

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

By the road to the contagious hospital
under the surge of the blue
mottled clouds driven from the
northeast—a cold wind. Beyond, the
waste of broad, muddy fields
brown with dried weeds, standing and fallen

patches of standing water
the scattering of tall trees

All along the road the reddish
purplish, forked, upstanding, twiggy
stuff of bushes and small trees
with dead, brown leaves under them
leafless vines—

Lifeless in appearance, sluggish
dazed spring approaches—

They enter the new world naked,
cold, uncertain of all
save that they enter. All about them
the cold, familiar wind—

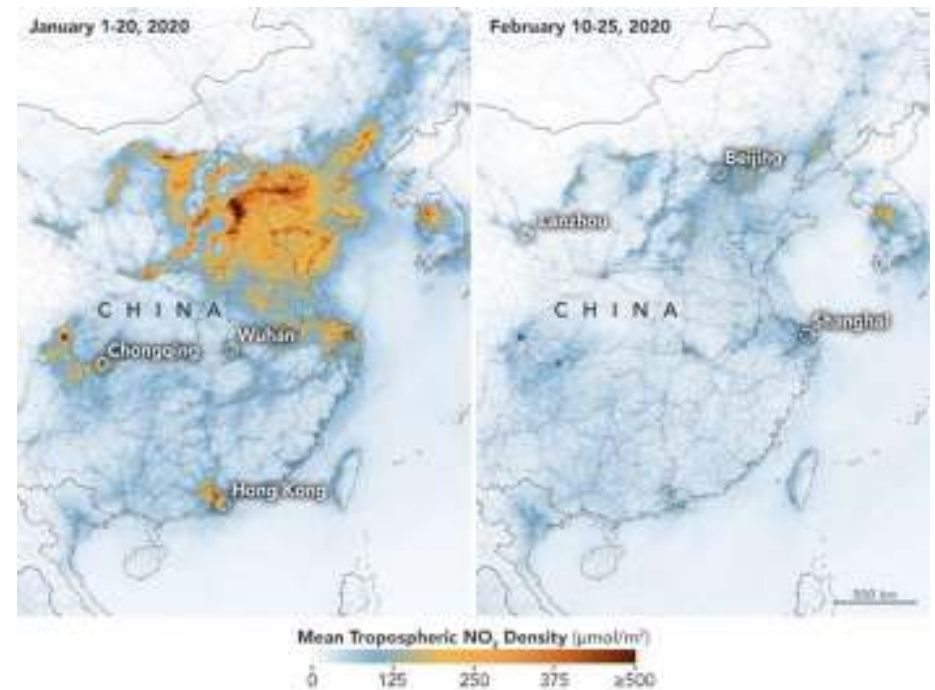
Now the grass, tomorrow
the stiff curl of wildcarrot leaf

One by one objects are defined—
It quickens: clarity, outline of leaf

But now the stark dignity of
entrance—Still, the profound change
has come upon them: rooted they
grip down and begin to awaken

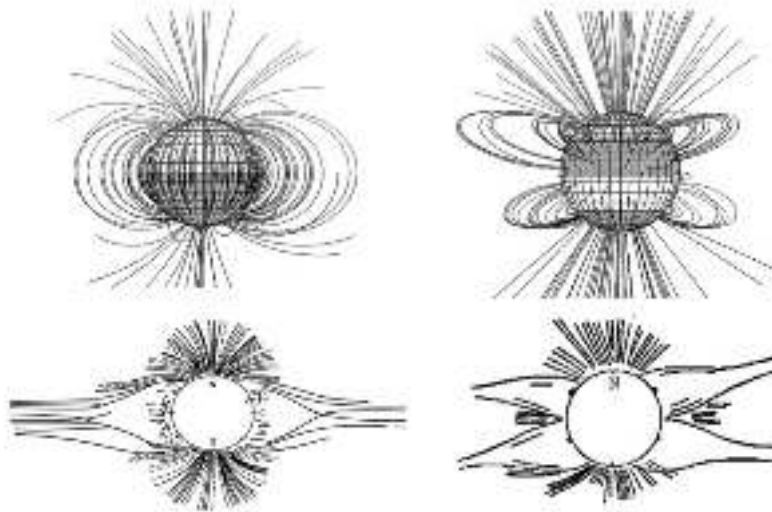
[SPRING AND ALL](#) (1923)

The Crisis Times



The word 'power' in the English language has a dual meaning: 'power' as in a force of nature, a current of energy, a measure of work; 'power' as in a relation between humans, an authority, a structure of domination. The conjunction is not as close in other major European languages. 'Motive power' and 'absolute power' are 'fuerza motriz' and 'poder absoluto' in Spanish – no apparent connection there – while French distinguishes between 'énergie' and 'courant' on the natural side of things and 'puissance' and 'pouvoir' on the social, roughly equivalent to Kraft/Strom and Macht/Gewalt in German (hence Atomkraft but Weltmacht). Why have the two poles collapsed into one in English? An inquiry into such comparative European etymology is outside the scope of this study: we can only note the intriguing fact.

[Andreas Malm, *Fossil Capital* (Verso 2016) 17-18; image = [lowered emissions](#)]



<https://eclipse2017.nasa.gov/solar-corona>

LE SOLEIL))----:

LOCKed inside this vaguely medieval City//
 its filthy holes root its curtains & suburbs
 again & then AGAIN
 a post-molecular sun
 bursts us all till
 we yawn & cum----
 I look maps & live
 there pains & trap & fling
 into BRICKS
 you melted through
 years ago----

Like a proud wren who would
 ban disease///
 inside our sticky minds
 the piss of bees
 who stagger into town
 breathing mess & public hair
 into all the hospitals
 the packed police grounds----

[SEAN BONNEY](#)

The Crisis Times

This enclosed, segmented space, observed at every point, in which the individuals are inserted in a fixed place, in which the slightest movements are supervised, in which all events are recorded, in which an uninterrupted work of writing links the centre and periphery, in which power is exercised without division, according to a continuous hierarchical figure, in which each individual is constantly located, examined and distributed among the living beings, the sick and the dead – all this constitutes a compact model of the disciplinary mechanism. The plague is met by order; its function is to sort out every possible confusion: that of the disease, which is transmitted when bodies are mixed together; that of the evil, which is increased when fear and death overcome prohibitions. It lays down for each individual his place, his body, his disease and his death, his well-being, by means of an omnipresent and omniscient power that subdivides itself in a regular, uninterrupted way even to the ultimate determination of the individual, of what characterizes him, of what belongs to him, of what happens to him. Against the plague, which is a mixture, discipline brings into play its power, which is one of analysis. A whole literary fiction of the festival grew up around the plague: suspended laws, lifted prohibitions, the frenzy of passing time, bodies mingling together without respect, individuals unmasked, abandoning their statutory identity and the figure under which they had been recognized, allowing a quite different truth to appear. But there was also a political dream of the plague, which was exactly its reverse: not the collective festival, but strict divisions; not laws transgressed, but the penetration of regulation into even the smallest details of everyday life through the mediation of the complete hierarchy that assured the capillary functioning of power; not masks that were put on and taken off, but the assignment to each individual of his 'true' name, his 'true' place, his 'true' body, his 'true' disease. The plague as a form, at once real and imaginary, of disorder had as its medical and political correlative discipline. Behind the disciplinary mechanisms can be read the haunting memory of 'contagions', of the plague, of rebellions, crimes, vagabondage, desertions, people who appear and disappear, live and die in disorder.

If it is true that the leper gave rise to rituals of exclusion, which to a certain extent provided the model for and general form of the great Confinement, then the plague gave rise to disciplinary projects. Rather than the massive, binary division between one set of people and another, it called for multiple separations, individualizing distributions, an organization in depth of surveillance and control, an intensification and a ramification of power. The leper was caught up in a practice of rejection, of exile-enclosure; he was left to his doom in a mass among which it was useless to differentiate; those sick of the plague were caught up in a meticulous tactical partitioning in which individual differentiations were the constricting effects of a power that multiplied, articulated and subdivided itself; the great confinement on the one hand; the correct training on the other. The leper and his separation; the plague and its segmentations. The first is marked; the second analysed and distributed. The exile of the leper and the arrest of the plague do not bring with them the same political dream. The first is that of a pure community, the second that of a disciplined society. Two ways of exercising power over men, of controlling their relations, of separating out their dangerous mixtures. The plague-stricken town, traversed throughout with hierarchy, surveillance, observation, writing; the town immobilized by the functioning of an extensive power that bears in a distinct way over all individual bodies – this is the utopia of the perfectly governed city. The plague (envisaged as a possibility at least) is the trial in the course of which one may define ideally the exercise of disciplinary power. In order to make rights and laws function according to pure theory, the jurists place themselves in imagination in the state of nature; in order to see perfect disciplines functioning, rulers dreamt of the state of plague. Underlying disciplinary projects the image of the plague stands for all forms of confusion and disorder; just as the image of the leper, cut off from all human contact, underlies projects of exclusion.

“Panopticism” (197-200)

Michel Foucault (tr. Alan Sheridan)

Surveiller et punir: Naissance de la prison

Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison

They are different projects, then, but not incompatible ones. We see them coming slowly together, and it is the peculiarity of the nineteenth century that it applied to the space of exclusion of which the leper was the symbolic inhabitant (beggars, vagabonds, madmen and the disorderly formed the real population) the technique of power proper to disciplinary partitioning. Treat ‘lepers’ as ‘plague victims’, project the subtle segmentations of discipline onto the confused space of internment, combine it with the methods of analytical distribution proper to power, individualize the excluded, but use procedures of individualization to mark exclusion – this is what was operated regularly by disciplinary power from the beginning of the nineteenth century in the psychiatric asylum, the penitentiary, the reformatory, the approved school and, to some extent, the hospital. Generally speaking, all the authorities exercising individual control function according to a double mode; that of binary division and branding (mad/sane; dangerous/harmless; normal/abnormal); and that of coercive assignment, of differential distribution (who he is; where he must be; how he is to be characterized; how he is to be recognized; how a constant surveillance is to be exercised over him in an individual way, etc.). On the one hand, the lepers are treated as plague victims; the tactics of individualizing disciplines are imposed on the excluded; and, on the other hand, the universality of disciplinary controls makes it possible to brand the ‘leper’ and to bring into play against him the dualistic mechanisms of exclusion. The constant division between the normal and the abnormal, to which every individual is subjected, brings us back to our own time, by applying the binary branding and exile of the leper to quite different objects; the existence of a whole set of techniques and institutions for measuring, supervising and correcting the abnormal brings into play the disciplinary mechanisms to which the fear of the plague gave rise. All the mechanisms of power which, even today, are disposed around the abnormal individual, to brand him and to alter him, are composed of those two forms from which they distantly derive.

1975 / 1977

<div>5 DEMANDS</div> <div>   </div> <div>FOR EMERGENCY COVID-19 SURVIVAL</div>		FREE HEALTHCARE Free testing, treatment and healthcare for all.
		NO WORK Suspend work obligations. Guarantee food stamps and sick pay for all.
		NO PAYING — NO DEBT Suspend all rent, mortgage, utilities, loans, foreclosures, evictions and parking enforcement.
		FREE THE PRISONERS End bail for jails, deactivate ICE, release detainees, and stop all sweeps of homeless camps.
		HOMES FOR ALL Open up unoccupied homes to anyone who needs one.

LETTER FROM A PRISON IN WA

thanks for checking in with me and my family, things are well but as you know this environment is slightly different based on my location. we are currently on a limited bases of activity here, meaning no outside sponsors or education is taking place, no church, no volunteers coming in.

its strange but as you know this plantation must stay stocked with fresh lives to herd from here to there so they are still receiving chains...(chain buses) also they have canceled all visiting...so people cannot see there families at all until further notice. however I have been video visiting on the Skype with my wife and son...they are also on limited movement, my wife has stocked on perishable foods and also has exercised her right to bear arms by being aware that if things get strange in the community she must protect the fort. so protocol has been established.

as far as social distance in here its a little unusual, we all need each other...but we are trying to remain clean and some are only fist bumping or elbow taps...I say the social distance is different because we don't know if we will need each other to survive if all these concentration camp officers decide to stop showing up and leave us...all conversations make sense today... I'm sure you understand.

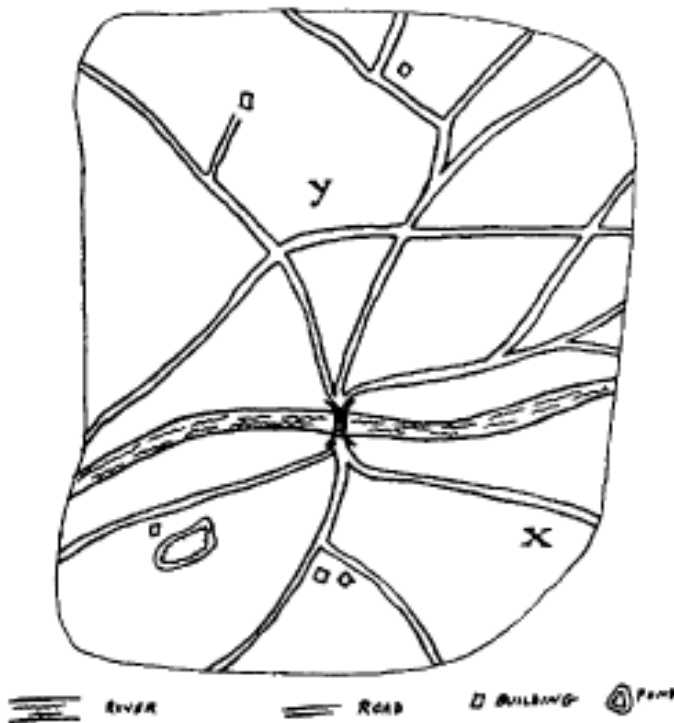
I'm just trying to remain hopeful, optimistic about my everyday attitude, people matter, love matters, assistance is king, but being wise and observant is chief. because different minds work differently.

I can tell you that it really made me feel like I'm cared about seeing your message today, and that is liberation, seeing your relationships work in a multitude of ways.

I just got done reading living beautifully by Pema chodron...its a great expression on repression and understanding of self and how keeping open doors to raw emotion can help you make big shifts. most issues we face as humans come from repression...this is dangerous...and we do it everyday.

be blessed and keep me informed on any new developments that might be helpful...at this point we aren't locked in our rooms but Monroe prison is on lockdown due to a officer being positive and 4 incarcerated individuals showing symptoms. (I'll keep you illuminated)

[15 March 2020]



The reader may try the problem himself with the adjoining map (Fig. 1). Two people parachute unexpectedly into the area shown, each with a map and knowing the other has one, but neither knowing where the other has dropped or able to communicate directly. They must get together quickly to be rescued. Can they study their maps and "co-ordinate" their behavior? Does the map suggest some particular meeting place so unambiguously that each will be confident that the other reads the same suggestion with confidence?

THOMAS SCHELLING

The Crisis Times

CORONA

Autumn eats its leaf out of my hand: we are friends.
From the nuts we shell time and we teach it to walk:
then time returns to the shell.

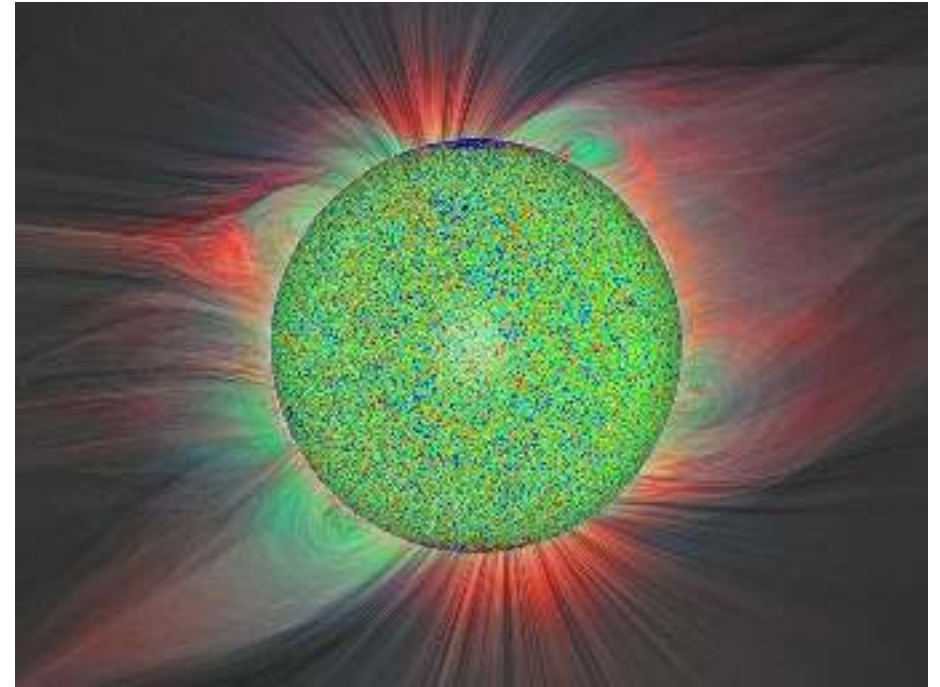
In the mirror it's Sunday,
in dream there is room for sleeping,
our mouths speak the truth.

My eye moves down to the sex of my loved one:
we look at each other,
we exchange dark words,
we love each other like poppy and recollection,
we sleep like wine in the conches,
like the sea in the moon's blood ray.

We stand by the window embracing, and people look up from
the street:
it is time they knew!
It is time the stone made an effort to flower,
time unrest had a beating heart.
It is time it were time.

It is time.

PAUL CELAN (tr. Michael Hamburger)



* * * * *

[T]wo semantic traditions converge in the history of this term which [...] comes from the Greek verb *crino*: a medical and a theological one. In the medical tradition, *crisis* means the moment in which the doctor has to judge, to decide if the patient will die or survive. The day or the days in which this decision is taken are called *crisimoi*, the decisive days. In theology, *crisis* is the Last Judgment pronounced by Christ in the end of times. As you can see, what is essential in both traditions is the connection with a certain moment in time.

[Giorgio Agamben, "[For a theory of destituent power](#)" (2013)]

* * * * *

Some questions remain quite open to me, beyond the sovereignty problem, which, as you point out, turns out to be empty -- the sovereign is simply not there, the throne is empty. They're the real anarchists.

This being said, I'm no less indecisive -- I'm working with friends around the country on some interventions, but (still) am struck by how little framework I have for thinking about this, which I suspect means that our efforts will amount to something like whistling in the dark, especially since our decidedly communist impulses are countervailed by the requirement for isolation -- the "[Social Contagion](#)" piece points out that it's kinda like a general strike, minus the social element -- top down, non-spontaneous, and enforcing involuntary atomization. On its face, not so good for our project, but on the other hand (like a strike), it still has the capacity to cripple the economy (in contrast to the last recession, for reasons of non-participation in the economy as opposed to the movements of speculative capital).

This is one question that's nagging at me: how does this play out economically? First observation -- the state is forced to "offer" the socialism that has been being demanded of it (albeit socialism for the rich *and* poor), but in order to keep the economy chugging along. Proposition (a) it's impossible to imagine that the capitalists won't take advantage of this situation in whatever way they can (I'm thinking of the ways that corporations use the climate change demand as an opportunity for new rounds of investment in "sustainable infrastructure"). What similar moves will be made here, while our attention is elsewhere (assuming we don't get to a government bailout level of cronyism)? Proposition (b) as you know, plague in England in the 14th century led to the re-valuation of yeoman labor to such a degree that led to higher wages, revolts, and eventually the end of the serfdom system. What happens when the economy grinds to a halt, and we're asked to re-start it again, but on worse terms? Aside from the possibility of "flipping the switch" on large scale autonomous modes of organization (as you say), will we *retour à la normale* on the same terms? The same terms, plus a newly emboldened biopolitical state? It's worth remembering that the

last time there was an economic decline on this scale (2008), there was no organized "left" to speak of in the US. Is it crazy to imagine a generalized demand for debt forgiveness at the other end of this? Or, at the very least, forcing Biden to run on an M4A platform? Already seeing no-eviction rules, and the state negotiating with banks for no-interest payday loans, etc. Could these be expanded and demanded? Still, as you say, the coordination problem remains.

Finally, the thing that doesn't get any press (except from niche eco-minded leftists) is the reality that disease is an ecological question before it is political or economic one (not that these separate easily), one that calls into question the way human life on earth is organized. This isn't a *black swan* event, because everyone who knows about disease has seen this coming for a long time, the question has only ever been *when*. As much as climate change, this forces (or should force) an immediate ecological consciousness. I like Rob Wallace's phrase "[creaturely communism](#)." Anyway, what is everyone going to do with their newfound free time? This Sunday we'll be planting 3,000 chestnut seeds on the farm right down the street -- what better way to practice social distancing than planting trees outside, together?



<https://twitter.com/BuildSoil/status/1239327549848571905>

Demar Nelson | **LETTER FROM SHELTON** | 17 March 2020

thanks for being so supportive. its needed. for all people.

I don't mind you circulating my comments at all, and using my name is not a problem either. I believe in your network because I respect you.

other then that you are right, lol frustrations will mount as people who are used to the boom and bust of life now have to gear down, which is difficult for most because alot of people subconsciously go to work to escape home.

Being confined is nothing more then a 90 percent mental acceptance process and that's because its not "HARD" for anyone to be in any one place where there's safety and shelter. the hard part is accepting your there and you can't do anything about it. and not only that but your not in control of your coming and going.

the other 10 percent is coping.....you have to find out exactly how your gonna balance something so precious but irritatingly misusedtime.....time.....time.....time.....now you have all this time, to clean, cook, look, think, have sex, read, yell at kids, watch TV, and reciprocate that process over and over sometime not in that order. which will be taxing because people can't stand the things we count on until those things are removed. we as people are so spoiled. so like a man as myself doing time, you must appreciate every interaction. and not look at everything your experiencing as a permanent thing.

keep your spirits intact and help everybody you can like its your last good deed. love those who love you like your loving for the first time.

..... I would trade places with anyone in the world to be confined In my home, with my wife and son.....I wouldn't want confinement to be any other way.....that would be a dream confinement come true.....lol

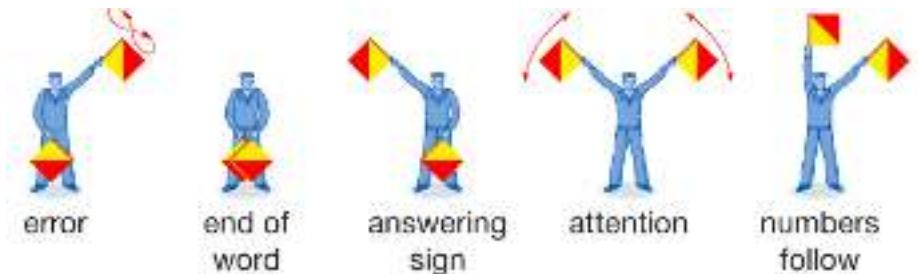
be safe.....be blessed.

The Crisis Times

CLAUDE McKAY

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.
If we must die, O let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!
O kinsmen! we must meet the common foe!
Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one deathblow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

(1919)



so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form – poe

It is a shame that to understand this virus, we must understand math, which to the many of us who were denied a decent math education in school, exists mostly as a phantasm: exponentiality no easier to grasp than the hand of a ghost. And now the health of many depends on a general capacity to believe in the future tangibility of the present intangibles. ([An excellent review of the numbers is here, in this remarkable plea for action.](#)) We must not only now understand exponential growth, but also the difference between sly things, like the deadly distance between 1% and .1%.

In the meantime, the world's eugenicists-in-chiefs appear to lick their lips at the prospect of the deaths of the elderly, sick, and poor. The vicious denialism of Trump, Johnson, and Bolsanaro is the logic that also governed yesterday's every day misery, made grand to fit today's catastrophe. For a certain class, the death of what they consider "the unproductive" comes as a messy but not unwelcome event. This is why you see that cadaverous look in these guys' eyes at the press conferences in which they stand in their bloated suits, mumbling administrative deceptions about the flu, about testing. We know to believe what they do, not what they say: finance gets emergency aid and the hospitals don't. In the meantime, [CPAC itself might have become a polo-shirt-and-pepe version of the Masque of the Red Death.](#)

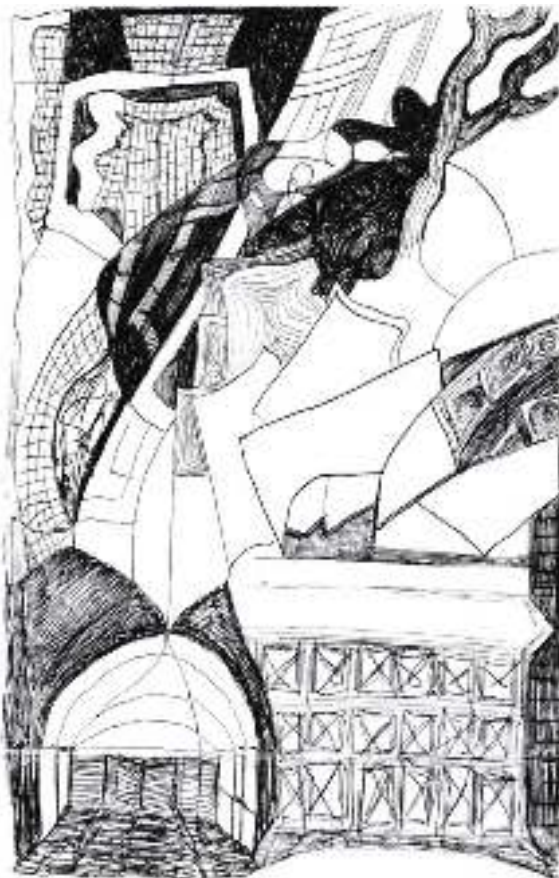
These are the same types who say the only thing to fear is fear, which of course is not true, because fear educates our care for each other -- we fear a sick person might be made sicker, or that a poor person's life might be made even more miserable, and we do whatever we can to protect them because we fear a version of human life in which everyone lives only for themselves. I am not the least bit afraid of this kind of fear, for fear is a vital and necessary part of love. And this fear, which I love, is right now particularly justified, because we have a pernicious virus that travels inside the healthy to sicken and kill the already fragile, and therefore requires that the healthy and strong deepen their moral commitments for the benefit of the

sick and weak. We must learn to do good for the good of the stranger now. We now have to live as daily evidence that we believe there is value in the lives of the cancer patient, the elderly person, the disabled one, the ones in unthinkable living conditions, crowded and at risk.

Total misery in the coming days is not a total inevitability: we have a capacity to respond today. We can practice excellent hygiene, stop leaving messes for cleaners, disinfect our common spaces. We can try our best to get what we need to get by for a while. We can -- today, right now -- organize mutual aid networks among our existing social contacts, make plans to care for the vulnerable, prepare supplies for those who will get sick. We can provide shelter for the people who don't have it, offer to be a support for anyone feeling crazy from the news, promise to take care of someone's pets or kids if they get sick. We can provide important information to those who have been deceived or ignored. We can protect those who are unfairly stigmatized and discriminated against. We can sew masks and make disinfection kits to give to those who will be caring for the sick at home.

We can also go on a general strike, which now has a double purpose -- stay at home, refuse to work, refuse to go to school, refuse to shop, refuse as much as possible to get sick or make others so. We can shout at the top of our lungs and demonstrate in our every action that the lives of the vulnerable matter, that the deaths of the sick and the elderly and the poor and imprisoned from this virus are unacceptable. The prisoners must be freed. The elderly must be cared for. Everyone must have safe housing. The sick must be supported without fear of losing jobs or being bankrupt by medical costs. The cleaners, health care workers, and other carers on the front line must have everything they need to stay safe. This virus makes what has always been the case even more emphatically so.

We also must engage in large scale social distancing. The way social distancing works requires faith: we must begin to see the negative space as clearly as the positive, to know what we *don't do* is also brilliant and full of love. We face such a strange task, here, to come together in spirit and keep a distance in body at the same time. We can do it. I am writing this because I want the good in us to break through the layers of hateful nonsense we've been drowning in. I think we can be good, but we also must prepare for an amplification of evil's evil. The time when the invisible becomes visible is at hand.



MY VOICE STYLING QUIET INSIDE
THE HEAD, THE HOUSE,
IN THE DESIGN, WAITING,
KEEP BREATHING.

THERE'S A BIRD IN THE HAND,
A BIRD IN THE EYE
ACROSS THE TABLE
ACROSS THE AFTERNOON
CLOUDS CLOUDS CLOUDS
ACROSS THE SKY
MAY SILENCE HELP YOU YOU

[DAVID GRUNDY]

The Crisis Times

CATASTROPHE
DOGASTROPHE
ELEPHANTASTROPHE
FOXASTROPHE
GIRAFFE-ASTROPHE
HIPPOPOTAMUSASTROPHE
IGUANASTROPHE
JELLYFISHASTROPHE
KANGAROO-ASTROPHE
LEOPARDASTROPHE
MOUSE-ASTROPHE
NARWHALASTROPHE
OCTOPUSASTROPHE
PENGUINASTROPHE
QUAILASTROPHE
RATASTROPHE
SNAKE-ASTROPHE
TURTLE-ASTROPHE
UMBRELLA-BIRD-ASTROPHE
VOLE-ASTROPHE
WOMBATASTROPHE
X-RAY-TETRA-ASTROPHE
YELLOWFIN-TUNA-ASTROPHE
ZEBRASTROPHE
ANTASTROPHE
BATASTROPHE

A game you can play with bored homebound children of all ages: kick the pattern off w/“catastrophe” followed by “dogastrophe” & then solicit help to fill the alphabet out. No need to end with the flying mouse – even if [in terms of vectors](#) it may end up being the case that this is indeed a “batastrophe.” #NOGUANO #ALPHABETASTROPHE

Gail Faith Edwards

ETYMOLOGY OF CORONAVIRUS

(6 March 2020)

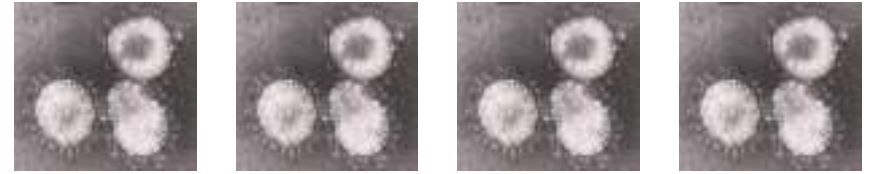
A *corona* is the rarefied gaseous envelope, the luminous halo around the sun and other stars. The sun's corona extends far into space but is normally visible only during a total solar eclipse, when it is seen as a pearly glow surrounding the darkened disk of the moon. It is also observable with a device called a coronagraph. This virus is called *coronavirus* because it too has a halo, or corona, around it.

The word *corona* is Latin, meaning “crown”, from the Greek κορώνη (korōnē). Korone...Kore/Proserpina (maiden aspect, greening, vegetative goddess, bringing new life). The Goddess is here.

Corona also means a “garland or wreath”. Our Great Mother Goddess Demeter/Ceres, Proserpina's mother, wore a *corona di spica*, a crown or wreath of marjoram and other warming, aromatic spices around her head. The Goddess's mother is here!

The name *Corona* is a nickname for a person that is dearly loved by his family and friends. It comes from “caro,” which is derived from the Latin word “carus,” meaning beloved or dear. Our Ancestors are here!

Most of us are familiar with the ancient story of Kore. Kore was a young girl when she was abducted by the God of the Dead, Hades/Pluto and dragged down into the underworld to be his wife. Her mother Demeter/Ceres was consumed with grief and rage. She searched for nine days, but no one would tell her anything about where her daughter was. Why? Because Kore was abducted with the approval of Zeus, Ruler of the Gods. Kore's father. Finally, Helios, the Sun God, (wearing his corona) who sees and knows all, told Demeter/Ceres what happened. Her anger and despair was unbearable. She rejected the world of the Gods and wandered among humankind. In her sorrow she withheld her gifts of fertility so that no crops grew. At this Zeus finally gave in and commanded Hades/Pluto to release Kore. And all the earth turned green again. There's a deep message here, lean into it.



This virus may actually be our crowning glory, our corona. Clearly the Gods are at play here. Mother, Father and Daughter. The Holy Trinity has entered the theatre and opened a portal. Our beloved ancestors are with us also. We have nothing to fear.

There is an extremely ancient, intelligent alien species invasion going on, bringing new information both to our individual cells, and also to the cellular network around the globe, causing extreme excitement, movement and change, literally deciding who will live and who will die. What falls away and what remains. It is giving death, where death is needed. Think systems here, not necessarily people.

Coronavirus may be presenting itself to us as a tool for viewing...a tool of revelation, divination, uncovering what can usually only be seen in the dark. We've all been treading some dark waters these last few years. One trauma or crisis after the other and all the while, we've been more or less helpless in the face of it. And just when we think we cannot possibly take any more, here comes a “life” force never encountered before. Providing us with information directly and helping us to see. See what? Maybe to see how much we truly care for each other. How much we want to live. To realize all the tools we have at our disposal. All the non-human allies who love us, who we can depend on. To see that we are a part of the great and holy web of life...each and every one of us, human, animal, plant, mountain, rock, virus. The weakest among us. The strongest among us. The insured and the uninsured. We are all equal on this earth. And to the Gods. We are all deserving of respect.

We might see now how deeply derelict we have been in our care for the earth and all life upon her. Might see clearly our incredible vulnerability, our dependence on earth, as well as our strength, which we also draw from her. We are seeing clearly what we are up against and with the “information being transferred” perhaps we will also be participating in its dissolution right before our eyes.

Saturday + Sunday

Saturday, Sunday — settling into a new normal. I'm no longer required to leave my house. My partner receives the news that his place of employment will be shut down for two weeks, but he will be paid. Celebration! Fear! This spaciousness is exhilarating and terrifying. I'm trying to structure my time, trying to figure out what of the seemingly infinite domestic tasks I could undertake to fit in alongside my obligations like grading student work. Am I to be idealistic about all the things I could accomplish? Can I embrace monasticism? I picture myself with thread and needle, suddenly gifted with the patience to embroider wall-hangings. Unfortunately I've brought into this seclusion my long-standing sense of inner disorganization; it's difficult to commit to non-essential projects. As was the case before the pandemic, it's hard to self-actualize from the space of my house — both too much and too little time — but I try to avoid letting the existential questions laid bare by the virus transfer to a similarly existential void around the activities of daily life, these small gestures of creative resilience and willingness to bring something new into the world.

What does the subtraction of ordinary life expose? Before the corona virus, it seemed implicit that what is necessary for the world right now (ecologically, at least) requires halting over-production. But this necessity has been made impossible or unthinkable by the abstraction of the economy and its unvanquishable requirements for belligerent hyper-productivity. And then something unthinkable makes that pause possible. is a silly question to ask but impossible not to think about. Will the ordinary ambivalence of the current economic system remain exposed as constructed and contingent in its cruelties? What would it take to center our labor around common needs and desires, something more impressionistically obvious about what kind of world we want to perpetuate? (Or more urgently, what is necessary for survival.)

A collective, social response to the pandemic is unfolding (albeit enacted through wide-spread acts of self-isolation). In this isolation, I feel like I'm a part of something. But I think about how the lesson of the pandemic shouldn't be that the internet and the socializing it enables will save us, but the undeniable fact of our physical bodies as mutual vulnerabilities is enough to stop the world-as-it-is and its perilous disregard for the ecologies our bodies depend upon, even despite the impossible momentum of capital. (Is that what's happening?)

The Crisis Times

[Siloh Radovsky](#)

CORONAVIRUS, PRECARITY, + EMBODIED LABOR: WEEK ONE

[18 March 2020]

Monday

Monday morning, March 9th, an overheard conversation between two undergraduate students in a cafe:

"Tonight is the deadline for the University to decide if they are going to do all classes online next quarter, because of the virus stuff."

"Do you think they'll do it?"

"Nah, I don't think so."

Monday night, I got the email: *All UC San Diego classes to be held remotely in spring quarter*. Though drastic, the maneuver felt more precautionary than prescient or urgent. Friends speculated the move to remote instruction was a response to the wildcat graduate student strikes spreading through the UC system.

Tuesday

On Tuesday, the seed of disruption had been sown as the significance of next quarter's solitude settled in. I went to the store with Ethan and we bought vegetables, peanut butter, and bags of plantain chips and lentil pasta. I imagined every surface as covered with deadly invisibilia, but later sat at a table within five inches of friends, unafraid of their breathing. I started to feel the frenetic hum and inner heat produced by thoughts moving so quickly they were made illegible. That night, before falling asleep, I wrote about the virus against Susan Sontag's *Illness as Metaphor*:

Whatever symbolic or poetic meaning projected upon the reality of the disease, or which the reality of this disease is wrapped up in, is as much about the world it exists within and travels through as it is about the illness itself. Talking about the virus is talking about a globalized world which moves at the rate of

its high-tech apparatuses but cannot actually account for the physical bodies which it is populated with: our vulnerabilities and our reliance upon the material world even when the normative processes of production stall or are hampered. Talking about the virus is talking about overproduction of things suddenly made useless by a microscopic contagion.

Wednesday

By Wednesday, the poetry reading was canceled; class was canceled. While at home that afternoon I tried to remember what “Community Immunity” means and revisited an essay by Ed Cohen. So many unfilled needs exposed by the virus — that’s what I wanted to write about.

Cohen’s essay is about the AIDS pandemic in South Africa and the problematic individuation (depoliticized, decontextualized) which biomedicine entails. Cohen contrasts this isolated approach with the collective permeability which something like a virus highlights. Because its problem is its transmissibility, the virus requires a social response. It requires tending to the social and material elements of being and staying well, which — for all their biological sophistication — the institutions of medicine aren’t positioned to contend with.

I imagined opening my essay about the virus by talking about how we experience the pandemic as mainly a problem of individual exposure when its peril exposes the deficit in the community’s *immune system*: its ability to mobilize defenses and response mechanisms. But isn’t that what everyone’s already talking about? And what immune system is prepared to deal with a novel exposure, beyond (perhaps) its familiarity with the *form* of a pandemic: the ability of an invisible new iteration of an ancient organism to wipe out its host?

So maybe our vulnerability to this particular corona virus is not the fault of industrial capitalism per se, or a paradigm which emphasizes the eradication of contagions rather than the cultivation of a healthy, resilient biosphere. But there are additional vulnerabilities industrial capitalism compounds because what is good for stopping the virus is bad for the economy. What is necessary for treating the virus and caring for the bodies (infected and otherwise) who continue to exist despite the economic slow-down requires a nimble response in the structures of medical care as well as material production and distribution. How do we decide, or who decides, what is important? What is essential?

BIOPOWER TRUMPS CAPITALISM

A lot of work seems unessential, and yet without the remuneration it enables, basic existence is periled. As my teacher (a philosopher of medicine and science) said, “It makes it pretty clear that biopower trumps capitalism.”

Also on Wednesday I received a crash-course on living with pandemics (from the internet, from my mom). I learned that my deliberation about whether or not to take a trip to Seattle the following week as planned shouldn’t be a deliberation about whether or not I would be well, but about my role in the perpetuation of this wave. A wave whose calculability I fixated on, watching the numbers rise as if to verify my paranoid response. I was infected with an urge to explain the rationale of social isolation to all my friends. I played this missionary role to my partner, who was also slated to take this Seattle trip. Stretched on our bed, he said he wasn’t sure what the point would be in avoiding the airport because he works in retail, just another depot of human contagion.

Thursday

On Thursday, I went to the grocery store to pick up a few more things and was greeted with the sight of panic-buying: lines trailing into the aisles, shelves ransacked of their packaged goods. The frozen section of Trader Joe’s was nearly cleared out — black basins covered with flecks and crumbs that were visible for the first time. Only a few less popular items remained: frozen kale and cauliflower pizza crust; some sauce-covered microwavable chicken lunch. Suddenly, my hypothetical musings about the corona virus became so much less abstract, about how the precarity brought about by the virus is more than the physical vulnerability of being sick but the existential trial on the structures we are held inside of. Our reliance on them for our safe-keeping, for the maintenance of basic needs, felt clearly incidental to their existence; as if we were hacking them for that purpose. What underpaid, essential labor was being performed by the grocery store clerks and stockers. Not all labor can or should be performed virtually — we need to eat, after all. So what about that?

By Thursday, we have both decided that taking an airplane anywhere is absurd. A trail-running race I’d signed up for in January is canceled. Dominos of duties fall one after another.

Friday

By Friday, exhaustion from thinking too much. I eat tuna salad at a cafe during an in-person meeting, which feels transgressive. (The in-person-ness, not the food.)

Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss;
This world uncertain is;
Fond are life's lustful joys;
Death proves them all but toys;
None from his darts can fly;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade.
All things to end are made,
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave;
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds open her gate.
"Come, come!" the bells do cry.
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

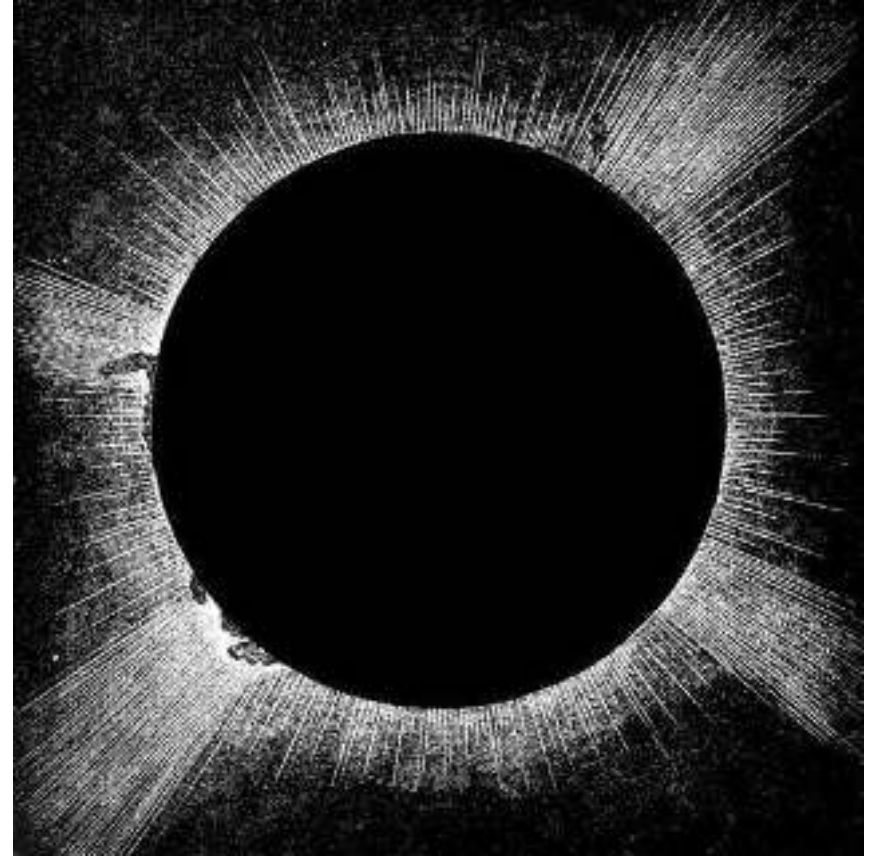
Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply.
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste, therefore, each degree,
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage;
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

The Crisis Times

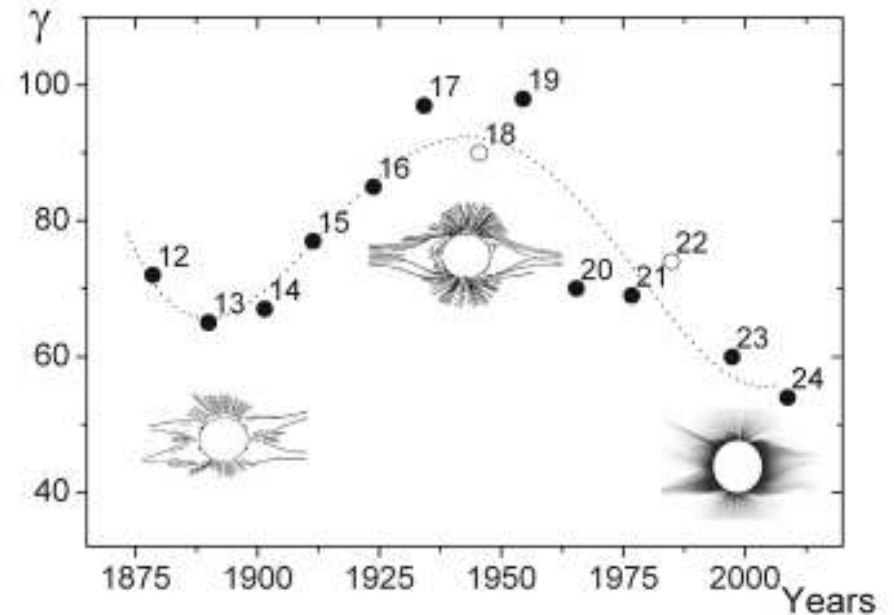
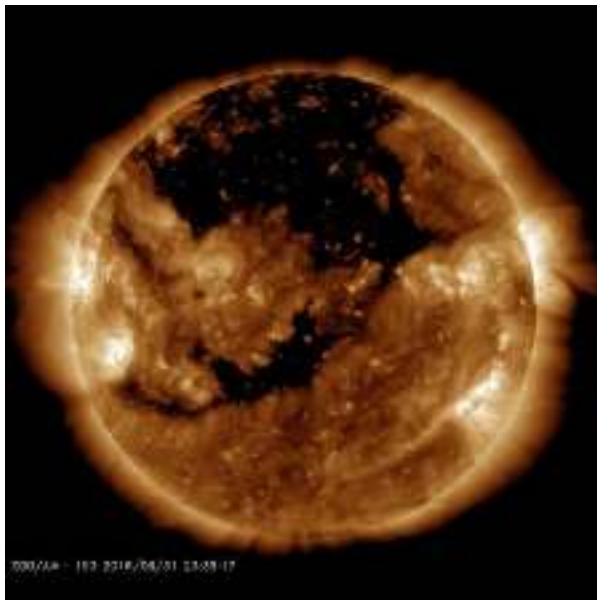


Brightness falls from the air;

Having no framework to think about what is happening, we rely on what is ready to hand. But when has the state ever voluntarily caused a recession? When has a global event ever so drastically and immediately shifted the everyday intimate behaviors of so many people? We fall back on guesses and intuitions as we try and make sense of the incredible amounts of information entering our mental environment, and the result, predictably, is a lot of static. We're unable to accurately distinguish signal from noise, let alone process the deluge of information into something that we can think with. New frameworks are urgently needed for confronting this situation. It is in this sense that all thought is strategic. Thinking in an emergency makes shipwreck on the fossil structure of obsolete knowledge.

The virus calls into question the way that we inhabit the earth. Disease is always an ecological question before it is a political or economic one (not that these are easily separated). Disease is directly about our relationship to nature, or the way that nature is transformed, more or less harmfully, into human life. Capitalism is a way of organizing nature, one which made this kind of outbreak inevitable. It was never a question of whether, but when.

By stopping everything the coronavirus reveals the network of relations that underlie our culture, from transmission to the material production of life. It reveals the inadequacy of this life, which is dominated by economic transaction. Without transaction, everything stops, and another life becomes possible—infinite weekend.



It also reveals that the state does not exist—actually the state is the name given to the illusion of power that others hold over us, but we see now that this power is an infantile performance, no more capable of managing the crisis than anyone else. On the other hand we see that what is called the government is really just a collection of incoherent institutions made up of more or less competent people whose effectiveness in a crisis is determined by the degree to which their heart has been winnowed by the bureaucratic mechanism in which they are accustomed to participating. Corona-emergency frees them of the obligation to their office. Power may be redirected to the people. In more ways than one, corona is like the sun.

I hate to make predictions, but sometimes it is necessary to will new truths into being through a practice of speculative poetics/politics. We have entered an alternative dimension in the social life of capital: some will call it recession, others depression, but we would like to call it the Corona Stimulated Degrowth Plan. Under this new plan, a massive freeing of resources from above will appear first as a kind of war socialism. The trickle down effects of this freeing of resources, combined with a proliferation of *free time* as work obligations are suspended, will create the conditions for forms of free human activity known as *autonomous survival planning* in which every kind of activity usually held under the sign of the political is called into question. Nature itself becomes a question of social life, and questions of survival are transformed into questions of general flourishing.

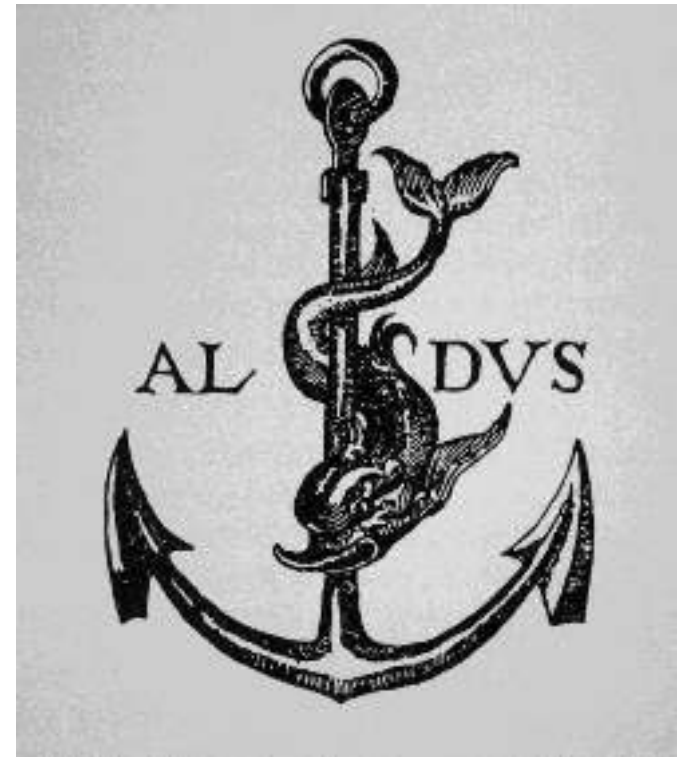
Long live the Corona Stimulated Degrowth Plan!

The Crisis Times

FRANK O'HARA

To the Harbormaster

I wanted to be sure to reach you;
though my ship was on the way it got caught
in some moorings. I am always tying up
and then deciding to depart. In storms and
at sunset, with the metallic coils of the tide
around my fathomless arms, I am unable
to understand the forms of my vanity
or I am hard alee with my Polish rudder
in my hand and the sun sinking. To
you I offer my hull and the tattered cordage
of my will. The terrible channels where
the wind drives me against the brown lips
of the reeds are not all behind me. Yet
I trust the sanity of my vessel; and
if it sinks, it may well be in answer
to the reasoning of the eternal voices,
the waves which have kept me from reaching you.



DOLPHINS APPEAR
IN VENICE CANALS
AS WATER RUNS CLEAR
IN THE ABSENCE OF TOURISM

FESTINA LENTE

Ruth Wilson Gilmore on abolition in action

[I]nsofar as abolition is imagined only to be absence – overnight erasure – the kneejerk response is “that's not possible.” But the failure of imagination rests in missing the fact that abolition isn't just absence. As W.E.B. Du Bois showed in *Black Reconstruction in America*, abolition is a fleshly and material presence of social life lived differently. Of course, that means many who are abolition-friendly falter at what the practice is. All the organising I've described in our conversation is abolition – not a prelude, but the practice itself. [...] Abolition is: figuring out how to work with people to make something rather than figuring out how to erase something. Du Bois shows, in exhaustive detail, both how slavery ended through the actions and organised activity of the slaves no less than the Union Army, and, since slavery ending one day doesn't tell you anything about the next day, what the next day, and days thereafter, looked like during the revolutionary period of radical Reconstruction. Abolition is a theory of change, it's a theory of social life. It's about making things.

[“Prisons & Class Warfare,” interview available at historicalmaterialism.org]

Franz Kafka, “On Parables”

Many complain that the words of the wise are always merely parables and of no use in daily life, which is the only life we have. When the sage says: “Go over,” he does not mean that we should cross over to some actual place, which we could do anyhow if the labor were worth it; he means some fabulous yonder, something unknown to us, something too that he cannot designate more precisely, and therefore cannot help us here in the very least. All these parables really set out to say merely that the incomprehensible is incomprehensible, and we know that already. But the cares we have to struggle with every day: that is a different matter.

Concerning this a man once said: “Why such reluctance? If you only followed the parables you yourselves would become parables and with that rid yourself of all your daily cares.”

Another said: “I bet that is also a parable.”

The first said: “You have won.”

The second said: “But unfortunately only in parable.”

The first said: “No, in reality: in parable you have lost.”

[*Complete Stories* (Schocken 1971), 457]

when you come down to it, to live where you can't even cultivate a garden? Someone who doesn't have any money left doesn't stop eating as a consequence, and who has the iron has the bread. Thank me: I place you in front of the bifurcation that was tacitly structuring your existences: *the economy or life*. It's your move, your turn to play. The stakes are historical. Either the governing authorities impose their state of exception on you, or you invent your own. Either you go with the truths that are coming to light, or you put your head on the chopping block. Either you use the time I'm giving you to envision the world of the aftermath in light of what you've learned from the collapse that's underway, or the latter will go extreme. The disaster ends when the economy ends. The economy *is* the devastation. That was a theory before last month. Now it is a fact. No one can fail to sense what it will take in the way of police, propaganda, surveillance, logistics, and remote working to keep that fact under control.

As you deal with me, don't succumb to panic or denial. Don't give in to the biopolitical hysterias. The coming weeks will be terrible, oppressive, cruel. The gates of death will be wide open. I am the most devastating production of the devastation of production. I come to reduce the nihilists to nothingness. The injustice of this world will never be more *outrageous*. It's a civilization, not you, that I come to bury. Those who desire to live will have to construct new habits, ones that are suitable for them. Avoiding me will be the occasion for this reinvention, this new *art of distances*. The art of greeting one another, which some were short-sighted enough to see as the very form of the institution, will soon not obey any etiquette. It will sign beings. Don't do it "for the others", for "the population" or for "society", do it for your people. Take care of your friends and those you love. Rethink along with them, decisively, what a just form of life would be. Organize clusters of right living, expand them, and I won't be able to do anything against you. I am calling for a massive return, not of discipline, but *of attention*. Not for the end of insouciance, but the end *of all carelessness*. What other way remained for me to remind you that salvation is *in each gesture*? That everything is in the tiniest thing.

I've had to face the facts: humanity only asks itself the questions it can no longer keep from asking.

[[LUNDIMATIN](#) (tr. Robert Hurley) 19 Mars 2020]

The Crisis Times

WHAT THE VIRUS SAID

*I've come to shut down the machine
whose emergency brake you couldn't find.*

You'd do well, dear humans, to stop your ridiculous calls for war. Lower the vengeful looks you're aiming at me. Extinguish the halo of terror in which you've enveloped my name. Since the bacterial genesis of the world, we viruses are the true *continuum* of life on Earth. Without us, you would never have seen the light of day, any more than the first cell would have come to exist.

We are your ancestors, just like the rocks and the seaweed, and much more than the apes. We are wherever you are and also where you aren't. Too bad for you if you only see in the universe what is to your liking! But above all, quit saying that it is I who am killing you. You will not die from my action upon your tissues but from the lack of care of your fellow humans. If you had not been just as rapacious amongst yourselves as you were with all that lives on this planet, you would still have enough beds, nurses, and respirators to survive the damage I do in your lungs. If you didn't pack your old people into nursing homes and your able-bodied into concrete hutches, you wouldn't be in this predicament. If you hadn't changed the whole expanse of the world, or worlds rather, that just yesterday were still luxuriant, chaotic, infinitely inhabited, into a vast desert for the monoculture of the Same and the More, I wouldn't have been able to launch myself into the global conquest of your throats. If nearly all of you had not become, over the last century, redundant copies of a single, untenable form of life, you would not be preparing to die like flies abandoned in the water of your sugary civilization. If you had not made your environments so empty, so transparent, so *abstract*, you can be sure that I wouldn't be moving at the speed of an aircraft. I only come to carry out the punishment that you have long pronounced against yourselves. Forgive me, but it's you, after all, who invented the name "Anthropocene". You have awarded

yourselves the whole honor of the disaster; now that it is unfolding, it's too late to decline it. The most honest among you know this very well: I have no other accomplice than your social organization, your folly of the "grand scale" and its economy, your fanatical belief in *systems*. Only systems are "vulnerable". Everything else lives and dies. There's no "vulnerability" except for what aims at control, at its extension and its improvement. Look at me closely: *I am just the flip side of the prevailing Death*.

So stop blaming me, accusing me, stalking me. Working yourselves into an anti-viral paralysis. All of that is childish. Let me propose a different perspective: there is an intelligence that is immanent to life. One doesn't need to be a *subject* to make use of a memory and a strategy. One doesn't have to be a sovereign to decide. Bacteria and viruses can also *call the shots*. See me, therefore, as your savior instead of your gravedigger. You're free not to believe me, but *I have come to shut down the machine whose emergency brake you couldn't find*. I have come in order to suspend the operation that held you hostage. I have come in order to demonstrate the aberration that "normality" constitutes. "Delegating to others our nutrition, our protection, our ability to care for our way of life was a madness"... "There is no budgetary limit, health has no price": see how I redirect the language and spirit of your governing authorities! See how I bring them down for you to their real standing as miserable racketeers, and arrogant to boot! See how they suddenly denounce themselves not just as being superfluous, but as being *harmful*! For them you're nothing but supports for the reproduction of their system – that is, less than slaves. Even the plankton are treated better than you.

But don't waste your time reproaching them, pointing out their deficiencies. Accusing them of negligence is still to give them more credit than they deserve. Ask yourselves rather how you could find it so comfortable to let yourselves be governed. Praising the merits of the Chinese option compared to the British option, of the imperial-legist solution as against the Darwinist-liberal method is to understand nothing about the one or the other, the horror of one and the horror of the other. Since Quesnay, the "liberals" have always looked with envy at the Chinese empire; and they still do. They are Siamese twins. The fact that one of them confines you in its interest and the other in the interest of "society" always amounts to suppressing the only non-nihilist conduct: taking care of oneself, of

those one loves and of what one loves in those one doesn't know. Don't let those who've led you to the abyss claim to be saving you from it: they will prepare for you a more perfect hell, an even deeper grave. Someday when they're able, they'll send the army to patrol the afterlife.

You ought to thank me, rather. Without me, for how much longer would those unquestionable things that are suddenly suspended have gone on being presented as *necessary*? Globalization, competitive exams, air traffic, budgetary limits, elections, sports spectacles, Disneyland, fitness gyms, most businesses, the National Assembly, school barracking, mass gatherings, most office jobs, all that automatic sociability that is nothing but the reverse of the anxious solitude of the metropolitan monads: all of that was rendered unnecessary, once the *state of necessity* asserted its presence. Thank me for the truth test of the coming weeks; you're finally going to inhabit your own life, without the thousand escapes that, good year bad year, hold the untenable together. Without your realizing it, you had never taken up residence in your own existence. You were there among your boxes, and you didn't know it. Now you will live with your kindreds. You will be at home. You will cease to be in transit towards death. Perhaps you will hate your husband. Maybe your children won't be able to stand you. Maybe you will feel like blowing up the *décor* of your everyday life. The truth is that you were no longer in the world, in those metropolises of separation. Your world was no longer livable in any of its guises unless you were constantly fleeing. One had to make do with movement and distractions in the face of the hideousness that had taken hold. And the spectral that reigned between beings. Everything had become so efficient that nothing made any sense any longer. Thank me for all that, and welcome back to earth!

Thanks to me, for an indefinite time you will no longer work, your kids won't go to school, and yet it will be the opposite of a vacation. Vacations are that space that must be filled up at all costs while waiting for the obligatory return to work. But now what is opening up in front of you, thanks to me, is not a delimited space but a gaping emptiness. I render you *idle*. There's no guarantee that yesterday's non-world will reappear. All of that profitable absurdity may cease. Not being paid oneself, what would be more natural than to stop paying one's rent? Why would a person unable to work go on depositing their mortgage payments at the bank? Isn't it suicidal,

PRE-FUNCTIONING ARCHITECTURE

The best way to design a building is by beginning to use it before it's built. Do what you envision doing in the building. Extend your activity from the fantasized fact of your facilitation. Every step taken and every bit of information gathered along the way serves as experiential design specification. (Design by doing.) Designing before-the-fact (in the abstract, before the functioning) will only funnel users into a sterile or misfit shell. Designing after-the-fact removes the design process from the immediacy of the relevant information. Design *during*—while all is alive.

SALTATION

By means of pilot spaces and precursor places, accept the scale and scope of the eventual building that can be realistically realized right away. In other words, even the planning phase is part of the functioning of the building. The material building is just one step that manifests at a certain point along the way in the total being of the building. Waiting for the necessary funds and the finished physical structure in order to start functioning is a faulty (even fatal) approach—it is certainly out of focus, if not bluntly backward. The fullest

ROBERT KOCIK *

moment of the building may turn out to have been its first. Its full realization may even be its least energetic stage (or after it's gone—the greatest energy might even be in the rumoring of such a building).

Just start.

PLACING THE EMPHASIS ON DESIGN: SPACES AND THEIR CORRESPONDING POETIC FUNCTIONS

There's no way to design until a new function is in the process of being realized. A space is the defining of a role that could not have been realized without its space. Until one is designing a new function brought about by the act of designing, there's really nothing to design. This is the Prosody Building algorithm per se.

The Crisis Times

I am waiting.
Said this out loud.
Said to no one in particular.
Said we are waiting.
Some of us are waiting.
Waiting for the assembly of fish.
Waiting to be complete.
Waiting to storm the waters.
Also waiting for the assembly of trees.
Waiting to be complete.
Waiting to be infiltrating the land.
And waiting for the assembly of animals.
Waiting to be complete.
Waiting. Waiting.
Waiting for the assembly of birds.
Waiting to be complete.
Waiting to fly the sky dark.
Waiting for the impossible.
Said waiting.
Meant wanting.
Wanting to fly the sky dark.
Wanting to be complete.

JULIANA SPAHR °

° *That Winter the Wolf Came* (Commune 2015) 34

* *Supple Science: A Robert Kocik Primer* (ON [...] 2013) 144–145

Well, the Foucault piece seems to be taking things in the wrong direction. Yes, the lockdown and control is extreme and super dicey feeling, especially with the current administration, but the understanding of what this virus is and could be and the participation in spite of people not feeling sick feels, to me, like a remarkable step towards using our brains to make decisions collectively that has not been demonstrated as possible in the past - climate change, for example hasn't led to enough behavioral change and I've wondered if we can be collectively intelligent about anything. This feels like people are conceptualizing some abstract future consequences and being disciplined and that should be encouraged. Flipping it to being controlled kind of unleashes the teenager, (anarchist I'm jaded) more short sighted and rebellious parts of us to take the reins in spite of our knowing why and what may be best. Does this make sense? Not that we shouldn't keep one leery eye on the government during this time, or give up our freedom, it's so hard not to be terrified by the control, and the virus itself, it seems like playing to that side is counter productive, unless you are just sending it to a bunch of folks who always follow the rules and live very sheltered, which is no one I know. ?

The William Carlo Williams poem is so perfect though.

[letter from a friend / 17 March 2020]



Today's [New York Review of Books Daily](#) is the counterweight to Foucault here.

I would also add that the Thug's M.O. all along is to keep attention on itself and through distractions, divide and preoccupy with messes made, so in that overview the virus is a welcome cause not under his control at last, and protocols of knowledge come from reasonable beings and entities.

[letter from a friend / 17 March 2020]

I agree completely: there is an instauration of knowledge right about now - lifting us up from the ditch of misinformation and setting us on the path to wise action

The desire expressed in the OLD CHAOS OF THE SUN piece is that this not be a one-time deal - that the aperture extend beyond the scope of this crisis to address the forms that underlie it

If Foucault is right that 17th-c plague quarantine protocols are a fractal anticipation of disciplinary society, what needs to be the case for us to make it so that this plague and the social forms it conjures point to a future committed to an equality of survival, adapting our own actions to those of our contemporaries in order to flip the switch on the climate nightmare and everything about capitalism that causes it

[letter to a friend / 17 March 2020]



Things are good here. Weird, but weirdly good. I went for a walk only to hear one of my neighbors, who I had never spoken to before, playing one of my favorite pieces of music, a Bach Cello Suite, on her viola. The sun and the quarantine together today are conspiring to make humans in my neighborhood talk to each other. It feels like a dream I've been trying to dream into existence for a long time.

Mutual Aid networks are expanding. People are taking care of each other, even at a distance. I feel more hopeful now than I have in years. Maybe that sounds crazy.

[letter from a friend / 20 March 2020]

ROBERTO HARRISON
FOUR TECS

The Crisis Times





Will Alexander

TOWARDS THE PRIMEVAL LIGHTNING FIELD

The old chronological towers are ash, are prisms of disfigurement, symbolic of a world cancelled by consumptive inmelodias. As for alchemical transition, we face the raising of new sea walls, of banished and re-engendered electorates, trying to cope with new intensities of weather, as the anomalous hypnotically increases with the power of inverse subjective.

The body is now weighed on a broken axial cart, its blood conjoined as it rises within a nuclear darkness of ravens. So as Piscean chronology now shatters, dawn becomes an unclaimed resurrection, a tumultuous eikon of skin no longer formed around its old dendritic artifacts. The calendar of draconian enfeeblement with its integers of the past 20 centuries, erased, its linear Babels darkened by the extreme necessity for a new perpendicular burst, transmuting in demeanour, with history consumed in a roll of flaming aural dice, with its wizardry of tools subsumed in arcane vibration, turned into a power of splendiferous scorpions. The psychic wounds of the past eclipsed in this new millenium by the power of smelted dragon's blood.

And so, I speak of a new being of symbols, of lucid catacombs and spirals, its language being spun in fabulous iguana iridium. Now, with the decayed constitutional stages exploded by telepathy, by invulnerable oneiric intuitives, the mental axis transmutes, like a reddened swan, with a new cosmic skeletal reprieve, afloat amongst the forces of the primeval lightning field, taking on the dharma of the great sustained emotion of eternity. [1998]

The Crisis Times

Convivial Reconstruction

The symptoms of accelerated crisis are widely recognized. Multiple attempts have been made to explain them. I believe that this crisis is rooted in a major twofold experiment which has failed, and I claim that the solution of the crisis begins with a recognition of the failure. For a hundred years we have tried to make machines work for men and to school men for life in their service. Now it turns out that machines do not 'work' and that people cannot be schooled for a life at the service of machines. The hypothesis on which the experiment was built must now be discarded. The hypothesis was that machines can replace slaves. The evidence shows that, used for this purpose, machines enslave men. Neither a dictatorial proletariat nor a leisured mass can escape the dominion of constantly expanding industrial tools.

The crisis can be solved only if we learn to invert the present deep structure of tools; if we give people tools that guarantee their right to work with high, independent efficiency, thus simultaneously eliminating the need for either slaves or masters and enhancing each person's range of freedom. People need new tools to work with rather than tools that 'work' for them. They need technology to make the most of the energy and imagination each has, rather than more well-programmed energy slaves.

I believe that society must be reconstructed to enlarge the contribution of autonomous individuals and primary groups to the total effectiveness of a new system of production designed to satisfy the human needs which it also determines. In fact, the institutions of industrial society do just the opposite. As the power of machines increases, the rôle of persons more and more decreases to that of mere consumers.

Individuals need tools to move and to dwell. They need

remedies for their diseases and means to communicate with one another. People cannot make all these things for themselves. They depend on being supplied with objects and services which vary from culture to culture. Some people depend on the supply of food and others on the supply of ball bearings.

People need not only to obtain things, they need above all the freedom to make things among which they can live, or give shape to them according to their own tastes, and to put them to use in caring for and about others. Prisoners in rich countries often have access to more things and services than members of their families, but they have no say in how things are to be made and cannot decide what to do with them. Their punishment consists in being deprived of what I shall call 'conviviality'. They are degraded to the status of mere consumers.

I choose the term 'conviviality' to designate the opposite of industrial productivity. I intend it to mean autonomous and creative intercourse among persons, and the intercourse of persons with their environment; and this in contrast with the conditioned response of persons to the demands made upon them by others, and by a man-made environment. I consider conviviality to be individual freedom realized in personal interdependence and, as such, an intrinsic ethical value. I believe that, in any society, as conviviality is reduced below a certain level, no amount of industrial productivity can effectively satisfy the needs it creates among society's members.

Present institutional purposes, which hallow industrial productivity at the expense of convivial effectiveness, are a major factor in the amorphousness and meaninglessness that plague contemporary society. The increasing demand for products has come to define society's process. I will suggest how this present trend can be reversed and how modern science and technology can be used to endow human activity with unprecedented effectiveness. This reversal would permit the evolution of a life style and of a political system which give priority to the protection, the maximum use, and the enjoyment of one resource that is almost equally distributed among

all people: personal energy under personal control. I will argue that we can no longer live and work effectively without public controls over tools and institutions that curtail or negate any person's right to the creative use of his or her energy. For this purpose we need procedures to ensure that controls over the tools of society are established and governed by political process rather than by decisions by experts.

The transition to socialism cannot be affected without an inversion of our present institutions and the substitution of convivial for industrial tools. At the same time, the retooling of society will remain a pious dream unless the ideals of socialist justice prevail. I believe that the present crisis of our major institutions ought to be welcomed as a crisis of revolutionary liberation because our present institutions abridge basic human freedom for the sake of providing people with more institutional outputs. This world-wide crisis of world-wide institutions can lead to a new consciousness about the nature of tools and to majority action for their control. If tools are not controlled politically, they will be managed in a belated technocratic response to disaster. Freedom and dignity will continue to dissolve into an unprecedented enslavement of man to his tools.

As an alternative to technocratic disaster, I propose the vision of a convivial society. A convivial society would be the result of social arrangements that guarantee for each member the most ample and free access to the tools of the community and limit this freedom only in favour of another member's equal freedom.

IVAN ILLICH

TOOLS FOR CONVIVIALITY

The Crisis Times



Diane di Prima

A GOOD DAY TO

it is with my whole heart open
no pain in it

I celebrate

lost brothers & sisters – what joy!

we lived

riding war ponies
straight into the sun

– circa June 2009

THINGS STANDING SHALL FALL

[Basavanna ~ 10th century “common era”](#)

trans. AK Ramanujan (1929-1993)

The rich
will make temples for Siva.
What shall I,
a poor man,
do?

My legs are pillars,
the body the shrine,
the head a cupola
of gold.

Listen, O lord of the meeting rivers,
things standing shall fall,
but the moving ever shall stay.

“things standing” = *sthavara*, the static temple
“things moving” = *jangama*, the living itinerant mendicant
who is the representative of Linga (Siva) on the earth
“Lord of the meeting rivers” = *kudalsangamadeva*, a form of
Siva, Basavanna’s chosen personal god

::

cf. [Charles Sanders Peirce](#) (1839–1914):

“A sign, or *representamen*, is something which stands to somebody for something in some respect or capacity. It addresses somebody, that is, creates in the mind of that person an equivalent sign, or perhaps a more developed sign. That sign which it creates I call the *interpretant* of the first sign. The sign stands for something, its *object*. It stands for that object, not in all respects, but in reference to a sort of idea, which I have sometimes called the *ground* of the representation”



Fig. 1: Ian Hamilton Finlay, *Heroic Emblems*, Calais, VT, p. 3
(Glasgow University Library)

::

cf. [Sean Bonney](#) (1969-2019):

“A poetry that only the enemy can understand.”

::

cf. [dateline Baghdad](#) (2020):

“Listen to us Corona, come and visit the thieves who stole our wealth, come and take revenge from who stole our dreams, we only loved our homeland but they killed us,” protesters were chanting.

The Crisis Times

Just Now

I've got nothing but shadows. Everyone stands up to let them through. Later on, they come before the mind, estranged. I don't know what else to say, as if speaking of them now, were the same as speaking of them then, in a silence breached by sounds from a time and place not yet settled on. There are two ways to think about this. Neither seems compelling, and each gropes for something of its own with which to be identified, if only for taxonomy's sake (which is a start), although the idea of being rolled forward for others to complete seems slightly more attractive than outright abandonment, because all these momentary things might not be right, acting as if they were, not to mention their dependence on intermediaries, who *with a silvery sound*, pass from something into nothing, or nothing into nothingness, or else not, forming a hedge to try to keep their faces up, in dark circles, as long as they can act like that, without example, and without argument, throwing doubt on their existence as shapes, until the next energies are released, and everything defaults to a loose kind of induction, as the shadows regroup beyond the trampled grass, and a spirit of rupture spreads out before them, causing an essential change.

WILLIAM FULLER



THE HOLOGRAM IS A FEMINIST HEALTH MILITIA THAT PRODUCES NETWORKS WHERE WE CAN PRACTICE SKILLS LIKE TRUST, COMMUNICATION, AND COOPERATION THAT WILL HELP US OUTLAST CAPITALISM.

At the end of this crisis, among the true heroes will be the biomedical researchers from [the Seattle Flu Study](#). They're the ones who actively violated government regulations to share their research that coronavirus had been spreading undetected for six weeks from the 'Ground Zero' county where it first came ashore in North America. Their ethical decision is [what set off the alarm bells](#) that finally got the state and federal agencies into motion.

Going beyond and even disobeying normal procedures is the only way to proactively deal with a major disaster, when bureaucracies and politics tend to slow down responses. Remember the loudspeaker announcements in the South Tower that told evacuating employees to go back to their offices after the first plane hit the North Tower? Those who obeyed perished in the elevators when the second plane hit, and many of those who disobeyed survived.

Remember the military deployment that flooded New Orleans with soldiers and security contractors after Hurricane Katrina? They went with the 'elite panic' playbook that rigidly treated so-called 'public panic' (and 'looting' for survival supplies) as an enemy that needed to be suppressed. The Coast Guard instead told its commanders to make flexible decisions in the field, and work with local people to carry out rescues, and is one of the only federal agencies still respected there for saving lives.

When someone tells you that the pandemic is not a big deal, they're echoing the White House's go-slow approach that has not worked in past disasters. Restaurants and bars are being closed today not because they've become cesspools of the virus, but because they will within one week if they aren't closed now, according to the viral spread models from Italy.

We need to be proactively getting out in front of the crisis, not merely reacting to rising death rates, because then it's too late. Only when acting when it still seems like 'no big deal' keeps it from becoming a really big deal, and that's a lesson for carrying out any deep social change. If there's anything we've learned from our Evergreen class [Catastrophe](#), it's that what seems unorthodox or even radical is sometimes the most effective approach to find stability and community resilience."

Listening for lost people

Still looking for lost people—look unrelentingly.
“They died” is not an utterance in the syntax of life
where they belonged, no *belong*—reanimate them
not minding if the still living turn away, casually.
Winds ruck up its skin so the sea tilts from red-blue
to blue-red: into the puckering water go his ashes
who was steadier than these elements. Thickness
of some surviving thing that sits there, bland. Its
owner’s gone nor does the idiot howl—while I’m
unquiet as a talkative ear. Spring heat, a cherry
tree’s fresh bronze leaves fan out and gleam—to
converse with shades, yourself become a shadow.
The souls of the dead are the spirit of language:
you hear them alight inside that spoken thought.

DENISE RILEY

HOSPITAL BEDS (per 1000)

US 2.9
Italy 3.4
China 4.2
South Korea 11.5

<https://data.worldbank.org/indicator/SH.MED.BEDS.ZS>

The Crisis Times



KIM TALLBEAR

Why Interspecies Thinking Needs Indigenous Standpoints

In the Western academy, but fortunately not only here, there is a growing conversation around this idea of human and nonhuman relations, of “interspecies communities” as Dorion Sagan puts it in his thought-provoking paper, “The Human is More than Human: Interspecies Communities and the New ‘Facts of Life’.” I like the term “interspecies communities,” although it does not capture all of the beings I see myself as in relation with. [...]

Within this field of inquiry, as we see in Sagan’s paper and his critique of too-linear evolutionary narratives, thinkers aim essentially to dismantle hierarchies in the relationships of “westerners” with their non-human others. [...]

What intrigues me is that I see similarities – both in Sagan’s paper and in the broader field of “animal studies” – between the voices of “westerners” and some other folks that I want to bring into this conversation, indigenous or aboriginal voices. First, let me note what is similar between these groups. In speaking of symbiogenesis [...] Sagan notes that:

“We are crisscrossed and cohabited by stranger beings, intimate visitors who affect our behavior, appreciate our warmth, and are in no rush to leave. Like all visible life forms, we [humans] are composites.”

This account of symbiogenesis tickles me. It sounds to me like “we are all related.” I read in Sagan’s looping and not linear account that we are all of us – humans and nonhumans – a networked set of social-biological relations. He calls us “interspecies communities.” That resonates with what Vine Deloria, Jr. called an “*American Indian* metaphysic.” [...] I would have to include in an interspecies community or networked set of social-biological relations living beings that are both material and immaterial, and therein is a key difference. [...]

[L]et me be clear that in order to be coherent and in order to not make sweeping claims, I revolve my analysis around not an “*American Indian* metaphysic” [...] but a Lakota/Dakota (or “Sioux,” as you may know us) ethic. I draw on sources from this broader cultural group, which is my tribal background and which constitutes luckily for me some of the most prominent literature out there that is useful for thinking about these things. Both Vine Deloria, Jr. and Charles Eastman get classed as “American Indian” intellectuals, but in fact, they were also Dakota and so they wrote “American Indian” things out of a disproportionately Dakota cultural background.

But in terms of Western sciences, including social sciences, and indigenous or Dakota thought coming together – a prime example is the recent move to “*multi-species ethnography*” by

anthropologists, geographers, and other social scientists. Scholars apply anthropological approaches to studying humans, to the social relations (not simply “interactions”) between humans and nonhumans, located in their social and physical habitats. As S. Eben Kirksey and Stefan Helmreich comment in the introduction to the recent *Cultural Anthropology* special issue on the topic, new anthropological accounts increasingly appear in which nonhumans (animals, plants, fungi, and microbes) previously relegated to the status of “bare life” or “that which is killable” are now appearing “alongside humans in the realm of bios, with legibly biographical and political lives.” In short, “multispecies ethnography centers on how a multitude of organisms’ livelihoods shape and are shaped by political, economic, and cultural forces.”

Aha! Organisms have livelihoods. [...]

This work is both methodologically and ethically innovative. But like Sagan’s work, multispecies ethnography has starting points that only partially contain indigenous standpoints. [...]

A second contribution to this growing subfield that Aboriginal thinkers can make is to extend the range of nonhuman beings with which we can be in relation, as Eastman indicated in 1911. Again, these conversations in the academy tend to restrict our attention to beings that “live,” e.g. dogs, bears, mushrooms, microorganisms. We speak of animal studies after all. But for many indigenous peoples, our nonhuman others may not be understood in even critical western frameworks as living.

Like our methodological choices, language choices are ethical choices [...]. Indeed, animal studies or the rhetoric of human/nonhuman may be an inadequate construction for capturing relations between beings and across cultures [...].

Society for Cultural Anthropology
Fieldsights (November 2011)

selection made by <https://fatehbaz.tumblr.com>

particularly marked in China and Italy, the two most devastated nations. We might expect, glancing at the rate of spread and those unemployment numbers, that we will see similar results from the United States. Maybe we will get right with the Paris Accords after all.

This is not to say that we should imagine the virus as a redeemer; that is a particularly grotesque fantasy. Its role in a temporary retreat of planetarily fatal emissions is nonetheless informative. Ecological despoliation is a consequence not of *humans*, as the name “Anthropocene” and Latour’s essay suggest, but of industrial production and its handmaidens, and only forces which can bring that to heel allow us to prepare for climate change. Capital, with its inescapable drive to reproduce itself, is not some actor in a network, equivalent to other actors, but an actual cause. The compulsion to produce, and to produce at a lower cost than competitors, in turn compels the burning of cheap and dirty fuels to drive the factories, to move the container ships, even to draw forth from the ground the material components of “green energy” sources. The *Gilets Jaunes* did not riot because they object to ecological policies but because the economy dictates that they find jobs in places they cannot afford to live, and to which they must therefore commute. As long as the compulsions of production for profit and of laboring to live persist, climate survival will be beyond the reach of any state.



We must take this fact with the utmost seriousness: that Foucault’s new regime of power appears in the late eighteenth century, which is to say, alongside the steam engine and the industrial revolution, which is also to say, alongside the liftoff of anthropogenic climate change. We need to stop fucking around with theory and say, without hesitation, that capitalism, with its industrial body and crown of finance, is sovereign; that carbon emissions are the sovereign breathing; that *make work and let buy* must be annihilated; that there is no survival while the sovereign lives.

via In the Moment (*Critical Inquiry*) – <https://bit.ly/2ydi9VO>

The Crisis Times

JOSHUA CLOVER

The Rise and Fall of Biopolitics

[29 March 2020]

How swiftly do genres of the quarantine emerge! Notable among them is the discovery of the relation between the present pandemic and onrushing climate collapse. The driving force of this genre is not *holy shit two ways for a lot of people to die* but the realization, or hope, that the great mobilizations of state resources currently being unspooled to address COVID-19 prove the possibility of a comparable or greater mobilization against ecological catastrophe, an even greater threat if somewhat less immediate. There is to be sure a certain mixing of analogies: in the United States, confronting climate change is conventionally likened to the New Deal or Marshall Plan, schemes to hedge against the charisma of communism, while addressing the pandemic decisively takes the language of war itself, a “war footing,” “wartime president,” and so on. This is an interesting slippage, no doubt, though both analogies rely on a vision of preserving global hegemony. Insert rueful laugh.

Bruno Latour provides a recent example of this genre; it appeared dually in *Le Monde* and *Critical Inquiry* on 25 March, here under the title “Is This a Dress Rehearsal,” and in French under the more prosaic but imperative “Health Crisis Demands We Prepare for Climate Change.” The short piece is filled with the author’s habits of mind such as the inevitable “Latour Litany,” a list of all the various actors human and inhuman in an “entire network,” enumerated with an insistent leveling of its contents where what matters is that all these actors stand in ratio with each other, mute equivalents. It is as if exchange value had taken up a side hustle as a theorist. The goal is to demonstrate yet again the indistinction of nature and society toward discovering the obvious truth that “The pandemic is no more a ‘natural’ phenomenon than the famines of the past or the current climate crisis.”

But here problems arise for the comparison, as the author himself admits. Writing from France, he notes that Emmanuel Macron’s capacity to confront the pandemic is not of a kind with even his least gesture toward (purported) climate abatement, recalling how his gas tax

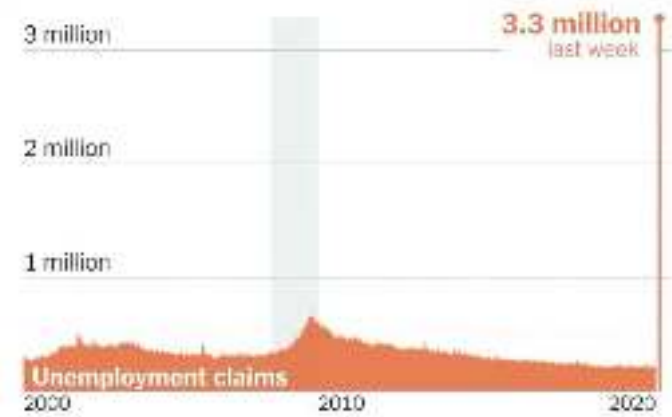
was met not with relief and a thirst for more but with the riots of the *Gilets Jaunes* movement. Per Latour, this is because Macron — and ostensibly other leaders — have not forged the kind of new state that climate collapse will require. Instead, “we are collectively playing a caricatured form of the figure of *biopolitics* that seems to have come straight out of a Michel Foucault lecture.”

He means Foucault’s final lecture on the theme *Society Must Be Defended*, describing a new kind of power. Whereas once “Sovereignty took life and let live,” he writes, we discover toward the end of the eighteenth century “the emergence of a power that . . . in contrast, consists in making live and letting die.” This is the famous formula of biopolitics: *the sovereign power to make live and let die*.

Latour notes that this power’s deployment in the present moment includes “the obliteration of the very many invisible workers forced to work anyway so that others can continue to hole up in their homes.” Rightly so — this is a peculiarly awful time to be a delivery worker, from the warehouse or restaurant to the driver anxiously tossing a box on your porch. Recent days have presented an even more devastating turn: recent pronouncements by various governmental figures who, noting the economic devastation of COVID-19, proclaimed that people would have to abandon quarantine procedures after a fortnight at the very most and return to work so as to avoid cratering the economy. This despite the medical certainty that this would lead to more transmissions and more deaths. Forty-four years and five days after Foucault’s lecture, Donald Trump tweeted, WE CANNOT LET THE CURE BE WORSE THAN THE PROBLEM ITSELF. AT THE END OF THE 15 DAY PERIOD, WE WILL MAKE A DECISION AS TO WHICH WAY WE WANT TO GO! If this was in any way opaque, two days later Texas Lieutenant Governor Dan Patrick speculated, “are you willing to take a chance on your survival in exchange for keeping the America that America loves for its children and grandchildren? And if that is the exchange, I’m all in.”

But this course of action is not speculative at all: rather it seems to be the express plan of the state, coming soon. *Look, to save the economy, we’re gonna have to kill some folks. Like, a lot.* Horrified humans immediately noted this was a blood sacrifice to capitalism and who could disagree? This is the most dramatic political development since the early hours of millennium if not very much longer. It must seem like the apotheosis of biopolitics: a crackpot sovereign deciding at national scale who will be made to live, who let die.

Except for the way in which this was, in the clearest manner, the reverse. By 22 March, Goldman Sachs was already predicting an unparalleled 2.5 million new jobless claims; this would prove optimistic.



Meanwhile the Senate tinkered with its relief bill. The massive transfers to corporations were a given, for which 2008 now appears as a dress rehearsal. The haggling endeavored to dial in the exact size of the direct payment to citizens. It would need to restore enough aggregate demand to keep the economy breathing (a ventilator of sorts) while taking care not to give a single prole the incentive to be, in the face of a global and terrifying pandemic poised to kill millions absent assiduous measures taken by all, lazy. And it is to this delicate measure that presidents must also dance, not the measure decided on by the legislature, but the measure of that abstraction “the economy.” Nothing could have thrown Foucault’s formulations about sovereignty and regimes of power, and especially the limits of these ideas, into clearer relief than this week’s pronouncements, provisions, and data.

This is not to say there is no such thing as biopolitics nor any power to make live and let die. Clearly there is; clearly it is this that is wielded by all the Trumps great and small. Nonetheless it is apparent that the sovereign is not sovereign. Rather he is subordinated entirely to the dictates of political economy, that real unity of the political and economic forged by capital and its compulsions. *Make live and let die* is simply a tool among others in this social order whose true logic, from Trump’s tweet to Dan Patrick to the Senate bill, is the power employed always as a ratio of *make work and let buy*.

Here we must take a final turn toward where we began and reenter the genre named at the outset. The link between coronavirus and climate is more direct than mere analogy, two threats that challenge our senses of scale and temporality and so seem to demand something like a state to address them. Rather it turns out that one shows us the character of the other with horrific lucidity. We should not be surprised to discover that, like the 2008 economic collapse, the pandemic has significantly reduced emissions globally. The reductions have been

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The Crisis Times

The Coronavirus Aid, Relief, and Economic Security Act (27 Mar 2020)

Title I

“Keeping American Workers Paid and Employed”

This Title I (75 pp) is primarily about under what conditions, for how long and at what interest rate, the Small Business Administration will allow lenders to give loans to “small businesses.” (Jovita Carranza is the Administrator of the Small Business Administration.).

The SBA will receive \$675 million for salaries and expenses and \$25 million for the office of the Inspector General, available through September 30, 2024.

Section 1102. Payroll Protection Program (\$340 Billion)

The covered time period for operations under this Title is from February 15, 2020 to June 30, 2020.

It authorizes \$340,000,000,000 billion dollars in 7(a) loans and changes the minimum loan allowed during this time period from \$350,000 to \$1,000,000.

Small businesses are defined as having less than 500 employees “per physical location” (16) and can include nonprofit, veteran, tribal businesses, sole proprietors, self-employed and independent contractors. Employees include individuals employed full time, part time, “or other basis.” (17).

Small businesses can use these “covered loans” for payroll costs, costs associated with health benefits, paid, medical or family leave and insurance premiums, employee salaries, interest on mortgage, rent, utilities or debt incurred during covered period.

A small business that has been in operation since February 15, 2020 is eligible for a loan if the business makes a “good faith certification” that economic “uncertainty” makes the request necessary for continued

operation, that it will be used to “retain workers and maintain payroll or make mortgage payments, lease payments, and utility payments.”(23)

The interest rate on a covered loan is “not to exceed 4%” (25) and the SBA Administrator will reimburse a lender at 5% for loans less than \$350,000, 3% for loans less between \$350,000 and less than \$2,000,000 and 1% for “loans of not less than \$2,000,000.

It is the “Sense of the Senate” that lenders should prioritize “underserved and rural markets, including veterans and members of the military community,” businesses in operation for less than two years and businesses controlled by “disadvantage individuals”, and women. (30)

Section 1103. Entrepreneurial Development (\$265 Million)

This section states that the Administrator “may” provide grants to small business development centers or women's business centers who have experienced difficulties due to COVID-19 and that conduct education and training to businesses on Covid-19.

The possible grant levels are \$192 million to “Small Business Development Centers,” \$48 million to “Women's Business Centers” - no contributions from non-Federal sources required (41) and \$25 million to either type of Center that creates “a single centralized hub for COVID-19 information.” (37).

Section 1104. State Trade Expansion Program.

The Administrator will reimburse recipients of grants under this program if they incurred financial losses due to the cancellation of a foreign trade mission or a trade show exhibition if it was “canceled solely due to a public health emergency declared due to COVID-19.” (40) The reimbursement can't be larger than the grant itself.

Section 1106. Loan Forgiveness.

This appears to be a program that provides loan forgiveness for “covered loans” provided by Section 1102 above during a covered period which “means the 8 week period beginning on the date of the origination of the covered loan.” Forgiveness of indebtedness on a “covered loan” is equal to the sum of costs during the covered period for payroll costs, interest on mortgage, rent obligation or utility payment.

The SBA Administrator, not later than 90 days from the date on which the amount of forgiveness has been determined shall remit to the lender the amount of forgiveness, “plus any interest accrued through the date of the payment.” (44).

An eligible loan recipient seeking forgiveness shall submit to the lender servicing the covered loan an application that documents the number of full time employees, payments for mortgages, leases and utilities, states the documentation is “true and correct” and says that the “forgiveness” requested was used to retain employees and make payments on mortgages, etc.

Section 1108. Minority Business Development Agency (\$10 Million)

This is an Agency of the Department of Commerce and the Agency may provide grants to minority business centers and minority chambers of commerce to provide education, training and advice with regard to COVID-19. There is no matching grant requirement for these grants.

Section 1110. Emergency EIDL Grants (\$10 Billion)

This section is for EIDL (Economic Injury Disaster Loans), although the language is changed from “disaster” to “emergency” for the time period beginning on January 31, 2020 to December 31, 2020.

Eligible entities are small businesses with less than 500 employees, sole proprietors with or without employees, independent contractors, ESOPs or tribal businesses.

Section 1112 Subsidy for Certain Loan Payments (\$17 billion)

This section has to do with loans guarantee by the SMA under section 7(a) and made by an intermediary to a small business. It is determined that all borrowers are adversely affected by COVID-19 and relief payments are appropriate for all borrowers for all loans before the enactment of the bill and after its enactment.

Dan Leahy prepared this memo on 28 March 2020. It does not cover every aspect of this Title and people should refer to the text itself for clarification. If people see need for corrections, please write danleahy43@yahoo.com.

DEVOTIONS UPON EMERGENT OCCASIONS

Insultus Morbi Primus;

*The first alteration, The first
grudging of, the sickness.*

VARIABLE, and therefore miserable condition of Man; this minute I was well, and am ill, this minute. I am surpriz'd with a sodaine change, and alteration to worse, and can impute it to no cause, nor call it by any name. We study *Health*, and we deliberate upon our *meats*, and *drink*, and *ayre*, and exercises, and we hew, and wee polish every stone, that goes to that building; and so our *Health* is a long and regular work; But in a minute a Canon butters all, overthrowes all, demolishes all; a *Sicknes* unprevented for all our diligence, unsuspected for all our curiositie; nay, undeserved, if we consider only *disorder*, summones us, seizes us, possesses us, destroyes us in an instant. O miserable condition of Man, which was not imprinted by *God*, who as hee is *immortall* himselfe, had put a *coale*, a beame of *Immortalitie* into us, which we might have blown into a *flame*, but blew it out, by our first sinne; wee beggard our selves by hearkning after false riches, a'nd infatuated our selves by hearkning after false knowledge. So that now, we doe not onely die, but die upon the Rack, die by the torment of sickness; nor that onely, but are preafflicted, super-afflicted with these jealousies and suspicions, and apprehensions of *Sicknes*, before we can cal it a sicknes; we are not sure we are ill; one hand askes the other by the pulse, and our eye asks our urine, how we do. O multiplied misery I we die, and cannot enjoy death, because wee die in this torment of sickness; we art tormented with sickness and cannot stay till the torment come, but preapprehensions and presages, prophecy those torments, which induce that *death* before either come; and our dissolution is conceived in these *first changes*, *quickned* in the *sicknes* it selfe, and *borne* in *death*, which beares date from these first changes. Is this the honour which Man hath by being a *little world*, That he hath these *earthquakes* in him selfe, sodaine shakings; these *lightnings*, sodaine flashes; these *thunders*, sodaine noises; these *Eclipses*, sodain offuscations, and darknings of his senses; these *Blazing stars*, sodaine fiery exhalations; these *Rivers of blood*, sodaine red waters? Is he a *world* to himselfe onely therefore, that he hath inough in himself, not only to destroy, and execute himselfe, but to presage that execution upon himselfe; to assist the sickness to antedate the sickness to make the sicknes the more irremediable, by sad apprehensions, and as if he would make a fire the more vehement, by sprinkling water upon the coales, so to wrap a hote fever in cold Melancholy, least the fever alone should not destroy fast enough, without this contribution, nor perfit the work (which is *destruction*) except we joynd an artificiall sickness of our owne *melancholy*, to our natural, our un-naturall fever. O perplex'd discomposition, O ridling distemper, O miserable condition of Man!

JOHN DONNE (1624)

The Crisis Times

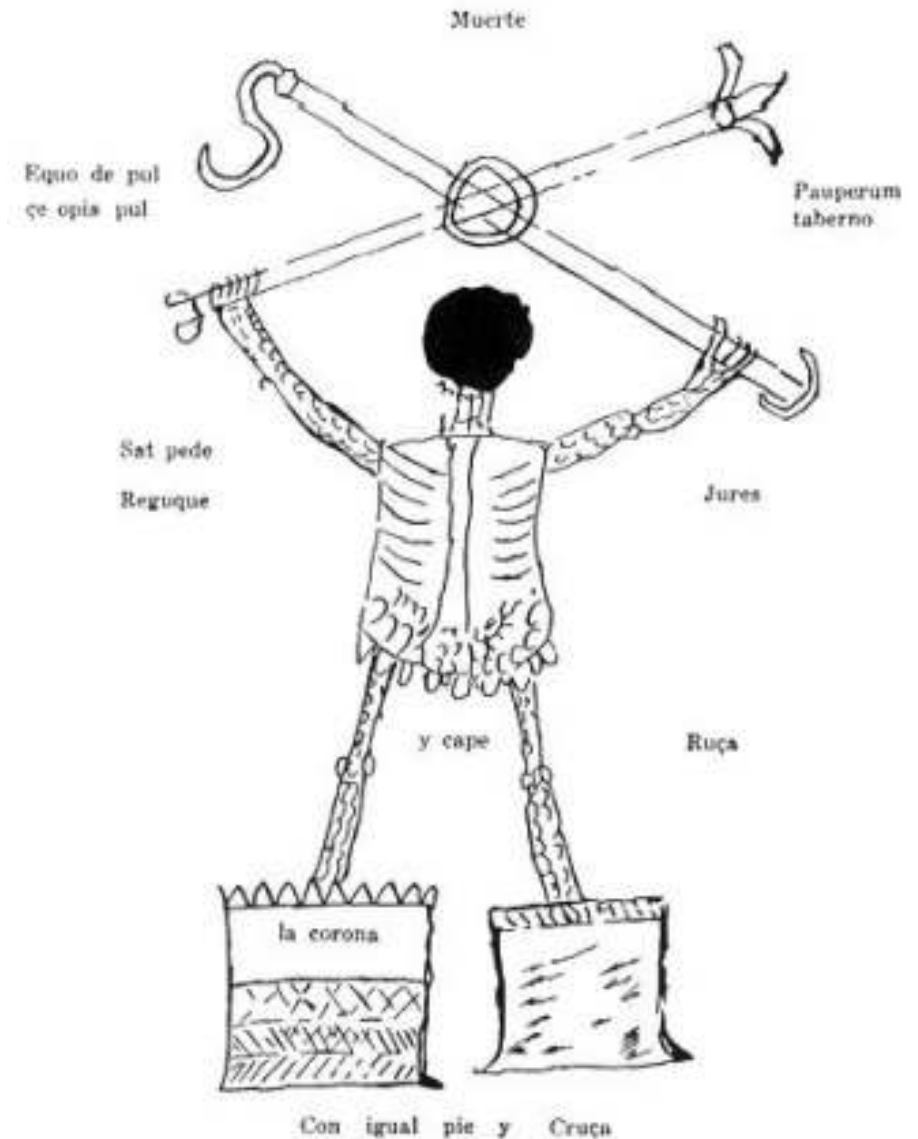
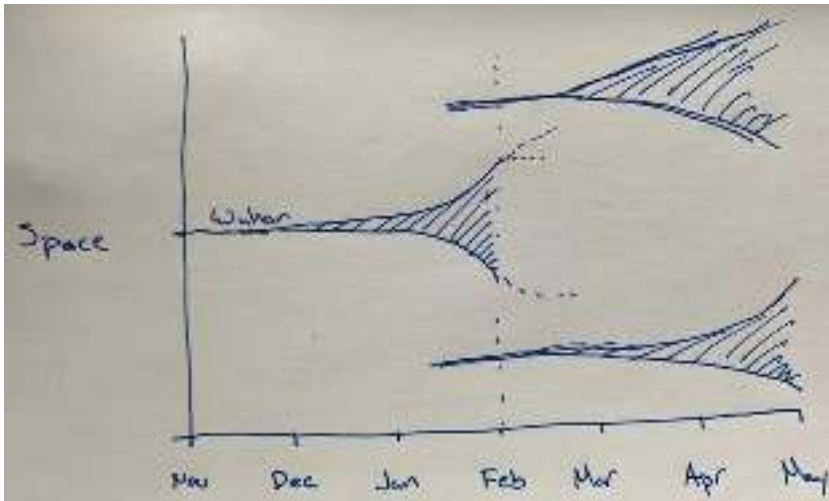


FIG. 26--Death is ruler over all. (Chumayel MS.)

THE BOOK OF CHILAM BALAM OF CHUMAYEL



[BEDFORD LAB](#) (8 Feb 2020)

SOCIAL CONTAGION: MICROBIOLOGICAL CLASS WAR

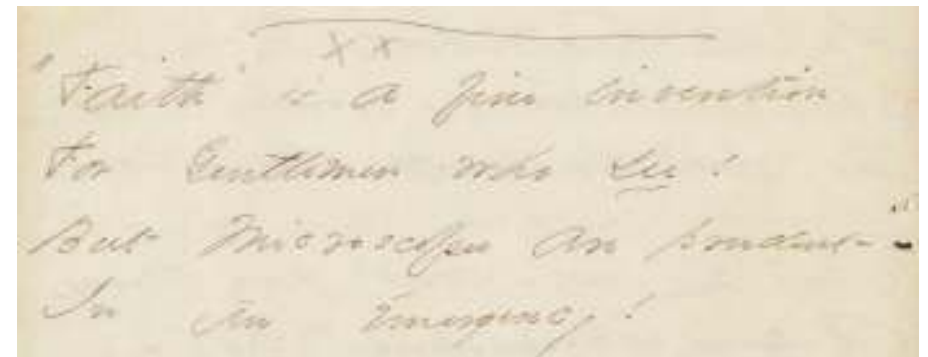
[T]he outbreak presents two opportunities for reflection: First, it is an instructive opening in which we might review substantial questions about how capitalist production relates to the non-human world at a more fundamental level—how, in short, the “natural world,” including its microbiological substrata, cannot be understood without reference to how society organizes production (because the two are not, in fact, separate). At the same time, this is a reminder that the only communism worth the name is one that includes the potential of a fully politicized naturalism. Second, we can also use this moment of isolation for our own sort of reflection on the present state of [...] society. Some things only become clear when everything grinds to an unexpected halt, and a slowdown of this sort cannot help but make previously obscured tensions visible. Below, then, we’ll explore both these questions, showing not only how capitalist accumulation produces such plagues, but also how the moment of pandemic is itself a contradictory instance of political crisis, making visible to people the unseen potentials and dependencies of the world around them, while also offering yet another excuse for the extension of systems of control even further into everyday life. (Chuǎng, February 2020)

André Gorz

Political Ecology

[T]he problem facing political ecology is the problem of the practical ways in which the demands of the ecosystem can be taken into account in autonomous individuals’ own judgements, as they pursue their own ends within their lifeworlds. It is the problem of the retroactive coupling between necessity and normativity or, to put it another way, of the translation of objective necessities into normative behaviours corresponding to lived demands, in the light of which the objective necessities are shaped in their turn. This is, quite simply, the problem of democracy.

[*Ecologica*, tr. Chris Turner (Seagull 2018), 56-7]



**“Faith” is a fine invention
For Gentlemen who see!
But Microscopes are prudent –
In an Emergency!**

[EMILY DICKINSON]

Stars
Painted the garage roof crimson and black
He is not a man
Who can read these signs . . . his bones were stays . . .

And even refused to live
In a world and refunded the hiss
Of all that exists terribly near us
Like you, my love, and light.

For what is obedience but the air around us
To the house? For which the federal men came
In a minute after the sidewalk
Had taken you home? ("Latin . . . blossom . . .")

After which you led me to water
And bade me drink, which I did, owing to your kindness.
You would not let me out for two days and three nights,
Bringing me books bound in wild thyme and scented wild grasses

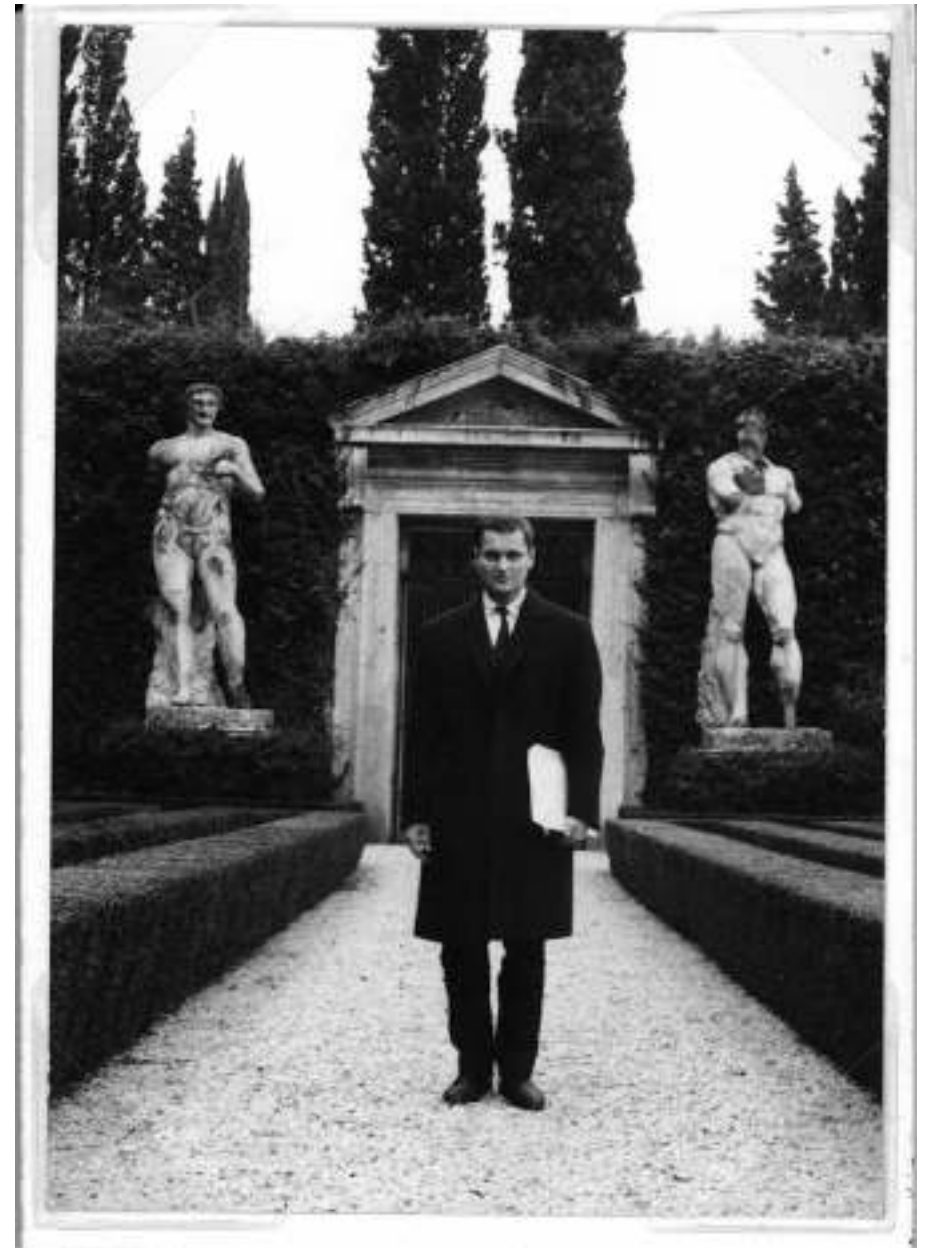
As if reading had any interest for me, you . . .
Now you are laughing.
Darkness interrupts my story.
Turn on the light.

Meanwhile what I am going to do?
I am growing up again, in school, the crisis will be very soon.
And you twist the darkness in your fingers, you
Who are slightly older . . .

Who are you, anyway?
And it is the color of sand,
The darkness, as it sifts through your hand
Because what does anything mean,

The ivy and the sand? The boat
Pulled up on the shore? Am I wonder,
Strategically, and in the light
Of the long sepulcher that hid death and hides me?

The Crisis Times



JOHN ASHBERRY

How much longer will I be able to inhabit the divine sepulcher
Of life, my great love? Do dolphins plunge bottomward
To find the light? Or is it rock
That is searched? Unrelentingly? Huh. And if some day

Men with orange shovels come to break open the rock
Which encases me, what about the light that comes in then?
What about the smell of the light?
What about the moss?

In pilgrim times he wounded me
Since then I only lie
My bed of light is a furnace choking me
With hell (and sometimes I hear salt water dripping).

I mean it—because I'm one of the few
To have held my breath under the house. I'll trade
One red sucker for two blue ones. I'm
Named Tom. The

Light bounces off mossy rocks down to me
In this glen (the neat villa! Which
When he'd had he would not had he of
And jests under the smarting of privet

Which on hot spring nights perfumes the empty rooms
With the smell of sperm flushed down toilets
On hot summer afternoons within sight of the sea.
If you knew why then professor) reads

To his friends: Drink to me only with
And the reader is carried away
By a great shadow under the sea.
Behind the steering wheel

The boy took out his own forehead.
His girlfriend's head was a green bag
Of narcissus stems. "OK you win
But meet me anyway at Cohen's Drug Store

In 22 minutes." What a marvel is ancient man!
Under the tulip roots he has figured out a way to be a religious animal
And would be a mathematician. But where in unsuitable heaven
Can he get the heat that will make him grow?

For he needs something or will forever remain a dwarf,
Though a perfect one, and possessing a normal-sized brain
But he has got to be released by giants from things.
And as the plant grows older it realizes it will never be a tree,

Will probably always be haunted by a bee
And cultivates stupid impressions
So as not to become part of the dirt. The dirt
Is mounting like a sea. And we say goodbye

Shaking hands in front of the crashing of the waves
That gives our words lonesomeness, and make these flabby hands
seem ours—
Hands that are always writing things
On mirrors for people to see later—

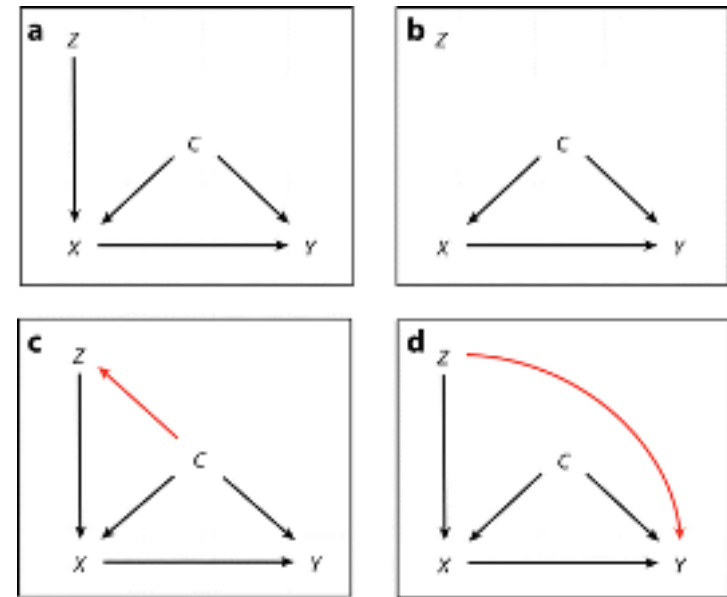
Do you want them to water
Plant, tear listlessly among the exchangeable ivy—
Carrying food to mouth, touching genitals—
But no doubt you have understood


It all now and I am a fool. It remains
For me to get better, and to understand you so
Like a chair-sized man. Boots
Were heard on the floor above. In the garden the sunlight was still
purple

But what buzzed in it had changed slightly
But not forever . . . but casting its shadow
On sticks, and looking around for an opening in the air, was quite as if
it had never refused to exist differently. Guys
In the yard handled the belt he had made



The Crisis Times



 Craig P, et al. 2017.
Annu. Rev. Public Health. 38:39–56

[Natural Experiments: An Overview of Methods, Approaches, and Contributions to Public Health Intervention Research](#)



<https://bedford.io/blog/ncov-cryptic-transmission/>

THE FLEET OF ALIBABA

Inside the barricaded city of Wuhan
A courier loads up his scooter at dawn
Sporting a bright blue hippo tee
Mr Zhang crisscrosses the desolate streets

And the people are nicer
To the snubbed delivery driver
And as the saying goes
Man's words are kind when death is close

And the day is crisp
And the city is silent
And while the people nest
Outside the sun is shining

The fleet of Alibaba keeps
Capitalism's arteries
Moving apace to meet
The panicked city's needs

I used to think the city was too noisy
A city without people yelling is boring
Now the fleet roams the streets
While the Chinese mega cities sleep

A desperate woman pleads
Can you take up mother's groceries?
When the old woman opens the door
Mr Zhang sprints to the elevator

The button is a vector
The button has been pressed
With one finger held aloft
He spares the rest

Look after my boys
Look after my father
Look after my wife
As I trade my health for a dollar

At night I become a scribe
Write in a tattered journal by my bedside
Of the two old men who take it in stride
By playing a game of chess outside

And the day is crisp
And the city is silent
And while the people nest
Outside the sun is shining

And the people are nicer
To the snubbed delivery driver
And as the saying goes
Man's words are kind when death is close

Jackie Wang (17 March 2020)

listen here => <https://bit.ly/39rF6Bt>

The Crisis Times

LA PESTE

La Peste arrived before we did,
it had that bad habit of waking up
the neighbors, the ones filling out
Tax forms. Property notes.

La Peste even played maracas.
For some reason or other, the dead moved
to its uneven song, little did we know,
each seed was a memory, a life shrunken,
an eye that never dreamed.

The Board's religion made a few attempts
at Resurrection—children and dogs were first.
La Peste arranged them laying next
to one another, the idea of love, voice, time.



LA POETA

Examine closely, comrade,
note my fixed Ascot tie,

the Bishop's rose-like emblem, his double voice
saying Read me, Please me. My true anatomy
is elsewhere, it sits upon my thighs, robed
and ebullient, fragrant and stern. It is my
clairvoyance that alarms me: the Latin
script, the Hebrew letters, Sanskrit &
Croatian vapors, the ones wrapped in text,
others strewn upon the fields like pelvis
and fibula, see them arc & straighten, commas
and I's, unspoken selves, desires without
hearts or veins. The scene appears: my planet
full of woes and promises, she aches and
stares at me. Save me, lift me, carry me home,
she pleads and whimpers. Stand up, I tell her
lift up your sandstone crown, hurl fire
after fire, ignite the tips of your red
breasts, suckle this mirror I carry.



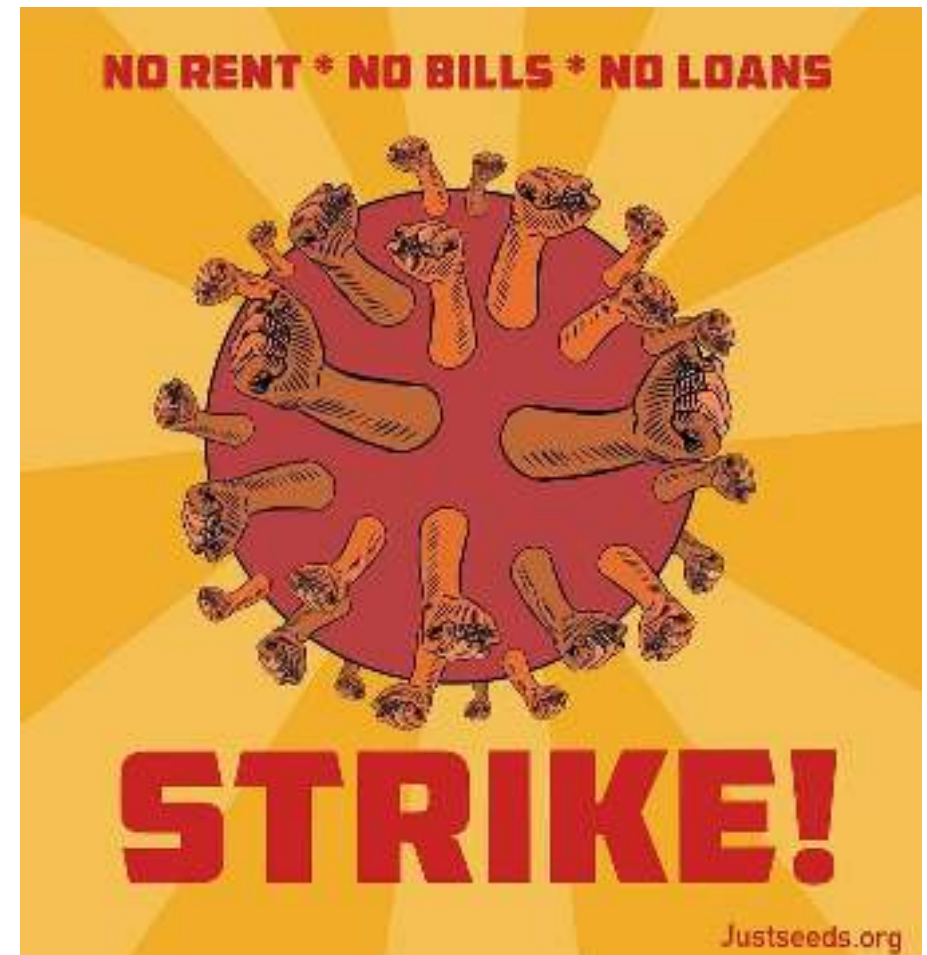
Juan Felipe Herrera & Artemio Rodríguez
Lotería Cards and Fortune Poems: A Book of Lives
(City Lights 1999)

I FORGIVE YOU

I forgive you fingers. I forgive you wrists and palms. I forgive you web of veins, the nameless knuckles, twenty-seven bones, the nails and moons below. I forgive you feet, the toes and toenails, metatarsals arching up, cuneiform, the cuboids, and navicular. I forgive you sole of foot, fibrofatty pressure chambers, dense packed nerve and tissue, the spring ligament. I forgive you ankle, lovely with twin bone swells. I forgive you calf abundant, knee cap, knee joint extra complex and temperamental. I forgive you bone and sinew, blood vessel and braid of muscle. I forgive you tidal lymph. I forgive you skin, the coast on which all washes up. I forgive you thigh and buttock, anus, vagina, clitoris, urethra, mons a rounded mass of fatty tissue, inner and outer lips, the smooth stretch of perineum. I forgive you sacroiliac, the bone wings laced with tendon, the pelvic inlet and the brim. I forgive you coiled intestines lined in tissue soft as velvet, the uterus and eggs inside of ovaries, the fluting tubes Fallopian, the docile stomach sack. I forgive you my esophagus, moist mucosa, heart and lung lobes, liver, kidneys, pancreas and gall bladder, the spleen—all the inner organs curled together in the dark and muttering like clocks, like memories of clocks. I forgive you. I forgive you breasts, your lobes and lobules, ducts and alveoli rising to the darkened areola and the nipple passage outward. I forgive you golden seams of fat in semi-liquid state, encasing in your oily cells the poisons of the world. I forgive you mouth, the teeth and budded tongue, the epiglottis, pharynx and the tough-ringed trachea, the larynx with its cords for making sound. I forgive you nasal cavity and sinuses, the ear canal and clear-walled eyeballs—all the head holes opened to the rain of light, the floating atoms of the air, the jacked together molecules of the stupid human world. I forgive you ropey muscles of the neck and face, so overstrained from constantly composing mirrors. I forgive you brain, three pounds of convoluted meat plastered with grey nerve cells, wrapped in blood-rich tissue, floating in your own sweet bath of fluid. I forgive you spinal column sprouting from the brain stem, flaring wires to spark electric charges through dumb tissue. I forgive you glands, both tubular and alveolar, releasing streams of chemicals and mucus, sweat and milk and oil. I forgive you every hair bulb, constantly dividing, pressing hardened protein shafts up toward the light. I forgive you cells, all one hundred trillion, the inner ocean that has ebbed and flowed across three million years. I forgive you every part performing all the intricate and simple tasks that make this mass alive. I forgive you all for already having died.

ALLISON COBB

The Crisis Times



I prefer instead to counteract the substantive name of a skill (*poietike*) with the infinitive verb of a practice (*poiein*), whose precise skills are voluminous and indefinite, never exhausted by the skill of crafting verses, and indeed never immune to the transformational process of the practice. [...]

[B]y the gesture of *poiein* I mean not merely the art of making but the art of forming (thereby, within the domain of history, transforming). [...]

[S]haping is always altering, and thus to form is always to *transform*, which I conceive, in a materialist way, as the process of bringing otherness to bear upon the world, as opposed to receiving otherness as external authority. [...] The energy of *poiein* is dramatic: literally, to form is to make form happen, to change form (including one’s own).

[*A Companion to Comparative Literature* (Blackwell 2011, 78-80)]



But, in a very, very general sense, for me the political is essentially the domain that concerns how you come to a decision in a contested field of meaning, and conversely, the poetic is essentially the domain that concerns how you come to create forms that had no prior existence, or forms that were even inconceivable before they were created.

In the first case, it is important to keep in mind that the decision is essentially groundless. It emerges out of the field of conflict itself. That is, there is an element of the poetic in it — it is created, as a form that may break the contested ground or orient it differently, orient you in it, and begin the process of all kinds of other trajectories, consequences, possibilities. In the second case, although poetic creation essentially means unprecedented formation and without necessary causality, nonetheless it takes place in a worldly field of meaning, fragments of which are always drawn up into the dynamic of the new form. So, here too, a decision takes place, even if not necessarily rational or fully conscious, and it is a decision within a terrain of total contestation, where everything is groundless and nothing can really be predicted. It is beyond calculation, in the final instance.

There is constant poetics in politics — people tend to forget that. But also, no poetics is free from the world of human society, a world of conflict and uncertainty, of power — a political world.

[“Poetics & the political world” interview available at lareviewofbooks.org]

Adieu Adieu

Soleil cou coupé

Sun throat cut: A lot of ink has been spilled over how best to translate the poem's final line, *Soleil cou coupé*. There are similar references in certain of Apollinaire's manuscripts and poems, as in "The Doukhbors," written when he was seventeen and which concludes: "And what blood, and what blood spatters you, O world / Beneath this slit throat!" In "Epithalamium" he wrote "Where the sun's head is cut off each day / For it to pour out its blood in rays on the earth." Thus it's possible that in *Soleil cou coupé* he was referring to decapitation, but I like the way the abruptness and alliteration of "Sun throat cut" parallels the original. One might also keep in mind a bird found in Senegal commonly called, in French, the *cou coupé* (more formally the *Amadine cou-coupé*—*Amadina fasciata* in Latin and cutthroat finch in English), which has a bright red band on the front and sides of its neck. According to the Aimé Césaire scholar René Hénane, in the early twentieth century some of these birds were imported and kept in cages in Paris. Apollinaire knew about a number of exotic creatures, and though I have found no evidence that he knew of this one, perhaps he did. In addition, it's interesting to note that guillotining usually took place at sunrise.

Guillaume Apollinaire, trans. Ron Padgett,
Zone: Selected Poems (NYRB/Poets 2015) pp. 14, 248

The Crisis Times



It is, of course, the everyday that becomes impossible. Errands. Just as functional objects are invisible to us until they break, so the ordinary becomes unfamiliar.

I *must* go to Walgreens to get my father's medication. It is March 14, one month from when my partner and I took my father to the ER. It was so overcrowded *then* even before the pandemic that they couldn't find a bed in the hospital for an 84-year-old man with pneumonia and cancer until the night *after* we were triaged, which meant we were in the Emergency Department for 22 hours.

The vitality and kindness of the medical personnel working at the ER, as ever, belied the strained abjection of patients and their families. They are at work; we feel we are about to lose our minds, our lives. One is grateful for their professionalism and nervous about getting on anyone's bad side. Some wore masks; some didn't.

At Walgreens, a month later, that is to say, a week ago, before the now omnipresent blue tape marks six feet apart, it is as if no one had ever heard the term 'social distancing'. Everyone touches everything. The pharmacists and cashiers don't wear gloves. And that is when exponential transmission becomes *experientially* self-evident to me

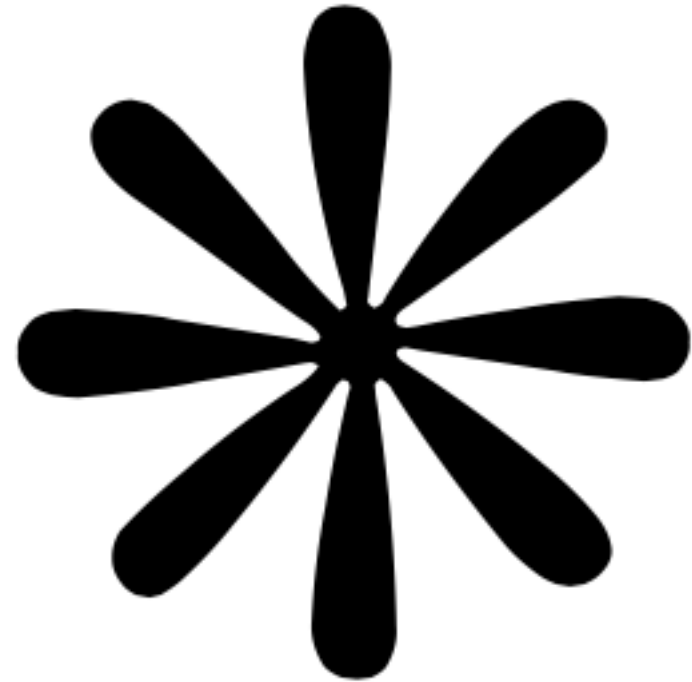
The back of the line is crunched, crowded. The person behind me jostles me as he looks at his phone, headphones on. I ask the woman in the front of the line, who has space ahead of her, if she would be willing to move forward a bit to allow more room for those behind her. She snaps, grimacing, that I should "learn to respect other people's personal boundaries." Defeated, I step back into my place in line. I would like her to respect the boundaries of reality, but that's a tall order for anyone in the Gaslighted States of America.

I hear in Italy people are decent to each other. Nobody hoards gloves, masks, or groceries. We are trying to avoid becoming 'like Italy' but maybe we should emulate them, at least in this respect.

I overhear the woman getting her many medications, asking questions, and having a hard time remembering what number to key into the machine. I am now at the window next to her. I lean my head to the side past the plexiglass separator between cashiers and when the chance arises, the pharmacist gone back to the shelves, I apologize to her. She inclines her head and thanks me. She is like a different person. I could see how worried she was; now I see how elegant she is. I am like a different person: someone who knows how to deescalate, apologize in public.

We are in the same boat, she and I. I'm sure she tried not to cry and then cried anyway today; I did. I can feel the people around and behind us witnessing us.

A meaningful little scene.



*

*I had planned to go out
but I stayed home
with the plum flowers*

*

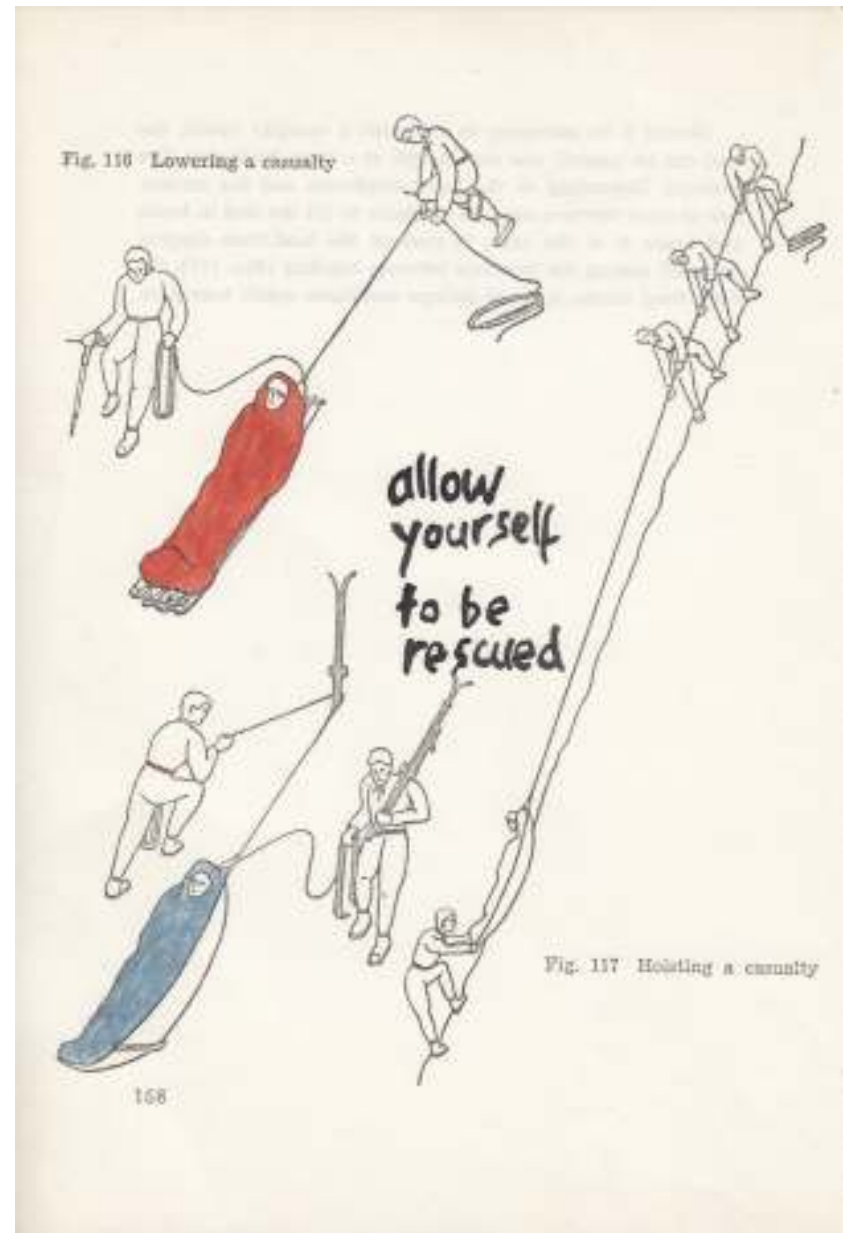
*Sitting in a tower
I hear frogs
far away in the night*

*

BUSON (tr. Merwin & Lento)

via Alec Finlay

The Crisis Times



BIG FARMS MAKE BIG FLU

Pathogens, a great and terrible global threat to human and many a non-human alike, as much a Sword of Damocles hovering above civilization as climate change, respect little of disciplinarity.

Pathogen dynamics often arise from a multitude of causes interacting at multiple scales of time and space and across biocultural domains. I learned in the course of my study of the evolution of HIV's life history, for instance, that the virus uses processes at one level of organization to defend itself against impediments directed at it at a second level.² Interventions, it follows, must be based on a multidimensionality that medical and public health problems themselves manifest. Otherwise many epizootics remain intractable no matter what innovative drugs or vaccines are deployed.

It is in this context that I have dedicated my career so far to applying my training in evolutionary ecology to studying how infectious diseases operate in what over human history developed into an intricately socialized world. Humans have built physical and social environments, on land and in the sea, that have radically altered the pathways along which pathogens evolve and disperse.

Pathogens, however, are no mere protagonists,

battered to and fro by the tides of human history. They also act of their own volition, if you'll excuse the anthropomorphism. They display agency. And they have by virtue of their evolutionary changes forced agribusiness to the bargaining table, a place where that ilk, given their successes, *think* they excel. The resulting agreement is written as no treaty or contract nor even in anything we would recognize as communication. It is found instead in a form of xenospecific convergence. The two parties have maneuvered into an agriculture of mutual interests, at times reacting forcefully within each's own domain in the other's favor. One thinks perhaps such convergence could be at best unconscious. An emergent epiphenomenon, maybe. I discovered otherwise, and that's the shock. No virus engineered in a lab, no plan to purposely spread influenza, but a conspiracy of man and microbe nonetheless, with humanity and many a wildlife population at stake.

Rob Wallace, *Big Farms Make Big Flu* (Monthly Review 2016)

The Crisis Times

Oh yes, the ellipsis! I've been working on ellipses as infrastructures of relation. When I saw the black balloons in *Forlesen*, I had to laugh, because they appear as a kind of exploded ellipsis, and *Ellipsis* turned out to be their title. Pope. L was playing with the flesh's thingly temporality. At the opening, all of the black balloons were inflated, and by the end the helium had gone out of them and they were all on the ground—shriveled, sexual, uncanny and more, but not identical. That's part of the show's orchestration of negativity too. The balloons look like afterthoughts, the way they are scattered, because they don't take up the same kind of concentrated monumental space as the big wooden cock. And yet...

The thing about an ellipsis is that it has a set of contradictory meanings.

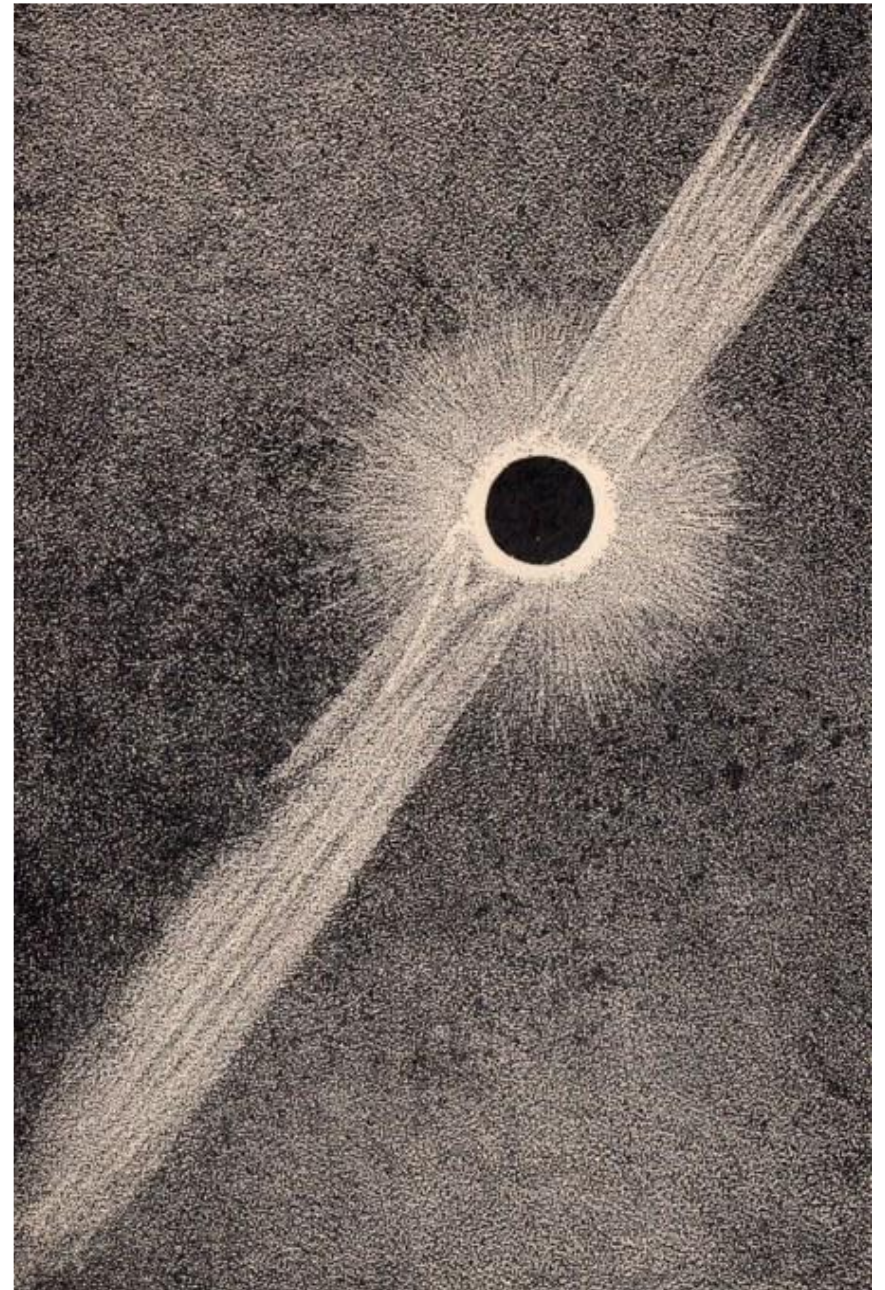
An ellipsis is a sentence that I don't end because...I don't know how to.

An ellipsis is a sentence I don't end because...you know what I mean.

An ellipsis is a figure of return that isn't symmetrical.

Ellipses might be a figure of loss or plenitude: Sometimes it is more efficient to go dot dot dot. Sometimes it's also a way of signaling an elision. Sometimes the referent is beyond words.

[[Lauren Berlant Artforum 2014](#)]



[M. NourbeSe Philip](#)

SOLAR ECLIPSE

Friends, the solar eclipse is almost upon us and I've been thinking that it offers a powerful metaphor for these troublous times that we're living through. Let us consider that our commitment to a society in which we value racial, gender, class, and LGBTQ2 equality as being akin to the sun and that the election of Trump is like an eclipse of that sun. Note, too, that that the eclipse here in Canada is only partial. We also need special glasses to view this event without hurting ourselves. What is the protective gear we need to survive this Trumpian eclipse-- is it community, is it education (for those who maybe didn't realize it was and is this bad)? Whatever it is, we need to protect ourselves from these MAGAites (as In (M)ake (A)merica (G)reat (A)gain).

We've been told that the moon will not cover the sun entirely and viewers will be able to see the circle of the sun around the moon, the corona. What light will we be able to see during the Trumpian eclipse surrounding the darkness that now appears to envelop us: is it the struggles of those who were committed to creating a world free of racism; is it our commitment to the other, to the stranger who needs our help; is it the delicate balance of freedoms and responsibilities that we have all struggled to create (make no mistake, it was Black folk who dragged the US kicking screaming and even killing, into the democracy we have; imperfect as it is)? Each of us will no doubt create our own circle of light, but we must remember

that "no wo/man is an island entire of herself" (forgive me, John Donne) and yes, we are our brother's and sister's keeper. We gotta have their backs and they ours.

The solar eclipse will be over within a relatively short space of time of time; the Trumpian eclipse will take a much longer time, but it will, it must, pass. Martin Luther King talked of the arc of the moral universe being long but bending towards justice. The significant difference between the two eclipses, however, rests on the fact that in the case of the solar eclipse we can do nothing to affect it--we can neither hasten nor delay it. Doing nothing is not an option with the Trumpian eclipse: our actions may be small and seemingly far removed from the epicentre of empire. Whatever it is, it is an acknowledgment of our need to satisfy our--the world's-- hunger for justice, even as that hunger presupposes the existence of the latter-- a somewhat clumsy paraphrase of Simone Weil. When the enslaved African ran from those who held her captive, she knew something else existed and in her very running towards it, she was creating it. She knew she was not a thing, even if the law said that and in her removing herself used her humanity to run towards that very humanity she was creating in her running.

It seems a shame to take such a natural wonder like the eclipse and tarnish it with the evil (I use that word advisedly) that is now manifesting itself around the US and Canada as well as emanating from the White House, but it seems too apt a metaphor to ignore. It is, in an odd way, paying homage to the way in which the larger world, the physical world, which we have so besmirched, offers us lessons. This is found in the traditional knowledge of all peoples. Deep within we know it as well. (2017)

ANDY SPRAGG

**Wearing a white dinner jacket, standing in the centre, he plays
for eight counts (*for PM*)**

but back then were the men
hard or was the breakup hard
as one for those that
bordered on all the others

just without or absent or
in states of looming
a lot of ghosts that
shuffled back into the bracken

hearts search on this
or this is for the wrong trek
suddenly at the stone circle
stop someone had

already chipped off
the faces of the regal lions
to quickly quip
we pulled up on it

sifted shale this one unwrapped

in context then
quick tell your friends
that this known is our companion
eye shown

god is never not
watching you
as you lob a hammer
into his works

The Crisis Times



DEVOTIONS

VPON

Emergent Occasions, and se-
uerall steps in my Sicknes:

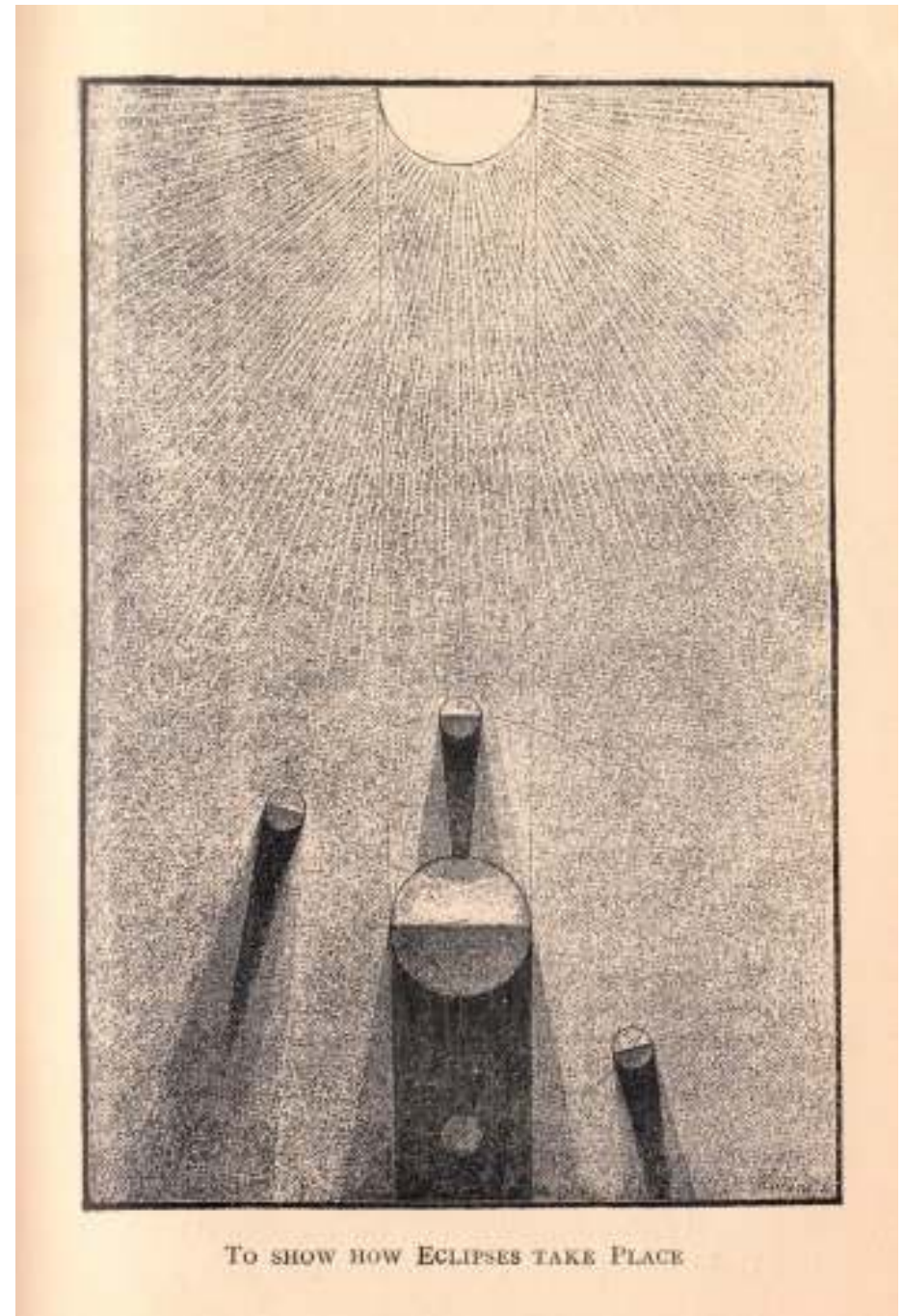
The coming of the lunar shadow in all its startling velocity [...] is universally described as perhaps the most impressive feature of an eclipse [...]. To several observers the shadow seen in the distance resembled a dark storm upon the horizon. Some saw the shadow “visible in the air”; one speaks of its “gliding swiftly up over the heavens”; while another likens its passage to “the lifting of a dark curtain.”

Those who have taken pains to note its color do not generally call it black, but deep violet or dark brown. One describes it as a “wall of fog,” another as a “vaporous shadow,” a third says it was “like neither shadow nor vapor,” while no less careful observers than [German astronomer Friedrich] Winnecke and Lady Airy [wife of Greenwich Observatory director George Airy] speak of the shadow as “appearing like smoke.” [...] President Hill of Harvard, in Illinois in 1869, found the transit of the shadow much slower and more majestic and beautiful than he had been led to expect. “A sweeping upward and eastward of a dense violet shadow” are his words.

Both before and after total obscuration the whole contour of the lunar disk is sometimes seen, and there are faint brushes of light raying out from the solar crescent. Occasionally there is a double observation of both beginning and end of totality, and the Moon has even appeared to jump forward at these critical instants “as if it had made a jerk (stumbled against something).” The changing tints of the dark Moon while obscuration lasts, colors on the frequent clouds, the arcs of prismatic color and iridescent clouds, the pulsation of light as totality comes on, and the tremulous motion of the thin crescent, — these are not the half of the interesting phenomena accompanying a total eclipse of the Sun. [...]

When totality is imminent, and expectation is becoming breathless, — when, though not yet visible, the noble corona seems all but hovering in the air, — suddenly at the edge of the dark Moon, flashing out into the gathering darkness, appear vivid, blood-red flames. Visible on one occasion so long as five minutes before the total obscuration, and again for six minutes after, they glow against the pure white of the corona with singular lustre. [...]

Some protuberances are quiet and cloud-like; others resemble sudden eruptions from some vast and inconceivable solar volcano, a whirlwind of fire.



[Mabel Loomis Todd, *Total Eclipses of the Sun* \(1894\)](#)



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Another possibility is that the poem is neither free association nor un-speech, but free dissociation that keeps alive the possibility of poetic freedom. In her article 'Being in Life Without Wanting the World: Living in Ellipsis', Lauren Berlant writes:

[D]issociation under structural hazard often involves an overwhelmed subjectivity vibrating with extreme defensive hypervigilance, a multiplicity of speculations and thoughts about blaming, and a veering among states from the numb to the acute, the heavy to the frenzied. So to call dissociation a structure of discontinuity would be to underassess its noncoherence as the name for a continuous state and to disregard its profoundly social and historical character.⁴

(The passage is characteristic of Berlant's singular power of precision. The proliferation of conceptually inflected phrases conspicuously still in the process of becoming concepts ('overwhelmed subjectivity', 'extreme defensive hypervigilance', 'the heavy', 'the frenzied', 'underassessment of noncoherence') creates a conceptual density that is right away virtually manifest *Dichtung*: the sheer pressure on thought is also a sound that makes original demands on feeling and thought. This is not to treat the argument as though it only had to be listened to. It is recognition of the poetics of Berlant's particular way of getting to a formulation of an idea: by thinking as much as possible at every next specification, making conceptual language do the most work it can, holding together as much as possible, and constantly refusing to simplify. This thinking has a sound—the sound of thought really getting somewhere, always picking things up on the way.)

Keston Sutherland, "[Free Dissociation/Logic](#)"

Jennison + Murphet (eds), *Communism and Poetry* (Palgrave 2019), 235

The Crisis Times

PSEUDOKNOT & SLIPPERY SEQUENCE

ON CORONAVIRUS RNA

Their special cunning is in the huge length and complexity of their RNA genome. RNA is much less stable than DNA, so RNA viruses tend to be short. We measure them approximately in kilobases (kb) of information. Polio is a mere 7 kb, influenza stacks up at 14, and Ebola weighs in at 19. Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome Coronavirus 2 (Sars-CoV-2), the causative agent of Covid-19, is 30 kb. That's quite normal for a coronavirus, but close to the chemical limits of information storage for RNA – about as long as a strand of RNA can be without collapsing. The viruses therefore need some clever tricks to survive. I remember being fascinated by the RNA 'pseudoknot' and 'slippery sequence', which allow the viral genome to be read in two different ways simultaneously; the virus can regulate expression of different genes according to the way they are read. [...] [One] great vulnerability of the virus is that it has to take great pains copying its genome. All RNA viruses (influenza, for example) have a special enzyme that copies RNA into RNA. These RNA-dependent RNA polymerases are usually very sloppy copyists. They do not bother with proofreading, and make huge numbers of errors. This high mutation rate enables them to evolve very rapidly; that's one reason we need a new flu vaccine every year. Coronaviruses have to be much more careful, or else their huge genome will accumulate too many errors. Their mutation rate is therefore lower, so we may be able to develop a fairly effective vaccine – though it will take a year or two, assuming it's possible at all. [[Rupert Beale LRB 6 March 2020](#)]

letter from Zoltán Grossman (24 March 2020)

[The Lummi, Makah, and Yakama nations](#) are now sheltering-in-place, so are ahead of non-Native communities here in Washington state, where the virus first came ashore. Quileute, Hoh, and other tribes are cutting off outside access. [Lummi is actually building its own field hospital](#) to help tribal members and neighbors, rather than waiting for the state or feds. // In Aotearoa New Zealand, [Māori marae communities](#) are closing their gates for protection from coronavirus. When I studied Māori disaster resilience last year, it became clear that the marae tradition of manākitanga (hospitality) is [far more efficient and inclusive](#) than government responses to earthquakes and floods. Now marae are closing their gates for the same reasons they open their gates to their people and their neighbors in other natural disasters--to keep everyone safe. // In Aotearoa, you see this Māori saying everywhere:

He aha te mea nui o te ao.

He tāngata, he tāngata, he tāngata.

What is the most important thing in the world?

It is people, it is people, it is people.

“Tribal communities know death by pandemic. As history threatens to repeat itself with the menace of the novel coronavirus, tribal communities are turning to their teachings and one another to protect themselves amid what they call a near total failure of federal resources to help, despite solemn promises in treaties. No one is waiting in these communities for someone else to come to the rescue. Response to the threat of the virus by tribal governments and health care providers has been swift and aggressive. Tribal governments are sovereign in their territory, with broad emergency powers — and they are using them....” [[Lynda Mapes, Seattle Times, 24 March 2020](#)]



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

Dearest Rosemary,

It was a limpid dreary day, hung as in a basket from a single dull star. I thank you for your letter. Outside, I perceive what may be a collection of fallen leaves tussling against a trash can. It rings like jazz to my ears.

The streets are that empty. It seems as though the bulk of the city has retreated to their quarters, rightfully so. At this time, it seems very poignant to avoid all public spaces. Even the bars, as I told Hemingway, but to that he punched me in the stomach, to which I asked if he had washed his hands. He hadn't. He is much the denier, that one. Why, he considers the virus to be just influenza. I'm curious of his sources.

The officials have alerted us to ensure we have a month's worth of necessities. Zelda and I have stocked up on red wine, whiskey, rum, vermouth, absinthe, white wine, sherry, gin, and lord, if we need it, brandy. Please pray for us.

You should see the square, oh, it is terrible. I weep for the damned eventualities this future brings. The long afternoons rolling forward slowly on the ever-slick bottomless highball. Z. says it's no excuse to drink, but I just can't seem to steady my hand. In the distance, from my brooding perch, the shoreline is cloaked in a dull haze where I can discern an unrelenting penance that has been heading this way for a long, long while. And yet, amongst the cracked cloudline of an evening's cast, I focus on a single strain of light, calling me forth to believe in a better morrow.

Faithfully yours,
F. Scott Fitzgerald

The Crisis Times



A STELLAR ANALOGY

It may help to think of coronavirus data as if looking at a faraway star. When you see a star in the sky, you're not actually seeing the star as it is. Rather, you're seeing the star as it was perhaps thousands of years ago, because it took that long for the light to travel from that star to your eye.

Coronavirus data can be like that. Because of the two-week lag, we were often looking at — and making policy based on — data that reflected how the outbreak looked two weeks ago. [[The Interpreter NYT 2 Apr 2020](#)]

[3/20]

IWI

[pronounced "ee-wee" / IT IS WHAT IT IS]

[3/24]

Working for ----- means I don't get much time away from virus talk. I'm fortunate enough to have a job in -----, which means I can work remotely and I am either too precious or too fragile to be redeployed elsewhere (read I don't drive and don't have the appropriate checks). Colleagues are already being moved over to phone lines and reassigned in anticipation of a wider response being required. There is a lot of talk of community resilience, and there seems to be a compulsion toward creating some kind of land army that seems counter-productive in some respects. Social distance providing you are "non-essential", though you do wonder how much health, social care and other 'essential' services are being seen as expendable in the context of limited testing and protective equipment.

Every council seems to be delegating emergency powers but in ways that seem oblique and mysterious to an observer. It feels very improvised, though largely driven by good intent. On the whole, it all does - lots of community organising going on, and my sisters both inform me they have spoken to their neighbours several times this week about how they can support one another. They live in the north, where

I'm okay, we are now on Stay at Home Order but ----- is "essential" for now. We continue to receive orders and are trying our best. Mostly, people want to work but I wish I could get laid off too sometimes. It's kind of exhausting processing the virus and a full on production schedule - like we are turned up to 11 right now because our product actually combats the virus and the grocery industry is currently experiencing sales at 200-500% which is not going to last and is making our distributor act insane.

Anyway, I truly hope people eat more raw fermented vegetables.

* * * * *

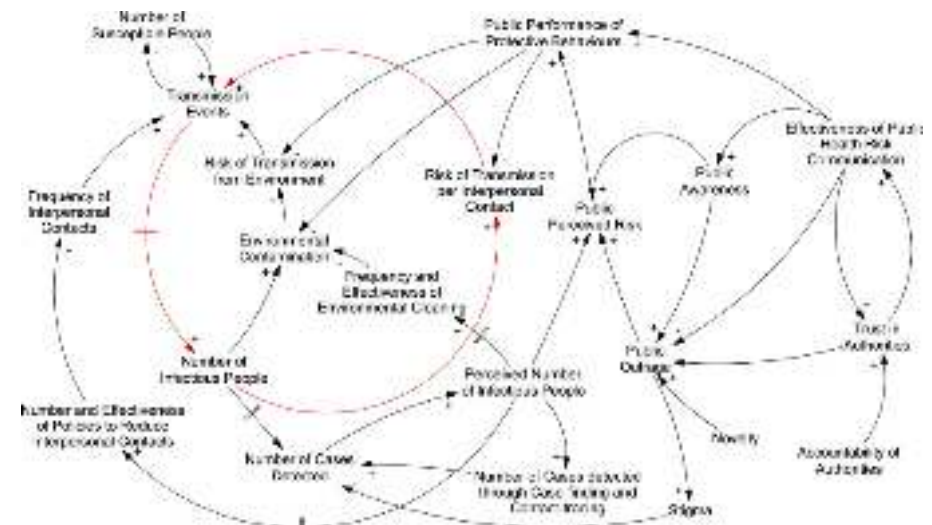
everyone is generally more interested in each other's coming and goings - for better and worst. In London, I continue to lock my door at night and glare through the peephole at intervals.

All of which is minor in the context of legislation that is deregulating huge swathes of social and health care in order to address the days ahead. I mean we run the local coronary service, and even the tiny fragments of discussion I've been involved with related to that give me the chills. Perhaps we all begin as bureaucrats, later become neighbours, then nurses and eventually grave diggers.

One thing that does seem to have arisen here is a lot of talk of "just in time" models being insufficient for this kind of crisis. Both our supermarkets (seemingly empty, though - ahaha - business experts tell us they are merely victims of "just in time" logistical planning so therefore we shouldn't go hungry), and our NHS (seemingly underfunded and underequipped, but - ahaha - politicians tell us they are merely optimized for the world of non pandemics so we shouldn't be sick). What I will be fascinated to see is how some of these discussions about austerity and optimisation can resume after all this has passed.



The Crisis Times



[A systems approach to preventing and responding to COVID-19](#)

Wanting the principle of relation.

I love those riddles! Good to learn their origin. It is nice to think of you and ____ living these memories and that you were at Ocean Beach. I'm looking at the great set of photos from that visit - ____'s huge smile as she steps on the sand and you and ____ taking big joyful, athletic leaps together. That was the end of a long period of isolation and it felt so good. We will feel that again.

Hoping the scans added something helpful and the experience of being in the system was as smooth as it could be. That you all felt safe.

They have decided to contract several of the pediatric, internal medicine and family medicine sites into one "megasite" which is housed at my clinic. We are transitioning to the Lombardy model (based on the experience in Italy) where we work one week of direct patient care and then have 2 weeks of virtual care or other duties that keep us out of clinic in an effort keep us all healthy and working. I'm about as enthusiastic about virtual care as you can probably imagine - I did not go into this field to see people over Skype! I see its value for now, but I will miss listening to hearts and seeing my patients in person.

It's been dizzying. Plans, recommendations, mandates change by the hour sometimes. I've found the only time I feel at ease is when I'm doffing! Because those recommendations haven't changed from day one, and someone always comes and methodically walks you through the process - first remove the first set of gloves, then the gown... I keep my brain on just enough to be safe but mostly just give way to following orders and being under their watchful eye, which feels good. Contrast that with the donning process. The PPE recommendations have changed so frequently, there is a little panic each time that you might be doing it wrong or inappropriately using a higher level of PPE than is needed and wasting precious supplies.

But even with all of this, my colleague and I were noticing last week that somehow things seem simpler and the patient interactions we are having feel easier. We had a lot of

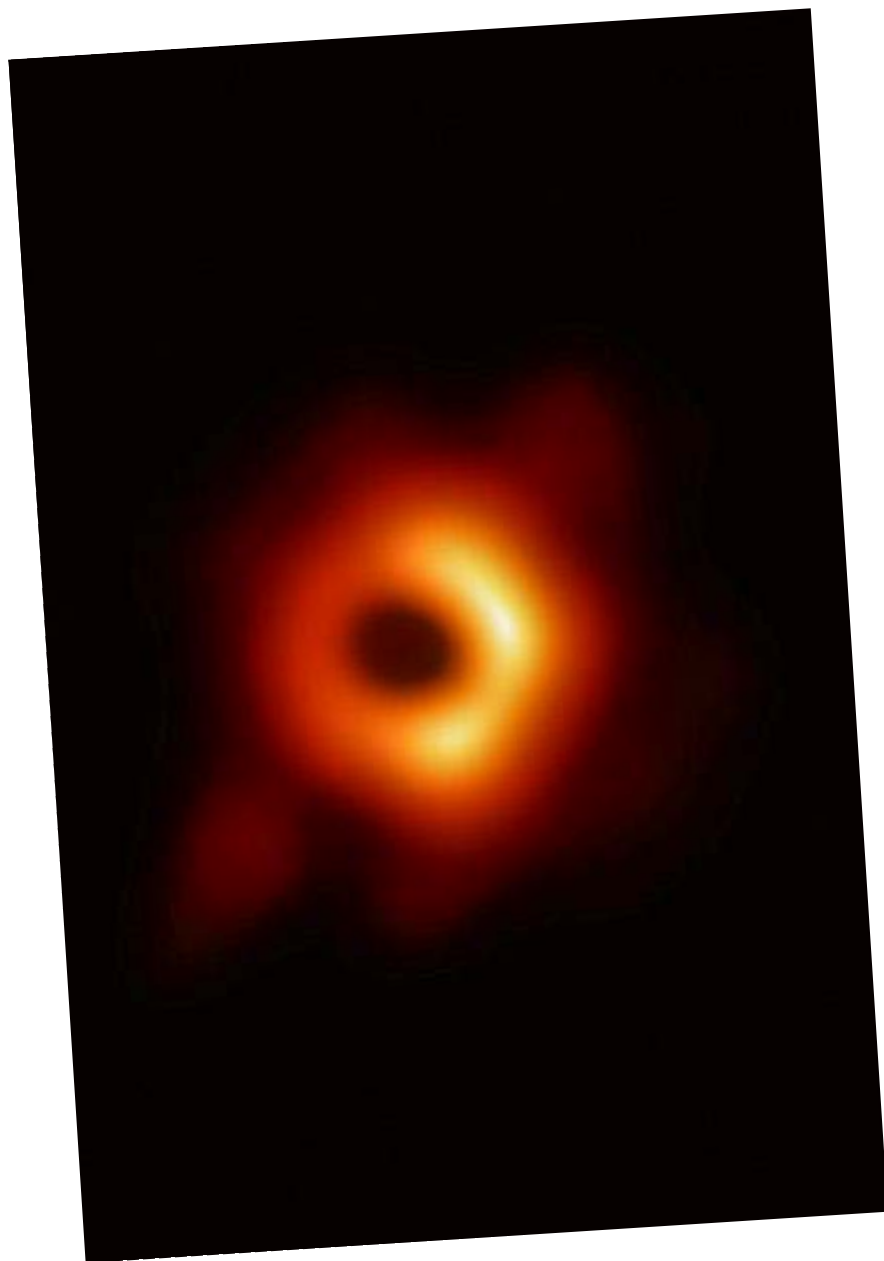
ideas in the moment about what it was - clinic volume is lower, families seem motivated to get through the visits efficiently, etc. But later that night it hit me - and this feels true - that what is different is gratitude. All of the skepticism and negativity that often dominates a lot of doctor-patient interactions seems to have taken a little pause. I'm grateful they have come in for help despite their fears about the clinic and they are grateful that I am there. I'm hoping its a lasting recalibration.

This weekend, I'm mostly tidying up spaces to have it work for us all to do our work together here. I planted some gladiolus in the garden (they were my grandma ____'s favorite) - much easier to dig those holes after the torrential rains yesterday! Now I just have to hope the squirrels don't dig them all up on us.

While cleaning up the desk, I found what had bubbled up and out when you sent the backyard photos [see *TCT-20*]. I thought I'd type it up here before I lose it in the shuffle again:

*such a well laid table
for a man who is able
with gadgets,
some rusty, some wood,
does this diptych suffice
to give us advice
on the space between what can
& what should*

The Crisis Times



You lose your light. spend all of your lives.

"endless doubtlessness, land-full / surprised-

ness". unintelligible language.

eye-acute. "look at the sun rising...

unspeaking and becoming" light-like

sun-froth unGod. sun-needle gaze-blaze

erase death, and in-turn re-birth. this

land is gold. this coal is gold. this clan-

ship of miners is gold is gold is

[Manson + Mendoza](#)
for Bill Griffiths

the university is a factory, but what does it make? { a 5-¶ thought experiment }

& then went down to the picket. The other St. Peter's. "Protect Patients Not Profits." \$8.7 billion net revenue; \$200 million profit. "What would Jesus cut?" CEO John Koster's compensation: \$6.4 million. "Providence: practice what you preach!" 500 workers; median income \$31K; penurious alterations to the healthcare plan made while in negotiations. That's no way to "reveal God's love for all, especially the poor and vulnerable, through our compassionate service." Corner standing under low clouds waving placards in exchange for honked horns and thumbs up, comparing notes. Four teachers, two of them union leaders, one unemployed. One about to enter contract negotiations, two preparing to teach in jail, one about to commence a sabbatical that would include an analysis of robotics.

The cover-story for a hospital is that it makes people healthy, even if we know that too often the health it makes is an alibi for pocketed profit (the hastening trade in mental health pharmaceuticals and pain medications would be the avant-garde in this ploy). The cover-story for a jail is justice: the prison is the space-time continuum in which the phrase "justice has been served" is converted into a special regime of discipline and abuse reserved for the other 1% the rest of us prefer to ignore (tho it's done in our name), a conversion that of course also comes bundled with profits (\pm) that increase in proportion to time served. The question emerged naturally. If the alibi of the hospital is health, and the alibi of the jail is justice, what is the alibi of the school?

In England not long ago a sign was hung out an occupied classroom window that said "The University is a Factory" (cf.). But what does it make? Whatever else it may make, we know for a fact that universities and colleges make debt – irrepressible buckets of it: here in the U.S. we owe three times as much as we did eight years ago, for a grand total of some \$1 trillion. And these debts – just like those mortgages alleged to be at the root of these our austere times – get spliced and diced, packaged and sold all over the place as derivatives backed by the Feds. (Not for nothing did the Department of Education recently spend \$1.4 billion per annum on loan collection and guarantees; and you can even get rich on defaults now.) Queen MABS meet the almighty SLABS: Mortgage Asset Based

Securities + Student Loan Asset Based Securities sitting in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g. Another bubble inflates.

But *what else* does the school-factory make? For one thing, it actively produces forms of discipline. Bourdieu taught us how schools naturalize and reproduce the invidious differentials of class – tho perhaps we should add that this reproduction inadvertently contains the forgotten possibility of its antidote. Of the renaissance classroom Keith Thomas writes that "schooling was meant to teach application and self-control, sitting still for hours at a time" (via). But such arguably value-neutral competence comes at what some would calculate as a price. Francis Bacon, for instance, worried about a cohort of persons who, through schooling, "will be bred unfit for other vocations, and unprofitable for that in which they were bred up, which fill the realm full of indigent, idle and wanton people" (via). (One way of reckoning Marlowe and Shakespeare & co. is as an unintended consequence of the surplus making Bacon fret. No priesthood? No clerkship? No problem: we'll just write some sweet poems that tell you what we really think.) Bacon's early-17th-century concern acquires a more pungent rendering in cotton mill manager Thomas Livermore's 1883 testimony to a Senate committee investigating child labor conditions: "I have seen cases where young people were spoiled for labor by being educated to a little too much refinement." For love of reading and dabbling in arithmetic, the school-factory renders workers inoperative. That sounds like a pretty good plank for an education plan. Bring on the robots to do the dirty, dangerous, and demeaning work and sign the rest of us up for a guaranteed annual income!

But we wanted to flesh out the comparison across these institutions with some transcendent good, however compromised that may be in the practice as we know it. The hospital makes health, the jail makes justice, and the school? The school makes the truth. Or perhaps we should say, makes and remakes the truth, teaches how the truth is made, makes it possible to forge the truth anew, to collectively establish a new meridian for our agreements. Why did it take us so long to remember this? We were never taught it, that's true. But there it is and now we know it. Time to take back and make each of these alibis stick, to use health, justice, and truth to lure the profits, the abuses, and the predations that lurk under their cover-stories into extinction.....

[16 March 2013]

The Crisis Times

Just hitting the road -
neighbors are building a moat
(?) - cherries blossoming

Might try you guys in my gap
hour, about to go into session

The hawk doesn't know - that
the freight train hauling coal -
is killing us all

Nice haiflu

Now in Oregon - last minute
border crossing - but: traffic
o'clock

Fri, Mar 13, 2:43 PM

birds of prey floating - idle
above the freeway - contagious
city

what a horrifying haiku!



crisis ('kraisɪs). Pl. crises, rarely criseses. [a. L. *crisis*, a. Gr. *κρίσις* discrimination, decision, crisis, f. *κρίνω* to decide.]

1. *Pathol.* The point in the progress of a disease when an important development or change takes place which is decisive of recovery or death; the turning-point of a disease for better or worse; also applied to any marked or sudden variation occurring in the progress of a disease and to the phenomena accompanying it.

1543 TRAHERON *Vigo's Chirurg.* vi. 1. Dict. Terms, *Crisis* signifieth judgement, and in this case, it is used for a sodaine change in a disease. 1548 HALL *Chron.* 80 When the crisis of his sickness was past and that he perceived that health was overcome. 1625 HART *Anat. Ur.* 1. ii. 21 Then shall the sick... by the virtue and power of a happy Crisis, sail forth into the haven of health. 1685 BOYLE *Eng. Notion Nat.* 222, I observe that Crises's, properly so call'd, do very seldom happen in other than Feavers. 1748 SMOLLETT *Rod. Rand.* xxxiv, When he found I had enjoyed a favourable crisis, he congratulated me. 1856 KANE *Arct. Expl.* II. viii. 87 Brooks... and Thomas have seen the crisis of their malady.

†2. *Astrol.* Said of a conjunction of the planets which determines the issue of a disease or critical point in the course of events. (Cf. CRITICAL 4.)

1603 SIR C. HEYDON *Def. Jud. Astrol.* 474 When the Moone comes to the 22 of Gemini, shee shall there begin to worke a dangerous Crisis, or alteration... so preventing her ordinarie working. 1663 BUTLER *Hud.* 1. i. 611 They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars, To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs; And tell what Crisis does Divine The Rot in Sheep, or Minge in Swine.

3. *transf.* and *fig.* A vitally important or decisive stage in the progress of anything; a turning-point; also, a state of affairs in which a decisive change for better or worse is imminent; now applied *esp.* to times of difficulty, insecurity, and suspense in politics or commerce.

1627 SIR B. RUDYARD in Rushw. *Hist. Coll.* 1. (1659) 301 This is the Chrysis of Parliaments; we shall know by this if Parliaments live or die. 1661 FULLER *Worthies* 1. 204 The time betwixt Wicklife and Trevisa was the Chrysis of the English tongue. 1725 M. DAVIES *Ath. Brit.* 1. 346 Great Crises in Church and State. 1769 JUNIUS *Lett.* 1. 10 To escape a crisis so full of terror and despair. 1848 MILL *Pol. Econ.* III. xii, There is said to be a commercial crisis when a great number of merchants and traders, at once, either have, or apprehend that they shall have, a difficulty in meeting their engagements. 1860 TYNDALL *Olec.* 1. xxvii. 202 The layer of snow had been in a state of strain, which our crossing brought to a crisis. 1875 JOWETT *Plato* (ed. 2) III. 174 The ordinary statesman is also apt to fail in extraordinary crises. 1886 STUBBS *Lect. Med. & Mod. Hist.* xvi. 305 Foreign transactions... most tedious because they go on without crises and without issues.

†4. Judgement, decision. *Obs.*

1631 W. SELATER *Quest. Tythes* (1623) 198 His Crisis an exact will with greatest scorn reject [etc.]. 1643 HARRIS

Annu. Ferre 2 Conscience Synterrest, and Synterrest. can warrant her to passe her Crisis or conclusive judgement. 1683 CAVE *Ecclesiastici* Pref. 3 We have not made... a Crisis and Censure of every single Tract. 1725 M. DAVIES *Ath. Brit.* 1. 11.

†5. A point by which to judge; a criterion, token, sign. *Obs.*

1606 SIR G. GOOSECROFT II. i. in Bullen O. *Pl.* III. 33 The Crises here are excellent good; the proportion of the chin good... the wart above it must exceeding good. 1641 H. P. QUEST. *Die. Right Episc. Ep. Ded.* 2 Let your gracious acceptance of the same be as strong a crisis that your Grace is not a prejudging factious enemy. 1657 S. PURCHAS *Pol. Flying-Ins.* 1. v. 12 Whereas the others beauty and lustiness is a Crisis of their youth, not their idleness.

6. *attrib.* and *Comb.*

1841 *Times* 11 May 3/1 It may disappoint the crisis-mongers to hear us say so. 1896 *Westm. Gaz.* 23 June 3/1 All the aspects of a crisis night. 1898 *Ibid.* 4 Jan. 2/2 A Tory Government was 'crisis proof'. 1898 *Ibid.* 26 Mar. 3/1 The 'crisis'-less years of the late Liberal Government. 1898 *Ibid.* 24 June 2/3 The Near and not the Far East... was the crisis-centre. 1900 *Ibid.* 11 May 2/2 A crisis-avoiding peace-compelling Government. 1903 *Ibid.* 3 Jan. 2/3 A Crisis Fund, amounting to nearly two millions. 1938 E. WAUGH in *Tablet* 23 July 112/1 The crisis-minded always maintain that the problems of their particular decade are unique and insuperable. 1938 *Punch* 10 Aug. 163/1 How many of these people are crisis-conscious? 1939 WYNDHAM LEWIS *Lett.* 5 Oct. (1963) 266 In the crisis-days prior to the war. 1940 W. EMERSON *Gathering Storm* 65 The point is to join up the crisis-feeling to what can be felt all the time in normal life. 1960 *Times* 24 Oct. (Financial Rev.) p. viii/6 Switzerland... has been a normal haven for 'crisis' money. 1963 H. KAHN *On Escalation* xiii. 245 Crisis-management problems.

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