

Collage

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Front Matter

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Collage
A Magazine for Language
& the Arts

Collage

A Magazine for Language & the Arts

Collage is an interdisciplinary magazine designed to explore the poetry of language and the visual arts. Submissions may include original poetry, short prose, and bilingual translations. All submissions must be accompanied by an English summary or translation and include the name of both contributor and translator. Images may be in black and white or color and must be submitted digitally. In the online version of the publication, we can also insert links for audio and video pieces.

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Editorial

by Judy Pfau Cochran

This fifth issue of *Collage* is dedicated to the memory of Eduardo Jaramillo, native of Bogotá, Colombia, resident of Granville, Professor of Spanish and Latin American Studies, poet, mentor, and friend. In Rainer Maria Rilke's words, Eduardo was one of those "destined for an early crossing." We remember his time among us with affection and gratitude and celebrate his life with words and images, some of them his own.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Eduardo Jaramilla". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background.

When I first knew you, if I had chosen one quality to encompass you, it would have been your gentleness. True to your Latin heritage, you brought warmth and grace within the walls of the academy. Often, when we met on campus and were going the same way, you circled a companionable arm around my waist. It was not long however before you adopted a faster pace. In your years as Department Chair, you kept a stopwatch to monitor the administrative tasks allotted to various hours of the day. But the warmth remained: the outstretched hand, the generous smile and the candid gaze.

For two decades you were an integral part of my life. With other friends we celebrated every Christmas together, forging over the years our own extended family. Each year, when the presents were unwrapped and the dishes cleared away, you took the youngest child on your lap and sang the spider song. As you sang, your fingers traced the itsy, bitsy spider's climb up the waterspout on the path of two small arms. When the rain came to wash the spider out, its abrupt cascade brought peals of laughter. Finally, when the sun came to dry up all the rain so that the itsy, bitsy spider could begin its climb again, we said good night, grateful for the blessings of friendship and family.

When you became a naturalized citizen of the U.S., you were so proud, and to celebrate everyone brought food in red, white and blue. Later, when you bought your house, you called excitedly: "Judy, I want to have a barbecue, what do I do?" I sent you to buy charcoal and a grill, forgetting to mention that you would need cooking tools as well. Somehow we improvised. You made the simplest things fun and never failed to laugh on your own behalf. After the success of the barbecue, you tried your hand at desserts, arriving for dinner one evening brandishing a platter you presented as floating island. Stunned, I replied, "But Edo, this is an archipelago!"

We didn't always agree. Sometimes in haste, or weariness, one of us caused hurt or distress. However, each was quick to acknowledge the fault, the other to forgive. This was the gentle heart in you, never far from pardon. You knew me beyond the facade, accepting that deeper part of me, that pocket of reserve that allows for vulnerability.

No one has ever successfully explained the meeting of minds that makes true friends. In one of his *Essais*, the Renaissance humanist Montaigne tried to encapsulate his lifelong friendship with La Boétie with these few words: "Because it was he; because it was I." (« Parce que c'était lui, parce que c'était moi ».) I can think of no clearer way to describe a friendship that recognized both strength and flaw, a trust that bridged that silent rift within the self, knowing kindness would be there.

From you I learned the comfort of candor, the healing of shared laughter and the poignancy of loss. For me and countless others, your presence will remain indelibly engraved in the tasks of everyday and the depths of our hearts.