

## Le Bleu du Ciel

Martin said, "Look at the crazy chemtrails, where did they come from all of a sudden?" And in fact, condensation trails were visible in the sky. "There's another one further in the back," he said.

Airplanes - I didn't see them anymore, they had already passed - their stripes quite low, possibly approaching Tegel. Wikipedia writes that the new generation of aircrafts make wider stripes.

After three weeks now of no contrails - almost none, the ones you saw were far away, very high - they were an amazing sight again. These were also quite massive, dissipating in parallels and immediately forming the usual artificial cirrus streaks in the sky and what Wikipedia calls "changes of visibility in the atmosphere". The blue of the last few weeks that one slowly began to get used to, was reminiscent of paintings, recreating the skies of Biedermeier paintings, "If we're lucky, we'll even get to see a Titian in the next few weeks," I had said, but then the Berlin Senate had prompted people to use cars. So "le bleu du ciel" stopped at about 1870, close to the paintings of Ferdinand Waldmüller, who had spent most of his life depicting that blue, over landscapes in which every now and then a factory chimney can be seen as well.

I said, "Now they've succeeded and can fly in Bulgarian harvesters."

Everything about it results in a completely wrong picture. Just now Julia had written, "What my plans are - don't know yet - maybe picking asparagus, why not." So there it was, I was pleased and amazed to learn, a readiness that could be heard from those who had long been suspected to be amply satisfied in what existed, to let go of all that one had accumulated before - struggles for positions in institutions, for recognition and perception. To dissolve this former life into something, and would it be the annihilation of the former own existence. Around the individual it expressed itself - one learned it only through electronic messages and telephone calls, and as a first hint contained in the asparagus picking - a desire to seize the opportunity to make oneself an inconnu. A new idea of a long unthinkable potentiality of one's own life came up. And a potentiality of the to-be-achieved is always a better reason for any change than that of pure lack. The network had set out to gather people under [erntehelfer.at](http://erntehelfer.at) and prove the great advantage of the network, namely its networky-ness. Summarised in graph theory, the shortest connection between people was to be demonstrated via nodes and edges. In hindsight then, the network has lost the most (not only in the so-called Corona app) and had only proven its embellishing function in relation to the existing. That other, actual, essence of the net became obvious, that is, to reproduce the arena of people, already described by Goethe, which builds itself up around every event. Their goal, as Goethe goes on to explain, is not to see the event better, however, but to see each other - the other gawkers. Because, of course, as it quickly turned out, the idea of cutting asparagus with people who might have insisted on making it an enjoyable, humane activity was not in the spirit of agriculture. People who would have pushed for quiet rooms, play areas for their children, snacks and relaxation (back yoga) during physically demanding work, all workplace features that Google employees rightfully expect from their company, were not wanted. After all, that would have raised questions where they didn't belong. Better to fly in low-wage workers! The understandingly racist underpinning: "is not to be expected of Germans", was included. "The asparagus farmers in Marchfeld are among the 1%," someone had written in the Standard, the Austrian daily newspaper. "Anyone who feels sorry for them is fundamentally missing something." The fact that politicians run part-time employment

agencies (real employment agencies as for-profit companies) is something I wouldn't have known - without the relevant information from newspaper forums - if it hadn't been for this eventful spring. Knowing it changes exactly nothing. And that potentiality that had just begun to unfold before our eyes, with its testimonies in form of texts shared in internet forums? It quickly shrivelled to the information on how to obtain self-employment hardship funds that had been granted to conceded as an indication of the complete uselessness of one's own person. This then led to dealing with the real shameful fact, that in order to keep the levies low, one was used to claim as little as possible, but now, however, those numbers wanted to be increased quite a bit, so that with the questionnaire of the occupational union, when one could choose between the three options: Tax assessment, KSK levy or own calculation, suddenly everyone opted for the own calculation. And from here on out it has been, again, wait and see and the only thing that I can detect is a kind of greater distrust towards the others, who are assumed to be met, not in a different, but in a somewhat impoverished state of their former existence. Looking for something that would at least free me from this unwanted distrust, and the worst of all, from feeling insulted, I remembered Paul Preciado's recommendation to look into the practices of the minoritarian, that is, the resistance strategies of minorities against the pressures and exclusions of the majority society. However, only alcoholism came to mind until now.