

THE GRAIL

VOLUME I

APRIL 10, 2014

ISSUE VI



INSIDE

ARTS ON CAMPUS

STUDENT ART SPACES

Want to see more student art? You're not the only one. Maddy Appelbaum explores art venues from The Cooley Gallery to the Paradox.

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IDES OF APRIL

CAESAR REIMAGINED

Rumbling is coming from the PAB, and it sounds like glam rock. This rendition of the Shakespeare classic is raising eyebrows (and hair) in the Theater Department.

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WE ARE THE 78%

NITROGEN DAY 2K14.0067

The seventh annual celebration of nitrogenation is here! See the schedule on back for details on food, music, shattered roses, and how to win some nifty drawers.

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www.reedthegrail.com

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

It may be true that “April is the cruelest month,” but you don’t have to go through it alone. We’re here for you. Join us at www.reedthegrail.com for all things Reed both Olde and Nü. From a glam-rock Julius Caesar (3), to Nitrogen Day 2K14.0067 (10), there will be plenty of events to break the monotony.

And, if things get worse, you could always check out alumna Annelise Gelman’s first book of poetry, published last week (4). For those of you who would rather be in lab, read about Lisa Hiura ’14 and her work with animal social behavior (8). Or step inside the Paradox and see how student art-

ists are taking ownership of Reed buildings and filling them with their works (1).

However, if love is bringing you down, then perhaps Charles Nunziato’s serial story “First Love” will cheer you up (5). If all else fails, remember that at least you’ll never find yourself in the cast of “Nymphomaniac.” Max Carpenter critically discusses the context and influences of Lars Von Trier’s new film (7).

“Remember, I’m pulling for ya, we’re all in this together.” 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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"Coexist" by Kaori Freda

The State of Student Art

By MADDY APPELBAUM

Despite the passion of students for various artistic endeavors, the Reed campus lacks space dedicated to displaying student art pieces year-round. This seems to clash with Reed's "artsy" reputation, the popularity of RAW and the plethora of students puffing on cigarettes outside the Paradox or lounging on the lawn with dried clay and paint on their clothes.

Currently, the only spaces at Reed in which students are able to show original art are the Paradox, the art building, and the ever-changing mural walls around campus. Cooley Gallery Curator and Director, Stephanie Snyder, is looking forward to a change. "I personally believe that we need a teaching museum," says Snyder. "Within that museum, students could become involved in a multiplicity of projects, including the display of their own work and the curation of each other's work." Though she believes the Cooley is a "wonderful museum," she emphasizes that "it is one room, it can do one thing at a time." The creation of a new space, for Snyder, would mean "a large lobby, that is large enough for assembly, seating areas, that has a reception desk, and a bookstore" with an area on that first floor for "project space that could either be for student art or work curated by students." She stresses that "a teaching museum would have multi-

ple floors so really projects could take place throughout the museum." Snyder sees the creation of this space as a goal that could be accomplished in "not too many more years."

At an ideal Reed, different people envision different methods of art display but students and faculty agree that the best version of our campus would include a more visible presence of our art. "We probably need two kinds of spaces," says Snyder. "A space that...can be carefully tended and controlled by students, but I also think we need a really dignified space that is a portal to the larger world, like the Cooley is, where students can exhibit their work and celebrate each other's accomplishments, and hold themselves at a really high standard," said Snyder. In contrast, art major Liana Clark '15 believes one cannot "say 'this is a space for making art.' If students are invested in making art and showing it, they will do so. And that happens in some places more than others." In terms of creating new spaces, and encouraging students to create their own, Snyder says, "I don't think there is any administrative opposition to this." Paradox manager Anna Baker agrees that "it would be great if there was administrative support," but is "not sure in what way they could support it that wouldn't feel overbearing."

Baker thinks that the campus-wide emphasis on academics eclipses the desire to focus on art. "I feel like we are busy in a way where it is really hard to have these kinds of...outside of school projects. Time is really precious for Reed students and to put in that extra work of...setting something up or being a curator...is a lot to ask. Even though it shouldn't be, it is," she says. Snyder agrees, "everyone is extremely busy... if you have a thesis in a different department, if you have a course load, if you are just trying to have a life, eat well, and find a date, how do you have time to start another revolution?" She also cites a similar problem in the theater department, with "students working tirelessly on theater productions and not getting credit for it. We need to think really hard and carefully about what we're offering and how we're facilitating students to be involved [in the arts]."

The Paradox has taken steps to combat this apparent academia-fueled artistic apathy. Although the Paradox has traditionally shown student artwork, last year they took a brief hiatus. Baker believes that, because "we have this space...and it is the only...purely autonomous student-run organization at Reed" that it is important "to incorporate as many students as possible." In that spirit, "this year we hired [Syd Low],

and when we hired them we were like, okay you are a barista and a curator,” says Baker. Low says, “I’m less interested in ‘curating’ in the sense of ‘selecting worthy art,’ but more in the sense of coordinating students sharing in the potential of the space. That came out really academese; what I’m trying to say is I want to give anyone who wants some shine time a closer audience than Tumblr.” Despite Low’s efforts to encourage students to submit their art for display, response rates have been lower than expected. “We actually haven’t been getting that

tinues Low. “People will pull out all kinds of BS in their poli-sci classes but don’t know how to approach a photograph. And that’s not to say you should just BS more about art,” says Low, but rather begs the question: “why don’t people want to integrate art as something to have an opinion about?”

Kaori Freda is among the students who have taken the time to display their art in the Paradox. “I showed three pieces in the Paradox which I created my senior year of high school with collage and ballpoint pen,” says Freda. “I exhibited the pieces with

bring art closer to the forefront of campus life. “It would be very interesting to see people... curate their own exhibits” says Baker. “Whether it be in the ping-pong room or whatever, whether it is a part of class or anything, just as a form of art making that we don’t really participate in that much,” Freda also thinks “student-organized shows in community spaces like Vollum, Eliot, and the PAB would be a great outlet for students to show the work they create on their own time or in class.” Snyder is an eager proponent of any student-driven initiatives. “If



“Nestle” by Kaori Freda

many responses from SB Info. I think people are just tired and don’t want to put in that extra work,” says Baker. “Since individuals haven’t turned up, I’m thinking of asking for submissions on a theme,” says Low. “If that doesn’t work I’ll try something else. It’s an experimental place and the managers are really down with letting me do whatever. Apparently the Paradox has this weird rap of being full of ‘cool kids’ and people who work there, and I want to think this is an opportunity to make it more open.”

“I think Reedies want to be able to ‘know’ something about the art they’re seeing,” con-

bright upholstery fabric I scrounged from SCRAP [the School and Community Action Project].” For her, the experience was a positive one. “I like seeing student art in the Paradox and would love to see the art change month to month, with an artists’ reception to celebrate the artists and draw attention to their work for the remainder of the month,” Freda says.

Though the creation of a new space and potential renovation of the studio art building is at least a few years down the line, Reed art enthusiasts emphasize that there are steps students can take right now to

there were a kind of association of student artists, it could spring up tomorrow, and if they were to come to me and...say ‘would you help us organize ourselves, locate some spaces that art exists on campus, set up some deadlines and protocols, get out the word, I’d do it in second’ if students are passionate about this, and the administration is supportive, it seems to only be a matter of time until campus is awash with art for more than just a week each spring. ▼



Julius Caesar

Kathleen Worley

By ZOE ROSENFELD

The Reed College Theatre's production of "Julius Caesar," now beginning the second week of its two-week run, is many things. It is the final production by Kathleen Worley, the head of the theatre department, after her thirty-year dedication to the performing arts at Reed. Also, it is the sound design thesis of Jenn Lidell '14, and the final performance of ebullient senator and Reed Relieves administrator, Andrew Watson '14.

Worley's ambition is obvious in this production, which, according to the program, is set in "rock'n'roll Rome." This aesthetic is carried out in Broadway rock-opera style, with heavy use of black leather and glitter. Kevin Synder '16 plays a Caesar who looks like he stepped right out of Ziggy Stardust's closet — knee-high sparkly platform shoes and all.

Worley collaborated with students to make this production even more glam rock glamorous. Music major Jack Johnson '14 wrote an original score for the production, and newcomer to the Reed mainstage Sean

Key-Ketter '17 collaborated with Colin Trevor '15 to choreograph the play's numerous fights.

Look out especially for the rumble between Stella Baker '15 and Belle Aykroyd '15 in the fifth act — I've seen it more than once and it is exhilaratingly gory every time.

Despite all of the show's glitz, it seems to be missing something essential. Though Worley says that the play "investigates the 'star power' of Caesar," there is very little sense that the play was attempting to investigate anything at all. Shakespeare's histories, when directed with a probing political question in mind, offer the chance to examine the hypocrisy — and, indeed, the obsession with personality — what one might call "star power" — in politics today. Worley's "Caesar" does not seem to want to delve into the complicated motives offered by Shakespeare's characters and is not as thought-provoking as it could have been. Many of Mark Antony's lines, which show him to be as calculating and manipula-

tive as Cassius and Brutus, have been cut — leaving him a wholesome, all-American man, loyal and uncomplicated. The performance by Lily Harris '16 is strong, but the material she is working from is not nearly as complex as it could be.

Overall, this production of "Julius Caesar" is an enjoyable spectacle. It is well acted, and the high-quality performances by all of the new actors are especially impressive. The glam rock/hair metal theme makes for a fun update of a classic play. Check the show out to support your friends and community members, to say goodbye to our esteemed professor Kathleen Worley, and to enjoy an entertaining evening of rock'n'roll Rome. 🍷

Julius Caesar

Th/Fri/Sat at 7:30 PM

\$3 for Reed students, faculty, and staff

\$5 for non-Reed students and senior citizens.

\$7 for general admission

www.reed.edu/theatre/productions/tickets.html

Reed's Newest Poet

By BRENDAN SORRELL

Last Friday, Annelise Gelman '13 published her first book of poetry, *Everyone I Love is a Stranger to Someone*. The book was published by Write Bloody, a small press Gelman describes as “unpretentious and interested in bringing poetry to new audiences.” She had been a fan of the publishing house during her time at Reed, even inviting some of their writers to campus to give readings in the Chapel. “When I heard they were reading submissions during my senior year,” she says, “I read through hundreds and hundreds of my own poems and made the skeleton of a book.”

Write Bloody's reading period is structured as a contest. “Happily, I was a finalist,” Gelman says. “I sent along a poetry video called ‘An Illustrated Guide to the Post-Apocalypse’ that I made with fellow senior Auden Lincoln-Vogel at the Safeway up the street from Reed, after which they decided to take me on as an author. Then I had a complicated and boring panic attack for about a year, and now it's out.”

The short video she sent to Write Bloody, available on her website, starts outside our beloved Safeway on Woodstock on a rainy night as she recites the poem from which the video takes its name, which also appears as the final poem in the book. She speaks with the same enthusiasm and playfulness she often displayed as a member of Reed's improv-troupe, Fellatio Rodriguez. As rain splatters off her glasses she implores the viewer to “sing along, you lovesick vampire” and sings joyously to herself before entering the store with her shopping cart, casually reciting the rest of the poem as she grabs items of the shelves.

Based on her own assessment of Write Bloody as a publishing company, her poetry — which she reads with no pretensions, but only a simple, emphatic joy to have her words heard and read — would seem like a good fit. Publishing a book of poems also seems to be a natural step for someone who started writing poetry from a young age in what she describes as “a tiny town in the East Bay Area.” Continuing, she fills out the image in a manner similar to how she deliv-

ers much of her poetry: “There's a tiny movie theater and a tiny ice cream parlor and a tiny park where tiny women walk their tiny dogs. There used to be a tiny bench where boys smoked tiny joints, but the authorities removed it.”

She kept writing creatively at Reed while completing her psychology degree. Her thesis was on the effects of improvisation techniques and training on cognitive functioning like memory and creativity. She provides good evidence for such a correlation between the spontaneous creation of her comedic acts and the free-spirited nature of her poetic endeavor.

“Studying psychology and writing poetry are both products of a basic desire to understand and interpret the world, and the two practices influence each other,” says Gelman. “The curiosities and confusions that spark a poem aren't solvable through science, but the precision and conciseness of scientific language appeals to me, and many concepts in cognitive science lend themselves to the kind of analogical thinking and associative leaps that I enjoy.”

During her senior year she took creative writing courses with Samiya Bashir and Pete Rock, both of whom she credits with helping her see the book through publication. “Jae Choi [Visiting Professor, Creative Writing] also allowed me to sit in on her workshop during a semester I spent being a fake student — long story — and she helped me win a Locher scholarship, which I used to spend a summer as poet-in-residence at the laboratory in Southern California where the brain of H.M., a famous amnesiac, was being examined. The result was a three-part chapbook of poems on the operation of memory, which was my first opportunity to really combine poetry and psychology in an explicit way.”

One of her poems is titled “Habituation” and another “Classical Conditioning,” but her work in psychology finds its way into her poetry naturally, as something that has influenced her view of the world. “The general idea of habituation, for example — the more you experience something, the less

you're aware of it — applies to so many different realms of experience,” she says. “I'm fascinated by how those applications are alternately physiological (and measurable) and subjective (and unmeasurable).”

Some of the poems included in the book were written at Reed, including the first and last poems, but roughly half of them were written after graduating from Reed and following the acceptance of the original manuscript. “I've been interested in how and why people do what they do since I was a person, and of course I tend to write about the things that interest me,” Gelman says. “It's not so much a process of transformation as one of synthesis and integration. As far as process, I'm really fond of a quote by Del Close, one of the masters of modern improvisation — it actually prefaces my thesis: ‘Try not to invent. Try to discover.’ It's an investigation.”

Learn more about Annelise Gelman's book on her website, www.annelisegelman.com.



FICTION

First Love

By CHARLES NUNZIATO

Part II

From as far back as I can remember our family would spend the summers in the home near Hartford. Every year through the end of middle school I would come home on the final day of class to find the station wagon parked in front of our brownstone, loaded and ready, glowing in the early summer heat. My brother and I crowded into the backseat, our pasty legs knocking together, and our father drove us on past the city limits. I remember watching him with a sort of reverence. He had the face of a boxer, his jawline sharp as glass, and dark eyes that seemed to take in everything and nothing all at once. On these drives he would stop for nothing, his meaty fingers gripping the wheel with a firm tenderness, manipulating it this way and that. He would tap his calloused fingers, a thrumming which drove my mother into a silent fury. I noticed a slight smile on his face as this all transpired.

The sun arced lower in the sky as the roads became narrow and curvaceous, and as we pulled into the gravel driveway the house appeared wholly bathed in sunlight, the red exterior beaming in the crepuscular glow. As we approached, the gravel crunching underneath, I always entertained a vague notion that we would round the bend and discover that the house had completely disappeared, only an open plot of land overlooking the river remaining, and that we would simply have to turn around and return home. After working myself into such a frenzy, the appearance of the house always seemed like something fantastic and sublime.

'Well isn't that something,' father would say, stretching his arms and eyeing the lawn as we scrambled to the door. I always flew up the stairs as quickly as my legs would carry me to my room, eager to rediscover all the treasures left the year before. I found my spyglass waiting for me right as I had left it, and I set out the back door in search of a

perch from which to watch the light and life fade into the evening.

As these were the general trends of most summers at the house, I feel I ought to describe the one that holds most clearly in my memory, the final one I was to spend there. That time stands so vividly in my mind, like a diamond held up to a bright light.

It is also here that the seeds of my first love were sown. On that first morning I woke as the light was beginning to creep through the latticed shades, and I soon become aware of a wholly unfamiliar voice rising from the patio to my window.

'Oh it is just so so lovely to have some company!' exclaimed the voice. You couldn't have picked a better time to come. Our dear Lisa will be so glad to have some fresh faces around. I do worry about her being awfully bored sometimes..'

I slid to the edge of my mattress to the window that overlooked the entirety of the yard, the trees framing the lawn, the river circumscribing the shore. Standing on the covers I was able to just peak down.

'At one time our Matches here was all the company our little girl needed,' said the woman, gesturing to the terrier slumped by her side. 'But I suppose it's only natural that a young lady like Lisa should want some friends to keep her company.'

At this she sighed and threw her head back, letting her long silver hair fall over the back of the chair. Much to her surprise, as she looked up, she found my curious eyes watching over the scene from above.

'And who do we have here!' she cried with delight, prompting mother to gesture me down to make her acquaintance. I soon found myself face-to-face with this strange woman, our neighbor as it turned out. She had ruddy cheeks, a pronounced brow, and an aquiline nose – yet the quality that stands among the rest after all these years is her deep blue eyes. She shared these eyes, in

which there seemed to live an inexpressible tragic element, with her daughter, and to this day I have yet to come across such eyes

'Matches seems to have found a new toy,' she said, as the dog I had seen lounging at our neighbor's swollen feet was now bouncing around me in circles, nipping at my calves and nuzzling me with his wet snout.

So it came about that I found a companion who not only delighted with me in exploring, but also brought me closer to my heart's first true love. In the mornings we would set out in this or that direction, always bringing my telescope, and rarely returning before dusk. I had recently discovered among my brother Jason's things a beautifully illustrated edition of *Candide*, and this too came with me, always in search of an El Dorado of my own.

One particularly fine morning, as we were rustling through the trees, Matches chasing squirrels and robins, we found ourselves by the neighbor's tennis court, where Jason was engaged in a grueling match against the neighbor's daughter. I immediately recognized those unmistakable eyes, although here blazing and alive, at that moment locked and squinting as she tossed the ball skyward. In that instant, as the ball hung suspended in a sunbeam and the wind grazed this creature's white skirt, I too felt my heart suspended, ready to rise forever or fall at her feet. Matches bounded back and forth along the fence as I clung to the metal lattice, and by the time the set was through my chest was thumping so viciously I thought it might burst. Wiping the sweat from her brow, she finally took notice of the two of us.

'Oh dear now what's this, you've gone and found a new friend have you?' she spoke, her voice even sweeter than I could have ever imagined. 'And I thought I was the only one for you my sweet! Who's this you've dragged along?'

My brother shot me a look that to this day I cannot place. Matches sat panting and wagging with the simple joy only a dog knows, and I introduced myself and explained our circumstances. At this she frowned.

'Hmm, no I don't know if that'll do for me. I'm too jealous to share his love I think.'

She popped the gate, and before I knew what was happening I found myself being pulled away from the fence, Lisa running behind Matches, clutching me in tow. Those hands! Straining to hang on to those ethereal fingers, I hurried without thinking, only once glancing back to find Jason looking on with a knowing smile. The remainder of the afternoon passed in moments, as I was only aware of the immediate garden around me, Lisa lobbing balls with her racket, Matches racing to the bank of the river and back. I only noticed my father when Lisa turned and observed him standing on the patio, rigid as timber, staring into the uncertain middle ground. Knowing that I would soon be called in, I turned every fiber of my attention to the sublime beauty who seemed to hold everything in her orbit. The trees and the evening birds even seemed to organize themselves around her, and in her magnetism I felt something strange and novel rising inside me.

The next day, and the following, and again the following I began each morning in the same way. As if greeting the new day, the word "Lisa, Lisa, Lisa" echoed quietly from my lips. Each fresh sighting of her, my delightful love, seemed wholly wonderful and surreal. Whether watching her from the window, focusing my telescope as she walked by the river with Jason (did he know what sort of beauty he was in the presence of?), or bouncing by her as she teased Matches, I never ceased to feel that I had gotten away with some great trick. I knew she viewed me as younger, a mere boy even, but I resolved to prove to her that I was the only one worthy of her love. I began formulating a plan in my mind, determined as I was to win her over completely. This plan involved my going out to the country club, (which incidentally brought me even close to Lisa), toting my wooden racket and practicing for a hours and hours against other boys, or otherwise volleying against walls, so firmly bent toward my goal.

These days were rewarding and filled me with joy. Yet on a few occasions I was met with incidents I could not easily shake. My

father, avid golfer that he was, would too spend his days at the club, joining the other men for a round or two. Between matches and rallies I would often spot him striding along the fairway or standing at the tee. His body wound and released like a coil, unleashing a graceful force. One day, however, as I was jogging off the courts, I noticed not only his face, but also the unmistakable visage of Lisa. She was holding one of his clubs (a wood if I remember correctly) and rocking her hips delicately. What grace! The whole world seemed to stand still as she raised her club before giving the ball a good solid whack. I was too far to see or hear much of consequence, but following her shot I witnessed my father step towards her and take her wrist in his hands. Adjusting her position, he placed himself behind her, mimicking her stance as she rocked back and forth in time with him. She seemed to let slip a smile. Not knowing what to make of this, I tried to turn my mind back to my tennis game. The sun was beginning to set, but by the time I had walked back home I had still been unable to shake the image of my father and Lisa locked together on the green. To turn my thoughts away from the whole strange incident I flipped through the pages of *Candide*, wishing for a Pangloss of my own to guide me. Finding only some solace, I eventually posted myself at the window, taking in the evening air, watching the birds chasing each other in endless circles, only to disappear into a bush sooner or later.

Yet I soon forgot my troubles, and July was upon us like a carnival. Everything was so alive and full of the most splendid color! Even the grass seemed greener, the robins redder, their songs so full of delicate harmony. They spoke a language of love that I longed to learn. I would awake from the most wonderful dreams of castles and princesses, so enthralled with the magical escapes that I was able to conjure in my sleep. The only peculiar thing about these dreams was that I myself never seemed to be the heroic knight or the swart prince. I instead found myself in the role of a page or lowly servant, or in one case even a horse! However, I still managed to look upon our little house in the country as a castle of sorts, and was content beyond all reason.

The long sunny days always grew more exciting as the 4th of July approached. The daylight allowed me the time to improve my racket skills, and I began quickly transform-

ing into a wholly new creature. My hands were growing strong and calloused and dark, and I was on my way to certain success. On those rare days when the fair summer rain kept me indoors, I would burrow in some crevice, often with Matches at my side, and chronicle all that I could, hoping to capture those passing sparks. The terms with which I sought to express the rapture inside me always seemed to fall short of their mark, but nonetheless I searched for words that might hold some sort of truth.

All this excitement came to a head in the form an Independence Day celebration in our very own yard. I remember watching as neighbors came from this way and that, a portly man and his son hoisting a grill, a redhead mother stringing lights along the fence, all transforming our little plot of land into a world of its own. This was the first year we were to host the party, and I was unwound in anticipation of not only getting to be at the center of the action, but also knowing that Lisa would be there to see me in my finest hour. She would surely be wearing the most beautiful and delicate sundress, and I would ask her to dance, taking her by the hand and waltzing under the starlit sky. The thought of being so close to her, holding her soft hands - it was almost too much to bear!

On the day of the party I woke in such a frenzy that I had to make myself scarce, so as to avoid being a nuisance. I crept out with my racket and decided I would spend the whole day playing tennis against as many boys as possible, so as to build my confidence. I won every match I played that day, every game elevating me further, every swing taken with my dear Lisa not far from my mind.

When the time came, I raced home, planning my arrival so as to find everything just springing into action. I walked through the front door, down the hall, through the kitchen, and to the back door. Admittedly, as I was pushing through the entryway, I was gripped with the terrible thought that the party had been cancelled, that there would be no festivities, no fireworks, no music - no last dance! This thought built so quickly that by the time I found myself reaching for the doorknob I was almost certain I would find an empty garden, devoid of all the preparations that had sprouted over the week. Yet, swallowing my nerve, I pushed through the door. ❧

Lars von Trier Digs Deep in “Nymphomaniac”

By MAX CARPENTER

“Nymphomaniac”, Lars von Trier’s most recent film, begins with Joe (Charlotte Gainsbourg) battered and left in an alleyway to be discovered by Seligman (Stellan Skarsgård), who takes her in into his home. There, Joe begins to recount the sexual antics that led to her destitution.

The films that make up Lars von Trier’s ‘Depression Trilogy’—“Antichrist”(2009), “Melancholia” (2011), and now “Nymphomaniac”—pose problems for potential analysis and assessment. “Antichrist” features recurring themes from past efforts of von Trier: a manic female lead (Breaking the Waves (1996), Dancer in the Dark (2000)), explicit sex (The Idiots (1998)) and possible infanticide (Medea (1988)). Looking deeper into the movie’s themes, however, it’s hard to not get caught up on the homages that von Trier makes to films by his auteur heroes Andrei Tarkovsky—to whom the whole trilogy is dedicated — Ingmar Bergman, and arguably, Pier Pasolini.

The setting of the edenic cabin is straight out of Tarkovsky’s “The Mirror” (1975), although it also references the Zone in another of Tarkovsky’s films, “Stalker” (1979). Joe’s gradual descent into a world of evils is reminiscent of Pasolini’s “Salò” (1975), and the chapter headings of “Nymphomaniac” seem to strengthen this comparison. In contrast, “Melancholia” has the combined subplots of Tarkovsky’s “Solaris” (1972) and “The Sacrifice” (1986) mixed with many from Bergman’s “Persona” period (1966).

What I am trying to point out here is that an analysis of von Trier’s trilogy is al-

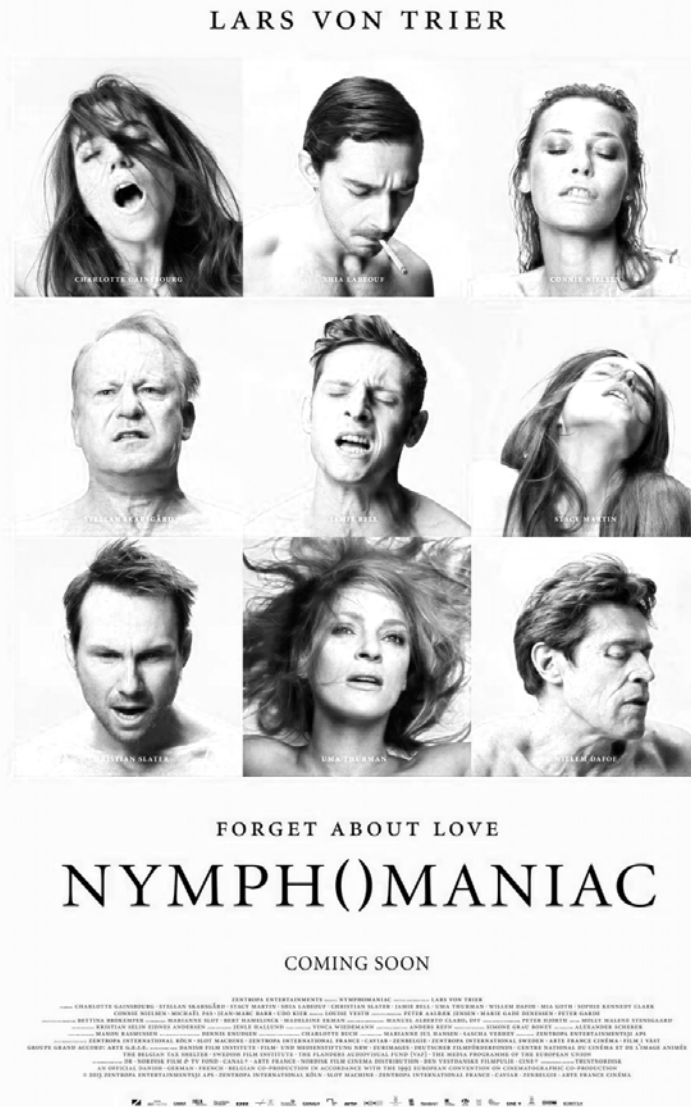
most impossible without delving into his blatant references to other films. Once it has been evaluated how much of these three films is supported by seemingly stolen plots and themes, it becomes quite hard to evaluate them in their own right, outside

mentioned directors’ projects, and restricts itself from taking its main story seriously. It’s a nightmare to assess.

With the wooden delivery of a renunciation of religion by the main players, Charlotte Gainsbourg and Stellan Skarsgård, the trudging four-hour film starts by throwing any grounding system of thought straight out the window. Is this a defense mechanism of von Trier’s against critics, to render any understanding of the film moot? Does he want us to wonder this? Naming Stellan’s erudite character ‘Seligman’ is a clear critique against the reasoning through aspect of psychoanalysis, a trait shared by Dafoe in “Antichrist” and Sutherland in “Melancholia”. But is this relation to the rest of the trilogy a serious one, or is von Trier toying with our analytic instinct?

The acting in the Gainsbourg-Skarsgård arc is painfully awkward and forced. If this were not purposeful, at least to some degree, then von Trier would have just released the biggest flop of his career. I am giving him the benefit of the doubt here. As a contrast, I do not think that LaBeouf’s disgusting British accent is on purpose, nor is Stacy Martin’s inability to take the stage. Also the shiftiness and shiftiness of the majority of this film’s subplots does seem to be intentional. Maybe it is just a sorry hope that it is something more than an ironic joke.

There is much to talk about after one has seen the film. Engage me in a dialogue if you see me on campus. And by the way, watch the two parts back-to-back. I tried waiting a bit between them and it was a horrid idea. ▼



of giving praise for their seamless appropriation of other masters’ styles and stories. “Nymphomaniac” takes this a step further than the previous two films, in that von Trier’s new production whirls through completely unassociated frameworks at a mile a minute, makes ironic gestures at the afore-

Born a Rea, Die a Rea, Gone a Rea

Age is wasted on the old. Over the hill, jello baths and abounding naps await us. Can you hear them beckon?

My grandmother, Rea, is as blunt as a meat-ax, sparing neither Björk nor the “smutty” Boston Market carhop:

“Oh, you hop all right. All the way to chlamydia.” Don’t even get her started on the Easter Bunny.

Though somewhat dated—“Here’s 20 cents. Call all your friends and bring back some change!”—the crux of her insult is always clear. Grandma told her book club my farouche uncle is “better at sex than anyone. All he needs is a partner.” And when he

GRACEFUL GROUSINGS

Grace Fetterman

finally got a girlfriend, Rea judged the woman’s rump monstrous, and told Debra she should “put a saddle on it.”

When I was eight years old, I was cast in a community theatre production of Stephen Sondheim’s “Into the Woods,” a musical mesh of Brother Grimm fairy tales. In the early stages of Act One, The Witch performs “The Witch’s Rap” to justify the Baker’s wife’s infertility. The Baker’s father

used to steal vegetables from the Wiccan’s garden, and so, the Sorceress cast a spell to ensure that the couple’s “family tree will always be a barren one!” During this number, the Witch recounts all the stolen produce, including but not limited to, “Rutabaga” and “Fiddlefern.” As a versatile and committed actor, I was cast as both.

One rehearsal, my carpool, Didi and her mom Dinah were in Virginia for a wedding, so my grandma picked me up. Rea didn’t, and still doesn’t, like driving when it’s too dark, so she came early, giving me no time to change out of my Rutabaga threads.

At the Overland/Jefferson intersection, a Hummer with the license plate number STIFFY ran the red light. Rea was stunned, appalled, outraged. The light turned green, and instead of turning left and proceeding home, she followed the speedy Hummer.

Passing Albright Avenue, Bentley, and Aletta, the vehicle finally pulled into a driveway at Braddock Drive. From the Hummer, four teenage boys descended, churlishly sniggering. With an alarming twinkle in her eye, my grandma turned to me and said,

“Just wait right here, Barney boy.” Anticipating that misinterpretation, I made a mental note to speak to the costume designer.

“Excuse me!” Rea shouted. The boys ceased their tittering.

“Hello, boys,” she said with an eldritch grin.

“I couldn’t help but notice you have been exceeding our posted speed limit all night.” The lads exchanged nervous glances.

“You may not see a uniform on me right now, but I happen to be an off-duty officer.”

Holding out her right hand, Rea introduced herself:

“Petra M. Crocker from the Culver City Police Department –pleased to make your acquaintance, young men. Now, I could arrest you. I could. But I’m not going to, because that’s a whole lot of paper work, and you all look like you’re good kids who just weren’t paying attention. So, consider this a warning. But if I ever see you speeding again, I will rip off each of your stiffies, and poach them in my Crock Pot.”

The boys nodded, thanked my grandma profusely, and then darted inside. Fulfilled by her felony, Rea returned to her car reinvigorated and proud.

A few weeks later, “Into the Woods” opened. I missed both of my entrances, because I was in the bathroom.

Act well your part; there all the honor lies.

Twat me on Twitter @GraceFetterman

Why Do Animals Engage in Pro-Social Behavior?

By EMILY MERFELD

Lisa Hiura ’14 is working with rats to determine social tendencies and animal motivation. By giving rats the choice of two levers — one for access to banana pellets and the other for access to social contact — she can determine the relative value of each stimulus.

She also tests rats that are deprived of food, social contact, or both, to determine the effect of environmental history on motivation for each reward. In the environmental factors test, Lisa is basically asking two questions: Does a food-deprived rat respond differently from a non-deprived rat in the social contact/banana pellet test? Does a socially-deprived rat respond differently from a non-deprived rat given the same test? More data is to come, but so far it seems that tasty food is more reinforcing than social contact across deprivation conditions (although social contact elicits lever

pressing, too).

The test is simple: a rat sees its buddy trapped in a restraint and can choose to release him (via a lever, nose poke, etc.). The restraint is meant to cause psychological but not physical stress. In the first treatment, the trapped rat is released into the free rat’s chamber and they are free to play. In a second treatment, the rat is released into a separate chamber which bars social contact.

One research group allowed rats to experience the first treatment (correct response followed by playing) for several trials, and then tested them in the second. Free (non-restrained) rats respond correctly by releasing their buddies whether or not they were allowed to play afterward. By this group’s logic, the free rat showed empathy; he didn’t just want to play, he wanted to relieve the distress of the trapped rat!

According to some, it’s not so simple. An alternate hypothesis, termed the “neopho-

bia plus social contact hypothesis,” posits that there are two major motivations at play here: fear of new environments (neophobia), and want of social contact. Trapped rats may have left their restraints out of fear of this novel environment, in favor of a more familiar second cage. Consistent with the “social contact” piece of the hypothesis, rats actually returned to the restraint after it became more familiar, thereby moving closer to the other rat. Furthermore, free rats did not release the trapped rat if they were never trained in the “play” condition. Rather than being explained by empathy, operant responding may instead be explained by desire for social contact.

Through her work, Hiura seeks to add depth to these theories and find a “parsimonious explanation... with a critical eye to all potential variables.” Her results may also reflect trends in human motivation, and address the effect of environment on relative reward.

Maddy's Questions

Maddy Appelbaum

By MADDY APPELBAUM

What is your life motto?

Leah: Eat dessert first!

Taliesin: I'm gonna need plan A for that.

What do you think is the most valuable trait for a person to have?

Both: A voracious appetite (for life!)



Hounddogs in Hellas

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

There's this girl in one of my conferences who is unnecessarily aggressive, like a Jack Russell Terrier. She makes good points but the way in which she makes them makes me and other members of my class visibly uncomfortable. It's like she's a human Brillo pad. How do I get her to realize that her behavior is negatively impacting the conference and possibly intimidating people who have good things to say but are shy? How can I share my similes in peace?

MISS
LONELY HEARTS

Advise me,
Scared in conference

Dear Scared,

I'm always for diplomacy in these situations. So let's go back to the original diplomat: Thrasybulus. You all remember him from Herodotus, don't you? Of course you do. Anyway, you should make like Thrasybulus and invite this girl over for a party at your place. Now at this party, you're going to have a lot of food. I mean a lot. Break the bank on this one — get some Liberty Creek, get some peach rings from Homer's, maybe get some Annie's mac 'n' cheese. Then when you invite her to your party, she'll be like: "wow. This kid from my conference is super rich and well-provisioned for war... it would be pointless to fight with them any longer." Then she'll make peace with you, and maybe build a temple in your honor. You know where's the best place to make similes? In a temple built in your honor.

For Sparta!

Miss Lonelyhearts 🍷

Game of Thrones

Red wedding? More like red hot! In honor of the return of Game of Thrones, Reed student Kats Tamanaha '17 is dressed in flowing blue garments reminiscent of the popular fantasy show. Hope everyone is enjoying the sun and warm weather this week!

—AA & MUK 🍷

DE SASTRE

Alexis Angulo
Mia Uribe Kozlovsky



"Just so you know, it's for Game of Thrones." — Kats Tamanaha '17



Alexis Angulo & Mia Uribe Kozlovsky

Seventh Annual Nitrogen Day 2k14.0067

From deep underground to high in the atmosphere, a loyal friend supports humanity. We eat, breathe, and live because of its clear, unassuming presence. It is time to shine the spotlight on the empty stage and exalt the unsung hero of the universe.

A quiet presence in a loud world, nitrogen deserves our respect, no, our veneration for its role in growing the food we eat and making up 78% of the air we breathe. The age of the seventh element is dawning, and the inert gas will rule forever. Tasteless and odorless, its revolution cannot be televised.

We have had enough of the flashing halogenated lights, artificial urban spaces, and suffocating carbon emissions. We have all heard 'carbon-based life' being thrown around like a prayer. It is time to unmask the ideologies being thrust upon us, to question and analyze rather than accept doctrine. It's with this in mind that we set off to explore the mighty Nitrogen.

Nitrogen Day shirts and undies will be on sale from 3-5 and from 6-8. They are fabulous and you can be too. \$7 each, two for \$14.0067, but use the code "PUREIMAGINATION" to get a \$.0067 discount.

12:30 PM - THE BOUNCE HOUSE OPENS!

Bounce your cares away until around 9 pm when we pack it up.

3:30 PM - CHARIOT RACE

BYOHelmet if you want to race to glory on Nitrogen Day. Consensually load your friends into shopping carts and accelerate them to the finish line. Prizes awarded in the form of shirts and underwear.

4:00 PM - EXPERIMENTS!

Shatter onions on the ground, break flow-ers! Cool superconductors and put mag-nets around them! Science! Nitrogen!

4:30 PM - SOAP BOX

Sing an ode to nitrogen, compose a com-post-y verse, preach the glory of nitrogen, your voice amplified for all to hear!

5:00 PM - FOOD

Enough said.

6:00 PM - BANDS & DJ DANCE

The Cool Unbound (free jazz) open for Years of Nitrogen (alias Years of Lead) (screamo-trashy-thrash). They will play in a U-Haul parked outside of the PAB.

Alums come back to rock the U-Haul! Jake

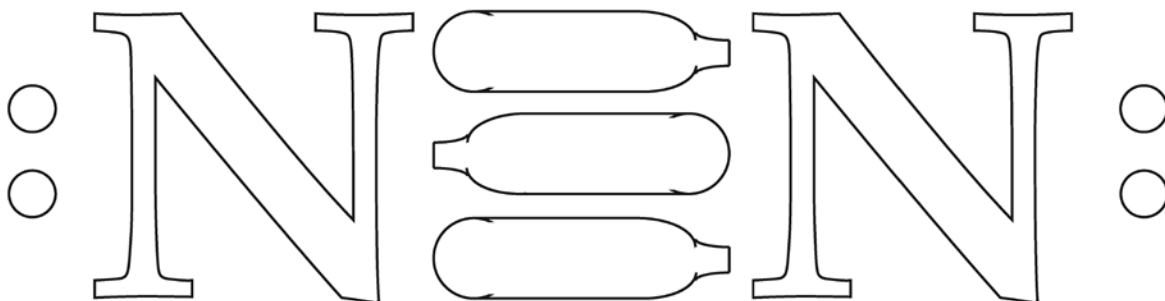
Nelken and Alex Scola bringing the party in front of the PAB. If you are looking to turn down, we suggest you look elsewhere.

9:00 PM - J3AYX

10 PM - EXDEE

11:30 PM - SKYPE DJ (DJ PANDA)

you like to triple bond?



Nitrogen Day 2k14.0067