

Remember Amanda, Vanessa, and Miley's breakdowns

by Wade Wallerstein
Editor-in-Chief

The 2012-2013 school year is quickly coming to a close. During this time of year, seniors are graduating and getting ready to enter the next phases of their lives, underclassmen are leaving their academic woes behind, teachers are saying buh-bye to Aeries, and pretty much everyone is looking forward to three months of some carefree, good ol' fashioned fun. As we all start new chapters, let us not forget the teen icons that have also made dramatic changes to their lives. Thus, I dedicate these words to a few celebrities who have undergone the most rigorous spiritual and physical transformations in order to inspire you to discover yourself this summer.



Once a boring, lackluster, comedic child and teen movie actress, Amanda Bynes has now blossomed into a beautiful and engaging internet personality. After renouncing her acting career and cutting off all

ties from her stifling family, Bynes is now an unofficial queen of twitter and cyber celebrity. One of the most marked signs of her transition from sad little girl into powerful, charismatic woman was when she beseeched favors from rapper Drake via tweet. No longer was Bynes that "lame girl from that stupid movie about what girls want," she is out getting what every girl wants: a slice of Drake. Now bleached-blond to perfection, artistically pierced through both cheeks, and bedecked in Jeffrey Campbell towers on her feet, Bynes is a force to be reckoned with, as well as an inspiration to young girls everywhere.

Another iconic teen star who has moved her way up in the world is Vanessa Hudgens. From humble



beginnings as the mousy chemistry student opposite the ever-steamy Zac Efron in High School Musical, Hudgens is now top dog in the club scene. She skyrocketed into the big leagues of Hollywood after releasing nude photos on the internet. Her big sisters Paris and Kim were so proud of her. Now, you can find Hudgens starring in drug-riddled flicks about spring break and in the hot tub at Coachella after parties.

Let us not forget about the indomitable Miley Cyrus. This past decade, Cyrus really has had the best of both worlds: pop star and suburban beauty, star of her own TV show and headliner of a sold out tour, and blonde and brunette. No longer is Miley the passive country star's daughter with dirty brown tresses and an obnoxious southern twang in her voice—she is a rock star, party princess, and bride-to-be. It all started when she sloughed



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off the legs of her jeans in favor of denim panties for the music video for Party in the USA, got caught smoking salvia, and had cake rubbed in her face in a recent Borgore music video. Cyrus is even featured on a new album from Snoop Lion, formerly Snoop Dogg. This just goes to show that blondes really do have more fun.

This summer as you are trying to figure out who you are and truly discover your authentic self, remember Amanda, Vanessa, and Miley and find strength in their success. If they can make total 180-degree transformations and rock it, you can too. It doesn't take a lot to be a cultural icon, it just takes a couple bad decisions.

Joey holds an eternal grudge

by Joey Robinson
Editor-in-Chief

Ah, summer. The time of year when a variety of near-deadly bugs fill the air, trees coat every conceivable surface with a thick layer of pollen, and couples in the graduating class are awkwardly trying to arrange a long-distance relationship with their significant others for next year.

But not you: you've spent the last four years of your life making sure that everyone who ever wronged you suffered for it, and you're not about to stop now.

"But, El Gato," you may ask/rudely interrupt, "how am I supposed to continue my trend of unadulterated hate and petty grudges if I'm (thankfully) 3,000 miles away from everyone I know?"

Fear not, citizen! By following these simple steps, you'll never have to stop making that girl who insulted your shoes in middle school feel like trash, even from a continent away.

1. Collect Memorabilia

They say absence makes the heart grow fonder, and since fond hearts are for hopeless romantics and innocent children, we're going to need to artificially fill the void left by your absent nemesis. Collect pictures of the object of your disaffection (preferably in compromising positions) just before leaving them and use the photographs to wallpaper your dorm room. This way, you will never be able to forget that time your "best friend" forgot to hold the door open for you in the hallway. This option has the benefit of converting your entire dorm room into a dartboard.

2. Daily Phone/Skype Calls

Nothing says "I love you" like a phone call, and nothing says "I want to grind your face into the curb" like thousands of calls per day from a blocked number. The options are really endless: leave voicemails filled with angry monologues, make Skype calls that consist of nothing but a stony expression and a universal gesture of displeasure for hours on end, or send enough hateful texts that you run your victim over his or her monthly limit and incur a hilariously overpriced phone bill.

If you get a restraining order filed against you, consider it a sign of a job well done.

3. Plan Lots of Visits

Even though you may only be reunited in the flesh for a week or so every few months, this should be ample time for you to make sure that special someone knows just how you feel about them. Although you should never forget the classics, like TP-ing their house, car, or family members, surprising your adversary with a nice bloody-roadkill pie or an ornate bouquet of very poisonous spiders will leave an unforgettable impression that will be sure to last until you get bailed out of prison.

4. Collect Even More Memorabilia

If you really want to take the crazy levels up a notch, switch your keepsake collection from photos to organic materials. Nothing says fanatical obsession and unequivocal hatred like an airtight box full of skin flakes, loose hairs, and tonsils (if you don't have access to your enemy's tonsils, you're clearly not advanced enough for this article). Consider setting aside and preserving a small portion of this collection for future use in voodoo dolls or genetic cloning experiments.



J. Reyes

The Met Ball goes punk

by Lauren Finkle
National Editor

May 6, 2013, offers many celebrities a chance to dress up in their fathers' drag queen costumes and parade them around New York.

I've always wanted to be a peacock. It seems that if I had attended the Met Gala, I could have snatched up Sarah Jessica Parker's monstrosity of a headpiece and fulfilled my longtime dream. But she wasn't the only bird there. Kim Kardashian seemed to be going for a turkey wrapped in some little old lady's rose print curtains, with an unfortunate slit to show off her drumsticks.

Madonna was preppy high school gone even more wrong than Megan Fox in Jennifer's Body. With chains, lace, studs, and pink stilettos to spare, she looked ready to build an emo fence in front of her Beverly Hills mansion. It seems school was the trend of the evening. Because Taylor Swift never finished her schooling by completing college, she finally decided the best way to learn her geometry is to wear it. I don't like seeing rhombuses in the classroom and I don't like seeing them on T-Swizzle either.

Gwen Stefani's body parts were going in different places. Her torso screamed "Frat party!" while her lower body was just hopping out of the shower, with a white, poorly-draped towel to show for it.

Miley Cyrus was a true show-stopper. I suppose the proximity of New York Harbor had a serious effect on her—with spiked hair in the shape of a crown and an A-line dress, her resemblance to the Statue of Liberty was uncanny. The black fishnet lace over a nude slip made it seem as though some confused fisherman had tried unsuccessfully to capture the infamous statue in his net. Oh, how I wish he had.

Anne Hathaway traded Fantine's rags for Madame Thénardier's strange outfits. Her black

sheer dress seemed to be made of multiple heart lines as projected on the electrocardiograph machines used at hospitals. Her pulse wasn't racing fast enough to cover her unfortunate side cleavage or her bad dye-job.

Kristen Stewart looked as mad about her enlarged hips as I did. A red lace jumpsuit transformed the skinny Twilight star into a rather lumpy Pillsbury dough boy—or should I say vampire.

The story goes that the photographers on the Red Carpet exclaimed in dismay that Katie Holmes had been tee-peed on her way in, before realizing that no, that was actually just her dress.

Ashley Olsen looked ready to pose for a still-life—as an orange. I fully expected Mary-Kate to be dressed up as a giant apple, so they could play twin fruits, but she was her regular bag-lady self in a long fur coat and a slouchy black dress.

I didn't know who Coco Rocha was before the Met Gala, but I certainly do now. She was the girl who had to skin a jaguar and a squirrel to put together something to wear for the event. It seems the economic recession has hit everyone hard.

Obviously Anna Wintour does not share my critical eye. The odd outfits galore seemed to electrify the Ice Queen, causing a historic moment—the very first smile caught on camera.

Emily Blunt looked as though she had let husband funny-guy John Krasinski of The Office practice his humor on her by tracing her eyes in fluorescent pink eyeliner.

Even Beyonce couldn't escape the chaos of the evening. With a black top and a belted, high-waisted skirt, I was fully feeling the 70s superwoman vibe. The orange and red flame print edging her skirt and covering her boots had me screaming "this girl's on fire!" all night long.



Just like Daisy's love for Gatsby...



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