Thank you for checking out Monroe County Public Library’s first ever Quarantine Zine, our Quaranzine! Zines and zine culture strengthens and bring communities together, and especially while we cannot physically be around each other, we hope this zine brings joy to our community.

Zines have historically been ways for communities to grow even when they can’t be around each other; they allow someone to find a community even when that community isn’t nearby. Individuals would to write and send off for zines from other people elsewhere to try and find these communities—now, we can virtually connect in a much quicker, and digital, space. Although the format may be different, our need to share and understand each other is still the same, and zines are still alive and providing that necessary community connection.

This zine was created by a bunch of different individuals using lots of different methods (digital, physical collaging, photography, etc). Hopefully our Quaranzine represents a slice of Bloomington’s community culture or ‘folklife’: the living expression of culture in everyday life. By capturing something of our lives and our separate quarantines during the COVID-19 pandemic, we are helping to document and fill Bloomington history with our memories, feelings, and moments.

Thanks to everyone who contributed to this zine, we hope you enjoy it and consider contributing to our next issue - next month!
Being in quarantine has allowed for people to develop new hobbies. I like to stay at home often and watch movies or read anyway, but the current overabundance of isolation had allowed for me to dive into a new interesting DIY project. “The Filmosound” is a 16 mm projector by Bell & Howell that was made in the 1980’s. After buying it used from an ex school in Anderson, Indiana, I discovered that it wouldn’t “take-up” the film as fast as the supply film would enter past the upper sprocket. The film would create a growing loop over time and would basically spew out onto the floor. The lower sprocket gear was cracked and needed a replacement.

Through research and using help from the people at 8mmforum.film-tech.com, I found the right sized gear to replace the old one with. Fixing it required me to take the flywheel, motor, transformer, and some other components out. I waited in my apartment with a dismantled projector in my living room with all the separate parts placed in plastic bags and labeled so I knew exactly where to put them later. I finally received the replacement gear and spent roughly 30 hours assembling and disassembling the projector. It now runs an entire 27-minute film without having to worry about stopping the projector every minute.

I hope to be able to use the projector for small screenings because the texture of projected film on a white wall is really beautiful. Sometimes I can find inexpensive b/w films but fixing the projector has developed into a new hobby for sure.
Physical Distance  Coronavirus  Work from home
Safeguards  Quarantine  Ventilator
Compassion  Disinfect  Protection
Pandemic  Mitigation  Wash hands
Gloves  Fever  Vaccine
Mask  Cough  Covid
All the Ways: Together
We are together
in every call or message
Still, in other ways
Homemade masks, grocery runs
In your first at home hair cut
Each loaf of burnt bread
And every thought and prayer
We are in each others hearts

The Yellow Poplars
Through the rain and storms
Despite the heat and frost
The poplars remain
Yellow flowers come to life
Trees endure and so shall we

Blooming
Flowers bloom in Spring
The days grow longer, sweeter
The tulips and peonies can wait
Inside we are safe
Because all the best things in life
Come at the same price: free
at least
we share
the sky.
Pocket's New Dance?

DRIVER DOES NOT CARRY TP OR KLEENEX

1. Hey there! During these crazy COVID-19 pandemic days there's a TP & Kleenex shortage... but still a lot of hope & joy.

For the 2nd week in a row, ALDI was out of TP & Kleenex. Target's shelves were bare too... I bought 2 packs of napkins... Just in case.

When we stopped for gas, I ran inside to check the shelves. I emerged DANCING!

It's my TP-Kleenex dance! I found 2 rolls of fancy $2.27/roll TP & 2 boxes of Kleenex $2.95/box. And I danced for joy.

For a dry Tushie & Nosey

Unmask Your Creativity

SP-L: Hey there! We are utilizing our time at home during this COVID-19 Pandemic to enjoy some creative R & R.

We repurposed some face masks & coffee sacks. Check this out!

It's a hammock with pillows

Give that mask a new taste!

It's swell to be we 4!

Come hang with me, baby!

They are purrrrrrfect for cat naps

Soft, cozy, comfy pillows

And lazing, snuggling

Dr. Cheryl "Sparkle" Bergin
H wakes in the afternoon again, coughing. We pack for a week at my mom’s place in the county with the second-most confirmed cases—dirty clothes, ginger powder, grocery list. “You know you can just be here, right? You don’t have to cook for us,” she said. But, given her omnivorous nature, how else not to face some of the dead? The co-op’s aisles are sparsely populated, in part because H is waiting in the car with her cough. I grab rice milk for my sister who recently learned her unweaned son might be allergic to lactose & soy. Back in the car the phantom jolts remind me to take a different exit. Hoping to listen the trauma away, I play a drone album—& screech to a total stop on I-69 so as not to hit two geese. “Someone should really give those geese a talkin’-to,” I say to H, unsure of who such a someone could be & with what tone they’d explain human infrastructure. Finally I greet Mom, hurrying to the bathroom to take care of my menstrual blood. Tonight’s entrée: North African vegetable & bean stew with chard chopped by H. My stepdad doesn’t chat about the books on climate change he’s been writing for a decade. Not until nine are the carrots soft, yet H notes her lack of appetite, nascent aches, the cough. In turn Mom notes her husband’s age, asthma, past with bronchitis. H stares at me, incriminatingly. Then Mom & I remove produce from the fridge, pasta from the pantry. Twice I offer to help disinfect. Mom refuses extra hands, asks me to text her when we get home.
TO EVERY THING THERE IS A SEASON, AND A TIME TO EVERY PURPOSE UNDER THE HEAVEN: A TIME TO CRY, AND A TIME TO LAUGH; A TIME TO ASSEMBLE, AND A TIME TO DISPERSE; A TIME TO KEEP, AND A TIME TO CAST AWAY; A TIME TO KEEP SPEAKING, AND A TIME TO BE SILENT; A TIME TO MAKE ART, AND A TIME TO ABANDON ART; A TIME TO WORK, AND A TIME TO REST; A TIME TO GO TO WORK, AND A TIME TO REST; A TIME TO LOVE, AND A TIME TO HATE; A TIME TO MAKE ART, AND A TIME TO ABANDON ART.

QUARANTINE 2020
Some Love Stories

Hello, I love you. It's a disease, I know. I fall in love too fast.

"I love this stolen time, I love our gentle sins." I fall in love too fast.

But I can't / don't wanna Stop. Life's too fucking short for that. Hello. I love you;

Would you love me? We can be broken lovers With faulty stars. I fall in love too fast.

If you care to join me, Every moment we're together I'll repeat, "Hello I love you." I fall in love too fast.
IT'S MY PARTY & ILL CRY IF I WANT TO

MAY 15, 2020

AS OF TODAY 1550 DEATHS HAVE BEEN REPORTED TO THE ISDH.

WE WANT TO LIST THEIR NAMES, BUT WE DO NOT KNOW THEM.

WHY??

am I no longer useful?

Bex McNair
Wanna 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 with any questions or entries. Submissions for the second volume will be accepted through June 26th. Submissions will be compiled and posted to our site by July 1st.

Cover:
"XIXth Century" from Albert Racinet’s L’ornement Polychrome, 1888, CC0 Public Domain