

Reading the Tragedy of Covid

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Abstract: *Shifting the focus from Hegel to Aristotle allows us to see tragedy primarily as a collective form for bearing witness to suffering and seeking to make it intelligible. This paper draws on the key features of Aristotle's ideas of tragedy – hamartia, anagnorisis, catharsis – to attempt to “read” the tragedy of Covid. Our responses to the global pandemic both conformed to traditional tragic practices and also deconstructed them. But this resistance to tragic pattern and intelligibility positions the Covid event paradoxically in line with many tragedies, both dramatic and historical, in our past. Ultimately, it is argued, the tragic tradition carries a moral and political force. Setting individual events within a wider pattern of narrative has the merit of making intelligible what seems particular. It makes it recognisable and therefore grievable.*

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In June 2022, after more than two years of the world pandemic, I caught Covid for the first time. I suffered the usual relatively mild symptoms of those who have already been safely vaccinated - sore throat, headache, fatigue, slight fever – and I did not need to be hospitalised. But as I lay on my sofa feeling sorry for myself, I considered how very strange it was to realise that the virus which had damaged the world economy and closed down country after country, from China to Europe, from New Zealand to the USA, had somehow settled now in my own throat. There could be, I reflected, no more graphic an illustration of the simultaneously global/local nature of the pandemic, the coming together of the generic and the particular in any experience of tragedy, than the intimate feeling of harbouring the world's first truly global plague in your own tonsils. How could my knowledge of the western tragic tradition help me to read the historical crisis I found myself participating in?

According to Elaine Scarry, understanding another's suffering is as challenging as accessing a “deep subterranean fact” or an “interstellar event”. Pain marks the crucial demarcation between an intimate form of knowledge and an estranging bewilderment. “For the person in pain, so incontestably and unnegotiably present is it that ‘having pain’ may come to be thought of as the most vibrant example of what it is to ‘have certainty’”, she observes. “For the other person it is so elusive that ‘hearing about pain’ may exist as the primary model of what it is ‘to have doubt’”¹. She goes on to elaborate these distinctions. The sufferer

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¹ Scarry 1985, pp. 3, 4.

finds that physical pain not only cannot be expressed but also shatters language, reducing the sufferer to some prior state which might be considered more immediate and intense than anything accessible to verbalised cognition. Meanwhile the person who witnesses that suffering in another individual is brought to confront his or her necessary distance from that experience and his or her inability ever to fully inhabit or know it on a rational or expressible level. And yet that act of witness can also be an act of imagination as well as of doubt. Pain unmakes the world but the attempt to imagine another's pain remakes it.

Scarry's observations on pain, language and the act of witnessing go to the heart of what is at stake in the tragic tradition. The distinctions she identifies between experience versus explanation, or between sufferer and witness, are central to thinking about both tragedies on the stage and also the tragic crises of our times. For tragic dramas are like traumatic events which "simultaneously defy and demand our witness", according to Cathy Caruth.² They appeal, as Aristotle said, to our capacity for compassion, for pity and fear when witnessing the suffering of another.³ Yet at the same time they remind us that we can never fully share that suffering and indeed that there might be degrees of troubling pleasure in the very act of viewing the experience of another.⁴ Tragedy thus demarcates sharply the experience of the individual from the collective, the immediate from the abstract, while appealing to just such a human capacity to cross such boundaries through sympathy and imagination. Indeed, as George Eliot put it at the end of *Middlemarch*, which rethought tragic representation in the new "medium" of the novel, "the growing good of the world" is partly dependent upon small acts of sympathy and compassion, on the "unhistoric acts" of recognising that other ordinary people have an "equivalent centre of self" to our own.⁵

The prevailing assumption behind this *Crisis and Critique* volume is that tragedy is defined by "conflict" and "collision" in which the "tragic individual is subjectivised by the contradictory summoning of two orders". But this is not the only definition of tragedy nor the only form it has taken through history. If we are guided not by Hegel but by Aristotle, and if we think – in Peter Szondi's terms – of a "poetics of tragedy" rather than a "philosophy of the tragic", then the emphasis falls more on the act of witness.⁶ Tragedy becomes shaped by the emotions felt by protagonists and participating audience, Aristotle's "pity and

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2 Caruth 1996, p. 5.

3 Aristotle 1987, p. 44, chapter 13(c).

4 See Strindberg 1998, pp. 57-58; Nuttall 2001.

5 Eliot 1965, pp. 896; 243.

6 Szondi 2002, p. 1.

fear”, and crucially by the act of recognition or acknowledgement. The consequence of this shift in emphasis is to see tragedy not as an ethical dilemma for the individual but as a community endeavour of action and reaction in which there may well be wide disparities of suffering and sympathy but where nobody is untouched. Tragedy, I contend, is traditionally the form in which societies register their sense of grief, responsibility, collective compassion and individual relief at survival and through which they seek a kind of moral wisdom. It is the form in which they express their desire for explanation and their bewilderment at not achieving it, while potentially also “remaking the world” through their sympathetic act of watching.

In refocusing away from Hegel and back to Aristotle’s analysis of tragic drama, however, I do not want to restrict tragedy to the theatre stage, along the lines articulated by Hans-Thies Lehmann. According to Lehmann, in his book *Tragedy and Dramatic Theatre* (2016), the “tragic must be thought of as a mode of aesthetic articulation and not as a lived reality”. It is, he says, a “phenomenon strictly tied to the theatre”.⁷ Lehmann wants to exclude cinema (too individualising), literature (too reductive), philosophy (too rigid), and even the wrong kind of dramatic theatre from his account, as well of course as “everyday tragedies”; all of these are said variously to “reduce” tragedy. But his “crystal-clear determination” (as he puts it) to restrict the definition of tragedy seems to me a desperate defence against a far-more interesting conundrum of our times, namely that we encounter the world through spectacle and media reports, we immediately turn an event into narrative, and we form communities of response, whether of pity or fear or shock or anger or even the half-acknowledged guilt of indifference. Surely the relationship between event and experience and idea (referred to fleetingly and enigmatically by Raymond Williams as a *quasi* definition at the beginning of his book *Modern Tragedy*), speaks more urgently to our times than do Hans-Thies Lehmann’s tight restrictions.⁸ Rather than continue to demarcate “literary” tragedy from the “glib way in which the word is used in the vernacular”, I have striven in recent years to take the “vernacular” seriously, to think about what it might mean to analyse tragedies in the world with as much serious critical attention as we have devoted so many times before to the tragic canon.⁹ Tragedy offers us a tradition, a mode of thinking, a genre, for seeking to make intelligible political crisis, wars, revolutions, manmade disaster and environmental destruction, the material circumstances we live through. The traditions associated with

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7 Lehmann 2016, pp. 43, 9.

8 Williams 1966, foreword.

9 See Wallace 2019. For an interesting similar approach, reading the execution of Ken Saro-Wiwa through Aristotle’s *Poetics*, see Quayson 2003: pp. 56-75.

the generic tragic form allow us to attend both to our participation in these affairs and also to our detachment and our problematic capacity to aestheticise difficult experience.

I am interested, therefore, in how far the experience of the Covid pandemic conformed to the Aristotelian ideas of tragedy but also re-wrote them. We can use the expected features of the tragic genre to try to “read” the tragedy of Covid. But we must also simultaneously attend to their deconstruction as tropes for understanding. And, indeed, in that deconstruction Covid paradoxically follows a recognisable trend in tragic drama, that of defying witness and shattering the rules and patterns for expressing suffering.

Hamartia of plague

Tragic plots revolve around the moment when the hero makes the wrong choice or what Aristotle calls the *hamartia*, sometimes wrongly translated as fatal flaw. There is then a very limited period of time between deed and consequences. As soon as Macbeth kills the king, he is damned and unnatural signs of turmoil, such as horses eating each other, follow that very same night. But in certain tragedies there is actually a considerable time lapse between transgression and consequence and indeed it is hard to pinpoint exactly the moment of *hamartia*. In *Oedipus Rex*, for example, Oedipus has killed his father and married his mother years before the play begins with his journey towards discovery. And even then, those fateful decisions to murder and to marry were arguably not the first tragic choices in the story but were preceded by Oedipus’s journey to the oracle at Delphi to find out his parentage, and that was in turn preceded by his parents’ tragic choice to seek to destroy him at birth. There is also a case to be made about the tragedy of minor characters, those caught up in the tragic plot, as victims, collateral damage, unwilling participants. *Hamartia* can be dispersed across multiple parties, or indeed one person’s *hamartia* can cause tragedy for many people. Responsibility in tragic drama is highly complex, reflecting our continuing sense both of our culpability in world-changing situations and also our inability fully to control them.

The consequences of the Oedipal *hamartia* are evident in the plague that form the opening crisis of the play. Imperceptible at first, the infection has spread inexorably as the pollution and incest at the heart of the city’s government has festered undetected. Plague is thus cause and consequence of the play’s action, both the immediate catalyst and the longer-term environmental context for the catastrophe that ensues. Plague in tragedy functions as a moral litmus. Angry Apollo shoots his plague-filled arrows down on the Greeks for ten days at the beginning of the *Iliad*. Mired in stalemate conflict, disease is a sign of moral corruption in Shakespeare’s *Troilus and Cressida*. Pandarus sets

the tone with his “whoreson phthisic” and “rheum in [his] eyes” and he infects the whole camp, making their sick bodies a sign of wider social sickness.¹⁰ Characters in tragic drama become sick because they have neglected to confront a sin at the very core of their community (*Hamlet*’s “something is rotten in the state of Denmark” leaving ambiguous whether that rottenness is located in the ghost’s appearance or in the prince’s “wax[ing] desperate with imagination”).¹¹ Even Creon in *Antigone*, responsible for leaving his dead nephew unburied and allowing his niece to be buried alive, is told the news that the altars in his city are being polluted with the pieces of Polyneices’ unburied body dropped by birds.¹² Sin leads to disease and pollution; human *hamartia* creates the conditions for sickness and infection.

The origins of Covid were somewhat opaque and so inevitably conspiracy theories quickly developed to fill that gap. It’s more comforting for people to be given explanations or even secret plots behind world events than it is to acknowledge the role of accident, unpredictability and lack of human control. Conspiracy theories work a little like tragic fate, with the lone conspiracy theorist similar to the soothsayer deciphering the riddling oracle. The truth is to be found hidden beneath the surface and it is somehow reassuring to the theorist to find confirmed their pre-existing distrust of the authorities that supposedly protect us. So, while the general consensus is that the virus emerged in the wild meat or “wet” markets in Wuhan, suspicion focused upon the Wuhan Institute of Virology, where bat coronaviruses are studied, and specifically the human tampering with different strains and proteins of viruses known as “gain of function” research.¹³ Could a super-virus, artificially created in the lab, have accidentally escaped into the community? Was this the Frankenstein-like consequence of interfering with nature, made all the more insidious and powerful because of the efforts to deny it and hush it up? China had delayed the quarantining of Wuhan until the 3rd week in January, although “Patient Zero”, a 70-year old man, fell ill on 1st December.¹⁴ Similarly, Oedipus’s miasma festers and spreads because it has been hidden, “pollution inbred in this very land”, as his brother-in-law Creon says.¹⁵ And for conspiracy theorists any denial is only interpreted as a cover-up, proving all the more powerfully the plots of our rulers.

But you don’t need conspiracy theories about lab leaks to interpret

10 *Troilus and Cressida*, 5.3.104, 107; 5.11.31.17-18, 23-24. In Shakespeare 1997, pp. 1905, 1910-11.

11 *Hamlet*, 1.4.67, 64. In Shakespeare 1997, p. 1684.

12 See Sophocles 1994, p. 35, lines 1014-18.

13 Dance 2021.

14 Honigsbaum 2020, p. 133.

15 Sophocles 2015, p. 18, line 97.

Covid-19 as a consequence of our worldwide environmental hubris. Transgressing further and further upon the wild, whether exploring in the bat caves around Wuhan or selling wild animals like wolf cubs and crocodiles at food markets there or chopping down the rainforest in the Amazon, we are perhaps even more guilty of trespass in the twenty-first century than Philoctetes was when he stepped into the holy sanctuary of the goddess Chryse and was inflicted with an unhealable wound on his leg as punishment. Zoonotic diseases – viruses that leap from animals to humans, the spread of infectious diseases between species – are only going to increase with environmental destruction and have not come without warning from veterinary ecologists. Indeed, according to Mark Honigsbaum in *The Pandemic Century*, even at the time of the first SARS outbreak in 2003 scientists could see that “the consumption of exotic sources of protein, urban overcrowding, international jet travel, and the growing interconnectivity of global markets presented” the perfect conditions for a rapidly spreading worldwide plague.¹⁶ Natural equilibriums are being upended by human activity and will only get disordered with climate change. In Shakespeare’s *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses sets out the classic Early Modern beliefs about the “discord” that follows if you disrupt the moral and political order and “take but degree away”:

When the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture. O when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick.¹⁷

One might see an entanglement of environmental, political and moral disorder lying behind the “sickness” of Covid-19, “diverting and cracking” the “unity and married calm of states” around the world.

Narratives of Covid

Aristotle famously pointed to the importance of the tragic plot. Every tragedy should have a beginning, a middle and an end; well-constructed plots should not end in random. Tragic narratives are formulated to

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¹⁶ Honigsbaum 2020, p. 136.

¹⁷ *Troilus and Cressida*, 1.3.109-110; 1.3.94-103. In Shakespeare 1997, p. 1847.

order, explain or understand inexplicable catastrophe and suffering. They attempt to name the unnameable, combining memory, commemoration, dramatic storytelling and feeling to powerful effect. Homer might create the large epic poem describing the siege of Troy, but Greek tragedies were made up of “large cuts taken from Homer’s mighty dinners”, finding within the large tragic event, little tragic stories of different individuals caught up in that wider conflict.¹⁸ One might, in this context, think of a comparison with “reading” the tragedy of 9/11, where the whole catastrophe was triggered by those planes flying into the World Trade Center but contained within it there were multiple tragic narratives: individual choices and lives lost on that day as well as individuals affected by subsequent events happening in the name of 9/11.¹⁹ But just as in tragic drama where events exceed the neat Aristotelian structure and its expectations, so the need to impose a narrative pattern upon events as a form of explanation or comfort is so often thwarted by our experience of excessive, inexplicable suffering, injustice or chaotic violence.

The tragic plot of Covid was arguably an algorithm. There was the trackable time lag between infection, presentation of symptoms, hospitalisation, and death. There was the R number (rate of infection) which, when it rose above 1, indicated the exponential spread of the disease. The pandemic could be understood statistically or even as a graph. We were told in the early days to practise “social distancing” in order to “flatten the curve”. We were reduced, accordingly, to statistics and patterns. But individual fear was exacerbated by the sense that no graphs or predictions seemed able to control the future. Country after country closed down, air travel ceased, stock markets crashed. Mary Shelley’s prophetic novel *The Last Man* (1826) envisaged just such a global pandemic, an “invincible monster”, moving inexorably from Asia to the West and eventually wiping out the human race:

Nature, our mother and our friend, had turned on us a brow of menace. She shewed us plainly, that, though she permitted us to assign her laws and subdue her apparent powers, yet, if she put forth but a finger, we must quake. She could take out globe, fringed with mountains, girded by the atmosphere, containing the condition of our being, and all that man’s mind could invent or his force achieve; she could take the ball in her hand, and cast it into space, where life would be drunk up, and man and all his efforts forever annihilated.²⁰

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¹⁸ Athenaeus 1930, vol 4, p. 75: 8.347e.

¹⁹ See Wallace 2019, pp. 21-28.

²⁰ Shelley 1994, p. 232.

Nature, for Shelley, thus takes on ambiguous force, both protecting and annihilating us. On the one hand, the algorithms and statistics of Covid amounted to an instance of Timothy Morton's *hyperobject*, dwarfing the human scale of comprehension.²¹ But on the other hand, we could read them as society's attempts to understand and contains the virus, an Aristotelian tragic pattern which was then overwhelmed by the even greater *hyperobject* of the pandemic itself.

Covid exposed the incommensurability of global statistics and individual stories. As epidemiologists pointed out, the virus behaves with scientific objectivity, immune to politics and morals, however much politicians might want to wish it away or manipulate it for political ends. Covid doesn't understand national borders, as many quipped at the time. And yet the pandemic revealed the divisive nature of our current politics, the inequality of our world and the very different experiences of individuals suffering its consequences. We only have to look at the disparity of access to vaccines between the wealthiest countries and the Global South, or indeed, in Britain, the mortality rates of the middle or upper classes and the poorest in the country, those workers on the frontline, those of ethnic minority background who were disproportionately affected by Covid. There was a tragic incommensurability between science and politics, between the seemingly inexorable spread of the virus and the stories we tell. Dr Stockmann, in Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, is adamant that the scientific truth behind the contamination of the town's Baths is paramount and simple, only to find that the politics and economics of the town complicate the urgency of his message. "As a doctor and a man of science, you regard this matter of the water-supply as something quite on its own", says the editor of the local newspaper to him. "It probably hasn't struck you that it's tied up with a lot of other things". The poison, the editor goes on to elaborate, is due to the "swamp that our whole community is standing rotting on".²²

As the pandemic unfolded, readers turned to plague literature from the past to try to make sense of their experience. Boccaccio's *Decameron* and Samuel Johnson's *Rasselas* helped to reframe the experience of lockdown. Camus's *La Peste* spoke to the early forms of denial and repression associated with an infectious disease running rife through a community and the futile efforts of individuals to avoid their demise. But mostly what became apparent was that pandemic literature itself is haunted by the past, by the traces of traditional culture through which it tries to make sense of catastrophe. Emily St. John Mandel's 2014 novel, *Station Eleven*, does this most strikingly, depicting the impact of a

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21 Morton 2013.

22 Ibsen 1960, Act II, pp. 25, 26.

devastating global virus through the experience of a group of travelling players who survive and perform Shakespeare and classical music. The beauty and “spell” of Shakespeare reminds both actors and audience of the value of culture and briefly allows them to escape their current horror through the memory of former “elegance”:

A few of the actors thought Shakespeare would be more relatable if they dressed in the same patched and faded clothing their audience wore, but Kirsten thought it meant something to see Titania in a gown, Hamlet in a shirt and tie.²³

But besides beauty, Shakespeare also offers reassuring examples of precedent to characters in Mandel’s novel. Plague closed the theatres several times in Shakespeare’s day and *A Midsummer’s Night’s Dream’s* Titania, queen of the fairies played by one of the protagonists, Kristen, speaks both of the pestilence of 1594 and of the futuristic one of the novel (approximately 2040), as well as 2020 when the novel enjoyed an even greater popularity: “Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain, as in revenge, have sucked up from the sea contagious fogs”.²⁴ Yet, besides *Station Eleven*, one can see examples of retrieving fragments from the past to “shore up against the ruin” of catastrophe in Ling Ma’s novel *Severance*, in which the main character takes photos of New York steeped in the canonical tradition of street photography. Referencing William Eggleston, Stephen Shore and Nan Goldin, Ling Ma’s protagonist seeks to continue to make sense of her city within the long history of photographic witness even as Zombie-like horror of the plague takes hold of the world and reduces its victims to a terrifying fog of dementia, erasing them from within.²⁵ Even the extremely bleak *The Road* by Cormac McCarthy, which also attracted more readers during Covid, draws upon biblical syntax, setting catastrophe within a religious apocalyptic tradition.²⁶

Corrupting tragedy, plague narratives both follow the genre and constantly modify it. Indeed, disease deconstructs and eradicates existing reliable structures whether they be physical bodies, society’s law and order or even narrative patterns related to literary genre. At the beginning of *Station Eleven*, the actor Arthur Leander collapses and dies on stage halfway through performing *King Lear*; the curtain is brought down and the production closed. But the memory of the play and its extended, torturous, spiraling plot structure (“He hates him much

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23 Mandel 2014, p. 151.

24 Mandel 2014, p. 57.

25 Ling Ma 2018, pp. 14, 193-95.

26 McCarthy 2006. See Noble 2020, pp. 98-106.

/ That would upon the rack of this tough world / Stretch him out longer”) continue to haunt the whole novel, from the enigmatic, attenuated father/daughter relationship between Arthur and Kristen, to the unexpected acts of kindness between strangers (like the servant tending to Gloucester’s blinded eye: *King Lear* 3.7.110-111) to the unravelling of character and identity under pressure (“it was becoming more difficult to hold on to himself”).²⁷ If *Lear* exceeds its tragic structure through its “overliving”²⁸ and its dramatisation of the paradox “the worst is not / So long as we can say “this is the worst””, so *Station Eleven* evokes and exceeds even that precedent, eroding the human dimensions of tragic plots through the erasure of catastrophe.²⁹

As the Chinese have discovered with their difficulties of easing out of lockdown, it is hard to declare that Covid is over and that the pandemic has run its course. There is no simple narrative pattern to the disease but rather it runs through peaks and troughs, the graphs dipping and spiking but no longer a feature on the nightly news. “Is this the promised end?”, Kent asks in *King Lear*, on seeing the horror of the aged king walking onto stage with his dead daughter in his arms. “Or image of that horror”, is the reply from Edgar, pushing back once again that promised satisfaction of a conclusion.³⁰ With Long Covid still affecting 2.8% of the UK population and 7.5% of the US population but the news agenda now moved on to the war in Ukraine, the global energy crisis and economic hardship, the pandemic is a forgotten, unresolved tragedy, like Ling Ma’s *Zombie Limbo*, without the necessary recognition or memory traditionally associated with the dramatic form.³¹

Recognition or non-recognition

Recognition (ἀναγνώρις) is one of the key features of tragedy, according to Aristotle. This marks the moment, both for the character and for the audience, when potentially everyone realises that no man should be considered blessed until he sees his last days. For philosophers like Martha Nussbaum and Judith Butler, the recognition of “precariousness” or our “common human vulnerability” becomes one of the beneficial

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27 *King Lear*, 5.3.312-314 in Shakespeare 1997, p. 2552; Mandel 2014, p. 194.

28 Wilson 2005, pp. 113-128. See especially p. 113: ‘the representation of tragic overliving frustrates the spectator’s or reader’s expectations of unified character and unified plot’.

29 *King Lear*, 4.1.28-29 in Shakespeare 1997, p. 2527.

30 *King Lear*, 5.3.262-3 in Shakespeare 1997, p. 2551.

31 O’Mahoney 2023: [https://www.thelancet.com/journals/eclinm/article/PIIS2589-5370\(22\)00491-6/fulltext](https://www.thelancet.com/journals/eclinm/article/PIIS2589-5370(22)00491-6/fulltext).

wisdoms of tragedy.³² When we see the protagonist of tragedy is a “man like ourselves” (Aristotle), when we respond to the face of the other, we can be opened up to “what is precarious in another life or, rather, the precariousness of life itself”.³³ Indeed, traditionally in tragedy, recognition is followed by lament. We think of Theseus in Euripides’ play *Hippolytus* taking the gathered pieces of his son’s dismembered body “in [his] arms”, or Creon with his son Haemon at the close of *Antigone*.³⁴ Or Lear with Cordelia at the end of *King Lear*. At the close of that play, Lear might not be said to fully “acknowledge” his daughter’s separate existence, according to Cavell,³⁵ or to achieve real recognition of his situation (Lear dies in an “ecstasy” of hope, observed AC Bradley)³⁶ but at least he experiences the non-verbal, non-rational consolation of touch:

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there!³⁷

Tragic recognition takes bodily rather than intellectual form, as characters absorb the information slowly. Pain and loss have to be felt along the heart, as the chorus sing in Robert Fagles’ beautiful translation of the *Oresteia*:

We cannot sleep, and drop by drop at the heart
the pain of pain remembered comes again,
and we resist, but ripeness comes as well.³⁸

Only through the drip-drip of shared grief can we be said to reach some understanding, to “suffer into truth” as Fagles puts it, his translation of *pathei mathos* in the Greek.³⁹ The phrase means some sort of relationship between suffering and learning, although exactly how suffering leads to learning or how the two words are connected grammatically or philosophically is precisely what tragedy explores.

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32 Nussbaum 2003; Butler 2004, pp. 134, 30.

33 Butler 2004, p. 134.

34 Euripides 1997, p. 79, line 1432; Sophocles 1994, p. 43, lines 1261-69.

35 Cavell 2003, pp. 68-73.

36 Bradley 1905, p. 291.

37 *King Lear*, 5.3.308-310 in Shakespeare 1997, p. 2552.

38 Aeschylus 1979, p. 109, lines 180-182.

39 Aeschylus 1979, p. 109, line 179; Aeschylus 1926, p. 18, line 177.

But Covid lockdown rules meant that people were unable to mourn. Elderly parents quarantined in care homes could only wave through a window. Those dying from Covid in hospital were attended only by hospital staff while families were forced to say goodbye to their relatives over Facetime, an experience I had with my own dying father. The last view many Covid victims would have had were of unknown nurses and doctors in full PPE. Medical masks, the sign - as Birgit Dawes has argued - of the very risk which they serve to prevent, “dissolv[ing] ... the boundary between identity and alterity”, also became like tragic masks, hiding individual identity in some larger ritualistic and performative collectivity, which tokens both a common vulnerability and a distancing fear.⁴⁰ Those dying of Covid were and at the same time were not *recognised* in the tragic sense. Indeed, the double sense of estrangement and need for the acknowledgement of the human face was encapsulated in the decision by some hospital nurses and therapists to attach pictures of their unmasked faces to their chests, so that they could be “seen” in printed, laminated form while their actual faces were obscured in alien type masks, goggles and plastic visors.⁴¹ Representation was more recognisable than the surreal reality of the crisis.

In place of family funerals and the opportunity during the pandemic for real mourning and in order to confront the strangely attenuated tragedy of the virus, a community-generated monument to a hidden pandemic has grown up from the metaphorical grassroots in the UK. The Covid Memorial Wall stretches between Westminster and Lambeth bridges along the River Thames in London directly opposite the Houses of Parliament. Red hearts were painted all along it and families from across the country come to claim a heart and write the name of their loved one lost to Covid. It is demotic, haphazard and uncontrolled, and even now it is unclear how long it will be permitted to remain. But it follows a tradition of displaying the dead for lament and witness that goes back to Greek tragedy. Like the bodies rolled out on the *ekkyklema* in the theatre for the chorus and the audience to mourn, the wall's hearts, which stretch as far as the eye can see, force a public recognition of the more than 150,000 lives lost in the UK, partly because of the wrong decisions or *hamartia* of the government opposite.⁴² This, it seems to me, is the British tragic site of Covid.

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40 Dawes 2021, p. 7.

41 Asmelash and Ebrahimi 2020.

42 For the significance of the *ekkyklema*, see Wallace 2004, p. 4.

Generic intelligibility and the question of catharsis

According to one interpretation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, his notion of catharsis marks the crucial break between the experience of tragedy in the world and the aesthetic enjoyment of tragedy in the theatre. If catharsis is translated as purging or "washing us free of the emotions", then the implication is that the spectator is detached from what is viewed and that he or she exploits that spectacle for therapeutic effect. This allows us, as Brecht believed, to leave the dramatic performance entertained, satisfied and ready to continue ordinary life unperturbed and unchanged.⁴³ But if, on the other hand, catharsis is translated as purifying or "washing the emotions", then the implication is that watching tragedy doesn't detach us aesthetically from the suffering but rather it makes us more sensitive to future watching.⁴⁴ Catharsis in this case becomes more immersive and participatory – a process that we all collectively go through. The global pandemic might seem amenable to the second notion. While we cannot make sense of it yet, we might feel our continued sympathetic witnessing of it make us more attuned to thinking about it in the future.

The experiences of Covid are, in many ways, unthinkable and unrepresentable. They are hard to fathom partly because they are so recent; they have scarcely had time to settle from event into narrative, from experience into knowledge. They also have often removed individuals from the picture, making the pandemic seem not understandable on a human scale. This crisis, we might say, has *disfigured* our imaginations. It has removed the individual figures that make compassion possible – or it literally has prevented the natural processes of grief and mourning.

Yet, through the exploration of *hamartia*, dramatic plot and forms of recognition and lament, we can project the human scale back into the inhuman, global disaster. Thinking about our contemporary world involves a tussle between figural interpretation and disfiguration.⁴⁵ Tragedy can be thought of as a figurative and figuring way of seeing, both in the sense of reminding us of the figure in history, with his or her own feelings and desires, and also in the Erich Auerbach sense of reading one historical event in light of another.⁴⁶ Setting individual stories into a wider, traditional pattern of narrative or theatre has the merit of making intelligible what seems particular. It makes it recognisable and therefore grievable.

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43 Brecht 1964, p. 181.

44 Aristotle 1987, p. 37, chapter 6. See Halliwell's commentary on this passage: pp. 89-90. The literal alternative translations from the Greek "δι' ἐλέου και φόβου περαίνουσα τὴν τῶν τοιοῦτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν" (1449b) are my own.

45 See Harries 2007, pp. 103-114.

46 Auerbach 1959, p. 53.

Of course, despite Aristotle's analysis in the *Poetics*, tragic dramas are not strictly patterned. Classical tragedy acknowledges its own blindspots and resistances, and frequently does not conform to, or confine itself within, the pattern. So, reading the experiences of the pandemic now, *figuring* them again, in the tradition of tragedy is by no means to order them. But it is to pay attention to the wider narratives of our times and to think about the attempts to make week-to-week events intelligible through that patterning. This might be the start of action, informing and revising the structures of feelings and ideas of tragedy that respond to social disorder and recuperating a sense of what we all share, what we hold generically in common.

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