoslovakia*)
583. Meyer, Michael (*Germany*)
584. Mfune, Jane (*Zambia*)
585. Mfuzi, Clement (*Zambia*)
586. Mhango, Teddy Zebbulun (*Zambia*)
587. Miko, Jerry (*Zambia*)
588. Miko, William (*Zambia*)
589. Milesen, Graham (*UK*)
590. Mills, Jeffrey (*USA*) - assistant
591. Mills, Royden (*Canada*)
592. Minkin, Majorie (*USA*)
593. Minne, Howard (*Zimbabwe*)
594. Miranda, Ibrahim (*Cuba*)

- 595.Misse, Augustine (*Gabon*)
- 596.Miyanadeniya, Therica Lalanganie (*Zambia*)
- 597.Mkame, Sifiso (*South Africa*)
- 598.Mkoki, Coster (*Zimbabwe*)
- 599.Mlangeni, Wandile (*South Africa*)
- 600.Mogano, David (*South Africa*)
- 601.Mogotsi, Stephen (*Botswana*)
- 602.Mokhele, Tanki (*South Africa*)
- 603.Moloney, Bernadette (*UK*)
- 604.Mongo-Etsion, Remy (*Congo*)
- 605.Monti, John (*USA*)
- 606.Moonen, Rob (*Netherlands*)
- 607.Mooney, Jim (*UK*)
- 608.Moore, Sally (*UK*)
- 609.Moremi, Victor (*Botswana*)
- 610.More de Morand, Colette (*UK*)
- 611.Morris, Derek (*UK*)
- 612.Morris, Mali (*UK*)
- 613.Morrison, Petrona (*Jamaica*)
- 614.Morton, Natasha (*Australia*)
- 615.Mosarwa, Monica Banyana (*Botswana*)
- 616.Moses, Olebogeng (*Botswana*)
- 617.Moshidi, Mboya (*South Africa*)
- 618.Mosinyi, Keeme (*Botswana*)
- 619.Mothebe, Rantefe (*Botswana*)
- 620.Mowlam, Geoffrey (*UK*)
- 621.Moyo, Israel (*Zimbabwe*)
- 622.Mpofu, Seminar (*Zimbabwe*)
- 623.Mtakatya, Xolile (*South Africa*)
- 624.Mtota, Ervast (*Namibia*)
- 625.Muando (*Mozambique*)
- 626.Mubanga, Eduard (*Zambia*)
- 627.Mugambi, Lydia (*Uganda*)
- 628.Muhandi, Chain (*Kenya*)
- 629.Muhlanga, Abdias (*Mozambique*)
- 630.Mullar Paschold, Martina (*Germany*)
- 631.Muller, Yvonne (*USA*)
- 632.Mulungo, Samate (*Mozambique*)
- 633.Mumba, Eddie (*Zambia*)
- 634.Mumba, Patrick (*Zambia*)
- 635.Muntanga, Emmanuel (*Zambia*)
- 636.Murdoch, Sadie (*UK*)
- 637.Mushipe, Ronnie (*Zambia*)
- 638.Mushonga, Martin (*Zimbabwe*)
- 639.Musoke, Theresa (*Kenya*)
- 640.Musonda, Maurice (*Zambia*)
- 641.Muyake, Osaira (*Aruba*)
- 642.Muzondo, Joseph (*Zimbabwe*)
- 643.Mvula, Alpheus (*Namibia*)
- 644.Mwahalukange, Peter (*Namibia*)
- 645.Mwamba, Lutanda (*Zambia*)
- 646.Mwanza, Adam (*Zambia*)
- 647.Mweemba, Esnat (*Zambia*)
- 648.Mweemba, Patrick (*Zambia*)
- 649.Mylius, Jules (*UK*)
- 650.Nagal, Sybille (*South Africa*)
- 651.Nair, Surendran (*India*)
- 652.Nangaku, Eino (*Zimbabwe*)
- 653.Nasser, Gamal Abdel (*Egypt*)
- 654.Natal (*South Africa*)
- 655.Nathan, Myrna (*USA*)
- 656.Nathanson, Jill (*USA*)
- 657.Navarette, Carlos (*Chile*)
- 658.Navarro, Miquel (*Spain*)
- 659.Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
- 660.Ndandarika, Lacadia (*Zimbabwe*)
- 661.Ndebele, Tomy (*Zimbabwe*)
- 662.Ndhlouv, David (*Zimbabwe*)
- 663.N'Diaye, Djibril (*Senegal*)
- 664.Neal, Irene (*USA*)
- 665.Nelson, David (*USA*)
- 666.Nene, George (*Zimbabwe*)
- 667.Nepela, Onesmus (*Namibia*)
- 668.Nero, Daryl (*Zimbabwe*)
- 669.Nerses (*France*)
- 670.Nevers, Lauey (*Canada*)
- 671.Nevill, Sarah (*UK*)
- 672.Ngirandi, Granete (*Zimbabwe*)
- 673.Ngwenya, Dumi (*Zimbabwe*)
- 674.Ngwenya, Malangatana Valente (*Mozambique*)
- 675.Nhatugueja, Hilario Joaquim (*Mozambique*)
- 676.Nhlengethwa, Sam (*South Africa*)
- 677.Nianghongo, Agnes (*Zimbabwe*)
- 678.Nicholson, Anthea (*UK*)
- 679.Niklaus, Caterina (*UK*)
- 680.Nilsen, Colette (*Canada*)
- 681.Njeri, Lucy (*Kenya*)
- 682.Nkomo, Taylor (*Zimbabwe*)
- 683.Nkosi, Mandla (*South Africa*)
- 684.Nkotsi, Tony (*South Africa*)
- 685.Nkuna, Thomas (*South Africa*)
- 686.Nnaggenda, Francis (*Uganda*)
- 687.Noland, William (*USA*)
- 688.Norris, John (*USA*)
- 689.Norton, Kevin (*UK/Australia*)
- 690.Norwich, Anne (*UK*)
- 691.Novacek, Ruth (*UK*)
- 692.Nowlan, Annabel (*Australia*)
- 693.Nsabashi, Dean (*Zambia*)
- 694.Ntsele, Tembinkosi (*South Africa*)
- 695.Nunn, Keith (*South Africa*)
- 696.Nyedi, Dastan (*Tanzania*)

- 697.Nyoni, Vusi (*Botswana*)
- 698.O' Connor, John (*UK*)
- 699.O'Ferrall, Michael (*Australia*)
- 700.O'Donkor, Mowbray (*Ghana/UK*)
- 701.Ofili, Chris (*UK*)
- 702.Ogonga, Jimmy (*Kenya*)
- 703.Ojira, Elijar (*Kenya*)
- 704.Okazaki, Kenjiro (*Japan*)
- 705.Okpe, Tony (*Nigeria*)
- 706.Ole, Antonio (*Angola*)
- 707.Olemogeng, Galethabe (*Botswana*)
- 708.Olibile, Silverius "Disang" (*Namibia*)
- 709.Oliver, Jolyon Thomas (*UK*)
- 710.Omega, Ludenyi (*Kenya*)
- 711.Ord, Gillian (*UK*)
- 712.Ortega, Gloria (*Spain*)
- 713.Osborn, Don (*USA*)
- 714.Ostrow, Saul (*USA*)
- 715.Owen, Seka (*Canada*)
- 716.Palethorpe, Jan (*Australia*)
- 717.Palmer, Eugene (*UK*)
- 718.Pantelic, Zoran (*Yugoslavia*)
- 719.Parekh, Manisha (*India*)
- 720.Paton, Anthony (*Botswana*)
- 721.Paul, Dominique (*Canada*)
- 722.Paul, Janie (*USA*)
- 723.Paul, Jenny (*South Africa*)
- 724.Paulse, Diane (*South Africa*)
- 725.Peacock, Graham (*Canada*)
- 726.Pearce, Pat (*UK/Zimbabwe*)
- 727.Pearce, Rowena (*Zimbabwe*)
- 728.Pejic, Zoran (*Yugoslavia*)
- 729.Pels, Marsha (*USA*)
- 730.Perehudoff, Catherine (*Canada*)
- 731.Perehudoff, Rebecca (*Canada*)
- 732.Perehudoff, William (*Canada*)
- 733.Perron, Mireille (*Canada*)
- 734.Petersen, Victor (*South Africa*)
- 735.Petric, Bojana (*Yugoslavia*)
- 736.Pettersen, J. Arvid (*Norway*)
- 737.Phala, Madi Paul (*South Africa*)
- 738.Philips, Tony (*UK*)
- 739.Phillips, Sidney (*USA*)
- 740.Phiri, Peter (*Zambia*)
- 741.Phiri, Stanley (*Zimbabwe*)
- 742.Phiri, Vincentio (*Zambia*)
- 743.Phokela, Johannes (*South Africa/UK*)
- 744.Phokompe, Thabiso (*South Africa*)
- 745.Phungula, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
- 746.Pike, Jimmy (*Australia*)
- 747.Pirron, Barbara (*Namibia*)
- 748.Pistek, Jan (*Czechoslovakia*)
- 749.Pitz, Herman (*Germany*)
- 750.Plandiura I Vilacis, Josep (*Spain*) - assistant
- 751.Plear, Scoot (*Canada*)
- 752.Plensa, Jaume (*Spain*)
- 753.Plienbanchang, Mongkol (*Thailand*)
- 754.Pollock, Fred (*UK*)
- 755.Pon, Juan (*Cuba*)
- 756.Pongerard, Eric (*Reunion*)
- 757.Poons, Lawrence (*USA*)
- 758.Poppinga, Antje (*Germany*)
- 759.Pratt, Steve (*Zimbabwe*)
- 760.Price, Andy (*UK*)
- 761.Price, Joanna (*UK*)
- 762.Qemseb, Ignatius (*Namibia*)
- 763.Qgam, 'Dada' (*Botswana*)
- 764.Qumao Nxuku (*Botswana*)
- 765.Radic, Nika (*Croatia*)
- 766.Radinoga, Masilonyana (*Botswana*)
- 767.Raein, Maziar (*UK*)
- 768.Ráfols-Casamada, Albert (*Spain*)
- 769.Raina, Gargi (*India*)
- 770.Rajan, C.K. (*India*)
- 771.Ram, Razeetha (*India*)
- 772.Ramirez, Belkis (*Dominican Republic*)
- 773.Ramishvili, Koka (*Tblisi*)
- 774.Ramphomane, Mpolokeng (*South Africa*)
- 775.Rausch, Mark (*USA*)
- 776.Redelinghuts, Ian (*South Africa*)
- 777.Reeder, Joseph (*Canada*)
- 778.Rees, Susan (*USA*)
- 779.Reginato, Peter (*USA*)
- 780.Regler, Erwin (*USA*)
- 781.Réno, Sylvie (*France*)
- 782.Reynolds, Alan (*Canada*)
- 783.Reynolds, Richard (*UK*)
- 784.Rhodes, David (*UK*)
- 785.Richardson, Frances (*UK*)
- 786.Richters, Michael (*USA*)
- 787.Rigden, Geoff (*UK*)
- 788.Ristvedt, Milly (*Canada*)
- 789.Rizzo, Véronique (*France*)
- 790.Roberts, John (*UK/Zambia*)
- 791.Roberts, Keith (*UK*)
- 792.Rod, Francoise (*France*)
- 793.Rodrigues, Mario Jorge (*Portugal*)
- 794.Rodriguez, Fernando (*Cuba*)
- 795.Rogers, Howard (*UK*)
- 796.Rogers, Otto (*Canada*)
- 797.Rogge, Jo (*Namibia*)
- 798.Romain, Lenore (*Canada*)

- 799.Rome, Richard (*UK*)
800.Romero, Luis (*Venezuela*)
801.Rosa, Fernando (*Mozambique*)
802.Rosenthal, Clément (*France*)
803.Rotenberg, Rachel (*USA*)
804.Roth, Susan (*USA*)
805.Rousselot, Bruno (*USA*)
806.Rowlands, Gwendolyn (*UK*)
807.Ruppert, John (*USA*)
808.Sabana, Setiawan (*Indonesia*)
809.Sadhimba, Reinata (*Mozambique*)
810.Sagefors, Elisabet (*Sweden*)
811.Salmon, Judith (*Jamaica*)
812.Saloranta, Elina (*Finland*)
813.Salzman, Steven (*USA*)
814.Samate (*Mozambique*)
815.Sampson, John (*Namibia*)
816.Sanga, Gershoni (*Zambia/Botswana*)
817.Sango, Brighton (*Zimbabwe*)
818.Sarao, Ben (*USA*)
819.Saunders, Kay (*UK*)
820.Sawicka, Jadwiga (*Poland*)
821.Saxon, Erik (*USA*)
822.Schapira, Susan (*USA*)
823.Schluter, Torsten (*Germany*)
824.Schmitt, Margot (*Germany*)
825.Schnack, Erik (*Namibia*)
826.Scoot, Robert (*Canada*)
827.Scorselo, Joseph (*USA*)
828.Scott, Robert (*Canada*)
829.Scott, Tim (*UK*)
830.Sebidi, Helen (*South Africa*)
831.Sebidi, Mmakgabo Mwaphulo H. (*South Africa*)
832.Sebina, Shatho (*Botswana*)
833.Sechedave Ladi, Prittpa (*India*)
834.Seelbach, Anne (*USA*)
835.Segura, Esterio (*Cuba*)
836.Sehler, Stefan (*Germany*)
837.Senatla, Pule (*Botswana*)
838.Service, Patricia (*Canada*)
839.Setshogo, Thamae (*Botswana*)
840.Setti, Godfrey (*Zambia*)
841.Severin, Franka (*South Africa*)
842.Sfomi, Martha (*Italy*)
843.Sheldon, Alexandra (*USA*)
844.Shepherd, Dominic (*UK*)
845.Shetty, Sudershan (*India*)
846.Shiimi, Max (*Namibia*)
847.Shikani, Pais Ernesto (*Mozambique*)
848.Shikongeni, Ndasuunje (*Namibia*)
849.Shikongo, Dasunye (*Namibia*)
850.Shipenga, Costa (*Namibia*)
851.Shonibare, Yinka (*Nigeria/UK*)
852.Short, Louise (*UK*)
853.Shoub, Jaclyn (*Canada*)
854.Shuebrook, Ron (*Canada*)
855.Sibaya, Philisiwe (*South Africa*)
856.Sibidi, Helen (*South Africa*)
857.Sibisi, Paul (*South Africa*)
858.Sickle, Mario (*South Africa*)
859.Sicotte, Katherine (*Canada*)
860.Siebols, Jeannette (*Australia*)
861.Sihali, Durant (*South Africa*)
862.Silver, Jonathan (*USA*)
863.Silver, Susannah (*UK*)
864.Silverman, Bonell (*USA*)
865.Simbotwe, Valdes (*Namibia*)
866.Simukanga, Shadreck (*Zambia*)
867.Simushi, Angerina (*Namibia*)
868.Singer, Judith (*Canada*)
869.Sirivejkul, Nopawan (*Thailand*)
870.Sitaku, Mary (*Namibia*)
871.Sitwala, Njekwa (*Zambia*)
872.Skog, Wendy (*Canada*)
873.Skosana, Fikile (*South Africa*)
874.Sloan, Andrew (*UK*)
875.Slone, Sandi (*USA*)
876.Small, Jo (*USA*)
877.Smith, Dillwyn (*UK*)
878.Smith, Mitch (*Canada*)
879.Smithson, Alison (*UK*)
880.Smithson, Peter (*UK*)
881.Smokler, Stan (*USA*)
882.Soha, Velile (*South Africa*)
883.Solano, Susana (*Spain*)
884.Somani, Ylani (*South Africa*)
885.Sondiyazi, Keith (*South Africa*)
886.Sotiriades, Anthusa (*South Africa*)
887.Soto, Leandro (*USA/Canada*)
888.Sousa, Victor (*Mozambique*)
889.Soza, Eduardo (*Chile*)
890.Spark, Judy (*UK*)
891.Spearin, Gary (*UK*)
892.Spotowski, Gary (*Canada*)
893.Srouji, Hanibal (*Lebanon/Canada*)
894.Stanigar, Marguerite (*Jamaica*)
895.Stansfield, Kirsty (*UK*)
896.Starrevelde, Gerrie (*Netherlands*)
897.Startsev, Konstantin (*Russia*)
898.Steenkamp, Sari (*South Africa*)
899.Steenkamp, Sarie (*South Africa*)
900.Stephanson, Loraine (*Canada*)

901. Sterle, Sandra (*Netherlands*)
902. Stevens, Mark (*UK*)
903. Stewart, Robyn (*New Zealand*)
904. Stochofer, Christiane (*Austria/Zimbabwe*)
905. Stockwell, Susan (*UK*)
906. Stone, Douglas (*Canada*)
907. Street, Mervyn (*Australia*)
908. Sullivan, James (*USA*)
909. Summers, Derek (*UK*)
910. Sussman, Robert (*USA*)
911. Sutton, Carol (*Canada*)
912. Swan, Lucy (*UK*)
913. Sy, Djibril (*Senegal*)
914. Sy, El Hadji (*Senegal*)
915. Tabart, Marielle (*France*)
916. Tacke, Tina (*Namibia*)
917. Tadjó, Veronique (*Cote D' Ivoire*)
918. Tafa, Justin (*Botswana*)
919. Takahashi, Tomoko (*UK*)
920. Tandi, Agrippa (*Zimbabwe*)
921. Tandon, Rini (*Austria*)
922. Taraxone, Pascual (*South Africa*)
923. Tate, Jean (*USA*)
924. Taylor, Don (*UK*)
925. Taylor, Marcus (*UK*)
926. Teakel, Wendy (*Australia*)
927. Tembo, Friday (*Zambia*)
928. Thabo, Kenneth (*South Africa*)
929. Thaysen, Tyrrel (*South Africa*)
930. Thebe, Vote (*Zimbabwe*)
931. Thera, Damy (*Mali*)
932. Thi, Jack Ben (*Reunion*)
933. Thomas, Barbara (*USA*)
934. Thoubert, Thierry (*France*)
935. Tiefensee, Peter (*West Germany*)
936. Timmermans, Reggy (*Belgium*)
937. Tint, Francine (*USA*)
938. Tod, Emma (*UK*)
939. Tokunaga, Akio (*Japan*)
940. Tomkins, Cheron (*UK/USA*)
941. Tose, Martin (*South Africa*)
942. Toure, Yacouba (*Cote D'Ivoire*)
943. Traoré, Babacar (*Senegal*)
944. Trappier, David (*South Africa*)
945. Trappier, Jill (*South Africa*)
946. Tribe, Lee (*UK*)
947. Tshikuvhe, Grace (*South Africa*)
948. Tual, Pierre (*France*)
949. Tyler, Carol (*UK*)
950. Ubisie, Nurdino (*Mozambique*)
951. Ueareeworakul, Nitaya 'Tuk' (*Thailand*)
952. Unsworth, Jim (*UK*)
953. Uribe, Carlos (*Columbia*)
954. Ushijima, Tomoko (*Japan*)
955. Usrey, Richard (*USA*) - assistant
956. Vaidyanathan, Radhika (*India*)
957. Van der Heide, Bé (*UK*)
958. Van der Spuy, Martin (*Zimbabwe*)
959. Van Haersolte, Dorry (*Holland*)
960. Varney, Anna (*South Africa*)
961. Vaucher, Gee (*UK*)
962. Vieira, Joao (*Portugal/Mozambique*)
963. Viljoen, Hercules (*Namibia*)
964. Vincent, Tom (*UK*)
965. Vinish, Adrian (*Canada*)
966. Vollmer, Sheila (*USA*)
967. Von Moltke, Monika (*South Africa*)
968. Von Poehl, Charlotte (*Sweden*)
969. Vronscaia, Eugenia (*USSR*)
970. Wade, Paul (*Zimbabwe*)
971. Wadu, Sane (*Kenya*)
972. Wallis-Johnson, Jason (*UK*)
973. Walsh, James (*USA*)
974. Walsh, Jim (*USA*)
975. Walsh, Roxi (*UK*)
976. Walsh, Taylor (*UK*)
977. Waltzer, Stewart (*USA*)
978. Walubita, Phenny (*Zambia*)
979. Wanjiru, Irene (*Kenya*)
980. Wanklyn, Susan (*USA*)
981. Ward, Cora Kelley (*USA*)
982. Ward, Virginia (*Australia*)
983. Watson, Judy (*Australia*)
984. Watson, Stanford (*Jamaica*)
985. Webster, Jerald (*USA*)
986. Wei, Jiang (*Zambia*)
987. Weinstein, Joyce (*UK*)
988. Weir, Libby (*Canada*)
989. Welch (*UK*)
990. Welch, Martyn (*UK*)
991. Welish, Marjorie (*USA*)
992. Wilkin, Karen (*Canada*)
993. Williams, Alun (*UK*)
994. Williams, Chloe (*UK*)
995. Williams, Emyr Wyn (*UK*)
996. Williams, Mark (*UK*)
997. Williams, Michael (*USA*)
998. Williams, Roger (*USA*)
999. Williams, Stephen (*Zimbabwe*)
1000. Wolfe, James (*USA*)
1001. Wood, Sarah (*UK*)
1002. Workman, Cindy (*USA*)

1003. Woropay, Vincent (*UK*)
1004. Wright, Barbara (*Botswana*)
1005. Wright, Campbell (*USA*)
1006. Wright, Kevin (*UK*)
1007. Wyndam-West, Sonja (*UK*)
1008. Xaba, Nhlanhla (*South Africa*)
1009. Xi, Jian Jun (*China/UK*)
1010. Xladom Qomaxa, 'Ankie' (*Botswana*)
1011. Xwexae Qgam, Dada (*Botswana*)
1012. Yacuba, Jacob (*Senegal*)
1013. Yamaoka, Carrie (*USA*)
1014. Yombure, Lawrence (*Zambia*)
1015. Yombwe, Agnes (*Zambia*)
1016. Yoon, Dong Chun (*Korea*)
1017. Zakrzewski, (*USA*)
1018. Zandamela (*Mozambique*)
1019. Zavialova, Irina Victorovna (*Uzbekistan*)
1020. Zenith, Helen (*Canada*)
1021. Zichawo, Edinah (*Zimbabwe*)
1022. Zlamany, Brenda (*USA*)
1023. Zulu, Elisha (*Zambia*)
1024. Zulu, Vuminkosi (*South Africa*)
1025. Zush (*Spain*)
1026. Zwane, Wiseman (*South Africa*)

Appendix E - International Artists' Workshop Movement (1982 - 1997).

*Artists who attended the africa95 Pamoja Workshop are underlined.

Triangle (USA)	82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 97
Triangle Barcelona (Spain)	87
Triangle Marseilles (France)	95
Hardingham (USA)	86
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Pachipamwe (Zimbabwe)	88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94
Thapong (Botswana)	89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96
Ujamaa (Mozambique)	91, 92
Shave (UK)	91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 97
Mbile (Zambia)	93, 94, 95, 97
Xayamaca (Jamaica)	93, 95
Tulipamwe (Namibia)	94, 95, 96, 97
Tenq/Articulations (Senegal)	94
Pamoja (UK)	95
Braziers (UK)	95, 96, 97
Wasanii (Kenya)	97
Soroa (Cuba)	97
Khoj (India)	97
Kimberley (Australia)	97

Triangle 1982

Bannard, Walter Darby (USA)
 Burgess, Catherine (Canada)
 Caro, Anthony (UK)
 Cunningham, Pat (UK) - assistant
 Ellis, Clay (Canada)
 Fenton, Terry (Canada)
 Foster, John (UK)
 Gibbons, John (UK)
 Ginsburg, Steven (USA) - assistant
 Girling, Sheila (UK)
 Hide, Peter (UK/Canada)
 Hollow, Geoffrey (UK)
 Hutchinson, Jaqueth (USA)
 Igelsrud, Ann (USA)
 Jones, Patrick (UK/USA)
 Keller, Terrence (Canada)
 Kriger, Deborah (USA)
 Mack, Rodger (USA)
 Macklin, Ken (Canada)
 Makale, Vesna (Canada)
 Martin, Barry (UK)
 Minkin, Majorie (USA)
 Nathanson, Jill (USA)
 Peacock, Graham (Canada)

Plear, Scott (Canada)
 Reeder, Joseph (Canada)
 Saunders, Kay (UK)
 Scott, Robert (Canada)
 Silverman, Bonell (USA)
 Slone, Sandi (USA)
 Walsh, Jim (USA)

Triangle 1983

Ballachy, Barbara (Canada)
 Bloom, Randy (USA)
 Boyd, Graham (UK)
 Caro, Anthony (UK)
 Conti, Rona (USA)
 Cunningham, Pat (UK) - assistant
 Drouin, Michèle (Canada)
 Dutrisac, Normand (Canada)
 Evison, David (UK)
 Fauteux, André (Canada)
 Gallup, Kyle (USA)
 Ginsburg, Steven (USA) - assistant
 Girling, Sheila (UK)
 Igelsrud, Ann (USA)
 Jones, Jiliane (USA)
 Koloane, David (South Africa)

Lis, Lyle (*Canada*)
 Mack, Rodger (*USA*)
 Mahoney, Ulick (*USA*)
 Morey de Morand, Colette (*UK*)
 Morris, Mali (*UK*)
 Nathan, Myrna (*USA*)
 Poons, Larry (*USA*)
 Redelinghüys, Ian (*South Africa*)
 Rigden, Geoff (*UK*)
 Rome, Richard (*UK*)
 Sarao, Ben (*USA*)
 Scott, Tim (*UK*)
 Service, Patricia (*Canada*)
 Singer, Judith (*Canada*)
 Sutton, Carol (*Canada*)
 Tate, Jean (*USA*)
 Tomkins (*UK*)
 Tual, Pierre (*France*)
 Walsh, James (*USA*)
 Ward, Cora Kelley (*USA*)
 Wilkin, Karen (*Canada*)

Triangle 1984

Abercrombie, Douglas (*UK*)
 Bauss, Ulrich (*West Germany*)
 Boshier, Christine (*USA*)
 Bradshaw, Stuart (*UK*)
 Burns, Isla (*Canada*)
 Caro, Anthony (*UK*)
 Clarke, Ann (*Canada*)
 Cooper, Paul (*UK*)
 Drapell, Joseph (*Canada*)
 English, Kent (*USA*)
 Flynn, Gabriel (*UK*)
 Ginsburg, Steven (*USA*) - assistant
 Girling, Sheila (*UK*)
 Hewlings, Charles (*UK*)
 Igelsrud, Ann (*USA*)
 Kerrigan, Colin (*UK*)
 Klähr, Harry (*West Germany*)
 Klimeczak, Andrew (*Canada*)
 Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
 Lefevre, Gregg (*USA*)
 Lendrum, David (*UK*)
 Leon, Carlos (*Spain*)
 Lerner, Roy (*USA*)
 Mack, Rodger (*USA*)
 Mackie, Lisa (*USA*)
 MacLachlan, Anna (*Canada*)
 McClelland, Suzanne (*USA*)
 Medcalf, Gina (*USA*)

Owen, Seka (*Canada*)
 Pollock, Fred (*UK*)
 Reginato, Peter (*USA*)
 Rogers, Otto (*Canada*)
 Taylor, Don (*UK*)
 Thomas, Barbara (*USA*)
 Tiefensee, Peter (*West Germany*)
 Van der Heide, Bé (*UK*)
 Walsh, James (*USA*)
 Weinstein, Joyce (*USA*)

Triangle 1985

Ainslie, Bill (*South Africa*)
 Anthony, Peter (*USA*)
 Bloom, Randy (*USA*)
 Bolley, Andrea (*Canada*)
 Brent, Steven (*USA*)
 Caro, Anthony (*UK*)
 Cotton, Judith (*USA*)
 Crossley, John (*UK*)
 Cunningham, Steven (*UK*) - assistant
 Demidowiz, Judith (*USA*)
 Dunbart, Bruce (*Canada*)
 Dzugas, Friedel (*USA*)
 Erasmus, Garth (*South Africa*)
 Foster, John (*UK*)
 Ginsburg, Steven (*USA*) - assistant
 Gordon, Russell (*Canada*)
 Graser, Toby (*Canada*)
 Hide, Peter (*UK/Canada*)
 Hughto, Margie (*USA*)
 Hutchinson, Jaqueth (*USA*)
Isherwood, Jon (*UK*) - assistant
 Jacobs, Katja (*Germany/Canada*)
 Jones, Patrick (*UK/USA*)
 Josephs, Valerie (*UK*)
 Kohlberg, Bety (*USA*)
 Kowalsky, Elaine (*Canada/UK*)
 Kressey, Christopher (*USA*)
 Mack, Rodger (*USA*)
 McKay, Barbara (*Australia*)
 Neal, Irene (*USA*)
 Norton, Kevin (*UK/Australia*)
 Norwich, Anne (*UK*)
 Price, Joanna (*UK*)
 Scorselo, Joseph (*USA*)
 Sloan, Andrew (*UK*)
 Smokler, Stan (*USA*)
 Spotowski, Gary (*Canada*)
 Summers, Derek (*UK*)
 Usrey, Richard (*USA*) - assistant

Wright, Campbell (USA)

Triangle 1986

Ashby, Gail (Canada)

Ballachey, Barbara (Canada)

Bennett, Scott (USA)

Bloom, Randy (USA)

Bromley, Sandra (UK)

Caro, Anthony (UK)

Crow, Jane (USA)

Ellis, Belinda (UK)

Epstein, Danielle (USA)

Fahey, Richard (USA)

Fauteux, André (Canada)

Gibbons, John (UK)

Ginsburg, Steven (USA) - assistant

Girling, Sheila (UK)

Isherwood, Jon (UK) - assistant

Klimczak, Andrew (Canada)

Lander, Barbara (UK)

Lipsitt, Peter (USA)

London, Cara (USA)

Mabaso, Dumisani (South Africa)

Mack, Rodger (USA)

Macklin, Ken (Canada)

Makale, Vesna (Canada)

McNish, Andrew (UK/USA) - assistant

Norris, John (USA)

Pels, Marsha (USA)

Perehudoff, Catherine (Canada)

Perehudoff, Rebecca (Canada)

Poons, Lawrence (USA)

Rausch, Mark (USA)

Reynolds, Alan (Canada)

Smith, Mitch (Canada)

Stephanson, Loraine (Canada)

Sutton, Carol (Canada)

Tint, Francine (USA)

Tomkins, Cheron (UK/USA)

Webster, Jerald (USA)

Triangle 1987

Bloom, Randy (USA)

Boepple, Willard (USA)

Burdman, Linda (USA)

Caro, Anthony (UK)

Carr, Pat (Australia)

Crown, Roberta (USA)

Cunningham, Patrick (UK) - assistant

Davis, Lionel (South Africa)

Diggle, Philip (UK)

Epp, Edward (Canada)

Gehry, Frank (USA)

Ginsburg, Steven (USA) - assistant

Girling, Sheila (UK)

Grimsey, Thomas (UK)

Hollow, Geoffrey (UK)

Hughto, Darryl (USA)

Isherwood, Jon (UK) - assistant

Jones, Michael (UK)

Kuijek, Ruud (Holland)

Leach, Judy (Australia)

LeGrand, Michael (Australia)

Lockey, Eva (UK)

Mack, Rodger (USA)

McDonough, William (USA)

McKenna, Donnagh (UK)

McNish, Andrew (UK/USA) - assistant

Mills, Jeffrey (USA) - assistant

Mowlam, Geoffrey (UK)

Muller, Yvonne (USA)

O' Connor, John (UK)

Perehudoff, William (Canada)

Phillips, Sidney (USA)

Plandiura I Vilacis, Josep (Spain) - assistant

Redelinghtys, Ian (South Africa)

Regler, Erwin (USA)

Richters, Michael (USA)

Roth, Susan (USA)

Siebolds, Jeannette (Australia)

Smithson, Alison (UK)

Smithson, Peter (UK)

Sullivan, James (USA)

Williams, Michael (USA)

Zenith, Helen (Canada)

Triangle Barcelona 1987

Aguilar, Sergi (Spain)

Amorós, Rosa (Spain)

Badiola, Txomin (Spain)

Bannard, Walter Darby (USA)

Bellotti, Evaristo (Spain)

Boyd, Graham (UK)

Burns, Isla (Canada)

Caro, Anthony (UK)

DeLuccia, Paula (Spain)

Ellis, Clay (Canada)

Evison, David (UK)

Fauteux, André (Canada)

Gibbons, John (UK)

Girling, Sheila (UK)

Girona, Maria (Spain)

Hernández Pijuan, Joan (*Spain*)
 Herreros, Ramón (*Spain*)
 Hide, Peter (*UK/Canada*)
 Hutchinson, Jaqueth (*USA*)
 Jacobs, Katja (*Germany/Canada*)
 Jones, Jilaine (*USA*)
 Keller, Terrence (*Canada*)
 Leiro, Francisco (*Spain*)
 León, Carlos (*Spain*)
 Lis, Lyle (*Canada*)
 Llimós, Robert (*Spain*)
 Mack, Rodger (*USA*)
 Macklin, Ken (*Canada*)
 Navarro, Miquel (*Spain*)
 Plensa, Jaume (*Spain*)
 Poons, Lawrence (*USA*)
 Ràfols-Casamada, Albert (*Spain*)
 Rogers, Otto (*Canada*)
 Scoot, Robert (*Canada*)
 Slone, Sandi (*USA*)
 Solano, Susana (*Spain*)
 Sutton, Carol (*Canada*)
 Tomkins, Cheron (*UK/USA*)
 Weinstein, Joyce (*UK*)
 Zush (*Spain*)

Triangle 1988

Ainslie, Sholto (*South Africa*)
 Barré, Vincent (*France*)
 Beattie, Basil (*UK*)
 Bowers, Robert (*Canada*)
 Briant, Jean-François (*France*)
 Brodsky, Beverly (*USA*)
 Chang, Xiao-Ai 'Diane' (*China*)
 Clement, Alain (*France*)
 Costa, Anthony (*Australia*)
 Cross, Linda (*USA*)
 Darling, Gene (*USA*)
 Duran, Magdalena (*Spain*)
 Garafalo, Mark (*USA*)
 Ginsburg, Steven (*USA*) - assistant
 Gliko, Carl (*USA*)
 Gordon, Dana (*USA*)
 Herdman, Iain (*UK*)
 Hofmann, George (*USA*)
Ishervood, Jon (*UK*)
 Killam, Charles (*Canada*)
 Lewis, Peter (*UK*)
 Lewis, Ray (*USA*)
 Mack, Rodger (*USA*)
 McNish, Andrew (*UK/USA*) - assistant

Morton, Natasha (*Australia*)
 Nilsen, Colette (*Canada*)
 Rhodes, David (*UK*)
 Seelbach, Anne (*USA*)
 Silver, Jonathan (*USA*)
 Sotiriades, Anthusa (*South Africa*)
 Unsworth, Jim (*UK*)

Triangle 1989

Ball, Lillian (*USA*)
 Cousinier, Bernard (*France*)
 De Ricco, Hank (*USA*)
 Dedeu, Jordi (*Spain*)
 Delarue, Leo (*France*)
 Duncan, Chris (*USA*)
 Feist, Harold (*Canada*)
 Ferguson, Catherine (*UK*)
 Ginsburg, Steven (*USA*) - assistant
 Gonzalez, Leonel (*Costa Rica*)
 Hardy, Gregory (*Canada*)
 Krawczyk, Joan (*Canada*)
 Levy, Evan (*Canada*)
 Lewis, Stephen (*UK*)
 Lowe, Jeff (*UK*)
 Luck, Sheila (*Canada*)
 Mateu, Assumpcio (*Spain*)
 Matthews, Michael (*Canada*)
 Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (*South Africa*)
 McAvity, Catherine (*Canada*)
 McGrain, Todd (*USA*)
 McNish, Andrew (*UK*)
 Nowlan, Annabel (*Australia*)
 Ristvedt, Milly (*Canada*)
 Schapira, Susan (*USA*)
 Sicotte, Katherine (*Canada*)
 Sihali, Durant (*South Africa*)
 Smail, Jo (*USA*)
 Smith, Dillwyn (*UK*)
 Tribe, Lee (*UK*)
 Vronscaia, Eugenia (*USSR*)
 Waltzer, Stewart (*USA*)
 Welch (*UK*)
 Workman, Cindy (*USA*)

Triangle 1990

Caro, Paul (*UK*)
 Cassidy, Shawn (*USA*) - assistant
 Christie, Robert (*Canada*)
 Collins, Mary (*USA*)
 Dadour, Vivienne (*Australia*)
 Delawrence, Nadine (*USA*)

Devine, Dan (*USA*)
 Ellis, Clay (*Canada*)
 Gerber, Ava (*USA*)
 Ginsburg, Steven (*USA*) - assistant
 Gontier, Vincent (*France*)
 Gorchov, Ron (*USA*)
 Hide, Peter (*UK/Canada*)
 Hiscock, Simon (*UK*)
 Hock, John (*USA*) - assistant
Isherwood, Jon (*UK*)
 Juanpere, Salvador (*Spain*)
 Krikorian, Berj (*USA*)
 Mack, Rodger (*USA*)
Madebe, Adam (*Zimbabwe*)
 Manganyi, Chabani Cyril (*South Africa*)
 McNish, Andrew (*UK/USA*) - assistant
 Ord, Gillian (*UK*)
 Ostrow, Saul (*USA*)
 Roth, Susan (*USA*)
 Saxon, Erik (*USA*)
 Scott, Robert (*Canada*)
 Skog, Wendy (*Canada*)
 Slone, Sandi (*USA*)
 Sussman, Robert (*USA*)
 Tabart, Marielle (*France*)
 Welish, Marjorie (*USA*)
 Williams, Stephens (*Zimbabwe*)
 Zlamany, Brenda (*USA*)

Triangle 1991

Achimore, Steven (*USA*)
 Anzano, Carmen Fernandez (*Spain*)
 Barth, Frances (*USA*)
 Bates, Georgina (*UK*)
 Bauss, Hans-Ulrich (*Germany*)
 Belag, Andrea (*USA*)
 Best, Anna (*UK*)
 Bolley, Andrea (*Canada*)
 Brane, Jeffrey (*USA*)
 Carter, Nanette (*USA*)
 Cassidy, Shaun (*UK*) - assistant
 Dorchin, Yaachov (*Israel*)
 Gallup, Kyle (*USA*)
 Ginsburg, Stephen (*USA*) - assistant
 Gittings, David (*UK*)
 Haworth, Derek (*UK*)
 Herrera, Fabio (*Costa Rica*)
 Hock, John (*USA*)
Isherwood, Jon (*UK*)
 Kim, Tschoon Su (*Korea*)
 Lee, Kang-So (*Korea*)

Lewis, Sally (*UK*)
 Mack, Rodger (*USA*)
 Malone, Andrew (*UK*)
 Mastrangelo, Susan (*USA*)
 McKeown, Michael (*USA*)
 Milesen, Graham (*UK*)
 Monti, John (*USA*)
 Nathanson, Jill (*USA*)
 Nhlengethwa, Sam (*South Africa*)
 Paul, Janie (*USA*)
 Rees, Susan (*USA*)
 Rousselot, Bruno (*USA*)
 Startsev, Konstantin (*Russia*)
 Stone, Douglas (*Canada*)
 Vollmer, Sheila (*USA*)

Triangle 1992

Bentham, Douglas (*Canada*)
 Black, Simon (*UK/Canada*)
 Blunsden, Peter (*UK*)
Boepple, Willard (*USA*)
 Buehner, Fritz (*USA*)
 Cantieni, Graham (*Canada*)
 Cassidy, Shaun (*UK*)
 Coates, Gregory (*USA*)
 Cullinan, Charlotte (*UK*)
 Cummins, Sean (*UK*)
 Cyphers, Peggy (*USA*)
 Donoghue, Lynn (*Canada*)
 Doucet, Christopher (*France*)
 Frost, Terry (*UK*)
 Griffin, Peter (*UK*)
 Harris, Karen (*USA*)
 Hopkins, Clyde (*UK*)
Isherwood, Jon (*UK*)
 Kim, Soo-Ja (*Korea*)
 Kriger, Deborah (*USA*)
 Lelong, Sally (*USA*)
 Lewis, John (*UK*)
 Mack, Rodger (*USA*)
 Nerses (*France*)
 Okazaki, Kenjiro (*Japan*)
 Ortega, Gloria (*Spain*)
 Phala, Madi Paul (*South Africa*)
 Salzman, Steven (*USA*)
 Sheldon, Alexandra (*USA*)
 Williams, Mark (*UK*)
 Williams, Roger (*USA*)
 Yoon, Dong Chun (*Korea*)
 Zakrzewski, (*USA*)

Triangle 1993

Barnes, Curt (*USA*)
Bjerklie, John (*USA*)
Boepple, Willard (*USA*)
Cognet, Roland (*France*)
Feinmann, Sarah (*UK*)
Fishman, Beverly (*USA*)
Ford, Owen (*Canada*)
Foster, John (*UK*)
Gill, Sue (*Australia*)
Gontshwanetse, Mokwaledi (*Botswana*)
Hanson, Ashley (*UK*)
Harris, Mark (*USA*)
Isherwood, Jon (*UK*)
Kressy, Jane (*USA*)
Loving, Al (*USA*)
Loye, Kate (*USA*)
Makoto, Ito (*Japan*)
McCarty, John (*USA*)
Mellman, Margery (*USA*)
Merta, Vladimir (*Czechoslovakia*)
Noland, William (*USA*)
Pistek, Jan (*Czechoslovakia*)
Rotenberg, Rachel (*USA*)
Service, Pat (*Canada*)
Shuebrook, Ron (*Canada*)
Stevens, Mark (*UK*)
Ushijima, Tomoko (*Japan*)
Walsh, Rost (*UK*)
Wanklyn, Susan (*USA*)
Williams, Alun (*UK*)
Wolfe, James (*USA*)
Wright, Kevin (*UK*)
Wyndam-West, Sonja (*UK*)

Triangle Marseilles 1995

Baker, Vivienne (*UK*)
Ballachey, Barbara (*Canada*)
Black, Simon (*UK/Canada*)
Bourdel, Valerie (*France*)
Cassidy, Shaun (*USA*)
Coadou, Jean-François (*France*)
Drouin, Michèle (*Canada*)
Duchatelet, Caroline (*France*)
Dupont, W. (*France*)
Ellis, Clay (*Canada*)
Fisher, Amy (*USA*)
Fortnum, Rebecca (*UK*)
Hakamaata, Kyotaro (*Japan*)
Isherwood, Jon (*UK*)
Ivanoff, Bertrand (*France*)

Jacobs, Katja (*Germany/Canada*)
Kerr, Edward (*USA*)
Korpaczewski, Igor (*Czechoslovakia*)
Lee, Pilar (*Spain*)
Lelong, Sally (*USA*)
Limone, Guy (*France*)
Manlik, Florence (*France*)
McDonnell, Shap (*UK*)
Mercier, Elizabeth (*France*)
Réno, Sylvie (*France*)
Ristvedt, Milly (*Canada*)
Rosenthal, Clément (*France*)
Ruppert, John (*USA*)
Srouji, Hanibal (*Lebanon/Canada*)
Tokunaga, Akio (*Japan*)
Williams, Emyr Wyn (*UK*)

Triangle 1997

Braes, Lex (*UK*)
Cafritz, Anthony (*USA*)
Carter, Claire (*UK*)
Chirwa, David (*Zambia*)
Cluett, Cora (*Canada*)
De Hita, Francis (*France*)
Dignan, Paul (*UK*)
Doberauer, Anke (*Germany*)
Dwyer, James (*USA*)
Fratkin, David (*USA*)
Gupta, Subodh (*India*)
Hachon, Catherine (*France*)
Harvey, Ian (*USA*)
Kher, Mona (*UK*)
Lauer, Ruth (*USA*)
McKee, Cormac (*UK*)
Mills, Royden (*Canada*)
Oliver, Jolyon Thomas (*UK*)
Osborn, Don (*USA*)
Poppinga, Antje (*Germany*)
Radic, Nika (*Croatia*)
Reno, Sylvie (*France*)
Rizzo, Véronique (*France*)
Roberts, Keith (*UK*)
Sehler, Stefan (*Germany*)
Shoub, Jaclyn (*Canada*)
Thoubert, Thierry (*France*)
Van Haersolte, Dorry (*Holland*)
Von Poehl, Charlotte (*Sweden*)

Hardingham 1986

Burns, Isla (*Canada*)
Clark, Jane (*UK*)

Ellis, Clay (*Canada*)
 Evison, David (*UK*)
 Foster, John (*UK*)
 Gibbons, John (*UK*)
 Hewlings, Charles (*UK*)
 Hide, Peter (*UK/Canada*)
 Hutchinson, Jaqueth (*USA*)
 Lewis, Stephen (*UK*)
 Lis, Lyle (*Canada*)
 Mack, Rodger (*USA*)
 Morris, Derek (*UK*)
 Nevill, Sarah (*UK*)
 Sloan, Andrew (*UK*)
 Welch, Martyn (*UK*)

Thupelo 1985

Ainslie, Bill (*South Africa*)
 Bradley, Peter (*South Africa*)
 Clarke, Peter (*South Africa*)
 Erasmus, Garth (*South Africa*)
 Hassan, Kay (*South Africa*)
 Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
 Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
 Malumise, Phillip (*South Africa*)
 Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (*South Africa*)
 Mogano, David (*South Africa*)
 Nhlengethwa, Sam (*South Africa*)
 Nkotsi, Tony (*South Africa*)
 Phala, Madi (*South Africa*)
 Sihlali, Durant (*South Africa*)
 Thabo, Kenneth (*South Africa*)

Thupelo 1986

Ainslie, Bill (*South Africa*)
 Davis, Lionel (*South Africa*)
 Dhlomo, Bongiwe (*South Africa*)
 Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
 Magagane, Jeremiah (*South Africa*)
 Mainganye, Avashoni (*South Africa*)
 Malumise, Phillip (*South Africa*)
 Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (*South Africa*)
 Nhlengethwa, Sam (*South Africa*)
 Nkosi, Mandla (*South Africa*)
 Nkotsi, Tony (*South Africa*)
 Phala, Madi (*South Africa*)
 Sebidi, Helen (*South Africa*)
 Sotiriades, Anthusa (*South Africa*)

Thupelo 1987

Ainslie, Bill (*South Africa*)
 Davis, Lionel (*South Africa*)

Erasmus, Garth (*South Africa*)
 Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
 Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
 Malumise, Phillip (*South Africa*)
 Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (*South Africa*)
 Moshidi, Mboya (*South Africa*)
 Natal (*South Africa*)
 Nhlengethwa, Sam (*South Africa*)
 Nkosi, Mandla (*South Africa*)
 Nkotsi, Tony (*South Africa*)
 Phala, Madi (*South Africa*)
 Sebidi, Helen (*South Africa*)
 Sibisi, Paul (*South Africa*)
 Sihlali, Durant (*South Africa*)
 Sotiriades, Anthusa (*South Africa*)

Thupelo 1988

Adams, Fuad (*South Africa*)
 Ainslie, Bill (*South Africa*)
 Appolis, Tyrone (*South Africa*)
 Davis, Lionel (*South Africa*)
 Dhlomo, Bongiwe (*South Africa*)
 Erasmus, Garth (*South Africa*)
 Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
 Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
 Magagane, Jeremiah (*South Africa*)
 Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (*South Africa*)
 Mlangeni, Wandile (*South Africa*)
 Mokhele, Tanki (*South Africa*)
 Nhlengethwa, Sam (*South Africa*)
 Paulse, Diane (*South Africa*)
 Phala, Madi (*South Africa*)
 Sickie, Mario (*South Africa*)
 Sihlali, Durant (*South Africa*)
 Sotiriades, Anthusa (*South Africa*)
 Xaba, Nhlanhla (*South Africa*)

Thupelo 1989

Ainslie, Sophia (*South Africa*)
 Budaza, Hamilton (*South Africa*)
 Davis, Lionel (*South Africa*)
 Dhlomo, Bongiwe (*South Africa*)
 Donga, Muzi (*South Africa*)
 Gabashane, Gordon (*South Africa*)
 Hleza, Austin (*South Africa*)
 Hlongwane, David (*South Africa*)
 Hlongwane, Njabulo (*South Africa*)
 Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
 Levin, Charles (*South Africa*)
 Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
 Mafafo, Rochester (*South Africa*)

Magadlala, Eikile (*South Africa*)
Mandindi, Billy (*South Africa*)
Manganye, Cyril (*South Africa*)
Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (*South Africa*)
Mkame, Sifiso (*South Africa*)
Moshidi, Mboya (*South Africa*)
Nhlengethwa, Sam (*South Africa*)
Nkotsi, Tony (*South Africa*)
Nkuna, Thomas (*South Africa*)
Paul, Jenny (*South Africa*)
Phala, Madi (*South Africa*)
Phungula, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
Ramphomane, Mpolokeng (*South Africa*)
Sebidi, Helen (*South Africa*)
Sihlali, Durant (*South Africa*)
Soha, Velile (*South Africa*)
Sondiyazi, Keith (*South Africa*)
Tose, Martin (*South Africa*)
Trappler, Jill (*South Africa*)
Varney, Anna (*South Africa*)
Von Moltke, Monika (*South Africa*)
Zulu, Vuminkosi (*South Africa*)

Thupelo 1990

Ainslie, Sophia (*South Africa*)
Dhlomo, Bongiwe (*South Africa*)
Donga, Muzi (*South Africa*)
Gardiner, Lettie (*South Africa*)
Holo, Sydney (*South Africa*)
Hoyland, John (*South Africa*)
Jali, Thami (*South Africa*)
Ketye, Duke (*South Africa*)
Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
Madebe, Adam (*Zimbabwe*)
Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (*South Africa*)
Mbatha, Eric (*South Africa*)
Nhlengethwa, Sam (*South Africa*)
Nkotsi, Tony (*South Africa*)
Nkuna, Thomas (*South Africa*)
Sihlali, Durant (*South Africa*)
Skosana, Fikile (*South Africa*)
Sloan, Andrew (*UK*)
Sondiyazi, Keith (*South Africa*)
Steenkamp, Sarie (*South Africa*)
Trappler, David (*South Africa*)
Trappler, Jill (*South Africa*)
Varney, Anna (*South Africa*)

Thupelo 1991

Ainslie, Sholto (*South Africa*)
Ainslie, Sophia (*South Africa*)

Dhlomo, Bongiwe (*South Africa*)
Donga, Muzi (*South Africa*)
Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
Madibela, Moitshepi (*Botswana*)
Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (*South Africa*)
Mbatha, Mzwakhe (*South Africa*)
Mdluhi, Charles (*South Africa*)
Nhlengethwa, Sam (*South Africa*)
Nkotsi, Tony (*South Africa*)
Nunn, Keith (*South Africa*)
Severin, Franka (*South Africa*)
Somani, Ylani (*South Africa*)
Sondiyazi, Keith (*South Africa*)
Tose, Martin (*South Africa*)
Varney, Anna (*South Africa*)

Thupelo 1995

Bardavid, Reggi (*South Africa*)
Bernreider, Barbara (*Germany*)
Bloom, Randy (*USA*)
Donga, Muzi (*South Africa*)
Erasmus, Garth (*South Africa*)
Gontshwanestse, Mokwaledi (*Botswana*)
Kashiri, Hillary (*Zimbabwe*)
Laubscher, Twinky (*South Africa*)
Letsolo, Amos (*South Africa*)
Mafenuka, Timothy (*South Africa*)
Mtakatya, Xolile (*South Africa*)
Mumba, Eddie (*Zambia*)
Ntsele, Tembinkosi (*South Africa*)
Nunn, Keith (*South Africa*)
Phokompe, Thabiso (*South Africa*)
Rogge, Jo (*Namibia*)
Sibisi, Paul (*South Africa*)
Taraxone, Pascual (*South Africa*)
Thaysen, Tyrrel (*South Africa*)
Tod, Emma (*UK*)
Trappler, Jill (*South Africa*)
Zwane, Wiseman (*South Africa*)

Thupelo 1996

Chandler, Robin (*South Africa*)
Coates, Gregory (*USA*)
Cullinan, Jenny (*South Africa*)
Cummins, Sean (*UK*)
Davis, Lionel (*South Africa*)
Denic, Goran (*Yugoslavia*)
Denyssen, Dylan (*South Africa*)
Dyaloyi, Ricky Ayanda (*South Africa*)
Jones, David (*Australia*)
Jurrel, Torsten (*Sweden*)

Madlophe, Rhoda (*South Africa*)
 Matseba, Andrew (*Botswana*)
 Mensink, Jack (*Netherlands*)
 Moonen, Rob (*Netherlands*)
 Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
 Ngirandi, Granete (*Zimbabwe*)
 Petersen, Victor (*South Africa*)
 Scott, Robert (*Canada*)
 Sebidi, Mmakgabo Mwapulo H. (*South Africa*)
 Soha, Velile (*South Africa*)
 Starreveld, Gerrie (*Netherlands*)
 Steenkamp, Sarie (*South Africa*)
 Trappier, Jill (*South Africa*)

Pachipamwe 1988

Ainslie, Bill (*South Africa*)
 Bickle, Berry (*Zimbabwe*)
Boepple, Willard (USA)
 Gutsa, Tapfuma (*Zimbabwe*)
 Jack, Richard (*Zimbabwe*)
 Jogee, Rashid (*Zimbabwe*)
 Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
Madebe, Adam (Zimbabwe)
 Manyandure, Bernard (*Zimbabwe*)
 Mariga, Joram (*Zimbabwe*)
 Matemera, Bernard (*Zimbabwe*)
 Nero, Daryl (*Zimbabwe*)
 Sango, Brighton (*Zimbabwe*)
 Thebe, Vote (*Zimbabwe*)

Pachipamwe 1989

Ainslie, Bill (*South Africa*)
 Bickle, Berry (*Zimbabwe*)
 Douglas Camp, Sokari (*UK/Nigeria*)
 E Costa, Antonio (*Angola*)
 Edwards, Veryan (*Botswana*)
 Gutsa, Tapfuma (*Zimbabwe*)
 Hensteede, Bert (*Netherlands*)
 Jack, Richard (*Zimbabwe*)
 Jogee, Rashid (*Zimbabwe*)
 Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
Madebe, Adam (Zimbabwe)
 Magotsi, Stephen (*Botswana*)
 Mariga, Joram (*Zimbabwe*)
 Matamera, Bernard (*Zimbabwe*)
 Ndhlouv, David (*Zimbabwe*)
 Nero, Daryl (*Zimbabwe*)
 Ole, Antonio (*Angola*)
 Pearce, Pat (*UK/Zimbabwe*)
 Sebidi, Helen (*South Africa*)
 Thebe, Vote (*Zimbabwe*)

Pachipamwe 1990

Back, Simon (*Zimbabwe*)
 Bickle, Berry (*Zimbabwe*)
 Dellow, Jeff (*UK*)
 Derere, Stanford (*Zimbabwe*)
 Dixon, Jerry (*UK/Zimbabwe*)
 Fernandes, Fatima (*Mozambique*)
 Gontshwanestse, Mokwaledi (*Botswana*)
 Gutsa, Tapfuma (*Zimbabwe*)
 Hemsteede, Bert (*Zimbabwe*)
 Jogee, Rashid (*Zimbabwe*)
 Kunda, Style (*Zimbabwe*)
 Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
 Minne, Howard (*Zimbabwe*)
 Muzondo, Joseph (*Zimbabwe*)
 Nagal, Sybille (*South Africa*)
 Nangaku, Eino (*Zimbabwe*)
 Ndhlouv, David (*Zimbabwe*)
 Stewart, Robyn (*New Zealand*)
 Tomkins, Cheron (*UK/USA*)

Pachipamwe 1991

Afonso, Masongi (*Angola*)
 Conde, Francisco (*Mozambique*)
 De Souza, Victor (*Mozambique*)
 Goodwin, Paul (*Italy*)
 Jack, Richard (*Zimbabwe*)
 Jogee, Rashid (*Zimbabwe*)
 Longa, Sirkkaliisa (*Finland*)
 Madamombe, Fabian (*Zimbabwe*)
 Masaya, Eddie (*Zimbabwe*)
 Meque, Louis (*Zimbabwe*)
 Minne, Howard (*Zimbabwe*)
 Muzondo, Joseph (*Zimbabwe*)
 Mwanza, Adam (*Zambia*)
 Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
 Ndandarika, Lacadia (*Zimbabwe*)
 Niklaus, Caterina (*UK*)
 Noland, William (*USA*)
 Pratt, Steve (*Zimbabwe*)
 Stolhofer, Christine (*Zimbabwe*)
 Thebe, Vote (*Zimbabwe*)
 Van der Spuy, Martin (*Zimbabwe*)
 Varney, Anna (*South Africa*)
 Wade, Paul (*Zimbabwe*)

Pachipamwe 1992

Ainslie, Sholto (*South Africa/USA*)
 Bickle, Berry (*Zimbabwe*)
 Chamisa, Jesserina (*Zimbabwe*)
 Chigic-Vronascaia, Eugenia (*Russia*)

Davis, Lionel (*South Africa*)
 Jogee, Rashid (*Zimbabwe*)
 Machinjili, Afonso (*Angola*)
 Matome, Neo (*Botswana*)
 Murdoch, Sadie (*UK*)
 Ndebele, Tomy (*Zimbabwe*)
 Ofili, Chris (*UK*)
 Setti, Godfrey (*Zambia*)
 Tandi, Agrippa (*Zimbabwe*)
Viljoen, Hercules (*Namibia*)
 Williams, Stephen (*Zimbabwe*)
 Zichawo, Edinah (*Zimbabwe*)

Pachipamwe 1993

Beeton, Keston (*Zimbabwe*)
 Boyce, Sonia (*UK*)
 E Costa, Antonio (*Angola*)
 Cookhorne, Robert (*Jamaica*)
 Funwayo, Japhet (*Zimbabwe*)
 Jogee, Rashid (*Zimbabwe*)
 Johnson, Amana (*USA*)
 Kumpewu, Basil (*Zimbabwe*)
 Lunga, Paul (*Zimbabwe*)
 Madekurozwa, Bulelwa (*Zimbabwe*)
Madibela, Moitshepi (*Botswana*)
 Mahufe, Shepherd (*Zimbabwe*)
 Mangena, Marvellous (*Zimbabwe*)
 Mpofu, Seminar (*Zimbabwe*)
 Mushonga, Martin (*Zimbabwe*)
 Nene, George (*Zimbabwe*)
 Ngwenya, Dumi (*Zimbabwe*)
 Nhatugueja, Hilario Joaquim (*Mozambique*)
 Phiri, Stanley (*Zimbabwe*)
 Rogge, Jo (*Namibia*)
 Sagefors, Elisabet (*Sweden*)
 Tembo, Friday (*Zambia*)
 Thebe, Vote (*Zimbabwe*)
 Williams, Stephen (*Zimbabwe*)

Pachipamwe 1994

Beeton, Keston (*Zimbabwe*)
 Bickle, Berry (*Zimbabwe*)
Chirwa, David (*Zambia*)
 Dixon, Jerry (*UK/Zimbabwe*)
 Ferriera, Govane (*Mozambique*)
 Gutsa, Nicole (*Zimbabwe*)
 Gutsa, Tapfuma (*Zimbabwe*)
 Gutsa, Webster (*Zimbabwe*)
 Jogee, Rashid (*Zimbabwe*)
 Khalfani, Mackandal (*Jamaica*)
 Lees, Alex (*Zimbabwe*)

Machinjili, Godrey (*Zimbabwe*)
Mahlale, Dias (*Mozambique*)
 Mkoki, Coster (*Zimbabwe*)
 Mushonga, Martin (*Zimbabwe*)
 Ngwenya, Dumi (*Zimbabwe*)
 Nkomo, Taylor (*Zimbabwe*)
 Olibile, Silverius (*Namibia*)
Richardson, Frances (*UK*)
 Shikani, Pais Ernesto (*Mozambique*)
 Tembo, Friday (*Zambia*)
 Thebe, Vote (*Zimbabwe*)

Thapong 1989

Abrams, Jake (*UK*)
 Ainslie, Sholto (*South Africa/USA*)
 Baakile, Edith (*Botswana*)
Boeppple, Willard (*USA*)
 Bondo-Kahila (*Zaire*)
 Bremberg, Kristina (*Botswana*)
 Crouch, Judy (*Botswana*)
 Davis, Lionel (*South Africa*)
 Dean, Suzanne (*UK*)
 Dhlomo-Mautloa, Bongiwe (*South Africa*)
 Edwards, Vryan (*UK/Botswana*)
 Gaotlhalehwe, Speedo (*Botswana*)
 Hartland-Rowe, Marion (*Botswana*)
Madebe, Adam (*Zimbabwe*)
 Matome, Neo (*Botswana*)
 Mogotsi, Stephen (*Botswana*)
 Moremi, Victor (*Botswana*)
 Mosinyi, Keeme (*Botswana*)
 Mothebe, Rantefe (*Botswana*)
 Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
 Nyoni, Vusi (*Botswana*)
 Tafa, Justin (*Botswana*)
 Williams, Stephen (*Zimbabwe*)

Thapong 1990

De Lawrence, Nadine (*USA*)
 De Necker, Francois (*Namibia*)
 E Costa, Antonio (*Angola*)
 Edwards, Vryan (*UK/Botswana*)
 Gaotlhalehwe, Speedo (*Botswana*)
 Gontshwanestse, Mokwaledi (*Botswana*)
 Gutsa, Tapfuma (*Zimbabwe*)
 Hartland-Rowe, Marion (*Botswana*)
 Jogee, Rashid (*Zimbabwe*)
Madibela, Moitshepi (*Botswana*)
 Matome, Neo (*Botswana*)
 Mogotsi, Stephen (*Botswana*)
 Moremi, Victor (*Botswana*)

Morris, Mali (*UK*)
Mothebe, Rantefe (*Botswana*)
Nkotsi, Tony (*South Africa*)
Radinoga, Masilonyana (*Botswana*)
Simukanga, Shadreck (*Zambia*)
Williams, Stephen (*Zimbabwe*)

Thapong 1991

Bogatsu, Kentse (*Botswana*)
Budd, Rachel (*UK*)
Christie, Robert (*Canada*)
Edwards, Vryan (*UK/Botswana*)
Ellis, Clay (*Canada*)
Gaotlhalehwe, Speedo (*Botswana*)
Gollifer, Ann (*Botswana*)
Gontshwanestse, Mokwaledi (*Botswana*)
Jack, Richard (*Zimbabwe*)
Madibela, Moitshepi (*Botswana*)
Matome, Neo (*Botswana*)
Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (*South Africa*)
Mogotsi, Stephen (*Botswana*)
Mothebe, Rantefe (*Botswana*)
Mweemba, Patrick (*Zambia*)
Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
Paton, Anthony (*Botswana*)
Scorselo, Joseph (*USA*)
Ubisse, Nurdino (*Mozambique*)
Viljoen, Hercules (*Namibia*)
Williams, Stephen (*Zimbabwe*)
Xwexae Qgam, Dada (*Botswana*)

Thapong 1992

Benhura, Dominic (*Zimbabwe*)
Bogatsu, Kentse (*Botswana*)
Donna Stoner (*Botswana*)
Feng (*Botswana*)
Gollifer, Ann (*Botswana*)
Gontshwanestse, Mokwaledi (*Botswana*)
Jackson, Vanessa (*UK*)
Kekwaletswe, Modirwa Alan (*Botswana*)
Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
Madibela, Moitshepi (*Botswana*)
Mogotsi, Stephen (*Botswana*)
Mulungo, Samate (*Mozambique*)
Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
Qumao Nxuku (*Botswana*)
Sanga, Gershom (*Zambia/Botswana*)
Vinish, Adrian (*Canada*)
Xwexae Qgam, Dada (*Botswana*)
Yombure, Lawrence (*Zambia*)

Thapong 1993

Bloom, Randy (*USA*)
Donoghue, Lynn (*Canada*)
Droge-Wendell, Yvonne (*Germany*)
Edwards, Vryan (*UK/Botswana*)
Fortnum, Rebecca (*UK*)
Gontshwanestse, Mokwaledi (*Botswana*)
Ilunga, Enock (*Zambia*)
Kaashe, Thamae (*Botswana*)
Lucas, Albino Zaqueu (*Mozambique*)
Madibela, Moitshepi (*Botswana*)
Mbatha, Nhlanhla Clement (*South Africa*)
Mogotsi, Stephen (*Botswana*)
Mothebe, Rantefe (*Botswana*)
Moyo, Israel (*Zimbabwe*)
Mwahalukange, Peter (*Namibia*)
Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
Phokela, Johannes (*South Africa/UK*)
Pitz, Herman (*Germany*)
Qumao Nxuku (*Botswana*)
Sanga, Gershom (*Zambia/Botswana*)
Xlalom Qomaxa, 'Ankie' (*Botswana*)

Thapong 1994

Ainslie, Sophia (*South Africa*)
Ballachey, Barbara (*Canada*)
Buenher, Fritz (*USA*)
Donkor, Godfried (*Ghana/UK*)
Edwards, Vryan (*UK/Botswana*)
Ekning, Shaanika (*Namibia*)
Glendenning, Sara (*Botswana*)
Gontshwanestse, Mokwaledi (*Botswana*)
Kaashe, Thamae (*Botswana*)
Kabiito, Richard (*Uganda*)
Ketlogetswe, Tom (*Botswana*)
Kunda, Style (*Zimbabwe*)
Matome, Neo (*Botswana*)
Matseba, Andrew (*Botswana*)
Mellin-Olsen, Kirsten (*Norway*)
Mosarva, Monica (*Botswana*)
Mothebe, Rantefe (*Botswana*)
Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
Ndebele, Tomy (*Zimbabwe*)
Pejic, Zoran (*Yugoslavia*)
Phokompe, Thabiso (*South Africa*)
Sanga, Gershom (*Zambia/Botswana*)
Setshogo, Thamae (*Botswana*)
Watson, Stanford (*Jamaica*)

Thapong 1995

Bardavid, Reggi (*South Africa*)

Beeton, Keston (*Zimbabwe*)
 Biswas, Sutapa (*India/UK*)
 Combs, Frances (*Botswana*)
 Craig, Karl 'Jerry' (*Jamaica*)
 Edwards, Veryan (*UK/Botswana*)
 Faber, Didon (*Botswana*)
 Gilbert, Anita (*UK/Botswana*)
 Gomang, Doreen Galefele (*Botswana*)
 Kirumira, Rose Namubiru (*Uganda*)
 Letsolo, Amos (*South Africa*)
 Madisa, Joseph (*Namibia*)
Mahlale, Dias (*Mozambique*)
 Matseba, Andrew (*Botswana*)
 Mogotsi, Stephen (*Botswana*)
 Mosarwa, Monica (*Botswana*)
 Musoke, Theresa (*Kenya*)
 Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
 Olemogeng, Galetlhabe (*Botswana*)
 Pels, Marsha (*USA*)
 Pettersen, J. Arvid (*Norway*)
 Qgam, 'Dada' (*Botswana*)
 Sebina, Shatho (*Botswana*)
 Setshogo, Thamae (*Botswana*)
 Setti, Godfrey (*Zambia*)
 Weir, Libby (*Canada*)

Thapong 1996

Bakwena, Reginald (*Botswana*)
 Edwards, Veryan (*UK/Botswana*)
 Garfati, Dawn (*Botswana*)
 Gichugu, Meek (*Kenya*)
 Galefele Gomang, Doreen (*Botswana*)
 Gontshwanetse, Mokwaledi (*Botswana*)
 Graovac, Zoran (*Yugoslavia*)
 Hauge, John Audun (*Norway*)
 Karuseb, Karel Karools Shiya (*Namibia*)
 Kiti, Thami (*South Africa*)
 Kyeyune, George W. (*Uganda*)
 Juginder Lamba (*UK*)
 Mackie, Lisa (*USA*)
 Mogotsi, Stephen (*Botswana*)
 Moses, Olebogeng (*Botswana*)
 Morrison, Petrona (*Jamaica*)
 Mothebe, Rantefe (*Botswana*)
 Miko, William (*Zambia*)
 Mpofu, Semina (*Zimbabwe*)
 Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
 Olemogeng, Galetlhabe (*Botswana*)
 Sanga, Gershom (*Zambia/Botswana*)
 Senatla, Pule (*Botswana*)
 Setshogo, Thamae (*Botswana*)

Steenkamp, Sari (*South Africa*)
 Wright, Barbara (*Botswana*)

Ujamaa 1991

Bickle, Berry (*Zimbabwe*)
 Conde, Francisco (*Mozambique*)
 Costa, Antonio (*Angola*)
 Fernandes, Fatima (*Mozambique*)
 Galmez, Ana Maria (*Chile*)
 Goodwin, Paul (*Italy*)
 Govane (*Mozambique*)
 Gutsa, Tapfuma (*Zimbabwe*)
 Langa, Noel (*Mozambique*)
 Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
 Maury, Adrian Velasquez (*Peru*)
 Nagel, Sybille (*South Africa*)
 Romain, Lenore (*Canada*)
 Samate (*Mozambique*)
 Shikani, Pais Ernesto (*Mozambique*)
 Sibidi, Helen (*South Africa*)
 Sousa, Victor (*Mozambique*)
 Soza, Eduardo (*Chile*)
 Ubisse, Nurdino (*Mozambique*)

Ujamaa 1992

Bata (*Mozambique*)
 Cabral, Jose (*Mozambique*)
 De Carvalho, Sol (*Mozambique*)
 Denic, Goran (*Yugoslavia*)
 Fernandes, Fatima (*Mozambique*)
 Galmez, Ana Maria (*Chile*)
 Govane (*Mozambique*)
 Hamilton, Laura (*UK*)
 Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
 Langa, Naftal (*Mozambique*)
 Loving, Al (*USA*)
Madebe, Adam (*Zimbabwe*)
 Maia (*Brasil*)
 Muando (*Mozambique*)
 Muhlana, Abdias (*Mozambique*)
 Ngwenya, Malangatana Valente (*Mozambique*)
 Nkotsi, Tony (*South Africa*)
Richardson, Frances (*UK*)
 Rosa, Fernando (*Mozambique*)
Sadhimba, Reinata (*Mozambique*)
 Sousa, Victor (*Mozambique*)
 Soza, Eduardo (*Chile*)
 Stochofer, Christiane (*Austria/Zimbabwe*)
 Vieira, Joao (*Portugal/Mozambique*)
 Zandamela (*Mozambique*)

Shave 1991

Allison, Simon (*New Zealand*)
 Baker, Vivienne (*UK*)
 Bennett, Wayne (*UK*)
 Best, Anna (*UK*)
 Brunsden, Martin (*UK*)
 Fitzmaurice, John (*USA*)
 Frost, Judith (*UK*)
 Hedger, Mark (*UK*)
 Kerr, Bernadette (*France*)
 Moore, Sally (*UK*)
 Mylius, Jules (*UK*)
 Pearce, Rowena (*Zimbabwe*)
 Ram, Razeetha (*India*)
 Taylor, Marcus (*UK*)
 Walsh, Taylor (*UK*)
 Xi, Jian Jun (*China/UK*)

Shave 1992

Best, Anna (*UK*)
 Bloom, Randy (*USA*)
 Ching, Nai Wee (*Singapore/UK*)
 Dignan, Paul (*UK*)
 Feinmann, Sarah (*UK*)
 Gittings, David (*UK*)
 Lee, Simon (*UK*)
 Malone, Andrew (*UK*)
 Mason, Sophie (*UK*)
 McQuinn, Michelle (*UK*)
 Rees, Sue (*USA*)
 Rodrigues, Mario Jorge (*Portugal*)
 Rowlands, Gwendolyn (*UK*)
 Simukanga, Shadreck (*Zambia*)
 Stevens, Mark (*UK*)
 Tyler, Carol (*UK*)
 Vollmer, Sheila (*USA*)

Shave 1993

Ainslie, Sophia (*South Africa*)
 Bayer, Jane (*UK*)
 Brody, David (*USA*)
 Cummins, Sean (*UK*)
 Edwards, Vervan (*UK/Botswana*)
 Fontoura, Alexandra (*Portugal*)
 Fulton, Lyn (*UK*)
 Gittings, David (*UK*)
 Godwin, Fay (*UK*)
 Kovats, Tanya (*UK*)
 Lewin, Miche (*Zimbabwe*)
 Muzondo, Joseph (*Zimbabwe*)
 Okpe, Tony (*Nigeria*)

Reynolds, Richard (*UK*)
 Sawicka, Jadwiga (*Poland*)
 Shepherd, Dominic (*UK*)

Shave 1994

Balch, Ian (*UK*)
 Barsi, Joze (*Slovenia*)
 Benson, Amanda (*UK*)
 Best, Anna (*UK*)
 Gibbs, Ella (*UK*)
 Kwami, Atta (*Ghana*)
 Lowsley-Williams, Sebastian (*UK*)
 Mellman, Margery (*USA*)
 Raein, Maziar (*UK*)
 Rod, Francoise (*France*)
 Stansfield, Kirsty (*UK*)
 Sy, El Hadji (*Senegal*)
 Wright, Kevin (*UK*)
 Xi, Jian Jun (*China/UK*)
 Zavalova, Irina Victorovna (*Uzbekistan*)

Shave 1995

Best, Anna (*UK*)
 Chassey, Sylvaine (*France*)
 Dementevia, Alexandra (*Belgium*)
 Desai, Ajay (*India*)
 Evans, Mary (*Netherlands*)
 Gibbs, Ella (*UK*)
 Kent, Sarah (*UK*)
 Lillington, David (*UK*)
 Lovejoy, Annie (*UK*)
 Nicholson, Anthea (*UK*)
 Ramishvili, Koka (*Tblisi*)
 Romero, Luis (*Venezuela*)
 Schmitt, Margot (*Germany*)
 Shonibare, Yinka (*Nigeria/UK*)
 Short, Louise (*UK*)
 Silver, Susannah (*UK*)
 Spearin, Gary (*UK*)
 Takahashi, Tomoko (*UK*)
 Timmermans, Reggy (*Belgium*)
 Toure, Yacouba (*Cote D'Ivoire*)

Shave 1997

Pantelic, Zoran (*Yugoslavia*)
 Petric, Bojana (*Yugoslavia*)
 Bramwell, Michael (*USA*)
 Condon, Elizabeth (*USA*)
 Crociani, Andrea (*Italy*)
 Hammacher, Silvia (*Germany*)
 Jari, Jacob (*Nigeria*)

Mullar Paschold, Martina (*Germany*)
 Navarette, Carlos (*Chile*)
 Nicholson, Anthea (*UK*)
 Japharidze, Mamuka (*Germany*)
 Paul, Dominique (*Canada*)
 Sfomi, Martha (*Italy*)
 Spark, Judy (*UK*)
 Sterle, Sandra (*Netherlands*)
 Toure, Yacoube (*Cote D' Ivoire*)

Mbile 1993

Banyard, Jocelyn (*Canada*)
 Bush, Ruth (*Zambia*)
Chandia, Flinto (*Zambia*)
Chirwa, David (*Zambia*)
 De Necker, Francois (*Namibia*)
 Kunda, Style (*Zimbabwe*)
 Madekurozwa, Bulelwa (*Zimbabwe*)
 Mfune, Jane (*Zambia*)
 Mowlem, Geoff (*UK*)
 Muntanga, Emmanuel (*Zambia*)
 Musonda, Maurice (*Zambia*)
 Mwanza, Adam (*Zambia*)
 Mweemba, Patrick (*Zambia*)
 Nevers, Lauey (*Canada*)
 Nkotsi, Tony (*South Africa*)
 Phiri, Peter (*Zambia*)
 Plear, Scoot (*Canada*)
 Setti, Godfrey (*Zambia*)
 Simukanga, Shadreck (*Zambia*)
 Sitwala, Njekwa (*Zambia*)
 Woropay, Vincent (*UK*)
 Yombure, Lawrence (*Zambia*)
 Zichawo, Edinah (*Zimbabwe*)
 Zulu, Elisha (*Zambia*)

Mbile 1994

Allingham, Jodan (*Papua New Guinea*)
 Banyard, Jocelyn (*Canada*)
 Bush, Ruth (*Zambia*)
 Cowley, Kay (*Namibia*)
 Donga, Muzi (*South Africa*)
 Guhrs, Pam (*Zambia*)
 Kalulu, Bonaventure (*Zambia*)
 Kappata, Stephen (*Zambia*)
 Kunda, Style (*Zimbabwe*)
 Malunga, Julia (*Zambia*)
 Maonde, Vincent (*Zambia*)
 Miko, Jerry (*Zambia*)
 Miyanadeniya, Therica (*Zambia*)
 Mpofu, Seminar (*Zimbabwe*)

Mubanga, Eduard (*Zambia*)
 Mumba, Eddie (*Zambia*)
 Mweemba, Esnat (*Zambia*)
 Mweemba, Patrick (*Zambia*)
 Setti, Godfrey (*Zambia*)
 Swan, Lucy (*UK*)
 Tembo, Friday (*Zambia*)
 Wadu, Sane (*Kenya*)
 Xwexae Qgam, Dada (*Botswana*)
 Yombwe, Agnes (*Zambia*)

Mbile 1995

Allingham, Jodan (*Papua New Guinea*)
 Ballachey, Barbara Julie (*Canada*)
 Chanda, Martin (*Zambia*)
Chirwa, David (*Zambia*)
 Edwards, Veryan (*UK/Botswana*)
 Heier, Liv (*Norway*)
 Kirumira, Rose Namubiru (*Uganda*)
 Kunda, Style (*Zimbabwe*)
 Lewanika, David (*Zambia*)
 Malunga, Julia (*Zambia*)
 Mfuzi, Clement (*Zambia*)
 Miko, William (*Zambia*)
 Mooney, Jim (*UK*)
 Mumba, Patrick (*Zambia*)
 Mwamba, Lutanda (*Zambia*)
 Ngirandi, Granete (*Zimbabwe*)
 Nsabashi, Dean (*Zambia*)
 Ojira, Eljar (*Kenya*)
 Phiri, Vincentio (*Zambia*)
 Phokompe, Thabiso (*South Africa*)
 Roberts, John (*UK/Zambia*)
 Sechdave Ladi, Prittpa (*India*)

Mbile 1997

Bohlke, Barbara (*Namibia*)
 Chishimba, Bright R. (*Zambia*)
 Chishimba, Chansa (*Zambia*)
 Chiyaba, Beryl (*Zambia*)
 Chuulu, Kenneth (*Zambia*)
 Eyenga, Felix Edu Alo (*Equatorial Guinea*)
 Bacar, Said (RFI of Comores)
 Ilunga, Enock (*Zambia*)
 Isomaki, Ahti (*Finland*)
 Jonze, Ndlozy Sebastiao A. (*Mozambique*)
 Kaoma, Blackstone (*Zambia*)
 Malunga, Julia (*Zambia*)
 Melbe, Nina Jo (*Norway*)
 Mhango, Teddy Zebbulun (*Zambia*)
 Miko, William (*Zambia*)

Misse, Augustine (*Gabon*)
 Miyanadeniya, Therica Lalanganie (*Zambia*)
 Mosarwa, Monica Banyana (*Botswana*)
 Mumbia, Patrick (*Zambia*)
 Mushipe, Ronnie (*Zambia*)
 Mwamba, Lutanda (*Zambia*)
 Philips, Tony (*UK*)
 Phiri, Vincentio (*Zambia*)
 Roberts, John (*Zambia*)
 Saloranta, Elina (*Finland*)
 Tembo, Friday (*Zambia*)
 Tshikuvhe, Grace (*South Africa*)
 Walubita, Phenny (*Zambia*)
 Wei, Jiang (*Zambia*)

Xayamaca 1993

Akyem-I, Ras (*Barbados*)
 Bellow, June (*Jamaica*)
Boepple, Willard (USA)
 F, Colin (*Jamaica*)
 George, Milton (*Jamaica*)
 Gibson, Maxine (*Jamaica*)
 Gutsa, Tapfuma (*Zimbabwe*)
 Hamilton, Laura (*UK*)
 Hardy, Greg (*Canada*)
 Henriques, Anna (*Jamaica*)
 Hermick, Gayle (*Canada/Barbados*)
 Jefferson, Andy (*Jamaica*)
 Joseph, Woody (*Jamaica*)
 Loving, Al (*USA*)
 McAvity, Catherine (*Canada*)
 McGill, Robert (*Jamaica*)
 McLean, John (*UK*)
 O'Donkor, Mowbray (*Ghana/UK*)
 Stanigar, Marguerite (*Jamaica*)
 Watson, Stanford (*Jamaica*)

Xayamaca 1995

Biggs, Marcia (*Jamaica*)
 Bruguera, Tania (*Cuba*)
 Butcher, Ras Ishi (*Barbados*)
 Campbell, Charles (*Jamaica*)
 Ciona, Joelle (*Canada*)
 Commandaros, Jo Anna (*USA*)
 Cooper, Cecil (*Jamaica*)
 Craig, Karl 'Jerry' (*Jamaica*)
 Daley, Leonard (*Jamaica*)
 Davis, Annalee (*Barbados*)
 Hamilton, Laura (*UK/Jamaica*)
 Keatley, Annabel (*UK*)
 Lewis-Wreinberger, Marlene (*Jamaica*)

Makonzi, Godfrey Lutalo (*Jamaica/Uganda*)
 Palmer, Eugene (*UK*)
 Rodriguez, Fernando (*Cuba*)
 Salmon, Judith (*Jamaica*)
 Soto, Leandro (*USA/Canada*)
 Watson, Stanford (*Jamaica*)

Tulipamwe 1994

Ainslie, Sholto (*South Africa/USA*)
 Baydi, Musaa (*Senegal*)
 Beeton, Keston (*Zimbabwe*)
 Bohlke, Barbara (*Namibia*)
Chirwa, David (Zambia)
 De Necker, Francois (*Namibia*)
 Dicks, Trudi (*Namibia*)
 Ethchecopar, Pascale (*France*)
 Gamathan, Ingrid (*Namibia*)
 Hitikwa, Mateus (*Namibia*)
 Ihuhwa, Ester (*Namibia*)
 Ireland, Helen (*UK*)
Mabasa, Noria (South Africa)
 Madisia, Joseph (*Namibia*)
Mahlata, Dias (Mozambique)
 Masala, Themba (*Namibia*)
 Mtota, Ervast (*Namibia*)
 Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
 Olibile, Silverius (*Namibia*)
 Rogge, Jo (*Namibia*)
 Schluter, Torsten (*Germany*)
 Shikongo, Dasunye (*Namibia*)
 Shipenga, Costa (*Namibia*)
Viljoen, Hercules (Namibia)

Tulipamwe 1995

Bender, Gilbert (*Germany*)
 Beng-Thi, Jack (*France/Reunion*)
 Bohlke, Barbara (*Namibia*)
 Carter, Andrew (*UK*)
 Cowley, Kay (*Namibia*)
 Cullinan, Jenny (*South Africa*)
 Gaomas, Surihes (*Namibia*)
 Karita, Asser (*Namibia*)
 Mabwe, Mavis (*Zimbabwe*)
 Madisia, Joseph (*Namibia*)
 Masule, Ellen (*Namibia*)
 Mongo-Etsion, Remy (*Congo*)
 Mumba, Eddie (*Zambia*)
 Nepela, Onesmus (*Namibia*)
 Olibile, Silverius (*Namibia*)
 Sampson, John (*Namibia*)
 Shikongeni, Ndasuunjic (*Namibia*)

Shipenga, Costa (*Namibia*)
Simbotwe, Valdes (*Namibia*)
Viljoen, Hercules (*Namibia*)

Tulipamwe 1996

Amunkete, Samuel (*Namibia*)
Sibaya, Philisiwe (*South Africa*)
Tacke, Tina (*Namibia*)
Dube, Anita (*India*)
Rogers, Howard (*UK*)
Tembo, Friday (*Zambia*)
Indongo, Niita (*Namibia*)
McRoberts, Cathy (*Namibia*)
Matome, Neo (*Botswana*)
Bugsey, Nakale N.U. (*Namibia*)
Thebe, Voti (*Zimbabwe*)
Kashava, Gabriel (*Namibia*)
Bohlke, Barbara (*Namibia*)
Jonathan, Yoba (*Namibia*)
Garcia, Alfredo (*Namibia*)
Karuseb, Karel Karools Shiya (*Namibia*)
Madi, Augustinus Moemedi (*Namibia*)
Olibile, Silverius "Disang" (*Namibia*)
Muhandi, Chain (*Kenya*)
Berner, Dorte (*Namibia*)
Pongerard, Eric (*Reunion*)
Liot, Eric (*France*)
Viljoen, Hercules (*Namibia*)

Tulipamwe 1997

Bohlke, Barbara (*Namibia*)
Casey, Karen (*Australia*)
Dicks, Trudi (*Namibia*)
Domingos, Ernesto "Muando" (*Mozambique*)
Faithfull, Simon (*UK*)
Garcia, Alfredo (*Namibia*)
Giscloux, Michele (*Reunion/France*)
Jonathan, Yoba (*Namibia*)
Karuseb, Karel Karools Shiya (*Namibia*)
Katschuna, Max-Edis (*Namibia*)
Lanmark, Ann-Mari (*Sweden*)
Loesch-Sutter, Marlyse (*France*)
Mabaso, Dumisani (*South Africa*)
Madibela, Moitshepi (*Botswana*)
Mahlata, Dias (*Mozambique/Namibia*)
Marais, Nicky (*Namibia*)
McRoberts, Cathy (*Namibia*)
Meyer, Michael (*Germany*)
Mvula, Alpheus (*Namibia*)
Phiri, Vincentio (*Zambia*)
Pirron, Barbara (*Namibia*)

Qemseb, Ignatius (*Namibia*)
Rogge, Jo (*Namibia*)
Schnack, Erik (*Namibia*)
Shiimi, Max (*Namibia*)
Simushi, Angerina (*Namibia*)
Sitaku, Mary (*Namibia*)
Viljoen, Hercules (*Namibia*)

Tenq 1994

Baydi, Musaa (*Senegal*)
Best, Anna (*UK*)
Camara, Fode (*Senegal*)
Chandia, Flinto (*Zambia*)
Clarkson, Paul (*UK*)
Dike, Ndidi (*Nigeria*)
Dime, Mustapha (*Senegal*)
Diop, Guibril André (*Senegal*)
Kacimi, Mohamed (*Morocco*)
Keita, Souleymane (*Senegal*)
Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
Kwami, Atta (*Ghana*)
Lette, Khady (*Senegal*)
Mbaye, Amedy Kre (*Senegal*)
N'Diaye, Djibril (*Senegal*)
Nhlengethwa, Sam (*South Africa*)
Nianghongo, Agnes (*Zimbabwe*)
Shikongo, Dasunye (*Namibia*)
Shonibare, Yinka (*Nigeria/UK*)
Sy, El Hadji (*Senegal*)
Thera, Damy (*Mali*)
Toure, Yacouba (*Cote D' Ivoire*)
Traoré, Babacar Sedikh (*Senegal*)
Yacuba, Jacob (*Senegal*)

Pamoja 1995

Boepple, Willard (*USA*)
Chandia, Flinto (*Zambia*)
Chirwa, David (*Zambia*)
Dike, Ndidi (*Nigeria*)
Diop, Guibril André (*Senegal*)
Fata, Arthur (*Zimbabwe*)
Isherwood, Jon (*UK*)
Kabbaj, Ikram (*Morocco*)
Keyte, Duke (*South Africa*)
Mabasa, Noria (*South Africa*)
Madamombe, Colleen (*Zimbabwe*)
Madebe, Adam (*Zimbabwe*)
Madibela, Moitshepi (*Botswana*)
Mahlata, Dias (*Mozambique*)
Nasser, Gamal Abdel (*Egypt*)
Nnaggenda, Francis (*Uganda*)

Richardson, Frances (UK)
Sadhimba, Reinata (Mozambique)
Sy, Djibril (Senegal)
Traoré, Babacar Sedikh (Senegal)
Viljoen, Hercules (Namibia)

Braziers 1995

Benson, Amanda (UK)
Cohen, Andy (UK)
Episalla, Joy (USA)
Faithfull, Simon (UK)
Lilley, David (UK)
Moloney, Bernadette (UK)
Ord, Gill (UK)
Stockwell, Susan (UK)
Vincent, Tom (UK)
Wallis-Johnson, Jason (UK)
Yamaoka, Carrie (USA)

Braziers 1996

Bailey, Chris (UK)
Beth Harland (UK)
Cohen, Any (UK)
Davies, Elizabeth (France/UK)
Gray, Nicola (UK)
James, Keren (UK)
King, Lorraine (UK)
Lewis, Sally (UK)
Novaczek, Ruth (UK)
Ord, Gill (UK)
Vaucher, Gee (UK)
Williams, Chloe (UK)
Wood, Sarah (UK)

Braziers 1997

Barker, Sally (UK)
Chamberlain, Tom (UK)
Cohen, Andy (UK)
Cummins, Sean (UK)
Faithfull, Simon (UK)
Fulton, Lynn (UK)
Guillon, Jean François (France)
Hart, Russell (UK)
Heywood, Sara (UK)
Jaeger, Trudi (Norway)
James, Keran (UK)
Le Moine, Elizabeth (Canada)
Moloney, Bernadette (UK)
Nelson, David (USA)
Ord, Gill (UK)
Perron, Mireille (Canada)

Price, Andy (UK)
Wallis-Johnson, Jason (UK)
Wood, Sarah (UK)
Zlamany, Brenda (USA)

Wasanii 1997

Amoda, Olu (Nigeria)
Asano, Takuji (Japan)
Boepple, Willard (USA)
Burnet, Rob (UK/Kenya)
Foit, Morris (Kenya)
Holland, Lin (UK)
Kahuri, Francis (Kenya)
Kimathi, Richard (Kenya)
Ludenyi, Omega (Kenya)
Muhandi, Chain (Kenya)
Mugambi, Lydia (Uganda)
Musoke, Theresa (Uganda)
Njeri, Lucy (Kenya)
Nyedi, Dastan (Tanzania)
Olemogeng, Galethabe (Botswana)
Ogonga, Jimmy (Kenya)
Parekh, Manisha (India)
Tadjo, Veronique (Cote D'Ivoire)
Wadu, Sane (Kenya)
Wanjiru, Irene (Kenya)

Soroa 1997

Boyce, Sonia (UK)
Bruguera, Tania (Cuba)
Chandrasekaran (Singapore)
Gomez, Luis (Cuba)
Hamilton, Laura (Jamaica/UK)
Harris, Richard (UK)
Heyliger, Glenda (Aruba)
Jungerman, Remy (Surinam)
Kcho (Cuba)
Lopez, Elvis (Aruba)
Mautloa, Patrick Kagiso (South Africa)
Miranda, Ibrahim (Cuba)
Muyake, Osaira (Aruba)
Pon, Juan (Cuba)
Ramirez, Belkis (Dominican Republic)
Segura, Esterio (Cuba)
Thi, Jack Ben (Reunion)
Uribe, Carlos (Columbia)

Khoj 1997

Cader, Muhanned (Sri Lanka)
Callery, Simon (UK)
D'Souza, Walter (India)

Dadi, Iftekar (*Pakistan*)
Desai, Ajay (*India*)
Dube, Anita (*India*)
Gomez, Luis (*Cuba*)
Gupta, Subodh (*India*)
Hughes, Simon (*UK*)
Jonathan, Yoba (*Namibia*)
Koloane, David (*South Africa*)
Kolte, Jyotee (*India*)
Ladi, Prithal S. (*India*)
Nair, Surendran (*India*)
Omega, Ludyeni (*Kenya*)
Raina, Gargi (*India*)
Rajan, C.K. (*India*)
Shetty, Sudershan (*India*)
Tandon, Rini (*Austria*)
Teakel, Wendy (*Australia*)
Vaidyanathan, Radhika (*India*)

Kimberley 1997

Couston, Alison (*Australia*)
Franz, Rina (*Australia*)
Jones, David (*Australia*)
Locke, Hew (*Guyana/UK*)
Moses, Olemogene (*Botswana*)
Ndaba, Velias (*Botswana*)
O'Ferrall, Michael (*Australia*)
Palethorpe, Jan (*Australia*)
Pike, Jimmy (*Australia*)
Plienbanchang, Mongkol (*Thailand*)
Richardson, Frances (*UK*)
Sabana, Setiawan (*Indonesia*)
Setshogo, Thamae (*Botswana*)
Sirivejkul, Nopawan (*Thailand*)
Street, Mervyn (*Australia*)
Ueareeworakul, Nitaya 'Tuk' (*Thailand*)
Ward, Virginia (*Australia*)
Watson, Judy (*Australia*)

Appendix F - Gasworks Resident Artists and Workshops Attended

The following list shows which *International Artists' Workshops* the *Gasworks Resident Artists* have attended; and the names of the artists who participated in the *africa95 visual arts programme* and also attended these particular workshops: (* indicates the *Pamoja Workshop* artists)

Sonia Boyce

- attended the 1993 *Pachipamwe International Artists' Workshop*, Zimbabwe - with *Moitshepi Madibela (Botswana) and Keston Beeton (Zimbabwe) who participated in *On The Road* at the Delfina.
- attended the 1997 *Soroa International Artists' Workshop*, Cuba - with Patrick Kagiso Mautloa (South Africa) who participated in *seven stories* at the Whitechapel and in *On The Road* at the Delfina.

Sean Cummins

- attended the 1992 *Triangle International Artists' Workshop*, USA - with *Willard Boepple (USA) and *Jon Isherwood (UK/USA).
- attended the 1993 *Shave International Artists' Workshop*, UK.
- attended the 1996 *Thupelo International Artists' Workshop*, South Africa.
- attended the 1997 *Braziers International Artists' Workshop*, UK.

Rebecca Fortnum

- attended the 1993 *Thapong International Artists' Workshop*, Botswana - with *Moitshepi Madibela (Botswana). Also, with Gershon Sanga (Zambia / Botswana), who attended the *africa95 SOAS Symposium and Conference*.
- attended the 1995 *Triangle Marseilles International Artists' Workshop*, France - with *Jon Isherwood (UK/USA).

Laura Hamilton

- attended the 1992 *Ujamaa International Artists' Workshop*, Mozambique - with *Adam Madebe (Zimbabwe), *Reinata Sadhimba (Mozambique) and David Koloane (South Africa).
- attended the 1993 *International Artists' Workshop* in Jamaica - with *Willard Boepple (USA) and *Tapfuma Gutsa (Zimbabwe).
- attended the 1997 *Soroa International Artists' Workshop*, Cuba - with Patrick Kagiso Mautloa (South Africa) who participated in *seven stories* at the Whitechapel and in *On The Road* at the Delfina.

Beth Harland

Helen Ireland

- attended the 1994 *Tulipamwe International Artists' Workshop* in Namibia - with *Hercules Viljoen (Namibia), *Dias Mahlate (Mozambique), *David Chirwa (Zambia), *Noria Mabasa (South Africa), Keston Beeton (Zimbabwe) who participated in *On The Road* at the Delfina, and Musaa Baydi (Senegal) who participated in 1994 *Tenq/Articulations International Artists' Workshop*, Senegal.

Jim Mooney

- attended the 1995 *Mbile International Artists' Workshop*, Zambia - with *David Chirwa (Zambia).

Mowbray O'Donkor

- attended the 1993 *International Artists' Workshop*, Jamaica - with *Willard Boepple (USA) and *Tapfuma Gutsa (Zimbabwe).

Johannes Phokela

- attended the 1993 *Thapong International Artists' Workshop*, Botswana - with *Moitshepi Madibela (Botswana). Also, with Gershon Sanga (Zambia / Botswana) who came over to attend the *africa95 SOAS Symposium and Conference*.

Frances Richardson

- attended the 1992 *Ujamaa International Artists' Workshop*, Mozambique - with *Adam Madebe (Zimbabwe), *Reinata Sadhimba (Mozambique) and David Koloane (South Africa).
- attended the 1994 *Pachipamwe International Artists' Workshop* in Zimbabwe - with *David Chirwa (Zambia), *Dias Mahlate (Mozambique), *Tapfuma Gutsa (Zimbabwe), Keston Beeton (Zimbabwe) and Berry Bickle (Zimbabwe) who both participated in *On The Road* at the Delfina.
- attended the 1995 *Pamoja International Artists' Workshop*, UK.
- attended the 1997 *Kimberley International Artists Workshop*, Australia.

Emma Tod

- attended the 1995 *Thupelo International Artists' Workshop*, South Africa.

Jenka Chigic-Vronskaia

- attended the 1992 *Pachipamwe International Artists' Workshop*, Zimbabwe - with *Hercules Viljoen (Namibia), Berry Bickle (Zimbabwe) who participated in *On The Road* at the Delfina, and Stephen Williams (Zimbabwe) who participated in the *SOAS africa95 Symposium*.

Appendix G - Studio & Exhibition Space at *Gasworks* and *Delfina*

The *Gasworks Artists' Studios & Gallery* and *The Delfina Studio Trust* provided studio and exhibition space for twenty-five artists, who came to participate in the *africa95 visual arts programme* and related events:

Gasworks Artists' Studios & Gallery

Keston Beeton (Zimbabwe)

- Studio space, Gasworks (Aug. - Oct. '95).
- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (6 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95)

Moitshepi Madibela (Botswana)

- *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, YSP (12 Aug. - 3 Sept. '95).
- Studio space, Gasworks (5 - 25 Sept. '95).

Flinto Chandia (Zambia)

- *Tenq International Artists' Workshop*, Senegal (Sept. '94).
- *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, YSP (12 Aug. - 3 Sept. '95).
- Studio space, Gasworks (5 Sept. - 28 Oct. '95).
- SOAS Symposium (23 -24 Sept. '95)
- *KABASA* exhibition, Gasworks (18 - 29 Oct. '95).

David Chirwa (Zambia)

- *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, YSP (12 Aug. - 3 Sept. '95).
- Studio space, Gasworks (5 Sept. - 6 Nov. '95).
- SOAS Symposium (23 -24 Sept. '95)
- *KABASA* exhibition, Gasworks (18 - 29 Oct. '95).

Ndidi Dike (Nigeria)

- *Tenq International Artists' Workshop*, Senegal (Sept. '94).
- *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, YSP (12 Aug. - 3 Sept. '95).
- Studio space, Gasworks (5 Sept. - 6 Nov. '95).
- *seven stories about modern art in Africa*, Whitechapel Art Gallery (27 Sept. - 26 Nov. '95).
- *KABASA* exhibition, Gasworks (18 - 29 Oct. '95).

Yinka Shonibare (Nigeria/UK)

- *The Art of African Textiles: Technology, Tradition & Lurex* exhibition, (21 Sept.-10 Dec. '95).
- *Seeing and Believing* exhibition, The Economist (24 Oct. - 11 Nov. '95).
- *Original* exhibition, Gasworks (3 - 19 Nov. '95).

Johannes Phokela (South Africa/UK)

- Resident Studio Artist, Gasworks
- *Original* exhibition, Gasworks (3 - 19 Nov. '95).

Marq Kearney

- *Original* exhibition, Gasworks (3 - 19 Nov. '95).

Virginia Nimarkoh

- *Original* exhibition, Gasworks (3 - 19 Nov. '95).

The Delfina Studio Trust

Berry Bickle (Zimbabwe)

- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (5 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95).

Reinata Sadhimba (Mozambique)

- *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, YSP (12 Aug. - 3 Sept. '95).
- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (5 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95).

Pat Kagiso Mautloa (South Africa)

- Studio space, Delfina
- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (5 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95).

Chika Okeke (Nigeria)

- Studio space
- Open studios, Delfina (4 - 6 Sept. '95).
- *seven stories about modern art in Africa*, Whitechapel Art Gallery (27 Sept. - 26 Nov. '95).

El Hadji Sy (Senegal)

- *Tenq International Artists' Workshop*, Senegal (Sept. '94).
- Studio space, Delfina
- Open studios, Delfina (4 - 6 Sept. '95).
- *Cross-Currents (New Art from Senegal)*, Bluecoat (9 Sept. - 29 Oct. '95).
- *seven stories about modern art in Africa*, Whitechapel (27 Sept. - 26 Nov. '95).

Babacar Traoré (Senegal)

- *Tenq International Artists' Workshop*, Senegal (Sept. '94).
- *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, YSP (12 Aug. - 3 Sept. '95).
- Open studios, Delfina (4 - 6 Sept. '95).

Djibril Sy (Senegal)

- *Tenq International Artists' Workshop*, Senegal (Sept. '94).
- *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, YSP (12 Aug. - 3 Sept. '95).
- Studio space, Delfina (5 Sept. - Oct. '95)

Gamal Abdel Nasser (Egypt)

- *Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*, YSP (12 Aug. - 3 Sept. '95).
- Studio space, Delfina (5 - Sept. 95).
- *Musical Sculptures* performance, Delfina (19 Sept. '95).

Abderrazak Sahli (Tunisia)

- Studio space, Delfina (?)
- Open studios, Delfina (4 - 6 Sept. '95).
- *Abderrazak Sahli*, Leighton House Museum (16 - 28 Oct. '95).

Keston Beeton (Zimbabwe)

- Studio space, Gasworks (Aug. - Oct. '95).
- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (6 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95)

Penny Siopis (South Africa)

- Studio space, Delfina (?)
- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (6 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95)

Antonio Ole (Angola)

- Studio space, Delfina (?)
- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (6 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95)

Norman Catherine (South Africa)

- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (6 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95)

Kendell Geers (South Africa)

- Studio space, Delfina (?)
- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (6 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95)

William Kentridge (South Africa)

- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (6 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95)

Willie Bester (Zimbabwe)

- *On The Road* exhibition, Delfina (6 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95)

Appendix H - Languages Spoken at the *Pamoja Workshop*

	1 st	2 nd	3 rd	4 th	5 th	6 th
Moitshepi Madibela (<i>Botswana</i>)	Setswana	English				
Gamal Abdel Nasser (<i>Egypt</i>)	Arabic	French	English			
Ikram Kabbaj (<i>Morocco</i>)	Arabic	French	English			
Dias Mahlate (<i>Mozambique</i>)	Portuguese	English	Swahili	Shangana	German	French
Reinata Sadhimba (<i>Mozambique</i>)	ChiMakonde	Swahili	Portuguese			
Hercules Viljoen (<i>Namibia</i>)	Afrikaans	English				
Ndidi Dike (<i>Nigeria</i>)	English	Ibo				
Guibril André Diop (<i>Senegal</i>)	Wolof	French	English			
Djibril Sy (<i>Senegal</i>)	Wolof	French	English			
Babacar Traoré (<i>Senegal</i>)	Wolof	French	Italian			
Duke Keyte (<i>South Africa</i>)	Zulu	English	Afrikaans			
Noria Mabasa (<i>South Africa</i>)	Venda	English	Afrikaans	Zulu	Tswana	Shangana
Francis Nnagenda (<i>Uganda</i>)	Buganda	English	Swahili			
Frances Richardson (<i>UK</i>)	English	French				
Jon Isherwood (<i>UK</i>)	English					
Willard Boepple (<i>USA</i>)	English					
Flinto Chandia (<i>Zambia</i>)	Bemba	English				
David Chirwa (<i>Zambia</i>)	Bemba	English				
Arthur Fata (<i>Zimbabwe</i>)	Shona	English				
Adam Madebe (<i>Zimbabwe</i>)	Ndebele	English	Shona	Zulu		
Colleen Madamombe (<i>Zimbabwe</i>)	Shona	English				
Daniel Hunziker (<i>Switzerland</i>)	French	German	English			
Anna Kindersley (<i>UK</i>)	English	French				
Zuleika Kingdon (<i>UK</i>)	English	French				
Anna Bowman (<i>UK</i>)	English	French	Italian			

NB. I do not know which other languages each individual spoke other than those listed above; and I do not know the extent of each individual's fluency in the languages listed.

Appendix J - Moitshepi Madibela's life as an artist in Botswana

RB: I wondered if you could tell me the story of how you became an artist and how you came to be invited to participate in *africa95*. Also, I was wondering whether you think - if you tell me this story it may help me to understand more clearly why you choose to produce the work you do?

MM: *"Yeah, I think it's may be true... to see my story... You know, I decided to become an artist after my O Levels. I like art and by coming to the museum on my last year of my school studies with my geography teacher and seeing the first time other artists [Moitshepi went to visit the annual exhibition by Botswana artists that is held at the National Museum & Art Gallery in Gaborone]. It was my first time to Gaborone and I started to think that may be if I can carry this on, to be an artist, I will succeed [Moitshepi was eighteen years old at the time]. When I saw some of the originals I felt very encouraged. It was my first time to see such originals. Then in 1989, after my O Levels one of the teachers helped me to put up a show in Mahalapye Catholic Hall. I lived in that time with my brother, he is a teacher at Madibela boarding school. I had almost eighty pictures in the show. There I sold almost two pictures and that encouraged me. They were unframed.*

"Then in '90 I went to Serowe Museum and there I met Mokwaledi Gontshwanetse [a local Botswana artist]. He had a space in a studio in the museum building and when I told him what I'm doing and I want to become an artist he introduced me to a Danish man, who is a museum director by that time. He told me I could have a space. So I did that for a year. By that time I had less than a hundred pictures and I displayed my work one time and I sold one piece for 45 pula [£11.25]. During the opening, the evening when people were invited to meet the artist, a lot of people encouraged me. There were may be less than twenty people. Some were white people who live in Serowe and some of the teachers were there. At first I was nervous but then they encouraged me. They told me I was good and I should carry on improving my talent and that one day I'll make it.

"That same year, at Serowe Museum, I went on a drawing course and I met Vervan Edwards, the chairperson for Thapong Workshop. Vervan discovered that I can be a good artist, that I'm talented. So she invited me in '90 Thapong and there as well I was encouraged by other artists by different parts of the world that I should continue to work as a painter."

RB: How did you feel attending your first Thapong Workshop?

MM: *"I felt very afraid of meeting international artists who are already used to painting with all the people looking at them. By that time I was only a painter. I used to work alone not with somebody looking at myself working. In the first week I did something I normally did. And I saw the artists doing, for the first time I saw abstract work. I saw it was very interesting and I remember asking some of the colleagues why people do things that are abstract and that are difficult to understand? They said it is mostly for experimentation. So when I had settled, in my second week, I tried abstract work and it made me feel free, you know to work freely when painting. They told me when somebody is painting he shouldn't restrict on certain rules of art. It encouraged me, even though I'm working mostly on something that is figurative. The artists liked my abstract painting and there were even some people who wanted to buy it. The painting I made, I called it *Rocks*. But I couldn't sell it, because it was the donation for going in the Thapong Collection.*

"After I left the workshop I felt inspired to become a full-time artist and that's when I decided to apply for the Financial Assistance Policy. In fact the Financial Assistant Policy is assisting the Botswana or people who are

doing more or less things like crafts. So what made me do something like this was because I was thinking when I can do crafts on sometime and painting on sometime, I will make money with crafts, make a living, something to eat. That was one of the possibility of getting money from the Financial Assistance Policy. But if I was to say I want to be a full-time artist I wouldn't get that money, because they would think it's not something that I would sell.

"The Financial Assistance Policy is giving you 8,000 pula [£2,000]. To get the 8,000 I had to contribute 3,000 pula [£750]. So I had to apply for a loan from the National Development Bank. You know, I see the Financial Assistance Policy is working together with the National Development Bank. They are in the same building actually. The National Development Bank is giving me a loan of 3,000 pula and then I am getting the 8,000. I was supposed to do a payment of 150 pula [£38] every month for three years to pay the loan of 3,000. What happens actually is I wasn't given the money. I went to the shops to get the prices and I give the receipts to the bank. Then the owner of the shop is going to collect the cheque from the bank and I am getting the tools and materials from the shop. In the first two months I got all that I needed with the receipts. I used all the 8,000 pula and all the 3,000 pula in that time.

"I managed to pay the 150 pula for every month for 18 months and then I had to solve my problem. You see, it was difficult to sell the crafts. The problem was transport from my home village to Selebi Phikwe [the only transportation for this trip is to hitch-hike]. If you take a lot of things in boxes and you hitch hike with them, it's a problem for the owner of the car or may be people who want to go with the car, if you want to go somewhere different to sell. Also you find them broken on arriving. I managed to go one time and sold 400 pula [£100] for the crafts and may be another 700 pula [£175].

"In this time I went to '91 & '92 Thapong Workshop. In this time I was working as a sculptor and that was the first time the artists see my work as a sculptor. At the workshop I came to realise that craft is something you can produce in large amounts, something which is the same. Sculpturing is something that is from inside and to repeat it is quite difficult. We have crafts people in Botswana, but sculpturing is different. So they encouraged me, because by that time there were no sculptors in Botswana. So they said I have to continue doing this so we can have other sculptors coming up and getting encouraged in Botswana.

"In this time I also went to '93 Thapong Workshop and I was starting to do some drawings and painting and sculpturing at the same time and to make my style of black & white. I started changing from colour, because it was hard to get paints and I can afford black paint or charcoal and I can find the wood near to my home village. I worked in wood, because we don't have stone in Botswana. Well, it might be there, but we haven't discovered it yet. This was the time when I changed to doing sad issues and sad faces, because it was happening in Botswana for a lot of people. I put myself within them. I was sad, so I had to put myself within them. I was encouraged to be a full-time artist, but you know it is difficult to sell something."

RB: How were you managing at this time to earn a living and pay back your loan from the National Development Bank?

MM: "I managed to pay the 150 pula [£37.50] loan for one year and a half and the other remaining year and a half I didn't manage to pay. Then that's when I decided to go and work in Richmark Poultry in '94 to solve my problem. This is why I didn't come to '94 Thapong Workshop. I was in Richmark Poultry. That chicken farm near to my home village for work. I started on 500 pula [£125], although after one month I was paid 1,200 pula [£300] every month, because Mr Kirby, the owner, said I was good at working.

"Then after working in Richmark Poultry for one year, the people in my village said you come and stand for the

elections for the government sub-land board representative job. They say, because you are one of the good people in the village. And I said, OK that's may be the time I can do something and I may be can make some money, so I can be a full-time sculptor. The sub-land board job is one month on and one month off and you get 1,200 pula [£300] for every month, even for the months off. The contract is for five years, with may be an extension if you have to be re-elected. So I decided to represent my home village in the sub-land board. The office for the job is in Maunatlala Village, which is may be 3 hours from Moletemane Village. Moletemane Village is my home village [Moitshepi's home village does not show-up on any ordinance survey maps].

"In our sub-land board there are thirteen villages and for these villages there are eight representatives. Some of the representatives take for two villages if the villages are not so big - this is what happen for my village. My home village and a next village elect together for one representative. So we are eight members and in the eight there is a chairman and a vice. We listen to the peoples' allocations for land. You see, in Botswana every person when they come to twenty-one they can make an application for their entitlement: a plot of land for their house, a plot of land for their fields for ploughing and also may be some land for their cattle post. The sub-land board members, we decided on the allocations and sort out the problems.

"Let me tell you the procedure. Every five years the District Officer will come to the village and tell the headman or the chief that - "I have come for this purpose: for your people to select two people, who will be the names sent to the ministry and then the ministry will select one name, who will represent the village in the sub-land board." Then the chief will call the people to the Kgotla. This is the meeting place in the village, and he will tell them that - "you are here called to select your representative in the sub-land board." My home village and a next village elect together for one representative. What they do is people they raise hands to elect four people. Two people from my village and two from the other village. So after electing in the Kgotla they send two names to the ministry, the first person who has a higher number and the second only. Then the ministry elect one representative to work in the sub-land board.

"This is how I was elected by the ministry. You see, they need people who know how to write and read English. I have the highest education in my home village and for the other village. I have Form 5 (O' levels). In my sub-land board we have 3 Standard 7's, 3 Junior Certificates (Form 3) and 2 Form 5's (O' levels). One of the Form 5's she left to be a teacher, so we only have seven members now. So I am the only Form 5 now. The chair-Lady and the Vice, they are both Junior Certificate. I feel better than them, but there are things that you need to know before you can be the Chair. What they do to get the Chair and the Vice is they take two people from the old members who are in the new elected Sub-land Board. These two they make the Chair and the Vice. They do this for may be the first year, because they know a lot of things which has happened before.

"Let me tell you about the job. All the representatives go to the first meeting in Maunatlala. It is a special meeting for the first day of work for every month's work. We must put on a shirt and tie and jacket, or suit may be. We read the minutes and to get an idea about what trouble, like may be bore-holes that somebody claimed from long-time back, but it is may be it is actually a self-allocation bore-hole. And the second thing is to see the number of applications in each village. Then we go to the villages to do the allocations, but we don't wear a tie and jacket for these visits. It is only for the special meetings we put on a tie and a jacket. If you put on this clothes and be extra clean, then I would say, people then think he is respective or somebody who is educated.

"In Maunatlala - my work village - we combine our special meeting with the people who apply for land in that village. So we invite them after we have solved our agenda. We call them to interview. So those are the only people for allocations, who see us in this special clothes. The people in the other villages who apply for allocations do not

see us in this special clothes. I feel these people in Maunatlala they are frightened, because most people believe that when you put on a suit you are somebody special and you are respected. I feel sorry for the people in Maunatlala, because a poor boy like me he is getting a position he is supposed not to get. There's one or two other members who joke in the sub-land board and who think this also, but the other members who have served in the land board from some years I would say that they are rich because they have big houses. In fact, after the contract for five years, you are given some money. It is called the gratuity money. I understand you are given something like ten thousand pulas [£2,500]. So if you are re-elected for another five years you can be rich then. Some of the sub-land board representatives have been may be for 15 years, so I would say they are rich."

RB: Do you think the people at the museum in Gaborone would respect you more if they knew you worked as a representative for one of the government sub-land boards? That you had a responsible job?

MM: *"May be they will respect me, but they know you are from a poor family. If you are from a rich family you wouldn't have gone for the land board. They would be shocked also, because most of the people who go for the land board are retired people, from the government departments. They are old people. I am the youngest person. I am thirty years only. Also, you know it's not easy for me in this job. There are many problems.*

"You see, the people of Maunatlala - my work village - they don't like the people of Monetemane - my home village - because Moletemane Village is in the place of Maunatlala people cattle post. You see, most of the people in my home village, most of the originality is the people who moved from working in the farms in the Tuli Block [the farming belt on the border of South Africa and Botswana]. So they settle at the place where is Richmark Poultry, so it was easy for them to work in the Richmark Poultry. Then they came and eventually made a village. Then a village need a chief and people to represent in the sub-land board. But the people of Maunatlala they didn't want the village of Moletemane, because it was coming as a village in their cattle post. So when I work I have to live in Maunatlala and so I'm very careful and I don't talk a lot and I don't go close to them.

"You know, one of the guys who I'm working with, he's representing his village of Maunatlala - my work village. This guy he tried to spoil my name, to make me leave, to make my village not have a sub-land board representative. He did this thing when he heard I was going to the UK for Yorkshire Workshop. He went and told the main land board that - "so and so is going so we are going to have problems." Then he said - " why can't you get someone who stays in the same village, someone from Maunatlala, for this job."

"You see, if somebody goes before the five year contract is finished, because the government won't allow people to elect again, they prefer to take somebody who has done the job before. So the person is not behind so to speak when they arrive late in the land board. This man, say someone from Maunatlala to represent Moletamane Village is good for this, because I am going for the Yorkshire Workshop. When I heard this from somebody I felt sorry for myself and I said I shouldn't go for the Yorkshire Workshop. Then the ministry said it was OK, but now it is difficult to go to Thapong Workshop for this problems.

RB: Would you like to be the Chairman or Vice Chairman of your sub-land board?

MM: *"Every year we re-elect for the Chairman and the Vice. The people who elect is us the representatives. The one who has the highest number has the Chairman and the second is the Vice Chairman. So we made the elections and we had a Chair-Lady and then we had a tie for the Vice. So we talked among ourselves and said who should we elect who is good and I was supposed to be the Vice. But one of our men who we talked to, he misunderstood me somewhere. He had this possibility that I might have problems here and there. So when the Chair-Lady is not*

around, it means that I will be the Chairman, and I'm not good at doing it. I told him I can try. But that man who was making the problem for me going to Yorkshire workshop, that man he was then elected for the Vice. And then I said - "it's OK we see next year." It's good to be the Chairman or Chair-Lady or the Vice, because they earn more than us. You see, they have to come and prepare for the schedule of meetings and sometimes they are called to attend meetings in Serowe or Gaborone. If I am Chairman or vice I can go to Gaborone in the Land-board truck to see the museum and may be I can take my sculptures to sell them in the museum or may be to put them for the exhibition."

RB: Was it expensive for you to come to Britain to participate in *africa95*?

MM: "Although you are not paying for materials, food, etc. I have to leave my job in the Government Sub-land Board. So I have to ask may be I can go to the workshop. You see, I am the youngest children for my parents. You see, in Botswana the youngest child is taking care of the parents. I must give my parents money. Also to build them a house, because the one they got now is no good when the rains come. You know, my mother is getting old for doing the roof. Although my parents they do like my art works, but they give me that advice to may be not to do it. It's difficult for them to understand that the money is not coming quickly from it."

RB: How important is it for you to return to Botswana with some money after the *Pamoja Workshop*?

MM: "My parents will be very happy. It will be like a healing time for them (he laughs at the thought)... You know, my time in Yorkshire is like a healing time. If you are working with other people you will see how to experiment and they can advise you to improve. They can encourage you to continue. I feel inspired in my time in Yorkshire to be a full-time artist. When I finish the Sub-land Board job I can build my parents house. After I get my gratuity. Then I can work as a full-time artist. This is my plan."

Appendix K - ChiMakonde Words and Phrases I used with Reinata Sathimba.

ChiMakonde

A

Adecala
Aju
Aija
Akoola
Ambi pumulila!
A ndyoka e enkodola
Apah
Apah de Madengo
Atata

English

Mother
This one (person)
That one (person)
There
Rest now!
Naughty child (to smack them)
Here
Workshop
Father

B

Binadamu
Botaga

Human beings (style of carving)
Pain

C

Chakulya
Chala
Chima
Chima mula
Chuva
Citumbo

Food / meal
Finger
Close (the curtains)
Open (the curtains)
Chest
Belly

D

Dealanee
Deesinger
Dekoladeoway
Dibolo
Didamba
Dijaanga

Earring
Steps (to walk up or down)
Family
Penis
Farting (to fart)
Stone

E

Eedololay
Elo
Emula
Emula na leeu

To write
Yes
Nose
Crying eyes / nose

I

Ida
Ingnanday
Ingoma
Intaado

Come
House
Dance
Bridge

J

Jamaakey
Juluku

Fish
Money

K

Koochumcoodu
Koojocha
Koolala
Koomay
Koopeeshee
Kueluka
Kuika
Kulota
Kulunda
Kunoway
Kuona
Kuka
Kuwanela
Kuvena

Anal sex
Kiln
To sleep
To give birth (to exit)
Pictures / photos
To go away
To arrive
To like / love
To learn ability, intelligence
Chicken
To see
To go away (to shoo away)
To go walk about (on a trip)
To go (around)

Kutangola
Kwalayla moosinger
Kwamboka

L

Leamber
Leedo
Leekoono
Leetoko
Leeu
Leewarli
Lidodo
Lisinamu
Loosee
Lunduno

M

Madengo
Madolo
Makonde

Mangu
Maonyesho
Masinamu
Maavi
Maydi
Meeno
Mimunda
Mungooleeo
Munu
Mwali
Mwanaatu
Mwongo

N

Nandi
Nandi kumene
Nemumbu
Ndimanya
Ndyoko
Nelo
Ngnanday
N'goma
Ngongwe
Njoka
Nkono
Nlongo
Nngambe
Noome
Noomewangu
Ntella
Ntima
Numewangu
Nume
Nunkongue

O

Ooti

S

Shalooza
Shetani

T

Tambana

U

Udannee wamaoowa
Umwaydo

To speak
To walk down
To walk up

Leaf
Yesterday
Shit
Vagina
Eye
Bosoms (female breasts)
Leg
Sculpture
Lights (electric)
Tomorrow

Work
Legs
Thicket covered plateau (name given to the
Makonde peoples homeland)
I / me
Exhibition
Sculptures
Ankle bracelet
Water
Mouth
Stomach
Key
Person
Young women
Sister
Back

Tree
Log
Balls (genitals)
I know
Child
Today
House
Female rites of initiation (3 stages)
Woman
Snake
Arm
Clay
Tortoise / turtle
Husband
My husband
Medicine
Heart
My Brother
Brother
Daughter

All (of them)

To sell
Spirits (style of carving)

Sexual act (penis ¼ in vagina)

Green grass
To go for a piss (to pass water)

Ujamaa	Unity; Community Life (also the name given to a style of Makonde carving)
Utoovera	Sexual act (full penetration of vagina)
V	
Vadyoko	Children
Vanu	People
Veenu	To give (a present)
Vohe	Many
Vyala	Fingers / toes
W	
Wali	Girls
Y	
Yambone	Good / nice
Yambone na mene	Very good
Numbers (based on Swahili):	
Moja	One
Bili	Two
Tatu	Three
Nne	Four
Tano	Five
Seeta	Six
Sarba	Seven
Nani	Eight
Teacher	Nine
Kumi	Ten
Phrases & Small Conversations	
Abali ya nelo	Good day (only say this the first time you see someone).
Abali ya lyamba	Good morning
Uumumi?	How are you?
Nangu nimumi	I am fine
Kwali wako?	How about you?
Nimumi	I'm fine
Tongola chana	Speak slowly
Tongola ne mene	Speak slowly
Undimuka sana?	Did you sleep well?
Diodasana/	Are you happy?
Didoba?	Are you tired?
Elo	Yes
Mitela chipali	Medicine is here / ready
Lyna lyako lyani?	What is your name?
Lyna lyake... (?)	His / her name is... (?)
Lyna lyangu...	My name is...
Lyna lyake unkuLOWANGU Zuleika knee Zacharia	Zuleika's brother is called Zachary
Abali ya madengo?	How is work going?
Inkuka sana	It's going well
Madengo yambone	Nice / good work
Yambone na mene lisanamu (pl. masinamu)	Very nice / good sculpture (sculptures)
Inkwida kwangu	It's attractive
Inkwilala	It's attractive
Nangu mwanda nelo needaoOJA jumatanu	I'm going today and will return on Wednesday.
Nangu mwanda kukaja nelo	I'm going to my house today.
Abali ya mwanda?	How was your trip?
Dowoodgeca	I'm returning
Tundaone kavili	We will see each other again soon.
Tuke!	Let's go!
Muve pachi?	Where is he / she?
Chakulya chipali	Food is here / ready
Undimuka sana?	Did you sleep well?
Ida Kuno	Come here

Appendix L - Pamoja artists africa95 visual arts programme schedule

Moitshepi Madibela, *Botswana*

- *Studio space* at the Gasworks Artists' Studios, London: 5 - 22 Sept. '95
- Visited *Summer Residency Open Studios*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: 5 Sept. '95
- Attended Private View of *African Metalwork*, Crafts Council, London: 13 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Attended *African Artists: school, studio & society*, SOAS Symposium, London: 23 - 24 Sept. '95
- Visited *Reliefs and Sculptures by El Anatsui*, The October Gallery, London: 23 Sept. '95
- Departed for Gaborone, Botswana: 25 Sept. '95

Gamal Abdel Nasser, *Egypt*

- *Studio space* at the Delfina Studio Trust, London: 5 Sept. - 2 Oct. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Participated in the *Musical Sculpture Performance*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: 19 Sept. '95
- Departed for Cairo, Egypt: 4 Oct. '95

Ikram Kabbaj, *Morocco*

- Departed for Casablanca, Morocco: 4 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95

Dias Mahlate, *Mozambique*

- Taught on the *Sculpture Course*, YSP: 5 - 9 Sept. '95
- Worked in *Maryclare Foa's Studio*, London: 12 - 19 Sept. '95
- Attended Private View of *African Metalwork*, Crafts Council, London: 13 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Departed for Maputo, Mozambique: 19 Sept. '95

Reinata Sadhimba, *Mozambique*

- *Studio space* at the YSP: 5 - 9 Sept. '95
- Worked in *Sokari Douglas Camp's Studio*, London: 12 - 16 Sept. '95
- Attended Private View of *African Metalwork*, Crafts Council, London: 13 Sept. '95
- Worked in *Magdalene Odundo's Studio*, Farnham: 17 - 19 Sept. '95
- Departed for Maputo, Mozambique: 19 Sept. '95
- Worked exhibited in *On the Road*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: 6 Oct. - 12 Nov. '95
- Work exhibited in *Reinata Sadhimba & Noria Mabasa: stories from Mozambique and south africa* exhibition, YSP: 14 Oct. - 19 Nov. '95

Hercules Viljoen, *Namibia*

- Departed for Windhoek, Namibia: 4 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95

Ndidi Dike, *Nigeria*

- *Studio Residency* at the Gasworks Artists' Studio, London: 5 Sept. - 5 Nov. '95
- Visited *Summer Residency Open Studios*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: 5 Sept. '95
- Attended Private View of *African Metalwork*, Crafts Council exhibition, London: 13 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Visited *Big City: Artists from Africa*, Serpentine Gallery, London: 29 Oct. '95
- Attended the Private View of *Technology, Tradition & Lurex: The Art of African Textiles*, Barbican Art Gallery: 19 Sept. '95
- Attended *African Artists: school, studio & society*, SOAS Symposium, London: 23 - 24 Sept. '95
- Visited *Reliefs and Sculptures by El Anatsui*, The October Gallery, London: Sept. '95
- Attended Private View of *seven stories about modern art in africa*, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London: 26 Sept. '95
- Work exhibited in *seven stories about modern art in africa*, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London: 27 Sept. - 26 Nov. '95
- Attended *Mediums of Change: The Arts in Africa*, SOAS Conference, London: 29 Sept. - 1 Oct. '95
- Work exhibited in *KABASA*, Gasworks Gallery, London: 18 - 29 Oct. '95
- Attended Private View of *Original*, Gasworks Gallery, London: 2 Nov. '95
- Departed for Lagos, Nigeria: 4 Nov. '95

André Diop, *Senegal*

- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Departed for Senegal: in Sept. '95

Djibril Sy, Senegal

- *Studio space* at the *Delfina Studio Trust*, London: 5 Sept. - Oct. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Attended *African Artists: school, studio & society*, SOAS Symposium, London: 23 - 24 Sept. '95
- Departed for Senegal: in Oct. '95

Babacar Sedikh Traoré, Senegal

- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *Summer Residency Open Studios & exhibition*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: 5 - 7 Sept. '95
- Departed for Senegal: Oct. '95

Duke Keyte, South Africa

- *Studio space* at the YSP: 5 - 9 Sept. '95
- Departed for Johannesburg, South Africa: 12 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95

Noria Mabasa, South Africa

- Taught on the *Five Day Sculpture Course*, YSP: 5 - 9 Sept. '95
- Departed for Johannesburg, South Africa: 12 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *Reinata Sadhimba & Noria Mabasa: stories from Mozambique and south africa* exhibition, YSP: 14 Oct. - 19 Nov. '95
- Work exhibited in *Siyawela: Love, Loss and Liberation in Art from South Africa*, Birmingham Museums & Art Gallery: 21 Oct. '95 - 14 Jan. '96

Francis Nuaggenda, Uganda

- Departed for Uganda: 5 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95

Frances Richardson, UK

- Returned to work as *Resident Artist* at the *Gasworks Artists' Studios*, London: from 5 Sept. '95
- Attended Private View of *African Metalwork*, Crafts Council, London: 13 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Visited *Reinata Sadhimba & Noria Mabasa: stories from Mozambique and south africa* exhibition, YSP: 14 Oct. '95
- Attended the Private View of *Technology, Tradition & Lurex: The Art of African Textiles*, Barbican Art Gallery: 19 Sept. '95
- Attended the *Musical Sculpture Performance*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: 19 Sept. '95
- Attended *African Artists: school, studio & society*, SOAS Symposium, London: 23 - 24 Sept. '95
- Attended Private View of *seven stories about modern art in africa*, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London: 26 Sept. '95
- Attended *Mediums of Change: The Arts in Africa*, SOAS Conference, London: 29 Sept. - 1 Oct. '95
- Attended Private View of *Africa: The Art of a Continent*, Royal Academy of Arts: 3 Oct. '95
- Attended Private View of *On The Road*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: 5 Oct. '95
- Visited *Big City: Artists from Africa*, Serpentine Gallery, London: 29 Oct. '95
- Attended Private View of *Original*, Gasworks Gallery, London: 2 Nov. '95

Jon Isherwood, UK

- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Returned to the USA: Sept. '95

Willard Boepple, USA

- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Departed for New York, USA: 5 Sept. '95

Flinto Chandia, Zambia

- *Studio Residency* at the *Gasworks Artists' Studio*, London: 5 Sept. - 21 Oct. '95
- Attended Private View of *African Metalwork*, Crafts Council, London: 13 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: Sept. '95
- Attended the Private View of *Technology, Tradition & Lurex: The Art of African Textiles*, Barbican Art Gallery: 19 Sept. '95
- Participated in *African Artists: school, studio & society*, SOAS Symposium, London: 23 - 24 Sept. '95
- Attended *Mediums of Change: The Arts in Africa*, SOAS Conference, London: 29 Sept. - 1 Oct. '95
- Attended Private View of *Africa: The Art of a Continent*, Royal Academy of Arts: 3 Oct. '95
- Attended Private View of *On The Road*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: 5 Oct. '95
- Visited *Big City: Artists from Africa*, Serpentine Gallery, London: 29 Oct. '95
- Exhibited work in *KABASA*, Gasworks Gallery, London: 18 - 29 Oct. '95
- Departed for Lusaka, Zambia: 21 Oct. '95

David Chirwa, Zambia

- *Studio Residency at the Gasworks Artists' Studio*, London: 5 Sept. - 9 Nov. '95
- Attended Private View of *African Metahwork*, Crafts Council, London: 13 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Attended the Private View of *Technology, Tradition & Lurex: The Art of African Textiles*, Barbican Art Gallery: 19 Sept. '95
- Attended the *Musical Sculpture Performance*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: 19 Sept. '95
- Participated in *African Artists: school, studio & society*, SOAS Symposium, London: 23 - 24 Sept. '95
- Attended Private View of *seven stories about modern art in africa*, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London: 26 Sept. '95
- Attended Private View of *Africa: The Art of a Continent*, Royal Academy of Arts: 3 Oct. '95
- Attended Private View of *On The Road*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: 5 Oct. '95
- Visited *Big City: Artists from Africa*, Serpentine Gallery, London: 29 Oct. '95
- Exhibited work in *KABASA*, Gasworks Gallery, London: 18 - 29 Oct. '95
- Attended Private View of *Original*, Gasworks Gallery, London: 2 Nov. '95
- Departed for Lusaka, Zambia: 9 Nov. '95

Arthur Fata, Zimbabwe

- Departed for workshop in Germany (5 Sept. '95), before returning to London in Oct. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95
- Exhibited work in *KABASA*, Gasworks Gallery, London: 25 Oct. '95
- Attended *Myths & Mothballs*, Eastern Arts Conference, Courtauld Institute, London: 26 Oct. '95
- Attended Private View of *Exposing the Archive: Visual Dialogues between Photography and Anthropology*, Photographers' Gallery, London: 26 Oct. '95
- Visited *Big City: Artists from Africa*, Serpentine Gallery, London: 29 Oct. '95
- Visited *seven stories about modern art in africa*, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London: Oct. '95
- Visited *Africa: The Art of a Continent*, Royal Academy of Arts: Oct. '95
- Visited *On The Road*, Delfina Studio Trust, London: Oct. '95

Adam Madebe, Zimbabwe

- Departed for Bulawayo, Zimbabwe: 5 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95

Colleen Madamombe, Zimbabwe

- Departed for workshop in Germany, before returning to Harare, Zimbabwe: 5 Sept. '95
- Work displayed in *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop* exhibition, YSP: from Sept. '95

Appendix M - Work made by Reinata Sadhimba in Britain (Aug. - Sept. '95)

1. Shetani	Private Collection
2. The Snake Family	Mozambique High Commission
3. Reinata	Mozambique High Commission
4. Mother and Child (<i>Yambone Munu</i> - Good Person)	Mozambique High Commission
5. The Massage	Private Collection
6. Sexual Encounter	Mislaid (YSP)
7. Market Basket and Naughty Children	Mozambique High Commission
8. <i>Ujamaa</i>	Mozambique High Commission
9. "They have stolen the back of my head"	Damaged (in kiln)
10. "Reinata Ndyoko" (Reinata's Child)	Private Collection
11. Ruth	Private Collection (Gift from Reinata)
12. Single Headed Mask	Damaged (in kiln)
13. Double Headed Mask	Mozambique High Commission
14. "Robert" (<i>Munu Juluku</i> - Money Man)	Private Collection
15. Large Head	Mozambique High Commission
16. The Belly Man	Destroyed (in kiln)
17. The Son	Mozambique High Commission
18. Siamese Twins	Mozambique High Commission
19. Prayer Pot	Destroyed (in kiln)
20. Double Head I	Destroyed (work in process)
21. Mother Giving Birth	Private Collection
22. Mother Carrying New-born Baby	Private Collection
23. Shetani II	Private Collection
24. Half A Man	Mozambique High Commission
25. The Pumpkin Pot	Mozambique High Commission
26. Pumpkin, Tortoise and Water Pot	Private Collection
27. Friendship I (" <i>Anna / Reinata</i> ")	Private Collection
28. Friendship II (" <i>Anna / Reinata</i> ")	Private Collection
29. Mother Nursing Her New-born Child	Private Collection
30. The Great Fight	Mozambique High Commission
31. Water Carrier	Private Collection (Gift from Reinata)
32. Pregnant Woman	Private Collection (Gift from Reinata)
33. Family of Turtles (4 of 5 pieces)	Private Collection (Gift from Reinata)
34. Family of Turtles (1 of 5 pieces)	Private Collection (Gift from Reinata)
35. Double Head II	Destroyed (during work in process)
36. Makonde Woman	Private Collection (Gift from Reinata)
37. Makonde Man	Private Collection (Gift from Reinata)



Main Cast of Characters Discussed In My Thesis

Co-founders, Curators, Consultants & Artists involved in *africa95: A Season Celebrating the Arts of Africa*.

Hassan Aliyu	Nigerian artist living in Britain; affiliated with <i>The 198 Gallery</i> .			
Anna Bowman	Educational Officer at the <i>Yorkshire Sculpture Park</i> .			
Clementine Deliss	Co-founder of <i>africa95</i> . Artistic Director of <i>africa95</i> ; co-curator of <i>seven stories</i> at the Whitechapel.			
Vernan Edwards	British artist living in Botswana. Co-founder and Chairperson of the <i>Thapong Workshop</i> , Botswana.			
Anna Kindersley	Co-ordinator for the <i>Triangle Arts Trust</i> & the <i>Pamoja Workshop</i> .			
Zachary Kingdon	Anthropologist. Worked on the <i>africa95</i> exhibition at the <i>Royal Academy of Arts</i> .			
Zuleika Kingdon	Film-maker. Produced the video of the <i>Pamoja Workshop</i> .			
Robert Loder	Collector of contemporary African art. Co-founder of <i>Triangle Arts Trust</i> & <i>International Workshop Movement</i> . Co-founder of <i>africa95</i> & Executive Committee Member.			
Feicity Lunn	Exhibitions Officer at the <i>Whitechapel</i> ; co-curator of <i>seven stories</i> .			
John Picton	Lecturer in the Department of Art & Archaeology, SOAS. Consultant for the <i>africa95</i> exhibition at <i>Barbican Art Gallery</i> .			
Susan Vogel	Curator; worked on initial ideas for the <i>africa95</i> exhibition at the <i>Royal Academy of Arts</i> .			

Artists who participated in the *africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop*.

Willard Boeple	USA	Ikram Kabbaj	Morocco	Gamal Abdel Nasser	Egypt
Flinto Chandia	Zambia	Duke Keyte	South Africa	Francis Nnaggenda	Uganda
David Chirwa	Zambia	Noria Mabasa	South Africa	Frances Richardson	UK
Ncidi Dike	Nigeria	Colleen Madamombe	Zimbabwe	Reinata Sadimba	Mozambique
Guibril André Diop	Senegal	Adam Madebe	Zimbabwe	Djibril Sy	Senegal (photographer)
Arthur Fata	Zimbabwe	Moišhepi Madibela	Botswana	Babacar Sedikh Traoré	Senegal
Jon Isherwood	UK	Dias Mahlata	Mozambique	Hercules Viljoen	Namibia



Abbreviations Used In My Thesis

List of Abbreviations used in thesis:

<i>africa95</i>	<i>africa95: A Season Celebrating the Arts of Africa.</i>	<i>seven stories</i>	<i>seven stories about modern art in africa.</i>
<i>VAP</i>	<i>africa95 Visual Arts Programme.</i>	<i>Whitechapel</i>	<i>Whitechapel Art Gallery, London.</i>
<i>Pamoja Workshop</i>	<i>africa95 Pamoja International Sculpture Workshop.</i>	<i>Delfina</i>	<i>Delfina Studio Trust, London.</i>
<i>YSP</i>	<i>Yorkshire Sculpture Park.</i>	<i>Gasworks</i>	<i>Gasworks Artists' Studios & Gallery.</i>
<i>Workshop Movement</i>	<i>International Artists' Workshop Movement.</i>	<i>SOAS</i>	<i>School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London.</i>
<i>SOAS Conference</i>	<i>Mediums of Change: The Arts in Africa, 95.</i>	<i>CAA</i>	<i>Center for African Art, New York.</i>
<i>SOAS Symposium</i>	<i>African Artists: school, studio and society.</i>	<i>MAA</i>	<i>Museum of African Art, New York.</i>
<i>RA</i>	<i>Royal Academy of Arts, London.</i>		

Names of workshops affiliated with the *International Artists' Workshop Movement* and the Countries in which they are held:

<i>Braziers</i>	UK	<i>Shave</i>	UK	<i>Tulipamwe</i>	Namibia
<i>Khoj</i>	India	<i>Soroo</i>	Cuba	<i>Ujamaa</i>	Mozambique
<i>Kimberley</i>	Australia	<i>Teng/Articulations</i>	Senegal	<i>Wasanii</i>	Kenya
<i>Mbile</i>	Zambia	<i>Thapong</i>	Botswana	<i>Xayamaca</i>	Jamaica
<i>Pachipamwe</i>	Zimbabwe	<i>Thupelo</i>	South Africa		
<i>Pamoja</i>	UK	<i>Triangle</i>	USA		