



Monroe County  
Public Library  
Community  
**QUARAN-**  
**ZINE** vol. 3  
Aug. 2020







### Want to contribute to the next volume?

Send us art and thoughts in the form of an 8.5" x 5.5" page of words or images, a photograph or an image, or about 250 words about something. Recipes, pictures, fun projects, and more—all ideas that highlight the community and uplift voices are encouraged and welcome!

Please reach out to [quaranzine@mcpl.info](mailto:quaranzine@mcpl.info) with any questions or entries. Submissions for the second volume will be accepted through Aug 29th. Submissions will be compiled and posted to our site by September 1st.

### Cover:

"XIXth Century" from Albert Racinet's *L'ornement Polychrome*, 1888, CC0 Public Domain



This is our third publication during the era of COVID-19, and each time these zines, and the spirit of our Bloomington community, keeps getting stronger. With projects like this one, we connect with each other, get a glimpse of how others are truly feeling and thinking, and embark on a larger project together to publish and create art. Thank you, truly, for all that continue to contribute to this project, those who are newly contributing, and for those who read this quaranzine. We thank you; we care about you; you are appreciated.

Being in quarantine for the past 3 months has been a struggle for every person, albeit in many different ways. While some may be sitting with the peace and reflective time with resolve, some may be bored and aching for physical collaborative life again, and some are struggling with very real issues of housing, food, and education. During this time, it is imperative to check in with your community members and help when/how it is possible. A simple phone call to check in with a friend may be the difference between them having a hard mental health day and them finding some hope. Conversely, if you are struggling, don't be afraid to reach out. Friends and family can be a great outlet for help, and positive isolation ideas, although there are many resources via telephone, online, or through the library to help find community elsewhere. We are all in this together.

Per usual, this zine continues to be created as a collaboration between people who express their creativity in different ways, be that through poetry, drawing or painting, poetry, digital art, or collaging. Please consider contributing to our next Quaranzine!

For ideas on other zines to check out, please browse [mcpl.info/zines](http://mcpl.info/zines). In our blog posts, we have highlighted different zine archives that do a great job of keeping up with updated and pertinent digital zines.

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Thank you to all that contributed to this project, or that are taking the time to read our zine! We can't wait to 'see' you again next month.

## tea and isolation

Nothing is better in a pandemic than a cup of Earl Grey tea. It is hot with a touch of bitter citrus that goes down dark and smooth, and there is enough caffeine to provide a burst of sunlight to your cloudy mind. Recently, on a chilly afternoon during quarantine, I made a steaming cup of Earl's Grey and set out for a walk in the neighborhood. Walking slowly while sipping tea, I stared into every blank window just in case a figure behind the reflecting glass might lift a hand to wave. Finally, as I was about to turn onto the curve in the road, a child opened his front door a foot and peered out. I waved, and he quickly glanced behind him where the shadowy figure of his father stood, holding a cup of steaming coffee. I could see his ghostly arm lift to wave through the darkness so I lifted my tea cup in salute.



We're all in the dumps,  
For diamonds are trumps,  
The kittens are gone to Saint Paul's,  
The babies are bit,  
The moon's in a fit,  
And the houses are built without walls.  
*Anon*

# What Should I Do with out MY Cats?







## To the Quarantinos

The world is held hostage by the miniscule virus and I have nothing to write about. Around the globe people are sheltering in place and social distancing and there is nothing to write about. The Stock Market is contagious making us all sick as it falls towards the bottom of the barrel and I cannot write about anything. Generations ago, some of my descendants were wealthy merchants in New York City and they lost everything in a stock market crash never again to regain it, and the destruction of our economy has gone viral crumbling block by block, store by store by industry by unemployed worker, by sick medical personnel, by fear, and I am not motivated to write. There is nothing to write about as fear sits on my pen and watches me try to make meaning out of these scary words.



"...THIS  
STORY? THE  
WHOLE THING."

"IT'S ABOUT  
YOU."

GREETINGS FROM  
**YOUR  
OWN  
PRIVATE  
ISLAND**

PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

Are You Learning



A Surprising Price



## Virus Version

tiny little bits of life  
are traveling around the globe  
on our shoulders, sightseeing,  
visiting many different types of people  
in many different types of homes  
never knocking, just carried in.

They never knew life could be so  
all inclusive, so full of  
opportunities. No predators to  
stop population growth  
no borders or rules to stop  
immigration, no passports required.

This thin layer of visitors  
a film over the globe,  
looking for more spaces  
to explore, cultivate, and settle down.

It's the good life.

Like our teenagers on the beach,  
they party as if it will never end.

public, of course. If we knew prisoners were babysitting, we might wonder whether to distrust them. We might demand they get to step outside unsurveilled. Then who'd pick cucumbers for free, unfree, in the fields that used to yield only cotton? Qadir and DeMarco, who did what they did half their lives ago, want to be released and to start organic farms. They want to give greens.

A man who should be known as a gardener, for he has not lost his love of gardening, requests business books. He's imagined a future where he can step outside unsurveilled: he'll run a nonprofit, called The Ranch, and on The Ranch people will garden, maybe revel in basil, as they leave addiction. Upon this leaving, they'll each move into an apartment, be given a job. From within the walls the gardener was banished to, he'd rather keep giving to people than give up on them.

And why not allow the gardener, Qadir, and DeMarco the possibility of gathering together? Of sharing memories of children, of admiring how they kept America from ruining them?



# Notes Toward No Prisons

“What if abolishing the prison industrial complex is the fruit of our diligent gardening, building and deepening of a movement to respond to the violence of the state and the violence in our communities with sustainable, transformative love?”

—Alexis Pauline Gumbs

This piece was inspired by two things I read in one week in July: a New Yorker article by Rachel Aviv about the mishandling of COVID-19 at a prison in Arkansas, and a letter to the Midwest Pages to Prisoners Project from a person confined at another prison in Arkansas.

The officers rarely offer greens. PB&J, frequently. Before the virus drifted across cots bolted fewer than three feet from one another, what were the officers' children eating? What did inmates make for them? The Arkansas Department of Corrections wouldn't tell the

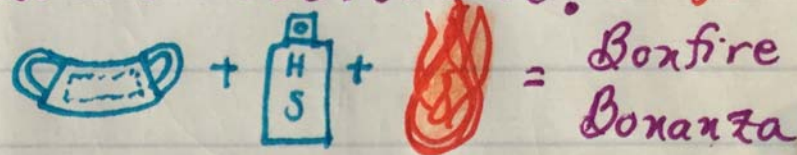
Post PANDEMIC Preparations 7/31/2020  
CMB-608  
Walden Woods

We Survived!  
Let's Celebrate!

Hey there I'm Sparkle Pocked

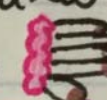

I'm an OPTIMIST! I'm planning a Post-PANDEMIC PARTY!

It will begin with a ginormous BONFIRE! We'll burn our Face Masks & use Hand Sanitizer as an accelerant! <sup>BURN!</sup> Baby BURN!

 = Bonfire Bonanza

Then by the light of the Bonfire, we will hold hands & enjoy a PARADE of SMILES.

The Parade will end at the SHAKE SHACK

where handshakes will be exchanged for milkshakes  Then we'll all share a GROUP  HUG! Yes!!



