



# THE GRAIL

VOLUME I

MARCH 27, 2014

ISSUE V

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INSIDE

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LETTERS FROM THE PAST

## FIRST LOVE

Charles Nunziato writes about love, childhood, and lost tennis racquets. The first part of a continuing series.

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INSIDE THE HALLOWED HALLS

## OLDE REED DEAD AT LAST

Take a tour of Reed's first building, in downtown PDX. Slated for demolition, the building has been transformed over the years from a school, to a pron theatre, to a ruin.

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SPRING BREAK FOREVER

## RAILROAD TO HELL

While some students cuddled in bed, others ventured into the wild, wild west. On their train to California, four Reedies (& twin) struggle with cannibalism, Irishmen, and tunnels.

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www.reedthegrail.com

## FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

Welcome back. We missed you over the break. During our week off, we revamped our website, [www.reedthegrail.com](http://www.reedthegrail.com). You can find this issue — including a travelogue of a train journey to California (2) and a review of the film “Russian Ark” (5) — and a complete archive of everything we’ve published this semester online.

Just before break, Lauren Cooper '16 and a group of Reed community members explored the first building to house Reed (1). It was then replaced by

this Crystal Springs Farm campus that was President Foster’s ‘First Love,’ — also the title of Charles Nunziato’s serial short story that starts this week (3).

Cheer up — there are only five weeks left! If you want to blow off some steam, write something for *The Grail*.

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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Reed Magazine editor Chris Lydgate proudly surveys his findings in what we believe to be Reed's first classroom. *Photo courtesy Tom Humphrey*

# Sifting Through the Wreckage of Olde Reed

By LAUREN COOPER

An unassuming three-story building blends into the skyline on the corner of SW 11th and Jefferson. The first floor corner room is mostly glass, scrawled over with writing in paint from Portland State University students. The room was used for several years as a classroom for the PSU field work program. The next two storeys are hardly more impressive: some brickwork covered in a drab beige. This building, unimpressive as it seems, is Olde Reed, in the most literal sense.

We met on the corner on Friday, March 14th to see Reed's first building before it is demolished to make way for a 15-story tower, which will most likely be more glamorous than the last vestige of the original campus. Our group consisted of Mike Teskey, director of Alumni and Parent relations, Mandy Heaton, Laurie Lindquist, Tom Humphrey and Kevin Meyers from Public Affairs, Gay Walker '69 and Mark Kuestner of Special Collections, Chris Lydgate '90, Editor of Reed Magazine and your Grail representative.

The superintendent let us inside the building now called Jefferson West. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness broken mailboxes, litter, crumbling brick, and a musty smell greeted me. The building has undergone many transitions since it left the hands of William T. Foster and his 50 students: it was home to the Cordova Hotel, the Mural Room, the Jazz Quarry, and an adult movie theatre. The top floor includes 80 apartments which once provided living space for some of the city's poorest residents.

We poked around the poorly lit basement first, using our phones as flashlights and not finding much except rubble and old theatre seats. Heaton, however, hit the jackpot when she discovered a pair of handcuffs covered in faux tiger fur behind a torn couch with the key still in the lock — perhaps a relic from the theatre's heyday.

A floor up, remnants of the previous inhabitants littered the apartments: old newspaper clippings, paintings nailed to the walls, and broken mirrors. Using a photo of students assembled for the inaugural commencement of classes we tried to determine where the exact location of the first class had been. We were looking for a fairly large and tall space with columns, and windows that spanned most of the height of the wall. Humphrey noticed a tree behind the students in the picture, with several thick branches extending from the stump, which made it seem most likely that the classroom was on the first floor. We hadn't looked in the storefronts yet, making it a definite possibility.

But first, like any good Reedie, it was onto the roof. Teskey was the first one up, with Lydgate and myself in hot pursuit. We squeezed into a narrow stairwell and then up a splintery wooden ladder out into the sunshine. The roof was covered with muddy puddles. We eagerly set off to check out the view, imagining what Reed students in 1911 might have seen on their first day of classes. Spying an old wine bottle lying on its side, half-submerged in a pool of water, Lydgate jokingly cried, "a vintage libation of

Olde Reed!"

Yet, the roof proved to be unfruitful as for our quest, so we retreated back inside. At this point we lost most of our party, leaving just Lydgate, Meyers, Humphrey and myself to solve the final mystery: where was the original classroom?

The last room the superintendent took us into was the one used by PSU for their field study program. It was empty, except for the several columns that punctuated the space, with light streaming in on all sides from the ample windows. Was this perhaps the classroom? As we pondered I glanced outside and noticed several trees lining the street. The trees were reminiscent of the one Humphrey had seen in the photo and, upon closer observation we could see where original, lower, branches had been cut to preserve new growth.

The romantic in me likes to think that we did find the original classroom, and that its final use, in a continuation of the tradition, had been as a classroom.

As we left the building and walked away from Olde Reed, we realized that we were the last Reedies to set foot in the same space used by those pioneering 50 students on the first day of classes. When they listened to President Foster give his opening speech they could not have known that they were beginning something that would continue more than a 100 years later, in a room that their academic ancestors would enter for the last time one sunny Friday in 2014. ▼

# No Train, No Gain

By ISABEL MEIGS, ZOE ROSENFELD, MIKE FRAZEL, & VIKRAM CHAN-HERUR

*Over spring break, Isabel Meigs '16, Mike Frazel '17, Zoe Rosenfeld '16, Vikram Chan-Herur '17 and Stoddard Meigs (Isabel's twin brother, a sophomore at Vassar College), all took the train from Portland to Emeryville, California. They brought with them a bag of provisions from Trader Joe's and our school readings. Two among them, Mike and Isabel, had never been to California. The train notes we have offered here are a touching story of friendship and childlike discovery.*

## HOOR ONE (14:25-15:25)

We just passed Salem, Oregon.  
Sheep! Ooh goat! Look more sheep . . . There was a horse.  
Read *Crime and Punishment*; fell asleep.

## HOOR TWO (15:25-16:25)

Green field. Very green field. Red-headed Irish maiden should be running in that motherf\*\*\*\*\*g green field.  
Now going faster than (some) cars. Definitely faster than the car with the "Eagle" trailer.  
Reflecting on how weird trains are. Thinking about American History. Vikram understands why Isabel likes trains. So does Zoe.

## HOOR THREE (16:25-17:25)

Who knew there were so many sheep in Oregon? Eugene might be cool, look at that hip brewpub.

## HOOR FOUR (17:25-18:25)

What river is this? It's always the Willamette. Listening to the Dixie Chicks; feeling bucolic. Many trees. Trees of all sorts.  
Went through a tunnel. Like a tunnel under a large cliff.  
Second tunnel! Larger tunnel!  
Café car man would like you to know that you can have "a snickers and a red bull for dinner" to which I say "yum."  
There are a lot of hipsters on this train. Oh god, I guess that includes us.

## HOOR FIVE (18:25-19:25)

Tunnel #3. We discuss who we'd eat first. Probably Vikram.  
Tunnel #4.  
Tunnel #5. Stoddard's new friend offers him booze.  
Tunnel #6. There is snow on those mountains

over there.

We discuss Adam Sandler's immortal classic "50 First Dates."

Vikram breaks out the earl grey.  
... Tunnel #15.

Tunnel #16.

Tunnel #17; long tunnel, dark tunnel.

## HOOR SIX (19:25-20:25)

The sun is setting. The lighting is dark grey and blue. Soon, it will be dark.

More snow. More and more snow.

If there were more birch trees, this would be more like Russia.

The sun, not unexpectedly, has set in the west. Vikram: "I've been so cheese deprived at Reed."

Zoe reads *Crime and Punishment* aloud with great expression.

## HOOR EIGHT (21:25-22:25)

Mike sings "Wide Awake" by Katy Perry.  
Two cookies left. May resort to cannibalism.

## HOOR NINE (22:25-23:25)

Mike and Vikram eat last cookie. Entering uncharted territory.

## HOOR TEN (23:25-0:25)

Mike looks for metaphors in our train travel. Adds, "but also, who takes trains?"

## HOOR ELEVEN (0:25-1:25)

Isabel has never been to California. But I guess she has now. Still dubious.

Hey look, stars.

Why is the moon so bright?! Is this a fake moon?! What is this s\*\*t. F\*\*\*\*\*g California.

## HOOR TWELVE (1:25-2:25)

Isabel is trying to look at the scenery with the help of the steroid moon.

Isabel listens to "California Stars," tries to appreciate California; success is mixed.

Passed a super cool river. 5 points for California. Tunnel #∞

Tunnel #∞ + 1.

## HOOR FIFTEEN (4:25-5:25)

TRAIN IS REALLY F\*\*\*\*\*G COLD.

## HOOR SIXTEEN (5:25-6:25)

We've stopped in Sacramento. The tickets are being inspected. For the record, the train tickets are just slips of paper on which our destinations are written in Sharpie. #trainlyfe.

Mike thinks up train puns: "SOUL TRAAIN," and "how to train your dragon," and "no train, no pain," and "I'm about to go in-train if we don't leave Sacramento soon." Some of them weren't really puns.

## HOOR SEVENTEEN (6:25-7:25)

Mike has exited the train and is playing games on the platform. His hair looks great.

WE'RE FINALLY LEAVING SACRAMENTO.

Palm trees! Isabel loves palm trees!

The sun is rising. Somewhere there is a red door. The moon is very large in the western sky. Everyone chants moon. moon. moon.

## HOOR EIGHTEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN (7:25-8:10)

We're passing over a large river.

The fun delirium of being up at 6 is over, and now we're just tired.

OH MY GOD WE'RE THE NEXT STOP FINALLY. TRAIN HELL. ☹



From left: Isabel Meigs, Zoe Rosenfeld, Stoddard Meigs.

Photo: Mike Frazel '17

## FICTION

# First Love

By CHARLES NUNZIATO

Part I

Toward the end of this most recent August I made a trip up to the house where I spent most of my summers as a boy. The journey was nearly rendered impossible by a disruptive late summer storm, Hurricane Lisa,<sup>1</sup> which residents of the area should certainly recall as being particularly fickle and destructive. Yet I ended up arriving before the worst of things, the train pulling into Hartford Station (as to this day I do not drive) while gusts of rain clicked against the roof and windows of the train car, the fogged glass and roaring wind giving the oddest sensation of being removed from both space and time.

Two weeks prior I had received a letter, whose return address, long forgotten to me, I immediately recognized as originating from that very same house from my youth. How she, this “Ms. Truvine”, had come to find where I lived was unclear, but she explained that she had recently discovered in her home a box of items she believed had once belonged to me. Among these were a small collapsible telescope, an old wooden tennis racket, and a journal, the pages withered and beginning to yellow. Expressing her desire to return these to me, she invited me to visit and reclaim them at my convenience (it struck me as curious that she had not simply sent these initially, but her motives soon became clear to me). And so it was she who was waiting for me in the dreadful weather as I hurried across the platform, thoroughly soaked.

We ventured to the house in a curious silence. I had many questions that I eagerly longed to ask, but I was reluctant to break the quiet we had maintained, and so we drove on without speaking as the rain came down in sheets, the wipers clearing the glass, only to be inundated by water immediately after.

After what seemed like both eternity and mere minutes, we pulled up to the house (I do not know whether to call it “her house” or “my house”, as it seems either sounds

somehow unfitting). The exterior had fallen into disrepair, the slanted roof missing tiles and the paint faded from its once glorious red. Yet through the workings of time and the sheets of rain, I saw the house that had once been so close to me. Unable to contain myself, I turned to the Ms. Truvine and stupidly said something about long awaited returns always being so strange. She simply nodded, seemingly in agreement, and urged me out of the car and into the house.

By this time, the storm had elevated to such intensity that the idea of my returning to the city was out of the question, and we somehow came to an unspoken agreement that I would spend the night. She helped me to settle in the room that had once been my own (whether she knew this or not I am unsure), and indeed, sitting at the foot of the bed, was the box in which I had stashed my treasures all those years ago. The night passed uneventfully. I listened to the rain pinging on the windows as I sifted through my things with a sort of melancholic amusement, and in the morning Ms. Truvine set out some tea before driving me to the station.

As we parted, she handed me a letter, clasping it tightly in my hands and looking deeply into my eyes. Sitting on the train next to my box of old reclaimed belongings, I opened and read her letter:

Isaac,

I am immensely pleased that you decided to come. I imagine there must be difficulties in such a return, but nevertheless I am incredibly glad you were able to make it. Ever since discovering your things tucked away in the attic I’ve become increasingly fascinated with their origins. Indeed the colorful notes and drawings I found in that journal of yours fascinated me to no end. As I read and reread

them those fragments seemed to come alive, and they now feel no less a part of the house than the old birdbath on the patio or the chaise longue in the study. It only saddens me slightly that I was unable to question you further while I had your company - my impairment can be a nuisance sometimes.<sup>2</sup> It pains me to part with those treasures that have fired my imagination so, and I would be overjoyed and much obliged if you were to send a fuller history of your time here. I’ve gotten a sense, but now that I’ve caught a deeper look into the past, I only hope I can learn more about what transpired here before it’s too late. If you choose to respond, I imagine of course that you’ll know where to reach me.

Yours,

Gena V. Truvine

I thought almost constantly about her letter and all she had said, as those final days of August drew on and summer rolled into fall. I am not entirely certain why, but I was compelled to give her a most complete summary of what she had gotten mere glimpses of, this compulsion driving me to compile a history of my final summer at that home. These are the fruits of my labors.



<sup>1</sup> The irony of which, I assure you, is not lost on me dear reader. At the time of my trip I was ignorant of both the coming storm and its unfortunate title.

<sup>2</sup> I admit with extreme embarrassment that it was not until several weeks later that I realized Ms. Truvine was completely deaf, a fact that I had forgotten she had mentioned in that very first letter.

# A Bitch in the Boardroom, a Bore in the Bedroom, a Pinup on Aisle Four

On the surface, it seems like I hate the word moist as much as the next guy. I sing in the “EWWW” chorus as a sonorous, yet not overwhelming, alto. I don a Beaker Muppet face, niggle and carp, throw in the classic, “It’s like nails on a chalkboard!” until the moment is over. Connotations of the muggy and wettish are out of mind, and it’s back to quarrying sandstone.

But the truth is, I don’t have a problem with the term. While it’s certainly not my favorite — that would be kerfuffle—moist recalls spongy cake and eyeballs, which are

pretty neat things in your very own sock-ets. Nothing disturbs my mind and blood-flow like the word pigeonhole — a paroxysm of psychological purgatory.

Five years from now, I see myself dating an actuary, Mr. Buddy Daryl Dunbarton. We will first meet in the Fanny Pack section at Target, where he will flirtatiously ask me, “Watcha packin’ in that Fanny Pack, Franny?”

I tell him that my name isn’t Franny, but that I knew one in elementary school who liked to lick caterpillars and spread her finger warts to other students through high fives. I regale him about how I used to wear plastic gloves every time I left the house, so luckily, I never caught ’em carbuncles. After a few beats, Dunbarton tells me he didn’t know finger warts could be passed on like that, and he thanks me for teaching him something new. I say, in a husky tone, “Any wart can be apportioned. Don’t matter where it originates.” I will later be embarrassed and shocked about how forward I was. Very out of character.

I return the fanny pack a week later, due to an affiliated rash around my abdomen. The manager will argue, “You have no proof that our product caused this erythema, ma’am.” He knows that word because he was a biology major. Five years from now, I will still be irked by bio majors, but less so by chem majors. I am waiting for the manager’s employee, standing right next to him, to make a stab at my poochy belly and say, “The proof is in the pudding! Look at that

thing!” but alas, he will not be as clever as I.

“Do we have a problem here?” The three of us turn around. We see a cowboy man.

“Who the fuck are you?” The dubious manager inquires.

“Who am I? Why, I am Buddy Daryl Dunbarton. I provide assessments of financial security systems, and right now, I assess that you’re being a douche canoe to this goddess with provisionally dilated blood capillaries.”

Indeed. My blushing is so visible; you would have thought I had worn the tainted fanny pack on my face.

And here is where the brawling starts. I don’t have all the logistics, but I’m pretty sure Swiffers will be used as swords. Keep in mind; this is all going to happen five years from now, so I have time. I’m open to suggestions, unless they’re from a bio major. Stop talking to me; don’t you have pipetting to do?

Buddy Daryl Dunbarton is the clear winner, and we make sweet love in aisle four. An old man hears everything from aisle three.

“Finally,” I tell my former academic advisor Pancho Savery, “An actuary who gets me. He just gets me, ya know? He really gets me. We’re like the movie, *Love Actuary*.” But Pancho hasn’t heard of the 2003 British Christmas-themed romantic comedy film, “*Love Actually*.” He laughs anyway, and wonders if it’s possible to block me from Skype. It must be. He’ll ask Wally on Monday.

On the fifth date, Dunbarton tells me he has a thirteen-year-old son, Harley Trevelyan Dunbarton. He asks me if I want to meet Harley, and I do. I have to pee, however, the whole time Buddy recounts how his ex-wife fell in love with the fish tank repairman, the painful divorce, how he got to keep the fish, but his wife got the tank, so the vertebrate died like twenty minutes after they reached an agreement.

“It’s like she ripped off both of our gills.”

Dunbarton starts to cry, and I kind of see where he is coming from, but I’ve never cared for strange, self-pitying similes, and I am worried for my bladder, so I apologize for being rude and run to the bathroom. I return, and Buddy announces,

“Let’s go introduce you to Harley.”

He’s a horror and a hellion. The weeks go by, and Harley’s hatred grows stronger. The kid calls me “The Thin-Lipped Trollp.” I also don’t believe he has ever trimmed his toenails. But Buddy devises a plan:

“Harley is an incredible cook. Let him make you dinner tomorrow night. Praise his food, and the two of you will be lifelong friends.”

Fast-forward to the dining room table at the Dunbarton abode.

“Harley, what the fuck is this?” My fork hovers over something round, red, and puckered.

“EAT IT, YOU HARLOT!” shrieks Harley.

“What . . . is . . . IT?”

He replies with a riddle:

“Scum of the earth, rat of the sky, it is a piece of the most disgusting creature alive.”

“Harley, . . . is this a pigeonhole?”

“Yes. NOW EAT! EAT!”

And it was moist. 🍷

## GRACEFUL GROUSINGS

Grace Fetterman



Alexis Angulo & Mia Uribe Kozlovsky

“At the bottom of my shirt it says, ‘Hey you, stay cool.’”

—Melissa Boettner ’17

## FILM REVIEW

## Привет России

By JORDAN YU

December 23, 2001 is the last chance for Russian director Alexander Sokurov. Holed up inside St. Petersburg's State Hermitage Museum, an exhausted camera crew, two thousands actors in period costume, and three orchestras are waiting for the signal to start. This is the one fact that everyone who has heard of "Russian Ark" knows even before watching it: this movie was filmed entirely in one take. Using a Steadicam to stabilize the shot, the whole 96-minute movie was filmed and saved, uncompressed, onto

a hard disk. No cuts, no transitions; this is the most realistic movie I've seen.

Our Russian narrator (Sokurov) — a modern time-traveler — follows the Marquis de Custine (Sergey Dreyden) — affectionately known as "The European" — through each salon, trying half-heartedly to both defend Russian culture and figure out why they have suddenly been transported in time. The European wanders aimlessly through the Winter Palace — smelling the paintings and harassing the guests — all the while mocking Russian culture.

Fast forward to March 2014. NATO kicked Russia out of the G8 summit, Putin is annexing Crimea, and "Russian Ark" is playing at the Northwest Film Center. The time traveler, a present-day Russian, butts heads with the Frenchman, who wrote a scathing travelogue of Russia in 1839. In the museum, they are both forced to endure Russian elites from multiple centuries.

As they walk through the rooms the time period keep changing. We meet Catherine the Great (Mariya Kuznetsova) teaching a group of children how to curtsy and Nicholas II (Vladimir Baranov) accepting an apology from Persia for the assassination of a Russian missionary. We even see a brief glimpse of modern-day patrons, their t-shirts and loafers contrasting with 19th

century regalia just a few rooms over.

"Russian Ark" is less of a movie and more of a dream. While the first-person perspective and single-shot continuity mirror how we perceive life, the actors fall in and out of focus, disappearing and reappearing whenever it's convenient. The fourth wall is demolished and immediately rebuilt. More than the larger action in each scene, the film derives its effect from the interaction between The European and the Russians (from all centuries). Each room is a new challenge for our intrepid narrator and sardonic interlocutor. Whether flirting with female art admirers or criticizing the Russian Orthodox Church, The European has no intention of quietly passing by. In one scene, he sees an El Greco on the wall: "Very nice," he says, "looks like a Rembrandt."

The tension between western European and Russian culture permeates every interaction in the film. That's not to say that both time travelers don't warm up to the idea of spending an eternity in the museum. By the end, even The European seems to enjoy himself. After briefly parting ways The Marquis spots the narrator once more: "My Russian cicerone! Do you know the way?" he asks. "Yes, let's go together." "This is your country!", yells the foreigner. "Yes, but not my century." ▼

## Classy Leopard

Cheetah girls, cheetah sistahs? Since one half of De Sastre hails from New Jersey, there is nothing more appreciated than a subtle use of leopard print for a change. Melissa Boettner leans more towards runway

than Raven Baxter dressed in her classy Zara leopard print geometric sweatshirt paired with an understated leather skirt. Go to dosdesastres.blogspot.com for the accents making this outfit! Until next time!

## DE SASTRE

Alexis Angulo  
Mia Uribe Kozlovsky

— MUK & AA ▼

## Seeking Adoption

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

I have serious conundrum. I would like Robert Knapp to be my grandfather. I know that he's married and he's never met my grandmother but I feel they'd hit it off! She has a PhD in English and they could talk about Shakespeare and theatre to their hearts delight. After all, didn't Romeo say, "How sweet is love itself possess'd / when but love's shadows are so rich in joy"?

I want Robert Knapp's beard in my Christmas card, not just the beard, but also a Norman

Rockwell-esque picture of us and their domestic bliss. How can I help the two of them start this whirlwind romance that will forever change their (and by extension my) lives.

Sincerely,  
Wanting to be grandson

Dear lil' Knapp,

I've found that people tend to get rather fussy when you try and force them into marriage — even if it's for the sake of a Norman Rockwell Christmas card. Instead, try a subtle approach.

Step one: when you talk to your grandmother on the phone, mention how much

fun you're having in Robert's class (call him Robert, to make him seem personable) and how much fun you think they'd have discussing Shakespeare.

Step two: invite your grandmother to Grandparents' Day. It doesn't matter that Reed doesn't have a Grandparents' day. Invite her, and take her to Robert's class with you. After class, introduce them: "Robert, I've told my grandmother so much about your class!" Then step back and hope that Robert has "ne'er saw true beauty 'til this night!"

Yeah, I can quote "Romeo and Juliet" too.

Teaching the torches to burn bright,  
Miss Lonely Hearts ▼

MISS  
LONELY HEARTS

# Cultural Calendar

By CHARLIE WILCOX

## April 4th

**Dance: LCD Soundsystem Ball — SU**  
Nothing else you could do that night is better than this.

## Concert: Evol — Yale Union

... Unless you want to get your ears pulverized by an air horn. That's right, a goddamned air horn. Evol self-describes itself with these keywords: "rave, mereology, elasticity, time dilation, chronesthesia, goo, Hoover-stretching, slime." In reality, if such a thing exists to Evol, the band hails from Spain and consists of Roc Jiménez de Cisneros, Stephen Sharp, and others. For this performance, they will be performing a "broken interpretation of Hannah Darboven's "Opus 17a" (1984)." This'll be weird, folks. Dirty up your earholes here and then dance yourself clean at the LCD Soundsystem Ball.

## April 6th & 7th

### Concert: Neutral Milk Hotel with Elf Power — Crystal Ballroom

Okay, I already know that 80% of you Reed students will be at this concert, so there's no need for me to talk about how awesome this will be (and how annoying the crowd will be). Plus, it's hella sold out.

If you are going on Sunday, I'll probably sloppily hug you as we both tearfully yelp the lyrics to every single song off of "Aeroplane Over the Sea." See you there.

## April 11th

### Concert: OFF! with Cerebral Ballzy — Hawthorne Theatre

After the emotional oversaturation that will be the Neutral Milk Hotel concert, it may be a good idea to cleanse your palate with some merciless moshing. OFF! is living proof that hardcore will never die, and neither will you. Keith Morris, lead singer and former member of Black Flag, has certainly been around the block a couple times, and then, deeming that not good enough, he destroyed the block by head-butting it repeatedly; he looks like it, too. Beat up some people, beat up yourself, it'll be good for you.

### Movie: The Raid 2: Berandal — Cinema 21

Actually, Raid 2 and Off! would make a great sonic and visual double-header, as they both distill violence into its bloodiest, most delightfully visceral form. The first Raid was 90 minutes of flesh hitting flesh, gunfights, and unfortunate stab-

blings (with about 10 minutes of plot resolution, but who cares). The second Raid looks to be just like that, but even more. Strap yourselves in, everyone, for the two and a half hours of violence, just the way we want it: mindless and excessive.

### Movie: The Unknown Known — Living Room Theatre

On the other end of the intellectual spectrum from The Raid 2 is this, Errol Morris's sort-of sequel to his excellent, excellent documentary "The Fog of War." In this one, Morris shifts attention from MacNamara to Donald Rumsfeld, an All-American villain with a bit more modern context. Early reviews seem to indicate that it doesn't quite reach the level of "Fog of War", but it's still very worth it regardless.

### Movie: Joe — Living Room Theatre

NICHOLAS CAGE IN A MOVIE THAT DOESN'T LOOK AWFUL. (Even if it kind of looks like a ripoff of last year's 'Mud'.) PRAISE BE UNTO CAGE.

## April 16th & 18th

### Concerts: Thou with Cloud Rat — Slabtown (4/16)

### Godflesh with Nails, House of Low Culture — Hawthorne Theatre (4/18)

The last two events I wanted to highlight this month are two metal acts coming through Portland at about the same time, both should be really excellent shows. The first is "Thou," a band that is almost impossible to keep up with. Hailing from New Orleans, they are relentlessly dedicated to a DIY approach to metal, and their new album 'Heathen' is pretty much just sludge metal done right. Catch them now, or later, they'll be back, probably with a handful of new albums to boot. "Godflesh," on the other hand, are a legendary band that that has been anxiously awaited since they cancelled their West Coast tour last year. But now they are back, playing a very, very select number of dates in the US, so this may be our only chance to hear anything off 'Streetcleaner' for a while, if ever. 🍻



Reed receives the first rays of spring.

Photo: Jordan Yu