

4-1-2002

## Archarios, 2002 Spring

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ARCHARIOS

Literary Art



152

Magazine

USED

2002

For Our Readers

Urgent

Date year 2K2 Time

### While You Were Out

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 AND THE ARCHARIOS SURVIVORS.

# Archarios

(843) 349-2328

# 1

## LITERATURE

### Editor's Note:

Sing with me... Now it's time to say goodbye. To all my... who am I fooling? Can you ever really say goodbye? The old adage is to say "See you later" instead of goodbye. Phew! Is it time yet! **Archarios** has been my Survivor TV series for the past three years. Picture it. Instead of the beautiful, South Pacific island (Coastal's campus), the "always looking hungry" competitors (the **Archarios** staff), and the omniscient announcer (Paul Olsen) in the background coaching everyone to victory. Fortunately, our staff was not in competition for a million bucks or a new car, the experience was much more of a challenge and reward. Regis, you are my sunshine, my only sunshine. Thanks to my dedicated duo: E. J. and Andrea.

PLACE STAMP HERE

See you later! K-

2002											
JANUARY			FEBRUARY			MARCH			APRIL		
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DEPARTMENT

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Richard Squires

I was born,  
And I grew  
Cold, grey, calloused,  
Like my thick hands,  
From orange days of toil.  
I drive by  
The little fake-white churches.  
Proselytizers praying to God;  
Few of them know him.  
I hear high-hats  
And brushed snare drums,  
Walking bass lines  
And gently chorded pianos.  
Bird blows,  
Smiles,  
Smiles,  
W i d e.  
He held an  
Instantaneous answer  
In that one note.  
Cool blue jazz  
Eats my brain.  
It spits me out, crying,  
Warm, pink and  
New again.

Denise James

There were two white  
Sprinkler heads  
Nestled in the grass.  
Marshmallows,  
Side by side,  
Waiting to be pressed  
Together  
Inside of a s'more.  
And I wonder if  
Somebody turns them on  
Will they dispense water....?  
Or chocolate?



## SECOND MIND

Khalil Chapman

At the dawn of existence,  
when the total function of  
man equaled two,  
mentality was free of all superstition.  
Our thoughts were his,  
leaving little to choose  
the world grew,  
shedding innocence with time.  
New freedoms promoted a sweet flavor  
while giving disregard to our first mind.  
The pace of the secular race quickened,  
leaving the original leader  
in a position certain to lose.  
Premeditation became our new savior,  
leaving even less to choose.

The next turn is impatiently nearing,  
with the following generation asking why  
ancestral remnants look on sadly jeering;  
reminiscent of when the truths  
weren't lies.  
Sterility is the only solution.  
To deny the mathematical destruction  
of inner man  
numbers began stacking up against us.  
As the sweet nectar bridged Adam's mouth  
to his hand,  
Destiny shall recall the initial mind set;  
realization forces a major move.  
Our children's decisions will be made  
by the second mind,  
leaving nothing to choose.



A MEMORY OF SNOW

Everette Flowers

It snowed for the first time,  
And you were not here.  
I had a blanket for your arms  
With a cup of hot chocolate  
For your kiss,  
And a snowy memory for your love.  
I hope the snow falls where you are,  
Bringing a memory of me-  
A memory of snow one night  
And the angel who fell with it.



## CATCH WITH JUPITER

Everette Flowers

They never teach us to learn  
about ourselves,  
To dissect the human soul  
And classify what is seen.  
We are never taught to appreciate Time.

"Sunrise and sunset are a day,"  
But they are much more.  
Life exists between the sun  
And peace comes by the moon.  
Time should be given Her praises,  
For with Her passing comes love,  
Sorrow, happiness, and discovery-  
All which keeps life breathing.  
We are a universe,  
Crying stars and playing catch  
with Jupiter  
Upon Constellations as children.  
And now we glance back  
Squinting, trying to see who we were,  
Who we are.  
But we never opened the book,  
Examined the changing pictures.

So now we look ahead  
And begin to run with eyes closed,  
Crashing into others  
On the same blind rampage,  
Missing the beauty of the sun.  
We don't know any better-  
To look inward instead of out.  
They never taught us.

Jason Fishel

It's peaceful here...

Snow falling

Like a blanket of silence

Upon the newly frozen ground.

The ice is trapping dreams,

Hearts and memories,

But wishes do come true.

Like the warming rays on the first day of spring,

Melting the snow, releasing untold dreams,

Sometimes, that can be hard;

Often nearly impossible.

Yet still we hope, dreaming more.

Dying men dreaming of another chance.

Hope as real as the dream of the smallest child.

Life's meaning washed away

like the melting snows.

One kiss, one gesture,

Can make someone feel loved so deeply.

The inner demons, wishing turmoils,

Endless torment self inflicted,

Sacrifices made for naught, and

Victories snatched from the jaws of defeat.

Painful love, ecstasy of pain

Living, learning, loving, hating, hurting

Helping and giving.

All of it, the good, the bad,

Shaping us to who we are,

Our taste of immortality,

Our legacies, our love for each other

Those few eternal things

That man can truly create.

Perhaps the only things

That matter in this adventure

That we so plainly label life.

Long live those lonely nights  
The ones with a sad song  
Lingering near-  
Plays on-another verse  
With every fallen tear.  
Long live my long lost love  
God, pray you be near.  
For I am the goddess  
Of a lonely night  
Whose emptiness I fear.  
Everlasting are the words  
You say-  
Fierce little daggers,  
Grounds on which you play.  
Lone sun over the horizon-  
Oh, look-yet another  
Sunny day.

## WORDS (SUNSET)

Drew Jacobs

I saw the most beautiful dusk sky  
From a Supermarket parking lot...  
But I could not fathom it;  
Trying to bring the scene justice  
With words I failed miserably.  
This delicious sunset, now lost to history,  
Is preserved in my memory.  
I alone shall spend the rest of my days in awe,  
Basking in the glory of God's gift to me  
Searching for words to describe  
the fullness, the sensuality, the splendor;  
Trying in vain to relate to anyone  
the way I felt;  
Looking for the choicest words  
To reveal the magnitude  
Of this event's effect on me;  
Only the most beautiful, romantic,  
and colorful words  
Could echo my innermost.....  
See! I am reduced to pretentious babble  
When I try to match the infinite power of  
Nature's grace with my crude tools  
When words alone will not fairly describe  
Her perfection.  
Yet somehow it seems that solving the mystery  
is much simpler....  
That the secret of understanding  
A miracle is to look at it  
With all the wonder a newborn possesses  
when counting its toes,  
Expressing joy and pain  
with laughter and tears-with no words.

My skin

has trapped me

like an unborn turtle.

This shell will always be my greatest hurdle.

I will hatch, single among the batch.

And I will soon discover with no avail

that I'm still bound

by a shell.

O, these men will be my horrific death:  
Large beer bellies, hairy arms, smoky breath,  
Scarred and ugly hands reaching out for me;  
Slurred speech, asking if his next drink is free.  
I struggle from his perverted embrace  
And recoil at the sight of his florid face.  
I rush to the bar to get him a drink.  
He and his friends are so clever, they think  
He thinks he should be my priority  
Just because he has some seniority.  
He looks away to check on the pool game.  
I rush away before he can call my name.  
As soon as this episode is over,  
A new one begins with a man even older!  
I do not respond when he asks me out--  
This man is repulsive, without a doubt.  
He slips me two dollars, as if I should be impressed  
And my patience, once again, is put to the test.  
But I am a better woman than that,  
Even though I'm not a golfing aristocrat.  
Your money is not what gets you a drink--  
Common courtesy is better, I think.  
Miller Light, Bud Light, Jack Daniels and Coke,

Erin Barajas

Drink until you are completely broke.  
More grins, more laughs, more pretending to care,  
More old men that just sit there and stare!  
I've reached my limit, I've had it, I'm done.  
This mindless chatter has ceased to be fun.  
The next man to touch me gets smacked in the face--  
I'll probably start some big legal case.  
But I'm tired of the hugs and kisses.  
Why can't they just go home to the missus?  
The owner tells me I make him money "Honey!"  
If only I did not have bills to pay,  
I wouldn't have to watch the games these men play.  
Unfortunately, though, this is my fate.  
One more night, four more offers for a date.  
Thank God I'm in college and it won't be long  
Until I get a real job, I have to stay strong.  
And so I say to you, dear gentlemen,  
The way you treat me is truly a sin.  
But no matter, I'll soon leave you behind:  
Another sex object you'll have to find.  
I'll graduate soon and then I can quit.  
Another girl can watch you throw your fits.  
You'll get what you want, just wait your turn.  
You are nothing to me; someday you'll learn.



Arnold Forman

## NOTE:

A snapshot in my mind  
 of mid-morning, 1/1/00  
 in the Florida Everglades.  
 You may have been there  
 too???

In camp,  
 in the brilliant sunshine,  
 in the warm January air,  
 in the new Millennium,  
 in the Everglades,  
 in a cow field,  
 in-toxicated,  
 in laughter,  
 in friendship,  
 in jest,  
 in childhood,  
 in goodwill,  
 in amusement,  
 in satisfaction,  
 in a "pie man" mustache,  
 in socks,  
 in-subordinate to all but his feelings,  
 in-hibitionless,  
 in euphoria,  
 in all his nakedness  
 .....blowing bubbles.

Jason Fishel

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD,  
HAVE NO REGRETS,  
FORGET THE PAST,  
ALL FAILURES FORGOTTEN  
IN A HAZE OF TIME AND HOPE.  
THE RIVER OF TIME  
MOVES FORWARD, INEXORABLY  
TOWARD A FINAL DESTINATION  
WHILE I AM CARRIED ALONG,  
DRIFTWOOD FLOATING IN A DAZE.  
YET NO LONGER CAN I DWELL  
UPON THE PAST,  
OF THINGS BEHIND ME ON THE RIVER,  
FOR RIVERS MOVE ONWARD,  
SLOW AND STEADY, NEVER STOPPING,  
THE BENDS AND TWISTS  
CREATING EDDIES THAT  
TRY TO TRAP YOU,  
YET STILL YOU CANNOT LINGER,  
ELSE TIME WILL PASS YOU BY,  
AND THERE YOU'LL STAY,  
TRAPPED BY INNOCENCE, AND  
DWELLING ON DEFEAT.

Byron Philbrook



A night of fire and heat,

We loved it together.

She was an angel;

Lively dark hair and beautiful grace.

We danced and we drank.

We danced like two crazy roses

Lost in a hurricane.

And we drank.


We drank like dying sunbeams

Begging for a hangover.

We laughed and we kissed,

We drank and we danced,

And I never saw her again.



Denise James

We are just children born  
into this wild dream  
With our writing utensil.  
Ordinary thoughts  
And a hopelessly empty  
Understanding of language.  
We are cast into this  
nightmare,  
Sedated  
So we will not scream,  
Blindfolded and gagged  
So our words become  
Soft mumbles.  
We are helpless,  
All fumbling in the face  
Of this Great Enemy;  
Empty-handed and all

Alone.

PROPERTY  
OF  
COASTAL CAROLINA UNIV.  
LIBRARY

Arnold Forman

Rampant thought  
displaced.....misplaced

Back again,  
then gone so fast

Its offspring lingers,  
sometimes hours

Long after parent  
has been replaced

Pressure builds  
confusion mounts

Words are spoken  
but they don't count

A picture tells  
A thousand words

We're moving pictures...  
...That can be heard!

So tell me then  
how much we show

When thoughts run rampant  
and pictures flow.

# IMAGINE

Lorenzo Jackson

Where thoughts are unblemished;  
A resting point where evil dares  
to seduce.

Holy ground where the self  
is sacrificed,  
Just a foot stool  
Preparations for eternal life.

As cool as the wind blows,  
Whispers echoing as the current slows,  
Smiles that floss like a shiny  
black pearl,  
Winning the admiration of the world.

A name beautiful to the ear.  
Curing inflections as the antidote,  
Mindless, free and stable  
Imagine outside your self.

Ellen Bernstein

Writer's block.

-ing

My mind is bored.

-er

Lyin' insane, and time is long.

-er

At night clocks tick.

-ing

Loudly I dream,

-ed

Of a world that is peace,

-ful

And free,

But reality makes me hate.

-fully

Wish I never wake,

Because I feel fear,

-ful

Of morning's illumination.

THERE ARE LONG HAIRS ON MY PILLOWS,  
BUT MY HAIR IS SHORT.  
IMPOSTER!

MY BED SHEETS SMELL GOOD.  
I HAVE NOT WASHED THEM LATELY, SO  
IT MUST BE THE SCENT OF A GIRL.

THERE HAS BEEN A GIRL IN MY BED.  
THE BLANKETS WERE SWIRLED AROUND.  
THEY WERE NEAT THIS MORNING.  
WHO WOULD DO 'SUCH A THING?  
COULD IT BE?

THERE HAS BEEN A GIRL IN MY BED.




Jose H. Sanjines

Seduce me with intelligence and dark looks  
Or with elementary loyalty,  
Your eyes, oldest of metaphors,  
Open to sad and kind horizons.

If I could write tonight  
Upon "the midnight's starred face,"  
Many summer verses soon to be,  
I would no longer long for this coincidence.

Where kitsch and glamour find a path,  
Radically and savagely tender...  
Will you leave some of your dark  
Lipstick on my screen?



## WINNERS

**1st Place**

Everette Flowers/Catch With Jupiter

**2nd Place**

Denise James/In The Library, 8:00pm

**3rd Place**

Khalil Chapman/Second Mind



10 sheets  
college ruled

16 pages  
réglage étroit

10 hojas  
raya angosta

5 x 7 in/12.7 x 17.78 cm

COMPOSITION BOOK  
CAHIER DE RÉDACTION  
LIBRETA

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2002

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ARCHARIOS STAFF 2K2

L-R: ANDREA, E.J., KAYATTA, REGIS  
SEATED: PAUL

**STAFF:**

Editor: Kayatta Scott  
Asst: Andrea Beckerman  
Art Director: Regis Minerad  
Asst: E.J. Kerr

Advisor: Paul Olsen

2

ART

Awards

Art

- 1st: Brandi Green  
Untitled
- 2nd: Tina Cavalieri  
The New Artist
- 3rd: Barbara Wheeler  
Smith-Requiem

Literature

- 1st: Esmarita Flanagan  
Catch with Jupiter
- 2nd: Denise James  
In the Library, 8:00 pm
- 3rd: Khalil Chapman  
Second Mind

THANK YOU

THE ARCHARIOS STAFF WOULD LIKE TO THANK THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE FOR THEIR SUPPORT: SAM KINONI, BILL EDMONDS, ROBIN RUSSELL, DAN ENNIS, ANDREW WILSON, JUICY, ALISA JOHNSON, PHILIP SELLERS, JOAN OLSEN, MATT, KATHY, WANDA, DEONNE, LEAH MILLER, JEN, TIM, THE CHANCELEER & TEMPO STAFF.

ARCHARIOS



[ART MAGAZINE]

## NOTES: ART CONTENTS

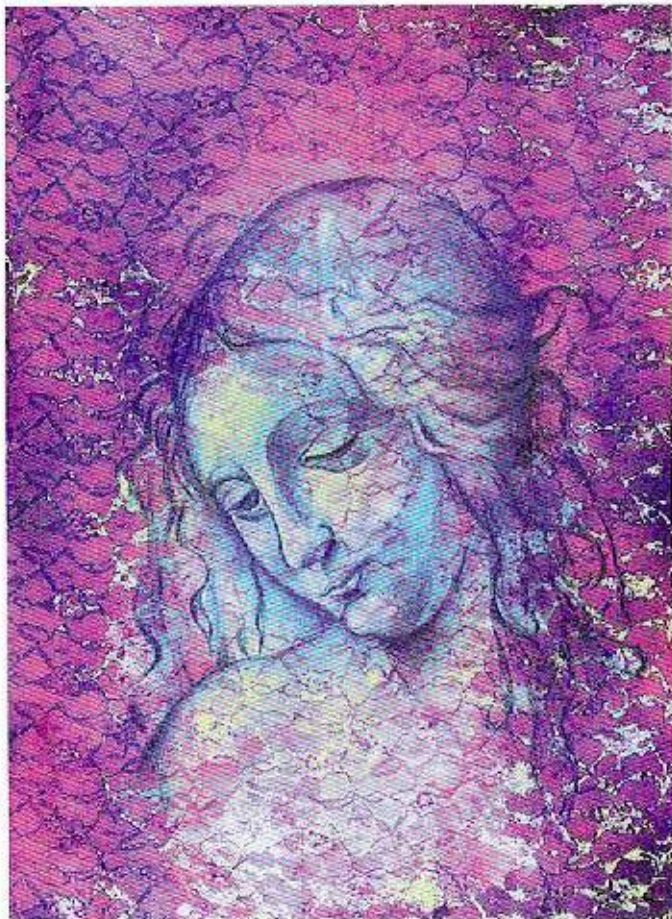
- 1 Untitled-Brandi Green
- 2 Head-Robert Mills
- 3 The New Artist-Tina Cavallieri
- 4 Sunday Afternoon-Mandy Nicolav
- 5 Self Portrait-Johnathan Neubauer
- 6 Enchanted Innocence-Judey Galligan
- 7 Botanical Garden-Carly Pastore
- 8 Requiem-Barbara Wheeler Smith
- 9 Appledore Island-Brian Ebaugh
- 10 Nobody's Perfect-Tina Cavallieri
- 11 Silent Hill 2-Thomas Morrell
- 12 Fishing-Steven Lawrence
- 13 Singing in the Rain-Jenny Greer
- 14 Flatware Garden-Wendy Kovac
- 16 Melissa-Steven Lawrence
- 16 From Within-Amanda McClimans
- 17 Closure-Johnathan Neubauer
- 18 Bowl And Vase-Wendy Kovac
- 18 Gavez Tawn-Andrew Wilson/David Bankston
- 20 Creative Arts Ministry Logo-Leah Miller

To load tray, insert slides with top of picture down and pointed corner  
of tray towards slide (bullet) facing toward the next lower tray number.



UNTITLED

BRANDI GREEN



WATER COLOR/PRISMACOLOR

22x29<sup>3/4</sup>

01

HEAD

ROBERT MILLS

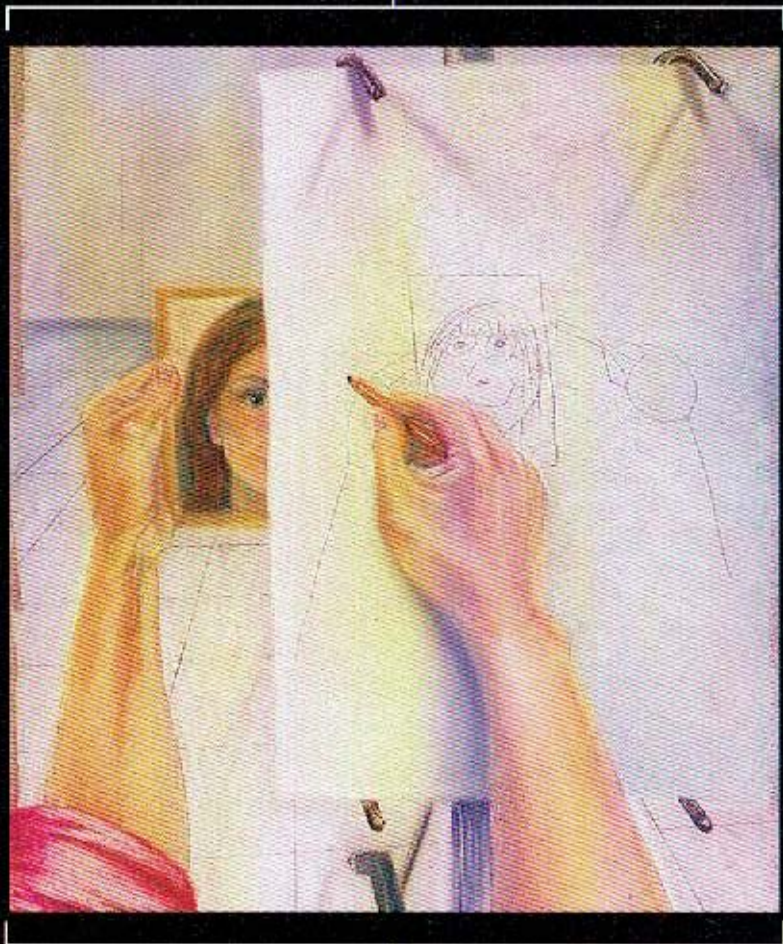


SOAPSTONE/WOOD



# THE NEW ARTIST

TINA CAVALIERI

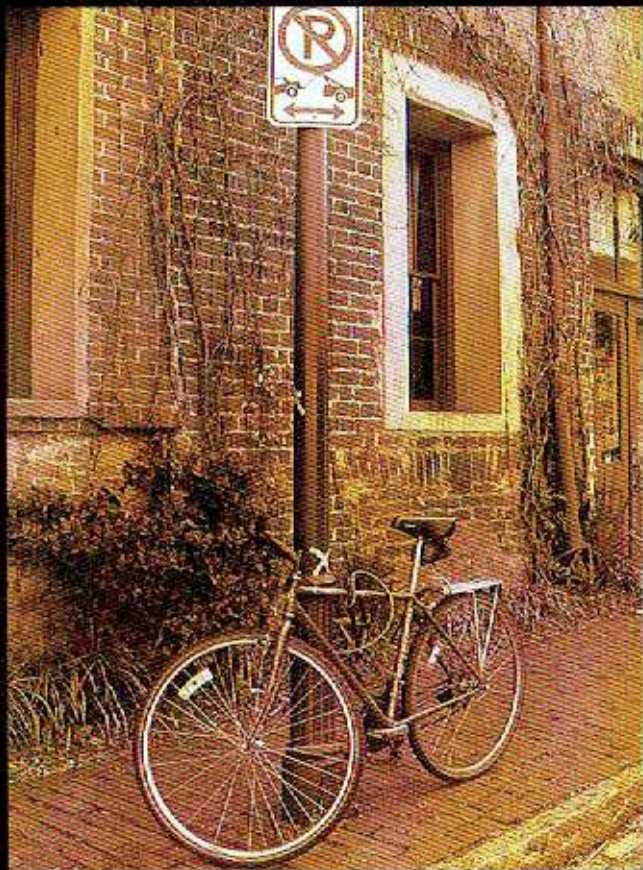


PASTEL

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# SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MANDY NICOLAV

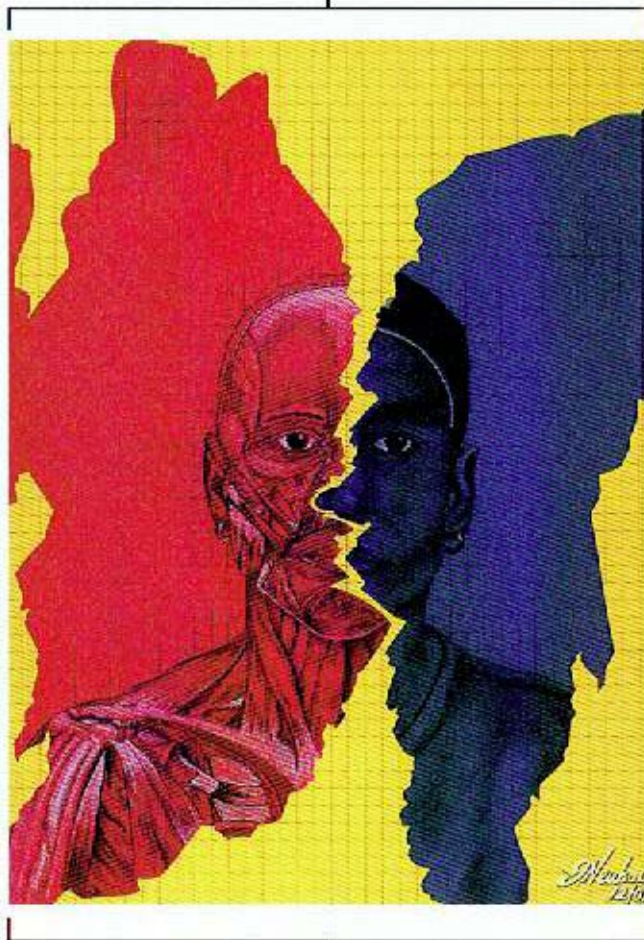


BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY

8x10

ABSTRACT SELF PORTRAIT

JOHNATHAN NEUBAUER



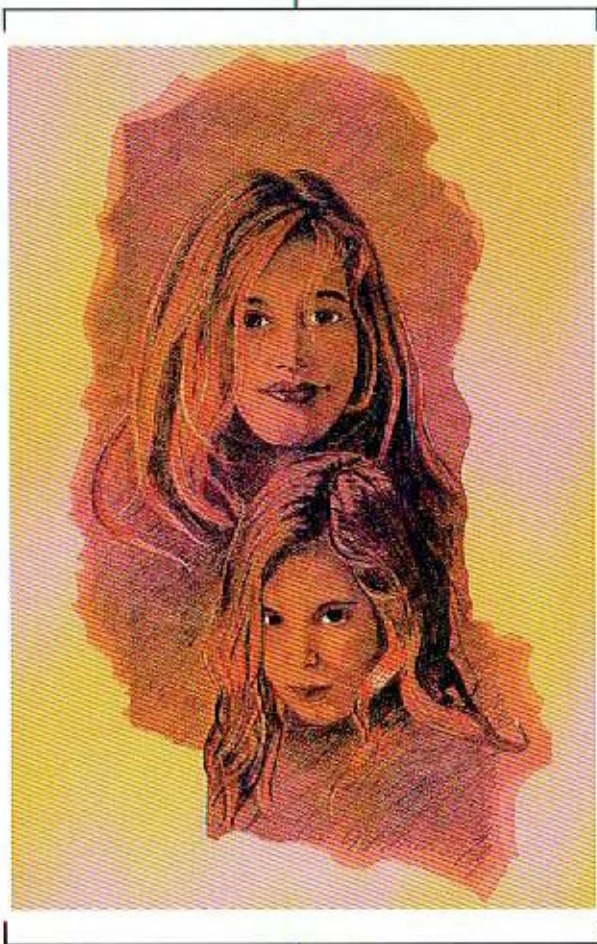
CRAYON/CHARCOAL

16 3/8 x 19 3/8

05

# ENCHANTED INNOCENCE

JUDEY GALLIGAN



CHARCOAL PENCIL

15x22<sup>3/8</sup>

06

BERMUDA BOTANICAL GARDEN

CARLY PASTORE



MACRO PHOTOGRAPHY

4x6

REQUIEM



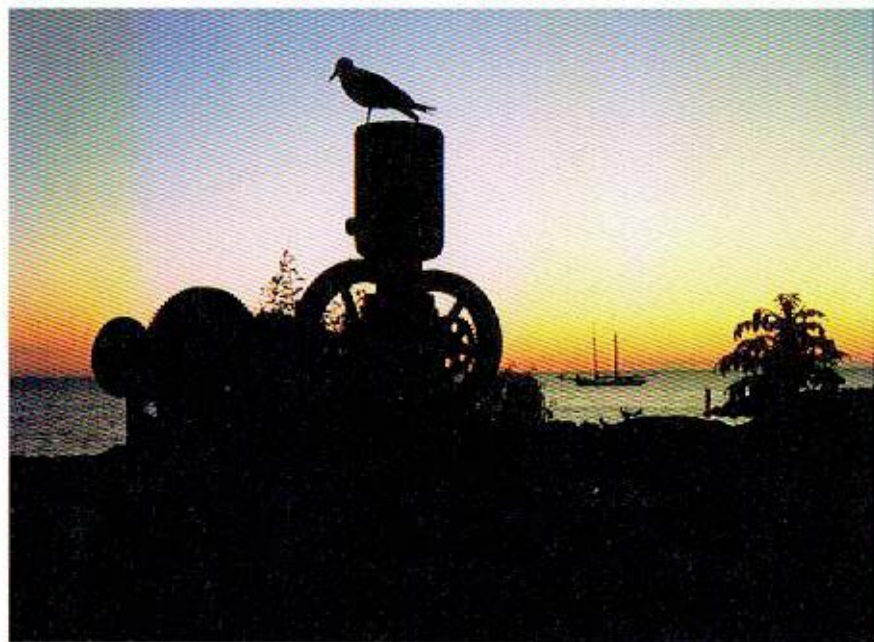
BARBARA WHEELER SMITH

08

CLAY/WOOD

# APPLEDORE ISLAND

BRIAN EBAUGH



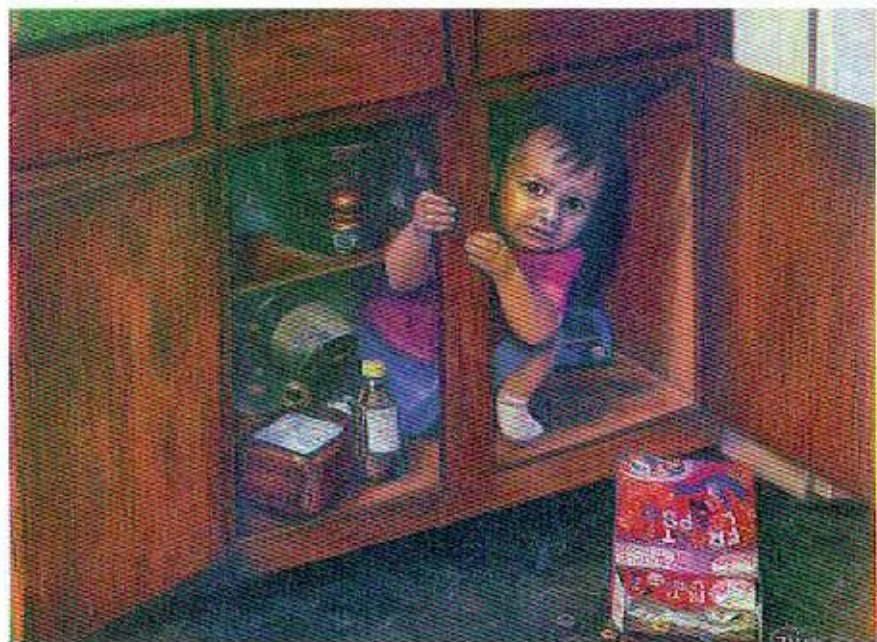
PHOTOGRAPHY

22x16



NOBODY'S PERFECT

TINA CAVALIERI



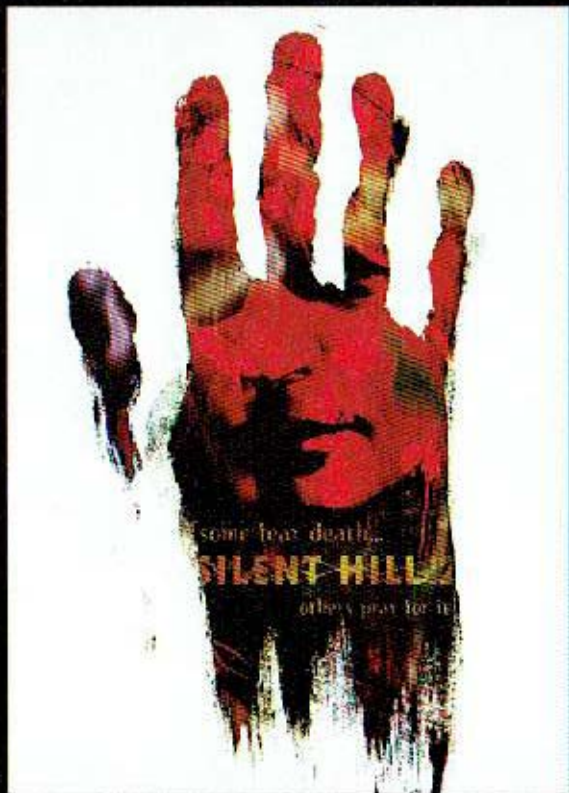
OIL/PASTEL

29x17



# SILENT HILL 2

THOMAS MORRELL

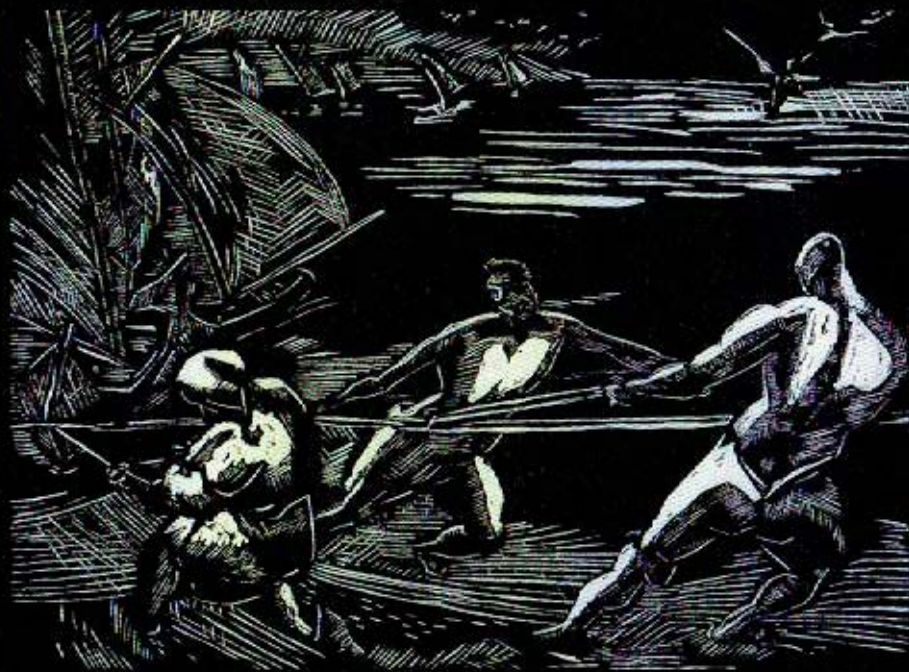


GRAPHIC DESIGN

8.5x11

# FISHING

STEVEN LAWRENCE

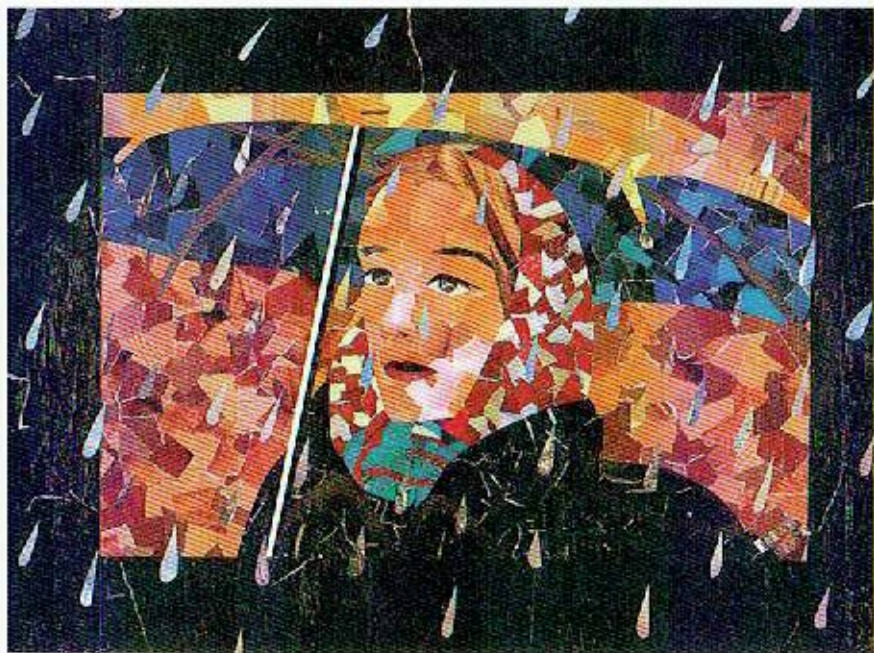


WOOD PRINT

13x10 1/2

# SINGING IN THE RAIN

JENNY GREER



COLLAGE

22x16

FLATWARE GARDEN



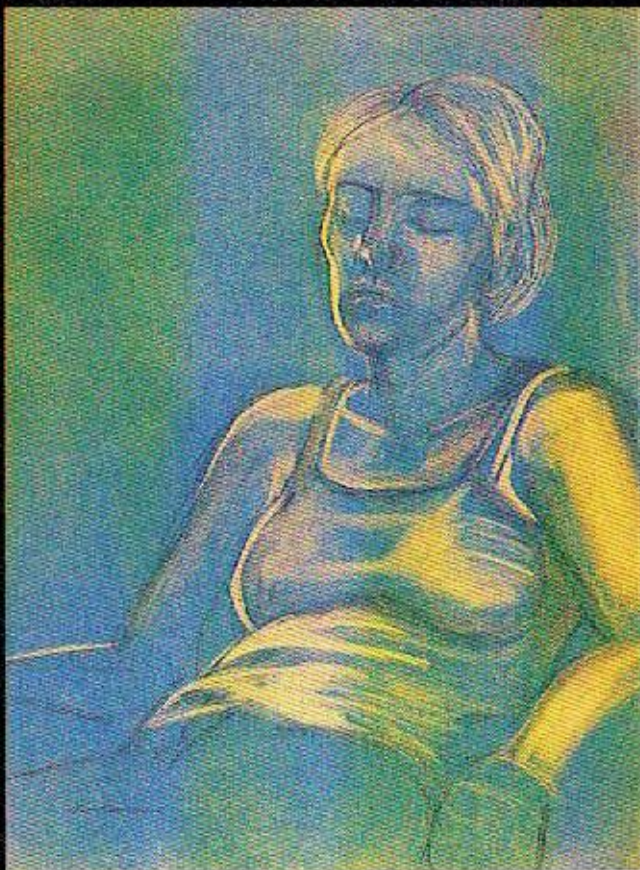
WENDY KOVAC

14

MIXED MEDIA

MELISSA

STEVEN LAWRENCE



COLOR PENCIL

27x33

FROM WITHIN

AMANDA McCLIMANS



CERAMICS

# CLOSURE

JOHNATHAN NEUBAUER



BLACK MARKER

22x14

BOWL & VASE

WENDY KOVAC

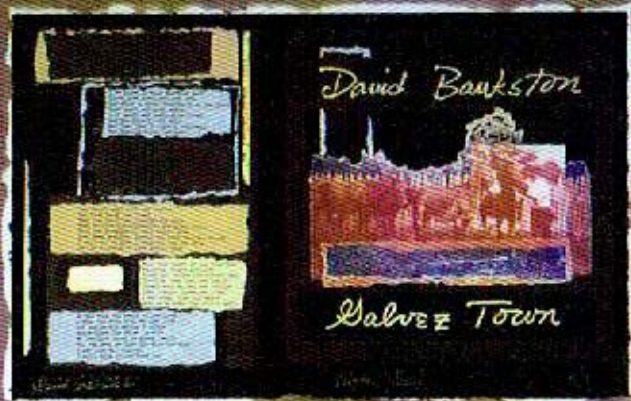


GLAZED STONEWARE



GALVEZ TOWN CD COVER

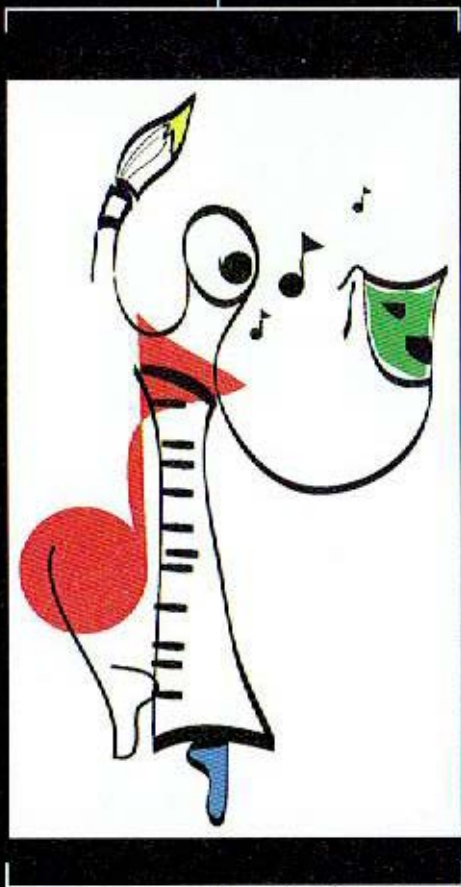
ANDREW WILSON/DAVID BANKSTON



MIXED MEDIA/XEROX/23K GOLD

20x29

CREATIVE ARTS MINISTRY LOGO



LEAN MILLER

GRAPHIC DESIGN 3x5



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182

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