

What Else is Positive about this Damn Quarantine

by Phyllis Chesler



Yes, we know that we cannot go back to life as once we lived it, and that, going forward, we must always treasure those who remained on the frontlines, those who are hunting for cures, those who died, and those whom we love. We should know that our lives should have meaning, and that we must try to act more kindly and with greater compassion to other human beings.

And while I cringe when I hear the ambulance sirens race by, still obsessively check the death count and the daily Obituaries—nevertheless, here I sit, listening to classical music and writing up a storm. No, I have not been publishing many pieces—and why? Because I am writing a book with a very fast deadline. I am eating and sleeping this book, plowing through thousands of pages of material and, dare I admit it? Yes, why not? This enforced quarantine has allowed me the greatest luxury as a writer. Other than three weekly Zoomed

Torah and Talmud classes, there are no interruptions, no visits, no outside distractions. I make fewer and fewer phone calls, and when I speak to anyone, I tend to speak about what I am writing. Proust had the right idea. Sequester oneself in one's rooms and write away.

Works for me.