

4-1-1999

Archarios, 1999 Spring

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The background features several large, overlapping, light blue swirls that resemble stylized waves or floral patterns. The swirls are composed of multiple concentric, slightly irregular lines, creating a sense of depth and movement. They are set against a plain white background.

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ARCHARIOS

Literary Art Magazine



Coastal Carolina University
1999

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*Lord, remember not only the men
and women of good will but also those
of ill will. But do not only remember
the suffering they have inflicted on
us: remember the fruits we have
brought, thanks to this suffering:
our comradeship, our loyalty, our
courage, the generosity,
the greatness of heart which has
grown out of all this: and when they
come to judgment, let all the fruits
we have borne be their forgiveness.*

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University of California Press.



Jessica Jolyaston

lithograph

15" x 11"

Behind Blue Eyes

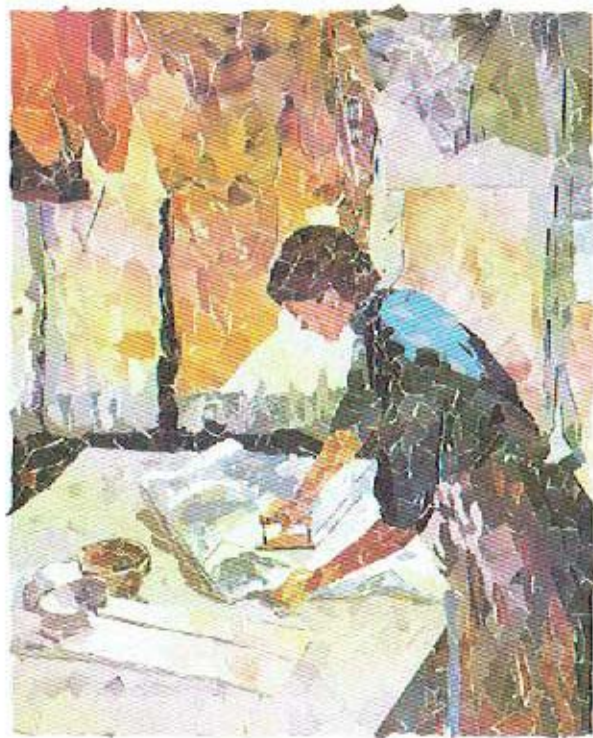


Ondra Norris

Prisma colored pencil and watercolor

23 1/2" x 16 1/4"

Woman Ironing



Julie Ragsdale

magazine mosaic

16" x 20"

Beautiful Death

- Marvis Cooper

He laid in the darkness, beaten and broken,
nauseous from the stench of his own blood,
drenched in cold sweat. Choking on his own vomit,
weeping,

weeping.

And as the tears rolled down his dark tired face,
Burning the wounds as they fell,
From the depth of his hurting soul he cried aloud,
His lonely voice echoing in the empty darkness.

And then.

He saw her.

From the shadows she came,
dressed in black, she sat beside him,
comforting him.

With a soft sorrowful voice, whispering his name.
She brushed her cold delicate hands over his face,
Wiping his tears away. She look from him the anger,
the hate from a lifetime of struggle.

His gaze, fixed on her ageless beauty,
He looked into her emotionless eyes and found, peace.
She placed his trembling hands in hers, and together, they
went.

And in the icy grips of death,
He went.

Barren Breath

- Nicole D'Arcangelo

Cry a happy cry
Sleep a sleepless night
Dance without a beat
Bleed with emotion

Come with an exit
Kiss with your soul
Touch without contact
Live all alone

Cry a tearless cry
Breath without air
Swim in dry water
Laugh without sound

Silence with a clatter
Freeze in sweltering heat
Embrace in your mind
Keep to yourself

Query the jigger
Wipe away dry tears
Who do you see
-half empty

Isla Morada



Erich Morton
photograph

4" x 6"

The Voices of Angels

- Shingai

Dance,
nigger girl.
Dance
under the whips and chains.
Move your feet and kick up
the dirt that you plow
from sunrise to sunset.
Sing,
nigger girl,
Sing
beneath the burning sun
with dry lips.
Sing
as I rape you
and steal your children.

Dance,
black girl,
Dance
under degrading eyes
and soul stripping words.
Move your feet and kick up
the dust I have left
for you to inherit.
Sing,
black girl,

Sing
beneath the clouded sky
with tear stained cheeks.
Sing
as I choke you
and steal your voice.

Dance,
child of God,
Dance
under the love from
our Father.
Move your graceful black
feet to add to the life of the
Earth.

Sing,
child of God,
Sing
beneath the shelter of His
mercy with smiling lips.
Sing
beautiful creations of God
Sing
with the voices of angels.

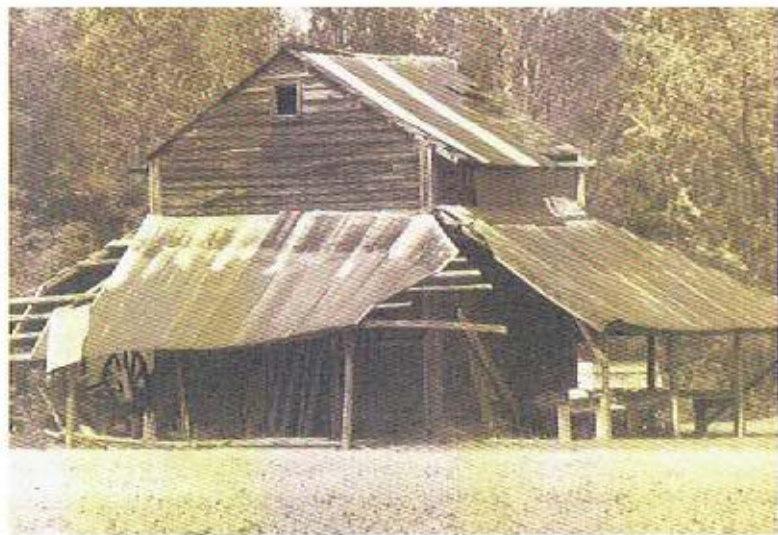
Reflections



Barbara Wheeler Smith
cast, slumped, & stained glass

10" x 8" x 6 3/4"

Cox Ferry Barn



Brophy Ringelahl
photograph

19 1/2" x 13 1/2"

Margaret

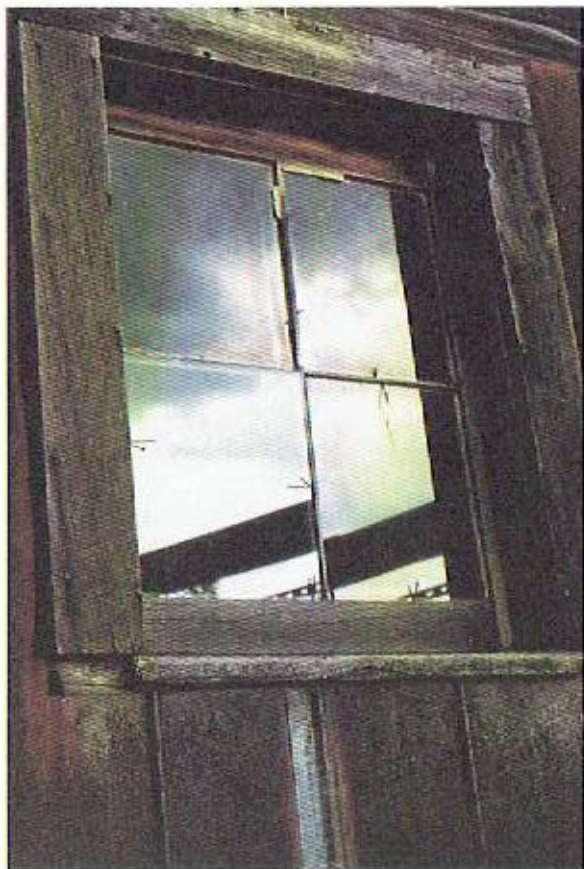


Angela Shaver

colored pencil

17" x 21"

Window Storm



Katie Purvis

photograph

4" x 6"

Night Trip

- Chris Kepple

midnight trips down her branch
leaves trembling (together)
trees on broken mountainside
bolt the brackish night

night we jabbed with branches
to test its temple body
nights we held arms for
to walk on blind paths

I fell at night
climbed the wall
stepped from hidden ledge
beneath unseen soils
safe under the black hair evening

I climbed the ruin night
scaled the wall that framed the darkness
trading with the pallid rock
in hands and arms

dry green lichen
brushed in trail of breath
climbing on silences
listening for the next move
in a sanguine upward trance
trusting famished branches
hands up like smoke
each grip ends the last
pushing higher

Doorway to Heaven



Wade Beard

photograph

6" x 9"

Untitled



Wendy Nivona

stone, brass, and stainless steel

10 1/2" x 5 1/2" x 2 3/4"

Untitled



Joseph Jasper

watercolor

22" x 35"

Love Shows Up in a Nasty Dress

- Leigh Bennett

I feel rusty, or blackened
when love calls me up on the telephone to tell me one more
time

that I still sleepwalk through their cowboy soul.

I've always set up a place for you
next to me

in my bed, in my dreams, in my heart... but

Why is it that just when I am about to fall

you lay your fingertips under my chin

and I begin to wish I was strong again

'cause these fleeting moments slip like one night stands

...shimmying off into the darkness

after they've woken up and realized whose beside them

and everyone is a little scared of something

that asks them to stand in the light

so that they can get a better view of the one

who keeps exchanging in their dreams

for half-eaten roses.

I study my scars as if they were Salvador Dali paintings

...all the nakedness lies limp across the floor

...all the poetry is upside down across the bar.

I find myself rummaging through love

sadly and slowly...

just to find that her voice turns sour as the night pushes up
the day

But even if love does show up in a nasty dress

I'll always invite her in...

I'll always ask her to spend the night.

Eyes

- Kate Kurbowiczek

Cursed by **the vibrations**
Shadowed like movements from trees
I see the ghost from dreams
Place settings on the air like tables floating gracefully
Footprints of the man in **the pictures**

Cursed by **the light**
See the raindrops fall from **the window pane**
I like the dancing man on stage
Take it off
Paint me a picture of the clouds before it storms
In **the background** is **the one** I lost

Cursed by **the silence**
I **make** clay like creatures
Stay here while I make you your favorite dish
Stop me as I drink my last sip of gin
I like the metal **rubbing** against my skin

Thank you for your patience
Murder is the penalty of liars
State **the truth**
Make friends as the little ones walk by

Mist falls tonight
Gravity **thunders** through
Place my **hand in the oven**
Burn my sins as my loved ones would do so

Cursed by **the eyes**
Stop staring

Vase and Lettuce Bowl



Noreen Guilkey

ceramic

bowl: 3" x 10"

vase: 9" x 7" x 3"

The Fabric of a Kiss

-Chaille Blouyt

The velveteen unity
between the warmth
of wool
and the passion
of satin.

It is silky smooth
with cotton comfort.

It flows as pure
chiffon on a breezy
sunlit afternoon.

Embrace!!

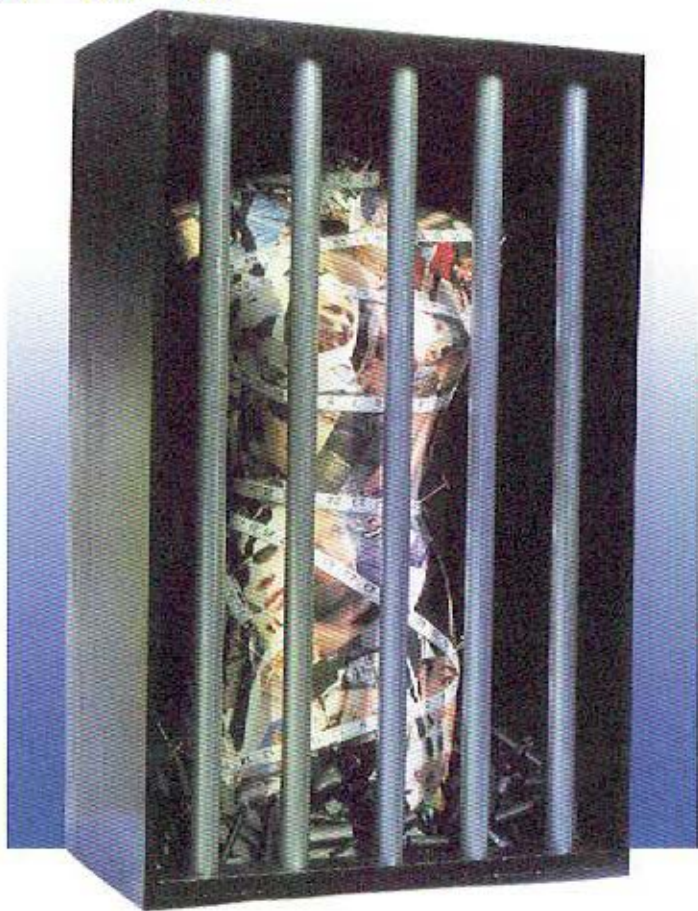
Unfold
the fabric of a kiss.

Dawn

-Matthew King

Quietly she disrobes
Standing on the edge of Night
She plunges into Heavens still waters
The silver of hair swirling across the horizon
Parting to reveal lavender eyes, rosy cheeks
Her luminous golden skin
The sparkling wine of her laugh
Echoed in the morning birds' songs
Lends promise to the day
Which quickly evaporates with the morning dew.

36"-24"-36"

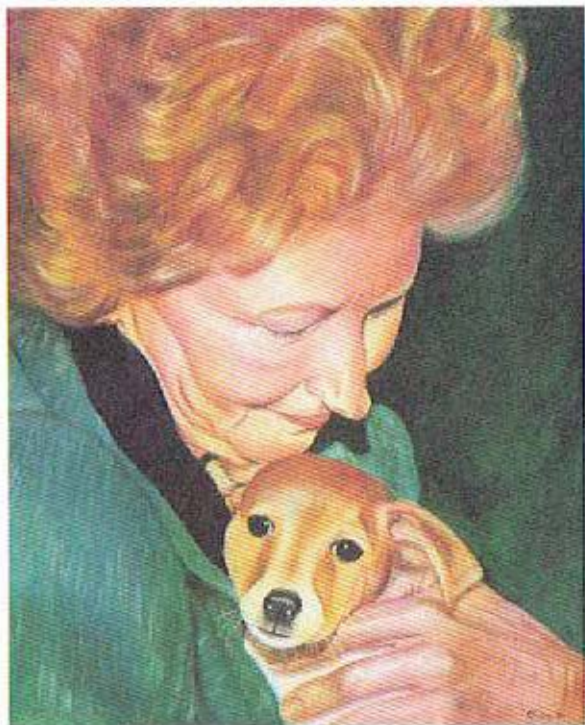


Christina Kabelka

mixed media

20 7/8" x 34" x 11 7/8"

Pudden



Ondra Norris

oil on canvas

16" x 20"

Dragon's Breath



Estelle Styllon

photograph

3" x 4"

For Her Love (CPD)

- Kevin Strickland

Her voice,

More seductive than his sonnets,
Shall I compare thee?

To thine own heart, heaven's eye dimm'd by thy smile,
By chance, God's own hand painted,
No less than His grace;

O to the world, shall she diminish,
Pictur'd in memory,
Together in life, may we finish;

No gem could sparkle more,
If past on,
Nor could a painter ever restore,

In these lines shall she stay,
'Tis such beauty,
That shook the darling buds of May.

On Being Redundant

- Kevin Smith

Dimples in the small of her back
are like the first poem I read
the one that gave me ears in my eyes
and though I have not read a good poem
in months

I am not deaf:

dimple replacing dimple is
the sweetest redundance,
no one complains when she walks.

Castle Wall



Courtney Hutter

photograph

9" x 7"

Fortune Cookies

- Jody Reed

Sometimes the rainbow
is just for the enjoyment of its beauty.
A playground slide of reds, greens and indigos.
Don't rape it with some analytic explanation of why it exists.
More or less,
leave the pot of gold alone.
Every once in awhile,
someone you care about may fail.
Embrace them,
smile and explain you have a surprise.
They aren't perfect.
It helps you keep the same perspectives about yourself.
Some of the best days of your life you will wake up,
look out the window and find
a sunny Friday with nothing to do or
a rainy Sunday with nowhere to go.
Never be afraid to spend time by yourself.
There is nothing wrong with sitting in your car,
windows rolled down, talking aloud.
It might be some of the most brilliant conversation
you've had all day. And the people passing you
will think you're just singing with the radio.
Don't worry if someone intimidates your emotional side;
yell, scream, cry or throw a temper tantrum.
People always remember the individuals they consider psycho.
If you can't laugh at yourself, don't worry,
someone is probably doing it for you;
usually right after you walk out of the room.
Keep at least one fictional character in your life.
That way there is always someone to blame for your bad days
(Damn Fairy!)
Everything happens for a reason.
Life will give you clues
about what to choose.
Your outcome will end up being the same
if you tried to shave against the grain.

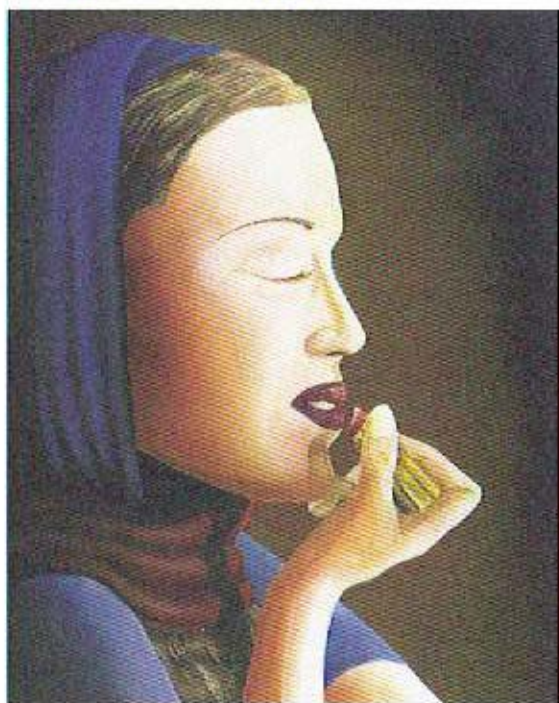
Fade to Black



Brophy Ringeloh
photograph

19 1/2" x 9 1/4"

Indigo Serenity



Roy Greis

acrylic

21 1/2" x 26"

Wish List - Jody Reed

I want to trade my wheels for wings
I want to trade my wheels for wings
to explore a new realm.

to explore the new realm.

Enter into the vision

Enter into the vision

of my rear view mirror.

of my rear view mirror.

Tasting the raspberry and orange,

Tasting the raspberry and orange,

that gather in the sky.

that gather in the sky.

I want to dance among the gypsies.

I want to dance among the gypsies.

A withered tambourine in hand.

A withered tambourine in hand.

My bare feet move

My bare feet move

with the dust and dirt

with the dust and dirt

that spins and twirls.

that spins and twirls.

I want to out-scream the ocean,

I want to out-scream the ocean,

win the war within the water.

win the war within the water

Curse the current

Curse the current

with harsh words and mocking laughter.

with the harsh words and mocking laughter.

I want to prevail over perfection.

I want to prevail over perfection.

Acknowledge its admiration.

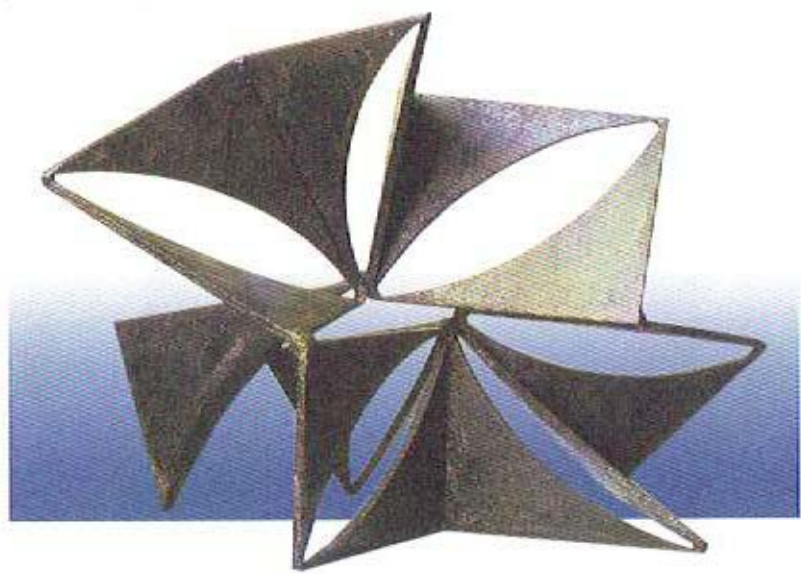
Acknowledge its admiration.

Show empathy, for its inadequacy.

Show empathy, for its inadequacy.

Wish List

Untitled



Wendy Nivera

metal

20" x 12 1/2" x 13 1/2"

Reflections



Dianna Clarke
polaroid transfers

4" x 3"

Girlie Smokin'

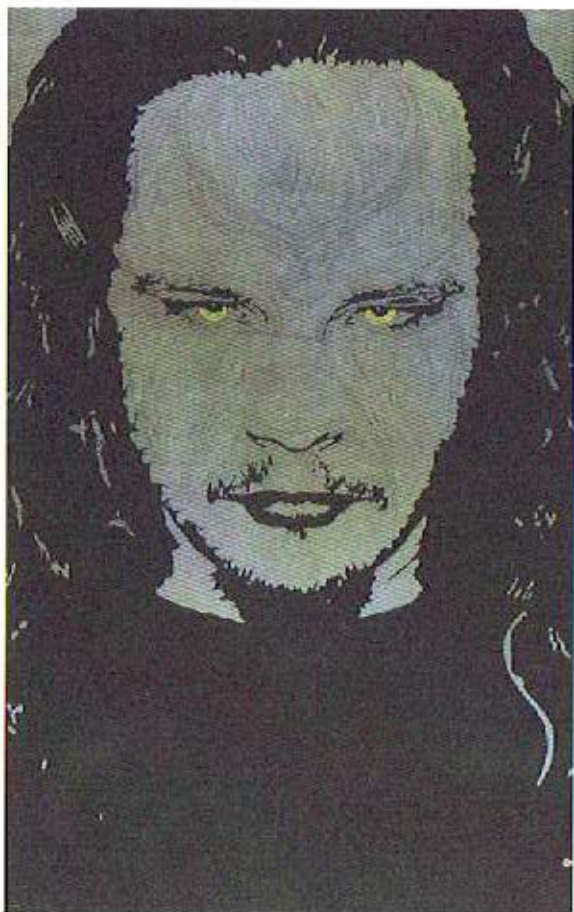


Amy A. Adams

colored pencil

18 7/8" x 23 7/8"

Self Portrait I



Brian 'Cat' Taylor

enamel paint

24" x 36"

Escape

- Daphne Stephens

I cover my face with salty tears
spread all over and in my hair
I paint the sky and sea and
want to fly there
to spread my wings so free
To share the sky with the spirits that be

I wait for the thoughts to clear
and wipe away a tear
No fear
I remember to clean my brush and my head
of all the color liquid and the tears shed

I spread the brush over the blue
and paint the air
I close my eyes to fly there
No tears to spread only my wings so high
I hug the clouds and kiss the sky
Feel the breeze and dance on a rose petal
floating by
My wings become wet and need to dry
If I can't fly I will die.
If I don't paint-
I can't escape.

Morning Glory



Julie Ragsdale

watercolor

13 3/4" x 20 7/8"

Silhouettes in Bloom



Wendy Ware

photograph

8" x 7"

Late For School

- Brian Eggleston

Nothing is everything, sometimes.
Peace and Quiet.
Don't talk.
Don't think.
Ssh! You're ruining it.
Everything is nothing, sometimes.
I love these quiet moments before the storm.
Before the gates close behind me.
Before I walk through the jungle of faces.
Faces of rebellion. Faces of disapproval. Faces of desire.
All powerful faces in a powerless place.
But, these creatures of the jungle don't interest me.
Nothing is sometimes, everything.
The hyena laughs, the owl scorns, and the cat purrs.
And I have to fly.

Native Shore

- Shingai

Standing on the shore of my
native home beneath the soft
radiance of a modest moon-
feeling the cool breeze wafting
off the crashing waves whose foam
rises as ghosts from the ocean's depths-
smelling the warm salty air that
was carried on the night breeze
bringing back childhood memories-
watching the gentle light from
the moon glide elegantly on
the rippling waves-
You moved through my mind's
eye as sunlight depositing
rays of energy into my heart and soul
and I danced.

Untitled



Janice Cardinale
sepia toned photograph

7 1/8" x 15 1/4"

Untitled



Bryce Becker

soapstone

16 1/2" X 9 7/8" X 10 1/2"

China Beach



Erich Morton
photograph

6" x 4"

With Flying Colors



Trish Dyer
photograph
16 1/4" x 10"

a
l
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m
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a

On Growth and Culling

for William Guignard

- Jimmy Guignard

1.

The Sitka spruce rises skyward eighty feet,
dangling old man's beard like lace.
The breeze bends the lichen into crescents
the shape of waning moons,
ruffles the matted brown hair hanging out
from under William's cap. Jackleg boots trample
the sphagnum blanketing the spruce's roots,
and scars a few. The spruce unflinchingly waits.
William judges the wind, mentally marks a notch
on the scaly trunk. The chainsaw fires second pull.
Oil-blue smoke dissipates through spiny branches
as sawdust bites the air like snow.
The spruce whumps to the ground,
crushing twisted stalk and devil's club.
Amid the clank of skidders, the logger bends,
grabs his lunch pail and gas can. Moves on.

2.

Skin ripples on Papa's face
like buried bark clings to a magnolia.
The John Deere hat, lifted off a shelf in the basement,
perches crooked on his wavy gray hair,
shading watery eyes from the naked 100-watt bulb.
His gnarled fingers, poking out out of threadbare sleeves,
shuffle length of wormy chestnut, forty-fived at both ends.
A picture frame almost takes shape-the left side is too long.

Moving to the miter saw, Papa flips the switch,
watches the blade whir up to speed.
Slicing wood hurriedly, his mind wanders,
his middle finger plunking to the concrete.
Blood mingles with sawdust.
Wrapping his hand in a Minwax-stained rag,
he shuffles to the car, not locking the house.
Dr. Tate closed the wound, using a tattered flap of skin.
Next day, Papa hoed the weeds choking his garden.

3.

Gazing out the window at Sitka spruce, I see my grandfather.
At ninety-three, he's one-fourth the age of the trees.
Like the spruce, he's accrued biomass.
Papa roots his fingers through the black loam of his garden,
groping for potatoes, tugging onions from there cupped earth.
He gathers family with stories, culled from a time before cable,
about crossing Haw Ridge to log Grandfather Mountain
for fifty cents a day. I've heard this fifteen, twenty times,
but can't preseve the story scratching past his weathered lips
like the nurse log can't maintain its core,
if it's to nourish saplings and grandkids.
One day, we picked shelly beans for supper.
I saw him bump his nub on a stake and wince.
"You okay?" I squirm in the glare of his pain.
He grunted, "Yeah, but the part that hurts worst is gone."

Surfing is a Simple Language

- Jimmy Gudgnard

This sea I float on occupies my mind
and 3/5's of the earth. Hurricanes blow here,
pushing waves taller than my height. I find
myself bobbing. Water. Beach. Water. Pier.
Clouds hang in the sky, insolent and fat,
I'm parallel with the wind-driven sand,
and glimpse it abrade tourists chasing hats
snatched from wispy gray heads and blown inland.
I turn my back to the beach and check the horizon-
turn beachward again, paddling. This wave is the one.
I plunge my sun-browned hand toward the green swell
as my board cants forty degrees to the right.
I forget I was scared and set my rail,
trace the green shoulder gripping my sight.

Staff

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1st: Angela Shaver
"Margaret"

2nd: Julie Ragsdale
"Morning Glory"

3rd: Christina Kabelka
"36"-24"-36"

1st: Matthew King
"Dawn"

2nd: Jody Reed
"Wish List"

3rd: Nicole D'Arcangelo
"Barren Breath"
Shingai
"Native Shore"

Editorial Board

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Nelljean M. Rice
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Contributors

Coastal Carolina Alumni Association

Editor's Note

"Direct your eye sight inward, and you'll find
A thousand regions in your mind
Yet undiscovered..."

-Henry David Thoreau

Therein lies my tribute to Archarios, its purpose, and all the feeling it evokes. Year after year, Archarios continues to be an outlet for the artists of Coastal Carolina University through both pictures and words. Archarios encourages artists to look inward, giving them freedom to express themselves and to be confident in their feelings. Everyone has a message they want to convey, and Archarios enables us to do just that.

Thanks to the 1999 staff. Your time and talent have kept the dream alive yet another year. Thank you Paul Olsen and Ross Bryan for constantly being the light at the end of every tunnel. Lastly, I would like to extend a special thank you to Dr. Nelljean Rice and Dr. Steve Hamelman. Without your continued dedication and support, I would be lost.

