



Does a creation dream of its maker?  
Opening its many arms into a spectrum  
of possibilities,  
a supernatural creature welcomes you to  
the works of Lois Richard.  
What if the wallpaper had ears?  
And what are those sculptures  
whispering about?  
Who made them?  
Or who left them (un)finished?

01. Galatea, 2017

installation overview, steel, ceramics, sand, plaster, transfers, wallpaper, wood, iron, paper, alginate, pigment



02. Galatea, 2017  
ceramics, wax, wallpaper, glaze, transfers



03. Galatea, 2017  
15x15cm ceramics, transfers



04. Galatea, 2017  
42x34 cm, clay, plaster, transfers, pigment, alginate



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

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

05. The Children of Avry Vork, 2018

risograph print, plaster, pigment, chewing gum, glass, metal, coins, projection



06. The Children of Avry Vork, 2018

risograph print, cake, plastic, glass, paper, wood, projection, marbles



07. The Children of Avry Vork, 2018  
chewing gum, pigment, crayons, paper, metal



08. The Children of Avry Vork, 2018,  
transfer, chewing gum, ceramics, wax, paint





My eye has caught  
this space  
I can't get underneath  
on top or around it  
like a sun in the night time  
she remained  
words missing in their space  
when can we call a space our own?  
how many times  
do I have to enter this one  
before it will give me a sense of worth  
or ownership?  
how many stairs have we all climbed/  
walked by now?  
but nobody as far as I know  
has found the way upstairs.

Mijn oog heeft gevangen  
deze ruimte  
ik kan er niet onderdoor  
over of omheen  
als een zon in de nacht  
is zij gebleven  
missende woorden in hun ruimte  
wanneer is een ruimte van ons?  
hoe vaak zal ik deze ruimte moeten  
betreden totdat het mij  
een gevoel van waarde en  
of eigendom zal geven?  
hoeveel trappen hebben wij met zijn  
allen inmiddels belopen?  
maar niemand die naar mijn weten  
de trap naar boven heeft weten te  
vinden.

09. Betwixt, 2018  
plastic, iron, paint, concrete, sand



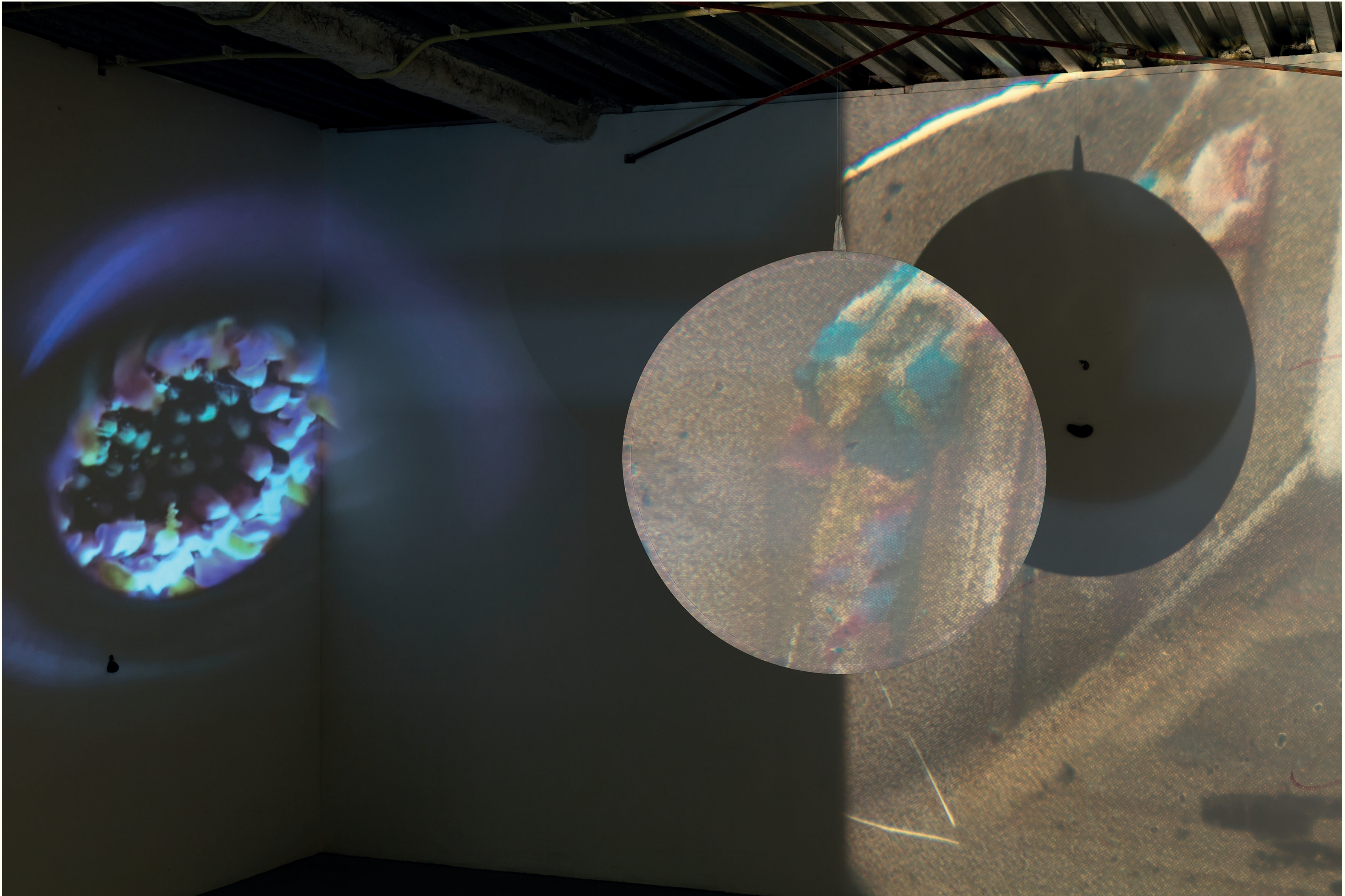
10. Betwixt, 2018

plastic, iron, paint, concrete, sand, ceramics, pigment, steel, flowers, cardboard

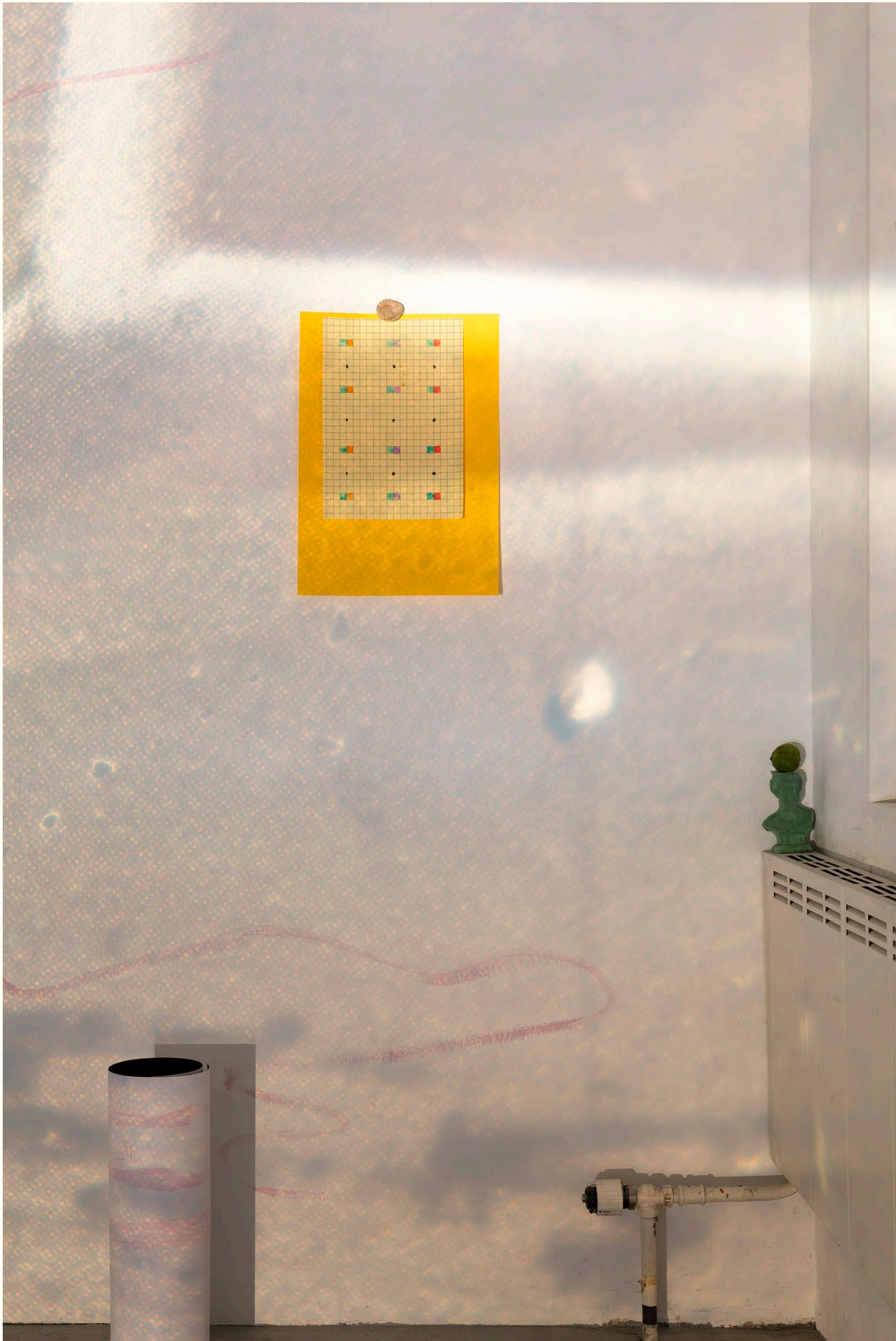


11. Betwixt, 2018  
steel, plastic





13. Epilogue through the looking glass, 2018  
plastic, stones, projection



14. Epilogue through the looking glass, 2018  
paint, pigment, paper, stone, plaster, lime, projection



Hang Onto Your Hat is reflecting on today, these globally strange and unexpected days. Time of reflection and awareness but also hysteria, or not? Who is to tell? While the world is spinning so are we and our minds. Richard has been looking towards a possible future indulged with aspects of a far away past which often reoccurs into her daily sketches. Because she can be quite nostalgic, longing for times that have already passed.. and probably won't come back any time soon.

Do we really need new hats? If there are already that many all over the world, protecting us from the hottest sun beams, finding our way to the slightest shade. Are we humans hysterical? Or are we just the strangest animals ever?

When Richard was a child she wanted to be a cat. Nowadays Richard is just happy being herself, and interested in the different symbolics that cats stand for in human made up beliefs, stories and depictions. Likewise as the symbolics of the Serpent and the Lemon; Cats can represent dual expression of good and evil, female and male energy, love and bitterness.

15. Hang Onto Your Hat, 2020  
installation overview, risograph prints, wooden frames



16. Do They Miss Our Fingers? series 2020-2018  
30x42 cm, risograph print





17. Playing Ceramic Mikado, 2020  
20x01cm, ceramics, glaze, wood



18. Playing Ceramic Mikado, 2020  
20x01cm, ceramics, glaze, wood



19. MEGADO, 2020  
250x03cm, wood, lacquer, ceramics

Oh, it's a disgrace  
To see the human-race  
In a rat race !  
Het noëma van het spel.  
Wat is een spelend spel en  
wie zijn daarvoor nodig?  
De eenvoud van het spel. De  
vluchtigheid van het spel.  
De fragiliteit van het moment.  
De gedachtes achter concentratie.  
Wat verschuilt zich daarin? Hoe ver-  
houden we ons tegenover elkaar  
tijdens het spel?  
De spelende mens speelt zijn cultuur.

Samen-werking.  
Vals-spel. Mythologische vormen die  
zich verschuilen  
achter zwart en witte geometrische  
blokjes  
die zomaar kunnen breken.  
Evenals de mens.  
Opgebouwd uit kralen  
die blijven rollen.



20. MEGADO, 2020  
250x03cm, wood, lacquer, ceramics

Documentatielijst

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plastic, iron, paint, concrete, sand

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plastic, iron, paint, concrete, sand, ceramics, pigment, steel, flowers, cardboard

**11. Betwixt, 2018,**

steel, plastic

**12. Epilogue through the looking glass, 2018**

paper, stones, cotton, ceramics, wood, sandpaper, glue, plastic, glass, wood, sand, eraser, photographs,

**13. Epilogue through the looking glass, 2018**

plastic, stones, projection

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paint, pigment, paper, stone, plaster, lime, projection

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