



# THE GRAIL

VOLUME I

MAY 8, 2014

ISSUE VIII

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INSIDE

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SENIOR SEMINAR

## BEN THERE PART II

Ben Williams '14 writes about the struggles and poetry that helped him find his home in the Reed community.

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# THE GRAIL

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## FROM THE EDITORS

Hello Readers,

*The woods are lovely, dark, and deep / But I have promises to keep, / And miles to go before I sleep, / And miles to go before I sleep.*

I doubt Robert Frost used his poem to pass finals week at ivy-covered Harvard. Even with a Stim Table doused in piracetam and lukewarm Tang, this week and next will be the hardest yet. You can do it!

Ben Williams' story of Reed comes to a close in this final issue of *The Grail* (2). Just in time for the Reading-Week-Smokers, Sam Ramirez shares with

us his story "Cigarettes" (7).

Grace discusses thesis parade and believing in herself (8), and De Sastre is changing management after one more instalment (9). The Miss Lonely Hearts finale will bring you to tears (9).

Look forward to the future! The Grange sends a letter to *The Grail* urging students to discuss honor and the CSO directives (1) and Brendan Sorrell and Brian Click write about how Community Safety has changed (4).

Love,

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

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## LETTER TO THE EDITORS

# Puzzling over the CSO directives? Do something.

*The Grail* did me—and our community—a great service in their April 24, 2014 issue by attempting to explicate some of the more complex operating instructions for CSOs. Despite them being openly available to community members, the directives that explain how CSOs (are supposed to) do their work remain poorly understood by many of the people most impacted by them: students. Moreover, the format used by *The Grail*, where excerpts of the directives are juxtaposed with commentary by *Grail* editors, is one that I found illuminating, engaging, and wry. And, I have a critique and an offer.

By way of critique, I take exception to the assertion that the directives are “at times . . . deceptive.” Labeling written instructions as “deceptive” either anthropomorphizes them into beings with agency, or implies that the author (me) intended them to have hidden meanings. Well, I reject out of hand the notion that written direc-

tives have agency—deceptive or otherwise. So, that leaves me as the author of deception—or, possibly, potentially, perhaps, perchance, our noble *Grail* editors have missed the mark. I acknowledge that, as *The Grail* put it, some readers may find the directives “puzzling” or “vague.” That is not unexpected when technical documents are read by people outside the field. However, alleging deception implies an intent that I do not have. My intent is to be open.

My offer: I invite anyone with specific suggestions for the directives to bring them to me. I welcome suggestions in both the realm of how we do our work, as well as how we describe what we do.

Expectantly,  
Gary “The Grange” Granger  
Director of Community Safety

## POEM

## Reflections

By BEN WILLIAMS

I am each and every person I ever wanted to be,  
in many ways they manifest themselves in me.  
Some call it inspiration, others call it copying,  
but either way it's a reflection of what I'm embodying.

I'm a clone, shaped like my past aspirations,  
fast paced changes have left me tired and faceless.  
An anything goes acceptor of the status quo,  
I've forgotten what I know and I follow with the flow.

I'm a blank slate seeking a control freak with specific hobbies:  
an amateur alcoholic, puppeteer/ graffiti artist.  
I had substance, I syphoned it out for safe keeping  
from the abuse I do my head about, every other weekend.

Dealing with delusion, entranced by illusions  
my muddled mind movements wonder where truth is.  
Mistaking women for muses has left me more clueless,  
I think the only language that we share is confusion.

You tampered with my mirrorness, with what I would see,  
when I reflected other entities to try to forge me.

you said I looked like half a puzzle, a collection of pieces,  
and said completing me would be your Reed College thesis.

I could only see you, as if I never existed.  
Every other person just a shadow or a figment.  
Could I live without you? What was being alive?  
The only time I saw me I was reflected in your eyes.

When you slept I would vanish, when you blinked I would pause,  
You were a psych student, you said my mother was the cause.  
You diagnosed me, the worst case you'd ever seen,  
And prescribed me to write three poems on Benzedrine.

The first was pure crap, the second, hardly better  
The third was pastoral, talked a lot about the weather.  
In it, I was a pond, the clearest you could see,  
Reflecting changing skies, the wind alive within the trees.

I stayed there for half forever, a steady natural force,  
Until a developer arrived, and built a golf course.  
She shallowed all my depth, didn't stop till she was done,  
No reflection on my flat green grass, she smiled, "Hole in one." ♣

PERSONAL NARRATIVE

# Ben There

By BEN WILLIAMS

My freshman year dorm room overlooked the front lawn from the third floor of Winch. O-week was unusually gorgeous, with the sun beaming, and from my perch I watched the hacky sack and frisbee circles that I was barred from being part of. The doxycycline confined me from sunlight (see last week's "Ben There" at reedthegrail.com) so I either paced my room or took solo walks through the canyon. The roommate of my divided double was a junior who, being abroad, had missed out on the housing lottery. When he arrived after O-week he vetoed democratic process and usurped the mutually desired inner room. "I didn't want a roommate but they were out of singles," he told me.

Memories of this time are foggy, mostly I think, because of how foggy my year off had left me. I read the *Iliad* in a daze, able to absorb the book's effect, but losing track of its events. That's how my mind seemed to operate at the time, flitting through images in a sense more poetic than academic.

I kept to the shade and roamed my way around Commons and the quad. Not generally the type to cling to one group I floated through social circles. The multitude of interactions was pleasant, but I failed to make friends out of acquaintances and got lost in the collage of faces. The transition to Reed doesn't seem to be particularly easy for anyone, but I think one of my main obstacles was how recently I'd reinvented myself. I was a steady high schooler who'd kept his head down and ran cross-country and track. My friends were mostly skateboarders and musicians. Reed got me twisted. After a mellow high school experience I had spent a year following a Dean Moriarty/Neal Cassidy fantasy around the states. Disease had attacked the connections between my brain and body.

As the year started and classmates formed or fell into cliques I was still wandering in search of a base. I found fellow students to be friendly with but our times together were too fleeting for them to be

full friends. An antsy Sunday that again saw me stuck away from the sun sent me to the Reed gym. I had never been a gym goer, but I bridled from being cooped up and I needed some sort of movement. As it happens, the coach of the basketball team befriended me in the gym, and that is the day that I started playing basketball. I was to continue playing on the team for my four years at Reed. It was a random day to determine my main extracurricular at Reed. I hadn't played a lick of basketball in high school, but I was fast enough that the team wanted me. Most importantly, basketball gave me a center, something substantial to work towards.

The funny thing about the way that Lyme wracked my body was that the whole time I thought I was becoming more spiritually connected. Lyme messes with your central nervous system. When I would practice the kata forms that a sensei had taught me it was as if I was newly aware of each discrete tendon in my body. This left me hyper-aware of my physicality and body, fixated on my movements. Basketball spoke to me as a full experience, in a way that the books I should've been focusing on could not.

As far as academics at Reed, I thought that writing would come easily to me. I expected to be challenged by the social sphere or new concepts in classes, but before I came to Reed I had made over a \$1000 writing \$50/500 words in freelancing for my local newspaper. I expected this to translate into virtuoso essays. My Hum conference leader, Pancho Savery (English 1995-), quickly disabused me of this notion. My first Hum paper tanked. It didn't have a thesis. I had become so self-assured in style that I had none of the substance that academic writing relies on. I remember Pancho telling me, "You use a lot of adjectives."

My foreign language was even worse. I needed a language to be an English major, so they sent me to Spanish 110. All

you need to do in that class is turn in the assignments and listen. I couldn't seem to do either. I had no ear for the language, and dug myself a deeper and deeper hole. The saving grace was a love affair I was having with a classmate. She was a psych major, and seemed to take pity on how impossible I was making things for myself. She coached me through the workbook and we spent many late hours pouring over conjugations. When our dalliance boiled over and we stopped speaking with each other the class became painful and I lost the will to study. My Reed career seemed to be falling apart before it ever really began.

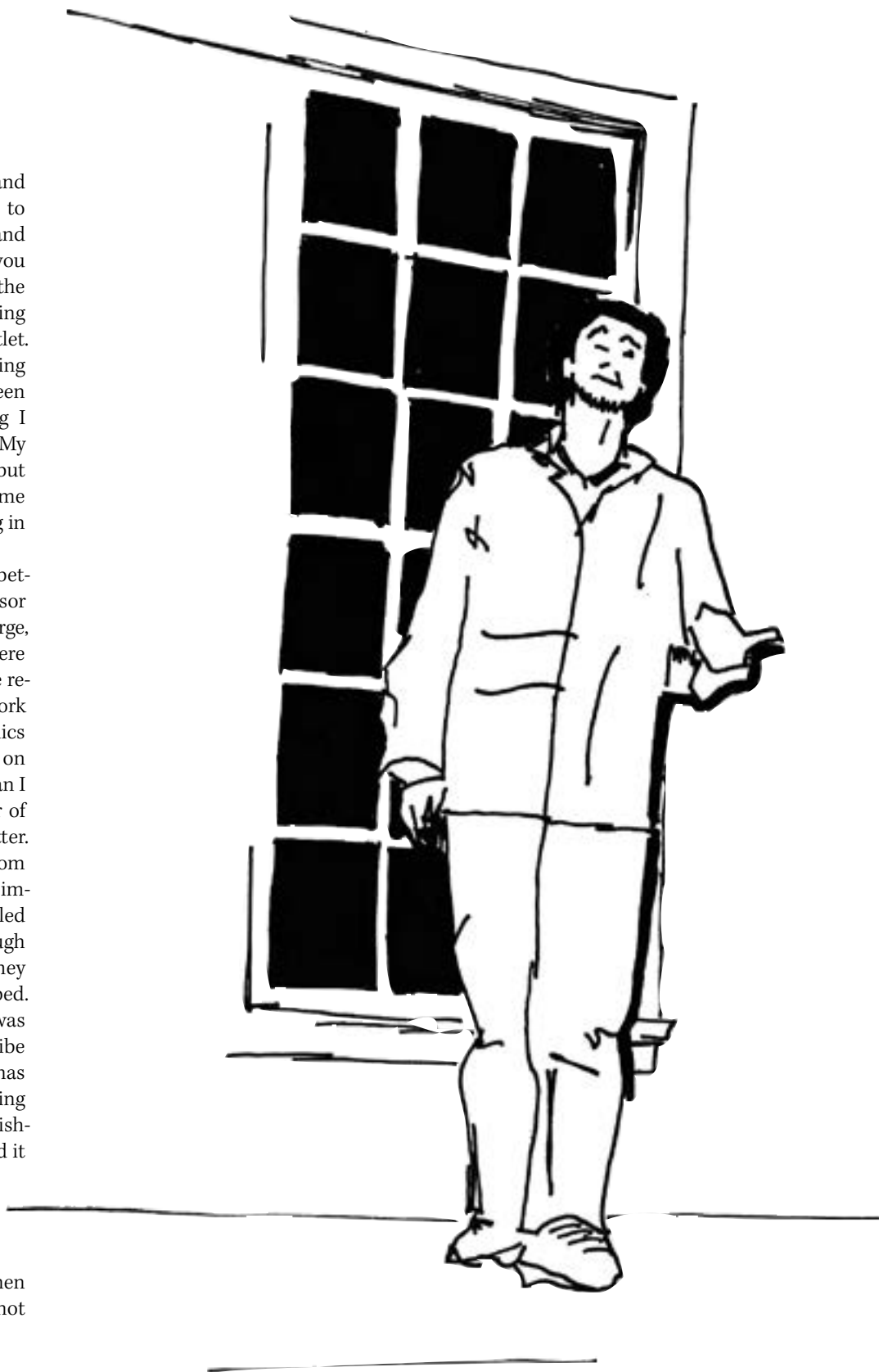
I felt locked in a sensual sphere somewhere deep inside my own head. Unable to rise to the challenge of the academics I managed to do barely enough. Luckily I found a strong group of friends. The Yerp Crew was a loose amalgamation of ODBers. I met them at Freestyle Friday, a weekly freestyle circle that Madison Stewart ran in Sally Port. Madison is one of the most adept emcees I've ever met but he always encouraged amateurs to spout their improvised poetry over the beat. If you've never heard Madison's music go Google Madison LST. "Who Knows" is incredible, and to this day I brag about having heard it in poem form before the video.

The Yerp Crew was united by an out-of-placeness at Reed and we channeled this into late night hooliganism, hailing each other with cries of "YERRRRRP!" that echoed across the quad. We picked up scores of AODs between the dozen or so people who defined the friend group. I think only 4 of us would go on to graduate in 4 years. But we gave each other family. My inability to succeed academically had left me in rough straits emotionally and otherwise. A group of commiserators was exactly what I needed.

Poetry was my turning point. Freshman Tristan Nieto started the Deadbeat Poet Society, a weekly open mic in the SU. Leg-

ends such as Lizzy Martin spewed balls and brimstone on the mic. She inspired me to follow suit. The Deadbeats gave harsh and open criticism, which meant that if you could rouse them to drunken cheers the feeling was all the sweeter. The spinning milieu inside my head finally had an outlet. For the first time all year I was beginning to be able to express the way I had been feeling. Without poetry and freestyling I never would've found my feet at Reed. My academic writing had done nothing but discourage me, but poetry reminded me how much I love the written word. I dug in and dealt.

The year reached an end. Hum got better. Spanish didn't. My Poli Sci professor liked me in class but loathed my final. Jorge, my Spanish prof, left me a comment, "There is no way he can complete the language requirement in Spanish with this kind of work and discipline." He was right. My academics sputtered on for two more years. I was on academic probation more semesters than I was off it. I retook the second semester of Spanish 110, and it hardly went any better. After my junior year I took a year away from Reed to study Spanish abroad, and the immersion saved my English degree. I battled back into Reed, and fought my way through my thesis. On Tuesday I had my orals. They went better than I ever could have hoped. My thesis advisor beamed, told me he was proud of me. I don't know how to describe how that feels. I just want to say, Reed has a way of tearing you to pieces. Persevering through it has been the largest accomplishment of my life. It hasn't been pretty and it hasn't been smooth. But it's easily the most rewarding thing I've ever done. It's like Sage Francis says at the end of "The Best of Times," "When you think you've got it all figured out and then everything collapses/trust me, kid, it's not the end of the world." ▼



# The Transformation of Community Safety

By BRENDAN SORRELL AND BRIAN CLICK

When current Director of Community Safety, Gary Granger, came to Reed, he had a difficult task ahead of him. Reed was lurching in the wake of the deaths of two students due to heroin doses and was being forced to reevaluate how its drug and alcohol policy provided for the safety of the students.

"After the second death, which happened just before I got here," says Granger, "Colin Diver and Mike Brody were summoned downtown to talk to U.S. District Attorney and the Portland Police Chief. The attorney said, 'we can help you out with that drug problem at Reed.'" Diver responded that he believed Reed had the problem under control and could continue to be semi-autonomous while remaining inside the law and providing for the safety of its students. Many of the changes Community Safety has made over the years have been to demonstrate that Reed takes the law seriously and is committed to providing students with a safe environment where they can succeed.

"I talked to some upperclassmen who had been around for a few years—who were Olde Reed compared to me—when I got here and tried to get an idea of how things operated," says Granger. "CSOs would come by and say, 'hey, I'll be back in a few minutes and whatever I see is what I see.' The CSO would come back in a few minutes and things would be cleaned up and everything would be fine. I looked at them and I said 'those days are over. If you're smoking weed your name is going to be taken down and you're going to get a letter from the Dean's office.'"

Granger says that he decided to come to Reed because he was looking for something smaller, with more field work and community, compared to his past job as Director of Security at OHSU where he was overseeing various departments. Some of Granger's friends expressed skepticism about his change of setting, with one Reed alum from the '90s saying, "Oh yeah, CSOs ride their bikes around and smoke weed with the students," but Granger thought he had found something different. "It allowed me to stay in Portland and do something difficult and engaging that I could also be a part of—4/20, handing out donuts to students,

that's fun."

The *laissez-faire* practices of the CSOs before Granger have changed into a more professional approach to community safety. Granger has also begun keeping much closer record of AOD violations, placing color-coded pins on a map of Reed for each year he's been here in order to get an understanding of where students are most often using drugs. "Tracking violations was very hit-and-miss before I got here," says Granger, whose tracking serves as evidence to the Portland Police Bureau (PPB) that Community Safety is upholding the law.

When Granger worked at OHSU he developed good relationships with many police officers. "It comes down to the trust

"I like people  
pushing back. The  
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good for Reed."

level," says Granger. "The police don't come here. They trust me. They know me." He says of the arrangement between the PPB and Reed, "In essence, it says that if there isn't a felony level drug crime we will handle it at the school. We will have students go through our processes if they are in violation of the law. Matt [Wagenknecht, PPB Lieutenant for the Central Precinct] and I have coffee all the time, every pin in that map is an example to him that we're serious." Community Safety is required to report felony-level drug charges to the PPB, says Granger, "but let's say I find somebody with a few ounces of weed, I'll send him the report. Most of the time he asks us how we're handling it and...they trust us to do the right thing on our own."

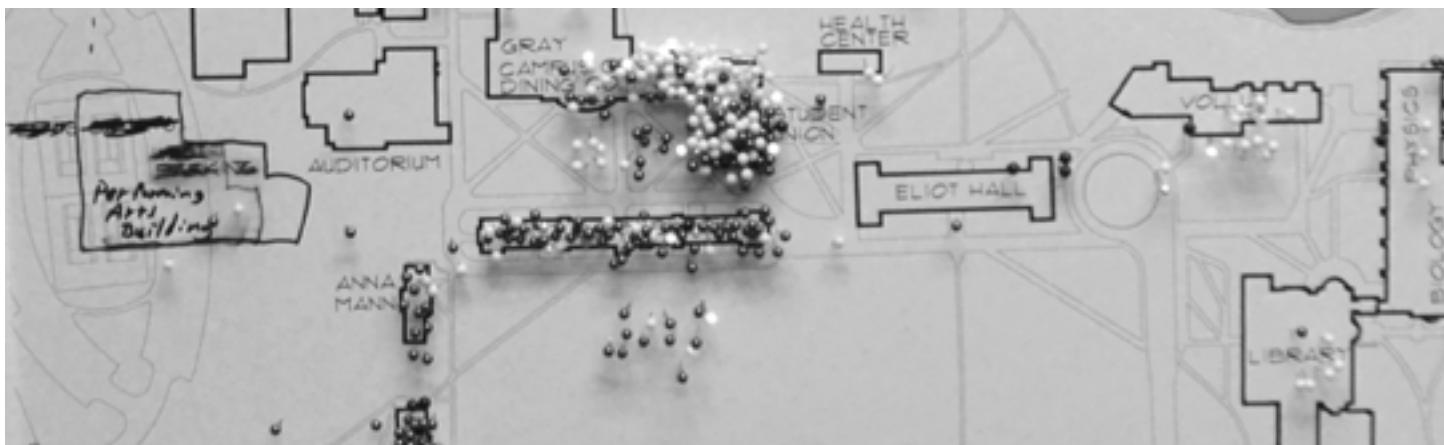
While Granger's presence has provided Community Safety with a more legal backing, their work is still informed by the Honor Principle. "We use ideas from the Honor Principle in almost everything we do," says

Granger. "The language we use, CSOs engage people in an honorable way. I don't like the word 'enforce'. I'll often say, this is informal mediation under the auspices of the honor principle. As long as everyone in the community subscribes to the idea then it works. If a student says, 'I can take the Fifth Amendment, I don't have to talk to you,' we also have the right to actually arrest you or go into your room without asking if we think there are drugs in there. We have the right to call the police if you won't tell us who you are. Those are very violent reactions. We don't do those things because you agree to talk to us, and we agree to work it out at Reed to the maximum extent possible. Most students understand the idea."

"This year, my fourth year, I feel like I have a pretty good understanding of the place. I haven't changed my fundamental idea," he continues. "The honor principle is something that resonates with me, so if I can do my job and help the students who come here graduate then that's pretty satisfying." Granger is now on the President's senior staff, which he believes has enabled him to understand the financial model and the admissions model in order to inform how Community Safety operates. Granger says, "I don't think anybody came to Reed thinking that they chose an easy option. My idea of Reed hasn't changed, but my ability to engage with what goes on at Reed has broadened."

Although there has been a paradigm shift in Community Safety's engagement with students, they are trying not to lose touch with their roots. "The paradigm shift was 'never do nothing,' but we were trying to figure out what we were going to do," says Granger of his first couple years at Reed. "It was a paradigm shift to always write their name down and always take their stuff away. We stabilized the process at the end of the 2011–2012 year. Going into the 2012–2013 academic year we didn't make any major changes."

There had been no need for a medical amnesty policy before Granger arrived because few AODs were given, but because of the increased engagement, SSDP approached a medical amnesty policy needed to be put in place. It was established at the beginning of his second year. Directives also



Gary Granger's map of Reed College AOD violations.

Jordan Yu

didn't exist, but they serve many purposes for Community Safety's new approach. "They serve as training documents and as a way for students to know what's going on," says Granger. "They also serve as a liability shield. Say someone was super high and out of control on acid and a CSO felt as though they had to be held back; without these things documented, there would be a lot of liability."

"Drug use is not benign," says Granger. "There's a risk associated with any drug. We have a responsibility to follow the law in good faith, but we get to decide how we do it and we have a responsibility to educate the students about what it means to make certain choices. Spring/Fall this year was awful. There are consequences with those types of choices. If a student dies at Renn Fayre and it is drug related, whatever good we've done over the last four years to get us out from under that idea is gone. The *New York Times* would pick it up, Willamette Week would be back. They'll say 'well Reed tried but they didn't quite do it.' It doesn't matter how many pins I put in the map."

Granger is aware that many people view the changes in Community Safety as threatening what makes Reed the place that it is, but he responds with, "I like people pushing back. The dynamic tension, the intellectual tension, is good for Reed. Students have a very legitimate and helpful role." There has also been tension within Community Safety.

"We have directives now, we have expectations around how the CSOs do things," says Granger. "There's some self-selection. Not everybody's going to feel good about the direction in terms of professionalization of the department. What we're doing now is a lot of internal stuff that you don't see. If you're not meeting [our] guidelines, there will be a certain point where you're not an

employee anymore...I have to manage the business as an employer, and I have high expectations. I want every student interaction with a CSO to be the same. I want students to be treated with respect and know that the CSO they're working with has a good understanding of the Honor Principle."

Some of the better-known CSOs, who had developed a level of trust with the student body, have left the force this year. Granger describes those types of relationships as "the core of us doing good work," but as someone in charge of running Community Safety responsibly, says that obligations to Community Safety have to come first. "If the community knows us and believes in what we're doing that helps us do our job," he says. "But there's more to being a CSO than people liking you. No matter how many donuts I give away, there are still going to be people who don't like what I'm doing. The trading cards were a way in which I was attempting to have people connect as people. But that doesn't mean a CSO shouldn't be doing their job. I expect and require that people are going to do their job."

However, at least one of those CSOs who wasn't 'doing their job' believes that the 'professionalization' of 28 West has brought the force away from its foundational mission, and that Granger's reforms have violated community bonds. "When I started as a CSO," he explained, "I was explicitly told that my role was to take care of the students, to ensure that they were healthy and safe so they may graduate. During my time at Reed, I saw that role change dramatically under the leadership of Gary Granger. Our relationship with the students shifted from being active and trustworthy partners to being at odds with the students."

The CSO with whom we spoke acknowledges the unavoidable pressures placed on

28 West by the federal government in the wake of Reed's two heroin-related deaths. However, he claims that under Granger's leadership, "socializing with students and forming bonds" has in fact been discouraged outright: "In the minds of management, being seen as being too friendly to students could mean a CSO was turning a blind eye." In fact, friendliness and lenience have been used as internal boogymen. Officers have been put "under a spotlight" if they reported too many unattended AODs, since multiple unattended substance reports are now seen as a sign of possible cover-ups for student violations. By the time he left the force, "many good CSOs were being scrutinized by management," and he agreed that "it certainly seems the Reed rumor mill is not exaggerating" when people speak of a purge.

Despite Gary Granger's attempt to avoid a pendulum swing in departmental behavior, it is evident that some people are viewing the changes that way. While having all CSOs behave in the same way towards students does protect the school against external liability, detracting from the personal relationships CSOs have with students threatens to take the 'community' out of Community Safety. Before the AOD Review Panel was established a few years ago, the Judicial Board consistently ruled that the use of alcohol and marijuana was against policy but did not constitute an Honor Principle violation. It is the CSOs who adhere to the school's foundational philosophy that have been placed under pressure or forced out of the force. Policy, not Honor, is now the foundation of Community Safety interactions. It is a change worth keeping in mind as we negotiate this dramatic shift in campus policing. ❧

# Reed Union

By MADDY APPELBAUM

On Thursday, April 10th, a group of faculty and students gathered in Vollum Lecture Hall to discuss changing the Reed curriculum. At this semester's Reed Union, *Questioning the Curriculum: Gender Studies, and Ethnic and Race Studies at Reed*, a panel consisting of two students and three staff members presented their opinions on this matter and took queries and comments from impassioned community members. The question remains, though: has this event had a serious impact on Reed, and will it lead to changes in the curriculum in the future?

As each of the panelists spoke, the deeper issues present in connection with these two fields of study became more clear. Mark Burford (Music, 2008–) spoke about the storied past of Black Studies at Reed. He recounted how, in 1967, when the newly recruited black students of Reed demanded a Black Studies program, and were denied, they protested by barricading themselves on the third floor of Elliot for a week. This well-known “Reed story” sheds light on the current state of affairs on this topic. Though, following the protest, Reed did have a Black Studies program for a few years, it was quickly deemed unnecessary by the college, and shut down.

Panelist and sociology major Delai Ayivor '15 said that she sometimes feels as if she has to “approach incoming students of color, sensing their discomfort, and give them my phone number, assuring them that they're not alone.” This is something she feels would be changed if Reed had a Racial Studies program that would enable the students of color to feel less alienated.

One question that came up several times during the Union was the academic value and rigor of Gender Studies and Race and Ethnic Studies. To which, Anika Ledlow '15, replied “I'm tired of hearing that issues of identity and inequalities are not academic enough for us to consider and study. I know academic rigor is a pillar of Reed's identity, but in this case I feel like this rhetoric doesn't defend our intellectual integrity, but instead serves as a thinly veiled excuse to stay mired in outdated ideas of what's im-

portant and valuable academically.”

These very sensitive topics dredged up deep emotions for many community members whose Reed experiences have been impacted by issues of racial and gender tensions. Sophie Naranjo-Rivera '14 who was vexed by the argument that these programs would not be rigorous enough, “the fact that Reed doesn't have them is offensive. It's invalidating the experiences of people who aren't white men.” She continued, “I almost left Reed as a sophomore because I thought the education was way too limited. I think a lot of Reedies don't come for that reason.” Ayivor also recounted some difficult experiences she has had with race on campus. “Our classrooms are sites where, in a 20 person, 200-level Shakespeare class, the only other black girl and I were nearly the only people to speak during an in-class discussion of Othello, true story, and where a visiting black professor felt inclined to stop me outside of Vollum because she was new in town and say ‘it's hard for here for us.’ Girl, yes it is, okay. But it doesn't have to be. This has got to stop.”

David Satten-Lopez '16, concurred, “In the mission statement, it talks about having students have a breadth of knowledge and in not educating our student body on these topics the College is depriving us of that breadth of knowledge because these things are inherent in so much of what we read regardless of department—this stuff is always mediated by topics of gender, race, and sexuality.” Panel moderator Margot Minardi (History, 2007–) took this point further by saying “I'd push you to think about thinking about curricular change as a way to keep our academic program in line with what is most cutting edge and important with academic fields at all. It's integral to the mission because the fields change over time and we should change with them.”

Another potential bone of contention came in the form of what capacity these subjects would enter the curriculum in. Minardi wondered aloud if it would be better to “have a gender or cultural studies requirement, or an interdisciplinary program with departmental lines. I think it's incredi-

bly important to think about giving the lens of race and ethnic studies and gender and sexuality studies to students who have not specifically signed up for those classes.” Burford thought this could be best achieved by using a “structure...along the lines of the ES — Environmental Studies — model where students would be rooted in the home department. That is a model that we've considered in terms of a possible way of making this program work,” something he, Minardi, and other members of the ad hoc Committee on Global Race and Ethnic Studies that met last year.

Rennie Myers '15, a ES-History major, agreed on the merits of this approach. “I want to attest to the value of an interdisciplinary major. I get to maximize my education, meet people with different skills, being expected to exercise those skills that you learn makes me feel like I haven't lost the rigor and core experience.” However, as Archit Guha '14, an International Comparative Policy Studies major made clear, the road to graduating with an interdisciplinary major is not always easy. He points to “faculty resistance to seeing [ICPS] as a legitimate program.” He also says “I've been asked what I'm actually majoring in. [ICPS] only graduates maybe one or two students each year, but it allows, much like the proposed comparative Race and Ethnic Studies program would, for students to be reflexive about their education and to take an interest in why these questions are important.”

On campus, it is hard to say what effect this on-going conversation is having. Certainly, though, many students are excited about the prospect of a time in the near future when they could sign up for classes on these culturally important subjects, without having to dig through the course catalogue for the Anthropology, Sociology and History departments. Perhaps this potential change will bring a new attitude to campus, and encourage students to engage further with the wider world. However, as panelist Paul Currie (Psychology, 2009–) said, if the community wants this to happen “students need to push forward as well.” ❧



FICTION

# Cigarettes

By SAM RAMIREZ

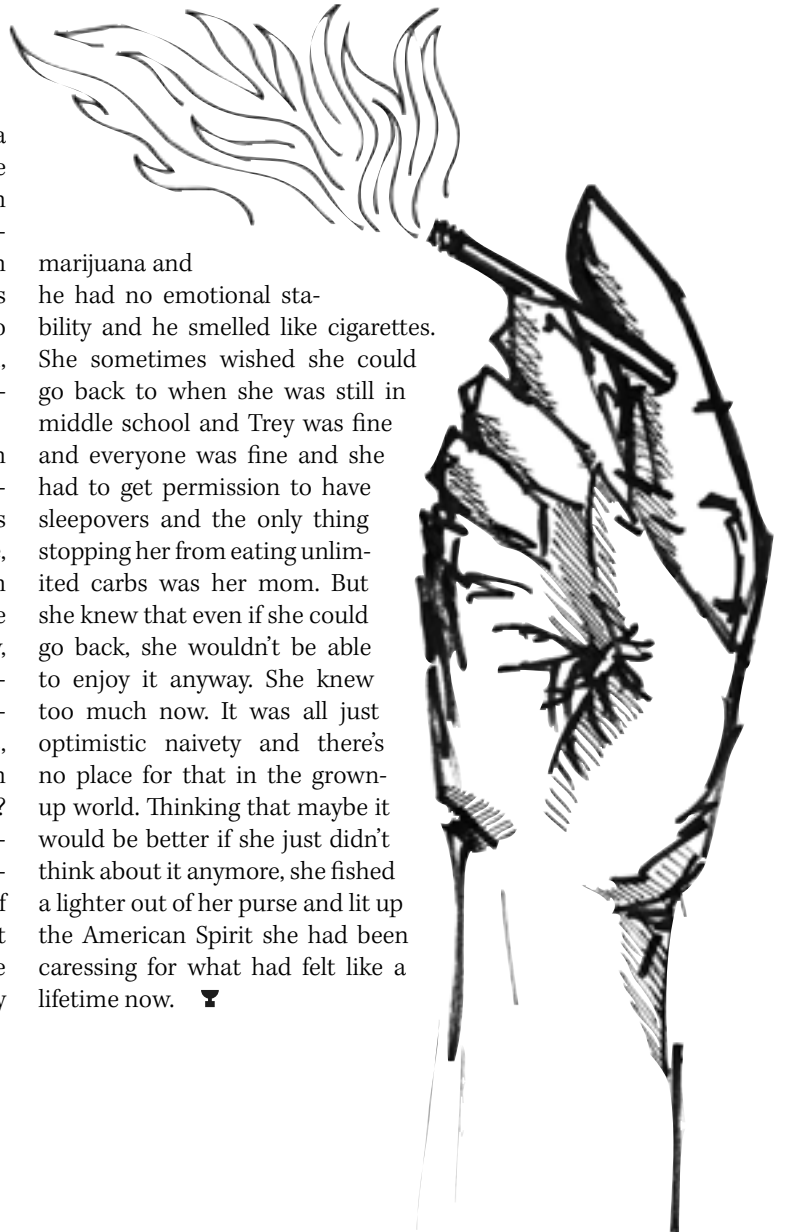
She hated the smell of cigarettes. There was no bright memory, no reclusive, subtle silver lining to be salvaged from the smell of cigarettes. Cigarettes were what her boyfriend always smelled like. Always does smell like. He started smoking a lot of weed and then stopped caring about school or anything really and then his parents divorced and he started smoking cigarettes and now he always smells like cigarettes.

Her dad smokes cigarettes too, Lloyd. Lloyd was a good person and she loved him more than anyone else in her life. He was one of those few human beings on this earth that managed to make it to what we call middle-age without having lost that little bit of goodness in his smile that reassures those that love him that he loves them more. Only he and her mom decided a while ago that they hated each other's guts, then they separated, and now Lloyd smokes cigarettes, and he smells like cigarettes.

She used to like to play Dance Dance Revolution in her cozy upstairs game room with friends and sometimes Trey would hang out with them too. Her friends used to think it was obnoxious how couple-y they were, always cuddling under a blanket and speaking to each other in that obnoxious goddamn couple-y talk. Before that, back before god-knows-how-long-it's-been-now, her friends were excited that the two of them were together. Now they had broken up and gotten back together so many times, shared so many exclusive experiences, retreated so far into their own little world, it didn't seem like her friends cared either way. And why should they? They all have their own lives now. Everyone is working or in college doing shit getting laid or doing homework or whatever, binge drinking and taking pictures of themselves at parties and smoking and thinking about careers. Everyone has moved on from that stale old life of game rooms and boyfriends. It didn't seem like they

cared about what was going on with her anymore. She wasn't sure she cared either.

Trey was dragging her down. He was addicted to



marijuana and he had no emotional stability and he smelled like cigarettes. She sometimes wished she could go back to when she was still in middle school and Trey was fine and everyone was fine and she had to get permission to have sleepovers and the only thing stopping her from eating unlimited carbs was her mom. But she knew that even if she could go back, she wouldn't be able to enjoy it anyway. She knew too much now. It was all just optimistic naivety and there's no place for that in the grown-up world. Thinking that maybe it would be better if she just didn't think about it anymore, she fished a lighter out of her purse and lit up the American Spirit she had been caressing for what had felt like a lifetime now. ♣

# You Don't Have to Be a Scarecrow To Be Outstanding In Your Field

Truth be told, there are twelve-year olds out there with more sexual experience than me. My carnal debt has been outstanding since the vernal throes of fifth grade, when, without warning, everyone became horrifyingly horny, and I just became extremely anxious.

A few months into the semester, The White Oak School sent a letter home in-

forming parents about a mononucleosis outbreak, plus the requisite warning about lice, pinworms, and too many lunchboxes littering the lost and found. Three weeks later, I woke up profoundly exhausted with a fever, sore throat, and swollen lymph nodes. Though I had never been kissed, somehow I acquired the eponymous disease.

The doctor gently examined my nibbled nails and chomped cuticles, the dried blood a vermilion shade of angst. He told my mom and me I could have gotten mono through this hard-to-break habit. His suspicion was not entirely absurd. During lunch, I spied on my canoodling classmates behind the slide, consuming my fingers as the midday meal. Even Dr. Linden knew that I hadn't gotten sick from locking lips. I was pure as the driven snow, chaste as a milkmaid, intact as an unopened box of tic tacs.

I stayed at White Oak through middle school. By November, "Would You Rather?" became the new lunchtime pastime for the sixth grade. It is not the "Would You Rather?" you are thinking of. In this edition, one would select a rear end from the nastiest person you could think of. Adam Gowdell was a frequent nomination. After the offensive bottom was chosen, someone would ask, "Would you rather make out with [Adam Gowdell's] butt, or Grace Fetterman?" The idea was to pick the heinie every single round, despite the posterior's possessor. In other words, I was never *the* butt of the joke. One day, a math teacher, Mr. Welch, overheard a "Would You Rather?" match. Welch, a sanctimonious fellow with a penchant for Charles Schultz ties, was disapproving, and informed our principal, Ms. Rosenstein about my class' signature contest. She summoned the en-

tire middle school, including myself, for an impromptu meeting, where she officially banned "Would you Rather Make out with So and So's Butt, or Grace Fetterman?" from the White Oak playground. It goes without saying after this meeting, I vomited, cried, and was snubbed for the remainder of the year.

The summer after my eighth grade graduation, I was cast as Mrs. Walker in a Culver City community theatre production of *The Who's Tommy*. Ollie Curtis, a fetching, painfully thin blond boy, won the part of my husband, Captain Walker, as well as my heart. Ollie went to a different school, so I could reinvent myself, and the Game was just a bad memory. We stood backstage during our first dress rehearsal, waiting for our entrance. Ollie whispered that my Spanx were "a tiny bit longer than my dress." Thinking that was the in I'd been waiting for, I grabbed him by the neck, and planted a real wet one on him; the gift you can only give once. Before Ollie could say anything, we entered for our duet. Later that night, he texted me: "Wow, thanks for that kiss. I think I might have just realized I am gay."

That fall, I started ninth grade at an all girl's school in Westside Los Angeles. I spent four years learning "how girls learn best," with a 21st century approach to pedagogy, technology, and social issues, preparing us for leadership in an ever-emerging global world. The expectations were pretty high, leaving me little to no time for boys. No brothers, no brother school, and interests that leaned towards the accordion, tap-dancing, ventriloquism—I'll let you do the math. Other than Ollie's offstage mouth mash, I managed to go without kissing another until I was a freshman here, during a sweaty rugby social. That following Monday, the ol' sport asserted he was too drunk to remember anything about that night, and demonstrably steered clear of me on campus.

Now a seasoned sophomore, I would be making the most of a Renn Fayre opportunity. I was productive the last week of classes so I could spend all of Thursday night reading kissing manuals on my computer. In the eighth how-to I came across, the author advises the boy or girl to confirm when they are getting "picked up by a parent" before

they make "any kind of move." *Oh, for fuck's sake*. I slammed the laptop shut, and demolished my nails until six AM. I woke up two and half hours later with my stomach in knots. Soon it will be Renn Fayre and I will stress vomit into all of you. And soil myself. A close encounter of the turd kind, if you will.

I want to get laid and laughs, so I ensure my costume showcases both my sizable fog lights and sense of humor with an Alf puppet bra, which is exactly what it sounds like. The Brobdingnagian smooch fest begins, and someone asks to kiss me fairly quickly. It's OK, I guess, but something is definitely off. I open my eyes to see him fingering the Alf finger puppet, which was exactly what it sounds like.

Normally, I would have started to compose a story in my head where the chap invites me back to his room, and instead of parking his yacht in my harbor, he hides the bishop in the Alf puppet, while I just kind of lay there. Alf stays for breakfast the next morning, while I dine at Commons alone. But I was not feeling like myself at Thesis Parade this year. Instead, I thought of something no wikiHow page could ever come up with: *if Alfie can, so can I*.

It was Thesis Parade that changed everything. Alf got to third base, and I graduated from the school of defeatism. Lately, I've been wondering if what makes you a person also keeps you from being a person. Insecurities and self-deprecation limit interpersonal relationships and close encounters of every kind, and so maybe it's time I curb the brickbrats and cheese stick cracks, which are also a tad dishonorable because I'm actually lactose intolerant.

Bygone mortification need not entirely inscribe our present. We are not static characters, nor fixed caricatures. Live first, write later, and have a skookum summer. Seniors: The Great Work Begins.

Hear more cumming of age musings, like François Truffaut's *The 400 Blows* (Jobs), @GraceFetterman 🍷

GRACEFUL GROUSINGS

Grace Fetterman

# Your Life on the Silver Screen

**Maddy Appelbaum:** *If your life were a movie, what genre would it be?*

**Vivia Chi:** A black comedy or a satire.

**Makoto Kelp:** A Rom-Com where I'm played by Jackie Chan.

**Vivia:** Who's the female lead played by?

**Makoto:** ...Ariana Grande. 🍷



Maddy Appelbaum

*Makoto Kelp '16 and Vivia Chi '17*

## OkStupid

*Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,*

*I'm a 5'11, athletic Asian-American male who enjoys short walks on the beach and burrito trucks. That's what my OkCupid profile says. I received a message from "Kacialmanza": 22, lives in Portland, and seems to be an attractive white woman. Her message: "Hello :)". I thought I hit the jackpot. I checked out her profile. She likes watching Korean Dramas. Me too! She loves rice and sushi! So do I! Her favorite book is Lolita. Okay, that's cool I guess, Yay books! She loves "anything Asian in generally". Okay...what. Finally, she said, Message me if: "You are Asian." Verbatim, full stop.*

*Holy crap, what do I say to this racist?*

*Asian Persuasion*

Dear Asian Persuasion,

As tempting as it may seem to email this woman and tell her, in a bulleted list, everything she's doing wrong... fight that urge. As we all learned from the Great Dreadlocks Thread of 2014, trying to teach people on the *internet* about racism isn't going to get you anywhere. Ever. She'd probably tell you that she's just stating a preference, GAWD, just like if she said she liked tall people, or blonde people, or black. . . . Ok, just don't go there. You deserve someone who likes you for your burrito-eating skills and your short attention span for beachside ambulation. Better to just click "block" and get on with your life.

Only on OkCupid for the lawlz,  
Miss Lonely Hearts 🍷

## Resting on his Laurels

Enrique Montygierd '14 can be seen wearing this week's latest accessory, the golden headband, normally referred to by its street name, "Laurels." The contrast of our Don Juan's Latin locks against his impressive new shiny hat demonstrates that this year's seniors are both smart and sexy. Our fashion maven keeps the rest of his outfit simple, yet bold, with his red hot tamale trousers. Wowza! Like Enrique, AA and MUK will be away from Reed next semester. Make sure to be on the lookout for Melissa Boettner '16 and Alex McGrath '16 to snap your outfits in the fall! Best of luck!

—AA & MUK 🍷

DE SASTRE

*Alexis Angulo  
Mia Uribe Kozlovsky*

MISS  
LONELY HEARTS



*"I don't want to die in sweats." — Enrique Montygierd '14*

*Alexis Angulo & Mia Uribe Kozlovsky*

## Seen Around Campus



*Clockwise from top left: Bike Jousting (Rémi Yang), Thesis Parade (Lara Evensen '11), Grail Editors and Contributors (Rémi Yang).*

### Reunions/Reedfayre 2014

## Olde Reed is alive and sure knows how to celebrate!

#### Friday, June 6

Laugh Track: Comedy and Magic featuring Dr. Demento,  
9–11 p.m. in the Chapel  
'80s dance party, 10 p.m.–midnight in the SU  
Desert Beat Dance Party, 12:01–2 a.m. in the SU  
Party all night at Pirate Camp in the Grove



#### Saturday, June 7

Carnival, 1:30–5 p.m., north side of Eliot  
(There will be therapy llamas!)  
Fireworks, @ 9:45 p.m. in front of Old Dorm Block  
Ping-Pong Palace, 8 p.m.–midnight in Kaul  
Stop Making Sense, 11:30 p.m.–1 a.m. in the SU

Network with alumni of all vintages at these events and many, many more: [reedfayre.reed.edu/schedule.html](http://reedfayre.reed.edu/schedule.html)