

# THE GRAIL

VOLUME III FEBRUARY 6, 2015

ISSUE I



---

INSIDE

---

GUNS AT REED

## RATS, RULES, & RIFLES

Follow Brian Click down the rabbit hole of Reed's institutional history and learn about a time when second amendment rights reigned on the west side of campus.

PAGE 1

GRACEFUL GROUSINGS

## RIDE COLLEGE

Pancho as Rapunzel catch your eye? Read on to find out more about Reedland, the Reed themed amusement park.

PAGE 2

BATHROOM REVIEWS

## STOP! POTTY TIME

Everybody poops, even Reedies. Join *The Grail* in our exploration of the most thrilling thrones the campus has to offer, and next time you "go," keep us in mind.

PAGE 6

# THE GRAIL

VOLUME III

FEBRUARY 6, 2014

ISSUE I

www.reedthegrail.com

## FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Beloved Readers,

Friends, Reedies, countrymen... lend me your eyes. It sure feels good to be back. In this action-packed edition of *The Grail* you'll find the most graceful of all grousings: Grace's Graceful Grousings (8). Do you go to the bathroom? If so, then this is your day! Here we have part one of the definitive guide to campus restrooms (6). Reed is about to change forever: three new majors are upon us. Read about

the new, exciting ways to torture yourself (4). With all the hubbub over the firearm policy passing its good to be reminded of Reed's surprising past with guns: see what lurks in the Sports Center basement (1). The Cultural Calendar finishes off our issue (10).

If I don't see ya, good morning, good evening, and good night.

Love,

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

## CONTENTS

### News & Features

Guns at Reed, 1  
Major Changes, 4  
Bathrooms, 6

### Columns

De Sastre, 5  
Graceful Grousings, 8  
Miss Lonely Hearts, 9  
Cultural Calendar, 10

## CONTRIBUTORS

Alexis Angulo  
Maddy Appelbaum  
Angulo August Wissmath  
Max Carpenter  
Vikram Chan-Herur  
Katie Charney  
Thanh Chu  
Brian Click  
Lauren Cooper  
James Curry IV  
Ruben de la Huerga  
Madeline Engelfried

Grace Fetterman  
Mike Frazel  
Moirra Hicks  
Annelise Hill  
Dylan Holmes  
Erika Hurth  
Isabel Meigs  
Emily Merfeld  
Maria Miata-Keppeler  
Charles Nunziato  
Aysha Pettigrew  
Sam Ramirez

Clara Rice  
Zoe Rosenfeld  
Noah Samel  
Brendan Sorrell  
Blake Stewart  
Mia Uribe Kozlovsky  
Charlie C. Wilcox  
Benjamin Williams  
August Wissmath  
Rémi Yang  
Jordan Yu

# *Sound of Gunfire Off in the Distance*

## A Short History of Firearms at Reed

By BRIAN CLICK



“First we saw sand, all over the floor. Then the shell casings. Then the cigarette butts. Then, we looked up, and saw these giant lead deflectors looming over us. Why they didn’t take it all out, I don’t know. Maybe they thought it would make a comeback.” Frank Zornado, Sports Center Supervisor and Aquatics Manager, has seen strange things in his twenty-nine years working at Reed, but one of the most memorable was his discovery of the college’s forgotten shooting range.

The Sports Center was being extensively remodeled during the

1999–2000 academic year. Zornado had been measuring for new flooring in the classroom and mat room area, which at the time was the weight room, and in what is now the upper weight room, then a storage area. After writing down the figures, though, he noticed a discrepancy. The storage room floor was ten feet shorter, north to south, than the weight room floor. There was something hidden in the wall.

Zornado got a colleague to help him move the cabinets that covered the north wall of the storage room. Be-

hind them was a particle board partition, and “there was a little Cousin It door in the wall — about three feet high.” When they ducked through, they were faced with the remnants of a failed Sports Center program, abandoned since the late 1960s.

Before 1968, Reed had a venerable, although quiet, tradition of rifle-shooting programs. The old gymnasium, located until 1965 where Kaul currently stands, contained a range, and Student Handbooks from the 1940s, ’50s and ’60s mention a PE class and a Reed Rifle Squad. The 1965

handbook includes regulatory language similar to our current Firearms Policy, with an added exception for storage, use and cleaning in the range and in the weapons lockers. Those lockers resided in the Old Dorm Block basement, in what is now Renn Fayre Storage, and made headlines in 1963 when a student found an abandoned bottle of highly explosive lead azide left unattended in a locker. The resulting inquest by the Portland Police Bureau bomb squad made it onto local television and the front page of the *Oregonian* under the headline “The Reed College Bomb.”

The current Sports Center didn’t originally contain a shooting range. The range was added in 1968, in order to renew the defunct rifle PE class, but was only in use for a year. Students could check out pistols and rifles at a desk and bring them into the range for practice. This was long before the doors of the Sports Center had any kind of alarm system, though, and those who checked out guns could and did carry them out onto campus. According to Zornado, students began using the guns to hunt rodents. Perhaps Freud’s Rat-Man was alive

and well back in the Olde days. It wasn’t long before the range was, as it were, under fire.

As anyone who remembers the ill-fated goose-shooting organization proposed by Wren Kominos-Marvell ’13 can attest, the Reed community doesn’t take kindly to anyone killing

---

*Students began  
using the guns  
to hunt rodents.*

---

animals on campus. The 1968 shooting class was canceled and the range shuttered after only two years. To this day, Zornado remains uncertain as to why the Sports Center decided to board up the range rather than simply getting rid of it: “I don’t know, maybe they were being cheap!”

Yet the history of officially sanctioned guns on campus was not quite over. Until Senate passed the Fire-

arms Policy in 2014, there were no regulations keeping firearms off Reed property, apart from the segment of the Residence Life housing contract banning them from the dorms. As late as 2010, the Reed Shooting Sports Kollektiv (RSSK) was permitted to set up an airsoft shooting gallery in the racquetball courts. Michael Lombardo told *The Grail* that “the club was very well organized, researched, et cetera, and Ty [Marbut ’11, the RSSK signator at the time] was extraordinary in his ability to communicate the value of knowledge and responsibility with regards to firearms safety,” but that by then the college administration had become uncomfortable with the idea of firearms of any kind.

Reed did not strictly need a policy in order to keep guns out — as Community Safety Director Gary Granger explains, “as an employer and as a property owner we have great latitude in how we control what happens on campus.” For instance, when a staff member left a personal weapon unattended last year, 28 West returned it and let the owner know it definitely did not belong at Reed before the Firearms Policy was enacted.



Perhaps for this reason, nobody pulled the trigger, so to speak, on an official ban until 2010, when Colin Diver (president, 2002–10) contacted Gary about putting one into place. Diver and Granger believed that outright “stating our institutional and community values on the topic” was an important symbolic stance to take, and subsequent Senates concurred. Reed’s rifle traditions have now lain dormant for several years, and since the Firearms Policy’s passage was fairly uncontroversial, it seems unlikely that we will see another range on campus anytime soon.

Nick Morales ’17, signator of the recently revived RSSK, told *The Grail* that he “doubts that we could find a spot or convince the school to build an on-campus facility . . . I mean, we don’t even have a real track, so the odds of us getting some type of gun range seem a bit unrealistic.” Instead, he’ll focus on obtaining transport to a public range in Portland, as well as finding funding for ammunition and rebuilding RSSK’s armory. “The old club just had a large collection of guns already owned by one of the club members’ families, so it was easy for

them to have equipment available,” Morales explains. “I don’t have that kind of resources at my fingertips.”

While this latest iteration of Reed shooting sports is just getting off the ground, Morales is certain that his hobby can find a following again: “Most of the people whom I talked with during the fall activities fair were initially uninterested or against the club, but willing to talk with me in a calm and reasonable manner. Once we struck up a conversation they generally became much more willing to be a part of the club . . . We still have a ways to go before we’re likely to become cemented on campus but I’d like to think that we’re starting to get there.”

“Part of the problem,” he adds, “is that I think a lot of people here see guns as contrary to their belief system and that’s something that I don’t quite understand because it doesn’t make a whole lot of historical sense. Most people know about the early American labor movement but I don’t think most people realize that there were quite a few incidents where labor was saved because labor had guns. Whether it was at Ludlow or against the Pinkertons, guns and

labor went together like the hammer and sickle. I’d also just like to point out that many of the people we tend to admire throughout history that wanted land reform or needed to stop a cruel despot used guns. The Lakota and other Native Americans used them, Che used them, Villa and Zapata, the Black Panthers, the Zulu — lots of left-wing and/or indigenous groups that were in danger used guns. So I don’t see why we have to try and separate them from our liberal belief system.”

He may have a point. Administrative and Student Body tolerance of firearms on campus has declined over the years, for many reasons, but the hobby has persisted at Reed through twists and turns of institutional history. Just like the Sports Center shooting range, it might be rediscovered. ♣




---

*The college became uncomfortable with the idea of firearms.*

---

*Left: Reed’s original gymnasium built in 1913 and designed by A.E. Doyle, the architect who drafted Reed College’s Master Plan in 1912. In 1947, it was converted into the women’s gym once a new gym was built. This gymnasium was demolished in 1965.*

*Right and page 1: Reed students from the 1940s in the Rifle Squad. From the Reed Griffin.*

*Photographs courtesy of the Reed Archives.*





# Some Major Changes

By NOAH SAMEL

Reed's website presents its academic atmosphere as something of a study in contrast. On one hand, it maintains the academic rigor of a traditional liberal arts college, while on the other it embraces the cultural, social, and intellectual progressivism of today. Continuing the effort to find a balance between a passion for traditional academia and allowing students to pursue more modern interests, a major and two concentrations have been approved by the Committee on Academic Policies and Planning (CAPP).

Professor of Mathematics Jim Fix (Mathematics 1999–), sees the new concentrations as an opportunity for students to further delve into the fields of computer science and statistics in a way that has not previously been offered at Reed. Fix thought the incorporation of this major into the Reed mathematical discipline was only natural, as many colleges have had computer science departments since the late '50s. The addition of these concentrations not only means that more courses will be available in these areas but also opens up the possibility for new faculty to be hired in those fields. The increased accessibility of the two concentrations along with the added number of courses being offered in those fields will hopefully result in more non-Math majors taking Math classes. "That's the thing I love about Reed," says Fix. "I'm a Math professor talking to an English major [*Grail* contributor Noah Samel '17], and I may just see you in one of my intro classes. That doesn't happen at most places." These majors are currently open to sophomores and a qual will be offered for juniors.

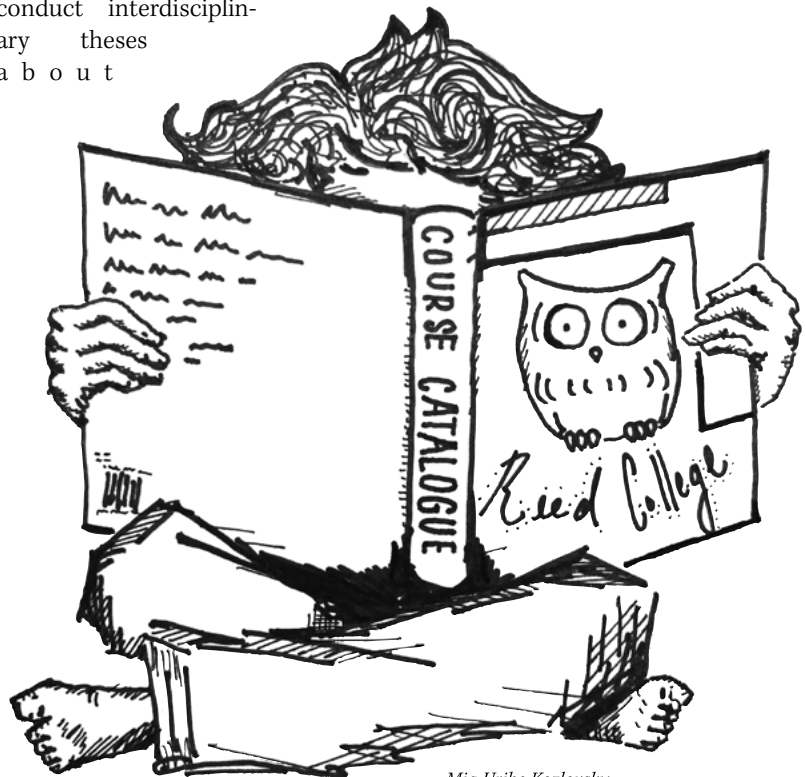
The new major, Comparative Literature, was approved due to its heavy focus on inter-departmental interaction. The establishment of a

Comparative Literature major has been a nascent idea in the Language and Literature departments for some time now, and was proposed to make up for the areas where the General Literature major falls short. CAPP plans to eventually retire the General Literature Major. "Majors will have the option of doing part of their coursework in an allied field outside of Lit & Lang, taking either a group of classes from a single department or several courses from multiple departments that engage with a common topic. In time, professors from these other disciplines may choose to become formally affiliated with the Program, cross-listing their courses in Comp Lit or co-advising theses," states the September 5, 2014 proposal to CAPP from a faculty committee established to explore a Comparative Literature major. This allows students to conduct interdisciplinary theses

a b o u t

subjects such as gender and sexuality studies, from an eclectic range of viewpoints. The Comparative Literature Major will be in the Course Catalog and ready for implementation in the 2015–2016 academic year.

Each of these new majors exists for a different reason, but all have a similar goal. Reed's academic atmosphere shouldn't remain static as the world around it changes, but rather than let these changes reshape the college's curriculum, Reed sticks to what it does best. Each of these majors aims to provide students with a proper grounding in the field they choose while preparing them for the world after Reed, finding the grey area in the college's paradoxical mission statement its students have love. ▼



Mia Uribe Kozlovsky

# De Sastre

## Bare Legs & New Beginnings



“Bare legs in January”  
Tyler Allen '17



“I wear my dad’s shoes all the time”  
Juliette Tripier '18



“Comfy layers”  
Madi Mintz '16

After a brief hiatus we’re back with more bad puns and aesthetically awesome apparel. This week we saw several Reedies braving the cold climate for cute fashion. Tyler Allen '17 offset the basic look of her taupe turtleneck with a scarlet Scottish skirt and canary yellow backpack. Juliette Tripier '18 and Madi Mintz '16 remixed the schoolgirl vibe by donning knee socks along with their skirts. In an early welcome to spring, Tripier paired her black velvet skirt with a knit sweater patterned with daisies. Mintz magnificently mixed and matched a maroon coat with her otherwise grayscale outfit. We be creepin’ on the streets of Reed, yo, so think of us as you get dressed for the day each morning. 🍷

Until next time!  
—Alexis Angulo & Mia Uribe Kozlovsky

# Here I Sit, Cheeks a-Flexin'

## Campus Bathroom Reviews, Part One

By BRIAN CLICK

Now, I don't like to complain about the most essential room in the house. In the words of a long-vanished graffito from the downstairs GCC bathrooms, "Thank Uncle Sam we're free 2 pee." I appreciate being able to refresh myself indoors, in private, without getting cold or leaving a mess behind for my fellow community members. Just imagine if there were no bathrooms on campus — it'd be a dis-ass-ter. But sometimes, after a long day, you need that added bit of comfort and security that comes with a really pleasant toilet experience. Life is just better if you've got a light and airy atmosphere to keep you cheerful as you evacuate and some encouraging graffito to speed you on your way.

With that in mind, a female partner and I have embarked upon an exhaustive survey of Reed's porcelain thrones. It's our hope that these reviews will help you lighten your load from day to day.

(These pages can also serve as a more direct aid, if I forget to restock the TP in the SU bathrooms again.)

### ELIOT HALL

#### *Ground Floor Men's and Women's Bathrooms*

While there are few fixtures often resulting in lines and logjams in the aftermath of Thesis Parade, the toilets and urinals are in good working order and the wide cubicles provide a comfortable berth. Since these are the most public bathrooms on campus, used by administrators, professors, and visitors, they are kept scrupulously clean: a perfect poop for germophobes.

The walls are large and sparse, and there's no graffito in either bathroom, but both contain a poster from several years back, showing a beautiful aerial view across campus and the Olde admissions slogan "Inquire Within." However, while the men's bathroom is walled with colossal windows that look out upon the Blue Bridge and lend an open feel to the room, the women's is windowless. "I feel like I'm inside a vagina," noted my partner, squinting at the close, deep-pink walls. We decided to keep our eyes peeled for more proof of a pooping patriarchy.

#### *Basement Men's and Women's Bathrooms*

These bathrooms are fairly unremarkable — apart from



...serving as another example of the pooptriarchy; the women's has no windows — but while scrutinizing them we did have an important realization. My partner told me that these bathrooms were her favorite, because her classes are all nearby. It's important, we realized, to keep in mind the subjective nature of all of these reviews. You each have your own special relationships with these rooms. This is, after all, a private place.

#### *Third Floor Faculty Bathrooms*

The men's faculty bathroom is accessible through the faculty lounge, that handsome old room that looks as though it's just been vacated by a meeting of the Elks. A portrait of Simeon Reed watches in silent judgment from above the fireplace as you hurry to pee. The small room contains two little stalls, a sink and a teeny little door in the wall, about four feet high. We asked a staff member what was inside, and he just told us "the spirits." Make of that what you will.

The ladies' room, while much larger and equipped with its own little antechamber and waiting bench, is not accessible from the faculty lounge — doubtless a legacy of the faculty's gentlemen's-club, cigars-and-brandy past.

These bathrooms are by far the most beautiful on campus. Marble stall dividers. Elegantly tiled floors. "Cashmere Woods" air freshener in a convenient spray can. The women's bathroom is painted in beautiful blues and looks like the Habsburgs' private aquarium (and, unlike the other women's in Eliot, has windows), while the men's — cramped and cozy, but complete with vintage light-switch and mysterious door — has the same ancient feel as the faculty lounge. Both even have a view of the Blue Bridge. We're not trying to incite class war here, but if Eliot is looking quiet someday, take a look — and a shit. The mirrors and hexagonal tiles immediately reminded my partner of Borges's infinite library, so these toilets are clearly brimming with stimulating intellectual ferment.



*Fourth Floor Gender-Neutral Bathroom*

One toilet and one sink, all to yourself, which creates a bit of traffic during the day. The room is dominated by a ladder and trapdoor that lead to the Eliot roof.

The heat and the humming ventilation fan, as well as the room's small, private size, create a feeling of intimacy. The room almost reminds one of a sphincter, apart from the almost cloying scent of air freshener. All in all, a serviceable bathroom for quieter hours in Eliot, not so much for the rush between classes.

**LIBRARY***ML Men's and Women's Bathrooms (South Stacks)*

Conveniently close to the new pit and circ. desk, inconveniently small, consistently the worst-smelling bathrooms on campus. More awkwardly intimate than Skype sex. Even my favorite piece of graffiti in the men's ("Kroger, Granger, Brody - K.G.B. - Coincidence?") has been scrubbed out. Not recommended.

*ML Thesis Tower Men's and Women's Bathrooms*

I didn't even know these existed until my partner led me here, and I'm sad I didn't visit them sooner. Tranquil and pleasantly tiled. The walls are a little spare and there's not much to look at — or at least, there wasn't until your fellow students copied a few stanzas of the *Iliad* onto the walls of the men's and covered the pinboard in the women's with enthusiastic and colorful graffiti. These bathrooms are institutionally memorable.

*L2 Men's and Women's Bathrooms (South Stacks)*

Less busy and better-smelling versions of the ones immediately below. Make the trek if you've got the time.

*L2 Gender-Neutral Bathrooms (New Pit)*

Even though these are right next to my favorite study spot (the armchairs at the top of the stairs — stop by, say hi!) I'll walk to avoid them. The graffiti is alternately lazy, sloppy and angry, and the whole pit can hear you flush. It's too bad they're the only convenient gender-neutral option.

*L2 Men's and Women's Bathrooms (Center Stacks)*

Spacious, clean, and usually quiet, since they're only convenient for the thesis desks nearby. No fun graffiti, though.

*LL1 Men's and Women's Bathrooms (South Stacks)*

See two floors above.

*LL1 Gender-Neutral Bathroom (East Stacks)*

"I used to masturbate in here," says my partner. I can see why she did - it's quiet, clean and relatively private.

*LL1 Dr. Seuss Bathrooms*

These are cheerful classics, always worth a visit. (By the way, based on the photos that we compared afterwards, the ladies' has better art; props to that far-out generation of Reed women.)

**ETC***ETC bathrooms*

... all look identical. They're sterile and serviceable, although there's something vaguely dispiriting about their ugly tiling and tiny windows. It's like peeing in an office building or convention center — perfectly functional, but not somewhere inspiring to sit and think. Come to think of it, that describes the whole ETC pretty well.

**STUDENT UNION***Main Floor Gender-Neutral Bathrooms*

Hot, stuffy, frequently messy and short on supplies, but wrapped in a miasma of nostalgia. You've reconnected with old friends waiting in line for water outside these bathrooms. You puked in here during Daft Ball your freshman year. A piece of posi graffiti on the mirror helped cheer you up, a little, during that bad breakup. These bathrooms are unforgettable, if nothing else. They are best appreciated in the late afternoon on Friday, right after I finish cleaning them and before they get clogged up again with beer farts.

*SU Manager's Bathroom*

I haven't been inside here since last year, but I sure hope somebody cleaned all of the hair out of the sink. ☹



Above: Your correspondent testing the Eliot basement bathroom toilet.

Left: graffiti in the right-hand SU bathroom.

# The Happiest College of Them All

By GRACE FETTERMAN

Tom Sheehy, class of 1986, has a vision: a metropolis of sentimentality, make-believe, and futurism for Reed College's past and present community members.

"Reed is extremely difficult, there is no denying that. When you're at the summits of severity, it's hard to remember what a magical place the school truly is. I want to build something that will evoke the beliefs we all once held as propsies. These beliefs exist for a reason. I want to remind us all that Reed, in essence, is a wonderland."

I interview Sheehy while he is in the midst of designing Reedland: the Finest Amusement Park West of Tokyo.

Reedland will be located in the residential section of Portland, ME. The park hopes to enroll nearly 1,400 visitors each year from all around the world.

Sheehy walked me through the rough outline of his park:

"Remember, it's a work in progress. I'm thinking the Night Bus Monorail will shuttle visitors between New Reed — think Disneyland's Tomorrowland — and Olde Reed. I want there to be a Pirates of the Canyon ride. In the sumptuous and posh edifice *Perplexy*, an offshoot of *Prexy*, the Center for Life Beyond Reed Psychic will vocalize your vocational fate for one Reichsmark or magic bean. *Paradox Party* will be the spinning coffee mug ride where motion sickness is only a social construct. And *It's a Small World, Eh?!* will be an old mill boat ride where you — inevitably — encounter every hookup you had at Reed."

It's safe to say Reedland day trippers will particularly enjoy venturing towards the Thesis Tower, where Sheehy says The Pancho will pace within. The Thesis Tower has neither stairs nor door, but near the top is a little window. When visitors want to go in, they place themselves beneath the tower and cry:

"Pancho, Pancho / Let down your hair."

And he winds his locks round and round on one of the hooks of the window above. His hair falls twenty ells down.

After this *sketchy* alum — I call him this because he actually had a diagram — explained his design, he proceeded to impart some advice to me. Sheehy was, well, preachy, but there is sincerity in pontificating. Here are his pearls of wisdom for current Reed College students:

"Reedies are not born: they are forged in the cauldron of their own genius. Like the cheese in The Farmer and The Dell, you always have, and always will, stand alone. You minister to the truth, and you are interested in the world. Your powers of observation are the most acute they ever will be, and you feel things so intensely. You must understand that there is magic all around you at Reed. There is something magical in that tingling sensation you feel in your scalp when you haven't gotten enough sleep. Do you know what I'm talking about? Of course you do. Be

cognizant of that tingling; it is a feather in your cap, and a manifestation of your resolve. It is the magic of feeling tremendous at Palio, but distraught at Southeast Grind. It is being on top of your shit one minute, and having no fucking idea what is going on the next. It is the curious custom of always being weird around that one person, no matter what. It is the hour you spend writing a four sentence email to your professor. It is your HA. It is the high-pitched screech of the Commons dish return. It is worrying family members when you talk to them on the phone. It is the sticky palimpsest of spilled beer on your floor. It is your secret infatuations. It is the magic of spontaneous trips to the Original Hotcake House during the wee hours of the morning. It is that moment when you are out to dinner with a friend, listening to her talk, and realize how much she has matured since Freshman year. You are seeing your peers become real people before your very eyes. This is the magic of witnessing people you love come into their own.

It is the magic of watching the sun rise and set from the ETC. It is that fat squirrel who has no sense of social boundaries. It is the realization you're not a Symbolist, no, not at all, but have been a Formalist all along. It is the furtive yet evasive fetor. It is everywhere; the fetor and the magic. And yes, unlike your acquaintances beyond the Reed bubble, you will *not* go frisking about the town whenever you please, beaming with self-congratulatory feelings of contentment and comeliness. No, not you. Instead, you will prowl about donning haunted, anguished, and staggered expressions, like lab rats, awaiting their toxicology testing.

Why? Because you give your work the reverence it deserves, and this reverence is a kind of awe. 'Man is but a *reed*, the most feeble thing in nature, but he is a *thinking reed*.' You may not realize it, but you are becoming present and open to the world. Do not stultify and shut down. As you work, you will find that fleeting sense of being startled by the beauty or insight of your academics. Yes, when you are reading, you are glimpsing into someone's soul.

Glimpse harder.

Reed is the wonder of seeing things anew. Be caught off guard. Break out of your small, circumscribed world. There is an ecstasy in paying attention. Trust me, to be engrossed by something outside of yourself is the remedy for your hyper rational, creative, and curious minds, the minds that so frequently have their heads up their own asses. You must constantly remind yourself to get your head out of your ass. Get your head out of your ass. Get your head out of your ass, for the scatology theology of dark conceit offers hope to no one."

Speaking of which, the bathrooms at Reedland will be called *Reed Relieves*. ♣

---

# Miss Lonely Hearts

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

My girlfriend broke up with me via text right before winter break ended. I'm upset not only because I'd been really excited to see her again, but because I think this is a really spineless way to dump someone. During Paideia I texted her, asking if she'd talk to me in person about us breaking up, but she never responded. Then last night when I was walking out of the gym (post-workout, but pre-shower; not a pretty sight) I tripped and ate concrete on the way up the steps. Who should be walking down the stairs to

the gym at that exact same moment? My ex girlfriend! She waited at the top of the stairs for me to pick myself up and then said "I'm sorry about what happened between us — maybe we could talk sometime?" WHAT? I managed a "you didn't seem to want to talk earlier" and some really disbelieving body language after she apologized, but I was honestly speechless. I don't know what to do with this! Miss Lonelyhearts, what's your advice for this whole situation?

—Digitally Dumped

Dear Dumped,

I'm going to be totally honest: if you'd asked me about a week ago whether or not you should text your ex and ask to talk, I would've advised you against it. I agree that breaking up via text is the most yellow-bellied thing that this lady could've done, but like too many Reedies, she was probably doing it to avoid confrontation with another human being. If that's true, you won't be very likely to convince her that it's now time to have that frank, adult discussion that you wanted to get closure for this relationship. I'm guessing that's what her radio silence during Paideia signifies: that she was hoping you'd get over it without any courtesy or decency on her part, and that you guys would never have to see each other again on this campus of a thousand kids. I don't know what made her decide that now would be a good time to talk, and I'm sorry from the bottom of my lonely heart that she chose this terrible time to strike up a conversation.

I do think that, before you sit down with her, you should consider what you want from this talk. Do you want to throw some choice insults at her before storming off into the sunset? Do you want to know why she broke up with you? Or do you just want to hear from a real, live person that your relationship is over?

If it's the former, I'd suggest you rein in your sass. Reed is a small school, and a terrible break-up is a heavy burden to carry. What if you two end up next to each other at the Commons check out, or you bump into her at Beyoncé Ball? You'll feel better if the last thing you said to her wasn't "I hope you get crushed in an owl fight," and you'll be able to get back to the Beyhive with a clean conscience.

If, however, you're leaning towards the latter two options . . . my advice to you is that you manage your expectations for this meeting, and realize that you're the only person who can really give you closure. Your ex is probably not going to say every single thing you want her to say — in fact, she might say some things that you really don't want to hear. Though you might have a wonderful conversation and part as friends, it's totally possible that you'll leave this meeting feeling crummier than when you entered it. No matter what happens it's most important that you can sit with yourself and realize that you will survive, and as long as you know how to love you know you'll stay alive. You have all your life to live, and you have all your love to give. And eventually, you're the one who's gotta shake this relationship off your back and move on. You're great, and you will do fine.

Back from outer space,  
Miss Lonely Hearts 🦉

# The Column Formerly Known as Cultural Calendar

By Charlie C. WILCOX

I'm changing up the format of the cultural calendar a bit this semester, because I was feeling that the column was getting a bit stale (and too focused on 21+ events) last semester. So here are four random bits of life that you can all probably take part in pretty easily. Enjoy.

## Father John Misty's *I Love You, MIDlbear*

In the age of PONO (I'll be using the 'age of ...' phrase a lot this week, it seems), corporate synergy seems to be taking a backseat to audio quality in the music listening experience. At the very least, Neil Young has tricked us into believing that audio quality should be what matters. We'll have to see if the boomers buy into it, shelling out for that triangular monument to post-iPod minimalist mindfuckery, and also shelling out for \$40 album downloads on the PONO webstore (like honestly, what the hell?). But if we know where old Neil's cards lay, we also know where new folk troubadour on the block, Mr. Josh Tillman of Father John Misty himself, stands with his website <http://www.fatherjohnmisty.com/sap/>, which offers a "Free to Hear" album stream of his new album *I Love You, Honeybear*. Like many early album streams (and leaks) the sound is extremely low quality; in this case, it's actually in that audioprimitivist format MIDI, a sonic experience reminiscent of an acid trip in one of the SEGA Genesis Sonic the Hedgehog games. The website and the MIDI stream is a work of art, but seriously, the normal album has merit as well. I never cared for J. Tillman's work in Fleet Foxes, or even his first Father John Misty album, but this record is a brilliant exercise in balancing self-aware schmaltz and even more self-aware (and frequently hilarious) cynicism. In lesser hands, it would elicit an eye roll, but he really pulls off the mix in this album, and it will be resonating for quite some time to come.

## Genius.com

I, for one, welcome our new annotating overlords. By which I mean us, I suppose, although I haven't completely figured out how one becomes an annotator for Genius. It might be rather easy, but I'm still too awestruck as a witness to the process to become an active cog in the exegesis machine. For those that aren't familiar, Genius.com is the website formerly known as Rap Genius, that has long been expanding its purview to include non-hip hop genres like rock, pop, and historical tracts and speeches. But did you know that now you can type [genius.com/](http://genius.com/) in front of nearly any website and see/create annotations on that webpage?

It's crazy! The new motto of the company seems to be "Annotate the World" and I'm excited to see where this goes; in the least, it will be interesting, and at most, it could revolutionize the way we relate to the consumption of media and news and, well, the world. Genius is attracting some big names, including their poaching of music writer Sasha Frere-Jones from *New Yorker*. Hell, Judith Butler is annotating her own works and interviews on the site. Judith Butler! All hail the new age of annotation.

## PIFF Schedule

The Portland International Film Festival is upon us, and it gives us such an embarrassment of riches so that if one cannot find something of interest, they probably haven't even taken a look yet. PIFF goes on for most of the month of February, and our local Moreland Theater is showing films, so nearly anyone, from thesis-crazed seniors to freshmen newly discovering the joys and terrors of a full class load, should be able to find time to see at least one film. I'm personally excited for *The Duke of Burgundy*, a sexy S&M tale with an all-female cast by *Berberian Sound Studio* director Peter Strickland (who also promises a follow up about a male-on-male S&M relationship, for, ya know, balance and whatnot). This promises to be better than *50 Shades of Grey*, not that it would be difficult to top that. The other movie I'm excited for is totally-not-sexy *The Look of Silence*, Joshua Oppenheimer's follow-up to his devastating and amazing documentary *The Act of Killing*. *The Look of Silence* shifts attention from the perpetrators of Indonesia's awful massacres to the victims and the families of victims. If it's even half as good as *The Act of Killing*, it'll still be one of the best documentaries in recent memory.

## Chez Dodo

It's the new food cart in our tiny Woodstock pod, and it's pretty alright. It specializes on Mauritian cuisine and the portion sizes are large (as in I'm a big dude and finished maybe a third of my order). Their samosas are quite good. Check it out, it's part of the community now. 🍷