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Archarios, 1994 Spring

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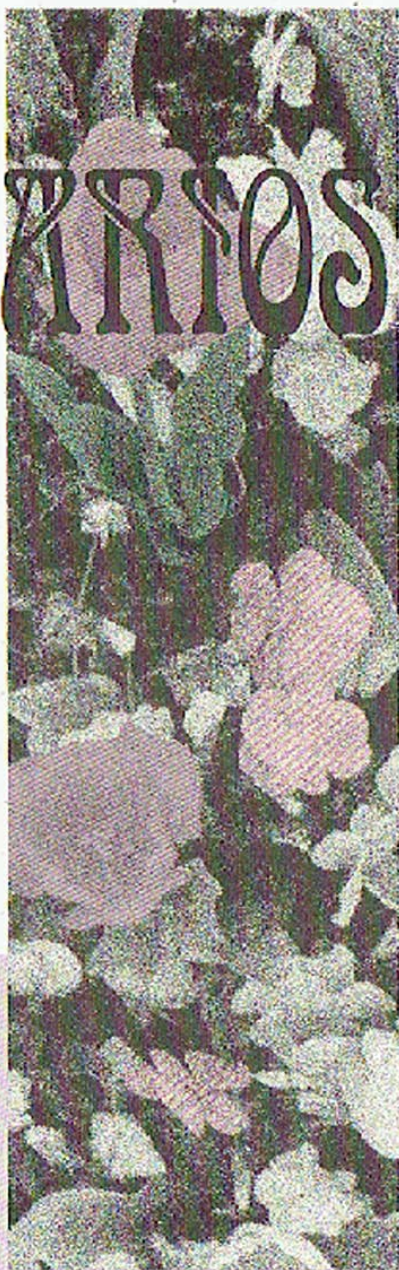
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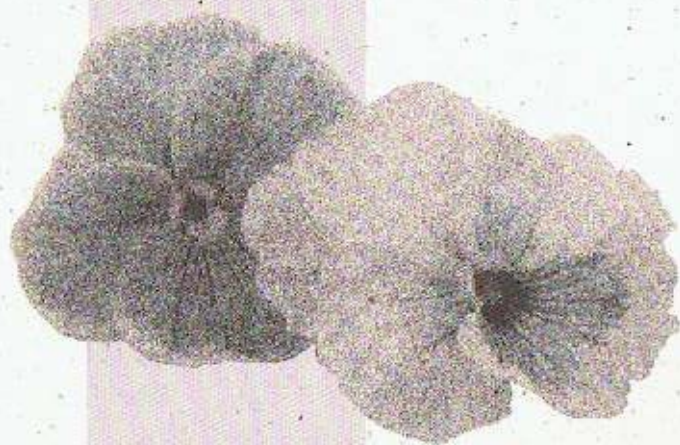
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ARCHIVOS



Spring 1994



ARCHARIOS

Literary / Art Magazine
Coastal Carolina University

A faint, stylized green leaf graphic is positioned behind the text, centered horizontally and partially obscured by the words "Literary / Art Magazine" and "Coastal Carolina University".

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - Sarah Loudin
Assistant Editor - Shannon Templin
Art Director - John Switter
Managing Editor - Nikola Spechko
Staff Photographer - Shannon Thomas

ADVISER

Paul Olsen

EDITORIAL BOARD

Richard Collin, Steve Hamelman, Lynne Mason,
Paul Olsen, Sandi Shackelford, Nikola Spechko,
John Switter, Shannon Templin

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Spring 1994 issue of *Archarios* is to be my last. I am delighted to be moving on, while I regret leaving the magazine. I am not, however, overly concerned. My staff this semester is the best I have worked with, and I have every confidence in their ability to carry on without me. (Once or twice I have had confidence in their *eagerness* to carry on without me.) Paul Olsen is an outstanding advisor whom I will miss, although not as much as he thinks. John, Shannon, and all the others listed above are the ones who really make *Archarios* what it is. I dedicate this issue to them.

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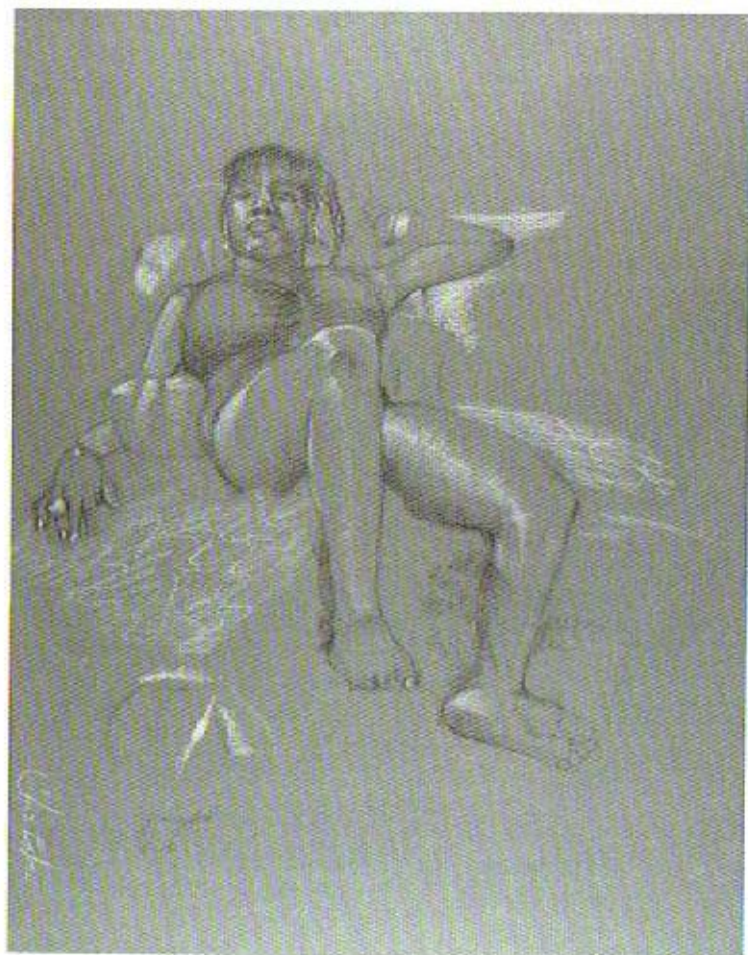
I Dream Blue Mountains

Eric Rogers

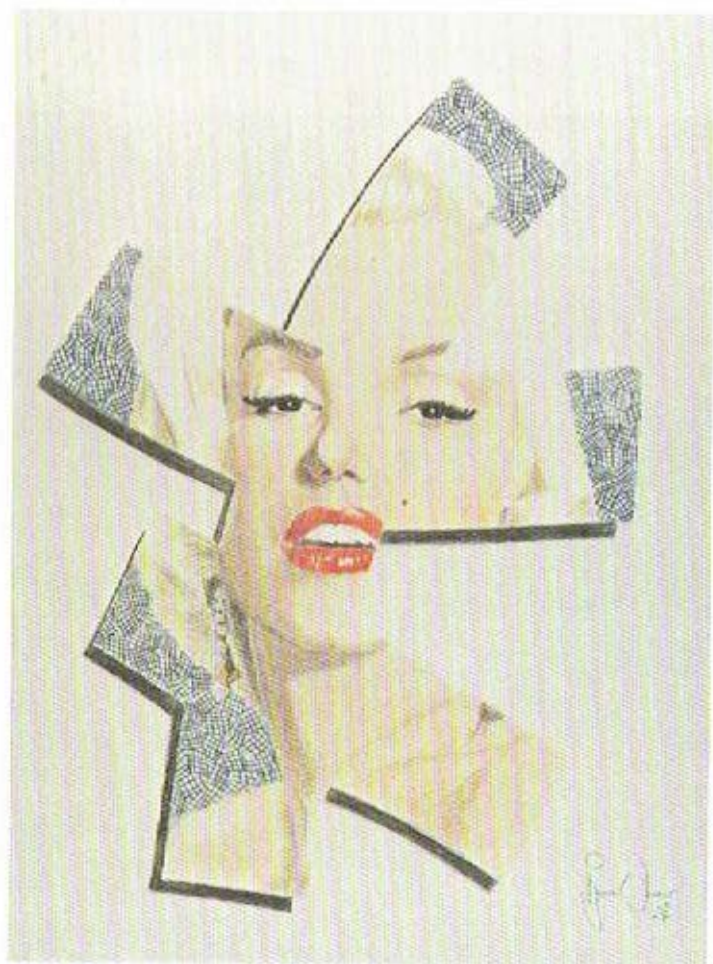
In the high country.
Love holds me
Nestled on one broad hip,
Smiles through windows
Marveling
At fence perched birds.

Things grow here . . .
The land, love, I.
Resilient.
Drought and flood,
Old wheels
Within older ones.
Everything in order,
Kudzu stubborn.

High country.
Life swells round and fat
On the vine.
It falls
To be landed on
Tongue-tip like raindrops,
Tasting of honey suckle.



Untitled
Chris Enter
chalk & charcoal
19" x 24"



Marilyn
Bjarne Werner
colored pencil
11 3/4" x 15 3/4"



Conception of the Tree
Annmarie C. Swart
wood
9" x 9" x 26"

Three Into Four

Sharon Tully

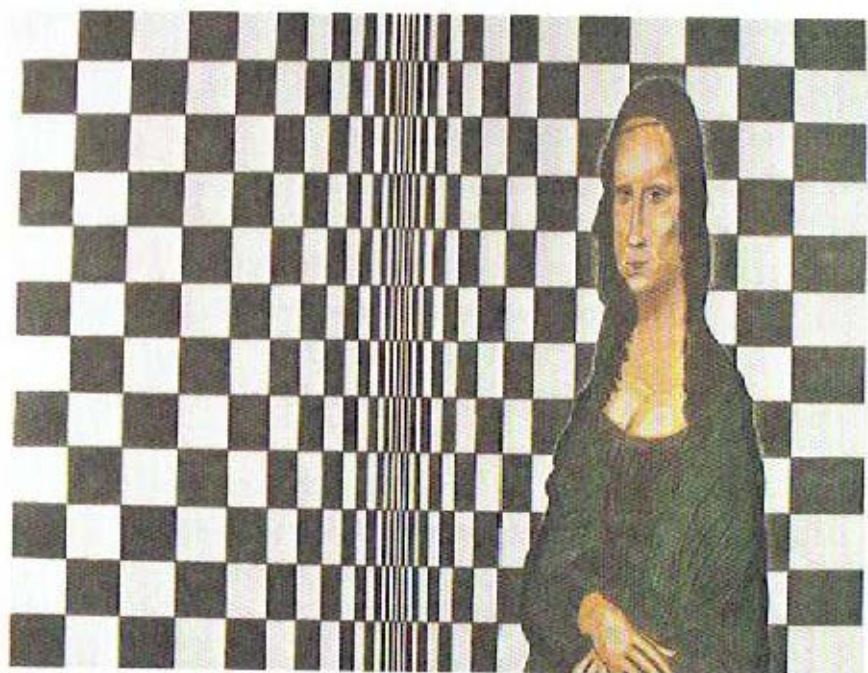
Three o'clock, bathrobe wrapped
tracing patterns in spilt sugar
on red vinyl cloth
white checks play leapfrog
with my eyes
tumble off the edge

You lay twitching in a dream
sprawled face down across the bed
clinging to blisters of dreams that bled
and oozed, liked dried sweet and pungent
pork, half-eaten on the table
suspended state of drip
soggy cardboard juice laced label
staining golden noodles
thick sable

From the kitchen I see one smooth thigh
cover kicked off one scarred thigh
where they inserted a pin
not before they slit your ankle and cut in
to the bone so the other leg wouldn't grow
longer than the other
though I swear your limp doesn't show

Imperfect, like the wallpaper pieced together Sunday
of bare trees, some silver, some black
creased, crooked, one half silver, half black
at the end of the roll

I crawl between icy sheets next to you
silently you mouth words to khaki-colored dreams
as the clock, the opiate dial blends
three into four



Mashed Mona
Carl Anderson
colored pencil
24" x 19"

Bloodlife

Sarah Loudin

City-bound I have midnight dreams
of darkness broken only
by a single icy finger
stroking my cheek
at the behest of a harvest moon.

Visions of a lonely oak
breaking acorns on pavement,
scattering seed above ground.
The earth is buried,
my hands are bloodied.

Oh, to sink deep in soil,
bury my fingers like roots
that will spread and encompass
the world.

There is no magic in a highway.
Always going or coming, never
rooted in one place.

You must stand still
if you are to hear
the midnight sigh of pine trees,
the blood of the earth
coursing through your veins.

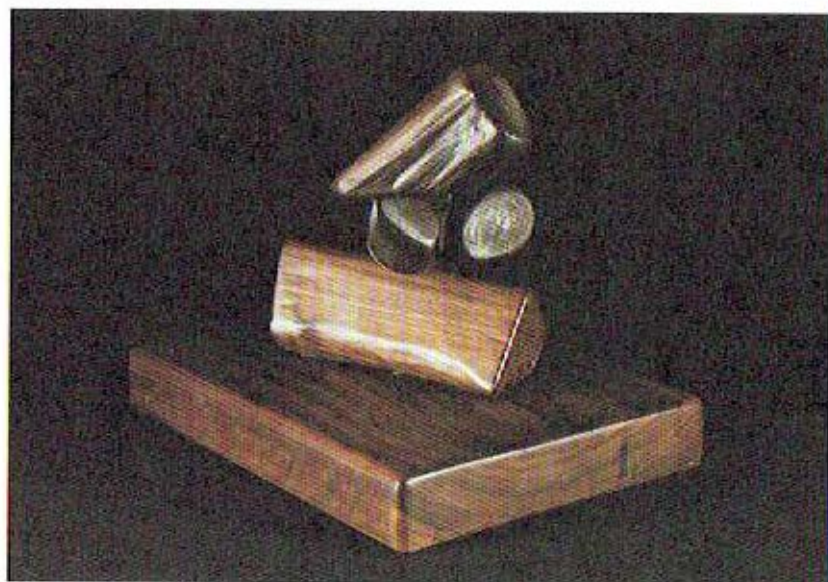


Autumn Jewels

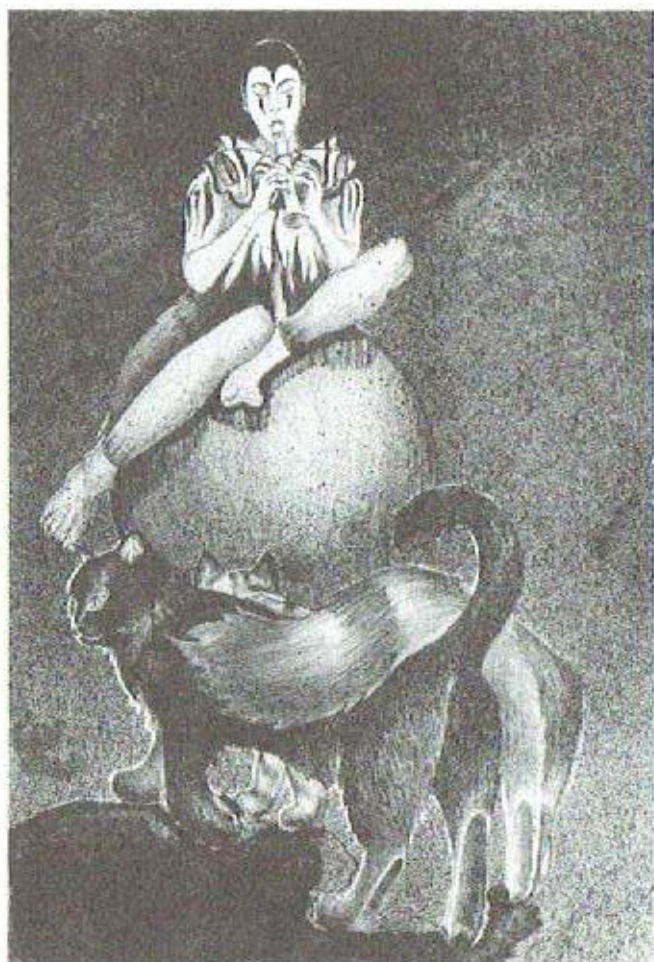
Lisa Shriver

watercolor

22" x 30"



T.J.'s Walnut
Zermah E. Black
wood
8" x 6" x 7"



Send in the Cats

Donna Baruchi

lithograph

8" x 12"

Name the Womb

Solomon Moore

You are the only purpose.
In our hesitation you swim
still and attached
swelling into humanity after humanity
after humanity.

A seed burning through ripened fruit.
Even as we meticulously file through name books
careful not to rip pages or cut our fingers
you have beat out your name
in rhythms of blood,
etched it in the core of your clenched fist
until tearing into our lives
you are here and we can only give you
a name you cannot pronounce,
we can only restrain you in our embrace,
harness you with our home,
measure you with our love,
silence you with a breast,
for how can you suck milk and not grow teeth?

Flight

Shannon Templin

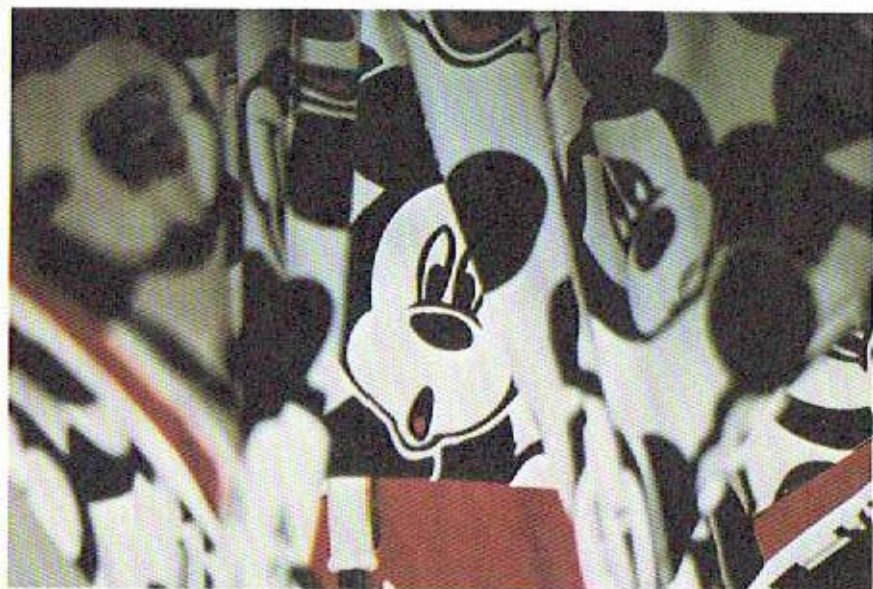
I've been so long
On this plane
this people mover
I've forgotten who I've left
Or who might meet me
After the last warning
Sounds and I stand
A single breath
And a billion neurons
Exploding me back
To the terminal

But for now
I've done my shifting
My begging for peanuts
And My thoughts wander
First to the man
Across the aisle
Over the left wing
Who flies on business
And braves blue-eye contact
From behind the soft-bound
security
Of the newest Grisham.

Then to the makeshift couple
In front, on my side
Who cling white knuckled
On take offs and landings
To a shared fondness
For Spaniels and Spumante.

But never
To the gray-eyed intellect
By the window
Just one seat away
Who is too close
Too cold and self deprived
Shaking off love
In every instant
That nausea lifts.

I know
We both cheat
When we play solitaire.



Mickey
Brandy Hamilton
photograph
6" x 4"



They All Came Up
Treelee MacAnn
color woodcut
20" x 24"

Wyah Bald

Dianna Alsup

We made our way down
The snaky road mountain
Past the sycamore's yellow fans
And the maple's fiery leaves.
Then the trip to Wilson's Lick
To search for orchids in their spring
As the world was dying,
But the clouds that we touched
Began to rain—so we picknicked
In the van on turkey and ham.
Finally the moon replaced the sun
With a clan of clouds at its feet,
While we sat around the campfire
Like primeval men filled
With wonder at the blue flame
That encircled each marshmallow.

Questing

Sarah Loudin

"Oh do not ask
'What is it?'
Let us go and
make our visit."
-T.S. Eliot

Their twin hearts of adventure
are tied by a ribbon of highway.
Their souls are magnetized,
the western horizon is their pole.
Choice is a little thing
and destiny has possession.
Questions break with each sunrise,
answers set each evening
with the sun swallowing
the end of another highway.
They are explorers in a known land
searching for the unknown.
They are errant knights questing
for Emerson's wooden bowl.
Some call them pilgrims
in search of truth.
They know better.
Truth comes unbidden,
all they desire is a destination.



Brown Eyed Susans
Kimberley Boros
watercolor
22" x 30"

A Sappy Look Ahead


Joshua Nakato

Fragments of the present,
falling below the world,
pass and become
the past.

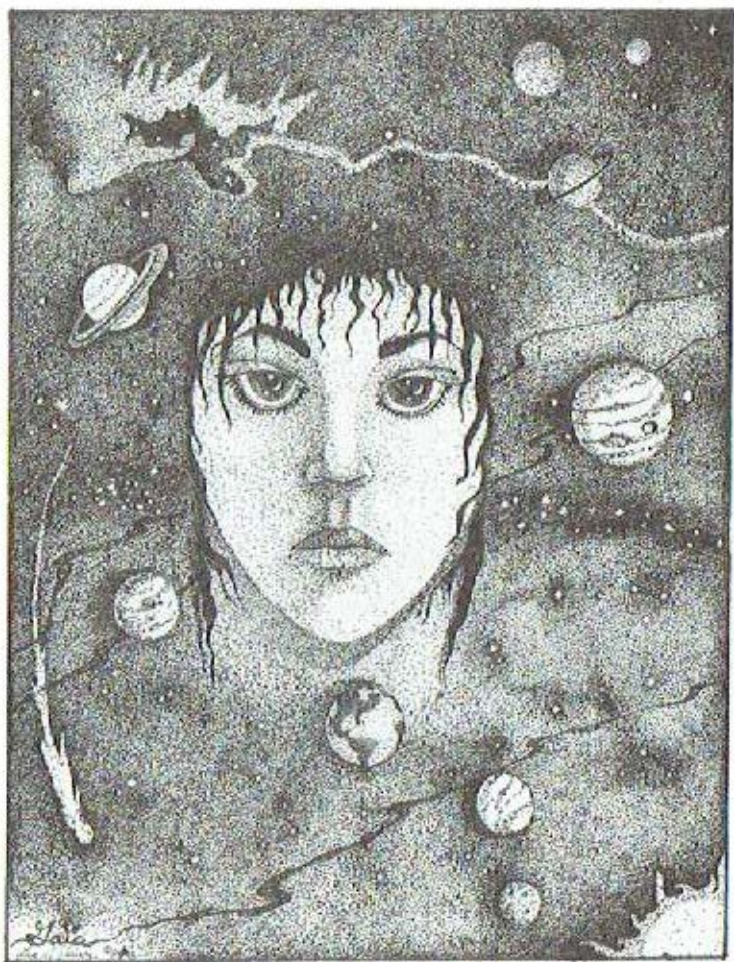
New days are born
to fill the sky
like colors
in a sunrise.

Adonis Usurped

Dianna Alsup



His boy-god grin
Is the only thing
He has to offer.
Hearts drawn
On foggy windows
Leave smudges,
And the bulging
Pulsates of life
Die.



Gaia
Lisa Shriver
ink
8" x 10 1/2"

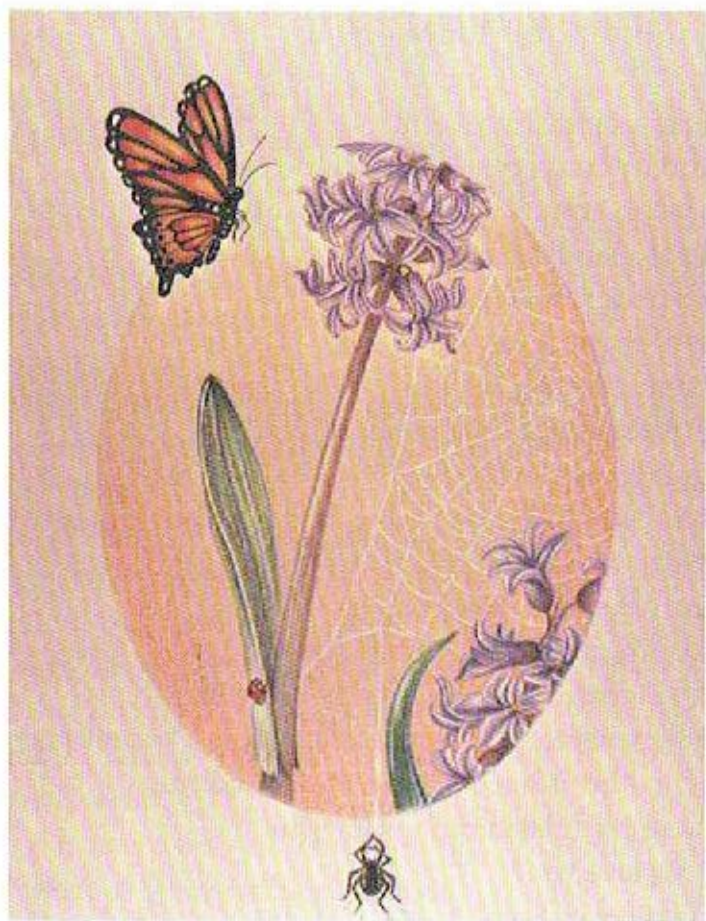


Flower Nymphs #3

Lesley Kalinoski

watercolor

29 1/2" x 21"



Spring
Donna Baruchi
colored pencil
18" x 24"

America Is Naught

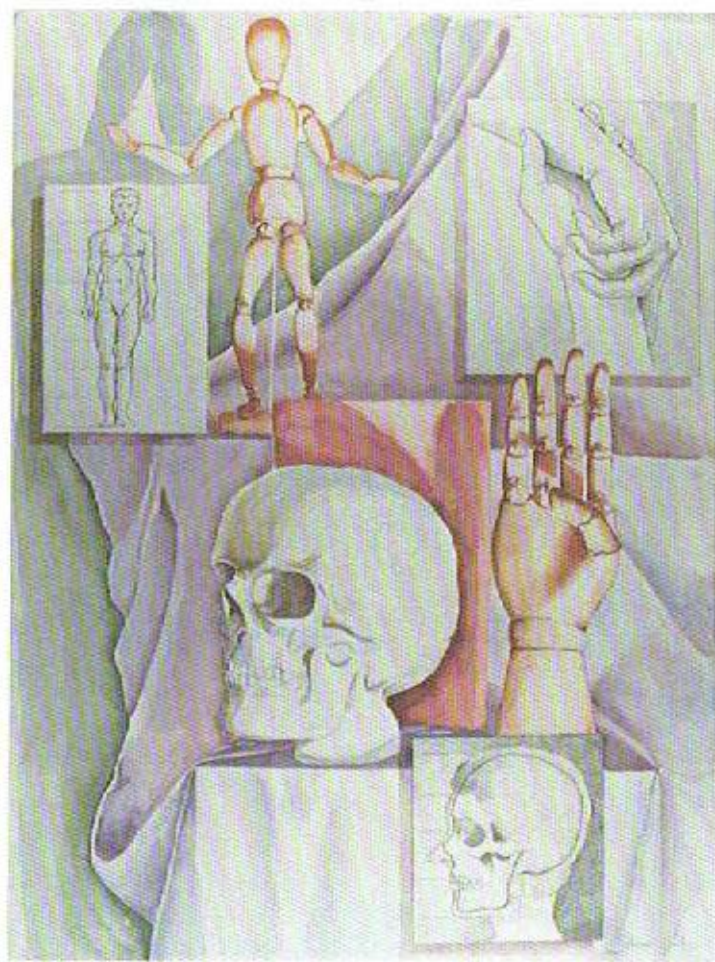
Solomon Moore

My homeland is not a raft
bound by bonds of white trash and slave.
It is not the crest cutting prow of a madman's pursuit.
It is not a land that is your land.
It is not a land that is my land.
It was not made for you or me.
It is not a republic for which a flag stands, burns or falls.
Men do not wear wigs in my land.
Nor grim reaper robes and hammers of Thor.
McDonald's is not fine dining for a family of three point four.
I have never seen a black fist raised like a gun barrel.
I have never seen black bodies
fall, yank, stretch, struggle and stop.
Iron swans did not lay a fire egg in the Pacific.
Rifles are not torches lighting the way to a better tomorrow.
Your mother is not the one who aborted you
because your father did not love her,
did not love you.
You cannot be loved if you smell like Macy's,
if your unsuckled breasts are tucked,
if your wife's windblown hair
doesn't flow like golden rivers through your fingers.
I am not a stranger in a strange land of strangers.
Stranger still is that this is not strange.

Still stranger is that everything is cool--
everything is cool because nothing is uncool
because nothing is important enough to be uncool.
Relax instead of die,
trip instead of dream,
kill instead of lie,
and everything, everything will be cool.
We are not a nation of phantoms.
I have never walked through a wall.
We do not walk through each other,
bury ourselves in concrete or cringe before the sun.
Ted Bundy is not a father figure.
An eagle does not follow his trail by day
and perch on his shoulder by night.
I am not a terrorist or freak
fool or deviant.
I am not a man whose boundaries
kill the scent of wetbacks and convicts.
I do not live in a nightmare, dream or reality.
America is naught! America is naught! America is naught!
Perhaps America will be.



Before the Frenzy
Leigh-Ann Gambrell
photograph
9 1/4" x 6 3/4"



Art Student Studies
Shawn Utley
watercolor
22" x 30"



Iris
Roxanne Clemons
watercolor
19 3/4" X 27"

Furtherings

Sarah Loudin

He is the product
of his grandfather's
most careful labor.
His ancestors worked
the fields, the forests,
and their wives
with equal precision
to the same end.

He is a furthering.

Rooted to the land
he collects bones
of raccoon, opossum,
squirrel, a scavenger of sorts.
He knows the names of trees,
weaves grapevines
into dreamcatchers.

He is a craftsman
of his grandfather's blood,
careful, precise.

He captures his dreams
and buries them
under last year's leaves.
They ferment there,
grow richer,
improve the soil.

He has not yet found
his field to plow,
but he is wild-ready,
remembering where
his future is buried.
When he finds a woman
of the earth's defining
they will raise a hearty
crop.

Like his grandfather,
he is willing to lay by.
He is not one to waste
good seed in fallow soil.

Razor

Eric Rogers

The sun is a brick.

Under,
He trudges across
The expanse of himself.
Pigeon-toed,
Feet bent inward
In cruel imitation.

Over years not seen,
Under burdens never felt
He has turned.
Warped and reshaped,
Flowed.
A furnace fueled by
Molten anger
Smelts him
With fire so cold
It can only burn,
Twist with insane intensity
Until metal is pliable
And scarred beyond use.

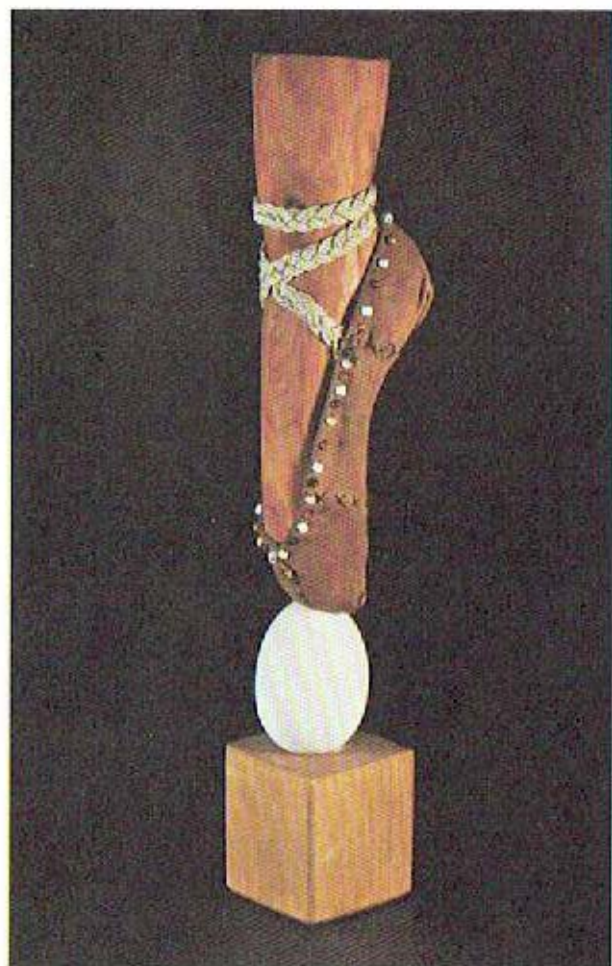
Time.
He has become a hole,
A non-entity curved inward
To razor sharp points.

The companion pain
Becomes a thing turned over
In sweaty hands.
A thing to let the light
Play across,
To occupy idle hands.

Looking outward,
He sees the desolate
Burning waste
And curses himself.
But inward . . .

He sees a reflection,
The grey guilty grin
Of a madman
Darting out of sight
On a cool
Oil slick surface.
He sighs, giggles.

The sun is a brick.



Prima-tive Ballerina

Leigh-Ann Gambrell

wood leather & plaster

3" x 3" x 20"

NOTES

Dianna Alsup, appearing in *Archaios* for the first time, is a senior from Nashville, Tennessee. From New Bern, North Carolina, junior **Carl Anderson** is an art education major. **Donna Baruchi** is a junior from Myrtle Beach majoring in art studio and art education. **Zermah E. (Beth) Black** is a senior from Easley, South Carolina who is majoring in art studio. **Kimberley Boros** is also an art studio major. She is a junior from Taylor, Michigan. An art education major from Valhalla, New York, **Roxanne Clemons** is a junior at Coastal. **Richard Oliver Collin** has a doctorate from Oxford University. He writes novels and teaches politics here at Coastal.

Chris Enter and **Leigh-Ann Gambrell** are both art studio majors. Chris is a junior from Jamestown, North Carolina, while Leigh-Ann is a senior from Lyman, South Carolina. **Brandy Hamilton** is an English major from Akron, Ohio. **Sarah Loudin** is a senior English major from French Creek, West Virginia. **Lynne Mason** is a sophomore majoring in art studio, from Myrtle Beach. **Lesley Kalinoski** is an art studio major from Oak Hill, Ohio. **Treelee MacAnn** is a member of the art faculty at Coastal. She received a M.F.A. in 1978 from Bowling Green State University in Ohio, and now resides in Myrtle Beach.

Solomon Moore is a junior who has lived all over the world and now calls Conway home. From Cincinnati, Ohio, **Joshua A. Nakato** is a sophomore at Coastal. **Paul Olsen** received an M.F.A. from the University of Miami, Florida in 1975, and currently lives in Conway. From Piedmont, South Carolina, **Eric Rogers** is a senior marine science major. **Sandi Shackelford** is an assistant professor of theatre at Coastal. **Lisa Shriver** is a freshman majoring in art studio from Clyde, Ohio. **Shannon Templin** is a sophomore from Philadelphia majoring in English.

Nikola Spechko is an English major who currently lives in Myrtle Beach, but will be leaving for California next year. From West Milford, New Jersey, **Annmarie C. Swart** is a sophomore majoring in art studio. **Shannon Thomas** is a junior from Loris with a double major in art and biology. **Sharon Tully** is a member of the library staff at Coastal and is originally from Queens, New York. **Bjarne Werner** is a sophomore art studio major originally from Malmo, Sweden, and **Shawn Utley** is a senior art studio major from Fort Dodge, Iowa.

AWARDS

Art

First: *Prima-tive Ballerina* by Leigh-Ann Grambrell

Second: *Flower Nymphs #3* by Lesley Kalinoski

Literature

First: *I Dream Blue Mountains* by Eric Rogers

Second: *Wyah Bald* by Dianna Alsup

Archaios is a biannual publication produced by students, published by the Student Media Committee of Coastal Carolina University, and printed by Sheriar Press. *Archaios* is a member of the Associated Collegiate Press. All entries are selected and judged utilizing a blind selection policy. All rights are reserved by the individual contributors. Submissions are accepted from students, faculty, and staff throughout the academic school year. Excluding staff members and those writing under a pen name, only students are eligible for awards. Benefactrices, patronages, and subscriptions are available annually.

CONTRIBUTORS

The Atheneum
The Chanticleer
Steve Hamelman

Please direct all inquiries to: *Archaios*, Coastal Carolina University, P.O. Box 1954, Conway, SC 29526, or call (803) 347-3161, extension 2328. The *Archaios* office is located in the Student Center of Coastal Carolina University, Room 203B.

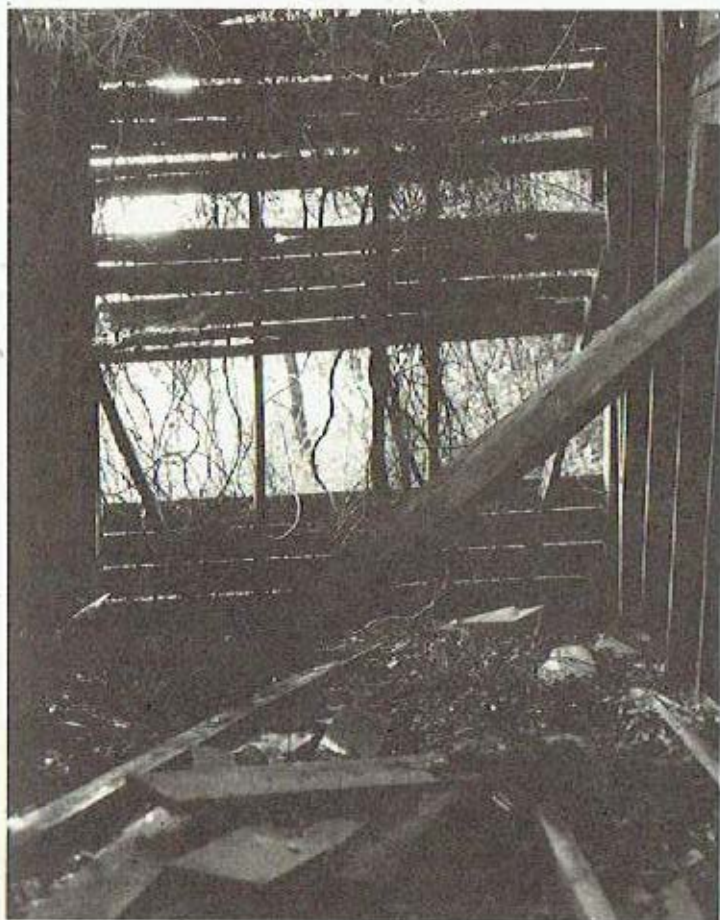
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Horry Cultural Arts Council

AN UMBRELLA ORGANIZATION FOR THE ARTS

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Left Overs
Leigh-Ann Gambrell
photograph
7 1/4" x 9 3/8"

