Archarios, 2009 Spring

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When we open our mouths to speak, our tongues rolling and pressing out the story, in what direction does language fly? How many worlds exist in the face of a blank canvas? Art, in its multitude of forms, seems to defy having to answer any of these illimitable questions only because the true artist spends so much of their time asking them. Simone de Beauvoir said, "I am incapable of conceiving infinity, and yet I do not accept finity." In this sense, perhaps art is the only plausible answer—to continue creating the new—even in a world that insists on the old and displays such promise of a steady decay. Creation, for some, is a way of life. The only way of life.

Archarios is excited to bring you Issue 24. We hope you will find all the answers.
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Someone Else’s
We must willingly dabble in the eccentricities of this life. What better place to start than language.
**Beauty Sleep**

Rolling her balls
underneath her lids sticky
with last night's purple paint,
she stirs, turning her tired body onto its side

unwilling to expose
those organs of sight
to the thick cigar smoke
tickling the fine hairs
inside her still powdered nose,
now twitching like Peter Rabbit's.

She burrows her jaws and cracking scarlet lips
into the dryer sheet-fresh comforter;
now he knows
she knows it's morning.

And his breath,
like cigar boxes
reeking with Philippine mahogany,
whispers,
"Are those fake eyelashes?"

Lauren Moore
Freshman, Health Promotions Major
Outside of the local supermarket
A small table was set up.
Modest in size, it was draped with a sign,
"Donate to the Disabled American Veterans."
An old man, gripping his cane,
Was hunched over, staring at the clouds.
I noticed him while briskly entering the market,
The cool wave of air was welcomed relief
To the horrible humidity outside.
I turned back and glanced at the old man
Staring straight into the clouds.
I determined then and there to donate,
Just the change left in my pocket, nothing small or big.
And as I gathered my groceries,
I thought of all the questions I would ask:
In what war did you serve?
What unit did you fight with?
Did you lose any friends?
Do you miss the ones you've lost?
As heroic thoughts and images
Flashed through my head, I found myself standing
In front of the sign draped table.
I struggled to find my heroic words, to speak.
My rehearsed speech failed to surface.
I cleared my dry throat, clutching the change in my pocket,
"I have some change...to donate."
The old man, gripping his cane,
Diverted his eyes from the clouds and gazed at me.
He pointed to a quaint tin can containing nothing.
Not saying a word, I dunked the change into the can.
I looked back at the old man, his hand curled in a fist,
Outstretched towards me, desiring me to take something.
I held out my hand, a tiny flower fell into my palm.
I looked intently at it, simple in form and construction:
Felt blue petals with a wire green stem,
Held together by a drop of glue dyed yellow.
When I returned my gaze to the old man,
He was staring back at the clouds,
His grip on the cane relaxed.
When I was in my car,
I tied the felt blue flower to my rearview mirror,
Then rolled down my window
And stared at the clouds.

Felt Blue Petals
John R. Clark
Freshman, History Major
I watched you.
I watched you in the morning
as you bathed and sung those
Old black hymns.

I watched you sit through
long afternoon church services,
as you listened and accepted
the Word of God.

I watched you as the tears of pain fell from your eyes,
as the final words were said
When they buried your sisters.

I watched you take pride in
Yourself, as you carefully combed
your hair and rightfully applied
your earth red lipstick.

I watched you love your neighbor.
I watched you care and support
your family.

I watched you smile as I
succeeded in whatever endeavor
I had set out for.

I watched you grow old.
I watched as you became
sicker and weaker.

I watched as death closed in
Nearing, knowing sadly that
it was out of my hands.

I watched as that strong and
comforting grasp of your
hand, the hand that helped
rear me, faded.
I watched as your bright
smile and cheerful laugh grew
cfainter.

I watched as your strong soul
walked closer and closer to God.

And, I watched, as the final words
were said, and the tears of
pain fell from my eyes
When we buried you.

Now it is you that watches
over me forever more,
Knowing that I have learned.

I have learned how to live by
watching.

I never watched you fade away.
Instead, I watched as you
became a part of me.

Now I watch the Heavens,
hoping to catch a glimpse
of you.

Perhaps instead I should watch
my heart.
For that is where you were,
And it is where you are,
And so, it is where you
shall remain.

In remembrance of Cornelia J. Walton
August 9th, 1924-August 28th, 2006.
Justice

There you are staring at me, searching for the beauty of my structure.

Have you found it?
Am I all that you have come to expect of me?

Are my couplets cute enough to make you smile?

Does my scheme of rhyme satisfy your critical mind?

As you undress me with your eyes, I slide from the tip of your tongue, only to whisper through the air and tickle the ears of the ones I love.

Do you love me?

Can you feel me as I penetrate deep into your mind, twisting down your spine turning and searching to find the beauty of your structure?
Strands of the sun's rays shine over clouded eyes. The cotton text lies tangled in the sheets, tells the story of our past. Her smile—

a chipped mask exposing doubt through each miniature crack. She lies close enough to brush her cheek against my elbows and bows her knees to invite me closer, but when I lean toward her she rolls and gives her back to me.

My fingers float down her side, puddle in the basin of her hip, then drip down to her stomach. Pulling our parallel bodies together, I lean my lips to her ear and sing

*Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes.*

She clasps my hand and the sheets, slides her hips with an airy temper, and covers her body with mine and we lie there beneath the blue suburban skies.
He ran. The smell of gunpowder reigned supreme as he passed the bodies of his fellow soldiers. Limbs lay strewn all about him, some still gushing blood and some still twitching but all wanting a body to belong to. Planes flew overhead, dropping their payloads on the completely unsuspecting enemy. Everything was chaos around him, but he was resolute. He had a task to complete.

Garrison. That was the name sewn onto his uniform, but that Garrison was dead. That man had died a long time ago. Back in America, before the war, Garrison was a newly married man. His wife's name was Sarah. Before that, he was the star quarterback of his high school and Tuscaloosa, Alabama's favorite son. Two state championships in three seasons as a starter. He could go even further back to when he was a model child, making straight A's and never cutting up in class. But that Garrison was dead.

Now he was a killer. Just two days ago he'd put a bullet square between the eyes of a kid who couldn't have been any older than he was. He hadn't just thought without thinking, he'd caught the kid with his dick in his hands. Literally. The kid was taking a piss on a derelict, old building when Garrison spotted him during a scouting run. He'd moved in quietly, pistol drawn, and waited for the kid to turn around, and when he did, he just lined up the shot, smiled and fired. That's how he knew he was different. He'd smiled. That was what the war did to people. That was the cost of the Fuhrer's unquenchable thirst to conquer.

He kept running. He saw the confused looks on the faces of his fellow soldiers, all heading in the opposite direction and wondering why he wasn't. He didn't care. There was nothing but death that way. He had to get to the commander. He had to meet him face to face, to see the man who had put him and his family through this unbelievable hell. He had to put a bullet in his head or cut his throat, to do something to show him what he had made Garrison into. He was nearly a quarter of the way there when all at once the world started to tumble and spin. He sat up on his elbows, looking over at the man who had tackled him into the foxhole.

"Garrison! You're going the wrong fucking way, you yellow-bellied hick!" The man's name patch said Johnson. Garrison looked at him with irritation, making sure to make eye
contact. Johnson had slowed him down. Johnson saw that something was different in Garrison's face, but there was no time to react or defend himself. Garrison plunged his combat knife between Johnson's ribs. Fear and surprise shot through Johnson's face. Before Johnson could utter a word, Garrison withdrew the knife and thrust it in again, this time into the man's heart. He stared into Johnson's eyes, watching as they faded into the blank stare of death.

He had never diverted eye contact from Johnson, but he'd always been like that. It was a tribute to his lost humanity. That piece of him that would have once said, 'Look away. You don't want to see this,' no longer existed. All thanks to the commander. Never looking away was his guilty pleasure. Death was in the eyes. Guns were too quick and explosives were messy, but when he stabbed someone, he felt everything. He knew exactly where to slide the knife to wound or kill. He was a master with a knife. He loved watching the emptiness fill a man's eyes. He felt more powerful in those moments than in any with his gun or grenades.

That was the best part really. That he felt more powerful and alive now, killing people. He knew he shouldn't feel that way but he didn't care and it didn't matter. What is the point of living if all man does is kill? War would always exist and that's why he'd given up fighting for worthless causes like his country or American freedom. True freedom was freedom from worry or care.

As he wiped Johnson's blood from his knife to the dirt, two more soldiers jumped into the hole, sitting across from him with their rifles held against their chests like small children. Lyles and Rogers. People often joked that they were twins separated at birth because they looked so much alike. He saw them observing him wiping the blood off his knife, then watched their eyes shift over to Johnson's body. He knew they weren't stupid and he only had a few seconds to react.

"Garrison, what the fuck?" That was all Lyles had time to say before Garrison rapidly drew his pistol from its holster and fired two rounds, one into each of their chests. Their bodies slumped against the sloping wall of the foxhole, blood mixing into the dirt and giving it a dark, grainy look. He hated that name and he was tired of answering to it. Garrison was fucking dead and it was this war that had killed him. He didn't know what to call himself anymore, but he sure as shit wasn't Garrison.

He climbed out of the foxhole filled with the bodies of his fellow soldiers. It was time to get back to the task at hand. He ran, looking at the faces of the men he'd once called patriots. They weren't patriots. They were sheep, following the lead of a shepherd who was tucked thousands of miles away in a safe, oval-shaped office. He hated sheep. His father had raised them on the farm where he'd grown up. These men
were no different than those stupid animals. Their faces were all locked in the same stupid expression they'd had since boot camp, just like sheep. It was pathetic.

He was at the trenches now. He knew the going would absolutely get tougher from this point on and he checked to make sure he had enough ammo to make it to the commander. He rolled into the trenches and landed next to a soldier talking into one of the radios. The man looked at him, then went back to his radio. Garrison drew his knife, lifted the man’s head and slit his throat. He stood over him and watched the blood pour on the radio. They all deserved to die.

“Garrison, are you insane?” Garrison looked to his right to see his best friend from home, Riley Bradshaw, along with five other soldiers, all with rifles, though they weren't raised. He was screwed. He had gotten so close it was unbelievable. He ran at Bradshaw, knife in hand. Bradshaw countered his attack and threw him to the dirt. With the help of the other soldiers, he lifted Garrison off the ground and led him into the area they'd hollowed out for the commander.

Garrison couldn’t believe it. They’d actually brought him to the very person he was trying to get. It was like Bradshaw thought he could convince the commander not to punish his friend or some noble shit like that. Now Garrison was face to face with the man responsible for turning him into the monster he’d become. Bradshaw stepped forward and whispered something into the commander’s ear. Fury and disgust crept across the commander’s face. He rose from his desk and walked to Garrison, standing no more than an inch away from his face. That was all the opening Garrison needed.

With the rapidity of a mongoose, he slipped behind the commander, grabbing his knife from its holster. He grabbed the commander’s wrist and pressed the knife to his throat. Bradshaw drew his pistol and the other soldiers now raised their rifles on Garrison’s head. It didn’t matter. This outcome was fixed and there was no changing it.


“Fuck you, Riley,” Garrison shouted. “I came here to kill him and I’m dead set on that, but first let me tell you about my day so you can wrap your brains around why this is happening. First I got up and had a shitty meal. It tasted worse than shit. Then I sharpened my knife. Bet you’re real excited about that part, eh commander? Then I went out and did my so-called duty for my country. At first everything was fine, but somewhere between Reggie Taylor’s leg getting blown off and Bret Richardson getting shot in the head, I decided this war wasn’t worth it. You may think you’re fighting for your country but it’s assholes like the commander here who refuse to fight so they can be the ones to put a medal on your corpse like that somehow makes everything okay. It will never be okay.”
“Listen, Mike,” said Bradshaw. “You gotta think about what you’re doing here. What would Sarah say if—”

“You don’t talk about her, Riley! You don’t say another word about her,” Garrison screamed.

“Okay fine. Just think about what you’re doing here. Mike,” said Bradshaw. “You’re throwing your whole life away. C’mon man we been friends since we was six. I know this ain’t you man. This ain’t the way you wanna be remembered, is it, Garrison?”

Garrison cringed, then calmed himself. It was time to say goodbye. Bradshaw could see that his friend was no longer the man in that body. Then Garrison started to sing.

“Fools rush in. Where angels dare to tread. So I come to you my love. My heart above my head…”

“Mike…” Bradshaw said in a warning tone.

“Though I see. The danger there. If there’s a chance for me. Then I don’t care…”

“Damn it, Mike. Don’t do this,” Bradshaw begged.

“Fools rush in. Where wise men never go. But wise men never fall in love. So how are they to know…”

“Jesus Christ,” Bradshaw muttered.

Garrison stopped. He looked around at the men with their weapons trained on him, at Bradshaw’s face mixed between shock and sadness at the inevitability to come. With that, he slashed the knife across the commander’s throat and pushed him forward. Bradshaw drew his pistol and fired.

Garrison slumped to his knees, never looking away from Bradshaw as they made eye contact. “When we met. I felt my life begin. So open up your heart and let. This fool…” Garrison fell to the ground as the last bit of life left him. He died smiling.

Bradshaw looked down at the corpses of his friend and the commander. He finished the last line of Garrison’s song.

“This fool rush in.”
Amber sand is ruby red
and tiger's eye on this Tuscan rooftop.
There are times when life fades
and blends from one edge to another,
like water colors from a child's brush strokes.
The melodic broken bells
and jarring bongs
that signify time and place,
are all relative.
The ancient campanile is above and below,
but I am here.
The rain starts in sheets
and the sun shines in fits,
but I am here.
The market teems with marching umbrellas
and flash flood dreams
and I am here.
My existence among the others is relative,
like the bells and bongs, the dreams and rain.
The colors fade.
There are people who light
A match just to see something burn.
Just to see the flame
Lick the air, only to slowly
Devour the rest of the wood.

There is no salvation from this world.
A thousand drunks run wild
Down empty streets to glowing
Safe havens. They run, their faces
Numb to the paralyzing wind.

They run faster in speeding cars
At 65 miles per hour, toward Perdition.
They run for impulse, to feel
Orgasm, but not ever for love.
Pity.

The smart, the kind, the gentle
Will all die at least once.
On their knees, singing a redemption
Song, knowing it has no meaning.
This is when man starts to cry,

"Mercy, Mother, Oh God!"
They run, numb to the wind,
Into Damnation. They run fast.
They run like a burning match.
They just run.

Stephanie Bouzounis
Sophomore, English Major
Lemons, pale, soft, and moldy lay rotting on the mulch. I stepped carefully around them to reach the healthy fruit still clinging to the tree. I was in the backyard of my family's Sydney home, picking lemons for Mom to use in the cookies. Kiera had stayed inside, shut in the study with the computer. She had not wanted to move to Australia; she was already convinced that she would hate the new school and that none of the seniors would be dateable. While I brushed spider webs off lemons, she was updating her MySpace or emailing Dan, her "friend with benefits" who still lived in Ohio.

It wasn't like moving was new to us. This was our eighth move, and our fifth national one. In fact, I was optimistic about Sydney. Its sapphire oceans broke into sparkling foam as they swirled against the cliff-lined shores. I wouldn't have to shiver through below-freezing winters, there was the thrilling risk of poisonous snakes sliding through the yard, and there was the lemon tree.

The tree was the reason we leased the house. It had enough bedrooms and bathrooms, a nice kitchen, and ample space. The backyard was twice the size of the house and included a salt-water pool. But the lemon tree convinced us.

***

Five moves before, when we had lived in Melbourne, there had been a lemon tree behind the house. I had never seen such a plant before. It grew in a corner where two rooms converged, neatly tucked into a mulch bed. Whenever Mom needed lemons for her cooking she sent me and Kiera outside to select the perfect fruits.

To my 5-year-old self, the top branches and the sky were on the same level, and the leaves formed a thick tangle against the white of the house. The tree was like a wizard's tower: mystical in size, sent, and inexhaustible lemon supply.

We never plucked more than two lemons at a time. Each had to be clean, a deep, uniform yellow, and round enough to fit pleasantly in two cupped hands. The dimples had to be shallow, and a faint citrus smell had to escape.
through the rind. Kiera, three years older than me, could reach higher lemons, but I could reach deeper into the tree because I wasn’t afraid of snail poo. We laughed, danced through the grass at the edge of the mulch bed.

“How about this one?” I would ask Kiera.

“Too skinny. Look at that one!” She pointed at a lemon indistinguishable from the sun which hung next to it.

“It’s perfect!”

Kiera stood on her toes and stretched her thin arm, but the lemon was just out of reach. “Too perfect. It wasn’t meant to be picked.”

We settled for another lemon and Kiera broke it off with a sharp twist.

***

The Sydney lemon tree could have been identical to the Melbourne tree. At first, I thought it was. But something had changed. I had seen more, done more. I had watched hunchbacked cripples beg on the streets of Indonesia, skirted mounds of old plastic bags and sewage in the gutters of Beijing, and cried at the torments of lunchtime bullies in an Ohio middle school. Somewhere amid my frequent flier miles, I changed.

I was taller. I could see that the tree ended and there was no magic at the top. I could reach every lemon, but I was more concerned with avoiding fungus, snails, and cobwebs than finding the perfect one. I noticed lemon peels marred where bats had fed during the night, and holes where worms and maggots had burrowed. Kiera never came out to stand beside me. We never danced together in the grass. She was preoccupied with friends, computers, and TV shows; I wouldn’t have agreed with her lemon choices anyway.

The lemons weren’t wonderful anymore. They were just for slicing, juicing, grating, and baking into cookies.

Kailen Gilde
Freshman. Marine Science/Biology Major
Winter

Hell froze over,
Falling in the form
Of bits of snow
From a gray atmosphere
Above the southern pastures,

Painting brown dirt fields
White with precipitation
That only comes around
When hell's furnaces freeze.

I stood on the porch
In a pair of boxers and moccasins.
The fields were waiting
For tobacco to be planted,
Clear of vegetation,
The snow fell upon
The earth like
Dandruff from the devil himself,
Scratching his head
In wonderment at
The current state of his seeds.

White as an innocent
Bride in her wedding gown,
The snow fell to the fertile ground
Like flakes of white paint
Dried and deteriorated from the timber walls
Of heaven.

The snow fell
From one hell to another,
Then evaporated into the southern furnace.
Growing up in the pine and the evergreen
Live Oak of the Low Country's water scene,
Daddy'd go fishin' and be gone for days.
But before he'd leave, we would walk a-ways

Through the yard,
Down the path—towards the middle creek,
Turn left at the marsh—"Child, now watch your feet."

From saplings grown strong to the old pine tree stand,
I knew we'd arrive in Loblolly Land.

loblolly land oh loblolly land
loblolly land ohh loblolly land
I'll be back soon and together we'll stand...together forever in Loblolly Land.

Once in the pine grove among the fallen straw,
I'd jump, tumble, flip—say, "Hey, look at me, Pa!"
Playin' ball with a stick and the scattered cones,
to my laughs of delights...and my daddy's moans.

Then I'd sit on an old log of litter wood.
He'd brush the dirt from my face—"Now ya promise, be good."
And he'd empty my shoes that were full of sand.
Just a smilin' and happy in Loblolly land.

loblolly land oh loblolly land
loblolly land ohh loblolly land
I'll be back soon and together we'll stand...together forever in Loblolly Land.

Phil Sherengos
Senior, Computer Science Major
I remember being asked to leave the room so that the reverend could be alone with her. As I wiped the salty liquid from my face, my cousin leaned over and whispered, "That guy has a really big head," and at that moment, I was a hyena, a happy lunatic. Mother, was I wrong to laugh when you were in there gasping for air? The Korean reverend came out, that large noggin slightly bent to tell me something: She did not accept Christ as lord and savior. My head bowed while my shoulders trembled in his palms so that he would think that I was sobbing. I was doing the opposite. In that moment, he was the high and mighty king, his large crown heavy, shiny, as if the weight of it could tip him over. All I saw was a jester with a cap of purple and green adorned with bells in that royal courtyard where laughter and mourning were one and the same.
Phoenix

Kill me once more
Because again I will rise.
I have been made one with
Ash; my arms, my hair, my eyes.

My bed was made in the throes
Of Destruction, and in time
I was ripened to a
Blister-red fruit swaying on a vine.

I was bumped off by
Nature, or perhaps accident,
But when I fell looking upward,
I saw familiar visages, nuances, forms...

My beautiful body became bruised,
I was kicked against the dirt,
And in my place a fire grew,
Immense and strong.

Immense and strong,
Immense and strong,
And all I saw were lazy eyes gazing
Laughing and long.

My bosom swelled
And focus returned to my eyes,
Ripping the skin behind me,
I rise.

My ascent smelled of myrrh,
Towards the Heavens I flew,
Beating my wings back,
I have risen; I am new.
Rub the yesterday from your eyes. Stretch your limbs. Flip open the pages and wonder — wander — you’ve got all the time in the world.
Air Head

Darrin Cripe
Junior, Spanish Major

35mm Black and White Photograph
8” x 10”
Urban

Alex Stasko
Freshman, Art Studio Major

Acrylic on Canvas Panel
22" x 28"
Bone Dog

Natalie Lin
Freshman, Art Studio Major

Prisma Marker and Conte Crayon
10.5" x 14"
Self Portrait

Chris Arcari
Senior, Art Studio Major
Charcoal, Pencil, Marker
24" x 18"
Hummingbird

Donna Rogers
CCU Staff, ITS Web Manager

Photograph
10" x 8"
Cari Zourdos
Senior, Marine Science Major

Digital Photograph
7.18" x 9.56"
Untitled

Wayne Marcelli
Junior, Art Studio Major

35mm Black and White Photograph
6.25" x 9.25"
Cincinnati in February

Rob Byrd
Senior, Art Studio Major

Oil on Canvas
21" x 26.5"
Robert Blank
Senior, English Major

Brown Speckled Stoneware with Chun Red and Opaque Olive Glaze
Burn Holes

Nikki Watts

Junior, English Major

35mm Black and White Photograph

8" x 10"
Literature

First Place
David Weber’s “Penny Lies”
(featured on page 11)

Second Place
Angela Pilson’s “Relativity”
(featured on page 16)

Third Place
Lauren Moore’s “Someone Else’s Beauty Sleep”
(featured on page 6)
Eugene

Alex Stasko
Freshman, Art Studio Major
Brown Earthenware with Underglazes 7" tall
Special Thanks From Archarios

To faculty advisor Paul Olsen, for your earnest dedication to the magazine, as well as your fine-tuned knowledge of the arts.

Photographers: Bill Edmonds, Amanda Kraft, and Ryan D'Alessandro, Coastal Print Shop, Jack Flanders and ITS. Those who helped judge literature and artwork entries.

We would like to thank Sherar Press, most specifically Sam Kinon, Cindy Ziegler, and Trish Sports, for their superior printing services and continued support of Coastal Carolina University publications.

Also, Jason Ockert, Euston Selby, Tempo Features Magazine and Chanticleer Newspaper. 'Miss Dee' Duncan, 'Miss Diane' Watson, Chris Donevant-Halines. Deana Lewis.

To all who submitted their work to Archarios during the 2008-2009 school year. You make Archarios possible and add a much needed color to Coastal's campus.
Artwork

First Place  Rob Byrd's "Cincinnati in February"  (featured on page 36)

Second Place  Cari Zourdos' "The Green Room"  (featured on page 34)

Third Place  Leilani Derr's "Composition in Brown"  (featured on page 33)
Art Director

A word of advice, go forth on your own path, set ablaze your vision of intentions, creations and ambitions; and in the words of Rorschach "Never despair, Never surrender." Successful artistic design is a fickle beast, one that is not easily tamed by any means. While the past year has provided many challenges and an arduous artistic adventure, this last year as Art Director has been an exhilarating experience in ways I would have never achieved without a sound foundation of creative support. The likelihood that I will be able to name all those to whom I owe thanks is incredibly unlikely, for the number of people is vast, so I would like to say, "Thank you" in advance and my apologies if you are not mentioned.

First I would like to thank my family, as a whole, for helping me through all the tough transitions this last year and for pushing me to achieve more for myself than I would think possible. To my 3-year-old brother Robbie, for providing me with the much-needed laughter in stressful times; and to my 16-year-old brother T.J., for all the random talks on the phone, listening to me vent and helping to take my mind off of trying times. Thanks to my Dad, for all the life-stories and for always believing in me; to my Mom, for calming me down when I panic and all the visits when something is awry.

Secondly I would like to thank my 'big sis' Alison Langston, for always being there, for truly being a sister to me, and it has been great to share the world of art with someone who can understand me. To all my sorority sisters, for inspiring me to better myself and giving me the ability to be confident in life. Thirdly, thanks to Paul Sinclair, for showing me what it means to be truly happy and knowing how to make me laugh.

Thanks to Paul Olsen, the Visual Arts staff, and Coastal Carolina University staff for pushing me to be a better artist and designer, and providing me with great collegic learning experiences. To my predecessor, Jeremy Alford, for influencing my life and my art, and for creating an amazing standard to attempt to surpass this year. To Brandon Lockett, for being "Epic" in my life and artistic design.

Finally, this magazine would have never come into fruition without the editor and the Archarios stuff. Thanks to Brandon Wolf, for all the crazy ideas...and surprisingly some of them worked! To Braden Pate, for all the help with posters for Open Mic Nights and Submissions Week. Thanks to all the other staff members.

Editor

My family and friends back home—you keep me alive through phone calls, mail, and picture frames—missing you all makes me a stronger person. Forrest, for the constant insights from artistic visions to life coaching to craft beers. To the divine powers and muses that assist all human endeavors but remain so perfectly out of sight, and in my eyes, need not be named or seen, only felt.

To Saura Stuhlman, for running with her own ideas and designs while listening to all eight thousand of mine. Although we bicker like a married couple at times, we make a pretty rad team. (Come on, my music isn't that bad!)

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This year's staff—You guys rock! Paul Olsen, Braden Pate, Easton Selby, Ramene Ashoori, Nicole Fant, for art, blues, and wild times. Robert Blank and the Absurd Bot. Dave Weber and visions of 1969. Rob Byrd, for vector form guidance (I can't stop!). Raytevia Evans, Taylor Hemple, Lo Picic, Rose Barra, Becca Filler/CPB/Sigma Tau Delta, for Open Mic Nights. Caroline Evans. Everyone who came out to events and got involved.
Archarios Literary Art Magazine is an award-winning, student-produced publication at Coastal Carolina University, Conway, SC. The magazine's ongoing goals consist of stimulating Coastal's art community through giving dedicated student artists a reputable place to publish their work, as well as giving qualified students the special opportunity to fill the positions that oversee and maintain the magazine creation/distribution process. Archarios is released annually and has produced a magazine consistently for over twenty years.

There are two weeklong opportunities to submit pieces throughout the year, one in the fall and one in the spring. Each piece chosen to be featured in the magazine is selected by a blind jury of students and carefully elected faculty judges.

There are always opportunities to get involved with Archarios, whether it is by becoming a staff member, assisting with distribution, or just spreading the word about the magazine and encouraging other students to submit work. Archarios offers a 1-credit course every semester, available to all students (Univ. 200A).

For more information about Archarios Literary Magazine and getting involved, for information regarding submission weeks and the submission process, or to contact a member of the editorial staff, see the Archarios website at http://ww2.coastal.edu/archarios.

created by Saura Stuhlmam
Archarios was excited to hear that three new photography courses were going to be offered at Coastal in the fall of 2008 under the instruction of Photographer/Visual Artist Easton Selby. We jumped at the opportunity to contact the students enrolled in the Black & White Photography courses to offer them and their work a bit of exposure—we proposed that interested students submit work to be presented on the fall Submissions Posters, rather than pulling photos from 'stock photo' websites. Due to the high quality of the prints that were submitted, Archarios decided to showcase all of the student photos in these grid-framework montage poster designs. (The names of the student artists whose works appeared on the posters are listed above for Fall 2008 and Spring 2009 Submission Weeks).