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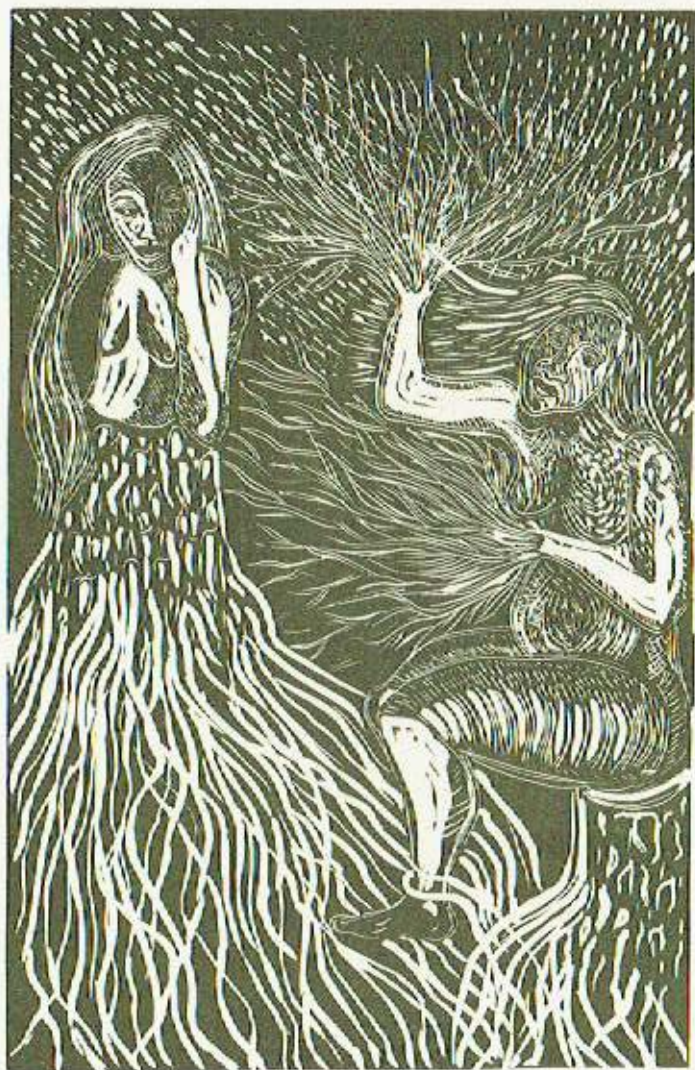
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A stylized, graphic illustration of a plant branch with large, dark green leaves and several orange and yellow flowers. The flowers are rendered with a textured, cross-hatched pattern. The branch curves from the top left towards the bottom right. The background is a light, textured pattern of fine lines.

ARCHARIOS

FALL 1991



Mother Earth
Rosie Lindler
print



ARCHARIOS

Literary / Art Magazine
Coastal Carolina College

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Paul Olsen

EDITOR'S NOTE

This is our third issue, and luckily we have gathered a dedicated staff and editorial board that work well together. But, most of all, I would like to thank those who submitted their works, and everyone who reads *Archarios*--we have created this for you.

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contributors. Submissions are accepted from students, faculty, and staff throughout the academic school year. 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.

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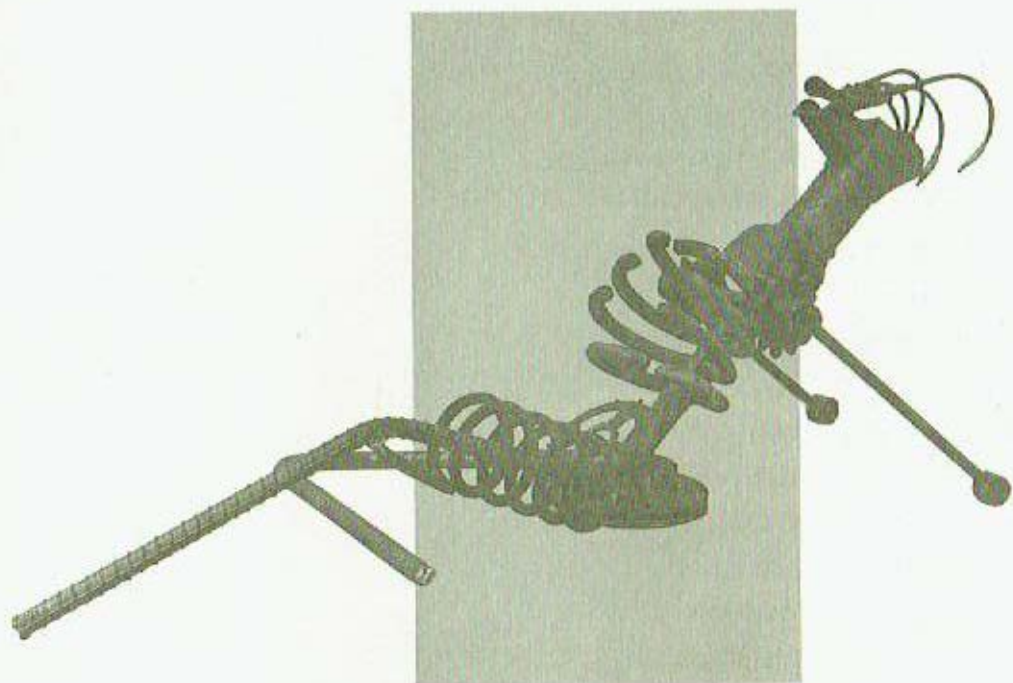
Ophelia
Stacy Hardee
photograph

...Where the Heart Is.

Eric Rogers

We sit, feet swinging.
She smiles up at the street lights
As well-rounded boot heels walk on,
Tick tock...soft-shoe shuffle,
Counting the moments of the past
That run away from nothing,
Like horses in a spring shower.

Children of the country, she and I,
Riding the same rusted and beat up bicycle.
Measuring cycles of time with the nose:
Newly turned dirt, diesel oil, rain.
Spies, hidden by youth, listening
As the world was revealed to us
On squeaky front porch swings
By living scars smoking Pall Malls.
Knowing things will never be different
Is an easy faith.



Untitled
Missie Hyatt
mixed media

White Sands, New Mexico

Andrew B. Fishburne

Tiny diamonds of silicon, edged in azure,
Blanket the deeper rock,
Like sugar, spilled across the table
By a nervous morning hand.

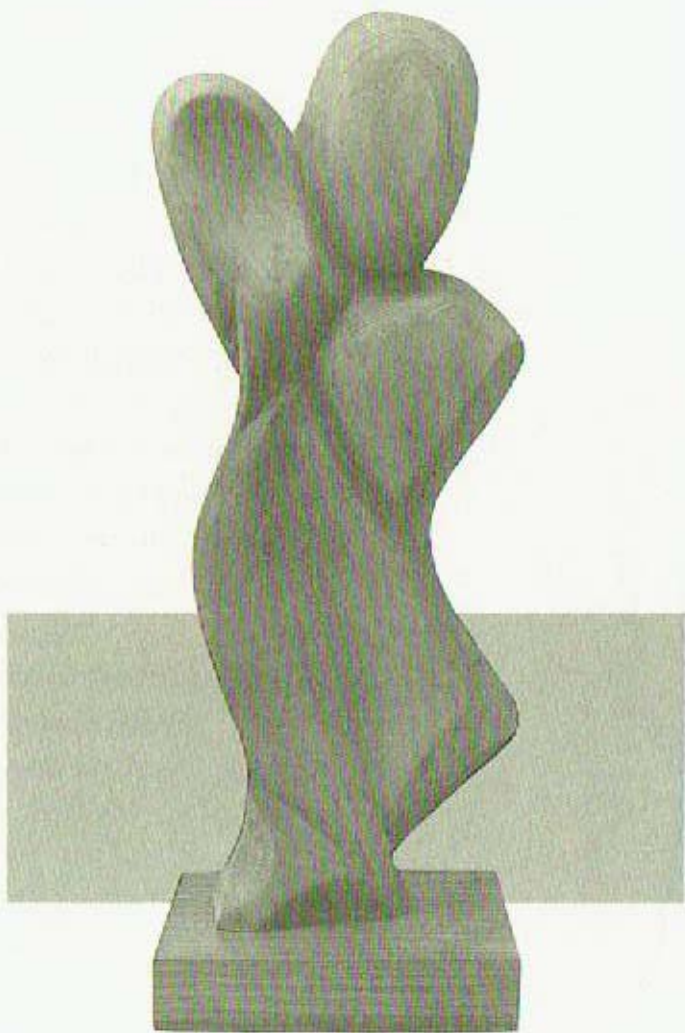
Beaches are supposed to have seas,
Not endless dunes of powdered rock
Ungraced by seashells
Or clamorous gulls on sortie.

Of course, a wavering ocean appears
In sun-dreamed vapors on the horizon,
But two steps forward and it disappears,
Left with nothing but its wish.

I think I love the sea-less pageant of stone,
Bare and open to doubt.



Self-Portrait
Mary Klein
photograph



La Dame
Nora Speight
wood sculpture

Crying Wolf

Suzanne Sasser

Slats are simple, even to this tiny black
that slips its fingers around my face.
My eyes screw shut. But a drop of dark comes in
somehow and it has found my heart.
It seeps up to my ear and knocks.

At the window, the new green hat is first,
white eyes, red tongue, new and fresh, young,
white teeth grin. I recognize his thought:
The door is unlocked.

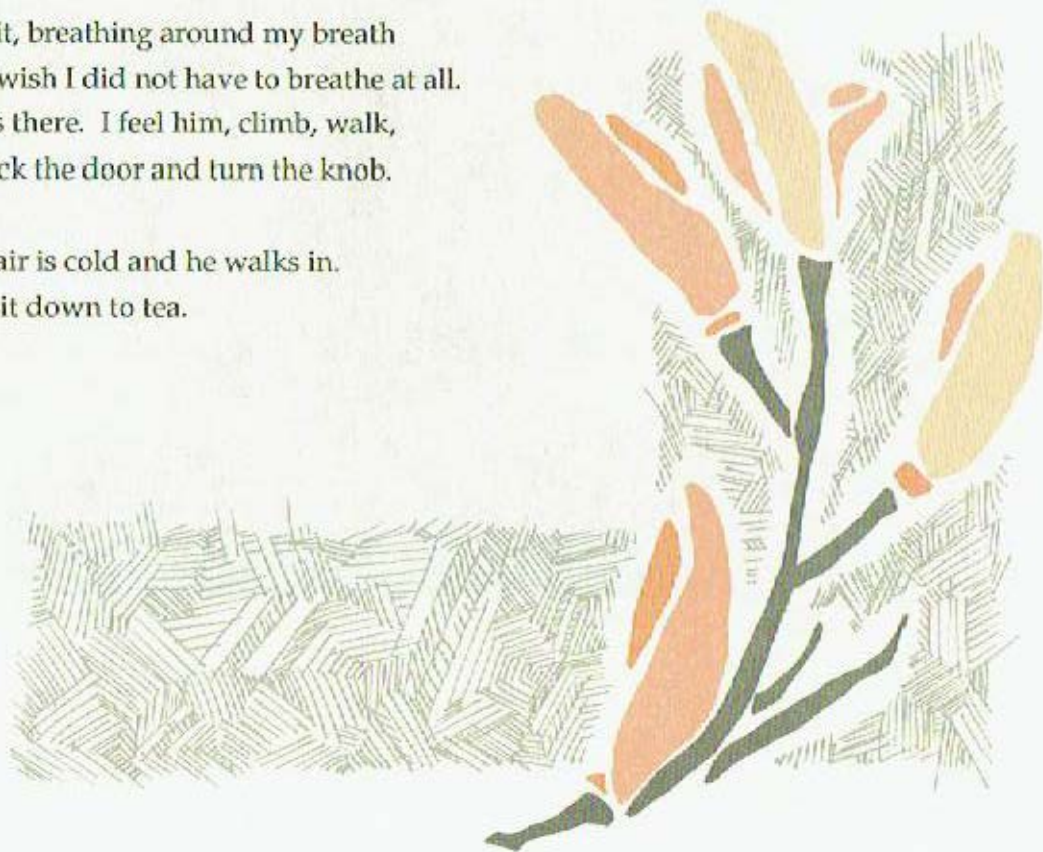
I climb the crib and trip, fly,
my steps are absolute, critical.
Palms sting, I reach the door, turn the lock,
My God. His eyes, teeth.



The cracked floor discourages me.
Still I reach the pane and yell to unbelievers
who stack me back in bed.

I wait, breathing around my breath
and wish I did not have to breathe at all.
He is there. I feel him, climb, walk,
unlock the door and turn the knob.

The air is cold and he walks in.
We sit down to tea.





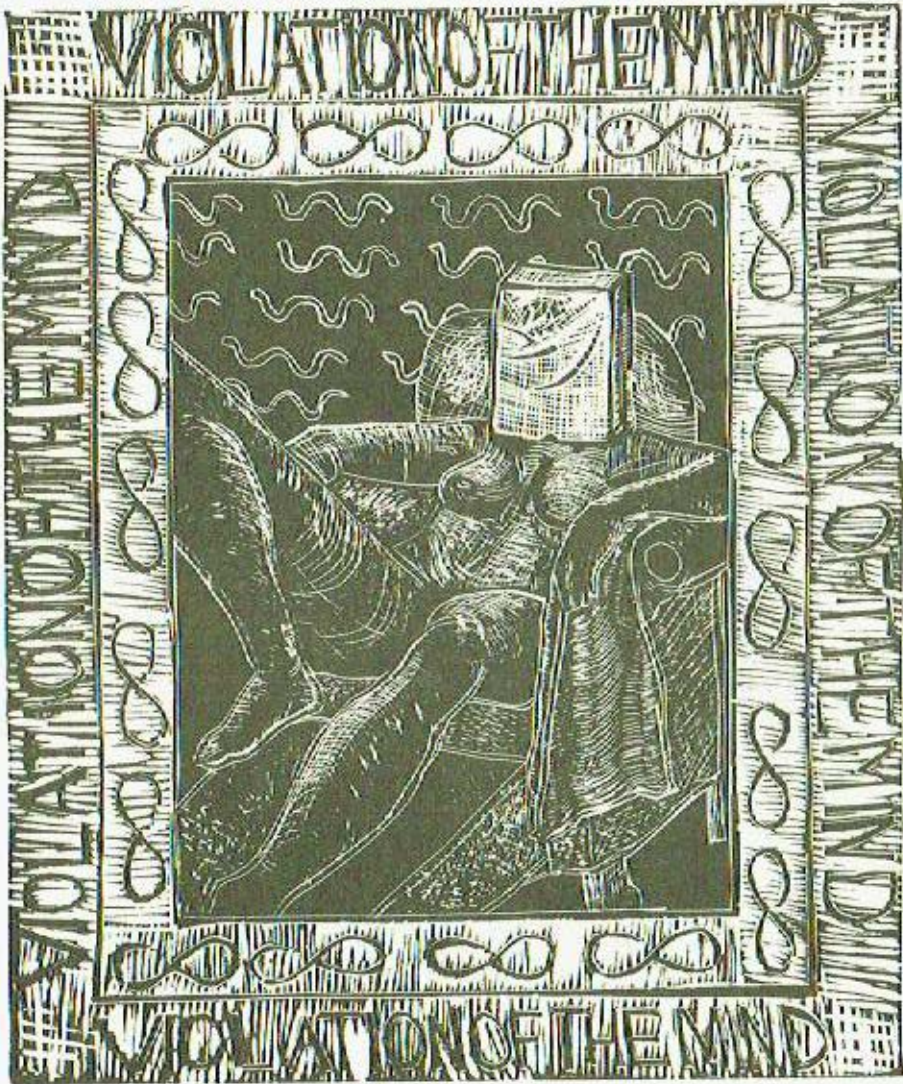
Sara
Stacy Hardee
photograph

Orange Peals

Felicia Garland

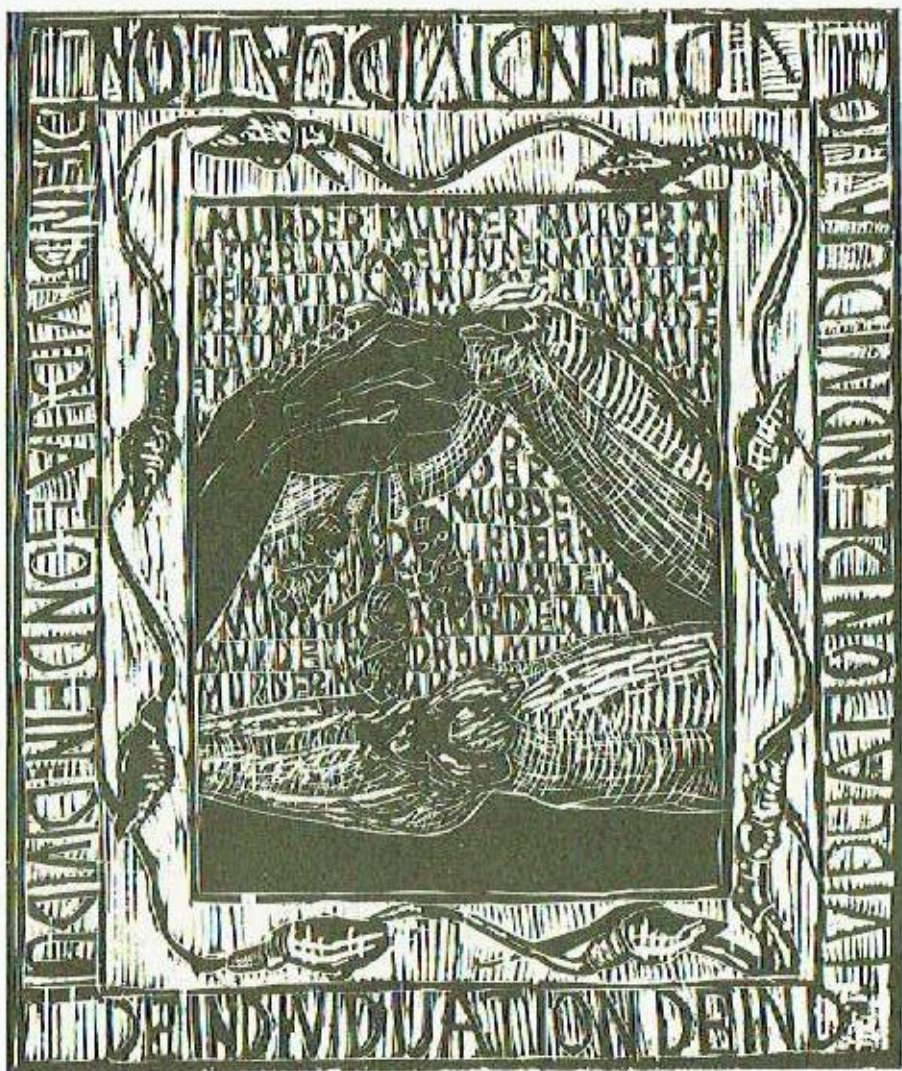
In a diverse bowl of fruit,
Still life,
I find the fruit that will gratify my hunger:
A ripe, succulent orange.
Its strain is one of a kind;
Its aroma beguiles me;
Its color pacifies me;
I suck its sweet juices.
Until it is deflated and dessicated.
I rip it apart—
Tear out the pulp with my teeth—
My taste buds content,
Absently, I spit seeds on unnourished ground.
I return, find the moldering peel
On a cradle of careless debris,
And wonder why this fruit is extinct.





Abhorrence

Kim von Ohlsen Baxley
print



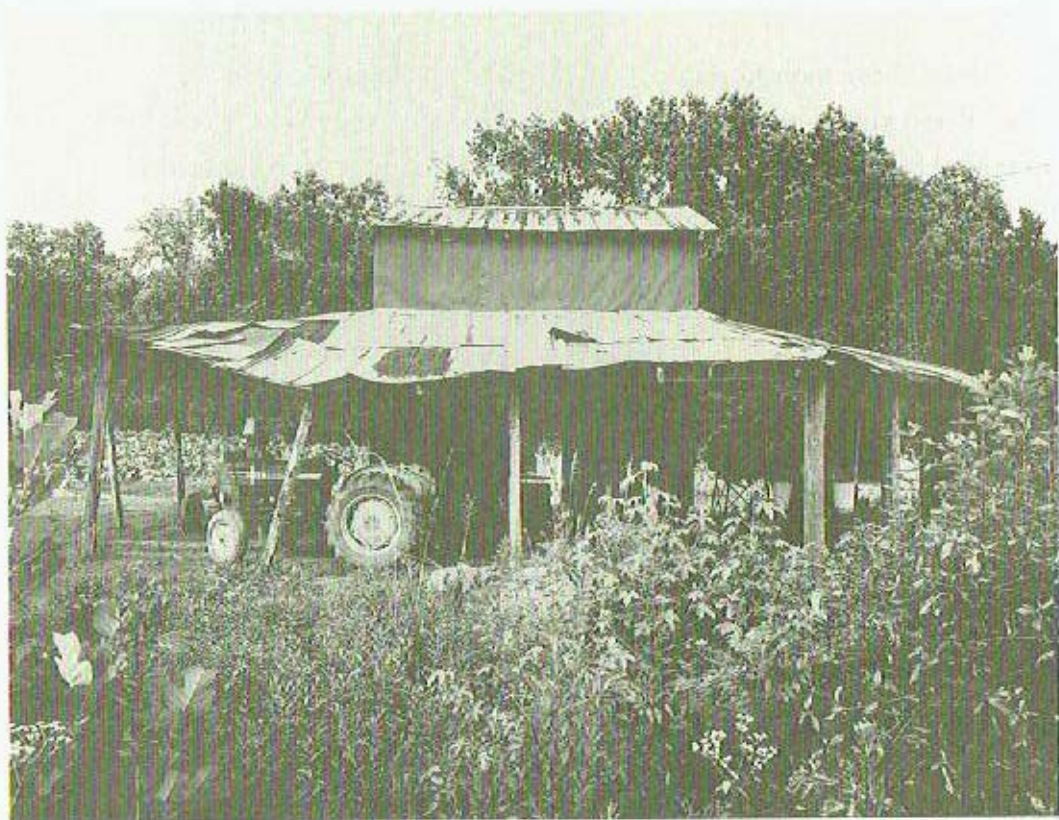
Mal du Pays

Kim von Ohsen Baxley
print

Compassionate Friends: Their Story

Catalina McDonough

She reads bad poet-dreams inside a cone
of light; he has already gone
bravely to sleep where their child might come.
The black words twist among her own
unuttered ones. Beside her and remote, the husband
stirs in sleep and groaning, rends
whatever thread of thought was there
beyond the constant one, so she descends
perilously the darkness which by day
she craves. She turns and curves her thighs
to his as if to muffle those primeval sighs
the mountain man gives forth for tears.
She shuts her eyes and tries to shut her ears.



Tobacco Barn - Pleasant Hill, S.C.

Tim Dillinger
photograph

The Addiction

Sharon A. Tully

Where did those months go,
when I held you so tightly in my grip,
your soul bare, hanging exposed,
like a single bulb,
all I had to do was cut the wire,
you'd lay twitching,
ending the addiction,
when I had the power

I could have crimped the tube,
feeding me into you,
before the liquid reached my core,
or found yet another vein to explore,
when I had the power

Forced fingers to open,
the soft spot in your brain,
and like a thousand sparrows,
pecked at the remains,
when I had the power

Now you stand before me,
with a half mocking grin,
clawing up my corners,
to scoop out what's within,
when the feast is over,
you leave me alone,
and silently pick your teeth,
with a thin, blanched bone.





The Essence of Time and Space
Neil Gore
mixed media

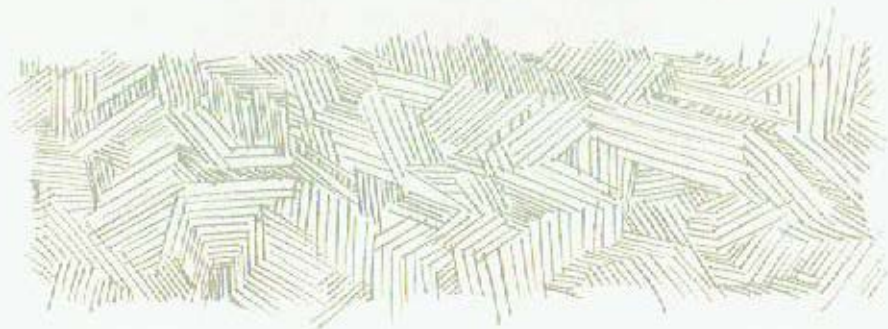
Making My Mother

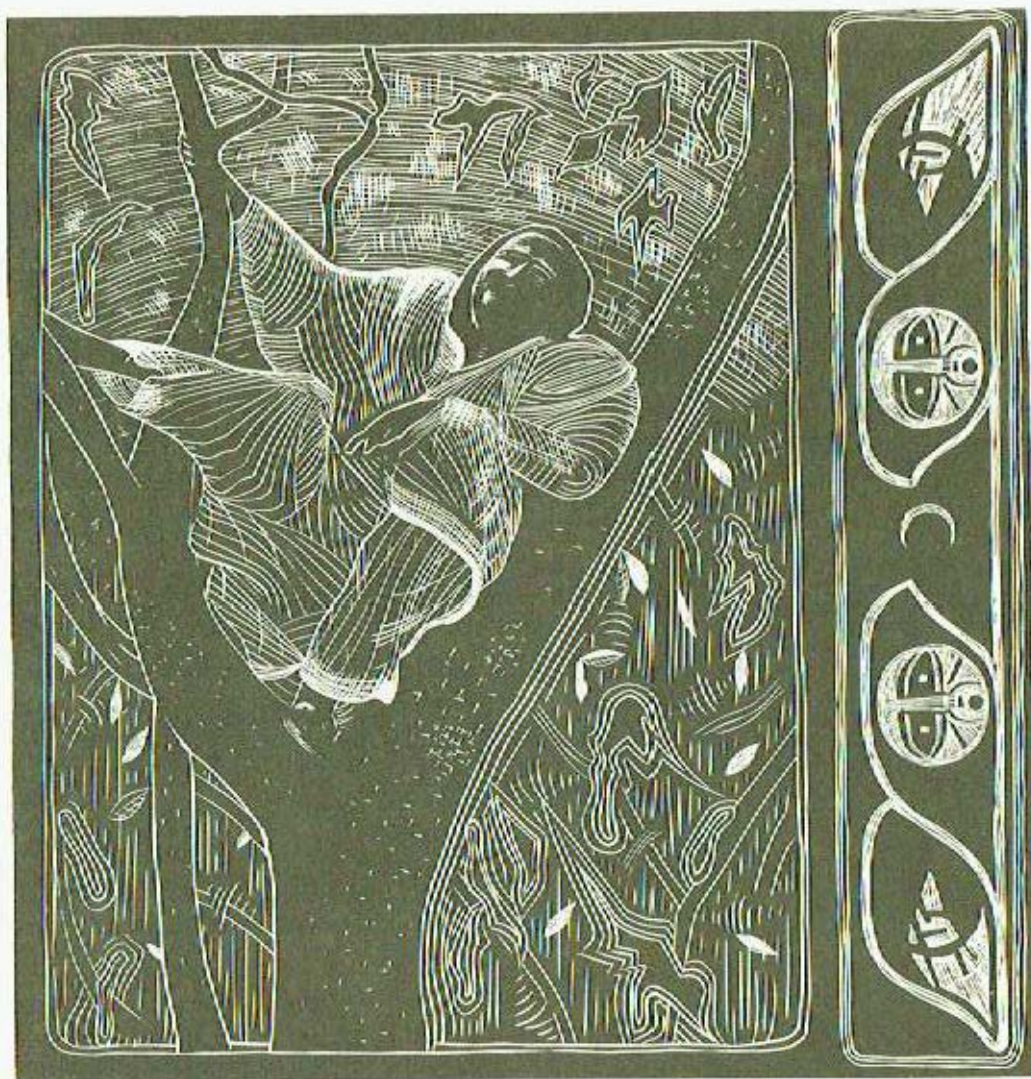
Anne Gardner

My mother was a crucible of molten lead.
Formless, grey and mute, she waited
to be made useful, an element of her
pig iron husband.

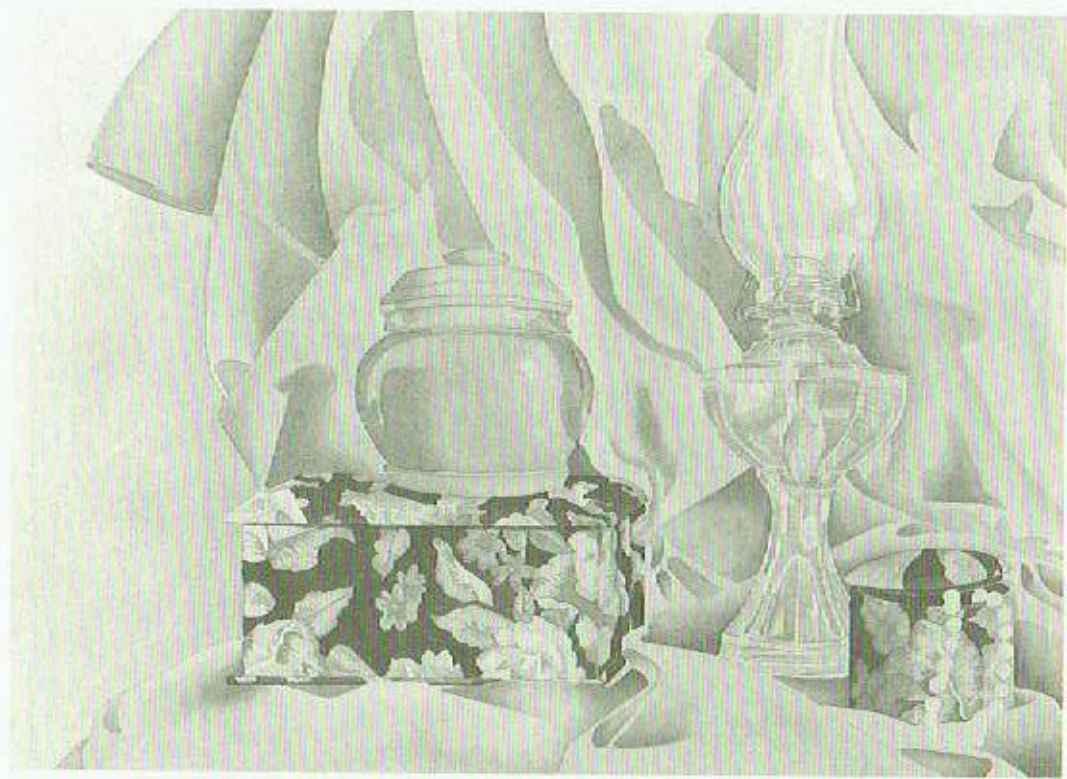
As her marriage cooled she hardened
into a mass of fragile-looking strands,
tough as a doorstep, beautiful as aging glass.

Now, no longer weakened by baser elements,
the alchemy of time has washed her silver.





Oh Moon
Sally Haviland
print



Still Life With Pearls
Stephanie Biegner
watercolor

Barefoot at Bedtime

Sarah Loudin

The screen door bulges
with the weight of summer
trying to follow me inside.
I stand in the hall
sweatdry, a coating of play
that I do not care to wash.

Momma's voice sneaks up
behind me.

Bathtime, I must be clean
for those detergent sheets
so unlike the sweet grass
I have lain in all day.

My bed is too flat,
the hills outside beckon
with firefly curves
that wink at me,
flashing embers burning
after the sun has died.

Momma's hands carry me away
to the stark tiled bathroom
where she'll send part of me
swirling down the drain.

Tonight I am willing to die
for my dirt, and momma,
knowing that summer will pass,
washes only the blackest part.

My feet, at least, will be clean.

The Go-Kart Jockeys

Andrew B. Fishburne

At dusk,
Blonde and freckled boys
Jockey for position,
Haggle and plead,
Eager for one last turn
Before mothers bray dinner omens,
"Tommeeee, Billeeee!
Come on in and wash up."

On the dusty steel frame
Of the go-kart,
Propelled by a wheezing engine
That had seen better days
Mowing lawns.



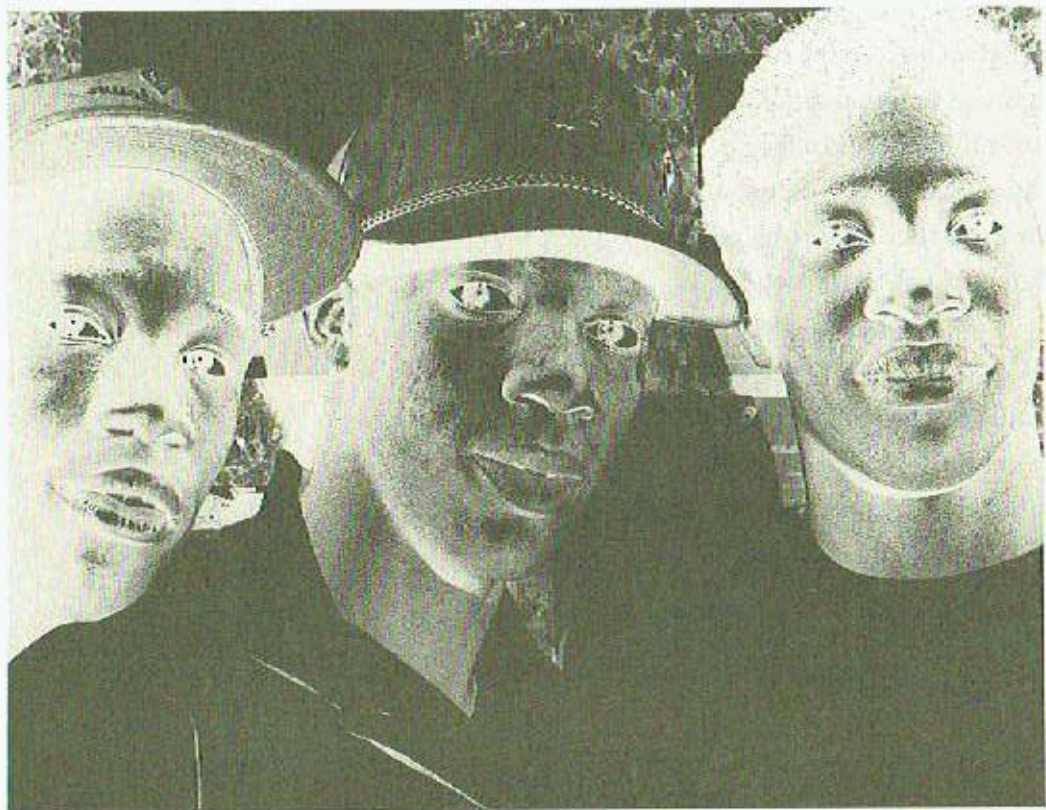
Impatience gives the oldest
Rights to the final choking turns
Around the bare circle,
A speedway built of dust and dreams,
While smaller would-be pilots
Choke on sobs and cloudy air.

“Tommeeee, Billeeee!

Get in here now!”

A call that cannot be ignored
Drives go-kart jockeys home
With “shoots” and “awws”
As the sun sinks through the trees.





Lookin' at You Man
Tim Dillinger
photograph

Daddy and Me

Tammy Garren

January air stung my face as
The boat skimmed the glass water.
A battered rice barn outlined
Against the ash colored sky,
Leafless trees webbed with
Miscast fishing line, and
A thousand blades of sawgrass
Greeted us from the bank.
Daddy showed me deer tracks,
A squirrel's nest, and the Church
with the slave cemetery in back.
I was the young raccoon,
Anxious and curious about it all.
He was the century oak,
Comfortable there and permanent.





Cyclops
Lynn Cornfoot
photograph

Great Idea

David M. Schulz

It was one of those stupid government-issue sleeping bags, the olive green ones. When you roll one out, it's kind of coffin shaped, and when you zip it all the way up, there's this hole about nine inches in diameter that you can breathe through. This one had cigarette holes and nail gashes in it from my days of plywood clubhouses. Mom would always sew those gashes up. Now it looked like it had been stabbed a bunch of times and stitched up by a schizophrenic emergency-room intern.

But that's not all there was wrong with it. Red wax dripped all over one side of it when I'd spilt that big cinnamon-smelling candle on it one night in Mike Faby's clubhouse. And a tie-string was broken, so after you rolled the bag up, you could only tie one side of it, and the other side would puff out after rolling around in your closet for a couple of weeks.

This morning I opened up my messy closet and pulled the sleeping bag out. It smelled like Mike's fort: dirty carpet that we stole from an abandoned

house, strong cigarette smoke, faint pot smoke, and that cinnamon candle. I ran my fingers once again over the crazy scars that my mother had fixed with purple thread (imagine, purple thread!). Then I rolled it out and crawled into it, right there on the floor.

Right away, the smell and the heat were stifling. But I held back the urge to crawl out and admit the whole idea was crazy. I'd made my resolution and I wasn't going to break it. I pulled the zipper all the way up, and now my only view of the world was through that nine-inch hole.

I could see my desk with the .38 on it—loaded and cocked, with no one to pull its trigger. I laughed at it. In the ashtray beside the .38 was a pile of ashes that was once a letter that went along with the gun. It got burned right after I'd gotten my great idea. On the other side of the desk next to the light was a pile of letters I hadn't yet answered. On top of the stack was a letter written with green magic marker: Sylvia's letter.

My stomach tensed. Sylvia! She

always wrote back. I could just lay here and think of Sylvia, her funny nose, her sexy red hair . . .

. . . except I had to stop, because now it was just me and my sleeping bag. No one to bother us. My sleeping bag would keep me from having to think about everything.

My first grade teacher, Mrs. Levine, used to smack my hand when I asked for something. So I stopped asking. I would get home after a day of school and dream my violent dreams of tying up Mrs. Levine and sticking big twigs up her nose so it would hurt bad. Then she'd know. And then I'd cut off her dress with Mom's sewing scissors, except I never knew what was under that dress . . .

. . . not until I found my dad's cache of *Playboys* in his government-issue footlocker. In my parents' walk-in closet, with the incriminating lid of the footlocker wide open, I'd spend stolen minutes looking at those glossy pictures. Back then they never showed enough for you to figure out exactly what was down there. But I'd sit there anyway, with big eyes and shaking hands, skipping over all the boring words until I got to the pictures.

Now that I'd already found out what was down there, it was okay for me to hide here. *Seen one, ya seen'em all*, my mom used to say, except she was referring to the male genitalia. I felt I didn't need to see anymore of them (female ones, that is) to know what I'd get.

Lisa and I would spend nights together, often not making love but just holding each other. She would come to me crying. It was so easy for me to comfort her. But when she wanted to comfort me, I would crawl away. A good teacher that Mrs. Levine was.

Now I wouldn't have to look another woman in the face. I was just gonna sleep here in my sleeping bag. I laid there, staring listlessly at the desk for a while.

Then the doorbell rang. My mind raced thinking who it could be. I laid there, cringing and repeating my resolution: *I will not get up, I will not get up.*

It rang again and I almost screamed. But instead, I rolled over until my little nine-inch hole faced the carpet, blocking my view as well as the light.

I laid like that for a couple of minutes, calming down and loosening

up. Then my bedroom door crashed against the wall, and I heard, "There you are, asshole! C'mon, get up—we've got to go!"

Steve . . . I rolled over and looked at him. I closed my eyes and thought, *I will not get up.*

"C'mon, you bum, it's 11:30!"

My mouth opened and I sighed, "Alright . . . let me get dressed first."

"Well, hurry up—I'll be in here," he grunted, walking back to the living room. "Hey! Whatcha got to eat?"

While I laid there, his sneakers squeaked across the linoleum and then the refrigerator door opened. Glass bowls clanked around, then: "Tofu burgers! Got any buns?"

I unzipped the sleeping bag to the sound of cabinet doors opening and closing. I got up slowly and walked to the desk. From the kitchen there came the distinct click of the microwave door closing and the "whoosh!" of it starting up. I stared at the .38, its barrel gleaming. I saw myself putting it to my head, teeth clenched, sweat dripping from my face.

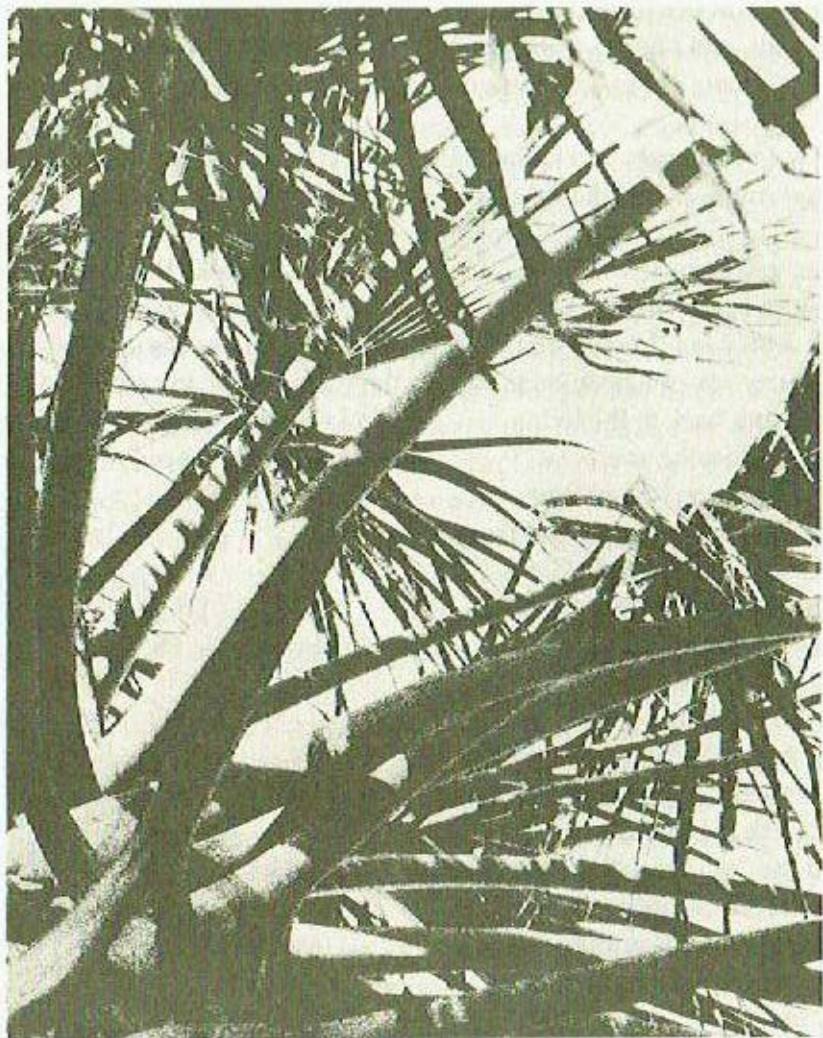
I broke the vision by shaking my head, and I put the .38 in the drawer. I turned around and started going

through the motions of getting dressed. I had finished and was pulling on my boots when Steve walked back in, chomping on half of a tofu burger.

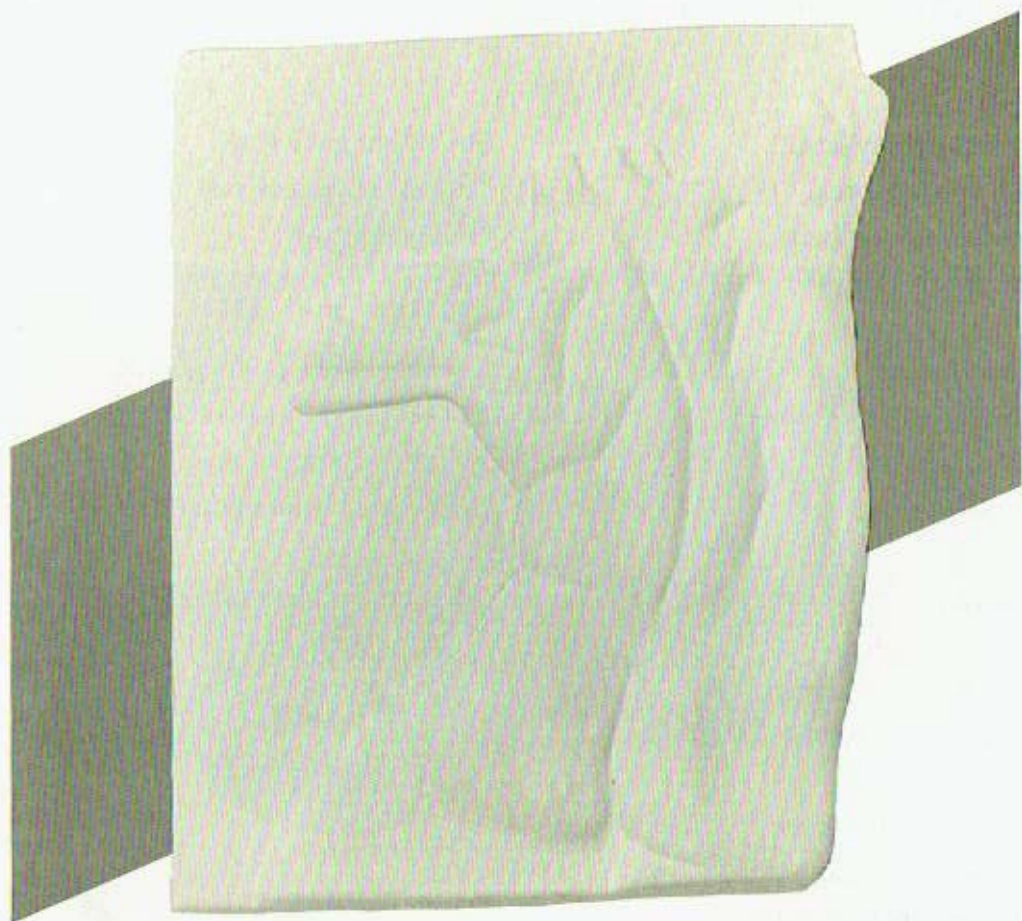
"C'mon, let's go, man," he said, smacking his lips.

I got up and grabbed my wallet and keys off the desk. Steve was heading for the front door when I looked down at the sleeping bag. It was splayed open, like the remnants of some dissected cocoon, its insides not-so-neatly stuffed in a tiny bottle somewhere on a shelf.





Palm Glory
Steve Westlund
photograph



Strength
Irene Menegigian
ceramics

Home by Rainfall

Andrew B. Fishburne

I left the party late,
Too late, it seems,
For I could not help
But laugh to myself.

A better exit
Could not be imagined.
The rain fell
In glitter streaks.

The pavement echoed
My parting mirth
In pattering whispers
Like muttered applause.

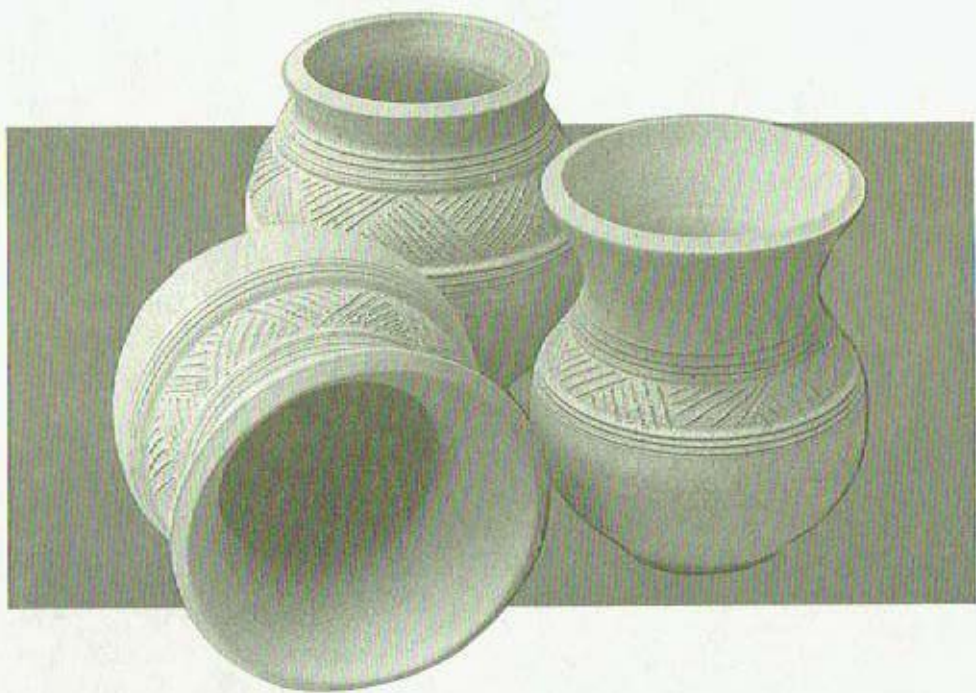
Shivers overtook me
As the cold wind
Entered my thin jacket
And settled there.

Streetlight gave way
To the darker motives
Of the night sky
Plugged up with clouds.

My own house resolved itself
Out of the countless others
As my purpose for such a trip
Evaporated from my memory.

I think the night was right
To laugh at me.





Study in White
Stephanie Biegner
pottery



From the Back Porch
Donna Catton-Johnson
print

Broken

Sarah Loudin

Eight glasses
have passed their days
on the same shelf
for a childish forever.
They sit in the same
 pattern,
knowing their places.

While washing glasses
my finger catches
a crooked edge.
This glass has cracked
under the pressure
of the same shelf,
 the same glasses, hell
 the same iced tea.
Even the trash seems
filled with adventure.

Holding a bloody finger
close to my palm,
I drop the glass
into an empty trash can
and watch it fall
for a childish ever.

The glass-shattering bottom
isn't too far away now.



AWARDS

Art

- first* Untitled by Missie Hyatt
second Abhorrence by Kim von Ohlsen Baxley

Literature

- first* Crying Wolf by Suzanne Sasser
second Making My Mother by Anne Gardner

NOTES

Kim von Ohlsen Baxley is a senior from Charleston majoring in art studio. Also majoring in art studio, **Joe Bergman** is a junior from Gastonia, North Carolina. **Stephanie Biegner** is a junior from Georgetown majoring in art studio.

Donna Catton-Johnson is a junior majoring in art education and has already received a bachelor's degree in theater/art. **Lynn Cornfoot** is a sophomore from Surfside with a concentration in media art. **Tim Dillinger** is a junior from Pawley's Island majoring in history.

Originally from Sumter, **Andrew B. Fishburne** is a senior majoring in English education. Another member of the senior class, **Brendan Frost** is a native of Leesburg, Virginia, majoring in political science and history. **Anne Gardner** is also a senior from Murrells Inlet majoring in secondary education.

From Beckley, West Virginia, **Felicia Garland** is a sophomore majoring in psychology. Planning to graduate in the spring of 1992, **Tammy Garren** is from Conway and majoring in history. **Neil Gore** is a senior from Aynor graduating in December with an art studio degree.

From Myrtle Beach, **Stacy Hardee** will be receiving her bachelor's degree in art

studio in December. **Sally Haviland** is a junior from Myrtle Beach who is majoring in art education. **Missie Hyatt** is a junior from Spartanburg and is double majoring in art studio and art education.

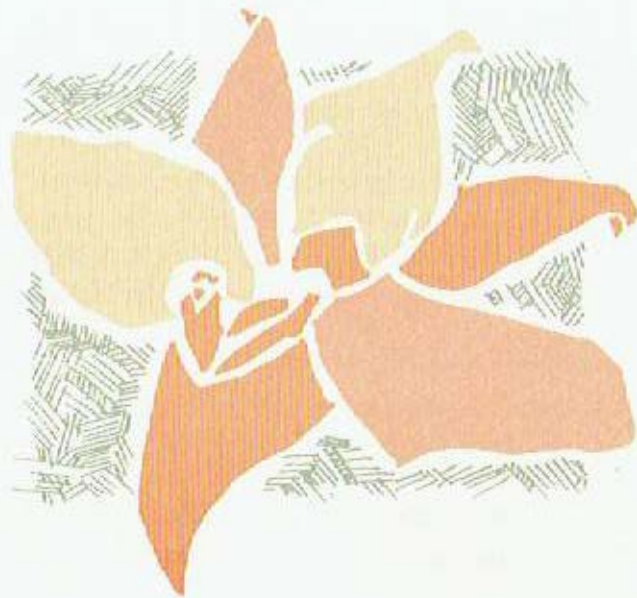
Mary Klein is a part-time student from Okinawa who received a bachelor's degree from Coastal in art studio in 1990. Also in the art studio program, **Rosie Lindler** is a senior from Columbia. **Sarah Loudin**, from French Creek, West Virginia, is a sophomore majoring in English within the Honors Program.

Originally from New Jersey, **Catalina McDonough** is in the Third Quarter program at Coastal. **Irene Menegigian** is a senior from New Jersey majoring in art studio, along with **Samantha Montague**, who is from Ocean City, Maryland.

Majoring in computer science, **Sherry Rauckhorst** is a senior from Medina, Ohio. **Lacy Richardson, Jr.**, is a junior majoring in art studio. **Eric Rogers**, also a junior, is from Piedmont, South Carolina, and is majoring in marine science.

A native of Conway, **Suzanne Sasser** is a senior majoring in English. **David M. Schulz** is a junior from Westchester County, New York, majoring in English. Graduating in December, **Nora Speight** is a resident of Myrtle Beach majoring in art studio.

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 the spring, **Susanne Viscarra** is a history major from Baltimore. **Steve Westlund** is a senior from Myrtle Beach majoring in art studio.

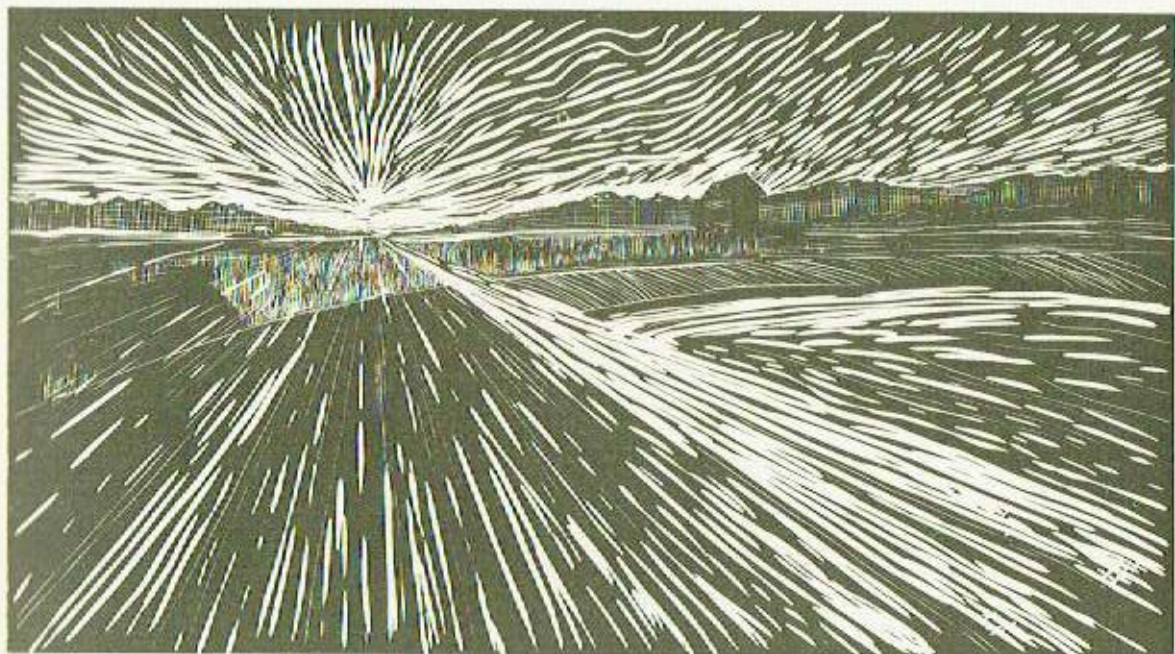


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Barns
Lacy Richardson, Jr.
print

