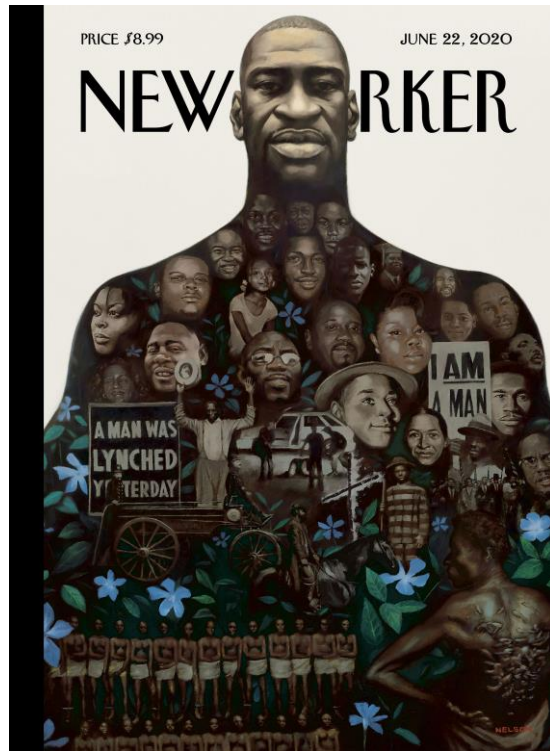


<p>Weather</p>	<p>It is about the current event in the US: "Black Lives Matter."</p>
<p>On a scrap of paper in the archive is written <i>I have forgotten my umbrella.</i> Turns out in a pandemic everyone, not just the philosopher, is without. We scramble in the drought of information held back by inside traders.</p>	<p><i>I have forgotten my umbrella.</i> the philosophe: Nietzsche</p> <p>the phrase is from Friedrich Nietzsche's "ich habe meinen Regenschirm vergessen." "I have forgotten my umbrella" was the central tenet of the philosophy of <u>Friedrich Nietzsche</u>. It meant that his umbrella, which was used for keeping his clothes and hair (especially that badass mustache of his) from getting all wet in the rain, had been forgotten on a rainy day."</p>
<p>Drop by drop. Face covering? No, yes. Social distancing? Six feet under for underlying conditions. Black. Just us and the blues kneeling on a neck with the full weight of a man in blue.</p>	<p>Six feet (18.8cm) <distance in between people> Black: George Floyd</p> <p><i>A Seattle police officer was seen kneeling on the necks of suspected looters amid protests against the death of George Floyd,</i></p> <p>a man in blue: A Seattle police officer</p>
<p>Eight minutes and forty-six seconds. In extremis, I can't breathe gives way to asphyxiation, to giving up this world, and then mama, called to, a call to protest, fire, glass, say their names, say their names, <i>white silence equals violence</i>, the violence of again, a militarized police force teargassing, bullets ricochet, and civil unrest taking it, burning it down.</p>	<p>8`46" <the length Floyd was crushed down></p> <p>their names, say, their names https://www.newyorker.com/culture/cover-story/cover-story-2020-06-22</p>

George Floyd

Ahmaud Arbery
Tony McDade
Trayvon Martin
Laquan McDonald
Freddie Gray
Eric Garner

And many more



Whatever contracts keep us social compel us now to disorder the disorder. Peace. We're out to repair the future.

There's an umbrella by the door, not for yesterday but for the weather that's here. I say weather but I mean a form of governing that deals out death and names it living.

a form of governing that deals out death and names it living. ????

I say weather but I mean a November that won't be held off. This time nothing, no one forgotten.

a November: the Presidential election

We are here for the storm that's storming because what's taken matters.