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# ARCHARIOS

SPRING 1992





**Floating Starry Night**  
Mary Klein  
relief print



# ARCHARIOS

Literary / Art Magazine  
Coastal Carolina College



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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.

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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.

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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 shatter--  
murdered song.

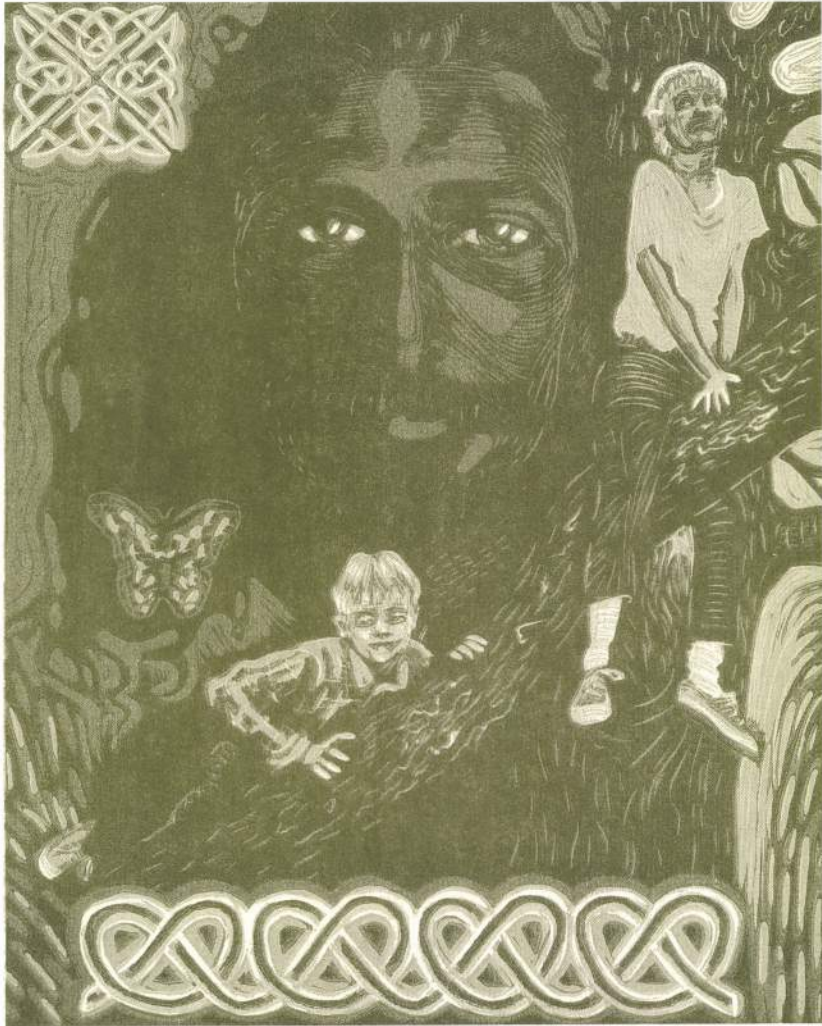
A violent world of whispering white,  
a brilliant blanket of sharded light,  
stilled human clatter--  
stilled holy chatter--  
transplendent wrong.

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

## Porch Dogs

Eric Rogers

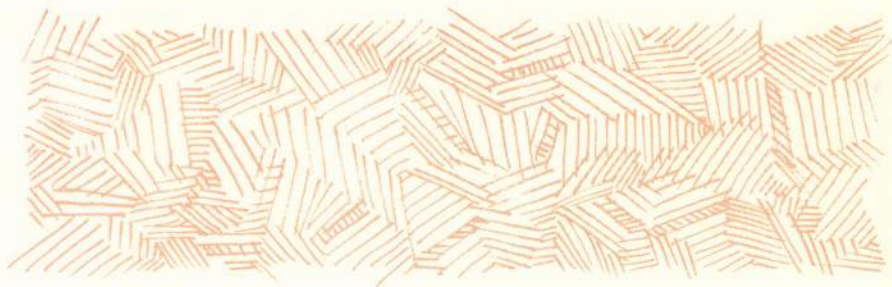
We occupy the porch in a war of attrition.  
Man and child, eyes on far horizons,  
The rag-tag animal collection looks on.

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

## Reduction

Sarah Loudin

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

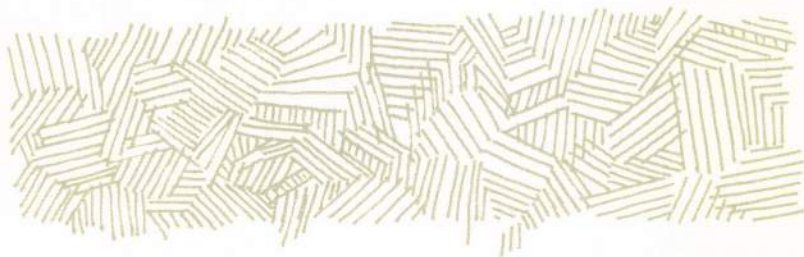


## Moth Dance

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



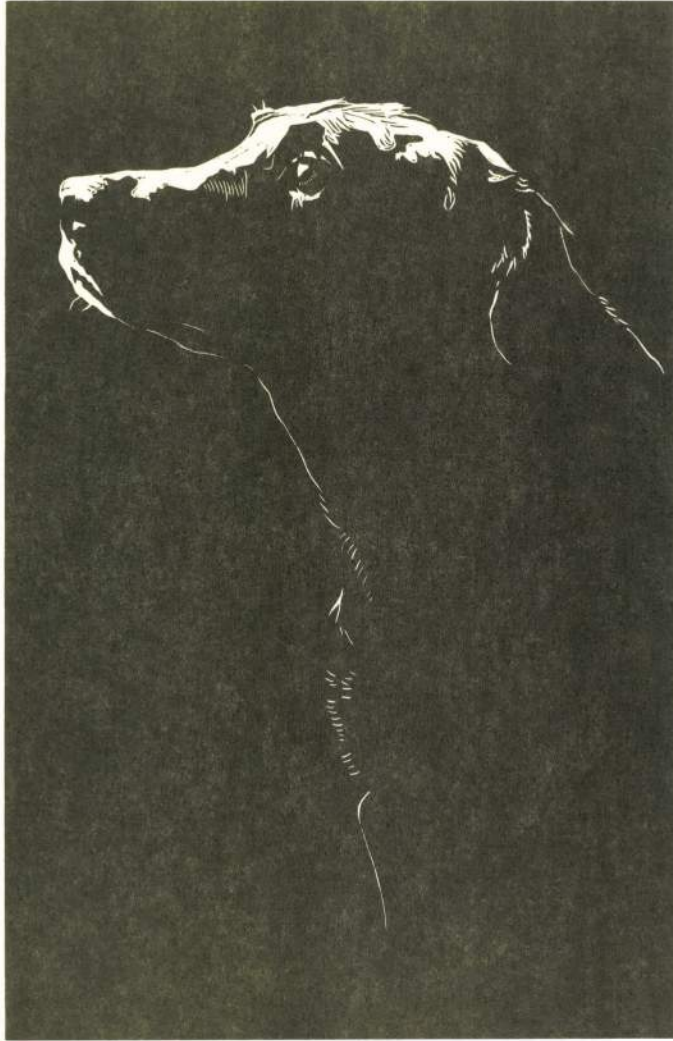
Cruising Shore Boulevard in your '66 Nova,  
bridge looming before us,  
clanking of trucks hitting loose gratings,  
jagged cutout of the city painted black and white,  
stapled against hazy sky,

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.

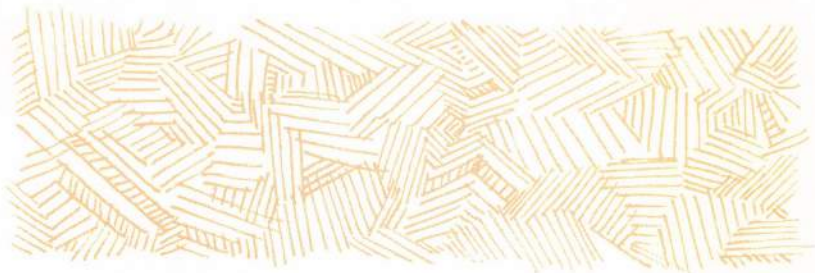
A dream-me tries to touch.  
One hand is gone.

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



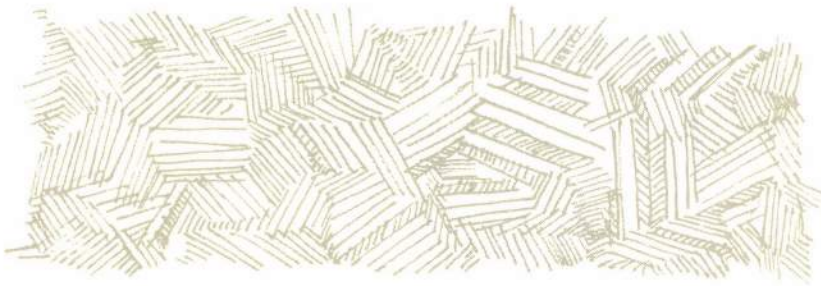
## Narrow-Gauge

Eric Rogers

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.

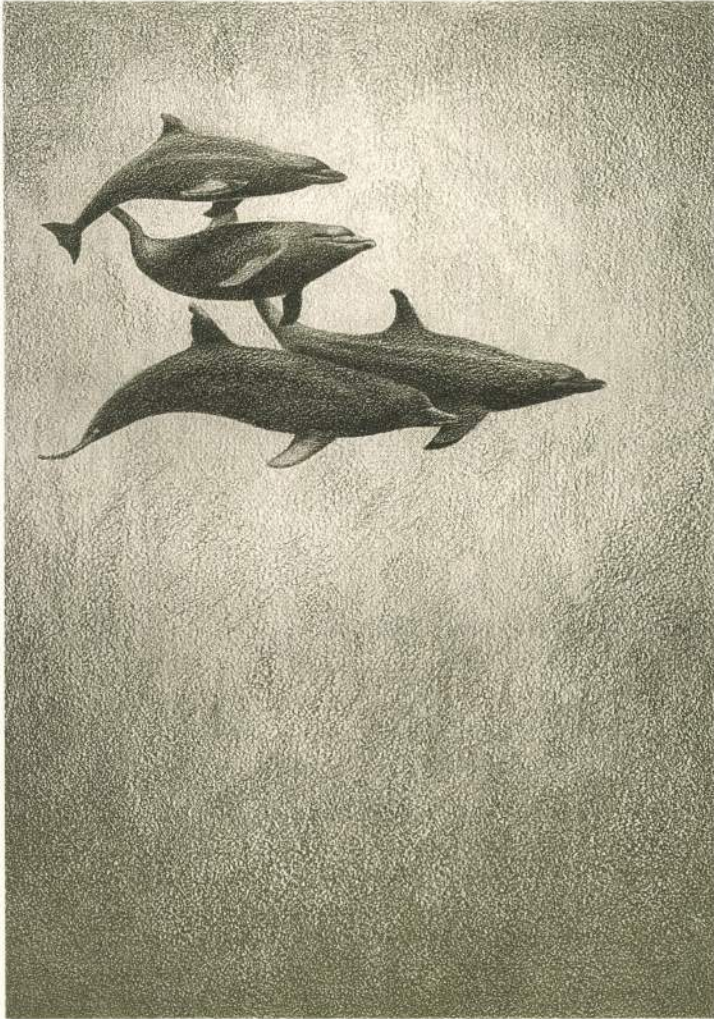
Turns as a thousand black-hot tons  
Rocket by in the midday dryness.  
Close enough to touch,  
And feel the bony click of the wheels.  
As the swirling dust of a lover's caress  
Settles in his throat,  
He learns he is not alone.  
Never truly alone, out on the rail.





**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 fecund dirt,  
blackly wet beneath my hands.  
I loosen soil with sticks.

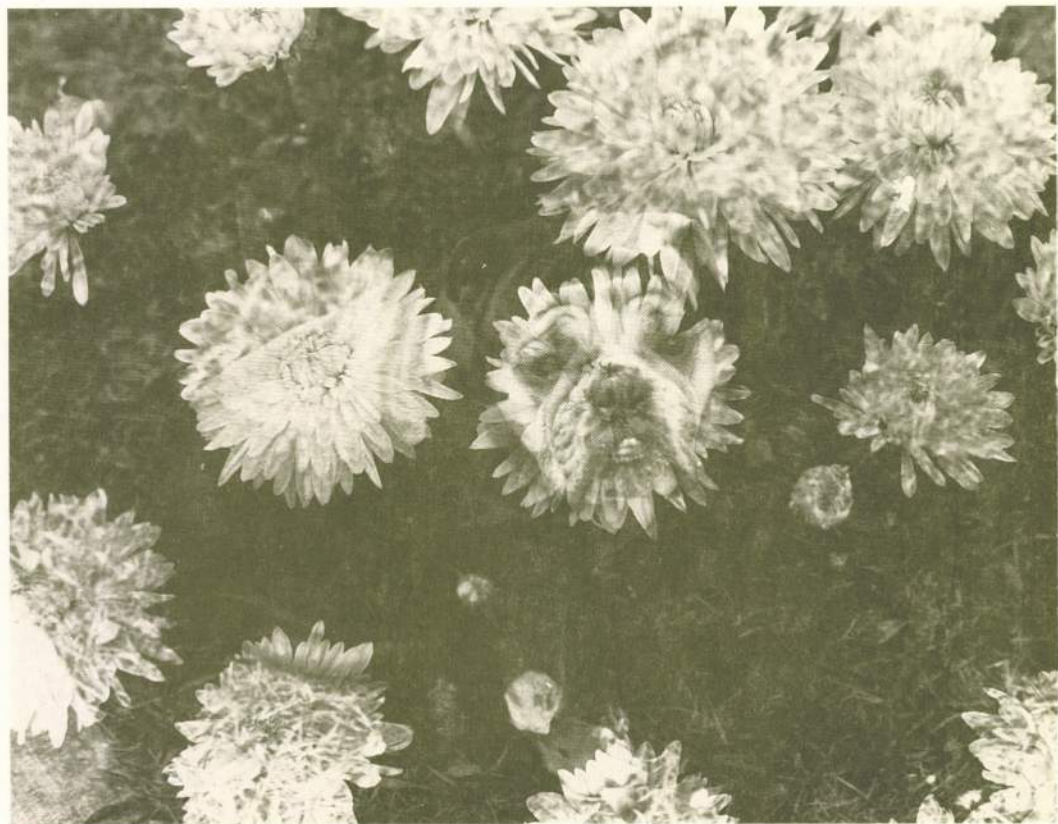
My childhood was filled  
with kittens who died faster  
than the passing of summer.  
Death,  
    more mysterious than life,  
could hold my attention  
longer than soft paws  
that never tired of chasing.

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.

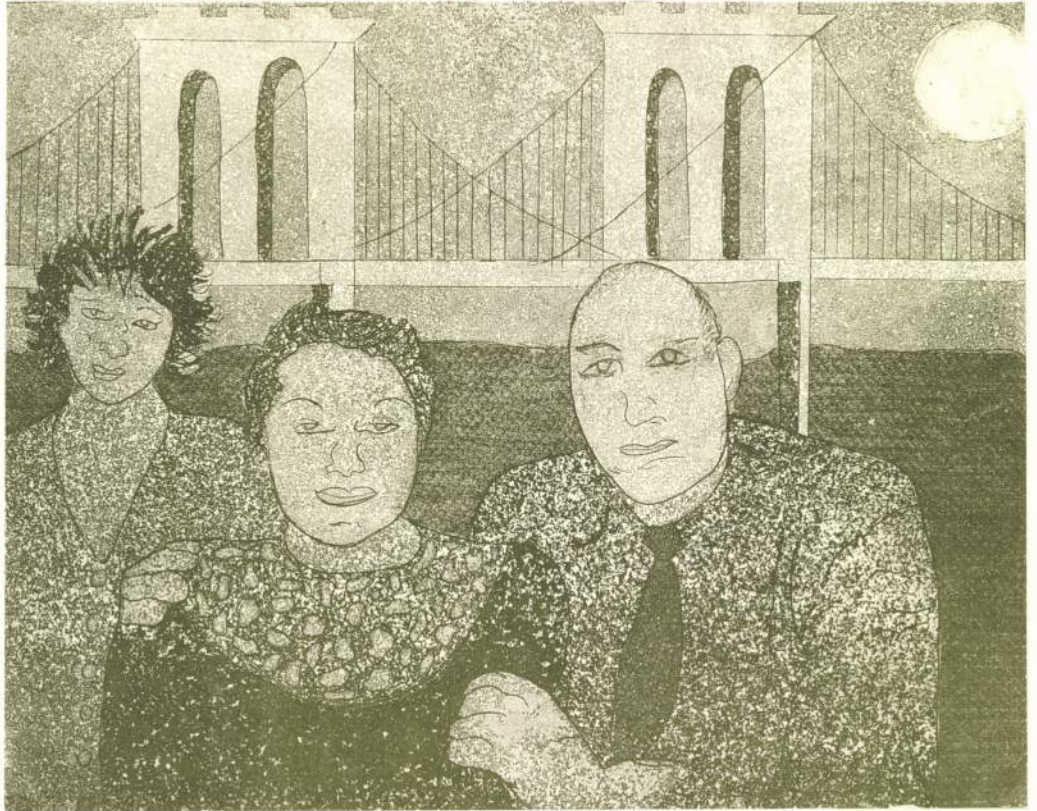
I left no markers  
    no stones,  
    no crosses,  
    no mounds  
to remind me of the kittens  
I found so easy to replace.

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

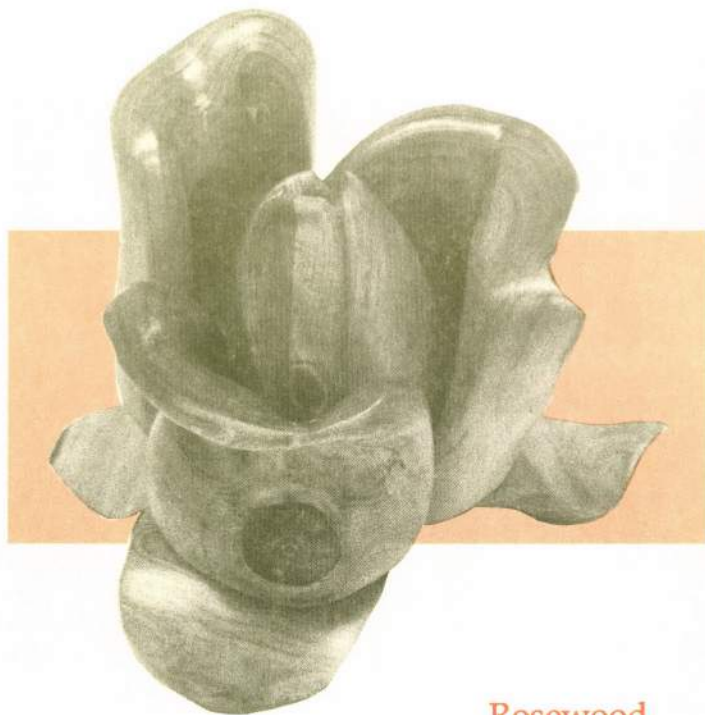
From Myrtle Beach, **Jacque Allen** is a junior majoring in art studio, along with **Joe Bergman**, who is a junior from Gastonia, North Carolina. **Stephanie Biegner** is a senior from Georgetown who is also majoring in art studio with **Drew Brophy**, who is a freshman from Myrtle Beach. **Bruce Christner**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

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