

Conversations



Tuesday >
Must admit..quarantine makes me want
a baby



Sunday >
Felt a lot like quarantine



3/23/20 >
It was the most fun night of
quarantine haha



3/23/20 >
Idk if you've listened to Phoebe
Bridger's quarantine playlist



3/20/20 >
I might just do that as quarantine relief



3/18/20 >
Let's make a quarantine list of things
to do



3/18/20 >
It really is a quarantine jam

~PRO FOUND EXPE- RIENCE OF STAYING AT HOME



~PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF STAYING AT HOME
A QUARANZINE
APRIL 5th 2020
ISSUE 2



Edited by Lucy K Shaw
First Edition
April 5th 2020

Cover by Emma Ensley
(quarantined in Asheville, North Carolina)

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182 — LISBOA (Portugal)
Castelo de S. Jorge
St. George's Castle
Château de St. Georges

Hi everyone,

Hope you're feeling okay.

It's time for the second
issue of

~Profound Experience Of
Staying At Home.

Coleção DÚUA - Reprodução Proibida

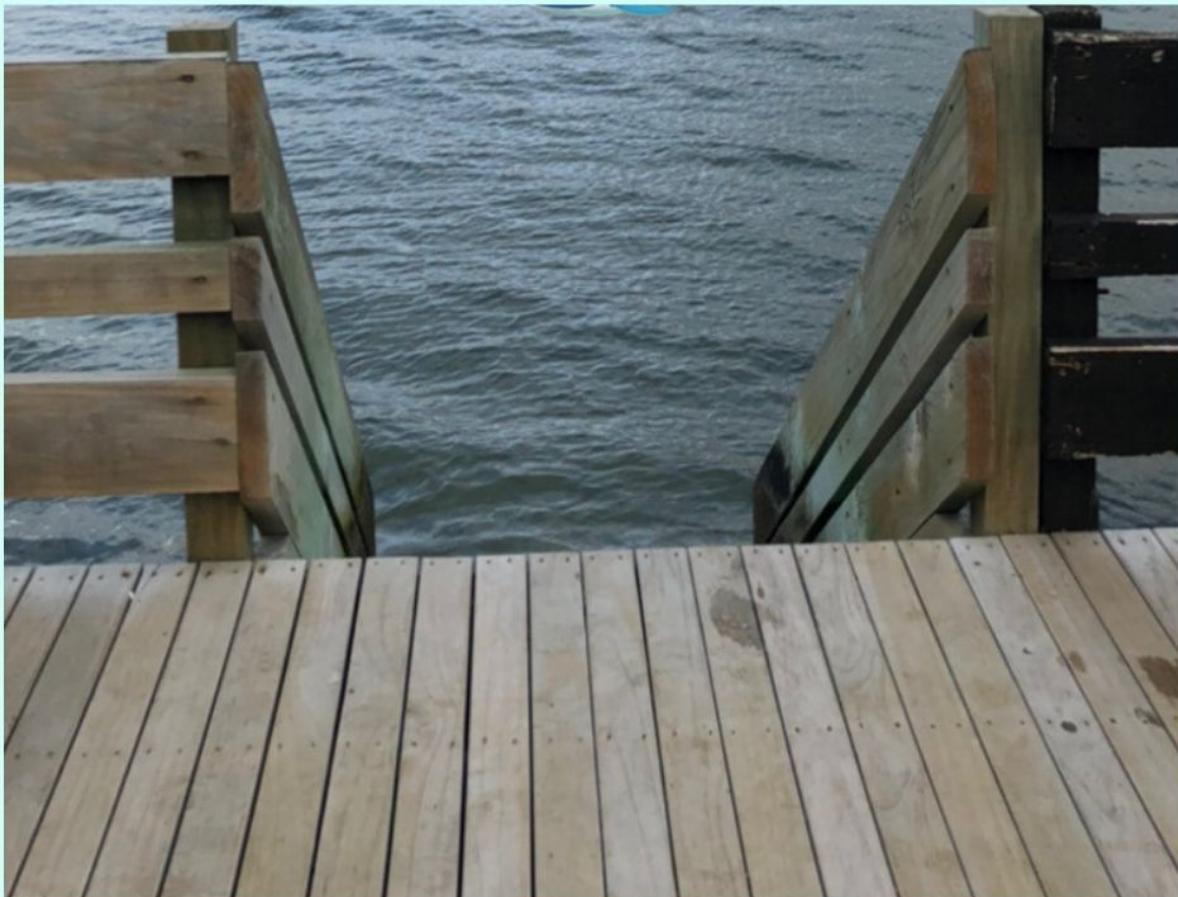


I'm excited to share this
one with you.

Please stay safe,

Lucy

Spell To Survive



Stacey Teague

Today I pressed my anxiety into a card for Natalie like a pressed flower

Today I walked around in the sun and I waved to everyone in the other ocean

Today I wanted to get through, living

Today I lay under a bed of leaves

Today the world clouded over in a question

Today I woke up and kept waking up

Today there was green green green I fell into

Today the light wanted to come through

Today I mailed out my grief in shiny gold envelopes

Today I found a long black strand of hair in my clothing and held it up to the light

Today I couldn't see the future but I heard it like a branch snapping

Today I text the sky "I don't want this"

Today I remembered the big red moon in my dream

Today there was a little hope

Today there was not

Today I turned 31

Today I could not touch anything

Today I walked up the hill and came back down again

Today the windows reflect me

Today I saw the sea and felt the salt in my lungs

Today I put on my pink mask

Today you stood closer

(Cont.)

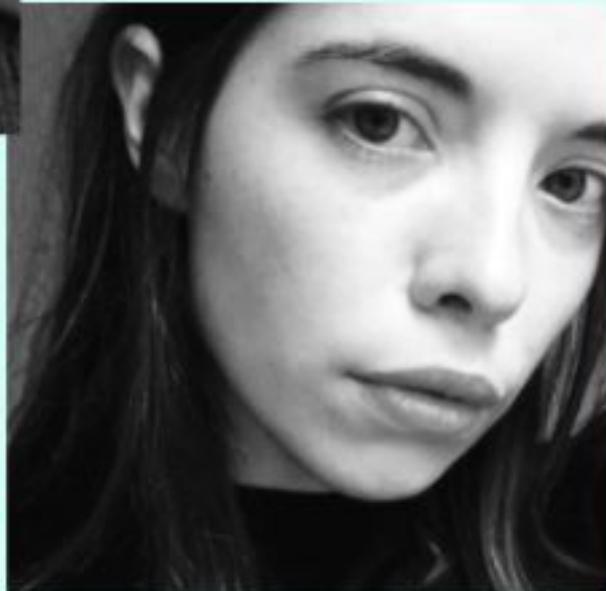




Yu Yoyo

In conversation with
Luna Miguel

A conversation about poetry and life between the poet Yu Yoyo (Sichuan, 1990), quarantined in her apartment in Chengdu and the poet Luna Miguel (Madrid, 1990) quarantined in her apartment in Barcelona.



Dear Yu, first of all: Thanks for agreeing to have this conversation with me. Though I also want to express my sadness (or maybe an apology?), because after almost a decade of being connected through social media... It has taken a crisis like COVID-19 to make us talk about literature... Having said that... How are you? How do you feel?

To be honest, I feel bad and a little depressed because of having to deal with all this news of disease and death every day. I've secretly cried in my room for unlucky strangers twice recently. I've been in isolation at home for over a month since the COVID-19 outbreak and I've barely been out of the house. This sort of situation is tough on everyone. Truth be told, I usually work from home and rarely go outside, but that makes me feel relaxed and fulfilled because it is my own choice. But being forced to stay at home is uncomfortable because I lose the choice. We always want complete control over our lives, right? But COVID-19 has not only deprived us of our right to freedom, it also threatens our right to

life.

Lately, your Instagram feed – which was once full of color, travel photos, and happy images – has become a little bit darker. You have also posted some thoughts on politics and the virus. How has the pandemic affected your creative processes?

Reacting like that is human instinct. A writer is first and foremost a person who must be in direct communication with life. A writer's job is to turn that reaction into words and to give some serious thought as to why it is that humans are suffering now. I have also been writing more reflective essays during my time in quarantine – it has made me more eager to find answers to the things I am going through. Although I've found the outcome of these texts unconvincing, at least I have learned to insist on the idea of truth in the creative process.

At the time of writing this (March 27, 2020), Spain is the country in Europe with the highest number of infections and the highest death toll after Italy... We have been in lockdown for only two weeks, but the debate about the role that creativity and culture can have has been very intense. On the one hand, bookstores are closed and the publishing industry fears big financial losses. On the other, there is an ongoing, albeit sometimes sterile, conversation about “how to tell the coronavirus story.” Has something similar been going on in your country?

Something similar did happen at first in China. Some bookstores closed, while others turned to the Internet for help, hoping readers would be able to buy books online to tide bookstores over. Publishing houses are state-controlled entities in China, so they aren't in the worst situation.

There was also some discussion among writers as to whether or not to write about COVID-19 now and, if so, how to write about it. As you know, people have many emotions and thoughts to express during a disaster. But we have to distinguish between what we express as citizens and what we express as writers. Writerly expression has artistic aspirations. Literature should be more thoughtful than standard discourse, and it has to take the time needed to observe, think, conceive; it doesn't come as easily as speech. I don't mean to say that literature should be absent from our lives, but in circumstances like these, it cannot replace the timely weight of news reports. Literature is the kind of art that takes time and patience to create.

Have Chinese publishing houses begun putting out books (essays, novels, poetry, etc.) about coronavirus already? If so, have you read them? What can you tell us about them?

There seem to have been only one or two collections of poems published on the subject, and I don't want to read them. In keeping with my answer to the previous question, I question the quality of a work about disaster for which no time for meditation and reflection has been allotted. Much of the value of what is being put out right now will be

merely anecdotal. There may be some good stuff in there, but there can't be much.

Just a few months ago, the reports from European media about the virus had a certain tone of superiority and racism to them.... But then our governments failed to react in time. How have people been experiencing the disrespectful accusations and comments over there?

In my opinion, differences in culture and regimes cause differences in people's mindsets, and different mindsets inevitably lead to a lot of misunderstandings and prejudice. But that is not to rule out the idea that politicians and the media are deliberately misleading us. In this time, the ability to explore the truth and think independently is especially important. We should be very mindful about what we take to be true, rather than allowing ourselves to be influenced by others and by misinformation.

In a statement, Bolivian activist and writer María Galindo said the following: “It seems that not only do I have coronavirus, but we all have it, everyone; all institutions, all countries, all neighborhoods and all activities. What is clear is that the coronavirus, rather than a disease, seems to be a form of world police and military dictatorship.”

What do you think?

If you think of COVID-19 as a symbol or metaphor, it can represent anything. It's just that today we are talking more about politics, culture, society, technology and human civilization, because these things have a huge impact on our lives, both positive and negative. Clearly, COVID- 19 was a disaster, we used it to reflect on the problems and shortcomings of human society and compare the strengths and weaknesses of different regimes. It seems to be a trigger and an opportunity to spot problems. What's interesting about COVID-19 is that it treats all countries, all governments equally and it doesn't treat anyone well, but different measures do have different effects. The virus is more likely to test the ability of governments to govern, or even trigger new changes and revolutions around the world.

In the text you collaborated on with us for (multi-lingual video project) ECRIRW, you say: “when I write, I am a free person.” What does the word "freedom" mean to you in the context of this crisis? And in the context of the country you inhabit? And in the context of a “supposedly hyperconnected” society in 2020?

Freedom seems like a sad word at present, because we have lost our freedom and been locked in the house by COVID-19, so we are able to better appreciate the value of freedom. Freedom is a natural right for humans, but it is treated differently by different countries and regimes. Perhaps it is because I have been deprived of some rights to freedom in my life that I long for it. I think of freedom as more important than literature, because literature is a way for me to pursue freedom. I have a very intelligent friend who lived in the UK who told me, as long as you believe in freedom, flying is not just for birds. This 2020 crisis has cemented my certainty that freedom is a lifelong pursuit for me, and I am more than willing to fight for it.

When I learned I was going to be interviewing you, I asked my followers on social media if they had some questions they'd like to ask you. One of the most often repeated was: "Are you able to find beauty in this time of confinement?" To which I might add: in your opinion, should the work of a writer nowadays be to "find beauty," or, on the contrary, to critically analyze "the ugliness" that surrounds us?

You know, in a high-speed society where people are busy with all kinds of things, it's hard to stop and enjoy life. For me, there is a kind of beauty in slowing down. In this time of quarantine, I have had time to slowly perceive the passage of time – I have been more acutely conscious of my breath and my body, which is such a beautiful thing.

I think the writer's job is to combine the two, to find both beauty and ugliness, because that's what the real world is made up of. If you look at it another way, though, you can also criticise for the sake of beauty. If you didn't want things to get better, why would you criticize them for being bad?

Last year you traveled in Europe, where you spent time with some young writers and translators... What attracted you most to the European literary scene? What is the status of poetry in your country?

The vitality and creativity of the European youth is what attracts me the most. In a pluralistic society, everyone is very different, and everyone has their own unique characteristics. People can weave particularly attractive interpersonal networks, and then communicate and play together and inspire each other.

In China, not so many people write and read poems, but poetry is very important to the history of Chinese literature. And there are still some young people who dream of being poets. I hope they get more opportunities to showcase their work in future.

In China, do you belong to any kind of "literary group" or generation?

I've been called a post-90s poet in China, but I really hate the label. Poets are poets, regardless of gender or age, and I hate being lumped into a group, because it means that my own particular personality will be ignored and judged in more general terms. I have always been an independent poet, I don't belong to any group, I don't want to derive my sense of identity from a group of similar people. I like making friends with people who are different from me, so I can learn more from them.

Since I started reading your work in 2013, I have always observed in your literature an obsession with the corporal, even with disease, or with the animal... Where do these obsessions come from? When did you start to write about them?

Maybe it's just because I am sensitive to how things are perceived, but I am particularly fond of living things. I always imagine their different behaviors, and studying human

beings, especially their quirks, is something that fascinates me. But this is only a part of my work, and I write about many other things. I hope to have these read by more people shortly. I started writing poetry on the Internet when I was 14, and was discovered by the editor of a poetry journal who asked me for some poems to publish in print when I was 16.

You have recently started to publish poems directly in English on your social media. Why? Is it a creative challenge? Or perhaps out of a desire to reach a foreign audience with your reflections? If so, and bearing in mind that this conversation may be read by people from Spain and different countries in Latin America is there any message, poem, reflection or warning that you would like to send to all of us?

I try to write poetry in English for two reasons. First of all, I want to practice my English more. Secondly, I want to get rid of the limitations of my mother tongue. Each language has a specific way of thinking, and over time people become bound to a certain perspective. I want to use another language to bring about a different way of thinking within myself – I want to be able to think in more directions.

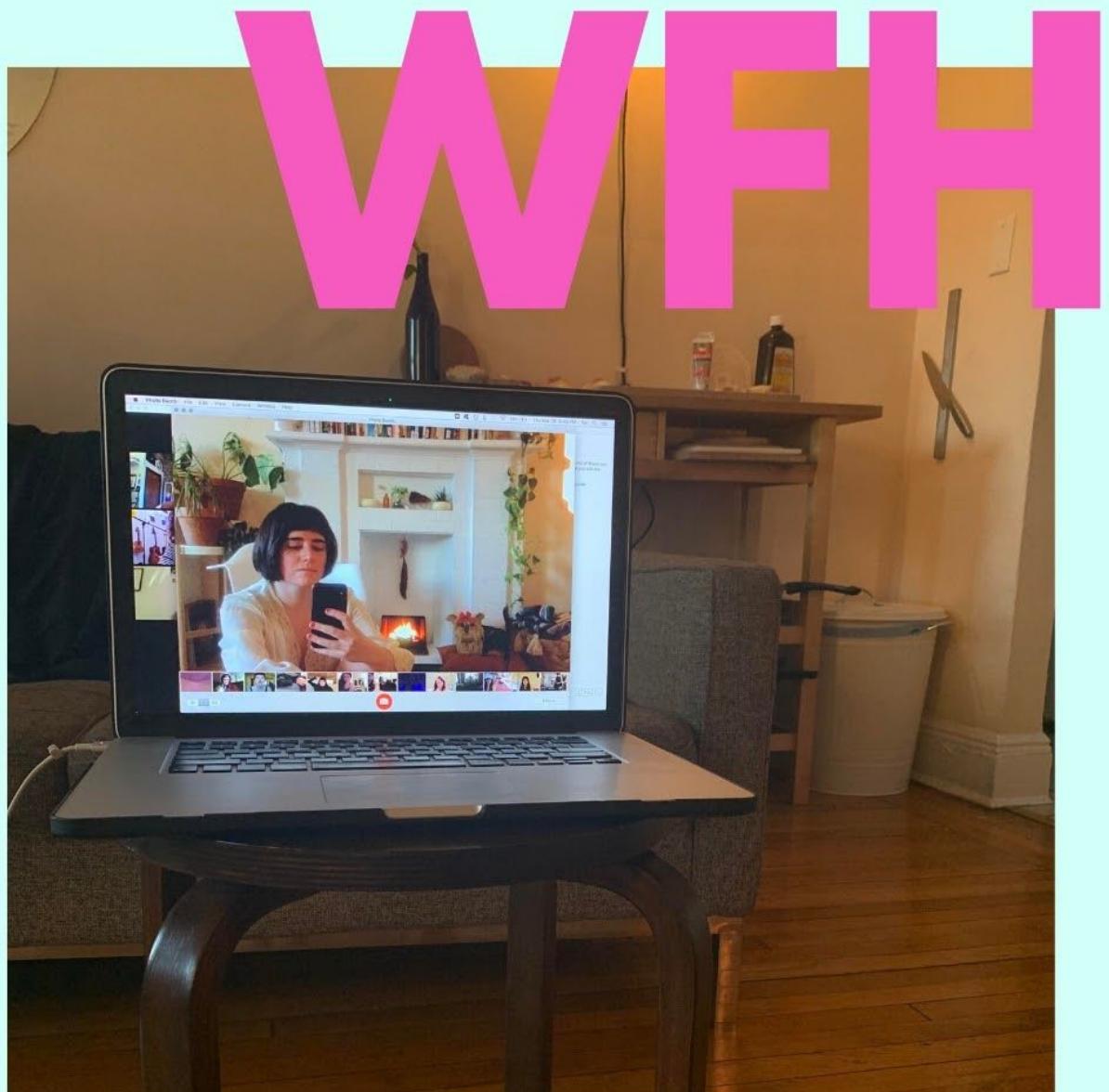
If I have anything to say, it's just: survive this huge disaster first. Nothing else matters.

[Spanish version available here](#)
English version edited by Oscar d'Artois





Anteilnahme
May-Lan Tan



Tori Wolfe

After Tim falls asleep each night, I buy one thing.
Hair clips, sugar free gummies, a portable washing machine.
It's easy to decide you need anything at 3am.

The world is crumbling
and I can't stop buying
pairs of black boots
that look just like the ones

I already own.

I guess there are good ways and bad ways
to really see yourself.

Every morning, we wake up and hope
that things are different,
good or bad, doesn't matter, just please
let something change. When Kierkegaard said,
“I am able to swim in life, but I am too
heavy for this mystical hovering”—
I felt that.

We are baking alive in a coffin
slightly larger than the one I picture—
and I picture it often—
warmed
by an acceleration toward death
and by the radiator—two things I am unable
to understand or control.

The taste of blood at the back of the throat.

A slight cough.

Some mornings I cough before I remember.
Some mornings I remember, and then I cough.
For the first few minutes, I'm never sure
if I feel a pressure on my chest
or if I'm just lonely.

So much to do and buy
to keep this flesh machine humming.

I squirm
under my own microscope.
I have never had to think
for this long
at a time.

I try some grounding exercises.

What do you see?
Black mold in the grout around the tub.
I wonder how long it has been there, waiting for me to breathe
at just the right angle.

What do you feel?
Today is warm, tomorrow will be cold,
and then Wednesday it will start to get warm again.
The skin between my shoulder blades—
the part I can't reach—
has been itching.

Having not left for days on end, I have no idea
how anything smells.
When I get that feeling—
you know—
I remind myself:
Don't panic. Keep lists. Check the mail,
carefully.

I put on the same underwear

for the third day in a row
and eat so much cheese that I feel dead.
I spend the afternoon squishing ants
one by one with my finger
as they file through a crack in the window.
Every window in my apartment
has these cracks.

Sure, like most people,
I miss the hot smell of soap
at a bar
15 minutes after open.
I'm just pointing out my relief in knowing
nobody's out there
not inviting me to parties.

I read online:
“Learning how to see yourself in your own reflection
can increase self-compassion
and aid stress-management.
Don't look at yourself, look for yourself.”
There are blackheads on the fold of skin
that connects my earlobe to my neck.
Like the mold,
I don't know how long they have been there.

This is the thing about humans. Incessant
haircuts and our precious precious idiosyncrasies,
while god points his sun at angles
on the glass coffee table

trying to tell us something.
Smothered by
the roll of the world
even though
we have calculated it to nanoseconds.

Everyone always regrets
asking me what I think,
but especially now.

I wish I was in the soft suburbs
but I am in the hard city
and strangers are walking straight at me
like it's nothing. All my life
people have been moving my glass away
from the edge of the table,
and I think I'm finally close
to figuring out why.



Botanicals #1
Rachel Hyman

For Mitzi

Kate Shaw



In 2015, back when we were allowed to go outside, my friend Ellie and I travelled to the Philippines. It was really great. We loved it! We went to a lot of touristic islands and made so many Filipino friends along the way. We swam everyday, went to karaoke every night and ate delicious food all the time. Filipino people kept telling us, ‘It’s more fun in the Philippines!’ which is the country’s official tourism tagline, and it’s true. We couldn’t believe how kind and warm everyone was and how welcoming people could be. After about 4 weeks of travelling around the north of the Philippines we headed south of Manila to an island called Marinduque, 4-5 hours from the capital by bus and boat and not really a popular tourist destination.

Looking back, I don't know why we decided to go there. Maybe our guide book recommended it. We didn't have any internet on our phones so we would only follow the book's guidance.

When we arrived, it was the afternoon. We got on a jeepney and asked the driver to drop us at any hotel or hostel or homestay which is how we had found our accommodation on every other island. We drove for a while and began to see a lot of closed guest houses. We were looking in our guidebook for somewhere to stay when a girl shouted from across the jeepney to ask if we were okay.

We told her we were looking for a place to sleep. She told us that it was not the tourist season and only one resort was open, which was expensive, but she would accompany us if we wanted. It was starting to get dark.

We said thank you and chatted with her as the jeepney ride continued. When we arrived, the resort was closed. She said she would call her brother to come and pick us up, and invited us to eat dinner together. She introduced us to the Filipino thousand islands dip. After we had eaten she said we could keep trying to find a place to stay but if not we could stay at her house, if we wanted.

By this time we had spent maybe 1.5 hours with her but she was so lovely, so we said, 'Are you sure??? Yes please!' We drove back to her house and her dad and children greeted us. We watched TV and went to sleep in one of the bedrooms feeling so grateful!



The next day she had to go to work but her brother had hired a van and was going to drive us around the island and show us all the secret beaches, a hot spring and a waterfall. We had the best day ever!!!! I love this kind family so much, they helped me and Ellie when we had nowhere to go.

We ended up spending 3 nights at her house, we visited the school where Mitzi teaches, met her students and went to her best friend's birthday party. We ate together, sang karaoke together, and laughed a lot.

Spending time with Mitzi and her family was the highlight of our whole trip.

After we left, Mitzi only asked for one thing, that when we returned home to England that we would send her chocolate from the UK because she had never tried it.



Ever since, Mitzi and I have kept in touch, and when the coronavirus started to spread around the world, Mitzi asked me if I was still in China (where I was living and working for all of 2019). I told her I had come back to the UK and that we are on lockdown. She told me that Marinduque is also on lockdown and so of course nobody can go to work. She said a lot of families are struggling to afford food and that though the government is providing 2kg of rice per week per family, it's not enough for them to live on.

I asked Mitzi if it was possible to send her some money to help her family. I'm lucky. I am still able to work for my school in China from where I am now. She had been so kind to us when we needed her help. Five years later, it was about time I returned the favour.

I sent her some money, thinking that it would be enough to make a significant difference to her and her family in the coming weeks.

Mitzi was so grateful and immediately told me that she would spend all of the money on buying rice for her entire community. I couldn't believe it. I was so happy. The next day, once she had received the money, she sent me these messages...

02:57

Hi kate



We are packing your help
for us



5kls of rice each family

30 families



Thanks a lot



I'm so touched by Mitzi's generosity. When I gave her money for herself, she used it to help so many other people. I just want to follow her example of kindness and continue to help her community in Marinduque.

When I talked to my sister Lucy about my profound experience of giving to Mitzi, she suggested that I write something about it for the Quaranzine. It is *supposed* to be a travel blog, after all.

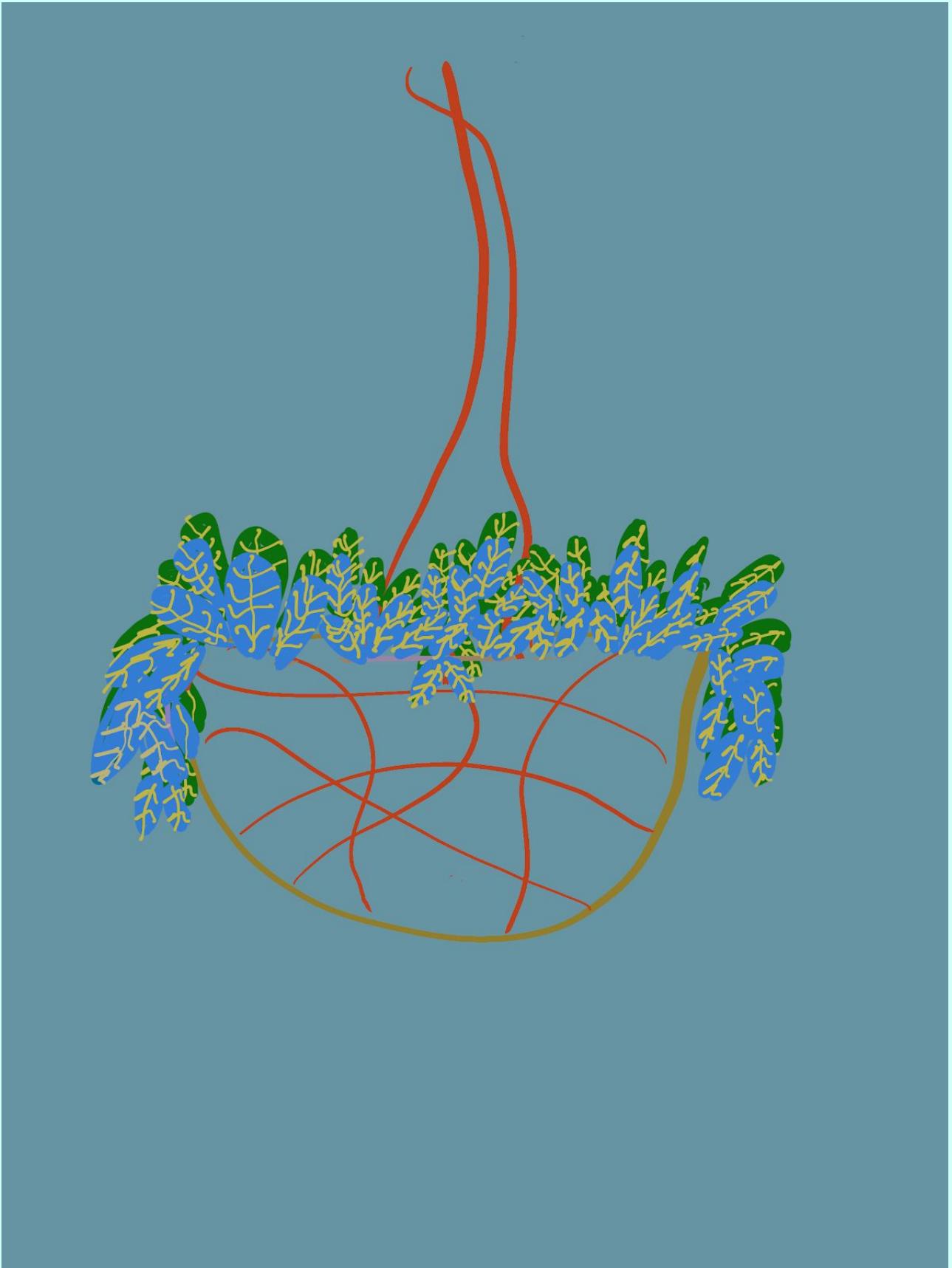
We have [set up a page](#) where, if you want to and feel comfortable doing so, you can donate some money to help feed the people in Mitzi's community in Marinduque.

If you're lucky enough to be comfortable financially during this crisis, this is something you can do to directly help people in desperate need. A small amount of money (to us) can go a very long way in The Philippines and make a huge difference to so many families. Please consider helping Mitzi help Marinduque.

Salamat Po / Thank you

*We'll keep you updated
on the campaign on the
[@profoundexperience](#) Instagram :)*





Botanicals #2
Rachel Hyman

Lapsed Librarian

Matt Nelson

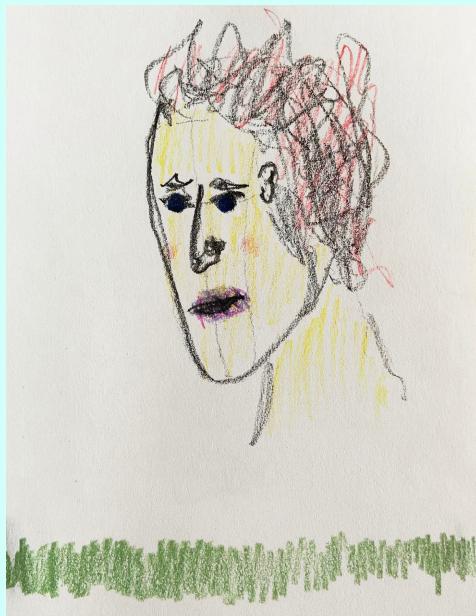
Artwork by Jake Muilenburg

I don't know where Time goes. Like, does it ever take a break? Why does it sometimes feel like you really have to *push* past Time. Like that annoying dude in the tight hallway of someone's walkup that none of your friends really know since this is the afterparty and, shrug, but Time is just like, belly out, leaning against a peeling wall with his head and his heels, belaying the fact that there is only so much room in the one path to the one crowded bathroom as if he didn't exist on the same plane as other folks and, ugh, excuse me Time, (cause for some other reason Time is like at *every* party and you've figured out his name but at the same time you know it feeds his ego that people know him), can I, uh, just uh, make it, yeah, yeah, around, oh, okay, yeah I just need to get past you, oh, oh thank you. Wow. Thank you, Time. Thank you for letting me get past your bell curve existence. Isn't it great that we get to do this again on the way out? Well, anyway, here are some books. Please, please, if you'd like to talk about these or any other books email me at abigwindmattnelson@gmail.com.

Week 2:

Finished	
<p><u>Feed</u> by Tommy Pico</p>  <p>"Shut off the light to see the lights"</p>	<p>What's the difference between being alone and being lonely? When you wax about past relationships, are you wanting to repair the faults or rewind and play back the tape? Where can you play when a whole ass government tries to erase you? Definitely in language. Tommy/Teebs brings an image of a wave coming and going and leaving a bunch of crustaceans in various states of limb-waving. I feel like that is the reader's sense of this book while we are swept by the tidal themes of extraplanetary life, what we (are allowed to) put in our bodies, the profession of a traveling artist, with a through crest of music and the flora of the High Line. What I appreciate about this book almost more so than the others in the Teebs tetralogy is the composed urgency and connection between word and meaning. There's a system growing, blooming, dying, and regrowing. I heard Tommy talk on the Recommended Podcast about how he was influenced by A.R. Ammons's book/poem <i>Tape for the Turn of the Year</i>, how it contained inspiration in the exercise of chores. I've been told not to try and read <i>Tape for the Turn of the Year</i> in one sitting, but I highly suggest doing that for <i>Feed</i>.</p>

The Quick & the Dead by Joy Williams



"Sherwin probably thought she bruised her mouth herself, for a more interesting look. That's what she would've thought. She used to do that where she was younger. Take a piece of skin beneath her eyes, say, and give it a good twist so she'd look intriguing. But she hadn't done that for years."

WTF friends? I want to get angry that no one shoved this one under my nose, but whose fault is it really (my own)? I saw my friend Richard once talk about this book in relation to his book, how he wanted to structure his off of Williams's and even named his main character from one of the three motherless girls. The fates. The furies. Alice, Annabell, and most recently lost Corvus have their own fractured interests or (non)goals while what brings them together is not quite enough to bridge the adolescent bridge into friendship. That sounded dumb. There's this one scene where a deer jumps into a pool during a party and all these drunk well dressed party goers jump in to save it. And there's another scene where a babysitter gets fired via being abandoned in a national park's parking lot for being too environmental. Then there's this other scene where a package-bomb blows off a would-be suitor-of-a-mother's reproductive organ, which is found and then buried before it can be reattached. Then, then, there's also dogs and ghosts and taxidermy and old folks homes and depression and consolidation and humor, oh my god, the humor. I laughed a lot at the bleak. Please read this one so we can talk.

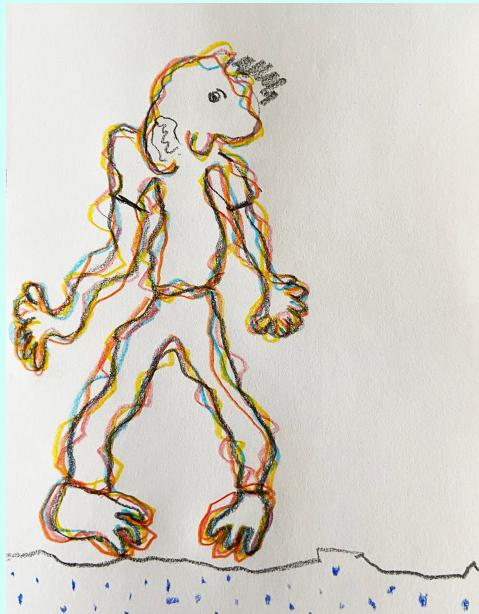
The Romance Thing by Anne Waldman



Do you ever think, gosh, I wish I had traveled abroad my Junior year? Gag. If you *don't* do that but instead *do* recognize the privilege inherent in that theoretical and still prevalent settler-complex, then maybe this book of very small short stories is for you. (I'm sorry. I'm usually not this mean spirited.) Look up Anne Waldman's publication listing to buoy up. A powerful player at the Poetry Project, elbow cousin to Allen Ginsberg and Ted Berrigan, co-founder of Naropa, toured with the Nobel prize winner (ha) (see, there's that meanness) Bobby D, Waldman has lived. One thing I liked about this book was her declaration of history bonding to love, how many of the stories deal with trysts in countries foreign to the narrator with men who are temporary but for the time important if only for their marking of the line. Feels nice to read about the mysterious attraction of being in the world right now.

"He was a recipient, the channel, the medium, the sacrifice. He groaned and hissed. Vapors seemed to rise from his body. He looked like a warrior in the last moments before death, wounded and writhing, white sheet tangled between his legs. His thighs and chest glistened with the battle. I stroked him, trying to ease the restless spirit, but knew it wouldn't be comforted. 'He' didn't own 'it.' He didn't seem aware of it in his waking life."

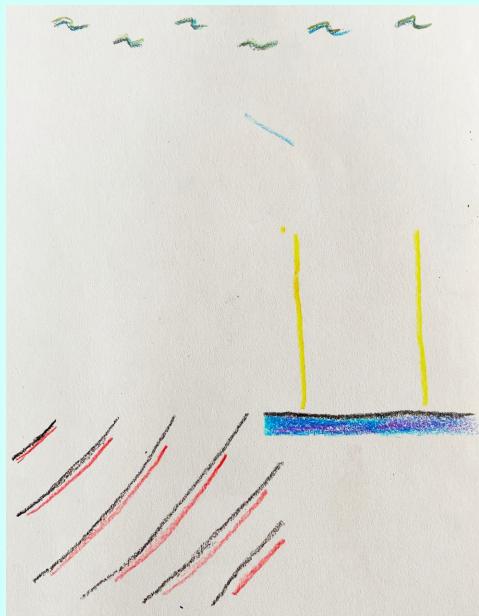
The Low East by David Henderson



"...amphetamine vampires/
Skinpopping vicks inhalers"

There's a line in this one about a plastic hole in a wall to buy cigarettes. An early memory of New York I have is going to a rave at a multi-level warehouse in Bushwick with Jacob and Cameron before I knew what Bushwick was and before I could convince myself I really could be unafraid of the becoming. We sat on the curb outside the bodega where we had just ordered "the best sandwich you've ever had" from the same rotating plastic hole in a wall that David Henderson spotlights. Although I never lived in the LES, the feeling of nighttime freedom to walk forever, of music and love washing over your soul while disillusion is harboured in the port of your mind, it all felt familiar. That said, as a large white cis-man, I question the availability and sense of what I saw within my bubble of privilege, which protected me in ways that others are not protected. David Henderson, the author, a black man born in Harlem, the co-founder of the Black Arts Movement and Umbra, a literary collective, he experienced differently (and different) NYC nights than I (did mine). He for sure saw things that I never saw due to many factors including race, but, excluding one gracious poem about a woman who loves a certain moment in the afternoon when the sun is finally free to dip and roll into her tenement's backyard, these poems lack female subjects and perspectives and feel lodged in the throat because of that lack.

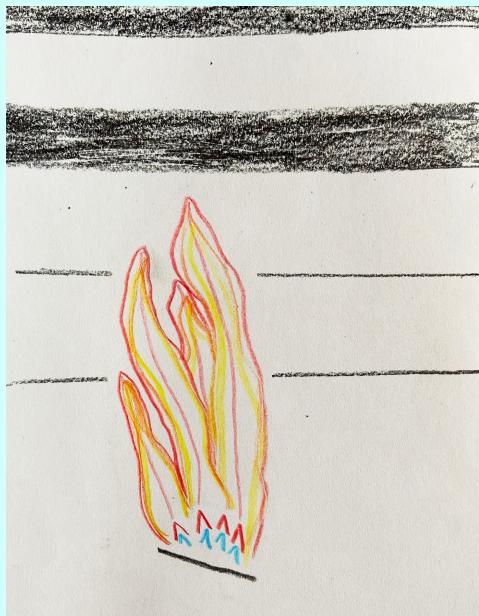
Recollections of My Nonexistence by Rebecca Solnit



"Change is the measure of time, and I discovered that in order to see change you had to be slower than it"

I wanted my partner to read this almost immediately after I finished so we could talk about it. The conversation was about the Beats and how she never liked On The Road and, although I definitely bought into the ramblin' typewriter in my teenage years, I can more clearly see the problems of Kerouac and men as keepers of power, power over women/non-binary folk, explicit and symbolically after reading this book. Solnit returns a few times to this quote from Sylvia Plath who said she wanted to walk at night and be at the bar and talk to everyone anytime. Solnit, reading and walking and growing up in SF in the 80s 90s oos, talks about how the spectre of men influenced her development and daily sauntering routes, what she wears to Burroughs's birthday to freak him out, and the at best welcome (Ferrlinghetti looks pretty clubhouse) to publishing to worst, insidious push-out from her supposed publicist. But it's not all bad! This story is also one of a lonesome intellectual who was curious about the world and only wanted others to keep up with her. Solnit is best when she describes slow change, in a neighborhood block, society's outlook, or our own personhood.

Are Prisons Obsolete? by Angela Y. Davis



"But it should be remembered that the ancestors of many of today's most ardent liberals could not have imagined life without slavery, life without

What have we not yet imagined? It's a simple question. But Angela Davis challenges us to recognize that just because we don't know what it would look like to *not* have prison (uh, better than right now), doesn't mean we shouldn't dismantle the prison industrial complex currently (like right now) destroying millions of lives while benefiting, maybe, idk, hundreds (tbh, no one benefits in as an equal-but-opposite life-threatening way as incarceration impacts the person/their family/their community/the world when we think about how inhumane it is to concrete magician, no-you-see-it a whole sector of people *who have been caught* doing something deemed illegal). (What's the difference between a criminal and a law breaker?) What I appreciate about this book is that Angela is not one to knock you over the head with your own idiocy. She simply and logically follows the truth out. You've probably seen the tweets that juxtapose your own quarantine with a prison sentence to illuminate the shittiness that is life inside, but like, Charles Fucking Dickens, that ding dong came to the States in like 1842 and toured some prisons and their solitary confinement structures and was like, WTF! YOU ALL ARE FUCKING EVIL. Then again, just

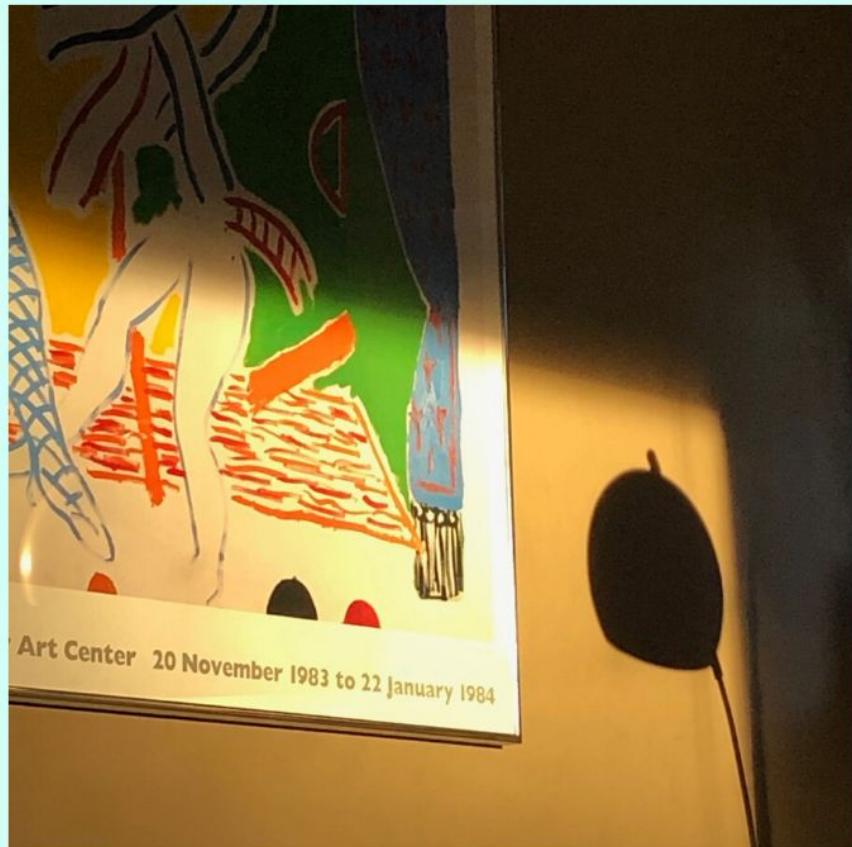
lynching, or life without segregation.”

“...the prison sentence, which is always computed in time is related to...when the value of labor began to be calculated in terms of time and therefore compensated in another quantifiable way, money.”

(Artwork by Jake Muilenburg)

because some (dead) white man said it was/is bad shouldn't be the lever to acknowledge the boom of US and the subsequent ripple into the global arena of Super-Max human-bodied money factories bent on the subjegation of non-white poor folks. Listen to Angela when she implores you “to explore new terrains of justice.”

If Nothing Is Funny Everything Is



Rachael Lee Nelson

it's crazy
how beautiful some
things are! haha
i'm laughing when i think it
walking by the old folks' home
hoping they're all locked in their rooms

we have to protect them!
the elderly are our future
after all

will anybody take care of us
when we're old like them?
quite honestly i am questioning
what will remain
and who exactly
will be around
to receive it

when i walk on the sidewalk
in front of fancy houses
i guess how many of them
are worth a Million Dollars
i estimate how many bricks
i would need if i tried to smash
a window in all of them
in a single night
i wonder at my own anger
and keep walking

nobody's home, anyway
they're all sheltering
in place in the sun

a few more blocks and
i get to the restaurant
i look through the window
and recite the table numbers
outloud to myself
they're still in there
rolling around in my head
remember 150 people
in one night?

i'd love to make this

about anything else
but everything else
isn't an option right now
it could be, again
but we won't know
for a while

i watch my neighbor
chop wood in the street
huck it back into the driveway
then smoke a cigarette
maybe tomorrow i'll feel
like combing my hair
and walking over with
some lemonade and leaving it
6 feet away on the ground

at home
i load the dishwasher
in a new way
for fun!

loneliness hits different
when you know there's nothing
to which you haven't been invited

in the yoga class
she unmutes our microphones
so everybody can om

during the dance livestream
i remember the reception
after the wedding and i cry

i imagine what it'll feel like
the next time we can dance
together after this
and i cry some more!

life is not our systems
death is perfectly safe
a web is ultimately
a series of circles

there's no you that i'm talking to
everybody's just a voice
coming out of my phone
on speaker while i chop
some vegetable, i don't know,
it's all going in the same pot
with oil and salt until
i remember to take it off
the burner and then
i eat it, somewhere else
somebody's doing
something, haha
it's funny
how when the structures
break down it's all just
god pouring
god into god,
we clink our glasses
into the camera,
end the call
saying, thank you
for having me



Botanicals #3
Rachel Hyman



2020

Mélancolie

A Quarantunes Playlist

Niki Schur Narula

DJ's Note:

If you're sentient, you have probably been facing difficulties in understanding your feelings. One minute you're happy, dancing in your underwear, you're inspired, baking bread for the first time because you saw on instagram that your friend did it and it didn't actually look like it was that hard to do and you think, I guess I have always wanted to do that, or you're drawing with those nice pens you bought yourself last year (or was it two years ago?). In the next you are gripped with utter terror. Looking out of the window at the empty street fills you with despair, and you think about how, if you're in America, you are abandoned by a state (to whom you pay significant amounts of your personal wealth each year) who elects to hold capital as more valuable than the lives of the people it has

(ostensibly) been designed to protect. You think about how, if you do get sick with it, you will have to pay thousands of dollars, even if you have insurance, and you think about the people that don't, and how fucked they could be, and that they likely don't even have jobs anymore. At other times you feel abject sadness, utter helplessness. There is profound loneliness in this, even if you're holed up with someone you love more than anything. Then there is the anxiety, the horror that surrounds everything. Are my parents ok? Will they heed the cautions? Do I need to wear these rubber gloves when I go outside? Will wearing a mask actually help me? Will I, because of my asthma, or my diabetes, or my lupus, or whatever, succumb terribly to it, and end up dying, drowning slowly in myself, because there are no machines left to save me? And then, there is the feeling of harmony that creeps in occasionally, when you realize that, despite the distance between you and the next person, this may have been the most unified you have ever seen society. That this is a moment where, from all over the world, we have come together, so to speak, to fight a common enemy. And there is a glimmer of hope for a beautiful future where we have repurposed that solidarity.

I like making mixes. It has been a favorite pastime since I first got a boombox with a record function. From tapes, to CD's, to USB sticks, to spotify... The following is a schizophrenic, mood-based playlist that sometimes captures what it feels like to be going through this, and sometimes offers moments of pure escapism and ethereal beauty. I hope it brings you something that you need.

95 tracks of

Mélancolie 2020

(Intended to be played on shuffle)

& you can find six years worth of mixes by Niki right [here](#).

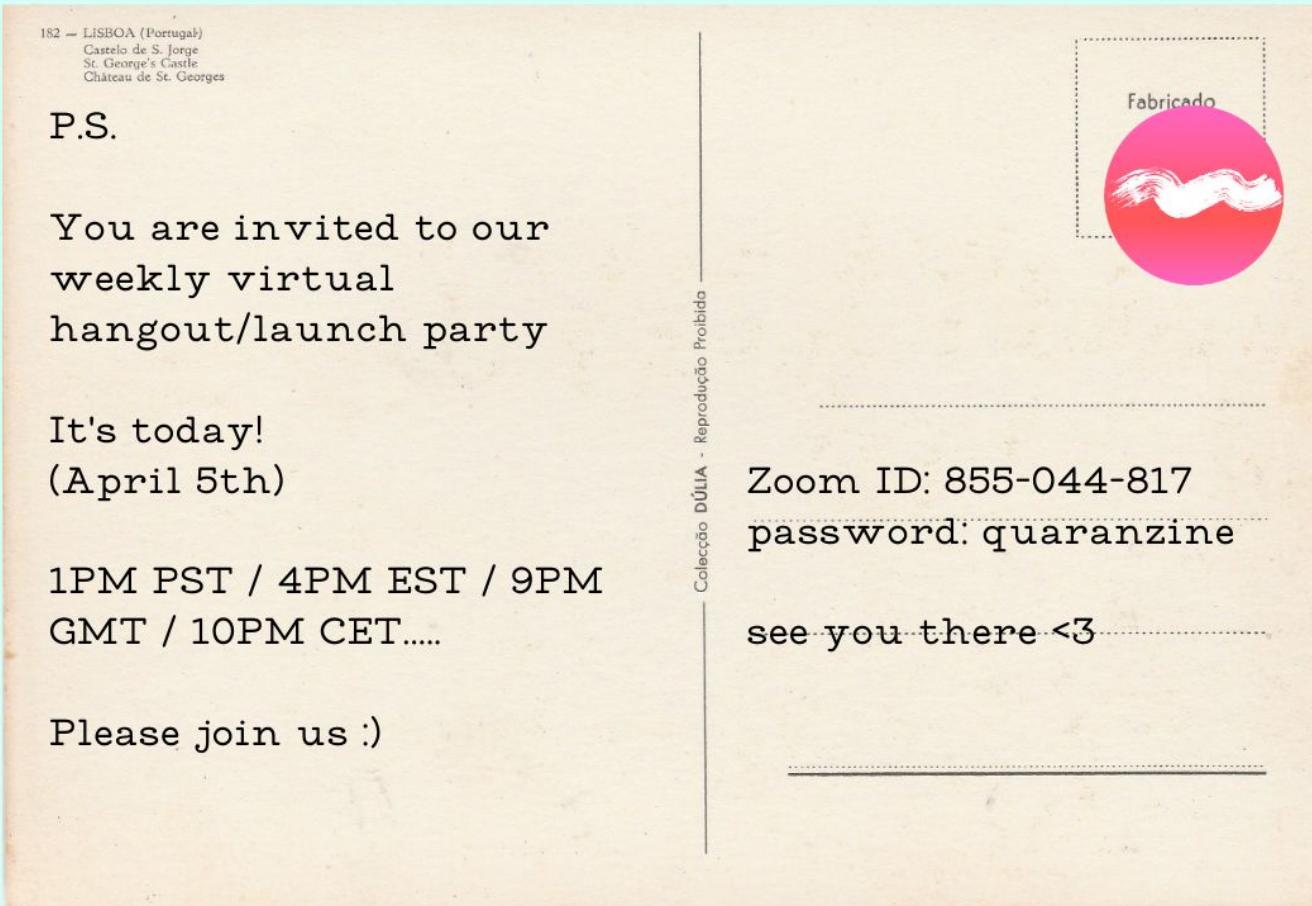


Here's the link again if you can and want to
donate to Mitzi's community in Marinduque!

Thank you so much <333

That's all for this week!

Thank you so much for reading!!



We'll be back next Sunday with a new issue.

Don't forget to
follow us on instagram
if you want to!

And if you want to contribute something to next week's issue...

Email me: lkshowbiz@gmail.com

Stay safe!!!





Tuesday >
Must admit..quarantine makes me want
a baby



PROFOUND
Felt a lot like quarantine

Sunday >



EXPERIENCE 3/23/20 >
It was the most fun night of
quarantine haha



OF
Idk if you've listened to Phoebe
Bridger's quarantine playlist yet but it'...



STAYING 3/20/20 >
I might just do that as quarantine relief



AT 3/18/20
Let's make a quarantine list of things
to do



HOME
It really is a quarantine jam



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Emma Ensley