



**The Curator, the Choreographer, the
Horse and the Dance**
Joanna Sandell

A Phantom Collection Inspired Fiction
Laercio Redondo

Between Sound & Vision
Kalbjärnga Film Festival

**Daphne & Autobank:
Södertälje's retelling of
the myth of Apollo**
Joanna Sandell

Documenta Experience
Steuart Wright

**State of Diversity:
Sweden's Ghosts Fight Back**
Steuart Wright

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The Curator, the Choreographer the Horse & Dance

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In the culmination of a rigorous artistic process, choreographer Marie Fahlin defends her doctoral thesis before, among others, dressage rider and contemporary art curator Joanna Sandell.

Horses in film and television neigh and grunt as they communicate with human counterparts. Connecting with a horse is not like this. To find the texture between human and horse is to sink into silent, energetic awareness. I was reminded of this in the tense silence that enveloped candidate Phd choreographer Marie Fahlin as she embarked on a gruelling five-hour defence of her artistic thesis *Moving Through Choreography – Curating Choreography as an Artistic Practice*.

The world of horses and riding is seldom loud and requires deep listening, concentration and quick reactions. Perhaps the magnitude of force and energy is what inspires film makers to reach for high-pitched neighs, deep grunts and thundering hooves. Horses respond to physical cues, imperceptible to all but the most experienced observers. Fahlin strikes me as a choreographer, able to unlock the physical intelligence of the exhibitors she works with (dancers are called exhibitors, Fahlin's choice). Dance is also a language of movement, Fahlin chooses the metaphor of dressage as the aesthetic vehicle for her thesis.

The defence of an artistic research project follows the same ancient protocol as any academic defence. The form is strict, and Covid-19 restrictions on attendance and social distance only made proceedings more austere. Fahlin on one chair, I, serving as her opponent, on the other. A camera tracks the speaker. Fahlin is observed, her thinking is scrutinised. When I am done interviewing her she will face another set of questions by the examination committee. The practice of choreography, curating and art has to be put into words by Fahlin in front of the examination committee as well as an audience, both in the room and online. This requires intense concentration and a discerning mind.

Fahlin is not your usual curator, she is a choreographer and her choice of approaching horse riding in relation

to curating could not be more contemporary – exploring contested aspects of European cultural heritage in a completely novel context through choreography and curating.

When I started riding dressage about forty years ago the practice was mainly taught by military staff, their horses often pushed to submission through brute force. We dismantled and put together our bridles in a fashion not very different from cleaning and reassembling a gun. Much has changed. More advanced studies in veterinary behavioural science show how horses perceive human cues in dressage bringing into scrutiny practices like tightly pulled nosebands and sharp double-bits. The keen and pervasive eye of mobile phone cameras and social media has helped push horse cruelty to the periphery. Today most dressage riders are civilians, and female riders are equally as successful as men.

When I started riding dressage about forty years ago the practice was mainly taught by military staff, their horses often pushed to submission through brute force. (...) Much has changed.

Centauring, an exhibition at Marabouparken konsthall in Stockholm, was the closing act of several public presentations of Fahlin's thesis. All of them played with concepts of dressage and language: *Performing*, *Preforming*, *writing-riding*, *Geraderichten*, and *Anhlehning* (try reading them out aloud). Fahlin has also presented curated events like *Manège*, (also at Marabouparken) as part of her research leading up to the final thesis presentation. In *Manège*, she invites other artists, choreographers, poets, and writers to join, making Marabouparken an artistic laboratory charged with artistic explorations. Fahlin produced three books, *appendix*, which introduced the artistic research project, and *Centauring – The Book*, with texts and images mapping concepts and visualisations of the research. The third book, the artist's book *7 riddikter* was published in Swedish and also exhibited in *Centauring*.

On stage in *Centauring* at Marabouparken polished bridles hung in rows with heavy shiny bits and a slinky paper serpent created a path between stations of more equestrian tack and ink scribbles. The main public presentation of

Fahlin's artistic research, *ONE – I leave the skin dead and dry shining light behind me*, was cancelled due to Covid-19 restrictions and visitors to the art space encountered the work as a projection onto one of the walls. Surrounding the projection was a stage and dance floor for exhibitors and audience alike which also included elements like leather grease from the tack room and notes from the writer's study. Those unfamiliar with dressage riding might have misinterpreted spurs, whips and bits as objects alluding to sexual play, a crude and simple interpretation that remains on the surface of the choreographed performances that speak more of collaboration, creative processes and allowing oneself to both become one with, and transform, tradition.

“Centauring” is a key concept of the artistic research and stems from the Greek mythological centaur, a four-legged creature with a human torso. The research project delves at its deepest into the art of riding. Dressage riding was seen more as an art form before it became a sport. In the classical sense dressage riding is a rigorous practice of constant movement towards an idealised concept of perfection, a practice of constant change and a striving towards belonging to and becoming one with the centre of balance of the horse.



Marie Fahlin, *Centauring*, 2021, courtesy of the artist



Marie Fahlin, *Centauring*, 2021, courtesy of the artist

Centauring

In *Moving through Choreography – Curating Choreography as an Artistic Practice* the female exhibitors, trace movements drawn from the world of dressage. It may seem as though the horse is absent, but for the rider herself when she sits on the horse the horse is not very visually present, the sensation is that of mass, movement, emotions, and anticipation.

Greek military commander Xenophone practised dressage around 400 BC, and already in his writing, aspects of centering mind and body in relation to the horse is a key element. Xenophone's writing was rediscovered in Italy in the 16th Century by riding scholar Federico Grisone who started a riding academy in Naples. The art of riding would develop further about a century later as it spread to royal courts around Spain, Germany, England and France. Dressage riding became an Olympic sport in the Stockholm Olympics of 1912, when only military officers were allowed to compete and it would officially remain in the male domain of the military until the year 1953 when both civilians and women were invited to compete.

In *Moving through Choreography – Curating Choreography as an Artistic Practice* the female exhibitors, trace movements drawn from the world of dressage. It may seem as though the horse is absent, but for the rider herself when she sits on the horse the horse is not very visually present, the sensation is that of mass, movement, emotions, and anticipation. What is visible is the neck, the ears, and at times the curvature of the horse's eye, perhaps its shoulder. The choreography that we experience is extremely focused on the many small details of dressage riding, that assembled together, make up the ride, the experience of ultimate energetic collection, of "centauring".

The objects such as bits, saddles, leather grease and spurs are treated as objects of art in the space that Fahlin created for *Centauring*. There are gloves for handling them. They are hung as if in an art space of the current kind, without signs and taxonomies. They are also used in the performance, they are curated and come to life in movement, the way they do when used in dressage, and the way objects acquire new meanings when they are curated into an art space.

In dressage, the rider – and in some cases, although it is not the point, the horse too – performs a choreographed score through memory, being judged through the main six principles in the German Training Scale: rhythm, relaxation, connection, impulsion, straightness and collection. There

are certain movements carried out at predetermined places in the arena, marked by lettering and alluded to by the abstraction of written language in the research project.

When riding horses, knowledge is accumulated through repetition and eventually through the ideal of collection by horse and rider in union. When riding young horses the cues used to find movement through repetition have yet to develop into a dynamic language. In Fahlin's research the performers (or exhibitors) seem to move through "centauring" movements in the experience of "knowing and not-knowing, failures, overconfidence, clear-mindedness, cheating, evidence, being lost, vague insights and precise findings", in her own words.

Writing – and the movement in writing and in reading writing – is a core tool and outcome in the artistic research, disseminated both in performances and in the books, *appendix* and *Centauring – the Book*. The image of the snake shedding its skin and slithering in light is one of the images juxtaposed with images of experiencing dressage riding and training. It serves the project as an image of coiled energy, rising through the individuals grappling with the elements of reaching a higher level of collection, a higher level of creativity, of understanding new aspects around moving through existence.



Marie Fahlin, *Centauring*, 2021, courtesy of the artist



Marie Fahlin, *Centauring*, 2021, courtesy of the artist



Marie Fahlin, *Centauring*, 2021, courtesy of the artist

In *Moving through Choreography – Curating Choreography as an Artistic Practice* the material from the world of dressage informs not only artistic practice, exhibition-making, curating, choreography and writing, it moves aspects of all these domains into one, finding the straight rhythm, suspension, relaxed knowing and collection specific to all of these fields and fusing material and energy into one. In this way knowledge specific to all of these fields is brought forth into the public domain, giving us the possibility to experience this art intimately, which I would argue is the reason art exists and is the greatest of all tools in the swinging motion between doubt, fantasies, suggestions and knowing.

Marie Fahlin received a doctorate in choreography from Stockholm University of the Arts in April 2021.

A Phantom Collection Inspired Fiction

From my house, I see a deserted street, already it's autumn again. The pandemic has limited my life to what I see from this window.

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Isolation creates a kind of fog that gets denser with the strange way that time moves forward now. The images I recall don't always bring back anything of great importance; trivialities mingle with scenes that were decisive.

It was on one of those afternoons that I began to understand why my first visit to Rio de Janeiro's National Museum, when I was five, was such a defining moment: there, I experienced a sensation of eternity in the fragility of the glass cases.

Those objects, those phantoms of other people, other times, another world, held something that could no longer be revealed. How could they possibly have survived men's violent moods and caprices for so many centuries?

On that afternoon, the museum revealed to me the plot of a fiction built up so that the world would make sense. I think it was precisely there that something clicked inside me, something that would later make me a collector.

Today I look at these objects, this vast collection of vases and ceramics from such different times. I think they are witness – partial, maybe, but nonetheless, comprehensive – to what I have lived through. Of course, the history they carry is not mine alone, they were created with their own singular intentions and purposes, but the gestures and intentions of whoever made them – just like my gaze – have been embedded in their forms.

I move through that strange smother of memory in which the objects are almost a living presence around me. I try to return to the point where it all began, as if I could revisit my gaze of other times to learn how it was that I perceived the world then, and how everything has changed to the point where I find myself now.

My life has not been extraordinary, but it was somewhat different from the lives of most of the people around me. I am the only son of a single mother. We lived abroad for years, but returned to Sweden while I was still little so that I could continue with school.



Birger Lipinski, Laercio Redondo, *The Phantom Collection*, 2021, at Södertälje Konsthall, Photo: Jean-Baptiste Béranger



Birger Lipinski, Laercio Redondo, *The Phantom Collection*, 2021, at Södertälje Konsthall, Photo: Jean-Baptiste Béranger

In Stockholm, we moved to a building put up in Södermalm in 1933, where I live to this day. It was largely from there that I witnessed the reforms that made their mark on Sweden in the twentieth century: so many new theories about health, consumption and wellbeing, which were accepted by the scientific community and, eventually and gradually, taken up by society.

Because Sweden remained neutral, we got through the world wars relatively unscathed. With the end of the conflicts, in 1918 and 1945, we experienced a time of relative continuity here. Our windows, as it were, were not shattered as happened elsewhere in Europe.

Sweden took advantage of that circumstance to try something new: the Folkhemmet, a social welfare State equidistant from capitalism and socialism. It invested in a daring idea of the social-democratic movement: we had to be a true community where everyone contributed and looked after one another.

We continued, attentive to and interested in the technical and aesthetic innovations that were arriving from the continent, especially from Germany, where a new culture of form seemed to be growing.

Here I am thinking of the Deutsche Werkbund. Under the banner of “typification” and with a view to production in series, it aimed to bring greater uniformity of form in furniture, glass and porcelain. Then there was the Bauhaus too, which – in an increasingly industrialised society – intended to elevate architects, craftspeople and designers to the status of true artists.

Like a stone thrown into a river, these thoughts spread outwards in a succession of ripples, which were interpreted by the Swedish Society of Industrial Design (Svensk Slöjdförening, SSF), led by Gregor Paulsson.

*In 1919 a book he published introduced a truly remarkable change here: *Vackrare vardagsvara* proposed that we strive for quality in things for everyday use, with the emphasis on*

their function as central. And he taught us to see purity and frugality of materials as aesthetic properties inherent to the manufactured objects that would form part of our lives.

The function of Art itself should be altered: “Artists for Industry”, “Museums for the General Public”, those were the new rallying cries drawn from a production programme whose central goal was to build people’s aesthetic appreciation.

Paulsson envisaged a direct equivalence between the forms of objects and of society. If people could see “good form in society’s institutions”, he wrote, “then their taste would certainly improve significantly”. The democratisation of form would itself be the form of democracy.

And, without our noticing, that process started to affect everyone on unprecedented levels – socially, psychologically, financially and also materially – starting with the interiors of our homes.

In my own home, I saw how hygiene became an aesthetic ideal, a metaphor for social organisation and order.

“We want to be like everyone else and we are ready to renounce all our old national traditions so as to embrace modernity – and with it, all its contradictions”.

Now the rest of the world had to be shown how far our domestic revolution extended. After the 1925 International Exhibition of Modern Decorative and Industrial Arts in Paris, which in retrospect gave birth to the celebrated Swedish Grace style, it was the 1930 Stockholm Exhibition that, in fact, con-

firmated the importance of Swedish Functionalism. With that exhibition, it was as if we were telling visitors “We want to be like everyone else and we are ready to renounce all our old national traditions so as to embrace modernity – and with it, all its contradictions”.

My mother was one of those visitors in 1930 and – as here we are risking a return to the past – I am going to allow myself to say that I remember perfectly when, some time later, she told me what she had found there. She had been

Birger Lipinski, Laercio Redondo, *The Phantom Collection*, 2021, at Södertälje Konsthall, Photo: Jean-Baptiste Béranger



Birger Lipinski, Laercio Redondo, *The Phantom Collection*, 2021, at Södertälje Konsthall, Photo: Jean-Baptiste Béranger



intrigued by a section devoted to Svea Rike, organised by Herman Lundborg from the State Institute of Racial Biology, which put forward the view that the Swedish were racially superior to most other peoples. I remember how her words unsettled me, but it was only years later that I understood why.

Today it is easier to perceive that kind of paradox. For better or for worse, the large glass cases of modernity – its exhibitions – encouraged various forms of nationalism and prejudice. I don't remember my mother contesting that outlook. I think she even took it naturally, in the colonialist spirit of a large part of society. "National Expression" was almost a kind of prerequisite for the new internationalism that was intended there.

Sweden actually introduced the utopia of a collective political subject – and nowhere else in the world was the term "public" so intimately associated with "the highest standards of quality".

The institutions that de-commodified and universalised society incorporated the individual into a large collectivity: libraries, swimming pools and public schools were built and offered to everyone as their right as citizens and not just as customers or consumers.

The same had to be true of everyday objects: they must be of quality, functional and accessible, so that everyone would be able and willing to buy them. The idea was, by spreading a popular lifestyle (en folkhemsk livsstil), to create a private sphere in the image of the public sphere, with no visible markers of social class.

This, however, was the dream of the country's cultural elite. Their consensus on taste and education was first legitimated by the Svensk Slöjdförening, Swedish Society of Industrial Design (SSF) and then spread to the rest of society through committees, cooperatives, courses and interior design study circles.

And there lay the whole contradiction: the new aesthetic culture of beautiful democratic form was itself normative and had been imposed unilaterally. People ought to welcome the spread of elite taste with gratitude – and it is intriguing to think what that same elite thought of popular culture.

I say "us" a lot – and I often see myself as part of that "collectivity" – but the truth is that my very existence, together with my male partner, was a secret for decades.

We ourselves were at odds with the system. living in that old 1933 building, we made a home that was nothing like the normative model of the time. It was there, in the intimacy of our space, that we selected and amassed our collection – which is all that remains of the affection we shared.

Today, when I think about the SSF's position, its exhibitions all over the country and also the publication of Paulsson's Vackrare vardagsvara, I have to ask myself: If that progress really happened, where did it take us as a society?

Equating ethics and aesthetics, Ellen Key said that "a beautiful house should produce happy people". But then, would an ugly house produce unhappy or even immoral people? And, after all, who is to decide what is ugly? Or bad? Or wrong?

And so it is that, from my isolation in these uncertain times, I understand why the news of the fire in Rio de Janeiro's National Museum three years ago affected me so strongly: I reencountered my own fragility in that false promise of eternity.

Some objects do not survive men's violent moods and caprices after all – and that was how, in the end, the childhood fiction constructed to make sense of the world came undone.







Birger Lipinski, Laercio Redondo, *The Phantom Collection*, 2021, at Södertälje Konsthall, Photo: Jean-Baptiste Béranger

These fetishes of modern form, I keep them too and even have some frank fellow feeling for them; I treat them with the same care I lavish on the others, their first cousins or, who knows, their ancestors.

Something analogous happened with the Folkhemmet. As with many other ideologies, it too proved incompatible with the development of the society it engendered. In the 1990s, it was clearly eroding. Nonetheless, instead of trying to resolve its contradictions, we simply relegated those social ideas to the memory of generations past.

That is how I see my collection: the memory of a collectivity-building project – today apparently lost and gone. These objects are like fossils of that modernity – still so close, but already so far away.

But that's not all. Here are more recent objects, produced in other parts of the world, reworked, not uncommonly using cheaper labour and distributed by large companies. At first, it all seems quite familiar; but looked at more carefully, they are pieces that, although still referring in form to the modern project, nonetheless have abandoned its underlying ideology, the distinctive production of a collective common good.

These fetishes of modern form, I keep them too and even have some frank fellow feeling for them; I treat them with the same care I lavish on the others, their first cousins or, who knows, their ancestors.

When they ask me why I live my life among objects, I am content to say that, as I am neither artist nor creator, I made this collection the portrait of my time and of the crooked dreams that inspired it, but in the end what I am really trying to understand is what was done with us.

If the objects could talk, they would surely tell us another story.

This text was originally intended to accompany the *The Phantom Collection*.

By Birger Lipinski, Laercio Redondo at Södertälje konsthall in 2021

Swedish

Composer-musician Matti Bye and photographer Martina Hoogland curate the Kalbjärnga Film Festival, a unique time and place on the Baltic island of Fårö where improvised musical accompaniment in conversation with silent film and video suspends the audience in the drama in between.

Film



Ida Lundén

1.

32

2.



3.



Projectionist Teo Leff



Artist Johan Thurfjell explores the hour of twilight in his art. The Piece was shown with improvised live music during the Kalbjärnga Film Festival 2022.

4.

5-7.

Matti Bye in live accompaniment to a silent film screening.



8.



Artist Åsa Cedarqvist engages with the environment of Fårö through the mobile phone.

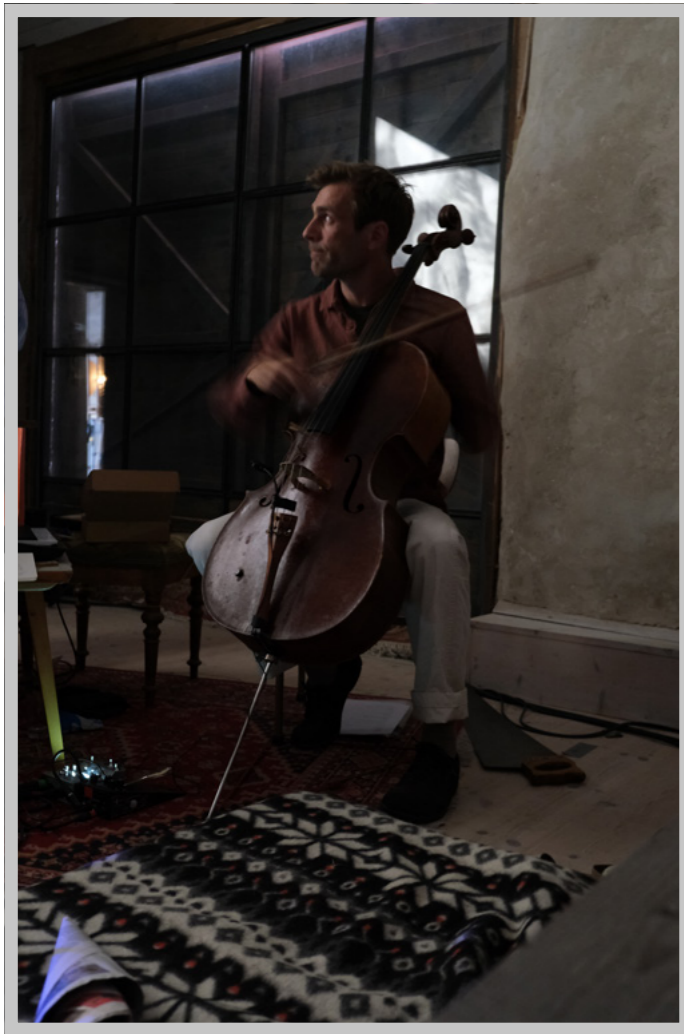


Composer, musician and Kalbjärge Film Festival co-founder Matti Bye.

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10.

9.



Cellist Leo Svenson in improvised accompaniment to live film and video art.



Composer-musician Ida Lundén joins Leo Svenson in improvised interaction with silent film and video.

Daphne & Autobank:

Södertälje's retelling

of the myth of Apollo

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Helga Henschen masterpiece 'Daphne' takes pride of place in the new Luna Gallery Mall built in central Södertälje in 1978. Today it is a symbol of hope and creativity lost in a dark corner of a city centre in decline.



Former Södertälje konsthall director Joanna Sandell reflects on the role of culture in society as she parts ways with the city as it embarks on a transformational process with a pared down art initiative.

The ghost of modernism breathes through central Södertälje. It is a friendly type of ghost, a little like Casper the Friendly Ghost, created as a cartoon character in the USA in the 1930s but only shared with the public through cartoons and books after World War II, following the years of modernism developing in North America.

I have been observing the black-and-white photography of the construction of central Södertälje. How perfect everything seems in its emergence. Idealism breathes through the ghostly perfection. A society where everyone is taken care of. Also, a society where everyone tries to behave in a similar fashion as a courtesy of the welfare state.

“Sweden Is not for beginners, darling” artist Laercio Redondo said with a smile as we discussed the very intricate ways Swedish society seems to foster and hold its citizens

in place. The stoic modernist buildings of central Södertälje are a sharp contrast to the working-class image that has a tight grip on this city in Greater Stockholm. The very central areas of the city of Södertälje were built for institutional purposes: a library, offices for social services, police headquarters, and an art space. In fact, in 1978 a full central quarter was dedicated to public use and culture. About a decade or so later times had changed. Globalism would eventually push prices down and today almost everything in the so-called Luna mall is imported. The workers of the big Södertälje companies now live all over Greater Stockholm and fewer and fewer of them are needed as industries shift their production to other parts of the world.

Modernist idealism lurks as a mere “friendly ghost” in the central parts of Södertälje. Shops and restaurants in a somewhat



Laercio Redondo and Birger Lipinski's new floor design for the konsthall, a final creative breath into the art space before it is replaced as Södertälje reimagines its place in Swedish culture.



Södertälje konsthall under construction as part of the Luna Gallery Mall development in the 1970s.



Helga Henschen gives form to her public sculpture 'Daphne'.



A technician assembles the ceramic tiles that will bring 'Daphne' to life.



Technicians under the direction of Helga Henschen.



Södertälje konsthall under construction in the 1970s.

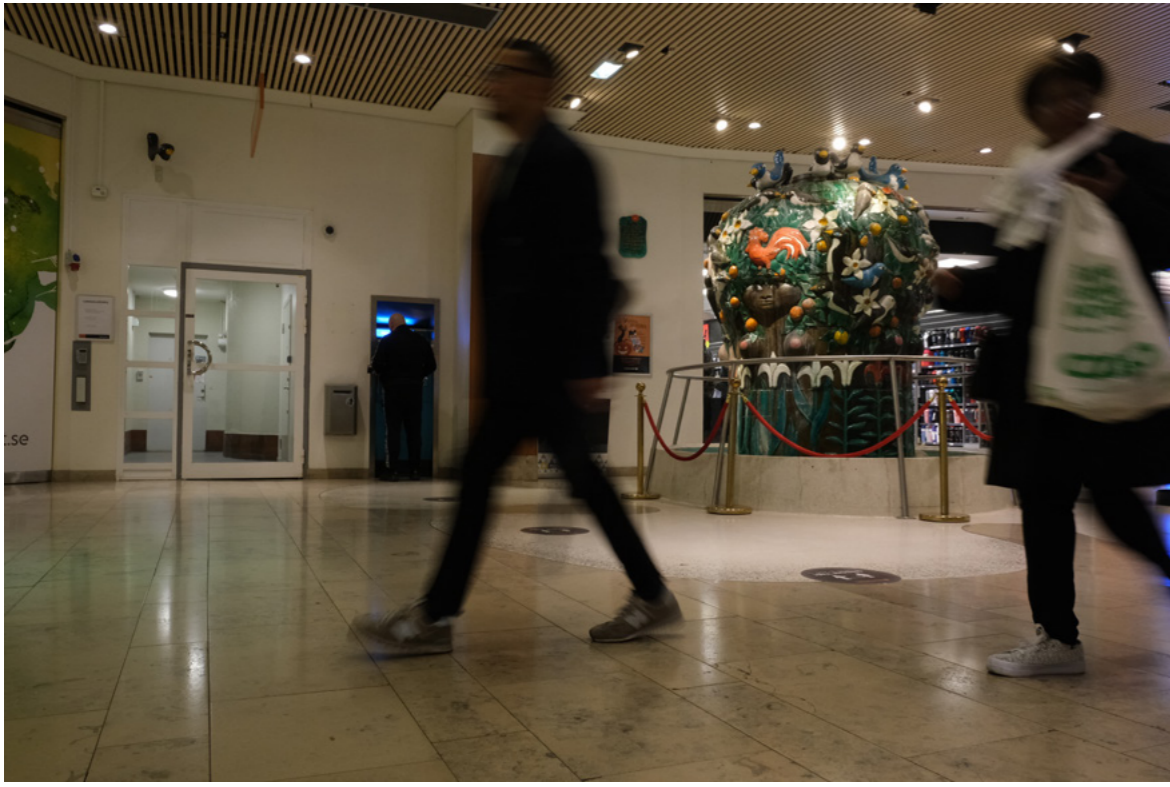
dilapidated mall keeps changing ownership, sculptures that were commissioned when the buildings were young stand next to autobank tellers and waste baskets. I always slow down when I pass *Daphne*, the sculpture made by Helga Henschen, an artist whose poetry was quoted at the funeral of the late prime minister Olof Palme, and at the funeral of foreign minister Anna Lindh. Henschen's *Daphne* is far from Lorenzo Bernini's baroque marble sculpture *Apollo and Daphne*. Helga's bright ceramic version might stand alone but seems to carry the spirit of women from all around the globe. Henschen's nativist drawings became symbols for women's and children's rights in the 1970s and 1980s. Henschen's drawn alter-ego *Rebella* was an outspoken pacifist and Henschen herself was active in the social democratic movement. In 1975 she was commissioned to create the public art for the subway station of Tensta and

her sculpture *Daphne* in Södertälje is still Sweden's largest ceramic sculpture. It seems almost ironic that a sculpture devoted to the free spirit of creativity is trapped in a corner of an ageing dark shopping mall, a feminine ghost of Sweden's social democratic cultural values.

Södertälje's art space was eventually cut in half. The building had deteriorated substantially and there were recurring problems with rainwater leaking through the roof into the exhibition space. In the summer of 2019, the floor of the art space was destroyed by moisture, and I was then the newly appointed director of Södertälje konsthall. The damaged floor coincided with the Covid-19 pandemic and the decision by the city government to plan for the destruction of the buildings; it would simply be too costly to renovate the houses in the Luna District. Södertälje konsthall would need



Laercio Redondo and Birger Lipinski' floor design.



'Daphne' today stands isolated and to one side of poorly thought out redesigns of the Luna Gallery Mall in Södertälje.



'Daphne': the plan and the execution.





Rebella, Helga Henschen's drawn alter ego, is an outspoken pacifist.

to relocate, maybe in the next two or three years. How would I manage and plan for the artistic actions of the very last years of Södertälje konsthall in the current location? Is it possible to practice an exorcism of misguided paternalist societal values?

By focusing on the very core of a kunsthalle's activity, to support the production of new art, Laercio Redondo and Birger Lipinski were given the commission to create an artwork of the floor itself. Laercio and Birger had already been given a commission looking at the many changes in architecture and public art in Södertälje. The collaboration became both an exhibition project, *The Phantom Collection*, as well as a new floor for the remaining years of Södertälje konsthall in the Luna shopping mall location. A close reading of Caribbean poet Édouard Glissant has set up the grid for the thinking around the floor's pattern.

Visually, the practice of basket weaving, prevalent in South America but also in many other cultures, serves as the main reference to the work. The floor speaks of riches not in materiality but in being well read, generous and bold.

Downstairs, *Daphne* now stands in a dark corner of a forgotten mall in the blue-light glow of an autobank as Södertälje grapples with rejuvenation. Apollo is the Greek god of art, poetry, music and the Sun who honoured his unrequited love Daphne for eternity – in spite of her transformation into a laurel tree. Where now is Södertälje's Apollo and what honour for Daphne in the city's future?

1.

BAT ink (Bridging Art and Text incubator), Alice Yard at Documenta 15 resident artist Michelle Eistrup, Kassel Germany.



Angolan-born Gio Lourenço and Azores-based Dora Cruz in communication with physical expressions of the past.

Docu menta Exper ience 50

Dancer Gio Lourenço and Brazilian Capoeira master Cobra Mansa present a fusion of wisdom and method of an ancient and evolving Angolan-Brazilian art form, modern dance and spiritual practice.

2-3.



4.



Cobra Mansa and Brenda Landelle

5.



Former teacher and Jamaica Foreign service representative Cecile Clayton.

In a field traditionally considered scientific, and facing up to climate change, a paradigm shift has emerged known as the “geo-ecological turn” - an ethical/spiritual coupling of the geo-ecological and decolonial paradigms. Here Eistrup motivates for artists, anthropologists, scientific researchers and representatives of indigenous peoples and others to collaborate with the following vision: On the brink of disaster, possible future scenarios must be created out of rediscovered, life-giving, and sustainable cultural and spiritual practices, in an exchange between original “deep knowledge”, scientific and artistic approaches.

Her method is to establish “a safe community of open exchange”. Here, thinkers from several generations meet with a creative, spiritual, or scientific starting point who have already shown the ability to reach beyond their practice and think cross-functionally. The ability to give something of oneself releases energy that engages participants and the audience.

Eistrup’s work at Documenta developed a framework for engagement based on a simple, powerful and unifying Bakongo Cosmology practice, introduced by Brazilian Capoeira Master Cobra Mansa, which supported a multidisciplinary approach that reached deep into the past to find possible paths into the future. This was expressed in one form by the union of the ancient and evolving Angolan-Brazilian art form, modern dance and spiritual practice.

7.



Dora Cruz

6.





Dora Cruz

8.

9.



Dora Cruz, Gio Lourenço and Cobra Mansa



Hearts and minds in the realm of ideas: where geo-ecology, agronomy, food security, art, education and spirituality intersect. Chairing Professor for Geochemistry and Geo-ecology and Director of the Interdisciplinary Environmental Research Centre at the Technical University Bergakademie Freiberg Dr Jörg Matschullat, Food-farming Artist Sarasvati Shresta and Cobra Mansa in conversation and live on air.

10.

Journalist Steuart Wright, photograph by Sarasvati Shresta



11.



12.

Dr Jörg Matschullat and world-renowned Ngarrindjera Cultural Ambassador Major "Moogy" Sumner share reflections on climate change and indigenous cultural experiences from Australia and the Amazon Basin.

The State of Diversity

Sweden's ghosts fight back

Arriving as an immigrant to Sweden during the strained reception of more than 160 000 refugees, Steuart Wright finds a thread from Sweden's past to its current closed and cold embrace of outsiders.

Among upright tombstones in a graveyard in the heart of Kalmar is a memorial plaque, cast like a stone to the ground, engraved with no more than: Kaffer Kvinnan Sara 1903 (Kaffer Woman Sara 1903). An ambiguous phrase turning on the space that exists between the Arabic pejorative for non-believer and the most contemptuous term given to Black people in South Africa where Sara was "rescued" from slavery and civil strife in 1862. Kaffer Kvinnan Sara, or Svarta Sara, or Sara Magdalena Makatemele, or Sara Mazhar Makatemele, as she has been called, was taken into Kalmar church and social circles as a prominent convert and feted in social circles as an interesting character in town. In death she was remembered neither for her character and incredible journey nor her "redemption" but by at best what made her inadequate when she arrived and at worst derided as a lowly savage with the k-word – which no one in the land of her birth would utter out loud today.

It is in ambiguous spaces that ghosts of racism and xenophobia dwell, where well preserved social norms greet newcomers who come up short in differentiating simple cultural processes from deep-seated prejudice. Was it a malevolent loner that ascribed the lasting rubric of name and category to Sara Makatemele or were they treading a well-worn path of Swedish bigotry? To be like Sara must be to decipher your inadequacy in the layered literacy of individual and cultural values, faith and skin tone and reconcile it with the exciting affirmation of your exotic otherness. It is without irony in Sweden's history, not for a long time humbled by excesses of war, imperial conquest or internal pogrom, that the ghost of Svarta Sara has come to share spaces haunted by shapeshifting bigotry.

Can we come to face the prejudice that lurks in the corners of our psyches? It is a cliché in Sweden to declare you are not a racist, or: "I am not a racist, I have a (insert ethnic group here) wife," or, "we are not racist. If you come to



Cecilia Fryxell

Sweden and embrace Swedish values, it does not matter what colour you are.” The project often falls on cultural workers to unite compassion and humility in publicly addressing how we reconcile with ourselves and others.

In the case of Sara, this task fell on then Kalmar konstmuseum director Joanna Sandell who engaged visiting South African artists in conversation with the church and public in 2017. The discourse injected vitality into the form and character of the woman by her kinfolk juxtaposing the stale memory kept alive in a Swedish church hymn imploring for her whiteness and salvation and as an exotic character in historical theatre about the city. More than a century after her passing as a prominent figure in Kalmar society, it was in a seemingly reluctant collaboration with the Church of Sweden in Kalmar that a memorial sign was installed alongside the stone plaque in a ceremony that poured some life and respect into her memory.

Wisps of feisty Sara also remain captured in an interview recorded with her Swedish patron, pioneer female educationist and missionary Cecilia Fryxell reproduced in an art book, *The Lamb*, which documents the project and includes a translation into Sara’s mother tongue by curator Mmabatho Thobejane. It blends earthy notes of African soil, blood, sweat, courage, terror, sorrow, toughness, motherhood, humour and a thin portrayal of piety which is where she meets the effete sensibilities of Kalmar Christian values: society, sisterhood, altruism, shelter, hospitality and patronising superiority.

Complex essences dripping with humanity will be recognised by many outsiders in this era of social upheaval. They bring their entire beings to be met by paper-shuffling institutional order and awkward Swedish embraces of unfamiliar tolerance for the beating hearts, blood, sweat and tears of those who know survival is other than the portrayal of position and title in institutional settings and urbane society.

One significant reflection of the group that felt presented with a task by the institution that was Kalmar



Sara Makatemele

konstmuseum was the challenge that the work was to be done by Swedes and not visiting South Africans. Who will take up the challenge? There is much respect for Swedish institutions, functional and relevant in the service of democratic governance. There is an obsequious sense among Swedes that there must be an institution to guide them, for expert bureaucrats to formulate the way forward and for them to follow. How does an outsider inform policy perceived to maximise benefit for the maximum number of citizens, a policy which has built into it a bias that does not perceive the humanness and values of a growing set of citizens on its periphery?

A group of foreign students of the International Curating masters degree at Stockholm University recently found themselves uniting against the “whiteness of the curriculum” through the formation of Ghostbusters – Anti-Racist Working Group that became the focus of their work documented in a book, *Ghosts Carry Messages of the Future*.

Taking on the institutional armour of anonymity and collective responsibility they write: “We started to encounter ghosts that kept creeping up and messing with the tasks we were trying to accomplish.”

One student says of choosing Ghostbusters as a motif: “I know I suggested it with a laugh but I also did mean it as a legitimate suggestion. I like the touch of humour, because it’s difficult work when done deeply, and who among us doesn’t need a laugh.

“For me Ghostbusters translates to ‘lol but also the spectre of racism is everywhere’.

“In the months leading to January 2020, when we would begin our process, we tentatively noted in corners and with hushed tones, that the curriculum was full of dated Western thought. We noted that in meetings we had met very few art practitioners who were black or of colour. We had seen and observed these issues individually but because we were all in an unfamiliar socio-political context we thought that perhaps we had not seen correctly.

“When the hushed tones and dispersed conversations slowly funnelled into a chorus, we brought these concerns to our educators. Among the responses was the notion that none of the issues we raised had been brought forth before.”

Drawing on the formulation of American novelist Toni Morrison, *Ghostbusters* explore “how that which appears absent can be a seething presence. To write, think and organise about exclusion and invisibility in relation to our institution is akin to writing ghost stories. In noticing that whiteness, in thought and matter, makes up the landscape of academia and curatorial practice, we also notice that which, in being absented, holds it up: the exclusion of black and brown people and, thus, their contributions. Ghosts, being invisible, are real and produce material effects.

Supposedly, ghosts do not belong to the scientific world of observations, measurements and interpretation. They do not belong to the academic institution, but looking back at our experience, we would say otherwise.”

Ghostbusters actively sought out solidarity with students elsewhere and found similar struggles taking place at Konstfack – University of Arts, Crafts and Design and Stockholm School of the Arts (SKH) where Brown Island and SKH Brown Island were formed respectively in response to resistance to their effort to highlight the western dominated and Eurocentric curricula. *Ghosts* documents these encounters.

Swedes on opposite ends of the political spectrum share a sentimental attachment to the heyday of a social democratic era, a romantic idealism in service of the homogenous whole and steady progress through dedication to the collective. This fertile soil for innovative and empowering institutions and technology with a penchant for uniform solutions has also created the spaces where ghosts of bias reside, there is a disparate community of outsiders whose ideas have taken root here and in outing these ghosts is beginning to show that diversity can be expressed in unity.

Sara Mazhar Makatemele in her own words

From an interview with Cecilia Fryxell

Below follows an excerpt from the scripture *Spiritual Hymns*, published by Kalmar Missionary Association, with an addition: a speech at the baptism of a pagan girl, from 1865. Since many of our friends have asked to be notified about the life of dear Sara, before how she came to our country, we thought it fitting that the person, who has spoken so extensively with her, and who has her confidence, shall write a few lines, on that of which Sara has spoken. But, as memory often fails, and there were concerns, as has been notified before, that something should be wrongly understood or written down faultily, we decided to write down this conversation, just as the questions and the answers came about. This little plan, that was guided by the questions, had to be abandoned as the answers gave rise to new questions. Therefore, as we once and as always had read the word of the Lord, and had asked for the truth, followed, to Sara's great surprise, this small conversation in everyday-Swedish and kaffir-Swedish, published here unedited.

How God Almighty was great would you not say, you dear Sara, when he took you from the darkness of paganism into his light and truth!

Sara: Yes, Massell!

Do you remember if you thought of God, or if you had a God, when you were still a pagan?

Sara: No, Massell; no God, only Modim – Modim, is no God!

No, that is of course the truth, dear Sara, but where did they in Kaffirland say that Modim could be found?

Sara: Massell, they said, in the weather, look up into the weather. But Sara does not know, Sara does not know more of Modim.

Poledišano magareng ga Cecilia le Sara

Cecilia Fryxell

Ka mo tlase go latela karolo e kgethilwego etšwa ka gare ga buka e bitšwago 'Spiritual Hymns' (difela tsa moya), e ile ya gatišwa ke bagwera ya baromi-wa ba Kalmar, ka go latela gotla polelo e ya boelwa kolobetšong ya ngwana wa ngwanenyana wa moheitene ka ngwaga wa 1865. Ka baka la gore bantši ka gare ga bagotsi ba rena ba ile ba botšiša ka bopelo ba Sara, gore o ile a fihla bjang mo nageng ya rena, re nagane gore motho o ile a bolela ka kudu le yena, gomme yo na leng bota ba gagwe, ke yena o swanetše go ngwala mafoko a mmalwa tša dilo Sara o ile a di-bolela. Eupša, ka gore kgopolo e na le go lebala, e bile be go na le tshwenyego, ka mokgo re le ra bolela, ya gore gone selo se se ka ngwalwa kapa se ka kwešišwa ka phošo, re nagane gore go ka ba kaone gore re ngwale poledišano e fasi ye ba bolela. Diputšišo tše be re dinagana dile da fetogwa ke dikarabo tša Sara. Dikarabo tša Sara dile da lebiša diputšišo tše dingwe. Bjale be re bala Lentšu la Morena, legono le le tšatši le lengwe le lengwe, e bile re kgopetši nnete, gwa latela ka, se se ile go sa makatša Sara kudu, poledišano se senyenyane se ile go sa direga ka leleme laSweden, le bolelang ke batho ba tswalago Sweden, le leleme le lengwe, lehlakane le leleme laSweden le bolelwa ke bafaladi ba fihlago Sweden, go swana le Sara. Re gatiša poledišano e re sa e beakanya.

Morena yo matla ohle a dira selo se se golo kudu a gontša lefsifising la moheitene, a go tliša kagare ga seetša sa gagwe le therešo ya gagwe.

Sara: Ee, Massell!

Nako e o le ka gare ga boheitene ne o mo nagana Morena, goba a gona Morena ka gare ga boheitene?

Sara: Aowa, Massell; be re sena Morena, be re na le modim – modim fela, iseng Morena.

Giveth they something to Modim?

Sara: Givetasomtha? What is that Massell?

Did they give something to Modim?

Sara: Yes, Massell, they would offer ox.

Were the Kaffirladies allowed (the men and women in Sara's land are called "kaffirladies" and "kaffirgentlemen" by her) to be around then?

Sara: No, but Sara was there with her sister once, we carried the spirits.

Did she see something then?

Sara: Nobody sees them doing the sacrifice, all men must do this (she puts her hand over her eyes) and lie on the ground; when they look up, all the oxen are dead.

What do they do after?

Sara: They make a fire, they fry the ox, they eat them up, sing, (sighs heavily) not know more about Modim.

What do the Kaffirmen do?

Sara: They make their clothing items, go to war, go in the forest, go in the desert, shoot animals.

Do they have guns?

Sara: Yes, Massell, those that have, do have, and those that do not have, do not have, but they all have has-sagai. (Spears.)

When the Kaffirgentlemen are at home, what do they do then?

Ee, se ke therešo, Sara yo a rategago, eupša nageng ya gago le re modim o hwetšega kae?

Sara: Massell, ka gare ga boemo bja leratadima, ba re re re ka mo hwetša ka gare ga boemo bja leratadima. Eupša a ke tsebe, a ke sa motseba modim.

Be go na le selo se be lefa modim?

Sara: Ha ke kwešiše, Massell. Be go na le selo se be lefa modim?

Sara: Ee, Massell be ba mofa dikgomo.

Basadi ba naga ya ga go be ba dumelela gore ba be gona ka nako ya go nea modim dikgomo?

Sara: Aowa, eupša nna le kgaetšedi ya ka ile ra ba gona. Be re rwele moya.

Le le la bona selo ka nako yeo?

Sara: Ga go na motho yo lebelang sehlabelo ge se direga. Go swanetše banna ba dire se se swanago le se (Sara a be a letsogo mo mahlong) gomme ba robale mo fase; Ge ba tsoga gomme ba lebelela, dikgomo kamoka dihwile.

Ba dira eng ge ba feditše?

Sara: Ba gotša mollo gomme ba beše nama ya kgomo gomme ba e ja, ba opele ... (Sara a fegelwa kudu) Ga ke sa tseba ka Modim.

Banna bageno ba dira eng?

Sara: Ba roka diaparo, ba ya ntweng, ba ya sethok-goweng, ba ya lehanateng, ba ye go tsoma diphoofolo.

Ba na le dithunya?

Sara: They sit by the road, they lay in the sun, sleep, talk and (tries to whistle, starts to smile) Sara cannot.

What do Kaffirladies do?

Sara: The Kaffirmaids work the soil, but not like white folks; they carry the water and everything, everything!

What do Kaffirfolks eat?

Sara: Eat meat, porridge, milk.

Do Kaffir have spoons, forks?

Sara: Oh, oh! (smiles lovingly) No, Massell, they eat with their hand, both porridge and milk.

How are Kaffirfolks dressed?

Sara: (with certain pleasure) Very beautiful! Kaffirlady in beautiful item of lambskin, skin across the breast, one skin across the back. The whole body is rubbed in fat, Very beautiful. Beads, neck. Beads, arms.

Would you like to be dressed like that now?

Sara: (turns her face away and smiles.) I don't know Massell. Ik (I) freeze Swedi (Sweden). Better body covered. It is shameful to be naked.

Do you know what tribe you are?

Sara: Yes, Massell. Mapele.

What is your Father named?

Sara: Makatemele.

What is your Mother named?

Sara: Fannavo.

Sara: Ee, Massell, Ba ba na le tšona, ba ne tšona gomme ba ba se ne tšona, ba ne le marumo.

E banna ba le ka gae, ba dira'ng?

Sara: Ba dula strateng, ba patlama letšatšing, ba boledišana (Sara a leka go letša molodi, a toma go myemyela) Ga ke go ne.

Basadi bona ba dira'ng?

Sara: basadi ba le ma, eupša eseng go swana le ma-go; ba rwala metsi gomme dilo ka moka, ba dira dilo ka moka!

Batho ba geno baja eng?

Sara: Ba ja nama, motepa, lebese.

Le berekesha malepola goba diforoko?

Sara: Aa aa! (A myemyela ka lerato). Aowa, Massell, ba ja ka matsogo, motepa le lebese.

Le apara diaparo tša muhuta ofe?

Sara: (a bolela ka go ikgantšha) Dibotse kudu! Basadi ba gesho ba apara mekgopha ya dinku, tše botse kudu, ba e apara godimo ga matswele le mokokotlo. Re tlotša mmele ka moka ka makura, e botse kudu! Re apara dipheta ka matsogong le molaleng.

O ka rata go apara ka tsela yeo nakong ye?

Sara: (a furalela sefahlego gomme a myemyela.) Ga ke tsebe, Massell. Mo Sweden gwa tonya. Go kaone ge mmele o khupeditšwe. Go se apara diaparo go letša dihlong.

O tseba meloko ya geno?

Sara: Ee, Massell. Mapele.

Do you have any sisters?

Sara: Yes, a sister in the countryside called Mech, one died in war, one with Khos (rainmaker, raindoctor, a very influential person) – Khos’s wife. Khos has given her many beads. Her name is Thalli.

No one more?

Sara: Yes, Massell, Mazahr that is Sara, Ik Sara herself. Ik had a brother, he was called Khakathan.

Was he kind?

Sara: Yes, Massell, only big like little Paulus, but looks after the lamb ... (Therefore about 6 years.)

Are Kaffirfolk good to their children?

Sara: Oh yeah, Massell, but they hit them too. Daddy very angry and mean.

Sara, dear, is it right to say that?

Sara: (holds back) No, it is best to stay silent. You shall honour thy father and thy mother and and so on. (Here Sara repeats the whole fourth commandment.) Daddy, four wives – and they quarrelled and argued such so! (Sighs) – pagans!

What did Sara do at home?

Sara: Look after Daddy’s his brother’s wife’s little child (the uncle’s wife’s little child.)

Did you ever think about death?

Sara: No, Massell. Never that time think death. Sara not think anything.

What were you afraid of?

Leina la tatago ke mang?

Sara: Makatemele.

Leina la mmago ke mang?

Sara: Fannavo

O na le di kgaetšedi?

Sara: Ee. Ke na le kgaetšedi yo dulago naga e bitšwago Mech, le kgaetšedi engwe yo ile wa romelwa ntweng, yomungwe kgaetšedi ke mosadi wa Khos (monešap-ula, motho wa matla amantši). Khos o ile a mofa diphetha tše dintši. Leina la gage ke Thalli.

Ba Feletši?

Sara: Ee, Massell, Mazahr ke nna Sara. Be ke na le kgaetšedi ya mošemanyana e lego Khakathan.

O be e na le botho?

Sara: Ee, Massell. E be e le kana le Paulus, o monyenane. Eupša o lebela dinku ... (Ka gona, o be e na le mengwanga e tshela)

Batho ba lefaseng la gago ba swara bana gabotse?

Sara: Aa, ee, Massell, eupša ba ba betha. Tata o na le go galefa kudu e bile ga sa kgahliša.

Sara, omunyane, go lokile go bolela ka mokgwa wo?

Sara: (a lesa), Aowa, go kaone go homola. Godiša tatago le mmago, le tše dingwe. (Mo, Sara o boeletša molao wa bone ka go felela). Tata, basadi ba ga ge bane – e bile ba ngangišana ka go se fele! (Sara a fegelwa) – baheitene!

Sara o na dira eng ka gae?

Sara: Afraid of Modim, afraid of Khos, afraid of Ghost.

What harm did you think they might do to you?

Sara: Don’t know Massell, Sara afraid.

Are the Kaffirgentlemen also afraid?

Sara: Ye, Massell, afraid of Khos and Modim.

What do they think Modim might do to harm them?

Sara: Don’t know, Massell; but Khos kill them. Not himself, but his servants.

When did Khos become a Khos?

Sara: Because Khos father was Khos before. (In other words, by birth.)

What does Khos do?

Sara: Khos makes rain.

Now Sara does not think that Khos has the capacity to make it rain or the sun shine?

Sara: Oh, Massell! No – God Almighty, the creator of heaven and earth, giveth us all things to enjoy.

Tell me, what good has God given you?

Sara: I believe in God Father Almighty. (She says the complete 1st Article.)

What is the best God has given us, poor sinners?

Sara: God has given us his Son. And so God loved the world. (Also here Sara read the language of the Bible fully.) (John 3:16, editors note.)

Sara: Ke be ke hlokomela ngwana wa mosadi wa ramogolo.

Ile wa nagana ka lehu?

Sara: Aowa, Massell. Ka nako yeo be ke sa nagane ka lehu. Be ke sa nagane selo.

Be go na le selo se o se boifago ka nako yeo?

Sara: Be ke boifa modim, Khos le dipoko.

O be o tšhaba gore ba tlo go dira eng?

Sara: Ga ke tsebe, Massell, be ke no tšhaba.

Le banna ba le fase la gago ba ya tšhaba?

Sara: Ee, Massell, ba tšhaba Khos le modim.

Ke ka baka la eng ba tšhaba Modim? Ba nagana o tla ba dira eng?

Sara: Ga ke tsebe, Massell; Eupša Khos o tla ba bolaya. E sego ka bo yena eupša ba bereke ba ga ge.

Khos o ile a ba Khos neng?

Sara: Ka gore tatagwe o be ile Khos pile ga gage (Ka mantso amangwane, ka go belegwa).

Khos o dira eng?

Sara: O dira gore pula e ne.

Sara o sa nagana gore Khos o na le matla a go nešetša pula goba go hlabišetša letšatši?

Sara: Aa, Massell! Aowa – Morena yo Matla ka Moka, mmopi wa legodimo le lefase, yo refile dilo ka moka gore re di thabela.

What is it that makes a pagan a pagan and a Christian a Christian?

Sara: The pagan doesn't know Lord Jesus, doesn't love Lord Jesus. The Christian knows Lord Jesus and loves Lord Jesus. The pagan afraid Modim.

Why is the pagan afraid of Modim?

Sara: Modim evil.

What is the Christian God like?

Sara: God is very good. (And tears are now shining in Sara's eyes.)

Was God also good when he took away your Kaffirland, when he took you away from your mother and father, your sisters and everyone?

Sara: Yes, Massell. (Now Sara's tears are streaming down her face.)

How was God good then?

Sara: God took me out of darkness and taught me about my Saviour. (Sara covers her face with her hands. Both the interviewer and Sara remain quiet for some time.)

Do you want to talk about what it was like when God took you from Kaffirland?

Sara: (Stares silently in front of herself.) Ik (I) would like to talk about it, but it is very shameful.

Why is it so, Sara, dear?

Sara: Sara cannot. Sara, you can say what you remember. Your friends would really like to know what it was like.

Mpotše, Morena o ile a go fa tšedife tšedibotse?

Sara: Ke dumela go Morena yo Matla ka Moka (Sara o boeletša molao wa matoma ka go felela)

Ke'ng tše kaone kudu tše Morena o ile a re fa tšona, rena ba diradibe?

Sara: Morena o re fele Morwa wa gagwe. Morena o ratile lefase gakaakaa. (Sara a boeletša mantšu a beibele, ka go felela) (Johane 3:16 ke tlhokomedišo ya morulaganyi)

Ke'ng seo se dirago gore moheitene e be moheitene gomme gore mokriste e be mokriste?

Sara: Moheitene ga tsebe Morena Jesu, ga rati Morena Jesu. Mokriste o tseba Morena Jesu gomme o rata Morena Jesu. Moheitene o tšhaba modim.

Ke ka baka la eng moheitene a tšhaba modim?

Sara: Modim o na le moya omobe.

Morena wa mokriste o bjang?

Sara: Morena o botse kudu. (mahlo a Sara a phadima ka megokgo).

Morena e be sa lokile le ge a go tšea ga geno, a gontšha ka gare ga batswadi ba gago le ga bana bageno?

Sara: Ee, Massell (Sara bjale o rothiša megokgo)

Morena o be a lokile, ka nako yeo, ka baka la eng?

Sara: Morena o ntšhitše ka lefsifsing a nthuta ka Mphološi wa rena. (Sara a tswalela sifahlego ka matso-go. Sara le Massell ba dula sebaka ba homotši.)

O nyaka go bolela ka gore be gole bjang nako ye Morena a go tšea nageng ya gago ya kgale?

Sara: Yes, Massell. My father was away in the country-side with his other wife, it is one day's there. (A day's travel.) Then came the Dutch and kaffir, other kaffir, not my people, and these kaffirs making war. Sara was home with mother in the big Kraal (village). (Here she also tells that kaffir call a kraal by another name that I could not understand.) Many people are at home, so many! Khos all three sisters, little brother; Early morning, the sun has not come out, they shoot, they burn house, all the people are running up, they shout very loudly. Khos runs to the desert and to the forest, all Kaffirgentlemen run after Khos. Kaffirladies not strong enough to run with!

Oh, my dear Sara, what suffering!

Sara: Oh, Massell! Sara dies all day! (Sara had death angst.) Mother, big sister hold my little brother in arm, they run, they run and here (She puts her hand over her heart) beating so hard, don't eat, don't drink all day. I crawl underneath a cliff, first another girl crawls inside, then Sara, then my brother, then my Mother and all the others. Oh, Massell, we are shaking so, and all the men come and we are just quiet, but then a girl drops a piece of her clothing outside of the rock or cliff. (Sara has first said that they were laying under a rock, but from the description it was most likely a cliff), and the Dutch look in and they start shooting, they shoot a girl in the hand and one bullet goes into Sara's side and stays inside the side. (Some of these accounts are difficult to understand because Sara is talking so fast and she cries a lot.) And then come the Kaffirgentlemen and they shout so loudly! Ytva! Ytva! (Come out! Come out!) Then Sara walks out with her mother and the other girls and little brother and when he comes they beat him to death with a big stick! My Mother cries very quietly, otherwise people become so mean. Sara and the other girls come forth and they all cry out, Bamai! Bamai! (Go, Go!) and we go, but my little brother lays (dead) left. (Now Sara cries for quite a long time.)

Sara: (Sara a lebelela pele a homotše). Ke a nyaka, eupša e leša dihlong kudu.

Ka baka la'ng Sara, omunyane?

Sara: Ga ke kgone.

Sara, bolela se o se gopolago. Bagwera ba gago banyaka go tšeba gore be gole bjang.

Sara: Ee, Massell. Tataka o be ya etetše dinaga-ma-gaeng le mosadi wa gage yo mongwe. Go ya gotšea letšatši le tee. Ke moka gwa fihla ma Dutch le batho ba bantsu batšwang nageng ye ngwe, e seng ba gaesho gomme gwa direga ntwā. Be ke nale mma ka ntlong e kgolo (ka motseng). (Sara o hlalosa gore ba bitša kraal ka leina le lengwe). Batho ba bantši be ba le ka motseng, ba bantši kudu! Khos, dikgaetšedi tša ka ka moka. Goseng kudu, letšatše le so hlabe, ba thuntšha, bafiša motse ka moka, batho ba kitimela godimo, batšhaba, ba letšela godimo kudu. Khos a kitimela leganateng le sethokgeng, banna ba bantsu kamoka ba latela Khos. Re na basadi be re sa tia ka mo go lekene-go go ka kitima le bona!

Aa, Sara ngwanešo. Mathata le mahloko a mantši bjalo ka tše!

Sara: Ee, Massell! Ka hlokofala letšatši ka moka! (Sara o be a nale go boifa go hwa). Mma, sesi yaka yo mogolo a swara buti'aka omonyane ka matsogong, ba tšaba kudu gomme mo (A beya seatla godimo ga pelo ya gage) go betha ka matla, letšatši kamoka be ke se ka ja le go nwa. Ka abula kafase ga legageng, go tomile gwa tsena ngwanenyana, ka moka gwa latela nna, buti'aka, mma le ba bangwe. Aa, Massell, be re thothomela kudu. Banna ba boela gomme re dutše re homotše eupša ngwanenyane yo mongwe a wiša se aparokantle ga legageng, gomme ma-Dutch a lebelela ka gare ba thoma go thuntšha, ba ile ba thuntšha letsogo la ngwanenyana yo mongwe gomme kolo e ile ya tsena ka lehlakoreng la ka. (Tšedingwe dithata go di kwešiša

Oh my dear Sara! What strange path God has taken you on! Where did that path go?

Sara: I know, Massell, to Jesus.

What happened then, Sara dear?

Sara: Yes Massell, we just stay, they screamed, Bamai, Bamai! And then we went up into the mountains and down also. I was very sick, and the blood is running down the road, and I don't walk so well anymore, I walk going back and forth and I am cold in my body, and my mother and the others run home through night – Sara cannot walk very readily and walks in an ill way, and a kaffir puts me on the wagon and washes Sara with cold water.

You must have had a lot of pain from the bullet in your side?

Sara: Yes Massell, Sara has a lot of pain. Drive to the land of the Dutch. They take the bullet out with a knife and a pleyer, they put bandaging on and it heals.

How long were you in the land of the Dutch?

Sara: A month.

Were they kind to you?

Sara: (with a small and noticeable smile) Sara would run back to kaffirland and the kaffirgentlemen talked about it and Sara is (taken) home and they beat her so! Ai, ai! They tie her arms with chains and they beat her really badly.

What did they beat you with?

Sara: (Looks suprised) With Sambock!

But what is that, Sara, dear?

ka gore Sara o bolela ka pela e bile wa lla) Banna ba baso ile ba tla ba goeletša ka gore: E tšwang! E tšwang! Ka moka ka tšwa le mma le banenyana ba bangwe le buti'aka omonyane. Gomme yena a tšwa ba mobetha ka thupa e golo go fihlela a e hwa. bo-mma ba lela fase, batho ba bangwe bathoma go bontša moya ye mebe kudu. Nna le banenyane ba bangwe re tlela pele gomme ba goeletša ka gore: “Sepelang! Sepelang!” gomme ra sepela eupša buti'aka omonyane ga robetše a hwile. (Bjale Sara a lla lebaka le letelele)

Aa, Sara ngwanešo! Morena a go romela tsela ye sa tlwaelegago. Gomme ya ya kae tsela yeo?

Sara: Kgo Morena Jesu, Massell.

Ka moka gel direnga'ng, Sara, omonyane?

Sara: Ee, Massell, re no dula, ba goeletša ka gore: “Sepelang! Sepelang!” Gomme ra namela ra fologa dithaba. Be ke na le bolwetši, madi a tšhologela fase se tseleng gomme ke sa gone le go sepela. Ke sepala pele le morago e bile ke kwa gotong ka mmeleng. Bomma le batho ba bangwe ba tšhaba e le bošego – nna be ke sa gone go sepela bose gomme ke septal ka go lwalwa ka moka motho yo moso ile a mpeya godimo ga karikana a nhlatswiša ka metsi a tonyago.

O no swanetše o kwele bohloko kudu e kolo idutše ka lehlakoreng la gago?

Sara: Ee, Massell. Be ke kwele bohloko kudu. Ge ke fihla nageng ya ma-Dutch ile ba berekeša mphaka go ntša kolo, ba ile batsenya panteši gomme ka fola.

O dutše nako e kaakang nageng ya ma-Dutch?

Sara: Kgwedi ye tee.

Be ba go swere gabotse?

Sara: (Sara a myemyela ganyane) Be ke na le go lea go

Sara: It is Sambock, it is very painful.

But what is sjambok?

Sara: Yes Massell, that is Sambock, they hit the black folks with it.

Where do they hit?

Sara: They hit where they want, head, back, chest, they just hit, hit, hit!

Did you get holes in your body?

Sara: No, Massell, but arms became very swollen, my back, my head, my forehead, everything (the beaten limbs got very swollen).

Did you make sounds of suffering?

Sara: I don't know Massell? Sounds?

Yes I meant, did you scream a lot?

Sara: Yes, I screamed so! Night, longing, whole night cried for Kaffirland.

Who are those that hit Sara?

Sara: It is the men themselves.

Was it someone that saw this?

Sara: Yes Massell, the wife and the children are looking. Master's Mama (the mother of the master) says, “it is enough now”.

So dear Sara, was there an end to it?

Sara: Yes, Massell, they unbound my hands and master says, Sara mustn't run away again. Sara says: noo.

tšhabela gae gomme banna ba baso ba bolela gomme ba bušetša gomme ba mbetha ga golo. Ai, ai! Be ba bofa matsoga a ka ka diketane gomme ba mbethe ka bohloko.

Be ba go betha ka eng?

Sara: (A bona gala a maketše) Ka sjambok!

Eupša ke eng yeo, Sara?

Sara: Ke sjambok, e bohloko kudu.

Eupša ke'ng sjambok?

Sara: Ee, Massell, ke sjambo (dithupa), ba betha batho baso ka yona.

Ka tsela ye feng?

Sara: Ba betha mo ba nyakang, hlogo, mokokotlo, mats-wele, ba bathe go se feleng!

O bo o gwetša mašoba mo mmeleng?

Sara: Aowa, Massell, eupša matsogo a ruruga ga golo, le mokokotlo wa ka, le hlogo, le phatla, mmele ka moka (Sara o be a ruruga Mo be be ba mobetha).

O be o goeletša na ko ye okwa bohloko?

Sara: Ga ke tsebe, Massell? Goeletša?

Ee, o be o goeletša ga golo?

Sara: Ee, kudu! Be ke lla bošego ka moka, ke lela gagesho.

Ne o bethwa kemang?

Sara: Ke banna.

Do you have a memory of what you felt in your heart at this time?

Sara: Sara no understand?

Were you sad? Did you cry all day?

Sara: Yes, Massell, very sad all day, not come to Kaffirland. Sara would sometimes rather die ...

Did anyone see you crying?

Sara: Only the children. The children would say, Sara howls! (cries, shouts)

Sara, dear, when did you get away from there?

Sara: They said: Sara travels Africa to town. Travel tomorrow, come in the night with the Wife and him (the man, the owner!?) and children.

Did you take care of the children or what did you do?

Sara: Sara takes care of the oxen.

What did you do in the city?

Sara: Sara goes to the market place; the Master sells wood first and (says completely quietly) then they sold me.

Who bought you?

Sara: A policeman, but Sara does not know that he was this. The man said, now Sara stays here.

Oh, you poor little Sara!

Sara: Yes, Massell, Sara was very afraid.

How long were you with the policeman?

Be go nale batho ba lebeletše o bethwa?

Sara: ee, Massell, mosadi, bana. Mma wa mong wa lapa ke a re ‘go lekane.’

Sara, ngawensho, be go felela?

Sara: ee, Massell. Be be ba mbofula, mong wa lapa ke a re ke se ka tšhaba gape. Nna ge kere: Aowa.

Wa kgopola be go le bjang ka pelong ya gago ka nako e?

Sara: Ga ke kwešiše?

O be o nyamile? O be o lla letšatši ka moka?

Sara: Ee, Massell. Be ke nyamile kudu, letšatši ka moka. Be ke sa gone go boyela gagesho. Nkampane ke hwe.

Be go nale motho o ile a go bona o lla?

Sara: Bana fela. Bana be ba re, Sara wa lla! (a lla, a goeletša)

O ile wa tloga ne'ng lefelong leo?

Sara: Be ba re: Sara o tloga Afrika o ya toropong. Re tsamaya Gosasa, mosadi, bana le mong wa lapa ba tsena bošego.

O be o hlokometše bana goba o be o dira'ng?

Sara: Be ke hlokomela dinku. O be o dira'ng toropong?

Sara: Be ke ya borekišetšong; mong wa lapa o tomile a rekiša dikgong gomme (Sara a homola) a latela ka go nthekiša.

Ke mang o go rekilego?

Sara: Lephodisa la monna, eupša ga ke tsebe gore ke mang. O ile a re: go tlogela lehona Sara o dula moke.

Sara: One week.

What did you do there?

Sara: I was in the kitchen and look at the pots as they boil.

When did you see the gentlemen couple F (Mr F in Botchesftroom in South Africa (Editor's note misspelling in article, it should be Potchefsrom, Mr F refers to the Swedish businessman and farmer Forssman that planned a Swedish agricultural colony in South Africa) a Swede coming from Kalmar, that Sara came to Sweden with when the F's visited their family) for the first time?

Sara: When he comes riding to the Policeman and little Anna says, Sara can hold the horse, F. says, Sara is a rogue, she has run from Kaffirland. Sara says: Noo!

But when did you come to Mr F?

Sara: Little Anna says Sara shall go to F. and his dwelling, and then they say, Sara must go the to kitchen. In the kitchen the wife of F. is peeling potatoes and Mr F. says, Sara shall call her Mrs; Sara says yees.

And then you take care of these people's children, you clean their rooms, and you look after the pots and these kind of things?

Sara: Yes, Massell.

How long were you there?

Sara: Mrs said four years.

Were you happy to be travelling that long?

Sara: First I was happy, but then when they said it would be three years I said, I rather Africa.

Do you remember something of the journey?

Oh, Sara, tše bohloko so!

Sara: Ee Massell, ke be ke tšhogile kudu! O dutše nako e kaakang le lephodisa?

Sara: Beke ye tee.

O be o dira'ng ka gagwe?

Sara: Ke be kile ka khitšining ke lebeletše dipitša le de poto O kopane le Mna F neng la mathomo? (Mna F yo dulago Potchefstroom – tlhokomedišo ya morulaganyi ile ya ngwala 'Botchesfroom,' ka phošo. Mna F ke rakgwebo le molemi o tšwang Sweden o ile a dira thulaganyo Afrika Borwa ya dikoloning tša go lema tše lego tša Sweden. Leina la gagwe ge le feleletše ke Forssman. Sara o ile a fihla Sweden le Mna F).

Sara: Mna F o ile a tla go le phodisa a nametše pere gomme Anna o monyane a re “Sara a ka swara pere.” Mna F a re, Sara ke sehvirihwiri, o ile a tšabela gagabo. Ka re aowa!

Eupša o ile wa fihla neng go Mna F?

Sara: Anna o monyane a re ke o swanetše ke ye go Mna F le ka ntlong ya gagwe. E ke fihla e be bare ke ye moraleng. Ka moraleng mosadi wa Mna F o ebola ditapola gomme Mna F a re ke swanetše ke mo bitše Moh. gomme ka dumela.

O be o hlokomela band ba le lapa la bona, o hlwekiša ntlo, o hlokometše dipitšha gomme le dilo tše swana le tše?

Sara: Ee, Massell.

O dutše nako e kaakang le bona?

Sara: Moh. o itše nywaga e mene

O be o thabile go sepela nako e telele gaaka?

Sara: Of the journey?

Yes.

Sara: Sara travels through the desert, makes fire in the night so that the lions shall not come. Sara Dina (another black girl that also came to Sweden with the Africa farers and returned there after she has here been brought into the holy baptism) and all the kaffirmen are laying underneath the wagon. Mrs and the children and Mr F. are laying inside the wagon.

Did you have food for the whole journey (from Potchefsrom, the main city of Transvaal is located far inland)?

Sara: No Massell, we stopped in many cities and buy food.

What was the city called where you boarded the ship?

Sara: Lissebeth, Massell. (Port Elisabeth.) Where I met the Kaffirgentlemen, my people, Kaffirland. I know them, they were educated in school, they were taught English.

How long were you in Port Elisabeth?

Sara: One month. F's boys went to school.

Where did you meet the Kaffirgentlemen?

Sara: I washed clothing. They asked where was I going and did I know how to read? I said: Noo, not read; Those Kaffir said, you go where its burning.

Do you think that these men were Christians?

Sara: I don't know Massell, if they were Christened. But they read, they speak about hell, about people burning. The pagans do not read. The pagans do not know of hell. Sara asks: where do the Kaffirs go when Kaffirs die? They just say, the Kaffirs burn. Those Kaffirgentlemen, they are my people, (those Kaffirmen they were of my people) Sara knows them from Kaffirland.

Sara: La mathomong be ke thabile, eupša e ba re go tlo tšea nywaga e metaro, ka re go kaone ke shale mo Afrika.

O sa gopola leeto la go fihla Sweden?

Sara: Leeto?

Ee.

Sara: Ke gopola re tshela lehanata, be ke dira molo bošego gore ditau di se ke di batamele kgaufsi. Sara Dina (Le yena o ile a tla Sweden fomme a boela Afrika Borwa a fetša go kolobetšwa) le banna ba baso ba be ba robetše fase ga karikaneng. Moh le Mna F le bana ba be ba robetše ka gare ga karikaneng yeo.

Be le na le dijo tša tsele kamoka tše lekanego (go tloga Potchefsrom, toropo ye golo ya Transvaal)?

Sara: Aowa, Massell, be re ema re reka dijo tseleng.

Ke eng Leine la toropo ye o ile wa namela sekepe?

Sara: Lissebeth, Massell. (Port Elisabeth). Ke hlakane le banna ba baso bagesho moo. Ke a ba tseba, ba rutegile, sekolong ba be ba ruta ka segoa.

O dutše nako e kaakang Port Elisabeth?

Sara: Kgwedi e tee. Barwa ba Mna F ba be ba tsena sekolo.

O hlakane ka e le banna ba baso bageno?

Sara: E be ke hlatswa di aparo. Ba be ba mpotšiša gore ke a kae le gore ke gona go bala? Ka re aowa ga ke gone. Ba araba ka gore ke tao fišwa diheleng ka baka la se.

O nagana gore e be ice bakriste?

Sara: Ga ke tseba, Massell, ge e ba kolobeditšego. Eupša

Did you speak often to them?

Sara: A little now and then when buy bread. Then I stay with them. Mrs says you can rest there (you stay there if you want to) or you can come back to Africa. There are many white maids in Kalmar that can take care of children: Sara does as Sara pleases; but I want to join.

So then a long, long journey starts! Were you very ill out at seas?

Sara: Yes, Massell, ill, ill.

Did you think you would die?

Sara: Sara does not think anything ... Sara never thinks about anything, doesn't think about the soul, doesn't think about death.

But Sara dear, when you were so ill, sick and ill, did you not have to call out to some being?

Sara: Yes Massell, I called Modim to help me.

So you thought that Modim could and wanted to help?

Sara: I don't know Massell. Don't know anything Modim now.

Sara, do you ever call out to Modim now when you are afraid or at other times?

Sara: Oh, Massell, Noo! I call for God, the Saviour.

So tell me the difference between Modim and God our Saviour?

Sara: (confidently) The Saviour is a living God, Modim is a dead Asa-god.

ba bala, e bile ba bolela ka diheleng, ka go fišwa ga batho. Baheitene a ba tseba diheleng. Ke ile ka babotšiša gore batho ba baso, baheitene, ba ya kae ye ba hlokofala gomme ba araba ba re ba ya diheleng. Ba be ke bolela le bona ke bagesho, ke ba tsebela gae.

O be o bolela bona ga golo?

Sara: ka dinako tše dingwe ge ke reka borotho. Ka dula le bona. Moh F a re ke ka dula lebone goba ke ka boela Afrika, gagesho. A re ba bantši ba hlokamedi ba legae ka Kalmar. Ke dira se ke nyakago, ke be ke nyaka go tsamaya le bone. Ka moka wa toma lento le letelele!

O be o na le bolwetši nako e o be o le lewatleng?

Sara: Ee, Massell, bolwetši kudu.

O be o nagana gore o ka hwa?

Sara: Be ke sa nagane selo ... Ke dula ke sa nagane selo, moya waka le go hwa. Mara Sara, nako ye o na le bolwetši bo bontši, be go se na selo se o be o se bitša?

Sara: Ee, Massell. Ke ile ka gopela thušo ya Modim.

Ge o be o nagana gore Modim o be ka gona go gothuša e bile o be a nyaka?

Sara: Ga ke tsebe Massell. Ga ke sa tseba selo ka Modim bjale.

Sara, o na le go bitša Modim bjale e go na le selo o se tšhabago?

Sara: Aowa, Massell! Ke bitša Morena, Mophološi.

Modim le Morena Mophološi wa rena ba fapana kae?

Sara: Mphološi ke Morena o philago, Modim ke memo ya diswantšho.

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Colophon

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