

11-1-1994

## Archarios, 1994 Fall

Office of Student Life

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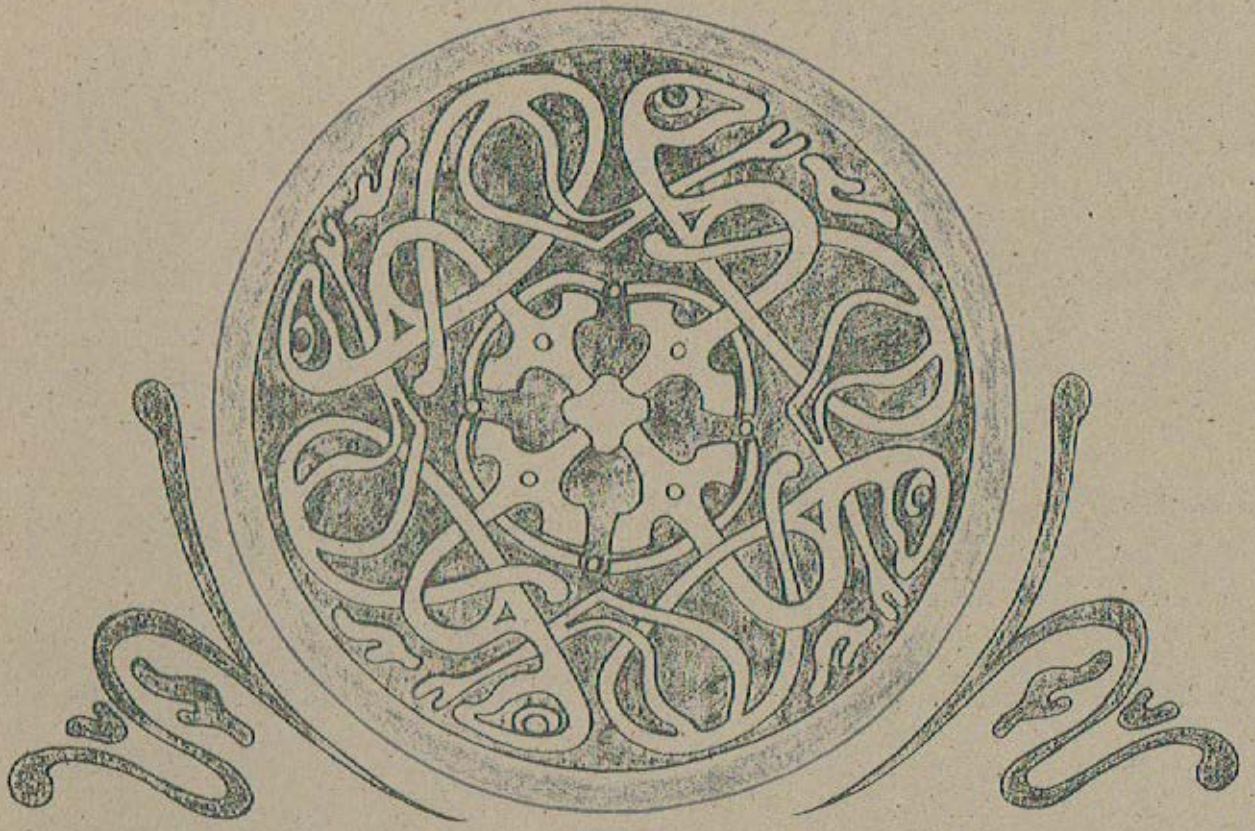
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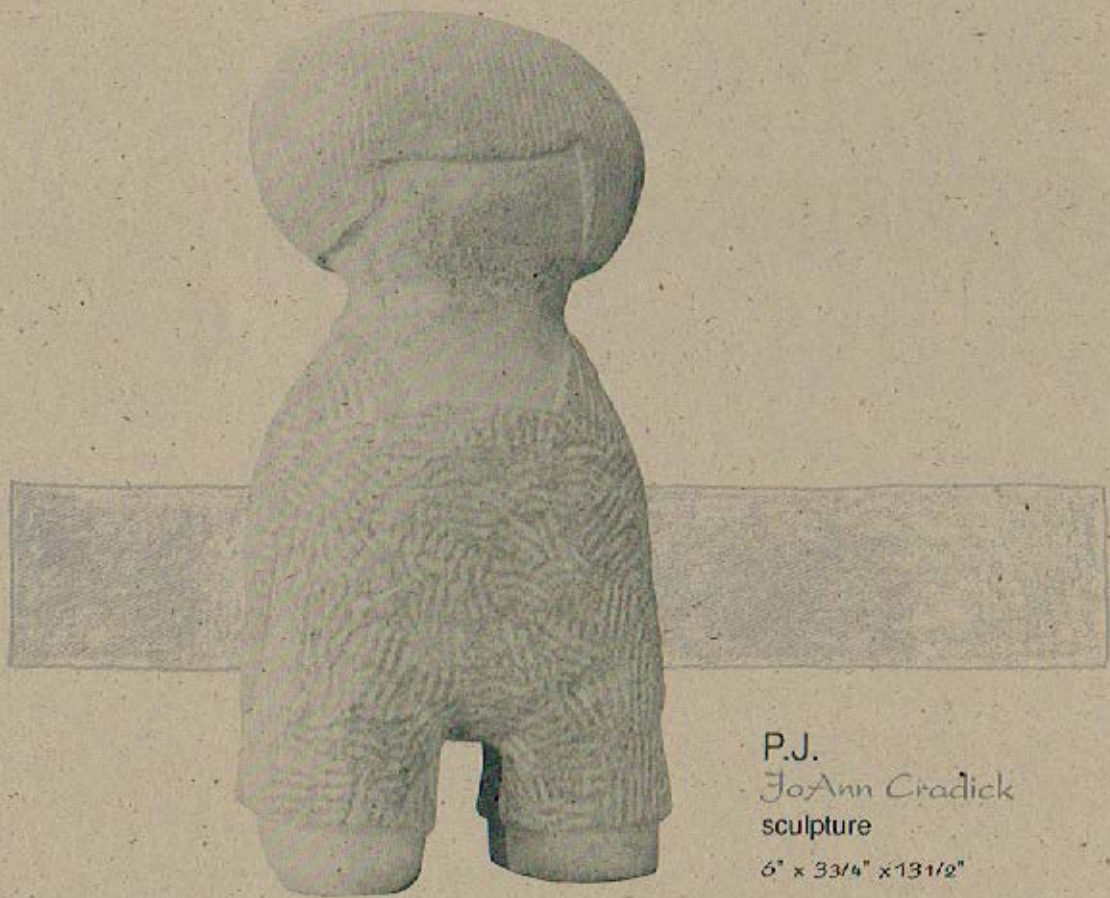
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P.J.  
JoAnn Cradick  
sculpture

6" x 3 3/4" x 13 1/2"



# ARCHARIOS

Literary / Art Magazine

Fall 1994

Coastal Carolina University



The page features a decorative design with several green stars of varying sizes scattered across the top and right sides. A thick, wavy green line curves across the middle of the page, starting from the left and ending on the right. The word "STAFF" is centered at the top in a simple, sans-serif font.

## STAFF

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Shannon Templin  
Art Director . . . . . John Switter  
Assistant Art Director . . . . . Chris Enter  
Staff Photographer . . Shannon Thomas

### Art and Photography

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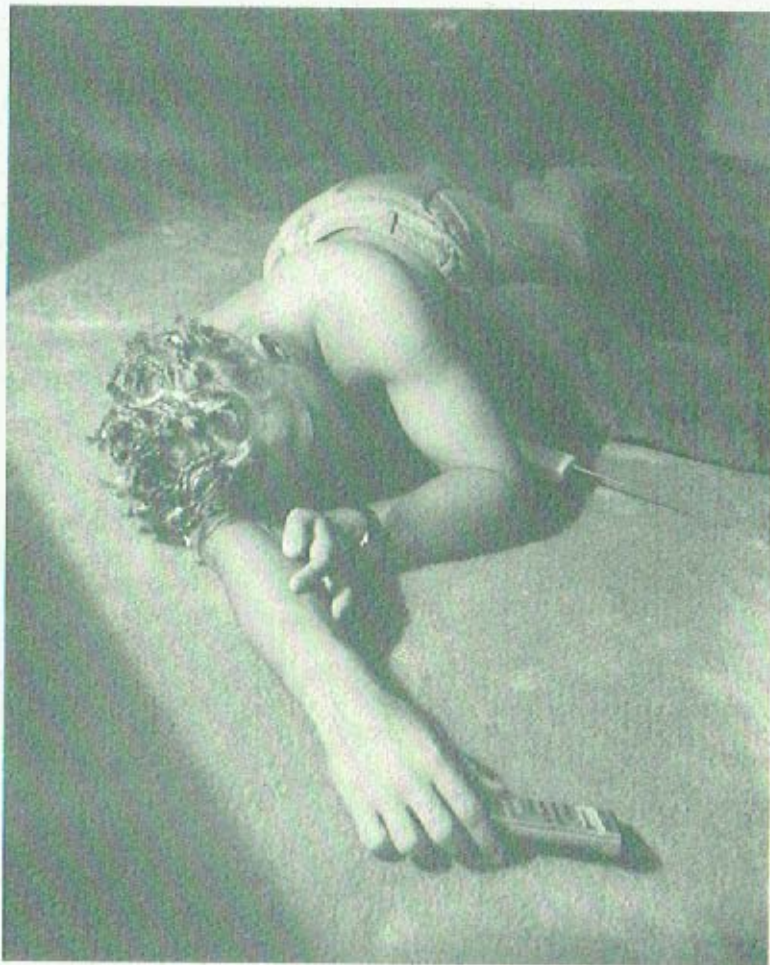
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## Advisor

. . . . . Paul Olsen

## Editorial Board

|                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| . . . . . Dianna Alsup      | . . . . . Emma Pearce     |
| . . . . . Chris Enter       | . . . . . Martha Perry    |
| . . . . . Brandy Hamilton   | . . . . . Paul Rice       |
| . . . . . Elizabeth Keller  | . . . . . John Switter    |
| . . . . . Anne Trainer Monk | . . . . . Shannon Templin |
| . . . . . Paul Olsen        | . . . . . Tammy Thompkins |



Red Weather  
Shannon Thomas  
photograph  
8" x 10"



## As Far As The Eye Can See

*Megan McDonough*

Sun dipped petals  
burst through emerald blades  
and the wind whistles  
as it passes through  
a wildflower parade

Weather beaten fences  
run rampant for miles  
cattle graze in a familiar haze  
and the sheep undisturbed  
never lift their heads

You can see steeples sprinkled  
through an English countryside  
distinguishing a unique and  
quaint town  
Old brick and age defying  
stone have mingled  
for centuries  
to provide for man a home.

From the dullest brown  
to a golden hue  
the lush fields seem to  
be rolling against  
a gray and mysterious  
sky

Windmills turn with each  
breaking dawn, while  
nearby a rippling dance  
is the creation  
of a graceful  
swan

Dew drops glisten on a  
silky curtain  
that is draped from  
a red barn yard  
door  
As far as the eye can see ---  
England and Nature  
are indeed  
the essence of  
beauty and miracles  
becoming one!



Archaeology: Finding a Chert Flake from the Archaic Period,  
the Arcadia Plantation, SC : for Jim Michie

Paul Rice

the world keeps many old thoughts  
beneath dirt,  
but now my trowel tinks on rock —  
chert, an inch across,  
thin, sharp,  
fallen from an ancient human hand.

imagine  
an antler hammer arcing down,  
the crack,  
then this flake,  
this old idea,  
a hieroglyphic word entire,  
split away by careful violence.  
six millenia have held his work  
in the arcane soil.

imagine how land felt the sound,  
sand not yet South Carolina,  
nor any name we know.

chert has a dark voice  
and is become his name  
since all the storms have washed and blown,  
and we've no words to name the man  
or say the hand that struck.

imagine this artifact, old and deep,  
even before Greeks sang  
perfect hymns in marble,  
and caught the universe's moment  
in mosaic floor.

imagine this blade long buried  
before the bush burned, spoke;  
before a fiery Moses  
broke the revelations  
hard against a wilderness.

imagine Egypt, Cheops not yet awash  
in his mother's womb,  
and Giza all flat sand  
awaiting the thrusting pyramids,  
this chert flake  
already eons deep  
beneath the world's skull.

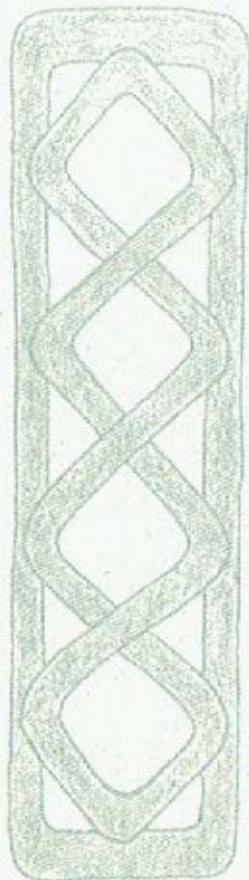
today — the chert shape in fall light.

a rite:

with this blade  
six thousand years sharp  
I cut my arm.  
I color the yellow chert  
with my blood.

listen.

a lost language,  
old and red,  
spoken in tongues of stone!



## Clinton, Tennessee, 1956

*Dale A. Collins*

Stop rocking the car. Stop.  
So be it: We'll go in reverse and leave.  
Just stop.  
Our little girl is crying in the back seat.  
Our little girl is trembling in the back seat; her heart is in her eyes.  
Stop rocking the car. Stop.

Sheriff said to bother only Tennessee cars,  
to let reporters and the like alone.  
Put on a good, genteel face that only goes so far. Don't turn over this car.  
She'll not learn with you, or you, or you.  
She's learned from each the sight of human  
fangs and holy fires and she's a smart girl  
who knows her face would throw the little  
party out of kilter.

She sees, and understands.

Stop rocking the car. Stop.  
Now you all are making us very, very  
angry...



## The Author's Photos

*Jennifer Spicer*

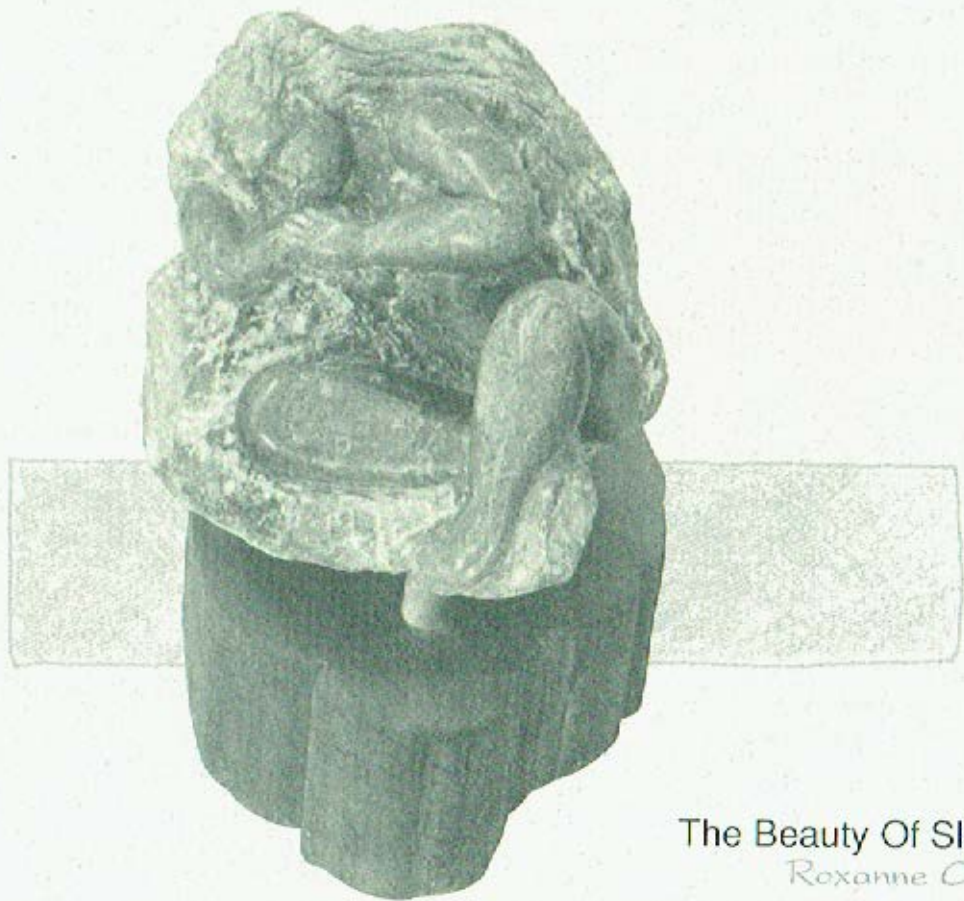
Lonely,  
Pine tree coasts hazy  
through hazy memory.  
Rocky shores misty grey  
through greying misty time.  
Home.

Home,  
Wood smoke rolling from roofs  
under rolling snow skies.  
Skeleton trees reaching  
over reaching skeleton roads.  
Forever.

Forever,  
The river moving  
with turbid moving time.  
Pictures spread on the floor  
spreading pictures of lost days.  
Remember.

Remember,  
Summer night crickets  
singing summer birthdays.  
Laughter in cool fall sun  
under falling laughing leaves.  
Falling.

Falling,  
The long road to here  
smoothed long with dreams of there.  
The river moving is time  
and returns to snowy roofs.  
Lonely.



The Beauty Of Sleeping

Roxanne Clemons

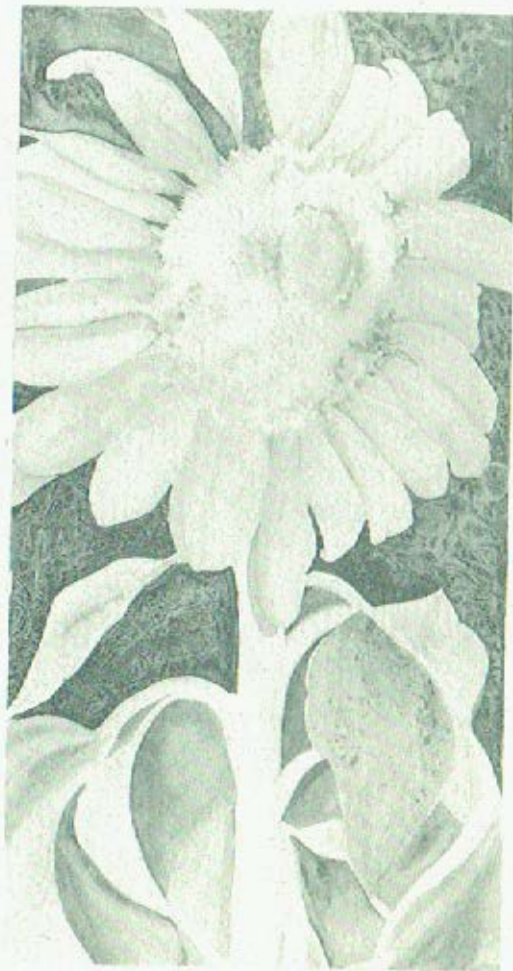
sculpture

7 3/4" x 11 1/2" x 12 1/2"



War Pigs  
Chris Enter  
lithograph  
19 1/2" x 12"





**Lilo's Sunflower**

*Gail Honeycutt*

**watercolor**

**15 1/4" x 29 1/4"**

## The Revival

*Martha Anne Perry*

"I'm a believer,"  
Yells the woman  
In the corner pew  
Wearing the purple floral dress  
And veiled desire.

Pink polish to hide the dirt  
Under her nails  
As she speaks of Jesus.

As she gets on her knees,  
Her red garters grow tight,  
But she likes the elastic  
Against her flesh.

A grey curl falls upon her lips,  
Flirting with her teeth  
As her skin grows oily.

In a climactic rapture,  
She hollers, kicks,  
And speaks tongues.

And when it is over,  
She licks her black tears,  
Straightens her hem,  
And is ready to begin again.

Amen!

Jill  
Shannon Thomas  
photograph  
7" x 9"





## Asleep at Chimney Rock

*Dianna Alsup*

We left the fire burning  
That October night  
As we packaged ourselves  
In sleeping bags  
Weary eyed and bodied.  
It seemed strange  
How firelight  
Sent images  
That flicker  
On tent silk.  
Those erratic dances  
Of shadows  
Make gruesome  
Lullabies.

## I Need an Edge

*Dianna Alsup*

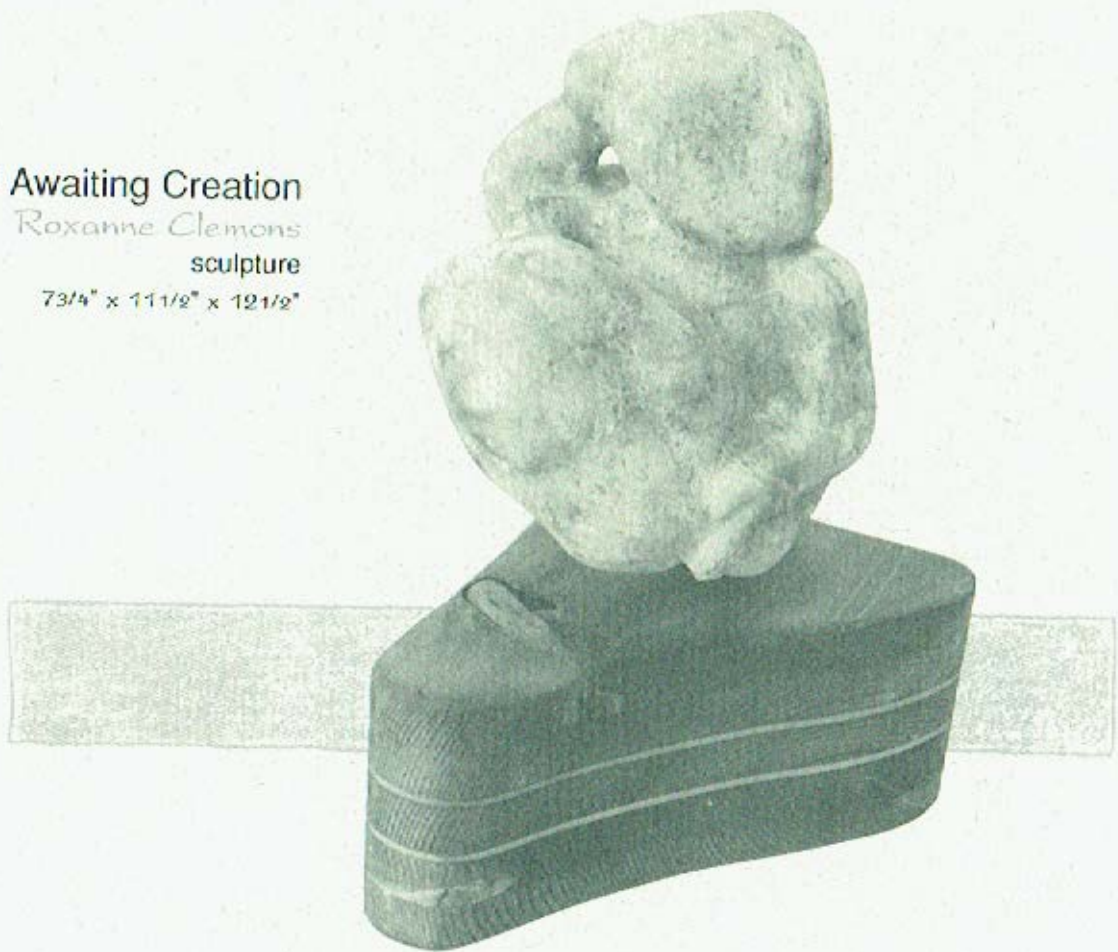
Raw, jagged steel  
Cold and hard  
Mean with temper  
Just enough  
To dismiss  
The elder  
On my doorstep  
Selling religion.

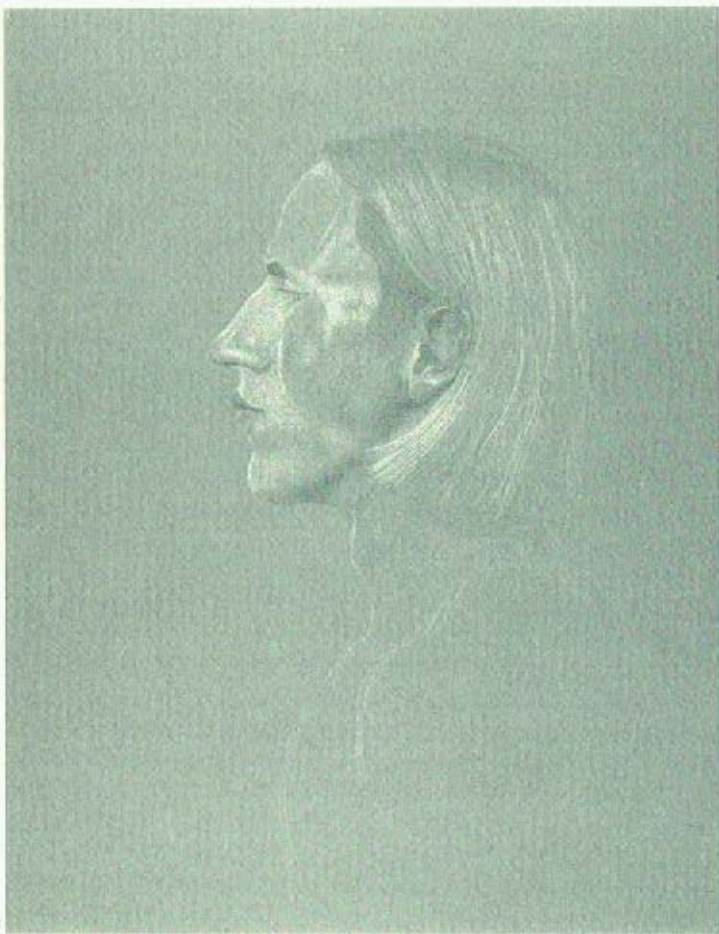
A Soul Awaiting Creation

Roxanne Clemons

sculpture

7 3/4" x 11 1/2" x 12 1/2"





Sherbet Brian

*Chris Enter*  
colored pencil

19 1/2" x 25 1/2"



## Listen

*Jennifer Spicer*

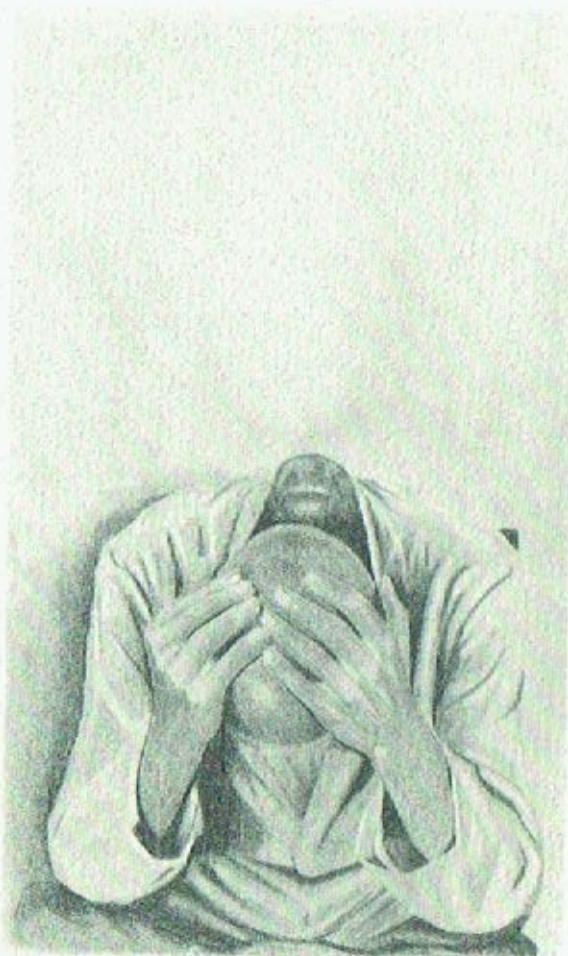
Hidden passion, secret lies,  
Silent voice, averted eyes.

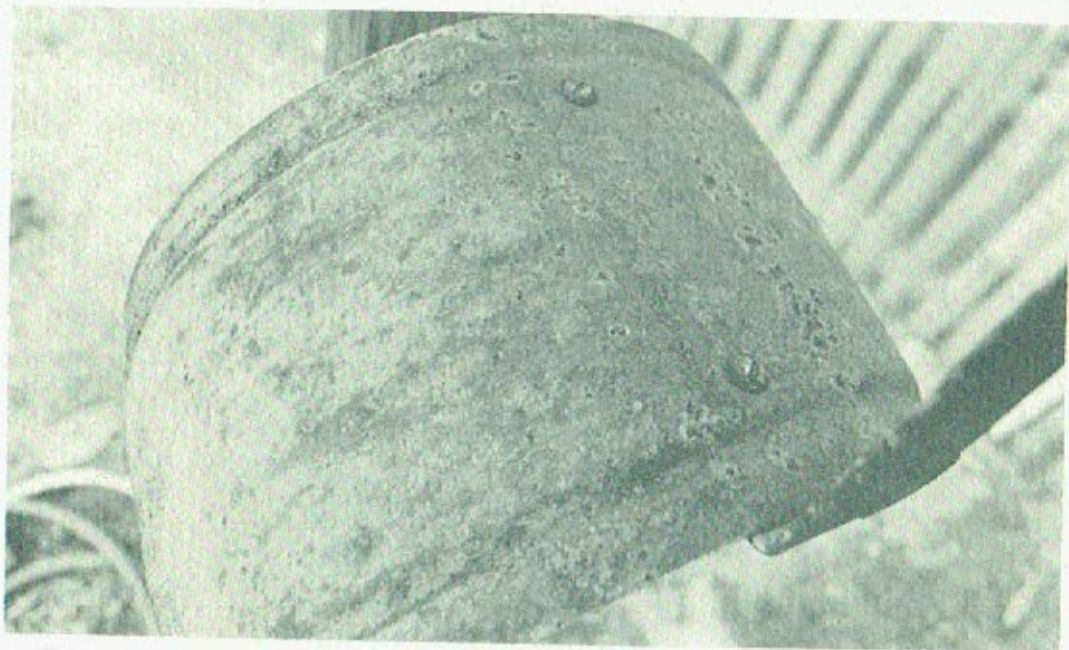
It was a life of winter,  
Heart's river groaned with ice.  
Crystal cut image cleanly stood,  
The faithful, the sure, the good,  
but furious soul the price.

Quiet tears were for the night,  
Muffled slips of steep sadness,  
Into groans of love were grooved.  
The heart seeks truth, but is moved  
always by lust and madness.

Silent voice, averted eyes,  
Closed windows, closed lips, but not  
A spirit blank or so cold  
To deny when truth is told,  
then hidden until forgot.

Untitled  
Bjarne Werner  
colored pencil  
8 3/4" x 15"



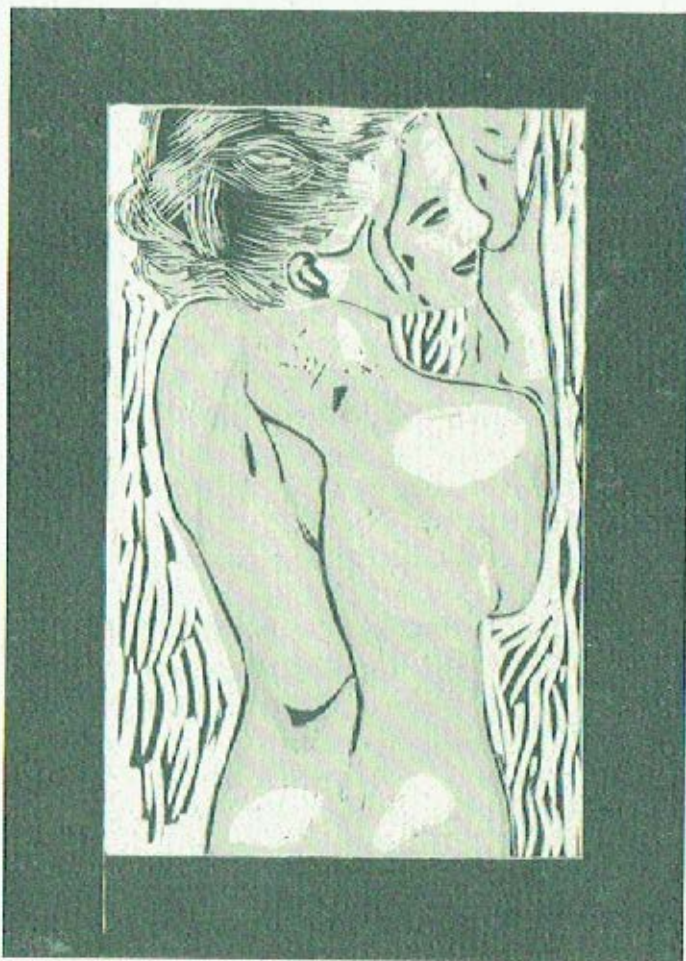


Garden Hose Holder

Jason Vail  
photograph

7 3/4" x 4 3/4"





Michele

Bruce E. Wrighter

print

10" x 14"

## Sunset Decree

*Jason Jones*

We'll retire over there.

Over the shattered hills  
and stifled trees of banished land.

We'll sleep soft  
in the lazy streams of valued whispers.

We'll tame the ears  
of the village children, and show them the way west.

We'll secretly pray  
for the best to survive.

As we see them off,  
our last encouragements rain on these words:

So on you go,  
and on your way.

Bear no turn of the head.

For now you will  
embrace a new beginning.

Shed your morals with substitute experience,  
and dismiss your regret to the late side of evening.

## Primitive Trail, North Carolina

*Dianna Alsup*

Stony images, cragged  
Like the face of Ol' Scratch,  
Poke jagged rock into the sky.  
Fetterbush mingles with Poison Ivy  
To create a dangerous beauty.

Blackgums hang on to cliffs  
As their roots dig in  
Feeding on dirt,  
Which is the thing  
Of basic existence.

Life seems richer here.  
Darker colors of branches  
Highlighted by rain  
Become battlegrounds  
For squirrels.

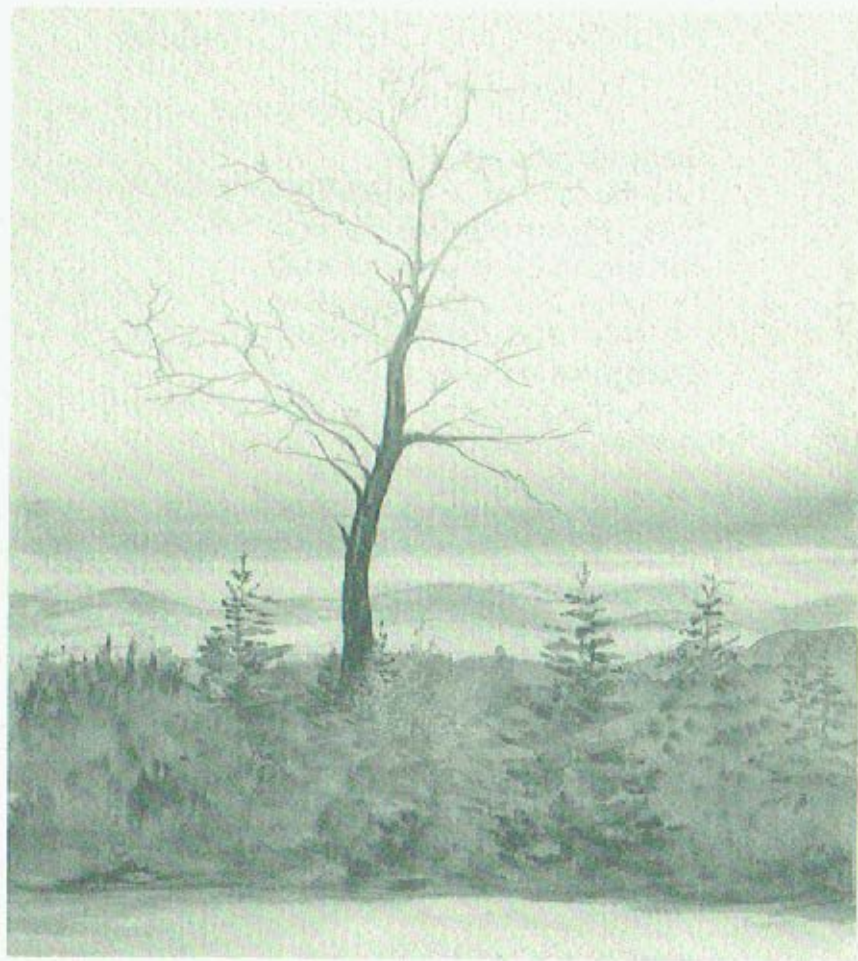
People always look for truth  
Inside mountains,  
As if carved up stone  
Holds wisdom.

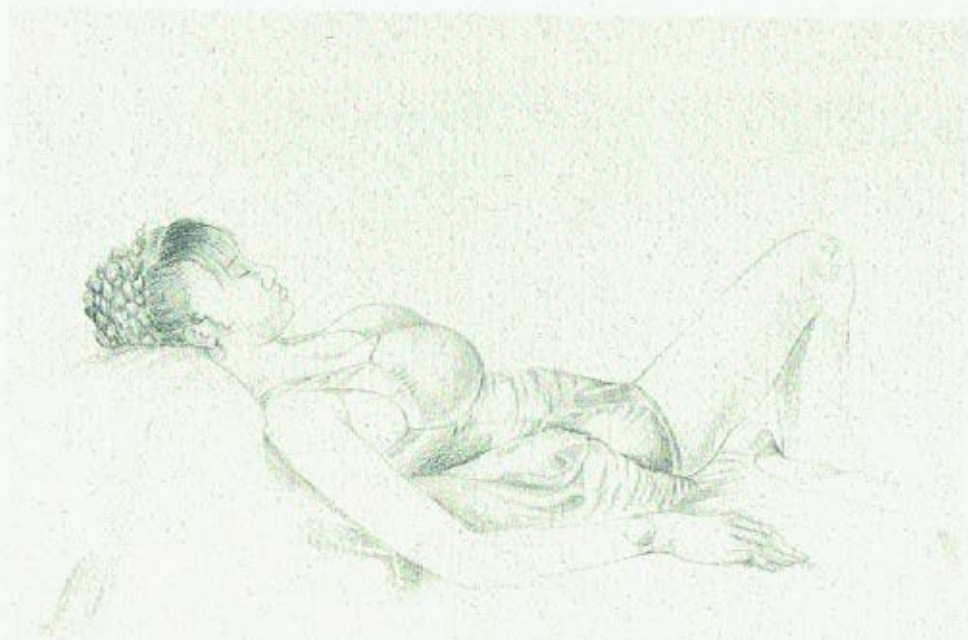


Misty Mountain  
Morning

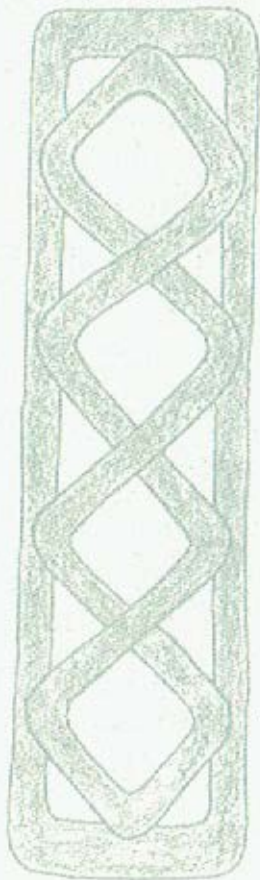
Gail Honeycutt  
watercolor

21" x 23 1/2"





Untitled  
Donna Baruchi  
charcoal  
8" x 10"



## Doubt

*Ryan R. Shelley*

Soul you find,  
but mind you keep.

Say a prayer,  
before you sleep.

I'm in doubt.  
Can't you tell?

Promise me,  
it won't be Hell.

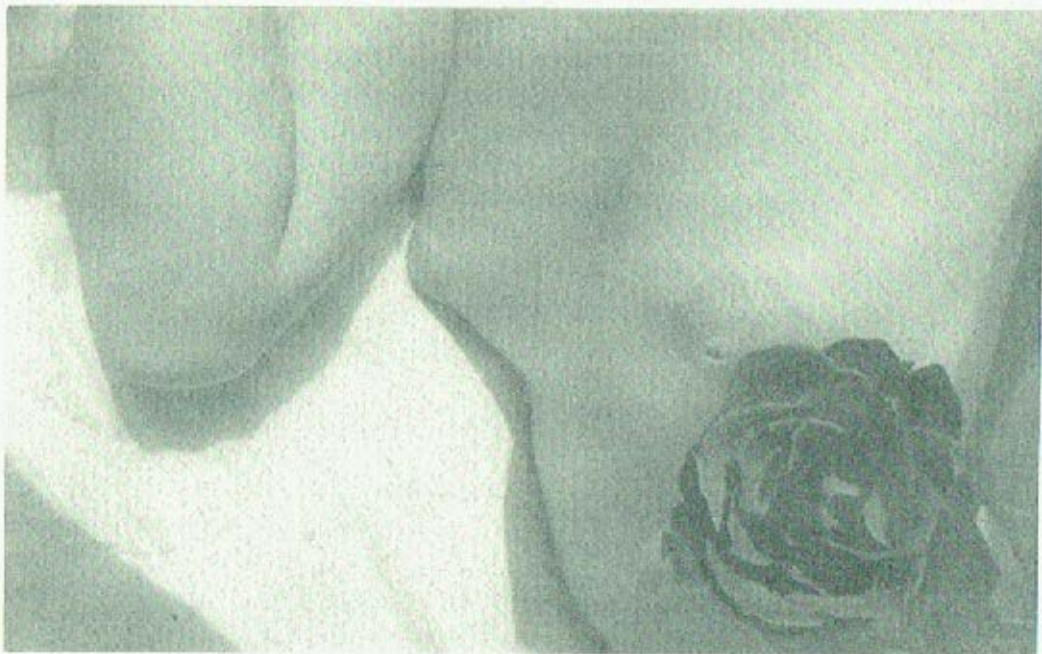
Sing a song,  
hide the truth.

Make them think,  
you love your youth.

You may find,  
before you wake.

You haven't any,  
soul to take.





Exgirlfriend's Chest with Rose

Jason Vail  
photograph

10 1/2" x 6 1/2"

Sumter 1948

*Carolyn Cox*

A tall street lamp casts a golden glow  
and invites me to the town of my childhood.  
I smell the magnolias in Miss Maude's front yard  
and hear the town clock chime the hour.

Across the street is the Co-Cola plant.  
The glass bottles chatter and boogie along  
like high steppers at a Mardi Gras parade;  
they tip their shiny new caps and wink at me  
through the big window.

Around the corner little dark skinned peddlers  
draw me into their song:  
"Fresh, salty-boiled peanuts, 5 cent a bag!"

There's Mr. Bradford's ice cream parlor and the Carolina picture show.

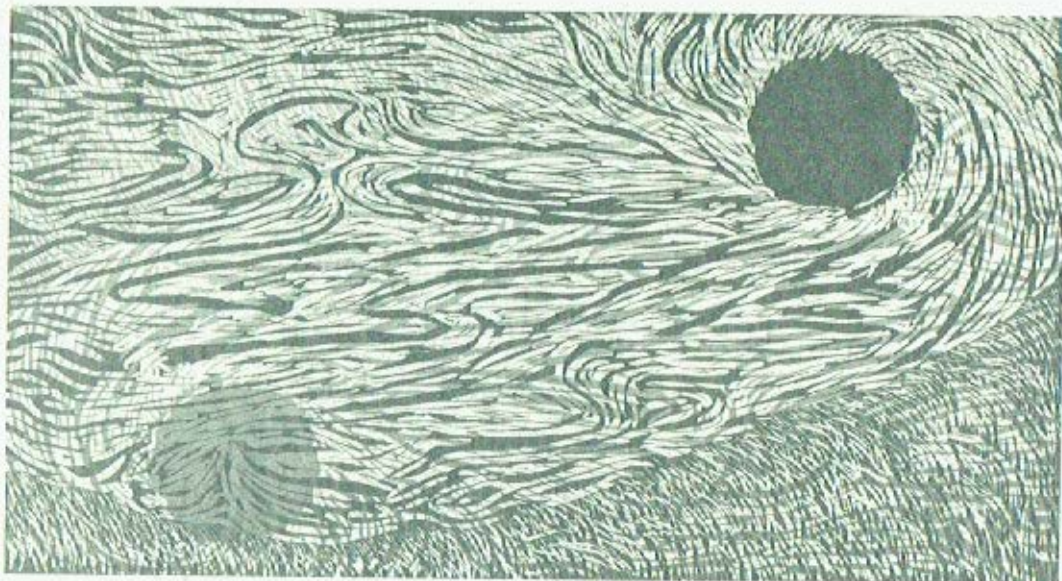
I giggle when I get to McLellan's  
The smells of nail polish, Tangee lipstick, and Evening in Paris  
call me inside.  
I skip up and down the aisles and dream of growing up.

All of a sudden I am so thirsty...  
How good the water tastes, so clean and fresh...

Oh...

Was anybody looking? Was I too thirsty to read?

Please don't tell my mama.  
She'd be so embarrassed.



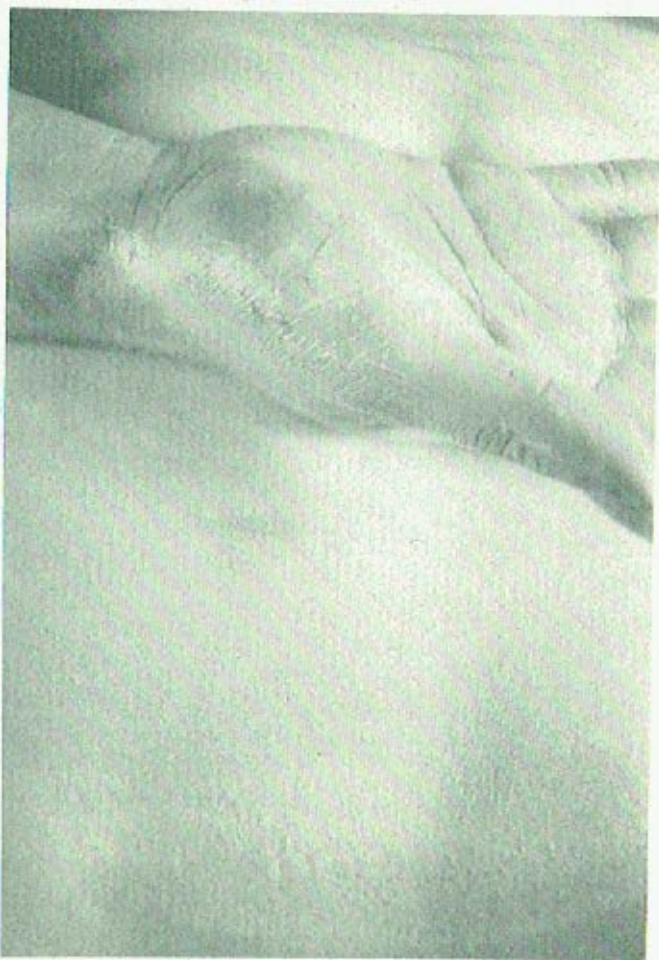
Mystral  
Byron Carle  
print  
22" x 12"



Blue Hand on Blue Body

Jason Vail  
photograph

5 1/2" x 8"





Destiny  
Donna Baruchi  
watercolor  
15" x 22"



Chelle  
Zermah E. "Beth" Black  
print  
18" x 15"



## Broken Ridge

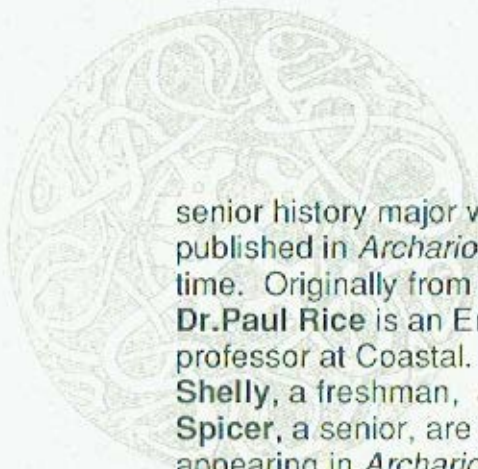
Sharon Tully

I stand here looking down from Broken Ridge,  
such a fragile ledge,  
trickle of powdered pebbles,  
feet planted tightly,  
tire marks,  
too close to the edge

Things are still here on Broken Ridge,  
trees point leafless limbs to the sky,  
or slump bare shoulders to cry,  
I want to run, embrace them with a scream,  
dig dead bark down to the green

I see the past here on Broken Ridge,  
memories bolting upward from below,  
a dark closet, a little girl in bows,  
rags stuffed into holes,  
a cigarette's fierce glow,  
I catch them, hold them close,  
then let them go

Soon I'll descend from Broken Ridge,  
leave the child sleeping, encased in care,  
with legs shaking, feel for niches in the stone,  
finding perfect footholds,  
I never knew were there



senior history major who is being published in *Archarios* for the first time. Originally from Georgia, **Dr. Paul Rice** is an English professor at Coastal. **Ryan Shelly**, a freshman, and **Jennifer Spicer**, a senior, are both appearing in *Archarios* for the first time. **John Switter**, a senior majoring in art studio, is originally from Long Island, New York. **Shannon Templin** is a junior majoring in English from Thornton, Pennsylvania.

From Loris, **Shannon Thomas** is a senior majoring in art and biology. **Tammy Thompkins** is a Freshman majoring in art studio from Conway. **Sharon Tully**, originally from Queens, New York, is a member of the library staff at Coastal. **Jason Vail** is a senior majoring in theater. Originally from Malmoe, Sweden, **Bjarne Werner** is a sophomore art major. **Bruce E. Wrighter** is a senior majoring in art studio from Binghamton, New York.

*Archarios* is a biannual publication produced by students, published by the Student Media Committee of Coastal Carolina University, and printed by Sheriar Press. *Archarios* 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. Please direct all inquiries to *Archarios*, Coastal Carolina University, P.O. Box 1954, Conway, SC 29526, or call (803) 347-3161, extension 2328. The *Archarios* office is located in the Student Center of Coastal Carolina University, Room 203B.

*Archarios* is printed at a cost of \$3,500.00 for 1,000, or \$3.50 a copy.

## AWARDS

### Art

First . . . . . *The Beauty of Sleeping* by Roxanne Clemons  
Second . . . *Destiny* by Donna Baruchi

### Literature

First . . . . . *The Revival* by Martha Anne Perry  
Second . . . *Listen* by Jennifer Spicer

### Editors Note . . . .

I would just like to thank everyone who had a hand in creating this issue of *Archarios*. I am especially thankful that I was able to work with such brave and creative people, and I am proud of the fresh new look the magazine achieved.





Untitled

Bjarne Werner  
colored pencil

7 1/4" x 17"

