



# How I learned to stop worrying and love the virus

2020 – Covid-19, Lockdown in Italy

From the first day of quarantine, I gave myself two rules: don't think too much about the "aftermath" and don't accept video calls. At first, the exceptional nature of the situation was a shot of adrenaline, but as the days went by, it wore off and we slowly got used to it. In the countryside where I live, the visual effects of the coronavirus are less striking, and this decentralization from the heart of events can be frustrating. Conversely, the adjacent small streets are a small escape valve to overcome the sense of claustrophobia. I started taking pictures of what is inside or just outside the perimeter of my house, without the idea of wanting to tell a story. It was more of a different form of exercise that made isolation more bearable. Hence the title borrowed from Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*, a film in which the world's bogeyman was the atomic bomb.

However, in the end, I did accept a couple of video calls.