

the **free press** may 2017  
a binghamton media group publication



[nostalgia]

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# letter from the publisher

As I sit down to write my final letter from the publisher, the only thing that comes to mind is this: the definition of nostalgia is, essentially, loving something so much you want it over and over. What could be more perfect?

Welcome to our first-ever Nostalgia Issue. This one is especially dear to me, as it comes to us during a rather self-reflective time. We're wrapping up the end of the year and making plans for the future. I'll graduate this semester and be off into the real world; strangers won't know anything of this magazine except what they see on my *free press* t-shirt. I'll know what it got me though. And where it got me. I'll remember all the friends I've made and the work I've done. Most importantly, I'll know that *free press* has given so many kids at Binghamton a place to truly be themselves. I know it sounds corny, but have you seen what we publish?

At my first meeting, there were about 6 writers in the room and we were done in 15 minutes. Now, our meetings are so packed that we run out of chairs. We have students contacting us every day out of interest in getting involved. We have a bustling social media presence and we're experimenting with our content and layout in every single issue. I could not be more proud.

Anyway -- I'll finish this up before it gets too mushy. I need to thank Sabrina, Lydia and Michael for dedicating so much of their time to make these issues possible. I also need to thank our team of writers, once again, who consistently turn in amazing content.

Here's one last *xox* to you, dear reader, who truly keeps this publication alive.

xox,  
Regina

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# meet the editors



**sabrina, editor in chief**  
voted most likely to kill a man with a  
wink of the eye and a stir of the hips



**regina, publisher**  
voted most emo



**michael, photo editor**  
voted most



**lydia, layout editor**  
voted best smile

# satire

I wake up early at 11am, and immediately, without even opening my eyes first, I turn to my iphone 17, tucked under the covers next me. We begin to make violent, passionate love: I rub and tap the screen over and over until I come to the end of my Instagram, Twitter, Facebook, Tumblr, and Tinder feeds. I even check out Mindless-Liberal-20something-Snowflake-Hippie.com for the national news update, and rejoice that just two years after the legalization of marijuana, methamphetamine and heroin have been okayed too!

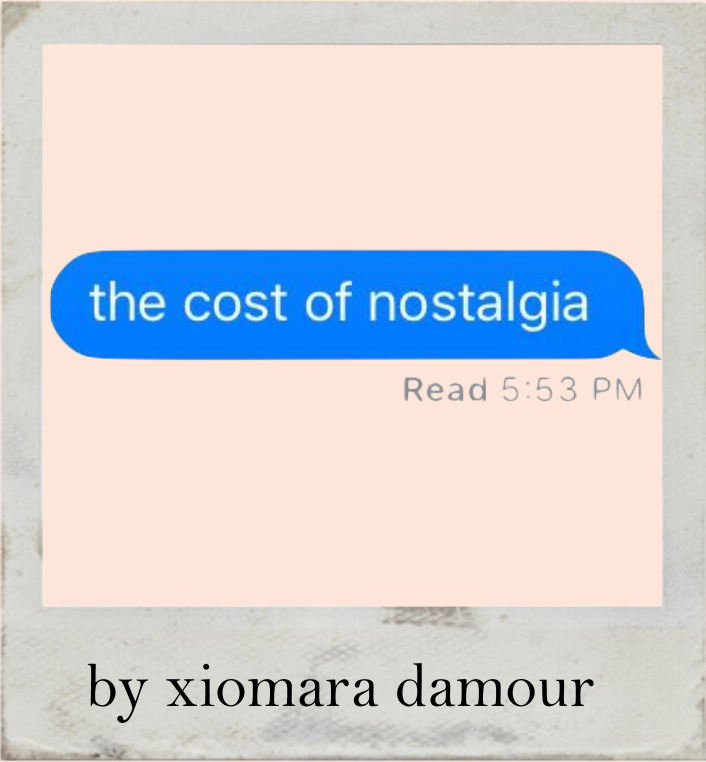
Ready for the day, I slip into my Ugg moccasins and look around my room while breathing in the fresh fragrance of Kardashian Sweat from my essential oil diffuser. The room is filled with tasteless Ikea furniture, participation trophies, and floor-to-ceiling mirrors. Here, I am me. I am flawless, on fleek, beautiful just because I exist, and can achieve anything I put my mind to. I inhale, exhale, ready for my me day.

Today, I'm skipping work because I deserve it, you might even say I'm entitled to it. Instead I'll spend the day with a friend; he's transgender and gay, so he really checked off all the boxes on my Diversity Building LinkedIn friendship application. He'll be so happy when he sees the gender neutral bathroom I installed in my own home! We plan on staying in, watching the Blackfish documentary on my parent's Netflix account, and drinking nonfat soy almond green tea matcha ethically sourced cold brew macchiato peppermint mocha pumpkin spice latte juice.

My phone buzzes. 372,991 notifications: school loan balance update- down to \$385,402- Congratulations!, Millennial Tax to Pay Baby Boomer Social Security Debt increase- now 41 percent of personal income. I let out a sigh of relief. I am just so glad Aaron and I never got married, then we'd have both our debts to think about. It's just wonderful Mom and Dad still let me live at home and only complain a little about my selfish generation! They just really get my situation.

I keep reading: Ozone Depletion- 67%, remember to wear sunscreen, today's water ration- 5 gallons per person, 6 new animals added to the endangered species list. What a wonderful world to inherit.

by lindsey mcclafferty



## the cost of nostalgia

Read 5:53 PM

by xiomara damour

Every day we all sigh and reminisce over the good old days or the simpler times. We long for those seemingly endless summers with their days filled with laughter and relaxation whenever another cold Binghamton day rears its ugly head. We ache for the childlike wonder we feel during that first fall of snow in the winter whenever we get sick of the stifling humidity of a New York summer. This constant urge for re-experiencing moments of the past might seem harmless but it can also pose a danger.

For one, often the moments that we feel nostalgic for were not as picturesque as we deem them to be in the present. This keeps us in a constant state of delusion where we seek to recreate events that most likely were not as great as we remembered. As more time passes in between those moments, our imaginations begin to fill in the gaps which leave them prone to over exaggeration.

Many times, I have found myself so wrapped up in my own nostalgia that I would dream of re-connecting with former friends of mine and create new memories but now with these characters from my past. These dreams would quickly turn into nightmares once I'd wake up and remember why these people did not successfully transition into my present life.

Having to drag oneself from the realm of the past into the realm of the future is a difficult task. Sometimes the past is so alluring and its images burn like a hot stone in the forefront of your mind that you have to stop yourself from thinking "How were things so much easier and enjoyable back then?". The answer to this question is sadly that they really weren't; every stage of life has its difficulties but it's hard to see that when you're comparing the now to the then. Due to this quality, our longings for the past can be paralyzing because if we're too busy looking back into the rearview mirror of our lives it's hard to see the beauty in our present struggles and triumphs. So what if you have way less free time now than you did 5 years ago? So what if you no longer communicate with your friend group from high school or elementary school? Look at all that you've accomplished even if it's something small like finally signing up to be on a listserv for a club that you've been eyeing all year. Let your past experiences and failures be a springboard into your future instead of a blinding rose-colored border blocking your growth.



# *return of 2000s culture*

Early 2000s fashion is recognizable by its strange intersection of ostentatious luxury branding and cheap, disposable commercialism. The prototypical 2000s item is a cotton tank-top prominently displaying the word “JUICY”, or “bling bling” or a Chanel logo-- hilariously straightforward luxury products, unwavering about their function as status symbols. These items didn't hide that they are only as valuable as what they can signify about one's status. This was a time of recession, and Americans in the Bush era were obsessed with the lives of the extraordinarily wealthy. *Cribs*, *My Super Sweet 16*, *Rich Girls*, *The Real Housewives*, *The Simple Life*, and *The OC* were staples of popular culture. Not all of these shows were decidedly sympathetic to the rich (although many of them were), but nearly all approached the lives of young, rich people as an escapist spectacle, amplifying their gaudiness for an indulgent viewership experience. Can you imagine the hook of a hit song declaring “If you ain't got no money take your broke a\*\* home?” at any other time than the Bush era? American culture, under a right-leaning government, was exposed to a narrative that normalized income disparity. The Bush administration subscribed to a neoliberal approach to economics, which is a perspective that relies upon the idea that the free market rewards hardworking, deserving people. The focus on young people in 2000s media, born into their status rather than earning it, can be seen as a kind of scrutiny towards this idea. For a public largely dissatisfied with the federal government--according to a 2008 Rasmussen poll, 41% of Americans said that George W. Bush

*Did fashion and media celebrate neoliberal values or point out their vacancy?*

“will go down in history as the worst U.S. President ever”--what argument is made by the 2000's obsession with flimsy signifiers of wealth, especially considering young stars did not necessarily “earn” these status symbols? Did fashion and media celebrate neoliberal values or point out their vacancy? The answer, obviously, is something along the lines of “both?”, “it depends?” and “it's complicated?”. These contradictions are clear in reality TV, like the *My Super Sweet 16*. The show lets the audience judge spoiled teenagers who demand dyed-pink poodles and throw tantrums about getting their dream car before, rather than after, their party. The absurdity of it all tells a viewer that the wealthy are not necessarily “hardworking”, “deserving” people, the hierarchy is pretty arbitrary. As much as this can disrupt the neoliberal narrative that disenfranchises so many Americans, *My Super Sweet 16* still shows this lifestyle as a fantasy, glorifying excess, making it look fun. For someone who is poor but believes that they will someday be on top, this show speaks to the life they believe they deserve. The contradictions of the early 2000s are also expressed in the show *The Simple Life*, the premise of which is literally to laugh at rich people doing minimum wage jobs. This simultaneously makes fun of the rich and the poor, showing how confusing it can be to consider wealth to be desirable and affirming, while also meaningless and unfair. *The Simple Life* is a perfect example of a larger conversation which attempted to reconcile the different narratives that surround income inequality-- the hegemonic neoliberal perspective that hierarchy is natural and justifi



ably arranges classes based off of meaningful differences, and the criticism that argues that these hierarchies are harmful and arbitrary. The current revival of 2000s can be seen as the continuation of American culture using fashion and media to grapple with neoliberal values, but this time with a much more subversive edge. MTV News writer Gabby Noone recently addressed the return of 2000s fashion in her article, “My Super Sweet 2016: The Return Of Early-2000s Fashion”. Noone linked the Bush era with the Trump era, arguing that fashion is responding to a similar political climate. Like the 2000s, Donald Trump represents wealth with a similarly gaudy sense of aesthetic choices. Often called a “poor man’s idea of a rich man”, Donald Trump’s New York City living room contains a fountain, rococo ceilings paintings, and corinthian columns gilded in gold. Like the obviousness of VIVA LA JUICY plastered across a T-shirt, this expression of wealth is skin-deep, magnified to the point of uncanniness, and straightforwardly shallow. Brands like Juicy, Von Dutch, and Ed Hardy have been making a comeback in streetwear Instagram communities, as reflected by the posts of Kylie Jenner, who has been known to adopt Instagram trends at the height of their popularity. Rihanna, who is arguably the living personification of fashion, has been photographed in pink velour tracksuits and holding small monogrammed bags. 2000s reality TV is making a comeback too— as recently as April 3rd, MTV has began casting new episodes of My Super Sweet 16. In a post-Occupy Wall Street, post-Bernie Sanders, think piece-heavy world, there is a lot less ambiguity about the meanings of these status symbols. Although Kylie Jenner may not be an example of this, the communities she draws from are likely consciously manipulating signs of wealth in ironic ways. Noone points out artist Ava Nirui as an example of someone contributing to this conversation in her work, in which she sews several luxury logos on a sin-

gle garment, amplifying their impact, making them seem hollow and out-of-place. Not only does this take luxury and make it loud and funny, it also utilizes the feminized medium of fashion and makes it something radical—obnoxious and political. Moving forward, we can expect fashion and culture to trend against the glorification of wealth. Instead, status symbols will continue to be co-opted by those who are frustrated with the Trump administration. Take what you can from 2000s culture- the more showy and tasteless, the better.

*by*  
*johanna boyes*



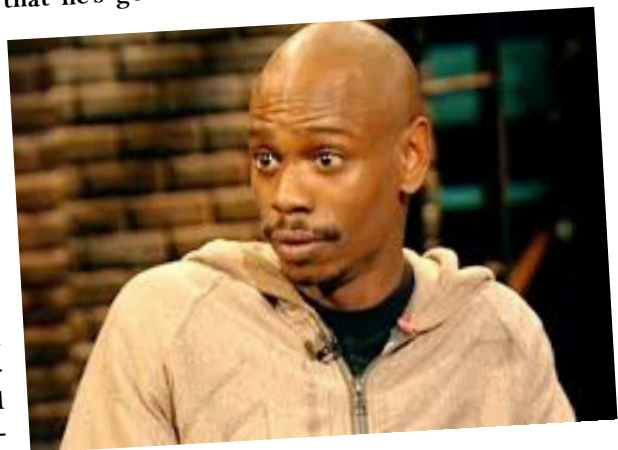
# Dave Chappelle

is still funny, and that's all that matters

by eric gaccione

Dave Chappelle, after the highly-anticipated wait, has finally delivered two of his three new stand-up specials on Netflix. It was funny. It wasn't hysterical, or Clayton Bigsby-funny, but it was still funny. As someone who watched reruns of the Chappelle show, pissing myself with laughter, feeling a tad bit nervous laughing at the "Black reparations" skit with my lone black friend and ultimately cursing the host for leaving the show and \$50 million on the table after two seasons in 2005, it was nice to see he finally came to his senses. When I say this, I don't mean that he returned to the stage with more comedy to please the masses who have mourned his absence; I mean it was good to see him find new inspiration in life, and develop new material that had value to him, even if it was dated. It was a breath of fresh air, as the king reclaimed his throne, and showed viewers he still doesn't give a shit about what you think. The first special took place in Los Angeles, and it didn't take Dave long to get the crowd going. He opened with a take on his infamous "Dave Chappelle drunk in Detroit, booed off stage" story, claiming the headline upset him, as he was just "very high" after smoking with some rappers, and "was booed, but did not leave." The joke resonates with all the fabricated stories created about Chappelle after he left his show in 2005. While he might have left in an untimely manner and in dramatic fashion, not everything said about him was true, and he ultimately did what was right for him. The special rolled on, with Chappelle recounting all four times he met OJ Simpson (and feeling the essence of murder the third time), along with not wanting to believe Bill Cosby raped all those women. "It's like if you learned Chocolate Ice Cream itself raped 54 women." While Dave's rape jokes haven't survived much in the past, this one was in good spirit, if that's even possible. The funniest thing he said all night was referring to how hard it was being gone for so long, and "seeing Key and Peele do my show for 7 years." The crowd roared at this jab, and I'm sure the Comedy Central duo would have found it funny as well. He was safe, without being too safe, but witty as all hell, just like we all remembered. The second special, filmed in Austin, Texas, was actually filmed before the first, which is revealed through Chappelle's distinct quirks and kinks. Although not completely off his rocker, you can tell he is a bit rusty, at one point lighting a cigarette giv-

en to him by a fan, and jawing about how millennials aren't cultured and sophisticated, and don't care about things in the way his generation does. While I detest this statement, many older, sadistic individuals waiting for the new Fresh Prince reboot do feel this way, and Dave is simply appealing to a certain demographic. Parts of this bit are true; we are overstimulated, and don't always mean what we say, but following up this statement with a joke about "pussy juice" shows Chappelle's slight idiocy and hypocrisy, which he often doesn't use to a fault. After an extensive conversation on racism, stemming from an incident where someone threw a banana on stage at him (and later that week at another comedian), Dave dives into the story of how four Ohio boys called him the N-word, and being completely stumped when considering what to do. "I've never been in the position to determine the fate of white children before," he recounts. This line, while clever, is not delivered so much as a joke, but more as a confession. Here Chappelle again displays his brutal honesty and cynical view on today's society, adding that living as a black man in America is terrifying, "even if you're Dave Chappelle." While feeling more like an interview than a comedic routine, Chappelle introduced himself back into the stand-up world as only he could, which is all we could ask for. To the delight of most, Dave Chappelle once again commanded a stage, and told us how it is. Whether discussing tricking a cop into letting him drive home high as balls, masturbating while eating cereal when his wife is not around, or trying to explain to a woman how suffering is definitely not the same for all, Chappelle wrapped up each joke with his classic essence and cadence, making sure people knew he was not only listening during those off years, but that he's got some funny shit to say about it too.



# *back to the past:* Samurai Jack returns to Adult Swim for a new season

This past March, animated series Samurai Jack returned to Cartoon Network for its fifth and final season after leaving us in 2004. Samurai Jack originally aired on primetime Cartoon Network but returned to an 11 pm timeslot on Adult Swim. These cartoon reboots are always made for the same audience: the same people that were watching the show on Cartoon Network as kids are the ones watching it on Adult Swim today.

Samurai Jack follows the unnamed Samurai, nicknamed Jack, wander dystopian Earth with his magic katana. Jack was flung into the future by Aku, the shape-shifting demon whose evil is now law. Samurai Jack fights off mutant aliens, evil robots and bounty hunters in a quest to travel back in time and undo all the evil Aku has wrought.

The new season picks up another 50 years later. Jack has stopped aging due to the effects of his time travel. He's jaded, bearded, and sporting more futuristic weaponry -- full body armor and a motorcycle -- in-

stead of his now lost magic katana. We see him suffer dramatic flashbacks and hallucinations of his deceased family and former self. Aku has aged as well. Exhausted by trying to kill Jack, he's now raising an all-female army of assassins -- the Daughters of Aku -- training with the sole purpose of killing Jack.

Overall, these new episodes are much darker, more intense, and more emotional. Since the new season is meant to finish up the story, the episodes are also more serial, blending into one another as opposed to being more episodic and standing alone. And after passing away in 2006, Mako Iwamatsu, the voice of Aku, has since been replaced by Greg Baldwin.

But still, Samurai Jack is just as visually stunning. Rich in references to Kung-Fu, classic Hollywood and 1970s cinematography, the series went critically acclaimed with four Primetime Emmy Awards.

We grew up with Samurai Jack and we're more than happy to have it back.

by regina bell





# how to be a skateboarder in binghamton

*by sidney ogunsekan*

It's time. You've seen your favorite celebrities wearing Thrasher™ sweatshirts, you just bought some Vans Sk8-Hi's, you watched like 30 seconds of a skateboarding clip you got tagged in on Instagram, and now you're ready to shred the streets. But how exactly does one go from having no skateboarding ability to becoming the next Tony Hawk? Well if you're in Binghamton, first things first -- you head to Cherri Lindsey Skate Park. It's not the best skate park, or even a good one for that matter, but it's the only one we've got here in the 607.

Here you'll find the many denizens that inhabit our local park. Roughly 80% of them will be high-schoolers with neon-dyed hair. But they're a good bunch. You'll definitely find the occasional scooter-er, kid on rollerblades who's having way too much fun doing the same spin over and over, or even that one dude walking around bouncing a fucking basketball in the middle of the park.

Don't feel like going to the skate park? Well lucky you for you, Binghamton offers tons of street spots that are simply PRIME for skateboarding. And by spots, I mean weird concrete slabs that you and friends find on the side of the road and go "Yea, maybe we can kinda sorta skate on that thing?" One of these spots happens to be located in an alleyway right across from Chris's Diner downtown. Here you'll find a ledge that's pretty good for doing grinds, but even better for sitting on and pondering why the fuck you're playing with a tiny wooden toy in an alley at 21 years old.

Binghamton even offers...wait for it, weather-proof spots! That's right, no longer do you have to fear the natural enemy of skateboarders everywhere -- rain. Located at Horace Mann Elementary School, you'll find an empty lot perfect for escaping those pesky Binghamton storms. But the best part about this spot isn't even the fact that it's always dry. No, the real treasure here is that every time you come here you can get showed up by a skateboarder half your age.



*photo by sidney ogunsekan*



# STOP TELLING ME I'M PRETTY

During my senior year of high school, I became fascinated with the Dove Real Beauty self-esteem campaign. I had seen a number of the campaign's ads, often depicting images of several women with 'different' body types, all preaching to me the same "You are beautiful" motto. No matter how hard I tried, I didn't buy it. I began to wonder if self-esteem campaigns were as equally ineffective for everybody else. I decided senior year to conduct a research study to see how Dove Real Beauty and Lane Bryant's "I'm No Angel" affected the self esteem of thirty 18 year old girls. I found that most girls experienced an increase in self esteem that was hardly more than 15%, if at all.

I can't say that I'm surprised by the results. After some thinking, I came to the conclusion that the reason self-esteem campaigns seem to be ineffective is because they base their entire message on this faulty premise that everybody is beautiful. You wouldn't say everyone is smart, would you? Or that everyone has good handwriting? Or that everyone can cook? No, of course you wouldn't. When we say that everyone is beauti-

ful, we are indirectly saying that not being beautiful is the worse thing you can be. We are devaluing every other trait a woman can possess, because apparently other characteristics, like kindness and intelligence, are unimportant enough that we don't have to lie and say they are universal traits to make people feel better about themselves. We are essentially elevating the importance of beauty above everything else, and this is emotionally damaging to people who aren't beautiful. Even if it's not intentional, self-esteem campaigns we are perpetuating the idea that the best thing a woman can be is gorgeous. And even when we're not using the word beauty to reference aesthetic, when we're using it to refer to who we are on the inside, saying that we are all beautiful is still problematic. The word beautiful has come to imply some sort of pinnacle or max. Like, "You're beautiful on the inside! It means you're amazing! Outstanding! Fantastic!" This message doesn't sit well with me, and in my experience, it hasn't been all that effective either. I find that this message can be powerful and effective in

short spurts, but eventually can make someone painfully aware of how not-amazing they are. Maybe I sound really negative. I get how it seems really critical and unnecessary to pick on self esteem campaigns for their shortcomings, but I think there's more to it than that. Why do we keep trying to tell people that they're beautiful, especially women, as if they don't see what they are? How about instead of a campaign that tells women that they're all beautiful, we create a self esteem campaign that liberates women from feeling like they have to be beautiful to be worth something? How about instead of telling women that they're beautiful on the inside, we tell them that they are worthy of love and respect, no matter what? How about we start trying to help women overcome everything that tells them that they need to be more than they are, instead of lying to them and saying that they meet these BS standards?

*by katherine  
molina*

# ¡Vete a Cuba!

by Michael Sugarman

If you follow me on any social media, or maybe even if you don't, you probably know I went to Cuba for spring break. (\*\*\*)I visited my friend studying abroad in Havana for a week, so this will likely not be representative of the country as a whole, just my experiences and what I saw. (\*\*\*) This article will serve as a sort of travelogue, both an endorsement of the trip and a recap of the country's oddities. For a full account of my misadventures, simply say the words "spring break" within 300 feet of my person, or get me a motherfucking contact at VICE so I can write them an article about it, goddammit!

The first thing anyone talks about is the cars, and for good reason. They're pretty remarkable, and also everywhere. They're not some novelty thing; these are the cars that a majority of Cubans drive. Many of them are cabs, either as part of the tourism trade, or machinas that drive around the city, stopping to pick up as many passengers as will fit along the way. You'll see an occasional car from the

past ten years, but these seem ugly in comparison, monstrously robotic next to the beautiful Soviet clunkers. There are some souped-up convertibles that are mainly for tourists to rent, but most of the cars are falling apart. They're literally from the 50's, and it shows. A lot of them have doors that you have to close very softly, or plywood covering holes in the floor. That's not to knock these cars in any way. The machinas are the most efficient way around Havana and only cost 10 pesitos - less than five cents per person.

The cars aren't the only relic from the past. The entire country feels somehow separate from the rest of the world in a way. For the most part, it functions normally, but there are just a few small things that make you stop and think for a second. For one thing, there's very little internet. Not that there's none, but wifi hotspots are few and far between, painfully slow, and monitored by the Cuban government. The government claims that the poor internet quality is due to the US trade embargo, but critics say that the internet is intentionally bad, to make it harder to access outside information and culture. On top of the internet, everywhere I went was cash only, as if it really was the 50's again. There's also very little beef in the country after the collapse of the USSR, because Cuba got all of its





beef from Russia. Subsequently, most of their hamburgers are made of pork.

Maybe the weirdest thing for me was the propaganda. There were pictures of Castro everywhere, which, sure. I get it. But what was really spooky was all the talk about the revolution. Painted on countless walls was, "Viva la revolución!" In the late 50's, Castro did indeed take power by revolution, overthrowing the previous government rife with poverty and high unemployment. However, more than 50 years later, the government is still called the revolution. It's become so entrenched and internalized that anything against the government is dubbed counterrevolutionary, despite being actually revolutionary. Maybe it's meaningless, but it's a small example of the power of words and language, and the sway they have over the way we think.

Sorry for all this boring shit. Cuba was awesome. Everything is so bright and colorful, and maybe most importantly it was WARM. I got a TAN!!! I also got really burnt tho so if you go to the beach please be careful! As far as places to go, you have to go to Fábrica. It's basically a combination Cuban art gallery and nightclub, and it's awesome. Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes in downtown Havana is another fantastic resource for really good

Cuban art, and it's right down the street from a hotel with a rooftop pool that's super easy to sneak into (fine, just one misadventure). Most restaurants are pretty delicious, though I do have a soft spot for Café Punto G, mostly because its name means Café G Spot.

In terms of actually going, it's pretty much as easy as flying anywhere else. You need to fall into one of twelve categories to be eligible for a visitor visa, but don't worry. I put down "educational - person to person" and the woman at the airport barely looked at it, didn't ask me a single question, and handed me my visa pretty directly. Do some research before you go, but it'll probably be fine. You can stay in a hotel, or in countless casas particulares (basically Airbnb's). If you are interested in going, the only thing I would say is to go as soon as you can. The tourism trade is increasing exponentially every day, so you should go before capitalism ruins yet another country. I'm not even fully kidding; Cuba has universal healthcare (even for tourists!!), so medical jobs, for example, make state salaries, while taxi drivers or anyone involved in tourism is making bank, creating a huge income gap. Other than that, though, it's lit! I highly recommend it, either as a cultural experience or just a beach vacation. If you have any questions, I'd be more than happy to talk about it :)





# In Remembrance of American Apparel: 1989-2017

by Brittaney Skavla

American Apparel: a business dedicated to providing ethically made, form-fitting, retro fashion to retail consumers since 2003. As 2017 arrived, us fans dedicated to AA's ~aesthetic~ have been forced to wave goodbye to the iconic brand that has been dressing us as if it's still 1999. Today, online operations have ceased. The over 200+ store locations throughout the world are closing. The once expensive, yet basic, items that we know, love, and have purchased anyway are now being sold for upwards of 50% off the original price. Yes, that Cotton Spandex Jersey Crop Tee (or, in the common man's vernacular, a crop top) that you bought for \$28 last year is now being sold for \$5. Trust me, I was just at one of the few remaining store locations last weekend when I came across a batch of these shirts, all red, in either size XS or L. Grazing my fingertips across the bright red, once overpriced piece of fabric, I couldn't help but think: what happened to American Apparel?

## The Rise

The year is 1989: the groundwork for a business which would soon be known as American Apparel has begun. A young man by the name of Dov Charney, a Canadian, began importing blank, American-made garments, such as t-shirts, to Canada to sell. In 1990, he moved operations to South Carolina, where he began manufacturing the garments instead, selling them as wholesale products to businesses for uniforms or screen printing purposes. Come 1997, Charney moved operations from South Carolina to Los Angeles, where the garments were produced domestically, still for wholesale purposes, by factory workers. At this time, American Apparel became known for its extremely fair treatment

of its workers, as well its high wages. In 2000, the company moved to the south Los Angeles factory that it's known for today. 2003 saw the expansion from wholesale operations to consumer retail, with the opening of a store in Los Angeles. Since then, over 200 stores had opened up across America, and across the world. The company, which had taken pride in its "Made in the USA" label, would see great popularity, expansion, and financial success throughout the next few years. However, the business would later come face-to-face with controversy, scandal, and later, bankruptcy.

## The Fall

Since 2000, the advertisements put out by American Apparel were very well known for the fact that they had no boundaries. These ads included everything, from boobs, to butts, to tube socks (literally, models wearing nothing but socks). Many of them were banned in the UK because of their content. Banned or not, they certainly attracted the attention of many. The ads were also known for their distinct visual style, which were candid, unairbrushed, "amateur" looking shots, as well as their alleged use of using "real girls" as models (that is, not professional models). However, this claim was refuted by a model of the company in 2010, who said that the company did indeed use professional models as well as actresses for their ads. While their ads were continuing to cause controversy, the company also faced a number of other scandals. The biggest, most prominent scandals that stretched across the company's history had to deal with sexual misconduct by the company's CEO, Dov Charney. Multiple times, Charney had been accused of sexual harassment and inappropriate be-

havior by multiple employees. From sexting workers, to conducting interviews in his underwear, to gifting vibrators to employees, Charney's behavior brought forth quite a few lawsuits.

Other lawsuits included one received by Woody Allen for the use of his image in an advertisement without his consent. In addition, in 2009, AA was accused of forging their financial statements, causing their auditors to resign. Also in 2009, amongst already existing controversy and scandal, the business, for the first time, ceased to make a profit. Since then, AA had not made a single profit in its remaining years of operation. Their rapid overexpansion of stores is partially thought to be blamed for this, as well as its failure to keep up with "fast fashion" brands such as H&M and Zara, who produce low priced clothes overseas at the expense of cheap labor. Late 2014, founder and CEO Dov Charney was ter-

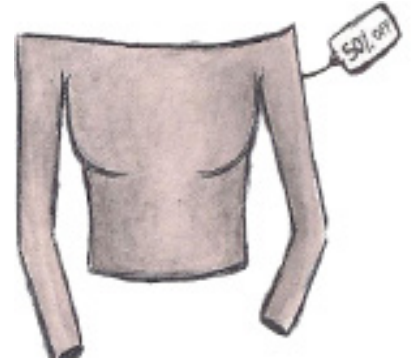
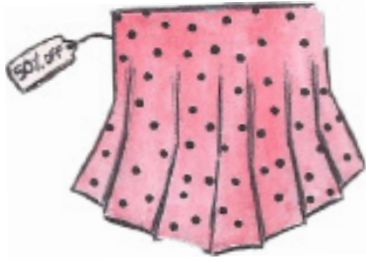




minated, and 2015 saw Paula Schneider step forth as the new CEO. She brought change to AA's infamous, yet iconic advertisement methods, restricting the ads to include fully clothed models. Whether this change had a positive impact on sales, however, cannot be determined as the company still failed to make a profit and filed for bankruptcy that same year, and again in 2016. January 2017 saw the closing of the south LA factory, as well as the continued closing of stores, laying off thousands of workers. It seemed like the end of AA had actually begun.

I had only started shopping at American Apparel around four years ago, but within the few years that I had been a customer, it had become a brand that I had truly grown to love. While simply liking that style was the reason I had started shopping there, the clothes weren't the only reason I continued to be a customer. Not only was I buying wellmade style, but I was buying products of ethical, domestic labor. What's important to remember is that, aside from its controversies and scandals, American Apparel had been a company that rose to success in this country without taking advantage of grossly underpaid overseas workers, and had instead given jobs to thousands of people in this country. Not only had AA provided jobs domestically, but it had such favorable working conditions, particularly fair wages, for those employed at its factory. For years, American Apparel had been appreciated by many, myself included, for its style— not only its style of clothing, or its style of advertisements, but its style of business: vertical integration. To see such a company collapse largely in part due to competition from companies that utilize overseas sweatshops in order to provide such cheaply priced products is disheartening.

However, this may not actually be the end. Ironically, American Apparel has been purchased at auction by Canadian garment manufacturer Gildan. This would have the brand returning to its wholesale roots of basic garments, as Gildan had not purchased the remaining retail stores. While it seems as though we may not be able to enjoy the vibey, colorful interior and displays of an AA store in the future, the American Apparel retail website states that the online store will be operating again in Summer 2017. Does that mean that we should be able to, once again, buy our beloved High Waist Jean Cuff Shorts, or bodysuits in a variety of prints and cuts? If that's the case, then is it really the end for American Apparel?



***R.I.P. AMERICAN APPAREL, 1989-???***

# make america great *again?*

The inherent issue with the idea of “making America great again” is that it has never been great to begin with. America has done some great things, but its history tells a very sordid story with innumerable violent acts. Before America was even considered America it began its history of oppression and subjugation: starting with the killing, suppression and dismantling of Native Americans and their culture, pausing to participate in the enslavement, abuse and continued oppression of black people and turning back millions of refugees. Mind you this is a very small sample.

America can't be great again because the fact is America has never truly been great. Born out of a violent history of oppression and suppression, it has shown time and time again that America does not give a fuck about the majority of its people. For a country to at least be on the way to greatness it would have to first and foremost admit that its violent, rather terrorist like actions were and are a problem. America and many Americans refuse to apologize or even see a problem with the numerous ills it caused Native Americans, black people, Asians, Jewish refugees and many other American emigrants.

For America to have ever been great you would have to have been rich, white and male. If you don't fit into this demographic your life is harder even if only by a little: women deal with issues from their access to reproductive rights and equal pay; the LGBTQ community struggles for basic rights like marriage, people of color struggle with police brutality and unequal opportunities as a result of institutionalized racism and stereotyping.

When a good majority of the people in a country do not feel welcomed, heard or even safe there is clearly something wrong. America cannot be great until it admits and takes action to deal with the ways in which it oppressed people of color and immigrants. Until real, legal and effective steps are taken to make this country an equal playing field for all who inhabit it, greatness will always be out of its reach. The idea of greatness suggests that at any time any person, regardless of ethnicity, religious beliefs or social standing, has an equally opportunity to make something of themselves. It means they have access. America does not offer such access; it is not great and therefore cannot be made great again.



illustration by mary horohoe

by jazz guillet

# whatever happened to the man of tomorrow?

by bradley horowitz

In the distant future of 1997, a stone statue stands amongst pedestrians in the city of Metropolis. The statue composes the portrait of a man watching over them with a smile full of confidence and kindness. He was a god walking amongst men who never used his powers to harm others. That man was Superman and author Alan Moore is telling his last adventure. "Whatever Happened To The Man of Tomorrow" hits your heartstrings in all the right areas. It is not a story of a hero's despair against an amoral villain; it is a hero's acceptance of his demise, yet, he continues forward with protecting his loved ones. It wraps up what was a legendary and optimistic view of the world with Superman. I am not a comic reader; it has been years since I actually picked one up, but I am an admirer of Alan Moore who has given our literature culture memorable works. When I heard of his early stories with Superman, I was immediately interested. I wanted to see what the man whom many consider to be a pioneer in post-modernism would do with a beloved character. I was not disappointed.

The story begins with a now older Lois Lane, Superman's classic love interest, being interviewed by a Daily Planet reporter to talk about the last adventure of Superman. Lois is now married to a man with surname Elliot with a child. She covers the day Superman realized something was amok when his duplicate, Bizarro, commits mass murder and suicide since he apparently now thinks that he should be a complete anti-Superman. Superman returns to his news broadcast job as Clark Kent where a package is delivered. Inside the box, Superman toys designed by the villains known as Toymaker and the Prankster attack the staff. Kent is hit by one of the toys' laser beams (comic books are weird) and is obviously unharmed, but his secret identity is revealed on live television. Kent is obviously unharmed and his identity is exposed. Many of Superman's rouge galleries attack Clark Kent's personal circle as they now know his secret identity. Superman gathers his friends and takes them to his Fortress of Solitude. He reunites with Krypto the Superdog and his cousin Supergirl who tells him that he will never be seen again. The last battle occurs and everyone except Superman and Lois survive. The real mastermind, Mr. Mxyzptlk, a god-like creature, reveals himself to the duo. Our hero is able to kill Mr. Mxyzptlk by splitting his body between two dimensions (again an odd scenario). De-

spite the victory, Superman refuses to take the credit as he has just violated his code to never murder. Kent decides to enter a room with gold kryptonite which will take away his powers forever. In the present day, Lois's husband named Jordan interrupts the interview with their son Jonathan. The reporter leaves as Jordan remarks how Superman was "overrated and too wrapped up in himself." Their son is seen holding coal with his hands to no pain. Lois asks her husband if they can continue their lives and Jordan looks at the reader with a familiar wink stating "...What do you think?"

What more could you ask of a tale like this? It is inspiring and a wonderful way to end more than thirty years of history. Few tales can bring about the end of a cultural icon, but Moore did it. He celebrates what Superman stands for; an outlet for positive imaginations to run wild with a message of "truth, justice, and the American way." Many modern day stories tend to deconstruct their protagonists into psychologically infected individuals who may not always be right. Popular stories such as Maleficent or Wicked are just to name a few. Moore is, ironically, a critic of this approach to story-telling and he proves that one does not need to adopt a "dark, anti-heroic" tone. He reveres the often insane adventures of Superman that have been forgotten by modern audiences and what they meant to his generation by including as much references in his book. The suspense is felt throughout the book with every panel filling some important detail to the story. More impressively is the ending. How do you "kill" Superman especially when both the protagonist and the readers understand it to be so? To actually end his life would be a demurral on everything Superman stands for and is quite frankly a lazy move. Moore chooses a route in which Superman voluntarily gives up his powers because he failed to fulfill his duties as the greatest hero. It is an in-character move that makes the reader mourn, yet applaud Kent's courage. Superman and Lois finally get married and live "happily ever after" to the delight of adventure genre purists. Moore has crafted a modern fairytale in which the characters refuse to give into despair and come on top. Then what was Moore trying to say in "This is an IMAGINERY story...aren't they all?" Well, it is up to the next writer to draft his own tales of heroism. Each story of Superman and other fictional characters are all special to the reader in their own way, but they must be handled with respect.

~~you weren't born in the wrong generation, you just like old shit.~~

You adore the Beatles, religiously apply only winged eyeliner and own a polka-dot rockabilly dress. Your dream date is a drive-in movie, a milkshake with two straws, in a 1950's style Chrysler convertible, and the segregation of black persons.

Sound strange? Hopefully it does. All too often, we romanticize these decades into fictional ideals based on popular movies (Grease, the Outsiders, Breakfast at Tiffany's, any Stanley Kubrick film), music from the era (the Beatles, Queen, Sinatra, Bowie, Chuck Barry, Led Zeppelin...I really could go on), pop culture icons (Marilyn Monroe, James Dean, Audrey Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor...they're all white but that's another thing) and fashion trends (pin-up doll looks, swing skirts, bell bottoms). We then compare these to the downfalls in our own pop culture, like bad pop music or overused dance fads, and glorify the past even further for its cultural accomplishments (if I see another person comment 'give us back Freddie Mercury, we'll trade him for Justin Bieber!!' on a Queen YouTube video, I'll yell). In doing this, we forget extremely problematic issues that come with these decades and downplay the accomplishments of the present. We fail to remember these eras were extremely whitewashed and outrightly racist, heteronormative in every sphere, and dominated by wealthy, white men, in a way that was normal and systematic.

This generation doesn't have polio, isn't plagued with blatantly racist laws (debatable, but mostly), doesn't suffer from corporal punishment in public school and doesn't have to follow strictly gendered career paths. We, as millennials, have relatively equal access to important spaces, can seek help for mental illness without fear of abuse, and enjoy the rights and privileges that many LGBTQ+ members, PoC, disabled people, and women weren't afforded in past eras. So while enjoying this old shit, remember; it still comes from shit.

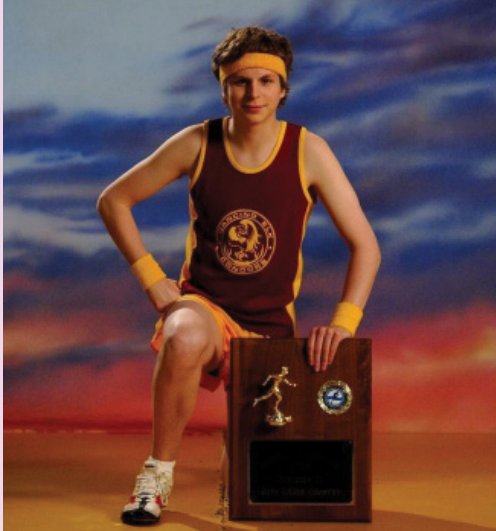


**you weren't born in  
the wrong generation  
you just like old shit**

by alexis j pekrul

# movies that are turning 10 in 2017

by deirdre delasho



**Juno:** 2017 marks the tenth anniversary of this charming Canadian film that made us all wonder, "In what universe was Michael Cera able to seduce Ellen Page?" It also marks the anniversary of when Ellen Page had a landline shaped like a hamburger in her bedroom and I didn't realize at the time that I would look back in ten years and crave a simpler time in which my biggest problem was not having a hamburger phone of my own.



**Shrek the Third:** Widely regarded as the beginning of the downfall of the Shrek franchise, this movie deserves more credit simply for Justin Timberlake's career-defining performance as Arthur Pendragon. Although this movie truly sucks, it nonetheless spawned ANOTHER sequel, Shrek Forever After, or as I like to call it, There Was A Fourth Shrek Movie? Are You Shitting Me? I Do Not Remember That.

**National Treasure: Book of Secrets:** I'm ready for the third National Treasure movie in which Nic Cage finds a remnant of the pretzel that George W. Bush almost choked to death on in 2002 and performs a ritual on it to save the EPA.

**Spider-man 3:** It has been ten years since my elementary school art teacher saw this movie in the theatres and drew such unironic creative inspiration from it that he made us draw Venom as an assignment in class the next day.

**Zodiac:** Some call Zodiac David Fincher's magnum opus. These people are wrong now that we have Gone Girl. Zodiac is still pretty solid though. Honestly I'm just glad that Jake Gyllenhaal was able to get work of any kind after Donnie Darko bombed so hard at the box office.



**Ratatouille:** Do you hate rats? Well, you're an asshole! Please let me know how you could watch this Bildungsroman-esque tale of Remy's journey to follow his dreams of being a chef and still try to tell me that rats are gross. What has a rat ever done to you? Checkmate, atheists!

**Bee Movie:** What a solid movie. 9/10. Jerry Seinfeld truly outdid himself here! Not nearly enough recognition for this one!



# memory {red carpet lined} these movies are no longer teens, but technically can't buy alc yet. sad reacts only :’(

## lane for these 20<sup>th</sup> bdays

by brittaney skavla

Can you believe these movies came out 20 years ago? It's a little unsettling knowing that these movies are older than I am (I, being a product of 1998), but hey, I still get nostalgic for them just as much as the next [actual] 90's kid, even if I don't consciously remember watching any of them until at least five years following their release. Anyway, here they are:

### GOOD BURGER

One of those movies that I've watched at least 15 times, because it was on Nickelodeon constantly. Just a couple of guys working at a burger joint, and ridiculousness ensues. Good Burger vs. Mondo Burger. The proletariat vs. the bourgeoisie. I mean, it's Kenan and Kel fighting the capitalistic white man; what doesn't make this a childhood classic?

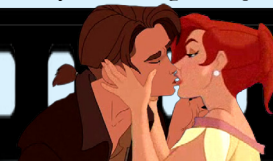


### THE LOST WORLD: JURASSIC PARK

The second installment in the "Has Science Gone Too Far?"/"Yes it Has, We Fucked Up" franchise. The dinosaurs are back, animatronic as ever, just living it up on a secluded island. Throw in an annoying old man who wants to take the dinosaurs and move them to San Diego for basically Jurassic Park v.2, and then add some people who have the slightest bit of common sense and want to prevent this, and now we have a movie! How many people must be crushed/eaten/ripped apart before everyone realizes that dinosaurs really aren't that great to be around?

### MEN IN BLACK

Of all the movies on this list, I really do feel like watching this one again right now. It's just aliens. Everywhere. There's even that little alien disguised as a dog. What really made this movie great to me, though, wasn't just the comedy, the action, or the amazing makeup and effects, but that it was such a local film. This is all in NYC, so close to home. Every time I'd drive into the city as a kid with my mom, we'd always pass the New York State Pavilion, something that holds no significance to me in itself, so of course seeing the observation towers would bring MIB to mind. And then seeing the towers in the movie would remind me of being a kid, driving into the city. Truly a ~nostalgic~ experience.



### HERCULES

This list wouldn't have any nostalgic charm if it didn't include at least one Disney movie. Much of the nostalgic charm that radiates from this movie stems from the unusual number of nightmares that I've actually had about Hades' little devil sidekicks, Pain and Panic. What's more nostalgic than childhood fears? Anyway, this movie is undeniably a Disney classic. It's not an absolute favorite for me, but I know a lot of people who love this one.

### TITANIC

Everybody's seen this one, right? Or at least parts? I'll be honest, I don't think I've watched it straight through, from beginning to end in one sitting before. But, I think all the parts I've seen collectively throughout the last 19 or so years of life definitely comprise the entirety of the film. Whether you've watched it or not, you still know the story: poor boy, rich girl, big boat, heterosexual love, iceberg... and we all know for a FACT that they both definitely could've fit on that door at the end.



### ANASTASIA

This movie was nice because it put a great twist on the story of the missing Romanov daughter, Anastasia. That twist included adding sorcery, love, adventure, and a sense of false hope. Yep, for years as a child, I thought that Anastasia had survived the brutal execution of her entire family. Well, Anastasia did not go missing; she died with the rest of her family in 1918. Her body was found separately from her family, but was identified using mtDNA (shoutout to ANTH-245 for telling me this). An American woman claimed to be Anastasia until her death in the 1990's, but mtDNA disproved her claim, and it turned out that she was actually a Polish woman who had been missing since the 1920's.



## just a thought

when we rise off our couches and cash out: the commodification of social justice

Prior to further investigation, all i saw when watching promotions for the ABC mini-series “When We Rise” was the commodification of a movement many of us had never participated in. We get our fix of social justice by re-sharing links on Facebook or making our Twitter and Instagram bios read #blacklivesmatter underneath a range of emojis we feel encapsulate us as individuals. Commodifying social justice movements like Black Lives Matter and, as seen in *When We Rise*, the LGBT leg of the Civil Rights Movement, is dangerous and insulting to past and present movements. But, perhaps presenting social justice on an entertainment platform—i.e. a TV show—actually gets young people moving—physical-

ly—and talking—seriously—to make change. Ultimately, however, there are two reasons for this commodification: (1) to sell and (2) to relieve the guilt of the unaffected majority.

# when we rise off our couches and cash out: the commodification of social justice

by sabrina tenteromano

As a television drama, “*When We Rise*” “often plays like a high-minded, dutiful educational video” writes James Poniewozik in his review, “‘*When We Rise*’ Charts the History of Gay and Transgender Rights”. This is similarly noted by Daniel D’Addario in his article “ABC’s ‘*When We Rise*’ Isn’t Subtle. That’s Why It Works.” He writes, “The points it makes about gay rights and intersectionality are hammered with the didactic tone of a professor unhappy with his students not having done the

reading.” The unstylish, urgent obviousness of the show seems to make it less of a typical ABC primetime piece of escapist entertainment and more along the lines of a documentary. Meanwhile, the writers of political based shows like *Veep*, *Scandal*, *House of Cards*, and *Madam Secretary* will tell you (or rather they told the *New York Times* in Jim Rutenberg’s article “How to Write TV in the Age of Trump: Showrunners Reveal All”) that they try very hard not to recreate or compete with actual news headlines. So when it comes to entertainment set in political environments, the major shows, the successful shows the world is watching are not trying to display anything real. That seems to make “*When We Rise*” something more than entertainment, or not entertainment at all but rather something more along the lines of documentary. It’s trying to do something different while still capturing the attention of an audience that seeks to be entertained. But this is where my worry lies.

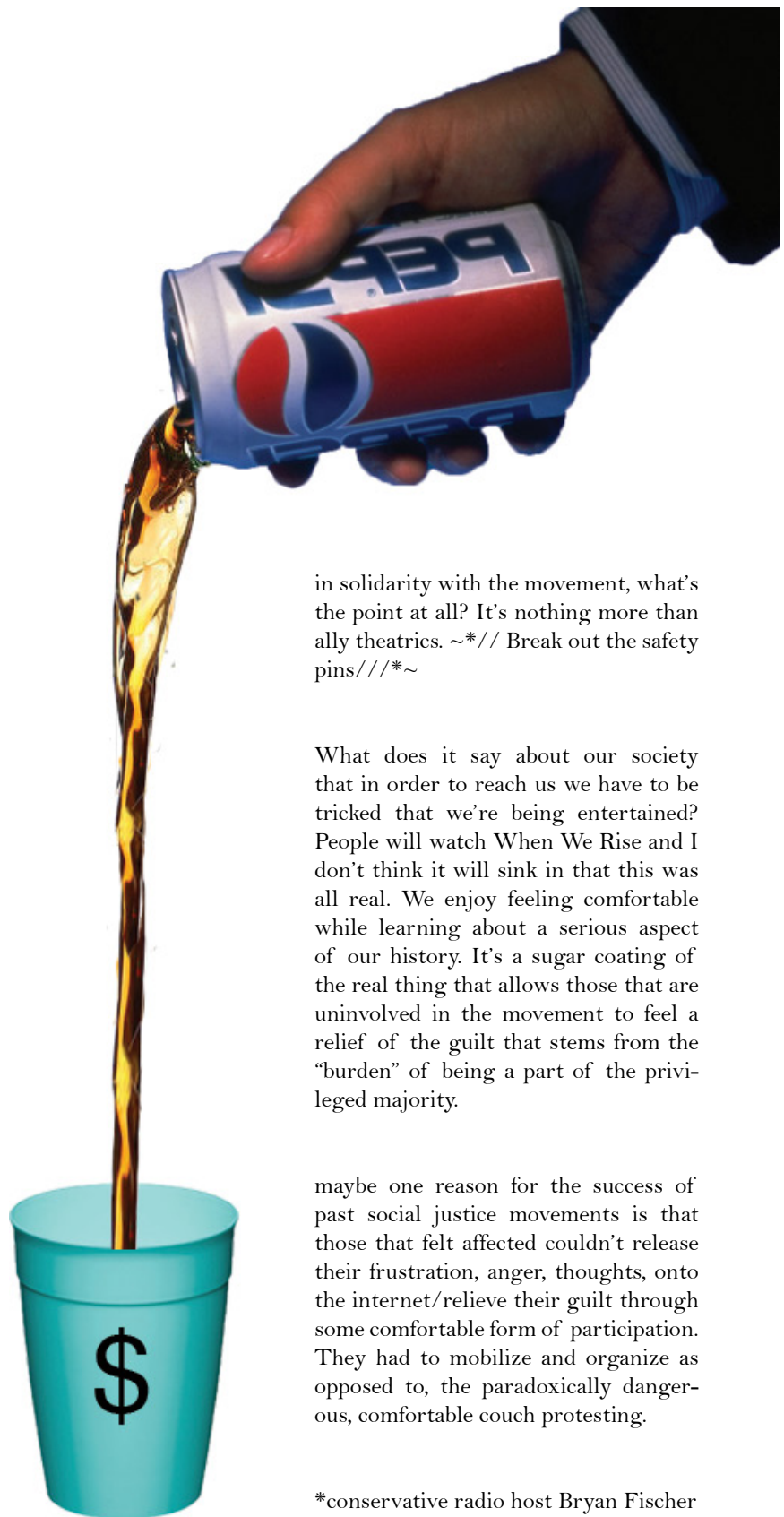
Why would the creators of “*When We Rise*” choose to present this nation’s history via an entertainment platform of a television drama miniseries? Are the issues of LGBT rights something we need to make palpable enough so we can force it down the public’s throats without the usual opposition? When there are people\* out there saying that the LGBTQ+ community stole the rainbow from God, perhaps the answer to that is yes. The bottom line is resistance is not for consumption. There has to be another way to promote the absorption of our nation’s history that does not rely on commodifying past movements—inadvertently or not. This show isn’t driving people to make change anyway; viewership was “soft,” writes Jeffrey Bloomer for *Slate*, “for such a high-profile network event” especially one as heavily promoted as this (I could not escape the promos, hence

the first sentence of this article).

That leads me to Kendall Jenner's recent cashing out on Black Lives Matter, the perfect example of what can result from using entertainment as a platform for social justice. The video campaign in which Jenner joins a sea of happy go lucky meaningless sign holding protesters to ultimately fix, or end police brutality by handing an officer a can of Pepsi is a literal display of the consumption of resistance. And the intent? To sell a product.

This ties in with the issue of the appropriation of black culture. The commodification of social justice by networks and companies can be compared to "the nonexistent returns seen by black teens for introducing the whip to the lifetime supply of Vans shoes gifted to the Damn Daniel kid....These dynamics make it tempting to enter conversations about cultural appropriation and property, about positive and negative representation, inheriting some of the constrictions of early black cinematic theory," writes Aria Dean in her article "Poor Meme, Rich Meme" for Real Life. "We can make it about who owns an image: Does a white meme admin have any business posting an image of a black person? Are they laughing with or at us? Are they capable of laughing with us? Has my Explore feed been gentrified?"

Commodification begets more commodification, hence the danger of your #blacklivesmatter bio addition, shows like When We Rise and Kendall Jenner's Pepsi advertisement—all of which are the source and the symptom of this issue. But, the show isn't calling itself radical to defend its commodification; it's not claiming to be a motor of change. Still, if you're not claiming to be a SJW, but rather a force that stands



in solidarity with the movement, what's the point at all? It's nothing more than ally theatrics. ~\*// Break out the safety pins//\*~

What does it say about our society that in order to reach us we have to be tricked that we're being entertained? People will watch When We Rise and I don't think it will sink in that this was all real. We enjoy feeling comfortable while learning about a serious aspect of our history. It's a sugar coating of the real thing that allows those that are uninvolved in the movement to feel a relief of the guilt that stems from the "burden" of being a part of the privileged majority.

maybe one reason for the success of past social justice movements is that those that felt affected couldn't release their frustration, anger, thoughts, onto the internet/relieve their guilt through some comfortable form of participation. They had to mobilize and organize as opposed to, the paradoxically dangerous, comfortable couch protesting.

\*conservative radio host Bryan Fischer

# rest in pizzatron 3000: a eulogy to Club Penguin

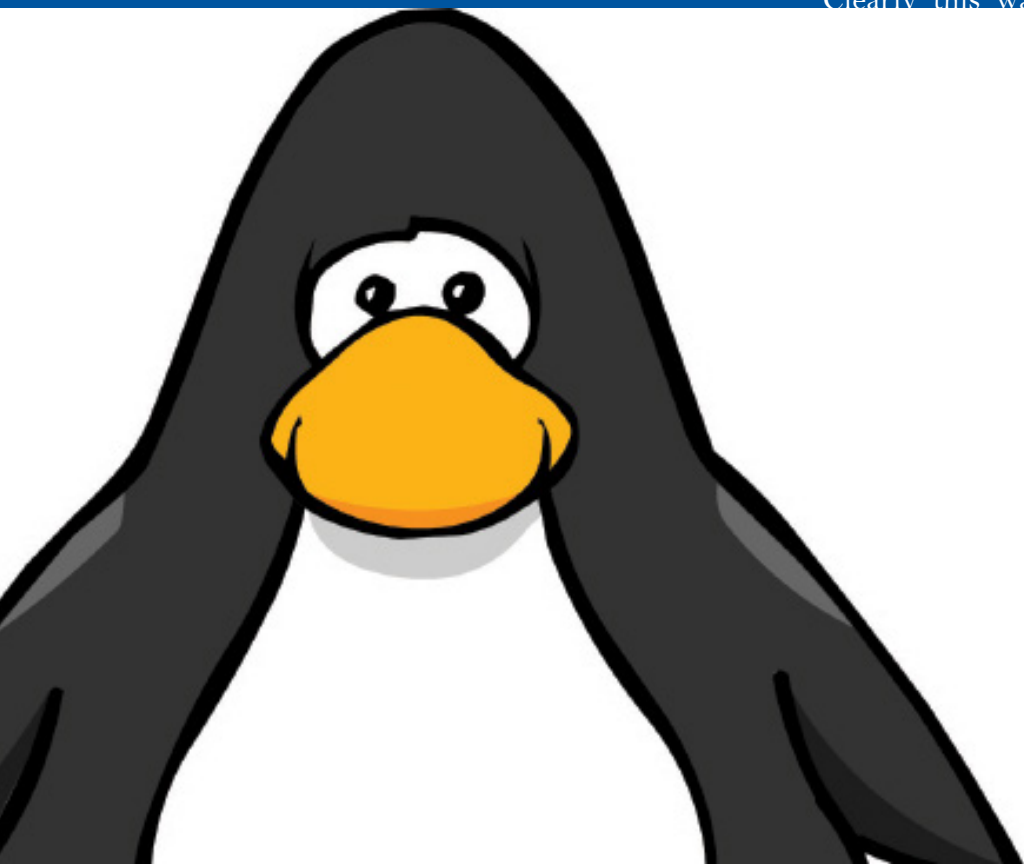
by michael sugarman

On March 30th, 2017, Club Penguin was brutally murdered, Aunt Arctic's head bludgeoned in by the cruel fists of Disney and capitalism. The island was set ablaze, leaving the poor penguin inhabitants to sink into the sea, with no Aqua Grabber to save them. Herbert the polar bear was never brought to justice for his crimes, escaping his fate in a watery grave. No, this is not about global warming; this is actually real.

I joined Club Penguin back in 2008, three years after it launched. I kept the same account until the end, taking care to never get banned. I built up an extensive non-member wardrobe from countless events over the years, serving fish and penguin realness in the nightclub daily. CP and I had a real connection, lasting almost a decade. Suffice it to say, I am livid.

The corporate sponsor of anti-semitism has done it again, taking the O-Berry in its prime. There was no reason to give CP the axe, besides plain cruelty. The game was shut down to make way for "Club Penguin Island," a new mobile game flaunting its 3-D graphics like an asshole second child who clearly knows he's the favorite. The worst part was the wait, seeing the island sink from two months away, knowing that the end was nigh and there was nothing we could do about it. To add insult to injury, they didn't allow you to purchase a membership after January 30th. From a business perspective, this makes no sense; I know that I and AT LEAST two of my friends would've bought memberships. At \$8/month, that's a total of \$48. I'm no business major, but even I could tell you that is a straight-up, objective loss. Really Disney? Clearly this was motivated by nothing but pure avarice. Disgusting.

Progress. This is a eulogy, not an obituary. I'm mourning this horrible, devastating loss and celebrating Club Penguin's life. The island was a paradise for our pear-shaped penguins, apparently one too good for this world. A safe community, a space to waddle with friends and throw snowballs without fear. A place where our best truths, getting slizzered at rad "iggy" parties and turning off the lights at 1000 to dessert mode when no one was looking. The hidden little treasures were what made it special, like the "meant for little kids," which we still be playing at your age." They were things we belonged. You could become a member, or a tour guide, and whoop whoop whoop. Cart Racing's ass by just repeating









Remember this? (“I’ll see you again in 25 years.”)

She meant it. That’s Laura Palmer (Sheryl Lee), the dreamy girl whose mysterious murder, investigated by Special Agent Dale Cooper (Kyle MacLachlan), propels the start of an amazing cult classic TV series. Welcome to Twin Peaks. Written by David Lynch and Mark Frost and directed by David Lynch for two seasons from 1990-1991, Twin Peaks is back in 2017 for a third season. That’s close enough to 25 years — thanks Laura. Excited? I know I am.

First off, if you haven’t seen Twin Peaks, and you like surreal, creepy, mind-boggling shit, go watch it. If that doesn’t sound like your thing, don’t worry, it’s more than that — ranging from whodunit crime-solving to romantic melodrama to comedic punchiness to absurd mystery, Twin Peaks is truly revolutionary and doesn’t stick to just one genre. Just watch it. It’s on Netflix. Done? Nice. Now, you’re not dumb, the show really does leave a billion questions unanswered. In the two times I’ve seen it, I’ve pieced some of its more confusing parts together with a lil noggin work, but there’s still so much we really don’t know, like...

**\*\*SPOILER ALERT\*\*** (for the first two seasons)

Where and what is the Black Lodge? What about the White Lodge? Why are they in Twin Peaks?

Will Cooper get out of there? What will happen if he does? What will Cooper do as BOB?

Who is BOB? Will he ever be stopped, or does evil really prevail?

What’s up with the owls... the coffee... the pie... the waterfall... the stoplight...?

What happened to Audrey, Pete, and Andrew at the bank?

Who is the giant (doesn’t he kind of parallel the old man in the Great Northern)? What about the dancing midget (now that Leland’s gone)?

Will Bobby and Shelly end up married? How about Norma and Ed? What happens to Nadine and her memories?

What happened to Annie (and why does Laura call her Anne in the Black Lodge)?

Where’s Windom Earle, and what happened to all-tied-up Leo?

What the hell?

Notice that each question is pointedly more than one question. And there are definitely more.

Hopefully, the upcoming (and unexpected) third season will address some of the points the show left hanging. You get to see all your fave Twin Peaks characters as older versions of their young hot selves.\*\*

Showtime, which is airing the show on May 21st at 9PM ET/PT, has already put up some fun sneak peaks content (peaks haha)\*.

\*If you haven’t seen the show (yet) but are planning on it (you’re planning on it), don’t watch these because of ~spoilers~.

\*\*For those of you who like simple pleasures, here’s yet another reason to watch the original: hot people.

“Revisiting all this territory... there’s a lightness to it, there’s a freshness to it... There’s nothing I can say to describe it. It’s been absolutely wonderful.” - Kyle MacLachlan, a.k.a. Dale Cooper, on the new season I trust this man. Agent Cooper? THAT is a trustworthy man. This has gotta be good.

Twin Peaks is back for a third season airing on Showtime on May 21st.

I just realized ‘Laura Palmer’s Theme’ off the cover album Twin Peaks by Xiu Xiu, is playing as I write this. Hm. There’s some Twin Peaks weirdness for you.

I’ll see you



# TWIN PEAKS

It is happening again.

by alexa schilero

again in 25 years.



# Let's Rock!

by michael sugarman

When *Stranger Things* came out on Netflix, everyone freaked the freak out. Wowie! A spooky thriller with retro vibes and a sick soundtrack?? OMG! As Allie Young wrote in the October 2016 issue of the Binghamton University Free Press (a Binghamton Media Group Publication), *Stranger Things* is “unlike anything I have seen before.” I’m sure this is a sentiment shared by a lot of people watching *Stranger Things* for the first time. Well heck you Allie! And fuck off everyone else! You’re all fake! TWIN PEAKS DID THAT 25 YEARS AGO!!! *Twin Peaks* is the original *Stranger Things*, the original *X-Files*, the original one episode of *Psych* where they do a *Twin Peaks* themed episode. Even if you don’t like *Twin Peaks*, which, let’s face it, you’re wrong, you have to acknowledge how much the show paved the way for future shows like it, shows that likely wouldn’t be on the air if not for their damn fine predecessor.

First, it’s important to recognize especially how groundbreaking *Twin Peaks* was at the time. It premiered on ABC in the spring of 1990. Other shows in the lineup included *Full House*, *Family Matters*, and *Roseanne*. This was not a particularly welcoming time for TV that was as “out there” as *Twin Peaks*. And *Twin Peaks* is definitely out there. Even today, it’s one of the weirdest shows I’ve seen that isn’t just weird for the sake of being weird. There are bizarre dream sequences, dead girls wrapped in plastic, and a fish in the percolator. And it works. Despite what executives at ABC said with its cancellation in June of 1991, *Twin Peaks* is a fantastic show. It mixes classic crime drama with campy soap opera melodrama, along with some truly terrifying scenes.

The show is downright iconic; you’ve probably heard the name Laura Palmer in some form or another, even if you’ve never seen the show before. *Scooby Doo! Mystery Incorporated* has a whole *Twin Peaks* inspired scene, as does *Gravity Falls*. There are countless references in music, from a song by Bastille, to Sky Ferreira’s “Night Time, My Time, to the band named *Twin Peaks* itself. It makes sense that music would be especially rife with references, as *Twin Peaks*’s soundtrack is another of its most incredible aspects. With a score by Angelo Badalamenti, it’s perfect for when you’re feeling kinda somber and retro spooky, but also kinda sexy, y’know?

If you’ve never seen *Twin Peaks*, I highly recommend you start today, before Season 3 premieres on May 21. And if you have, it’s always a good time for another rewatch. Don’t worry about your responsibilities or homework. In real life, there is no algebra.



DIANE...





!H.A.G.S.!!