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## Archarios, 1995 Spring

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The Prayer  
Roxanne Clemons  
sculpture

5 1/4" x 9 3/4" x 7"



# ARCHARIOS

Literary / Art Magazine

Spring 1995

Coastal Carolina University



## STAFF

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## Editorial Board

|                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| . . . . . Dianna Alsup      | . . . . . Paul Olsen      |
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| . . . . . Steve Hamelman    | . . . . . Paul Rice       |
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| . . . . . Elizabeth Keller  | . . . . . Shannon Thomas  |
| . . . . . Anne Trainer Monk | . . . . . Tammy Thompkins |

## Tapestry

*Joyce Beemer*

Weaving the tapestry of days  
Is hard work.  
The loom is large and  
Never steady.

Working the threads  
Takes time and care--  
Each day's progress unknown,  
But required.

Spinning the ties that bind:  
Rough wool for sorrow,  
Silk for joy,  
Sturdier stuff for survival's sake.

The pattern is familiar, But unforeseen.  
The colors and faces blend,  
Smooth and gnarled alike,  
Wrapping around me, keeping me warm.

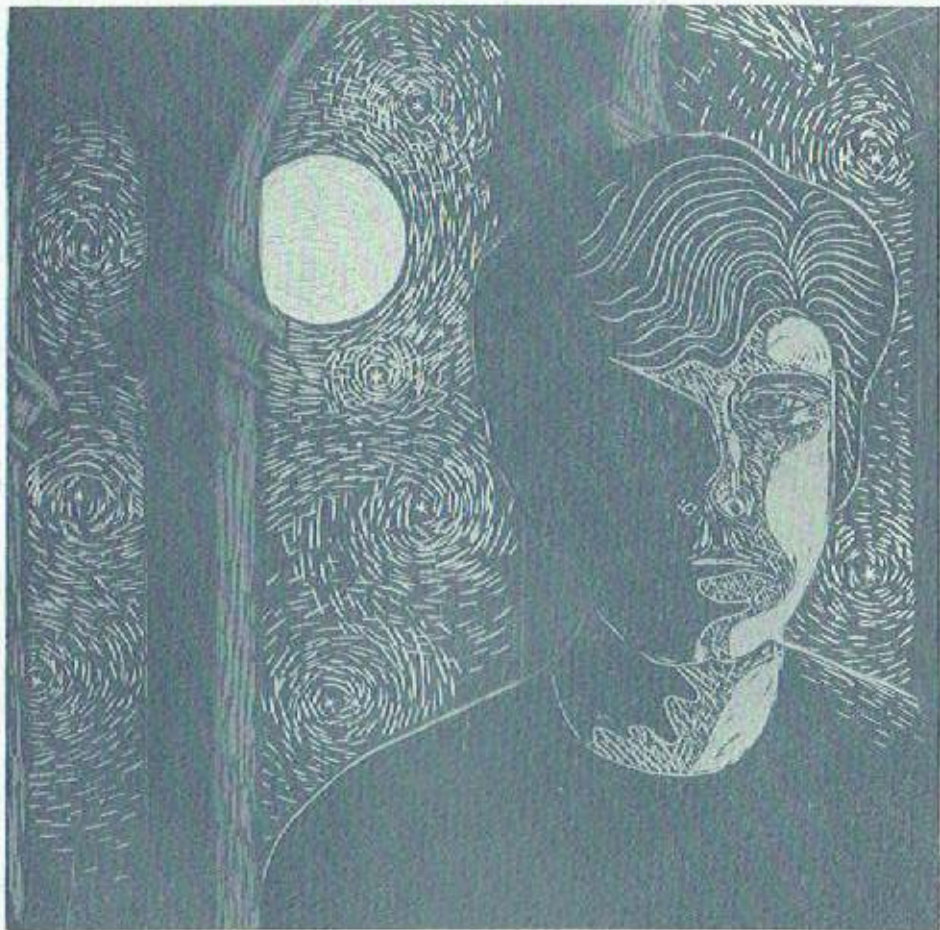


Bear Hug  
Donna Baruchi  
watercolor  
29 1/2" x 22"



Untitled  
Carl Anderson  
woodcut

20 3/4" x 21"



## Fifteen Wooden Steps Without Risers

*Susan Meyers*

As a child  
I would hold my breath.  
I'd steal my way  
through the heavy air  
where snakes coil their logic.

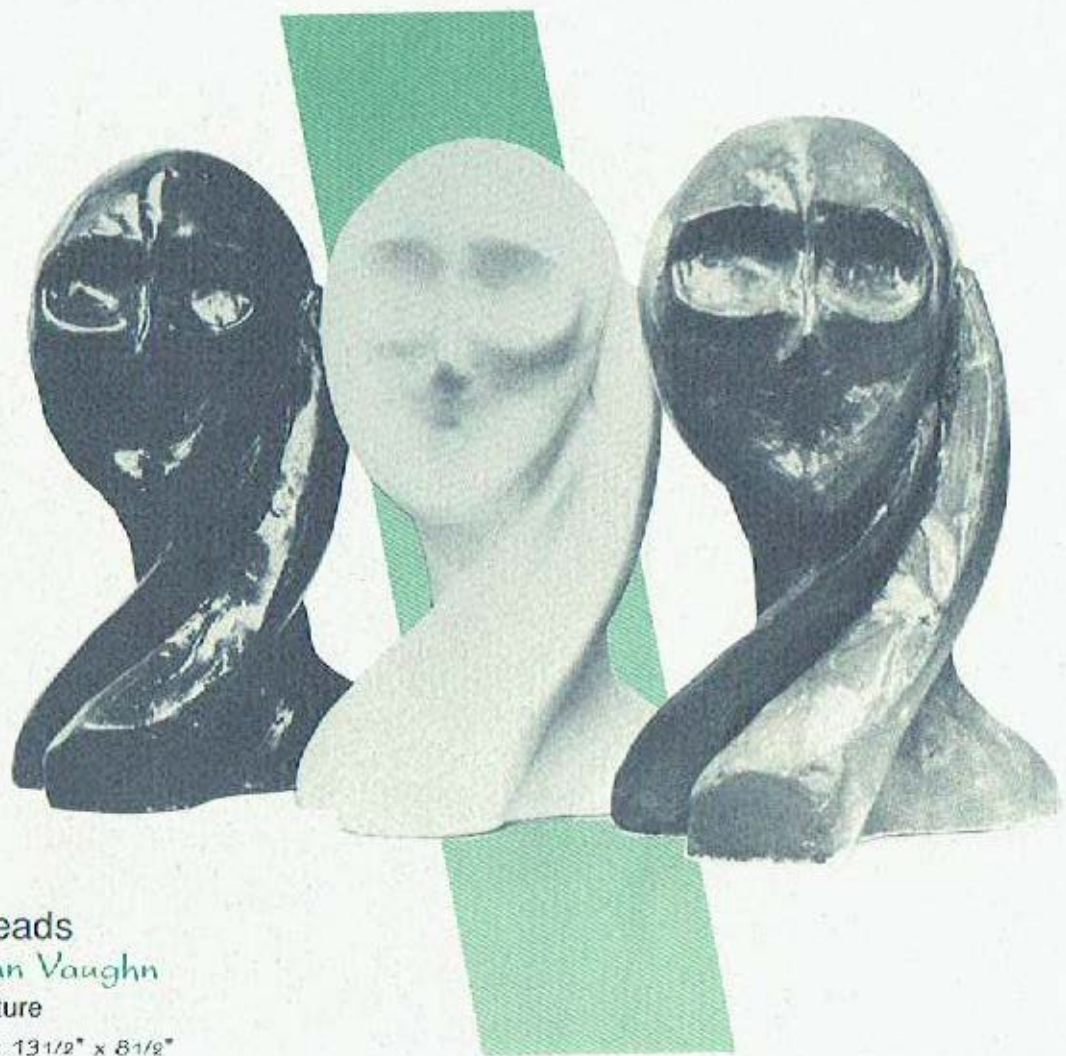
Now that I'm grown  
most mornings I depend on light,  
check each step down  
to the calm concrete.  
On a day when I'm not looking,  
one of them waits for me,  
crimped in the dark.  
On a day when I cock my head,  
birdlike, and blink,  
the guilty air hides poison.

Maybe it's Friday  
and I'm two minutes late.  
I slam the door,  
fail to flip the switch,  
bound halfway down the stairs.  
Malicious cold taps my ankle,  
wraps me  
in pumps of thunder so loud  
I hear the conversation of crows  
debating how close, how fast,  
how deadly the storm.

## Malling

*Gary E. Walker*

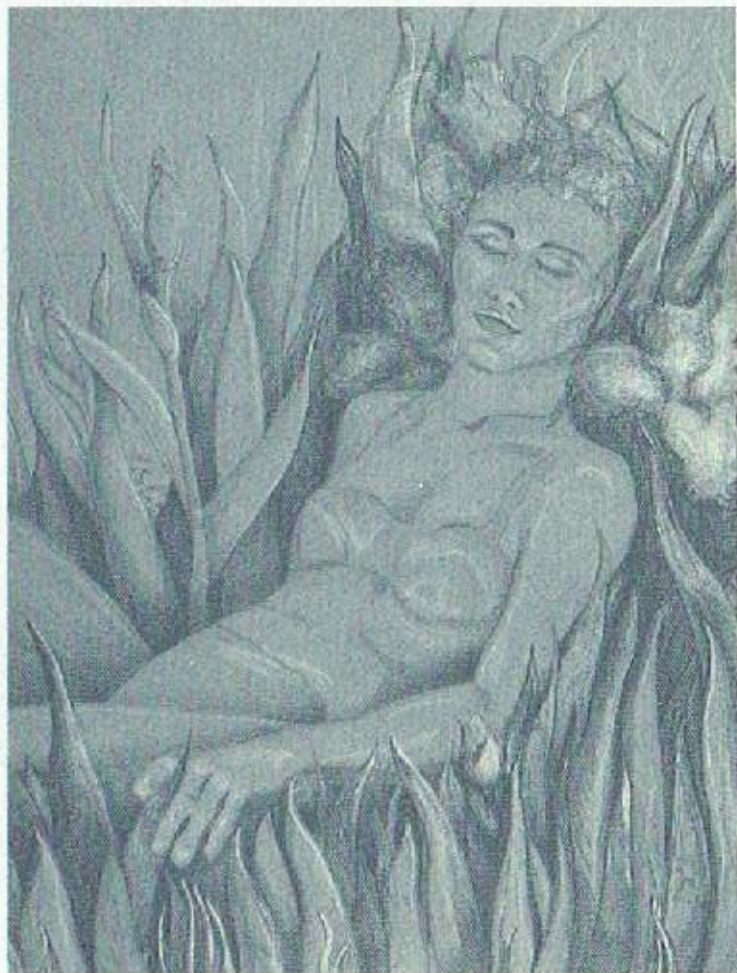
America!--who but you  
Can bind me with a name?  
Flotsam on a concrete sea--  
No mermaids here  
Les enfants de siecle  
Secondhand opinions and old boots.  
Plaster castles, fiberglass Guernseys  
Rotating electrically as a sign--  
These I love.  
E pluribus unique.  
By the grey and percussive light  
Of dawn's early static.  
Hellbound for Hell on  
Goodyear Eagles (slightly bald)  
Drinking Budweiser  
Smoking Marlboros  
Barrelling down a freeway  
Towards that elegant  
Ketchup and mustard sunset.



**3 Heads**  
Brian Vaughn  
sculpture

7 1/2" x 13 1/2" x 8 1/2"

Watching You  
Windi Racki  
color pencil  
19" x 25"



## First Grade Teacher

*Susan Harvey*

Miss Odom was tall and thin,  
Her voice that of a mother  
Comforting sick children.  
We sat in a circle. She read stories,  
And clicked her teeth, as spittle  
Collected in the corners of her mouth.  
During music time, her black oxfords  
Tapped to the beat of our tambourines,  
Triangles, and wooden sticks.

In my youth I wanted  
To be just like Miss Odom;  
Now the reality of old age looms,  
And the memory of Miss Odom  
Conjures fear of  
Dentures,  
Spittle, and  
Orthopedic shoes.

## A Future Study Before in Hopes of a Note of Compassion for an Aspiring One

*Jason Jones*

minute, multi-leg beasts  
roaming around my books,  
and around my print

words and food, stale  
in my mouth and stale  
in my memory.

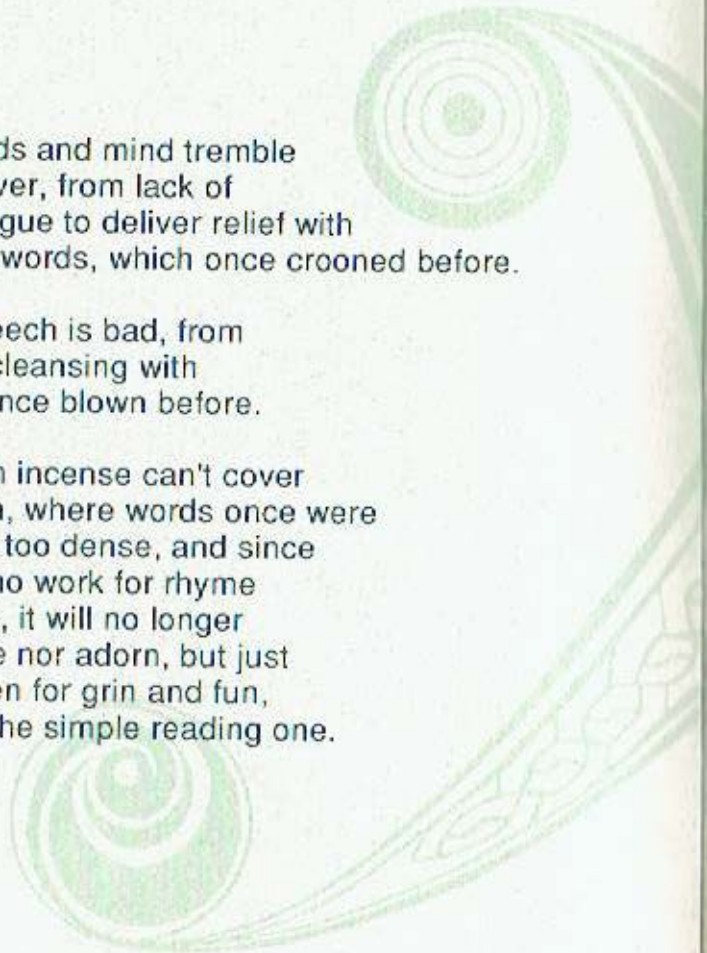
what to do when  
silence is gone,  
when pen is dry,  
and mind is worn.

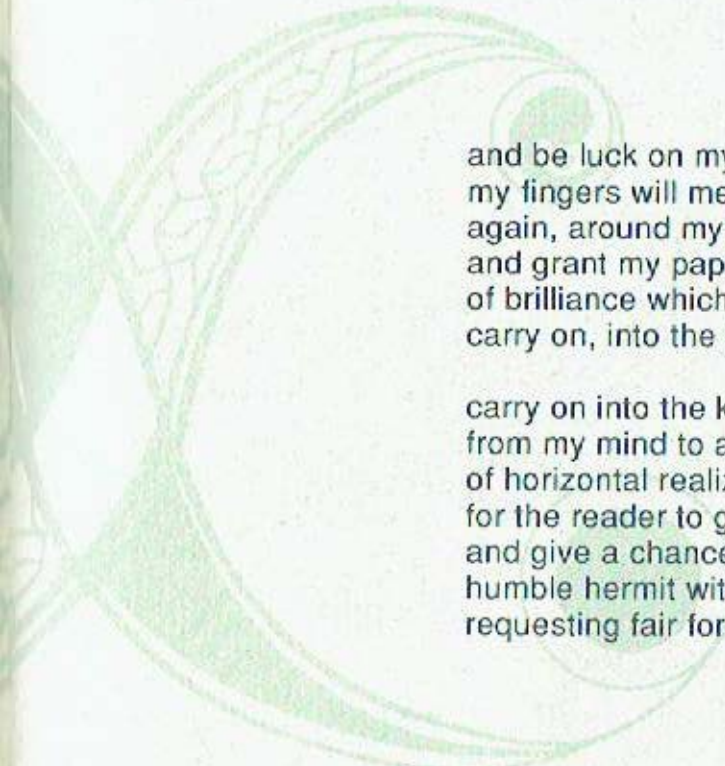
when walls creep closer  
together as enemies to my  
invention, my heart breaks  
down with each short beat,

my hands and mind tremble  
and quiver, from lack of  
new tongue to deliver relief with  
smooth words, which once crooned before.

now speech is bad, from  
lack of cleansing with  
words once blown before.

but even incense can't cover  
a stench, where words once were  
but now too dense, and since  
there's no work for rhyme  
no more, it will no longer  
decorate nor adorn, but just  
be written for grin and fun,  
for just the simple reading one.





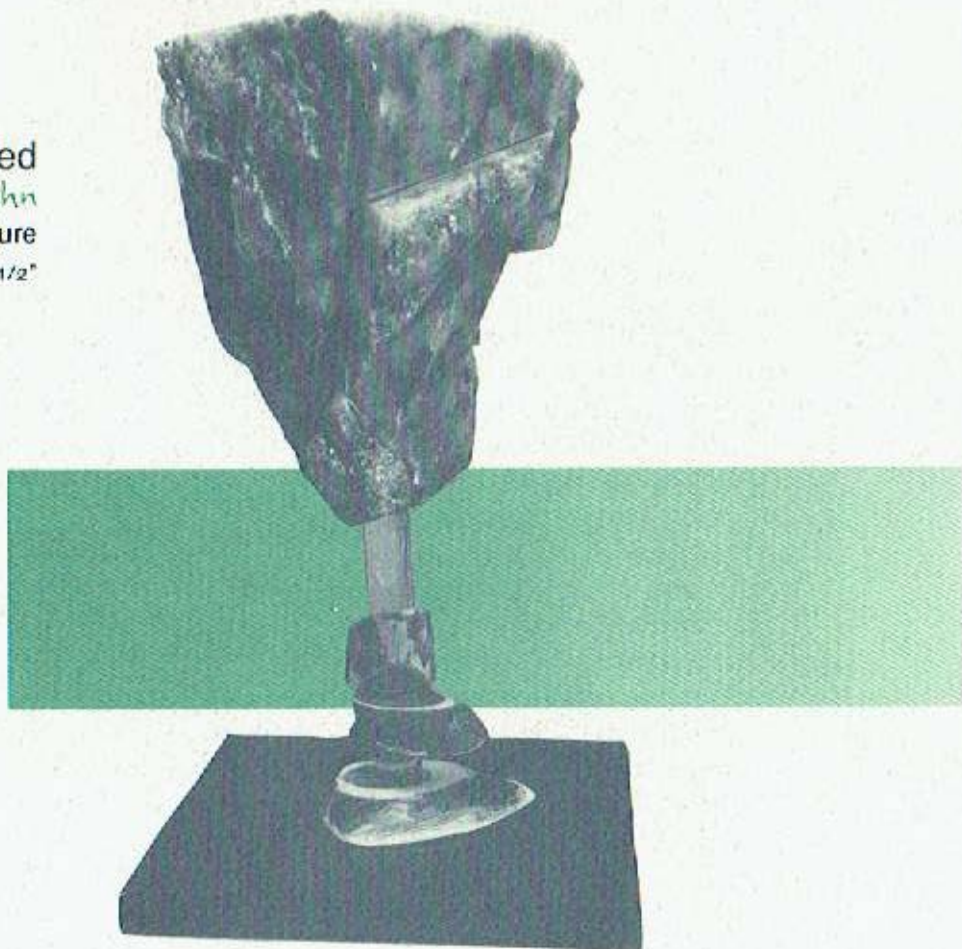
and be luck on my side,  
my fingers will mend once  
again, around my pencil  
and grant my paper an air  
of brilliance which will  
carry on, into the known.

carry on into the known,  
from my mind to a grain  
of horizontal realization  
for the reader to grasp,  
and give a chance to this  
humble hermit with pondered words,  
requesting fair for quaint acceptance.



Untitled  
Brian Vaughn  
sculpture

7" x 14" x 7 1/2"





Master Copy of the Wave  
by Frantisek Kupka

Melanie Kincer

watercolor

27" x 22 1/2"

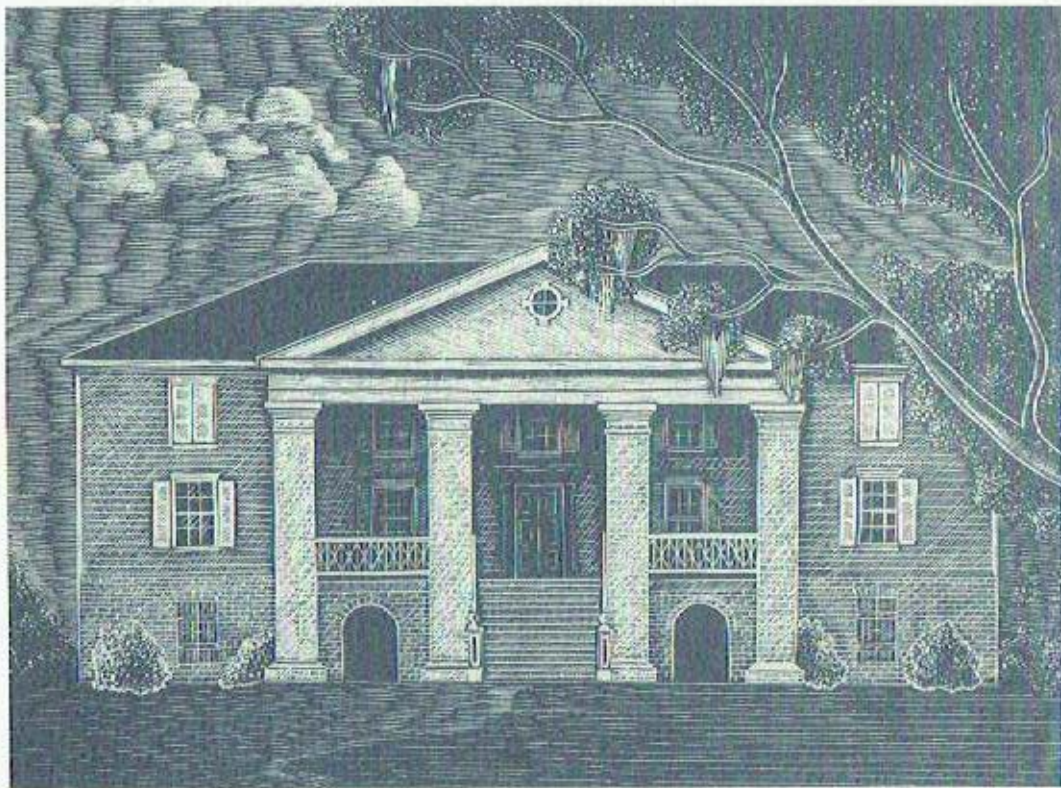
## Class

*Sandy Watson*

if  
peace  
signs  
weren't  
permanently embedded  
in my pupils

i  
    would  
curl  
my right hand fingers  
over  
my right hand thumb  
and quietly knuckle-knock  
that superior  
psuedo-intelligent smirk  
off  
your  
face

you're  
not  
THAT  
smart  
    boy



A Southern Place

*Carl Anderson*

linocut

23" x 17 1/2"

If Only I Had Wings

Donna Baruchi

watercolor

15" x 22 1/4"





Move  
Kenneth Womer  
photograph  
65/8" x 9"

## Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood

*Jennifer Hyland*

He comes in the door all happy and gay  
And says to the world: It's a beautiful day  
He hangs up his coat with such precision,  
Exciting the kids watching television.

A dark blue cardigan he decides to choose,  
And also picks out his old, nifty shoes.  
Contrasting modern shows, no violence or rage,  
Not even "goshdarnit" can be heard from the sage.

Seemingly perfect, innocent and good,  
They say nothing goes wrong in Mr. Rogers' neighborhood.  
Mr. Rogers is called nice and polite  
But that's not what Mr. Mailman's wife said last night.

She said he jumped her when she answered the door.  
He pushed his way in and pulled her to the floor,  
And committed an unspeakable sin,  
And boldly walked out, wearing a sly grin.

"Mr. Rogers has gone crazy!" cops' radio blared.  
Oh no, he IS a man! a woman said scared.  
His demeanor had changed from sick to jolly.  
The police reported he blew up the trolley.

The King and Queen left, so one said.  
And his lovely goldfish were poisoned dead.  
Lady Elaine was found by the old tree  
never again the Owl would she see.

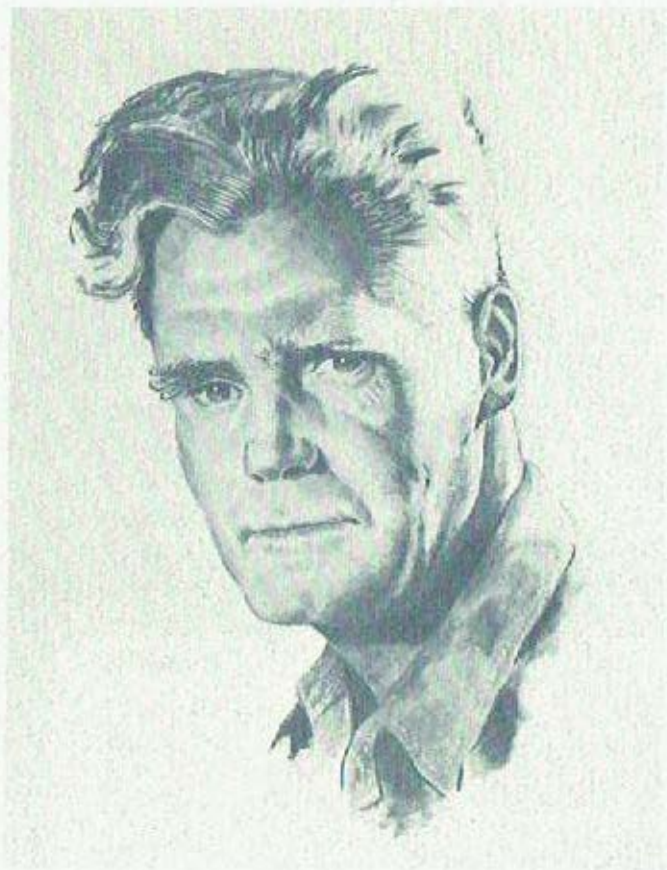
Mr. Rogers ran, no more did he care,  
Disgusted with his life, too proper, too fair.  
He entered a strip joint, full of smoke  
Met a dealer and purchased some coke.

He sat back coolly, ready for a whore  
But as policeman at the bar said: NO MORE  
If Mr. Rogers felt guilty, he gave no sign.  
Faultless parents demanded Rogers' head,  
He scarred our virtuous kids, so they said.



The Family Tree  
Roxanne Clemons  
sculpture  
5" x 10 1/2" x 5"





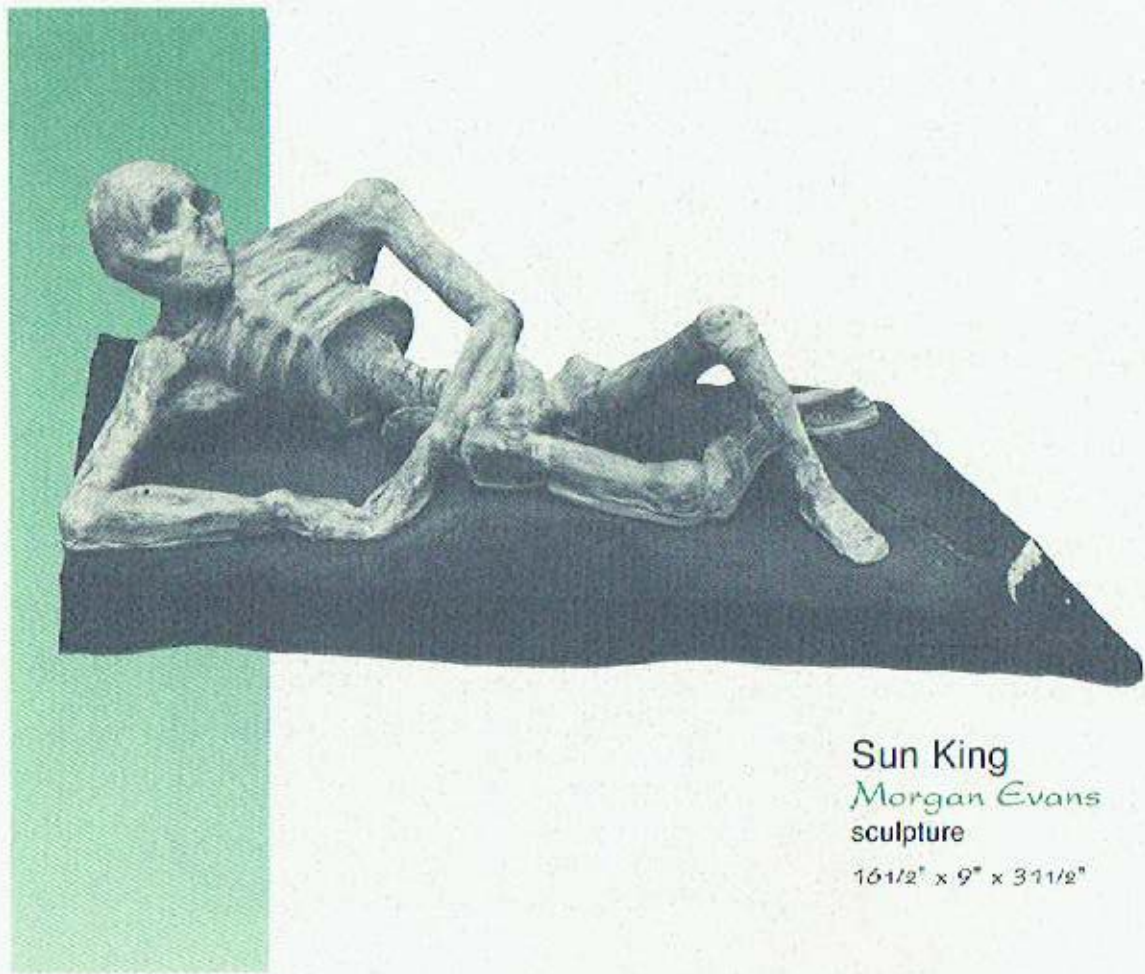
Bob  
Bjarne Werner  
charcoal  
12" x 16 1/2"

## M. S. Journey

*Dianna Alsup*

The trip from the inlet  
Clear sky-cool wind  
Led K.E. and me to believe  
That the earth  
Is a little closer to Heaven  
Than Baptists allow,  
And the marsh grass  
Thick with grackles  
Entertained us with whistle-chirps  
As we eased past a rock wall  
And dune  
Onto the sea.

Swells churned  
The boat,  
And each salt particle  
Stung a skin cell  
With a light, saline touch.  
A skim over ocean  
As the metal  
Cuts water  
Sends spider crabs crawling  
From my net  
While I drag in life  
To study.



Sun King  
*Morgan Evans*  
sculpture

16 1/2" x 9" x 3 1/2"

# The Breaking Love Broke

*Shannon Templin*

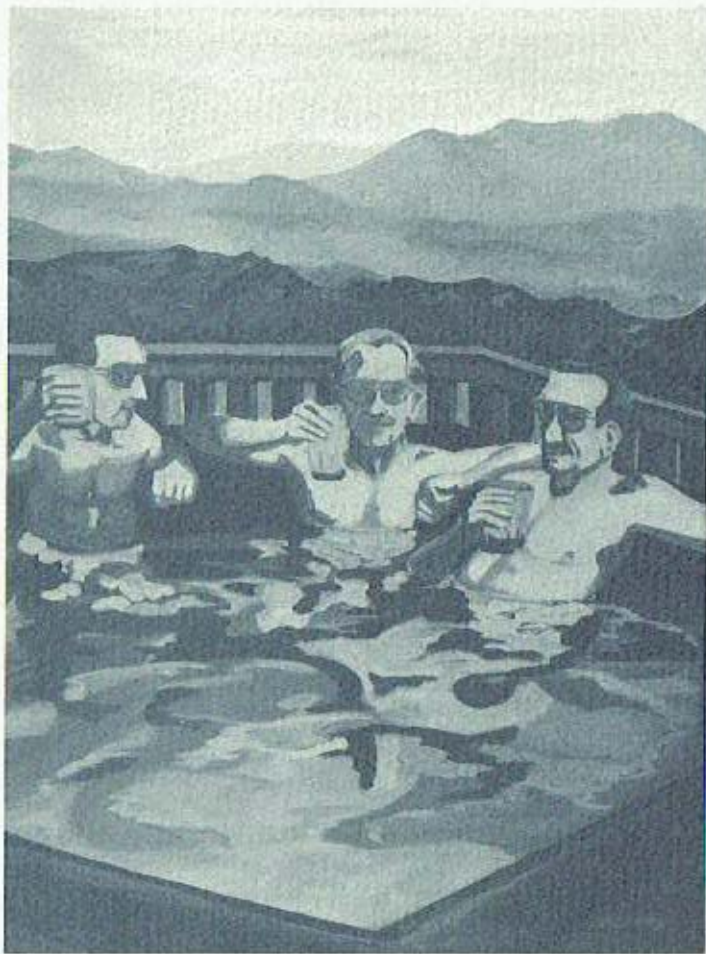
I remember

shades of spring  
the lake, the park, big rocks in  
streams  
fearful fingers and first kisses  
a fool in April and forever wishes

Then youth  
folded into timelessness  
and my fingers dug deep  
pressing greens to brown  
pushing angry red into empty white

Your pain  
crushing, erasing  
leaving me hollow  
and forever there

Belly down to the golf  
course  
the moon a pale sliver  
reflected off an angry  
face  
finally, indisputably  
above me.



Untitled  
Shawn Utley  
oil

29 1/2" x 39 1/2"

Guitars  
*Trisha Dyer*  
photograph

7 3/4" x 10"



Pile

for Sylvia Plath, not that she  
gives a damn, being dead

*Gary E. Walker*

Pile it on.

Your misanthropic vision  
I know all of plathologies;  
Know them, have seen them all  
With stones in their pockets, sinking.

Night Walk

*Dianna Alsup*

Down the beach  
We were stalked  
By a November fog  
That hung heavy  
Phagocytizing boats,  
And all the while  
They talked  
Of how the moon's  
Sinister curve  
Cut the sky.  
I tried to explain  
The existence  
Of Orion,  
But they could not hear  
Because the waves  
Broke heavy  
And loud.





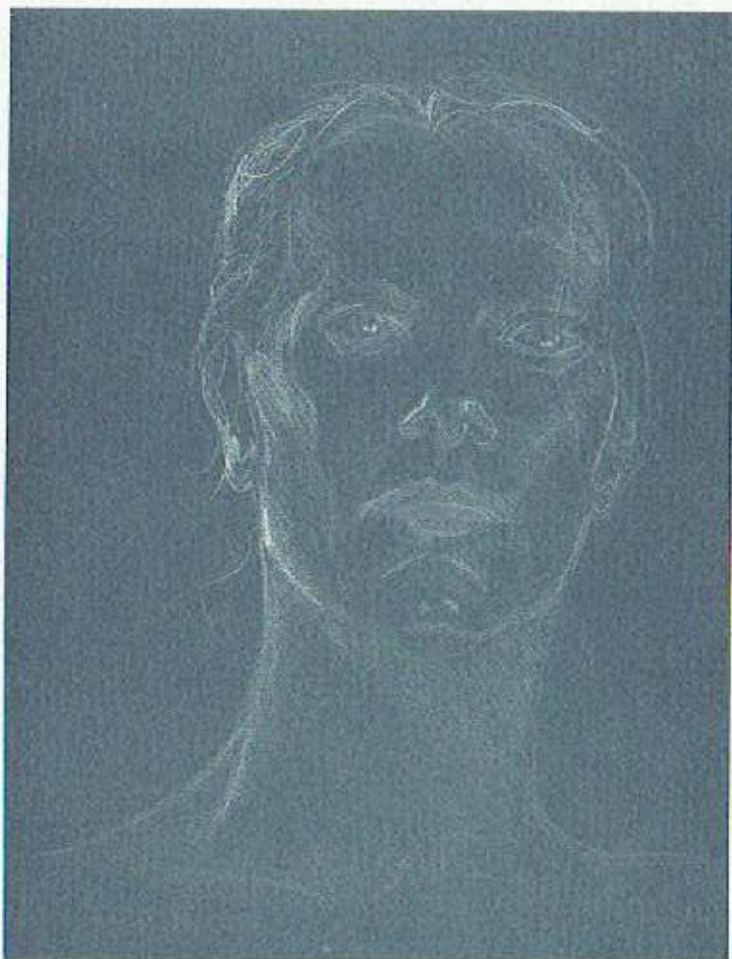
Edison Records  
*Shannon Thomas*  
photograph

3 3/4" x 2 3/4"

Bob's Dad  
*Bjarne Werner*  
charcoal  
11" x 17"



Truth  
Windi Racki  
color pencil  
19 3/4" x 25 1/2"



## The Frog Prince

Shannon Templin

It doesn't seem  
but you tell me  
it was long ago

On a frozen morning  
When I first stood  
outside your door  
my heart beating  
"Go home fool-  
Go home fool"  
so loud  
I did not hear you  
invite me in  
and just stood there  
waiting for you to open up.

Once inside  
I sat on your couch  
and tried to extrovert my-  
self  
to you on the floor  
flexing your feet under  
white socks  
with the seams lined up  
perfectly

with your toes  
so they wouldn't bunch  
the littlest ones

And some time after  
I borrowed your vacuum  
and we ate spaghetti  
lounging on pillows  
my feet touched you

Then when our eyes melted  
and held us together  
between soft thighs  
and pastel mornings  
I wanted you  
inside me always

But that was long before  
latex-safe delusions tore  
and lives slipped away  
in a frenzy  
to save themselves.

## Notes

**D**ianna Alsup is a biology major originally from Nashville, Tennessee. From New Bern, North Carolina, **Carl Anderson** is a junior double majoring in art studio and education. **Donna Baruchl** is a senior majoring in art education, and she is making her return appearance in *Archarios*. **Joyce Beemer** makes her first appearance in *Archarios* as a junior majoring in English. **Roxanne Clemons** is a graduating senior whose major is art education. **Trisha Dyer** is an art studio major from Myrtle Beach making her first appearance in *Archarios*. **Chris Enter** is a junior majoring in art studio with emphasis on graphic design. **Morgan Evans** is a freshman majoring in art studio from Jackson, Ohio. **Brandy Hamilton** is a senior majoring in English from Houston, Texas. **Susan Harvey** is a senior majoring in English from Columbia, South Carolina. **Jennifer**

**Hyland**, originally from Sandusky, Ohio, is a junior majoring in English. Making a return appearance in *Archarios*, **Jason Jones** is a sophomore from Walterboro, South Carolina. **Melanie Kincer** is a senior majoring in art studio from Myrtle Beach. Originally from Georgetown, South Carolina, **Susan Meyers** is a member of Coastal Carolina University's faculty. **Paul Olsen** received an M.F.A. from the University of Miami/Florida in 1975, and he has been the advisor for the *Archarios* staff for five years. **Emma Pearce**, originally from Walsall, England, is a junior majoring in business and art studio. **Windi Racki** is a graduating senior in art studio from Conway. **Shannon Templin** is a junior English major from Thornton, Pennsylvania. **Shannon Thomas** is a senior majoring in art and minoring in biology. **Tammy Thompkins** is a sophomore majoring in art studio from Conway. From Myrtle Beach, **Shawn Utley** is a senior major-

ing in art studio. **Brian Vaughn** is a senior majoring in art studio from Hilton Head, South Carolina. From Charleston, South Carolina, **Gary E. Walker** is a senior majoring in English. **Sandy Watson** is a junior majoring in English from Myrtle Beach. Originally from Malmoe, Sweden, **Bjarne Werner** is a junior majoring in art. **Kenneth Womer** is a junior art studio major appearing for the first time in *Archarios*.



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**Horry Cultural Arts Council**

AN UMBRELLA ORGANIZATION FOR THE ARTS

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## AWARDS

### Art

First . . . . . *Bob* by Bjarne Werner

Second . . . *Bear Hug* by Donna Baruchi

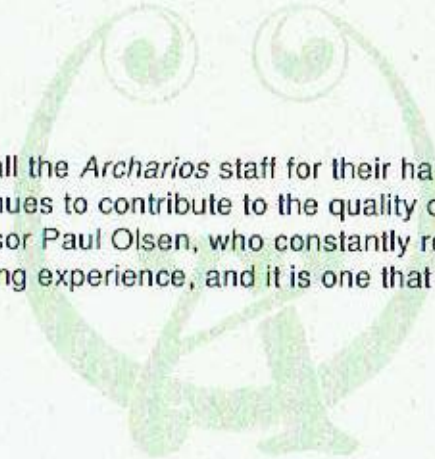
### Literature

First . . . . . *Fifteen Wooden Steps Without Risers* by Susan Meyers

Second . . . . *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood* by Jennifer Hyland

### Editor's Note . . . . .

I would like to thank all the *Archarios* staff for their hard work and dedication. Their teamwork and support continues to contribute to the quality of this magazine. Special thanks are given to our advisor Paul Olsen, who constantly rescued us from Pagemaker 5.0. This has been an exciting experience, and it is one that I am thankful to have had.



Untitled  
Carl Anderson  
charcoal  
17 1/2" x 23 1/2"

