

Dear reader,

"Arts magazine? At Tech?" Oh yes. I cannot count the number of puzzled faces and blank stares I get when I begin to describe Erato to my friends, my family, and even recruiters at career fair - who are probably wondering why I am not using my time to develop the next machine learning algorithm for cryptocurrency (or something like that).

As a child, I was always fascinated by colors, shapes, and pretty much anything that caused my parents to ask me to stop collecting paint samples from the hardware store and actually do my homework.

When I signed my acceptance to Georgia Tech, I thought it was a one-way ticket to giving up my fascination for the arts. For a while it was true. Until one day a friend signed me up for "this thing where they were looking for artsy people". That "thing" was Erato. And I never looked back.

Erato was my first step to rediscovering my love for art. I started searching for a middle ground. *Inbetweens* – that's what this edition is all about. Was there a scientific approach to create these layouts? Were there patterns to be found? Is there a way to design the ideal spread? How many neutrals make for the perfect color palette? How can I, as an artist, merge my passion with my interest in tech?

Ultimately, this edition presented to you is a collection of these thoughts, a series of lessons this magazine taught me. Creating is a process, and the joy lies in the center of it all. Not every question has an answer. It's not a science. There is no perfect magazine, no ideal order, no proper pairing. Each day was different. Each page was different. There were moments of frustration when the engineer in me searched for the "right" answer. But suddenly, it all fell into place. In the end it is about what feels right, even if it doesn't always make sense.

I am proud to leave you with some of the best work at Georgia Tech, but there is so much more out there. I encourage you to look at the world in a different light. Step out of this one-dimensional view that many people, and sometimes we, impose on our school. Understand that the world needs every skill in some way: artists, engineers, coders, dreamers.

With Love,

Gautami Chennur Editor-In-Chief

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Cannonman

Sean MacMullan

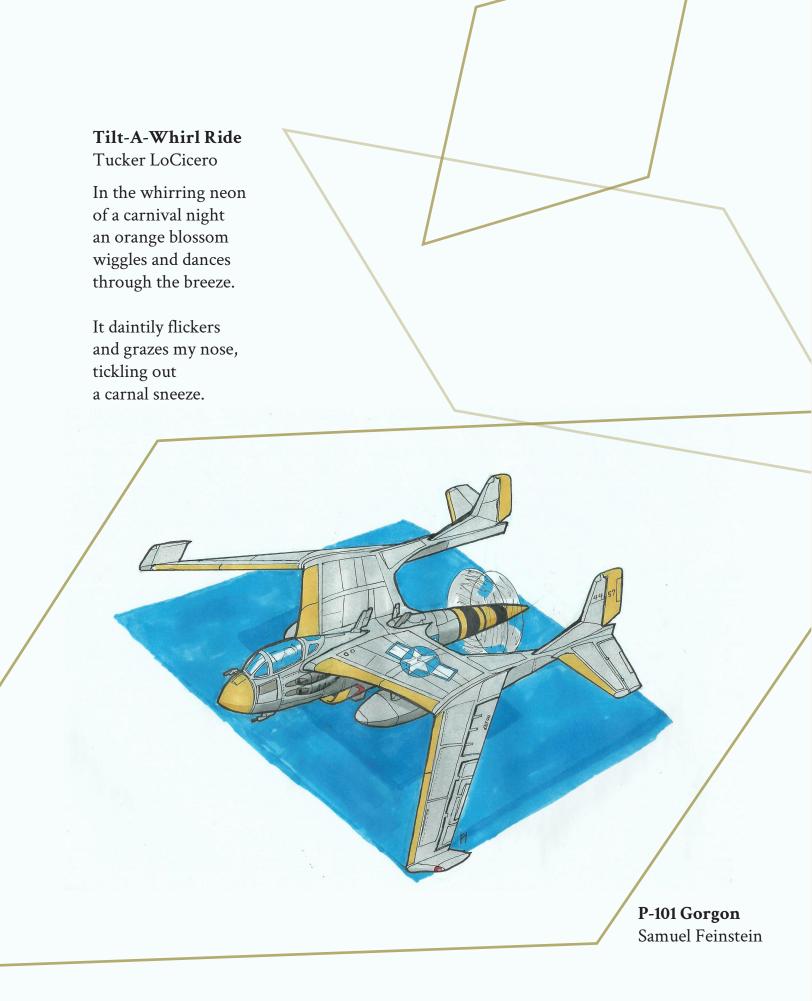
Blasted air sliced through the smog of human sweat and stirred up dirt. My star-speckled helm pierced the red striped skin of my womb, splitting the world, and now the sky has seeped in and bleached my vision blue. The wind grasps my face, caresses my hands, rustles my hair back as I soar straight, balanced on that thin line of the horizon.

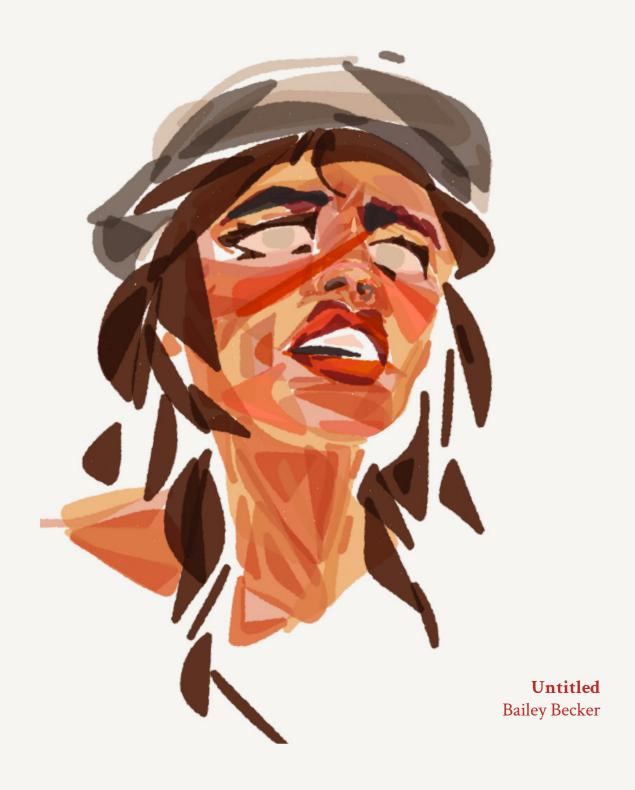
Looking down, fields of grass and hills and lakes and forests and mountains and seas blend like acrylic trailing off the unwashed mane of the brush which paints the distance. The cities burn like bright torches; their steel flames lick at my passing. The stars' lights gaze on me with envy, scratching thin, spirited highways into their black canvas as they circle around to catch me at my front. But I am too fast. Too nimble. None can touch me.

Too late I realize that I have become trapped like Daedalus in the moments of his journey from Crete. The Sun's warmth is too far to grasp and the earth, firm with its ores and woods and rocks and beasts and grime, extends below, beyond the curving reach of my fingers. What are my hands to do, with only air to mold? They will freeze among the intangible. I'm no longer soaring, but falling sideways.

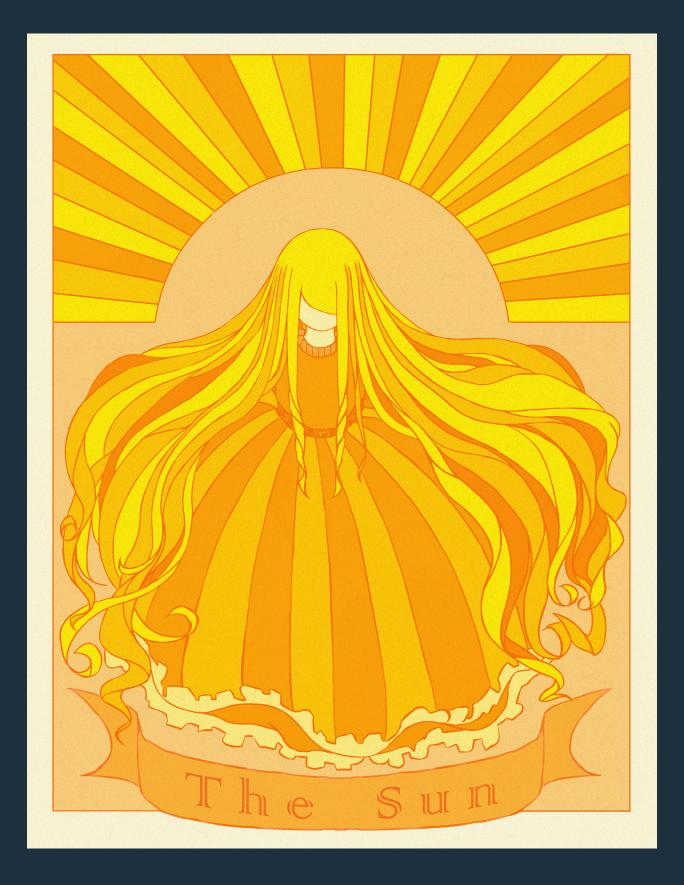


Southern Hemisphere Perspective Andrew Lail









The Moon & The SunJiaYi Zhang



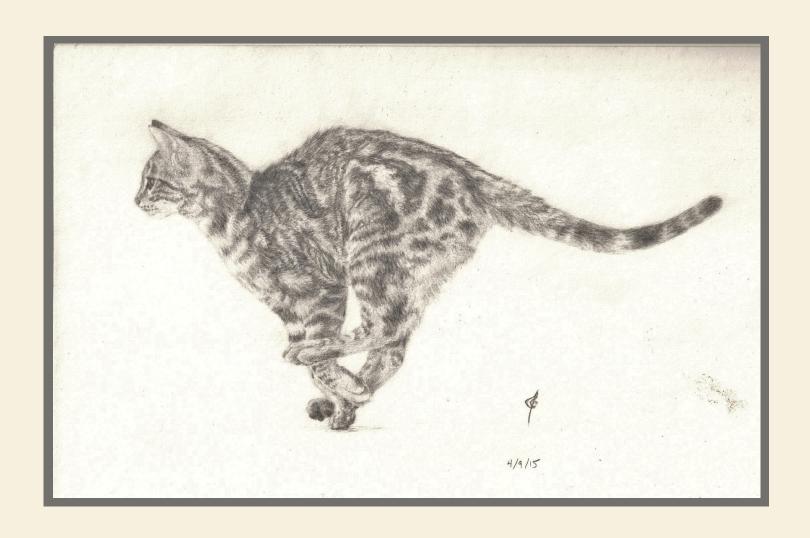
Ten Cuidado Amor (left)

Nylah Boone

The Gateway (right)

Ismail Breiwish



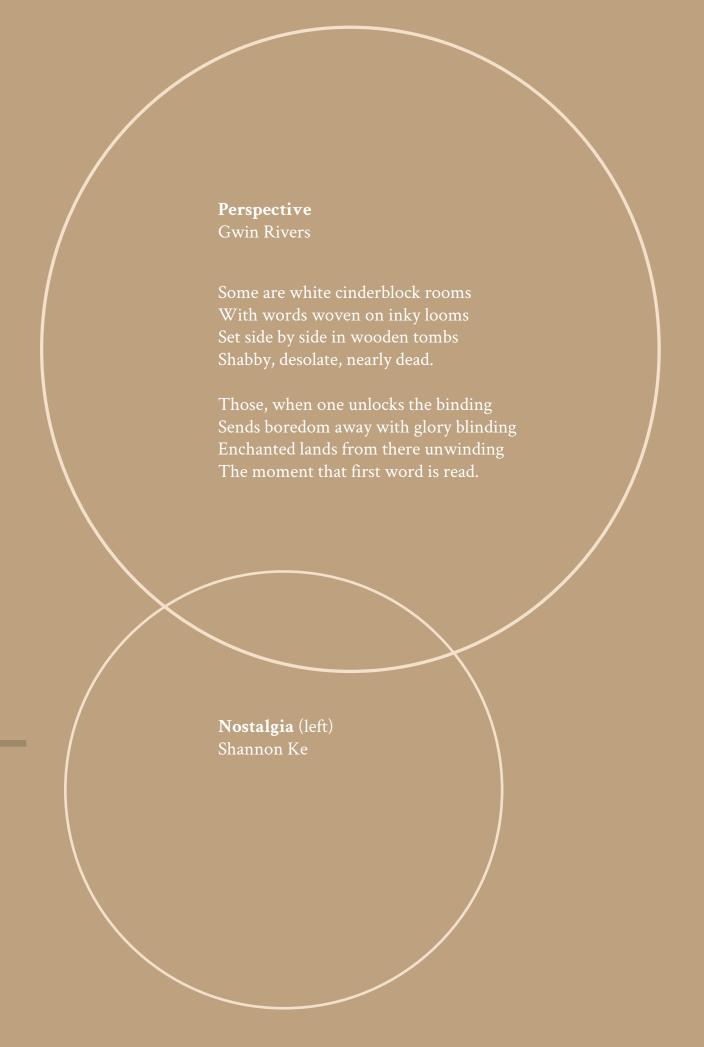


Feline In Motion (left) Jennifer Molnar











House of Pillows

Grace Oberst

I, the one who gazed out into the city made of blocks because we were always pretending.

We were sincere, but it was still a fragile game of what I could and could not say.

You, the one who drove in toy cars and cooked spontaneous words for me. The pots and pans were pretend and the house was made of pillows, but you were still real.

You, who always wanted to hide but never seek. I tried to cook for you, but I had nothing to offer but spaghetti of rubber bands and salad of game pieces. But when I listened to your heart with a plastic stethoscope and gave you a band-aid, you put it over your wounds.

You, who chased me around the chairs until the music stopped, interviewed for your first job, and I gave you all the Monopoly money in my piggy bank to buy a briefcase.

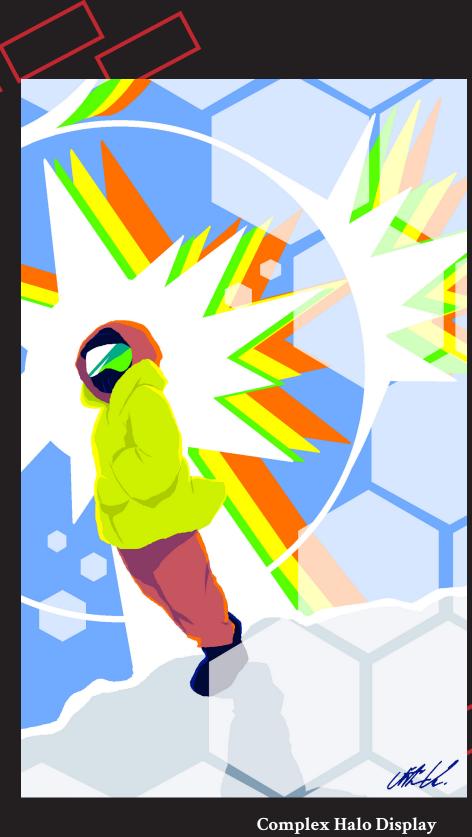
You, who took us to dinner. We dined on the finest plastic seafood, and my stuffed bear took our order as we knelt in front of cardboard boxes. You complimented the chef, but I lived in fear of you choking on paper fortune cookies.

Wherever we went, I noticed others also built houses of K'Nex and furniture of Legos. But they paid with Benjamin Franklins; they could order real food and drive real cars because they worked real jobs. So we decided to part ways, and you stopped being real anymore.

You, who ate the real food someone else cooked for you. I, who returned to my city and never ate playdough cookies again.

Seoulmates (left)

Wesley Samples



Christin Unachukwu



A Pupil's Patchwork Sydney Young

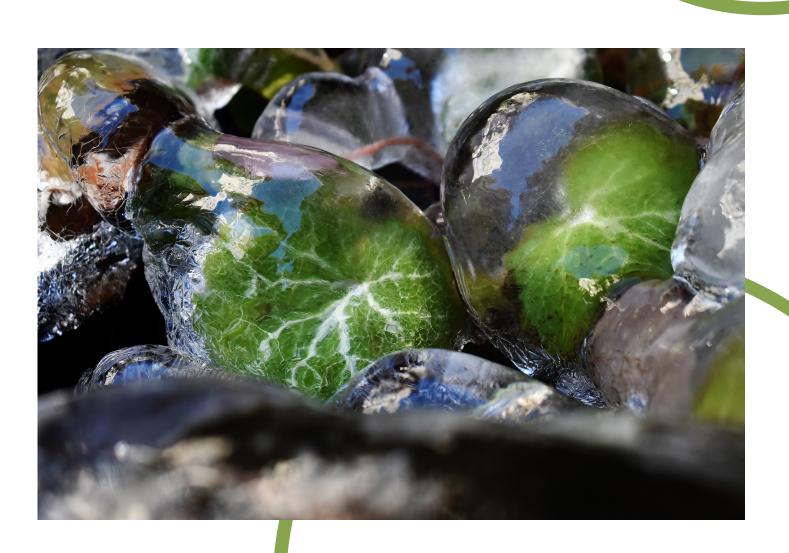


Underneath the Popcorn TreeGwin Rivers

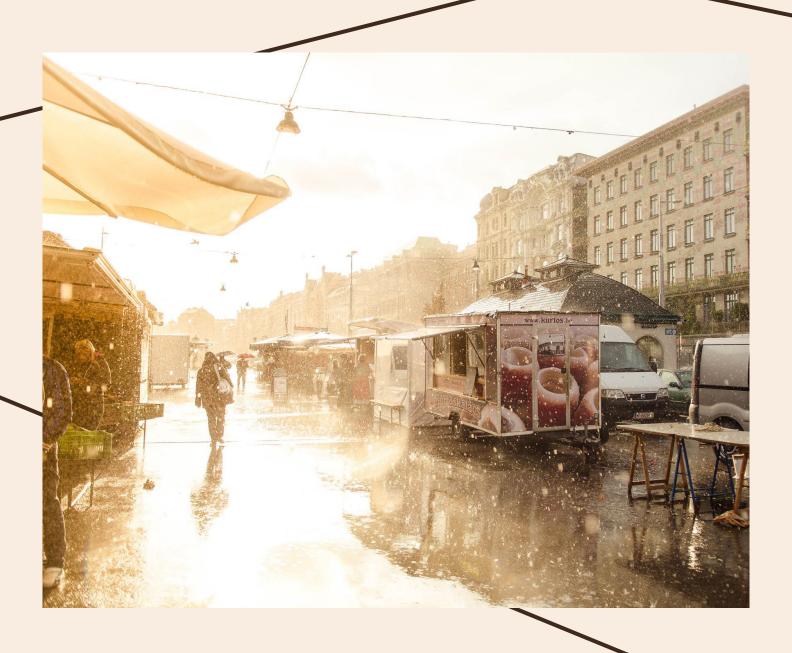
Under the popcorn tree
Beneath the shady leaves
'Round red lilies and purple banks
Of bubbling topaz springs
The delicate butterfly flowers
Do spread their tiny wings
They shall uproot and fly away
From 'neath the popcorn tree.

Under the popcorn tree
The far-off voices reach
The magic butterfly flowers
From o'er a distant beach
Voices that waken the Wonder-Bird
To irritatedly beseech
"Fly, magic, fly away
From 'neath the popcorn tree."

Under the popcorn tree
The flowers, no longer asleep,
Arise in gentle flight, hearing
A weary wanderer's weep
Singing back their golden song
To the lost traveller they flee
Leaving only the silver crocus
Beneath the popcorn tree.



Transparent RocksLatifah Almaghrabi

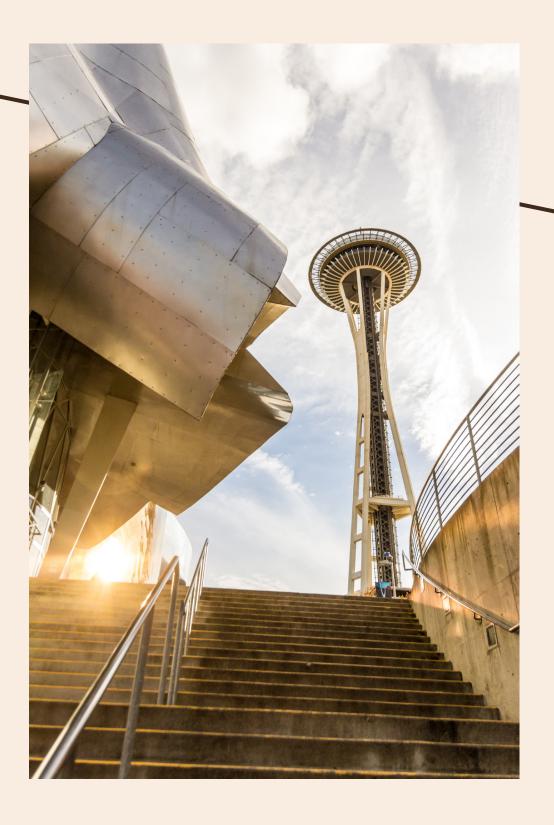


Sonneregen (left)

Brenda Lin

Towards the Needle (right)

Andrew Dai



Hanky Panky in Medina

Keertana Subramani

Hanky panky My tummy churns Crispy cookie dough

I dare not taste. Your bold arabian musk Burns my hot red cheeks.

I see you through netted windowsill squares Of my black burqa On concrete street-corners Of Medinah.

Love brews carefully within my invisible heart. In my locked, netted cloak, I'm always living a secret.

As the Safawi dates ripen my father signs for my wedding With your older brother.

He wants to be let in. But even you don't know Only you have the keys

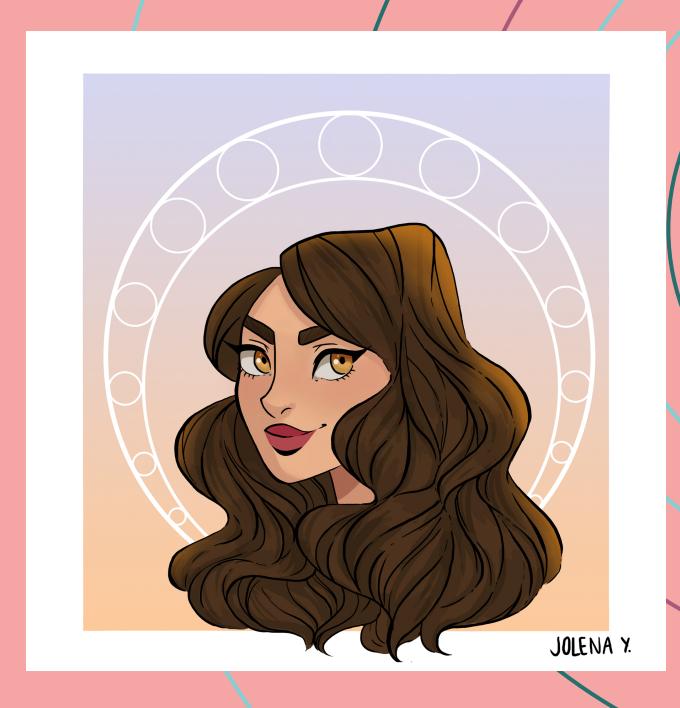


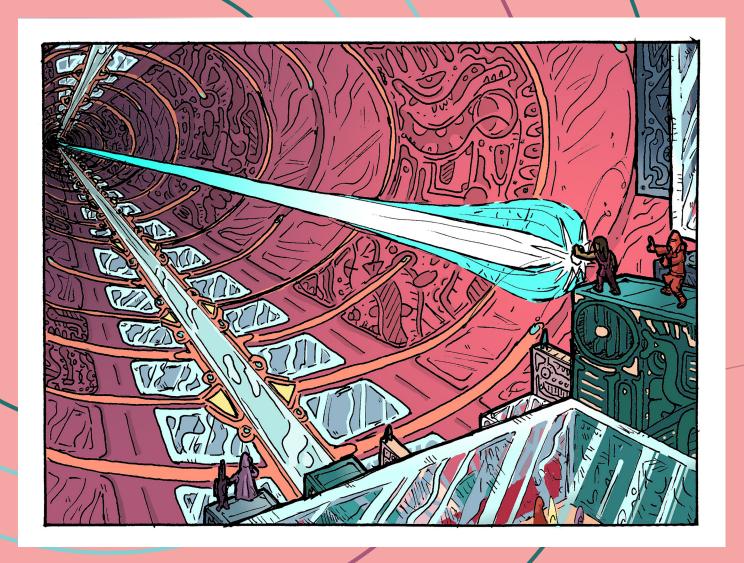
Natural but Artificial Ziad Ammar



Lucia Martina Lo







Serenity (left) Jolena Yao

Revelation of a New Power (right)

Michael Armstrong

Today We Have A Vocabulary Quiz

Grace Oberst

Today we have a quiz on Lesson 13
Conversation 1, and please remember the word
for "care of health," and I have not slept in days
the anxiety is keeping me awake, but "later" is what I say
when "to be hungry" happens "again" so Please
take out a sheet of paper and put your cellphones away.

You asked me for a sheet of paper, I gave you half of mine.

Today we have a quiz on Lesson 13
Conversation 2, and please do not watch the "news"
"dear," do not turn on the television even "for a short time"
Textbooks off your desks, but "because of" what I have seen I do not want to go to class anymore - he did not have to die Textbooks away NOW I stared down at my "shoes."

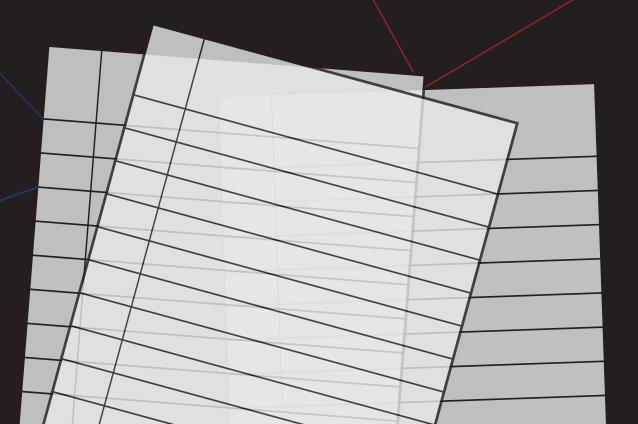
You asked me for a sheet of paper, so I gave you half of mine.

Today we have a quiz on Lesson 14 Conversation 1, "quickly" decide how much I should "pay" for not wanting to go out when I could barely leave my room to get a glass of water and "the day after tomorrow" There will be a test on Lesson 13 and whether or not I have the courage "to put forth effort" into Career Fair.

You asked me for a sheet of paper, so I gave you half of mine.

Today we have a quiz on Lesson 14
Conversation 2, "to doze off" in today's class would
make me sad "stop" telling me to study "more" I
broke down in tears because I burned my dinner on the stove
"to arrive" late I will only let you re-take the quiz this once
Sometimes I don't realize how long I go without eating.
You asked me for a sheet of paper, so I gave you half of mine.

Today we have a quiz on Lesson 15
I arrived all disheveled, crumpled blazer from a failed interview no matter what I do, it's never enough, this imposter syndrome so what does it feel like to relax for just one moment Would you like me to repeat the words? The best I could do is sometimes not enough, all I wanted was for it to be over, but I searched for a sheet of paper, and you gave me half of yours.







Grief 8 (left) Kaitlin Burke

Port St. Joe (right) Mary Hirvela



Cold Blayke Kortman

Metastatic Melanoma

Tucker LoCicero

In a sterile lab somewhere, You'll wear a white lab coat, hunch over your microscope, fold beneath glass bulbs. And then you'll tell me the complexities.

Outside,
I'll take it all off,
sprawl over the grass,
let the sun kiss me.
And by the way,
You'll die too.

Words of Wisdom

Keertana Subramani

A wise person only spares
Words that are listened to
Savored
like the first taste of chocolate
Absorbed
like a water-drop on drought cracks
Experienced
like the epicenter of afternoon sun
Lived for
like the most passionate love

Words not simply shrugged off into thin air With a tinge of boredom and stains of the ordinary But grabbed hungrily and stuffed into personal

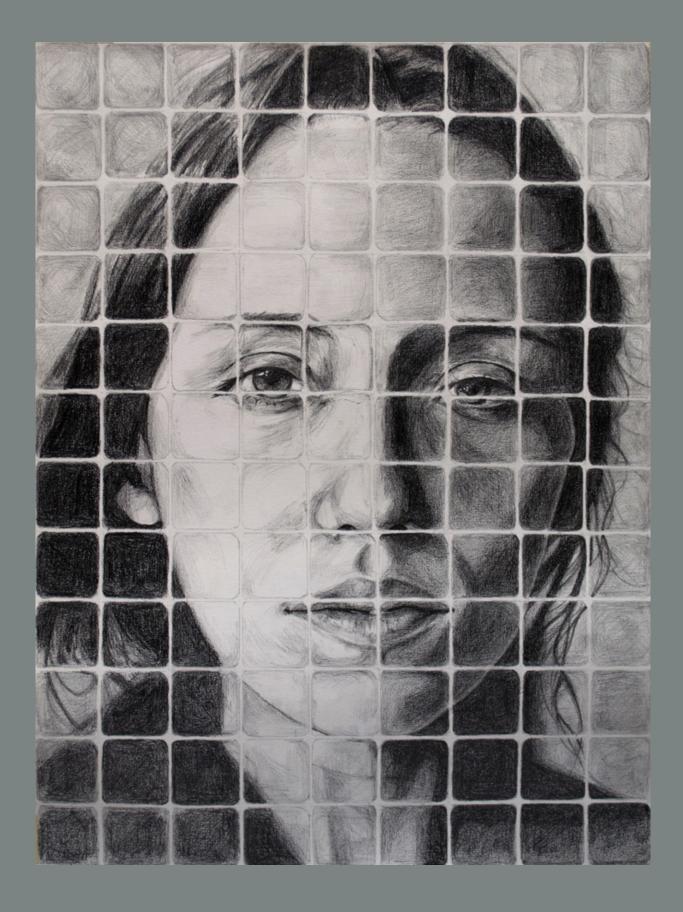


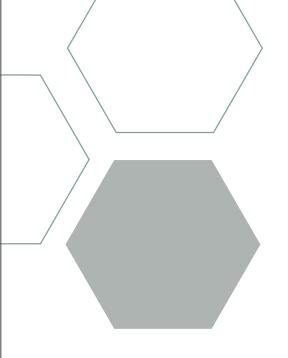
Treasury chests, photographed To be tasted forever. Words that are sparse diamonds Not raindrops in a thunderstorm.

And in between them, in pauses
The real power reverberates.
Silence translates to thoughts
Not asked for. A tender flower
And a precious weapon released
To revolutionize without permission.

Journey to the LightKyle Lee







Sleeping Gods

Isabella Sadek

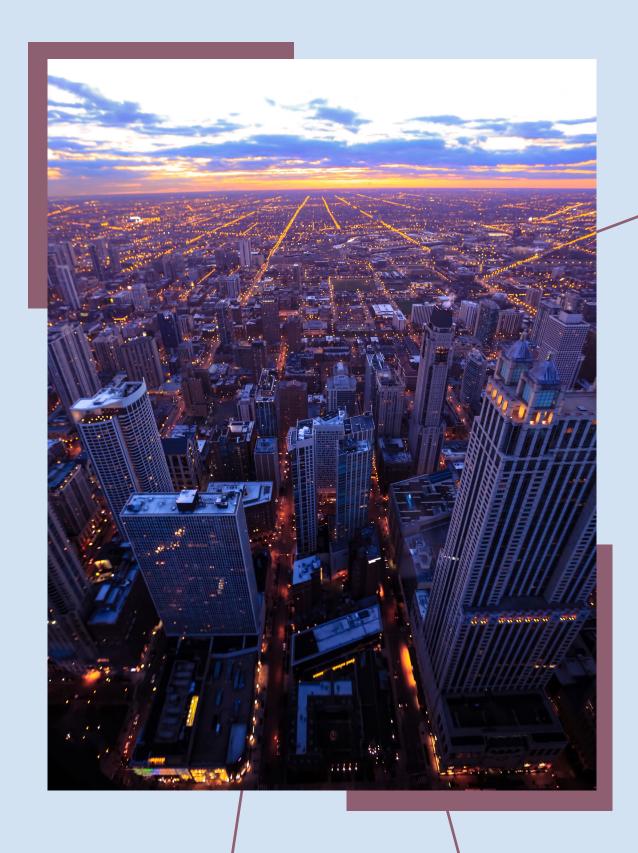
We cannot enshrine those movie moments anymore. The ones that graced through us and let us feel like there was a God who lived deep in our belly and came out to play when the sun dried up. Blow out that candle. Put it to bed.

We won't swallow strange solutions to pluck at his eyes. Let sleeping gods lie. We can't ask them for truth.

The Buddha breathes deep through every pore. It never chases God in the bloodstream because it finds grace on the skin and truth in the O2. It blesses itself with silent, joyful whispers,

And reminds me to stay in the present.







The Infinite Light (left) Zonglin Li

Life is About Nothing But Perspective (right) Rishi Karia

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Grace Oberst

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