

My Freudian Crisis



by Sam Blanc

Generally, I'm not on the same wavelength with Sigmund Freud. But I have recently been in the midst of a Freudian crisis all thanks to what my boy Siggy called "the defense mechanism of regression."

According to the little box that comes up after a Google search, regression is a "temporary or long-term reversion to an earlier stage of development rather than handling unacceptable impulses in a more [adaptive] way."

It's feeling the need to hit something in times of stress; it's wetting the bed after a new sibling is born; it's wearing a Dora the Explorer backpack as a high school senior.

Does this mean I've been breaking down into temper tantrums in the middle of English class? Only on the inside.

What has seemed to happen to me is a literary regression. Basically I've been reading children's books.

The thing is, I don't think it's the worst thing in the world. People, at least most of those that I meet, seem to think children's books are for children.

I don't know what on Earth gave them that idea, but I'm here to set the record straight.

They're wild and creative and fantastical and honest and wonderful and utterly ridiculous and I love them.

If you tell an adult that a man

walked out of his house, spread his arms and flew away, they'll ask how he did it rather than where's he going, which is undoubtedly the more important question.

As you see, adults are terribly boring compared to children. If you place a confusing, fictional situation in front of an adult, they will immediately start to question things.

How did she get from there to there? Why did he do that, when he could have done this? Surely, that isn't possible?

Children, on the other hand, have imaginations with no limits, as do the books they read. Books written for children aren't afraid to have whimsy.

As much as I love classic literature, something like Dostoyevsky is profoundly lacking in whimsy.

It takes a special kind of book written by a special kind of person to convey whimsy the way some children's books do.

I mean, it's hard to get any kind of emotion across in writing, but I think whimsy might be the hardest one of all. I have trouble even defining it.

I guess it's a kind of idiosyncratic happiness. It's that feeling of exhilaration you get when you're riding down a hill on your bike. Like that, but, like, warmer. With a pinch of nostalgia.

Anyone who can capture that kind of elusive quality deserves just as much praise as the Faulkners and Chekhovs and Melvilles of the world.

Plus children's books, like children, are just more honest.

Anyone who works with kids knows that they're not afraid to tell you when you're hair looks like crap or when they disagree with something you say.

Books written for children seem to have the same "think before you speak" philosophy which is honestly kind of refreshing.

Adult books tackle all sorts of tough subjects through metaphors and implications, whereas, kid's books aren't afraid to tackle the subjects head-on.

Children's books are wild and creative and fantastical and honest and wonderful and utterly ridiculous and I love them.

Don't get me wrong, I love a good metaphor, but there's something satisfying about just hearing what's going on.

In "Matilda," one of my favorite children's books, they don't use any grandiose symbols don't have the tree as the symbol of life or as a representation of the inevitability of death.

They just tell you what's happening: parents are obnoxious, children are spoiled, Matilda's a genius and she's gonna show them all.

But it doesn't ruin the story. It makes it feel honest, conversational, like a story being told to you.

So yeah, maybe it is a regression, but I don't see the harm in trying to return to your roots.

I'm not sure what I'm doing with my life yet, but as of now English Major seems like a very real possibility.

So why not go back to what got me interested in storytelling in the first place?

High school forever



by Max Minogue

Now that my days left in high school are in the single digits, I'm starting to realize that high school isn't forever.

It's hard to fathom; after all, I peaked here, so shouldn't I stay in these hallowed halls until the end of time?

These last days are admittedly going by painfully slowly, and the spare hours each day have left a lot of time to reflect on the past four years.

I can honestly say that this past year was one of the best of my life, and that senior year has left high school painted as a far better experience than it would have been if my journey ended last year.

Heading into senior year, I had the mindset of clearing the year as quickly as possible.

My eyes were set on graduation from day one. Several times to several people, I talked about how "I didn't come into senior year to make friends," and how that was just too late in the game to do anything new.

To my dismay, I met far more people than I ever planned on. By senior year, the confines of social boundaries and friend groups are

mostly wiped away. People are far less 'high school' than the years past, and therefore, more sociable than ever.

Thanks to this, I've been exposed to so many people from different backgrounds (at least, as diverse backgrounds as the New Trier district can have), and I'm grateful.

There are probably a dozen people that I only met or got to know this year that I feel like I've been friends with for years, many of whom I had classes with and interactions with beforehand.

I plan on using what I learned for the rest of my short, pointless life.

For example, there was a girl in my English class last year that I never spoke to once.

Walking into the newsroom the first day of this past year, I had the fantastic interaction of talking about my past teacher, and saying, "Oh, were you in a different period?" She was in my class. It was an awkward interaction.

Now, after knowing each other for a year, we actually get along super well, and she's become a close friend.

The same thing has happened several times to me, getting close to people that I never would have expected to.

In a way, this led to me

realizing that people are pretty great and worth getting to know.

Through the first bits of high school, when social norms and general insecurity prevent connections between people, it's a lot more difficult to genuinely get to know people.

Friend group boundaries are real and the number of people one can talk to is severely hampered.

The disintegration of the boundaries, however, quickly leads to new friendships and worthwhile connections.

I can honestly say that I'm happy to have met every person that I have throughout high school.

This has also led to an incredible new outlook that I have on other people.

Thanks to the past year, I view strangers as opportunities, people to actually get to know rather than people to pass in the hallways.

These experiences should change the way I go into college.

I plan on taking the advice that everybody told freshman me; getting involved, stepping out of my comfort zone, and meeting new people.

So, I guess, thank you New Trier, and class of 2017. Thank you all for being people worth getting to know.

Thank you for educating me as the whole person, and for providing activities that I can get involved in.

While high school can't actually last forever, I plan on using what I learned here for the rest of my short, pointless life.

Staff Editorial

The case for high school journalism

In this issue the infamous destinations section will occupy the eye space of the senior class, underclassmen, teachers, and administrators as they scan the lines of names to find the destination of a favorite student, class-friend, enemy, or acquaintance.

Now our critics will surely look down on the issue and chastise the newspaper for breeding competition, as if the removal of this section would magically diminish all academic tension.

But to those critics, we respond that the destination section is not meant to cultivate competition. Instead, it's a celebration of a news worthy event.

Each year the destinations article marks another anniversary where New Trier graduates 98 percent of its senior class beating the average Illinois graduation rate by 16%. Furthermore, the destinations issue shows visual evidence of the 98% of NT students who attend college.

This shows that the "infamous" destinations issue is not pointless gossip. It's important community news, for it celebrates a school's accomplishments.

A high school newspaper's importance, though, stretches further than just reporting on the destinations of the senior class. Our publication, the New Trier News, serves as a platform for student voices, builds an authentic community, and provides a Mecca for a diverse group of potential professional journalists.

This year we have written about The Student Alliance, the elation of the football team after beating the long undefeated super squad Maine South, the discrepancy between boys and girls hockey ice time, environmental clubs' success in providing free water bottles, exposing the Juul hype, and other stories. Each one of these articles were a stage for authentic and diverse student voices to shine.

Diverse, yes, because the newspaper is a weekly hub where the opinions of New Trier students, teachers, and community members all gather. These authentic voices all serve to establish truth in our community and cultivate communication and growth.

For example, this year New Trier held its second All School Seminar on race and civil rights. The day went from being a day of learning to exploding into a national topic of conversation with biased media sources labelling it liberal propaganda, community members and outsiders adamantly protesting it. It also sparked the creation of a local documentary "New Trier: Tip of the Spear."

During all the chaos surrounding the All School Seminar, adults fueled the conversation, adults who tried to influence how and what we should learn. The New Trier News brought back the student voice, it refocused the discussion around what was best for the student body.

Even the infamous Party Culture Examiner illustrates our commitment to fostering conversation. Though some administrators and teachers thought the topic inappropriate and a misrepresentation of the New Trier student body, we disagree. The "partying issue" highlighted a culture at New Trier, a culture that needed to be discussed and brought into the open.

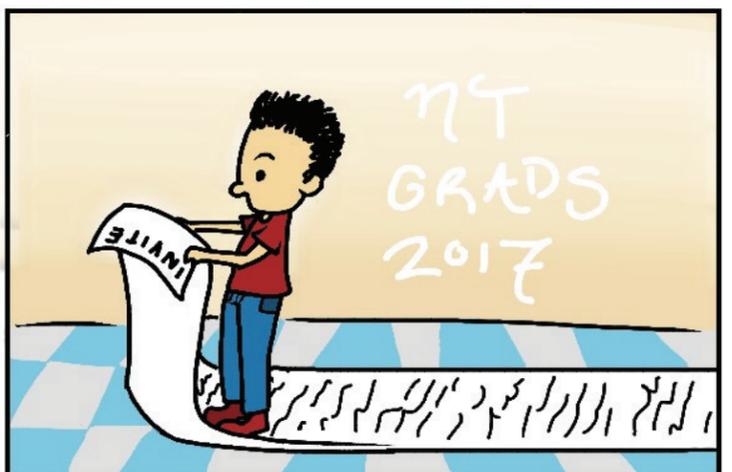
Though the New Trier News helps cultivate truth and build a sense of community, the most important mission of high school publications goes beyond what we print each week. High school newspapers give future journalists a podium.

As student journalists, we are not the center of the action. Stories are not written about us and our accomplishments aren't celebrated in the traditional sense. We are observers; all working together to highlight the stories, accomplishments, failures and triumphs of our peers. And we love it.

A high school newspaper allows us to create change. It allows us to share our voice. So if you have ever picked up the New Trier News read it during a particularly slow English class, or during advisory you have helped us here in the newsroom pursue our interest and speak for you.

The success of the New Trier News goes beyond delivering news to the student body and the community. The true success is in itself; a newsroom that is a micro community of athletes, thespians, nerds, trendsetters, copy editors and activists all uniting under one common goal of delivering news.

Student journalism is important not only for the news it delivers but for the people it serves. Read it--it's yours.



by Sam Blanc