

BLACK FLAG

Somewhere along the lines I wrote:

The Black Square.

It is the door to an infinite road which leads to other places in an outer space. It is something on the other side, a reference. The black square is an invasion in it's surroundings, it moves itself towards another world, another dimension. It is a mirror of itself. It is always an intervention.

There is a small Island Brienoord close to my home. When I walk around I consider parts of it as mine. Others do not fit this concept. Even though there's a presence of clubhouses and vegetable gardens on the island and it's a public nature reserve.

A flag, a statement of land. Claiming possession.
And so I implanted a flag.

This land is mine.

Actually, the sculpture was more a curiosity towards people, interaction with surrounding and deterioration.

How long before the sculpture would be noticed and someone would take the responsibility to cut it down?

If no one would, how long would it endure in harsh weather conditions.

How would the sculpture interact with, and frame its surrounding.

I went over to the island and chose a spot to implant the sculpture situated quite close to the entrance of the island. Digging two holes approximately half a meter into the ground with a small shuffle and my hands.

During the process a Moroccan man dressed in a black jacket and trousers walked by on the path approximately 20 meters from where I was digging. His shoes were brown and once prominent but due to the frequency of wearing dissolved into something not as elegant anymore. He was calling on his cell phone.

He saw me busy, walked off the path and observed me for a while. After a couple of minutes observing he hung up the phone, made himself a little more comfortable and sat down on the ground, and observed me a little longer. I decided to ignore him and continued with digging.

He started a new phone call obviously about the business that he was in. Lingered still, and eventually decided to walk on.

When the frame is upright but without the black fabric I wonder for a moment if I should leave it in this manner. The rectangle has become a frame for its surrounding in which the content of the frame changes according to your position. But in the end, I hang the fabric. I return in the evening to photograph the object.



The next day I go back to the site and the object is still standing upright. The only alteration is the absence of the stick straitening the fabric which I put in again.

A week later I return again in the evening. Entering the Island at night always seems to be an event. Occasionally there are a couple of cars parked near the entrance with people around it. Usually they look as though they are planning a major drug transport. Nevertheless, aside from the looks of suspicion thrown in my direction, they always leave me alone.

Sometimes there's a couple making out in their car who also have a tendency to throw looks at me but usually more in the direction of a violation of privacy. To me that is always a bit strange because there's not much privacy to expect in a car with transparent windows on a spot open to public. Although I can imagine that you could think that there wouldn't be to many people around at a late hour.







