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Archarios, 1998 Spring

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archarios (ἀρχηγός), n. [Gr., fr. Gr. ἀρχή beginning + L. -arius.]
Eastern Ch. A novice in a monastic community.
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Daphne Stephens

Behind the Waterfall ● acrylic on canvas
Pick Me

I want to brighten
this dull world
and this tabletop.
Pick me.

I can make a streak
of happiness and joy
in this hopeless time.
Pick me.

The vivid color courses
through my veins,
through the black and white
picture show of life.
Pick me.

 Forget-Me-Not
for I am a flower
of hope.
Pick me.
I Don't Float
for Jason

Jake and Steve
and the red sled
were wise men huddled
where the stream
slipped through snow
and the silver culvert
under the road.

"A Tunnel of Love,
a Passage to Paradise,"
they advertised,
passing the sled-boat
to my mittened, eager
five year old fingers
stretching from the depths
of a pink snow suit...

Which I found
was not waterproof.
Frogs & ceramics & fabric
Somewhere In Between  wood, metal & stone
You Kathy

You who skidded Mary Janed
Towards Deadman's Curve unafraid
You who swung over the cliff
On wrist-thick grapevines
Defying the Fates themselves.

You say I wish I'd known you
When you were young
And pretty and had not the scars
You carry now. You wish
That you were still unafraid
Of sad loneliness.

I wish I had known that little
Long-limbed girl,
With that teased-about red hair.
Who would dare those dark woods.
But don't I wish that you had known
That blonde boy playing on that serene beach.

You have had other darker woods to enter.
And the sea has covered my beach with torrents.
Let me take your hand: walk early one winter morn
With me: feel the cold wind in your face:
Feel the determination it gives me:
Be granted that wonderful soft gift of trust.
Kayla • polaroid transfer
Stepping Stones  linocut
Trees

The roots inhale,
drawing the warm quilt earth
close,
extracting juice
to send up twisted tubes
slowly becoming the heart.

The leaves inhale,
attracting the attention
of a worn indifferent sun,
extracting energy
to send down twisted tubes
slowly becoming the bark.

Trees stretch across the horizon
like a zipper
binding ground to sky.
Untitled • plaster & wood
Jésus • wood & glass
Abused

she pleads
with inverted bulls-eyes,
while paper hands
send trails of
cigarette smoke to slice
the silence between us.

she waits
for her bruises
to fade each time
she rebounds, and
she takes comfort in
the prophylactic word:
“love.”

still, the diagnosis
of her pathosis
endures as:
“fear.”
Master Copy Wine Flagon, Response Chalices • ceramics
Web

The evil eight-legged villaness weaves the intricate weapon that anticipates her next meal.

As she holds a silent vigil over her masterpiece, a frantic and helpless creamy white moth screeches a soundless cry for freedom.

Delicate blood soaked silk remains.
Moonscape In Black • spray paint
Wave Jump  wood & soapstone
Just A Dream

On a stage
I dance with energy and joy.
With my arms
held high causing me to turn
I move across the vast darkness.

One light shines
following my every movement.
My legs lift me upward
as I leap into space
around me.

With my heart racing
the blood pounding in my veins,
my legs and arms aching from
their attempts to fully express my love,
I dance this dance for you.

Only you watch me for this is my
gift to you.
This is my expression of all the
emotions within me.
Just to dance.
It's All About The Benjamins…
and Homemade Ice Cream

Perhaps the formation of our desks, a semi-circle facing the professor who humbled herself front and center, served its purpose. As the assignment was given that particular afternoon, I could not help but notice that we all responded with the same anxious expression on our faces. Chairs squeaked as people shifted their weight legitimizing the plastic butt mold in their seats and a tidal wave of deep breaths washed over the classroom, taking with it every last precaution. It was apparent we all felt the need to relieve our tensions in a ten minute session of ranting and raving. It was as if someone had grasped us each by the shoulders and reasoned, “This foolish lady has just invited you and your deranged brain to ventilate all of your frustrations at her expense of time.” I discovered a connection with my classmates that I never knew existed until that day. It seems so obvious now that I wonder how I could have missed it. We differ in color, style, voice, and morals but, for the time being, we all end up in the same boat: the boat with the big ass hole in it. My jumbled thoughts fell out of my mind like a box of scrabble and the words came together like magic.

“College Life.” Most of us range from the ages of 18-25. We struggle to find a balance between waitressing at a late night bar, going home to our rented apartments where the windows never seem to work, eating ketchup sandwiches for a week because we could not afford to buy bologna, making sure to visit the laundromat before 7:00 p.m. (so as to avoid the guy who keeps eyeing our clothes tumbling innocently in the dryer), endless cups of coffee to keep us going so that we may turn in our MLA documented papers on time, cram for the inevitably failed Spanish midterm and prepare for a ten minute speech on why Bachelor Button seeds do not grow well with Cauliflower. Now how many hours did they say to put in for every hour of class?

Contrary to what you may believe, this is not a whining session. All I want to know is: why? To graduate, to get a job, make lots of money, drive nice cars, eat good food, buy a nice house, raise a happy family and then ultimately to die having lived a fulfilling life. Let’s not get too philosophical here but what do we consider as fulfillment? Happiness? Success? Love? I’m finding that all of life’s goals lead to the one thing that pleases the human soul, hence; pleasure seems to be the answer. And it makes sense.

“Innocence.” My sister cannonballed into the waterloo and I jumped in after her causing a huge splash, my nose plugged and my eyes shut tight. Underwater, I
could hear the muffled shouts of laughter as my sister and the neighborhood kids splashed around. We had discovered this secret well weeks ago after following the creek in my best friend Erika's backyard further than our parents would liked to have known. I could feel the sun awaiting my return to the water's surface so I burst up into the air throwing my arms out as far as they could reach. It was summertime in Athens, Pennsylvania, and we felt like the luckiest kids alive. As refugees from Vietnam, my parents were more than grateful for the chance they were given to create a better life for their children as well as for themselves. Having no belongings but a single suitcase of clothes and five dollars in our possession my family stayed with close relatives for the first couple of months. My father, being a determined man, worked very hard and it paid off. We moved into our first home, a black and white trailer somewhere out in the mountains. It was not primarily the creek and water well that made this neighborhood unique. Somedays, we'd set out on a journey across what we called "the rock field." And it was just that, a field in which there were rocks for as far as you could see. Along the edge of the field, where the forest began, there grew bushel after bushel of blackberries. We would pick the sun warmed fruit and eat it right off the vines. Then, unsuccessfully licking away the stained stickiness it left on our fingers and palms, we would return home with fuschia hands. Other days, we'd walk to Papa Jacks, a convenience store slash barn, and enjoy fresh scoops of homemade ice cream while watching the cows in their wooden stalls swat away at the flies with their floppy ears. The details of these memories have been so well preserved over the years that I wonder if I somehow returned to Athens as an adult and had just forgotten about the entire trip. But that's impossible... I don't have the time or the money. Every now and then I look back and find myself dreaming of being that seven year old, carefree spirit once again. Hell, I'd be happy if I could eat a scoop of ice cream in peace without wondering where on my body the chocolate chip cookie dough will decide to remind me of its brief existence in my hands.

My parents now live comfortably in Richmond, Virginia. They don't have to worry about where their next meal is coming from or if their kids have a roof over their heads. They've spent their lives working hard to ensure these things would always be taken care of. My sisters and I have each moved away to find our own identities and begin our own lives and now, it's their time to enjoy what they have accomplished as parents, as part of society.

You cannot get past it. Education is the key to every door you will ever want to open. For those who deny this will find that, in the end, it was always the sweetness of pure pleasure that we strived to obtain and hold onto. If not for ourselves, for the next generation, so that they may also feel the bliss of pleasure: the goal of life.
Wonder  colored pencil
To Draw A Tree

With my Pentech #2, I tackle my job
to draw a tree
My line drags across the paper,
a trunk knarled, knotted discovered
underneath this white sheet of clean
Charcoal, to use it hurts my teeth.
Such thick black marks,
sticky with the color.
It smears on my paper,
it smears on my hands.

Now it's on my face.
How I would love to fill in these lines.
You know, I could.
I could start with my arms.
Rub it into my skin.

Yes, all over my face, neck.
Then they would see me.
This Black/White Jewish girl.
And I would sing.
Sing Jazz.

"Ella and Billy are smiling on her,"
they would say.
Then I would be judged from the inside out.
My voice before my skin,
hidden underneath all this white,
growing, like my tree.
Art Immortal

Art kills, and what is now
gone, never was anymore than
Dresden misery and mysteries of how
where, why, and when

the nuances of day shifted
the sun raced across
vast emptiness and slipped
behind nothingness, never lost.

anyhow. Write it down silly, clip that
vein, it's all the same
twisting and grinding except
ink lasts while blood fades

away and far, like the skin
slipped and scarred with dreams forgotten
underneath wants chastised again
by Kant's infinite rotten,

quaint idea of the big and wide,
unexamined by senses, for
reason is pure when applied
to hemlock served but little more

than two thousand years ago.
Slowly thinking, he drank the cup while
the student wrote apologies, to show
be sure, that Lyceum pride

would burn hot and pure, like Mississippi crosses
in summer drought. But forgetting that
knowledge is deadly, and counting losses
only amounts to redundant dead, dead, dead.
Adnana Čatić

Senior, Art Studio

Vases + ceramics
The Rich Man's Wife

an aloof camel
draped in black sits—
her long neck stretches
toward the ceiling,
and jaw, a plump finger,
points at me.

cosmetics and wealth
mask her nature—
her hump has been
surgically removed,

yet, her dress doesn't quite hide
her bulbous knees
or her hoofs,
and gum rolls
between her large teeth
like cactus cud, while
she sucks down
three glasses of water
with no where for them
to be stored.

it is an impressive illusion.
maybe now she will be called
a pedigree by some...

me, I still see a camel.
Perfect Container

No door opens
this treasure trove.
No key may unlock
the secret it hides.

Strong as nails
yet it will shatter within
a tight grip.

White as a blanket
of fresh snow,

but not as innocent.
The Tear

Torture
Innocently Immeasurable
In hypnotic minute hands
When endurance is irresolutely surpassed

Blindly unforgiving
Of gripping memory
When togetherness has been broken

Tear me in half
And put me back
Together
Because
Completeness is excessively known

Separated Contemplation
Simultaneously holding
Two Contradictory thoughts...

One of simplicity and truth
Smiles and silly games
Running wild
And when she's gone, missing her...

The other of profound discovery and time
Emerging into my Growth
Yet
Suffering
And trying to conquer

Never the less, still
Throbbing Inside
Although physically excised

Sight through the window
And I yearn
Tension between patience and desire
Torturously and merciless
Surviving the tear.
With A Mother’s Love  • colored pencil
What Do You Think?  marker
The Greenest Place I've Never Seen*

They told you to stand in the pasture
With the cows.
It's good luck they said, your older sisters.
There you are frozen there at fifty-five,
A year younger than I now.
With that I-don't-want-to-be-here look.

The cows are unconcerned;
Your sisters are smiling at you:
They are happy to be home but
This is not your country.
You grew up in the city a city girl:
What do you care about
The green of the mountains, the icy lakes?

The old cottage holds no fascination for you
But your sisters needed someone to show, to say
This is the room where we and Momma slept
And Harry and William slept there
And you remember, don't you Helen, Momma always
Sat there by the window in the morning
To do her mending, and then Mary's voice would trail off.

There you are, Mother, in the pasture
With that I-don't-want-to-be-here look.

*a line from Marianne Moore's "Spenser's Ireland"
Seal • wood & soapstone
Condo Key

"We need our key," the fat female states as if to direct me to break in next door, and somehow, miraculously produce HER CONDO KEY Where she can then, by and by feed her noddy fat offspring mac & cheez and hamburger helper, with a side of rice 'a roni, "the San Fransisco Treat."
I comply with her request to phone the rental office, with the, "CLOSED", sign in the window; their lights turned off,
I drift to a place, where I could be this woman.
Her over-permed hair, black at the roots. Could I stand for my thighs to abrade into a lumpy, sweaty mess?
Does marriage produce white trash?, thick bellies?, obnoxious children?
Is this my fate? Do I either choose life acappella or face daily outings to the coin operated laundromat, where others of my kind congregate to slap their children, eat ding dongs, & corn chips, while never once removing the Marlboro from my lips
Art

To physically create something is to breathe life to a piece of your soul and bring your mind out to play.
Brookgreen Gardens  watercolor
Echoes of Genusflects

Backward
Forward
Up
And
Down

Shaped in time
Crossed melody

MY melody

MY echo of millennium
that others strain to hear

time stilled
time stretched
time lost

LOST ME

They linger
while
I'm through

BUZZ

her words
are luscious honey
that hungry he-bears
laplap up

stolen honey
stupid bears
angry bees
Photo Montage I digital image
1998 Archarios. Staff clockwise from top:

TRACY FLOYD art director; DOUG CREW designer; JENNIFER KARVETSKY assistant editor
PAUL OLSEN adviser; JO RICE designer; CHRISTINA KABELKA designer

center: TRISH DYER editor
Contributors

Angels
Horry Cultural Arts Council
Coastal Carolina Alumni Association

Patrons
The Chanticleer

Awards

Visuals
First......Kayla........................Kristin Rowell
Second......What Do You Think?...Jo Rice

Literature
First......Trees............................Jennifer Spicer
Second......Art Immortal..............E. Andrew Loraditch

Judges
Sally Counihan
Cheryl Green
Paul Camp
Tom Yoder
Sharon Gilman

Editor's Note:

Archarios is a window upon the vast landscape of creativity which exists at Coastal Carolina University. Thanks to the wonderful staff who assisted in keeping the window open yet another year, and also thanks to the talented artists and authors who were kind enough to share their beautiful accomplishments. "Archarios" is an ancient word for an order of novice monks. This is a perfect analogy to students at CCU as both are aspiring to higher goals which may include spiritual reward, knowledge, a successful career, or following one's heart, which is what Archarios led me to do.

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