

May 31, 2020

Weeks ago, I pulled two disposable cameras out from under my bed: dusty, a little used, and previously
Forgotten

It was just a little bit into a mandated, nationwide shut-down

I didn't know a lot

(I still don't)

But a couple things were clear to me; they still are as I write this:

We're living through History

Capital "H" - istory

In a media saturated modernity that has gained us an abnormal sense of self-awareness

It's all meta

Perhaps that's why I reached for these old-timey cameras, from a different

Time

I don't know much but in the little time

Time

From when *it* started to when I dug up these cameras I knew this:

This is going to last a while

"A while" being relative

"A while" being unknown

Time

Amounts

So, I set out with a project in mind

Use these cameras

One photo; [capture:]

Time

Per day

Time

Flows and 24 hours feels like

Too little

An abundance

Days were meshing

Full of nothing

But full of

Time

We're living through History

In a paradox of

Time

There is so much of it

Anxiety

It feels like a feat to defeat

A goal that requires

Passing

Or a

Time

Time

Commitment
Not only seems daunting,
But unreasonable
With the cards stacked against me

(Cards, a good idea)

The only thing I know is to stay-in
Clock-in
Without clocking out
In its never-ending, never-changing cycle

Time
Time *Time*
Time *Time*
Time *Time*
Time

Blends

TimemiT

Together

It takes fractions of a second in

Time

To take a photograph
I took one a day
It was not conscious
It was necessary
Compulsory.
For as long as my disposable cameras
Would let me
Capture

COVID
Masks

Time

Family
Black Lives Matter protests
Friends
Pastimes past

Time

Life
Capital “L” - ife

That Sometimes Finds Itself In All Its Grandeur That Without The Bookend Of The Coronavirus And The Other Bookend Out Of Sight It Probably Could Pass For A Normal Day That I Currently Long For
(Perhaps,
there is a privilege in receiving glimpses of normalcy whatsoever)
life
Lowercase “I” -ife
On the backburner
Of

Time

To have snapshots of quarantine
To separate out one day from another
To remember the

Time

Spent

I write this now,
As quarantine is slowly lifting
Restrictions still in place
Life continues to not be normal
I reflect on my photos
That I have recently gotten developed
From my cameras

They're not what I expected

(As if I didn't take them)

I spoke to my friend over FaceTime
Unlike me,
They're a photographer
I asked,

“So, why are all these so bad? Most of the photos are dark and green and fuzzy”

They responded:

“Because disposable cameras are shit. You really need to use the flash most of the time

There's that word again

or you won't be able to see anything. You also have to keep them in super good conditions”

They said other things

Something else about ISO and shutter speed

Too fast

Too slow

Too late

In some of the photographs

I cannot even see what they are of

Most unrecognizable
I remember what some of them were of
Some
I have no idea

Clearly,
I do not understand photography
Though,
I understand irony
Perhaps,
There are metaphors to tease out in all of this

One,
Regarding finding out valuable information after it was most useful
One,
Where there are no do-overs
One,
About reworking expectations I didn't think I would ever have to
One,
Where I am doing my best with the little background I have
Trying to catch up on what to do and how to do it
One,
Where my best still might not be successful
Wasn't successful
(The photographs sure aren't)
One,
Where my intentions did not produce the expected outcome
One,
Where I am acting as if I knew what the outcome should be
A metaphor
About uncertainty
About taking a photo without knowing
What it looks like
Only knowing the results
Later
One,
Does what is necessary
Should do what is necessary
Until it becomes
Compulsory
One,
Keeps faith in
One

This project of mine didn't turn out how I expected it to. The photos, meaningful albeit inconsequential, did not adequately capture my experiences in quarantine and the changes brought on by it; the ways I passed it; the people who helped me along the way. Like so many other things during this time, the hopes I had for it, it failed at fulfilling. When I originally looked through the photos, I was immensely disappointed. Though, in this project's initial letdown, I like to think that while it did not achieve what I set out for it to, it embodies the lessons I learned along the way; both as a faux photographer and as a human in existence right now. One that exists amongst others in this

Time
Continues

Perhaps, it is

Time

I seek comfort in
The one continuity
Which exists
Throughout
Has always existed
No matter how unreliable

Time

May seem

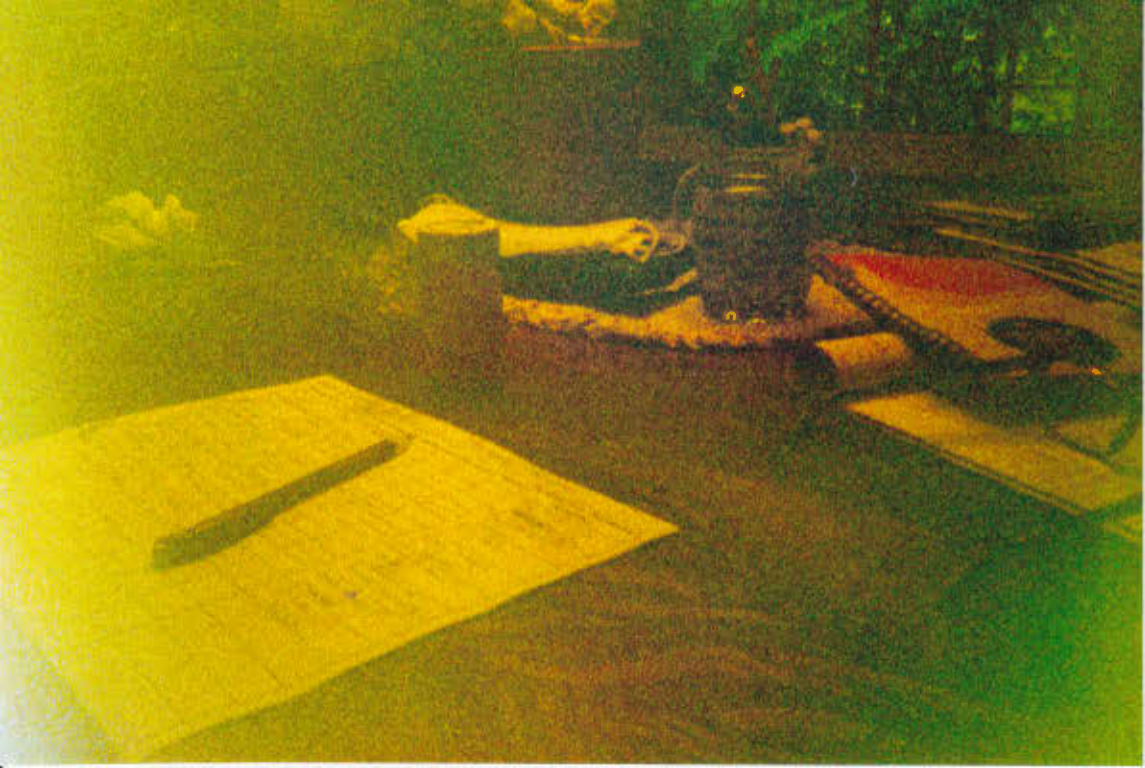














Purchase Limits

Effective March 10

Subject to applicable law, the following purchase limits apply:

Dry Goods

Limit 3 each per guest

Includes:

- Canned soups
- Pasta
- Rice
- Beans
- Eggs
- Peanut butter
- Canned fruit
- Canned vegetables

Meat/Fish

Limit 1 each per guest

Includes:

- Beef steaks
- Pork chops
- Chicken breasts
- Fish fillets

Dairy

Limit 2 each per guest

Includes:

- Eggs
- Milk
- Yogurt

Paper

Limit 4 each per guest

Includes:

- Paper plates
- Paper cups
- Paper napkins

Wine

Limit 2 each per guest

Includes:

- Table wine
- Specialty wine (max 1 per guest)

Baby

Limit 4 per guest

Includes:

- Baby items

2.19

2.09





CONGRAT

once a jacket, always a jacket

JMU

bound!

ANDRE























