SUMMER 2024

VOLUME 2, No. 1

ARTIFACT

from latin, *arte* + *factum*, thing made by skill



A NEW COLLEGE FRANKLIN PUBLICATION

Copyright © 2024
All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced without permission of the copyright owner and/or individual authors. For more information, email: artifactncf@gmail.com
First print edition August 2024
Edited by Selena Brown and Emma Claire Laughlin
Design and Compilation by Selena Brown, Maya Wylie, Tamie Youmans, Eleanor Wilbur
Cover photo by Olivia Marstall, “Faith Fiada”
www.newcollegefranklin.edu/artifact

WORD

Orpheus — 2
John Mark Gulliver

A Modern Prometheus — 4
Eleanor Wilbur

Shining He Fell — 7
Tamie Youmans

The Wood Beyond the World — 11
Emma Claire Laughlin

Kore / Persephone — 15
Eleanor Wilbur

WRITTEN

The Children of the Light — 16
Jonathan Crampton

Sons of God — 19
Caelyn Snyder

Moss — 22
Norah Boulden

Psyche v. Ratio — 25
Maya Wylie

PIECES

Petals and Glass — 2
John Mark Gulliver

The Lamp of the Body — 4
Caelyn Snyder

Mist-Soaked Sea — 6
Grace Jarrett

Mythmaker — 9
Grace Jarrett

After Fireflies — 10
Caelyn Snyder

VISUAL

Quickening Light — 13
Grace Jarrett

Rode Bessen — 15
Maya Wylie

Sumatran Tiger — 18
Aiden Morhmann

Cream and Fruit — 20
Grace Jarrett

Suspended — 24
Emma Claire Laughlin

Dear Reader,

When we think of mythology we tend to think of Greek gods and goddesses, of the great heroes and villains of old battling with themselves and with nature. We think of elves and nymphs, of fairy tales; all delightful, or thrilling, or twisted and redeemed. We consider stories when we think of mythology, but we never think of them as true.

Yet what is mythology if not true stories? No, they are not history; mythology does not record fact of real events, or even of real men. But they are stories so universally true to man's nature that they have endured. Myths remind us of life beyond our present one—such is their end.

C.S. Lewis in his essay The Weight of Glory writes of the purpose of mythology: "We do not want to merely see beauty, though, God knows, even that is bounty enough. We want something else which can hardly be put into words— to be united with the beauty we see, to pass into it, to receive it into our selves, to bathe in it, to become part of it."

This basking in beauty is the end to which all story is told. Mythology is story, and better yet it is living. You and I are Persephone, longing for a world to which we half belong. We are Orpheus, afraid to believe that our love is truly with us. We are Icarus, flying toward our suns with waxen wings.

But remember your fairytales.
And more importantly, believe them.

We hope that this issue of Artifact will encourage you to read deeply as you see the fruit of what your own pondering of mythology has produced. We hope that you might be encouraged, and enter into the beauty of our God, to whom all story truly belongs.

"For if we take the image of scripture seriously, if we believe that God will one day give us the Morning Star and cause us to put on the splendor of the sun, then we may surmise both the ancient myths and the modern poetry, so false as history, may be very near truth as prophesy."
C.S. Lewis

Cheers,

Emma Claire Laughlin, Editor-in-Chief

Selena Brown, Design Director

ORPHEUS

The tears haven't come to me yet.

It is only a matter of time.

Wait, soul. Random moments will come into focus:

Bright memories, as the time when

I couldn't decide which was more splendid

And lovely: the tender, crisp chirp of the birds

In the cypresses, whose branches bounced

In the breeze from the pond by the vivid pasture

And bidding adieu, the sun threw hues of purple,

While light blue was changed into deep gold and crimson,

Coloring the clouds. And all this was reflected

In shimmering wavelets of mirror-like water,

or

The light in her eyes.

My, but I'm hard-hearted. Art

Expresses emotion, but never as rawly

And never as softly as those honest, salty drops

That leave two lines of sorrow-washed skin.

My memories pierce me. They rush inward.

Excuse me! It's time now. I must begin.

by John Mark Gulliver, Class of 2027

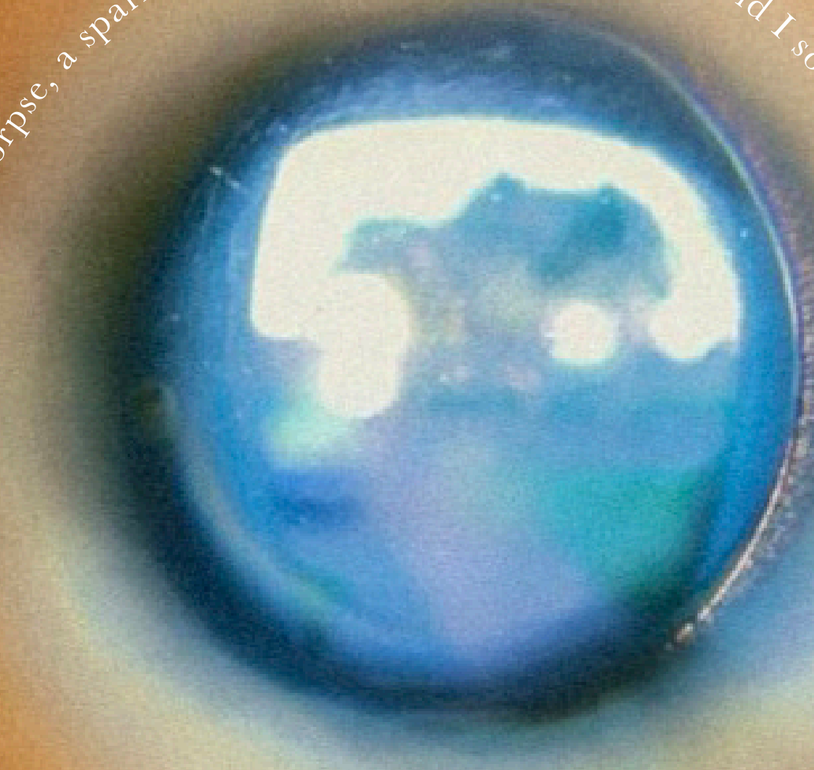
"Petals and Glass," Tamir Youmans, Class of 2027

a modern prometheus

a poem by Eleanor Wilbur, Class of 2027

A corpse, a spark, a failed man
A corpse, a spark, his sallow eyes appear.I cannot
A corpse, a spark, what horrors do This Monster of my making must
A corpse, a spark, a counterfeited life. These hands, my hands, will be forever known,

As those which wrought the coming age of man. No imperfection gapes beneath his skin. .
be hid. I cannot face the face of my design,
shake them from my conscious mind.Such unrelenting vengeance is his aim,
now speaks:“Did I solicit thee, my maker, for this life of woe?”,



"The Lamp of the Body," Caelyn Snyder, Class of 2026



Mist-soaked Sea, 2020, oil on canvas
Grace Jarrett, Class of 2025

SHINING HE FELL

"Hear! Hear! O Muses nine!
Learn from this tale of mine:
Your pride begets decline,
Your folly surely drowns.

"My crimes a ball of thread,
A heinous monster dead,
A princess from home fled,
The anger of a crown.

"My wages a prison,
And the kings' derision.
Yet my mind's clear vision
Remained ever unchained.

"Silent plans unfolded,
As my fingers molded.
Though the hot flame scolded,
Soon freedom would be gained.

"Beeswax melted in heat,
Where frame and feathers meet,
I fashioned wings which beat—
Promising us release.

"My son worked by my side,
For I could not abide
His freedom be denied,
Although my bondage ceased.

"About to take our flight,
I warned of Helios' might,
Our frail wings to ignite,
Our mortal flesh to burn.

"But wisdom found deaf ears.
For youth forget all fears
When fervor commandeers—
I had this yet to learn.

"When fled we Minos cruel
My son let vainness rule—
King only of the fool,
He raised his body high.

"Wax crowning his façade,
His kingly mantle thawed;
Asking to be a god
The waves were his reply.

"Swallowed by darken'd sea,
My child was lost to me—
Such bitter victory;
I felt then Minos' hell.

"Here! Here! O Muses nine!
I've told of Fate's design.
Icarus sought to shine,
And shining thus, he fell."

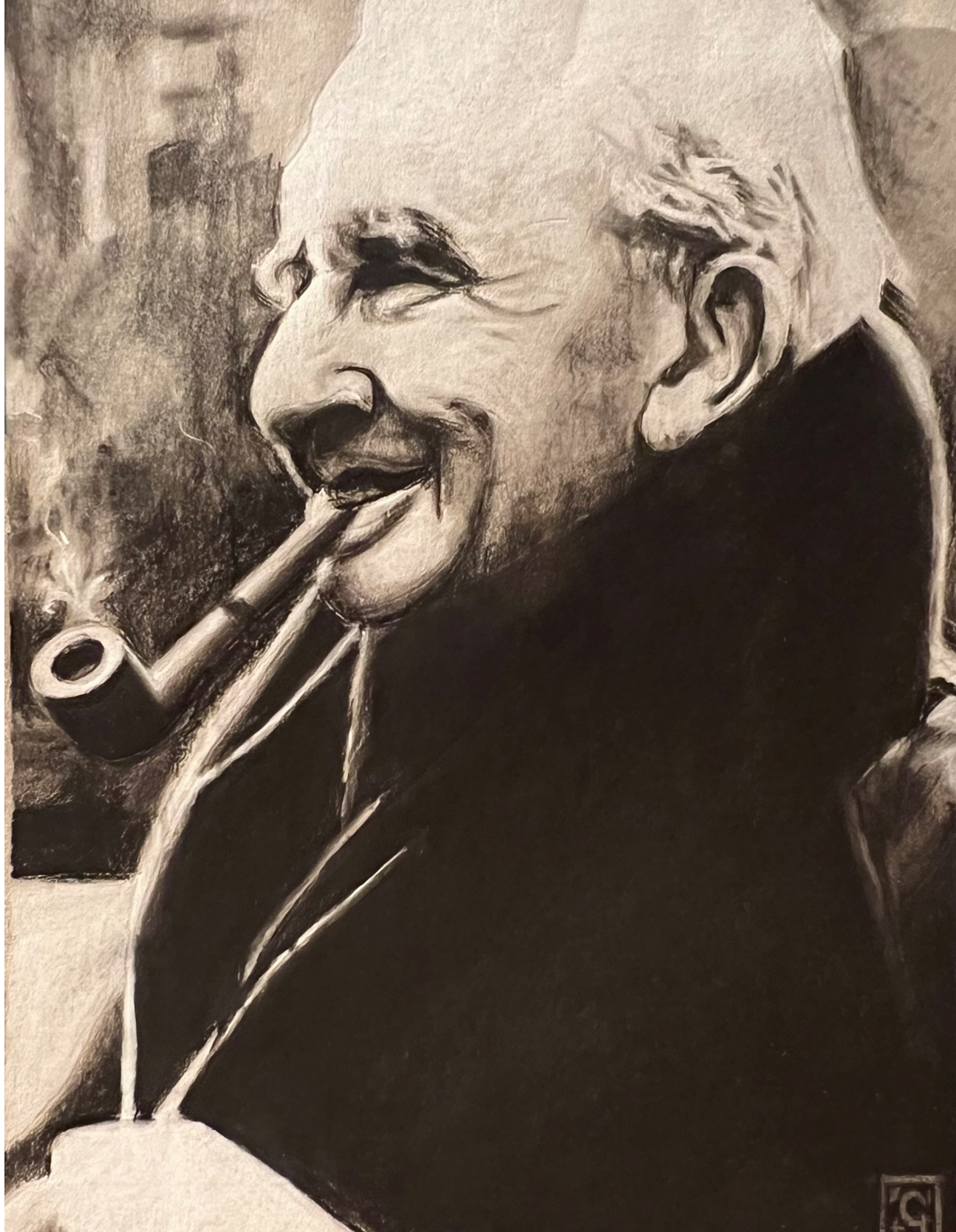
a poem by Tamie Youmans, Class of 2027

J. R. R. Tolkien.

Mythmaker
Charcoal Portrait
Grace Jarrett, Class of 2025

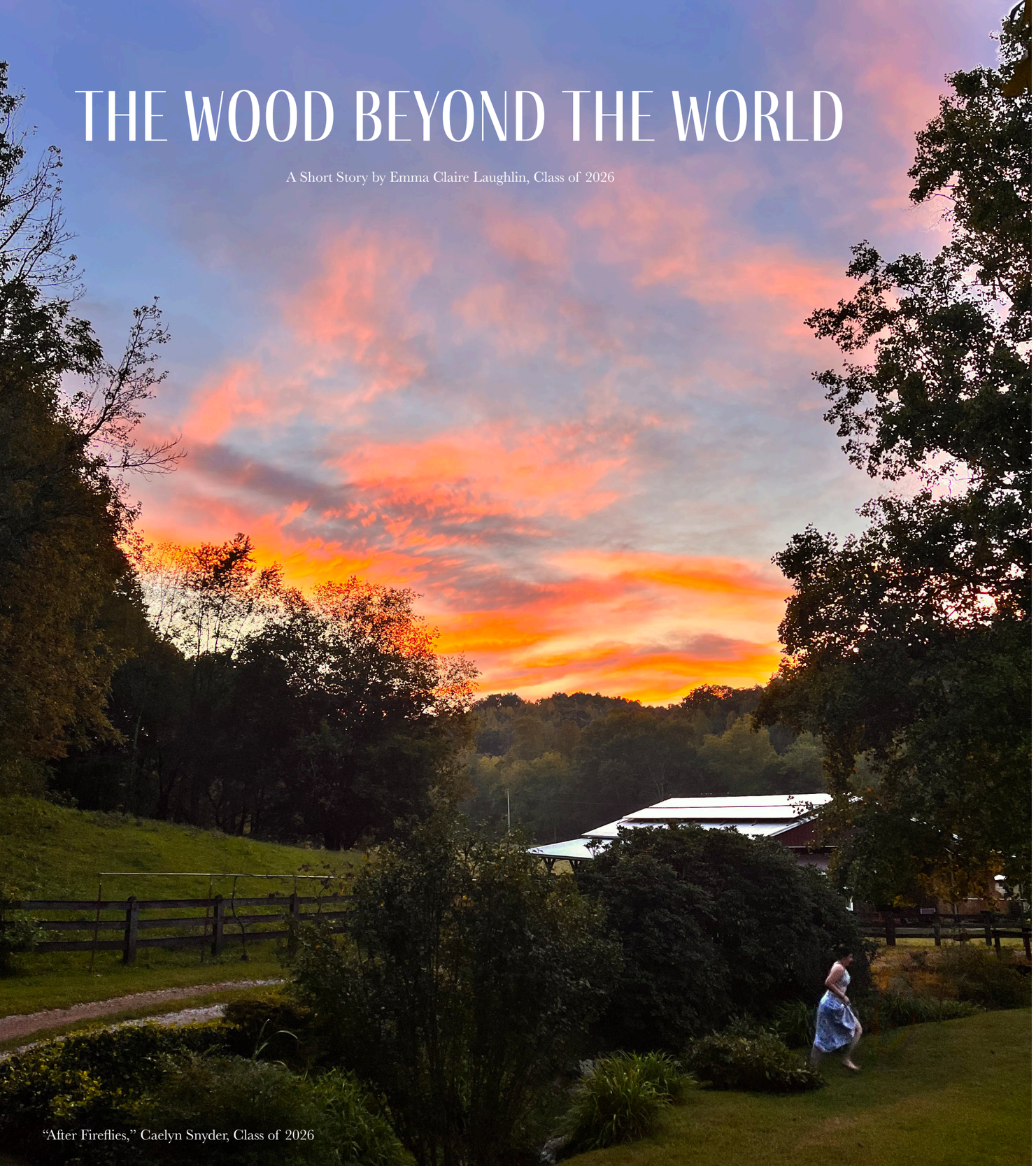
The realm of fairy-story is wide and deep
and high and filled with many things:
all manner of beasts and birds are found there;
shoreless seas and stars uncounted;
beauty that is an enchantment, and an ever-present peril;
both joy and sorrow as sharp as swords.

J.R.R. Tolkien, *On Faerie Stories*



THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD

A Short Story by Emma Claire Laughlin, Class of 2026



"After Fireflies," Caelyn Snyder, Class of 2026

Cramped and crunched, I crawled, wincing as fragments of pinecones and needles pressed into my hands and knees. I pressed on, baring through branches, the sweet scent of azaleas flooding my senses. Twigged and tattered, I tumbled through the bush—I tumbled through the portal. I pulled my legs beneath me and began picking off the bits of brush that stuck to my skin. Smooth stone soothed my scrapes—trophies of my pending adventure. The air was crisp, and warm light streamed through the dark, waxen leaves that encircled the secret shrine. I'm not sure how long I sat there—I'm not sure if any time passed at all. Magic has a way of evading explanation.

Really, I was not in some foreign fairy land, but only in my grandmother's backyard. Really, I had found the patio hidden behind her azaleas, and it was childish wonder that transformed it into another world. Somewhere in my mind, I knew it was only a patio; but to me, it really was another world. I wanted fairies to be real. I wanted to find them in secret places—in the wood beyond the world. And I knew I had stumbled into it that day—and I would've found them too had not my grandmother called me in to dinner.

My fascination with fairies was not dampened by their fiction; if anything, it fueled my love for them. From the earliest days of my childhood, I've loved them. Pictures of fairies, adorned with flower petals and balancing lightly on the gentle stems, hung on my nursery walls. I spent countless hours combing through books and stories littered with them. My favorite were the scrapbooks made by Mary Cicely Barker, all filled with sparkling florals, and secret little pockets hiding notes from my imagined friends.

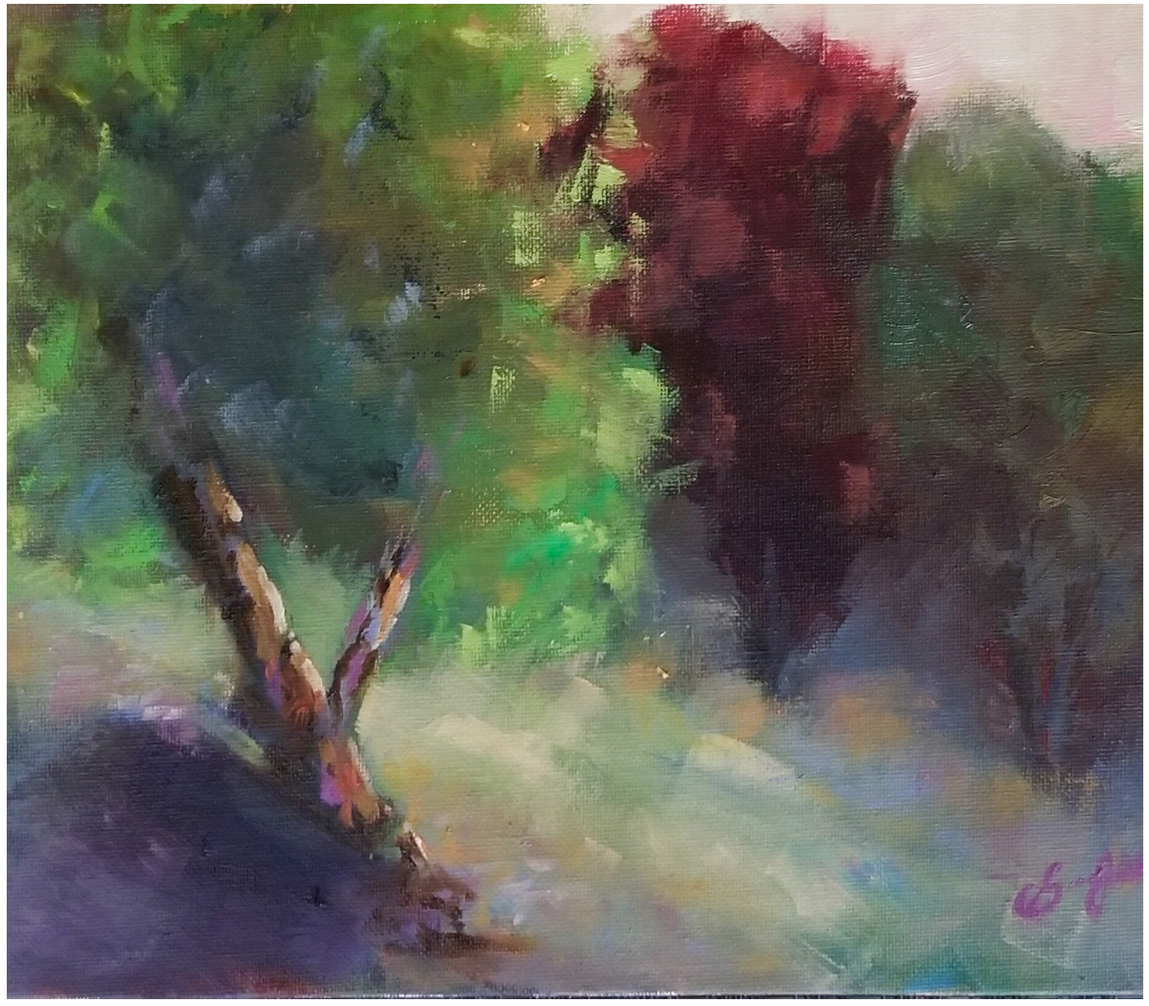
My grandmother was quite supportive in my love of the little things. One day, she suggested that I make the fairies homes, and so I found my new favorite occupation. Fairies, I suspected, came out in the evenings, so I set myself scavenging in the afternoons, marching about the woods collecting anything I might find useful for construction.

Acorn caps, I found, were an absolute necessity; they are the most useful tool a fairy contractor can find, for they are just about anything you need them to be: a pot, a bowl, a stool, or even a hat. So I collected as many acorns I could stuff my pockets full of, pried off their caps, and left the nuts in piles for the squirrels. Sticks, stones, moss, pine bark, pinecones, flowers, and brightly colored leaves were also collected and brought to the construction zone. Then came the real work.

Building the houses took a bit of experimenting, but after a few attempts I began to produce houses I should like to live in, if only I were small enough. Sticks, broken to roughly the same length, were stuck vertically into the soft ground, comprising the walls. Pathways of pebbles lead to the door, and a rich moss carpet covered the soil floor. A red maple fire burned in a small circle of stones, and acorn caps adorned the notches of the coat rack by the door. A few flower petals were place mats around the table, with acorn cap bowls placed carefully on top.

The afternoon was spent, and the sun began its descent, casting its long golden beams over the yard and into the little house nestled near the azaleas. Fireflies flitted to and fro, signaling to the fairies that it was almost time for them to come out. Then I would run inside, and cast one last fervent glance at the little house, hoping that in the morning I would find some slight sign of life within the wooden walls.

I still look for fairies whenever I have occasion to slip away and tumble back through the portal into childhood. I walk in the woods, and attend to little things. I look for the illusive lady slipper, for toadstools and mushrooms. I consider how the petals of a rose would make an excellent skirt if laced together—perhaps by a sticky strand of spider web. Maybe the bugs and birds that flit about the trees are their noble steeds, carrying them to heights their fragile wings cannot ascend to alone... My mind begins to wander. The sun sets, and the fireflies emerge;
I watch and wait, and stuff my pockets with acorn caps. §



Quickening Light, 2020, oil on canvas
Grace Jarrett, Class of 2025

DREADED PERSEPHONE IS

ZEUS'S DAUGHTER, ABDUCTED BY HER OLD UNCLE HADES (with Zeus' permission) at a young age while picking flowers. With her mother in a tizzy and no crops growing, Zeus succumbs to his kind nature and demands Persephone's return. But Hades, being Hades, tricks her into eating a pomegranate before sending her off. After tasting the fruit of the underworld (the pomegranate seed) she must spend a third of the year there. Due to that old, and most powerful magic (Stockholm syndrome), she marries Unc H. and they rule the underworld together. The goddess of grain returns to the overworld bringing spring, and when she leaves, winter returns. In many traditions, it is forbidden to speak her name.

by Jonathan McCallum, Class of 2023

Kore / Persephone

by Eleanor Wilbur
Class of 2027

warm

hands

sink

to touch

cold

earth

dark skin

dark ore

dark king

red fruit

is this love,

she thinks

or is it the call

of the

void?

"Rode Bessen," Maya Wylie, Class of 2023

the children of the light

a story by jonathan crampton, alumnus 2023



I.

Long ago, when the world was without Light, all things slept. Good and evil, stars and moon, life and death—all lay dormant. The first to awaken from the Great Sleep was the Queen of the Heavens, Roshani. She waited many ages until Zindagi found her. Roshani grew to love Zindagi, and they ruled the heavens, but order had not yet found the spheres. Together Roshani and Zindagi set the spheres on their courses, putting them all in their proper place. Thus they made themselves a home in the heavens, and they sang to one another of their love, and their love kept all things in their place.

Soon, their love bore fruit, and Roshani conceived and bore many children, and her children were called the Taara. Roshani and Zindagi raised the Taara until they were a great number and they dwelt together, and it was good.

But as the Taara grew and their music grew louder, the Great Sleep began to leave Andhera until it came out of her in full. Andhera's home was empty and void, and she took it as her own. But the music of the Taara grew louder still, and Andhera grew to hate the Taara.

Soon, Andhera left her home to go to the heavens so that she might silence the Taara. But

when she saw them, she saw the Kingdom of Roshani and Zindagi, and she saw that it was good. Andhera grew jealous of them, so she sought to make a kingdom of her own. When she returned, the Great Sleep had released Burai, Tydah, and Maut. Andhera returned home and desired to have children of her own, so she took Burai and joined with him, but she did not conceive. Then she took Tydah and joined with him, but she did not conceive. Finally, she went beneath the land and took Maut and joined with him, but she did not conceive. She grew angry and hid beneath the ground, and sleep once again found her.

II.

Roshani's Kingdom grew, and soon it overflowed with Taara. "We will share Zindagi's gift with all the heavens," she said. She chose to bestow this gift onto one of the spheres, and this was the world she loved. She gave her children a great portion of her light and placed it within them, as well as Zindagi's gift; she spoke and her children went out, spreading these gifts all across the world which Roshani loved. They found vines, trees, grass, beasts of the field, birds of the air, and fish of the sea, and all of them were still under the Great Sleep. First, they gave Zindagi's gift, then, they gave the light which Roshani had put within them. The Taara gave part of themselves, and when those under the Great Sleep ate of the light, they lived. So the vines, trees, grass, beasts of the field, birds of the air, and fish of the sea all had eaten, they grew and multiplied.

The world which Roshani had sent her children to was the world on which Andhera dwelt. Sleep again left Andhera, and she rose to leave, but Maut stopped her and spoke.

"Andhera, I cannot go where you go, for I am too great of size, and I cannot escape these caves. The earth has grown hard because of the life on the surface, for their roots have hardened the earth. Rid me of this prison, and I will grant you many children. "

"But I cannot conceive," Andhera said.

"You cannot conceive, but you can take. Go and remove the life from the earth, and I will be free, and you will be Mother."

So Andhera climbed up from the inside of the earth and sought to do as Maut asked so that she might be Mother. She looked around her and saw all that the Taara had done, and she once again became angry; she took counsel from Tydah and they wove their cunning into one until evil had found their minds. She could not remove the light herself, but she could use others.

III.

Andhera came to the Taara and said, "Oh Great and Beautiful Taara! I am not worthy to be called your servant, but I beg you to listen to me, lest you all fall prey to the Fading and become empty like the Ancient Void."

Many of the Taara turned to listen, but many more went on giving Roshani and Zindagi's gift to the world and did not heed Andhera's words.

Andhera spoke again, "Oh Shining Ones, Roshani has not told you what will become of you—she has given you a task that will lead you all to the Fading. If you continue to give of the light that is within you, you will surely become one with the Ancient Void."

Fear found the Taara who listened, and so they begged Andhera to tell her what they must do to live.

"Remove the light from within you, lest Roshani still control your will. Become the true Light-Bear-

ers—those who bring the light where they please, not slaves of the one who cares not if you fade or grow."

And so the Taara who listened removed the light from within them, and no sooner did they remove the light than did it fall from their hands. It seeped into the ground, and where it dripped, life came forth as trees and grass and vines.

Andhera was pleased, for the Taara grew dark as she was dark. She cried out in a loud voice, "Oh curse Roshani! She has taken the light away from you! She knew you would grow to be a powerful rival, so she would not let you carry the light on your own. You must consume those who have consumed the light, lest you quickly begin the Fading."

So those who had lost the Light began to consume all that had consumed the light, plant and animal alike. They always feared the Fading, so they always ate continually. Thus they became the Light-Eaters, children of Andhera.

So it was that Maut entered into the world. •



(top left) "Fragment of Escher", Olivia Marstall, Alumnus 2024

"Sumatran Tiger", Aiden Mohrmann, Class of 2026

SONS OF GOD

by Caelyn Snyder, Class of 2026

My brother serveth God with love, the best of all he has
Though I'd not give the first of fruit, nor did I give the last
Yet God regardeth him with favor and not so regardeth me
My mother did accurse me when she ate from poison tree

My sister knew the Lion while I was deceived by Queen
My brother spoke, and harshly, when my treachery was seen
I thought to be a king but found myself in slavery
My mother did accurse me when she ate from poison tree

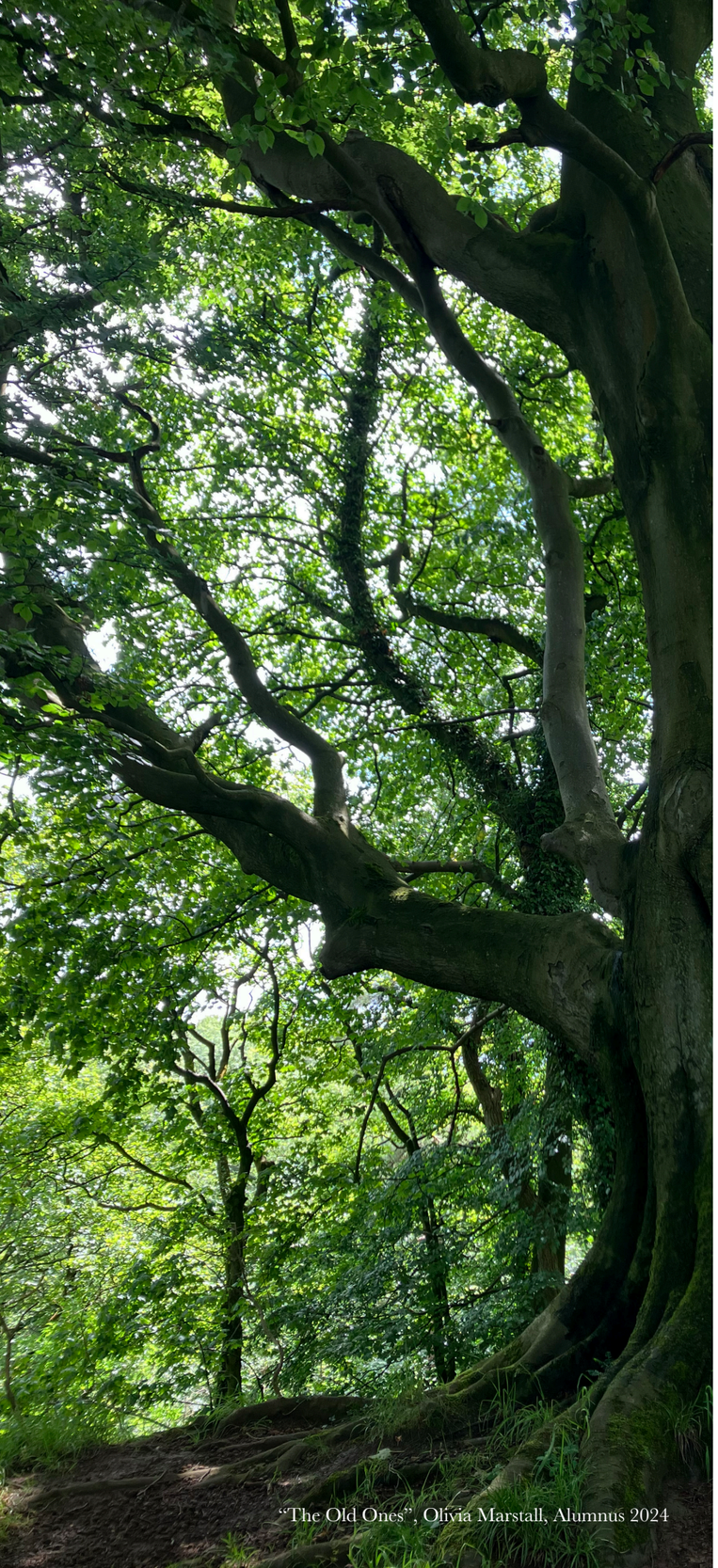
As one of twelve I oft broke bread with He the Son of Man
Revealèd Christ, the Word of God, who saw when time began
I sold my soul for money from the temple treasury
My mother did accurse me when she ate from poison tree

I am the final Adam, in that way am Eve's last son
In me the grave has lost its grasp and death has been undone
Every traitor from all time in truth betrayeth me
But curse at last was broken when I hung upon the tree

"View from a Cross," Maebree Wylie, Class of 2027



"**Cream and Fruit**" 2020, oil on canvas,
Grace Jarrett, Class of 2025



"The Old Ones", Olivia Marstall, Alumnus 2024

M O S S

We see Decay and Death too closely
these days, I think.
Lichen spread on old cinderblock, black
mold in the drywall,
Roadkill smeared across the tarmac,
they've tangled together.
Decay to us is a sign the ground we
stand on is Death's,
Rot a reverse herald for her hated step,
Every stem and cap a trumpet for the
end.
Moldy bones strewn across a quiet
battlefield.
But that is not quite right, is it? Rot as
testament to suffering?
We have it wrong.
I think it cries for something greater
than the onward march of Pain and
Panic.
(After all, these whitecaps too are called
'alive.')
Somewhere in the depths of time there
is a field of moss, deep and green.
Pierced by a ring of alabaster towers,
ribs that once held a heart, a pair of
lungs.
They hold a nest of mice beneath their
curves now.
The hundred little pieces of the once-
man's hand are gone,
But the crows have found most of
them. They grace bowers, mating
grounds,
Laid to rest amidst a thousand new
lives.
"Life had His reign here!" The
turkeytails cry. "He grew, He learned,
He loved.
He is still here!
Though His Lady Death has kissed His
head,
He is not gone. He lives through me;
The child of Death and Life, Fertility."

As no spark catches flame
Unless it rests in a nest of tinder, so too
no seed will grow without the corpses
of their forefathers, rotting
Conquered by Death beneath their
roots.
Mold in truth is like a resurrection,
An imperfect mirror for the Truth
echoed in every mossy bone.
It reminds us again of what the near-
sighted forget.
Nothing held by Death remains en-
tombed.
Your dead rest easy, waiting in the
womb.

by Norah Boulden, Class of 2026



"Morning on the Porch", Caelyn Snyder, Class of 2026



"Suspended", Emma Claire Laughlin., Class of 2026

Psyche v Ratio

by Maya Wylie, Class of 2023

i.

beneath my deepest fears and tears,
deeper than the part that sees and longs
for gold and amber palaces,
I think the west-wind
calls me,
draws me,
pulls me,
and pushes me away.
the taste of chocolate,
the sight of gold.
spitting out dirt,
averting blind eyes.
first longing, then terror,
the shame of a leper beside a whole man.
disgust at mortality.

ii.

sometimes I see glimpses, castles in the mist.
the spires and towers pierce me
far beneath the surface of what is called rational.
no, it cannot be.
a castle of cloud can't withstand the rain.
I spit the mud.
you cannot delude me into giving up my rights.
the taste of royalty cannot compare
with a wisp of freedom.
an invisible palace cannot keep you safe
but it can confine you.
come now,
let us reason together:
safety cannot be better than freedom
when freedom is safe but safety is not free.

iii.

the questions bubble and I remain silent.
"the object of my search," I babble and train my hands to violence.
I have been greedy and blood-gorged
ugly, body and soul
and I can mend my soul no more than my face.
I chase after
the gleams of hope,
the hides of rams,
anything to cover.
I rage in futility;
the patient focus on the task
and glean gold wool effortlessly.
I kick against
I rail against
I search for

We hope you enjoyed this issue of

ARTIFACT

Issue No. 5 will focus on BEGINNING as its theme. Look for it in October 2024!

We welcome submissions from students, faculty, and alumni! Submissions for Vol. 2, No. 2 will be accepted until **October 1, 2024.**

Artifact Submission Guidelines

- The piece is well-crafted, polished, and professional.
- The content is relevant to New College Franklin course material. It doesn't have to be directly about a class, but it should carry beauty and meaning.
- The content is appropriate for a broad audience, not divisive or offensive.
- Written work should be no more than 3 pages.
- Accepted forms of written art: poetry, short stories, short essays (creative nonfiction preferred over academic).
- Accepted forms of visual art: traditional art, digital art, photography, illustration.

Please submit all work at newcollegefranklin.org/artifact. Attach written work as a Google Doc. Attach photos in highest quality form possible, as an iCloud link, or as a Google Drive folder. For all submissions, written and visual please include your name as you wish for it to appear, your graduation year, and **the title of your work.**

Print copies of Artifact are available upon request.