

ACROUS

JOURNAL OF VISUAL ARTS AND CREATIVE WRITING

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Lynchburg College 2015-2016

Department of Art

<http://www.lynchburg.edu/art>

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ART DIRECTOR'S NOTE

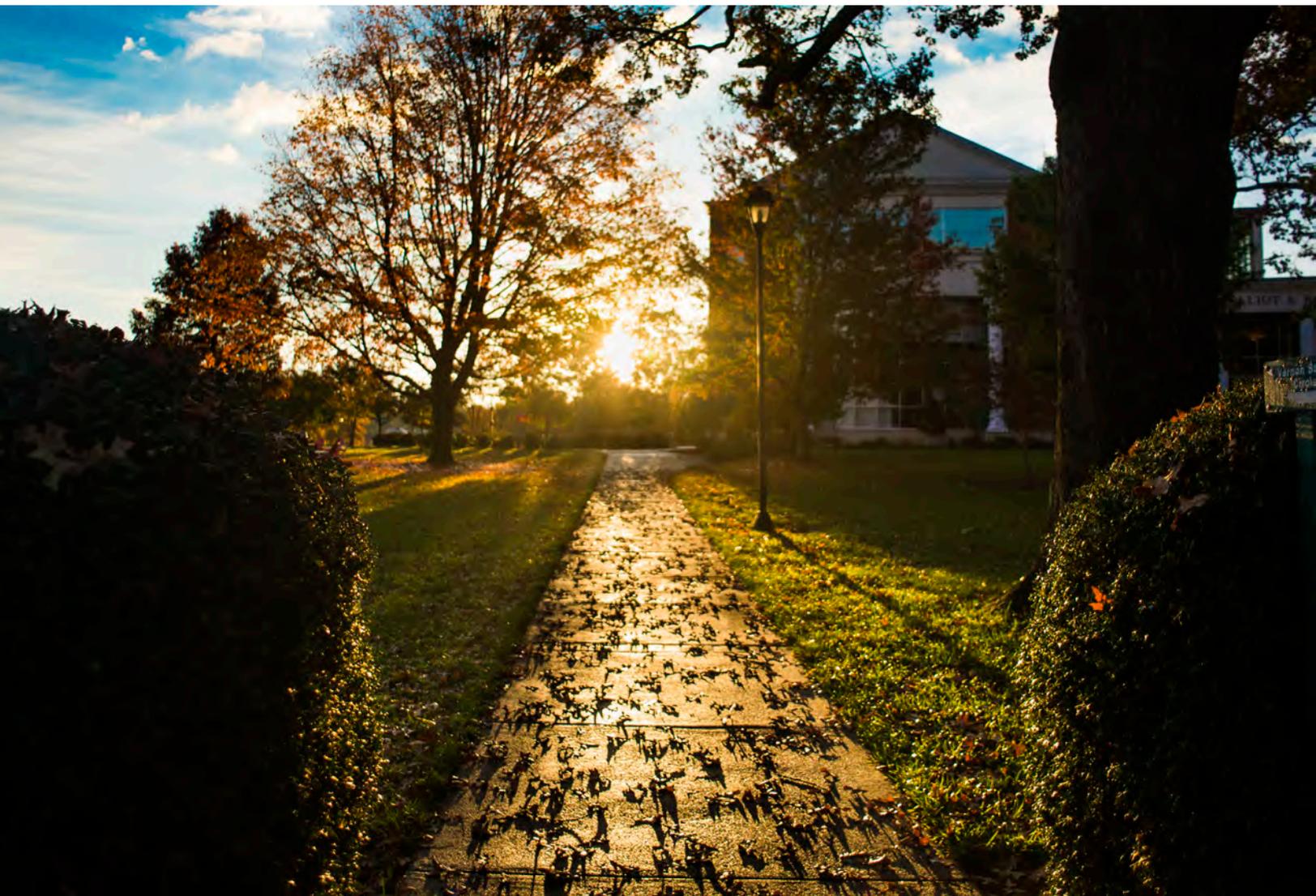
With the sixth edition of the Aurous we encouraged students from the visual and literary arts to share their creations with our community. This publication serves to showcase the work from the 2015-2016 year. The purpose of the Aurous combining two arts into one publication is to enhance the experience for the reader and to showcase students who may excel in multiple mediums. It was wonderful to see work both from majors in these subjects, as well as work from those who may turn to the arts as a personal outlet. It is my hope that the combination of multiple visual and literary arts in this edition engage our readers and inspire them to go out into the world and create art of their own.

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UNTITLED

Natalie LeDonne
digital photography

TEXTURE SERIES

Jade Woll
photography





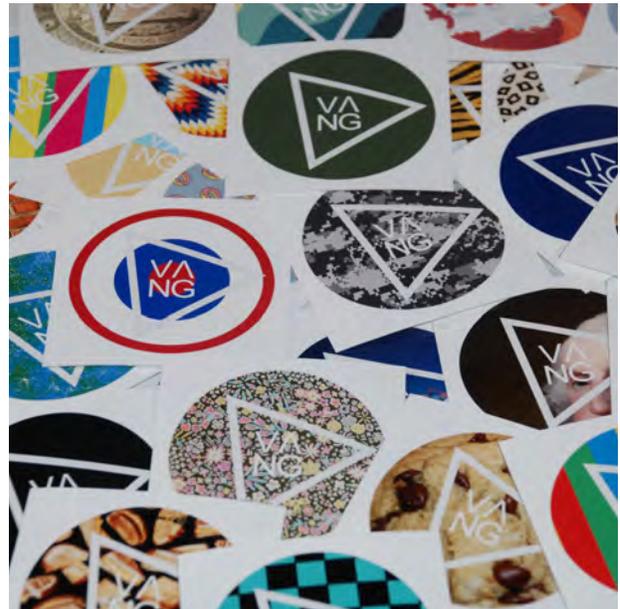
SUMMER BLOOMS

Adrian Walker

mixed media

VANG BRANDING

Ben Stern
graphic design







SPOTLIGHT

Hannah Grasberger

digital photography

ANONYMITY

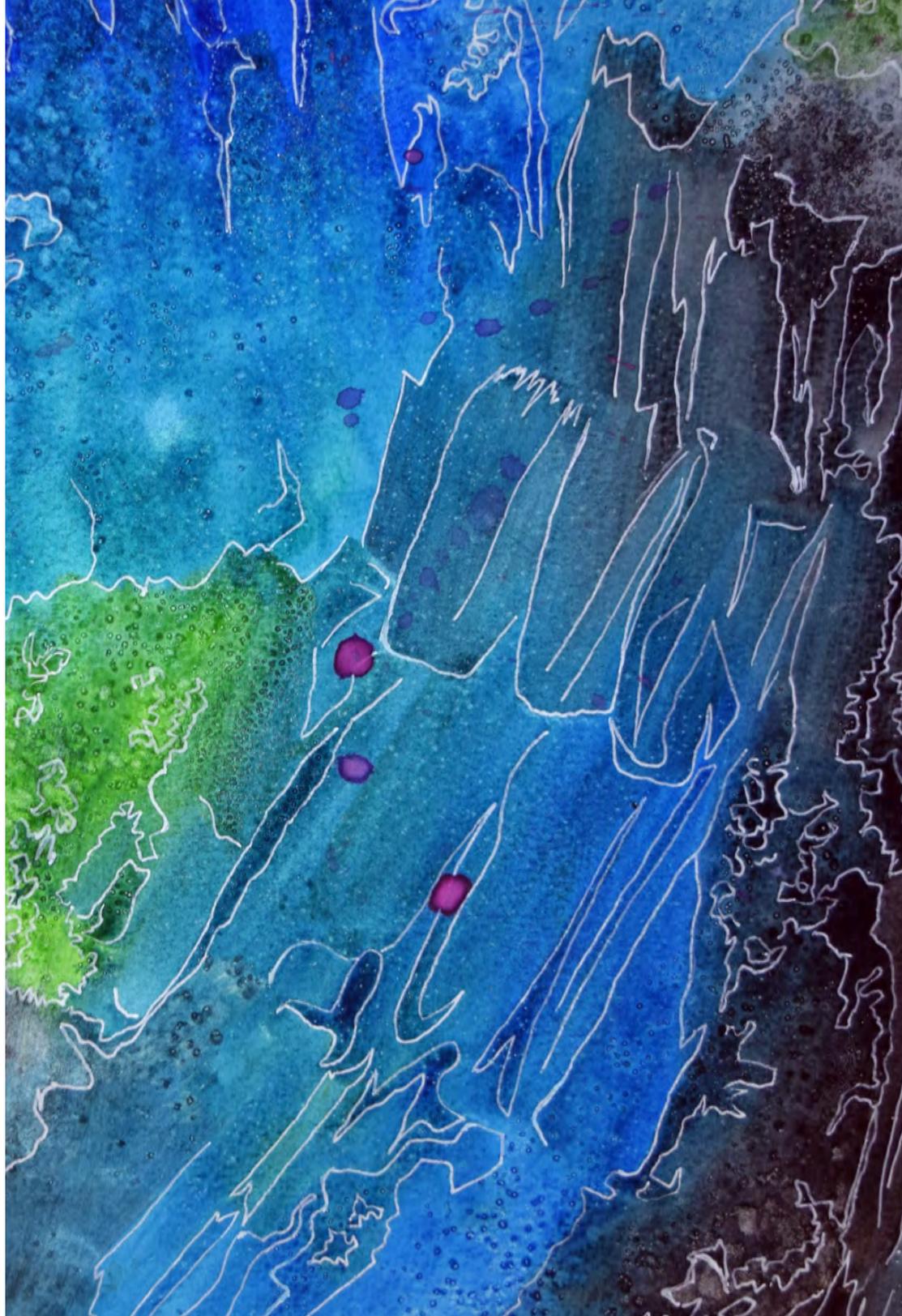
Amanda George

photography



BLUE

Katie-Lee Melvin
watercolor



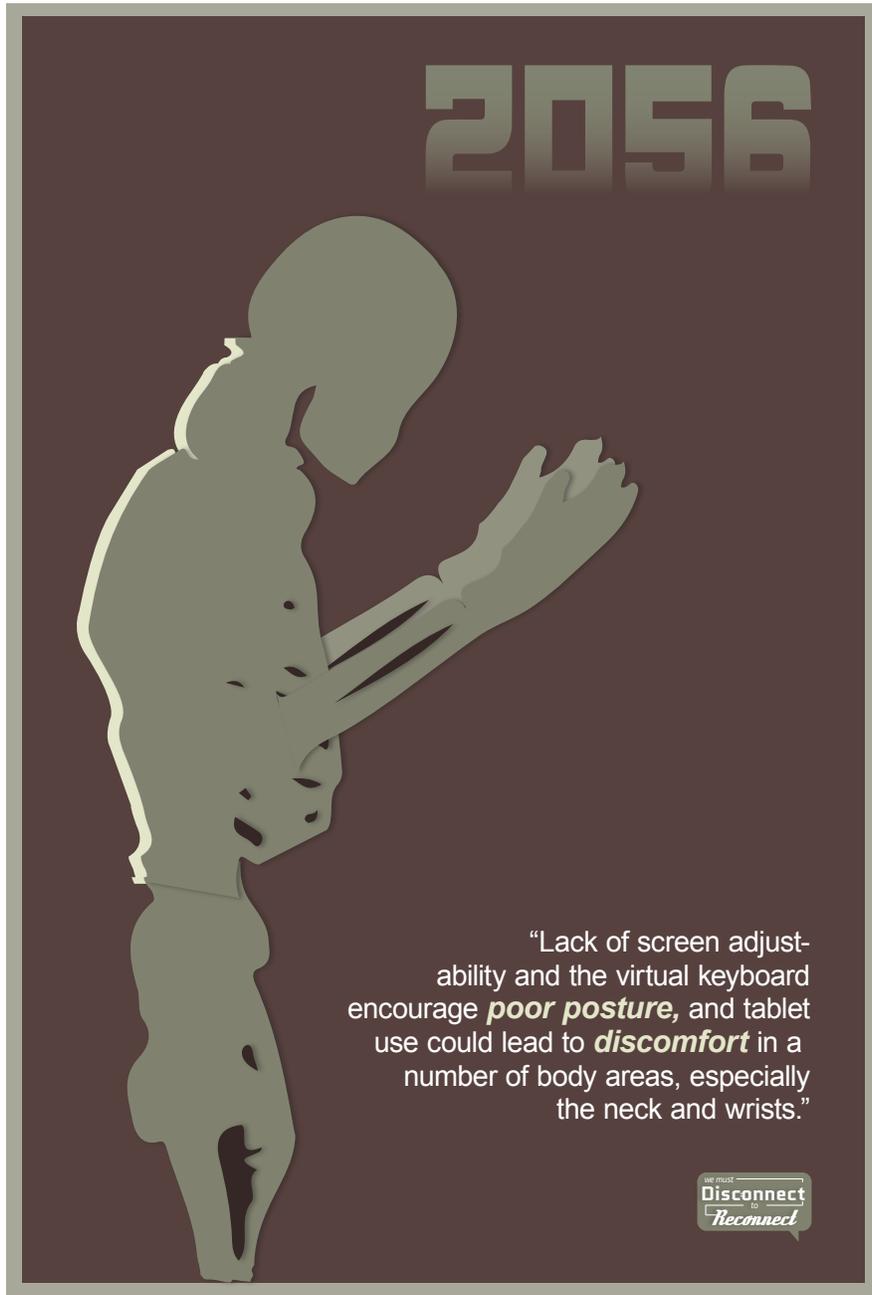
LIKEABLE



“Girls between the ages of 12 and 18 tended to *objectify* themselves more often when they used Facebook.”

and more
Disconnect
to
Reconnect

LIKEABLE
Jacob Laverty
graphic design



“Lack of screen adjust-
ability and the virtual keyboard
encourage **poor posture**, and tablet
use could lead to **discomfort** in a
number of body areas, especially
the neck and wrists.”

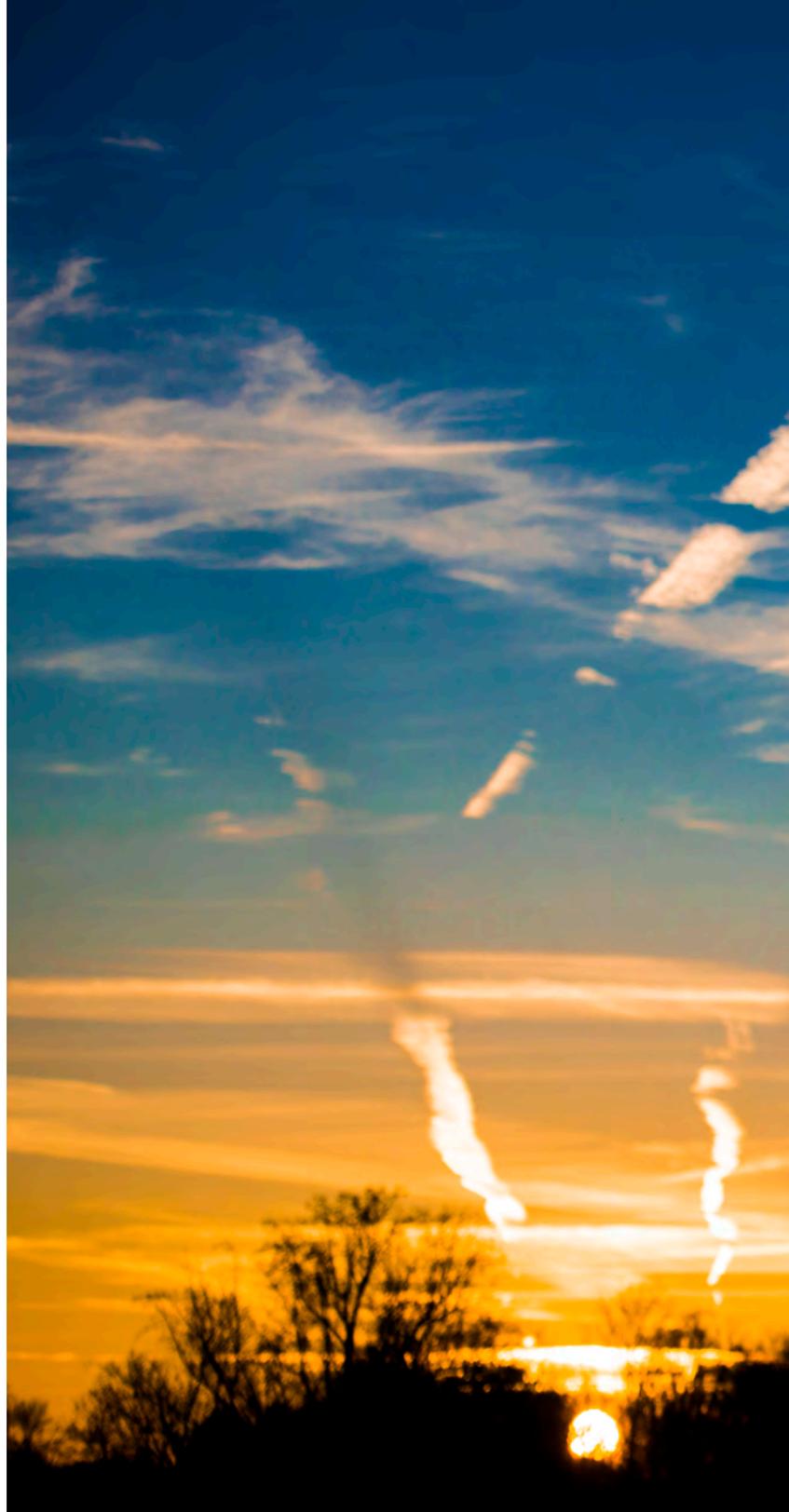
WE CHOOSE
Disconnect
to
Reconnect

2056

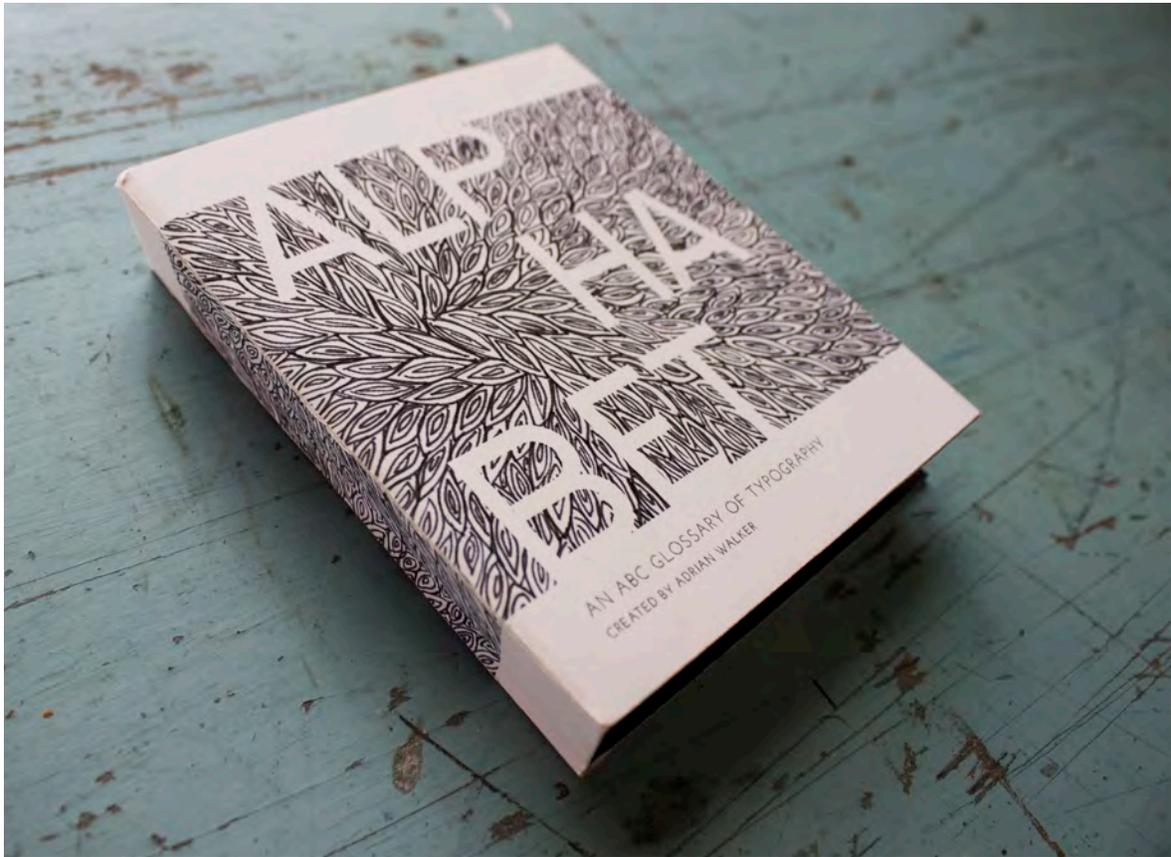
Jacob Laverty
graphic design

UNTITLED

Natalie LeDonne
digital photography







ABC GLOSSARY

Adrian Walker

graphic deisn, book making



VANG POSTERS

Ben Stern
graphic design





OCARINA OF TIME

Samantha Hiller

digital illustration



PORTRAIT

Jade Woll
photography



NARRATIVE NO. 1 & 2

Jade Woll
photography

INTO THE SEA

Becky Johnson

fiction prose

He walked down the stone paved sidewalk with her beside him. They grasped and ungrasped hands, wanting to feel each other but having trouble with the consistent vow to be without one hand. A break in the sidewalk came and led to miles of sand before the couple, which eventually turned into salt water and waves. There were people speckling the beach, but the couple felt they were alone. Their intimacy electric, sending currents and jumpstarting just the two of them. They released each other's hands once more and she excitedly kicked off her sandals to run through the sand into the ocean, as if she were a child. He picked up her abandoned sandals and then sat down on the sand. He simply observed her, wishing to know everything about her there

was to know. She dipped her feet into the water and giggled as a wave crashed into her, soaking her up to her knees. The hem of her pink sundress becoming just slightly damp. She turned and held her floppy hat and waved at him and he wondered how he could have pinned down something as wild and free as she was. She took what she wanted when she wanted it, just as the waves do. She tousles and sways the lives of those around her, just as the wind. As he got up to join her, he realized to know the sea was to know her. He stepped into the chilling salted waves and put his hand in hers, which was outstretched toward him. Into the sea, he thought to himself.

BLACKENED BONES

Elizabeth D. Dawson

three dimensional work



IT'S WHO WE ARE

Amanda George

graphic design

**IT'S WHO
WE ARE**



IT'S IN OUR BONES

VIBE
recording company

**IT'S
WHO
WE ARE**

IT'S IN OUR BONES

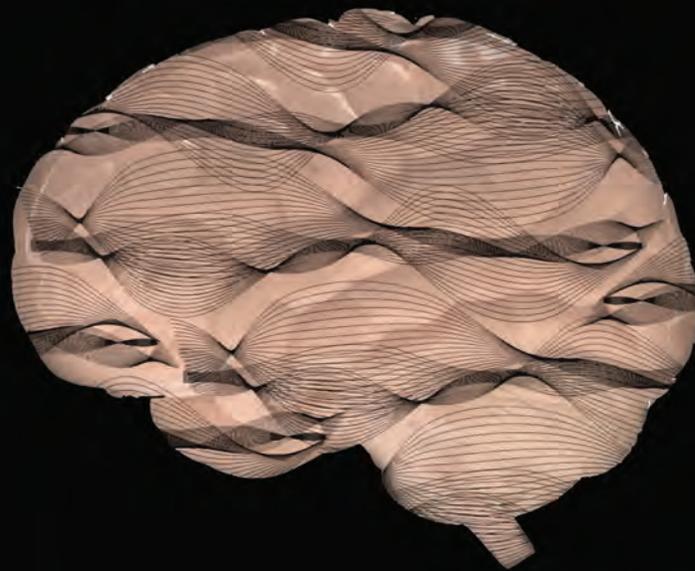
'S WHO
E ARE



OUR HEARTS

VIBE
recording company

IT'S WHO
WE ARE



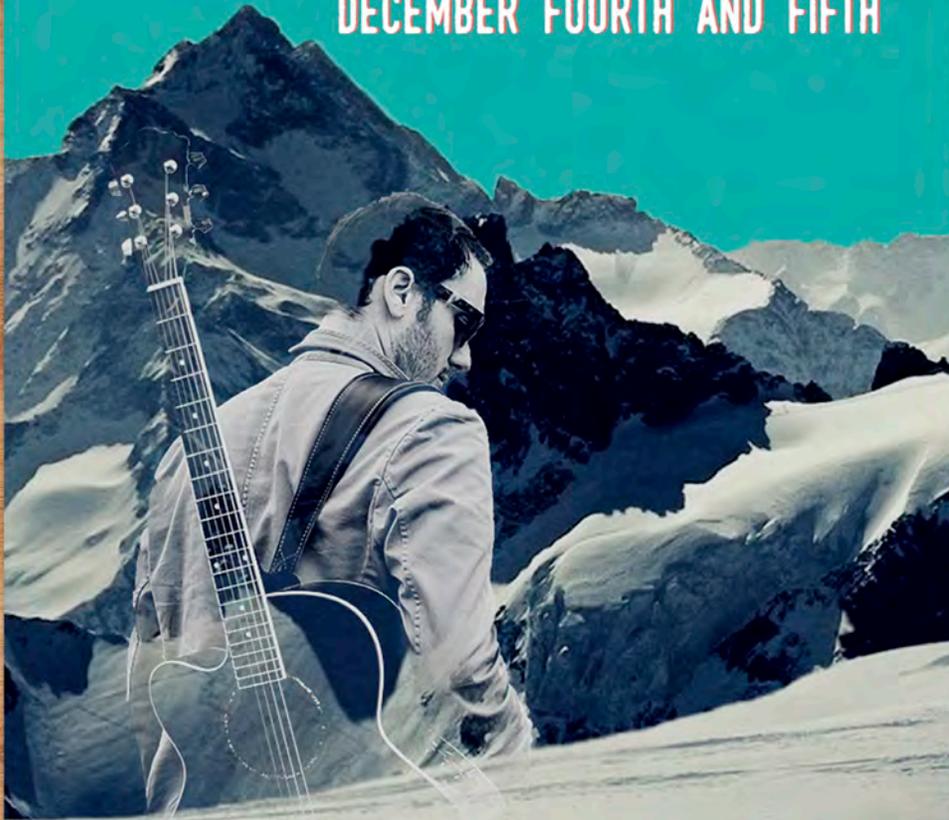
IT'S IN OUR MINDS

VIBE
recording company

LYNCHBRRR 2015

WINTER MUSIC FESTIVAL

DECEMBER FOURTH AND FIFTH



CIVIL TWILIGHT THE VESPERS FORLORN
STRANGERS LLOYD HARMON NATIVE SPIRIT
DOGWOOD & HOLLY FIN DJ KILLGXXD PARIS JONES
HONEY BRANDY SINGLESIDE JAKE ZIEGLER AND THE
LOCALS SOMEONE JUST LIKE YOU STEAL THE PRIZE
THE LISTENING LYNCHSTOCK DOCUMENTARY
48 HOUR FILM PROJECT

LYNCHBRRR
Adrian Walker
graphic design



TRIPOD POT

Elizabeth D. Dawson

ceramics

LANDSCAPE

Jade Woll
photography







CELANO BUSINESS CARD

Lauren Bodamer

graphic design

RAINY TRAIL

Hannah Grasberger

photography





UNTITLED NO. 1 & 2

Natalie LeDonne

sports photography



THE WIND BEATS ITSELF BLIND AGAINST THE CURTAINS

Ethan Lee

the wind beats itself blind against the curtains

is this woman mine

stay awake at night thinking

wake up doubting love

i am a gust of wind to her

a breeze

here and gone, shivering

my mind beats itself blind against the uncertain

throwing punches at doubt

is this woman mine

i wish i could shut it off

close the window, cover my head in a blanket

i never have to feel the wind again

never had to hear the way it moans in agony against the glass pane

i too must sound that way to her

she will shut me out soon enough

i will open my eyes

wish for love again

SELF-PORTRAIT

Mary Hebert

charcoal



UNTITLED

Shanaya Young
digital photography









SUNNY DAY

Parker Weiss

mixed media

SPOKEN WORD PIECE

Ethan Lee

spoken word

When I look up,
I realize that I've come so very far.

But I'm still:

living off of solely wishes,
existing where others aren't,
improving myself
while others try to do me harm,
doing right
even though it's easier doing wrong.

Most of the time when we argue it's like I always start talking about
something.

And then you argue back and say it's not like last time.

Its nothing.

But I think it's something, the fact that we both made it out alright.

But I sometimes find myself reminding myself
that when I'm rewinding it sometimes helps not to do it at night.

Because I'll start thinking, damn, you actually made it.
These emotional bills we didn't pay piled up, and it was only me who got
stuck paying.

And while I'm at it,
I lied when I said I knew why I was staying.

With you, there is no unholy action. You're God and I am praying.

I wanted to get out fast so I sold grass.
You know what I'm saying?

But I might as well have been fueling fire with gas
during those heated arguments we were spraying.
I'm not trying to be too articulate here, so I'll just say it in layman's.
You sounded like such a jack-ass:
with all of your endless neighing,
all of your lying and lying,
and all of the times you said that there was nothing worth denying.

Subtract those instances from the times you paid for 40s in dimes
at the convenience store.

Face it, I was a convenience even though you made it out to be more.

I pretended to be lenient
even though you thought obedience or loyalty was a chore.
I held every fucking word back when you walked your cheating ass out my front
door

There I go again talking about you again.
But is it true it was him who you wanted to be with then?

I've been thinking hard about it, and "friends" ends in "more than
friends,"
and I know I'll end up pretending again it will never happen again.
But if it happens again can we just say no?

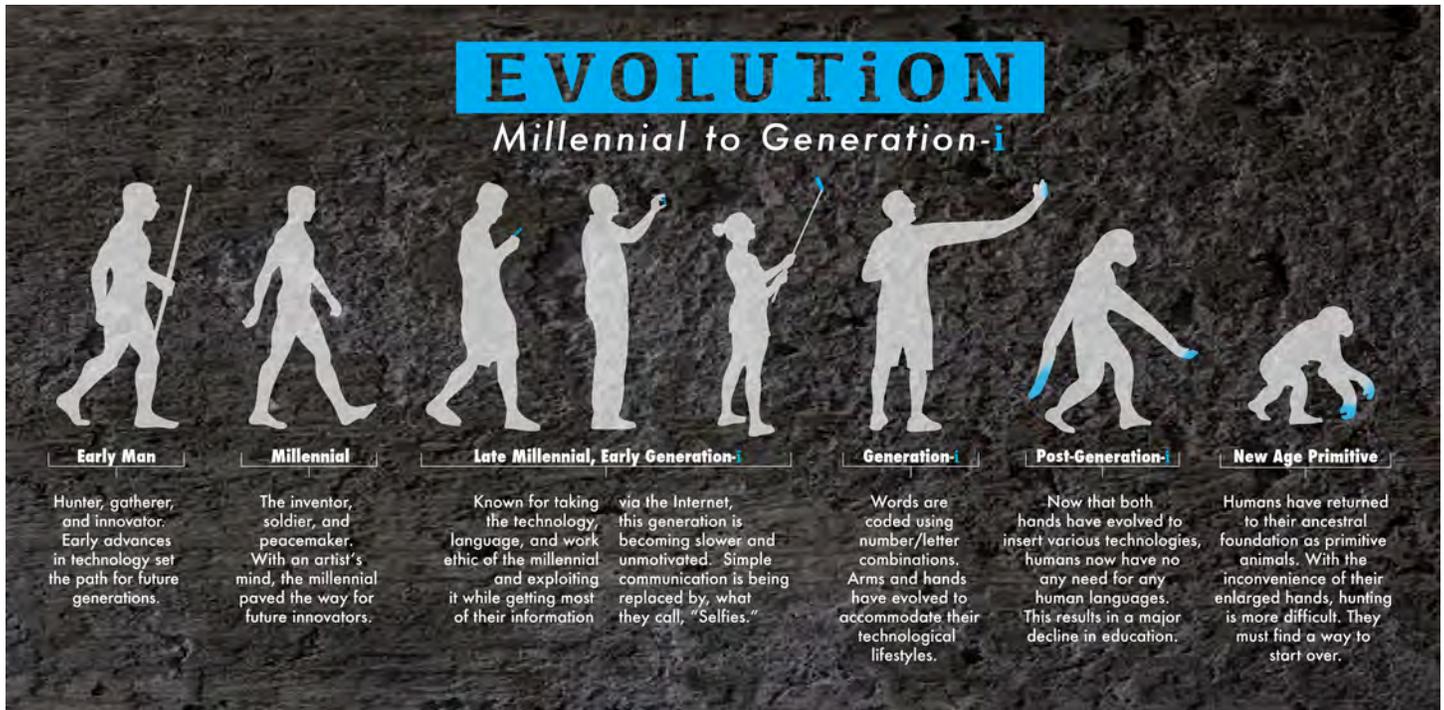
The hard truth never apologizes for knocking.
And reality always hurts a little harder than the mocking.
You wanted to go and I had nothing of worth for which it was worth
stopping.

You left me in a mess behind you,
So watch your step, I've been mopping

GENERATION-i

Jacob Laverty

graphic design





Lily

Adrian Walker
print

PARIS DELIGHT

Elisa Basso

photography









UNTITLED

Samah Rash

digital photography



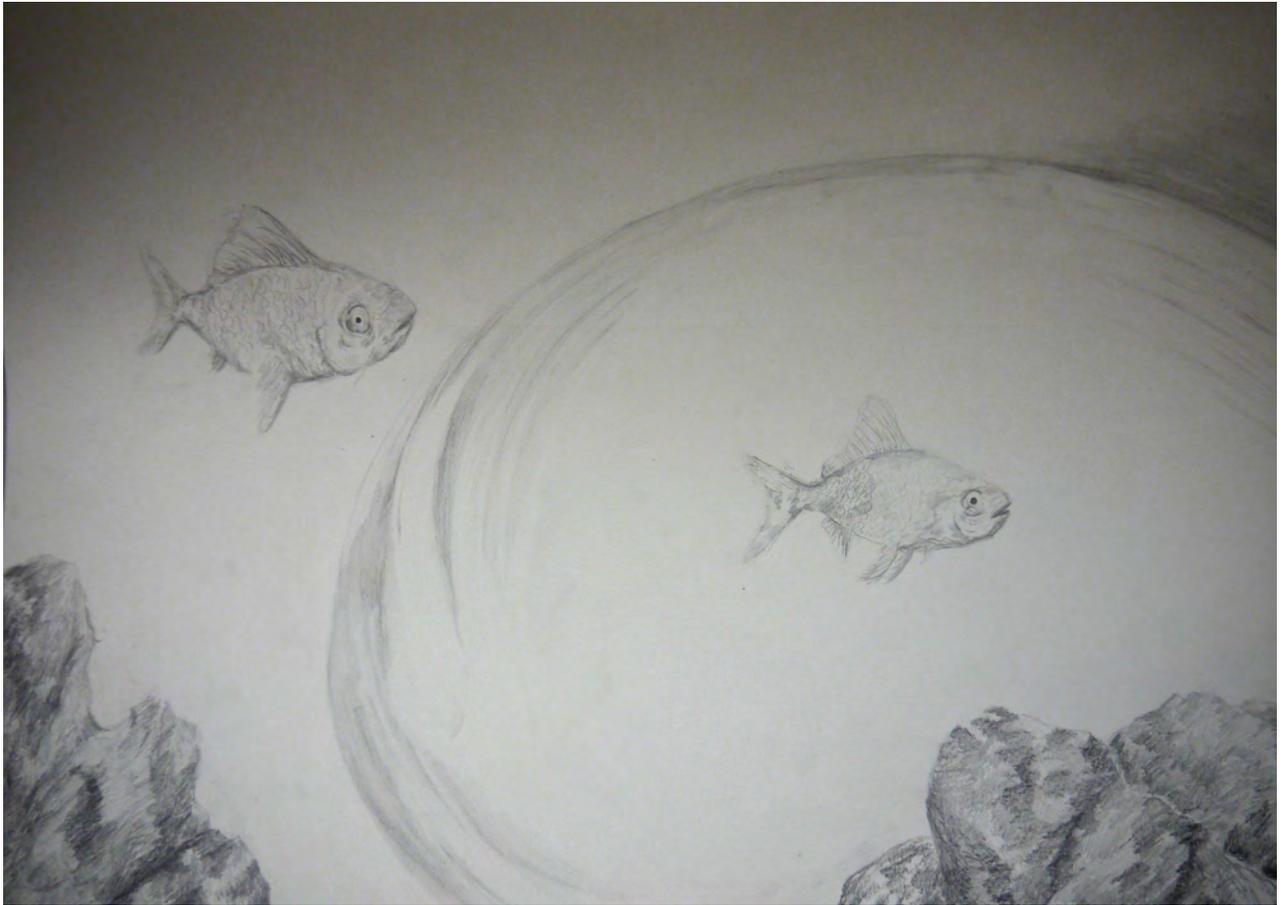


ALONE

Shannon Clow
*digital photography &
graphic design*

ENTRAPPED

Briana Dava
pencil drawing

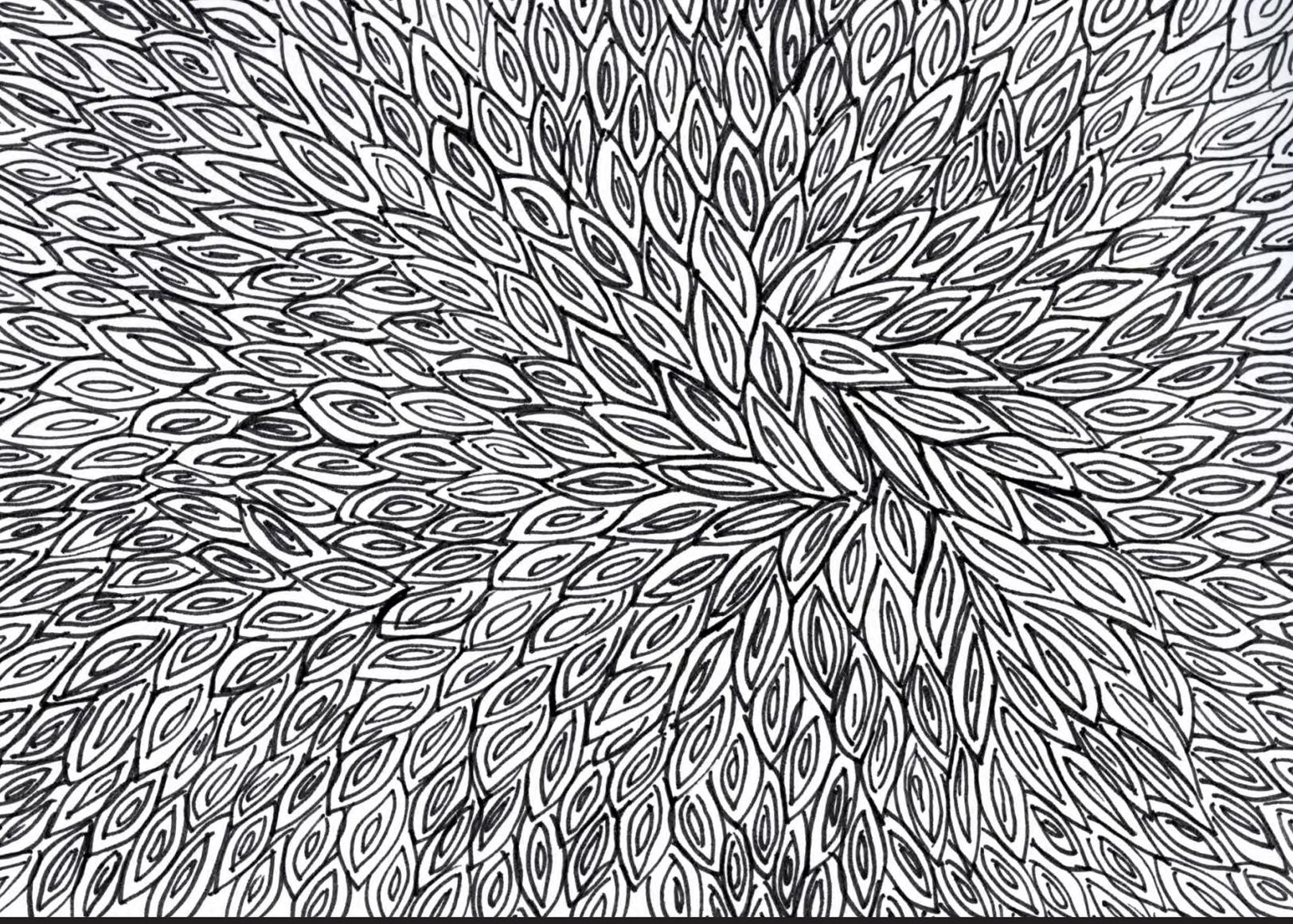




PLANT STUDY

Adrian Walker

charcoal



LYNCHBURG

C O L L E G E EST. 1903

Department of Art