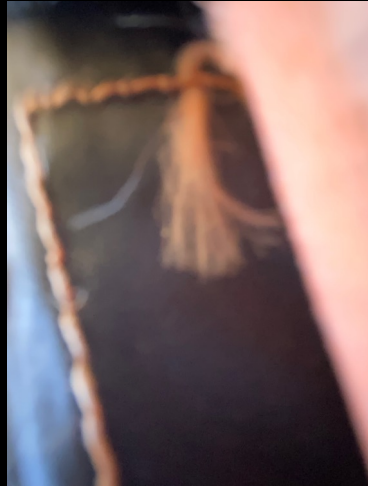




»Umburri, umburri, umburri.
Meichucks Friederich, lieber
Friederich, Wasser alter Schuft,
gemeiner Geselle, Betrüger...



...arme gute kleine Seife, Mieken
gute beste Frau, gar nicht, he he
Binswanger ne ich faß das nicht
an, keine Lust, Mieken...



...verfluchtes Aas Friederich,
Butz, wo ist der verdammte
Albert, nennt sich Vize...



...Warburg, wärscht du nur in
Jena geblieben, heute Nacht, he
Schwester Frieda...

I am cycling with my e-bike up the slope where Edward Munch painted *Scream*. Downtown I see the hovering architecture that presently accommodates his artistic *œuvre*. The instructions from Pati Passero is to follow the slope to the four-towered Sailors' school, ring him and await his instruction.

During the short trip from KHIO to the indicated site, I felt the full onslaught of what I have come to understand as a variant of the long COVID-19. That is, the tail of the experience into a "new normal", whatever that might be. The effect, on me, is that I react with physical disbelief to all I see.

Of course, it could be the impact of having lived with an "invisible threat" against all appearances, for over a year. But it also results from the a sense of inadequacy in scenes of everyday life, where people play-act a 'return to normal' that they do not whether can really exist in the scope of 2-3 years.

It appears that people want to believe, perhaps despite their convictions. In which, surely, my own case is included. It reminds me of what [Jaron Lanier](#) wrote about the valley of the uncanny: the reactions of headaches, nausea and general discomfort with a simulation that resembles the real.

But not *quite*. Our brains initially react better to a complete shift of reality, than to a partial one. This is the valley of the uncanny. Of course, this sense of the uncanny has been around—as a cultural topic—for a number of years. Sartre's [novel Nausea](#). Existentially my long C19 is a condition.

A philosophical condition anticipated by existentialism. But however mentally comforting these echoes may be, the long COVID19—in my case—is a physical condition: it is the body reacting, or so it feels, not the mind nor psyche. If the psyche, then the *deep* psyche. So, am I in trouble?

Evidently, bringing my work with Ludwig Binswanger's record of Aby Warburg's "sick journal"—from his admission to the Bellevue asylum 1921-24—into the realm of my own experience, by blending my studies with a journey to the seaside and the mountains this summer, has rubbed off.

Living through C19 confinement and Warburg's life as an inmate in the asylum, somehow have bled into each other. I haven't taken it over, but I have taken it on. I have taken it on to consider his mental breakdown as an integral part of a life-work that led unto and informed the [Mnemosyne Atlas](#).

However, it is not the cause of the discomfort. Since the sense of bodily rejection manifesting itself in physical disbelief has been growing, during the last year, in response to confinement and the backdrop of political entailments of the crisis, the economic-ecologic realities left *standby/on* hold.

Nevertheless, below the photo-shots from Pati Passero's exhibit I have included a sequence from Warburg's *washing jingle* published in [Die Unendliche Heilung](#)—the never ending healing—documenting Ludwig Binswanger's faithful note-taking from the 3-year breakdown period.