

Wanna contribute to the next volume?

Send us art and thoughts in the form of an $8.5^{\prime\prime}$ x $5.5^{\prime\prime}$ 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 July 27th. Submissions will be compiled and posted to our site by August 1st.

Cover:

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





elcome back for Monroe County Public Library's second volume of our Quarantine Zine; the Quaranzine! Many of us have been experiencing a very hard time being isolated from each other. Hopefully seeing what others make can bring us all a little closer together and help us understand how other people are feeling.

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 by cutting up old books and magazines and pasting them back together.

There are a bunch of other people making amazing zines during this time, be sure and explore the web for quaranzines to see the amazing outpouring of creativity from all over the world being shared digitally at this time when it's often been difficult or impossible for us to exchange physical copies of things we make.

Thanks to everyone who contributed to this issue of this zine, we hope you enjoy it and if you would, please consider contributing to our next issue - next month!





March 23rd, 2020

The cat and I sit on the front porch glad for a patch of sunlight, like the tall maples across the road — their highest branches a haze of red. The cat is licking his paws cleaning his face, over and over, stopping only to watch an elderly dog led up the hill. There are no groups of dogs being walked, no slapping noise from down the street where a teenager usually skateboards on and off the curb, on and off the curb, on... and the man at the corner isn't sitting outside. There's emptiness, filled with silence, waiting, the maples wait silently with me



Then and Now

Rush, rush, rush

I dread work

Stress and anxiety

People talk too much

Not enough time

Dressed for success

It's too crowded

Shopping! Errands!

Breeze through life

Overstimulation

Thankful for little

Dinner and a movie

Love is important

Hurry up and wait

Please, let me work

More stress & anxiety

I miss talking

Endless monotony

Dressed for the couch

Now I feel alone

Virtual everything

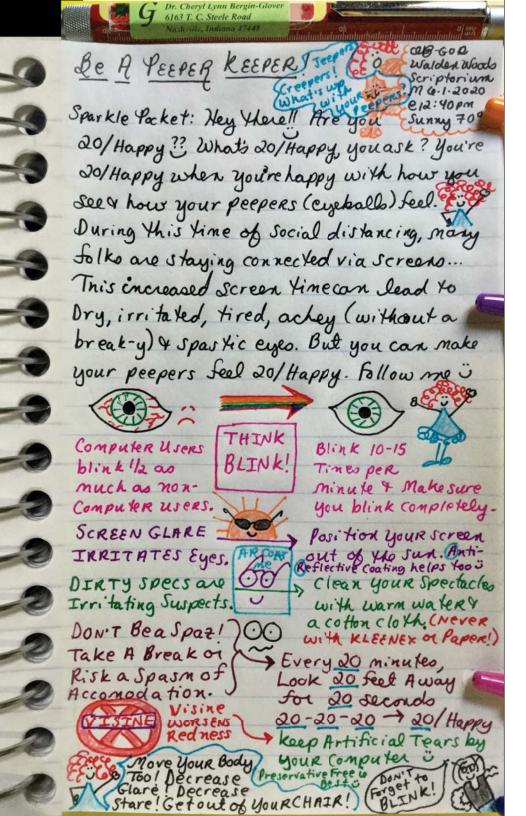
Notice small things

Lack of stimulation

Grateful all day

Meal kit and Netflix

Love is everything

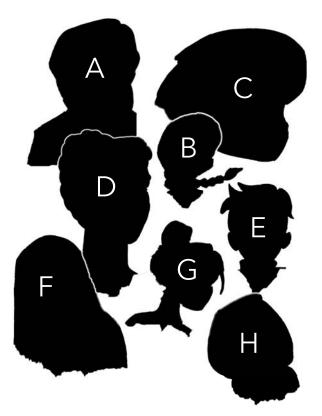


I've been drawing a lot of masked figures these days and after recently reading an article about Dorothea Lange, I drew one based on her famous Migrant Mother photograph (1936). I've seen Lange's photo several times throughout my life but this is the first time I looked at it since becoming a mother.

Reflecting on Lange, motherhood, and art, I decided to sketch other masked figures based on the work of some of the female artists that have touched my life. I put several of these sketches together to create this piece.

What's included?

- an image based on Dorothea Lange's Migrant Mother (A)
- my version of Rumiko Takahashi's Ranma (B) and Akane (C)
- a masked portrait of Frida Khalo (D)
- a tribute to Alison Bechdel (E)
- a nod to the breathtaking work of Kathe Kollwitz (F)
- my take on Betty (G) and Veronica (H) as envisioned by Fiona Staples





Neighborhood Walk

Only in this time of social distancing can the news

that the mocha-colored baby goat whose yard I visit daily has gone to another farm leaving only the adult goats, who turn their backs on me, and that the chicken with black iridescent feathers who ran around this yard has been given to a friend,

and that the leaves of the magnolia that blossomed so profusely this spring have come in shriveled, edged with black,

and that the vast Vietnamese pig, who staggers around its yard on short matchstick legs no longer comes out of its pig house, produce such sorrow.