jacket archives

an **erato** staff zine



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about this issue

Jacket Archives is a newly created zine publication belonging to Erato, Georgia Tech's Literary and Arts Magazine.

Previously, Erato publishes only one magazine per school year with the majority of the Fall semester being dedicated to collecting GT student submissions. However, the staff expressed their eagerness to start creating magazines — with most stating that is the primary reason for their interest in the publication. As a result, this zine was born. It was something that staff worked on while the annual magazine temporarily remained on pause until the submission window closed.

The staff were able to design spreads based on their own style and creativity with no limit to a theme. With the lower stakes, it is the perfect opportunity for staff to practice their graphic design and layout skills. It is also the perfect excuse to showcase the staff's own incredible art, writing, photography, etc.

Hope readers will enjoiy!

If you are interested in joining our staff or have any questions feel free to email us at eratojournal@gmail.com and follow us on Instagram @erato.gt

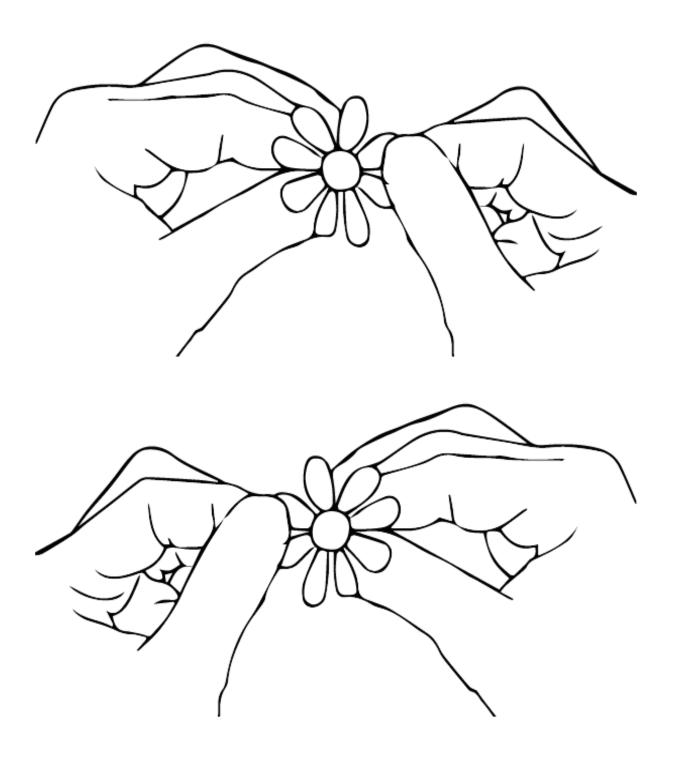
ontents

07.	By Angela Da

- **13.** By Jack Rarer
- **25.** By Chloe Morris
- **29.** By Shreya Kumar
- **33.** By Jourdan Holmes
- **37.** By Anthony Peterson
- **41.** By Angela Huynh
- **45.** By Aparna Arul
- **56.** By Jimmy Liu
- **63.** By Jasmine Hsu

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angela dai





Yellow



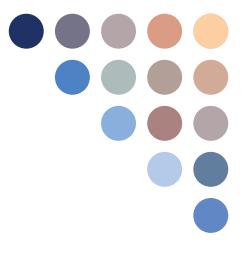
Walkway



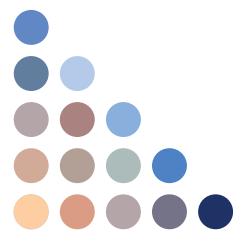


Reflection

jack rarer



PALETTE



I am far from without: strangers to befriend, friends to love, a love to cherish. My life, bejeweled with pleasantries, and pleasures, and plenty to adore, has given me more than I can thank it for. Still, to the strangers I'm soon to meet, my friends I love dearly, and this sweet, sweet love of mine, I would offer you the world if you hadn't just given me mine.

You're like a cloud, darling, reformed in my mind with each passing second as I gaze over the soft, plush hues of your eyes, maple in the spring and verdant in the fall. I see a future in them as a child would, sprawled out in a meadow, eyes glued to gods and animals and homes, all spotted in the clouds above. What wouldn't we do then, I wonder, to live among them?

As we grow old, we claim, in jest, that the world grows smaller. Hallways are tighter, doorways are smaller, and nothing is out of reach. But as I grow, I am ashamed to admit that this distance has as well. All is shorter, nearer, easier to reach – all but the road back to you.

These hands were a gift from my father, a painter in another life, as was my nose and my stubbornness. These eyes, my mother's, as were my ears, my spirits, and my love of poems, poets, and life's other cures. I am not a perfect son, but I am, beyond words, proud to be theirs.

Be not the ills they speak of you: the prideful damned, spiteful ex-lover, self-pitying soul. Be the better you sought in this world before your world was lost. Always. Always. Always. In spite of your loss, always.

As I understand it, forgiveness is not an act of kindness to bestow upon those who have wronged you; it is an act of service to yourself in the wake of their misuse, for the hate we hold we hold alone. The worst part about this is that I have no excuse for your indifference, nothing to cast blame to, nothing to loath. There isn't some great divide between us. There isn't anything between us at all

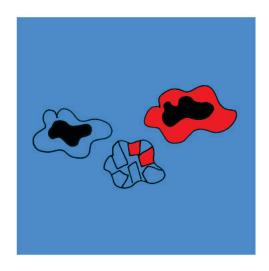
I wonder what'd be more heartbreaking: to believe you are alone in your grief, a forlorn "unalike", or to accept that there are countless others as tormented by this world as you?

As I lay with you, I want so desperately to sink into your arms, to surrender to them, to melt beneath your fingertips. Pretend I'm yours, just for the night, and as we wake in the morning, I'll pretend I'm not.

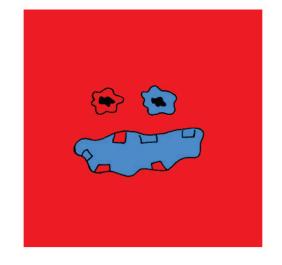
And to anyone reading this, you are more beautiful and more loved and more deserving than you know, and if I cannot bring you the beauty or the love or the brilliance you deserve, I hope, at least, to remind you of what's to come.

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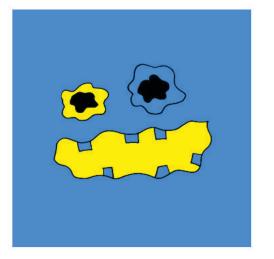
chloe moris

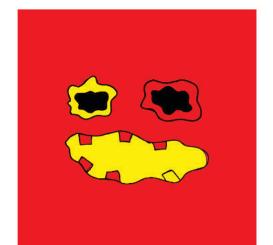


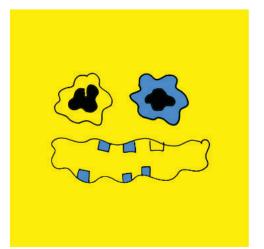
CHLOE M.

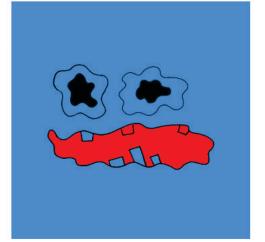


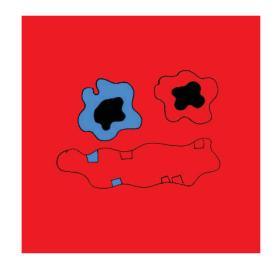


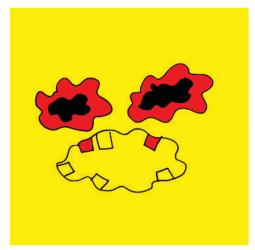


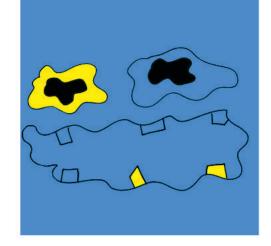


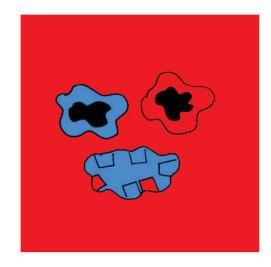


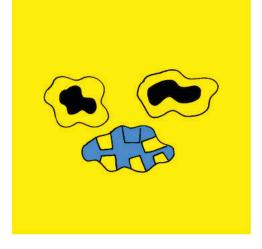


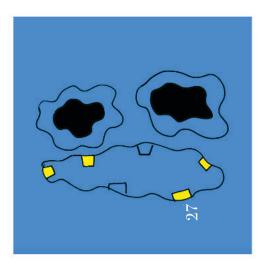












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shreya kumar

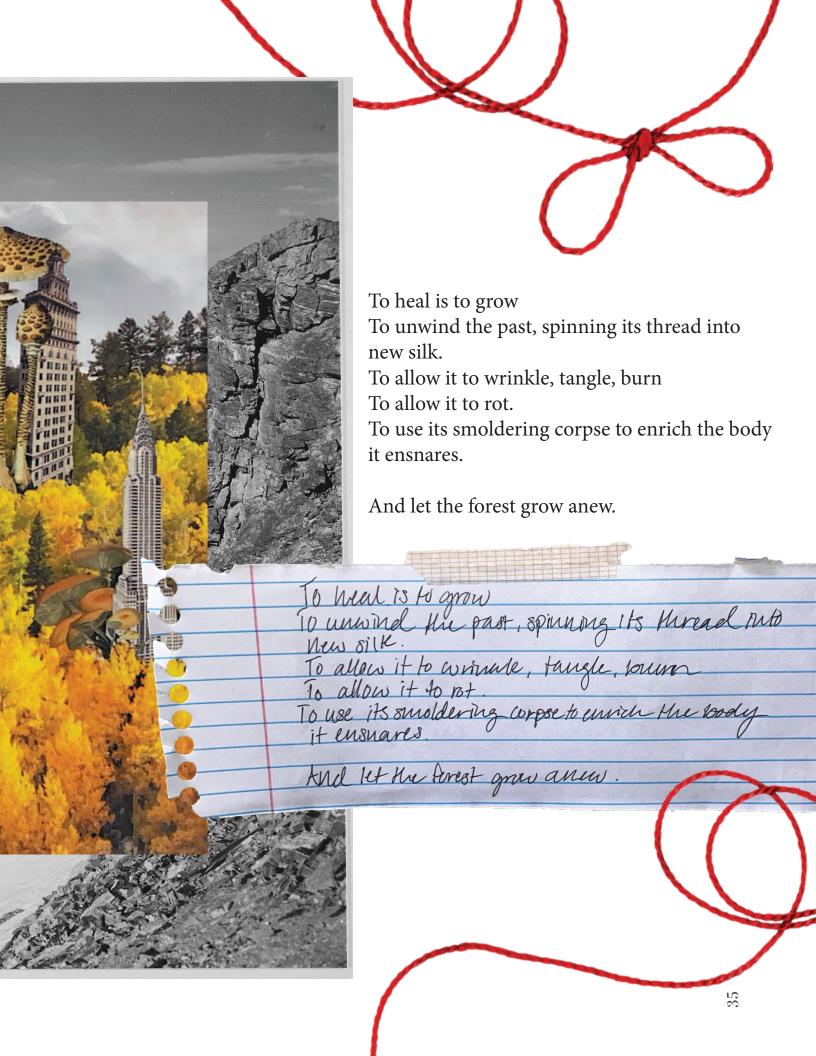
box of mirrors

The back and forth movement upon my neck Brings no avail, as every angle bestows upon me a new speck. What is in front, and what is behind? What is on the left, and what is on the right? Only another demon from my past shoots a grimace through my soul. No, not again! Dark memories infiltrate my limbs, taking control Of my nervous system. She approaches me From behind the reflective wall, and because she Is my reflection, I approach her as well. Step by dragging step, she rises from hell. Like a subservient army, all my demons follow in unison. I tremble under their rattling synchronization. I cannot refrain from the urge to reach for her toxic Hand, the only obstacle the sophistic Mirror that devilishly warps my reality. She squeals! She shrieks as if she wants to be free. What monster begs for mercy Who put herself in such a frenzy? But at once she speaks, "Forgive me." She chokes out with great effort, "Forgive me." "Do not hurt me," she breathes like a lifeless Creature regaining her light. The ruthless Sadist flushes from her face. She cripples under my stare, Every contact with my eyes a blinding flare. Like a serpent, she bites me, blood rushing to her cheeks, Replacing my body with an ashen heap that reeks Of theft. "You stole my happiness," she claims, And she is correct; only for the truth have I been framed. For the first time, I find myself beyond these reflective walls. Strangely, I am the odd one out from them all. Humanity escapes from my peeling face, For I am now the monster I tried to efface.

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jourdan holmes





jacket archives issue 01

spread by

anthony peterson

A fallen leaf is a freed soul

No longer bound to those earthly tolls

Look up my son, his last roll

I wonder why the bowlers bowl











Centuries of ire, forsaken

"Mumsy, there's no meat on the fire,
it's been taken!"

Under the wire, 'twas awaken

The crown expires, the land is achin'



jacket archives issue 01

spread by

angela huynh

OUT OF BODY

Stirring within my own body, a dissociated muddle settling at the bottom towards my feet, they slug through the ground inch deep in sediment. She calls my name, but it tastes so bitter from here:

Angela

Angela Trần Huỳnh

:now subdue & spiral

deny every adornment and circumflex, put grave to the grave disassemble, you

bird with no feathers fruit forget the rind

I say my name again

Angela Tran Huynh:

it levels to the ground,
low like a sky with no feet
defaced until fault-free, the
casing of body now the same as yours
mix! until I become something to you
stretched like taffy like burnt collating sugar,
sugar, say my name again
until it tastes sweet,
sweet forsake the jaded
edges but
they roll around my tongue
I swallow them
whole

you spit me out.

DISRUPTED MATRIMONY

Our mornings were never still:

his eyes transfixed on a fire not yet burning but the way they trembled in soundless mornings like hearing gunshots and begging the wound to not bleed — it'll be fine — but slip of the hand, a tea cup crashes to the ground and everything comes flying rocket grenades swelling through air an American vehicle implodes before me and cries escape this scorched earth

what have we become? skin pressing skin begging the wound not to show its ugly head but all it does is cry yellow and red and red red red

smoke drills the sky soft rhythms mocking the patter of feet that beat against the Saigon sun word has left: the north have seized! the south has lost!

anh¹, the fires have come but I'm scared of the drowning

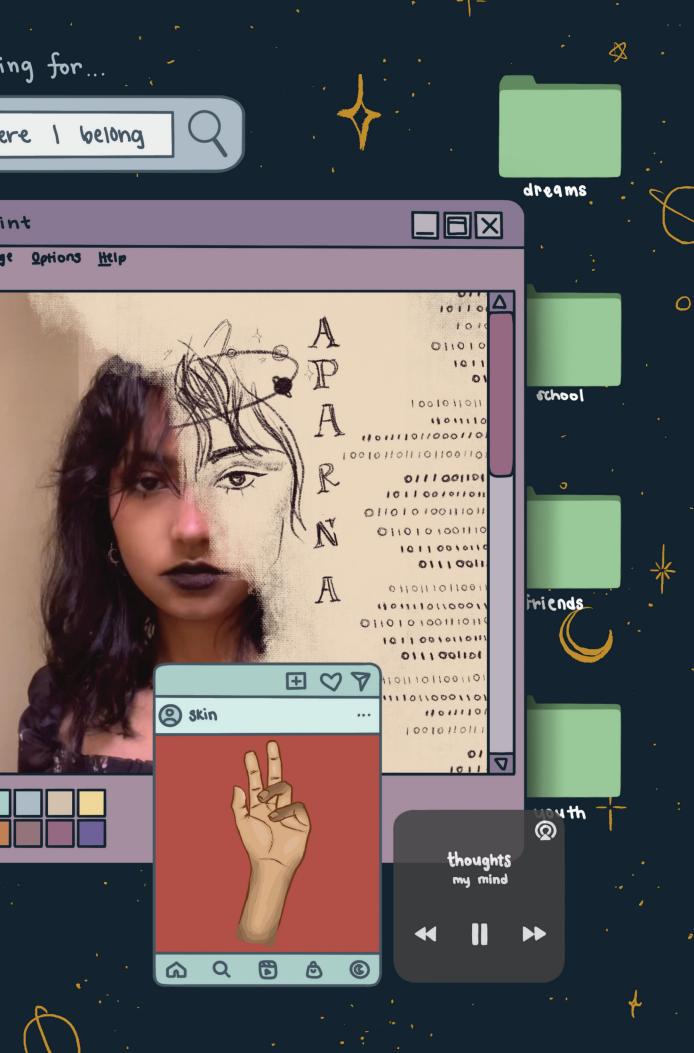
¹ you (addresses a man roughly the same age)

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spreads by

aparna arul

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it feels so scary, getting old

One of my greatest fears

is when years from now, someone, a colleague or a classmate, will ask, "Hey, do you know ____?"

And I'll casually reply "Oh yeah, I knew them in high school" and they'll accept my answer and resume the conversation,

unaware

that years and years worth of decades-old memories flashed through my head of my best friends.

Places we went together and

late-night conversations we had and

dreams we talked about and

the things we did and

inside jokes and shared philosophies and knowing what to say if they were sad.

But after all those memories we made, all I'll be able to say is "yeah, I knew them.

Once."

reminders to myself

I do not need excessive amounts of money to be happy.

I do not need a high GPA to be happy. I do not need a prestigious job to be happy.

I do not need a high salary to be happy.

I do not need to work at a well-known company to be happy.

I do not need to be better than others to be happy.

I do not need the approval of others to be happy.

I do not need expensive things to be happy.

I do not need material wealth to be happy.

I do not need external validation to be happy.

I do not need to fulfill societal norms to be happy.

I do not need to sacrifice my well-being to be happy.

I do not need a perfect life to be happy.





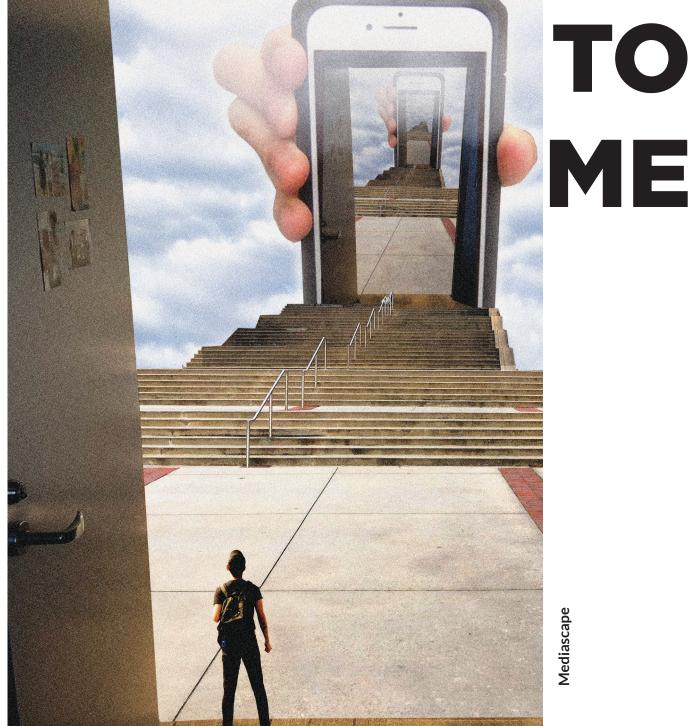


jacket archives issue 01

jimmy
liu

A CONVERSATION

FROM ME



Mediascape



Red Tickets Only

Time is something we've always taken for granted. As yet another semester has come to a close, we reflect on the moments of joy, sadness, and everything in between that have slipped through our fingertips like fine grains of sand.

Remember that time we drunkenly walked through a sprinkler and passed out in the shower? Embarrassing.

Remember our 21st birthday when our friends threw a surprise party? Heartwarming.

Every emotion, every thought was so clear at the time. We wanted to hug those moments tight, never letting go. In the end, they were relegated to fleeting memories of the past. It's

ironic how reminiscing about blissful times can make us feel so sad.

Someone once told us that instead of feeling blue over one thing ending, appreciate that one thing ever happened at all. We try to keep this philosophy in mind, but often times we inevitably succumb to the suffocating presence of the clock ticking away.

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.

Time is an agent of chaos, and change is its harbinger. Friends become strangers. Hobbies become chores. Childhood homes become hotels.

Tick

TICK

TOck

It's still difficult for us to internalize these changes. Didn't we just turn 18 and went to the polls for the first time? Didn't we just graduate high school? Nope, we are third years in college...

Which means we'll be seniors soon and then we'll graduate and then we'll lose our friends and then we'll be stuck working forever and then we'll turn 30, 40, 50—

STOP.

Breathe in.

Take a moment for us to be in the present. Acknowledge that we are simply overwhelmed.

Time is a raw, unstoppable force of nature, but when we make the effort to truly be in the moment, we can make time seem like it is moving slower.

Ti ck. To ck. Ti ck. To ck.

Breathe out.

Time is also an agent of good, and change is its reward. Strangers become friends. Limitations become freedoms. Dreams become reality.

Whether we are aware of it or not, we are constantly evolving. Think of all that we've accomplished or all of the people we got to meet. Without change we would have remained stagnant. Now think of how much more we can achieve with additional time. So in a way, we should be grateful for the passage of time.

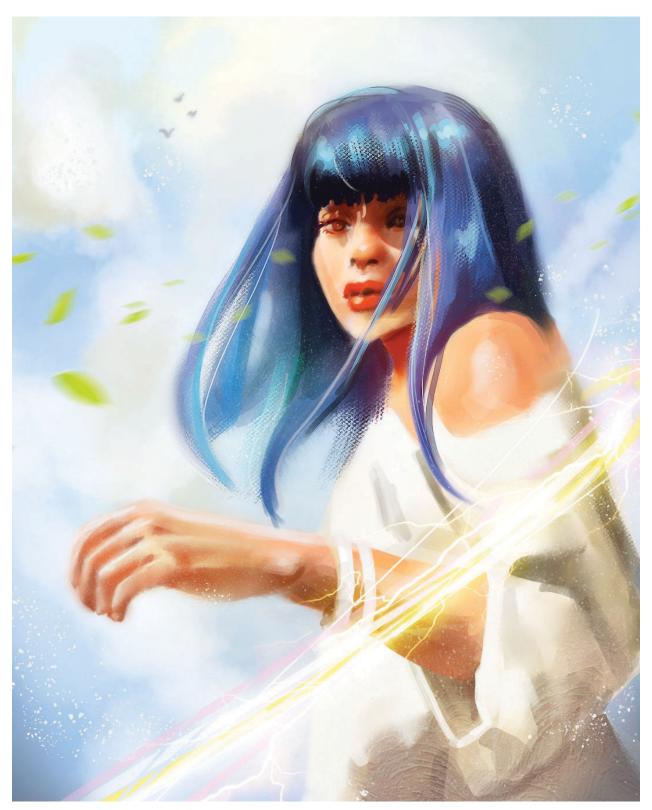
Time is the narrator telling our story. Time reminds us that we are alive—that we make an impact on the world. Getting nostalgic or sad or happy over a memory lets us be human. It lets us remember that particular moment when we cracked a joke and made someone smile. It lets us change and grow as a person. So take a brief moment to sit silently, close our eyes, and simply listen.

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.

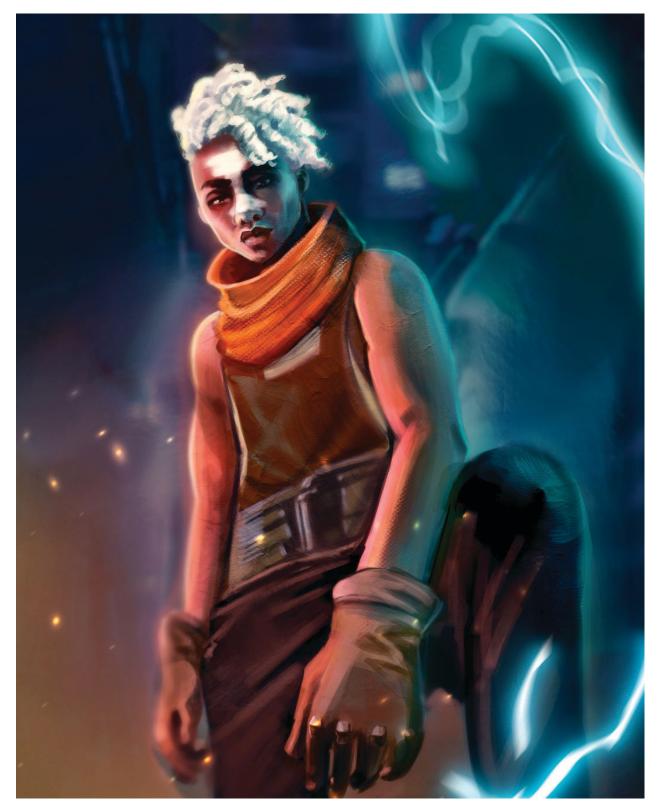
Tock



Fall is Gone



Cloud Nine



Ekko

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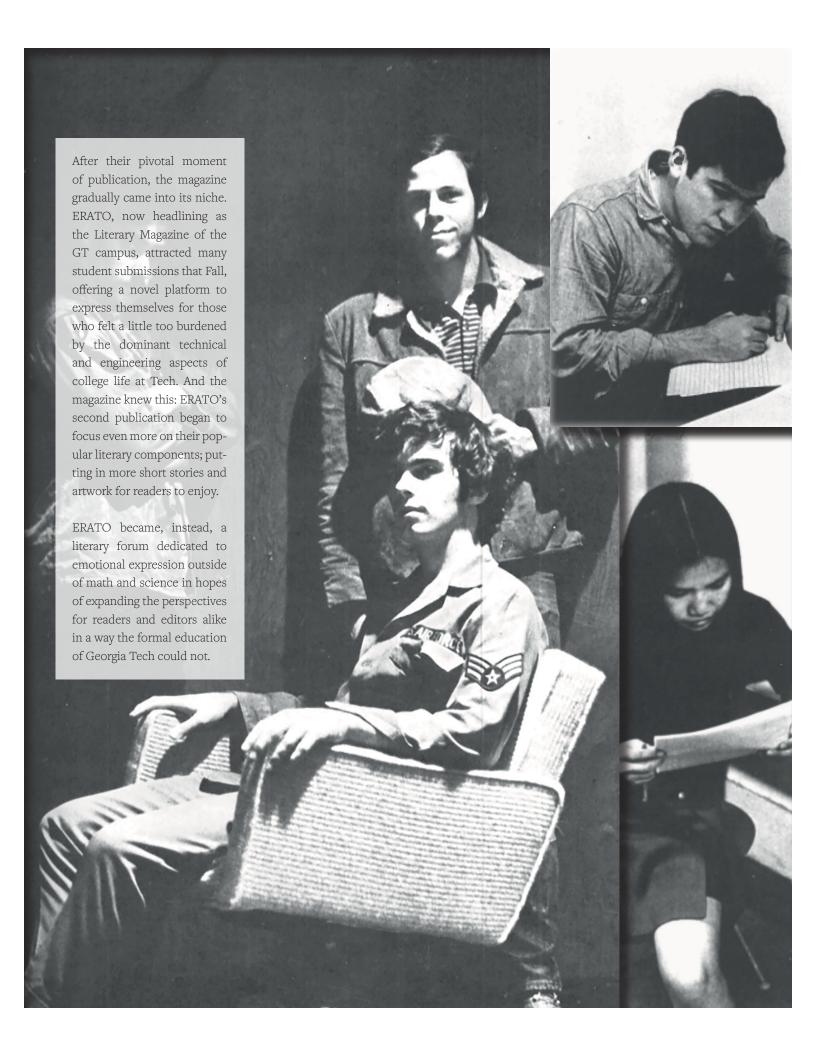
jasmine hsu

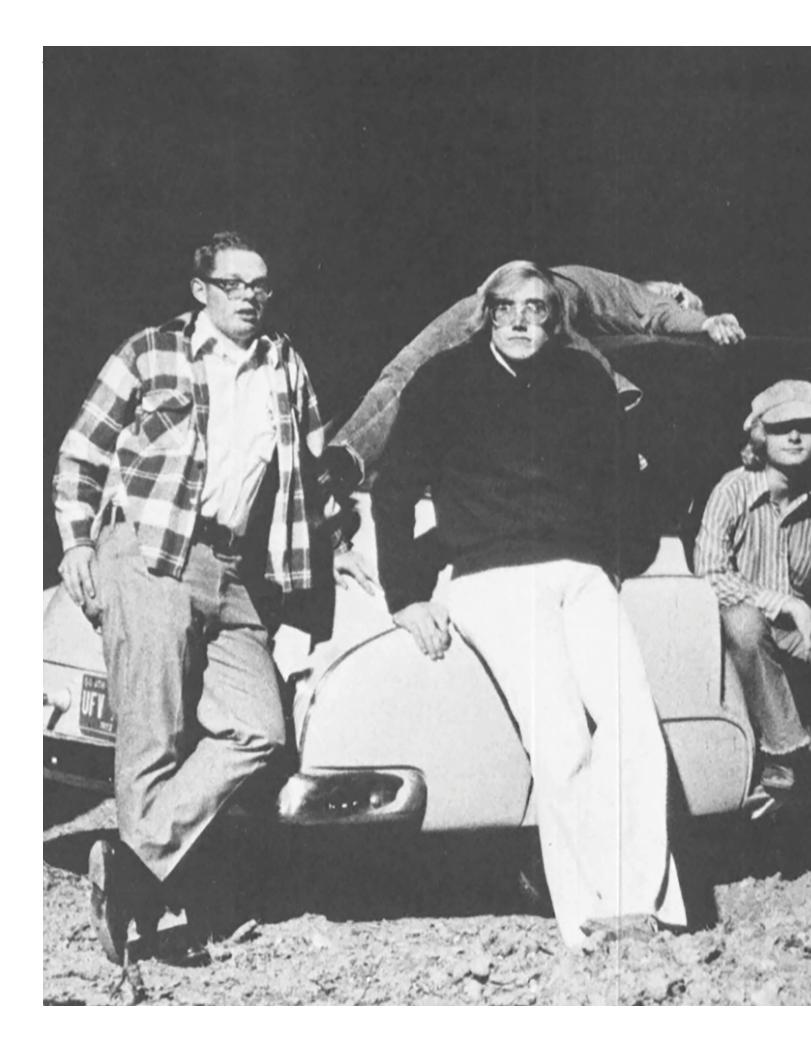
ERATO PUBLISHES FIRST LITERARY

In early May of 1969, the Georgia Institute of Technology's very own Engineer's Review and Tech Ontology Magazine (ERATO) published their first printed issue, and by doing so, became the very first official art and literary-focused media magazine on campus.

MAGAZINE





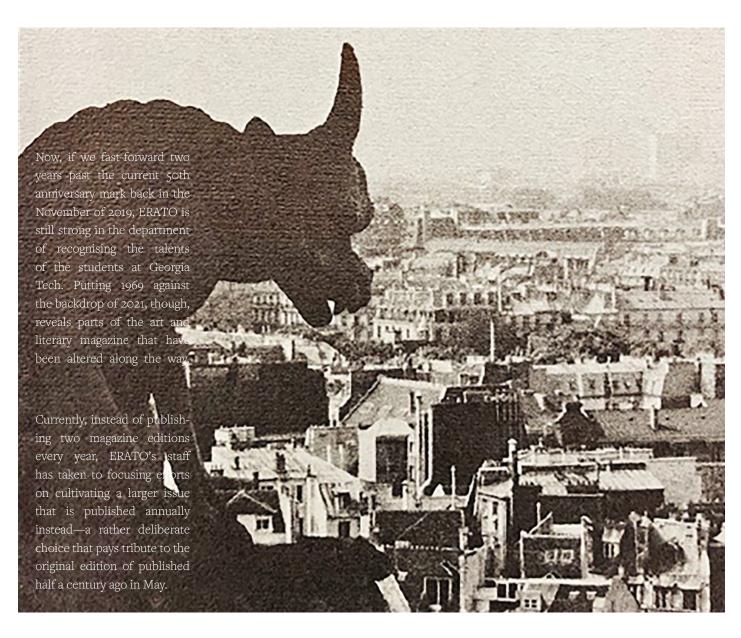




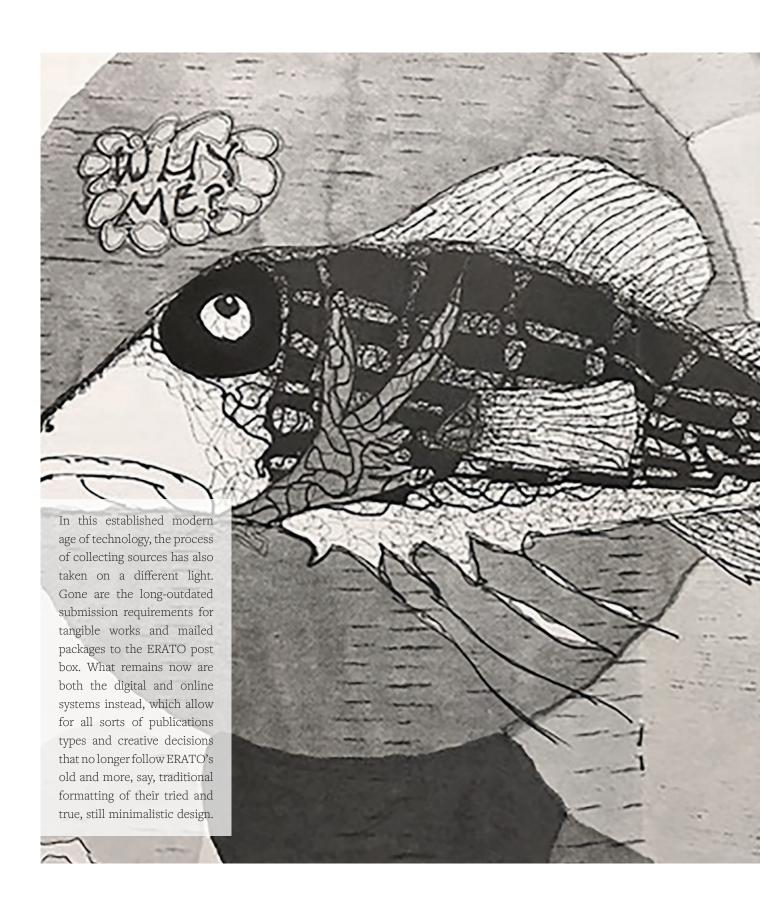
ERATO became a medium of self-expression, a novel platform that felt desperately needed in an educational culture where people joked that the only self-expression and literary elements allowed on campus was in calculus. Offhandedly, the magazine was funded primarily by Student Activity Fees, which meant that it was the student body that would be funding expression from their own population. Unfortunately, in 1975, there rose some issues regarding the usefulness and impact of ERATO magazine, but it was quickly dispelled.

The magazine did much more to attract sleepy students hesitant to be heard as well. Adding to the ever-expanding staff of ERATO, students who submitted pieces for those semester issues back in the early days had the unique opportunity to win cash prizes for novel titles such as 'best submission' and other additional grants for creating a meaningful piece of work in their specified categories. ERATO's ironclad policy of distributing their magazines free of charge after each quarter made it a popular passtime that often helped to reveal the hidden gems within the student body.

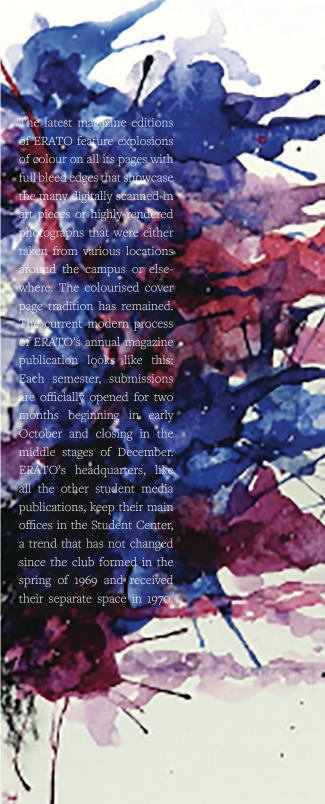






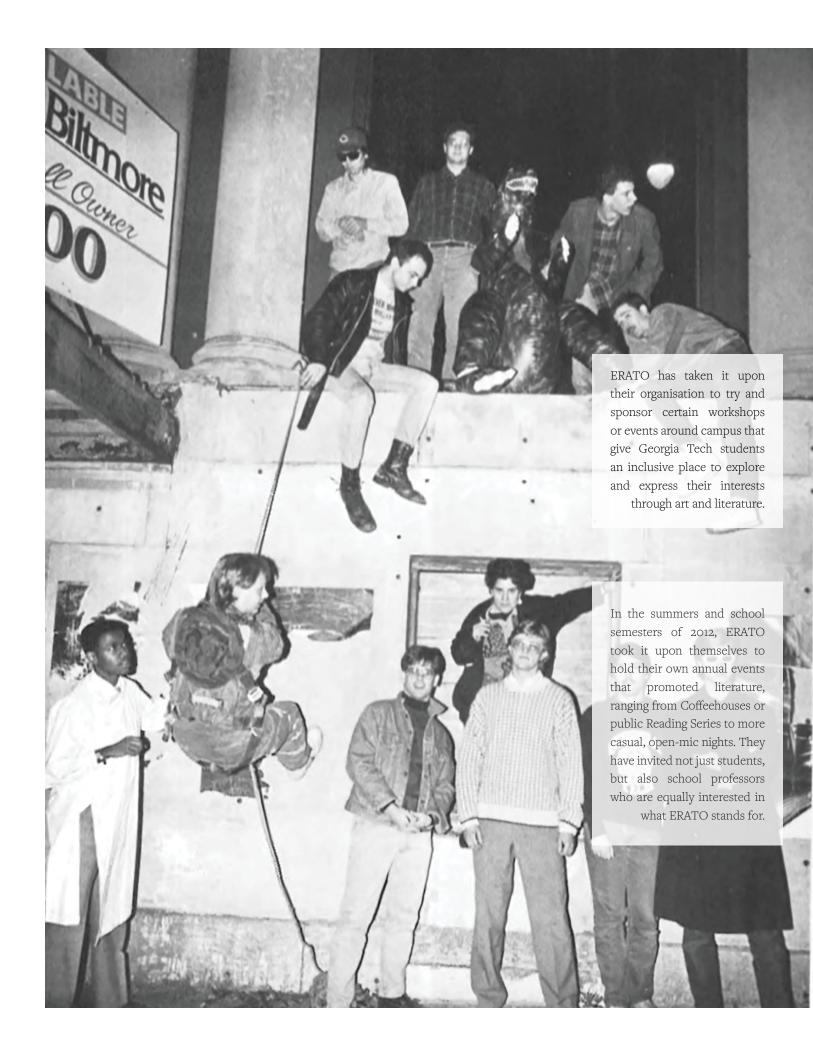


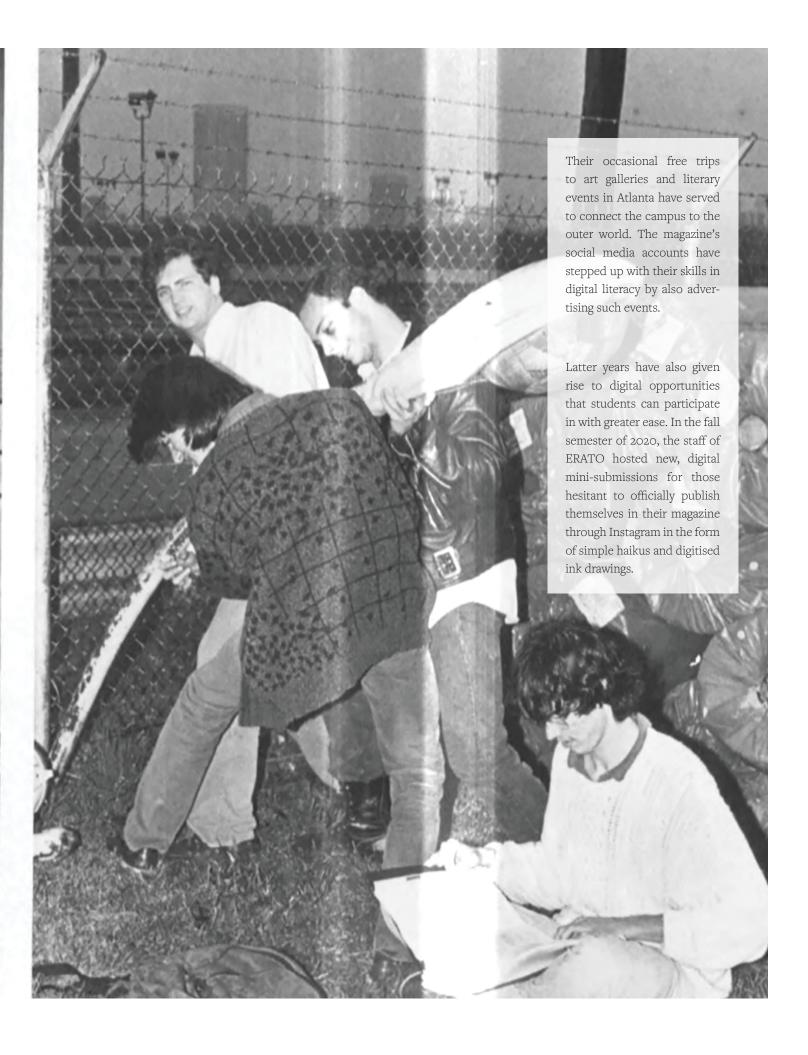


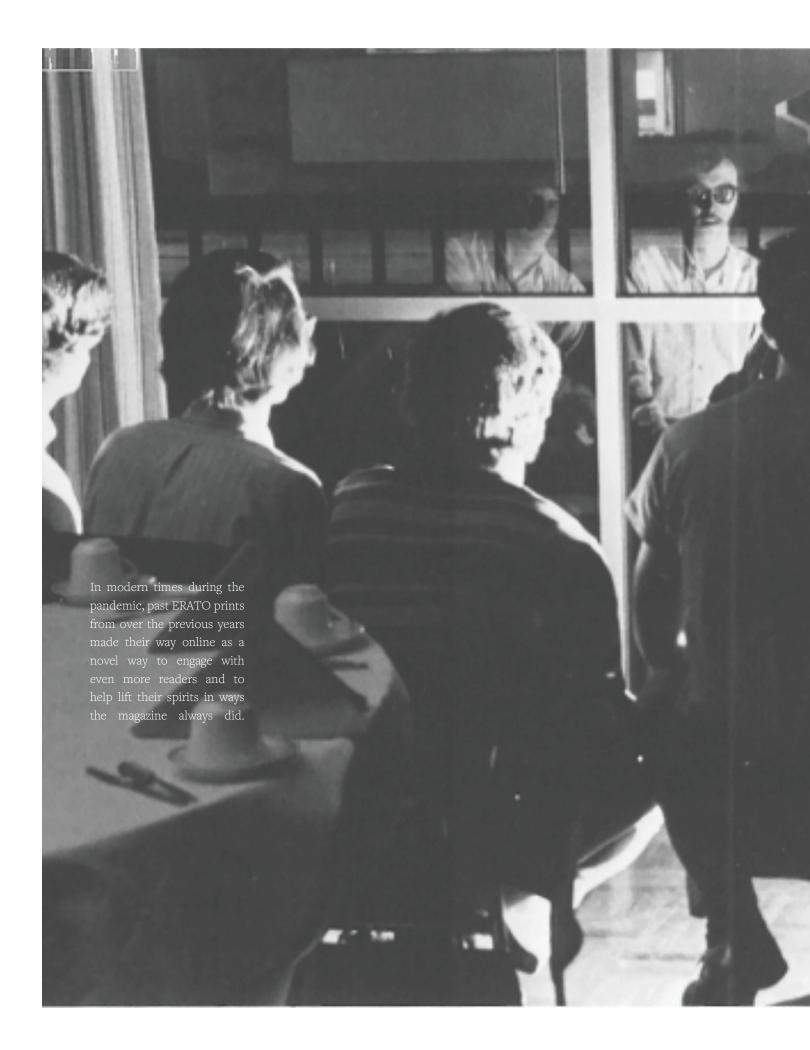


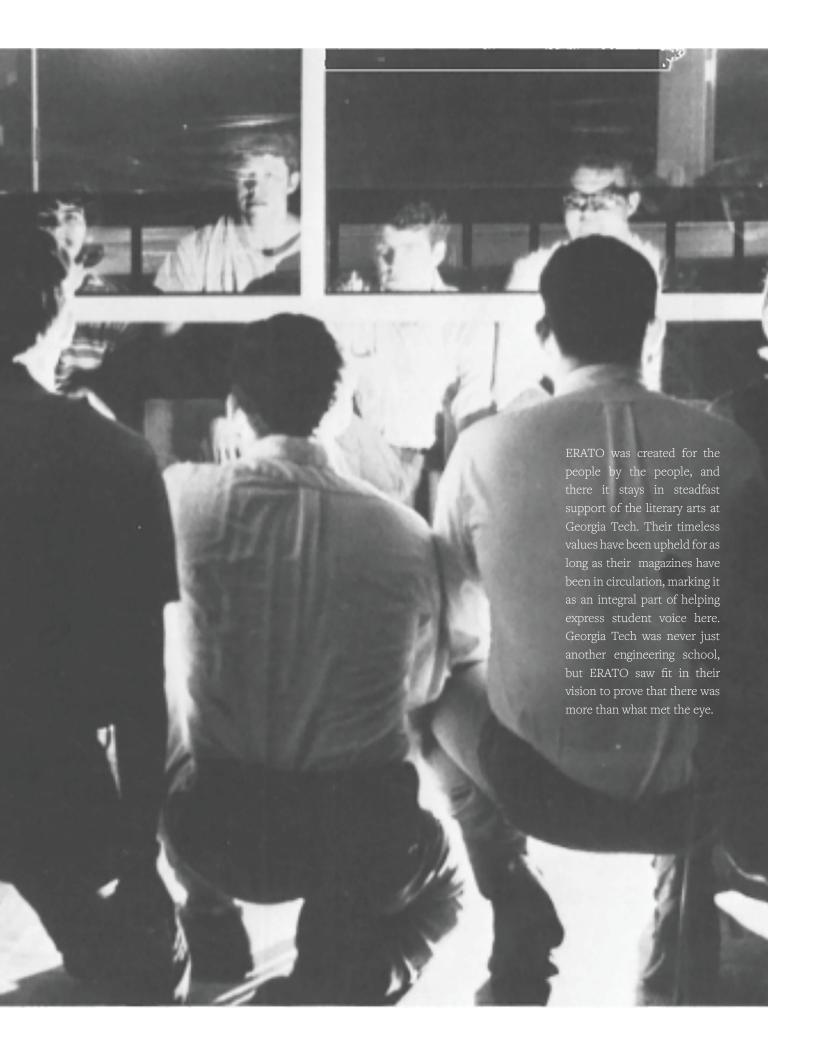












erato

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