

Writing

On Objects In Motion.

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Sometimes I freeze.
Whenever this happens, whenever I waver,
temporarily incapable of moving forward,
lacking the quality of wandering freely, I return.
To the beginning, to questions of travel.

What if clouds cease to rove around?
What if hail retires?
What if wind slows down?
What if snow forgets to fall?
What if air can't collide?
What if thunder remains silent?
What if skies close their windows?

What if you and I stayed at home? What if you
and I can't dance? What if all of us would fail to
nurture the ability to be rearranged?

Possible Scenario: When we solidify, be
irresponsive to change, to motion, our vital
tissues and cells, the foundation of our
existence, will likely suffer from inflammatory
ailments like severe soreness and inflexibility.

Let's not go there, you and I, to the land of
troublesome stiffness, to that grim place where
off-roads and spontaneous actions seem perilous
and slippery. Because, if we would narrow down
our mental and physical cruising range, don't
be surprised to stumble upon a future situation
where less and less encounters between you and
me, between here and elsewhere take place.
– Soon, we will estrange from one another and
lose the notion of 'sameness'.

In order to refute this staggering forecast –
I don't see a world without you – let's make
a vow. Now. Promise me, that you and everyone
we know shall never stop stretching and
strengthen those delicate tendons and muscles
that hold us together: the human condition.

Do you remember Bruce Lee's Warrior
Journey? On which he unfolded that the only
way not to freeze is to adapt, to be shapeless
like water?

Streams keep traveling, traveling.
And do you recall your physics teacher
scribbling down Newton's formula on the
kinetic energy of rigid bodies, over and over
onto the chalkboard until it glued into the
system? Let's not forget Isaac's basic principles
on the power of objects in motion.

Especially in the midst of chaos, in the midst
of a standstill, movement matters more than
ever. Accordingly, as long as you and I find
eclectic ways, carefully paved with endurance,
generosity and wit, to open up those
windowpanes, we will have room for one
more folded sunset; still quite warm.



Packing up the studio. (Image Yeb Wiersma, 2017)