

## **WAC Clearinghouse Coronavirus Stories Archive**

Thank you for adding your story to the WAC Clearinghouse Corona Virus Stories Archive. You can submit your file or fill out our survey online at <https://studio.colostate.edu/coronastories>.

Please note that we provide space for a title, your story, tags, and comments. Your story is the key part of this document. You do not need to provide a title or complete the other areas unless you'd like to.

**Title: What We Don't See and How We Learn to See It**

### **Your Story: What are your experiences teaching, learning, and living in the time of coronavirus?**

You might consider the following questions as you write and reflect on your story.

- What has been the extent of changes in your area?
- How has the pandemic affected your teaching? Your administrative work? Your scholarly work?
- How have you shifted from face-to-face to fully online instruction?
- How has the pandemic affected your personal and professional life?

### **Keywords or Tags Others Might Use to Find Your Story:**

pandemic, Zoom, Blackboard, surveillance, higher education, climate change, teaching, plague

### **Comments:**

**I am terrified. I am numb. I am okay. I am learning to exercise every 15 minutes in my house. I am listening to children playing outside on the street. I am tired of Zooming. I am deeply anxious. I don't even know what I feel. None of this is surprising, is it? I am coping well. I adapt to change. The changes in my life are intensifications of what I already do: spend a lot of time on my computer, reading, writing, checking accounts, researching, grading, responding to drafts. Now I am Zooming every day. I'm all zoomed out. I worry about surveillance. I worry about IT and administrators monitoring my electronic course site, Blackboard. Perhaps that is narcissistic. They say they are tracking what we do in order to avoid a system crash. I am afraid of systemic crashes of all kinds: health care, stock market, internet, Verizon, Netflix. I am afraid of my administration. I am afraid of the impact online instruction across the world will have on the future of higher education. I am afraid of climate change. More than anything, except, now, pandemics, I am afraid of climate change. I wish I had never read two of the three volumes of Margaret Atwood's *MaddAddam* trilogy. I feel something like love for my students this semester. The importance of the coursework seems magnified: the nature of the city (the double entendre of the quality of the city and the natural world that underlies and surrounds and intertwines with the city), mysteriously, in the dark of the night, when coyotes walk on high-rise rooftops and raccoons pilfer the garbage on**

Flatbush Avenue, but also when human wildness resists the order and control of the city, breaks free in the name of liberation for women, gays and lesbians, transgendered people, people of color, workers, but also sexual freedom, daring and defiant, sometimes stupid but heroic actions of girls and boys and punk musicians and rappers and artists of all kinds. These students in my honors class can now study the pandemic that has driven New Yorkers off the streets, out of jobs, away from campuses and schools. These mean streets. These empty, broken streets. Are we going to survive this plague? I am terrified. I am numb. The children have gone inside. I cannot yet grasp the inner kernel of truth here. Not yet. Maybe tomorrow.