

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 its 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 it's a public nature reserve and there's a presence of clubhouses and vegetable gardens on the island.

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 would the sculpture interact with its surrounding.

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 harsh weather conditions?

How would it de-materialize after being overthrown?

I went over to the island and chose a small patch of grass, situated quite close to the entrance, to implant the sculpture. 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, 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. There seemed to have been no actual aim for his observance.

When the frame is upright, but still 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, a frame for the green trees behind it. When I reposition myself, I am fascinated by the changing content of the frame. The contrast between the dark frame and vibrant colors of the trees is beautiful. It seems like I have created a way to direct someone's view. Focus an observation to recognize beauty for a while.

But in the end, I hang the fabric.

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 straightening 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 a small event.

Occasionally there are a couple of cars parked near the entrance with people around it. Usually they look as if 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. These also have a tendency to throw looks in my direction, but their looks are usually in relation to 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 many people around this place at a late hour.

Today it is the last of the aforementioned situations. There are no people at the entrance, and so I walk on to the spot where I planted my sculpture.

There's a dark colored car, its headlights on, a young-adult couple inside, standing quite close to that area.

The girl has long dark curly hair.

The boy has a black wadded jacket on.

They are not making out yet, but I have the feeling they were about to very soon. Unfortunately for them, me walking by is an interference in their personal comfortability of being alone. And so they look at me quite annoyed.

I start photographing , with flash.

I can only imagine that from the car it must be quite strange; seeing a person walk by then suddenly lightning flashes, some 30 meters removed from the spot your car is standing. Half an hour later the person causing this weather effect walks past your car again and the lightning has stopped. Leaving room to engage upon previous aims for this night with the person next to you in the car.



The next time when I arrive to my spot, there is a shock of anxiety. I don't see the black frame anymore. It has been three weeks since I was last at the spot, and I have absolutely no clue what might've happened in the meanwhile.

Luckily, when I move closer, I see the frame lying in a triangle on the ground. I look around for the flag, but can't find it anymore. It's gone. The wind must have carried it to greener pastures in other countries. Or maybe it just fell in the lake and is now waving gently in the rhythm of the water with the water-plants.

The sculpture has become a new frame for another surrounding,
the grass.

It's sticking out neatly through the frame. *The vibrant green here and there gently touching the deep glimmering black. The grass; an absolute juxtaposition of the alien object that is lying among them.*

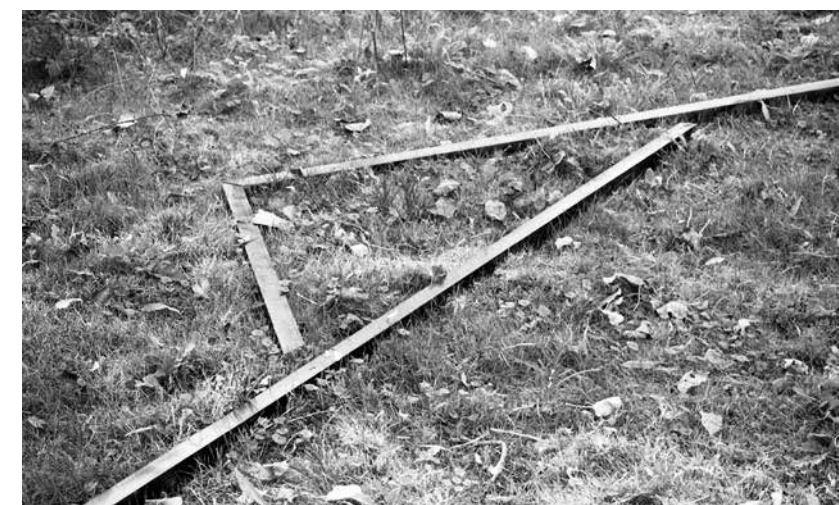
The paint on the frame is starting to shift color ,especially where it used to stand in the ground. The black is fading into the soft yellow, brown color of the wood.

There are small circles in the surface of the lacquer,
like drops of water in black Indian Ink,
which appear when paint is starting to corrode by weather circumstances.

I cannot recognize the spot where I dug the holes in the ground anymore. The grass has grown over it.

I wonder how the frame came to lie like this. When I think about it, it is quite difficult for the beams to have fallen down in a way they would create this triangular shape. Maybe one of the beams was more sturdy then the rest because I dug it into the ground further. Then part of the construction started falling down pulling the sturdy beam down with it. But, due to a difference in strength the two beams broke apart, ricocheting one beam up into the air and making it fall next to the rest.

Then again, maybe not.





Two weeks later I go again at night. It's difficult to make a good observation, *the darkness of the wood is merging with the night that is surrounding it*. At that moment it is a black triangular shape to me. I make my photographs having difficulty with finding my object through the viewfinder,

and leave.



The next time when I return, it has been raining a lot in the previous weeks. I am looking forward to seeing my triangle, and the further corrosion of the paint on the wood. When I arrive at the top of the small hill it's lying on,

there's only grass.



