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Archarios, 1997 Spring

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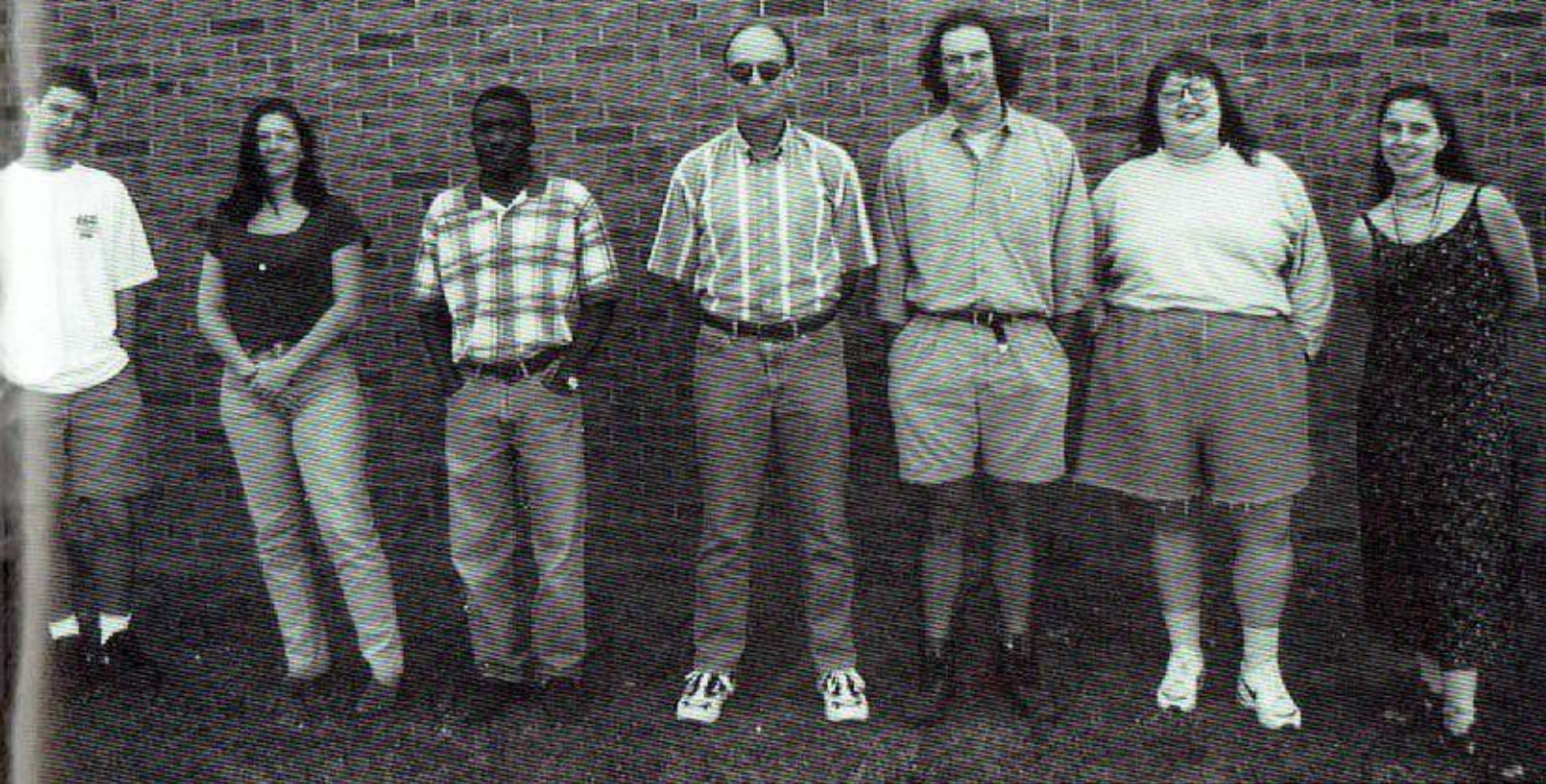
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Literary/Art

Magazine



Archarios



Coastal Carolina University's
ARCHARIOS
Literary/Art Magazine
Spring 1997

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Art

Frozen Dinner

Sandy Argroves
Senior
English
Myrtle Beach, SC

Frozen Dinner

Her lips
curve in
titanic
glacier
smiles
for me
while
her gaze
slides
over my
shoulder
towards
you
she
eats
you with
sparkling
sharp knife
and fork
eyes

Motherless

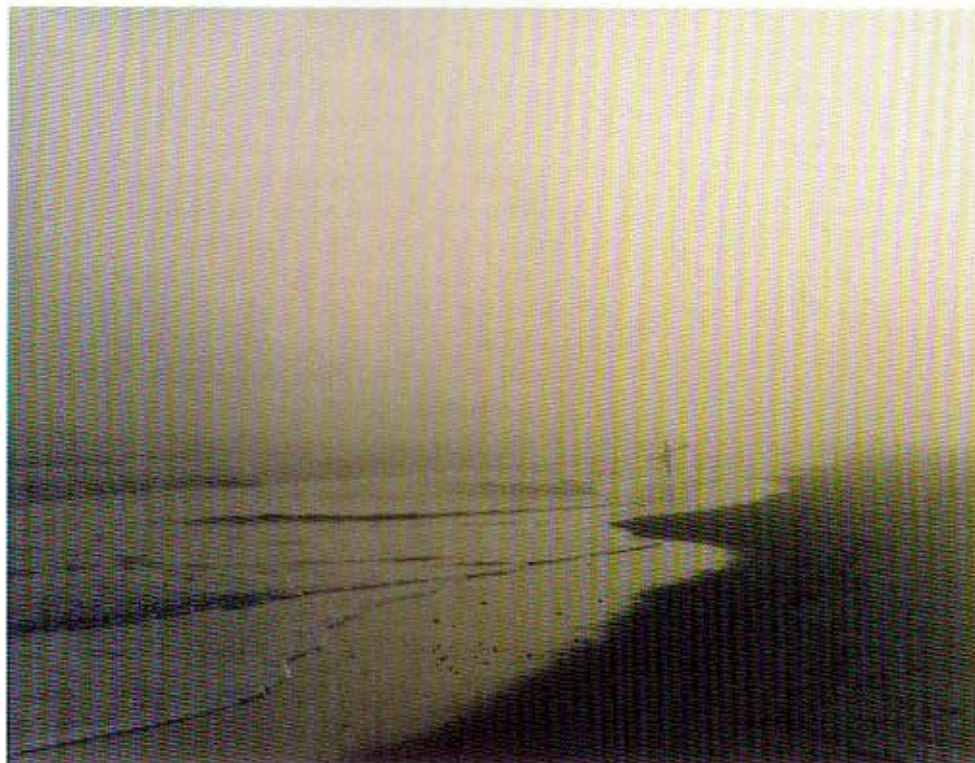
A
house
is a home
until a mother
is gone, and then
it becomes a house
again, a void full of lingering
scents and memories in every
drawer and closet where her things
used to be. Only silence now from the
squeaky leather bench beneath her
dresser where she once plaited a little
girl's braids. Her going leaves a hollow
place that aches for filling up. The kitchen
table groans with stacks of travel magazines,
far-off places my father studies and hopes to
visit one day soon. The busy rocker where
needles clicked and clacked intricate patterns
sits still without its passenger. The only guests
these days are ravenous moths and dust mites.
It hurts to visit, so I don't.

Motherless

Zoe Ann Cerny
Graduate Student
Education
Conway, SC

In the Beginning

Rebekah Brink
Senior
Art Studio
Ripon, WI



Photograph • 14" x 10^{7/8}"

Attic

Yellow, dog-eared photographs,
dust and ancient smells,
Roses, dried and brittle
preserved neatly
between the pages of a diary.

Open up Pandora's box
long since hidden
in a dark corner.
Nostalgia clutters the air
like gypsy moths
on an Indian Summer night.

Faded garments,
forgotten gifts,
woven from a locked up emotion.
Letters filled with
promises and vows,
now sealed no longer
with a sweet kiss,
but rather must and age.
Faded ink to match
the faded dreams within.
Brittle pages threaten to crumble
under my gentle touch.

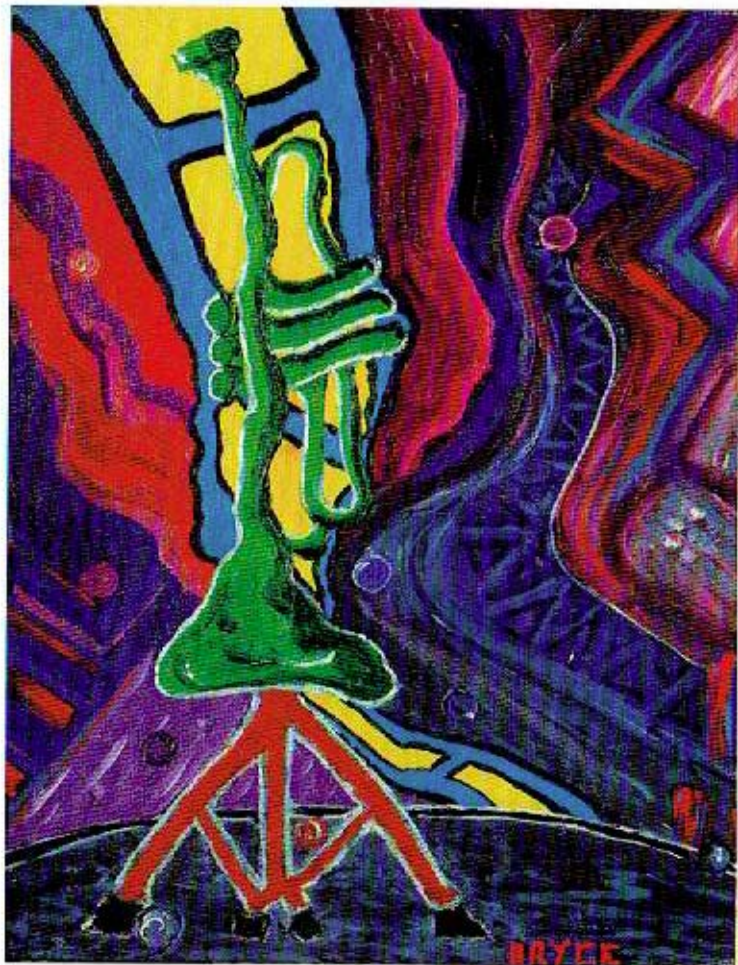
Turmoil of emotions
Tears accented by smiles
and Memory:
a tiny key in a locket
'round my throat,
to open the door
to my attic.

Attic

Tricia Kress
Senior
Political Science
New York, NY

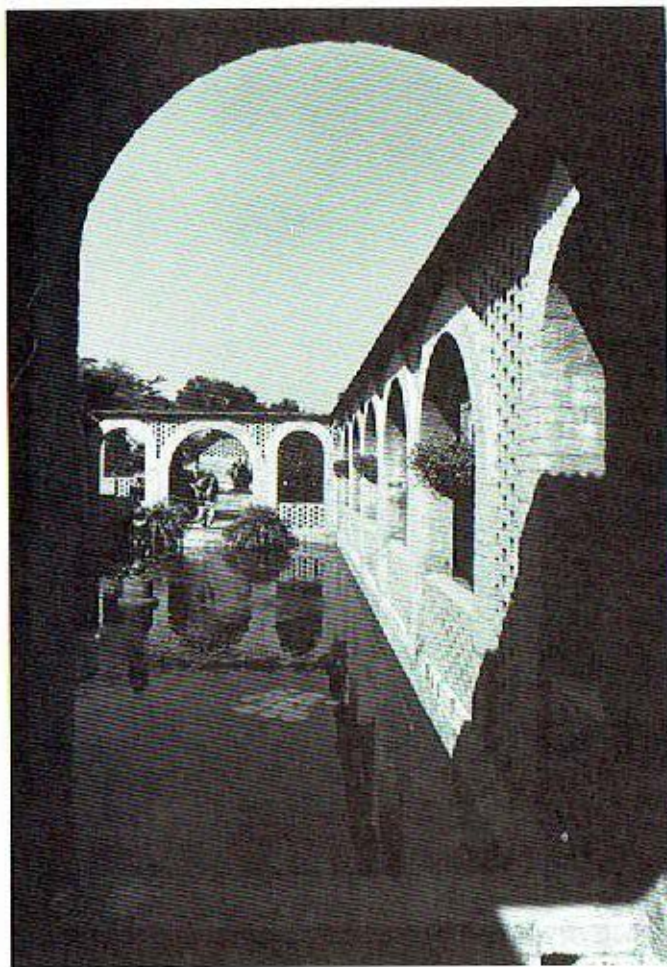
The Horn

Bryce Becker
Sophomore
Art Studio
Long Beach, CA



Acrylic • 13 1/2" x 18"

Archarios '97



Photograph • 6 ^{3/8}" x 9 ^{3/8}"

Untitled

Jeffrey Johnson
Senior
Interdisciplinary
Studies
Neptune, NJ

Archarios '97

Behind the Barber Pole

Zoe Wood
3rd Quarter Student
Augusta, GA

Liquid MaMa

Ashley L. Bruton
Senior
English
Conway, SC

Behind the Barber Pole

Behind the barber pole off 17

The news of snowbirds you may glean

Of those who winter at Cherry Grove

From Oswego and above the cove

Henry lives in Socastee

With his petite wife Marjorie

His clientele is unisex

From local guys to Madam X

The football games you may discuss

As for politics you're on your own

Henry lets his views be known

A more honest man you'll never see

Than Henry C from Socastee

While we are reading *Rolling Stone*

His clippers sound a steady drone

To acquaintances and neighbors I recommend

A first class Gentleman and a friend.

Liquid MaMa

I reckon I'm a'right in-a unique way

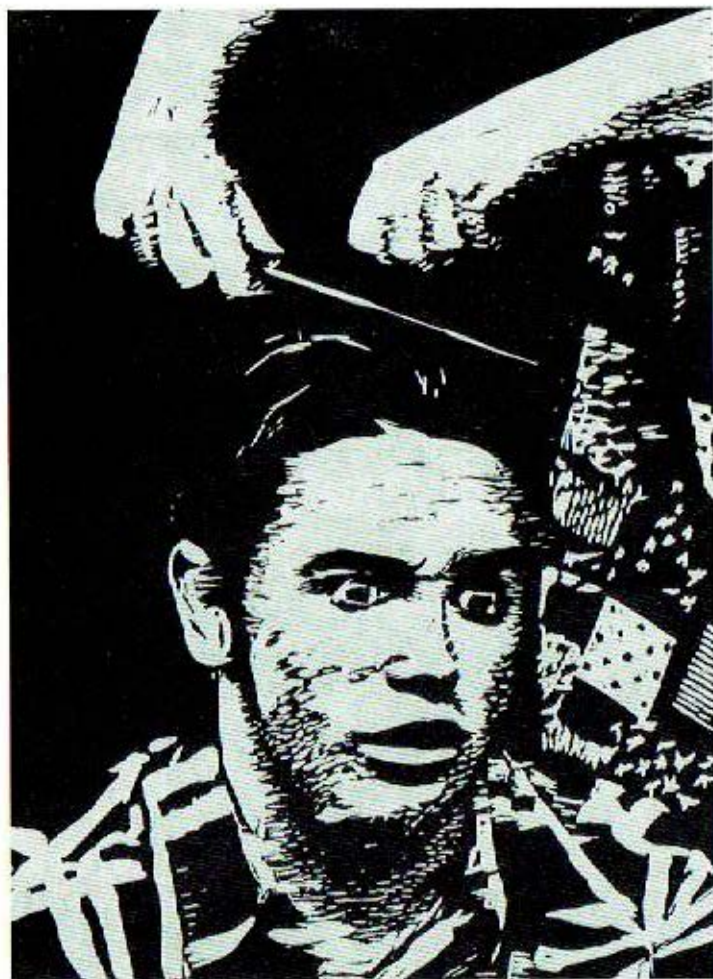
That ain't by no means spec-tac-u-lar

'Ceptin I like to shoot-up Ice Tea

We call it Liquid MaMa here in 'Orry County

But that's the Independent Republic of 'Orry to y'all

And ya bet-ta smile when ya say that to me, Bo



Linoleum Relief Print • 8" x 11" 1987

Scared Stupid

Sarah Everett
Senior
Art Education
Conway, SC

Mist

Tricia Kress
Senior
Political Science
New York, NY

Mist

Shadows dance before my eyes,
Caressing my face and scalp
As they creep their way into me through my ears.
They seep slowly out through my nostrils
Like smoke, twisting and turning
Then curling into my mouth
Leaving behind a faint odor of cologne mixed with sweat.

They wrap around my tongue,
And dribble down into my throat,
Gagging me with their sweet, fleshy taste,
The taste of skin, the taste of fears, the taste of time.

They entangle their chilled fingers in the meat of my brain,
Pinching, and prodding, and probing.
Poking at my liquid eyes,
Wringing salty droplets onto my cheeks,
Sliding down my arched spine,
Playing like children in a park,
Tripping over my vertebrae like a brook over stones.

I feel them breathing
On my neck.
A fine mist of snowflakes.

They snap their flinty fingers in my heart.
Again and again striking sparks to set my cedar organ on fire,
Burning my heart,
Freezing my body,
Manipulating my soul.
Giggling and whispering,
Plucking at the nerves in my limbs.

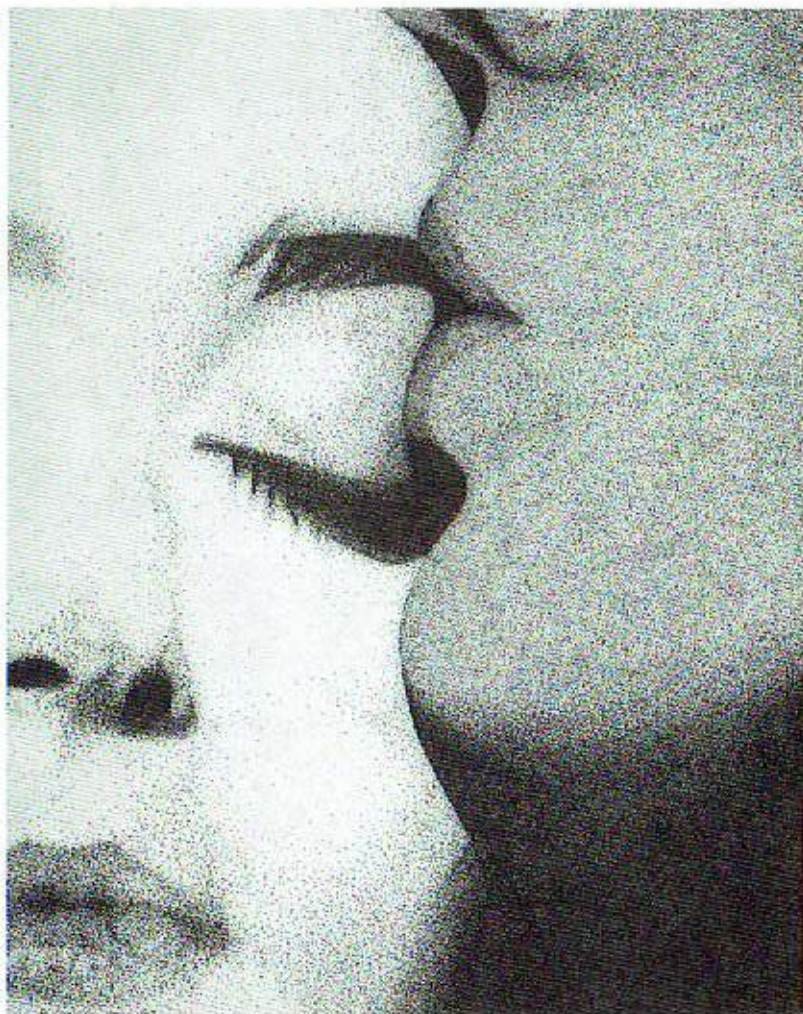
That old familiar tingle.

Shadows wrap around my bodice like a corset.
Constricting tighter and tighter,
A vaporous boa squeezing the life from its prey.
Claws of stone digging into my skin.
Fishhooks reeling me in and binding me forever with invisible twine.

So bittersweet,
My precious nostalgia.

My Love

Suzanne Courtney
Senior
Art Studio
N. Myrtle Beach, SC



Pen & Ink • 8 1/2" x 10 3/4"

Desire and No Exit

For Blanche DuBois and Estelle Rigault

The existentialist heroines Blanche and Estelle embraced *mauvaise foi* to survive in hell. With lipstick and attitude in the face of doom, they transformed themselves and their stifling rooms, struggling to carry on.

So honestly deceiving, they were quite the rage—
Believing themselves upon the stage!
With all the hopefulness of youth, they created an illusion to hide the truth.

A colorful paper lantern around a naked bulb.

Trapped by those who had a pen, and having only a well,
They had opened their souls. Their hells
were written for them.

O Blanche and Estelle

My precursors—
Desperate subscribers to the phallacy—
Stand in the light, and with the ink that remains,
Color your lips in purest black and print
your words across the page.

Sold . . . American?

Step right up;
Ev'ryone's a winner!
We got somethin'
For ev'rybody!

Education, college-style.
Learn what you want;
We'll make more.

Ev'rything
From history to handball,
English to ethics,
Journalism to justice.

It's all you want . . .
AND MORE!
For one low price!
Going once . . .
Going twice . . .
Sold . . .
To the young fellow
With the twinkle in his eye!

What?
You say it wasn't worth it?

Sorry, sonny . . .
Like the sign says,
"NO exchanges,
NO refunds,
All sales are FINAL."

Desire and No Exit

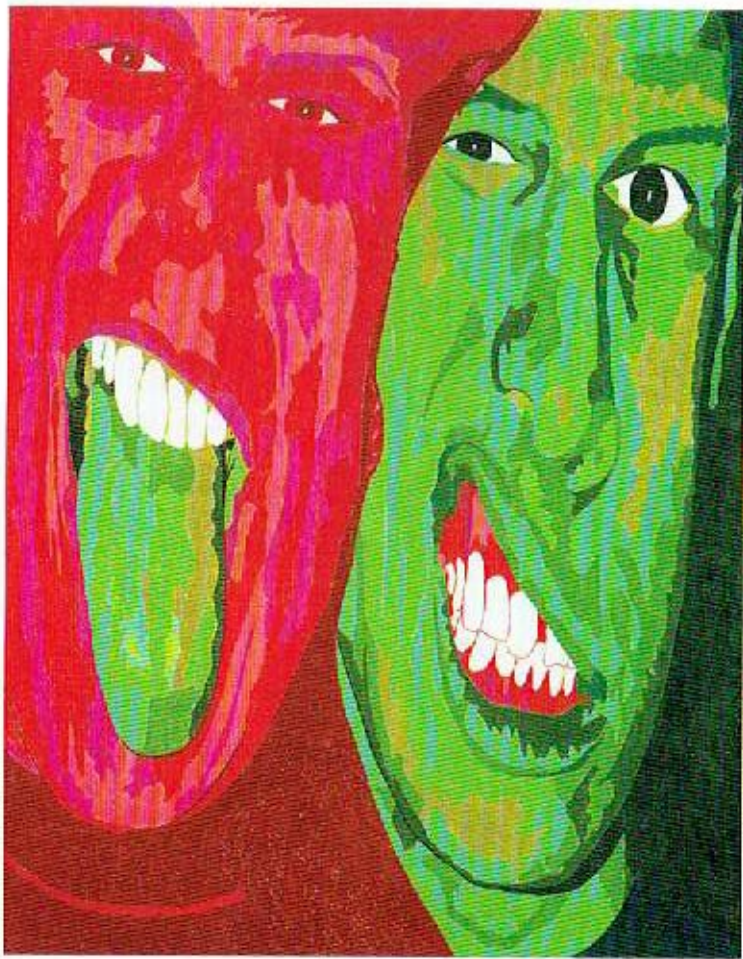
Suzanne Thompson
Staff
Foreign Language
Instructional Center
Wendell, NC

Sold . . . American?

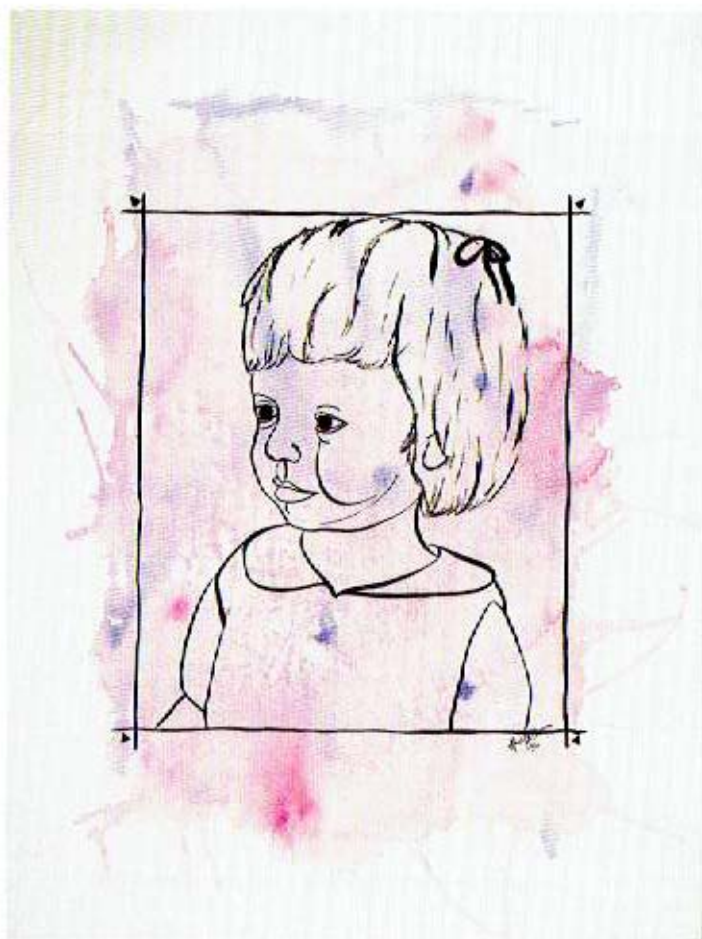
Christopher L. Newton
Senior
History/Politics
Conway, SC

The Devil and I

Joseph Jasper
Junior
Art Studio
Conway, SC



Colored Pencil • 17^{7/8}" x 23"



India Ink & Watercolor • 22 1/2" x 30"

Heather

Kara Dalto
Senior
Art Education
Myrtle Beach, SC

Archarios '97

Tolerance

Rebecca Castleberry
Senior
Secondary English/
Education
Sumter, SC

Haiku

Christopher L. Newton
Senior
History/Politics
Conway, SC

Tolerance

For Dad

The **night** is so much clearer **than** the day.
There is no **cluttering** color to distract the eye.
The blanket of night is a world of blue, like **your** eyes.

We, **none** of us, **have** them...
Your eyes
But we are **still yours**.

It is in **our** faces, **our** bodies.
It is in **our** humor, **our** speech.
It is in **my** thoughts.

I **try** to keep **my** **thoughts** as dark as **the** **night**,
Uncluttered by the color of the day.
This is what I have learned from you.

You made me.
An artist with **the** blanket of **night** **in** **his** eyes
To **guide** the art.

I am **still** a work in progress.
I watch **the** creator **for** a sign...
A clue to tell me that I am developing into a creation that you can be proud of.

You **keep** the clearness of the **night** **in** **my** heart.
Through **your** example I keep **my** world **in** shades of blue,
Without color.

Haiku

She eyed me strangely
and then went to a yard sale
with my Grandmother.

Untitled

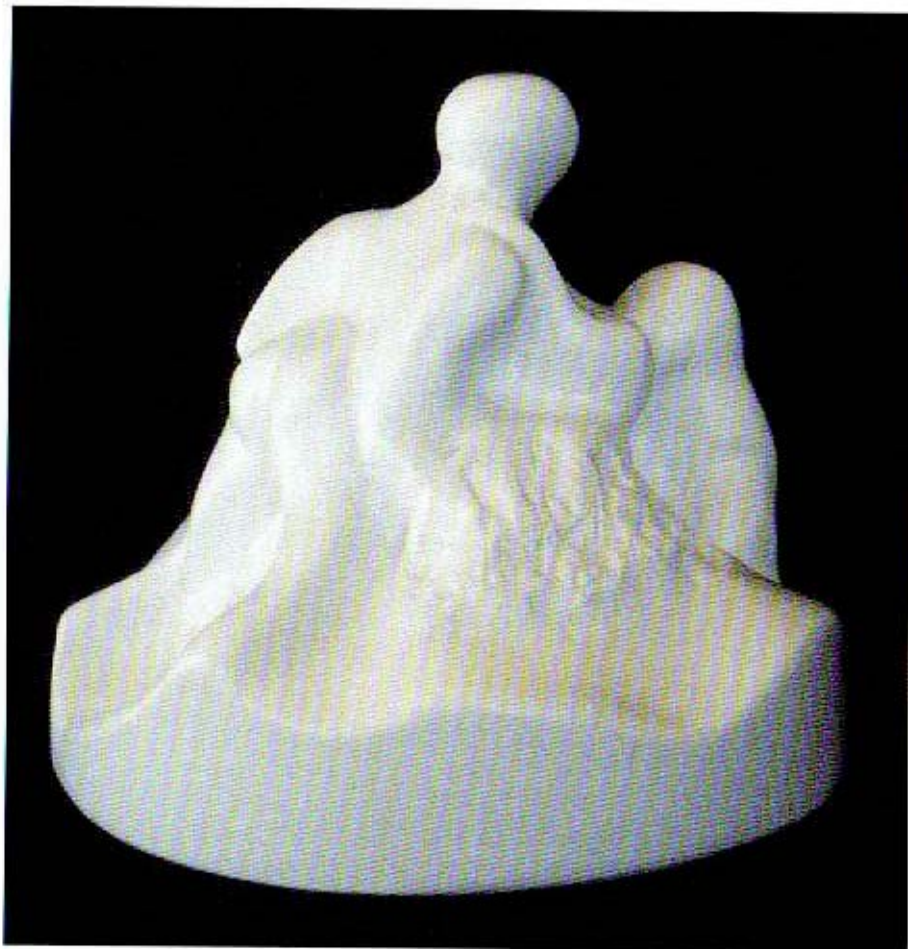
Dianna Mae Clark
Junior
Interdisciplinary
Studies
Mt. Pocono, PA



Hand Colored Photograph • 9 1/2" x 7 3/8"

Souls Ignited

Marne Small
Senior
Art Studio
N. Myrtle Beach, SC



Plaster

...to me

I don't ask
for much
in a man

Intelligence

A gentle nature

The ability to crawl...

Best Kept Secret

If only the A-framed barn on Old Mill's Road
could whisper of the two centuries past.

Whiffs of sweaty leather and curing hanks of tobacco
hang around the door like an old hungry cat.

Sounds of farm-child's life echo from the dark
inside that have been long-time stilled.

Barefoot boys in denim become work-booted
men carrying heavy burdens till old age.
"When it quits raining, we quit working."

Tree trunks lathered by broadax and adz
caress knotted boards silvered with age.

Sturdy as ever, it has withstood fire and rain
to which flimsy copycats of today have fallen.

On a dirt road resting between town and country,
a rustic historical sight remains ever silent.

...to me

Sandy Argoves
Senior
English
Myrtle Beach, SC

Best Kept Secret

Julia LeGette
Senior
English
Latta, SC

Afrodisiac

Leah F. Rousseau
Freshman
English
Washington, D.C.

Afrodisiac

tall, muscular,
chocolate
lean, witty,
caramel
twists, fade,
dreads, baldies.

rapper, lawyer,
musician, entrepreneur,
slang, multi-lingual,
dreamer, realist,
dope slinger, street
pharmacists,
Tony Montana—not.

lover, sweet and
rough
father, present,
absent, either way
tough
man, boy, unborn
praise,
foreseen despair

lips thick and sips
from my sweet breasts.

gun toting boys with
strong
hands

student,
visa carrying
strong mind

stock holding professional
strong self-esteem

pimp, women
selling strong desires

utopian man.

my babysfatha, my nigga, my man, my brotha.

slick
nautica bright
tommy cologne
polo modeling
gap sophisticated
eb toasted
dream of perfection.

biggie, tupac, nas, fugees, d'angelo, roots, goodie mob, bob, II,
r. kelly, luke, dogg pound, montell, marvin, prince—only
listenin' to the beat.

senses wandering
from light to darkness,
life or death,
good or bad
law or lawlessness.

stab wound, gun wound, abandon wound, loveless wound.

time

gone

driving a lex, cadillac, q-45, legend, z, blazer, benz

going where?

chocolate melting

in the sun

caramel becoming

sticky and

melting all over

my eyes

hips breasts thighs

stomach

in my stomach

the quickening.

the quick ending,
and beginning

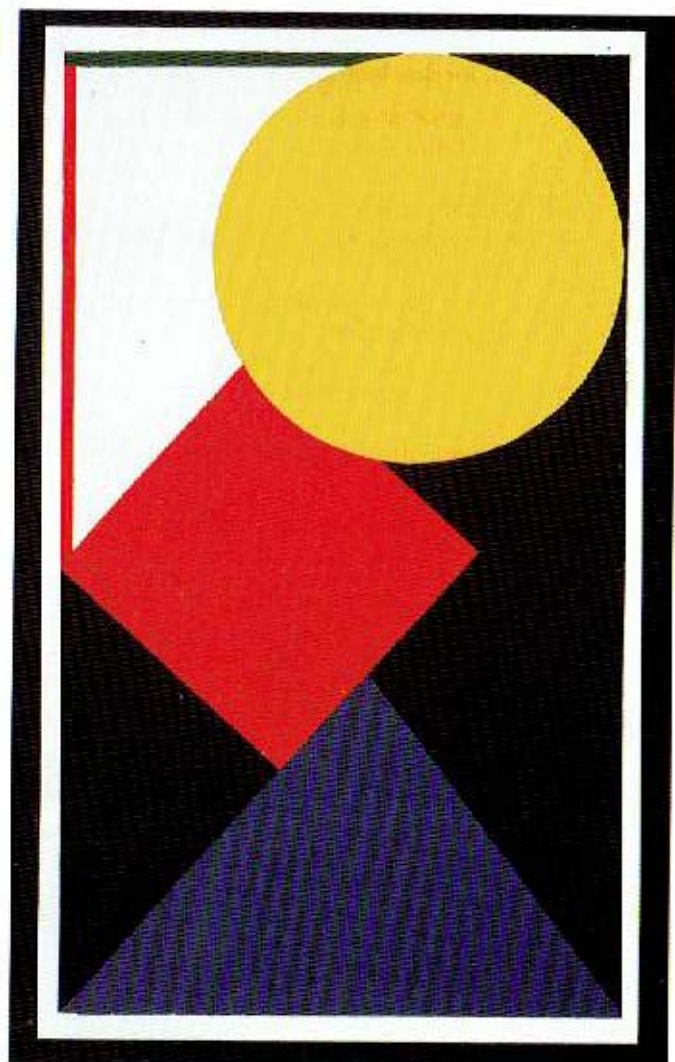
again

all an afrodisiac.

all
I S I A C
over

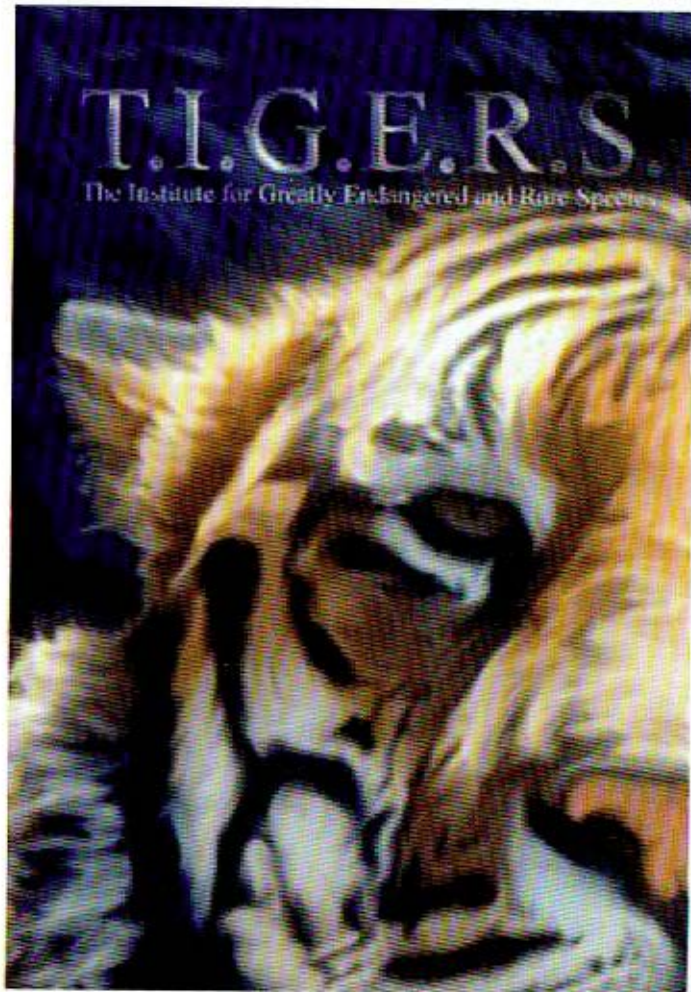
PrimariLee

Lee R. Jones Jr.
Senior
Art Studio
Little River, SC



Acrylic • 20" x 30"

Archarios '97



Computer Enhanced Photograph • 9" x 13"

T.I.G.E.R.S.

Tracy Floyd
Senior
Art Studio
Loris, SC

Archarios '97

Twilight Shell

Zoe Ann Cerny
Graduate Student
Education
Conway, SC

Twilight Shell

like earthquaked tombstones
broken walls lay heaped in rubble
contents long before removed
by loving hands from time-worn shelves

dozers finally silenced the noisy station
where sick cars were healed
by master automotive surgeons
and cokes still came in bottles
from big, deep refrigerators with sliding
tops and cap removers

for months the barren corner sat muddy
perhaps giving us time to accept progress
and remember the warmth of friendly faces
and kerosene heaters on cold mornings
when our cars died on the way to work

finally, a new place, modern and clean
claims residence shouting
"Express Stop Number 22"
complete with cheap gas and tacos to go

easy on the eyes but cold on the heart.



Mixed Media

Barbara's Hats

Barbara W. Smith
Student
Art Studio
Myrtle Beach, SC

A Most Extremely
Concise Anthology
of American
Literature

Jennifer Spicer
Senior
Biology/
Marine Science
South Berwick, ME

A Most Extremely Concise Anthology
of American Literature

The Tenth Muse—undercover housewife,
Ms. Bradstreet the first in the American strife
singing of husband, home, and Puritan life.
Meanwhile, Ed Taylor on his knees begs
forgiveness from Him for his cursed dregs,
his sin, his “bubs hatched...on serpents’ eggs.”
On the Hudson Jon Edwards was no liar,
despite his red faced tales of wrath and hellfire,
it’s his belief and devotion I admire.

Then there was Benjamin, starting with the news;
a reasonable man minding his P’s and Q’s
and listing in detail his thirteen virtues.
Then the two Toms in a time too intense,
one singing of Crises and Common Sense,
the other a Jack, declaring independence.

Mr. Poe’s poor women waste away,
and Usher never sees the light of day,
but, “The writing’s strict process,” Poe would say.
Melville confides a story so sad,
“It’s a world of compromise—the truth is bad,
for business—only meaningless tales will be had.”
Then, somewhere in the deep southern night,
Frederick Douglass, fugitive slave, takes flight,
using his pen to set history right.

Then Henry David cries, "Explore thyself—
this modern life is cramping our health—
there's more to living than drudgery and wealth!"
And among the brush, Whitman's grey songbird
warbles a new tune and makes himself heard,
claiming master of the poetic word.

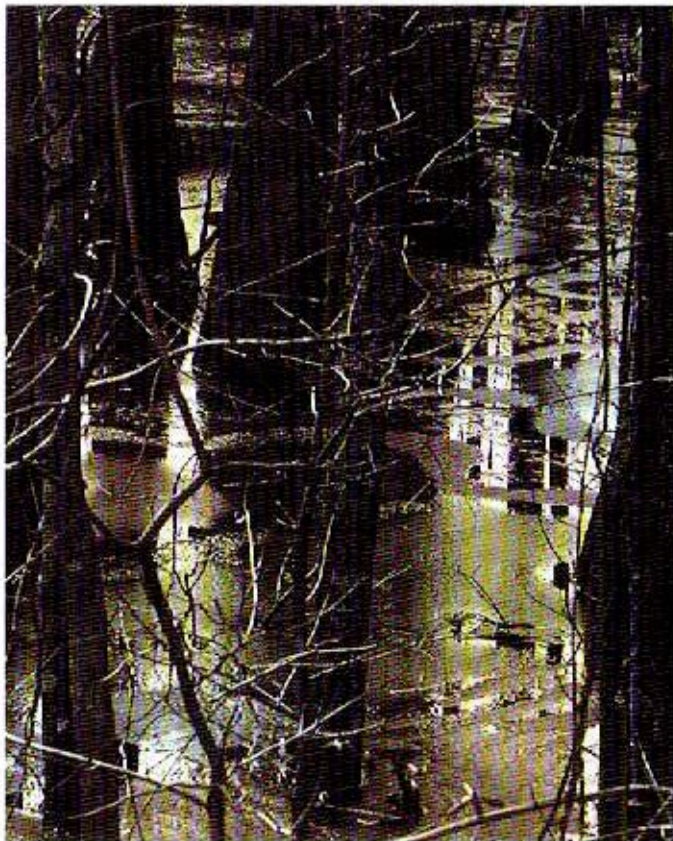
Some long to breathe verse like the poet,
to sing simple truth and not even know it,
or, like Dickinson, write it and sew it.

And here I must mention one whom some did not meet,
Ms. Sarah Orne Jewett, the author down the street,
whose sketches inspired and set me on my feet.

Then, finally, to Twain the child is born,
a truly American novel, not torn
from English arms, nor ancient works worn.
The American voice has found its way
because of the tale I narrate today;
my thanks for their efforts may I now pay.

Color Slick

Trisha Dyer
Junior
Art Studio
Myrtle Beach, SC



Hand Colored Photograph • 8" x 10"

uncle bill and me

our destination
Arkansas
but i being 9
renamed it
ARE-KANSAS

the aged corners
of his smile
folded back
like a well read
newspaper

uncle bill
sang to me
songs off the radio
and songs in his head

my curls
bounced along
to his sweet
off-key tunes

brown-gold hills
slipped into orange-red
cloud-topped
mountains

and
i watched
as the world
flew by
my passenger
window

i was 9
and this
was heaven

Only Then

What would you do in more difficult times,
much darker than the now,
Could you travel the courageous line,
or make an eternal vow,
if blinded by doubt could you attain your vision,
refuse to cower and run,
if confronted by the fruits of decision,
could you choose the ripest one,
Would you pursue an "impossible" dream,
despite the accepted norm,
Spill your blood at the battle scene,
fight in the midst of a storm,
If strung across the execution post,
for all the world to see,
Would you stay true to what you believe in most,
or for mercy would you plea,
Put your convictions to the test,
question your every need,
Pursue with your heart and refuse to rest,
only then shall you succeed.

uncle bill and me

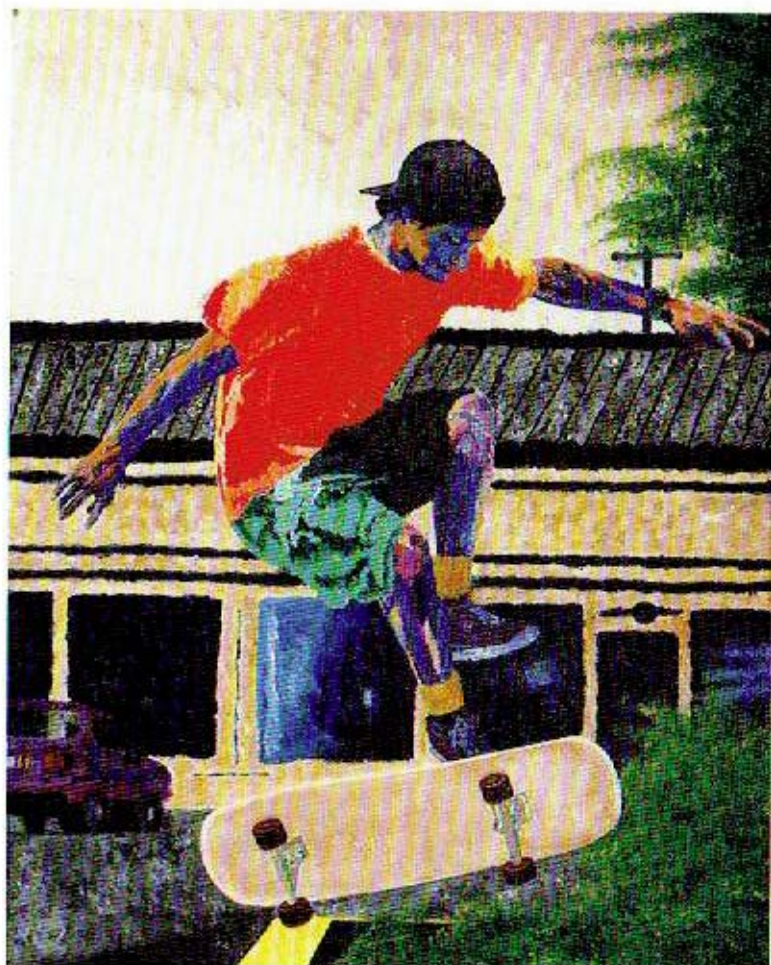
Diana Jo Wilson
Senior
English
Columbia, SC

Only Then

Jeremy Likes
Freshman
Undeclared
Myrtle Beach, SC

Untitled

Suzanne Courtney
Senior
Art Studio
N. Myrtle Beach, SC



Oil • 16" x 20"



Photograph • 9 1/2" x 7 1/2"

View Under A Pier

Carrie Cerny
Senior
English
Conway, SC

Untitled

Jeffrey Johnson
Senior
Interdisciplinary
Studies
Neptune, NJ



Photograph • 9 ^{3/8}" x 6 ^{3/8}"

The Unbreakable Ones

I don't remember **much** about my **childhood** until six.
I just remember **images**, little **things**.

I remember a few of my stepfathers.
I remember my grandparents and how I was seeing them more and more.
I was seeing my mother less and less.
That didn't seem to matter, though.

I remember a little brook behind one of the houses.
I remember my friend Lauren.
(I didn't know Lauren was a girl's name.
It wouldn't have mattered, I think.)
I remember Lauren and the brook and the sun.
I remember looking for worms.

We'd pretend the worms were paratroopers.
They never broke.
They'd just land in the water and swim a little ways.
(Lauren and I would pretend that we were worms.
We didn't want to break, either.)
I remember one thing Lauren said more than anything.
"Look below the mud and you'll find the best ones."
"I know," I'd say.

Now that I'm older, I see the bigger worms.
They're all under a ton of mud.
If I keep digging, I'll find them.
The Unbreakable Ones.
The good worms like Lauren would like.
Just below the mud.
I can dig better now, though.
I'm going to get all of the good worms.
These worms will be the best paratroopers ever.
Maybe I'll find myself in the mud, too.

Maybe I'm the real Unbreakable One.

The Unbreakable Ones

J. Aaron
Van Patten-Steiger
Freshman
English
Myrtle Beach, SC

Boss

Alma Mae Hoops
3rd Quarter Student
Continuing
Education
N. Myrtle Beach, SC

Boss

Our house was too cool that morning to be comfortable but not cool enough to justify turning on the heat. We had covered the flowers the night before to save them from the first frost — just prolonging the inevitable. These were the signs of fall that spurred me to gather in the last supplies for winter.

As I drove to Cherry's Orchard, I noticed white wood smoke rising slowly over farmhouses. I could picture the people inside enjoying the first fire of the season.

At the orchard, the crops had given without restraint to fill the long white building. Bushel baskets of apples, pears, and grapes blended with the yellow and purple dried flowers to create a feeling of warmth and plenty.

There in the midst of crates, baskets, and firewood was a potbellied stove, just like the one we had on the farm a long time ago. While Mrs. Cherry filled my order, I backed up to the stove and pulled my skirt up a few inches to warm the back of my legs.

Our family life used to be centered around a potbellied stove. We nicknamed it the Boss, because everything we did was in reference to how far we were from the stove. It was the only source of heat in our six-room house.

The Boss was beautiful. The round cast-iron trunk sat on a base held up by chromed legs. It was topped with a decorative crown and skirted with a flared chrome strip about four inches wide.

The stove would move into our house at the end of September, or when it was so cold that life without it was miserable. Grandma Fluharty was the only member of the family who hated to see it move in. She considered the Boss a bad-tempered, dirty necessity.

Nevertheless, once it was nestled in our living room, Grandma, as well as the rest of the family, gave it the respect and attention it demanded.

In the evenings we would gather around the Boss to pop corn or roast marshmallows through its open door. Then we would lean back in a chair, put our feet up on the skirt, and relax.

Our living room was warm and cozy, but the rest of the house was as cold as a corn-crib in winter, especially my bedroom upstairs. Most nights I curled up under mounds of covers and rubbed my feet frantically on the sheets to get warm. Grandma knew how I hated to crawl in on that sheet of ice. So, on those nights when the wind was blowing the curtains and slipping in through every crack, she would heat a blanket beside the Boss, fold it together to hold in the warmth and hurry up the steps to tuck me in for the night, causing a shiver of delight that shook the bed.

Only one event would bring the family downstairs before morning — that was the Boss showing its temper. It would flare up about 2 a.m. — all heated up, red, and chattering something frightful — hot enough to catch the house on fire. Sometimes the wallpaper behind the stove would be scorched. The living room would be too hot, but we still had to open the stove door to cool the Boss. While we were all roasting and fretting, Grandma would make a snack to calm us. She knew no one really wanted to go right back upstairs to those cold beds.

Just a red nose would be showing from my bed in the morning. Peeking out from under the cover, I could see a thin layer of ice on the inside of the window. I stayed tucked in until I got the nerve, or the orders, to get out of bed. Then I would grab my clothes and run down behind the Boss to bathe and dress in privacy, one side of my body burning, the other side freezing.

The Boss was put in the shed each spring, usually right before the last cold spell. Grandma was always anxious to put it out and clean the house. Then, for about two weeks, we would have to gather around the oven in the kitchen to keep from freezing.

Central heating eventually replaced the old potbellied stove, and our lifestyle changed. Everything was cleaner and warmer. We could relax in our own rooms, read, and have privacy. A runaway fire did not rout us from our beds in the middle of the night.

But other things changed, too, because the Boss wasn't there. There was no reason for us to relax together in the same room. Grandma didn't carry warm blankets upstairs to tuck me in and there was nothing to back up to and get really warm.

Mr. Cherry had filled my order and was trying to get my attention.

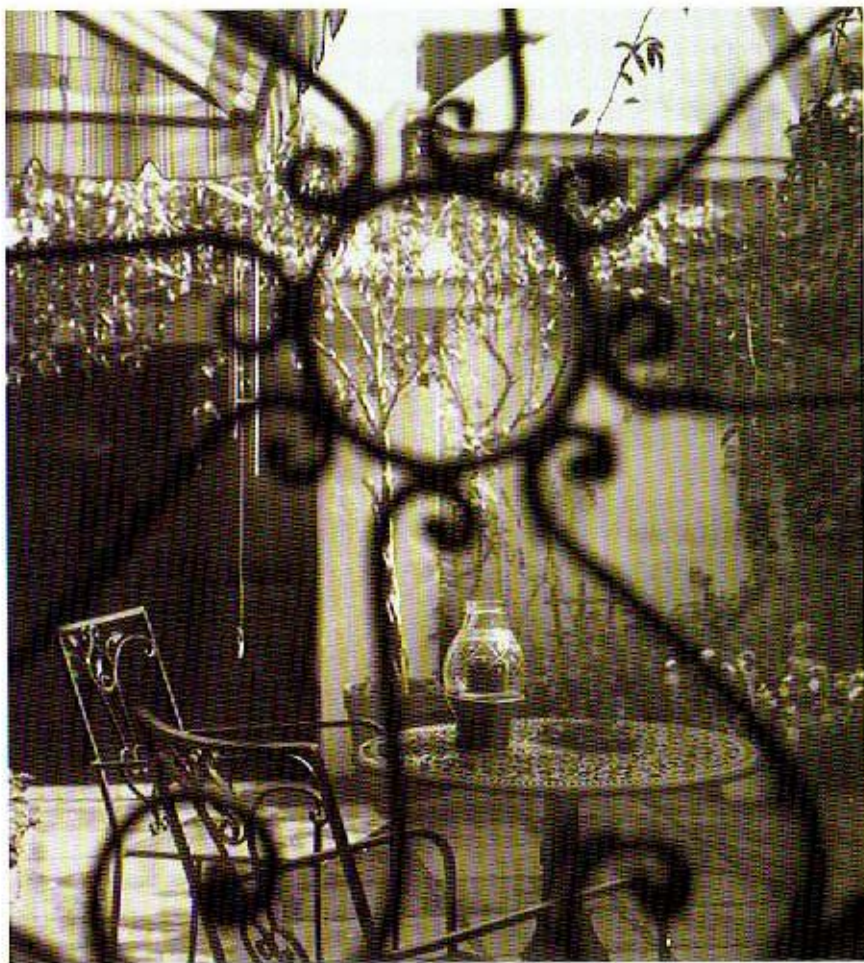
"Hey, Alma, your potatoes are ready."

"Oh, excuse me, I was just getting warm."

"Yeah, it's even better when I build a fire."

A Peek Through
the Patio Gate

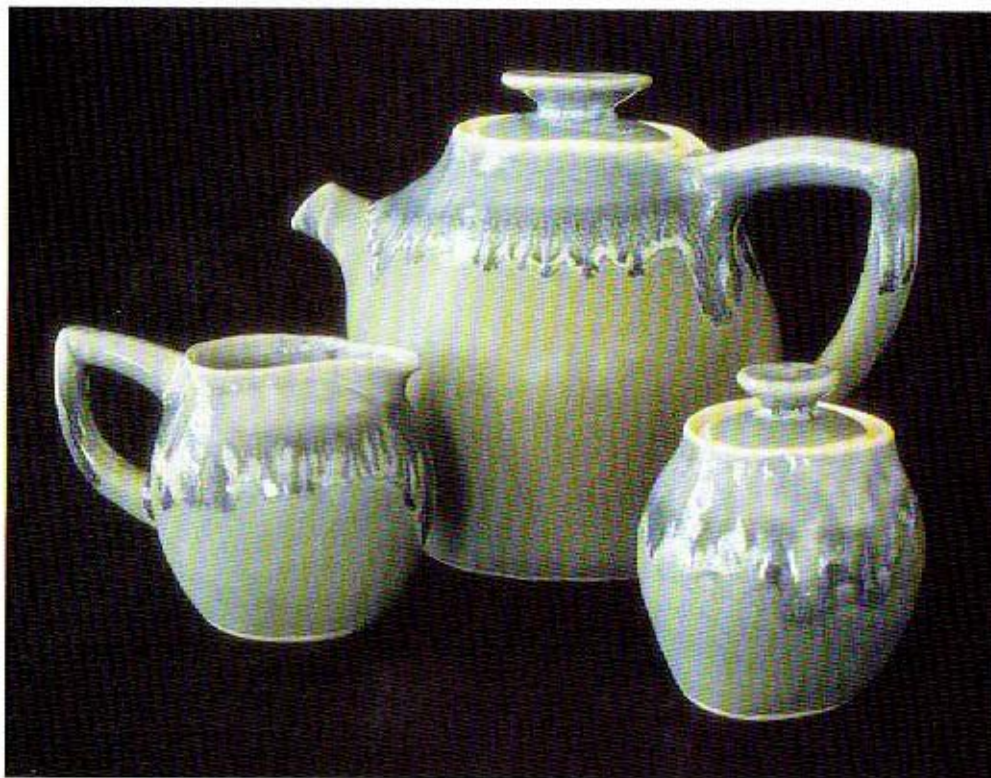
Rebekah Brink
Senior
Art Studio
Ripon, WI



Photograph • 15" x 16 1/2"

Tea Set

Jane Kerg
Junior
Art Studio
Indian Lake, OH



Pottery

Field Trip

Joyce Beemer
Senior
English
Greenville, SC

Field Trip

"Skill without imagination is craftsmanship and gives us many useful objects such as wickerwork picnic baskets. Imagination without skill gives us modern art."

—Tom Stoppard, *Artist Descending a Staircase*

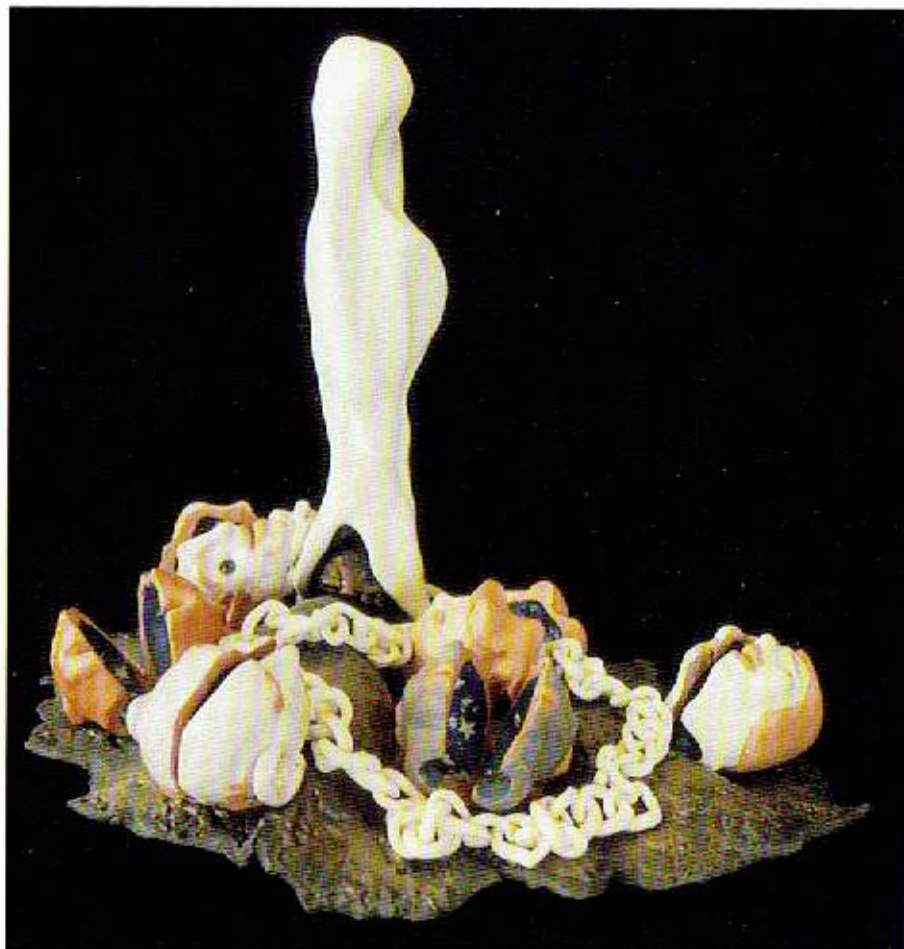
For all of Paris
a blot of stain
smeared for the Seine
Or in New York
one brushstroke dragged
and tagged a stork

A museum piece in Greenville:
grayish-blue oil on wax
and one lone circle of red
(A perfect circle, framed in glory)
Yet one is not certain,
and is afraid to say the thing
is what it appears—
mere geometry

I, a realist, count the price
against the open space—
One red circle worth 200 rectangles green
That is an achievement

But I have missed possibilities
says a frail pink veil
The circle is not a circle
but a metaphor in Japanese—
an angry world,
an evening sun,
a measles,
an echoed dot of pox,
or a lie told in the round . . .

I had missed a lot, I found
I only saw a circle
Just an unspectacular circle of red
on a grayish-blue square
Though the pink veil assured me
it was more than art—
it was Modern



Mixed Media

Forever Chained

Barbara W. Smith
Student
Art Studio
Myrtle Beach, SC

Reflection

Jane Kerg
Junior
Art Studio
Indian Lake, OH



Watercolor • 30" x 22" 1/4"



Color Slide

Just Another Day

Tabby Shelton
Freshman
Interdisciplinary
Studies
West Palm Beach, FL

Archarios '97

Creek Divided

Dianna Alsup
Alumni
Charleston, SC

The Sad Truth

Dianna Alsup
Alumni
Charleston, SC

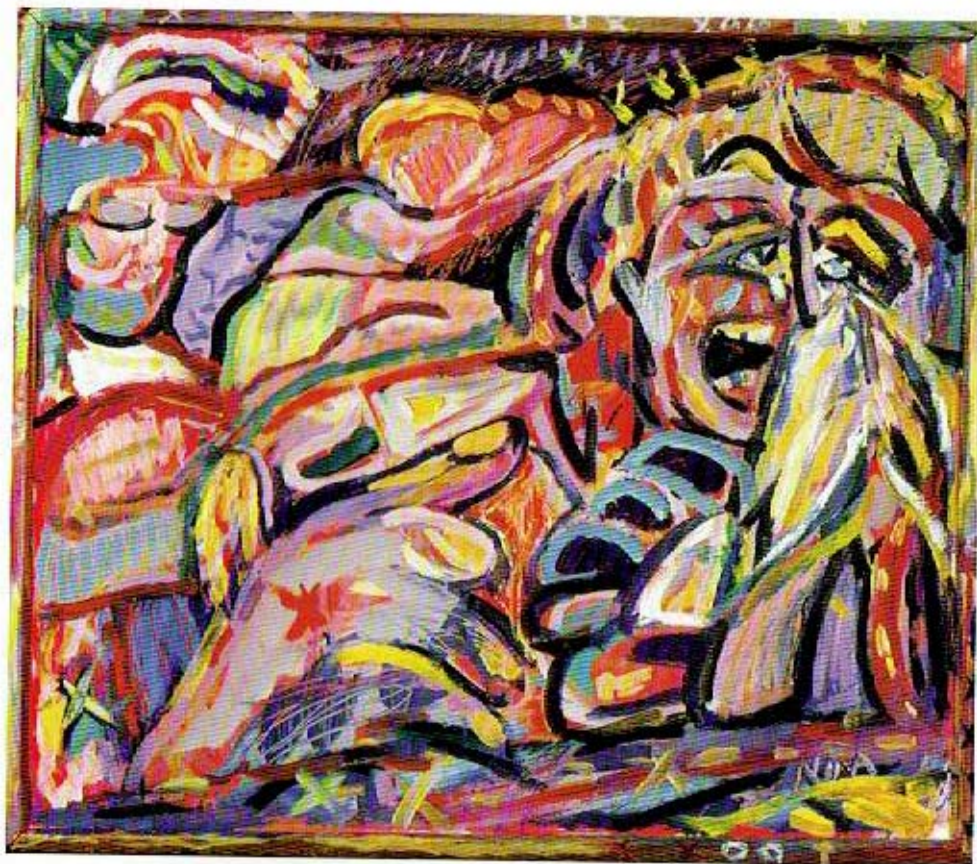
Creek Divided

There are moments
When memories
Of you
Invade
My conscience.
Remember how
Interconnected
We were?
Close and alive
Navigating life
As it moved us
To ports and places
And changing faces
Of those we met,
But that was before
The thunder
And the lightning
As raging waters
Swept you away
In the river's
Swirling
Death
Eddies.

The Sad Truth

Melancholy
Is a sweet
Bitter tastin'
Thing
When you
Don't
Want
To be
Happy.

Alumni



Acrylic • 32 1/2" x 28 1/2"

Crylove

Nina McDuffie
Alumni
Myrtle Beach, SC

Archarios '97

The Fool (Jester)

Nina McDuffie
Alumni
Myrtle Beach, SC



Acrylic • 19 ^{7/8}" x 16 ^{3/4}"

Contributors

Angels

Coastal Carolina Alumni Association
Horry Cultural Arts Council

Patrons

The Chanticleer
Atheneum

Awards

Visuals

First Rebekah Brink In The Beginning
Second Jane Kerg Reflections

Literature

First Sandy Argroves to me
Second Zoe Ann Cerny Twilight Shell

Judges: Mona Dukes Steve Hamelman
 Patricia Smietana Preston McKeever-Floyd
 Prashant Sangiry

Editor's Note:

Archarios is about artistic endeavors. The artists, writers, and staff combined their various talents to produce a magazine worthy, at least, of cluttering coffee tables and bookshelves. I appreciate all the contributors' efforts and especially their patience with my continual harassment until I had their work in hand. Also, I deeply appreciate the staff's dedication and creativity as well as their ability to take my rantings with the grain of salt they deserved. This has been a learning experience—as it should be—and a tribute to what a few students and a crusty old advisor can do, given a few pieces of art and some literature. Thanks.



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