4-1-1992

Archarios, 1992 Spring

Office of Student Life
USC Coastal Carolina College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/archarios-magazine

Part of the Higher Education Commons, and the History Commons

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/archarios-magazine/16

This Periodical is brought to you for free and open access by the Office of Student Life at CCU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Archarios Literary Art Magazine by an authorized administrator of CCU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact commons@coastal.edu.
Floating Starry Night
Mary Klein
relief print
ARCHARIOS

Literary / Art Magazine
Coastal Carolina College
STAFF
Editor-in-Chief - Susanne Viscarra
Assistant Editor / Art Director - Stephanie Biegner
Managing Editor - David M. Schulz
Staff Photographers - Joe Bergman, Steve Westlund
Illustrator - Mary Klein
Art Assistants - Mary Klein, Samantha Montague
Circulations Manager - Sherry Rauckhorst

EDITORIAL BOARD
Stephanie Biegner, Preston McKeever-Floyd, Samantha Montague, Paul Olsen, Paul Rice, David M. Schulz, Susanne Viscarra

ADVISER
Paul Olsen

EDITOR'S NOTE
This is my fourth and final issue as editor, and I would like to dedicate this one to my advisers, Paul Olsen and Dr. Roy Talbert, Jr. These two men have taught me to value detail and integrity in all of my endeavors. Also, Stephanie Biegner has proven to be the most talented peer with whom I have worked. Thanks to everyone who has helped me realize Archarios, and to those who appreciate the staff's diligence.

Archarios is a biannual publication produced by students, published by the Student Media Committee of USC Coastal Carolina College, and printed by The Printing Port. Archarios 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 school year. Only students are eligible for awards. This issue of Archarios, and the three preceding issues, have been copyrighted through the Library of Congress. Benefactrices, patronages, and subscriptions are available annually. Please direct all inquiries to: Archarios, USC Coastal Carolina College, P.O. 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.
CONTENTS

Poetry
Sunny Fry - The Dragon 3, Something Whispered 28
Sarah Loudin - Reduction 10, The Dreams of Fingers 18,
          Ceremonies of Passing 32
Eric Rogers - Porch Dogs 6, Thanksgiving 17, Narrow-Gauge 24,
           Three-Part Blackbird 35
Sharon A. Tully - Moth Dance 12
Randall A. Wells - Train Station 20

Art and Photography
Jacque Allen - Dew Drops 2
Stephanie Biegner - Escape 11, Transparency Study 19, Freedom 27
Drew Brophy - Shark Attack 9
Bruce Christner - I'm Only a Man 31, Rosewood 38
Johnnie Cowan - Me and the Girls 22, Untitled 30
David M. Ford - Moonlight 14, Black Buck Swamp 23
Sally Haviland - My Brothers 4
Missie Hyatt - Auburn 5, Stephanie 15, Mountains inside back cover
Mary Klein - Floating Starry Night inside front cover
Jill MacEldowney - Flower Guard'n 33
Irene Menegigian - Hometown 16, The Engagement 34
Lynn Murchison - Peaches 26, Figure Study 36
Sigga Sigurdardottir - Untitled 8
Dew Drops
Jacque Allen photograph
The Dragon
Sunny Fry

I want a winter of naked trees,
of air so ice breath's plume will freeze
and fall and shattered--
murdered song.
A violent world of whispering white,
a brilliant blanket of sharded light,
stilled human clatter--
stilled holy chatter--
transplendent wrong.

Just now
I'm swathed in eiderdown
dry hands wrapped 'round
dry lips to sip
a tepid and complacent tea.

Yet roaring I could be!
soul soaring I could be!
bones blazing,
heart raging... 
Oh! could I a wild inferno blow
if every Adversary
were pure as snow.
My Brothers
Sally Haviland
relief print
Auburn
Missie Hyatt
pencil
We occupy the porch in a war of attrition.
Man and child, eyes on far horizons,
The rag-tag animal collection looks on.

He teaches me of his life, his battles.
A sailor, we never talk of the sea or war,
Just scars. Nothing else.
I learn the half-truths best suited to me,
His tired frame my instructor.

Between the distant thunder of deck guns
And the final pale silence, is a new time.
The age of disease, sickness and pain,
A time of demons. They visit us on the porch,
Soldiers in a new campaign all his own.
He defeats some,
Others leave him gasping in the thin dust.
He recognizes them all,
Treats them like a young man's friends.
They sit in abandoned chairs and talk history.
I suppose they listen better than I do,
And never draw his disappointed smile.

History lessons on a shaded front porch.
Sometimes, that's all the old men have.
Untitled
Sigga Sigurdardottir
ceramics
Shark Attack
Drew Brophy
pencil
A burring chainsaw slices distance into slabs of manageable dimensions. Trees fall in impressive arcs just beyond my perception.

The thud of an axe runs breathlessly ahead, racing the bite of the bit into rich chestnut logs.

Hearth split kindling cracks and breaks all in one breath. Splinters proceed the whisk of a silver-handled broom.

Crunching and crackling flames exclaim over fine grained wood. Heat travels across the room bearing ancient dreams of forests where trees loom and the nights are cold.
Escape
Stephanie Biegner
marker
Moth Dance
Sharon A. Tully

We ushered in the summer,
white Sangria glistening under porch lamps,
pale moths danced in frenzied circles around them,
car headlights, huge spotlights lighting up your face at intervals,
Smiling down at me,
Your eyes danced a moth dance

Building a sand castle at dusk,
the Sound breezeless, black water flowing under a ripe moon,
digging into moist, fishy sand mound upon mound,
four perfect turrets, stick flags,
Before we left,
I crushed it with my foot
Cruising Shore Boulevard in your '66 Nova,
bridge looming before us,
clanking of trucks hitting loose gratings,
jagged cutout of the city painted black and white,
stapled against hazy sky,

You, I, the dim ferry,
Exist tonight

We ushered out the summer,
sitting helpless in the night air,
khaki jacket wrapping my legs,
my arm in yours pressed so tight,
watching the moths, attracted to the lights beyond,
slap against porch screens,
then fall
Moonlight
David M. Ford
relief print
Stephanie
Missie Hyatt
pencil
Hometown
Irene Menegigian
photograph
Thanksgiving
Eric Rogers

We depart from the limousines.
Six to help make her last steps
Smooth and dignified.
A family rite of passage,
We are groomed for the part.

Another hand is on the casket:
Shoddy suit, yellow grin, stench.
An extra place laid at dinner.
Death is no stranger there,
It has listened at many meals
To the stories our grief told.

There is laughter now,
The Shiloh ladies bring food
Good coffee and pound cake.
So death just smiles,
Offers shameless sympathy
And picks its teeth.
The Dreams of Fingers
Sarah Loudin

Awake at midnight,
I am blind, searching
for a reason like Homer
trying to say
what he cannot see.

Dream-driven
to a crooked sleep,
I am cheated of touch.
Drawing my arm close
I seek a hand
unseen and unfelt.

A dream-me tries to touch.
One hand is gone.

Clasping the missing member,
I find it thick and fat
and senseless.

Awake again,
my hand sleeps on.
What nightmares haunt
the sleep of fingers?

Dare I wake them?
Dare I let them sleep?
Transparency Study
Stephanie Biegner
watercolor
Train Station
Randall A. Wells

Old when still mortar-wet, its dark bricks waste
The wan sunsetlight; matte freight cars
Siding-stranded, promise scrap metal.

In its cubic dimness
Good-byes from long-stilled lips
Echo from benchwood to ceiling
On high, where November smoke stays lung-warm.
Was the agent born in this room,
Yanked into life by the suspenders?

On the platform, concrete uncompromising--
As if made for iron wheels to grit and rumble
Underneath a passenger boxed in a Pullman of wood.

A laugh arrives with an electric baggage cart,
A sound welcome against the gridwork roof
Rusting over the tracks and decorated
By warning signs.
More hope in the washed-out, under-cloud dusk:
Steel shines. The strips converge
At often-scanned emptiness, as the clock
Nicks its prediction.

A blaze of yellow announces the child.

Gliding larger, the light adorns a workaday engine,
Built to haul, not pull,
From which an arm returns my grateful wave
As it slows to a stop, throbbing.
Amid the shapes of arrivals and luggage
It is easy to make out the bright hair,
The luminous skin, the half-smile ("Name's Da Vinci;
Is this seat taken, miss?")

And it is easy to find the words of a prayer:
"If ever I come back, let it be to meet."
Me and the Girls
Johnnie Cowan
lithograph
Black Buck Swamp
David M. Ford
relief print
The one syllable men, the steel drivers
And rock busters. Conservation of energy,
They lay new train track beside the old
With a minimum of effort, no time lost.
The steel men don't look around
And the rock busters never flinch.

May. The overseer hires a summer punk
To keep the men on their toes.
Both metal and rock bend to avoid him
Until it's just the boy and the rail.
In a vacuum, summer help evaporates
Like sweat on sun-flash steel.
He carts gravel down the line,
Wearing his earplugs, like the Man said.
He can't hear warnings in the silence,
Just feels the growing vibration
And turns to see what it is.

Turns as a thousand black-hot tons
Rocket by in the midday dryness.
Close enough to touch,
And feel the bony click of the wheels.
As the swirling dust of a lover's caress
Settles in his throat,
He learns he is not alone.
Never truly alone, out on the rail.
Peaches
Lynn Murchison
watercolor

* A study of Charles DeMuth's Peaches
Freedom
Stephanie Biegner
colored pencil
Something Whispered
Sunny Fry

Fragile and ferocious flowers flow up slow
from rich brown rolling ground,
gentled up with liquid light--
slender columns of smelted strength.
Straight tall trees grow and grow
and grow, and crack, and then fall down,
showering their seasoned seed
much longer than their length.

Fragile and ferocious children creep,
wash wild from warm and wounded wombs--
measured up with milk and money,
greedy guzzling golden drafts of life.
Straight tall sons stand before the deep
abyss of what they will become -- and succumb,
spraying pungent pollen into honey
to bear it longer than their lives.
Fine frail fingers weave and filigree,
and find, refine, refinish and restart--
and still the surging, urging, lifts
through he who, ever failing, sets his hand
to encapsulate Eternity for a second or a century.
And so it is, and so demands the art--
We can command the craft, but not the gift.
Stone and steel stretch straight and strong, and stands
until it heeds the wind, and loves the land.

Yet when the blood of those who dared to pit their marrow
against an all too finite life and narrow
is drying in the rubble and decay--
The dawn shall spring again upon its day.
Full circle. Failing's not the fault,
for falling finds means to exalt
one substance, essence, and glorious the power
that shares life with the fragile and ferocious flower.
Untitled
Johnnie Cowan
etching
I'm Only a Man
Bruce Christner
copper wire
Ceremonies of Passing
Sarah Loudin

Layers of broken leaves
give way to secund dirt,
blackly wet beneath my hands.
I loosen soil with sticks.

My childhood was filled
with kittens who died faster
than the passing of summer.
Death,
more mysterious than life,
could hold my attention
longer than soft paws
that never tired of chasing.

With only my child-religion
to guide me, I designed my own
ceremonies of passing.
Shoeboxes decorated with crayon
hieroglyphs held stiff bodies
wrapped in doll blanket shrouds.

I left no markers
no stones,
no crosses,
no mounds
to remind me of the kittens
I found so easy to replace.

Today,
I sift through dirt
hoping my finger will catch
a mud clean bone,
a mouldy blanket,
a scrap of cardboard
still carrying a red wax heart.
Flower Guard'n
Jill MacEldowney
photograph
The Engagement
Irene Menegigian
etching
Three-Part Blackbird
Eric Rogers

Blackbirds ribbon through the yard
From tree to ground to blacktop to pasture,
A living river that pauses briefly
Before it continues into a cloudless blue sea.

When they come to rest, it’s a hush
Like some alien snow has blanketed the country.
All other things cease in the wake of their fury,
Waiting to see what will come.

Soon, a cry begins and is taken up by multitudes,
From everywhere, with no beginning or end.
A warning each hurls up against a harsh winter sky.
  we are so much more than i am
Figure Study
Lynn Murchison
pencil
NOTES

From Myrtle Beach, Jacque Allen is a junior majoring in art studio, along with Joe Bergman, who is a junior from Gastonia, North Carolina. Stephanie Biegner is a senior from Georgetown who is also majoring in art studio with Drew Brophy, who is a freshman from Myrtle Beach. Bruce Christner is a sophomore from Conway majoring in art studio. Johnnie Cowan has mysteriously disappeared.

A junior majoring in art studio, David M. Ford is from Myrtle Beach, along with Sunny Fry, who is a senior majoring in English. Sally Haviland is a junior from Myrtle Beach who is majoring in art education. Missie Hyatt is a junior from Spartanburg, double majoring in art studio and art education. From Okinawa, Mary Klein is a part-time student who received a bachelor's degree from Coastal in art studio in 1990.

Sarah Loudin, from French Creek, West Virginia, is a junior majoring in English within the Honors Program. Also a junior, Jill MacEldowney is a native of Greensboro, North Carolina, majoring in art studio. Presently completing his doctorate for Emory University, Preston McKeever-Floyd is a philosophy and religion instructor from Conway. Graduating in May, Irene Menegigian is an art studio major from Dumont, New Jersey. Samantha Montague, who is from Ocean City, Maryland, is a graduating senior majoring in art studio. Also majoring in art studio, Lynn Murchison is a junior from Myrtle Beach.

An assistant professor of art, Paul Olsen received his M.F.A. from the University of Miami-Florida in 1975, and currently resides in Conway. Sherry Rauckhorst is a senior from Medina, Ohio, majoring in computer science. Originating from LeGrange, Georgia, Paul Rice is an associate professor of English who received his Ph.D. in English from Catholic University in 1985. Eric Rogers is a senior from Piedmont, South Carolina, majoring in marine science. Majoring in English, David M. Schulz is a junior from Westchester County, New York.

From Reykjavik, Iceland, Sigga Sigurdardottir is a senior majoring in marketing. Sharon A. Tully is a library technical assistant from Queens, New York, who received her bachelor's degree in English from Queens College in 1981. Planning to graduate in May, Susanne Viscarra is a history major from Baltimore, and has served as editor of Archarios for two years. Residing in the Conway area, Randall A. Wells is an associate professor of English and speech who received his Ph.D. in English from UNC Chapel Hill in 1973. From Myrtle Beach, Steve Westlund is graduating in May with a degree in art studio.
Rosewood
Bruce Christner
wood sculpture

AWARDS

Art
first  I'm Only a Man by Bruce Christner
second  My Brothers by Sally Haviland

Literature
first  Porch Dogs by Eric Rogers
second  Something Whispered by Sunny Fry
Mountains
Missie Hyatt
relief print

BENEFACTORS
The Athenaeum
The Chanticleer
Domino's Pizza

PATRONS
Mr. and Mrs. Hal P. Sikes

This publication printed at a cost of $3,291.75 for 1,000 copies, or $3.29 per copy.