*Coronavirus Notes: Supertexts and Subtexts*

1. The virus has an intrinsic intelligence, and I don’t mean the wily algorithmic intelligence that allows free-living snips of RNA to evolve, mutate, and spread. I mean that it is part of an interdependent transpersonal gestalt that includes our own minds and participates in planetary/cosmic knowledge (knowing) and liminal phenomenology. It is simultaneously preconscious, nonconscious, and superconscious. We and the virus are colleagues, partners in a pre-ontological dialogue as well as the more sanctioned nucleic and cellular lingo that encompasses Earth’s genomes and underwrites planetary evolution by amino-acid codes scribing species ledgers from a four-letter RNA alphabet locally rendered as adenine, guanine, cytosine, and uracil (thymine in DNA). With possible variations throughout galactic universe.

At this moment of transition, we are discussing matters in *their* language (and meta-languages), not ours. That’s, in fact, the point.

2. The collective—us— is projecting onto the virus its own state of unrest, dissociation, attenuations of reality (in countless artificialized, bubble, virtual and fake realities); in existential angst, exile, ideology polarization, cosmic provinciality, archetypal and astrological ignorance, materialism-sponsored nihilism, unequal distribution of wealth and power, economic pyramiding, and general loss of meaning, purpose, and moral arc. The virus grounds us back in reality, the *real* one, neither a grounding nor a reality we would choose. The result is panic, chaos, rage, disorientation. *The real is unfamiliar.*

The virus is a lightning rod for terror of initiation (myself included).

3. We are being reminded that our cavalier cruel treatment of other animals—their mass incarceration and murder in factory farms, slaughterhouses, recreational hunting, plus the poisoning of their ocean homes and coral reefs as a self-entitled side-effect of our lifestyle, and our homiforming of their habitats—generate blowback, ecological, karmic, and ethical.

Some cuisines involve eating animals alive for culinary or medicinal reasons, usually by slicing open their skulls as they scream (a possible locus of coronaviruses crossing species from monkeys, pangolins, and bats). We regard other life forms, their niches too, as our objects, resources, and products.

Our skillset does not extricate us summarily from nature or elevate us to its overseers and arbiters. Climate tells us we live on a planet spun by elemental threada in a solar cloud, not in our virtual reality and sociopolitical melodramas. Viruses tell us that there are life forms who feed on us too. We are part of nature, not its architects and operators. (March 9, 2020)

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1. Those who dispute that a virus can be intelligent are only thinking in terms of neo-scientific definitions of intelligence. At one level, the coronavirus *is* merely a random, broken-off piece of RNA, but RNA is syntactically as well as algorithmically intelligent, meaning that it arises from and taps into deep syntaxes beyond our consciousness. Even the genetic message, powerful as it is—think for a moment what variety and dimensions of life are derived epigenetically from codes wound within a universal blastula—is only one expression of a vaster cosmic intelligence that extends interdimensionally and epigenetically without genes.

Intelligence *per se* is part of a vast web; its multiple dependent originations are greater than any planet, solar system, galaxy, universe, or multiverse. Personal identity is as primordial as gravity, curvature, existence itself. This is as true for an earthworm or crab or oak as it is for a hominid.

I am not surprised that scientists would point out that a virus is *only* algorithmic. It *is* algorithmic, as algorithmic as the Big Bang or the moleculo-atomic intelligences that proceeded out of it.

2. The pathogen is serious. But we are experiencing something more profound than cell or organ breakdown: the projection of our own exile, hysteria, self-hexing, and guilt. Our civilization has been traveling in an increasingly hollow space, generating meanings and contexts of which it is unaware—Alfred North Whitehead’s imperceptible background. First World culture is not only unrooted from itsn92h governing ontology, it is cut off from the servitude and misery it has imposed much of the planet—by which it fuels and feeds its omneity.

We cannot instill our own rules and meanings forever. As we receive waves of the oppression, arbitrage, negligence, economic asymmetry, and collateral suffering we inflict on much of Africa, the Middle East, Latin America, Asia, and American, Polynesian, Australian indigenous worlds, we project onto the virus our dread of retaliation. Like guilty kids, we have long awaited punishment.

3. The coronavirus is bigger than other apocalypses of my War Baby generation: Hiroshima, the Cuban Crisis, Vietnam, 9/11, the Tutsi genocide, the Malaysian tsunami, the Syrian War, the rise and fissioning of Al-Qaeda and extant Islamic State. From the distant of the Kuiper belt, though, these are manifestations of a single ping.

For the millennials and Generation Z, it is a lifetime-shaping event like a depression and world war combined.

Corona looks on us, as poet Ed Dorn might have noted if he were still alive, as we looked on the Gran Apachería: expendable biomass, energy, information. It delivers what we delivered to Cherokee, Osage, Navajo, Ojibwa, Nez Perce, and other Turtle island nations: removal—obliteration of the world they knew, an eternity they had considered inviolable.

Even so, guns and swords didn’t kill as many First Nations as smallpox and measles. We stand naked before the same condition: a circulation of genomes, clouds, blood groups, antigens, antibodies; by land-bridge, water, air; clockwise, counter-clockwise

4. The virus is based in our very cellularity, so it can’t be politicized, propagandized, made fake, bribed, subverted to capitalist use, or put in the service of any oligarchy or regime. It is only and utterly itself and rogue. So, as many have pointed out, it is teaching us truths we are missing about our society: its global connection and cooperation; our reliance on each other and the supply chains of the collective (however corrupted and exploitative it has become), the vapidness of its materiality and materialism, its spiritual vulnerability; and the fate of our species as a genetic and psycholinguistic phenomenon—a hypertext as well as a genome. Ordinary politics and economics are subsets of transhistorical mythologies. (March 12, 2020)

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1. In esoteric medicine circles, it is said that there are no diseases, only healings and healing crises. This is a healing crisis at a global and multicultural scale.

2. My scientistic friends have rebutted my applying words like “intelligence,” “initiation,” and “transformational” to the virus. They deem these delusional projections onto a RNA copying machine, a random, adventitious coding error jumping species and then viralizing. They miss a point.

Yes, there are those who project false intelligence and motive onto the virus, who delusionally considder it a punishment from God and then try to protect and excuse themselves by extrinsic prayer (“asking”). That’s different from the kind of intelligence I’m talking about. Asking is not particularly intelligent—more like herd submission and supplication. It is based on adherence to tribal taboos, not cultural transcendent moral values like kindness, compassion, generosity, empathy, devotion, humility, awe, gratitude, praise.

It is tantrums against God that lead Shi’ite masses in Iran and Christian madrasas in the U.S. to crowd into mosques and churches and infect each other as if science *(scientia)* didn’t count (though it is cavalier of me to pretend to know their actual mindsets and intentions). The mutation is inviolable and can’t be prayed away. It, not prayer, is the literal message.

Here I agree with science: DNA first, magic second. But DNA *is* magic, Etheric magic. And prayer is not just an ethnic chant or tribal anthem; done right, done sincerely with discipline and neutral receptivity, it is *transmittable vibration.*

3. COVID-19 *is* an algebraic algorithm, one of many that would have come up sooner or later. That aspect of it can’t be talked to or beseeched; it doesn’t speak our tongues and is not compatibly telekinetic either. It won’t necessarily respond to vaccine talk. Colds never have.

It is not a *direct* message or mere symbol of itself. It *is itself.*

 I’m all for science’s valorization of an RNA strand and its sponsoring algorithm. I know that one-on-one prayer can’t control or redirect reality, that meanings don’t float from our minds onto secular events and convert them.

Yet thoughtforms drive our reality; prayers we are generating each moment create our world. Subliminally and oneirically, we are co-creating and dreaming reality.

We are just not neurologically or cognitively capable of seeing, or meant to see, the big picture. That’s why astrology and alchemy remain pertinent sciences; they address meaning and its core transmutations.

On deeper dimensional, zodiacal, quantum levels—whatever ephemeral name you give them on this planet—the copying error/mutation converges with sacred and instrumental transmissions. Go to a high enough tier and there is no difference between what is random and what is causal, what is manifested and what lies latent.

 Alleles jumping species and phyla is what led to the differentiation of the original blastula and evolution of terrestrial life, the birth of mind and self-reflection. We couldn’t evolve without insects, spiders, sea mammals, boars, algae, club mosses, and octopi in our lineages—*we* are bastard and viral in our origin and database. The virus knows that. Of course, it does. It might be the *only* thing it knows (March 18, 2020)

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It deepens everything. It’s horrible, but it deepens everything. And what won’t deepen, it shows that it won’t deepen, and that’s a depth too, perhaps an even greater depth because the façade is suddenly gone.

I posted this on Facebook last night. The backstory is interesting. I had been posting about coronavirus for the last few days by going at it, writing imaginal observations, responding to others’ posts. The above insight came to me ready-made in one piece at an unlikely time, which showed not only the core indirection in each of us and the world reality but how you get at deeper truths sideways, by *not* trying to get at them directly. Intuition comes at an oblique angle out of the sheer mystery of existence.

 This flash arose spontaneously while I was watching the last scene in the movie *Judy.* Renée Zellweger put an inspired touch on Judy Garland, but the movie was too depressing and “fifties kitschy,” too familiar, literally. My mother identified with Judy Garland, so the resemblance of the Zellweger character to her—her madness and suffering—was painful to watch. The script’s language, a sort of Hollywood/mafia/cosmopolitan quasi-sarcastic banter, was as repellant now as it was then, even more so from the horror of having once thought it normal and moved on.

Three scenes, however, were special to me. The opening sequence is a nuanced Oz-like tribute to *Citizen Kane—*a parable enacted on a fairy-tale set gone wrong. The second is the extended scene in which “Judy” accepts the invitation of two gay guys,her fans in London, to come have dinner with them—especially the interaction over making dinner (she ends up scrambling the eggs) and then hanging out among Garland memorabilia in mutual admiration in the apartment. The sequence captures the ricochet between adulation and love, both ways.

In the film’s finale, Judy has come onstage unexpectedly and without permission before a shocked audience. She was removed from what turned out to be her final tour in England. Her drunken performances, public tantrums, and inability to fulfill the minimum requirement of standing on stage and singing Judy Garland songs led to her replacement in her own venue by skiffle artist Lonnie Donegan (of “Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight” fame). Prior to her rogue appearance, she had been booed and pelted with food.

 Let’s go back a scene. Roslyn, Garland’s chaperone/assistant throughout the gig, played with charisma by a Jessie Buckley who could not *not* be charismatic, has kindly taken her to a restaurant with the show’s bandleader for a send-off “celebration,” a paltry slice of cake. After Judy finishes eating and overpraising the dessert and talking herself back to a semblance of sanity, she pleads to be allowed to see the show. Roslyn does everything in her wits to discourage her. After all, Judy had previously expressed nothing but rage at Donegan for usurping her, a narcissistic possessiveness that kept her trying to regain her status as the star. It would be sabotage for Roslyn to let her loose in that club, but she relents and brings her backstage.

 Meanwhile at the ticket office, the two gay fans are outraged by the Donegan substitution and want their money refunded. One of them says something like, “These tickets are expensive, and we saved to buy them.”

 As this is happening, Judy is trying to convince Donegan, as he is about to answer the stage call, guitar in hand, to let her sing one last song. His eyes finally soften, his mien droops, and he gestures for her to go out in his place (even as he was about to go out in her place in some sort of Italo Calvino loop). As you might guess, she hits a home run, delivers a *tour de force,* I think “Come Rain or Come Shine.” The gay guys hear it, say ‘forget the refund,’ grab their tickets, and run in. Zellweger is pulling out every Garland stop in her repertoire —pacing, savoring the lyrics, whirling, dancing, flirting with the band, wild, exuberant, under control. You think that’s going to be it, but the audience wants more, an encore, and you know what’s coming next because we haven’t heard it yet, we know even before the first bars.

 As “Judy” sings “Somewhere Over the Rainbow” almost *a cappella,* I find myself—and I *never* do this during movies—singing along, not even singing, just saying the words like a poem, half a beat ahead of her, so that she and I are in a kind of doo-wop, and I know I am doing this because of the virus and its awakening. I am also remembering my stepfather telling me how these seemingly Irish and Oz ballads are written by “rabbis” a generation or two removed from the shtetl. They are chanting for the lost temple, which is not Jerusalem, Kansas, or anywhere on Earth. It’s a Buddhist/Zohar plaint for the entire diaspora, world-age, kalpa. Plus, I have the memory of my mother, dead by suicide forty-five years ago, ignited by Zellweger’s Judy.

 She can’t finish the song. She stops on a dime between *“bluebirds”* and *“fly”* because there’s too much emotion to bear, too much regret and happiness, too beautiful and deep a universe to fail (for her to fail, for it to fail her). She says, “I’m sorry. I can’t.”

 Then one of the gay guys stands in the audience and starts over from the beginning, *“Somewhere . . . over the rainbow . . . .”* One by one, the whole audience stands and joins in until the entire room, echoing every audience her whole life, is singing her signature song back to her, me too, as she bows and says, “Thank you.”

 And then I wrote: “It deepens everything. It’s horrible, but it deepens everything. And what won’t deepen, it shows that it won’t deepen, and that’s a depth too, perhaps an even greater depth because the façade is suddenly gone.” (March 21, 2020)

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1. In a way it’s a gentle virus, a messenger-angel *(angelos),* albeit with a deadly toll. But it could be more like ebola, death machine. The next one *may be.* A Native American told me, “She’s just a baby. If we don’t heed her warning, you won’t want to see who’s coming after her.” Another Native American said, “If she wanted to kill us, she would. She doesn’t. She wants to teach us. We’re not in right relationship, one of reciprocity with the planet and with All of Creation. We just take, take, take. We have forgotten that the Earth is a living being, our bodies are part of her body.”

Right, the Earth is not a dumb stone with some water and DNA fuzz. Gaia principle aside (and it isn’t), this is a multidimensional object displaying in *at least* three plus one of time. At its scale, so is the virus.

The ultimate big one is climate. That’s corona at a planetary ratio. Forget sheltering at home. Earth is home. We can’t live in fires or Jovian winds. There is no other home.

2. If the real Bear Shaman is climate, then its cub teaches by showing what it’s like to shut the civilization down, let the planet breathe and cleanse a bit: an in-breath, a count of four, a time-out, a respite from a mirage, then a slow, thoughtful eight-count outbreath. The sky clears, the mountains and stars are visible. People plant gardens and call friends. The Earth takes off its veil and shows to the Moon.

Ursula Ramjit, a musical composer and customer of my friend Bob Simmons who runs Heaven & Earth, a crystal-alchemy emporium, wrote in response to his delay-of-service communique:

“I do feel that this is a particularly amazing time to be alive in. Everyone is being asked to stop, to pause, to reflect, and redirect their lives to that which is more harmonious to the being and the planet. Those of us who are aware are truly required to hold a peaceful, loving vibration, not only for themselves, but for the whole of humanity. The more we can achieve this, the happier the outcome for all.”

3. The planet is changing its vibrational frequency. We are being altered etherically, cellularly, in DNA. Whether a pangolin or bat or some other zooid shared strands with us or with each other and then us, the transmutation is totemic, the same exogamous topology that turned parrots and jaguars into stars and plants and ancestors of humans in the South American rain forest—that bridged the uncharted span between nature and culture, between all other creatures and us.

It is a zoonotic spillover from habitat disruption and depletion, but it was in the African Pliocene too.

4. Paul Simon nailed it in 1986: *“These are the days of miracles and wonders / . . . And don’t cry baby don’t cry.”* These *are* the days of miracle and wonders. And don’t cry. (March 25, 2020)

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Through March 25, I wrote the previous entries and posted them on Facebook. From March 25 through April 10, I put my COVID thoughts in emails to ‘real world’ friends. These are gathered, edited, enhanced and rewritten to make up the next entry. After that, I returned to posting on Facebook.

1. In some ways COVID does not seem a normal virus like SARS or flu or ebola; it is an inexplicable visitation, an alien germ, an invasion by body-snatchers. Whole clusters humans are infected, suddenly fall ill in discontinuous waves, deteriorate with astonishing swiftness, drag themselves to the hospital from different sites in unison, looking like the victims of vampires or voodoo, their hair standing up, dazed expressions on their faces.

COVID-19 is the definition of a metaphysical and miasmatic sickness. There is no clear explanation for who gets it and who doesn’t, who carries it asymptomatically and who eludes it altogether, who is a super-carrier and who is a “lite” carrier. The active vector is baffling, leading investiators in gyres of inconsistent susceptibilities and outcomes.

Those it is going to kill it kills with astonishing celerity from first symptom to fever, coma, and intubation. Yet most people who are exposed receive a subliminal brushing. They don’t even get sick. *What does any of this mean?* Is it just a matter of underlying obesity, diabetes, heart disease, kidney disease, and the rest—or is there another nano lock and key?

We may be confronting a new phenomenon, camouflaged in virus-like symptoms. It could be an extraterrestrial advance or communique, an HIV-style alias, a crop-circle-like manifestation, the insistent appearance of an Other that has no name or category yet.

 We see mainly the disease and its viral carrier, we do not see its control and handler. We do not see the cryptid: the surrogate yeti, Chupacabra, or Mothman—the Jungian shape-shifting psychoid.

2. Some doctors in NYC hospitals report something very wrong with their medical diagnoses and treatments. Their patients do not look like the victims of a flu or pneumonia, they look like the casualties of a haunting or possessionThey straight out of *Poltergeist, Halloween 2020,* *Danse Macabre.* *This is a haunting.*

 Ventilators may actually be killing victims by overinflating and taxing their lungs. “They don’t look like they have pneumonias,” one doctor warned on Youtube. “They look like victims of altitude sickness as though they were suddenly dropped on Mount Everest without having climbed to the peak and gradually adjusting to the oxygen change or like passengers on a plane that was hijacked and intentionally flown too high.”

The oxygen masks have descended, but they are already in comas and cannot put them on.

 This reminds me of Stephen King’s horror film *The Langoliers* in which a jet passes through an occult disturbance that only looks like a storm. Many of the passengers die, and the rest land around Bangor, Maine, on a different Earth, a version dislodged from the progression of time, stuck in a landscape that has already happened and been abandoned. It is being eaten by invisible virus-like forms: the langoliers.

3. Sheltering in place has become a global meditation retreat—a collective silence and introspection, a clearing of the roads and sidewalks, a religious festival that has shut most shops and mercantile systems.

Everyone is required to attend, though not everyone yields. There are scofflaws, bands of outliers, so-called Freedom Fighters and ideologues. They want a second Tea Party and Revolution. They don’t actually want it, hence the maudlin, hyperbolic acting out, as if to say, “The more I protest and demonstrate, the more I mean to keep my world from changing.”

4. A friend writes of sitting on her front porch in the sun, clipping her toenails and watching a fly wash itself for ten minutes. That’s a silence everyone is observing in their way.

5. Shifts of clouds and temperature seem more immediate, less like scenery, not only because of “shelter in place” and the break in the stream of usual activities or their possibility but because of the increasingly timeless nature of time, the movement of background into foreground.

Activity was always a mask for some other thing. Humans secularized the mystery of time, compartmentalized it into sectors of reassuring activity and the bubbles of business and bureaucracy, off from the zodiac and sky clock.

The present silence is different from going into the country or traveling on holiday. The sound of civilization has been curtailed, even though the loss is temporary, or supposed to be.

The thoroughfares of downtown Berkeley seem apocalyptic. Tents have sprung up not just in plazas, tunnels, malls, parks, and doorways but all over, replacing sidewalk space with their serial encampments. Because there are only a few pedestrians and most stores never open, there is space for the homeless as well as murders of crows (flocks of these solid magician birds are called “murders”). I read that herds of rats are running down the sidewalks of New Orleans with the abandon of buffalo or lizards on desert rocks.

Virtually every pedestrian wears a mask and keeps their distance, sometimes going into the street to avoid proximity. This *Mad Max* landscape had a hint of danger though not the danger is necessarily imminent.

A walk through town center is a surreal journey, almost Mediaeval in its succession of panels, Edward Hopper landscapes of the Year of the Plague.

6. As everything shifts into viral context, the world is deeper and more intrinsically complex according to forgotten consciousnesses and phenomenologies, filling holes so one begins to look in them. Space itself starts to unlayer and is perceived in terms of separate tesserae that make it up. Each one, if explored, cracks to reveal hidden strings, some of them broken off inside it. It is not just a deepening of observation, it is a deepening of memory and the relationship between waking and dream. It is a realignment of space, time, and their continua.

 The person who thinks it will be impossible to do two weeks and dreads a whole month now welcomes more months or even a year.

7. This is the new normal. It will never be the same again. Touching won’t be the same, meeting won’t be the same, love won’t be the same, proximity won’t be the same, parties won’t be the same, society won’t be the same. Once taught about the ubiquity of invisible predators, folks will be on the lookout, innately wary. Children will be born and raised into this new environment.

 Basketball, baseball, football, European football, ice hockey, ultimate frisbee, and other sports will never be played in the same way with spectators in the same stands. The balls and pucks and disks will never carry the same neutral energy. People will have to find another way to gather, date, dine, pray, work in factories and warehouses. That will be amazing.

A pandemic is pandemic at every level—biological, cultural, psychic, symbolic. It is a shift in the vibration of the world. It is what we dreaded and what we have been waiting for.

Don’t say why did it have to be this, why did we have to be awakened in this way? You know and I know, we wouldn’t have listened to anything else. We wouldn’t have stopped our markets and bling and *mishigas* without a warning shot that got our attention.

Dead refugee children washing ashore in Greece and Texas didn’t do it. Hiroshima didn’t do it. The *Interahamwe* and Islamic State and Syrian War didn’t do it. The Cuban Crisis and Vietnam and Iraq Wars didn’t do it. 9/11 and Al Qaeda didn’t do it, but they set the table, drew the Tower. COVID-19 drew the Sun and Moon and Star and Fool and Hanged Man, but also Trump 21, The World meaning The Cosmos. (April 10, 2020)

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1. We may be kidding ourselves about this pandemic. We may know less than the little we thought we knew. We may be approaching it in entirely the wrong way because we *think* we know. Using defective parameters and prodromes, we may be shoehorning COVID into obsolete terms and definitions. It may not be just another coronavirus, a cousin of SARS and MERS. That may be the vehicle on which another hombre rode into town.

Doctors are hemmed in by their rigid views of human existence and the universe and their fanatical devotion to protocols of the AMA and Big Pharma. They are looking for treatments, preventions, and cures sanctioned by medical authority. CNN anchor Chris Cuomo, brother of the governor of New York, and his wife Cristina, treated themselves (and got treated) with apparent success by herbs, diet, homeopathy, radionics, acupuncture, supplements, vitamin and mineral IVs, energy healing, and even Clorox baths—not exactly the treatments his brother would have chosen.

Needless to say, medical authorities and bureaucrats immediately pushed back. The response of one is as generic as a recorded voice in a museum display: “None of them have been proven, and some are dangerous,”

The Cuomos are hardly the only outliers. Almost everyone in my various communities is using a similar combination of medicines and practices; these seem to work in preventing COVID-19 or minimizing its symptoms and speeding recovery.

What does that mean? Why is information being suppressed in obedience to a one-size-fits-all regimen and vaccine treasure-hunt. There may not even be a viable vaccine across the COVID-19 spectrum, especially as cell biologists and serologists find baffling micro- and meta-data coming off the virus’ molecular and metabolic footprints. Viruses also famously mutate. They run algorithms and artificial intelligence more effectively than Amazon.com or a Russian election hacker. They are better technocrats than most technocrats.

2. The First Nations sandpainting, best known from Navajo applications, is an example of a collective or community cure. Everyone participates in gathering artifacts for ceremony and its accompanying medicine bundle. Myths are sung in their entirety, stories are told, symptoms and prodromes are chanted, the ancestral field is petitioned. The etiology of the disease is reenacted through the narrative of the ceremony.

The support and camaraderie of the community is weaponized or potentized.

Our own artifacts, songs, and medicine bundles are mostly cybernetic and media-dispatched.

 COVID-19 is our collective healing crisis, ceremony, and sandpainting—our opportunity to change tributes and keys. If you wonder why we needed it, you haven’t been paying attention.

3. COVID by now represents layers of ideological manipulation and duplicity atop a biological, serological, and teratological enigma. Together these make a super-riddle as well as a combustible mix. Truth changes from hour to hour in ways that are difficult to track or attribute. Real forensics are combined with forensic mythologies. The intentional distortions are not conventionally Left or Right, Democrat or Republican. Neither side is primarily truth-seeking or will allow such a sumptuous opportunity to be squandered, a way to embarrass the other and seize the twenty-four-seven news cycle for their propaganda and fake news.

Better—and this is the case on both sides to scapegoat and demonize, better that people die than a juicy chance go unexploited, their base’s ideology unappeased.

The Right would have the virus cull the underclass of low-end consumers and Left-leaning voters. They would rather break sheltering and let Darwinian selection rip, assuming their hearty militias are the likely winners of any such sort (but that’s demographically not so). The Left would rather have folks die from the virus than be cured by unauthorized (meaning non-allopathic) methods. Each tries to shame the other and seize the high moral ground.

At their radical poles, the parties are collaborating on misdefinition, identity politics, and ideological medicine, such that the already elusive viral truth is further camouflaged.

George Packer of *The Atlantic* described a banana republic:

“The crisis demanded a response that was swift, rational, and collective. The United States reacted instead like Pakistan or Belarus—like a country with shoddy infrastructure and a dysfunctional government whose leaders were too corrupt or stupid to head off mass suffering. The administration squandered two irretrievable months to prepare. From the president came willful blindness, scapegoating, boasts, and lies; from his mouthpieces, conspiracy theories and miracle cures. A few senators and corporate executives acted quickly—not to prevent the coming disaster, but to profit from it. When a government doctor tried to warn the public of the danger, the White House took the mic and politicized the message.

“Every morning in the endless month of March, Americans woke up to find themselves citizens of a failed state. With no national plan—no coherent instructions at all—families, schools, and offices were left to decide on their own whether to shut down and take shelter.”

Yes, sheltering in place is over the top and being weaponized for political payback. Yes, it is killing the economy. No, sheltering in place is not over the top; look at hospital corridors throughout Italy and the Bronx. Lives are more important than cashflow and equity.

A medical paradox reflects a social paradox and polarization. In the situation, it is our inability to act sanely or collectively along parameters that could encompass and satisfy seemingly contradictory interpretations and strategies. We could apportion both if we were willing to put in the work and care, but everyone wants a quick fix (or at least a quick diagnosis), to throw a blanket solution over COVID and then raise their hands in triumph and do an end-zone touchdown dance.

Is COVID-19 a prelude to fascism and world war or a beginning of new connectivity, community, and communion? That’s up to us, which archetype we choose to reflect back.

3. Donald J. Trump is doing what he has always done: think aloud to fill the massive space he has seized out of narcissistic greed and fear, well beyond the workings or data of his mind; pick up hearsay, rumors, and conspiracy theories; and take both sides of every issue. His belly, as he puts it, has an unerring radar for barbs that wreak the most damage on his enemies as well as ones with divisive scintillas of truth. Look at how he battered Iran by his ridiculously counterintuitive strikes—not a good thing unless you are in his coven. You would have thought he bribed Lady Luck, but he was really playing, “Give the madman a wide berth.”

Look too at how Steve Bannon appropriated René Guenon and his“reign of quantity,” recalling Nazi appropriation of Hegel. Ideologues cherry-pick abstract philosophies without living them; then they package them to enlist influential intellectuals while they herd the lackluster sheep.

4. Chloroquine and hydroxychloroquine are hardly the most effective drugs available, but they are not entirely ineffective; they make a difference for some people. The attack on them along with the vilification of their supporters by doctors, disease-control officials, and the Democratic Party establishment is primarily political and ideological, which is unconscionable.

Alternative treatments are no-brainers. It is hard to miss their use throughout Europe and Asia, notably in countries that also accept homeopathy and “alchemical” suspensions like colloidal silver and atomic iodine as real medicines rather than quackery or scams. After all, accidentally potentized silver, as well as copper and brass, e.g., in doorknobs and drinking vessels, for centuries protected and healed people from flus and plagues, well before Hahnemann discovered the principles of homeopathic similar and microdoses.

Even ecclesiastical Anthony Fauci would not dismiss hydroxychloroquine entirely, saying only that it is “untested”. But at this point, everything is untested. COVID gives no leisure to test natural medicines (like traditional herbs, elixirs, and homeopathic microdoses) that are harmless, placebos at worst. This is medical gerrymandering at its worst.

So-called double-blind trials have become an instrument of enforcing power and corporate and academic prerogative rather than a stage in curing sick people. There are good reasons for discouraging COVID-19 use of hydroxychloroquine—re-routing and driving up the price of its supply for victims of malaria and lupus, encouraging uneducated folks to binge-drink and poison themselves, giving false hope that *it* is “the cure,” causing toxic and allergic side effects in some folks—but those should be evaluated on their own terms.

5. It is just as selfish to deny the efficacy of vital or energetic medicines for political reasons as it is to manipulate information, supplies, medicines, and access to ventilators, masks, and tests for *other* political reasons. Double-blind is double-bind, placing propaganda over policy and compassion.

It is just as craven and unconscionable to valorize pharmaceutical products over all competing naturopathic, homeopathic, isopathic, and holistic medicines as it is to provoke NRA-style insurrections in the streets.

The Democrats hand Trump a stupidly easy platform for no reason other than obeisance to their corporate sponsors and ideological whips. As Rabbi Michael Lerner pointed out, the Republicans’ individualism and libertarianism leaves them spiritually and paraphysically open, getting them the religious vote when they are the *least* religious party in history. Too many of them are fascists, White supremacists, bullies, chicken hawks, eco-criminals, one-sided conspiracy theorists, and racists, but they *own* the left hand of God.

6. A shockingly high percentage of people may be dying iatrogenically (from the treatments rather than the disease).

Nonetheless, it seems that yet another backhanded, stealth campaign is underway to use the virus to stomp out homeopathy and naturopathy (in specific) and alternative medicine (in general). The vast economic and political power of pharmaceutical multinationals and the hierarchies of AMA-affiliated cabals as well as the separate power of fundamentalist academic materialism (the State religion of the West), have been levied against holistic and preventative medicines, not because they are useless, quackery, or dangerous but because they *work* and challenge political, ontological, and economic power structures and their investments.

The fear generated by COVID-19 is an easy decoy for a Left Wing medical power grab, one that is as intellectually specious, brazenly self-serving, and Trumpian as Trump himself. Herbalist Matthew Wood shared an email from a colleague:

“Heads up! The big agencies do not want us talking about preventive health regarding this virus or herbal remedies to address symptoms. I received a serious warning letter yesterday demanding that I remove any such articles from my website. I was very careful not to connect my herbal educational writing with any specific product, of mine or anyone else’s. Still, they say there is no proof of any prevention for this thing! I’ve removed the articles, “Materia Medica for Pandemics, Part One and Part Two.” I guess too many people from around the world have read them. That’s bad . . . we’re not allowed to offer any guidance to each other, unless we’re talking about an actual proven drug or vaccine!”

7. COVID is a perfect mirroring of our crisis and stalemate. It’s not as though we were living in utopia before it came along. It’s not as though the Aquarian Age was following various renaissances and “New Ages.” In 1970 the poet Robert Kelly said to me, “We are living in the darkest West, in the dark that does not precede the dawn but the birth of a radically different order of things.” Earlier this year I wrote, “Jeffrey Epstein was the shadow of Woodstock, which was possible only because Woodstock didn’t realize it had a shadow.”

8. The regime of sheltering in place with its loss of most familiar gainful and social activities, and the uncertainty about them in the future, has left people in a position of yearning to return to the prior norm. That’s not going to happen. We have been moved elsewhere and, though normality may rebound on outer fronts, it will not return at core. The core has shifted permanently and irrevocably. Its ongoing refractions and adjustments—like psychic homeopathy and chiropractic—will be evident and fundamental as they manifest over coming months and years. The implicate order and paradigm have changed. That’s a good thing.

Self-defined warbler and rambler Paul DeFatta posted, “What if the ‘wall’ that partitions or divides the ‘physical-bodily’ plane of experience from the ‘mental-psychic-imaginal’ plane is not actually there, but collectively *assumed* to be there . . . ? What if humanity, as a species, is a kind of training ground where lessons are learned (often painful and sometimes deadly) that prepare us, one person at a time, for the eventual removal of this supposed or assumed wall of separation between what we now call ‘mind’ and ‘matter,’ ‘dream’ and ‘manifestation,’ desire/fear and fulfillment?”

 Newfoundland sea captain turned Continuum therapist Barbara Karlsen writes, “Maybe it is not just another coronavirus at all. Maybe this novel virus is the genetic bits of a cosmos striving to bring forth a supreme birth.”

If this is Gaia principle at work (or its cosmic equivalent), it has stopped business as usual in favor of transmutation and renewal. If it is shamanic and psychosomatic, it has cast a ceremony of innocence, rendering old phobias and neuroses irrelevant because they are insufficient protections anyway. If it is ontological and existential, it has posed a litany of Rinzai riddles and kōans.

The majority of folks are ignoring COVID”S esoteric lessons because they are inherently disturbing and daunting. But that is the virus’ *actual* intelligence. To the degree that we accept the challenges and tune to COVID’s frequency, to that degree do we enter the order that is being born under its convoy and sign.

It is always all of the above. (April 11, 2020)

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Laura Aversano and I have not only been keeping parallel journals but talking near daily on the phone. She is a source of healing and active prayer. She reads energy, holds space and meanings, shifts probabilities, brings change from the inside-out.

 I described a very bold crow that had landed next to me while we were talking. She asked for an iPhone picture. I was too slow. She said, “He’ll be back.”

 A day later, “Yes.”

 “Have you named him?”

 Why, I wondered, would I do that?

 Awaking in the middle of the night, it occurred to me, the affiliation of COVID-19 and crows: agency of nature, holding space, filling gaps, why I kept mistyping the name serologists applied to their newbie at first.

 “The crow’s name is obvious. CORVID.”

Laura’s email response:

CORVID

Wow . . . yes of course. perfect name for perfect medicine.

he is helping others to cross over but also issuing a warning

there will be more to come, the earth is destined to purify one way or the other, man is unfortunately making it worse

Crow is acting like a psychopomp. I can relate—

Corvid the psychopomp

as is the wind this morning.

(Someone else wanted to name it Crovid.)

(April 13, 2020)

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1. At nonlethal levels, the disease is apparently accompanied by strange dreams, not exactly lucid but with qualities of guided trance, out-of-body travel, and a mix of precognition and ancestral visitation.

 Victims experience shifts of consciousness, meaning, value, orientation. News host Chris Cuomo is the most public figure to get sick and then reassess his position in the world and life.

Finding one’s job soul-crushing and devoid of meaning should be part of the “mentals” in any homeopathic repertorizing of COVID-19. “I don’t like what I do professionally,” Cuomo said, “I don’t think it’s worth my time. I don’t want to spend my time doing things that I don’t think are valuable enough to me personally. I don’t value indulging irrationality, hyper-partisanship.”

 That he denied saying this soon afterwards raises the question of how much was Cuomo talking and how much was the “virus” or viral consciousness speaking through him, through humanity to other humanity. I think he knew he said these things but that another part of himself was ventriloquizing them.

 In an evolutionary sense, this suggests the dreaming children of Arthur Clarke’s *Childhood’s End,* who dreamed our world into a different probability and future. That won’t be easy, but it would be harder without viral disruptions and lucid dreams.

2. There is now realistic consideration that the virus did not arise from bats and pangolins in Wuhan’s live-animal market. After all, an advanced biolab on the outskirts of the city is devoted to the study of coronaviruses and, in particular, their spread in bat faeces. A February 2015 news article stated overtly, “The lab [the Wuhan Institute of Virology], based in Wuhan, capital of central Hubei Province, will be used to study class four pathogens (P4), which refer to the most virulent viruses that pose a high risk of aerosol-transmitted person-to-person infections. Launched after the outbreak of Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome (SARS) in 2003, the lab was jointly built by the Chinese Academy of Sciences (CAS) and the Wuhan municipal government. Most of its technology and equipment was imported from France, which cooperated closely with China in its design. The Wuhan P4 lab enables China to join just a handful of developed countries operating such facilities to help handle the most virulent pathogens.”

 The U.S. was directly involved in funding the lab too—the same blithe technocratic gentrification as 5G, an oft-cited accomplice of COVID-19. An online poster contextualizes a greater dilemma:

“5G is a far greater threat to humanity than Covid-19 & is integral to the roll-out of the 4th Industrial Revolution that's occurring now. China & the US are in a voracious race to implement & control it. 5G is high density information transfer. . . . The radiant electricity from 5G will affect people’s ability to understand the information they receive so rapidly, causing a diminution of intelligence. . . . Microwaves are perfect stealth weapons. . . . It causes neurological damage and cancers. Its purpose is to keep the masses sedated and controlled.”

Back to Wuhan and the lab: another article describes a rich guano collection site, a cave in Yunnan Province, Sothern China that harbors a deep residue of coronaviruses genetically almost identical to COVID-19 and those that caused the SARS and MERS outbreaks. “The cave, whose exact location is being kept secret, is inhabited by wild bats that have been found to carry a rich gene pool of SARS-related coronaviruses.”

It’s not overly “conspiracy theorist” to think that the viral source lies somewhere in this complicated nexus of events, contacts, and data-collection: one researcher brings back the COVID mother and another leaves the lab with her children unknowingly hitching under his fingernails or clinging to a crease in his pants.

To other scientists, the virus simply looks designed. French microbiologist Luc Montagnier, discoverer of the human immunodeficiency virus, states with conviction, “There’s a part which is obviously the classic virus, and there’s another mainly coming from the bat, but that part has added sequences, particularly from HIV – the AIDS virus.”

*Newsweek* magazine reported on micro nuts and bolts: “The

proposal states: ‘We will use S protein sequence data, infectious clone technology, in vitro and in vivo infection experiments and analysis of receptor binding to test the hypothesis that % divergence thresholds in S protein sequences predict spillover potential.’

“In layman's terms, ‘spillover potential’ refers to the ability of a virus to jump from animals to humans, which requires that the virus be able to receptors in the cells of humans. SARS-CoV-2, for instance, is adept at binding to the ACE2 receptor in human lungs and other organs.

“According to Richard Ebright, an infectious disease expert at Rutgers University, the project description refers to experiments that would enhance the ability of bat coronavirus to infect human cells and laboratory animals using techniques of genetic engineering.”

If the pandemic isn’t an inevitable consequence of Murphy’s and Darwin’s laws meeting under technocratic hubris, then it is an equally inevitable outcome of their convergence in an underworld of overpopulation, engineered polities, and cross-genome atavism (and cannibalism), and conflation of neo-wealth’s indifference with its corporate privilege and *nouveau riche* greed.

To even worry about whether variation “COVID-19” came from the Wuhan coronavirus lab as opposed to the Wuhan wet market or elsewhere—to assume that a verdict of origin means anything more than one raindrop or grain of sand this way or that—is to over-emphasize human technology (in this case, biotech) and our narcissus-like insertion of our nano-claws into nature’s jungle. It’s a jungle whether it’s a rainforest, ocean, single strand of algae or seaweed, water droplet of protozoa and rotifers, or cell. Once nature and culture are entangled, it’s all nature (moleculo-algorithm) or all culture (language, symbol, sign, manipulation, contamination). The rusting machine (or cyber-hardware) in the garden is the dandelion or virus growing out of terra-formed trash.

As Matthew Wood declared on Facebook:

“I don't care whether COVID-19 is natural or manmade, whether it was released intentionally (or unintentionally); whether the dark shadow government or a mad-scientist (or whoever) created this or who wants to take advantage of it (I know somebody will take advantage of it; that is human nature); whether tests work or don't work (actually, the FDA says the CDC tests were a debacle), etc. I just accept this event as a part of the spiritual evolution of the planet, humanity, and myself. I don't have any other view I take seriously and I am not interested in postings on these sorts of subjects. I once was, but I simply don't care anymore. I consider all the speculation, fear, and projection as just a part of the spiritual cleansing of the planet. The truth cannot really be known for a long time, anyway.

“When people have been personally touched by this virus they will find that it is not an intellectual toy to play with. I did not suffer a bad case myself, but I passed COVID on to a dear friend who is still struggling for her life.

“I will say this: in my experience, and that of others I know, herbs helped. In the case of my friend who is terribly sick, prayer alone has helped.”

COVID-19 is not an intellectual abstraction or debate topic. Disease never is; it is a powerful ally, teacher, guide, equalizer—the primal source of our capacity for transformation and negative creativity.

There are the mystery, the politics, the detective story, and the myths, and then there are life and experience and death. Both are legitimate and they seesaw with each other. It is fine to believe that COVID-19 carries a message of redemption and evolution for our planet, yet it is also necessary to recognize the pain and suffering it brings in a disproportionate spread through poor and non-white communities.

It is a moment of awakening, and it is a moment of mourning, grief, compassion, and charity. Do not let your own exemption from serious infection and the concomitant luxury of revelation blind you to the fact that, as always, the displaced, homeless, and exiled pay your way.

As for the Republicans’ favorite China “gotcha!” the issue is not whether this one came out of the Wuhan lab or not; it is that, with such labs in existence and multiplying (as they justify their existences by one another), the next one, or the one after that, will.

3. COVID’s respiratory symptoms are the ones most highlighted, but others include loss of smell and taste, mental confusion, exhaustion, skin sores and bumps, and purple lesions on the toes, sides of the feet, and sides of the fingers and hands. The virus is systemic, an almost textbook case of a miasmatic plague: a bubonic or black death. It is not a pure respiratory ailment but a serial shape-shifter, behaving like no prior coronavirus. It does deadly damage to just about every organ: the heart, the brain, the kidneys, the intestines, etc. Many people have no respiratory discomfort, no shortness of breath, no fever. They die of heart attacks, strokes, or kidney failure. It is basically multiple holistic (or entropo-antiholistic) organ failure

That speaks to a new mode of pathology, a manifestation of long-dormant and drug-suppressed civilizational inflammations and syndromes.

4. The most interesting conspiracy theory I have heard is a cosmic one, that the virus was strewn from debris of a comet’s tail or a disintegrating comet sowed over a band of the Earth’s northern hemisphere. Comets contain the raw material of organic chemistry—water, cyanide, oxygen, amino acids—and they have been long been deemed likely nests and sanctuaries for viral life.

 If the virus came from a comet, even in a sci-fi fable, that would allow its expression to be more solar-system and Martian or transplutonian than coronaviral. It would explain why its behavior and the symptoms of those afflicted are so weird and inexplicable, its expression in people so unprecedented in terms of bizarre symptom patterns and susceptibilities, demographic, trajectories, states of vampiric and voodoo-like possession, and consciousness shifts. It is a true alien, a new entry from an unspoken amino table—a visitor to Earth’s noosphere.

4. Today the masked and gloved mailman came upon me making a cell call on the porch, threw the mail, and ran away. I retrieved my outgoing Netflix DVD from the box. He instructed me to toss it like a Frisbee. I did. It landed fairly far away, but he went and got it.

When the assassin is invisible, he is everywhere and nowhere, so people are on edge, uncertain which vulnerability to protect and what flank to leave exposed because you can’t protect everything all the time.

I am reminded of Aesop’s fable of the deer who kept her blind eye toward the sea where danger never arose. If you don’t know the story, you probably guessed the outcome, she was shot from a boat. Aesop’s “moral” invoked “from where you least expect it.”

Take heed. You can dress for the apocalypse, as some folks are doing, dragging around an entire paratrooper’s wardrobe and hazmat gear, but you can’t immunize yourself from creatures barely larger than the air molecules on which they gambol and surf. You can’t hide biomass from ghosts. (April 20, 2020)

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1. Political subversions take many forms. Articles are now appearing about the danger of future, far more deadly viruses jumping animal-human barriers. Goat Plague, a paramyxovirus, has a 90% kill rate; one infected goat passes it on to eight or twelve more. It would take a change in just *two* amino acids to make this lethal rigmarole jump to humans, at least that’s what experts claim.

Nipah (another paramyxovirus ) has a 75% kill rate and has already jumped from fruit bats to pigs and to small numbers of humans in Malaysia and Bangladesh. It flourishes in dumps of rotting date-palm fruits and mangos.

These would seem to be authentic warnings, worthy of heeding; yet it turns out that some of the articles, including one in *The* *New York Times,* were planted by labs hoping to expand future public support for funding. Though one shouldn’t dismiss such concerns (Murphy’s law in a Darwinian landscape is a volatile brew), it is easy enough to exaggerate them in order to score large grants.

At the same time, it is a fair warning about the consequences of habitat degradation, pushing species together, out of their niches, and in more contact with humans. Murphy’s law has an ecological application.

Though this debate is taking place in professional scientific circles, it is no different in ethics and spirit from more blatantly craven phone and online scams to steal people’s identities and money.

2. Now we hear that hydroxychloroquine and its derivatives have proven not only useless in clinical trials but possibly counterproductive—no placebo effect even, more deaths from those receiving it than those not.

But is this the scoop or some sort of reverse placebo effect and hoax imposed by the parameters of the test? For instance, several hydroxychloroquine-favoring doctors claim that it is useless and in many cases dangerous unless administered with zinc and at least one other reagent.

Apples do not always match apples in clinical trials set up to educe anecdotal evidence.

An uncertainty principle is at work in all atomic and biological systems, and we are both. So are the medicines, the politics, and numbers.

2. Salon founder David Talbot writes, “Imagine . . . The bad news is that it's end of the world as we know it. The good news is that it's the end of the world as we know it. And we can use our imaginations to dream up a better world. In fact, we already are. On my street alone, there is more social cohesion and harmony -- hey, there's even more love and spirit of cooperation in my house among the five people sheltering here (minus a few cabin-fever outbursts). My neighbor up the street, Jeff Kositsky, just sent out an email invitation to open our windows or stand on our front porches this Friday evening and serenade ourselves with Beatles songs. I love that a half century after the Beatles broke up, their music can still bring together people of all ages.”

Proustian déjà vu and nostalgia are not incidental or wishful thinking. The virus may be futuristic Philip K. Dick dystopian in its display, but it is a “golden oldies” show too. (April 22, 2020)

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There are 22 John Prine bands out of 4858 on my iPod, meaning that one should come up every 221 plays. Since his premature death by COVID-19, Prine continues to make uncannily regular appearances on my shuffle, six selections now in just under sixty plays.

I’m not a statistician and can’t place the odds, but I am taking it as further COVID-19’s weirdness and diffusing intelligence, with a possibility of spirit adaptation of electronics. In *Bottoming Out the Universe,* I wrote, “If a radio suddenly switches itself on or an object moves for no apparent reason, the possibility of spirit action cannot be ruled out (unless, of course, you don’t believe in spirits).” (April 23, 2020)

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1. Astrologer Rick Tarnas diagnoses “volcanically intense evolutionary pressures for the radical reconfiguration of all life structures.” This image suggests a flow from the crystalline structure of the Ptolemaic universe—the zodiac—to the crystalline structure of stones, amino acids, and viruses. Change is organized in fields that regularly *re*organize; chaos gives rise to new form in continual phase shifts, unstable saturations of macromolecular and supergalactic states. COVID-19 is a strange attractor, a homeopathic seed; so are Pluto, Chiron, and Kuiper Belt travelers, known and unknown.

2. Don’t let your guard down yet. I am reminded of a lesson by my 1993 martial-arts teacher, Ron Sieh: “Good deflection, but don’t go away. Stay with it. It’s not over. Here comes something else! Wham! The right!”

3. I think we get it by now. Donald Trump’s tactic is two-fold. One, take both sides of every issue and, whoever disputes you, cite your support for the other side. Always weight it toward your base so that they get the real coded message: “There are *good* folks on both sides” and “Those are some real patriots and loyal Americans out there protesting.” “Liberate Michigan but, wait, don’t liberate Georgia, just yet anyway.”

 Two, keep saying “What have you got to lose?” while betting on random hunch horses. “What have you got to lose by electing me? What have you got to lose by hydroxychloroquine? What have you got to lose by shining ultraviolet lights on yourself or drinking disinfectant and bleach to kill the virus?”

 But I think the last one may have been a fatal slip-up, he may have gone too far. Even the deplorables are not that stupid, or deplorable for that matter.

We have seen what we had to lose, and it is not negligible. Did he never get it about natural fevers, antibodies, and hormones, that they are the body’s way of killing viruses? You can’t have at viruses with rocks or poisons and heat without poisoning or incinerating yourself. That’s cell talk 1.1.

4. Later in the day during a podcast with me on Church of Mabus radio, Carol Matthews remarked that when she turned in to the virus, it was quite childlike with a sense of spaciousness and joy. “Not to discount the people who are suffering,” she said, “and I have lost two friends, but what I heard was, ‘Wow, I’m a new life form. I can do all sorts of stuff. I mean, it’s not completely apocalyptic, it’s not nuclear war or an asteroid hitting the Earth.”

Sweet post then by Mary Ellen Shrock on Facebook. A lot of people have said this but few with her loving innocence (or with a photograph of themselves before the Pacific wrapped in an American flag):

“Ask not what your country can do for you – ask what you can do for your country.”

“As Americans and as a good people, we want to define—on our own terms — what this country looks like in five, ten, fifty years. This is our chance to do that, the biggest one we have ever gotten. And the best one we’ll ever get.

If we shift our focus to innovation we’re going to do amazing things—things we never dreamt were possible before now. There is no need to follow gaslighting politicians and the doting media to get there—in fact—they have become so skewed to serve themselves they are intentionally holding us back. Follow your heart. We’ve got this! “ (April 24, 2020)

Chalked on a street corner in Berkeley, “Go Berkeley! Go world!” (April 29, 2020)