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STAFF

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

Art and Photography

Donna Baruchii .......... Untitled - 23,
                      Destiny - 29
Zermah E. "Beth" Black .. Chelle - 30
Byron Carle ............... Mystral - 27
Roxanne Clemons ......... The Beauty of Sleeping - 8,
                        A Soul Awaiting Creation - 14
JoAnn Cradick ........... P.J. - Inside front cover
Chris Enter ............... War Pigs - 9,
                        Sherbet Brian - 15
Gail Honeycutt .......... Lilo's Sunflower - 10,
                        Misty Mountain Morning - 22
Shannon Thomas .......... Red Weather - 2,
                        Jill - 12
Jason Vail ............... Garden Hose Hanger - 18,
                        Exgirlfriend's Chest with Rose - 25,
                        Blue Hand on Blue Back - 28
Bjarne Werner .......... Untitled - 17,
                      Untitled - Inside back cover
Bruce E. Wrighter ....... Michele - 19
Dianna Alsup ........ I Need an Edge - 13,
Asleep at Chimney Rock - 13,
Primitive Trail, North Carolina - 21
Dale A. Collins ....... Clinton, Tennessee, 1956 - 6
Carolyn Cox .......... Sumter 1948 - 26
Jason Jones .......... Sunset Decree - 20
Megan McDonough .... As Far as the Eye Can See - 3
Martha Anne Perry ... The Revival - 11
Paul Rice ............ Archaeology: Finding a Chert Flake from the
                     Archaic Period, the Arcadia Plantation, SC - 4
Jennifer Spicer ...... The Author's Photos - 7,
                     Listen - 16
Ryan R. Shelley ...... Doubt - 24
Sharon Tully .......... Broken Ridge - 31

Advisor
. . . . . . . Paul Olsen

Editorial Board
. . . . . . . Dianna Alsup  . . . . . . . Emma Pearce
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. . . . . . . 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 steeple 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
doors
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...
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
73/4" x 111/2" x 121/2"
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
73/4" x 111/2" x 121/2"
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
83/4" x 15"
Garden Hose Holder

Jason Vail
photograph
73/4" x 43/4"
Michele
Bruce E. Wrighter
print
10" x 14"
Sunset Decree

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 231/2"
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"
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"
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.

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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"