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Archarios, 2005 Spring

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ARCHARIOS

Literary Art Magazine



16

ARCHARIOS IS A LITERARY ART MAGAZINE FEATURING THE CREATIVE CONSCIOUSNESS OF COASTAL CAROLINA UNIVERSITY. **ARCHARIOS** IS A PUBLICATION PRODUCED BY STUDENTS, FUNDED BY THE STUDENT MEDIA COMMITTEE OF CCU AND PRINTED BY SHERIAR PRESS. **ARCHARIOS** IS A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS. ALL ENTRIES ARE SELECTED AND JUDGED USING THE BLIND SELECTION POLICY. ALL RIGHTS ARE RESERVED BY THE INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTORS. SUBMISSIONS ARE ACCEPTED FROM STUDENTS, ALUMNI, FACULTY AND STAFF TWICE PER ACADEMIC SCHOOL YEAR. EXCLUDING STAFF MEMBERS, ONLY STUDENTS ARE ELIGIBLE FOR AWARDS.

PLEASE DIRECT ALL INQUIRIES TO:

ARCHARIOS, COASTAL CAROLINA UNIVERSITY

PO Box 261954, CONWAY, SC 29528-6054

CALL 843-349-2328,

E-MAIL ARCHARIOS@COASTAL.EDU

OR DROP BY THE OFFICE IN THE STUDENT CENTER, ROOM 2061

EDITORS NOTE

ARCHARIOS IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THIS UNIVERSITY; EACH YEAR WE ADD ANOTHER MAGAZINE TO THE DIVERSE "HISTORY BOOK" THAT MAKES UP COASTAL. THIS YEAR WAS COASTAL'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY AND WITH THAT IN MIND, WE WANT TO CELEBRATE THE ARCHITECTURE AND DESIGN OF THE LAST 50 YEARS.

EACH PAGE CONTAINS A BLUEPRINT BACKGROUND FROM ONE OF THE BUILDINGS ON CAMPUS. THESE BUILDINGS ARE THE STATIONARY BEAUTY OF COASTAL, WHILE THE ARTWORK OR LITERATURE ON THE PAGES ARE PART OF THE FOREVER CHANGING BEAUTY OF COASTAL. EACH YEAR NEW STUDENTS AND STAFF SHARE THEIR TALENTS WITH COASTAL AND WITH **ARCHARIOS**. THESE PEOPLE ARE PART OF THE AMAZING HISTORY OF COASTAL, AND IN THIS MAGAZINE WE SHARE WITH YOU A SMALL PORTION OF THE TALENT THAT WILL BE A PART OF COASTAL FOREVER.

OUR DESIGN UTILIZES A GREAT DEAL OF COLOR. ALTHOUGH THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF DIFFERENT COLORS, ALL OF THEM ARE DERIVED FROM THE COLOR WHEEL AND THE THREE PRIMARY COLORS: RED, BLUE AND YELLOW. COASTAL CAN ALSO BE DESCRIBED AS A COLOR WHEEL. ALTHOUGH THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AFFILIATED WITH COASTAL AND THERE WILL BE THOUSANDS MORE, WE ARE ALL PART OF THREE GROUPS: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE. SO AS THE COLOR WHEEL BRINGS COLORS TOGETHER, LET COASTAL BRING US TOGETHER.

Ashley

THANK YOU

THERE ARE SO MANY INCREDIBLE PEOPLE THAT HAD A HAND IN THIS MAGAZINE THAT I DO NOT KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN MY THANKS.

FIRST I WANT TO THANK THE STUDENTS AND STAFF THAT SUBMITTED THEIR ARTWORK AND LITERATURE TO **ARCHARIOS**, YOU ARE ALL TRULY TALENTED, AND YOU'RE THE DRIVING FORCE BEHIND **ARCHARIOS**.

NEXT IS THE STAFF. IT TAKES MORE THAN ONE PERSON TO MAKE A MAGAZINE AMAZING AND TOGETHER AS A GROUP WE MADE **ARCHARIOS** MORE THAN AMAZING. **BECKY**, THANK YOU FOR YOUR MANY HOURS OF EXTRA HELP.

A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO **MEGAN**: YOU ARE SO TALENTED AT WHAT YOU DO, AND EACH PAGE IN THIS MAGAZINE DISPLAYS YOUR HARD WORK AND DEDICATION. GOOD LUCK IN YOUR FUTURE AND EVERYTHING YOU DO.

PAUL, NELLJEAN AND MATT, YOUR GUIDANCE AND ADVICE IS APPRECIATED AND ESSENTIAL TO THE QUALITY OF THIS MAGAZINE. WHO KNOWS WHAT WE WOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU THREE.

TO THE OFFICE OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES, THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE AND HELP ALONG THIS JOURNEY.

TO THE CHANTICLEER AND TEMPO STAFF, THANKS FOR HELPING US, AND LEARNING WITH US ALONG THE WAY. A SPECIAL THANKS TO **ANNE-MARIE**; WHAT WOULD I HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU!

I WANT TO GIVE A VERY SPECIAL THANK YOU TO **BILL EDMONDS**, FOR TAKING ALL THE PICTURES FOR THE MAGAZINE AND BEING SUCH A DELIGHT TO WORK WITH.

MARK AVANT, THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING US TO USE COASTAL'S BLUE PRINTS; IT REALLY HELPED BRING THE MAGAZINE TOGETHER.

TO **SAM KINON, TRISH SPORTS, CINDY ZIEGLER** AND ALL THE OTHER GREAT PEOPLE AT **SHERIAR PRESS**: IT WAS AND ALWAYS WILL BE A PLEASURE WORKING WITH YOU.

TO OUR EDITORIAL BOARD: **PAUL OLSEN, DR. NELLJEAN RICE, DR. RAY MOYE, DINA HALL, MIKE JARUSZEWICZ, AND ANNE-MARIE D'ONOFRIO**, THANK YOU FOR YOUR DEDICATION TO THE MAGAZINE. IT IS BECAUSE OF YOUR HELP THAT WE HAVE ANOTHER QUALITY MAGAZINE TO ADD TO THE LEGACY.

STEPHEN, YOU ARE ALWAYS THERE FOR ME, NO MATTER WHAT I NEED, WHAT TIME IT IS, OR HOW BAD OF A MOOD I AM IN. WORDS CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE EVERY DAY I SPEND WITH YOU. I LOVE YOU.

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THANK YOU TO MY WONDERFUL FAMILY. MOM AND DAD YOU BOTH HAVE SHOWN ME LOVE AND SUPPORT THROUGH THE LAST 21 YEARS. THANK YOU FOR BELIEVING IN ME, AND ENCOURAGING ME TO ALWAYS GIVE 110 PERCENT. I LOVE YOU BOTH SO MUCH.

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[THIRD PLACE]

KNOW THIS, AND KEEP IT,
FOR WHEN THE SKY IS GREY.
NO MATTER WHAT ELSE COMES,
THIS WILL ALWAYS BE TRUE.
FOR A TIME IN YOUR LIFE
YOU WERE TRULY PERFECT.
TO ONE PERSON, MET BY CHANCE,
YOU SHONE LIKE THE SUN.
WHATEVER FLAWS YOU HAVE
DID NOT SHOW THROUGH.
KNOW THIS, AND SMILE,
BECAUSE FOR THAT TIME AT LEAST
YOU WERE LOVED
DEEPLY, COMPLETELY,
JUST FOR WHO YOU ARE.

[TWO]

KELLY SHROPSHIRE
ENGLISH MAJOR



SOUTHERN HIDEAWAY

REBEKAH BOHM

OIL ON CANVAS / 20 x 16

ART STUDIO / EDUCATION MAJOR

AA06
131

CORR.
1CB

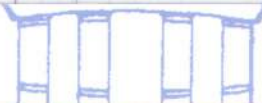
ECLIPTIC

ROBERT BROWNLOW

STEEL / COPPER / 58 x 20 x 10

ART STUDIO MAJOR





IF MY MIND IS AN OCEAN,
THEN MY REALITY IS A SHIP
SAILING IN THE WATERS
OF MY DREAMS.
THE SHIP CAN ONLY GO SO FAR
AND ONLY HAS LIMITED ROOM
IN WHICH I CAN HIDE.
ITS DIRECTION IS DETERMINED
BY THE WINDS OF MY THOUGHTS
AND IT ONLY MOVES IN THE SUNLIGHT.

THE WATER IS DIFFERENT...
IT CONSTANTLY MOVES,
THOUGH THE POWER BEHIND IT ISN'T CLEAR;
AND ITS DEPTHS, LIKE ITS SECRETS,
CAN ONLY BE IMAGINED.

IT SEEMS TO HAVE AN APPETITE
FOR ANYTHING I WANT TO THROW IN.
BUT WHATEVER GOES IN CAN COME BACK OUT AGAIN
WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES AT NIGHT.

MY THOUGHTS TELL THE SHIP WHERE TO GO
BUT NO MATTER THE DIRECTION
THE WATERS WILL ALWAYS BE WAITING

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED WHAT WOULD HAPPEN
IF I LEFT THE SHIP
AND WAS TO SINK, LEAVING MY REALITY BEHIND.
WOULD I FLOAT IN THE OCEAN OF "ME"?
WOULD I BE ABLE TO GAUGE ITS DEPTHS,
AND LEARN ALL OF ITS SECRETS?
WOULD ALL THINGS BECOME CLEAR?
ALL MY QUESTIONS BE ANSWERED?
WOULD THINGS FINALLY MAKE SENSE?

OR WOULD MY LUNGS FILL WITH KNOWLEDGE
CAUSING ME TO DROWN IN MY OWN MIND?
MY LIFELESS SELF LEFT TO SINK INTO THE ABYSS
SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES; LEFT, ABOVE, AND BELOW
BY THE ANSWERS I WASN'T MEANT TO HAVE;
CRUSHED BY THE KNOWLEDGE I WASN'T MEANT TO KNOW.

MY MIND AS AN OCEAN

A13
1323

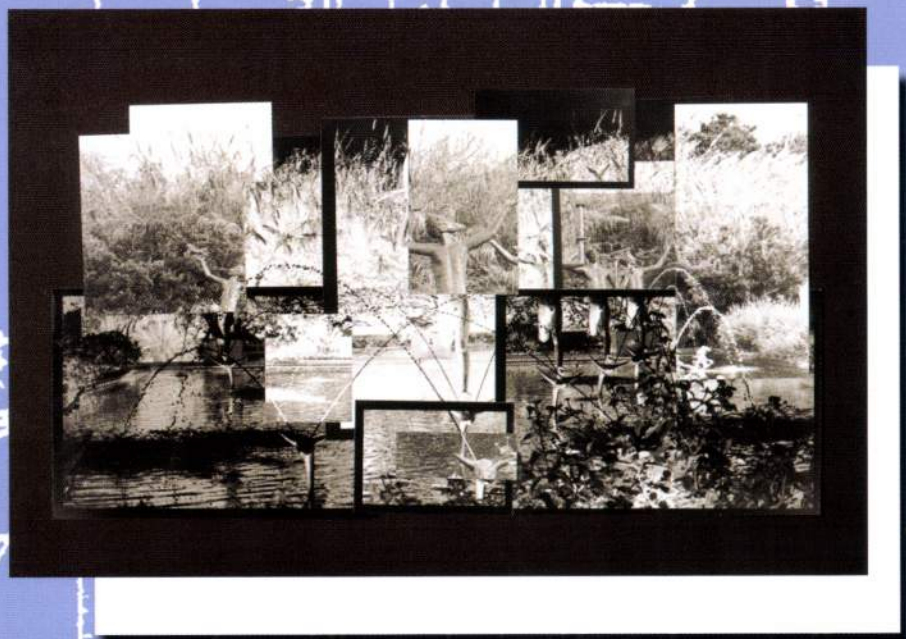
JUSTIN JONES
HISTORY MAJOR

ALL OF MY BOOKS ARE HIDDEN
WHERE NOBODY CAN FIND THEM.
I KEEP **THE CANTERBURY TALES**
IN THE TRUNK OF MY CAR,
DIRECTLY BENEATH THE SPARE TIRE.
WHEN I BURIED **TREASURE ISLAND**
TEN PACES SOUTH OF THE DOGHOUSE,
I THOUGHT IT A FITTING TRIBUTE
TO A WONDERFUL STORYTELLER.
GOOD LUCK TRYING TO FIND
MY COPY OF DANTE'S **INFERNO**.
IT RESTS ACROSS THE STRINGS
OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S PIANO,
OPEN TO THE EIGHTH CIRCLE.
CANDIDE STANDS IN THE FREEZER
BETWEEN TWO ICE-CUBE TRAYS.
I SHOULD DEFROST THAT BOOK.
OF COURSE, SOME ARE MISSING.
THE CATCHER IN THE RYE
VANISHED A FEW MONTHS BACK
WHEN, WITHOUT THINKING, I DISCARDED
A BOX OF CHRISTMAS TINSEL.
STILL, THERE ARE ADVANTAGES
TO HIDING THESE VARIOUS BOOKS.
FOR EXAMPLE, I LOVE OPENING
MY UMBRELLA IN A THUNDERSTORM
AND HAVING A FORGOTTEN ANTHOLOGY
DROP TO MY FEET LIKE A TABLET
FROM SOME BENEFICENT GOD.

AA
13

BROOKGREEN MONTAGE

STEPHANIE SCHNIEDER
PHOTOGRAPHY / 20 x 14
ART STUDIO MAJOR



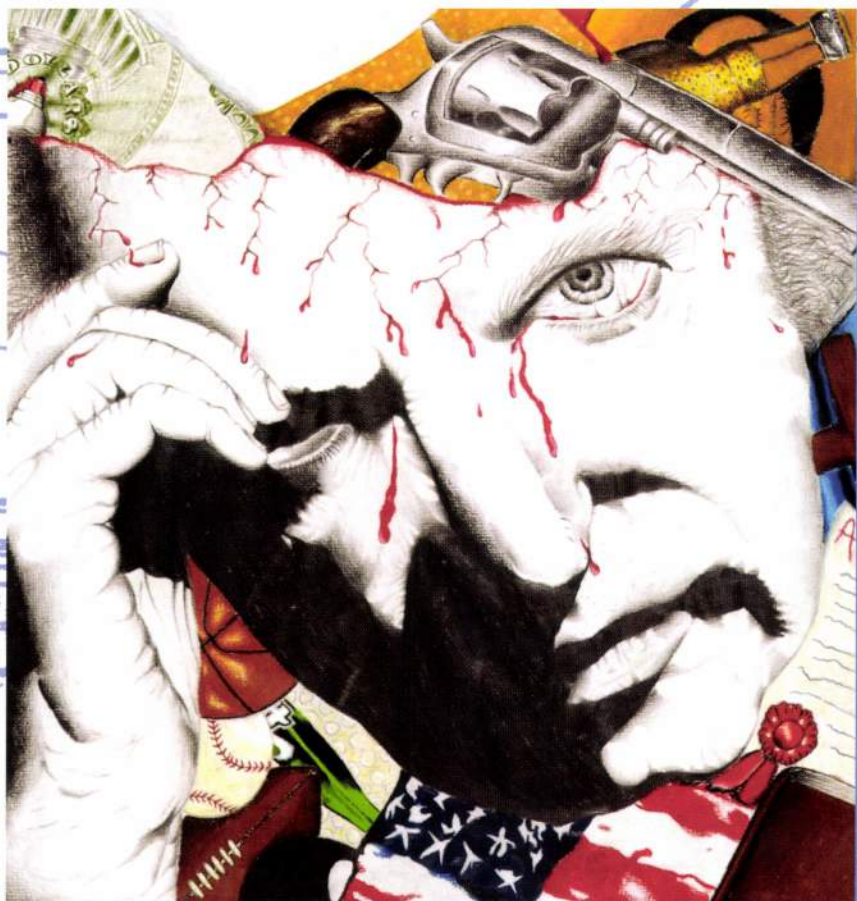
AA02
1312

AMERICA

BENNIE JOHNSON

MIXED MEDIA / 16 1/2 X 17 1/2

BIOLOGY MAJOR





WARRIORS REMINDER

JANELLE RIOLO

OIL ON CANVAS / 23 7/8 X 47 3/4

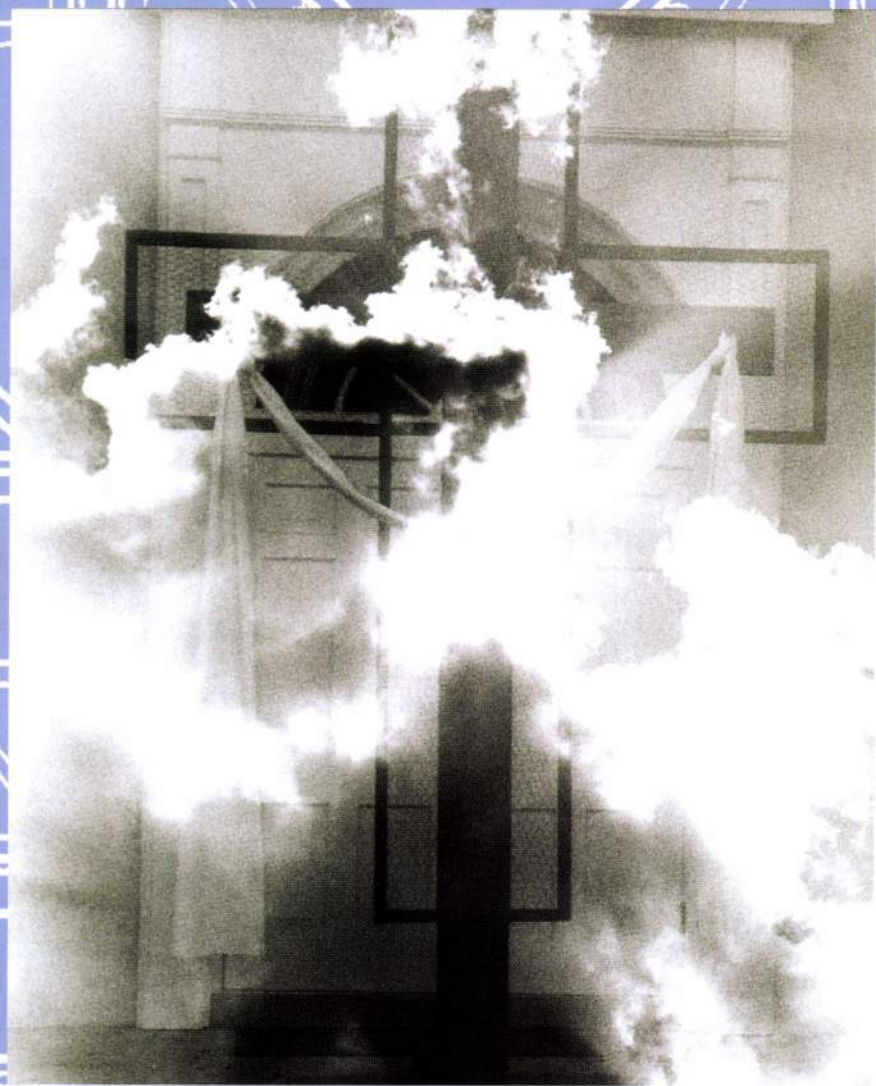
ART STUDIO MAJOR

THE LIGHT

SCOTT DEAN

PHOTOGRAPHY / 7 1/2 X 9 1/2

THEATER MAJOR



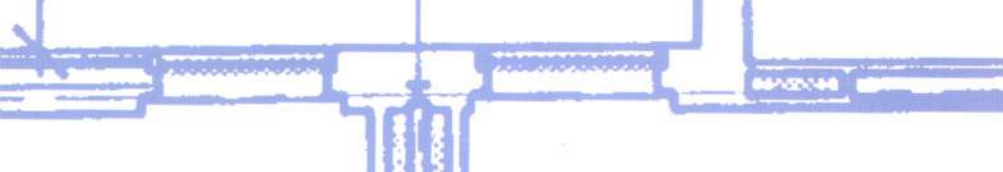
33
[FIRST PLACE]

I TRIED TO WASH YOU AWAY
TODAY
I STOOD IN THE SHOWER
HOT SPRAY BURNING BARE,
EXPOSED SKIN
SOAP AND SIN
SCRUBBED CLEAN AGAIN
WATER RUSHING UNRELENTING
RUNNING DOWN
SLIDING DOWN MY BODY, DOWN
IN PREORDAINED STREAMS
STEAM ENVELOPING THE ROOM
AND ME
WATER SPILLING STILL
DOWN UPON MY HEAD
I TASTED IT
AS IT REACHED MY LIPS


I WISHED I WAS
TASTING YOU
INSTEAD.

DISTILLED

KRYSTIN MEMENTOWSKI
ENGLISH MAJOR



LOOK AT ME, I CAN PRANCE AROUND ON MY TOES.
I DRIVE AROUND IN MY NOVA WITH THESE SCABBY ASS HOES.
I WEAR MY MOM'S JEWELS.
COPY DEAD ARTISTS, SO YOU THINK THAT I'M COOL.
MY SONGS ARE 90% CATCH PHRASE,
THE REST IS ABOUT HOW I LIKE TO GET LAID.
WHY DON'T I SPEAK OF THINGS THAT CONCERN THE HOOD,
BECAUSE I'M NOT FROM THERE, THERE IS NO WAY I COULD.
I SAW SOME VERY BAD THINGS WHEN I WAS SMALL,
THIS MUST MEAN MY FOLKS DIDN'T LOVE ME AT ALL.
MOM NEVER MADE ME BRUSH MY TEETH OR FLOSS OUT THE CRUST,
THEY FELL OUT AND I BOUGHT A NEW PAIR,
I THINK IT MAKES ME LOOK TOUGH.
DAD NEVER TAUGHT ME TO RESPECT THE HARD WORK DONE BY OTHERS,
SO NOW I OWE ROYALTIES FOR THE BORROWED PLATINUM COVERS.
MY SISTER WOULDN'T PUT OUT, SHE SAID IT WAS WRONG,
BUT I'LL JUST SAY I DID AND PUT THAT IN MY 2ND HIT SONG.



MARK ASS BITCHES

ANDREW NICHTER
ENGLISH MAJOR

ELEC.
110

DAMIAN

JIMMY LAKE
POLOROID TRANSFER / 4 x 3
ART STUDIO MAJOR



UNTITLED AS OF NOW

JONATHAN NEUBAUER
MIXED MEDIA / 58 x 49 x 18
ART STUDIO MAJOR



MY PARENTS BOWL IN A LEAGUE
 EVERY OTHER SATURDAY
 EVERY OTHER WEEK THERE ARE HARD PLASTIC SEATS
 UNREMITTING THUNDERSTORMS CRASHED OF PINS FALLING
 THE AROMA OF CIGARETTES COMBINED WITH
 ALLEY WAX AND MONOTONY
 HEAVY IN THE STAGNANT AIR
 DISGUISED DESPONDENCY
 FRAMES DRONING ON
 EVERYTHING
 STRUCTURED AND UNCHANGING.

AND NOW MY PARENTS ARE
 STRUCTURED AND UNCHANGING
 FEET PLASTERED TO THE FLOOR
 LIKE EVERYONE ELSE
 THEY COME BACK EVERY OTHER SATURDAY
 AND IT IS UNFAIR
 THAT MY PARENTS HAVE TO GO BOWLING
 EVERY OTHER SATURDAY
 AWAY FROM THIS PLACE
 INSTEAD OF
 WAITING FOR THEIR LANE TO BE FIXED
 AND PAYING THE BILLS EVERY WEEK
 AND LETTING DREAMS LIE DORMANT
 COVERED IN DUST AND SPECULATION
 BECAUSE THAT IS JUST
 THE WAY IT HAD TO BE.

PLEASE GOD,
 DON'T LET ME GO BOWLING.

BURN THE BOWLING ALLEYS TO THE GROUND

KRYSIN MEMENTOWSKI
 ENGLISH MAJOR

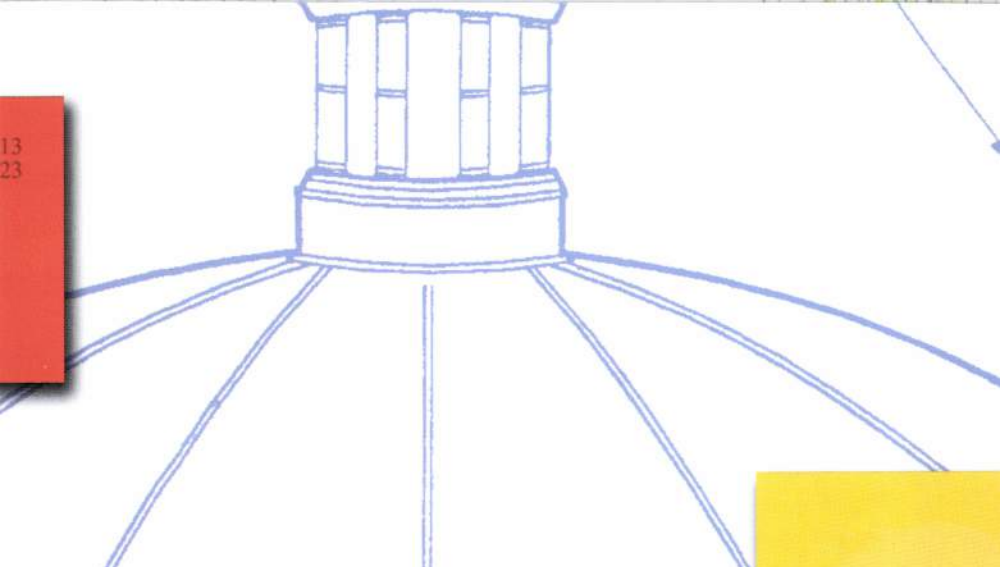
EYE OF THE STORM

SYBIL DUKEHART

ACRYLIC ON CANVAS / 23 x 19

ART STUDIO MAJOR





I AM A STUDENT AND A TEACHER
OF RARE AND DIFFERENT SORTS
A SINNER AND A PREACHER
I PRAY FOR MY COHORTS

I AM AMONGST A RING OF ELVES
MY SPIRIT IS OF FAE
THROUGHOUT GREAT DEPTHS,
MY JOURNEY DELVES
I CANNOT LOSE MY WAY

FEAR NOT TO FOLLOW IN THIS PATH
IT ONLY LEADS TO KINDNESS
BUT TURN BACK NOW AND FEEL THE WRATH
OF THOSE WHO WALK IN BLINDNESS

ABOVE THE SHADOWS FLOWS THE LIGHT
OF OUR TRANSLUCENT DANCE
BELOW THE DARKNESS LIES THE BLIGHT
OF LEAVING ALL TO CHANCE

FOOLS WHO WANDER HERE BEWARE
A SECOND GUESS COMES LATE
SENSE DETERMINES HOW YOU FARE
WE ALL SHALL CHOOSE OUR FATE

DIGAZEN
JENNIFER BLANKEN
PSYCHOLOGY MAJOR

1. COPPER FLASHING
DUNTER FLASHING



LILY MONTAGE

MEGAN NEWETT
PHOTOGRAPHY / 10 X 8
ART STUDIO MAJOR

SPEECH
CLASSROOM
CR-1

104

CLASSROOM
CR-1

104

SECOND FLOOR

SEL

HEA

OIL

FACE 1

AA22
1332



F PORTRAIT

ATHER REMLEY

ON CANVAS / 23 3/4 X 19 3/4

STUDIO / BIOLOGY MAJOR

"You know, she could do it again,"

"Yes, again," My brothers all said the same thing. I hoped and prayed for it everyday, in a deep and secret place. I knew we all did.

Four sheep, five sheep, six sheep gone...

"No. She's getting better. She's seeing a shrink now." I didn't believe it, but said it any way. "She says they got her on some pills that help even her out." Pills, I hated the word. Along with junk mail and gaudy colored clothes, pills had been amongst her favorite things. She had whole storehouses of shit. She always used the high-grade stuff for minor health setbacks. People knew if you had a headache, my mother would give you a Darvocet or Valium instead of Aspirin. She kept the whole damned neighborhood doped for years.

Seven sheep...

"They gave her more pills?" He sounded amazed. "What kind?"

Eight...

"Don't know," I said. Don't care. "She says she is having trouble sleeping."

Nine sheep...

"Doesn't really make any sense considering how..."

Ten.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm sure they know what they're doing." There, wavering in her half-broken, plastic chair, in front of a computer she didn't know how to use, my mother probably felt her eyelids grow heavy with counting. She would think only of her three little boys and her hapless husband. We were all there in memory only, not in spirit. She remembered only how it was.

"Well, anyway, you should talk to her. She needs you guys to support her," he said. I could hear my father watching television now. He probably was sitting in that old, love seat my mother threw out along with him those many months ago

"I do."

"I was wondering about coming to see you. We haven't seen each other in awhile," he said.

The darkness in my mother's house gathered all around her, as the lawn chair bent more and more under her weight. A cursor blipped at the pace of a normal heartbeat on the computer screen somewhere in the rising darkness before her face.

Eleven sheep, twelve, thirteen gone...

My father sat half-inebriated in the dim light of toothpaste and clothes detergent commercials; my mother sat dying in an aborted house.

"When?" I said.

"At the end of this month. I've got some vacation time coming up." He'd never seen where I lived. I had forgotten when he ceased to validate my existence. Fathers and their sons.

"Yeah, we could go to a bar..."

"Yeah," I said.

"...have a few drinks."

Two empty beer bottles lay at my mother's swollen feet, and you could probably hear her trying to breathe from the front room. The beers were to help her sleep too. But the cursor was still beating, and she was still counting those little sheep, by two's and three's now.

Fifteen sheep, eighteen gone...

"We could cook out. Steaks. You still got that grill?"

"Yeah." I lit another cigarette.

"I could come up on a Monday, stay till Wednesday." Spit, sink, ice, glass, and that weak, little cough. Like a dog, I wondered if he'd worn a path around his house. He moved about his home, from sink to freezer, from freezer to sink, trailing smoke.

Blood congealed around my mother's heart as she counted the last of her ornate, little sheep, herded in the sweat and heat of her palm.

Twenty sheep, thirty sheep, all sheep gone.

"You should call her?" "Your brothers probably aren't making it easy for her." He wanted us to try to forgive and forget to make easy on her, on him, but he never made anything easy in his useless, little life. His voice used to kill her with remembrance and pain, and when he knew it, knew what it did to her to see him, he talked to her more than he ever did when they were married.

"Yeah," I lied. "They probably aren't." I tried to dig my way to pneumonia with my toes, through that moist, freezing grass. It brought me back to my porch, my life, and away from them and their shit, their lies, and pain. I thought that if I let the chill in, maybe it would cool the poison, the hate.

"Maybe we could all get together, sometime," he said.

"Maybe," I said, It wouldn't be a meeting, I thought, it'd be a funeral

My mother was slumped over now, on the keyboard, her eyes closed. But with more determination than she ever shown in her life, she was still moving those sheep across her tongue and down her throat. God, in some strange way, I was proud of her.

Silence fell between us, my father and I.

"Okay then, son. I'll see you sometime at the end of this month." He lit his last cigarette and poured his last, lonely drink.

"Yeah." I said drifting. Clouds overtook the moon, swallowing it, digesting it in their infinite, little bellies. Poison. Suddenly it was too cold, too dark, and too lonely. But I didn't want to go back in just yet. I wasn't ready.

"And tell your brothers I said, hello. Tell them I asked about them," he said.

I threw my last cigarette into the ocean of the yard and it died as quietly as it came.

"I will."

"Okay, son."

She became part of her clutter that day.

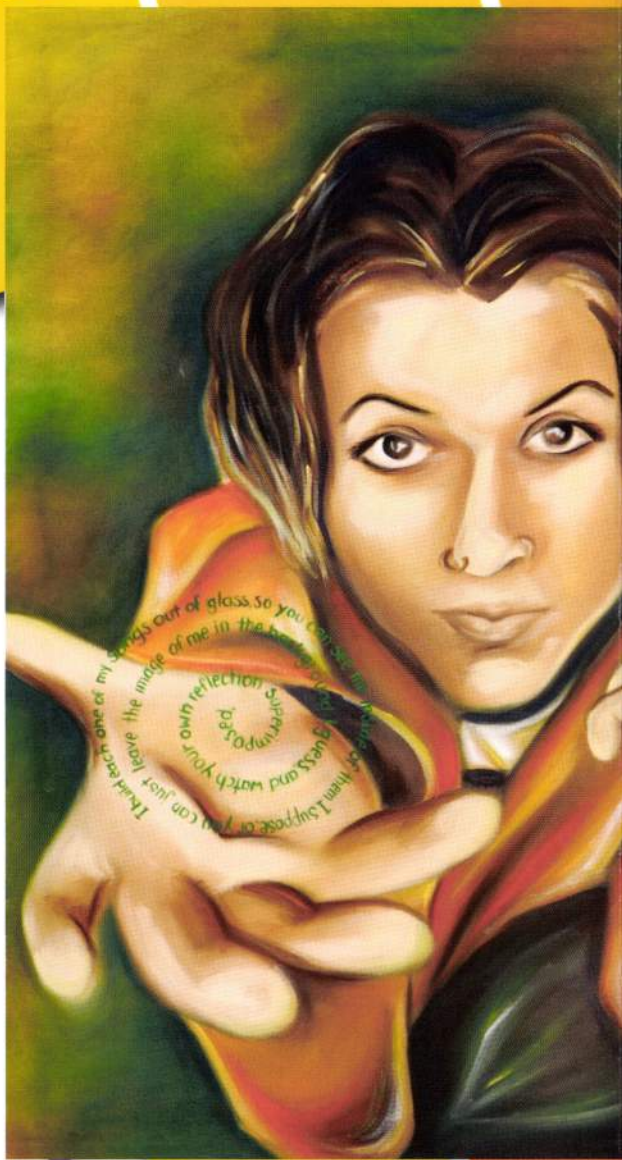
"Goodbye," I said.

He hung up the phone without saying anything back, like he always did. I pulled my feet from the grass and stood, willing the moon to return. But it was gone for good.

FATHERS AND THEIR SONS

ABRIDGED VERSION OF STORY

[FIRST PLACE]



AA02
1312

OVERLAP

JANELLE RIOLO

OIL ON CANVAS / 30 x 35 1/8

ART STUDIO MAJOR



0-91

en

AA13
1323

RR.
B

FATHERS AND THEIR SONS

BRANDON EVANS

TEACHING ASSOCIATE OF ENGLISH

The phone rang. It screamed. It whined. Wept.

Since my parents' divorce, my father and I had started a ritual of weekly phone calls, it was always a surprise to hear from him, though his calls were like clockwork. It was more out of habit I suppose. Free therapy for a sick old man. In the dozens of sessions we'd already had, he'd told me how very much he missed his father, how sorry he was for the time he sent me running naked down the street, arm and dignity broken, and how porn didn't do anything for him but cartoon women gave him a hard-on. Every call left me more empty than the one before. I was Sisyphus with a phone struggling against the ring, but always picking it up.

"Hello."

There's a certain power in voices. His made me want to smoke.

"How's your mother?" he asked. I heard the clinking of ice in a highball glass through the telephone and he coughed weakly. He spit and ran the sink.

"Fine. Crazy. Why?" I said, closing the porch door behind me. I lit a cigarette, the ritual candle, and drew in smoke at the exact moment he exhaled. It was depressingly cool; November loomed just behind the next turn of the moon.

"Just asking," he said. And he was. "And your brothers?"

Well, my brothers and I are living proof that you can never be too old to get screwed up when your home finally breaks. Brothers. One was nursing his way through his second divorce, while the other was trying hard to drink himself to death. Our habits began to represent us more than our names, at least in certain circles. The loser. The drunk. The whiner. I wear mine with a certain kind of distinction. I guess that's why I'm talking to you.

"Oh, you know...carving mom's name in a tombstone I'd guess." I hadn't seen my father's face in almost a year, but I heard it often enough. Ice cube teeth, highball glass face, hovering smoke hair, and that careless, little cough.

"I always told you guys..."

"Dad."

"She's your mother."

"Dad." I didn't say it loud, or even quick. It was more like the slow

flick of the finger that turns the page. I could have said, she's your wife, and threw his meaning back in his face. But I didn't

"Sorry," he said. And he probably was.

"They went up to see her last week. On her birthday." I wondered what they could have possibly gotten her. What do you get a woman who valued junk mail just as highly as the porcelain dolls she locked away; who thinks the worth of one's life can be measured in the clutter they accumulate? I sent her a card. On the outside it read, "To my Mother". The inside contained a twelve-line poem I didn't read. My wife signed my name.

"What about you?" The silence bothered him. He was afraid that if it lasted too long, he would never be able to break it. He'd already lost two sons to that very silence and only had one left, and I wasn't brave enough to send him to that void.

"Me? Well, I'm fine. Great." I was growing numb.

"Well you sound good," he said.

I could smell his tobacco-tainted aftershave somewhere behind the wind and mumbled something while he poured himself another drink, probably bourbon, the cheapest kind he could find.

"What?"

"I mean with your mother. How are you and your mother?" I didn't answer. I couldn't if I wanted to.

"Not helping your brothers with her tombstone, I hope?"

The moon broke through some slowly drifting clouds and I took my shoes and socks off. There's nothing quite like moist grass in October.

"What?" I asked.

"Your mother," he said. My mother. She always waited for the phone to ring, for some kind of contact with the world she so desperately wanted to be part of, but wasn't.

An army of moths fluttered listlessly around the orb of my porch light, dim to the point of being useless. I was trying to close him out.

"Have you spoken with her?"

"Sometimes,"

On this particular night, my mother planned an escape, a flight. An escape she had attempted once before, but failed. She had gotten close, which is probably why she tried it again the exact same way. She never was imaginative.

After it was all over, I imaged it happened around the same time as the phone call with my father. Perhaps, she had even tried to call me, to talk to someone who could bring her back, but all she would have gotten was a busy signal. Just one more crime my father committed in his harmless, little way. I never consider my own guilt in what happened. Perhaps it's how I got even with her at last.

It began innocently enough, I suppose. I'm sure she thought the first few were to help her sleep.

"It's hard to talk to her," I said, regaining the thread of the conversation. Her fucking purple shirts, her fucking orange pants. She had looked like a poorly wrapped piece of taffy. She never listened. And she carried misery like a burning crucifix. Take a breath. So much anger, that poison, packed away into tiny little places. I couldn't, for my sake, start to let it show. It was all I had left.

There she was, my mother, somewhere out there, bloated and thick. Slouched over in a cheap, plastic chair, cordless phone in hand, she was counting her tiny, white sheep, the ones she loved so much, waiting. One sheep, two sheep, three sheep gone...

[THIRD PLACE]



CHAIR PROJECT / BICYCLE

JONATHAN NEUBAUER

MIXED MEDIA / 43 x 64

ART STUDIO MA



77306
1318
YCLE
BAUER
4 x 16
MAJOR

AA13
1333

AA26
1336

The Kitchen

The kitchen of a restaurant can be a scary place. People yelling, steaks sizzling, kitchen guys whistling at every female passing their way, trays flying, drinks splashing, and servers fighting their way through the jungle of bodies all trying to do a million things at one time. I have turned that corner countless times, balancing trays precariously on my shoulder, weaving my way through the maze of bodies. The cat-calls from the dishwasher that once shocked me are now just common, everyday occurrences. "Hey baby, where are you going tonight? You sure look sexy." Most of the time I manage to ignore him, other times I simply give him my best womanly glare. Every man is scared of that. (At least that is what we like to believe.) As I walk by hot-side, a plate of french fries calls out to me, their greasy smell wafting past my nostrils so enticing I can barely resist. The kitchen also prevents an everyday battle; an internal battle between wanting to eat the delicious, fattening food, and wanting to look good in my bikini this summer. Heat envelops my body as I stand in line waiting to ring up my ticket. I glance at the clock for the millionth time that night and let out a tired sigh as I realize there are still four hours to go before I will be released from this hot prison. Wiping the thick layer of sweat from my forehead, I resolve not to look at the clock again.

The Bag

Doing my bag at the end of the night has always been a ritual of anticipation. As I sit down with my huge wads of cash amongst the credit card receipts and gift certificates, I feel like a kid on Christmas Eve, eagerly awaiting to see how much money I will be bringing home with me that night. This is also the time when I finally get to sit down, relax, talk, and joke around with my co-workers. It is the culmination of a hot, tired and endless night. Somehow, I always expect to make more than I actually end up with. Maybe if I believe that I made a certain amount, it will just magically appear. Double checking on my calculator, my shoulders fall in defeat. The waitress next to me asks me what is wrong. "I only made fifty dollars," is my reply. Of course there is always somebody who makes less than I do, which is a small comfort. Trying to be positive, I tell myself that it is fifty dollars more than I had before. After my bag is completed, I take my seat at the bar and wave away the hazy smoke from the cigarette of the person sitting next to me. I listen to the idle chit-chat between the servers about their nights, how much money they made, and where they are planning on getting drunk that night. After counting down the hours until I can go home all night long, I find myself lingering there on the bar stool even after my bag has been OK'D. What is it about this place?

AA30
1340

33
491

BALANCE

JENNIFER MCCARTHY

PASTEL / 33 1/8 X 10 1/16

MARINE SCIENCE MAJOR



AA30
1340



[SECOND PLACE]

The Dream

Anyone who has ever waited tables for any length of time has had this dream. I get to work and my manager tells me that nobody else has shown up for their shift that night. I am surprised and not really sure what he wants me to do, but wanting to make as much money as I possibly can, I tell him I can handle it. Then, suddenly there I am, waiting on approximately thirty tables. Everyone is calling for me. "Miss, can I have a coke? Miss, can we get a Bloomin Onion? Miss, can we get some extra napkins over here?!? Miss, I need some..." I totally blank out. What was I doing? Wasn't I supposed to get something? The panic starts to take over and my breath goes in and out of my body at a rather rapid pace. So many people and only me to serve them!! Just as I am about to run away, I open my eyes. "Oh my God, I need to get coffee for that woman!" I think to myself. Then I realize that I am enveloped in the coziness of my bed, all alone. There are no people. There are no tables. And there is certainly no coffee. I really need to consider a different profession.

THE WAITRESS

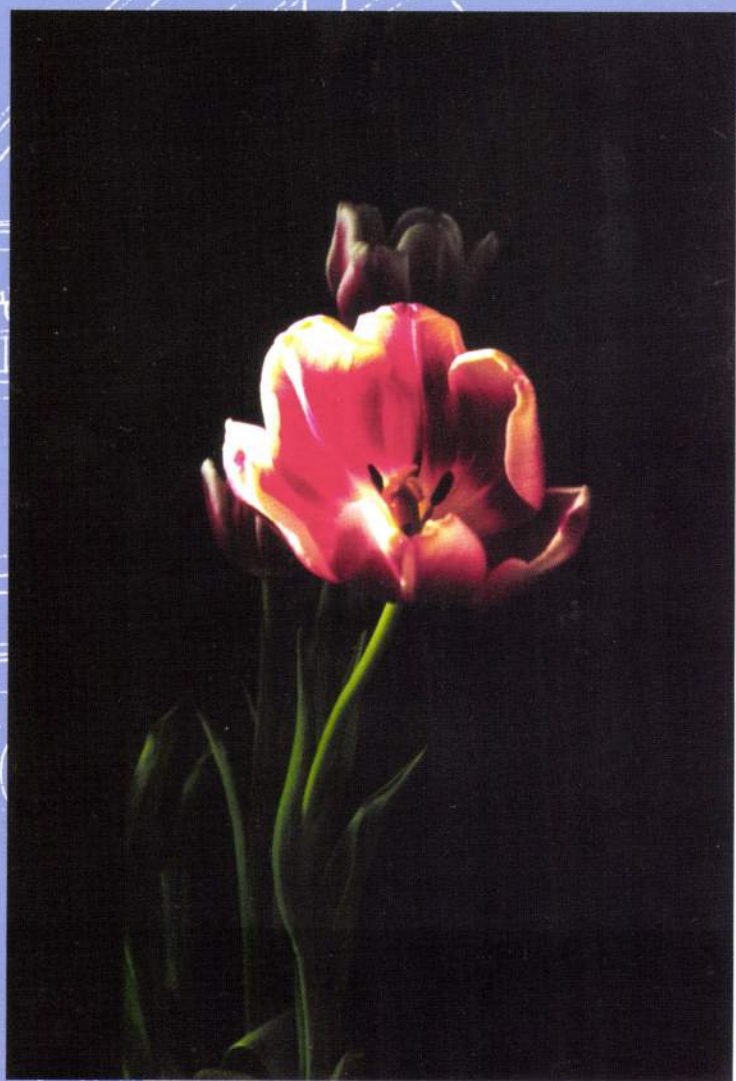
LYNDSAY KNOWLES
ENGLISH MAJOR

The Table

You can almost always tell how a table will tip before you even speak to them. I have come to believe that waitresses are equipped with a tip detector, perfected with both time and experience. Wouldn't it be nice if waitresses could pick their own tables? Maybe we could even have the people waiting to eat fill out a questionnaire. It would read something like, "What is your annual income? What do you feel is a good percentage to tip a server at a restaurant? How many loafs of bread do you eat? How fast do you suck down your drinks?" My philosophy is, if you don't have the money to pay your bill *and* tip the waitress, don't come out to eat. Unfortunately, there are people who just don't care about us lowly waitresses. Apparently they think we work for free. I can always tell when those people sit at my tables. "Hey y'all, how are you doing tonight?" Blank stares and no reply. "Ok then, my name is Lyndsay and I will be taking care of you tonight. What can I get you to drink?" 'Sweet tea,' is the usual reply through a thick southern drawl, or, "Water," in which case they ask for lemons so that they can use the Sweet N' Low provided at their table to make their own lemonade. Free of charge of course. What follows is a devouring of approximately six loafs of bread, three gallons of tea and a bout of complaints that are enough to make me want to dump an entire pitcher of tea down the culprit's shirt. After I am done serving these heathens, I walk up to the table with batted breath. Maybe, just maybe, they left a decent amount for once. My hope deflates as I see the single dollar bill laying on the table. I can feel the rage boiling in my veins. For the millionth time I find myself wondering why I do this to myself. There is only one reason: I need the money.

UNTITLED

JAMES PATANIO
PHOTOGRAPHY / 4 x 6
MARINE SCIENCE MAJOR



FAIRY

JENNIFER MCCARTHY

SCRATCHBOARD / 10 1/2 X 13 3/8

MARINE SCIENCE MAJOR





INNER CORE
ANDREW BARTLETT
GRAPHIC DESIGN / 17 X 11
ART STUDIO MAJOR

A VIEW OBSCURED BY A SCRIPTURE OF PASTIMES
AN EXODUS FROM REALITY,
IT LED THE BOY TO A WHITE AND CHALKY REVELATION
BYGONE WERE THE SAPPHIRE EYES OF HIS GENESIS
A SON LEFT FROM HIS FATHER
DEAF TO THE WAILING OF HIS MOTHER AND SISTERS

MY BROTHER,
WHO SHAMED YOU WITH THEIR SNOWY OBSESSIONS?
MY BROTHER,
WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN YOURSELF?
MY BROTHER,
WHO BAPTIZED YOU IN THE TUMULTUOUS TIDES OF REBELLION?

SET OFF ON A HELLISH PILGRIMAGE,
HE MADE IT TO THE FOURTH CIRCLE,
TURNED AND RAN,
AND YET, THE GATES REMAINED AGAPE BEHIND HIM.

THEY CALLED HIM JESUS IN THE DISCONTENT KINGDOM.
HIS COURT GATHERED AND DRAPED HIM IN ROBES OF PURPLE,
ROBES THAT SMELLED
LIKE PERVERTED HERBS AND SICKENING WINE.
THOUGH HIS SUBJECTS WERE IN AWE, THEY WERE IN FEAR.

THEY TALKED OF THE TANGLED,
DARK CORONA OF PAIN THAT ENCIRCLED HIS TEMPLES.
THEY TALKED OF THE DARK WINDOWS BEHIND WHICH HE SAT.
THEY SCURRIED INTO THEIR HOMES UPON HIS APPROACH.

AND WHEN HE PASSED,
THE CHILDREN STOPPED PLAYING, AND STARED.
AND WHEN HE PASSED,
THE MOTHERS REACHED INTO THEIR POCKETS,
SCROUNGING FOR ONE LAST POWDER-COATED SHILLING,
FEEDING THEIR WHITENED LUSTS
BEFORE THE MOUTHS OF THE BABES.

THE BOY CAME TO SEE ONLY HIMSELF
HE FORGOT TO LOOK IN HIS OWN REFLECTION.
FOR WHAT DID HIS REFLECTION INDICATE
BUT CERTAIN HOLLOWNESS?

BUT HE SAW JESUS, TOO.
HE SAW JESUS IN DOUBLE VISION.
HE DENIED HIS FATHER, HIS MOTHER, HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
BUT STILL THERE WAS THE MAN.

JESUS DOUBLE VISION

BECKY POWELL
ENGLISH MAJOR

HE SAW JESUS WHEN HE KNELT BY THE WELL
AND BLED FROM HIS NOSE INTO THE GLISTENING WATER.
THE RIPPLES REVEALED WHAT HE TRIED TO IGNORE.
HE SAW JESUS BEHIND THE FOG OF THE SILVER PLATTER,
UNCOVERED WHEN THE DUST CLEARED,
NOT OBSCURED ENOUGH BY THE RAZOR BLADE
AND THE WHITE STRAW.
HE SAW JESUS IN THE MIRROR
WHEN HE SEVERED THE BITTER CORONA FROM HIS HEAD.
AND JESUS WAS NO MORE.

THE GUARDSMEN OF THE KINGDOM KNEW HIS GAME.
THEY WERE WISE TO HIS CREEPING,
PROMPT TO VIEW HIS MOVEMENTS FROM ONE ROAD TO THE NEXT.
HIS ADVISORS TURNED ON HIM.
TOLD HIM THEY KNEW HOW TO CORNER HIM AND CERTAINLY WOULD.
HE RODE OFF ONE NIGHT, NEVER TO RETURN,
FOLLOWING THE SHADOW OF THAT MAN BACK TO HIS HOMESTEAD.

UPON THE DAYLIGHT'S EMERGENCE,
HIS REJECTED FATHER APPEARED,
SHADOWING THE RISING SUN
AS THE INJURED LAMB HOBBLLED ACRIDLY INTO THE YARD.
HIS MOTHER FELL WEEPING,
HIS SISTERS STARED BLANKLY AND DISBELIEVING.
THEIR UNCROSSED EYES REVEALED
THE REALITY LEFT AFTER THE FALL
OF THE BOY'S DISCONTENT KINGDOM.
THEIR DOUBLE VISION NO MORE,
THE BOY HAD COME. THE MAN HAD BEEN THERE.
JESUS WAS ONE AGAIN,
NO LONGER A MEMBER OF A PERVERTED DUPLICATE PAIR.
NO LONGER A MISTAKEN ENEMY OF THE HUNGRY YOUNG ONES,
THE ONES WHOSE FATHERS STRUCK THEM
AND WHOSE MOTHERS NEGLECTED THEM.

BUT HIS SUBJECTS STAYED IN THE DISCONTENT KINGDOM;
THEY WONDERED WHERE THEIR RULER HAD GONE TO.
THEY SEARCHED EVERY NOOK, ACHING
FOAMING AT THE MOUTH, EVEN.
DESPERATELY HOPING FOR ANOTHER GLIMPSE
OF THEIR TERRIFYING GOD.
THE GOD WHOSE POWER WAS EXPRESSED IN OUNCES,
TINY SACKS OF ANGELIC MIST,
THAT MADE THE DOUBLE VISIONS REAPPEAR,
EVEN WHEN THE SECOND IMAGE WAS NOTHING
BUT A PAINFUL MIRAGE.

THE SKY'S BRAZEN BLUE
PREVENTED MY SENSING
THEIR IMMINENT ARRIVAL.

THEY SAT ON THE HORIZON,
TAUNTING MY UNATTENDED LAUNDRY
(STILL SWINGING VICARIOUSLY IN THE BREEZE)

WITHOUT WARNING THEY CAME ON A GALE,
RAINING FAT, OIL-SPILL DROPS ON MY LINENS,
ACCUMULATING SOOTY SMOG IN MY HOME,
BLOWING THROUGH MY FURNISHINGS
AND FAMILIARITIES,
LEAVING ME GROUNDED AND BLIND.

AND THEY MADE THEMSELVES AT HOME.

AS IF THEY'D NEVER BEEN AWAY
AT ALL.

WHEN THEY CAME

LIZ PARDUE

ENGLISH MAJOR

WE
ROSE UP
SLOWLY
...AS IF
WE DIDN'T
BELONG
TO THE
OUTSIDE
WORLD
ANY
LONGER
...LIKE
SWIMERS
IN A
SHADOWY
DREAM...
WHO
DIDN'T
NEED TO
BREATHE...



WE ROSE UP SLOWLY

KIM WEBER

RELIEF PRINT / 21 x 13 1/2

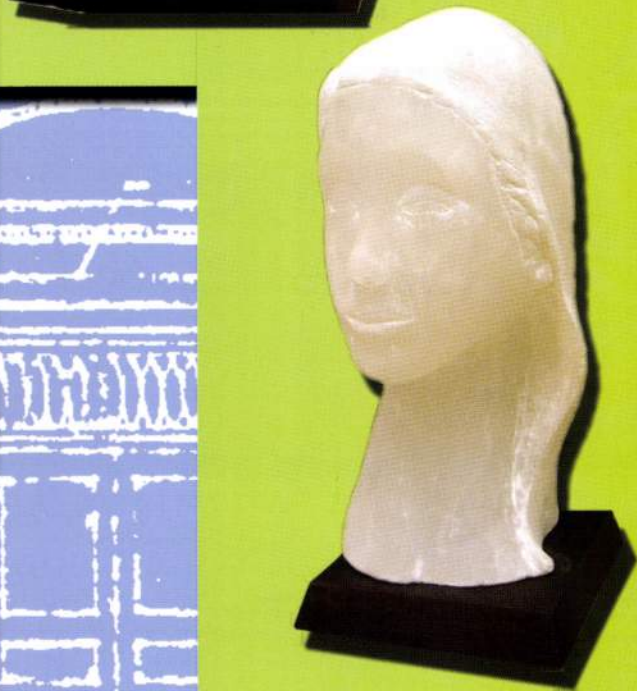
ART STUDIO MAJOR

3 SUZIE

CHRIS BAUCOM

ALABASTER / 15 1/2 X 7 X 8 3/4

PHILOSOPHY MAJOR



PAN WINDOW
DETAIL

CHAMPION

DANIELLE ADAMS
MUSICAL THEATER MAJOR

A LITTLE GIRL WHO ALWAYS WON
THIS WASN'T ME, DAD
IT NEVER WILL BE
I GUESS IT'S EASY
TO DREAM ABOUT YOUR PERFECT CHILD YOU CHERISH
WHEN YOU NEVER SEE THE OUTCOME
OF A FAILED MARRIAGE
I WALK ALONG THE BACKGROUND
PAINTING MY NAILS BLACK
AMONG THE SUN-KISSED SUPERSTARS
AND ATHLETES AND PRINCESSES
BUT WHEN I TURN MY BACK
NO ONE NOTICES IF I SMILE AND LEAVE
VICIOUS EXPECTATIONS
TEAR ME APART
I WILL NEVER BE YOUR BEST FRIEND, DAD
GLAD NEVER TO BE
YOUR LITTLE SWEET-HEART
I'LL TRY TO BE MORE TRUTHFUL
IF YOU ADMIT YOU WERE NEVER THERE
AND QUIT FORGETTING WHEN WE FOUND HER CLOTHES
IN YOUR CLOSET DURING SEPARATION
AND NOW YOU TOSS MONEY AT ME
AND TRY TO HUG ME GOODNIGHT
IT WILL ALWAYS BE AN AWKWARD THING
I WISH YOU'D JUST LEAVE ME
AND TURN OFF THE LIGHT
I'M SORRY I CAN'T LOVE YOU DAD
LET'S START WITH THE TRUTHFULNESS
OF THAT.

CURING TOBACCO

RANDALL WELLS
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

GREEN TO GOLD, THE SUMMER WEED
CURED INSIDE THE BARN ALL NIGHT;
"RUN UP ON THE 'BACCA," OAK
TO ASH, THE SANDY LEAVES TURNED BRIGHT.

OUTSIDE DADDY, MAMA, ME
SLEPT UPON A HOMEMADE QUILT
BENEATH THE APRON-SHELTER-ROOF
THAT KEPT THE RAIN FROM STRINGERS, BUILT

FOR SHADE, OUR BED A BENCH FOR STICKS,
FOR LEAVES, FOR FINGERS WINDING TWINE;
AN OLD TOBACCO CANVAS HUNG
TO THWART MOSQUITOES, NOT THEIR WHINE.

GIT-TOGETHERS: SIPPIN' "STUMPHOLD,"
PEANUT-POPPINS, CHICKEN BOGS.
FEED THE HUNGRY FURNACE! MEN
WOULD CUT ANOTHER TRUNK TO LOGS.

SAWING, TOO, OF FIDDLE-BOW,
A YARD OF MANDOLINS, GUITARS;
CHILDREN WERE BOTH HID AND SOUGHT
THEIR FLASHLIGHTS WERE BUT MOON AND STARS.

AA26
1336





LEIA

REBEKAH BOHM

WATERCOLOR / 21 1/2 X 29 1/2

ART STUDIO / EDUCATION MAJOR

THE NEW YORKER

GINNY HOROWITZ

PAPER COLLAGE / 18 5/8 x 28 5/8


ART STUDIO MAJOR



AA15
1325COPPER
ROOFING

A MAN STARTS FOR HOME SLOWLY, BUT HIS PACE QUICKENS AS HE SEES SOMEONE IN THE CORNER OF HIS EYE. THE NIGHT AIR FEELS MOIST AND COOL AGAINST HIS FACE. FROM THE DISTANCE THE SMELLS OF POPCORN AND HOTDOGS ARE INVITING TO HIS NOSE. THE LIGHTS ABOVE HIM ARE BRIGHT AS THEY SHINE ON HIS HARD HELMET. HE GLANCES BACK BEHIND HIM AND SEES THE OTHER MAN CLOSING IN ON HIM CAUSING HIM TO SPEED UP TO A SPRINT. ALL HE HAS TO DO IS GET HOME AND HE WILL BE SAFE, HE KEEPS THINKING TO HIMSELF. A SMILE FORMS ON HIS DIRTY FACE AS THE THOUGHT OF HOPE CROSSES HIS MIND. THE SWEAT THEN STARTS TO POUR OUT LIKE A SHOWER, DOWN HIS BROW, AS THE WANT AND NEED TO GET HOME GROWS WITHIN HIM. HIS DAZE SNAPS WHEN THE SIGHT OF HOME COMES INTO VIEW. JUST A FEW FEET AWAY HE THOUGHT, THE MAN BEHIND HIM FORGOTTEN BY NOW, AS HE NEARS HOME. HIS HOPE THEN DISAPPEARS WHEN ANOTHER MAN STEPS IN BETWEEN HIM AND HIS GOAL. THE MAN'S FACE IS COVERED BY A MASK AND HIS EYES LOOK COLD AND HARD TRYING TO STRIKE FEAR INTO THE RUNNING MAN. THIS CAUSES THE MAN TO SLOW HIS PACE, BUT IT DOES NOT STOP HIM. HE KEEPS REPEATING TO HIMSELF THAT NOTHING IS STOPPING HIM NOW THAT HE IS SO CLOSE AS HE BEGINS TO INCREASE HIS SPEED AGAIN. THE MAN WITH THE MASK THEN HOLDS HIS HAND OUT AND THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING IN IT. THE MAN SPEEDS UP AND POSITIONS HIS BODY LIKE A BATTERING RAM. THE TWO MEN COLLIDE AND THE OBJECT FLIES FROM THE HAND OF THE MASKED MAN. BOTH MEN HIT THE GROUND WITH SUCH FORCE THEY SLIDE RIGHT TO HOME. THE UMPIRE THEN YELLS WITH GREAT PASSION "SAFE!"

HOMESAFEMARC RIDER
MATH NAJOR



THOUSANDS OF FANS
SCREAMING OUT LOUD.
SWEAT BOILS IN THE THRONG.
SONG THUMPING, PUMPING,
PULSATING.

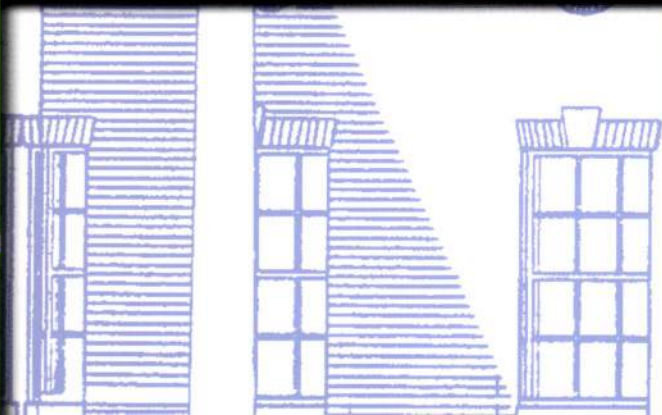
EVERYONE IS FRIENDS
WHEN THE ENERGY IS RUNNING HIGH,
LIKE THE MOSHERS THAT JUMP ONTO THE STAGE
AND ARE WHISKED AWAY BY SECURITY.
AFTER THE CROWDS HAVE GONE,
ONE HALF-BURNT CIGARETTE
STILL SMOLDERS ON THE DIRTY GROUND.

AND THE STAGE GOD'S SHOOT UP
AND THE TEENAGERS WASTING AWAY-
BECAUSE THE MODELS DO.
AND THE SECURITY GUARD WHO GOES HOME DRUNK,
AND BEATS HIS GIRLFRIEND.
AND THE SCREAMING WOMAN WHO RAN UP ON STAGE,
PICKS UP A CLIENT AND GOES TO WORK-
AT MIDNIGHT.

LIFE IS THE NOISE THAT THE MUSIC DROWNS OUT-
FOR A FEW HOURS.
THEN IT'S OVER,
AND OUR EARS ARE LEFT RINGING.

38 **ROCK GODS**

DANIELLE ADAMS
MUSICAL THEATER MAJOR

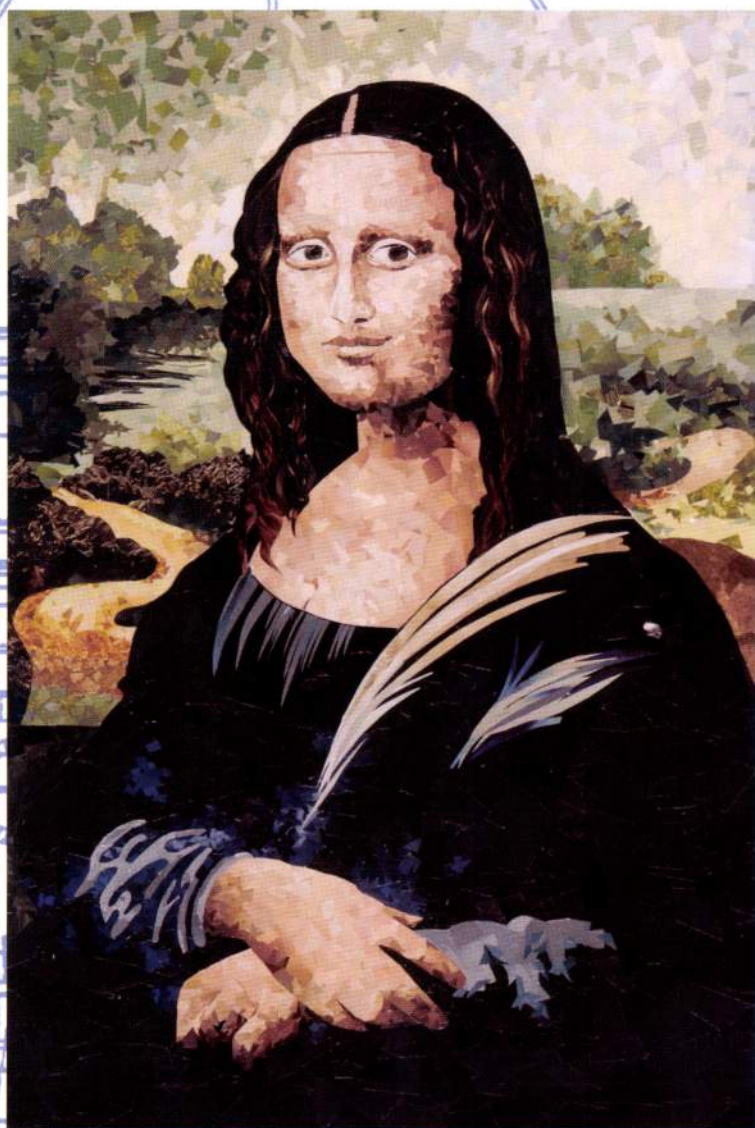


MONA

HEATHER REMLEY

PAPER COLLAGE / 18 x 26 7/8

ART STUDIO / BIOLOGY MAJOR



COMPILATION PIECE

BECKY POWELL
ENGLISH MAJOR

WE ARE A COMPILATION PIECE;
WE ARE A SWARM OF PICTURES
ERASE ME, I WILL BE
THE FAMED NAME
WHICH DOES NOT MATCH MY TWO-SYLLABLE SIMPLICITY,
LIPS AND BREASTS AND THIGHS AND EYES THAT LOOK
NOTHING LIKE ME.
THE WORLD RAISED US ON A NOTION GONE SICK,
THE WORLD TOLD ITS BABY GIRLS
YOU, YOU SHOULD NEVER BE TOO THICK.
ONCE I WAS AN INNER BEING, LEFT WITH NO CONCERN OF
MY OUTER FAÇADE.
THAT WAS ONCE, THOUGH, AND THAT ERA IS USED UP.
WE ARE UNDERFED AND FED UP.
EACH SENSE OF THE FIRE IN MY LEGS,
THE BLAZE OF MY BELLY,
THE PAINFUL WRETCHING OF MY ARMS...
WHAT CAN I DO FOR MYSELF?
WHAT HAVE I DONE TO MYSELF?
WE, THE COMPILATION PIECE, READ LIKE A TUESDAY
MORNING NEWSPAPER.
TALKED DOWN, DOWN-TOWNED, LOW-BROWED,
TEN-POUND, AND SLIGHTLY ROUND-
WE'RE ALL LOST
NEVER FOUND.

AA13
1323

HERE IS WHAT WE REALLY WANT.

WE WANT TO BE IN THAT PLACE

WHERE WE EXERCISE OUR STRENGTHS-

IN MORE WAYS THAN THE MOST BASIC ONES.

I WANT TO STRETCH OUT INTO A DIFFERENT PLACE,

A LOCATION OF SELF-AWARENESS THAT IS NOT ON

THE SECULAR MAP.

AND TO BE HONEST, I THINK EVERY BABY GIRL

DESERVES A LONG NAP.

LOVE IS AN INCONSEQUENTIAL COMFORT IN TIMES
LIKE THESE,

THE BABY GIRLS TO COME CANNOT BE MISSED

WE MUST WATER THEM LIKE DAINTY BABY

SEEDLINGS,

ENCOURAGE THEM TO STRENGTHEN INTO MIGHTY
OAK WOMEN-

THE WORLD WILL NOT POOR INTO THEIR HEADS

THE DELUGE OF NUMERICAL CONSTRAINTS.

36-24-36. 5'4" 115

OUR BABY GIRLS WILL BE LADIES,

NOT CHILDREN; THEY WILL BE RIGHTEOUS,

NOT JADED;

AND THEY WILL OUT-LOUD SAY IT-

BULLSHIT

AA13
1323

UNTITLED

KENNON TAYLOR
PHOTOGRAPHY / 9 X 6 1/8
ART STUDIO MAJOR



F

AA06
1316

BIRTH

MATTHEW COOKE
CLASS OF 1995

THE WARM SALTY BREEZE CARESSES MY FACE
AS I STARE INTO THE DARKNESS.
MY SKIN SHIVERS
AS DAMPENED DROPLETS CONVERGE ON MY SOUL.
THROUGH MY SENSE TINGLE
WITH THE FEELING OF LIFE,
I SEE ONLY NOTHINGNESS.
MY FEET ARE PLANTED,
SUBMERGED IN THE MOISTNESS OF CREATION.
MY EARS ARE FILLED WITH MUFFLED RUMBLINGS
FROM DEPTHS UNSEEN.
I FEEL THE PUSH, THE SURGE, THE POWER;
I SENSE THE URGENCY.
THE MOTHER HEAVES HER WAVES OF ANGUISH
ACROSS THE CONTOURS OF HER BODY.
THE SIZZLING SCREAM OF THE MOTHER'S PASSION
DEAFENS ME;
MY OTHER SENSES COME ALIVE
TO BEHOLD THE CRESTING
OF HER SON ABOVE THE HORIZON.
I HAVE SEEN THE BIRTH OF A NEW DAY
IN ALL OF ITS MIRACULOUS GLORY,
AND I WILL STAND IN THESE SAME SANDS
TO WATCH ITS DEATH.
HOW GLORIOUS THOUGH IS THE TIME BETWEEN.

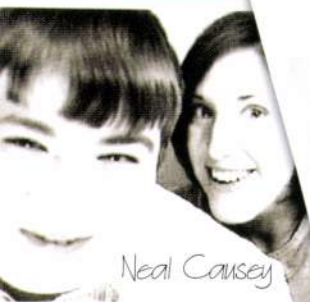
Ashley Bartliner/Editor



Megan Newett/Art Director



Neal Causey



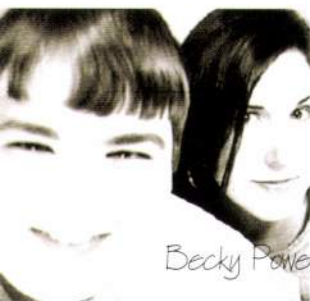
Lekeisha Edwards



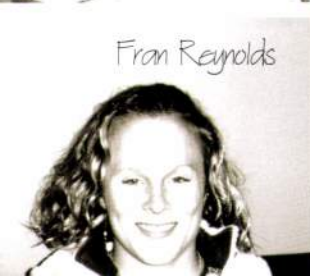
Suzanne Montalbano/Asst. Art Director



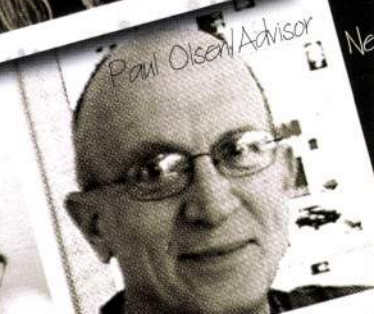
Becky Powell/Asst. Editor



Fran Reynolds



Paul Olsen/Advisor



SAMUEL PAUL RICE
1943-2004

THE **ARCHARIOS** LITERARY ART MAGAZINE STAFF WOULD LIKE TO DEDICATE THIS PUBLICATION TO THE MEMORY AND SPIRIT OF DR. SAMUEL PAUL RICE, A BELOVED MEMBER OF COASTAL CAROLINA UNIVERSITY'S TEACHING FACULTY WHO PASSED AWAY LAST OCTOBER.

DURING HIS NEARLY 17 YEARS OF TEACHING AT THIS UNIVERSITY, PAUL RICE TOUCHED THE LIVES OF SO MANY STUDENTS AND FACULTY MEMBERS. HIS PASSION FOR LIFE, LITERATURE, MUSIC, POETRY, AND A NUMBER OF OTHER INTERESTS WAS EXTENDED TO THOSE WHO KNEW HIM. HIS TALENTS IN THOSE AREAS, AND CERTAINLY AS A PROFESSOR, WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN.

STUDENTS WHO HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN FROM DR. RICE RECEIVED A BLESSING THEY MAY NOT HAVE FULLY KNOWN AT THE TIME. TO LEARN FROM DR. RICE WAS TO BECOME ENRICHED, TO BECOME CULTURED, TO BECOME WISE. HE DID NOT SIMPLY TEACH HIS STUDENTS; HE CONNECTED WITH THEM THROUGH HIS INTERESTS AND THROUGH THE STUDIED WORKS, ENCOURAGING THEM TO THINK MORE, TO BECOME MORE.

IT IS BECAUSE OF HIS INTENSE LOVE OF POETRY AND HIS YEARS OF DEDICATION TO THE STUDENTS, HELPING MANY OF THEM DISCOVER THE SAME LOVE, THAT WE HONOR HIM WITH THIS PUBLICATION OF **ARCHARIOS**.

AND SO WE DEDICATE OUR WORK TO HIS, IN LOVING MEMORY OF DR. SAMUEL PAUL RICE.

HEY LOVE YOU KNOW I HATE TO GO
AND YOU KNOW I'LL MISS YOU SO
BUT LET'S TRY TO FIND SOME SMILES AMONG ALL THESE
TEARS
YOU KNOW THE REASON THAT I'M GOING
IS TO GET ON WITH MY GROWING
AND THERE'S NOT A LOT TO KEEP ME LIVING HERE
BUT WE'LL BOTH HAVE THE SAME STRONG EARTH BELOW
US,
AND THE SAME FOUR WINDS A 'BLOWIN'
AND THAT SAME OLD MOON A 'GLOWIN' ALL THE WHILE.
I MAY PUT THIS TOWN BEHIND ME
BUT YOUR THOUGHTS WILL ALWAYS FIND ME
AND EVERY DAY I'LL SEND YOU
LOVE ACROSS THE MILES.

EXCERPT FROM
"LOVE ACROSS THE MILES"
BY PAUL RICE © 2002



ictured:
icel/Advisor
Mornn/Advisor
Andrew Nichter
Marshall Hobbs

