

“Six Feet Under” is the show to binge



by Max Minogue

Fourth quarter has officially begun. Regardless of grade, be it freshman or senior year, most residual motivation leftover from first semester officially died last quarter.

That, of course, means a new show is needed to fill up all the time that was previously used for studying and homework.

These past two months, I’ve been obsessing over “Big Little Lies,” an HBO mini series that everybody should watch, but that’s besides the point. The point is that I bought a month of HBO Now in order to watch “Big Little Lies,” and still having plenty of time leftover, knew that I might as well make the most of my binge-watching methods.

This led me to start the show “Six Feet Under” on a complete whim. Going into it, I knew the show had to do with death, which I learned because I had googled “top HBO shows of all time.” I assumed that the show would include supernatural elements in some way, like ghosts or something, or at least a crime show. After all, no show is just about death.

I was wrong. “Six Feet Under”

is about the Fisher & Sons funeral home, or rather, about the Fisher family, which owns the funeral home.

In the pilot, the family patriarch and head of Fisher & Sons dies in a car accident, leaving the rest of the family to pick up the pieces and continue the business, along with trying to continue their lives.

Despite being a show about funerals, which is quite possibly the most unenticing topic there is, I was hooked.

Though the show began in 2001, “Six Feet Under” was incredibly ahead of its times.

Michael C. Hall (who would go on to play Dexter in Dexter) stars as Dave Fisher, the de-facto head of the family business and middle child. When not embalming bodies or planning funerals, he struggles to

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figure out his life path as a closeted gay man.

Dave is far from stereotypical, and is instead a serious, workaholic who struggles deeply with his own religion and relationship to his church and to his family.

The family matriarch and mother of the kids, Ruth Fisher (Frances Conroy), is a somewhat off-putting and mildly creepy middle-aged widow, who attempts to find

and understand her own ‘needs’ after her husband dies. Her odd relationships with a plethora of men turn out to be far more interesting than I would have expected.

The last two family members are Nate Fisher (Peter Krause), the oldest child of the three, and Claire Fisher (Lauren Ambrose), the youngest daughter.

Nate’s plot lines and relationships quickly lead to a realistic exploration of mental illness in a way that neither romanticizes nor demonizes the disease, and Claire’s issues through high school are emotionally raw in ways that most shows are unable to capture.

Each episode begins with a death scene. The deaths range from depressingly tragic to morbidly hilarious, and the episodes continuously capture the full spectrum of human emotion.

Most importantly, it’s a character-driven show rather than driven by absurd plot-lines or the likes, so the character development and corresponding attachments are real.

To be fair, I still haven’t actually finished the series, which is five seasons long, but from my spoiler-free Google searches, I’ve seen that sites online claim that the series finale is allegedly the most impactful of any show ever.

That’s why “Six Feet Under” really is the best show to watch this fourth quarter; there’s nothing that speeds up binge-watching quite like anticipating an ending to a show that’ll make you feel empty inside for weeks.

Graeter’s Winnetka brings an authentic sense of community



by Marie O’Connor

When sitting in the new Graeter’s on Green Bay recently, I had a moment of clarity. In the midst of eating my heavenly cotton candy ice cream, I looked around and realized the subtle genius of places like this.

There are so many draws to a family friendly local ice cream shoppe, way more than simply easy access to a sugar fix.

When glancing around the cute shop I realized for the first time in as long as I could remember, no one was on their phone.

A group of junior high girls all sat around a table and not a single screen was in sight. Most likely the only reason I even noticed was because I also had left my phone in my purse and didn’t feel the need to use it.

Not to be a curmudgeon about “kids these days” and our obsession with social media and electronic devices, but it was surprisingly awesome to see.

To be completely honest, it was almost off putting. Usually at least one mom is checking emails or chatting with someone on the other line.

Not even the other high school students I recognized were occupied by small bright screens.

Although our society seems to be hurdling ever faster to a digitally dominated world, there are still some safe havens where there really is no need to be on a cell phone.

This is not the only great thing about places like Graeter’s, but it does seem to be something that everyone can agree is a good thing.

Much more significant, and more hidden genius of the success of Graeter’s comes with the fall of another titan of late night ice cream.

For much of high school, the go-to spot to hang out after football games or to escape our homes for an hour was always Homers.

It is almost a guarantee that if you go to Homers late Friday or Saturday night, you will see someone you know or at least recognize from school.

Has this new ice cream shoppe taken over? Is Homers no more?

These interactions can be serendipitous reunions or unbearably awkward interactions, but either way they are so perfectly “high-school.”

Like the diner from “Grease” where the Pink Ladies go to meet up with the T-Birds, Homers always has been a place to go when there is nothing else to do.

It is not the adequate food or overpriced ice cream that draws crowds to Homers after NT football games or when the doors to a party are closed for the night. It’s the atmosphere of happy, care-free teenage years and the nostalgia the environment promotes.

With the opening of Graeter’s in Hubbard Woods, however, Homers seems to be slowly slipping into irrelevancy.

Now, when a friend suggests meeting up, it is most often at Graeter’s. Has this new ice cream shoppe taken over? Is Homers no more?

It might be the newness of it that draws crowds of high schoolers now, or the higher quality sweets that draw crowds to the store.

While Homers supplies a priceless sense of nostalgia that brings back memories of eighth grade dances and awkward first dates (at least for me), Graeter’s is a brand new slate to form new memories.

Homers has become so popular and frequented that there isn’t anything special about it anymore.

That doesn’t mean I won’t be visiting there hundreds more times before I leave for college, but it does limit the new memories I can make there.

The connotative meaning behind Homers is one that is very specific, and one I treasure. Many influential memories between sixth grade and sophomore year were made there.

However, just as I matured out of shopping at Forever 21, or listening to KissFM, I, too, will mature out of my favorite fast food places.

Maybe Graeter’s is so popular for high schoolers now because it isn’t the place their moms took them for lunch in the fifth grade. It doesn’t hold memories of awkward phases in junior high, but rather allows for an entirely new phase.

Staff Editorial Angles’ clinic leaves service void

On Mar. 31, 2017 Angle’s Reproductive Health Care Clinic in Northfield closed after 44 years of educating and serving the area.

According to a press release on the Angles website Dr. Loren Hutter, the Clinic’s Medical Director said about the closure, “When we opened our Clinic in the early 70s, there were very few options for teens who needed confidential counseling, birth control, pregnancy testing, gynecological exams and/or testing and treatment for sexually transmitted infections. Now, over 40 years later, the landscape and options for our young population has changed dramatically. Our Clinic volume has been gradually declining over the last five years and much of that is due to greater numbers of insured young people who can obtain these services as covered preventative care.”

Later in the release Dr. Hutter cites the decrease in clinic volume to the teens “delaying sexual activity” and making educated decisions about their sexuality.

Angles’ closure, then, can be seen as a twisted success. Yes, students and other teens will miss the Clinic’s resources, but its closure due to its diminishing visitors is a great triumph for sexual health in our area.

Since 1973, when Angles first opened, the public school sexual health curriculum has expanded. From in the early 70s sexual education classes preaching sexual abstinence, to reformed sexual education cloaked with a controversial taboo, to present day where an accurate, evidence-based sexual education program educating about all topics from abortion, to contraception, to abstinence, and STDS is a pillar of New Trier’s health curriculum.

We are lucky, many high school students still face abstinence-only sexual education programs which do not show the whole picture of sexual education and are inaccurate and ineffective. In order for individuals to care for and respect their bodies they need all the information available.

So, yes, the New Trier community is privileged when it comes to the sexual education we receive and our increasingly affluent community gives us access to services to maintain our sexual health. With most of our parents on health care plans where attending yearly physicals, obtaining birth control, or receiving testing and treatment for STDs are covered by insurance, it still requires a talk with parents.

Now, yes, most parents will immediately help their child and ensure they get the services they need to remain healthy. Nevertheless, the conversation is uncomfortable with the questions, the slightly disappointed glances, the awkward silences, the parent-child dynamic forever altered.

The closure of the Angles’ Clinic, though justified, creates difficult situations for some students seeking counseling or resources. Yes, by the age of 12 all individuals are granted confidentiality at doctors appointments, but these appointments often come with high costs, costs that will not go unnoticed by hovering eyes.

Furthermore, students don’t want to share sexual health issues with their parents. Angles, with confidential appointments, resources and helpful counseling, was a haven for kids in search of support and information on sexual health. The community will miss this resource.

NEW TRIER

TREVIAN TROT

HIGH SCHOOL

5K

What: New Trier High School’s Wellness Week 5K Run or Walk

For: All proceeds go to the scholarship funds/charities in memory of Julie Sorkin, Shea Fitzgerald and Sam Farmer, New Trier graduates who were victims of the Chicago porch tragedy and Jan Borja, our former principal who died after a long illness.

When: Sunday, April 23, 2017 at 8:00 a.m.
Walk begins at 8:05 a.m.

Where: 7 Happ Road, Northfield Campus in the New Trier Stadium

Cost: Pre-Registration: \$10 per Student, \$15 per Adult
Race Day Registration: \$15 per Student, \$20 per Adult
This includes short-sleeved t-shirts while supplies last.

Register online: <http://www.newtrier.k12.il.us/TrebianTrot/?terms=trebian%20trot>

For additional information, contact Jennifer Tricoli (847)784-7741 and follow us on Twitter @NTTrebianTrot