EDITOR’S NOTE

The Spring 1994 issue of *Arcarium* 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 *Arcarium* 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 Baruch
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
Treenlee 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 Baruch
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 *Archarios* for the first time, is a senior from Nashville, Tennessee. From New Bern, North Carolina, junior Carl Anderson is an art education major. Donna Baruch 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 Valhala, 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

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AN UMBRELLA ORGANIZATION FOR THE ARTS

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