Abstract Portrait
Patricia Hubbard
photograph
6 1/2" x 9 1/2"
ARCHARIES
Literary / Art Magazine
Coastal Carolina College
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EDITOR'S NOTE

I have been working with Student Media and Archarios for three years, and this past semester has been the best of all six. Working for a media publication has given me invaluable experience. I would like to thank the great group of students and faculty I have had a chance to work with during my time as editor.
Island Delight II
Margaret Schils
monotype
9 1/2" x 11 1/2"
Round bellied, wide hipped woman
stops to sit among spring greens,
and curl and crack her swollen toes.

She smiles right through me,
over her broad bosom and belly,
happy—
she has captured the cosmos
and cocooned it for tomorrow.

She sees
she is universe-magic,
a red breasted pear.

Celeste
Shannon Templin
Leaving West Virginia
Sarah Loudin

Sitting up the wind and hill
I watch for fox to nose
from a hollow tree.
She has returned here summer
upon summer to raise kits
in the fields my family haunts.

I have seen him,
one of the original three
who loved this naked land.
He stands near a pile of stones
that his back ached to lift
from the path of sickle and scythe.
He stands straight now,
watching from the corner of my eye.

Fox came last summer, swelled
with the weight of family
and watched three children grow.
Two weeks now, I have waited.
She remains unseen, lost
in another year, when I knew
she was old.

An apparition waits, knows
I return each year, older
and less rooted to the land
that holds his ghostly memory.

In the third week, a yearling,
red tail richer than her mother's,
glances from a hollow tree.
I disappear in the corner
of her eye.
Untitled
Larkin Spivey
conte crayon
24" x 19"
Untitled
Patricia Hubbard
photograph
6 1/2'' x 9 1/4''
Charleston
Stephanie Biegner
monoprint
6 1/2" x 8 1/2"
On campus, heavy rains have fallen,  
Leaves, magenta wash over olive,  
Swirl and fall in a cataclysm,  
Covering the sienna carpet,  
Their new bosom.

I fall, separated from root,  
Broken from branch, a cut shoot.  
The air chills, and in a shiver  
I remember father, mother,  
Other falls, other leavings.

Now, when the wind takes a turn  
I wonder if returning home is possible.  
Lost in the South, grieving a lost bosom,  
Smelling smoke of another leaf-burn,  
I remember Northern customs.

Another ended semester, another end  
Or rerouting. Yet I am  
Essentially rootless. Tossed by the winds,  
I await my sienna berth,  
My bed, my earth...
Raku
Stephanie Biegner
pottery
diameter: 3”-5”
height: 4”-8”
Tea Cups
Jacque Allen
watercolor
25" x 11 1/2"
Frost
Eric Rogers

Outside.
Wind sting and cross current
Slams stiff dead rain
Against windows, the barn.
Corpses accumulate. Ice forms thick.

Field grasses bow under plague weight,
Offer up tiny jewels
Filled with next season's promise.
Pines huddle together in the garden
Whispering of storms past.
They know.

Age and load can overcome,
Stiff existence becomes a stone
Hung about the neck of its young bride.
Stoop and bend, a terminal angle
Pushes downward.
Gravity with saw teeth.

Wet snaps like bones too far bent
Tear off branches,
Rip free great pieces of heartwood
And pull lightning strips in bark.

A diamond second, one ice moment
When eyes roll white
And nails dig into frozen cheeks,
Draw blood the color of spring roses.
Untitled
Jacque Allen
ceramics
height: 10"
Mixed Blessings
Treelee Mac Ann
mixed media
19" x 251/2"
White Coral
Stephanie Biegner
ceramics
height: 30"
Us and Them
Teal Williamson

I hated them once, too
Those demons on horseback
Who disguised themselves so cleverly
and rode through your life
and trampled your chances to be happy

As a child, I was sure that the lady
who called herself my grandmother
had horns under her hat
and a tail beneath her skirt
You were brought to the evil kingdom
to care for the devil
to cook and clean
to maid for the mother
of the freckled prince
and she would rule
and we would talk about how mean she was
and blame her for all things wrong

I resisted him
When he tried to hug
The balding freckle prince who called himself my father
a kiss "good night" was a reward
I rendered cautiously
You and I knew he was bad
For his allegiance was to the old woman with horns
and the spell she cast controlled him,
controlled you
and we would talk about how lazy he was
and blame him for all things wrong

And then there were those folks
from the kingdom next door
Who called themselves our family
The ones who plotted and planned to overthrow us
Who wanted the queen's treasure
but not the queen's laundry
They would snicker and lie
and we would trade indirect comments
to each other at church
and scream sometimes in the yard
we would talk about how devious the lot of them were
and blame them for all things wrong

It was us and them
and God would watch out for us
and we could tell secrets and stories
over and over again until the foulest tale
seemed nothing less than the truth
and when my back turned I, too, became these things
too was blamed for all things wrong
and the queen and the prince and the folks
next door have lived and died
by your violent sword of words
that hangs heavy in the air
like a cloud waiting to flood
And I can only hold umbrellas
and seek shelter from the storm
Self-Portrait
Missy Hyatt
monoprint
9 1/4" x 12 3/4"
Pizza Delivery and Real Power
Corey Merchant

having fathers on either side
of Hadrian's wall,
his ancient Celtic dads
grin down on the abandon
with which he drives,
no regard for the clean,
restraining lines of the street
or the muddling tourists.

baser nature glares
through classical sculpture—
the young man's face
under thunder and rain
in the rear-view mirror.
the neat geometry of his features
spreading skin tight
restrains a rough pagan past-
sex, blood, and bitter cold.

driving pizzas for spare
change
and a lucky bit more's
no fearing impalement,
no blood eagle,
but all's a conquest,
and they grin down.

it's that little extra
oh, getting that one
magic piece more.

it's a ritual and an art
to one so handsome and
skilled.

until dark eyes,
and round hips and breast,
smooth smooth thighs,
and a smile
(God what a smile)
beat the pride
of all that tribal past
back into the ground.

groaning like any other beast,
he laps up her favors,
then tries to pretend
he's the gracious one.
and battalions of dead barbarians
go home to some bitching cold
ethereal mountain
and serve their wives hot tea in bed.
Untitled
Jamie Franklin
sandstone and metal
26" x 30" x 15"
Story Time
Stephanie Biegner
pencil
24" x 19"
Rich
Shannon Templin

Young, self-haggard
old man
Dashes down,
door by door
the rooms of his youth.

Small-sided seeker,
he looks too far to see
the room that holds
soft-stomached desire,
Is the one he's in,

Until he leaves
and locks the door
behind him.
Duck Farm
Tim Dillinger
photograph
13 3/4" x 10 3/4"
Untitled
Donna Baruchi
monoprint
14" x 15"
Untitled
Maria Velez
ceramics
height: 6 1/2"
Corkscrew East.
Tractor 15 and Spray Unit 3: Mother
Eric Rogers

An hour after first light
The kids come to see Mama.
She feeds them.
Quick, goose necked things
White, web footed and sharp billed.
They have dead eyes
Like fish on ice.

They disappear and reappear.
Not enough to disturb her
But occasionally getting caught
In her deadly apron strings.

During wash down,
I clean them from filters,
Tire treads. I tell her
It’s not her fault.

Tell her of the copper spray in fall,
Of metallic blue feathers
That take wing, to return the next day
A little less white,
And slightly slower,
Until one day they don’t return at all.
JC
Patrick Mitrione
scratch board
11" x 14"
Reflections
Robb Andrew Sobota
photograph
9 3/4" x 7 1/4"
Sea Turtle
Patrick Mitrione
watercolor
9 1/2" x 12 1/2"
The first star appears,
a tattle-tail child
running after mother sun.
Star light, star bright.

A coppery penny tumbles
through well water,
harvest moon fallen
from an autumn sky.

Another year gone by
heaves a breeze
at 29 flickering flames.
Regret burns like candles.

Wishes pile up,
clog roadside ditches,
wash along beaches,
blacken snow heaped
along city streets.

Wishes drop from the sky
in wet torrents of tears,
swell the rivers
and flood the towns.

Wishes hide in peace
of a stream flowing
under a high bridge.
Pebbles slip through
slack fingers,
wishes never answered.
Untitled
Patricia Hubbard
photograph
6 1/2" x 9 1/2"
Two men—one gentle, the other not so—stood at a bus stop. They’d been meeting here on the same corner, waiting for the same bus, at the same time, headed for the same part of the city, for four months now. But it wasn’t until three weeks ago that they’d actually met and talked.

The gentleman wished now that he hadn’t met the other—who, you’ll remember, was not so gentle—because the other had a habit of telling the gentleman about how good God was and how bad the gentleman was for not believing in Him. The gentleman, being of sound mind, never said mean things to the other when he—the other—loudly reminded the gentleman with stern eyes and a furrowed forehead, “You’ll go to hell if you don’t go to church every Sunday!”

“His belief is strong,” thought the gentleman to himself, “and one day he will see that his is not the only way.”

So, the gentleman had tolerated the other during these four months of morning bus stop chats. On this particular morning, it being a Monday, the other asked the gentleman if he had gone to church the day before. Having received an answer in the negative, as was always the case on Monday mornings when he asked this question, the other began a long oratory on the benefits of attending church.

The gentleman was relieved soon after when their bus rounded the corner down the block, heading toward their stop. Since it was their practice never to sit together—for there was rarely ever two unoccupied seats adjacent to one another—the gentleman reassured himself that he’d be able to sit in silence and think about his day ahead.

The gentleman politely ignored the other as the bus pulled up and they prepared to board. But when the bus stopped, the doors did not open. The other stopped his speech on the benefits of neighborliness—for he had already changed his topic—and remarked that the doors should have opened. Nearly a full minute

End of text.
passed and still the doors were closed. The gentleman and the other strained to look inside to see what the matter was, but the tinted windows of the bus made it hard to see anything inside.

Just then the doors opened, but before either could board, an unwholesome looking man, clutching a screaming woman and an automatic rifle, bounded down the steps of the bus and sprayed the gentleman and the other with many bullets.

Both men dropped their briefcases and fell down on the dirty sidewalk. “What an unpleasant thing to happen,” thought the gentleman; “Agh, shit!” screamed the other.

The two men—or ex-men, as they now were—found themselves standing on a long conveyor belt, bearing toward some unseen destination. On either side of the conveyor, thick, white fog hid anything which may have been there.

“Where do you think we are?” inquired the gentleman.

“We’re on our way to heaven,” replied the other, and then added, “Well, at least I am.”

The gentleman looked puzzled, but before long the conveyor belt took them to a platform upon which stood a marble desk. Seated behind the desk was a smiling, curly-haired little man. “Welcome,” said the little man, “Welcome to the entrance of heaven.”

“I knew it!” the other spat, “I knew this was it!” He extended his hand to the smiling, curly-haired little man and exclaimed, “You must be St. Peter!”

The little man stopped smiling and cocked an eyebrow, neglecting the other’s outstretched hand. “You must have me mixed up with someone you knew on earth.” He smiled again. “Yeah, your brain must have been rattled a bit much when you died in that nasty, horrible way. I really am sorry about that.”

The little man went on. “Let me introduce myself. My name’s Larry. Most people on earth call me God, the Almighty, although some call me Allah, or Vishnu, or some other such silly name. I never asked for those names—heck, I never wanted to be called Larry. I would’ve chosen Reid or Derek, not something plain like Larry.” He muttered something profane, then said, “Anyway, I’m here to let you know where you’ll be going.”
Pointing to the gentleman, Larry asked, "Which one are you?"

"I'm Richard Stouffer," replied he.

"Ah, yes, Richard—you are to proceed directly to heaven, and—"

"What?" exclaimed the other, rudely interrupting Larry. "Why does he go to heaven? He never went to church—or even believed in you!"

Larry, a bit taken aback by the other's outburst, cautiously replied, "Well, if you must know, James"—for that was the other's name—"it never mattered that Richard didn't believe in me; he was always nice and polite. That'll get ya in every time."

"Well," huffed James, "I suppose he was nice." Turning his nose up, he continued, "Now, Larry, if you just us show the way to heaven we'll be off."

Again, Larry stopped smiling. "I'm sorry, James—I hope you didn't think that you'd made it in . . . ."

James froze where he stood, looking as if he'd just died a second time. Then he threw himself at Larry's feet, pleading, "Please, Larry! Please don't send me to hell!"

Larry had a good laugh at this. "Oh, that's the best line! I must have heard it a billion times now, but it kills me every time!" Wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes, Larry addressed James. "You see, this hell stuff was made up a few thousand years ago—it doesn't really exist."

James, looking the tiniest bit relieved, managed to stammer, "So what happens now?"

"Oh," said Larry, "you get to do it all over again. That's right—you get to be reborn. Of course you won't remember who you were, but let me assure you—being a girl has it's advantages—"

"I'm going to be a girl?" James shrieked.

"Oh yes, and you'll love growing up in Botswana, and your parents, they—"

"You mean I'll be . . . black?" choked James. He then fell to the ground and began crying with no shame.

Larry shook his head and turned to Richard. "I'll be with you in a minute—I've got to help this poor soul pull himself together. He's scheduled to be born again in about three minutes—jeesh! I've got to hurry!"

"No problem," said Richard.
Still Life
Jacque Allen
watercolor
14" x 21"
The Last Bachelor Party
Donna Baruchi
paper collage
24" x 15 1/4"
CONTRIBUTORS

Benefactors
The Atheneum
The Chanticleer
Waccamaw Arts and Crafts Guild

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AWARDS

Art
"Abstract Portrait" by Patricia Hubbard
"Self Portrait" by Missie Hyatt

Literature
"Pizza Delivery and Real Power"
by Corey Merchant
"Us and Them" by Teal Williamson

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NOTES

Graduating this May, Jacque Allen is a senior from Surfside Beach majoring in art studio. From Myrtle Beach, Donna Baruchi is a sophomore majoring in art studio.

From Georgetown, Stephanie Biegner will graduate this May with a bachelor's degree in art.

Richard Oliver Collin has a doctorate from Oxford University. He writes novels and teaches politics.

Tim Dillinger is a senior from Pawleys Island majoring in history.

Jamie Franklin is a graduating senior majoring in art studio.

Shannon Goff is a sophomore majoring in English from Conway.

Majoring in business, Patricia Hubbard is a senior from Myrtle Beach. From Spartanburg, Missie Hyatt is graduating with a double major in art studio and art education. Majoring in English, Sarah Loudin is a junior from French Creek, West Virginia.

Corey Merchant is a senior from Myrtle Beach.

Treelee Mac Ann received an M.F.A. from Bowling Green State University in Ohio in 1978. She is an art instructor at Coastal and lives in Myrtle Beach. Originally from Meherabad, India, John Mijac is a sophomore majoring in math. From Hastings, New York, Patrick Mitrione is a senior majoring in art studio.
Anne Trainer Monk is the assistant public relations director at Coastal. She received a bachelor's in English from Coastal and is working on a Master's degree in journalism from USC. An assistant professor of art, Paul Olsen received an M.F.A. from the University of Miami Florida in 1975, and currently lives in Conway.

Eric Rogers is a senior majoring in marine science from Piedmont, South Carolina.
From Myrtle Beach, Margaret Schils has already received a degree in special education and is currently majoring in art studio. Majoring in English, David M. Schulz is a graduating senior from Westchester County, New York.
Robb Andrew Sobota is a freshman from Conway.

Larkin Spivey received an M.B.A. from George Washington University in Washington D.C. and is a part-time student living in Myrtle Beach. John Switter, majoring in art studio, is a sophomore from Long Island, New York.

Shannon Templin is a freshman majoring in English from Thornton, Pennsylvania.
Maria Velez is a junior from Charlotte North Carolina majoring in art studio. Teal Williamson is a graduate assistant from Conway.

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Untitled
Patricia Hubbard
photograph
9 1/4" x 6 1/4"