

THE GRAIL

VOLUME II

OCTOBER 10, 2014

ISSUE III



INSIDE

FRIENDS OF FAUX'S

THE OLDEST MUSEUM

What's behind the partition at downtown's Faux Museum? A screaming keyboard, a 10,000-year-old ant, and some critical thinking.

PAGE 1

SAPR ADVOCATES

ZAPPERS

Sexual Assault Prevention and Response Advocate Aysha Pettigrew describes what Advocates do and how they've been trained to help.

PAGE 4

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER

ANNELYSE GELMAN

Poet and alumna Annelise Gelman '13 returns to campus for a night of poetry and performance alongside current students.

PAGE 8

THE GRAIL

VOLUME II OCTOBER 10, 2014

ISSUE III

www.reedthegrail.com

FROM THE EDITORS

Hello Again,

“Yo, I’m sure that everybody out listening agree / That everything you see ain’t really how it be.” Mos Def had it right. As inscribed in the lower Common’s bathroom, Def’s words resonate as Reedies enter their seventh week of school. Outside the bubble, The Faux museum, as its name suggests, is more than meets the eye. What appears to be Chinatown tourist trap reveals itself to be a critical, mind-bending, humorous inquiry into the nature of art, reality, and love (1). Reedies think highly of their college: Reed exceptionalism runs rampant as students and administrators alike tout Reeds “life of the mind” over the Ivy League’s “life of the privileged.” Bill Deresiewicz, author of a new book praising colleges like Reed, spoke in VLH this past

Tuesday. Met with some criticism and some praise, his advice for students is not what many were hoping for (6). How much do you know about the Reed Student Advocates? Advocate Aysha Pettigrew leads readers through the SAPR program that you only thought you understood (4). Famed Reed poet Annelise Gelman ’13 returns to Reed for a night of poetry and music (8). Porches and Frankie Cosmos come to the SU (10). As always, we find our intrepid heroine Grace navigating the world of Pancho Savery, gingerbread men, and fox-squirrels (9). Per usual, you can like us on Facebook, on Instagram (@reedthegrail), or see our past issues online at www.reedthegrail.com.

Love,

Brendan, Brian, Grace, Jordan,
Lauren, Maddy, and Vikram

CONTENTS

News & Features

Faux Museum, 1
SAPR Advocates, 4
Excellent Sheep, 5
Annelise Gelman, 8
Porches, 10

Columns

Graceful Grousings, 7
Miss Lonely Hearts, 8

CONTRIBUTORS

Alexis Angulo
Annelise Hill
August Wissmath
Aysha Pettigrew
Benjamin Williams
Blake Stewart
Brendan Sorrell
Brian Click
Charles Nunziato
Charlie Wilcox
Clara Rice

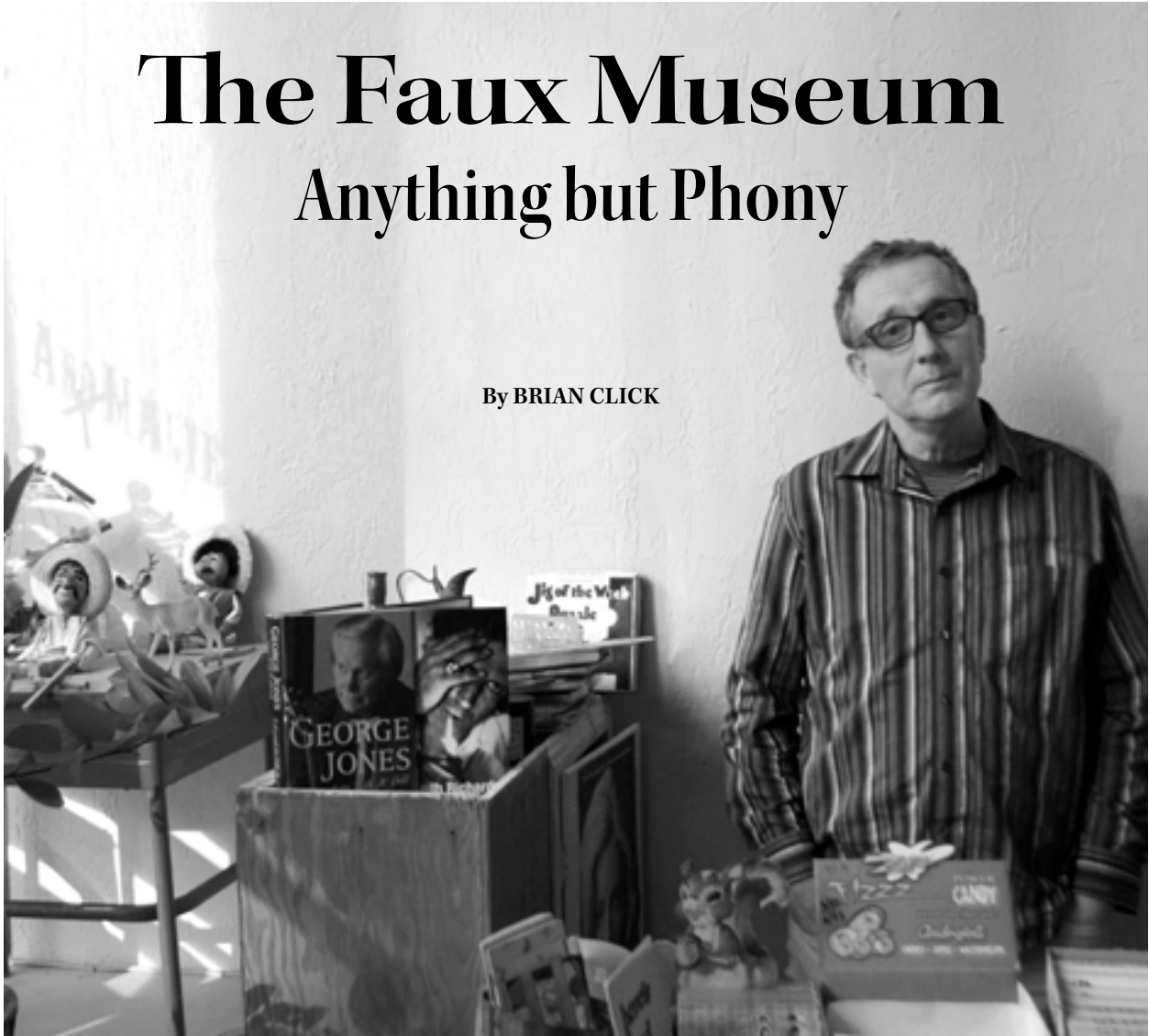
Dylan Holmes
Emily Merfeld
Erika Hurth
Grace Fetterman
Isabel Meigs
James Curry IV
Jordan Yu
Katie Charney
Lauren Cooper
Maddy Appelbaum
Madeline Engelfried

Max Carpenter
Mia Uribe Kozlovsky
Mike Frazel
Rémi Yang
Ruben de la Huerga
Sam Ramirez
Thanh Chu
Vikram Chan-Herur
Zoe Rosenfeld

The Faux Museum

Anything but Phony

By BRIAN CLICK



Another couple of tourists wander into Tom Richards' Faux Museum and peruse the gift shop. They take in the collections of vintage books and postcards, the spinning prize wheel, the bright colors, and the jauntily angled visitor testimonials on the walls. After a minute or two, Tom tells them that there's a museum back behind the partition. "A critical thinking museum with a sense of humor."

"We just came from a museum," one says.

"Oh yeah? Which museum?"

"The Portland Art Museum."

"Never heard of it," Tom says. "But *this* is the oldest museum in the world."

The Faux is cheerfully weird and welcoming, pulling patrons into each new interactive exhibit as they make their circuitous way behind the partition. "Thinking Outside the Chip: Alternatives to the Gravity of our Electronics," the current exhibit, begins with a list of "Alternatives to the Internet" written on a paper bag and so overflowing with visitors' suggestions (including "Gambling or Gamboling," "Build a sand castle," and "Overthrow the Governmen") that Tom's had to tack up two more. Scrapbooking materials and a functioning typewriter are surrounded by walls full of joyful self-expression by months' worth of tourists. Visitors who don't want to

write can experiment in the permanent installations, the sound pods — cubbies in which one may meditate amid hanging and humming bamboo stalks, or play a melody on a keyboard that screams. The pods, as labels on them claim, were found on the Athabaskan tundra ten thousand years ago by the museum's ancient founder, Ug Faux, as he made his way to the Pacific Northwest from Siberia.

The faux history of the Faux is a constant amidst its seasonally changing exhibits. Maps on the wall describe its foundation by family patriarch Ug as he migrated across the Beringia land bridge ten thousand years ago. Tom is Ug's descendant,

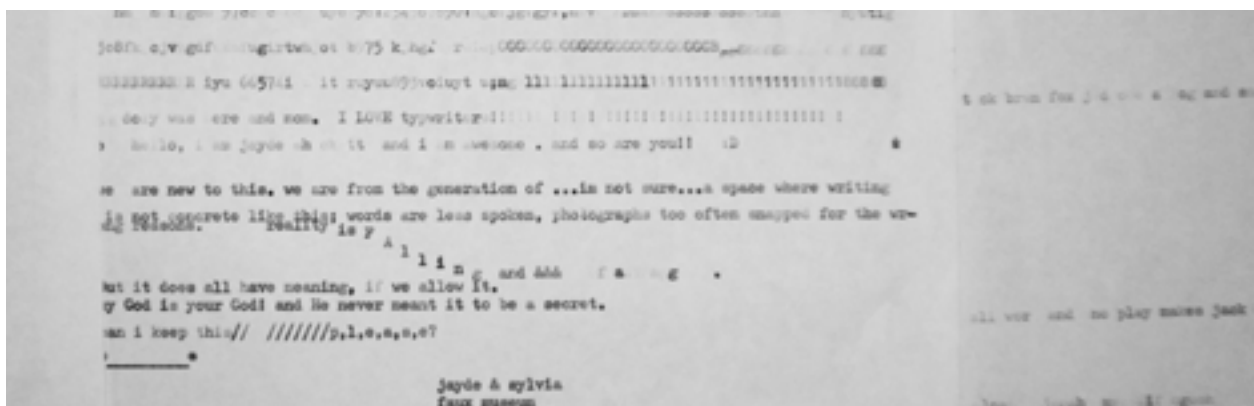
keeping the family shop alive, and since 2012 he's been curating the museum at its current location on NW 2nd, a few blocks from the Burnside Bridge. He's accompanied in his mission by volunteer local artists and by the Woolly Ant, the Faux's mascot, a papier-mâché insect with a trunk and tusks who lurks above the museum on a shelf. (The Woolly Ant followed Ug from Siberia — "he's 10,000 years old, which is why he's so slow and

brittle," Tom explains.)

With its extensive mythology and atmosphere, the Faux feels like an institution, yet it's only resided in its current location since 2012. Its real history is almost as silly as the Paleolithic story. Tom claims that the germ of the Faux Idea dates back to his time living in New York in the early 1990s, when he asked a grocery store cashier for a sack.

"They looked at me like I was from

another planet — which I was, I was from back here. The word they wanted was *bag*. So after that I created a History of the Paper Bag Museum in my bedroom. Not too many people saw it, but once I came back to Portland I expanded it into the first version of the museum." The first Faux existed for only six months in 1992, in the New Market Theater Building, before Tom's partner became ill and he had to go back into the insurance



Jordan Yu

Museum features patron-made artwork; Brian Click contributes on a typewriter given to the Museum by a Reed student.

business, but it set the tone for what was to come.

“Our very first exhibit was called ‘The Gates of Hell,’ which is not a name you want to have if you’re trying to get families to come to your new museum, and we had four big gates — Watergate, Iran-Contra-gate, Envirogate and some other gate — that you could walk through to experience different hells.” Follow-up themes included the “Monument to the 7th Dimension,” “Presidential Briefs: The Underwear of the Presidents,” and “One Dollar, One Vote,” in which visitors could pay to elect the President of the New World Order. “It used to cost a dollar to get into the Faux, but if you paid two, you could vote twice. We had real voting booths and everything.”

The current show is only running for another week, but Tom will be opening up “The Lost Secrets of the Bennett-Brackett Portfolios, or *Perdita Secreta Portfolios Bennett-Brackett: Getting to the Roots of a Botanical*

Mystery,” a collaboration with Portland artist Jessica Brackett, soon afterwards. When setting up a new exhibit, he usually works for a week straight, sometimes for 48 hours at a time, repainting, rearranging and collecting new pieces. Despite putting in that hard work, he doesn’t prod casual passersby to enter the museum unless they’re really interested: “I always say that while 99 percent of the people who go through the museum enjoy it, 30 percent of the people who just come in and look around the gift shop wouldn’t.” The colorful whimsy of the Faux certainly holds no appeal for cynics, and Tom knows it. He does welcome Reed students, and young artists — “they don’t really know what art is, and I like that” — but his disdain for “hipsters” is such that he proudly admits to wearing colorful clothes to Last Thursday just to throw off groups of posers dressed in all black. But he has nothing to fear at his museum: “Hipsters don’t go inside, because they’re not people

who think for themselves.” He glances sidelong at the newest patron, an older guy with a neat haircut and a large geometric tattoo on his arm who’s browsing the greeting cards. “I’ll check this guy’s ID, make sure he’s not a hipster.”

Suspected hipster leaves without checking out the museum, but that’s okay. There’s no room for apathy at the Faux — even the faux history is *earnestly* faux. Tom’s patrons and fans appreciate it, too. At the end of one of the typewritten pages on the wall is a written conversation between two patrons:

//sylvia: jayde, do we like it here?

//jayde: i dont like to use this word lightly, so know that i mean it when i tell you, dear sylvia, that i adore this place. and i never want to leave.

The Faux Museum is open at 139 NW 2nd Avenue from noon to 6 PM Tuesday to Saturday, and noon to 5 PM on Sunday. Admission is \$5 for students. ♣



The museum features tangentially related works of art.

Jordan Yu

TW DISCUSSION OF SEXUAL ASSAULT & INTIMATE PARTNER VIOLENCE

The Role of Sexual Assault Prevention and Response Advocates

By AYSHA PETTIGREW

There is a lot of discussion around Reed College these days about what our response to sexual assault on campus is going to look like this year and the years to come. I am a Sexual Assault Prevention and Response Advocate; I work for the Sexual Assault Prevention and Response program. Hopefully, I can start answering some of the questions that the community has about our response to these incidents. Obviously, I do not have answers to all of the questions that are being asked on campus, but I do feel that providing information about our program will be helpful for campus discussions. I want the student body to be as involved as everyone wants to be because this is such a far-reaching and important topic.

The Reed Student Advocates, originally just a student group, are now the Sexual Assault Prevention and Response (SAPR) Advocates, and make up half of the SAPR program. The other half of our team is the Peer Educators. They do a lot of work on the prevention side, including discussions during O-Week of what good consent looks like, dorm talks about healthy relationships, and answering individual student questions about their own relationships and sexual encounters. The advocates are the response team for incidents. Rowan Frost, Reed's Assistant Dean of Sexual Assault Prevention and Response (ADSAPR), manages the SAPR program. I became involved with the advocates in the fall of my freshmen year. I heard statistics on campus about how one in six¹ women will experience attempted or completed sexual assault in their lifetime. Knowing that this affects people in a community that I care about, I immediately wanted to be a part of the systems that existed

on campus to support survivors.

SAPR Advocates provide a variety of support systems on campus. Our official services include: emotional support, information about options, referral, reporting assistance, coordinating transport for sexual assault forensic exams, and support for friends of survivors.² The Advocates run a crisis line, open to students who have experienced sexual assault or intimate partner violence, as well as their friends. They also meet one-on-one with students who want support accessing campus resources in relation to sexual assault and intimate partner violence. The SAPR program organizes general advocacy events and raises awareness about the prevalence of sexual assault and dating violence. Last year we brought Project Unbreakable to campus, and organized Take Back the Night. The Advocates are a completely confidential resource: while we can help survivors to file reports if they want to, we never have to report anything. The only information that the Advocates provide to the SAPR program is how many phone calls we receive and on what dates, exclusively for our Clery³ report and to justify our funding.

Our crisis line (503-847-9772) is one of the most important parts of our program, and is entirely run by student advocates. The crisis line is run on a voicemail system during the school week (Monday-Thursday), which means that when the line receives a call, the advocates who are on-call get a text message, and respond within 24 hours. From Fridays at 4 PM until Sunday nights at 10 PM, we run a direct crisis line: the Advocate on-call will pick up the call immediately to provide support. The crisis line is completely anonymous, and

is open to both survivors and to their friends and acquaintances who need support in relating to or supporting the survivor as well as dealing with the vicarious trauma that can occur when people hear about traumatic events outside of their own lives.

Outside of the crisis line, Advocates meet with students to prepare them for procedural processes including reporting sexual assault and intimate partner violence to Gary Granger, the Portland Police Department, and the Judicial Board. While the advocates are affiliated only with the Sexual Assault Prevention and Response Program, we also work closely with other offices on campus to make any process that a survivor chooses to go through as easy and straightforward as possible.

In the past, advocates on campus went through at least forty hours of training at either the Portland Women's Crisis Line or the Portland YWCA. This year we launched equivalent in-house training program, in the hopes of making advocacy training more accessible to students who are interested in the SAPR program. Our training covers not only immediate crisis response, but also safety planning, the neurobiology of trauma, the effects of vicarious and secondhand trauma, understanding intimate partner violence in LGBTQA relationships, systems advocacy, and more. We train to be as trauma-informed as possible to not retraumatize survivors, and to provide effective support after a traumatic event.

I hope that discussions about how Reed handles sexual assault and intimate partner violence will continue with a better understanding of what SAPR Advocates do and what resources and support we provide. ▼

1 From the Rape, Abuse & Incest National Network (RAINN), more facts can be found at: <https://www.rainn.org/get-information/statistics/sexual-assault-victims>

2 Sexual Assault Prevention & Response (SAPR) Advocates page on the Reed website: http://www.reed.edu/sexual_assault/sapr-advocates/index.html

3 The Jeanne Clery Disclosure of Campus Security Policy and Crime Statistics Act is a federal law that mandates that institutions of higher education disclose statistics about crime on their campuses. More information about the Clery Act can be found at: <http://clerycenter.org/summary-jeanne-clery-act>

Do Reedies Dream of Excellent Sheep?

By JORDAN YU

I am worried about preaching to the choir,” Bill Deresiewicz says, smiling. Garnering a few laughs, this remark set the tone for the following lecture and Q & A session. Deresiewicz began his lecture with a genesis story: how his new book *Excellent Sheep: The Miseducation of the American Elite and the Way to a Meaningful Life* came to be. Beginning with praise for his critical essay “The Disadvantages of an Elite Education,” Deresiewicz described the letters of agreement he received from both students and faculty at schools all across America. His basic premise is this: the “Elite” academies, such as the much-bemoaned Ivy League Institutions, produce not good citizens, but anxious, unfulfilled, business professionals.

He began slowly: “I’m going to read for about a half an hour so, um, I hope you had some coffee.” During his lecture, in which he read from his new book, Deresiewicz seemed defensive. Many college faculty, journalists, and critics alike have criticized his book, its implications, wording, and possible applications for American academies. Each time during his reading, upon approaching a controversial line, he preempted the conversation by giving a defense of what he wrote, using information in other parts of the book or information he didn’t include in the book at all. The controversial sections, discussing the nature of art, the humanities, and the meaning of education, can be found

discussed at length in Nathan Heller’s review of *Excellent Sheep* in the September 1 issue of the *New Yorker* and in other reviews.

For one, Deresiewicz is completely unconcerned with the departments of natural or social sciences. Nor is he concerned with the performing arts or with high schools. Although

was speaking to a decidedly narrow audience; white, upper middle-class, American-educated humanities majors, already attending elite colleges and universities.

Deresiewicz was mostly concerned with the state of the humanities. He described the divide between the humanities and the “natural and social sciences” in stark terms. To him, when humanities and the sciences meet, it is “usually on science’s terms.” The downfall of the humanities, he says, stems from a larger cultural focus on the STEM fields, but pointed out that the number of pure math and physics majors have declined as well as the humanities majors. When he asked if anyone majored in pure math anymore, a number of Reedies held up their hands. Applied math, physics, and engineering programs are all part of a growing trend favoring the technology industry in places like the Silicon Valley. It seemed Deresiewicz’s disdain for a Harvard education was only matched by his disdain for the technology industry. With it, he indexed pop music and most of popular culture as giving less of an opportunity for self-reflection and self-discovery than what a liberal arts college humanities course can provide. When met with questions about the usefulness of non-tradition art forms such as narrative-heavy video-games, Deresiewicz ceded that he doesn’t have enough knowledge of that realm of media to meaningfully

He repeated the prayer that many Reedies live by: decades down the line, “things will be fine.”

he acknowledges that the problems endemic to the Ivies are problems many high schools face, he neglected to provide any advice on those points during his lecture. “Know your audience,” is a phrase Deresiewicz returned to time and time again, and appears to wholeheartedly believe. He stressed that his advice was meant for those already enrolled in higher education. One got the sense that he

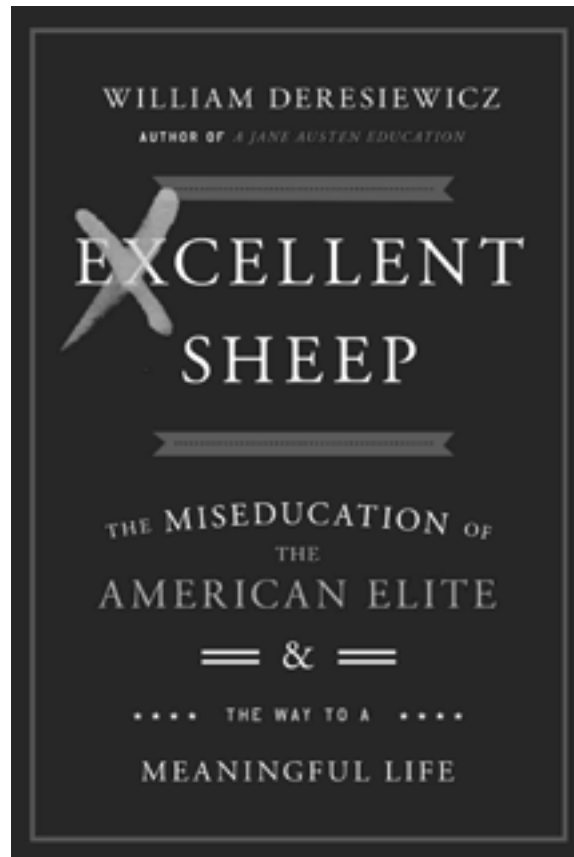
state its usefulness as “art.”

During the question session immediately following his reading, many students voiced their grievances concerning Reed’s policies, its trouble with incorporating the arts and sciences, and the uncertain future many students face upon entering the job market. The college’s academic structure, which, in the eyes of many, produces graduates without the practical knowledge and experience necessary to compete in the job market, is common fodder for students who, only semi-seriously, joke about their career possibilities given a damaged economy and a degree in the humanities. Although Deresiewicz lambasted Ivy League schools for producing students whose sole concern was to work in finance or for the Clinton Global Initiative, he had much less to say about Reed. He repeated the prayer that many Reedies live by: decades down the line, “things will be fine”.

He agreed that Reed’s focus on “the life of the mind” prepares few Reedies for high-profile career opportunities if they decide not to attend grad-school. Given a side by side choice between a Reed and a Yale graduate, a high-paying business-sector employer will choose the latter. A professor went so far as to say; “Reedies, when I think about Yalies, it’s like sending lambs to the slaughter.” Met with nervous laughter, the description felt all too appropriate.

In response to this dilemma, Deresiewicz offered a personal account with a recent Reed alumna that he

only reluctantly recounted since it supported what the professor had said. Earlier in the week, Deresiewicz described a Pok Pok dinner with friend and Reed Theater professor Kate Bredeson. Bredeson recognized a former student and, according to Deresiewicz, had a long conversation on theater and senior theses. The student couldn’t chat for too long,



though — she was busy waiting the tables.

During his lecture, Deresiewicz occasionally alluded to an earlier encounter with the most famous of all Ivies, Harvard. He jokingly referred to his story as “traumatic,” but once an audience member asked prodding questions on his interactions with the beast, the speaker reluctantly started. Early on in the development

of his book, Deresiewicz was invited to Harvard to speak on his ideas. This was the first college to invite him to speak. He had hoped to find a welcoming arena for discussion, but what he found was the opposite. Instead of a lecture hall full of students and alumni, he was greeted with a panel of Harvard faculty, deans, and students. A “public bear-baiting,” he called it.

The atmosphere inside Vollum Lecture Hall was noticeably less hostile. Students seemed receptive to his answers, tacitly agreeing with chuckles and nods. As is the norm at Reed’s visiting lectures, some students and alumni asked long-winded questions, to which Deresiewicz most often replied that he didn’t have all the answers.

At the personal request of John Kroger, Deresiewicz will be meeting with the Board of Trustees today. A student asked him what he was going to talk to them about, and he replied: “I don’t know.” Much of Reed’s unique character comes from the unending conversation between students and the administration. Student autonomy, diversity, life beyond Reed, are all contentious issues, with student and administrative organizations alike searching for ways to live up to Foster’s “Ideal College.” While Deresiewicz’s book may offer a solution to problems at Ivies, it offers little to Reedies. If students are looking to improve their way of life, and escape a cycle of self-congratulation, they should avoid *Excellent Sheep*. ▼

GRACEFUL GROUSINGS

A bitch in the boardroom, a bore in the bedroom, off-putting in the office.

By GRACE FETTERMAN

Grace: Pancho, I just saw the weirdest looking animal outside of Vollum. It was like a rat but with an ENORMOUS tail.

Pancho: Sounds like you saw a squirrel.

Grace: Ok, Pancho, I think I know what squirrels look like.

Grace looks into the camera, like, "Can you believe this guy?"

Grace: This was huge, like, twelve squirrels. It also had the tail of a fox, might I add.

Pancho: Oh, so it was a fox-squirrel.

Grace: Are you fucking kidding me?

Pancho: Squirrel-fox.

Grace: I can't believe this.

Pancho: OK, Grace. What was your gut reaction?

Grace: Huh?

Pancho: What did you first think it was?

Grace: Um, I don't know. A raccoon? A possum? A woodchuck? Yeah, that seems about right. A woodchuck with a bushy, bushy, tail.

Pancho: Was it a whistle-pig?

Grace: Are you mocking me?

Pancho: Whistle-pig, whistle-pig. That's what we used to call woodchucks when I was a kid.

Grace: Fine, Pancho, it was a whistle-pig with a distended tail.

Pancho: Unlikely. Hoary-bellied marmot.

Grace: What?!

Pancho: It was a hoary-bellied marmot.

Grace: Well, OK, then. Do they have big tails?

Pancho: No.

Grace: Well, Pancho, then that wasn't it a fucking hoary-bellied marmot! It had a giant, bushy, bushy tail.

Pancho: Sounds like you saw a squirrel.

Grace: OK.

Pause

Pancho: How was your weekend?

Grace: It was great, thanks for asking! I went to Pay-lee-oh, and...

Pancho: You mean Pa-lee-oh. On Ladd Street? It's called Pa-lee-oh.

Grace: OK. Whatever. Pa-lee-oh. Anyways, I was I waiting in line, and the cashier just handed me a free ginger cookie! Just like that! It was free and everything! I cried a little I was so happy.

Pancho: Oh, I just love gingerbread man cookies.

Grace: OK, but this wasn't a gingerbread man, it was a ginger cookie.

Pancho: Unlikely. Gingerbread man cookie.

Grace: Pancho, gingerbread men are very distinct looking treats. They have arms and legs and bowties and smiles. Also, it's October. Why would he hand me a gingerbread man cookie in October? THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY FUCKING SENSE!

Pancho: Alright, Grace, this was a great check in, but I think it's time to get off the Psych roof now. 🍌

Annelyse Gelman: Returning to Reed

By MADDY APPELBAUM

If I were to make a list of certifiable coolgirls, Annelyse Gelman '13 would certainly be on it. During her time at Reed she could be found showing off her academic prowess in the psychology department, fervently discussing poetry with English professors, and improvising as a bunch of ducks in a human-suit in Fellatio Rodriguez shows. Since graduating, Gelman has been busy working on artistic pursuits, including publishing a book of poems, animating videos, and playing music with her band. Last Saturday night, she returned to campus to share some of her work at a poetry and music show she organized in Eliot Hall.

Saturday's reading came as the last stop on a tour that took her up and down the west coast, and east to New York. "I read in living rooms, bars, cafés, bookstores — it's always the people that make the show, though, not the place," said Gelman. "There was an incredible show in L.A.'s Union Station curated around a single malt scotch whiskey expert, advance tickets only, and an equally incredible show at a burrito place in Spokane, and even an excellent show that ended up being practically on the sidewalk, in the dark, with no stage or mics (the venue had a power outage)."

After a few months of driving around the country, and meeting new and interesting people, Gelman arrived at her old digs. "The last show, at Reed, was such a great ending to the tour," Gelman said. "A lot of [the students who read with her] read a lot of daring, honest, vulnerable work." Gelman read poems from her book *Everyone I Love is a Stranger to Someone* (Write Bloody, 2014), which she worked on while at Reed and published earlier this year. "Even though

I rewrote a lot . . . post-graduation, the book is thoroughly tied into my time at Reed, and reading there kind of brought it full-circle," she mused. "There are poems I wrote during a residency I began as a result of the Kaspar T. Locher Scholarship, poems inspired by people I met at Reed, poems set on campus — and I arranged the entire first draft of the manuscript at Reed, too, and turned it in on the same day as my thesis." And you thought just writing a thesis was going to be difficult.

Gelman is now working on a completely different and new project. She is finishing up a selection of centos (poems composed of lines from other poems), which borrows lines from William Burroughs' novel *Naked Lunch* to form poems that are all her own. Some of these poems have been published as a part of the PEN Poetry Series (visit reedthegrail.com for links). Outside of poetry, Gelman is active in music, working with her New York-based band *Shoulderblades*, and released an EP earlier this year that is free to download online. Contrary to her expectations, her experience making music has been very different from her poetry. "I used to think that writing songs would be like setting poetry to music, which it (for me) absolutely isn't. But whatever floats around in my head tends to bubble up in whatever I'm making, so general concerns or themes tend to appear across the board." The board is large enough to encompass poetry and music, but also photography and animation. She had an opportunity to work in all of these mediums when, for the second year in a row, she and her fellow artists (Arty Johnstone '11 and Auden Lincoln-Vogel '13) in the collective ANAGRAM, set out for a

residency in the New Mexican desert. "ANAGRAM's only been around for two years, but it's been a way of encouraging collaboration across disciplines . . . New Mexico itself is beautiful, and harsh, full of plant and animal life that's only able to survive because of its thorns and claws. Being in relative isolation makes you (well, me) way more aware of the creative process, which is an experience I think everyone should have. It heightens everything, lending way more focus to projects that require it, but also making fallow periods much more frustrating. This year, our main project was an animation called *Gila*, and I'm really happy with how it turned out."

This new work fits well with Gelman's philosophy that, "it's always important to keep experimenting and taking risks." For her, "ultimately publishing the book was a way of saying 'this is what I've done,' so that I can now go and do something completely different . . . Everything is a rough draft, 'poems are never finished, only abandoned,' but ultimately if you want to progress you need to stop (hopefully not at a *totally* arbitrary point) and move on. Dean Young has a line about this I really like: 'just because a thing is never finished doesn't mean it can't be done.'"

In the midst of all of this, though, if you were looking for Gelman now you would have to search "a campsite on the way down from Portland to Oakland, where I'm about to attempt to move into a warehouse full of pianos with a bunch of other artists, including the entirety of ANAGRAM." After coming full circle, Gelman is ready to set off again, taking on the world one rough draft at a time. I'd set a Google Alert. ▼

Miss Lonely Hearts

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

I was excited to be a junior until I realized that all the hot seniors who I was in love with all of last year have graduated. I never actually talked to any of them personally (I made out with one of them during Thesis Parade), but I get so sad when I go to the Paradox and they aren't there, chugging Depth Charges and eating day-old bagels. How am I supposed to deal with this loss?

— Lost 'em to the Laurels

Dear Lost,

Were you really so in love with that hot senior? Or were you in love with the Form of the Hot Senior? It is a truth universally accepted that the larger the age gap between you and the Hot Senior, the hotter they are. Don't you remember how untouchably beautiful the seniors were when you were a freshman? Their outfits were resplendent! Their don't-give-a-fuck attitude was so sincere, so deeply beautiful! The PBR they drank tasted better than the PBR you drink now! To you, they had no personality. They were a physical embodiment of all that is Mysterious, Sexy, Ironic(?), and Just Hipster Enough to be Cool.

The problem is, now that you're a junior the seniors are practically your peers. You know them; you've rolled your eyes at them when they said dumb things in conference. The Form has been revealed to you, and you held its hair back when it was barfing in the canyon at Renn Fayre.

Not a pretty sight, is it?

Unfortunately, we cannot turn back the hands of time — cannot snatch the laurels from the heads of those we once thought were sexy. We can only hope that someday we, too, will be the Hot Senior for some bright-eyed little freshperson . . . and maybe take the bus over to Lewis and Clark and ogle their grad students.

Pondering the Form of the Advice Column,

Miss Lonelyhearts 🍷

Stumped yourself?

Ask Miss Lonely Hearts at www.reedthegrail.com/submissions/

I Bleed for Porches

By KATIE CHARNEY

Aaron Maine's first riff reverberates as I reach into my backpack. My hand dives into a vast puddle of Lagunitas, grinding against several shards. He takes an assertive step towards the microphone. Those of us standing in front glance at each other in anticipation. And then he gives us what we want. "I give you he-aaaaad / be-fore you he-aaaaad / to the-ra-pyyyy" resounds from the speakers, amplified by a chorus of boisterous audience members. Many drunkenly mimic Maine's endearing hip-jerk and head sway. I am vaguely aware of the blood gushing from my left hand, but I haven't the slightest impulse to relinquish my front-row standing. The guitar lulls. I swiftly unroll my knee sock, wrapping it tightly around my broken-beer-bottle-induced laceration just in time for the chorus. The SU erupts with, "what did you do when you want-ed to di-iiiiie."

This is 'Headsgiving,' the opening track on Porches' most recent LP, *Slow Dance in the Cosmos*. Porches and Frankie Cosmos recently played

two Portland shows — one house show on October 2nd, and a second show in the Reed Student Union on the 3rd. These New York City-based bands were booked by sophomores Heidi Loening and Isabel Lyndon and funded by the student body and Big Toe Booking.

Often described as "sad rock," Porches combines the foot-stomping, arm-swaying guitar grooves of a Julian Casablancas song with the emotional lyricism of Yo La Tengo. While many indie rock bands claim specific influence from the likes of Neil Young, The Pixies or Dinosaur Jr., Porches embodies an eclectic and inevitably ambiguous persona and thus draws a communal fan base.

Part of this community comes from Exploding in Sound Records — their Brooklyn-based record label — whose founders prefer their music "to be loud . . . and quiet . . . and that whole quiet/loud/quiet thing." I found this community in Brooklyn this past summer, where four Exploding in Sound bands, including

Porches, took the stage at Shea Stadium as fans moshed to their heart's content. I also found this community 3,000 miles away in NE Portland last week, sitting around a fire pit while several bands took turns playing their respective sets in the garage.

Greta Kline, bassist in Porches and lead singer of her own band, Frankie Cosmos, took the stage at both Portland events. Greta Kline's stirringly honest songwriting resembles that of Waxahatchee. These are lyrics that need to be written. While Greta's audience may not always overlap with that of Porches, the intimate connection between Aaron and Greta tethers their respective fan bases. When introducing a new song on stage, Greta often turns to Aaron, the drummer in her band, smiles, and says, "This song is about him."

Aaron Maine (lead guitar/vocals)
Greta Kline (bass)
Cameron Wisch (drums)
Kevin Farrant (guitar)
Seiya Jerell (keyboard) ▼



Photograph by Jordan Yu

Aaron Maine and Greta Kline of Porches on October 3, 2014 in the SU.



Photograph by Annelise Hill