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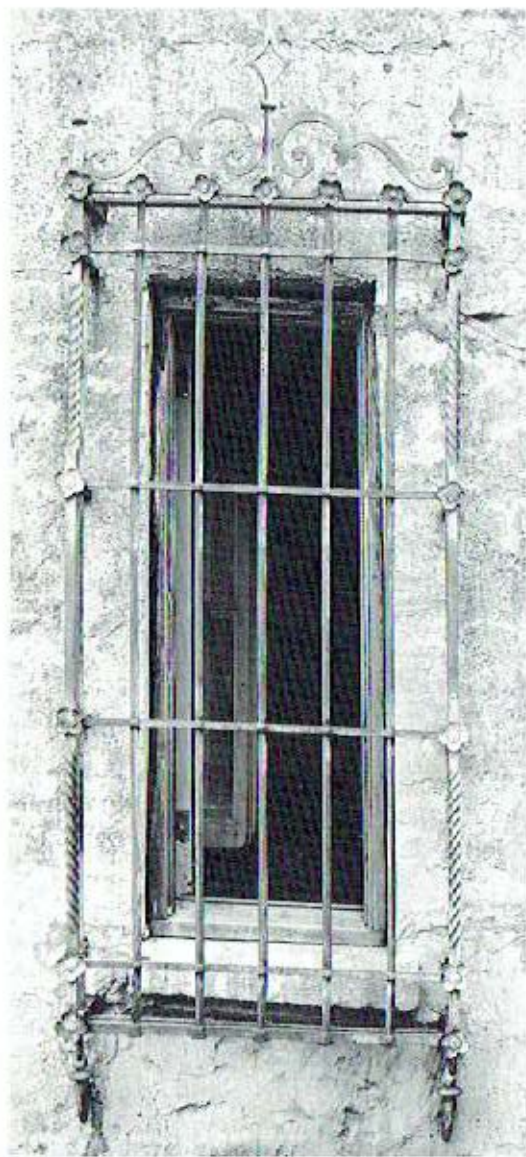
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# ARCHARIOS

— SPRING 1991



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Oracular  
Samantha Montague  
mixed media

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# ARCHARIOS

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**Literary/Art Magazine**  
Coastal Carolina College

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second - Strata, Stephanie Biegner  
Literature -- first - Perhaps I Will Do Better Next Time, Dana Neuen  
second - Rushandi, or The Wise One, Devin Gordon

## EDITOR'S NOTE

Of everyone who has helped me this year, I would especially like to thank Stephanie and Paul for their dedication and perseverance; we have made a wonderful revival of the magazine.

*Archaios* is a biannual publication produced by students, published by the Student Media Committee of USC Coastal Carolina College, and printed by Sheriar Press. *Archaios* is a member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association, Associated Collegiate Press, and Palmetto Literary/Art Magazine Association. 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 year. Benefactrices are available for \$75 per year, patronages for \$25, and subscriptions for \$5. Please direct all inquiries to: *Archaios*, 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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# CONTENTS

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## Prose and Poetry

- Home Grown, Sarah Loudin 3  
Daylight Saving Time, Susan Meyers 4  
Perhaps I Will Do Better Later, Dana Neuen 8  
After the Work is Done, Andrew B. Fishburne 12  
Night, Andrew B. Fishburne 14      The Hitchhiker, Karin Wiechert 17  
An Overcast Day Rips Petals Off, Dana Neuen 21  
Headless, Sarah Loudin 22  
Into My Garden of Eden, Andrew B. Fishburne 24  
Rushandi, or The Wise One, Devin Gordon 29  
Her Own Rules of the Game, Susan Meyers 34

## Art and Photography

- Untitled, Bill McCormick cover  
Oracular, Samantha Montague inside front cover  
Life's Marrow, Devin Gordon 2      Abandoned, Chris Cromer 5  
Untitled, Melissa Jenrette 6      In the Weeds, David M. Ford 7  
Strata, Stephanie Biegner 9      Lost Marbles, Chris Cromer 10  
Dog Face, Steve Westlund 11      Untitled, Nora Speight 12  
Essence of Life, Devin Gordon 13      Just Add Water, Joe Bergman 15  
Self-Portrait, Sue Stayton 16      Doppelganger, Chris Cromer 18  
Brookgreen Flowers, Talulah McInvaill 19      Untitled, Bill McCormick 20  
Untitled, Mary Klein 21      Untitled, Rodney Tisdale 22  
Untitled, Barbara Katzenberg 23      Multifarious, Samantha Montague 25  
Warwind, Kurt Russell 26      The Stocks Are Down, Joe Bergman 27  
Sea Goddess, Stephanie Biegner 28      Untitled, Nora Speight 33  
Stray and the Old Mill, Chris Cromer 34  
Makorva, Stacy Hardee inside back cover



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Life's Marrow  
Devin Gordon  
photograph

## Home Grown

Sarah Loudin

---

I stand on top  
of the hill,  
young and **unafraid**  
of life.  
The house,  
    pond,  
    barn,  
and cow-spotted fields  
sit below as if they  
would wait forever.  
Only the sky and maybe  
God stand above me.

I take a breath  
and a step.  
Unmown hay tickles  
**my thighs** as I run  
down the hill,  
letting gravity  
take control.  
A basketball hoop  
mounted on a discarded  
telephone pole grows  
with speed equal  
to my own.

The house hasn't  
much longer to wait  
when I find  
**the baseball I lost**  
last summer  
under my foot.

Trees scream  
as my face finds earth.  
Dirt and blood fill  
my mouth making a new  
**kind of mudpie.**

Today I remembered how good  
that mudpie tasted.



## Daylight Saving Time

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Susan Meyers

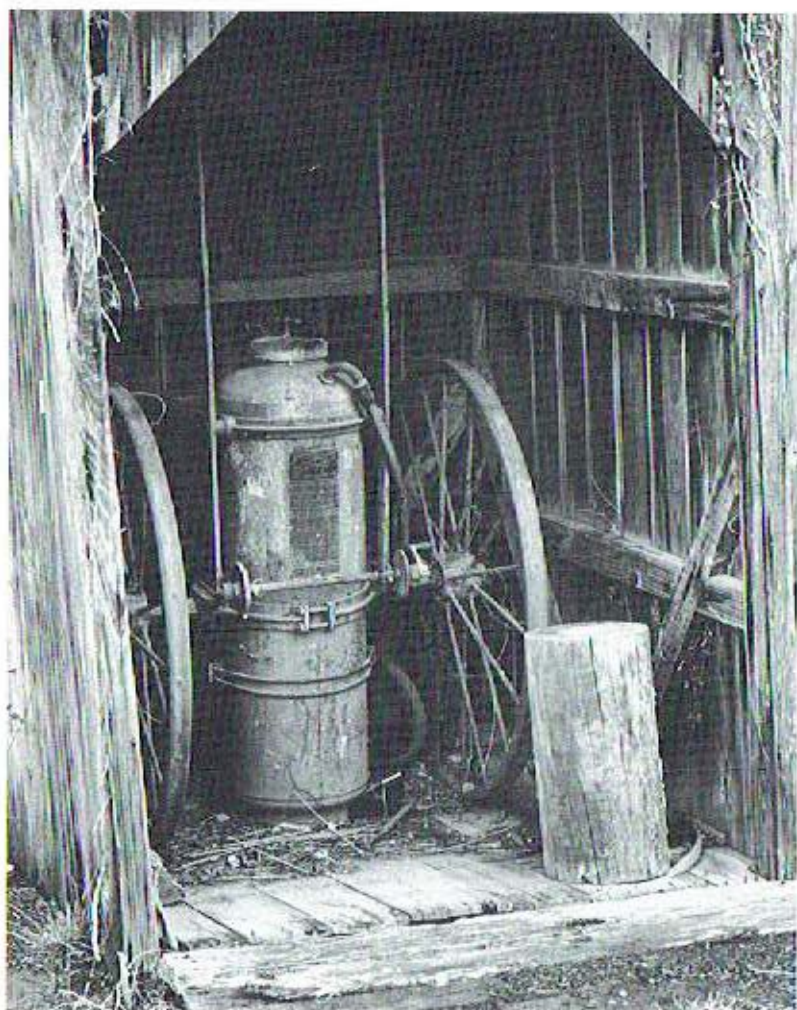
The professor pedals a morning breeze,  
his tie tapping his shoulder  
and ferns ruffling the roadside  
in this borrowed summer town.  
He knows he is lucky.

But with the blink of an eye,  
as they say,  
a motorist sneezes:  
a two-wheel tangle  
tumbles onto green  
and withers a world of summers.

It was his time to go,  
they say,  
the ones who know  
where the holy clock  
ticks a sabbatical of quiet,  
then loses its alarm.

Set the clock back two months:  
the tumor luxuriant in her head  
has choked out most  
of some woman's tomorrows  
until a miracle with a name  
too long for memory  
propagates days, weeks,  
and the side effect of sneezing.

The infallible clock is poised,  
sprung tight for the next alarm.



— Abandoned  
Chris Cromer  
photograph



— Untitled  
Melissa Jenrette  
photograph





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In The Weeds

David M. Ford  
print



## Perhaps I Will Do Better Later

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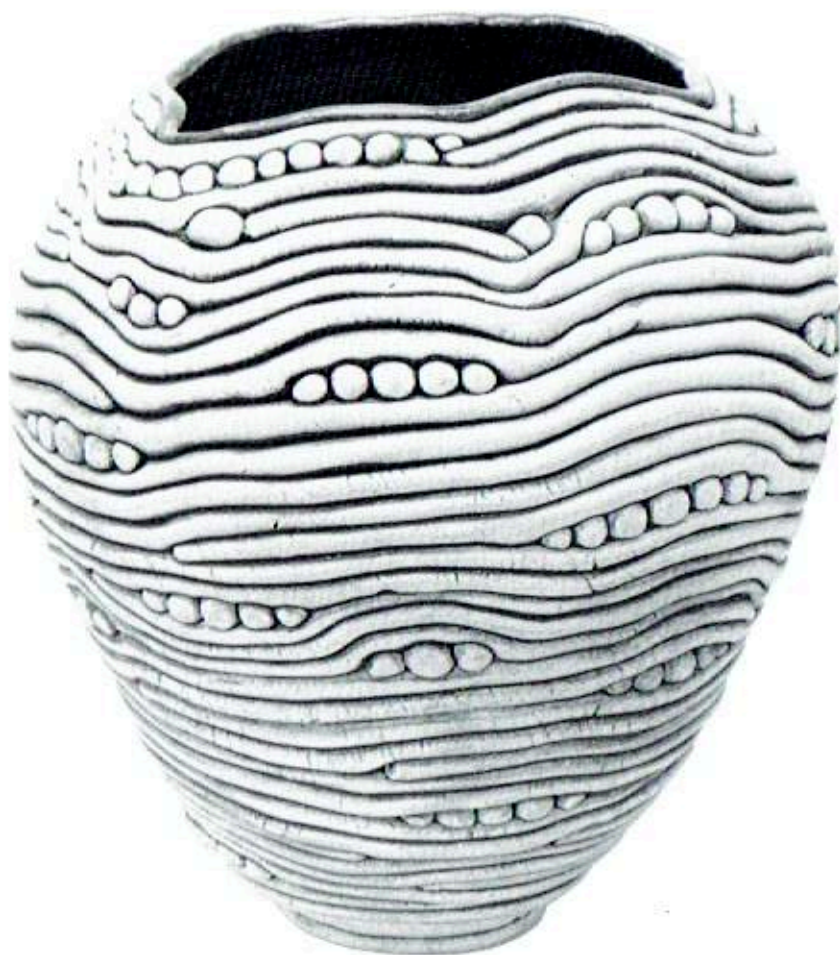
Dana Neuen

There is a place that remains silent to words  
where the thin lips of language are pursed  
into a nonexistent string of tension  
until eyes and brain and heart nearly burst.

And then a cloudy glimpse of nothing much  
appears and lends a guttural motion  
to the thing that quickens round and round life.  
A thing whose sound is yet to be chosen.

Never finish never finish never  
understand a tin can squashed in the street,  
its identity scraped off by shuffles.  
Or the perfect sun on a leaf.

Finally. Now there is nothing to say  
since I have picked words just to throw them away.



— Strata  
Stephanie Biegner  
ceramics



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Lost Marbles

Chris Cromer  
photograph



---

Dog Face  
Steve Westlund  
photograph



## After the Work is Done

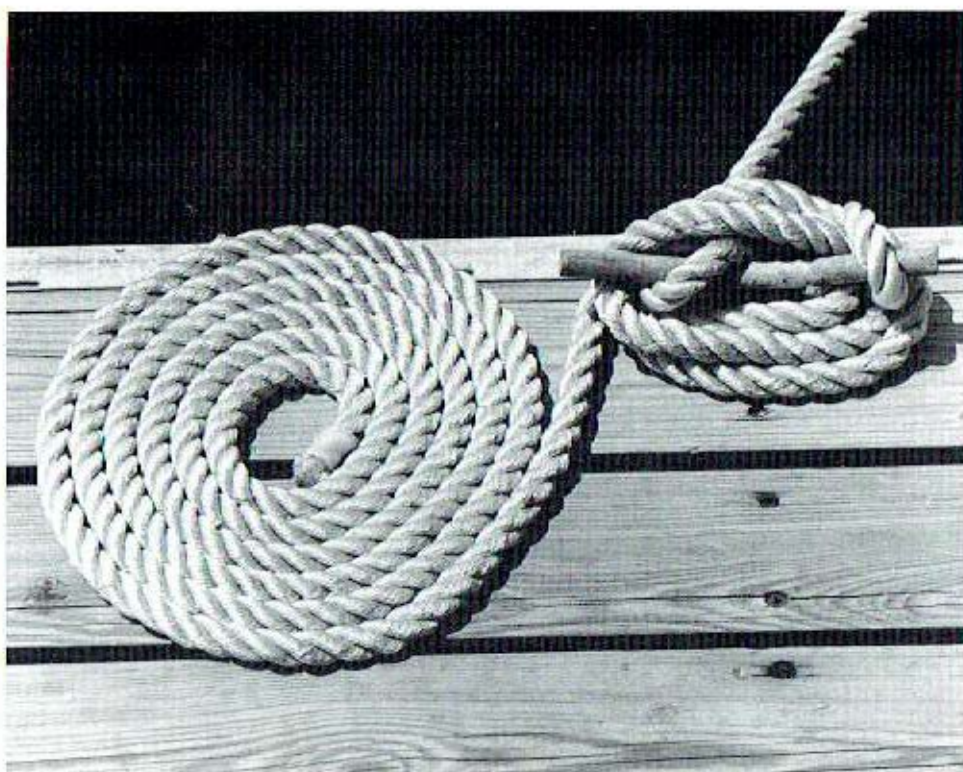
Andrew B. Fishburne

Pink flamingos sprout from his yard,  
An American flag from his porch.  
The largest motor home ever built  
Looms in the shadow of his home.  
It's all paid for, of course,  
With enough left over  
For six months vacation every year.  
He fights against dandelions  
Which battle his hand-picked army  
Of chrysanthemums, roses, and azaleas.  
He reaches down to pet his cat, Barney,  
And breathes a questioning sigh.



Untitled

Nora Speight  
plexiglass



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Essence of Life

Devin Gordon  
photograph

## Night

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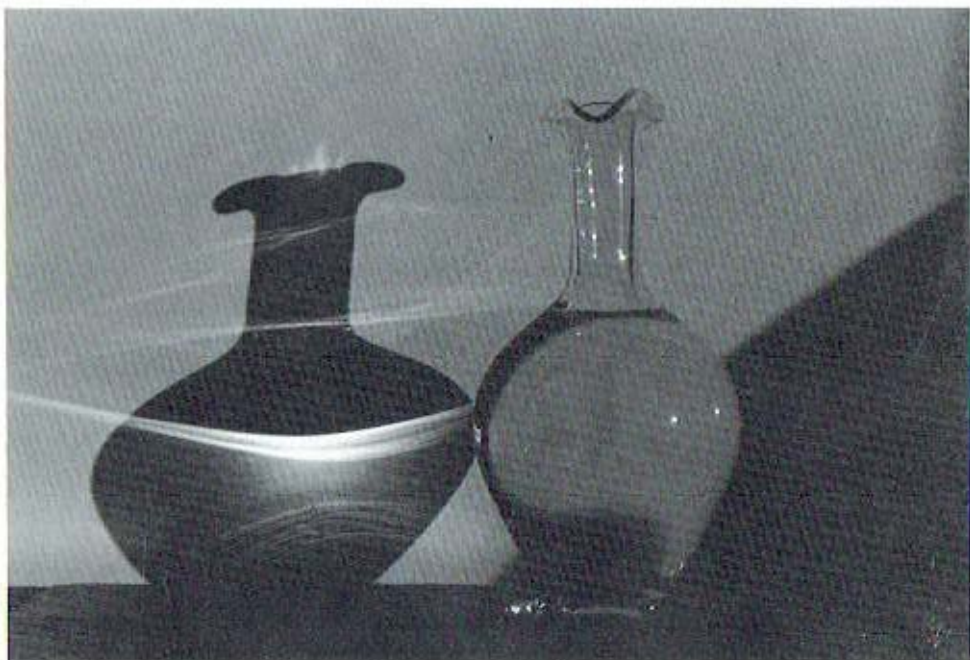
Andrew B. Fishburne

I sit on the porch rail at midnight  
And smoke a cigarette,  
Looking up at the moon, sheathed in  
    clouds,  
Watch cars go by,  
And feel the cool night air,  
Drink its still mobility,  
And wonder how many others are  
    doing the same.  
A Volkswagen putters up the road  
Breaking my train of thought.

Æolian harp sings a melody,  
Harmonious with the song  
Of breeze-dancing trees.  
Strange weather;  
It's January  
And the air outside  
Is more room temperature  
Than my room.  
Crickets sing,  
Groggy from lack of sleep,  
Angry at having been wakened so soon.  
A car zooms down the highway  
Breaking my train of thought.

Raindrops make strange sounds,  
Eerie sounds,  
As they strike the ground,  
The walkway,  
The porch rail,  
The roof.  
Beading up on my wax job,  
Glistening in the comforting light  
Of the security lamp.  
A truck booms by  
Breaking my train of thought.

Venus peeks from behind  
Her winter boyfriend,  
The moon.  
The grass shimmers,  
Almost audibly,  
In the rain.  
Life screams by  
Breaking my train of thought.



— Just Add Water

Joe Bergman  
photograph





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**Self-Portrait**

Sue Stayton  
mixed media

## The Hitchhiker

Karin Wiechert

---

The road cuts across the wind-swept plains like a deep scar in an ancient face. The once oiled and hard-packed road is covered in a deep layer of dust. The wind picks up the dirt and whips it across the fields. Everything is covered by it. The wheat bends from the weight of it.

A hitchhiker stops for a moment, readjusting the pack that lies against his bare back, soaked in sweat. He looks across the dusty plains at the dead stalks of an unharvested wheat field. A dust devil picks up the dirt again and sprays it in his face and eyes. He pulls a dirty handkerchief from his hip pocket and wipes it across his face. The dust is caked in the corners of his mouth and his lips are chapped and cracked. He forces some saliva onto the cloth and works at the dirt on his lips. It burns. He returns the cloth to his pocket and peels the sweaty pack's straps from his shoulders and drops it to the ground. It makes a dull thud as it falls into the heavy dust of the road. He sits. The sun beats down on the hitchhiker, the road, the insects.

A grasshopper spreads its yellow wings and rattles across the road. It falls clumsily to the earth. Ants scurry back and forth in the dust leaving tiny trails to and from their hole. Only the ants move quickly in the searing heat. The grasshopper lifts again, this time falling too close to the ants. He is surrounded, overtaken. His body is pulled into the hole to be consumed, leaving behind a yellow wing in the dust. All is quiet.

The silence is shaken by a large moving van thundering up the road. Its axles creak and loose cargo door bangs against the frame with each pothole. The hitchhiker stands with his thumb out, squinting into the sun, unable to see the driver through the dust. The van passes, trailing a cloud of dust. The hitchhiker drags his wrist across his brow. The dirt and perspiration have formed mud there. He spits the grit from his teeth and lifts the pack to his crusty shoulders. The straps grind the dirt and sweat into his sunburned skin. He draws a deep breath and continues down the road.



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*Doppelgänger*  
Chris Cromer  
photograph





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Brookgreen Flowers

Talulah McInvaill  
watercolor





---

Untitled

Bill McCormick  
photograph

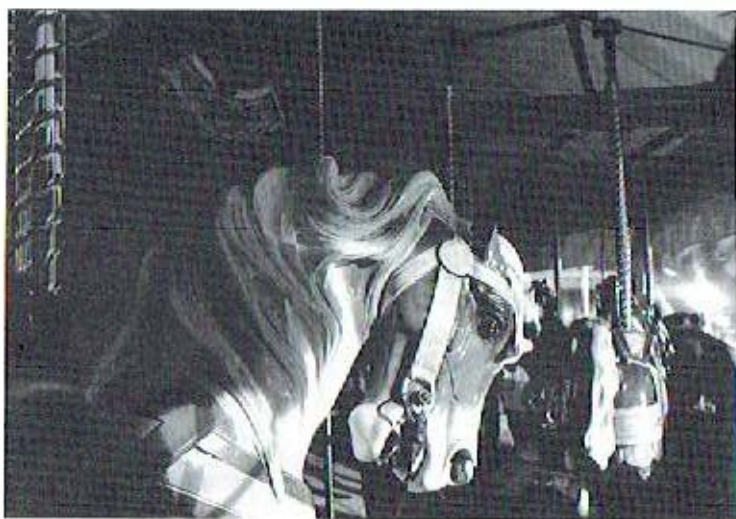
## An Overcast Day Rips Petals Off

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Dana Neuen

This purposed flower  
and frightened sun  
will be the lead bones  
of a philosopher's stone.  
We know it changes  
and changes back, still  
we swallow the gold  
as if it will keep us.  
Whole?

Not that in some memory  
we're not  
gray pebbles in a stream,  
the light bent into  
a drifting glaze  
that makes  
the cold stones blaze.



---

Untitled

Mary Klein  
photograph

## Headless

Sarah Loudin

---

On my ninth birthday  
I asked for fried chicken.  
Dollhouses, dresses,  
and cakes decorated  
with pink icing and candles  
couldn't compete with the chicken  
Dad brought squawking into the house.  
Schunk!

Headless chicken  
running around the yard,  
leaving a trail of bright  
blood, such a pretty red.  
I ran after her, spotting  
the bottoms of my feet.  
White feathers turned pink  
and I gathered the ones  
that fell for my dolls to wear.

The chicken soon lost  
her nerve and gave up trying  
to escape without a head.  
Dad caught her and my dolls  
soiled their dresses  
wearing still wet feathers  
while the chicken  
grumbled in a fying pan.

We often invited death  
to our table.  
Funny,  
he never wore his black cloak,  
or carried his scythe.



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Untitled  
Rodney Tisdale  
ceramics





---

Untitled

Barbara Katzenberg  
print



## Into My Garden of Eden

---

Andrew B. Fishburne

A home for the alone,  
Dead center of Hell,  
And seven stories up,  
I drink foamy ambrosia  
And feast on salty manna,  
With Holy fervor.  
Marvel at how,  
Christ-like,  
I turn money into wine.

Into my Garden of Eden  
Walk angels,  
Some with swords,  
Others with wings of gold.

One emerges supreme,  
Wilder and floating higher  
Than the rest,  
Scans, 'till eyes come to rest,  
On me?  
Yes, her halo gestures,  
Indicates my cloud.  
I launch from my padded stool,  
And enter the Gates of Heaven.

Into my Garden of Eden  
Scream angels,  
Some with armor,  
Others with swords of gold.

The neon lights are cirrus clouds,  
The sun a mirror ball.  
But I barely notice these things,  
The dazzle is but frame  
For the glare, my angel.  
Without a word, we gambol  
Across a burnished veneer  
And sing the chants of banshees.

Into my Garden of Eden  
Sing angels,  
Some with hallelujahs,  
Others with armor of gold.

---

Heaven is a fickle place,  
And two hours later,  
A Ritz for asses and cows,  
Manger beds,  
Ten bucks an hour,  
Languid,  
I know the merger  
Of Heaven and Hell.  
My angel rolls over  
And demands twenty bucks.

Into my Garden of Eden  
Come angels,  
All with swords,  
All with wings of bats.



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**Multifarious**  
Samantha Montague  
mixed media



— Warlwind

Kurt Russell  
acrylic

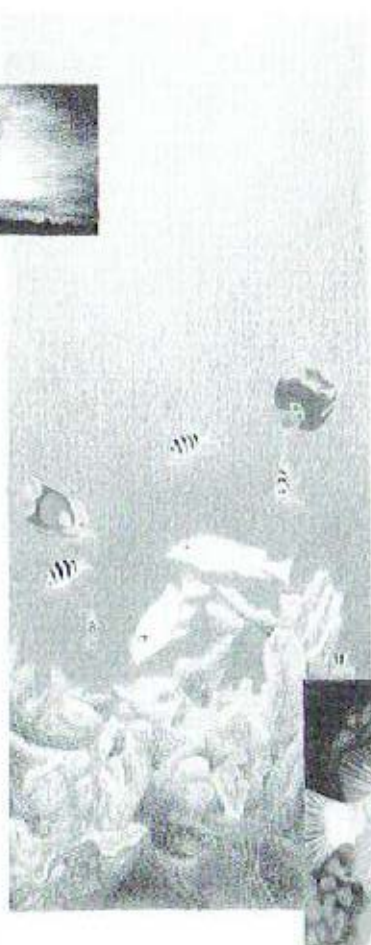


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The Stocks Are Down

Joe Bergman  
photograph





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Sea Goddess

Stephanie Biegner  
colored pencil

## Rushandi, or The Wise One

---

A Folktale

Devin Gordon

Rushandi was a man of simple means, but then so were most men in his village. Modern conveniences never reached this part of the world, but people in the village had heard of such things as televisions and telephones. Living as their grandfathers had, they were satisfied to live without the amenities of the "civilized" world.

Rushandi was a farmer, like his father and his father before him and his father before him. Most men in the village were hunters, but Rushandi chose to make his life among vegetables. Tomatoes, cabbage, beans, peas, carrots, beets, kale and fruit not known in the West provided all the sustenance Rushandi needed to survive. He occasionally traded for rice and other grains with traveling farmers from distant villages. Those in other worlds may have more, but none, Rushandi felt, lived a more

peaceful existence than he.

Along with the vegetables, Rushandi had his friends, the animals. Rushandi, of course, did not *have* the animals. All existence was one, his father taught him; all things depend on others to survive. This was the way of the circle.

Rushandi lived his life according to the way of the circle, even though most of those around him had long since given up the ancient ways. It disturbed him to see his human friends live with little regard for nature, but Rushandi respected the rights of others in his village. And they respected his rights. For he was The Wise One.

As the oldest male member of the village, Rushandi had the privilege of being called The Wise One. Much honor and respect was paid The Wise One, and he was often called upon to settle disputes among the villagers. As long as he had been The Wise One, he

had helped the villagers settle every disagreement so that all parties involved were satisfied. Rushandi's thoughtful, gentle manner and fairness made him well-liked among his neighbors. He was a man of few words, but those he spoke carried great meaning. The villagers respected him not only for his position, but also for his kindness toward others. No one was ever heard to utter an unkind word about him.

The villagers accepted Rushandi as eccentric. He was most often found in or near his garden; as he meticulously cared for the plants that brought him life, animals gathered round him. Noble beasts such as chickens, porcupines, rats and bullfrogs knew Rushandi would share his food with them, but this was not the only reason they came. He understood them, it seemed, or understood them as much as a man can understand a cat or a hare. No one in the village ever seemed to hear Rushandi's conversations with his animal friends, but he was often seen talking to birds or boars. It appeared that the animals spoke in return, but everyone knew that was impossible. It was harmless enough, the villagers thought, if he

wished to speak to animals.

On particularly clear days, when the still wind seemed to speak in echoes, Rushandi would travel to the sea, accompanied on the long walk by several animals. There, it was said by the few fishermen in the village, he would spend long hours standing in the small surf, looking to the sea as if it would bring some great wisdom to him. Dolphins and, occasionally, whales would venture far closer to the shore than usual on those days Rushandi visited the water.

When Rushandi visited the sea he always returned with his pockets full of sand, carrying one stone, which he added to a pile near his garden. The mound, next to a similar pile created by his father, was now nearly as tall as him. When he was not tending his garden, Rushandi's favorite pastime was creating designs with sand. He would take the sand he gathered on the beach and stain it using dyes made from the skins of vegetables and fruit in his garden. Rushandi would create intricate patterns on flat rocks or clear pieces of ground by allowing the tinted sand to flow through his cupped hands in small streams. His home was filled with these patterns, all geometric



designs of earthtone colors which seemed to represent nothing.

Rushandi used other rocks, which he found while tilling his garden, to play a strange game. He would arrange three rocks into a triangle, each rock equally spaced from the next, stand ten paces away and toss leaves toward the space created by the rocks. No one in the village ever saw Rushandi land a leaf in the triangle, but this never seemed to bother him.

Rushandi's archaic, peculiar ways had a certain fascination for the villagers. But, although no one would dare to speak such a notion, some in the village thought The Wise One to be foolish. His unyielding hold on outdated ways and unusual habits puzzled them. Why, they wondered, would he eat only vegetables and spend his days talking to animals and throwing leaves when the sea overflows with fish and the mountains abound with fresh meat for the taking? His lifestyle perplexed them.

The villagers did not understand Rushandi's adherence to the way of the circle. They knew little of the philosophy, although they had heard Rushandi speak of it many times. Even the elders in the village had heard

their grandfathers speak of the circle. But those were the olden days, and the village had come far since then.

Many years ago traders from the East had brought guns, and the villagers had found themselves with an easier life. No longer were they forced to subsist on fish and the occasional hare or deer they were able to catch in a trap; the gun expanded opportunities. Hares, deer, goats, coyotes and other creatures common to the area became easy prey. The gun, the villagers thought, had brought new life to the village. Even though it was a modern thing, it changed life, for the better, and forever. But Rushandi continued with the ways of the circle, like his father and his father before him and his father before him.

As the men of the village returned home in the late afternoon glow of the sun, arms loaded with fresh meat for their families, they would watch Rushandi tending his garden and talking to the animals. He always paused to speak kindly to the hunters, inquiring as to their health and good fortune, before he returned to caring for his garden and talking with a squirrel.

Over the years Rushandi neared



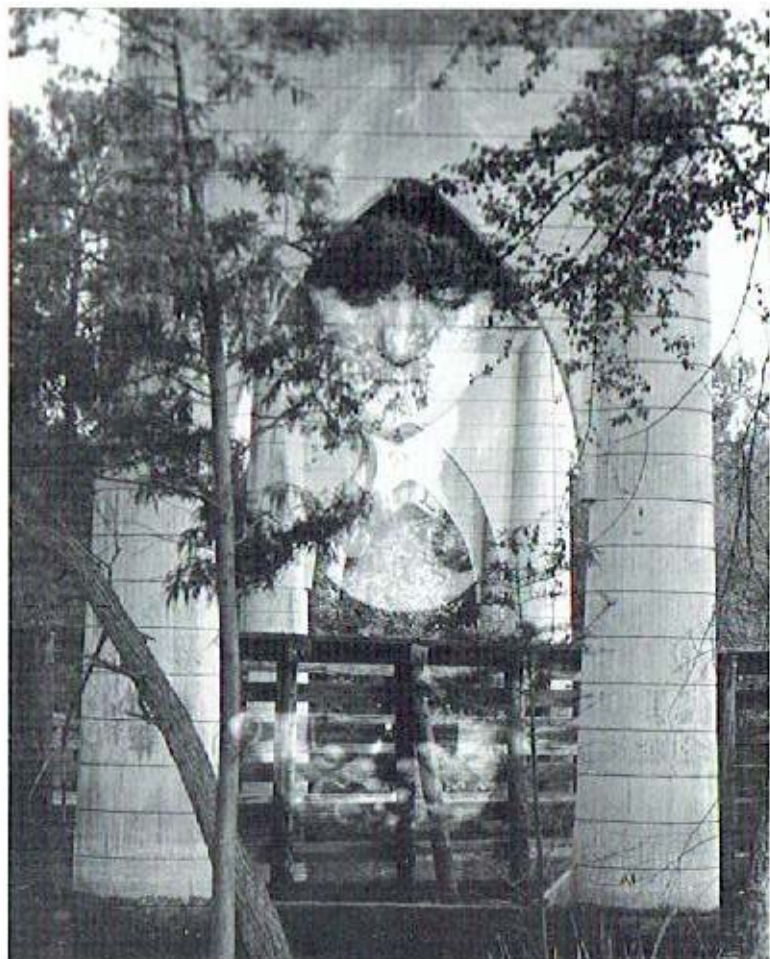
the age of the sturdy trees which surrounded the village. His body slowly began to fade; The Wise One's mind, however, remained as clear as ever. His walks to the sea became less and less frequent. He was still able to tend his garden, but it was no longer maintained like it was in his youth. Weeds, always cleared by Rushandi the moment they appeared, now seemed to be a common feature in his garden. The rich green color of his plants remained the same hue but seemed less brilliant than they had been in the past.

On a morning in late spring when no wind blew but the leaves of trees rustled, Rushandi made a final trip to the sea. His walk was made more difficult by his ailing legs, but a coyote and a wolf allowed him to rest his hands on their backs as he journeyed to the water. Accompanied by hares, goats, a wild turkey, a cat, a boar and other creatures, Rushandi reached the beach by midafternoon and, as he had a thousand times before, stood in the small surf gazing at the water. He stayed many hours; the animals searched for food, fluttered or played nearby. Families of dolphins, whales and manatees joined the group near the

shore. As the sun sank into the ocean, Rushandi took three steps backward, sat on the beach and leaned against a tree. There he said goodbye to the animals.

The fishermen returned The Wise One's body to his home. The next morning the villagers honored him in the glorious style reserved for those of his station. At a funeral full of pageantry, the people dressed in white, customary for the occasion, and buried him in his garden. The animals who had accompanied him on his last journey to the sea, joined by others from the forest, stood serenely nearby. As the elders encircled his grave with stones, children threw rocks to scatter the animals.





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Untitled

Nora Speight  
photograph

## Her Own Rules of the Game

---

Susan Meyers

At five she spent hours  
memorizing marbles.  
She learned the weight  
of circles,  
how to click  
with porcelain ease.

The big milky one  
drooped a red country  
she wanted to live in  
forever  
when marbles quit rolling  
across her floor.

She knew red and she knew  
younger colors  
that washed like waves  
into swirls she couldn't name,

and she knew cool marbles  
each held a moon  
she could always touch again.



---

Stray and the Old Mill

Chris Cromer  
photograph





— Makorva

Stacy Hardee  
pencil

## **Benefactors**

*The Atheneum*

Mr. and Mrs. M.D. Baldwin II

*The Chanticleer*

Domino's Pizza

Mrs. Martha Thompson

Mr. and Mrs. Jose L. Viscarra





ARCHARIOS