TEMPO is a student-produced publication that embodies the culture that is Coastal Carolina University through each page.
EDITOR'S NOTE

Contrary to many, I find solace in the unknown. It's not scary or unnerving that there is more out there that we have no idea about. I don’t fear what lies on the bottom of the deepest part of the ocean, or what comes after our souls leave our bodies. To me, it’s simply beautiful to think that there is more to come and more to be learned.

Within my past three years at Coastal, TEMPO has taught me more than any course I’ve taken. It has taught me that we must stand by what we put our names on and to fight for our ideas and beliefs. It has taught me that even when we believe we can do something on our own—we don’t have to. It has taught me that teamwork can be more than just an additional name on paper, but a support system and pride in another’s hard work. It has taught me how I should be respected as more than just a woman, but a woman with ambition and a title. Most of all, it has taught me that I have a voice, one that has the power to assist others in finding theirs—and that’s something magical to me.

We believe the opinions expressed throughout this magazine do not necessarily reflect those of the Tempo staff. That said: we wholeheartedly support individualism, and in that regard, we do not publish a single word we regret.

On the next 60 pages you will find ideas and concepts that you thought you understood. There’s more to each topic of conversation than a simple surface, there’s a whole other story underground; we, the TEMPO Team, hope you enjoy our other stories.

—CAIT PRZETAK
BOUQUET OF FLOWERS IN A BLUE PORCELAIN VASE
BY ANNE VALLAYER-COSTER (1776)
I’ve never actually understood this idea of glorifying or harping back on the past, I mean, the past is so—yuck. I don’t have a good sense of what should be in style that isn’t, however, I think in one indirect way or another, the culture speaks for itself, and reconstructs itself, as we come to a general consensus on certain fashionable elements of antiquity.

**THE ULTIMATE EXAMPLE: MUSIC**.

It’s a timeless tool used to fix most—if not all—situations. It’s the medicinal herb that continues to heal, the gift that keeps on giving. I can’t tell you how often (this is where I begin to contradict myself) I have to remind people that 2008 was such a crucial year for music. It was the year Kanye West fully transitioned into a hip-hop phenom with the release of *808’s & Heartbreak*—a landmark record that most critics and commenters recognize as the catalyst for artists like Drake, Future, The Weeknd, Lil Uzi Vert, and Travis Scott. We’re living in a post-808’s era.

2008 was the year Lil Wayne dropped *Tha Carter III* and dominated the charts with bangers like ‘Got Money,’ ‘Lollipop,’ ‘A Milli,’ and ‘Mrs. Officer.’ Wayne went on to make headlines by selling a million records within the first week—a prolific amount relative to any music category.

Adele released her debut album *19*, and now if we see where she is in her career today, it’s almost unfathomable how natural her progress has come about.

Point being, I don’t think we actively associate our cultural identity, or a generation marker, and its relationship with pop culture from a fear of letting go of the “the past,” — with that way of thinking it cheapens the impact art has on our everyday life. If we let fear drive our narrative, in a way, being scared of future events waters down the truth of our own history. I don’t think we appreciate or recognize how important
sh*t really is. For some people, like me, I’m still listening to Tha Carter III like it was yesterday. Your father is probably listening to Pink Floyd’s ‘Dark Side of the Moon’ like it was yesterday. Neither is as antiquated as one might be able to argue, however neither is invulnerable to critique or comparison.

As a lover of the fine arts, I will always take the opportunity to give credit to where credit is due. It’s an anthropological footprint, it’s society’s first impression. Good art will naturally cement authority and dictate the way we articulate ourselves, whether it is conscious or subconscious. Art will advertently designate itself within our history. I like to think of it as this: art and time are rivals battling for relevance. Some get swallowed up, others get to live another day.

**ART IS NOT ONLY A MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION, IT IS THE TRANSCENDENCE OF HUMANITY BEYOND SPACE AND TIME.**

As we approach topics in sustainability and longevity in the music business, I believe it is the goal of brands, record labels, and media corporations to make sure what’s being thrown against the wall—sticks. If you can expand your profits by way of endorsement deals, vinyl, clothing, signature shoes, etc. and push for more clout than just by the music, why not do it right (even at the risk of watering down or dampening the value)? My issue is, when are we going to separate the art from the cash-grab? Can everything an artist releases be considered an art form? How
ethical is the consumption of “artistic merchandise” — does anyone else see the juxtaposition here, or am I just going crazy?

If we’re talking about cementing a true icon within our generation, shouldn’t we have better standards—have we become so complicit in the act of consumerism that we let people like Kylie and Kendall Jenner superimpose their faces on “vintage” Tupac tee’s?

I think it’s silly to buy into this notion, especially in America, that in order to truly become in-tune with the “culture” that you have to participate in these boomerang-like periods where the record player is becoming “fashionable” again, while vintage tee’s are being outsourced to Urban Outfitters because of how convenient and targeted the aesthetic for these larger audiences are. Record players weren’t a cash-grab when the only thing you had was the record player. For low-income families, like mine, the CD-player was so important to me as a kid—not because I thought it was fashionable, but because it was the only way I had access to my favorite artists. Throwback and vintage items are a privilege, and it’s only a matter of time before a new wave of items are making their trip back around to convince you that you need it.

Art never needs refurbishing or a better marketing campaign because it is here to stay. Although record players and vinyls are now more readily available than ever, merchandisable products are simply a mere accessory to the commercial machine. Convincing people that record players and vintage tees and vinyls are a way for the “youth” to be more in touch with the past is nonsense—it’s a cash grab. It has nothing to do with access or art, especially since there are easier and better ways to listen to your favorite artist now.

*Don’t get caught in the hype.*

Producția de vin, lichioruri și conserve pregătite la domiciliu este încă foarte comună. Dacă veți avea vreodată șansa de a vizita Republica Moldova, trebuie neaparat să gustați bucătăria tradițională, însoțită de murături, conserve, marmeladă, compoturi și, bineînțeles, vin. Vinul este ceva care nu va lipsi niciodată la masă, așa cum nu veți fi niciodată într-o companie rea în această țară frumoasă.
HOW IT REALLY GOES

BY ANNE KELLEY
“SO, WHAT EXACTLY MAKES PEOPLE AFRAID OF CLOWNS?”

It’s not the best time to be a professional clown, but when was it ever? Some of us may never remember a time where coulrophobia (the fear of clowns) ran rampant through the masses. But what caused this fear to emerge? From the 2017 release of Stephen King’s It, some of us have to wonder if these horrifying Hollywood movies have anything to do with our stigmatized fear.

To look back on clown phobias we can’t help but remember John Wayne Gacy, the psychopath killer that terrorized Illinois in the 1970’s. He was known as the Killer Clown because he worked as a children’s entertainer between 1972 and 1978, dressing up as a clown named Pogo the Clown. He was captured in 1980 and confessed to having killed and sexually assaulted 33 young boys. This serial killer was actually used as inspiration to create American Horror Story: Freak Show’s Twisty the Clown. It was a rightfully creepy and horrifying character since he was based off a man who was just a bone-chilling.

Stephen King published It in 1984 which was then adapted into its first movie in 1990. After King’s movie adaptation could hit the screens, the movie Killer Klowns from Outer Space came to theaters in 1988. Here we see an undeniable trend in America there the public does not like clowns, and our fears were only pushed further down the sewer pipe.

In 2016, a year weird enough as it was, there were seemingly endless reports of people disguised as evil clowns roaming the nation’s neighborhoods and forests. Naturally, the sightings were first reported in South Carolina when a 9-year old boy said there were two suspicious people dressed as clowns that tried to lure him into the woods. Then the phenomenon began and during October there were clown sightings and
attacks happening in nearly every state. As the terror began to rise, an unexpected voice rose out of the chaos. It was actual, professional clowns.

Professional clowns (who I personally didn’t realize were still a thing because...who likes clowns) spoke to a world overwhelmed with coulrophobia. All the hysteria is hurting their business and making them look bad. The 2016 incident made real clowns a target for violence. On October 15, there was a Clown Lives Matter march organized for professional clowns to show the public that they are not a threat to the community. This even was cancelled due to death threats, even though it was scheduled to be a peaceful walk. That’s when it hit me. This clown hysteria, that has been happening for decades, is hurting real people who spend their lives wanting to make people, specifically children, happy and laughing. Inherently, there isn’t anything wrong with that.

So, what exactly makes people afraid of clowns? I asked around and got answers like, “It’s very unsettling for someone to have to paint on a smile.” “I’m a big fan of personal space. I was somewhere as a kid and a clown got up in my face and I was just very uncomfortable. It was like he was trying to provoke me to hit him.” “You can’t see their faces, you don’t know what they really look like. They’re trying not to look human and that is terrifying.” I figure these reasons are reasonable, but still, clowns are people too, aren’t they?

I wanted to know what an actual clown’s take on coulrophobia would be and how they feel about the public and Hollywood trying to make clowns out to be inherently bad people. There is a nontraditional student at Coastal who used to be a circus clown. Her name is Bex and I was able to interview her about her time as an entertainer and how she felt about the world bearing down on the performers in such a negative light.
In the early 90’s, the Soviet Union collapsed. All the circus performers in Russia, just like other workers, were employed by the state. So when the state ceased to exist, they were all out of work.

“Somebody—I think it was the Russian mob who did it—cherry picked the best acts from all over Russia,” Bex began to explain, “They didn’t take the best circuses, they took the best acts from every circus and they were going to put together the best performance of all time—and they [brought it] to America. So we had this really, really good circus here at Myrtle Beach over at Fantasy Harbor.”

Sadly, some things do come to a bitter end, after the performers saw relative success, “...the circus collapsed eventually...and they all went back to Russia.” Bex remembers two managers who were in charge of the place: an American and a Russian. “The Russian manager was the nicest guy I ever saw, and when the circus failed he was shot dead in his hallway at home,” Bex suggests that it was the mob that took him out.

She later goes into her own history of clown-dom. “Initially I was hired as a concessions clown—which is really not a real clown. I would greet people at the door,” she told me while I abstractly envisioned a big happy smile and over enthusiastic waving. She continued to exclaim, “They would run around selling stuff during the show, but they liked me and the clowns would actually let me work in the ring.”

“The American manager used to tell me, ‘the Russians have never seen anybody without circus background that can do what you do. They just say it’s unbelievable.’ So it’s probably the only thing I ever did in my life where I seem to have a natural knack,” she said proudly.
“WHEN I WAS A CHILD IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SILLY AND PEOPLE TOOK IT AS SILLY, THEN IT CHANGED...”

Then, I asked her what her perspective on the crazy clown phobia was:

“So many people now, even adults, fear clowns or don’t like clowns. Nobody told me, but I always assumed it’s those movies. Killer Klowns from Outer Space and It—that’s what did it. It turned into a whole genre. Terrifying clowns! When I was a child it was supposed to be silly and people took it as silly, then it changed and maybe it wasn’t those movies but that’s what I blamed, that’s what I thought was the reason.”

Bex took a breath and looked at her hands as her nails clacked against the table.

“The only thing that I would know to say is... I grew up in the 50’s. We would watch Bozo the Clown on TV all the time. We went to the circus and looked forward to seeing the clowns. Somewhere along the line it changed, and I think it was the movies that poisoned the well.”

Gauging her expression and the heartbreak in her voice, I felt bad about how the clown industry has changed, and for some reason I felt I was part of the reason that the clowns have been given such a bad rep, after all, I’m afraid of clowns and have seen all the clown horror films Hollywood has produced. I couldn’t think of anything else to say other than, “That’s too bad.”

“It is,” Bex said, “It really is. There are many things we used to enjoy that have been ruined by one thing or another...” she a tradition that people enjoyed for so many generations...it’s just no good anymore.”

“Well, hopefully people can see through the movies and the public drama,” I said.

“Hopefully! There’s always someday. Things pass, maybe this’ll pass too.”
GERMANY

ERIK ECKLEBEN : BERLIN, GERMANY : 22
CANTALOupe

Would that have lasted forever
the way you smiled, laughed – or kissed?
I often find myself, pitting optimism against
the avarice of a hungry, horned basket. Nonetheless,

no golden hour is as bright
as yours; no darkness would disobey
your awful sun. Yet I foolishly,
and naturally, thrusted passed that

spoiled, toxic crust.
I knew my taste for brevity would be too much
to swallow. If only I learned to chew. If
only I could trace my shadow.

BY PARAG DESAI
C H R O N O P H O B I A

Time, unknowing sadist, like the idiot child
smashing beetles in the garden. Never
can they be made whole again — regardless
of your passage. Malpractice has become
your oath, the road paved with what once
was virtue, now arrogance. I pray to you
Chronos, restrain the bastard of your loins,
provide education in passion and forgiveness.
Under Time’s medical care, life is scheduled —
the morning for reviewing the history of human
suffrage, the day spent working to the brink of death,
and the night for drinking the misery of life away. I beseech
you Chronos, grant me immortality so that I may put an end
to the crudely sutured and now festering wounds left
by your prodigy. Or better still, halt the incessant
turning of Time’s wheel, allow mankind repose
so that we may heal from the damaged past
before the uncertainty of the future reveals
its fanged and snarling face, a monster
promising false hope. For Time may heal
all wounds, but cracks remain and pieces go missing.

B Y   J U S T I N   J O Y
PART ONE

WE ARE 1980 TO 2000

WE ARE CHANGE

WE ARE AWARE

WE ARE MILLENIALS

BUT WE ARE NOT MURDERERS

BY ANNE KELLEY
When the media mentions Millennials we all can assume they’re going to report yet another business we’ve killed. Who would’ve thought that the generation born between the 1980’s and the early 2000’s would be such skilled assassins? From diamonds to houses to Applebee’s, our generation is destroying America’s marketplace, or so the news outlets say.

According to Business Insider and the Economist, we are killing something new every month, and it’s only getting worse. A simple google search will reveal a multitude of articles titled “Millennials are killing the golf industry,” “Millennials are killing the movie business,” “Millennials are killing the napkin industry.” There are even articles that blame us for not taking enough vacation time, and articles that are trying to decipher if certain department stores should watch out for this “Millennial trend”. Are we to blame for the death of the Hangout Sitcom? I don’t know, Refinery29, but it’s hard to imagine that anyone besides the writers and producers of those shows could be to blame.

The older generations, such as the Baby Boomers and the Gen Xers, can’t seem to decipher this strange, younger generation and why we aren’t spending insane amounts of money on objects that don’t do anything. A lot of it has to do with comparing their youthful economy to the economy we’re stuck with today. Millions of people in the Millennial generation find it hard to breathe with all these expectations put on their shoulders to buy houses, buy diamonds, eat at chain restaurants every day, and stop spending money on avocados. It’s all because we simply don’t have that kind funding, plus, a lot of us just don’t want to buy diamonds.

We spend our funds on our monthly rent, so we can eat subpar meals, and so we can pay off our truly crippling student loan debts. Millennials are living a different life than Baby Boomers because at the end of the day we are a completely different generation. We have grown up with technology, we grew up in a post-9/11 era; we’ve witnessed the 2008 market collapse and were thrown into that recession. The price of living is skyrocketing and we are not being paid enough to survive in it. There are countless Millennials who are working two or more jobs—while studying—or taking years off from college because they don’t have the funds to achieve higher education. Now, I know it’s not just me, but there’s something very wrong with that. America is supposed to be the best country in the world, and yet our youngest generation is struggling to pay for necessities, to go to school, to buy a house. Most of the businesses that are failing “because of the Millennials!” are failing because we simply can’t afford their prices. Trust me, I would love to own a house or buy a car but my god I don’t think I’ll ever have that kind of funding with my tens of thousands of college debt. I have heard the same cry from countless Millennial voices, we are not trying to live, we’re trying to survive.

We are the generation who is becoming increasingly environmentally and socially aware, and our awareness beckons us to impact the world differently than our predecessors. In essence, we are spending money on different products because we are thinking differently than the Baby Boomers and the Gen X’ers.

Who wants to support a company who doesn’t treat their employees right or who throws their garbage into the oceans or who’s just plain racist? One of the reasons that these “killings articles” keep popping up is because the older generations are not comprehending the environment and the economy that we live and spend in. They do not consider who we are and what kind of people we are growing into, they only see how we are not like them and that is threatening.

Beyond the obscene amount of businesses that seem to be failing, there is an undeniable emotional response, and that negativity is being pushed on an entire generation. These are people who are either just starting their marriage or beginning to have children, well-invested in their collegiate
careers, or are stuck in their Junior and Senior years of high school still unable to have their political voices heard. Realistically, we don’t have the greatest push or pull in the economy because half of the Millennial population are only now getting their first jobs, in 2017. Depending on what stage of life a person is in, their effect on the economy will be different. I can’t wrap my head around how someone could start to blame an entire generation when half of said generation couldn’t even vote at the time. But alas, here we are, cringing at the sound of older people calling us Millennials because they’ve changed that word into a negative.

By far the most shocking headline that I’ve come across is from Business Insider who published an article in August 2017 titled ‘Psychologically scarred’ millennials are killing countless industries from napkins to Applebee’s – here are the businesses they like the least. The title is jarring to say the least—the writer assumes that an entire generation of people are destroying America. Is it fair for young adults and teenagers to bare the weight of an entire country—or the global economy? The space these “countless industries” once monopolized is falling apart because their baseline is evaporating quicker then they are reorganizing.

The industries and department stores that are failing are going out of business because they have not adapted to the times. We are a generation that endorses efficiency. We would rather buy quality merchandise online than spend time and gas driving to antiquated department stores or the mall—and mind you, we still do. We like to have our rent paid for but we also like to live in the moment and go out with our friends.

We aren’t these stuck-up, stingy young people that the Baby Boomers and several Gen Xers like to make us out to be. We are living our lives in a failing market whose economy has been failing since the 1970’s, which is the same economy that the generations before us had built. In reality, older generations may like blaming us but it’s only to turn the spotlight away from their faults. The true issue is the economy isn’t as prosperous as it should be. And again, we are trying to maneuver through that as best as we can... if we have a few fallen soldiers like napkins than so be it.

We can only spend the money we have, and the money we save isn’t for frivolous spends like a diamond ring. We spend our saved money on exciting trips. We go to concerts, we go hiking in the mountains, we have a night on the town with our friends, we stay in with a bunch of snacks and watch Netflix. Turns out, our generation is more adventure-minded, more socially conscious, and occasionally looking for things with a fast-paced environment; something we can look back on and remember as great time. Less and less of us are wanting to spend money on objects and more on experiences, and I can’t see anything wrong with that.

The overwhelming sense from the older generations that Millennials are stuck-up snowflakes who have to have everything their way or the highway is dizzying. It has come to the point that it’s just simple ageism. They don’t like us because we’re young and we’re doing things differently than they like. My advice to my generation? Don’t listen to anyone who tries to make you feel bad for being who you are. You are not the reason the market is failing. Businesses are going under because they haven’t adapted to the times, and that’s on them, not you. At the end of the day we will shape this country into a far better place for all, and they’ll still probably blame us for ruining America. It’s not our fault that everyone else is stuck in the past, it’s just another Millennial problem.
TO BE CONTINUED ...
LARA MATOSEVIC : PARIS, FRANCE : 21
Pour moi la culture française est un mix d’habitudes et d’attitudes. Étant de Paris, la mode et la gastronomie ont une part importante dans ma vie. Dans cette ville, les gens aiment bien s’habiller, être toujours élégant et sortir avec leurs amis, aller boire un verre en terrasse, sur des rooftops, sur les « quais de Seine » dès qu’il fait assez chaud. Ils aiment se poser au Jardin des Tuileries le dimanche après-midi ou encore se balader dans Le Marais, le quartier le plus branché de Paris ou le shopping est de rigueur sept jours sur sept. Victime de son succès et de l’image de « restaurant parisien », chaque nouveau restaurant branché qui ouvre a une ruée de curieux à l’entrée.

Mais quelque chose d’encore plus fréquent et normal pour un parisien ou une parisienne est très certainement les rendez-vous au café. « Aller au café » semble un cliché. Et pourtant, pas un seul jour ne passe sans que je m’y rende avec des amis après les cours ou le travail, car c’est l’expression même du savoir être parisien : convivialité, élégance et bien vivre!

**FRENCH**

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**TRANSLATION IN THE BACK**
TWENTY
What began in 1999 as a replacement for the Coastal Carolina University Yearbook became a multi-award winning Feature Magazine. Although much has changed in the 20 volumes that have been published, one thing remains the same—the promise to showcase student culture and student work. We are proud to continue the work of the many talented students in the years before our time, and we look forward to the next 20 more.
FIRE AND ICE

On New Years Eve they met, obsession
at first sight. I should have known then it wasn’t a healthy obsession.

They fought before even getting along
They claimed friendship, I claimed obsession.

Fire and ice, he was no good for her or her for him
but it didn’t matter, it was an obsession.

He emotionally manipulated her until she thought
“it must be love”, is love the same as obsession.

The good is good she assured
The bad is worse I reminded, but she was too deep in her obsession.

They were a pendulum of heartbreak and mistakes
Each breakup I thought could be the end to the obsession.

The ice had melted and the fire was snuffed,

but how does one ever escape an obsession.

BY JOCIE SCHERKENBACH
MAY OUR FALLEN REST IN PEACE

May our fallen rest in peace,
When the sun sets on their lives
And it’s time to close the casket.

May our fallen rest in peace,
When they have no more breath to give
And no more life to continue living.

May our fallen rest in peace,
When their souls found Heaven too soon
And they glimpsed their Maker before their time.

May our fallen rest in peace,
When they gave all they got ’till the end
And left this earth strong and brave.

May our fallen rest in peace,
When we remember them in a candle lit ceremony
Honoring their life and all that they loved.

May our fallen rest in peace,
When we leave that rose on their tombstone
And whisper our last goodbyes.

BY KYRAH CLEMONS
Tap. Tap. Tap. A pencil hits the desk in the far right corner.

“For your assignment next week, don’t forget to cite your sources,” the professor rattles off. I quickly scribble cite sources: APA across the top of my assignment handout. Two girls snicker loudly in the back right corner. I stiffen my neck, not allowing it to snap in their direction.

“Don’t forget your reports are due by...” exactly eight students close their notebooks abruptly. “eleven-fifty...” twelve backpacks zip closed.

“-nine p.m...” I squeeze my notebook securely, still open, into the place it had sat all 49 minutes.

“tonight.”

The screech of chairs scaping across marble fills the room. My jaw clenches.

Dr. H sighs, “See you Monday.”

Promptly after she finishes and walks towards the door, I close my books, set them neatly in my bag and dejectedly whisper “Don’t any of y’all have any respect.” The classroom is finally silent. Okay maybe I didn’t whisper.

My friend nudges me out the door. “Welcome home, Soldier,” she smirks.

***

Student Veterans only make up four percent of undergraduate students. At Coastal Carolina University, about 1 in every 16 students are post-military
veterans. At the average class size of 23-25, that puts roughly one veteran in every single class offered. Next time you are sitting in class, take a look to your left and right. Which one of those students do you think could be a veteran? You may have a few guesses, but you might be surprised with who actually is one. Would you have ever guessed that I was one? No, probably not. Would you have ever guessed that just one short week before the start of the school year I had just returned from a deployment in the desert? Again, probably not. But I am a veteran and I did just get back from six long months in the desert, then proceeded to jump right back into collegiate life. I can’t speak for all veterans, but the transition was and still is a hard one to say the least.

Serving in the military has been nothing but a privilege and an honor. Don’t get me wrong, serving comes with many sacrifices. From missing your sister have her first baby or missing your grandfathers funeral to having to take off semesters or even years from college. Some servicemen make the ultimate sacrifice, and it is because of their devotion and honor that we as Americans can live the lives we do today. Not only do we have the privilege to fight alongside our fellow Americans to protect and serve those we love, we also get to learn respect, integrity, and honor. Those life lessons are unfortunately ones not everyone gets to learn, which makes them all that more valuable.

“Airman Bates,” someone called from the other side of the tent. I moved towards the noise, come to stand stiff with my hands behind my back in front of my supervisor desk. “Yes, Sir.”
“I need you to go help the new guys build some pallets,” he looked up from his email. “I’ll be out soon, just teach them the basics.”
“Yes, sir. Is there anything else you need done?”
“Not at the moment,” he looked up and smiled. “Thank you, you are doing great Airman.”

I smiled and turned away, bracing myself for the blast of heat outside the tent. Outside, the sun shined down mercilessly. The thermometer to the left read 118 degrees. Beads of sweat trickle down my back, my uniform already damp and sticky. I breathed in the oven-like air slowly, feeling my face already turning a deep shade of red. Whipping the stray piece of hair back into my bun, I strode into the middle of the shaded cargo yard.

“Alright, let’s build up all cargo going stateside,” I hollered so everyone could hear. A Staff Sergeant peaked his head around the pile of boxes. “Yes Ma’am, where do you want us?”

***

One of the hardest parts about coming back into the civilian and even more specifically the collegiate world, has been dealing with the vast contrast in behaviors. Being a veteran, it is engrained into our mind from day one to be respectful
“As a veteran, we would all say..."
THAT THE SACRIFICES ARE WELL WORTH IT."
and have tact, to have integrity and a strong work ethic. Going from a more structured and rule based environment, like a deployment, to a free space meant to cultivate learning and growth has definitely been a challenge. I wouldn’t say one way is better than the other, but it surely is an adjustment for a veteran and can sometimes get frustrating. In fact, that frustration may come off as anger or judgement, when in all actuality they are just trying to get use to the American culture again. To be fair, both parties need to be more aware that everyone has different experiences and different backgrounds. While I will try to control my urge to bark orders to keep quiet and be respectful to the students around me, it would also be helpful in a veterans adjustment back into the real world for their peers to be understanding and aware of the things that may make things more difficult for them to adjust.

***

"Is that what you are wearing?" She raised her eyebrows at my mom jeans, Toms, and loose fitted shirt with a Shakespeare quote.

"Um, I was planning on it..." I held my palms up and looked down at myself. "Should I not?"

She shimmied over to her bag and started throwing clothes straight up in the air while mumbling a string of no’s under her breath.

"Perfect!" She squealed as she held up a white tank top that looked like it came from the baby Gap and a pair of dark jeans I was sure I would not be able to squeeze in to.

"I cannot possibly fit into..." my friend cut me off as she tossed the miniature set of clothes my way.

"GO PUT IT ON," she barked. Instinctively I bit back a Yes Ma’am and turned towards the bathroom. After ten whole minutes of standing in front of the mirror tugging at the bottom of the half shirt that barely covered my rib cage, air squatting to hopefully loosen my painted on jeans, and adjusting my Bombshell push-up bra to minimize the amount of cleavage spilling out of the top, I sighed, wishing I could mindlessly throw on my baggy uniform and chest flattening sports bra. The men in my unit would surely gawk at this outfit and definitely not let me lift a thing. Apparently to males, breast size is an easy indicator of how much you can lift. I gripped the edge of the counter and looked into my mascara lined eyes, sure that my friends would want to fix those too. I shook my head and smiled at myself, amused by the thought that I use to really love this stuff.

I stepped out of the bathroom to find I had an audience. My roommates were standing in an awkward line waiting for me to make me debut as a girl once again. I smiled sheepishly at their chorus of praises, distinctly aware that I was going to a out in public with my midriff and cleavage out.

"Now that is better," Caroline wiggled her finger at my new outfit.

"If you say so," I conceded with another tug at my shirt. "Are you guys ready to leave?"

They nodded, so I headed down the stairs to the door.
Don’t get me wrong, after a small, I mean small adjustment time, I am back to loving dressing up and going out with my friends, but surely wearing the same exact baggy uniform everyday was a pleasant break from struggling through a million outfits never deciding on what to wear. Along with that, going out generally mean crowds. Crowds are fun, yeah totally a great way to give your veteran a mini stress attack. We are trained to always be acutely aware of our surroundings, so yes crowds can make the majority of us a little nervous. By all means, do not stop asking your veterans to hang out when you know there will be a large crowd, just be aware that they might act a little weird at first while they are feeling the situation out. Let them get a little quiet and eye-down anything that stands out, who knows maybe one day it could save your life.

Being a student veteran is certainly an adjustment, but it is by far a rewarding experience. Next time you come across a veteran, don’t be afraid to ask them their story, I’m sure they have many they would love to share. Don’t forget, we are the land of the free, because of the brave.

*SUPPORT OUR TROOPS.*
SWEDE

SEBASTIAN SCHNEIDER  :  STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN  :  23
Den vanliga svensken byter skepnad efter rådande årstid. Eftersom Sverige är beläget långt norrut, långt från ekvatorn, så förändras antalet soltimmar markant från sommar till höst, vinter och vår. Under sommartider är dagarna långa, solen skiner upp emot 20 timmar varje dygn i större delen av landet. Längst norrut går solen inte ner under tre veckors tid. Detta reflekteras i ett aktivt levnadssätt, svensken vistas mer utomhus, umgås mer med vänner och bekanta och mår allmänt bättre tack vare ljuset och energin som skapas kring det.


Att ljuset kommer och går kan ge problem men också enorma möjligheter. En sak som är säker är att det lär oss att uppskatta sommaren och allt som kommer med den!
DOMESTICATION

Can a wild animal be tamed?
Why is wild placed upon their name?
   Is it their behavior?
Or is it their lack to learn behavior?
   But a fox can learn anything.
So why are they called wild?
   Some live deep in woods,
   Others within towns.
I can't forget the fox from my dream.
   It was so sweet and clean.
   The eyes were glossy,
   As if it liked what it had seen.
   If that is the case,
   Why did the fox leave?
   Will it return?
   Maybe the fox was sent to me
   As a gift.
   One that could not be returned.
I watch the fox run across a bridge.
Shortly after I watch the bridge burn.
   I was better off without the fox,
   That was the beautiful lesson I learn.

BY PARRISH DAYS
PAY ATTENTION

She's young, wearing a pretty white dress
for someone who won't notice
she's too obsessed,
    too obsessed with what everyone else thinks
She doesn't even have a second
to save herself.

It's coming now,
    the end,
Swiftly traveling towards her
    on a street, she pauses for
the ping, the tweet, the text
the truck,

no the truck didn't kill her.

BY TORI BLOCH
We go on thinking that what is in front of us is absolute truth, but what if it is all a carefully, constructed diversion?

May 30st, 2017 9:06pm
Social media star, President Trump tweeted, “Despite the negative covfefe.”

For at least four days, this was a top story in the news. It was a punch line for news anchors and morning show hosts, it was in almost every late-night show skit—it somehow became the tweet heard around the world. Now, think about what else occurred on May 30st and the morning of May 31st. This is the sticky part of journalism. The part that no one wants to talk about, it’s something I, as a journalist, am shameful of. Here’s what happened between the time of President Trump’s tweet, and the last late night show of the day for May 31st:

The Pentagon had successfully destroyed a mock intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) over the Pacific. The Kill Vehicle, or the exo-atmosphere kill vehicle (EKV), is a five-foot-long attachment to a ground missile; this comes in contact before colliding with the ICBM. This test was reportedly always scheduled to occur on Tuesday, however it was serendipitously just a mere two days after North Korea’s ICBM launch.

Michael Dubke, The White House Communications Director resigned from Trump’s administration. He was a veteran Republican strategist. His resignation was formally submitted the 18th of May, but had said to stay until Trump’s foreign trip had ended. After his lawyers refuted his first subpoena for personal records under the pretense of Flynn’s Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination—the Senate committee will now be provided some documents. Former National Security Adviser Michael Flynn told the Senate Intelligence Committee Tuesday that he would provide the documents that related to his investigation of contact with Russian officials in regards to business records. Seeing as a business cannot plea the Fifth, it was an easy ask of the Senate committee.

Trump is likely to end the Climate Deal according to three White House staffers. (We heard this after he said no to Paris).

U.S. Veteran is Convicted of Terrorism and sentenced to 35 years in prison. The man was found with a laptop that had incriminating ISIS information on it in January of 2015; 180 jihadist propaganda videos, Turkey-Syria border crossing information, even footage of a prisoner beheading.

A suicide bomber killed at least 80 people in the Afghan capital of Kabul. Close to 470 people were injured as the explosion from the truck caused windows from up to a mile away to shatter. The attack occurred while the government was creating an offensive plan to control the Taliban rebels and Islamic State. The Trump Administration was debating to send 5,000 more troops to help assist in their government losses.
Think of how many other times we’ve used his twitter as a distraction, or rather how he has distracted us with his tweets. This is just one day’s example of how the media, and even our government, can spin what we see and discuss for our day.

My first full time reporting job began on May 18th of this year. I had already been in two television internships (WMBF and the AW), written for Tempo for three years, and even started and ran an internship for Coastal through Odyssey. I didn’t consider myself naïve, but I soon found myself in a scenario far from removed what I was familiar with.

On May 31st, in the Greater Area of New York City, I worked as a reporter. This is the day I realized how much news gets pushed aside for the public to hear. As reporters and journalists, we are supposed to help inform the people, and the worst possible situation a reporter can come across is when their network is censoring important content without explanation.

The station I worked at was a North Korean and American studio based in New Jersey that covered, and is part of, what is known as Market 1. I began as intern for about two weeks before I received my state issued press badge as a reporter. Each morning we would have a meeting where each reporter, some producers, and our news director would pitch story ideas. We would then go off for the day, make it back before 1 p.m., have our scripts ready to be approved by 2 p.m., finally, depending on staff, I would edit the packages for myself and the other reporters.

Eleven days into my job, the first ICBM Missile was shot. I pitched the story to cover it; I knew a conference was held at City Hall in New York City, and that I would be able to source CNN’s b-roll of what they had acquired. While in the back of our news director’s head, I glance at the muted televisions: ABC 7, CBS 2, NBC 4, FIOs 1, CW 11, and News 12 NJ all displayed a date and time as to when they were going to release more information. I pointed this out, but my news director became rather upset and a bit hostile. I asked why he wanted to push that story to the trash and he said that it was all hearsay, that there was no proof of this supposed ICBM, or the administration just wants to sound worried to gather more nationalism with the divide Trump’s office caused. He refused to allow us to inform the public. Simply because of who owned the station? This continued throughout my time there. In addition, we were unable to cover LGBTQA rallies or press conferences, we did not boast about individuals in the LGBTQA, we did not announce when a child or person was illegitimate, or speak of ISIS. Some of the most newsworthy stuff is what we were unable to show our viewers.

I went from intern to full-blown, disgruntled reporter in the summer of 2017. Although I’ve been met with a few obstacles (courtesy of my director), I learned the most valuable information about what not to as a content creator. Those of our ilk have a moral responsibly to report the truth, and not a watered-down, shallow representation of what is going in our world.
NO MORE FAKE NEWS.
TAKE ME TO CHURCH:

“HOLY” WATER

BY PARAG DESAI
I’ve never been the religious type, so whenever I get the opportunity to drink faith in a tiny, plastic cup it’s a win-win.

The bar scene around Coastal Carolina’s campus is developing. Only a few locations are within the range of a cheap Uber drive, so there aren’t too many places you can rely on to [have fun and be responsible] without putting your GPA—or your life—at risk.

CCU’s best introduction to a convenient bar scene would have to be Tongy’s Shmackhouse, located on Hwy 501, opposite of the university’s entrance on University Blvd., where first impressions are thrown out the window—typically while in a drunken stupor.

For us legal college students, Tongy’s is the church we habitually visit to cleanse ourselves from all the evils of deadlines, tedious lectures, and take-home exams that occupy six hours of your time to complete. So, it begs the question, to loyal patrons and new-comers alike, who’s the one leading the sermon? Is it the DJ playing ‘Despacito’ 60-times in a row? Is it the frazzled cheerleader crying in the corner because Chad won’t answer her calls? No, it’s their most popular, most infamous mixed drink—Holy Water. Holy Water is preaching to the choir, it’s taking up donations, it can alleviate any particle of stress you have bubbling inside you with an angelic hymn: a mixture of blueberry vodka, sprite, blue curaçao, and sour mix.

Born out of wedlock on a Chautauque lakeside bar—The Village Casino—in Bemus Point, NY, the drink was first introduced to Tongy’s manager and bartender C.J. Dornberger. He recalls his encounter with the beverage as a golden learning opportunity.

“I was taught how to make it at the Casino, and by the time Tongy’s first opened during the summer of 2013, we added it to the menu.” C.J continued to explain that they nearly sell 330 cups
of Holy Water a week now, more than any of their other beverages. When asked about the drink’s meteoric rise to stardom, he smirked, “It’s blue, it’s cool, it’s unique, and more importantly it tastes good.”

This miraculous beverage has travelled many miles in search of a home—and there is no better place constantly in need of a thirst-quencher than in Conway, South Carolina. So naturally, the neon-blue hue and devilishly, sweet aroma has captivated many and utilized a plethora of pitchers in its wake, taking up residence in our hearts, our souls—and especially our precious bank accounts. The rest is history.

I’m sitting at the bar staring down the hypnotic, ice-filled mouth of this blue beast; I can only pray this night doesn’t prey on me. The best thing about Holy Water is you can count on it to keep your night going, the worst thing about is you might end up losing your damn mind. I throw the cup back, instantly my mouth is electrified with a tart blend of lemon, lime, and a hint of orange. There is a softness from the blueberry that retains the drink, protecting it from being too over the top. There’s a medley of delicious flavors; only the devil could produce something this wicked. It’s the type of drink that’ll make you happy for the moment, and regret your decision in the morning—it makes you wonder if there’s anything holy about Holy Water. I wave the bartender down, so I could order another. Right now, I’m not regretting anything.

HOLY WATER, TAKE ME TO CHURCH.
COSTA RICA

KERVIN KENTON : PUERTO VIEJO, COSTA RICA : 22
SPANISH

Pura vida no es sólo un decir en mi país, es mucho más que eso, es un estilo de vida, esta frase define nuestra cultura, una cultura pura, humilde y bondadosa. Es una cultura que lucha por lo que se merece y tiene ambición para alcanzar grandes metas con mucha dedicación, dejando muy en claro que no se envidian los goces ajenos. Pura vida es una manera de ser en la que se ayuda al prójimo sin esperar nada a cambio, se ayuda sólo por el simple hecho de que al costarricense le nace ser buena persona, ser de buen corazón y estar siempre atento a otro de los suyos, por lo tanto siempre se mantienen unidos, pero que no se malinterprete el término, se tiene en claro de que todo el que quiera afectar La Pa y armonía que se vive en Costa Rica va a estar en contra de esos mismos unidos por el bien de la patria, y aquellos que aceptan el término y vienen con vibras positivas, pues bienvenidos sean, sin importar color, raza o religión.

TRANSLATION IN THE BACK
I was parked in a loading zone across the street from the 7th Street Terminal......watching. I spend a lot of time watching and waiting. Waiting and watching. Usually from the shadows. A good hunter is patient. And I am a great hunter. It is winter, which I love because I have more hours under the cover of darkness. The gloom is where all monsters thrive, and it is already getting dark.

And there it is, nearly on time: The 6 PM Greyhound from somewhere in the Midwest. Saint Something or Something City. It doesn’t matter; they are all the same: a great source of quarry. In a few minutes passengers will have collected their belongings and begin to leave the station for the taxi stand or waiting friends and relatives. Except for a few, who will enter Los Angeles for the first time with starry eyed wonder and no idea where they will go next. I will have an answer for one of them.

Selecting a target is much like picking fruit. She can be neither too green nor overripe. And I have no use for the decayed souls that have jumped or fallen to rock bottom. And unfortunately most of the litters that are birthed from incoming Greyhounds are too putrefied for my tastes. My perfect prey is..............................there she is. She has luggage, so she is not a runaway. They travel light at the expense of their hygiene. No, thank you. She is ideal. Attractive, though she doesn’t know it. Robust, however she probably considers herself fat. As a skilled watcher, her entire deportment screams
low self-esteem. But the coup de grace is the bright red hooded sweatshirt with a single word emblazoned, in white, across her ample chest: “Nebraska.” A corn fed, succulent, well-marbled college girl, I had to purposefully keep myself from becoming one of Pavlov’s dogs, right there in the squad car. And it isn’t even full moon until tomorrow.

This was going to be easy. My eternal 25 year-old good looks combined with an impeccable uniform, tailored to accentuate my sculpted physique, hardly ever fails to mesmerize such a girl. I will just drive across the street and she will be in the car in less than five minutes. I will have that red hoody and whatever is under it on the floor of the cruiser by 8:00 and she will be dreadfully and fatally addicted to me by 8:15. I do so love to play with my food. I cranked the ignition and started idling across the street, when an old lady in an antique Cadillac convertible cuts me off and comes screeching to a rusty stop at the curb. Nebraska tosses her bags in the back seat and jumps in. They hug briefly and granny guns it and off they go cackling in a cloud of dust and burning oil. I am pissed but I resist the urge to pull her over and shoot her. Patience. I don’t even need to follow her. Patience. I know where she is going. Patience. I can run her plate: name, address

I pulled up to the address that came up on my screen and found a small, well kept, bungalow, overrun with flowers and vines that were still flourishing in late December. Well, it is Los Angeles. It was the kind of house you would expect a granny to live in if this were a fairy tale. The only problem is that it is in one of the worst parts of Mar Vista, shrouded in poverty and
circled by crack houses. Not much of a fairy tale kingdom. No way would I come to this neighborhood if I wasn’t immortal and horny. I checked myself in the visor mirror, practicing my toothy smile, “here comes your Prince Charming, Nebraska.”

As I walked up to the door, I felt the smoldering heat of eyes from behind curtains, dashboards, and dilapidated porches. I don’t imagine they see many 5-0 flying solo in this zip code. I saw the doorbell but instead chose to knock. A firm knock sounds more official and authoritative, particularly if the door chime is one of those musical ones, that I want to shoot until it stops. The door opened without hesitation, which I would advise against in this neighborhood. There stood granny in a faded, light blue, robe, looking even older than I imagined. Any idea I had for a twofer melted away, as did my ardor. “Yes?” she inquired. “What can I do for you officer..........er.......Wolf,” as she read my nametag, stepping aside and letting me enter, then leading me toward the dining room. My keen sense of smell was overwhelmed by the stench of expensive cigarettes and cheap perfume, with notes of booze and beer.

I quickly tired of this line of questioning and hit her just above her left ear with my flashlight. Sometimes I forget my own strength and the weight of that huge torch. It made a sound that reminded me of Gallagher and his melon act. Luckily, there is not much splatter, but a huge dent that her big 1960’s hairstyle did little to conceal. As she crumbles to the floor, the lost lighter jangles uselessly to the tile, followed closely by the, still unlit, cigarette. I bent down to acheck her for life. Unfortunately, she was still breathing, though faintly. So I
simultaneously pinched her nostrils shut, shoved the belt of her robe fully into her mouth and covered it with my other hand. She sprang awake for a few seconds, fought briefly and ineffectively, and then I felt her existence leave her with wide staring, terrified, eyes and a last gasp of airless felt.

Killing granny reenergized me, my tumescence returned, and I was anxious for Nebraska...no Sally, to return. Fortunately, grandma weighed hardly anything, like a hallow-boned bird, and was easy to stuff into the coat closet. I had barely gotten the door closed when I heard Sally coming up the walk. She paused to look at my patrol car and continued on up the walk. She was still wearing the hoody, which I intended to keep as a trophy. “Granny, what are the cops doing here?” As she entered, she saw me seated at the table. “Where’s Grandma? Who are you? What are you doing here?” I flashed my smile and she forgot herself for just long enough for me to pounce on her. Her fresh scent intoxicated me and the savage beast took over. I began to tear at her clothes and she screamed. I whispered in her ear, “nobody pays attention to screams in this neighborhood.”

Sally said, much more calmly and measured than I expected. “They do when granny runs the neighborhood.” Just then I felt those gazes on me again. Looking out into the night, it seems that every pair of those sallow eyes was looking at me over a gun sight.

The last thought that ran through my head as the shooting started was that I wished I was really a lycanthrope, because I doubt that these homies have silver bullets.

BY RICHARD WAINRIGHT
DEDICATION TO

MOON RISE

BY CAIT PRZETAK
As we sat on the pavement, drenched, and shivering—the five of us attempted to hold the medallion tapestry over our heads. The idea was for the rain to hit the tapestry and bead off, however, this was not the case. An hour passes, I pop my head out from under the failed hipster shield, but nothing has changed. Festival goers running from one end to another, stealing taxis and Lyfts to get back to their hotel rooms for the weekend. Another thirty minutes goes by and we look out again, most of the people had left, we then got up from the ground, our legs and bottoms tattooed by the uneven asphalt, we got into our Lyft and headed back to the hotel like the rest of those before us. Battling what felt like hypothermia, we were disappointed.

Just before the announcers took to the speaker systems, we were wrapping up our morning of ARMNHMR, Party Thieves, Chet Porter, and Grammatiks. Our group went to leave the Lunar Stage to The Solar Dance Tent to see the much-anticipated REZZ when an emergency evacuation was called. The National Weather Service issued severe thunderstorms. One could see how dangerous EDM and Trap House equipment can be in the rain and lightning, that’s when we took our “shelter” so to speak. By the time we had made it into the Lyft, had the driver turn the heat on full blast, we each got an alert. The festival would convene in twenty more minutes. So, the question came about, do we stay and freeze more to possibly see whichever artists did not leave the Pimlico Raceway, or did we go back to the hotel to warm up and be healthy four Day 2? Responsibly, we decided to call it for the day. The forecast for tomorrow looked bright, both figuratively and literally.
There was one singular goal for Day 2, to see Porter Robinson, seeing as our Day 1 goal was to see REZZ, we were 0-1 for our plans. We immediately began jumping from stage to stage. The grounds were not only soaked from the night before, but it created sinkholes filled with mud. The Solar Dance Tent became a brown mosh pit—no one was safe upon entering. We went from Wingtip, to Spock, to Ookay, Carnage, Elephante, and finally to Yellow Claw before my roommate and my favorite artist graced the stage. For some reason our friends decided to stay in the back of Porter’s set, but not my roommate myself and my roommate Diana. We found a platform near the center middle of the sea of ravers and got up on top of it. One girl was already standing on the railing, so had to join. The drops in Shelter were the deepest, smoothest pump-ups. We danced on that stage for almost his entire set because security hadn’t taken us down.

Following the mastermind, was a duo that will always baffle me: Dillstradamus, the combination of Dillon Francis and Flosstradamus. It was during this set that the stranger that once surrounded me became my family for the moment. You looked to your left and to your right and just saw heads just bobbing, girls twirling their LED hula hoops, and a guy with the crying Michael Jordan meme on a stick behind me. Much similar to a Kumbaya, we all swayed until the very last drop before the festival was over.
One aspect that emerges in Moldovan culture is the wine. We are a very loving nation that love to meet with relatives and friends in front of a glass of good Moldovan wine. Our wine is not very famous all over the world because we are not part of Europe, and we are not a famous touristic target, but we are proud to have the world's biggest wine cellar. The cellar is called "Mileștii Mici" founded in 1969 and is situated in the commune of Mileștii Mici. We preserve and mature high-quality wines. We export our wines to different destinations like Sweden, Japan, the USA, Great Britain, the Czech Republic, Poland, Greece, Germany, Denmark, Finland, and China. The homemade production of wine, liquors, and preserves it's still very common. If you will ever have the chance to visit the Republic of Moldova you should absolutely try some traditional cuisine accompanied by pickles, preserves, marmalade, compotes, and of course wine. Wine is something that will never miss at the table just like you will never be in a bad company in this beautiful country.

What is typical German? What seems to be a supposedly simple question, however, turns out to be a small puzzle for me as a German. However, it is true that Germany has long been home to the world's best physicists, chemists and doctors. German was a mandatory language in China until the Cultural Revolution, in order to study medicine there, imagine that! Until then, however, a certain Austrian made the land his own and opened a very grim chapter of German history. But I digress. The Germans are said to have all sorts of virtues, such as: punctuality, cleanliness, thoroughness and so on and so forth. After initial considerations, perhaps to question these virtues, I have to admit that this pre-attitude towards us Germans is very appropriate. Especially now that I am lucky enough to have seen one or the other country with my 22 years, I must emphasize that the German punctuality is still very high in the society. Especially when compared to the serenity of southern European societies or generally people from southern countries, it can be said that punctuality is often interpreted in many ways. In addition, I would still think that having free thinking and having great visions and insights while persevering, factually and accurately addressing the issues that arise, is what sets us apart. Here I would like to go into more detail, but that would go beyond the scope of this article.

For me French culture is a mix of habits and attitudes. Being from Paris, fashion and gastronomy have an important part in my life. In this city, people like to dress well, be always elegant and go out with their friends, go for a drink on the terrace, on rooftops, on the “banks of the Seine” as soon as it’s warm enough. They like to sit at the Tuileries Garden on Sunday afternoons or stroll through Le Marais, the trendiest area of Paris where shopping is a must seven days a week. Victim of its success and the image of “Parisian restaurant,” each trendy new restaurant that opens has a curious rush at the entrance. But something even more common and normal for a Parisian or a Parisian is certainly the appointments at the café. “Go to the cafe” seems a cliché. And yet, not a day goes by without me going with friends after classes or work, because it is the very expression of the Parisian know-how: conviviality, elegance and good living!

The usual Swede changes the shape after the current season. Because Sweden is located far north, far from the equator, the number of sunny hours changes significantly from summer to autumn, winter and spring. During summertime the days are long, the sun shines up to 20 hours every day in most of the country. To the north, the sun does not go down for three weeks. This is reflected in an active way of living. Sweden stays more outdoors, socializes more with friends and acquaintances and is generally better thanks to the light and energy created around it. When it’s in the fall, the Earth rotates so that the northernmost part of the planet gets less and less sunlight every day, while the most southernmost parts get more sunlight. In Sweden, the weather is getting colder, the days are shorter and the possibilities for staying outdoors after school and jobs are limited. The Swedish becomes more focused and most likely goes into school and work rather than friends and others. When December turns off, the darkness is total, larger parts of the country get only 4 to 5 hours of sunlight and northern parts are stuck with constant darkness for three weeks. One stays more indoors and chooses the shortest way home from work. It’s lucky that Christmas and New Year celebrations come when it’s the darkest, otherwise many Swedes will not stand out. When it’s needed most, it turns and by mid-March spring is back. One can literally feel energy rebuilt once every day becomes brighter and warmer, plants bloom and wildlife looks forward. Holidays are approaching and in mid-June, when it is brightest, we celebrate Midsummer, a tribute to the light and all the possibilities it gives us; harvesting, activities, parties, food and so on. That the light comes and goes can give trouble but also huge possibilities. One thing that is sure is that it teaches us to appreciate the summer and everything that comes with it!

Pure life is not just a saying in my country; it is much more than that, it is a way of life. This phrase defines our culture, a pure culture, humble and kind. It is a culture that fights for what it deserves and has ambition to achieve great goals with a lot of dedication, making it very clear that they do not envy the enjoyment of others. Pure life is a way of being in which one helps others without expecting anything in return, it is helped only by the simple fact that the Costa Rican is born to be a good person, to be of good heart and to be always attentive to another of their own; therefore they always remain united, but that the term is not misinterpreted, it is clear that everyone who wants to affect La Pa and harmony that is lived in Costa Rica will be against them united for the good of the homeland, and those who accept the term and come with positive vibes, so welcome, regardless of color, race or religion.
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