

THE GRAIL

VOLUME II SEPTEMBER 26, 2014 ISSUE II



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ISSUE II

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FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

The rains have set in, and the dreary weather makes one pine for a bygone age. We're not talking about this past summer, but the summers of Reed's golden years. Students would frolic in the outdoor swimming pool that once stood where the fish ladder stands. Read about the rise and fall of this contentious structure (1). Childhood always looks better in memory than in pictures. Better than any faded dusty Polaroid, our recollections of the past are a little brighter, a little warmer than in reality. Richard Linklater has taken childhood, memory, and our generation and wrapped it into a movie for the ages. Dylan Holmes reviews *Boyhood* (4), treading the fine mental line between the present and past. Maddy Appelbaum asks us to imagine throwing the ideal party. What would it be like? A simple question right? Wrong. Prepare to be led

on a time traveling journey through childhood, dreams, and talking trees (7). *Miss Lonely Hearts* is back, along with the life altering questions and answers you've always wanted but never felt courageous enough to ask (6). Culture Charlie is here again, and sooner than expected. This edition of the Cultural Calendar brings more of the movies and shows you didn't even know you wanted to see (10)! If you know someone abroad, ask them to send us their anecdote from abroad. If you are abroad, share with us your news, pictures, and stories! This week's story from Sevilla comes courtesy of The Grail's own Lauren Cooper (9). We'll be back in two weeks but until then, stay updated by liking our Facebook page and checking out our website, www.reedthegrail.com.

Love,

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

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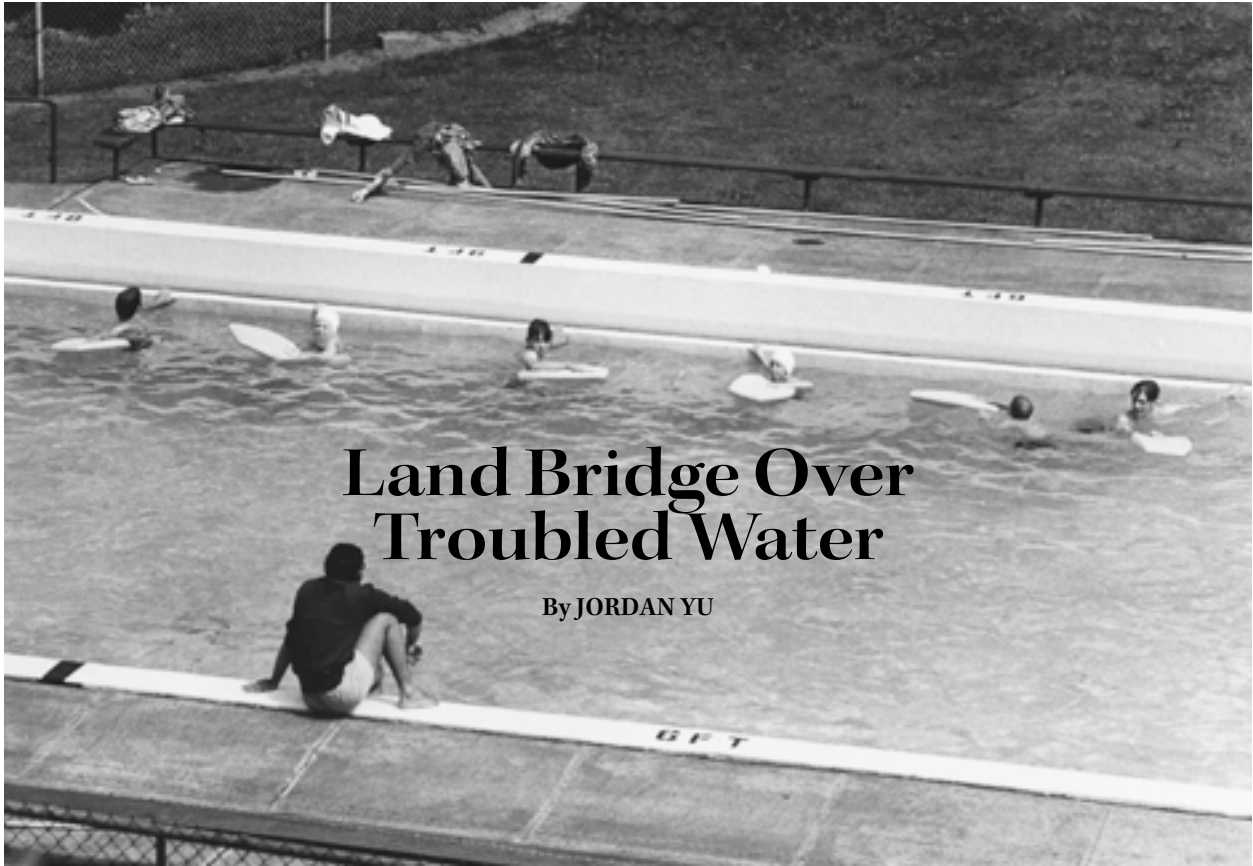
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Front cover by Jordan Yu.



Land Bridge Over Troubled Water

By JORDAN YU

Photograph courtesy of Reed College Library's Special Collections

Most Reed students have heard tales from Canyon Day's past, when the celebrated century-old tradition meant something entirely different than it does today. From unsolicited lake crossings to burning native vegetation, the Canyon suffered innumerable blows at the hands of Reed students and staff members alike. All this effort was, of course, an attempt to "tame" the natural space and convert it into a park more reminiscent of Victorian-era Hyde Park than 1920s Portland. As reported in the thesis of Biology major David Mason '58, even early on the College had a fascination with altering the natural area. According to him, the Reed College Record in 1912 stated: "through the center of the campus, east and west, is a wooded ravine, which, in the course of development of the grounds, will be made a picturesque lake." The lake is picturesque *now* but the early Reedies had a drastically different take on what the word picturesque meant.

Canyon Day aside, none of the misdirected machinations of students during the early 1900s compare to what is arguably the most destructive construction project to be completed in the Canyon: the community pool.

Although not the most outwardly

"Through the center of the campus, east and west, is a wooded ravine, which, in the course of development of the grounds, will be made a picturesque lake."

malicious civil engineering project, the outdoor swimming pool proved a major diversion for the course of

the stream and severely hindered the ability for wildlife to call the canyon home. Set in concrete in 1929, the outdoor pool had existed in some capacity for many years before. On Canyon Day in 1915 students hand-dredged a 10-foot-deep hole in the west end of the natural pond. They wanted a place to swim. The addition of a dock and bathhouses sometime later further solidified the area as a place for swimming. Years after the impromptu swimming hole construction, a 10-foot-tall earthen dam was built just west of where the land bridge is now. This diverted the flow of water coming out of the end of Reed Lake and allowed for the construction of the concrete-lined swimming pool in 1929. Extending from the earthen dam to the Physical Plant Canyon staircase, the pool area was delineated by a barbed-wire fence and surrounded by a grassy lawn on its north side. Lake water was directed through underground pipes that emptied out

downstream of the pool.

The excavation necessary to produce the swimming pool introduced large amounts of silt into the water which damaged the local ecosystem. Introducing silt and excess nutrients into the water increased the speed of eutrophication. Setting aside the exact biochemical mechanisms for lake eutrophication (also known as hypertrophication), the end result was a lake depleted of oxygen with a shoreline more susceptible to invasive species. This was one of the factors allowing the riparian zone (the land-area immediately surrounding a body of water) to become overrun with English ivy, a problem that is still being dealt with to this day. Reed stu-

dent and prolific canyon writer Jimmy Huang '97 cited the construction of the outdoor pool as one of two major events leading to excessive sedimentation in the lower Canyon. The other was the construction of the Cross Canyon dorms beginning in 1957. That construction marked the first campus development north of the Canyon, which is technically true, since the swimming pool was *in* the Canyon. In addition to sedimentation, the water from the lake was diverted through a large culvert on its way downstream. According to the Reed Canyon Enhancement Strategy of 1999, the fish were unable to pass through the culvert "due to its slope and the vertical drop from the concrete pipe spillway

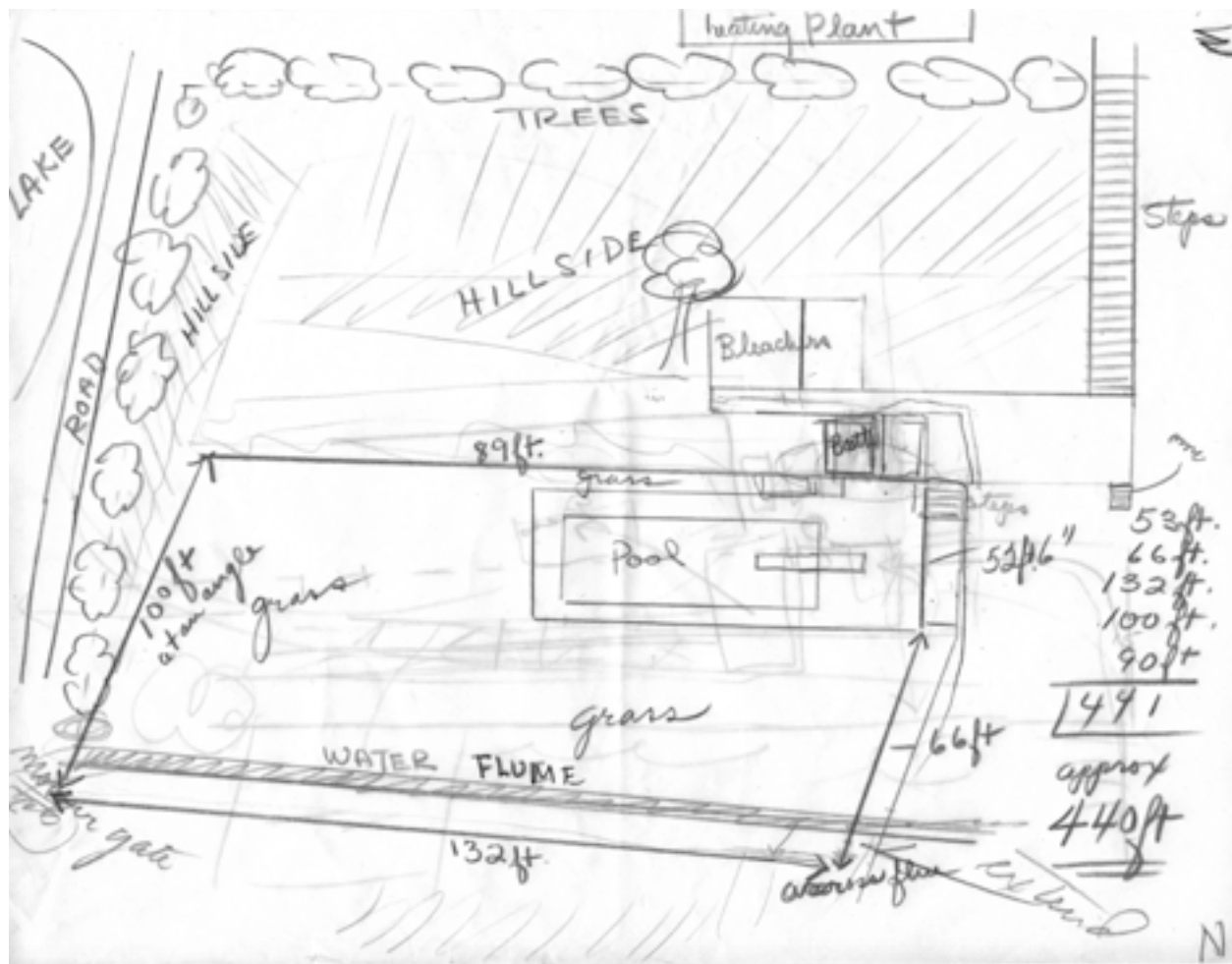
to the creek bed." Characteristics of the Canyon taken for granted today — the steelhead trout and diverse riparian zone — were rendered impossible by the placement of the pool in that location.

The swimming pool remained in moderate use throughout the years, undergoing a renovation in the late 1950s, but with the construction of the Watzek Sports Center in 1965, the students that did use the outdoor pool moved to the indoor pool which still in use today. It turns out that during the September to May academic year, the student's demand for an unheated outdoor swimming pool in Portland drops significantly. Neighborhood residents mostly used



Students enjoying the pool in the summer (date unknown)

Photograph courtesy of Reed College Library's Special Collections



Proposed fence around the pool.

Photograph courtesy of Reed College Library's Special Collections

the pool and the "Picnic Area" lawn during the balmy summer months.

By the turn of the millennium the pool had mostly fallen out of use by students and was deemed irreparably damaged. Simultaneously, the City of Portland designated, via its environmental zoning laws, that the Canyon was a protected R5p and R5b zone limiting future alterations to the area. The pool would cost more to repair than to remove, so in 2000 the ground was uprooted once again and the area that had been home to swimmers for nearly 70 years was demolished. On June 27th, 2001, the Portland City Council approved a plan to restore the Johnson Creek watershed, concurrently with the beginning of Reed's Canyon Restoration Project. The Crystal Springs Headwaters Fish Passage and Restoration Project, the

objectives of which can be found online (<http://reed.edu/canyon/rest/overview.html>) aimed to restore the Canyon to pre-college conditions that would allow for fish, birds, and natural vegetation to flourish as they had before 1900. Through summer and fall of 2001 the fish ladder was constructed, opening with champagne uncorking and joyous revelry on November 16th, 2001. The 85-year hiatus for fish was finally over.

The Canyon you see today has undergone a complete transformation in the last fourteen years. With a renewed city-wide political focus on environmental stewardship, dedicated Reed staff and students have steadily been fighting the ivy hoards and erosion that once had all-too-large an impact of the landscape of the Canyon. Fish have returned to Reed Lake, with

otters, birds, and amphibians close behind. Another curious change has occurred within the student body. Before where there was a space for pool-side relaxation, now is a perfect natural laboratory for academic study. From the construction of the dam in 1929 to its demolition in 2000, only 21 senior theses studied the Canyon and its ecology. From 2000 to 2005, there were 14. Where once there were only humans enjoying the Canyon, now there are all manner of wildlife.

This year, Canyon Day is on Saturday, October 4th. Meet near the land bridge; right next the old footprint of the community pool and celebrate the restoration of the Canyon and Reed's current stewardship of its surroundings. ♣

FILM REVIEW

Boyhood Calling

By DYLAN HOLMES

I don't remember much of my childhood. It's kind of sad, and honestly a little scary when I dwell on it. All of that time spent developing and growing up, and it's nothing but a patchy series of half-memories to me! I was so unaware of how important and yet temporary it all was — and really, we're all guilty of this. It's retrospective thoughts like these that lead adults to get on one knee and drop meaningless pearls of wisdom to 8 year olds that "childhood doesn't last forever," and that "you'll miss this," as if the kid is suddenly going to develop some constant temporal awareness that allows them to perfectly savor childhood so that they won't grow up saying the same shit. We struggle to comprehend ourselves and where we came from. We vaguely recall growing up, but only from a more world-weary vantage point where we almost speak about our past experiences apologetically. But right now we at Reed are more focused on retaining Deleuzian critical theory and chemical equations to dwell too much on how uniquely odd it is that we even got to where we are. So what's to be done about it?

Probably the closest I've come to feeling resolved about this issue of aging was in the ecstatic yet devastated state I found myself in walking out of the movie theater after watching Richard Linklater's latest and most ambitious film to date, *Boyhood*. My head was racing so fast trying to process what I had just watched that I

burned my hand trying to light my cigarette and hardly heard my friend when she asked, "So, what'd you think?" . . . What did I think? Wow. What DID I think?

I'll try to answer that question later. For now, let me explain what this film is about. The movie itself is really a simple series of glimpses into

Everything felt so familiar, and I felt completely at liberty to project my most personal experiences into each scene.

the life of a boy, Mason, from Texas as he grows up with his mother and sister. The narration starts in 2002 with Mason as a six year old and ends with him as an eighteen year old in 2013. Along the way, his single mom (the ever-amazing Patricia Arquette) dates one alcoholic loser after another, his biological dad (Ethan Hawke) comes back and tries to reconnect with him, and he smokes some weed. With a cursory regard, it's a simple patient slice-of-life drama.

But obviously, it's more than that,

otherwise I wouldn't be writing about it, right? Right. Because the next thing you should know is that Richard Linklater actually shot this film over the course of twelve years, and we're actually seeing Mason and his sister grow up. That pudgy confused kid at the beginning and that gangly mellow 'Gen-Y'er are both played by the same Ellar Coltrane, only years apart. Mason is Linklater's Antoine Doinel, condensed into a single 2 hour 45 minute film. This begins to explain the utter scope of *Boyhood's* project, but its the truly anthropological whimsy of how the movie investigates our generation that the true genius lies.

Linklater employs an almost Yasujiro Ozu-like patience with the development of his characters. The camera movement is simple, allowing the characters to exist and develop on the screen with patience and reverie for the modern daily life. Jumps in time are lucid and sometimes even undetectable, and the dynamics of adolescence unfold before us. Maybe this is why the film almost felt like a gift from Linklater to our generation — a magnum opus that we can watch and rewatch with that same sense of familiarity.

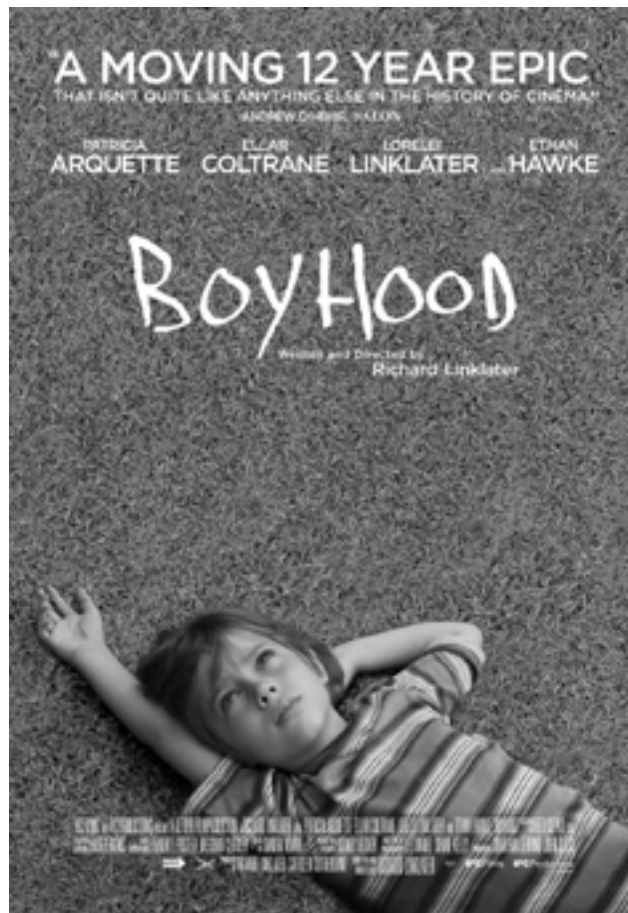
Familiarity. Maybe that's why I'm so stoked on this movie. Everything felt so familiar, and I felt completely at liberty to project my most personal experiences into each scene. The petty sibling fighting, the half-hearted teenage promises to my mother that I won't drink, forming crushes, being

called a “faggot” in middle school, all of it was there on the screen. And even when a scene didn’t specifically resonate with my experience, the pacing was so perfectly crafted that I empathized with the situation. Watching the boyfriends of Olivia, Mason’s mother, descend into repeated patterns of alcoholism and abuse was almost sickening to watch because it was so REAL, almost like it’s anti-cinematic in how domestic abuse is portrayed.

Linklater is undeniably appealing to nostalgia, especially with his occasional and admittedly ham-fisted insertions of “remember-when” pop-culture references, but at the same time (and almost paradoxically) his portrayal of the March of Time is profoundly unsentimental. People deteriorate and reveal the monsters they were hiding all along, friends are more disposable than we first think, and fights go unresolved. Perhaps the best example of this anti-cinematic and hyper-realistic tendency is how Linklater

lets characters drift in and out of the narrative, often with their “fates” left unknown to the audience. Most of the main characters’ last appearances on the screen are frustratingly ambiguous and don’t give a sense of “closure,” but that’s because people enter and leave OUR lives just like that, and

sometimes it’s fine but other times so, so sad. Fuck what determinism has to say, because shit happens. This ambiguity also reminds us that the last time we see these characters is by no means the end of their story, and their lives don’t end the moment they’re no longer relevant to the protagonist. This is the closest cinema has come



to reconciling narratives with the unpredictable and often anti-climactic nature of real life.

To that end, I’d like to reference a particular scene where Mason’s mother has a heartbreaking argument with her daughter Samantha after leaving another boyfriend: Sa-

mantha asks, “Why are you crying?” and broken down, all she can respond with is, “Because I don’t have all the answers.” I think that’s a great way to understand Linklater’s project. *Boyhood* doesn’t have the answers, but at the very least it can show what it *does* know. And what it does know is that life is sometimes devastating, sometimes boring, and sometimes even pretty cool. Because sometimes people don’t deteriorate and they stick around and better themselves.

But let’s stop here to bring this article back to my friend standing on the curb outside the theatre, asking me what I thought. If I’m being real right now, my literal answer was probably something like, “Yeah, wow, it was like reeeeeeally good,” but nothing I said would have felt satisfying. So here’s what I’ll leave it at: *Boyhood* helped me remember, but it also helped me understand why I want to remember. We are constantly re-discovering and re-evaluating and re-assessing ourselves in order to comprehend life, whether as a little boy laying on the lawn of his elementary school or as a college boy hiking in the mountains on ‘shrooms. And Linklater did an amazing job of capturing that for us, so do yourself a favor and go see it. ▼

Miss Lonely Hearts

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

I've always been against the idea of theme housing because I've always been a really independent person and I don't want where I live to define me and encompass my entire life. Two years of college and 6+ clubs later, I still haven't found even one person I can call my friend. I'm thinking about trying to transfer into a theme dorm but I'm afraid it's not "me." Should I give in or keep searching elsewhere?

— Bummed in Bidwell

Dear Bummed,

Reed's motto is "the life of the mind," not "the life of the rockin' social life!" Reed has decided not to have fraternities and sororities on campus for a reason – because if we had venues in which we could socialize and get drunk with our peers, we wouldn't be able to feel smugly superior to those schools where students are encouraged to make eye contact and friendly conversation on a regular basis.

Theme dorms, benign as they may seem, are the kindergarten of fratting. Sure, they may look enticing, offering a "community of like-minded individuals" and "fun group activities," but what does that *really* mean? It means dorm movie nights when you could be getting down and dirty with Heidegger and community cookouts distracting you from your chemistry. And what are they up to over in Quiet Mind? More like Hive Mind! I know what you're up to with those group meditation sessions and I, for one, will *not* meld with the greater consciousness so that we can talk about our weekends! I have a problem set to finish.

Do what your peers are doing, Bummed: awkwardly smile at people you half-know from your classes when you pass them in the library. If you're feeling adventurous, complain about the reading to them. But don't worry about theme dorms or making friends. It all seems mighty suspicious to me.

Opposed, as ever, to school spirit,

Miss Lonelyhearts ♣

Stumped yourself?

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

Lunchtime Poll: Bidwell HA Edition

By MADDY APPELBAUM

As a little freshman at Reed College, ripe with all the social skills of . . . a banana, my main method of getting to know potential new friends/enemies came in the form of the hypothetical question. This tactic worked out great and everyone has a positive opinion of me, so now I bring you, reader, a provocative way to get to know *your* potential frenemies. I hope this game fills you with the same immense joy/minor anxiety it did me!

If you could throw your ideal party, not constrained by any physical or financial reality, what would it be?

Sinclair Hong '15, HA of Bidwell

That was perhaps the best party in my life. At first, I thought I was dreaming. You know, a kind of sweet dream, definitely not a wet one. Sometimes, too good of a reality is less romantic than a mere fantasy. No wonder men keep looking for the perfect girl who is sitting right next to them. Let me tell you a bit about the party since you may want a narrative to entertain yourself from your daily routines. Trust me, it won't be too bad. At least, the experience forced me to write this letter to you.

So, it was three days ago when it happened. The party house looked like a dark-brown box with very shiny surfaces. It was like a big gemstone. As soon as I entered the house, I was told to pick whatever form or body I wanted to be from this cloud-looking figure. Inside the hall, I stood among the crowd watching them turning into dogs, *Hennessey* bottles, *Lunor* frames, chunks of gold, hydrangea, dollar bills, ex-girlfriend's photos, and Hemingway. I was stunned to see metamorphosis happening right in front of me.

Then, I was told it would only last for the night. I

picked a tree since I have always regretted to be born as a human being, not firm like trees. I wanted to enjoy the every moment as a tree. Being a tree was much more difficult

than I thought it would be. It required me to stand still, make sure my branches are not poking the others, and be patient with my surroundings. While contemplating on such physical change, I sensed a sharp internal change as well. I no longer had any obsession of being perfect. I did simply let it be. I didn't have to put efforts into anything. Being a tree meant a complete let-go of every unnecessary thinking. It was similar to submerging into a *hino-ki* tub with a cold beer in hand, preferably *Kirin Draft* after a miserably long day. Anyways, I was just standing in the hall as a tree.

All of a sudden, Hemingway approached to me saying, "I'm Hemingway. You look

like a fine tree. What's your name?"

I replied, "Well, I am Namu. Oh, I am Tree." He said, "Namu? What's that? Anyways, I like your firmness. Keep that posture. I gotta go drink some of the Cognac lying on the floor. Later." "A true man lives the life with passion. A



true tree looks at the man with compassion," Hemingway uttered the phrases as he walked away from me.

Hemingway began to sip some *Hennessy* that was on the floor, he patted the dogs, and he looked at the photographs. Twenty minutes later, he rose up from the floor, grabbed the bills, and put some of hydrangea inside his cargo pockets. He didn't take any gold though. I saw him going upstairs entering into a room, I guess he went in there to write something. Looking at Hemingway, I wished I chose to be a writer instead. Being a tree was not bad at all, but I guess I wasn't apt for being a tree because I craved something more dramatic and exciting.

Standing in the hall with no human beings around me, I began to recall some parts of my life as an unpublished writer desperately looking for new opportunities to publish. I was once regarded as the rising star at Stanford's MFA program in Creative Writing although I was often criticized for the lack of elegance in my English prose. Tobias Wolff was the only professor who encouraged me to push my broken English further and turn it into a distinct style of mine. However, the publishers thought of my writing as fucking horrible. Fucking nightmare to be precise. I gained more respect for Nabokov since then. In fact, I felt as if my graduate studies was for nothing, but paying money to Stanford to get my coffee from *Intelligentsia* that was in town. By the way, the original *Intelligentsia* is in Chicago, far away from here. Speaking of coffee, I hate when baristas go on about explaining coffee's taste as the following, "it's got this touch of citrus and plum. And, it's a cup reminiscent of a creamy, cherry, and uhm...like vanilla cola?" What the fuck does that mean? Is it good or bad? That's all I want to know.

Anyways, getting back to the main plot, I have been struggling since departure from school to make money as a writer. I stopped complaining about baristas' comments on a variety of coffee beans. As a matter of fact, I only wished to hear some baristas explaining to me about the coffee's taste. But, I didn't have money to go to *Intelli-*

gentsia anymore, instead I began to go to *Seven Eleven*. The coffee had the same color at least. One day, I saw a beggar outside the Sev while getting my coffee. He was wearing a peculiar type of robe that I wanted to look at him for some time. The robe looked in between a wedding dress and a Habit. He started to talk to me, and asked me if I wanted to come to his house for a party. I often thought my writing was bad because I lacked real and exciting life events, so I said yes. Outside the tent, he looked over at me and said, "come inside and see my place. It's the best place one can have in this whole world. Better than a cave, better than the *Banyan Tree's* presidential suite looking over the Maldives ocean, and perhaps, I say, perhaps better than your mother's womb?" His words sounded strange, but he seemed to be an intriguing source for one of my short stories. Thus, I followed him and went inside the tent. Going in there quickly placed my body right in front of a house that looked as a brown box craved of lignite. I am certain now that I traveled through space and time.

Looking back, I feel as if I entered the realm of divine because it was nothing like I had seen before in my life. Maybe, I was pitied by God or gods for all of my failures to make any money through pursuing what I wanted: writing stories. Richard, do you remember when we sipped some whiskey at the parking lot and talked about literature and landscape? I miss having whiskey and cigarettes with you these days. Since you are far away from the West Coast, somewhere in France, I miss you much more than usual. That's why I decided to share this experience with you and send you this letter. Was it you who transformed into the beggar? Were you the Hemingway guy? I think of these stupid possibilities. Nonetheless, they are sweet fantasies. Anyways, I will shortly write you more on this experience and send you couple of my short stories I've been working on. I hope you are well. Really well.

With love and respect,
Sinclair

Hannah Fung-Weiner '16, HA of Bidwell

Why, what else would I throw but a tea party for two?!

My guest? The esteemed White Whale himself, Moby Dick.

Our table? The sea.

The menu? PG Tips and Carr's Ginger Lemon Cremes.

Note: clothing optional. ☹



REMOTE REPORTS

Alone and Abroad in Sevilla

If I don't return from Sevilla it'll have been because of the streets. The streets here are smaller than the sidewalks in Portland and the drivers crazier than 16 year olds who have had their license for only 14 hours. Getting to class is practically a matter of life and death, 15 minutes of dodging cars, switching sides of the street when the sidewalk disappears—because that's usually something sidewalks do—watching for people coming out of the various hidden entrances to the various churches and trying not to step on small dogs or step in what they leave behind. That being said, I like it. And not so much for the Indiana Jones obstacle course aspect but because



it's nice to walk through a city and not fully understand what's being said around me. It's like a game—can I pick up on that person's spanish fast enough to eavesdrop on their conversation? Nope? Oh well, onto the children.

In case you were wondering why I'm talking about streets it's because I was coerced into writing this piece by my lovely co-editor Vikram Chan-Heur. I insisted that I'd only been here for three weeks, during the course of which I've done nothing but attend a two week intensive spanish course, spend a weekend in an intensive spanish retreat—all of this with a ratio of approximately 7 Americans to one Spaniard—and then have a week of "classes" at the University which mostly consisted in professors explaining the topic of the course and the exam and students wandering in looking confused, realizing they were in the wrong classroom and then leaving. I suppose the only taste of culture I've really gotten thus far is that I was one of those confused students.

However, upon explaining this to Vikram, his astute response was, "well you don't know nothing," and as I was unable to find a rebuttal to that, I'm writing about how narrow the streets are.

In all seriousness though, I think I'm becoming acclimatized already. Because while it's only been three weeks I'm already taking my daily run into the Plaza España and Parque María Lusia for granted. Instead of wandering in and marveling at my good fortune, I now jog in and try to elbow my way between the tourists to the railing of the pseudo-moat so I can look at the fish. I'm pretty sure I have to end this with a life lesson learnt abroad. So if I had to end this with a moral, or a life lesson, which I'm fairly positive I'm obligated to do by custom of the report from abroad (I've got everything else already right? Small streets, different language, different customs, classes that are less interesting than those at Reed, things are old), then it would be this:

It's easy to forget that you're not going to live somewhere forever. And now I'll please ask you to forget that I said that because it's more trite than I'd care to be. ♣

— Lauren Cooper '16

Send us your stories and pictures from abroad!

reedthegrail@gmail.com

— or —

reedthegrail.com/submissions

Cultural Calendar

By CHARLIE WILCOX

With bands' fall tours getting underway, October is shaping up to be a pretty crazy month for concerts, with more shows than one could ever hope to see (me included) if they have the work schedule of a dedicated, scholarly Reed student (like me (?)). Hopefully, like me, you'll try to make it out as much as you can, though. Keep an eye out for me at one of these shows, I'll be the one reading *Ulysses* between sets. (True story tho, one time I saw someone who brought and then proceeded to read *Infinite Jest* between bands at a My Bloody Valentine show. I guess we were all yung high school 'intellectuals' once.)

September 30

Concert — Trust w/Com Truise at The Branx (21+)

Trust's new album *Joyland* is a grower; it came out earlier this year, and the first couple times I spun it, I thought it was kinda dumb disco synthpop. Don't get me wrong, it still pretty much is. Is that a bad thing, though? At some point this summer, it clicked with me and now I groove to it. I have to imagine that, in a concert setting, it will be even more enjoyable. Also, it's pretty cool that Com Truise, the most palatable denizen of chillwave nation, is opening.

October 1

Movie — Halloween 3 (w/ Alan Howarth!!!) at Hollywood Theatre (AA)

Wow, okay wow. So Halloween 3 is the only Halloween movie without Michael Myers. The actual plot, featuring an evil corporation (redundant phrase, amirite?), is insane in all of its schlocky goodness. Hollywood acquired a 35mm print of it (like, what?) and on top of that, Alan Howarth, the composer of numerous John Carpenter soundtracks, including the Halloween franchise, *Big Trouble in Little China*, *Christine*, *They Live*, and *Escape from New York*, is going to be at the showing and is performing a set of live music after the movie. This is a insane event made for crazy people (read: '80s film buffs.)

October 2

Concert — Ought at Mississippi Studios (21+)

The most unexpected P-fork BNM since Sun Kil Moon's Benji (aka All My Friends Are Dead, The Album). Ought is a DIY punk band with a

delightfully meandering vibe. If you want to see what they're on about, check out the song 'Today More Than Any Other Day' which is simultaneously one of the most world-weary and inspiring songs of 2014. It also features such choice lyrics as "Today, more than any other day, I am prepared to make the choice between 2% and whole milk." Sometimes that is all we can really hope for.

October 5

Concert — Sebadoh at Star Theater (21+)

Indie Rock Lifer™ Lou Barlow is back in Portland, and anyone that hasn't seen Sebadoh yet is missing out. Perhaps better known for his other trio, Dinosaur Jr., I would reckon to say that Sebadoh has put out just as many essential records as Dino.

October 8

Concert — Empire! Empire! (I Was A Lonely Estate) at Slabtown (AA)

emo revival tears everywhere

October 11

Concert — Mutual Benefit at Bunk Bar (21+)

glorious baroque pop tears everywhere

October 16

Concert — Ex Hex & Speedy Ortiz at Mississippi Studios (21+)

joyous badass '90s indie rock grrrls everywhere

October 19

Concert — Big Ups w/ LVL Up at Slabtown (AA)

angry yelpy post-hardcore punk boys everywhere

October 24

Concert — Perfume Genius at Mississippi Studios (21+)

Perfume Genius's new album *Too Bright* is one of the best albums of 2014. There's simply no ignoring the power and emotion that Mike Hadreas brings in each of his recordings, and with *Too Bright*, he opens up the project to new, challenging dimensions. Musically, the sound veers psychotically, from the peaceful piano compositions he is known for to sonic freak-outs that bring to mind latter-day Scott Walker. And thematically, it only gets more intense: one of the frequent concepts of *Too Bright* is that of 'gay panic', Hadreas playing with the idea that he can use his queerness as a tool, a weapon of intimidation. This is an Important™ album, and this will be a mind blowing show.

October 26

Concert — EMA @ Mississippi Studios (21+)

EMA is one of those artists that I see a lot more love for on the internet than I ever have in real life. Which, you know, should be changed, man. EMA (aka Erika M. Anderson)'s work on that one Gowns album alone should cement her reputation, and her solo albums, like *Past Life Martyred Saints* and this year's *The Future's Void* continue to prove her talent for songcraft. I saw her live at MFNW this year (dat free volunteering wristband, holla) and it was so nice I'll see her twice. ♣