

THE GRAIL

VOLUME I

APRIL 24, 2014

ISSUE VII



INSIDE

SENIOR SEMINAR

THE LONG ROAD TO REED

Ben Williams '14 shares the tale of his gap year. Traveling across America, contracting Lyme disease, and bumming around the desert are all just part of the process.

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GO SMALL OR GO HOME

SMALL PRESS BOOKS

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www.reedthegrail.com

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

In eight days Renn Fayre will be here! Congrats to the seniors who have all had a difficult four (or five or six) years! Read about one senior's journey to Reed (2). Like most theses, the library small press collection below the tower is a gem in its own right (4). When the Drum Corps starts next Friday, just hope those off-campus hear the Mellodi (1).

Beginnings and endings: another hectic academic year has almost passed. From stealing a custodian's milkshake (9), to having sexual fantasies in your 9 A.M. history class (8), we're all questioning

how Reed has changes how we act, how we think, and how we feel.

The end is nigh. Charles Nunziato's fiction "First Love" comes to a dramatic conclusion (6) and Charlie Wilcox gives us one last dose of Culture (10). But don't let it get to your head: stay safe this Thesis Parade and stay out of trouble. While you're thinking about consent for Renn Fayre, think about Honor in the CSO's Directives (7).

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 Doesn't Hear the Melodi

By BRENDAN SORRELL

This semester, Branden Sanders, an Enterprise Fellow at Vanderbilt University, has been working towards adding Reed to his music website Mellodi.com. The design of the site is similar to iTunes, but instead of finding Bruno Mars or Ke\$ha in the Top Songs one will come across some of the most promising college artists in the country—or at least those who have decided to upload their tracks.

Over a dozen students from Tufts, Skidmore, and Wesleyan have seized upon Mellodi as a good venue for presenting their music and expanding their audiences. Joining Mellodi makes their work accessible through a curated page that shows their songs alongside those of other artists from their school. Sanders optimistically wrote in an email at the beginning of the semester: “Once we get about 12 artists we’ll give Reed its own school page and people will be able to browse and listen to all the music made by Reed students.” To date, only five Reed artists have signed up while others have refused or failed to respond to Sanders’ requests.

Sanders started a recording studio when he was studying at Vanderbilt, but noticed that after most of the student artists had finished recording they struggled to garner attention. “They would post and tweet all day long but it was to the same 200 people over and over again,” says Sanders. “However, we discovered that when we framed the music in context of the school people were significantly more likely to give the music a chance and enjoy it. Thus, Mellodi.”

One of the Reedies who has signed up on Mellodi is Garrett Linck, who released his debut EP, *Abodes of Owls* (reviewed in *The Grail*), on Bandcamp this February. “I decided to upload my music to Mellodi because it’s just another way to access a different audience,” says Linck. “Wherever you put your music online, there is no guarantee that anyone will see it, but you can target a demographic depending on where you upload it.”

Linck’s words are similar to Sanders’ statement that “all we [at Mellodi] are trying to do is get more people to listen to the great stuff that is currently getting lost in the depths of Soundcloud and YouTube.”

Linck believes Bandcamp to be the

most effective way to self-release music today. Of Mellodi’s approach to presenting artists’ work with that of other artists from their school, however, he says, “it provides a sense of geographic community that isn’t quite present with other sites.” For Linck, the site is interesting because that sense of community allows you to see similarities between artists at a given college. “I didn’t know about many of the other Reed bands on the site, so it was really cool to listen to them,” he says.

“When we were first planning Mellodi,” says Sanders, “I often would say ‘imagine how cool it would be to hear the sound of Vanderbilt compared to the sound of somewhere like Reed.’” Unfortunately for Sanders, Reedies have separated themselves from other schools by being less responsive to emails and more reluctant to put their music online.

“I’ve heard everything from ‘I will never put my music on the Internet’ to ‘I will put my music on the Internet but I will never tell anyone where it is.’”

“As someone that has now interacted with many different students at many different schools, Reed is hands-down the most unique,” says Sanders. “Out of the responses I’ve actually received [from Reedies], I’ve heard everything from ‘I will never put my music on the Internet’ to ‘I will put my music on the Internet but I will never tell anyone where it is.’”

Jon Pape is among the Reed students that have elected not to sign up for the site, citing concerns about an advertising-centered focus of web negatively affecting artists’ potential for creative development. “I view the internet as a great tool for archiving that has been manipulated by corporations into an advertising-focused domain,” says Pape. “Consequently, new bands put up their music before they have developed their own style, and become less outgoing and creative in general.”

“I just didn’t think I was done crafting my sound and my songwriting style enough

to merit promotion in general, let alone in terms of popularity driven sites,” says Pape. “This accessibility can shape your sound for you, through the temptation to cater towards others. It’s pretty natural to want to be accepted to some degree and to see your hard work appreciated.”

He states that if he were contacted by a friend who ran a music blog he liked, who wanted to post some of his music, he would likely send him his music. He is not interested, however, in having his music all over the web, as content meant to keep users engaged for long enough to get to the real content—whatever the site is advertising. “When I first went to *The Melodi*,” continues Pape, “a big ass sign came up that said ‘LIKE US ON FACEBOOK’ and caught my eye before...” Home of College Music—a dead giveaway that this site’s priorities were more geared towards advertising and popularity than art, community, and creativity in general. I gave [Branden Sanders] basically the same low-down, and he told me I had a good point and that a lot of people he deals with are way more concerned about social capital than art, or an artistic community.”

Sanders doesn’t believe there’s any risk in being involved with the Mellodi, while there is the potential upside of broadening your audience through the site. He continues to want Reed to be part of Mellodi, saying, “To me it’s the closest thing to a ‘rockstar’ college brand, yet many of its students seem hesitant to attach themselves.” Still, he’s understanding of those who aren’t interested in putting their music on the site. “The artists that responded to my emails and turned me down were lovely and interesting to talk to,” he says. “It’s the ones that didn’t respond at all, of which there were too many, they are a mystery to me.”

Garrett Linck hasn’t seen a noticeable difference in the popularity of his music since putting his music on the site, something Sanders attributes to Reed not having its own page. Linck remains happy with his decision to put his music on the site and encourages other Reedies to get involved and create more visible community on the site. “If I’ve reached anyone who found my music on Mellodi and then downloaded my EP from Bandcamp, it will have been worth signing up.” 🍷

PERSONAL NARRATIVE

Ben There

By BEN WILLIAMS

Tufts offered me 35k and Reed couldn't give me a dime. "We're sorry," they'd said. "You seem like a great fit. But our deadlines are really that strict." My senior year of high school had been a period of dissociation. Circumstances involving the hospitalization of a loved one and my own arrogance had led to me turning in the non-custodial parent profile for the Financial Aid CSS profile a week late. "You know, if you take a year off, you can reapply for aid," someone at Reed told me, "I can't make any promises, but our aid is better than Tufts'."

Tufts was solid and straight-laced. It foretold a future in a suit. Reed had a different allure. The first recording of *Howl* took place at Reed, and in my estimation that made Reed worth taking a year off for. I worked landscaping until all of the fall leaves were cleared away. It was good money and my savings stacked enough to let me travel through winter. I had an ambitious plan. My friends were homesick college freshman scattered around the country, more than willing to put me up for a night, so I charted a U around America, planning to go down the East Coast and up the West. A buddy gave me the last of the weed he'd harvested that fall. I'd never smoked much, but the bud was soothing and I'd freed myself of obligations. Landscaping had also left me sore, and smoking helped with the headaches that I had begun having.

I left Massachusetts for my trip in mid January, and caught rides, trains, and buses from city to city. I was put up in a Philly bookstore after a poetry reading and saw Obama's inauguration from the Washington Monument while I crashed in a Georgetown dorm. My backpack had a sleeping bag, clothes, books from the Beat generation and a journal. I went through Wake Forest, and the Universities of Florida and Miami. I met my grandfather in St. Petersburg and had him take me to the Salvador Dalí museum. The time passed in a blur. My backpack ingrained a sensation of soreness. My head felt heavy and my neck ached; yet

'further' compelled me to New Orleans in time for Mardi Gras. I explored the city with a Tulane friend and a Spaniard I'd met at a hostel. My debauchery was taking a toll, but my body didn't break until I reached California.

My dad was working on a geology site in Southern Cali, renting a house near Joshua Tree. The plan was to meet up with him and work out in the desert. Almost as soon as I arrived I was hit with fever and flu. The thing was, I thought I had been travelling alone, but I'd picked up a passenger before I'd even left my home. A tick bite received while landscaping had left me with Lyme disease and ehrlichiosis, tick borne bacteria that can lead to headaches, muscle aches,

*I thought I had been
travelling alone,
but I'd picked up a
passenger before I'd
even left my home.*

fatigue, and a suppressed immune system. Lyme can cause neurological impairment, memory loss, and meningitis. But there in California I had no idea I had Lyme. After three days of shivering under hot blankets I was back on my feet, weary and out of it but mobile.

My memories of that time feel affected. Like I was only half awake. I remember being so confused about how my body felt, clueless as to why my limbs felt far away and the aches never parted. By this time I was self-medicating daily with weed. Getting high was the only thing giving me relief. I grew more and more dependent, but didn't make any connection to illness.

After a few weeks of surveying in the desert, my dad departed. To my surprise he left me his work vehicle, an early 2000s Ford Explorer. I bummed around Joshua Tree for days. My mind was planets away. I climbed to the top of rock columns ropeless, wrote poems till the sunset, and somehow made my way down in the dark. I went to Paid Dues, a festival in San Bernardino headlined by Atmosphere and Eyedea. Leaving the parking lot after the show I got a phone call from my dad. Reed had given me as much financial aid as I could've ever hoped for.

A friend, Arno, hailed me from Arizona. He was travelling with his girlfriend and some Rainbow Family travellers, helping an old hippy couple close the Casbah Tea House on Fourth Avenue in Tucson in exchange for a place to stay and big bags of bud. I showed up beat but enthused. We dumpster dived, scavenged and scraped; slept in washes, parks, and parking lots. When it was time for our group to part ways, we drove I-10 to New Mexico and camped by the hot springs.

It was there, at a campfire that we met Ma Hippy. Ma Hippy was probably in her 40s. Her son, Squirrel, was older than her boyfriend, Freedom. We shared food and music, and the next day, Ma Hippy gave me an offer that changed my life. "Whose SUV is that?" She asked, as our group huddled in a tent after a hail shower. I told her it was mine. "How would you like a trailer?" She sold it to me for \$2. Wrote out her legal name but threatened to kill me if I ever said it out loud. "That isn't my name anymore." Apparently she had won an injury settlement and her entourage was going to buy an RV. They didn't need the 1970s 4-wheel trailer they'd been pulling behind their truck. The trailer had gas burners, a bathroom, and a fold out bed in the makeshift living room. It desperately needed cleaning but had room to live in.

The only road between New Mexico and Arizona is I-10. A two lane highway with a



speed limit of 70 MPH. On the other side of that highway was the Anarchestra compound where we could stay and I could figure out what to do with the trailer.

I hitched the trailer to the Explorer and we drove to the parking lot of a Walmart, ready to depart for Arizona the next morning. My neck was sore like it always was. I felt like I was coming down with a cold. I had been sober for days as I always was when I had driving to do, but my head felt heavy. I kept our speed to 60 MPH and we hugged the right lane as semis roared past. Arno was shotgun and his girlfriend was in the backseat. The landscape was arid as far as you could see, a wind whipping slant ways and train tracks 50 feet or so off the shoulder.

I felt it before I saw it; a black semi that must have been topping 90 MPH flew past in the passing lane creating some sort of vortex that jerked the trailer to the side. I took the foot off the gas and tried to correct the jerk, but now I could barely keep the car from weaving side to side. Arno chanted a mantra of “Oh shit” and I knew I had to get us off the road. I somehow navigated to the

shoulder but the ground was sandy and the wheels gripped into a slide, slowly bringing us sideways with a terrible momentum that seemed to linger on the edge of tipping forever — until the car rolled a full 360 and a half, leaving us upside down, the trailer wrecked across the side of the highway.

One of my nine lives died on the side of that road but not one of us had a scratch on us. It didn’t feel real that it had happened. When I was climbing around Joshua Tree I had done dumb and risky shit, but not once had I put anyone else in danger. There on that highway I could have killed my friends. I couldn’t choke that down easily. The cop told me I’d done the right thing in driving to the side of the road. “It wasn’t that you screwed up driving. You screwed up by driving that car,” he pointed, “should never have been pulling that trailer.” He let me off with no citations, feeling that a wrecked car was punishment enough. I cut my dad a check for the car and haven’t had a savings account since.

Back home to work for the summer, my confidence was bruised and my body was weak. If I went for a run my body wouldn’t

recover and I’d be sore for weeks. Sometime in August a coworker got a bull’s-eye rash, the tell-tale sign of Lyme. I’d never had the rash, but suddenly I knew I should get tested. I wanted a positive result, anything to explain how I felt. I didn’t know if I could handle it if my frayed nerves were normal. Drawn blood confirmed the diagnosis. I was given a month’s dose of doxycycline, and one week into it I left for Reed.

When my freshman year started the meds prevented me from going into direct sunlight during one of the few sunny parts of the year. The pain was still lingering and the drug habits I’d developed lingered too. I was in no shape to start my time at Reed. I managed poorly, but somehow I managed. I got past the pain. Reed is a strange rehab for all of its seductions, but I kicked the drugs too. When I look back now, mostly I just marvel that it all happened. In high school I never thought it would be hard for me to graduate from college. But it was hard. Real hard. And now, I can hardly believe that in a few more weeks I might just graduate. ▼

Small Presses and Artist Books:

By ZOE ROSENFELD WIT

I tumbled straight out of my first year at Reed and into the San Francisco Center for the Book (SFCB), a nonprofit in the heart of San Francisco's Dogpatch neighborhood whose mission is to foster love of the printed word. They offer classes in bookmaking, calligraphy, and letterpress. This last is accomplished with the help of four beautiful old Vandercook cylinder presses and two even older pedal-cranked flatbed presses, all kept in pristine condition by a small handful of dedicated artists. In addition, half of their floor space is an exhibition area with cases and bookshelves full of beautiful small press and artists' books. Similar to the current exhibit of small press books on display in the Hauser Library, these exhibitions presented books as more than a medium for information. Rather, they confront-

then applied again if the work was in more than one color. Often, the binding was then hand-stitched (or hand-assembled in some other way). These books are lovingly assembled, representing the care that a few people had for a single subject – a care that led them to create the perfect way to protect and spread their words.

Reed's own appreciation for the art of the book stems from calligrapher and Reed professor emeritus, Lloyd Reynolds (English, 1929–69). During his tenure at Reed College, Reynolds also taught calligraphy, letterpress printing, graphic design, and art history. He instituted the Graphic Arts workshop that so entranced and inspired Steve Jobs, and that continues to this day as Scriptorum (which meets every Thursday at 6:00 PM in the Psychology building).

icant examples of small press work. His efforts have been furthered by subsequent art department faculty, who now teach courses in illuminated manuscripts, iconoclasm, 20th century German art, and Chinese art history, and have purchased books to support their courses.

These courses carry on Reynolds's legacy of care and attention paid to the art of the written word. MacNaughton quotes an anecdote from Reynolds' teaching career: "Reynolds would sometimes throw a book at his students and challenge them to explain how it was made. 'You lit majors who want to be writers, you don't even know what a book is,' he would say. 'What kind of type was used? What kind of paper?'" With this, we are reminded that the book is indeed a physical manifestation of labor,



(L) Steven Thomas Elliot's "Invisible Book," a tape transfer of H.G. Wells' novella *The Invisible Man*. The titular character of Wells's novel is a professor who turns himself invisible. (R) Luigi Serafini's "Codex Seraphinianus," an illustrated encyclopedia of an imaginary world written in a made-up language.

ed spectators with the idea that to collect and exhibit books as art is to appreciate the work and love that goes into making these quotidian objects, and to realize that, perhaps, they are not as quotidian as they may seem.

Some small press book are set letter by painstaking letter and printed by hand on an analog press — possibly a cylinder press a great deal like the ones I worked with at SFCB, or the one that is cherished and currently used in Reed's art department. The ink was mixed and applied by hand, and

"Reynolds' intention [was] that the Graphic Arts Workshop would be the hands-on laboratory component of Reed's great humanities tradition, a place where students would learn through direct experience what a book is as a material object, not simply as a bound repository of ideas and information," says Gregory MacNaughton, Calligraphy Initiative Coordinator and the current leader of Reed's Scriptorium.

Reynolds also began Reed's collection of artist and small press books, personally collecting some of the college's most signif-

icant examples of small press work. His efforts have been furthered by subsequent art department faculty, who now teach courses in illuminated manuscripts, iconoclasm, 20th century German art, and Chinese art history, and have purchased books to support their courses.

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a look into Reed's Special Collections

TH BRENDAN SORRELL

Avant-Garde, “works done from the turn-of-the-century to the present using innovative typography and design as a social and political commentary;” The Conceptualist, “works that use a variety of media, both conventional and unconventional, to primarily express ideas or document events;” and the Contemporary, “bookmakers and artists making works which range from object based works to letterpress editions.” The course makes extensive use of the artists’ books available in the Pierce Room, located behind an inconspicuous locked door in the lower-level of the library, but the archive extends well beyond artist books.

Works archived in Special Collections occasionally surface as exhibits in the flat cases by the entrance to the library, where the scope of the collections is not readily

available in the thesis tower, containing every thesis written at the College dating back to 1915. With the institutional memory in some departments going back to the 60s, when the collections of senior theses available in the thesis tower picks up, students are occasionally sent down to LL2 where the Special Collections are housed to look at the work of Reed students from over half a century ago. A complete archive of *The Quest* and other student publications, along with a vast number of College documents—from Simeon and Amanda Reed’s original texts to those surrounding the Centennial celebration—are also used in the classes Professor of History Jackie Dirks ’82 (History, 1991–) teaches to study the history of Reed College.

Beyond the College’s uses, Special Col-

lected have come to them in the form of gifts from those close to the college, and while their main focus is on collecting artifacts directly related to Reed, they have gathered a large amount of other materials including an extensive antiquarian map collection from the 1400s through the 1700s and illuminated manuscripts and other texts dating back to that period. While not directly related to Reed, many of the works reflect the tastes of the college. Walker says the historical collections have a strong focus on British history, as that was studied at Reed for many years. Calligraphy artifacts beyond the Lloyd Reynolds works and those of non-Reed Beat poets also reflect the tastes of the school in a similar manner. Some items, like the rugs found in the Pierce Room, are examples of how diverse



(L) McSweeney’s Issue 16, featuring a deck-of-cards story by Robert Coover and a comb. (R) Xu Bing’s “Tobacco Project: Red Book [Volume 2],” metal case with writing on cigarettes.

apparent. During Paideia, Special Collections Librarian Gay Walker ’69 and Special Collections Assistant Mark Kuestner teach a number of courses including a Secret Library Tour that takes students through a number of rooms managed by Special Collections that, although accessible throughout the school year and containing many rare and treasured volumes, are often overlooked by the student body. The goal of Special Collections is, according to Walker, to “preserve the history of Reed.” Their archive of Reed theses goes beyond those that are

lections gets frequent visits from members of the public and Reedies past and present who are looking to explore more of the archive. Popular features include the collection of Mary Barnard’s manuscripts, Lloyd Reynolds’ writings, including his correspondences with Philip Whalen, and materials on Gary Snyder, Whalen, and other Beat poets. Their collection of Reediana—books by and about those associated with the College—contains over 4,500 volumes, which they either purchased or been given. A large number of the treasured artifacts they have

the collection at is.

In recent years, Special Collections has begun digitizing its archive, some of which is available as part of Reed’s Digital Collection, but only about five percent of the collection has been made available in digital form. To a great degree, the appreciation of the collections comes from the physicality of interacting with the artifacts. Works such as a copy of the first encyclopedia from the Enlightenment to artist books in the shape of a wedge or made out of cigarettes are best experienced in person. 🍷

FICTION

First Love

By CHARLES NUNZIATO

Part III

It was all more perfect than I could have imagined! The yard was filled with circling neighbors, so many new faces and bodies, all so extravagantly adorned. I soon spotted Matches bolting around in ecstasy, racing to all corners of the party, enthralled at the panoply around him. As I traced his path I came across faces both familiar and strange, family and neighbors alike. However, I could not find that face I had spent my day envisioning with such vigor. Where was Lisa?

I tried to my maintain my rapture, and convinced myself that she would simply be along shortly, that of course she was just choosing for herself the most perfect dress to wear. The evening was mostly clear, and as the sun set the stars began to shine bright as candles. A band was playing in the twilight as the crowds of couples, young and old, danced in the joint light of the evening sky and the bulbs strung along the fence. This continued for some while until the sky began to light up with color. As we watched the brilliant fireworks fanning out across that beautiful canvas, the lights too caught their reflection in the flow of the river. The speckled mirror image of the stars and the flaming colors of the fireworks bounced off the shining dark surface, giving the effect of a feverish Impressionist painting. I watched both the sky and the water, forgetting myself completely for the better half of an hour. I was only brought back to the world when the show ended and, looking back up toward the crowd, I spotted the unmistakable figure of Lisa walking toward the patio. I ran to meet her, eager to catch her as the band struck up again and the party burst back to life. Yet she seemed intent on some unknown goal, and I watched her from several paces behind as she ascended the steps and crossed the porch.

What follows grows increasingly blurred in my mind, but I do recall trailing her in earnest, as if possessed, crossing through the door into that dark house. Every limb of mine was on fire; I was indeed surely in

a strange dream. Yet I followed the sounds of her footsteps, which soon transformed into a voice, and that into two. I immediately recognized my father's unmistakable speech in the darkness, and I crept closer and closer to the sound. The words had become something other than words, and as I rounded the corner of the hall and my eyes adjusted to moonlit interior, everything revealed itself. Lisa's hair draped over the lip of the chaise longue...

The rest of what remains is mostly sound and color, but from what I understand I must have run a considerable distance, only to collapse on a rocky shoal a ways off from the edge of the road. It wasn't until the morning that I was discovered by Matches,

“Every limb of mine was on fire; I was indeed surely in a strange dream.”

tugging away at my ruined pants from the night before.

I came down with a nasty case of pneumonia, and so passed the rest of the summer with my mother at our brownstone in New York. My father and brothers remained in the country for the rest of the summer, occasionally venturing down to check on me. I don't remember much of this at all, as for the first few weeks I was constantly passing in and out of a feverish state, but I seem to recall these visits as being only antagonistic to my health.

My summer had ended almost as soon as it began, and the remainder of July and August dragged along in a haze. I did eventually recover, but the prospect of returning to the country seemed no longer to hold any appeal. At the very end of August I did in fact return briefly, but only to collect some last belongings and join my brothers for the

journey home. Saving very few possessions, I decided to stow away the majority of my things, packing them away in a musty corner of the attic where I imagined they might never again see the light of day.

I did, as it happens, catch one last glimpse of Lisa as I was packing away my belongings. It was only for a moment, as she stood with her arms crossed in the afternoon sun. She was watching my father load the last of our things into the car, and for a brief instant it appeared as if she were preparing to approach him. But, as he proceeded to swiftly shut the trunk, she caught herself and slowly turned away toward her own drive.

Throughout the year my father occasionally returned to the house, tending the grounds or, weather permitting, joining old acquaintances for a round of golf. Yet, early in the spring of the following year, on his way from one of these trips, he found himself in a crash that left him fighting a losing battle with death, and soon after he gave up the ghost. Various accounts of the crash itself suggest the presence of a second passenger, mysteriously vanished from the scene, but, as the accounts were in conflict, they soon faded into obscurity.

Many years later, an orderly from the hospital where he passed sent me a note that had apparently been discovered on his bedside table. Perhaps once comprehensible, the incontinent words he scrawled in his last moments seem less clear with each reading. Death renders everything both painfully vivid and hopelessly obscure. I suspect that one day his words might reveal some hidden meaning to me, but until then it is through distance that I hope to preserve a shade of his former image in the recesses of my memory. ❧

CSO's Search Directives

With Renn Fayre coming up, *The Grail* took a look at Community Safety's Departmental Directives. We found some interesting things within — but you should also take a look at the whole documents since they guide the CSOs in protecting the community. Despite rumors that the directives have been changed, they are only updated once a year — over the summer. These excerpts are from the latest (2013) revisions of these directives. You can find the current 2013 directives reproduced in their entirety on our website, www.reedthegrail.com.

The following guidelines are general in nature and not intended to be all-inclusive or inflexible rules. Rather, the following guidelines are a starting point for considering whether or not an inspection or search is the most reasonable action based on the specific circumstances at the time.

Inspections & Searches Of Student Residences By Community Safety 2013, p. 3.

This is a useful thing to keep in mind reading the rest of the documents — they are guidelines, not rules. They are put in place for training purposes and to establish a standard form of engagement with students so that they know what to expect from interactions with CSOs.

It seems possible to consent to a search and then withdraw consent once the CSO has found something in violation of policy. Has this ever happened? How would this go down? "Yeah, go ahead and search." "What is this?" "Never mind, I no longer permit you to search." "Ok I didn't see anything." If you hide your bong in your friend's room after it has been found and you have withdrawn consent and they later come back for a second search, are you off the hook? Unlikely.

The person who granted permission [for a search of their room] may withdraw permission at any time. If a consent inspection or search reveals evidence of a policy violation, and consent is withdrawn after the fact, the CSO shall suspend the action and contact Community Safety (CS) management for direction.

Inspections & Searches Of Student Residences By Community Safety 2013, p. 4.

In order to preserve the best possible relationships between CSOs and students, while actively monitoring for AOD-related activity, CSOs should consider the following in all interactions:

- Avoid characterizing a student's behavior as "dishonorable" or "dishonest"
- Avoid any judgment-based comments, such as, "I'm disappointed . . . ," "You should consider . . . ," or "What you did was wrong . . ."
- Avoid using terms that emphasize official authority or power, such as, "I caught you . . . ," "You've broken the law . . . ," or "I'm enforcing . . ."
- Emphasize terms such as "engagement," "inconsistent with policy," and "conversation"

Guidelines for Engaging Groups Regarding AOD Violations 2013, p. 4.

The CSOs are instructed to act honorably — with a huge emphasis on avoiding judgment and statements appealing to authority. The CSOs are eager to act honorably but defer judgment regarding what Honor entails to the Honor Council and J-Board. Instead of saying something like "you broke the law," CSOs are encouraged to say "your actions are inconsistent with policy" or something similar. This shows their commitment to having engagement on AOD-related issues is limited in scope to Reed's own standards; however, the language suggests that students might be likely to view Community Safety as they would a normal enforcement agency because even though the method of engagement is different, the reasons for it remain the same.

Drop the pretense! It's pretty clear why a CSO would want to enter the room...and once they are in, anything that is seen is fair game. It seems dishonorable to put up a facade of entering because of a smoke detector when really the reason is the smell of marijuana. It is perfectly reasonable for a CSO to ask enter a room because of the possible dangers of smoke, but only due to concerns for safety and not as cover to enforce the AOD policy.

Entering rooms subsequent to detecting the odor of marijuana

- If a CSO contacts a room occupant based on the odor of marijuana, the CSO may ask permission to enter the room if the CSO reasonably believes any of the following to be true:
 - There is smoke in the room (from any source) that should reasonably have been expected to trigger the smoke detector, but not alarm has sounded. The purpose of asking to enter will be to inspect the smoke detector to determine whether or not it has been disabled and/or to request a work order to have it inspected. . . .

Rules of Engagement for Contacting Individuals with Marijuana in College Residences 2013, p. 3.

It's unfortunate that the directives are at times so puzzling, vague, and deceptive. We suggest that you read them and get an understanding of the instructions that CSOs follow so that you can make informed decisions about your actions. ▼

The Sex-Life of the Mind

GRACEFUL GROUSINGS

Grace Fetterman

Whiffs of antiseptic and filtered air daub the draft. In the corner stands a grim, dour vending machine. Pens click, throats clear, and to my right, a whey-faced woman insists I eat her toenails.

“Grace?” A medic stands in the doorway.

“Come on in.”

I plump myself on the bed. The doctor shuts the door, and sits on a beige, adjustable stool.

“Hello, Grace. I’m Doctor Schuler. It’s a pleasure to meet you.” How can she be so sure?

“You too,” I give as my tepid response.

“Now, there are just a few questions I have to ask you before we begin,” Schuler scrawls on her clipboard. “So, from what I understand, this is your first sexual fantasy?”

“Yes,” I affirm. “You are correct.”

“Wonderful, wonderful. Well, welcome, Grace. This is a great first step. So, what prompted you to schedule a visit with us?”

“It all began the other day at lunch, when my friends were discussing their erotic fantasies. Linda said she has always wanted to do the nasty with a pest control man, Altha wants a roll in the hay with her T’ai Chi instructor, and Lacie lusts after her very own Chi. I walked away from this conversation with two realizations: Lacie is vilely vain, and I’ve never had a sexual fantasy before. I am twenty years old now, almost a junior, so I should at least have a rough rundown of one. I get the sense it’s like a resume in that it’s an ongoing process and will likely continue throughout my career.”

“Excellent, excellent. We’re so proud of you for taking this initiative. And where is your actual, physical, manifestation right now?”

“In my Heretics, Witches, Inquisitors history conference.”

“Perfect, perfect,” Schuler commends my deteriorating work ethic and inflating self-absorption.

“For how long have you been experiencing this wheezing?”

“Wheezing? This is panting.”

“Sounds like wheezing to me.”

“It’s panting”

“Wheeeezingggggg” Schuler singsongs.

“Pantingggggg” I mimic.

Schuler writes something down. She thinks she has won, but we’ll see who shits on the sidewalk. I inhale deeply and puff up my cheeks.

She sniggers. “That won’t work this time, schnookums. Your academic advisor already informed me you make yourself blackout when people disagree with you in conference.”

Immediately I exhale, shake my head, and tell the doctor, “I think it’s in our best interest to refrain from Pancho references in this one.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” Schuler is a little crestfallen, but willing to compromise.

“I’m going to see if he is ready for you now. In the meantime, can I get you some Belgium beef stew? Your form says that you’re allergic to pigeonholes.”

“Stew sounds very pleasant, thank you.”

“Great, I’ll be right back.” Schuler gently closes the door on her way out.

“Well, so far my first sexual fantasy is everything I hoped it would be!” I think to myself. “I am a little disappointed, however, that Cate Blanchett is too busy to do the voice over. I understand, though. It’s such a busy time of year.”

The woman from the waiting area moves into the room next to me. She tells a nurse her toenails taste like steel cut oats.

Without knocking, Doctor Schuler enters the room, smiling.

“Look who I found!”

His body is a temple of the Holy Spirit. I have fed upon his perfect face and alluring scruff by day and night. And he, with true kind eyes, looks back on me, fair as the moon and joyful as the light. But I try not to look long at him, for he is the sun, yet I see him, like the sun, even without looking. A dreadful beauty; one I cannot bear.

“Are you mad? Jon Hamm? Why on earth

would Jon Hamm ever knock mops with my mop? This is absolutely preposterous. I feel sick. I can already see the reviews, ‘unrealistic and self-indulgent.’ Away with you!”

“Seriously?”

“I said get out!”

And with that, The Most Handsome Man on Earth vanishes. What a relief.

“Schuler, honey, please. This is a 9am conference. I look IV ready, not TV ready. That may have been one of the worst things that has ever happened to me. Please use better judgment and go summon the next one to hide the salami.”

“Knock, knock!” We hear from outside the door “It’s me, John Stamos! I’m here to get a piece.”

“Absolutely not. Schuler, someone else to post a letter.”

“Well,” the exasperated doctor says, “The next one is a very busy man...”

“Knock, knock!” He interrupts. “It’s me, John Kroger. Awesome!”

“That’s it, no more Johns!”

“OK, OK. Let me think.” She paces back and forth. “A lot of our clients like sex on the beach. Is something that appeals to you?”

“Yeah, dead birds, impossible parking, and hairy backs are a real turn on.”

“Alright, it was just a suggestion.”

“You know what? I think this was all a big mistake. I’m gonna go...”

“No, no wait. Please, I have one more to have feather bed jig with. Please, please!” She starts to blubber. For fuck’s sake. Doesn’t she realize there are countless people who would die for her job?

“Alright. Last chance for today’s hanky panky.”

Schuler returns with a plate and a grin.

I am dumbfounded “Is that a... a...?”

“Yes. A cheese stick with a roguish mind.”

And we lived happily ever after. ▼

Lunchtime Poll

By MADDY APPELBAUM

What do you think is the most overrated virtue?

My least favorite virtue is intellect. I think that intellect is the least reliable virtue.

What is your life motto?

My motto is always trust your intellect. ▼



Maddy Appelbaum

George Johnson '16

Frosty Fiasco

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

HELP! I accidentally drank my custodian's chocolate Frosty a few weeks ago, and it's eating away at my soul. I went to the closest Wendy's (on Sandy Boulevard) and bought two large chocolate Frosties (because interest) and a 1/4 lb. cheeseburger (because square meat). I excitedly drove back to give him the frozen milky goodness. Upon

MISS LONELY HEARTS

returning to my dorm, my HA told me that the custodian would be gone for a week visiting family. Dismayed (here's the sad part), I ATE THE FROSTIES. Like Holy Shit. Why am I such a terrible person? I didn't realize you could save those things in the freezer. What do I do?

Frozen in Fear

Dear Frozen,

First, take a deep breath. Let go of your caps lock key. This problem is tangled, but not impossible. That feeling of your soul being eaten away isn't just guilt – it's actually a wasting curse placed upon you by the Phys Plant mages. These curses are generally placed to protect the custodians and groundskeepers from the actions of inattentive or inconsiderate students, and it will probably send you spiraling into a vicious cycle of well-intentioned Frosty purchases, followed by consumption of those same Frosties, if you don't take steps to break it.

All you have to do to release yourself from this curse is go to the Phys Plant with a consecrated talisman, three tablespoons each of frankincense, hyssop, rue, and thyme, and, of course, a Frosty. Offer these to whoever is working the desk at Phys Plant; they'll know what to do with them.

Miss Lonely Hearts ▼

W.W.A.W?

Alex McGrath '16 knows the style of our favorite Hum rockstar! Offset by khaki trousers, Alex's outfit daringly demonstrates the classic Roman hero's festive flare for floral. Don't be naive enough to think that either Alex or Aeneas is all flower power! Beneath the flower patterned bomber lies a checkered button down, with fluorescent hues of magenta, electric blue, and lime green. But Alex beats Aeneas with his shoe game! Unlike Aeneas' second-rate sandals, Alex dons prestigious purple sassy suede opulent Oxfords. Alex knows better than Aeneas when it comes to "classical" fashion.

DE SASTRE
Alexis Angulo
Mia Uribe Kozlovsky

Best of luck with end of semester stress!

—AA & MUK ▼



"I just thought, What Would Aeneas Wear? Floral Prints." — Alex McGrath '16

Alexis Angulo & Mia Uribe Kozlovsky

Cultural Calendar

By CHARLIE WILCOX

May 1st

Concert — Modest Mouse at Crystal Ballroom

Ehh. I mean, okay. I guess. Hmm. Modest Mouse in 2014? I dunno. I don't want to turn into one of those old codgers that constantly say "but they were so good back then," especially because I wasn't even conscious of music when Modest Mouse was good, circa '97 or so. But listen to 'The Lonesome Crowded West' or 'This Is a Long Drive...' and then listen to, well, anything they made after the year 2000. Yeah, big difference, right? I want to believe that this new album that's been in the works for several years now will be different, but then I hear 'Float On' blasting in the Pool Hall, and a single tear rolls down my cheek. I want to believe, I do. Attend at your own risk.

May 2nd-4th

Renn Fayre
'Nuff Said.

May 15th

Concert — Riff Raff w/Grandtheft at Roseland Theatre

It seems that Riff Raff has entered into the top tier of meme-tastic rap acts of our era, along with other luminaries like Tyler, the Creator (who is also coming to Portland this month) and, of course, Lil B. While Tyler is probably the most famous and headline-grabbing of them, most people have a fairly dichotomous reaction to him, whereas I've beared witness to many debates between peers on whose shtick is better, Riff Raff's or Lil B's. While the Based God definitely has more of a cult surrounding him, his effervescent cartoonality actually makes him seem more like a real person. By that I mean that he isn't trying too hard to act like a real person, making him seem more like a real person who is just unbelievable (as many personalities around Reed are, in fact). Riff Raff, on the other hand, seems like he is creating a persona that actively tries to be realistic, a simulacra of a certain rapper brought to its logical end, and that's what interests me about him. Lil B might just be a person doing his thing, but Riff Raff, he might be angling

for something. What that something is, I don't know. Besides all that academic shit, he makes genuine earworms, songs that are just stupid enough to warrant how catchy they are. It'll be an interesting show, for sure.

May 19th

Concert — Kishi Bashi at Wonder Ballroom

Kishi Bashi manages to distill pure happiness and exuberance into a three minute song, and what's more, he isn't annoying about it. I feel like a lot of 'happy' bands get a bad rap for being aggressively irritating in their effervescence, which is true in a good many cases (here's looking at you, Matt & Kim). Kishi Bashi, though, manages to create a whimsical, fascinating world that isn't overbearing. It makes sense that he spent his time in bands like of Montreal. His debut album, '151a', was one of the underrated pop masterpiece of 2012, and hopefully the new album 'Lighghts' won't go so unnoticed. In concert, he is more dynamic, making use of looping to create his songs, which I always find super cool. He and tUnE-yArDs need to tour together, honestly. 🍷

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CORRECTION

The Grail misattributed the photograph that ran with "Julius Caesar" in the April 10th issue. It was taken by Stacia Torborg. In addition, the music was composed by John Vergin. Jack Johnson and his band recorded the music and the sound editing was done by Johnson as well.