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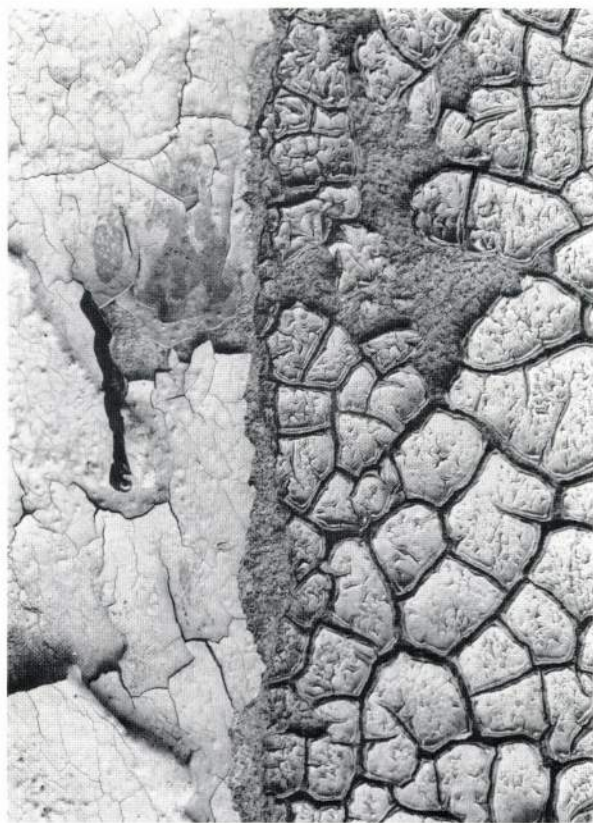


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ARCHARIOS

— FALL 1990 —



Hidin' Out
Steve Westlund
photograph



ARCHARIOS

Literary/Art Magazine
Coastal Carolina College

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	Art	Literature
first	Steve Westlund Hidin' Out	Dana Neuen Going for a Walk on a Nice Fall Day
second	Samantha Montague Computer Graphic	Devin Gordon The Welcoming
	Logo Bill McCormick	

EDITOR'S NOTE

I would like to thank my parents, everyone who submitted, my staff and editorial board, our benefactors and subscribers, Pat Singleton-Young, Jean Slabaugh, Grace Krueger, Susan Meyers, the Student Media Committee, and especially all my friends for helping me revive *Archarios*.

Archarios is a biannual publication produced by students, published by the Student Media Committee of USC Coastal Carolina College, and printed by Sheriar Press. All entries were 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 year. Benefactrices are available for \$75 per year, patronages for \$25, and subscriptions for \$5. Please direct all inquiries to: *Archarios*, USC Coastal Carolina College, PO Box 1954, Conway, SC 29526, or call (803)448-1481, extension 2328. Our office is located in the Student Center of USC Coastal Carolina College, Room 203-B.

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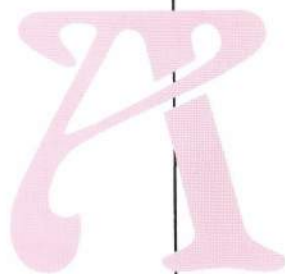
Untitled
Tim Dillinger
photograph

The First Day

Susan Meyers

A brick of an old woman
stands in the yard,
arms crossed
against the rush-hour wind.
By her side
a little girl waits,
toeing loops in the sand
and tossing her head to feel
a rhythm of butterflies,
hairbows falling in place.

You don't have to tell me why
that woman, strong as salvation,
stands by the road
at this time of morning
on this August day.
I know the hope.



A Sunday With Jean

David M. Schulz

A grainy castle cornice
nearly half blown away
now a quiet resting place
for you and me

A tattered child's kite
with Sesame Street designs
lies half buried at our feet
foamy tidal tongues reach for it

I pull on its string
to dredge its last flyer
but that severed cord grants
me only damp and salty hands
while beside me you smile



Computer Graphic

Samantha Montague

mixed media

"Protect Your Bunns"

Sarah Loudin

Dusty rose and turquoise blue with touches of white,
Colors carefully combined to please my sight.

A decorator's touch on the bathroom wall,
Designed to accentuate the toilet stall.

A metal box of simplistic style,
Gracefully set in bathroom tile.

Insert a quarter, can that be enough?
We pay so little for such important stuff.

I drop in my quarter and wait to see
Of what use this precious object will be.

A tissue-paper wonder is mine to behold,
Made to protect my hiney from porcelain cold.

I'm safe from AIDS, herpes, fungus, and germis.
I possess a truly tranquil epidermis.

The product is safe, even for nuns,
Just look for the box labeled - "Protect Your Bunns."

What I Heard Him Say

Susan Meyers

In morning woods
one bird answers,
wings down from the canopy
to twang a tune,
lone country singer
haunted by the blues.

He rattles a tale--
did he say Colombian bees?--
flits closer, farther, closer
with zipper-quick speed.
He believes
he's a hummingbird turned
renegade, forgets

a thicker life,
a needled past
when he chased feckless bugs
in shaded dreams, pecked
at wounds and drove his mate away,
shoved his children,
screaming,
from the nest,
roved with killer jays.

The ring of light
around his eye
rises quicker than a moon,
slips behind a blue-gray truth.
The darkest lies
know where to hide.



— Corrugated Pot
Rodney Tisdale
ceramics

Untitled 1

Pamela Lane

The beach today wonderful warm soft air sea gulls flying swirling swooping sun peeking in and out clouds drifting through the air the sky blue and white and pink so pure water feeling fresh and surging the heat on skin on the body sweating steamy hot then warm then cool then hot again children playing Francis content happy now with pink cheeks and brown back finding fish and dead crabs that he says smell bad water in his eyes waves throwing his little body about saying it's fun it's fun looking at people all the shapes all the sizes wishing to be younger prettier firm and not fleshy like an old woman who lumbers along and cannot bend over not jealous not envious just wishing for what I don't know wasn't really any different then the sand is ripply today like the clouds in the sky tide pools with little fish that are too fast to catch seaweed wrapping about my legs and I can't decide whether I like it or not everyone brown strolling along here comes a runner nice strong legs young girls with young breast buds old men who smile at the child and peek at me what do you suppose they think a beautiful wonderful day I am happy in the water at the beach listening to the nothing of the ocean waves.

Myrtle Beach, SC

Paul Rice

we don't have far to go now,
the world has moved north
almost as far from the sun
as it can.
all light is one orange butterfly
staying fall far past its time.

this is not nearly sun enough
for the hordes of Ohio
who are gluttoned on beaches,
their pulses falling
as hotel signs get quieter and quieter
the more miles they get from the thrill.

they don't have far to go now
to fade into Ohio
out of a place
where the whole world is nineteen
and every time
is an absolutely fabulous time.
Ohio never again can be
the only state.

this is not nearly sun enough
to warm their recollections.
a summer beach
can only last for days,
but a grey Ohio
lasts for years and years,
and ice can blow down
deeper than anyone had thought.

so it comes that the sea
is once again the water,
or as much an ocean as it can be
stood over by gaudy tall hotels,
missing pieces carried
by the camerafull
back to melt Ohio's frost.

now late-fall lookers-out can see
all the way to where
the world drops off,
can think about the words
the waves are saying--

we don't have far to go now.
not far to go.



St. George and a Dragon*

Neil
acrylic

* A study of Raphael's
"St. George and a Dragon"

The Well

Sharon A. Tully

I know of a well, pungent, moist, sinking deep,
have descended its wall, oozing brownish red,
sliding silently 'til the end,
having sat crumpled, waiting, staring up to the light,
at your face, floating on the rim, your mouth tightening
into half a grin,
long strings of Sundays, awakening in the night,
morning hanging stuck, remembering,
it's all going to start again,
then, the slow ascent from the hole, bursting out,
down on all fours,
like some crawley, dirty thing

Moss grows in lace-like patterns on its brink,
a lover, crouching on your ledge,
I've just to wait and the beveled glass will break,
to go eagerly, finally over the edge.

Untitled 2

Pamela Lane

The bus station was located in the lower lobby of the hotel. It smelled dry with dirt and heat and staleness all combined. Looking down upon the floor I could see why. The floor was red brick with the winter's dirt dried to it like plaster to a wall. It no longer looked red but a dingy brown and the sand grains scratched at the balls of shuffling feet.

The entire station consisted of one small room enclosed by door and windows rarely used, accounting for the stale air. Everything was dirty. Even the waiting people seemed to blend in with the dirt. The sun working through the window showed streaks where the window washer had slacked in his job. I took a seat in front of one of the streaked glass panes allowing sun to rain on my back and hair. It was warm and felt good. Occasionally the door opened and a new traveler appeared, looking around for a seat.

With the travelers entering the room, my eyes, which had been examining the dirt on the floor, went to their shoes

as each one walked into my view. From there I worked up to see if the faces matched the feet. Gray-haired, elderly women favored high-heeled rubbers that fit over their grandmother shoes with always a gap to let the water in somewhere. Old men had dusty, unpolished, black tie shoes, untied and black rubbers over those. The rubbers were seemingly being worn to keep their shoes on after the men were too drunk or too stiff to tie them in the morning. Across the red brick floor, these tired feet and legs were dragging, grinding against the sand, making it drier than it already was.

Above the scratching and scraping, faintly muffled voices rose in the lobby as the janitors were beginning their morning jobs. Through the glass doors I could see them pretending, pretending to work with utmost care, decked out in gray cotton overcoats and wearing baggy pants, wrinkled as their skin with their zippers halfway down. Their movements were slow with an overly strained bend to pick up

a gum wrapper or a cigarette butt, only to carelessly cast it down in a new place. Undiscovered, unnoticed, the wrapper or butt would remain until the next shift, when once again it would find a new home. Janitors, paid to move dirt and filth from one place to another.

Across from me an old man sat. Surrounded by his mind, his thoughts, he sat on the edge of the chair, his hands between his legs. He sat, looking old and tired. He coughed and hacked while fingering a cigarette lighter. He moved the lighter back and forth, back and forth, from one pocket to the other as if afraid someone might steal it from his treasures. He wore an old, gray, quilted parka, with the threads that formed the quilted squares hanging, torn from the cloth. The jacket appeared grayer in some places than others from dirt smudged in, ground in, worn in. Both pockets of the jacket were stuffed, full of secret possessions from which a pack of cigarettes and the silver lighter, smooth and worn from the back and forth trip, were drawn. His pockets swelled and bulged, giving the effect of a bumpy lump of cloth and loose thread

rather than a jacket. He too wore baggy pants, hiding lumps here and there in old men places. Under the parka was an old army shirt with red and blue badges still holding on, all of them wrinkled like everything else. His hat was green, matching the shirt but was a richer green, not faded and worn thin, and it looked as if it were stuck to his head. The old man's hair was whitish gray, almost matching the jacket, and his face with the weather-worn skin was surrounded by a silver glow of whiskers. Around his mouth the old skin was discolored yellow and brown from smoking cigarettes that should have been stopped long ago and his fingernails, eaten by the same disease, also contained black dirt that had arrived from various places.

My eyes followed these old hands as they went from his toothless mouth to a resting place on his leg, his arm too tired to hold up the small, white tobacco stick. His eyes, watery and softly clouded, one straining to remain halfway open, seemed to shut out present-day life, crying with sadness for old remembrances. I learned later that his name was Larry. He wasn't a traveler but rather a permanent

fixture of the bus station, probably fantasizing of places he had traveled long ago. He looked like a tired, old Larry.

The bus arrived and, as I left the station, fresh air poured into my lungs and head. I felt free, lifted from some imaginary burden. I now realized how heavy the air had hung inside the station, choking throats with its thickness. Outside, water was running and dripping everywhere as the sun grew furious killing the winter. Everything was alive and moving. Everything but old Larry, still sitting, blending in with the dirt.

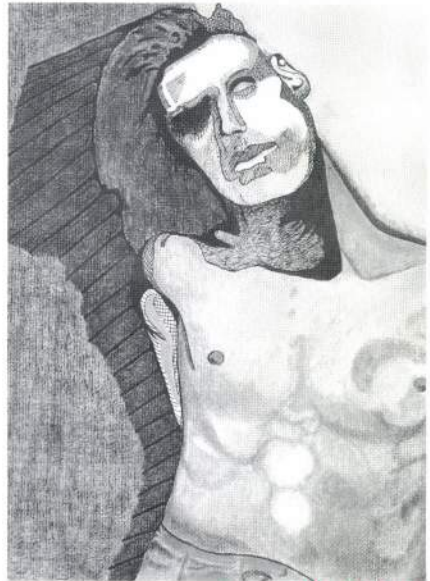


Skull
Rodney Tisdale
ceramics



Farrell*2 Cool

Chris Kolbe
mixed media



Farrell*2 Hot

Chris Kolbe
mixed media

Poe in a "Poem"

Andy Lindsay

Once upon a midnight dreary
While I pondered weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume
of forgotten lore

See! on your dreary and rigid bier low
lies thy love, Lenore!

Lo! Death has reared itself a throne

In a strange city lying alone

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

I dwelt alone
in a world of moan.

It was the night in the lonesome October

Ah! broken was the golden bowl!

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was
in the bleak December.

'Tis the wind and nothing more
that shall be lifted --- nevermore.



Untitled
Stephanie Kern
ceramics

Going for a Walk on a Nice Fall Day

Dana Neuen

Not far from the door
is a question:
What can you do,
you're just a child.
But, I've been born screaming,
purple and naked.
I know between the sun
and the moon there are days
long and short
in which we plow up clay piles
in shapes of places
and where we live gleams,
studded with metal,
mobile and finite.
That the real roads
are packed underneath,
suffocating and loaded with blood.

This is the fear
we tap into like animals.
Sent down the muddied path
my feet feel rhythm.
My shadow
is a short tube without eyes,
a fat worm
that glides over rocks and
fallen straw.
Somewhere inside a child's motion
I turn around
and see bulldozing workers
and know I do not live alone.
Sly but absent-minded
I kick the same pine cone
all the way home.



Incense

Stephanie Biegner

ink

A Practice Run

David M. Schulz

Smelly ark-shaped church
Made of old brick and shale
Dark and forbidding ceiling
No windows to shed light

My aunts and mother
Clasp anxious hands
Tight on head-high chests
As I shuffle down the aisle

My hands shake with
The over-sized brass
Cudgel with bell-shaped
And golden glowing end

I reach the altar and bow
Step forward and hold aloft
My weighted wand to light
Those towering tallow spires

Uuugghh--can't reach
I strain on tiptoes
Three inches yet to go
Can't do it--I tried!

White and green-robed grandfather
Storms over with red nose
And cheap wine and Certs breath
And snatches my wand from me

Like this! he does the first
Then shoves it back to me
Crushing my hands around his
I wimper and stifle a sob

I try once more
But in defiant rage
I throw it down with clatter
And bolt down flagstones

Mile-long grandfather arm
Reaches for my guilty shoulder
But his vengeful curses wane
As I burst through into light



African Mask
Rodney Tisdale
ceramics

Knife

Sharon A. Tully

almond paste shades that seep orange through cracked edges,
a single, sharp tear

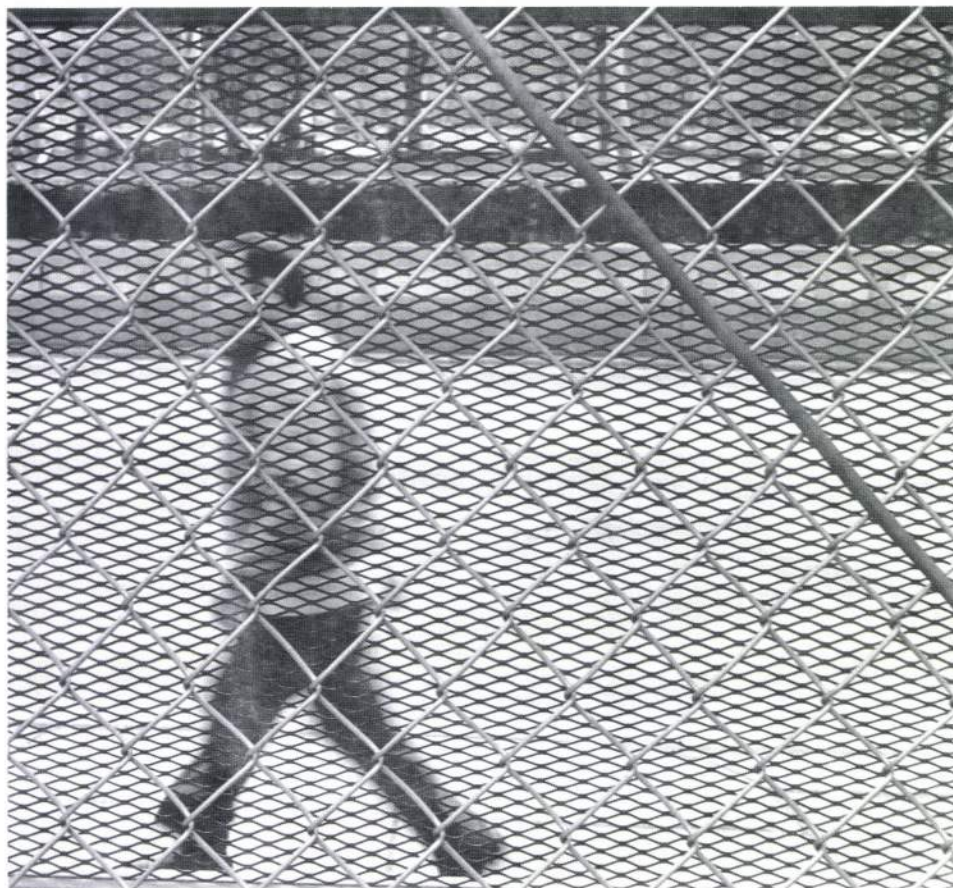
sitting, legs crossed on the floor,
warped wood, dampness licking a white thigh,

staring at milky walls,
patterned in faded fleur de lis, shaking, twisting in a beam of dust,
dancing downward upon the edge of a cold, steel blade



Masks

Stephanie Kern
ceramics



Urban Man

Tim Dillinger
photograph



The Enlightened Man Pot

Rodney Tisdale
ceramics

Carnival

Chuck Anderson

Lights are dim
Crowds have gone
Swirling steel
A child's silent walk

Waiting-watching-listening
Darkness sends his darkened bull
Breath squeezed tightly from
Fog engulfs the air

Darkness lures, came-might
Mephistopheles deceives
Iron fist
A catch, cold as ice

Look around
Death is near
Upon the frozen slab
He moves no more

Heaven opens
Pure white
Sacred arms.



Nobility

Stephanie Biegner
pencil



Self-Portrait
Samantha Montague
print



Untitled
Stephanie Kern
print

The Welcoming

Devin Gordon

For my grandfather,
who taught me the wisdom
of Nature.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

-- William Blake

Where is the Life we have lost in living?

Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?

Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?

-- T.S. Eliot

As the Nashville skyline faded into his rear-view mirror he thought of the recent events of his life. Actually, life was too complimentary a term for his existence. Drudgery -- that was the fitting term. He did little more than work and he thought of little else. But on this occasion he was running; that was his only hope for handling the music business these days.

He drove toward the Smokey Mountains for a brief escape. He didn't think it would do much good, but his analyst had suggested it. A Mozart piano concerto, he couldn't

recall which one, played, his machine from the Black Forest hummed with the sound only such a machine could utter, and he felt like a lion. A lion that is surrounded by Dorothy, Toto and the gang.

His high-priced machine pulverized Crayola-colored leaves under its wheels as he neared the bottom of the hiking trail he hadn't visited since he was a boy.

His new L. L. Bean backpack fit him uncomfortably, as did his hiking boots; he was unaware he needed to break in these things. After all, his life was

consumed with computers, secretaries, power lunches, and cellular telephones. Little more than half a mile up the mountain, near the North Carolina border, his feet began to ache; a pain in his back followed soon after. His pack seemed to increase in weight as he made his way up what seemed like Denali.

The trail was difficult, even for an experienced hiker. He felt out of place. Right, left... right, left... right, left.

As he reached the midway point of the hike, rustling began in the distance. It was as if Nature herself was welcoming him. But having all the experience of a virgin, he was oblivious to the sound.

Perhaps a hundred yards farther down the trail he became faintly aware of the rustling of leaves, his mind being absorbed with contracts and business deals yet to be made.

He noticed the location of the sound; it came from the far side of a ridge ahead on the trail. His first thought of the sound's origin was human. Another hiker, he thought. A man! No longer would he be sentenced to himself. The prospect of an encounter held potential -- the potential to alleviate his boredom.

As he neared the top of the ridge something appeared before him. It didn't appear to be a man and his hopes of an encounter faded. He quickly realized, though, that this was not a "thing"; it lived. As he slowed his pace it noticed his presence, and he its. Nature, it seemed, had sent someone

to greet him.

The man from Nashville, doomed to his solitude, now stood little more than 20 yards from what he believed to be his destiny. He wandered upon a bear, a monarch on her vine-covered throne.

The mother, large for such a young black bear, stood between him and her cubs, perhaps six months old. She searched for food as her young played behind her. But her search had been interrupted, as it rarely was in the forest where she lived. Although this was her first encounter with a human, her natural instinct to protect her cubs did not fail her. She would protect her cubs, but not in the manner of legend associated with her kind. She merely sought food.

The cubs, unaware of his presence, stayed behind their mother, playing with a pine cone like a house cat plays with a rubber mouse.

He froze, unable to move, his cowardly nature getting the best of him.

He quickly assessed her size and found her huge. Perhaps five feet long and weighing 500 pounds, she seemed as large as the forest where she lived. Her dark brown fur, almost ebony, reflected the dimly bright sunlight that made its way to the forest floor. He quickly thought of grizzly legends. This would be his final moment.

Her quiet demeanor puzzled him. How long would she wait before attacking him, unleashing her powerful claws with the same

artful precision Odysseus used with his bow? Where was the grand rearing onto hind legs and mighty roar he had seen on National Geographic?

As the thought of death caged him, like zoo animals he had seen many times, his mind wandered. He thought of his children, whom he had not seen in months. He knew his youngest son was now a starter on his youth football team. This weekend marked the sixth or seventh game of the season; he didn't know which. His daughter, meanwhile, had begun dating -- a monumental occasion in her life. His eldest son, the first born, was attending college. He couldn't recall which college. These things he learned from occasional telephone calls.

Thoughts of his Little League days filled his mind. The smell of roasted peanuts and youthful sweat transported him back to second base, his father in the stands.

His mother had died when he was seven, his father left with the chore of raising a son. His father taught him all he knew, which wasn't much, but it was all the gift he had. His father had died a few years earlier, the victim of a heart attack. He had been late arriving at the funeral.

The thought of his wife entered his mind for a moment as a wicked scowl crossed his mental face. He then returned to thinking of his father, wondering if he would be proud of the success his son had attained.

Through his thoughts he never completely

forgot the instrument of death which stood so few yards ahead. Yet this cannon-like figure represented freedom, his only hope for salvation from himself.

He noticed the bear once again, her eyes cutting through him. She knew what his life had become. He wondered how she could know so much about his life.

She knew! and looked at him as if he were a criminal -- a criminal of life.

Spruce, fir, hemlock, oak, pine, maple, elm, ash, beech, hickory, sycamore. Sassafrass, magnolia blossoms, moss.

This was her element and she understood more than he could ever hope to know.

She stepped aside and let him pass.





Frogs

Jimmy Livingston
pen



Untitled

Stephanie Biegner
pencil

Benefactors

The Atheneum

Mr. and Mrs. M.D. Baldwin II

The Chanticleer

Mrs. Martha Thompson

Mr. and Mrs. Jose L. Viscarra



ARCHARIOS