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Archarios, 1996 Spring

Office of Student Life

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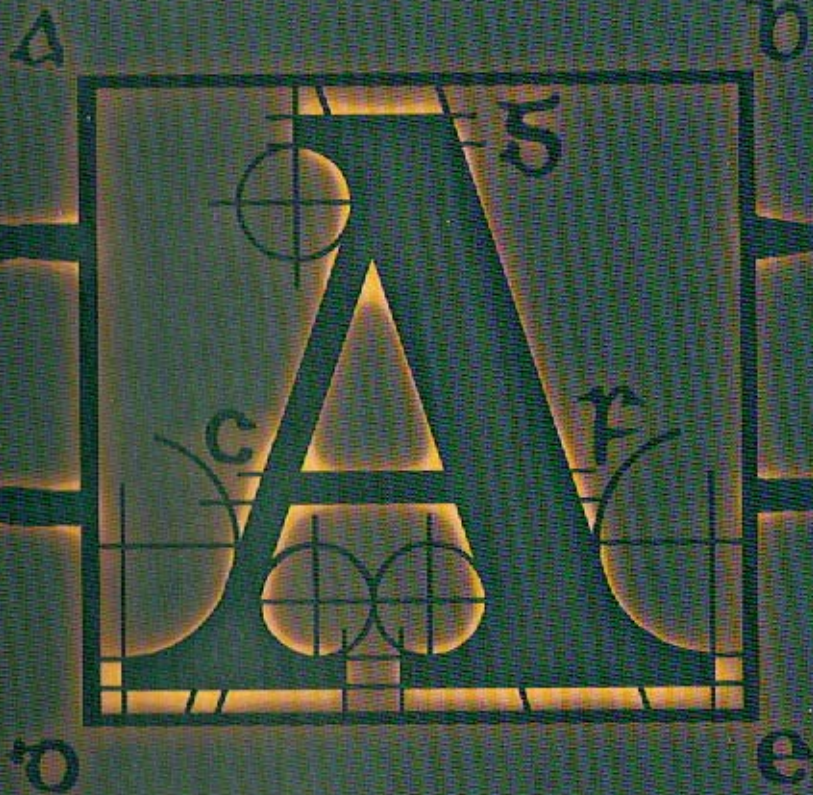


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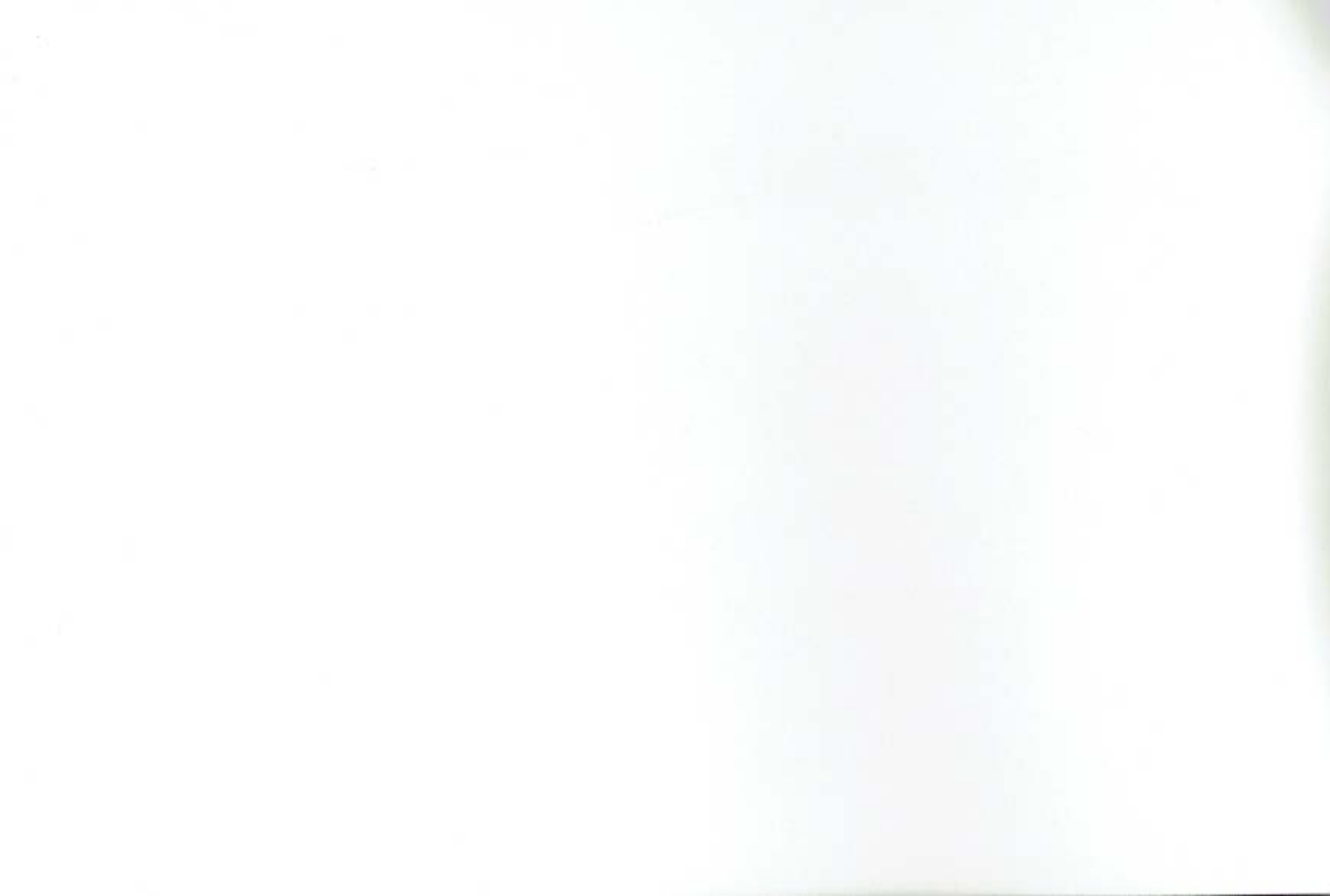
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ARCHARIOS

Literary Art Magazine



ARCHARIOS

Literary Art Magazine

coastal carolina university

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Alumni

Visuals

Absurd Reality

ashleyBruton

Funny bunny headed people
Are not supposed to be
But they're out there
Always watching
And waiting to be seen

Rush, Rush, Rush
No time to fuss
About such bunny heads
Rush, Rush, Rush
No time to fuss
About such silly people

Drunk and daring mocking birds
Perched upon church steeples
That laugh at all the bunny heads
Who still believe in people

Rush, Rush, Rush
No time to fuss
About such bunny heads
Rush, Rush, Rush
No time to fuss
About such silly people

Horizon

jamesGuignard

The dolphin's ballet
Athletic beauty on
Sun splashed skin
A Broadway show
Free of charge
The grand finale
Soaring jumps
...splashdown

Yet the people on the beach are oblivious
To this, the finest of nature's shows
Involved in sand castles, kids, lotion and books
Caught in their own little world
With no room for a thing so expansive as a
Horizon.

Untitled



emiTsujikawa • ceramics • 15 1/2" x 16 1/2" x 5"

Lotta



bjarne Werner • color pencil • 11 1/2" x 15"

I Saw A Child

jamesGuignard

I saw a child
In Charlotte, on the corner of West Boulevard and
Billy Graham,
Surrounded by dirty concrete, cracked pavement
And prickly H.U.D. bushes
Will he ever see the sky?
Feel the air? Taste clean snow?
What will he learn?
Jumbled feelings make a cameo appearance
To be pushed away by the metallic grind of guitars
From the radio.

Hopefully, he'll be all right
After all, he's just a child
On the corner of West Boulevard and Billy Graham

lose

kateyDiStefano

ashtray, 11:23 on the stove's clock,
sitting with my mouth open pushing
out unwanted words along with your
obligation to compliment. "sometimes when
I look at you I forget to breathe." but
breath, my dear, has little to do with cracked
mirrors and silent teardrops. so I thanked
your attempt and hung up the phone
with the lump in my throat crying your name.

Conflict

mariaBeckham

It's a loud,
I'll-make-my-point-by-yelling-louder-
than-you
screaming match.

It's emotional
and ugly.
Voices crack,
Eyes bulge,
Arms wave
and fingers point.

Conflict
rolls and rumbles
like an angry sea:
Rocking swells
roar
from the boiling depths.

A mediator
may attempt
to lower the volume of the conflict

by speaking
low
himself,
only to feel the need
to compete
with the resurgence of sound waves
gathering and rolling
loud again.

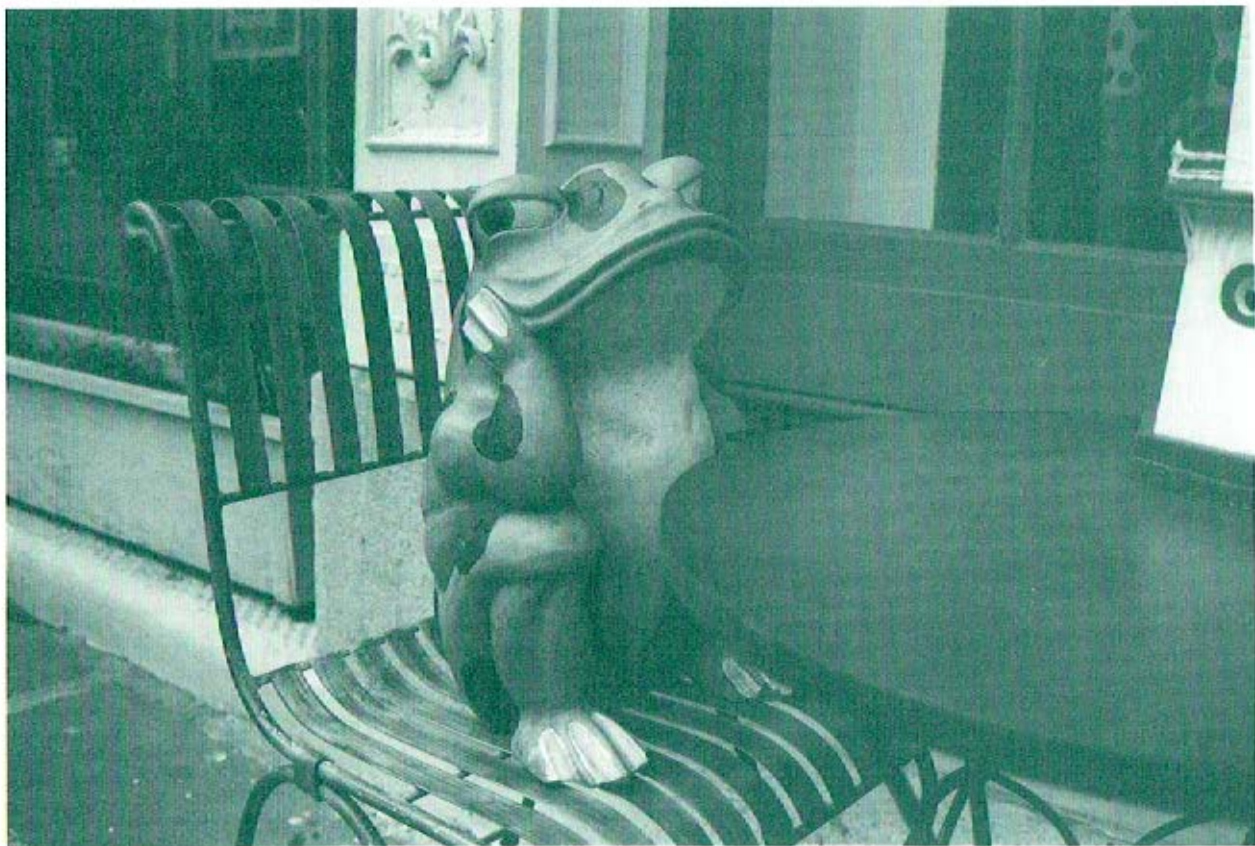
Words are repeated
to make a point,
like successive waves
beating against a seawall.

But the wall remains,
in defiance
of the crashing repetition.

There is no compromise -
only rising volume
of the opposing viewpoints.

And on
the angry sea of emotion
rolls.

Frog Cafe



joeBissett • photograph • 8 1/2" x 5 1/2"

why a rose is not a rose
(to rose)

suzanneThompson

a rose is not just a rose
everything is related.

When billie holiday sings
frank o'hara sings too
his elegy to her greatness
when he also stopped breathing

gene kelly appears dangerously naive
against droogies
who sing in the rain as they rape

the cathedrale of notre dame
was saved from its fate
by hugo, who gave it meaning

you south carolina readers cringe
thinking of another hugo

funny how names can be tainted

my brother's middle name is garfield

simple words change, too

like being gay or
having aids

and every time that a woman says
a rose is a rose is a rose

i think of bill who's got the monopoly on english
and how he said
a rose by any other name would smell as sweet

they tried to isolate a word

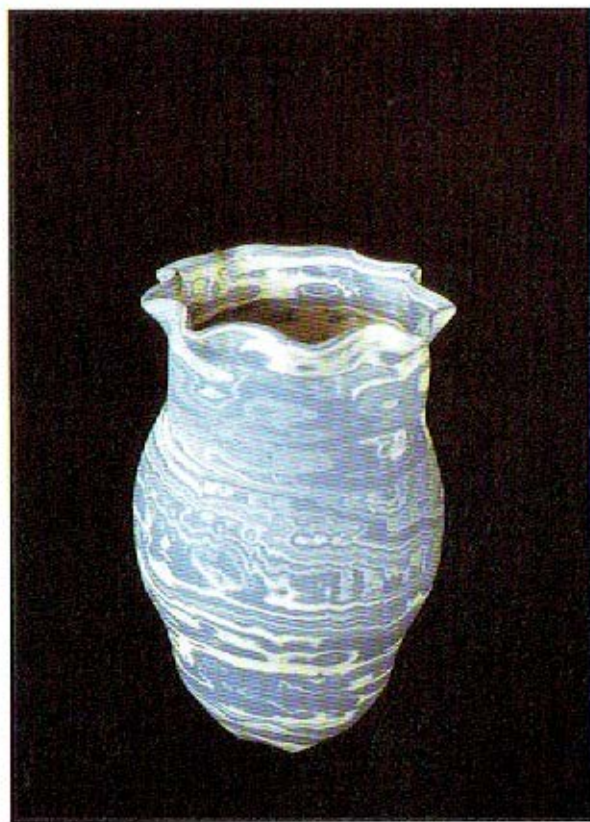
which is impossible

everything is cross-referenced and contaminated
or beautified

upon birth.

a rose is axl is the opposite of fell is sung about by midler and the stones is a football
bowl has been done by the tide is french for pink is for bullfights and death is a
baseball great who later did ads for underwear

Reflections on Water



byronCarle • pottery • 5 3/4" x 7 1/4"

Pears and Apples



lindaAnderson • color pastel • 11 3/4" x 9"

Grow

sandyWatson

I walk by the lawnmower
that's still so new
its red surface shines
and each time
I walk by
I check my reflection
and see large brown eyes
with eyelashes so thick
that the monkeys
swinging from the trees
in the fringe
of another reality
are visible
and those eyes
(those eyes)
stare back
at me.

Ever since I
made you leave
the four rubber tires
on that used-to-be
sturdy lawnmower
have apparently-permanently
flattened
and the motor
that used-to-be
dependable won't start.

I consider my options
and wonder where are all
the teenage boys
with lawnmowers
who scout
house-to-house
for fast
summertime money?
Can't they see
my foot-high weeds
mixed with generic grass
and the lavender wildflowers
that scattered with the rain
last year?

I consider my options
while I stand in the middle
of the overgrowth
and I
graze.

Pansies



kimberlyBoros • watercolor • 22" x 30"

Entertainment

In which our Monkey, starved for diversions, makes his own fun.

garyWalker

Monkey sits upon a park bench
Black wool socks and mission music,
Aspic, chicken florentine and dry red wine—
Amusements! Parceled, parsimonious
Full of longing—watch the ladies
Who grow banana trees in tubs
Complain about the weather, ailments
Politics and impolitic waiters,
Uppity niggers and rent control.

Buses pass in busly yellow
Turn, return, complete a circuit
Bulbs are lit to warm the eyes of aging valentines—
Romantics. Saddled on the park bench
Monkey looks at lines from Shakespeare
Reads aloud to passing pigeons
Flaps his arms and doesn't fly—
Hamlet, in the *Anno Ratti*,
Coins a phrase—exunt below.

Creative Conflict

mariettaBeckham

My heart feels,
and strong thought reels,
but rules dictate: *conform*.

Ideas abound
in words and sound,
but shape and style would scorn

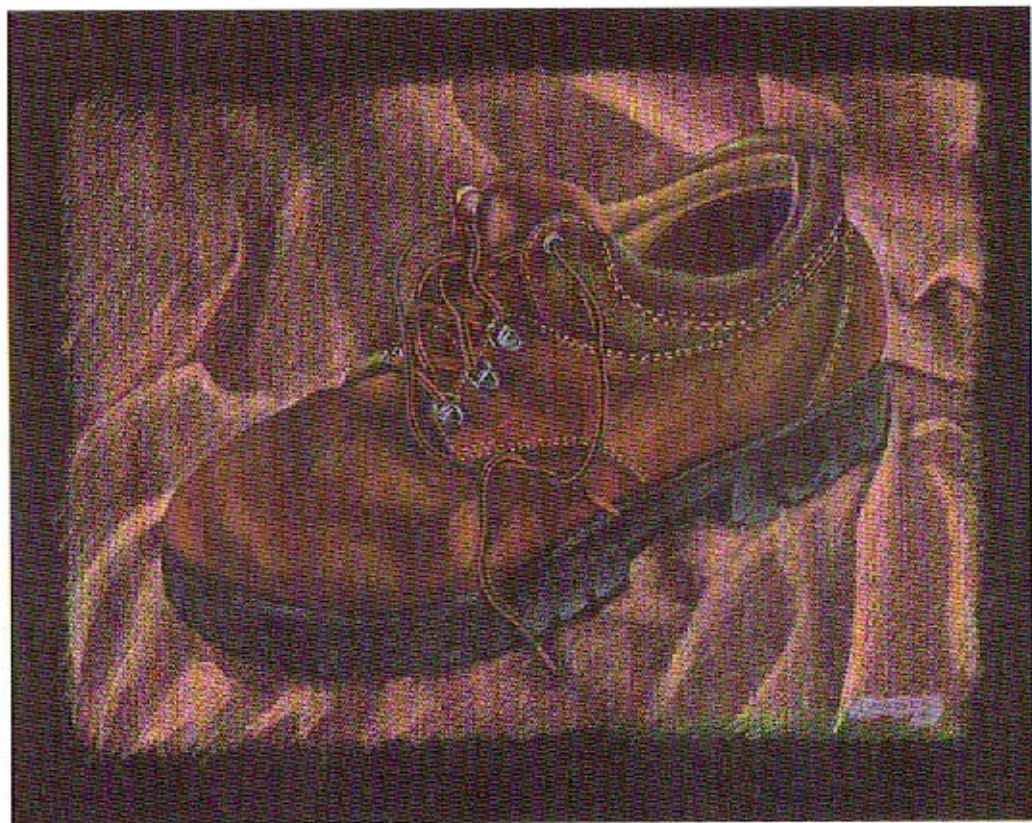
such free thought
too-hast'ly wrought.
And rules dictate: *conform*

Reflection



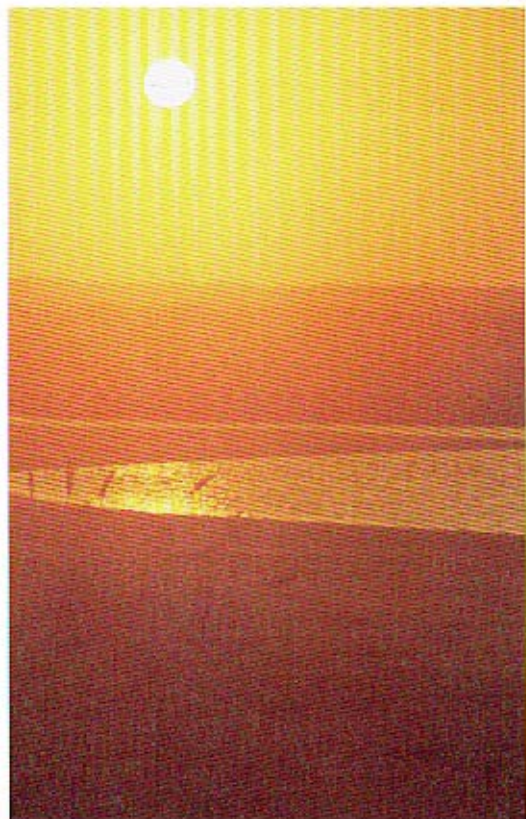
bruce Wrighter • sculpture • 6" x 68" x 6"

Shoe



eddieUrbanowicz • color pencil • 23 3/4" x 19"

Awakening



trishDyer • photograph • 8" x 10"

It's Your Choice

Jennifer Draper

I have a library full of books.

Adventure

toting machine guns in Vietnam
Swinging from vines in Brazil
treasure hunting in Peru

Romance

tasting fruits of forbidden magic
seducing mysterious strangers
loving those who always love you

Drama

developing cancer from cigarettes
learning crime from ungoverned poverty
killing for pleasure without consequence

I have a library full of books
with fiction as its own reality.

I have a library full of lives.

Success

multi billionaire stockbroker
journalist for People Magazine
world renowned plastic surgeon

Failure

flea ridden wino in N.Y.
homeless war veteran on cocaine
runaway dope dealer in Chicago

Undecided

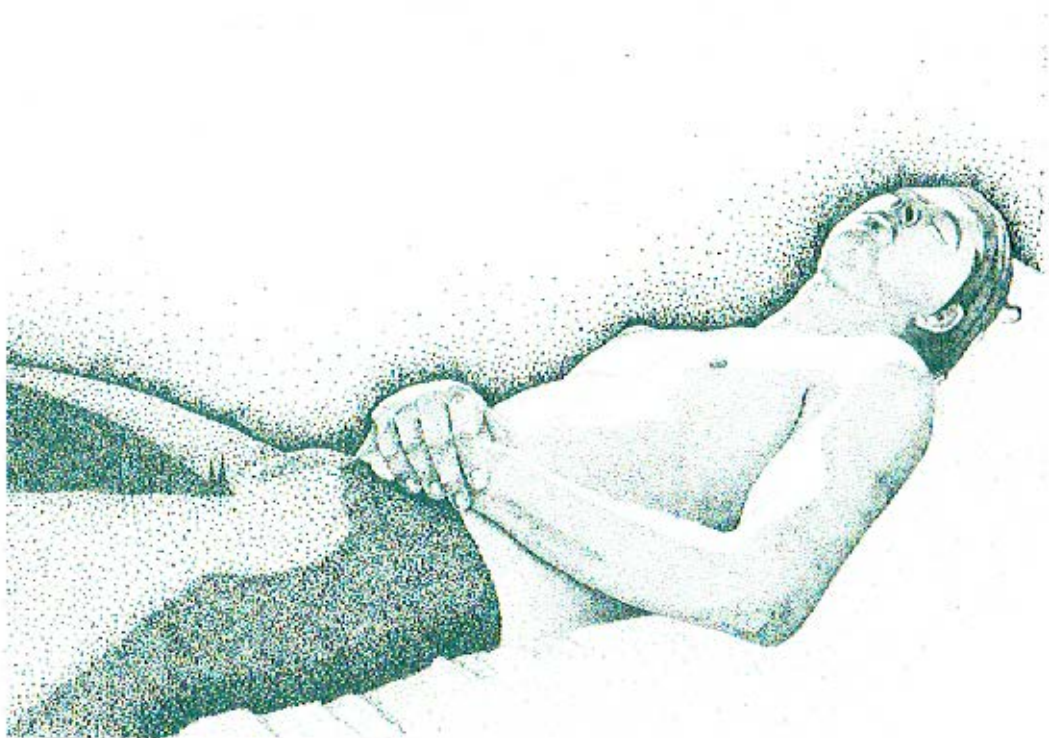
secretary in a local law firm
cashier at the nearby Food Lion
cocktail waitress at Flamingo's

I have a library full of lives
where reality is my just reward

I have a library -

Where will you fit in?

Byron at Rest??



lisaShriver • pen and ink • 24" x 19"

Terrible Things Once Happened Here

danWright

Desks filled with children
white words color a blackboard
stars, and smiley faces
replaced by letters and tears.

separate the intellects, athletes, misfits
hidden among the small shuffling feet.
label all symbols, shapes, colors
don't forget the children too.

analytical questions fill the mind
paints remain locked in a desk drawer
one plus one equals two
teach this line, the contradicting truths

imagination dies with verbs and theorems
broken, melting crayons thrown out.
graduation announces the exiting of shells
daydreams and lottery tickets left in an empty room.

blood paints pictures as art projects are cut on skin
Canvasses become coffins
and souls are auctioned off
with heaven and hell the only buyers...

The Key Master

Jennifer Draper

My thoughts fade into you...

Flowing water over rocks in a restraining river

Like spiders who weave silver-spindled webs

Memories organize into images of your face

Cool midnight - your eyes

Look at me into me through me

I am naked before them -

your eyes

They detect only empty space...

Gold glowing - your skin

Sweat raining

Thirsting flesh

Hot exhaustion - your body

My body beneath yours - you touch me

I am not there...

Prisoner - my mind,

Lead bars

surrounding

weightless mass

Sleeping knowledge -

your heart

I think it's strange

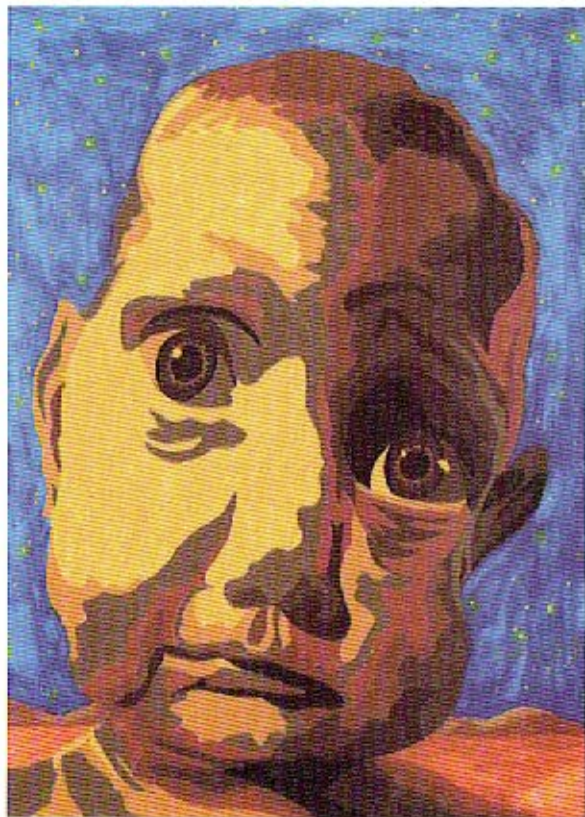
you never knew.

Untitled

Kristi Bialas

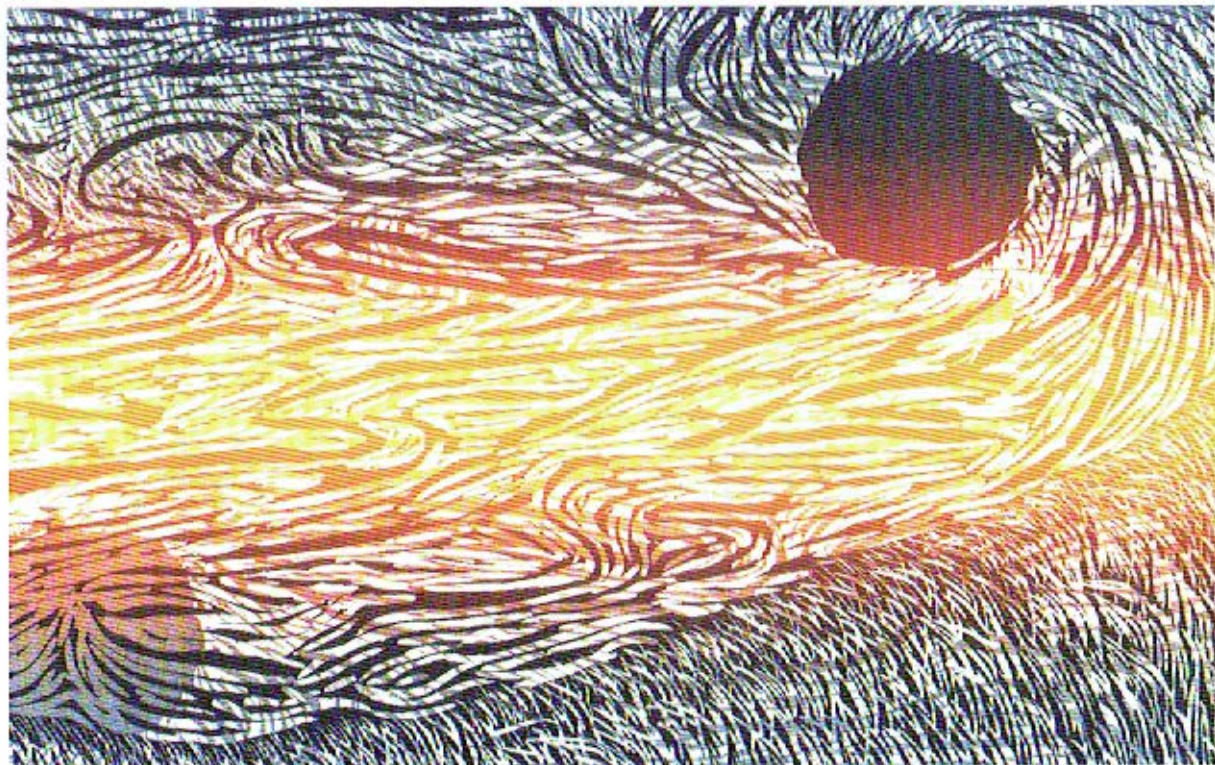
i think that i would like to be
a shark out in the open sea.
to glide about, to swim and sink
would be a wondrous thing. i think
that i would like this very much
eating fish and seals and such.
to frolic in the frothy surf,
to pose and posture for my turf.
to bite those young men on the boards,
and frighten humans by the hoards.
to be so much misunderstood,
to bite things just because i could.
to do my part in nature's plan,
before my kind's wiped out by man.
to be more than just a set of teeth,
the sky above and me beneath.

Baby



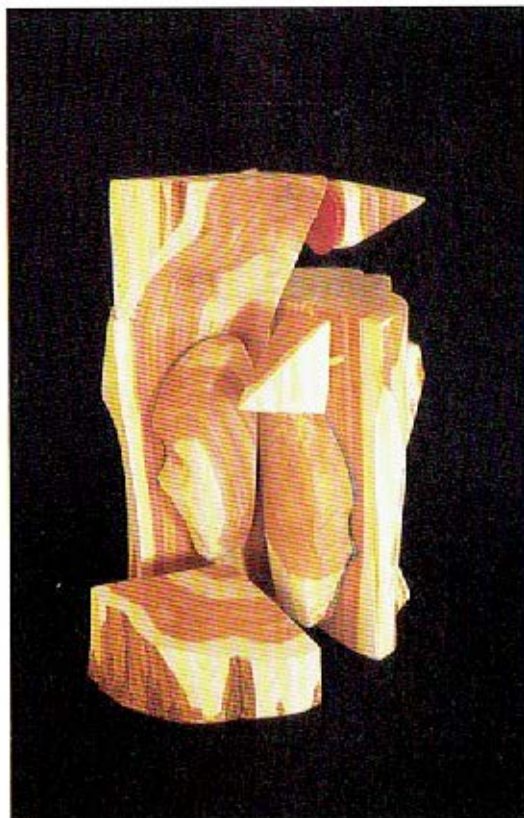
thanhBanh • mixed media • 13 1/8" x 18 1/4"

Mystral (purples and reds)



byronCarle • linocut • 24 3/4" x 17"

Wood



brian Vaughn • sculpture • 11 1/2" x 17 1/2" x 10 1/2"

Lowcountry Dusk



Carl Anderson • watercolor • 22 1/4" x 15"

Quiet Sickness

Joyce Beemer

Her mama said to mind her tongue
So she chewed her backtalk
Ten times hard until it became
A litany of "Yes, Ma'ams"
That made her mama proud
But gave her indigestion.

Teacher said to think before she spoke
So she ran the questions around her mind
And checked them for flaws
Until they got winded
And she was too tired to ask.

Preacher said not to gossip
So she kept her milestones to herself
And brushed away her neighbors' news
Like so many flies until they
Only buzzed among themselves
And labeled her high and mighty.

Her husband said "Wouldn't it be nice?"
So she locked "no" in an attic trunk
And took his advice
And all he heard was "Yes, Dear"
And "Whatever you think best."

The rest she wound around her heart
Until the layers were so thick,
She couldn't hear it beating.

The doctor said she needed peace and quiet
So, while the world tiptoed
Past the sign that diagnosed her trouble,
She climbed into her iron bed
And thought about the one
While dying from the other.

Exit '59

joyce Beemer

His insides twisted at the thought of moving to the city, a jail in black tar prison stripes where the inmates locked each other out. They stacked the locks nowadays; one that came with the door, one just in case, two more because you never could tell, another pair for peace of mind, and the last one for luck. They carried those seven-brass charms like the keys to heaven, but even heaven doesn't offer those guarantees.

All he'd known was the silent mountain, singing grass and the farm that passed through five generations before it came to him, before it passed away.

He'd buried the last of his kin in the wet of March, laid his ma to rest in the damp earth that had welcomed her as a new bride brought from Tennessee. He'd witnessed each one's leaving -- Grandpap, who'd spent his last nine years resting up from the war, worn out from bombing faceless Germans; Granny, who'd tended the rosebushes she'd planted for her dead children with the same care she'd given to the one who lived; Pa, who'd died as he lived -- standing on his own feet, working the land; and Ma, whose heart

had given out while dreaming underneath her wedding quilt.

He'd known that death would take them, would someday take him, too. But he'd always counted on keeping the land. It was the one thing that didn't change, didn't give up, give out, didn't move away or die. Masons had lived on the mountain since 1836, had kept it through war and depression and taxes. Now he'd lost it to progress, to the highway that would creep along the spine of his mountain like a bad case of shingles crawling along a nerve, only this time there'd be no waiting it out.

This was the last day he'd call the place his own. He took what he could. Hands splintered on memorized pines, feet shod in river mud fine and cool, til' dry, he chewed bluegrass, honeysuckle, and late apples. He packed his clothes, a few tools, odds from the house and ends from the barn, and wrapped his pa's straight razor and strap in the highway man's pink eviction paper.

The next morning, he rode into town and dropped off the mare at Ernie Dempsey's livery. Ernie

hadn't offered much in the way of cash, but Tanner knew the old man didn't hold with abusing horses and had taken a whip to more than one fool who'd made the mistake of doing so where Ernie could see it.

Bus fumes drove Tanner north to Muncie, Greyhound plumes, hot and black, like the smoke that damned his land to the 'dozer and him to a concrete block.

He spent the night in a family hotel that hadn't seen a better day since the D-day boys came home. In the morning, he devoured a plate of ham and eggs along with the "for rent" section of the daily paper in a shabby diner that would have made his mama shudder.

By four, he'd rented a one-room cell, a gloomy walk-up apartment in a building that seemed to have hunkered down to catch its breath and never bothered to get up.

He laid in a store of groceries, shaking his head at the cellophane price of the vegetables he'd always grown himself.

After a dinner of stew and tomatoes, he unpacked

the remnants of his home. He took out his tools and set to carving a hand-sized box with the bone-handled knife his great-pap swapped from General Lee. He shaped the box, a tiny coffin, from salvaged slats of his mama's east kitchen window shutter. She'd once painted them to match her ivy, but now the wood was an old and dulled might-have-been-green.

The Indiana moon he imagined blue, shone through the streaked windowpane. It's cool light seemed to soften the beveled edges of the coffin and the bits that he laid to rest: the scraped off mud and dug out splinters; a withered rose -- side yard bloom; a silver spoon once hidden from yankees; and a handful of corn, the last he'd grow.

In the weeks that followed, Tanner found work, jobs as odd as the friends he made -- singled out halves of should-have-been pairs. When they visited his place, they always asked about the box, but never understood that his answer had more to do with gone than dead.

"What you got in there?" they'd ask.

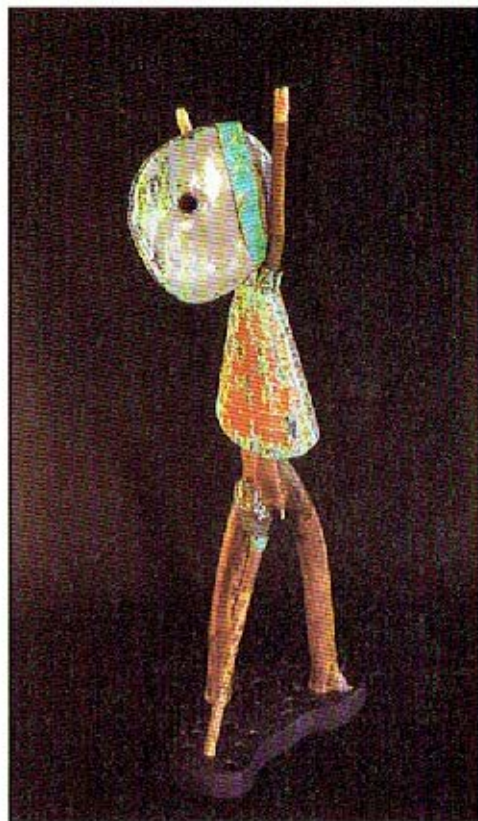
"Kentucky," was all he ever said.

Untitled



drewRobertson • photograph • 6" x 4"

Mama—I Just Wanted to Go Out and Play



babara wheelerSmith • sculpture • 15" x 20" x 15"

Distortion



bruceWrighter • charcoal • 18" x 24"

Dark Secrets

Jennifer Hyland

They destroyed the blackberry bushes today
Along with my summer dreams of morning excursions
Neighborhood streets empty
Except for Wilde's disciples
...I wandered down by the lakeside

Beyond the lanky pines and wildflower patches
Overflowing redbuds reluctantly allowed me passage
Beyond the shimmering violets and their modest sisters
Soft, cool, dripping with morning dew
Gently I gathered my dark secrets in ecstasy

Until someone discovered my prizes
Ruthlessly leaving me with nothing
But scattered remembrances
And a metallic sign
"R.L. Williams and Associates"

On a corroded, yellow bulldozer
Sits a hard-working man in a tattered NY Mets hat
Wearing faded blue jeans and muddy, black boots
Muttering, beneath the thunderous rumblings,
Something about progress

Irish Royalty



bjarne Werner • graphite pencil • 20 3/4" x 11 1/2"

Old Friend

scottCarle

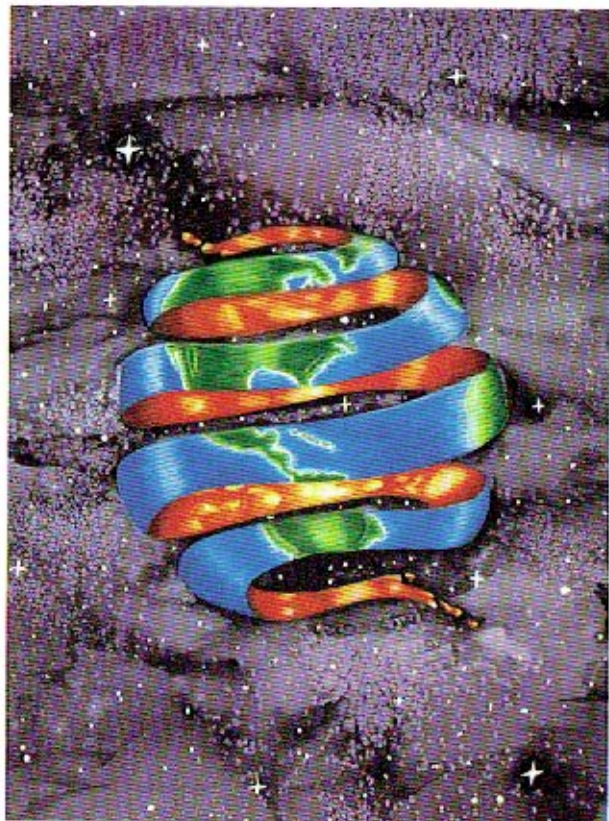
With head laid down
Dream in dark of night
Visit that grim old friend
Sit and talk til dawn
Wake with memory but an ache
And then one day to see his card in light of day
A card that says I've come and gone,
But I'll be back to visit you when you're awake
No recollection of who has left their cards
In the past, in dark of night, he went from shadow to shadow
Gave no name and showed no face
Like a wraith unseen in light of day
But with each day's passing, substance gained
Until one day there'll be a knock
And then to face your old friend
To know the name of who in past
Came in dreams, 'tween dusk and dawn
You'll see his face in light of day
Where, with memory unfogged, you'll recall
The name of him who came at night, and wish him gone
That now you could forget, forget the name of loneliness

Images of a Stronger Me

adalaEllis

She moves gracefully between Earth and Heaven.
An Angel of Paradise trapped in the World of Dust.
Her eyes are as deep pools that are limitless.
There is no fear when diving into her waters.
She walks but her feet do not touch the ground.
Her voice is as a caressing wind that cools a
 heated brow.
She has the patience of a river cutting into the
 earth to make its bed.
She is as humble as the majestic mountain that
 does not dwarf the river but succumbs to
 its patient flow.
She has the strength of a mighty waterfall and the
 gentleness of a falling mist over
 a waking earth.
She dances to the beat of a living, breathing
 world.
She is neither animal nor human.
Her home is in Heaven and her place of rest is in
 the Arms of the Beloved.
She moves gracefully between Earth and Heaven.

Earth Undun



lisaShriver • mixed media • 22 1/4" x 30"

Best Friend



elizabethAdkins • acrylic • 30" x 24"

Doors Inside of Me

kateyDiStefano

So whole, to the eye
 where divisions run deep.
So torn, to the mind
 where departures will weep.
And my touch, so it laughs
 at the folly portrayed,
And my tears lie alone
 where such pain is delayed.
I'll hold myself aside,
 as time spins its wonder
Under the stars in broken skies
 of turmoil and thunder.
Into stones I'll turn my thoughts
 and bury them with haste,
Since the poems can't redeem
 the lost time and its waste.
I'll wait until the time
 that my pains are all called free,
Until then they will hide behind
 these doors inside of me.

The Mercenary's Song

richardCollin

Lady, I must confess my role in many crimes.
I have enforced the will of tyrants in distant climes.
At times I was a soldier, at times a spy, a mercenary, to all effects,
A blunt instrument in the hands of anyone disposed to write me checks.

And right, all right, I ran away, so call me a coward too.
But it would it have mattered something more,
What would it signify to you,
Had I left my bones behind in the sand,
A blunt instrument, a hired hand, in a lousy Arab war?
Had I died, perishing politely, would it have changed a thing?
A reluctant martyr in the pay of a minor desert king.

You realize, it wasn't only fear.
Out there, there were no silken girls, no matter what you hear.
The taste of cordite burned out throats.
The Sultan didn't treat us well.
And things we did on dope and beer, I am ashamed to tell.
Like when we killed that scholar in his dig with a misplaced mortar shell.

He was dead in a flash, but now it always seems,
When I drink, or smoke a little grass,
I have this archaeologist in my dreams,
Excavating my brain like a city under the sand,
Stripping bare the dead and arrogant design,
My breached defenses, the things you never understand,
In the kitchen-midden of my mind,

Exposing shards of faded jubilation,
And jugs of bitter, soured wine,
The sear of ash, the rubble heap of wasted time,
The burnt stratum of my years alone.

Enough of this. The journey home was fun.
Do you recall the camel track from Qatar,
How it winds north beneath the sun,
And skirts the shore at Ras Tanura,
On the road to Babylon?

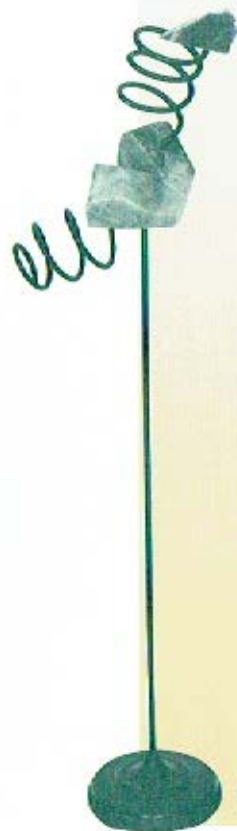
Or the caravanserei at Qatif,
Where you measured against your hand,
The penis of a camel,
Dreaming of water, meditating on sand?

At Qatif we watched across the evening tide,
As the sun threw itself in the sea,
Like an actress playing at suicide,
Or that special kind of desert djinn,
Who knows full well that he can rise again.

It was there and then we had our moment,
Fleeting as the flash of bedouin eyes, brown beneath the veil,
Or wail of a desert dog, when the sun is high at noon,
Elusive as the logic of an alien theology,
Or the syntax of a dune.

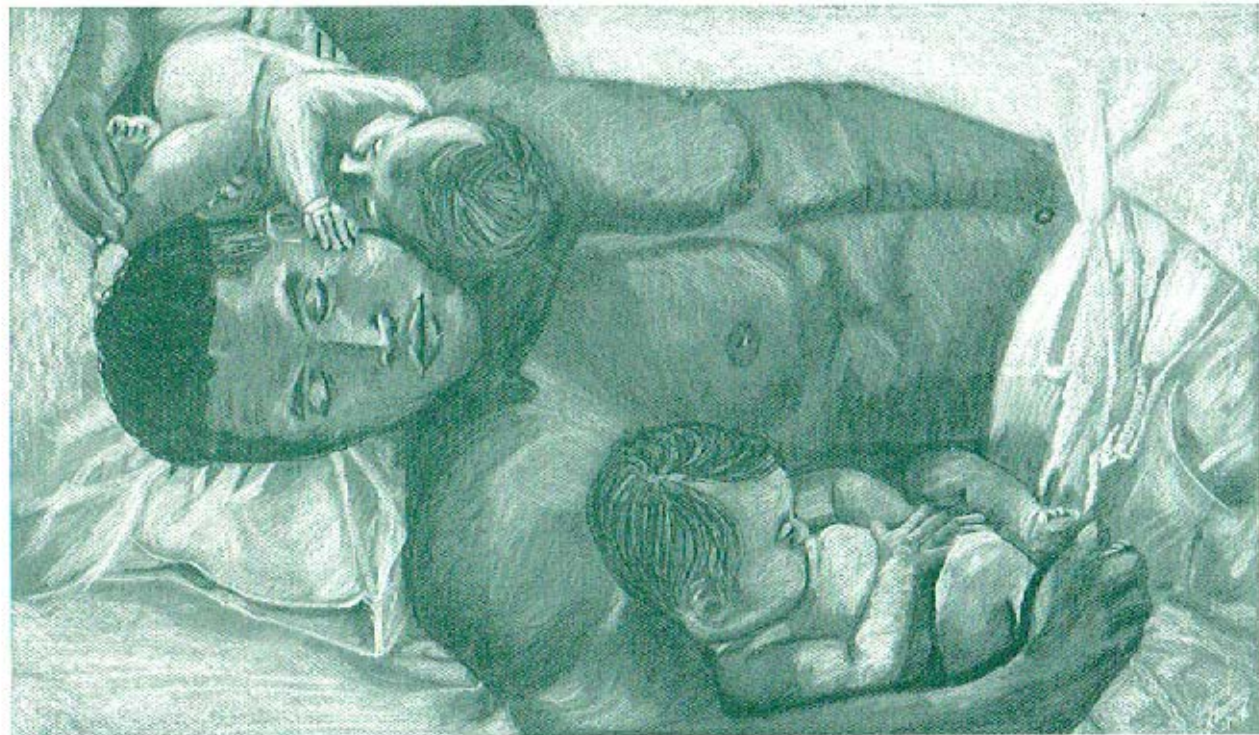
It was then and there you asked me why I fled,
Speaking calmly as you crushed an insect by the bed,
And I thought, ah sweet lady,
When all is done and said,
It's tough enough to be a cockroach,
Without also being dead.

Rock and Spring



brian Vaughn • sculpture • 19" x 58" x 10"

Nap Time



jessicaStanley • charcoal • 25 1/2" x 15"

Alumni

Driving The Same Direction Seeking Any Destination

sarahLoudin

With the mindless intent
of concrete things,
the highway takes me today
where it took me yesterday.
I pass well-known strangers
who mow their grass
talk to their zinnias,
but never to me.
They don't look up anymore,
the hum of the highway,
like a clock no one hears,
wears away the hours
unknown, unnoticed.

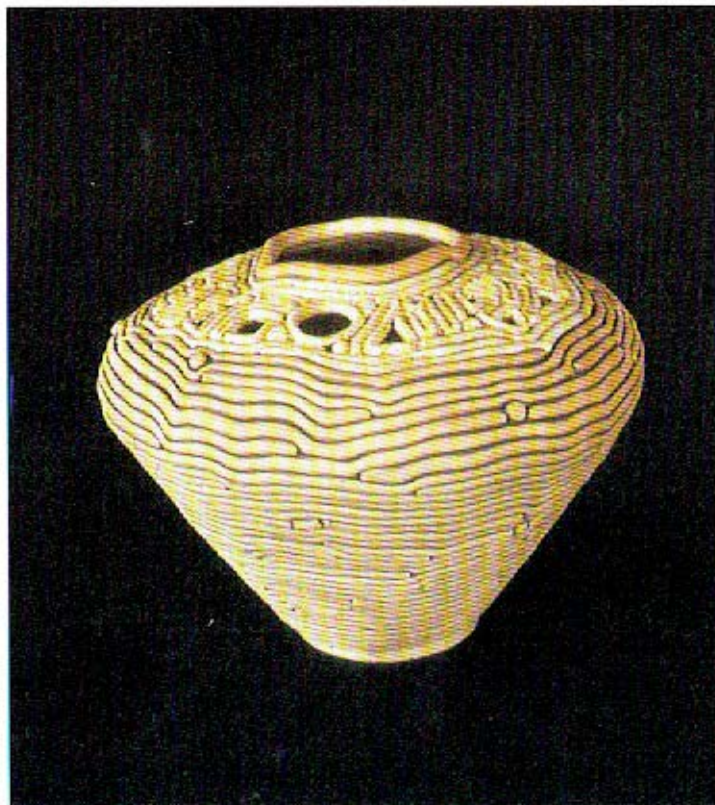
I stretched this thread of pavement
tight between two destinations,
memorize everything between.
I gather my strength for the day
my highwire highway snaps
and I fall,
a tightrope walker too tired,
into a silent field where
the internal combustion engine
rusts behind a clump of daisies.
I stay to left when driving,
admire strong hands and forearms
of men who will never know me.

Box #3



stephanieBiegner • pottery • 3" x 7 1/2" x 3"

Untitled



stephanieBiegner • pottery • 12" x 9 1/2"

Tent Revival

sarah Loudin

I

The preacher man
stood in the river,
water washing him away
down south to glory land.
We stood on the bank
drier than the last week
before that damn flood
washed everything away.
The preacher man
had no fear in him.
Cottonmouths
curled around his ankles.
I could see him lift one foot
and then the other.
He danced
for the glory of God, brother.
He danced
for our salvation, sister.
We didn't want any saving.
We were waiting
for those snakes to strike.

II

The preacher man
tried to save the gypsy last week.
We saw him back of the church
preaching and singing loud
and louder than he should.
The gypsy cried cause she knew
Jesus would never have her
after the preacher man did.
Jesus would never wash her
whiter than snow, Lord.
The gypsy cried cause she saw
that damn copperhead coiled
under the back porch.
We just watched the snake.

III

The preacher man bowed
his head and raised his arms
like Jesus asking for a hammer.
Someone way down front
rolled in the grass.
The gypsy waited in the trees.
She bit her tongue until it split.
We sat in the back row
keeping lookout for the devil.

IV

The preacher man got saved
the hard way, friends.
That rock of ages had a snake
waiting under it.
The gypsy figures
Jesus wasn't coming down
off his cross anyway.

notes

Senior Elizabeth Adkins is an art studio major from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. From New Bern, North Carolina, senior Carl Anderson is double majoring in art studio and education. Linda Anderson is originally from Lynchburg, Virginia, and currently resides in Conway, South Carolina. Thanh Banh is a junior from Reston, Virginia majoring in art studio. Making her first appearance in *Archarios*, senior Marietta Beckham is an English major. Junior Joyce Beemer is from Greenville, South Carolina and is majoring in English. Originally from Coopersville, Michigan, senior Krysti Bialas is a marine science major. Joe Bissett is a senior from Weirton, West Virginia, majoring in art studio. Also an art studio major, Kimberly Boros is a senior from Myrtle Beach. From Conway, junior Ashley Bruton is an English major appearing for the first time in *Archarios*. Byron Carle is a senior art studio major from Loris. Senior Scott Carle is a management

major and is minoring in marine science. Richard Collin is a political science professor at Coastal. Biology major Katey DiStefano is a freshman from Watertown, New York. Myrtle Beach resident Jenifer Draper is a freshman double majoring in English and education. Also from Myrtle Beach, junior Trish Dyer is an art studio major. Adalia Ellis is a sophomore, majoring in history and secondary education. Making his debut in *Archarios*, senior James Guignard is majoring in English. Born in Sandusky, Ohio, senior Jennifer Hyland is an English major. Majoring in art studio, senior Drew Robertson hails from Boston, Massachusetts. Senior Lisa Shriver is an art studio major from Clyde, Ohio. Barbara Wheeler Smith is an art studio major from Myrtle Beach. An art studio major, sophomore Jessica Stanley is from Moncks Corner, South Carolina. Myrtle Beach resident Suzanne Thompson is the director of Coastal's Foreign Language

Instructional Center. Originally from Fukuoka, Japan, senior Emi Tsujikawa is majoring in art studio. Sophomore Eddie Urbanowicz is an art studio major from Myrtle Beach. From Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, senior Brian Vaughn is majoring in art studio. Senior Gary Walker, born in Charleston, South Carolina, is an English major. Junior Sandy Watson is an English major from Myrtle Beach. Making his return appearance in *Archarios*, senior art studio major Bjarne Werner is from Malmo, Sweden. Junior Dari Wright is a business finance major from Boise, Idaho. From Binghamton, New York, Bruce Wrighter is a senior, majoring in art studio.



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alumni

Stephanie Biegner graduated in 1993 with a bachelor's degree in art studio. She is the Art Director at Wolverine Brass.

Sarah Loudin graduated in 1994 with a bachelor's degree in English. She is the Festival Director for the Horry Cultural Arts Council.

Both individuals are former Editors of *Archarios*.

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Horry Cultural Arts Council

Coastal Carolina Student Government Association

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The Chanticleer

awards

literature

First joyceBeemer Exit '59
Second ashleyBruton Absurd Reality

visuals

First byronCarle Reflections on Water
Second bruceWrighter Distortion

editor's note

I would like to thank all of the students who flooded us with over 400 submissions this year. *Archarios* exists to showcase the artistic and literary works of the student body, and, as the staff has seen from examining the submissions, there is no shortage of talent at Coastal. I would also like to sing many praises to the hard-working people on staff, most of whom are graduating in May. Next year's staff will be hard-pressed to match their accomplishments, but I am certain there are students who are up to the challenge.

