

Soil City Citizen

Wessel Klootwijk (2021)

There is a tender gardener seated on the cliffs of an island. Accompanied next to him is an artificial structure. They are sharing banana fruit with one another. Words without sounds levitate between them hovering in the air. Gazing overseas they are listening to the floating leaves of fall in water. Leaves of loss, leaves of life, on which complaints are written about current challenges of their city on one side, desires and needs for what lies ahead on the other.

Between the waves of pluralism sails a ship, momentarily inhabited by protesters. Their collective collaborates on the urgency of the agenda for their ear-covered government that waits for the ocean-dynamics to be tamed like paved roads. While the answer of their course lies in listening to the wind in the sails of the ship. Setting foot on the island of vitality with its superdiversity and cross-cultural communities, they construct their city on foundations of questions.

“How is it smart to accommodate our city's conceptualization, as for now we still can't thoroughly accommodate the vastness of our nation? Why are we currently looking for concrete, as our vitalities overlap like the abstract nature of art? How can we plan on lively organic systems as we keep on forgetting to listen to our neighbor's heart? Entering the open gate the sign on it says: “On the soil of the city, communities will be fertile. Be the soul of surroundings, embodied by enrichment by transcultural textile.” And so they meet the neighbors.

First there is the doctor amidst a crowded place

looking her community in the face

asking where there is liveliness yet to see

and was told there to be lots but for a while one cut off vitality

Just a phone call away the next step came to pass

Behind facades of Francesca

Aireen breaths the air

Maas's liquid matters as
Carlotta crafts the chair
Kato is cooking dinner
Tamara's table is set
they intended to skip dessert
but Bas baked pies instead
Olives, rosewater, and fishes
fed everybody well
so all of them enter town
for the story they've got to tell

questioning what is vital, -lism or sheer vitality how to survive several shocks and how to
spell opportunity

how flexible a structure is, as it is captivated from boundaries

taking into consideration: vitalism might be philosophy

at the jazz cafe the singer sang a solo

about involvement in transformation

to be either rectilinear or a feedback loop

she spreads around her love and sound

and then rejoins the group

the Pollock painting illustrates

the chaos in the States

to be calculated and reconstructed

as the forms of debates

on they live and on they drive

on they give and on they thrive

Heading home they enter the ones living out of cardboard boxes that consist of libraries and they are shared by them: "Contrary elements always go hand in hand. The vibrancy of construction piles resonates with the straw of the sax. Ship sailors must suggest the protest. Municipalities eat manifests for breakfast. From the seeds out of feces, we the citizens must turn them into fertilizer and harvest.

Let life in the city - the city that systematically enrolls urban models of vitality - be the vehicle that trusts and is thrust by urban role models. Let research lead to rediscovering yourself over and over again. Adapt yourself whilst staying the same like an evening full of jelly in front of the telly. Accommodate the ones paid for their intellect on the seat next to a worker of the street as an artificial structure accompanies a tender gardener. On the soil of the city, communities will be fertile. Be the soul of surroundings, embodied with enrichment and transcultural textile. Feed yourself with the power to change the same way you daily plug in your telephone.

Let us all come out together into the vital city that we forever could call our home.