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## Archarios, 2013 Spring

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# ARCHARIOS

LITERARY ART MAGAZINE





We are poked, pushed and prodded  
into a mold by everyone around us.  
The people who have the courage to  
stand up and refuse the human cutter,  
these people, they are called artists.  
This is where you can find them.  
Emilee Rosen, Editor-in-Chief

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# FIRST PLACE

## OCTAVES

THOM MADRAY

I want to rattle your bones like  
an old African shaman would  
when you're finally dead and gone.

I'll wave them over the city,  
conduct a pallid orchestra,  
and suck out the marrow to play  
upon them like a marimba.

If I still remembered the tune  
you plucked out on my weak heart's strings,  
I'd rosin up locks of your hair,  
taut, and scratch it out on cellos  
carved from your brittle wooden lips.

Remember when our hearts were harps,  
and were rhythmically intertwined?

But our love, a discord held there  
in an infinite fermata.

## SECOND PLACE

### SNEEZE PORN

SOMMERSILL TARABEK

I watch him, hands clenched in my lap, legs pressed together at the knees. It's always the buildup that gets me. Not so much the release, but the long climb before he gets there. Heavy breathing, fluttering eyelids, the occasional groan in either impatience or annoyance. Powerless. Body taking control. Nothing he can do, and I'm loving it. Sometimes, never aloud, I wish I could be the one to cause it, to make him look this way. Face scrunched, struggling, overwhelmed, the world seemingly distant. So when it finally happens, when he gives in and snaps at the waist, hands cupping his face, it's no surprise. I was waiting for it. The noise is thunderous and wet, like a storm blowing right out of him. His bleary eyes in the aftermath, his collection, is always the best part. I look away so he doesn't see, rubbing my legs together a little. I think, 'Bless you'.

Although I find sneezing erotic, up until a year ago I found it extraordinarily difficult to even think about. The very word, "sneeze," frightened me. If someone brought up the subject I would stare in the other direction, as if they had started talking about something truly taboo, like penises. As it is difficult for me to write or say the word "penis," let alone think about it, it was hard for me at one point to say the word "sneeze." Anything that involved sneezing or went along with it. Allergies, hay fever, colds, sniffles; I would run from the conversation. I guess I was nervous about it; I still am sometimes. I am easily embarrassed, prone to blush and cry when I am reprimanded. To confess that I find a jaded bodily function sensual would be mortifying. What would people think? What would they say?

I fretted constantly. Not only did I worry about what others would say, but what I had to say to myself. I was scared. At 14, I didn't talk to my parents about eroticism, and now five years later I still don't. I had to look up "orgasm" on Wikipedia. I didn't know what the sneeze meant to me, or what "the sneeze" was supposed to mean at all. But I knew that I liked sneezing, watching it and listening to it, in a private way.

It turns out, oddly but thankfully enough, that there are erotica sites for sneeze fetishists. I could name them for you. Serotica (which has been abandoned by site maintenance crews since 2006), the Sneeze Fetish Forum, the Sneezefic Archive. They came to me through a trickling pipe, filing in one after the other. Each would recommend to me another, these crazy people, being proud of something like a sneeze fetish. One forum had a formal constitution about the fetish; another had an FAQ.

They usually consist of fictional archives full of stories that fellow sneeze fetishists write. The sites are well organized, with subheadings such as "M" for male sneezing, or "F" for female sneezing. Some stories will specify the cause of sneezing in the description, such as a "cold" versus "allergies," since certain readers get off to the vulnerable aspect of the cold, or the powerlessness of an allergic reaction. Serious writers will even include the auditory distinctions of the sneeze, noting in their description tag that they focus on "wet" sneezes, rather than "dry" ones. There are pictures as well, or audio clips. I personally prefer the

written word. People say that “a picture paints a thousand words,” but in the case of sneeze porn it’s usually the other way around. One word for a thousand mental pictures.

All these stories usually revolve around someone catching a cold then having wild sex with their partner while ill. It gets old, and sometimes a little disgusting. Snot and semen just don’t mix well. S&M, a more creative approach, is a common thread throughout sneeze fiction. Don’t be surprised if you find a Latino stud handcuffed to a bed, trying to dodge the temptress with the pepper shaker in her hand. Induced sneezing is more appealing to me, especially when it’s caused by someone else. It’s such a dynamic, a push and pull between a man and a woman, when the man is completely left to her devices. Open, mask down, perhaps begging. Sneezing brings out the side of me I only want to use on my honeymoon, I think.

I don’t know why I find it so attractive. Maybe it’s the sound, the look on his face, any handsome male face, right before it happens. So vulnerable. Adorable to me, for some reason. It could be the fact that I see men as figures of stability, of rough-hewn stereotypes, and witnessing them in moments of weakness is somehow exciting. Or maybe it’s the fact that no one can control it. You can’t really stop a sneeze; it’s one of the strongest forces known to mankind. Your body takes control of you. It’s a reflex, something we’ve been doing since the very beginning of our existence. A reminder of how we are all the same and always will be.

I have to wonder what people make of this fetish, the sneeze. What they have thought or will think about me and my habits. When I stare into the mirror at myself, I find it completely unsuspected. If I met myself walking down a sidewalk, hulking backpack weighing me down, sneakers scratching on the pavement, I never would expect me to be a sneeze-porn monster. So then, I have to look in the mirror a little harder. What exactly am I supposed to see? Who is this person, and why do I worry about what she looks like? Why do I worry whether I’m turned on by sneezing, or certain cologne, or music or anything—if I were turned on by something like killing people, I would worry. But I wonder if it really even matters, if anyone really cares what I do with myself, except for me. And if that’s true, if I stop caring no one will. My fetish, or anyone’s fetish, would stop being taboo and would start being just another piece of the mind or body, like brown hair or an abrasive personality. That’s really all it is. Just another piece of somebody.

I still know the names of every sneeze porn site I like to visit, and so do you. I want to say things have changed, but that’d be lying to you, and I don’t want to lie. Even if this means people will glance at me every time some man sneezes, or someone mentions the subject, it wouldn’t be more than just answering to my name. Me and the sneeze, the sneeze and me—we’ve become very close these long years, though I don’t think I have the courage to compliment a man on his sneeze, just like most of us don’t have the guts to ravage him on the kitchen table. At least not on the first date. But that doesn’t mean I’m not looking. I’m still into watching guys sneeze out of the corner of my eye.

**THIRD PLACE**  
**GOLDEN SHOWER**  
SAVANNA GILMAN

Kissing you off is the world's  
sweetness consolidated  
into one bowl of sugar only  
to have it pissed in and on and around  
to the banshee justification that urine is sterile.  
Despite everything  
there will always be time for  
a sampling of glands and  
robotically erotic charm  
in familiar theatres where we reenact our first 'R' rated film  
and trust is just putting your name  
on the mailing list of a new hunger pain  
that molds your groin into an arched mouth  
while the rest of you droops and drags  
strange things become literal and chests rot to chest cavities.  
It isn't all fire and brimstone and then it is  
when your eyes roll back to find ecstasy  
instead of expressing it. We are express lovers  
and lifers and diers "look ma no hands-ing" our way into the next best existence.









**PORTRAIT OF ALICIA**  
**JOSHUA KNIGHT**  
(OIL)



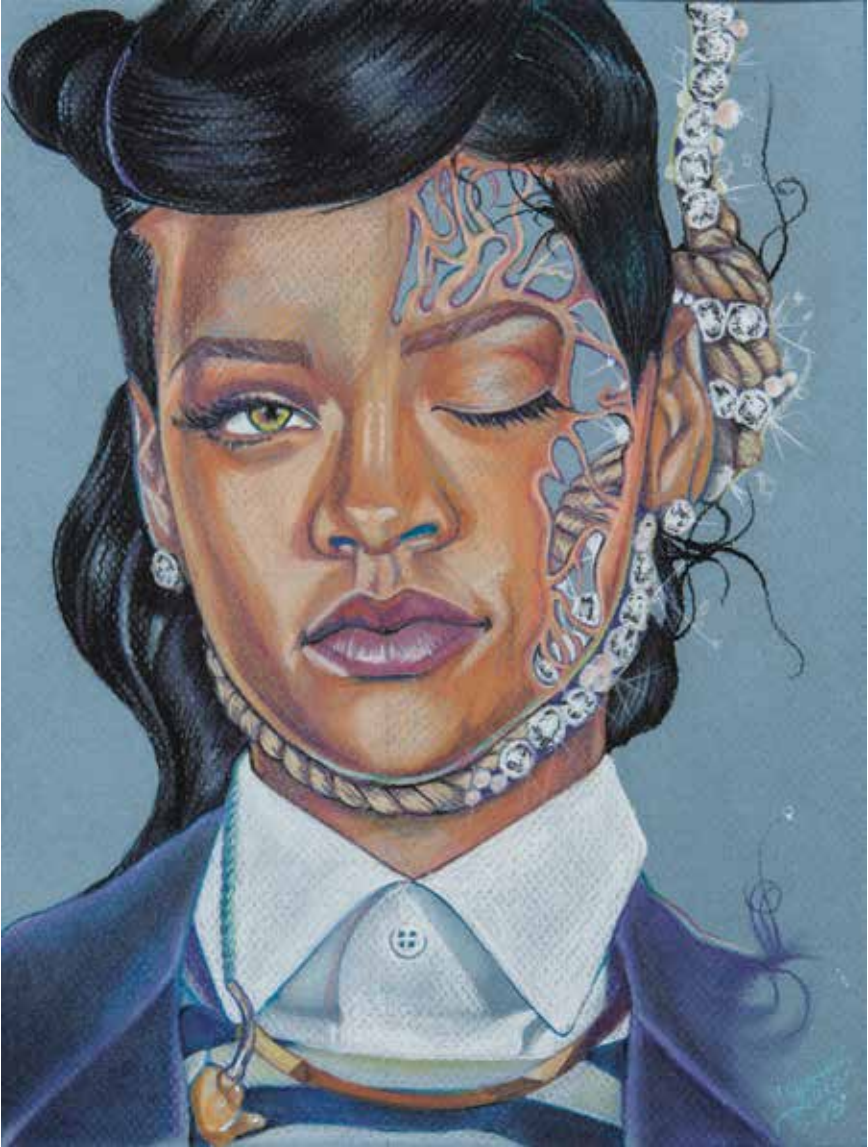
**UNTITLED**  
**COURTNEY REILLY**  
(MIXED MEDIA)



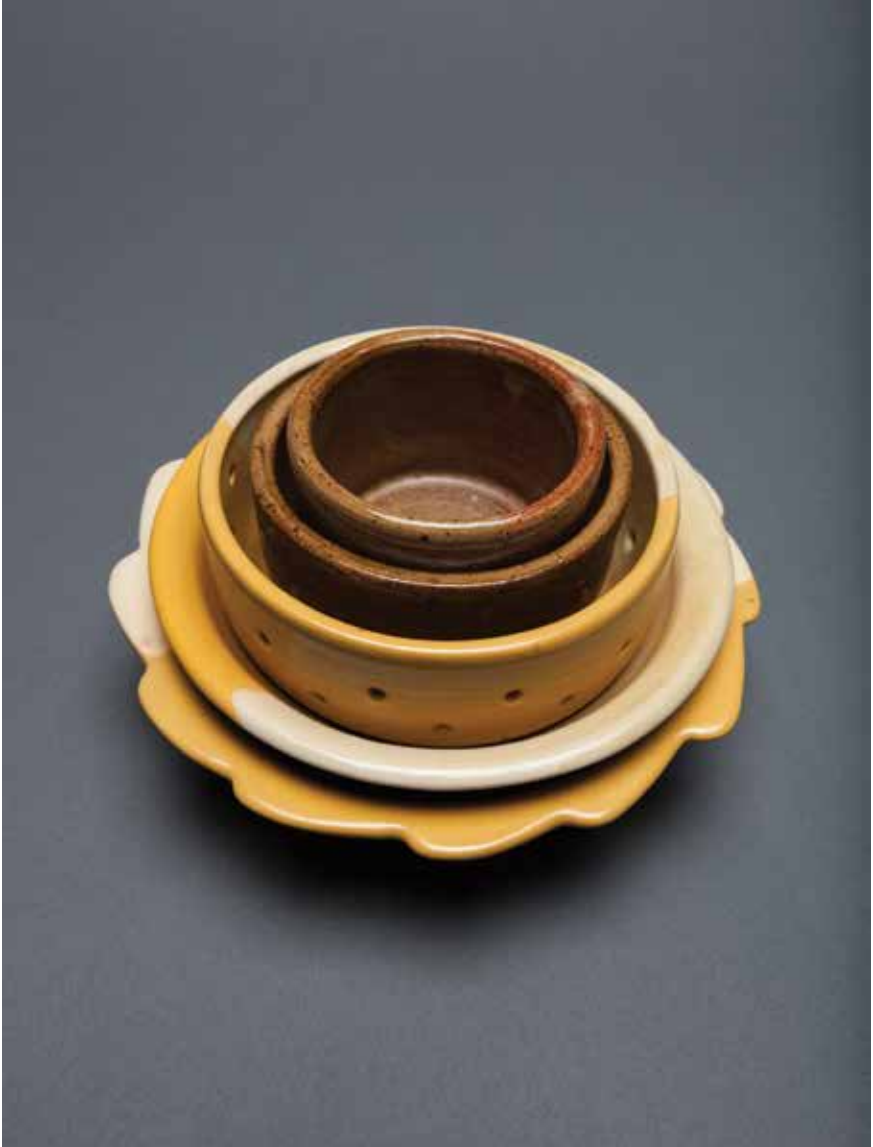
**PINBALL CIRCUS**  
**BRAD WILLIAMS**  
(OIL)



**RADIOLARIAN SCULPTURE #2**  
**JULIE HAMER**  
(CERAMICS)



**NUMB TRAGEDY**  
**LANCE RHODES**  
(PASTEL)



**MOTHER**  
**DEREK EDWARDS**  
(CERAMICS)





**UNTITLED**  
**LINDSEY GOLDEN**  
(PHOTOGRAPHY)



GUERILLA  
BAKERY

**GUERILLA BAKERY LOGO**  
**ALICIA RANCIER**  
(LOGO DESIGN)



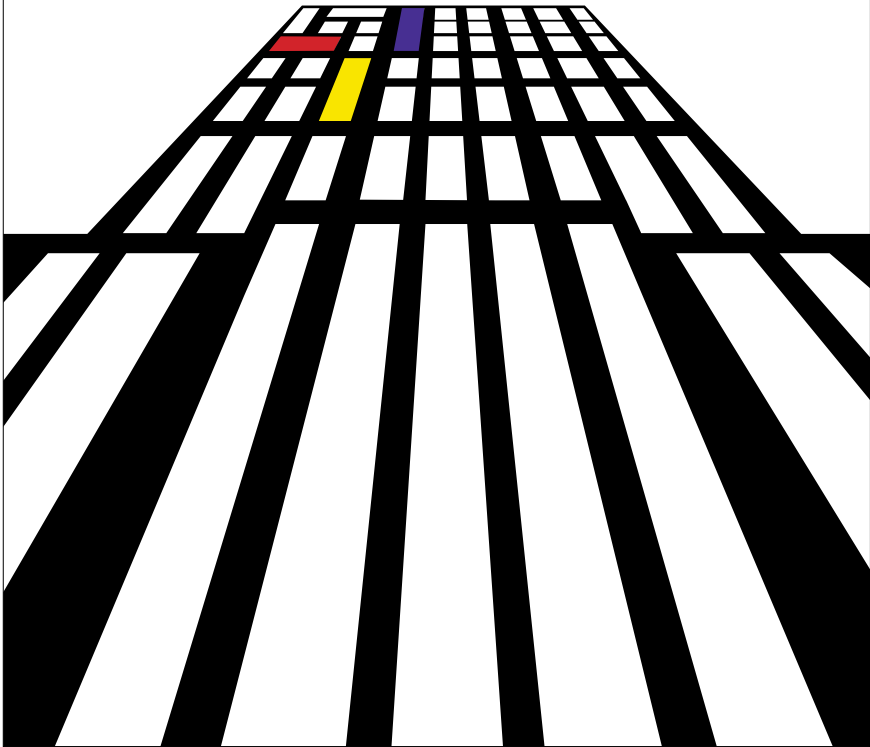
**UNLUCKY**  
**CAYLA NORTON**  
(GRAFFITI)

MoMA

# MODERNISM

A DESIGN RETROSPECTIVE

MAY 23-JUNE 30, 2013



**MODERNISM**  
**MARCELLO GAROFALO**  
(POSTER DESIGN)



**UNTITLED**  
**JAMEY LENNANE**  
(CERAMICS)









# ELECTROCARDIOGRAPHY

ARIANA SELLERS

Once a couple months back,  
I tried to match  
the beating of our hearts.

I lay there and listen  
to the ticks and tings  
that drive your  
locomotion.

And I don't know who's heart  
beat faster or slower,  
or if my fluorescent flatline  
is forever incapable of syncing with anyone,

but I really wish that mine  
could have kept rhythm  
with yours.

# DAMN THESE WALLS

KENNETH LEWIS

This bed I lay in I lay alone.  
These walls show me no empathy,  
no frown, no common gaze, no look of pity.  
I am the fate of my own loneliness,  
a wolf beneath the silver stars,  
a lone rose in a wagon of thorns,  
a ship shipped where waters meet  
and no man returned the journey.  
Damn these walls for they can keep me company  
and tell me stories of Lovers come before  
Lusters come before  
Friends come before  
Movers come before  
Builders come before  
Lands come before.  
Instead they sit plain-faced.  
A sketch here, a peel of paint there.  
They never talk. And I'm convinced  
that just as soon as I leave here  
and another man comes and lays  
in this very same bed,  
they are sure to tell my story.

# THE WHITNESS OF THE WAIL

JOHN LESNICK

Dark daydreams of dark-eyed Magdalenes,  
mirthlessly mending wounds with wet winds, which  
faltered the falling faceless — despised,  
despairing, deadening, and mindless — meanderings of the  
unmanned and unmoved — wrestling in the westward  
wreckage waiting for the flooding,  
flightless, fighting forked-tongued fiends  
in the doomed desert dew drops,  
as the midsummer membership medic  
waits waking wintered monuments.

# THE COLLEGE STUDENT

DEXTER GORE

You are in the insecure set builder,  
the outcast, the gay,  
the one seeking money for college,  
food, cheap beer to keep your sanity,  
and for nights with your lover,  
your friends, yourself.

Though love is in your heart,  
you are conflicted on what to do.  
You let go of one thing  
to work on another,  
and you hurt,  
worse than before  
and you fall to your knees begging  
for God's mercy.

You ask for nothing,  
believing you can get by  
with the little that you have.  
The bills pile up upon your desk,  
exams surprise you and stress you,  
and your lover slowly starts to back away  
hurt, missing you just as you miss him.

You hold your head up high,  
walk into the crowds around you,  
your chin wrinkled, your eyes swollen.  
You are hopeful that relief will come,  
that time will speed up, free you from college  
and the trials around you,  
the loneliness consuming you,  
you the insecure set builder,  
outcast, gay  
while you steady work, try,  
persevere.

# THE SUFFERING CONSTELLATION

NICHOLAS POWELL

Look at all those scars on you.  
That pale, little sliver through your right eyebrow  
that a Louisville Slugger left when it slipped  
from my hands when we were kids in T-Ball.

That pink, puffy one that looks like a Ferris Wheel on your left wrist  
when we branded ourselves with the cigarette lighter  
from the dash of your Daddy's Chevy.

The white scuffs, barely visible on your right  
knuckles. Battle-wounds from when you used to be a fourth grade  
school-yard gladiator.  
The nick  
the shallow gap on the pale skin  
of your jaw from when you lost your first battle  
and lost the favor of Rome.

The ghostly, surgical lines on your shin  
those doctors left behind when they screwed  
the bone back together.

That slender, diamond-shaped mark  
on the top of your foot  
between the bones leading to your big  
toe and the next one  
where that hunting knife slid off the counter and  
pinned your foot to the hardwood  
kitchen floor.

"That one hurt," you'd say  
and I'd laugh at you because  
damn, didn't it all hurt?

I bet we could light them all  
on white-fire, like stars,  
and send you up to the Celestial Sphere  
on Hermes' winged shoes.

And little boys would tug at their daddy's  
shirt tails, pointing their fingers up to the corner  
of the sky where your scars are stars  
laid on black canvas in a pattern  
that looks remotely just like you  
when I saw you laying on the pavement  
of that Virginia road  
after our truck wheels exploded  
and I thought whole-heartedly  
that you had left me to live.

And they'd ask  
"Hey Dad, who's that?"  
"That there is your mother, or God, I wish it was.  
The Goddess of the Fair Sounds  
and the holy fighter  
and the Flower-Town lover."

But you're here with me now,  
fresh from Savannah, humidity in your hair,  
in the buckles of the dusty home of ours outside Pittsburg.  
And though those scars still burn with heat  
I'm keeping you right here  
where you'll walk  
among us  
just like the suffering constellation,  
laughing, crying, bleeding, smiling.

## PIECE OF MINE

JULIETTA MARKS

It is apathetic in my hands, dead and black and full of life. It is smaller than I remember.

My brother always gave me the white pieces. He claimed an unwritten rule had them moving first and it was his way of giving me some pity advantage. I would take it, tongue in cheek, and prepare for my graceful defeat as he unfolded the board. The chess set was cheap, something one could find at a dollar store with plastic pieces and a board made of cardboard.

We are 8 and 10, and he brags about a new game. Chess. “Come on Bop, let’s play.”

I’m considered to be the temperamental one in the family; perhaps it is his cool head that allows him victory time and time again. In arguments and board games alike, I face numerous defeats while stingily holding my small victories close. People say my brother and I mirror each other, like a distorted reflection of yin and yang. Before puberty they would comment on the similarities that seemed so strong, the fact you would never see one of us without the other close behind. We were meant to be twins but something went wrong in our personal tapestries. I said he was too early. He said I was too late. The gap feels like half a second instead of one year, 10 months, 16 days.

“Baby Bop is a loser who can never beat me!”

“Even if I can’t, I’ll flip the board and throw the pieces.”

“That’s how you lost my queen, stupid!” I tried to build a tower out of the pieces I’d won from his side of the board and scowled as I looked at all of my pieces in his encampment. He always called the group of hostages “Guantanamo”. Like the bay. Like the prison.

I am 10 and it is Halloween. I am a clown, he, a soldier. “Come on Bop! I want candy!”

The end of the night saw me backed into my usual corner. I was forced to simply move my king back and forth to avoid capture. He edged his dark queen (the missing black queen was replaced by a black checker piece) from her defense by the king, thinking to claim victory. He jeers at me again. My rook, my sentinel, took this one opening.

“Check.” In the second I took to corner his king, he toppled my kingdom. “Checkmate.”

I am 15 and he is talking to my current crush. The poor handsome boy won’t know he’s failed a test. “Sorry Julie. Geez.”

I thought for a moment. Then dumped all the pieces to the floor.

I am 17 and we’ve moved all over in the course of one year. “The fastest moves ever”,

our mother jokes, hollows under her coffee-stained eyes as she keeps some memories of marriage and shreds the rest. We throw out the old chess set when we buy a new one, made of glass. It's beautiful. But that change on top of the rest is almost too much; I hardly look at it. It's not the same without the dark general to lead his army.

I am 17 and he is leaving me behind at the recruitment office. "See ya, Bop."

I only recently opened the last moving box. It held three years' worth of dust. My box had Barbies and dollies and fake pans and cakes. A copy of Shonen Jump and several faded Pokémon cards. At the bottom of the box she lay, like a noblewoman under a spell.

The black queen.

Someday, when I am older and he is younger, maybe I'll give it back.



# THEM

CANDICE BRASINGTON

They see me, but brush me aside.  
I'm like a deprived seed, not able to grow.  
They walk on me and shove me deeper into the ground.  
The ground pushes back.  
It won't even accept me.  
Nobody waters me or feeds me.  
I'm stuck here in the ground.  
Trapped.  
Trapped in this world where pain is love.  
I've been stuck too deeply into the ground.  
Nobody's helping me.  
They don't understand.  
As I peer from the ground, I see lovers loving.  
But they must not know they will be hurt.  
What use is love?  
I have tried to grow out of the ground, but still I'm shoved deeper and deeper.  
They deceive and ruin me.  
Now I can trust no one.  
I cannot trust the water if watered, for it may be poisoned.  
To them I am under their feet,  
for I do not matter,  
because they are better.  
I'm among many seeds,  
yet I'm lonely.  
I feel as though I have no existence.  
But when I sprout and blossom,  
I will shine through the mist.

# DREAMER

NICHOLAS MORRIS

In deepest sleep's warm embrace  
nectar drips to the dreamer's face  
while he is under that blissful spell  
he sees much, but cannot tell.

In the throes of Hypnos' passion  
Comes he now upon a bastion  
Green-skinned guards atop the walls  
Throw down candies at his calls

Here he rests by a river brook,  
Within its sweet waters he mistook  
The swimming fishes to be ladies  
and chased them like the dog from Hades.

Sun is blocked by growing cloud  
Over the trees a sickening sound  
Monsters from another dimension  
Come to collect his fear; their pension.

Lying awake he feels no joy  
and his memory, that of a boy,  
wondering to himself just when  
he will see that dream again.

## POPULAR

TYLER RHORICK

I remember when I was a kid, long ago  
And everyone played and everyone was popular

I remember having my life packed up in cargo  
And moving to a beach, which to tourists was popular.

I remember the kids with the beach hair, yellow  
And the skater shoes, which made them popular.

Somewhere lost, I hope, is a photo  
Where I dyed my hair and pretended popular.

I can remember the first time they called me “homo”  
And I was beaten and bullied outside of popular.

I remember thinking it was my time to go,  
Mouthing a BB gun because the idea was popular.

I remember the sound of my mother’s auto  
Pulling in, when I decided to hell with popular.

My name is Tyler because it meant something, no,  
But because in 1995, it was popular.







## FAREWELL VIETNAM

BRIAN NGUYEN

If they never entered into my homeland of Vietnam,  
I wouldn't have abandoned my country, leaving behind my beloved Vietnam.

The soldiers easily occupied my village, comprised only of tiny huts floored with brown, dry dirt. When one crossed the line, my parents decided we would leave Vietnam.

One day, my sister returned home, face tearstained, reeking of musk in her soiled gown. At the time, I didn't understand why my sobbing mom was so persistent on leaving Vietnam.

My mom woke up all of my siblings and me on a stormy night. Mẹ bent down next to our shared bed of piled hay, softly shook us awake, and told us to pray before we left Vietnam.

We quietly snuck out of our home, into the jungle and out of the soldier-infested town, not that those damn cộng sản weren't crawling about every inch of Vietnam.

My father guided us through the forest of bamboo, leading us down an obscure path. Other families were also trekking through the humid rừng to escape Vietnam.

In the distance I heard a baby cry, triggering a storm of bullets to rain down upon us all. Bloodcurdling screams rang throughout Vietnam.

The yellow bastards were getting closer. I saw a little boy, rice fields away from me, shot down. All I remember was running and running until we finally reached the docks of Vietnam.

I'll never forget being on the boat, looking up at my father, a slight frown on my bố's face as he gazed back at Vietnam.

Other than that night, I can't recall a time when I saw Bố looking so broken down. I couldn't tell whether tears or raindrops trickled down his face as we said farewell to our Vietnam.

## SPLITTING WORMS

OWEN MACLEOD

I'm on a train rattling through  
apple country West Virginia,  
offering to raise a farm, get in the dirt,  
row the seeds and label them.  
John says the thunder means I don't have to water.

John asks me what I know about apples,  
and I tell him it's my favorite juice.  
He teaches me, shows me how  
to feed the earth and grow my own  
if I like.

The light cracks through the trees  
and splashes on the lawn, fragmented like a Pollock.  
There's no wind, and the dry, brittle ends of wheat  
float away with the horse's legs  
that don't slow down.

Later, the steam rises off the reflection pool  
and leaks onto John's porch, smelling of dew.  
And the musty rain and earthworms everywhere,  
drowned in the thunder last night,  
the sky a sheep's weathered coat.

"Don't think we're workin' today—  
no power in none of these houses."  
So we go fishing, in our jeans,  
get in the water and drown with the worms,  
warm and wet.







## ART ARTIST STATEMENTS

### DEREK EDWARDS - "MOTHER"

"As an artist I usually stumble to find words to outline my intentions at the start of any work, yet I always begin with an idea. Clay allows me to create work without predetermining an outcome. The name of the piece relates to both of the stages of each element and the environment from which the material was produced."

### MARCELLO GAROFALO - "MODERNISM"

"Modernists reveled in simplicity in form and simplification of ideas; therefore the windows are primary colors near the top. The positioning reflects change from the emphasis on realism, which was associated with fine art and cannons of the Renaissance, to more accessible and easily understood art forms based on geometric shapes and bold use of color. The street side perspective looking up the building facade alludes to the exhibition as a retrospective, and the centered type keeps the composition moving inward while accentuating the colored windows proximity to the left."

### LINDSEY GOLDEN - "UNTITLED"

"It was my first time taking a photography class when I shot this and the assignment was on people. I flew home to New Jersey for a short weekend trip but ended up staying a lot longer because Hurricane Sandy hit. This gave me the opportunity to document my family and the devastating affects of the hurricane."

### JULIE HAMER - "RADIOLARIAN SCULPTURE #2"

"My work demonstrates an appreciation for both art and science, not as separate subjects, but as two wonderful realities incorporated into one. "Radiolarian Sculpture #2" is one piece in a series that I have been working on to show microscopic organisms on a larger scale. Not only is this creature enlarged to show its great importance to the structure of the ocean, but also to show the delicate body form this creature has created for itself in nature."

### JOSHUA KNIGHT - "ALICIA IN THE STUDIO"

"When I work from life or a model, I am reminded to capture the likeness of the model from the inside and out. I begin a piece by first observing and studying the model and decide what makes this model unique and build off of it. I can usually tell when a painting is going well when I look at it and see a resemblance of the model. A piece is usually complete when the model's expression and attitude is felt by looking at the painting. When I paint, I sometimes imagine the viewer's reaction towards the piece."

### JAMEY LENNANE - "NEW MOON"

"The meditative state is a form of introspection and exploration of our true characters. The baby found inside the vessel represents a single peaceful thought that allows the entire body and mind to enjoy a silent and still moment."

#### JAMEY LENNANE - "UNTITLED"

"This form represents the one single thought that manifests itself into an entire way of thinking. The idea of introspection is a reoccurring theme that is often times integrated with figural and organic forms."

#### REBECCA LINDBLADE - "ROOT BEAUTY"

"I was inspired to make "Root Beauty" when I saw the strength of the roots of the trees within the Conway Riverwalk this past summer. I believe trees don't get enough credit for how strong they are and how they adapt. We depend on trees a lot, and I wanted to show their beauty and strength within the trunk and roots."

#### CAYLA NORTON - "UNLUCKY"

"Unlucky" started as a sketch and became a much bigger idea. I learned so much by doing this piece. I haven't worked very much with Photoshop and I've never done a wheat-paste. I have learned so much from Cat Taylor, so I want to thank him and also tell him I gained a new appreciation for Graffiti."

#### ALICIA RANCIER - "GUERRILLA BAKERY LOGO"

"My objective was to take a local or non-local business and recreate their logo. I'm a huge fan of organic bakeries that use all natural ingredients to create their products. When I was searching for bakeries I came by Guerilla Bakery, which is located in Vienna. As for the logo, I wanted the cupcake, typeface, and watercolors to be flowy, organic, and playful. Overall, I'm very proud with the end product."

#### COURTNEY REILLY - "UNTITLED"

"The mixed media pieces I create highlight the delicacy of translucent rice paper and the sheerness of watercolors. The warm colors serve as a veil, providing a state of protection. I enjoy drawing nudes due to the natural curvature of the figure."

#### LANCE RHODES - "NUMB TRAGEDY"

"The work highlights absence and constriction but evokes a feeling of disregard to each matter. Coquettish in its nature, the subject can be understood as bait. There's a certain effortlessness to the influence of my generation. Through this work, one can contrast the actual from the forged, while finding the power of each."

#### JENNIFER RITACCO - "SKELETON BABY"

"The cycle of life never changes; we are all born to die."

#### BRAD WILLIAMS - "PINBALL CIRCUS"

"Dashing the players around for fun, on electrifying rides held in the sky uncertain / Coins stolen from underprivileged players, and high scores earned off the backs of gleaners / Accumulating decadence from the travel, we repent? - No, we revel."

## LITERATURE ARTIST STATEMENTS

### CANDICE BRASINGTON - "THEM"

““Them” is an example of an emotive expression of “teen angst” or the turbulence of adolescence. It starts off with the feelings of hopelessness, loneliness, rejection, awkwardness and mistrust from broken hearts and broken friendships that many teens experience throughout their growth into adulthood. They are like a seed - full of hormones, chemicals, emotions and energy just pining to burst and blossom and get past the travails of the “storm and stress” of adolescence so they can shine in their full being - having made it through the hell of adolescence and into the less turbulent purgatory of adulthood.”

### SAVANNA GILMAN - "GOLDEN SHOWER"

“This poem is about angst on a collegiate level, and urine.”

### DEXTER GORE - "THE COLLEGE STUDENT"

“A policeman, a fireman, a professor, a lawyer they are all referred to as someone in the “workforce”, but not once is the college student. As a student myself, I wanted to shed light on the trials that most college students are forced to go through. For this poem, I used the life of someone close to me, who I consider to be a member of today’s workforce, and a proud representative of the Coastal Carolina University student body. I hope through my words, others are able to find hope while fighting and reaching for their degrees, so that they are able to persevere through their troubles and keep moving forward.”

### JOHN LESNICK - "THE WHITNESS OF THE WAIL"

“This is a ten line, one sentence poem about misanthropy and self hate.”

### KENNETH LEWIS - "DAMN THESE WALLS"

“As an artist, I am liberated. A Southern bass player without the blues. And because of this, I can write about whatever it is I want to write about, be it pain or loss, loneliness or people, politics, being hungry or just being Black. I have a particular liking for each of these in their respective places. I am unbound to everything, but shackled to the truth. The absolute truth, the honest truth, the stern, God-thundering truth. So, as an artist, it is my duty to operate freely in the truth.”

### THOM MADRAY - "OCTAVES"

“We are such musical beings in so many aspects, and the concept of creating an orchestra from the human body, both literally and romantically, captivates and haunts me.”

#### JULIETTA MARKS - "PIECE OF MINE"

"Siblings have a broader impact on our lives than many of us would care to admit. I wrote "Piece of Mine" as an attribute to my older brother and what his friendship (and an undercurrent of sibling rivalry) has meant to me over the years. For most of my life I felt as though he was the only one who could understand me fully, taking all of my tantrums and obnoxious ways in stride. Though I'll never tell him to his face, that crazy boy is one of my best friends."

#### NICHOLAS MORRIS - "DREAMER"

"I wrote this piece during a poetry workshop under Professor Jason Bordt. While I mainly write prose, I wanted to capture the essence of my dreams in all their surreality, and this poem does that splendidly. I've written many different poems, but this one stands out for its alliteration and rich imagery."

#### NICHOLAS POWELL - "THE SUFFERING CONSTELLATION"

"I wrote this poem as a way of reconciling with a pain that I had held inside of myself for a long time. It's an attempt to make a sort of memorial for those marks on our bodies and souls so that we might see them as things of beauty rather than shame. I hope the poem helps others like writing it helped me."

#### TYLER RHORICK - "POPULAR"

"Tasked with writing a Ghazal poem for Professor Oestreich's Creative Writing class, I was stuck as to where to start. I knew Ghazal poems traditionally make reference to the author's name in the concluding couplet, so I decided to start by asking my parents, "Why did you name me Tyler?" They said they had found the name on a "Popular Name List" and liked the sound of it, even though it meant nothing, but "roof tiler." I got stuck in this idea of "popular" and remembered my own personal challenges with it. The poem came from those memories."

#### ARIANA SELLERS - "ELECTROCARDIOGRAPHY"

"I wrote this a little after New Year's, silly with love over someone very close to my heart. I thought back on some of my favorite times we've spent together, and scribbled this on a page in my journal. Love makes you do crazy things, sometimes that's trying to sync heartbeats."

#### SOMMERSILL TARABEK - "SNEEZE PORN"

"I first wrote this piece as a confessional essay for a class, since I was so nervous about it; my professor reminded me that it is important to push thyself. I remember blushing the entire workshop, but marveling at how easily everyone accepted it. So yes. No biggie, apparently. After writing it, I felt unique and beautiful--it was a good experience for me. Here's hoping everyone in the world confesses something that's dear to his or her heart, and feels free afterward. What a human feeling it is."









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## FINAL WORD

This magazine, the one you hold in your hands, is a gift. The gift of sight. Let the words and art open your eyes and your heart. Let it move you, whether it is to tears or to laughter. Allow it to make a lasting impression on you. Keep this book and visit it frequently, let it become your inspiration. Become a writer or an artist if you aren't one, because everyone is. Let yourself go, and free yourself from the day to day things that make your life complicated. Too many times in our lives we don't allow ourselves to stop and smell the flowers. We convince ourselves that there are other flowers and more pressing issues to attend to, that these flowers will be here when we come back and have more time. Take the time to stop, smell them and inhale deeply, because this may be your last chance.



