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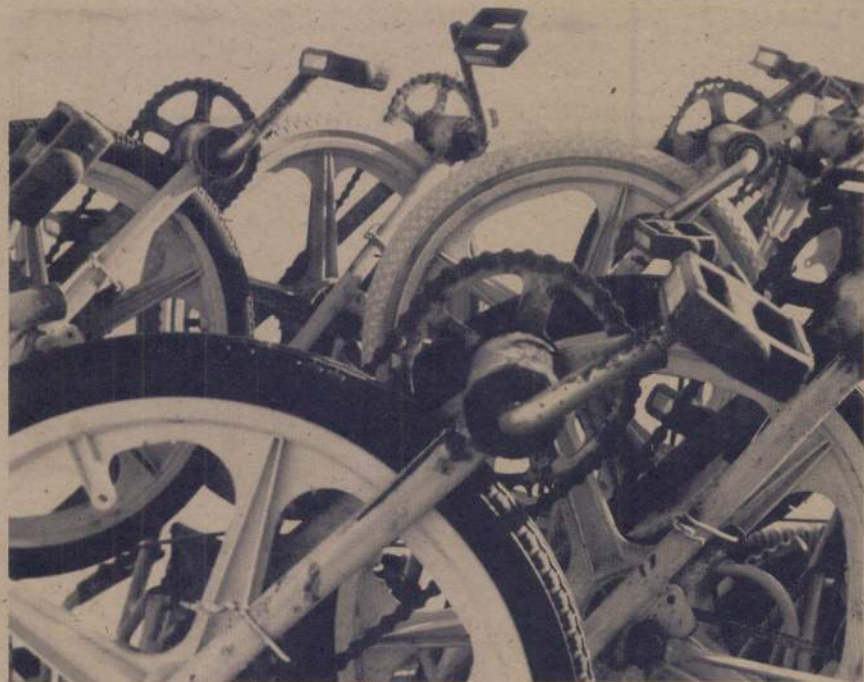
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ARCHARIOS



FALL 1992



Circles in Cycle

Patrick Mitrione

photograph

9 1/2" x 7 1/2"

ARCHARIOS

Literary / Art Magazine
Coastal Carolina College

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Paul Rice, Eric Rogers, David M. Schulz, John Switter

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Paul Olsen

EDITOR'S NOTE

This is my first issue as editor, it has proven to be a mixture of fun and hard work. I would like to thank Paul Olsen and my staff members, old and new, for doing such a great job. Also, thanks to the people who submit to and read *Archarios*; without them there would be no magazine.

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Jacque
Stephanie Biegner
pencil
24" x 19"

The Event

Shannon Templin

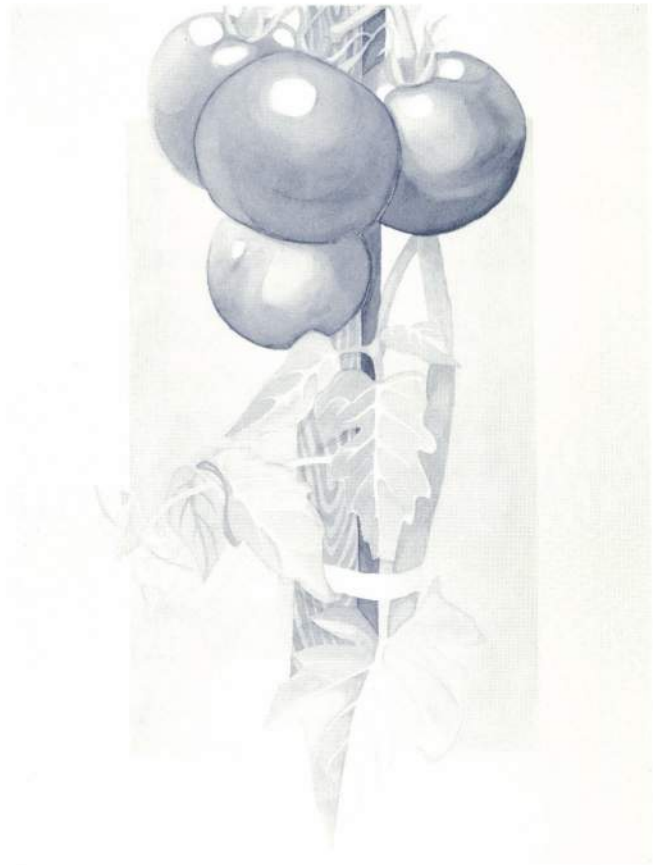
Mother and I excuse our way
through a world
of well-oiled faces,
each a slave to its hat.

Even the dogs
are lightfooted actors,
comparing collars and teeth.

But the horses—
they are real.
Their liquid muscles churn
under sleek skin,

and every stifle-pushing stride
beats out a sterling silver past.





At the Stake
Donna Baruchi
watercolor
22" x 30"

Easter Sunday

Sarah Loudin



Azaleas and Camellias
send pistils and stamens
haltingly into cool air.
Spring is holding back
like a child loath
to part with the power
of a secret long held.

Even so, bright flowers
display themselves
with the vibrancy
of girls discovering
the womanly sway of petal
curving thighs.
Wisteria is coquettish,
demurely drooping blossoms
do little to conceal
whorish reek of perfume.
Late frost will ice them
with chill reprimands.

Winter, with cold breath
blown into April,
is hard on the innocent.
Shy dogwood won't expose
notched petals to the blast
of northern condemnation.
They curl upon themselves
in agonized imitation,
four bloodied petals
clutch a thorny crown.

Broke Again

David M. Schulz

There's nothing sacred
about a penny jar,
having been fed
cold, dirty copper
for months on end.

Only after paychecks
is it offered nickels
and dimes — a quarter
if it's lucky.

This content glass vessel
sits on my desk,
never deserving
of the upending
I give it
 on the floor
next to the empty penny rolls.



Young Family Barn

Tim Dillinger
photograph
9 1/4" x 6 3/4"



Stories From the Bathroom Tiles

Duane Nancarrow

pencil

14" x 10 1/4"



A Guy Named John

Shannon Templin

I saw him first
at a beetle-bug meeting,
a framey boy
with serious eyes,
keen-eared,
and focused
on fixing up his fate,

then many more times
at Dunkin and Denny's
with Alex, Adam and Eric
his best friends
and pallbearers.

It is his eyes
that invade my sleep,
wide and brown,
frightening and forever,

I thought.

The Death of Grubs and Other Malignant Trivialities

Corey Merchant

Mother was earthy
predisposed to
simple truth
she took small bites
of the universe and
chewed them well

i dig grubs from wood
with no good reason
but to save them
from the fire

she picked and purged
all her father's infirmities
from her mind
plucked the jewel
of her mother's rough love
from her heart
and wore it 'round her neck

remembering how pretty
imperfect things can be

i separate dumb white
parasites from their
food and drop them
exposed on the grass
i burn their home
let them feel the heat

Mother's dis-eases
the ones that fled
her reason
crawled deep inside
waited out the storm
in her Heart Pine chest
waited for
her wood to burn

pops and fizzle
sound from the embers
some T-N-T larvae
escape my pricking
for a hotter death

i must have been ravenous
to dare sparing any
took too much life in a bite
so, choking
i gather my bastard refugees
the ones i saved
and toss them
one after another
to Hell



Knuckle Ball

Joe Bergman
concrete
14" x 16" x 16"

Sandy
Jacque Allen
photograph
7 1/4" x 9 1/2"



Ghosts
John Switter

From my cell
I can see a leaf
Scurry across
The courtyard.

It hurries to the corner
Where it is caught
By a pile of swirling dirt,
Then swallowed.

On the wall
I scratch into the paint,
"Sometimes how a man dies
Is more important
Than how he lived."

Now nothing moves.
Even I am still.
I wonder, if from
The towers, the guards
See ghosts.



The Marlboro Man

Barbara Anne Chatham

What once was a cigarette pack
is now a crumpled tombstone
in the soil of a plant at the mall.

An ex-smoker, I lean down to resurrect it
curious to read its engraving.
A movement startles me
and through green branches I spot him
over by the "Chick Filet" counter.

I steal ficus oxygen and steady myself
in leafy shelter to watch another ex-habit.

He props on the counter to gain someone's attention.
Stretches himself. Looks long, thin.
Like a Marlboro Light.

Subconscious need for nicotine, I search the pack.
Tobacco ghosts tantalize my senses.

The lean man flirts with a young woman
who smiles from over the counter.

I crave a smoke.
Smoothed out, the wrapper reads
"Marlboro Light", my favorite.

He offers her a cigarette.
She accepts.
She looks young, habit hungry.

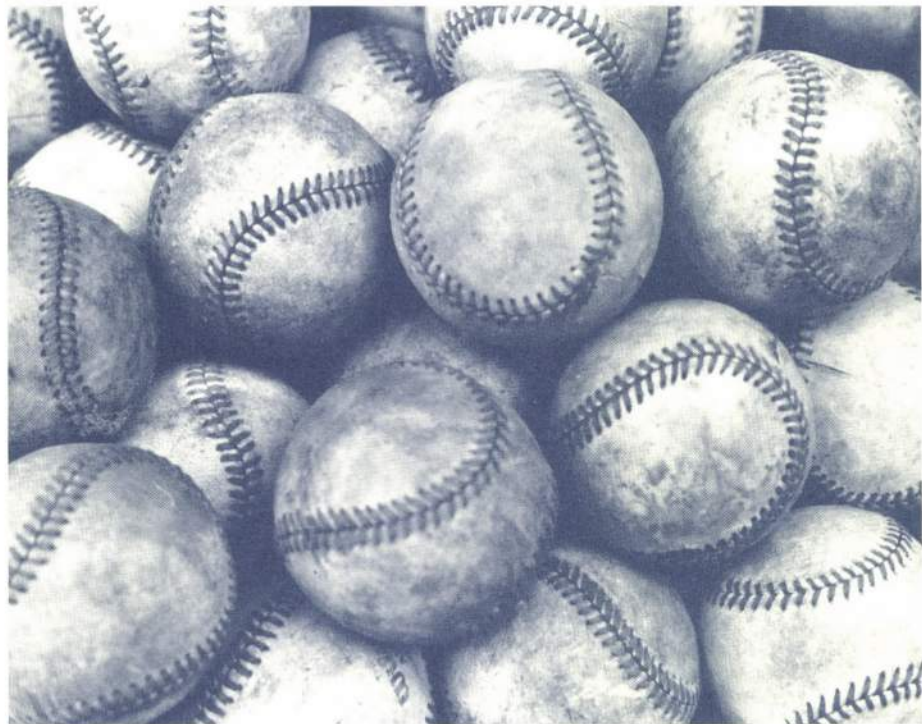
My fidgety fingers flip the pack over.
Its epitaph gives the Surgeon General's warning.

Maybe someone should warn her
about the dangers of smoking.

I draw him in and exhale the thought,
replace the paper monument on its gravesite.
And walk away.



Out of Bounds
Jill MacEldowny
photograph
9 1/2" x 7 1/2"



Coleman Ware

Sarah Loudin

His house, as knock-kneed as he,
holds to the hillside with claws
buried in the flesh of a mountain.

He kills for a living,
steel-jawed traps have tongues
quicker than the black snake
coiled beneath his shed
thriving on spilled guts.

We carry him groundhogs shot
in the field building holes
that can catch a man's leg,
snap it before the haying is done.

He opens the bellies
of his livelihood
with a flicking blade

and a line of talk
that flows sinuous,
like blood.

He piles hides in the corner.
Case-skinned, hollow animals
lack only heads and feet,
lack only claws and teeth.

Wiping death from his knife
on a dirty pant leg,
he cuts into an apple.
Slicing chunks of fruit
against a steady thumb,
he eats from the blade
as one who knows
he is the hunter.



Colono Ware

Stephanie Biegner
pottery
height: 2"- 6";
diameter: 5"



Eye Tell

David M. Schulz

Lamed at youth
through the eye
and into the mind

Never a chance at all
with neighborhood bullies
all the bloody noses
told their tales
to a screaming mother

Never a chance at best
with budding junior high
dreams — fear was my enemy
hard-ons at the black board
told their tales
to a laughing seventh grade

Never a chance in hell
to be like Brads and Biffs
a loony toon from the start
left out

too late in the night
full of opiates and Molsen
later to be dried out
wet pillows and red eyes
told their tales
to anyone who never listened

Trevor
Missie Hyatt
lithograph
12" x 19 1/2"





Around Underground

Patrick Mitrione

photograph

9 1/2" x 7 1/2"

Sophia
John Switter

Helping her up
From the depths of the chair,
I accidentally
Palmed her breast.
How long had it been
Since they felt a hand
Cup them slowly in?
These sagging breasts.
This old matriarchal pair.

Was she secretly pleased?
So natural it seemed
My hand and her breast.
Her ancient nipple
Erect once again,
So long since
Grandfather's death.

Dear old woman,
I lean and kiss her head.
Knowing she's not
Just a matted old perm

Now hobbling
Down the darkened hall.
Polyester slacks
Hugging bony old hips
And legs, long ago
Pinned straight.



Moo To You
Tim Dillinger
photograph
9 1/2" x 7 1/2"



White Noise

W. B. Brent Batchelor
plaster and wood
53" x 14" x 6"

Morning Meditation

Corey Merchant

rolling through
the morning haze
this grey
family-sports-wagon-thing
goes by and
arrests my attention
with stickers
bumper to top
for the latest
smiling faces
in a political race

passing shortly after
a caravan of
V.W. buses
stuffed with

cosmic bandits and
stuck with blue,
red, green, yellow
swirling decorations
and witty proclamations

my mind
eager to order
the universe
espouses rules of nature

hippies are addicted
to unreliable transportation
and people generally have
funny taste in leaders

With the Grain

Jill MacEldowny
photograph
7 1/2" x 9 1/2"





Six Feet Under

Megan McDonough

Today at her funeral
I said goodbye
and for the first time the word
meant forever.

I had tried to grasp it
once before,
But it was melting ice
slipping away from my
two small hands

Today my hand grew
and I held the word,
it cut, but drew no blood
the wound was inside

The Difference

John Switter

We giggle, learning
The difference
Between spring and fall.

Spring
Crocuses first bulge
Under snow, then blossom
Full soft petals.
Then the bees.

Fall
Deep in stems sap slows,
And giant red-veined leaves
Shelter the fragile nest
Of a bird.





After Van Eyck
Donna Catton-Johnson
paper collage
16" x 21 1/2"



Danae

Stephanie Biegner

pencil

24" x 19"

Pale Death

Alice Carroll

I am shaking again. Very noticeably, I'm afraid.

Thank God I am in my room, where no one can see me. I hate it when I'm like this. I can't stop.

But I'll have to. I'll have to go to school soon.

I don't know what's wrong. I'm not scared. What do I have to be scared about? I'm just sitting here in my room by myself.

But I'm shaking, God how I am shaking.

I'm not cold, at least I don't think I am.

I can't really tell anymore.

I don't feel anything.

So what the hell is my problem? Why am I shaking?

It's been two weeks since the accident. I'm over it now. I am.

Alexander is gone.

I've accepted it; there is nothing to do but get on with my life. He just made a bad decision using that stuff Louis got for him. He didn't get it from Jon like we usually did. I told him Louis sold bad stuff and that he should wait to talk to Jon. But Alex said I worried too much.

"You're the one who is trembling," I answered.

He ignored my remark and said that it was okay to trust Louis.

Unconvinced, I left his

house.

Later that night his mother found him in his room on the floor. She said he was completely devoid of all color, like he was an albino or something.

Alexander's mom said at the wake, "He was so white he looked like..." She stopped and started to weep softly.

"Like death," I finished automatically.

Mrs. McKillene began to sob.

My mother slapped me on the back and chastised me for upsetting Mrs. McKillene further. I clumsily mumbled my apology, though I doubt Mrs. McKillene heard me.

It must have been a strange sight finding Alexander, I thought, wondering what he

had looked like lying on the floor, what Death had looked like.

The funeral parlor did a bad make-up job on Alexander. They put a lot of color on his face, but he looked just like a painted ghost. At least that's what I thought, anyway. I said I thought it was ridiculous to put make-up on him, but my mother said it would make everyone feel better.

People think they can somehow make Death look more comfortable, but I know better. You can't simply put a mask over Death and believe that everything is okay. But people like to fool themselves; reality is too frightening for them.

I noticed how skinny

Alexander was when I looked in the casket. There was so much room left in it, it seemed like it had been made for a giant. His body looked terribly scrawny and it appeared his cheek bones were trying to push out of the dismal skin on his face. The make-up only added to his ghoulish appearance, perverting his facial features, but everybody else said Alexander looked just like he always had. People lie to themselves all of the time.

I move from the bed to the mirror. I am still shaking while I put on more rouge. I glance at the clock and see that it is time for Jon to come pick me up. I grab my books and head for the door.

"Scarlett," my mother cries,

"don't forget your lunch money again."

I wave her off, already halfway out the door. "I don't eat at lunch anyway."

"Well, take it just in case," she replies. "You might get hungry later."

"I got to go," I say, leaving quickly before she sees me shaking. "Jon's here."

I close the door behind me and walk out to Jon's car. As I open the car door, Jon smiles at me.

"I got the stuff this morning," he says.

I get into the car and answer, "Great, I need something to get me through today."



Confusion

Ron Rega

monotype

22 1/2" x 16 1/4"



Momma
Missie Hyatt
lithograph
19 1/4" x 12"

The Deer Slayers

Sarah Loudin

They gather beneath pine branches
suspended from a black intensity
beyond the circle of lantern light.

Rope slung branch high
hoists a buck caught grazing
in an unsuspecting field.
Horns are lifted into the tree.
He stands slump shouldered,
uncertain of his manly posture.

His chin is forced high,
as if he is too proud to admit
that he lacks heart and gut.
Even his stomach is gone,
taken while busy redefining
apples stolen from the orchard.

He pirouettes in labored breath
of men who heave his body a notch higher.
As if his legs, with stiff appearance
of pointed toe leap, would find purchase
upon touching earth once again.

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AWARDS

Art

first: White Noise by W. B. Brent Batchelor
second: After Van Eyck by Donna-Catton Johnson

Literature

first: Coleman Ware by Sarah Loudin
second: The Death of Grubs and Other Malignant
Trivialities by Corey Merchant

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individual contributors. Submissions are accepted from students, faculty and staff throughout the academic school year. Excluding *Archarios* staff members and those writing under a pen name, only students are eligible for awards. Benefactrices, patronages, and subscriptions are available annually. Please direct all inquiries to: *Archarios*, USC Coastal Carolina College, P.O. Box 1954, Conway, SC 29526, or call (803) 347-3161, extension 2328. The *Archarios* office is located in the Student Center of USC Coastal Carolina College, Room 203-B.

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From Dawn to Dusk

Nichol Quiggins

photograph

6 3/8" x 9 1/2"

