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## Archarios, 2014 Spring

Office of Student Life

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W R O

M A R

I O S





**ARCHARIOS LITERARY  
ART MAGAZINE**

Write, sketch, doodle,  
ramble, paint, sculpt.  
Go outside the lines,  
write nonsense, create  
something ugly,  
destroy something  
beautiful. Be normal. Be  
unusual. Just be.







## **ARE • CARE • E • OUS**

Archarios is the name used when referring to a novice in a monastic community such as the Eastern Orthodox Church. They were usually assigned a spiritual father who guided them in their spiritual development.

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“The desire to create is one of the deepest  
yearnings of the human soul.”

-Dieter F. Uchtdorf

■ **BEST OF SHOW**

## FIRST PLACE LITERATURE



**TIMELINE**  
VICTORIA GREEN

“I wrote this poem while thinking of all of the things I learned from my mother and how great the responsibilities of a mother are, especially when she has a daughter. I wrote it for all women who are told, ‘You are just like your mother,’ and wonder what that can mean.”

I am born  
She is young, too young.  
She cries when she sees me.  
Those are tears of regret.  
She doesn't know how to hold me.  
It doesn't come naturally, like everyone said.  
A newborn and a 16 year old are not so different.  
They both need to be taken care of.  
But infancy is pleasant,  
Because infancy is numb.

I am five.  
Men come, then they leave.  
Through with her, because they are through with me.  
She cries when they're gone.  
Those are tears of self-loathing.  
It is hard to find a man when you have a child who needs a mother  
They didn't tell her fathers were so rare  
A five year old and a twenty-one year old are not so different.  
They both get too attached.  
I don't know that she's unhappy  
I only know that she stopped smiling.

I am fourteen.  
Mom and I wear the same clothes.  
And we both wear too much makeup.  
We cry when we're alone  
Those are tears of loss.  
It is hard to get older,  
They didn't tell her that youth was so fleeting.  
A fourteen year old and a 30 year old are not so different.  
They both want to be twenty-one.  
We look in the mirror,  
And somehow neither of us are happy with what we see.

I am twenty-one.  
I let men see me as I see me.  
And they never stay for long.  
I still cry when I'm alone.  
Those are tears of helplessness.  
Twenty-one is still not so different from five.  
I still get too attached.  
I still don't like what I see.  
But infancy was pleasant,  
Because infancy was numb.

## FIRST PLACE ART



### RELIQUARY FOR A LETTER

ARIANA SELLERS

COPPER AND BRASS

“My reliquary houses something that I hold very dear to my heart. It’s a piece that represents my past and allows me to visit it every time I pop the cork.”



## **SECOND PLACE LITERATURE**



### **SMOKE AND MIRRORS**

SARAH WALDOWSKI

“This piece combines the dysfunctional aspects from my real family life into a fictional piece. If it weren’t for Joe Oestreich’s criticism and encouragement this piece would have never come into existence. So, thank you, Joe, for pushing me in the right direction. ‘A writer always writes.’”

I remember little  
about my childhood,  
even less about what happened  
before the fire,  
when we bought a burial plot  
to hide what remained  
of my brother—  
a place to rest his ashes  
so we could breathe easier.

According to the state of Virginia  
I was seventeen minutes younger.  
“The Shining” terrified my mother.  
I was deemed the bad copy,  
the inferior duplicate—  
the Chinese-stitched version  
of a Louis Vuitton.

I remember my brother changed  
the night our father got fucked  
in some B.F.E.  
ending in -stan.

I remember little,  
but I do remember  
the frigid October night  
not a decade ago  
when my brother fell asleep  
with a Marlboro glued to his lips.  
How the flames licked the sky  
as my family wept from the lawn  
and the dog coughed-up  
raw hamburger meat.

The coroner said,  
“Your son was unconscious  
when the fire claimed him,”  
as he shuffled the dental records  
out of sight.  
His bullshit words did not comfort my mother.  
There were fingernail scratches on the walls.  
My brother was doing kennel tricks  
in the last few moments of consciousness.  
God has a fucked-up sense of humor.

I don’t know what my mother sees  
when she looks at me  
but it isn’t me, not anymore.  
She still doesn’t let anyone utter his name  
even though she has birthed a new son  
that I nicknamed Seth. She hates that  
“Bible crap.”

I remember little  
about the Kubler-Ross model,  
and about internalizing anger.  
So, I have taken up smoking  
to damage what little heart  
still remains.  
I have a sense of humor, too.

The mirror has become  
a living portrait.  
His face— a constant link  
to an earlier life.  
A passage  
of trepidation  
from the ashes.



## SECOND PLACE ART



### **DISTURBED DEBS**

KAYLEIGH VANLANDINGHAM

INK AND COLOR PENCIL

*“Disturbed Debs: A deb can be defined by the disciplined way she relates to others and portrays herself. One of these Debs, just can’t take it.”*



## **THIRD PLACE LITERATURE**



**A POND WALK**  
KEITH KIRKPATIRCK

“This was written when I should have been working on other things, but I started daydreaming about a specific lake I used to visit in Pennsylvania.”

“No, no, not that. Here, feed them this.”

It was their normal mid-afternoon Sunday stroll around the duck pond. Clara always came here with her son to walk around a bit after the children’s theater matinee. They had a neighbor who worked in costumes who gave them free tickets to each Sunday performance.

“I always feed them this corn. I’m sure they’d like my Mike & Ikes much better.”

“No, they wouldn’t. I can promise you that. Just because you like Mike & Ikes doesn’t necessarily mean that every other living thing will like them too. Just feed them the corn.”

It was a nice pond. They had a couple of porch swings, there was a place to rent a paddleboat for an hour, which they often did, people fished in season, there were picnic tables and benches and a gravel walking path around the water.

“Oh, okay. Here ducky, ducky eat your dumb old corn. I’m sure you’ll like it much better than Mike & Ikes.”

Much to Clara’s exasperation, this was their Sunday

routine. Every week they would go see the play, the same play for two and a half months until they featured a new one, and then they had to go to the duck pond. Clara permanently kept two umbrellas in her jeep, a big blue golf umbrella for her and a kid’s umbrellas decorated with monkeys for Liam. When the rains came down they’d each get their umbrellas out and walk to the pavilion and watch the ripples form on the lake and talk about the Revolutionary War or geography or pro wrestling or something else.

“Take my hand. Don’t get too close or you’ll trip and fall in again. Remember that?”

“Yeah, I remember that. You knelt down to get me and I accidentally pulled you in. And you had to walk the whole way back to our car with your arms crossed because you said that guys could now see through your shirt. Because it was white and it was thin and you forget to put on your—”

“Okay, Liam, stop talking about it now. Stop laughing too. You weren’t laughing when we got out, you little twerp. You thought you were going to die.”

Clara liked going to the same play each week at first. She thought it was cute how intense and focused Liam would be during the play. He always laughed at the same spots

and his laughter was always the loudest. And when a new play started they treated it as a Really Big Deal. And she'd see people from the community that she'd know. But the novelty wore off after a couple months for Clara. It didn't for Liam. The one Sunday when she really tried to not go, Liam cried himself to sleep the night before and cried all Sunday morning and wouldn't eat before she relented and changed her mind. They hadn't missed one yet and she had thought to herself that if they ever stopped getting free tickets, she'd have to buy them somehow.

"Mom, do you think major general Horatio Gates was better than Benjamin Lincoln?"

Liam often asked questions like this to his mom. Clara didn't really know the first thing about the Revolutionary War, or care even. She just ignored him when it came to questions like this. They weren't even really questions because Liam would never wait for an answer. They were just an excuse for him to say aloud what he had been thinking.

"I think Benjamin was better. Horatio was never a second-in-command to George like Benjamin was."

"Honey, use last names, these people aren't your personal friends. It sounds silly just saying their first names."

"Why don't I have any brothers or sisters?"

Clara didn't mind having these conversations with her son. They always seemed to happen here at the duck pond and nowhere else. They were often about the same thing, her past, their past, and he seemed to ask them in slightly different ways each time. She liked talking about herself and Liam never thought that anything was weird or odd which was nice. Plus, she thought it was a good thing for Liam to be that interested in another person, even if that person was his mom and not someone more his age.

"Well, I didn't stick around with your dad. And I haven't met anyone that I wanted to stay with and have another child with since."

Clara always replied to questions like this as if it was her first time answering them.

"Why didn't you stick around with Dad?"

"Because I didn't know he was going to be your dad. He doesn't even know that he's your dad now."

"I bet he wishes he knew."

"I don't know. It was one night in Barcelona when I had too much sangria and I ran out of birth control pills a week before and I was leaving in three days. I thought I could just wait and refill my subscription after I got home. I was wrong about that."

Clara had gone to live in Spain for a couple months after she had finished college. She often wishes she could move back but she can't afford it now. She's even thought of trying to find Liam's father so she'd have an excuse and, possibly, someone to pay for it. But the truth is she doesn't have much to go on.

"Why don't I speak Spanish then? If my dad is from Spain?"

"No one's taught you. I don't speak Spanish, only English and French. You have to be taught a foreign language. Just because your dad speaks Spanish doesn't mean you're going to magically know how to speak it if you've never had a lesson."

"That'd be cooler if it happened like that."

"Yeah, I guess it would."

"Does he do the same kind of work you do?"

Now Clara works as a Women's Services Coordinator. She tries to find low-income ladies new jobs, new apartments to live in, does their hair and finds them clothes to wear on interviews. She helps them with bills and resumes and all sorts of applications. She likes it and she doesn't like it.

"I don't know what kind of work he does but I doubt he does what I do."

"Is he a bullfighter? Or a dancer? Maybe he plays soccer."

Liam's dad is part of a successful family of vintners in central Spain. They make the ninth most popular brand of wine that is both grown and sold in Spain. He has a wife and two daughters now. He is a friendly, gregarious socialist who might even build a place for Clara and Liam on his estate and take care of them financially, if he was ever asked.

"I doubt it. By now, he's probably a workaday nobody like me. It doesn't matter."

"Why doesn't it matter? It doesn't matter to you what my Dad does for a living? Who he is? You don't think that's important?"

Liam had never asked questions like this.

"Umm, wait, all I was saying was...was...that...that who you are and who you become isn't dependent on who your dad is. How could that even be possible? You've never met him so his influence on you is neither good nor bad. It's a non-factor in who you are."

"I think...I don't really know how to say it but maybe who he is, is a part of me. Somehow. I mean, maybe I'd be different if I had a different dad."

"You mean if you had a different dad but you still had never met him?"

"I guess so. Does that make sense?"

"Parts of you would be different, yes. But only small parts. Only physical things maybe, like how hard you could throw a baseball. You'd essentially be the same person, only with small differences that wouldn't really matter."

"Oh."

"I told you, stop trying to feed those ducks your Mike & Ikes."

## THIRD PLACE ART



### ANTICIPATION

JOSHUA KNIGHT

WATERCOLOR

“I’m constantly thinking to myself, what artwork can I create next that would inspire others in their crafts? In my work there is a constant and strong Native American influence. Since I was unable to grow up in my Native American roots, my works strive to fill that gap. In this painting I used a low perspective view to pull the viewer into the picture plane. By allowing the viewer into the painting, it almost makes one wonder what the subject is thinking about.”





“Imagination is the beginning of creation. You  
imagine what you desire, you will what you imagine,  
and at last, you create what you will.”

-George Bernard Shaw

## ■ ART & LITERATURE

# YOUR DARK HARMLESS DEMONS THAT DON'T EXIST

BILLY RYDSTROM

“The central theme behind this piece is the concept of the insecurities that people create inside their heads. This is my message confronting those demons and discrediting their existence.”

Your burning touch, unstable fingertips,  
Seize in seconds upon your icing breath  
Your dark harmless demons that don't exist.

Breathing down my chest, lowering your lips.  
Held me dear, shackled in a lovers sweat,  
Your burning touch, unstable fingertips.

Pushing closer, tightly through the eclipse  
Between your quivering legs, I lift  
Your dark harmless demons that don't exist.

New air smelt through solid molded school bricks.  
Be alive my pride, yours is mine to vet  
Your burning touch, unstable fingertips.

I'll vacate my briefcase of ancient tricks.  
They're hungry for your lips, they don't forget  
Your dark harmless demons that don't exist.

Searching for notes as the lead tenor quits,  
The dying of a versed stringless quartet.  
Your burning touch, unstable fingertips.

Bygone congestion, control over wits  
Underneath the bare of your feet; wet  
Your burning touch, unstable fingertips,  
Your dark harmless demons that don't exist.

## SELF PORTRAIT

JOSHUA KNIGHT

WATERCOLOR

“This painting started out as a portrait study since it was my first portrait in watercolor. While I was painting, I wanted to allow the subject to interact with the viewer, so I painted the subject with the *Mona Lisa* gaze.”



## NEW LEVIATHAN OF SOCIETY

DYLAN CORDARO

“This new leviathan of society is not a sovereign institution, but rather a habit within our culture to stray from our potential. We see such progress in history and I hope that we can stop the laziness and ignorance that have become more desirable attitudes than tolerance and free thought.”

The TV man in his black suit says stay calm and wait and be the change you want to see in the world. Your mother says to keep hope because that’s all you’ll ever need. But where is it, this hope? The off white cross around her neck rusts in the rain. Children in the middle schools get pregnant and have babies or abort them and go on and fuck some more and never think twice about what could come of this and exclaim that they need to be understood. These children they drink their lives away before they have one of their own and they wonder why their worlds are so pathetic but they don’t realize that they are what’s wrong and they are the problem and not the solution to the growing ignorance and the suffocating air without the oxygen that came from fuller heads and sharper tongues and men and women singing “it’s just a shot away, it’s just a shot away, it’s just a shot away” and they knew when to stop and start and turn over trucks that threatened their movement to tear down the wall from East Berlin and capture the message in the crossroads of Haight and Ashbury and Golden Gate park. Lights out! in the minds of the children who we trained. No passion in pursuit for the tired eyes of the toxic sloth-faced anathema to evolution and social progress. Truman’s work swept away and collects dust with Johnson’s Great Society. Who watches the watchmen, Inferno? They know we’ll be hit soon with the dating of our skin from our weed smoking and binge drinking and the repercussion of the Woodstock era. Oh, but it was worth it, the time of day was given to the ignored.

Mourn the masonry's finest job and reflect on the reflection  
of their names engraved above thorns and strings,  
the wind hitting them like fingers that fixed steel  
ballads when the time rang out for revolutions:  
Dylan and Lennon and Joplin were there,  
preached Housman, Luther, Thomas, Patchen  
the renegades of their centuries replaced with  
university boys and their counterpart girls unemployed  
from their interests and abandoning reality  
these unoriginal and self-absorbed bags of air.  
The mason's son cranks out generic tombstones  
and above unmarked, recycled rock, you read  
'Here lies a man who was like everyone else.'

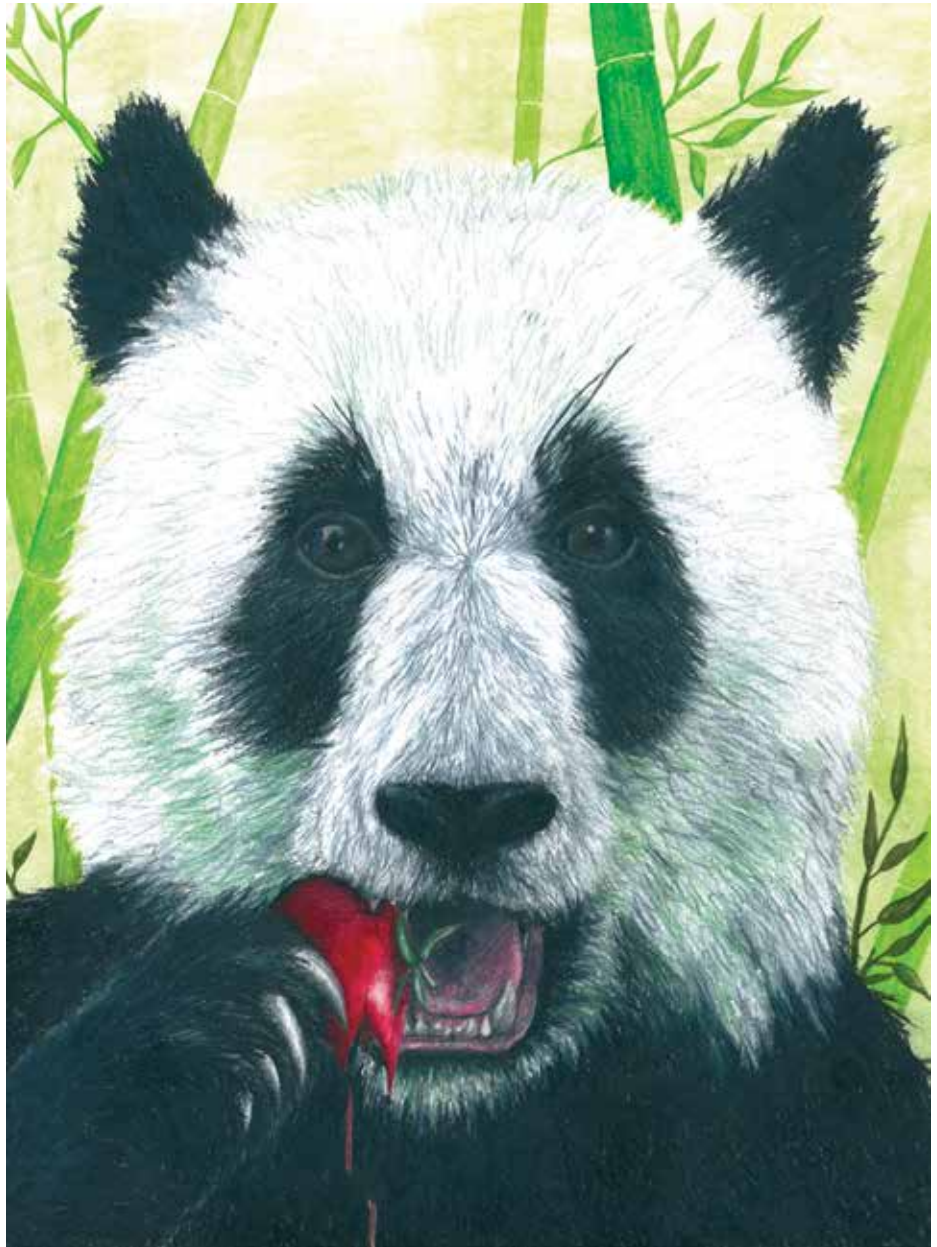
Decency smiled once upon a people, but  
now it hides its teeth.

## PANDA BEAR

ALESHA SELPH

COLORED PENCIL  
& WATERCOLOR

“The panda bear in this piece was done in colored pencil. The background and the red tomato were done in watercolor. The panda represents me and the tomato represents things or people in my life at the time.”

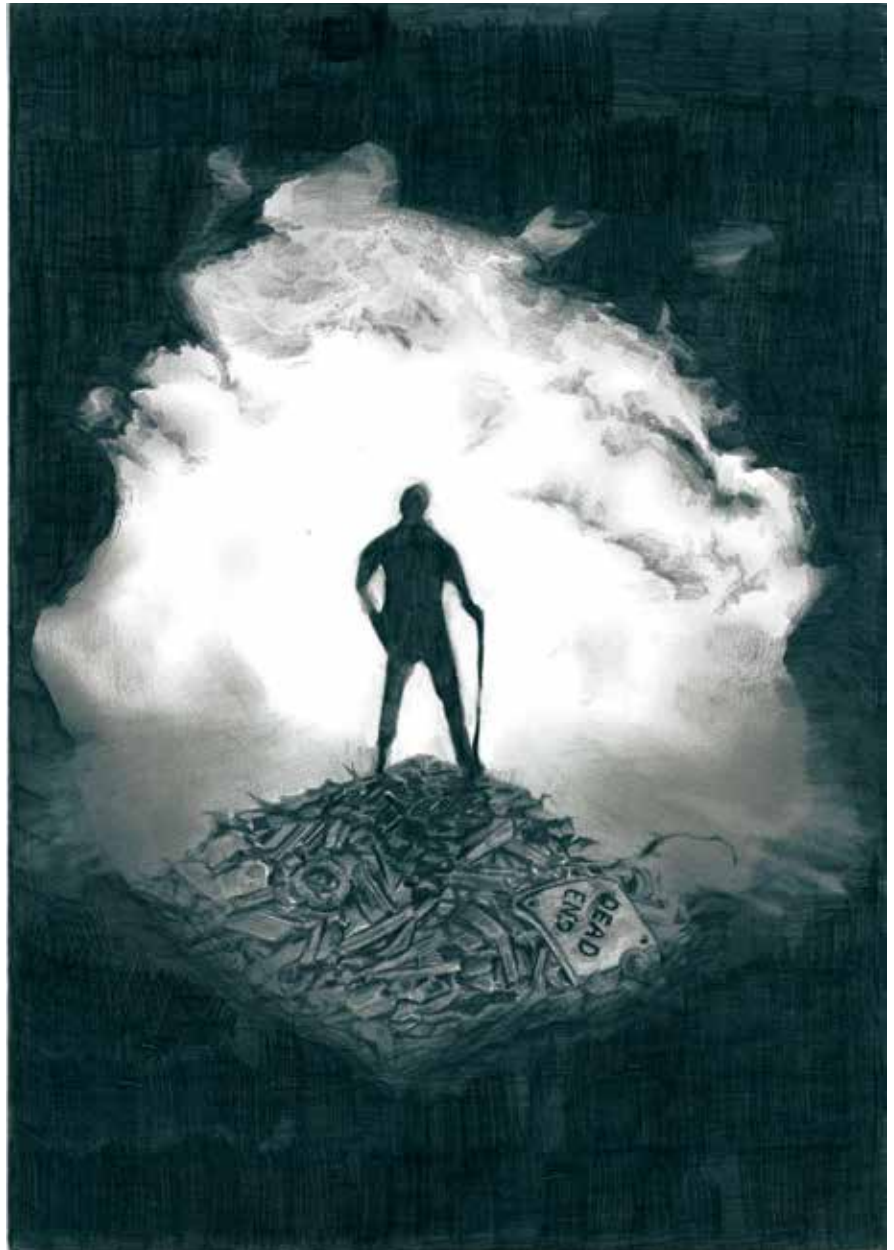


## STANDING TALL

JACOB COTTON

GRAPHITE

“This is a piece from a series entitled *Rise* which illustrates a personal journey of self-discovery following the aftermath of a traumatizing life event. *Standing Tall* specifically speaks of surviving the climb through the rubble of what once was and looking upon a new horizon beyond perceived dead ends. The landscape ahead is left out of view symbolizing the idea of an unknown future landscape yet illuminated by light to symbolize the hope of what this future may bring.”





## RE: CERTAIN KINDS OF PERSPECTIVE

PATRICK SIEBEL

“Words mean meaning’s meanings, etc., or, like Beckett, ‘Every word is like an unnecessary stain on silence and nothingness.’”

The ultrasound appeared, to the doctor, most curious: it had seemed to him as though the only present life was a small bundle of undeveloped letters.

“That’s our child,” the mother said.

And the child’s father took her hand. They thanked the doctor, and left the office.

On the day of his birth, the child created no complications, and upon delivery, was placed in his mother’s arms. The boy had changed since the ultrasound: the mother was sure that new letters had impressed upon the child’s form, and she was quick to observe that a series of them seemed something very much like onomatopoeia.

“I think that he’s crying,” she explained.

The father took an underdeveloped “U” from the child and placed it over the absence where he figured a mouth would be. At this, letters began to rearrange themselves. The parents looked down at the child and, elated at what they read, they gave a voice to his silent laughter.

At home, the child was well received. The parents, adamant about leaving him unnamed, accepted constant visitors — people who had heard about the nameless child, who had received word of something strange. The child took to each stranger eagerly, and as they would speak to him, his body would respond. He displayed a kind of affection that was an undeniable absolute — his every joy and every curious sensory observation written all over him.

All were enamored with him — amazed at his innocent childlike transparency.

As he grew older and filled out rapidly, letters formed words. When the mother saw LOVE, she smiled big and called the child by that name, and seeing his happiness,

continued to. It caught on: the child began to respond to whatever word one saw at the angle he or she looked at the boy from. That is, from the perspective he or she saw him from. The boy quickly grew accustomed to confusion, unsure at times of exactly how he could be seen as this or as that.

And but words changed. As he grew older, a certain malaise and distance seemed to overcome him. He would shift words around into sentences and phrases; loose words were left hanging haphazardly around his body. He would parade DO NOT DISTURB messages he had seen on motel door hangers, excerpts from books he found especially interesting:

“THE MORE CLOSELY AN AUTHOR IDENTIFIES WITH THE NARRATOR, LITERALLY OR METAPHORICALLY, THE LESS ADVISABLE IT IS, AS A RULE, TO USE THE FIRST-PERSON NARRATIVE VIEWPOINT.”

His transparency became less of a window and more a hindrance to other’s understandings. In school, it was no small secret that reading him was quite the thing to do. Classmates would analyze just what it was that the boy was all about. The boy as the variable X, it was common to hear a conversation like “X seems way Y” or, from another perspective, “X is planning Z, planning, I heard, to Z on Tuesday, and bring W down with him.” No two people ever had identical perspectives on the child. Interpretations were made at his esotericisms, and he more than once found himself in the principal’s office for what were perceived as threats.

On rare occasions, other outlying souls would try and befriend X, only to flee at BOREDOM or BETRAYAL.

Or an obnoxious penchant for metafiction. The child was never completely positive of why a new acquaintance had fallen by the wayside, but after so many, became very self-conscious of the words garnishing him. He began to despise his own honest transparency.

He considered PERSPECTIVE the most important word in the dictionary.

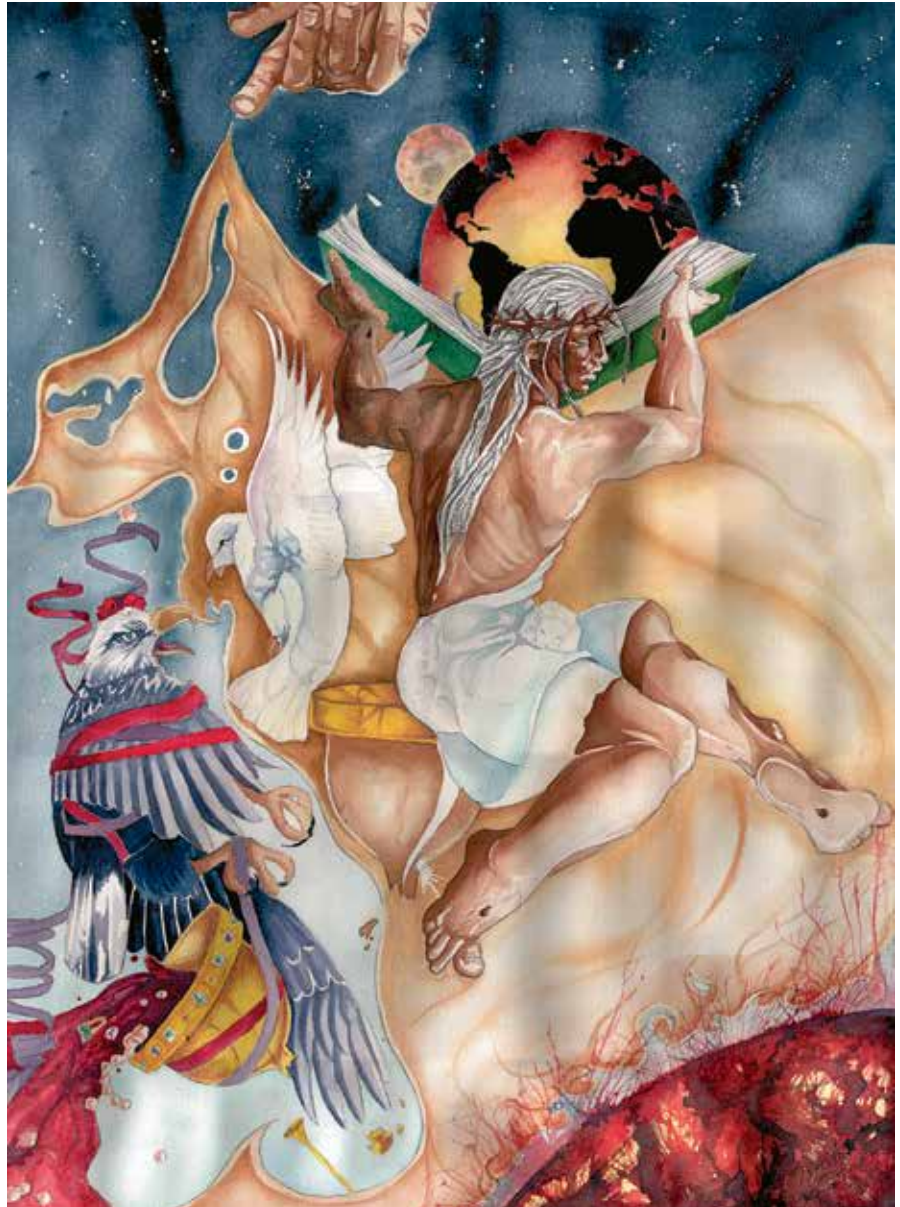
As a matter of relativity, the child stayed young. However, he never ceased to grow. He grew larger than his classmates, his parents, his school, his town. He grew to be the largest thing one would ever experience, though one might not know, for the child would spend most of his time alone, rearranging himself in various lengths and patterns, hoping eventually to reconstruct himself into some undeniable truth.

## PAROUSIA O'ER US

LANCE RHODES

WATERCOLOR

“Inspired and referenced from my favorite painting by Michelangelo; a rendering of the Libyan Sibyl who in Classical Mythology foretold the ‘Coming of the day when that which is hidden shall be revealed.’ A wet on wet technique allowed me to have fun with creating the flow of honey while a layering technique helped model the flesh of Christ. There’s an interesting juxtaposition between the warmth of the subject against the coolness of the galaxy.”



## POND

MIRANDA FREDERICK

“*Pond* is about love, intimacy and the joy of discovering another person’s beauty.”

I left a trail of kisses like breadcrumbs down your delicate stomach  
Until I reached the two lands of your thighs  
I parted them and found the cool pond tucked safely in between  
I began to drink and was overwhelmed by my thirst  
When I dipped my fingers in, the pond opened to a hot spring  
I reveled in its warmth and relaxed on its shores  
Realizing I had been gone much too long  
I journeyed back up, following the trail I had left  
When I reached your face, your eyes were shut tight  
Your breathing was just beginning to settle  
Because while I was away, you had touched the clouds  
And were just now descending



**DESPONDENT**  
 ALLISON DUNAVANT  
 MIXED MEDIA

“My work seeks to incorporate various recycled materials and explore a seemingly haphazard combination of traditional media with non-traditional media such as the torn bible pages. This combination represents the transience with which people are viewed and portrayed, but reflects the permanency of their thoughts. The thought here concerns religion, and how quickly, almost instantaneously, it can be dismantled.”



## PRETENTION CONVENTION

KAYLEIGH VANLANDINGHAM

INK & COLOR PENCIL

“The characters in this piece are all acting in response to one another and the individual acts they’ve taken to appear supreme.”

## SORRY

ASHLEY LOPER

MIXED MEDIA

“This is an apology to my parents and to the various people whose friendships I value more than I think they realize. It isn’t an apology for who I am directly, but for a part of me that they put up with at times. Thank you for always being there, even if I haven’t always been.”



## A PLACE FOR SAINTS

BAILEY TURNER

“As someone who was naïve about life, I think people need to be aware of the dangers that exist in the world. This poem is about darkness that can come along with want and sexual desire. This is the inexcusable case of rape and any other sexual harassment that a person can encounter.”

He walks the grounds that bodies lie beneath.  
They say their prayers with words of sin and shame,  
and take with them the secrets they will keep.  
A mud-filled path, beaten and burned with blame.  
Young, twisted, he only yearns to get off.  
All the thoughts absorbed now by the ground,  
a touch of white cold hands and printed cloth,  
now torn and tattered blue. She hears the sound  
of thrust and push and hands that crawl like bugs.  
An eye can close a casket; blissful wish  
of wash of mouth and hands with silken suds.  
To get the dirt off white—is there a trick?  
I think of perfect skin and feel alive.  
Inside this box I know she still is mine.



## BRUSH

BROOKE CLARK

“*Brush* came about from my thoughts on how we search for loved ones in objects that they once possessed or that were a part of them. I wanted to capture how something so small, like a strand of hair, can elicit a strong emotional reaction. The constant longing for one who has left you or passed away creates an emptiness that can never be truly filled. Our attempts to fill the empty space with our memories and imagination give those who are absent from our lives a presence once again.”

I see your hairbrush on the nightstand  
with several brown-silvery strands left behind.  
At some angles, the threads stripped by the bristles  
appear dark like the area around your eyes at night,  
and at other views, the hairs are golden with a light, delicate glow,  
just like your face.

Your brush remains in the state you left it in,  
before you escaped to San Diego;  
I hear the sun is nice there and that nothing dies during the wintertime.  
My eyes keep flickering back to your comb  
holding the last traces of you that still linger in this house.  
Your DNA is at my fingertips, your genetic code could be mine and no one else's.  
Except yours, of course.  
My eyes twitch at the thought.

The polyurethane glaze on the table shimmers  
as the light ricochets from the window to your mirror.  
I can picture you sitting here, using your brush.  
A reflection of happiness is just an echo now –  
faint, almost inaudible, unless you are searching for it.

A small gust leaks from the window,  
and the hairs in the brush begin to quiver.  
One strand unsnarls itself out of the jungle of spikes  
and drifts into the stale air,  
suspended in time and space and love.  
It glides over to my face and curls under my nose  
and becomes snagged in my eyebrow.  
It looks like a dead wire, nothing to connect it to,  
nothing to make it live again.

## STATUS QUO

DEVONTA STEWARD

“My inspiration for this piece stemmed from a conversation with my mother concerning post-graduate plans. How often do we as individuals, end up doing what we’re “supposed” to do, rather than pursuing what we really want to do? Is getting a decent job and making money really all we have to look forward to? Why feed into the, Status Quo?”

Is the seed of a flower told how to grow?  
We expect a unique pallet of pigmentation,  
yet we ourselves feed into the status quo.

Labor for eight hours, through rain, sleet, or snow.  
How dare \$8.50 be called, decent compensation?

Is the seed of a flower told how to grow?

I think not, but yet the flower doesn’t know,  
nor does it inquire; ask for elaboration.  
Yet we ourselves, feed into the status quo.

We do not break from the mold, or strive to throw  
caution to the wind, and recognize exploitation.

Is the seed of a flower told how to grow?

Plain Jane artists, filled with visions of Van Gogh;  
mere ants among the thousands, in the infestation.

Yet, we ourselves feed into the status quo.

Your world is more than a simple pot, although  
you may face resistance, please show no hesitation.

Is the seed of a flower told how to grow?

Yet we ourselves feed into the status quo.



## INDIGNANT

ALLISON DUNAVANT

MIXED MEDIA

“As humans it is our intuitive nature to seek representation and to project ourselves into the various things we view. We seek imagery that is empathetic to our personal experiences; art that yields to our own sentiments and volitions. In this piece I have explored facial expression and emotion through medium, which is in this case the breaking glass, the epitome of frustration in an uncontrollable situation.”



**UNTITLED**  
CODY UNKART  
INTAGLIO PRINT

“As a satirical illustrator, my Intaglio prints explore social issues through the use of juxtapositions between historical and contemporary issues. Untitled, 2013, allegorizes the power of monopolizing corporations (Wal-Mart in particular) with that of Germany’s fascist reign during WWII.”

## REDEMPTION

VIRGINA JEFFORDS

“I had a lot of fun with this story. I really let the characters decide the direction of the work, and let the story sort of write itself. I hope you enjoy!”

Fanny waited for the pain in her bulging stomach to subside, then wiped the vomit from her lips and stood up from behind the prickly bush. She straightened out the wrinkles on her white cotton ruffle dress, the one with the pale pink flowers on it, the only one she could fit into these days. She'd always been plump, but her sudden doubling in size left her with little to wear. Even the local thrift store didn't have much to choose from these days. She dabbed her white lace handkerchief at the corners of her eyes and pinched her cheeks, even though it was mid-July and hotter than a fat man on a treadmill. But the routine of primping comforted her. She returned her handkerchief to her pocketbook and retrieved her white cotton gloves, trying to delicately slip them onto her sweaty, unwed hands. “A moment of weakness was all that was,” she muttered.

She turned to find Eunice Shelly coming around the corner with Ardith Mozingo, arm in arm, giggling behind petite, white gloved hands. Fanny put her hand on hip and cocked it out to the side, trying to hide the evidence of what had just happened.

“Mornin' ladies,” she nodded to the women who twisted their red painted lips into a smirk and nodded back.

“Mornin' Fanny. I'm right surprised to see ya here this mornin'. Haven't seen much of you around lately. We thought you was taken ill with...” Eunice eyed Fanny's bulging stomach, arching her drawn on eyebrow, “some kind of stomach bug.” Ardith tried to contain her laugh, and ended up letting out a snort instead. She looked sheepishly from a reproving Eunice to defensive Fanny.

“Yes, a stomach bug, but nothin' a little prayin' and the Lord's healin' won't cure.” Fanny sucked in as much as she could.

Eunice and Ardith exchanged knowing glances before locking arms and sauntering off. Eunice gave a slight wave. “See ya inside, Fanny!”

Fanny stood for a moment, as beads of sweat crowded her upper lip, trickled down the small of her back, and plastered her stiff, tightly curled, red hair to the nape of her neck. Her salmon colored hat hid her sweat soaked scalp and provided a slight shade for her evergreen eyes, but she still had to shield them as she looked up to the sky, hoping to see even a whisper of a cloud offering the possibility of a cleansing rain. Redemption dangled in the form of ash colored rainclouds, peppering the horizon line of the azure sky, but they seemed so impossibly out of reach. So, she turned away from the blazing sun and the taunting rain clouds, and headed toward the whitewashed wooden clapboard church.

“Lawd, this is gonna be a hot service,” she muttered, as she walked across the brown crunchy grass of the church lawn. She stopped halfway to the steps when a cramp overtook her. All this weight she’d gained was giving her hell, and then last night she’d been woken up in the middle of the night with these intense pains. They lasted only thirty seconds or so, but they were becoming more frequent. That’s why she had decided to remerge from hiding. She needed redemption, and maybe if she got it, the pain would stop.

She recovered hurriedly, hoping no one noticed and made her way up the plywood steps and through the dark red open double doors. The service hadn’t started, but most of the congregation was already inside, the women exchanging gossip in the form of prayer requests and the men quietly recounting last night’s poker game. The bright red carpet matched the velvet covering of the pews, and they offset the ghost white walls. They were representations of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, a reminder that he had died for Fanny. She flicked a piece of dirt off her protruding mound of a belly. It was not meant for what was inside her, of course; that had been the result of

another moment of weakness, and now she was plagued with some demonic thing she knew nothing about.

No, Jesus had died for her and all the other good church-going folks of the congregation, she knew that. That’s why she’d decided, come prayer time, she would march down to the preacher and ask to be healed of the sinfulness growing inside her. If there was one thing she knew from a lifetime of servitude to the church, it was that the Lord could do anything, even get rid of the evil inside her. Resolved, she perched herself in one of the middle pews, ready to engage in idle chitchat and answer any questions about where she’d been the past six months.

Her calves stuck together as she struggled to cross her ankles and clasp her hands around her bowling ball of a belly. She glanced around, waiting to catch the eye of a parishioner who would scramble over to get the scoop on where she’d been, but as her swooping glances grew more frantic, she realized that while they shot shifty eyed peeps her way, no one would make eye contact with her.

Ethel started up the organ with a few off-key notes of “Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee” and everyone made their way to their respective seats, none of which ended up to be on Fanny’s pew. In fact, no one had sat within a ten foot radius of her, she noticed as she scanned the room, fanning herself with today’s program.

“Mornin’, y’all!” Reverend Boon smiled and addressed the congregation. There were a few scattered responses, and the Reverend shook his head. “I said good mornin’, y’all!!!” His voice boomed through the church. He had small beady eyes stuck in the middle of a very round, very pink face.

“Mornin’!” Fanny’s voice led the crowd in unison.

“Aw, it’s great to be here this mornin’ with you fine folks. I hope all y’all will be joinin’ us after the service for our potluck lunch. That fried chicken was lookin’ mighty fine

back there in the fellowship hall. We do have a few prayer requests before we begin, you'll see there on your program. Mr. Earl's got a case of the miseries; Mrs. Bernice's afflicted with the depression on account of her son elopin' with Maisy Dunn; and we still lookin' fer a children's Sunday School teacher. Oh, and of course, Ms. Fanny's still got... well, a stomach bug that she can't get rid of. So y'all be prayin' bout that. Now, we have a special treat fer y'all."

A few "Amen's" rang out, and the preacher turned as the choir stood in unison. They were all clad in cobalt blue robes under white sashes. Most of the women were widows, like Mrs. Beatrice, who'd been a midwife for Fanny's mother at Fanny's birth, twenty-five years ago. They were all about mid-seventies or so, with bluish silver hair, drawn on eyebrows, and crookedly painted Kool-Aid red lipstick. Their high pitched voices assaulted Fanny's ears like the mosquitoes that were taking a break from buzzing to bite her legs. Three men in the back carried the bass part as best they could, but their voices were barely lower than the women's voices and they all wound up singing the harmony.

When the song ended, the congregation clapped and sent up "Hallelujah's!" as the preacher "Hallelujahed" his way up to the pulpit. A rumble of thunder, perfectly timed, shook the very foundations of the church, giving Preacher Boon a theatrical affect to begin his sermon.

"Redemption," reverberation from the microphone created an echo as he looked out into the congregation, making eye contact with every single person, even Fanny. "We all need it. Now y'all, I ain't gona do a whole bunch o' preachin' today. I know y'all are disappointed," he smiled sarcastically as the congregation began whispering excitedly. "But," he held up his hand, "I do want to spend today on reflection, on prayer, on askin' fer forgiveness, 'cause we all need it." A slew of "Amen's" interrupted his speech. "Now if y'all have somethin' ya need to be forgiven fer, I want ya to come on down here, and just let the power of Jesus Christ, yer personal Lord and Savior, work his magic in ya." The room remained silent as everyone glanced around nervously to see who would be the first to step up and admit to having sin in their life.

An intense pain erupted in Fanny's stomach. Nervousness, she thought, but resolved that she would have no more moments of weakness. She closed her eyes, prayed for Jesus Christ to come down and work His miracles on her, then stood to the sounds of gasps from congregation. She marched down to the front, bearing her cross for all to see in the form of a mountain, protruding from under her dress.

Standing tall, Fanny said, "Preacher, I want to be forgiven for the sin growin' inside me. I want you to heal me of it. I done wrong; I know it, and I want to be done with it." The preacher nodded, glancing nervously around, but placed his hand on her head and began praying the Lord's Prayer. The intense pain rose again in her belly and her knees shook. She groaned in pain, and bent over at a 90 degree angle, but she knew with conviction that the Lord was healing her, so she stood her ground. The pain stopped and she gasped for breath. This was Jesus Christ, working one of his miracles, just like in the Bible. The preacher gave Fanny a look of concern, but she stood up straight, and gave him a nod of commitment. He kept praying.

A few moments later, the pain arose again, more intense and longer than before. Her hands flew to her abdomen and she let out a shriek as she collapsed to her knees. But she begged the preacher to continue healing her, continue redeeming her. She rolled on her back, flat against the plush red carpet, writhing in pain. Her body was on fire from her toes to her fingertips as her stomach contracted painfully.

Her eyes bulged wide when she felt the sin inside her begin to leave her body. Someone in the crowd screamed, and Mrs. Ethel stopped playing the organ and cried, "Oh my God! She's having a baby! Someone get her out of here! She can't have a baby in the house of God! Somebody stop her!" The people looked around at each other in desperation, confusion and most of all, terror.

This was, Fanny realized, hell in all its glory. She lay alone, drowning in a pool of sweat, blood, urine and tears, sobbing, screaming, and begging for a mercy that

was never meant for her. Everything was wet; her blood seeped into the red carpet. Outside thunder raged, rattling the meticulously designed stained glass of the windows. Mrs. Beatrice knelt beside her and squeezed her hand.

“Fanny, just one more push. Come on girl, you can do it.”

Everything Fanny had inside of her, every ounce of courage, of goodness, of strength she used to expel the sin from her body; and then it was finished. The sin was gone and life could go back to what it was before she had been overcome with weakness. It was finally over.

And then she heard the most angelic sound, the soft, beautiful cry of the tiny baby Mrs. Beatrice was handing her, the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Lying on the blood red carpet at the foot of the altar, displaying her vulnerability to the world, Fanny knew, this spark of life, covered in blood and screaming her way into the world, was her redemption, her salvation. Her life had just begun. Mrs. Beatrice left her side and pushed the congregation back toward the still open double doors of the church, toward the cleansing rain that Fanny had prayed for, for nine months.

The congregation stared in bafflement, too startled to say or do anything while Fanny lay there, completely alone, clinging to the tiny bundle of hope in her arms. In this moment, she understood the meaning of deliverance. In this moment, she physically held redemption in her arms. In this moment, salvation was hers, and hers alone.





## **DON'T TOUCH THAT, YOU'LL GET A DISEASE**

LAUREN ROSE

PHOTOGRAPHY

“I have always been fascinated with photographing objects I feel are often overlooked or considered mundane subjects in their original contexts. I usually achieve a heightened visual interest in these types of photographs by extreme close-up shots or framing objects within photographs in unique ways. The subject of this photograph just happened to be a feather I found while walking around my neighborhood.”



## SUPPRESSION

ASHLEY LOPER

MIXED MEDIA

“I made this in some stereotypical ‘angsty-raging-artist’ moment, then proceeded to throw it away. My teacher at the time, dug it out of the trash, submitted it to some shows, and it has since received a fair amount of recognition. Ever since then, it has followed me as a reminder that freeing up suppressed negative thoughts through artwork makes room for positive energy to take its place. I’ve also learned now to not throw my work away.”



## THERE GOES SUMMER

MATHEW PARISE

PHOTOGRAPHY

“Photography is who I am and what I want to be. This diptych image was created by accident. I had other intentions for the end result but they melted so fast that when I saw what it turned into I had to capture it. Just like a snowflake, it is unique and a one of a kind shot.”



**FLOURISH**  
THOMAS MESIARIK  
PHOTOGRAPHY

“I took this photo during a trip to Oklahoma to visit some close friends. It was depressing to think that I would be alone again, and I wanted to convey that in a photo before I left. After searching for a good spot I found this lonely tree. It died alone.”

## INTERNAL WAR ON WAR

DYLAN CORDARO

“I’ve inherited the flame kindled  
by poets, lovers, dreamers, and  
shakers before me. I will utilize  
what I’ve been given through  
the arts to celebrate human  
progress and to seduce the ren-  
egades and skeptics after me to  
always question what is beyond  
and within ourselves.”

So ready are the men to arms  
When passing along, alone.  
The men of experience swear  
To their gods that loyalty and pride  
Are first, foremost, the right thing to do.  
Metal heads and arms, jackets hole-punched with war.  
Their shells harden more with every trigger pulled.  
Narrowed eyes focus, the horizon now a coordinate  
Equidistant from start and end, alpha omega, dust to dust.

I see it again, the fire, the light, the smoke.  
I see it, I see it. Don’t cover up your path traveled  
With hushings and “it’s going to be okay.”  
Straighten up. Tuck in that shirt. Grow a pair.  
A layer of hair on tiled flooring. Make everyone the same.  
All for one. Who reaps what was sowed?

Rich man’s war: the poor man’s fight.  
Colorful pills to suppress the images of colorful flags  
That you gunned down after the raid  
And you swore those flags were not of our fathers.  
Those flags knew nothing good.  
Those moons and stars and lines and circles,  
And the wicked red streaks next to cruel green stripes,  
No flags like that could know morality!  
Tear them from flag poles, light them up and step on them  
Because who knows what justice is besides the invaders?

Can you know for sure this is where we want to be?  
Metals for skillets and bed frames and playgrounds!  
Our heroes will rise from the knee scrapes of innocent play  
Not with metal fused for grenades and gas tanks.  
Let them eat goodness! I am your crown and I say no war!  
I say no poisons down your throat at camp or at the table!  
Use bacon grease for breakfasts, not bullets!  
Work for the land and not on it!  
Work for your people and not on them!

Vive la paix!

## BRICK LISH

BRITTANY LEONARD

CHARCOAL

“This piece is a self-portrait inspired by Chuck Close. I really enjoy drawing people, and trying to capture something about that person’s personality in a still portrait. Charcoal is quickly becoming one of my favorite mediums to work in.”



## BIG FOOT

DIAMOND MCCRAY

GRAPHIC DESIGN

“The Big Foot conference and festival is an actual event, which I found to create a strange event poster. When it comes to the actual big foot there aren't any clear pictures but there are plenty of footprint molds. So with this piece I gave people something that's common with big foot, literally a big foot with the information molded into its structure.”



Ludlow Rock Schoolhouse, 33001 Hwy 144 📍 [www.BigFootMountain2012.com](http://www.BigFootMountain2012.com)



## UNTITLED

ANASTASIA KAROS

COPPER & BRASS

“This project was my response to the challenge of creating a portrait of someone without using physical attributes. I chose a neighbor who loved to garden and stood out because of her colorful personality. I portrayed her love of gardening through my use of organic shapes, texture, and flower like design.”



## ELUSIVE EUROS

CANDICE BRASINGTON

“*Elusive Eros* shows the inward battle of desire in a woman who is confronted with the temptations of soul-damaging lust while trying to adhere to her true values and follow the direction of her moral compass. She sees the tempter for who he is and what he really wants. To protect herself from potential heartbreak, she heeds to her logic and eschews her devious feelings of lust.”

Molesting this pen with forbidden anticipation -  
    Erotica and dubious desire pullulates the lubrication.

The lightening rod of lust sears my luscious body.  
    The gentle hunger of your hand allows for pleasurable palpability.

Cognizant of your conspicuous copulatory way -  
    Logic keeps lascivious longing at bay.

## SOLDIER'S SKIN

MIKAELLA ANTONIO

“When I wrote the first line of this poem, I imagined that a tribute to emotional vulnerability was imminent, but when a catalog of wounds, scars, and tattoos materialized, I found it painless to ignore that chronic urge to aestheticize. Instead, the skin became a reference point for the character to tell his story, (and neither war nor hurt were extolled in the process). *Soldier's Skin* is about a love that betrays someone who has overcome atrocities for its sake.”

You are  
undressing wounds before me.

“This is where a bullet tried to lodge,”  
and, still pointing that raw shoulder to me, say,  
“This here  
is where I have loved almost too much  
to justify having ever gone away.”

You are  
butterfly kissing your own scars,  
but you won't say where the one behind your left ear is from.

Gritting your teeth,  
“This is where a Jap thought he could take me.”

Then, unclenching that jaw, you wink at me,  
and your thin lips draw downwards as a sadness fills your cloudy eyes . . .

Your voice drops down to a raspy whisper, “This here  
is where I have loved so deeply.”  
You should be flicking the tears away now,  
but still, you deny emotion,  
and a stream of broken “Anyway, anyways”  
tumble out of your mouth as you begin to uncover your ink stains.

Pointing to a series of six numbers,  
“This was to identify my body,” and  
tracing with your fingers an intricate pattern on your forearm,  
contemplating the geometry of the swirls,  
you just shrug.

And then,  
your sad eyes lighting up in remembrance,  
“This is-  
this is from when I was the craziest son of a gun in the world!  
Lord Almighty! At least in war you got a strategy!”

You laugh so loudly that your teeth rattle.  
Old man, you are,  
for these brief moments,  
so young again.

Holding up a portrait of a woman on your sunspotted bicep,  
fat flapping separate from the bone,  
you are so full of joy.  
Nostalgic until you're not,  
you're shellshocked silent because love  
is supposed to last- love is supposed to wait!  
(So why didn't she wait?)

You don't say anything else,  
but recede into the depths of yourself right then and there.

I know you won't share more,  
so I suppose that's it- but oh,  
how could I forget?

Furthermore- furthermore,  
your skin  
is clean of bruises.



## ROOSTA

LAUREN ROSE

PHOTOGRAPHY

“It is often during the processing and editing of the photographs I take when I find them the most interesting. This is especially true when working with textures and patterns in nature, or animals. The rooster in this photograph was actually a family pet that I captured a photograph of while he was roaming around the backyard looking for food.”



**UNTITLED**  
CODY UNKART  
INTAGLIO PRINT

“As a satirical illustrator, my Intaglio prints explore social issues through the use of juxtapositions between historical and contemporary issues. *Untitled Print*, 2013, allegorizes the exploitation of foreign countries, diminishing oil reserves, and alternative energy sources.”

## DEATH RATTLE

EMORY HOOKS

“I don’t consciously choose to write about my mom. She died last April after six years of suffering from Alzheimer’s and her last days haunt me. I cope with that ache by expressing it on the page.”

I’m looking at her lying in bed  
as she stares at nothing with wide eyes,  
and her throat, a death rattle.  
I beg of her, Mama, don’t die.

Staring at nothing with wide eyes,  
she’s a statue weathered by pain.  
I beg of her, Mama, don’t die!  
I touch her cold, bloodless face.

Like a statue weathered by rain,  
she cries when I try to help her.  
I touch her cold, bloodless face  
as I handle her like glass.

She cries when I try to help her.  
Her throat, a death rattle  
as I handle her like glass.  
I’m looking at her lying in bed.

## KISSING SAILOR

THERESA CALABRESE

WIRE

“My piece was inspired by my favorite photograph, *V-Day in Times Square* by Alfred Eisenstaedt. Crafting my rendition of this piece using simple line was an amazing opportunity to study the photograph more, and show the simplistic beauty of one moment captured in time.”





## VANITY CRABS

GLADYS VAUGHN

“This poem is the common tie between an abstract concept and a seemingly unrelated concrete object. Here is the surprising product of that merge.”

I had my first taste of lobster on my 18th birthday.  
Because lobster is supposed to be one of the finer things in life  
Because it'd be a shame if you left this Earth and never tried it

Lobsters are beautiful animals  
They walk around with their  
Shells painted red  
Clicking their claws

So we lobster around with our  
Lips painted red  
Clicking our heels

You know why lobsters' claws are tied together in the tank?  
So they won't tear the face off of the lobsters who are prettier than them  
You know why we have something called societal convention?  
So I won't go over and rip the face off of that girl  
Who looks like a Disney princess  
With the body of a video vixen

She's lucky my claws are tied  
By the rules of society that has planted  
These ideas of what it is to be beautiful  
So far inside me that I would think  
“How dare she come in here and be that beautiful?”

I wish I could reach inside myself and pull it out  
Instead of holding it so tightly  
Like a chain of lobsters  
Who cling to each other when they are pulled from the tank

“Creativity is contagious, pass it on.”

-Albert Einstein

## ■ CREDITS

## **EDITOR'S THANKS**

I'd like to endlessly thank everyone who has had to deal with me this year. This book has been a crazy ride and I am tremendously proud of it. I'm very thankful for my mother and grandparents for pushing me and believing in me. I'd like to thank Paul for listening to me when I would stress about the magazine and for always keeping a level head. I'd like to thank Erica for being my partner in crime on this magazine. Patrick, Erica, Shawnte and Tori, for all the fun times we've had in the office when we all shared office hours, those laughs were always needed ones. A very special thanks to Matt, Nic, Brandon, Alesha and Cayla who have helped me get so much work done this year for classes and for the magazine; You guys have been keeping me slightly less insane this year. I'd like to personally thank John Schiro and Tim Underwood. These men have helped me so tremendously, mentally and emotionally and I don't know if I would have made it to the end of this process without them. Last but most certainly not least I'd like to thank all the people who submitted to the magazine, without them there would be no magazine.

## **ART DIRECTOR'S THANKS**

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All of the artists that submit to Archarios and make the magazine incredible every year.



## **FINAL WORD**

Everyone is an artist; you just have to take the time to find it in yourself. Find a piece of poetry and paint a picture about it. Find a painting and write about it. Be inspired by the work in this book or the work in a museum. Find inspiration in a song or in a person you pass on the street. Inspiration is in the air and the beauty of creation can be found in your bones. Find time to create, and create time to be found.





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