

COVID Era Journal: Entries 20 March 2020 through 15 June 2020

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Dramatis Personae

(as of 3 May 2020)

THE WRITER

A— E— (B—) G—, 19 years old (20 come May birthday), sophomore at Macalester, studio arts major, residing in Interfaith House (Kirk 8) for the year, or was. Intended career is technical theater, main social media platform is Tumblr, religion is Jewish, relationship status is aroace and gender falls somewhere between “never heard of it and it shows” and “fluid in feeling but butch in presentation”, mental damage is clinical depression and anxiety, for which I am medicated. Enjoys jam, reading, and swimming. Despises squirrels, mango, and the rich.

FAMILY

Dad (A— G—), mid-50s, full-time hand surgeon and hospital administrator

Mom (M— B—), mid-50s, part-time hospitalist

Joshua G—, 21 (22 come June), older brother, senior at Dartmouth and computer engineer or scientist or whatever the term is

Matthew G—, 18 (as of early April), younger brother, current high school senior

Furyal A—, 20 (as of late March), not legally related but emotionally might as well be, student at Agnes Scott College, studying chem or bio or math like some kind of NERD

EXTENDED FAMILY

Aunt Roz B—, banker and baker

Uncle Carl B—, I have absolutely no clue, but he has lots of dogs

Grandpa Allen B—, deceased, biophysics researcher, divorced Grandmother

Terry and remarried to Bernadette, who I have not seen in years so _(ツ)_/

Grandmother Terry B—, deceased, librarian

Grandma Susan and Grandpa Dick G—, father's parents, grandparents to all G— cousins (obviously)

G— COUSINS, AGE DESCENDING

Geordan G—, grad student in some fancy engineering/robotics discipline

Hanna G—, senior in college, runner, Peace & Conflict studies

Colin G—, five days younger than I am, to my great pleasure; younger brother to Geordan

Syra G—, six months younger than Matthew but in the same grade, gymnast, Hanna's little sister

MACALESTER FRIENDS, ALL SOPHOMORES

Rennie, roommate for sophomore year and fellow Jew, geology major

Audrey, lover of Transformers and lit major

Audun, does radio at Mac, chaotic personality, knows about int'l politics

Ava, classics major and NERD, also knows about RPGs

Bea, fellow Actually Good Cook, anthropology major

Kylie, resident hopeless romantic, furry, soc major, knows about US politics

Honorable Mention to: Ellie, transferred to UVA after freshman year, gone but never forgotten and also still in the group Discord server

LOCAL FRIENDS, MY AGE

Betty, currently at Cornell Hotel School, seems miserable there but won't change course of study, also artist and calligrapher

Vince, photographer, at LMU down in LA and actually his family lives in San Diego now, knows about computers, taking psych classes on top of studio art, as sick of art history as I am

Max, at Stanford, delayed his teen angst phase all the way to college, interested in aeronautics and other engineering as well as hands-on mechanics, rich family (more so than usual for Silicon Valley)

LOCAL FRIENDS, OTHER AGES

Grant, senior in HS, pianist and otherwise musical, highly distractible, player of Superheroes RPG

Evan, junior in HS, artist, keeps sleeping thru planned Superheroes sessions

Sage, junior in HS, nerd in the classical sense, the rational one, Superheroes player

Cassia, junior in HS, chaotic, unironically likes Timothy Chalamet, Superheroes player

Kiyomi, senior in HS, fellow intern at SF Shakes, knows Sage as well so like, small world

Amy, junior(?) in HS, fellow intern at SF Shakes

Sarinah, freshman (baby!) in HS, fellow intern at SF Shakes

DND SERVER FRIENDS

Jack, DM for Saturday Party (even though we no longer play on Saturdays), author and poet, soon-to-be writing grad student, I think

Hawk, fellow Saturday Party player but also runs Urban Shadows, resident Knows About Health person, older college student

Ren, Saturday Party and UrSha player, Irish, lovely, older than me but younger than Jack

Ven, Saturday Party but not UrSha, keeps making furry characters, same ish age as Ren

Amos, DM for Friday Party (which I do not interact with) but also a player in UrSha, fiber artist with major anxiety, my age (well, older by six months)

20 March 2020, 20:54 CDT

Dear future historian:

I guess you want to know about the lives of the little people here on the ground? I'm no good at keeping a journal, but I can try, although I don't know who's going to want this when I'm done, or where I can take it that it will be preserved.

Josh is in school at Dartmouth, which is closed. I'm at Macalester, which is also closed. Matthew goes to Woodside Priory, a fancy private Catholic school in Portola Valley, CA, also closed. I went there too; it's actually a Priory, so we have monks who live on campus: Fr Martin, who does woodworking and taught me darkroom photography alongside his monk-ly duties, Fr Maurus, who I don't see much to be honest, and Fr Matthew, who's new and younger than the rest of them (although still old by my standards). I'm worried for them, but not myself or really my family.

I'm trying to be philosophical about it; mostly I should worry about mom and dad, bc they were both born in June 1965 which makes them.... coming up on 55? Which is at decent risk. I don't want them to die, but it's not super likely, or so I tell myself. There's nothing I can do. As an abstract, it just doesn't impact me much.

I have bigger problems! Personally. I have to finish packing up my dorm room. I have to clean out the communal fridge.

Anyways, the college is closing, which means I have to decide what to do with all of my stuff that's left over. Some of it I'll probably leave here, because who cares, maybe my housemate Andra who's staying on campus (bc they're letting people petition to stay if they can't go elsewhere for the remainder of the semester) will have it, or maybe I should take it to the Open Pantry.

I've heard a lot about the Open Pantry in the past week, much more than I ever have before. Apparently we have a place on campus where people can donate nonperishables they don't need so food-insecure students can get it if they need. Funny how these things fly under the common radar until a crisis.

I should donate things, probably, but I also feel like I shouldn't go out, and it's so cold out (wore flip flops this morning in 26F weather - mistake) and I don't want to have to carry things, and if I pack my nonperishables in boxes then in theory I can just pick them up and use them next semester. So I'm a little worried about the morality of it all but I'll probably wind up doing what's easiest— self-care and all that.

I've been stressed about travelling home. Dad is anxious abt COVID so he's been yelling at everyone, going from target to target. I didn't get yelled at, just warned that they might stop running flights into the Bay, so I should hurry up and get home.

That was... yesterday. Time feels weird, like days of the week

Hold up, gotta do the Shabbat blessing, it's Friday night and the sun's gone down and I wanted to.

10 mins later. Couldn't find lighter, asked remaining housemates if they had lighter or matches, negative responses; chopped up bacon and put in w olive oil and garlic (also chopped) to heat for carbonara, returning to search for lighter.

After searching thru a couple of boxes, discovered I had put it in my toiletries bag, which makes sense, as it usually lives in my bathroom, but still, annoying.

Performed ceremony, such as it was: lit my candles (tea lights, technically against dorm rules, such is the life of a college student and an anarchist), waved hands over them three times, covered eyes and recited blessing, in Hebrew, then in English.

21 March 2020 at 00:37

Joined call with Amos & Hawk for the inaugural Friday Night Ursha Stitch-and-Bitch (well, my fanciful title for it, at least). Cooked my dinner, got bullied :/, ate dinner, cleaned up, learned that some people apparently just wash stuff down their drains and it DOESNT get all clogged up and nasty?, ugh no longer thinking abt drains, started to sort my stuff from the shelves & lockers. Will have to make a pass thru the fridge as well to get rid of perishables in there, but all told, pretty good setup.

Went upstairs to room to continue linocut - TARDIS from DW, picture attached, maybe - and chatted for a bit more. Now I'm done and exhausted and in bed.

Tomorrow I have to go to UPS to ship my electric skateboard home, as the local Fedex office can't due to it being technically Dangerous Goods bc of the battery. So that's a whole thing. I have to fold my clothes which I ABSOLUTELY do not want to do. Otherwise they won't fit into my suitcase as well, and I'll have to crawl back in shame to Fedex to buy yet another box to ship shit in.

What do historians want to know? God, I don't know. Do you want to know me as a person? An individual? A member of society? Do you care about me or would you prefer a list of the things I own? Which would be more helpful?

How many of you are there, anyway? Probably fewer than theater technicians, which is what I am, or aspire to be. There's a good few of us kicking around, running and teching shows wherever there's live performances to be found. And then there's our siblings in the film industry, but they do things slightly differently, at least I think. Academia doesn't seem that big... but maybe it is.

I'll be honest, I don't understand the point of some things. My roommate for this last year, my friend Rennie, is a geology major, and I asked her what they do with the rocks, and they just study them. Attempt to understand them, put

together history, or just, label things and list their properties. I don't know why they're studying rocks. Why does it matter? I guess if there's practical applications, like medical or architectural or whatever, that's worthwhile, but I've been struggling recently wondering what the point is in studying things that don't impact us. Like astronomy. Why does it matter to us how big the universe is? How stars are formed, how they die? Things I don't even know I don't know.

History of course more directly impacts us, depending on how far along you are into the future. Maybe none of this matters! It certainly feels like it doesn't. I no longer know what day of the week it is! There's no structure to my days. I have major depressive disorder and a bad case of scatterbrain, I've had to set alarms to remind myself to eat meals. Routine makes me feel better. I'm probably autistic, but I'm ""high-functioning"" so nobody will ever be able to prove it.

Usually I'm not convinced that autism is actually as much of a Thing as people make it out to be, and then sometimes I get headaches from having too much visual input (ie, looking at things) and am forcibly reminded that not everybody experiences those.

When I start looking pained from a sensory overload and explain that I have a headache, people usually ask if I'm having a migraine. I need to start answering "yes"; the symptoms are the same (enough) even if the cause is different, and I'm sick of taking people thru "sensory overload 101" to explain why I'm in pain.

Such as right now. I need to sleep. The light of my phone screen makes the space just behind the bridge of my nose hurt. But I don't want to try to sleep bc I'm afraid I'll have insomnia. Can anxiety help you overcome pain? To a certain point, yes; everything in this paragraph is a testament to the triumph of avoidant behavior over my desire for my head to stop hurting. But it's getting unbearable. Good night.

22 March 2020, 16:13 CDT

I hate daylight savings. It's stupid.

I'm on a plane. Listening to Hadestown OBC. I was listening to a DW audio (main range thirty-something, Invaders from Mars) but I was getting distracted and there's too much Plot happening in it for me to miss anything.

I guess that's how Rennie feels when she listens to podcasts, which is why she rewinds them so much to relisten. I can't do that, it would drive me crazy to listen to the same stretch of audio more than twice in close succession. Even twice is pushing it, and it's frustrating to try to listen when I keep zoning out, so usually I make sure not to read when listening to audio that needs my actual attention.

I listen to music when I read and write, usually stuff that I've already listened to a bunch, so I can tune it out as background noise. So it's all a matter of purpose. It is funny how... reading tends to take precedence over listening when I'm doing both at the same time. Obviously writing takes precedence, but reading and listening and both what one might consider "passive" activities.

Apparently Newt Gingrich has the corn virus. I'm hoping Trump, Pence, McConnell et al get it as well. I'm REALLY hoping. I want them to die. I wish they'd die. That would be great. But mostly Trump; any of the others dying would probably encourage the general population to vote more conservatively, despite conservatives being the reason we're in this mess in the first place.

God, I hope Trump dies. Kind of wish I had my Tanakh so I could find the appropriate psalm to say about this. That feels appropriate. At this point though, all I have is that bit from Fiddler on the Roof: May God bless and keep the President... far away from us, and also from good health.

Maybe when I email this to myself the feds will see it (hi, NSA agent #42069) and put me on a watchlist. I'd prefer they didn't, but it's true: I AM an anarchist. I hope to be known for it one day, but probably not.

I should read some Emma Goldman. She's kind of my idol, hah. Ironic for an anarchist to have idols; but there it is. Mom is always reading books about ecoterrorists (well, only two, but it's funny that it happened twice) and I do wonder, who's doing antifascist, pro-union, pro-anarchy activism now? How do I get in on that? Of course, I probably wouldn't agree with their praxis. What a nightmare; turns out, in order to effect change in the world, you have to take concrete steps, and it seems for every step "forward" American society makes, we take a couple more backwards.

God, politics are just depressing. Probably true for you, too. Sorry. Should have done better.

Here's a question: If I, personally, had assassinated Donald Trump soon after my eighteenth birthday, would the world have had a net benefit? I don't know. It's impossible to know, right. Maybe we wouldn't have the novel coronavirus, or maybe we would! Maybe these things are inevitable, at some point or another.

I hope history will judge him harshly. I hope history will put me down on the right side of things, but then, I'd have to be remembered for that. And isn't there more I should be doing? Or maybe I'll make like Percy Bysshe Shelley and be almost solely remembered for a single poem ("Ozymandias", if you're wondering— and no wonder, it's very good) and my wife, despite the fact that apparently his political writings inspired such theorists as Marx et al. (Funny, the things you learn in the Doctor Who fandom.)

4 April 2020

I've been listening to Melodrama on repeat. Makes me feel anxious/self-conscious about my own lackluster skills as a lyricist and a musician.

Something about the personal aspects of songwriting is sticking at me. Is art meant to reveal or obscure the artist? I always feel self-serving when I write about myself, but what else is there to write about? What do I even have to say that anyone should care about?

I know that's not the point but I keep thinking about it. And that post about imposter syndrome... I don't have imposter syndrome, I'm just aware that I can improve, but I have no clue how. I haven't exactly spent time working on improving my music; it's always been a side hobby to everything else (and trust me, there's a lot.)

A selection of lyrics:

every dot-com's refreshing for a journal update

i hate the headlines and the weather / i'm nineteen and i'm on fire

nothing will be broken if your house is made of stone / but you know as i do it
will never be a home

all us boys are just / screaming into microphones for attention because we're
just so bored

Lorde talks a lot about how she built a (mental, emotional, spiritual, lyrical) shrine to her teenage years and has to figure out how to move past them. But being a teenager is just like being any other age (except arguably that it sucks more).

Society obsesses over youth; why? God only knows. Maybe it's better when you don't have three poorly handled mental illnesses and personal/political trauma.

I want to write about the revolution, but I also want to throw the revolution. And I do neither; is there even a revolution to be had? I'm not much of a pacifist so there's things I'm sure I could be doing that I'm simply not.

And then the quarantine. Makes it easy to want to just lay down and die. I'm not suicidal, never have been, but I've been sleeping so much more than I should, and I don't know how to wake up. That's a theme: for in that sleep of death...

And to follow, "what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil must give us pause; there's the respect that makes calamity of so long life," that fear controls us, or me. Being afraid of the unknown, of the unusual, of doing something you haven't done before; in my case, of sounding bad, of writing shitty lyrics, being a poor artist or whatever you want to call it.

I want to be awake but I don't know how. I want to be relatable but I don't know how to do that, either. A chronic case of exceptionalism mixed with a liberal dose of neurodivergence, which is a fancy way to say "being a fucking weirdo", logically (or not) results in me feeling like nobody in the world understands me.

Which is a very juvenile and embarrassing thing to say, even more so because it still feels true.

Maybe life does end when you turn twenty, but only because you start realizing that you're not all that special, or because you really understand it for the first time ever. Or maybe not, I wouldn't know. I can buy cigarettes and spray paint but I'm still working on recognizing the complexity and fundamental motivations shared by people.

5 April 2020

Depression. Fuck.

I'm sick of disappointing people but also maybe they're not disappointed at all and I'm just assuming. Hard to tell.

who were the ones that we left in charge / killers, thieves and lawyers

the man outside says confess your sins / the old devils are at it again / i guess i
will confess that i've been suffering
go down, moses / way down in egypt land / tell old pharaoh / let my people go

Sea shanties, spirituals, folk and country, plus whatever the fuck Tom Waits is
on. Simple melodies. repeated, refrains every couple of lines, things designed to
be sung as you work and incorporate improvised verses into the song. I also
enjoy the slow increase in speed of "Old Devils" in specific. (There's a camp
song I learned where you start slow, speed up for all of the verses and then then
last you sing real slow and dirge-like. Want to see if I can't incorporate
something of that into a song.)

Not sure what Lunatrix will be about; was originally a character (albeit one I
never got around to characterizing), but now feels more apt as a metaphor for
isolation. Possibly can be both? Was inspired by a friend who I am no longer
close with and as such, needs a new person to map aspects onto.

Policy Talks is strongest candidate for folk-style refrain; consider shaping as
alternating lines.

Need to go through my really old songs (blech) and see if I can't cull anything
worth using from those lyrics.

glad that i / can buy smokes and spraypaint before i die
(Death at Twenty; failure to live up to the ideal idylls of teenagerhood, cf "Teen
Idle" for theme; cont "Sober" and "The Louvre" for what i feel like i'm missing.)

New blisters today. Blisters on top of blisters. Maybe I should just stop walking.
There's a metaphor in there somewhere; you can't get hurt if you never get up.

7 April 2020

Posted 04:30 on my instagram story:

maybe it's just late and i'm grumpy but i hate the age of instagram! i hate the fashion and the makeup and the posed "candid". **why can't we be ugly!** why is everything supposed to look good! come on people, life is a fucking mess, punk's not dead, it's just sleeping; **where is the honesty?** or maybe i'm just overwrought and searching for some sort of connection in all the wrong places.

Incidentally, **fuck the flamingo.** Red-eyed alkaline lake boiling feet mud mound motherfuckers. Tall filter feeding flying with their legs straight out eight pound assholes. Pink and black bastards with a bad case of why the fuck did you evolve like that syndrome, at home in hell like some kind of demon birds.

You gotta pick your battles and I choose the flamingos. I guess **it's nice to lose on things that don't matter** once in a while, then I'll go back to arguing that all people deserve human rights to an audience that only somewhat agrees with me.

7 April 2020, this time at night

Simplify, simplify, simplify. Or maybe not.

Pros of simple: sticking power. Hurts my throat less. Not easier but certainly less complex.

Pros of complex: fun. The sheer drama of it all. Variation over monotony.

Pesach tomorrow. My creatures are perishing / and you sing praises? Gonna be a fun time, video-conferencing in the extended family. I'm in charge of the matzoh ball soup and... something else. Fish, matzoh balls, lamb, oh! The apples. Soup and apples. Something something bread of oppression, something sweetness of freedom and the bitterness of slavery. And so on and such forth. Had a whole idea for a concept album of the Exodus once bc it's such an excellent story. Still got the notes kicking around on my laptop, might have to dig those up in ten years or so.

I found some more old stuff on my phone; could be half-decent or searched for salvage if I could force myself to look at it closely and for more than thirty seconds at a time. Stuff I need to chop up and sort into “usable” and “not”.

I slept through class again today. Embarrassing, but whatever.

9 April 2020, 01:19

I wish my mood and my functionality would match up. It's easier to feel like I'm Validly Depressed when I'm miserable than when I'm having a decent time but just not able to do my homework or remember to eat or things.

I'm hungry again, frustratingly enough. Maybe cereal for breakfast tomorrow? I figured out that I can actually screen record my prof's art history lectures and they're not exactly interactive, so maybe I can do some lyrics work tomorrow. Multitasking!

Admission: a solid 30% of me working on lyrics is just writing down long lists of words that rhyme with each other. On my phone right now I have 31 “oh” rhymes, plus 7 for “season”, 6 for “topic”, 9 for “ending”. If only a rhyming word would instantly make for a line, I'd be done with a whole album's worth in no time.

Didn't actually wind up using the complex ones, they were all for a chorus concept for Bloodstream (MUST find a final title that I'm happier with) that I wound up absolutely not using. No matter, the other struck in a fit of inspiration and DAMN is it good (or at the very least, decent and topical, which passes for the same these days).

My carving knives came today! Got to work on my braided spoon again. I swear that thing has taken years off my life. Gonna be worth it though, or at least it better be.

Been reading comics again. Some of the same ones that inspired the first iteration of Bloodstream actually, lol. It was originally called “The Comics Problem”, about Mojoworld (my fave Marvel deep cut) and also the fact that comic characters never fucking die because there’s still a profit to be made. Now it’s still mostly about Mojoworld to be honest, but dressed up in language that comments on the pageantry of violence that the original Longshot limited series was critiquing.

God, I’m a pretentious fuck. Violence bad but it sells, that’s all I’m saying. Too many (damn) words.

lord of all / remember us here in these burning sands
yet our triumph is diminished / by the slaughter of the foe
starve the birds before the slaughter / hungry eyes [and] hungry daughters
living like life’s going out of style / and you came to watch us play / like a big
shot talent but / at the end of the day you know

I really need to look through the rest of my notes. I know there’s other stuff in there.

I know I wrote it, so where’s it gone?

12 April 2020, 00:20

Time is stupid. Anyways.

Today, tonight, I am in high dudgeon about people who insist they'll be dead by 30. Also people who think that being old is SOOOO miserable that they want to die at 60. Idiots, all of them.

It's cowardice. A refusal to deal with your problems. The concept that at some point in the future you'll either have to deal with your shit or die, and wow, dying is easier. I hate it. I hate it so much and I don't even know WHY and that annoys me too, because did you know, people HATE being told that their plan to die at 60 to avoid arthritis and dementia is stupid? Even though it is. Even though there's already young people who *should be healthy and living their lives* or whatever shit who already have arthritis, or memory problems, or what the fuck ever. Just say you think that a life lived with chronic pain isn't a life worth living and go! Admit that you hate the idea of being disabled so much you'd rather die, and that by extension, you think perhaps all disabled and old people are miserable!

Or wait, no, you're *different*. You're DIFFERENT than them. How? Oh, you don't have to live with it? Well, you sure won't if you choose to die instead, huh.

Miserable fucking ableist and ageist rhetoric. Shortsighted people who can't imagine a life any different than the one they have. I'm going to live forever and when I die, I will die in pain because I am not giving up, something will have to *kill me dead*.

Or maybe I'll die in a freak accident at 43. Nobody ever plans to die in their forties, so I think it would be amusing. But I'd rather not die at all.

God, I'm in a miserable mood. Maybe I should go out for a drive. I was thinking of signing up to donate blood just for an excuse to get out of the house.

Maybe I have spent too much time knowing that I'm not normal. I get hot flashes so bad my temperature hits 100. Most people don't, or maybe they do! It's hard to tell, honestly, but I do know that I am not *normal*. I am not *normal* and I think

it's harder for people who have never had to question their way of thinking or relating to the world or communicating to imagine what it's like to live a life as someone other than themselves. I think about it sometimes, and I am so goddamn lucky that I have all the things I have. You ever had to count your blessings? If I weren't as smart as I am, I'd be struggling so much more. My body works, mostly. My family's fine, also mostly. I'm filthy fucking rich, so the things that I need to keep functioning, I get.

The word *neurodivergent* gets tossed around a lot and honestly I don't even know what counts as *neurotypical* at this point. I'm not friends with a lot of people who aren't ADHD. Us autistics are rarer, so I feel like even... within a framework of "nobody has a functional brain", I'm still the odd man out. And that doesn't even account for simple personality variance.

I don't get along with people very well. Or maybe they don't get along with me. I seem to be the common sticking point, but phrasing is everything, and nothing.

13 April 2020, 03:10

If I'm never going to be in love, what is there to write about?

I don't want to live like that. I'm not exactly an outgoing person. I don't like people. I don't do things. No scenes.

This is my phrase repository. I suppose I should move all the clippings elsewhere, given that nobody is watching, apparently. Don't know if that's nice or not nice to know; I think I'd be self-conscious no matter where I put the seeds of ideas because they're inherently messy and unrefined. Shameful to have to work through a process to create things, rather than just... writing them from nowhere. But even Leonard Cohen had a whole notebook full of unused verses to Hallelujah (and what I wouldn't give for a fucking peak at it, let me tell you.)

I don't drink, I certainly don't do drugs (wouldn't know where to get them to start)... **Not exactly the poster child for the scene.** Barely even have a functional dopamine system, so it's not like I even *want* to do any of these. I'm permanently detached; fuck.

What's the opposite of an addictive personality? Because I have it. I let go of things; or I just... don't hold on to them in the first place. I'm not proactive, I don't *want* people with any sort of passion, long-term. I want idly, dispassionately. **Like a mimicry of desire. I don't know how to do it for real.**

What must it be like, to actually care about other people?

17 April 2020, 00:49

You were the song stuck / in my head / every song that I've ever loved / and you can play it again and again and again / and you can get what you want but it's never enough / and I'll spin for you like your favorite record used to this is side one / turn me over / i know I'm not your favorite record / but the songs you grow to like never stick at first

18 April 2020, 01:30

Awake again. Several simultaneous trains of thought. Here ordered but all occurring at once in my head.

1. Head hurts. Shouldn't stay up this late. But I tried going to bed at 10 last night and stayed up till midnight (at least) anyway.
2. Quarantine doesn't cause all of my problems but it certainly exacerbates them or gives me time to write about it
3. Galavant soundtrack (specifically "Love Makes The World Brand New") stuck in my head

4. 1 again. My head fucking hurts
5. Started cleaning my room this afternoon; have to make it long-term livable (hah).
6. That's funny bc mom and dad were arguing again today. I was sitting out back carving spindles (Txoatile, made from a small branch with crook at top) and could hear them in the kitchen. Didn't want to come inside. Had to bc it was cold, thought maybe they'd stopped arguing, but no; no positive reception of my carving because they wanted to yell at each other about Matthew's spring semester grading options.
7. He's still a miserable recluse but I suppose if I'd be stuck here all year I would be too
8. Have to go out for a drive tomorrow. Where? Doesn't matter. Figure it out. Maybe head down to Skyline again.
9. Quarantine would drive me to drink if I believed it would do anything. Double dosing on doxylamine again (first time in a couple weeks but I've been sleeping so fucking badly I might as well). Alcohol apparently disrupts sleep: asked parents, as intellectual exercise, if there are any decent sedatives out there at all. Answer is no; apparently the actually effective ones cause dependence if used continually. Makes sense.
10. And now we've hit the point of the night where I think about overdosing again. Fun.
11. I have an audience again: hello, future history student. I'm an art major. Studio art. No patience for all that learning old shit. I like to make things.
12. Drive. Down to Saratoga. Time was I could practically do it in my sleep; worked a three-month production of Hamlet there as light board op. Maybe I'll try to do it by memory. Get lost on the roads.
13. Friends were talking about romance again. No comment. Nick seemed to want Ava to do something, but now is really not the time.
14. Rennie accused me of wanting cuddles for dopamine. I mean, yes, but I also still feel... dopamine deficient. Dopamine response broken: not responsive enough.
15. Considering spending money on home vocal recording setup. Would need, at minimum, mic, cable, converter, and foam to muffle. Possibly just

blankets. Total cost for a setup I'd like comes out to probably \$250.

Something to consider.

16. Could ask Max for advice on that. He'd have opinions on good mics for it.
17. I wish I had someone to talk to. I wish I could see my friends. I'm isolated as all fuck here. Haven't left my house in at least two weeks, except to walk dog; only interaction with people outside immediate family is digital. This is trauma. This is doing things to me.
18. I never used to be this... prone to suicidal "ideation", I don't think. Is that the word? Always the impulse to say, no, that's not me, I wouldn't *actually* do anything, but idle consideration of which of my medications I could overdose on is probably not an indicator of good mental health.
19. Should talk to my mom about this. Don't want to. Fuck.
20. It's the sertraline; overdosing on an SSRI leads to Serotonin Syndrome, which I think includes elevated body temperature, some sort of cardiac and respiratory dysregulation, and probably other things but the fever is the one I remember.
21. Missed Hebrew class Weds and today. Need to talk to my profs about how I can pass my classes when I can barely keep track of the days. Don't want to.
22. Self-harm impulses are back too. Want to scarify myself. Not sure on the design yet. Best would be... simple, straight lines. We'll see.
23. Have to finish out the semester. Sunk cost. Need to figure out study away plans.
24. My head hurts.

I-I've seen sinking ships / go down with more grace than you

Classic Fall Out Boy is the mood for the week I suppose.

but there's a light on / in Chicago / and I know I should be home

(where's home? home doesn't feel particularly homey. I miss the world. It sucks but this sucks more, or something. No distractions.)

22 April 2020, 02:02

Hey look, a rhyming time!

Was going to go to bed early (c. 11pm) but my shower accidentally stretched to two hours and next thing I know it's 2am and I'm downstairs in the kitchen eating leftover Chinese food from the weekend.

Considering my course schedule for next semester again. Was planning to take a required course for tech theater minor, but then I had a crisis bc doing that would mean I'd have to take Crafting the Tangible (THDA 232, I believe) and Set Design (THDA 375) in the same semester and I'm not about that. Am I showing off my mastery of the course catalog by including these numbers? Yes, just a little bit.

Zabu (dog) keeps coming downstairs to drink water and I feel a little bad for keeping her awake? Because usually at this time of night I'm in my room with the door shut. She loves to be around people so I feel like it's my fault that she wants to be down here to check up on me (because she is very attached to everyone and constantly wanders thru the house making sure everyone is still there) oh god now she's whining at me. I literally JUST finished the last bite of chicken. There's no chicken for you, Zabu! There's no chicken!

Here's a fun fact about Zabu: she sneezes when she gets worked up. Half the time when she wants to go out, she'll be waiting at the door, prancing and snuffling about, and then have to stop for a sneeze. It's adorable.

I decided, somewhat on a whim, that oh fuck registration is tomorrow and wait no it's Thursday okay I'm fine. Do NOT have to get up at 6am (ie, in four hours). Thank god.

Anyways I've decided to take a journalism course. It's in MCST, one of my sworn enemies (okay truly most science departments are my enemies, math and econ (because econ is NOT a science, people) as well, plus history on account of I hate having to Learn Things and basically everyone except RELI, CMME, ART

and THDA. I guess ENGL can MAYBE stay but they're on thin fucking ice). But I'm always thinking about the intersection of art and activism, and frankly journalism seems a more powerful force for good than even the highest-profile artist or band, although I suppose you could always combine the two like Brian May except for journalism instead of astrophysics. I'm also always thinking about making money to survive this capitalist hellscape, and frankly if this outbreak continues it's not like there will be a huge number of theater jobs out there so it's always good to have other marketable skills. God I sound like my father.

Had a whole thing with him this weekend. I kind of hate him. He thinks he knows better than everyone else. Doesn't acknowledge that other people are also rational thinkers and actors. The worst kind of solipsist.

I make him sound worse than he is but I believe I'm entitled to it because he spent my teenage years treating me as if I wasn't a rational actor (ie, someone who takes actions they believe will lead to their preferred outcome) and ignoring my myriad mental health problems, slapping me with that old adage "just try harder, just do it" and doing basically nothing to help me in any material way. And of course all at no harm to himself; no, I'm the one who has to live with the experience of lack of support and trust issues and impossible expectations for myself and everything else.

Yesterday in the kitchen with Mom, Matthew said he was the smart one. I think I'm the smart one. Well, I say think; I *know* I'm the smart one, for my preferred definition of "smart". Joshua probably thinks he's the smart one too; I think he's the scientifically-minded one, and Matthew is the bloody-minded one. Doesn't know when to quit, the idiot. I wonder what they think I am.

Anyways, that just goes to show what happens when you raise your kids telling them they're smart and praising them for it. I once brought home a math test (I believe this was in middle school) that I had gotten a 96% or something similar on, showed it to my dad, and he said "why didn't you get 100 percent?".

I was always told I was *smart*. Mom says that I have intellectual firepower. I do; I remember things well and I pick up new things quickly. Is that smarts? I have a pretty intuitive understanding of 3d space and the mechanics of it, the way things work within it, but I've taken at least four classes where they taught me about electricity and I still don't understand it. I can recite all the examples: voltage is a cliff, current is flow and resistance is pipe size, $W=VA$ and something equals IR . But I don't understand much of it.

I fucking miss going outside. We've started heating the pool but it was cool this afternoon and also I hate swimming laps so that's probably not going to happen. I'm going to be so absurdly out of shape by the time quarantine is done; I don't usually work out formally but when I do, I *only* do it in a gym setting. I don't like body weight exercises and running and whatever else it is Matthew is doing to not lose his *swole* figure. (He's not swole, he just wants to be. Bad news for him, we G—s are more wiry. Well, I say we G—s; I'm just fat, so no rando on the street would expect me to be able to beat them in arm wrestling. Advantage!)

I'm mysteriously hungry even though it is now only 02:45 and I ate a Reasonable amount of chicken literally twenty-five minutes ago.

One of my friends is now taking one of the same meds I take, buspirone (Buspar. Busbar? Probably buspar, but I don't really know the brand names of my medications. My antidepressant is sertraline. I think that's Zoloft? It's not Lexapro but it could be Prozac. But I'm pretty sure it's Zoloft actually and also that it literally doesn't matter.) except mine is 30 mg twice a day (morning and evening, there's a medical shorthand my mom knows for this that I can't recall) and his is as needed, and I didn't know that buspar could be taken as needed. I guess I only need it twice a day, hah. I've been off my medication for only one week within recent memory, around Thanksgiving when I forgot to get it refilled before I travelled home for the holiday or something. It was miserable. I'm now imagining music in my head and my eyes are kind of drooping shut. Thank god

for spellcheck or this would probably be even less intelligible. Although don't thank it too much because it still sucks.

I'm half-asleep right now, should put down my phone and go all the way except I really really love (or so my sleep deprived brain says) pushing the limits and seeing what inane bullshit comes out of "this conversation" (that's what Sleep Deprivation Brain said to use).

Typing that sentence should not have nssm ...okay I clearly need to go to bed.

Good night silver child good night! MMhS < that is a code for... M is ocean, h is shallow shoals and beaches, S is passing the volleyball back well, or, a starting point; a five-pin XLR cable. Start at S, pass over shoals and then two oceans... really one ocean and then you hit an island, and then you decide that that island isn't good enough and keep going. (This is possibly a mental Minecraft map. Really, painfully possible.)

It's interesting to see what my sleep deprivation can come up with. What's... I'm imagining a sound engineer now. I really need to go to bed. He's rapping, and it's mediocre.

23 April 2020, 03:02

Maybe if I keep up this pattern I'll go to bed at 9am next Wednesday.

I had to read sixteen pages about Paul fucking Gauguin. Complained about it every step of the way, and then some. Here's what I had to say:

- at this point i have to wonder why art history is constructed in the way that it is
- political history acknowledges that some people are simply awful, so why does art history insist on making heroes of artists? first of all, there's nothing inherently heroic about making art

- i hate artists. they need to Stop
- i hate..... art
- i'm gonna move to alaska and "into the wild" myself
- (here a friend interjected and asked if there was any art I appreciated purely aesthetically, saying "art is more about the artist and how you interpret it")
- (my response:) it's less art and more... the culture of media consumption and criticism
- you see it with art historians heroicizing and mythologizing gauguin, who abandoned his wife and children and moved to Tahiti, at the time a French colony where the native Maori inhabitants were effectively undergoing genocide, in search of a more "primitive" lifestyle and took a string of teenage "mistresses" including a literal 13-year-old
- and you see it with media critics today who just looooooove woody allen and roman polanski and their ilk, suggesting that even IF they're rapists we should simply "separate the art from the artist" rather than acknowledging that artists who fetishize power in their life will inevitably reflect that in their art
- but the idea that a "great artist" should always be excused his (and it's only men who get this treatment) harm to others, be that through sexism or racism or any other form of oppression rooted in power differentials and denial of others' agency or humanity, it makes me so angry
- i hate male artists and i hate art historians and also i hate roland barthes for writing all that Theory bullshit that i keep reading about which sure is Academic and Intellectual but does NOT relate to the actual human experience of the world in any way and while i'm at it, i hate capitalists
- (i said that i'm taking a journalism course next semester so maybe that will give me a productive outlet for my rage)
- (friend said yes, rage is like fuel)
- it's Exhausting
- I don't even know most things about the world but what I do know is enough to drive me to despair or fury. I need new words for how angry I am

- but that also might just be the sleep deprivation.

I also hate some female artists but usually for different reasons and also less because I'm not forced to read about them as much. I hate everyone who exemplifies any form of bigotry or hierarchy, which women can do just as well as men I suppose, but for some reason it's always the famous male artists doing the more horrible stuff and the female ones are more... par-for-the-course in terms of their social milieu.

All this to say, in theory I hate everyone who perpetuates oppression equally but frankly men perpetuate it more and in worse ways so in practice I hate men more.

I'm really steamed up about this. I don't particularly like knowing things and being angry about them, but I can't help it, and current events, hoo.

No avoiding COVID I suppose. I don't think I'm angrier than usual because the world is always this bad but I might be, because I'm stressed, and when I'm stressed I get angry. Like a caged tiger, as they say. Or a cornered mouse. Is that a common phrase?

04:36

I kind of can't believe I'm still awake. Just got an email from my virtual dissection lab partner (sent at 4:06 Pacific time, christ) and I can only assume that she's in Eastern or Central time zone. I cannot keep track of everything. Tomorrow I have to make three sculptures I believe, and then on Friday I have to run a game of superheroes, and then over the weekend I need to do my art history research paper and catch up on my science homework, and I just super zoned out there. I should really go to sleep because I have to register for classes tomorrow morning and also I need to go to art history. Which is at 8am local time. Miserable.

I should write music. I should record something, or re-record something, or at the very least start practicing my vocal warmups daily because it turns out after 2+ years of not singing regularly my voice is FRIED. My range is positively kaput, it's quite sad.

The front of the roof of my mouth is sore for some reason, I don't know why. Well, more tender than sore. And it tastes like blood. I don't know if it's because of dehydration from yesterday or something. Seems kind of a long time delay for it to be due to smth over 24 hours ago but who knows. I just hope it stops hurting by the morning.

24 April 2020, 03:03

Rhyme!

Well, I'm awake again. Not much else to say. Head empty, no thoughts, as it were. I responded to my sculpture prof's email from Tuesday at long last and I'm pretty sure it sounds like a robot wrote it, but that's just what happens when I get tired.

An excerpt, for example:

I have completed exercise B, to post on the blog soon, and am thinking about exercise C. Perhaps I will attend tomorrow's studio session, perhaps not, I am not sure, as my sleep schedule has been truly chaotic for the past few days.

I have On My Own from Les Mis stuck in my head. It seems to be a favorite but honestly I much prefer many other songs. Romance is simply not my interest, at least, not the whole tragic unrequited pining thing, especially when it's straight.

I feel as if I should provide some basic information about myself, for the sake of future historians, but that also feels deeply narcissistic. I think many things are narcissistic. Making art, for one.

I have a whole complex about how all art includes something of the artist in it, and it feels disingenuous as an artist with a social conscience to make art when there are (presumably) more productive/impactful things I could be doing with my time.

Whatever. If I'm selfish I'm selfish and the rest of the world just has to live with that. *You are not obligated to complete the work.*

But neither are you free to abandon it.

25 April 2020, 00:35

I finished everything I needed to do today at 11:30 and I got so stressed out by it that I've spent the past half hour reading about natural dyeing techniques.

“Alone on a Friday night? God, you're [gonna have to face up to the fact that you're so deep in crisis management mode that you have no fucking clue how to handle yourself when everything isn't looming right ahead and threatening to come crashing down around your ears].”

Technically it's Saturday, but we don't hold with that thinking here. As John Mulaney says, “get out of here with your *facts!*”

I'm going to crash super hard once “finals” are over. I always do. My cortisol I think is probably through the roof right now and it's frankly shocking how long I can maintain that state of affairs.

“Maintain” is a bit of a strong word. I've been sleeping only like four hours per night on average for the last week, and making up for it by napping through the morning and the afternoon. I usually only get insomnia when my body

temperature gets fucked up due to hormonal fluctuations but these past few weeks I haven't had any hot flashes, just an inability to sleep at decent hours.

So I guess it makes sense to conclude that I also get insomnia when I'm really stressed.

You know what's hilarious? I also don't get sick when I'm stressed. Cortisol is a steroid and an immunosuppressant; so technically I can *have* an illness, but because my body doesn't engage an immune reaction, I don't get any symptoms. At least, not until the stress is over. I used to get sick like clockwork the week after tech week in high school. (Full schedule of the 8-day week leading up to & including all performances: Sat 10am-6pm rehearsal, Sun off, Mon, Tues and Weds 3pm-11pm rehearsal, Thurs called at 3 for opening night and didn't usually leave till at least 10, Fri and Sat called at 5pm and released around 10, Sun matinee so called at noon and then cast party afterwards so usually didn't leave till 6.) Well, at least I wasn't getting sick during the show, cause I had shit to be doing.

I actually am bleeding out of my vagina right now, so usually I would chalk the insomnia up to menstruation-related hormone bullshit, except again, I haven't had any hot flashes. I've had some minor cramping (well, major, tbh, but it goes away completely as long as I remember to take my twice-daily double dose of naproxen sodium or Advil).

I've been on a Star Wars fic binge again, particularly for stories abt Admiral Piett and other Imperial Officers looking in on the Skywalker Family Drama. Read a 97k fic starting... approx 24 hours ago and finished it this afternoon, hah. Before that was smth shorter but still pretty long, also devoured in less than a day. It turns out I can in fact read, I just hate textbooks.

I'm gonna be 20 soon. Less than a month. Celebrate my birthday with an uncertain future as indefinite closures of... well, everything, but particularly live theater, ie, my fucking planned career path, continue, meaning I probably won't

have a theater job this summer, but maybe I will. Who knows, perhaps Glimmerglass will get desperate and take me. Does mean I have to apply though, hah. Put that on my list of obligations and suddenly I'll be back into my comfort zone of "holy shit I have so much to do that I haven't done" and somehow become less stressed than when I find myself with unstructured, unloomed-upon free time.

I fucking miss the outdoors. I wanna go sailing. My rich friend Max's family rents a beach house down in Aptos and I've only been once but it was a real fun visit. He's got a... I believe it's a Hobie Trimaran of some description. Red plastic with two uh outriggers, seating for two in the main body of the boat. I miss sailing so much.

Upon some research it appears to be the Hobie Mirage Tandem Island. God.

I'm gonna own a Hobie boat one day. That's my entire dream. Well, a lake house too. A lake house near enough to a city that I won't go out of my mind with boredom, a small sailboat that I can take out myself. Maybe a larger sailboat or a power boat if I'm feeling saucy, but let's be real, those aspects take it out of "idle daydreaming" territory and into full-on Unrealistic Fantasy land.

Especially with this fucking pandemic. Plague years indeed. I suppose it's lucky that I'm still a college student and not a 22-year-old fresh graduate whose potential jobs have suddenly all disappeared. I can still live with my parents.

(Frankly I don't see why the expectation is that children move out of their parents' homes As Soon As Possible, but on the other hand if being home has taught me anything it's that I cannot STAND being in overly close proximity with my family for too long. Maybe if I had a job, though; would see them less often, have excuses of a conflicting schedule, have my own money to buy things I could label MINE in the fridge with no guilt. Be like a lodger who didn't pay rent. Hah.)

I think I'm getting better at this whole "journaling" thing. It's been three weeks since my first entry and usually something happens between my resolution to start keeping a journal and the actual long-term execution. But maybe since I began this habit in high-stress circumstances, it's become a part of my stressed routine, rather than being a part of my normal routine that gets dropped in favor of other behaviors involved in my stress routine. Maybe I'll start forgetting to journal when everything calms down. We'll see.

When everything calms down. What a joke.

They say it only takes x amount of time to make a habit but I've never found that to be true. When I have episodes of depression or insomnia, everything but the absolute essentials get put on hold. And given that I tend to average about one episode a month, lasting maybe a week each, it is very hard to build consistent habits in those three weeks I have, never mind maintaining them after all the dust has settled and I no longer feel like sleeping for 16 hours a day.

Kind of a mental reset button, in more ways than one. Can't keep track of anything. I don't remember things until they're right on top of me or unless I have put a LOT of effort into remembering them over a period of a month.

It's kind of painful, the way I can pull figures and citations to mind as needed when they come up in conversation but my brain never seems to file my essay assignments, for example, in the same way so I'm always... chilling and then will hear someone mention an essay and go "oh shit I have one of those due soon too!" Or maybe they're filed the same way in my memory, it's just that occasional flashes of "this is a thing that is due this day" aren't very helpful for... actually writing the essay. Also I forget about it the minute after I say it.

Deadlines. Me and my ADHD brain cousins. Nothing is real unless there's a deadline and the deadline is Right There. My art history essay is due on the 28th. I don't even know what piece I'm going to be writing about. (Probably

something from the dadaist or conceptualist movements. I am, predictably, a pretentious bitch about these sort of things.)

I think I will put together a “Dramatis Personæ” to go along with this diary, to clarify which names are attached to which people and how they are related to me, as well as like... providing a more complete picture of my social/ interpersonal situation in the midst of this Historical Fucking Event.

I am waiting for Netanyahu or Trump or Johnson or ANYONE to die so I can be extremely tasteless about it. They are old, and while defining individuals as “evil” is not particularly useful, and frankly I find them all more self-serving than truly interested in harming others (although harm is harm, when it comes down to it, motive doesn’t altogether matter), they probably deserve it. Oh, Emma Goldman, you might be disappointed in me, or maybe not. Impossible to know, I suppose. And here we are again.

I have toyed with the idea of becoming an assassin. But I am too attached to my life, and I think assassination at this point would merely make a martyr of Trump or whoever. There was a story in the... One of the magazines. The New Yorker, probably, which has the short story section. It was called “Love Letters” and concerned the transition of the US government to an authoritarian state (well, a more overt one, anyhow). If that happens, perhaps I will take up a gun.

I’ve mentioned this before; my intent to take a journalism course next year. Questions upon questions. It is true that honest and occasionally critical news reporting is vital to a healthy society; is it true that that is the *most* helpful thing I, *personally*, can do?

My mother would say yes, because I am so smart that not everyone can speak the way I speak, write the way I write; practically nobody can think the way I think. Exceptionalism, the belief that I am different and I am special. Both are true, yet not any more than they are true of any person.

I'm getting painfully philosophical now which might be a sign that it's time to close up the journal and get back to reading Star Wars fanfiction.

For what it's worth, it is now 01:37. I have been writing (mildly intermittently as I made my bed, took my meds, etc, but all told mostly just writing) for more than an hour. What a strange thing to occur, simply sitting (lying) and recording words, my thoughts in communicable form, my mind frozen, or perhaps playing like a recording of this particular stretch of night, over and over and over again as many times as I or anyone else reads this.

26 April 2020, 04:23

Awake again. In the kitchen. Barely cognizant of the time. I could have sworn it was just past 2:30 but I suppose not.

Tried dyeing some leather gloves today. Didn't particularly work. Still have to clean out the pans I used, which I expect will be fun as part of the process involved boiling plants in water. I used an enormous pot, not sure why. Ah well. Time to begin and then I will have ice cream and then go to bed.

04:37

Cleaning took significantly less time than expected. On to ice cream!

I guess it did take some amount of time. Approx 13 mins presumably, but the experience of time does tend to pass faster in the doing than the waiting.

Syntax is all screwed up. Am tired. For some reason default writing setting when low on energy is fun mix of Hebrew grammatical mode, scientific report, and Edwardian letter. Perhaps a telegraph.

Need to restock sleeping meds. Was going to attempt to fix sleep schedule over this weekend time period. One can see how well that is working out.

05:25

In bed and out of breath for some reason. Room cold because it was damn hot this afternoon so I opened all my windows around 5pm and hadn't been back until just now. Twelve hours of fresh air, hopefully will do the room some good. Not sure how. Ideally it would spontaneously clean itself but that is a little out of the realm of possibility.

It's funny the things you stop noticing. One of my several blankets has a TARDIS pattern on it. It was a gift from Grandmother Terry, I believe. Background noise to my life, my ongoing love of Doctor Who. Practically built into me by now. Funny how one day you like something and the next it's a habit, an identifier, a touchstone that you will come back to again and again over the years.

And there's no way to tell which thing will become that and which will simply fade.

I've been writing pages upon pages (or so I assume) for a much lower density of useable lyric lines. Writing more as I get more stressed, or less stressed (and therefore have more energy to write), or as I slowly go mad from the lack of human contact... my mind unraveling, nothing tying each concept to the next, no ingenious invention of words to be found, only the birds outside hooting and tweeting in the pre-dawn twilight. They will drive me madder.

It is cold here, at the end of all the ages.

I am cold, at least the parts of me that are sticking out of my blanket. I have set my alarm clock for 10:40, but there are even odds as to whether I'll wake up then or not. Good night.

26 April 2020, 23:48

In the kitchen. Cooking dinner on the stovetop. Not really dinner; I ate earlier, with my family, but then I'm always hungry.

Dad is over in the study. He stays awake stupid late a lot these days too. Maybe all of the time, I don't know. It frustrates me, because I like it when it's quiet down here. Everyone else was gone from maybe ten to eleven-thirty, and it was nice. Matthew was in his room.

I wanted to tell him "maybe if you got more sleep you'd be less of an asshole all the time." Then I realized maybe if I got more sleep I'd be less of an asshole all the time.

You pick up modes of speaking from your family. I am convinced of this. I am convinced that vocal similarities in timbre are acquired rather than inherited, that the most recognizable part of a voice is not its tone but its intonation.

I'm having anxiety again. Spent time trying to figure out how to make alum from natural resources, or things that can be acquired easily / stored long-term in a natural setting. That is to say, am getting anxious and therefore planning for an apocalyptic scenario. A little embarrassing... not rational, not at all. The least of my worries. But still I think about it.

I don't want to be irrational, or be perceived as irrational. At least I've never mixed up 'irrespective' and 'regardless' into 'irregardless'.

Head hurts. Am trying to make vinegaroon dye in the cupboard. Hopefully will work better than attempt with sourgrass, *Oxalis pes-caprae*, but we will see. Doesn't much matter.

Oh. And it turns out my lab partner, O she who sent me an email at 4:06 AM some days ago, is in fact also in California. So she's as much of a disaster as I am.

Meeting with professor tomorrow. Will have to... watch dissection of earthworm at some point. Perhaps tonight as I finish my pasta. Perhaps never and I will simply lie, very well.

oh but the farrow know / her hungry eye, her ancient soul

What will happen when the world ends? The world as we know it. Ten thousand years in the future. How many empires? How many cities all the same? People never change, after all. Life goes on. Two thousand years since Christ, or so they say. The blink of an eye. Five and some thousand by my holy book. Egypt was older. How much can things change, really change?

Forever living in the shadow of an empire. *They say the owl was a baker's daughter.* Lines upon lines on pages of a story we are reconstructing. What will it be like?

The collapse of society as we know it is not imminent. Languages do not die, they are killed. And who will guard the papers?

someone get me to the doctor / and someone call the nurse / and someone buy me roses / and someone burned the church

That is not new. Continuity... global continuity is rare, I suppose. Or something. It feels like the world has changed much more in the past two hundred years than in the five, ten, twenty thousand preceding that.

Or maybe we think we are special. That we will outlive, overcome, outlast. Global metrics. Make it a numbers game. Are we happy? Has anyone been happy?

Continuity and connectivity. The world is smaller than it's ever been and the sheer amount of information being recorded larger. And for what?

What will a historian ten thousand years from now know about me? Does it matter? I will build a grand monument and carve my name into it with my teeth. With steel. With diamond so deep that nothing will wear it down.

Carve my name onto the earth itself. Where? Or the stars. Make plans for every possibility. Contingencies.

Why am I so embarrassed by feeling? Humiliating. There was another word... deranged? De-something. Yes.

To feel anything deranges you. To be seen feeling anything strips you naked.
Anne Carson. From *Red Doc*>, apparently. I have not read her, and I find her somewhat exaggerative of the nature of being, but maybe that is just her poetry.

Perhaps I will go upstairs and vomit. I certainly have the stomach for it. Some foods interact with my medication poorly. (I wrote a poem about it.) But I would have to be... more desperate to do that on purpose. Done knowingly, it's a choice, equivalent to sticking my fingers down my throat.

I want to reach into my insides. Have someone else do it. Exquisite, strange and miserable, no more misery than having a body in the first place. The misery that living brings. Welcome it home, settled in my stomach like a mild cramp, a wrongness that does not register as wrong enough to know what is the problem.

You may see I am a poet. I was read too many poems as a child. Casey at the Bat, for one, and then The Love Song Of J Alfred Prufrock.

I don't know how to write poetry. I don't know how to write anything, other than by simply saying and trying to work from there. Jack recommended something about the endings of lines but I will confess I did not fully understand it.

03:36, 27 April

My hands are always dry these days. Which is dumb, bc I'm no longer in super-cold-and-dry(-in-the-winter-at-least) Minnesota, I'm in sunny sunny fucking California where weather doesn't exist.

It's probably all the washing and dyeing I've been futzing around with for those leather gloves. Yeah, scrubbing stuff manually with Woolite detergent is probably not the best for the skin.

I want to sleep. I do, I really do. It's just easier not to try.

I've got a bruise on the back of my right hand and I'm not sure how it got there. Mysterious bruises are not uncommon but the location is. I feel like I ought to have remembered if something hit me hard enough to bruise there, but I guess not.

It's caterpillar season (Western tussock moth caterpillars, to be specific, fuzzy little bastards) and about a week ago I found one munching on one of my potted succulents. So every couple of days now I've been going through my potted plants and removing any caterpillars I see. I've killed something like ten by now, hah.

The artichoke plant has sprouted two more leaves but it's still infested with whatever fungus it's got. I really need to get it on a proper treatment regimen, probably daily sprays of either vinegar or baking soda water with soap to keep the acid or base on the plant, which will disrupt the pH of the fungus and (hopefully) kill it. It's just that daily action is so hard to remember to do.

The frustrating thing is I'm not even sure what the fungus is. It's looking like powdery mildew in terms of color but it doesn't show the characteristic powdery splotching, but it's definitely not anything that causes dead brown spots on the leaves. I don't know how long it's been affecting the plant; if I knew for sure it had set in after all that rain we got in March, I would assume it was powdery mildew, but I don't, so I'm unsure. I don't *think* that it's curly dwarf virus as I'm

not seeing the dead spots I'd expect from that but I don't know! I think I'm going to try treating it with milk, actually, as that killed the powdery mildew on my tomatoes last year just fine, and it's easier to prepare than having to mix the right amounts of acid or base and soap to spray in. Easier to clean the spray bottle too. I can use the fat free stuff I got for making my ciabatta, haha.

Also have to make more ciabatta. But the timing is very specific; it's got a poolish that needs to rise for at least 8 hours but not more than 15 at room temperature, or up to 12 hours in the fridge after the first 8 at room temp. So once again, I find myself forced to do math to handle my day-to-day life. I am so tired of adding numbers. I would like to not know them.

I need to send Furyal a letter but I am waiting for my stamps to arrive. I am very excited, I ordered Halloween themed postage stamps because it was so ridiculously on brand for me that I couldn't NOT. The Jasmine had the gall to suggest that they were anything other than artistically immaculate! The nerve of her!

Jokes aside, I love my Halloween kitsch. I need to start working on my costume, actually. I was considering being Michael Distortion from The Magnus Archives but now I'm not sure. I suppose I could do another Doctor Who cosplay, but that wouldn't be as fun. Or Star Wars. Really Michael Distortion would give me an excuse to go all-out, which is a difficult ask of a costume.

I could do... I don't know. Penumbra Podcast would feel disingenuous, as I am very much NOT the spitting image of the Juno Steel we know and love, and I don't particularly care for Second Citadel. I could do a Jet Siquiliak but that would be an INCREDIBLY deep cut that basically nobody would recognize, even by my costume standards. I could do another superhero... maybe my Spider-sona. Or Spider-man Noir, that might be fun. Get an excuse to get a big jacket and goggles, haha. I could always do Shatterstar, although the costume design would be a pain. I could update my Mothman costume, and by "update" I mean "cannibalize the red lights from my old Moth-mask and make a whole new

costume with those as the only reused parts”. I could do Kobra Kid, start working my way through the rest of the Killjoys (having already done Party Poison and Show Pony). I could do someone from The Witcher. I could even do a Minecraft costume if I felt like figuring out how to transfer a mob design to a wearable outfit.

Then of course I could go basic and do a plague doctor. No points for creativity but LOTS of points for fashion. Could go full basic and do a witch of some sort. I’m kind of running out of ideas at this point. Something from Castlevania, if I watch that. Or Galavant, if I really wanted to not get recognized as a specific character rather than an archetype. I could do... If my hair grows out by fall I think I’d make a good Anakin Skywalker actually.

27 April 2020, 16:11

Slept through both Hebrew and my scheduled meeting w science lab instructor today. Whoops.

Am now in bed again, fucking exhausted, eyes slowly closing and barely able to type comprehensibly. Only readable thanks to spellcheck.

Should be doing things, most importantly science presi and art history paper. Need to decide between two futurist works: Cyclist and Armored Train In Action. This typing is going far too poorly and slowly, my head is floating. Time for more sleep I suppose.

01:33, 28 April

I don’t want to die but I do want to sleep. I am miserable, miserable. My head hurts. I want to sleep, I really want to sleep. I have an essay due tomorrow that I’ve only outlined. I have a presentation to do. I barely know what day it is, I hardly know anything. I think Mom is worried about me. I slept nearly all day. I

want to sleep now. I am exhausted and yet, and yet. I should take my diphenhydramine or whichever it is but I only have one pill left and that's not enough to put me to sleep. I wish advil were a sleep aid. I wish I had tylenol to fix my temperature. I wish a lot of things.

These are the worst nights. The ones where my head hurts and my brain barely works but I still *can't sleep*. It's enough to make me cry, some days. Sometimes I go outside and wander till I'm sick of walking or the sun comes up. It's different in Minnesota, colder, usually. God. My head hurts. I want to cry. I want to sleep. I want to fall asleep.

29 April 2020, 02:14

I finally wrote up the Dramatis Personae for this journal. Last night, or perhaps two nights ago in fact, wrote some pretty good lyrics for madrigal-inspired song. Need to tweak them (loving it *but* lying like) and come up with title. Am currently playing with something along the lines of profession/amateur, profession +- prostitution, amare "to love". Or maybe relate to payment, getting paid. Need to figure something out, but not yet.

Am slowly accepting, some moments better than others, that I need to sleep and recover more than I need to turn in that essay, even if it was due yesterday at 3pm local. I do feel bad about it, but I'm in no fit state to write anyways. Crashing this hard tends to be a sign, like, a glaring neon one from my body saying "THIS SCHEDULE IS UNSUSTAINABLE, GET SOME FUCKING REST".

Also I'm on my period which can't be helping. Maybe that's why I've been so hungry all the time? I'll have to look that up, see if it's a thing.

When writing the dramatis personae I realized how much of my life / relationships involves tabletop RPGs. It's an interesting thing to see, and think about. I've known the Saturday Party squad (and Amos) for two and a half years

now. Isn't that crazy? And we're still no closer to solving any of the mysteries in Jack's campaign, hah. And then Hawk runs Ursha sometimes, and Jack runs a couple of side games occasionally too, and then I play various RPGs with the Mac squad and run Superheroes for some Priory folks which is... a lot! A lot of games. Funny how it mostly just spiraled from joining Saturday Party.

The TTRPG renaissance is interesting, culturally. Or at least, it would be if I cared enough to examine what it looks like from the outside. It's possible that I've just embedded myself so deep in TTRPG culture & social groups that it's nowhere near as big a phenomenon as it seems from my perspective, but as I said, I don't care enough to figure that out. Someone else can do it.

I left a couple of people out of the Dramatis Personae, on purpose. One of them is a high school friend who I just... don't feel I have much in common with any more. We still talk, because we still share the same friends from high school, but I find her irksome pretty often.

Oh, there's someone I left out completely on accident who would probably be upset, hah. Anne, sorry babe, but we just don't talk much and I am soooo sick of hearing about boys and your trauma. I respect that her experiences have been BAD, I just, am not often able to handle it constructively. Also we don't have a lot of interests in common and I'm not good at talking about things I'm not invested in.

The other person I left out is J, because I don't really know how to describe my relationship with her without getting very deeply into TMI like, right away, hah. I'm also at a point again where I find myself pulling away from her emotionally. It comes and goes; I want to talk to her, we talk, I start getting antsy about getting too close with someone (especially in a long-distance format), I want to find someone else to fill that emotional niche, I make no move to do so because of logistical concerns, I get lonely, I want to talk to her.

Vicious cycle indeed, except it doesn't particularly get worse. Only I feel a little guilty because what if she wants more from me? I am not really able to give any level of commitment. It's an interesting format, I only call on her when I want something, basically, maybe. Sometimes we just talk, I guess. But not recently, because I've been so stressed, I can't maintain individual relationships on top of everything else.

30 April 2020, 02:11

Thought I was going to get to bed earlier tonight. Oh well.

Was doing fine but then got nauseous around 10 and couldn't figure out what to eat so I just got more and more distressed because usually I ask my friends for suggestions but nobody was answering. It got bad enough that I cried a little bit and then went to my father for help, which I avoid if at all possible. Wound up having carrots until my appetite returned in full and then a bagel with cream cheese and jam.

Still feel hungry, but when don't I these days?

I have a summer camp song stuck in my head. Now is I guess a good time to reminisce about camp, which was formative to say the least, although I guess I am sad that I'll never have the exact experience again. But most things like that are transient, and then things that you do get again aren't the same. But if I ever have kids I really really want them to go to Hayo-Went-Ha or AHWL like I did because it was incredible.

We'll build a bungalow, big enough for two (two!) big enough for two, my darling,
big enough for two. And when we're married, happy we'll be, under the bamboo
(under the bamboo) trees
(And here you begin clapping and speed up the rhythm)

And you'll be M-I-N-E mine, I'll be T-H-I-N-E thine, and I will L-O-V-E love you all the T-I-M-E time! You are the B-E-S-T best of all the R-E-S-T rest and I will L-O-V-E love you all the T! !! M-E time! Rock 'em sock 'em any old time! Match in a gas tank, boom boom!

I know a lot of camp songs that nobody I know knows. I want to teach them to someone but most people I assume aren't interested. It's about... sharing how much I love them, or the experience, or something, except the experience of learning camp songs over years of returning to the same sleepaway camp with the same cabinmates and growing to have a place in that setting is different from a friend trying to teach you kiddy camp songs.

I took a UQuiz today and one of the questions was "which would you rather have happen" and I was torn between "your friends throw you a surprise party just to show how much they care" and "you meet someone at an event and they're interesting and you want to get to know them more, and best of all they like you back" and after some deliberation I chose the second.

I'm not really a romantic (except in the capital-R sense of the word, and even then I have my quibbles with the movement) so this was kind of an interesting choice. But really what it comes down to is, validation of my current friendships or the chance at a new one?

I'm always seeking perfect understanding. I confess, I want to be someone's partner, their Most Important Thing. I want someone I can wake up at night when I don't know what to eat without guilt, who wants to help me. And I think I might even be able to put them first, too. I'm not good at relationships. I don't put in effort if other people don't do it first, partly because I don't care (about others) and partly because I forget to until they act, but if someone could promise me to put me first, and what they wanted in return was that I prioritize them, I'd do it. Probably in a heartbeat.

I guess it's funny that the camp song in my head right now is about marriage. (It's called "Cannibal King" and is about him and his lover, for whatever metaphorical value that's worth.)

I made brownies last night. Mom's recipe, with some tweaks of my own, namely, browning the butter and adding a dash of bourbon for flavor, then sprinkling cocoa nibs and salt flakes on top before baking. They came out delicious, if rather rich. Rich enough to give me a stomachache so I would up taking a third of them to Betty's house and leaving them on her doorstep like some kind of hostage exchange. I stood there and she stood with her window slightly open and we talked for an hour. Then I drove home, took the freeway instead of whichever road it is (Arastradero?) that turns off of Page Mill, followed the 280 down to its junction with Foothill, then took Foothill back to San Antonio and went home from there. That's a lot of street names that mean nothing to people who don't live here.

The reason this is important is because on the way up to Betty's I had two ideas, that is, phrases, that popped into my head, and I was so determined to record them that I wrote them down on my arm and hand.

no pity for / the rich and criminal / who run this show
by may the hills are brown again

The first is obviously political. The second... I'm not sure. Something about seasons, perhaps inverse seasonal depression, drought as a metaphor. Or simply an interlude, more imagist/descriptive in tone than *about* anything in particular. Maybe it's about the joy of coming home in March only to realize home was never that good and doesn't stay green, as it were.

My birthday is in May. I need (well, want) a new keyboard. Mom is threatening to buy me an Apple one but I really really don't want that. I cannot overstate how much I do not want to receive a \$70 Apple keyboard when I could buy a \$22

Anker keyboard that works exactly the same and is probably easier to do maintenance on. Apple is a goddamn nightmare.

I guess I was kind of having a bad day when I couldn't get the adhesive off the interior of the old Apple keyboard I've been trying to repair, most recently by near-completely deconstructing it, as evidenced by the pile of detached keycaps sitting on the kitchen table.

I just want to sleep. I have to upload things for Sculpture, and study for Hebrew, and finish my art history essay. I suppose I should try to talk with Sarah [Prof Boyer] about my science class. And then of course I need to collate this journal as a series of PDF documents and get that set in the digital archive collection.

I hope someone finds this interesting, at least. I've mostly been rambling about my mental health problems and such and maybe realizing that I have... that there are certain trends & recurring topics in my thoughts (hello, my fear that I am simply incapable of caring about other people). I don't know if one individual can provide that much of a glimpse into the social impact of COVID and isolation and so on, but then, I'm not much of a historian. I am so fucking sick of art history. And at the very least I'm providing... well, some sort of data about something to someone, potentially just as numbers within a dataset but that's fine.

Because I do love having an audience but at the end of the day it's more likely that I'm the person who's going to get the most out of going back and reading these at some point in the future.

But also, I kind of hope I'm wrong? I like the idea of... someone getting to know me through my journal. It's Mysterious and Dramatic and Unusual and I think lends an aura of mystery to both me, the writer, and my potential future researcher. (Although, let's be real, whatever my delusions of grandeur, there is not a lot of mystery here. I fully believe that people are and have always been and will always be *people*, with all the dumb stuff and emotion and heartbreak

and joy and so on and such forth that that entails, no matter the time period or setting or social circumstance, even the. Ever-impending threat of global climate change, drastic and still increasing wealth inequality, whatever fuckshit national politics is going on these days, then the fuckshit INTERnational politics which manage to be worse, now plus the virus as well and also just... the gnawing feeling that I should either be doing more or consuming less. I guess these days just living is enough to give you a complex.)

I'm tired enough to fall asleep and not in pain and not overheating or having a hot flash so honestly I'm going to call tonight a round success. It is time to sleep so I can finally put my poor cold arms under the blankets. Good night.

30 April 2020, 09:48

I have an absolutely killer headache, which I guess surprises no one given that I only got like five and a half hours of sleep, and I'm going back to bed the moment I feel like I'll be able to. I do nearly all my writing in this journal in bed.

Maybe I've been writing here so much because there's just absolutely nothing else to do.

When I woke up this morning and was in the bathroom I thought some of the ink on my arm had rubbed off on my face, but no, I just had dark shadows that were That Bad. Which does tally with how I feel, like, seriously, my head HURTS.

It gets worse when I have my eyes open but it's frankly not great when they're closed anyway so, that's fine I guess.

The thing I forgot to say about the current friends vs new person thing I was writing about last night is that... I don't know how to phrase it. I want someone to put me first and I don't think any of my current friends will do that. Maybe my standards are impossibly high (possibly due to a few people who had crushes

on me in high school and NO sense of self-care or self-preservation and wound up in a dynamic with me where they put in most of the work because they had internalized the belief that that was their responsibility, and I put in a small amount of effort in return and reaped the benefits). Maybe I'm discounting people without even asking! Maybe if I admitted that I want a roommate / housemate who'd be willing to try a long-term domestic partnership and commitment, one of my friends would say "hey, me too! We should try that!"

One of my flaws in the way I relate to other people is that I have to have all the information first. I don't like unknowns. Instead of broaching subjects openly, I skirt around them, and memorize minor details from other conversations, hoarding them, sometimes over years, until I think I have a complete picture of what the other person's response might be.

The problem with this is that people change. That thing they said a year ago that I committed to memory as part of my image of them may not be accurate. In attempting to control situations and avoid being vulnerable, I close off opportunities.

That's an interesting thing to realize about myself. I think I knew it but I've never put it into words so precisely before.

1 May, 05:14

Hey, it's my birthday month now. Also May Day. Go unions.

Today I am handling my stress by: baking ciabatta (at last, and it came out VERY good, eight rolls total) and planning an itinerary for a hiking trip around Isle Royale.

I miss lakes. I miss the woods. I was reading a fanfic that was just, Some Friends Go On A Roundabout Hiking Trip and there was one part where it was high summer so they went to the north-west of their Fantasy Kingdom and

swam in some cool, clear lakes and I swear to God I have never been more jealous of a fictional character. Not even over the magic! Just over the lakes!

I suppose I am going stir-crazy. Or some other type of crazy. Garden-variety crazy. Or... idiopathic somatic crazy. (These are the words you pick up when your parents are doctors.) My stomach hurts, just a bit. It has been all day I think. I can't tell if it's period cramps or just core muscle tension from something else. I guess I will take some advil for it anyway.

I've been to Isle Royale once before. It was with camp. We did two weeks, about 115 miles, and we saw a wolf at Rainbow Cove, therefore cementing the whole experience as one of the Best of my life, which I think is pretty fair, all told. This is why camp is so special; it's fun, being at camp proper, but the trips are just fucking amazing. The lakes thing hit me really hard because it reminded me of a lake we went to in Killarney Provincial Park. Lake... Turquoise, or something like that, near the North Channel. We went cliff jumping. (I want to go back, do it again.)

I want to go back. That lake... I don't think it's particularly hard to get to, not like some of the other places I've been. I thought we saw day trippers there. I'll have to look it up.

Of course there's the issue of "it's In Canada" but if I just wanted to visit for a couple of days I don't think I'd even need a visa.

Lake Topaz, that's what it's called. Or Topaz Lake, formally, I guess.

I really need to go to sleep. It feels like I've been backsliding all day. Full of anxiety and not doing anything. Putting off important work (my essays) because they just feel too terrifying. I really really need to talk to Sarah tomorrow. I expect I'll have just as bad a headache when I wake up as I did this morning. I want to change but I don't know how and I don't know what would help. My parents want to help but none of us know how and I'm always hesitant to get them

involved because all of their bright ideas are things that I've tried before and I don't want to have to listen to people give suggestions that are old news, but there's no new news (at the new court but the old news; that is, the old duke, etc) that any of us have figured out either. So it's just depressing all round.

The sun is coming up, or will be. I can see the light around the edges of my window shades. It smells like skunk, and I pity whatever poor animal set that off, but also myself because mom and dad are going to complain about it non-stop I'm sure. I really need to go to bed.

2 May 2020, 04:17

I'm starting to get mosquito bites again which is AWFUL bc I apparently have forgotten how to ignore them, so instead I keep scratching and then have to use heat to break down the allergen, which is a whole Ordeal. Well, I say that. It's actually easy, I just heat some metal with my lighter and press it onto where the bump is, except it is a bit of a guessing game how much heat is needed. Last spring I actually burnt my arm doing this. Haven't hurt myself since except for how it is a little unpleasant to press the metal to my skin when it's still hot. It's necessary, but. Not fun. Better than having an actively itchy bite though; shorter, too.

Things are I think looking up as of today. I'm finished, formally, with the last of my sculptures. I fiiiinally talked with Sarah and she's absolutely willing to give me credit for the worksheets if I turn them in late, so I think I can do those over the next few days and (1) actually learn all that stuff and (2) get myself a nice lil grade boost for my study away (if that's still on, which, we'll see).

I also cleaned up the kitchen table which I'd made a huge mess of over the last couple of weeks. Still no progress on my room though.

My head hurts again. It's like burning the candle at both ends except in this metaphor the candle is the period of time I should be asleep and the flame is me going "fuck my head hurts :/".

I dyed the leather gloves with my vinegaroon today. Didn't get a black, but a nice rich brown with rusty splotches. The splotches are probably technically unideal but I'm not too fussed given that I literally resuscitated these gloves from the verge of death.

Still need a new keyboard for my laptop, I think. But! If I've given up on restoring the Apple keyboard that means I can smash it for parts for art pieces and also use one of the lil rubber feet to replace the missing one on the trackpad, which would be awesome.

Hungry again, which is lame, but I suppose that if I want to not be hungry in bed I should sleep sooner after eating. I had some roasted pepper ("brined" in balsamic vinegar of course) and chicken strips and then a third of a pint of ice cream. Honestly I finally understand my friend who said she would drink straight balsamic vinegar. It's so good. It's so good.

If we got tomatoes and basil or uh pesto I guess, I could make an amaaaazing caprese sandwich. Not to flex but I am the sandwich master. I make such good fucking sandwiches.

We had fondue for dinner tonight, which was really tasty. I love fondue. I should learn to make it on my own rather than from a packet. Then I could make it at school, hah. Would have to get someone older to hook me up with the cooking wine.

I've got the "In the Springtime" song from As You Like It last summer stuck in my head. Kind of want to ask Rebecca (SFShakes artistic director and my distant supervisor for my internship, or at least as distant as one can get while being part of a small theater company whose permanent staff hovers in the

single digits and whose event staff is not significantly larger) about what's the plan in terms of ever releasing the music from the show.

Okay now I'm tired enough that I'm imagining my father and little brother arguing over uh fuck I literally JUST had it but then I opened m my eyes and forgot it. Can only assume it actually made sense and now I've forgotten the planned end of this sentence as well. We are tired. We share the same uh. Okay I'm just gonna quit while I'm ahead because patently we are in a veritable spree of sudden siblings, although whose I can't suppose. What the FUCK does that sentence mean? Who knows.

Maybe when I get to Nice (the city in France). Okay I promise I will accept that my sentences are not making any more sense just due to me Trying to force them into shape. I already very right... nope, didn't work. Good night.

3 May 2020, 05:08

I woke up today (yesterday) at 08:37, which gave me maybe three and a half hours of sleep. Then after noon I went back to bed and slept until five.

I was planning to be productive during the day and get a start on my backlog of science homework. Instead I started it at 11pm and worked until 3am or so and got four worksheets done. They are relatively easy and the material is nice and simple. Mostly things I've learned before with a little bit of bonus thrown in.

My head hurts again. I guess my head would stop hurting if I slept more, but like I said to my mom this morning, I really don't feel like I'm in charge of my sleep schedule. My body just jerks me around and I have to live with it.

I'm having a longing to live in a fantasy world and go on adventures again, which I think means I haven't played DND recently enough. Jack is I think trying to

prep a session but they're dealing with depression too which like, big mood, really kills your ability to actually plan shit, especially stuff as complex as RPGs.

I was texting with my SFShakes fellow interns from last summer about Phineas and Ferb a few days back, and asked if anyone wanted to watch some together. One of them, Sarinah, texted me today (yesterday) that she'd be down to marathon so P&F tomorrow (today) if I still wanted to, which I absolutely do. It's such a good show, which I expect has been said by other people more eloquently than me.

I really need to shower, it's been like *Way Too Long* since I last showered.

Just reread the last few sentences of yesterday's entry and I would like to formally apologize for the fact that I keep *insisting* on continuing to type even as I'm literally falling asleep. Why was I talking about going to Nice in France? Who fucking knows. It didn't even make sense as I was typing it. I mean I enjoy the patent absurdity of it all to an extent but also, it's just, *complete* word salad. Bush two level word salad. Current Biden level word salad. I don't actually listen to politicians speak so I'm only going off of what I hear lmao.

Okay I've been thinking about this and. Not to get kinky on main but jesus CHRIST I would really appreciate it if I had a top to do some impact play with. Not that I had one to begin with but like... quarantine got me reeeeeeal touch-starved and also wishing for an opportunity to turn my brain off, which is like, two birds with one stone if I HAD a local play partner to do stuff with, and also if we weren't all social distancing and self-isolating and stuff.

Sometime in the last month, shelter in place got extended from ending May 3 (that would be today, for those of you who can't read a calendar) to May 31. I was hoping it would end by now but given this extension I'm honestly not expecting it to be over by July at the absolute earliest.

At least my birthday is soon, and I will get cake. I need to decide on a theme. Sad that I won't be able to even have friends over (also sad that Vince is now living in LA and thus couldn't come even if we, again, weren't social distancing) but I'll survive. Need to figure out what I want/need for my birthday. Considering a knife sharpening set; I had to borrow my little brother's (the one that I got for him a few years ago, haha) for some stuff these past few days.

When I was at school, sometimes I would just sit at the kitchen table and sharpen my knives on the uh kitchen knife sharpening doodad. Marlinspike looking thing, don't know what it's called, but the metal rod sharpener that comes with knife sets. The sound it makes is very relaxing. Maybe I should use ours at home on one of my knives.

Maybe I should get like, a cheap knife I don't care about to be my stress-sharpening knife. Oh, I could probably borrow Matt's Kershaw folder that he broke the fucking tip off of. Apparently while using it as a screwdriver or prybar or something g similar. Which is why I try to carry a swiss army knife or a multitool if I expect I'm going to have to do anything other than simple cutting, because I know how to take care of my knives, and they are expensive so I don't want to have to buy a replacement.

I'll ask him tomorrow. Maybe even could totally grind down the tip, reshape it into like, a tanto point or something... vaguely adjacent to that. We'll see.

4 May 2020, 01:37

Is it crude to talk about sex, my sexual desires, in a personal diary that is nonetheless bound for a public archive? I think so, to an extent, but then, men write about their dicks and desires all the time with no regard for what I'm expecting to read, be it in literature or poetry or even non-fiction writing about a historical scientist. Because men are just fucking like that.

I guess I don't particularly want to talk about... my sex life, or lack thereof, or whatever it may be, in any deep specificity. I just want... I don't know. Maybe to not feel so private about it to start with, except I like that about myself, that I know how to keep my mouth shut about certain things other people don't want to hear about. Better in my opinion to be overly reclusive about one's own sexuality than to make others uncomfortable by talking too much about what turns you on and so forth in the wrong setting. Allo people are weird, or maybe that's just my finely-tuned ace sensibilities and also respect for the fact that maybe other people don't want to know exactly what my kinks are, and I shouldn't assume they do unless the outright ask.

I feel touch starved. I think I'm touch starved. I am touch starved. All possibilities. I miss some of my friends, the easy physicality of hanging out together, hugging and leaning on one another and so forth. I think I did Anne a disservice in my earlier entry, only talking about the problems I have with her. I enjoy spending time with her, too. She's one of the best for cuddling, hugging and casual contact, and we hug because we enjoy each other.

I sharpened my Kershaw Kuro folder tonight. It's got a fine enough edge that even the weight of the knife alone resting on my skin stings. (Huge improvement over its historical state, after I made the mistake of cutting apart a nail file with it some time back, which knocked it out of commission for a good while.) Then I took a shower.

The thing... there's a thing under my shower door that like, makes a seal, I'm not explaining this well at all but the point is it's come off so my shower is leaking even more water to the bathroom floor than usual. And I really need to wash my towels and the uh foot thing. Rug. Mat. The floor mat that I keep in my bathroom. That.

I need to do a lot of laundry. I also need to clean my room, and catch up on Hebrew, and do my essays, and so on and so forth. I guess the room cleaning

can wait a week. I've made it this far, after all. And then school will be over and I'll have time.

Probably when that happens I should get a job. Probably at a grocery store or something, everything else is closed. They seem to need workers, everyone is hiring right now.

When I went to see about transferring this to PDFs for the archive a few days ago, it was 31 pages. Which is, a lot. Maybe I should check the word count. Then I could tell myself that if I practice writing like this each day except for fiction, I would get a lot of cool stuff written. Maybe I should try that! I have a WIP that's been sitting for years, after all. I do want to finish it.

5 May 2020, 00:18

Okay so actually there are fifty pages in here, which like, holy shit.

Anyways. My back hurts and I'm stressed out about what to ask for for my birthday because it's like the one time of year (well, besides Christmas, which I don't hold with ideologically or religiously, so we'll see how that goes, hah) that I can ask for basically whatever I want without guilt, and like... I have a lot of things that I want. But will I keep using any of them? I guess a sharpening stone is probably the best bet for that, because I'll always have my knives and they'll always need upkeep, apparently. But I can just borrow my little brother's for now, so why don't I get fancy art supplies, or a nice tool belt, or something? It's just. Stressful to pick.

The stamps that I ordered finally came so tomorrow I need to write letters to everyone. I've already made envelopes for all of the prints I'm sending to people, labelled and everything because I'm sending seven envelopes with varying configurations of prints and some people wanted specific flamingoes and some only wanted a mingo and not a TARDIS and so on. But anyways. I have it all

sorted except I need to add addresses and notes to all of them except Jasmine's, which I've already decorated and addressed. I should put it in the mailbox tonight because god knows I'm probably not gonna get up early enough tomorrow to put it in the mailbox.

I had my last Hebrew class today which I think was also my last actual class of the semester, and then I did nothing else all day. Well, I took a nap and did all the letters stuff. But nothing else. I also did nothing yesterday so I feel bad because I really do need to do my science homework to get at least a B+ for my GPA, that whole thing.

Audun got accepted for their study away program in Tajikistan, which is a whole thing that's important to their career I guess, which is good for them.

Just got distracted by the rabbit hole of marquetry. I don't totally understand how people use veneers like, do they just... slap them on top of wood? I guess if you uh put it like, on the top of a box's lid, or on a whole board which you then cut to size, it wouldn't stand out, but I don't know. I'm just wondering how one would inlay things before having a router, which I guess I should just look up.

Maybe I should ask for woodworking tools for my birthday. God knows our chisel (singular, isn't that sad) is positively miserable. It's got a crescent chip in it like 3mm deep and I don't even want to know who did that or how. I want to go to bed honestly. Oh fuck my laundry uuuuuuuugh. I did shower last night at least but I really should do my laundry but I really don't want to. I could either put it in tonight or wait till the morning. This was easier at school because I had a set schedule. Honestly it was also a lot easier to bring my clothes downstairs in my laundry bag than it is here to carry a basket. Baskets are inconvenient, bags are better. I'm going to eat a little more ice cream I think and then go to sleep. Maybe if I tell myself I have to do the laundry to get the ice cream that will work.

I was hoping to get this exported and sent in to the archive tonight, intending to do that when I started this entry (thirty minutes ago). But then my laundry. So we'll see.

Also my laptop has been charging worse than usual. Which is super annoying because I'll leave it plugged in all night and it just won't charge and I'll open it to like, 35% batter which will then only last ten minutes before the whole thing shuts down. I do want a new laptop but not yet; I like this one and I don't want to have to move everything. Ugh fuck me when I swap to Microsoft I'm going to have to use not Pages. Fucking awful. I know everyone looooves non-Pages apps but I honestly really like the simplicity. I don't need my word processing program to do a lot of fancy shit, I just need it to make it easy for me to write.

Mom ordered me a copy of Stephen King's *On Writing*, kind of as a birthday present. It came in an amazon box addressed to Dad so he opened it and asked me if I ordered it. The other thing in the box was this nice metal clipboard (aw, look at me go, lusting over office supplies like a true stage manager) and then he pulled out the book and I was like "oh I shouldn't be looking at this". There's maybe a moral here which is either, don't look at other people's mail, which is a terrible moral because everyone loves getting mail and I love opening boxes and seeing what's inside, or, make sure your kid knows not to open any boxes from amazon when you're ordering their birthday presents, which is better.

01:37

Well, we made it. Just finished transferring the second-to-last entry (yesterday's, I guess) to PDF format, and then when i finish typing this one I'll do this too, and then upload and email it and goodbye journal entries, well, a version of them, blasted off into cyberspace for archival use. Also I did my laundry. Well, threw all of my clothes into one load, because the washer is big enough, so who cares. I didn't want to wait to do two loads because if I had I would've felt compelled to stay up uh late (well, later, maybe) to do the second load, which. It might be that late by the time I go to bed anyway. But the point is, only one load. Which is good.

I write a lot. I'd talk a lot, if people would let me. I like group chats on my laptop because I can type real fast when I put my mind to it and have something to say. I enjoy saying things. I was uploading my sculpture photos to the class blog and like... I add a *lot* of context. Or well, a narrative of the creation of the sculpture. It just feels like the thing to do. If I have the chance, I'm a verbal person. I like explaining things to other people. I guess I like being an authority. It's kind of funny, because I very much am not all that interested in reading things that other people write, when it's long explications about their lives. I do enjoy interesting writing. I hope my writing is interesting but at this point it's not like I'm putting in a particularly large amount of effort to make it so.

03:47

It's funny, my mom knows more about Macalester than I do.

I started reading *The Things They Carried* tonight because I've been meaning to for years, ever since like tenth or eleventh grade English when I only read a couple of the stories for class. My mom doesn't like Tim O'Brien's writing. I like it a lot. But she knows that he went to Macalester, and I'd forgotten until it was mentioned in the third story.

It makes me think, and wonder, or something. I would have gone to Canada, I think, or at least I would if they reinstated the draft and tried to draft me now. Or Israel, actually. Israel would also draft me but I'd still feel better about it because if I'm going to die fighting I don't want it to be half a globe away from the country I'm fighting for. I mean, I don't want to fight, and I don't want to die. But I'm stupid, and there's things I'm ashamed of too, so who knows.

It was different then, I guess. And things are different now, too. War gives you trauma. Watching people die gives you trauma. Living through a global pandemic gives you trauma too, but a different type. There's no... great bad thing that I've seen happen. I don't know anybody who's died, personally. I mean, I still might, right? I'm sure my parents do. But it's distant. Literally, it's all

distant, because I barely leave the house these days and when I do it's to go shopping for half an hour and then I come right back and nothing's changed.

It's just funny how some trauma just makes you want *more* trauma. Like, this isn't bad enough. What right do I have to feel bad? Am I allowed to feel bad? I haven't seen anyone die in my life.

Maybe I should become an EMT. It probably pays at least a little. There's a big uh initial cost but maybe that's what I should ask for for Christmas or my twenty-first birthday. Or maybe I have enough money in the bank. Who knows.

It's partly an interest in medicine, partly the belief that I could handle it, and partly a grotesque fascination with injury. When I sliced my thumb open carving wood in February, I wanted to look inside the cut. I made a tourniquet out of one of my hair bands because I know how these things work. I watched my thumb turn purple and cold and thought about oxygenation and body heat.

Interesting I guess that our extremities don't generate their own heat. It makes sense. This is why I need to study anatomy.

I just want to stop longing and aching for something. I want to go back to Isle Royale because if I'm hiking I can't hurt in all the emotional ways, just the physical ones, the aching feet and bruised hips and I'll have something to write about again. I want to stop being here and be somewhere else. I miss Joshua and that's never happened before, EVER, and I think that really I don't miss him at all but the idea of him, because if you don't see someone for half a year and the world goes crazy it's easy to start to imagine they're something they're not and if only they were here things would be better.

Or maybe they would be! Because he wants me to feel less passively suicidal so he's been texting more and then I share his texts with mom and then I regret it because she's so nosy. I don't know if I know how to be a person in this house

without interacting with other people. I can't let things happen to me on my own. I always need a witness.

Which I think is why I like writing in this journal. Because I'm writing for me but also for other people. And that's the appeal of performance, of having an audience. I'm desperate for an audience. I want people to pay attention to me, to confirm that I'm real and I matter.

Isn't it awful to rely on being perceived? I hate that people can see me. Every interaction with another human being is overtaken by the knowledge that they are thinking about me, they are thinking of a "me" that doesn't even exist in my head, they are not talking to me at all but to the person they think I am.

On better days, I know that people can see me pretty clearly. On bad days, I list all the things I keep to myself, things that nobody knows about me and thus all the reasons why nobody can know me, really me and not just a front.

There's less of those, these days, I think. Once I talk about the suicidal impulses, that's kind of it. Rennie knows about the self-harm, and I don't know if anyone else has guessed, but they know about the impulses. At this point, everybody knows about my relationship with my father.

Maybe being a person is just being made up of more memories than anybody but yourself can keep track of. I keep my memories on a map.

Grey skies for a week in Alaska, and I recited poetry in a tent and E-jo, my cabinmate, told me it was impressive. Out by the moonleaf bush right by the garage at my grandparents' house in Michigan, I sang a song for Syra and then we had to go inside because the mosquitoes were biting. On my bed at the house on Mount Hamilton, early morning, staying up and crying because I couldn't do my schoolwork. The nights I spent wandering outside. Where I fell off my skateboard on the way to the library and skinned my elbow but the books were fine. Where I've taken my friends, in downtown Los Altos and Palo Alto and

Stanford Shopping Center. The Jamba Juice by the park in Cupertino. The Safeway in Pleasanton. The bridge into the seating area for Hamlet at Sanborne County Park. My dorm room in Dupre, in Kirk. The kitchen. The kitchen table. Two of them, one in Minnesota, one in California. A third in Michigan, and a dining hall there too. We live and die at the kitchen table.

There is too much art in the world. Too much art that I've seen. I don't remember names anymore, if I ever did.

To be human is to be lonely. Aching. Where can I find connection? Who can I talk to who will know what I mean? How can I make sense?

This, I think, is the function of a best friend. And maybe family. I always know what my brothers mean. Mom and dad don't understand them sometimes, but I always do. Matthew and I share a look and laugh at each other across the dinner table as someone says the most inane, hypocritical thing. We both know who and what we're laughing at, but they don't. I don't know if I can do it with Josh; probably. He hasn't been around for long in a while. Neither have I, I suppose.

Not a lot of people understand me sometimes. Because I go into a more free word association mode of speaking. Words are connected to each other and each can replace another because meaning is associated, constructed in plural, context can replace grammar. I end my sentences with "you know?" a lot and mom always tells me she doesn't know.

I think the ends of my sentences are obvious. Rennie says that every time I say "oh, you know :)" in answer to a question, she loses another day off her life.

I would have harsh words for anyone else who tried to communicate this way if they got upset about their failure to communicate. Am I upset? I think I'm just sad. It's not my fault my brain is this way and it's just easier for me to free associate and float between words and meaning sometimes, versus people like

my father who simply don't know how to listen and blame the world for their inability to be kind and get people to listen to them that way.

I'm dancing around the fact that Furyal understands me, usually. She was the person who I could just say words to and know I would be mostly understood. I don't know if I've told her that. I probably should, but also I'm afraid, I guess. What if I'm wrong or we're not as good at it anymore or something else happens?

I am just going to write her a letter. I will be writing a lot of letters in the next few days, because I have seven people to mail prints to and a couple more to send postcards.

I am falling asleep here.

6 May 2020, 02:05

Simultaneous concerns:

1. I have sent four letters, need to address one that I have already written, and need to write three more (plus one postcard)
2. Does killing and/or watching people be killed grant you any special kind of insight?

I ask the second because I think that's what my question about *Things They Carried* comes down to. We are broadly, in American culture, distanced from death. Most of us do not encounter it on a daily basis. Death is... removed, revered, demonized, hallowed, hushed-up, sensationalized, dramatized, hidden from children. And for what?

I didn't do much today. Or yesterday. I suppose I worked on my letters, but school hasn't ended yet. I need to do my science homework, my essays. If I sound like a broken record, it's because I am one.

Instead, I keep rereading the other contributions on the digital archives. It feels almost voyeuristic, except I'm not looking just to look, I'm looking because I want to know if other people feel the same way I do. Or if they don't, how do they feel? I always have the impulse to qualitatively define the experiences of others. I want to know how other people are feeling, compare it to myself.

Not particularly easy to do in quarantine. And I don't like to ask. Partly because I don't like admitting when I don't know things, and partly because if I ask them people might start (gasp) talking to me which as we all know would be miserable.

My stomach hurts and I feel, not good. I don't even know what I did this time!

Aunt Roz texted me this morning (well, I say morning. I had just woken up, but it was still like 1pm) to ask what I wanted for my birthday besides a time machine. I still don't know so I said just a time machine and we joked back and forth about it a little. Still, I guess I should figure out what to ask for. Maybe I should get a fancy lino tool set. Would be super nice, but there is the question of storage and cost. Also of like, fitting the particular item to my hand and carving style, which I guess once more turns it into a "need to try it in person" thing which I can't do because quarantine!

7 May 2020, 01:09

Reverse chronological order. What a thing.

I don't know how to write a journal without an audience.

The world is always ending.

02:42

It's funny because I keep getting lonely at night. All of my friends are either in other time zones and thus asleep, or have better sleep schedules than me and are also thus asleep. Even Kylie has gone so far around that she's sleeping through midnight by now.

It's quiet and it's lonely and I keep crying.

It's quiet and peaceful. It's funny how "peaceful" and "lonely" are basically the same thing. It all depends what mood I'm in. Well, Zabu is down here, snuffling around, but she's not exactly a good listener, haha.

I'm having my last ciabatta loaf so I put together the pre-ferment and added salt and olive oil to it because it's my pre-ferment and I get to choose the ingredience! On this one I put like, a quarter cup of balsamic vinegar, poured straight onto the bread. It's Delicious. Vinegar = good. I finally understand why Libby said she would drink it straight. I would too.

8 May 2020, 02:07

Forgot about the whole cross-device issue, so back onto google drive I guess and I'll just start transferring entries as I go.

It feels really early to be going to bed even though I know that's stupid and I'm planning to get up tomorrow by 9 to go to the final sculpture class meeting which like... means I won't be getting my full seven hours of sleep anyway but that's fine.

I finished all of my science work today: final exit interview, plant scavenger hunt, essay. It was less painful than I imagined. Hopefully Prof Inglot will accept my late essay, I really really really need to pass that class.

I am itchy and not happy. Maybe I should buy some benadryl, hah. Make it pull double duty.

I was thinking of something “deep” a minute ago but I don’t remember what it was.

Ellen got back to me, said she’d work on uploading the journal by next week. I guess that means if I’m sneaky, I can fit in a few more entries to the folder before we properly break for summer.

I told Amos I would let him and the others design me a tattoo (for context, he was watching bits of “How Far is Tattoo Far” and I also watched some, and holy shit, but yeah) and he took that as a promise (well, jokingly). I still do want a tattoo, very badly. I guess I’ll have to get the one I’ve had planned in... September, when school gets back in. Wonder who I can take with me? Maybe Audrey, I don’t know. I have the artist lined up and everything, was hoping to do it after spring break (although who knows if I would have) and then got smacked with quarantine.

I am so sick of quarantine. My birthday is in two weeks! Fuck! It was so hot today I almost went swimming, it’s supposed to be hot tomorrow but what’s the goddamn point when I can’t have anybody over and there’s nobody to do anything with? Dad doesn’t count because he’s annoying, Matthew likes hiding in his room, Mom is working or doing something this week. I want to have a water fight. I want to go to Great America. I want, I want, I want.

I am no longer filled with incredible dread for the future, at least. Last night was not fun. *Lonely, lonely little life / I could kid myself / In thinking that I’m fine.* And then... *summer’s on its deathbed / There is simply nothing worse than knowing how it ends.*

You sure about that?

The unknown is terrifying. That's human nature. We're afraid of the future, the dark, each other. I want to write a song but I don't know what about. Inhabit a character. Write about something other than myself for once.

Who am I? Who am I not? I will chase glory for a thousand years. Who said "I will carry you home in my teeth"? I know too much.

I *want*. I *want* something. A different, better life. More love. I want to feel happy. I want to feel fucking *joyful*. I'm sick of being trapped, by ability or finance or circumstance and now this fucking epidemic, I want to *go* places and I want to touch people and watch a movie all crammed together on the same couch.

(I'm touch starved again.)

I could cry for it. Maybe I will. My stomach is twisting again, hungry despite my best efforts. I am a black hole of food, affection, a hungry void settled in among my entrails. Cut me open to prophesy, and you will find omens of nothing. A darkness so large and complete it does not mind being, because it has it engulfed, surrounded, will forever exist around the whole borders of the universe. Just beyond what is will always be what is not, what is empty and dark and impossible to exist in or to fill. I'm so exhausted.

Maybe the darkness is here. Maybe, maybe, maybe. Maybe it's death. (The undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns, and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.) Maybe I'm just tired and imagining things. Probably the darkness isn't here. Maybe the universe really does go on forever, but I don't think so. Mathematically it doesn't. Which means that somewhere out there, the not-being is real (well, as real as real can get while not existing in a nowhere that doesn't exist). And it's infinite.

You know what doesn't make sense? Why do you get a positive number if you multiply two negatives? It makes no goddamn sense. It just doesn't. Negative numbers aren't real, they aren't usable. I don't care about the mathematical

theory behind it, I think it's dumb. Two negatives! You can't take two axes going backwards in space and come out with a shape that goes forward. Mathematicians are dumb and the worst and I'm banning them. No more theoretical, experimental mathemagicianry. Only real life, solid physical problems.

9 May 2020, 04:13

Now seems as good a time as any to inform any potential readers that I've read Homestuck. Because haha that is the Homestuck number.

Well it turns out I have to get my meds refilled! Okay well I have submitted that request.

I keep staying up stupid late and then feeling sad that nobody is awake to talk to. It's this weird tension between, dear god when my family IS around I'm desperate to avoid them talking to (at) me but then the moment everyone's gone to bed suddenly I am the socialest bitch I know.

Played some Minecraft tonight. Vince finally got his server back up (was having some cooling problem with his desktop that he runs it off of I believe) so I finally enchanted my pick to level 5 efficiency. He has a beacon set up (wildly away from Literally Anything so like... okay) that means we can insta-mine stone with a Efficiency V diamond pick. It's pretty wild.

I'm lonely! I miss my friends! Joanna (Prof Ingot) nearly gave me a FUCKING heart attack earlier this evening when I went to check when the final was due and the main Moodle page said MAY SEVENTH. But all the other pages say it's not due until the 10th so I am just. Going to go with that, rather than my backup plan for if I fail this goddamn class because I am NOT taking this art history again, which is to drop out of college, move to Bolivia, and make my fortune on the salt flats.

I don't actually know what fortunes there are to be made there, but I do know that I used to say I was going to move to Bolivia and become a fisher, except tonight I was thinking and I was like, isn't Bolivia landlocked? And the answer is yes so I googled it and google said it was notable for its natural landscapes and especially the high-elevation salt flats. I like salt flats because they happen in deserts and I like the desert. I visited the salt flat in Death Valley a few years ago. I dropped my video camera in the water (it had like, just rained the day before, which was wild) and haven't been able to get it to connect with my laptop since, haha. But they're fun.

I love the desert and I miss the desert! I miss PLACES. Like, Locations. I was talking to Furyal today and she said she hasn't left her house in like a month and I was absolutely flabbergasted because if I didn't like, go Outside at least sometimes I would literally go crazy. To be fair, I am actually going crazy anyways, and Furyal said she is too, but still.

She's planning on taking... some math course next year. Abstract Algebra! Which is apparently where they teach you the secrets of the universe using numbers. Or something. I stand by what I said about negative numbers. And don't even get me STARTED on IMAGINARY numbers. I can't fucking believe we have a WHOLE SYSTEM OF NUMBERS that is IMAGINARY. THEY DON'T EXIST! THEY ARE MADE UP! THESE NUMBERS ARE NOT REAL!!!

If you can't tell, I'm not really a theoretical math person. Amos and I were trying to explain to Hawk and Jack that like, coming up with ideas is hard. They said that there was math involved in fiber arts that must also be hard and Amos was like, nope! and I jumped in to agree because it's one thing to do like, scaling stuff from drawing to full size or triangle math, but a totally different thing to have to Come Up With a Concept. The math we do is pretty plug-and-chug. It's simple and applicable and it Makes Sense.

I know I shouldn't bully the mathematicians and the physicists and the astronomers just because I'm stressed out and sick of knowing things but it's just so easy. And I am so stressed out by everything that I did not do one iota of schoolwork all day. Instead I went swimming because it was hot and talked with Furyal and carved a cactus for a linocut and made prints of it. But at least I finally made my ciabatta.

I guess tomorrow (today) I have to do my art history exam and essay. And then on Sunday I will do my Hebrew exam and oral section. And then I will be done with school! For the semester, anyway. Then I can go back to watching Phineas and Ferb with Sarinah and fantasizing about hiking and I don't know what else but maybe hopefully being a little bit less stressed about life and everything in general.

I guess it's funny. You're not supposed to want people to read your journal but I am so desperate for human interaction, human approval. I want people to be interested in how I'm feeling! I would let any of my friends read this journal because I have no nasty secrets left. All my mental breakdowns are happening in public! Well probably Anne and Jasmine would be disappointed to hear at least some of the things I think about them. But that's kind of life, isn't it. So I won't offer to share it with them.

I probably won't formally offer to share it with anyone. That would feel overly desperate. Which I am, but I don't want people to know that.

I want someone to care about me! I want someone to take care of me. I want someone whose schedule aligns with mine or who is a big enough dick to make me get up earlier in the morning and stay up. I want someone who'll be concerned about me but back off if I ask them to. Maybe I could be concerned about them, too, or maybe they'll actually be happy and I can just make them happier. I want...

But what's the use in fantasizing? It's not like anything new is going to happen this summer. I should fantasize about art projects instead. At least those have a snowball's chance in hell of happening.

10 May 2020, 03:03

Just had my first ever COVID anxiety dream, and it was a super weird one. There goes my plan of sleeping through the night I guess, because I feel really perturbed despite only partly remembering what happened.

Okay, the broad strokes. Part One was pretty much... Jasmine and I were in a setting that was like... someone had done something to the earth? Or I don't know, but it was all wilderness that we had to find a decent place to live in and set up camp there. So we hiked for I think a week or so and wound up camping in two slightly separate places. I don't know what hers was but mine was like, at the intersection of three rivers, but not really? I'm not sure how best to describe it in words, because I have the image in my head. I guess... the general setting was a familiar sort of forest, so either a California redwood forest or one of the ones in the coastal mountain range. I was on flat ground overlooking the intersection of two river gulleys into one. The ground was muddy and I think it was raining a lot but the rivers weren't more than a trickle, if that. There was a fallen tree trunk, mostly without branches, so quite possibly a redwood, leaning across the very beginning of the confluence. (A confluence is the term for a flowing body of water made by the joining of two tributaries; I had to look it up.) So we stayed there for a bit except then I started to hate the sight of my river confluence (and when I say river I mean something that would really only classify as a stream in most parts of the country, but here in California we take what we can get) and started discussing plans to move to a different campsite with Jasmine. There was one approximately 30 miles to our southwest that maybe had other people? I don't remember. But I thought we could hike it in two days (and referenced the fact that we had hiked Isle Royale, where our longest day was 12.7 miles, so 15 wouldn't be too difficult) and then through some dream

logic we stopped being in a camping setup and were now staying in this house/lodge sort of thing. It was all very gray colored and the architectural design was pretty modernist/minimalist I think, and we each had our own bedroom. Mine sucked and I didn't sleep well, a fact I felt bad about, so one morning I went over to Jasmine's room and lay down on her floor. It was raining pretty hard. My room was right next to a toll booth that cars were driving through and they made a lot of noise which is what made it difficult for me to sleep. It was much quieter in Jasmine's room. One of the cars actually pulled into my room while the driver sorted something out, then got back into the main line and went through the toll gate.

At this point the dream changed. It was snowing out and instead of in the woods I was on a hill, like a mountain for skiing. I was outside, it was sunny, and there was a group of college boys, all of whom were actually decent people and studying physics or something similar, clustered around a picnic table which was under a lone deciduous tree. I joined them and they told me about some of the dumb pranks they'd gotten up to. They had an actual adult who was their group leader who also joked around with them. He was planning to expand the picnic table and add some little mementos of stuff they'd done, like little references around the edge of the table to one of the dumb or funny things each of them had done. There were two tools we were using to mark the indents around the edge of the expanded table where things would go, and I used one a couple of times and then passed it off to someone else.

Dream logic took over again and suddenly I was a ski instructor to a set of three girls. One of them accidentally slipped down the hill and couldn't stop so I went after her and caught her and slowed her down, and somehow we got back up to the top of the hill. Then it happened again except I didn't notice for a bit longer so the two other girls tried going after her, except the snow on the hill was like, some really wet, heavy snow on top of basically ice, which made it really hard to keep control, and even though I tried my best I couldn't catch my runaway student. I was shouting at her trying to help, but it didn't work.

Then I finished that story as if I was reading a book and tried to find a sequel to find out what happens to her. But the only thing I could find was this excerpt that started kind of in the middle of a story and didn't have a proper ending and was pretty short. I couldn't say how I knew all this, and I was disappointed, but I read it anyway.

The new story opened with the girl going to a museum. She looked at a large sculpture of something standing on its own and reflected on it, then she went into this weird room. The door opening onto a small platform, kind of like a large landing for a set of stairs, except instead of stairs there was just a sheer drop. the room was L-shaped, with the door opening <- into the bottom of the L, the platform taking up basically the entire lower stroke so like _ , and then the upper stroke had some sort of wall of cubbies or boxes containing records on its right side and nothing on the left. The record wall went up maybe one and a half stories from the platform and down extremely far. You couldn't tell how far because the lighting all came from the ceiling, there was none in the walls as they got lower and more shadowed.

Another woman came in. She was modeled after the assassin Cha-Cha from the Umbrella Academy netflix show, basically played by the same actor, dressed formally. The girl did something that paralyzed her and maybe cruelly mocked her? before doing something else that sent her over the edge and to her death.

Obviously I was shocked by the development of my hapless ski student into this ruthless murderer. She came back the next day and the woman she had murdered was not on display as a sculpture, form arranged as if arrested mid-fall.

Then I was there, and it was a school, and I had to go find a professor. I failed, but I wound up in the custodian of the exhibits' office, and my little brother was there, trying to do some history research project but he had hit a wall. I told him to ask the custodian for access to C&C, the archives materials, but he wouldn't so I asked for him. We got permission and I took him to the place where it was.

I went in and saw the professor who I'd been searching for earlier, but instead of being helpful she gave me another power: I could write and draw with another pencil which was thinner than the one I already but it wasn't erasable.

Anyways. some other stuff happened including a fight and I had three sticks that I thought might grow into trees if I planted them right. Then I was back in my room, on my bed, trying to plant them, except I got an urgent call from my suitcase which was also my computer that I used to do... something at a distance. Be involved in battles or ambushes or something of some sort. So I did that and it was really difficult and our leader apologized for the incomplete info but said it was a thing we'd had to do at that time because they'd gotten wind of a potential opening earlier and hadn't had enough time to plan how best to exploit it.

During this battle I was also trying to plant my sticks. I don't remember why but it was important to the outcome. I succeeded eventually (after spilling a not insignificant amount of dirt on my bed and the bookshelf where I was trying to repot the plant) and as stated above we did win the conflict, so I guess it succeeded, except then I woke up with a horrible feeling of unease and hardly knew why.

The "why" turned out to be this whole sequence of dream events, which I can pretty solidly say was an anxiety dream. Usually I only get those when I'm going to be travelling by plane over the next few days (I hate planes). Although specifically the bit where my former ski student had turned into an emotionless assassin for fun & profit or something was not good. Also the final battle was super dream stressful. And the being in the house in the rain and having loud noises happening, and also just having to be out in the woods camping indefinitely in the first place. So maybe most of it was stressful.

Anyways I guess typing this all up helped me process it and not seem like, oh that's the worst possible outcome and I need to dwell on it. I am very tired, so

tired that ever since the book bit I've been dozing off as I type. Time to go back to bed and wake up stupid early to do my fucking art history exam.

10 May 2020, 22:09

Time isn't real! Time does not feel real.

I woke up this morning, well. I didn't sleep again after I woke up from my dream and then at 7 or so I finally left my room to do my art history final. Emailed it in with say 90 seconds to spare, hah. Then I dicked around some, showed Dad how to lino print, and then I took a nap except I kept waking up from it with, you guessed it, an inexplicable feeling of dread.

So now I'm awake again. I can't even make a sandwich because I don't have cheese, and we all know that a cheeseless sandwich is just a travesty. So maybe I will cook something else, or just eat bread. I did have breakfast, kind of, just yogurt, and I had bread and a bit of salad for dinner. And also two bananas. I haven't had my meds today because I need to pick up my refills from Target and I don't want to.

I'll do that tomorrow. I don't know what I'm going to do when school is done. I just have my Hebrew exam and essay left to do, and I suppose I should email Nanette about the oral portion of the exam because apparently the sign-ups were for last week.

My bug bites are driving me crazy. Seriously, the worst. I took some antihistamine and put on the steroid cream mom got for me but I'm still itchy. This is probably why the camping bit was in my anxiety dream. But seriously, bugs are just the worst.

11 May, 00:22

I had a whole box of Annie's Creamy mac and cheese, which is more like, one and a half servings for me. Also several chicken nuggets. I am so stuffed and also, now exhausted! Which I guess is one way to treat insomnia, haha. If only it didn't involve this intestinal discomfort.

I admitted in the high school friends server that I have been Fantasizing about intimacy. That's what I get for reading exR fanfiction, I guess, given that I identify very strongly with both and am equally as desperate for love as they seem to be written. Still haven't read "World Ain't Ready" which is like, THE canonical fic, but also like... I already went through high school. Why would I want to read about it? I'm Exclusively an sff, professional, or college au bitch, thank you very much.

11 May 2020, 23:54

You know as much as I fantasize about talking with people who are able to keep up with me, I don't *like* interacting with people who know more than me. It always leaves me feeling wrong-footed.

13 May 2020, 02:20

For fuck's sake, is anyone awake! I am going crazy here just sitting and suffering and failing to do my Hebrew essay, my last remaining piece of homework.

03:58

Well, I started the Hebrew. Got the translation, grammatical notes, and the FUXKING Biblia Hebraica critical apparatus section done, not without significant pain and squinting and suffering.

I swear I am going to axe murder the editors who made the existence of this book possible. I really, really will.

Currently struggling to finish this and also figure out what powers to give E in my Les Mis fanfic that I may or may not write. I need something that will be Big and Dramatic but also ideally wildly dangerous to the user and potentially any bystanders, as well as revealing his identity to anyone looking. Maybe set that last one aside as the effect of a protest gone wrong in the past? Something to consider. It's a lot to work with otherwise but if I can wrap it all up neatly it'll be just perfect.

R gets prescience but only for the negative outcomes of people's decisions, hah. It fits him. Also possibly a related more combat-ready power or skill, because what's the use of fanfiction if at the climactic moment you can't have the formerly-detached and cynical love interest swoop in and kick a bunch of ass in order to save their dumbass from certain death?

Also gives me lots of reasons to characterize R; says the powers work more on people he cares about, and also influence his dreams, bam! Two reasons for him to be even more of a miserable bastard.

I think it might be interesting to give other people powers that don't exactly "match up" to their personalities as well. Super strength for Combeferre, for example. Who are the active members of each team? Got to figure it out.

14 May 2020, 04:09

I AM listening to "It's Five O'Clock Somewhere" by Alan Jackson featuring Jimmy Buffet right now but I think I deserve it. I sent in my last two essays so I am FREE! The only thing left to do now is pray that my profs are kind enough to give me a C- so I can get that sweet sweet S instead of an SD.

There's nothing left to dread, I guess. Which means now I should get on to... fixing my sleep schedule, cleaning my room, and so on. Also probably start thinking about getting a job.

Weirdly enough, after I turned in all my science stuff and it got graded, my grade went down by like 3%! But that's fine, because I have an A in sculpture. I kind of hate that I've become a person who knows or cares about my GPA, but dreams for study away make monsters of us all I suppose.

I have a new mole on the back of my right hand. It's very small, like a speck of dirt or a mark from a pen. It's between my last two knuckles and skewed ever so slightly up and to the left. I'm calling it my Twentieth Birthday Mole because I am turning twenty in five days, and I KNOW it wasn't there before the start of May. I would have noticed.

Right now it feels like I'm always just... waiting for the next deadline. Or, something like that. My birthday. The end of the current shelter in place order, May 31st. (I expect they'll announce a new one, probably with slightly more relaxed guidelines. This is going to go on forever.) Mac is going to announce plans for the fall semester by June 1. And then I'll be waiting for something else... the end of the next shelter-in-place order. More news on scheduling. The beginning of the fall semester. Do I usually live deadline-to-deadline like this? I don't think so. I feel like I've existed in better ways. Or something.

Lots of something happening here. I'm tired, and also just super out of it, but I'm pretty sure that this is a fluke and not my normal state of being. And by "fluke" I mean the result of COVID, not just how my brain usually works. I'm out of it because I'm tired and stressed out. In less stressful circumstances I assume I am able to think and behave better, more functionally.

I got my Hebrew essay done by striking a deal with J. She gets ("gets", I say, like I'm not also benefitting from this) her half of the deal tomorrow, hopefully. If I

don't crash, I guess. We commiserated together, because quarantine is HELL on the "doing literally anything with anyone" front of one's social life.

15 May 2020, 04:17

I am ever so slowly expanding my Hebrew by talking to Zabu late at night.

אני צריכה "slowly". אני יוסף לעיברית שלי... לא מהר, אבל אני לא זוכר את הדבר ל
ללמוד בספר שלי נוסף.

I'm not totally sure how all that grammar checks out but fuck it, it's good practice.

I think the thing I was thinking about (lmao) in reference to Things They Carried isn't just death, but suffering. Does proximity to human suffering provide insight? It must not, because people do awful things all the time and come out no more enlightened. Does suffering itself provide insight? Not inherently, I know that much. Nasty things happening *can* make you better, but not without work. It's easy to just get angry and miserable.

אני חושב כי הדבר שלו חשבתי עלו, הוא היה כי

Well, I'm not completely abysmal at this.

For some reason my throat keeps hurting. Like in a lump-in-my-throat way, not a "dying of respiratory disease" way, but it's annoying nonetheless. Maybe it's a sign from god that I should go to sleep, because it only really happens late at night.

It's funny, I feel less of a need to write this journal now that I'm done with classes. So I guess that my prediction that transitioning into a lower-stress period would decrease the power of my journaling habit was right. And yet, here I am, so, not a total wash.

My birthday is in like four days. So that's a whole thing.

I've started applying to jobs, I guess. I don't know why I put an "I guess" there because it's not an opinion, it's a statement of fact. But I think that sometimes sentences sound better with a bonus clause tacked into them, and it's not like this journal is supposed to hold up to peer review or as Great Literature.

Speaking of great literature, I need to edit, update & continue etc. But I wrote the first chapter actual years ago and I'm slightly (greatly) terrified of looking over it to discover that it's Terrible. It probably won't be (I am continually shocked by the relatively good quality of my old writing) but I'm still afraid. I hate the lead up to rereading my old work for just this reason, probably more than I hate the actual rereading. At least if old writing sucks I can rip up the page or delete it, but you can't do anything about anticipation.

I wish I had someone else reading my journal, honestly. It's a twofold impulse: the desire for an audience, for one. Validation of my existence and internal reality via sharing it with someone else. And also, the fact that whoever was reading it *cared* enough to do so. Proof of investment, emotional and otherwise.

Also, maybe, it would mean they would *understand* me. What better way to know who I am as a person than my 4am ramblings about Hebrew and current events and my writing? I just want to not be alone, but I feel so very, very alone right now. COVID is really not helping.

I keep checking the Spring 2020 Digital Archive site. I don't know why. But I read through one of the journals uploaded there and skimmed the other, looking just at the dates of the entries. I feel a little proud that I'm the one with the longest, most regular entries. And why? I don't know why I'm making it a competition. Is that my only way of relating with people? Am I only journaling to beat someone else? I'm not sure. I don't know, I don't know. I hardly know anything about my motivations for this journal, which is weird to think about as I write it. Because I'm not getting what I want! There is no evidence for me that anyone else is seeing this! I'm as alone as ever, now with more well-iterated thoughts. Congratulations!

I want to do something. I want to change things, I want things to change. I wound up in a discussion (“discussion”) of politics with my parents today. Mom is angry that charities want her money and not her time, but she refused to do the research to find charities that DO want volunteers. Or she could found a damn mutual aid group for all I care. She wants to help people so bad? Direct action is where it’s at, babey. Selfish, selfish to only want to help on your own terms. She thinks she’s not rich, got a whole fucking chip on her shoulder about her economic status.

I mean, I’m embarrassed that I’m paying full tuition to be at Mac, mostly because I feel like I should have been more on top of things and able to get myself some scholarships. Plus I’m simultaneously anxious and completely oblivious about money: I’m afraid of spending it and running out but I have no goddamn clue how it works.

The point is, we can afford it. We live in Silicon Fucking Valley for god’s sake. Mom, if you’re reading this, I don’t care how much or how loudly you deny it, we’re rich people.

She’s so childish, sometimes. And dad is annoying. I guess “disrespectful” is the world for what I think of him. Am I being uncharitable? Yes. But I think I came by it honestly so it’s not like anyone else here has a leg to stand on.

16 May 2020, 00:39

I’ve been spoiled by my Manchester ‘92 soundboard recording, can’t find a decent recording of “Runaway Cart” anywhere else, which is tragic. Listening to “Master of the House” instead. Need to upload the soundboard rec to my ipod, I guess, especially given that I’ve deleted the music app from my phone and can’t upload stuff to it.

My throat still hurts. Might have to ask mom tomorrow if there's any obvious inflammation, not that I'd know what to do if there is.

I really need to move these entries from here to the document on my laptop.

03:40

Nothing gets me yearning like fanfic. I'm finally catching up / rereading Under My Wings. The college bit made me desperately miss school. I miss the art building. I miss the dorms and the lawns. It's funny because they're not particularly remarkable but they're *mine* in a way that this house isn't, if that makes any sense. A different sort of belonging, for a different sort of living and being.

I want something else. I don't know what, I was thinking of it three minutes ago when I started typing this but now I just don't remember, because of course I don't remember.

I was having my usual late-night life choices panic a couple hours ago. What if I go into screen acting? It's a hard industry to succeed in I'm sure but I'd love the attention.

I was reading chapter 6 and it made me think about how quickly we adapt to things. How quickly we get over them. The world changes and we change with it and then it's not new or different any more, it just is. People die, wars are won and lost, politics happen, and the new normal stops being new and starts being just normal. And what's going to be different when COVID is over? (It's not even sexually transmitted.) Will anything be different? Will I be able to tell without looking for it?

18 May 2020, 04:52

Not long now till I'm twenty. And I'm gonna ring in my birthday with a sore throat, which just goes to prove that God must have a mean sense of humor.

I haven't mentioned it in my last entry which is a little odd but I guess it really started bugging me yesterday, and then I wound up not writing an entry because I was simultaneously so tired and yet unable to sleep on account of overheating and just, not managing.

My left tonsil (or at least, *something* between my glossopalatal and pharyngeopalatal arches on the left side and the left side ONLY) is very painful when I swallow. I've been looking at it with a flashlight in the mirror a bunch and I can see the inflammation, too. I've been yoyoing back and forth in anxiety, torn between worrying that it's strep throat that I really need to get treated before it significantly worsens, or just a viral infection that I can't actually do anything about and will just have to wait out.

On the balance, I kind of hope it's strep, because then I will know for sure exactly what it is, with no more need to doubt or worry, and I'll just take an antibiotic and it will be over.

I'm very tired, my eyes drifting closed over these sentences. I still feel miserably overheated but maybe a supervillain (like Mr Freeze or Captain Cold; preferably Captain Cold, as the Flash's rogues are better corralled and better at being like, decent people, than most of the Gotham rogues) will come and freeze me so I can get some goddamn rest.

19 May 2020, 04:09

I get tonsillitis for my birthday. Lucky me.

My anxiety is running somewhat rampant, I keep swapping between what I'm worried it actually is. Maybe it's strep, which is fine except the symptoms are

supposed to be super bad. Maybe it's viral, which means I can't treat it with anything but palliatives. Maybe it's a fucking tonsolith, in which case I'll only get treatment after like a month of pain when they finally reopen shit for non-essential procedures.

It's probably not a tonsolith.

I'm sick of being anxious but I can't exactly stop. I don't know if doing research is good or bad; it's almost a compulsion, but I genuinely do like knowing things. The problem is, is knowing certain things useful or beneficial to me? Jury's still out on that one.

Mom decided to send me to urgent care today and we got the whole runaround about can't go into urgent care for a sore throat but the respiratory clinics were closed but urgent care is doing respiratory work after 5pm but they're not doing rapid strep tests on account of what if the nurses get coronavirus. So the doctor just asked me some questions and said it's possible I have strep and logically more likely than a virus, so he prescribed me some antibiotics and off we went.

Mom said that made sense and she didn't think it was necessary to get any other professional opinions, which I agree with. But she also said that people who second-guess their doctors and search for second and third opinions usually wind up with worse care. Which makes some sense but I also think there might be a causative relationship going the other way— people who feel they're not getting an adequate level of care or treatment might search out other doctors who might treat them more effectively.

Can you tell my parents are doctors? I get to listen to dad complaining about all these medical organization buzzword things at the dinner table.

Furyal texted me at exactly midnight, beating me by about three seconds, which I cannot BELIEVE. This is oppression, I tell you.

I think last night I spent a bit insignificant amount of time going through my contacts list and making custom vibrate patterns for all the people who regularly text me. That lets me know who's messaging me without even having to take my phone out of my pocket. Most of them as of now are two-letter morse code (ish) patterns, which is an excellent idea in concept, but in practice I have ABSOLUTELY not learned any of the letters, and without any sort of... a lot of my old buzz tones were based on songs, or phrases, so I would think of the phrase they represented and that would be associated with the person who was texting, but these have no strong associations to pre-existing knowledge, so learning them will be tough.

But I think it's better, because they'll be shorter and less annoying, and i have whatever 26x26 options for them instead of being limited by "how many short phrases with distinct patterns can I put into my phone".

I caved and started rereading Under My Wings from the beginning. I've just hit chapter 14; my original reread starter at ch13 and I got through the end of 16 before I decided I needed to go back to the very top. (It was because they mentioned Feuilly and I'd forgotten what exactly happened to him. Turns out it was never really explained.)

I still have to write Matthew a letter for faux-senior retreat. (Look at that proper use of an en-dash.) I'm sure I still have my letters sitting around somewhere so now I want to read them. And my old yearbooks. Maybe I just want to prove that I still exist in other people's heads, or that I ever did. I don't know, I'm sick of being lonely and I'm sick of being alone. I was playing music in the kitchen earlier and trying to remember some dance moves, particularly the rumba and tango, and it was so hard without a partner.

put your hand between an aching head and an aching world / we'll make them so jealous, we'll make them hate us

Redid my Arrow & Ace playlist, which still (musically AND conceptually) slaps. Learned some new things about the characters while I was at it, and also that I'm still garbage at arranging mixtapes without listening all the way through them, hah. Well, I do my best and my music taste is eclectic and varies between soft and loud, so it's kind of impossible just based on vibe and memory.

they think i'm insane / they think my lover is strange / but i don't have to fucking tell them anything, anything

20 May 2020, 03:30

My cake this year was Isle Royale themed. There were figurines on it (moose and wolf) and a sign for Windigo and a not-to-scale model of the lighthouse at Rock Harbor and tall candles which mom said were the Milky Way.

I miss hiking and I miss sailing and I miss people. I am ESPECIALLY not allowed to interact with people without proper distancing right now because of my sore throat, so I can't even break the rules to visit a friend. I miss my friends so much that I miss crying in front of them. There is something incredibly cathartic about crying in front of or with other people. I am so sick of being on my own.

I read the additional alternate POV stories for UMW and then reread the last two chapters which is part of why I'm feeling so emotional right now.

I just want someone to care about me. I want to have friends. I want intimacy. I texted Furyal but she's not up right now so I'll just have to wait till morning. I messaged Ren about how I ate so much for dinner I got a stomachache and I'm always this close to messaging J as well even though I have literally nothing new to say.

23 May 2020, 02:42

Further proof that I journal less when I'm less stressed.

Where to begin? Artwork, money, vibrator, there was something else but I can no longer remember it. Oh, my sore throat, medications.

I've decided to start taking my sertraline in the evenings instead of the mornings so I can have bananas with my breakfast without worrying / having to keep track of time. (If I have a banana and sertraline too close together, I get nauseous; it can cause me to throw up if I take them both at once.)

My throat is still sore. I tried having ice cream last night and it still made it hurt much more. I am just WAITING for the day I will recover so I can have a milkshake. It's been a full week since the soreness started and I am not particularly happy with that. It does seem to be getting a little better but it's still far from gone.

We're having an appraiser come in tomorrow (today) at noon apparently, so I'm supposed to be up by then. Don't particularly like it when there are strange people in my house. Sometimes if they come in my room, I can smell them after they leave and I have to open all the windows to get the scent back to normal. Also it means I have to put my vibrator away; can't be leaving sex toys out in overly obvious places, such as the edge of the bathtub, even if that's a convenient storage spot for me, given that I haven't showered and don't plan on doing so for a few days. I do appreciate everyone who's seen my rabbit vibe in its very much unsubtle spot under my bed (next to my nightstand) and politely ignored it. Respect.

I want to buy more yarn to continue my crochet projects but yarn is Expensive and I always get anxious about money, despite the fact that I have over \$1000 in my savings account right now. The thing is, in real life, that's not that much! Could be rent and groceries and transit for maaaaybe two months if I was careful, three if I really learned how to be frugal. I know it's irrational for me of all

people (of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world) to worry about money like that, given that I live with wealthy parents and have no plans to strike out on my own for at least two years, but I do. Furyal says I should just ask for money or use the credit card I have for groceries and medical care, but I don't want to. I refuse to examine exactly why right now because it's complicated and difficult and it is late at night right now and I'm tired, or at least feel like I should be.

Which brings us to the last point, art. I want to try a slightly more angular lino cut style, so I'm making propaganda. Anti-capitalist propaganda, to be specific: an image of the SF skyline with the Golden Gate Bridge in the foreground, half-sunk in the ocean, with the text "CAPITALISM IS THE CRISIS". I hope it turns out well. I've carved out the first word, outlined the rest, and done a (very) loose sketch of the bridge + skyline view.

Last summer everyone was obsessed with "hot girl summer". I'm like, fuck that, we're doing "Hot Mess summer". Not even ironically, Gabe Saporta and everyone else who contributed to song writing in Cobra Starship is a fucking genius. Not to ride them too hard or anything but songs like "Good Girls Go Bad" fucking EVISCERATE the mid-2000s "party scene". "Pete Wentz is the Only Reason We're Famous"? Fucking "Nice Guys Finish Last"??? Poetic fucking cinema.

I woke up this morning and saw that it was 7 on my clock and for some reason I was absolutely CONVINCED that it was 7 PM and I had slept through the afternoon. I don't know why, but I was sure of it for like ten minutes, and I was confused as to why it was so bright through my curtains. I reasoned that the sun must be going down later because it's summer.

And what a summer it is. Can't host parties, can't go to Great America, can barely eat s'mores because of my throat. I'd sleep through it if I would, wake up in the fall to see if classes were happening and go back to bed if they weren't.

we're making out inside crashed cars / and sleeping through all the memories / i used to waste my time dreaming of being alive

Oh, I don't dream of being alive, I just dream of living. What's the use of being alive if all you do is nothing? I know it's about safety but Jesus Christ I'm lonely.

24 May 2020, 03:25

Maybe it's weird but I miss peeing outside. Pooping, not so much; it's a pain in the woods at best, and often VERY inconvenient given my GI system's tendency to, ahem, majorly suck.

Tonight I am taking: 200mg sertraline and 30mg buspirone, which are my usual medications, albeit that usually I take the sertraline in mornings, but I'm experimenting, and I took my other 30mg dose of Buspar this morning; whatever size dose of amoxicillin, although that I took closer to 23:30 as I'm supposed to take it as close to 12-hr intervals as I can; 220mg (1 capsule) ibuprofen, which is the maximum allowable dose as I took 440mg (2 capsules) this morning, and you're not supposed to exceed 3 doses in 24 hours; 1g (2 caplets, 500mg each) acetaminophen, which I also took 1g of this morning, but for that the max allowed daily dose is 3g or 6 capsules I think so I'm not even skirting the edge on that one; and 50mg (2 jelly capsules, 25mg each) of diphenhydramine, because I really do want to sleep before 5am tonight and you build up a resistance to these ones.

I have a hard time trying to keep diphenhydramine and doxylamine straight; they're both antihistamines that can make you drowsy and thus are used as sleep aids. One of them is the active ingredient in Benadryl, but fucked if I know which one. Or... just the drug in Benadryl. I find it weird that we get these drugs, and then name them random shit that's nearly as many syllables AND tells you nothing about the drug, and market them using that. Seems like a marketing scam to me; like, I bought my enormous bottle of generic extra strength

acetaminophen for like \$1.50, and the equivalent bottle of tylenol is like \$18. What the fuck! Do not understand people who buy brand name drugs.

I know I shouldn't take double doses of the d-whatever-amine. I've been properly frightened out of overdoing it on painkillers with threats of liver and kidney failure, and also stomach damage?, which do NOT sound like a fun time, but nobody has ever told me what happens if I take too much antihistamine. So I should probably find out.

In these cases, knowledge is a moderating factor.

I was taking a quiz earlier and it asked which character archetype I'd be in a Western; I answered the Doc, because I have an insatiable need to know medical information and give advice when it's not wanted, plus a solid dose of immunity to gore and a desire to materially help people.

Getting all the news in town the moment anything happens is just a bonus, of course.

Maybe I should write something with that premise. Or at least make an OC, haha. Maybe for DD.

I bought the small octopus crochet pattern today, gonna have to order supplies to start it I believe. Also made decent progress on the shell scarf; gonna need new yarn for that too. I love octopodes so much. I really want to hug one. I think they'd be excellent huggers. Giant Pacific Octopuses, my favorite, can apparently get REALLY big! I thought they were just called "giant" in comparison to the really small other octopuses but no, apparently the largest specimen found had a 30 ft wingspan and weighed 600 pounds! Now THAT is some serious hugging power! And it's been theorized that they can get up to 50 feet across and whatever the associated weight. Maybe 800 pounds? I don't remember, I don't know. It's almost enough to make me want to study bio so I can become an octopus aquarist.

I'm so sad, I really want to hug an octopus. It's a dream of mine. I need to find an octopus worker friend so I can get an in on this. I want to hug an octopus! Or, I want to be hugged by one. They seem very nice.

25 May 2020, 02:53

Today I learned that the giant Pacific octopus has an average lifespan of only three years. That makes me really sad, and also is quite surprising, because I guess I figured that if they get BIG they have to live really long to get that big. When they're babies they grow by .9% every day which means they will like, grow to almost 20,000 times their size at birth if they keep that rate up. They probably don't but they might because at that constant rate, they'd theoretically grow from 0.029 grams to... actually not as big as I thought. Don't double-check my math because it doesn't check out. Anyways.

Hoo, I am tired. I should wash my dishes and go to bed but I really don't wanna have to... wash the dishes. It's just Not Fun.

26 May 2020, 04:40

Not to be dramatic but there are so many ways to kill yourself. A toxic dose of diphenhydramine is only like 300mg. Not that "toxic" actually means anything besides "causes adverse side effects in probably the majority of people"... seriously I'd like to petition to ban that term formally from all scientific and medical applications. Not that we have a better word.

Tonight I am listening to "Sweet Caroline" on repeat and feeling like crying (or killing myself, apparently, but not that much. Just enough to research symptoms of overdose on another one of my medications).

I just want to love somebody and be loved in return. Maybe several somebodies. It seems unlikelier than ever right now.

I want to scream “I’m LONELY I am LONELY” but what would that do? It would embarrass me in the morning, I’m sure.

I think I’m crying because I’m lonely and sad but also because I was thinking about Les Mis and Night Watch, even though I’ve never read it and barely know the outline, because it’s the 25th of May so several people are posting about it. Maybe I should stay off Tumblr tomorrow.

I should just close out of all of my apps and go to bed. I’m anxious about vomiting, because I had some cookie dough before I took my meds, and the last time I did that I vomited and was late to sculpture.

I reflected... I don’t remember where, but I said I was sick of disappointing people. But I’m not in charge of their expectations or desires for me. I can’t help it if other people want more from me than I am able to give. It’s saddening all the same, because their sadness *feels* like my fault. But they should just lower their expectations! Ugh. So I haven’t changed any in this regard.

Maybe if I vomited I would feel better. It could be metaphorical. Even though it’s not, it’s just miserable. Which is fine, because I’m miserable. Well, I’m fine, just slightly miserable. Have I mentioned that I miss people and places? What now? When will I be able to see anyone? Go anywhere? Stay in my house all summer? That’s fine.

I’ll survive. Hopefully. That’s the plan, after all. But if I was sick, wracked and tense and panting, at least I could rest after. At least, at least. A whole sky full of clouds with silver linings, except you have to admit, clear skies have much more silver than this dreary forecast. What an outlook.

I can only assume Mom is working tomorrow. Dad didn't have work today, because apparently it was Memorial Day. Mom worked anyway because people never stop getting sick and dying in the hospital.

27 May 2020, 05:31

It's boggling how much of the human experience is lost moment to moment. I think things and then I forget them and this is happening for every person, all the time, and has been for all of history.

The sun is coming up and I forgot to take my fucking tylenol, whoops. But I'm awake is the point (haven't slept yet) and honestly what's the point in trying to go to bed now if I'm not actually drowsy, right? The whole house is vibrating with the air conditioning because it's been 90 out for the past two days and I want to swim but also I'm so desperately alone and honestly swimming isn't that much fun on one's own. The larger the pool and the complement of people the better. Playing sharks and minnows, colors, even just a water gun fight is better than swimming laps or something. I want to invite people over but oh, wait, I can't, because coronavirus, get fucked, me.

Sharks probably don't actually eat minnows. Are minnows even saltwater fish? Are there freshwater sharks? I don't know. I just think a minnow is like... by definition, too small for a shark to really bother with. But you'd also think that about krill and then whales eat them by the gallon so, you never know. There's a lot of mysteries in the world that are only mysteries to me because I haven't looked up the answers. Which is fun because as much as I enjoy knowing things, I also enjoy not knowing certain things. Because it means I can look it up later and get an answer, but also because I can imagine whatever I want in the moment and it doesn't matter whether or not it's true. I can always do that, but it's more fun I think when the truth truly is unknown.

Tomorrow I am hoping to sit down and sharpen all of the knives in our kitchen, except for the two bread knives. I don't think they've been sharpened in a loooong time and at least two of them (the two that I checked because I was using them) have gotten super dull which, as any professional chef or hand surgeon can tell you, is very dangerous. Also I find sharpening knives really relaxing, and I need to figure out how to ask my grandparents for a set of whetstones as my late birthday gift because a nice set of sharpening stones would be invaluable for my folding knives, carving tools, and any other woodworking chisels I get in the future.

I'm on my period now, by which I mean I'm actually bleeding from my vagina, which is very unusual for me ever since I got my IUD like two years ago. God bless modern medical science. I was having cramps earlier today like "uuuuugh why this why now" but I guess the answer is, surprise period! Although to be fair most of my periods at this point are a surprise because I don't exactly keep track of it, at all, on account of I don't caaaaaare and the bleeding is usually so light I don't actually need to wear a pad or anything, and the cramps seem to occur randomly without any rhyme or reason. Maybe if I kept better track of them I would see a pattern but..... fuck that, I don't wanna.

Furyal told me that Nicole, her phys professor and like... advisor or something, idk but they're close, is quitting professoring to, on God, move to a Tibetan Buddhist monastery in some woods somewhere. So that's a thing! It's way past April so I guess we all just have to take this seriously???? Which is fucking wild. A monastery. In the woods.

Not gonna lie, that does kind of sound like the dream at this point. So maybe Nicole is onto something. But also maybe she's just having a COVID-related crisis because (well as far as I am aware) this seems to be coming out of left field and like. I love making impulse decisions and I personally am very good at them, but MOST people make impulse decisions based on the dopamine receptors or some shit (idk, Furyal is the one who's studied o-chem) whereas I make them with my Smart Brain which Only turns on when I am making snap

decisions. I kind of forget my point here, if I ever had one to begin, but I guess I'm worried about the impact this will have on Furyal and by extension, what it means emotionally for Nicole. Well, at least there's always Sad Hat Guy. If something happened to him I don't know what I'd do.

28 May 2029, 00:53

When I was younger my brothers and I used to talk to each other through the vents in our bedrooms. If you talked into the one in my room you could hear the sound coming out of the one in Matthew or Josh's room.

Today was the Performing Arts Banquet, where Matthew got honored at various points for being a graduating senior and stuff. Mr Roth did a "which G—" quiz which was very fun. Also I had Chinese food and talked with April S—, formerly known as Auggie, and now we are friends on Discord. I didn't interact with her much, haven't for a couple of years on account of I graduated and went to college, but I am really proud and happy for her. Watching people grow up... crazy. She's graduating middle school this year and 4 inches taller than me, which is Absurd.

Last night I dreamed that my good jeans finally wore through so I took them apart and used them as a pattern to sew a new pair. I am deeply tempted to start sewing my own clothing. I'm going to wait until we get our sewing machine back and then see what I can do.

29 May 2020, 04:06

I am exhausted with anxiety over the Minneapolis / St Paul protests. Funny how things can change so quickly. Don't have emotional energy to recap today, maybe tomorrow. Or find sources from social media, god knows they're not hard to run into

1 June 2020, 05:57

No, I haven't slept yet. Wasn't planning to except people won't be up for another hour yet and I was getting cold.

06:37

Want to sleep but now I'm fucking hungry. Awful.

Wrote letters to Matt, Grant & Libby for senior retreat this morning. Fuck it, I'm going to eat something then go back to bed.

2 June 2020, 00:58

I guess it was... overly idealistic to suppose that the United States could be reformed.

02:20

I'm anxious. I'm attending a protest in Fremont tomorrow. I keep going over everything that can go wrong, except not really. Tear gas. Being arrested. Beatings. Do I record video or audio? Would it even mean anything?

I keep having to remind myself that there's no such thing as thought-crimes. Not in the way you're expecting, though. I keep thinking about these protests in the context of fiction; *The Hunger Games*, *Hamilton*, *Les Mis*. "Fire is catching." *This is not a moment, it's the movement.*

(Foes oppose us, we take an honest stand / We roll like Moses, claiming our promised land / And if we win our independence / Is that a guarantee of freedom for our descendants? / Or will the blood we shed begin an endless / Cycle of vengeance and death with no defendants? / I know the action on the street is

exciting / But Jesus between all the bleeding and fighting I've been reading and writing / We need to handle our financial situation / Are we a nation of states? What's the state of our nation? / I'm past patiently waiting, I'm passionately smashing / Every expectation, every action's an act of creation / I'm laughing in the face of casualty and sorrow / For the first time I'm thinking past tomorrow!)

I wonder if... anyone ever founded a nation *knowing* it was going to face revolution. Nobody *plans* to become corrupt. But it happens. Every revolution... I'm tired and not totally thinking straight so it's hard to remember everything I wanted to write down but I gotta say it.

Revolution now seems harder than ever. What can any group of people do against the full force of the United States of America? We've lost wars overseas, sure, but all that does is prove that overthrowing a government is hard, even for a country with all the money and political sway they could ask for. Things need to change. Voting doesn't work. Reform doesn't work.

I guess this is the process of being "radicalized". But I'm not doing this; the State is doing this. I refuse to be subjugated, I refuse to live in a population that is being subjugated, I refuse to accept a government which governs by fear and force. Dignity, life, safety, these are not things the State should be able to take away. They are not *optional*.

I was doing research on 3d printed tourniquets and I found two articles by a doctor who worked in Palestine (Gaza, specifically) discussing field tests of his organization's (Glia) design. The reports were... informative, amusing, horrifying. Descriptions of wounds they treated, issues discovered with the tourniquet design, the Israeli Defense Force firing on unarmed protesters. On the second day, the death of a medic, and a photograph of the author's own gunshot wound (a through-and-through in the calf).

Why is anyone in Gaza still protesting? Why risk that? Death, dismemberment, permanent injury. What do they gain?

I'm not sure, just like I'm not sure what the outcome of the Bay Area protests will be. I asked Josh today how WFR training teaches them to apply tourniquets, and he noted that if a tourniquet is necessary, the injury situation is already VERY bad. So it's unlikely I'll need to apply one, or so I tell myself. I'm still anxious, but I can face this, because I may only be one person but I can afford to add my voice to support Black protesters. And I can provide at least some treatment should things turn ugly.

Every revolutionary in Les Mis dies. I guess the French are good for something; endless insurrection. Revolutions, rebellions, riots. What's the difference? Who's in charge after the dust has settled. It's not as simple anymore; time was, if you killed the king and enough of his nobles, you could take over. You can still do that, in some countries. The US is too big for that, though. at least I think. I'd have to consult a political scientist or sociologist or some sort of person.

Emma Goldman would support these riots, haha. I haven't thought about her in a while, I'll be honest. It's all been... 1992 LA riots. 2014 Ferguson. 2015 Baltimore. Some reflection on the Occupy movement. Anonymous (the hacker collective) is back. Somebody should tell them to doxx the Fraternal Order of Police, because they're all probably massive racists.

Fire is catching; if we burn, you burn with us. If the people can unite... they can't possibly kill us all. They could try to arrest us all. Would be difficult, though, not to mention a very bad move for their image.

What did ACT-UP NY accomplish? How did they accomplish it? What can we learn from historical activist movements? At the very least, that legal reform is not enough. The system is rotten.

3 June 2020, 02:07

Woke up at 10:20, had breakfast, bought medical supplies. Mom drove us to Fremont, parked near Washington Hospital, we took a bus to the mall where the march began.

It was hot. I'm mildly sunburnt and got blisters like WOAHH. Didn't need to provide any treatment to anyone except for making sure a girl got gatorade when having heat exhaustion and informing her that she had a right to refuse treatment, because a cop was *helpfully* insisting on calling a medic. Fucking police.

Instead of San Francisco, tomorrow I'll be attending the protest in San Mateo. The county has instated a Local Emergency, which I'm not sure is technically legal in this situation; sent an email to Vince's dad, a former prosecutor with the SF DA's office, asking for his input, hopefully will talk tomorrow before the protest. (In the email I called it a *rally*, because if nothing else, I have my words to sway opinions.)

Have drained my blisters twice; this time I made larger holes and then bandages over them. I really don't want to handle non-callused-over blisters tomorrow. Oh, and (tmi) my toenails got slightly too long for my boots and some of my toes feel a little bruised; but I trimmed them and I can deal with that pain because it won't increase. It's unnerving to feel two layers of your skin rubbing against each other.

Hawk linked me to a twitter thread on riot/street medicine; I really need to get trained. I have first aid training (although I very much need to re-up on it) and I've done the reading on how to treat tear gas and pepper spray, but that's not enough. So I've requested to join a Bay Area facebook group for street medics, hoping they'll let me in and have information on upcoming trainings. I've also signed up for a digital seminar tomorrow morning (10-12 rip me) on first aid for police brutality. Not sure how effective that sort of instruction can be but at the least it can't hurt.

I think I'm having a hard time unwinding. I'm not fucking supposed to have to do this! I should not have the goddamn responsibility to protest people's deaths at the hands of the state! But I will, at least tomorrow, because that's the only moral thing to do. Then I'll need at least a few days off to heal my blisters and emotional state. This is fucking exhausting; how do people manage to be full-time activists? Maybe I just don't have the temperament.

I'm anxious that the only possible outcome of this is civil war. Not in the... traditional sense, I suppose, between opposing factions in defined geographical areas; but a full, nation-wide series of rebellions and riots until we get the revolution we need. Because it seems impossible that the United States will *change* in response to its citizens' needs.

These riots did not come out of nowhere; and they will not be going anywhere until the root cause has been resolved. But I am not ready to be a soldier, and I don't know what I can do. I don't want to die, and I don't want my friends and fellows, members of my generation going off to fight and die for our cause. It may be necessary; I don't know. I don't know how much I would put up with just to stay alive, or to keep my friends alive. Death is always a tragedy (unless it's of a cop, in which case, free bacon). But if people want to choose to risk their life for their beliefs, they should have that choice; but they should NOT be killed simply for existing. Murder is not the same as martyrdom. There must be a *choice*.

I am exhausted, and I'm furious. How *dare* the state. The San Mateo curfew is prioritizing *property* over *people*. America is fundamentally broken: a system built on chattel slavery will ALWAYS choose some people's right to property over all people's right to life, liberty and dignity.

Maybe I should figure out how to give a speech. That above bit sounds pretty good.

4 June 2020, 01:37

I am sick and tired of living through historically significant events.

Slept past noon today, plus was half falling asleep while reading after breakfast. Made a protest sign saying “NOT ONE MORE GOVERNMENT MURDER!”. Mom drove us to San Mateo; I wove my way to the front of the crowd to hear the speakers. Missed the first one or two, but I heard the rest; they were better than I’d expected. On my way in, I passed a cop explaining to a white kid saying “it’s like a parade”, so I shouted “it’s not a parade, it’s a protest. Quit your job!” and he yelled back “easy, tiger”. And people wonder why I don’t like cops. Like, even aside from the whole supporting state-sanctioned murder thing.

Got home exhausted. My shoulders are sore from raising my hands and holding up the sign. My calves are sore from walking. Still have blisters, although on my heels they’re fine, because I already put holes in them & either that or the duct tape I put on my heels worked.

Didn’t attend the medical seminar this morning, obviously. Also didn’t get an email back from Vince’s dad, but then I didn’t exactly follow up on it. All of my energy and pressing concerns from last night suddenly seemed a lot less urgent when I woke up exhausted today.

Got accepted to the facebook group; there’s only four or five other people in it who are still active, but we’re coordinating amongst ourselves. Probably no chance of me getting “proper” street medic training at LEAST until COVID is over, but I can still offer my assistance to those who are better trained than I am in the coming days.

Currently feeling feverish or sunburned— too hot on my skin. Am in bed with my window open, despite the fact that I got some fun new bug bites last night. I’ll close it when I’m tired enough to actually fall asleep. I’m not almost dropping my phone every time I blink yet, so this ain’t it, kid.

Nothing else to report, really. I haven't showered so I still smell like sunscreen. I really need to wash my sheets. Maybe if I rinse off in a cold shower I'll feel better.

7 June 2020, 01:11

I think the power of art gets underestimated in moments like this. The consolatory power of art. Or maybe I just don't agree with the... theory that says the only art worth engaging with right now is art made by Black people.

I'm listening to Harmony Hall by Vampire Weekend right now. It's pretty Jewish. Obviously when I get a moment to breathe I should read some Angela Davis and Hughes and um... who did We Real Cool? Something with a G.

Mom used to send me poems in the letters she wrote me at summer camp. I have my own collection of poetry books now.

It's... technically Sunday now. So on Thursday, the 4th, I rested. On the 5th, I attended a brief street medic training session for the protest in Cupertino on the 6th. Today, Saturday, I woke up at 11 for a brunch that was mostly just donuts. Then I had a banana and some peanut butter for longer-lasting energy. Left at 12:40 for Cupertino protest. Once more, the only medical responsibility I had was making sure a guy who was getting dizzy drank some gatorade and took off his jacket.

Tomorrow I'm headed to Union City. Will probably be in more of a crowd control capacity, as there will be people with much more advanced medical training than I have there.

Matthew graduated today. The ceremony was.. drive-in style, with big screens set up and some other stuff. I'm sure there's a video of it somewhere.

Wondering if this journal technically constitutes an opsec risk. No details of times, locations, or names, though. Might still be incriminating if the FBI or whoever were desperate to convict me, but I assume they have bigger problems.

My left heel hurts to hell. I've been limping. Mostly can't run. Thankfully today's march was short, and tomorrow's will be too.

I just tried to go through the alphabet to figure out the pool players author, but I got to G-A-H before I started zoning out and nearly falling asleep. Now I'm envisioning... well, some weird stuff. Time to put the phone down and sleep I guess.

7 June 2020, 23:39

Very tired, Attended protest in Union City today, nothing happened; we shut down streets as we marched but no police bothered us. Got paired with PJ, an EMT, who was very nice. Got a couple of Capri Suns (fuck yeah).

Not feeling as burnt out anymore; today 9 members of Mpls city council (enough to override veto from Mayor Frey) pledged to begin defunding & abolish police. Next stop, St Paul, hopefully. Then the world, or at least the States.

It's almost unbelievable that this has become a topic of discussion, something feasible. Two weeks ago I wouldn't have believed it. Yesterday I was full of doubt & anxiety, what if it was all for nothing? Today I am invigorated, excited. I believe things can change.

Watched an interview with Kendrick Sampson; he said, *when we fight, we win*. Someone said that two weeks of protesters going out and getting their asses kicked was having an impact; and it is.

Not sure if I should go down to medic in San Jose. Maybe, maybe not. I need at least two days off first though. The movement can spare me until I am recovered; it cannot replace me if I burn out.

Messaged J to let her know I should be recovered + less tired in coming days. Hopefully she is available, it's been far too long.

I should make some art while I recover. Need to figure out yarn for my crochet projects— I bought an octopus pattern some days back but haven't gotten a correct size hook or yarn yet.

Today was Mom's birthday. I said I would make her a cake, which I should do in the next couple of days as a recovery activity.

I saw an interesting newspaper article (I think in the WSJ, bc the font/layout didn't seem like the NYT) about the relationship between spatial and social mapping in the brain. There was a lot of interesting stuff but the thing that stuck out to me was that lack of spatial travel is damaging to humans. We knew this already—solitary confinement for example is very bad, mentally. But apparently *imagining* spatial travel serves the same purpose as actually doing it. Which shouldn't be too surprising, but it is nonetheless interesting & has repercussions for the way that I should take care of myself during this pandemic.

9 June 2020, 03:30

The thing is, protesting is scary. People have died. Mostly Black people, being shot and killed by police, because of fucking course that continues to happen, but also a girl around my age died from tear gas exposure. Well, she was 22, and the official line is that we don't know what caused her death and that there was no EMS call to the location of the protest. But people don't just drop dead, especially not now in the age of modern medicine.

I've been thinking of going down to San Jose, where there's been more rioting. I want to help people. I want to provide whatever support I can, because I feel like that's my moral duty. I can't just sit here, *in the house of money in the street of money in the city of money in the country of money*, and live happily during the war. I can help people, so I *must*.

Does that make sense? Am I overvaluing my own contribution? It's hard to tell. Maybe the impulse is just to be involved in something *big* enough, *dramatic* enough to sate my guilt. Maybe I think that I can rinse off my metaphorical privilege at the same time as tear gas or pepper spray. I don't want to get hurt, and I don't want to get arrested. Is there anything I can do, though, that will provide an equivalent amount of support as putting myself out there and risking it? I don't know.

There's a protest in Palo Alto on Thursday. I think I'll go; will have to get there hella early to park, but then parking in Palo Alto is always a nightmare.

I miss being able to go places and like... do social activities to destress, decompress. I'm worried that our attempts at abolition of the police department will only result in a *kindler, gentler* police department and that is NOT what we want. I'm tired, too. I get excited in the morning, I get anxious as the afternoon passes and I'm all keyed up by night.

It's interesting to me that Macalester chose to document COVID. Are they going to document this? It's practically next door. Again, this is just vanity, because I am desperate for a guarantee that somebody other than myself will read and appreciate this journal. But I think it would be valuable, either way.

We Lived Happily During The War

And when they bombed other people's houses, we

protested

but not enough, we opposed them but not

enough. I was

in my bed, around my bed America

was falling: invisible house by invisible house by invisible house.

I took a chair outside and watched the sun.

In the sixth month

of a disastrous reign in the house of money

in the street of money in the city of money in the country of money,

our great country of money, we (forgive us)

lived happily during the war.

I read that collection of poetry. Deaf Republic by Ilya Kaminsky. I liked some of it and other parts I didn't, especially the overtly sexual bits, but that was I think more due to topic than tone. How will we be forgiven? And once we solve these problems, there are others. (every time a problem ends / another one begins.)

Whose responsibility? Whose the streets, whose the system? How do we make the world habitable? How do we create networks of subjects rather than objects? And how, and how, and how? It's hard. Even the not giving up. Especially the not giving up.

10 June 2020, 00:50

Posted on Instagram story, around 23:00, after sharing some posts by a classmate about some issues she had of the discussion surrounding handling violence/aggression from mentally ill people:

“My personal notes on the previous slides:

I have a couple of mental illnesses and some developmental differences that don't quite qualify as a “disorder” because I can usually pass for “normal”, that is, fully (mentally) abled. Sometimes I can't. And at those times, I am deeply, DEEPLY frustrated that I live in a world where neurological differences are pathologized and “accommodated for” rather than accepted as an inherent part of humanity as a whole.

As we think about the work of building stronger, safer communities, think about the different levels of ability members of your community have. How can we ensure that every person is provided with the resources they need, not just to recover when they are struggling, but to avoid the need for recovery in the first place?

I have hurt people emotionally due to my mental illness. I do not claim to share the experiences of people who are physically aggressive to others due to their circumstances. I only know what it feels like to say cruel things, not because I want to hurt the other person, but because I have no other method of self-expression in that moment. This is not to say I do not take responsibility for my actions; rather to remind you that people act in response to their environment. How can we build a social environment that offers all people the opportunity to communicate their needs and desires in a constructive way?”

Posted around 23:30, on the same topic:

“Some further notes:

Psychiatric practice does not exist in a vacuum. As much as my diagnoses have helped me to handle my particular illnesses, we should not ignore the racist, sexist, homophobic & transphobic history of psychiatry.

See, for example:

- 19-20th c men institutionalizing women who refused to submit to patriarchal power structures for “female hysteria”
- the pathologization of homosexuality as a disorder requiring treatment to force a “return” to heterosexuality rather than a natural human state; the same of asexuality
- Black men being considered “paranoid” for behaviors learned in a racist society which could actually kill them at any moment (Mosley et al., 2016, SPSMM)
- the continuing diagnosis of mainly BIPOC youth with “Oppositional Defiant Disorder” in schools, pathologizing the trauma responses (eg, anger, resentment, mistrust of authority) of BIPOC children

Psychiatry is a powerful tool. It can have immense positive impacts; but, like any system, when constructed and used in a racist manner, it enforces white supremacy and causes untold harm to Black, Indigenous, and POC communities.

More funding for healthcare, yes. But be just as critical of HOW that healthcare is implemented as you are of the systems we design in place of police.”

In other news, I’m aggressively rereading Star Wars fanfics, particularly those focused on Vader & Luke. I haven’t showered in way too long, I still have (remnants of) a number from the Cupertino protest written on my arm. Jane, from my Hebrew class first year, shared a Facebook post about how that could be an unhappy experience for Jews; thankfully, I’ve been spared that particular generational trauma.

I don’t wanna live like this / but I don’t wanna die.

I bought that itch.io charity bundle yesterday. Played through “Vignettes” this afternoon; got all the achievements and such (except perhaps there was one taking a selfie with the ghosts which I didn’t do). It was fun. Made me feel better & more motivated to do things; like, the rewards from the video game kicked my brain into gear and made me excited to do other Tasks as well. It wore off pretty quickly, hah, but it was there.

I really need to shower. I'm having acne around my mouth because of all the time spent wearing my N95 (and sweating into it). Is there any way to wash an N95 mask? Because I swear, mine is probably filthy. Maybe I should just see if I can find another one. I don't know.

I am really not looking forward to the culture of wearing a mask all the time for the next fucking year. Really, really not. I don't like it! Maybe I should invest in a face shield or something, I don't know.

Every time I post something to my ig story I have the insatiable urge to track how many people have seen it, to guess how many people read it. Social media isn't great for me because I'm obsessed with being perceived, with *knowing* how I'm being perceived and how much attention and thought other people are giving me. So social media feeds into that impulse very neatly, which is why I mostly try to stay pretty disconnected from it.

Mom was talking about me this morning, and this evening to her book club. This morning around maybe noon or so, I was awake and finally just getting out of bed, wandering around my room searching for clothes and I heard her say to Dad "well, A— would say..." — I think they were talking about politics. It sounded like it. They've been having very *spirited* discussions over the last few days about it. I know they still like each other but *god* do they argue a lot. Lots of yelling, or at the very least, raised, impassioned voices. It doesn't feel *bad* I suppose like parents who were arguing who were also breaking up might feel to listen to, but I do maintain that they're part of the reason I'm so argumentative. This household, not exactly an environment full of people holding their tongues in the interest of greater tranquility. And then in the evening she was outside with her book club meeting (responsibly socially distancing of course) and she told them about how I wanted to be a street medic for protests. I know this because I listened through the open window; this house in general is very good for eavesdropping. You can hear everything said not in a bedroom in any other part of the house except for the basement. And even then, noise does somewhat

funnel up the basement stairs into the kitchen. I can always hear when someone is watching something downstairs.

I don't know why but suddenly I really want to go riding again. I'd kill for a trail ride, even take a sitting trot. I think my brain has just settled on filtering through ALL the outdoor activities I've ever done and fixated on them. Next up is probably gonna be swimming.

Mom gave me the copy of Stephen King's *On Writing* that she bought & wrapped for my birthday but then forgot. I read like seventy pages of it tonight, all at once. He's a good writer. Maybe not usually *profound* or *literary* or whatever the pretentious words are these days, but he writes stories that you want to keep reading. I want to be able to do that.

He says that the key is to grab *ideas* that come to you. Ideas being the hardest part of writing, the one aspect of the craft that truly does appear out of the ether, that can't be practiced or refined. A concept. I'm inclined to agree (well, I am the one who wrote this paragraph) because for me it's plot that I struggle with. Maybe I just read *too much* but now it seems like every idea has already been done. Every combination, every order of events that I could think of. But that can't possibly be true so maybe it's just a failure of my imagination, which I would need to work on, or something to do with my inability to make solid plot *decisions*. What can I say, it's hard! Making things happen... one thing or another. That's the trouble with writing, there's just too many options.

11 June 2020, 01:10

Palindrome!

I don't know how it got so late. I came up to my room around 22:30 or so because dad cut a large branch off a tree in the front yard because the city is sending trucks to re-pave the lane and the branch was hanging too low for them

to clear it, and he showed it to me and said I could use it for carving, and then we spent quite a bit of time cutting it apart and trimming blanks with Matt's table saw (and dad gave me a lecture on safety even though his use of the table saw AND the hand saw were INFINITELY more unsafe than mine, because he doesn't have the same amount of practice as I do) and then I vacuumed up the sawdust because we made a lot of it but there was still a bunch on my clothes and skin so I came upstairs to shower. I fully intended to head back downstairs to get dessert except then I started scrolling the art section of Instagram and wham, two hours gone.

Well, it's not the worst thing I could have done with my night. I looked at some interesting photo composites by this one guy but then it was like, every other post he was quoting the Bible and I just found it overbearingly Christian.

It's too hot in my room so I have my window open. Can't sleep that way because last time I did I got SO MANY bug bites it really was not good.

Oh fuck, my starter. Not starter, technically, it's a pre-ferment for ciabatta but I took it out of the freezer... I should go check on it because I can't leave it at room temperature overnight. Uuuuugh.

Matthew is still up. I can hear him talking to his friends, they're playing video games together.

I'm on my period, I guess. I'm bleeding today at least, and having cramps. Have been on and off for a couple of days but the blood was a bit of a surprise. I took some ibuprofen for it so kind of I'm just waiting for that to kick in. I could use my heating pad but then I'd be hotter (in general) which wouldn't be fun. On the other hand, my back hurts, and the heating pad works wonders on that, so we'll see. I'm definitely going to use it tomorrow morning.

I read that people in Seattle have created an "autonomous zone" on Capitol Hill, wherever that is. I don't fully understand how it works or what its impact is but I

wish I could contribute to something like that. I've seen videos of people taking down statues. This is an interesting time to be living through, and finally not in an entirely bad way. (All those jokes about "may you live in interesting times" and "*it was supposed to be space travel*".) I feel like I'm missing it, somehow, or that it's passing me by, happening oh two states away and detached from me. That's not entirely true, I know. But it is maybe a little bit.

What can I do? Life goes on. I bought lidocaine ointment when I went to Target today; I also bought a bunch of boxed mac & cheese. Such little things. I should just carve my spoon and keep my ears shut; what am I? Im ein ani li, mi li? U'c'she'ani l'atzmi, mah ani? V'im lo achshav, eimatai?

I've mentioned the protest tomorrow in Palo Alto. I don't know if I'll go; maybe I'll just wait until someone asks for medics to attend and B— provides.

In that case, I should probably check Facebook. But it's been my recovery days, and the blisters on my left foot still aren't totally healed. I still have duct tape residue on my heels, even after I've showered. (Learned at summer camp to use it in place of moleskin when hiking. It really does work, crazily enough.)

I'm a little hungry again. I need to sort my food and sleeping schedules so I stop eating dinner so far before bed so I stop wanting to have a midnight snack just so I don't go to sleep hungry.

I tried playing Celeste today, but I couldn't get the controls to work out for me. I don't really deal well with game systems that require different buttons for "jump" and "up". That plus needing to be able to use my "dash" on top of all the other keybinds was just... all in all, not a great time.

I can no longer keep my eyes open or my thumb from pressing down onto my phone screen, so it's probably time for bed. Good night.

12 June 2020, 01:59

I read that DC museum curators are collecting signs from protests & the fence around the White House. It's interesting to think about the documentation of history, that we're living right now and then someday there will be museum exhibits about it, or something. Like Anna Deavere Smith's play about the 1992 LA riots. It's funny; those riots broke out in the wake of a not guilty verdict for the officer. These ones came right after the killing.

I wish I was doing more. I wish it was feasible for me to do more. But I have to sleep every day, I have to eat and take my meds and wash my bed sheets (well, I SHOULD, at least) and I just don't have the energy to go down to San Jose, to figure out where to go and where to park and when and what to take. Oh for fuck's sake I left my pre-ferment in the counter again. I want to make bread so I can have sandwiches. I need to give my blisters time to heal.

I guess it's interesting how life just goes in. I went to the farmer's market downtown today; mom bought some uhhh stone fruits (peaches and... nectarines, that's what they were) and I eyed up some blackberries but didn't buy them and we bought a full rack of ribs from the barbecue booth and that's what we had for dinner. The work of daily life, or something like that. I considered buying basil to make pesto but that's just too too much right now I think.

The process of change... it's such hard work. Systems grind to a halt, they rust in place, that's just what they do. No impulse to change, only endless inertia. How much is one human life worth? The life of an elected official's constituent? As much as a wealthy political donor's? Less?

I wish I could give speeches. I admire Emma Goldman, Martin Luther King Jr, Harvey Milk, Larry Kramer. Even Lincoln, to an extent. Malcolm X. I'd feel the same about Angela Davis, if I read more of her work, I'm sure. Words have power. I think I am good enough with them to... leave an impact, if I had an

audience. But it's not really my place to speak, to insert myself into this argument against the abuse of Black people in America and the general abuses of capitalism. And I don't have the temperament to be an activist; I don't have enough energy, not sustained over long periods of time. I'm two days on, a week off. A week on, three weeks off. Theater is sustainable, for me. But little else is.

I miss theater. I was going to tech for Mac's spring production of Twelfth Night. Other Asa was gonna be in it, I forget as who. Asher was probably in it. I didn't have any particular position in mind but I want to get back to working on theater. And then quarantine.

And this summer I was going to do lighting overhire work. Maybe even sign on as an electrician somewhere; I was looking at music festivals, seeing if they needed any techs. (The answer was, not this far in advance.)

Now I guess I'm just going to stay home and play video games. Maybe drive for Doordash if they ever take me off the waiting list. I do like driving.

Matt had a friend over today. He's been hanging out with a small group of his friends. All my friends are squares so even the ones I've been to see, I haven't touched.

I mean, I'm a square, too. But I'm also um, so fucking bored and lonely. I would positively kill to be in proximity to another human being who wasn't already related to me. A vaccine cannot fucking come fast enough.

Listening to "Gethsemane" from the 2011 Vienna JCS recording. Drew Sarich... truly a master musician. His voice is so incredibly clean. In contrast with Mischa Mang as Judas in the same album... I don't particularly love his more growly, looser and almost manic performance, but that's personal preference. It certainly works for the character, I just don't like the casual treatment of consonants. Probably a holdover from my choir days; I learned that vowels are for emotions,

but consonants carry lexical meaning, and thus need to be communicated with precision.

Oh, the fire alarm went off again at 00:19. So, not my fault. Some computer voice started saying “check [something]” twice, but I didn’t hear what it was telling me to check because I had my hands over my ears because there was a fucking fire alarm going off!

I’m tired. Almost falling asleep. Hopefully it will really be that easy. Gotta plug my phone in and sign off but then I’m out. Or so I hope.

13 June 2020, 01:52

I live in fear of the fire alarm.

It hasn’t gone off yet tonight, so maybe it won’t. That would be nice.

I’ve been thinking about whiteness. I’m torn, because functionally, within the entrenched *systems* of American society, I am white. I benefit from the legacies of racist economic policies, I benefit from current racist (particularly anti-Black) policy. (Not to say that other forms of racism don’t exist; but I’m less sure of their institutional impact. Should probably do some research on that, when it’s not late at night and I’m typing with my thumb only on my phone and I’m not having intermittent intense period cramps.)

On the other hand: the more traction this socially-entrenched white supremacy gains, the more danger my white privilege (and the safety it provides for me) faces. Because I am Jewish, and while fortunately (if any such thing can be said to be fortunate) the violence faced by Jews at present tends to be individual rather than systemic, but I don’t expect that any white supremacist worth his salt wouldn’t start systemically oppressing Jews as best he could, as soon as he could.

I played the rest of Beglitched today. Struggled a bit with the glitchnet section, had to google what to do, but I made it through eventually. Started playing “The Floor Is Jelly”. That one is super fun, and I love the audio of the bouncing plus the visual design. I did manage to uh freeze up the game kind of by accidentally using a game mechanic too much so now it keeps spawning me in a place where I just fall out of the world instantly. I might have to fully wipe my save to recover. Fortunately, playing the game is no particular hardship (unlike the fucking cat section of Beglitched).

Do I want to dissociate myself from whiteness out of guilt? That’s a popular reason. “I’m not white, so I don’t benefit, so it’s not my responsibility to dismantle systemic racism.” Except for how it is, for me. Tikkun olam.

14 June 2020, 03:51

It’s late and I’m tired. Listening to “Harmony Hall” on repeat again. Typing nearly illegible when not paying specific attention. Beat (incompletely) two platformers today.

15 June 2020, 05:06

My neck is sore as hell, which makes sense given that I spent the greater part of this afternoon and night playing puzzle games.

Scheduled a call with Furyal for tomorrow. Because we’re Adults now and planning out when we’ll both have time to talk is a thing we do.

Tonight we went to Asa’s steakhouse or whatever it’s called. First time I’ve eaten out in three months or more. Because today Joshua graduated college. Yay him, I guess.