

THE GRAIL

VOLUME I

MARCH 13, 2014

ISSUE IV



INSIDE

EMILY M. THE SCIENCE FEMME

NEW HIV RESEARCH

Bone up on science. New developments in HIV/AIDS research show that a cure may be closer than previously thought.

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OLDE REED STILL SINGS

PAUL ANDERSON'S SONGS

Ahh, Reed in the nineties, what a simple time. Listen to songs such as "The Dogs of Reed", "Microsoft Word", and "Rich White Kid", and revive Olde Reed today.

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FLASH FICTION

THE TRACK STAR

Ever run away from your problems? Try to outpace the Satan in your brain? James CurryIV empathizes in "The Track Star." Illustrated by Madeline Englefried.

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www.reedthegrail.com

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

We hope you enjoyed your trip behind the scenes of RAW with us in last week's issue of The Grail! It was our most popular issue yet.

Spring is in the air, and so is the sound of music, especially the sound of Reddie Paul Anderson's '88-'92 collection of songs about his time on campus (1). Ruben de la Huerga suggests the perfect album for finishing midterms (3).

Do you feel like running away sometimes? Then read James Curry IV's flash fiction piece "The Track

Star" (2). Or, you could ask our advice specialist and check what fashion is popping on campus (5).

And if none of that appeals to you, hopefully something else in this issue will. Or you can always blame it on the stars (4). We wish you a peaceful and relaxing break — maybe you'll have a spare moment to watch our beautiful campus burst into bloom.

And, as always, we invite you to our weekly open meetings, Mondays at 8 in PAB 105.

Love,

Ben, Brendan, Clara, Jordan, Lauren, and Vikram

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Front cover photograph of Ben Friars-Funkhouser by Jordan Yu.

SONGS OF OLDE REED

By BRENDAN SORRELL & BRIAN CLICK

The first thing you'll notice about Paul Anderson's album *Loligo Vulgaris* is that many of the songs he wrote about Reed College between 1988 and 1992 could have been composed in the quad today. His sharp caricatures and parodies of life on campus, such as "Rich White Kid", "Sensitive Guy", and "On the Night Bus" haven't aged a day.

The chorus of "Rich White Kid", for instance, lays out the universal code of trust fund Reedies: "I'm not really a rich white kid / I'm living like my third world brothers always did / I would not be born into an easy life, not me / That wouldn't be PC." The song's meaning is best expressed by one of the later verses: "In case you haven't guessed / Why I'm so scruffily dressed / Why I mimic the oppressed / With such passion and authority / I have my dream that if I wear enough trash / Or smoke enough hash / or spend enough cash / I too can be a minority!" It's sung with a saccharine brio that characterizes the left-leaning life at Reed, sung to self-described "funky blues chords", climaxes with an awful attempt at scatting punctuated by the spoken aside: "Hey, did you think that was easy? I had to dig down to the roots of my ancestry to do that."

"Rich White Kid" began when I passed a classmate wailing the funky blues chord (G#7, that exact fingering) outside Eliot Hall while his friends talked," says Anderson. "The song took about a year to grow from a chord to a complete anthem."

The album as a whole was also a slow-sprouting project. Anderson explains that he "arrived at Reed in '88 and realized [his] acoustic guitar and bevy of campfire songs were the same as everyone else's", and switched to parody in order to stand out at the popular Midnight Theater comedy nights. He further expanded his repertoire by hosting the SU open mic for two years, sometimes trying to motivate other people to come up and sing by playing deliberately awful songs such as, "Cliché Love" and "Wish You Were Hare." However, one of the best songs on the album, "Dogs of Reed", wasn't finished until after Anderson graduated: "I lived near Reed and still had plenty of friends attending, but it felt awkward to set foot on campus. The song is an overt fantasy about a more dignified option to come back as a dog. Also the job market

in '92 was horrible."

"Reed's a small town," he adds. "The songs are full of references where everyone knew who I was singing about, or could guess well enough." The song "Sensitive Guy," which chronicles the loud renunciation of patriarchal gender norms by male Reedies in order to appear more compassionate — and desirable, "mostly consists of actual lines Reed women quoted to me from their boyfriends or suitors. 'Coolie' was a term coined in '91 for a crowd of unapproachable Student Union dwellers who, again, were sort of ridiculous. Somehow we all missed that the word was a racial epithet and I hope that can be understood from the lyrics; I couldn't sing it today without some heavy explaining."

The songs were finally released on cassette in 1994 as a souvenir for Anderson's senior class. He recorded the album nearly singlehandedly. "Today you can make a parody like 'Squid' or 'MS Word' by downloading the karaoke version. Nothing like that existed back then, so I listened to the originals over, and over, and over to figure out each of the instrument lines, and recorded them all from scratch . . . The great saving technology was the vintage Mac SE I wrote my thesis on, and that you hear booting up on MS Word. It had composition software that could play back through MIDI. So I wrote the keyboard tracks and played them through a friend's synthesizer as piano / organ / violins which also became the timing

track. Two more friends played most of the drums and bass, my housemates sang choruses, I filled in the rest. The timpani was an empty water cooler bottle borrowed from Prexy, suspended by ropes and struck with a soup ladle."

Loligo Vulgaris was played on air by Dr. Demento '63 in the early 1990s, and "Microsoft Word" was the most-requested song on the show for some time, bringing Anderson his 15 minutes of fame as he received fan letters from across the country. However, the tapes are no longer in stock, his sophomore album, *Paul Anderson Unplugged*, has largely vanished, and he no longer releases recorded music. "My satisfaction is playing live where people enjoy it," Anderson claims.

Nevertheless, his first album lives on. *Loligo Vulgaris* has been undergoing a small renaissance in popularity in recent weeks, as one student after another realizes that — in the words of the campus' other favorite album — life at Reed is the same as it ever was. Even the spirit of the songs themselves reflects an ever-present self-critical irony. As Anderson himself puts it, "Reedies are disposed to be ridiculous, especially in their passionate student years, but also to laugh at themselves." ❧

Listen to the songs of Olde Reed online at www.andersonic.net/music/LoligoVulgaris/



Courtesy Paul Anderson '92

THE TRACK STAR

By JAMES CURRY IV

A track star, he, running along the brown-orange and the green-white in shiny blue windswept shorts and great white sneakers with intricate designs. He's bronzed and heaving, a furnace of movement, perfectly suffering in the golden sun, an immaculately sculpted seventeen-year-old machine of tremendous output. Cheered on by girls in the bleachers, all hair-obscured foreheads and colored tights enamored with his athleticism, his deliberately-cut blonde hair, his gigantic blue eyes, this boy bouncing rapidly along the track, a dorky Adonis, a goofball Aryan blur. When they say his name he smiles, straight teeth, glowing droopy cartoon eyes, mind in the world with the girls and with God shining benevolently above him, happy for all he's done and all he will do, a future happy family man, this well-liked boy, not too serious, wearer of funny t-shirts from funny movies and avid listener of high-energy rock music, friend to surfer dude and hipster creep alike, safe in His warmth, powerful in His consciousness.

All when the girls cheer for him, this, when he is close to them. Far on the other end of the squished oval track, the track star thinks of death and skateboards, horrible, horrible, horrible things he's seen online, and he tries to forget, thinks of the girls and of sex and then of death, tries, forgets, banishes to oblivion, thinks of her instead,

but then gasps in a psychic shudder, thinks again of eternal oblivion, darkness forever and ever, heroin and cascades of blood, death, death, death. The track lies before him, patiently awaits the imprint of his alien shoe, of its bouncing soles supporting a strangely intricate plastic exoskeleton, as he pushes himself forward, ever closer to his grave. At this moment, the boy wants

that if he really wanted to he could get into his car and drive it off the cliff and into the track and then keep moving, could bring his big red machine close to the girls and let the shrapnel pierce them, and then explode in a fiery ball. He knows that he could really do this if he really wanted to, and his eyes grow wide, and he makes himself forget about death, forget about violence. He knows it's

bad, but he can't manage to stop himself from indulging in these sorts of thoughts.

So he runs faster, tries to outrun this Satan in his brain, while the girls cheer on what they think is a second wind. The boy comes closer to the jubilant throngs, and he, without any effort, completely forgets death, and experiences another few moments of bliss, near his friends, back in the world of the living. He is now present and aware. He now knows he's safe. But he patiently dreads the lonesome march that



nothing more than to die, just to see what it feels like. Every step he takes he is narcotized, engrossed by the outer reaches of experience.

The boy is a satellite, now at the far corner of the track, where a fence holds back a dry California dirt wall that crawls high above to a sun-drenched parking lot. His car is there, he thinks, and he knows that if he wanted to he could just jump over the fence and claw up the dirt and fuck up his t-shirt, mix the dirt with the sweat, and he knows

follows around the bend, dreads the mysterious allure of the Devil that always hides in his lonesomeness. No, no, no. He loves the sun, and he loves the girls, but really all that can bring him happiness right now is the thought of the end of the race, that moment when everyone will clap and the other track stars will relax, and when he can sit down at a bench and eat orange slices with his friends next to him, everyone watching the sticky juice dribble down and mix with his sweat, a happy, healthy boy. ♣

Amygdala

by Ruben de la Huerga

This album got me through final exams; it doesn't get more magical than that. The melodic house music of *Amygdala* was a surprise hit for me. Despite my initial hatred of the album art, this is possibly the only album I fell for this year. I even warmed to the art once I had more of a grasp of DJ Koze's personality. That this is near-perfect music for studying is not the main reason I'm so head over heels for this album. Its power lies in the youthful feelings of wonderment it stirs up. Each track has a moment that takes the listener further down the rabbit hole. There are the chimes at the beginning of "Track ID Anyone?," the climactic cymbal crashes of "Nices Wolkchen" fading into wispy and beautifully effected synths, the painful anticipation of the first chord change on "Royal Asscher Cut," and those fantastic sax squelches of "Magical Boy."

The Marvin Gaye sample on "Das Wort"

somehow finds Gaye sounding at home within German electronic music. And his lyrics are quite telling for *Amygdala*, "We're all sensitive people / with so much to give." This sensitivity and positivity is embraced all over *Amygdala*, making it more positive than the latest output from Lil B, the inventor of positivity himself.

Which brings us to "Homesick," which would possibly be my favorite song of the year if I felt like making such a list. I never really experienced homesickness until this year. Away at college, dealing with a half breakup, this song somehow got shuffled on. I don't mean to make this a diary, but I cried so hard upon hearing it. "Homesick / 'Cause I no longer know / Where home is," was unfathomably affecting. Yet, with how joyous the song sounds, it turns the situation into a bittersweet tragedy as opposed to just moping. That strength in the face of sadness is inspiring.

This is one of the most uplifting albums I know. But that alone is not the reason that this is one of the strongest records to come

out of 2013. *Amygdala* is simply immaculately produced. Every single element within these songs sounds completely full. This album could not have been mixed better. At the moment, DJ Koze truly has no superior when it comes to music production of this genre. His beauty, creativity and humor are without rival. *Amygdala* is an album to remind us of why we fell in love with electronic music in the first place. ❧



Amygdala — DJ Koze

An Eye for an Eye

I'll be honest: *Skagboys* by the Scottish novelist Irvine Welsh (most famous, I think, for his 1993 book *Trainspotting* — the one that got made into a movie with Ewan McGregor and — Welsh himself as Mikey Forrester) is the only book I've read for pleasure since the school year started. This is for a few reasons, the first and foremost being the mountain of work that we all know and love. Even as the bookstore cashier was ringing *Skagboys* up I was thinking: pleasure reading? really?

when are you going to have time for that? Answer: I didn't.

Then there was Welsh's own writing style. Like many of his books, much of *Skagboys* is written phonetically in Scottish dialect. This makes

the text into a sort of code that I had to crack to get to the story — simple thoughts and narration turning into a mishmash of noises, like when I look at a sentence like "Ah ken that once ah git movin ah'll be fine, even though ah'm a bit scruff over" and

thinking, "what? just . . . what?" But no matter how tough to decipher, the language got my heart pumping — it carries the roughness, the sweetness, the anger, and desperation of the characters in a way that dictionary English never could. It gives you their

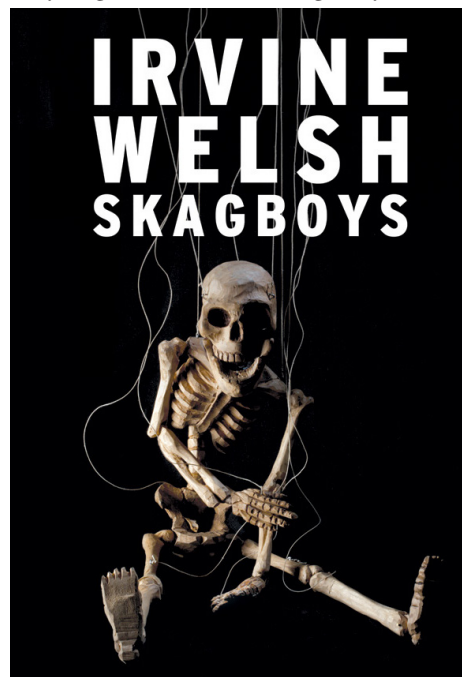
heart, delivered in their native tongue.

So how did *Trainspotting's* Leith laddies become . . . well, the Skag Boys? "Ah know that this is crossin a line," Mark Renton breathes to us in the moment before the first shot — "Say no . . . say naw . . . NAW, NAW, NAW . . ." But all it takes is from someone else to "just say 'aye,'" and he's on the tracks. They all are. Renton, Sick Boy, Spud, and Begbie: all our favorite boys from *Trainspotting*. Though the book is a prequel to Welsh's '93 bestseller, you don't need to know the lads to fall into their story headlong. Welsh lays it all bare for you in their own words — thoughts pulled from their minds and their rehab journals (and, once in a while, from the *Notes on an Epidemic* which tracks heroin's quick spread through all of Thatcher-era Edinburgh and Scotland). This book doesn't lean a bit on the success of *Trainspotting*: the characters are flawed and full, and the storytelling is masterful.

Our time is limited — by school, by friends, by work. But if you've got a moment to read only one book for pleasure . . . just say 'aye.' ❧

BURN AFTER READING

Zoe Rosenfeld



Genetic Manipulation: New Directions for HIV/AIDS Research

By EMILY MERFELD

Emerging research has made an exciting step toward the prevention and cure of HIV/AIDS. At least 36 million people have died from HIV/AIDS since its first report in 1981. One in six HIV-positive individuals is unaware of his or her status. The virus infects and disables immune cells — the T helper cells which orchestrate immune responses — and makes the individual highly susceptible to a range of other infections. A regimen of antiretroviral drugs is used to fight the infection, but this therapy is extremely expensive, sometimes ineffective, and can cause severe side effects.

Recent research at the University of Pennsylvania tested a therapy based on a rare genetic mutation which disables the CCR5 receptor which HIV uses to infect T helper cells. A lucky one percent of people are immune to HIV/AIDS because

they have two copies this mutated gene, the CCR5-knockout allele. This means that these people have none of the receptors that HIV uses to enter the cell. It was one of these genetically lucky individuals from whom the famous “Berlin patient” received a bone marrow transplant that cured him of the virus. In order to confer HIV immunity without expensive and invasive bone-marrow transplant surgery, researchers have begun modeling the CCR5 mutation in the laboratory.

Sangamo Biosciences, Inc. developed a method for synthetically disabling the CCR5 gene; the results of the Penn critical trial, which were published on March 6th, document its success. Researchers used zinc finger nucleases — DNA scissors — to genetically manipulate T cells from 12 HIV-positive individuals. Zinc finger nu-

cleases disable specific genes such as those which make the CCR5 receptor. After injection with the modified (and CCR5-less) T cells, half of the participants stopped antiretroviral therapy. Those treated with the mutated T cells had a higher concentration of functional T cells, suggesting that limited immunity was conferred by disabling the CCR5 receptor. However, critics question whether these DNA scissors are specific enough: they worry that other DNA may be damaged by accident.

Although most patients slowly were re-infected by the virus and their T helper cell concentrations lowered, one patient was virus-free for the entire 12 weeks the study observed. Many look forward to further research into this genetic manipulation: it may lead to a cure to HIV. ▼

Enjoy It While It Lasts

Venus moved into Aquarius last week. Don't get too excited my sex-deprived Reedies, this transit is more about crowds and friends than romance. Of course these are not mutually exclusive. Eccentric Aquarius loves to break down old rules and work to-

wards a higher social ideal. If an orgy is what you seek, now is the time to arrange it. For the less sexually adventurous, now is a time of social euphoria. Expect

to make lots of new friends or, at the very least, leave the library and see all the friends you've been avoiding for that scholarly lifestyle. Those already involved in a romantic relationship will breathe a breath of fresh air thanks to the cool freedom that follows Aquarius. When Venus moves into Aquarius weirdos and eccentrics become even

more lovable than before.

Since February 18, you may have been feeling absent-minded, extra-sensitive, or perhaps even allergic to your day-to-day routine. This is because the sun moved into Pisces that day. Pisces is a highly empathic sign described as spiritual and idealistic. If you are feeling the pull of Pisces, give in: take a stroll through the canyon, meditate among the trees; contemplate your purpose within this ever-expanding universe; now is a great time to nourish your spiritual energy.

However, this beautifully enlightening spiritual period is already nearing its end. On March 20, the sun moves into Aries. Aries is combative and impulsive but, as the first sign in the zodiac, it also is considered to be the sign that brings about new beginnings. It brings with it the first signs of spring and the optimal time for starting a new project after the winter hibernation.

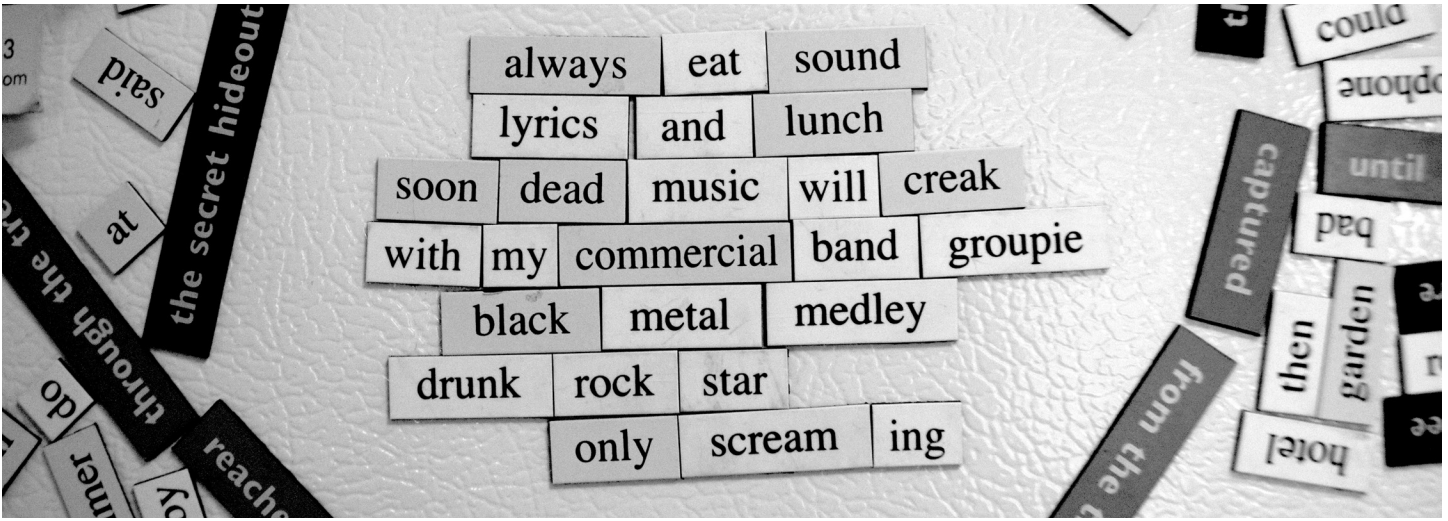
The “I Am” sign of Aries might not mesh very well with Mercury in Pisces, which it re-enters on the 17th. When Mercury is in

retrograde your thoughts can often be confused with others, but as it is no longer in retrograde the spiritual communicative energy created by Pisces could be used for your benefit. The passions of the fire signs need not be used for solitary purposes although they are often thought of in that way. With Mercury in Pisces you might be able to better understand and communicate with a larger group of people. With the Sun in Aries you might figure out how you can best fit in for both your and others' benefit. Impatience can often be a problem with the Sun in Aries. Although you may feel strongly about something at first, that fire can quickly be extinguished if you don't continue to aid its growth during this period. In conference this energy can either be used in a way that is incredibly adamant and territorial about ideas, or so that the idealistic energy of Pisces helps passionate conversation. Converse in a wise and aware fashion. ▼

ASTRAL PROJECTIONS

Clara Rice
Brendan Sorrell

Untitled by August Wissmath



PRINTING HONOR?

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

I accidentally stole 8 cents off Lucas Binion's printing account. I feel horrible about it, I can't sleep! What should I do? Send help fast.

8 cents Richer.

Dear 8 Cents:

A single sheet of paper might not seem like a big deal, but when Lucas' History of Spacetime professor asks him to print that 50-page PDF on string theory, he'll need all the cents he can get. Consider getting him a gift certificate to Printing Services (they make those, right?) tied 'round a single rose. Wait until midnight, then don a mysterious cloak — preferably with a hood — and leave it on his doorstep.

Yours 'til the ink runs out,
Miss Lonely Hearts. ♣

MISS
LONELY HEARTS

Cerulean and Smiles

DE SASTRE

Alexis Angulo
Mia Uribe Kozlovsky

Following the springtime sunshine, Reedies have begun to show some skin again. Wearing a bright cobalt sundress, Anna exemplifies the shift perfectly! Ch-ch-check out Anna's ultramarine frock. Until next time! — MUK & AA ♣



Alexis Angulo & Mia Uribe Kozlovsky
"The dress is Rebecca Taylor but I managed to find it at Goodwill!"

—Anna Ma '17

Angry Almost Always

Graceful Grousings by Grace Fetterman

Boycott Wonka Bars
Oompa-Loompa slave labor
Tastes like oppression.

DAEMONS OF RAW



Top Left: "Albertson's #565" Wednesday, March 5, 2014 in the SU. Top right and bottom: "Medea House" scenes 2 and 1 of 4, Thursday March 6, 2014 in Prexy. Photos by Jordan Yu. "Albertson's #565": faux-country duo appear as the first act of a talent show; a satirical homage to neo-liberalism. "Medea House": a staging of Heiner Müller's "Despoiled Shore Medea Material Landscape with Argonauts" in Prexy. Scenes repeated in rooms around the house. 🍷

CORRECTION

The Grail incorrectly reported that Chris Lydgate was the first to post the snowball story online on the 13th of February. Gary Granger wrote to *The Grail* to let us know that he posted the story five days earlier on the 8th of February on his tumblr blog, reedcollegedcommunitysafety.tumblr.com. His post included photographs and a comment only a Reedie would make: "we just need Sisyphus to roll this thing back up the hill."