Archarios
The Prayer
Roxanne Clemons
sculpture
5 1/4" x 9 3/4" x 7"
STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ........... Shannon Templin
Managing Editor ........... Dianna Alsop
Art Director .............. Chris Enter
Assistant Art Director ... Tammy Thompkins
Staff Photographer ........ Shannon Thomas

Advisor

........... Paul Olsen

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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

Garry 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 1/8" 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 10½" 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 Uitley
oil
29 1/2" x 39 1/2"
Guitars

Trisha Dyer
photograph

73/4" 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 pathologies;
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
33/4" x 23/4"
Bob's Dad
Bjarne Werner
charcoal
11" x 17"
Truth
Wendi 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.
Dianna 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 Baruch 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 minor ing 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*.

*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, S.C. 29526, or call (803)347-3161, extension 2328.

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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"