

Arts of Scholaring on a Damaged Planet

*A step towards building the academy we want
in the Anthropocene*

This story was co-created in the workshop ‘Arts of Scholaring on a Damaged Planet’, which took place on November 12 of 2024 at Solidaritetshuset (Södermalm, Stockholm).

We were aiming to share our concerns regarding the roles of academia in the current historical epoch – the Anthropocene – and to co-create some material artifacts which could help us move forward towards the horizons we are demanded to achieve as part of our wider struggles. If you want to read more, see the full comment on the Anthropocene History Centre website [here](#).

You can access the rest of the stories and share them in order to spread initiatives and networks for another possible academia.

All photos and graphic elements are open-access from [canva.com](https://www.canva.com)

So, just a little bit of context before we start. We wrote a poem in the grand literary tradition of Magical Realism. This is a literary genre that is very widely used in the Global South, in Asia, in America...

because it allows a lot of these literary tensions between society, environment, individuals to be expressed in abstract ways that protects the author while, at the same time, there is beauty in that.

[What's the name of the genre again?]. Magical Realism.

The title is 'Left Hand'.

Oh rebellious little digits,
I heard you touch another body today.

When will you learn?

The head has decided, and what the head says you must obey.

Rebellious little left hand

Your twin brother told me the other day - head is thinking about it.

What goes where it does not belong must not be kept. Why do you go against your
own interest?

Stay. Stay with your arm.

Five little digits. No longer part of something greater.

How do you like it? Teeth, throat, esophagus, lambung, estómago, tarmen.

Down, down, down, goes the little troublemakers.

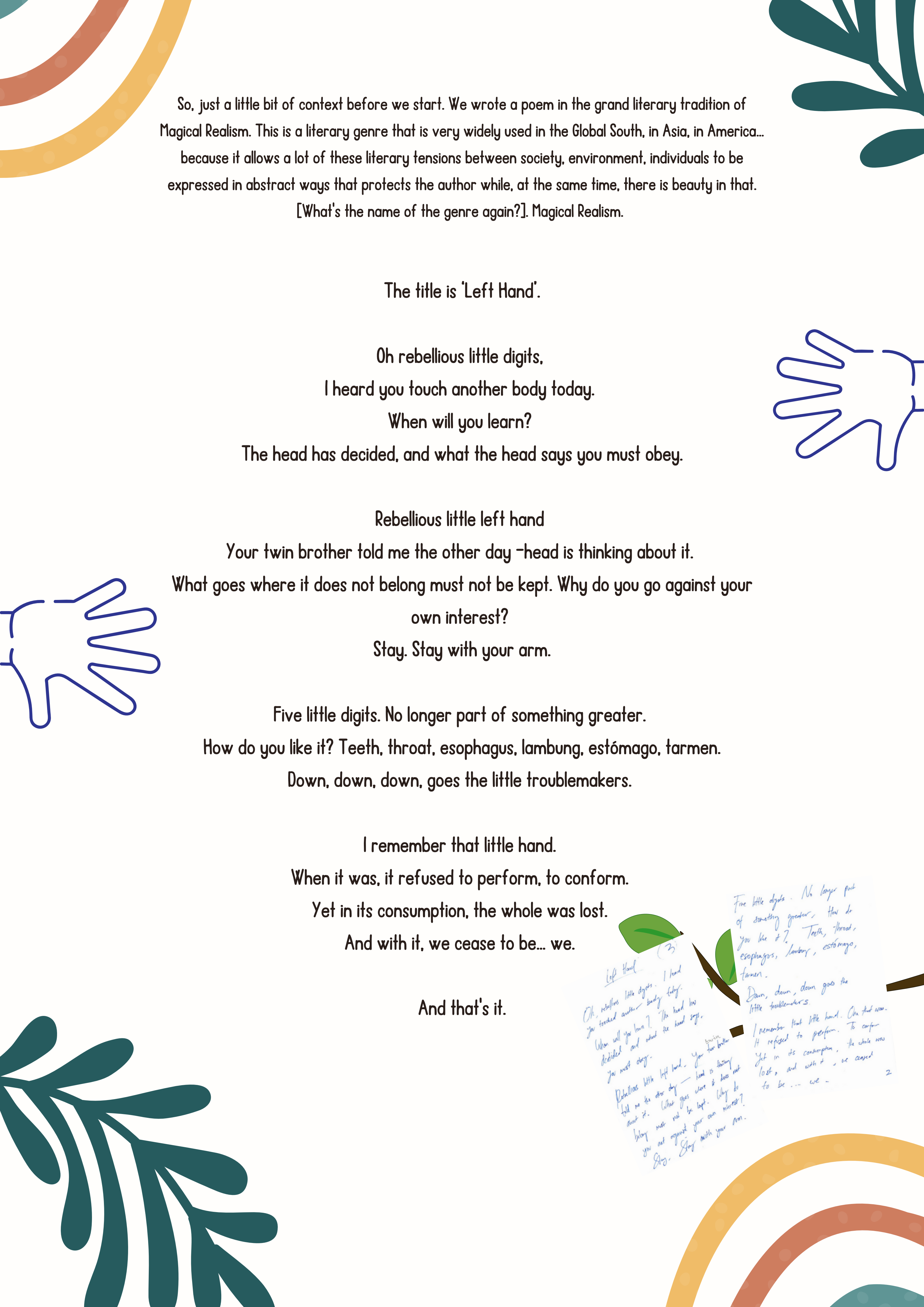
I remember that little hand.

When it was, it refused to perform, to conform.

Yet in its consumption, the whole was lost.

And with it, we cease to be... we.

And that's it.



Left Hand
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you touched another body today.
When will you learn? The head has
decided and what the head says,
you must obey.

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brother told me the other day - head is thinking
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