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## Archarios, 2014 Fall / 2015 Spring

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ARCHARIOS

no. 14/15

LITERATURE AND ART MAGAZINE







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## PREFACE

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Words and images comprise the world around us, they are the very fiber of our beings. Art and literature withstand the test of time because there will always be a desire for people to create and inspire. These are the principle beliefs of Archarios, and through this edition we aim to show that creative expression goes beyond putting the pen to the page or the brush to the canvas. Art, literature, dance, free expression, they are like medicine, they soothe us whether we are the artist or the observer. There is a human nature inherent in all creative pieces, a glimpse of the author that was worked into the page. This is why art and literature are so intoxicating, because it is the most intimate glimpse into the images and words that comprise another's world.

SIG.  \_\_\_\_\_

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BEST in SHOW

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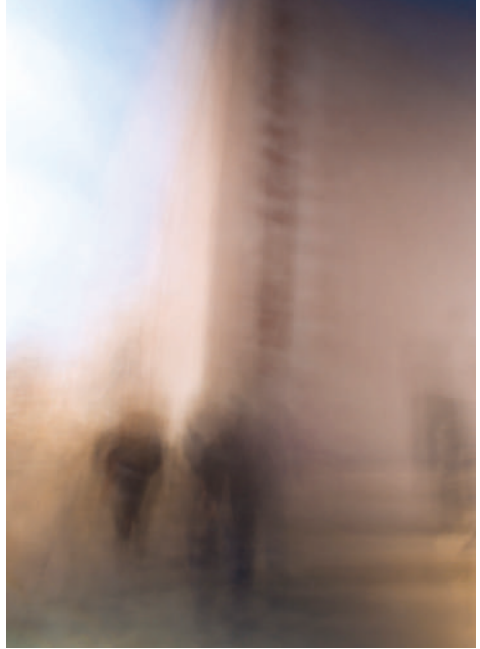
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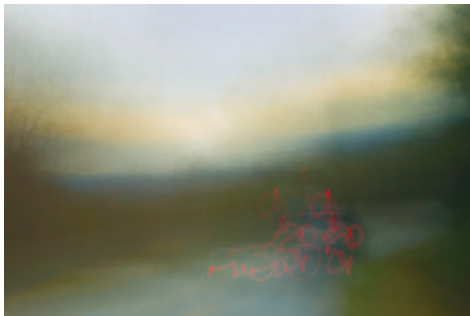
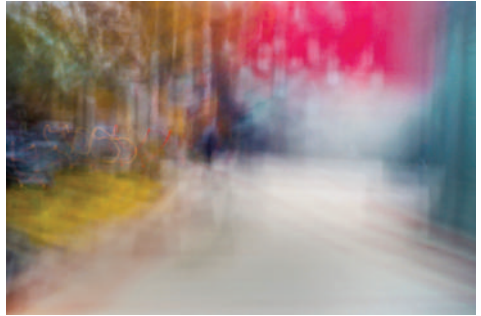
“I don’t do drugs, I am drugs.”  
**SALVADOR DALI**

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**FIRST PLACE**

<p>MUNN, EMILY</p>	<p><b>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST</b></p>
<p>FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)</p>	<p>Sometimes, the camera can allow us to catch a glimpse of what our eyes could never see.</p>
<p>COLOR FIELDS</p>	<p>Long moments of time course through the fourth dimension, each moment a universe unto itself.</p>
<p>TITLE OF PIECE</p>	<p>This ebb and flow, undetectable through human perception, is exposed by the click of the shutter.</p>
<p>PHOTOGRAPHY, DIGITAL</p> <p>MEDIUM</p> <p>Page no. <u>6</u></p>	<p>A unique movement and rhythm is revealed by the camera's almost magical</p>



R

ability to look beyond human comprehension and into the realms of time and space yet to be discovered. Philosophers have long discussed what it means to know something. Plato's allegory of the cave blatantly portrays that much of humanity is complacent in remaining ignorant of what is beyond their immediate comprehension and perception. As three dimensional beings, we understand a linear existence of time and space. Beyond our perception there lies the possibility that what we understand to be the past, present, and future, exist simultaneously. My images capture small scoops of that simultaneous existence and compress it into a two dimensional form so that they may act as a shadow of what lies beyond our comprehension.

SIG. *E Munn*

The way grandma sliced it, silver knife parting  
 flesh soundlessly, then the light tap on the counter.  
 Her talking over it in the pale light of the kitchen  
 window. The bar stools were too tall, our legs dangled  
 as we waited. She served it in big brown bowls,  
 and you were the first to grab it.  
 Your fingers plunging in, teeth tearing apart, making  
 Bite-marks the shape of grins  
 And green husks lay as crescent sacrifices  
 to a light smile on your face, the lime-  
 smile of wasted cantaloupe skins, the ghost-smile  
 I find hidden in your beer cans nowadays.

**FIRST PLACE**

<p>POWELL, NICHOLAS C.                  FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)</p> <p>A GOOD MEMORY                  WITH YOU                  TITLE OF PIECE</p> <p>POETRY                  TYPE</p> <p>Page no. <u>8</u></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST</b></p> <p>"A Good Memory with You" involves my beloved sister who, for a time, struggled with alcoholism. I remember one particularly bad night when, on the other side of the phone and with her voice breaking, she said to me that she used to have so much, that her life used to mean so much more to her than it did at that moment. I think this poem is how I mourned for that loss with her. My sister has since recovered (yay, happy endings!), but I'd still like to dedicate this poem to her in honor of her immeasurable strength and her kind heart, which has similarly heard my cries on my darkest days.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">SIG. <u>NCP</u></p>
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**SECOND PLACE**

*R*

**BARRETT, BRANT**

**FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)**

**BEAM ME UP SCOTTY**

**TITLE OF PIECE**

**PHOTOGRAPHY, DIGITAL**

**MEDIUM**

**STATEMENT FROM ARTIST**

This photo is from my series Bright Leaf, about tobacco farming. The troughs of water on the greenhouse floor make a perfect mirror giving the image an eerie off-world look. Hence the homage to Star Trek.

No pause in their dead-eyed watch:  
 For leagues orcas have steadfast  
 stalked two humpbacks, these beasts black  
 behind eyeing the young  
 one slowing now, slower still.  
 It is hard to outswim the end.

Breathless, the calf gives the end  
 of the chase. Mother must watch  
 slick killers circle her calf, still  
 eyeing her, starved. It is fast  
 over. Mother thrashes the young  
 velvet hunters that black-

out blue seas but the boneblack  
 bodies hold her and upend  
 sea planes with plunges of unyoung  
 force—only the sea can watch  
 things end. One orca strikes fast;  
 The whole sea is at standstill

as the calf's eyes flood, still  
 with salt and blood. Ruthless black-  
 fish finish her and breakfast  
 with her flesh. Motherhood ends.  
 She reels away, the deathwatch  
 done, useless. The good die young

and the cruel sea blinks at young  
 life lost or unlucky still-  
 births consumed. The orcas watch  
 God's gift settle and like black  
 flies, they eat the flesh, and suspend  
 all desperate thoughts of fast.

The bones lock in the slime holdfast  
 below. Hagfish suck the young  
 corpse bare. All things age at the end  
 of the world. All becomes still  
 in anglerfish light in ice-black  
 sludge. No god suffers this watch.

Oh, swim fast and settle still  
 in the blackness, and there  
 be the one to watch the end.

**SECOND PLACE**

_____℞	
NICHOLS, MARGARET FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.) ORCA HUNTING SONG TITLE OF PIECE POETRY TYPE	<b>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST</b> I watched the documentary series Blue Planet on Netflix just before I started writing this poem. In one of the episodes there was a scene similar to what I describe in the poem, and it broke my heart how beautiful and sad it was. I chose to write this as a sestina because the form seems very mathematical and calculated in a way similar to Nature itself. In reality Nature can be unpredictable and tragic. I hope this translates. I love the ocean as much as I am afraid of it, and I feel that there are good causes for both of these feelings.
Page no. <u>10</u>	SIG. <u>MN</u>





## THIRD PLACE

R

RYAN, ERIN S.

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

SAUDADE

TITLE OF PIECE

PEN AND INK

MEDIUM

## STATEMENT FROM ARTIST

Saudade: a Portuguese and Galician word which does not have a direct translation in English. It is the feeling of an incessant longing or sense of nostalgia for an absent memory. It is an emptiness which cannot be filled, but carries the happiness that it once was.




My feet shuffle  
 along the dust  
 that masks death  
 and fertilizes  
 life.

Rusting leaves  
 dangle above,  
 whispering  
 dying  
 prayers.

The wind  
 snaps  
 their spines  
 one  
 by one,  
 releasing  
 their skeletons  
 to descend,  
 to rest,  
 to crunch  
 beneath  
 my heels,  
 where you are.

To be  
 forgotten  
 until Spring.

**THIRD PLACE**

HOLCOMBE, KIMBERLY <small>FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)</small>	<b>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST</b>
FALLEN <small>TITLE OF PIECE</small>	In "Fallen", I use seasons to reveal the truth about what it's like to cope with loss: losing a loved one, yourself, your way in life, etc.
POETRY <small>TYPE</small>	We tend to fall into a pattern of accepting, forgetting, and remembering what we have loss, in order to become stronger.
Page no. <u>12</u>	SIG. <u></u>



ART and LITERATURE

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“Creativity is a drug I cannot live without.”

**CECIL B. DEMILLE**

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<b>NORTON, CAYLA</b>
<b>FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)</b>
<b>FUNCTIONALITEA</b>
<b>TITLE OF PIECE</b>
<b>CERAMIC/METAL</b>
<b>MEDIUM</b>

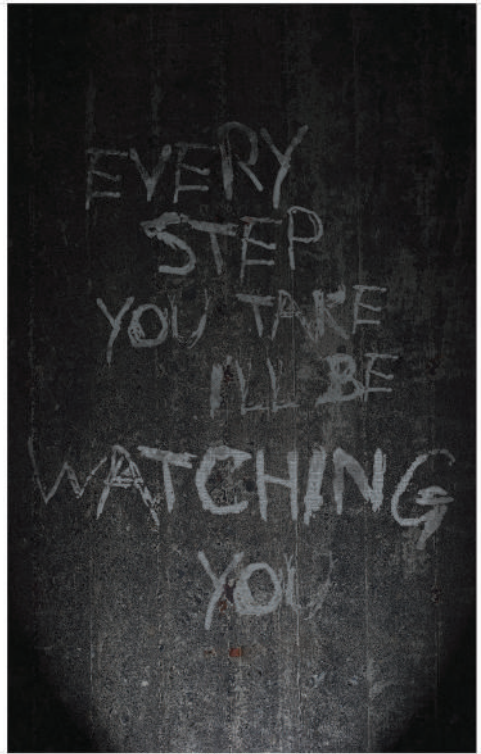
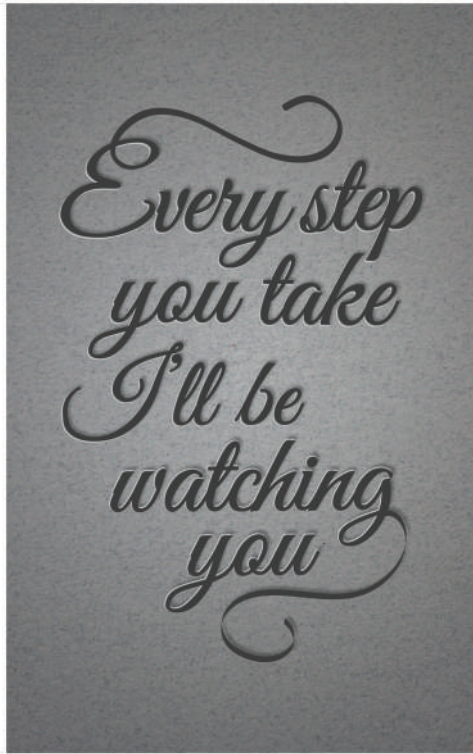
**STATEMENT FROM ARTIST**  
This piece questions functionality by using metal wire to piece it together. It is now unable to hold anything, unable to be used, but still can be distinguished as a tea set.

I ain't never really understand why June Bugs called June Bugs when June Bugs don't show up at my house till July. They come flying all green and clumsy-winged. I can't never ever understand why summer come and sit so long, burn the fun out of everythang. The flesh from the cantaloupe, the skin from the roses. It come like company dat outwore they welcome and know good and well it time for dem to go. And why everybody call the sun beautiful when it ain't nothin but a big giant ball of gas burnin in the sky? I heard some lady down the street say it God's great big honeypot spilling on all his children, making us sticky, dance, even make us black. Lord knows we don't need to get more blacker.

I like fall. I like how the trees rust over in October. How the colors remind me of candy yams and orange sherbet ice cream cones. How the uppermost branches of the tree prick a clearwater sky and the clouds, all fluffy-like, shade the day. How the wind, chilly, become for us a new flesh. Unwanted. But we take it. Like men. How it make my neighbors stand in they coats, and sweater caps, boots, and knitted gloves. They be outside. Laughin. Standin under the tree. Talkin bout people, playin spades, cuttin the fool, drinkin Godknowswhat.

Oh how they be laughin, laughin so hard. They laugh so hard they show they teet. They must know something I don't. That tree must tell dem thangs cause they know many, so many that they don't tell me. They know people, places, contentions. Contentions long as lies. They know life. Can tell us all a thing or two. Or three. They know me. They know them. But they cain't know everythang. Nobody know everythang. Some of them men don't know fear. Ain't fraid of nothin. Some of them don't know hate. Nobody never learned them to hate nobody. Some of them don't know song. Can't sing and dance a lick. And some of them don't know nothing bout no evil less you consider that evil what they pour down they throats. But if you aks me what they do know I'll tell you they know just enough. Enough to know we can't make it out here alone. Enough to get up in the morning, tough our way through it. Enough to work and to laugh and to talk and to move. Enough to hold our backs up straight. To speak to the unspoken to and expect nothing in return. To give thanks for all thangs, even the little teenichee ones. Enough.

<p>LEWIS, KENNETH  <small>FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)</small></p> <p>LITTLE BOY OF BISHOPVILLE  <small>TITLE OF PIECE</small></p> <p>POETRY  <small>TYPE</small></p> <p>Page no. <u>17</u></p>	<p><b>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST</b></p> <p>Where all of the luxuries of home meet the page--my language, my gaze, my neighbors--is the very place where I make sense of all things common--common talk, common people, common me--A neat twist of common sense.</p> <p>SIG. </p>
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R

BURKETT, ERICA

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

CONTROLLED INTERPRETATION

TITLE OF PIECE

POSTER DESIGN

MEDIUM

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST

The purpose of this piece was to prove the power that design has over words by creating visual languages that change the way we interpret messages.


SIG. \_\_\_\_\_

*EB*





brother,  
 we were  
 supposed to make it  
 we were  
 supposed to sleep  
 with the very same women,  
 make Momma's hairs grow gray,  
 make Daddy's dentures fall from laughing  
 way too hard  
 we were to give our sisters  
 pure hell while raising it  
 like children  
 our love would have always been  
 always been

LEWIS, KENNETH	STATEMENT FROM ARTIST "Before Birth" comes from a place in my gut I'd rather keep silent.
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)	
BEFORE BIRTH	
TITLE OF PIECE	
POETRY	
TYPE	SIG. 



COTTINGHAM, CHRISTOPHER D.

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

SHADOW OF COLOSSUS TYPOGRAPHY

TITLE OF PIECE

DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION

MEDIUM

**STATEMENT FROM ARTIST**

For the basis of a typography project, I thought it would be epic if I made something from Shadow of the Colossus. The variety of letter sizes help give it a sense of bulk and geometric shape on top of the organic curves of its body. The fog provides contrast to the dark design, while adding depth and a veil of atmosphere.

The little child quickly made his way through the small bedroom window. He crawled on his plump belly, barely able to get through the small space without disturbing the sweet dreams of his siblings, or alarming his parents of his escape.

After much trouble and tousel he was able to slide out of the opening and into the night's chilly air. Turning his little head back he gazed at the room behind him. The little night light plugged into the outlet was the only illumination for the space, the little twinkling stars barely visible from where he was. With it, he could just make out the rectangular shape of his small bed that was covered with his Star Wars bed sheets that were now tattered on the edges, and adopted a hole in the middle that grew with each passing year.

He could also see the bunk bed leaning against the dirty white wall. He knew that little Abby and Dan were lying on their backs, mouths wide open and eyes closed, each holding a matted stuffed animal that their mom purchased at a yard sale years ago when they were only little babies.

The young boy turned from the house and faced the street that lay directly in front of the house. The red and black street lamps blanketed a soft and fading orange light on the streets and the small, neighboring homes. The air was mostly silent except for the sound of horns echoing down the streets from the big city. Everything else was silent. People like Abby, Dan, Mommy and Daddy were sound asleep when the sky was dark.

Walking down the street as fast as his long legs could take him, he found himself in his favorite place in the whole wide world.

The park had two swings hung from chains (one yellow, another red that made him think of mustard and ketchup- the two things Michael from school had put on his drawings). Several slides rested all over, the highest one was his favorite. It was much higher than he was, and had slow twists and turns towards the end. A rough red ladder lead up to the very top.

_____℞	
<p>TATGENHORST, YANA</p> <hr/> <p>FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)</p> <p>MOON GAZER</p> <hr/> <p>TITLE OF PIECE</p> <p>PROSE</p> <hr/> <p>TYPE</p>	<p><b>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST</b></p> <p>As I got older, I noticed my perception of the world was changing as much as I was. Playgrounds and buildings, such as the run down playground that I spent hours at, now seemed smaller than they used to be. Through this piece, I wanted to rediscover a child-like point of view that I had, where the world is big and strong.</p>
<p>Page no. <u>22</u></p>	<p>SIG. <u>Y. T.</u></p>

The young one nearly ran up the ladder, mumbling “Up, up, up” with each step he took. Once he reached the top, he did not slide down the slide. Instead, he sat there quietly with his hands in his lap and his chin raised upward as his big brown eyes took in every detail of the night sky presented before him.

The sky was all dark. He couldn't see the clouds or the stars, no matter how hard he squinted. The only thing he could see was the little moon tucked away in the corner of the sky. It was a rare sight in the city, and he rarely saw it when he came.

He stared at it. How can something look so small when it was supposed to be so BIG? he wondered. He noticed what looked to be like dents... Were they bruises? Does the moon get bruises, too? The boy looked down and pressed his upper arm. The same pain spread over his body. Yup, he could still feel the bruises from the time Michael and Benny had pushed him down hard towards the dirty ground. He remembered the dust getting into his eyes- it almost made him cry.

He shook his head, as if he was getting the memories away like a dog shaking to dry off. He didn't want to think about it because, as much as he didn't want to say it, he was embarrassed that he didn't stop them. And when he got embarrassed, he would cry. Big boys don't cry.

“How do you do it?” he asked out loud, staring at the moon. His soft voice echoed through the maze of swings and slides. “How do you not fall down?”

He waited. And waited. Time slowly passed as he waited as patiently as a 7 year old could wait. After a minute, he put his hands on his hips. “I want to know!” Still, the moon would not tell him.

“Please?”

The moon was still.

“Pretty please?”

Silence.

He sighed, “I guess you don't want to talk to me.”

How did it do it? His little eyebrows furrowed as he thought. It wasn't fast, it didn't do anything really powerful or spectacular, and still floated in the sky with its bruises. Where did it find the power to still shine a light in the night for him?

He didn't know. And as he slowly walked back up the street to the little silent house on the corner, he could only say that he wanted to be just like the moon.



℞

ARAKAS, ASHLEE FLIPPIN

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

BIRDS OF A FEATHER: GOULDIN FINCHES

TITLE OF PIECE


WATERCOLOR

MEDIUM

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST

Animalistic representations of women and their devotion to the conformity of societal renderings of idealistic beauty.

Murky rings ripple  
 from mud droplets; white petals  
 blooming high above.

NGUYEN, BRIAN	STATEMENT FROM ARTIST <span style="float: right;">℞</span>
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)	
NELUMBO NUCIFERA	
TITLE OF PIECE POETRY	
TYPE	<p>While trying to find inspiration for another poem to write for my senior thesis, I stumbled upon a picture of a lotus. I thought about how symbolic the flowering of a lotus is to Buddhism in that people suffer and go through life's sins before reaching enlightenment. I felt that the haiku would be best suited to portray the nature image of a lotus growing through muddy waters before rising above and blooming.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">SIG. </p>

Your carousel spins  
 festival pirouettes.  
 Painted equines bounce,  
 their eyes commissioned  
 with counterfeit life.

Around my head  
 your mechanical clowns  
 perform a metallic verse,  
 shining rock candy lights  
 whirl and pulse  
 casting their vain reflections  
 into my eyes.

I travel your cable strung spine  
 lifted above and flying,  
 legs swinging  
 towards your carnival heart.

The delicacies tempt me,  
 your numbing sweetness and  
 that candy apple smile.  
 In solemn contempt for myself  
 I feast.

Disoriented by your mirrored funhouse  
 I lean over the edge  
 of our ferris wheel passenger car  
 to see you from another point of view.

Your chest lifts and sinks,  
 a swinging harlequin pendulum,  
 but none of those cotton candy breaths  
 are meant for me.

Like bumper cars we clash,  
 raining down iridescent blue electricity.  
 Forever caught  
 in a caustic collision,  
 our worn circuits wait  
 for the day they get  
 their mend

_____ R	
SELLERS, ARIANA J. FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.) LIKE BUMPER CARS TITLE OF PIECE POETRY TYPE	STATEMENT FROM ARTIST When you love someone everything reminds you of them. In this case, it was the South Carolina State Fair.
Page no. <u>26</u>	SIG. <u>AS</u>



℞


<p>ENGLEHART, EMILY</p>	<p><b>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST</b></p>
<p>FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)</p>	<p>I wanted to rebrand Hubert's Lemonade, not by changing the demographic but by enhancing the consumer-to-product experience. Currently Hubert's Lemonade is sold in singles and I created the "six pack of joy" to allow the consumers to purchase more than one with ease. The design has a vintage feel that pays homage to when the company was founded, in 1935.</p>
<p>HUBERT'S LEMONADE</p>	
<p>TITLE OF PIECE</p>	
<p>PACKAGING DESIGN</p>	<p>SIG. <u>EE</u></p>
<p>MEDIUM</p>	



*"I wanted to rid myself of the Self,  
to conquer it, but I could not conquer it,  
I could only deceive it, could only fly from it,  
could only hide from it."*

-Hermann Hesse, Siddhartha

Every man rages  
within the rib cage  
of a small girl with oily-blond hair,  
crooked teeth, and biting insecurity.  
Wrapped in a smelly jacket,  
she wears a look of intense unaffectedness.  
She sits next to you on the sleepy, morning school bus.  
Sometimes, your arms touch,  
and you match your breathing to hers.  
Sometimes, she falls asleep  
and eventually, rests her head on your shoulder.  
You are always too kind to shrug her off.  
In the soft, pink amygdala,  
there plays a scratchy reel of Technicolor fantasies:  
she is president, tyrant, queen.  
She is carpenter, blacksmith, posthole digger.  
Her knuckles are white, her girlish fingers clasp around a kitten throat.

<p>ANTONIO, MIKAELLA VICTORIA A.</p>	<p>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST </p>
<p>FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)</p> <p>SLEEPING GIRL ON BUS</p>	<p>This is a tribute to the accidental intimacy we share with strangers.</p>
<p>TITLE OF PIECE</p> <p>POETRY</p>	<p>This is a warning. This is a poem about the violence we repress.</p>
<p>TYPE</p>	<p>SIG. <u>MVAA</u></p>

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The baby animal claws at her wrists so that the skin puckers up and spits blood.

Then, she is eleven, lanky,

shirtless in the moonlight with her pale-chested cousins,

sneaking over fences to tip the neighbors' cows.

She dreams of planting bullets in the skulls of white-tail bucks-

then, skinning them.

In the loveliest and grandest of these,

she's lodging her bony fist again and again

into the meaty, steadily bruising flesh of anyone's solar plexus.

She doesn't even know it, but she gets off on all this.

Inside, she goes wild.

Eyes like onyx, mouth a gash,

frothing at the prospect of pounding a face in.

Outside, there is only a quiet electricity to her,

in the faintly perceptible web of green veins on her eyelids

and in the tiny trembling of her lips.

You want to shove her weight off,

but you fear you'll wake her.

---



<p>COTTINGHAM, CHRISTOPHER D.</p>	<p>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST <span style="float: right;">R</span></p>
<p>FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)</p>	<p>For a packaging design project, I wanted to work on a root beer brand.</p>
<p>VIRGIL'S ROOT BEER REDESIGN</p>	<p>This specific brand was based on a root beer that tried too hard to claim so many aspects. I wanted to redesign this brand to have a more</p>
<p>TITLE OF PIECE</p>	<p>narrowed focus on being gourmet, organic and vintage.</p>
<p>PACKAGING DESIGN</p> <p>MEDIUM</p>	<p>SIG. <u>DC</u></p>

Lifting me high above his head,  
 Twirling me around 'til the world spun,  
 Holding me steady, on my bike and in life,  
 Rock-solid, a guide for everyone.


Black nails, deep crevasses  
 Coated in oil and grease,  
 After 14 hours of a mechanic's day,  
 Stains only Bon Ami could release.

Scarred from errant blades,  
 But fearless, precise, skilled--  
 Those hands made magic in the wood shop;  
 There's nothing they couldn't build.

Tanned brown, calloused,  
 Making pockets in the soil,  
 Planting seeds, tilling weeds,  
 Taking delight in daily toil.

Resting on the arms of the Lazy Boy,  
 Or pointing, in agitation, at the TV screen,  
 Carving dogs from blocks of wood,  
 On the back porch, shelling beans.

All these images, so lifelike, so real,  
 I keep as treasures to erase  
 The sight of a blue wristband labeled DNR,  
 The inevitable end we all must face.

OSBORNE, CAROL	<p style="text-align: right;">℞</p> <p><b>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST</b></p> <p>To channel my grief at the passing of my father, mother, and aunt in the last two and a half years, I have turned to poetry. Reading these pieces at their funeral services has been difficult, but I am pleased to have created something tangible to share with others, something that keeps the stories of those important to me alive. I wrote "My Father's Hands" as a companion to "My Mother's Smile." Both poems, I hope, reflect the pride I have in my parents, the gratitude for all they have done for me, and the great loss I feel every day now that they are gone.</p>
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)	
FATHER'S HANDS	
TITLE OF PIECE	
POETRY	
TYPE	
Page no. <u>31</u>	SIG. 

No sad music please, no tugging at heartstrings.  
 Only thanks, for giving me a chance.  
 One mistake should never be followed by another,  
 thus in giving up, you gave me life.

Thanks for giving me a chance.  
 It couldn't have been easy, or maybe it was, but  
 in giving up, you gave me life.  
 I only wish I could thank you more intimately.

It couldn't have been easy, or maybe it was,  
 either way its worked out for the best.  
 I only wish I could thank you more intimately.  
 A name with no face; a book, no author.

But either way its worked out for the best.  
 One mistake should never be followed by another.  
 A name with no face; a book, no author.  
 But please, no sad music, no tugging at heartstrings.

STEWARD, DEVONTA FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)	STATEMENT FROM ARTIST Being an adopted youth, I dedicated this poem to the mother I've never met. It's a personal release for me. It's my way of letting go and no longer feeling ashamed, but rather being accepting and gracious for the opportunities I've been given.
THANKS TITLE OF PIECE	
POETRY TYPE	
Page no. <u>31</u>	
SIG. <u>DS</u>	



SELLERS, ARIANA J.

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

TOOTH FAIRY'S RODEO BROOCH

TITLE OF PIECE

METAL / HUMAN TOOTH

MEDIUM


STATEMENT FROM ARTIST

This brooch is a representation of my memory of loosing my first tooth at the rodeo.

White wool hat  
 Worn only in the cold.  
 White wool hat  
 Looks new, but it's old.  
 White wool hat  
 So snuggly and warm.  
 White wool hat  
 Prepare to brave a storm.

She wore you so much  
 From the first time they met,  
 To every love filled date.  
 White wool hat  
 Now worn until the end.

White wool hat  
     She wears you once again.  
         She may not have love  
             But she has her friends.  
                 White wool hat  
                     She wears you out with them.  
                         White wool hat  
                             There when she's drunk again.  
                                 White wool hat  
                                     She leaves the party alone.  
   Stumbling, lost and can't find home.

ATHENS, BAILEY FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)	STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
WHITE WOOL HAT TITLE OF PIECE	I wrote this poem after watching a season of Criminal Minds and finding one of my old winter hats covered in dust and dirt. In the poems setup and line placement, I wanted to create that sense of panic and craziness that is the climax of the poem itself.
POETRY TYPE	
Page no. <u>34</u>	
SIG. 	

She doesn't see him  
Walking far behind.  
He follows from the shadows,  
She's completely blind.  
His footsteps get louder  
She begins to move faster  
But she can't outrun him  
And soon,  
Oh, so, soon,  
He catches her.

She recognizes his grip  
She remembers his size  
Flashbacks to his anger  
As he pulls her down  
Her clothes rip as she hits the ground.

White wool hat.  
Now tattered and torn.  
The only witness,  
To survive a gruesome storm.  
White wool hat

Not White anymore.  
Bloodstained and grieving,

You will be worn no more.  
Red wool hat

Lost and never found.  
Screaming so silently,  
From the muddy ground.

---





℞

COTTON, JACOB

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

FALLING EVES: M

TITLE OF PIECE

GRAPHITE ILLUSTRATION

MEDIUM

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST

The letterform in itself is a beautiful character that the eye moves and scans over never really noticing its finesse and nuances. This series utilizes highly detailed illustrations of moving water to force the eye to come close and create an intimacy with the form to highlight the movement found within the character and beauty within that form.

Enchantments and incantions  
lasting spells  
stronger than love



You betwixt my lips  
as I constrict your hips  
and dream of the moment  
I see you next.

For it is then that  
I will know  
this nightmare of absence  
will end  
in your eyes.

For those dreams  
within a dream  
dyed blue  
with love potions and  
apathy's antidote  
are life  
today.

I've lost control.  
Like sand in the tide,  
the more we touch,  
the more I'm found  
waning in your wake.

For if I woke  
to find this all a dream,  
I'd lay in darkness  
until I found  
your blue again.

<p>AMERIS, QUINTEN</p>	<p>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST </p>
<p>FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)</p>	<p>This was inspired by a dream I'll never forget. The magic is deep in my memory. She is indelible in essence and now in word.</p>
<p>UNTITLED</p>	
<p>TITLE OF PIECE</p>	
<p>POETRY</p>	
<p>TYPE</p>	<p>SIG. </p>

They told me I'd be crooked.  
That my spine would never sit  
quite right.

They said rods and bolts  
would replace bones  
Victor Frankenstein's child (I imagined).

We're stealing your vertebra,  
Doctor's crooked lips formed a  
smile

They asked about my summer plans.  
Offered me some water  
Lemon? Cucumber?

ELMESIRY, YASMINA	<b>STATEMENT FROM ARTIST</b>
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)	Ten years ago I discovered that I was suffering from scoliosis.
CROOKED	My mother and I traveled to Johns Hopkins Hospital, where we learned
TITLE OF PIECE	that my spinal curve was rapidly increasing. The doctors explained
POETRY	the necessity for a spinal fusion on the upper curve of my spine. The
TYPE	lower curve would have to be fused a year later.
Page no. <u>38</u>	SIG. <u>YE</u>



℞

ARAKAS, ASHLEE FLIPPIN

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

BIRDS OF A FEATHER: COCKATIELS

TITLE OF PIECE

WATERCOLOR

MEDIUM


STATEMENT FROM ARTIST

Animalistic representations of women and their devotion to the conformity of societal renderings of idealistic beauty.



*R*

LEONARD, BRITTANY E.
FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)
SYMMETRY
TITLE OF PIECE
PHOTOGRAPHY, ANALOG
MEDIUM
Page no. <u>40</u>

STATEMENT FROM ARTIST
During my travels back from New York I stumbled upon this old rural gas station that instantly caught my attention. I could not resist the odd allure and dramatic lighting of this sitting area that was set back to the left of the vintage pumps. My brothers posed sitting across from each other with stern faces making me wonder, why? I had no choice but to capture the moment on film.
SIG. 

This is the Ebola joke.

A woman- frail, sick, hungry- sits on the dirty ground,

The ground where she's always lived.

She's got a baby in her hands,

Her dead child, clutched against her chest

She has another child too, sitting across from her

Asking questions like:

"Momma, where's my food? Why isn't the baby crying-

She's a baby, momma, aren't they supposed to cry?"

But all she can do is sit.

The baby got the disease- the disease that killed her mother, her father, her husband.

She knows she shouldn't be holding her- she might get it too

But her baby, her two month old baby, is dead,

And they're coming to take her- they're coming to take her.

And they're going to burn her- burn her to a crisp

They're going to take her and burn her,

Ashes flowing through the streets-

She can't bear to think of it.

Because how can her baby get to Heaven

If there's no body for her soul to leave?

That is the Ebola joke.

This is the rape joke.

A girl, 14, sits on the edge of her bed.

Her father shuts the door behind him,

But he hasn't told her goodnight- he's left her for dead.

At least, that's what it feels like.

℞

IKNER, SAM

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)

THIS IS NOT A JOKE

TITLE OF PIECE

POETRY

TYPE

This isn't the 'first time' she's imagined- this hurt,  
It hurt, it ran through her like a fire,  
Burning the forests in her soul  
She can't look in the mirror for three whole days,  
And when she finally does, she wants to shed her skin.  
She wants to tear away from this abused, diseased thing.  
She walks downstairs, her mother says good morning,  
Breakfast is on the table.  
Her father breezes out of his room with a smile on his face.  
They say they love her as she heads off to school-  
She shuts the door behind her,  
Knowing that today was the day  
She'd leave this godforsaken earth  
That'd only taught her pain,  
And the way it felt to have her own father on top of her,  
Groaning like some deranged animal.  
That is the rape joke.

This is the Feminist joke.  
A young woman, sits amid the old, bald heads of her 'colleagues'  
A pretty face among wrinkled demons.  
She had big plans, promising to clean up Congress.  
But she'd been reduced to smiles and "why don't you loosen up a bit, sweetie?"  
Unbutton your blouse a little more- it might help you cool off."  
She stands to make her statement,  
But the Speaker smiles and says  
"Sit down please, we're almost out of time."  
She sits. Tomorrow then.  
She waits through the endless talk of these distasteful old men-  
Droning about how women's rights were threatening them,  
How african american boys were ruining America,  
And gays were debasing the integrity of marriage.  
Those pasty, half-alive faces, making decisions on things  
They had no knowledge of.  
She stands to make her statement,  
And the speaker smiles, repeating his words from the day before.  
"Sit down please, we're almost out of time."  
She sits. The same story would repeat itself for many tomorrow's-  
And she wasn't allowed to speak

---

All because she didn't have an extra body part  
Sitting between her legs.  
That is the Feminist joke.

This is the Gay joke.

A young man, about 28, sits outside his doctor's office, with his face in his hands.  
He'd recently come out-

He had thought that would be the hardest part.  
Having to stand in front of his father and saying  
"Dad, I'm the queer guy you beat up in high school.  
I'm the faggot you hoped to never have to call a son.  
I hate this, I hate you, no, nothing's wrong with me-  
Talk to me, Dad.

I'm gay, not dead."

But this? This was worse.

He had a disease that was eating him from the inside out,  
A four letter acronym, reducing him to a walking shadow,  
Making him even more vulnerable than he already was.

He'd got it from a man he'd loved-

The man he'd imagined building a house, a family, a life with-

The dreamy, Neil Patrick Harris relationship-

But he'd just been used, by a gay-hating monster.

Giving him this disease to punish him for loving in a different way.

Because apparently, he should've known better than to trust someone who said they  
loved you,

When so many others wanted you dead.

That is the Gay joke.

This isn't a joke.

So why are we still laughing?



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

FROM THE ART DIRECTOR

LOPER, ASHLEY N.

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)



STATEMENT

We create, we inspire, we live to perpetuate any and all things that reside within the artistic realm. For most of us deemed artists and writers, the ability to make and create is like a drug. It's a means for survival. It's a release, it's happiness, it's what we know best. This year, Archarios was designed around an apothecary aesthetic to showcase what it is that artists and writers do, and what artists and writers cannot do without.

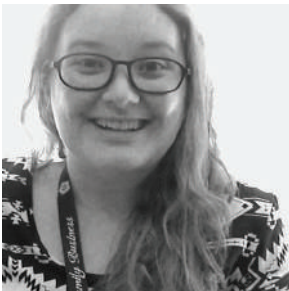
I'd like to extend a thousand thank you's to everyone who made this publication possible. With all of you guys' help we are able to contribute to the perpetuation of creativity for years to come.

SIG.

FROM THE EDITOR

HAMMUTT, COURTNEY

FULL NAME (LAST, FIRST, M.I.)



STATEMENT

I would like to thank our adviser Paul Olsen, Ms. Whitney Comer, and Ms. Diane Wilson for making this magazine possible. Thanks to Ashley Loper, a brilliant artist, for serving as art director. Huge thanks to our faculty judges Colin Burch and Hastings Hensel. Thanks to our amazing staff: Alison, Anna, Theresa, Enxhi, Emilee, and Erica. Thank you to my wonderfully supportive parents and my boyfriend of 4 years, Carlos.

SIG.

## STAFF



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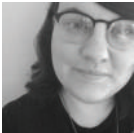
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## TO SHERIAR

We here at Archarios would like to thank Sheriar for the many years of working alongside us. They are the reason we are able to put out beautiful literature and art magazines time and time again. Sheriar has been kind enough to go the extra mile in always helping us meet deadlines. We love working with Sheriar and hope to for many years to come.



