

RAW EDITION

THE GRAIL

VOLUME I FEBRUARY 27, 2014 ISSUE III

INSIDE

REED ARTS WEEK

A RAW HISTORY

From a humble weekend to a week-long event, see how RAW has grown over the past quarter of a century.

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REED ARTS WEEK

THE DAEMON INSIDE

Interviews with the RAW coordinators, and artists. Preview the upcoming works and hear the story behind the art.

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MATH MAJORS + SNOWBALL =

RUNAWAY STORY

Or, the inside of Theo's apartment says 'hello' to the world. Read why chilly story was so hot off Reed's campus.

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THE GRAIL

VOLUME I

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ISSUE III

www.reedthegrail.com

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

Thank you for picking up a copy of The Grail. We value your readership and encourage you to take a look at our past issues which can be found online at reedthegrail.com. Our meetings are open to everyone and are in PAB 105, Mondays at 8pm.

This week our issue is devoted your creative endeavors during Reed Arts Week. Next week marks the 25th annual RAW, which began as a faculty-run weekend-long affair (1). The festival has grown to a week long event involving dozens of student artists.

We have exclusive interviews with the coordinators (2-3) and discussions with some of the artists (4-5) whose visions gave this year's theme its form. Lurking in the in forest are daemons of a different sort; so check out Moira Hicks' flash fiction piece, "The Woods" (7).

Though its 15 minutes of fame has melted away, the runaway snowball has shown just how far the media can carry a fun story (6). Reaching as far as Japan, the ice-ball has been immortalized online by the likes of NPR, ABC, and BuzzFeed.

Love,

Brendan, Clara, Jordan, Lauren, and Vikram

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Cover illustration by Maria Maita-Keppeler, the designer of this year's Reedies for Reedies t-shirt.
Inset student painting from 2009 Reed Arts Week, courtesy of Reed Archives.



A Short History of RAW

By BRENDAN SORRELL

Next week the 25th Reed Arts Week (RAW) will take place. Over the course of the last quarter-century the festival has established itself as a venue for esteemed artists and as a unique opportunity for students to create and curate.

Reed Arts Week began in 1990 as Reed Arts Weekend, an annual festival organized by members of the faculty, led by Professor of Music David Schiff (1980—). Before the Gray Fund was established, the campus had very few organized events bringing students, faculty, and staff together. “In terms of what we now expect to be going on on campus, there was nothing,” says Schiff. In a mailed pamphlet from 1990, Schiff and Visiting Assistant Professor of English Maera Shreiber (1987-92) wrote: “In the late 1950s and early 1960s Reed was host to an annual arts festival that brought leading representatives in dance, music, visual arts, and literature to the campus. This month Reed proudly revives that tradition with Reed Arts Weekend, a festival celebrating artists on the cutting edge.”

German Professor Kaspar Locher (1950-88), who also instituted the Summer Creative Scholarships that now bear his name, previously organized a festival that featured one or two performances, followed by an artists’ ball. Schiff built upon a similar framework, bringing in artists of interest that might not have otherwise come to Portland. “The project was conceived and inspired by a number of faculty members who met last spring to discuss the status of the arts at Reed,” says Schiff artists from those first few weekends included the New

Klezmer Trio, Elliott Sharp, and Wayne Horvitz; as Schiff says, “it wasn’t pop music back then.”

The first few Reed Arts Weekends also featured workshops where the visiting artists could interact with students. “Not all the performers were good at it, but it was good to provide the students with a little time,” says Schiff. The festival remained largely faculty-driven for the first few years and received strong financial backing from the College, who allocated \$15,000 for the first RAW. It took place over two days, Friday and Saturday, but quickly grew to a three-day festival the following year. In a letter to the Faculty following the 1991 RAW, Schiff and Shreiber wrote: “As we anticipated, the second RAW turned an experiment into a worthy tradition. We hope its future is now assured—and we have already begun to plan for next year.”

“It was exciting in the beginning,” says Schiff, but due to the sheer amount of work it takes to put such an event together, the faculty realized that for it to continue to grow within the shifting desires of the campus, the student body was going to have to take the reins. “Putting on something like RAW takes a lot of time and energy,” says Schiff, “you need people that want to do it and view it as a mission.”

Excluding RAW, there exist few venues for the presentation of student work on campus, something that was equally evident at the advent of the festival. The space now occupied by the KRRC was being used as a venue for showing student artwork, and there were a few groups on campus who

were interested in bringing art to the fore. The most enigmatic group around the time of RAW’s inception was Guerrilla Theatre of the Absurd, organized by Igor Vamos ’90 (currently of the Yes Men), that performed ‘culture jamming’ demonstrations around Portland. In their most famous act, 24 people in suits ate red, white, and blue dyed mashed potatoes and then drank ipecac outside a campaign fundraiser, proceeding to vomit what had become of the red, white, and blue potatoes.

Vamos was a central figure in the first RAW in 1990. “It was so chaotic and wonderful,” says Stephanie Snyder ’91, Curator and Director of the Cooley Gallery. “I don’t know if there was a big music performance that weekend, but I know what my friends and I did.”

“Igor’s vision was to create this spectacle of creation and destruction,” says Snyder. As Vamos drove around the front lawn in a pickup truck painted like a beast, paintballers equipped with different colored paintballs took aim at a massive canvas, attempting to paint a replica of a nude historical *tableau vivant* portrayed by students on an adjacent stage.

“I, at this time, was a ghost,” says Snyder. “We [the ghosts] wore these old thrift store wedding dresses and we ran around doing different things. I had this huge plastic tub of gunpowder. I was walking around the front lawn, where everybody was, and I was pouring the gunpowder out in these shapes and then lighting it.”

“My memory is that, Igor being the very open troublemaker in the best sense that he

is just wanted people to get together and do what they wanted to do in a very Dionysian way,” says Snyder. “I can tell you that all of the things that go with Renn Fayre were flowing freely around that weekend and it was chaos—with my wedding gown and gunpowder and the naked tableau.”

The 1993 RAW was the first run primarily by students, with Schiff crediting strong early involvement from the Student Activities Office for the ease of the transition. The early themes had yet to acquire the open-ended, free-form versatility that this year’s theme of “Daemon” exemplifies. The they included “Latino/Latina Art” (possibly a byproduct of Schiff being able to bring a top-notch Mexican band made up of Sociology PhDs from San Francisco), “Women in the Arts” (which was colloquially dubbed “Really Awesome Women” to fit the RAW acronym), and “American Folk Art.” By the time of the 1995 RAW—themed “Asian American Artists”—the festival had grown into a five-day affair, although it would continue to be called Reed Arts Weekend into the early aughts.

In 1998, following slightly less constrictive themes of “Fashion and Art” and “Technology,” RAW Coordinator Sarah Hamill ’00, now an Assistant Professor of Art History at Oberlin, conceived the theme of “Boundaries/Borders/Intersections.” The accompanying catalog was the first that appears to have not been thrown together in Microsoft Word over the course of a weekend and

printed on a desktop inkjet, and taking on the feel of a professional publication. Contained within was a short introduction to the week’s events, which included the following exposition on the theme: “Perhaps out of cowardice, perhaps for strength, we keep borders intact. Others we seek to move beyond: to see how green the grass really is, or to be happier, more equal, more different, more ourselves.” This type of much more abstract concept allows artists freedom to do what they want with their creative endeavor while also giving them just enough constraint to bring all of their projects together.

Themes throughout the 2000s carried on this tradition, with “Artifacts” in 2002, “Ego” in 2006 (featuring a catalog inspired by *The National Enquirer*), and the politically-charged “Sub Prime” in 2009.

The first RAW had yet to achieve the thematic unity it has today, but even then, Snyder and others of those involved attempted to make it a cohesive whole. “I was involved in bringing a sculptor, Hugh Pocock, up from San Francisco,” says Snyder. Given the unofficial theme of destruction, the artist had a performative installation in Vollum Lounge in which he “worked with glass and objects that might not shatter that glass,” says Snyder.

While the performance fit well with the other projects that were going on that weekend, the type of structure now in place to bring about thematic unity had yet to fully develop. “Now the RAW Coordinators

give such careful consideration to what’s happening in contemporary art and think beyond the culture of the art space and the museum to think about how the art spaces can live in a really interesting way,” says Snyder. “It’s an opportunity for students to curate, which was just not a word we would have used back then.”

Many of the recent RAW Coordinators have worked at the Cooley Gallery, and Snyder has been closely involved with the event over the last six years as an advisor. “My role is one of helper,” she says. “RAW is really for students, by students, I have been honored to help with RAW.”

Elizabeth Bidart ’12 curated the 2010 Reed Arts Week. “It’s a lived experience,” she says. “As a kid doing this, it was like ‘how am I supposed to figure all of this out?’ You’re really doing everything; you’re curating, you’re producing, you’re making the catalog.” Her catalog, a tarot card deck is particularly striking. “All the different departments in a museum come together into a few people.”

In a similar way, RAW creates a confluence of the arts, allowing students across a range of departments to come together in a unified effort to make the week happen. It is an impressive display of the range of skills and styles that exist across majors and a testament to the determination of the students to demonstrate their learning outside the classroom. ▼

Publicizing RAW

By ERIKA HURTH

Sophomore Chloe Truong-Jones is in charge of Public Relations for this year’s RAW. Chloe, an artist herself, has been excited about RAW since getting involved earlier this fall. She has mainly been working on the Press Release that was issued last week. As she explains in an interview, “I do a lot of thinking about how to present RAW in a more public sector and not as just a school event.” Since RAW incorporates outside artists who have presented in renowned spaces like MoMA and SFMO-MA, Chloe has dedicated a lot of her time to presenting RAW as a cooperative project despite its title, Reed Arts Week.

Chloe’s vision for this year’s RAW was constantly changing. She explains, “I think, in some ways, we are presented with a vision, and then an aesthetic is built over time with the group.” She credits most of the vision to the curators, Eli and Genevieve, who she says have been insightful as to “how to navigate the contemporary art world,” conducting research “that dictates what kind of artists they speak to.” Once the theme is decided, the collaborative movement is triggered and the vision begins to unfold.

Chloe has dedicated much of her time to reflecting on how to present this year’s RAW to the public sphere. This has led to reflections on how this year will be different from years past. She says that it will feel

more organized and open, “We’ll be taking down the removable walls of the GCC, making it one giant space...and there will be a lot more performances in the PAB.” In her opinion, “established areas lend themselves more to art.”

Chloe is most excited for visiting artist Trisha Donnelly, whom she calls the “blockbuster” of the group this year. “She’s very intellectual about her work as a conceptual artist, which is very inspiring for people who are interested in art history.”

Look for Chloe Truong-Jones in Anna Baker’s “Medea,” and possibly in Lina Neidhardt, Kathleen Deems, and Nina McDaniel’s “Imaginary Invalid.” ▼

A Chat with RAW Coordinators Eli Coplan & Genevieve Ward

By ERIKA HURTH

TG: How did you both get involved with RAW? What made you decide to take on the challenging position of curators?

GW: I gravitated towards RAW as a freshman. I volunteered a little bit and was really into it. Then last year, I was in the press aspect of it. I was very immersed in the whole thing last year because I was in the planning group but I wanted to do it myself. I wanted to make my own RAW, in a way. Last year my concern was getting communities in Portland and outside Portland aware of it, whereas this year I'm much more concerned with what's happening in the community.

EC: I didn't get involved on the same linear track. When I was a freshman, I sort of got swept up in it because that's when I was really started to be into art. I started off as a science major. There was this really wonderful installation set up in Vollum Lounge that I spent 3 or 4 hours in every day. It was a wonderful space and I ended up getting close to the artist. It was a sound piece where they would return every few hours and keep adding on to their track. And so the next year since I sort of knew what to expect with RAW—as a freshman you aren't really aware of it, which is something we're looking to fix this year—I did a really involved project that went in Vollum Lounge [a bio-feedback machine using a lot of homemade equipment], it went over really well, and I got really immersed in everything that was going on.

TG: So was that what made you decide to tackle being a curator?

EC: Yeah totally. We just decided to apply.

GW: (with a smile) But we were secretly applying together...

EC: We definitely talked about it but I wasn't sure if we were friends or competitors!

GW: I always wanted to work with you. We wondered how we would work together.

EC: We were a team, totally.

GW: A secret team!

TG: What do you think of being a curator?

GW: I've learned more doing RAW than any single semester here. Or, different skills.

EC: Yeah. Much more hands-on.

GW: Also RAW has given much more freedom than — well, I haven't been involved in that much event planning — but it seems like more than most. There is really a lot of independence given to us.

EC: We realized that if we hadn't done anything, no one would have known about it. RAW would have just not happened.

GW: There is a lot of trust, which is a privilege.

TG: Did you guys pick the theme? What's the story behind it?

GW: We picked it!... We are kind of behind on things because of the amount of time we spent on the theme, but it was worth it... We set out on a research project. We had interests we wanted to bring forward, and then we were like, let's wait until we find [the right] candidate for it.

EC: We spent a long time thinking about directions and interests. We found it, and then kept sitting on it for a little while. We ended up narrowing it down to two.

TG: What was the other one?

(Genevieve shakes her head at Eli)

GW: I feel like that should be secret. It's totally still present, which is why I feel like it should stay secret.

TG: How will this year be different? What are your visions?

GW: It [the GCC] is going to look more like a reading-room. It's a space to gather.

EC: But also we wanted to branch out from the GCCs, there are a lot of really wonderful spaces on campus. And the GCCs are filthy.

GW: But it'll be really pretty when we open it up.

EC: It'll be spread out.

GW: I think RAW kind of fluxes and flows in a way. What we are doing to open up the campus is to have two artists whose work will be spread out, not just in one gallery that are both works of a series. But we are spreading out their serial form.

EC: What we were thinking was that someone would be in a gallery and think, 'Wait, have I seen this before? Or is that something new?'

GW: Yeah, [a focus] on memories and traces.

EC: More of an emphasis on the invisible connecting links.

TG: Do you guys consider yourselves to be daemon-like?

EC: (shakes his head with a smile) No...

GW: That's for you to find out...

TG: Anything else?

GW: We're putting out a pamphlet that will direct students and visitors around RAW but Jade Novarino is designing a really cool catalogue that is going to come out a month or so after the event. It'll have essays from alumni, Reed students, artists, professors — and a large poster on the back to keep for posterity. It'll be a way of continuing this research project... a way of delving into the Daemonic. ♣



Image Courtesy of RAW 2014

RAW coordinators (from left to right: Eli Coplan, Jade Novarino, Chloe Truong-Jones, Genevieve Ward, Jacqueline Davis, & Katherine Rosenthal).

Age-Old Tradition of Labyrinth Resurfaces

By BRIAN CLICK

⌘ & ✕, student artists, are collaborating on LAMNISCAPE: an interactive project involving a labyrinth constructed out of seven-inch obsidian volcanic rocks. The Grail spoke to them under the Blue Bridge, in the rain.

TG: What is your project? I hear you're planning on doing some exciting things with volcanic rocks?

⌘: LAMNISCAPE is a Cretan labyrinth on a wooden floor that is set up with contact microphones so that as you go through the labyrinth — which has one way in, to one center, and one way back — as you walk along, vibrations from your footsteps will be picked up by the contact mikes and amplified through speakers in each corner of the room, so every person as they go through — depending on the way they go through — will create a unique soundpiece that accompanies the trajectory.

TG: So how does LAMNISCAPE reflect the RAW theme?

⌘: We interpreted the theme — or I did, at least — as meaning a kind of medium. Something that helps you concentrate.
 ✕: But also, it's funny, because the Cretan labyrinth just projects you through — it's

got one way in, and one way out. There's really no freedom to do anything there. What I'm thinking of is a choreography, a ritual thing in one context but meditative in another. And it seems funny to be so strict about how you move through it, but we were interpreting the sound accompanying it — made by the body, the medium of the sound — as exterior to the tightness of moving through it. More free.

⌘: Yeah, more like a memory. It's hard to phrase this in a coherent way, but I think of the sound as the actual daemon, because it's detached and dematerialized from the actual experience. We're going to play it back, after the thing, at the mixer.

TG: Wait, so are you going to play each participant's individual track, or overlay them?

✕: We're going to overlay them. We're going to mix them at the mixer. Everyone will listen to their feet, and everyone will take one of the obsidian rocks if they choose, so the piece will get cleaned up as we all leave. I just really like labyrinths. It's an old form. So old. Lots of people, in a ton of different contexts, have used them for similar purposes; it's a very ubiquitous form. I had one in church when I was growing up that I always had to walk through. I felt like it was the weirdest, most alienating thing to follow this really arbitrary path around some-

thing that's just mowed into the ground that I could run across if I wanted to. And that's part of it. The boundary will just be one rock thick. There's nothing stopping you from crossing, but people will feel like they have to do it the right way because they're in an artistic situation or something. It'll be weird, it's kind of fascistic.

TG: What will you do if someone steps outside the lines?

⌘: Nothing!

✕: Celebrate them, I don't know.

⌘: I was thinking, what if someone stepped on one of the contact mikes? That's totally a possibility.

✕: Scary.

⌘: It would make a really cool sound.

✕: It *would* make a really cool sound. It'd be worth it. I'm imagining someone kicking a rock accidentally and it bouncing...

⌘: And how fast are people going to walk through it? How are people going to approach it? Are there going to be a zillion people in there? This is exciting. ♣

LAMNISCAPE will be accessible in Racquetball Court #1 throughout RAW.

Medea Goes to Grail

By GRACE FETTERMAN

At first Paradox manager Anna Baker seems to be an anomaly. Her calm elegance, finesse, and warmth belie her acute insight into female fury.

Or do they?

We meet at the Admission Office, where she works as an intern. Anna beams cheerily from behind the desk. I pour myself some coffee, which, by the way, you really need to stop stealing if you are not employed by this place of business.

Anna has prepared a version of Heiner Müller's "Medea" for the RAW stage. "Müller is an avant-garde playwright," she says. "His work is postmodern, fragmented, and apocalyptic." Müller, born in Eppendorf, Saxony

directed productions of his own in Berlin, as well as all over Germany and Europe. The playwright joined the Socialist Unity Party of Germany in 1947. In his creations, he "grapples with the clash of communism and capitalism," says Anna.

Our emerald-eyed director has divided Müller's "Medea" into three sections. "The first and the third scenes are portentous poems," she says. "In the second one," she continues with a playful smile, "Medea describes how she will destroy [Jason]. I have also added a scene from Heiner Müller's 'Hamletmachine.'"

Anna describes her piece as "a feminist art installation performance with a womb-like structure." There will be four rooms the audience can walk through, like a house

tour. "It blends the apocalyptic with the domestic, in a dark yet slyly humorous manner," she says.

"I want my audience to feel actively involved in this. I want it to be fun and ram-bunctious." Anna says that her version of "Medea" was perfected through "collective decisions" among all cast members.

Of RAW, Anna says, "it's the best week at Reed. I live for seeing my friends work creatively, and getting to witness what they produce." ♣

"Medea" will be staged in Prexy on Thursday, March 6th, at 9pm.

Argan's Imaginarium

By **BRENDAN SORRELL**

Lina Neidhardt, Nita McDaniel and Kathleen Deems asked me to meet them in the Paradox to discuss their RAW Project. Lina was on shift. I walked in with a group of people looking for their late-afternoon caffeine or nicotine fix, and Nita, who also works there, went behind the counter to help within the sudden rush of students.

As I waited for the line to die down I looked around and saw Max Smith-Homes and Anna Baker, and realized we could have done most of interviews for this issue right then and there. The Paradox is a year-round hangout for many of those creating art on campus, but at this time of the year there appears to be a heightened level of excitement. I went back behind the counter to talk to Lina, Nita, and Kathleen about their project, as they continued to stimulate Reedies with beverages and conversation.

Their project, I was soon told, is an interpretation of Molière's "The Imaginary Inval-

id," which follows a hypochondriac father who wants his daughter to marry a doctor even though she is in love with someone else. "It's a satirical comedy, which we've taken and run with more conceptually," Lina said.

"No part of our project is really narrative or didactic," said Nita. "I would call it primarily an installation, and secondarily a theatrical performance."

At first they wanted to put together a more theatrical performance, but felt that an installation would work better within the larger context of other productions being done for RAW. They also cited the importance stressed in RAW application, of how the object would be a manifestation of the theme of "Daemon."

Originally conceived by Molière as a *comédie-ballet*, their adaptation brings the viewer on a self-guided tour through several rooms, set up as *tableaux vivants*. "The narrative unfolds as the viewer walks through the different spaces," said Lina.

The tableaux do not feature the entire plot of the play, and are arranged without chronological cohesion, save for the two bookending tableaux that depict the opening and closing scenes of the original.

"In a way its not even 'The Imaginary Invalid,' it's Argan of 'The Imaginary Invalid,'" Kathleen said, referring to the play's protagonist who Molière last performed as on stage, having a coughing fit and hemorrhage before collapsing and dying a shortly after—although he did finish the performance. "We focus thematically on the scenes that dictate Argan's trajectory," Kathleen continued, explaining that Argan also provides the satirical lens through which the play should be viewed.

There's no dialogue and little direction, which Nita said "adds an element of spontaneity. We want the experience of the wanderer to be confusing and abrupt." ❧

Vaudeville on Wall Street

By **JORDAN YU**

I met with Max Smith-Holmes inside the Student Union building last Friday to talk to him about his Reed Arts Week set of vaudeville-style performances. However, he almost immediately asked if we could move outside, which we did, and we proceeded to sit on the bench by the BPR and discuss what the RAW schedule describes as a "neoliberal wet dream."

I asked Max about the meaning of the cryptic title "Albertsons #565" and he replied: "We were really into Blackwater." No he didn't mean the private military corporation awarded massive no-bid security contracts for the Iraq War. Not the company made infamous by its killing of 17 Iraqi civilians and five former employees with federal manslaughter charges. He was talking about the other Blackwater, the energy drink, spelled Blk. water. It's black in color, enhanced with fulvic acid (whatever that is), and has a pH balance of 9.5. The only place

you can buy it in Portland? Albertsons #565. "We also wanted it to seem really random, really corporate and really gross," he said. "We wanted people to do what you did, and just be interested in coming because of the title."

It was soon clear that none of the elements in this variety show were going to have simple explanations. Working with spring/fall senior Marisa Baron and junior Charles Mitchell, Max combined his vision of corporate life with their idea for a television show to form this year's performance. When asked why the SU was the chosen location Max said that "in every RAW there's been a vaudeville type performance with lots of people involved and it has always been in the SU." Though not as corporate as Kaul, the SU will have plenty of space to hold multiple stages on which to perform. The trio decided that the final format of the performance would be a talent show, set inside a corporate vacation retreat, and filmed/broadcasted live on screen inside

the building itself. Senior Andrew Wilhite is bringing a band from New York City to play at Reed for the week and will be providing the music for the talent show.

It's difficult to describe the themes of the event and how all the setpieces and performances will work together. Max isn't giving any hints. When I asked him about what he hopes audiences' initial reactions will be, he replied: "I want them first to be concerned with where they're going to sit." He continued to describe exercise balls, beanbag chairs, and even a "splash zone" area where willing viewers will get soaked by some as-of-yet unknown mechanism. Whether a corporate playground, talent show, T.V. show, or some combination, this year's vaudeville event promises a lot to talk about. From what I heard, there will even be a few bottles of Blk. water there. ❧

"Albertsons #565" will be staged Wednesday, March 5, 9pm in the Student Union.

The Crash Heard Around the World

By ERIKA HURTH & VIKRAM CHAN-HERUR

It's safe to say that the giant snowball story is old news by now. But for those of you who have been living under a rock—or, more likely, under a pile of books—something happened during the Snowpocalypse that has smashed its way into Reed's history: two students accidentally rolled a nearly thousand pound snowball into the Reed College Apartments and caused a whopping \$2000 to \$3000 worth of damage on the 8th of February.

Chris Lydgate '90, editor of Reed Magazine, broke the news on Reed Magazine's blog, SallyPortal. Lydgate found out about the snowball when he was on a run and his coworker asked him if he had heard about the "giant snowball." The story provided amusement as it spread through campus via word-of-mouth, but Lydgate thinks the story didn't take off on campus because there was a false rumor that the Doyle Owl was inside the snowball. "If the premise is that the Doyle Owl is there and it isn't, it's a non-story to the student. But, if the premise is that there's a giant snowball, and it turns out to be true, to my reporter's ear it sounds like a real story."

After his blog post, the story spread through the Associated Press (AP), a news cooperative that pushes out stories to its thousands of member news outlets. Steven DuBois, an AP reporter, got in touch with Lydgate the day after he published the post. DuBois' story spread through the media. As various off-campus news sources picked up the story, Reed began to buzz with talk of the snowball and the ensuing press coverage. In just one week, 512 domestic and 116

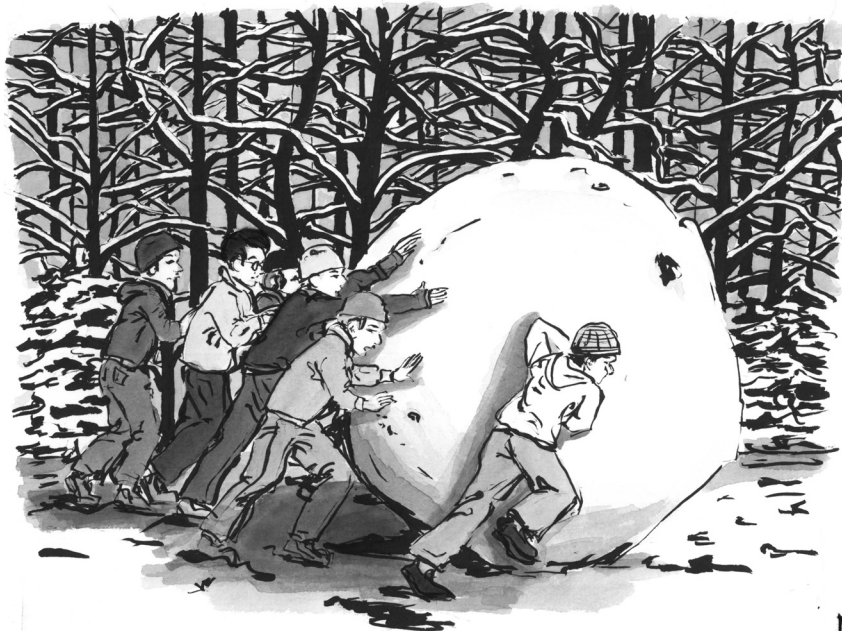
international news outlets reported on the story. Most of the 600 and counting reports of the snowball can be traced back to the AP. Yet, campus remained puzzled: How did such a seemingly trivial story become a headline all over the world?

One of the news sources to cover the snowball incident was BuzzFeed, a site that claims it "provides the most shareable breaking news." However, it was of little surprise — given BuzzFeed's reputation as a master source of derivative rip-offs — they

singularity...it's a man bites dog kind of story." That singularity and the tension of the math majors losing control of the snowball, "because the reader thinks, 'they're math majors, they're smart people, they should know what they're doing,'" only makes the story more interesting. He thinks the photographic evidence also contributed to the spread of the story.

Shane Dixon Kavanaugh, a reporter for the Oregonian who found out about the story from the Twitter feed of his friend Adrian

Chen '09, explained why he thought it was a good story. His theory agrees with Lydgate's about singularity, the tension of the math majors and explains more of the appeal. Kavanaugh wrote about the snowball because it was a unique event, "a great college story," and fit into the Reed reputation. He thought the story fit well into the college-kids-up-to-no-good category, which makes adults smile with nostalgia and students laugh with affinity. A giant snowball hitting a dorm is the kind of incident



didn't have much to say about why it was newsworthy. Rachel Zarell, who wrote the story, told The Grail in an email that the snowball was "definitely a funny, quirky story — [her] favorite kind to write about :)"

Lydgate has a more complete theory of why the snowball was newsworthy. He teaches a Paideia class, "Reporter's Bootcamp," which explores his "Theory of News" that he uses to explain the spread of the story. "Significance is only one of the many factors that go into news," Lydgate explains, "This story scores very very high on some key elements of news. It's got what I call

that reminds people of their college years. People are drawn to the nostalgia and to the "shenanigans and skullduggery." He thinks Reed's reputation for super smart, but quirky, students only furthered the spread of the story. It plays into the stereotype. "You couldn't have asked for a more perfect campus for a 900-lb snowball to hit a dorm."

The news spread to NPR's Morning Edition, CBS, London's Daily Mail, a Japanese TV show, and more across the nation and the world. Clearly, the story had a snowball effect — rolling itself into something bigger than it seemed to the Reed campus. ❧

The Woods

Moira Hicks

It was hard to tell how big she got when it happened, but judging by the height of the bramble tunnel all around her, she got pretty big.

The sun was weak where it filtered overhead, through the low mist of the morning, making the light grey. Cool and damp against her skin, against her body.

Irene inhaled sharply, deeply, suddenly. Her heart shuddered inside of her, pounding. She fought for her breath, the cold air painful and hollow against her throat. She felt like she had not as much awoken as risen from the dead.

The ground was cold and hard under her face and hands and hips and legs. It pressed into her, the moss seeping water where her body weight pressed it like a sponge.

She was naked, she was wet, she was hyperventilating.

Waking up the morning after was—it as nothing like a hangover, despite what her friends insisted. It was sharper and fuzzier, somehow. There was a terrible insistence to the world around her and a kind of woolly texture to her memories. The headache was generally worse, too.

She counted herself lucky that the winter hadn't been too bad. She could have gotten frostbite, if it hadn't. She had gotten frostbite in earlier seasons.

She yelped as her muscles ached and her joints popped back into place. Her thighs groaned and her calves screamed against the movement. It felt like every vertebra her spine popped and shifted.

"Jesus Christ," she murmured, hoarsely. Her throat ached. She had been howling.

Something tugged at her long, white-blond hair and she grunted at the pain. The silvery strands tugged out as she disentangled herself. She tried to brush the dirt and leaves from her thighs and ass, but her palms were skinned.

"Fuck," she swore, looking at her bloodied hands.

Pre-morning light still hung grey in the emerald wood, dewy fog between the trees. Tufts of grey-white fur suspended in the thorns above.

Irene walked out of the tunnel of brambles and thorns, leaving the wreckage behind her like the trail of a comet.

Trails criss-crossed the park, and it

wasn't long before she came to a rough path paved with smooth, round stones. She looked in both directions before turning right. She shivered. It was still early spring, still chilly enough to pull up constellations of goosebumps over her arms and shoulders and chest.

The birds weren't back yet, and the only sound around her was the moving crunch of stones shifting under her feet.

She had walked for about twenty minutes when she came to a trail marker, a simple arrow with a rough doodle of a wolf at the top.

Irene brushed a lock of hair from her face and continued walking.

The office was a squat, unpainted wood-en building. A young woman sat at the window. She blew huge gum bubbles, mouth moving expressively to retrieve the popped gum back into her mouth.

"Hi," Irene said, clearing her throat.

The young woman's name tag read "Donnatella," white letters engraved into the blue plastic. She pushed a clipboard toward Irene. "Fill out the forms. Give me the pink copy, keep the white and the yellow," she said. Donnatella had green eyes marked heavily with thick eyeliner.

"Pardon?" Irene asked.

"Forms. Pink copy to me, keep the other two," She repeated.

"I'd-I'd just like my clothes," Irene replied.

Donnatella's eyes rolled heavenward. She straightened her posture. "You new?" She asked. The gum in her mouth made a slurping sticky staccatto.

"No," Irene said. "I'd just like my clothes."

Donnatella sighed. "Protocol. You gotta fill out the forms before you get your clothes back," she said. "Government procedure, yeah? Used to give you your clothes before the papers but too many of you doggies wandered off all looped up on the adrenaline." She tapped the clipboard with a bright-red fingernail. "You wanna use public parks, you gotta fill out the forms, love."

Irene sighed and took the clipboard. She sat on a smooth wooden bench and hazily provided her information.

Her name (Irene Parker), her age (21), her address, her social security number, her telephone number, her insurance provider, her caseworker- it all went on the form. She

tore the pink form from the bottom and took the yellow and white copies.

Donatella looked the form over before nodding and hitting a button on her desk "Head on in, love," she said. "Hope you have a nice wash." She tossed Irene a key.

Irene always woke up early after it happened, so she was one of the first to the showers. The air was muggy, nonetheless, and warm. She turned on the spray and did a rudimentary wash, trying to pull some of the leaves and twigs from her waist-length hair.

She was warmed up and satisfied soon enough and walked out of the bathroom just as another group of young women headed in after her, chattering like a flock of birds.

Her clothes were in the locker she had left them in the night before. She slid into them before turning the key back in and walking out.

The parking lot was about a ten minute walk from the office, and the walking came easier with shoes and a coat. Another small station, a checkout office stood at the edge of the lot. A well groomed young man sat behind the counter.

"Hi there!" he said, too chipper. Too bright. "Can I see your 140D?"

"Excuse me?" Irene murmured. She hoped she looked half as murderous as she felt.

The young man leaned forward (Jonathan, his nametag read). "The white form," he whispered, conspiratorially.

She fished it out of her pocket, slapped it on the counter.

Jonathan looked at it with some great show of official nature before he reached across the booth and grabbed her car keys.

"Thank you, Miss Parker! We at the Bureau of Lupiform Affairs hope you had a pleasant moonrise and hope to see you next month!"

She pocketed her keys with a dark look and loped off to her aging Volvo. Sat down in the front seat for a long, long minute. She closed her eyes. Tried to grab distance.

Her caseworker had told her she needed to stop trying to separate the two.

"Engage with it," she'd urged. "Don't let it run your life, but don't hide it. Times have changed, Irene. People with CLL are in po-

sitions of real power and are visible. Maybe try talking to more people with your condition. Be a part of your community.”

Her caseworker wore heavy silver rings on her left hand. Used the clinical term, Cyclical Lunar Lupimorphia.

Irene listened to the sound of her breath in her small car. She clenched and unclenched her hands around the steering wheel.

Breathe in. Breathe out.

Claws and teeth and fur and-

She opened her eyes and reached across the car to the glove compartment. Shook

two pills out of a bottle of aspirin she kept stashed there. Shoved the key into the ignition until the thing ground to life and her stereo flared up, a Bob Dylan song wobbling unevenly out.

The park changed as she started to drive towards the edges. The roads became paved. The trees became less dense, and the fence surrounding the park came into sight. Signs of parks purpose disappeared and signs of the public's disapproval appeared. Low branches on the trees disappeared and litter sprung up. Some of the groups, they liked to scatter drugged meat and chocolate

and broken glass through the area, and the rangers kept it out of the zones they used but along the edges, the traps popped up like tumors. Graffiti popped up over signs for the speed limit. Satan's Dogs. Animals. Beasts.

The car rumbled by a sign. Seaside State Park, it read, and scrawled over it in red letters, “Go To Hell Werewolves.”

She flipped off the protesters as she drove by, turned up the radio to drown out their shouting. ❧

Warner Brothers Builds Kids' Movie for Adults

By JORDAN YU

Phil Lord and Chris Miller, directors of the Warner Brother's “The LEGO Movie,” met each other at Dartmouth College. After being rejected for an animation job for “The Rugrats Movie”(1998) they began focusing their efforts on writing. Lord wrote for “How I Met Your Mother” starting in 2005 and alongside Miller directed the incredibly successful comedy “21 Jump Street”(2012). Their latest effort “The LEGO Movie,” in theaters now, is a hilarious 100-minute avalanche of virtual action scenes, pop-culture references, and successful satire that pours out of the screen and onto the audience. While the movie is aimed at children, the comedy is rife with subtle and subversive in-jokes that only older viewers will understand. Reminiscent of cartoons from the late nineties and the early aughts, many of the jokes rely on the ridiculousness of daily life in metropolitan America and the rapidity of prevailing social fads to achieve their impact.

Make no mistake: this movie is a two-hour-long Lego advertisement. However, the story of perseverance that accompanies the action is as touching and clichéd as one would hope for in a children's film. Several live-action scenes near the end of the film bring it all back to reality, and the audience is treated to typical family-movie themes and motifs in a delicate, vibrant package.

The movie features a star-studded voice cast of: Chris Pratt (“Zero Dark Thirty”), Will Arnett (“Arrested Development”), Elizabeth Banks (“The Hunger Games”), Charlie Day (“It's Always Sunny”), Alison Brie (“Community”), Morgan Freeman (Morgan Freeman), Will Ferrell, and Liam Neeson, who give the

movie its whimsical feel while simultaneously legitimizing the zany onscreen action. There is something truly perfect in hearing the voice of Ferrell as President Business, an evil Sorcerer/Tyrant who vows to end the Lego universe on “Taco Tuesday” by spreading superglue over everything.

Our intrepid protagonist, Emmet (Pratt), starts off his day, in fact every day, by following the instructions perfectly. Following the government-issued “Twelve Steps To Happiness” guide, Emmet proves himself to be a perfectly functioning member of the futuristic dystopia in which he lives. Calling himself a “builder”, the hero spends his days in a hard-hat gentrifying neighborhoods in Bricksburg by demolishing them with explosives while singing a catchy pop song where the majority of the words are “Everything is awesome!”

With the help of Wyldstlye (Banks) and Vitruvius (Freeman), Emmet realizes that everything he unquestioningly believed about his world was a lie created by the micro-managing dark lord Business. Both the president of Bricksburg and the CEO of Octan Corporation, Business plans to solidify the world with Kragle (Krazy Glue with the extra letters removed) to prevent anyone from building an original or flawed creation again. During a particularly poignant scene, Emmet loses innocence as he realizes that Octan Co. is not only responsible for manufacturing all pop music, but reality TV, surveillance cameras, food, and voting machines as well.

Young vs. old, good vs. evil, creative inspired invention vs. homogenous rote construction, this movie is full of seemingly immutable dichotomies. Fortunately for the audience, the distinctions become blurred

and the film goes on, and in the end, you won't know quite how to characterize the movie except as a wild, fun ride. “The LEGO Movie” will make you feel like a kid again. At least until the lights come on, but even then you'll feel a vague yet lingering desire to just sit on the floor and play with plastic blocks. ❧



Alexis Angulo & Mia Uribe Kozivsky

“When I first bought this sweater I thought it was a pug but then I realized it was a French bulldog and I hate French bulldogs.”

—Anna Amelyanchik

“It's been hard to adapt my wardrobe from the hot and dry Córdoba to the chilly and wet Portland.”

—Matías Oviedo

A bitch in the boardroom, a bore in the bedroom, a ham in the Himalayas

I was first attracted to Crispin from OkCupid because he resembled a cheese stick with a roguish mind. I've always been a sucker for chalky bad boys who belong on a pizza or a platter. To quote Far East Movement from their 2010 hit, "Popping bottles in the ice, like a blizzard...Now I'm feeling so fly like a cheese stick, like a cheese stick, na na na na now I'm feeling so fly like a cheese stick."

Before you call me superficial, this chum had more to offer than good looks. He was a self-proclaimed English major with a passion for social justice, a writer of fiction, captain of the debate team, stalwart defender of crème caramel, and—most tantalizing of all—a pun wizard. Crispin claimed Valentine's Day is "insaint," and last week, when I told him I was having trouble sleeping due to the full moon, he texted me: "Just wolfing that fact down, aren't you :)" to which I lawled, and so he inquired, "were you howling with laughter? My puns come in a pack."

I was swooning. "Finally," I wrote to my academic advisor Pancho Savery, "Someone

on OkCupid who doesn't have the personality of a washcloth." On a raw February evening, Crispin asked me out, "Is coffee your daily grind? I'd like to meet you. But beware, drinking too much caffeine can cause a latte problems." He was indomitable. How could I refuse?

The day is February 23rd, and the time is 11 A.M. My Spanx, fresh out of the dryer; my chin hairs, parted in the middle. Crispin emerges from his Honda. Actually, I don't know if it was a Honda, I'm not a car person, that kind of thing bores me. He looks less like a cheese stick, and more like an emu. Crispin is clad in a shirt, which reads, "7 days without a pun make one weak." This makes me smile—coily, of course.

Crispin gives me a hug, looks me in the eye, and whispers

"You smell faintly of ham."

And that was the last thing he would ever say to me.

No, he did not die. That was the last thing Crispin would ever say to me that was not a pun.

"What do you think you'll do after Reed? Are you interested in politics? Will you run for Con Grace? Did you hear about the guy whose whole left side was cut off? He's all

right now. What are you scared of? I used to have a fear of hurdles, but I got over it. I like your watch! I was going to look for my missing watch, but I could never find the time. What are you reading in school? Chaucer? Have you read the Knight's Tale yet? The roundest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference."

I actually just got that last one. When I told him I had to go to the bathroom, Crispin continued, "A relief map shows where the restrooms are."

Oy. It was then I realized this guy wasn't funny, but had OCP: Obsessive Compulsive Punning.

"What did you do last night? I saw a beaver movie last night, it was the best..."

"Dam movie you ever saw?" I interrupted. Enough was enough. I told him I left something on the stove, my child had a piano recital, and that I was sick and had to leave.

Later that night, Crispin texted me:

"I had a great time today at the internet cafe. We really clicked."

Yes, wouldn't it be pretty to think so.

The pun also rises, but Jake never does.

Also: I don't even eat ham. ♣

GRACEFUL GROUSINGS

Grace Fetterman

Chairman of the Bored Points

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

Lately, Commons George has readily returned my swipe card without any reluctance or banter. I'm worried I offended him. Why doesn't he tease me anymore? I miss our laughs and

repartee. Why so serious?

Sincerely,

Chairman of the Bored Points

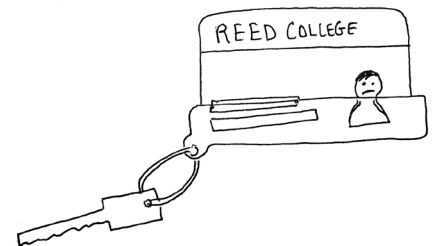
Dear Chairman,

First, I want you to take a deep breath. It's crushing to feel like you've been rejected by George, but consider: would he ever really forsake you? Commons George has a heart big enough to give the whole school a hug. It's almost impossible that you've seriously offended him. More likely, you've just been slipping under his radar recently. Do little things here and there to get him to notice you. Wear a wacky hat, or ask the grill to add sweet potato fries to your jalapeño-onion-mushroom stripadilla. It's these small

gestures that will catch George's wandering eye. Soon enough, you'll be yukking it up again, just like old times!

Wonderful indeed,

Miss Lonely Hearts ♣



MISS
LONELY HEARTS

International Comparative Panache Studies

With applications to the language houses due this Friday, we decided to help promote interest by broadcasting the language scholars' fashion.

Whether you have a conversation class or have merely passed them in Commons, here are Matías Oviedo and Anna Amelyanchik. Matías is the Spanish House Scholar from Córdoba, Argentina and Anna is the Russian House Scholar from outside of St. Petersburg, Russia. Both in collared pale

blue buttoned downs beneath either a colorful scarf or a puppy sweater, Mathías and Anna have clean and seemingly effortless style. To see the outfits' details and more of the scholars, visit our website dosdesastres.blogspot.com. ♣

DE SASTRE

Alexis Angulo
Mia Uribe Kozlovsky

Cultural Calendar

By CHARLIE WILCOX

February 28th

Concert — Lubomyr Melnyk @ Yale Union

Melnyk is a Ukrainian composer and pianist who has the world record for fastest piano playing; he can play over 19 notes per second in each hand simultaneously. If that isn't enough to get you in the door, this is also Melnyk's first ever performance in Portland, and his music is beautiful, too. \$12 for transcendental piano plinking, y'all.

March 14th

Movie — The Grand Budapest Hotel @ Cinema 21

Hey everyone, new Wes Anderson! Duh. Since I know everyone at Reed is going to swoon about this anyways, there's no real reason for me to try to get you to go... but this film's lineup is stacked, even in comparison to other Wes films. Early reports say that this may be his funniest film, if not his most heartfelt. I'm okay with dialing down the twee a bit after Moonrise Kingdom.

March 24th

Concert — St. Vincent @ Crystal Ballroom

Well, the new album is awesome, obviously. I can't wait to see how it will augment her live show. Annie Clark is one of the best guitarists performing today (she might be the most exciting guitarist I've seen live, and I saw J Mascis) and her solos are a sight to behold. Especially combined with her dance moves, which fit perfectly with the glitchy, tweaked-out nature of her music (I'd like to see Mascis do that in high heels!) Funny story, in May 2012, Annie jumped on me. I suppose it was because I was the sturdiest looking dude in the front row, so she figured that I could support her stage dive, but I'm honored nonetheless.

March 28th

Movie — Nymphomaniac Vol. 1 @ Cinema 21

The moment we've all been waiting for. The brand new romantic comedy from Lars Von Trier, who has delivered such lighthearted classics as "Melancholia" and "Antichrist." It'll be a bucket of laughs and love as Jennifer Garner, playing an overworked architect, stumbles into Patrick Dempsey's Jon, a newly-successful

author who can't seem to write the follow-up to his hit mystery "Nymphomaniac," on a subway in NYC on New Year's Eve, thus changing their lives forever.

Nah, just kidding, this movie's gonna be depraved, disgusting, and amazing. It's Von Trier, see it in a theater, where it's a lot harder to look away.

March 30th

Book Signing — Jimmy Carter — Powell's

I never thought I would have both Jimmy Carter and nymphomania on the mind at the same time, but I guess he did 'lust for other women in his heart' (try and get that reference, nerds!). But honestly, Jimmy is probably my favorite president, mainly because he is the pragmatic answer to the hypothetical question 'What if Mister Rogers became president?' (I mean, I guess I did spend a year of middle school researching him, but that's a different story for a different time). He's a nice dude, he's done tons of charity, and he did the best he could in a difficult time. Also, he's a peanut farmer, and he was attacked by a swamp rabbit. Honestly. Wikipedia that shit. ♣



Disco balls hang in Sallyport for the 2007 Reed Arts Week.

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