

Eye-witness testimony

Case: Radio 2Unlimited with Ja Ja Ja Nee Nee Nee, Willem de Ridder (footnotes #5) and others

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Occupation: Intern at de Appel

Date: 18.08.2018

Time: 13:30

It is a cloudy Saturday afternoon and as opposed to the melting heat of the last weeks a fresh wind is blowing outside. I sit at a small desk in the corner of the spacious aula, hectically trying to finish the background slides for the radio show. The countdown has started: 30 minutes until the start of the event, 20 until the first guests arrive, and roughly 2880, minus 960 minutes of sleep, since we have been busy with its preparations.

I am mentally running through the list:

Print + staple the radio guide, check

Writing the program, check, printing, in process

Order, prepare and set up food + drinks + cutlery, check

Set up chairs + tables, check

cleaning chairs, check

Set-up radio station, in process

Check beamer + screen, check

... the list goes on

Despite being too tied up with the things I still have to do, to be really nervous I still ask myself: Will enough people show up? Have we prepared enough food and drinks? Are we on time? Where are the radio hosts and the technician? For now, I should only focus on finishing these slides.

Zieso, Zieso

Heb je lekker gegeten?

Ja. Voel je je goed?

Heel goed?

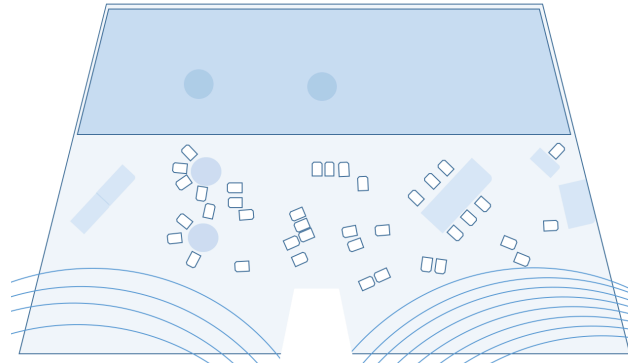
Het is mogelijk

Om samen met deze stem

Time: 14:15

For the first time since this morning it's time for a break, a moment to take a deep breath, sit down and have lunch. Thanks to the team everything runs smoothly, and all of the approximately 20 white chairs that are scattered around the room are occupied. Arranged in uneven groups, they are standing around tables or in the middle of the room facing different directions. The heterogeneous set-up of chairs seems futuristic, appearing to resist the frontal tendency of our present times. It was, indeed, Nell's intention to create little hubs where people could not only sit and listen but also engage in conversation while the show is broadcasted. As we imagined good weather, we positioned one of the two speakers facing outwards. Yet, it is too cold to sit outside today and the audience is mute and motionless, intently listening to the one speaker that is a little too quiet to fill the whole space with sound. In an effort to enhance the conditions, I rush through the room feeling stressed and

trying not to attract much attention to myself. Something I definitely fail at, as in the moment I heave the speaker around it creates a horrible feedback in the microphones. I give up my attempt and return to my seat, but not without tripping and accidentally unplugging one of the electricity cords.



Time: 14:26

For the upcoming three hours every minor technical glitch will make my heart miss a beat. After initial difficulties Femke luckily managed to get on the line with 9-year old Poé and his mother Martina. Although I don't speak Dutch, I can conjecture bits and pieces based on the photographs that appear on the screen in the background. We see Poé on the bus, with his father, horse carriages, white clouds on blue sky frog-perspective, a pair of shoes on stone birds-perspective – Poe's perspective. I don't need to understand all the details from the conversation to get that they are having a good time.

"Is it a nice voice to listen to?" Femke asks. Now, instead of being worried about the technology, I sit on the edge of my chair carefully listening to Poé response. To the point he describes the voice as mysterious, in fact, "a little thrilling, a little science fiction". When I glance around, I see my delight resonating with the wide smiles on people's faces. We are captured by the perception of a candid eye that fully embarks on a journey with a sense of something I would call honest rather than naive. More I am fascinated by the diligence and commitment with which he gives an account of his experience. Frankly, it's adorable, but also demonstrates how - what I imagine has been partly Ridder's intention - one does not need to have a particular knowledge of art to fully partake and be immersed in it. In this case at least, it is perhaps the less the better.

15:02

It's time for the mysterious voice, the creator himself to enter the stage. Willem and Clary already arrived an hour ago and we are running late. Worried about a possible lack of patience or stamina, I try to signalize the hosts through weird gesticulation and text messages to switch up the order and do his interview now. Little did I know that my fears were unnecessary to say the least, as for the next hour or so Willem turns in a comedic performance riddled with plenty of hilarious anecdotes and cringeworthy moments, becoming the co-host for the rest of the show. When Willem makes radio he totally disappears into it and we as his listeners disappear into it as well, we become one, just voices in the air. When I look up again half of the audience has left.

Date: 2018-10-04, 14:49

Eye witness signature:

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several loops and a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

So now if you feel intrigued, if you want to know more, yes you! Sit down, open your browser and go to the Ja Ja Ja Nee Nee Nee sound cloud page, click play, and listen to the JJNND De Appel - De Ridder podcast yourself.