SCALE THE CATASTROPHE: SURVIVAL POETRY

I never imagined, during my short life, to be part of an
-already-at-the-edge-of-the-catastrophe pandemy.
Sounds such middle age[1].
Anyway finally it's happening, therefore this event needs to find a measure so we don't get lost.

MACROSCALE: GET OVER MR ANTROPOCENE

Nature has started to attack their most ungrateful fragment.
Not suddenly though, this time there have been dramatic symptoms beforehand. The supposed threat COVID-19 is a consequence of the perceivable environmental alteration, the fast and irreversible process of Climate Changes, the starvation of species, the disappearance of ecological niches. COVID-19 is a moving capitalistic disorder, a well-tuned biological entity super keen to exploit the specific characteristics of the world we've created for ourselves. It is attacking at the core of our body, our system of failing connections, and our infrastructure of togetherness.

Nature is eating nature.

Clearly the pandemy of CODIV-19 is the natural rebellion to anthropocentrism, as it is implemented by the internationally motivated entrepreneur, by the tourist traveler, by those who fly continuously because of low cost companies, or relax on a cruise. No refugee brings CODIV-19 from the boat. But to him the borders are closed. Such as the virus, carried by the wind of environmental despair, those who, encouraged by the easy mobility of globalization, find themselves the bearers of it. As we can see, this chain of movement finally questions the understanding of Mr Anthropocene as the absolute concept of humanity[2]. The Mr

---

[1] Just a few decades ago we witnessed the massive AIDS contagion, but the understanding of it, must be not only of an epidemic phenomenon, but a well thought-out biopolitical strategy of sex-race epuration. It still needs to get undressed from all the past mediatic censorship and their echoes in order to find the rightful weight and collocation in western history. In contrast to the Black Atlantic, queer, gay, colonized and parallels to the dominant, histories where the scar is open and bleeding, ragefully meaningful.
But this is another chapter, although everything is incredibly connected and they inform one another.

[2] That humanity preferring anthropocentrism instead of anthropomorphism, has refused to see humanhood in the wholeness of things. Well reframed by Eduardo Viveiros de Castro's studies on Amerindian cultures, and fostered by a century of Freudisies postulate a radical relationalism: While viewed by humans as animals, animals and other beings view themselves as humans and live in conditions similar to humans; every species m, *white humans dream just of themself*. The amazonian populations instead, having a different cosmogenic mythologies, see everything as human and human as everything. Rather than an opposition between internal human essence and external nonhuman appearance, these cosmologregroups and defines herself as human, because the recognition takes place in the

Anthropocene on duty, is gagged by the mask and punished in the self-retreat of a ridiculous quarantine, from where he can train his prepper skills and start to think about how “the simple life” can be nice.

Let’s try to spend one minute of reflection on this sad being of Mr Anthropocene, the poor (probably man) who has been raised with an absolute and narrow conception of truth. He grew up in the sticky confusion of progress, where the infosphere is the protection of the powers and the prosthetic memory of the subdued. And the Noosphere was fed by a structured detachment from every possible Nature.
Mr Anthropocene has slowly carved around himself an ultraworld, a human universe and in the end a only-human future.

TRAGIC AND HISTORICALLY EMBEDDED.

MIDDLESCALE: F R E E L A N C I N G FOR FUTURES

For some of us, the precariats, nature is falling twice, on the environmental macroscale and on the societarial middlescale.
The catastrophe is double for the many of us who are losing their jobs, finding ourselves in that kind of unemployment that unties you from every net of hope and support.

Freelancing, was never my choice, was an out-out, an imposition from the ARTISTCOMPANY I was working for. I gave away my economical security for a notorious name, which embodied a set of ideas I related to, and let’s speak bluntly, for giving the company itself a tax exemption.

In exchange, THIS ARTISTCOMPANY instead of being the infrastructure of heterogeneous collaboration and social solidarity between major classes and interests, necessary in an unstable and shifting moment, as Gramsci pointed out, has chosen to self preserve.
What a stupid pick self-preservation, when the world as we know is crumbling down.
Indeed firing at the edge of the catastrophe is like pushing someone out of the ship when the storm is already the rage.

Choosing the cultural field as a path is to choose consciously, to embody a system conceived at this state, to choose self-precarization, and become an economic precariat which means biopolitical control on every aspect of life.
It means ineradicably to be the frailest link of the chain in a welfare that is the furthest possible from a commonfare.

GOOD CHOICE DALIA.

So Capitalism made me part of the creative, fancy, witty middle-class precariat, while one of its embodied consequences, the virus COVID-19 forced me to become an unemployed 27

---

soul. Humanity is thus the reflexive condition of a subject to itself, while animality is the condition of the body regarded from an external point of view, this is defined by de Castro Perspectivism.

year old, with zero experience except in the culture sector, in an atmosphere of disaster that will need quite a lot to reestablish new priorities, meanings and places to the cultural system.

Capitalism is killing me, not because COVID-19 can take my life, but in the long run it takes my wage. It takes my chance to build a solid ground for the futures.

I feel a lot of sadness more than range, and in some way I want to justify this decision of dismissal. Because on the middlescale of society, where the art-system is just a trivial grain, this ARTISTCOMPANY is being affected as well by the ending of the world. We are all in a system of codependency

I was just seeking for a different management, because firsthand my employment termination has been a defeat in values. The values of ethics and adaptation, interpersonal attunement.
And I have always followed, since now, my values and not a career.
So sad.
But also I was thirsty of an affirmation of empathy, from the upper rooms of the studio, where me and my colleagues were asked to go for the final judgment.
I was expecting that the values embodied by this ARTISTCOMPANY art, were more than an aesthetic, more that some glossy-messy websites, chiar activism or worldwide records, but a political statement and practice when needed.

NOPE.

Keeping someone, with the minimum, asking for the collectivity an act of solidarity, means hard times, but mostly means CHANGE.
Since institutional re-design rarely occurs from the top especially in an economy and not culture-based system. People as me, we are a one time crowd while a change in institutional behaviour always happens after a long time of individual pain.

But that’s the life we know since the beginning dudes.
We misread the whole endeavour.
Our middle scale is already pretty rotten.

MICROSCALE: FORBIDDEN LOVE

On the other side of this catastrophic macro/middlescale- world, very precious mico-cosmos sussist and unexpectedly flourish, represented for me by my colleagues, friends, and beloved, my microcosmos of affective and effective infrastructures. They got my back since the beginning and until the end, creating a safe space, a chamber of resonance and tears. With A, R, SM, L, G, E, we were a team of regrouping for affinity and not expertise[3].

---

[3] You can always grow expertise, but it’s harder to grow respect.

We understood the importance of collaboration, intrinsic motivation, appreciation, shared dreams and belonging as driving the meaning of our existences.

In this sense we as creative workers/ charmant precariat can be the active agents of Commonism, the act of practicing a forbidden love.
The belief that in some way social relationships can replace contract relationships.

As young and lively commoners we can demonstrate that “structural collaboration and intrinsic motivation are not only suiting the human condition and its balanced relationship with the environment, but are also a legitimate fundament for a new economy as SIDE-PRODUCT OF A SHARED CULTURAL ENVIRONMENT”[4].

We are the agents of the culture that needs to give, through a massive collaboration, new names to things. Reshape the ideologies and visceral connection between the many factors and textures, and consistencies, and tastes, and believes, and colours, and bodies, and feelings, and forms of lives, and forms of not-life, and clouds, and genders, and technologies.

Did you recognize that one of the causes of the endemic spread of COVID-19 is the uniformity of our institutional/decision-making and immunitary system, *high connectivity and high uniformity can combine to make large systems – such as our global financial, energy, food and information systems – far more susceptible to rapidly cascading change*[5], instead of uniformity it’s time for defining and diversifying.

Hey you comrades we can activate the worlding process
“don't tell me there's no hope at all
Together we stand, divided we fall”[6]

NANOSCALE: VIRUS METAPHOR FOR ANGER AND JOY

This virus, one of the many which beautifully inhabits our only human world, in some way is my friend, because it has forced my radicalization in distrust of institutional powers. Has lightened up through a chain of displacements and disorientations these corridors of ANGER and JOY that I was scared to take.

This virus will nourish and train my skills in surviving in a state that has become of exception, although already deeply entangled in the everything of things, breathed by everyone and experienced by the many.

---

[4] Evi Swinnen, Michel Bauwens, Commoning Art, Democracy, and the Precariat, a Dialogue in, Commonism a New Aesthetics of the Real (curated by Nico Dockx & pascal Gielen), Valiz, Amsterdam, 2018
[5]https://www.theglobeandmail.com/opinion/article-the-coronavirus-is-a-collective-problem-that-requires-global/?fbclid=IwAR27qHFVHaE3RO6ZQJCwdH4gVXi0aUPPPuu5UykOUaxP2Knz3BHNWt7sAuk
[6] The Pink Floyd, Hey You, 1979

This virus inhabiting our habitat, hopefully will continuously ignite the sense of urge that now is pushing, pushing, keeping us moving. Keeping in mind and in the body this virus we can transit in the end of the world as we know it, acknowledging that this end is a starting point.

This CODIV-19 can actually save Mr. Anthropocene on various levels, among which in recognizing his badly used privilege; in recognition of his only anthropocentric and non-anthropomorphic wrong understanding of history, in understanding that the many of us, needs to be a multispecies assembly in order to gaze around the possibilities, and to move a step forward.

While the vital space of the virus is getting broader and ours is getting narrower and narrower, we need the expertises and the dreams of all.
In this spirit this text is a call for action, participation, discursive engagement, sensitive feel… common-ism in the process of reshaping values.

STAY VIRAL.
And
Let me know if you hear of a job possibility

xoxoxo
D.