

A Journal Entry
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It's 2018. We are too busy scrolling through our Instagram feeds, envying others' "perfect" lives. We live in a technology driven world, constantly striving to innovate and advance. In this contemporary turmoil, I sometimes wish to take a step back. I dream of an escape, an escape from the constant bombardment of text messages and snapchat notifications buzzing from the 5 inch LED screen concealed in my right pants pocket. I pick up my paintbrush and stare at the blank canvas in front of me. Uninspired, I play a recording of Lux Aeterna. I close my eyes. As soon as the baritone starts singing, I am transported from the current world into 16th century Rome. With the music acting as a guide, I begin painting. *Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord. Let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.* Asking God for mercy and eternal rest relinquishes my control. I allow my hands to flow with the choir's voice, dragging its paintbrush across the canvas. This type of painting is natural, following the dynamics of the music. As the music gradually crescendos I apply more pressure to the paintbrush, making darker areas. As it decrescendos, I gently lift my brush up, leaving small traces of mark making. *Amen, Amen.* The song comes to an end. I open my eyes and return to 2018.