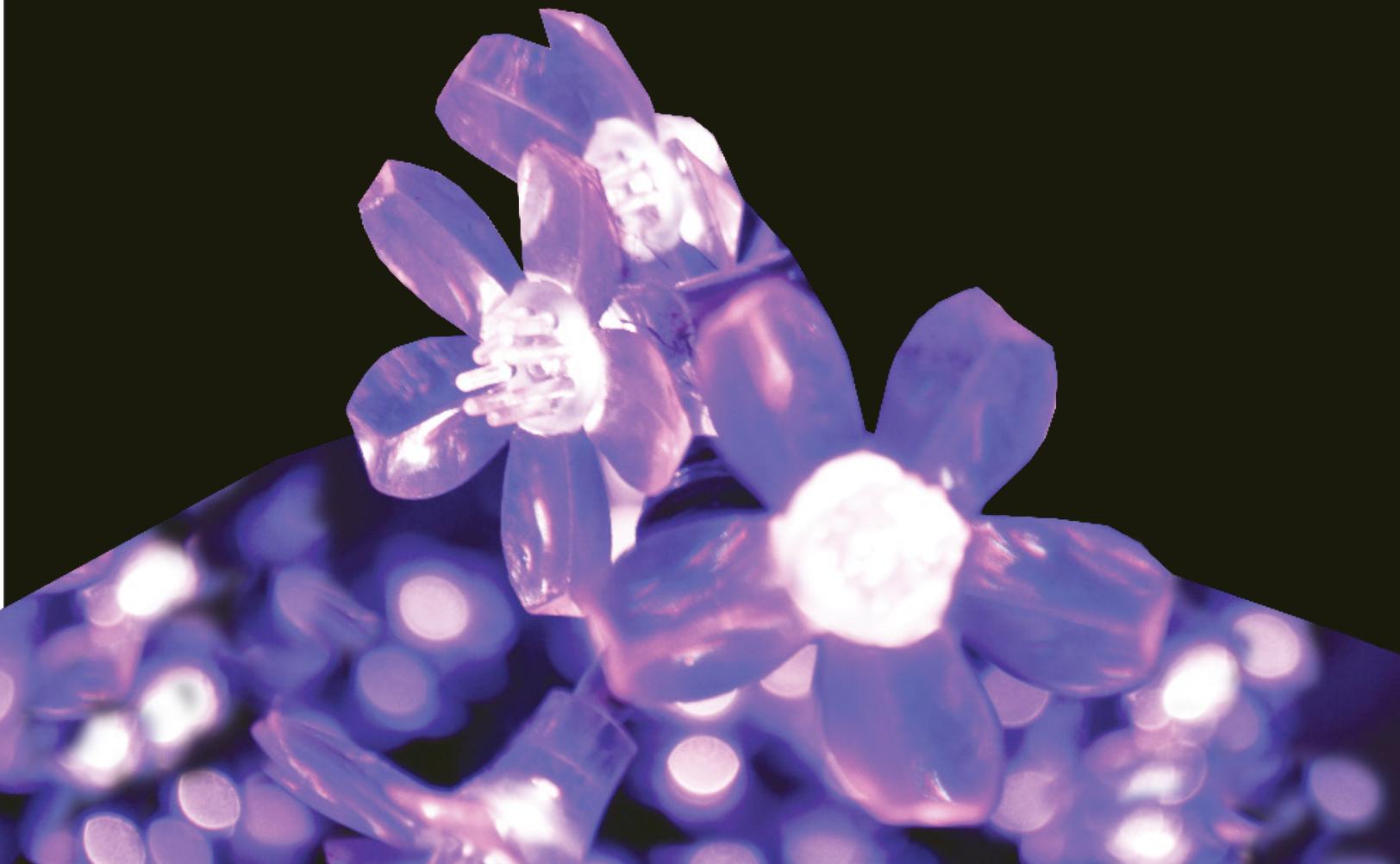


ERATO



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.

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 jour-
ney 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.

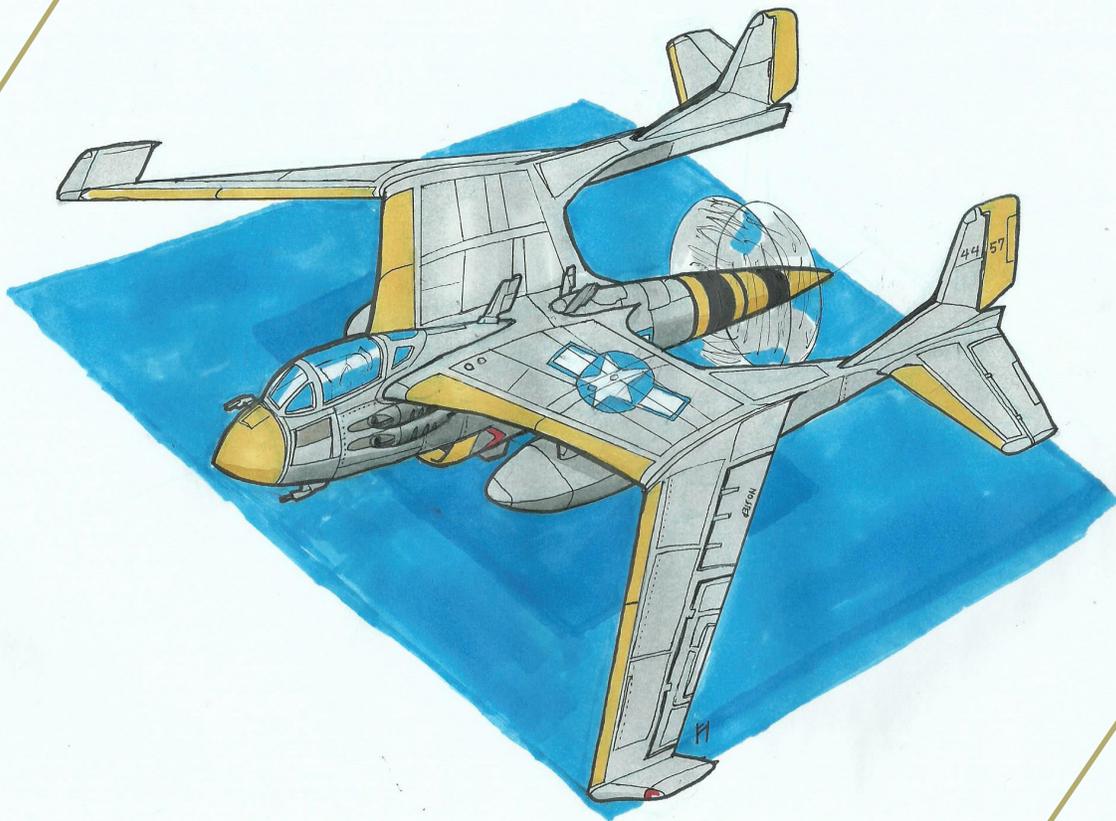


Southern Hemisphere Perspective
Andrew Lail

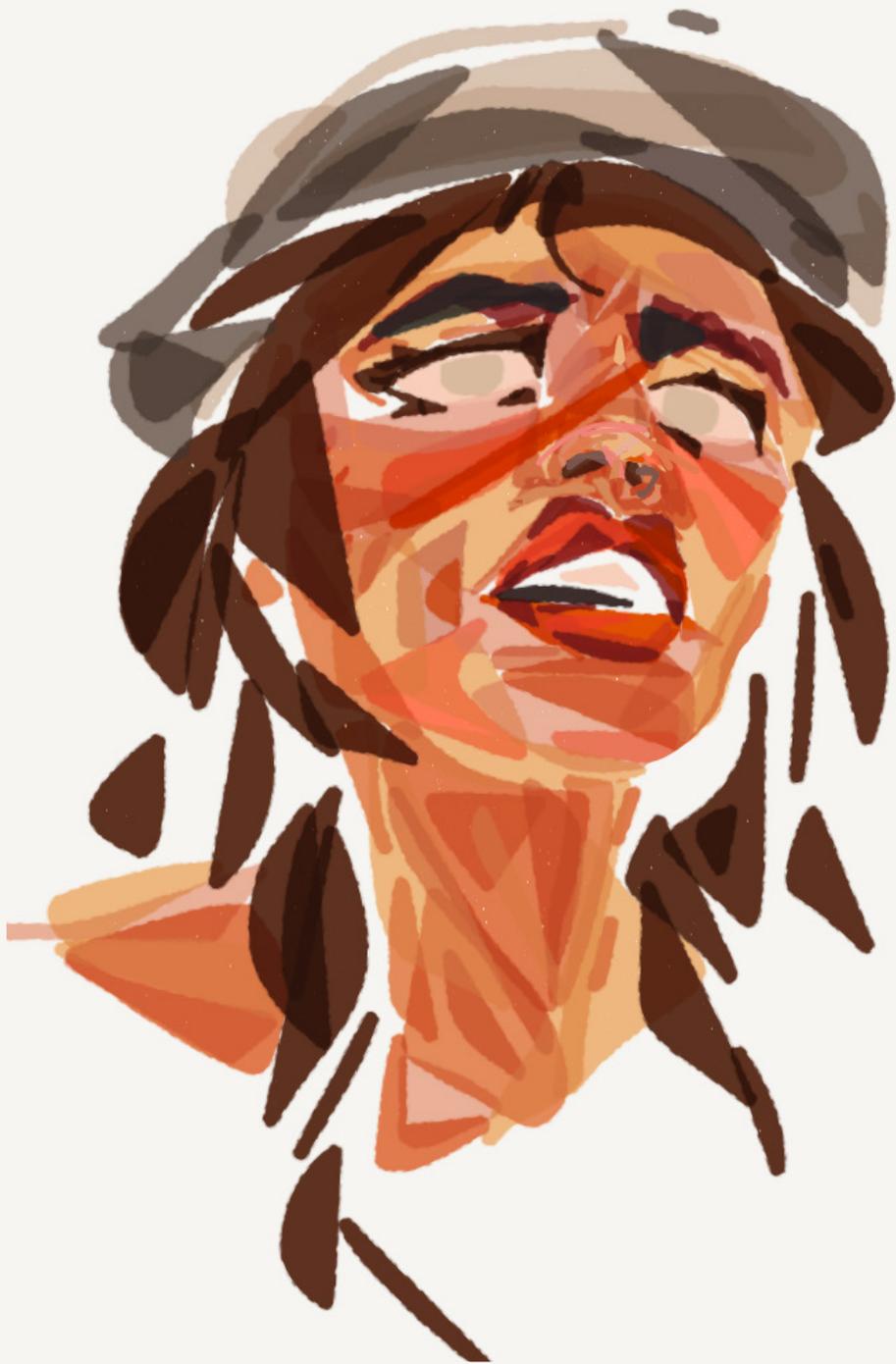
Tilt-A-Whirl Ride
Tucker LoCicero

In the whirring neon
of a carnival night
an orange blossom
wiggles and dances
through the breeze.

It daintily flickers
and grazes my nose,
tickling out
a carnal sneeze.



P-101 Gorgon
Samuel Feinstein



Untitled
Bailey Becker





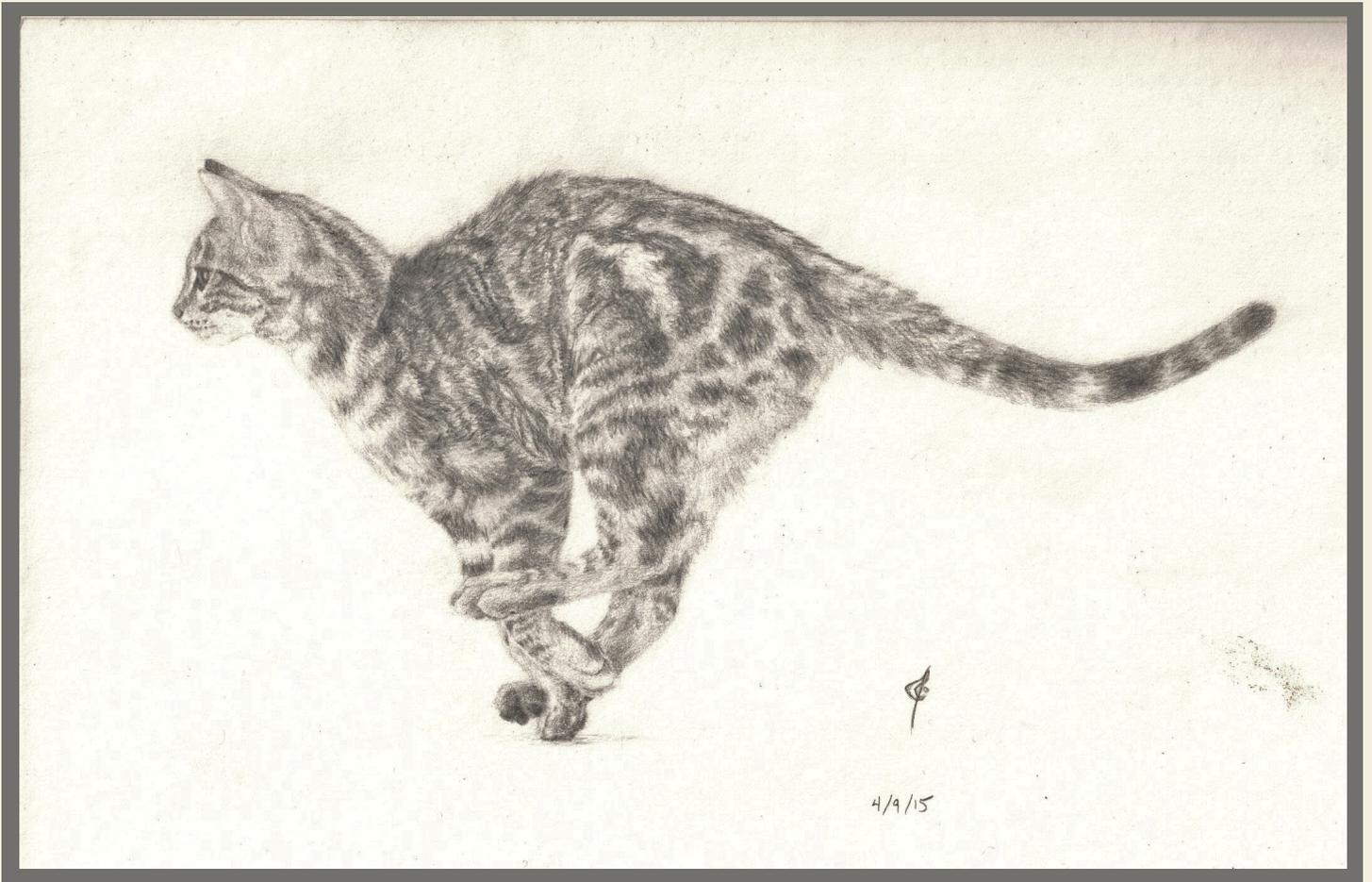
The Moon & The Sun
JiaYi Zhang



Ten Cuidado Amor (left)
Nylah Boon

The Gateway (right)
Ismail Breiwish





Feline In Motion (left)
Jennifer Molnar

Mountains of Shadow (right)
Nicole Davis





Perspective
Gwin Rivers

Some are white cinderblock rooms
With words woven on inky looms
Set side by side in wooden tombs
Shabby, desolate, nearly dead.

Those, when one unlocks the binding
Sends boredom away with glory blinding
Enchanted lands from there unwinding
The moment that first word is read.

Nostalgia (left)
Shannon Ke



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 into 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.



Complex Halo Display
Christin Unachukwu



A Pupil's Patchwork
Sydney Young



Underneath the Popcorn Tree
Gwin 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 Rocks
Latifah 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.

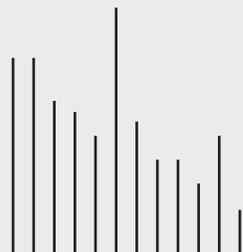
Love brews carefully
within my invisible heart.
In my locked, netted cloak,
I'm always living a secret.

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

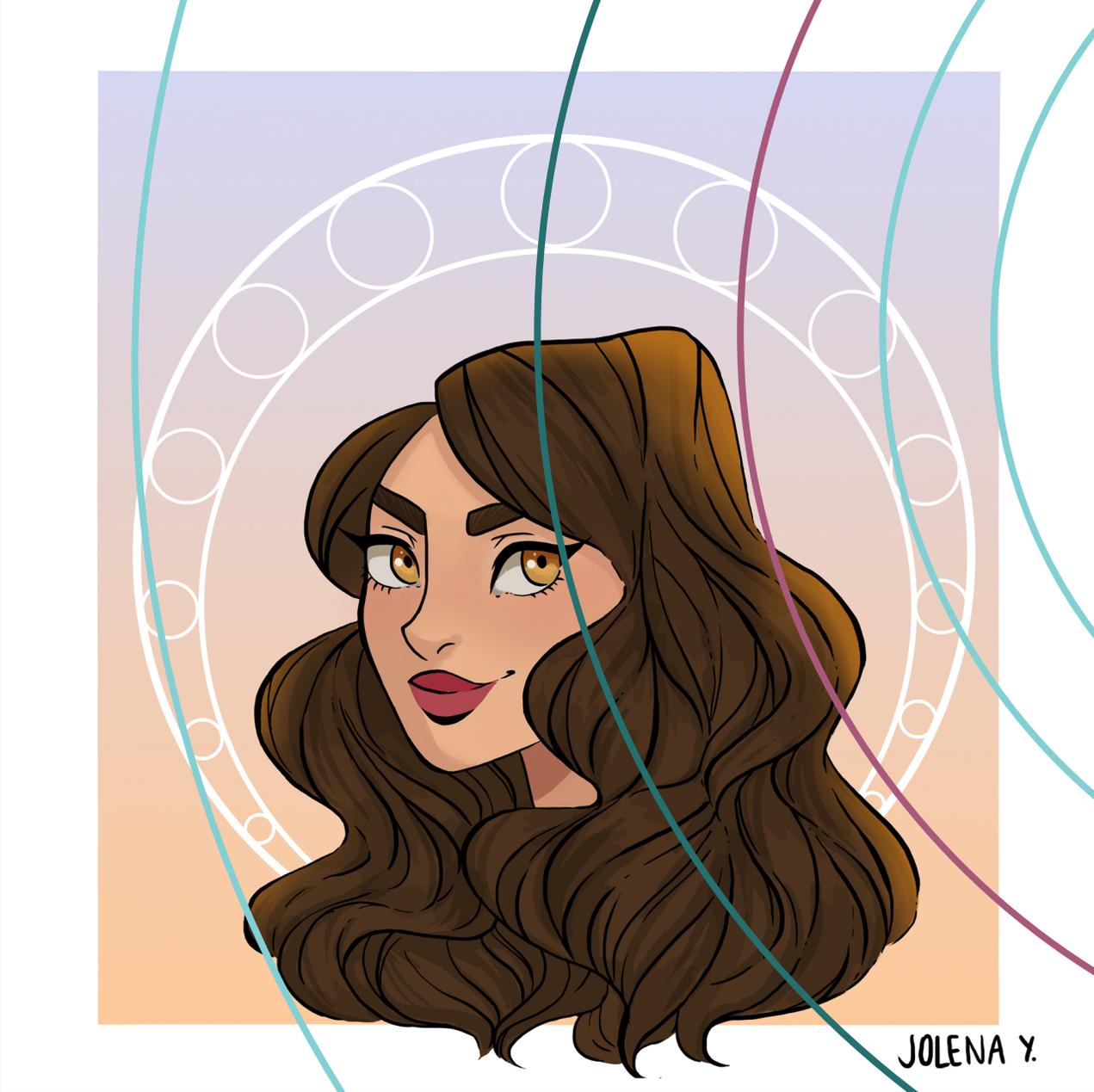




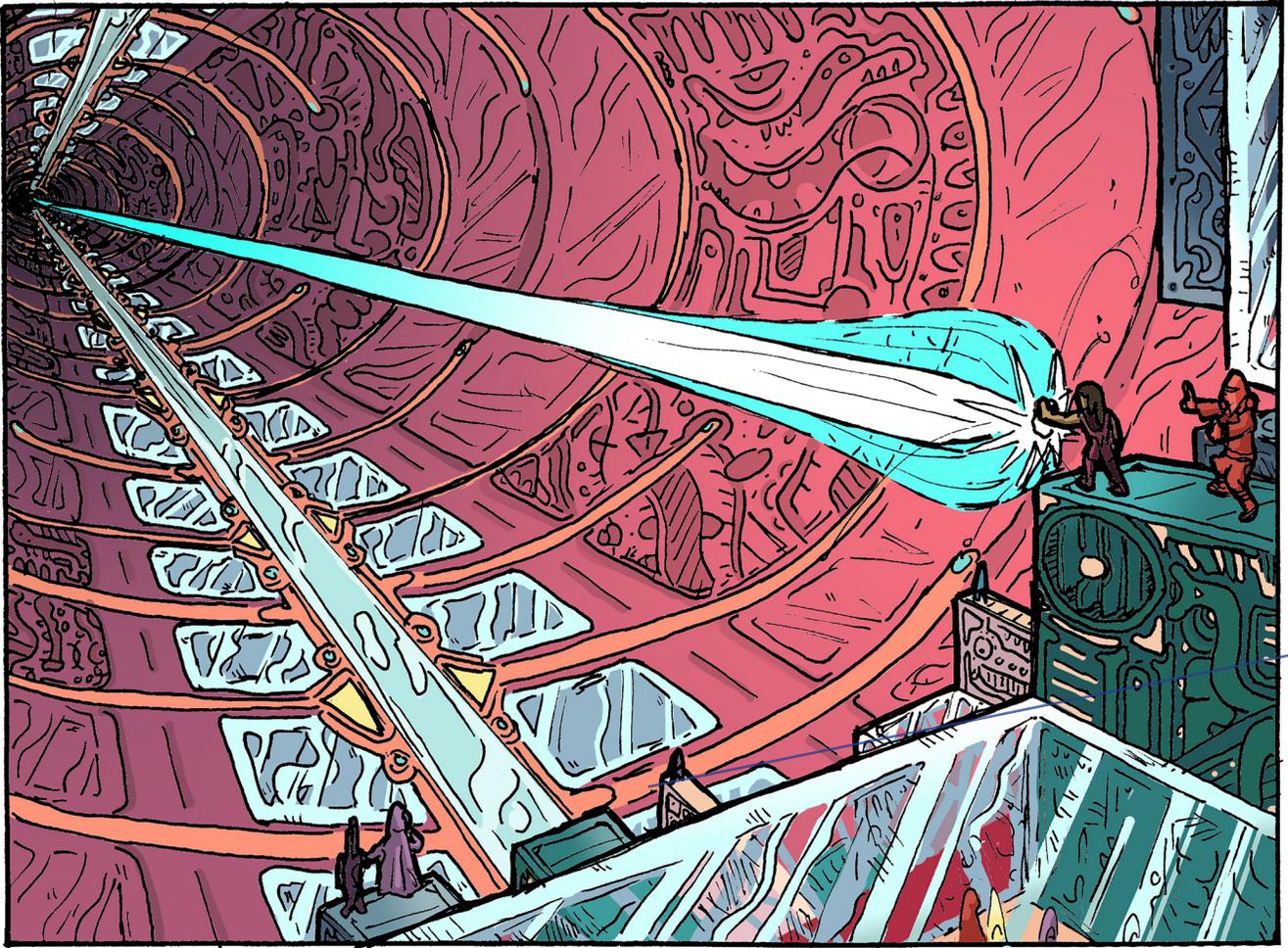
Lucia
Martina Lo

The Malawian Girl
Dhruv Chand





JOLENA Y.



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

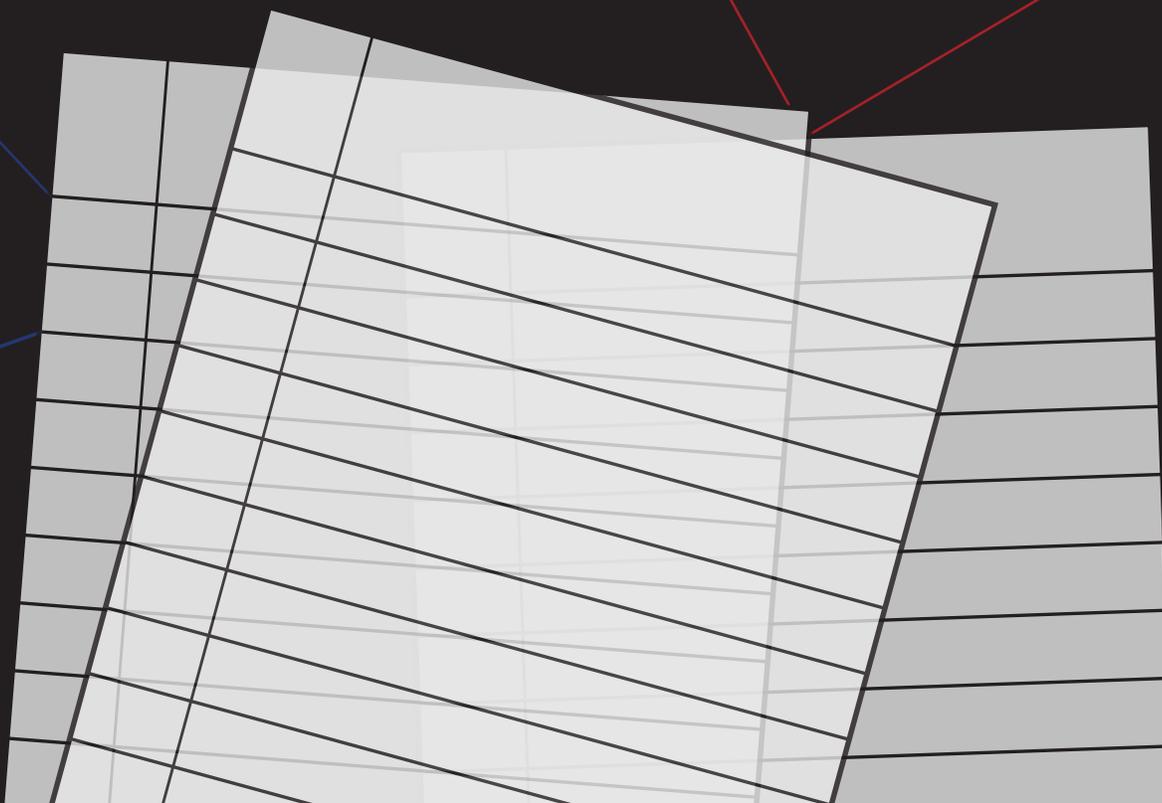
no matter what I do, it's never enough, this imposter syndrome

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.

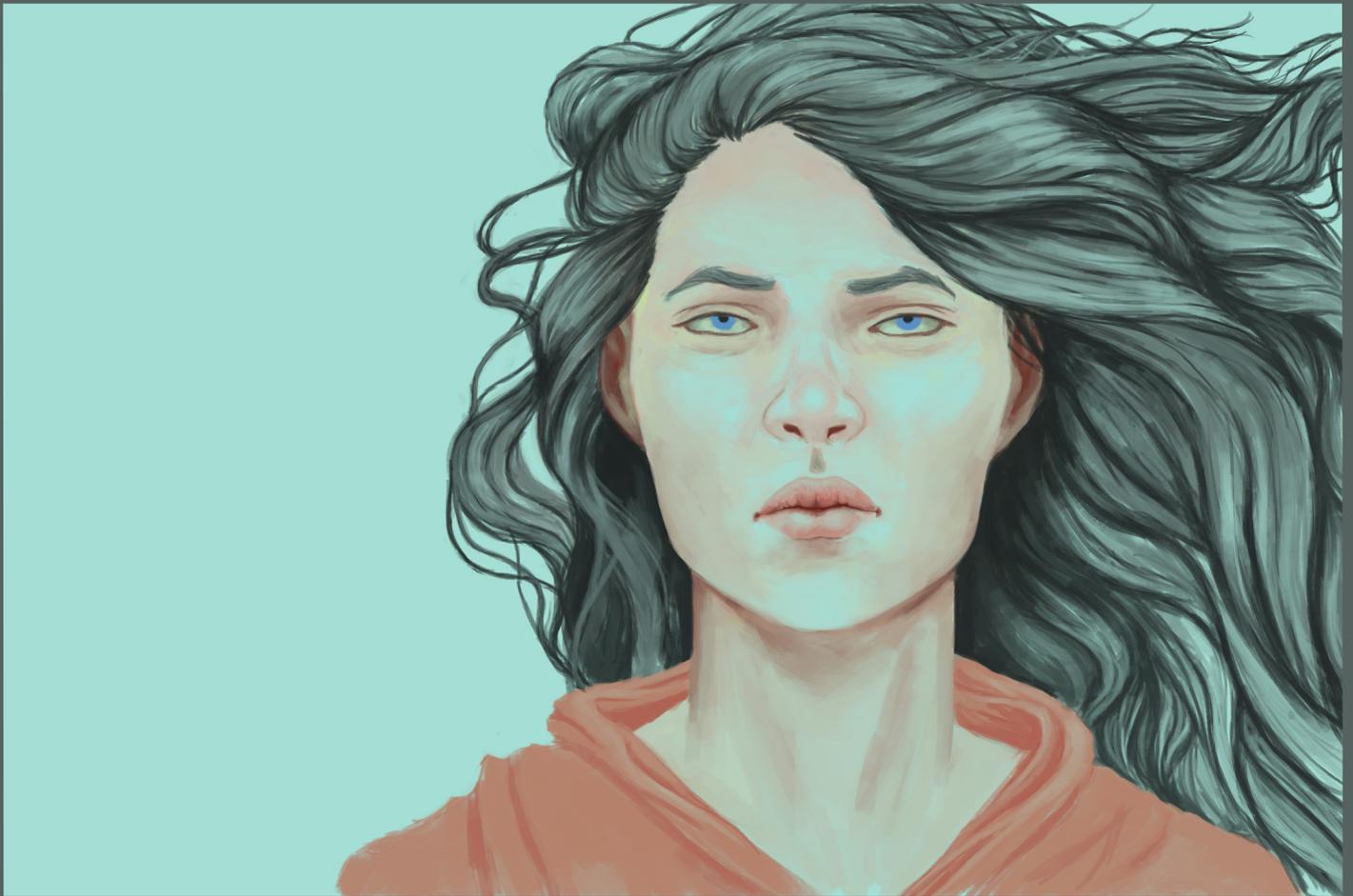






Grief 8 (left)
Kaitlin Burke

Port St. Joe (right)
Mary Hirvela



Cold
Blayne 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



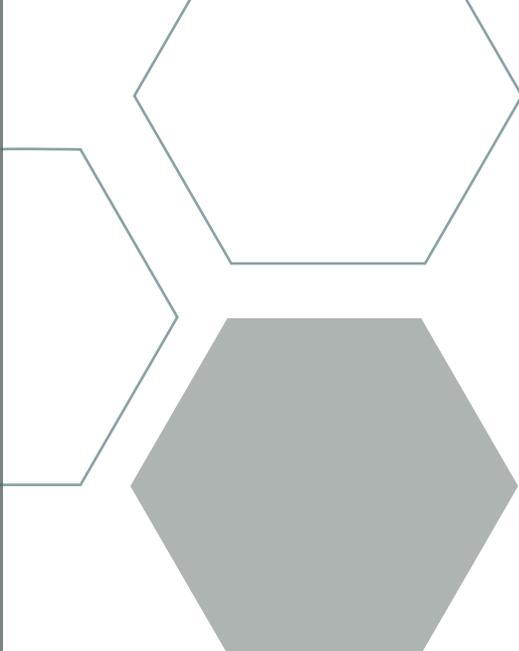
Treasury chests, photographed
To be tasted forever.
Words that are sparse diamonds
Not raindrops in a thunderstorm.

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 Light
Kyle 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.

Mosaic (left)
Susan Lee







The Infinite Light (left)
Zonglin Li

Life is About Nothing But Perspective (right)
Rishi Karia

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