11-1-1993

Archarios, 1993 Fall

Office of Student Life

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/archarios-magazine

Part of the Higher Education Commons, and the History Commons

Recommended Citation

https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/archarios-magazine/19
EDITORIAL BOARD
Richard Collin, Shannon Goff, Lynne Mason, Corey Merchant, Anne Trainer-Monk, Nelljean Rice, Eric Rogers, Sandi Shackelford

ADVISER
Paul Olsen

EDITOR’S NOTE
Since first arriving at Coastal, I have been impressed by Archarios and those who struggled to revive it. Now I have the opportunity to provide the campus with another year of poetry and art. I would like to thank Paul Olsen, John Switter, and the rest of my staff for supporting me throughout my effort. I would also like to thank my father who inspired me to become editor, and Paul Rice who instilled in me my love of poetry.
ART & PHOTOGRAPHY

Donna Barruchi - Don't Cry Out Loud
inside back cover
Kimberley Boros - Sea Friend - 16,
Untitled - 22
Rita Deegan - Cats - 6
Brandy Hamilton - Worry - 3,
Stay Off Crack - 29
Elizabeth Knight - Nude #1 - 26
Patrick Mitrione - Cain and Abel - 28
Anthony Sawyer - Steve - 20
Shannon Thomas - Mr. Muscles - 8,
Atalaya Detail - 15
Bjarne Werner - Madonna - 7,
Untitled - 23
Kumiko Yoshihara - Untitled - 13

LITERATURE

Melissa Burney - Baptism - 4,
Grannie's Backyard - 17
Gregory Keith Cole - Definition -14,
Salience - 24
Sarah Loudin - Memorial Day - 21,
Propagation - 27
Megan McDonough - Sunrise to Sunset - 25
Corey Merchant - Kneeling in the Aisles - 5
Paul Rice - NIGHTPAINTING - 18
Eric Rogers - Unless Hollow, Mountain is an
Adjective That Will Not Fit
My Mouth - 2,
To the Rich, Waiting to Die - 10
Shannon Templin - Nairobi, Kenya - 12,
SILLY KIDS - 14,
The Money People Next Door - 30
Sandy Watson - On the Wall - 9
Unless Hollow, 
Mountain is an Adjective 
That Will Not Fit My Mouth 

Eric Rogers

The cave lies naked, 
Yawns up 
From a caseweed mattress. 
Rocks sleep overhead, 
Familiar lovers nestled 
Atop dry passages 
Cleft in live granite. 
In spiritless corridors 
I disrupt fossil cyclones of leaves, 
The multicolored memories 
Of past green seasons 
Lay spiraled about the floor.

Farther in. 
I grope blind for a truth 
Written on small rocks 
Like a man tears at a corpse 
In search of answers inside. 
To bend and snap, 
break
Pound the mountain to sand 
And expect my truth there. 
There must be others, 
These stones 
Are too big.

... Mountains 
Hold their answers 
In stony virgin thighs, 
And a broken rock 
Is no more soft.
Worry
Brandy Hamilton
photograph
6 1/2" x 4 1/4"
Baptism
Melissa Burney

After red and gold disappear from the trees, losing the sins of hot summer days and chilly September nights that burned the skins of passionate lovers with log fires, it floats down from the sky, a blanket putting a baby to rest, covering everything in innocent white, a baptism of Earth washing away original sin, leaving the sky grey with afterthought.
Kneeling in the Aisles
Corey Merchant

Sylvia can't go home today
she stoops, kneels in the aisles
of a bookstore she used to play
swims with Moby Dick
in the face of the Great Unknown
and walks on

lights flash on the buildings
the brownstone bars and undergrounds
flicker on a life sedated
and a childhood left undone
moonlight moves like breathing
beneath her feet on the roadside rain

she takes her eyes off the horizon
where the fringes meet the lines
lines like the grated metal
where the waters off the street converge
lured to slick, stoned stagnation
needful of the earth and motion
like her once simple life,
man and wife
the fixed-up flat
and apparent security

but in the dark of a party
a costume ball for New Year's Eve
a stranger dressed as a jester
tipped his hat and spoke in tongues
spinning words about Nature
and a violent overflow
Cats
Rita Deegan
relief print
6 1/4" x 4 1/4"
Madonna*
Bjarne Werner
pencil
11 1/2" x 13 1/2"
*study of a photograph
Mr. Muscles
Shannon Thomas
photograph
6 1/2" x 9 1/2"
On the Wall
Sandy Watson

"I am miserable
in the nineties,"
said the woman
to her eye
in the mirror
where her monsters live
(They roar, they scream and die)
Sometimes, she jumps in
with them
where she crawls
on all three knees
until her kneecaps
are so swollen
that she doesn't feel
the heat
of the blood
that drip-drip-drips
from a mouth
that's opened
horror-wide
because her other eye
has figured out
there's nowhere
left to hide
To the Rich, Waiting to Die
Eric Rogers

Gridlock, Waccamaw bridge.
Cars inch along nose to tail
Like whipped dogs.
Ahead, an air-conditioned matron
In a thirty-thousand dollar coffin
Sits with cracked window
Venting smoke
From a thin lipped cigarette.

I, behind, sweat and curse,
Windows down in no breeze.

Her lap is alive with a mean-eyed
Toy something,
Needle teeth and lip curl.
I grimace the best smile I can
Thinking of the old maxim that
Pets resemble their owners.
The dog is a singular
Furry black thought,
Bathed in fear inspired meanness.
It sits, blinks in the blue smoke
And bristles at the other cars.
Pets resemble their owners,
A window to the soul.

The woman now alert, territorial,
Gives a sudden glance into her mirror
As if she smells my sweaty presence
Behind her.
A disdainful look at a dirty man,
She dismisses me, hugs the dog tight.
Around me, the air cools.

Heat stops,
And I see we are all indeed alike.
The same, alone, after all.
Nairobi, Kenya
Shannon Templin

The shy face
of another back-slung babe
hides his smile
between mother's shoulder blades
as she begs for a shilling note.

The rest of the city
passes her by unnoticed
For they too
wear the thin suits
and worn scarves
of perpetual poverty.

Here lives truth
in these innocent minds
and simply satisfied bodies
made useful and sun-brown
long ago
when they first sprang
from the red clay womb
of their mother-
Africa.
Untitled
Kumiko Yoshihara
pen and ink
16 1/2" x 10 3/4"
Definition
Gregory Keith Cole

Curved line
every point equally distant
from a point within
the center;
cymbal
hooped parchment
areola
beer bottle lips
braille's base
pores
salt shaker's freckles
vanilla wafers.

Silly Kids
Shannon Templin

He is a butterfly

I am a turtle

What were we thinking
Atalaya
Shannon Thomas
photograph
6" x 4"
Sea Friend
Kimberley Boros
relief print
20" x 14"
Grannie's Backyard
Melissa Burney

I stood in the backyard of Grannie's house where the slave quarters used to be, the ground still packed dirt, the grass refusing to grow. A fence retreats from the old oak and its sidekick shed. My brother has climbed that tree many times, its roots grow upward, like a stairway, inviting children to climb up and see the mythical Southern Sky.

I climb only at night, the sky most peaceful then. Every star can be identified, the shooting ones wished upon, and dreams become realities, like Jiminy Crickett promises.

I wonder if long ago, children dreamed the same dreams, on this roof, that turns into a comfortable seat, once limbs surrender to sky.

It is almost dark, I climb up in the last shades of twilight. At the top night falls like a blanket off a child's body. I climb onto the splintery rooftop and my dreams lift me into the stars.
NIGHTPAINTING

Paul Rice
	onight my platter is the very picture of Platonic seafood—
the shrimp perfectly pink,
potatoes white as Carrara marble,
romaine shading from topaz to fine emerald tip.

I am in the mood for the ocean's art.
the frame—a beach-front window.
floodlights back of the restaurant paint the sea a shrill green,
then fade to black void,
the way the world must have been before the light was said.

in the foreground water,
gulls gather in hundreds to feed on fish
that feed on the light.
I want to love this picture,
but once I loved a woman—
the seventies, Atlanta.
for good money
she hauled black velvet art,
vans of it, from Mexico City, Matamoros,
then sold it on hot southern roadsides
to gypsy soul of plumber and waitress
hungry for bright matadors,
and the impossible dripping red’s
of a Jesus crowned with thorns.

though her face has faded
to a gauzy oval,
and I can’t remember
the color of her eyes,
she is not gone
as long as I look at gulls on green water
and can only see brushstrokes
on a background of dark velvet sea.
Steve
Anthony Sawyer
pastels
25 1/2" x 19 3/4"
Memorial Day
Sarah Loudin

Old women come
wearing hardship
painstakingly applied
with palsied hands.
Guided grandchildren
carry cardboard boxes
laden with nature’s
wild bloom.
Flowers grace graves
by the mason-jar full,
delay wilting
for another second
of eternity.

Blossoms bow their heads
as thoughts are washed
whiter than snow, Lord,
and ladies return
to the church lawn.
Wooden chairs
set out in formation
serve as impromptu
jury box from which
old women might
pass judgement
on the quick
and the dead.

Grandchildren chase
across the yard,
watching, waiting,
for an old one
to fall into Grace.
Untitled
Kimberley Boros
colored pencil
25 1/2" x 19 3/4"
Untitled
Bjarne Werner
pencil
13 1/2" x 14"

23
Salience
Gregory Keith Cole

vernal sun
in blue yawn

fainting wind
knights new breeze

gaze sees
what palms earth

into timely braids
of universe....

Signature: Gregory K. Cole
Sunrise to Sunset
“A Day in the Life of a Slave”
Megan McDonough

Cramped
Split and cracked
from hours of picking
like droning work bees
we bellow in the scorching
sun
Hiding, he waits
till I finally stop
to catch
my breath
Slashing the blood drenched
cowskin he whips me
back into reality
    Split and cracked
from years of beating
My flesh so rifted it no longer
    scars
Exhaustion pulls my feet
    from under me
and Pleasure thrusts your
foot in my face

Crammed
split and cracked
I fumble with the
thorns
clench the root of your
pride
as I walked away
singing another day
to death.
Nude #1
Elizabeth Knight
charcoal
18" x 23 1/2"
Propagation
Sarah Loudin

In twenty years
of unconscious body ease,
I had never allowed
the growth-gagged river
to know me.
Pretense naked,
I worship the uneasy
flow powerful enough
to trace its roots
to a mountain heart.

If you stand still,
oh so very still,
fish will kneel
between your toes.

Naked, sun-warm, empty,
I lie on river-edge moss.
Water talks to the trees,
ignores me supine
where butterflies gather
to gloat over pollen.

Even while mating,
double decker dragonflies
take to the sky.

A moment's Fancy
has left me towelless.
River, mingled of me,
bleeds deeper color
on a sun bleached rock.

Frogs lay their eggs
in puddles after rain.
That molten life giver
also takes away.
Cain and Abel
Patrick Mitrione
pen and ink
14" x 18"
Stay Off Crack
Brandy Hamilton
photograph
6 1/4" x 4 1/4"
The Money People Next Door
Shannon Templin

Because tired ewes rest
thick greased heads on the ground
and each sunned spot
is draped with a cat
until our flap eared dog
comes foaming by
They call us small and quaint.

And smile as they turn their retriever loose
to run in the country
and chase our hound
under her bush in the back.

“"We love to watch what you do”
She raised her martini toward me
(losing a battle with "lady")
from the gazebo in her backyard,
as the rope tore and itched
at my numb hand
and the heated mare escaped
to search for completion
in a gelded herd.
But they don’t look
as I cut my dirtied nails
to pull new orphans
from their warm belly home
into a lonely January.

And I have not yet grown
stomach tough,
and money hard enough
to wipe the death
from my eyes
and off my shoes.
Junior Kimberley Boros is an art major from Myrtle Beach. Freshman Melissa Burney is an English major from Myrtle Beach. Gregory Keith Cole is an assistant professor of Spanish from Toledo, Ohio. Richard Oliver Collin received a doctorate from Oxford University. Dr. Collin writes novels and teaches politics at Coastal. Junior Rita Deegan is an art education major from Surfside Beach. Shannon Goff, from Conway, is a junior majoring in English.

Brandy Hamilton, from Akron, Ohio, is a senior majoring in English. Senior Sarah Loudin is an English major from French Creek, West Virginia. Elizabeth Montague Knight is an art major from Columbia, Tennessee. Junior Megan McDonough currently lives in Myrtle Beach and is an English major. Lynne Mason is a sophomore from Myrtle Beach majoring in interdisciplinary studies. Corey Merchant is a senior majoring in English. Patrick Mitrione is a senior from Hastings, New York, majoring in art studio.
Anne Trainer-Monk is the Director of Public Information at Coastal. Paul Olsen received an M.F.A. from the University of Miami in 1975 and currently lives in Conway. Nelljean Rice is a professor of English and currently resides in Conway. Paul Rice received his Ph.D. in English from Catholic University in 1985 and currently lives in Conway. From Piedmont, South Carolina, senior Eric Rogers is a marine science major. Junior Anthony Sawyer is an art major from Aynor, South Carolina.

Sandi Shackelford is an assistant professor of theater at Coastal. Shannon Templin is a sophomore from Philadelphia majoring in English. Shannon Thomas is a junior from Loris, South Carolina, with a double major in art and biology. Sandy Watson is an English major. Junior Bjarne Werner is an art major from Malmo, Sweden. From Tokyo, Kumiko Yoshihara is a freshman majoring in art.
CONTRIBUTORS

Benefactors
The Atheneum
The Chanticleer

Patrons
Susan Meyers

AWARDS

Art
First: *Steve* by Anthony Sawyer
Second: *Untitled* by Kumiko Yoshihara

Literature
First: *Sunrise to Sunset* by Megan McDonough
Second: *On the Wall* by Sandy Watson

*Archarios* is a biannual publication produced by students, published by the Student Media Committee of Coastal Carolina University, and printed by Sheriar Press. *Archarios* is a member of the Associated Collegiate Press. All entries are selected and judged utilizing a blind selection policy. All rights are reserved by the individual contributors. Submissions are accepted from students, faculty, and staff throughout the academic school year. Excluding 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*, Coastal Carolina University, P.O. Box 1954, Conway, SC 29526, or call (803) 347-3161, extension 2328. The *Archarios* office is located in the Student Center of Coastal Carolina University, Room 203B.

Archarios is printed at a cost of $3,800.00 for 1,000, or $3.80 per copy.
Don't Cry Out Loud
Donna Barruchi
relief print
16" x 18"