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### *Capturing Quarantine: Student Pandemic Experience Journal*

Maria Clara Galvao Roriz Dantas  
*Columbia College Chicago*

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## Entry 1

Documenting this crisis right now is important because it's an unprecedented moment for our history. Historians always used journals and personal photography to understand what was going on with humanity during specific times. But, while the corona virus crisis is world wide, we're living it very privately in our own rooms. That is, even though we're all having similar experiences, these experiences are mainly private. We are living the small things that happen inside our own homes. Ultimately, there will be multiple different experiences.

Our individual documentation of this crisis is also important to make us feel belonging. Right now, we are isolated like never before, but humans are social animals. We, physiologically, emotionally and historically need to live within our group - we feel the need to belong. But what is going on, individually, right now is: each in their own homes, we end up thinking we're alone in this, we're alone with these feelings. You see everyone posting on instagram how they're using this time to be productive, to workout, to take care of their mental health...and you look yourself in the mirror and cry because it sucks, it hurts, it's scary, you haven't been able to do any work or any workout, and you feel utterly incompetent and alone because we don't see anyone else going through that, too. Our social media is built on statements of happiness and success, we often forget that even we do the same. We're crying daily, but the post we choose to make public is about either how well we're doing, or less meaningful things like the pretty bowl of fruits we made ourselves this morning.

The quarantine made us silent with our own thoughts, which is already scary as it is, but it becomes even more when we're actually scared for our lives. The uncertainty of the future is absurdly crippling. And I believe this is even harder on college students. We're still working on maturing our emotional minds and understanding what's even the point of being here at all. We're in the phase where we still need to figure out what we want to do with our lives, so the future is even more important, and imminent, to us.

Right where we are most actively planning out futures, we were forced to stop school - progress - and, for many of us, go back home to our parents - setback. Which, so many times, also implies lack of privacy and independence. It's like an excruciatingly long pause in our previously highly busy lives. Seeing all my plans crumble in front of me because of something I'm absolutely impotent over, shook me really hard.

I plan on using a combination of mediums to document this quarantine. Mostly because I've always like using specific ways to express specific things. So, for somethings I'll be able to express myself better via photography and video making, other things over drawings, and some over writing. These are the mediums I have some familiarity to, and plan to use.

## Isolation

I have so much I could do, but I don't do any of it. The days all seem the same. I don't feel the time going by. I'm stuck between the music that ended, and the music that hasn't started yet. This silent pause, like white paper that has not yet been drawn on. Agonizing like a monster on the prowl. So silent.

Not even the leaves move outside. Everything stopped. The whole world stopped. People got involved in soap bubbles. We can see ourselves but we cannot feel. I can't hear you. I can't smell you. I can't taste you. I I can't feel your skin. I miss feeling you.

We isolated ourselves in the countryside, at the end of a 40 minutes dirt road. Surrounded by green. A calm, delicious land. Smell of wild, fruit taken from the tree and juice that runs on the corner of the mouth. Feet dirty with soil, and sun shining lines through the branches of a thick tree.

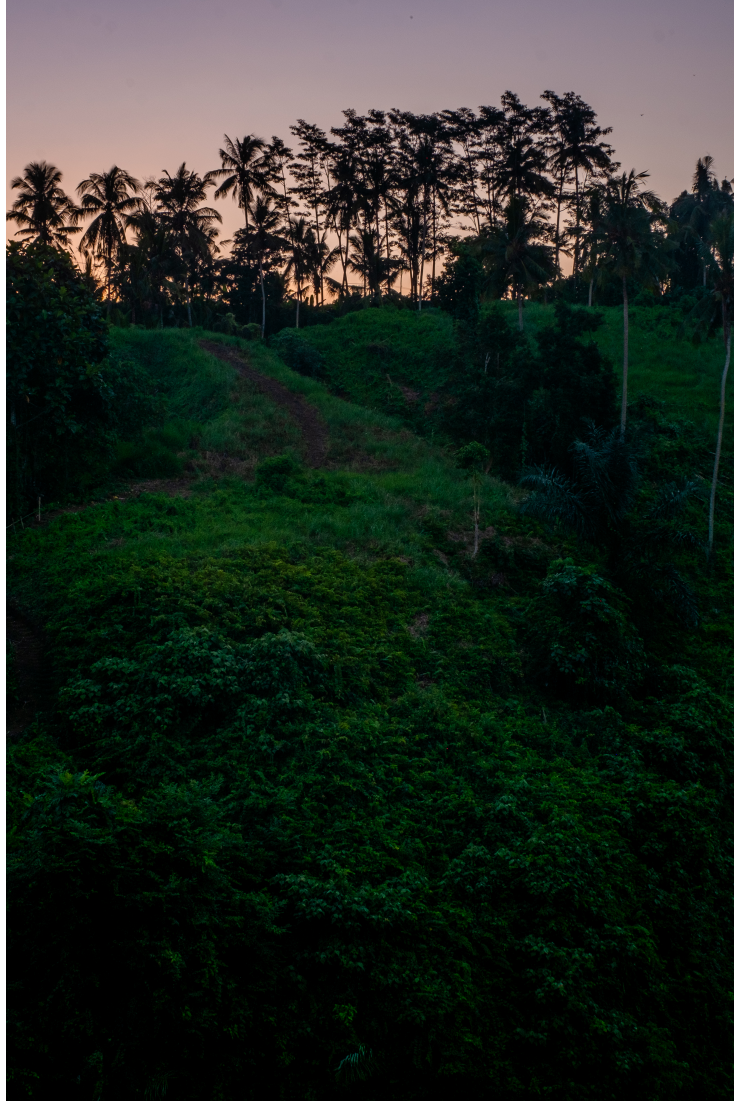
I laid down on a thick branch and closed my eyes. All this silence made me hear the loneliness deep inside the roots. The distance between me and myself, which has been hidden for longer than I understand.

So difficult to look at our shadows, it's such a scary, uncertain, confused land. And I had to allow myself to be there alone, afraid of the imminent noise, until my eyes got used to the darkness.

That's when all the fireflies came out of hiding. The dark forest shines like a galaxy on earth. Goosebumps on the skin and water in the eyes. How beautiful my darkness is. I miss this place that I forgot was me. My eyes just needed silence to understand. Anguish was just fear. And when I saw it, I found my voice shining among the fireflies.

I got out of this timeless swamp. I didn't have to wait for the music to start.

I relearned how to sing.



I'm scared.  
I don't know if the sun is rising  
Or if the sun is setting.

Restrictions irresponsibly lifted.  
Just like that - a phrase without subject  
No one's ever responsible

I feel neglected  
Forgotten  
No matter how many bolts and locks I have at the door  
I am not protected.

Such a beautiful sky  
But, behind shut doors,  
all I see is the sun that's setting.

A front store display.  
 protected by glass.  
 Invisible but cold.  
 Invisible but solid.  
 You can see it but you can't touch.  
 Everything.  
 is.  
 behind.  
 glass.

Separated.  
 d i s c o n n e c t e d.  
 Distant.

.interrupt.  
 ed.

Thirsty. water at arms length.  
 light warmth touch.

So close. Never. quite. there.

Tight chest.  
 Longing.  
 Craving.  
 Desire.  
 Desire.  
 Desire.

*I just wanna feel you again*

Everything is behind glass.  
 You can desire but you can't. have.

To be a woman. And the power of creation in the womb

*Maria Clara Dantas*

We are made of moon, magic and blood.  
Every month, every cycle. The magic of the **moon**.

A **priestess** who carries in the womb  
the **creative fire**.

A **Goddess** by herself.

I speak of her when I call "god".

When we cum,  
We carry energy within.  
We become home  
The power of the feminine to be a mother.  
Mother of what we choose to nurture  
An idea.  
A feeling.  
A being.  
We partake, from ourselves,  
**Life** itself. Out of love.

**Love**

The greatest act of courage.  
The mystery  
Hidden beneath our pubic hair.  
And it's self love  
That gives power to the witches.

**My mom taught me.**

"Take a little piece of me," she said to me,  
"this is yours and from that, you can do whatever you want."

Because the mother's greatest happiness is that her creation

**Live**. Live a lot, live everything, live

**Free**.

And,  
as so,  
turns into what it is.

Deep, in our womb, the creative fire.

**Nothing greater than her,  
She who knows the power she has.**





"A heart beating in a familiar rhythm, a warm hand stroking the head... only those who have been cared for, know how to take care."