

Guillaume Dufour Morin - A gathering with an imaginary friend

You can gather with an imaginary friend you played with when you were a child;
or you can gather with an imaginary friend who comforted you during difficult times in your life;
or you can create an imaginary friend for the occasion.

During your gathering, together, you and your imaginary friend can:

- hold hands
- walk
- discuss
- enjoy a meal
- laugh
- cry
- feel comforted by the presence of one another
- do everything you would do with the friend you cannot gather with at the moment
- etc.

The gathering ends when you once again say goodbye to your imaginary friend.

Kirsten Heshusius

I ate a whole piece of cake, and I never eat cake!

Minutes before I started I read again the description and decided to gather with my grandma.

Every summer we would go sailing in old harbour of Dordrecht with my grandparents sailing boat.

The first thing my grandmother did was disembark, she didn't like sailing, but she liked the towns we went to. Especially Dordrecht.

So we walked together along the stalls of the market, we stood in the sun, we bought cherries, the ones that were the cheapest and looked best, we chatted with the funny guy selling the cherries, we laughed. He asked us if we were new here because he knew everybody.

Then we had coffee and cake, cheesecake, the 'bokkepoten' were finished. You made better cheesecake, but it was a good one.

It was hard to talk to you, we haven't talked in ages! And then when we used to spend time together I don't think we really talked. Grandpa does all the talking.

We talked about what happened around us, the little children you like so much. For a moment I thought the little boy saw you and laughed to you. Every child smiles back to you. I talked about my dear cat Bello and that is was his 18th birthday today. I tried to Google the old harbour and told you about smartphones. That I was wearing grandpa's blouse, and asked if you recognised it.

I put my arm around you.

Then I got really sad and had to cry because I miss you.

Crying in public space is strange.

The sun is shining again, we said goodbye. You were going to the old harbour and I might meet you there later, after the performances of the day.

Emmy Vollaard

We held hands and walked slowly to the end of the street. Once there, we had a conversation about taking chances in life and if there really is a right moment to create a big change. I also showed you a really corny video of a cat on Instagram. Halfway across the street we said our goodbyes and we waved for a moment.

Louwrens Botha

I never had a real imaginary friend so I had to make one up.

We talked about home and family and nostalgia. Landscape and language. I spoke Afrikaans since it reminds me of home.

Maybe people thought I was crazy.

But maybe they assumed I had wireless earphones on.

It was a good conversation.

Iris van Wijk

There was this part about a pheasant going from male to female in a magazine. It had something to do with a brain malfunction. Not a deadly one, but a transforming one. The story was inspiring, so I decided to meet my transitioning Pheasant-friend Lilly for coffee this evening. I went to the place, ordered two cappuccino with her, and I also got a slice of carrot cake. It was so nice. She is such a good listener, and she always knows what to say. She's had a rough life, but boy she is a trooper! After our drinks and chatting I got up to pay the bill.