

HIDDEN TIMES

22 JAARGANG

NR 39

2021 September

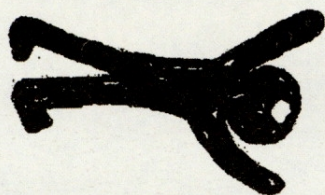
BieRumer School

VRIJPLAATS VOOR VERBEELDING



COLLECTIVE

WANDERING



On a windy day in the town of Bierum, the Collective Wandering took place. A walk in the fields, over the dike, along the sea and through the village where visitors encountered 11 performances along the way.

The Collective Wandering aimed to perform a re-enchantment of the Groningen landscape through the use of a form of psychogeographical technique. Psychogeography looks at breaking through the existing landscape concepts (which largely determine how we interact with this landscape) and reforming them. By wandering and not exactly knowing what to look for and where to go, your way of seeing, moving and listening changes.

The performances offered new perspectives, experiences and memories of places. This breaks through the way people usually view the surrounding landscape and invited the visitors to make different associations and feelings. It breaks the banality of our everyday environment and feeds it with a form of magical thinking that re-creates meaning and value. The landscape is no longer a background for the performative life, but an essential part and must therefore be approached in that way.

At the end of the wandering you were invited at the Bierumer School to join the conversation with Katja to reflect on it.

Take this newspaper as a guide to wander around in your own environment. Listen, look and move carefully; pay attention and imagine that everything around you could be a performance. What changes? How do you perceive the things that are happening? What do they mean to you? Create new perspectives, stories, memories and explore your own place again.

The Collective Wandering is part of Vrijplaats Voor Verbeelding, a project taking place at the Bierumer School which is researching how we relate to our environment, how we experience it and how our imagination can be used to create new perspectives, memories and ideas of our direct environment we are in every day.

No Cleaning But of evil Picnic/Day/ 10# ikkans // Laureen Lamsa

News

Let's say it's a good day
Or not
Let's say it's a good day
Or not

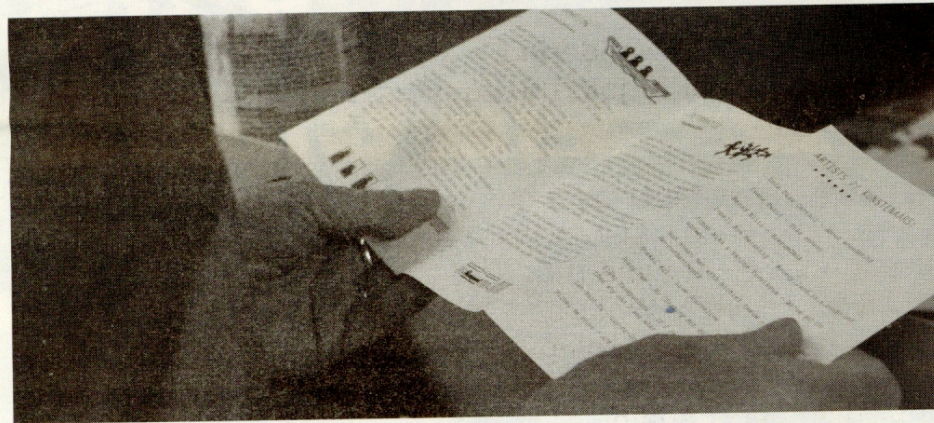
During the Collective Wandering
I studied in the Netherlands
it is always thought of as a place
where everything is dirty and dusty
the fifth place in

volksnakkertjes
instagram.com/sgrsibai

There was one morning
during the summer holiday
I cleaned the kitchen
all of a sudden. It is in
a shared student house
where everything is dirty
and dusty, the fifth place in
the Netherlands. Reminded
it is always thought of as a place
where everything is dirty and dusty
the fifth place in
clean thoroughly despite
the oily surface everywhere
and my fingers felt hesitant
to touch. I got to know the
space through cleaning, but
also to make the "home"
home. Now I understand
why my mom and aunt
clean their home every day
and wonder if deep in my
mind I already decided to
stay here.

During the Collective
Wandering it was a day
for retreat, both for the
cleaning tools and myself.
After days of working
and diving in dirty water
thinking a lot, we went for
a picnic in the North to see
what's next.

jessielam.com



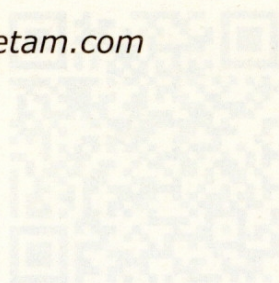
Having a talk about the future? The past? The present?
What do we want? Represent? What do we mean for
the future? What do you expect of the future? What
has the past to do with the future? What do we want
to represent in the present now? Come and talk with us
yesterday and tomorrow, the yesterday and tomorrow
and the 6 days before yesterday and what
about 7 years later. ?

No Cleaning But Picnic Day *Jessie Tam*

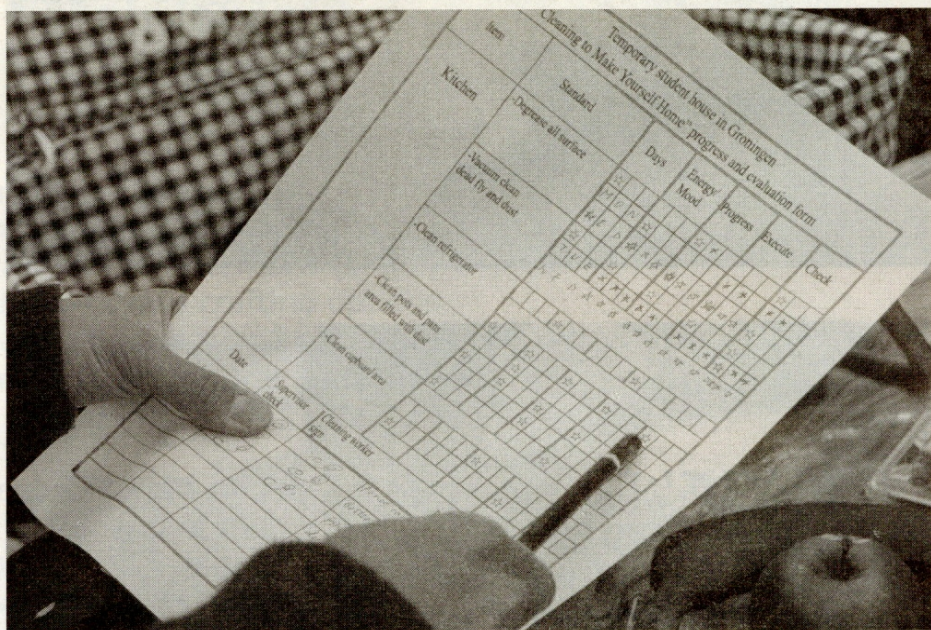
There was one morning during the summer holiday I cleaned the kitchen all of a sudden. It is in a shared student house where everything is oily and dusty, the fifth place in 2 years since I studied in the Netherlands. Perhaps it is always thought of as a temporary place, I did not clean thoroughly despite the oily surface everywhere, and my fingers felt hesitant to touch. I got to know the space through cleaning, but also to make the "home" home. Now I understand why my mom and aunts clean their home every day and wonder if deep in my mind I already decided to stay here.

During the Collective Wandering it was a day for retreat, both for the cleaning tools and myself. After days of working and diving in dirty water thinking a lot, we went for a picnic in the North to see what's next.

jessietam.com



COMMON REED





BierumGAGA

Bernd Ihno Eilts

BierumGAGA is an invitation for anyone interested to participate as a performer in an open improvisational human sounding.

During the walk in Bierum and its surroundings you were invited to react to all you see, smell, touch, hear & feel and respond with your own human voice in all its available facets. A voice that whispers, shouts, sings a melody just

found, cry, laugh, talk in any language, create sound with a forgotten poem. Sound along with bees, birds, trees, fields, the sun, shadows, rain, wind, anything that touches you. Embrace all you wish and think about, the ways of fellow participants and the inviting artist, the sounds of animals, plants, the sea.

This is an invitation to react to all, in funny, crazy ways you maybe never did before. Free yourself and embrace anything with your sounding voice and all its abilities. You are welcome to free yourself and ENJOY!

[instagram.com/bernd.eilts/](https://www.instagram.com/bernd.eilts/)

Mysticallaneous Re-enchantments *Samantha Pellarini and Michiel Teeuw*



In the forest and the beach, a dame blanche and a
siffleuresse came to find enchantments. What other forces
make you move besides gravity?
A whistle, a grave, a grain, a trail.

Ring, ring, ring, to wake me

te zijn waar wij willen zijn

la playa la montana y la muerte

el mundo en el desierto

another force besides gravity

samanthapellarini.com
michielteeuw.nl





If I hear that you are here,
then why can I see what you
see?

Eleni Tsompanidou

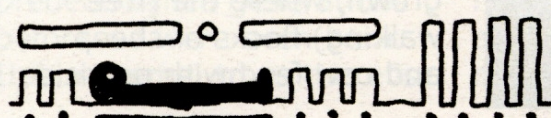
What stories do our surroundings tell? How do we relate to and through those narratives, to our history, and to each other? The work "If I hear that you are here, then why can I see what you see?" is an invitation to explore these topics and participate in an archive of personal experiences that contribute to the collective perception of the location.

The work explored location-based experiences, focusing on perception, association, and memory. The setup - a blanket on the ground- invited the viewer to shift their perspective by laying down, offering a new view of the landscape. On it, there was a set of instructions and a tape player/ recorder. The first participant heard a recording of me aiming to challenge our understanding of reality and offer a new perspective on our relationship with the world around us. The instructions invited

the participant to capture their own experience in the tape, right after mine. Each participant got to hear the experiences that have been recorded before and add their own. The final recording became an archive of personal experiences that contribute to the collective perception of the location.

Eleni Tsompanidou is an artist from Greece currently living in the Netherlands and working between both countries. Her practice explores, both in an individual and a collective way, topics relevant to the human condition.

tsompanidoueleni.com



Lay-by-layer

Lan-Hsin Tu

The performance started with round fabric objects. These objects symbolise the cycle and the start. I placed them on the dike and let them engage with the landscape. Then I started to walk on the dike and untied the fabric balls. They transformed into long strips with ruffle-looks. I layed down the strips on the dike to resonate with the seagrass nearby. When I peeled out the first layer, the ball became smaller and the stripe became longer. When I walked alone on the dike, it seemed endless. When I peeled more layers of the balls, I felt it was very far away from the beginning. However, I noticed more people joined me to walk on the dike and grasped the strip together. I didn't feel alone anymore. Then we rolled the strip back together to a round shape. This is the most meaningful and core layer of this performance.

tulanhsinthesis2020.com



“We’ve got the
answer”
*Simon Niks and
Vanina Tsvetkova*



Crash on the end of the world where the biggest google server flips upside-down lives and erects ideologies, where the chimneys scrape the sky and illuminate in neon blue all clouds, where black poison sprayed into the earth, where the satellites are not capable to measure borders, where our (bio, natural, organic) grain, veggies and fruits are grown, where the (free walking) flocks of sheep and cow feed with pesticide



grass, the vast green fields with no single insect, the tall and gorgeous dykes - life force shields, our lives do not surpass it is instead the progress of the past.

It is a clash, it is a ruin, it is a crash. It is an error, it is a fall, it is a collapse. How naive our futuristic ancestors intend, when sitting on the edge and hopes- none left but getting used to with the end.

We are melting down our earth for hosting binaries; zeroes and ones monitoring all crowds, pretending to surveil the pirate. Fires raging forest/jungles, deserts spreading, floods are taking place all over. Mother earth cannot breathe any longer. Meanwhile, people prematurely fight lost causes. It is being predetermined generations before we were even born. It is a shame, to us there is

left no right to blame, but we can take over the right to make it over.

Forget about the ores, the earth is getting older, the motherboard gives error - it is permanently out of order. It is fed up with ambitions, greed, consumerism, force, aggression, violence, we will only settle when we punish the aggressive householder.

Perceiving generation-based desires and achievements, or as "well behaved" nouveau riche, we can also choose to end it all at our own speed, exhausting, exhausting, exhausting. The simple human from nature has no voice, no future where progress has long eliminated existential belonging. What difference do single artists or activists make when the masses have yearly earplugs allowing their own truth only. As far as there is

food on the table, a new mobile phone and a bunch of clothes, nothing else matters. Is that right? Take a good look around, do you see everywhere yourself. Yes, you do Oh mighty. Before the crash, you even thought that your appearance was godly.

Illusions are gone, the sober reality chases you behind each corner. Did you start to care more, or did you give up some time longer? Keep on feeding ambitions are again pending, stop already turn around it has already ended.

By the edge of the world, where the waters rise high your life doesn't really matter. It's just a crumble of the pie birds that took it up the sky when they realized that there are more perspectives, more horizons and secondly running retrospectives.

From the Author: Please don't make ice cubes because Antarctica is melting!

simonniks.nl
vaninatsvetkova.com



Sensing Dyke

Ivana Đerić

As the tide moves, so do we. The work 'Sensing dyke' is becoming a meeting point between dyke visitors and its residents. This work is moving focus from a big picture of long dikes and an even bigger sea to the small but important wildlife which found its new life on this man-made landscape.

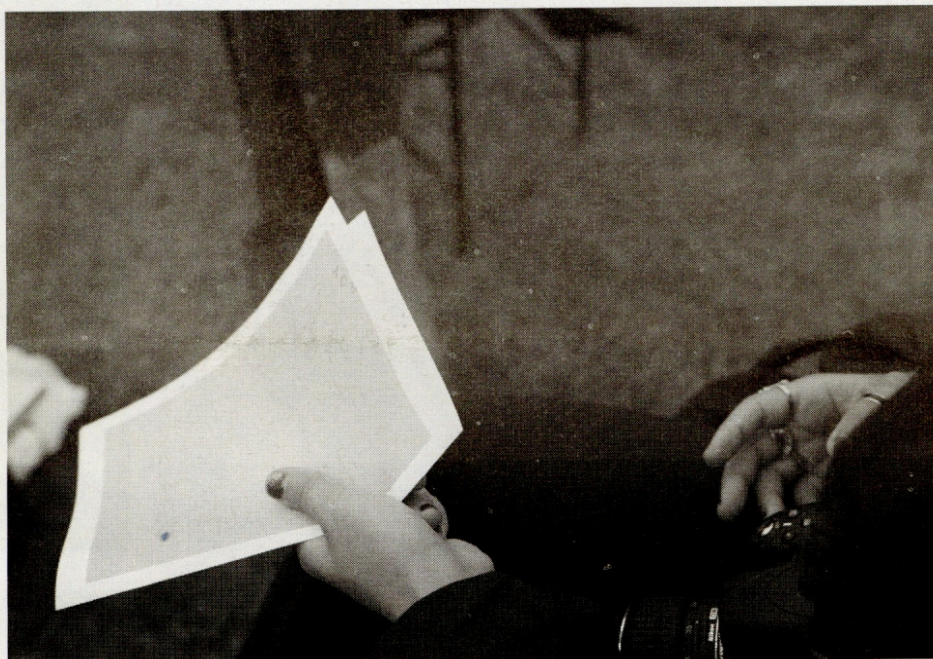
ivanaderic.wordpress.com





AOY - Gap de Présence *Michel de Vries*

Contagious yawning has to do with self-image, awareness and empathy. It is the expression of an embodied ability to empathize with the other and it relates to a (relatively) high cognitive understanding of the other's perspective.



Can empathy be extended by yawning together? Can you learn to continue to become familiar with your environment, in this case with the people, the animals and the landscape around Bierum?



Gap de Présence is part of
Art of Yawning - AOY

I would like to invite you
to close your eyes
and to become aware of our surroundings,
to become aware of the temperature
to become aware of the sounds
to become aware of the smells
to become aware of the tastes
once you feel ready,
you can open your eyes
and we can continue

wander is an activity
that does not neglect
the mind but instead,
prioritizes the senses
and the unknown.

About woandering *Lola Diaz Cantoni*

How does the wind feel for you?

During About woandering, visitors have been received along the pier in Bierum for a one-on-one encounter and conversation with Lola and its surroundings.

Along the course of the day, they shared experiences, stories, memories, feelings, realizations, and perceptions; related to the ideas of wandering, wondering, and woandering- a new term that is currently under development and research by Lola herself.

How often do you wander?

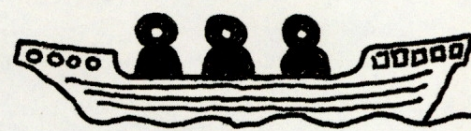
Do you do so alone, or with someone else?

For how long do you wander?

How do you wander?

About woandering has been the very first step into a longer and deeper research, which strives to dive further into the human condition and the way we behave, experience and enjoy the world, as an individual and as part of a collective. More soon to come...!

loladiazcantoni.com



Live journalism

Snakki #01 // Spinsi

// Laureen Langkamp

News

News is everywhere

Yesterday, tomorrow and the day before that other
day something happened

Or not

Let's decide together what is news this day

During the Collective Wandering Laureen interviewed,
questioned and observed the performances, the
visitors and the artists. The material she collected is
integrated in this newspaper.

volkssnakkel.futbol

instagram.com/spinsibal



Having a talk about the future? The past? The present?
What do we present? Represent? What will we mean for
the future? What do you expect from the future? What
has the past to do with the future? What do we want to
represent in the present now? Come and talk with us, with
each other, with the now the yesterday, the tomorrow
and the 6 days after tomorrow before yesterday and what
about 7 years later..?



#every.land.is.a.wonderland

Inbal Ann Hershtig

Many plants and materials in our daily environment contain qualities we are unaware of, from tool's making to medicinal uses, food or shelter. Most of the knowledge mastered by native ancestors is gone and with it an important 'link' connecting us to our environment. #every.land.is.a.wonderland* aimed to shed light on those 'hidden' potentials residing around us.



HEDGE BINDWEED



COMMON REED

A series of scannable signs were placed along the Collective Wandering walking route. The signs pointed at plants from which one could craft different items. The QR codes lead to web pages that demonstrate crafting options. The act of wandering surpassed the physical and entered an augmented layer of information enriching the actual place where the sign stood.

Wanderers were invited to collect materials and take part in the vertical weaving project at the end of the route. "I was surprised by the amount and the diversity of materials people brought with them: flowers, shrubs, seaweeds and branches with berries, some went as far as bringing plastic remains of a net or a washed out camera film found near the water." All collected material was documented and logged as part of the entire piece, including the conversations and interaction with the people that day. ArtisAnna [Artisan-Partisan-Anna] is a project that looks



TRUE GRASS

at the world through the eyes of a contemporary Hunter-Gatherer, using ancient knowledge and contemporary tools with available local sources (natural or human originated) to live life with less consumption, less waste and more self-sufficiency and regain a tacit connection to our environment

[instagram.com/artisan_na](https://www.instagram.com/artisan_na)

Katja van der Kamp

During the Collective Wandering Katja van der Kamp was present at the Bierumer School and invited everyone after the walk for a coffee and a conversation about all the things you encountered along the way. She wrote a piece especially for this publication which explores the meaning of folk tales nowadays and how this is connected to the Collective Wandering.

So, that witch in 1547... But, wait. I want to talk about something else first. Why don't we tell each other folktales anymore? On a birthday, why don't we talk about the hellhound between Oosterwijtwerd and Krewerd or about white women at the Holwierde dike? Because isn't that just as interesting as the neighbour's new car or the fact that a tractor was almost in the ditch yesterday?

I have my own ideas about this. Most of our folktales seem to originate in so-called 'liminal' spaces. The term originated with the anthropologist Victor Turner and is introduced in his essays on tribal rituals in Africa and other places where young people pass from childhood to adulthood. During those rituals they are not children for a while, but they are not yet adults either and they find themselves in a kind of intermediate state in which it is uncertain what their identity is and whether they will get through that time well. It's a shady, vaguely defined area and you don't know what dangers are in it. And so you can use that term for many different things, for example in the area between low tide and high tide, on the night as a transition to the day, but also on the wild natural areas that our ancestors had to get through from civilization to civilization. And so often you find the seeds of folktales sprouting in those kinds of areas, whether they are really physical or more mental. I personally also feel that a lot of conspiracy theories originate from such liminal digital realms, but that's for another moment.

How can you connect that to the fact that here in the Netherlands we are actually not so much involved with our folktales anymore? I suspect this is partly because we lead such an organized life. And not only on a social level, but also when you look around you physically. Every piece

of wild nature is not really a piece of wild nature; it was planned and put down by people. If only because we have decided that a certain area is no longer actively managed for example. Behind every tree, every bush, every mushroom, there is ultimately a human action and without those actions the tree, the bush and the mushroom would not exist. So there is literally no room for the liminal spaces in which folktales can arise and continue to live on. But there are things that can be done about it. Take the beautiful day this newspaper is about, in which Bierum and the dike actually turned into a gigantic liminal zone. how this relates to the landscape and how you as a spectator can create a completely different landscape by encountering a different concept. To what extent does the narrative aspect of your environment influence how you experience it? And is there at all a difference between what you see and what you tell yourself what you see? So to what extent is there an objective reality? And if it isn't actually there, in what ways can we play with what we want and see? Through the performances of that day, but also through the old folktales that exist here, Katja was discussing this.



The Collective Wandering was a day where people were invited to wander around and look at everything as it could be a performance. This made that the landscape of Bierum became not only the context of the performances, but part of the performances or was sometimes even considered as a performance on its own. Agricultural vehicles, work on the land, people passing by doing something; everything was possibly a performance and was therefore looked at as something else. Every action, every happening, every movement became something to pay attention to, to look at and listen to carefully, to see what you can discover, creating new experiences, perspectives and memories of our environment we encounter everyday.

Read more about and listen to the experiences of visitors through the QR code which leads you to the page which is sharing the content that Laureen has collected during the day.

More information about Vrijplaats Voor Verbeelding can be found on vrijplaatsvoorverbeelding.nl. It both serves as a platform to archive what has happened as well as a place to announce what is coming.

This newspaper is designed by Bindert Helder, as well as all the drawings.



Many thanks for all the support:

kunstraad groningen

M

**mondriaan
fonds**



BIERUMER SCHOOL

stichting
stokroos

Bierumer School
Hereweg 12 9906 PE Bierum NL
Production and design: Bindert Helder,
Jorien Ketelaar, Laureen Langkamp
ISSN: 2542-4173

**VRIJPLAATS
VOOR
VERBEELDING**