

~ Profound Experience of Staying at Home

QUARANTINE

March 29, 2020



Issue 1

~PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF STAYING AT HOME
A QUARANZINE
MARCH 29th 2020
ISSUE 1



Edited by Lucy K Shaw
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March 29th, 2020

Cover by Jake Muilenburg
(*quarantined in New York*)

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THIS SPACE FOR WRITING MESSAGES

Hey!

Just wanted to write to let you know that ~Profound Experience of Earth will be pivoting from travel to... staying at home based content for a while...

And we're going to release a weekly Quaranzine every Sunday for as long as life is like this...

POST CARD

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY

PLACE STAMP HERE



So this is the first one. I hope you like it.

Please stay safe!

Lucy



Not Writing The Corona Novel

Ida Skovmand

Dear Catastrophe, you beloved lube of creativity. You be like: *rip me open and spill my contents into a notebook, newspaper collage, poem, Soundcloud longmix, full bicep tattoo. You have my blessing. Pick an aspect of crisis and have fun with it. Juice my lemony hardships! Make this disaster about you!*

(Usually this is what you tell me, Catastrophe. But for now, you are quiet.)

~

Another eve on Skype, attempting to shrink a distance while struggling with a disappointing wifi connection. I'm not going to write the corona novel, my friend Kate announces in chopped-up sentences from her lockdown in London. Neither will I, I say, in a similarly locked-down situation, in Paris. I'm not going to write the corona novel. Not going to do it. We both shake our pixelated heads in determined unison.

After we hang up, while I am deskinning chickpeas, pea by pea, alone in my kitchen, I also decide I'm not going to catalogue all the meals I make and eat during confinement. I'm not going to take pictures of the sky from my bedroom window every day at the same time. Or make a quilt.

I'm not going to create a Google Doc and fill it with quotes and images and links. Not going to do that. Or replicate with watercolours all the screenshots from video conversations I have with my new, now mask-wearing, lover. I'm not going to write a confessional essay about how this new lover tested positive for the virus as soon as he returned to his home country after a weekend at my place and how he is now quarantined in a corona hotel in a holy land. (I'm Not Going To Write A TV Pilot About Initiating A Long-Distance Romance Just Before A Pandemic.)

For company, I'm not going to anthropomorphise a trespassing housefly or flirt with courtyard cats or try to sculpt a golem out of crumpled newspapers and home-made glue.

I'm not going to name the golem Harriet.

Hummus. Soba noodles with tomato sauce. Lemon yoghurt. Walnut pasta. Ricotta from scratch. Zhug (yemenite pesto). Corn soup. Banana bread. Daal. TimTams arranged on a plate. Not going to list comfort food for confinement.

Obama singing. Chewing gum sculptures by Aline Szapocznikow. Ty Dolla \$ign's voice. Yellow furniture. Cheerful things – another thing that I'm not going to list.

I'm not going to spell out an important word in popcorn and then eat it. I'm not going to translate Drake lyrics into new languages and feel that I'm doing my part to improve the world.

“Pleasurable moments, I live, painful ones, I exploit” – I’m not going to quote the French artist Sophie Calle’s approach to making art for the hundredth time. I’m not going to exploit the painful moments.

Quarantine, isolation, distance, confinement. I’m not going to meditate on the vocabulary. I’m not going to milk their etymology and catch the droplets into a doc as if I’m on to something.

I’m not going to dwell on the fact that quarantine is named after *quarantena*, an old Venetian word for forty days. I’m not going to immediately embark on a project of creating forty meaningful things in forty meaningless days.

I’m not going to keep a journal about what it’s like to be alone for (at least) forty days.

But. What *am* I going to do then?

Am I going to replicate Ai Weiwei’s sunflower seeds in dough and use them to fill up my already limited floor space? Am I going to take down each empty canned tomato tin, one by one, to the recycling bin instead of waiting until I have a full bag? Am I going to make a chart of exes’ astrological signs and study the results? And then develop a grudge towards Pisces?

Organise a sock drawer with intention? Am I going to go through my inbox and reply to guilt-tagged, unanswered emails from years ago, while pretending that I’m now writing from a parallel universe where no virus nemesis exists and where email correspondence just takes a

little time? Am I going to watch a reality show backwards and be smug about the things I know but that the contestants don't? Am I going to pour all my nail-polishes into one bucket to see what colour emerges? Reread all the Knausgaards? Go to a place inside of myself where all my creative ideas are met only with eye-rolling and hopelessness, and then stay there? Am I going to put the chickpeas back in their skins?





**DAY TWO OF OFFICIAL LOCKDOWN IDEA:
A HAMSTER WHEEL FOR HUMANS**



**DAY TWO OF OFFICIAL LOCKDOWN IDEA 2:
A HAMSTER WHEEL FOR DOGS**

Lucy K Shaw



Practicing English In A Pandemic

Alinafe Luka

These interviews are conversations I had with my students on Cambly. Cambly is a groovy online tutoring site that allows people to learn English - by speaking to natives. Luckily my students gave entertaining and insightful responses to my bleak questions...

Abdulla, 14, United Arab Emirates

What do you think about being in quarantine?

It's boring, but safe for your life. People need to keep calm.

What have you been doing to keep sane?

Studying on Cambly, playing video games, like Fifa.

What have you wanted to do but couldn't?

I want to go out and buy things, like new video games.

What do you miss?

Going to my grandmother's house. On the weekends I always go and see her

When the quarantine ends what will you do?

Go to my grandmother's house.

What have you been eating?

Kabsa.

What have you been doing for exercise?

Riding a bike.

What about the quarantine?

You know, houses here in UAE are big. Here is desert so can have big houses for riding a bike.

**Omar, 27,
Riyahd, Saudi Arabia,
chemical engineer**

What do you think about being in quarantine?

The best method to stop the virus. Inshallah this will end soon.

What's the vibe like where you are?

Very serious. When the government said to stay inside we all listened. People all agree that it is important. Holy Mosque in Mecca and Medina closed and everyone agrees.

So what have people done about this?

They are praying at home.

How do people feel about the mosques closing?

They understand the need to be safe. When the Holy mosques closed everyone knew it is serious.

What are you concerned about?

That it will take a long time. I hope it only lasts for a month and that the numbers decrease in Saudi. I know for some countries like Iran it will take time. Countries like Germany are a good example of dealing with it.

What have you been doing to keep sane?

I have been working from home for 8 hours, and on Cambly studying, so I am busy.

I am staying with family. In this situation the connection between family members is very strong.

What have you wanted to do but couldn't?

To work at the company - hard to work from home because of my job.

I miss going to the gym.

What else do you miss?

Normal life, to be sure you are safe and no virus. Missing the safety.

When the quarantine ends what will you do?

Of course, party.

What have you been eating?

Usual. Nothing has changed. Stores are still full. I don't understand why some countries it's not like that.

**Gabriel, 32,
Brazil,
restaurant owner**

What do you think about being in quarantine?

I think it's good, but in my case it's not good as I have a business. I have 60 employees - the quarantine is not so good for me as I have to stop everything; I don't receive money and it's hard to keep my employees and business.

How does it affect you?

I was meant to go on my Honeymoon.

What's the vibe like where you are?

People thinks it's good as more time with family. Some people can have a rest, my

wife was working a lot and needed a vacation.

What are you concerned about?

Mainly my business and my parents as they are older - they are 60 years old. My father is very active and does not like staying at home.

What have you been doing to keep sane?

I'm still working -solving problems within my company. I'm still working but just doing deliveries - like Uber eats.

What do you miss?

I miss playing football - every Saturday me and my friends played football. I miss my parents too. I have not seen them recently and I cannot hug them.

When the quarantine ends what will you do?

Will see my parents and hug them.

What have you been doing for exercise?

Nothing now - as people in Brazil should not be going out and doing exercise - people get angry. Me and my wife were stretching outside and the neighbours text us to stop.

An-Chi, from Taiwan, living in the UK

What do you think about being in quarantine?

I feel it's a good way to enforce social-distancing. Best way to protect you and others. It's a good time to start getting along with yourself.

What's the vibe like where you are?

Quiet, and anxious. My friend in London - she worries about her change of situation. She has to entertain children as she is an au pair.

How does it affect you?

I have no job because I work at the hotel. But, my salary is secured so less stress.

What are you concerned about?

I worry about me catching the virus - as I am here by myself and I don't have anyone to look after me. My Dad worrying about me also makes me worry. On the other hand - I am also concerned with how long will it last.

What have you been doing to keep sane?

Calling my Dad every day, singing loudly to release, exercise like yoga, baking!

****presents her cinnamon buns****

Using Cambly has been important, talking to another person. Still learning during the crisis.

How long do you think it will last for?

At least for one month.

Do you have any advice for people?

Don't wait for people to call you - call them.

What do you miss?

Talking to people and touching someone.

Saulo, 25
Indaiatuba, Brazil,
Geologist

What do you think about the quarantine?

I think the economical impact will be bad for Brazil - there is 40 million people who work independently; I fear it will affect poor people worse.

What's the vibe like where you are?

Some people are trying to maintain their lives. People are stuck with keeping their regular lives and adapting.

How does it affect you?

It's not affecting my professional life because I quit my old company so I've been studying online.

My friends live in different region - so normally don't see them a lot - But we have been speaking online.

What have you been doing to keep sane?

Running and exercising. Doing a mixture of callisthenics and using elastic rubbers. I've been doing it in the park. I try to avoid crowds.

Reading a lot: The Denial of Death by Ernest Becker & Sapiens & A Brief Story of Humankind.

I've also been cooking a lot.

What have you learned about yourself?

I've learnt to be patient - I used to be really anxious and I am dealing with my anxiety. It's been good to learn how to live with yourself.

What do you miss?

Seeing my Father. He's not feeling too good. For 14 days I have not seen him.

Do you have any advice for people?

Stay home and try to avoid crowded areas and try and organise a routine at home.

READ A LOT.

**Abeer, 26,
Yanbu, Saudi Arabia,
studying Human Resources**

What do you think about the quarantine?

I think it's good protecting the people from the virus.

What are you worried about?

It will be everywhere and they cannot control it. I'm scared that I or my family or friends will get it. I'm worried there is no cure.

How has it changed your life?

I am thinking more about Allah and to be a better person.

It's made me realise how we are not that strong because of a little virus can kill us.

In the beginning I was scared about universities being closed. I am now doing online class and last Friday I finished my mid-term exam online and passed.

What have you learned about yourself?

I'm very lazy - because I do a list for what I want to do and I am not doing it.

What do you miss?

Nothing - I like staying at home. Maybe, I miss a little going to the cafe for coffee and seeing my friends. Okay I miss going to restaurants, I like burgers and don't like cooking.

What have you been doing for exercise?

One of my goals was to do more exercise. I did it for 2 days then stopped.

What have you been doing to keep sane?

I started listening to Podcasts; been listening to podcasts about improving myself: Mel Robbins.

I've not felt crazy as I have been drawing and studying.

Do you have any advice for people

Don't panic - when we panic... everything is bad.



To think I'd let myself start dreaming of
square little houses and a dog chasing
chickens in the yard



I want to mend
everything and
forget
nothing

The patrons all have gone home now



Sometimes strong isn't enough

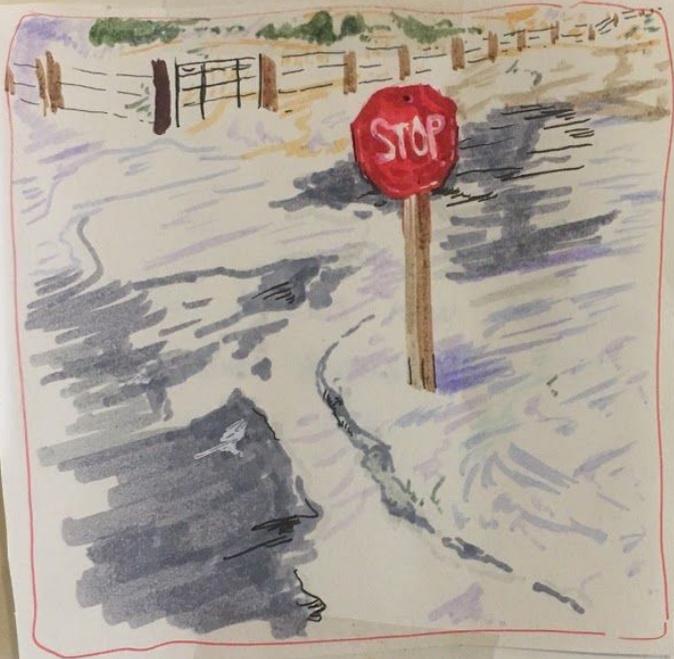
The worms are dried quotation marks on the
side walks. In the intermittent rains
I still picture that \$15,000 tract of
land and manufacture of
home



and in the pre dawn on Saturdays we could
walk into the yard

And maybe I
could have a dog,
name her Empanada,

I could scratch behind her ears and let her know, "Nada we are nothing but let's go about our day"



Come August I
wonder if i'll
still have
this
job.

But I am lucky, and i'm in love and I am likely to be fine

on my runs I cross the road like
we all have to do. Under trees I stretch
my hands up to brush the branches



little bulbs have
started to show up
on some stems



Soon the flowers bloom.

Lo-Fi

Katja Perat

I have a fantasy based on a mix of *The Decameron*, *The English Patient*, and *Carrington*: take ten people you love, relocate them to a remote house in the country and save them from the crumbling world. Get wasted. Make out. Yell at each other for making out with the wrong person. Make up. Tell each other stories. Comb each other's hair. Save each other from death and isolation. It is March 10th. In Italy, 97 people have died. Another 168 will die tomorrow. In St. Louis, I am the first person I know to worry. Michael and I are walking along the Mississippi. It is just us, our dog, a pair of wild geese, and the sugar moon hanging low above the river. As Michael practices pull-ups on an outdoor fitness prop, my heart grows heavy with dread. *We should disinfect our hands after this*, I think to myself – a thought I have never had before. I can feel the anxiety ascending. Like the charts of the infected and the dead I will be looking at in the days to come, it paints an incomplete picture. Rising, it gives no clue as to where it intends to settle.

*

I began to worry a week ago, but for different reasons. Still convinced Covid-19 is not that big of a deal and certainly not that big of a deal for a young, healthy person like myself, I worry that the right-wing governments all around the world will seize the virus as an opportunity to limit mobility, suspend globalization, and reinforce the Cold War borders. Some of this later comes true and this fear is not allowed to subside. But as the Italian army struggles to bury the dead, other fears chime in. I am now simultaneously afraid of capitalism, nationalism, and death. Following a friend's advice, I begin to watch *Love is Blind*.

*

On March 9th Bernie Sanders rallies in St. Louis. In a Facebook group chat I tell my friends that the seats we get are so good we could infect Bernie with the coronavirus, had we had it. I laugh at my own joke, but I am also increasingly nervous. Later that day I tell Michael I think this might be the last good moment to do groceries.

Why are you acting so weird, he asks. I have no answers, just a vague memory of sitting on the stairs of our apartment building in 1991 as my parents carry boxes of food to the shelter, hiding from the promise of war that will eradicate Yugoslavia, not yet knowing Slovenia will be the only state to walk through it undamaged. We do get groceries. This will be the last normal day in a while. Writing this, I am still unable to see the next one.

*

When the quarantine begins, I am forced to downsize my fantasy due to several logistic difficulties (not having a house big enough, half of my friends living on a different continent, etc.). Instead of staging it, I will have to write about it, I think for a moment. It will be a lo-fi *Decameron* for a generation that was forced to live through two recessions. In Trump's words, *it'll be great*.

*

Because I live in a neighborhood where drug trade presents a major source of income, I am curious to see how a pandemic affects the routes of narcotraffic and henceforth the moods of the dealers. The omens are bad. A friend posts an insta-story that is a screenshot of an article published in *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, claiming gun sales in Missouri went up since Covid-19 became a local event. I text him, saying *We're all gonna die, imho. Hell yea*, he says. The same night two people are shot and dropped in front of our local gas station.

*

In the meantime, I learn how to transition to Zoom, adapting the course on Central European Modernisms that I teach for the web environment. I read an article titled *Please Do a Bad Job Putting Your Courses Online*. I follow the instruction. Downloading photos of the Prague spring for a PowerPoint on Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, I feel rushes of both longing and envy for a time when communal disasters were experienced communally. Awoken by a storm in the middle of that following night, I find myself thinking THE TANKS ARE HERE! But there are no tanks. Just spring rain falling on the empty streets of St. Louis, the only city that was more or less empty before half of the world was ordered not to leave their houses.

*

I am reached by an anecdote from Ljubljana. In this anecdote a friend of mine, struggling with quarantine, is on the phone with a friend of his who survived the siege of Sarajevo. Now all of us will finally understand the historical trauma you went through, he tells her. The Siege of Sarajevo, she answers, was a thousand times more fun than this. It was hell on earth, but at least we were able to go through it together.

*

In Slovenia, a center-right government is replaced by a far right-government and in spite of the fact Slovenia was so far the only country outside of Asia to effectively

flatten the curve of the spread due to an unprecedented sense of communal responsibility, a quarantine is introduced and the trigger-happy government gives itself a raise to compensate its crisis management efforts. My Slovenian friends are now more afraid of fascism than the virus.

*

On the day 141 people die in the US, Trump begins to talk about *reopening America*, claiming “the cure should not be worse than the disease”. I become haunted by the memory of Walter Benjamin, unable to escape the downward spiral of history.

Slovenian media report this is the last call for Slovenian citizens who wish to be shipped home on one of the evacuation flights. I spend the next half an hour on the phone with the Slovene embassy in Washington. If you’re insured and have a place to stay, their employee tells me, I would advise you not to move. Her daughter, married to an American, will stay in LA. I shouldn’t worry. I tell her I started worrying when I noticed people dying were my age. The first casualty in St. Louis was a year younger than me, and healthy. *But have you seen the photos?* The employee asks. *They all look like they have been eating a lot of burgers.* The tone of her voice tells me that she – had I been more than a voice on the phone to her – would probably assume I have been eating *a lot of burgers* myself.

My mother, an orthorexic extraordinaire, also remains focused on the *things that matter*. *After this is over*, she tells me in a text, *we will have to start dealing with obesity. I keep on opening the refrigerator door, not quite sure what I expect to find.* I tell her I lost six pounds in the last week, exclusively by freaking out. *Congratulations*, she says.

*

As the quarantine progresses, I am forced to realize I am in no shape to write a novel. I have no concentration, everything I do is interrupted by the desire to control the uncontrollable, endlessly forcing me to refresh the Internet. I write this essay intermittently, in unorganized splashes of thought interrupted by long periods of scrolling through the news and social media. Returning to the file, I find myself annoyed with the dire tone of my writing, fully aware my life is, all things considered, quite all right. I am not threatened with eviction, my salary is not compromised, I can work from home and take my work easy. I don’t live with a wifebeater. For all intended purposes, I am an embodiment of privilege. And even I feel like crap. I am increasingly annoyed with others as well. Not only with the politicians, swinging from the inability to address difficult situations to “crisis as an opportunity” scenarios, also with the millions of bystanders flooding my social media with unmonitored outbursts of manic creativity. It is an inelegant mixture of envy (why is everybody else capable of doing shit but me) and self-righteousness

(stop seizing a humanitarian catastrophe for self-promotion, y'all), this effect. It is also entirely unjustified, as I'm secretly plotting to put together my first folk album (it will be called *I Don't Want to Die in St. Louis*) myself. All this is to say – anxiety is a bitch. And I don't want to be a bitch. In an attempt to calm down, I practice the banjo for hours. Not going insta-live while doing it fills me with a sense of pride.

*

I should be working on my dissertation, but the thought of the imminent economic collapse and the subsequent absence of academic jobs make it seem pointless. I break up with my psychoanalyst because talking about how I feel feels beside the point as well. In the early days of the quarantine I'm more motivated for community organizing than ever before. I write an open letter to the mayor of St. Louis, urging her to take action in the absence of transparent federal leadership. It circulates through the hands of the editors of the local newspapers and comes back to me with a series of edits I should address if I want it published. Almost a week has passed in between and publishing it now would (ah, the old, enduring leitmotif) be pointless. I feel helpless and powerless. I fantasize about a general strike but don't know how to organize one. I find myself unable to remember the past or imagine a future.

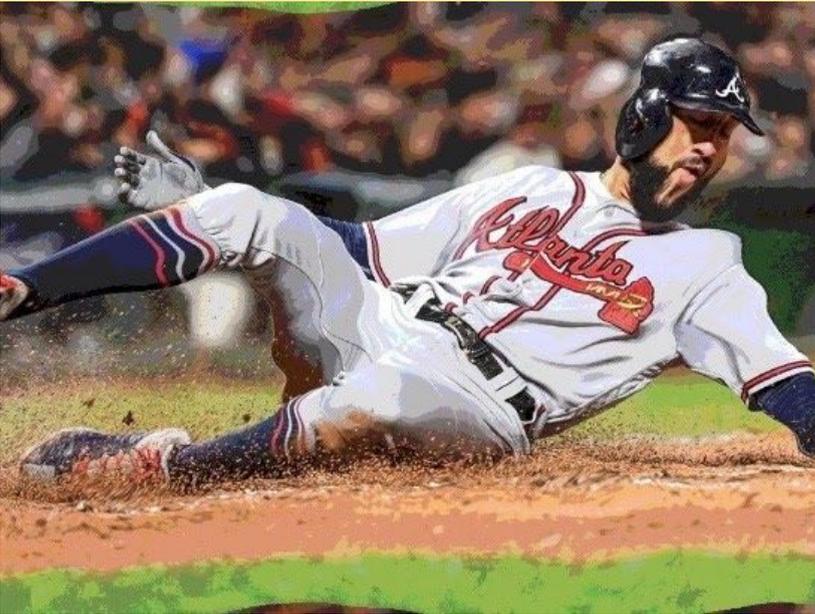
*

An article I read claims China saw an increase of divorce rates in the days after their quarantine ended. Interestingly enough, I've never been more in love with Michael than now. It's as if an age-long fear that, should something bad happen, having a partner will feel closer to burden than solace, has now disintegrated. In our garden a peach tree is blooming. I can't wait for the next anti-fascist resistance to take shape. I can't wait to go out, dance, get wasted, hug. I can't wait to have the kind of peace of mind that will make writing a lo-fi novel about the end of days feel plausible again. I can't wait.

RIP MLB

(on opening day)

Sarah Jean Alexander



MUST BASEBALL, AS A SPORT, BE *PLAYED* IN ORDER TO BE *ENJOYED*?



IS MY *LOVE OF THE GAME* ENOUGH?



DOES A TEAM STILL EXIST IF THEY ARE NOT TOGETHER?



WHAT DO I DO FOR THE NEXT 3 HOURS?



ARE YOU AN ATHLETE... ON THE INSIDE?



CAN I FEEL THE BOND OF BROTHERHOOD FROM HERE?



WILL YOU LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'RE COMING BACK?



IS EVERYONE FEELING OKAY?

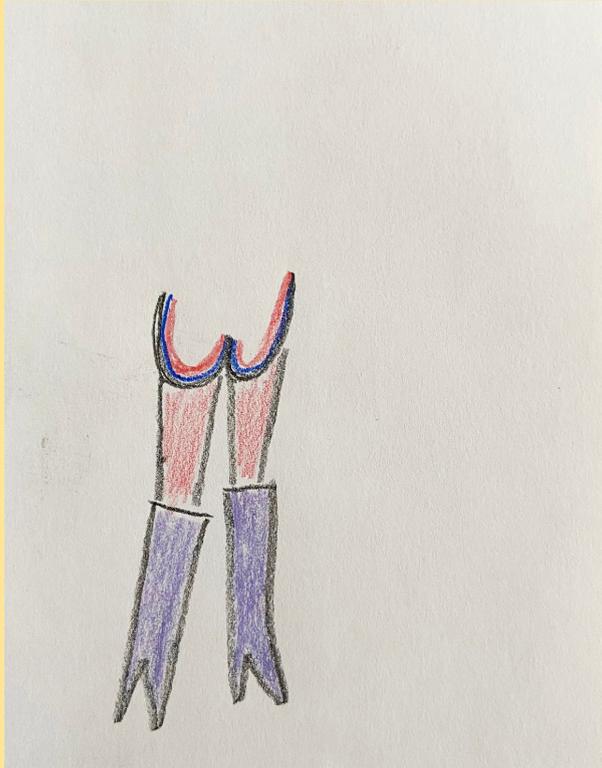
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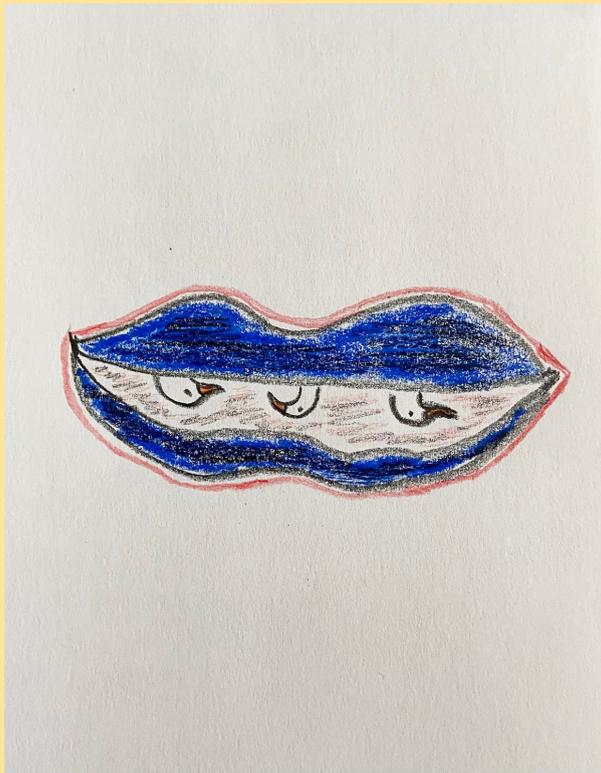
Matt Nelson

Reading remains as one of my handholds to people, even though the event itself is solitary and for the most part vocally intangible (please don't @ me on my mixed metaphors, just take my hand, thx). Much of my life (pp&f) revolves around the written. Since I don't regularly have much down time, and in order to combat (heal from) anxiety, this moment in history has provided space to read. My self-prescribed goal is to finish one book each day and take notes on what sticks, though that will really start slowing down as my school decides what to do going forward with the year. So, if you'd like to talk about books please email me at abigwindmattnelson@gmail.com.

This is what I've been reading this week, with at least one starred line:

Week 1:

Finished	
<p><u>Times Square Red Times Square Blue</u> by Samuel R. Delany</p>  <p>“As twenty-year-old buttocks go, they were pretty ordinary” (Artwork by Jake Muilenburg)</p>	<p>This book I was really excited to read because it came through two different bows. Once, on a bus back from a field trip, me and another teacher tried to ignore our hostages by talking books. This other teacher is very much into scifi and couldn't recommend enough this queer black author, Delany. Fast forward to post holidays, driving back from Seattle to Portland with one of my best friends, Jon. We were talking about something, maybe NY and gentrification, and he mentioned the difference between contact and networking in the landscape of the Times Square Redevelopment project written by none other than Delany. Fast forward <i>months</i> later, and I finally got a chance to dive in. The first essay is a peep into the noncommercial sex in the Time Square porno theaters of the 60s 70s 80s and some of the 90s. The second essay develops the idea of contact as an inter-class exchange available in the old Times Square between people of all different creeds and screeds. His humor and wit and generosity to the people of this neighborhood are invaluable.</p>
<p><u>In Mad Love and War</u> by Joy Harjo</p>	<p>Harjo is the American national treasure now, right? Poet laureate? She writes with the cold line of a morning on the rim slowly painted over in warmth. There are stories within, the fable of an everyday turned to song, but also the personal hurt of love being kicked. I liked her descriptions of life in her travels, and there's this one about</p>



“...a space where geese disappear like teeth behind the lips/
of night.”

(Artwork by Jake Muilenburg)

remembering the East River that makes me
nostalgic as hell for a different time.

The Carrying by Ada Limón



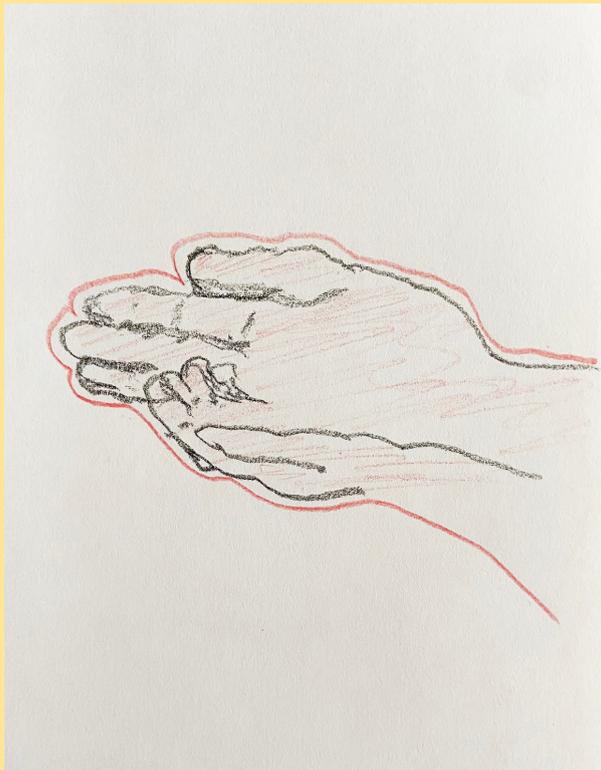
“...a green skin/ growing over whatever winter did to us, a
return/ to the strange idea of continuous living despite/ the
mess of us, the hurt, the empty”

(Artwork by Jake Muilenburg)

I picked up this book after seeing Limón speak at
the Portland Book Fest. She discussed how this
book dealt with her lack of motherhood, her
connection to other forms of life, and the moment
her vertigo lifted in the news of Philip Levine’s
death. There’s a lot of space in these poems. Both
her and Harjo write of the desert, but Limón has
the horizon down whereas Harjo picks up the
wind. These poems also deal with gun violence
and the national (lack of) reaction.

Sula by Toni Morrison

A friendship between two women living in The



“Then they left their pews. For with some emotions one has to stand. They spoke, for they were full and needed to say. They swayed, for the rivulets of grief or of ecstasy must be rocked. And when they thought of all that life and death locked into that little closed coffin they danced and screamed, not to protest God’s will but to acknowledge it and confirm once more their conviction that the only way to avoid the Hand of God is to get in it.”

(Drawing by Jake Muilenburg)

Bottoms, a small black poor town above (Morrison sure does have a way with naming) the rich whites, and the moral confusion of sex, desire, and agency throughout their lives. I loved this book for its insistence to look and wait and see what will happen next.

Sons of Achilles by Nabila Lovelace



Death and men and Queens and women and names and violence and nationbuilding and a food fight ala Moses. One of my favorite things is when an author has worm holes to other worlds that I can travel. Beyond the titular *Iliad*, a conversation between Toni Morrison and Angela Davis is mentioned that you can listen to through NYPL podcast, Peter Pan is flying around, the *roll tide* of Alabama ball, and a Funkadelic lick.

“Penal insistence prescribes me pretty,/ I told you what I am
& you Presidented/ your ego, baby—I dying is/
Nationbuilding”

(Artwork by Jake Muilenburg)

Brainstorm by Dan Sigel



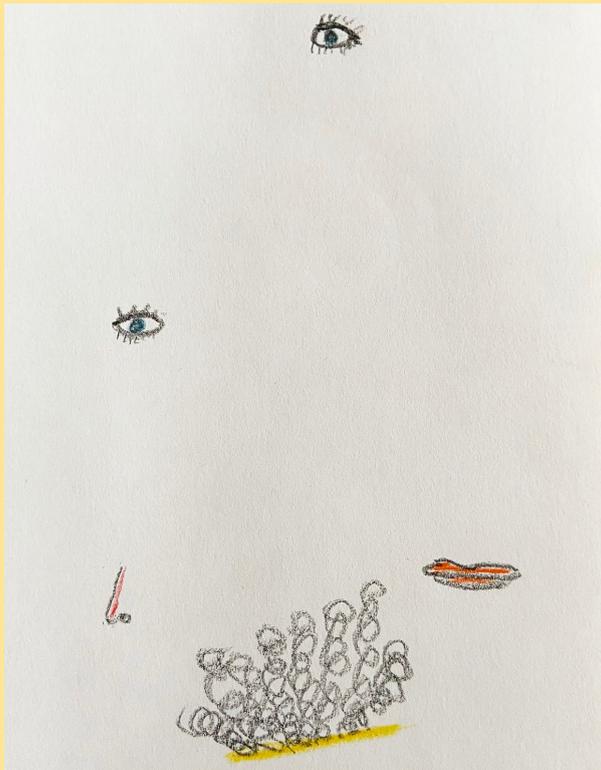
“In a construction site, sometimes the previously working plumbing and electricity are temporarily disabled. We don’t have to call that a faulty building--it’s just a reconstruction project. Remodeling has its inevitable downsides, for sure. For a short time, or for bursts of time, those utilities on the construction site are off-line. No effective electricity, no plumbing, no workable staircase. These are all temporary shifts in what works well. The good news is that remodeling is a process that will create new and improved ways of functioning. Remodeling is necessary to adapt the structure of our neural foundation to adjust to new needs, and remodeling in adolescence is necessary to adapt our human family to the new needs of a changing world.”

(Artwork by Jake Muilenburg)

a jazz funeral for uncle tom by Harmony Holiday

My partner got me this book because it’s by the guy who wrote Mindsight which I really liked when I first read, and because it deals with the neurological development of the adolescent brain (and since I teach at a high school, it feels very relevant). Some good info reiterating earlier stuff about the reptile brain overriding the prefrontal cortex in times of trauma and stress, while adding an attachment-theory dimension and subsequent exercises for integration. I like that he said that much of what makes teenagers *teenagers* could make adults more fulfilled (emotional openness, novel-seeking, peer connections). That said, the section on sexuality is like your conservative uncle trying to compare Ellen’s sexuality to, I don’t know, his tumultuous love for the Montreal Expos.

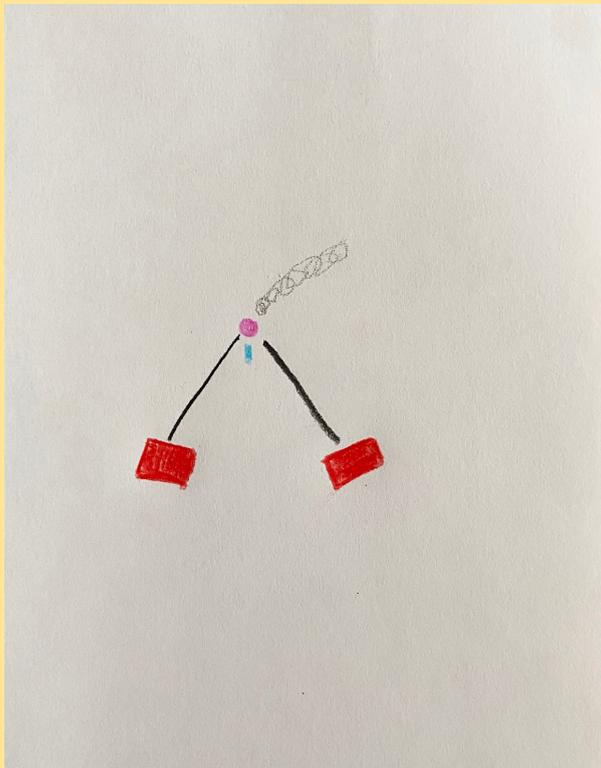
A jazz funeral, a mash up parade and wake, a signing off on a historical miplayed noted, these poems are d e e p. Holiday name drops Fred Moten and there’s more than a name that’s in common. Many of the poems are rough stitched with these wonderful runs. I know Birds, LLC is doing a free PDF of their catalog right now so you could pick this up if just to learn more about jazz (the last pages are a list of top 10x10).



“There are laws about who gets to be this beautiful and all of them you’ve broken”

(Artwork by Jake Muilenburg)

An Attempt to Exhaust a Place in Paris by Georges Perec

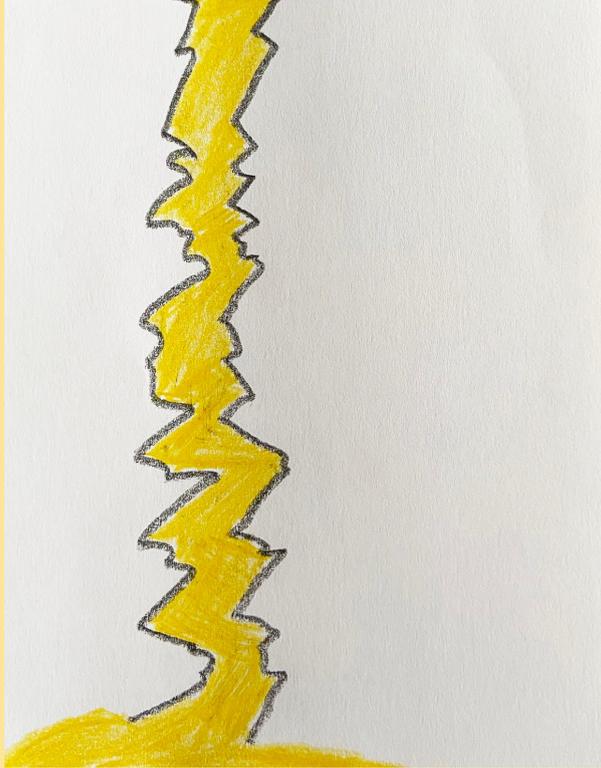


“A little girl, flanked by her parents (or by her kidnappers) is weeping”

(Artwork by Jake Muilenburg)

So the goal was to show up at this square, find a seat at a cafe, and record. I actually like the concept: what better muse than fate. But that fate turns out to be a lot of buses. And pigeons. C’mon fate! This feels more like an art project than a literary feat. And in the afterword, there’s an explanation that even though the piece is translated, there are some references that only a Parisian of that time would pick up on. I like that. Go Perec. TikTok your day away.

Be With by Forrest Gander



“And so/ days-to-come will crack open without you,
dropping their yolk over places you walked.”

(Artwork by Jake Muilenburg)

I picked up this book after getting C.D. Wright’s book about trees after getting into trees after reading Richard Power’s book about trees. In the Wright book, which is a beauty of an object, there’s some mention of Forrest (which makes sense) and after doing some research, I found out that he wrote this book after she died. For some reason, I like books that are created after a large, overwhelming fact. Never having any contact with Gander, I was surprised by the poems. They are definitely of a certain sect of wisened craft. But I did love that he called out a dab rig in one. Obviously the grief is available at regular enough intervals to keep you going. But his poem about his mom at the end, whew. That one will get you.



'Don't wait for people to call you - call them.' - An-Chi

24 Ways My Roommate Has Betrayed Me

Crook

1. Having an identical twin brother.
2. Trying to dehydrate cheese in the bathroom.
3. Trying to piss in my room.
4. Having a voice like Kermit the Frog.
5. Pissing in my room.
6. Passive-aggressively writing “turn taps OFF” on the kitchen wall-tiles, and then erasing it 2 weeks later, when he realised it was him leaving the taps on.
7. Looking like a parrot.
8. Asking me to teach him how to play “New Slang” by The Shins on guitar.
9. Eating one of my chalk face-masks, thinking it was a salad dressing.
10. Saying the mask “needed salt”.
11. Still having “the boys” over while we’re trying to social distance.
12. Having so many books of antifascist theory lying around that I strongly suspect he is, in fact, a fascist.
13. Stealing my tweezers.
14. Stealing my nose-hair trimmer.
15. Wearing one of those wide-brimmed hats.
16. The time I asked him to clean the kitchen as I was on my way out, and I came back hours later to find the pots still unwashed, but the smell of burnt sage lingering in the air — he insisted he thought I wanted him to “clean the vibes” of the kitchen.
17. Shitting on the kitchen floor...

18. Never buying soap (hand or dish) in >3 years.
19. Only buying toilet paper maybe 3 times in the same period.
20. Being friends with the loudest man I have ever heard.
21. OK this one is still about the loud-guy, because he always needed to piss, and whenever he did he made these loud, anguished sighs.
22. Spelling my name wrong, but a different kind of wrong each time.
23. Realising I smell good & buying the same shampoo & body-wash that I have. (Before this, he used those bars of carbonic soap they use to bathe the elderly in horror films.)
24. Being a fan of my music.





& now: Crook's soothing Quarantunes Playlist: **INTERIORS**

126 tracks to enhance your
~Profound Experience Of Staying At Home



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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if you want to!

And if you want to contribute something to next week's issue...
Email me: lkshowbiz@gmail.com

Stay safe!!!



