

Rumours / Resonances demonstrated in geometrical order. 2001.
Script translated from Nederlands.

(1) Spui (now Filmhuis)

Welcome. My name doesn't matter. I'm your guide. Come with me.

We're going to search for the hidden sound of the city - for the imperceptible, almost inaudible rhythms and tones that form the secret energy field of this town.

I have worked and lived with these sounds for 13 years.

I can let you hear them, make you feel them.

Lesson 1. setting up the equipment. and general instructions.

We will be constantly connected during this trip.

This device is able to connect us, to let you experience inaudible things, and to guide you on the correct path.

Please turn off mobile phones and other means of communication due to interference.

Be warned: There'll be occasional interference from outside - this is not a problem and it'll pass. That's what I've been told anyway. I'm not that technical myself, I'm just a listener.

(2) St Jacobstraat

Are you ready to go? OK, walk left, around the corner and down the StJacobstraat. Keep going straight until you hit the Wagenstraat. When you get there, just wait a while.

(3) Wagenstraat.

Cross over the street carefully, walk to the right past the mosque, and turn left into the narrow alleyway. Keep going until you reach the Pavilioensgracht.

Lesson 2 Harmonic series.

The fundamental tone of this city is 51.103207 Hz. I've calculated it and it's correct.

There are 2 methods:

1. calculate the modal distance between buildings and use this wavelength.
2. study recordings made in the city and calculate the subharmonics of the resonances.

51.103207.

Is that an interesting number?

Well, it's

A) the time from Full Moon to Full Moon, transposed by 32 octaves - the Moon tone.

B) Transpose again through 40 octaves and you reach a wavelength of 648 Nanometers, which you can't hear but it is exactly the orange color of the Sannyasins.

(Not, interestingly enough, the color of the House of Orange).

It has all to do with proportions, with vibrations and radiation, with resonances and rumours.

(4) Pavilioensgracht

A friend of mine, a philosopher,
tells us that water flows beneath our feet at this point,
the remains of a roman canal
but where was the pavilion?
and why are there so many canals without water in this city?
Walk to the left along the stream. I'll try to catch the sound of it.

<water underground gets disturbed by radio static>

(5 further along the street)

So, where were you? I lost you for a moment. That's okay.

We had interference, probably from an antenna,

but maybe it was on purpose.

They can arrange everything, you know that?

Lesson 3 Sources of radiation.

Avoid radiation sources.

I lived next to a nuclear power station for 8 years.

It did not leak, there were only "unforeseen discharges" or "controlled emissions".

Nevertheless, relatives of friends became seriously ill over time.
Beware of microwave ovens, mobile phones, living under antennas, babyphones, wireless headphones and all that kind of stuff.
The state knows about it but does nothing.
You can, for example, wear a coat made of copper gauze.
Leather soles or going barefoot also helps.

(6) Dunne Bierkade

here, behind houses and workshops is a nice place, a quiet place.

<silence>

but even if it seems acoustically quiet, the city is always full of energy waves.

Each house with electrical devices generates a 3-dimensional magnetic field that reaches far around the house.

Now I'm going to make this field audible.

No, don't think about solar wind or paranormal healing methods

this is not an esoteric thing, this is real.

in the city we are really trapped in a field of magnetic radiation.

Now you can walk back and forth a bit,
listen to what the field sounds like.

Lesson 4 differencetones

1) The magnetic field has, thanks to the electricity system, a keynote of 50Hz.

2) The Hague fundamental is 51.103207 Hz.

3) The difference tone is: 1.103207 Hz.

4) This happens to be the resonant frequency of your spine, if you are taller than 1.60 Hz.

Do you sometimes have back problems?

Maybe you live next to tram cables, or under an antenna?

(7) vd Duijnstraat

When you listen to a recording, you're always removed in space and time from the origin - and from the original listener.

< sounds of breathing, footsteps in rubble >

You're walking outside, I'm inside, a couple of meters away from you, but shifted in time.... You hear through my ears...

< dripping >

...I don't know what you can see, what the houses look like now.

Now, while I'm recording, they are empty, waiting to be demolished.....

It's night time, and it's raining - inside and out.

<soft rain and drips>

god, they certainly let these buildings fall to pieces

Maybe you've been here before

- this one was a bicycle repair shop

They came up with some plan or other

they could sell the ground for a good price

The residents were turned out

- Here lived an old woman with a lot of makeup, a pale face, with eyes charred like coals

then came the squatters

and illegal immigrants

I heard radios behind boarded-up windows

They were booted out onto the street by heavy guys

The police did nothing.....nothing

Walk on a bit further <footsteps crunching in glass>

- Here was a brothel, working up until the very last moment
I can see how the space was divided
tiny cubicles.
lots of mirrors..
delicate girls....
fat men, with even fatter wallets....

<more rubble underfoot, breathing.> Then came the anti-squatters - students, ripped off by some dodgy organisation, 'cause everyone was out on their arses in no time. Then we had arson, rats, pigeons, junkies, shit, chaos, misery.... now and then a splash of blood on the pavement.... And now, the demolition.

The day-shift is an asbestos taskforce in spacesuits, in the evening the kids do their bit, and the night-shift is worked by shadowy figures that stumble about... *<distant shouting, bangs >*

Soon they'll be here with the heavy machines, then they'll start building... I've seen how that works these days. I wouldn't live there if they paid me....

And, so?.....have they finished? what are they like, the new houses? what sort of people live here? and how long do you think they'll last? ten, fifteen years? before the whole process begins again....

There's a lot of money in it, I hear, especially under the table..... luxury holidays..... a new garage for the second car..... nice yacht..... visits to exclusive saunas, etcetera, etcetera... things just have to be knocked down, papers just have to be signed, the wheels must turn....

ok, I admit, this is conjecture, pure guesswork, there is no proof, they are rumours. But I enjoy rumours.... I listen out for them... oh, and you can just keep on walking, over the Stationsweg.. watch out for the cars... and then sit for a moment in the park on the other side. I'll catch up with you there...

(8) vd Duyn/Huygenspark

Rumour is an unidentifiable sound on the edge of perception, a vague feeling, or a premonition of what is to come.

Rumours are noises, disturbances,
Rumour is the sound that guides us through the streets as we wander.
It attracts and repels.
In vain we search for it's source . It is everywhere and nowhere.

Rumour is the sound of many voices, acts, and movements that resounds through countless spaces on its way to our ears.

Rumour is the sound of stories. Stories that pass from mouth to ear and, in spreading, form a vector for multiple tales and points-of-view.

Translation, interpretation, misunderstanding, hyperbole, and desire infuse rumour with conspiracy, jealousy, humour, intolerance, politics or morality.

Rumour heard from afar sounds like an ever changing drone, a sound field that surrounds and fills the city with energy.

Perhaps it's exactly what we're looking for: the sound of the city itself.

(9)Bocht van Guinea

Every time I come here, I have a deja-vu. Something from a Fellini movie - maybe Roma?

A boy plays lonely on a square,
drowned in light.

You have to blink your eyelids the light is so bright.

But it doesn't look at all like this square.

just like the fountain here isn't like the fountain from La Dolce Vita. Just imagine!

No, the fountain here is more like a labyrinth.

Walk to the left fountain on the square.

Look, here it is, the labyrinth.

The makers have studied the proportions, that's clear,
and the location, that's also perfect.

Everything is based on magnetic fields.

I established it using a compass.

Why they made a second one though, is beyond me.

But also acoustically, if we walk around it, clockwise, the sound pattern of the water forms a harmonious whole. try it. look at the centre of the fountain as you walk.

(10) Spui

I'm sorry, but I'm not a professional guide, I'm just a listener.

One of my problems is this:

as I try to guide you through the streets with my voice,

I also have voices that guide me - sometimes, I must say, very much against my will.

I can hear from their accents that they're cops.

Most likely they have voices in their ears themselves and so on: the police, the state, the crown, the angels, the archangels, the cherubim, the seraphim... just like the harmonic series, it's a hierarchy up to infinity.

I will have to pay for this.

At 4 years old I started to read - mostly esoteric and scientific books.

For this I was sent home from school, punished again.

Later I was expelled for doing cold fusion experiments in the physics lab. Not allowed.

The school was funded and controlled by the nuclear power station.

At the age of 12 I knew: the Government wasn't just out to get me, no, they were after the whole village. And then it got even worse. The pigeons in my street had to be shot because of contamination - considered to be flying nuclear waste. Uranium in the vacuum cleaner. asbestos lead asbestos legionella salmonella leukemia anthrax depleted uranium dead seagulls babies born with.... Never mind.

Now I'm more careful, I've escaped,

I'm here and I see that everything is perfect.

are you still there?

Have you lost your way?

I know where we are.

We have to cross at the main road, past the hotel on the Spuiplein. then choose the next number.

(11) Spuiplein

Here, under our feet, there's something strange going on.

point 1. why are there always men busy taking up the tiles, and why do they do it in secret, hidden under tents?

point 2. the fountain is just an excuse.

point 3. I think they are taking out contaminated material.

point 4. the ground here is always warmer than the air temperature.

point 5. the tiles are of an italian type of stone that contains a lot of lead.

point 6. why don't they chase away the goddam skaters?

Do you see the round glass wall of the AntonPhillipszaal? We go right around it and to the next building on the right side. The Government. The Home Office. Walk under the roof along the square and stand by one of the metal grids there.

(12) BiZa

My apologies if I've scared you talking about radiation and such like. It is a personal obsession. But I know I'm right.

I come here just to be irradiated. The combination of acoustic and magnetic resonances is beneficial here.

They tuned the electricity grid here exactly to 51.103207 Hz. Especially deep in the night when there is no one around I come here to feel and listen. If you stand with your back to the grid, looking at the town hall you will feel the tone clearly. plus all its overtones.

there are cameras here but just try to relax, OK? they can't hear what I'm saying to you.

(sound of bees)

oh shit, oh pardon, but something's gone wrong. and there's me allergic to bee stings! quick, walk back left along the town hall, yeah, there on your right hand, the big, white building and go right in there,

Yeah, there's the parking garage entrance. We gotta get down.

down below, down, deep underground where the tunnels and the bunkers and the cables are.

Follow the signs to the parking garage. Down and down, round and round we go.

Yes, another door, then another.....

When you get into the parking garage, choose the next number.

(13) garage

Okay, phew... We're back. Here's another tone. Maybe this is the right one. At least you're safe here. There's also a nuclear shelter here somewhere, maybe under your feet. Only 100 people can fit in though.

Try, um, to go to the left

uh huh...

Walk to the pay machine. Follow the signs. Watch out for cars.

. quickly now, I think there's somebody following us.

Follow the signs to the exit town hall/library.

There are lifts here. press the button.

Look, there's another camera.

OK when the elevator arrives, go inside, press button 11 and choose the next track.

(14) Stadhuis lift-> top floor (this is impossible now in 2023)

During this trip we were observed by more than 50 video camera's, recorded by 24 microphones and sensed by 227 other sensors.

This information has been processed, torn into a million pieces and, as i speak, it is being transmitted via satellite dishes and antennae into the stratosphere, the ionosphere, the noosphere. our image transformed into pure energy. Here at the top of this building we bathe in the radiation of our own being. For your safety, our journey will end soon . Please feel free to expose yourself to this energy for as long as you like but, if you start to feel dizzy or queasy, stop immediately and return the equipment.

This is the sound of the city and the sound of the city is you.