

I remember normal. The banality that I now miss.



I remember coming back to my parents' house thinking I'd only be here a week or two.

I remember when I didn't think anything of gas station pumps, public bathrooms, walking past anyone I didn't know, or going to class.

[IK]



[TS]

To survive, an average human being needs 0.84 kilograms of oxygen, 3.2 liters of water, and 1200 calories of food, every day.

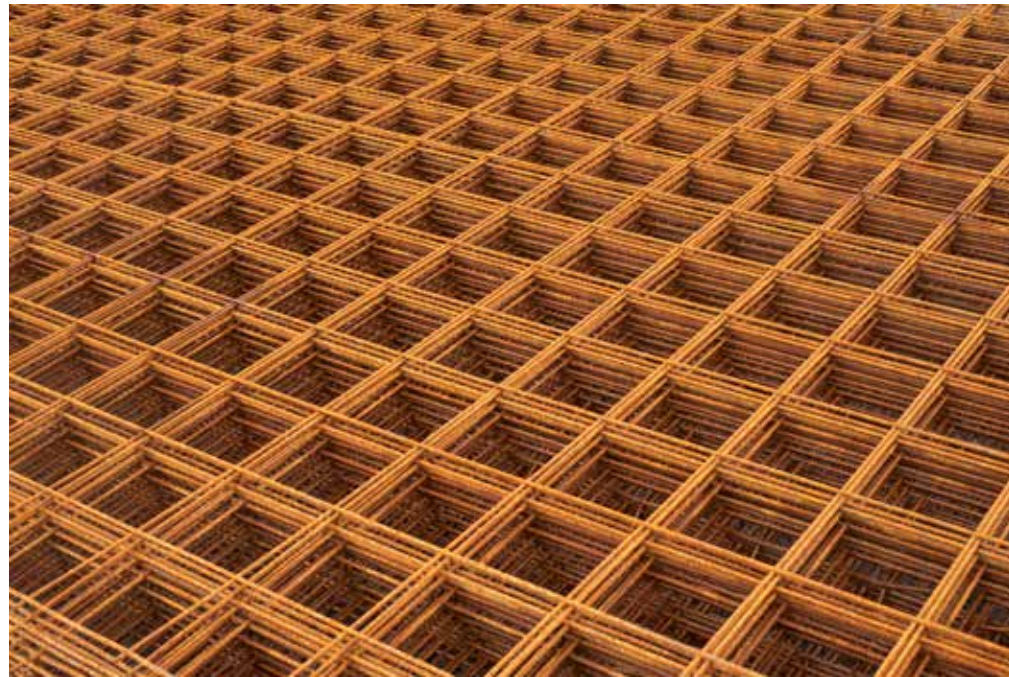
Algae can produce food and oxygen in exchange for light and water.

If your very survival depends on maintaining and remaining in a sealed environment, then is that space a [sanctuary](#) or a [prison](#)?

[JT]



[TS]



[LV]



**I'M TIRED OF
DOING THE DAMN
DISHES EVERY DAY**

[PB]



[MZ]

probabilities flash through my field of vision all day

if i wear a mask im 20% less likely to contract covid-19

1% - no - 3% - no - 0.1% - no - 5% no - 0.6% - no - 1.5% of
people who contract covid-19 will die of complications

80% of people who go on a ventilator eventually die from
covid-19

but theyre counting every death as a covid-19 death

but deaths are underreported, just look at this year compared
to every other year

the virus is a spiky little ball that floats around in the air
and hangs out on surfaces

particles in a volume of gas move by brownian motion

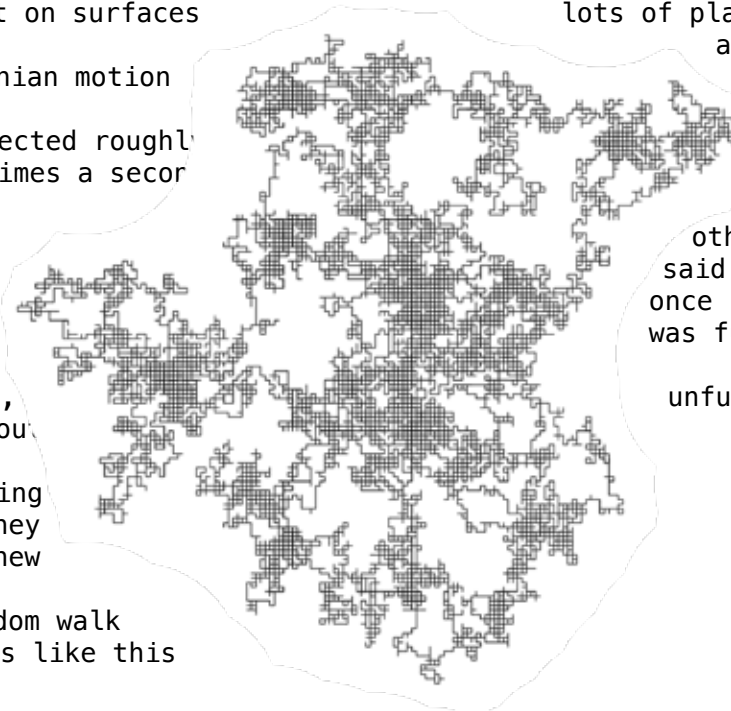
every particle is hit, and its course redirected roughl
 10^{14} times a secon

some web 1.0 MIT website tells me that that's
as many google searches are done in 79
years, i didn't know google had been around
so long

as the particle is bombarded from all sides,
each impact roughly cancels out

the particle jitters in space, mostly staying
in the same area but rarely making a journey
somewhere new

this can be modeled by a random walk, one random walk
looks like this



have you ever heard of a boltzmann brain?

some dude named ludwig came up with this conjecture that its
more likely for a single brain complete with memories and a
consciousness to appear in a void than it is for our universe
to exist how it does today

ive been thinking about boltzmann brains a lot lately too

imagining one plopping down clumsily onto the sidewalk in
front of me, complete with memories and a consciousness

algae is a promising food source, and easy to grow at home

the mushroom grow kit i want is sold out

lots of plants get everything they need from the
air

they just breathe

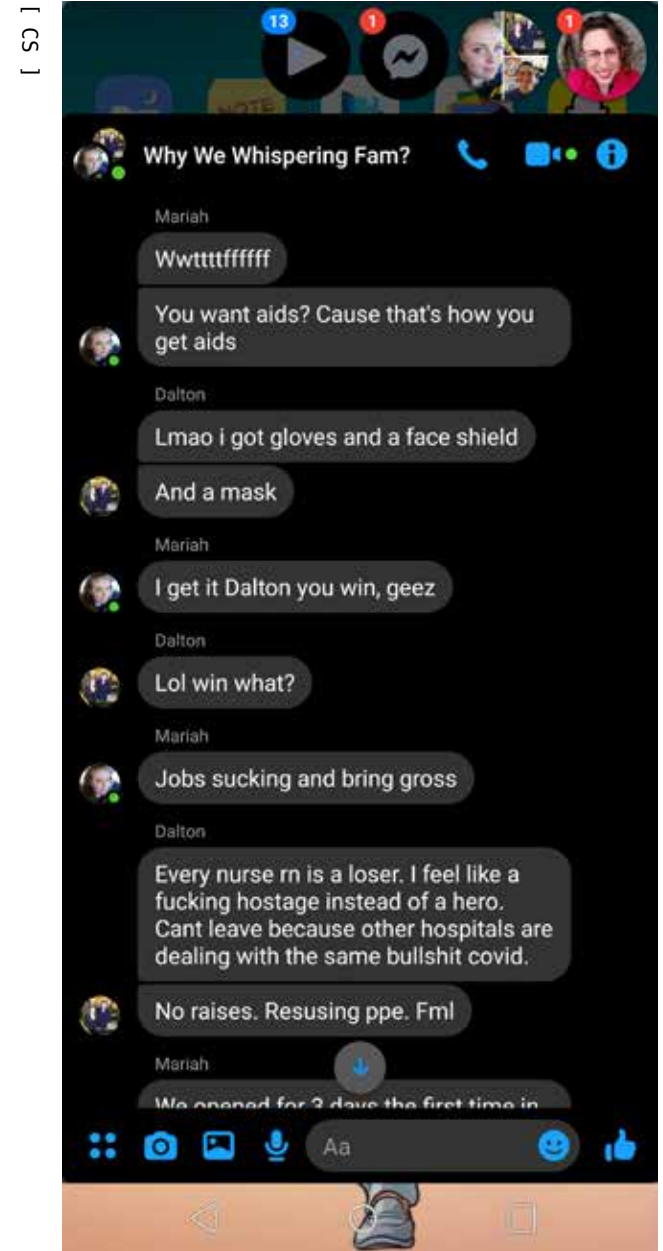
someone compared themself to a
resurrection plant on twitter the
other day, i cant find the tweet, but she
said she would unfurl like a dormant plant
once she was let back outside, i thought that
was funny

unfurl is a funny word



[AC]

Shutter release broke
In the meantime I'm using
A big rubber band





[KL]

My grandma lives [alone](#). It's been a decade since her husband died, and the house that held the family of nine is now quiet.

Three empty bedrooms. Even her room is empty most nights, as she can hardly make it up the stairs. Her 89th birthday present was a stair lift. [She was never lonely, though](#). Six out of seven children still live in the town of 2,500 and at least one visits her everyday. Holidays are held at her house. Card games are played every Sunday.

However, that's had to change.



[FS]

**No one come to the door.
Masks, gloves. Don't you
dare step inside.**

This is the first time in her life she's been [completely alone](#).

It's impossible not to be reminded everyday that I am a danger to those I love. Who could I kill and never realize? My presence could be somebody's death sentence. A stranger. My family. I could go my whole life without ever knowing what I did. Does anyone else fear this?

At this point, it's easier to visit the [dead](#).

I am operating on a dissolved
sense of time, space,
and awareness.



Typical friday, wake up too fucking early. Yup I get to work today... Am I gonna walk into a shit show? No way to tell, take a shower and get your clothes on.

No time for breakfast or coffee. Better hope you don't pull a covid assignment, or you won't be able to get coffee or a lunch.

Yup, it's a shit show today. Patient is still alive when they should have probably passed away two months ago. Get irritated, family don't know a hopeless situation when it slaps them in the face.

<Fake smile, fake smile, fake smile...> "oh he's doing so well today!" (he only tried to die five times last night)
<try and look concerned> "how are you guys holding up"
(I dont fucking care, you're both stupid for putting him through this hell)

Some fucking asshole took all the coffee creamer, god I want to quit.

Alarms going off again, will he die this time?

Travel assignments to work with covid patients, 5k a week, how much is my life worth?

Hospital food lunch, glad us essential employees get a good meal of mystery meat and deep fried cholesterol.

Alarm going off again... Nope he's still alive.

Newest snap "#EssentialLifeSaver!" <Selfie with mask!>....
Jesus Christ I want a shot

SOMEONE TURN OFF THAT FUCKING ALARM!!!! <sweetly to pod partner> I'll get that alarm for you! (Lazy Bitch)

Fuck, he's not recovering... Hit the Code button... three compressions to a breath, don't fuck it up.

In two hours it will be two more hours before I can go home!

Only two more days to go! You saved a life today!!!
(internally screaming)

If I plow into this vehicle head on, will I get out of work tomorrow???

People think I'm a h e r

o
What a
FUCKING
J
A

[AC]



[MZ]

I need more tissue
I promise I'm not hoarding
It's just the pollen

"I am reaching through time to touch you."



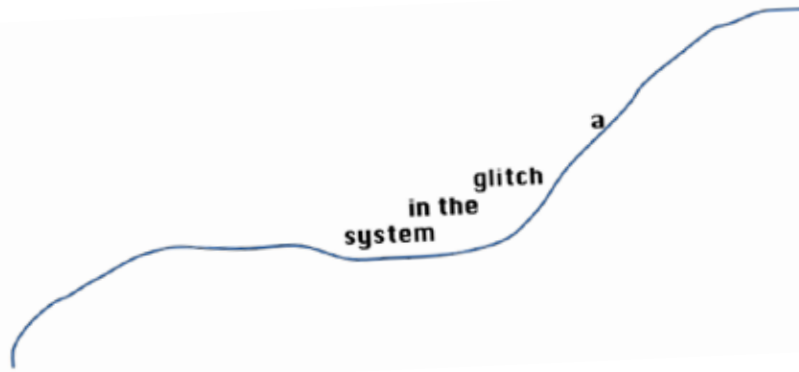
[LV]

"You're reaching back to touch me."

SUPPOSE YOU COULD SYNTHESIZE SUCH BEASTS

**SUPPOSING YOU
COULD SYNTHESIZE
SUCH BEASTS**

SUPPOSING YOU



[KI]



I am operating on a dissolved sense of time, space, and awareness. Time moves both slower and faster. Minutes pass like years, yet I still think it is Tuesday on a Friday. I cannot differentiate between what happened yesterday and what happened weeks ago – all of my moments seem to be muddling into one series of events whose chronological sequencing is a glitch in the system.

I cannot speak for the world beyond my walls. But, in my tiny microcosm where I stay quarantined with my thoughts and my dirty laundry, the world is still.

Words linger in the air longer and the quiet hum of the air conditioner is deafening to ears that once could muffle the sound of all of my morning alarms. This stillness and this quiet has left me with a new awareness of my body and its relationship to space.

Despite being a woman, I had never felt confined to domestic spaces – I had never interacted firsthand with the concept of a “woman’s duties” nor the confinement of a “woman’s place” naturally being the domestic.

For me, domestic space was never natural – movement was natural, and a house was a place to store

all of the things I am attached to for no reason.

But without movement and with an obligation to shelter-in place, I feel less like I am a voluntary and active participant of domestic spaces and more like I am being swallowed whole by them – my body is a passive object to which these spaces perform upon.

My kitchen, bedroom, bathroom, and living room have become a separate universe where I am a pawn that moves unintentionally and inactively from place to place. With stillness and isolation, I am made a commodity by the domestic.

I am more like the unwashed dishes towering in the sink or the splattered stains in my microwave and less like the one who put them there.

I am a formless figure weighted heavily by gravity.

I am a puppet that cleans the leftovers out of the fridge, takes inventory of the pantry, and lets the water boil over the sides of the pot onto the stove.

When life is still, I am no more than a prop – the bunch of grapes or vase of flowers that sits on the table of a nineteenth century still-life.

I'm treating my car
Less like a car, more like a
Karaoke booth



[GB]



[AS]

Ants in the kitchen
Hey mom we got ants again
Mom grabs cinnamon



[FS]

[TLS]



[IK]

All the alone time that I was suddenly granted has gotten me thinking about myself harder than usual. The habits and characteristics that I hadn't noticed before all surfaced, especially the problematic ones. I was having a hard time dealing with the self that I disliked. Through **zooming out** on normal surfaces and corners that I usually wouldn't pay attention to, I transformed my self-exploration and "elimination" to the distorted, almost pixelated photographs – the deeper I dived into my personality, the harder I found it to grasp on real entities, if there are any.

I lost the sense of context during this overwhelming amount of time I had with myself, and I got completely bogged down. My abuse of emotions generated this sense of "pain and pleasure." When I realized that this thinking was gradually **devouring my mentality**, I called a hard stop. I recognized that it was more of an emotional trap than a rational self-retrospect. I then started finding a way to have a peaceful conversation with myself instead of fighting all along. I'm still in the process now, but it feels like everything is able to get better – maybe only a little, but that's more than enough for this special time being.



[FS]

[KL]

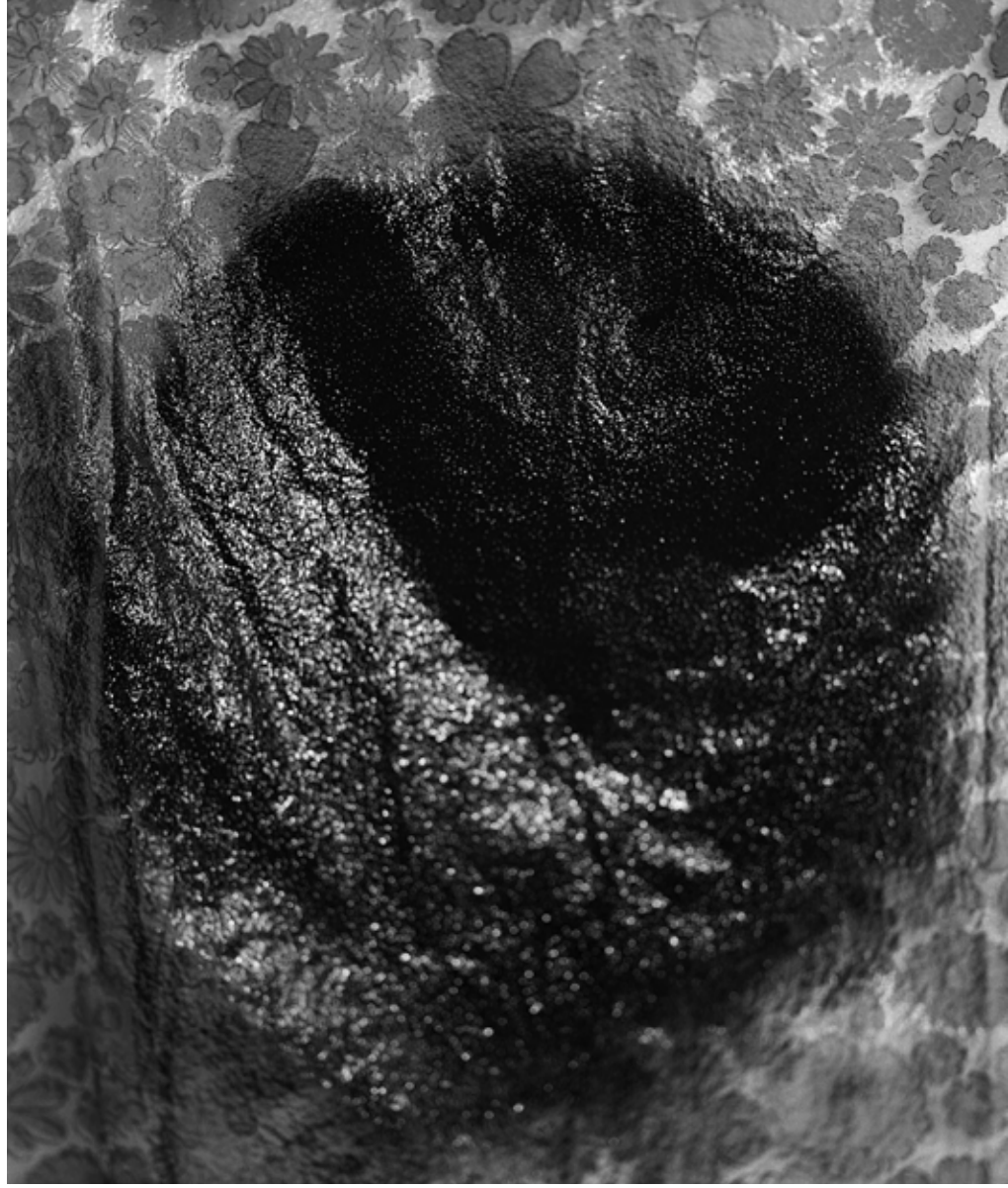


In a time where a pile of dirty laundry standing five feet tall could just as easily be a self-portrait, I am grounded in a constant state of dissatisfaction.

So **what the fuck** am I supposed to say when people ask, "how are you?"



[KI]



[FI]

FRESH BASIL



BI-WEEKLY INVENTORY BECAUSE IT MAKES MOM FEEL BETTER

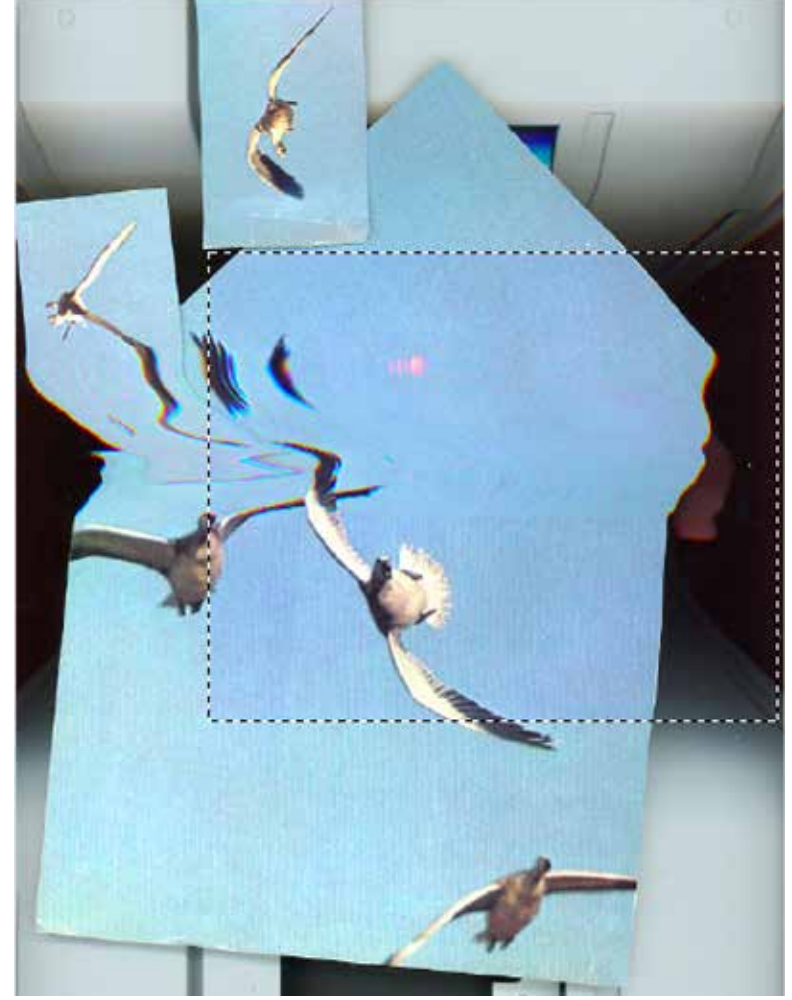
CANNED GREEN BEANS			
DISINFECTANT			
MILK			
BREAD LOAVES			
HAND SOAP			
CLOROX WIPES			
RICE-A-RONI			
BEANS			
PAPER TOWELS			
EGGS PER CARTON			
LAUNDRY DETERGENT			
OATMEAL			
HANDSANITIZER			
BUTTER			
CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP			
SLOPPY JOE MIX			
POTATOES			
INSTANT POTATOES			
MARINARA SAUCE			
TOILET BOWL CLEANER			
BEETS			
DISTILLED WATER			
BIRTHDAY CANDLES			
SPONGE			
TOMATO PASTE			
ORANGE JUICE			
TOILET PAPER			
CHICKPEAS			
ANGEL HAIR PASTA			
GROUND TURKEY			
CINNAMON ROLLS			
KRAFT MAC AND CHEESE			
STOVETOP STUFFING			
FLOUR			
OLIVE OIL			
INSTANT RICE			
WHOLE BEAN COFFEE			
CANNED FRUIT MEDLEY			
PIZZA ROLLS PARTY PACK			
BEEF PER POUND			
EVAPORATED MILK			
UNCRUSTABLES (GRAPE)			
PUDDING VALUE PACK			
DRYER SHEETS			
RAMEN NOODLES			
WONTON WRAPPERS			

Everyday people still wear masks during everyday life like other cultures. [Will handshaking be a thing of the past?](#) Even if I don't consider the future for the country, but just for myself, I consider the effect this will have on the jobs I want – the [30 million less jobs](#) in America. When I look back at this, I'll say it was a stressful time where people either coped or denied.



[50]

Birds soaring up high
Hey bro what should I shit on?
Hit that green prius



[LV]

As I write from the bathroom in
the Four Seasons
I am confronted by my own hysteria
All my statements use I
As if we can actually determine
our own merit
Which I once believed
But is now a cold capitalistic lie
I am with a man my father's age
46

I am 20 years old. For two decades
my body has carried my soul, a
weight of which can be unbearable
at times. Throughout these two
decades I have endured trauma
that I will spend the rest of
my life trying to heal from. I
am resilient. You cannot shake
me. I am the cockroach that will
continue to come up your drain
time and time again and no amount
of Raid could get rid of me.

[F S]



The background of the entire page is a vibrant pink color with dynamic, flowing brushstroke patterns that create a sense of movement and texture. The strokes vary in thickness and direction, some sweeping across the page while others are more vertical or diagonal.

it's not real.

As I've gone through college, I often have kept my worries regarding my large student debt at bay by denouncing the reality of money. *It's not real*. It only exists because we have all agreed that it has value and now we completely let it control our lives.

I've been thinking so much about different modes of exchange, whether it's offering a service in exchange for goods, or simply trading goods, etc. I think about alternate realities, and how if we allow ourselves to be curious and believe in them, then so many more things become possible. A place where we see each other as beings with wants and needs and dreams and we validate each other and your worth doesn't come from how much *imaginary money* you have.

We would be able to focus on much more incredible, important things if we didn't have to worry about survival everyday.

I have made jokes about the fact that *I had never sat on my couch before*, until this happened.

I bought (actually was given) a bag of soil and had the time and motivation to repot half of my plants before I ran out of soil. I feel incredibly lucky that at the beginning of quarantine, a small group of my close friends and I decided to social distance together, and they have kept me whole. I bought a donut pan and a cast iron skillet, and I made homemade noodles for the first time ever! We have all become quite great cooks and wine drinkers and laugh about how we don't know how we are eating so well, and we hope to find people that we can relive moments like these with in the future, wherever each of us ends up. It has been a huge transition to allow myself to take things slowly, and *follow my impulses* and inspirations because ultimately this is real life now. I will be done with college in two weeks and this is what the rest of my life could hypothetically look like, so long as I find a way to make an income of *fake imaginary money* so I can eat very real food, and live in a very real home, and have very real health insurance. However, for now, and the foreseeable future, I will continue making plastic beaded bras, and gluing googly eyes and sequins on construction paper because with the grace of a BFA, and the permission of a global pandemic, I can do that!

STILL \ LIFE

Dedicated to me and the walls of my personal spaces – my refrigerator light, my dresser drawers, and my bathroom sink who have all become close friends of mine.



A setback is the [minimum distance](#) which a building or other structure must be set back from a street or road, a river or other stream, a shore or flood plain, or any other place which is deemed to need protection. Local governments create setbacks through ordinances, zoning restrictions, and Building Codes, usually for reasons of public policy such as safety, privacy, and environmental protection.



[TS]

[TLS]



Neighborhood developers may create [setback lines](#) to ensure uniform appearance in the neighborhood and prevent houses from crowding adjacent structures or streets.

[AS]



*"Well, by cutting into illusions,
By cutting into pixels and finding blood,"*

[JT]



**THE LINES ARE
OPEN**

April 30th, 2020

Im having a hard time not going on and on writing this. I still probably will. Heres the deal: in a sense, im living my dream life because im introverted and anxious and [i never really wanted to do things anyway](#). Im not going to detail my dream life, but my luxuries consist mostly of solitude, the sun, and companionship (which i very gratefully still have without interfering much with my solitude). Im obviously not living my dream life for many other reasons that can be assumed.

It could obviously be worse. I do miss the aspects of the classroom that i enjoyed. Im not a people-person, but don't get me wrong-- i often have the desire to [wrap my long arms around the world](#) and give everyone a great big kiss. What does people-person even mean? I think that's a stupid phrase. Im not an extrovert, whatever. I get along just fine with people. I like people. If i was the only living thing on earth i would create another living thing or die trying. Duh. u cant be the only one.

Let me tell u, if i didn't have my boyfriend around this would b a very different and more negative piece of writing, probably. The events of this year have been like nothing ive ever rly experienced before and somehow all unsurprising.

Right now im eating potato salad that i did not make myself and wondering how weird it would b if potato salad and other stuff didn't have to be cold to stay safe to eat, and if we all ate room temperature or hot food all the time. Except for it wouldnt b wierd bc that would b the way its always been. If it wasnt the way its always been, then it wouldnt b real potato salad. Duh. everything that's different from how it has to b is dangerous. Hmm... what has to be?

Today i happened to b on instagram when photographer alec soth went live with a sweet lady from vogue italia. [I feel strange sometimes](#) for not hating instagram as much as other ppl seem to. If u asked me if i liked

instagram id just b like, "i guess." alec said he's very [inward-looking](#), so his work is inward-looking, and that good work tends to be inward-looking or something like that. But good work can be anything. All i know is it made me feel better about being [so fucking inward-looking](#), and it brought me a sense of peace with myself i havent felt in awhile, so i wanted to share.

I also want to share some answers to some questions my friend biffy asked in a little newsletter. She is quite the comrade, and ill always credit her in my artistic endeavors and intelligence and wellbeing. Shes why i am who i am. Duh. Everyones why u r who u r. U could think about ur answers to these questions, if u wanted to.

Questions and answers:

Question: do you think that pre-conception of the internet, it could have been predicted that a media similar to the web would become a [host for intimacy](#)?

Answer: Yes. All technology is made for either survival or communication, and [real communication is intimate](#).

Question: do you see yourself as generally more cynical or optimistic?

Answer: i tend to speak cynically but i think deep down i'm an optimist. i still see a future for myself no matter how much i try to talk myself out of it

Question: what are ways that the internet harms intimacy, and do you think it's important?

Answer: miscommunication is often the result of technology. it's not true. messages are skewed. i do think its important. its important to not forget that, because the more we rely on the internet for true intimacy, the farther we get from it.

love, lilia, a.k.a. maddog_lil, a.k.a. nobody

Dad plants tomatoes
Nice dad, but why don't you plant
Some toilet paper

d plants toma-
ie dad, but wh
me toilet pape

[KL]



[TLS]



I was already afraid of my time running out, but not like this. It all got taken away from me. All of this may seem like a tiny [blip on the timeline](#), but it's a big deal to me.

[KI]



[TT]





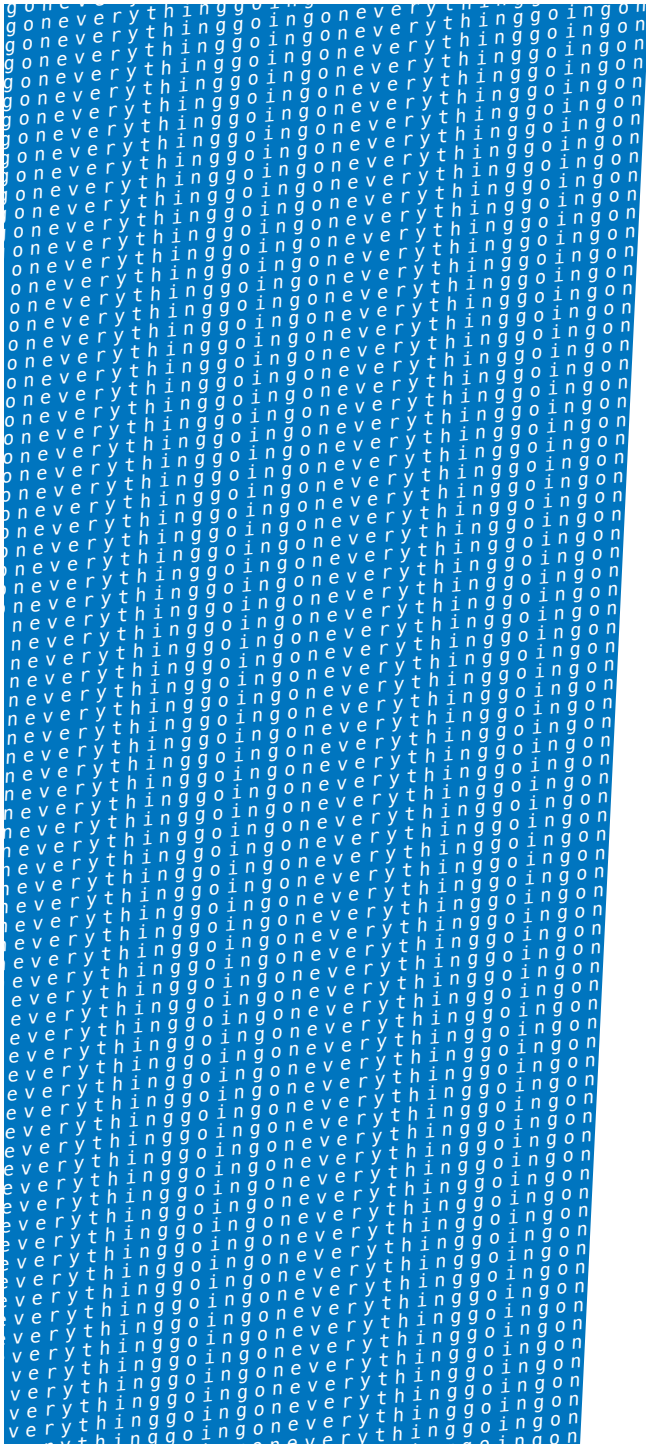
[AC]

[AS]



[GB]





Everything Going On

was collaboratively produced by students enrolled in the Advanced Photography Course at the University of Missouri School of Visual Studies during remote learning in the Spring Semester of 2020.

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