



*athena's web*  
spring teaser issue

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*athena's web*

A Journal of the  
College of Arts and Sciences

Athens State University

Athena's Web is an academic journal dedicated to publishing outstanding student work in the arts and sciences. The journal is sponsored by the College of Arts and Sciences of Athens State University. Arts and Sciences students (including secondary education majors) are encouraged to submit academic and creative work to the editors for consideration.

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*Building Success Through Writing* 





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# Getting Started

Preparations for the creation of an interdisciplinary journal for the College of Arts and Sciences began in early September with talks between Travis Sharp and Dr. Joseph Dupre, Director of Building Success through Writing and Associate Professor of English. This expanded to include Dr. Ron Fritze, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences; Dr. Bebe Shaw, Professor of English; and Dr. Adam Lewis, Assistant Professor of Computer Science. A. Scott Michael joined as an Assistant Editor not long after. We've come very far very quickly - in just a few months, we have created the necessary infrastructure to get the journal going and to keep it going. We first started accepting submissions in November 2012, and now, roughly three months later, we are ready to present what we've been working on.

This first issue is just a small look into what we are preparing for the Spring 2013 issue that will be released in April. In this teaser issue we have collected two accepted and reviewed submissions from each of the four main sections into which we are dividing the journal: essays and other academic works, artwork,

poetry, and fiction. This teaser issue contains about 25 pages of student work; the full Spring 2013 issue will likely have around 75.

Going forward, we hope to expand the variety of submissions which we receive. We also are planning to extend our presence outside of our office in Founders Hall. The first step towards this will be realized with the first of many fiction readings. The readings will be sponsored by the journal and Building Success through Writing.

More information about the fiction readings, our submission guidelines, and our cover design contest can be found at the end of this issue.

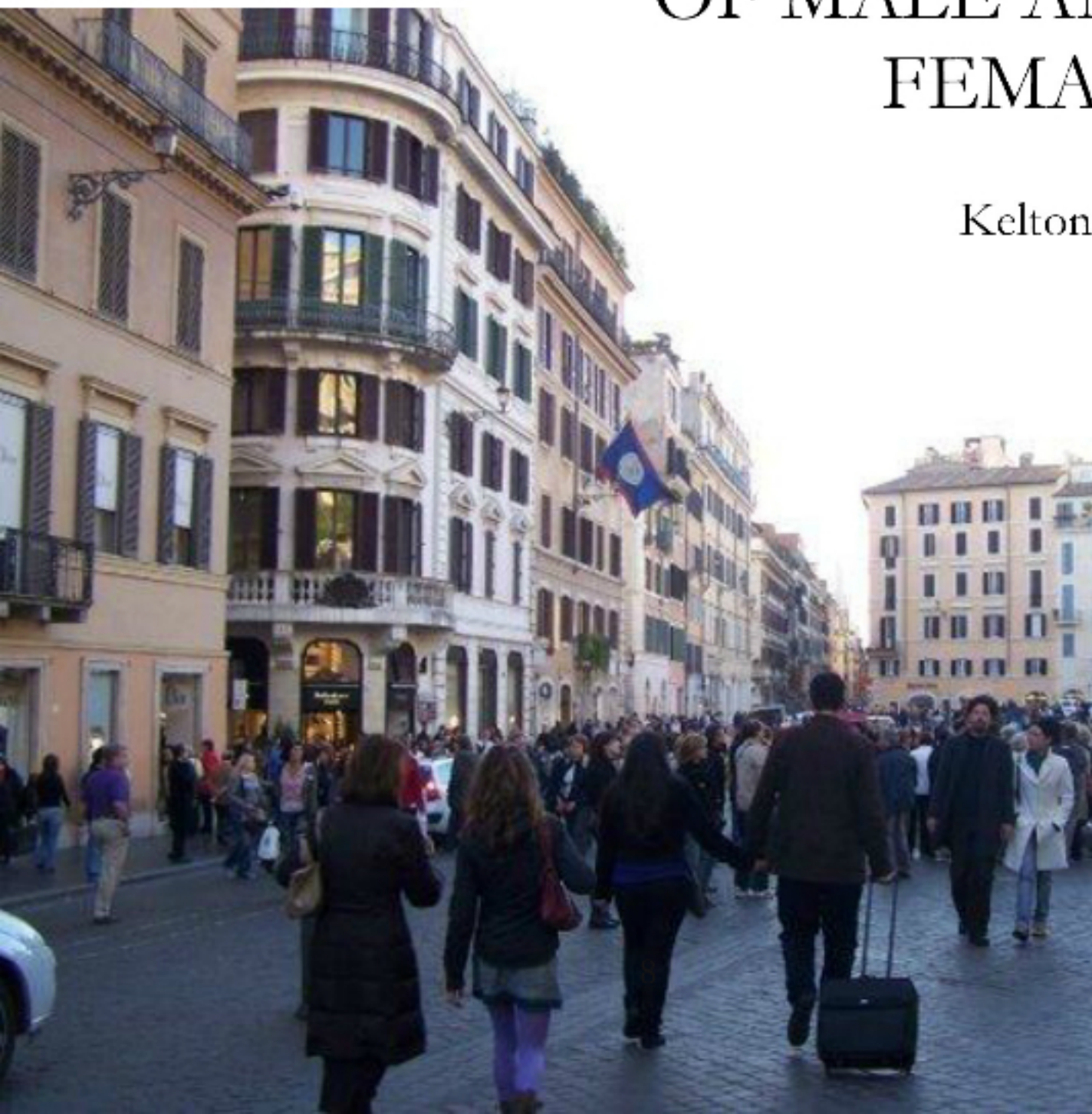
**Travis Sharp, Editor**

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Gender Studies

# VENUS/MARS HYBRID: THE MEZZO-REALM OF MALE AND FEMALE

Kelton Riley





In the course of critical academic theory, everything changed with the advent of Deconstruction. Marxism, Feminism, Queer studies, and Post-colonialism were all the scions of that movement. While each study took a fresh look at various positions of the non-dominant, the two that dealt most obviously with gender theory, Queer-studies and Feminism, fell considerably short of faithful representation of the transgendered condition. It is the Post-colonialists, in exploring themes of alienation, mimicry and hybridity, who better evoke the experience of gender dysphoria. Like the colonized, transsexuals, caught in the mezzo-realm of female and male (but accepted into neither), understand all too well what it is to be both and neither: to be 50% either, but 100% nothing.

The reality of misogynistic alienation is axiomatic. It is stereotypical that the “privileged” should be prejudiced against the deviants. Cases of transsexual abuse (Pasricha et al. 25) and rape (Hale 46) are too common, a fact of which any transsexual would be hyper-aware. What may be surprising is that groups with subaltern claims, in perfect mimicry of the hegemon, snipe at

one another in an attempt to secure a sort of subaltern superiority—the upper bottom of the barrel. Such behavior is demonstrated in extreme misandrist circles of the Feminist movement who greet Trans/Intersex activism with “skepticism, suspicion, and even hostility” (Shrange 4). Sociologist Thomas Kando explains the “problem” with transsexuals:

It is from all those who have abandoned their traditional conception of sexual morality that the transsexuals differ. Unlike militant homophiles, enlightened therapist and liberated women, transsexuals endorse such traditional values as heterosexuality, domestic roles for women [...] Unlike various liberated groups, transsexuals are reactionary, moving back toward the core-center rather than away from it. They are the Uncle Toms of the sexual revolution. (qtd. in Hale 43)

Other slurs originating from such “liberating” groups include referring to transsexuals as “constructs” who have merely

been “neuterized” (Janice Raymond, qtd in Hale, 43) and dubbing the surgical results of a male-to-female’s (MtF’s) transition as nothing more than “constructed, fake fuckholes” (“Misandry is a Feminist Issue”). Such statements demonstrate the alienation of transsexuals, not only from the mainstream, but from groups claiming to champion egalitarian causes as well. This comes despite the fact that many MtFs have a vested interest in the cause of women’s rights, and that a great range of sexual orientation and political activism is represented within the transgendered community (Brown and Rounsley 19).

Societal exclusions can only account for a fraction of the transsexual’s sense of alienation, however. The true battleground of alienation lies within the transman himself. Psychologist Naanki Pasricha explains, “Transsexuals feel a sense of estrangement from their body [sic] and believe that the body they were born with is incongruous with their true gender” (25). The colonized transsexual has no empire to blame. Rather, he is circumscribed by his own flesh. One of the earliest case studies of

gender dysphoria can be found in “Case 129,” an 1886 study by German psychologist Richard von Krafft-Ebing. In this first person account of Krafft-Ebing’s patient, the male-to-female transsexual explains a fever induced dream she had involving her desired transformation:

But who could describe my fright when, on the next morning, I awoke and found myself feeling as if completely changed into a woman; and when, on standing and walking, I felt vulva and mammae [sic]! When at last I raised myself out of bed, I felt that a complete transformation had taken place in me [...] the imperative female feeling remained, and became so strong that I wear only the mask of a man, and in everything else feel like a woman. (von Krafft-Ebing 11)

The editor of that anthology, Jonathan Ames, compares this excerpt to the opening of Franz Kafka’s hallmark piece on alienation, *The Metamorphosis*. He even suggests that Kafka’s



work was influenced by “Case 129,” stating that “Kafka would have certainly been familiar with Krafft-Ebing’s famous book and would have read it in German” (xv). Both *The Metamorphosis* and “Case 129” express the “mind/body conflict” (Brown and Rounsley 1) shared across the transgendered experience.

The sense of alienation, both within themselves and in the outside world, leads to the common colonial reaction of mimicry as the colonized attempt to make some sense of the world and their place in it. Often, the transsexual is player in two forms of mimicry, one before transition (the act of transitioning from one gender role to another) and one after. Societal pressures can lead the transsexual to suppress deviant tendencies, which manifests in the hyper-masculinity of pre-transition MtFs, or hyper-femininity in FtMs. Uncomfortable in their birth role, they feel the need to over-compensate, so that rather than simply being a man/woman, they must play the caricature of a man/woman. Once the path to transition has begun, the MtF finds herself both excited and disoriented. Adaptations she learned to

assume as a man may no longer be of use to her as she goes through gender re-orientation. The pendulum swings to the other side, and often the transsexual will over-compensate in the other direction, mimicking feminization based more on stereotypes of womanhood than her own genuine personality. Trans scholar Christina Richards explains it thus:

[...] the trans person is at risk of being inauthentic [...] especially if they adhere to dominant cultural norms as many trans people do during a period of adolescence when they are trying out their new gender presentation. This occurs much the same way that cisgender [those whose sexual identity corresponds with their birth gender] people experiment with gender presentations during their adolescence. (274)

Similar to the awkwardness experienced during cisgender coming of age, the transsexual must learn new rules governing their behavior in society. More importantly, the FtM must learn

authenticity, that is, forging his own inherent manliness, rather than merely trading a feminine facade for a masculine one. Transsexuals who successfully strike this balance will achieve greater psychological health (Richards 275) as well as the final tenet of Post-colonial theory: hybridity, which rather than being anathema can prove to be one of the transsexual's most promising strengths.

The state of gender hybridity is described by Richards as occurring when "a person identifies as neither wholly male nor female, and indeed some authors have suggested that this is the case for everyone, whether they identify as trans or not" (272). Transman Michael Hernandez explains his own hybridity, "My sexual orientation is queer. I consider myself to be a hybrid of woman and man, thus lesbian as well as gay" (qtd. in Hale 46). In the case of ethnicity, hybrids often become translators between their peoples, a sort of diplomat to bridge the *différance*[1] that exists between vernaculars. So too can the transsexual become a diplomat between feminist and men's movements as well as queer and heterosexual discourse.

Transsexuals who have lived on both sides of the gender divide offer a uniquely holistic perspective to dialogues regarding gender and sex (Hale 45). Describing it in terms of Jungian psychology, M. Fleming expounds, "What is important to understand is that the 'hermaphrodite' is a type of divine image. This image is the symbol of the union of opposites and comes to represent the union of the unconscious and conscious aspects of the self" (310). She goes on to explain the evolution of the hermaphrodite as a "subduer of conflicts and a bringer of healing" (310). Unlike cisgendered individuals, transsexuals take nothing "about their minds or bodies for granted. Something that the rest of us pay no attention to at all dominates their lives" (Brown and Rounsley 1). By having typically subconscious aspects of gender identity forced to consciousness, transsexuals have the privileged position of experiencing real intellectual engagement with a subject that few others would think to consider. Thus they become potential peacemakers of the discord between masculinity and femininity. Having been forced to negotiate that peace within



themselves, they find themselves at a vantage to accommodate others in that journey.

As an individual with firsthand experience in matters of alienation, mimicry and hybridity, the transwoman finds herself an unwitting representative of subaltern peoples. For all the pain of her journey, she is rewarded with the potential to enlighten others to the struggles and rewards that each gender faces. The transman who can transcend his own hurt and alienation has within him the ability to lift others from the callow trappings of uncritically examined masculinity/femininity. For the transgendered who journey through gender's Middle Earth, the anxieties of alienation, mimicry and hybridity are everyday matters. But so also—most importantly—is hope and healing.

### Note

[1] A reference to Jacques Derrida's "The End of the Book and the Beginning of Writing," a chapter in *Of Grammatology*. Derrida uses *différance* to note the separation between the signifier and the signified in writing and in speech to state that

there is always a space between the signifier and the signified — what is conveyed and what exists. Language therefore can be problematic, as can be the case with gender, as argued by Riley. (Ed. note)

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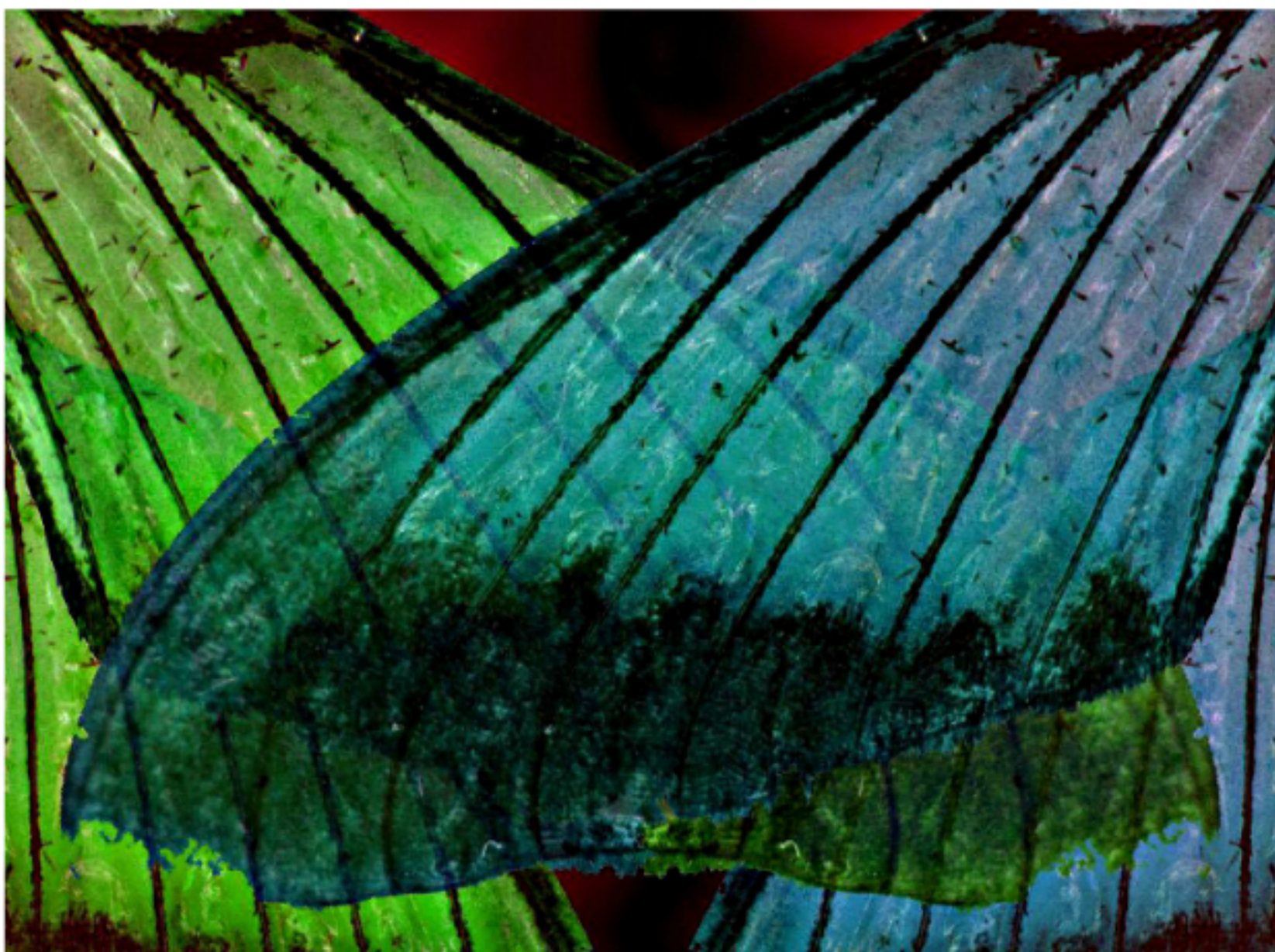
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# The Marriage of Color

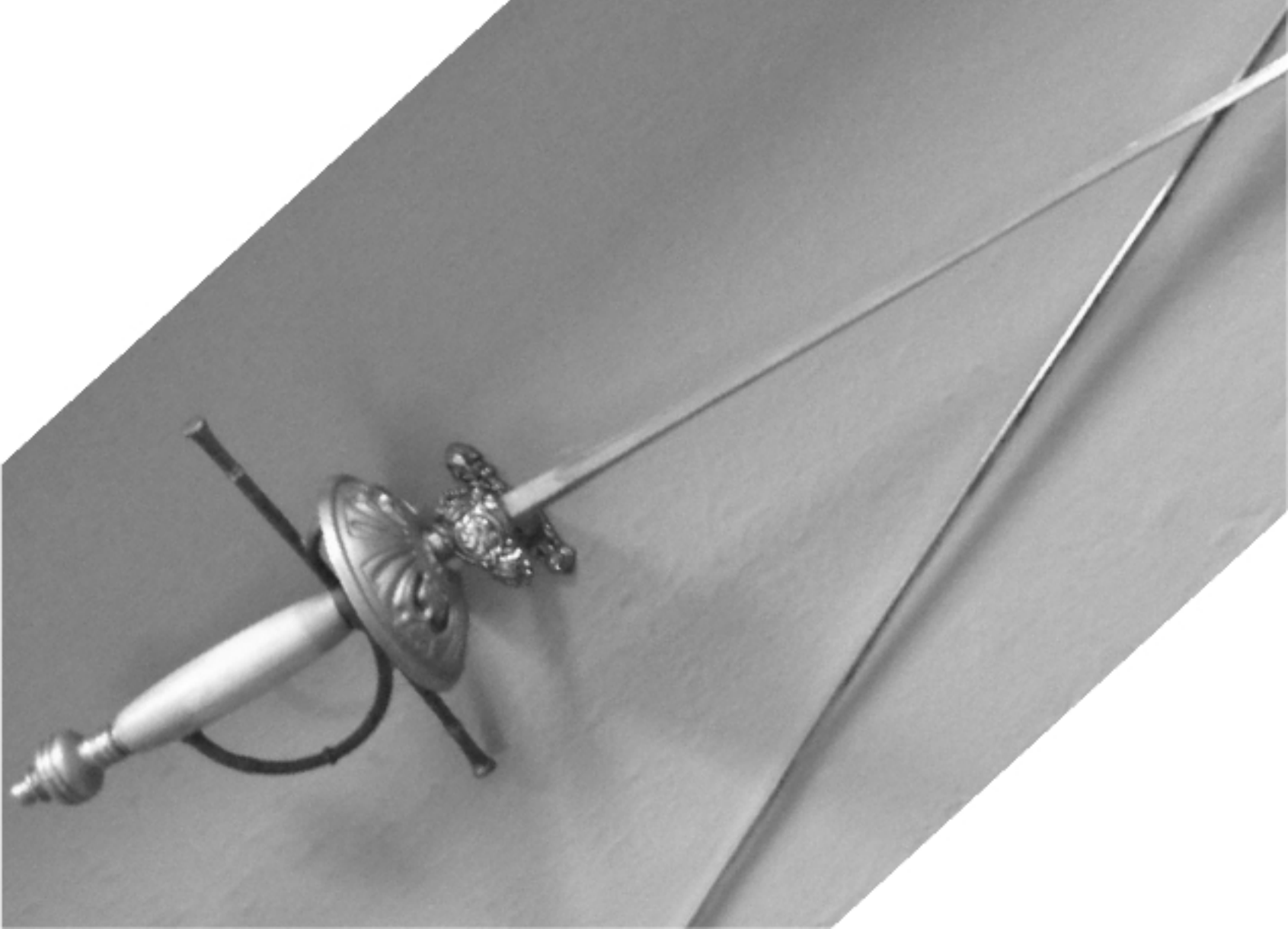
Jeanette Blasius



Gender Studies and Dramatic Literature

Unsexed and Unmanned:  
Gender Issues in William  
Shakespeare's *Macbeth*

Kathleen Padilla





The stereotypical roles of men and women are poignantly depicted in William Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Bearded women, blood-thirsty and controlling ladies, indecisive and kind-hearted men dominate the play. "Fair is foul and foul is fair" (1.1.11) is uttered by the three witches in the first scene. This line, along with the spoken line by the second witch: "When the battle is lost and won" (1.1.4) promote the play's theme that societal norms and natural beliefs will be turned upside down throughout the play, including traditional gender roles of Shakespeare's day. Men were masculine, filled with aggression, boldness, and strength; women were gentle, soft, fearful, and pitying (Kimbrough 177). The balance of masculine and feminine traits within the characters of the play is continually tested as the players shift between gender-stereotypical extremes.

In the age of Shakespeare, there was a saying that "the beard made the man" (Fisher 155). Fisher quotes numerous sources to infer that to be without a beard in this time was effeminate and goes further to state that it is a method to differentiate between the sexes. Thus, Banquo declares his confusion upon meeting the

witches, "...You should be women, / And yet your beards forbid me to interpret / That you are so" (1.3.45). Fisher goes on to claim that writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, namely Valerian and Bulwer, do not consider women with beards as androgynous, rather that they are something to be feared – "monsters" (170). Kimbrough asserts that a common practice by witches was to "destroy human sexuality" and to "turn a woman into a man" (179). By invoking the witches, bearded and unnatural, Shakespeare provides a direct parallel to Lady Macbeth (Schiffer).

Critics say it is to the unnatural witches that Lady Macbeth appeals when she says, "... Come, you spirits / That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here" (1.5.39-40). Thus, Lady Macbeth eschews her femininity when Macbeth imparts the Weird Sisters' revelations in a letter. While societal norms of women should be emotional and nurturing, Lady Macbeth turns her back on what is completely natural for women and requests that the spirits "take my milk for gall" (1.5.48). Lady Macbeth consistently derides her husband for the masculine traits she

believes she now possesses but he lacks: "... pour my spirits in thine ear / And chastise with the valor of my tongue / All that impedes thee ..." (1.5.26-28). This same vein continues when Macbeth wavers from the plot to kill the King of Scotland, Duncan:

... I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the  
babe that milks me;  
I would, while it was smiling in  
my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from  
his boneless gums  
And dashed the brains out ....  
(1.7.55-59)

Though Lady Macbeth endeavors to take on masculine traits, her attempts fail. When it is time to kill Duncan, Lady Macbeth sets up the murder scene by placing the daggers in the room but then laments, "Had he not resembled / My father as he slept, I had done't" (2.2.12-13). Lady Macbeth ends her life by suicide with "the cry of women" (5.5.8). She has lost her humanity to madness, becoming – like the witches – monstrous.

Macbeth becomes dominated by these female characters in the

play, thus doubting his masculinity and therefore his natural state (Schiffer). The character of Macbeth begins the play as a man, in the gender-construct sense of the word. Amidst the revolt, Duncan receives word from a wounded captain that "brave Macbeth" confronted the enemy, Macdonwald, and killed him (1.2.16). The Captain goes on further to explain that Macbeth was "[a]s cannons overcharged with double cracks" to end the revolt and achieve victory for the king (1.2.37-38). Macbeth's sense of masculinity begins to wane after meeting with the witches. He begins to take on stereotypical feminine qualities, such as fear, as he ponders the witches' prophecies:

... why do I yield to that  
suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix  
my hair  
And make my seated heart  
knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature?  
(1.3.135-138)

Lady Macbeth continually heaps feminine qualities onto her husband, "... yet I do fear thy



nature; / It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness" (1.5.16-17). As Macbeth moves forward with his wife's definition of a man he, like his wife, loses all humanity. Upon learning of his wife's death, he responds: "She should have died hereafter; / There would have been a time for such a word" (5.5.17-18). The transformation is complete as Macduff tells Macbeth, "We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, / Painted upon a pole ..." (5.8.25-26).

As societal norms are skewed throughout *Macbeth*, the natural becomes unnatural and gender roles are challenged. The bearded witches provide the mix of both those male and female traits, setting up the foil for Lady Macbeth and Macbeth to reach for the outer limits of gender roles. The characters in *Macbeth* are the antitheses of what critics believe are Shakespeare's model human beings: a man or woman who embraces the strengths of both sexes and accepts the weaknesses inherent to each. As Macbeth and Lady Macbeth lose the definitions of masculinity and femininity, they also lose their humanity.

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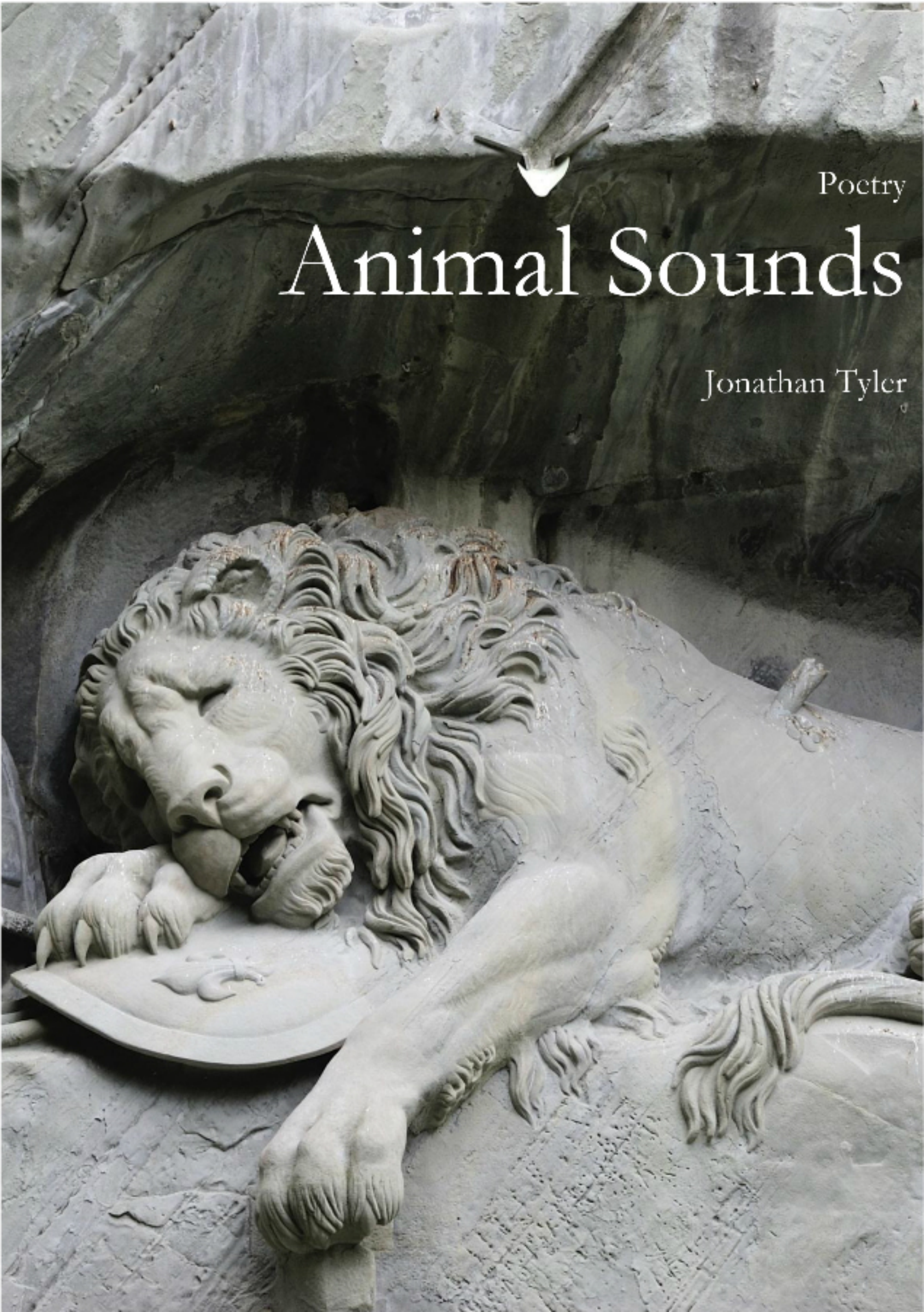
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A detailed stone sculpture of a lion's head and front paws. The lion's mouth is open, showing its teeth and tongue. The sculpture is set against a dark, textured background, possibly a cave or a stone wall. The lion's mane is intricately carved with many small, curved details. The paws are large and detailed, with visible claws. The overall tone is somber and artistic.

Poetry

# Animal Sounds

Jonathan Tyler



There are sounds an animal will make  
When it is in deepest agony.  
The sound freezes your blood and rends your heart in two.  
An animal will make these sounds  
When at the non-existent mercy of a predator-tormentor,  
Or at the loss of a love or child.

We humans pride ourselves on being above animals.  
Our superior intellect has put us on a level  
That they can never attain.  
Therefore, we are the masters of everything that goes  
On the land, through the air, or in the sea.

But here's a little secret I will let you in on.  
That is, if you are even still listening.  
The day you left...

Animal sounds came out of me.

Fiction

# June in July

## Travis Sharp



You know the point just before you decide that you're not going to make the jump into the water, and you pull your legs in tighter so as to not scrape against the concrete? That's where I am, I think. Except I can't feel my legs.

The June bugs aren't helping. They're late.

The June bugs in July skate in patterns in one of two trajectories: towards the horizon just above the blades of grass or towards your hairline. It's a dangerous game they play. What are the odds that the person beneath the hairline will duck or swerve, and what are the odds that the person will get a good hit in. A hit, say, good enough to kill.

I've had a few encounters with these particular June bugs, the ones that procrastinate their departure and, subsequently, their life.

The first encounter came when I was young. At first I thought it was a bee. Every bug was a bee. I needed glasses but no one knew, not even me. My memories of landscape are in Pointillism, my memories of faces are the grotesque and featureless spheres of skin that occupy nightmares, and everything – and everyone – was distant and distancing.



Unlike this bug, which was close and closing in. This bug, it flew headfirst into the car window, made a clattering thud. I saw it happen and laughed and I swear, the bug heard the laughter and went straight for me. It gave chase as I ran and sliced my ankle on metal, a rusting metal sheet taken from the bottom of around the house. By house I mean mobile home, and by mobile home I mean trailer with holes in the metallic walls, a place that rocks in the wind and threatens to flip and bend and twist in severe weather, that paints the lives of its inhabitants on its rust, that promises to blend in with the poverty of it all.

That was my first memory of the fear. I took myself inside and presented my injury as an offering: this is my suffering.

My mother said tetanus and suddenly everything was tetanus. My hair, my teeth, my nose, my eyes, my clothes, the June bug that made a thud against the bedroom window: vendetta unresolved. My bed was tetanus and I was lying in it.

“They’re june-ing,” someone told me once. They june all over the yard. The second encounter comes from this. The neighbor’s dogs sit in their backyard surrounded by mangled and chewed miniature tires. They snap at the June bugs as they go by, always missing, but always thinking they hit the mark. One of the dogs finally managed to grab one and he swallowed. I imagined insect legs clawing frantically at teeth, tongue, at the walls of the esophagus, at the lining of the stomach as it’s devoured by acid. Suddenly I yelled, “Tetanus!” I looked around. The neighbors thought I was crazy, and this wasn’t helping. They already see me wearing florescent colors and practicing surreal dance moves through my barely-covered windows. Last Tuesday, Ms. House-on-the-Corner approached my bedroom as I was recording a dance video for YouTube. But midway through it I lost my footing and landed on the floor. So I began to crawl and thought, Everything happens for a reason. This is just part of the act. I was a fish, a shark. I was powerful as my body flowed on the carpeted ocean. I became an amphibian. I got on my knees, flowing onto surfaces and leaving trails of slime where I went. I felt young and capable, but it only works when I’m moving. I got on all fours. Then I stopped. Ms. Neighbor was outside my window. She was recording me on her phone. I shrunk down, a single cell, an amoeba, back to square one where I stay

and will stay for the rest of my life.

But there was still the cry of tetanus. I thought of trying to pass it off as a new trend. In a week children throughout America will be calling out the names of diseases as code. The friends have synchronized leukemia. Her boyfriend wants to ringworm her salmonella. But there was no code for the dog. The dog was oozing tetanus. Soon it would be visible in his eyes. I see these eyes in the mirror. These eyes are my eyes.

My closest friend tells me of something she's heard. You take small strings of thread and tie them to the legs and the June bugs fly around, a balloon or a kite that flows against the wind.

I tried to do it once. I got close enough but the emotion was overwhelming and I couldn't touch it. I kept thinking of tetanus, like what if they somehow carry it in their DNA, on their exoskeleton, and it'll rub off on me and consume me. But then it becomes something else entirely, a new beast. Or the same beast, only it's evolved and infinitely more lethal. What if the June bug spreads its procrastination, its displacement, to all that it touches and I'm stuck here, unable to move, to act? I'd become one of them. I'd become Franz Kafka's latest hit from the grave, a metamorphosis for the ages, abandoned in the back room and unable to roll over.

How is it possible to ward off this? This fear? Think happy thoughts – that was the advice I got, I mean, from the online newspaper advice column I wrote to months ago. I was also told to replace my wardrobe, to refresh my life, and to practice what she called The Rejuvenation Technique. You strip down naked (as if there was another way to strip) and walk throughout your house or apartment, hands on your hips or your thighs. While doing this you imagine yourself walking before an audience of the world. Everyone is watching you walk in your house naked. They can see, in your privacy, that imperfections are perfections and perfections are sexy. After this you go to sleep and everyone in the world is watching your body rise and fall with the intake of air and they pray.

“Let the breathing continue,” they pray.



Can I not simply sleep until it's over, this life?

I cannot.

I can't afford a new wardrobe and my skin is uncomfortable, like a snakeskin. I feel an instinct, an evolutionary need, to shed it and take on a new layer, but there's nothing there. Sleeping naked is an impossibility. The blankets themselves are judgmental, my imperfect body tainting their fabric, stretched skin oozing off the sides. So I take a walk through the back yard, and the field past it, and the creek past it, across which I take off my shoes and let the fish nibble on my feet. The June bugs are still here, and it's the middle of July, and I'm ready to join them when they leave. I'd june all over the ocean. We'll see whether I make it to the other side, or slide under the surface and watch my wings break, where they'll lie on the surface and reflect the sun back to itself, as I sink further beneath them.



Fiction

# All the World's a Dollhouse

Maria Coble



Round and round, round and round. I coasted down the narrow path, standing hard on my brakes when I reached the door.

When I was eleven, I thought of my bike as that pony I had always wanted, the tassels on her handles waving in the wind, a long, trailing tail. Like any proper horse, she had a name, Abigail. Abigail and I went on many adventures together. She often rode me out of my world into places where I was the princess fleeing to another country for safety or the jockey about to win a race. Sometimes Abigail was the North Wind and I was Diamond, riding across the sky in her hair. On Abigail, the world was always more exciting and magical. Later, when my legs became tired, I'd ride Abigail down the path to my dad's workshop.

We called it a workshop, though he worked on cars. Each of them was at least a decade old. They were always breaking down and landing back down the hill in the workshop, waiting silently for dad to slide beneath them and fix them. I remember watching his grimy black hands as he worked. He always worked in his old office clothes. "No use throwing out what isn't dead." Then he would tuck his button down shirt into stained khaki slacks as he headed out to nurse the car back to health. He always wore the same clothes, working at the office, working at home, or relaxing. He said those were the best colors because they always matched. It was only years later that my aunt mentioned to me that it seemed my dad adopted one uniform for another. She said their uniforms in boarding school were khaki.

The workshop was always hot in the summer. The air was musty, a blend of mold, wood shavings and old car oil. Being in the shop made me sweaty, but even in the summer I could not stay away. After I squeezed past our seven bikes (one for each person and a seat on the back of Dad's bike for the baby), I could thread my way past Dad's oil pan and his scrap pile to the crude wooden platform where Mom let us keep our dollhouses. I lived through my old dollhouse. Through my dolls I said the words and lived the lives I would never physically experience. But once my third sister was born and Mom moved her upstairs, there was no space in our room for our dollhouses. Four beds and a dresser left no room for dolls or their houses.

I couldn't bear to let my doll house go. Mom said that Dad would make a board platform in his shop for the doll houses. Even in the summer, my sister, Miriam, and I would go out to the sweaty shop and



spend time scripting our stories.

In our dollhouses, we tried out other lives. We could be the “little ones,” acting like demanding toddlers instead of the responsible older sisters we had to be in real life. As dolls, we could be the “middle ones” or the parents before they were parents, trying out kissing and dancing by moving their little plastic bodies. Doll kids were born. We’d send our dads to work each morning, often forgetting them until the end of the day when we put everything back in the dollhouse. “Played today while dad was away,” Miriam would say, dumping her dad into the small double bed with his wife.

In my quiet, home-schooled life, acting out ideas with my dolls was one of the most exciting parts of my day. I was a child before the internet and had parents who did not believe in having a TV.

My mom found four copies of a book called *Carry On, Mr. Bowditch*, and we would read some of it each evening, taking turns reading and passing the books around. The story was so exciting! Nathan Bowditch had an amazing life full of dying, inventing, and adventuring on the high seas! His story inspired me so much I didn’t want the book to end. When the book finally ended, I decided there should be a play adaptation. My younger sisters weren’t interested in acting, so I turned back to my willing friends, my dolls, who were always willing to follow my directions. I sat surrounded by bikes and bins of nails, scribbling and moving my dolls. As my dad fixed what was old and broken, I sat and created something new. Soon the clatter of Dad’s tools became the cry of seagulls in my ears as Nathan traveled the open sea to Indonesia.

In time, my story was done. That night I cleaned off my desk, draped some Christmas lights, and rounded up my family as an audience. My desk became the stage as Mr. Sunshine, my Skipper doll, and Strawberry Shortcake brought Nathan Bowditch’s story to life. Huckleberry Pie did an amazing job starring as Nathan, never once missing a cue.

Dad was so proud he even took a picture at the end of my dolls sharing supper to celebrate Nathan’s safe return from sea. I loved the applause of my family, but the best part was that photo. I wasn’t a van needing new tires or a bike with a flat. I was his daughter and he knew it. I saw it in his eyes.



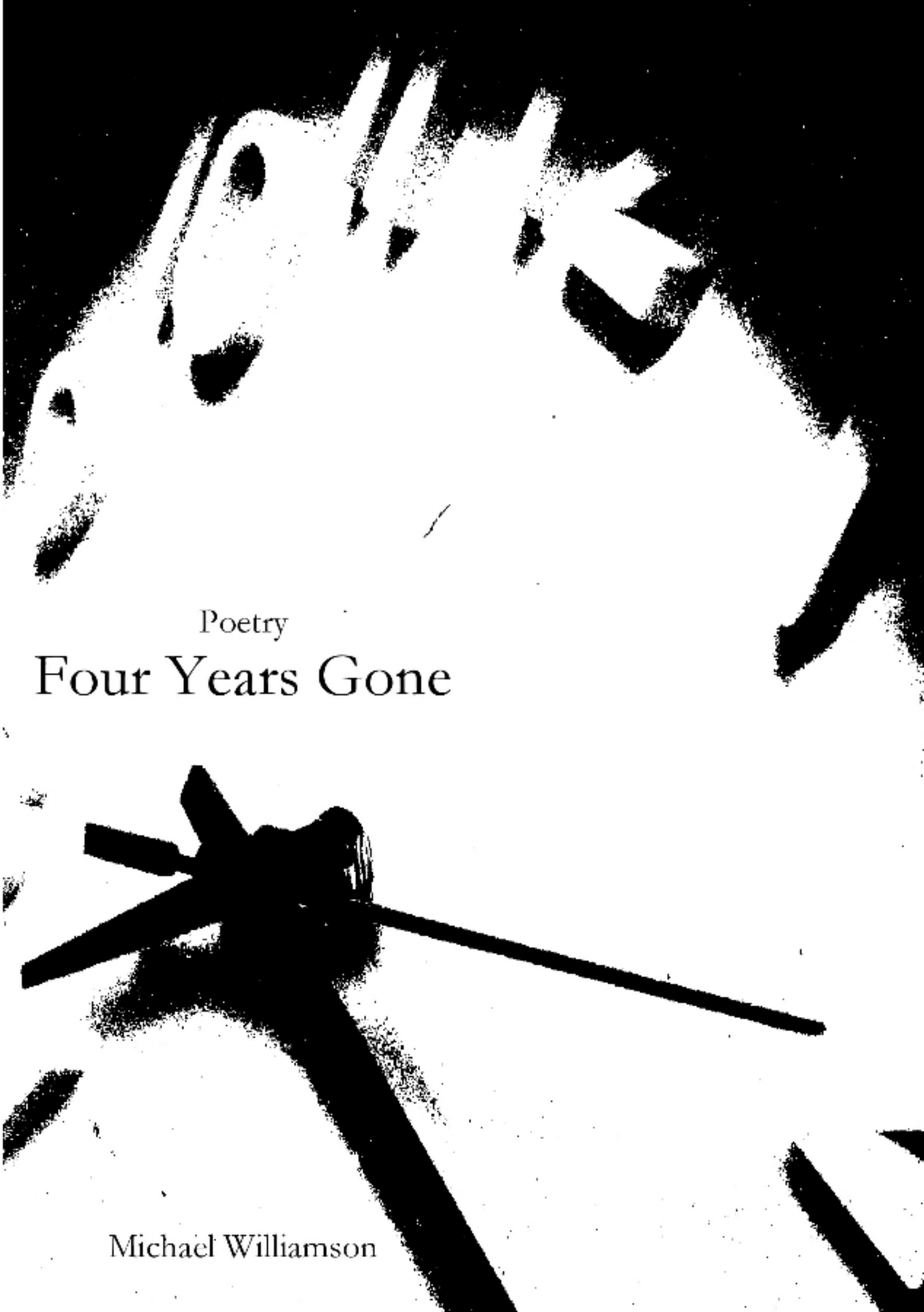
Photography

# The Morgan's Mill

Ashley Castillo







Poetry

# Four Years Gone

Michael Williamson

Again this night  
I awake to find  
my dad walking the halls  
going from  
room to room  
searching for his wife  
who is four years gone.

I tell him once  
—denial—  
I tell him twice  
—confusion—  
I tell him thrice  
—cognition—

Then once again  
he realizes that  
his wife, Marie,  
my mother,  
is four years gone.

He returns to sleep  
whilst I pace the halls  
going from  
room to room.



## Contributor Notes

**Jeanette Blasius** is a painter, photographer, sketch artist, Adobe Illustrator Designer, paper crafter, and prop-maker. She has been taking art classes for many years and is currently enrolled at Athens State University as a Graphic Design major. She is always searching for new art skills, and her goal is to have an open availability of many art skills so that she may create almost any kind of project.

**Ashley Castillo**, daughter to Teri and Jerry Neu, was born Dec. 14th 1985 and was raised in the small town of Morrill, Nebraska. Her mother instilled the love for art in Ashley at a young age. She began teaching her at the age of 3 to draw horses. She also met the love of her life, Andrew, when she was 3 years old. They later married in June of 2003, and had three boys, Seth, Zavior and Aiden. They now reside in Elkmont, AL, where she waits patiently to finish her BA in Art Studio. Her hobbies are painting, drawing, sculpture, and photography.

**Maria Lofgren Coble** is a senior majoring in English. She lives in Huntsville and plans to become a secondary English teacher. Her work appears in *Idd Musings* and *Idd Meanderings* (both edited by Sophie N. Childs). Her poetry and prose also appear in the *Birmingham Arts Journal*, *Muse* literary journal, and *The Athenian*. Her favorite authors include Joan Anderson, Elizabeth Berg, Octavia Butler, Orson Card, Martin Espada, Lisel Mueller, and Marge Piercy.

**A. Scott Michael** is an English major with a computer science minor. Prior to coming to Athens State University, he studied geography at the University of Kansas. His interests include creative writing and critical theory, particularly ecocriticism. He is also the Assistant Editor of *Athena's Web*.

**Kathleen M. Padilla**, also known as Kat, spent twenty years in the

United States Navy as an Electronics Technician. Somehow fixing RADAR systems led her to believe she could become an English major, and may also be the reason for her unhealthy addiction to structuralism. She is married to the most wonderful man in the world, Frank, and is often helped in her studies by Max and Lucy, the two smartest cats in Athens, Alabama. Her goal is to be a teacher with an emphasis on adult literacy and GED studies.

**Kelton Lord Riley, Esq.** is graduate of Samford University, with a B.A. in German and a minor in Spanish. As a current student of Athens State, he is pursuing his second Bachelors, this time in English (a language he has yet to master) and History. An undiscovered children's book author, Riley is currently awaiting his first professional rejection letter. His interests include mimicking Oscar Wilde and appropriating titles of nobility he has not earned.

**Travis Sharp** is an English major at Athens State University with a minor in Drama. He is the creator and current Editor of *Athena's Web*. His main theoretical interests lie in gender studies and in the concept and condition of post-gender. Travis has worked as a paraprofessional in the Madison City school system and as a Writing Consultant in the Athens State University Writing Center. He is also the Stage Manager for the Athenian Players. He enjoys writing short fiction and rereading Amy Hempel's short story collections.

**Jonathan Tyler** is a student at Athens State University.

**Michael Williamson** is an English major at Athens State University.

# Submission Guidelines

We accept both academic and creative work produced by College of Arts and Sciences students. As such, we welcome a wide range of submissions including research and analysis papers, case studies, short stories, essays, poems, photographs and photo essays, artwork, novel excerpts, short plays, and others. The submission deadline for the Spring 2013 semester is March 31.

## **For academic work:**

In order to be considered for publication, academic work must be submitted to the editors along with a faculty recommendation: when submitting academic work, note in the body of the email that you have discussed submitting the work with a faculty member. Submitted work can be a maximum of 15 double-spaced pages and must be formatted using the citation style appropriate to the content. Submit the work and the faculty recommendation to the editors at [athenas.web@athens.edu](mailto:athenas.web@athens.edu).

## **For creative work:**

Creative work should be submitted directly to [athenas.web@athens.edu](mailto:athenas.web@athens.edu). A faculty recommendation is not necessary. Prose (short stories, historical fiction, novel excerpts) should not exceed 3,000 words. Drama should not exceed one act of a play. Do not put your name directly on the submission. Submissions should be double-spaced.

## **FYI:**

Please attach your submission in any of the following formats: .doc, .docx, .rtf, .jpg, or .pdf. Do not paste your submission into the email.

All submissions should include the following contact information: name, telephone number, student email, and faculty recommendation (if required).



In the case of acceptance, the editors will send an email to your Athens State email address informing you of our decision. We will also request that you send in a small bio about yourself to be included in the Contributor Notes section of the journal. You can include information such as your major, writing interests, hometown, favorite literature, or other appropriate personal information. Limit 75 words.

# Athena's Web Cover Design Contest

Athena's Web will be hosting an annual cover page design contest. Contestants will create an original artwork which will be used as the cover page for the journal for one year. The only limitation of medium is that it must be capable of being saved as an image file or of being scanned. Photographs of student artwork are also acceptable. The artist will be credited on the Information page and will be listed as a contributor. All works entered into the contest will also be considered for publication in the journal.

## **Considerations:**

All entries should display the title of the journal, Athena's Web, and should also display the subtitle, A Journal of the College of Arts and Sciences, in smaller font OR leave space for the addition of such. Use the font Mistral.

All entries should also display the semester and year of publication (Spring 2013).

Please submit entries as a .pdf or .jpg file.

Submit all entries to [Athenas.Web@athens.edu](mailto:Athenas.Web@athens.edu). The subject line should read: Cover Design Contest Submission. Attach the file to the email. Also include the following information in the body of the email:

Name

Student Email

Name of the work (if applicable)

Brief personal biography (for use in the Contributor Notes section)

The winning entry will be subject to change in terms of size and dimensions.

Please submit all entries by March 15, 2013.

If you have any questions concerning the contest, direct them to [Athenas.Web@athens.edu](mailto:Athenas.Web@athens.edu).



# Fiction Readings

Athena's Web, along with Building Success through Writing and the Athens State University Writing Center, will be sponsoring a fiction reading in the learning commons of the Athens State University Library.

While created primarily as a venue for fiction writers and poets published in Athena's Web, the fiction reading will by no means be exclusive. Students, faculty, staff, and alumni of Athens State University are invited to attend and to bring writing of their own to read. Local writers are also welcome.

If you wish to give a reading, please be sure to contact the editors beforehand.

Short stories, poems, novel excerpts, and creative nonfiction are all welcome.

**Date:** to be determined. We are aiming for the first week of April.

**Location:** the learning commons in the Athens State University Library. The learning commons is on the first floor, to the right just as you enter.



## spring teaser 2013

Kelton Riley - Jeanette Blasius - Kathleen Padilla - Jonathan Tyler - Travis Sharp -  
Maria Coble - Ashley Castillo - Michael Williamson - A. Scott Michael - Guy  
McClure - Nicole Thrower