Fifteen 'til three in the morning... The 1981 Archarios is slowly coming to a close. In a few hours, the finished pages will be taken to the printers for them to do their part. Ours is almost finished. Finished after countless hours, three typewriters, four hundred sheets of paper, two jars of glue, two rolls of tape, very little sleep, a lot of sweat, and very much beer!

We have made every attempt to produce the best issue yet in the history of Archarios. The submissions were vast and varied, making selections all the more difficult. The foremost thought in our minds was to assure the unbiased evaluation of all the submissions. We think we did just that. Every piece of written work submitted was read time and again until we could recite many of them from memory. Early impressions gave way to studied evaluations. Most of the material published herein was debated in a most heated fashion. In the end, we feel that the material we selected represents the best of what we read.

The efforts of every individual who submitted works to Archarios are appreciated.

The process of putting this magazine together has certainly been a rewarding experience. The fact that it is even published is something of a miracle when one considers that everyone working on the magazine has, at best, very limited experience in this sort of thing. We learned how to do everything as we did it, not before. Archarios has come a long way since that first small issue in 1974. We are proud to have been a part of that advance, and we hope that in future years the magazine will continue to improve in both format and content.
THE STAFF AND EDITORS OF THE ARCHARIOS WISH TO EXTEND SPECIAL THANKS TO THE MANY STUDENTS, FACULTY, AND STAFF MEMBERS WHO GAVE MUCH NEEDED ENCOURAGEMENT WHEN THE GOING GOT TOUGH. THANKS TO SCOTT JOHNSON AND MARY HARRISON FOR THEIR FANTASTIC TYPING MACHINES, TO SCOTT AGAIN FOR THE SOUND TO MRS. THOMAS AND MRS. LAWSON OF THE ART DEPARTMENT FOR THEIR WONDERFUL COOPERATION, TO ALL OF THE PROFESSORS IN THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT FOR THEIR GUIDANCE, AND TO BRETT COX AND CHRIS HILL FOR THEIR HELP UNDER THE WIRE AND PERCEPTIVE INSIGHT.
ANGEL OF LIGHT

Darken'd void, spinning, falling...
I'll know where I'm going
When I arrive...
Pride's self-confidence spoken
I know what I am, but
Must I convince others
Softly spoken
"I will not serve"

JCM
MY POETRY

My poetry is like a chant without resonance
Like a voice without speech
Like a bird in a cage
It's hollow and endless
It springs
Grows
And dies
Within me.

Elieth Maia

WORDS II

Words I write are nothing more
Than attempts to understand
Feelings of wonder deep inside
That cannot be understood.

Arthur E. Adams

THOUGHTS

Empty thoughts, like empty works,
are like air trapped in a jar;
Nothings caught, like nothings heard,
unless they seem bizarre.
And then they slowly fade,
like shadows in the shade,
ever getting through.
Empty thoughts I knew.

Art G. Svrjoeck
I've got nothing to say
and here's how I'm going to say it
repeat after me no-
thing "nothing"
Now try it again until you get
a feel for it noth-ing "Night-
thing?"
Say again please did you say "$northern"
or "nodding" it sounded like you said
something other than nothing
"Nativity"
What's that you say would you mind
repeating that
explain yourself and try
to get it right this time say it like you mean it
okay all together now: "nuttin"
"NEEDING!"
If I've said it once I've said it
a thousand times
1no0th0in0g and1 is all
there's to it
so take it from the top
"nothingright" hey whaddya say?
(Neurasthenia plus or minus a hundred)
none who were
was where nothing% will be you got that
division by zero is undefined
nothing times nothing equals the sum of the Total
parts nothing
over
nothing=the nethermost netherland
/Nyctophobia & you name it/
I can see clearly now you bet
michael who is next to god look it up "nothing"
-ness for the fun of it.

Neology by Michael's
TO A STUDENT KILLED BY A DRUNK DRIVER

Students withdraw—
They find themselves carrying too many courses, or a baby;
the class was too early, or late, or hard,
or you never hear why: something must have been too something,
the empty chair remains a mystery.
This time as I scratch a line across the name,
Continuing across the few grades
and then the long blank rows of squares,
I remember his last speech:
We watched him spring onstage and bring outdoors into the dim hall;
talking with us, he twirled his net down to the floor
like a fancy lasso—
No mercy, minnows! Look out, all you shrimp feeding in the
wooden water!
Hauling it up, explaining, he yanked it closed with a ring,
Demonstrating himself, too,
Assured, likeable, native.
Different filaments pulled taut and explained, the speech over,
Forty hands admired it noisily,
None of us suspecting that Fate was stringing his own net near,
across the whole creek,
Or that, the slob hunter, he was once again out of season,
Straining to see through his own fumes—
Waiting to drop the first thing that moved.

Dr. Randall A. Wells
John didn't feel he was exceptional; yes, he had greater stature than the others which gave him an edge on authority, but he had to work to eat just like the rest. He had spent all evening working the west side to no avail, so he turned to the east. The east side would probably not yield much more, but the 'grass is always greener...' cliche was appealing. To get there he would have to take the crossing, a sterile, boring necessity; he could, of course, move south and take the tunnel, but he was in a hurry.

The east side was in view when it occurred. From the corner of his eye John saw the light. Turning, he saw a glowing orb more brilliant than the sun, growing in size and strength even as he watched. Transfixed, he stared at this light of revelation and terror in numbing fear, helpless to move. Then he heard the thunder that was the light and felt the earth tremble as the light passed over him. For an instant, blinded by the afterimage, John thought he had beheld a revelation of faith--then his life was embraced by the all-consuming night.

"Did you see the size of that fucking frog?"
"Man, you blew his shit away."
"Really. Gimme another beer."

Chuck Batson
ATALAYA

Atalaya stands in ruins now

Nature has had her way with
this castle in the sand

The towers that used to stand
so erect

and mighty against the sky are
all but gone

Assaulted by nature

Ripped and ravaged by the wind
and rain for countless years

Torn down by the claws of time

And now
the once mighty fortress strong
is broken down
deserted forgotten

Only sinister skeletons remain
to be silhouetted against the
cloudy moonlit nights

Her halls are now not only trod
upon by those that are, but
also by those that were...

Tony M. Edwards
Oh
if
Adam
had
been
Alive
on
a
day
like this-------
When the Waters chant
Christ's Resurrection in Feast
and
the sky breathes Grace
and
the moon
in the day-sky, like a sleeping angel,
dreams of Light and Holy Spirit,
on
such
a
Day
could
Adam
have
sinned-------
would he have drawn blood
over the wedding garments?
would he not have taken
Eve's heart instead?

Tehri A. Barry
3to5AM

I walked the streets of the city for two dark hours in vain attempt to find a house of worship that would open to a pilgrim of the faith but I forgot that in the city God has office hours.

Chuck Batson

GOD SPEED

Quick lightning flashes the sky
In thunder
And rain glistens (like the time) on
Fallen leaves
Of all the elements of Heaven's Earth
I wish you the blessing of this
God Speed

Lisa R. Bean
IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME

If your eyes are more beautiful than mine,
It's all the same to me
Because I see the same colors as you do.
If your face has perfect lines,
It's all the same to me
Because mine is a mask of suffered lines
That were made by life.

Elieth Maia
I am a being
Born unto the world with natural desires;
Desires for beauty, a natural beauty,
Desires for love, given and received,
Desires to live, to enrich my life,
Have the faith to enrich another being.

I have a soul,
A free and beautiful spirit of earth.
There I find peace and torment;
Peace from being, from feeling desires,
Torment from the surrounding world,
Torn between freedom and life.

I have a mind,
A functioning part of my body
Letting me touch my soul and know,
Clouded by surrounding and demands
Tearing me from my soul,
Offering so much to me in peace.

I have emotions,
A communication to my surroundings
Letting me feel the touch of my mind,
Expressing desires and needs of my soul;
Releasing the stress to keep equality between
Letting me dream of future, or past.

I am a woman,
A being created of this earth
With a soul striving for freedom,
A mind searching for knowledge,
Emotions to help lead unclear paths;
Created to be One.

Linda Creel
AFTERTHOUGHTS

I. The bugler bugled
   the gunners gunned
   the preacher preached
   the singers sung
   the comers came
   the sayers said
   and all's the same
   he's really dead

II. The memories are the ones that still remain
    the feelings are the only ones still giving
    I boarded my brother's funeral train
    he's still dead and I'm still living

III. After going home alone
     before I cried myself to sleep
     I prayed that he, his soul atoned
     I prayed that I, his soul to keep

     JCM

One should listen to the interrupting voices
I have heard the eyes of proud men say

"I shall be remembered
for the way I lived and the way I died"

"while they were talking,
of the simple way they lived their lives
and the unerring truths they so well defended
earning their medals, coming to arms
whenever life called them

"while they were talking,
ever demanding, though surely deserving
grand and worthy memorials
erected for these men

when i die
there shall be no weeping
for i shall pass away
much like an afterthought
or

     JCM
DEFINITION OF BURNOUT

I am depressed,
suppressed,
distressed.

My life's a mess.

I can't begin to guess
how to face another week.

Someone told me death is chic.

Can it be that I am hearing
my coffin lid creak?

Barbara Chatham
SEASONS

Storm clouds on the horizon
And thunder rolling from afar
Moon rings dancing at midnight
And wishing on a star.

Summer days with cotton clouds
And gentle morning rain
Orange kite dancing across the waves
Dogwood shrouded lane.

Seasons follow each other
As the first cool breezes declare
First frost killed the summer
And red is the color the oak trees wear.

The fish have started running
And the shrimp have all gone south
Clams and oysters in the creek a-plenty
Can almost taste them in my mouth.

Now the winds have all turned colder
And trees from red to brown
Canadian Honkers in the sky above
And leaves are swirling round.

When the ponds are frozen over
And all the grass is dead
When the coons and bees are fast asleep
And long-loved books re-read!

Then the days start getting longer
And tulips start to bloom
When springtime's swelling magnificence
Sends your spirits to the moon!

Then the dogwoods start to blossom
And the grass gets its first trim
When walking down a country lane
Is not a silly whim.

Storm clouds on the horizon
And thunder rolling from afar
Moon rings dancing at midnight
And wishing on a star....

Robert L. Bell III
“EPHPHETA (BE THOU OPENED)“  
“A MEDLEY OF HAIKUS”

A rich death-breath of 
Winds stirred only in green-trees 
That remember Spring.

Cups of green which hold 
The Sun like mirrors of Spring 
Glazed into Summer.

Why does the sea shine 
Like an ecstasy of wet 
Wet, pulsing starfire?

No clouds---only heat 
Like waves of gold billowing 
Through sun-aching skies...

Bend North, Sea-Oats, bend 
Into the coming soft Nite 
When Stars bend their Life.

Norseman-gray laughter 
Run through with arctic-green beams 
Foaming with Pre-Storm.

Peak me with July 
Consummate me in August 
Before death, HARVEST.

Dragon-spun sunlite 
Redeeming the summer sea 
In diamond Easters.

Make the being sing 
With summer-joys that life brings 
To the quiet heart.

Brushed with molten ore 
Sea sighs in summer smoothness 
Pre-Storm; post sunrise.

Shivering cut of 
Sailboat that cuts the ocean 
Drenched with Sunset-winds.

Day-wedging brushed, All 
Fingering for sunlite gold 
Awaiting morrow...

The Holy Ghost Smiles 
Joy-Inflaming the Waters 
The Summer Stillness.

Smoothed with Non-Caress 
All richness of blue and sun 
Summer chants softly...

Now thin the Sea-Oats: 
Autumn's shaft is on the bow 
Silver and shearing...

Tehri A. Barry
SOUL MUSIC

The old man beckoned, alone in the vacant lot, his only companion the fire burning in the steel drum. He beckoned again, left hand deep in his pocket. For no good reason I stopped walking. His gray overcoat was tattered and dishonored with soup kitchen spots and urine stains, the second button from the bottom missing. He wore brown old-man pants, punctuated with cigarette burn marks that reached down to scorched flesh, done on a cold night unnoticed. His shoes were retreads, laced with string. Repulsed but fascinated, I watched him.

"Music, boy? You want the music? I got it right here."

The one thing that could have made me stay, stand there and freeze with the sleet just starting to sting my cheeks--little needles driving hard. "What did you say, old man?"

"Said, I got the music, boy. Just for you. C'mere. I'll tell you about it."

I edged closer to him, wary, closer to the fire that was his source of heat until he could scrounge his next bottle. "Did ya ever really listen to music, boy? More'n just a bunch of notes, more'n just words that rhyme. The right music can speak to you, not the musician speaking to the listener, but the song gettin' inside of you, right to your I. Ever wonder about that, how it can be?"

"The right sequence of harmonies, coupled with a rhythm ranging in frequency from..."

"No, not the mechanics. I mean why can a song get into your head and refuse to leave, even if you want to forget it. Try this--think of 'Twist and Shout' and now try to forget it. You can't, right?"

"Yeah."

"So how can music do that, swell up inside your head until its taken up all the room your mind can give it and then some. Wanna know?" He was becoming agitated, caught up in what he was saying. A trickle of saliva fell from his lips, a spinning helix descending to his lapel. Annoyed at this minor disturbance he backhanded his mouth clean.

"Well look," I began, "this is all very interesting, but I'm already ten minutes late and I'm not sure if I have the time to..."

"It's got a soul, boy. Music's got a soul. I mean, a soul just like me and you got. That's the secret, see? The song's alive. It gets in ya head 'cause that's where it's s'posed to be, the only place it can do anything, the only place it can do the only thing it can do. Know much about mythology? Ever hear of Pandora's Box?"

Taken aback by this apparent non sequitur, I paused before answering. "Sure, she opened it and all the world's troubles came out."

"Wrong. All wrong. Story's gotten all twisted around. I know, see. I know 'cause I got the box. Right here in my pocket." He moved his left hand, still deep in his overcoat. "Like to see it?"

"Well, I guess so, if you really want to show it to me."

He suddenly became coy, almost playful. "Can't show it to ya unless ya ask me to. That's the rules."
Beginning to lose my patience, I snapped, "Will you please show me the box?"

"That's better, now I can show it to ya. Ya see, with all the songs bein' written, every one of 'em's gotta have a soul, and there just ain't enough to go around." He took a small, intricately carved wooden box out of his pocket. "That's where the box comes in handy. It don't let spirits out, it takes 'em in." He opened the lid and I felt and heard a great rushing, an undeniable vacuum sucking me in, although the air did not move. "See, boy, the souls gotta come from somewhere, don't they? Somebody's gotta collect 'em." My body dropped to the ground, lifeless and empty. I was incarnated into music. I am song.

An old man walks down a darkening alley, leaving behind a small fire whose flames reveal a shape lying on the ground. His left hand thrust deep in his pocket, the old man is humming softly to himself.

*Bill Eiser*

Bill Eiser "SOUL MUSIC" winner of the 1981 ARCHARIOS Short Story
we have always been considered barren wastelands, sand and snow we harbor no life, no shelter for ignorant men look upon us fearfully with grudging respect one creation versus another, we are unconquerable our silent strength stretches from sea to sea You strut blazing heat I shine freezing cold neither is kind to the ignorant man for he has never been kind to us the wise man knows us He knows that we offer food and water He knows in all your heat there will follow a cool chill He knows within me I offer warmth the ignorant man divines us evil and divinity says we shall never lie together The wise man humanes differently for at times we do and at times we must He has noticed our patterns He knows how we follow the wind and drift He sees us as naked sons to mother sea.

JCM
DERELICT

After you piloted my craft
With gentle washes of salty surf
Across soft oceans of sheets,
You secured the lines of my life
Against the tide of all tomorrows.
Then.....
    You set me adrift.

Marcia Barnard Chandler
Oh Father of Apparition
Must I see but ghosts
As black hawks they circle
The valley burns dark with flames
The trees they're burnt and dead
And a vile bird perches on a branch
Lurking over the dead carcass of cow
The pure smell of rot and death
Release me from this life
Not from this Earth
But only release me from this valley
This Valley of Death.

Lisa R. Bean
Bring down the bars of Hell upon them.
Take up the chains and wrap them.
Pick up the lock of Never.
Open it. Clasp it through
So that now it is
    closed
And eternally locked.
For this
Is HELL.

Lisa R. Bean

long lonely evenings, yawning
into cold dreadful mornings
time was when sleep came naturally
time was a kind friend,
until the angel of darkness came
taking your belov'd, leaving you alone
with time crawling to make you
shudder at its hollow empty chime

JCM
Vanity is a thing of moral contempt
That lies in wait with fearless relent.
It seeks to cover the in with the out
And purge the soul of all self-doubt.
But remove the covers—for truth, you see,
Is what you hide through vanity.

Timothy E. Nesbitt
A little girl stares at the stars
And dreams of tomorrow;
Her doll clutched tightly--her world secure.
In her mind years are eternity,
But she is patient.
As it starts to pass, the future is so clear,
But still she must wait, patience thinning each day.
The dream internalized becomes reality.
She can wait no longer.
The world is hers.
She takes it, filled with color;
Once again filled with lasting patience.
Time goes by much faster now.
She is no longer waiting.
At last her dreams are coming true.
A while later she searches the changes,
But over the years only she has changed.
With a closer look, another eternity has passed.
Patience? Waiting for what?
The beautiful world she envisioned is no longer there.
It no longer holds dreams.
She laid aside her doll to face the world.
Now she is alone.
What was once a dream is now a nightmare.
She roams like a child with no doll--
Desires no longer to change the world,
Only to survive.
As the eternity drags, she grasps a soul
Only to realize she can't hold it.
It also, a part of this fast moving earth.
The realization only tightened her grasp.
She is pulled along, sinking;
Her grasp draws pain and the blood is her own.

Linda Creel

MY DREAMS

Speak not of life
For I am but a dreamer
And life's passions
Are but my dreams
So, this soul is but a mere seducer of youth
Tormented by the choice of the still ageless

Lisa R. Bean
A DREAM

A child's dream is a fragile thing
Popped in just a moment
Let the children dream my friend
For that world is much safer

Cindilou Hockman
Days had gone by since Old Man Crumb had been really depressed. The cycle of his depression rotated as if it were the cone of a tornado--beginning at its end, and on and on and on. This gloom was usually instigated by the boy who lived next door, the boy who always made smart remarks about Crumb and his uselessness. This began to happen quite regularly, beginning with simple complaints like, "Old Man Crumb ought to mow his lawn once in a while ... boy, does it ever look like something out of a Tarzan movie," and progressing to more serious remarks such as, "Old Man Crumb's dog has been in the garbage can again; if I had a B.B. gun, I sure would pepper his behind!"
A DOG'S LIFE

That dog, Runt (so called for his size), was the only thing of real importance left in Old Man Crumb's life. Why, if something happened to Runt, life surely wouldn't be worth living. Weeks would go by in which Crumb kept a constant watch on Runt and an even more constant watch on that boy next door. Sometimes Crumb would start thinking about what the boy had said and would fall into a mild state of depression; before long the depression became an obsession. Maybe his yard did need mowing and maybe his dog was bothersome. Maybe he was just a burden on society. Maybe he would be better off dead.

Thus the beautiful Tuesday morning ended, and thus the dreary Tuesday evening began.

After taking a short walk through the neighborhood, Crumb settled in for the usually dull evening at home. Soon, Runt was fast asleep on some old papers in the corner of the living room, while Crumb dozed in an ancient lounge chair by the wood stove. Runt stirred somberly in his sleep. It had been a long day--running with the other dogs and nosing over a few choice trash cans in the neighborhood. Once Runt had overheard someone say that dogs don't really think like humans do, that they are just creatures of instinct. "Of course we think," Runt thought. "What do people think dogs are, puppets?!" Not only do dogs think, but they also dream and Runt was doing just that.

"Yes sir, that boy sure did need that thrashing. When someone tells a boy to fetch the paper, he should fetch the paper. And what about that Crumb character?! That man just mopes around all day trying to figure out ways to kill himself. Just look at him standing on that trash can trying to jump to his doom. Now he's in the livingroom with one end of a dog leash tied onto the lawnmower handle and the other end knotted into a noose. Oh, and this is better yet: now he's stalking his shadow through a tall glade of grass in hopes of ambushing the dark figure with his high-powered B.B. gun.

Upon awakening Wednesday morning, Crumb felt well enough to fix himself and Runt a big breakfast of ham and eggs. Runt loves eggs. When breakfast was ready, Crumb went to awaken Runt, but to his surprise Runt wasn't there. Crumb searched the house and finally decided that Runt must be outside. When he opened the door he was completely astounded to find Runt (a dog, no less) mowing the lawn! Yes sir, he sure was--mowing the grass just like a human! Standing on his two hind legs and everything.

"Hey Runt," Crumb called. And Runt awoke to a breakfast of hot ham and eggs.

Lisa R. Bean
THE ELUSIVE PILOT

Kamikazes of the farm field,
Flying a doomsday mission
For the purpose of salvaging supplies.
Ground to air attack is fierce,
Each gunner taking the limit.

Zooming in at break-neck speed,
Showing off all their winged acrobatic skills.
Swishing back and forth,
Dodging right and left,
Only to be casualties in the oven.

Fred M. Davis
Liz Hadsall "GRASSHOPPER LEGS" winner of the 1981 ARCHARIOS art award
ISABELLE PASS

(For Melinda)

Wintering among the Frost Giants of the far north
wintering way up high
And you can still remember how the winds rushed
through that enchanted
valley sky
making the snow dance about and whirl around
And then suddenly it would get so quiet so very quiet
that the snow hissing as it fell
was the only sound
Above the jagged mountains of white
somewhere off to the left
the full moon hung low
while on a peak to the right
or somewhere just below
a lonesome wolf was calling toward the starry night
and when you lay still
and listened through the crackling fire
you could almost hear its mate's reply
Then at times the northern lights would burst forth
in brilliant ribbons of reds and greens
to give the mountains strange glowing ghostly scenes
Light rays and shadows would run wild in riotous combination
to dazzle and confuse the imagination
so that you never knew from which direction
the colors might come or go
in that wintry paradise of pristine snow...

Tony M. Edwards
Micheal Gay "UNTITLED" runner up in 1981 ARCHARIOS Art

AID

Suffer as they may, we aid them
Yet Darwin's law is inevitable.

Caron N. Hamby
An old man with wrap of gray
Looked to the dome of twilight
Luminous gods of thought uttering
Impulses from the Known origin.
His touch to the earth was gentle.
His voice spoke with delicate words of cognizance.
The followers were distant with apprehension,
Aware of intensity, awed by fragility.

Lite was his manner, speech was his strength,
And the world turned, few followers withstood.
Hatred and cruelty overtook their souls;
Battles of the lands took their lives.
Surviving sufferers hoped for death to reach out
For the world had fallen.
They never again spoke of the dealings.
Their suffering came through understanding
The minds and greed of the unfortunate weak,
The helplessness and hopelessness of blind lives.

The wise men roamed the lands in solitude,
Gazing upon the destruction and ruins, the end.
In years to come they gathered in the meadows;
All made the long journey to the shore alone.
An unspoken vow to strive to start life anew,
Never to let history become knowledge known.

Linda Creel

OLD MAN

Hey! old man who is old--
Hey! old man who is always dreaming--
Hey! old man--

If you are so old, what is the reason for mourning?
If life is so short, what are you waiting for?
Do something fast
Because besides life's rush
There is a place,
A tiny place beyond our sight,
A rough place like ocean waves.
Come on, old man,
Learn to love
Because the best of life is not being able to wait.

Elieth Maia
Daryl Anderson winner of the 1981 ARCHARIOGS Photography award
THE LAWS OF GRAVITY ARE STRICTLY ENFORCED: A FABLE

Down on the farm, the first mate and the lieutenant were overturning stones. Some were shiny-smooth, ponderous rocks and others were jagged and iridescent pebbles. The smaller stones were irresistible, in fact, to the lieutenant who always collected more than he could carry. Once his pockets were filled, his pants would invariably drop to his ankles and retard his ability to keep pace with the first mate who always walked with his head bowed in concentration. As explained to him by his employers, their job was to roll away the stones and search for fishing worms and night crawlers. Since the duo never operated at night, bait remained at a premium. And whenever the lieutenant's mineral burdened pants undermined his ability to keep pace with his partner, the first mate would glance up from his duties and consequently stumble upon a rock. Though he never fell, he had difficulty finding worms because of his fitful laughter at the comically hobbled lieutenant. It was a good system; nevertheless, many worms got away and the lieutenant wore out countless pairs of workpants. Limited supply enabled the fish-bait industry to charge a profitable rate, and the garment industry thrived on the increased demand.

The season had just begun, and the two were working the Rockpile at the base of the Big Cliff where the gravity was particularly intense and falling rocks were an especial hazard. In the process of overloading his pockets the clever lieutenant, an educated man, couldn't overlook the obvious mineral wealth of the rocks he'd recovered while his partner assiduously hunted for worms around a huge dolmen.

"Say," he called out to the first mate, "why aren't we mining this area for gold or something instead of measly fishing worms? We could become wealthy men, you know." With that he thrust another stone into his already overflowing pockets and, sure enough, his belt split and down came the workpants; the lieutenant, however, just kept shuffling along. As he looked for an opportunity to slip away, the first mate stumbled and unexpectedly fell, gashing a finger. Before he could rise, a massive boulder, loosened by a discharge of static gravity and glittering with mineral resources, whizzed overhead and crashed into the dolmen which toppled onto the lieutenant who was unable to dodge away.

"That's why," thought the first mate who rose and quickly trotted off to tell his employers.

James M. Shipley
MEMORIES

If life were just a memory
Then you and I would never be
Unlike the silk winged butterfly
Living in a dream

I feel reality touch me
Look for me to take a stand
There isn't much to reach for
Most of it is gone

I just want a chance to say
I loved and life goes on

Cindilou Hockman

I need to find a lover nearer
To my heart and to my home
I need to find another dearer
Who leaves me not too long alone

One who seeks if dreams are sought
While one's a man and not a child
One who fights when wars are fought
With steady brains and passions wild

One who knows that dreams are sought
It is the fool who dares not seek
Fools don't realize life's too short
For practical thought and passions meek

JCM
The flickering lights silhouette my love
Gracefully moving like the ocean waves.
She touches me softly from above
And smiles tenderly as she slaves.
Dropping to me slowly, wet and warm,
We grasp each other as if one...
Lying there in love, in our tight form,
Waiting for the rise of the sun.

James Bindner
He grasps the razor
No other way out
Tears down his cheeks
Such a troubled soul
Light blonde hair
Brushes his face
Blood now trickling
Parent's divorce
No one understands
Cutting deeper
On his knees
World so cruel
Need to escape
Heart so heavy
Last light of consciousness
Girlfriend betraying
Love isn't there
On the floor
Always too late

Cheri Lesesne
TUMBLEWEEDS

A lost cowboy
in a desert of lost Indians
that feel not their lostness
population 48
Armpit of the state
play hard to get at the front gate
CHIEF of lost Indians
labels headdress feathers
in case they be plucked
by some overgrown Indian
the judge is never bought
just overwrought by $$$
who's insane is never inane
just over-sopped
LOTSA LUCK
INDIAN OF THE MONTH

Arthur E. Adams

...MAY SHE ALWAYS...

One more time I reflect,
We are homosexuals.
We love us.
It is not for others of same
I say such.
We love us.
It is not what others mean
When I say such.
We love us.
We are lovers of the same sex
For we love us.

Arthur E. Adams
AS I WATCH SHORE BIRDS FEED

From inside my window I watch them
On the pastel edge of the shallows.
Gracefully they move about, pausing quickly
To ingest some morsel.
This time of evening do they notice
The pink and bronze Atlantic?
There are several herring gulls, and,
A few yards away, sandpipers...
In harmony with each other
And with the matching sky and sea.
I, too, feed on this beauty
Which fills a greater need.

Marcia Barnard Chandler
IT'S MY FAULT

It's my fault that I have
This broken heart.
   You didn't promise me or feed
me any pretty lies.
   It's my fault that I cry
these empty tears.
   You never attempted to fill
me with love.
   It's my own ignorance that
led to my fall.
   You didn't say you were going to
stay around.
   BUT... I thought you would grow to care.
   AND... I thought maybe you'd miss me.
   AND I thought my love was enough
for the both of us.
   But it wasn't.
   So, it's my fault that I have
this broken heart.

Esta Hill
ANSWER TO YOURSELF

Please--
Call me not courageous
For first I must be encouraged

Tell me not that I am weak
If I have never been shown strength

Say to me not that I shouldn't be trusted
If I've never experienced trust

Ask me not if I'm kind hearted
If you've never seen me cruel

Give me not a book to prove my mind
If I've treaded over endless knowledge

Speak to me not of love
If you have never cultivated your own

But surely, speak to me not of life
For if you have not first dwelled in your own mind
You have not begun to live!

Lisa R. Bean
Geo-OneohTwo: The Origins Of Life

Choices today in the classroom
four of them (one) always existed and it
seems that way (two) created in supernatural living
color and it seems that way (three) improbable and its
reciprocal (four) inevitable that it seems that way
the instructor was honest and he looked out the window
and said "I don't know" and "only (3) and (4) can be tested"
but all of them were on trial Darwin's disciples
the Sacramento Four because there's poetry in the West
where people want the freedom to choose which choice ((2))
they want having chosen California land of the chosen few
it's only natural they should feel this way

The purposes of science are not to do whatever you want.
The scientific method says first you have a problem
then you decide how you want to test it and then you test
it and when you do take your results back to the starting
point to see if you still have a problem , if you're lucky,
you see that the problem was entirely different from what you
thought it was.and so you decide how you want to test it and
when you do you take your results back to the starting
point to see if you're still on the lucky track. and if you
agree you understand that scientific method is the purpose
of science and that the problem is that you can't do
whatever you want. so why should California?

by Michael
LES ESCLAVES DES ATLANTIDES

Minerva, ye immortal goddess,
Grant the wisdom to see
The past, the present, the future,
The truth, the lies must be.

Minerva, ye immortal goddess,
Grant thy beauty and grace,
For copulation with the minotaurs
Spawned my hellish race.

Minerva, ye immortal goddess,
Grant thy skills of war.
My people are oppressed
And afflicted with the sores
Of slavery.

Minerva, ye immortal goddess,
We pray before thy shrine,
For entrance is forbidden
Unless our fate is thine.

Timothy E. Nesbitt
The day's end draws nearer by seconds;
Our walk is long, our message eternal.
Oh, we are called the passive fighters,
   Non-aggressives.
For, as they say, only the fittest survive.
Their doctrine is
   You must fight to Kill;
They Kill to fight---
   So Kill I say.
Its life still flows on,
   Listen---
The babies are still crying,
But turn your head
   For surely
Babies sleep at night
   (and feel no pain).

Lisa R. Bean
CINDY BARNES

NO APPRECIATION FOR GREEN

Hiking down a city street, alone.
Listening to a traffic light, changing.
Hearing clicks uncommunicable at the crack of a day,
From green to red and finally yellow.

Necessarily Anonymous
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

ARTHUR E. ADAMS: a senior Philosophy major. "My poems are thoughts put into ordered form."

DARYL ANDERSON: a senior Art Studio major, with main interests in advertising and illustration. He hopes to attend graduate school at USC, Columbia.

TERRY ANDERSON: an Art Studio major, has studied the works of his favorite artists, but is determined to maintain an uninfluenced personal style. His goal in life is to be recognized as a fine artist, not a commercial artist.

CINDY BARNES: a sophomore Art major who plans to continue the study of photography and hopes to make it her career.

TEHRI A. BARRY: a third-year English major who plans to earn her doctorate and teach on the college level. She is interested in all the creative and performing arts. Tehri also draws and paints.

CHUCK BATSON: a senior humanities major; also an amateur photographer and a writer on impulse. Editor of Archarios, 1979.

LISA R. BEAN: a freshman Art Education major. Her writing is a personal statement reflecting society and its affect on life. It allows her to say, "Hey, this is how I really feel."

ROBERT L. BELL III: a graduate of Wofford College, 1973, now a Coastal graduate student majoring in Education.


MARCIA BARNARD CHANDLER: a 1976 graduate of Francis Marion College, and is presently a Coastal graduate student majoring in Education. Marcia has been a free lance writer for 20+ years and teaches English occasionally.

BARBARA CHATHAM: a sophomore Philosophy major. Out of necessity, as a news reporter she learned the art of photography and discovered her life's work. Her efforts led to the assistant editorship of photography for the 80-81 Atheneum.

LINDA CREEL: an Interdisciplinary Studies major with emphasis in Philosophy and Art. She intends to be a writer.

FRED DAVIS: considers talent a gift from God, has oriented his literature toward the young or average reader. He is also a song writer. His poem, "The Elusive Pilot," was awarded First Place in the 1981 Archarios Poetry competition.

TONY M. EDWARDS: a junior History major who defines himself as "a hopeless romantic who dabbles in oldentimes while scribbling rhymes."

BILL EISER: a junior Marine Science major, and transfer student from New York.
TERRY FINLEY: a junior majoring in Art Studio with a main interest in advertising.

DON GAMBLE: a senior History major whose work has appeared in previous editions of Archarios. His simple goals in life are: to establish world peace and to create a national charter for the Apathy Club.

MICHEAL GAY: an art major interested in painting and printmaking. His lino-cut was awarded Second Place in the 1981 Archarios Art competition.

VAL GAY (Necessarily Anonymous): an English major originally from upstate New York.

RACHEL GRAHAM: a freshman Elementary Education major. She enjoys reading and writing poetry in her spare time.

LIZ HADSALL: is working toward a degree in Commercial Art. She hopes to find a job to support her art endeavors after graduation. Her pen-and-ink drawing, "Grasshopper Legs," placed first in the 1981 Archarios Art competition.

CARON N. HAMBY: a junior Sociology major from Greer, S.C. She enjoys working with young people and plans a career in social work.

ESTA HILL: a freshman English major, she plans to pursue a career as a novelist after graduation.

CINDILOU HOCKMAN: a Psychology major who plans to attend graduate school at Coastal Carolina.

CHARLA JENSEN: a transfer student who formerly attended Clemson. She is an Art Studio major who plans to continue her education at USC, Columbia.

CHERI LESESNE: a freshman who is most interested in commercial art and plans to pursue an education in that area.

J C M: a junior who has been writing for several years. He plans to continue writing until there is no longer any personal satisfaction achieved.

ELIETH MAIA: a part-time student at Coastal who plans to pursue a career in Education.

NITZAN MIZRAHY

TIMOTHY E. NESBITT: is in his fourth year at Coastal, from Andrews, S.C., majoring in Music and Theater. He hopes to work in professional theater in the near future.

JAMES M. SHIPLEY: a transfer student from Ball State University, Indiana, majoring in Marine Science.

TOMMY SIMPSON: a freshman Art major interested in the field of wildlife art.
TONYA SPIRES: a junior majoring in Interdisciplinary Studies, she plans to continue her career in freelance design. WINNER: 1981 Archarios Cover Design.

ART G. SVRJCEK: a transfer student from Maryland, he is a Musical Engineering major and also plays guitar and pool.

CLARK VEREEN: Editor of The Chanticleer.

RANDALL A. WELLS, Ph.D.: teaches English and Speech at Coastal. He has taught at four other colleges.

LISA WOODBURY: a native of Conway, S.C., Lisa is a freshman Art major who hopes to become a commercial artist. She is a former cheerleader for the Chanticleers.