Tempo Magazine, Fall 2005
Office of Student Life

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/tempo-magazine
Part of the Higher Education Commons, and the History Commons

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/tempo-magazine/14

This Periodical is brought to you for free and open access by the Office of Student Life at CCU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Tempo Magazine by an authorized administrator of CCU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact commons@coastal.edu.
A few words from your editors:

K: Black and white. Right and wrong. Left and right. These are simple oppositions we do not question. However, there are countless areas where we cannot make solid rulings, creating a vast middle ground that can sometimes be extremely easy to get lost in.

L: Sometimes it seems nearly impossible to conform yourself into a single category and this also can be very frustrating. But being in the middle ground is often just as bad as being pushed into a category. There are no final answers, everything is up for argument and no matter how much one side appears to be strong, there is always one weakening point.

K: As college students, we are constantly exploring and finding new ways of looking at things, which often allows a vast area of gray to settle around us. But what if that gray was eliminated? What if we had the courage to say, "To hell with the middle ground?" What happens when opposing forces collide? These are the questions this issue of Tempo seeks to answer.

L: For once we asked students to say what they feel and be proud of themselves. Being proud of who you are doesn't mean putting down those who are different. We wanted students to stop trying to prove themselves and to just be confident in the person he or she is.

K: When I came up with the various article topics for this issue, I was afraid I wouldn't find any writers. Much to my surprise, person after person began stepping forward until we had to extend the length of the magazine to facilitate all of the pieces. The stories included in this issue are honest, candid, surprising, informative, and, above all, opinionated. I cannot thank our writers enough for sharing their thoughts, situations, stories, pains and passions.

L: We are so proud of the students who stepped forward and declared the person he or she is without worrying who they might offend. We received the truth, which is enough of a statement to stand on its own.

K: It is our hope that this issue will help to lift the veil of gray that plagues so many. We hope that this issue shouts out: Do not be complacent! Raise your voice! And—at least for this issue—to hell with the middle ground!

Best Regards,
Krystin and Laura

Disclaimer:
Tempo is written and designed by Coastal Carolina University students. It is distributed free of charge to students, faculty, staff and members of the greater community. The opinions expressed herein are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent the views of the editors, the magazine, the Office of Student Activities or the University. All situations represented in photographs featuring students do not necessarily represent the opinions or actions of the students. All facts have been researched by the staff, and we have faith in their judgement. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the written consent of the Office of Student Activities.
10 For Richer or Poorer
True stories of what it's like to have...and have not

12 Love the One You're With
What happens when boy meets girl...and boy meets boy

30 Boarders & Ballers
Experience life on the court and on the beach with two avid athletes

38 Under the Influence
Stories of why it's okay to take a hit and why it's okay to quit

32 WITHOUT WORDS
A black and white photo essay

5 Different Denominations
Students explain how they have found different ways to pray

6 Which Wing?
What it actually means to be conservative and liberal

14 Why Wait?
Tales of a virgin and a sex addict

24 Yankees and Rebels
Has this "civil war" truly ended?

40 Oh, What a Night!
Good, clean fun or scandalous nights? You decide with this guide to hot spots around Myrtle Beach
Men Are From Mars...
One student proves there are plenty more differences in gender than what lies between the legs

Money Matters
Decide at what expense you will go to get the latest trends

Working Out
Work hard or take it easy with these work-out plans

This or That
Exposing all things that are one way or the other

Reviews: Left Brain and Right Brain
Decide which side will take over with these book, music and video game reviews

Size Does Matter
Is a bigger Coastal a better Coastal?

A Perfect Slacker
Welcome to the world of an over-achiever and an admitted slacker

Taste Test
Homemade meals that are good and healthy or nice and tasty

Out with the Old, In with the New
The progression of today's technologies
Different Denominations

Students explain how they have found different ways to pray

Judaism

As I sit here and ponder the question, “What does it mean to me to be Jewish?” I suddenly realize I have never actually sat back and reflected on my heritage. To me, Judaism is a beautiful religion. Judaism is the first monotheist religion, which is the belief in one God. The history of the Jewish people has not been easy. From the Crusades to the Holocaust to the constant terrorism inflicted on Israel, the Jewish people have survived. I feel that the teachings of the Torah have led my fellow Jews to be strong. Jews have been persecuted time and time again, but yet we continue to survive. This is because Judaism is such a powerful religion. The Old Testament (the Torah), which is the foundation of Judaism, and ultimately the civilized world, teaches us to live a moral life, a life of giving and a life of unwavering love. Judaism is more than matzah ball soup and “eight crazy nights”; it is a religion that preaches tolerance and the belief in one almighty God. This reminds me of a story I once heard. A non-Jew asked Rabbi Hillel to teach him all about the Torah while standing on one foot. Rabbi Hillel replied, “What is hateful to you, don’t do unto your neighbor. The rest is commentary. Now go and study.”

Words: Matt Abramson

Catholicism

It’s not about where you go to worship or what symbols you wear. What it is really all about is how you live your life. I am Roman Catholic. I have gone to Catholic school from pre-school throughout high school. I have done it all—been part of the choir, been part of the church’s youth group, even thought about joining the priesthood. At one point in my life, I had fallen into a downward spiral and barely fought my way out of it. In that low point in my life, the only place I could find a brief moment of peace and time for my mind to stop racing was the small chapel in the center of my high school. Every day there was a small Communion service that I never missed, even if I had to head late to practice or meetings, sometimes almost missing the bus for away sporting events. I found myself depending on those brief moments of peace. The Bible never discusses the period of adolescence of Jesus—the hardest time to keep your faith, question it and need it most. In life, a person goes in and out of their faith or at least questions it at one point. I may question my faith, but I thank God everyday that I am here and for what I have.

Words: Paul Robinson

Christianity

My best friend is Jesus Christ. Before I was drawn into a relationship with Him, I was without life, peace or a purpose. I believe a lot of people think that when they become followers of Christ, everything is supposed to get easier, and I guess I thought that too. But really things just get a lot simpler. You have good days and you have really bad ones, but you have a Friend that is more faithful, more caring and more powerful than any other to sustain you. This is more valuable to me than any other thing in my life—my relationship with Him. My life is an adventure. I never know what tomorrow will bring, but I don’t have to worry because He is with me today, and His presence is comforting. Sometimes I forget about Him, though, and I live my life as if He doesn’t even exist or as though He has never laid down His life for me. I am imperfect and completely wrapped up in my own agenda. But my Savior is faithful just the same and will love me like He has since the day I was created. I could never describe with words what this means to me and the feelings that come with such a powerful and beautiful relationship. He is my joy.

Words: Peter Louis

Baptist

For generations, my family has attended and been members of the same Baptist church. I was born into this Baptist church and currently consider myself a Christian Baptist. I am a Christian by faith and a Baptist by denomination, and I have chosen to follow the Baptist denomination because I feel it most closely emulates the guidelines which God has set forth for us through his word in the Holy Bible. As a Baptist, I believe that the Holy Bible is the inerrant word of God. The Baptist denomination is part of the Protestant sect. Differing from other Protestant factions, Baptists believe in baptism by immersion rather than sprinkling. Jesus himself set this example by being immersed in the Jordan River by John the Baptist. As with any religion, baptism is not what makes you a Christian—it is your own personal relationship with Jesus Christ that does. Baptism is just an outward expression of obedience. I feel there is much confusion in the world today because people are caught up in religion. But religion is really man’s attempt to reach God, and Christianity is God reaching down to man.

Words: Kelly Stroud
It is human nature to classify all that we experience, especially people. This makes information easier to store and interpret. And even though we, as individuals, try our best to establish individuality, there is an overpowering force that demands self-categorization and conformity. It makes us feel established and real. And it is in this nature that I consider myself a righteous conservative.

I would like to explain my rationale, as well as my political preferences because although there are things about the Republican Party with which I disagree, there are a number of similarities between the two of us. My duty of bettering the world is great, and nothing great was ever accomplished solely, so I must ally with a larger faction.

Let us begin with some observations about intrinsic human nature. Human beings are intrinsically weak—not when it comes to satisfying basic necessities and wants, but rather we are inept when attempting to control them. It is this characteristic that drives every negative aspect of humanity. Our minds are highly subordinate to our bodies. We are fundamentally motivated by primal stimulants (i.e. Maslow’s hierarchy) and sadly cannot accommodate others until we are satisfied. This brings on the second characteristic of a human being, which is selfishness. We are naturally self-interested, only facilitating others as a means of satisfying our own self interest. Lastly, we are impatient, rarely hesitant while satisfying these needs.

So how do we administer these innate characteristics? We must first take responsibility for our own actions and well-being. Everything negative you experience is in some way your fault; there are no exceptions. Through this practice, you will learn immensely from your mistakes rather than learning nothing at all, which will better your life in the long run. Be aware of your surroundings and process everything you experience. Do not linger idly while useful information speeds by. Severely subordinate emotion to intellect and ration. Stay away from things that are to the detriment of society and yourself. It is control that keeps people productive and from harming themselves and others. Lastly, act as though you are not the only person on the planet. If every person consistently considered other people’s best interests, we would live in Utopia.

These are not revelations or hidden secrets. They are merely conclusions derived from thousands of years of thorough observation and problem solving. We are not a generation of geniuses, nor were our parents. No one generation or 10 generations could ever discover what we think we have deciphered ourselves. Do not try to figure out everything by yourself. It is about showing respect for those who came before us and not being so infected with arrogance that one believes he can disprove thousands of years of life in a mere lifetime. In the last 50 years, society has decided we need radically new ways to rear children, teach children, entertain ourselves and act in social and formal settings.

One method of living which has taken a deep back seat to progressive ideas is the Judeo-Christian tradition. I am not saying you must believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God, or that there even is a god, but every commandment in the 10 Commandments (as well as Exodus, Leviticus and the New Testament)—if followed—leads to a happier and healthier life. It seems that every negative aspect of society is derived from breaking a commandment.

The basic function of civilization is to aid humans in the divestment of their weaknesses and development of their strengths. To administer all of the points laid before you there must be a governing body given the responsibility. It has been my experience that democracy is terrible. Simply put, it breeds tyranny by oppressing the minority interests. A Republican form of government protects the rights of the minority factions against the majority vote.

Republicans instigate coalitions which help bring extremes to a more logical and tolerable core. Governments must balance rule between liberty and rights, both in the short and long run. It is due to the above mentioned points that I choose to support the Republican political party. Though the ruling members may be the same greedy and selfish people as any and all other political parties, there still remains one discernable difference. Republicans voice the opinions that I believe, which force them to be liable for those comments. If a person never expresses a conservative mindset, I cannot hold him or her accountable for being liberal.
Republican Party Electoral Stance in 2004 (George W. Bush):

Iraq: Argued that the war in Iraq made the world a safer place and should lead other nations in the Middle East to strive for democratic government.

War on terror: Created Department of Homeland Security after 9/11; tripled the nation's spending on security; supported more power for the government to monitor citizens' lives and detain terrorist suspects.

Defense: Since 9/11, increased defense spending to more than at any time since the Korean War; pledged to spend even more; wanted the first stage of a missile defense system.

Gay marriage: Wanted Congress to amend the Constitution so that marriage is defined as a union between a man and a woman, thus outlawing same-sex marriages; supportive of states that passed legislation allowing for same-sex "civil unions."

Abortion: Opposed abortion except in cases of rape, incest or where a woman's life is in danger should a pregnancy proceed; signed into law a ban on partial-birth abortion.

Education: Favored testing schools to measure how successful they were; favored the use of federal money in the form of vouchers to help parents who want to send children to private school but can't afford to.

Environment: Wanted America to put more emphasis on hydrogen fuel technology; supported "environmentally friendly" oil exploration in Alaska.

Health: Wanted to introduce tax credits for low earners who take out health insurance; supported purchase of cheaper drugs from Canada.

Jobs/Trade: Promised to enforce trade agreements so that American industry competed on a level playing field with other nations; wanted to spend more on colleges and schools that teach vocational skills.

Gun Control: Introduced legislation protecting gun manufacturers from lawsuits brought on by victims of gun crime; against extending a ban on assault weapons; sees people as the problem—not guns.

Democratic Party Electoral Stance in 2004 (John Kerry):

Iraq: Argued invasion of Iraq was a "colossal failure of judgment"; argued money and manpower would have been better spent on attacking known terrorist organizations; stated he would bring home American troops within four years and replace them with U.S.-led NATO force.

War on terror: Claimed he would put the National Guard at the head of domestic security; wanted diluted version of the Patriot Act, which would give more rights to detainees; wanted America to re-focus on Afghanistan in an effort to attack terrorism head on.

Defense: Wanted more soldiers recruited and to improve salaries; wanted to invest in better equipment; not specific about any sizeable increase in the military budget; opposed to the missile defense program.

Gay marriage: Opposed to any change in Constitution that outlawed same sex marriages; opposed to same-sex marriage as an entity; believed state governments should have the power to decide whether same sex marriages should exist or not.

Abortion: Supported woman's right to decide; not supportive of late-term abortions except in cases where a woman's health was endangered if the pregnancy continued.

Education: Believed No Child Left Behind Act is not properly funded; claimed he would provide $27 billion to correct this and recruit more teachers and pay the best ones higher salaries; opposed to Bush's voucher system.

Environment: Would fund more research into hydrogen-based energy technology and other clean and renewable power sources.

Health: Wanted to make the health care program that exists for federal government employees available to all Americans; wanted to give federal money to states to ensure reduction in number of uninsured children.

Jobs/Trade: Promised to create 10 million jobs by 2009 and review all trade agreements so any nation trading with America would have acceptable labor and environmental standards.

Gun Control: Wanted compulsory introduction of child safety locks; wanted legislation to bring in checks on people who buy guns at shows.

Source: http://www.historylearningsite.co.uk/main_issues_2004_election.htm

Source: http://www.historylearningsite.co.uk/main_issues_2004_election.htm

Did you cringe when you heard the Senate had approved drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge? Does it seem unfair that every time a Wal-Mart opens, small "mom and pop" stores tend to go out of business? Do you believe people with a higher income should pay higher taxes? Do you support gun control and oppose the death penalty? If you answered "yes" to the majority of these questions—congratulations! You're a liberal!

American liberalism may first be attributed to Thomas Paine, but the liberalism we see in America today was established in the early twentieth century as a response to "realpolitik," or politics based on practical and material factors rather than theoretical or ethical objectives. Spearheading this movement was President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his New Deal initiative, which required the government to promote social and economic equity.

On the international stage, liberals emphasize consensus and collaboration and tend to shy away from threats or the use of force to solve political problems. For example, most liberals are advocates of the United Nations and would prefer that the United States use more restraint when deciding to act unilaterally in response to international problems.

Generally speaking, there are a few major viewpoints held by liberals in the United States. They are against the death penalty, support gun control and support the legality of abortion. American liberals also support better health care, increased funding for alternative energy, protection for the environment and government protection for organized labor.

If you have not attached yourself to a political party and have agreed with what has been stated in this article, then you should do some research of your own. The most prominent liberal party is the Democratic Party (www démocrats.org), but you have other choices. Go find them. If you are like me, you may not be an all-out liberal. In that case, you have choices, too. There are literally dozens of third parties that may strike your fancy.

Let's face it, people. If you're not happy with the major political parties or how our country is currently being run, do something about it. Get informed. Political ideologies aside, we all need to get involved with our political system. Write letters to your congresswoman or join a political campaign. If we want to see changes during our lifetime, we need to be the catalyst of action.
It's a Saturday afternoon in March. My girlfriend at the time is just getting off work, and I am sitting in my car getting ready to pick her up. I have one of my new friends in the backseat who is going to accompany my girlfriend and me to the mall. This friend has never seen my girlfriend before; however, he has heard me mention her on various accounts.

The door swings open, and as the words, “There she is!” come out of my mouth, my friend looks completely astounded and surprised to see that my girlfriend is not the same race as me.

The drive to the mall was awkward to say the least. Judging from the way my friend reacted, I honestly did not know what exactly to say, how to approach the situation or if my friend was even comfortable being with us, considering our decision to mix races while dating.

Some people would argue that interracial dating is not an issue to most anymore; however, the walk around the mall completely disproves this theory.

As we walk in the entrance of the mall, things seem to be relatively normal at first. We make our way through the food court heading toward the center of the mall when we encounter a couple who appears to be in their mid-to-late 40s. The woman seems to be focused on getting to the exit, while the man literally slows down and follows us with his eyes as we pass him by.

My girlfriend and I simply hold each other's hands tighter and continue to proceed walking through the mall while the look on his face is engraved in my mind. For the first time in nearly 30 minutes, my friend finally speaks. “Does that bother the two of you?” Since I knew what he was talking about, I immediately reply, “You get used to it after a while.”

Unfortunately, the scenario I have outlined truly does exist, and it happens every day. Interracial dating has been, and will continue to be for a long time, a highly controversial issue. Sometimes one will get lucky enough to have parents that do not care about who their child wishes to date as long as they treat him or her right. However, there are other parents (such as my ex-girlfriend's) who absolutely would not accept the fact that their daughter was dating a man of a different race, regardless of scholastic standing or anything.

"...you cannot help who you love, or who you are attracted to."

Now that I am single, some people have actually asked me if I would date interracially again. Others have phrased the question in a different way, asking, “Why go through all the things you have already gone through again?” Quite frankly, I do not care what color my next girlfriend's skin is, as long as the inside is good.

It's an old but true cliché: some things will never change. The view that some people have has been passed down from generation to generation. In speaking with others about this issue, I have found that when the subject of dating interracially comes up, people are apt to say, “I have a lot of friends that are (fill in race), but I cannot date interracially...what will my parents say?”

If you are old enough to smoke and get drunk, you are old enough to decide who you want to date without influences from outside. I can understand the concern someone may have with giving up their family over something that may not last. Society and friends are a different story. Societal influences should have little or no bearing on the person you date.

As for a friend... by definition, they are supposed to be supportive of what makes you happy. As long as the action does not involve hurting someone, friends have no reason to reject what makes you happy. If you find your friend doing this, it may be a good idea to evaluate the people you consider friends. More often than not, your friends will be able to get over the initial shock that may occur. Unfortunately, if they cannot, you are stuck between giving up a friendship or a relationship.
"He's just a friend." I kept telling myself and others that statement over and over. Why did I say it? I was in denial. I didn't want to hear the questions. I didn't want my family to be hurt. I didn't want to see those looks.

This did not work.

My family saw right through the facade. I mean, it's pretty bad when your younger sibling asks if "he" will be coming over again. I was dating "him"—a big, black football player. This was so wrong. What was I thinking? Even though I am a Christian and I am expected to love everyone equally regardless of skin color, he still was not good enough for me to date.

Our relationship almost tore my family apart. I was kicked out of my parent’s house. I went to live with my grandparents. I tried to forget about him. My grandmother said it was just a power thing. My mom said I was just a trophy to him; I started believing this, too. I needed something to believe because I could not have him anymore.

Was it a power thing or wasn't it? I forced him. I forced our relationship; my mom knew this.

Eventually, I was allowed to move back into my house as long as I kept a "respectable distance" from him. I could still be his friend. But that was not enough for me.

It started all over again. I had to cut our relationship off completely. This meant not seeing him anymore. It was hard because we lived close to each other, and when I was at school, I knew I was going to see him, sometimes with other people around.

This is when I heard about the other girls. Girls he had been seeing at the same time he was seeing me. Maybe it was a power thing. Maybe I was just a trophy, and he never really loved me. So many promises. So many lies. Oh, well.

Now whenever I see a white girl with a black guy, I honestly think, "Trash." Where does this stigma come from? I am sorry for this automatic reaction, but it has been ingrained in me. Is this a product of growing up in the South? I honestly don't know.

I don't like thinking the worst of people before I even know them. I feel their hurt. I look at them like they are tainted. How can I judge that girl? I was that girl. That girl with the big, black guy who loved all the attention I got (as long as you didn't ask too many questions). Maybe I am the player who got played.

I resented my mom for trying to keep me away from him for a long time afterwards. Was she right all along and just trying to protect my heart? We said we were going to get back together in the future. Sadly, I made this promise more than once. But with age, wisdom comes.

I have learned from my past mistakes. I realize now that my family means more to me than any guy. They mean more to me than... even my own happiness at times.

I guess sometimes you can go back after going black.

Words: Anonymous
So here is the gist of my life—financially, at least. I am on a scholarship at Coastal, which means I pay no tuition and I also have money left over to cover my books—one of the biggest burdens for any college student.

Besides school, my living arrangements are pretty much handled by my parents. They pay my share of rent, as well as my water, electric and phone bills. Whatever money is left over out of the total is allotted into my bank account at the beginning of every month (a sum I won’t be disclosing, but I will say it’s mighty close to four digits) after I’ve paid these bills is mine to spend as I see fit.

A few other perks regarding my financial situation include not having to worry about my car payment, insurance, cell phone bill or credit card bill (although I do get into some trouble with the credit card from time to time—but hey, what early twenty-something doesn’t?). Plus, for emergencies like car repairs, prescriptions and all the random things fate likes to toss in for fun, my parents will usually reimburse me.

When I first came to Coastal, I had already decided I was not going to work—at least at first. My parents thought it would be better for me to get into the swing of college life, so they let me use the credit card at my discretion. Now that I am a junior, I’ve decided I need other outlets besides school. Plus, it’s always satisfying to earn some of your own money.

I work at Victoria’s Secret, but mostly just so I don’t get bored during summer and Christmas breaks, and because I really like the girls I work with. If anyone has ever worked at Victoria’s Secret before, you know it’s not a job you take for the paycheck! During the school year, I only work around eight to 12 hours a week. It’s a very low-key job—nothing like the stressful serving jobs many college students have.

Obviously, the perk of being a “rich student” is that I don’t have to worry about how my bills will be paid or whether I will be able to eat next week. If I decide I need new shoes or “LOST: Season One” on DVD, I can go buy it and not have to put in extra hours at work to make up for needing a little fun.

Now, I believe (and I’m sure many of you will disagree and possibly think I’m ridiculous for saying this) that there are downsides to my financial situation. First and foremost, let me just say that my “financial maturity” (as I like to call it) is not stellar. I do have a monthly budget, but it is very flexible, so I have never had to sit down and actually develop a strict budget to stick to. Also, not having to pay off my credit card (I don’t even receive the bill to actually see how much I’ve spent) has sort of made me forget you have to pay credit cards back.

While my dad would love for me to send him a spreadsheet every month of where all my money is going, I can honestly say that for most of it, I’m not even sure. I do know I have particular fetishes for food ($100 weekly trips to Kroger are pretty much a staple) and DVDs that are not quite healthy, and probably are worth an obscene amount of money when added up.

Since I started working, my parents have been less lenient with the credit card—meaning they took it away. Now things can only be charged when they have deemed the situation worthy. Although I was sad to see it go, not having the credit card around has opened my eyes somewhat to how much things actually cost. Paying cold, hard cash will do that to you!

Before writing this, I never really thought about my financial situation. I guess I never really had to. Now I am incredibly grateful that my parents have given me the opportunity to be able to experience everything I want to in college, without getting into debt before I have had a chance to establish myself in the world. I thought all the years of pressure from my family to get a scholarship were just to ease a burden on them. Now I realize it has allowed them to ease a burden on me instead.

Words: Jamie Pachura
I remember the first day I arrived at Coastal Carolina as a freshman. During my first class of the day, the professor urged students not to work more than 20 hours per week if we were full-time students taking 12 credit hours. This point was reiterated in my next class of the day, and I began to worry about my own workload—I had 18 credit hours and I worked anywhere from 25 to 39 hours per week.

Not being on the five- or six-year college plan, however, I vowed to succeed in college despite having to work through it. Four years, two majors, a 4.0 and countless hours of work later, I am preparing to graduate and move on toward the next stage of my life.

What a blessing it must be to be able to come to college and be responsible only for taking classes. To be the few that are able to have college paid for by parents, as well as have bills taken care of, transportation provided and spending money bestowed upon them. This was never my reality. In fact, this was not my reality even in high school.

I have been employed since I was 14. From the time I earned my first paycheck, I have been responsible for buying my own clothes, most of my own food, paying for my own car (including gas, insurance and repairs), as well as any other purchases and entertainment. Along these lines, I knew I would also be responsible for paying for college; when you come from a large, blue-collar family, you quickly learn that it is not all about you.

Luckily, I was able to work hard through high school and avoid taking out student loans to come to college by attaining a full academic scholarship. However, scholarships provided for only four years, hence my motivation to avoid the extended stay super-senior plan if at all possible. This meant my hard work did not stop at successfully getting college paid for by someone other than me. I had to manage my time effectively and balance my work and school schedules in order to graduate before my scholarships ran out and I incurred large tuition bills.

I have been successful in my efforts to this point, although it has come at the price of very little time for partying and drowning out brain cells in a sea of beer. Instead, I had to hit the books with my brain cells intact after I got home from work in order to complete my homework for the next day and get some sleep. After working for four years in high school to get scholarships to pay for college, I never wanted to waste it by not going to class.

Although the road I have taken so far has not been easy, I would not trade places with anyone who has been given everything and grew up with a silver spoon in his or her mouth. Through my experiences, I have learned to be self-sufficient, responsible, efficient, goal-oriented and appreciative of work ethic. Had I really wanted a silver spoon, I would have worked for it and purchased it myself.

It is true that I have not had as much leisure time during my college life as those have not had to support themselves, but that is not to say is has not been fun. In fact, I have learned to enjoy my free time spent at the beach or a football game even more, knowing that I have earned it. Furthermore, I am seeing results from all of my previous efforts. I now have a white-collar job waiting for me upon graduation, where I will certainly have more money than my hand-to-mouth college days, and presumably more free time to enjoy these fruits of my labor.

I firmly believe that the real-life lessons I have endured during my high school and college days have prepared me for the “real world” after college. For those of you still living the dream and expensing your lives to your parents, fret not—the handouts will surely continue once you enter the “real world.” Just make sure Mommy and Daddy drop you off on time to work, and the people who have had to work their way to the top will be happy to hand you your paycheck. ■

Words: Brendan Pinter
I like dudes.

Heterosexuality isn't something that I consider often. It's just another fact in my life, like my blonde hair or green eyes. Yet guys affect my life in almost every way, whether I want them to or not. Being single or in a relationship doesn't change the fact that I love the opposite sex more than I care to admit.

Guys make my palms sweat and my throat dry; I'm quiet, words sticking in my throat like flies on sticky paper. And I react that way for a million reasons—my thoughts lose meaning with hints of body spray or cologne; each pair of eyes are blue, brown or green but with a different nuance—orange fragments, purple circles, splashes of aqua—and I worry if those perfect eyes notice the zit on my chin or the mass of freckles on my nose. No matter how much I like any guy for any reason, I always have to give him a sidelong look and try not to smile too much.

It's not just the cliches that get me, like his crooked smile or his contagious laugh, but it's the skip of his tongue nging along his teeth, the birthmark on his wrist or the smooth scar that cuts through his eyebrow. Sometimes it's his spiked hair, his shaggy bangs or his soft buzz that I want to sweep f!y han~ over. It's his talents—he plays the guitar, writes poetry, plays professional baseball or rides a motorcycle; and it's even his faults—he hates to lose, he's negative, he drinks too much or he tells bad jokes.

Maybe I partly love him because he worships the Yankees or the Red Sox or his Mickey Mouse tee shirt. The opposite sex baffles both sides—whether you're male or female—but we all want the same thing: to change, to understand, to impress and sometimes even to hurt. We all want sex, love, friendship or somebody that just makes us feel good.

Yet maybe those aren't heterosexual feelings, but universal ones that are found in every relationship. Heterosexuality was something I always thought was natural, but the more I considered this article, the more I realized it's a conditioned response that I've been learning my entire life.

Every time I visited my stepbrother and his wife, I was teased: “Do you have a boyfriend yet? Who's your boyfriend?” At an early age, I decided I should have a relationship, if for no other reason than to stem their comments. Not surprisingly, I acquired my first boyfriend when I was 13. When we “dated” I took cues from “Saved by the Bell” and “Dawson’s Creek”; I agonized over missed phone calls, school dances and the first time our sweaty hands touched. When we broke up a week later, I threw myself on my bed and cried myself to sleep. That's when I became conscious of the “other” Sara; the one that acts different around guys just because they're guys. A lot of us have another self—a heterosexual self.

Behavior changes when the opposite sex is involved, whether I realize it or not. My voice changes, rising in pitch; I stand differently, my chest out and my stomach sucked in; I twist my hair around my fingers· I ~ite my lowe~ lip; I sit with my legs crossed; I laugh a little more quietly, but more frequently. Instead of simple gestures, my hands lightly graze his arms or punch with mock offense. I'm more likely to talk about Star Wars or the latest sporting event—just because guys seem impressed when girls like typically masculine interests. Most of all, silence is torture; I have the need to say something—something brilliant or funny—but the silence, thick like syrup, smothers my thoughts and all that escapes is “I've got to go.”

Around other women, my stomach hangs out, I sit any way I please, I snort when I laugh and my gestures are clumsy and extravagant: the other “Sara,” not quite as girly and self-conscious. I learned from pop culture how to act heterosexual.

Relationships should be rough around the edges—littered with late-night disagreements, misunderstandings and the insistence that “we were on a break.” We should date masses of people when we're young and then dump them for the little things like a woman with “man hands” or because a guy was a cheesy furniture salesman named “the Wiz.”

Writing about being “straight” is difficult because, for most of us, it's unconscious. I expect that I'll get married, maybe have a kid, and live happily ever after since that's what seems "normal," but actually considering my sexual orientation and all the nuances that go with it is disorienting to say the least.

Words: Sara Elisabeth Potts
and boy meets boy.

Growing up in the conservative South can be difficult for any teenager who is trying to rebel or be different, cause attention, be noticed, discover themselves. But what is it like when you are just innately different? When you try everything backwards, hoping to conceal and cover up and do anything but be noticed or discovered. You get me—a Sinner, a Southern Flame, a Faggot.

When you are a child and you know you would rather see Bobby naked but Bobby wants to see Susie naked, you naturally ponder why you are different, and it is painful and you feel ashamed. But when you realize that whoever lives above us in the sky made you how you are for a reason, you can love yourself and see that little things like who you want to see naked are not the most important things in life.

I had a really close friend in high school who knew I was gay and was always very accepting. I was close with her family and would go to church with her on Sundays. One day, she told me she had been talking to her mother about me and her mother said, “Love the sinner; hate the sin.” I thought, what a terrible thing to say to me—implying that my homosexuality is detachable, as if it was something I could fling off or jump into at any given moment. As if it was separate from my being or a choice. Ladies and gentlemen, I have never bubbled in “queer” on a Scantron sheet. Ever.

But this is the way people have always approached me. It seems as though I am constantly on the defense. I always have to explain or refute peoples’ judgments of me. I must defend myself because someone sees a gay sex scene on Showtime, and so they assume I (the person sitting a foot away from them) am one of those two-dimensional characters on TV. It's just the way people treat you, and you accept that.

It becomes hard when people do not see your life as simply as you do. When they hold homosexuality as some taboo force that must be swept under the doormat. I am aware of how people view me, but I know how to play the game that you don’t even know we play every day. I know when I can be myself and when I cannot. I know that “my kind” is not allowed or accepted and so when I am in any public setting, I become you. Even in class.

The other day I was sitting in class, and the guy beside me said, “This is so gay.” When I turned to look at whom he was addressing, it wasn’t even me. His extensive vocabulary was remarking on the worksheet on his desk. I didn’t receive the memo, but apparently subjunctive verbs and I are the same. Then there are the little hurtful things. Like when my teacher, after giving us directions on our upcoming essay asked the class, “Is everyone straight?” Well, no, I’m not. I thought that the word “bad” meant “bad” and “good” meant “good,” not “gay” and “straight.”

A comedian once said, “Gay men have the right idea about sex because a man never says no.” Believe it or not, not all gays are sexual maniacs. We don’t fuck like bunnies, unless it’s a good day. The normal sex life between gay couples is most likely the same as your sex life.

Another common misconception made about gay people is that we are all experts on interior design. “Gay” is not clothes or a sense of style; it’s a person. I am not on “Queer Eye for the Straight Guy,” and I never will be, sadly enough. Although I can (and will) gladly tell you when you look like shit.

The point to all this is that I am a human, not a sexual preference. I don’t have six fingers or eight eyes. I’m not crazy, and I am not an atheist. All I want to do is see Bobby naked, not Susie—and I am also not alone. Some statistics state that 40 percent of the population is homosexual, so we are not going away.

I’m probably sitting beside you right now. (And I am most likely wearing really cute clothes and have a sassy hairdo.) I don’t point and say, “Yeah, he definitely does chicks,” when you walk by, because I don’t care. So why do you care so much? You say you don’t, but remember this: I still can’t marry the person I love and you can. ■

“All I want to do is see Bobby naked, not Susie—and I am also not alone.”

Words: Anonymous
Photography: Mary Genutis
Why Wait?

Tales of a virgin and a sex addict

I am a virgin. I have not had sexual intercourse. I am afraid to have sex. Afraid of letting people down. Afraid of getting hurt.

I have grown up in a God-fearing, Southern, Republican family. A family in which the older generations made the mistakes, and the younger generations have had to suffer and learn from them. My family has played a huge role in my decision not to have sex.

My head says, "It doesn't matter. It is your body—you should enjoy yourself. Just let go." My heart says, "It would kill them. What would they think? How would this affect your younger siblings? What if you are pregnant? What if he is not 'the one'? What if you become a slut?"

The decision to have sex is obviously a battle for me. If I have sex, then I am a whore. For some reason, I do not look at others that way—only myself. I accept others' decisions regarding their sex lives. I am afraid I would become addicted if I had sex, and my individuality would be stripped from me. I would not be good enough for anyone. I would be worthless.

I feel the pressure to have sex from society and my peers. But if I did have sex, who would be there to put me back together when the relationship falls apart? I know that by asking this question I am assuming the relationship would not work out. But, honestly speaking, how often do relationships work out? The sad answer is: not very often. Even as a seemingly "virtuous" virgin, I do use men to get my needs met. And yes, college has changed me. Although I have not had intercourse, I have pushed my own personal limits. I have made mistakes, and I have hurt the people I care about the most. But after giving up pieces of myself in past relationships, I have learned that the few, unforgettable fits of passion do not cancel out the long-term pain and the loss of happiness I feel when a relationship decays.

I think my peers secretly wish that they could find that one person they can settle down with—someone they can trust who values them enough to say, "Baby, I love you, and because I love you and because I want to spend the rest of my life with you, I will wait to make love to you because I respect you. Because you are worth it."

I will not lie, though. Often, I have the desire to just have sex. But it is so much more than that. I want to be made passionate love to by the man that has been specifically made for me; this will make the uniting of our souls that much more special.

Most of the time, it does not feel like self-discipline or willpower that keeps me from having sex; it just feels like fear. But the fear keeps me from hurting myself more, while keeping others at arm's length. The fear keeps me from getting too close.

However, I do understand how my friends can give into the temptation. We are all human. Naturally, as humans, we make mistakes, and we want to enjoy our bodies. I have a hard time believing that either my decision or someone else's (specifically a person who is addicted to sex) are entirely healthy choices, but my choice works for me.

Surely, there are two ways to look at my decision. Most of the time, I am happy with my decision. But there are those moments when I wish I could be free to live without fear of repercussions. Free to believe this life is only superficial and there is nothing more; but I truly do not and cannot believe this. I have to believe that there is something greater than this existence in order to survive... in order to live.
I wasn't always this way—craving sex like it was a cigarette, I mean. After my first encounter when I was 15 in a dreary motel room, I could never have enough of the stuff. This was the first time I didn't have to use my hand, and it was incredible. The noise, smells, sweat and the contact with a woman on a higher level—simply heaven!

I'll admit it didn't last long that first time, but I didn't settle for once. We only took time to stop once the condoms ran out. I don't know what caused this desire for constant sex, other than the love of women. Sometimes I feel like a dog in heat when a girl walks past me. I don't take the time to hump her leg, but I would if she'd let me.

I'll admit that 15 does seem like an early age to rid myself of my virginity, but I had 15 long years of built up sexual frustration coming out. I can't imagine if I had waited any longer... that first lucky girl would probably never have accomplished anything because she'd be in bed with me all day.

I think 11 times in 24 hours is the most I have ever done, but that is still not enough. There can never be enough if you get as much pleasure out of sex as you're supposed to. Maybe I'm simply doing something correct that makes it so much better, but I am a man and my explosion is guaranteed.

I had a few girlfriends throughout high school and the occasional "fuck buddy" was nice for a short time. I kept my emotions out of it because we were both there for the sex and nothing more. When you meet in a dark parking lot at midnight and do it in the back of pickup truck, it's hard to get close to anyone. We only did it in the truck because I couldn't have my room smelling like sex when mom came in the next morning.

And besides, I never had the house to myself long enough to be finished with a girl. The buddy was always good for experimenting with new positions. I recommend one if you've never had the opportunity. I've had some of the best sex in those relationships, but still have felt used on many occasions.

I don't understand why I've never had to make any effort to obtain the prize. They come to me—more than one at a time on occasion. I'm not a conceited man; I am simply stating the truth about my dealings with women. One girl even tricked me into sleeping with her. Lucky me. The sex began before I even knew it, and once a girl starts it's impossible for me to say no. Maybe my problem is the saying "no" part. I'm not picky about the women I sleep with because I love them all.

I must have traced the outline of the man you want to avoid on the street, but it has never been about numbers, bragging rights or taking advantage of free-willed woman. Instead, it is the sheer pleasure of the experience. Does this make me a bad person? I obviously have no morals, so I can't be the judge.

I have never cheated on a girl I was with because one has always been enough for me at a time. The women I date understand my problem and try to please me as best they can. As tired as I am, I always have energy at the end of the day for one last dirty deed.

I have such sympathy for those men and women who have a mediocre sex life or have never even had the pleasure of their first time. What are you waiting for? College is the best time in our lives to experience everything life has to offer while we're still young and stupid. I take that back. I have no sympathy for virgins because you are wasting valuable time not taking advantage of one of the best experiences on this planet.
MEN ARE FROM MARS...

So you’re sitting at dinner with your significant other, making a feeble attempt at conversation. What happened? How is it that months ago, when you first met and started dating, you could talk for hours upon hours? How is it that now, as you poke your chicken cacciatore with your fork and check out the waiter across the dining room, you are in effect, silently separated?

Ladies and gentleman, I present to you the truth—the truth about why women are from a completely different planet than men are. On second thought, let’s scratch that whole planetary thing and just say it outright: the genders probably come from different universes. As Dr. Lillian Glass suggests in her book, He Says, She Says, there are four main areas in which men and women will rarely act identically: body language, behavior, facial expression and speech pattern.

These four areas basically cover the entire gamut of social and private interaction between the sexes. Experts identify several different types of communication styles favored by women and men, including “debate versus relate, report versus rapport or competitive versus cooperative.” Can you guess which style goes with which gender?

For starters, body language is often a misinterpreted aspect of interaction between the sexes. Ladies might sometimes find themselves dealing with a “slacker”: an easygoing, off-in-left-field type of guy. But girls shouldn’t just assume he’s ignoring them. Men naturally assume a more reclined position when they’re sitting, and lean backward while they are listening.

Women, on the other hand, tend to lean forward. By nature, women often direct gestures toward the body. Men do the exact opposite. Couldn’t this explain why, when a girl’s boyfriend hits the Waffle House with her at 2 a.m., he folds his elbows out like an endangered bird having its last meal? At the same time, the girlfriend will usually tighten herself into a demure little ball of gracefully crossed limbs.

It is all quite obvious when you really examine it: men are more easygoing, “slack” in their body positioning, slightly awkward at times and even a little standoffish. Women, on the other hand, are an “open book” of sorts. Women are usually more aware, more forward and more alert in social situations. Unfortunately, all this openness also makes women more sensitive than men, and generally gives them a compact and feeble appearance.

On the subject of behavior, experts could go on for days. It seems, however, that most manly behavior can be summed up in one analogy: “The Directions Phenomenon.” You know—the fact that men will often bypass directions for assembling any kind of fixture or appliance; they might also opt to drive 50 miles around their ass just to avoid having to ask for directions at the local truck stop.

Men like to figure things out on their own, while women are more likely to ask for help and accept suggestions or advice. Women spend more time analyzing emotions and feelings (“How do you feel about that?”), while men will most likely analyze the facts and dimensions of something.

One area in which this emphasis on feelings versus facts becomes very obvious is in regards to expertise in the workplace. According to an article in the November 2000 issue of Psychology Today by Jacqueline Fisherman, only 7 percent of women go into quantitative fields such as math, physics or engineering. In her article, “Makeup vs. Math,” Fisherman alleges that studies indicate trying to fit into

“Women are usually more aware, more forward, and more alert in many social situations.”
a scientific workplace community can be difficult for women because it is not in their biological nature. She also claims women often end up thwarting such innate tendencies as the desire to have children, or the tendency to be emotionally-fueled—simply so that they can transition smoothly into a workplace teeming with very logical, methodical men.

Men are more into accomplishing specific tasks, while women care about general maintenance. You'll be much more likely to hear a women ask if everyone at her party is "doing all right," while a man will be the one sitting at the door with his keys, yelling "All right, what does everyone want to go do?" And on the subject of going out—ladies, don't expect the guy to remember what you wore on your first date, what kind of perfume you buy or if you prefer yellow gold or white gold. Men are much less likely to notice details like that than women are.

On the topic of behavior, there comes a time in many relationships when the end is nearing. The big breakup. Women take rejection and breakups more personally than men do. While both genders illicit some sort of emotional response, women are almost always more definite. This may be related to societal expectations of men to conceal their emotions.

Could this explain the whole "it's not you, it's me" line that has become so popular? Hopefully all breakups can be rationalized so easily, but in cases where the whole thing ends with a big blow-out, understand this: men are more likely to yell, scream or curse to vent their anger. Women on the other hand, bypass the fireworks and go straight for the waterworks. Women, when angry, sometimes just need "a good cry."

Facial expressions can be of some inconsistency between the sexes. For starters, men tend to cock their heads sideways and observe someone speaking to them from an angled direction. The man may actually go so far as to squint or frown when listening, which may get taken the wrong way by females. One of the most frustrating things women find in trying to communicate with a male is that they just react less, with fewer comments and fewer facial expressions to indicate how they're receiving the information.

Women, on the other hand, tend to be reactive by nature. Women inherently feel more conscious of how they appear—therefore, they will often smile, laugh and make more eye contact during conversation. So who's to say a smiling, laughing, bright-eyed female listener isn't blowing more smoke up your ass than a guy who's just blank-faced and leaning his head sideways?

Men and women also differ regarding speech patterns. The sheer tone, depth and volume with which the genders speak is enough to give everything else away. We all know some guy, somewhere (you're thinking of him RIGHT NOW) who talks so loudly that you can hear him from a mile away. Maybe he's completely self-inflated, full of the hot air, which he seems to spew forth in his every word and deed.

But then, don't you also know a woman somewhere (not the one writing this piece, by the way) who is so demure and dainty that her words seem to come from her nostrils rather than her lips? Is she so insecure, so unassuming, that she can't just come out and speak at a normal volume?

This is just our general polar opposite, revealing itself in our speech patterns. Men are more monotonous and loud in their speech patterns—in fact, according to Glass, men use only three different tones when speaking, while women employ five and use them all to express their emotive speech tendencies.

And as if this monotonity isn't enough, those silly boys are always interrupting. The reasoning for this is that men are naturally aggressive in speech, and therefore, they tend to dominate many conversations. Is this completely their fault? Probably not, when one considers that women are often submissive and will allow many more interruptions than most men do. Hey, if you could get by with it, why stop?

So if all these differences can be explained and rationalized with ease by professionals like Glass and Fisherman, why do they still breed animosity between the sexes? When language barriers are programmed into us with such intensity, they can't always be broken down. Men and women even differ in their fighting styles—men are more likely to make direct accusations ("You're never ready on time!")), whereas women will make "Why?" statements ("Why do you always rush me?").

Unfortunately, this basic difference in argument style breeds a certain type of double-bind. If a man is meek or slow to anger, society will often categorize him as a "pussy," while a woman who makes a direct accusation or calls someone out without reservation is, sadly, sometimes classified as a "bitch." While not necessarily true, you can probably see how we are not only conditioned by society, but by our very psychology.

Words: Becky Powell
SPLIT STYLES

WHICH TREND WILL WIN THIS WAR OF THE WARDROBES?

Donors: Pat Nunnari (shirt, belt), Clint Nagel (pants)

Clint's "West Coast" style includes a Famous Stars & Straps shirt and belt. These items can be found at www.fammoussas.com. Clint's pants are made by Dickie.

Donors: Kelly Runyon (shirt), Jess Brennan (pants, bracelet)

Jess's preppy getup includes a Polo shirt and pants from Abercrombie & Fitch. The silver bracelet can be found at Tiffany & Co.
Donor: Matt Abramson (shorts and shirt)

“Prepster” Clint is sporting Polo shorts and shirt.

Donors: Katie Siebert (shirt), Jess Brennan (pants)

This glamorous ensemble Jess is wearing includes a shirt made by Shameless and pants from XOXO.

Words: Laura Nagel
Models: Clint Nagel, Jess Brennan, Arnette Vereen, Sam Connell
Photography: Stephanie Hutto
Donor: Arnette Vereen
This glam ensemble includes pants from Chaps by Ralph Lauren and a shirt from L.L. Bean.

Donors: Jess Brennan [shirt], Laura Nagel [skirt]
Sam's hippie gear includes a thrift store shirt, a skirt from Banana Republic and a handmade turquoise necklace.
Donors: Laura Nagel (shirt), Sam Connell (pants), Katie Seibert (purse)

This glam getup includes a Miss Me shirt and black pants from Express.

Donor: Clint Nagel

Arnette is wearing pants from Urban Outfitters, a Tom Petty shirt from the concert itself and Rainbow sandals.
# Kodak 3.1 MP Easy Share Digital Camera

## Prices:
- $129.74 (at Wal-Mart, Highway 501, Myrtle Beach, S.C.)
- Cost to develop is 19 cents per print; pictures on CD is $2.82

## Digital Pros:
- Provide high quality pictures that can be viewed immediately
- Can hold a large amount of pictures
- Digital cameras don't waste film
- Pictures can be downloaded to computers, sent through e-mail and be burned onto CDs

## Digital Cons:
- If a digital camera is dropped, it can cause serious damage
- Because digital doesn’t require pictures to be exposed, they are sometimes forgotten about

## Fujifilm Quicksnap Flash 400 Camera

### Price:
- $3.96 (at Wal-Mart, Highway 501, Myrtle Beach, S.C.)
- Cost to develop in one hour varies between $5.96 and $8.36

### Disposable Pros:
- Durable and difficult to break
- If lost, the only traumatic part is the loss of the pictures

### Disposable Cons:
- If a bad picture is taken, it won't be noticed until exposed
- If pictures aren't taken at a specific distance and with the best sunlight, photographs can be distorted
- The quality of pictures can be as cheap as the camera

## Panama Jack

### Price:
- $9.83 (at Wal-Mart, Highway 501, Myrtle Beach, S.C.)

### Panama Jack Pros:
- Cheap
- Shatter-resistant, polycarbonate lens and 100% UV protection

### Panama Jack Cons:
- Neither Panama Jack nor Wal-Mart require their sunglasses to pass a standard requiring the sunglasses to be tested for eye protection
- Cheap materials could result in easy breakage

## Oakley (www.oakley.com)

### Price:
- Ranges from $70-$310 (at Sunglass Hut, Coastal Grand Mall, Myrtle Beach, S.C.)

### Oakley Pros:
- All Oakley eyewear is in compliance with the ANSI Z87.1 standard for both impact resistance and optical clarity
- Lenses are made with optical quality glass—this type of glass is free of anything that can distort vision, such as grooves or bubbles, and reduces glare and light without distorting colors
- Every pair has a guaranteed one-year warranty, polycarbonate lens and 100% UVA protection.

### Oakley Cons:
- More expensive due to high quality of product

## The Verdict:
- Pictures last a lifetime, and often capture great memories and experiences. Don't trust a disposable camera to provide the pictures expected. Invest in a digital camera to keep the memories alive—and out of the trash.

- Generally, when it comes to protection from the sun, people are more concerned about their skin than their eyes. But eye protection is equally important; wearing sunglasses with no protection is pointless and can eventually lead to harmful effects. I suggest buying a pair of Oakley's, which guarantees the best protection for your eyes; the one-year warranty proves the company has faith in their products and is loyal to their customers.
3. Sirius Satellite Radio vs. AM/FM Radio

Sirius Satellite Radio
(www.sirius.com)

Prices:
- Products for the car, boat or home: $74-$299
- Plans: 1-year: $142; 2-year: $271; 3-year: $401; semi-annual $77; lifetime: $499
- Installation: up to $150
- Activation Fee: $10-$15

Sirius Pros:
- 120 channels of digital-quality music, news, entertainment and sports
- 65 channels offer commercial-free listening
- Most are equipped with a display feature, providing the artist name and song title
- The music channels range to fit every different genre of music
- Guarantees 24/7 clear listening throughout the U.S.

Sirius Cons:
- The price is impractical for most college students
- Can't be personalized to satisfy a specific taste from the listener
- Requires yearly subscriptions

AM/FM Radio

Price: Free

AM/FM Radio Pros:
- It doesn't cost anything (obviously)
- It is easily accessible and familiar
AM/FM Radio Cons:
- Listener has no control over what is being played
- Commercials and overplayed songs can be irritating
- Radio stations lose connection when traveling long distances

The Verdict:
Paying hundreds of dollars for stations that don’t even guarantee the sequence of your favorite songs is both impractical to most college students and also just not fulfilling enough. Until a better option comes along, I suggest sticking to regular radio, rather than letting Sirius Radio empty your pockets.

4. CCU Bookstore vs. Amazon Books

Sirius Satellite Radio
(www.sirius.com)

Prices:
- Classics of Children's Literature: $66.75 (New)
- The Critical Tradition: Classics Texts and Contemporary Trends: $67.75 (Used)

CCU Bookstore

Prices:
- Classics of Children's Literature: $64.00 (Good Condition)
- The Critical Tradition: Classics Texts and Contemporary Trends: $64.00 (Good Condition)

The Verdict:
When it comes to the scent of a guy, it can either make a girl weak in the knees or grossed out forever. Axe Body Spray provides guys with the protection of deodorant and a scent that will attract the ladies (or at least not freak them out) for a price that won't bust the budget. Spending all your money on a bottle of cologne that can easily be broken isn't worth it.

5. Cologne Confusion

Axe Deodorant Body Spray for Men

Price:
- 4 oz.: $3.54 (at Wal-Mart, Highway 501, Myrtle Beach, S.C.)

Axe Pros:
- Fragrance with deodorant protection
- Comes in a variety of scents

Axe Cons:
- Aerosol cans negatively affect the ozone layer

Aqua Di Gio

Price:
- 6.7 oz.: $89.99
- 3.4 oz.: $65 (at Dillards, Coastal Grand Mall, Myrtle Beach, S.C.)

Aqua Pros:
- Smells heavenly
- Ozone friendly pump

Aqua Cons:
- Glass spray bottle can be hard to travel with
- Expensive

The Verdict:
Although the bookstore is convenient, Amazon saves money by eliminating the middleman between sellers and buyers. Buying books each semester puts a dent in every college student's pocket—every dollar saved is worth the try, so give Amazon a chance. The savings are surprising.
Yankees And Rebels

Has this "civil war" truly ended?

When you think about it, the only real difference between being from the North and the South is geographic location, right? Wrong! I'm from the North, but I'm not just a Northerner, or a "Yankee." Granted, I am quite biased, being from Wisconsin and all, but we have a unique kind of life. For instance, unless you're from WI, could anyone tell me what a "bubbler" is? Most people call it a water fountain. Back home, you throw money in water fountains; you drink from bubblers. We're also unusually devoted to our dairy products. We're called "The Dairy State" for a reason. I mean, our state quarter has a cow, corn and cheese on it. We're also the best drinkers in the country. Have you ever heard of New Glarus or Leinenkugels? They're only two of the best microbreweries in the state. UW-Madison is currently the number-one party school in the nation. I should know. I've partied there during one of the biggest parties of the year—Halloween.

Back home, people drink unsweetened tea, don't say "y'all" and generally aren't very courteous. In the South, everyone is nice, which is a positive change. I do have to say that radio stations in the South suck. It's all country! Not that I necessarily have anything against that—I'm just more of an underground music kind of girl.

The South is also way too conservative for my taste. I'm very liberal, and I show it. Honestly, you can't be conservative and have the type of piercings I have. It's an oxymoron. Yes, I know a lot of people in the South have his or her ears pierced and nose studs seem prevalent. However, up North, I know plenty of people who are all for piercing themselves into oblivion, although I'm not one of them.

Another big difference between North and South is religion. While most people up North are Catholic or Lutheran, most Southerners are Baptist or Methodist. This is where I get to switch sides. I'm Methodist. I happen to love being Methodist. The church is so open-minded and easygoing, as opposed to Catholics. I really don't have anything against people who are different than me. I'm just opinionated and very open-minded. I guess that comes with growing up in the North.

"Home is where the heart is." I have heard this statement numerous times and I usually disregarded it, but now that I have moved here, I can't stop thinking of anywhere else. From California to Connecticut to Minnesota, I have lived nowhere but the North.

As I flip through the photos of my past, I remember: church on Sundays, snow blizzards, attending my first rock concert and staying up late watching the Red Socks play on a school night. Attending college in the South has definitely put into perspective what I miss most about growing up in the North.

There are many misconceptions about Northerners. One that really ticks me off is the assumption that we are unsympathetic. Growing up in the North, I learned to mind my own business and continue with life. Northerners are independents, not rude people. Individuality is what people look for and expect to see. Everyone is welcome without judgment; expressions and new styles are always accepted.

Music differed area to area; you either listened to rap or rock. Upcoming bands were a must-see at the local clubs every Friday night. They usually had their own individual flair and tried to invent music as we know it. Country is not in a Northerner's vocabulary. You would never dream of attending a hoe-down...ever!

Religion was always simple, at least in my town. If you were religious at all, you were a Roman Catholic. Building on traditional values was the basis of what we do. Holiday breaks were called exactly that. It was Christmas Break, not "Winter Break."

One of my favorite experiences of living in the North is that we have four seasons every year. Watching the leaves turn colors as school begins was a beautiful sight. I miss the snowfall at Christmas and the rush of boarding down the slopes. Even though it does get cold, new activities like "lake driving" make it all worthwhile. Besides, not many people can say they experienced a blizzard on Halloween.

I have never said "y'all," I don't wave a Confederate flag and the only "coke" I know is Coca-Cola. Yep, I'm a Yankee through and through. I couldn't be any more proud.

Words: Jessica Safran and Melissa Croce
During my two odd decades on this earth I’ve doubted and/or rethought my identity in various ways. Am I a popular kid, a redneck, one of those weird kids, an all-out social outcast or an odd combination of all these things? Am I an intellectual or just a simple kid from the country?

One thing I’ve always known about myself is that for better or worse (mostly better) I am Southern. My identity as a Southerner is inescapable and really, I like it that way. I have roots here to say the least. My speech, my clever sayings, my mannerisms, my outlook at the rest of the country and even at the world at large, is all rooted in the Southland.

When one thinks of the South, there are a few things that come to mind. Among these are speech, religion and of course, food. All have their places in this region and within my own heart.

From what I can tell, the Southern accent is key to one’s Southern identity. I’ve been told that as it fades, it’s as if your “Southernness” is being revoked. I wouldn’t know personally; my accent is quite intact and it will likely still be even after I’ve ventured Northward. I prize my Southern English, even with the problems it poses. For instance, it takes a bit more effort for me to enunciate words and I can only speak so fast without my tongue lagging behind. Nonetheless, it is part of who I am.

To an actual Southerner, the South really isn’t a single, totally cohesive unit. Different areas are very distinguishable. A native of New Orleans has little in common with someone from the mountains of Tennessee, either in linguistics or even culture, though they are both equally Southern. There is also no single, generic Southern accent. Not all Southerners pronounce their “r’s” like they are “ah’s.” I’m from South Carolina, more specifically western Horry County. Here we pronounce every “r” we encounter. They’re there for a reason, don’t you know! Even with the differences, I consider all Southerners my brethren.

Religion is firmly woven into the fabric of Southern culture. It seems that everyone here goes to church, goes occasionally, feels guilty for not going or is being hounded by the local holy rollers about the state of their soul. This is the Bible Belt after all—there is good reason why the region has this name. It might sound as if I’m knocking religion, but this isn’t the case. I was raised in church and I know the state of my soul. My actions may speak otherwise at times, but then again all have sinned and fallen short.

Home cookin’ versus soul food: are the two mutually exclusive? Differences can be found here and there in these two factions of Southern cuisine, but overall nothing unites people of different skin tones better than good food. Anything from barbeque (that’s hash barbeque made from pork) to chicken (the word “fried” usually isn’t necessary when speaking of this bird) to the local specialty of chicken bog; it all has its place in the South.

Admittedly, the South does have its shortcomings. A certain amount of racism still lingers here and I fear it always will. The Confederate flag is still proudly flown from flagpoles and from the bumpers of pickup trucks. Once a proud advocate of this flag, I’m now fairly neutral on the issue. Does it really stand for racism? In most cases, it doesn’t; rather, it represents a romantic ideal that never really existed in the first place.

Also, the region’s public schools leave a lot to be desired. A saying I’ve often heard is, “Thank God for Mississippi,” because their schools are actually ranked worse than those in South Carolina. Much of the region is poor as well. The old standbys of family farming and textiles are all but dead. The once mighty “tobacco culture” of the Carolinas is now a sad, fading memory and the textile mills of the Piedmont have nearly all moved in search of cheaper labor.

But even with its problems, the South will always be my home no matter where my travels take me. The South: the good, the bad and the ugly. And it’s all mine.

Words: Neal Causey

Confessions of a Northern Southerner

Yes, I am a Yankee. A native from Pittsburgh for 13 years and a year-long resident of the great state of Michigan. When I was 14, my family and I left the North to start our new life in the “dirty South.” I had no idea what I was getting myself into. Unlike the melting pot of Coastal Carolina, I began school in a small Southern town called Moonville. It was a complete culture shock.

I had never before seen anyone in Wranglers, or trucks with tires taller than me. Not only was the style extremely different, but I had no idea what anyone was saying! My first day of school I was sent to the principal’s office because I did not address the teacher as “ma’am” and I asked her continuously to repeat herself because her accent was so thick.

Although all of these different things made me want to go back to the North, I began to grow and love the South. I wouldn’t trade this warm weather and friendly smiles for anything.

Words: Bobbi Rock

Words: Neal Causey
Even in the days when Coastal Carolina didn't exist as we now know it, when it was a mere branch campus of the University of South Carolina, its image and purpose was crystal clear. Although barely respected as a party school, the university still understood itself and its role in serving Horry County, first and foremost. Over the years, the university earned its independence, its own name and its own niche in the state's public university system. Yet, at a time when the university's image is shining brighter than ever, many have openly questioned its future. The status quo on this bustling campus changes daily, prompting mainstays to wonder when growth infringes on independence.

"When I was a student here in the early 1980s you could feel the inevitable growth," recalls Anne Monk, Assistant Vice President for Marketing Communications. "I remember when we hit 2,000 students there was a buzz around campus. The growth has continued to come like it has for the entire Grand Strand area. The challenge is managing that growth. I think [Coastal President] Ron Ingle has done a fabulous job of doing that. But it's definitely a pivotal time in our history."

While the matter at hand centers on reasons more important than just parking spaces and class sizes, those issues are certainly at the forefront of students' minds. Although many understand growth is necessary for Coastal to earn respect among its peers, they also feel somewhat betrayed by the quaint and undiscovered gem they stumbled upon several years ago.

This begs at least one viable question: does Coastal Carolina owe more to its current student population, its alumni and its future students or to Horry County? A Changing Landscape

For nearly a decade after its separation from the University of South Carolina, Coastal Carolina experienced great change. This included the addition of 3,000 students, more than 60 full-time faculty members, one major academic building and an athletic program that changed the face of the university forever.

Yet, much of the growth occurred with little change to the school's existing infrastructure. While few would question that the quality of the finished product increased drastically in the late 1990s, some think it may be getting watered down in the 21st century.

"We don't have enough housing and we don't have places for students to park," claims Coastal senior Antonio Pee, who worked on the development of the school's master plan as a member of the Strategic Planning Committee. "We need to make sure students enjoy college as well as get a quality education. Those
are just some of the things we can't handle right now."

Dorms became a fixture in the late 1980s, but many consider the school's housing capabilities as inadequate for a growing institution. Including University Place, which was completed in the fall of 2004, the school still only boasts a total of 2,200 beds. That forces the majority of the student body to commute and helps sustain Coastal's label of being nothing more than a commuter college and not a widely-respected university.

The biggest concern among administrators is the school's lack of additional academic space. Although the school recently opened up a new branch campus in Litchfield, major overhauls of existing buildings and construction of new buildings on the Conway campus have been few and far between.

The exception was the addition of the Edwards College of Humanities and Fine Arts Building in 2001 that added 31 classrooms to a quickly overflowing campus. There has been an expansion to the East Campus, located in the Atlantic Center, which became a hub for classes in the College of Natural and Applied Sciences in the fall of 2005.

The next addition will almost surely be a new science center that has been put on the backburner for years due to budget cuts within the state's education system. "I think we've had problems figuring out where classes are going to be and that is one thing that has really concerned me," says Coastal graduate Robin Edwards-Russell, who is a theater professor and the host of "Coastal Today." "I think we had some problems scheduling classes. The move into the Atlantic Center was kind of rushed and it didn't go really smoothly."

Monk adds, "I think academic space has been the major problem, especially with the science building. We are hoping the state will come through with a bond in the next cycle, but nobody knows for sure. Anybody on campus would tell you that building is grossly inadequate, but still it is amazing to see the quality of students that are turned out from that college."

The chief concern among students is undoubtedly parking, a hot topic of debate on most college campuses around the nation. The student body has appealed for additional parking — i.e. a parking deck — for years, but Coastal's administration has refused, calling it an unnecessary eyesore. Ingle and Co. see it as pointless since open spaces do exist around campus, even if they are at its farthest reaches.

While Pee and many students disagree with Ingle's claim, others see parking as a trivial point. "Parking is a problem, but parking is going to be a problem anywhere," says Coastal senior Tim Thomas. "It can be a major problem and an inconvenience, but there are available spaces; you just have to be diligent and sometimes you have to walk. I don't think a parking deck is the solution. I don't think it justifies those resources and this school will never get so big that it will need something like that."

Parking should be eased by additional spaces to complement the new multipurpose arena scheduled to be built at the corner of U.S. 501 and University Boulevard. However, it is unclear whether the additional spaces will be enough to handle a five percent growth scheduled for the student population each year.

The university launched its second master plan on its 50th birthday in 2004. The visionary plan is book ended by Brooks Stadium at S.C. 544 and the new arena. In between those two monuments, Ingle's plan provides a look at the future. The construction of numerous academic buildings and campus landmarks play an integral role in the plan as well as continued growth of the East Campus.

The plan, however, does not include potential methods to pay for the proposed growth, which likely would cost hundreds of millions of dollars. "The master plan has shown the limitations of this particular campus," Monk says. "We are already seeing growth to East Campus. I see a campus in Myrtle Beach that is more extensible."

### Counting on Coastal

While students, faculty and administrators expect Coastal Carolina to continue to grow, local officials such as Brad Dean are counting on continued growth. Dean, President of the Myrtle Beach Area Chamber of Commerce, sees the development of the university as a stepping stone for increased development and diversity within Horry County's economy.

"I think the development of Coastal is vastly important to our future," says Dean, whose main job is to ensure that the area's economy is expanding within the tourism industry and beyond it. "It can be a driving force behind economic development. It can be a driving force to help and achieve infrastructure improvements. It can also add culture, sports, entertainment and other attributes to a community that people find desirable. To have a well-run, well-funded institution that plays a big role in the community puts us in a much different situation than other communities."

Dean also pointed out the role the university is playing in research. Faculty and students in the science department have performed numerous studies of stormwater runoff in and around the Grand Strand, helping the city of Myrtle Beach form a strategic plan that could help it avoid beach closures in the future.

"The development of new technologies can redefine the area and industries," Dean says. "Coastal is doing a lot of great work with stormwater. That has as big of an impact on tourism as anything we could ever do at the chamber. If they can find a better way to handle stormwater then that could possibly save us several hundred million dollars in infrastructure costs, and it could offset negative publicity we might have if we have beach closures."

For those reasons and others, Dean hopes Coastal maintains its current pattern of growth. He would like to see and expects the university to grow faster than in-state powers such as South Carolina and Clemson.

Whether that kind of growth comes to fruition will likely depend on Coastal's leadership. With Ingle set to retire in 2007, the future of the university may be in the hands of somebody completely unfamiliar with the university. "Change is scary," Edwards-Russell says, "but sometimes it needs to happen. Without change there is no evolution."

That potential evolution is scary for much of the campus community. Many students and faculty worry that more growth creates more problems. Others feel more growth will solve problems. The reality is probably somewhere in the middle, although it is not likely to surface until sometime into the next decade.

"I don't want us to get too large," Monk says. "I don't want the relationships many of us have developed in the classroom with students to end. I think that is an integral part of what Coastal Carolina really is. I'm afraid if we get too big those moments will be few and far between."

Words: Josh Hoke
Photo Illustration: Douglas Greene
When I was 11, my parents got called in for a conference with my teacher, Mrs. Bednar. During this chat, she told my parents if they didn’t stop pressuring me to be perfect, I would get an ulcer before I was 20. Then my parents very patiently had to explain that they weren’t the ones pushing me at all. I have been an over-achiever since birth, I suppose. Don’t get me wrong—I have always been a dreamer. When I was little, I liked to dance around the living room and gaze up at the clouds. But once school started, something changed. Or rather, I realized something for the first time: the thought that I couldn’t do something right absolutely terrified me. I had an excruciating fear of failure.

In second grade, my sister and I transferred to a small private school. Competition was fierce and being smart and talented was “cool.” If someone got a favorite, we got Most Likely to Succeed. I also got Biggest Brownnoser. Many of you probably just wanted to laugh. I can’t stand worrying about how I am going to pay my bills? I am terrified of failure. I will revise this story approximately 14 times before I am done. I wish I could say my perfectionism is all behind me. But I still can’t help but think: what if, after all this work and effort, I end up in a small town at a job I am not satisfied with it? But—but—by my standards, I have found a place where I am at peace with myself. I go out, I stay in, I work, I play, and I still have time to gaze up at the clouds. I am finally comfortable in my own skin. In my book—perfection.

When I was 11, my parents got called in for a conference with my teacher, Mrs. Bednar. During this chat, she told my parents if they didn’t stop pressuring me to be perfect, I would get an ulcer before I was 20. Then my parents very patiently had to explain that they weren’t the ones pushing me at all.

I have been an over-achiever since birth, I suppose. Don’t get me wrong—I have always been a dreamer. When I was little, I liked to dance around the living room and gaze up at the clouds. But once school started, something changed. Or rather, I realized something for the first time: the thought that I couldn’t do something right absolutely terrified me. I had an excruciating fear of failure.

In second grade, my sister and I transferred to a small private school. Competition was fierce and being smart and talented was “cool.” If someone got a favorite, we got Most Likely to Succeed. I also got Biggest Brownnoser. Many of you probably just wanted to laugh. I can’t stand worrying about how I am going to pay my bills? I am terrified of failure. I will revise this story approximately 14 times before I am done. I wish I could say my perfectionism is all behind me. But I still can’t help but think: what if, after all this work and effort, I end up in a small town at a job I am not satisfied with it? But—but—by my standards, I have found a place where I am at peace with myself. I go out, I stay in, I work, I play, and I still have time to gaze up at the clouds. I am finally comfortable in my own skin. In my book—perfection.

When I was 11, my parents got called in for a conference with my teacher, Mrs. Bednar. During this chat, she told my parents if they didn’t stop pressuring me to be perfect, I would get an ulcer before I was 20. Then my parents very patiently had to explain that they weren’t the ones pushing me at all.

I have been an over-achiever since birth, I suppose. Don’t get me wrong—I have always been a dreamer. When I was little, I liked to dance around the living room and gaze up at the clouds. But once school started, something changed. Or rather, I realized something for the first time: the thought that I couldn’t do something right absolutely terrified me. I had an excruciating fear of failure.

In second grade, my sister and I transferred to a small private school. Competition was fierce and being smart and talented was “cool.” If someone got a favorite, we got Most Likely to Succeed. I also got Biggest Brownnoser. Many of you probably just wanted to laugh. I can’t stand worrying about how I am going to pay my bills? I am terrified of failure. I will revise this story approximately 14 times before I am done. I wish I could say my perfectionism is all behind me. But I still can’t help but think: what if, after all this work and effort, I end up in a small town at a job I am not satisfied with it? But—but—by my standards, I have found a place where I am at peace with myself. I go out, I stay in, I work, I play, and I still have time to gaze up at the clouds. I am finally comfortable in my own skin. In my book—perfection.

When I was 11, my parents got called in for a conference with my teacher, Mrs. Bednar. During this chat, she told my parents if they didn’t stop pressuring me to be perfect, I would get an ulcer before I was 20. Then my parents very patiently had to explain that they weren’t the ones pushing me at all.

I have been an over-achiever since birth, I suppose. Don’t get me wrong—I have always been a dreamer. When I was little, I liked to dance around the living room and gaze up at the clouds. But once school started, something changed. Or rather, I realized something for the first time: the thought that I couldn’t do something right absolutely terrified me. I had an excruciating fear of failure.

In second grade, my sister and I transferred to a small private school. Competition was fierce and being smart and talented was “cool.” If someone got a favorite, we got Most Likely to Succeed. I also got Biggest Brownnoser. Many of you probably just wanted to laugh. I can’t stand worrying about how I am going to pay my bills? I am terrified of failure. I will revise this story approximately 14 times before I am done. I wish I could say my perfectionism is all behind me. But I still can’t help but think: what if, after all this work and effort, I end up in a small town at a job I am not satisfied with it? But—but—by my standards, I have found a place where I am at peace with myself. I go out, I stay in, I work, I play, and I still have time to gaze up at the clouds. I am finally comfortable in my own skin. In my book—perfection.
You know them. The ones who sit in the back of the class, fall asleep, never study and still seem to float by on an untouched cloud of apathy. How do they do it? To find the answers to this mystery, I tracked down one of "them." Welcome to the world of Andrew Bartlett—slacker extraordinaire.

L: What is your major?
A: I'm a super senior and an art studio major with a graphic design emphasis.
L: How long have you been a slacker?
A: Pretty much all my life. I always wait until the last second to do everything I don't like.
L: What about high school?
A: I never did anything really. I mean, I did my work, but I didn't do it during class or anything. I always waited.
L: Do you parents know you're a slacker?
A: Yeah, definitely. They'd always tell me to do something when it came to cleaning my room or whatever, but I'd always not do it until they said, "I told you to clean your room." Then I'd be like, "I know. I'll get around to it. Just give me a couple minutes." I'd do it right before they got mad.
L: How well do you do in your classes?
A: I do really well, actually. I have a 3.4 or 3.5 GPA.
L: Tell me a typical day of going to class.
A: If I go to class? (Laughs.) When I do go to class, I don't bring a pencil; I don't bring a pen; I don't bring paper. If I do take anything, it's something to read. Or if I do bring paper, I doodle a lot—just draw pictures. And I don't pay attention too much unless I have to. Either that or I'll just sleep. I've had the same notebook for three years.
L: Have you ever gotten yelled at by a professor?
A: Not really. I don't sleep sleep in class. I just put my head down on my hand or something. I zone out.
L: How do you study?
A: I don't really study. I wait until right before the test, and I'll meet up with somebody right before the test and say, "Tell me what you know, and I'll tell you what I know." And then it gets in my head, and I don't have to do all the work for it.
L: Tell me about buying books.
A: I don't buy books for classes unless it's absolutely necessary. Sometimes I do, but I find a friend and we'll split the cost of the book. Any book you only need to have so you can read it, I don't buy. I don't want to spend a couple hundred dollars on something I'm never going to open.
L: Do you wait until the last minute to do the assignments?
A: I work better under pressure. If you give me something that's due at the end of the semester, I'll probably wait until the last couple weeks to do it. I know I have to get it done, so it motivates me.
L: What about the kids who sit in class and ask a lot of questions?
A: I hate that. If you wanna ask a question, that's fine. I hate the people that try to prove the teacher wrong or ask about homework. You know: "When's this?" "When's that?" "You forgot to pick up our homework." I hate that with a passion.
L: What about papers?
A: I remember freshman year, I had a paper due and I forgot about it, and I was hammered the night before. So I banged it out while I was "retarded" and got an "A." Then the next paper I wrote completely sober, I got a "D." The next paper I wrote while I was drinking and I got a "B." My last paper I wrote for a class, I wrote completely sober. I swore it was the best paper I ever wrote, and I got a "C-" on it. I have a paper next week, and I'm going to write it completely wasted and see what I get.
L: How do you choose your professors?
A: I ask friends to see if they take attendance. If they were easy and didn't take attendance, I would sign up for their class.
L: What do you think people associate the term "slacker" with?
A: Somebody that doesn't do anything. Someone who's a failure in life, almost—a bum. Somebody that doesn't want to take initiative to do something and could care less about their future. But I do care about my future; I just have a different approach than most people. It sucks because a lot of people get mad because they work so hard and bust their balls to get as far as they do, and then I don't do anything and still make it as far as them. I realize that I find loopholes in everything.
L: Do you fear failure?
A: No, not at all.
L: Do you thing that you'll ever get over your slacker mentality?
A: Probably not. But I mean, if I get a really good job, I'll do my work, definitely. That'll get me out of it, but I'll still probably wait until the last minute. I get things done.

"I don't pay attention too much...I've had the same notebook for three years."

Words: Laura Nagel
The mutant spawn of skateboarding and surfing, skimboarding is a sport that has come to exist in obscurity throughout small pockets along the East Coast. Although much more widely recognized on the West Coast, it still remains dormant from the eyes of the mainstream.

As a sport, skimboarding has come a long way from its round-shaped, plywood board beginnings to what the public is now so familiar with. The sport dates all the way back to the 1920s when lifeguards in Southern California started what was then known as “skid boarding.” Boarders were limited to sliding across the wet sand and shallows with round, heavy, cumbersome homemade boards.

Fast forward to 2005 where high quality, lightweight materials such as carbon fiber and s-glass are now used to design what resembles a wider, thinner, finless surfboard. With the increased maneuverability of a smaller board, skimboarding has evolved into one of the most progressive board sports to grace land, sea and air.

Skateboarding and snowboarding moves are thrown down regularly. The incoming shore break can be attacked as a vert ramp sending one sky-rocketing into the air. This allows for an assortment of tricks from backflips to kickflips to be attempted while flying out the back (of the wave)—and it doesn’t end there. Sprinting toward the incoming wave, attacking it head on, boarders glide out across the water, looking almost effortless as they turn on the face of the wave and surf it back to shore.

Unlike its cousin, surfing, you can always skim, whether there are waves or if it’s flat as a lake. With its non-stop action, a skimboader can catch 50 shore break waves during a session, as opposed to a surfer who might only catch six decent outside curls.

Considering the versatility of the sport and the ability to ride on almost any day, under any condition, it’s hard to imagine why more people haven’t discovered it for themselves (especially in areas such as Myrtle Beach where surfers can be plagued with weeks on end of conditions that are less than desirable).

Despite having been in existence for quite some time, the sport’s inability to gain popularity and notoriety lies in large part to the overall difficulty of the sport. Someone can go out surfing for the first time with no prior experience and catch a wave; this is a far cry from how long it takes to get the timing and technique down in order to skim shore break. It would take even a well-rounded surfer a month of practice every day to grasp what it takes to truly skim.

Oftentimes skateboarders can come out and throw down common skating moves, but still take months to learn how to slide out to approaching waves and ride them back. For the apparent level of difficulty and time it takes to learn, many are discouraged or simply lose interest.

Unable to attract substantial attention from the public, skimboarding has remained very grassroots. The underground nature of the sport is part of its appeal for many. In essence, it is a sport that still belongs to those who do it. This is a far cry from its close cousin, surfing, which in the last 15 to 20 years has been patented, packaged and pedaled off as a pop culture fad.

Here is an exclusive interview with the Myrtle Beach skim posse: Chris Carhart, Josh Kunze and Nick Rodriguez.

What does skimming mean to you?
C.C.: It’s a continuing learning process. Unlike skateboarding, your environment is always changing. The sand is always shifting; the wind and swell are constantly creating different waves. You only have yourself to blame for not improving.
J.K.: Being part of something that is still underground, not a fad or a lifestyle that is trying to be mass marketed.
N.R.: It’s a hobby that enables me to go with my friends and have a kick-ass time goofin’ off at the beach. It’s just wicked fun.

What positives have skimming brought you?
C.C.: I never really considered myself to be all that much of an athlete until I started skimming. Sprinting in the sand for three hours a day five times a week year-round will get you in pretty good shape. To be able to go to the beach and run until total exhaustion is actually a pretty sweet high.
J.K.: A respect and appreciation for the ocean. Every day is a new challenge, especially on the East Coast.
N.R.: It’s given me an outlet where I can just go out and forget about everything else and enjoy the ocean and the company.

What attracted you to skimming?
C.C.: In the beginning, it was something new that I had never seen. I gotta give mad props to my cousin Brandon down in Daytona, Fla., for getting me hooked.
J.K.: The first time I saw pros like George Bryan and Jeff Gomez throw down, I was mesmerized and I was hooked.
N.R.: The fact that it is non-stop action.
Have you ever been so completely consumed with one goal that every other aspect of life falls off the map and becomes an insignificant function that just wastes valuable time you could be putting into your dream? That is how my life was in high school in relation to my love for the game of basketball.

Of course I enjoyed laughs with friends and goofed off in class, but my life compass was clearly focused on becoming as good as I could at the game I loved. While trapped in the microcosm of my selfish universe, I constantly put my girlfriend on hold and rarely spent time with my family. I would work out at 6 a.m. and then hoop until it was time to go to bed. The game was an addiction that was one with my blood.

The search for the perfect game, for perfection in general, was never ending. To be so completely encapsulated by something that your mind goes blank and things appear in slow motion as if the universe revolves around you, is something a true athlete will never forget.

Thousands of hours of work for a few minutes, maybe even seconds, of self-realized excellence, has been and will always be worth it. The game time glory that follows is just a result of your love, not a measure of success.

Change accompanied my signing with Coastal, as I began to realize how I had missed out on the opportunity to meet different types of people and let the world know who I am. I vowed to live college differently, and to no longer be a completely one-dimensional person.

The universe does have a sense of irony, though. Instead of having to crawl through windows and break into gyms to play some ball, it was now demanded to work out all the time with unlimited gym access. This took some of the fun away from the game. 6 a.m. lifts, brutal conditioning workouts and constant practice was the norm, even during the off-season.

If you do not love a sport, I am highly against playing it in college. There were times the game began to feel like a job, which is the exact opposite of how it should be. When you feel like you can't run another sprint, your mental toughness is tested and your will has to become even stronger. There are also times when the alarm goes off at 5 a.m. and your legs are so sore you can hardly get out of bed, and the only reason you do is to make sure you don't let your teammates down.

This is a type of camaraderie that only occurs once in a lifetime, and these relationships are exactly that—lifetime teammates and friends. You sweat, bleed, cry, laugh, compete, fight and live with these guys for four years. You know there is something special when you can go to practice joking together, then compete against the same friends until you fight, but then as soon as practice is over, your friendship is renewed and you're back to hanging out. These relationships are invaluable and taught me so much about life.

There were great games when we pulled off big wins, and there were numerous joys and excitement from making a great play or succeeding in demanding situations. But these aren't the times that will be remembered the most. The journey had become the destination, with the terrific people this game allowed me to meet and the times I spent with them becoming what will be remembered.

I became best friends with guys from D.C., Canada, Australia, New York, Baltimore, Holland, Liberia, Las Vegas and Sierra Leone. All these cultures coming together for a common goal offered many new perspectives, forcing my horizons to be broadened. This, coupled with trips to various gyms across the nation, gave me so much to integrate into my life that the apparent changes that occurred in my own personality were now more incorporating of the world that surrounded me.

Now that my eligibility is up, the game that used to completely define me in a negative manner has left me with positive memories and influences. As I search to define exactly who I am in the next step of my life, my biggest challenge has become to no longer be defined as a basketball player, but rather as someone who contributes positive energy to this world. So as I develop my new persona, it will be absent of the basketball title. But whatever it does become, it will be formed by the experiences the game has allowed me to have.
What is a word? Does a word possess power? Does it leave a mark? Can it be erased? Look closer.

What do you see?

Models:
Jessica Leach
Frances Farrar
Krystin Mementowski
Danielle Paese
Matt Hayward
Stephen Lewis

Photos: Scott Dean
Concept: Krystin Mementowski
The hardest part of going out on weekends is explaining that I'm not the designated driver. "I don't drink" doesn't mean "I don't feel like drinking tonight," and "I don't drink and I don't smoke (anything)" doesn't mean "Please try to convince me to get drunk with you." It also doesn't mean I've never drank before.

I've gotten used to the girls who get drunk now—the ones who throw up and do stupid things, then blame it on the deadly mixture of lack of self-control and hard liquor. I've also gotten used to the guys who are interested in these girls specifically because they know this combination will mean something beneficial for them. I know all this because I used to be one of these girls.

When I was 15, I started to drink. Things shifted when all my friends and I talked about was getting drunk. It was the focus of every conversation and the main objective every night. Because I never got a hangover or got caught, looking back I wonder how far I would have let myself go. Things went on for more than a year like that before I met my best friend, the boy. He didn't do anything and never had, so I was amazed when we had more fun sober than drunk.

For New Year's Eve, we went to a friend's house. It was my first time sober while being out. I saw everything, but mostly I saw myself in my friends who fell over themselves and made out with whoever was willing. I was so embarrassed for them that we left after an hour.

As the last year of high school wore on, I became increasingly aware of the way I used to be, mostly because of the boy. I fell in love with my best friend very quickly and I stopped drinking at parties. Eventually I got so sick of it and quit going all together. Most of my friends accused me of changing for a guy, just like the girls who sit through Monday Night Football. It wasn't that entirely; I just realized babysitting my friends wasn't what I wanted to do every weekend.

When I started to separate from my friends, I was no longer around to protect them. My best friend had gotten drunk around Valentine's Day and called up a guy to be her designated driver. The only reason I remember the date is because it was his eighteenth birthday and he picked her up after he was done celebrating. She was plastered, and he had taken too much Ecstasy and smoked too much weed. So she said she understood when she told him to get off that he didn't exactly hear. I asked if she yelled and she said she did, but it was no big deal; then I let her cry for an hour or so. After she was raped, she started smoking pot every weekend, then every day.

Everyone thought I was only reformed because of the boy. My older sister tried to get me drunk at Christmas like I'd done years before, trying to entice me by saying, "He's not even here...just do one shot." Peer pressure from my friends was normal, but it's even harder to tell family no. Even after years, they still recall my sister's graduation party when, after far too many drinks to count—which I kept chugging behind my mother's back—I jumped at my sister. I fell on the driveway's pavement so hard that my butt was partially bruised.

I figured when I got to Coastal things would be better and there would be more people who thought like me. So far it's been a little worse, because at least in high school I could avoid hanging out with the girls who wanted to get drunk every weekend. Now I'm living with them.

Sometimes it feels like a character flaw to want to stay in and watch a movie instead of going out and getting wasted. On the worst days, I just feel too old for college. An 18-year-old who doesn't drink, doesn't smoke and gave it up because of a past. And now that the boy has left the picture, my family and friends are wondering how much longer I'll be so "straight-edge."
I am a writer. I am a singer. I am a philosopher. I am a rocker. I am a revolutionary. I am a poet. I am a musician. I am a pothead...

People smoke weed every day and there are, of course, burnouts, but there are also people who function totally fine with it. I have smoked weed almost every day for years. I have also made straight “A”s and “B”s. Stupidity does not come from a substance; it comes from within. I have smoked weed with people you would never imagine to have even tried it. I have formed some of my best friendships around a blunt circle.

You may wonder why I do it. Why do anything? Why drink? Why smoke cigarettes? Why eat unhealthy food? Because it’s pleasurable. Anything you can indulge in is most likely not the best thing for you. The same goes for marijuana, except it acts the way you treat it. If you smoke to feel stupid, you will probably feel stupid. If you smoke to enhance your perspective, your mind will open to new things. If you smoke to relax, you will relax. If you are opposed to the idea of trying it, you will probably not enjoy it. There is no reason to do it every day, but there is also no reason not to try it a few times and form your own opinion.

Smoking a blunt, to me, is like smoking a cigarette. But it also helps me to relax and go to sleep. It helps open my mind. It helps me write music more easily and fluently. For me, it is a different state of consciousness. I am aware of things I haven't noticed before.

I was 13 when I first tried weed. It was in my treehouse with my best friend. The first time I didn’t get high. The second time I was laughing my ass off. Some may look down on this, but I think it’s hilarious and I don’t give a damn what those people think. I started smoking more in my first year of high school. Not because anyone pressured me. It was what I wanted to do, and it helped me deal with stress.

I haven’t evolved into a crack fiend or a heroin junkie from my need to get high. I have dabbled in a few other things, but only from the same curiosity that drove me to smoke marijuana—not weed itself.

I wasn’t raised with alcohol or big parties. I grew up with a blunt in my mouth and my best friends beside me. I am a mellow person. I rarely smoke cigarettes. I don’t eat meat, except seafood. I don’t drink a lot. I am a healthy person (excluding my lungs). I cherish the close friends I have, and that’s all I need. I have been harassed by the police about marijuana numerous times, but that is only because many cops are assholes who abuse their authority. I only say this from personal experience.

Some say people mess their lives up with a criminal record because of marijuana. People get arrested because of the wrongful illegalization of a natural substance. Plus, underage drinking is illegal but that doesn’t stop thousands of kids from doing it. Just because something is against the law does not always mean it’s wrong.

"Anyone who drinks alcohol and says marijuana is stupid is a hypocrite."

I have never seen marijuana ruin someone’s life, and anyone who blames their failure on weed is an idiot. People ruin their own lives. Some of my friends are years out of high school working service industry jobs just to blow paychecks on weed and alcohol. That’s what they want to do, and that’s okay as long as they can accept that it’s probably what they will do for the rest of their lives.

I have smoked weed for five years. I have always had goals, and I have always been one of the smartest people in my class. Marijuana has not changed that, and it never will. I made it to college high as a kite.

Anyone who drinks alcohol and says marijuana is stupid is a hypocrite. It’s just another medium for the same feeling you’re trying to reach. Studies have shown marijuana is actually less harmful than tobacco or alcohol.

In no way am I suggesting you should smoke weed. It’s a waste of money, and it’s just another thing in this world that is unhealthy for you. But I am saying to try it before you knock it. It won’t kill you or seriously harm you, so there is no harm in trying it a few times. In my opinion, it is more fun to get high than drunk. It is no worse than the others... besides the fact that it is illegal.
Good, clean fun or scandalous nights? You decide with this guide to hot spots around Myrtle Beach

Mt. Atlanticus and The Pavilion
Location: 8th and 9th Avenue North
Hours: until 11 p.m. or 12 a.m.
The rundown: Perfect for a group of four to six people

If you and a group of friends are looking for a night of regular, good ol’ fun, head to the beach to Mt. Atlanticus Minotaur Goff and The Pavilion. Both of these attractions are within walking distance of each other and the strip, eliminating a long drive all over the Grand Strand.

Mt. Atlanticus is a miniature golf course that is anything but miniature. The two 18-hole courses, The Minotaur and The Conch, start at ground level and work their way up over 100 feet to the 18th holes, giving golfers a panoramic view of Kings Highway, the strip and the coastline. If you time it just right, you can witness a captivating beach sunset.

This course won’t burn a hole in your pocket; you can play one 18-hole course for $8, and play the second course for just $2.50 more! You even get a shot to win a lifetime of free putting—the final hole is a long, narrow stretch of “fairway” extending out over a pool of water, and if you make a hole-in-one, Mt. Atlanticus is free for the rest of your life!

While you wait for your friends to try his or her luck on this impossible hole, you can peruse the Mt. Atlanticus gift shop, which includes jewelry, tee-shirts, postcards and other Myrtle Beach memorabilia I know you’re just dying to own.

After you’ve mini-golfed yourself silly, walk one block down to The Pavilion Theme Park and get in the gate for free. That’s right, free. Don’t get too excited, though—each ride ticket costs one dollar. Rides include bumper cars, a climbing wall, several roller coasters and various other rides. The biggest and most popular roller coaster is The Hurricane, a wooden, rickety ride that throws you side to side and nearly causes you to head-butt the person beside you. But for one dollar, you get what you paid for.

There are food, drinks and other games that are nearly identical to those typical of a state fair. As a matter of fact, The Pavilion is pretty much a year-round state fair, minus the Ferris wheel. Should you happen to have the ride of your life at The Pavilion, you can purchase unlimited rides for just $29.95.

Other Places to Find Fun...

The Living Room
Location: 38th Avenue North
The scene: coffee, music, books, art, wireless
Hours: Monday - Saturday 7:30 - 10 p.m.

Waccamaw Lanes
Location: Highway 501 behind Fantails
The scene: bowling, arcade, food and drinks
Hours: Monday - Saturday Open at 9 a.m.; Sunday 12 p.m. - 10 p.m.

Break Room Billiards
Location: on 544 next to Food Lion (two miles from campus)
Hours: Monday - Saturday 4 p.m. – until; Sunday 12 p.m. – 10 p.m.
The rundown: Under 18 must get there before 10 p.m.; perfect for any number of people

I hate going out somewhere and leaving smelling of cigarette smoke. But if that is my one and only critique of a hangout, I’d say it’s a pretty decent place. And Break Room Billiards is exactly that. This fairly new pool hall is ideal for college students to kick back and enjoy a few games of pool, drink in hand, to music they can select.

Break Room boasts 17 pool tables, where you can pay per hour or per game. A huge spread of televisions line the far wall and the bar. For additional entertainment, there are several electronic dartboards, a pinball machine and a technologically-advanced jukebox with the ability to download songs immediately that it does not already have on file. You can literally listen to any song you want, and you can even get 13 songs for five bucks.

Should all this activity make you hungry, choose from a selection of $3.50 appetizers, or any selection from the reasonably priced menu, which offers pizza, subs, burgers and hotdogs. For those who are of legal drinking age, check out specials on Mondays and Tuesdays for Coastal Carolina students—$4 pitchers of Icehouse.

My friends and I spent an evening at Break Room, and everyone had a blast. The atmosphere is so laid-back; you can’t help but enjoy yourself. The tables and floors are kept clean, and even the chairs are comfortable—not hard, rigid stools like I’ve experienced at other pool halls that leave your rear sore. I highly recommend everyone visit Break Room Billiards at least once during their college career, especially if you’re in need of the perfectly “chill” night.
Celebrity Square
Location: Highway 17 at Broadway at the Beach
Hours: closing times vary; usually until 2 - 3 a.m.
The run-down: 21 and over only; prices vary

Croc Rock's, Shuckers, Malibu's—as a student over 21 at Coastal Carolina, I'm sure you've at least heard of or been to one or all of these places. Celebrity Square is to Broadway at the Beach what Montmartre was to Paris in the early 1900s. All the scandalous fun happens right in the midst of this respectable and clean locale of lights, shopping and dining, unbeknown to most tourists.

One side of Celebrity Square is home to Club Boca, Malibu's and Froggy Bottomz, a three-part mega club known as Celebrations. Boca is infamous for its enforced dress code and music, which consists of top 40, dance and pop. Malibu's houses two DJs and features mostly dance selections. If you are looking to get down and dirty on the dance floor, Boca and Malibu's are the places to go. Froggy Bottomz is more laid back and casual, playing blues, jazz and beach music. At the end of this row is Revolutions, a retro dance club that is perfect for letting loose on the dance floor after drinking a few.

Farther down is Shucker's Raw Bar, which has a DJ on occasion but is better known for its seafood menu. Shucker's has two levels and an outdoor pavilion, perfect for sitting back and enjoying a meal before hitting the dance floors.

Across the way are Stool Pigeons and Blarneystones, two pubs with extensive selections of beer, wine, champagne and Martinis. Stool Pigeons proudly houses 32 beers, domestic and foreign. Blarneystones offers a choice of 32 different wines and champagnes, 50 Martinis and 35 cigars.

Fat Tuesday is an excellent daiquiri bar, complete with a large outdoor section, providing a view of all the action in the Square. If you're looking for some good music, check out Crocodile Rock's Dueling Pianos where you are sure to hear some zany twists on popular songs. Next door is Broadway Louie's where you will be entertained by Karaoke singers.

No matter what kind of fun you like to have, Celebrity Square has a little bit of everything. Regardless of whether you want good food, good drinks, good music or just a spankin' good time, rest assured Celebrity Square at Broadway at the Beach can satisfy your needs.

Masters
Location: 10th Avenue North
Hours: Monday - Friday 11:30 a.m. - 4 a.m.; Saturday - Sunday 1 p.m. - 2 a.m.
The run-down: 21 and over only; lunch and dinner menu offered

If I was the type of girl who defined a good time with a trip to a topless strip club, Masters would probably be the place I'd go. Its' 33,000 square footage alone rivals all the other strip clubs in Myrtle Beach, and it recently won Exotic Dancer Magazine's Best Club in Region Award. (I wasn't even aware such awards existed, but I guess it denotes greatness in the strip club demographic.)

Masters prides itself on the large number of dancers they keep on staff, which is anywhere from 40-150 dancers. These dancers will give table dances for $10, couch dances for $25, and V.I.P. dances are also available. If there are any wild and crazy ladies out there who enjoy a good tease, every Friday and Saturday night at 8 p.m., a hot male stripper performs a provocative striptease.

Masters also contains a sort of "club within a club"—The Club House has an upscale, more private setting, complete with pool tables, a full-service bar, plasma screen televisions and lounge chairs. This area is perfect for relaxing (perhaps between dances) or for a break from the strip club action to hang out with the friends you came with. The Club House is also popularly used for bachelor/bachelorette parties, birthday parties and the occasional divorce celebration.

If you are a person who likes gorgeous, sexy (and not to mention untouchable) men and women dancing around in tight underwear, maybe you should stock up on dollar bills and plan your next party at Masters. Visit showbars.com for additional information.
It's been almost five years now since I first slid on a pair of running shoes. However, there are times when a non-NCAA type of girl has to step back and really look at what she's doing. Day in and day out, I pretty much don't mess with my tried-and-true formula. My typical running week is a six-day affair, with one day of complete slacking thrown in for recovery. I don't overwork myself, but I make sure I work up a good sweat and stay at a nice, middle-of-the-road intensity.

But sometimes I wonder if having more than a one-day break wouldn't do me a little good. With that question in mind, I decided to take two days out of my usual workouts to do something completely different. I was going to find out, once and for all, what works better. Would it be the Speedy Gonzalez approach? Or would I find my inner “chi” with a gentler Pilates routine?

I began by taking a scheduled rest day—then I jumped into a heart-pounding routine taken directly from the Web site, www.runnersworld.com. I know what you're probably thinking—duh, she already runs, doesn't she? But let me be the first to assure you—this was no easy task. I've tried group cycling classes, I've done the stair-master, and I've tried the abs class.

While all of those activities are challenging, the workout I pulled from “Eight Gut-Busting Workouts,” by Eileen Portz-Shovlin, was a real butt-kicker. The workout I chose was called “The 30-30 Run.” Because of the constant pace changes, I did this run on a treadmill at the Conway Medical Wellness and Fitness Center. I set the treadmill on about a 2% incline, so that the equipment's motor wasn't doing the work for me.

### The 30-30 Run...

1. Warm up with 15 minutes of easy running. (For me, this was about a 9:30 pace. Hey, I never said I was Speedy Gonzalez.)
2. After the first 15 minutes, run at what is called “tempo pace.” (This averaged out to be about an eight-minute mile for me.)
3. Stay at this pace for the next 10 minutes.
4. Follow this tempo pace run with a two-minute jog to catch your breath.
5. After that segment, move to the “30-30” portion of the workout. This involves a switch of pace every 30 seconds. For the first 30 seconds, try to hit a 6:30-per-mile pace. Then, run the second half-minute at a slower, “recovery” pace of 8:30-per-mile.
6. Stay at this hardcore level of effort for the next 20 minutes of the run.
7. Finally, take a “cool-down” period. I ran another two miles at nine miles-per-minute.

All in all, this entire process took me over an hour. What made this workout so laborious, intensive and exhausting was the constant change of pace. However, experts like Portz-Shovlin tout the benefits of constant intervals of faster running. It's said that this kind of exertion burns more fat, increases circulatory efficiency and helps runners get faster—way faster. As difficult as the workout was, it was also engaging, challenging and rewarding to complete. After doing this workout (slightly shortened, I'll admit) a few more times, I've reduced my average pace to eight minutes-per-mile. Maybe this hardcore approach wasn't so bad...
Cut to Tuesday morning. As soon as my feet hit the floor, my butt muscles were screaming “HELP!” Maybe that intense run had worked me over rather than worked me out. With that in mind, I had picked up a new book, Brooke Siler’s *The Pilates Body*, which is a well-illustrated guide to the Pilates practice. While I was sure that just doing Pilates alone is plenty workout for Hollywood stars like Rebecca Romijn and Charlize Theron, did I really believe it would do anything for my own tummy? Not so much. But in the spirit of relaxation, I decided this would be a good “relaxed” workout to try in the comfort of my own living room. Besides, any workout you can do while watching “SportsCenter” is a good thing, in my book.

I started with the intermediate-level exercises because they felt pretty comfortable for my ability level. The workout required no special equipment except a big beach towel or Pilates mat and some comfortable, loose-fitting clothing.

The Pilates Workout...

1. Start off in “The Hundred” position—this is illustrated really well in Siler’s book. It seems easy enough, until you get to about “50,” at which point your abs really may be burning.
2. Move through the series of exercises, including fun ones with names like “Rolling Like a Ball,” “The Seal” and “Scissors.”
3. Be sure to consult the book (or, if you prefer, a VHS or DVD) for proper guidance in your form and intensity.
4. Don’t work too hard—this is supposed to be “relaxing,” remember?

Overall, the entire set of basic floor exercises, from start to finish, took me less than half an hour. When I stood up from the floor, I felt refreshed, relaxed and ready for my day. After all this, I’m still not sure which workout suits me best. As a habitual “type-A” personality, I have trouble dealing with the lazier nature of the Pilates routine. But I also don’t like having a permanent kink in my gluteus muscle—thank you, *Runner’s World*. But doing this test of two completely different types of exercise did make me realize something. Middle of the road can sometimes bore your muscles. It takes a good swift kick every now and then to wake up your body. For now, I will probably just have to continue experimenting with the polar opposites of the physical fitness spectrum.

Words: Becky Powell
Grilled Vegetable Chicken Salad

4 cooked chicken breasts (diced)
1/2 small minced red onion
4 squash slices
4 zucchini slices
1 bell pepper (sliced)
5 tbsp. fat-free plain yogurt
2 tbsp. fat-free Italian dressing
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. black pepper
1/2 tsp. white pepper

1. Coat zucchini, squash and bell pepper in oil. Grill or sauté in frying pan.
2. Cool vegetables and cut into small pieces.
3. Add vegetables to chicken.
4. Mix in yogurt, Italian dressing, salt and pepper.
5. Serve on sandwiches, wraps, crackers, toast or by itself.

Spicy Asian Chicken and Vegetable Soup

Sesame oil or olive oil
1/2 white onion (diced)
1 1/2 tsp. minced garlic
Small bundle of green onion
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. pepper
2 raw chicken breasts (thinly sliced)
1 tsp. chili powder
Chicken stock (to taste)
4 oz. snow peas
1/2 bell pepper (sliced; red or yellow)
1/2 tsp. cayenne powder
8 cups water
7 tbsp. soy sauce
6 oz. Chow Mein stir fry noodles (can substitute rice, spaghetti, etc.)
3 oz. bean sprouts
Broccoli (small bundle)

1. Sauté white onion, green onion, garlic and chicken in saucepan with a small amount of oil. Add salt, pepper and chili powder while cooking.
2. When chicken is finished, add water, chicken stock, soy sauce and cayenne powder.
3. When water is hot, add bell pepper, snow peas and broccoli.
4. Once vegetables are desired firmness (after about 15-20 minutes), add bean sprouts and noodles. Check packaging on noodles for cooking time.
Pink Vodka Sauce with Tortellini

Sauce Ingredients:
- 2 cups milk
- 2 1/2 cups heavy cream
- 1/2-1 cup tomato puree (to taste)
- 1 tbsp. chicken base
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. cayenne powder
- 1 tsp. garlic powder
- 1 oz. vodka (or more to taste)

8 oz. tortellini/ravioli per serving
Small red julienne onion
Small package of button mushrooms
4-6 oz. prosciutto (optional)
2 handfuls of fresh parmesan cheese

1. Mix all sauce ingredients together; add more or less to taste.
2. Bring pot of water to a boil and add tortellini.
3. Sauté onion, mushroom and prosciutto in olive oil.
4. Add sauce (6-8 oz. per serving) to pan of cooked onion and mushroom.
5. Add parmesan and let thicken on medium heat.
6. Toss tortellini in with sauce or pour over on plate.
7. Garnish with more parmesan and parsley.

Spongy Chocolate Cake

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup butter
2 1/2 cups white sugar
5 eggs
2 tsp. vanilla extract
1 cup milk
1/2 tsp. baking powder
3 cups cake flour
1 cup chocolate
1/2-1 cup chocolate pieces

1. Preheat oven to 300 degrees.
2. Lightly grease and flour a 10 inch Bundt pan.
3. Cream shortening, butter and sugar until light and fluffy.
4. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Beat in vanilla extract.
5. Combine baking powder and flour. Stir into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Be sure to start and end with powder.
6. Add chocolate to mixture.
7. Pour batter into prepared pan.
8. Bake for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Let cool for 10 minutes in pan.
9. Turn out onto a wire rack to cool completely. (Note: Cake has short shelf life, so eat immediately or add chocolate sauce and ice cream to extend life and moisture.)
Many people look in the mirror and find things about themselves they would like to change. It seems like we are constantly hearing the question: “Do I look fat in this?” Or what about those people who feel “too thin”—like they could use a little more “something” in certain areas. Why is it such a challenge to accept ourselves for who we are?

College students nationwide are affected by the images conveyed by their peers and society of the “perfect body.” Because these images often offer unrealistic models of what is attractive and admired, many young adults undergo excessive dieting and eating disorders. Some may think this is just a “female” problem, but many males also have difficulties accepting their bodies. According to Inch-Aweigh.com, 1 million males struggle with eating disorders and conditions. Here are some nationwide statistics about college students from the Spring 2000 issue of Peer Review by the Association of American Colleges and Universities (www.aacu.edu):

- 41.6% believed they were overweight; more women considered themselves overweight than men.
- 46.4% were attempting to lose weight; females were considerably more likely to attempt weight loss.
- 2.6% had vomited or taken laxatives to lose weight or keep from gaining weight during the 30 days prior to the survey.
- 4.3% had taken diet pills to lose weight or keep from gaining weight during the 30 days prior to the survey.

A variety of Coastal students were interviewed to assess their views on body image and diets. Here is what they had to say:

**Adreon Matthews, 21, Senior, Health Promotions**

“I would like to lose at least 30 pounds, because I would like to be smaller. I have never tried any diets because they are too expensive. If they were more affordable, I would try them. I would do anything to lose weight. I’m my own worst critic. There are plenty of things I would like to change about my body. Although I have never been pressured to change anything about my body image because of society.”

**Krystal Skovinski, 22, Senior, English**

“I would not like to change anything about my body image. The larger goal in mind is to get healthier on the inside; for example, I want to quit smoking. I’ve always watched what I eat and try to squeeze in exercise. But I do not believe in gimmicky diets. My wedding is in a year, and I just want to look my best, whatever that means. As far as society—yeah, right. I can’t stand when females are constantly complaining and comparing themselves to other people.”

**Matthew George Molzan, 20, Junior, English and Communications**

"I'd like to get bigger and put on more muscle mass. I did a body building competition once and had to follow a strict diet: low carbs, low fat and high protein. I ate things like boneless, skinless chicken breast, egg whites and other plain foods with no condiments. I worked out three to four times a day. I also had to take tons of multivitamins and supplements. This diet kicked up my metabolism and it definitely worked. I'm happy with my body image, but I know if there was something I want to change, I can do it. Consistency with any diet is key. In order to lose weight, you have to balance diet and exercise—that's just it. Fad diets don't work and the results are only temporary."
Expand your horizons with these interesting facts

According to the National Geographic Society, a survey of 18- to 24-year-olds from nine nations put the U.S. dead last in general geographic knowledge scores. There is no denying that the United States and Europe are like two completely different worlds. So here are some totally random (yet entertaining) facts about the two places across the big lake to help brush up on your knowledge.

Europe:
- Finland has the greatest number of islands in the world: 179,584.
- France is the largest Western European country.
- Frankfurt, Germany, spends more per year on the arts than any other city in Europe.
- Greece's national anthem has 158 verses.
- Reykjavik, Iceland, is likely the cleanest capital city in the world.
- The Bledowska Desert in Poland is the only true desert in Europe.
- The Italian city of Verona receives about 1,000 letters addressed to Juliet every Valentine's Day.
- The world's coldest inhabited place is Norilsk, Russia, where the average temperature is 12.4 degrees Fahrenheit.

United States:
- The planner of the city of Washington, D.C. was French architect Pierre L'Enfant. In 1791, the capital was known as Federal City. The second national city is Port Angeles, Wash., designated by Abraham Lincoln. This is where the capital would be if something happened to Washington, D.C.
- There are 40 active volcanoes in Alaska, which is more than any other state.
- Wisconsin has the highest proportion of overweight citizens in America.
- Yuma, Ariz., has the most sun of any locale in the U.S., averaging sunny skies 332 days a year.
- Florida averages the greatest number of shark attacks annually—around 13.
- Myrtle Beach, S.C., has the most mini-golf courses per area in the United States.
- Hell, Mich., froze over during the winter of 1995-1996.

Take this quiz to see how much you really know

True or false: it seems like a simple differentiation. But what about those "facts" we have been told throughout our lives that fall into an elusive category—the ones where we never actually know if they are legitimately valid or just unsubstantiated conjectures that have become "true" over the years? Take this true or false quiz to shed some light on these myths, and to see how much you really know.

1. If you cut a worm in half, each half will grow back into a complete worm.
   TRUE FALSE

2. In a lifetime, the average person unknowingly eats eight spiders while asleep.
   TRUE FALSE

3. If you are attacked by a shark, you should punch it in the nose as hard as you can.
   TRUE FALSE

4. It is a standard policy in most colleges that if a student commits suicide, his or her roommate automatically receives a 4.0 grade point average for the semester.
   TRUE FALSE

5. If you stare at the sun, even during an eclipse, you could go blind.
   TRUE FALSE

6. Too many visits to the tanning salon can damage your internal organs.
   TRUE FALSE

7. If you sit too close to the TV, you will ruin your eyes.
   TRUE FALSE

8. If you crack your knuckles, they will get bigger.
   TRUE FALSE

9. If you swallow chewing gum, it will take years to digest and pass through your system.
   TRUE FALSE

10. If you shave, the hair will grow back thicker and darker.
    TRUE FALSE

Words: Krystin Mementowski
Source: MythBusters at discoverychannel.com
**Left Brain, Right Brain**

Decide which side will take over with these books, music and video game reviews.

### Books

**If on a winter's night a traveler**
- **Author:** Italo Calvino
- **Publisher:** Harcourt Brace & Company
- **Length:** 276 pages
- **Price:** $13.00

*If on a winter's night a traveler* is unlike any other book you will ever read. Half the novel is written in second person—say "half" the novel because each chapter alternates back and forth from first person ("I") to second person ("you"). The protagonist, "you," begins reading what you assume is *If on a winter's night a traveler*, only to discover that there has been a mistake in the publishing process and another story was inserted into his copy. Every other chapter is an excerpt from a completely different novel. The transition between persons comes into play as the reader (you) tries to find the original book in its entirety but repeatedly finds stories completely unrelated to the first. Calvino has constructed this in such a way that is understandable and easy to follow. By using chapter divisions for each transition, it is easy for the reader to maintain conscious awareness of the plot's organization. This clearly defined structure is perfect for left-brained readers.

**Little Girls in Pretty Boxes: The Making and Breaking of Elite Gymnasts and Figure Skaters**
- **Author:** Joan Ryan
- **Publisher:** Warner Books
- **Length:** 243 pages
- **Price:** $12.99

*Little Girls in Pretty Boxes: The Making and Breaking of Elite Gymnasts and Figure Skaters* is a book that will surely open the eyes of anyone who is unfamiliar with the worlds of these two sports. This book describes the physical and psychological suffering endured by young Olympic hopefuls. The struggles these children (and believe me, these amazing athletes are truly children) endure and the trials they are put through are heroic and horrifying—often at the same time. This book will appeal to any left-brainer because it is carefully structured and abundant with specific facts and figures, as well as personal tell-all accounts. It is a substantial read, but it goes by very fast, since you can barely believe half of what you are reading.

### Albums

**Cafe Del Mar – Aria**
- **Artist:** Paul Schwartz (composer/conductor)
- **Record Label:** Astor Place Records
- **Price:** $16.00

*Aria* is composer Paul Schwartz's first album that was mixed at Abbey Roads Studio in London and released in 1997. The album features opera pieces blended with contemporary beats and sounds, creating dream-like, hypnotic melodies. Remaining true to the original opera arias, Schwartz creates a musical world all his own with tracks such as "Un Bel Di" (based on Puccini's Madama Butterfly) and "Habanera" (based on Bizet's Carmen). The vocals on the tracks, which are provided by Rebecca Luker and Michelle Ivey, are sensual and haunting, especially on tracks such as "Willow" (based on "The Willow Song" from Verdi's Otello) and "Secret Tear" (based on "Una Furtiva Lagrima" from Donizetti's L'Elisir D'Amore). The music combines the best of classical and modern, establishing a sense of beauty and tranquility that makes this album perfect for studying, relaxing or even doing yoga. If you like this album, you can check out the next two volumes of *Aria*: *Aria Vol. 2: New Horizon* and *Aria 3: Metamorphoses.*

**A Portrait**
- **Artist:** Arvo Part
- **Record Label:** Naxos
- **Price:** $14.98

Everyone knows the classic composers—Beethoven, Bach, Tchaikovsky. Now meet a more contemporary composer's work: 70-year-old Estonian composer Arvo Part. This album is a compilation of 33 songs Part has composed since the 1980's. Each of Part's songs struck me in a different way. Some of the songs build in intensity, painting a mental picture of a dramatic battle scene, lasting from seven to 12 minutes. Shorter pieces feature the soothing sounds of the violin. Not all of the songs are strictly instrumental; The Elora Festival Singers accompany the orchestra in four songs. A short booklet dedicated to explaining Part's life and works comes with the album. I highly recommend this or any other of Part's many albums as a part of a study session or just for peaceful ambiance in the home.

### Video Games

**City of Heroes**
- **Creator:** Cryptic Studios and NCSoft
- **Price:** $34.88

Have you always dreamed of wearing tights and saving the world? Well, now you can with *City of Heroes*. *City of Heroes* is the 2004 Billboard Digital Entertainment Award Winner and is also an Editor's Choice for computer games. *City of Heroes* allows the player to choose from up to seven different characters that possess many different powers, including fire, ice and storm manipulation. The game also lets the player choose from different modes of transportation, including the power to fly, the power to teleport and super speed. It also allows the player to do solo missions or to join forces with up to seven other members and bring the forces of evil to a standstill.
City of Villains
Creator: Cryptic Studios and NCsoft
Price: N/A

May be a hero isn’t for you—maybe you have a dark heart. If this is the case, you’re in luck. City of Villains, the much-awaited sequel to City of Heroes, was released on October 31. Like its sister game, the player can create his or her own character with the option of choosing from five different archetypes. Villains has some options that Heroes does not. City of Villains allows the player to control his own “gang” and lets him build his own evil lair. The two games meet in a unique way—the superheroes can raid the lairs of the villains and vice versa, permitting the two sides to interact with each other in combat.

Words: Matt Hayward

Music
Album: “Takk...”
Artist: Sigur Rós
Record Label: Geffen Records
Price: $11.99

Sigur Rós is a band like no other. This quartet from Reykjavik, Iceland, makes music that is smooth, melodic and complete with lyrics that are partially unintelligible. Their newest album, “Takk...” (Icelandic for “thanks”) is pure Sigur Rós. “Takk...” is slow and mellow, yet more rhythmic than previous efforts. The percussion is stronger and the bass is more groove-oriented, but many of the songs are driven by piano rather than guitar. The layering of sound is often immense with songs slowly building to stunning crescendos. Lead singer Jón Þór Birgisson, who possesses a falsetto voice that is seemingly limitless in its range, sings in a language that is literally all his own. As if Icelandic is not foreign enough, Jón sometimes sings in his own made-up language, called “Hopelandic.” Sigur Rós shows just how beautiful and artistic rock can be. Their music is great to study to, but even better for just zoning out. “Takk...” is another creative triumph from this already triumphant band.

Words: Neal Causey

Album: Menos el Oso
Artist: Minus the Bear
Label: Suicide Squeeze Records
Price: $12.99

Minus the Bear’s Menos el Oso is one of the easiest to listen to “weird” albums you’ll hear for a while. Looped and reversed guitars are mixed with drums and bass lines that are sexy and energetic. With lyrics about beaches at night, detectives investigating murders and fixing the problem of “a swimming pool with no bodies,” there are clearly no political aims to this album. This may leave left-brainers a bit unfulfilled, but right-brainers will appreciate the imagined Pachuca sunrise and the fact that the lyrics mirror the feel of the songs. Try to find a better time for less than $14.

Words: Austin Floyd

Books
Book: Cat’s Cradle
Author: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
Publisher: Dell Publishers
Length: 287 pages
Price: $12.95 (paperback)

Set in the not-so-distant future, Cat’s Cradle is an apocalyptic tale of unprecedented proportions. Supporting a diverse cast of ferociously entertaining midgets, scientists and calypso-crazed disciples, Vonnegut weaves together a satirical prediction of man’s absolute fate in a way that is both wildly humorous and tragically pragmatic. An interesting deduction of what is to come when bad science, “foma” and amorous intentions collide with the increasing stupidity of human kind, Vonnegut suggests that man is not only alive and well in the twentieth century, but instead he is armed to the teeth and running rampant—a must-read for any right-brainer wanting to take a read on the wild side.

Words: Taylor Hemple

Book: the perks of being a wallflower
Author: Stephen Chbosky
Publisher: MTV/Pocket Books
Length: 256 pages
Price: $13.00

“You see things. You keep quiet about them. And you understand.” Meet Charlie. Charlie is a wallflower—an intelligent, introverted and pensive freshman. His story is told through a series of letters he writes to an undisclosed person, revealing a voice that readers will appreciate. The novel spans one year of Charlie’s life in which he deals with a friend’s recent suicide, making friends, having crushes, experimenting with drugs, depression and family strains and secrets. Seniors Samantha and Patrick change Charlie’s life forever, as their friendship teaches Charlie what it means to “feel infinite.” Chbosky’s first attempt at a novel, the perks of being a wallflower is an accurate and honest portrayal of adolescence—The Catcher in the Rye for a new generation.

Words: Krystin Mementowski

City of Villains
Movie

Maybe being a hero isn’t for you—maybe you have a dark heart. If this is the case, you’re in luck. City of Villains, the much-awaited sequel to City of Heroes, was released on October 31. Like its sister game, the player can create his or her own character with the option of choosing from five different archetypes. Villains has some options that Heroes does not. City of Villains allows the player to control his own “gang” and lets him build his own evil lair. The two games meet in a unique way—the superheroes can raid the lairs of the villains and vice versa, permitting the two sides to interact with each other in combat.

Words: Matt Hayward
The progression of today's technologies

Ever wondered how technology has changed over the years? I remember the days of Zack Morris's cell phone (which was bigger than most of today's cordless phones); buying my first CD, Michael Jackson's Dangerous; obsessing over the pixilated, black and yellow video games on my first computer; and Windows 3.1, the version that came before Windows 95. Technology has changed over the years, moving from one extreme to the other. Here are some facts to remind you how different life was "back in the day" before RAZR cell phones and pencil-thin iPods.

Cameras
Way back in the day, the mass-marketed camera appeared in 1900. The Polaroid camera came out in 1948, and Polaroid marketed the first color film in 1963; however, the first standard point-and-shoot, auto-focus camera wasn't around until 1978. Camcorders weren't commercialized until 1980. In 1986, the first disposable camera was released. But today's camera technology didn't come into being until 1990 when Kodak announced a photo CD as a storage possibility. Swiftly following was the first digital camera (released by Apple) in 1994 and the first camera phone in the early 2000s.

Computers
Apple released the first personal computer in 1976, while IBM didn't catch up until 1981 with computers that didn't run Windows, but an operating system known as "Dos." Windows wasn't furnished on computers until 1985. Floppies were the first computer storage devices in 1976, but they were 5.25" big and double-sided; the 3.5" disks weren't made until 1980 and weren't widely used right away. The CD-Rom appeared in 1985, which led to the CD-RW (recordable/rewritable CDs) as a storage device in the early 1990s. Zip disks were popularized in 1994; and the jump (flash) drive came about in 1998 and now can hold between 8 megabytes to 1 gigabyte of data.

Televisions
In 1936, approximately 200 black and white TVs were scattered throughout the nation; Color TV came about in 1950, which was followed by the remote control in 1956. With 1962 came the first international satellite. The first big screen TV appeared in 1973 but wouldn't be complete without surround sound, which didn't come out until 1982. Today's technology, such as high definition television (HDTV) and Tivo came out in 1996 and 1997.

Telephones
The first rotary phone—those phones that spun when you dialed them—was commercialized in the 1950s. Touch tone phones followed in the 1960s and 70s, and cordless phones became popular in the 1980s. The cell phone, a convenience most of us can’t live without, didn’t appear until 1987 and didn’t become a commonplace technology until the 1990s; when they came out, they were the size of today’s standard cordless phone.

Music
The Walkman was first introduced in 1979 by Sony, and the Discman followed shortly in 1984. The world's first mass-produced hardware MP3 player was released in the United States as the Eiger Labs MPMan F10/F20 in the summer of 1998. The iPod didn’t hit the market until 2001. Records became popular in the 1960s, followed closely by 8-track tapes, which were prevalent in the 1970s. Cassettes, although invented in 1962, weren't common until 1984. CDs first appeared in 1983, but weren't "cool" until the late 1980s and 90s. From the mid-to-late 90s, with the rise of the Internet, MP3s appeared.

Movies
Remember when videos were the number one way to watch movies? VHS and Beta formats were both released in 1976 with the VCR. Beta was short-lived, and VHS became the primary entertainment format. 30 years later, in 1997, the DVD player and the DVD were released and became common and popular in the early 2000s.

Words: Sara Elizabeth Potts
Photography: Laura Nagel
Special Thanks:
First and foremost, I would like to thank God for everything since He is everything. My parents and my sister, Jessie—for being completely loving and supportive (and for driving 11 hours to come see me). Doug—for doing more with my ideas than I ever thought possible. Laura—for making coming to the office fun. Matt and the Office of Student Activities—for everything you do for this campus. Nellie Jean—for being a mentor and a friend. Scott—for loving me unconditionally. And lastly, our writers, photographers and models—thank you for your enthusiasm, dedication and bravery. You have all made an imprint on my life. -Krystin

I would first like to thank Krystin for being a fabulous, inventive, creative editor and friend. Doug—for creating reality out of my sometimes hard to explain thoughts. My parents—for being the oldest college kids I know and for always supporting me through school. Ellen and Stephanie—for being the best sisters I could ever ask for (yeah dawg). Janaye—for knowing me inside and out and not allowing a little thing like distance keep us apart. Jessica—for being the strangest person I know and for always being on my level at parties. I would also like to thank everyone who worked on Tempo this semester—all of your hard work has made this an exhilarating experience. -Laura

Thanks go to all my friends and family for hanging in there with me during these few hard weeks of my dreaded deadlines; I know I’m hard to handle sometimes and I’m lucky to have people that will stick with me until the end. Thank you guys, oh, and be ready for next semester, too! -Doug

We would NOT like to thank:
- Krystin’s cell phone, for losing the “annoying cell phone” battle and going off far more than Laura’s, causing concentration levels to decline and startling the “bajeezus” out of Laura whenever it goes off.
- Sara, for never bringing us the plant you supposedly “bought” as an office-warming gift. It’s been four months and we have yet to see any foliage.
- Mike, for never cleaning the office while you were Editor and for wearing brown shoes with black/blue/grey pants.
- The color gray. Enough said.
- Hurricane Katrina, for causing our conference to be relocated to bustling Kansas City instead of New Orleans during Halloween weekend.
- Whoever invented “office lighting” because it is far too harsh on the eyes for 10-15 hours a week. Florescence is not our friend.
- The entire concept of Chapstick, which has negatively affected Laura’s life by becoming an obsession. Not kosher.
- The word “puss” (or any variation thereof) for being so dirty and causing far too long of a discussion in our office.
- The hairdresser who cut Laura’s hair unevenly, making it entirely impossible for her to think about anything but how uneven her hair is, forcing one side of her head to be heavier and—sadly—forever tilted.
- Krystin’s recently-dubbed “high crack” for being the topic of conversation too much and forcing us to spend far too long decorating our office to make it appear “homey” and “balanced.”
- Facebook, for being a serious culprit of unproductiveness.
- Whoever decided the Tempo office should be in the corner overlooking dumpsters—No one puts Tempo in the corner. Period.