

4-1-2000

## Archarios, 2000 Spring

Office of Student Life

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/archarios-magazine>



Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#), and the [History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Office of Student Life, "Archarios, 2000 Spring" (2000). *Archarios Literary Art Magazine*. 27.  
<https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/archarios-magazine/27>

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 Archarios Literary Art Magazine by an authorized administrator of CCU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [commons@coastal.edu](mailto:commons@coastal.edu).



# Archarios

MM

Literary Art Magazine



2017/11/11

MM

2017/11/11 11/11 11/11



# Archarios

MM

2017 A

MM

# Literature

A Memory of Trees . . . . .	7
Seven-Thirty Don't Mean Eight . . . . .	9
Nostra Lotta . . . . .	11
Hide and Seek . . . . .	13
Daddy's Little Girl . . . . .	16
Pierce Me . . . . .	20
Philosophy 101 . . . . .	22
Symphony of the Ocean . . . . .	24
A Ballot . . . . .	26
November . . . . .	28
Last Limb . . . . .	32
Free Spirit . . . . .	34
Circle . . . . .	36



# Art

Blue . . . . .	6
Down the Hall and to the Left . . . . .	8
Seated Man . . . . .	10
Gentle . . . . .	12
The First . . . . .	14
At the Kennel. . . . .	15
Imbroglia . . . . .	19
Dave . . . . .	21
Untitled . . . . .	23
Myself . . . . .	25
Chance Swimming . . . . .	27
Octopus Jar . . . . .	29
Butterfly 2 . . . . .	30
Tulip Hopper. . . . .	31
Hand . . . . .	33
Charleston Over Coffee . . . . .	35
Long Bay Symphony Logo. . . . .	37
2000 Myrtle Beach Marathon Billboard Campaign	38



**Blue**  
Amy Adams

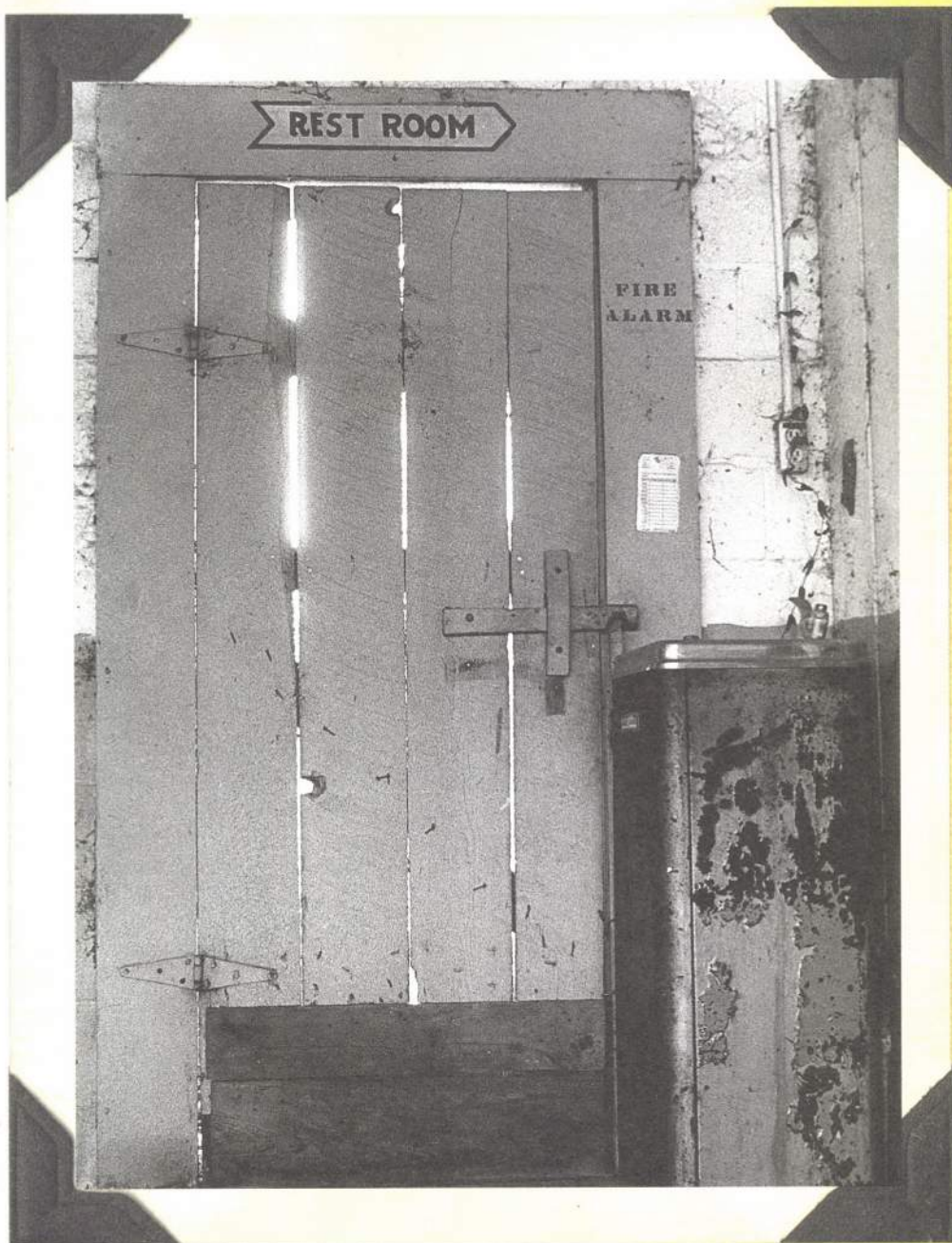


# A Memory of Trees

Steffonie Schreiber

A light water colored background of black bodies reaching for the sky.  
Every little finger and every little eye.  
Frozen, but not dead until the sun comes up again.  
Beneath the ground they thrust,  
To keep their arms up,  
Reaching higher and higher never giving up.  
The last of the day's sun shows how unique each one is detailed and black as pitch.  
Mysterious and alive—  
But all dead.





Down the Hall and to the Left  
Erin Ramsey

Black and White Photograph  $\xi$  6 7/8 X 9 13/16





# Seven - Thirty Don't Mean Eight

Tiffany Roman

Now you know  
It's hot outside  
Whatcha mean so!  
I damn near died.  
Next time you say  
you comin' to get me,  
On time is what you needs to be.  
When I tell you seven-thirty,  
It don't mean eight.  
I swear to you  
Black folks is always late.  
You know what? How 'bout this...  
You pick me up at six  
You gon' have to wait  
But at least you won't be late.





Seated Man  
Amy Hiatt

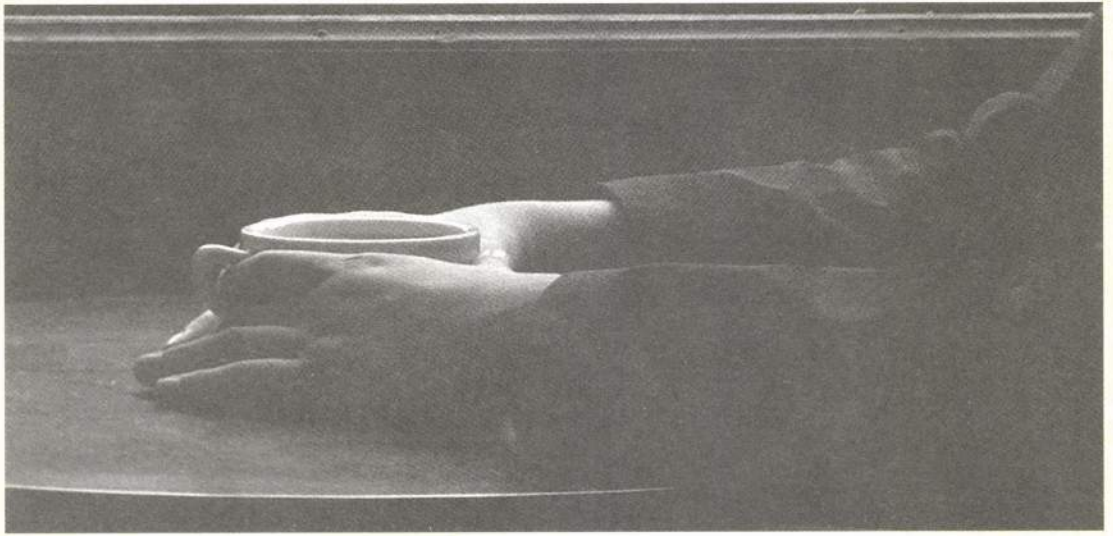


# Nostra Lotta

Nicole D'Arcangelo

**O**cean within a stone  
Lava under land  
tarnished glow  
*se io fossi in voi guardarsi*  
For once I want to give up,  
be weak...dependent...not the post  
Listen to the cries...Do you hear them?  
—They are not mine  
*siamo resistente*  
Inquire directions  
Thought before action  
empty cause—heartless effect  
March on parade, undo the wrong  
*se io fossi in voi...guardarsi*  
*siamo donne*  
*siamo risoluto*





Gentle  
Wade Beard

# Hide and Seek

Katie Parson

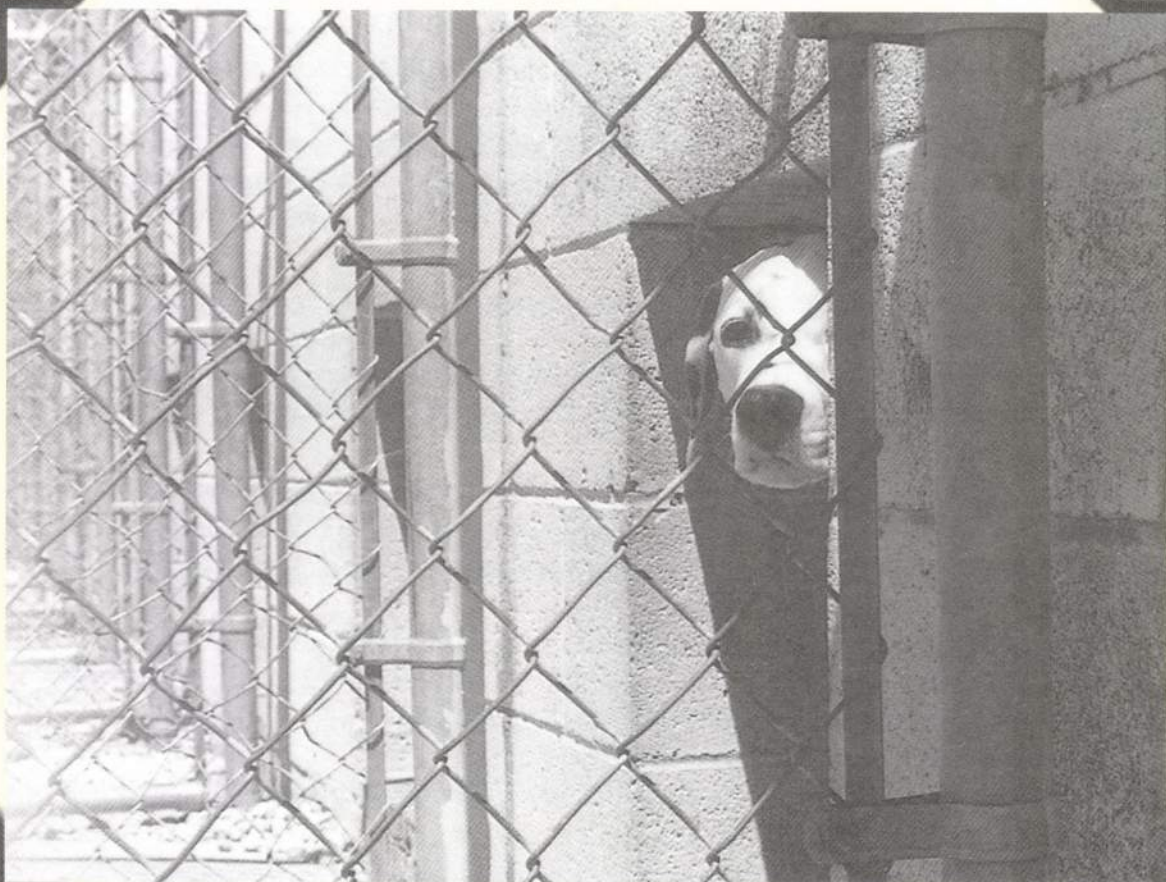
Inject the poison  
Swallow your best friend  
Inhale the high  
That in minutes will end  
Run from the truth  
Jump into a dream  
Gain some insight  
On how the world seems  
Fake a smile  
When inside you scream  
Into what is hell  
But to you is just a dream  
You long to sleep  
Every night and every day  
You would travel anywhere  
Just to get away  
Into a new dimension  
You have never been before  
The new feeling you experience  
Is just another to adore  
Next time you will want to travel  
Even further beyond  
Because of this dimension  
You were so very fond  
There must be something better  
Out there to touch  
No matter what you find  
It will never be too much  
And when you find a way  
To stop hiding from what is real  
The self-inflicted scars  
Are the ones that will not heal





The First  
Angela Shaver





At the Kennel  
Brooke Botterill



# Daddy's Little Girl

Caitlin Crawford-Lamb

His eyes were sad. Of all the things that I remembered about him, the sadness in his eyes still haunts me. His wrinkled eyelids hung heavily over those tired, sad eyes. Two dark mahogany orbs that looked as if the soul they represented ached with a sorrow unimaginable to any other human being. Whatever vibrancy had once existed inside had flickered, faded, and disappeared. All that was left was a hollow shell with grieving eyes.

I stared blankly into those spheres, hoping to look past them quickly without truly having to face him. I was caught by the distraught stare, frozen and frightened, and only wished to leave. I wanted to turn and run until I collapsed. I wanted to sprint until my muscles failed and I passed out from sheer exhaustion. If I could just run far enough, I wouldn't have to face him. I wanted to abandon him with his dreadful, melancholy eyes and be proud of myself for doing it.

Instead, I stood trembling slightly and said nothing. I tried not to meet his stare, looking squarely over his broad shoulder. I could see his eyes tracing the outline of my body, examining my heap of tattered duffel bags, and focusing on my sunburned, pudgy face.

He stepped forward slowly, shuffling his loafer-clad feet. He seemed genuinely afraid that if he moved too quickly, I would turn and flee. Shuffle, shuffle, swish, shuffle, shuffle. He inched closer and extended his arms. I cocked my head, sweeping my frizzy brown waves back from my face, and I looked directly at him.

His massive, round body was crisply tanned, and the bulge of his soft belly tugged tightly at his faded collared shirt. His dingy, wild hair danced around his wrinkled face. I could remember when he was lean, almost gangly, and seemed decades younger. He had aged drastically since the divorce ten years ago. His thin lips quivered, desperately attempting a weak smile.

He came closer, wrapping his strong arms around my body. I stood rigid, not prepared for any hint of emotion to seep from him. I haphazardly returned the embrace and pulled back quickly. He had begun to cry. A single, nearly invisible tear trailed down his cheek, and he made no effort to stop its meandering path.

I began to back down the slanted driveway, straggling towards my dirty Honda. I needed to leave. I had people to see, places to go, things to do. I had all of the reasons in the world to be on my way, and yet he seemed oblivious to them. He followed me to my car and stood as I opened the squeaking door.

I turned to face him again. A trio of fresh tears joined the first one. "Take care, kiddo," he stammered as I climbed into the driver's seat. He blinked back a few more tears and shut the door gently. I started the engine, pulled away from the curb, and refused to look into the rear view mirror.



The tiny, glowing clock in the dusty dashboard read 9:15 AM. If I speed, I could make it there by 7:00 PM. Hopefully, the drive would only take 10 hours. I merged onto I-95 and cranked up the static-filled radio. If I could only forget those sad eyes, then maybe I could enjoy the long drive ahead. But I couldn't.

I glanced quickly into the rear view, surveying the disheveled contents of my car's interior. There was everything I owned crammed into my tiny back seat. What was I doing? Even moving 600 miles away wouldn't make me forget those eyes. Changing my mailing address wouldn't change the memories.

Staring back at me from the mound of bags, boxes, and miscellaneous piles was a small worn teddy bear. "Daddy's Little Girl" the pink logo on its shirt pronounced. I couldn't remember when he had bought it for me, probably on a frequent business trip that he came home three days late from. It was probably from an airport gift shop that he visited when he should have been at one of my softball games. I grabbed the bear, torn between tossing it out the window and hugging it tightly (like it could replace my father) as I sped along the freeway. I decided to just leave it in my lap as I drove.

My thoughts drifted as I passed from state to state. I tried to plan my schedule of classes, decorate my dorm room in my head, and map out my future. But my mind kept tracing back to his sad, tired eyes.

I could still remember the first time I noticed the difference in his eyes. They hadn't always been that hopeless and distraught. I could remember a cheerful, vibrancy there when I was younger. Maybe my memories were ones that I had created for my own benefit, but I did believe that there had been a time when my father was happy. I probably wouldn't have truly noticed as a child if he wasn't. Maybe it had always been that way; I really don't know.

The first time I saw the change I was barely six, two years before my parents' divorce. I was full of energy, melodrama, and unwavering authority over my life. I was sure that I was to be in control of my life, and no one, including my overbearing father, would make me believe anything different.

We went toe-to-toe, my father and I, early on Easter Sunday. I had yet to receive my presents from the Easter Bunny and was anxious to arrive at my grandmothers where they would be piled on the living room couch. I'm sure I wasn't even four feet tall, but I never seemed to notice. I had already planned my day, and he was interfering with me getting my way. I was not going to tolerate it.

I hadn't seen my mother all morning, but I was not really concerned. I was too young to make the connections about their marriage falling apart. My father had the duty of getting my brother and I ready that morning.

We had been getting along perfectly well. I think he was still mostly asleep, but he was not in the mood for discussing any aspect of my outfit. I was expected to put on whatever he chose, as quietly and agreeably as possible. I had docilely pulled on the itchy lavender lace-covered dress and sagging opaque tights. I squirmed silently as he tugged my waist-length wild curls into lopsided, painfully tight pigtails. I bared my teeth for inspection after I brushed them.



Then we came to my shoes. He thrust a pair of shiny black patent leather Mary Janes at me as a tiny wail came from my brother's nursery. He left to check on the source of the cry, and I placed the shoes next to my bed. I grabbed a pair of tattered dirty sneakers and slipped my tiny feet into them. A plastic "She-Ra" patch glistened on the sides of each shoe.

I trotted down the dark hall and announced plainly that I was ready to leave. My father examined me head to toe and told me to change my shoes. I cocked my bony hops to one side, stomped my foot, and told him that I would not. He lifted an eyebrow, repeated his order, and returned to tending to my baby brother. I stomped louder, this time with both feet, and screeched my response. I balled my tiny fists. The tide of a full-blown temper tantrum was rising.

He turned back to look at me, and instead of yelling, just stared at me. His eyes were nearly exhausted of emotion except for a thick sadness. It was a look I didn't recognize and was unsure of how to respond to. I loosened my fingers from their furious grip.

"Fine, wear whatever you want. I'm sick of arguing with you all the time. I don't care anymore. Do whatever you want," he spit back, in a tired tone. He wasn't angry, really; he just sounded defeated. He sounded like he had given up.

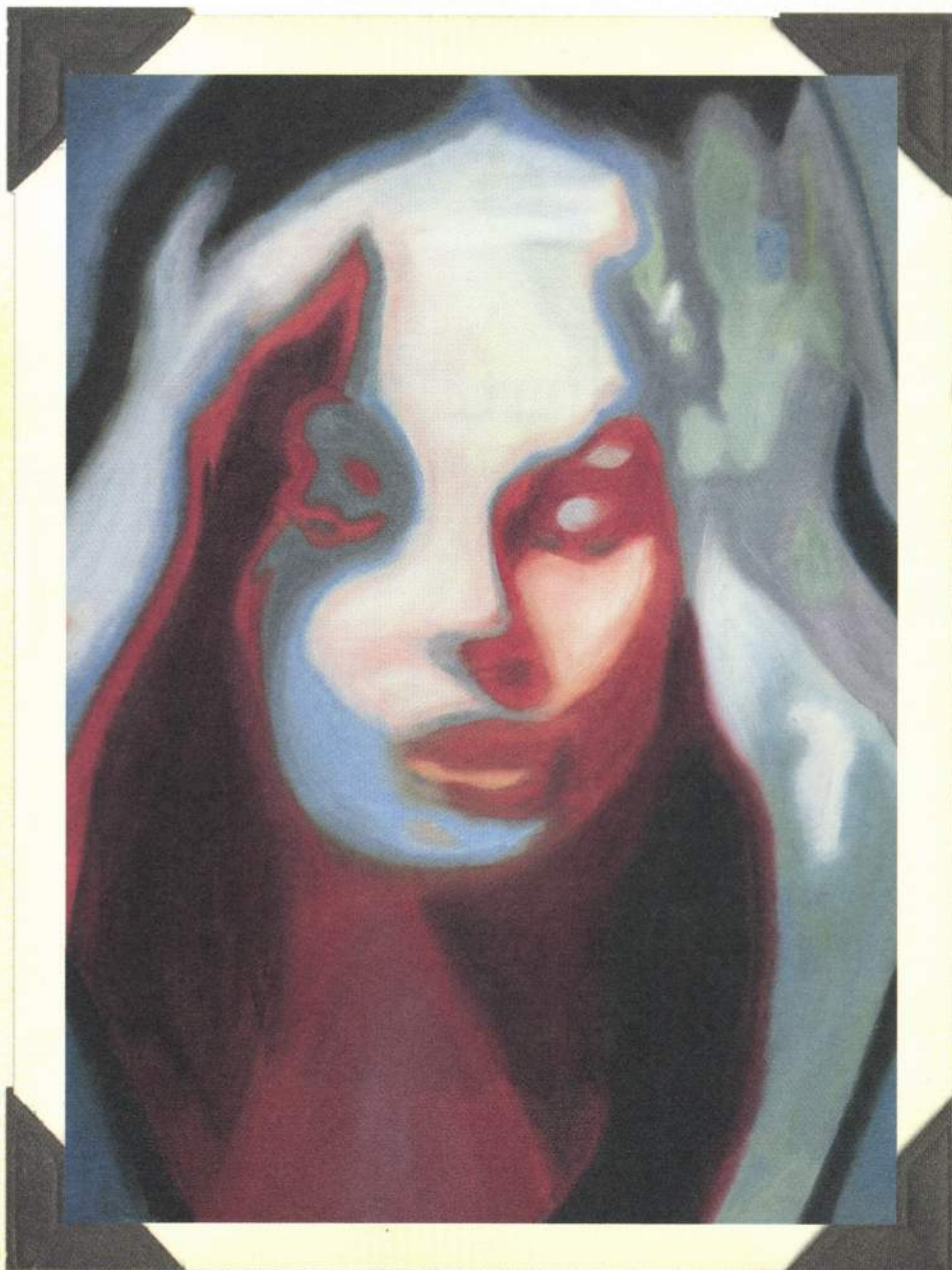
I crept back down the hallway, kicked off the sneakers, and fought with the brassy buckles of the Mary Janes. I finally slipped on the shoes, scraping my heel and causing a run in the white tights. I returned silently to my brother's room and waited for everyone to finish getting ready. We went to my grandmother's and I discovered all of my glorious toys from the Easter Bunny. I started to forget that look in my father's eyes. I was only six, so my attention span was small, and I didn't understand the magnitude of his unhappiness and exhaustion.

Since then, I have seen that withered, worn gaze in my father every time I glance at his eyes. I started to wonder what really caused it since I was fairly sure my selection of shoes hadn't been that devastating. I tried to comprehend my father as a person, separate from his paternal connection to me, but that was almost impossible. Even at eighteen, I was not ready to see him in that light. Maybe I would call him when I got there; just to tell him I was OK. Maybe I would tell him that I was thinking of him. Maybe.

I drove for a few more hours and finally pulled into the entrance to my new home. Tall scholarly brick buildings were scattered between proud pine trees. I pulled my battered car into a parking spot and emptied the contents onto the concrete. Slowly, I trudged my belongings up two steep flights of stairs into my cramped dorm room. I came to the bear last and carried it gingerly into my new home. I placed it on my university-issued dresser and unpacked my things. I hung posters, stacked books, and hooked up my phone and computer. Finally I sat on my hard single bed and surveyed the room.

I glanced at the phone and then to the fuzzy bear. Its eyes seemed to have the same heavy sadness in them as my father's. I swallowed hard, reached for the phone, and clicked it on. A dial tone echoed with possibilities. I placed it back on the hook, glanced again at the bear, and threw him under my bed. Maybe I would call later.





# Imbroglia

Casey Janowski

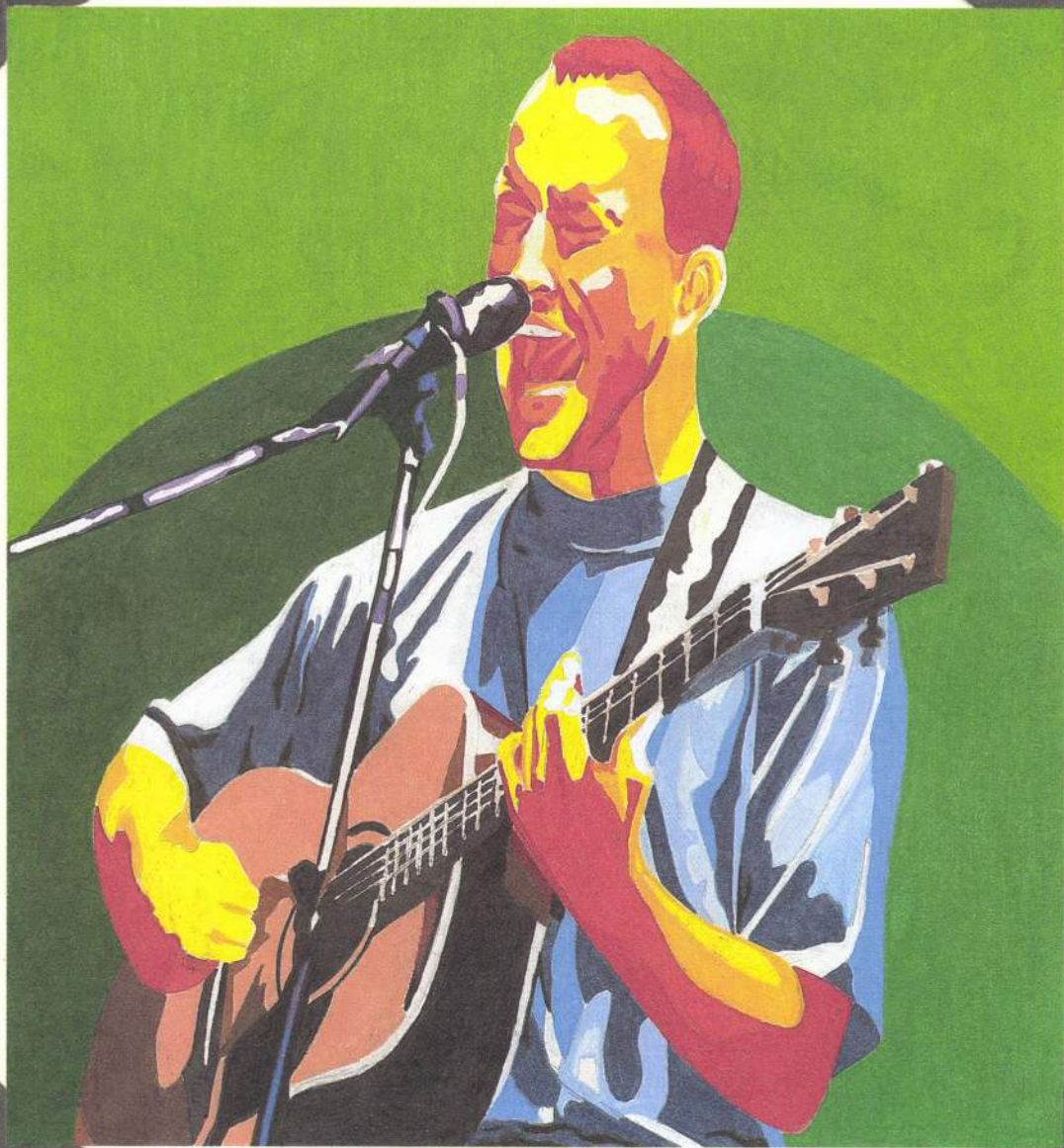


# Pierce Me

Chaille E. Blount

Pierce my ears for fashion.  
Pierce my nose for a statement.  
Pierce my navel for a trend.  
Pierce my tongue for a better drink.  
Pierce my nipple for a purpose.  
Pierce my brow for a better view.  
Pierce my lip for a kiss.

Pierce my body.  
Make holes to never be filled.  
Then pierce my heart,  
for it will never be whole.



Dave  
Kendra Gilpatrick



# Philosophy 101

*Michael Allen*

Deep reflection beyond what seems  
introspection versus daydreams

to acknowledge reality  
add logic to fallacy

in sync instinctively  
via discrepancy



# Untitled

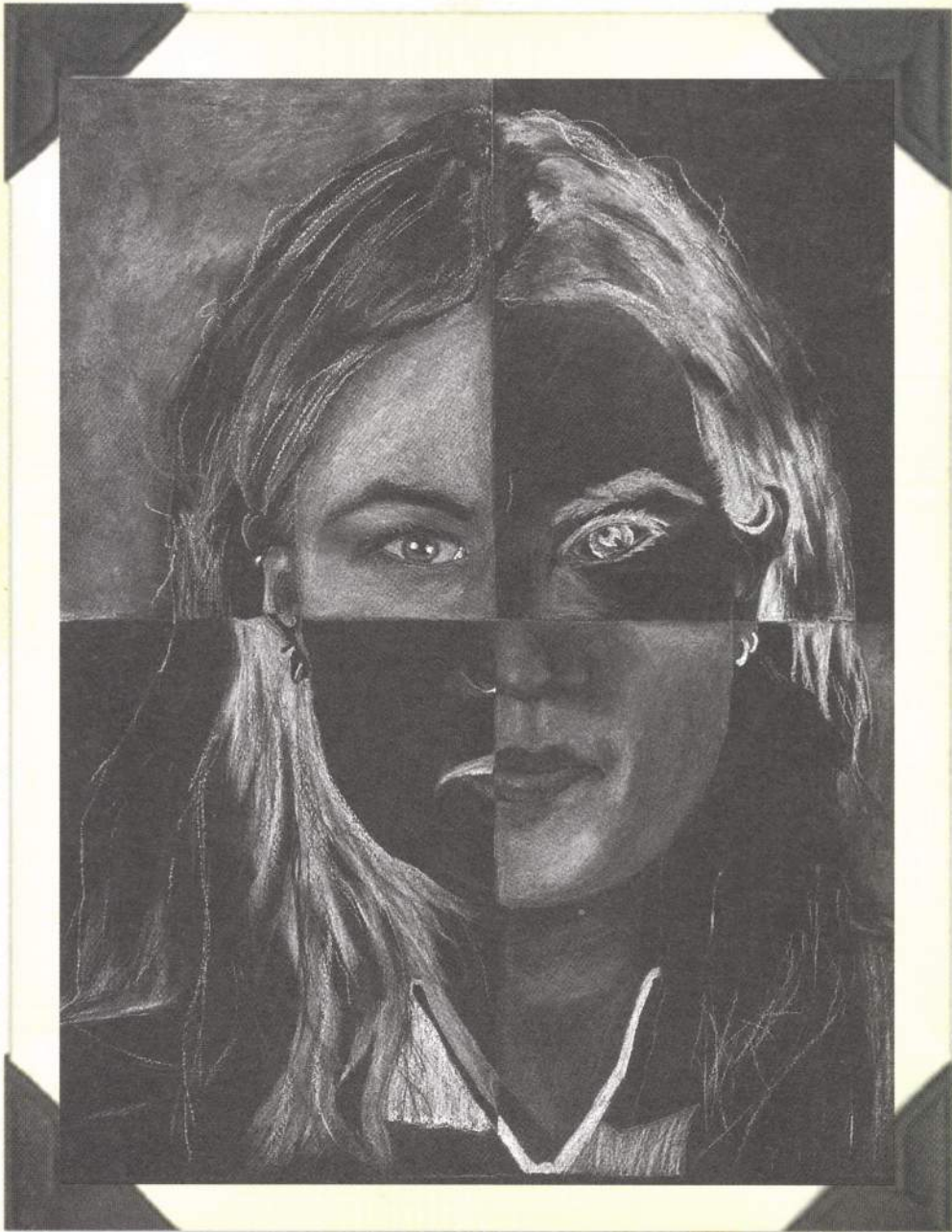
Aaryn Munson



# Symphony of the Ocean

Diana Hammond

The ocean makes music in the Grand Staff of life,  
playing the instruments of the world.  
It crescendos and decrescendos with the flow of the tide.  
It can whisper pianissimo mist against the shore  
or scream fortissimo waves on the rocks.  
The ocean can orchestrate a symphony of sound from each musical section:  
a woodwind's flute sings a rhapsody about the dance  
between the ocean and her living *organ-isms*.  
The brass tuba bellows a roaring grumble from beneath the shifting rocks  
awakening the ocean's slumber.  
The ocean's rhythmic harmony is played upon the strings of a violin  
and with each percussionist's cymbal crashes the waves against the shore.  
With each symphony, it creates a vivacé melody,  
homophonically played along with the cordial accompaniment of God's hands.  
And with the cadent conclusion of each day,  
ends the ocean's aria-musical presentation;  
it will await to begin anew at the melismatic dawn.  
Come and listen to the Symphony of the Ocean.



*Myself*  
Leah Rhodes Miller



# A Ballot

Sarah Kangarloo

Politicians are a bore  
and I am here to tell their lies.  
“Today is a new day, filled with joy and hope.”  
This he says while innocents are being slaughtered for his vote.  
“Today we will celebrate freedom.”  
While my son is locked up downstairs for speaking his mind!  
“Today I scream innocence.”  
This he says while signing the bill to kill my father.  
“Today we walk together towards a new horizon.”  
Nope, same damn horizon.  
“Today we walk bravely towards our neighbor.”  
No, you killed him.  
“Today will go down in history.”  
Your history.  
“Today”  
Is over and tomorrow will spell it out for you.



# Chance Swimming

Erin Ramsey



# November

Steffonie Schreiber

Petals  
f

a

l

l

And litter my book pages.

Pale, yellow, garnet, some fire.

Here and there I see branches moving weakly.

And I hold my shoulders knowing what is to come.

The sky changes slightly and all the clouds move fast.

The light dims,  
the backdrop changes.

Pale, yellow, garnet, some fire,  
right there—

A trickle of pink.

How surprising!

Then white covers it all with big splotches of that fading blue he loves so much.

My eyes hurt.

The wind is biting, stinging, cutting.

I feel red.

I wonder if my feet are still there?





# Octopus Jar

Danielle Caudill





# Butterfly 2

Julie Ragsdale





*Tulip Hopper*  
Erin Gawera



# Last Limb

Bethany Deda

This was the day that I decided to climb to the very top, closer to the sky than I've ever been before. Not to go to just the fourth from the last branch on the whole tree. Everything seemed perfect; the sun was shining bright, heating up my bare shoulders, the wind slightly blowing my hair and only the smell of pine was in the air. As I prepared to reach for the lowest branch, I carefully picked all the locusts of the trunk of the tree, for I knew I had to wrap my bare legs around it to hold myself up. Then, I was ready to begin my destiny.

As my fingers grabbed the first limb, I felt the tree's sap seep between my fingers, but I continued to ignore the stickiness and strong pine scent. Now that I was standing on the first branch, I knew the hard part was over and that it would be easy for me the rest of the way up. I climbed resting on every few limbs on different sides of the tree for a different view; kicking and picking the bark off and watching it slowly drift to the ground. I sat listening to the birds sing in the nearby trees for I felt like I was at their level.

I was then getting fairly close to the top branch as I started to feel the tree sway back and forth slightly as the wind picked up making me a little nervous. It was as if I was on the top of the world without a single worry. I could watch people walk on the nearby roads with their dogs, not even noticing me high above them. I felt so free and safe from everything. I felt something wet fall upon my head, and looking up into the sky, I soon realized it had begun to lightly rain. So, I quickly grabbed the highest limb, not very far above my head. I noticed it felt so much skinnier and weaker than the lower limbs. A feeling of accomplishment ran through my body.

Making my way down, I tried to hurry, yet be careful while stepping from branch to branch. I was getting close, yet having trouble with the lower branches that seemed somewhat further apart than the others. Thinking the branch by my feet was close enough to let go of the one I was grasping with my hands, I let go hoping I could stand balanced upon it. My heart jumped to my throat as my feet slipped out from under me. My head collided with the branch making me grit my teeth, and I scraped against the trunk, falling on my back knocking all the air out of my lungs.

I lay there in the damp pine straw for awhile struggling to catch my breath and wait for my head to stop throbbing so intensely. There was a slight tingle throughout my entire body. I sat up and leaned against the tree scraping the sticky bark off my hands, arms, and brushing it out of my hair with my fingers. I stood up only slightly dizzy to the sound of my mother calling me for dinner.





Hand  
Sarrah Hinshaw



# Free Spirit

Jennifer Coffin

Alone on a deserted island,  
Where no human hand  
Has touched upon.

My  
Hair strewn across  
Ray kissed face,  
Feeling bliss of solitude.

My  
Soul cleansed,  
By Nature's own  
Medicine of purity.

My  
Body free from all harm.  
Nothing in this world  
Could compare to this,  
Serenity.



Charleston Over Coffee  
Wade Beard





# Circle

Michael Allen

Is this a flashback  
Or am I here  
Uncertainty  
Decorated with fear





# Long Bay Symphony Logo

Tracy Floyd





# VICTORY

Want it. See it. Have it.



# CARBOS

Load 'em. Store 'em. Burn 'em.



# THIRST

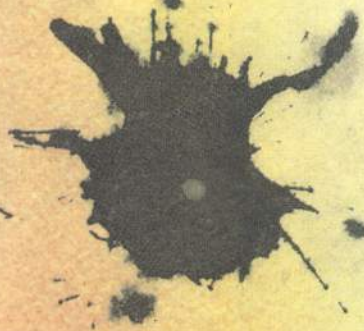
Feel it. Face it. Conquer it.

## 2000 Myrtle Beach Marathon Billboard Campaign

Tracy Floyd



# Editor's Note



Well, it certainly is hard to believe that yet another year has passed so quickly. These past three years at Coastal have given me many wonderful opportunities to meet so many incredible people that I don't know where to begin my thanks.

To the artists—As always, a sincere thanks to those who submitted to *Archarios* this year. Thank you for making another issue of *Archarios* a great magazine.

To the staff—as a friend, and not an “editor,” thank you for your time, input and dedication. Thank you for helping me create another amazing issue to add to our legacy.

Kathy, Jay, Judy, Matt and Barbara—Thank you for your patience and understanding. I know that dealing with us is not easy!!

Dr. Nelljean Rice, Dr. Steve Hamelman, Dr. Ray Moye and Paul—you are the most amazing, influential people I have ever known. How can I ever repay you for your influence and guidance along my journey? Thank you for making my academic experience at Coastal unforgettable.

Tom, Dawn, Kim, Julie and the rest of the bunch—you are my second family. Thank you for listening, understanding and being there for me. Time and miles may separate us, but we will never truly be far apart.

Leah and Rod Miller—you are two very special people who have honestly showed me what true faith and love can overcome. Thank you for your inspiration and friendship.

And finally, my family...

My grandparents—you are my “rock” and your support means the world to me. Thank you for making me who I am and for all that you have done to shape my world.

My mom—your strength and love have guided me through the good and bad times. You are not only my mother, but you are my mentor and best friend. Thank you for believing in me when I couldn't believe in myself.

To my “dad”—remember our saying, “Sometimes life is the pits and you can't spit them out?” Well, not this time! This one's for you!

The *Archarios* staff would like to extend a special thanks to Dr. Steven Hamelman for taking the time to proofread *Archarios* MM; Leah Rhodes Miller for artistically creating the initial watercolor background fading effects and to Jody Reed for her contribution in helping to create some of the background effects.





# Dedication

Peter von Ahrens 1948-1999  
§  
Charles Hammond 1934-1998

This April will mark the one year anniversary of the unexpected passing of my (step) father. Since there were so many things left unsaid, I want to tell you now how much I appreciate all that you did for me (which is something I just couldn't do when you were here with me). I have decided to do something for you that nobody has done before. So, in honor of you and to let you know that I love and miss you, this issue of *Archarios* is dedicated to you, Dad.

—Jennifer

Well, it's going to "hit the fan" if I don't say something nice and "Katie-barred-the-door" if I don't do right, but "hard times make a monkey eat red peppers." Your philosophies still linger on my mind even though you have passed on. I am dedicating this issue of *Archarios* to you, Grandpa, in remembrance of the wisdom, laughter, and love that you have bestowed upon me.

—Diana

All my life was a paper  
once plain, pure and white  
'til you moved with your pen,  
changing moods now and then  
'til the balance was right.  
Then you added some music—  
every note was in place.  
Anybody could see all the changes in me  
by the look on my face.  
And you decorated my life,  
created a world where dreams are apart  
and you decorated my life  
by painting your love all over my heart.  
You decorated my life.

—Kenny Rogers





*Photo reprinted with the permission of Old Town Photo Store, Henry Hatcher & Eric Alexander.*

# Archarios Staff

## Front row, left to right:

Kayatta Scott, Assistant Editor & Jennifer Karvetsky, Editor  
Paul Olsen, Advisor & Diana Hammond, Creative Director

## Back row, left to right:

Candice James, Designer & Sarra Hinshaw, Photographer  
Leah Rhodes Miller, Assistant Creative Director  
Lena Butingoro, Designer



# Contributors/Awards

## Contributors

Horry Cultural Arts Council  
Coastal Carolina Alumni Association  
Old Town Photo Store, Henry Hatcher & Eric Alexander  
The Chanticleer

## Editorial Board

Dr. Steven Bush, Biology & Dr. Daniel Ennis, English & Dr. Janet Files, Education  
Maura Kenny, Art & Dr. Ray Moye, English & Dr. Michael Ruse, Philosophy and Religion

## Awards

### Art

1st & Angela Shaver & The First  
2nd & Aaron Munson & Untitled  
3rd & Casey Janowski & Imbroglia

### Literary

1st & Tiffany Roman & Seven-Thirty Don't Mean Eight  
2nd & Sarah Kangaroo & A Ballot  
3rd & Michael Allen & Philosophy 101



**Horry Cultural Arts Council**

AN UMBRELLA ORGANIZATION FOR THE ARTS

This project is funded in part by the Horry Cultural Arts Council and the South Carolina Arts Commission, which receive support from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Horry County Accommodations Tax Advisory Committee.

*Archarios* is a publication produced by students, funded by the Student Media Committee of Coastal Carolina University and printed by Sheriar Press. *Archarios* is a member of the Associated Collegiate Press. All entries are selected and judged utilizing the blind selection policy. All rights are reserved by the individual contributors. Submissions are accepted from students, faculty and staff throughout the academic year. Only students are eligible for awards. Patronages and subscriptions are available annually. Please direct all entries to *Archarios*, Coastal Carolina University, P.O. Box 261954, Conway, South Carolina 29528-6054, call 843.349.2328, or visit the *Archarios* office in Student Center 209.

*Archarios* was printed at \$12,200.00 for 2,500 copies, or \$5.00 per copy.



Archarios Literary and Art Magazine  
Coastal Carolina University  
2000





