

~Profound Experience  
Of Staying At Home

Issue 9 - May 24, 2020



# Quaranzine

~PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF STAYING AT HOME  
A QUARANZINE  
MAY 24th 2020  
ISSUE 9



Edited by Lucy K Shaw  
& Sarah Jean Alexander  
First Edition  
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**Cover by Kristen Felicetti**  
***(quarantined in Brooklyn, New York)***

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## CONTENTS

- **Queen Of Diamonds** by Caroline Rayner  
(quarantined in Northampton, MA)
- **Dropped Pins** by Kristen Felicetti  
(quarantined in Brooklyn, NY)
- **Eating My Own Shit For Breakfast** by Deenah Vollmer  
(quarantined in Los Angeles, CA)
- **Glob Fish** by Laurel Shimasaki  
(quarantined in New Orleans, LA)
- **Quaranzine Word Search** by Lucy K Shaw  
(quarantined in Yorkshire, England)
- **Heugh** by JDA Winslow  
(quarantined in Northumberland, England)
- **Saying Goodbye In Quarantine** by Jennifer Hwang  
(quarantined in Philadelphia, PA)
- **A Beautiful System Of Loneliness** by Emily Kendal Frey  
(quarantined in Portland, Oregon)
- **Self-Portrait As Pineapple** by Oscar d'Artois  
(quarantined in Yorkshire, England)
- **Lapsed Librarian 9** by Matt Nelson  
(quarantined in Portland, Oregon)



Hi everyone,

It's another Sunday! I hope you're doing okay, wherever you are.

I'm having this strange feeling of everything becoming completely abstract... Do you know what I mean? I'm just here... I've just been here for so long now... Everything happening in this little screen...

I don't like it!!!

The media narrative here has shifted so quickly towards... When will there be sports again? When can we travel? And the daily death toll figures are just like a passing comment... Oh and another few hundred people died today... I don't feel like I'm reading about the experiences of the patients or the doctors and nurses anymore... Just a lot of political squabbling and wishful thinking...

I wonder what it's like where you are... how you are feeling.....

I hope you can find some comfort in the pages of this magazine.

I know that I have in putting them together.

Nine issues. Nine weeks. And in the words of Drake...

Nothing was the same....

I didn't see that reference coming.

Thanks so much for reading this Quaranzine.

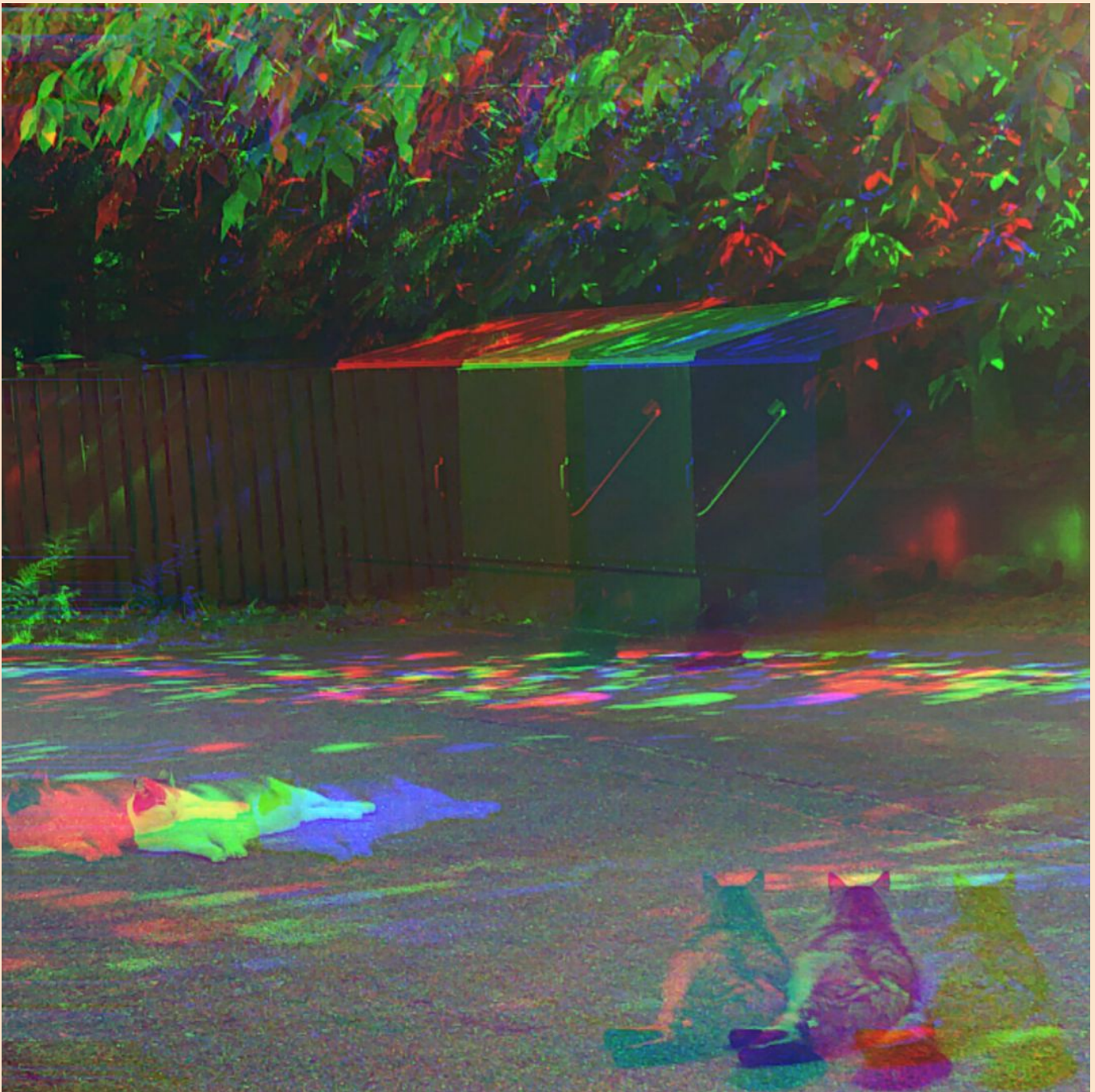
Yet again, I'm amazed by what can come together in a week.

Lucy



## QUEEN OF DIAMONDS

Caroline Rayner



Cool, just as the palm starts to burn, my therapist goes, what the hell, ruining the best part of the movie. Like in the seventies. No bones about it, mistaking a fruit machine for resilience, a baby blue convertible for sex. I could point to where shorts fade into the leather, into the sky. Women holding court in the desert. Blood red where the horizon should begin, crass because of its silence. This one is for the moon, advertising a grand opening like it matters. Humiliating, but I rewind. Thighs becoming a frame through which nothing but light passes. I sweat like a margarita on the patio. Not a fucking tangerine. I fail and fail and fail to understand how to control the mood. Even on vacation. Without a pool, but otherwise, the same kind of orange, the same kind of hot sauce on everything. I know I should listen, but come on.

# Dropped Pins

Kristen Felicetti

My community support team's daily morning standups were always kicked off by a fun fact, or a photo, or a gif, or some other non-work related morale builder. For the past couple weeks, we had been taking turns doing mini-presentations on a travel destination. Most of my coworkers chose places they had visited and enjoyed. On April 1, 2020, it was my turn and I did a presentation about Antarctica. Like most humans, I've never been to this continent, but I've been weirdly obsessed with it for a long time. This was early April, so like all offices, we were working remotely and this was all done over Zoom. I shared some wild and kooky facts about Antarctica alongside images from Google Street View. While we were all inside, I recommended spending time cruising Street View in general.

In my humble opinion, it was a truly inspired presentation. We finished the rest of the standup and then we all got back to work. Three hours later, I was called into another Zoom, and along with many others, got laid off as part of the company's massive COVID-cutbacks. I've had a lot of feelings about being let go from my job of three years, but the only one worth sharing here is: damn, I went out with style. Like, I'm so glad my last words were this somewhat unhinged Antarctica presentation. This is peak Kris10 Felicetti.

I do really love Google Street View. I thought I'd do my own slideshow of sorts here, by sharing some screen captures from it. Here's two Antarctica ones, my last transmission to my colleagues.







I don't want my recommendation of Google Street View to come across as "Google Street View is a great way to travel the world when we all actually can't travel!!" Lol, Jesus, no. Please let's put a cap on all that. I've struggled with the scramble to replace everything we miss with something lesser, it makes me sadder. I think we just have to sit and wait in the quiet and hope the things we love return, or prepare to grieve if they don't. Looking at places on Google Street View is nothing like the wonderful experience of actual travel. It is its own thing. Google Street Viewing feels more like investigation, collection, surveillance, tech. When I log a really good session, it taps into creativity in a way that I can't quite describe. I feel my mind go to a similar space that it does when I read a good artist interview, or when I'm inspired by some new idea and need to move it around in my head and see if it's going to become something I can use for an actual project.

If you're new to browsing Street View, you might be asking yourself, where should I start? Maybe you'd like to take a look at your childhood home. That's a popular choice. Here's mine. It's behind that giant bush, and upon seeing that, I thought, 'ah, nice, this feels right, having that part of my life obscured.'





The town where I was born is not on Street View, so I dropped pins on nearby roads and here are two of the images.







You can tour popular tourist spots on Google Street View, but for me it's more about viewing the most mundane shit and the occasional oddity. Some places might actually be more interesting to look at this way, because in the real world, you'd probably never put in the time to visit them or look at them so closely.







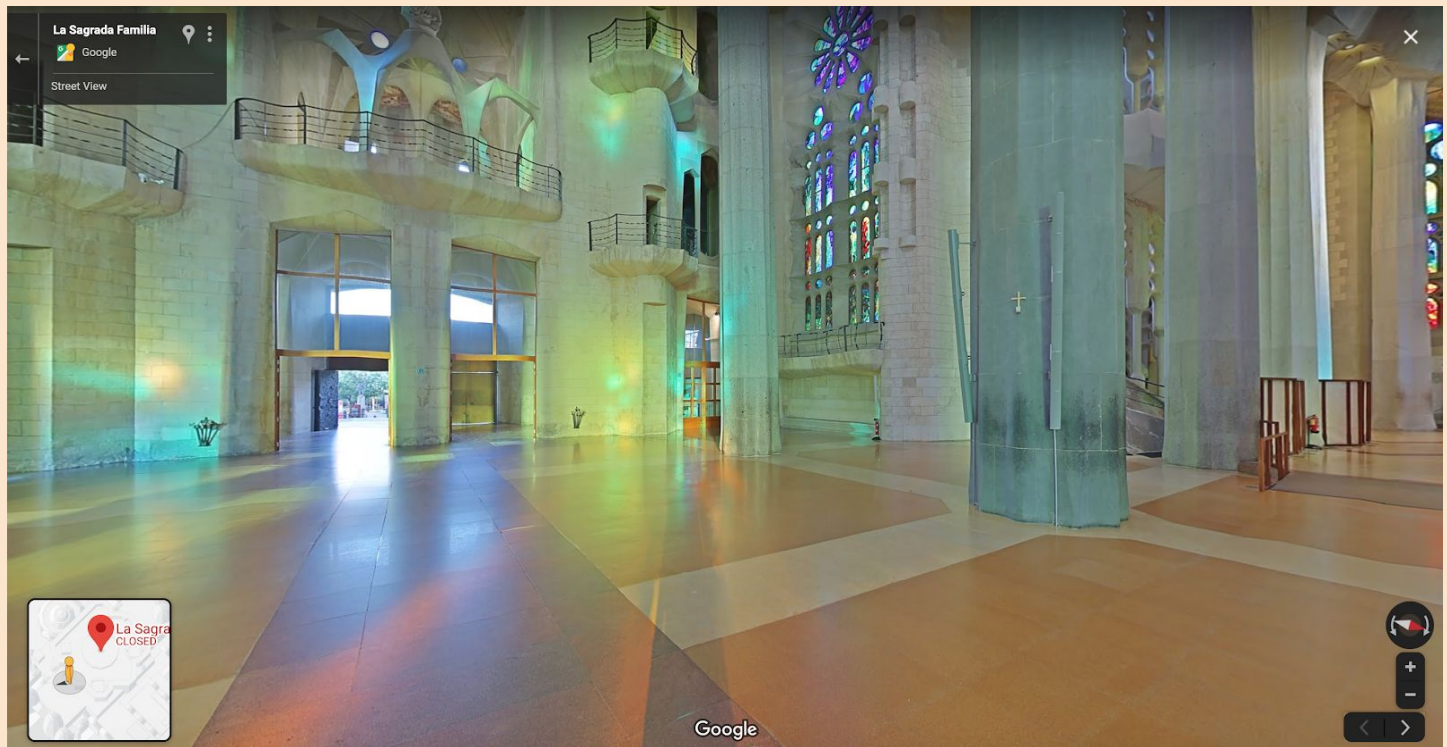
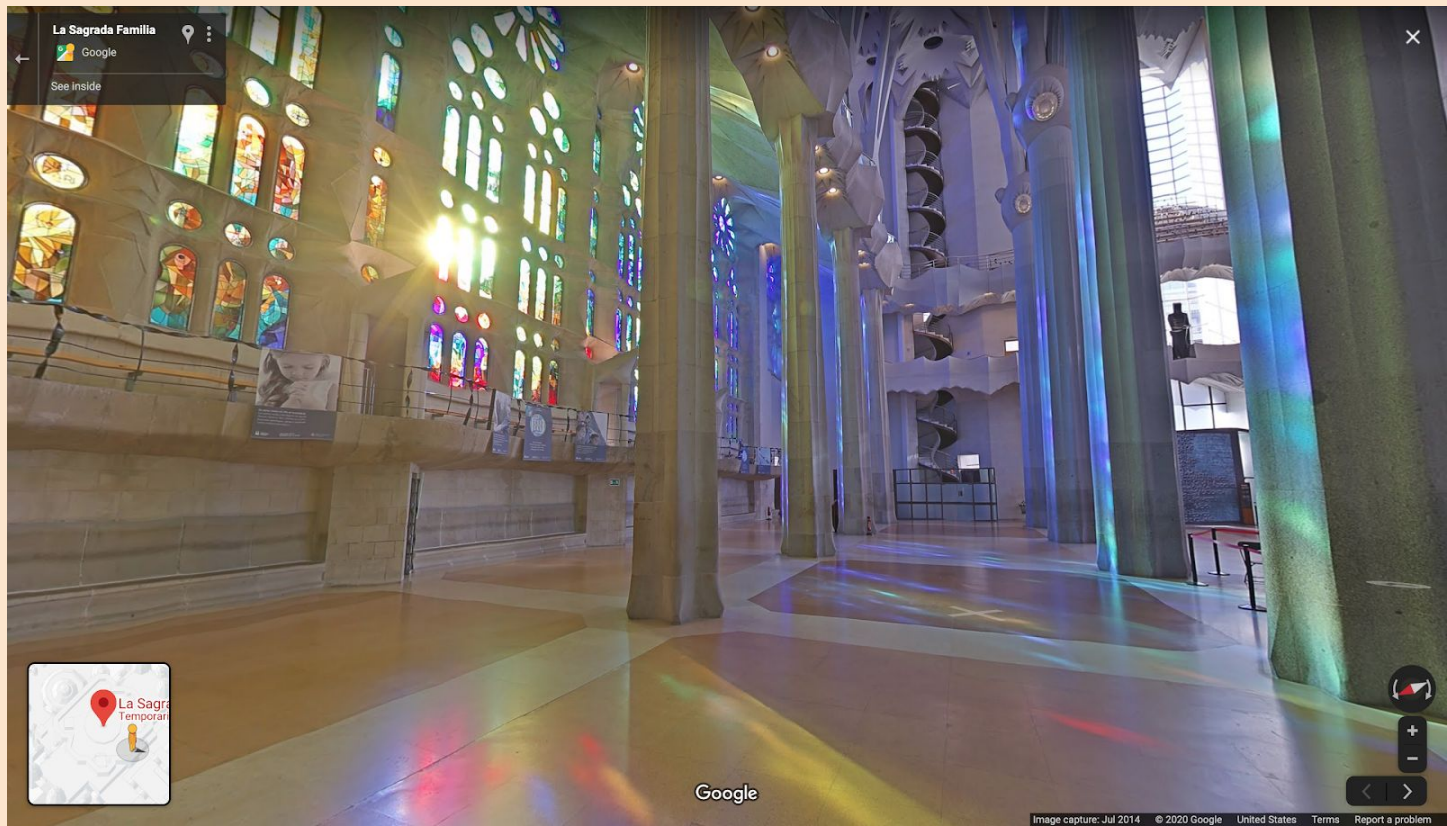
You also look closer at the people captured on screen—human interactions you wouldn’t glance at twice if you walked by, but framed in Street View feel voyeuristic or unsettling.







I'm not immune to doing some Street View tourism though, especially when I find places that fit nicely into my ~preferred aesthetic.~



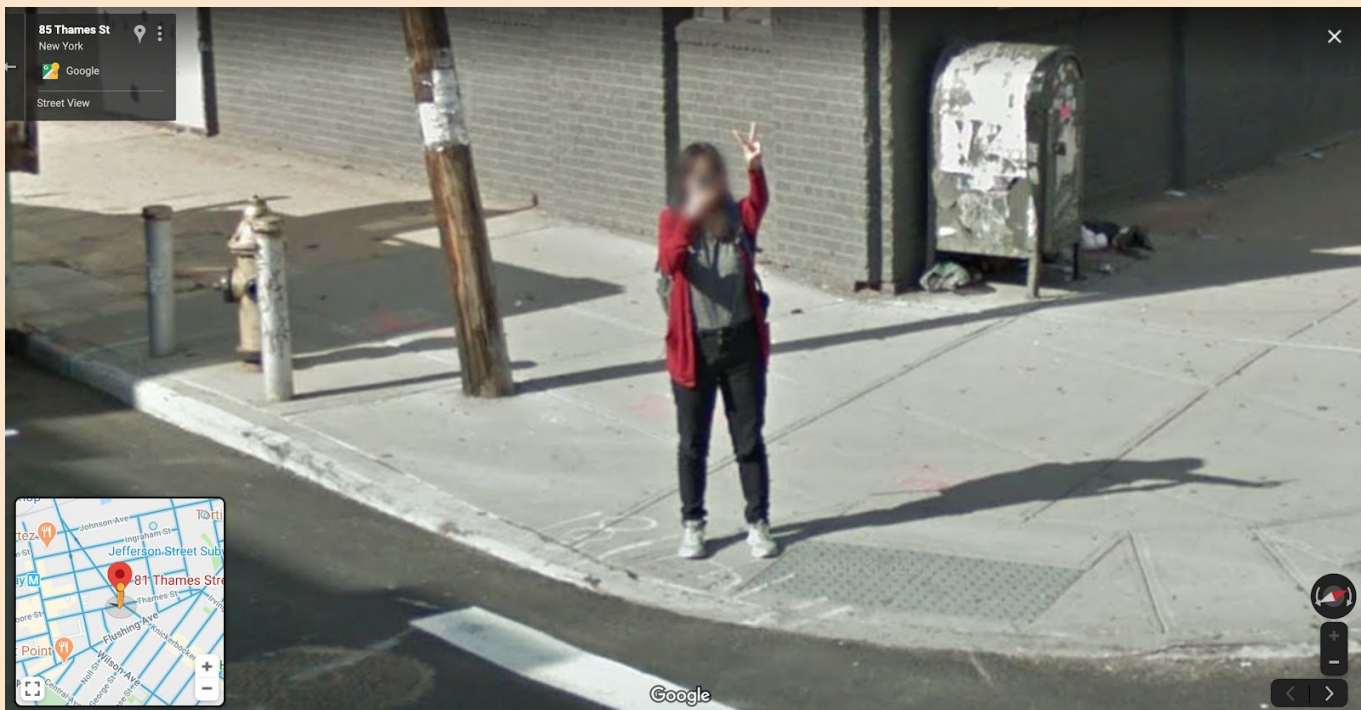


Or sometimes I'll take a sneak preview of places I dream of visiting in the future. It's nice to know what I'm getting into. Re: Antarctica. Or here's Tierra del Fuego, the southernmost tip of Chile, the end of the Earth.



The end of the Earth seems like a good place to send you off on your own journey. I wish you well as you go out and drop pins in random places. If you find any interesting images, do let me know.

Love,  
Kristen





# Eating My Own Shit for Breakfast

By Deenah Vollmer



Last night I dreamed I ate my own shit for breakfast  
“Yum,” I said  
Pretending it tasted good

I’m doing fine. Really I am.  
Today I am. In. A. Good. Mood!

I watered the plants and watered myself  
As if I were a plant  
Funny because I am a plant  
And so are you



Ha-ha-ha-ha  
I laugh maniacally  
Half-hippie, half-devil

Dancing in an empty desert dive  
Starring in my own “Twin Peaks”  
Falling in love with a cowboy  
Who is my own shadow

Oh, to be somewhere else!

Meanwhile, my seedlings are sprouting  
I forgot to label them  
So they are tiny green mysteries  
And I’m chanting chakra chakra varti  
Under a rainbow of 80s music

*Ooooh, god is within me  
Me and god are one*

Until I emerge bleary-eyed  
With the voices quieted and I snap

The stories we tell ourselves in order to live  
— are lies!

This was a big moment  
Because I had been *all* about the stories

Sometimes even behaving  
As if my own existence  
Was simply a means to an adventure

I was a narrative scientist  
Testing my actions against a greater mythos

Now it’s time to fall  
    I fall  
Now it’s time to be redeemed  
    Ok, ready

But now is the moment in the story  
Where there is no story

Fuck

I’m eating my own shit for breakfast  
And it tastes good!  
(it doesn’t)

Stay with me

Lose yourself in the rhythm  
Not where we're going  
Not where we've been  
The rhythm of now  
The rhythm of now  
The rhythm of now  
The rhythm of now

A few nights ago I dreamed  
Of drawing a squirrel  
I thought I had drawn it very realistically  
But when I looked at the paper  
It was a circle in a square in a triangle in a circle

I am tapping into something greater  
I must be

This is a message from the earth  
The message that says:

“You are a vessel for deep, spiritual love from the universe”

No, *you* are!

Do I believe it's true  
Or do I believe that it's helpful to believe that it's true?

I believe that it's true  
*And* I believe that it's helpful to believe that it's true  
Why not?

I am a lady  
I am a coyote  
I am a plant  
I am a vessel  
And I might be eating my own shit  
For breakfast

You would too

Dance with me, baby  
Feel the beginning of the end of the beginning of the end of the middle  
Of the rattlesnake  
Plug your belt buckle into the patio lights into the moon light into the sun  
Drink the electricity of cheap beer  
And hold me tight

There's only one fruit left on the baby loquat tree  
I've been watching it ripen  
Oooh, it's going to be so sweet, I said

But today a squirrel came by



And grabbed it  
Held it with his two weird squirrel hands  
And munched it up

I said nothing.

My intuition and my privilege are at war  
My intuition says, “watch it burn”  
My privilege says, “shut up  
And help”

My intuition says, “it’s you, it’s personal”  
My privilege says, “eat shit, ego  
Take a walk on the cosmic highway  
Dissipate into nothingness”

When the two become one  
I, for a moment, disappear

The rhythm of now  
The rhythm of now  
The rhythm of now  
The rhythm of now

The next time you take a bite from that breakfast bar  
Ask yourself  
Is this my own turd?  
Does it taste good?  
Am I literally full of shit?

In some dreams, yes.

# Glob Fish

Laurel Shimasaki



The city is in *Phase One* of reopening but I'm staying in. I have a digestive disease, which isn't usually bad. Mostly it makes me burp and unable to eat a lot. I lost fifteen pounds and everyone said I looked great. *Did you lose weight?* They'd ask.



*Thank you!* I'd say, *I have a weird disease!* I liked making them feel uncomfortable because they'd just done that to me.

Living with chronic disease made me treat my body better. I'm wary about illness in a way that I was not a few years ago. I've been mostly inside for 70 days now. When those pictures of people flooding a TJ Maxx went viral, I understood. I'm middlebrow enough to be a Maxxinista. But also, if you don't go out then you don't need new clothes, problem solved.

It got me thinking about how I don't miss most things about going out. Definitely not the TJ Maxx. Since I moved, most of my friends live in other cities. I'm used to not seeing them.

And then I remembered the weird fucking glob fish. Some sea creature I saw at Pelham Bay. I'd asked Tarantula Todd if he wanted to go to the beach even though I didn't really like him. I had nobody else to go to the beach with but I wanted to be a girl who went to the beach. Of course Tarantula Todd had nothing else going on.

Maybe because we didn't have any expectations, the universe sent us a strange day. Like, we saw a hermit crab pop out of its shell while trying to run away from us. A group of nearby girls said we had to stuff it back in. That's how they get in there, the girls said. I could not believe anyone thought people shove crabs into their shells. Still, I worried about the crab. It was my fault. I took too many pictures of the critter posing on a beach towel. It got so agitated about the photoshoot it jumped out of its own shell. Relatable, really.

Before I could stop her, a girl with pink hair started shoving the struggling crab into its shell. I heard a crunch and the girls started screaming, one after another like a band warming up until they were all screaming at the same pitch. The crab plummeted down to the sand, where it lay kicking at nothing.

That's why when we saw the glob fish in the water I didn't want to touch it, even if it was possibly an undiscovered species. What good would it do if we took it out of the water and it died? Naturalists were responsible for the extinction of the dodo. They heard the birds were gonna be gone so they rushed

off to get one for their personal collection. Were they aware of the irony? Or did they only care about having a cooler death display?

The glob fish had giant lidless eyes. It wasn't fishlike, more like the body of a squid without the tentacles. It stared at us. We flipped out a little, not out of fear because we weren't scared of whatever it was. That's what the problem was. We just didn't know what it was. *Don't!* I shrieked when Tarantula Todd began reaching for it. We walked out of the water and Tarantula Todd pointed to a long brown braid laying in the sand and declared: *sea weave*. I decided I was wrong about Todd because he made me laugh.

That night I went to a bar with C. C stared at me and very seriously said *I didn't know you liked the beach*. I didn't. But I liked laying around doing nothing. If you lay around at home you're depressed and lazy. Laying around at the beach makes you glamorous and hot. C seemed even more weirded out that I'd been hanging out with Todd. Apparently he'd told her he loved her. And that was just. Something you didn't say. Not like that.

Some dudes started singing Third Eye Blind karaoke, which is what you get for going to a bar in Union Square. C suggested the place and I went with it. When we met in the park, we chased the moon. It kept getting lost behind buildings. A guy asked us if he could help us find something. *Where's the moon?* We asked him. *We lost the moon!* He glanced up at the sky and left without really trying.

It was the type of day you can think about during a pandemic that'll make you miss the outside world. Although come to think of it, I was wearing an awful floral dress from TJ Maxx.



V	C	A	U	C	N	I	O	N	S	S	H	A	T
E	W	M	D	I	A	T	B	O	Y	S	C	F	U
N	H	I	W	M	T	O	R	I	M	U	U	I	M
T	U	F	E	E	R	C	N	T	P	M	O	N	O
I	H	A	L	D	T	W	M	A	T	M	T	W	E
L	R	E	E	N	U	O	O	L	O	E	G	O	X
A	A	R	O	A	E	S	O	O	M	R	F	D	E
T	S	C	S	P	C	E	Z	S	S	A	I	K	R
O	L	C	O	N	T	A	G	I	O	U	S	C	C
R	S	G	O	C	G	E	U	F	I	O	L	O	I
D	E	A	T	H	T	O	L	L	T	V	T	L	S
L	N	C	L	O	U	N	G	E	W	E	A	R	E
F	U	R	L	O	U	G	H	S	N	E	E	C	W
E	S	S	R	U	N	O	L	U	R	L	W	T	O

# Quaranzine Word Search

**SELF ISOLATION, LOUNGEWEAR,  
ZOOM, DEATH TOLL, PANDEMIC,  
CONTAGIOUS, EXERCISE,  
FURLOUGH, LOCKDOWN,  
VENTILATOR, WFH, SYMPTOMS,  
TOUCH, BORDERS, SUMMER**

# Heugh

JDA Winslow



the news tells of  
coffins in New York  
more people than  
I've ever met  
dead  
no coffee to go  
weeks without a  
flat white  
the greatest challenge  
of a  
generation  
and the world  
tells me  
only of the  
buzzards  
and the  
lapwings  
and the  
curlews  
and the  
sun beating down  
and no one I see  
dies immediately  
and others boast of  
5G and  
unparalleled horrors  
while I google



the Spanish Flu  
and the  
long masks they wore  
in the  
Black Death  
to protect against  
the smell  
of corpses rotting  
and the  
world ends  
when the  
spaghetti runs out  
while in Germany  
they have  
with linguistic alacrity  
Hamsterkauf  
und  
Coronaspeck  
and the  
government's been  
reading Defoe  
returning to Malthus  
for  
who will  
care for  
the colour of the  
coffins  
twenty years  
from now?

# Saying Goodbye In Quarantine

Jennifer Hwang

Growing up as an immigrant, I never had pets. Well, except hamsters. My mom was an animal hater. Granted, back in the day, South Korea never had the pet culture we see today, so I can't blame her. She grew up exposed only to feral cats and dogs. It's not that she hates animals—it's more that she's afraid of them. My dad, on the other hand, was the type who would bring home any stray animal. He once brought home a stray cat, and it ended up pooping all over the apartment because he fed it milk. He didn't know any better.

Mark and I have had three cats for nearly seven years. They're our nutty little furry family. We love them, we hate them, they love each other, they hate each other. It's just like a human family of five, but with sixteen feet. People who don't have (or like) cats would never realize just how unique their personalities are. Our three look very different, act very differently, yet are all distinctly cats. I love their built-in instincts to hunt, groom evidence of prey off their bodies, and suckle soft and squishy things. Plus, they're freakin' cute and hilarious.



*Top to bottom: Kiwi, Tesla, Dmitri*



Right before Mark left for sea, Tesla, our middle child, lost interest in eating. She had been having GI issues just like our oldest, Kiwi, had, but Tesla was having a much rougher time of it, even with prescriptions. When a cat doesn't want to eat anymore, it's a bad sign. Tesla had always been a picky eater, but if she liked something specific, she ate it heartily. She was also the liveliest and scampiest of the three. If you picture an annoying cat, that's Tesla. Her favorite things were knocking things off countertops while looking you in the eye, chewing electrical cords to tatters, chasing shadows, and sleeping in sunbeams. She wasn't doing much of any of those things anymore.

She was eating a little bit on her own, but even with nausea suppressants and an appetite stimulant, it still wasn't enough. Her once large and lanky frame soon became a bag of bones. I was supplementing her by syringe-feeding her, as if I were nursing an injured bird. One evening, she started panting and her pupils became dilated—I knew I had to take her in. At her first vet, Tesla's file had a neon orange sticker on it that read CAUTION. Yes, she was one of those cats. I have left appointments bleeding. They have to bring out the raptor gloves with her. Lately, we've resorted to giving her a sedative before appointments so that no murders take place.

I brought her to the vet. In these times of quarantine, vets are drop-off appointments only. With this appointment, there was no need to drug her. They drew some blood and ran a battery of tests. Her report card said she yelled at them but kept her cool. If she were healthy, she would have done much more than yell. The next morning, I got an urgent email saying that I needed to rush her to the emergency vet, that she was severely anemic and may need a blood transfusion. I spent Saturday morning in my car, parked in front of the e-vet. Because, again: drop-off only. After they admitted her and all the paperwork was complete, I got to go home. She stayed overnight for monitoring, a blood transfusion, and an abdominal ultrasound.

I never leave my cell phone ringer on, but this time I did. Of course, I still missed the call. I was expecting bad news because I have a life philosophy: the secret to happiness is lowered expectations. When I called back, it was worse than I had imagined. She had a hard mass in her stomach which had multiple ulcerations. No wonder she felt like shit and had no appetite. I couldn't believe her willingness to allow me to medicate and force feed her, and yet remain sweet and purry to me. They gave her a blood transfusion to control her anemia. Her red blood cell count rose and held steady overnight. She also started to eat. They said that she had been bright, alert, and interactive the whole time.

I brought her home the next morning. She was in better shape than she had been in weeks. You would be too if you had brand new blood. She was basically Keith Richards! We spent the whole Sunday together doing whatever she wanted. She felt great because she was eating constantly and being her old self. She spent hours grooming meticulously to remove the nasty hospital stench. We spent some time on the roof deck, one of her favorite places. I gave her some catnip. I let her lick the top of my pizza. I hand fed her freeze-dried duck treats, her favorite. We had recently trained her to ring a bell for those treats! I gave her tons of kisses, which she surprisingly did not resist. She gave me tons of purrs. We just hung out all day together. I was so happy that she felt like her old self. We Zoomed with Mark for hours so he could also spend time with her.

We weren't looking to get a second cat on July 1, 2012. There used to be a pet shop in the suburbs with a hilarious name (Buzzy's Bow Wow Meow) that did cat adoptions from our main animal control. The name was a bonus—it really was a decent store. Whenever we went there, we would always look at the adoptable cats. That day was just like any other day. Mark could see that there was a kitten at the top of a cat tree, but he couldn't see what it looked like. He reached up and snapped a pic. This thing had a ridiculously crooked mustache. He was instantly in love and insisted we bring her home. So we did. She

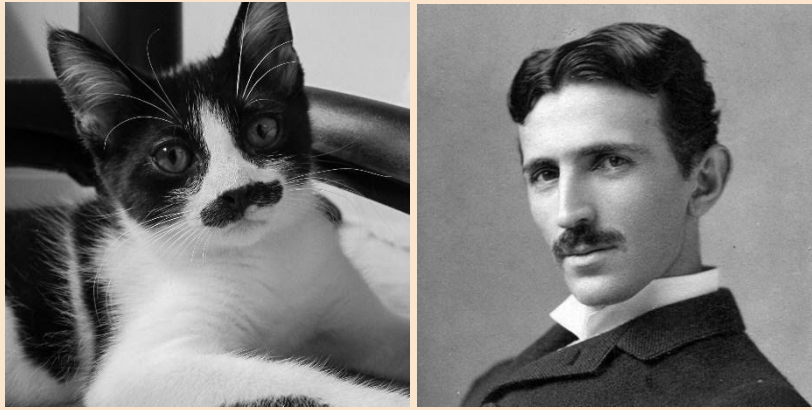
had just gotten her immunization boosters that day, so she was very sleepy and tired. We didn't know this, so we thought this was her normal demeanor. Boy, were we wrong.



*Adoption Day at Buzzy's! Her face never changed*

Tesla became the prototypical bad cat. But she was never trying to be bad, she was just being a cat and being herself. Her curiosity required her to push things off counters. Her nature forced her to sharpen her dull claws on the couch. She could and would jump onto anything. She didn't have a mean bone in her body. Destructive? Yes. But mean? No. And she was always everyone's favorite. If you asked anybody who had met our cats who their favorite was, the answer was always the same: Tesla. After all, just look at that ridiculous face! She was also the friendliest and most fearless and hopped on strangers' laps easily. It was natural for her to charm anyone over. She even became my mom's favorite. She was also the most serious looking of all the cats, but the mustache made it impossible to take her seriously. Her name was originally Sassy Marx, but we renamed her Tesla, after Nikola. We thought it fitting to name her after one of the greatest inventors of all time, who happened to have a great mustache.





*The Teslas*

When your cat's health fails quickly, you can really beat yourself up thinking about what you could have done differently, trying to correct mistakes you possibly made months ago, how you could have done more. But it's not going to do you any good. Sometimes the Big C just happens and there's nothing you can do about it. Take it from me, I lost my dad to stomach cancer too. Never in my wildest imagination did I think I would lose one of my cats to it! It's just better to remember the best things about them instead. Like how Tesla's fur smelled so clean. I loved nuzzling right into it and taking a big sniff. All I smelled was just clean. And her little pink toe beans. Our other two cats have brown toe beans, but Tesla's were all soft and delicately pink. How she was the best wand toy hunter out of the whole lot. If she ever ended up outside and had to fend for herself, she wouldn't go hungry.



Putting an animal to sleep is something I have never done. Vets are essential businesses, so they are very much open right now, and euthanasia appointments are the only exception where owners may be present. Some do limit the number of family members who can be present. Since Mark was out to sea, it was just me. And you must wear a mask and use hand sanitizer. I was new to all of this, so I did not know what to expect. But I'd watched enough vet shows on TV to have a vague idea of what would happen.

The next afternoon I took her for one last ride. She always hated car rides, always yowling incessantly. On this quiet Monday she was mostly silent, just a few meows after I parked the car. Once we got in the exam room she came out of the carrier on her own, another first. They gave her a sedative first, Valium of all

things, so she relaxed easily. Her pupils dilated so you thought she was getting scared, but no, her body was just relaxing. It took a bit more time than usual so they gave an extra shot of Valium. She let me know with her yellow, and now mostly black eyes, that she was ready. They administered an IV and then the rest happened very quickly. She was gone. When she went, her face looked just like it had the day we found her in that cat tree at Buzzy's. Mark had joined on Zoom so he could also see her pass. We both bawled like babies. Crying with a mask on is not a good time. I had been saying many goodbyes to her for the last 30 hours. I said some more. I gave her still-warm body several final hugs. It sucked that Mark couldn't do that too. I gave her some more kisses. I rubbed her pink toe beans one last time. I took one final sniff. She still smelled like emergency vet.

I had ordered some maintenance meds for Tesla by mail last week and they had just arrived right before the appointment. I donated them, and the vet tech gratefully accepted. I walked to my car with an empty pink cat carrier. Walking into the house from the garage was surreal. During her healthy days, Tesla would meet us in the foyer, because she would run down when she heard the garage door open. She loved sneaking into the garage. Anything forbidden enticed her. On this day Kiwi was waiting for me in the stairwell. Both Kiwi and Dmitri sniffed the carrier cautiously. There are signs of Tesla everywhere: her favorite flannel pet hut I had recently bought, just for her; random cardboard boxes on the floor of every room; the covered pet playpen that I had just gotten her, so we could safely spend this summer together on the roof deck. It's going to take some time for all this sadness to fade. I can't hug my friends or family, so Kiwi and Dmitri are going to have to get used to some intense smothering.

There will never be another cat like Tesla. She had a grumpy and raspy meow. Her fur had a big black heart shape on the left shoulder. She also had black coloring on her bum as if she was wearing little hot pants. Her breath never smelled bad! She was extremely lanky with long skinny legs and a freakishly long tail. She walked kinda funny with her back paws pigeon toed. She liked to sit like a human when she groomed her belly. She loved face scratches and belly rubs. She insisted on drinking water using her paws. Her poops could clear out a room. Her purr was powerful and loud. Whenever she sensed I was headed to the roof deck, she ran up first. When she was hatching a scheme to steal some sweet potato or candy corn, it was like you could see the gears on her little feline brain turning.



*Why so serious? Tesla at 6 months*



We never thought she would be the first to go. She was always so active and healthy. I wanted to watch her grow old, get gray, and just chill out in her golden years. Goodbye sweet girl. We will miss you, always. You were a great cat. We were great parents. We got nearly eight years with you, and we wouldn't trade them for the world. Now go have fun on the other side of the Rainbow Bridge. You're going to be everyone's favorite.



*Tesla: March 12, 2012 – May 18, 2020.*



# A BEAUTIFUL SYSTEM OF LONELINESS

Emily Kendal Frey





1.

I had constructed a beautiful system of loneliness

I realized

A feeling

Of pride soaked through me, yes, isn't this

What art is for

The streets looked vintage, textured with layers of

My pain, felt not even

By me, the city was new, as if

I was returning from many years away

All light slanted in

From a lonely place

I felt my body in its plot point

Held apart from dogs, from the rain,

I felt the decision made long ago

To like it

Now congealed on my emotions

Like the plastic layer inside a tub

Of sour cream

2.

A friendship can crumble

Like a muffin

Out of a car onto a highway

Or you eat it like a muffin

Rip the top off and devour the best part  
Or you watch it like a muffin  
You're not gonna eat or are gonna eat but the questions  
Are what's most important  
I lost friends, I made friends  
I was a blueberry, I was late, I wanted  
To have sex  
I said a lot of words  
As an antidote to the question of crumbling  
The question of being here  
With you in this room

3.

I just want to be lonely  
I said to M  
I want to be alone and write my poem  
I imagined a blue house slowly becoming  
A lake that emptied the city  
In a soundless whoosh  
I felt myself to be the center  
Of an image not yet  
Constructed and in this picture M existed on the lacy  
Periphery, blinking gently as I found my way  
To the lonely frequency  
Looking at M's face I  
Did not see admiration or even much interest



My beautiful system of loneliness

Was a rusty brush I was

Trying to touch M with

Why would anyone want that

They wouldn't

4.

I am in a bar drinking salty dogs

Trying to talk to my friend and her boyfriend

It's hot, sticky, I'm stuck to many parts

Of the barstool

In the memory another friend comes in

And now they're all explaining to me

Why I'm the worst person in the world, the most selfish,

And I sort of agree, but I also know

Why I did it

And how there's a lattice underneath us

With love sparkling along it

I can't get to it yet

But it's there







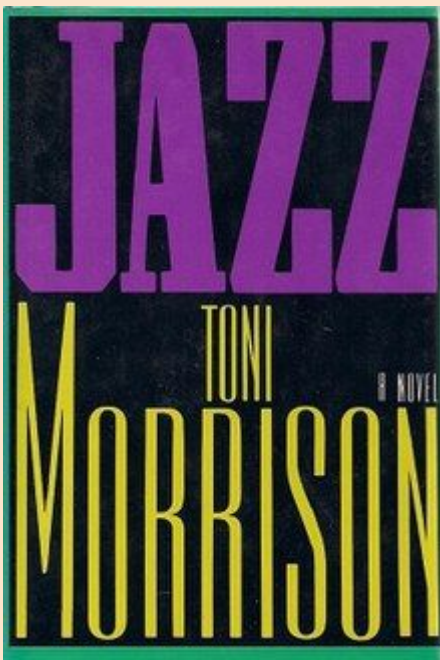
**Self-Portrait As Pineapple**  
Oscar d'Artois

# *Lapsed Librarian*

## *On Toni Morrison's Jazz...*

*by Matt Nelson*

What is not but could be if? Toni Morrison, the patron saint and savior of american literature, uses the unknown in all the right ways. Which makes me think of that moment before you encounter a life changer. You know when a bunch of people tell you to read or watch or listen to an artist because you'll never be the same after? Or sometimes, the artist is so big that your supposed friends plum forget to tell you this elephant-in-the-room art exists? And right when you feel the *shift* part of your paradigm shifting encounter, you text them, "WTF? THIS IS SO GOOD" and then they're like, "Right???" without any sense of shame or regret for not telling you earlier because the art's overall presumption of life overrides any version of self. Within the whole described personal era of shifting you think to yourself, *This art is in the same world as the one I'm in. I am alive and this is the air.*



Lucky for me, I'm in a Toni Morrison book club, and I love to breathe the thoughts of others thinking about her books. I want to blow that cloud talk a little toward you this week. I want to talk about the structure of **Jazz**, specifically, because I feel like structure is something that I don't always think about.

Toni Morrison can do her own thing; that much is for certain. But this book seems more experimental, more that *own thing* than the other books of hers I've read. There are no chapters. Rather, chunks of the books are split by a blank page, like the hiss between tracks on a record. The narrator is unknown. Like, you might have theories on who it is--a split personality of Violet, Joe's mom, the City itself, the book itself, Morrison herself--but there are no absolutes. The story told, which seems like an obvious, scalene love triangle between Violet, Joe, and Dorcas, is plotted in such a way through time and state that you start to see that this triangle is actually a pyramid. A pyramid that reaches deep below ground as much as it rises up. "I had written novels in which structure was

designed to enhance meaning; here the structure would *equal* meaning. The challenge was to expose and bury the artifice and to take practice beyond the rules." That is Morrison in the Foreword. How can you equal meaning, though, unless you're doing a *medium is the message* thing? How can a book be like a record? What does bounce or rhythm mean to a novel?

I tried to explore that idea by thinking of the book as a record, with each separated chunk being its own track. I then tried to find songs (in " " format) from albums that were equivalent only in their temporal placement. For example, for track 3, all songs listed are the 3rd track on their respective albums. All songs reflect the author's personal musical intimacy, mostly indie and punk. I simply am too ignorant about jazz to call on it, to honor Morrison and jazz by referencing the artists knowingly. But it's also important to say that plenty if not all of these, mostly white, mostly male, bands have in some way (explicitly or implicitly) taken heavily and often without recompense from jazz, blues, and various other art forms of black artists. If you know a lot about jazz, I'd love to hear and learn what tracks you think interact with the tracks of **Jazz**. Email me at [abigwindmattnelson@gmail.com](mailto:abigwindmattnelson@gmail.com)



**Track 1:** *Violet and Joe \* The end \* Violet as a corpse scratcher, a baby snatcher, a crack snapper \* Joe as buried with his love \* Joe as transgressor of his love \* Joe as hard*

The first section is all movement, “3 Away,” “You Wouldn’t Like Me,” “Roman Candle,” “The Modern Leper.” I’m whirling around these new people, wondering why all the violence. Who’s Dorcas? Who’s Joe? Who’s Violet? Not sure how often you do this nowadays, but put on a record, cue it up, and listen to the first track. The introduction. The door that’s letting you into the world. The hour that first hears a trumpet scale the light. At this point, I’m reading for pain. Who hurt who? Who deserves retribution? Who is getting off the hook? Watch for the lingering statements that will pull back at the end. When we break, we’ll wait for our miracle.

Lyrics:

“I like the way the City makes people think they can do what they want and get away with it. I see them all over the place: wealthy whites, and plain ones too, pile into mansions decorated and redecorated by black women richer than they are, and both are pleased with the spectacle of the other.”

“It is the face of a sneak who glides over to your sink to rinse the fork you have laid by her plate. An inward face--whatever it sees is its own self. You are there, it says, because I am looking at you.”

“Can’t rival the dead for love. Lose every time.”

“The notion of rest, it’s attractive to her, but I don’t think she would like it. They are like that, these women. Waiting for the ease, the space that need not be filled with anything other than the drift of their own thoughts...what is waiting for them, in a suddenly idle moment, is the seep of rage.”

“The memory of the light, however,...came back now and then, and once in a while, on an overcast day, when certain corners in the room resisted lamplight.”

**Track 2:** *The past entry to the City \* The past Malvonne, adoption, letters, gossip and audience \* Joe the salesman selling his future*

Do you have a favorite second track? “I Hope I Don’t Fall In Love With You”? “Kiss Off”? “The Rat”? “Hell is Chrome”? “I Follow Rivers”? “We’re Desperate”? “Whatever (Folk Song in C)?” “I Feel it All”? We can slow down a bit. Catch our breath. Slow the start a bit. Set up the rest. Tighten around the edges. Morrison pulls back from the action to really set the scene of what city life in the City is like. Gone are the biblical names with triplicate meaning, replaced here by the boldness of the City. The place that offers us every option of ourselves. The sophistication, the debasement, the appetite and its satisfaction. The sharp coolness of the first track is distracted by the expanse of the second. That is, until the final few bars, when Joe comes out looking real desperate. I cannot help but wonder if the second track is the most important. I can wait out the first, but by the second, I need a belief system.

Lyrics:

“Like the others, they were country people, but how soon country people forget. When they fall in love with a city, it is for forever, and it is like forever. As though there never was a time when they didn’t love it”

“But there is nothing to beat what the City can make of a night sky. It can empty itself of surface, and more like the ocean than the ocean itself, go deep, starless. Close up on the tops of buildings, near, nearer than the cap you are wearing, such a city sky presses and retreats, presses and retreats, making me think of the free but illegal love of sweethearts before they are discovered.”

“at the same time the city sky is changing its orange heart to black in order to hide its stars for the longest time before passing them out one by one by one, like gifts.”

“The outrageous expectations and inflexible demands of the weekend are null on Thursday...for satisfaction pure and deep, for balance in pleasure and comfort, Thursday can’t be beat...It doesn’t last of course, and twenty-four hours later they are frightened again and restoring themselves with any helplessness within reach.”

“the right tune whistled in a doorway or lifting up from the circles and grooves of a record can change the weather.”

**Track 3:** *Alice, a mirror of Malvonne, adopting Dorcas after the fire, containing her, defining her rebellion, holding the rope, turning off the music, hating the music, fighting the music \* But how can you fight music? \* Dorcas the orphan \* Dorcas the survivor \* Dorcas the shuttlecock and net, watching the action, wanting it, until she is a part of it, necessary to the game \* Joe meets Dorcas \* A whisper at the door \* A return visitor \* Alice meets Violet \* Alice meets fear \* Alice hears the toy gun pop, the cork top connected by a string*

Do you like it when the tracks bleed into the next? It usually indicates a change in tempo, up or down. In *Led Zeppelin III* this happens when “Friends” starts tripping out as it closes and goes right into “Celebration Day” with the guitars whining high. Pretty soon, everybody’s going to know the cracks. The parade lumbers on, and we’re on a whole new float, a universe in a pinprick opening up to reveal the framing beyond. The pin for this book, Alice, sways back and forth from the past and the present, creating a sine wave impression. We’ve picked up an opening and are gliding through. Seeing the threesome as a beating, from one to two to the last and back again we trace Alice and Dorcas and Joe. Everything picks up, the tempo changes again. Now, in the present tense, that place without, we get the going with dialogue between two people who have lost and tried and are about to be on the other side of what they thought life was. Reading this section changed my view of the book because you learn the backstory of the non-main characters. Everybody is main, though, is what you find. You/I just think you’re/I’m the main event because it’s your/my eyes doing the looking. A real “Junk Bond Trader.”

Lyrics:

“Dorcas...did not hear the fire engine clanging and roaring down the street because when it was called it didn’t come.”

“But the part she hated most was its appetite...It made her hold her hand in the pocket of her apron to keep from smashing it through the glass pane to snatch the world in her fist and

squeeze the life out of it for doing what it did and did and did to her and everybody else she knew or knew about.”

“Under the ceiling lights pairs move like twins born with, if not for, the other, sharing a partner’s pulse like a second jugular.”

“They know that a badly dressed body is nobody at all”

“she had tried to kill what lay in a coffin.”

“Seeded in childhood, watered every day since, fear had sprouted through her veins all her life.”

**Track 4:** *Violet with her malt, her hat, her place of quietude \* Her interruption of a ritual \* Her sight of others like her \* Her shedding of the country, but the country sticking to her \* Her choice \* Her life \* Her mom and the well \* A deepness \* A golden takeaway \* A once-in-awhile dad \* The work \* The love of and for and from it \* A miscarriage \* A retreat, and a retelling \* A desire \* Alice and two grown women*

And then there’s more. Always more “Between the Bars.” This could be the crash. The mountain falling over. Here is where you lean into Alice and Violet. See how they support each other and offer one another a rupturing. We’re back, tonally, to the beginning with Violet running around. But now we see the ground beneath her, the past behind her, the life she left and ran away from as fast as she could. We’re speeding up. You sprint with 2nd place on your heels eating away at your future, blocking the line you will cross, the line you must cross to finish. I feel like Morrison in this section wants to show the relationship between Violet and Joe, like when you hear a bassist riff with the lead guitar, or the skin-and-rim percussion work off of the ivory percussion. And yet, that’s all in the past. We work through the past to get to more present dialogue, as a form of healing. Two women talking about what and how they got to be where they are, together.

Lyrics:

“Joe believed it would be perfect. When they arrived, carrying all of their belongings in one valise, they both knew right away that perfect was not the word. It was better than that.”

“Is this where you got to and couldn’t do it no more? The place of shade without trees where you know you are not and never again will be loved by anybody who can choose to do it? Where everything is over but the talking?”

“I thought it would be bigger than this. I knew it wouldn’t last, but I did think it’d be bigger.”

“Who knew better than you or me or anybody just how small and quick this little bitty life is?”

“They should have hated her. Gotten up from the floor and hated her. But what they felt was better. Not beaten, not lost. Better. They laughed too, even Rose Dear shook her head and smiled, and suddenly the world was right side up. Violet learned then what she had forgotten until this moment: that laughter is serious. More complicated, more serious than tears.”

**Track 5:** *Joe, we’re watching you \* The Spring Aria \* Victory \* Vienna \* Another orphan for the door \* The final shedding of skin \* Pulled along the track*



“All I Need,” “Everything Means Nothing To Me,” “Go to Sleep,” “Bones,” “I Might Be Wrong.” We’ve made it halfway through the record. Needs to be flipped. What do you need? A breath? An artist going for it? Maybe the rest that comes from hearing someone else tell the tale for a spell. This is Joe’s track. We get a few pages of the change in the City, when the season goes to rebirth, but then are pulled into Joe’s autobiography, told all through the speech act. It’s Joe’s story, let him tell it how he saw it. Do you ever listen to a song and it feels like the band is speaking to you? Or more specifically, the singer, just to you and your ears? This track is the most any one character gets to talk. Joe, why did you step out on your wife? What’s your excuse? We have to hear him describe the backdoor otherwise he’d just be a plain old villain. Another bad dude. But, unfortunately for the binary in us, he can tell a story.

“And when spring comes to the City people notice one another in the road; notice the strangers with whom they share aisles and tables and the space where intimate garments are laundered.”

“After a light rain, when the leaves have come, tree limbs are like wet fingers playing in wooly green hair.”

“Whatever happens, whether you get rich or stay poor, ruin your health or live to old age, you always end up back where you started: hungry for the one thing everybody loses--young loving.”

“With her I was fresh, new again. Before I met her I’d changed into new seven times. The first time was when I named my own self, since nobody did it for me, since nobody knew what it could or should have been.”

“Whitefolks said he was a witch doctor, but they said that so they wouldn’t have to say he was smart.”

“Don’t get me wrong. This wasn’t Violet’s fault. All of it’s mine. All of it. I’ll never get over what I did to that girl. Never. I changed once too often. Made myself new one time too many. You could say I’ve been a new Negro all my life. But all I lived through, all I seen, and not one of those changes prepared me for her. For Dorcas. You would have thought I was twenty, back in Palestine satisfying my appetite for the first time under a walnut tree.”

“I’d been trained by the best woodsman ever, loneliness was a thing couldn’t get near me. Shoot. Country boy; country man. How did I know what an eighteen-year-old girl might instigate in a grown man whose wife is sleeping with a doll? Make me know a loneliness I never could imagine in a forest empty of people for fifteen miles, or on a riverbank with nothing but live bait for company. Convince me I never knew the sweet side of anything until I tasted her honey. They say snakes go blind for a while before they shed skin for the last time.”

“In this world the best thing, the only thing, is to find the trail and stick to it.”

“I didn’t fall in love, I rose in it.”

“if you was or claimed to be colored, you had to be new and stay the same every day the sun rose and every night it dropped. And let me tell you, baby, in those days it was more than a state of mind.”

**Track 6:** *Reject the common phrase \* Hunted and hunter \* Reality is different for those who create it or buy it \* The Golden Boy \* The Untaken Boy, pt I \* The Untaken Boy, pt II \* Lost in the Tree \* Love rises from the darkness*

Did you have anything right? I think it's time to talk about the unnamed narrator. Who are they? What's their stake in the game? They don't like Joe and they definitely don't like Violet. I would liken this to a concept album. We're reminded once again that these songs can act alone, but the theme returns for "The Tower." Tonight I'm staying in to do my Tarot. I got stuck on a card, I couldn't let it go. The narrator/theme must know Violet well, because she drives us through the past. A past larger than Violet and larger than Joe, but containing both in surprising ways. "Emile's Vietnam in the Sky," closes. Just "A Fond Farewell." As I read, I was paused, slowed down, given a puzzle piece that looked like it went to something else, but Morrison keeps us well in the unknown known.

"Got up and quit. Gone off somewhere to sit and think about it or sit and not think about it."

"Now he can hear things outside himself. Soaked leaves disentangling themselves one from another."

"The sigh he makes is deep, a hungry air-take for the strength and perseverance all life, but especially his, requires. Can you see the fields beyond, crackling and drying in the wind?"

"Except this monster without scales or flaming breath is more dangerous for she is a bloody-faced girl of moving parts, of luminous eyes and lips to break your heart."

"Aw, but he is young, young and he is hurting, so I forgive him his self-deception and his grand, fake gestures"

"He sat down on the rough mattress near the trouser cuffs, and when dark spots formed on the cloth he saw that he was crying."

"Only now, he thought, now that I know I have a father, do I feel his absence: the place where he should have been and was not. Before, I thought everybody was one-armed, like me. Now I feel the surgery."

"I am not going to be healed, or to find the arm that was removed from me. I am going to freshen the pain, point it, so we both know what it is for."

"He has the courage to do what Duchesses of Marlborough do all the time: relinquish being an adored bud clasping its future, and dare to open wide, to let the layers of its petals go flat, show the cluster of stamens dead center for all to see."

"It did not know where it was going and it knew nothing of the way, but it did know the nature of its work. Get there, said the hooves. If we can just get there."

"I want to dream a nice dream for him, and another of him. Lie down next to him, a wrinkle in the sheet, and contemplate his pain and by doing so ease it, diminish it. I want to be the language that wishes him well, speaks his name, wakes him when his eyes need to be open."

"But once the razor blade has flicked--he will remember it, and if he remembers it he can recall it. That is to say, he has it at his disposal."



**Track 7:** *Doorstep delivery \* Reveal Revel \* Could it be found? \**

By track 7, you don't care where you are. Morrison starts reversing the build up. We're so far from where we started, it's hard to remember how we got here. "Barfruit Blues," maybe "Montana," but we won't be there for sure. Nothing is for real, "Trick or Treat." By seven, you're aware of the end. Something's coming around the bend, but you're also deep in the mask. "No Name #4." Morrison, continues the bath draining of our initial feelings about Joe and Violet and reminds us where the water came from from the beginning. Although, there's something familiar about the seventh, like if you've followed an artist long enough, you can pick out the track that hits the same chord progression. Morrison is at home in the country, in the secret of its wide night. But just cause the water leaves one place doesn't mean it's gone. "Stars," in the night, end up using the thoughts you've given me.

Lyrics:

"His clothes would make a preacher sigh."

"Do we know one another?' Hunter thought the 'sir' he left out was as loud as a bang. But the man didn't hear it because he had a bang of his own.

'No. Daddy. We Don't.'"

"Tell her to wear that green dress. The one make it hard to see her in the grass."

"They stood around at the depot, camped in fields on the wedge of the road in clusters until shooed away for being the blight that had visited upon them--for reflecting like still water the disconsolateness they certainly felt, and for reminding others about the wages sin paid out to its laborers."

"Would she understand that fire was not light or flowers moving toward her, or flying golden hair? That if you tried to touch or kiss it, it would swallow your breath away?"

"Joe had walked past that place and heard what he first believed was some combination of running water and wind in high trees. The music the world makes, familiar to fishermen and shepherds, woodsmen have also heard."

**Track 8:** *Oranges were our only decoration \* Use the coat room \* I wish they were apples*

We're closing in on the purpose. Joe's last name is Trace, and as a hunter, he leaves little of his namesake. Violet tries to follow him. Dorcas tries to run from him. But a hunter's got to hunt. Although we are late to the dance, people embracing cheek to shoulder already, we trust the puzzle maker, the bath drainer, the artist made holy. We trust that someone knows what's happening. We've got a ballad on our hands. "St. Ides Heaven." We finally have the voice of Dorcas, our victim, our scarlot. The drain where desire and frustration drip down the darkness without realizing the shape. There is design in a pipe. "Aeon" as we march down the late night illicit. There's no tomorrow.

Lyrics:

"Her partner does not whisper in Dorcas's ear. His promises are already clear in the chin he presses into her hair, the fingertips that stay."

“He didn’t even care what I looked like. I could be anything, do anything--and it pleased him. Something about that made me mad. I don’t know.”

“Anything that happens after this party breaks up is nothing. Everything is now. It’s like war. Everyone is handsome, shining just thinking about other people’s blood. As though the red wash flying from veins not theirs is facial makeup patented from its glow. Inspiring. Glamorous. Afterward there will be some chatter and recapitulation of what went on; nothing though like the action itself and the beat that pumps the heart.”

**Track 9:** *Another word for happiness \* More children lost to a number \* Yours is as good as mine \* Who said that? \* It takes real pride to steal*

Penultimate. Pendulum. Anything can happen on the second next to the last. “Rebellion (Lies)” can take us up the hill, a final march to the surrendered flagpole. Maybe some jubilation coming from the underground. We’re given a final new voice that’s been there the whole time. “Brooke Daniels’ Tiny Broken Fingers” or “My Father’s House,” where the dream is to be a child, out where the pines grow. Morrison brings in a new voice to sing about her truth, perhaps a closer truth to the street, based on height. Again we have the format of Track 5, with a long dialogue, a mis-mirror, an untrue doubling, “Janie Jones,” definitely not in love with the rock and roll world, but she knows everything, “Twilight,” already somebody’s baby.

“Mr Trace looks at you. He has double eyes. Each one a different color. A sad one that lets you look inside him, and a clear one that looks inside you. I like when he looks at me. I feel, I don’t know, interesting. He looks at me and I feel deep--as though the things I feel and think are important and different and ... interesting.”

“‘What’s the point? I can’t change it.’

‘That’s the point. If you don’t, it will change you and it’ll be your fault cause you let it. I let it. And messed up my life.’

“‘Messed it up how?’

‘Forgot it.’

‘Forgot?’

‘Forgot it was mine. My life. I just ran up and down the streets wishing I was somebody else.’”

“‘How’d you get rid of her?’

‘Killed her. Then I killed the me that killed her.’

‘Who’s left?’

‘Me.’”

“Called the ambulance, I mean; but it didn’t come until morning after I had called twice. The ice, they said, but really because it was colored people calling.”

**Track 10:** *Sister brother*

How many albums are an even ten? What are their tracks? Here are the ones I’ve got: “With All My Heart,” “Line of Best Fit,” “No Expectations,” “Come Down,” “Just Like Heaven,” “Breaker Breaker,” “What Goes On,” “Bad Bone,” “Devil Made You High,” “We Could Be Looking for the Same Thing,” “Soul Clappin’,” “Sallie’s Heart is Stone,” and “The Reigning Champ of the Teething Crowd,” “Olympics on Pot,” “I Believe in Nothing,” “The Irish Keep Gate-Crashing,”



“Kids on the Run,” “Those to Come,” “Avalon,” “Videotape,” “Careless Heart,” “Time to Be Small,” “Soft Rock Star (Jimmy vs. Joe Mix),” “I speak because I can,” “The Big Beast,” “Wayward Wind,” “Gentle Sons,” “Sunday.” How to close out an album? Do you leave all the secrets? Do you bring up the mystery? Think about how the last song has to do so much, though it yearns to wander. Look, look where your hands are now. Look and listen for the last word.

“Busy, they were, busy being original, complicated, changeable--human, I guess you’d say, while I was the predictable one, confused in my solitude into arrogance, thinking my space, my view was the only one that was or that mattered.”

“I want to be in a place already made for me, both snug and wide open. With a doorway never needing to be closed, a view slanted for light and bright autumn leaves but not rain. Where moonlight can be counted on if the sky is clear and stars no matter what. And below, just yonder, a river called Treason to rely on.”

“It’s nice when grown people whisper to each other under the covers. Their ecstasy is more leaf-sigh than bray and the body is the vehicle, not the point. They reach, grown people, for something beyond, way beyond and way, way down underneath tissue.”

Songs referenced:

Track 1:

“3 Away,” Pretty Girls Make Graves, *Pretty Girls Make Graves (EP)*

“You Wouldn’t Like Me,” Tegan and Sara, *So Jealous*

“Roman Candle,” Elliott Smith, *Roman Candle*

“The Modern Leper,” Frightened Rabbit, *The Midnight Organ Fight*

Track 2:

“I Hope I Don’t Fall In Love With You,” Tom Waits, *Closing Time*

“Kiss Off,” Violent Femmes, *Violent Femmes*

“The Rat,” The Walkmen, *Bows + Arrows*

“Hell is Chrome,” Wilco, *A Ghost is Born*

“I Follow Rivers,” Lykke Li, *Wounded Rhymes*

“We’re Desperate,” X, *Wild Gift*

“Whatever (Folk Song in C),” Elliott Smith, *New Moon (2)*

“I Feel it All,” Feist, *The Reminder*

Track 3

“Friends,” Led Zeppelin, *Led Zeppelin III*

“Celebration Day,” Led Zeppelin, *Led Zeppelin III*

“Junk Bond Trader,” Elliott Smith, *Figure 8*

Track 4

“Between the Bars,” Elliott Smith, *Either/Or*

Track 5

“All I Need,” Radiohead, *In Rainbows*

“Everything Means Nothing To Me,” Elliott Smith,

“Go to Sleep,” Radiohead, *Hail to the Thief*

“Bones,” Radiohead, *The Bends*

#### Track 6

“The Tower,” John Vanderslice, *Emerald City*  
“Emile’s Vietnam in the Sky,” Elvis Perkins, *Ash Wednesday*  
“A Fond Farewell,” Elliott Smith, *From a Basement On The Hill*

#### Track 7

“Barfruit Blues,” The Hold Steady, *A Positive Rage*  
“Montana,” Frank Zappa & The Mothers, *Over-Nite Sensation*  
“Trick or Treat,” The Endtables, *The Endtables*  
“No Name #4,” Elliott Smith, *Roman Candle*  
“Stars,” Angel Olsen, *Burn Your Fire For No Witness*

#### Track 8

“St. Ides Heaven,” Elliott Smith, *Elliott Smith*  
“Aeon,” Antony & The Johnsons, *The Crying Light*

#### Track 9

“Rebellion (Lies)” Arcade Fire, *Funeral*  
“Brooke Daniels’ Tiny Broken Fingers,” Carissa’s Wierd, *They’ll Only Miss You When You Leave*  
“My Father’s House,” Bruce Springsteen, *Nebraska*  
“Janie Jones,” The Clash, *The Clash*  
“Twilight,” Elliott Smith, *From A Basement On The Hill*

#### Track 10

“With All My Heart,” Clem Snide, *Hungry Bird*  
“Line of Best Fit,” Death Cab for Cutie, *Something About Airplanes*  
“No Expectations,” Soulsavers, *It’s Not How Far You Fall, It’s the Way You Land*  
“Come Down,” Sylvan Esso, *Sylvan Esso*  
“Just Like Heaven,” Dinosaur Jr., *You’re Living All Over Me*  
“Breaker Breaker,” The Divorce, *There Will Be Blood Tonight*  
“What Goes On,” The Feelies, *Only Life*  
“Bad Bone,” The Frames, *The Cost*  
“Devil Made You High,” Hush Arbors, *Yankee Reality*  
“We Could Be Looking for the Same Thing,” Silver Jews, *Lookout Mountain, Lookout sea*  
“Soul Clappin’,” Sly & The Family Stone, *Dance to the Music*  
“Sallie’s Heart is Stone,” Say Hi, *Oohs & Ahhs*  
“The Reigning Champ of the Teething Crowd,” Say Hi To Your Mom, *Impeccable Blahs*  
“Olympics on Pot,” The Ruby Suns, *Fight Softly*  
“I Believe in Nothing,” Vivian Girls, *Vivian Girls*  
“The Irish Keep Gate-Crashing,” The Thrills, *Let’s Bottle Bohemia*  
“Kids on the Run,” The Tallest Man On Earth, *The Wild Hunt*  
“Those to Come,” The Shins, *Chutes Too Narrow*  
“Avalon,” Sigur Rós, *Ágætis byrjun*  
“Videotape,” Radiohead, *In Rainbows*  
“Careless Heart,” Roy Orbison, *King of Hearts*  
“Time to Be Small,” Interpol, *Antics*  
“Soft Rock Star (Jimmy vs. Joe Mix),” Metric, *Grow Up And Blow Away*  
“I speak because I can,” Laura Marling, *I Speak Because I Can*  
“The Big Beast,” Magnolia Electric Co., *Trials and Errors*  
“Wayward Wind,” Patsy Cline, *Heartaches*  
“Gentle Sons,” The Pains of Being Pure At Heart, *The Pains of Being Pure At Heart*  
“Sunday,” Nick Drake, *Bryter Layter*

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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  
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And if you want to contribute something to a forthcoming issue...  
Email me: [profoundexperience@gmail.com](mailto:profoundexperience@gmail.com)

Stay safe!!!







~Profound Experience  
Of Staying At Home

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Quarantine

