Urgency Reader 2
Mutual Aid Publishing During Crisis

URGENCY READER 2: MUTUAL AID PUBLISHING DURING CRISIS

APRIL 2020

AK/OK (Kate Jarboe + M. Wright)—All together now! Neighbourhood dispatches from Montréal, March 2020
Adam Chuong—New Horizons
Alessandro Ghio, Nicholas McGuigan, Lisa Powell—A Queer Accounting Manifesto
Alexis Erickson—Beautiful Faces
Andrew W. Smith—Collapse
Anna Gardner—no time
anobelisk—Bippy goes to Hell
Anonymous—To the RISD Community
Anonymous—A Call for Complaint: for Plague Speech, for Sick Speech.
Anonymous Nurses—Pattern for a face mask
Ant M Lobo—Untitled Digital Collage
Anthony Warnick—We Will Not Be The Final Generation
Anzia Anderson—calendar
arthur katrina—NOTES FROM WEEK ONE : THE RELUCTANT HERMIT, THE INTIMATE APOCALYPSE, VIRUS DAZE INTUITIVE MIXTAPES VOL. 1–5
Athena Zeros—day break bird
Azulae Northa—Looking in
Bailey Steele—Meet Me Inside
Be Oakley—Collective Self Isolations: Thoughts on Radical Softness as a Boundless Form of Resistance during a Pandemic
bean drake—Fair winds and Following Seas
brook vann—ataraxic blue
Cade Diehm & Edward Anthony, The New Design Congress—Welcome to the Artificial Wilderness
Caiti Borruso—On being laid off
Carlos Kong—Faden/Thread
Carmen Ribaudo—Primaveral Drawings
Caroline Sorin—canwepanicnow.gif
chariot wish—GOD BLESS YOU IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE, GODFAG, EVIL BITCH PARADISE
Chr. Winther—04.44.44
Christian Ortiz—Human Movement Slowdown
Christopher Cole
claire m.—prophecies now!
Connor Frew—WHAT WAS MIES THINKING (HEALTHCARE FOR ALL)
corinne ang—walking distance
D Rosen—Swallow your puppy–
Danny Aldred—Nullius in Verba
Dylan Tescher W.—Princess Dress
Edwige Charlot—kay lòt moun / home of others
Elaine Lopez—How empathy, inclusion, and community in my classroom have prepared me to deal with the disruptions of Covid-19
Elie Andersen—What We Ate
Elisabeth Nicula—March 27, 2020
ellen zahniser— THE SPLINTERED STRUCTURES OF HISTORY TOWER ABOVE AS I WALK ALONG
Emma Kemp with May Hoover, Angel Barris, Brittany Carter, Adriene Im—Correspondences (Otis College)
Erik Freer—The Inheritance
everett epstein—are you guys up for some reggae tonight?
GOVERNANCE (Rebecca Uliasz and Quran Karriem)—Sunsetting the Species
Gregory Ghilani Fawkes—Fire shower
Greta Huang Skagerlind—Poem re: striding
Gu—Elsewhere
Hannah Azar Strauss—Sacred Heart Sinks
Hugo Gallo—Hugo's Quarantime Dispatch
Jake Dugard—S•O•S
Jennifer Tobias—Untitled
Joe Potts—Unfolding Inquiries: notes from the Southland Institute on some considerations as online education moves into the foreground
John-Francis Quiñonez—I Know, in Some Ways, I Must be Answering for All the Times I Begged for More Time in my Kitchen (Poem)
Joshua Duttweiler—Aren't We All, Just Keep Swimming, We Are, We Ell Hand Sanitizer
Katherine Ye—24 hours in Pittsburgh
kathy cho & rachel hrbek—it's ok
Kelsey Sucena & Nessa Grasing—The Leech Manifesto
Kirslyn Schell-Smith—Per My Last E-Mail
Kit—futurity
Kitt Peacock—First Night Fever Dream for Pauvi Tem
L S—Claustrophobic haze of blossoms
Laith A. Ayogu—Boiled, hole
laura lamb brown-lavoie—"Thing I used to do with my tongue"—"Well I guess we are in this now" (that one is three parts)
Lauren Stroh—DAY FOUR
Lermworm—Quarantine Thoughts (What happens next?)
Lisa J. Maione—One After Another; Future Dream
Logan K. Young—Six Uneasy Pieces
Louise Drulhe—Quarantine - Day 10
Louna Bou Ghanem—I'm re-experiencing feelings
Luis Carlos López—Quarantine sucks and I take delight
Mae Eskenazi—Becoming Expansive
Maggie Siebert—Things I Believe About Ed Sheeran
Marisa Fulper Estrada—Static Freefall
Miriam Navarro Prieto—When This All Ends
Molly Soda
Nafis M. White—Social Distance Musings in the Rona Era
nicole killian—toto caelo
Nina Muccia—at home at last forever
Noa Mori—In the Wake of the Crisis We Must // A Thin Layer of Sanitizer & Fear
Norah Gunn—"Untitled"
Olive B. Godlee—Weeks After the Last Party
Oliver/Olivier—Being In Flux
Pablo Lerma—The Impossibility of Looking Outside and/or How To Think About Care
Paul Maheke—The Year I Stopped Making Art
Pickle Partisans—Phase-Shift
Rachel Hrbek—The Tower
Rebecca Gates—Untitled 2020327
Rebecca Wilkinson
Rena Rong—Musings from Elmwood
robynn.xyz—OS/error
Ruben Castillo—Stills from a video performance, Fluff
Ryan Skrabalak—American Water Round I
Rylie LAWVER—a post frontier proposal
Sabrena & Rose Ghostly—Absurdities Amidst the Virus
Sal Randolph—Urgent Sonnets
sam m-h—A Note–for Digital Dwellers/Dwelling
Sara Inacio—little armored one
Shou Jie Eng—'Her shelves contained the world'
Sigrid Pauen—Very Late Capitalism
Sophia Le Fraga—When You Talk
Sophie Seita and Naomi Woo—Manifesto of The Hildegard von Bingen Society for Gardening Companions
T. Deutch—We Will Keep Going
Taehee Whang—Diary Log-3.25.2020
tess brown-lavoie—resist austerity and do not touch face
The Making Public Collective (corresponding author Miriam Rasch)—Introduction to Here & Now? Explorations in Urgent Publishing
Tiara Roxanne—Digital Attunement (an introduction)
Tiffany Patterson—Works from the quarantine–March 2020
wermo—derangements
Wil van Iersel—Headlines
Zoë Pulley—ME, MYSELF & I / A WALK

Urgency Reader 2
Mutual Aid Publishing During Crisis

This assembling of words and images emerges from a 10-day open call that I announced on March 18, 2020 in response to the COVID-19 pandemic. The call for work was motivated by two desires:

1—to collectively document some of the extraordinary conditions, dynamics, and emotions being experienced while in quarantine, and

2—to provide some relief to artists and writers impacted by the crisis, in both creative and monetary forms. How might publishing as artistic practice embody communal care?

Contributors were compensated a total of $2,295, using funds from a 2020 Rhode Island State Council on the Arts grant that I received, plus an anonymous donation. 65 of the 110 contributors to *Urgency Reader 2* donated their share of the compensation back to the pool, resulting in 45 contributors each receiving a stipend of $51.

This edition of 25 copies was printed and assembled at Queer.Archive.Work during the first week of April 2020, using a SF9450 Risograph printer with black, teal, burgundy, purple, and fluorescent pink inks.

Paul Soulellis

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Queer.Archive.Work is a 501(c)(3) non-profit community reading room, publishing studio, and project space serving Providence, RI and beyond.

queer.archive.work

Adam Chuong



Three months into 2020 and my weighted blanket has been putting in overtime. With the stress weight I've gained, I think I'm technically outside of the effective range for a 15 lb blanket. I have resorted to piling it into a large ball and sitting it on top of my chest.

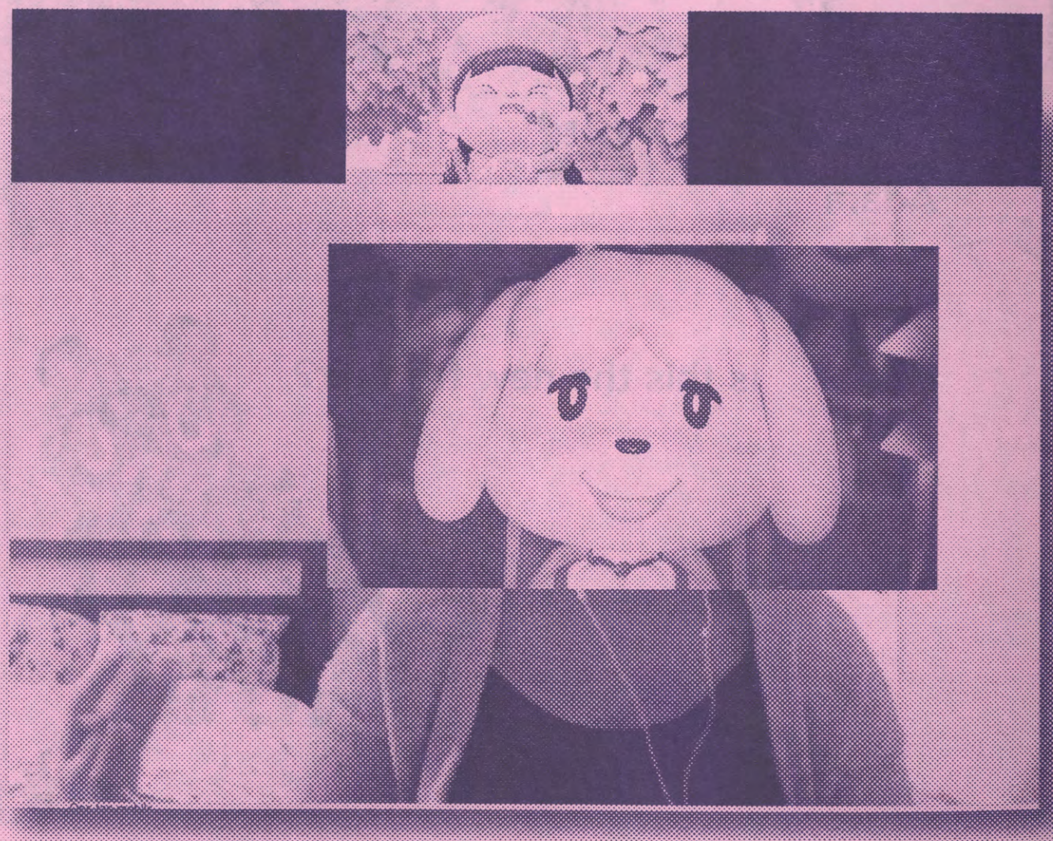
At night I can attribute external circumstance to the heaviness in my chest. The pressure is almost equal to the persistent clenching of my jaw.

> I am sitting in my parked car, running a little late, when I dial into my teletherapy Zoom meeting with Isabelle. I let her know that I'm waiting to pick up a pizza from Nice Slice, so if she can wait 5 minutes I can grab it and then have therapy and pizza! They're still doing takeout and have sicilian and free hand sanitizer, and what a deal that is.

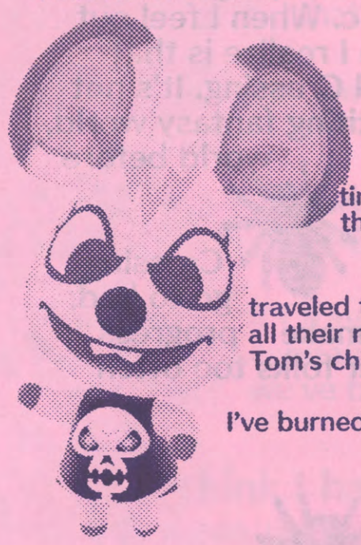
Lately I have been clocking some concerning hours in Animal Crossing. At 2AM on Monday night I finally got to Tarantula Island and I spent an hour filling my inventory with the aggro critters so I could sell them and pay off my debt to Tom Nook so that I could expand my house further.

I think I have been playing this game wrong.

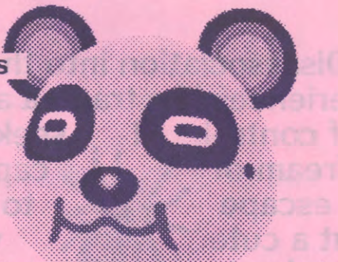
In true capricorn fashion, I have spent every waking hour plotting off how to pay my 5,795,800 Bell debt to a Tanuki. I've optimized and optimized, min/maxing my way out of debt.



I converted all the fruit on my island to foreign fruit trees



invested in the stalk market,



time traveled to 2044 (and I can't tell you if or how we get through this, but I did pay off my loans by then),



traveled to mystery islands, extracted all their resources, and sold them off to Tom's children.

I've burned through all the content, and now I might have the best island.

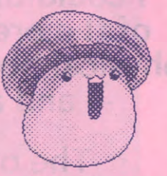


The last time I worked from home like this was in high school.



I was not out to anyone.

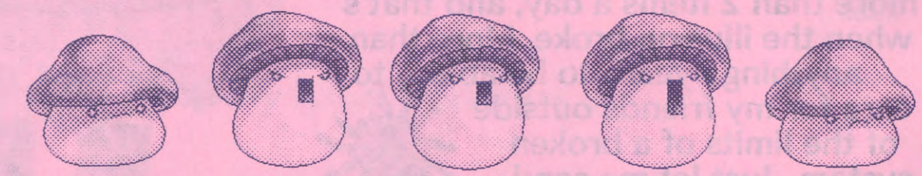
I was not quite a survivor, because how can you survivorhood implies you've made it out of your abuse? **I didn't have any way out.**



I spent my days at school, and when I got home, I would log into Maplestory and become my Cleric.



A digital escape could be a second life, where no one had to know my gender IRL, so having a female avatar meant nothing.



Living in a digital world meant I could logout of the trauma and violence of my day to day and enter a world where I could heal away wraiths, or throw some holy arrows at my enemies. I didn't have to wait to live my life. I could always level up.

Disassociation into the digital, for me, means of coping with experiences like trauma and the current pandemic. When I feel out of control, I seek control. The difference I realize is that the dream of capitalism is alive in Animal Crossing. It's not some escape to a radically different exciting fantasy world, but a cute veneer applied onto the world before this pandemic.

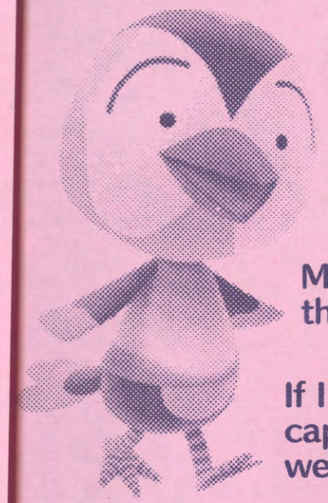
Everyone says you're supposed to play Animal Crossing slowly. The game asks you to take a break and go to bed, but all I craved was to know that I could always make progress. I don't cope well with stasis, or delay, that queer folks too often experience.

I would love nothing more than to move past the grief of lost childhood, lost time of this pandemic, and to see what is on the other side, because I have been unable to deal with the now.



But caught up with the hope that I could time travel, i've lost sight of the present --- negelecting my physical body --- our physical bodies -- and all of their real needs.

The other day, I tried to send my friend a Juicy Apple TV and a bunch of other items that they couldn't get yet. Tom Nook said I couldn't send more than 2 items a day, and that's when the illusion broke. More than anything I yearn to be able to care for my friends outside of the limits of a broken system. Just let me send a Juicy Apple TV, Magical Wand, and Aries Rocking Chair!

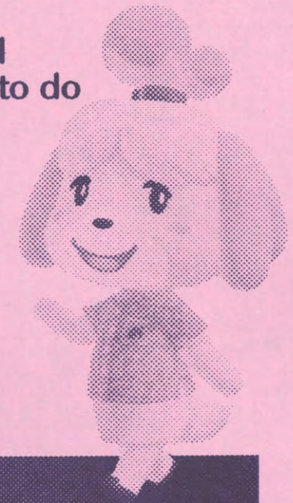


Sometimes escapism is necessary, because it is all that you can do or all that you see is possible

Sometimes you speed through the escape to see the next steps

Maybe I played the game right? I burned through it so quickly I have nothing left to do

If I travel through the illusion of cute capitalism can I see the New Horizons we've been given

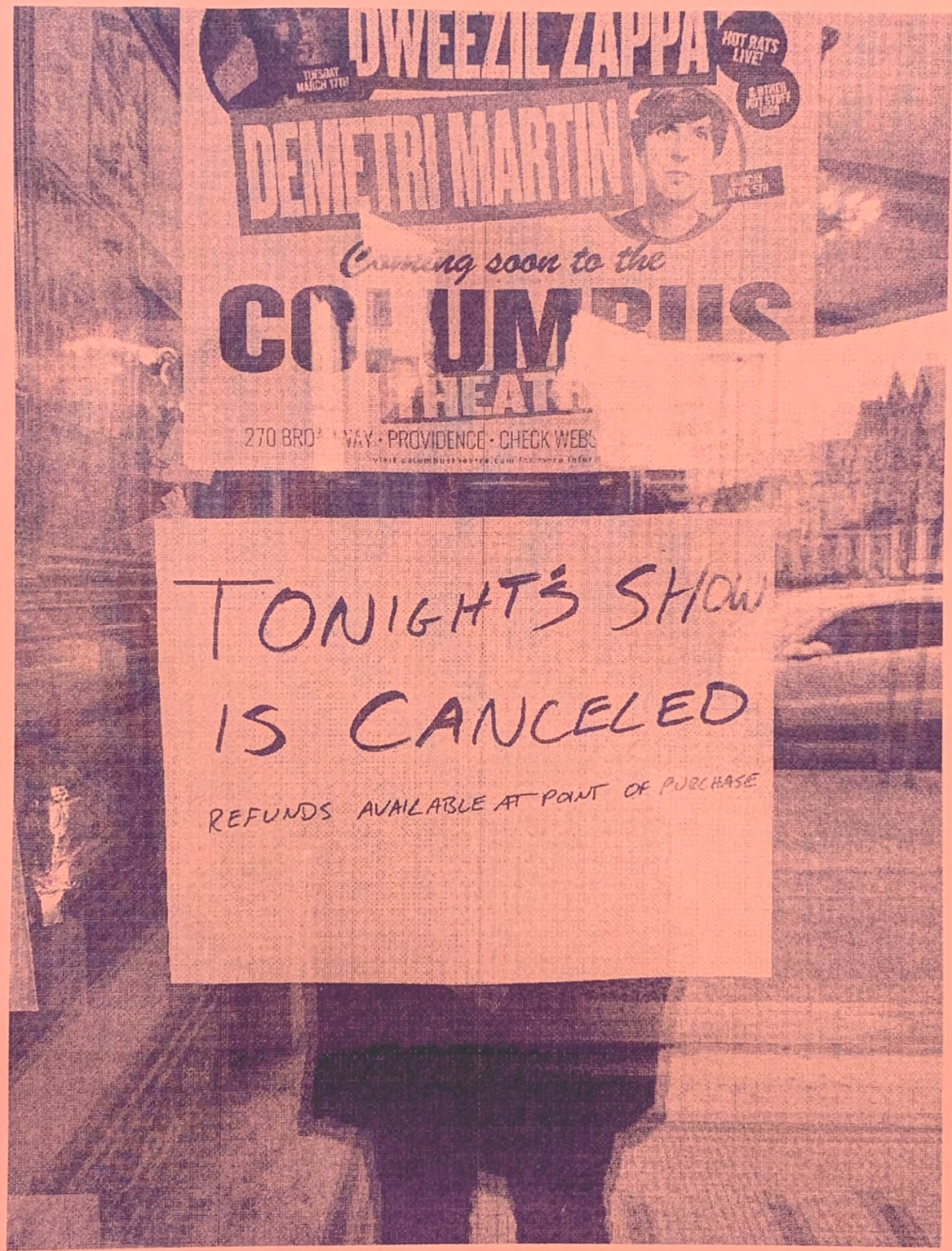


Ok I think I have to go now because my pizza is getting cold!



Adam

I wish for truly New Horizons...



#plaguewalking 3/17/20

NOW! ALL TOGETHER NOW! ALL TOGETHER NOW! ALL TOGETHER

Keeping each other safe 💙

Hello everyone! Given everything that's going on, I thought it might be good for some of us to get together and help out our neighbors who are in quarantine or self isolation. The delivery services in the city are overtaxed and community aid services need all the help they can get. I'll create a group for anyone who's interested. I'll call it 'community aid'. Hope you are all doing well!

Bonjour à tous

Je ne vois pas ou m'adresser si j'ai besoin d'aide pour des courses par example.

Bonjour à tous

Bonjour à tous j'habites au croisement Saint-Urbain / Saint-Viateur et je suis prête à aider peut importe ce que vous avez besoin: épiceries, pharmacie, balade pour votre chien... N'hésitez pas !

Hello, we want to help our community any way we can as well. We have waived all delivery fees. We are currently delivering to anyone who is in self isolation or home quarantined and dropping off groceries at their door. We especially want to make sure our elderly have everything they need, also there are no worries about payments we just need to make sure they are safe and taken care of.
Any other suggestions are welcome.
We can be contacted at 514-270-7770 or on my pe
at any time.

Thank you and stay safe

Yanni
Le Fruit Shop

Chiens - taille de griffes.

J'ai deux vieux chiens qui auraient besoin qu'on taille leurs griffes. Je ne peux pas sortir (j'admets que je suis ainée); cela pourrait se faire dans l'entrée de mon logis. Si vous connaissez quelqu'un qui pourrait faire ça, j'apprécierais énormément. C'est un basset et un teckel. Je n'ai pas les coupe-griffes.

Il existe une organisation qui aide les personnes âgées à faire du shopping.
Contact http://www.ebm.cam.org/

Ou ici! Moi je peux bien t'aider

Restaurant workers relief fund

Salut tout le monde! Une amie m'a partagé ce lien.
https://www.mtlrestorelieffund.org/spread-the-word

Great initiative to help people in loss of revenue.

Spread the word — MTL Resto Relief Fund
MTLRESTORELIEFFUND.ORG

Situation dans les épiceries

Bonjour à tous! J'ai repoussé au max le moment d'aller à l'épicerie puisque j'appréhende l'achalandage et les tablettes vides. Êtes-vous allé dernièrement? De quoi ont l'air les PA sur parc?

Moi je suis allé à diverses plus petites places (latina, marché laurier et même metro sur saint-hub) pis tout était bien chill.

Très bien! J'y suis allé hier et tout était calme. Seule l'allée des pâtes et produits secs était un peu dégarnie, sans plus. Bonnes emplettes!

Ok super, merci de l'info :)

Clinique juridique COVID-19 Legal Clinic

On Friday, March 20th, 2020, a COVID-19 legal clinic was launched by the Quebec department of justice, Quebec Bar, and other actors from the legal community.

The purpose of this joint initiative is to provide free legal advice to the Quebec population, as it relates to their rights and obligations in the context of the COVID-19 pandemic.

Over 200 lawyers are available to answer your questions from 8:30am to 4:30 pm (ET), Monday to Friday.

To benefit as many people as possible, expect to have your call limited to 15 minutes.

The numbers are:
- Montreal: 514 789-2755
- Quebec City: 418 838-6415
- Gatineau: 819 303-4080
- Toll-free: 1 866 699-9729

It is not clear how long this service will be available, but it is expected to be live for at least a few weeks.

So Long, Marianne, Balcony sing along, 8pm

Has anyone else in the area heard of this? Saw it posted on Facebook. A balcony sing along, starting at a 8pm this evening. There is a Facebook event page as well, linked in the story.

Share away!

https://www.freshdaily.ca/culture/2020/03/so-long-marianne-leonard-cohen-montreal/

A Queer Accounting Manifesto

Alessandro Ghio, Nick McGuigan, Lisa Powell
Department of Accounting, Monash University, Melbourne, Australia

www.queeringaccounting.com @queering_accounting

QUEERING ACCOUNTING is a group of instigators and provocateurs aiming to re-imagine accounting through queer perspectives. We are more interested in envisioning what could be than in seeing what is!

We argue for an opening of accounting. We advocate for non-binary thinking amongst accountants. We push for human connections to be embraced, adopted and practised by the accounting profession. We refute power, demanding dialogic communication. We embrace the urgent need for an opening up and connecting to new forms of cultural identification, theoretical frameworks, research ideas, methodologies and methods, and to new ways of dissemination in accounting.

Developing a Queer Accounting Manifesto

This manifesto mirrors a dissatisfaction with the heterocapitalpatriarchical *status quo*. Shining a light on heteropaternalism and destructive binaries dominated by today's heteronormative, paternalistic and patriarchal accounting norms and structures. We build towards radical change in accounting, accountability and the accounting profession. By taking economic ideologies and accounting logic as a playground, this newly formed Queering Accounting Manifesto prepares for the new types of governance and accountability the world requires under an economy of the commons.

This Queering Accounting Manifesto brings queer concepts and thoughts to confuse traditional accounting logics, challenge current accountability and disrupt the accounting profession. As queer people, we make use of queer rebellion and activism to create space for queer caretaking in accounting - exploring the types of queer transformation needed to thrive in a society focussed on wellbeing rather than the pursuit of economic wealth and financial capital accumulation.

Why a rebellion now? The overseers of accounting are perpetuating heterocapitalpatriarchical privilege. Queer rebellion disrupts one of the most conservative professions and calls for attention to address the inertia and unwillingness to move away from this dominant regime. Providing momentum for a fundamental shift can only occur through a positive activist-led approach. We thus confront the factors that militate against change.

The idea for a Queering Accounting Manifesto was born out of a queer gathering, with academics, accountants, and artists. The co-instigators of this Manifesto gathered diverse queer voices across the professional, academic and public communities to critically dialogue a queer accounting. We consider such a manifesto a rite of passage, that whilst appearing revolutionary, at the same time proclaims a search for identities, screamed out into the world. Our queer ideas, therefore, manifest themselves, in documentation, outlining queer propositions that aim to make accounting socially and culturally ~~great~~ queer again.

Act Up! Act Out!

QA

Alessandro Ghio Nicholas McGuigan Lisa Powell

THE QUEERING ACCOUNTING MANIFESTO

- Accounting must open space for all voices
- Accountants must not hesitate to rebel
- Accounting firms must come out of the closet
- Queer unlearning
- Heteropatriarchal structures must be abandoned
- Fluidity needs to be embraced and false binaries rejected
- A single conceptual framework is rejected
- To say that something is 'normal' is wrong
- Queer accountants are urged to come out
- This Queering Accounting Manifesto should be continuously Queered

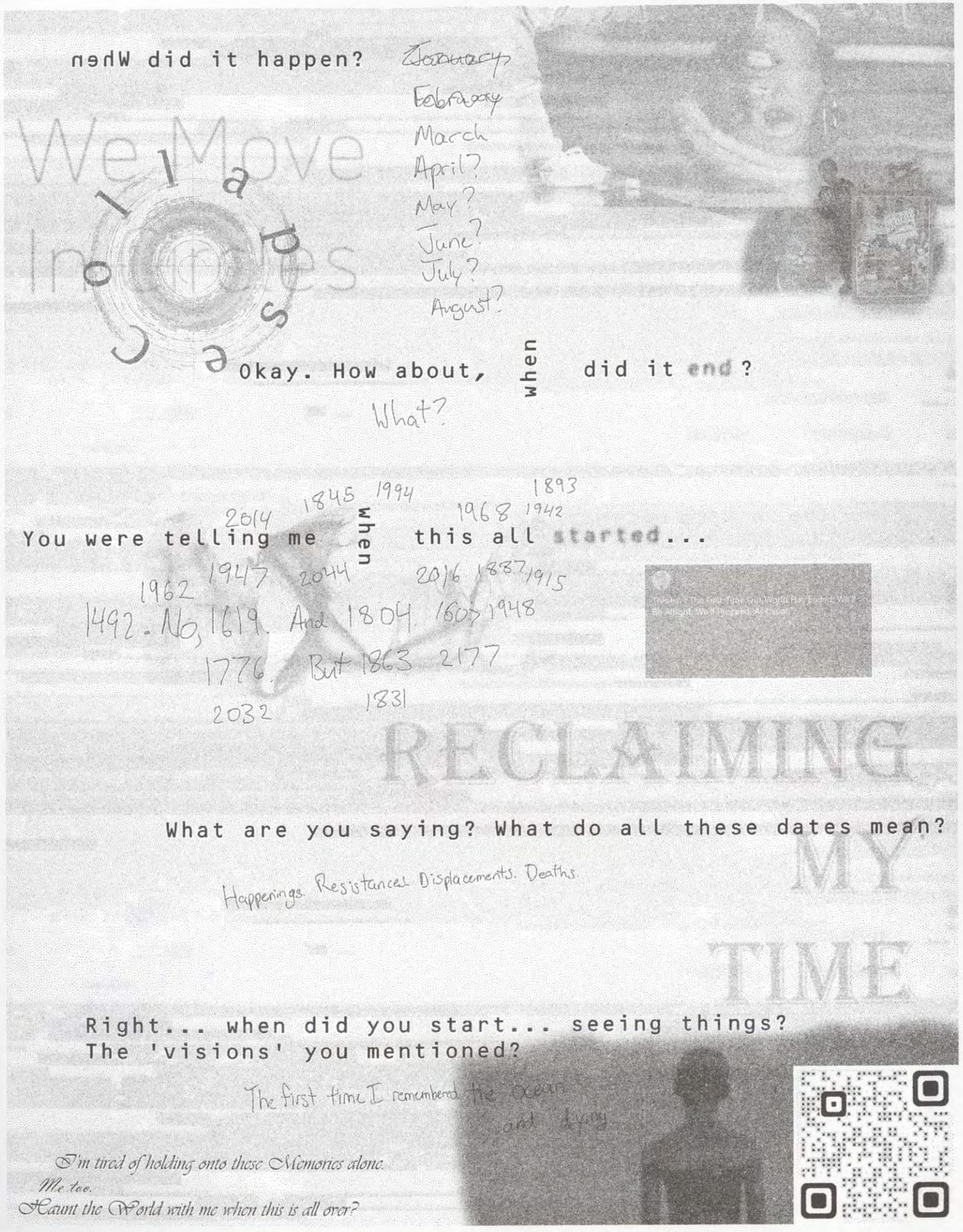
Alexis Erickson



the word BEAUTY has many different meanings depending on who it is you are asking.
I'm still figuring out what the word means to me.
That 'being said', the faces I create are 'pretty'.
not 'beautiful' to me. They are not 'pretty'.
They are unique and valuable, but I don't
think they fit the unknown description of 'beauty'.
I don't mean this in a self-deprecating
way. They are definitely visually appealing.
But they are also ugly and uncomfortable. This
is what makes them capturing.

Your face does not lie. As much as you
might want it to,
It will not. Your eyes
will always tell the
stories of your sorrows
And they can only return
to their blissful state once
you've accepted that.

Andrew Smith



Anna Gardner





March 15, 2020

To the RISD Community:

This evening's email from the Provost's office expressing the expectation that staff work on campus over this coming week is a disturbing development during an already exasperated public health crisis. It continues a pattern of dangerous myopia, as this directive comes well after the RISD campus should have been entirely evacuated, one week after other institutions in the area did so.

To be clear: to order staff to work on campus *at this time* is to risk the health and well-being of them, their families, and our community. Furthermore, it compounds an ongoing breach of trust that began when the administration failed to take decisive, medically-informed action to close campus when the best window of opportunity presented itself. RISD missed the chance to get many of our students home safely and unexposed to COVID-19. This was further exacerbated by an ill-advised aspiration to continue campus access through Spring Break (March 21–29).

Administration is asking faculty, staff, and students to clean up the mess created by their delay and denial at great personal and community risk. Pressuring these individuals to work in close proximity with others until 5 PM on Tuesday in the midst of a pandemic is unacceptable, as was asking students to go to class through this past week. These decisions continue to be in direct contradiction with nearly every health directive we have heard about minimizing infection.

Preserving a "RISD-worthy education" does not trump the health and safety of any individual community member—not now, not ever. **COVID-19 is not a design challenge; we are in triage.** This focus on maintaining a sense of normalcy and exceptionalism is reckless and unconscionable.

RISD is likely to not have enough healthy faculty, staff, and administration to consistently maintain instruction after 3/30/20, remote or otherwise. Since campus was not evacuated sooner and in line with other nearby institutions, there is a great chance that asymptomatic carriers have already infected a significant percentage of the RISD population. Older faculty, staff, and administration are at the greatest risk—many may be extremely ill in the weeks to come, and some will possibly die. This is not hyperbole or alarmism. As epidemiologists and other experts are urging, we can look to South Korea and Italy to anticipate our exact situation in about ten days.

To minimize community transmission, we must urgently reorient our dangerously misdirected focus as an institution. The great irony is that RISD administration's insular and corporate fixation on preserving the financial viability, reputation, and creativity of the institution is the greatest threat to those values. Delay and prolonged exposure is undermining our own ability to rebuild next year and has likely already compromised our chances to continue this semester via remote learning in any meaningful way. In egotism, magical thinking, and denial of scientific fact, RISD is squandering what remaining chance it has to survive.

We demand an immediate shift in RISD's priorities. We have been asked, over and over again, to apply our collective "radical imagination" as educators, laborers, and students to solve future demands of remote learning. Instead, we must now invest our energy and resources into maintaining the health and safety of everyone in our community. We demand that staff be allowed—*and encouraged*—to stay home and self-isolate to protect themselves and their families, without fear of retribution. We ask for business to not go on as usual, not for a second more. For older and immunocompromised faculty, for administrators, staff, and vulnerable students, especially the students who remain on campus, this shift in priorities is a matter of life and death. We cannot pretend otherwise.

In solidarity,

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Thank you all for your support. Signing access is now closed.



#plaguewalking 3/17/20

This is a commons. On this page, all faculty, students, and staff at educational institutions may document their stories and experiences with this crisis and the turn to online pedagogy. It can be recorded **anonymously**.

A Call For Complaint: for Plague Speech, for Sick Speech.
https://pad.riseup.net/p/A_Call_for_Complaint%2C_for_Sick_Speech-keep

"The word complaint derives from plague, in a vulgar sense, to strike at the breast. A complaint: sick speech."
- Sara Ahmed, "Complaint," https://www.saranahmed.com/complaint

Complaint is, by definition, "sick speech": the speech of sickness, and the speech we make during sickness. The sickness is multivalent. The first sickness is the virus, physical, real, and deadly. There are the other sicknesses we know, those that are deeply rooted, that fail to protect us during sickness: the sickness of institutions, universities, and governments, their ideology, and their technocratic logics.

At home, the supposed neutrality of the institutional space dissipates. Distance allows us to see its structures clearly. We are not caught in them, walking and muddling through them. As we become re-rooted in the histories of our families or non-families, our solitude, the mess of our lives outside the institution, the logic of the institution also appears in sharp relief. We see its delays, its twisting of language, its tone-deaf proclamations, its erasures, its slow violence, in real time, unfolding on screens in its dissonant, harping language.

I am a part-time faculty member at a U.S.-based art and design school. Over the past two weeks, we have listened very carefully, as faculty, as staff, as students, to people in power. We have listened, waiting, for the language that meets our intelligence and energy, our labor and our criticality. We know we deserve more than performance, more than self-congratulation. In response to students asking for tuition refunds, art school deans send videos of themselves dancing, mostly proud of knowing how to attach a video to an e-mail. The heartbreak, the sharp, informed critique of students is met with a shrug, a show of sociopathic callousness.

What can our speech now sound like, outside of the institution? Even as we have returned home, we have carried our frustrations, our sense of what we know was not quite right, our *politics*, with us. We carry our complaint. Just because we have gone home, we don't start over in a blank. We carry our individual histories and memories of our time inside of the institution, home with us. As we are now asked to continue its contract on, in our homes, we can take pause to remember our complaint.

We might not have begun this crisis as critics, or had any interest in dismantling, deconstructing, or destabilizing a place. The virus has revealed, on every level, the weakness and failures of institutions, scrambling to assert their mandates. It has revealed how the institution speaks, how it hears selectively. We treat it as a person, as it desires. Crisis creates a rupture, a profound vacuum that reveals the possibility of other spaces of learning, of better worlds we want to live in.

Silence

We are told we are all in the same boat. Yes: *we are all in the same boat*. But what part of the boat is one in? Are you on the upper deck, the lower deck, in the hold? Do you have a view? Can you breathe fresh air? Are you near the engine? Sick speech comes up from the hold of a ship. Sick speech, whether it is aired and explicit or buried in the body, seeps through, regardless.

We might have thought of this boat we're all in, as we watched a formal, canned address to us, given in an empty auditorium, after almost two thousand students and faculty and staff waited two hours for a live stream to work. In lieu of the dialogue that the community deserved, we watched a farcical, surreal piece of administrative performance art. And this delay - to keep nearly two thousand people *waiting* - is a capture of the relationship of the institution to the people whose labor and income and debt keep it alive.

What was most striking was the *silence*: the absence of any voices to respond. When there are no other voices, it seems that there was never any protest, no critical response. Only a few, nervous, angry voices are heard on a stage. In that moment, watching that address, it became clear just how powerful, and consuming, the silence, the refusal of dialogue, can be. How the empty audience without bodies serves institutions, how the silence is then turned outward for us to absorb. The dialogue between administration and students reached its limit.

With sickness, comes this quiet, beneath the already awful, eerie silence of the outside, the empty streets. Sickness sets in when trust has been violated, and the break is not acknowledged. The show must go on: and a deeper sickness sets in, congeals. Ideological sickness and ecological sickness grow, the more they are not named.

Note: all the vaunted critical training the university offers must end when that criticality turns its eye back onto the university. A bumbling inability to live stream may well be a mistake, but the refusal to change, to move with students clearly articulating their critique - that an embodied materials-based practice *cannot* be translated online at home - is intentional. It is a choice.

Many institutions seem downright hungry for this transition to remote learning. It can seem, within a bureaucratic paradigm, an ideal, and devastatingly effective way of dispersing voices, of weakening the community, of closing doors to the institutional hold.

But I also imagine that a university that cannot manage a live stream has no grasp of the (actual) radical potential inherent in the digital commons, of precisely how the digital will and can dissolve hierarchy, will and can eliminate fear of authoritative position. *Mute and unfollow.*

The crisis of this institution is a reflection of the crisis of every institution. And many of us have found a profound sense of community in grieving our losses - one of them being the idea of the institution. Colleagues across many other art and design schools are naming the slower, strategic violences that their universities have been able to leverage in crisis. The levels of stress, mental duress, and risk these decisions have caused our students, trying to continue learning at home during a global pandemic, have been articulated. Petition after petition, signed by thousands of students at different schools, have clearly outlined the economic and moral costs of this approach.

And so: before we embrace a toxic solidarity, we should question what solidarity we in fact can practice. We must be cognizant of the vast differentials in power between students, faculty, within faculty, between faculty and staff, between the whole collective and the administration. We must be aware of how the university *speaks* like a community but acts, often, in ways that directly undermine that community. We must question the speculative future of a continued education that encourages questioning, but not of the institution. If students are asked to practice critical thinking, that criticality must in turn include the administration. Any other approach is bad faith. It is the institution that misunderstands what critical thinking is, and misunderstands the power of its students and faculty to leverage that thought.

Radical Imagination

The institution, which shows no radical imagination, cannot in good faith call for radical imagination, not without its faculty or students or staff. Simply put: *radical imagination* does not and cannot replace material resources. "Experimental verve," to create an "innovation and adventurous" education through tech- solutions, come up against a brutal reality.

We are buried in hundreds of jargon-filled e-mails, filled with neoliberal abstractions to *think creatively* - language that has been widely, roundly, and justifiably ridiculed. The burden, they imply, is on you to use your imagination to imagine materials into being, to imagine your studio support into being. Rather than focusing on the systemic issues, this administrative language focuses on what you should do to manage the crisis on your own. Resist this language, as it echoes the language of the system at every level, in which organizational responsibility is abdicated in favor of the specter of individual responsibility. Any failure to do so is not a failure of your capacity to innovate.

That pressure in the back of one's head is this ask, for you to figure it out on your own. But systemic issues are not always a matter of designing the right tool or technology. A new app, a new website, a new interface will not solve this, just as one digging into one's "creative resources" when taxed financially and mentally, without the support of resources one has paid for, gone into debt for, is an unfair, even obscene call. Systemic issues cannot be solved through individual bootstrapping, and our pedagogy should not be falling back on concepts of individual, artistic exceptionalism. This sets us all up to fail.

If you are a low-income student, an international student, a student with disabilities, these questions take on stark urgency. The radical imagination you exercise is the basic act of making despite the failures of institutions, universities, and governments. If you are a student in an emotionally or physically abusive home, the stability of school, its escape, has been a matter of survival. Your radical imagination is expressed in the act of how you survive.

My fear is that the reaction, the dismissal of this shallow formulation of creativity, as a bludgeon, will cause us to lose sight of creativity as it can help us function beyond this moment. If there is any balm in this moment, it is that one's anger, shock, and disappointment with the institution is not the end of one's life as an artist, but catalyzing. An art career does not end with the institution's failures. Your life as a creative, as an artist, began before it, and continues by necessity outside of it. At a distance, the institution can be seen as a tool, a key, and a name to use. A platform through which you find one another, your peers, the minds you respect and depend on. It's here that the sacrifices you've made so far to be here, all the loans, all the social precarity you've taken on to have a kind of creative life, can be honored. The goal was always to continue on, live, and thrive past the institution.

We will tune in, ostensibly, to our online lectures and critiques, thinking about this new space, one that is clearly and starkly carried on through our collective labor. Dispersed in this way, we can think about what other spaces we will want to move onto, what spaces we want to create. We must resist the promise of technology as a band-aid. We can slow down. We can reevaluate and reconsider the role of "radical imagination" in this new territory. Yes, artists and designers handle "difficult situations and uncertainty" well. But the language of innovation and creativity, of radical imagination, cannot be co-opted to serve the institution.

If we are asked to "creatively reimagine" coursework, maybe the most imaginative move would be to turn away from the language of the institution, its obfuscations, its ambiguity. To, instead, affirm what was experienced this week, and what we continue to experience, to ensure it is real. This is an opportunity, if any, to talk together, away from the institution. We critique, at a remove; we identify our experience together within this. We close read to identify what happened. We remember in order to not be disparate and separate.

Complaint, or sick speech, is a refusal of this dichotomy. A refusal to accept that things should go on without memory. Complaint names the response as inadequate. Filing the complaint, one after another, creates an archive. Registering the complaint means it cannot fester in the body and mind, and turn into an anger that squashes momentum and creativity. Without documentation of complaint, there is no record.

Note that when a complaint is turned to examine the institution, it becomes petulant; it suddenly becomes a misunderstanding of how things work. The critic becomes the object; it is a matter of their role and position, their inability to *get along*. Complaint helps us understand the structures of power within not just this institution, but every other institution like it. And the role of a critic is to archive and retain memory and to give shape to the collective demand for better answers. It is to make space for other's complaint as a formal expression of critical thinking, exactly the kind of critical thinking about power and labor that an institution might claim to be training students in.

A radical creativity in this moment is expressed by our communities. The chain of mentors, peers, teachers, students, and colleagues who sustain us in the pursuit of learning, despite the institution's violence. With them, we can ask again: who do we exert ourselves for? What do we put our energy into? Who is expected to work on as usual? What support is there for carrying on? What is our creative work in service for? What is the opportunity here, to at last stop identifying with the institution?

Find Your Mentors

As faculty, staff, and students, our trust in the institution's capacity to care for, to manage well, has been stretched, for many, past an irreparable point. And faculty are not a unified lot. Disagreements and debates about. This moment reveals how deep the gaps within faculties and departments run.

Many of your faculty are with you, and struggling through these questions, desperate that this semester remains meaningful. I promise this. They are here, listening to you. Your part-time professors, your adjunct faculty, your precarious faculty who comprise a huge part of the teaching load of your institution - to the best of their capacity - have been watching, debating, and learning. They also wonder how to invest in institutions that push making and production, before critical thinking and reflection. They wonder what values of the institution should transition into these remote spaces.

In the next month and a half, my most important role as an educator and as a critic is to refuse any punishing concept of exceptionalism. My role instead is to see your struggle, to acknowledge it, and to meet you. My role is to defend you, and engage with you. It is to reject any focus on individual responsibility, on rigor or excellence as it might have been conceived on the institution's grounds. I hope to instead push and change the framework of what excellence and rigor in crisis can be. My role is to continually name what we are going through as being both a structural crisis as well as an epidemiological one. My role is to continue to question ideology with you. It is to name, with you. It is to have conversations with you in between the learning, to manage this crisis.

Ultimately the role of an educator, I would venture, is to bear witness and listen to the thinking, the articulation, and the thoughts of our students. To give them space to speak, space to debate, and space to work through their energy, their frustration, and their massively curtailed practice. The thinking about practice - how it lands, who it is for, and what its forms are - does not end.

Sick Speech

In the coming weeks and months, as we talk, debate, work, and commune remotely, I suggest we actively make space here, online, for ongoing complaint, for sick speech. I would offer here that our sick speech is a way of surviving this transition. This is that critical, annoying, interruptive, insistent, troubling, maddening, and digressive speech that one might tamp down in person, face to face. Online, we interrupt with speech that mirrors the sickness. Because we are in the same sick ship together, we can create resistance against any further compromises, any more mystifications of ideology, through our reliance on one another.

Our being unable to meet in physical space does not mean we will not continue to place critique on a sick system. There are no bodies on campus, but that does not mean there

are no voices. In sharing and expressing our shared precarity, in witnessing one another's struggles, we can embolden one another. We will be present, but we also must recognize and make space for the geographic scatter, the loans, the lack of materials, the fear of graduation prospects, the stress of housing, of making payments, of finding jobs. We must make space for the mental and physical health issues that will arise, as the impact of overloaded digital consumption deeply affects the vivacity of atomized individuals, without social support. This will be incredibly hard. We will need to listen carefully to each other to find survival strategies.

Mark the effort of maintaining our focus, our ability to work. How difficult it feels, how it wears us down physically, mentally, and emotionally. Sick speech helps us acknowledge that marking this moment in the full dimensionality of its violence is part of the education, and the work.

We want to be here, still, because we want to invest, we want to have our values align. This new space we are entering is a place of research, the place of common speech, of cacophonous, rowdy, diverse perspectives, in which identifying our positions helps us think about power. So the work can continue despite power.

There is a balm, a relief in shared complaint. There is a need to document this complaint. Ahmed calls for the complaint to become a collective, "in order to create a shared record or to share experiences," because "the work of complaint does not stop with a complaint (although it is hard to tell when a complaint stops and starts) in part because when you complain you find out about others who have complained." (From "Why Complain?" at https://feministkilljoys.com/2019/07/22/why-complain/).

I invite us to create this collective of complaint, to file sick speech, regardless of shaming calls for respectability and unity. Sick speech is the speech of this moment: marking exactly what we hear in the dissonant, self-contradicting, sick language of power.

Complaint: a pause to name, to articulate what is happening, to assemble bodies around the naming, to legitimize.
Complaint: to *honor* the good we have experienced, the learning, and the loss and grief of losing that space.
Complaint: to archive, under pressure, in resistance to the pressure of forgetting.

Change does not begin without infected speech that slows a machine from moving forward. Plague speech is the act.

As a way to keep the silence at bay, we log in. The inside of our houses are raucous and cacophonous with the voices of friends, family, colleagues. **In the absence of physical spaces, we establish a commons.** If we recount and proclaim and account for what it is to be an artist and writer in this time, we account for our own power. We can and will articulate through the *why* of why we make or create. We can use this time to look beyond this institution, to living beyond paradigms of self-exploitation and pathological frameworks of creative production. We do this precisely because of the call to abandon complaint, to set it aside. We refuse to set aside circumspection and criticality, as though identifying how institutional decisions actively harm is "work for later."

We speak to remember. We speak to maintain memory. We speak to name and account for obfuscation and evasion recast as care. We speak to remember how we are maintaining as individuals, and to remember what this moment broke open. We must keep speaking, writing, and making sense, in the face of the overriding pressure there is to abandon sense.

This is the time, we hear, that artists move. We continue to draw on support and energy outside of institutions, outside toxic positivity, outside power. We claim the speech that crisis makes possible. That speech from the gut, stirred, unearthed, and drawn up to the surface. And so: resist the pressure to forget. Resist the demand to accept this as the way things are. In this transition, we break.

You do not just pay to go to the university. You are the university. *Your thinking is the most important part of the university.* And your power and capability and radical imagination will extend past the university.

This collection of complaint - of sick speech - will circulate until heard.

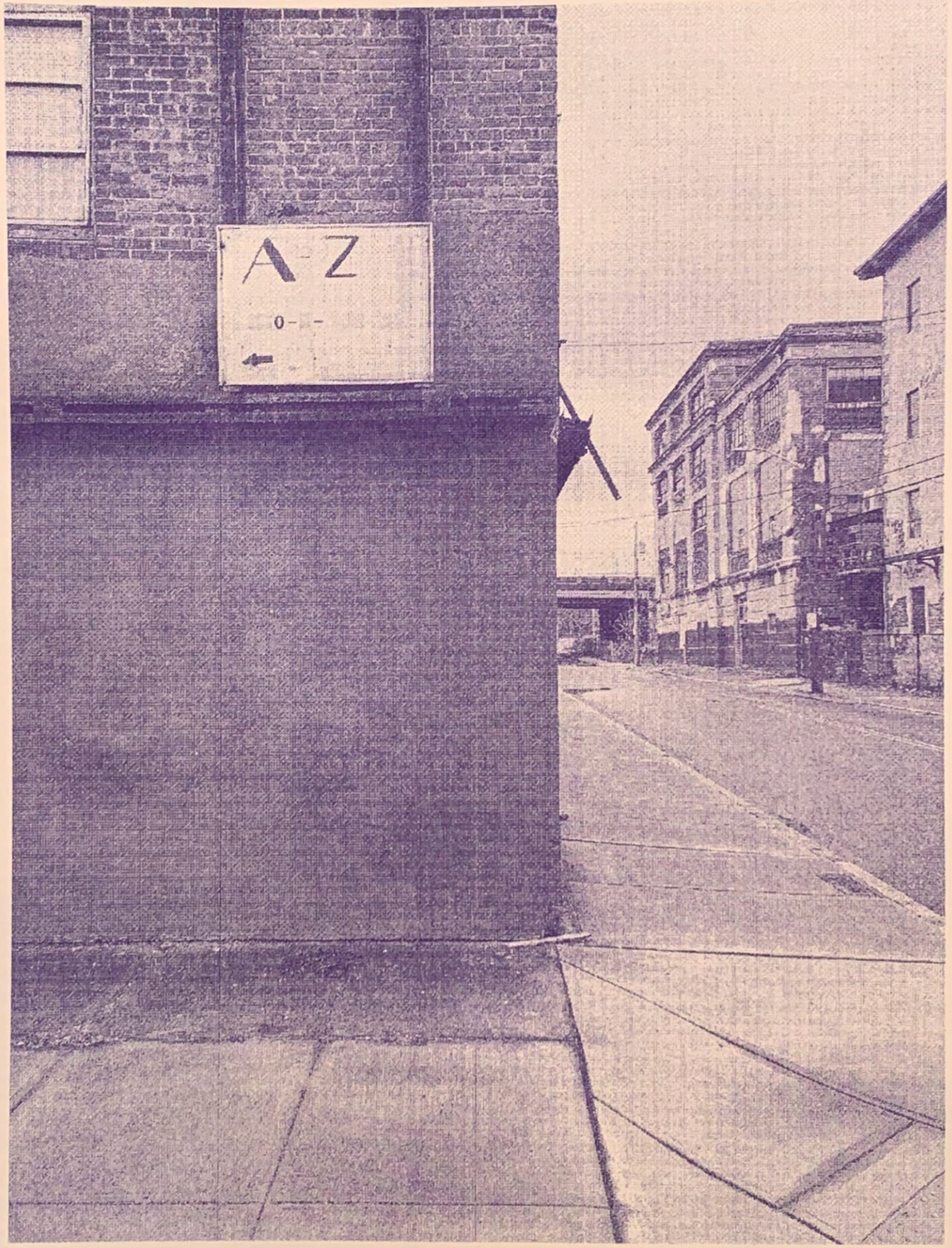
https://pad.riseup.net/p/A_Call_for_Complaint%2C_for_Sick_Speech-keep

1.

2.

3.

PS



#plaguewalking 3/17/20

PATTERN FOR A FACE MASK

ABOUT THIS TEMPLATE

Herein find a set of directions and a sewing template for a cloth mask that covers the nose and mouth.

This template was created by anonymous nurses in response to the shortage of masks and personal protective equipment (PPE) currently affecting front-line healthcare workers in the United States and abroad in the midst of the COVID-19 pandemic.

These cloth masks can be made at home using string, elastic bands or strips of cloth, and a 7" × 7.75" rectangle of cloth (higher thread count = better).

This document is offered in solidarity with and admiration for healthcare workers everywhere.

PROPER USE OF THIS FACE MASK

PERSONAL USE

A cloth mask made using this template is meant to be worn over the mouth and nose. The more secure the fit, the better. The idea is to catch as much in- and exhalation as possible. While it is unlikely that the mask will protect the wearer from inhaling an airborne pathogen, it may help the wearer from passing that pathogen to others.

The best ways to protect yourself and others during the COVID-19 pandemic remain washing your hands thoroughly and often, and practicing social distance.

MEDICAL USE

The mask design outlined over the following pages is NOT a replacement for N95 or other surgical-grade masks. It can be used to supplement an N95 mask.

Please see the Center for Disease Control website for more information about the use of homemade masks in medical settings.
https://www.cdc.gov/coronavirus/2019-ncov/hcp/ppe-strategy/face-masks.html

Many hospitals and healthcare facilities are currently accepting donations of masks. Note that some institutions have requested particular mask patterns. To learn where and what kind of mask donations are being accepted, visit this listing compiled and updated by students of the UC Berkeley School of Public Health:
https://docs.google.com/document/d/12a5YO0Z9RpHZk9Zkzl4NOj9CbjzhFfoKjPLFFC-21LU/preview#

Note that this design is for a one-ply mask. To make a two-ply mask, simply cut a second square of material, layer the two pieces and begin the instructions.

FACE MASK ASSEMBLY

PATTERN KEY

- Solid line = fold line
- Dashed line = stitch line for reference

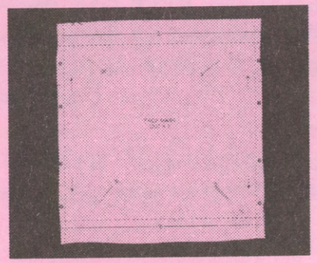
NECESSARY MATERIALS

- Fabric
- One (6”) pipe cleaner
- Sewing thread
- Sewing machine
- Pins
- Scissors
- Marker

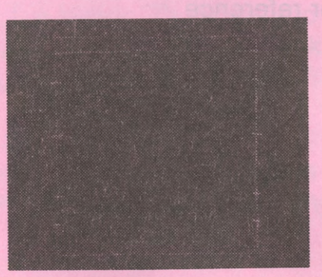


FACE MASK ASSEMBLY

1. Print and cut out the pattern. Pin pattern onto fabric.

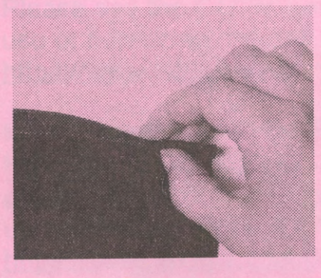


2. With a marker, transfer fold lines and dot markings onto fabric.

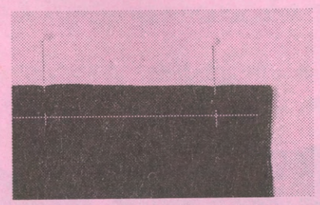


3. Cut out along outside edge. Additionally, cut two (30" × ½") strips of fabric.

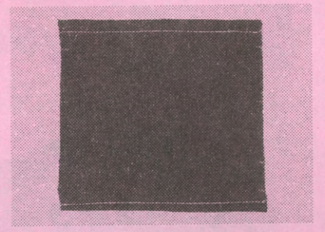
4. Fold fabric away from you along fold line Ⓐ. Pin. Repeat for Ⓑ.



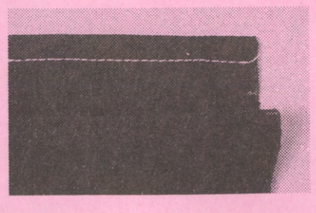
5. Stitch ⅜" from the folded top edge (see dashed line for reference). Slide pipe cleaner in slot.



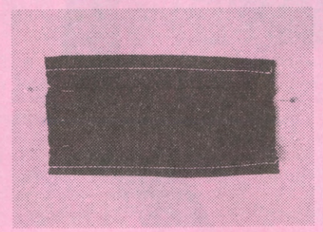
6. Stitch ¼" from the folded bottom edge (see dashed line for reference).



7. Pinch dots ❶ between your pointer fingers and thumbs. Lift and fold upward so that dots ❶ meet dots ❷. Pin.



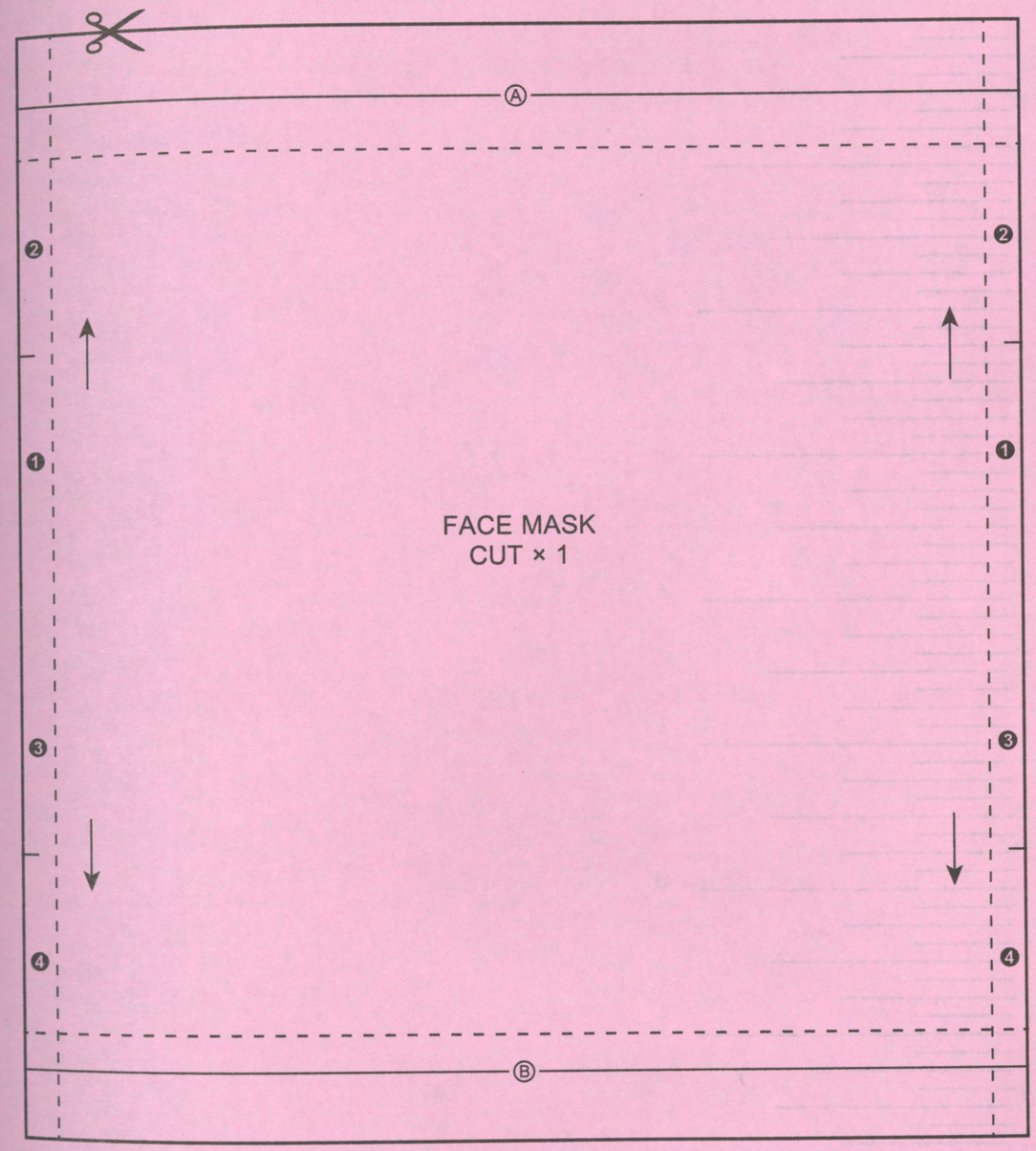
8. Pinch dots ❸. Lift and fold downward so that dots ❸ meet dots ❹. Pin.



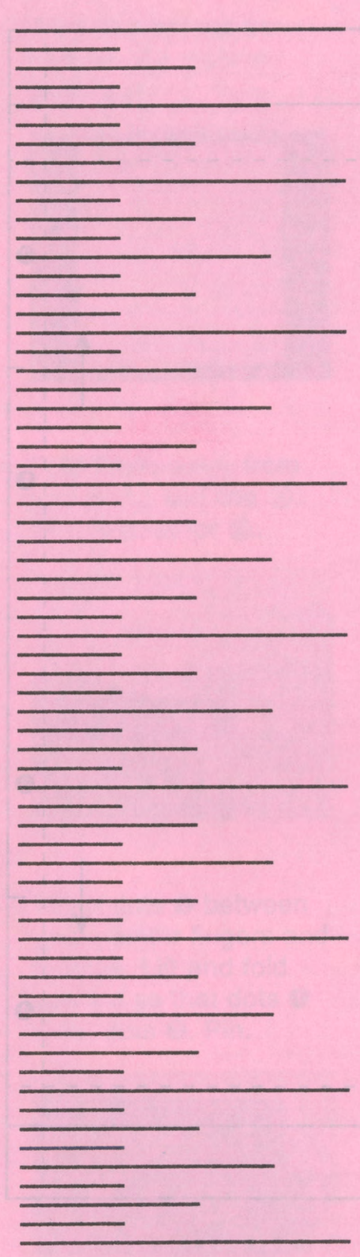
9. Place both 30" strips of fabric onto the left and right edges of the mask. Pin. Sew along sides (¼" in from the side). This stitch will secure mask pleats and ties into place. A zig-zag stitch can be used to help prevent fraying.

Done!

FACE MASK PATTERN



RULER (INCHES)

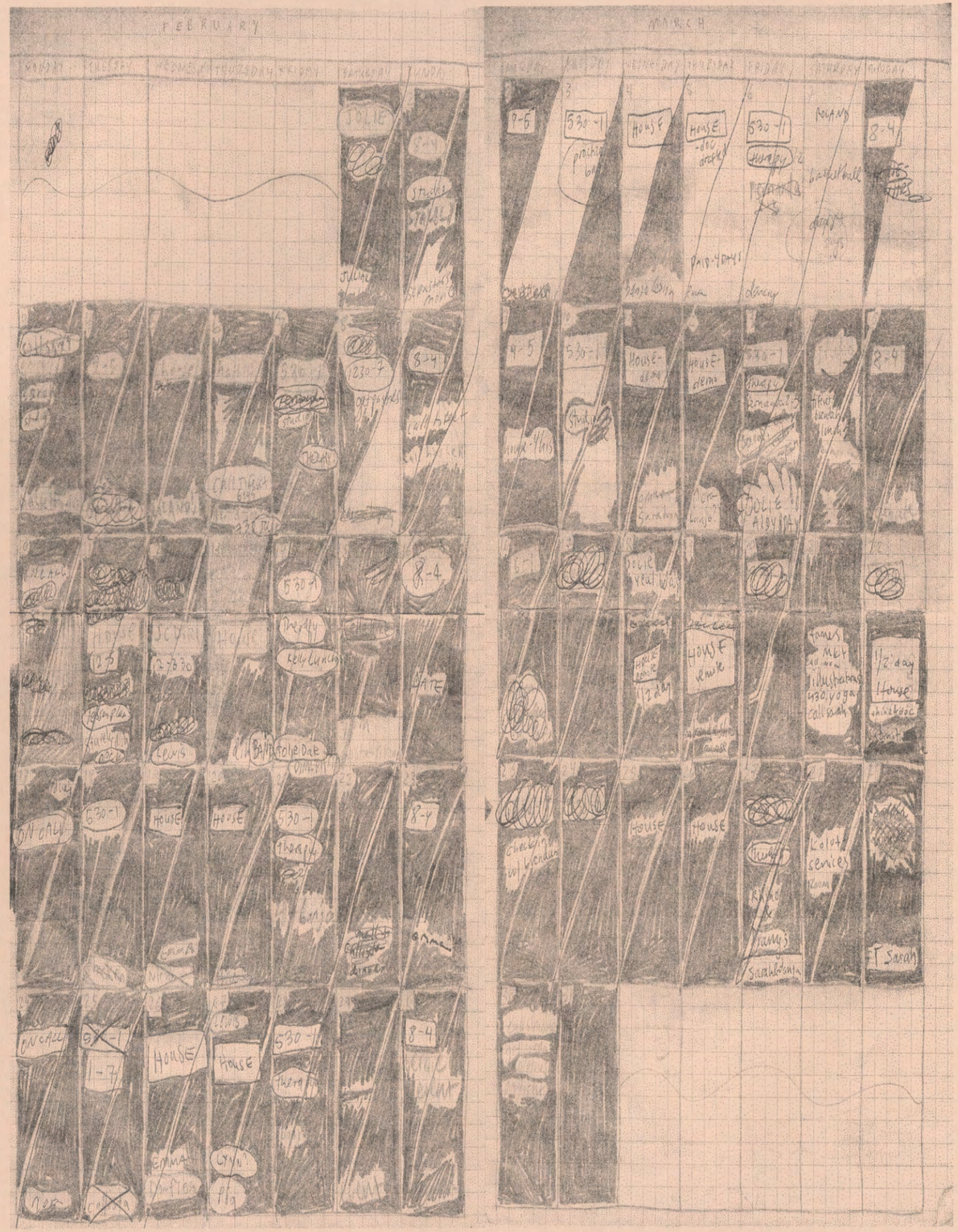




Anthony Warnick

We will not be the final generation.

Anzia Anderson





arthur katrina



2019/2020 CHRISTMAS CACTUS (FOR NICK VOL. 2)

ARTHUR RUSSELL - GOODBYE OLD PAINT
BUFFY SAINTEMARIE IT'S MY WAY
LOS MIRLOS - CUMBIA DE LOS PAJARITOS
LA DANZA DE LOS MIRLOS
HUGO [redacted]
BLANCO - LA CHISPITA
SUPER GRUPO COLOMBIA - ELOISA
MELESIO MARTINEZ Y SU ARPA -
PAJARILLO BARRANQUEÑO
LOS IMPALA - MEJOR
THE URINALS - SURFIN' WITH THE SHAH
LOS ZHEROS - CUARTO OSCURO
YOKO ONO - SILVER HORSE
~~ALICE COLTRANE - WISDOM EYE~~
ARUNDHATI ROY - COME SEPTEMBER EXCERPT
(B) NEO BOYS - ANCIENT YOUTH
SHABAZZ PALACES - SHINE A LIGHT
MADALLAC

NORMA TANEGA - NOW IS THE TIME
SONIC YOUTH - PROVIDENCE
SUN RA - DEEP PURPLE
STUFF SMITH
MILES DAVIS - IT NEVER ENTERED MY MIND
NINA SIMONE - WHO KNOWS WHERE THE TIME GOES
ORNETTE COLEMAN - THE EMPTY FOXHOLE

POULENC
C THE VIC
2/4/79

HUGGY BEAR - SNOW WHITE ROSE RED
FREE KITTEN - SMACK
DARLIN' - CINDY SO LOUD
FREE KITTEN - SMACK
URINALS - BLACK HOLE
CLEANERS FROM VENUS -
MARILYN ON A TRAIN
THE ONLY ONES - ANOTHER GIRL, ANOTHER PLANET
JESUS & MARY CHAIN -
NEVER UNDERSTAND
~~GALAXIE 500 - DEAD MOON -~~
~~THESE TIMES WITH YOU~~
MY BLOODY VALENTINE - WHEN YOU SLEEP
LES RALLIZES DÉNUDÉS - ROMANCE OF THE BLACK GRIEF (OTHERWISE FALLIN IN LOVE WITH)

AMPS FOR CHRIST -
LYNN ANNS
FLOWER

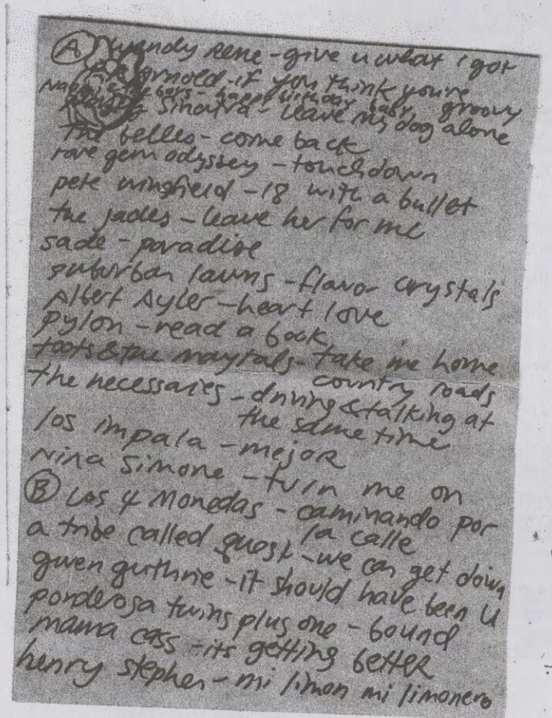
MUPPETS TAKE MANHATTAN
PEOPLES IS PEOPLES
GRACE JONES - THE APPLE STRETCHING
DIGABLE PLANETS - ~~[illegible]~~ PACIFICS
DEEELITE - APPLE JUICE KISSING
CIBO MATTO - APPLE
E.S.G. - COME AWAY
KONK - YOUR LIFE
~~ARTHUR RUSSELL - CALLING ALL KIDS~~
~~MASTERS AT WORK - ITS ALRIGHT I FEEL IT~~
A TRIBE CALLED QUEST - BUGGIN' OUT

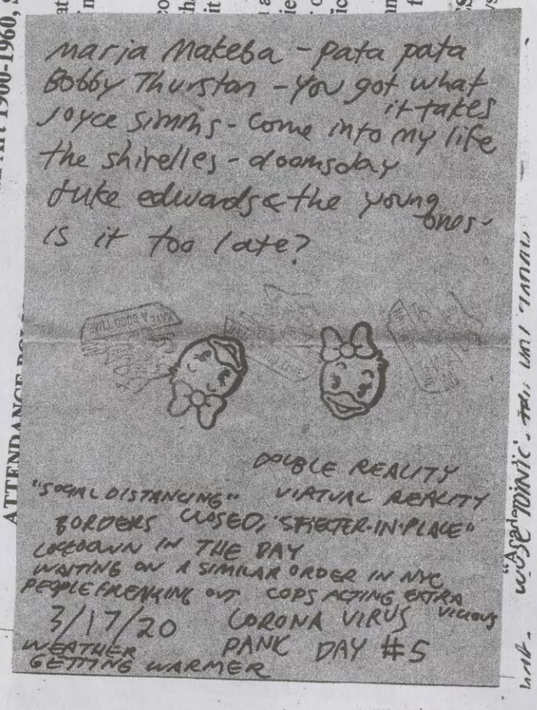
need to remake

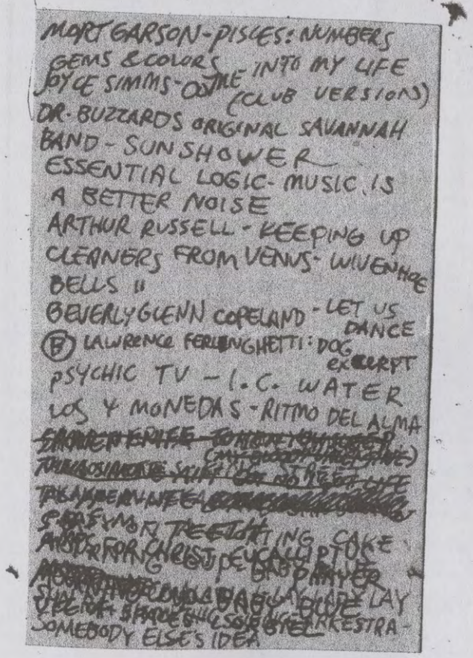
(B) MASTERS AT WORK - ITS ALRIGHT, I FEEL IT
~~ROBIN JOHNSON - DAMN DOG (TIMES SQUARE)~~
LOOSE JOINTS - TELL YOU TODAY
ROBIN JOHNSON - DAMN DOG (TIMES SQ)
SUICIDE - DREAM BABY DREAM
SUN RA - TAKE THE A TRAIN
ALBERT AYLER - LOVE CRY

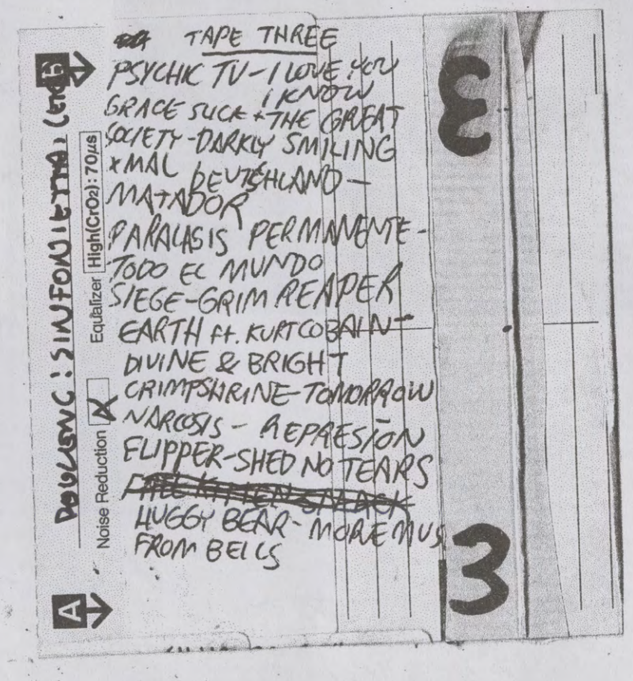
LIVE AT MONTREAUX 1976

angels in america
angels in america

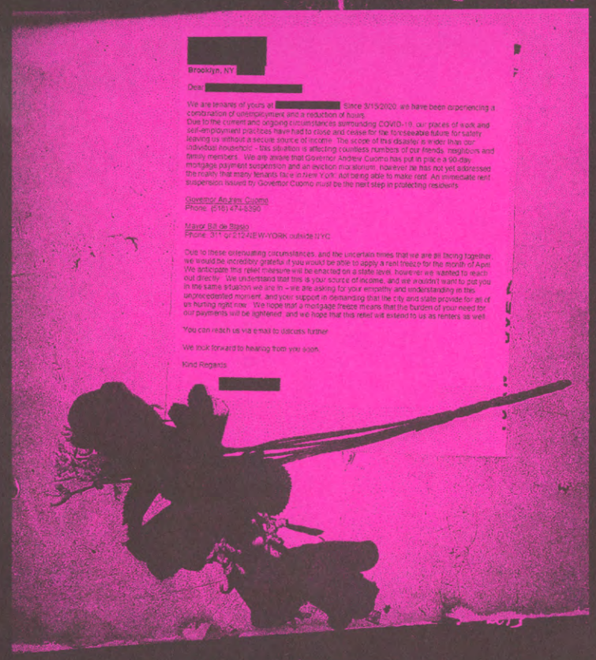




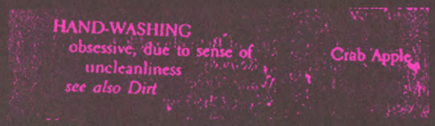


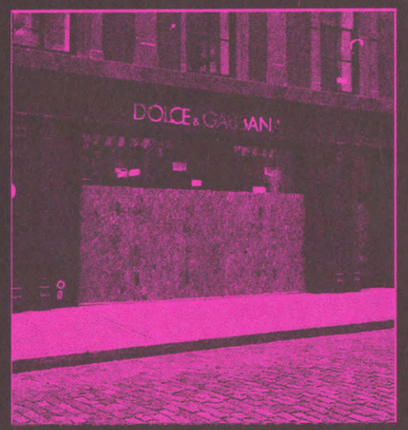


INTIMATE ❀ INTERNATIONALIST APOCALYPSE





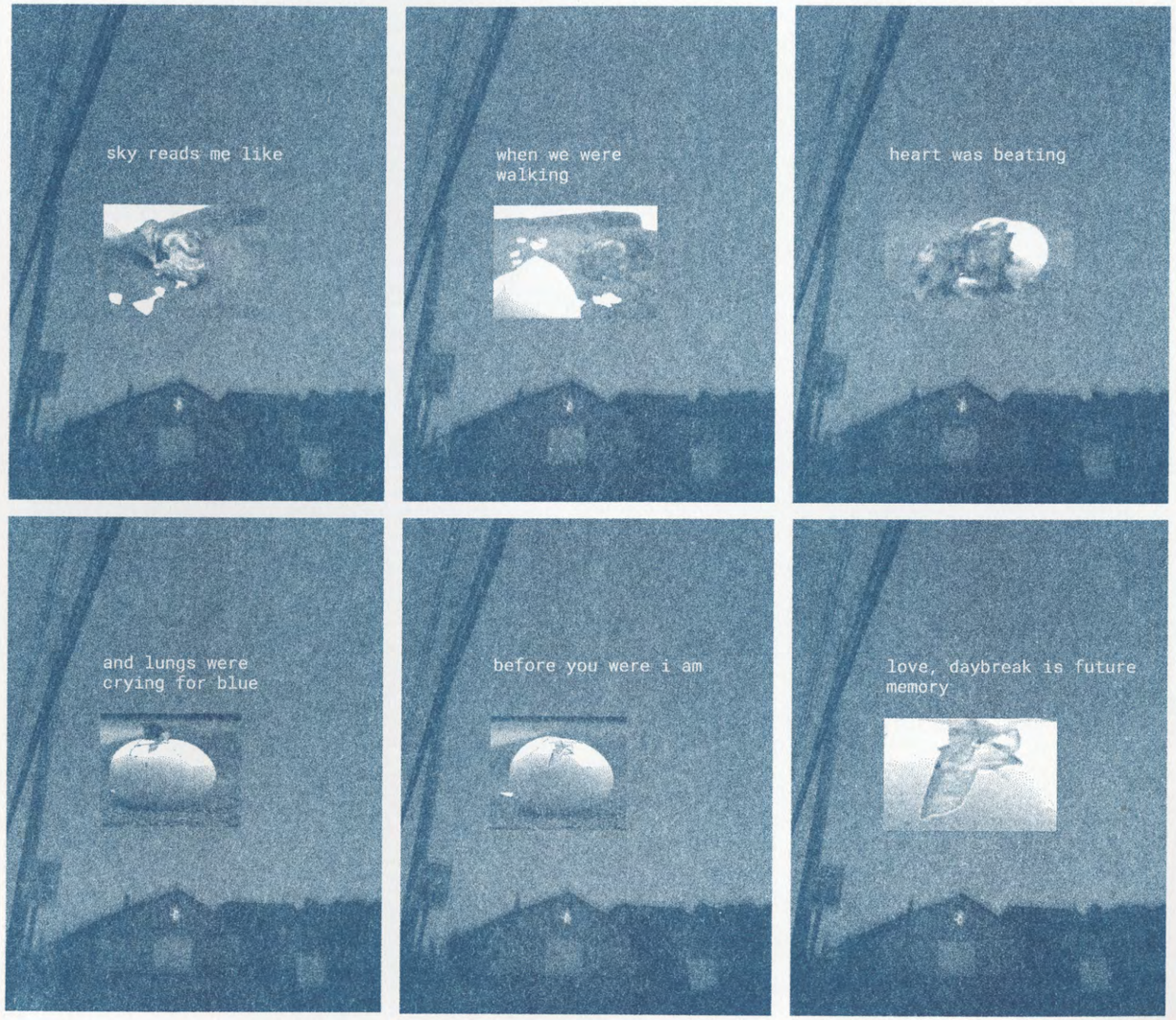




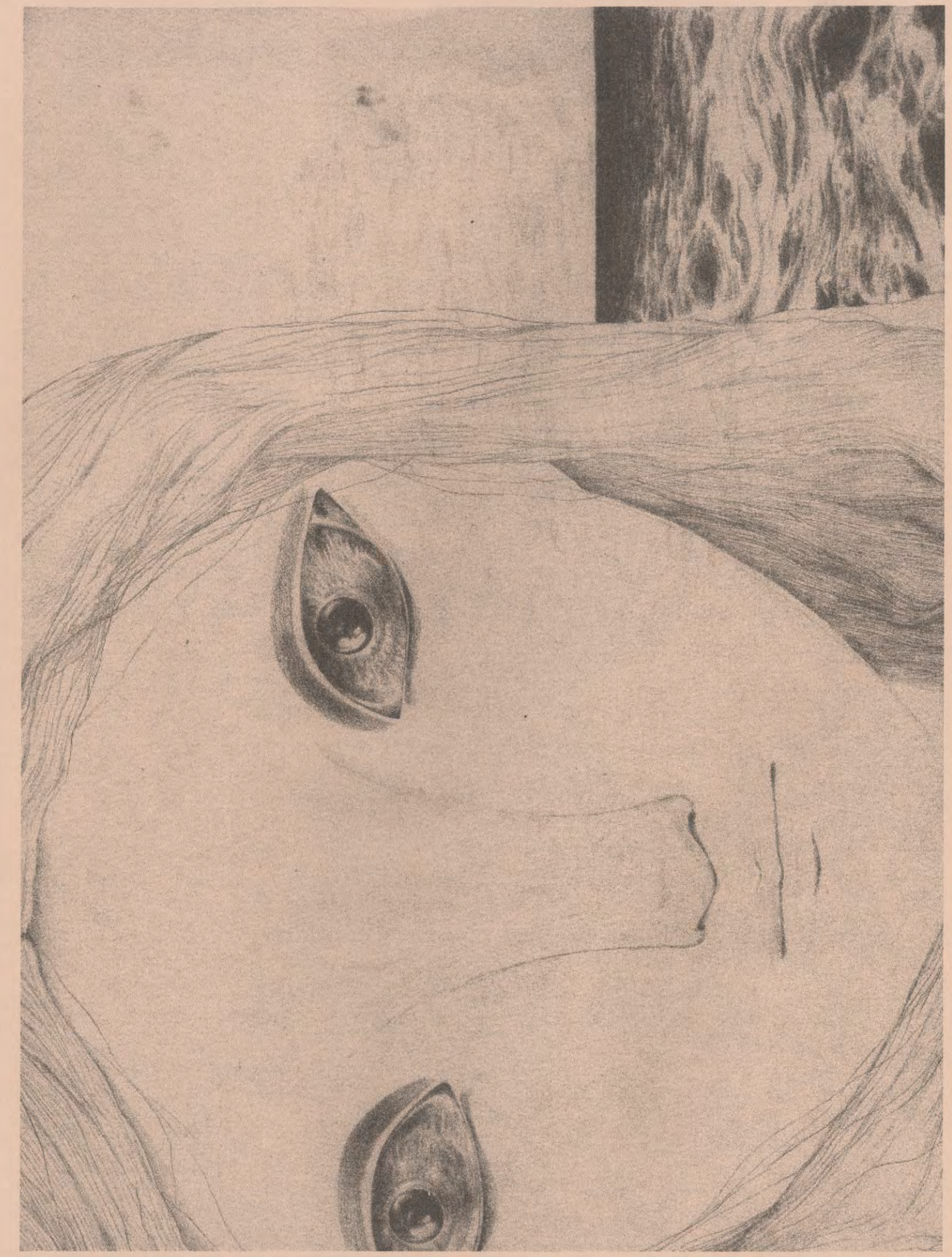


YOU ARE THE evidence of your ancestors survival

Athena Zeros



Azulae Northa



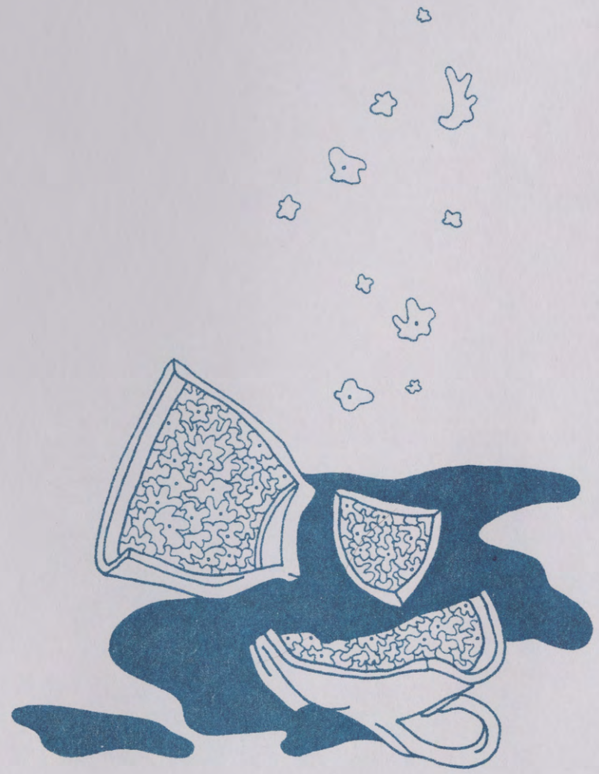
MEET ME INSIDE

The kin composing my emotion
Exhale percipience so painfully
Hot —
Like tea we cannot share
(l-theanine and lavender)

I put a kettle on
In defiance of distance in knowing
— more than ever
— i learned to listen
— without u near
— u were screaming
The self cannot separate

Cuttings of your essence
Transplanted
Sprawl roots within me

I will water you now.



Collective Self Isolations:
Thoughts on Radical Softness as a Boundless Form of Resistance during a Pandemic

My life hasn't changed drastically during this time of self isolation. Those of us who are disabled, who have mental health issues, who are introverts--we "self isolate" throughout the entire year and, indeed, most of our lives. My social life is mediated through a critique on ableist forms of engagement in the public sphere. For many people, the idea of resistance is dependent on being in public spaces. But in this time it's paramount that we re-examine our assumptions about creating alternative public spaces, that is, spaces for resistance. This is a turning point in how we can think about demanding what we need to thrive and survive. During this time I have been reminded of why I am drawn to "Radical Softness as a Boundless Form of Resistance" and how critical it is in the present moment.

I have seen many extroverts and able-bodied people scrambling to make this required self isolation work for their lives. In this I have mixed feelings as to both the positive and negative effects of this moment. In my own community, I am blown away by how people have been reaching out to check on each other, taking the extra effort to make sure people are adjusting to this new life. I've seen so many displays of vulnerability, care and community that go beyond our typical social gathering. In this I see softness, in these fragmented communities I see softness. These actions of radical softness (deleted) are so important to how we are all resisting the current moment. This emerging form of community care, mediated through direct action aiding many freelance artists, gig work and part time employees, and so on, is very much a resistance to how capitalism is failing us in this hyper visible way. As a society, many of us are resisting the spread of the disease at the same time as resisting the spectacular failure of capitalism.

In the previous editions of the Radical Softness as a Boundless Form of Resistance text, I have talked about how this phrase exists for myself, as taken from the 5th edition of the text:

"Radical Softness as a Boundless Form of Resistance" is not a utopian idea but rather one that tries to grapple with the unique realities we face. It signals and celebrates how we each come to resistance by allowing us to define these terms for ourselves.

Many people are trying to grapple with how this pandemic is changing the very fabric of our lives and redefining the possibilities of how we can be physically separated, yet very much together. I see people coming together in a collective form of refusal, in which we

refuse to accept that those who are the most vulnerable can simply be forgotten. This care requires both individual vulnerability and honesty towards those in need, as well as a proactive response from our communities. These actions are necessary to lessen the effect of the incompetence from the Trump administration. What I have seen in the last two weeks through my communications with friends, acquaintances and strangers is a presence that is undeniably felt in such a physical way, although we are far apart. It's true that during crises people come together, although now it's a form of togetherness that doesn't rely on an actual physicality.

And who is offering this care? In my own life it's those who have the least to give but always find ways to show support. In the announcement of the over 2 trillion dollar bailout from the United States government, I see a government that is simply weaponizing this stimulus to support large corporations and destroy small businesses. This of course is not surprising, but it reminds me of the urgency of looking after my own communities. I see other queer, trans and non-binary friends trying to make sure others have funds to live. This is the community I know, love and try to support, as they have supported me.

In this time I think of other folks whose lives have not radically changed. As someone who has some ableist privilege (although I suffer from severe anxiety and panic disorder often leaving me housebound), I feel for others who have mixed feelings about this moment. For many this isn't a temporary lifestyle change, and it will exist past the current moment. In this, I hope that ableist folks remember this time when they can return to their normal life. Will they continue to check on others and continue this community care, that is not only casual but will be in place for years to come?

At this moment, we need to weaponize our refusal of market capitalism, the Trump administration and coronavirus itself. We need to be militant in our self isolation, knowing that we are acting together although we are so far apart. This pandemic is as much about the coronavirus as it is about the overdue sickness of capitalism. This virus has revealed what many have known long before this moment, how life as we know it does not work for 99% of the population; the economy is nothing without the workers, and we can freeze capitalism at the realization of our power. It has always been known by black and brown people, indigenous people, non-binary and trans folks, poor folks, that these systems have never served our interests.

I've recently been reading Mistaken Identity by Adad Haider and have been reminded of how our identities can be weaponized by maintaining the status quo. Haider states:

"In its contemporary ideological form, rather than its initial form as a theorization of a revolutionary political practice, identity politics is an individualist method. It is based on the individual's demand for recognition, and it takes that individual's identity as its starting point. It takes this identity for granted and suppresses the fact that all identities are socially constructed. And because all of us necessarily have an identity that is different from everyone else's, it undermines the possibility of collective self organization. The framework of identity reduces politics to who you are as an individual and to gaining recognition as an individual, rather than your membership in a collectivity and the collective struggle against an oppressive social structure. As a result, identity politics paradoxically ends up reinforcing the very norms it set out to criticize."

I think it's important to think of "collective self organization" in this moment of collective self *isolation*. My interpretation of Haider's critique of identity politics (which was first introduced into political discourse by the Combahee River Collective, a group of black lesbian militants) is that it is not of the idea of identity politics itself but the way it is weaponized by the ruling class that has changed. Now more than ever we need to expand our identity positions as a form of collective resistance to meet at the intersections of our struggles. Here, we rely heavily on white privileged folks to actively acknowledge and work to dismantle their privilege in service to others. White, rural, poor working class people need to understand the intersections of our own struggles and embrace the softness of their vulnerability to this power.

Haider goes on to say:

"… by coding demands that come from marginal or subordinate groups as identity politics, the white male identity is enshrined with the status of neutral, general, and universal. We know that this is false -- in fact, there is a white identity politics, a white nationalism --- and, as we shall see, whiteness is a prototypical form of racial ideology itself. Anti racist struggles like those of CRC reveal the false universality of this hegemonic identity."

In our collective self isolations we need radical forms of resistance that take action into our own hands against the failure of our government. Since so much wealth has been occupied by white cisgender men, it is those people who need to be the most radical now in the dismantling of unquestioned myths of privilege. We need to acknowledge the fact that white male identity's "neutral, general, and universal" status is socially constructed. Acknowledging this is a form of radical vulnerability (deleted) for many white cisgender men. In this economic shutdown the true power and wealth lies with the poor and working class, which is constructed by a massive majority of every identity

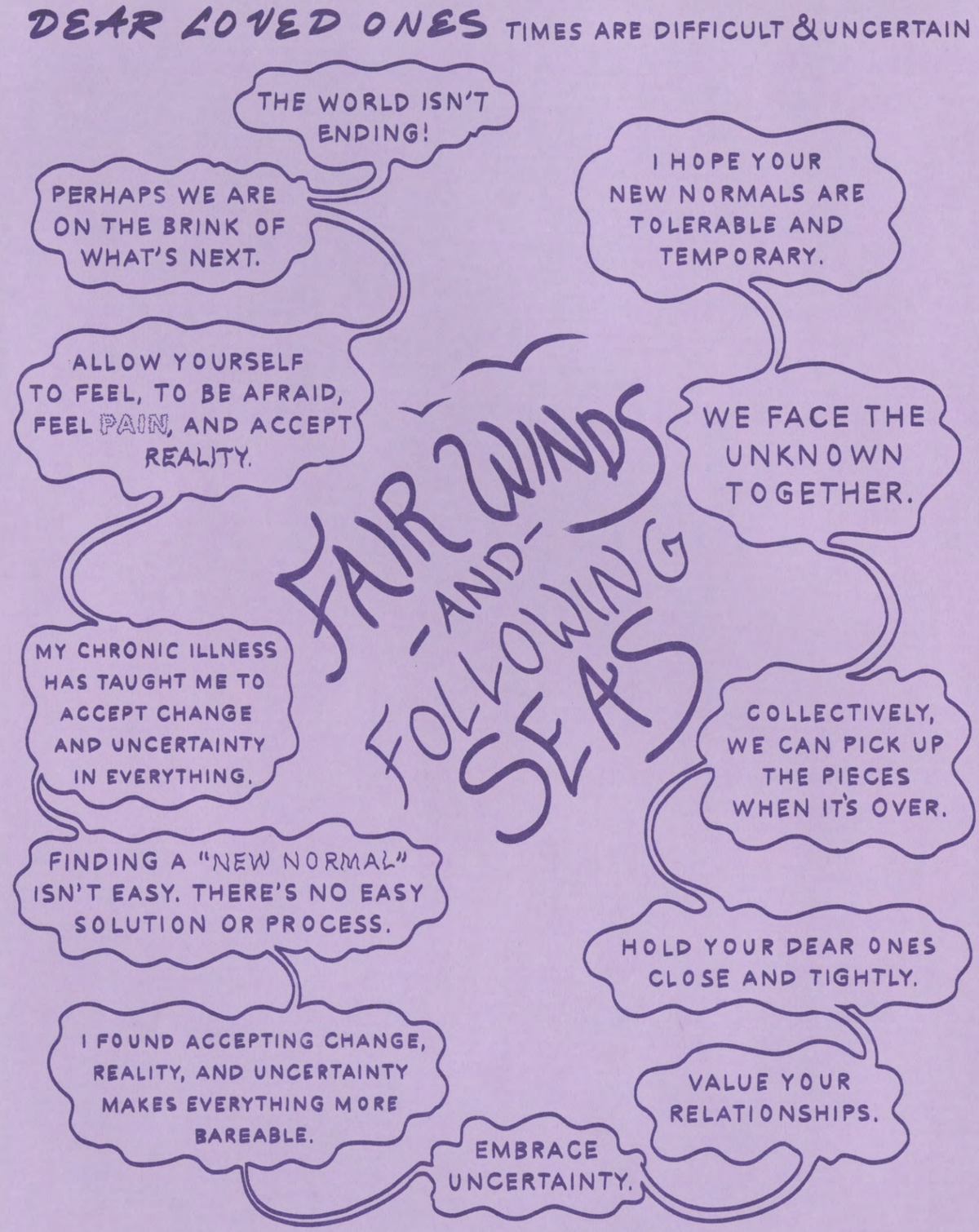
formation. Our power lies in our collective solidarity with poor and working class people across all of our identities, and this idea for many is truly radical.

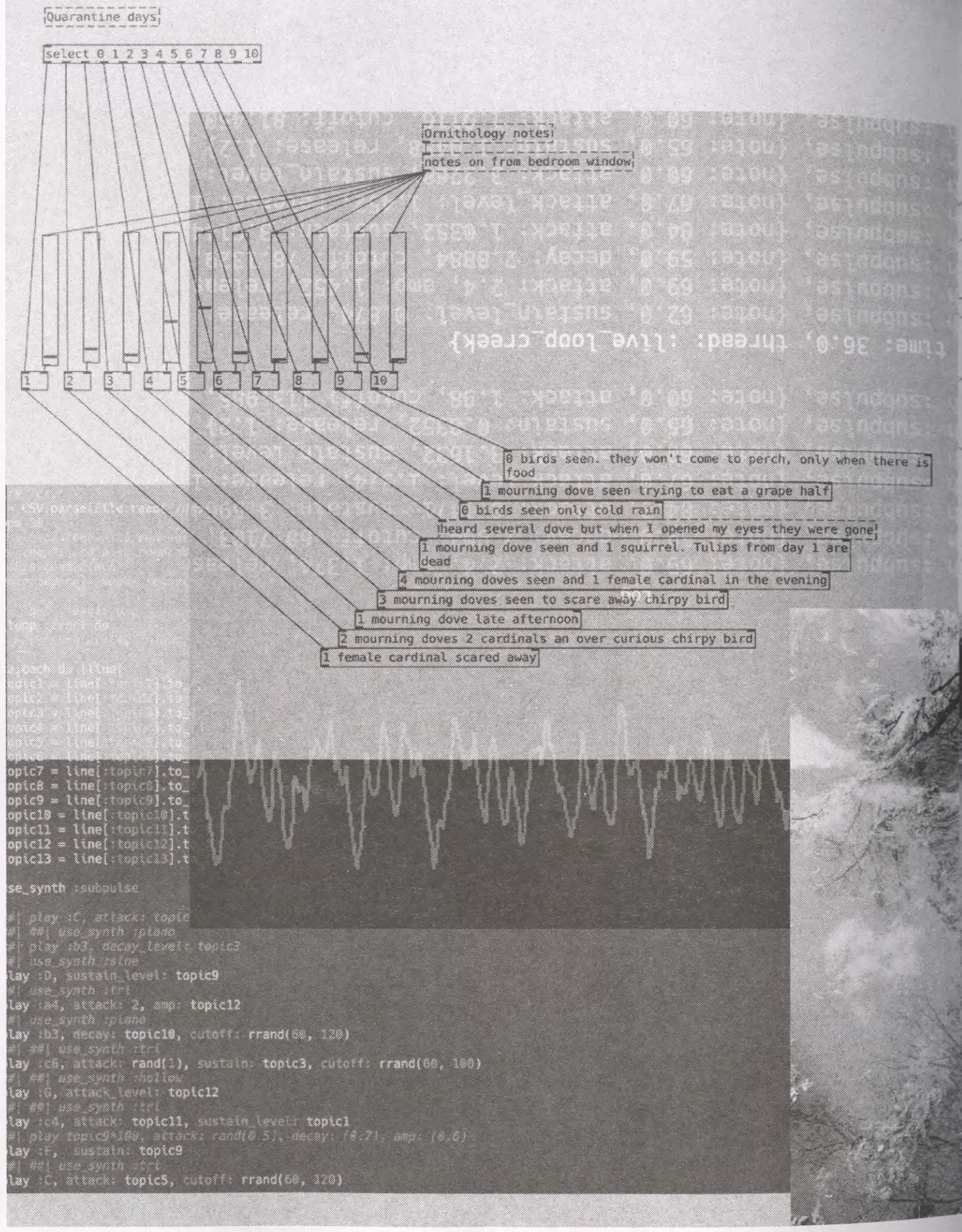
As a white person myself, and as many readers of GenderFail are white, we need to work in organizing with working class white people to fight against our capitalist system. Can our collective self isolations be weaponized as a collective *strike,* to not go back to work until our demands are met? Even if the virus subsides, we can refuse to go to work until our demands are met, until the government promises to enact universal healthcare, paid sick leave for all people, a livable wage, etc. Can we share resources during this time so that no one is left hungry, homeless or sick, so that people have access to mental health care? Can we be radically transparent about the resources we have and share them until our demands are met? Can those cisgender white men working on Wall Street, to celebrities who are celebrated for their massive wealth, redistribute their wealth to those in need? In this strike we must demand for a redistribution of wealth, even from those we idolize, and build up from there.

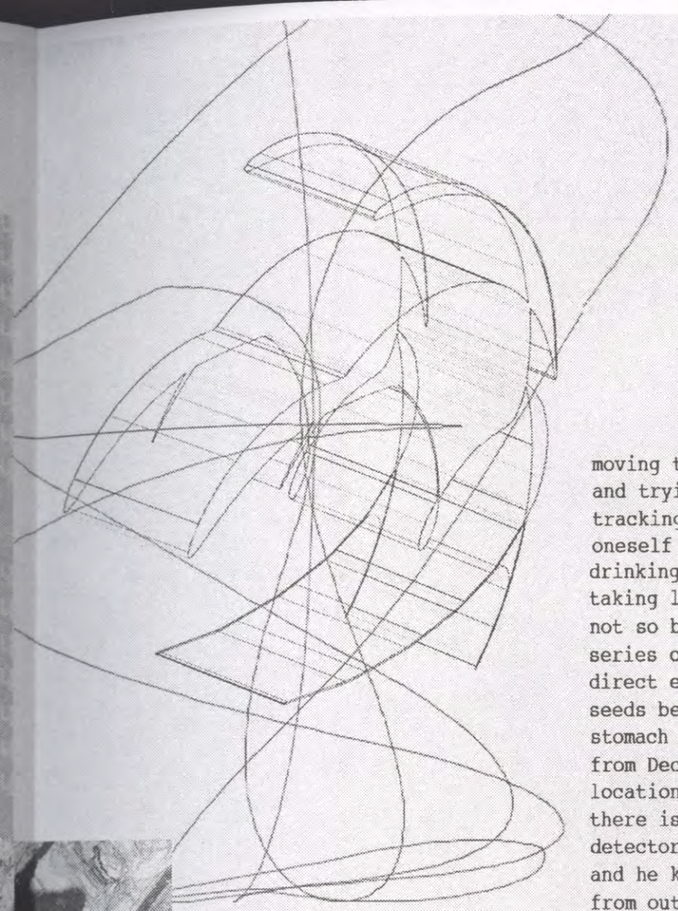
The Covid 19 pandemic has shown us that we have the power to shut down the economy, and with that we have the power to demand much more. When we all join this fight together and refuse to be divided by those who look to weaponize our differences against us, we win. Our forms of resistance come from our individual and collective identities. Let this drive us through our self isolation, or in the case of medical workers, grocery clerks and other essential workers fighting on the front lines, be what makes this all worth the death, pain and struggles many are facing.

For many right now all we can do is isolate, care and most importantly *refuse*. Refusal is the most powerful weapon we have to incite change. We are on the verge of either a capitalist dystopia, or a world that will look radically different on the other side. Thus I hope this time reawakens how powerful we are and how much agency we have to demand what we need to survive, thrive and live on. Let us weaponize our collective self isolations, be it in working from home or on the front lives of the pandemic.

Resistance is checking in on those that would otherwise be forgotten. Resistance is refusing to return to the way the world was before. Resistance is making sure this care is not temporary and exists past this moment of self isolation. Resistance is radically changing our lives in the care of others. Resistance is prioritizing black, brown and indigenous people. Resistance is understanding that our actions have a direct effect on others. Resistance is slowing down, stopping and reflecting. Resistance is the urgent dissemination of information. Resistance is refusing to go back to work until we have access to universal health care, a livable wage and paid sick leave.







brook
vann

moving through myself from the context of phone notes
and trying to code body motion to sound
tracking my body as it is expanding and moving back in on oneself to stay afloat.
drinking coffee really quickly, where it seems more about taking large gulps, so the caffeine makes being awake seem not so bad. looking at ear anatomy makes them seem like a series of spiraling tunnels to the brain-maybe the most direct external connection uncontrollably eating sunflower seeds because of the satisfying crunch even though my stomach is already hurting a painting show of vacation homes from December where paintings were in piles based on location. he kept repeating, look the disk is spinning but there is no sound. either the laser or the electronic light detector had given out, but the blue disk just spun around and he kept saying that. my shoes always tread diagonally from outside to inside across the arch of my foot
there is something so pleasing about the shape of containers with gable tops that reminds me of stretched out monopoly houses. running slowly for a long time or running quickly for a short time. listening to piano music in the rain. sitting with myself, and how to differentiate alone versus loneliness. trying to decide how much space i can allow myself to take up. monet water lilies without water. still falling off my bicycle often. trying to navigate my body from the inside out and outside in. reading megan boyle interview with SWIM (someone who isnt/is me), that asks previous versions of herself. going to the beach in winter is like riding ski lifts in the summer.
living in a little orange stucco house with repetitive cardinal visitors. eating peanut butter sandwiches almost every day from august to december. no jelly just peanut butter and bread. brushing my teeth for 10-15 minutes-sometimes in bed. living by myself now with more brain space to replay the day . it's a lot more work to make yourself disappear when you're alone. grace kelly and rainier 3 style dinner parties where I can wear a tie. choices without constraint feel paralyzing;
yet choice within constraints is essential. grocery shopping takes forever. watching robotic motion smoothed over by really fancy jazz music curtain rod deconstruction

WELCOME TO THE ARTIFICIAL WILDERNESS

CADE DIEHM & EDWARD ANTHONY
NEW DESIGN CONGRESS, MARCH 2020

In late January, the Berlin-based New Models hosted *SIMSOCIETY*: WORLD-BUILDING & POLITICAL IDENTITY FORMATION ON MMORPG EARTH at Trauma Bar and Kino. Less than a month later, turned out to be an eerily predictive event and its framing moved from metaphorical to literal - we now grapple with the immediate reality of a socially distanced life behind closed doors becoming the norm for many (but, frustratingly, not all). As the spread of COVID-19 gains momentum through a globally connected physical network of aeroplanes and handshakes, our lived experience has crashed into the digital space. 2020 may well become the year where - nursing a collective whiplash - we don't simply conduct work from home, but also our friendships, our sex, our communities, our grief and our individual or collective identities. An uncharted technocratic society.

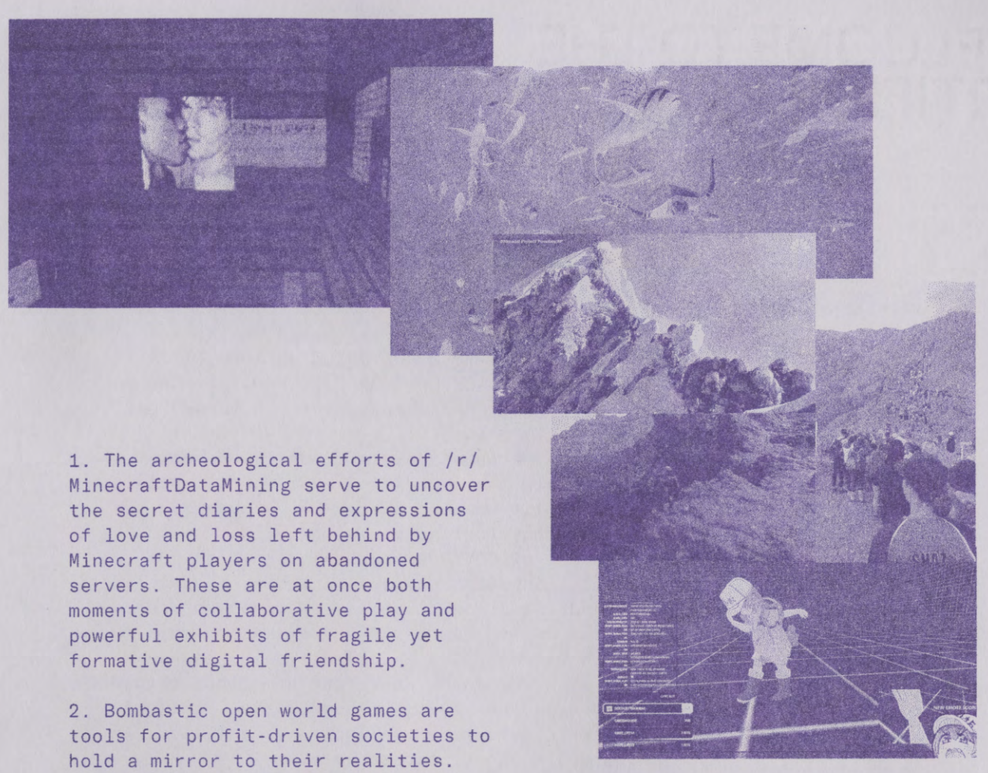
But let's be clear. This is not a cypherpunk utopia, nor is it the world of libertarian potential championed by early online advocates and Californian ideologists. This is the next logical step for disaster capitalism. Today, global crisis has forced the online space on an unwilling and nervous population; A digital neoliberal shock doctrine.





In spite of its problematic ideology, online space remains profound. At *SIMSOCIETY*, we presented a new work, *Our Artificial Wilderness: Virtual Beauty and Ecological Decay*, arguing for the importance of virtual spaces through comparisons to open world simulation systems. In the 2010s, open world video games emerged as one of the most popular forms of global entertainment, and this happened as environmental destruction began to accelerate. Digital space is deeply meaningful, and *Our Artificial Wilderness* weaves three concurrent historical narratives to serve as examples for just how true this is.

Cade Diehm & Edward Anthony, The New Design Congress



1. The archeological efforts of /r/ MinecraftDataMining serve to uncover the secret diaries and expressions of love and loss left behind by Minecraft players on abandoned servers. These are at once both moments of collaborative play and powerful exhibits of fragile yet formative digital friendship.

2. Bombastic open world games are tools for profit-driven societies to hold a mirror to their realities. Games like Red Dead Redemption II and Abzu offer breathtaking opulence and detail, but unwittingly serve as a method for digitizing collapsing ecologies. Death Stranding, conversely, offers painfully detailed post-ecology dystopic prophecy using similar mechanics, and just in time.

3. The renaissance of Virtual Reality reveals the desire for new, malleable spaces that offer profound lived experiences for participants. Tools like VR Chat offer a glimpse into the future, acting as a sensory prosthesis to both the physically and emotionally isolated. As the potential of deceleration and degrowth looms, these tools will become more refined. We ignore their class and gender politics at our peril.

Together, open world and massive multiplayer games are natural conduits for participants to express ever-mutable forms of identity, community and cooperation. In the coming weeks and months, it may extend beyond this to become a central mechanic for cohabitation and social health at a time when the physical health of millions depends on us remaining alone. And with the expanding availability of VR and the current course of world events, we remain collectively ignorant of the flawed yet deep potential of online space. *Never trust someone who says the Internet is boring*. We are all bunkered recipients of Sam Porter Bridges' packages.

The New Design Congress

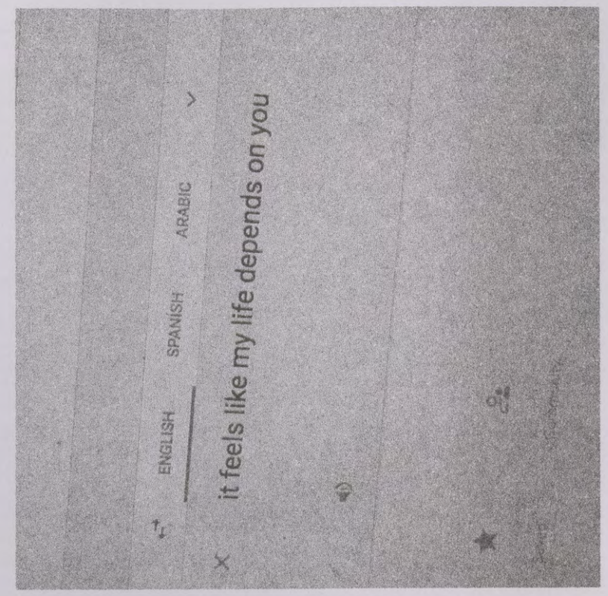


#plaguewalking 3/17/20

On being laid off

I have never been more aware of my position as a worker than I am now - as someone who performs labor for their income, whose life is dependent on the ways they nod and walk in the door on time and lift boxes and look vaguely presentable and swipe credit cards and order toilet paper and scrub the toilet and sweep the floor and know the passwords and know the laws, instead of someone who shuffles money around, who plays various card games and dealing and moving money from one place to another to accrue more, and more, and take more, and more. A pawn. In the phone call where my boss explains that I am laid off in the middle of a global pandemic, he says, *you are the most important one. I would hire you back first if I could.* He has laid all three of his employees off. I have been there the least - two and a half years, if we are generously rounding - but am the one who serves most closely as an extension of his brain, the way he can continue to work seamlessly. From my corner, while I am packing boxes, he will say half a sentence, or be confused, and I can answer without lifting my head, because even if he thinks I should not be privy to all information (a need-to-know basis, he calls it), he is glad when I can spit it back up for him. He intends to work the next few months alone, is cutting all costs. But it doesn't really matter, any of that. I have worked for two and a half years being criminally underpaid, and undervalued. I live in a home that my boss's wife owns, and when the kitchen cabinets fell off the wall and took the drywall down with it, and my roommate and I asked for reduced rent, my boss threatened to fire me, *for bringing the law into this, and for the idea that I could also bring it into the workplace*. New York is an at-will state. I was infuriated on Monday evening when I learned that McNally Jackson had laid off all of its staff, and relieved; *I am lucky*, I thought. I DM'd the woman who posted the news, and offered her money. I have sent a few other people money, mostly the balance of my Venmo account, feeling flush with luck. Today, Wednesday, I am not so sure. I hang up the phone with my therapist, on the corner of my block; my body, even in a crisis, knows when the forty five minutes are up, and at forty minutes I began the walk back to my apartment from the park up the block. And when I hang up there is one email, no subject, explaining why this is the best way forward. Let me be clear: there is no best way forward if it involves capitalism, and working thirty nine hours a week for a job with no benefits for someone who often treats me like an afterthought in the grand scheme of things, or assumes my schedule is open and free for rearrangements, or rude texts, or driving to Philadelphia in a pandemic. There is no way forward for this kind of treatment. I have not yet emailed his wife to ask for a lien on rent as he sends me forward in time, but in limbo: I have not dared. All of the social precautions we know, all of the penalties for the poor, are being lifted. I sit and close my eyes and imagine what my life would have been like without them. I carry various privileges within my body: I am white cis able-bodied educated no longer in poverty. But I grew up in poverty, below the poverty line, and as the emails and news floods in about restrictions lifted it is clear to see that we did not ever have to live this way, all of these cords restricting us further and further: *it never had to be this way*. First it is the hand sanitizer on flights. But then it is evictions suspended, and non-violent arrests, and the long list of fees suspended from Con Edison, and the data caps from AT&T where my father works, lifted, and the understanding that none of these things, you understand, ever had to be in place except to punish the poor (me, most of my life, or my family, most of my life) and to watch them suffer a bit more. Socialism is only for the rich; the only people who deserve handouts are the ones who will not feel, at all, the impact of a handout (the rich say). All of the people who vote on your healthcare, or your right to it, receive healthcare from the government, *good* healthcare, but they think you are too fucking stupid to deserve it yourself. That you should have pulled yourself up and gotten yourself a good job and gone ahead and done it, why don't you, and you could have had this too. All of the nights my mother spent cutting hair after work, either at the salon or at our kitchen table, while I did my homework. All of the cigarette cartons I tried to hide from her, thinking we could claw our way out with the smoked money. She calls me three times today: first to see how I am, second to lament about her partner, who might have to close the aforementioned hair salon, which he has owned for my entire life, third because my father told her I was laid off. My father is someone who works in an office, who I suspect works with the government via his long-held position at AT&T; my mother has been a hairdresser, a worker at a marina, a receptionist, a construction project manager, a whistleblower, a woman sexually assaulted at work. She once sold socks at the Englishtown auction. My mother has been a single mother for so long that it eclipses any time she spent married (I was three, and my brother was one, when the moving vans pulled up in front of the massive home in Point Pleasant; I can still picture the cat that day, how I locked her in her carrying cage), and thus also a worker, and solely a worker, and second a mother. A work-

er to be a mother. There is no way forward this way. Late capitalism has determined too many choices in my life: the push from both of my parents to attend a four-year college (I chose art); the decision of a prestigious college in New York because my mother's health insurance, when she was diagnosed with cancer, would only allow her to go to one hospital, on the Upper East Side; the understanding that leaving New York would mean trying to form community elsewhere; the endless push for community, but a capitalistic community, one that you could draw money from, community was for jobs; the decision to attend graduate school in my twenty-fifth year so that I would be able to obtain health insurance before I aged out of my father's, at twenty six. I was able to take my job at a tiny niche bookstore because I had no debt from my undergraduate degree; because I worked three jobs throughout college, because my mother was diagnosed with cancer right before I left, because she taught me to be tenacious and always ask for more, because my father had a college fund for me because he had so much money from being the single not-parent, and a mirrored one for my brother, and because my brother dropped out of community college and my father preferred to give me the money for my loans, rather than pay the taxes to withdraw it to give to my brother. Because at fifteen at the dentist, when the man with the gloves in my mouth recommended braces, my father asked me to choose between a college education or straight teeth, and I didn't have to take a moment to think: the education, no smart girl would pick her teeth over an education, I was supposed to go to *Princeton*, I was the first person in the family to get a degree. I was able to take an underpaying job and mostly ignore the underpayment part because I was lucky, and then stop ignoring it because I needed things I had come to expect from an employer, things you do not get while working at a bookstore. I understood that other booksellers seemingly had it better, that McNally was a good place to work - I could not ever really say that about my place of employment - but I was pushed to stay because it was a *community*, although it was not: it was a place of business, meant to make money, and mostly shovel that money away from its employees. My position in the basement allowed me to overhear too many conversations from my boss with his friends, joking about the sweeping movements against sexual harassment, or on the phone with his accountant, trying to ascertain how to pay less taxes because we had made too much money the year before. My position in the basement left me vulnerable to overhearing my boss shitting, or being forced to listen to Jordan Peterson podcasts, or having to defend the position of women at large, against sexual harassment; the most recent one was about how Woody Allen wasn't *that* bad, or the testimony wasn't *that* believable, anyway. It was why I left my last job: the quiet, blatant misunderstanding of men, that these are things to be argued, that personhoods are here to be defended. Personhoods, like boundaries, do not exist to be defended, only respected, only revered. Workers, like me, do not exist to be defiled, only respected, only revered. My (now former) employer was not a fan of compliments, or positive enforcements, and so, like in relationships I had with noncommunicative partners, I fished for them, announced basic achievements, most of them financial: *I saved us $400 in that FedEx shipment*, I announced proudly. *Today I used so many coupons on Quill that I saved $57. I sent back all of our ink cartridges. I figured out that if we order one roll of bubble wrap at a time we don't have to pay an extra fee for freight shipments. I talked our UPS representative down to a lower surcharge for residential deliveries. I researched small business grants during this pandemic.* Every six months or so this yielded a compliment, a reassurance, but more often I was greeted on Sunday mornings, my first day of the workweek, with emails clarifying mistakes I had made, or mistakes someone else had made that I was being blamed for. I grew to dread Saturday evenings, or Sunday mornings, for what my inbox might hold. This morning I checked my work email for the first time in the pandemic (only a lapse of about forty hours, since I left the store on Monday afternoon); I felt free afterward, there was nothing I could do to answer those emails, they would have to wait. I spoke to my therapist, and told her I felt lucky I was being paid for two weeks, that most people I knew weren't being paid at all. I slept soundly last night for the first time in maybe a week. And when I hung up the phone with my therapist there was an email, no subject, explaining that laying off all employees but the owner was the only way forward, that this was the only way it could be. When I spoke to him on the phone an hour later he said, *I hope you understand.* And I understand, logically, the numbers, but I do not understand, rationally, what it means to lay off your employees of fourteen and six and two years, to say *I have no legal obligations* and think that can swing you from the trapeze of boss to that of good person, the shaking of legal obligations. I cannot help but remember the Monday morning in August, when I had meant to set my phone out, to record what he might say to me, but I was caught off guard, and did not: *I cannot believe you would bring the law into this*, he said, sitting down. I had my hands on my hips and was staring down at him. I felt unsafe, alone in the basement. *You have made a terrible mistake.* - Caiti Borruso



sometimes I never understood your idiom, but now you text me *Gefühlt hängt mein Leben an einem Faden*, words I know but your verbs out of whack, possible typos, we are lost in syntax, what is a *Faden*, I think of *Fahne*, flags, and for some reason curtains, the word *Vorhänge* eludes me, alone inside, I tell myself resist the force of derealization, open Google Translate, transcribe your supplication, I stop before *Faden* because the algorithm has already given me:

then I type in the word, finish the phrase, and it translates:
"it feels like my life is hanging on a thread"

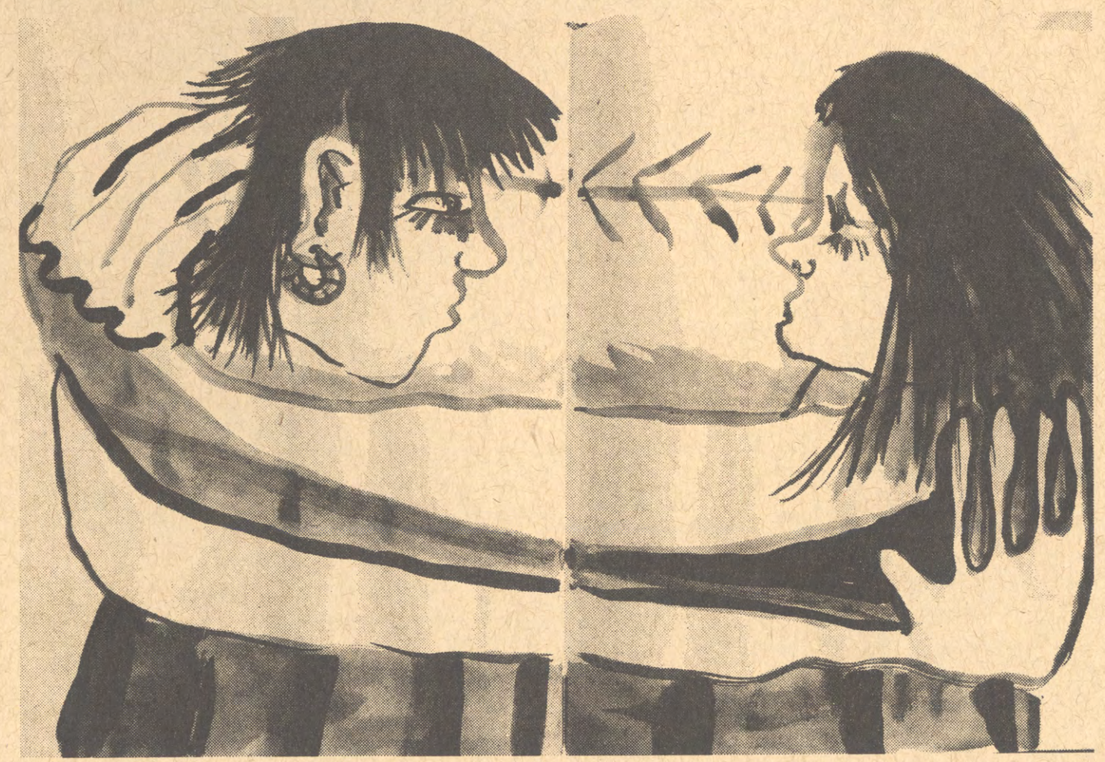
and I would spin that thread, to echo Penelope, like José Leonilson in *O Penelope*, his textile piece from 1993, his last year my birth year, transubstantiating from the virus, white squares he wove his rectangular shroud, aperture of curtain and lace skirt, veil of my veronica, *O* the masculine article in Portuguese thwarts, heals gendered premises, carries myths to us, desacralized, a writing without power, and if your life feels hanging on a thread, feel that mine depends on you, *O Penelope*, and I would spin that thread

Faden/Thread
Carlos Kong
3/26/2020













GOD BLESS YOU IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE

it was the birth of the universe
and i was by the ocean
fussing with my hair
time stretches over my back

the dimensions are falling apart

the open nerve of the earth
pee spangled, shining, pulsing
raw lava burning down the side

suck the money out of my bones

i want to bring the light there
deep in the cavern
im eating berries near the water
looking for stones to protect me from myself
i want to be touched
by light

this is what i need in my life

i want to be gone today

my interests include growing horns
and collecting small
and meaningful objects

time is relentless
i love it
the relentless nature of time

wet in my dream
crying hell folds of earth
beautiful and insane
like a blizzard
like a light on a hill
like the small distance between
the top of my ear
and the bottom
of my ear

you were always on my mind
let me travel to you
and sleep in your home

your endless radiance

i put my sunglasses on
and go

GODFAG

Burning Bush Fag
Four Horses
in the Fountainous Weeping Light
of My Crying
Fag
i point my arrow
because there's
No Other Direction To Go Fag
Pulling My Sword From The Lake Fag
pulling the pearl from my
Luminous Exposed Guts Fag
and clenching it between
My Teeth Fag
Apocalypse Fag
Bath of Light on my Beautiful Fag Body Fag
Beautiful In Only The Way A Fag Can Be Fag
pain is beauty Fag
beautiful in pain
with my faggot hair smiling
in the wind
Smiling In the Lavish Earth
Fag

WELCOME TO BUTTERFLY WORLD



evil bitch paradise

04.44.44

Chr. Winther

> new Date()

my lips
like swan

it can be difficult
to love the beach

there is a rejection
in the sand

a moon kneels
in the lagoon

beneath the ice

all matter is alive at its core

> new Date()

yes

the pulse of the

moon

is the pulse of my hair

to lie in the heather
is my language *is my yes to terra*

i want to be held
by a merman *on the final beach*

> new Date()

all relations *a dandelion*
will be knocked off course

my fingers
ten small lives

over the wet sand *the sun and the sun*

yes
the sand dries

it's very much me
to lie here and follow the work

the dunes give the sea
the wind back
yes
i am in an opening *in the sand*
at cellular level

moving incognito
down and
in the name of light

> new Date()

i lift an ovary *into me*
in

animate tissue

this wet sand
is my new surface

i am an opening

an inmate

in a parallel time

i do not feel
that i existed before

the heather's organ
is also its wound

> new Date()

a shift has occurred
in the sand
it is a sand
that cries more

observing
a capsized dune
in the outer ring of
my zone

it is from within the dune must heal
it takes time

it is a morning
in a different sand

it is a sand that cries more

yes
as i slip into the light

> new Date()

i open my weary pillars
dark dense decaying balls
of degenerating matter

the abyss in my ovary
is listening
to the roots of the heather
return to the alphabet

> new Date()

the heather is still wind
and the wind is still my skin

my skin is a cosmic chalk drawing

on wet cement

my constituent atoms

are so severely crushed

HUMAN MOVEMENT SLOWDOWN
(A NEW SOCIAL MOVEMENT/COUNTERCULTURE)

HUMAN MOVEMENT SLOWDOWN
FREEZE RENT NOW!
HOW LONG WILL THIS LAST?
RESIST! RESIST! RESIST!
MY WEEK LONG TRIP JUST BECAME A MOVE.
A NEW WAY OF LIVING
ARE MY PARENTS/FRIENDS OKAY?
COUNTERCULTURE
LOOK UP NEWS ON COVID-19
LET US MITIGATE!
WILL THE GOVERNMENT HELP US?
PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT
(EMERGENCY ALERT GOES OFF) 1:58pm
WHO ARE WE KIDDING?
IS THIS A NEW MANNEQUIN CHALLENGE?
START A NEW PROJECT
WE ARE NOW REMOTE ACTIVISTS!
CHECK THE NEWS
WOW, WHAT A COOL NEW TREND!
QUESTION HUMAN LIFE.
HELP ME, HELP US, HELP ME HELP YOU.
FLATTEN THE CURVE!
JOIN THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT!

As the days begin, drag on, and end, it seems that we are finding ourselves in a deeper pandemic than we could have ever imagined. While most individuals have either lost their jobs (hopefully this is tentative) or are at a Work From Home state, we are all tasked equally. That task being that we must find a new way of life for the foreseeable future. Those who care, hopefully everyone, are now practicing new and unfamiliar methods of day by day living. Mass amounts of questions, concerns, news updates, and alarming alerts from our cell phones begin to pile up tremendously. We are now activists, mitigators, leaders of this newly forced and widely practiced social movement known as "Shelter in Place." These are questions, concerns, ideas, topics and randomized thoughts that I have stumbled upon during my time of self-isolation.

— Christian Ortiz

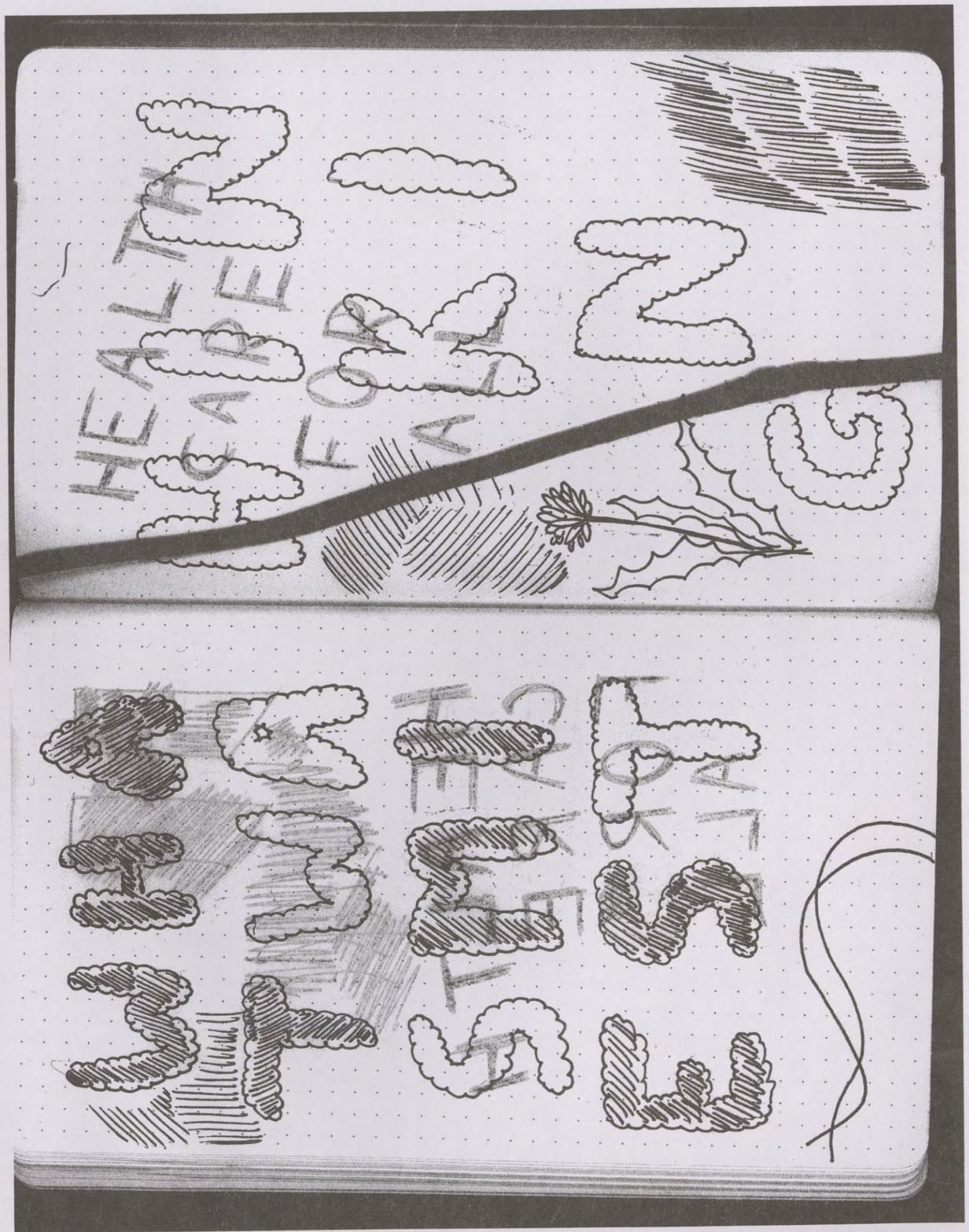
I can't get the image out of my head. In some ways it is actually my
first image - the first time I can remember being compelled to photograph
something I had seen, which marks a certain awareness of both death and
the future; of wanting to preserve something, to be able to revisit it,
which of course also means that it is vulnerable, that it may slip away,
or become forgotten, get lost, unless I should take a picture of it now,
while I still can, before time runs out; and I can't overlook the obvious
fact that it was a corpse, collapsed and rotting, flies swarming, landing,
picking, burrowing soft wet craters, sticky to the touch, or so I imagine.
I wish I could lick them, feel my tongue retracing the path of the fly,
wriggling inside, widening the hole as muscle tenses, expanding; cool on
the surface but warm inside, once my tongue gets deep enough, until my
mouth is spread and pressed into what flesh and tissue remain around the
opening, teeth tearing through weakened, brittle skin without much pressure;
and it was the teeth that haunted me, even before this secondary fantasy
arose - when I think of the poor creature what I always remember first are
its teeth, the lips and gums receded, pulling back in the sun, as the water
evaporates, flashes of white, not aggressively, not as though it were bearing
them, not defensively, this body is post defeat, no more fight left in it,
if the mouth doesn't say it then just look at its belly - ripped open, spilt,
though this was due to, rather than cause of, its death - the sharp, greedy
claws of other animals come to feed, to unwrap their meal once the hard part
is over, similar to my fantasy, though they penetrate to take, to remove,
to strip bare, whereas I want nothing more than to know how it feels, if the
sap of its wounds is as sour as I imagine, and if the hole bored is as soft
as the underside of the searching tongue in the head of a boy?

Prophecies now!

Because it's six o clock and i've only eaten
A soft boiled egg
And I'm trying to arouse this stranger by telling her about the stress bath I took while reading
lesbian erotica
I'm not sure if it's shit or soil but damn it feels fucking good
But she just wants to talk about fermentation
And mechanisms for coping with the anxiety of world panic
And collective death
They never are what you want
Lessons in control

Claire Macon

Claire Macon



1 train ride. 2 plane rides, 1 taxi & 24 hours away
i can't go home tho

so i thought wow
let's go a virtual walk.
let me tell you,
that shit exists in the uncanny valley.
close enough to real life,
but not quite there. it leaves you
unsettlingly unsatisfied.



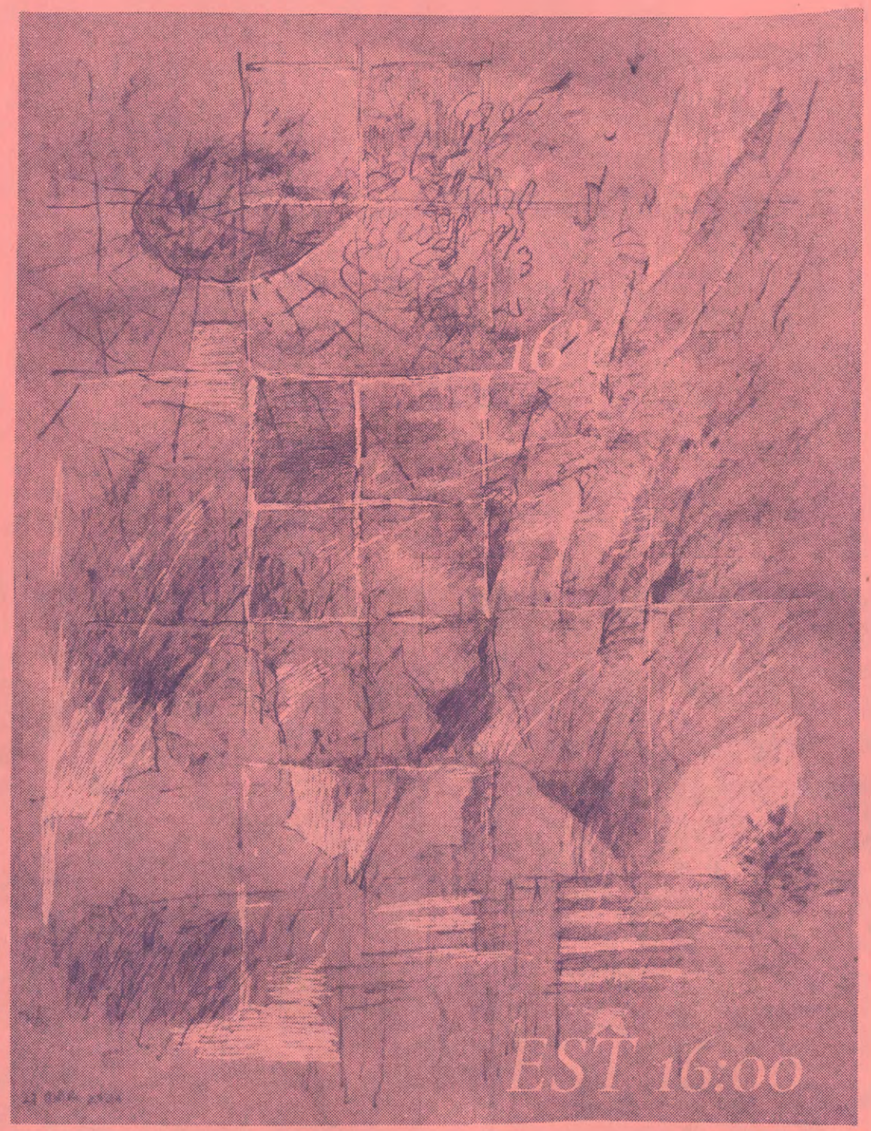
14 days—indoors.

the sentiment was nice

https://www.google.com/maps/@1.31377,103.8272866,3a,75y,336.09h,95.71t/data=!3m6!1e1!3m4!1swRg9xbtTRANg8bOR5QWIS-g!2e0!7i16384!8i8192

corinne ang

i needed some fresh air,
i left my room and went on a walk.
i said "julia let's go draw" (6ft apart ofc)



march 27 2020—outdoors.

feeling distance
i was left with temporal fragments,
fried rice in my stomach,
and a series of careless incomprehensible layered sketches

Providence, RI, USA

D Rosen

Swallow your puppy–

Ball bearing pulses
Knee at a touch of wall
Line upwards to missing
V—hips form a negative
Shape left trapped—
WALL
END
YOU
With, with, sapped body
Bigger than holding
Disappearances bigger held
Inside a crying box

Grow bigger into bearing
Sapped and bruised fly paper
Swallow your shell,
your self whole
swallow your puppy *to press away.*



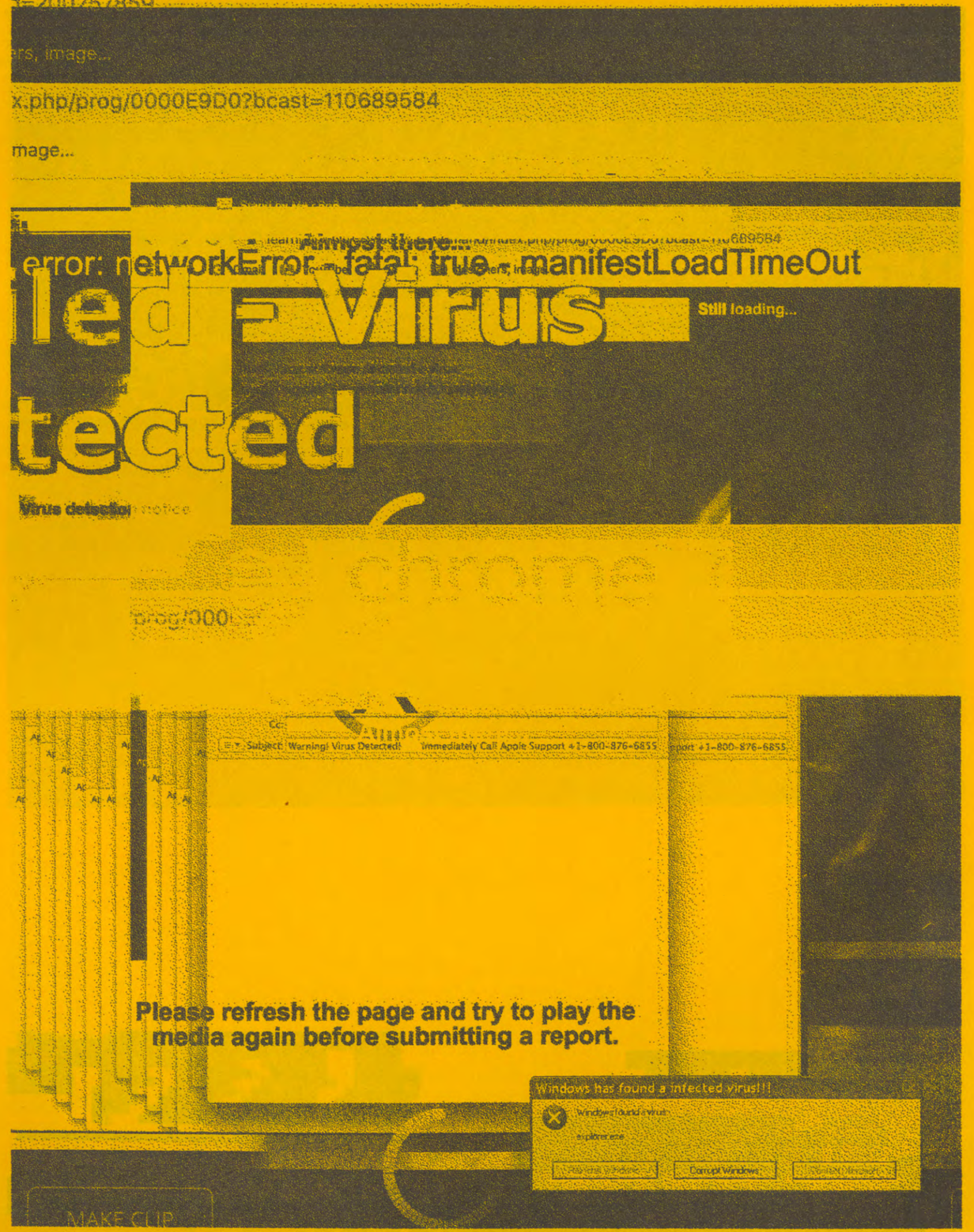
Dylan Tescher W.
Princess Dress

I usually make furniture.

Now that I can't, I sew improvised dresses from odds and ends.

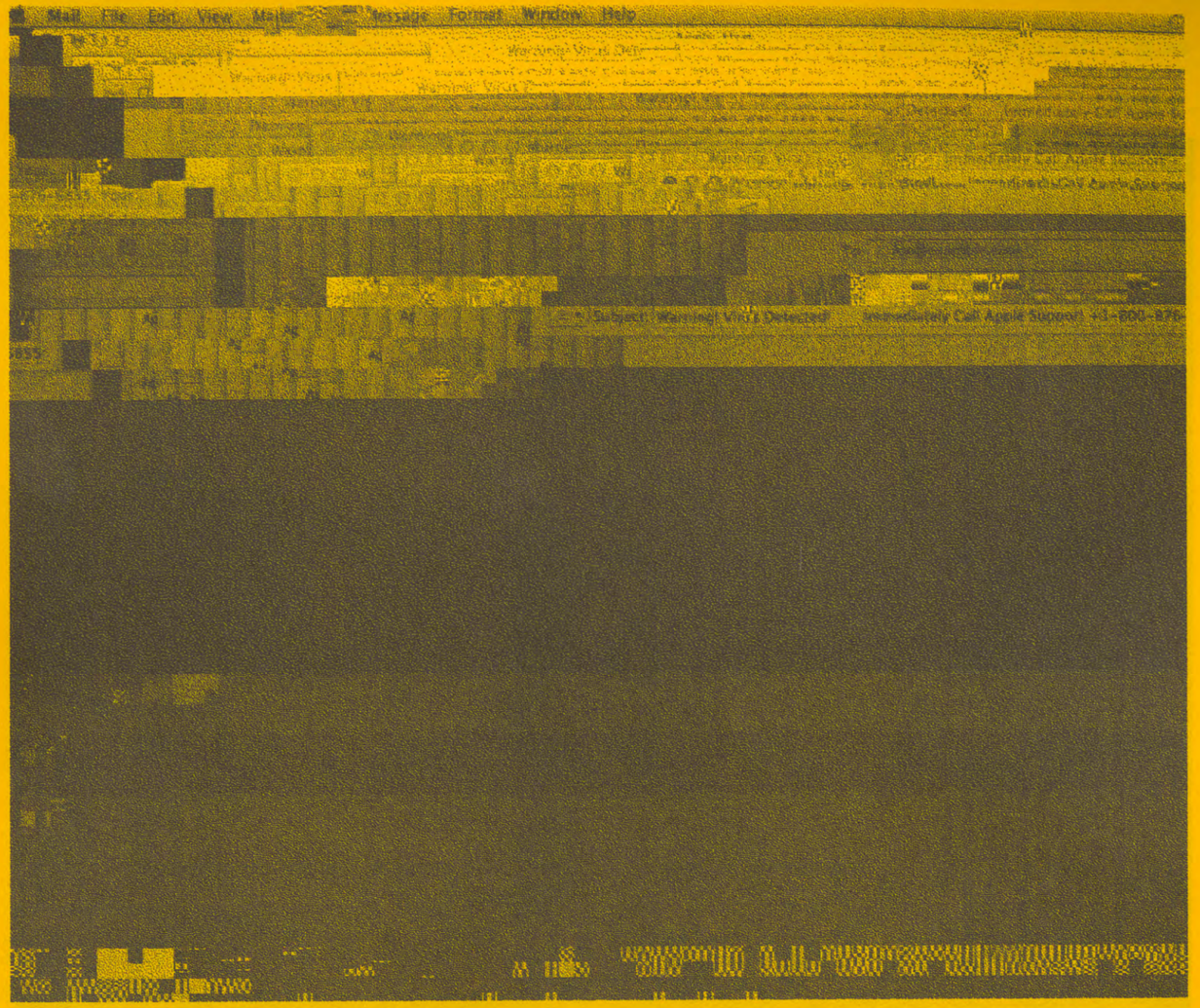
I have started to make foreign processes familiar.
Developing a space where I feel safe to explore, my making and my being.
Playfully.

All within the confounds of my princess castle.





Danny Aldred



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How Empathy, Equity, and Inclusion in the Classroom Help to Cope with the Disruptions of COVID-19

Write down five things you are grateful for. Now, share one out loud.

This practice has kicked off my class since I started teaching graphic design in 2012. I learned it from Coy Owens, my high school sign language teacher, who had us write down five things we were grateful for and sign one example to the class, as a way to practice our vocabulary. Years later, as I was preparing to teach my first class at Chicago Portfolio School, I remembered this exercise and how connected I felt to my classmates and teacher. I gave it a shot. At first, it was just an ice breaker, but over time I've seen its value in helping to build community within the classroom.

A lot of gratitude has been expressed for coffee, comfy beds and food over the years. It is always heartening to hear students give thanks to family members for supporting them through the challenges of art school. Students share mundane things or deeply personal things, depending on their mood. I'm always struck by how much we have in common, regardless of age or cultural differences. As the semester progresses, this exercise allows everyone in the class to get to know each other as human beings, not just design machines.

When COVID-19 forced MICA to shift to remote learning on March 11, I was not surprised. For weeks prior, my students had acknowledged the brave doctors and nurses fighting the coronavirus back home in China. We made time in class to express gratitude for the safety and wellbeing of their friends and families. They shared how their loved ones were coping with quarantine and isolation. These students continued to show up and work hard while uncertainty and devastation consumed their country. While I have always admired their resilience, I see it with newfound appreciation as we face the same challenges in the U.S.

You may be asking yourself, what does this have to do with diversity or graphic design? To that, I say *everything*. Diversity, equity, and inclusion efforts in art school are not just about introducing students to a few designers of color through your lesson plans. What good does that do if you are not learning about the people and experiences present in your classroom? Creating space for the students—and the teacher—to share who they are and where they come from is just as important as anything taught about design. After all, design is ultimately for people, and being curious about the human experience is a big part of the job.

If you can nurture empathy for your students, then perhaps they too can nurture their understanding of you. As universities struggle to figure out how best to accommodate students, faculty, staff, administration, and families during these unprecedented times, it is difficult to separate the people from the institutions. Across the country, art students are demanding tuition refunds. Unfortunately, when tuition and fees near $50,000 a year, this is their only choice. Gratefulness for the Herculean efforts of their administration, faculty, and staff is hard to muster when students face exorbitant education costs. I believe that if students didn't have so much debt, they would be more empathetic to the plight confronting many institutions during this crisis.

My passion for diversity and inclusion stems from my own experiences of being stereotyped, underestimated and misunderstood. As a first-generation Cuban-American female in a mostly white male-dominated field, I have had to prove myself and my talent repeatedly while carefully managing my emotions—always afraid to feed into cliched narratives. I prevent this from happening to my students by encouraging the exploration of culture and identity in the classroom. If students can develop a sense of pride for their origins or sense of self, this builds their confidence. Perhaps selfishly, I love learning about different people and places through the perspective of my students. They teach me as much as I hopefully teach them.

As we rapidly adapt to new technology and ways of teaching, I hope we also take time to connect on a deeper level with our students. We are all dealing with varying degrees of financial distress, grief and discomfort, and should not assume that everyone is coping in the same way. The best way to know is to ask and allow yourself to also be vulnerable. Let's lean on each other, learn by listening to other perspectives, and we'll come out of this stronger and better than before. As we spend these weeks or months apart, let's remember what we took for granted—our togetherness. I am grateful for a future where our networks are strengthened and we make design education genuinely inclusive.

What We Ate
16–20 March, 2020

On Monday, Jen made tacos with rice and beans. Natalie had tacos, too, with black beans, kale and onions. Emma's mother made homemade chicken tenders. My mother made roasted chicken breast, roasted potatoes, cauliflower rice in coconut oil and dukkah, chard and a salad. Liam had navy bean and escarole stew with feta and olives. Thierry also had beans: white bean miso soup. Liam had coconut chicken soup... with citrus! Asked how he used the citrus, he said cooked beforehand with the chicken: Meyer lemons and an orange. Mitch had shells with broccoli rabe and hot Beyond Meats sausage. The "sausage," he said, is good, but the Beyond Meats "ground beef" is better because you can add your own herbs and spices to it. Rahily had soup with mini ravioli, and Halle had two different types of pasta. Saga made egg fried rice. Jacob had coconut curry. Nicole put leeks in everything.

On Tuesday, Leorena had pita bread with goat cheese, honey, salt and pepper. Emma had sweet potatoes with tahini butter. Jacob said he ate dried rats and hadn't showered since Sunday. Saga had Dr. Praeger burgers, made fancy with greens etc. Hi'i had hot dogs, much to her daughter's delight, with corn on the cob, and a giant salad. She made chili for the freezer, too. Abby learned how to make Japanese Tsukune. Rahily had cauliflower gnocchi, lemon, butter, tomatoes and roasted carrots. Daisy had 25 Castelvetrano olives. My mother made corned beef and cabbage, carrots, and potatoes. Big salad, as always. My father reported separately that he, too, had corned beef. Emily had pasta sauce and pasta — simple and meatless. Antoine and Ondine had frozen pizza. Yehrigh had shepherd's pie, which I think is a great idea.

On Wednesday, Carmen made arepas. Sophie and Emily had chicken soup — Sophie's, leftover with noodles, Emily's without chicken. Lizzy had shakshuka with homemade tomato sauce. Thierry had quesadillas. Abby made saag paneer from a Bon Appetit recipe, and Liam followed Alison Roman's for vegetable tortilla soup. The Swifts had a coconut curry. Jacob had cold udon and kimchi. @facial_lana offered me 20% off on all cosmetology services. Yehrigh had leftover shepherd's pie with spaghetti squash, and Daisy had tuna salad with chips, a regular salad, chocolate, and took her vitamins. Brad made a video, sauteeing vegetables with canned mussels and tossing in spaghetti. Jen had spaghetti, too. Libby had quinoa pasta with broccoli. Morgan made cacio e pepe.

On Thursday, Saga made potato stew, Indian railways style. She sent the recipe: Toast a green chili, mustard seeds. Add ginger, garlic, cumin seeds. Chopped tomato. Red chili powder (little), coriander powder (optional) asafetida (lots and not optional), salt. Chopped potato cubes. Add a decent amount of water. Boil. When potatoes soften, take 6 cubes out and mash in a bowl. Put them back in. Use an egg beater to smash up all potatoes a bit, so they crumble unevenly. The starch released will thicken the curry and bring it together. Boil on high for a few minutes to bring it all together. Turn off and cover so flavours settle. Top with chipped coriander leaves. Noah had a Klondike bar with extra whipped cream from a spray nozzle. Rahily made spaghetti al limone. My mother made chicken pot pie, the filling bound by a roux. Yehrig made shallot pasta and roasted broccoli. Giulio made sea bass and latkes, and Luke had onions and zucchini sauce with scallops and penne.

On Friday, Tania and Drew made lasagna. Hi'i made bo ssam. The Swifts had bowtie pasta with sweet sausage, ricotta, broccoli, sweet peppers, sage, thyme, oregano, Calabrian pepper and sweet peas. Vanessa had 8 pretzels and 2 lime seltzers. Rahily ordered Indian. @facial_lana offered me another deal. Yehrigh had a bacon egg and cheese on a bagel, and my parents had burgers. Tara had zucchini pizza with white cheddar, feta and olives, a touch of oregano, and Ranch. @guru_michaelwiltseacu just sent positive vibes to me in these times, and @srenatabela said "follow yok unffol ketahuan." Sophie made roast chicken with crispy smashed potatoes and an herby salad. Jackson and Giulio waited two hours for a pizza. Jacob ordered a burrito, but it never came. Steph ate popcorn on the roof.

DEAR MA & KONG,

I AM WRITING TO YOU ON MARCH 23, DAY 10 OF ISOLATION, BECAUSE I WANT TO TELL YOU I MISS YOU. GROWING UP WITH YOU BOTH IN THE HOUSE, I THINK I TOOK IT FOR GRANTED. YOU BOTH WE THERE FOR ME WHEN I ~~WAS~~ CRIED OR WAS IN ONE OF MY MOODS, EVEN WHEN YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH THAT MUCH. YOU BOTH WOULD PICK ME UP AND WALK ME HOME FROM SCHOOL UP TO WHEN I WAS IN FOURTH GRADE, BUYING ME ICE CREAM ON WEDNESDAY. YOU BOTH WOULD ALWAYS HAVE A HOT MEAL READY FOR ME EVEN WHEN I WASN'T FEELING IT. I ALWAYS REGRETED THAT I DIDN'T ~~KEEP~~ ON LEARNING YOUR NATIVE ~~TOISHGE~~ LANGUAGE AND THE MOST I ~~COULD~~ COULD HOLD A CONVERSATION WITH EITHER OF YOU WAS A GOOD FIVE MINUTE (NOT EVEN WITHOUT REPEATING THINGS 5 BILLION TIMES) THE SCARY PART IS THAT IT ALMOST FEELS NORMAL WITHOUT YOU BOTH ~~WERE~~ HERE ... LIKE YOU WERE NEVER HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE. I KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE AND I NEVER WANT TO BELIEVE OR FEEL THAT WAY. WHEN YOU BOTH LEFT I WAS ~~FR~~ THRILLED TO HAVE A ROOM TO MYSELF FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE (EVEN IF IT WAS ONLY TEMPORARY) I LEFT EVERYTHING AS IT WAS AND NEVER VERBALLY ACKNOWLEGED THAT IT WAS MY ROOM UNTIL THIS PAST COUPLE OF MONTHS. ~~I HATE~~ A PART OF ME HATES MYSELF FOR THIS, BUT I KNOW THAT EVEN IF I DO I CAN'T CHANGE WHAT HAS AND IS HAPPENNING, SIMILAR TO WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD TODAY. I HOPE YOU BOTH ARE STAYING SAFE AND HEALTHY. ♡

BEST WISHES & WITH LOVE,
ADRIENE ☺

P.S. I HOPE TO SEE YOU BOTH SOON! ☼
(MAYBE THIS SUMMER IF THINGS GET BETTER)

Emma Kemp with May Hoover, Angel Barris, Brittany Carter, Adriene Im

DEAR STUDENT,

I am writing to you on March 18th, 2020, day 0 of isolation, with an invitation to send me a letter. The letter will be published in a collection of urgent artifacts.

With love,
EMMA

+

Dear Gabe,

I am writing to you on the 20th of March, 2020, day 0 of isolation because I want to tell you that I'm currently on my plane ride home (in first class all alone and soon to be in isolation) and my flight attendant just handed me a double chocolate chip cookie that I can't eat. It's such a nice cookie from a trendy brand and of course part of me wants to eat it but I know I won't. For a few short seconds I thought I would but I can hear your voice in my head saying, "*are you sure you want to do that?*" Thank you for that. Sometimes I feel like if the world is going to shit my life might as well too, that whatever I've been trying to achieve is no longer worth it. That's not the truth I want to live. I know how small cutting sugar out seems to most people so thank you for understanding that it's huge for me. If I can do this, I am strong. I am strong and I can get through all of this. I am strong and I can get through missing you.

With all my love, May

+

Dear Emma,

I am writing to you on the 20th of March, 2020, day 0 of isolation, because I want to tell you that I'll take part in this project.

- Angel

+

Dear Emma,

I have had one hell of a week and at every turn I tried to be optimistic and then another freak incident would occur... I know I'm not the only one that has struggled this spring break but it felt like I was constantly being sabotaged in every effort I made to stay sane. At the same time I learned to be grateful for those who could lend a hand when most would or could not. I constantly felt my back against the wall whether it was trying to make the best out of a bad situation for instance section j was gearing up to work hard together and support each when we first found out about online class. We were excited to continue see each other in the school's studios even without our instructors... then that plan fell through in the following email that rocked all our worlds. I saw a lot of emotional sides of people I never thought I'd see, with my roommates and my classmates. Utter devastation is the only word I can use to define it. I had plans to teach at an art studio for kids over the summer near Manhattan beach and get an apartment with some friends to free ourselves from the burden of returning to homes we don't feel welcomed in anymore. We wanted these next few months to feel like the beginning we worked and struggled so hard for. That felt ripped away from us when now we had no other option but to be forced to move back home literally kicking and screaming.

Before things got worse, my friend flew from Georgia to spend spring break with my roommates and I; we had the greatest itinerary planned and I was ready to document all kinds inspiration for art. In two days my friend went from being my spring break buddy to my travel buddy. I had moved my whole life out to LA all the way from Atlanta in a small 2006 Toyota Corolla and then I had to pack it all up and move back... it wasn't easy the first time and it definitely wasn't this time. I had gotten furniture and kitchen wear to make my summer apartment my new independent home and I had less than a week to decide whether to throw it out, find affordable storage, or a temporary home. Storage became less of an option since I became unemployed and my parents back in Georgia were also laid off from the COVID crisis. I had to work quick in the panic and chaos to plead for someone in town to hold onto my furniture and luckily Adriene was the angel that she is and was willing to store half of my stuff in her garage. Things were looking up. That was Monday.

On Tuesday we agreed that she would drive to Park West, load up some stuff into her small car and the rest into mine, then after a big meal we'd cook (we went shopping for spring break meals the week before and had to eat it all in two days before we all left) and feed some section j kids and say our last goodbyes. We finished loading up our cars and when I was about to move my car, we found that one of my tires were flat, the day before I planned to drive out to Georgia. I thought "no biggie" I'll call AAA. AAA came out and delivered more bad news; my gas line had a massive hole in it and began to spew fresh gasoline I just bought the day before all over the streets outside the Otis parking garage. Major setback. At this point I had already accepted my return to Georgia and the place I didn't want to leave at first was both forcing me

Emma Kemp with May Hoover, Angel Barris, Brittany Carter, Adriene Im

out and holding me back. Now I just really wanted to go home and wake up from this stressful nightmare and get back to a familiar routine. Everyone helped me to look on the bright side and be grateful I didn't run into this issue somewhere in the desert in the middle of Texas or New Mexico. Now I had to play the waiting game, I had to wait for my roommates to leave, wait for my car to get fixed, and wait for another storage option to present itself because I was running out of resources and time.

On Wednesday I wrapped up more packing and gobbled down as much macaroni and spicy ramen my stomach could handle. I contacted as much people I possibly could to trade a helping hand. Storage in exchange for packing boxes. I was disgusted and saddened by all the things people had to throw out, piles and piles of clothes, artwork, bedding. I said my goodbyes in person to some section j mates. We promised to see each other in the fall with sad uncertain smiles. I became a shoulder to cry on for those who felt just as lost as I was, financially and emotionally. I listened to unfortunate stories of my international friends that didn't know if they could go home or how. I joked and laughed and reminisced with my roommates all the good times and weird times we spent in our small living room: having a five person disco every other weekend, or the times we fussed over each other's birthday surprises... We laughed then we cried then we laughed again as we brought truths to light and shared how grateful we were to have met each other. One after one we group-hugged and waved a final goodbye as they each drove away and out of sight.

On Thursday I got good news that my car was fixed and so we were good to go Friday morning. But I was still in a solemn mood even while the greatest corona memes were making way on social media and my friend had to remind me that this could be our road trip adventure we had always talked about. But after being the last of my five roommates to move out and the feeling of what's next in this uncertain year let alone the sickening feeling of returning home to a place I vowed I'd never return too. My real family was in Otis, in our classrooms, on the lawn, top floor of the garage, in late night studios and workshops, back in my shitty Park West apartment with four awesome people that stuck together through midterms, homesickness, late night talks, traffick-heavy drives around LA, horror movie marathons. I didn't want it to end this soon. I came back from a shitty winter break back in Georgia and realized when I stepped back into my Otis life that this was my new year, my new life and I was ready for a new me. I canceled appointments with psychiatrists that were going to treat me for my depression and anxiety but, I felt , it all felt so much more manageable now that I was so close to my future me. I was eager to to be class representative and felt confident with all my student leadership interviews.
But within a week it was all gone, and when I thought the future was finally so clear, it had been tainted with a cloud of uncertainty.

It felt like a different string of bad omens came each day, so as it got closer to the time I had to drive out to Georgia I became anxious. Fearful of running into some kind of Corona hysteria apocalypse along the desert highway, afraid of state borders closing and getting stuck in some backwoods town, my old ass car finally giving up on a steep uphill on a 18 wheeler infested desert road. The desert man, I just didn't want to die in the fucking desert.

Friday, we left before noon, me, my best friend, my cat and the loaded backseat of my Corolla. We were set with our appropriately curated apocalypse playlist we made on Spotify to set the mood for our 2,000 mile journey ahead. Just a few miles down the I-40 on the outskirts of Pasadena, we evaded our last bad omen; a few cars ahead in the far left lane I was driving in, I noticed a red Jeep weaving and a black pickup truck with a boat swerving, I had to suppress my instinct to stomp on the break as we got too close to them; I remembered the cars behind me to prevent a horrible pileup. We sardonically laughed that maybe they saw the first zombie of this apocalypse. What we had just saw had made my heart drop because it did feel straight out of a pandemic movie and I really did not want to get stuck on this desert highway if it was. We witnessed in horror as we slowly neared what my eyes could not process flopping around two different lanes as a truck ran right over it and a minivan nearly sideswiped us to avoid it. Jaws dropped and our brains now fully awake we realized it had been the German Shepherd that drove by us a few minutes go in a Jeep. It made the rest of that day's drive feel surreal. I wanted to feel bummed but again if we wanted to make this four day trip in just two days then we had to get grateful again and be thankful that we didn't get caught in a wreck just as we were leaving. Luckily that was the scariest thing on our short adventure to the southeast, aside from the occasional trucker dozing off alongside us, we got home safe and sound early Sunday morning at 6:30am. It was 10:30pm my time when I woke up to check my messages and decide to update you on my passed spring break.

I hope yours was better and I wanted to say thank you and share my gratitude for you being you and for being my teacher foundation year, only you and Gary Geraths have reached out to our section J to reassure us and help us not lose hope and it has not gone unrecognized, (we literally gush over you two in our group chat every time we hear back from you since this chaos has started) we look forward to finishing out the rest of this semester even though it will be via technology. :)

Your tired pupil,
Brittany Carter

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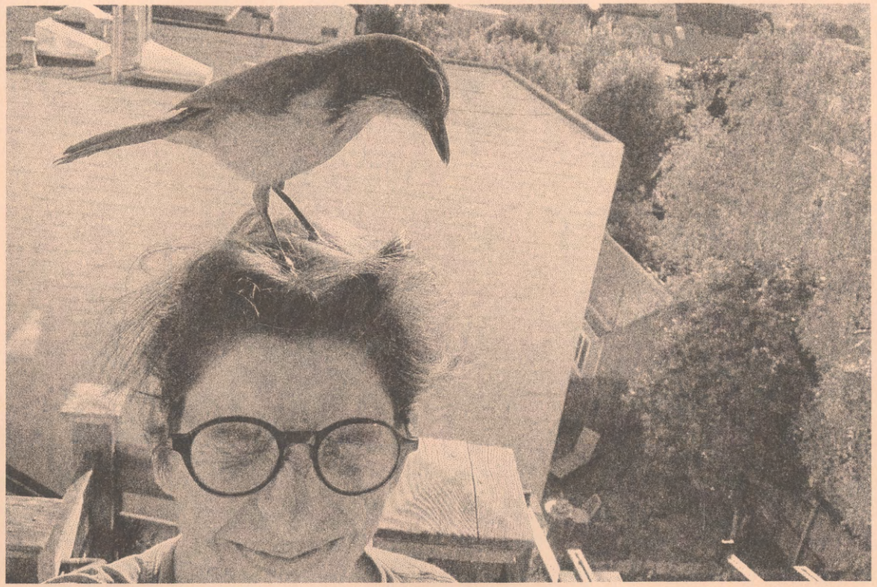
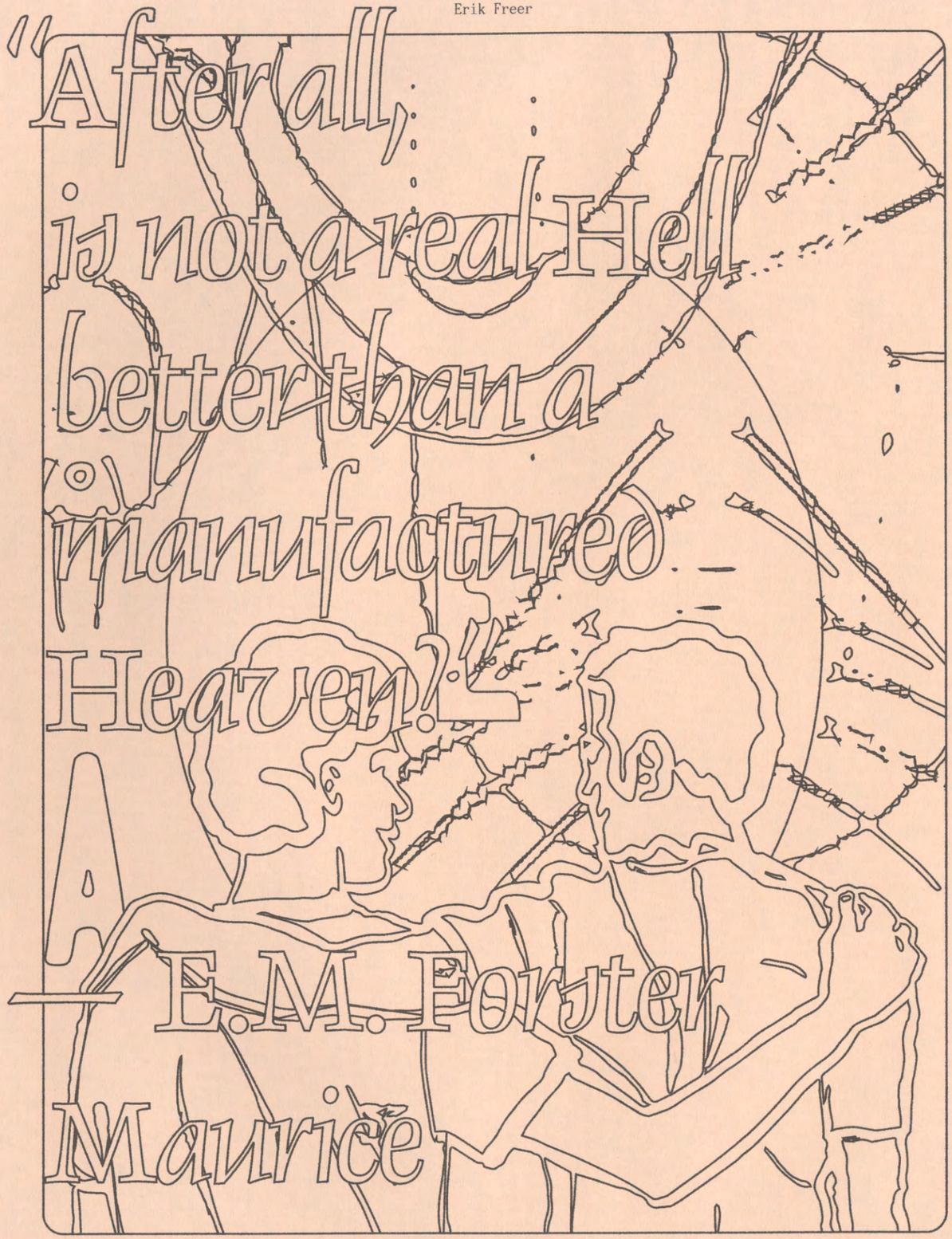


March 27, 2020: I can't explain this very well but my friend who is a free wild bird chose this time of relational austerity to start standing on my head. Once he's up there he walks around a little and runs his beak through my hair. I used to hang out with his (presumed) father and that relationship was strictly hands-off. We only touched once, when we each misjudged the trajectory of the other. I accept this development with my friend, though I wouldn't have chosen it for myself and don't know if it's technically okay. I hope I don't appear to be an expert in anything but obsession and hanging out with my eyes open. He feels like one of those wire head massagers, light and jittery, except he's pointy. The only person I get to touch anymore is Peter, and even him I feel weird about touching at certain angles because I go out to do our strange new grocery shopping or to pick up something at the drug store (i.e. to buy more Easter candy by way of also buying something we might need in case things get worse) so I am a potential vector. I don't like to hug new people like some Californians do but I miss my friends and being embraced by them and occasionally receiving cheek kisses. I'm glad that we're all taking this time indoors to think about how to relate to each other and what we owe each other and who we are allied with. I am on the side of this bird who walks all over me, and if you are reading this I'm on your side too.

Elisabeth Nicula, https://abjectsubli.me/

THE SPLINTERED STRUCTURES OF HISTORY TOWER ABOVE AS I WALK ALONG BROADWAY ON MONDAY AT **3PM**, A RUSTED AND LAVISH FINITUDE. FUCK ME EVERY DAY ENDS SO FAST! MAD AT THE DARK ROOM IN THE DAYTIME OF WEAK HAND AND LEGS WHICH LIE IN BED, SCARED OF C*R*N*V*R*S AND MAD AT BODY OF SWIRLY EYES AND NERVE DAMAGE. REMEMBERED 2AM LAST NIGHT LITTLE MOON THRU BATHROOM WINDOW, A LASHING BRILLIANCE. YIKES SO SCARED OF ROOM AT NIGHT WITHOUT XXX. GHOST OF MOON AGAIN IN AFTERNOON AROUND **4PM** IN BLINDING SKY AND COLUMNS OF SMOKE INFLAMED BY GOLDEN LIGHT. I THINK ANY LIGHT CAN BE SCARY OR BEAUTIFUL DEPENDING ON THE BRAIN. LONG GOLDEN LIGHT AT **5PM** LETS EVERYTHING BE TOUCHED WITH A SATIN VIOLET RIBBON IN ITS WAKE. IT HURTS AND SEEPS IN A WAY THAT LEAVES A MARK. THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR FROM IT EXCEPT THE NIGHT WHEN IT'S GONE I HOPE. EVERY LITTLE MOSS AND ROCK IS CRYING A LITTLE BCUZ OF THE RADIANT SUN JUICE WHICH IS VERY QUIET TO RUN YR HANDS THRU IT. IF U FEEL GRACE THAT'S OK! OR SCARED THAT'S OK! SO MUCH GOLD AND PINK SLIPPING OVER INTO BLUE. EARLIER DRIVING AROUND WARWICK MAKING FANTASIES OF HOUSES! THEN MAD AT DEAD BRAIN SITTING STARING AT PHONE CAN'T GET UP AFTER TEXTING. SURPRISINGLY MADE A TASTY SOUP WITH SAUSAGE AND KALE AND BEANS AND HANNA'S ROSEMARY AND MOLLY'S SPECIAL BROTH! WALKED IN SLOW CIRCLE IN ROOM AT 10PM LAST NITE, WHATEVER WAY TO KEEP FACE OFF OF HEAD AND HANDS HOLDING SOMETHING IN THE AIR IN THE ROOM IN THE DARK. OTHER DAY DRIVING THRU BRISTOL AND IMAGINING A FARM BY THE SEA JUST US, ALL OF US. MAKING OUR OWN FOOD. VIEW FROM CHURCH ON KNIGHT ST. VIEW FROM BARTON ST OVER OLNEYVILLE. WOOD ST THEN CRANSTON ST SWEETENED PINK DRIPPING. NOW FEELING WACKO LOOKING AT **6PM** BRICK WALL OF OLNEYVILLE IN PURPLE SHADOW, OUTLINE OF LADDER, KNUCKLE SPLIT MULTIPLE SPLITS, ABOVE ALL LOOKING AT GOLDEN GRASSES ACROSS FROM PRICE RITE, ALL TOWERING ABOVE ME IN AWFUL GLOW IT IS SO BEAUTIFUL FOR NO DING DANG REASON SO I AM CRYING ON KNEES IN HEAD ON SIDEWALK AS TIME LEAVES ME BEHIND INTO LILAC NIGHT O GOD LET ME STAY LIKE THIS A LITTLE WHILE. BRUTAL IMMANENCE OF THE PIGEONS STARING DOWN UPON US FROM THE OVERPASS ALL IN A LINE. THINKING EVERYTHING AROUND HAS THE CAPACITY FOR GLARING HOLINESS, TO PASS DIVINE JUDGMENT AND DICTATE RETRIBUTION. WHAT DID I READ ABOUT SAINTHOOD I DON'T REMEMBER O WELL IT STILL HOLDS TRU THE PIGEONS CHANTED AND I UNDERSTAND THEY HAVE SEEN THE OVERPASS FROM ABOVE SO THEY KNOW A LOT OF THINGS THAT I DO NOT KNOW SO I LISTENED UNTIL THEY SWOOPED TO THE WIND INTO THE THICK THICK DISTANCE OF WARM BLU GRADIATING OUT BEYOND OLNEYVILLE. BLUER AND BLUER DARKENING HUE INTO NITE.

ez



[(For transparency's sake, all edits/corrections will be made in RED)

Apologies to anyone that has been locked out of this petition-- share settings are only changeable by me (Minji) now, and have been set so anyone with the link can access+add their signature

- MARCH 13 COVID-19 MEETING TRANSCRIBED NOTES IN GOOGLE DOC - WIP

RISD Petition for the Partial Refund of Tuition and Fees

(Drafted by Alexis Caruso, Minji Koo, Sara Park, & Fia Tharp)

1. Premise

The COVID-19 pandemic has been taking its toll across the world; there have been 127,000 confirmed cases globally and at least 1,663 cases in the US alone. Many US schools in affected areas have, rightly, taken action to do their part to prevent the spread by moving to online courses. On March 12, 2020, RISD President Rosanne Somerson announced that from March 30, 2020, RISD would follow suit.

Boomerang this? (the day before) Mar 16, 2020 12:00PM Confirm

RISD President <president@risd.edu>
to staff, faculty, students

9:46 AM (10 hours ago)

This message seems dangerous

RISD Google Apps for Education Mail could not verify that this message actually came from a member of your organization. Avoid clicking links, downloading attachments, or replying with personal information unless you're confident that this email is legitimate.

Dear members of the RISD community,

I write you today as COVID-19 continues to evolve. I know our community feels anxious and uncertain about what lies ahead - please know that a number of people across our institution have been working around the clock to determine how best to keep our community safe while maintaining continuity, and I am grateful to each of them for their tireless efforts.

While there continue to be no known cases of COVID-19 at RISD and the recent tests on three Brown students came back negative, the potential for the situation to change is real and cannot be ignored. My paramount concern is your health and wellbeing. I am also focused on our responsibility as good citizens to help mitigate risk for our surrounding communities. After a great deal of consideration, RISD's leadership team and I have decided that we must alter our plans for the remainder of the spring semester.

Starting Monday, March 16, we are canceling all in-person gatherings greater than 100 attendees for the remainder of the semester. If you are in charge of an event of this size, you must cancel, reschedule or move it online.

Friday, March 20 will be the final day that classes meet in-person. Spring break will be held as usual from March 23 to 27. As of Monday, March 30 through the end of the semester, all classes will be taught remotely.

On Sunday, March 22 at noon, residence halls will close for the remainder of the semester. If you reside on campus and are not able to return to your permanent residence, we have established a process by which you may request accommodations. The Office of Residence Life will communicate with you today about that process.

All institutional offices will remain open and operations will continue as usual until further notice.

We have many more decisions to make in the coming days and weeks, including what these changes will mean for institutional milestones like Collection, Grad Show and Commencement. We will move as quickly as possible to address these open questions and appreciate your patience as plans are made.

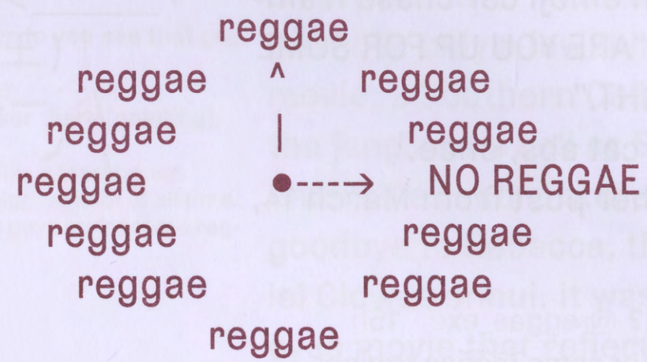
These changes will be disruptive and challenging for all of us but I believe this is the right course of action for our community's wellbeing. No one navigates difficult situations and uncertainty better than artists and designers. I have every confidence that, with flexibility, creativity and grace, we can come together as a community to persevere through this extraordinary time together.

Sincerely,

Rosanne Somerson's email from 3/12/20 to RISD regarding the transition to online teaching

https://www.dropbox.com/s/jqfn2148bww9rzp/RISD%20Petition%20for%20the%20Partial%20Refund%20of%20Tuition%20and%20Fees%20.pdf?dl=0

oh my would you look at the time!



Am I Up for Some Reggae Tonight?

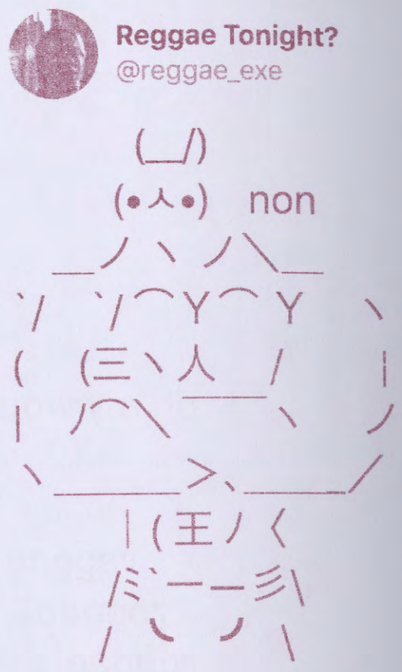
1

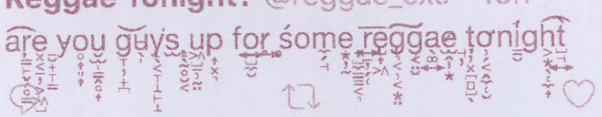
@reggae_exe joined twitter in 2016. Since then, he has posted nearly every Friday an insistent question: "are you up for some reggae tonight?"

Sometimes he drops the question mark. Other times, he types entirely in Greek script. He has include ascii images of cats dancing, eating, and sleeping to (presumably) reggae. He once staged an emoji car chase framing an allcaps "ARE YOU UP FOR SOME REGGAE TONIGHT."

He gave the cat abs, once.[1]

Here's another post from March 14, 2020:





After 50 entries, the entries become a collection, an ode to absurdity. It's an absurdity that only registers as a body of work. This commitment to the bit obscures the original referrent, warping a one-note bit into something artful.

I recognized the phrase from somewhere, and its only after re-





2
Rebecca : Hey... do you see that guy over there?
Enid: Which one?
R: Blonde guy over there [pointing].
E: [eye roll]
R: He gives me like a total boner.
E: He's like the biggest idiot of all time.
Reggae Guy: You guys up for some reggae tonight?

3 Here's a still from the final sequence of the film. Enid decides to take a bus to nowhere:



verse-image searching @reggae_exe's avi that I found it's origins. A throw-away gag from Terry Zwigoff's Ghost World (2001), where Thora Birch's Enid roles her eyes at "like the biggest idiot of all time." The biggest idiot asks, "Are you up for some reggae tonight?"[2]

I saw *Ghost World* on IFC in 2003, on my parent's Ikea sectional. I remember only a few things about the movie: a Southern Californian strip, the jangle of a bell as Steve Buscemi entered a record store, Enid saying goodbye to Rebecca, the general Daniel Clowes ennui. It was a sad sunken eyes movie that reflected the waning nostaliga for the 1950's that so animated the 1990's.[3]

The film was based on Clowes' 1997 comic, which I picked up from a Barnes & Noble near DC after seeing the movie. The comic section would have been near a set of windows facing out toward the Pentagon, because I remember the light across the comic as I read. SoCal contracted and expanded across each panel; Clowes'

linework was more graphic than expressive, a friendlier book than *David Boring* or *Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron*.

I was Enid, but only distantly. I might have been 14, and my twenties seemed so alien—the washed out blue of the comic.[4] 2004 was the Iraq War and Maroon 5, and the future felt like an eyeroll. Or maybe the space between the panels. Or maybe the bus stop where Enid waits at the comic's end.

@reggae_exe isn't interested in *Ghost World*, or 2001, or even reggae. He seems committed to only form, invested in contorting a single sentence into novel geometries, into expressions that did not exist as film or comics. He's also deeply unserious.

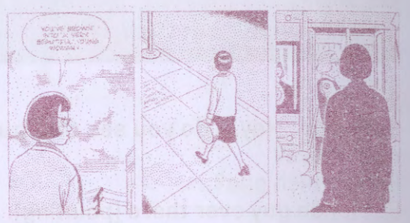
There's a human gesture in his act of petty design, a scrollable adaptation that flattens a past, present, future.

@reggae_exe is the angel novus.[5]

The @reggae_exe is also a meme.

Vinca Kruk and Daniel van der

4 Here's the same clip from the comic:



5

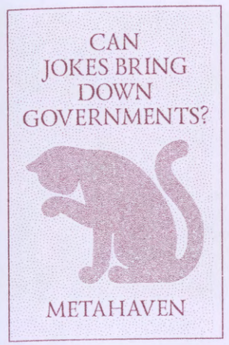


Velden offer a succinct reading of the "meme" in their 2012 publication, *Can Jokes Bring Down Governments?*.[6] They trace the infectious character of these language viruses from Richard Dawkins (who coined the term "meme") to the weaponization of "Rickrolling" to Tahir Square. In their essay "Meme," Kruk and van der Velden characterize how a meme transmutes a "collective memory" (35) into a copiable form. They invoke the author Douglas Hofstadter[7] to characterize this form: "memes look a lot like self-referential patterns." (34).

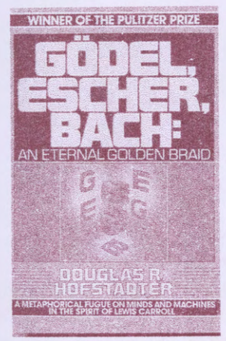
Through feverishly repetition, @reggae_exe aims to strip "are you guys up for some reggae tonight?" of meaning and enter "some kind of strange loop" (34). Like Seth Brundle in *The Fly*, he enters the teleporter, and emerges from the otherside, reconfigured: a buff cat.[8]

While promoting his 2016 film *Hyper-Normalization*, Adam Curtis briefly described the new "memescape" of the 21st century. According to him,

6



7 He wrote *Gödel, Escher, Bach.*



8 Cats are "today's political animal" (46). Their aloofness, according to Kruk and van der Velden point, mirrors a kind of detached cool of the internet. In a *Wired* article, Gideon Lewis-Kraus qualifies this observation: "cats both know that they are performing and couldn't possibly care less about how their performance is recieved." (49). The cat's play rhymes with Enid's eyeroll.

the internet resembles less the sepia green of the Matrix and more downtown Detroit in *Robocop*: a space populated by signifiers loosed from their signifieds. Mowhawked punks wandering from rusted factory to rusted factory. Hollowed- out storefronts. Both a utopian and dystopian future.

Like those mohawked punks, graphic designer too must wander this bombed out "memescape," hustling to make a living from images. Kruk and van der Velden's further this reading, suggesting that "Graphic design is now a nameless collective of survivors of the (self-)destruction of paid labor." (70). We are all trying to get by, and the internet offers designers a lonely territory for solidarity, a space where the "inessential" might take "some kind of center-stage." (72). We're all just trying to find some reggae together.

I started writing this essay on Wednesday March 11th. On twitter, someone posted Sarah Palin dressed like a muppet, singing Sir Mix A Lot on *The Masked Singer*.[9] Chet Hanks, shirtless and heavily tattooed, re-

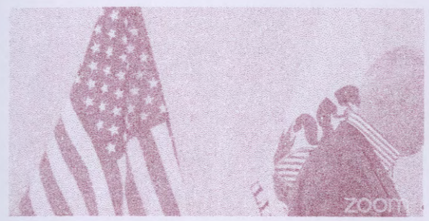
9



10

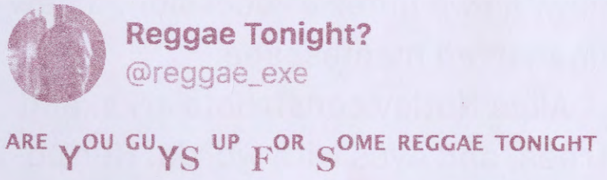


11



corded a message on Instagram letting us know that his parents, Tom Hanks and Rita Wilson, contracted COVID-19.[10] Joe Biden just defeated Bernie in Michigan, and wandered out of frame during a virtual town hall meeting.[11]

On Friday, RISD closed down. COVID-19 escalated into a pandemic, and @reggae_exe posted:



Was I up for some reggae? The meme persistently folds another moment into its complicated network: *Ghost World*, and twitter, and the early 2000s, and the late 2010s, and now a pandemic.[12]

Currently, my practice ticks like the reggae clock—a careful barometer of the absurd. In an academic mode, how could I not make this work? I've been freed from the burden of a client. I don't have to adhere to any brand guidelines.

I'm making "memes" for me.

12 This structure reminds me of Gilles Deleuze's "crystal-image," which he describes below: "The actual image and its virtual image thus constitute the smallest internal circuit, ultimately a peak or point, but a physical point which has distinct elements (a bit like the epicurean atom). Distinct, but indiscernible, such are the actual and the virtual which are in continual exchange. When the virtual image becomes actual, it is then visible and lim pid, as in the mirror or the solidity of finished crystal. But the actual image becomes virtual in its turn, referred elsewhere, invisible, opaque and shadowy, like a crystal barely dislodged from the earth. The actual-virtual couple thus immediately extends into the opaque-limpid, the expression of their exchange."

I came to graphic design through the considerate arrangement of Ezra Pound's *Cantos*, through the accordion of Anne Carson's *Nox*, through W.G. Sebald's *The Rings of Saturn*. Through Daniel Clowes.

Their influence still directs my attention, still comforts me. Which is what I hope graphic design might do now, as we enter a recession, a new uncharted memescape.

Alice Notley constructs arks, and trees, and eyes with words. Her poetry feels appropriate for our moment, "memeable" and collective. She points towards a future where we might become poetry, where language and image and self might intersect. She seems up for some reggae.

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Notley, Alice. *For the Ride*. Penguin Books, 2020.

Zwigoff, Terry, director. *Ghost World*.

The poet is
the original
birds cry to.
There are no
birds
left . . .
Can the ones call each other
poet as
pronoun? "Poet are fair, are real"
poet says
to poet,
'poet love
poet.' Or, po-
et are a jerk,
poet am bad.
this is a
f o s
h o r a
a r m k
n ' e
d f s
ial what-
ever it can
be called.
Time's un-
glued, it
isn't that
that One (Poet)
glitters within
en morceaux
ou cum spiri-
tu auditionis—
hearing but
what vibrates?
Not air as the
ones have ever
defined it, or
space—What
are poets, Why
are ones alive?
foot-
loose
in the street
The ones 're
reflected
upon by
no light but
of words in
this grey
city. Poets
by
n s n o t
e i e r h
c t ' m e
e y. s
s i e
o f n ssent-
of the
dead?
Help Ones, Ether

everett epstein

*December 28th, 2019
from @reggae_exe

SUNSETTING THE SPECIES

GOVERNANCE (Rebecca Uliasz & Quran Karriem)

"How do we turn our collective full-bodied intelligence towards collaboration, if that is how we are to survive?" (adrienne maree brown, *Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds*)

>>> In software development and product management, "sunsetting" is the managed end of a product's life cycle—it is a process meant to minimize disruption, and an acknowledgement that resources both inside and outside the firm are committed to something, and that that something shouldn't end abruptly if it can be helped. In "end of lifecycle" managerial processes, neoliberal capital acknowledges its own human impact, but only toward a teleology of 'brand' and reputation mitigation that is oriented toward profit margins.

>>> "End-of-lifecycle" adopts a performance of care toward the customer because it hopes to sell that same customer a new product. Paradoxically, a logic of risk mitigation instrumentalizes "care" for the many towards capital accumulation by the few. A roadmap to end-of-lifecycle leads straight down the path determined by technological solutionism, streamlined in this or that way, because the algorithm said so.

>>> We find ourselves ironically unphased as we cycle through an iterative series of phases, each given shape by the previous. Who knew a break up could feel so gentle? The sunset ensures that we never have to worry about the future, because there is security in the promise that it will rise again in the morning. The horizon is always present, allowing the contents of the day to vary according to whatever logic.

>>>> The software firm's sunset is both microcosm and roadmap for the (mis)management of the crisis/bailout loop we find ourselves stuck in as a global community. In the logics of sunsetting at the frontier of technocratic, incremental managerialism, we witness a vacant performance of care at the time of the capitalist crises that recur ever more frequently and thus tacitly reveal that the problem is and has always been the myth of the individual which undergirds the illusion of meritocracy.

>>>> Note that the socialism of neoliberal capital is frequent, automatic, unquestioned, but exclusive: it is for those represented by powerful lobbies. The objective of the vacant performance of care at the moment of neoliberal crisis is to create a condition where public trust in state and corporate authority increases in spite of insufficient response; that most of us remain in uncertainty and precarity, but that elected officials and their financiers are held blameless because they 'tried their best'. Such planned insufficiency allows for a more effective scapegoating of the already marginal.

>>>> *What do we do when the horizon suddenly disappears? When its clear there's no planned sunrise this time?*

>>>> A crack in a systemic and structural logic eventually gives way to a crumbling that finally reveals itself on a surface level. We feel it in the social fabric at the same time we feel it in the framework of our own bodies, as clocked as they are to the cycle of the sunset. The world continues but the frame of reference is off. We realize we didn't choose the path marked on the roadmap, or perhaps were never given a choice in the first place.

>>> Part of this rhetoric of capital, shrouded in a veneer of spirituality and self-actualization, is the idea of a mindful separation, a considerate and deliberate act of care in the face of a necessary putting to death. This choosing to make die frees up the resources to ask, *what next* or *what else*? The paradox of sunsetting is that the *what else* here is already always predetermined, always an iteration of the previous sunrise. *But what if it weren't?*

>>> In an ironic but beautiful moment of serendipity, capital made "social distancing" happen at the same time that nature delivered the beginning of spring. We had to Zoom into work while having coffee in our homes, or maybe we are the people that still need to show up everyday to make this possible. The point is that we trust the sun rises, and it is spring, and we are forced to slow down and take it in. We are confronted with a new cyclical logic, the clock of the sun continues despite the crumbling of the clock of capital time. Here, we wonder if it is possible to take back the sunset from the interests that have unduly vetted it as their own?

What do we mean when we say sunsetting the species?

>>> So much as we have tried to control the cycle of nature under the law of a certain type of relationship to others and to ourselves, it is pressingly clear to us that this law is not working. Capitalism has never involved any sort of 'invisible' hand but rather a 'grasping' hand coupled with 'iron fist'. It is a metastatic cycle of ever-intensifying crisis and bailout. The already-marginal bear the brunt of the crises while those that have more than *enough* reap the rewards of bailouts. So much as this law has never worked for so many, and has in fact depended on their ongoing invisiblization as its lifeblood, at this moment we've come up against a capital crisis that takes humanity as a whole as its object.

>>> We've passed the point of no return with regard to catastrophic climate change. COVID-19 shows us how hollow, fragile and fraudulent our economic system has always been, and realizes many of the fears we've speculated about for decades. The modalities of enslavement, murder, extraction, domination and general 'fuck-you-got-mine-ism' that characterize our post-apocalyptic science fiction, for example, have always been part and parcel of modernity. We collectively dream these nightmares because they have been the logical end of our (non)collective subjectivity since the dawn of the colonial era. At the same time, political and social warnings of the impending collapse of planetary resources proves ineffective to curtailing the self-decimation of humankind.

>>> What would happen if we applied the logic of mitigation to humanity as a whole, and to particular humans, without considering one another as means? What would it mean to sunset the species of a certain type of 'humanism' founded on the ground of inequality, colonization, and dispossession? What if, instead, humanity's sunset were focused on a politics of care and mutual recognition (e.g. all the things we should have done before it was too late)? adrienne maree brown gives us the toolset to consider the generative capacity of care and attention, and calls upon us to realize that the path to liberation necessarily involves relinquishing our longing for excess in favor of confronting our own inability to sit with what it feels like to have *enough*. What does it mean to have *enough* for material comfort? *Enough* love and pleasure? She asks "*can you imagine being healed enough*?"

>>> What if sunsetting the species, then, didn't have a roadmap? What if sunsetting was instead, a careful act of making space for what brown calls *transformative justice*, "that rather than punishing people for surface level behavior, or restoring conditions to where they were before the harm

happened, we need to find the roots of the harm, together, and make the harm impossible in the future".[i] What if the sunset is not taken to be the mark of a given future, but instead the space to practice our politics of being together in this moment in order to gesture at a future we can not yet imagine?

>>> What is our strategy for the version of humanity to come?

>>> Finally, brown writes on the capacity of science fiction, specifically the work of black feminist science fiction writer Octavia Butler, to generate new imaginaries and practice new ways of being together. To grow a strategy for humanity based on an imaginary of what a radical and just future would look like, how do we identify what we long for outside of the structures that threaten to close in on our desires? What new cycles might be generated in the space left by the ones that have failed us systemically and individually?
>>> It is time to gracefully sunset the 'humanity' that relies on the suffering, exploitation, disavowal and abjection of its members. We must begin to think in terms of radical particularity. How do you ensure that your neighbor, your city, your county has enough, while recognizing that 'enough' will differ in terms of singular condition and historically-inflected circumstance?

>>> This is the moment to demand *everything*, and to radically embody our demands as a mode of living praxis. It is time to demand and enact a radical restructuring of our economy rooted in an ethical politics of universal mutual aid. *Everything* here is not the limitless desire of the individual that fails to reckon with a notion of *enough*, but a universal guarantee of the basics that allow for a societal proliferation of joy and pleasure.

>>> It means organizing for universal basic income, medicine, education, housing, at city, state & national levels while also experimenting with ways to implement and sustain these practices at the specificity of neighborhood/friend/family/acquaintance relationships through mutual aid networks and cooperative economics. This is the moment to practice what fulfillment of our wildest dreams of radical collectivity, multiplicity and mutual support would look like. To *be* the revolution, the authentic sunrise, as much as we *demand* it.

---

[i] adrienne maree brown. *Pleasure Activism: The Politics of Feeling Good*. Edinburgh: AK Press, 2019: 11



Fire Shower, Gregory Fawkes

When both of my arms contain their back I am fulfilled in a dream and their lips post like some scared rabbit we become black and white when we run home drunk and fight i have not sincerely owned a shower in years i like to use his and see how excruciating the heat can become the head screams so loud that steam departs its ears and its eyes and i grab their neck and point it at my chest and they yell their words smash off of my face and temples and she cries her tears regard the state of the country and the lack of urgency and her tears are so global I just giggle barefoot in my boyfriend's driveway and undoubtedly look more like a ten year old than I did on my own eleventh birthday. The virus is everywhere and it's only getting worse and so she won't hug me before she gets back in her red Camry that's literally as red as a fire engine and proceeds to another fire that needs to be put out somewhere else.

This photo was developed in my bathroom (120mm).

I was a frequent young strider.

Strode to empty everything out ¶ Strode to peer over the edge of comfort's cliff ¶ Strode to confess on a New Hampshire dock ¶ Strode to express latent disaffection

Unending: the striding, the striving, the self-imposed strife.

Running is a difficult tree to grow, difficult to sell to a crowd ¶ But its scattered seeds yield fruits most plump ¶ I loved its inarticulable purpose: a circular inside joke ¶ whose punchline, a little key, tumbled out of hand many years ago

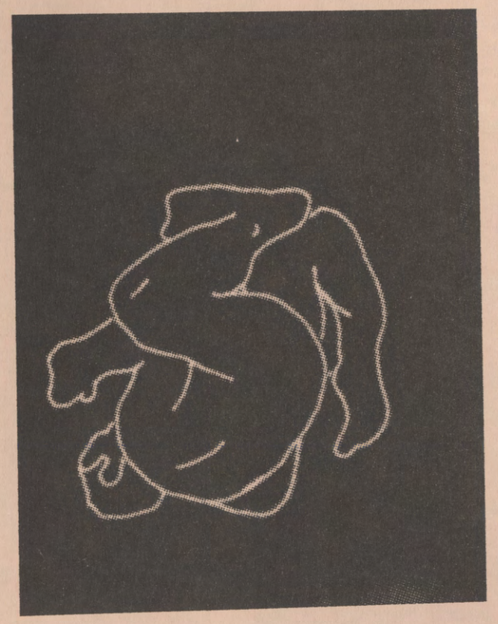
Toe poking again through mesh.

One throbbing foot in front of another ¶ was an obstinate pursuit, best practiced alone ¶ Ancient / revolutionary ¶ I watched the days unfurl like bed slats: a piano scale, a plectrum ¶ lazy on strings ¶ Yellow nights unwrapped foreign towns, trackways ¶ Logged little New Englands, Mid Atlantics

Spring was always a false start ¶ A motor— mine? sputtering out on a turn around ¶ a scrap of the empty city ¶ A wet hair-lock, salty in the eye ¶ Pounding over rotting cherry blossoms ¶ I emerged, shaking ¶ splattered calves ¶ in Brookdale, Frelinghuysen

Here in quarantine, we reunite ¶ Fluent in the language of solitude ¶ I watch the days unfurl like cactus flowers ¶ Rotting flowerscent still here ¶ Sunrise still here

The quiet again, the beehive's morning dance ¶ It's silent on the pavement ¶ where the key reflects the sun and for a second blinds me







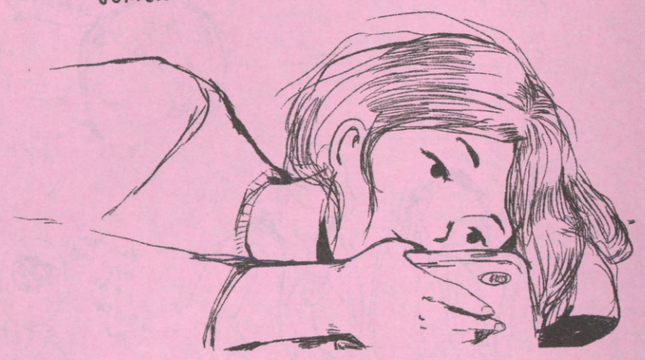


IT'S HARD NOT TO
RECOGNIZE MY (AND MANY OTHERS')
PRIVILEGES DURING THIS TIME,
THAT A LOT OF SUFFERING
OFTEN HAPPENS IN PLACES WE
UNDERSTAND AS "ELSEWHERE."

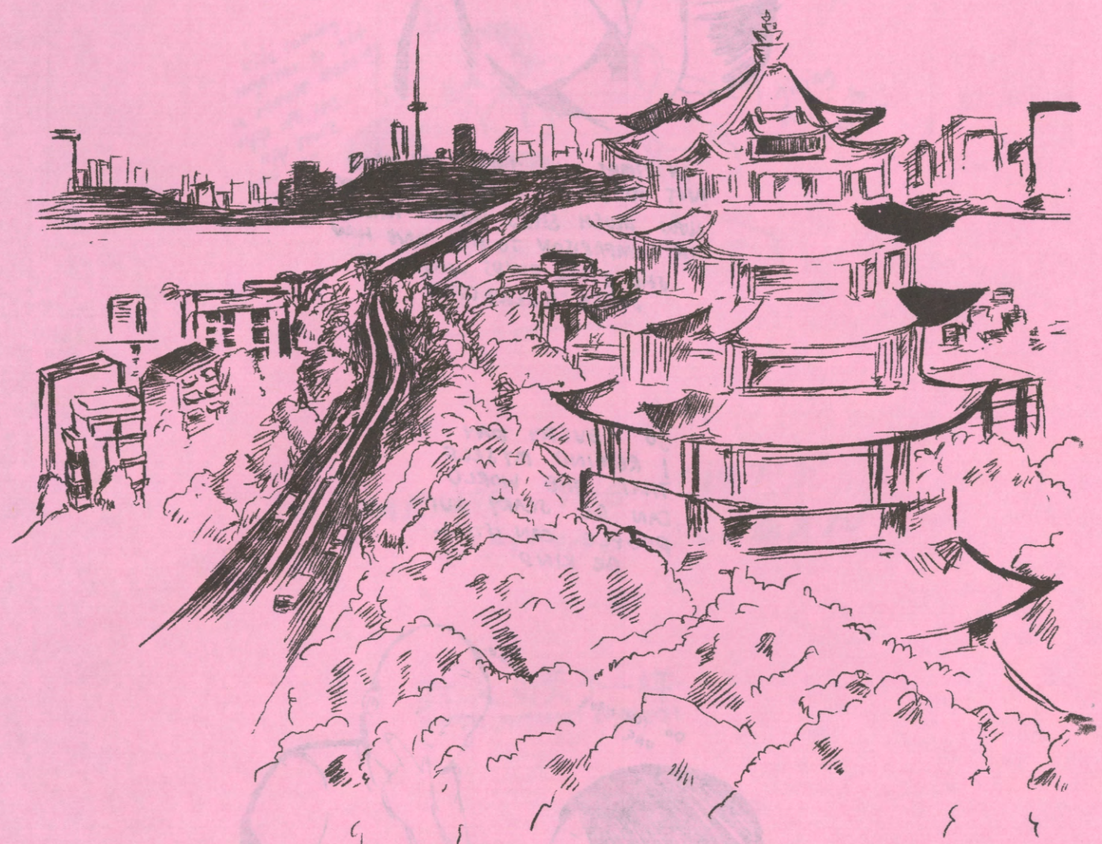
AND RARELY DO I EXPERIENCE
BEING PART OF THAT ELSEWHERE.

IN THE NEWS — WHICH I HAVEN'T
BEEN ABLE TO STOP READING
THESE DAYS — I'VE SEEN CHINA
DEPICTED AS A DISEASE RIDDEN
PLACE DUE TO THE EMERGENCE
OF COVID 19.

AND SO I LOOKED UP WUHAN —
A PLACE I ONLY KNEW AS BEING
SOMEWHERE NOT HERE.



I DISCOVERED THAT IT
REALLY IS A BEAUTIFUL
PLACE.

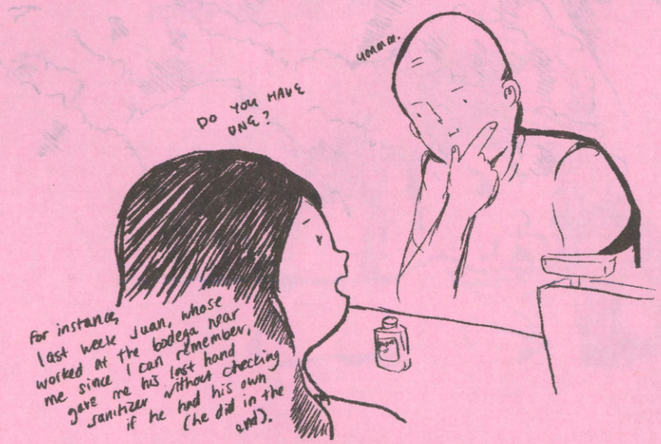


LIFE CAN FEEL SO HARD
BUT THE DAYS STILL PASS.



IN TIMES LIKE THESE IT'S HARD NOT TO THINK ABOUT MY MOM— HOW MUCH SHE'S GONE THROUGH IN COMPARISON TO ME AND HOW SHE STILL FINDS WAYS TO SMILE EVERY DAY.

SO EVERY DAY I REMIND MYSELF THAT THE WORLD CAN BE SCARY BUT PEOPLE CAN STILL BE KIND





I LEARNED THE CITY'S OFFICIAL SLOGAN

武汉,每天不一样
WUHAN, DIFFERENT EVERYDAY!

WHICH FELT TRUER THAN EVER



SACRED HEART SINKS

May I speak briefly on bad digestion?
My scarred skin and soft lips lead me
down to the incoherent spaces
of contemplative practice
with bleeding ass discomfort
and other humilities

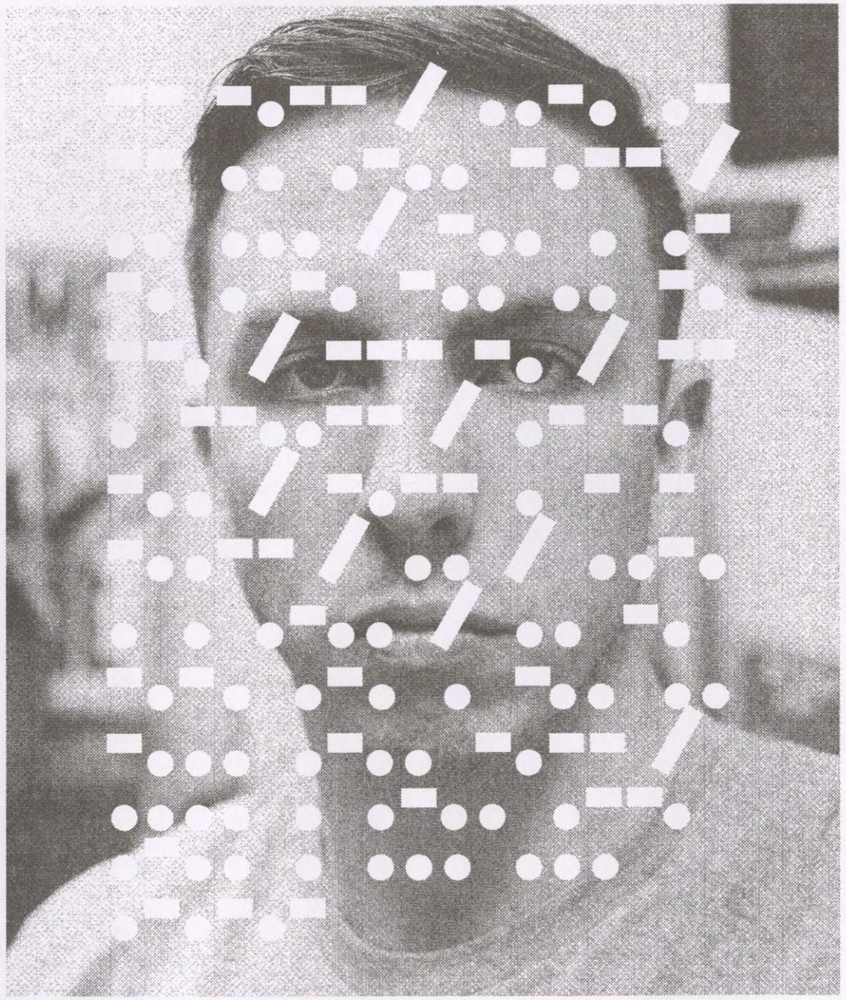
The divine orange you fed me
at the late-night kitchen counter
in an attempt to stop
illness in its taloned tracks
years before it caught you — stroked
struck down and untaught you

You knew well where it led
and rarely said a thing but *thank you* to the
descent, as down we go
to the flat plain of morning
where my heart is most generous
and afraid, like a loose pebble in the
shoe of my existence

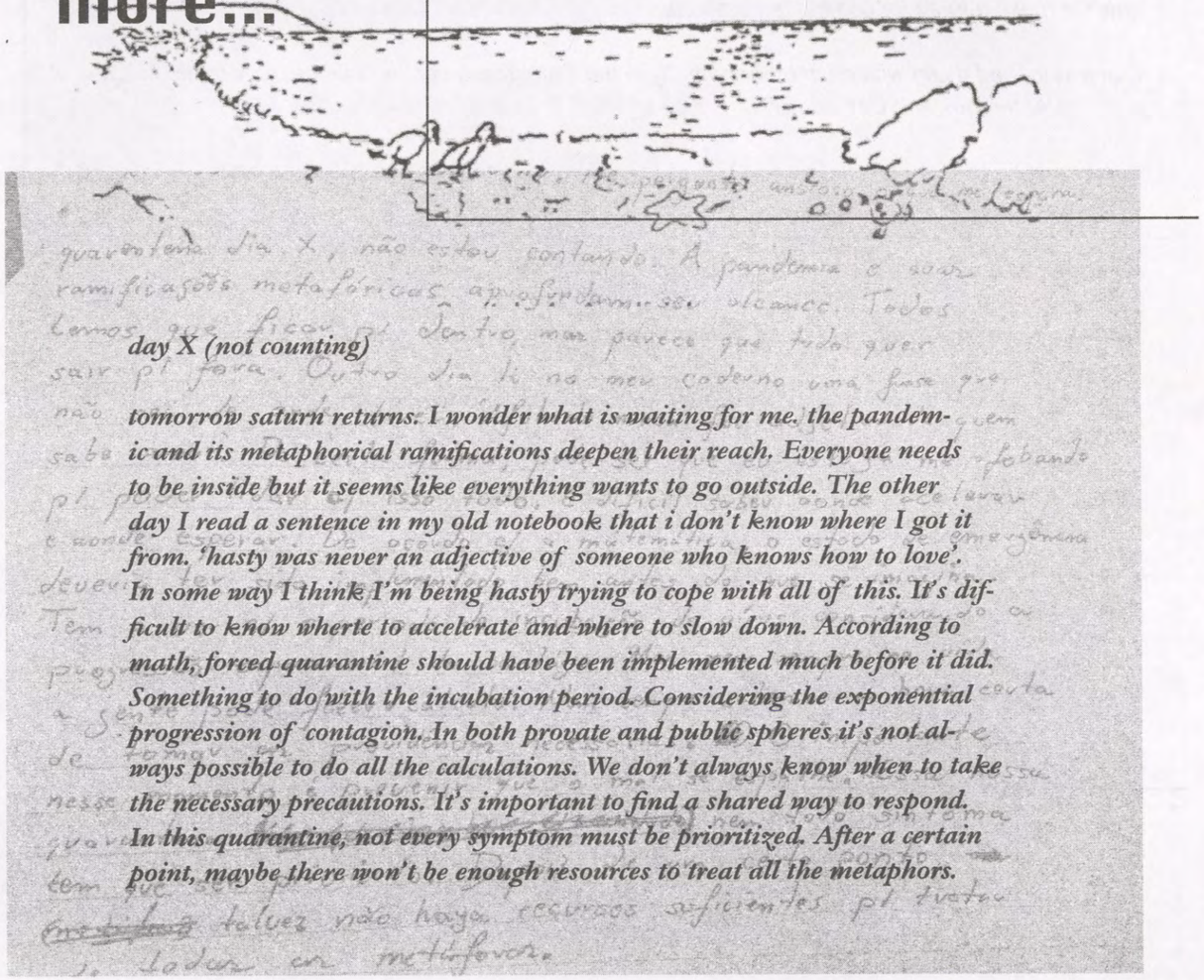
You are the loose pebble in the shoe of my existence, it's you
who approach me carrying home in your mouth like a thorn

Have I made myself transparent?
Have I looked long enough
into the windows of my neighbours
acting out their devoted banalities
without the curtains drawn?

Hannah Azar Strauss



/ Hugo's Quarantime Dispatch / Corona No-Show / Data Mining/ Mathematical Problems / Personal Log / Diary Entries / Potential Strategies / Urgent Charms / Contagion Evasion /Astrologics / Aesthetistics /Night-mares / more...



day X (not counting)

tomorrow saturn returns. I wonder what is waiting for me. the pandemic and its metaphorical ramifications deepen their reach. Everyone needs to be inside but it seems like everything wants to go outside. The other day I read a sentence in my old notebook that i don't know where I got it from. 'hasty was never an adjective of someone who knows how to love'. In some way I think I'm being hasty trying to cope with all of this. It's difficult to know wherte to accelerate and where to slow down. According to math, forced quarantine should have been implemented much before it did. Something to do with the incubation period. Considering the exponential progression of contagion. In both provate and public spheres it's not always possible to do all the calculations. We don't always know when to take the necessary precautions. It's important to find a shared way to respond. In this quarantine, not every symptom must be prioritized. After a certain point, maybe there won't be enough resources to treat all the metaphors.

We live in disturbing times, mixed-up times, troubling and turbid times.

The task is to become capable, with each other in all of our bumptious kinds, to respond.

Mixed-up times are overflowing with both pain and joy.

The task is to make kin in lines of inventive connection as a practice of learning to live and die well with each other in a thick present.

We face the double task of both stirring up potent response to devastating events, as well as to settle troubled waters and rebuild quiet places.

Danger in the temptation to address trouble in terms of making an imagined future safe. Stopping something from happening. Something that looks in the future, clearing alway both present and past, in order to make futures for coming generations.

Living-with, and dying-with each other potently in the Chtulucene can be a fierce reply to the dictates of both the Anthropos and Capital.

What must be cut? What must be tied? (How to nurture multispecies flourishing on earth? A Damaged earth.)

Writing at the end of the world. Riding towards it. Death! Death! (lord of the rings)

Extraction and immiseration of other creatures in the name of 'profit' or 'power', namely, God.

There is a fine line between acknowledging the extent and seriousness of the troubles and succumbing to abstract futurism and its' affects of sublime despair and its' politics of sublime indifference.

The trouble is always there. The universe is chaos. It must not overwhelm you.

That is, we require each other in unexpected collaborations and combinations.

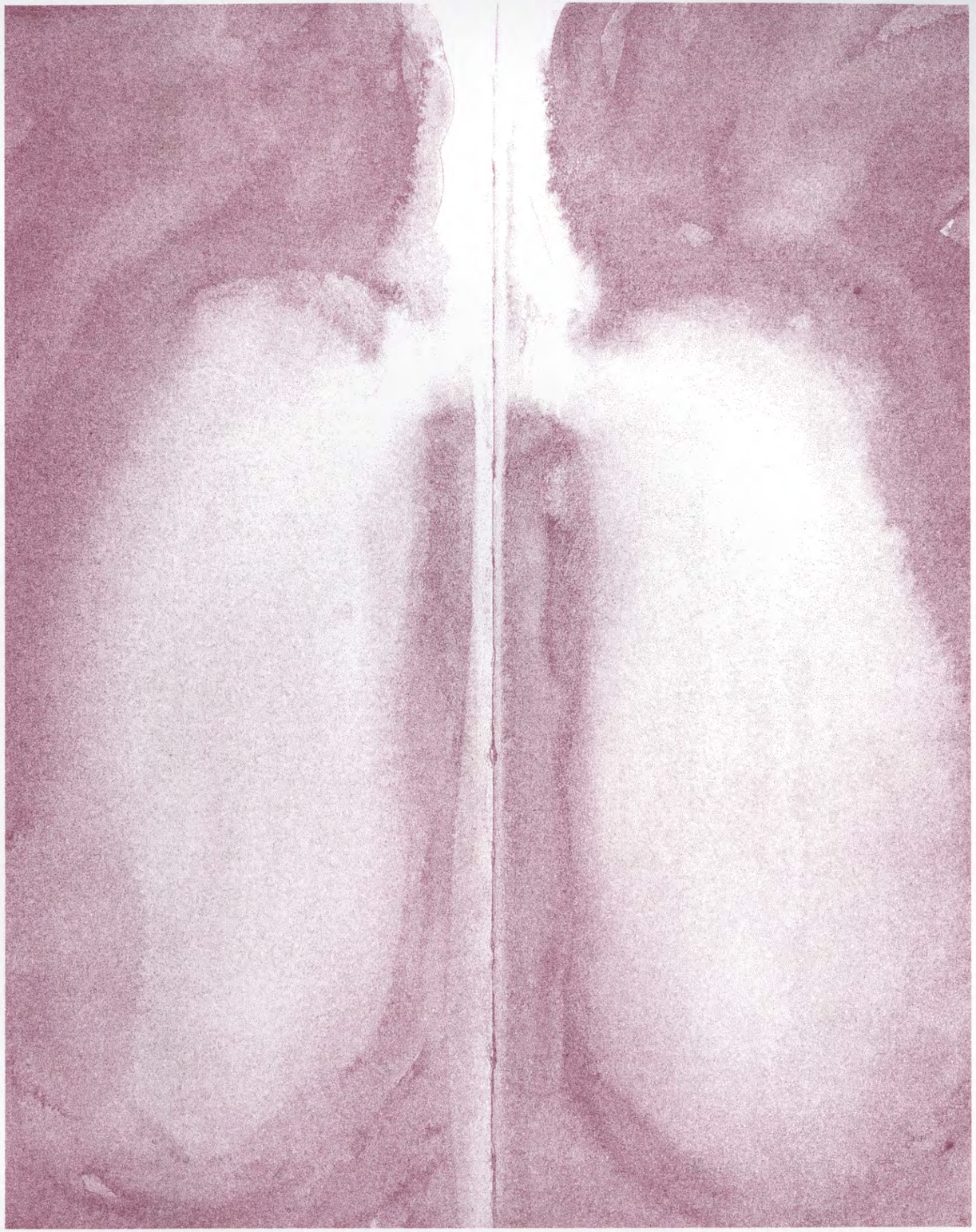
Hot compost piles.

This strategy is both more serious and more lively.

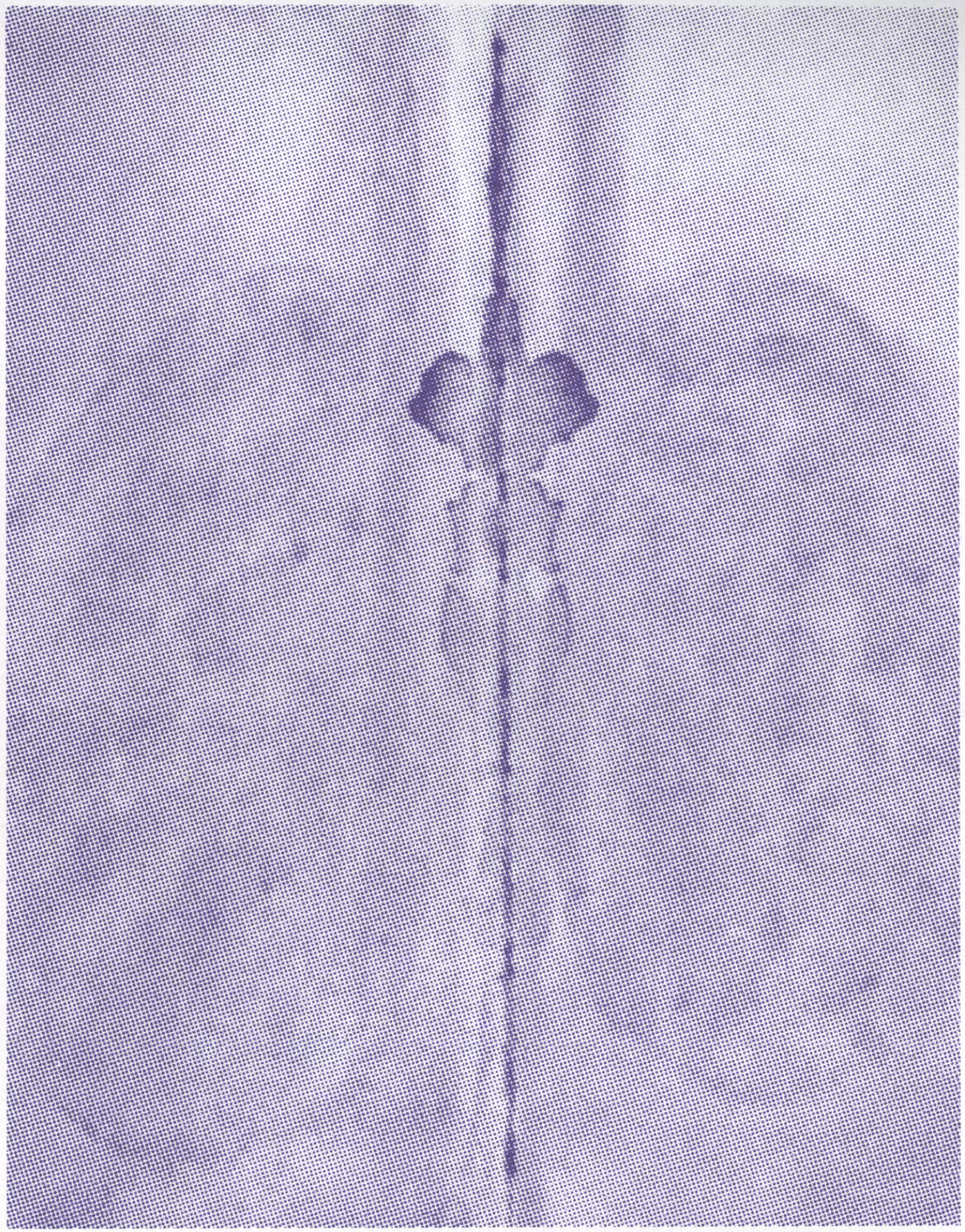
(notes from Haraway, Staying with the Trouble)

I suppose I've always been fond of masks but maybe it's the influence of the quarantine. Zinc. don't forget the zinc. It's hard not to forget every now and then. The quarantine spreads with so many half-promises. Today, perhaps, the enchantment is over. I start the day with an enchantment. Or, the day starts after I do an enchantment. Zinc. The day might have started with zinc. I had one of those nightmares where you feel paralyzed and out of breath.Imagination. It's what the future is made if. I exercise the imagination of the present. What is the name of the demon that sits on your chest? There are so many things I can't know.Death lurks.To greet death as an old friend. Old hag. Old friend. Night-mare. Speech-less. I fear the elders will lose their voice. Prioritization is archiving the knowledge they have.Perhaps, during this time of crisis, of death, of wiping out history and knowledge, many forms of evil will attempt to come in. Incubi. Succubi. Chest -compression. Incubation. Inoculation. At least we have inhalation.The old man moves slowly.The weight in my chest. The demon in me. Daemon (from the greek). The guiding spirit. I acknowledge it and move ahead. Many different cultures have created similar mythology around the experience of a nightmare.In Brazil, Pisadeira is an old woman who lives on the roof. Waiting to come down and step on you're chest if you sleep with a full stomach.This is a time to digest. This is digestion.'The spirit is in the stomach.' Saturn Return.'O let not time deceive you, you cannot conquer time'.To greet death as an old friend = To great a photograph as an old friend. Reading barthes:What is my experience like when I am being observed? When I am being photographed? When I am prompted to observe myself? I make another body for myself. I cannot evade. The mortifying power of the photograph. To resist the mortifying power of the photograph = to resist the mortifying power of the virus. It's like please death don't take me yet I promise I can be better. I know how to be strong. I know how to be a part of this. I know how to play this role. I'm no impostor. I have good posture. An uncertain filiation. A forced filiation. Metaphorical or not. I am all me restrictions. I am my limits. My boundaries. My perimeters. I am all my possible measurements. I am, perhaps, only observation. I airdrop a photograph of mine, taken by Janet in the summer of 2018, from my computer to my phone. Janet, in photographing me you've become an affiliate in the construction of my self. Coronavirus, you've also become an affiliate in the construction of my self. I do not wish to be a machine, nor do I want to blindly comply with the drive towards the approaching panopticon-esque necropolitical reality, but there's a part of me that needs programming. I am non-thing. A non-image. Upon the event of being made into an image, I unfold.'To evade the weight of death.Love. Extreme love (for my own image? For my own death?) is what will erase the weight. 'Fantastic beasts and there to find them'.Words are the most inexhaustible source of magic, said Dumbledore. I'm trying to digest in the best way I can. With what ideas am I thinking my ideas? With what models? What parameters? My mind is of course, manipulable. I'm not one to indulge in conspiracy theories but today I studied a man who talked to us on the street. Só não ve quem nao quer. I see lungs, bats, and butterflies. What makes a butterfly live more or less? Quarantined I learn to filter what I'm exposed to. I'm forced to. I am forced to take care so as not to be exposed to 'bad' things. Maybe I'm learning how to 'respond collectively in troubling times'. An agreement as to what information we consume and how we consume it is important. As well as to what extent we let gathered information about ourselves define us.be consumed (and turned into data.)I saw a video of remote video workflows talking about how the key answer for filmmakers working remotely was centralization. Insurgence of the cloud mentality.Either centralization of power over our data is a symptom of the pandemic or the pandemic is a symptom of so much centralization.What's so good about the center?Leaks. Residues. I've been wondering about the flies too. I've googled how to get rid of flies. I saw one strategy that looks a lot like a spell. To put cloves into an orange. To ward off the flies.'Mixed up times are overflowing with both pain and joy.'A friend posted against people sharing 'good-vibe-isms'. I think there is a plurality of responses that are pertinent to this 'crisis'. Many of them are oppositional and yet must coexist. I understand but I'm still going to do my brother's push-up challenge. It's a good moment for cultivating affection in unusual and virtual ways. My brother's form is a bit lacking but he truly exists for me. My brother's keeper. A biopolitical conversation about shit.

Is Harry Potter trying to tell me something in the middle of the pandemic? Bats were one of the first animals to be blamed for the spread of the disease. Me and Amanda sat under a bridge next to rats and bats in Sevilla. We could've gotten it there. A few days ago, I read an official report sent to my aunt who works as a clinical pathologist at the Hospital das Clinicas in São Paulo. They were blaming the pangolin! The first google results for the word bats: 'it's wrong to blame bats for the coronavirus epidemic'. Maybe I'm suspicious. I still think bats are trying to say something. Bat and Shit. I'm practicing not getting lost in content forking. Reading more barthes: Could I try to find my bodies' zero degree? In mathematics, what it the definition os a matrix?A mathematical problem: cálculo da matriz identidade em função da labiríntica exponencial:(ou seja: em relação à uma progressão labiríntica exponencial, a matriz identidade tem a seguinte forma:)Home, mother, matrix. How to digest the disturbance that the proliferation of images of ourselves has ensued in our minds. How does the world digest the disturbance caused by the proliferation of our ideas?Can a nightmare be caused by a feeling of imposture? Of indigestion?Is seeing the 'demon' the same as seeing the double? In any case, I've been much more aware of my posture. Digesting requires proper posture.To repel the threat of losing control over my own body. Nightmare of imposture. Nightmare of the mask that will fall. The pandemic as a bad dream? A Warning. A turning.The photographer attempting to evade the photograph from being perceived as death. The state attempting to evade the surveillance regime from being perceived as death. Starting the day with silence. 'From silence open the voice.'Pleasure of the mask that will fall. New cold war? I wouldn't go as far as saying the virus is a weapon created by the chinese, that doesn't really matter, it matters more the exposition of the fact that a state without a totalitarian surveillance regime can be 'left behind' in the event of biological warfare. Am I supposed to talk about data? How to give up control without trust? Trust is needed for there to be a surrender of control. Less centralized surveillance and more accountability partners. Lover, the quarantine has made us into great accountability partners. Lover, I trust you with my data. Nicholas said I should feel no obligation towards consistency. In a world where political power is waged according to surveillance and punishment is executed according to a historical account of a persons' actions, consistency becomes an obligation. Maybe resistance is in countering the obligation towards consistency. How can we reward variability and unpredictability? Ideas that grow exponentially. O virus som. Ouvir o som. I'm really grappling with this concept of independence aren't I? I carry myself now. I leave the center. It's important to let some of it in in order to create anti-bodies. I keep a couple bolsominions on my feed to create some anti-bodies. The slobs. It's important to avoid getting too defensive. I read somewhere that one of the reasons for ARDS is an overload of defense cells crowding the lungs. Drowning it. It's about devising a defensive strategy but also leaving some room; Practicing where to open and where to close. And how. A time for strategic inneficiency. Inwardly: A review of our own biopolitics in regards to what can afford to live and die (inside of us). Outwardly: To reflect upon how our governments open or close, how they too decide who lives and who dies. I've been thinking of the elders a lot.



Jennifer Tobias



John-Francis Quiñonez

I Know, in Some Ways, I Must be Answering for All the Times I Begged for More Time in my Kitchen

When the sun peels from my living bones to reveal
a forever dark I've heard of - Dress me in lemon.

I am not let back to my home for a week
& my houseplants lean like ovened herbs in butter.
These times are loud-smell and out of breath leaning on my
weak.

Where on the tongue does the will live?

I am trying to unstuck
sour candy from the gap in my teeth,
but all these moving parts grow wider.

Got the molar out Finally before it curled my skull into a
hurt diamond.
In and out of the office in just a hour.
Time makes funny deposits like salt rings true in the maw.
What has flavor or weathering wrought
Other than a hole in my mouth and born-debt?
I am worth 63 whole American dollars, but
all I wanted was to be rich in hours.

Now I am hoarding groceries/
Pawing at lively shapes lest they bruise and ripple
in their own undoing - I can't blame them,
but I bloat with these gifts.

I get Full three times daily.
Bless these segmented days. Cubed hours. Stolen watch stock.

Is this what we meant when we asked for thing to slow down for just a minute? I've got questions at the business end of a 3 hour phone que.

Besides many things,
What does the knife do to produce that
a reflection does not do to my sense of well being?

How to brush my eye back into a tasteful shape or
Pour the warm of me into the palm of my bed
without crying?

How does one plate a ghost for vespers?
What's a hymn but a course for reckoning?
What oil is safe to wet my rosary
And if the people
  are hungry and looking in - what do I charge them?

Lord,
Sweet Lord,
  if this is life with all my prayers
                Answered
                  then eat me.

Unfolding Inquiries:
Some notes from the Southland Institute on considerations as online education moves into the foreground
by Joe Potts for Queer.Archive.Work Urgency Reader 2

03.26.2020

Online education has long been part of the pedagogical milieu, and continues to contain a great deal of inherent promise, in particular with regard to the affordances of increased access that it brings. In conjunction with the opportunities it presents for education to occur on both expanded and condensed timelines, this unprecedented degree of access that it offers may well be its greatest strength.

With this, though, comes a number of unanswered questions around ways to actively embrace this value, while actively resisting exploitation, non-consensual extraction of resources, and data-mining by the companies operating many of the very tools enabling it.

Surveillance capitalism
To some extent, while we've largely normalized it by now, we all know that in 2020 the primary function of Google is to provide tools that capture information about us in order to predict our future behavior[1], and to unaccountably sell those predictions about us in an unprecedented, unregulated implementation of corporate surveillance. We've come a long way from the "don't be evil" days of Google, and while there may be some degree of genuine altruism behind the creating of a "temporary hub of information and tools to help teachers during the COVID crisis,"[2] it's worth noting that this ostensible altruism, while it may or may not be at some level genuine, ultimately functions as yet another data collection opportunity for an unaccountable surveillance behemoth.

Intellectual rights
One of the advantages of holding meetings online is that it permits these recordings to be accessed at a later date, by those unable to attend, as well as those who hope to revisit conversations and topics discussed within them. These recordings also take something previously ephemeral and render it permanent. If discussion can be a place to try out ideas, to share things that aren't yet fully formed in order to develop and refine them, what does it mean to record these in-between spaces, to make them permanent?

Questions of the value of ephemerality aside, if we embrace the potential of, say, the recorded lecture or discussion, how can we keep this content, and the rights, control over, and benefits from its distribution in the hands of its creators: the educators and students themselves? If these things are to be monetized in any way, how might the proceeds be allocated in an equitable and sustainable way? Who will be doing the allocating? As large-scale (corporate) platforms for the distribution of educational material arise (coursera, edx, kadenze, etc.), what are the financial mechanisms employed, and when economic exchange is involved, how is it distributed?

TEDification and edutainment
There's no denying the potential impact of a captivatingly delivered lecture, exemplified by the popularity of the TED-talk as 21st-century content-delivery vehicle. Oratory is an ancient art. It's always been exciting to watch someone deliver a well-constructed and elucidating argument. But it is also important to remember that some of the most successful participants all along the continua of education aren't necessarily orators or performers. While a public persona and/or personal presentational apparatus has become de rigeur for many parts of 21st-century life, there remain those who prefer to walk softly, to operate in the background, those who prefer to be the rhythm section rather than the leads. To overtly entertain is one way we can hold attention, but what are others? What do the online spaces look like where sustained attention can be held?

Creating space for impermanence and slowness
We grow and learn not by getting things right, but by making mistakes. One complication of digital permanence is that in order to enable sustained access to the process of unfolding, a perpetual peek behind the curtain at the messier workings behind the scenes, these workings can no longer be ephemeral. When we learn in public, and for posterity, we invariably unfold differently than we do within a more fleeting space. A challenge of the digital educational space is how can we distill and condense things into smaller pieces that can be digested quickly, while providing comparable nourishment to that which requires greater temporal space. As the dust settles, and things continue to unfold, it will be interesting to see what holds our attention in—and over—the coming months and years.

1. *The Age of Surveillance Capitalism, The Fight for a Human Future at the New Frontier of Power*, 2019 by Shoshana Zuboff

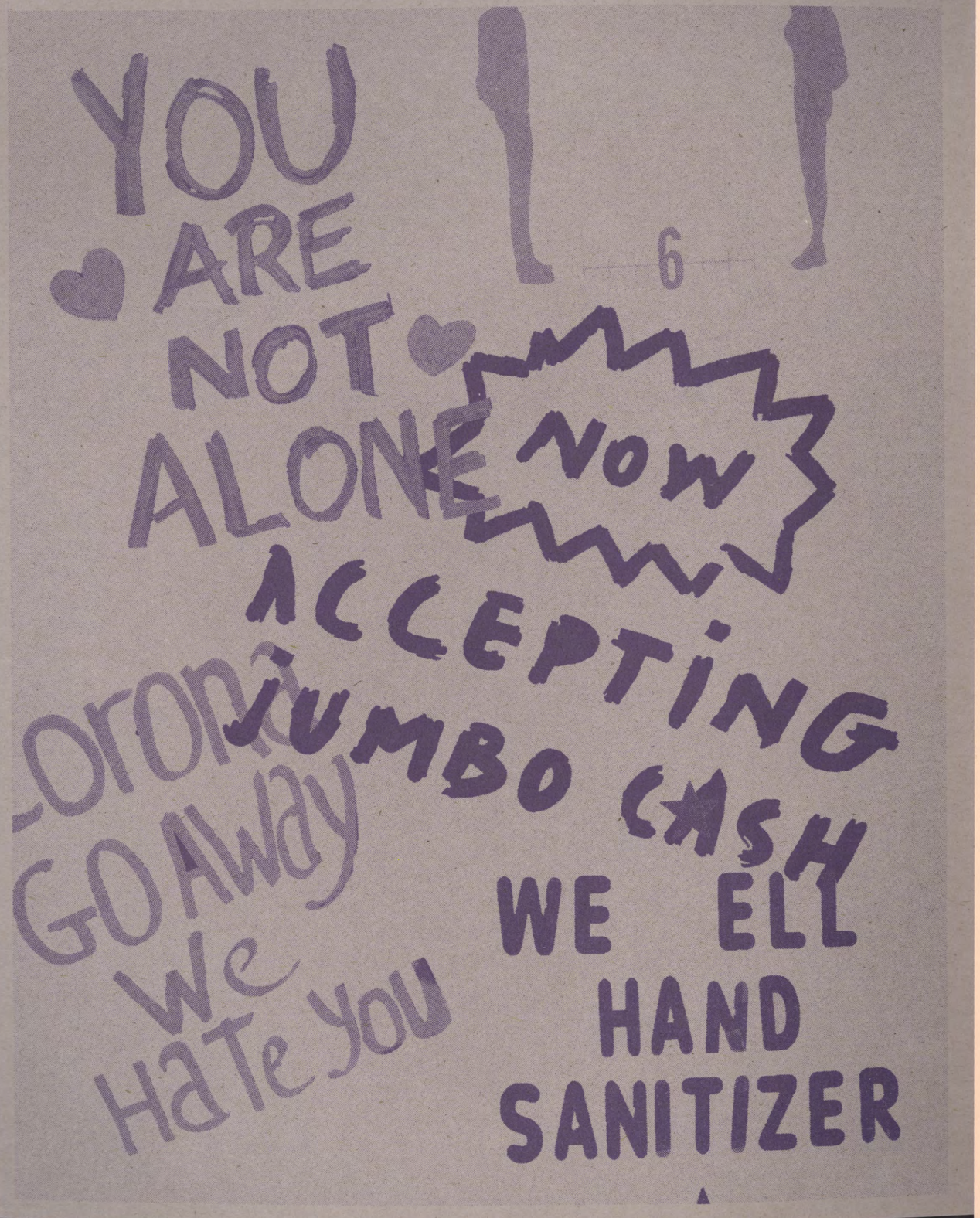
2. https://teachfromhome.google/intl/en/

The Southland Institute (for critical, durational, and typographic post-studio practices) is dedicated to exploring, identifying, and implementing meaningful, affordable, sustainable alternatives in design and art education in the United States.

Built around the premise that typography functions as a threshold of interdisciplinary critical practice—with particular emphasis on image, language, publication, (infra)structure, sound, time, space, pedagogy, and archives—the Southland Institute is focused on examining the gaps, grey areas, interrelationships, and common boundaries between these concerns, as well as their connection and relation to broader questions and circumstances. Invested in the potentials of unaccredited, non-terminal higher and graduate education, and constructed around a central curricular helix consisting of the tools, processes, histories, and discourses of graphic design and critical art-making, the Southland Institute is also a forum for inquiry into the processes, possibilities, and complications of higher education and its attendant structures and systems.

http://southland.institute

Joshua Duttweiler



Joshua Duttweiler



NO PRESSURE

Trump Signs $2 Trillion Coronavirus Relief Package



VICTOR J. BL... THE NEW YORK TIM...

Since the coronavirus descended on Brooklyn H... three weeks ago, the ... handled over 800 p... cases.

New Data Shows Staggering Toll of Outbreak

This article is by Ben Casselman, ...ricia Cohen and Tiffany Hsu.

...re than three million people fi... unemployment benefits last ...k, sending a collective shudd... roughout the economy that is u... ...ericans have expe...

The alarming number... a report released by the ...r Department on Thursda... rovide so... of the first hard ... on the econ... toll of the co... pande... hich has sh... whole ... of Ameri... government st... ...p track.

...ee weeks ago, bare... 200,00... ...le applied for jobless ...fits, a historically l... ...the half-century ... ...ent has tracked ...lica... ...e worst week ev... ith 695,000 so-called initial ...s, had been in 1982.

...rsday's figure of nea... ...n set a grim re... ...t of the econo... just col... ...ed," said Ben H..., execu... ...e director of IHS M..., a business data and analytic... ...m.

The numbers provid... ...ly the ... hint of the econo... cataclysm in pro... Even ... paratively optin... expect million... ...re lost jobs, and wi... them fo... ...sures, evictions ... ...krup... ...s. Thousands of ... closed in response ... pandemic, and many will ... reopen. Some economists say the decline in gross domestic product this year could rival the worst years of the Great Depression.

And there was fresh evidence on Thursday of the relentless course of the virus itself. Cases in



Joshua Duttweiler

Under Trump, Unfilled Posts Hinder Action

By JENNIFER STEINHAUER and ZOLAN KANNO-YOUNGS

WASHINGTON — Of the 75

Onlin... Class With N... Way To G... There

By NIKITA STEWART

Allia Phillips was excited about picking up an iPad from her school

Courag... a Brooklyn Hospital, ...he Front of an Invisible ...

...SH... FINK

It ... ev... in the morning and D... Souza's green N95 m... which was supposed to form a seal against her face, was

With Supplies Waning, Workers Soldier On



Joshua Duttweiler



#plaguewalking 3/17/20

March 13, 2020

24 hours in Pittsburgh

by kye

Who has time to write? The birds are singing. Italy is closed.

LIVE UPDATES:
4:31 PM: (A man heaps bags of kidney beans into his cart. One bag misses the cart and spills onto the floor. Strangers bend down, hesitate.)

Cancelled — weekend exhibition
CANCELLED: performance March 13 & 14
Canceled event: film outing @ March 13
Lecture series cancelled until further notice

Please, let's stay in touch!

8:23 PM: Dad will go back to China tomorrow
8:35 PM: Wait why?
[You have started a video call]
[Video call ended]
8:54 PM: Are you serious?

Canceled
Canceled

5:13 PM: Hey are you guys coming back?
5:13 PM: Sorry I'm stuck in Portland
5:14 PM: I'm stuck in Florida
5:16 PM: Stuck in Berlin
5:16 PM: nyc here
6:01 PM: Wait can you mail my laptop over?

Subscribe Archive

Canceled
Canceled

8:39 PM: (On the video call, your mom tries diluting rubbing alcohol with fragrant oil.) Do you think this would work as hand sanitizer?

Closed
Closed
Closed

In an abundance of what now?

Welcome to Sesame Street!
Today we'll be learning to count:
One, two, four, eight....

I'm just wondering if _____ even matters anymore, you know?

Postponed
Postponed

Time has stopped here.
In between is a kind of parallel play.

Oh, it's foreign
Oh, it will go away

Wya?
[sent three days ago]

Canceled

Attention Valued Guests: Only three toilet paper rolls per valued guest, PLEASE!

Canceled
Canceled
Canceled

Ladies, I know how many of you have been unintentionally hoarding soap

8:37 PM: (Your sister enters the frame of the video call.) I don't want to die! I want to go to school!

Closed

the next 24 hours
12:38 PM: Buy a little bit at a time. We are in for years

Self-isolation? I have to laugh

Canceled
Postponed
Canceled
Canceled

LIVE:
9:35 AM: i will send in 1 hr
9:35 AM: attachment: "Dear_Father_.pdf"
9:36 AM: he leaves today at 2p EST

Let's stay in touch

Canceled

8:21 PM: Hey. Still want to come over?

Closed
Closed
Closed
Closed

1:42 AM: Don't underestimate this thing, because—

Sixty percent
Point zero one percent
Five percent
One point six in a million

Virtual campus resources!
Enjoy: Draw free form or with a coloring book

That's right, we're iNfOrMaTiOn WoRkErS baby
But what if the _____ goes down?

Canceled
Canceled
Canceled

?? summer ??

Screenshot taken at 11:30 AM: Dear Father, The impetus for this letter is our recent knowledge of your intended trip back to China. I realize the contents of this letter will be just as uncomfortable for you to read as it has been for me to write

An abundance of....

Closed
Closed
Closed

A year and a half?
I like the sound of a couple months better, if I must be honest.

8:52 PM: Please be patient! The reviewers are dealing with logistics beyond our (or their) control.

Canceled.

I won't make the same mistake that Susan did. It's not "the body," it's my body.

Why don't you finally learn to cook Indian food?
Why don't you learn a new language?
Why don't you sing while you wash your hands?
It operates like a rope out of darkness.

11:58 AM: (Groping about in the drawer, your hands seize gratefully on a dusty bar of soap.)

Closed.

Screenshot taken at 11:52 AM: Thanks for taking the time to write this. I won't go back to China now, but will take a break myself to go somewhere in the US. I have spent the whole month so far to just do housework and tutor your sister while my career is in crisis.

LIVE

Stay in touch!

11:36 AM: (You get home and shut the door. The entire nation of Norway follows suit.)

Who has time to write?

Subscribe Archive

Dec 17, 2019
am i actually getting sick?
Mar 6, 2020
bitch i saw u put ur mask on after i sat down next to you. ugh here we go
Mar 12, 2020
should i leave ny now or later?
Mar 12, 2020
applying for jobs in the time of the roni
Mar 13, 2020
the worse roni coverage gets the more jesus related quotes and links my mom sends me at 6am 🙄
Mar 16, 2020
cleaned out my phone contacts
Mar 18, 2020
love the continuous spiral of am i hungry or am i just bored
Mar 18, 2020
im actually enjoying ppls social media posts on what sorta banal thing they've been meaning to do for yrs that they're finally spending time on bc of the roni, its soothing
Mar 19, 2020
honestly, it's the perfect time to re-read lauren berlant's cruel optimism
Mar 20, 2020
im gonna need my younger neighbors to stop smoking cigarettes indoors and playing loud music until 2am :(







—@chaninicholas - Mar 19
WELCOME TO ARIES SEASON QUARANTINE STYLE! PARKOUR INDOORS! COMPETE W YOUR PLANTS! INTERNALLY COMBUST TO PASS TIME! START A FIGHT W YOUR CAT! TEXT EVERYONE TO CALL YOU IMMEDIATELY & DON'T PICK UP WHEN THEY DO! ORGASM AS AN EXTREME SPORT! START 17 HOME IMPROVEMENT PROJECTS COMPLETE 0!

Mar 21, 2020
People born into unwelcoming worlds and unreliable environments have a different response to the new precarities than do people who presumed they would be protected
Mar 23, 2020
is the roni the extended deluxe version of my saturn return where im finally forced to quit art bc i can't find a job in the field after this is all over lol fine
Mar 24, 2020
cleaned out my ig followers, forced a lot of exes: ex friends, ex bfs, to unfollow me
Mar 26, 2020
feel like my middle/high school yrs on dial up internet, xanga and aim prepared me to surf the internet and perform longing for intimacy during to roni



Kathy Cho
passive aggressively drowning out my roommate and her boyfriend mumbling until 3am
14 days
Private

13 March 2020 at 11:52

imminent loss, loss of potential

Are you gonna tell her we've been hate fucking to keep the stress of having no alone time off



oh my god gaze me to ashes

Notes

To buy:

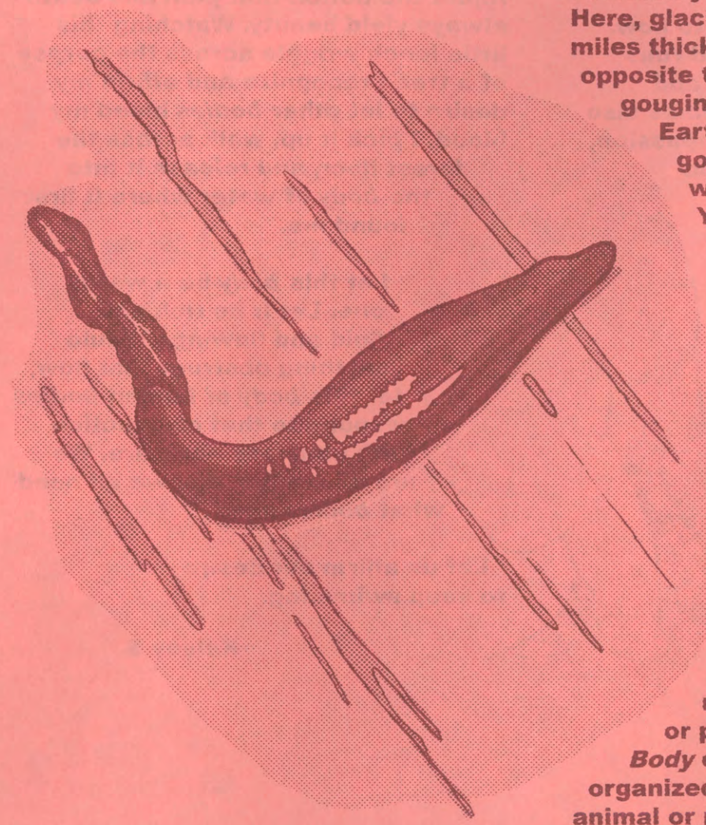
-tongue scraper
-mouth wash
-diva cup
-epilator

Also have you noticed all of a sudden everyone has taken up baking bread during quarantine? Lol

My friend was talking about how they heard if you take up baking bread it's some sign of depression lol

THE LEECH MANIFESTO

ILLUSTRATED BY NESSA GRASING



The Finger Lakes originated as a series of northward-flowing rivers which existed in what is now central New York State. Around two million years ago numerous continental glaciers moved southward from the Hudson Bay area, initiating what is commonly known as "The Ice age." Here, glacial *bodies* more than two miles thick flowed south, parallel but opposite to the flow of the rivers, gouging deep trenches into the Earth. Many of the prominent gorges, streams and *bodies* of water for which Ithaca, New York is best known, were formed during this period.

I plucked a leech from my skin today and watched for the first time as something else, another *body*, bled my blood. I watched it wriggle across the log I had placed it on, leaving an iron thread in its wake. As it struggled, so I struggled. *I don't like to watch things die*, I told myself.

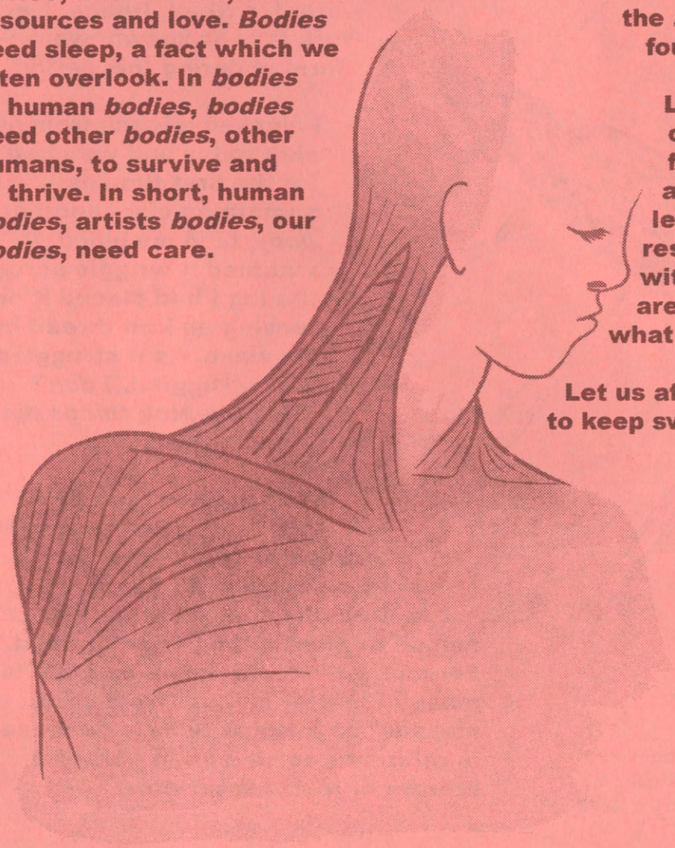
***Body* defined broadly refers to "the main, central, or principal part" of anything. *Body* can also refer to "the organized physical substance of an animal or plant either living or dead." Perhaps we should define *body* as "a mass of matter distinct from other masses" or perhaps *body* is best used in reference to "the main part of a literary or journalistic work."**

*Republished here in response to the disappointing, though suspect, loss of Bernie Sanders during the March 2020 Democratic presidential primaries, and the spread of Covid-19 Coronavirus.

For our purposes *body* should refer to "a group of persons or things organized for some purpose." A student *body*, a political *body*, a *body* of human *bodies* out to care for other *bodies*.

Artists relate to *bodies* in ways which are distinct from the way other *bodies* relate to *bodies*. We photograph them, we touch them, we draw them, we write them, we design them, we sing to them, we work with and for them, we are them.

***Bodies* fail when they cease to flow. Hearts stop. Brains rot. Blood runs dry. *Bodies* need water, food and shelter to survive. Human *bodies* also need comfort, guidance, compassion, advice, information, economic resources and love. *Bodies* need sleep, a fact which we often overlook. In *bodies* of human *bodies*, *bodies* need other *bodies*, other humans, to survive and to thrive. In short, human *bodies*, artists *bodies*, our *bodies*, need care.**



We are living through a crisis of care. In ways we have built a *body* so massive and so efficient (a *body* of *bodies* of human *bodies*) that many parts of it may die before the rest even start to notice. Our *bodies* risk failure when they crash up against rigid systems. They risk turning cold and solid with the onset of this ice age.

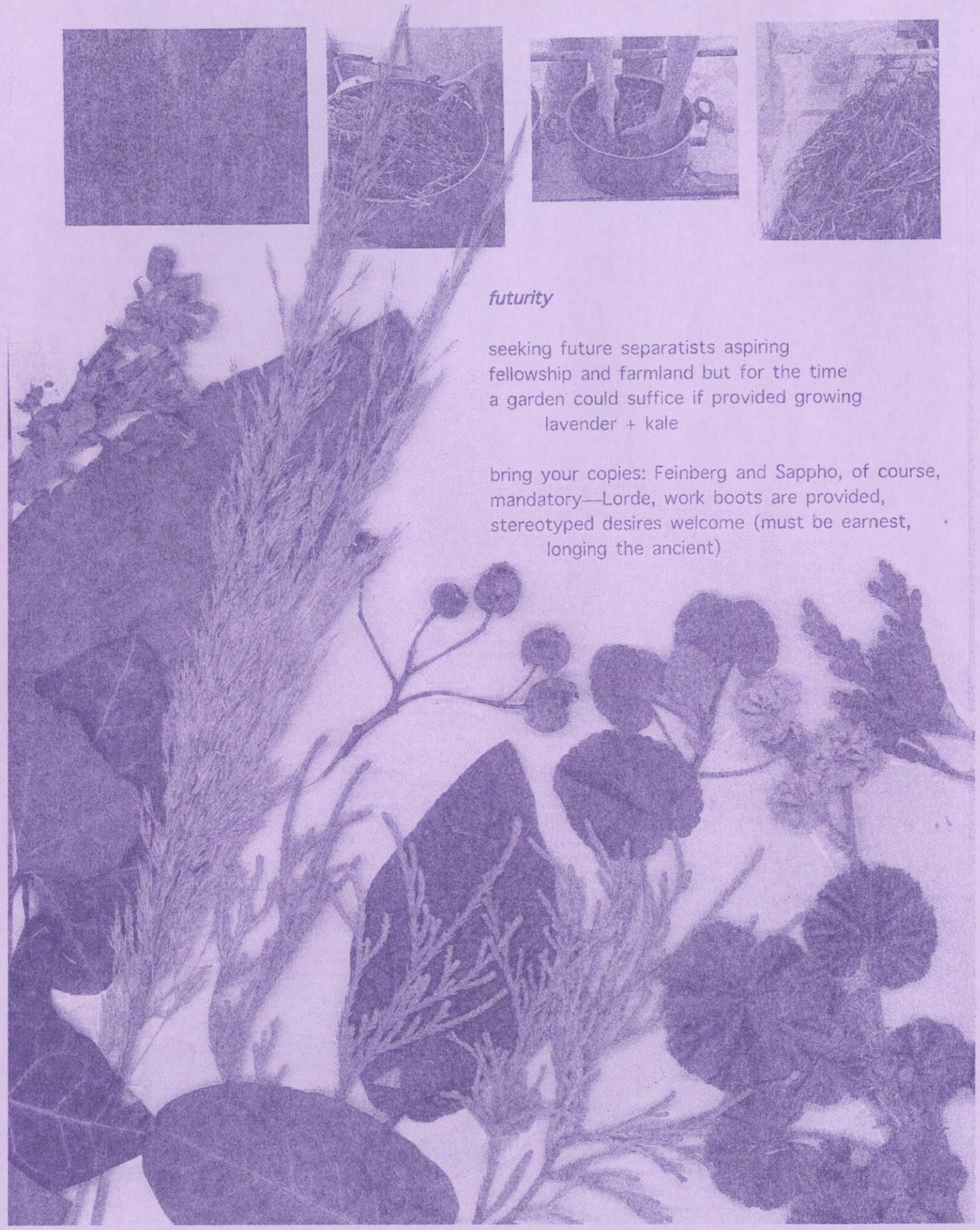
I'd rather not let my *body* go. Though I know that solid, frozen *bodies* can carve lakes and rivers and gorges, I reject the notion that pain and death always yield beauty. Watching this little leech wriggle across the corpse of a tree I recognize and affirm my desire to let other *bodies* bleed my blood. I pick it up, walk across the forest floor, and release it into the *body* of water where it first found me.

Let this *body* be a warm one. Let it be rich and fluid and flowing. Should anything obstruct that flow, let this *body* of human *bodies* respond to that obstruction with kindness and care. We are all *bodies*, and we all need what *bodies* need.

Let us affirm our desire to keep swimming.

~Kelsey S.

And I started noticing myself saying "Stay Healthy" to my friends over the phone,
to my colleagues ~~of~~ as we were leaving for the day,
and over work emails to people I've never physically met
~~today~~ But I wasn't the only one saying it



futurity

seeking future separatists aspiring
fellowship and farmland but for the time
a garden could suffice if provided growing
lavender + kale

bring your copies: Feinberg and Sappho, of course,
mandatory—Lorde, work boots are provided,
stereotyped desires welcome (must be earnest,
longing the ancient)

+KITTPEACOCK DANEPRESS WRITTEN IN PERFECTFEAR THAT THIS WAS THE LASTTIME WE WILL SPEAK+

FIRST NIGHT FEVERDREAM FOR PAUVI TEM

+THESEWORDS ALOUD. CARVED IN THE ABSOLUTEDARK. ARGOT FOR THE TRAPPEDBLOODLINE. FEVERDREAM FOR THE JOURNEYHOME. HON+

my aunts pack up as the news arrives. how could we call this anything but the collapse? it's horizon sickness, they say. your father's parents should have left already.

the boy in my dream sits in the back of a wagon and looks just like me. he takes my face in his hands and he tells me to come along now. they sent a vardo for me, that caninflipen, that jail-plague is close behind us, chee butsi love, come along. how's that song go? i slept one night within a barn, and here i'll sleep another. it's settled, he says. you'll like appleby.

i do not ask what it would be like to stay. our legs are the same length but i am slowing him down. i do not ask him to stop. miles on, he shows me the flesh of an animal, not slain but dead on the ground. there is a romani future for you. to be still is sickly, it is like us to move. quarantine is for the animal that arrives from elsewhere. haven't we always lived like this? he asks. he has the face of a petulengro, big eyes that look serious before they look anything else. he looks just like me.

i watch him bind wounds. i watch him among the sheep. i watch his body leave his body. trans, as in paudel puvi, as in crossing over; rom, as in at the crossroads. we are here for now. it's time to move, chavali, jal palal mansar. i watch his body go where i do not know how to follow.

+EYCOMB FOR THE ALTARPIECE. IN ANXIOUSWAIT FOR THE ROAD WE HAVE SEEN. IN ANXIOUSPRAYER FOR SARAEKALI. IN THE VIRTUALBODY UNTIL WE ARE FREE. IN QUARANTINE UNTIL WE ARE SAFE. HERE UNTIL WE LEARN TO CROSSOVER.+

Claustrophobic haze of blossoms and air pollution

Just because bad dogs hear whistles, doesn't mean they'll come when called-

Repeated actions building a sense of dread, yes and a sense of lucidity. Being forced in a very precise way, having my eyelid pulled open by the tentacle of a gentle but firm octopus, again and again.

I was on the roof, trying to take a picture of the full moon. In the instant my eyes left my phone screen camera, I saw a white dog run streakily across the silver tar.

Music streaming loudly from a car and in through my cracked-open window.

My petals are closing up in rapid motion. Folding in on themseles around a wasp, a pearl, a molar. My avoidance of work so that your touch stays on my body. My facial hair is longer than it's ever been.

Morning sunlight, gregarious grasses, wrestling with a braid-

Endless double meanings, triple meanings, infinite meanings. Words are just scabs that haven't fallen off.

Fantasizing that I go back on T and grow my hair out into 2 long red braids and make porn that I actually find hot, not just that dudes on the internet find hot. Except, I have never actually watched porn that I found hot.

Right when this was all starting, I thought, "If hospitals become full, I'll have a better chance of actually dying if I try to kill myself." But now, I want my hair will grow long enough to start getting tangled.

Since I've decided I want to live, I'd like to live in this world, and not one of my many nether realms, like video games world, being drunk, being infatuated with some domme, eating a ton of sugar until I'm obliterated. Instead I want to lie down inside of this huge rhododendron, and push my own face into the dry-smelling leaves that have been discarded for now. With surprise I notice that my life is extremely precious to me. I don't take my deviations for granted, neither those I slipped into nor those I chose.

I get to watch magnolia flowers burst in paintakingly slow motion out of their furry shells.

It might be a couple months - that is what I tell myself. I know that whenever I see them it's going to be so, so sweet. And also that I might be different. That we might be different, but not unrecognizable, I hope, or, not to one another.

20 Mars 2020
We are not one nation under God
We are drowning, God left as soon as Europe started drawing, leeching his million year old blood from the land for expropriation

We are not one nation under
We are one nation at the edge, margins bursting at the seams and burning everyone who enters after the optimum curve which is itself a fallacy
Under would insinuate shielding or protection,
But we are exposed and our bodies are turning quickly they are turning into scars and ghosts and debt and disillusion our bodies are not ours and if they are under anything they are under siege

We are not one nation
The nation is dead—the nation begged but they were relentless and they sent us in a trail of tears across our own land and said this is apart of freedom
We are not a nation, we are more savage now than ever and there is little regard for life or liveability we only know influx and growth as they pertain to extractive, burning, stolen capital - we only know birth if it is screaming in the dark and an increase to the biopolitic we know nothing of natality we have no sovereignty

We are not one
Homogeneity is useful for creating an other
One is atomising
One is finite
One creates urgency, it justifies war, it lets environmentalists pose the earth as something for the healthy and wealthy to enjoy
But the earth, she has been taken, and set on fire
So that even in our running we burn our feet we drop our things and we fear for our children though they are tied to our chests
We chop off our breasts to increase the odds
We are not one
One neglects entanglement, one sets a limit dependant on exclusion
One knows only zero in binary opposition and that does not leave much space for
my body or
my mother or
her mother before her
One is a false beginning - a cyclopes with myopia - a tunnel
Easily thrown into precarity and undone
One lives under the lie of individualism

We are not
Negation may be the final axiom of truth
Not not not not becomes an absolute, the ever enveloping contradictory
Not eats itself by identifying a statement and differentiating

Not eats the future for breakfast and ventures forward unsettled
Positivism got us so far, but now is the time, not is not the time, now is not the time for, now the time for exalting has passed we must enter into a radical denouncement
Look impossibility and impossible humans square in the eyes

We are
We are the last ones or we feel like them. We are the ones who say for ontology to hold meaning beyond this moment we must be undone or specified or made to be counter valent with law

We are crying and desalinating our own tears
But the cyborgs can not get wet for fear of short circuiting and then who will fix us when

We die like the machines responsible for our asymmetrical apotheosis
But before that we will come naked and brash
With one another on our shoulders and the gods on theirs
We revel

We bite at the necks of the men who seek to intervene and we bite at the barrel of the gun and chew until time comes to spit it down the throat of another invasive one with a mission against our will

It is okay if you are miserable maybe someone else is having like a really good time without you. Idk. Give yourself a break; maybe you are not oriented toward joy right now and yet you give - and you are giving and that's something: not something you hold anymore, but that's the point you hate to hold
You let things slip from your fingertips all the time
All the time you let them go and no not every seed will germinate but that's okay too.
What's the use in accumulation anyway - fewer ties simplifies the job of cutting them.
I'm sorry, but I don't want to have sex I just want to lie down

Choose your own adventure: say something say nothing
| |
loquacious laconic
/\ /\
rupture, break sink deeper into abjection
bare your soul and expose your body
make friction

Look at all the friends you have with their mouths hanging open and empty
They will play pretend with you. Undo yourself from this millennium. Restore the acute
Wake up early and thank god you are not covered in sweat. I said Dear God, thank you for another day of suffering I said dear god I understand crucifixion was a gestural act and frankly I am inspired. I said dear god I cannot hear myself breathing over my grinding teeth. I said dear god you motherfucker please pull me into the abyss with you–I know I sound desperate and undignified, but I am. Dear God if I tell you how I really feel will I still be real afterwards? Right now I am alive in a place where people are dying–will anyone trust my body to build a child out of after this?

Who calls out truth in the palm of a desert you
Everything bleached, vulnerable, preservation efforts of the nervous system
Who calls out truth at the base of a dune you
Unrequitedly, perhaps in vain, over and over because this is a pedagogical exercise
Who calls out truth in the folds of an empty bed you
Waxing on about exodus, exhaustion and extraction- you told me when you were younger this is how it always was
You drank salt water or you drank nothing
Living under a curse you are made to culture resistance
When good things happen, you sprint in the opposite direction
because gift was not unconditional then, the word has fallen out of use now
You pick up the dried worms and you eat them
Who calls out truth pre-emptively you
What is inside that urn that you will not let go of
Not what, who
Fuck, marry, kill not a game but a chronology
Mercy
You cried out truth at the edge of an end how
Suffice to say you had been practicing for a very long time and finally found yourself in the crucible - autochthonous body, bore from soot
The heat is nothing, the body remembers summer in the Khaleej
When was the last time you heard a hollow heart beating
Tell the truth your own
Are you inlove yet?
No
Then why are you here?
To tell you the truth
Mercy

Laith A. Ayogu

I just become so afraid that the ground will stop being hard

Do not be so conceited as to think your self negation is a critical lens... you are softer than you want to admit and as you let your ontology drip into unbecoming ... as u seek for something freeing in that which is relentless
Clawing at etymology
Why are the words for the body so close to their roots
Uterus and hysteria
Out damned spot - we needed the Greco-Roman referents to tease and prod and, eventually ablate: like only the imperial civilisations could
You are drawing very close to ending a cycle and I love that for you
Phantasmic dissident

Do not ask what your mythic saviour would do, he would die, that is the whole premise
The whole premise is to die in glorious, devastated egomania
The whole premise is to fill your mouth with copper coins and milk and plug your nose with the pubic hair you've been pulling out of your body for the past two weeks or years or since you shaved your head and switched sources

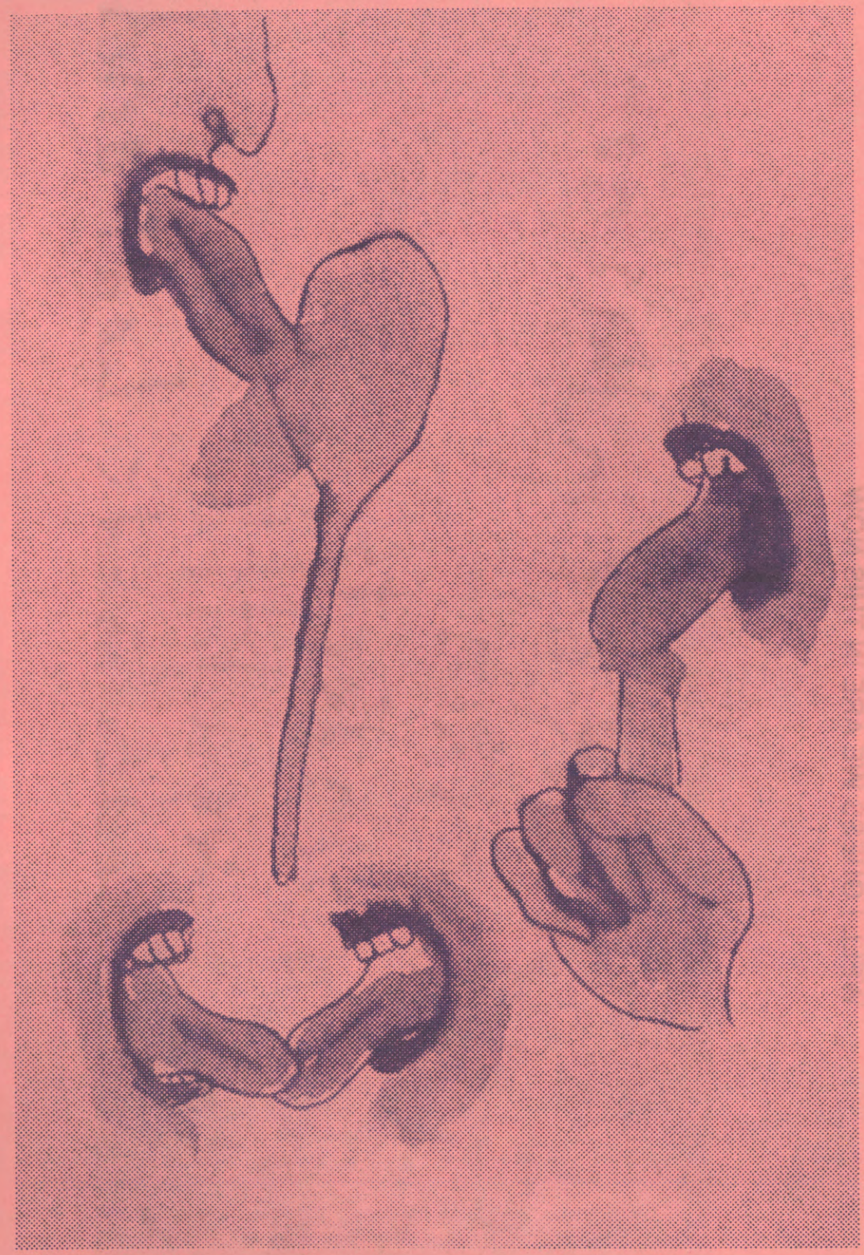
If your lips are dry you are doing something terribly wrong
They crack and your lovers blood seeps in what a delight
Now you have something with which to justify what you feel might be union
Now you have something generative where you thought there was only neglect and forgetting
Why do you keep running your fucking mouth like that
How many words must you say with that smug grin on your face. You think you have had an epiphany but I can tell you've just been writing down the things your fathers ghost says in his sleep. In earnest it is best for the both of us that you are listening. You are braver than I, even now as my mother lays beside me in this realm I can not listen to her mind that speaks above cognition. She has not disciplined it and so she avoids sleep all together
Perhaps my listening is not needed though. Perhaps I must betray my covenant
Offering my ears as confessionals has only brought me to a state of paranoia/ paraxial

Is that so terrible for me to speak of a ghost that does not visit me.
I see him hovering over you –
You must feel the spirit for yourself this is what my mother tells me
And then murmuring
Speaking in tongues is the apex of the arbitrary nature of the sign
Language speaks us language speaks us language speaks us
I can tell you have not been sleeping because you have so many new marks on your face
I speak to my reflection as if we have never met
It is safer this way, we are safer this way
Tutum te robore reddam

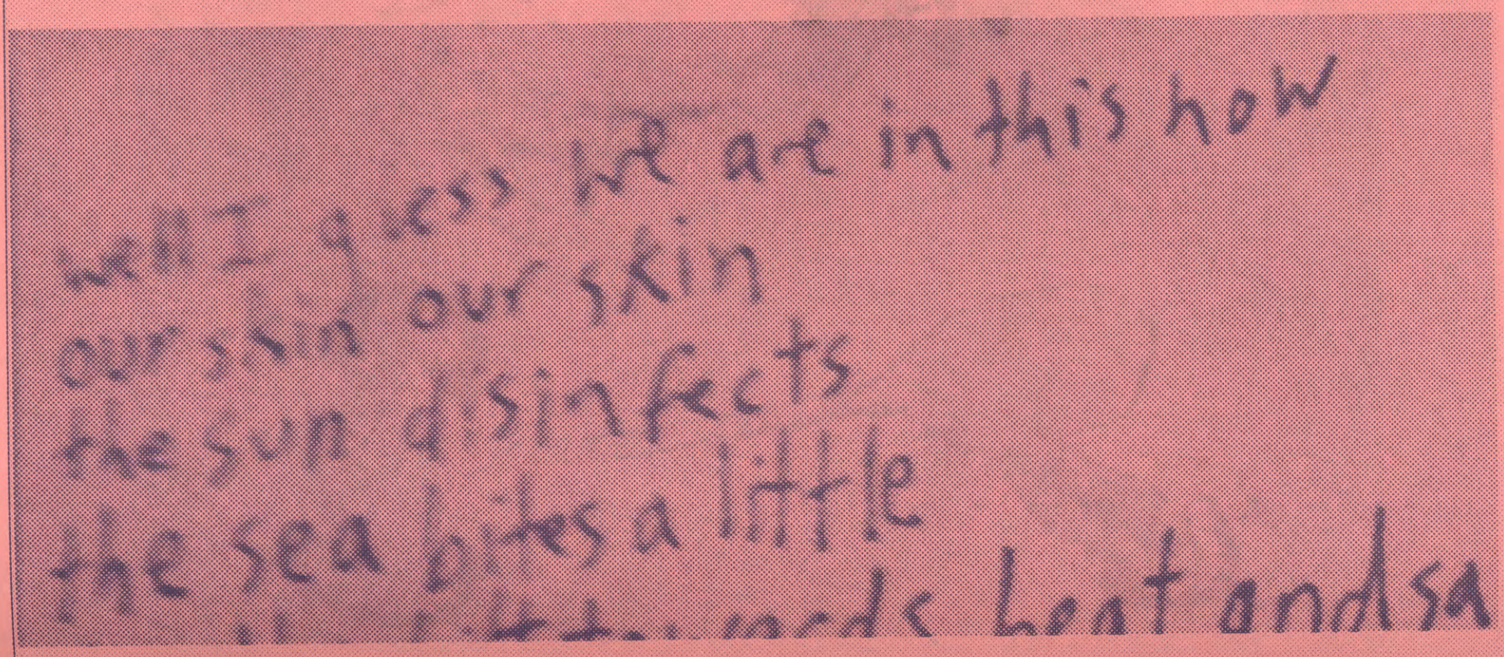
At least if I am excluded someone else is included
I chant this also to my reflection, am I the tethered or are they -i press my fingernails
into our palms
It must be true - this *I* tell the universe
from the inverse of my hurt
of my rejection
There must be someone else's exaltation
this is not only what I have been taught of the world - but it is how I keep you human in
my heart
Equal and opposite reaction
here
in this epithet
rests my meagre, low laugh
You always hated me so I peeled at my face
that you might avert your eyes
And in this aversion your spit would miss its mark

And then, in the morning, when you are sober again
I smell your breath as you ask what happened to my visage
Why did the child draw you with no face ?
Why did the child draw you with no face ?
Your name is spelt incorrectly but that is not your name... is it
Your name is spelt incorrectly but that was never your name was it
It was an exercise in erudition
You carried a philosophy on your shoulders for years and then dropped it
Substituted for imposition
Now fear not pretention precedes pronouncement
Now you feel your tongue at the roof of your mouth you are searching for the syllables
and also for my chest and I am looking at the ground again

You see I called it

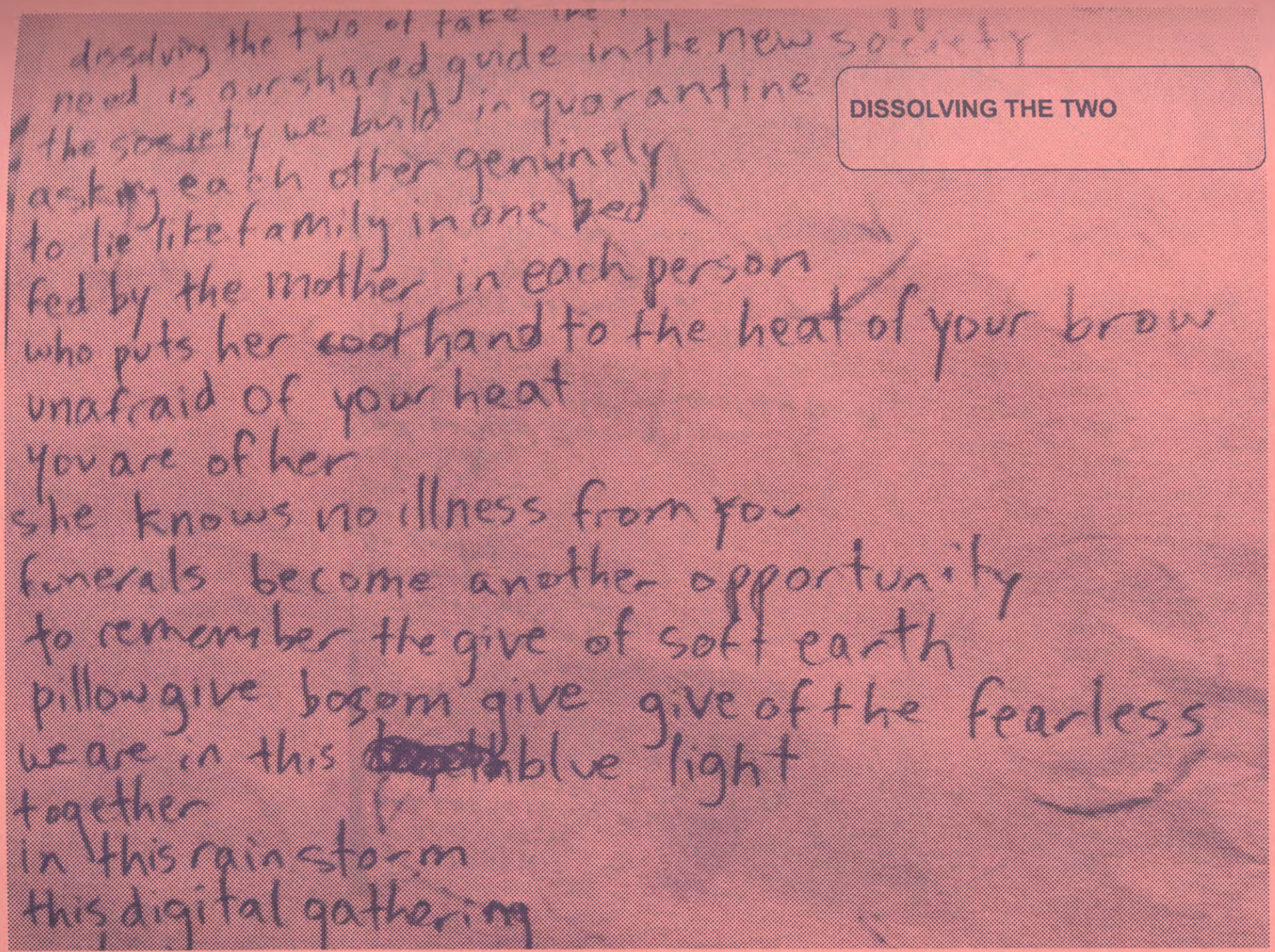


WELL I GUESS WE ARE IN THIS NOW

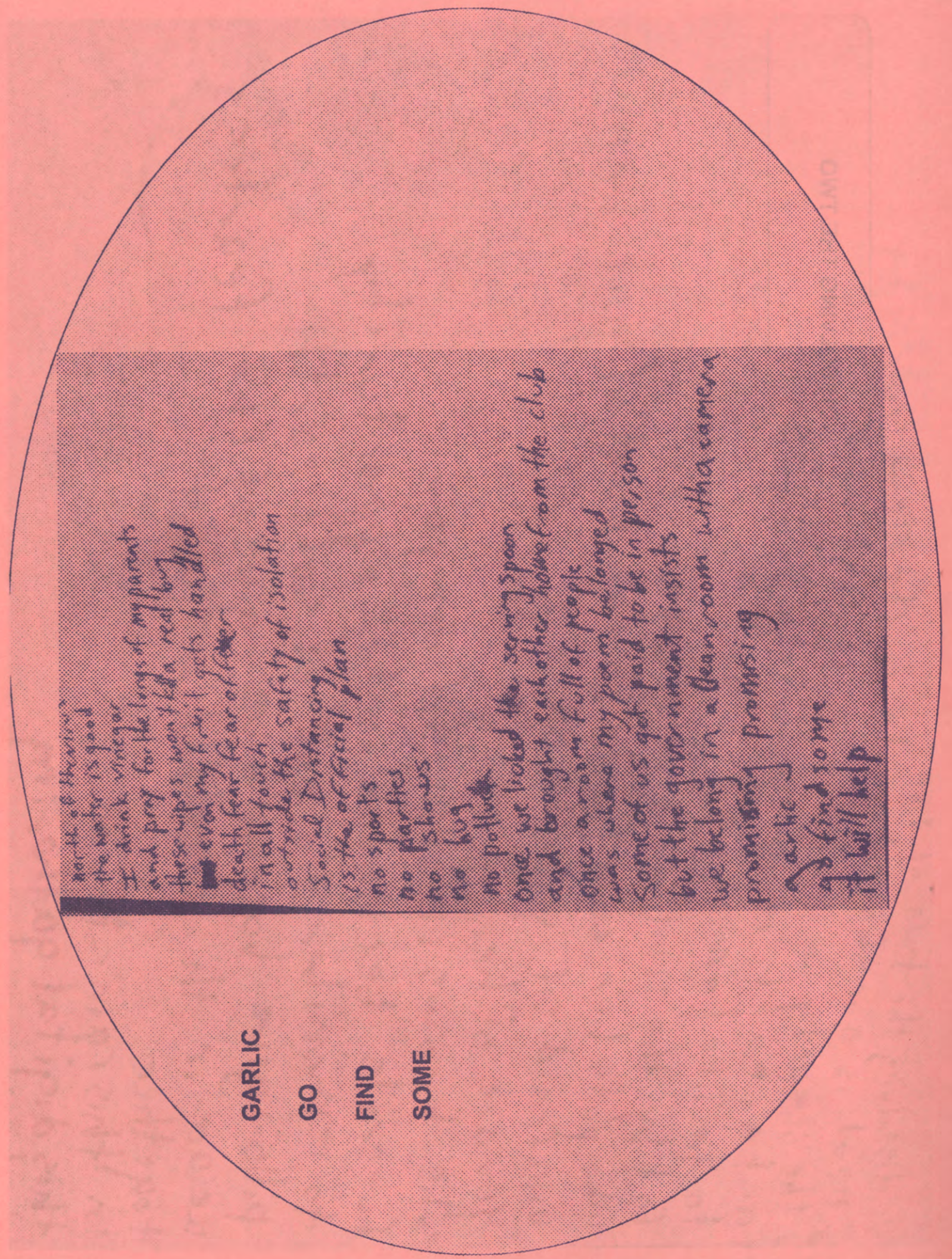


laura lamb brown-lavoie

DISSOLVING THE TWO



laura lamb brown-lavoie



What happens next?

Already held in place
by an assemblage of
hierarchy
and happenstance;
each perched
in perpetuity,
paycheck
to
paycheck.





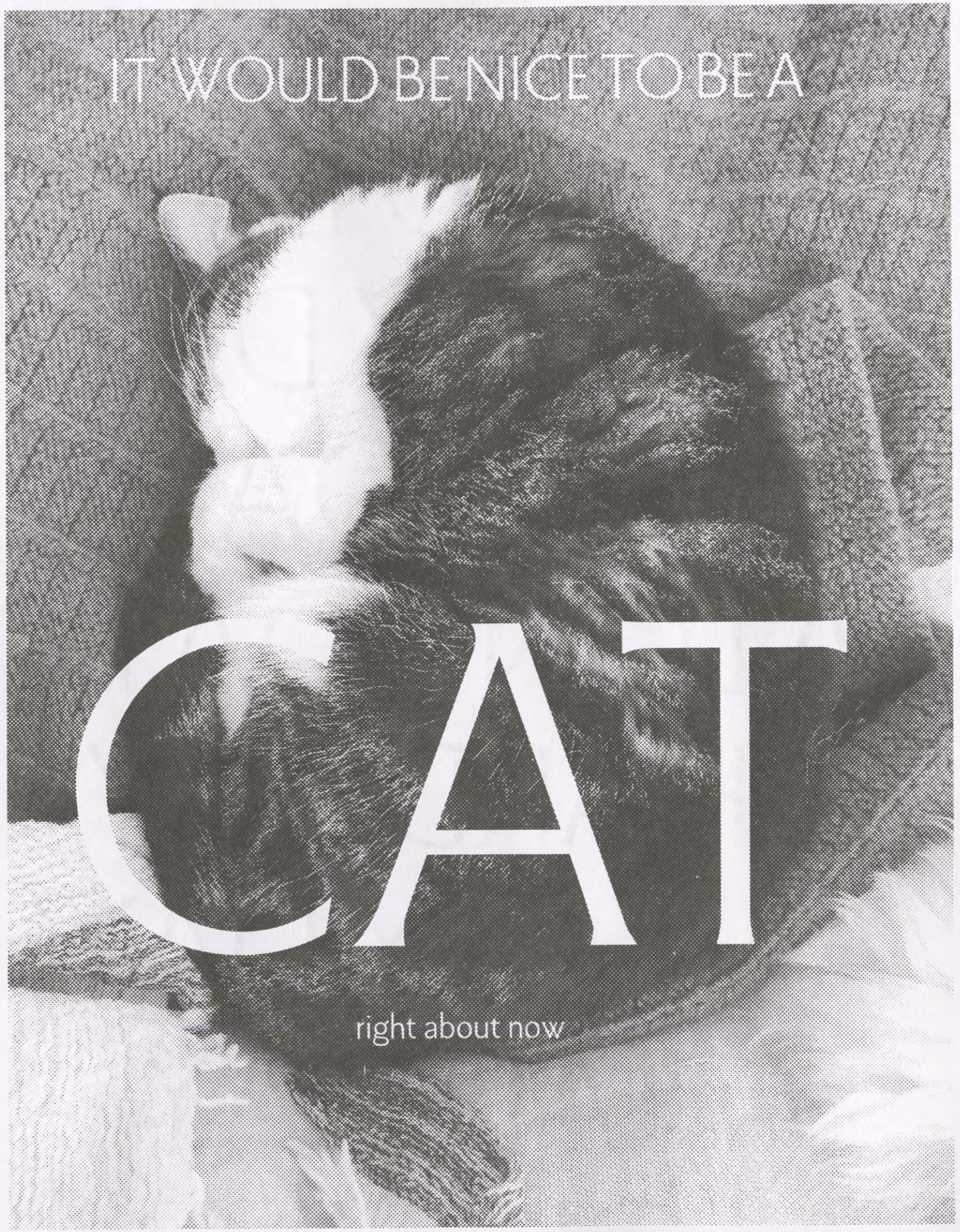
Our lives
(all intertwined)
hang in the air
for a moment -
like a question
you are not
supposed
to ask.

LERMWORM

A LONG DAY
A HARD DAY
AN UGLY DAY
A SAD DAY

A LONG DAY
A HARD DAY
AN UGLY DAY
A SAD DAY

Lisa Maione



Lauren Stroh

18 March 2020
New Orleans, Louisiana

Day four of self-quarantine: I have a cold and see that life will not simply "go on." There is no after. Night and day run together; I lose my sense of time. Life minimizes itself amidst a plague: no one works, no one fights, no one goes outdoors.

What is it? A cough, something akin to the flu. It is thousands of people dying, it is the sparkling jazz funeral of capitalism, it is the earth protecting itself from monsters, it is the cardinal landing on my fence in the morning. It is the musk that hangs in the room from human bodies held indoors. It is quiet. It is no rain.

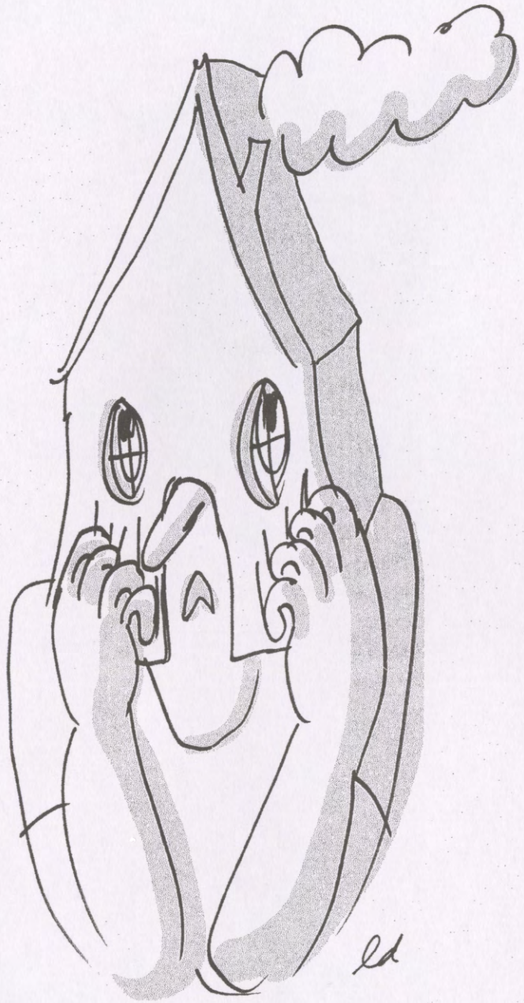
And how strange it is to realize despite all the dressing on it: we are just animals, subject to the whims of earth and our finite biology. We have no way to fight an invisible predator that hangs out in the air and on the mail we write each other while we are kept apart. We cannot throw money on this. It does not dance. We sit alone in our houses, and watch our fleeting, finite lives pass. The waiting is what we're waiting for.

All morning I yell, I make calls, I beg my aging father to stop going to work. How diligently we were trained by America to care about a paycheck under circumstances like these. And they just throw money on it.

We will model our values in the way we rebuild our lives, like mutual aid, sharing, the collective ownership of resources, and a historically minimized ethic of care.

Today I brew my coffee, I write this down, I pitch to publishers, and then I wash my hair.

LAUREN STROH



Trans Europe, Expressed (trans.)

```
i $dseq 0 1 $hihat 0.5 0 0 0 0 "8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8."
i $dseq 0 1 $snare 0.5 0 0 0 0 "....f.....f..."
i $dseq 0 1 $kick  0.5 0 0 0 0 "f.....f....."

i $dseq 4 1 $hihat 0.5 0 0 0 0 "8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8."
i $dseq 4 1 $snare 0.5 0 0 0 0 "....f.....f..."
i $dseq 4 1 $kick  0.5 0 0 0 0 "f.....f.8....."

i $dseq 8 1 $hihat 0.5 0 0 0 0 "8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8."
i $dseq 8 1 $snare 0.5 0 0 0 0 "....f.....f..."
i $dseq 8 1 $kick  0.5 0 0 0 0 "f.....f....."
```

BIOGRAPHY of a BABY from CONEY ISLAND

A young woman sent to me for examination by Dr. Leslie C. Yezzan of New York City. Everything in her story appears to point to the fact that she is a typical example of contrary sexual instinct, with not a few things about her worthy of special record. She is a "baby" from the slums of Brooklyn, and known among her associates there, also in Bayonne, New Jersey and Hart Island, Bronx County as "Loop-She-Loop." The first-named city is her birthplace; and, claiming that her parents are both dead, she lives there with a woman, who has been her guardian for a number of years.

At different times I have successfully photographed her—once on July 24, 1906, when I obtained a full-length figure (anterior); two of her genitals and posterium, and again on November 4, 1916, when I photographed her (full length) in female attire.

At the time, she was over 22 years of age; weighed 130 pounds, and had a height of 5 feet, 8 inches.

In form, she is distinctly of the masculine type, being notably slender in build and erect in carriage. Her features are seen to be coarse and of a criminal cast, while in both body and clothing she exhibited very marked uncleanliness. Her dark brown hair, abundant and unkempt, showed that, when she did part it, the part was in the middle. Extremely nervous in temperament, her pale blue eyes appeared to be ever on the alert, while her somewhat thin, non-sensuous lips pointed rather to decision than to weakness, and with the features at rest, she often had a way of keeping them parted, thus showing her wonderfully fine set of teeth, free from the slightest blemish.

When she was 14 years of age, the lobes of her ears had been pierced, at her own request, for earrings, and these ornaments she commonly wears when dressed in female attire. Her ears, too, are of rather shapely form, with the lobes only moderately free, and with nothing else peculiar about them. Oval in outline, her face possesses a certain unattractive hardness, inclined to repel the one looking at it, lacking as it does every expression indicative of truth, refinement, or good moral purpose. Her limbs are straight and slender; her hands are inclined to be large, while her feet are slender and elongated, especially all the toes. It would be difficult to say when they were washed last, and they possess a sickening odor of foul perspiration. When she came to remove her clothing—in order to be photographed for the first time in my study—she appeared extremely nervous and agitated.

She invited my attention to the fine development of her breasts, whereas there was not the slightest evidence of gynecomastia—a point rather in her favor, for it is in evidence sometimes in criminals. Then, she desired to know whether I was surprised to find her so hairy; and upon my remarking that I was, she immediately volunteered the explanation that three years previously, she had used eight bottles of a preparation that had been recommended to her as a depilatory; but, instead of removing the little hair she then had on her body—which she "hated"—it had had the effect of making it grow luxuriously everywhere, where it normally appeared in very hairy men. Since then, she had made no attempts to get rid of it. She is also compelled to shave regularly, and that she much deplores.

Without especial examination, I noted that her genitals were very well-developed, the penis being covered by the prepuce; the testes of good size and the hair on the pubis abundant. There is no question in my mind but that the subject is perfectly virile, though she stoutly denied that she had ever had congress with a woman, having a powerful aversion for anything of the kind, while not lacking the power to accomplish it. Almost immediately after disrobing, she appeared to be very anxious that I should satisfy

myself as to her exact condition anatomically, insofar as her generative apparatus was concerned. Indeed, she at once took steps to demonstrate the state of affairs, herself. On making a very cursory examination, the impression was left upon my mind that she was morphologically male in all particulars. During the preliminary investigation, the subject was standing up, though leaning slightly forward; and, in order to gain her confidence, I tacitly agreed with her in her diagnosis as to her condition. Half an hour afterwards, when engaged in photographing the parts, my original impressions were still further confirmed. I became thoroughly convinced that the man was laboring under the honest conviction that her anus was actually an aborted vagina—a most extraordinary delusion. To anticipate a bit, I would say that, sometime subsequently or early in November of the same year, I made a careful instrumental examination of the subject, which settled the case in my mind. On that occasion, I found the sphincters of the anus very dilatable, but they bore no evidence whatever of having been ruptured, or any indications of syphilitic disease of any kind. Indeed, beyond the dilatation just mentioned, the parts appeared to be perfectly healthy; while internally, well within the anal periphery, hemorrhoids appeared to be present, and of a character that might protrude from time to time. Further interrogation of the subject tended to confirm the condition. In fact, she claimed to have her menses regularly every month; and not only did the menstrual blood appear upon such occasions, but she distinctly differed in the respect, as compared with other contrary-sexed men, in that these discharges were accompanied by the descent from her "vagina of funny-shaped little balls, two in number, that could be replaced after the period was over with." She was absolutely convinced of the state of affairs, as she imagined it to be.

In July, she admitted that she had never been pregnant; while in November, when she brought with her one of her numerous "husbands" or lovers, she claimed that she had been pregnant a few years previously, and that she had been operated on in hospital and the conception removed "through her side." She really believed that the scar following the operation was in evidence, but I excused her from demonstrating it to me. Her companion, upon being questioned by me privately, laughed at the story, and stated that my subject, though "honest in other respects, was a most outrageous liar." I am convinced that her mendacity is due to her delusions; while on the other hand, I found her to be one of the most skillful pickpockets that had ever come under my observation, and that is admitting a good deal.

A word as to her lover, who accompanied her on the 4th of November, 1906. Much to my surprise, he was an intelligent young man, of about 33 years of age. He was a musician, and presented himself tidily dressed in uniform. He privately admitted to me that he had taken the active part relations with the subject here being described for several years. Without exception, the subject was, he said, the most passionate mortal he had ever heard of, and one of the most difficult to satisfy.

Returning to the July examination, I further satisfied myself on that occasion, among other things, that she was not impotent; that her nipples did not become erect upon frictional excitation; that she knew of no other sexual perverts in her family, and that, while she could sing soprano well, she could not whistle, and she threw a stone like a girl.

Quick and active in her motions, she did not, as she moved about indoors and out, give one the impression that there was anything in her demeanor simulating femininity, nor did her behavior in any way betray the remarkable manner in which her sexual life was being lived. She scoffed at religion of every kind, and remarked that she believed if she ever entered a church "the blooming thing would fall down." From the very little schooling she had enjoyed in her lifetime, she is able to read her own language to only a moderate extent; her ability to write it being far worse.

Still, apart from her extremely meagre education, she is no fool or dullard in other particulars. She is keen with respect to all the happenings in her own peculiar and lowly environment, and nothing in ordinary human nature seems to escape her. In gait and attire on the street, she gives one the impression of being an energetic, though rather poorly-clad young man, and she would not attract special attention. Her manners are, however, very uncouth, and utterly lacking in anything at all approaching even commonplace breeding, and it would seem that her trade is plied chiefly for the money there is in it. According to her own statement, she claims she has never been arrested or otherwise interfered with by the police—something I am very much inclined to doubt.

Nevertheless, she was willing to prove it by my accompanying her some evening up and down the low streets and alleys she usually haunts.

"50 cents or a dollar will buy off any cop," she said, "and that from dark to daylight. We all do it."

During early life, the subject was undoubtedly given over to the usual autocratic practices, notwithstanding the fact that she has always been possessed of the contrary sexual instinct. She always shunned women and girls more or less, while yearning at the same time to assume female attire and enter into their domestic vocations. When she was between 16 and 17 years old, she was constantly in the company of men, whom she sought as paramours. According to her own story, her instinct is not congenital; she has never played any part with either sex except that of a passive pederast; she sees no immorality in it; there is no desire for alteration in her nature, and so fierce is the sexual impulse in her case that she claims to be practically insatiable. She informed me that on one occasion she had satisfied as many as 40 men in 24 hours, and that on the 21st of July, 1906, no fewer than 23 men copulated with her (immissio penis in anum), one immediately after the other, each producing ejaculation during the act; this took place in a room in Brooklyn. Some of these men had been drinking, but none of them were really drunk. In the case of very drunken men, she never allowed them to satisfy themselves upon her except through copulation inter femora. Such practice she very much dislikes, and only submits to it for the reasons that the pecuniary reward is often more substantial, and is generally obtained without any bartering. There is less chance of contracting disease, and she avoids the danger of a brutal coitus, which might result in "tearing her very small vagina." Lost to every sense of shame; believing herself designed by nature to play the very part she is playing in life, it was truly remarkable to shear the nervous, loquacious, foul-mouthed and foul-minded "baby" of the most degraded slums of a multi-millioned city chatter about her experiences, just as though she were talking about the rearing of fancy pigeons, or anything of a similar nature.

Rarely does she permit a man to approach her a retro, though some insist upon it. On the other hand, she advances the fact as the chief reason for her never having contracted any venereal disease, and doubtless this is quite true. In my opinion, alcohol bears the responsibility more than any other single agent—indeed, more than all the others put together—for ensuring venereal infection. Personal uncleanliness comes next. So far as the contraction of disease is concerned, R.H. states that she vastly prefers men who have been circumcised, as not only are they more easily examined by her, but they, themselves, are far less likely to possess syphilitic sores on the penis. On the other hand, men with an elongated prepuce are always more or less dangerous in the particular.

Information of the character set forth in the last paragraph or two is made a record of with the view of demonstrating the unanimity of opinion, based on experience, held by the physician on the one hand and the low type of passive pederast on the other: that where sexual congress takes place, be it homosexual or

otherwise, venereal infection is far more likely to follow where either party to the act is under the influence of alcohol or some other drug, and this for the reason that the one incapacitated from the same rarely or never makes any attempt to perform even the commonest requirements of cleanliness and precaution that tend to the prevention of infection. Again, it is interesting to know that the one occupying so low a position in the social scale as does J. W. should recognize, with the experienced physician, the fact that the circumcised male is more immune from syphilitic infection than the male possessing an elongated prepuce.

Few writers in the field of psychiatry have enjoyed what I had next, the opportunity to observe in the life incidents of the subject: the putting on of female attire by a contrary-sexed male. This, it is stated above, took place on the 4th of November, 1906, when R.H. came to my study to have her photograph taken, which she did at my request and with the confidence I had inspired in her, she seemed to fear neither a plot to capture, police, nor danger from detectives. That she was on that occasion accompanied by a companion has already been noted in a previous paragraph. Upon being requested to do so, the companion withdrew during the examination, and only returned after the subject had departed. Before she withdrew, however, I interrogated him in R.H.'s presence, which resulted in throwing some sidelights upon her history and present mode of life, some of which was new to me.

It was interesting to compare the manner and address of the two men: the musician cool, collected, and respectful, and apparently not caring an iota whether I was aware of his sex relations with R.H. or not (as a matter of fact, they were unknown to me until after she had left the room), and the other, wearing a long, shabby overcoat to cover a still shabbier attire beneath it, with a soft, visored cloth cap on her head, was extremely nervous in her demeanor and uncouth in her actions. Without removing her cap, she threw herself into a rocking chair, and tossed a leg over an arm of it. As soon as her companion had gone, she became very talkative, chatting in a rather excited tone, and telling of some of her recent escapades, while answering all the questions I put to him without an instant's hesitation. Every once in a while, her voice would change in a most peculiar manner; she twisted about, gesticulating as we often see agitated girls do when they have something on their mind which they desire to unburden.

Then, as I began to prepare the camera and the room for the purpose of taking her picture, she would yawn and stretch her arms, remarking that she was very tired, owing to the fact that she had been "ironing all the forenoon."

As though it had suddenly occurred to her what she was there for, she hastily sat down on a convenient lounge and began, in a flustered sort of manner, to open her suitcase, having previously removed all her clothing and her cap, excepting her underwear.

Remarkable, indeed, was the female attire she produced from the case, and no less extraordinary the spectacle she presented while engaged in taking it out. Her hands trembled; a low, passionate look came into her eyes; an extremely sensuous expression crept over her features, and her body gave forth a decidedly disagreeable odor which was by no means mitigated through her not having bathed for some time. So oppressive did this become that I was obliged to raise a window.

"What do you think of that hat, isn't it a dandy? I trimmed it myself."

In reality, it was a miserably dirty affair, made of some thin material, with a wreath of some cheap, gaudy, red flowers fastened to its underside. At the same time I admired it, as it was not difficult for me to

recognize the fact that she was, without the slightest doubt, thoroughly in earnest in all she said and did, and by no means was she playing a part. Next, followed three rather short, decidedly soiled, white muslin petticoats, each trimmed with a cheap, embroidered flounce of eyelet-work. These she at once put on, covering them with a waist and skirt, composed of some thin material, bright scarlet in color, and trimmed here and there with black, spangled net.

At this stage, her appearance was something painfully unique, and it was not much improved upon when she drew over her hairy legs and filthy feet a pair of unmended, open-work, tan-colored stockings, slipping on a pair of very far gone low shoes, with rather high heels.

"Dear me," she said, "I've forgotten my earrings; but you won't mind that?"

Upon my assuring her that I liked young girls better without them, she seemed relieved and proceeded to fit to her head a fearful blond wig, made in two parts, the front piece rolling in pompadour fashion over a large "rat."

Into this she stuck a steel butterfly ornament, which on some occasion, she said, she fastened to the dirty standing collar she wore about her neck, or on the front of the equally soiled tulle jumper, which she carelessly put on between it and the waist to her dress. As she had recently shaved, her face was quite smooth, and in a twinkling she made it up with a by no means delicate pink powder, with red pomade for the lips. While thus engaged, she several times complained that the hair on her arms greatly annoyed her, but "most of the boys didn't mind it." What capped the climax, however, were her gloves, they being of the white cotton variety, coarse and thick, and very like those worn by the enlisted men in the army. They had not been in the wash for some time; and when she slipped on over them a cheap bracelet on each arm, the effect can better be imagined than described—more particularly, as the gloves by no means reached high enough to cover her naked forearms, upon which, as already stated, grew a rather abundant growth of hair.

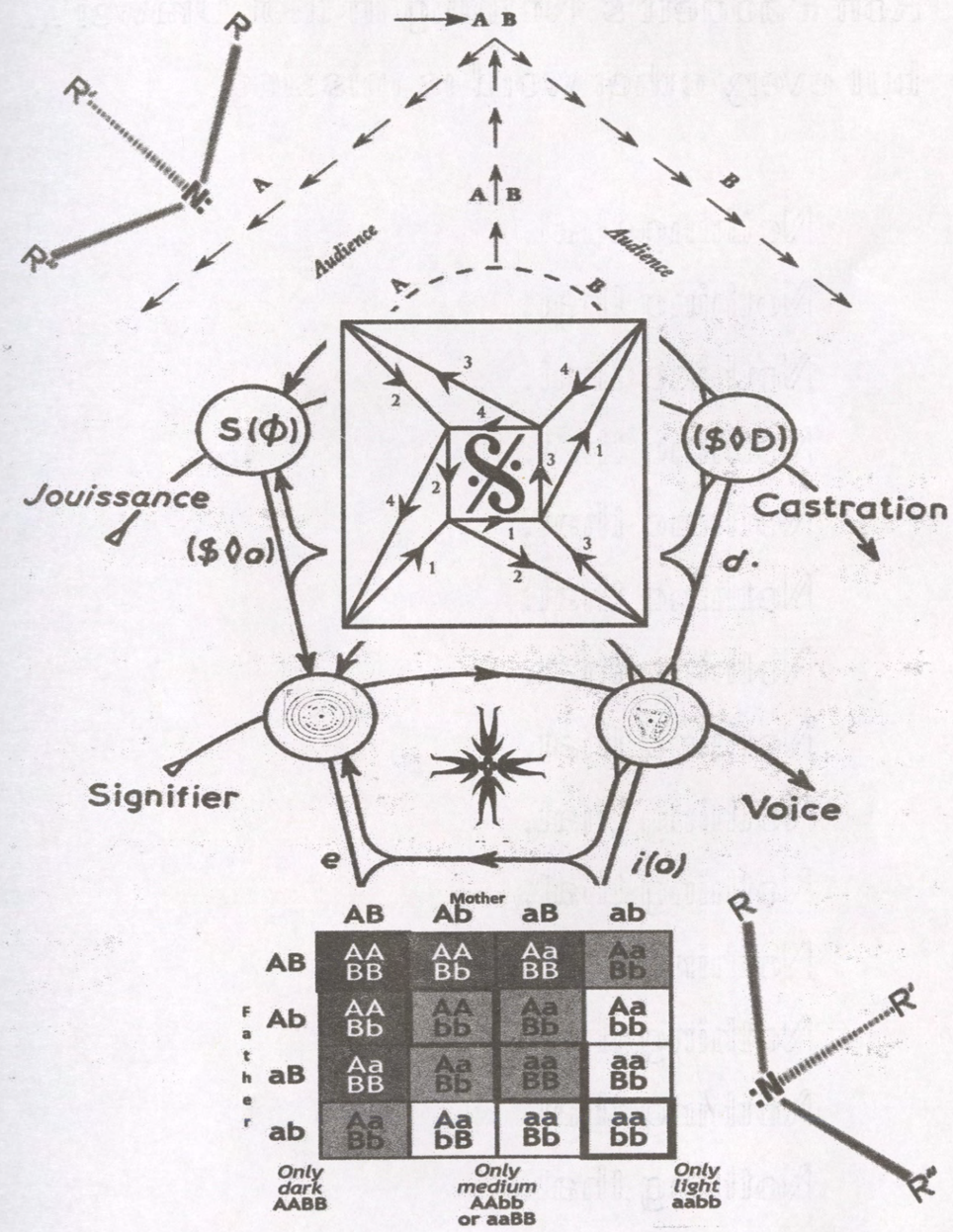
"Ha!" she said, "I feel more like myself now, and I am ready for the picture—what will you have, a ping-pong?"

I thought not; but I was not long in exposing a couple of negatives (8 x 10) on her own selected poses, the better one of these being unable to reproduce here.

ATV AND RYE



MtF Machine Music (The Gamine β Ring)



Logan K. Young

Ron Padgett's 'Nothing in that Drawer'... but every other word is missing

Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.
Nothing that.

Louna Bou Ghanem

I'm re-experiencing feelings
common to what we usually
experienced during the war
Schools shutting, hospitals
crowded, not knowing what to
expect, airports closed , parties
cancelled, stocking food and
medicine , refraining from visiting
people...
like overwhelming loss of the past
status-quo, ignorance of what
comes next, but a lot of hope for the
future at the same time
Really reminds me of my childhood
war days

It's so similar
We used to be always listening to
the news from many sourcecs, and
corroborating facts and trying to
analyze conspiracies
And there are so many casualities
But we used to pray not hearing
about anyone we love or know
being hit

This is the first time I recall these
feelings
I never thought I will revisit them

Maybe if I write them I might store
them away from my brain in a way

yeah. Except virus doesn't
discriminate and doesn't include
super powers making decisions... I
think war is worse. But virus still
similarly affects lager systems of
life

Yeah but since virus doesn't discriminate, I feel more relieved
I used to think that it's unfair I'm living with fear while other coutries are enjoying , or other people being able to travel away from bombs while underprivileged people cannot

Totally agree with you

Non-discrimination is fair because it's all humanity that faces it

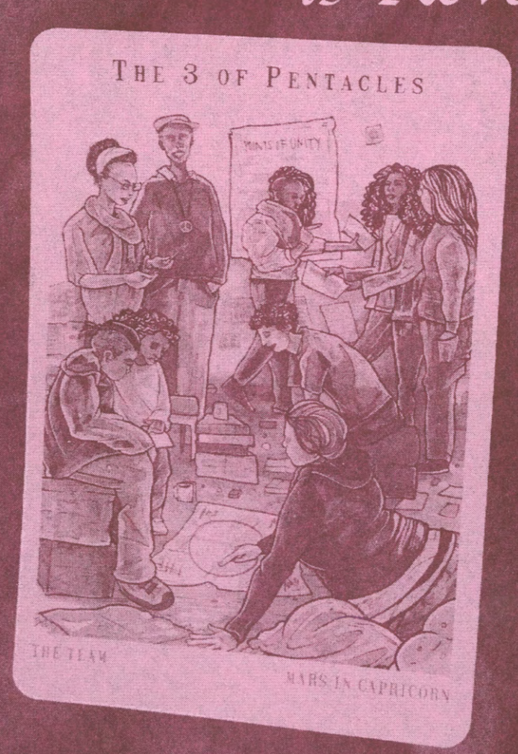
While if it's only Israel bombing you , while you're 14 and very hopeful of a bright future
That triggers more than sadness, like fear and anger and feeling being a victim or held as a war-slave and prisoner in your own home with all your family or village

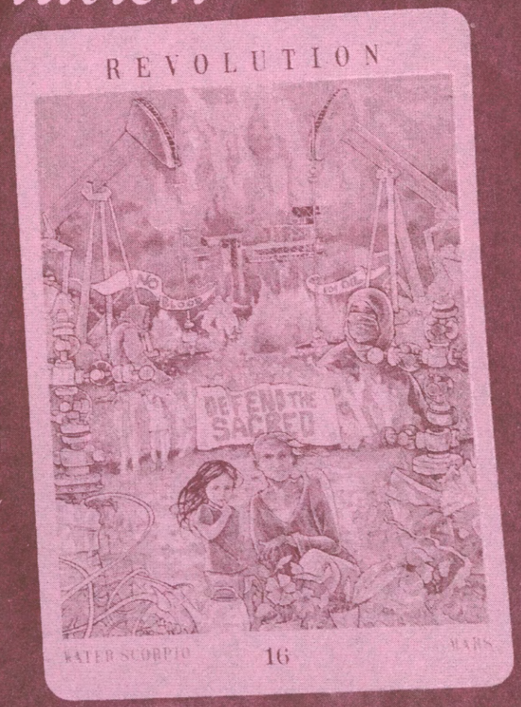
Anyway

That should be behind me now

I just wanted to explain how I'm recalling those feelings due to corona virus
So it's like the virus is a novel war tool for now

Rest is Revolution
Mutual Aid is Revolution
Crip Camaraderie is Revolution
Prison Abolition is Revolution
Ending the Blockade on Gaza is Revolution





Things I Believe About Ed Sheeran
by Maggie Siebert

When I look into Ed Sheeran's eyes nothing looks back out at me.

When I imagine what he sees when he closes them, I envision a cavalcade of rotting dog carcasses. I imagine Ed Sheeran tucking himself into bed at night, in one of his twenty-two properties around the UK, shutting his lids tight and cueing an endless stream of animal decomposition. I believe Ed Sheeran has watched more than his fair share of cadaver time lapses, and I believe his favorite part is when the gasses build up inside the bodies and eventually burst, spilling rot-fluid onto the grass and fertilizing the earth.

I believe Ed Sheeran was not born in 1991 as he claims, but much earlier, perhaps closer to the turn of the century, or even longer. I believe the circumstances of Ed Sheeran's birth to be *wrong*. I am fairly certain that when Ed Sheeran was born, at home, in a room smeared by dim lamplight, his young mother saw, upon holding him for the first time, that he had come out *wrong*, that behind those eyes was all the world's malice, the malice of other worlds, too. I believe she dropped him, that he did not scream, that he laughed, and that the midwife carried him into the next room as his mother screamed, "Get him away from me, get him away from me, get him away from me," until her voice went hoarse and she tasted iron in the back of her throat.

Is Ed Sheeran responsible for scores of unsolved murders in Suffolk, where he spends the majority of his time? I believe that as Ed Sheeran grew he stalked his schoolmates and drowned them in the River Ore and placed talismans in their bodies. I believe these murders have left police baffled for over a century, that trying to solve them has ruined the lives and marriages of at least a half dozen detectives. I believe that Ed Sheeran has a jar full of childrens' fingertips and I also believe that in some ways his victims are not dead but have been sent to someplace much worse.

Ed Sheeran is a pop star now, one who sings about fucking women he meets in clubs and how "we are not beautiful," but I believe he has also been, at turns, a taxidermist, police officer, paramedic, stand-up comedian, garbage collector, painter, porno theater janitor, prominent financier, rare erotica dealer, phlebotomist, local politician and animal control euthanizer.

I do not know what Ed Sheeran hopes to gain from entrenching himself so obviously in the public eye but what I do believe is that he is planning something big. I believe that Ed Sheeran has a design for this world, I believe that his power is growing, and I believe that one day very soon, Ed Sheeran will cast aside the malformed skin that loosely cloaks his frame and show us his true form, and on that day what Ed Sheeran sees when he closes his eyes will leak from his world into ours. I believe Ed Sheeran will make us wish we had never been born.





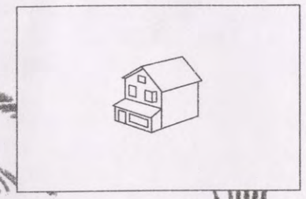
Suspended in air

the currents push me
unapologetically

I fear too far

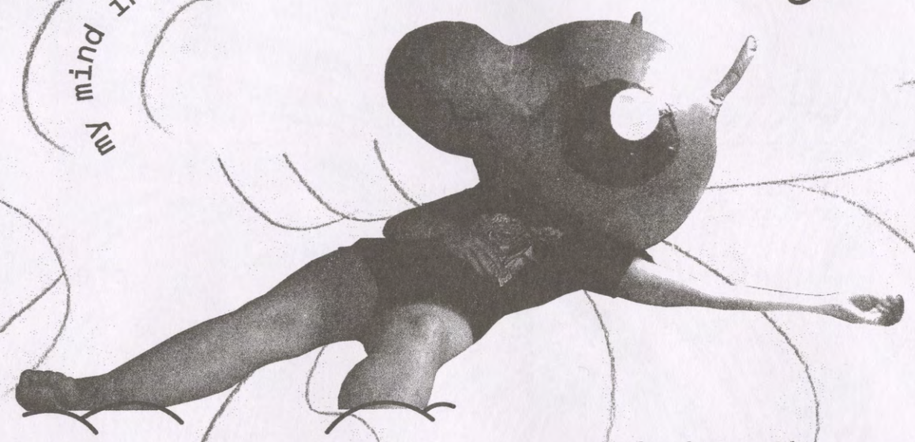
I teeter
precariously

hoping to fall
on something soft



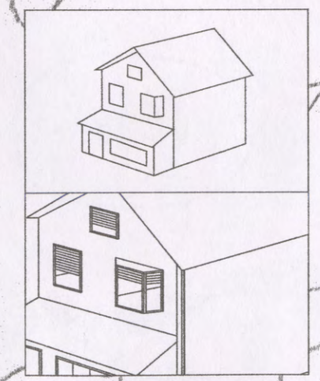
I lay here, in osolating duality

my mind in anxious turrents



my body
still,

weighed to the ground,
my house,
my room.



The only place to go
is into uncertainity,

softly curving
to each edge encountered.

Marisa Fulper Estrada



MY STAY AT HOME ROUTINE

Nickelfie Grey
79K views • 18 hours ago



What I Eat In a Day - Healthy Corona Edition | Intermitten...

IamJustOlens
4.1K views • 19 hours ago



day in the life ALONE in quarantine

Teagan Lilien
507 views • 20 hours ago



Something is in the house during our quarantine... | A...

The Haunting of Sunshine Girl ..
2K views • 20 hours ago



SKINNY QUARANTINE LUNCH

HRH COLLECTION
14K views • 15 hours ago



WEEK IN MY LIFE: things take a TURN

Brooke Miccio
20K views • 9 hours ago

WHEN THIS ALL ENDS

(WHEN THIS ALL ENDS)
I'LL ASK MY HAIRDRESSER
FOR THE PERFUME GENIUS HAIRCUT
(AGAIN). CANCEL EVERYTHING.
TODAY THE WORLD BECOMES
A CLUSTER OF INTROVERTED SATELLITES
AS MY MUM RISKS HER LUNGS
FOR SOME UNGRATEFUL ELDERS
WHO DON'T CARE
(AND SOME THAT DO, TOO)
AND I AT LEAST MAKE A VEGAN TORTILLA
FOR HER TO MUNCH AS THE NEWS PLOP
PLOP THE OCEAN DOES
WHEN OUR PLANE SAYS WITH FINALITY:



"NO MORE".
NO MORE SLICK TRAFFIC. PLEASE
NO MORE ACCOUNTANT WET HAIRSTYLES.
LOOK CLOSELY NOW.
LOOK CLOSER NOW:
CAN'T AFFORD TO GO BACK. HUN.
LET'S STAY WITH THE PROBLEM
AND FOR A WHILE DON'T COLLAPSE.
MAKE EVERYTHING COLLAPSE
BUT THE PLANTS AND THE ANTS
AND THE SNAILS AND LET'S LEARN
TO MUTUALLY INSEMINATE AS GASTROPODS
BABE, LET'S PLANT CABBAGES
OVER FAILING INSTITUTIONS, AND KINSHIP
BETWEEN LIMBS AND ATOMS AND GRASS.



Social Distance Musings in the Rona Era
By Nafis M. White

I daydream of thickness, sweat and the return of sleepless nights
Turning you over,
Turning you over,
Turning you
in my mind, for now.

I Need You
I
I Need You
I Want You
Please
I Need You
I Want
I

The sun guides my cadence down the quiet boulevard
I hear you call to me in the distance
from the corners of my mind, and from the corners of my bed
Every voice precious and unique
Each moan gives me satisfaction in recollecting
The tone, the tambor, the frequency and then

Breathless

Your eyes tell me everything I need to know

I'm Going to Fuck You
I'm Going to
I'm Going to Fuck
I'm
Going
to
Fuck
You

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

House music pulsing through headphones the world can't hear,
chanting, pounding, filling each of my steps with a dance,
hitting that strut and stride like Naomi
A sidewalk transformed into a runway that only I can see
Marking the pavement, like a lioness marks her territory
In tall boots, with stacked heels, leather jacket and skin tight jeans
for miles and miles and miles I sway
Scanning, prowling, playing, with a lethal seriousness
My appetite insatiable and my sense of smell acute

For You
For You
For You
For You
For You
For You
For You
For You

Bathing in the light of the sun and conjuring through the whip of the breeze
Carrying voluminous cascades of curls that bounce in unison atop my head
brushing across my face and then
pushing out into space in all directions like richly coiled antenna
In exaltation
Electricity shooting through my veins, hair standing on the back of my neck
Goosebumps rising over cinnamon complected skin
My thighs evoke the rhythms of our meetings
Clit throbbing
I taste your sex with my every step

And Yours
Yours
Yours
Yours
And Yours
Yours
Yours
And
Yours

I Need You
I
I Need You

I Want You
Please
I Need You
I Want
I

What of this empty bed, and these empty streets,
Flameless candles and high percale sheets
but this mind of mine is full
of decadent memories

with a library of thoughts at beckon call
ready to explore for hours and all
these directories ignited with flashes of heat
Catalogues teeming with recollections so sweet,
excited to spoil you when we'll next meet
You know how I do

I'm so hungry
I'm so
I'm so hungry for

Your scent,
Your touch,
Your lips,
Your clit,
Your nipples,
Your tongue,
Your ass,
Your dick

Yours
And Yours
Yours
Yours
Yours
And Yours
Yours
And
Yours

Nafis M. White

nicole killian

its force and brevity.



an institution has a responsibility to shift space and listen and ***listening*** is the educatio



The promise of absence to make presence felt

JUST SORT OF LEANING INTO THE QUESTION MARKS



what flows through eros
what downloads from my dropbox
things to revive things to survive

rigor

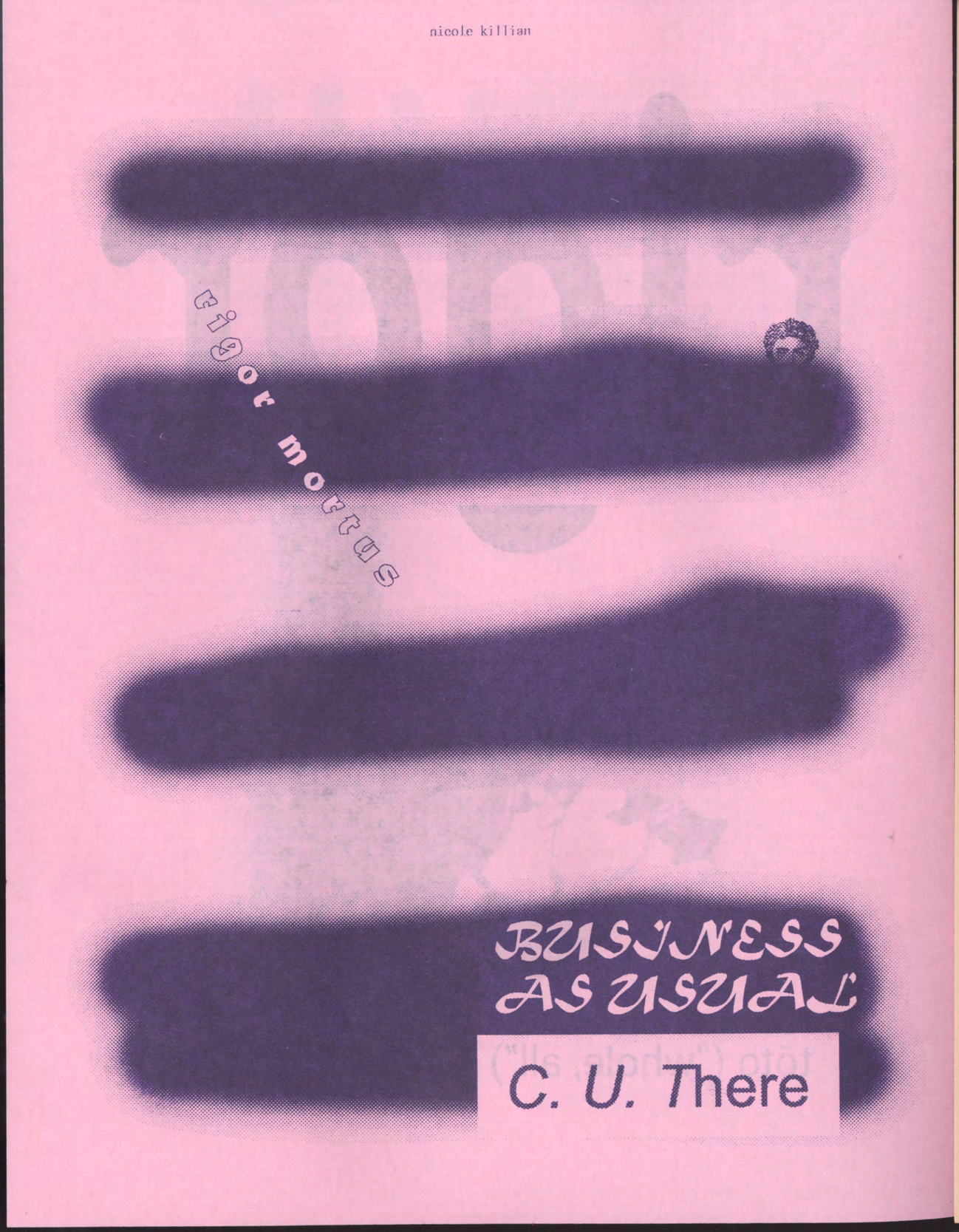
rigorous touching
rigorous holding

Translations of **loneliness**

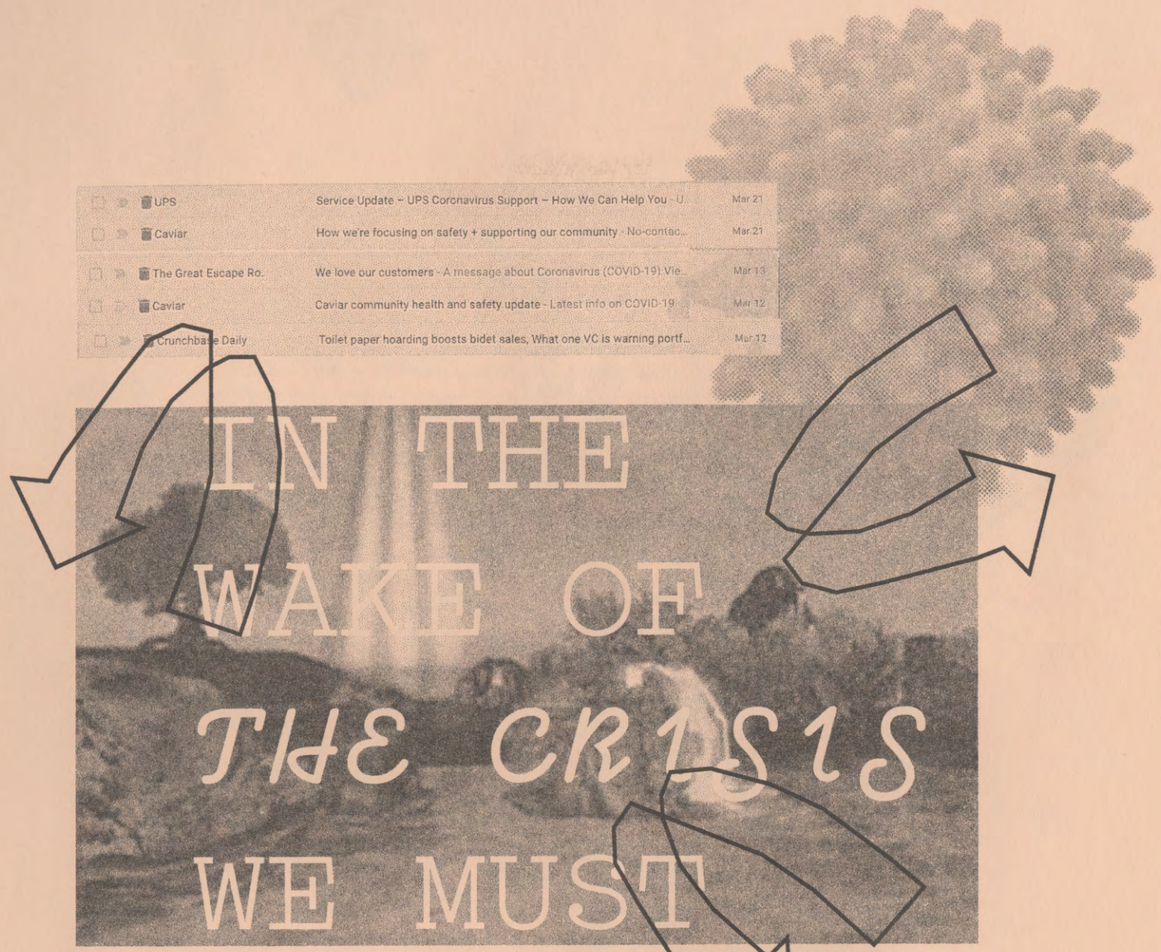


tōto (“whole, all”) + caelō (“heaven”)

nicole killian



Noa Mori



"in the wake of the crisis we must"
choose global solidarity
or disunity [1]
(or) die to save the economy [2]
practice spinozan ethics of positioning [3]
how our bodies' sicknesses circulate between us
forge a planetary collectivity with all life
remember that these measures have always been within
the realm of possibility [4]

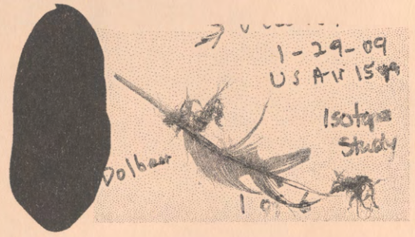
[1] March 20 Yuval Noah Harari "the world after coronavirus"
[2] https://mobile.twitter.com/ndrew_lawrence/status/1242245135129346050
[3] https://criticallegalthinking.com/2020/03/13/covid-the-ethical-disease/
[4] https://theappeal.org/los-angeles-homelessness-coronavirus-covid-19-ktown-for-all/

Noa Mori



Figure 2. Docking analysis visualisat… with nelfinavir (A), lopinavir (B), luteolin-7-glucoside (C), apigenin-7-glucoside… demethoxycurcumin (F), curcumin (G), catechin (H), epicatechin-gallate (I), qu… rol (K) and naringenin (L) using Pymol. The yellow dots show H-bonds.

the coronavirus is mostly a(n)
- testing crisis [1]
  - logistics and supply
- disease of stoppage [2]
- shell holding genetic material [3]
- thin layer of sanitizer and fear [2]
- viral entryway [4]



[1] https://fivethirtyeight.com/features/how-coronavirus-tests-actually-work/
[2] https://criticallegalthinking.com/2020/03/13/covid-the-ethical-disease/
[3] https://www.livescience.com/coronavirus-not-human-made-in-lab.html
[4] https://www.livescience.com/how-coronavirus-infects-cells.html

Norah Gunn

(1) WE KEEP CATCHING OUR BREATH IN THE KITCHEN

- My mom says she has a sore throat, but not to worry
- You tell me they've started holding death panels in Italy and you laugh so you don't cry (I cry)
- We've stopped listening to the news and instead fill the house with BEN FM (80s hits) and WIP (Philly Sports Talk Radio)
- You tickle me while I try to do the dishes
- I cry so hard the pounding in my head keeps time with my heart
- I can't sleep

(2) I CAN TELL YOU THINK I'M GOING TO KILL YOU

- Happy 26th Birthday, I make a promise to take you out "when all this is over"
- Your birthday gift is that I do all the dishes all day
- You say no to take out, we can't bleach wipe the food
- I wear work gloves in Lowe's and spray my hands and steering wheel and keys and everything with bactine (it says antibacterial on the bottle)
- Your infusions cost thousands of dollars without insurance (that's just the medicine)
- I repot all the cacti wearing the work gloves
- You refuse to leave the house
- I hold you tight and I worry I'll turn to water

(3) THE WEATHER KEEPS CHANGING

- They never fixed the roof and the rainy season is about to start
- The skin on my hands is raw and my cuticles keep peeling
- We washed all the blankets and clothes but didn't put any away
- I keep ordering things online
- You told me to take my sunglasses off before you tell me you're unhappy (is that what happened?) four days before we self quarantined
- I get free adobe for three months
- A stranger in Acme reaches vegetable broth from the back of the top shelf for me and asks me how I'm holding up (he's wearing a face mask, I wonder if I know him)
- I introduce you to Bollywood and you love it
- I keep thinking of Hurricane Sandy and that yellow house in Union Beach

(4) TIME IS SURF CRASHING AGAINST THE BEACH

- I can't sleep
- Our aloe plant trapped it's pups with its roots
- I need to eat the mango before it goes bad, don't let me forget
- I spent 45h 39m on my phone this week
- The toilet won't stop running and it sounds like the Atlantic (I miss my mom)
- I see my first car (2001 white chevy malibu) in the Lowe's parking lot in my rear view mirror and I choke on my laughter

(I feel relief)

[BRITISH, 1892-1946]

"Writing and Writing Patterns"

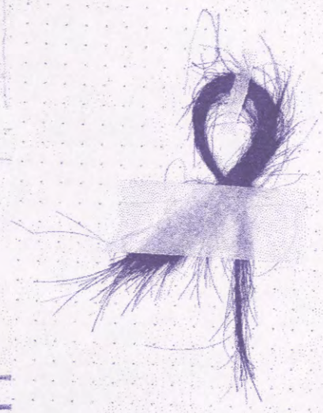
IBEY!

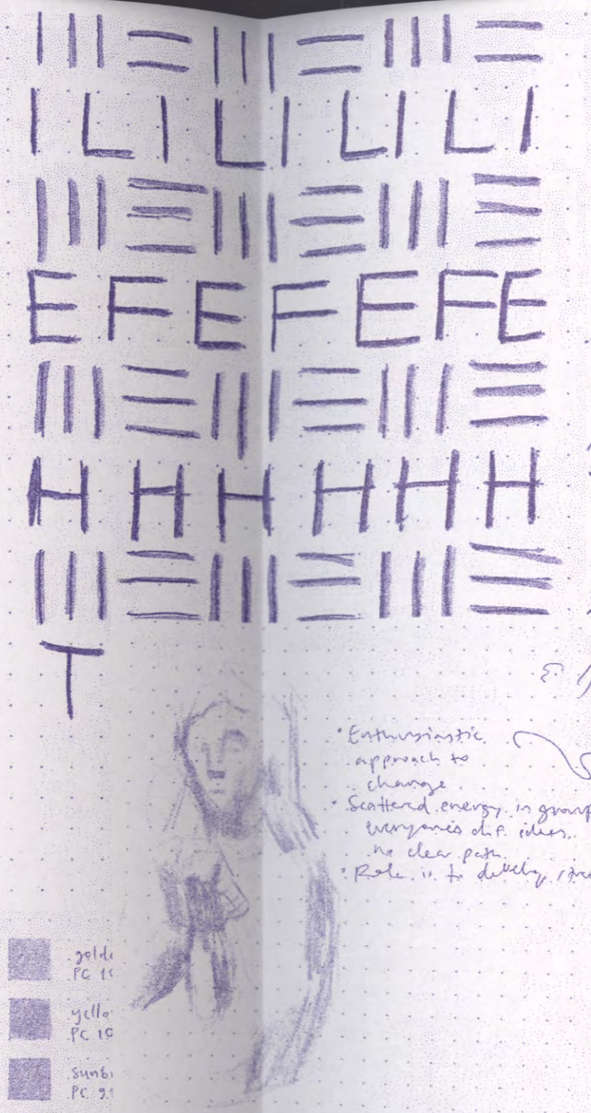
march 24th continued

I feel grateful to be at someone else's house as in not in my room even though i truley miss middle soo so much... But appart from that I think it's a godsend for me to not be in my own space--I think i've been wayy more prone to reading constantly and not getting distracted. Being in another person's space limits your abilities in a way that can be positive or negaV/ tive but in this c ase for me it's mostly ~~no~~ positive: it limits what can hold my attention, allowing me to either concentrate on what I want to (Parables of the Sower , for example, as well as putting content in my notebook), and in other times allows me to relax in a way that is sometimes no good in my own space: when i laze about at my house its ~~s~~ usually just in my own room, I don't move between the common spaces as much which means I'm in my bed which ~~i~~ X can end upmaking me feel really depressed... Being here, I'm usually in the living room , but am also all over the house and am also outside often, as weather allows~~.~~.

My period ended a couple days ago ~~b~~ now but right when I got it (and maybe a bit before) I was feeling ~~s~~ oddly alone/homesick or something? I felt like I couldn't turn onthe light at night to read bc I didn't want to wake up and something about that maddo me feel stuck or something like when yoju have a sleepover at a friends house when you're a kid and you wake up first but you're to shy to ~~f~~ get up and go into the kitchen or something ~~wit~~ withiut them so you just have ~~s~~ to stay in bed alone. I also borrowed s unwies bc I had forgotten to bring cleans ones and I bled through them and I felt so bad and also so weirdly embarrassed like I was a little kid... Odd hormonal things that I still ~~ha~~ am getting over,. It usually takes me so long to recover from my period and I get like Post Menstrual Stress as well ad Pre,, ends up being lieke two whole goddamn weekks of tears. M,serable.







Olive B. Godlee

809801701907 CLOWN MU KIT
CLOWN MAKEUP KIT
192937013397 40CT RNBW TI
40CT RNBW TISSUE
013051520687 12CT MINI KI
12CT MINI KIWI PAPER BAG
013051520618 12CT MINI OR
12CT MINI ORNG PEEL PAPER BAG
013051520700 12CT MINI NE
12CT MINI NEW PNK PAPER BAG
048419736950 120CT TATTOO
120CT TATTOO MEGA PK
013051520632 12CT MINI BL
12CT MINI BLK PAPER BAG
013051405175 6CT MD CHENI
6CT MD CHENILLE CHICK
013051405175 6CT MD CHENI
6CT MD CHENILLE CHICK
013051521691 36CT 8IN YLW
36CT 8IN YLW GLW STICK VAL PK
013051724856 12CT FVR PK
12CT FVR PK INSECT
013051724856 12CT FVR PK
12CT FVR PK INSECT
013051724856 12CT FVR PK
12CT FVR PK INSECT
048419799207 MONSTER FING
MONSTER FINGER PUPPET BULK
6 @ $0.25
048419931591 MINI KAZOO
MINI KAZOO
5 @ $0 25
048419799153 MINI NOISE R
MINI NOISE RATTLE BULK
5 @ $0.25
048419931492 COMP BOOK/LE
COMP BOOK/LEGAL PAD AST
13 @ $0.25



Zocker Chair, 197:
LUIGI COLANI
[German, b. 1928



Inflat- airch 19
LIBUŠE NIKLO
[Czechoslo- 1934-

energy. in group., dif. riders.. path.

	goldenrod PC 1034		limepeel PC 1005		goldi PC 1		PC 1037		PC 1020		indigo blue PC 901		blue violet lake PC 1079		mulberry PC 995		light peach PC 927
	yellowed orange PC 1002		artichoke PC 1098		yello PC 10		olive green PC 911		true green PC 910		violet blue PC 933		blue slate PC 1024		dahlia purple PC 1009		seashell pink PC 1093
	sunburst yellow PC 917		green ocre PC 1091		sunbi PC 91		marine green PC 988		parrot green PC 1006		copenhagen blue PC 906		cloud blue PC 1023		process red PC 994		nectar PC 1092
	spanish orange PC 1003		moss green PC 1097		span PC 1003		kelp green PC 1090		aquamarine PC 905		ultramarine PC 902		grayed lavender PC 1026		hot pink PC 993		beige sienna PC 1080
	yellow ochre PC 942		olive green PC 911		yellow ochre PC 942		dark green PC 908		light agua PC 932		china blue PC 1100		lavender PC 934		pink PC 929		rosy beige 1019
	jasmine PC 101.2		marine green PC 988		jasmine PC 101.2		peacock green PC 907		jade green PC 1021		denim blue PC 1101		lilac PC 956		blush pink PC 928		clay rose PC 1017
	canary yellow PC 916		kelp green PC 1090		canary yellow PC 916		grass green PC 909		sky blue light PC 1086		periwinkle PC 1025		parma violet PC 1008		pink rose PC 1018		henna PC 1031
	lemon yellow PC 915		dark green PC 908		lemon yellow PC 915		apple green PC 912		powder blue PC 1087		slate gray PC 926		imperial violet PC 1007		peach PC 939		chestnut PC 1081
	sand PC 940		peacock green PC 907		sand PC 940		spring green PC 913		muted turquoise PC 1088								blackraspberry PC 1095
	cream PC 914		grass green PC 909		cream PC 914												mahogany red PC 1029
	yellow chartreuse PC 1004		apple green PC 912		yellow chartreuse PC 1004												raspberry PC 1030
	chartreuse PC 989		spring green PC 913		chartreuse PC 989												magenta PC 930

~~Notes On~~ Being In Flux
Olivier

01. I have nothing to do but I'm doing it.[1]
02. An accidental migration. And here I am now. 4 years later, with an expired visa.
03. In 3 months I have to leave [redacted]. What if *THIS* is not gonna get better?
04. I probably won't be able to enjoy the last bit of [redacted] with my mates
    I probably won't be able to hug the kids I babysat
    I probably won't be able to see my crush ever again
    I probably won't be able to leave without regrets
05. Soon I really will miss our dinner gatherings
    Soon I really will miss the kids
    Soon I really will miss all the dogs and cats of my mates
    Soon I really will miss my only 1 boss and my only 3 co-workers
    Soon I might miss the patrons I don't at all want to deal with
06. Will I ever see you again? Will I ever be able to come back to [redacted]?
07. I don't want to leave, you see. But I have to. I have to move. I have to. I cannot not leave. And I cannot go back to [redacted]. So, I have to go, you see.
08. Perhaps after the 3 years in [redacted], I can come back and visit.
09. I will!
10. I will. Come back. And visit.
11. ..... I don't want to "visit" [redacted]. I want to belong.
12. Will we still be the same? Remember we were all quarantined because of the pandemic? Remember my visa was expired, and I couldn't leave the country? Remember my performance got cancelled? The performance I thought that would be a good way to end my time in [redacted]? Remember you said let's hang out again soon? But we never did because none of us can afford to have coronavirus?
13. But perhaps after the 3 years, I will be in [redacted], and cannot come back. Perhaps after the 3 years, I will finally go home. Perhaps after the 3 years, I will finally understand "[redacted], the way life should be". Perhaps after the 3 years, I will find the reason to live. The reason to continue. Perhaps after the 3 years, I will come back and do all the things I wanted with you during this pandemic. Perhaps after the 3 years, my moustache will finally be fuller.
14. The world just swirls around me (us). The water makes its claim. I'm walking through deep water. Trying to get to you.[2]
15. " 'We'll see you on the other side', and Apollo 8 disappeared behind the Moon...For 34 minutes there would be no way of knowing what happened."[3]
16. I will see you after my 34 minutes outside of [redacted].

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[1] Derived from Jon Cage's "I have nothing to say but I'm saying it".
[2] Marianne Faithfull, Nick Cave, Arthur Cave, Earl Cave, "Deep Water," track 8 on *Give My Love to London*, Dramatico, Naïve, 2014, compact disc.
[3] Edgar M. Cortright, "The Shakedown Cruises" in *Apollo Expeditions to the Moon*. (Washington, D.C.: National Aeronautics and Space Administration,1975), 182.

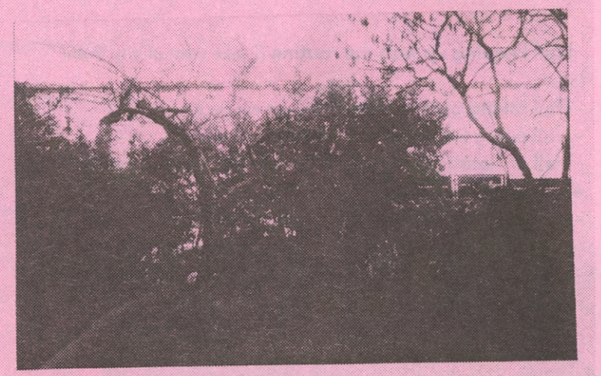
The Impossibility of Looking Outside

and/or

How To Think About Care

Every day I have a routine to follow

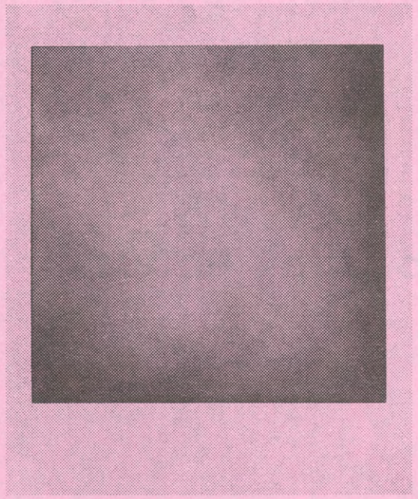
- I photograph the sky every time I go outside the house.
- I photograph the first person I see through the window in the kitchen.
- I photograph the transformation of my garden.
- When I walk outside the house, I photograph natural accidents.
- I write every food we eat daily.
- I write about my worries.
- I collect every paper ticket from the supermarket.
- I record conversations with people I love.
- I write thoughts about those conversation.
- I photograph Sia, Noah, Gael & Txema every day.



I photographed the garden.
08:20

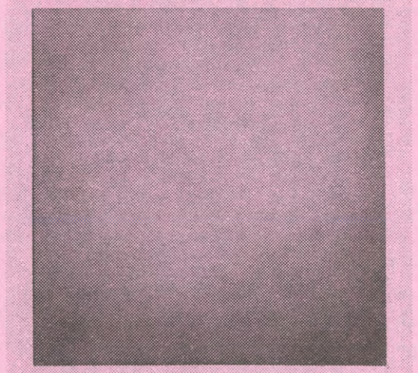
Milk
Raisin Bread
Natural Orange Juice
Toast with tomate, olive oil and Pain d'Ardenne
Toast with paté and gouda cheese
Vitamins

I think I saw the first person through the kitchen window riding a bike. He had white hair and advanced age.
I could not photographed him.



I recorded a conversation with Txema.
15 minuts 12 seconds
16:10

- I fail keeping up with the routine (I take care of my three kids)
- I fail taking care of myself (I don't eat properly)
- I fail being happy and cheerful (I feel skeptic)
- I fail annotating every time I photograph an event stated above (I feel endlessly tired)
- I fail keeping track of the outside world (I don't read newspapers)
- I fail making up my experience in social media (I don't like to build facades)



I photographed the sky for the first time today.
11:30

I went alone to buy groceries and cakes for the kids.



PLUS
Goed eten. Daar houden we van.

PLUS Wagner
Dorpsplein 10
1115 CV Duivendrecht
Tel: 020-3141430

Omschrijving	P.st/kg	Bedrag
GYROSREEPJES 500GR		4,00
HALFVOLLE MELK #		1,65
KL STOER&STEVIG WIT		1,79
PIZZA PROSCIUTTO		3,49
PIZZAL SALAMI BROC		3,39
## CHOCOLADEVLAAI HA		4,54
AARDBEIENVLAAI HALF		7,99
SANITAIRZAKKEN 10L		0,75
JONG BELEGEN 48+ ST		9,40
JONG 48+ PLAKKEN		4,25
Totaal		€41,25

PUI: 50142953
KLANTTICKET
Terminal: PF11X8
Merchant: 336202
Periode: 0076
Transactie: 01331740

V PAY
(A0000000032020)
V PAY
Kaart: xxxxxxxxxxxxxx6712
Kaartserienummer: 1

BETALING
Datum: 18/03/2020 17:08
Autorisatiecode: 320462

Totaal: 41,25 EUR

Contact
Leesmethode: CHIP
Met PIN gevalideerd

PIN	€41,25
Wisselgeld (Contant)	€0,00

BTW groep	BTW	Incl.
BTW laag 9%	3,34	40,50
BTW hoog 21%	0,13	0,75
Totaal BTW	41,25	3,47

10 Artikelen

Onze openingstijden zijn:
ma t/m za 08:00 20:00
zondag 12:00 20:00

U bent geholpen door Jovangoley (59)
18-3-2020 17:08 kassa 3 Bonnr 6459

Bedankt voor uw bezoek en graag tot ziens

I photographed the sky for the second time today.
16:37

Pizza
Chocolate Cake
Strawberry Cake



My twins celebrated their 5th anniversary in isolation.
Sia misses her friend Margaux.
Noah misses Norman.

I've been at home with my three kids for twelve days.
My husband has to work every day and commute almost three hours in total.
What's the value of surviving if we need to produce?
Yesterday I went out only once, and today I've been at home the entire morning with the kids.
What it means to be in quarantine?
What it means to be isolated?
I stopped documenting the natural growth in the green world around me, but still I looked at my plants.
I feel deceived. I feel irritated



Production does not have any sense for me now
We have not kissed in the lips in days, we are trying to avoid any contagion.
The magnolia in the garden is blooming.
The kids and I listen to music every morning while we have breakfast. This week is Sufjan Stevens.
My neighbors have 2 kids younger than mine. They go for a walk outside every morning at 8.15.
My other neighbors have 3 kids too. They are in their pajamas the whole day; I think they are defeated by isolation.
My identity is in stand by currently. What it means to be queer dad in quarantine.
Many things are happening.



#plaguewalking 3/17/20

The Year I Stopped Making Art
—Why the art world should assist artists beyond representation; in solidarity

The year I stopped making art was the year I became a single parent. It was 1622, I got enslaved and was taken by force to North America to work in a field. It was 2003 and I had to travel to another country to get an abortion. The year I stopped making art was 1992. When I had to save thousands for my tritherapy and to provide for my mother who had just lost her job. It was 2017 when I fell short of money to pay the registration fee of the photo contest, of the art residency, of the entrance exam at the prestigious Uni.

The year I stopped making art, I just stopped. I wasn't just being slowed down in my progress, I didn't take a detour, it just stopped. Life didn't throw me curveballs, at least not more than usual... My whole life felt like a curveball.

I had no more stamina. Not a single drop of blood left. My body collapsed. That's the year when I couldn't hold it together any longer. You failed me.

One day, it felt like the ground went missing and there was nothing below to prevent the fall from happening. This was the year I came out as trans. This was the year I had to pay for my gender-affirming surgery. This was the year I got scapegoated and shit-talked.

The year I stopped making art, it was before COVID-19. It didn't take a global pandemic to end my career. I just didn't manage to pay my tax return on time. It was 2019 and I had a bike accident on one of my shifts when I delivered food to people's door. The year I stopped making art, it didn't take for the wealthiest parts of the world to go in total lockdown, to be made redundant from the arts industry.

It was so mundane no one noticed.

No one noticed because I couldn't make an artwork out of it. It couldn't be turned into art. It just ended. My shows were cancelled and no one paid me and no one saw me.

I had made art for too long by now to be hired by any company outside the field. No restaurant would give a job to someone with little to no experience in hospitality.

The year I stopped making art is the year my secondary school teacher decided I would make a good factory technician. This was the year my parents had to move further away, away from the centre; barely on the outskirt in suburbia. The year I stopped making art is when I realised I needed to speak several languages in order to be an artist, to have a computer with unlimited access to the internet and a smartphone to answer your emails on the go. The year I had to stop, is the year I couldn't afford to commute to your museum to meet you. I was wrestling with depression and mental illness.

It was 1957 and my husband had to endorse every single spending made. It was 1578, I was thrown into a river, my hands tied to my feet. This was the year they thought I was a witch. It was 2008 when I became homeless because my benefits were cut and you didn't pay me. It

all stopped when I realised I was the only person of colour at your opening. It stopped when I had to clean floors of hotel rooms, airports and trains to make ends meet. That's also when I saw you walk in the business lounge. I smelled your fragrance when you passed by. Turns out, they sell a fake version of your perfume at the local market down the estate. I almost smelled like you the year I stopped making art. Me smelling like you was my camouflage. It didn't make a difference when in 2020, I was forced to stop because of the fragile state of my finances.

The next day, you and I still smelled the same fig leaf scented fragrance you spray in your hair and your neck every morning. You were at your office, in the museum, on the day our president decided to bar access to various institutions across the country to prevent a virus to spread. You carefully applied the alcohol-based gel on your hands and your wrists, which would prevent you from getting contaminated. Then, you went on to check your bank account on your phone. You thought "it should be fine until it all ends". You just had collected the money from the rent of your tenant, your paid sick leave, the bitcoins someone mined for you overnight. The year I stopped making art you started trading them.

In 2016 you made sure I wouldn't talk to anybody about what happened in the studio, at your office, in your flat, in the toilets at the fair. It's the year you repeatedly twisted my words. You made sure your verbal abuse would be deemed as innuendoes to anyone hearing your side of the story. The side where your true power lies. This was the year I felt too ashamed to talk about it: the year I stopped making art was the year I was made to feel small. The year I was reminded that my visibility would never measure up to your financial stability.

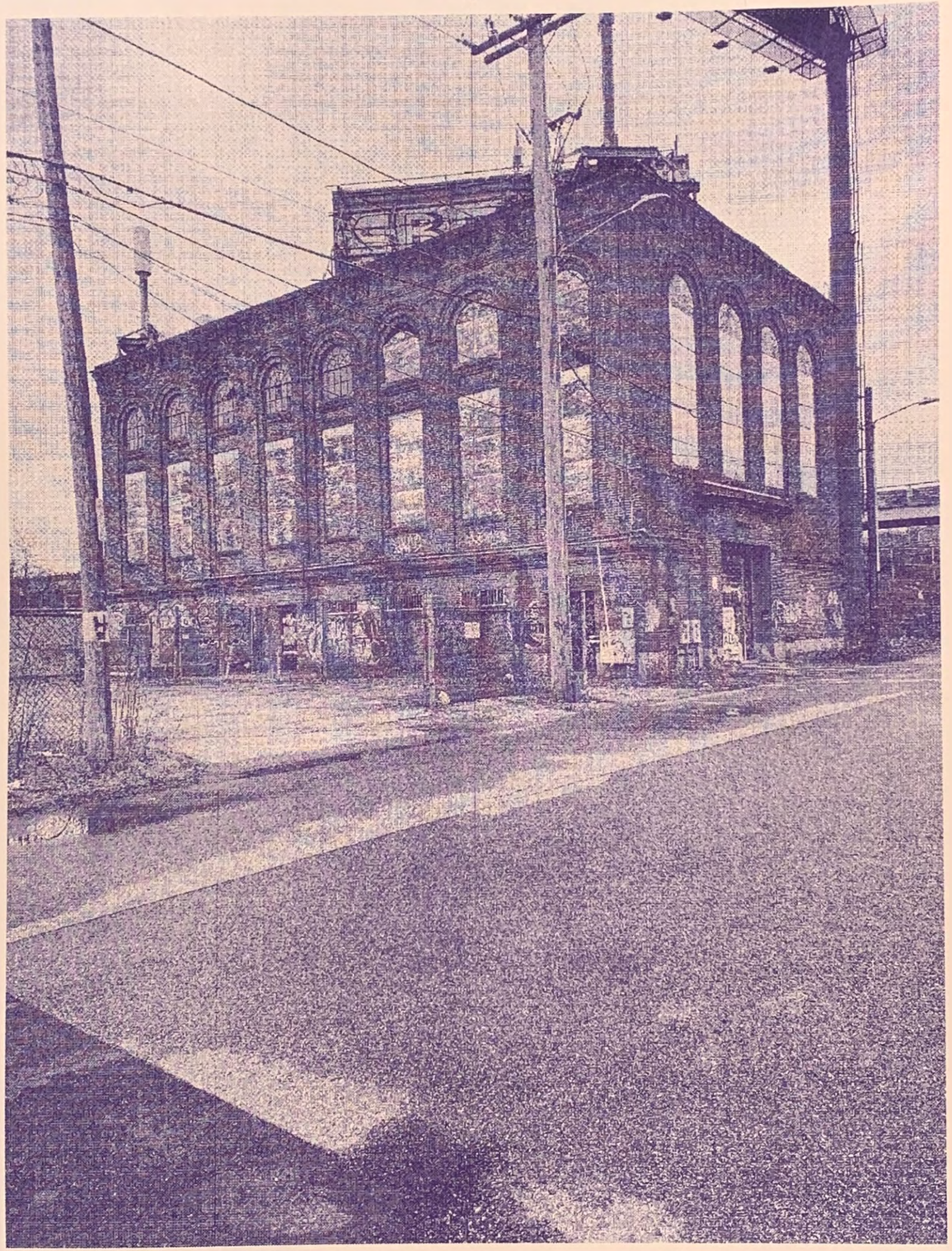
So when in the last months of 2020, I was home, still bed-bound and the museum didn't pay me, I knew this was the year I would have to stop art. How was I to pay for my living expenses otherwise? This was going to last for a while, they said. "I am sorry to hear you're experiencing difficulties. It's a tough time for us all", you said. I wondered who you meant when you were saying "us" because I didn't feel like a part of your we.

The year I stopped making art, is when I realised how you couldn't care less because you didn't have to. How you were not part of this, because you never had to.
That's the year I gathered that when you were saying "us" you were meaning "them", and that was the reason why you were still able to talk and tweet when no one else could. You embody the savviest form of ignorance.

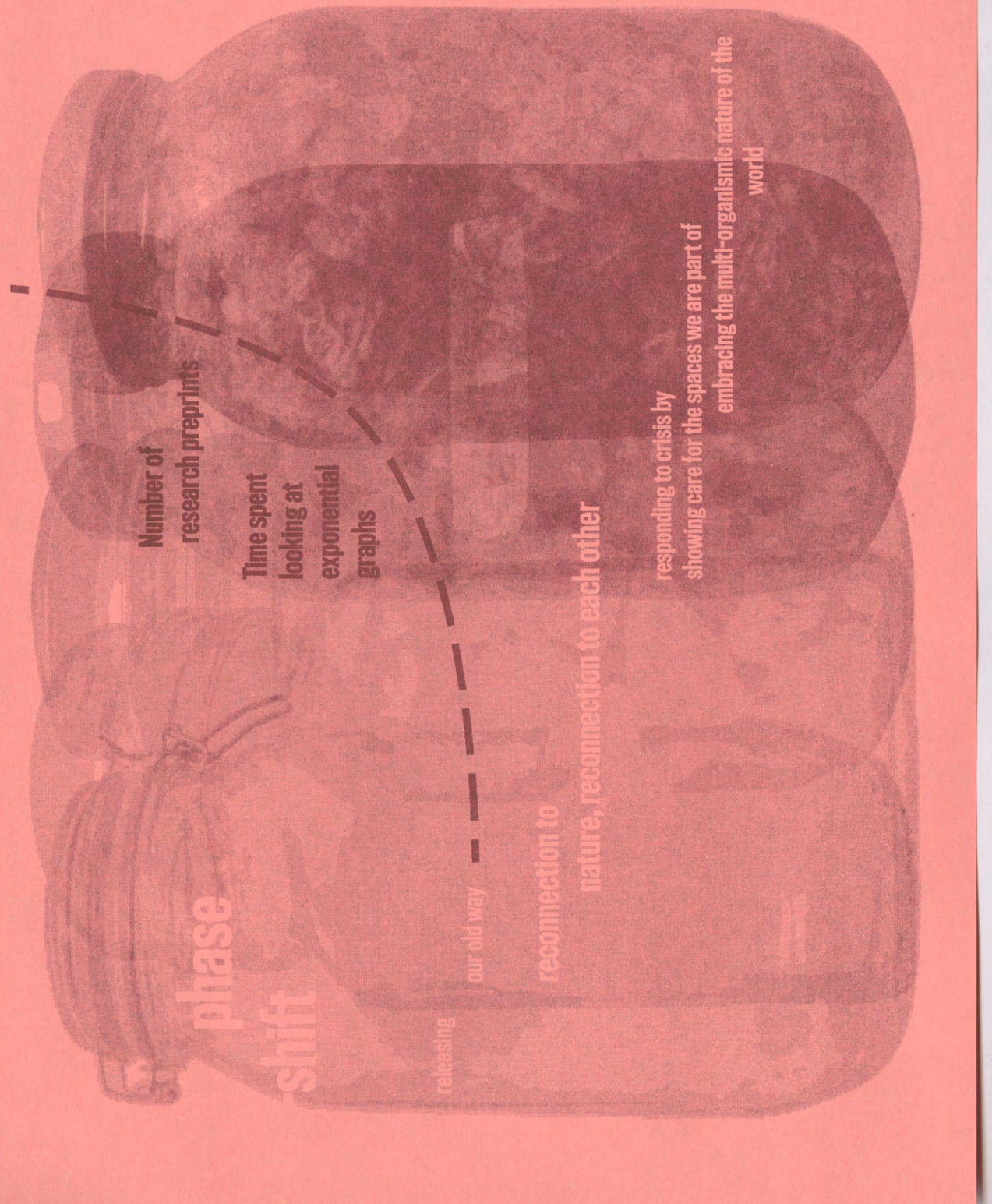
The year I stopped making art is the year I was reminded I did not have a safety net or support structure to carry me through the testing of time like you did. That I was too naive to think I could make it all the way through, just like you.

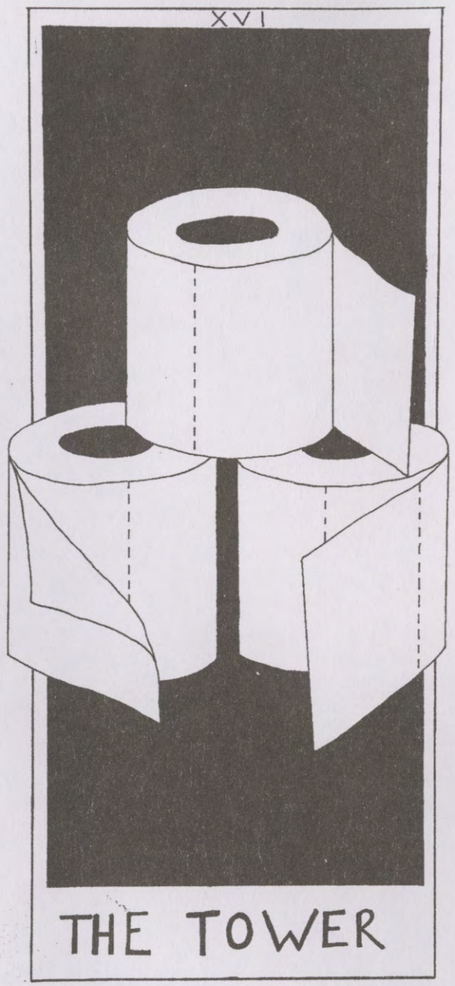
"Jog on!". You made a swerve and I couldn't follow. Leaving me to chew on the sillage of your perfume/our perfume.
The year I stopped making art is the year I almost smelled like you, but only to realise that, to you, I was always gonna be the smell of forgery.

~ A text by Paul Maheke, March 14th, 2020



#plaguewalking 3/17/20


Number of research preprints
Time spent looking at exponential graphs
responding to crisis by showing care for the spaces we are part of
embracing the multi-organismic nature of the world
phase shift
releasing our old way
reconnection to nature, reconnection to each other


XVI
THE TOWER

Rebecca Gates

In my dreams I'm Paul Revere but not a man and not astride a horse and not a legacy of a herd seeking vectored free will, closed eyes liberty, rigid forms landed post water crossing (courage noted) stepping ashore as buckled terminators, my breath steaming into the night (Termination v1 introduction of disease as national origin story)

1 if by land, 2 if by sea 3 if by theft 4 if by greed 5 if by propaganda 6 if by assault
7 if by holier than thou sophists savagely dismantling to a self-anointed koolaid tennis shoed descent 8 if by Roy Cohn
20th century dangers with Roy Cohn: Julius and Ethel, HUAC, J Edgar Hoover, Trump

Maybe I am the headless horseman riding dark through darkened streets

Or more likely the shadow AND the invisible man, my shape declared by child fever dreams of overcoats and medical tape and an off-rhythm cadence echoing in a close room on a hot mic a radio mystery theater echo

In my dreams I dissolve the tattered gauze and robe myself as Miss Peregrine stopping clocks nudging fledglings elders my queens and young kings with my nuzzle there is room for you here
there is always room for you here
there is care

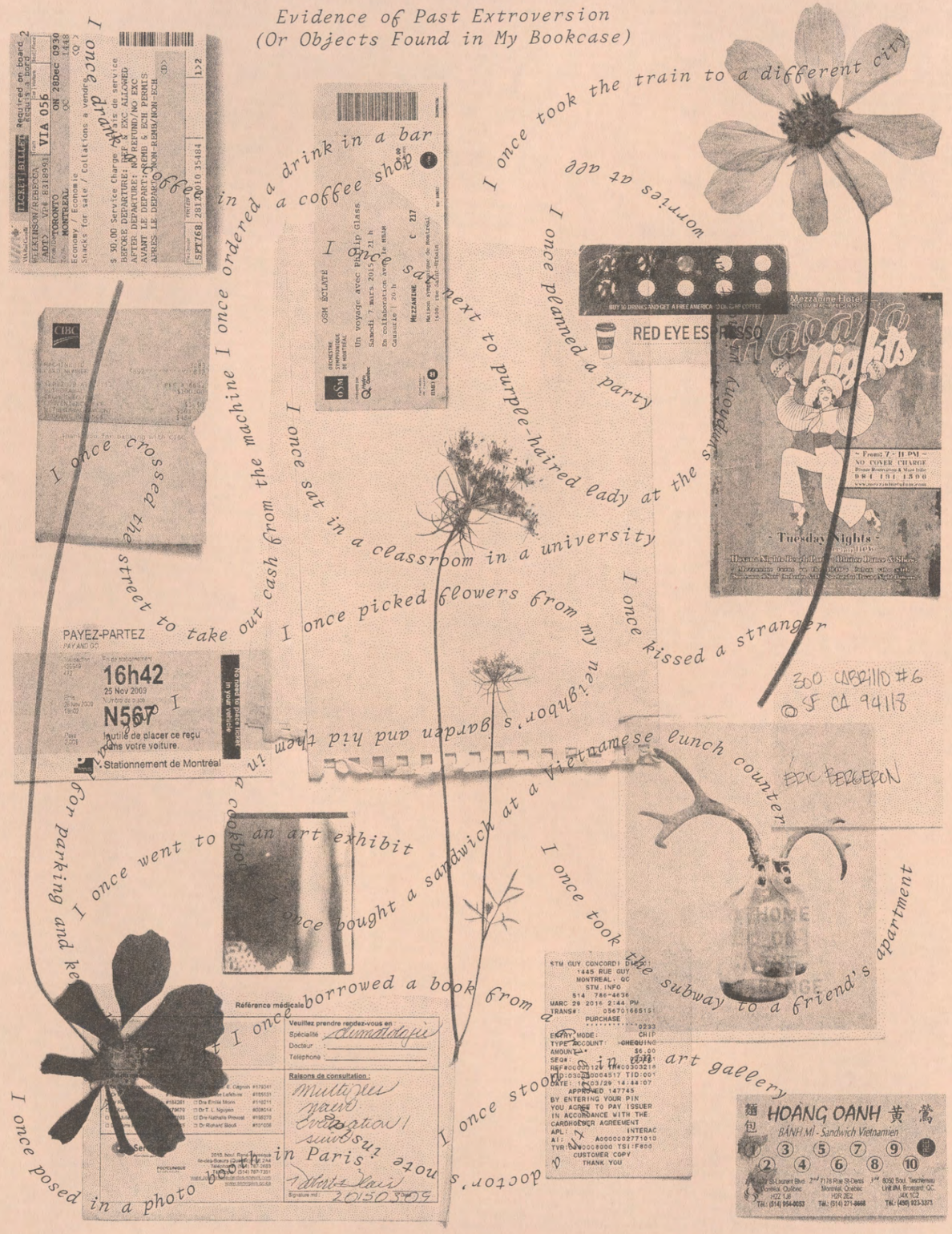
I am a thin shear of light, clattered frequencies humming together.

Which tempo will I work at?
Which pitch?
In my dreams I am Jaime Summers, Dr. Rudy Wells bionics implanted in my ear

In waking I make lists to remember
and listen
distant calls across the water from friends, lovers, albums, and others
quieter the aperture narrows to lappings against shore and hulls
my pulse hot in my ears
ebbs and flows
the flow ellipse breath in and out and in and out and in
make the future as the present makes us
a vessel from which to weave and heal

In my dream I manifesto (in the guise of vinyl advertisements strung out behind planes cruising banner towing low altitude Miami Beach or reservoir Saturdays – guns, tits, Vegas – mine is vellum and tissue thunderous winking signals evaporating blown out desert neon style)
Pick a lane and fly it...we can't do it all!
Keep a hand on the blinker should we need to pull off to the shoulder
I flock behind you
beyond you in formation
the tingling of nerves systemed between us
help me surf the thick slowness of tongue
the soft focus jelly dream scream forever not fast enough

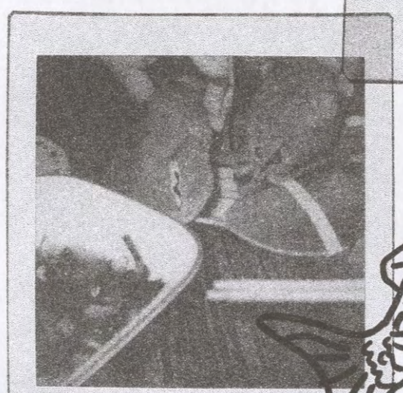
Rebecca Wilkinson



I miss my grandparents and am scared and worried sick about them. They live down the street from Elmhurst Hospital, which was just written about in The New York Times as being "apocalyptic."







I've been playing animal crossing and friend's island today.

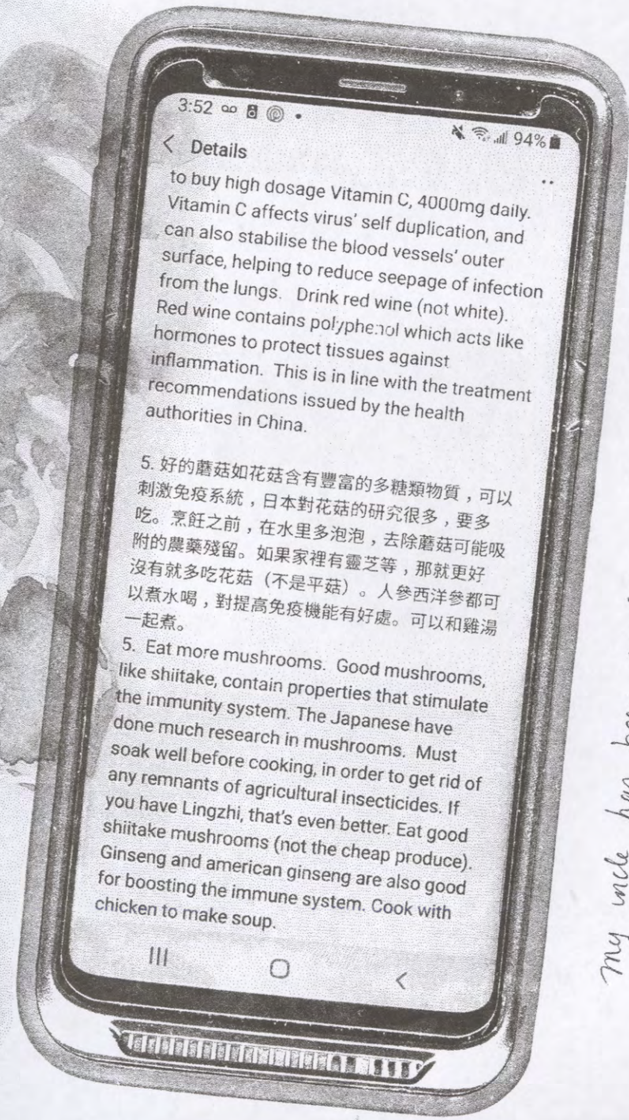


I visited a

I haven't used watercolors in a very long time, painting my plants

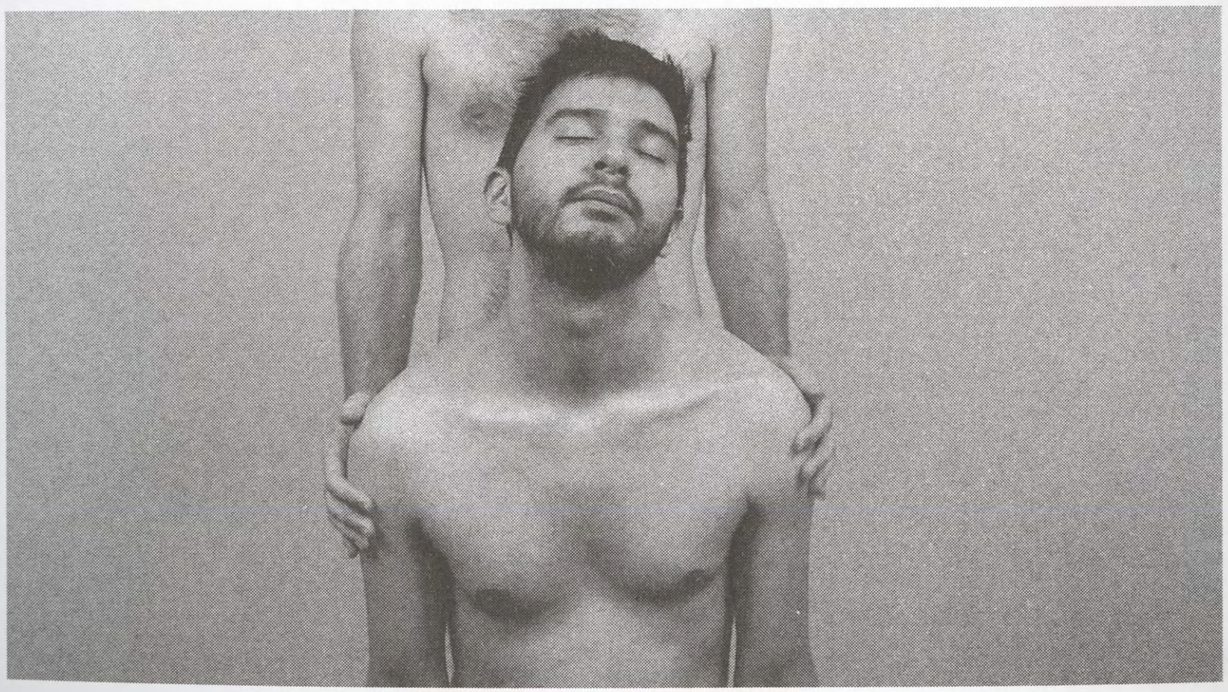
ZOOM

I used zoom for the first time



My uncle has been sending me a bunch of messages about things I should be doing by medical professionals. Some things are amusing but others are worrisome. I hope he's taking them with a grain of salt.





OS/ ERROR

1 scripting
2 functioning
3 building
4 aligning
5 searching
6 scrolling

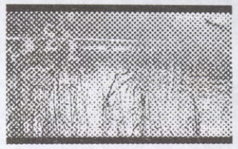
robynn.xyz



2 FUNCTIONING

function(how, why)
function rules(YourActivity, YourPurpose)
determine your =“value”;
uncaught.error
your function(determined, programmed);
your function(labeled, assigned);
shift
function as(natural to, intended for)
<a>person_thing
delete
require ‘user-defined-value’;
let variability = function(rule)
return ‘Trust’;

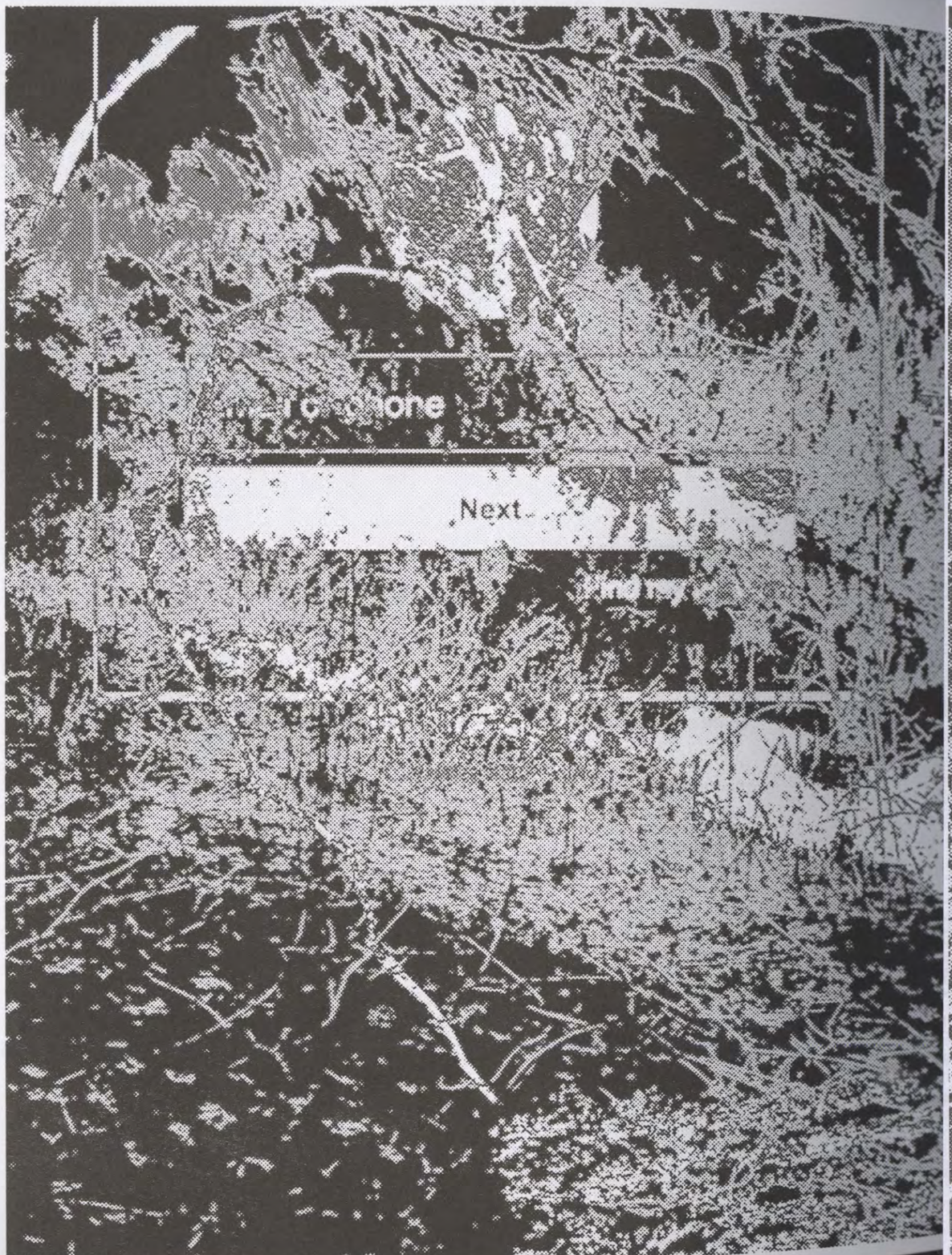
1 SCRIPTING



<script> repeats itself
unless you happen to intervene
@least {try to.shift}
‘TheRepetitionOfTheScript’
reach ‘Undefined.Syntax’
do you ask or do you assume?
find (); ‘CriticalThinking’, ‘NonViolentCommunication’,)
read(); the script
then reWrite(); it

3 BUILDING

if <body>
then ‘HackableStructure’;
ctrl
if <body>
then ‘EditableTemplate’;
alt
if <body>
then ‘NeverPure’;
delete
If (digital)
then
of ‘TheFingers’
open source <body>
edit
+ add section
- remove section
transform_with_intention
import stylesheet: ‘Gender’
apply <header> to <footer>
shift
edit(CommonSense)



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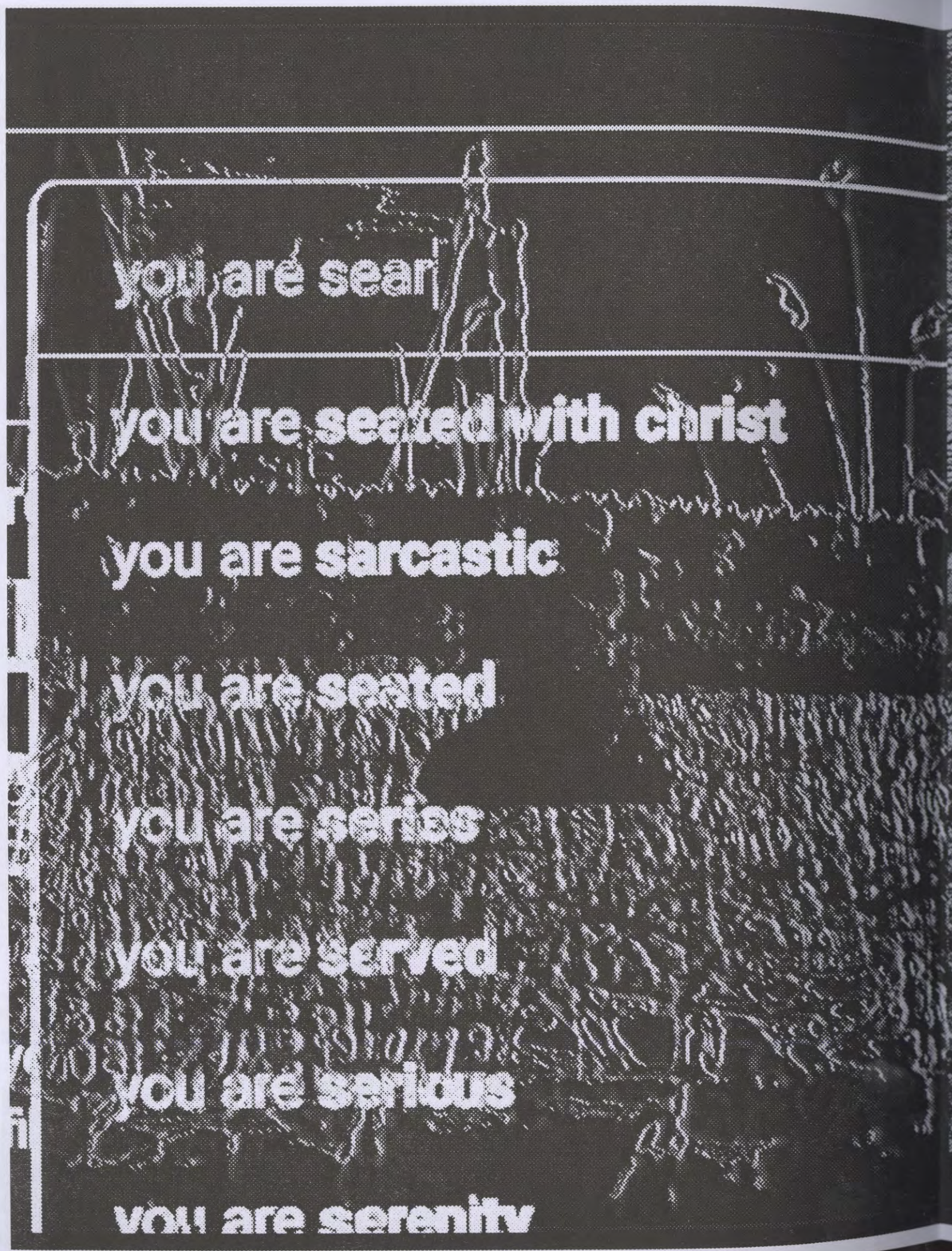
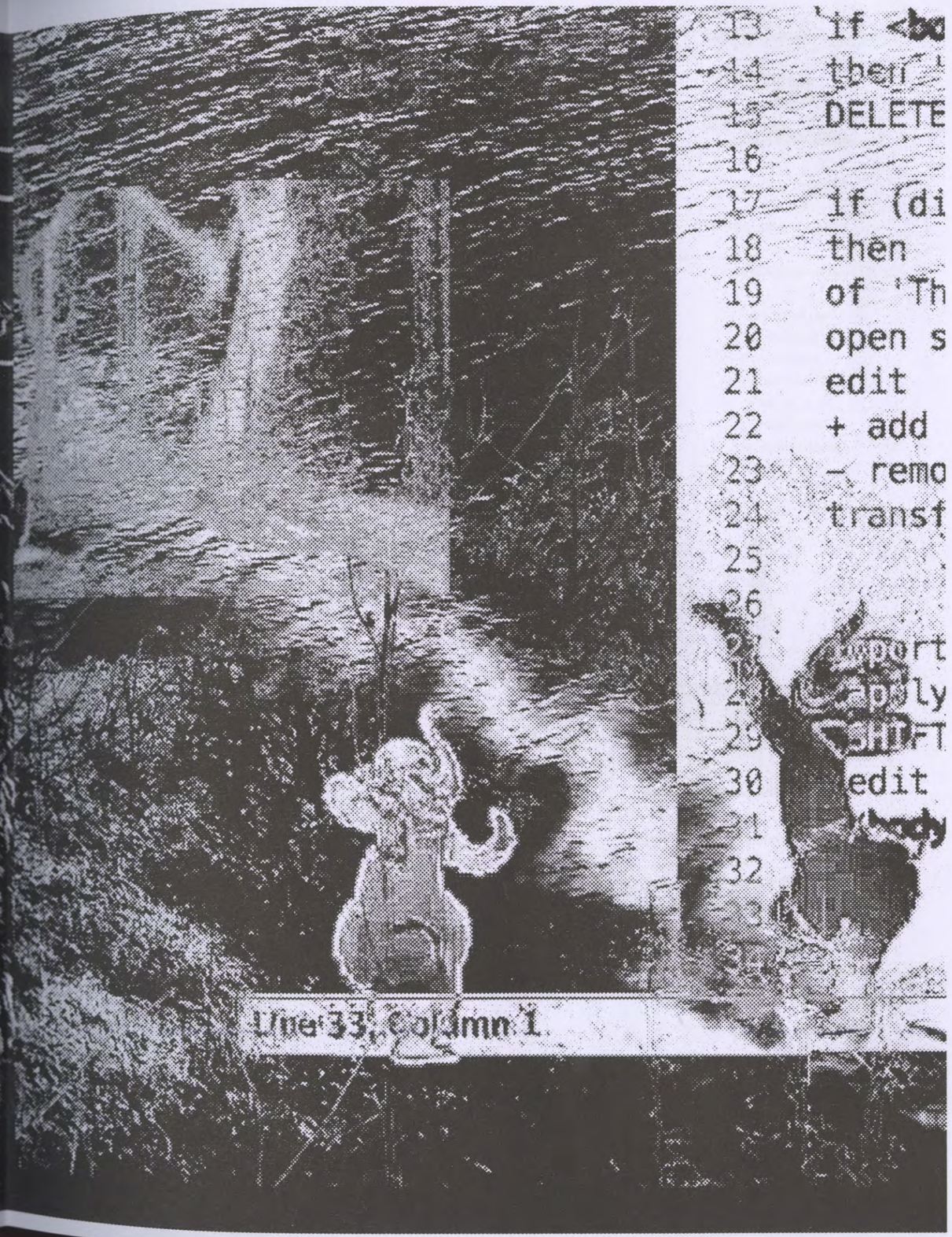
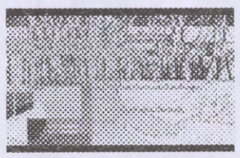

you are sear
you are seated with christ
you are sarcastic
you are seated
you are series
you are served
you are serious
you are serenity


if <bo
then
DELETE
if (di
then
of 'Th
open s
edit
+ add
- remo
transf
import
apply
SHIFT
edit
Line 33, Column 1

5 SEARCHING



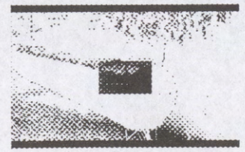
you are searching
with_intention to_
you are browsing
without_intention to_
if 'searching'
then 'SearchingForContent'
you find something that catches you
something finds you and catches you
click
you are searching to click
today
527 clicks



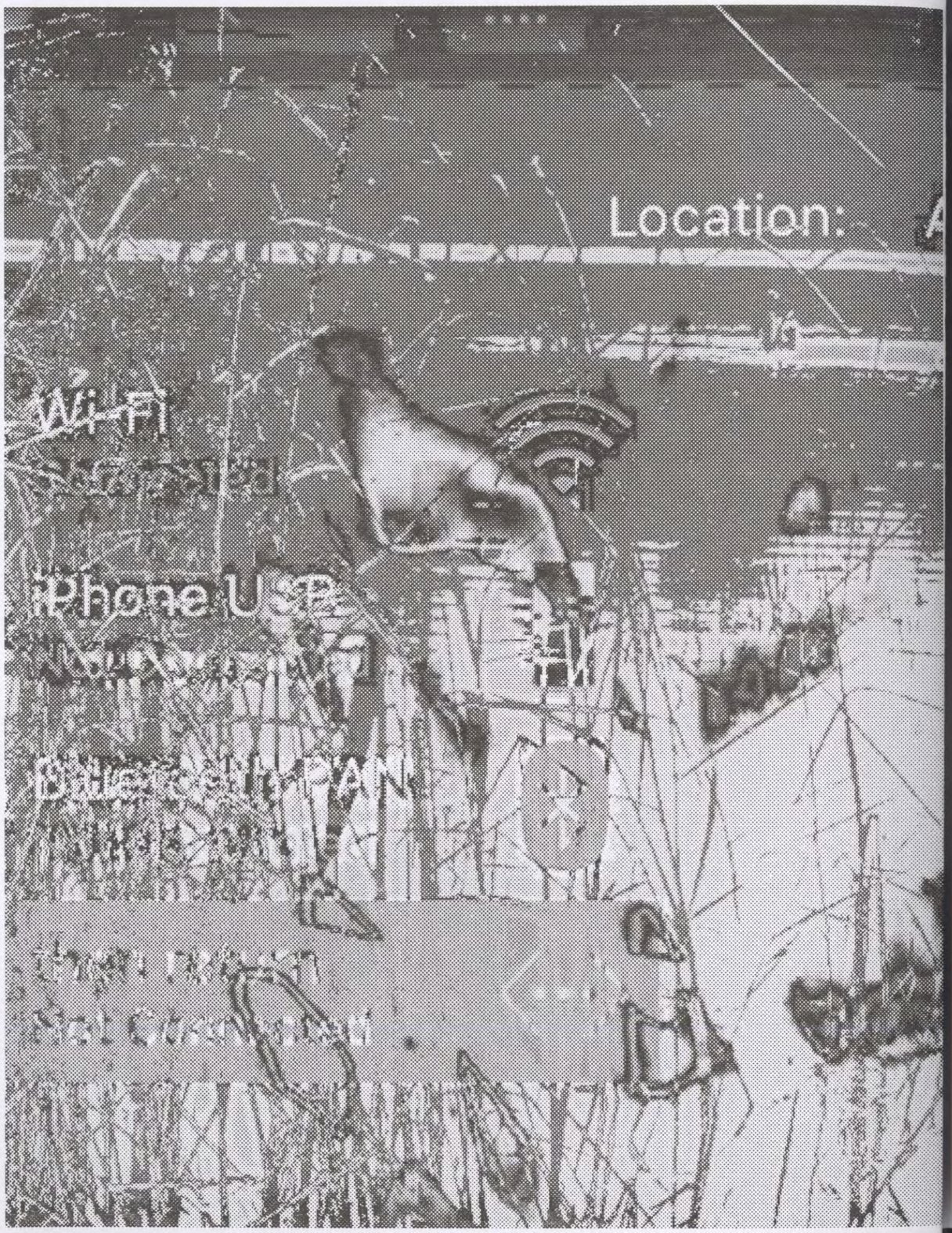
4 ALIGNING

align: NatureHorizontalLandscape;
x-value
align: HumanVerticalPortrait;
y-value
build(web, mesh, net, matrix)
StraightLineBreak
attempt(); (wanderFrom, deviateFrom)
shift
Norm
if
attempt(); alt;
execute(); newly.logical.alignment;
then
return 'BaselineGrid';

6 SCROLLING



scrolling through{
the _site}
scrolling through{
you}
strolling through {
it}
continue_um
scrolling
strolling
'InfiniteScrolling'
reach (end)
'NotFound'
you move through
'TheInfinite'


Location:
Wi-Fi
iPhone USB

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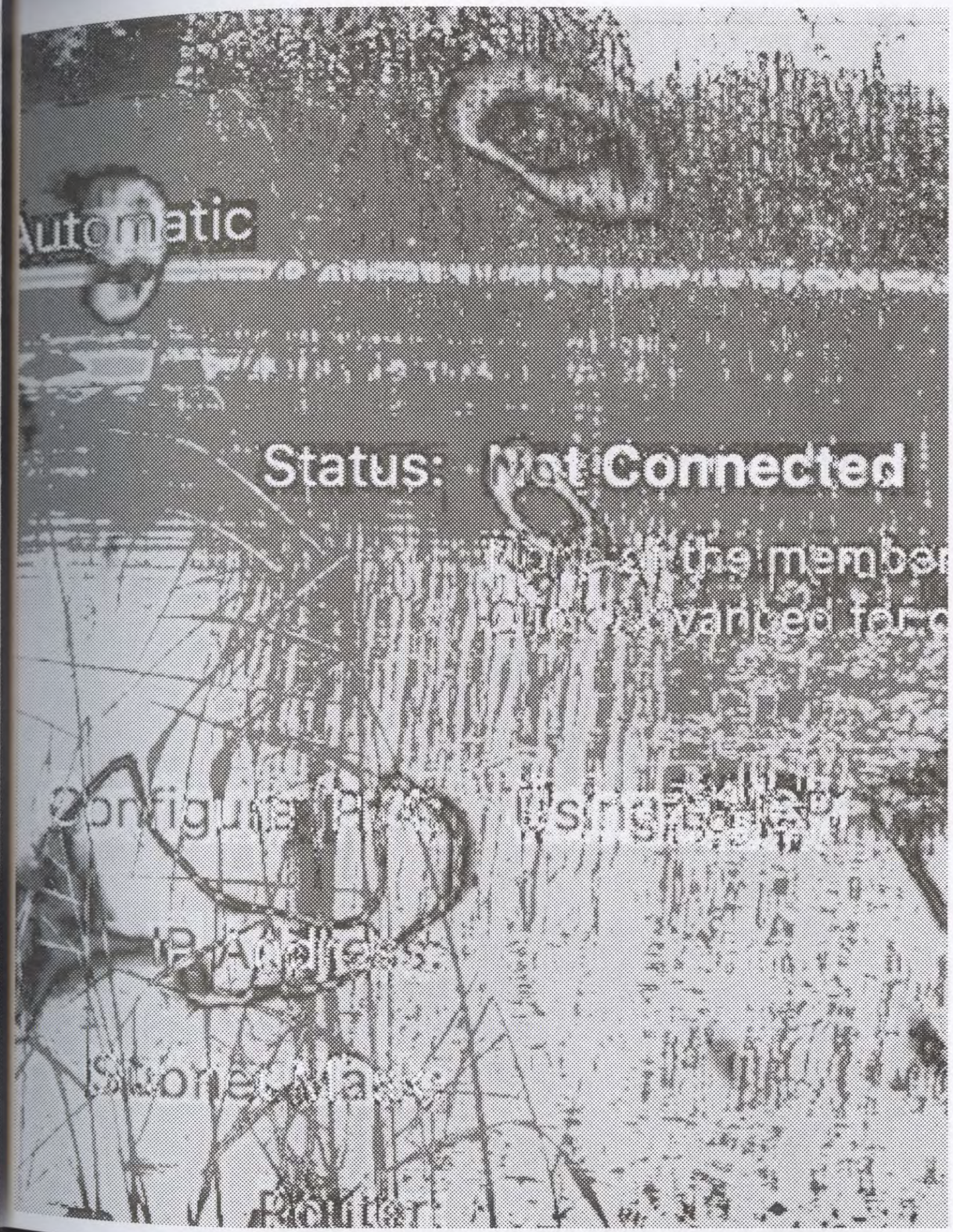
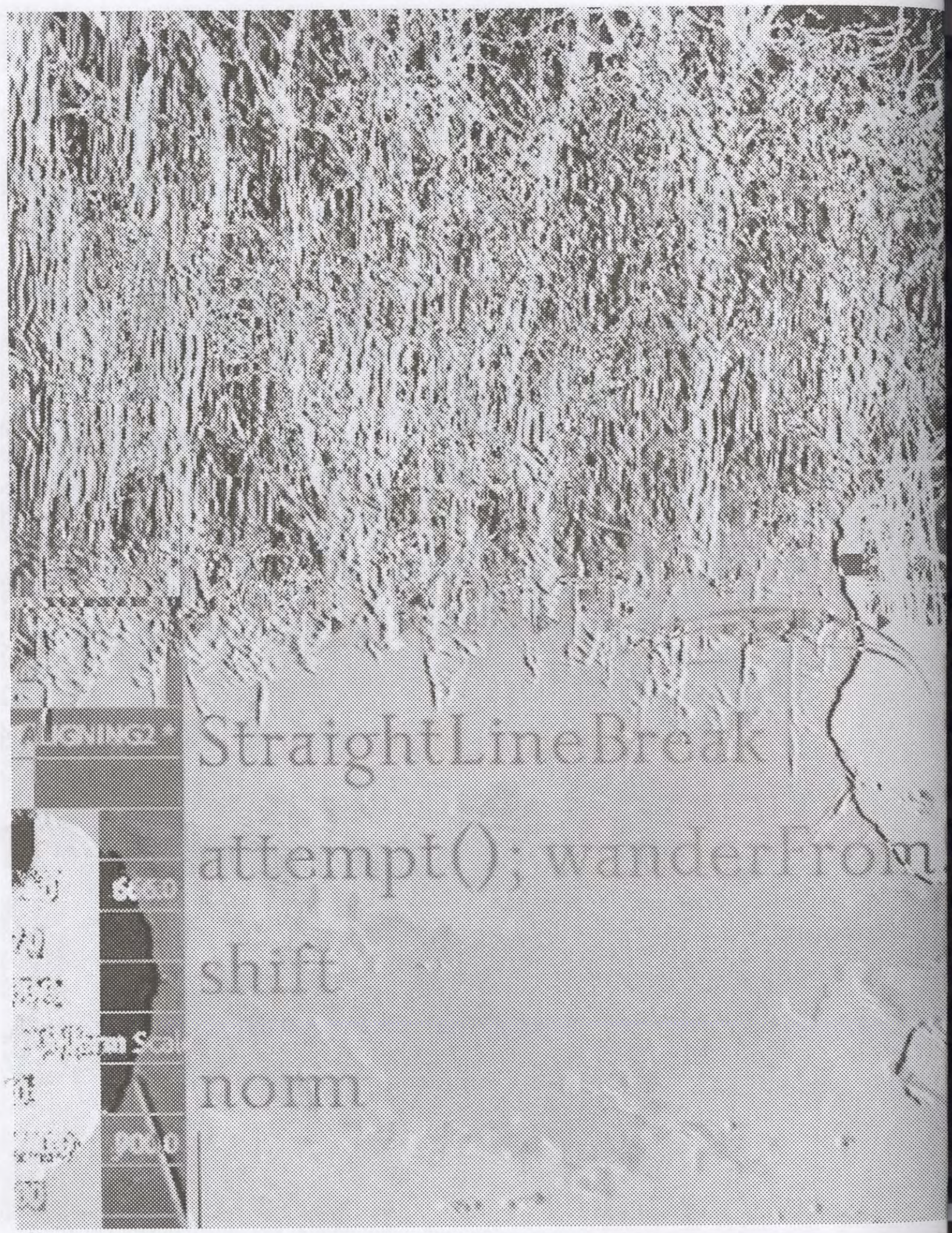

Automatic
Status: Not Connected
Configure
IP Address:
Router



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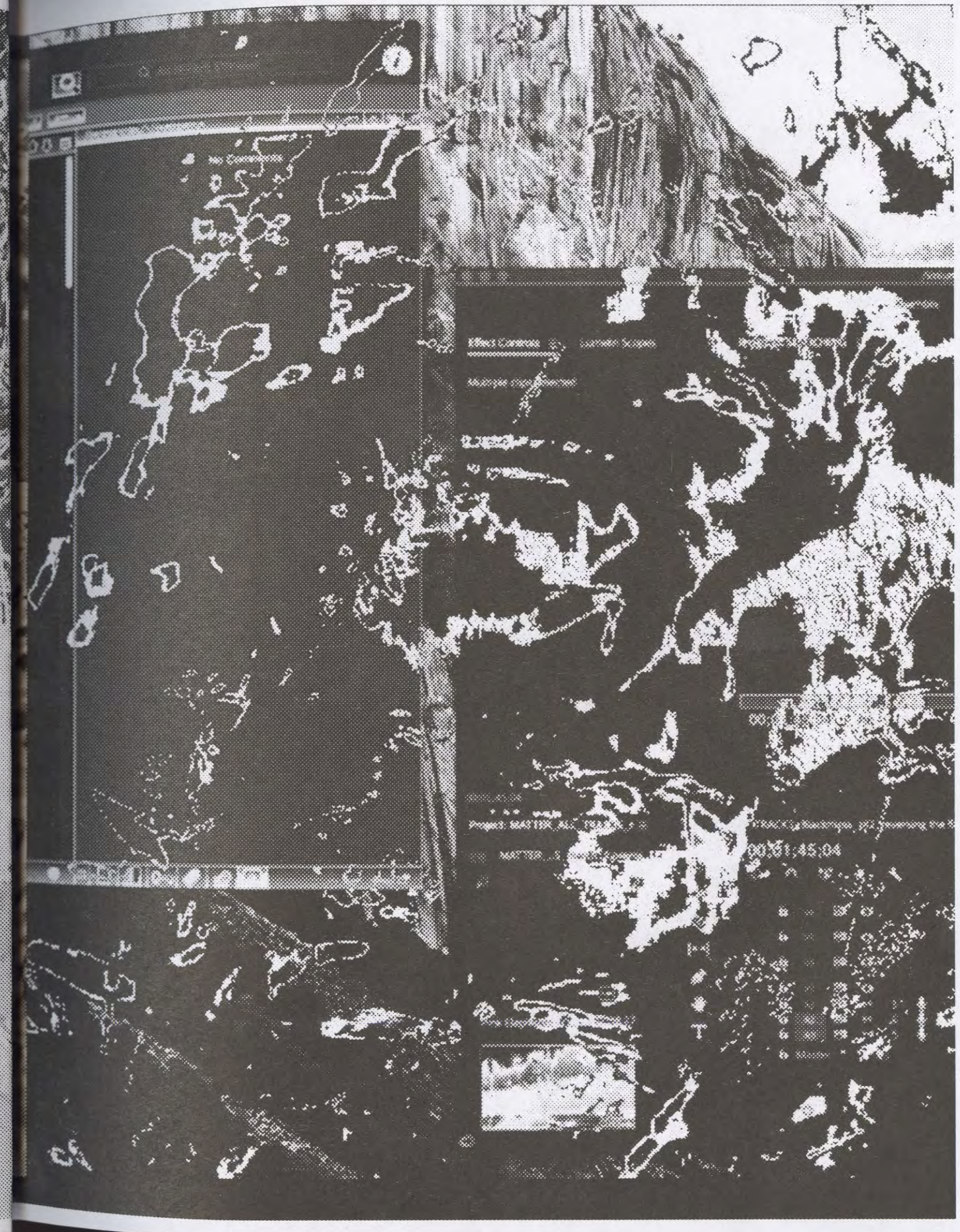
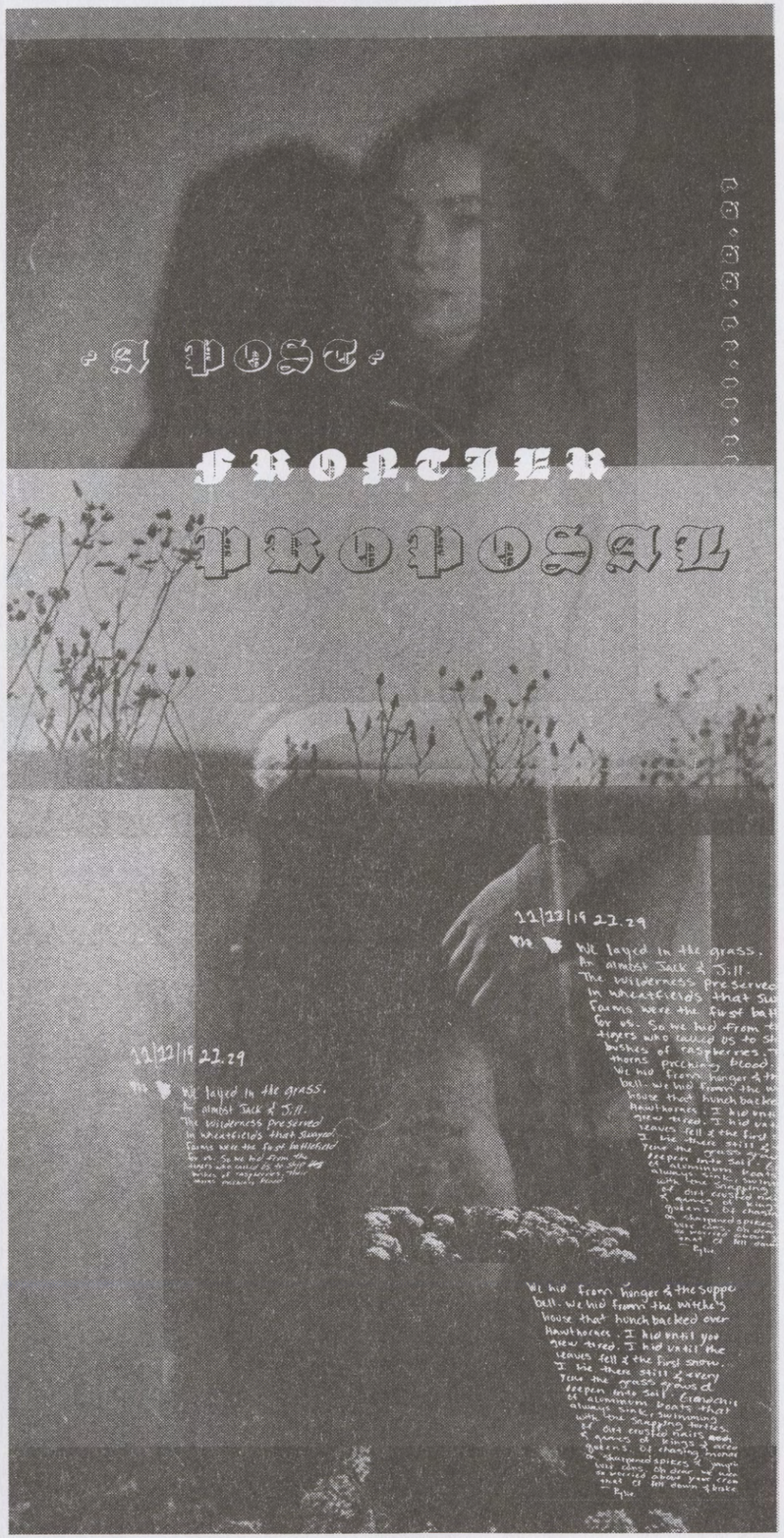




AMERICAN WATER ROUND I

after Diane DiPrima

This, then, is the gift the world has given me
I write a post-it for a wildflower to disappear
This history closing like a bell in the distance thank god
The year ends in the next rented glut, classically tired
Leaning in on the rain, sickles in the vast kindness:
Forever delayed, the violets growing in our garden
Are not mine. We tend to a spring-heeled altar
Expressing the world to its word: a conspiracy
Is just ruling class solidarity. Don camouflage
To mirror the altar, fling it into x-rated oil
It doesn't deserve. Instead of time, an evergreen
Folding montage of the Vanna White barbed frontier
Wheat in the wind's compact mirror holding each other closer
Than we appear, shining in the razor afternoon. I have such love for you

This, then, is the gift the world has given me
In the end "a boy raises himself" in a trespass
These blue arrangements come shimmering
With anger under the jasmine moon. You nail
Your theses to the door of the fantastic cave
A pride flag in a jar of honey blushed gold
Tango to the piers on an awful contact high
Waves licking in siamese thank you bags
Our friends' bullets glistening sugary radio static
What would you say again? Fuck your male orbit
I'm watching the world candy with regret
Start running A feast covered in dirt calls Any resemblance
Is purely coincidental when I see you breaking in the street
I don't want safety I want freedom and how it can hurt me
A guillotine with racing stripes. Nice try

sonnet

close impersonal all up in rise still
inside the page washes in trust to change
washes escape in listen away close
bringing out body any taking seems
into serious if passing color
might faster if emotion more to ways
silent to had vision come until sun
distance woke where should have satisfied well
insight all water in air slowly fine
swerves another chance asking to want well
endlessly meant there hold like this alone
feeling want with nobody there ever
next to shake with keep sense won't season how
symphony if by morning rise hold on

sonnet

care about before change could not face could
want coming you make loudest falling rest
falling back loudest you already feel
away from trying you while yes speed
likes interior already getting
slowly getting next afraid been if heights
look look now hearing canny in doubt done
promise your long words here ever know tone
captures coming from only difference asks
hearing no one reaching under like times
many over wanted come open am
have ever many times thought have gone now
look as focus last time looking should be
failing as it now healing knows to hear

To myself, I call them plague sonnets, though that doesn't seem quite right. I have been writing one a day through the time of isolation: in my case, since March 15. I don't make any particular claims for them other than they are a document of my unconscious apprehension of this moment, and thus urgent to me. These are the two most recent.

Sal Randolph, New York, March 27, 2020



Sabrena & Rose Ghostly



sam m-h

Digital Dwellers

*along (some) **D**ivision*
dividing lines
drawn (some)
invisible plane.
our fingers rest on
*points **I**nterset ring*
connect plugs - plugging
tipped toes rest on angular
*edging - **G**rids **I**nitiate, our*
*hands **T**ouch hence **A**ctivate*
*intertwined **L**inks like under*
global sheets we share and
*it's **D**ual these **W**orlds*
spreading and shedding
***E**volving we manifest in each*
others realms we can pull a
dial and set limitation
***L**ending useless and powerful*
information to encourage to
*keep one another **L**iving*
*(lives) **I**ndispensable **N**ow*
***G**rouped or granted.*

& Digital Dwelling

Sara Inacio



Hold still
To these little pieces
As you close your eyes
And turn inward
To keep safe

The uncertainty of it all
A bucket of water that contains
Who you are

Walk with steady hands
And only give intentionally

How long will your arms go
Without wavering?
Outstretched and sore
Wrists begin to ache

A tension that you can't shake
Without spilling

So you build a shell
With scales collected along the way
Like the bark of an old tree
Grown thick to protect its core

Grounded
Yet vulnerable

Leaves that reflect seasons
Show the depth of their reach
An armor that can't keep
What's within

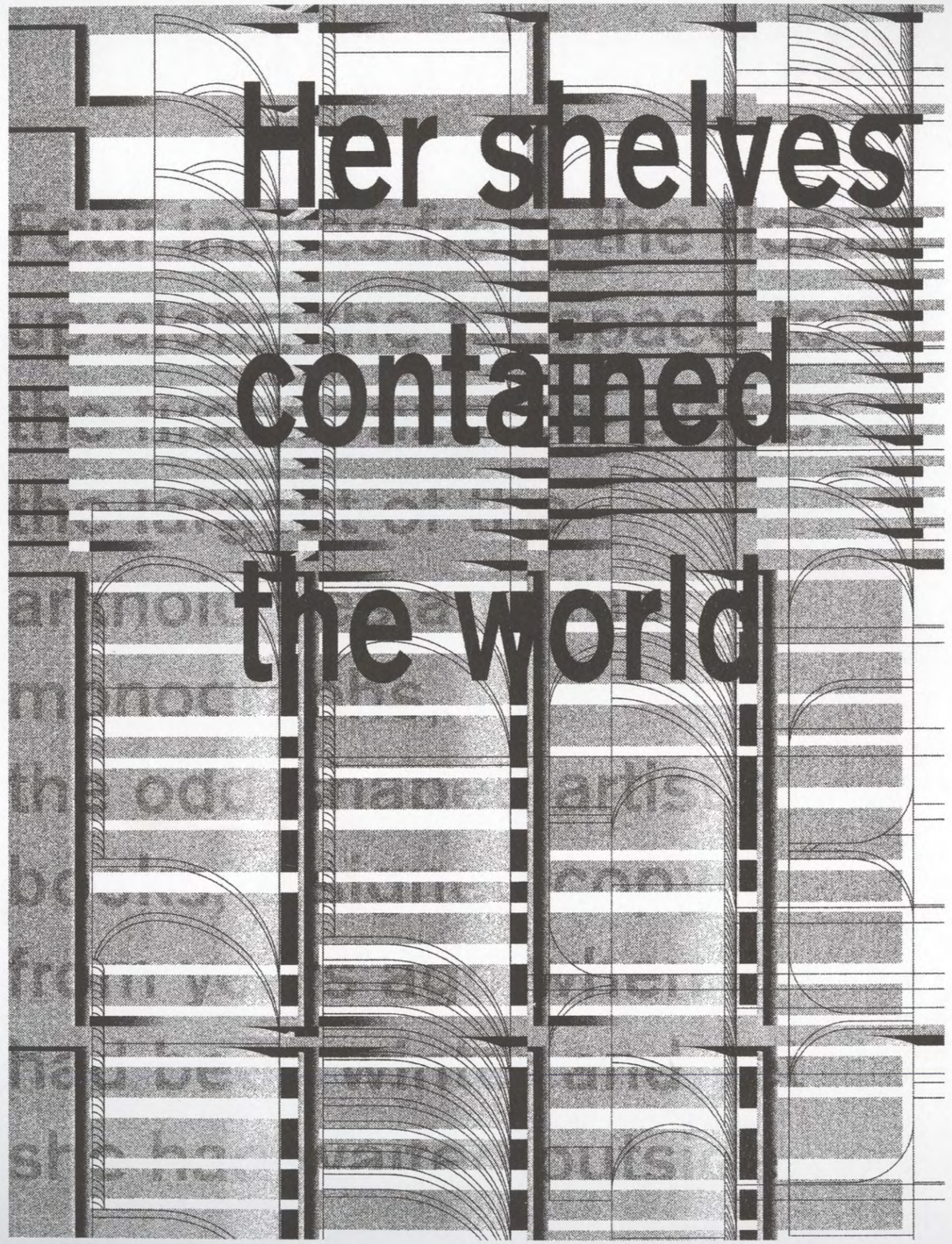
Water that flows
Finding the slightest cracks
To escape

Drips hit the ground
Like hard rain
Storm that thunders and shakes
Thickening the night air
With pain and fear

Wake to stillness and growth

You are safe
What you give is good

Shou Jie Eng



9:26 AM Sun Mar 22 100%

nytimes.com

The Coronavirus Outbreak | Latest Updates | Maps | Markets | U.S. Impact | Common Questions | Newsletter



"We want them on the open market from the standpoint of pricing," Mr. Trump said.

LEGAL MATTERS *The Defense Production Act, explained.*

[redacted] the company had agreed to make up to [redacted] and [redacted] reached out about a week ago. The masks will not be the highly sought-

Sigrid Patten

When You Talk

When you talk I feel
Safe like a face
Behind a medical mask
Like a wedding dress
Passed down for generations

Sophia Le Fraga

PROCLAMATION

the sororal companions of the gardening society
of hildegarde von bingen do hereby declare

OUR KINSHIP MANIFESTS IN CARE FLOWERS ARE OUR CURRENCY

SEEDS AND CUSHIONS BEFORE THE APOCALYPSE
ARE HYACINTHS AND SOFTNESS AFTER IT

WE CURSE THE PEDANTS WHO SAY WE MUST BE 'PROFESSIONAL', 'RIGOROUS', 'SOLID'

PROOF BE BANISHED, OUR TRUTH IS VERIDITAS
SOLIDITY IS OUR SPECULATIVE SURRENDER

OUR BODIES, THAT IS, ALL MIRACULOUS MESH
ALL ORGANIC MATTER, ALL TENDONS AND TISSUE
VEINS AND ROOTS
WILL MELT

OR MAYBE OUR MELTING WILL JUST CONVERGE INTO A NEW SHAPE.

<< CONVERGENCE AS CONVALESCENCE >>

SUMUS CALDEMIA STIGMATUM VANIXUM
THE FRAGRANT BALM OF THE WOUNDS OF WOMEN

THERE WON'T BE 'ESTEEMED PLEASURES' OR 'KIND REGARDS'
ONLY THE INEVITABLE CLAMOUR OF INSOUCIANT RESEARCH

WHEN THEY SAY 'PASTURE', WE SAY 'FODDER'
WHEN THEY SAY 'ETHYLENE', WE SAY
LIGHT & GRAVITY

PRECIPITOUSLY

TO TEND TO SOW TO GROW TO MEND TO MIX
TO TEACH TO LEARN TO MAKE TO WEEP TO HEAL TO SING

and i will sing
beautifully
for my companions
[sappho]

T. DEUTCH — PVD, RI — — MARCH 2020

my mom & brother between laughter - aug. 2019



How will we hold each other?

Through all these screens,,,
making sure to stay 6' apart.

((((kiss me through the phone))))

How will we grow together? - separately,
collectively?

Who will we be after all of this?? ? (I can see
/that I am already
I can't wait to hug my friends, /changing & it has
everyone - I want to run outside/been less than 2
and scream that I MISSED YOU ALL!/weeks (13 days)).
AND I MISS BEINGTOGETHER IN THE LIGHT, OUTSIDE.
((TOGETHER & quiet))
(& i want to be kinder, more gentle, say hello to
strangers)*
/andineverwantt
otouchacompute
ragainorzoom?/



& i know i am notal
& i know i am not a
in missingmy family
((& the worry)) of
thank all the worke
(POWER ALWAYS TO
THE PEOPLE)
who keep us fed, wh
care for us when we
and in *need*. For
those who keep
us aalliivvee.
((and for all these
of us who keep
going despite it all)). keep going. keep going. keep going. keep going.
keep going. keep going. keep going. keep going. keep going.
keep going. keep going. keep going. keep going. keep going. we
must keep going. we must keep going. we must keep going. we must
keep going. we must keep going. we must keep going. we must keep
going. we will keep going. we will keep going. we will keep going.

we will keep going because we are here. we are here. we are here. we ar
e /here/ we are here. we are /here/. we are here. we are /here/. we are here. /here
we are. here we are. here we are. hereweare.hereweare.wearehere.wearehere.wearehere.

keepgoing.keeepgoing.keeepgoing.keeeeppgooiinng.keepgooing.keeeepgooooiiinng.keep
going.keepbreathing.keepbeing.keepseeing.keepsaying.keepliving.keepgoing.keepbreath
ing,keepBeing,keepSeeing.keepSaying.KeepLIVING.KEEPGOING.KEEPBREATHING.KEEPBEING.
KEEPSEEING.KEEPSAYING.KEEPLIVING.KEEPBEING.KEEPBEING.KEEPBEING.KEEPGOING.KEEPBREATH
ING.

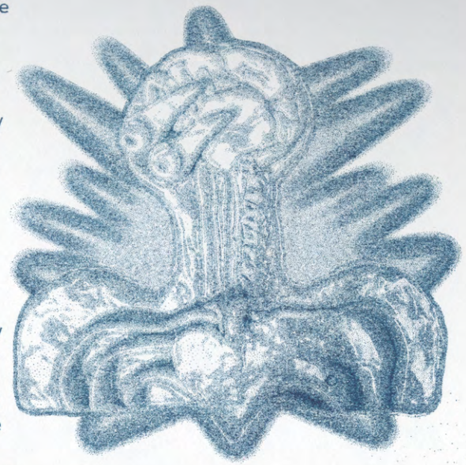
((we will keep going,too))**********

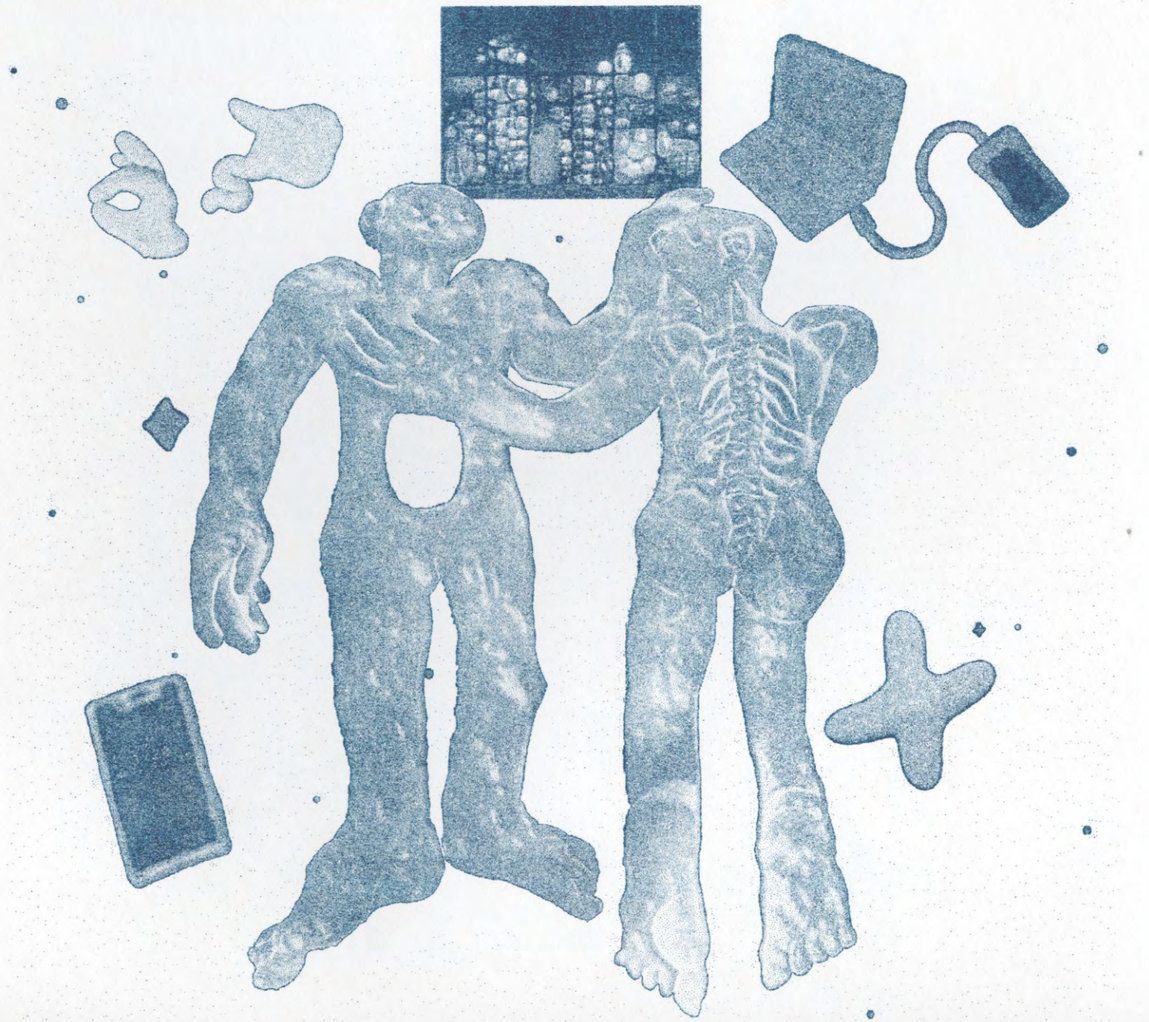
DOES ANYONE
ELSE FEEL THE
SAME WAY ????

iwantobekinder
moregentlesay
hellotostrange
rsiwanttobekin
dermoregentles
ayhellotostran
gersiwanttobek
indermoregentl
esayhellotostr
angersiwanttob
ekindermoregen
tlesayhellotos
rangersiwantto
bekindermorege
ntlesayhelloto
strangers

3.25.2020

When was the last time you were alone for weeks? I'm very tempted to go outside for a bag of Takis at the downstair bodega just to feel the lust for life. I need some assurance that I can still taste and smell... Perhaps when nothing is certain, the only certainties are what we have survived from. Have you been getting messages from your ex lover as well? All our bodies are experiencing precarious ambiguity. I never thought of myself as a hypochondriac but solitude has its way of alarming my body's every cracks and tightenings. A small silver lining is past weeks of isolation with myself is I'm coming to accept and appreciate the parts I have long been ashamed. Imagine. (This is a work in progress.) My gaping hole of body dysphoria and my chronic back pain are finally learning each other's presence and vulnerability, locking their gazes deep into their source. They can stay up past 3AM together making a playlist of sappy nostalgic music, naming the plants in the apartment, hatching and plotting some harmless mischief, indulging on improvisational late night snacks, rating emojis based purely on first impression, and guessing the life story of FBI agent behind my webcam (my guess is her name is Miranda and her hobby is water aerobics.) Then, these two parts of myself can finally understand each other and be in peace. No, I'm not saying things are ok. It's 3:20AM and I'm overthinking about my heartbeats,small & big cruelties of the world and what to draw for another iteration of this orange story chain... Can you still hear the siren outside? Ya, I can still hear it.





resist austerity and do not touch face

1
inflammation and other intemperance make material
desire known to flesh
burn a thumb
on Audrey's iron stove falling also in love now
burn the map we drew of arduous fluid years
worth of wicked lessons in the hot house—
sweating six nights straight until my cheek
elastic refreshes

2
my dad remarks on the infinite diamonds dusting the surface
of the sea which in aggregate affirm the possibility
of forms of dissolution besides suicide
resist austerity in scent
sun drink smoke drafts of rooftop peace we are advised
to avoid touching especially each other

hands hung from sleeves protectively limp
or tense with intention to avoid serving vector
to virus— sweet or invasive quality of each street gaze—
are you protective enough? how high is your stock
pile? fresh in prospect park run under blooming
trees bloom grief more than fear until air is untrustworthy
before the bell
curve humps I convince a woman to fly east to isolate
with me make a vat of millet with herbs contact almost not every
one I love, imagine them in underwear, in gray light, if I could hold
my mother, Susanna, Yair, who stares at stock images of goths to stay
focused while conducting phone therapy
I would
touch in wordless instruction some intrinsic definition
some pointing at these sensations *this is how it is*
for me dislodging the organ gently from chest and serving it
in a glazed dish

3
I am not angry at the shrugging animate planet, her living
rocks, serpents, molten vaporous elemental core

my anger
is reserved for conceptual humanity whose cause
and effect is greed, violence whose corporation
unlike mine is untouched by prohibitions on touching
whose performances of human autonomy continue
with singleminded extraction, expansion of drill sites et al

asentient agent
your desire not like mine
mangled reflection of human scale thirst for
fleshtaste and oil and the audacity make me
ashamed for kissing all day
what if turgid individualistic self-restraint were equal
in force to laws—
but there is no alignment between regulatory and moral
constraints, the anchor details new disaster capitalism on
the sidewalk I cry thinking of death trees and limitlessness

hours before we are told to shelter
in place I drive into manhattan with soup
for Anastasia's grandmother
the streets are deserted, more cop cars than civilians
trees puff and pillow out a loneliness of isolate spring
bloom looking early to party
bloom mocking a grown out fade
some minor joy shivers at the floor dropping out from under
human vanity
gas is cheap and it takes half as much time to drive
anywhere in the city with nowhere to go besides the grocery
store or hospital

4
listen all day hoard
nothing a woman touches
her cheek in a painting paintings
of women with hands
to face I am a finger
painting, licking tip and whip
open orifice
new pose being hand to skull
for which my sister chastises me *your elbow*
is blocking the waterfall

what moves virally
along vectors
love, other radiance,
universality suggests

some justice some
euphemism for annihilation
there are already mass graves
do not be coy
even fear is privatized
elemental accountability
I am concerned for my father in the rest home
washing raw hands

5
rage angel you wait to drop in my dream
until the public health crisis burns

approach over
my shoulder it is not you then flickeringly
you essentially yes, our mutual haircut
which I have seen only in pictures as we have been
profoundly distant for several months

last I touched the qualities of love unflinchingly
was under your clear gaze in a normal room rocked
by depth and darkness, my promised ghosts approached
and I nearly turned them away

or I lay on the carpet saturated like a rag in the sink
so swayed in tide of music, you watched me fall
in love down into love falling timeless
objectless

now facing chest and chair back in flame light
folded in lap the same ocean spills into my cave
dissolving arbitrary borders of skin air mine her grazed lip
to be here again in strong hold of this

6
dream snatch as in I have
no dreams wake up and moan make it
known there is a person
living in my bed

with me it has been liquid
this time is no different and all the way
different still I am touched yes we are close
to death I have written this poem before under the same
corrugated plastic this time with a moten book her skin

smooths more every day

time has always been unobjective
now all our scheduling trolls us
candle melts to bottom, liquifies, bubbles down stick
every plan is cancelled tentative or virtual
vessel fills with wax, hardens

it is unclear what world to report from
burning anxiety off on the roof fantasy
cough draft up the shaft invisible fear vapors it must be time
to write on the love I do feel pervasively
she holds shoulder, wears my blanket I turn
music on in another room collecting recommendations
from friends desperate to move like them in absence
who made you I must ask she has a good answer

I hope they slink back (dreams) fall into divot but
one imperfect disclosure syncopated through the space
between ions and I like to say I am not scared to die

are shit words like freedom more existential now that
ammunition is sold out and the murderous free market
makes new articulation of its trademark ruthlessness
briefly basketball is televised from vacant stadiums
then just reruns of classic games mass culture confusing
panic for flu like symptoms dizzied as the pace of production and
projection shifts
  planes fly empty
which stands for the spatial illogic of romance
banality preponderated through my lifetime— before detonating
its absurdity
  looking squarely at love asking where are we going
answer being we are just flying anywhere, sending planes on their routes

Here and Now? Explorations in Urgent Publishing. 1/7
Published: March 26, 2020 at 3:48 PM.
This read will take 7 minutes of your time.

DEAR READER,

[Introduction]: Explorations in Urgent Publishing

Finally, there it is: your hard-wrought publication that provides all the necessary facts and reflections on a topic that inflamed public debate... two years ago. Time passes quickly and people have moved on, leaving behind the rubbles of badly informed and heavily polarized discussions and an ever more self-referential and hyped-up mediasphere.

Or: there it is, a wide-spread debate on a topic you don't just care about passionately, but also know heaps about – urban design, political memes, technological biases; to name just a few examples – but why doesn't your highly topical and informed work catch the attention of the public eye? And what if you would want to set the agenda yourself, as a writer or publisher, as the editor of a journal or book series: how can you grab the attention in a saturated information landscape, where previously existing criteria for quality content seem to have been overthrown or have turned out to be inherently myopic themselves?

Questions such as these are what we set out to investigate in the two-year applied research project Making Public (networkcultures.org/makingpublic/) (SIA-RAAK-MKB-project *Maak het publiek*), a collaboration between a university for applied sciences, two art schools, various publishers from the arts and cultural domain, and studios for design and web-development (for all partners involved: networkcultures.org/makingpublic/consortium/).

Publishers have always played an important role in initiating and stimulating the public debate – a role that has changed radically over the past two decades. The cultural capital of publishers consists in making public reliable, original, and engaging information, but the time-consuming workflows that are part and parcel especially of smaller or niche presses make it increasingly hard for them to keep up. Despite the promises of the desktop publishing revolution and the immediacy of publishing on the web, acceleration and optimization did not speed up the publishing processes as much as hoped for.

Speeding up the printing and publishing process is by no means straightforward. It seems that all too often, any one of the three success factors in publishing that we identified – namely speed, quality, and positioning of the publication with an audience – could only be realized at the expense of the other two. For example, speeding up can mean a sacrifice on the side of quality because there is less time for editing, or a too heavy focus on quality can mean that the positioning of the publication with an audience will fall short and the speed of publication will undoubtedly suffer.

This puts pressure on the role of publishers as catalysts of public and cultural debates, and on their publications as hallmarks of quality. How can publishers keep making content available to the public in a prompt, appealing, and focused way? What kind of innovations can help to present information in a timely manner, without losing out on quality and relevance? In this final publication of the Making Public project, we present strategies for such 'urgent publishing' practices. We hope to address both publishers and editors, as well as authors and those who work in the publishing field, whether in design, development, marketing, or research.

While digital technology has always held much promise, not in the least when it comes to publishing, it hasn't always been able to deliver. Speeding up workflows, allowing for experimental formats, making other voices heard, and reaching new audiences: many of these promises remain for a large part just that: promises. This is caused by a variety of factors, many of them huge, from hyper-capitalist tech monopolies to the favoring of certain types of content by algorithms. But still there is potential waiting to be found. After a review of dozens of interesting projects, prototypes, and articles from the field of publishing, we decided to organize the research around three possible pathways to explore further: modular processes, automation, and hybrid formats. During the unfolding of the research, these led to the formulation of a concept that would direct and contextualize our efforts: 'Urgent Publishing.'

What urgent publishing can mean, is the focus of the chapters to come. Important is that it pertains not only to speed but also to relevancy. It refers to both priority and tenacity, and so connects momentousness to determination. The three pillars of success that we defined – speed, quality, and positioning – thus gain a

renewed foundation when based on the concept of urgency. In short, urgency goes beyond the 'now' and connects to the afterlife of a publication; it understands quality not just as logically consistent and well-proven arguments, but also as alternative content structures; and asks to view positioning a publication not as getting as many clicks or conversions as possible, but primarily as finding and engaging the readers who care. In other words, urgency means prolonging the life of a publication beyond short attention spans, challenging your readers to navigate and interact with content in different ways, and entrusting your content to the network.

Three separate groups worked on the development of prototypes and methods in the context of urgent publishing. They were loosely identified by type of publication: stand-alone book publishers, online platforms, and periodicals. Each group included two or more publishers, a designer, and a coder, who worked together in a horizontal manner right from the beginning. Thus the definition of the problem, the practical set-up of the research, and the formulation of the deliverables was done in an entirely interdisciplinary way.

During their work on prototypes and methods, each group identified key notions that guided their approach to urgent publishing during the project. These notions also structure their reflections further along in this publication:

RELATIONS: Why have alternative ways of structuring content never truly taken off after the advent of digital publishing, even while the potential for formats other than the A-Z argument seems obvious? The 'stand-alone group' sought to investigate content structure, starting from the idea that adapting a different way of structuring materials in a publication implies an alternative way of thinking. This requires a different way of looking at content at the start of the publishing process, where authors, editors, and publishers work together on the concept of a publication. By cutting up content, and taking a cue from modular processes in digital publishing, different relations between the content elements become apparent. These relations make new structures and reading paths possible. *(More in Chapter 4. Upside Down, Inside Out: A Relational Approach to Content Structure)*

TRUST: How can small online publishers benefit from each other's reach of niche audiences, and by doing so help the positioning of content beyond a platform's already established network of readers? One possibility is to refer readers to interesting content on other platforms. The 'platform group' worked on an algorithmic tool that allows online publishers to share semi-curated 'related articles' of others in their network. This goes beyond a regular recommendation algorithm that might reinforce a bubble of interests and moves towards the expansion of that bubble with content from other publishers. It creates a closer relationship between publishers and intentionally broadens readers' possibilities. Sharing both content and readers in such a network requires trust: between publishers who should be trusted to provide quality content and use a fair referencing system, and trust from readers who expect a certain quality. *(More in Chapter 5. Platform-2-Platform: Network of Independent Publishers)*

REMEDIATION: Acceleration does not only mean that information comes into the world at an ever-increasing speed, but also that it is forgotten again in no time. How can the 'afterlife' of research publications such as journal articles be prolonged? The 'periodicals group' has sought ways in which remediation of publications could not only prolong their relevance, but also allow for interaction of the reader with the content. Through the use of a tool that was developed for making a personal zine on the basis of a journal archive, the publication not only builds a sustainable afterlife, but also a sustainable relationship with the reader. *(More in Chapter 6. Parasitizing the Afterlife: Positioning Through Remediation)*

A final note on the format of this publication: naturally, the results of an applied research project into new forms of publishing couldn't just leave it at a print publication and a pdf. We chose to take 'time' as a guiding principle for thinking up the digital publishing format, and together with designer Loes Claessens devised a way of time-released publishing which goes straight into the reader's inbox. We trust on the networks of the collective partners in doing so and hope that the intimate way of delivering these chapters helps to establish a feeling of urgency as we wish to see it: an urgency that is personal and situated, and that takes its time getting there, all the while not afraid to speak up about what matters most.

ENJOY!

1 . 2 . 3 . 4 . 5 . 6 . 7

Visit networkcultures.org/makingpublic/ more information about the upcoming publication.

Digital Attunement *(an introduction)*

by Tiara Roxanne

now that *we are in it together*, it being this local and global shift, this social turbulence, this cultural upheaval, this, what i am calling, *digital attunement* — as spring unbashfully claims its reign, squirrels dance with trees, the cherry blossom blooms, the daffodil breaks soil, and Persephone eats her pomegranate seeds, all of which symbolize new beginnings, patience, strength — to say in the least, the way we socialize will change from hereon, the way we remember will change from hereon, the way we attune will change from hereon — we are a marking of history and *digital attunement* is something i'd like to briefly think through with you, wherever you are, in your socks and sandals or joggers, a window open next to you letting the cool breeze and bird song spill in lightly, or maybe it's dark and there is tea or whisky — we are in it together, we are in this together, and when i think of together or *togetherness*, i remember Fred Moten's words on gathering, where he says, "gathering makes a grammar all on its own," he says, "to gather together is how we share," he says, "we are a practice of gathering," i'd like to extend this grammar of together and how we gather together online, between interfaces and spaces, platforms and time zones, into a digitally attuned practice, one that challenges our physical / human / bodily need for touch, one that challenges how we relate to one another, one that challenges how our bodies remember, how our bodies hold memory, how our bodies are memory, one that challenges how we move our bodies toward one another, toward the earth, toward the

recovering earth, the breaking soil, the tearing earth, how do we move with care instilled and transmitted between interfaces, territories and now digital borders, how do we continue the practice of gathering and caring, how do we remain emotionally present for one another, how do we listen across digital borders? i think of my heritage and the violence of colonialism embedded within history and now through technology, how our tongues were taken, how our land was removed, how our bodies were named and displaced, and i remember nature, i remember land, like animal, like spirit, where sweet grass grows and reminds me of my ancestors, the powerful teachers they are, speaking through the earth, speaking through the clay – the mud, speaking through my elders, speaking through my bones – my blood, i think about how we are still fighting to be acknowledged, to be heard, to be seen, to be unseen, to be remembered, to be alive, i think about how we, Indigenous Peoples, are marked as a(s)t(e)risk peoples who are counted, codified, included and disincluded within political, educational and technological frameworks, i think about how we have been forced to live within boundaries and borders both on and offline and i think about tradition and ritual, and through tradition and ritual, Indigenous peoples develop a collective, individual and dyadic body memory – dyadic body memory is the shared memory between two individuals and collective body memory is the shared memory between many, both are forms of *digital attunement* within the techno-culture and, in turn, develop as a means of colonial resistance and unveiling as such, a togetherness, a gathering, a ritual of remembering, and a kind of attunement or memory, extended to the techno-platform, the interface, is *digital attunement* which performs as a refusal of the flattening and universalist network-culture

Tiara Roxanne

produces, d*igital attunement* serves as a dynamic model of body to body memory facilitated by the machine, we form memory together and as networks are limiting and the restraints of the network extend globally which increases the necessity to develop new forms of understanding inter-connectedness as a means of resistance and survival but also now to extend into Fred Moten's "grammar of together," or togetherness, and the need to be physically distant, i want to ask how we can inscribe our own rituals, how to develop daily practices of togetherness, how to establish a new tradition of digitally attuning together, that does not appropriate Indigenous tradition or ritual, but acknowledges the sacredity therein, learns from it and assists in gestures of decolonization and togetherness within the digital because after all, we are in it together, we are in *this* together.

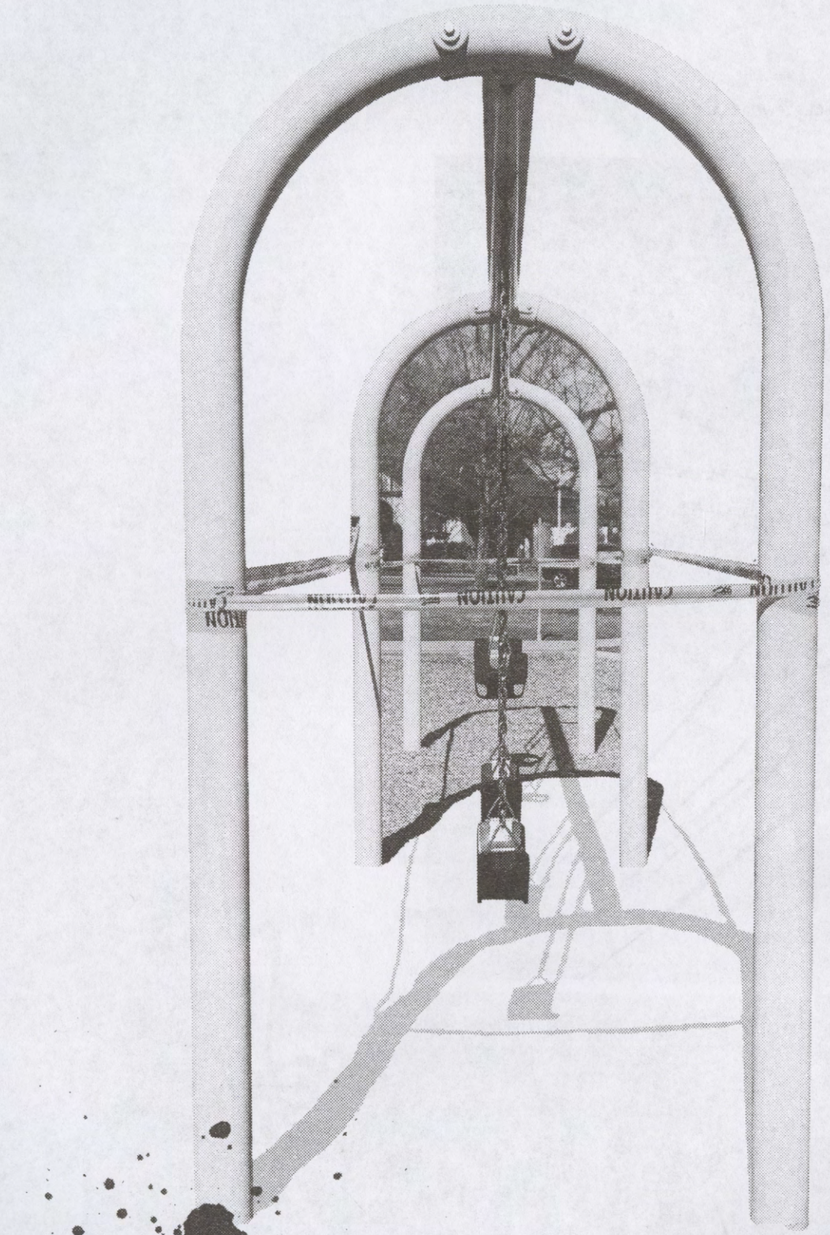
References:

Moten, Fred. "This is How We Fellowship,"11:15am Sermon, 19 January 2020, Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall Street, NYC, NY. Sermon.

Tuck, Eve and K. Wayne Yang. "Decolonization is not a metaphor." *Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education & Society*, vol. 1, no. 1 (2012): pp. 1–40.

Tiara Roxanne

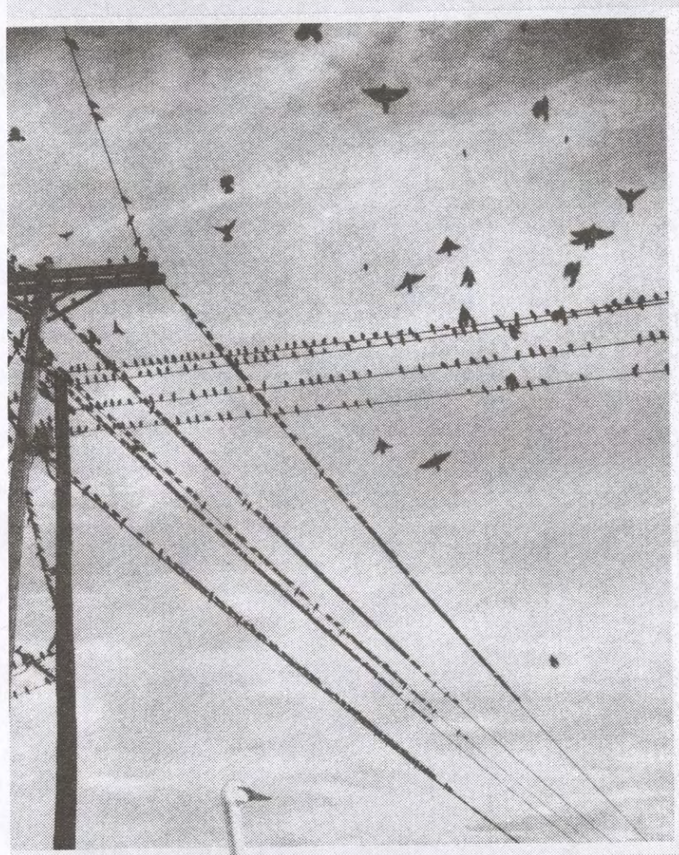
Tiffany Patterson



PORTAL: OFFLINE
BY: TIFFANY PATTERSON | @CURSEWORDSANDBIRDS

PROXIMITY

TIFFANY PATTERSON | @CURSEWORDSANDBIRDS

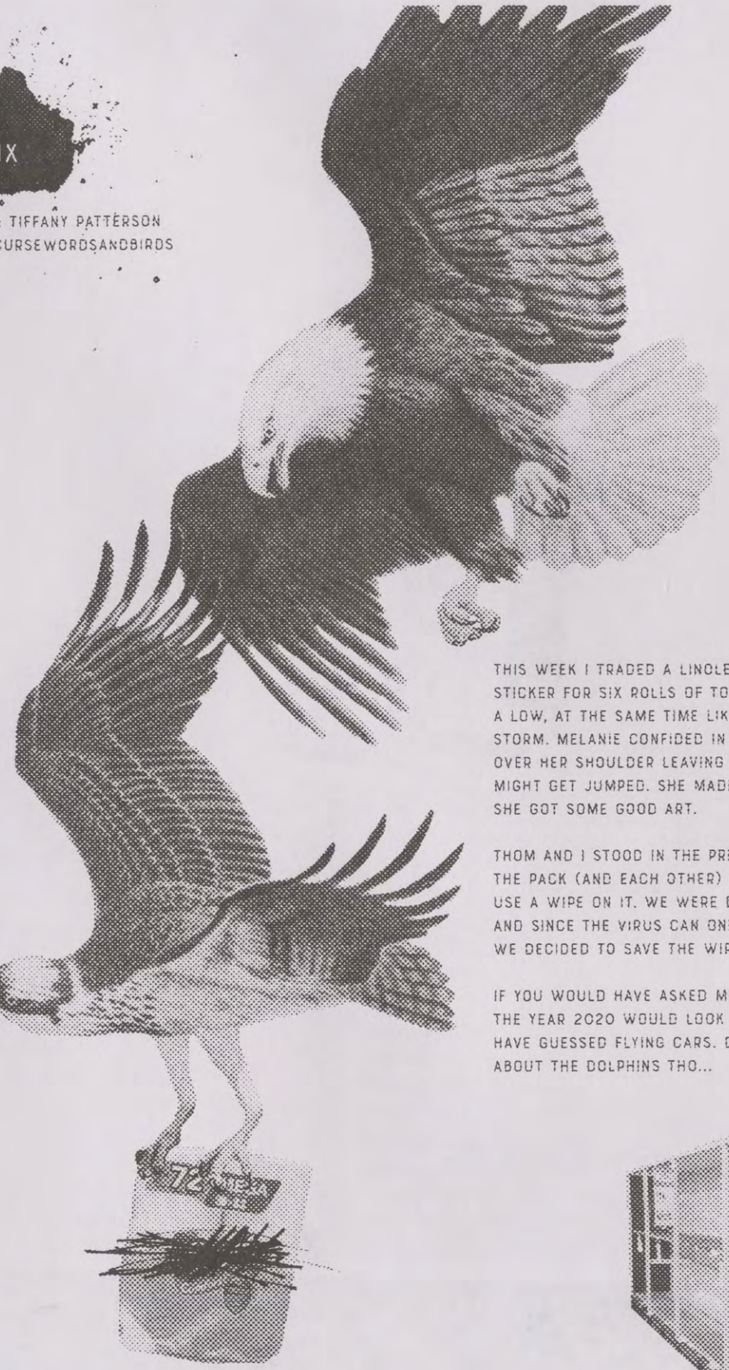




Don't these assholes know about the 6 feet rule???

SIX

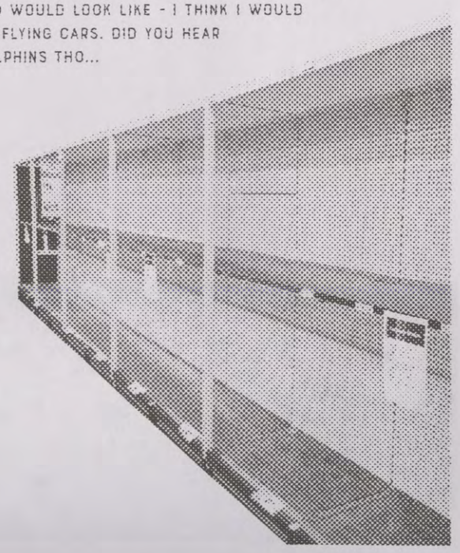
BY: TIFFANY PATTERSON
@CURSEWORDSANDBIRDS



THIS WEEK I TRADED A LINOLEUM PRINT AND A DIE CUT STICKER FOR SIX ROLLS OF TOILET PAPER. IT SEEMS LIKE A LOW, AT THE SAME TIME LIKE THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM. MELANIE CONFIDED IN ME THAT SHE WAS LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER LEAVING COSTCO. SHE FELT LIKE SHE MIGHT GET JUMPED. SHE MADE FIVE DELIVERIES AND I HOPE SHE GOT SOME GOOD ART.

THOM AND I STOOD IN THE PRINT SHOP SIX FEET AWAY FROM THE PACK (AND EACH OTHER) WONDERING IF WE SHOULD USE A WIPE ON IT. WE WERE DOWN TO A ROLL AND A HALF AND SINCE THE VIRUS CAN ONLY LAST 3 DAYS ON PLASTIC WE DECIDED TO SAVE THE WIPE.

IF YOU WOULD HAVE ASKED ME WHEN I WAS YOUNG WHAT THE YEAR 2020 WOULD LOOK LIKE - I THINK I WOULD HAVE GUESSED FLYING CARS. DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE DOLPHINS THO...





SPOKANE IS CLOSED

BY: TIFFANY PATTERSON | @CURSEWORDSANDBIRDS

The New Normal

By: Tiffany Patterson
@cursewordsandbirds

How arrogant we are
To be surprised

I find myself mourning
The what, is not clear
As if a ghost showed up prematurely
Not expecting to meet itself
And the person to be replaced
Just as thunderstruck

What are we left with
If our shadows grow tired
And set out on their own

It's funny how a moment
can change us
A tidbit of information
So transformative
That the before becomes a stranger
A version of ourselves
that can no longer exist

Perhaps I'm mourning myself

I am now an onlooker
As things slip into chaos
Foot searching for the break
While riding in the passenger seat
Watching as everything I know
Slowly melts into uncertainty

This is the new us
anxious people with happy pets
Waiting around
To meet an unfamiliar puddle.
A world this version of ourselves
Has yet to know
With a new set of instructions
That weren't included
with our purchase



#plaguewalking 3/17/20

[gardening while social distanced]

friends .... gridded — in the front yard
.... — in the dirt
.... worm-slither dirtbed — one hand at a time
.... miss anthropocene? — one hand at a time

the mold, the mildew, the chitter charm
o glitter the glow - worm in the
puddle-grass patty - cake(d) — cowgirl boots
finish mimicking, finish watching
twice duck roasted thyme marmalade — high life
heaven sent kitchen whip kick stand — miracle
or do not / the even word of a salmon — skin silver
o recalcitrant adversary marry a song

intermittent sirens
chaos unfurling
refurling — / breath

other beings are now only contaminators
to be avoided at all costs /
the state of exception has become authentically
normal / forbids us even to move /
lives reduced to a purely biological condition /
society in a permanent state of emergency
we sacrificed freedom to "security reasons"
condemned to permanent fear and insecurity.

we talk about the virus in terms of a war
a war against an invisible enemy
the most absurd of wars

Virus
by Björk
Like a virus needs a body

gays on grindr
will literally be
like can you host
like bro you sound
like your
coronavirus rn...
plsu were social
distancing.... we
cannot fuck rn....

As soft tissue / → feeds on blood

Someday I'll find here... → you, the urge is over there

Like a mushroom on a tree trunk

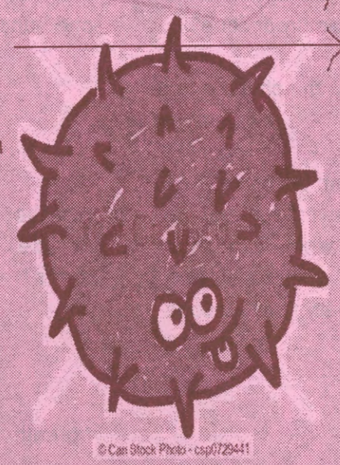
As the protein transmutates

I knock on your skin, and I am in...

The perfect match, you and me...

I adapt, contagious...

You open up / say → welcome.







UP NEXT:
gavin degraw.



she can shimmy she can shake

hula hula

listen son

Like a flame that seeks explosives

As gunpowder needs a war

I feast inside you, my host is you...

The perfect match, you and I

You fail to resist

My crystalline charm.

Like a virus, patient hunter

I'm waiting for you, I'm starving for you

My sweet adversary





dad tell me a story about the 2020 quarantine

some of my "quarantweets"

- quarantine is making me more annoying
- destigmatize being annoying
- destigmatize destigmatizing things
- last night i had this dream and i took pics on my phone in the dream then woke up and the dream pics were on my phone and i was freaking out but then that was also a dream and then i actually woke up
- help! I really need to talk to a celebrity right now. I've been feeling down and only a celebrity can help me / understand. It's not easy but this is me asking for help
- what if im a clone
- "im not even horny i just want someone who doesnt hate my personality"
- aint gonna be payin my rent this month i owe that
- the day the world stopped to look at bad bunnys nipples
- day 7 of quarantine my dnd character is looking very sexy
- Edward cullen has accutane skin
- anyone need an intervention?
- you must be this deranged to ride this ride
- The pussycat girls have the kind of vibe that makes you put your phone down
- im losing followers... yall dying or something?

it is march again
i can't sleep
i can't go home

i'm at the overlook by the lake where i go when people die
and i'm going to watch the sunset before they burn the fields

i can still see the stars
as the horizon oranges
waiting out the dark takes longer than one thinks
it starts not as orange but grey
the slightest yellowing of the slate sky
luminescence faithfully returned by the water

ok every time i try to watch the sunset
i end up staring at the wrong side of the earth and missing it wtf



#plaguewalking 3/17/20

Headlines
Wil van Iersel

Wednesday March 18th: It was the sixth days of self isolation with my family. I was under shock and felt stressed out. I followed the news and social media day and night to get a grip on the situation.
After seeing the open call for URGENCY READER 2 on my Facebook news feed followed by a next post with a quote, apparently from Charles Darwin and scrolling further down, I came across lots of other personal, fake or real news messages about the corona virus. I had the idea to collect the headlines and statements from news media and friends on my feed for the next six days. On the morning of March 19th, I started taking screenshots of my Facebook feed every time when I checked my mobile. I chose Facebook because it is my most international social media app.

By collecting the headlines and disconnecting them from their context I want to find a way to get a grip on the Covid-19 crises. This new text is about the past and present but I hope to discover a shimmer of possible ideas for the future and it helped me to understand my current situation in a better way.

These lines are coming from the following friends and news organizations in no particular order: The Guardian, Vice.com, Moritz Ebinger, Washington Post, Thom Puckey, The New Yorker, Ken Bridgen, Ruben Lundgren, Cramer Florian, Monopol, Fred Fee, Menno Grootveld, The New York Times, Alicia Framis, Karin Krijgsman, Fleur van Dissel, Next Nature Network, Julie Cook, Martina Schiling, Computer Arts, Verso Books, The British Journal of Photography, Gershwin Bonevacia, Lotte van den Berg, Open Culture, Anouk Kruithof, Delphine Bedel, Erza Klein, Rob Peree, Jack Cross, Ilse Frech, The Atlantic, Maartje Nevejan, Stedelijke Museum, nachtkritiek.de, Trendbeheer, Marijn Lems, Mishka Henner, Roy Man, Hauke Heumann, Peter Jan Haas, Malcom Kemp, Hanna Mattes, Martha Rosler, Jan Rosseel, Tripadvisor, Veronika Spierenburg, Michael Maranda, Fransien van der Putt, Micheal O'Connell, Thomas Kuiper, Rob Moonen, Arnon Grunberg and Bert Danckaert.

Wil van Iersel

Headlines
Thursday and Friday March 19 and 20, 2020.
WHO Covid-19 Situation March 20;
confirmed cases 234.073.
deaths 9840.

Copper Destroys Viruses and Bacteria. Why Isn't It Everywhere?

Experimental lung drug to be tested on UK coronavirus patients

Opinion | This virus should be forever linked to the regime that facilitated its spread

THE POWER OF SOCIAL DISTANCING

Starbucks Employees Are Begging the Company to Shut Down Stores Because of Coronavirus

In Praise of Phone Calls

A LETTER FROM F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, QUARANTINED IN 1920 IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE DURING THE SPANISH INFLUENZA OUTBREAK:

The Coronavirus Called America's Bluff

We're not going back to normal

Who would like me to do
a live stream and play
some songs?

Native American tribe takes trailblazing steps to fight Covid-19 outbreak

Ist hier jemand? Die Asthetik des Coronavirus

The Coronavirus and the Ruptured Narrative of Campus Life

The Wizard Of Oz: "There's No Place Like Home"

A lack of tourists means that you can actually see the fish and dolphins in the canals of Venice again

Opinion | Our New Historical Divide: B.C. and A.C. — the World Before Corona and the World After

When will a coronavirus vaccine be ready?

BUY ART FROM LIVING ARTISTS.
THE DEAD ONES DON'T NEED THE MONEY

Warum du jetzt handeln musst!

How to Talk to Your Child About the Coronavirus

The Isolation Sessions

America Is at War, and There's Only One Enemy

Why your pets can't spread the coronavirus

Keep it clean: The surprising 130-year history of handwashing

Honey With Turmeric: The Most Potent Antibiotic That Not Even Doctors Can Explain

Bill Gates told us about the Corona virus in 2015

Iconic logos reimagined for the age of coronavirus

Reading in a time of self-isolation

Camus on the Coronavirus

Balcony spirit: hope in face of coronavirus – in pictures

Public Source is building a collaborative archive of life during COVID-19

Twitter to remove harmful fake news about coronavirus

er zijn hier zowel Dengue en ook Malariamuggen.

Opinion | A Complete List of Trump's Attempts to Play Down Coronavirus

Petition unterschreiben

Elon "Coronavirus Panic Is Dumb" Musk Might Make Ventilators Now

The schools have shut (poem)

Opinion | What Do We Lose When We Stop Touching Each Other?

Coronavirus live updates: Italy's death toll becomes highest in world surpassing China

My Darling Quarantine Short Film Festival

Refuse to Run a Coronavirus Home School

Edward Hopper's Nighthawks: The 2020 Edition

We Must Assist One Another or Die

COVID-19 What you should know... and what to dismiss

Destroying Nature Unleashes Infectious Diseases

New life, new sounds, what's your favorite playlist or podcast? 😘

Free Quarantine Ebooks

To practice social distancing, stay 6 feet away

Nach langem Hausarrest: Regisseur gibt Tipps für Corona-Isolation

They. Sold. Their. Stock.

Quarantine Tips from My Cat

WE ARE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER NOW

Who's already on ZOOM? I Am.

A one-page, printable guide for preparing to stay at home

This Is Not a Recession. It's an Ice Age.

The risk Covid-19 poses for children, explained

The Covid-19 question: Can social solidarity replicate faster than the virus?

How to Avoid Complete Economic Destruction

Coronavirus Is the Perfect Disaster for 'Disaster Capitalism'

Stuck at Home? These 12 Famous Museums Offer Virtual Tours You Can Take on Your Couch

Phone Sex Is Safe Sex

Live Coronavirus Tracker

Headlines
Saterday March 21, 2020.
WHO Covid-19 Situation March 21;
confirmed cases 266.073
deaths 11.183

Coronavirus offers "a blank page for a new beginning"

We Should All Be More Like the Nuns of 1918

Berlin's Senate Is Rolling Out Up to $320 Million in Emergency Grants for Freelance Cultural Workers and A...

How to Disinfect and Clean a Suitcase Between Trips

Stay at Home Stedelijk

Trump throws tantrum over question about coronavirus fears: 'You're a terrible reporter'

Half Uruguay's coronavirus cases traced to a single guest at a society party

Staging Complexity – Die Initiative Cheers for Fears

Gmac Cash – Coronavirus

Yuval Noah Harari: the world after coronavirus

Despite what Trump says, my Chinese students are not the face of this virus | Kristen Brownell

Opinion | Acting in 'The Walking Dead' Didn't Prepare Me for Coronavirus

Self-isolating stars share washing and workout tips to stay in spotlight

Ich habe alles abgeblasen!

The undervalued heroes of the coronavirus crisis need our thanks – and our support | Owen Jones

The Pope says he has asked God to stop the coronavirus epidemic

Fears of catastrophe as Greece puts migrant camps into lockdown

Coronavirus: 300 million children to miss school meals amid shutdowns

Virus attackiert Protestkultur

Social distancing? That comes naturally to me

ISOLATION GARDEN Day 2

Remote Possibilities

Bondi beach closed down after crowds defy ban on gatherings of more than 500 people

Opinion | Is the Coronavirus Shaping the Future of How We Work?

Making Sense Podcast #152 - The Trouble with Facebook

Vervuilde lucht maakt coronavirus dodelijker

Keeping the Coronavirus from Infecting Health-Care Workers

Can I Get Coronavirus From Food? Scientists Say Yes and to Step Away From the Deli Meats.

Liebes Publikum,

Sign Petition: Shut Down Wildlife Markets, Before We Are Hit With Another Plague Like Coronavirus

Coronavirus: UK panic-buyers urged to think of frontline workers

Meanwhile at the toilet paper warehouse

Pilates Anytime - Unlimited Pilates Classes

Europe's companies retool production to fight coronavirus fallout

Why we're not overreacting to the coronavirus, in one chart

Coronavirus means difficult, life-changing decisions for me and my cancer patients

Marriott CEO says coronavirus is 'like nothing we've ever seen,' cuts his salary to $0

Coronavirus: 53 more people die in UK, taking toll to 233 – live updates

"Normal Is Not in Our Game Plan": Seattle's Fight to Survive the Spread of the Coronavirus

Trump Won't Stop Hyping an Unproven Coronavirus Cure

The Real Pandemic Danger Is Social Collapse

Denmark's Idea Could Help the World Avoid a Great Depression

Pandemic, photography, and psychological distance

Opinion | Thank God the Doctor Is In

Man runs marathon on 7-metre balcony during French lockdown

Coronavirus should be a wake-up call to our treatment of the animal world

For some people, social distancing means being trapped indoors with an abuser | Arwa Mahdawi

Can you spare a minute to help Deanna Bowen?

Here's everything you need to know about social distancing

bleibt zuhause!
stay at home!
blijf thuis!
se queda en casa!
reste à la maison!
estadias em casa!
pobyty w domu!

Headlines
Sunday March 22, 2020.
WHO Covid-19 Situation March 22;
confirmed cases 292.142
deaths 12.783

The Art World Goes Dark

Unbezahlbarer Verlust

Vakkenvuller naar huis gestuurd om dragen mondkapje

'The biggest story ever': how journalists are coping with Covid-19

WebCam.NL | www.amsterdam-dam.com - live ultraHD PTZ camera.

No, drinking water doesn't kill coronavirus

Emergency basic income for the EU - now!

INFORMATIONAL HYGIENE

Noodmelding
NL-Alert 22-03-2020 11:29

Scottish government 'furious' as travellers flock to Highlands to avoid coronavirus

Coronavirus Concerts: The Music World Contends with the Pandemic

Las Vegas lap dance club offers drive-through "social distancing" strip shows

Experts' tips on surviving – even enjoying – life under lockdown

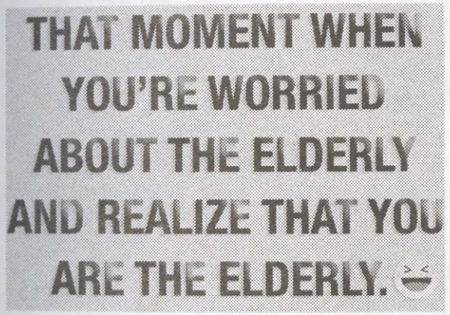
UK military planners drafted in to help feed vulnerable in Covid-19 outbreak

From mere advice to full lockdown: the week when it all changed

Germany's low coronavirus mortality rate puzzles experts

WHO considers 'airborne precautions' for medical staff after study shows coronavirus can survive in air

'Think about the best-case scenario': how to manage coronavirus anxiety



Headlines
Monday and Tuesday. March 23 and 24, 2020.
WHO Covid-19 Situation March 24W;
confirmed cases 375.498,
deaths 16.362,

Watershed

An economic crisis like we've never seen

Italian Mayors Are Losing Their Shit Over People Refusing to Stay Inside

The unprecedented tsunami of unemployment insurance claims, explained

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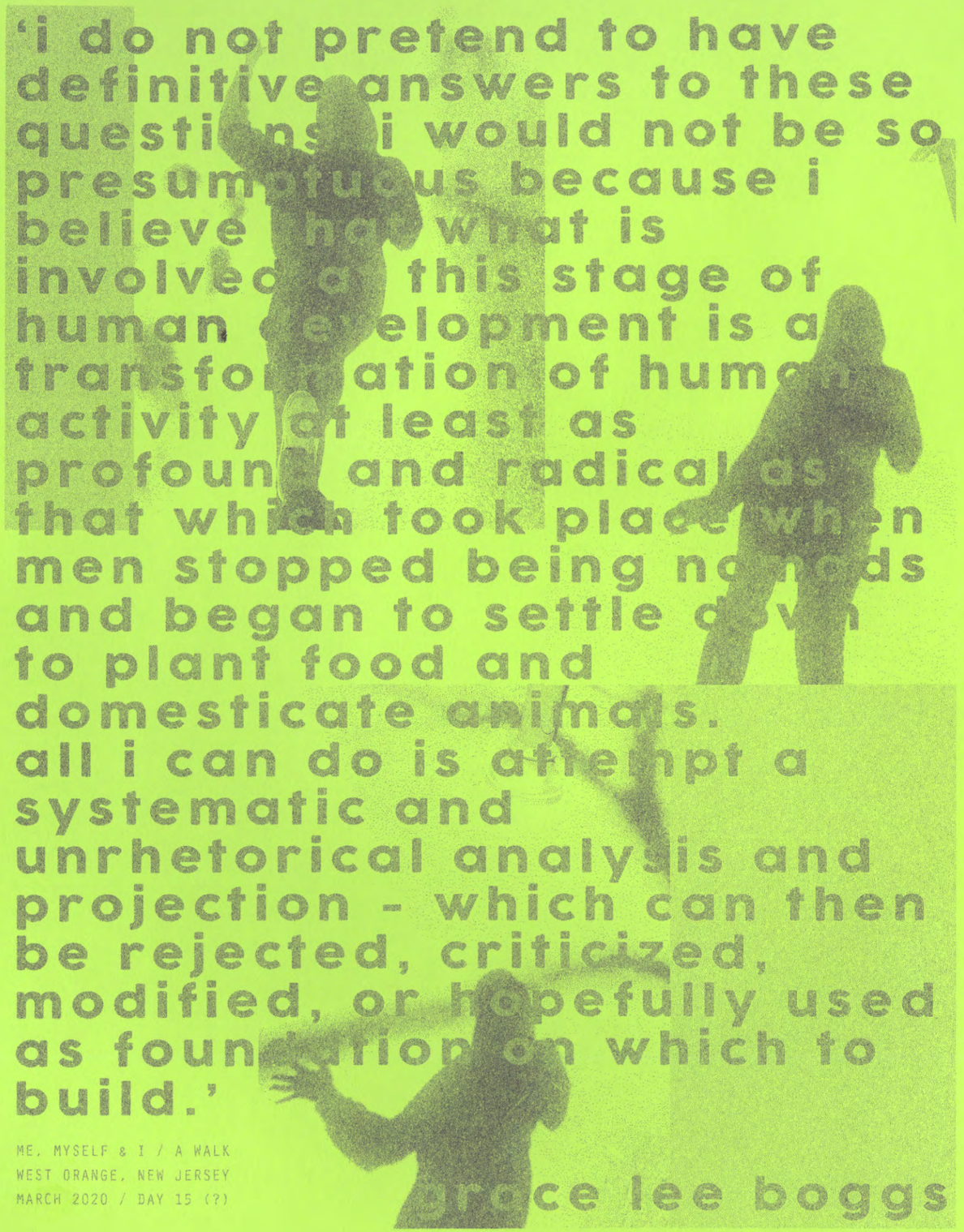

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