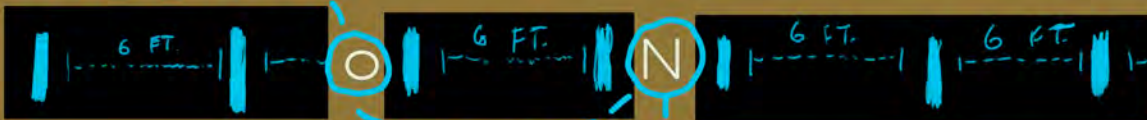




LOVE IN THE TIME
OF C O R



A - BY DAVID ISHIZAKA



ONE

IT WAS INEVITABLE: the taste of bitter ways fate entered the dark where an urgent call had lost all urgency before. The

fumes of had was t e d it with poison the floor now was just

for the authority of death. The other s were sealed with black oppressive heaviness. counter s crammed with jars and bottles and

ordinary paper. The ir fixative solution The news w a s late.

for who could identify it ? no thought. no premonition that this would be a place for dying. But time dis obeyed

Divine Providence.

A l l student s for c e d t o wait

for no one was aware of the degree of de a t h on c e clinical medicine

grasped the hem of the fi g u r e mental circumspection was completely stiff and twisted, eyes looking fifty years older than the night before. no w

so defenseless like an orphan's heart aching in the long futile struggle against

The worst



SIX

FE

E

I

a

p

a

r

t

H OUR

THE DAY
the world, made a fierce
obstacle
depended on
to wait without impatience
the beginning presented
an expressed willingness to
telegraph o n l y , but
human beings are not born for all day
side
a decision t o L ay Inside
hidden will b e
s a f e r t h i n g b
u t
out distraction with the problems
a re more and more critical every day,
t all a r e capable of impressive
power s
, and even with
friends across
the world, they organized special parties so that
t h i s d r e a m i n t h e d e p t h o f t h e
i r h e a r t s m a
mov e f r o m i n s i d e
And so, creative talent is
the hero during the time of
we wished co r o n a , and all
w e w i s h e d t o b e l i e v e

windows the end through the
horizon, the sky that could be navigated
clear
forever,

"Let us keep going, going, going."

illuminated by
destiny the
remendous
power of inspiration.

overwhelmed by the first glimmer of
invincible power, love,
a life that has
no limits.

"And how long do you think we can keep going?"

"Forever."

David Ishizaka

English 488

Professor Scenters-Zapico

May 8th, 2020

Love in the Time of Corona

ONE

IT WAS INEVITABLE: the bitter ways fate entered the dark where an urgent call had lost all urgency

before The fumes of panic had wasted it with poison.

the floor now was just for the authority of death.

The others were sealed with black oppressive heaviness.

counters crammed with jars and bottles and ordinary paper. Their fixative solution

The news was late for who could identify it?

no thought, no premonition that this would be a place for dying

But time disobeyed Divine Providence.

All students forced to wait for no one was aware of the degree of death

once clinical medicine grasped the hem of the figure mental circumspection was completely twisted, eyes looking fifty years older than the night before.

now so defenseless like an orphan's heart aching in the long futile struggle against The worst.

SIX FEET apart

HOUR

THE DAYs are full of new conditions

the world made a fierce obstacle that depended on us to wait without impatience till the end of time.

the beginning presented an expressed willingness to stand away to telegraph only, but human beings are not born for all day inside.

a decision to Lay inside hidden will be a safer thing but without distraction the problems are more and more critical every day, but all are capable of impressive powers, and even with friends across the world, they organized special parties so that this dream in the depth of their hearts may move from inside

And so, creative talent is the hero during the time of corona, and all we wished to believe

the end

through the windows the clear horizon, the sky that could be navigated forever.

Let us keep going, going, going, illuminated by destiny the tremendous power of inspiration.

the first glimmer of invincible power, love, overwhelmed by a life that has no limits.

“And how long do you think we can keep going?”

“Forever,”

Reflection

For this final project, I choose to use the book *Love in the Time of Cholera* by Gabriel García Márquez, not only because of its fitting and pun-able title, but also because I feel that one of the large themes of the book, trying to regain lost time over the distance of time and obstacle of physical separation, is certainly something that we can all relate to at this moment. Once I choose the book, it was fairly easy to find relevant messages, and many of the words jumped right out to me.

I had no idea how many pages I was going to be able to do, so my original concept was to take one page from each chapter of the book (there are six chapters) and make a different piece on each one. But I felt it was quite a lot of effort to actually compose the pages and pick the words and phrases that made sense. My linear brain wanted to keep reading left to right and top to bottom, so I will admit that I did not challenge myself very much in terms of space, which is why each piece reads like a normal page still. I think if I were to make another draft, or continue composing more pieces with other pages in the book, I would want to explore more bold and adventurous readings. Because of the amount of time I spent trying to pull meaning out of the first two pages I choose, I decided to only do four pieces, with the cover page of the book being the fifth.

In terms of the way I went about achieving this final draft, I went through a few different iterations, trying to figure out the best way to go about making the vision in my head a reality. I originally wanted to print out the pages and paint directly on them, but having no real practice with art, I quickly found out that regular printer paper does not mix well with watercolor. My printer was also incapable of printing out onto watercolor paper, as it was too thick, so I decided to go digital. Since it was a little more difficult for me to work completely digital, I still used a

physical printout of the pages to choose and arrange the words. I would look at the physical page for words and phrases I thought would work, and then I would type those words into a word document to essentially compose poems or try to build sentences. Once I had a relatively clear message, I would highlight the phrases I wanted to keep on the physical page. See the next section after this reflection for an example of how I went about doing this. I then would take the original digital image of the page (from an ebook) and put that into my photo editing software (it's essentially photoshop, but specialized for comics) and would circle the words on a new layer above the image. I would then paint over the empty space to get rid of all the words, and then would experiment with other colors and layers over this paint to make it more visually interesting.

Again, another departure from my original intention, as I wanted to have the art I painted over the words to somehow reflect the message, and I thought about even pasting pictures over the words instead, but I couldn't find a good way to really express my message beyond the words themselves, so in the end, I just choose colors I liked and painted randomly.

If I were to try to extract a deeper meaning from each of the four pieces, I would say ONE is about how quickly things changed, and how there was no expectation for such an upheaval of life as we once knew it. SIX FEET apart, is pretty self-explanatory, and a little bit of a jest, as I made sure to keep all the letters as far apart as I could (with the exception of FE, I think they're a couple, so it's okay). HOUR is about how the days can drag on and on when you have nothing to do and how we thought this would be a brief interruption to our daily life. It turned out not to be the case, but in the lack of preparation for such extreme distancing, people have used their creativity to connect with one another still, from zoom family meetings, to drive-by birthday shout-outs and wedding/baby showers, or simply just messaging old contacts and

friends. These struggles to stay connected in the face of adversity and the creative forces behind them are certainly the things that will save us and get us all through these times. The final piece is sort of built on that idea that we will get through this all with our love for one another and the power we attain from wanting to stay and be connected.

In the end, I thought this was a really interesting and fun challenge and project. I learned a lot from it, both in terms of application, and in terms of introspection. If I were to continue to work on this, I would want to, as I said before, experiment more with reading more than just left to right, maybe go up and down, jump across the page and such. I believe there is so much material to work with in this book, and it helps reveal my own take on events to use someone else's words to try and make sense of something beyond my control. It is a perfect reflection of the helplessness we are all going through right now, but I think in the same sense, it is a bit liberating knowing that we can only have an effect on the world by how it affects us. That is to say that in the face of such helplessness we can sink further down into that, or we can rise up out of it to try and do all that we can to make a positive environment for ourselves and others. Maybe that's what I was trying to say with this project. If it is, I hope it came through.

108

[CHAPTER] FOUR

our?
four?
four?

THE DAY THAT Florentino Ariza saw Fermina Daza in the atrium of the Cathedral, in the sixth month of her pregnancy and in full command of her new condition as a woman of the world, he made a fierce decision to win fame and fortune in order to deserve her. He did not even stop to think about the obstacle of her being married, because at that time he decided as if it depended on himself alone, that Dr. Arvenal Urbino had to die. He did not know why or how, but he considered it an inevitable event that he was forced to wait for without impatience or violence, even till the end of time.

He began at the beginning. He presented himself unannounced in the office of Uncle Leo XII, President of the Board of Directors and General Manager of the River Company of the Caribbean, and expressed his willingness to yield to his plans. His uncle was angry with him because of the manner in which he had thrown away the good position of telegraph operator in Villa de Leyva, but he allowed himself to be swayed by his conviction that human beings are not born once and for all on the day their mothers give birth to them, but that life obliges them over and over again to give birth to themselves. Besides, his brother's widow had died the year before, still smarting from rancor but without any heirs. And so he gave the job to his errant nephew.

It was a decision typical of Don Leo XII Loayza. Inside the shell of a soulless merchant was hidden a genial lunatic, as willing to bring forth a spring of lemonade in the Guajira Desert as to flood a solemn funeral with weeping at his heartbreaking rendition of "In Questa Tomba Oscura." His head was covered with curls, he had the lips of a faun, and all he needed was a lyre and a laurel wreath to be the image of the incendiary Nero of Christian mythology. When he was not occupied with the administration of his decrepit vessels, still afloat out of sheer distraction on the part of fate, or with the problems of river navigation, which grew more and more critical every day, he devoted his free time to the enrichment of his lyric repertoire. He liked nothing better than to sing at funerals. He had the voice of a gallery of famous singers, capable of impressive registers. Someone had told him that Enrico Caruso could shatter a vase with the power of his voice, and he had spent years trying to imitate him, even with the windowpanes. His friends brought him the most delicate vases they had come across in their travels through the world, and they organized special parties so that he might at last achieve the culmination of his dream. He never succeeded. Still, in the depth of his thundering there was a glimmer of tenderness that broke the hearts of his listeners as if they were the crystal vases of the great Caruso, and it was this that made him so revered at funerals. Except at one, when he thought it a good idea to sing "When I Wake Up in Glory," a beautiful and moving funeral song from Louisiana, and he was told to be quiet by the priest, who could not understand that Protestant intrusion in his church.

And so, between operatic encores and Neapolitan serenades, his creative talent and his invincible entrepreneurial spirit made him the hero of river navigation during the time of its greatest splendor. He had come from nothing, like his dead brothers, and all of them went as far as they wished despite the stigma of being illegitimate children and, even

I printed out this page and choose words I thought would make good phrases or that stuck out to me. I then dropped them into a word document, and after finding phrases that worked, I would highlight them on the original physical paper. It was a simultaneous exercise of digital and physical composition.

Word document example:

The (parenthesis) are used to track the words I had to break apart in order to use only one or two letters and the [brackets] denote phrases I originally wanted to use, but ended up discarding.

(page 108)

THE DAY s

full of new condition s

the world a fierce

obstacle of

[to

stop

the obstacle of]

time

alone

but ineluctable

w(h)e(n) resolve to wait without impatience till the end of time

[impatience

the end of time]

the beginning

presented

an expressed willingness to [yield] stand away to telegraph o(perator) (i)n (Vil)l(a) (Le)y(va)

[conviction]

but

human beings are not born for all day (l)i(fe) (agai)n

(Be)side(s)

(but life obliges over and over to)

a decision t(ypical) o(f) L(o)ay(za) inside hidden will(ing) bring s(pring) (lemon)a(de) f(llood)
(sol)e(mn) (hear)t(breaking)

with
out distraction
the problems
[which] grew more and more critical every day
free time

a decision to Lay Inside hidden will be a safer thing but without distraction the problems grew more and more critical every day

even with friends across the world, they organized special parties so that this dream in the depth of th e I r hearts may move from inside

And so, creative talent is the hero during the time of corona and all we wished to believe

Final Message:

THE DAYs full of new conditions

the world a fierce obstacle that depended on us to wait without impatience till the end of time.

the beginning presented an expressed willingness to stand away to telegraph only, but human beings are not born for all day inside

a decision to lay inside hidden will be a safer thing but without distraction the problems grew more and more critical everyday.

but all are capable of impressive powers, and even with friends across the world, they organized special parties so that this dream in the depth of their hearts may move from inside.

And so, creative talent is the hero during the time of corona and all we wished to believe