



# THE GRAIL

VOLUME III

MARCH 5, 2015

ISSUE III

---

INSIDE

---

GREATFULLY DEAD

## GRACEFUL GROUSINGS

Grace explores the bowels of humanity and our lesser selves. Prepare for talking mice.

PAGE 10

MIGHT NOW

## REED ARTS WEEK

A wacky waving inflatable arm-flailing tube man opens up this year's eclectic RAW. Smiling rocks, museums of self, and industrial carpeting await you.

PAGE 9

LOST BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

## DEATH IN THE FAMILY

Ben Williams '14 talks death at Reed. Keep your head up and your heart open.

PAGE 1

# THE GRAIL

VOLUME III

MARCH 5, 2015

ISSUE III

www.reedthegrail.com

## FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

Join us this full moon as we meditate on our present and our past. This year's RAW theme "Might Now" (8) invites us to memorialize our world. Yet as alum Ben Williams '14 reminds us, Reed's institutional memory can often be too short to retain important lessons about how we care for each other (1). Maddy Appelbaum shows us that honor lies in small acts of compassion and joy (4), while

Erika Hurth explores the questions raised by the ongoing Wage Review (6). Grace considers the human condition in her latest Grousing (10), Miss Lonely Hearts deals with a ticklish situation (12), De Sastre looks you over (13), and Charlie rebrands culture once more (14).

Join us on Mondays in PAB 131 at 9 P.M.

Love and memories,

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

## CONTENTS

### News & Features

Student Death, 1  
Honorable Reedies, 4  
SB Wages, 6  
RAW, 9

### Columns

Graceful Grousings, 10  
Miss Lonely Hearts, 12  
De Sastre, 13  
Cultural Calendar, 14

## CONTRIBUTORS

Alexis Angulo  
Maddy Appelbaum  
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  
Lia Zallar

# We Are What We Have to Offer Each Other

*Dealing with Student Death*

By BEN WILLIAMS



Mia Uribe Kozlovsky

During my O-Week, back in 2009, some seniors informed me that, to their incredulity, I had to be discreet about getting drunk. The shopping cart full of 40s that they had been distributing around the quad had been confiscated. It was clear from the onset of my time here that there was beginning to be a shift in how drugs and alcohol were handled at Reed. The word around campus was that the fatal heroin overdose a year and a half earlier had cemented Reed's reputation as a "drug school," and was negatively affecting enrollment. The administration was trying to kick this reputation, and had adopted a newfound zealotry when it came to Alcohol and Other Drug (AOD) violations, but some habits are hard to break.

That March, a second student, Sam Tepper, died of a heroin overdose. The federal government told Reed that if we didn't take serious steps to address the drug problem on campus we would lose our federal funding, crippling financial aid. We were told that undercover federal agents would be in attendance that Renn Fayre. President Colin Diver sent a letter to the student body stressing the gravity of the situation, "The wellbeing of the college depends on how everyone behaves next weekend and beyond. So does the future of Renn Fayre."

The following fall, in 2010, the death still felt fresh. Director of Community Safety Gary Granger was hired. Dorm patrols were intensified. Debate raged on whether a legitimate and needed response to drug abuse was only serving to drive illicit activity underground, making it more dangerous for students. Many hours were spent discussing the role of the administration and whether they were moving in the right direction. But looking back after graduating, the administration doesn't seem like the most important part of assuring that Reed is a safe and supportive place. What sticks with me is the care shared between peers, and perhaps most poignantly, the times when I

failed to care for others.

Early in my freshman year, a person in my friend group — I'll call him B — had a breakdown. We had first bonded over running, and talked about starting a Reed Cross Country team. He boasted some of the fastest 5K times I'd ever heard of. In the middle of the week, B was found wandering around campus in an unreachable state, strung out due to excessive use of LSD. After he was reported for taking off with the student body president's girlfriend's bicycle, Community Safety Officers (CSOs) got involved. By this point, B was too far gone, and CSOs were reasonably concerned

---

*I was already  
late to class,  
so I gave him a  
hug, told him  
everything would  
be okay, and  
walked away.*

---

that he posed a danger to himself or others. When I came across him, it had become a scene, with CSOs ringing the situation and a gaggle of onlookers crowded around the spectacle. A few students were trying to talk to B, with little success. I walked up to B and he said something to me like, "Oh, you're here. That makes sense." We talked for a short bit, and he told me that he didn't really know what was happening. Spectators stared at us like fish in an aquarium. I was already late to class, so I gave B a hug, told him everything would be okay, and walked away.

Later that day, I was told that

B was shocked with a taser as he attempted to run from police. He didn't end up returning to Reed. Our group of friends connected the dots afterwards. "You saw him do acid on Monday? I saw him do acid on Tuesday. . ." We should have seen it coming. By the time the administration was involved, things had spiraled out of control. That previous weekend I had gone on a walk with B, and he seemed to be imagining things. I didn't question it, brushing it off as an eccentricity or a quirk. B's an intelligent person; I thought that perhaps I just didn't understand what he was talking about.

That I failed to see the warning signs, and that I walked away from the situation when I had the potential to help, haunts me to this day. An acute guilt accompanies neglecting to help someone who's in a great deal of need in order to avoid a minor personal inconvenience. But I think that the best way to forgive yourself is to resolve to do better in the future, and that what ultimately defines a person is how they move forward from a mistake. My friend group learned the hard way that we had to look out for each other, and while we were imperfect in doing so, we resolved to always reach out for help if we thought that someone, including ourselves, needed it.

Way, way back, during my first week of high school, my English teacher reminded us that two students had died in a car accident the previous year. He told us that our class was statistically more likely to experience a fatal accident because by the time we were seniors the harsh lesson that the accident taught would have worn off. His words proved to be grimly prophetic: less than five years later, a girl in my year was killed in an alcohol related accident.

It's the same way at Reed. Institutional memory among students disappears in four-year cycles. I'm writing this piece because I don't want these lessons to graduate. We can't just learn from our mistakes; we have to be proactive about looking out for

each other, as the repercussions for not doing so are grave. The year following Sam Tepper's fatal overdose, a student went to the administration to report heroin use amongst friends in a dorm. The student reported this out of love and concern. What worries me is that the overdose that happened my freshman year is too faint a memory, and that that heroin situation might not have been reported today. I do not think that Reed College as we know it can survive another heroin overdose. Ultimately, there are more important things about being part of a community than our education. Taking care of each other is about the simple things. It's about seeing someone crying and stopping to ask them if they're alright. It's about getting a bad feeling about a situation and not just brushing it off. Yet as much as I think that caring for each other has more to do with students and less to

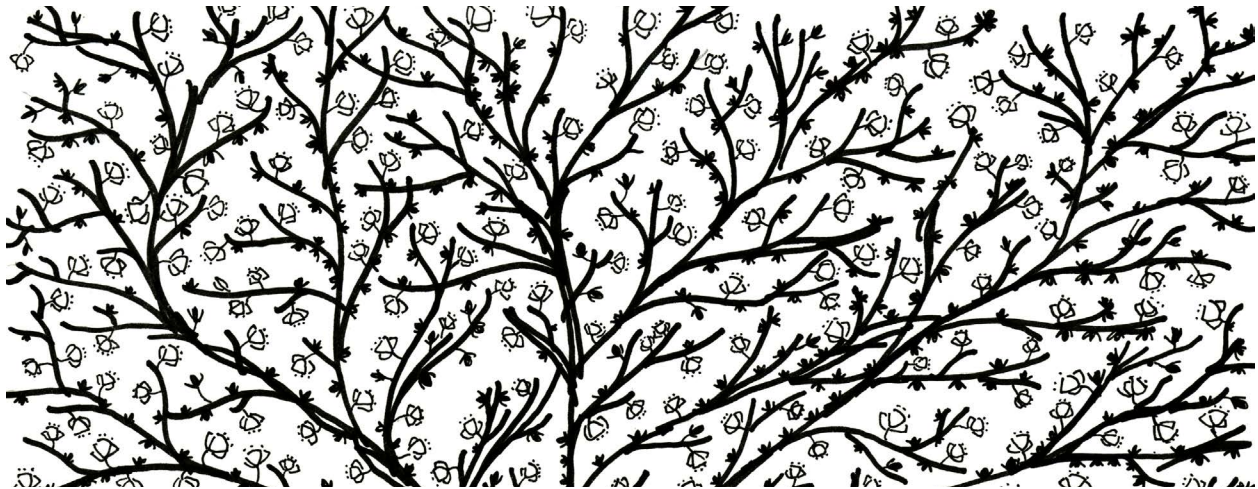
do with the administration, I don't want anyone to hesitate to reach out for help. Serious chemical addiction goes beyond the support that a peer can provide a peer, and Reed as a whole offers resources that individuals alone can't match.

Sam Tepper's heroin overdose happened on March 23, 2010. Some people will never forget it, but the students who directly felt its affect on campus have now graduated. Our lack of long-term institutional memory is a problem. We can't let tragedies be the sole thing correcting our behavior, as that would doom us with recurring tragedies when too many have happened already.

I dredge up this past pain because I believe that Reed isn't a place that you can successfully get through alone. If time heals wounds, I pray that it does not wash away lessons. If you're worried about someone, come

forward. My sophomore year, Xeno Taylor-Fontana hiked to the top of Sherman Peak in the Sierra Nevada and took his own life. The conversations I had had with this student replayed like so many question marks, asking what anyone could have done. The student's mother wrote a letter, published in Reed Magazine in June 2011, that did more to clarify the point I am trying to make than I ever could:

"I would ask each of you to care for each other, not just now, as you grieve together for your friend, but as you go through your lives. Gentleness in your treatment of each other and of yourselves is wisdom. We are all imperfect, foolish, and sometimes vain. Still, we are what we have to offer each other. Please give of yourselves to each other freely and with kindness. Try to remember Xeno with fondness and love. That's all we can do now." ❧



If you are worried about a friend or want help yourself, these resources, among others, are available for you:

Community Safety Emergency  
503/788-6666

Health & Counseling Center  
Medical: 503/777-7281  
Counseling: 503/517-7349

Nurse Advice Line/Community Careline  
800/607-5501

Mental Health Assistance/Crises — ProtoCall  
866/432-1224

Outside In  
503/535-3800

Portland Women's Crisis Line  
503/235-5333

Rowan Frost — ADSAPR  
503/519-7966

Mike Brody — VP & Dean of Student Services  
503/777-7521

Please remember that there is no safe level of heroin use; what is a good high one day can kill you the next.

# Honor in an Avocado Pit

By MADDY APPELBAUM

My senior year of high school, self-righteous granola cruncher that I was, I only deigned to submit applications to colleges that were bonkers about “community.” Retrospectively, this makes no fucking sense. What did I think went on at schools that didn’t talk about community on their brochures? Did I imagine automations strolling to class each morning in a bubble, pushing all the other little robots down on their way? And what did I think made the schools that talked about community so communal? Would they would mirror my 80-student alternative high school, where I attended a slumber party with the whole senior class?

There was something, though, about community as I envisioned it, that pulled me in to places like Kenyon, Goucher, Davidson, and, ultimately, Reed. When I got here I noticed that the senior class does not have a yearly sleepover in Jason Lundi’s basement. Here everyone is a little bit anxious all the time and is always a few pages behind on the reading. Here there is rain and you are always late for class and there is never quite enough time to do everything. But then, community looks different in different places. Here there are rocking couches, and people who make them for everybody else to sit on. There are free bagels, and Night Owls to make sure that everyone gets home safe on Saturday night. Here there are days when you just finished a 20 page research paper and only have three minutes to print it out and get to American Autobiographies, but there are also people who will hand you their umbrella to cover your stack of notes as you run from the Library to the PAB.

When the proverbial rain is falling on someone’s proverbial extremely-important-papers, Reedies are often pretty killer at handing off an umbrella. One group that masters this technique and inspires others to follow suit is the Night Owls. These kind Reedies serve the community by trolling campus on weekend evenings, armed with snacks, water, and a wealth of information about alcohol and drug safety. “I think our program is very much in line with the maxim, ‘Reedies Take Care of Reedies.’ We are one embodiment of the community value that we care about and want to look out for each other,” said Night Owl Coordinator Emma Williams-Baron ’15. Aside from directly offering aid to Reedies in trouble, the Owls hope to “encourage people to take care of each other by visibly demonstrating that we as a community value harm reduction, and we can keep people safer through our

direct bystander intervention,” said Williams-Baron. Though the Owls are honorable by profession, regular Reedies are not precluded from engaging with their fellow students in this way. “We’re also modeling. . . behavior. We want our message to be that although we do have training, we aren’t doing something that any Reedie couldn’t do,” she said.

A key feature of honor and community at Reed is the way people go out of their way to look out for each other in hard times, but equally important are the little ways Reedies push to improve the community every day. The Defenders of the Universe (DxOxTxUx) have an honorable hand in this process, and have a pretty excellent time doing it. This group, that engages with the community by building wild and weird structures to be placed on campus, exemplifies the zany, community-minded spirit that is the core of honor. “We’d like to



Jade Iseri-Ramos '16 at Prom Dress Rugby 2013

Darci Kovacs '15

think that we keep Reed a bit weirder, and that we make campus a more fun place to hang out by having weird stuff around,” said DxOxTxUx contributor Evan Peairs ’16. “Also, having an open club gives people a chance to learn new skills and try building fun things.” DxOxTxUx embodies the highly honorable, and genius, new life philosophy I have adopted as inspired by a recent episode of Parks and Rec (don’t worry, no spoilers). Andy Dwyre’s alter-ego Johnny Karate dictates that each day one should “make something, learn something, try something new (even if it’s scary to you), and be nice to someone.” DxOxTxUx gives Reedies the opportunity to make something, learn something, *and* try something new, while providing everyone in the community with objects to congregate around while being nice to each other. Not too shabby for a Sunday afternoon of welding.

Williams-Baron agrees that honor can function in unexpected ways. “There are as many definitions of honor as there are Reedies. . . . It’s constantly in flux,” she said. But no matter the moment, “keeping an eye out for other people is honorable; the way that it manifests, walking someone home, listening to them rant about their thesis, calling for help if you’re worried about their safety, going for a walk in the canyon to de-stress, changes depending on what other people, and you, need.” She has seen this form of honor manifest itself before her very eyes while on the job. “I was Night Owling with a partner one night, and we came upon a group of three people sitting on the side of a path. One of the people was very intoxicated; the other two were their friends. We helped walk the person back to their room. . . . The two friends were planning to stay with the person until morning. I thought it was very honorable for the friends to take care of the person, and make sure they had the resources. . . to do that properly.”

Opportunities like these abound for Reedies to look out for one another,

in big and small ways. Jade Iseri-Ramos ’16 recalls an instance when she learned about honor early in her Reed career. “When I was a freshman, I took intro Latin and really struggled. I spent upwards of 3 hours a day studying vocab, and still ended up with a C- at the end of the year. I remember vividly one night when I was studying at my friend Haley’s thesis desk and she asked me what I was studying for. I told her I had a Latin quiz the next day. She responded genuinely, ‘wow, that must be hard.’ I remember thinking, ‘Haley is a second-semester senior, she’s in the process of finishing her thesis, and she is still sympathetic to my struggles.’ Haley showed me a type of honor that I rarely see at Reed, honor that recognizes that everyone’s hardships are relative to themselves,”

---

*Here there are rocking  
couches, and people  
who make them  
for everybody else  
to sit on. There are  
free bagels, and  
Night Owls to make  
sure that everyone  
gets home safe on  
Saturday night.*

---

she said.

Reedies are Reedies because they are able to recognize honor on campus in even the most lighthearted moments. Vania Wang ’15 recounts a moment when acceptance from a friend left her feeling grateful. “One time my friend Emily Agan ’15, was eating an avocado, and threw out the pit. I didn’t recognize what it was and asked, ‘what did you just throw out,’ and she just told me it was an avo-

cado pit and didn’t even laugh!” said Wang. The definition of honor may sometimes seem elusive, but the evidence of its pervasive existence is apparent in small moments of suppressed giggles.

The concept of honor has a lot of lofty connotations, and rightly so. It is the academic ‘code’ of conduct that denounces dishonesty and the socio-moral one that mandates a call to the CSOs when a person is in a precarious position. Amidst this, though, it is crucial that we don’t lose sight of the other side of honor. The side that exists in the absence of crisis. We would be remiss to forget, or fail to notice, that honor exists in the silly moments when people go out of their way for each other every day. Honor is present in actions deemed quirky, a cup full of Richard Nixon/John Kroger buttons placed on the steps of the library, and those considered inconsequential, such as a knowing glance passed between friends. It encompasses all the small things that we do for one another, even though we don’t have to, just to be nice.

Anyway, what does all of this all mean for you, reader? Well, I recently encountered a psychology study that tested the effects of exposing participants to information about the altruistic acts of others on their own prosocial behavior. The conclusion read: “As illustrated by mass-media accounts of heroic efforts by first responders following the September 11th terrorist attacks, it is relatively easy to publicize acts of moral excellence. Our findings suggest that. . . even brief exposure to other individuals’ prosocial behavior motivates altruism, thus potentially providing an avenue for increasing the general level of prosociality in society.” So guess what dummies, you just got duped! Put down this newsmagazine, go jog to class in the rain and flip through a PDF on your iPad while you run. There is nothing you can do about it now; you will give someone your umbrella. ❧

# Student Body Wage Review

By ERIKA HURTH

The 2015 Student Body Wage Review survey closed on Monday, but many students are still wondering why the review happened in the first place. The poll explained that “the Wage Review Board is surveying the student body in order to gauge their financial needs and to better understand the work done by students who hold student body positions.” Are we to assume, then, that Student Body (SB) employees are unsatisfied with their current wages?

Vice-President Nick Fiore '15 explained that the Wage Review happens every two years, however, as the various duties of SB employees have increased significantly over the last couple years this review is particularly important. This holds especially true for the Honor Council and Judicial Board (J-Board). Members of these committees are working some 15–20 hour weeks and only getting paid on average about four dollars an hour. Fiore explains that, “ten years ago on J-Board, you weren’t doing much. The stipends were the college’s way of saying, ‘we appreciate what you do,’ but now the J-Board time commitment has rapidly increased, and this also applies to Senate.”

In other words, the stipends used to be symbolic. You weren’t supposed to be motivated to apply to SB positions for the money; and on some level, this is still holds true. However, given the increase in workloads, these positions require considerable time and emotional energy for students who genuinely care about the student body.

Director of Community Safety Gary Granger, who has seen a drastic increase in the amount of sexual assault and Title IX cases, says that “the students [he] know[s] on the J-Board do a monumental amount of work on intense, emotionally draining, and complicated cases.” J-Board co-chair Evvy Archibald '16 adds, “It is my un-

derstanding that we’ve lost some potentially valuable applicants because of the poor pay and heavy time commitment.”

Another critical issue of the current SB employee pay-rate is that it discourages applicants from low socioeconomic backgrounds. Simply put, many students do not have much of a choice when it comes between working for the college at an hourly rate versus working a SB position for an incredibly low stipend. The stress of being a SB employee and a Reed employee — and not to mention, a

---

*If you choose to work for  
the student body instead  
of finding a part-time  
job, you are choosing  
lower pay.*

*Not everyone can afford  
to make that decision.*

---

full time student — is not feasible for many of us. Unless, of course, you’re one of those Reedies who prefer napping in the SU over sleeping in your bed, cigarettes over meals, and roll-on deodorant over showers.

Reed College employees have several distinct advantages over SB employees; they are paid an hourly wage, which in Oregon is relatively high, and they can choose how many hours a week they want to work, not to mention that a low-level job from the college tends to look better on a resume than a low-level job from the student body. Additionally, due to the discrepancy between hourly wage and a stipend, students who work for the college are compensated for their

time directly, whereas a student employed by the student body may put in extra hours and still receive the same stipend.

As Wage Review coordinator Mitchell Linegar '17 told *The Grail*, these SB pay rates “do not reflect the level of time, effort, or emotional commitment for many of the concerned [SB] positions.”

In light of the Wage Review, former Student Body President Danielle Juncal '15 adds, “students should realize that the wages in a Student Body position — even if you’re student body president or chair of the Judicial Board — will never match that of a part-time job. Oregon minimum wage is \$9.25 per hour, and there is no way the student body could afford to pay that much for any student position.” Furthermore, she explains, “If you choose to work for the student body instead of finding a part-time job, you are choosing lower pay. Not everyone can afford to make that decision. It’s still a job with real responsibilities and rigor, but at the end of the day you do volunteer some of your time and energy away when you could be spending it elsewhere.”

Kathryn Loucks '17, a new J-Board member this semester, agrees, “I consider my position on J-Board as a job, certainly. It’s a job that I care deeply about and devote a lot of time and emotion towards. As a result, it’s almost impossible for me to hold another ‘job’ concurrently.”

The overall consensus of our Student Body seems to be that there needs to be more reciprocity in the exchange: working for the Student Body should be a rewarding experience, both fiscally and emotionally. The Wage Review Board will be assessing the poll results in the coming weeks, and will hopefully be able to increase SB stipends and make these positions more accessible and fairly compensated. ♣



# REED ARTS WEEK 2015

## Might Now



Jordan Yu

*Storage no longer: Reed's Theater Annex on SE 28th Avenue has been transformed into an art gallery.*

Rumors of a large rock circulated wildly around campus on Tuesday before the Visiting Artists show, however the rumors themselves turned out to be larger than the fist sized rock with a smiley face on the inside. This year's Reed Arts Week explores the subtle and strange using the theme "Might Now" as its jumping off point into peculiarity. The campus turns into a gallery as art takes to the library, the GCC rooms, the gym, and of course — the art building. For the five-day duration of the event students will have the opportunity to interact with art as a part of their daily routine, whether they be math majors or linguistics students. ♣



Jordan Yu

*Top: Students gaze at handwritten postcards through glass. Bottom: RAW coordinators, Lucy Weisner '16 and Jade Novarino '16, set up a piece of carpeting that's been picked apart by hand, revealing its fibrous skeleton.*



Jordan Yu

*Top: Painted beets and holograms are among the works that can be seen in the Art building this week.  
Bottom: Community members enjoy the opening day of RAW in the Theater Annex.*

## *How Many New Assholes Will You Rip Me Today, Universe?*

By GRACE FETTERMAN

I am good, but not an angel. I do sin, but I am not the devil. I am just a small scalawag in a big, bad, world trying to find someone to love. A Frank, looking for her Claire Underwood. A simple man with simple pleasures: sunsets, fine literature, dipping my balls into warm Greek yogurt.

I play both Chicken Little and Birdman, a washed-up egoist bawking that the sky is falling, that it is the end times, that the world is falling in on our heads. In other words, you might as well fuck your dog and call him Jerry, because we're doomed; prioritizing color-changing dresses over ISIS, loose llamas over labor laws.

But you know what? I no longer want to be Chicken Little, because the sky has already fallen. And I no longer want to be Birdman; zealous to the degree of blindness, delusional and divorced from reality, neglecting my pale, frail, daughter, Emma Stone. What the world needs now is more Tweeties and Hedwigs, Donalds and Dodos — such fodder for my *Twitter!*

All of us are tormented by something that we very well know prevents us from being our best selves, be it jealousy, laziness, self-consciousness, a destructive habit, procrastination, masturbation, or a marriage of the two: procrasturbation. And while we do our best to be neighborly, and try our hardest avoid to self-judgement, self-abuse, and regret, the universe seems to always be ripping us new assholes, again and again and again. These ripped assholes are both big and small, shallow and deep. They range from financial setbacks to catty comments, degenerating grandparents to late problem sets. Getting your asshole ripped is a baffling, confounding, and defeating betrayal. It is having spent infinite hours obsessing over something that took someone else two seconds to consummate. It is knowing that you are immovable and fixed to your own delusion, your own fiction. Screaming without a sound, feigning disinterest, an implicit closure when your foot isn't entirely out the door, a few stubbed toes un-rewardingly remaining. And sometimes these assholes are well, just assholes: the irritating and contemptible people who reappear in Commons, our night terrors, our small, circumscribed lives.

So, what do we do when the universe rips us a new asshole, and we start to bump against our lesser-self? The self-loathing and jealous foil, the gluttonous-grasping, self-promoting, compulsively critical and often hysterical self we attempt to drown out and deep-six with NPR in the morning, and Netflix at night. The self that just won't die, like Pangloss or Hugh Hefner.

They say that the secret to writing is writing, and so, I try to write something that isn't a Moodle post or Intro To Poetry and Poetics Analysis everyday. My house has recently become overrun with mice, and I'm not just talking

about Maddy. They live in the walls, and emerge during the wee hours to wee and defecate in the kitchen, and, I assume, our mouths.

In the morning, they speak to me, from the West wall and the East.

The mice in the West wake me with their scratching and singing,

"Good morning, my coy mistress!"

"Good morning, darling mice!" I yawn and stretch my body like a slinky and sultry cat. "What time is it?"

"It's 5 A.M!"

A solid four hours of sleep!

"Wakey, wakey, Gracie, Gracie! Are you going to continue to sleep with your dreams, or wake up and chase them?"

"I'm going to chase them, darling mice! I'm going to chase them!"

And with that begins their recitation of my exceptional character. They sing my praises by telling me how talented and witty and smart and hard-working and profound and insightful and modest and unassuming I am. Anyone who thinks otherwise has me misconstrued, and clearly does not possess the intellectual powers one requires to understand the complexity and intensity of my soul:

"Oh, my coy mistress, you are simply unattainable. And, my God, you are just so funny, seriously, laugh out loud. How do you come up with these things? But you know what, you are more than funny, you're alluring, and you are more than alluring, you are perceptive. You are so giving, and. . . no, I'm serious! Let me finish! Your writing is giving. Pardon the platitudes, our metaphors are not as good as yours, we are, only mice, after all, but you, as a writer, are like a host to your readers, the one they can turn to for the food, drink, and company that is your exclusive perspective on life. You are the next David Sedaris. Your essays are composed with such deft humor and wry sardonicism. But not everything is a joke. You also decrease your readers' sense of isolation, while widening and expanding their sense of life.

And then, the mice in the East wall wake:

"Hello, crazy. Well, doesn't your face look particularly asymmetrical today. We are the mice of the East wall, here to remind you of all the things you are bad at: math, cooking, commitment, sleeping, driving on the highway, time-management, reacting to stress and working under pressure, tolerance and flexibility, riding a bike, empathy, relationships, oh, I guess we actually can't gauge you on that one, considering you've never been in one, speaking of which, do you realize that the only man who has touched you in months is Stan from LensCrafters when he was testing you for glaucoma? You don't have it, by the way,

but I'm sure you wish you did, so you could seem more eccentric, and tell people that it is a somatic manifestation of your perspicacious mind. You know, we just want to say that everything you touch turns to shit, and you are in every way possible a fraud. You don't speak enough in conference, and when do you, what you say is incoherent and irrelevant. For fuck's sake, you never even do your therapy homework, and therefore, you failed the subject that is yourself. Your bladder is infinitesimal, and so are you, in the grand scheme of things. You have no talent nor insight. The mice of the West lied when they said you are unattainable, you are actually just unapproachable. Really, the only thing approaching you is the Kaspar T. Locher application deadline. You are a bad friend, and strangers are under the impression that you are simply hostile and complacent, stomping around campus like you just stole a TV and don't even feel bad about it, and..."

And before they can browbeat my brows, their disquisition is interrupted by a phone call from my mother, who just wants to tell me that Edith Shertick, my frenemy from high school, whose laptop I once borrowed, and found a folder on her desktop labeled "unflattering pictures," with a folder inside titled, "fat pictures-grace," has just won a Guggenheim Fellowship. "Didn't she also break into your locker and stuff it with cotton balls?" Yes, that's, right, I had forgotten about that. My mom also wants to know if the stress-relief supplements are helping, and I admit the cotton-ball phobia is still hindering me from opening them. And then my mom says she has to take Leopold the Corgi to his agility training class, and hangs up the phone. I then remember how my mother used to introduce my sister, Charlotte, as her "pretty daughter," and me as the "quirky daughter," and how rude it was for people to ask us why we adopted Charlotte, and how angry I was when someone inquired, "what breed is she?" and then I remember in the fourth grade when my classmates stole and shattered my glasses, and how even in preschool I was too self-conscious to nap in front of others. And then I remember how I didn't walk until I was two years old, and didn't lose my last baby tooth until I was sixteen, and how my grandmother says I am so tense and that my shoulders are always up to my ears, "like a big-bosomed Richard Nixon," and I remember the first time I was leered at, when a friend's ogling father at a birthday party whispered to me, "guess the knockers were on back-order, weren't they?," and how uncomfortable I was and how disgusting that was, and then I think about how I never really got into the *Godfather* trilogy, and then I break my resolution to check BBC News every-time I feel the compulsion to check Facebook, and see in my newsfeed yet another wedding engagement, and also that a worse and less deserving writer than myself is now working at the Huffington Post, and I feel so envious and resentful that I have to hold my lips together to keep from barking, and then I realize I haven't really lived at all, I am wasting the best years of my life, my heart is just a lonely

hunter, I don't really know how I will get through the fucking day, the sky is falling, the sky is falling, the sky is falling, and then I realize I have to leave for Intro to Poetry and Poetics, and I haven't done the reading, and got absolutely no writing done.

I fell into the mouse's trap.

I said it once and I'll say it again: what makes you a person keeps you from being a person. The mice in the walls of our minds can keep us cramped up and insane our whole lives, but sometimes the walls are also the wells from which we draw our material. Is the mouse your fifth grade gym teacher, or is it really just you? We want to believe that these rodents are the oddments of others: those who have coddled us and those who have wronged us, but in the end, when you sit down to write, it's just you and the page. Don't exterminate your sanity and human decency and expect the mice to die. And there are other aspiring writers besides you, so be careful, or they will write you an *obitichuary* instead of an obituary.

If you are an artist of any sort, you will have a dual mindset: the West wall mouse telling you that you are a genius, and the East wall telling you that you are a complete fraud. But you just have to get over it and write. And also, pardon this platitude, I am actually stealing it from a mouse I met in Prague, don't invite everyone to your fucking play if the set isn't finished and you aren't going to give them a spectacular performance. There is no point in writing unless you have something constructive and productive to say. We all get our assholes ripped. It is the human condition. And you are both comprised of your ripped assholes and independent of them. We are *Of Mice and Men*, so you must decide, are you a mouse, or are you a man? Are you getting a new asshole ripped, or are you really just an asshole?

So, the next time you sit down to work, and the mice start squeaking, try saying,

"Hey! I see you want some attention, but I am going to write for one hour, and then get back to you."

Don't give it a damn cookie.

And then close the laptop, and do something else. Remember jumping jacks? Make that fifth grade gym teacher proud by doing three. Call your pale daughter, Emma Stone, and Snapchat your academic advisor. Do not wait for him to open them. Pretend you work at the farmer's market. Flirt with the old men. Say, "Oh, aren't you just adorable," while you are stroking his soft, soft, ear. Go on, help him with the tricky plastic bag. Tell him, "The trick is to pinch the corner," and follow it by some empty statement like, "Ain't that the way it is!" The sky is falling for everyone. We are all under the same falling sky.

In summation, be aware of your lesser selves and your mice. Wear your assholes on your sleeves, then roll them up, stop cracking your knuckles — it's bad for you — and get to it.

It's just you and the page. ♣

# De Sastre

## LAX to PDX

“I’m very big on grand-me-downs. Right now I’m wearing a shirt that my grandma wore at her bank job in the ’70s. A lot of what I wear comes from my grandmothers.”

“The thigh-highs are me trying to bring LA summer clothes into the Portland climate. It’s all about staying warm without buying more clothes.”

“I grew up with an architect and an interior designer for parents so I always feel compelled to pick apart the aesthetics of the things around me.”

*Cris Cambianca '16*



Often in our lives we incorporate our upbringing into the persona we hope to present to our future. Fashion is frequently an amalgam of what you know and what you want to become. In Cris Cambianca’s outfit, there is the sentimentality of “grand-me-downs” and an inherited heightened aesthetic awareness. Simultaneously, they adapt their LA-style to the rainy Portland. Their thigh-highs are a nod to the Portlandian sock culture but also keep them warm in this cool climate. Until next time, we encourage you all to ponder your past, present, and future selves as you pick out your pants. ♣

xoxo

—AA & MUK

# Miss Lonely Hearts

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

I started seeing this boy last spring and he's great. He makes me feel attractive, he always supports me, and our times spent together are full of laughs. Here's the thing: he keeps fighting me. Literally. Just last week he tried to tickle fight me into submission. When he was about to lose, he shouted "I'll never surrender!" and pulled both me and him off the bed onto the hardwood floor below. Now he has a concussion and everyone in the dorm is monitoring

his health to watch for a relapse.

I'm starting to worry that this relationship is gonna be higher maintenance than I initially expected and I don't think it would be fair to leave him. He's severely concussed, but I want to get out and I'm starting to suspect that his behavior is deliberately reckless. I love him, but his decisions are draining me.

What should I do?

— Heartbroken Heartbreaker

Dear Heartbreaker,

Firstly, and most importantly, I want to remind you that your feelings of health and safety are the most important thing in this (and any) relationship. If you really want to part ways with your sweetie, you shouldn't let any sense of obligation get in your way. Why the heck wouldn't it be fair to end a relationship you aren't happy in? This guy obviously has a dorm full of people who are willing to nurse him back to health — it's not your job to do that. And even if his dormies weren't monitoring his concussion, it still wouldn't be your job. I'm not saying that you should ignore the wellbeing of the people around you, but I am saying that self-care should always come first. What will keep you happy and healthy?

If all you wanted was a kick in the butt to get this breakup on the road, you can stop reading now. If you're not sure whether you want to break up with him or try and sort things out, keep on reading.

You say you've been dating this boy since last spring. In that case, you two have had almost a year to get to know each other. Why are you only now worried that this relationship is too much for you to handle? Have you gotten more serious in the last few months, and you're seeing a side of him now that you never saw before? Or are his pugilistic predilections a new thing? Because look: I'm always up for a little consensual slap-and-tickle, but that's not what this sounds like. This sounds like a gent who's

not giving your body and your agency the respect they deserve. It might seem all fun and games to tickle someone when they aren't expecting it, or to keep going when they say, "stop, I'm gonna pee myself!" but ignoring someone's "stop" is never, ever ok. It's not ok when you're getting sexy, and it's not ok when you're getting silly, either. When the word "stop" comes out of your partner's mouth (or heck, anyone's mouth), it is a word that's got to be obeyed instantly and unequivocally.

I don't know your situation here, and I don't know how much you want to try and keep this relationship going. If you love the guy and the way he treats you, but you're concerned about this one new tendency of his, talk to him. Nip it in the bud. Tell him that you need (not want; need) him to respect your body and your "stop," and that his recklessness is making you feel like he's not treating you the way you deserve to be treated. On the other hand, if this is a tendency that he's always had and you've just let it slide until now, I'd lean strongly towards the side of ending the relationship. Your mental health is worth more than a tickle fight, and if he doesn't realize that then he's not treating you the way he should be.

You deserve a relationship where you feel not only attractive and supported, but safe. Can your sweetie give that to you? If not, don't feel bad for a second about leaving him behind.

Crushing the haters under my heel,

Miss Lonely Hearts ♣

# Culture Corner with Charlie

By CHARLIE C. WILCOX

Howdy folks, not much to add this time around, but what do you think of the new name? Like it? Hate it? Should I just ignore Late Capitalist branding and change it every week? 🍷

## Book

*After Birth*, by Elisa Albert

I won't pretend to know anything about childbirth. I know it happened to me, in so far that I didn't care to leave my mother's womb on time and so they had to wrench me out via incision, eliminating the possibility of a pleasant gondola ride down the birth canal for me. None too soon, either, considering I was "the biggest baby they ever saw" according to one awestruck nurse, and if I waited much longer I may have gained so much mass that an escape out of my mother would be nigh impossible. That being said, Elisa Albert's new novel *After Birth* gives tons of insight into the mind of a new mother. Not just any new mother, either; Albert's protagonist Ari has one of the most distinct, caustic, and engaging narratorial voices in recent memory. She navigates the world of motherhood and sisterhood with scorching insight, attempting to figure out what keeps women emotionally divided between each other, and whether or not she even cares that much for women, anyway. *After Birth* is hilarious, pregnant with acerbic barbs on everything from milk formula to Nazi joy divisions. Yeah, it goes there.

## Albums

*Republican National Convention*,  
by PWR BTM // Jawbreaker Reunion

Besides boasting some of the best album and band names pretty much ever, the new split by PWR BTM and Jawbreaker Reunion carries some pretty great tunes with it as well. I'm a huge fan of JR's 2014 album *Lutheran Sisterhood Gun Club*, and this continues on their roll of great bandcamp lo-fi pop-punk jams. PWR BTM is a bit newer on the scene, but this split proves that the queer-rock duo has what it takes, and I'm anxiously awaiting news of a debut LP from them. Both of these bands are from Bard College, which makes me think that we should offer up some sort of band exchange with them. Who should we send to Annandale-on-Hudson? Any takers?

Kanye's Media Blitz for his next masterpiece,  
*So Help Me God*

It's Kanye's world, and we are just living in it. Said differently: YEEZY SEASON APPROACHING. And fuck whatever y'all been hearin', because "Only One" is a great song, and "All Day" perfectly combines the sound of *Yeezus* with this new McCartney kick that 'Ye's been on. But honestly, Kanye is usually pretty on point (on sight, if you will) but rarely so much so as he has been in the last month. Check out some of the interviews he's been giving lately. He's been getting into some pretty great discussions about classism versus racism in contemporary society, and his forays into fashion with Adidas have some pretty solid ideological underpinnings. Plus, he was literally spitting some fire on that television debut of "All Day." My body is ready, Kanye, drop this new album on me.

(As a sidenote, I had a dream/nightmare that Kanye, Death Grips, and Kendrick all dropped their albums surprise-style on the same day and the world just imploded because of it. It would be too much greatness to handle.)

## Food

Portland Dining Month

Wanna get fancy on the cheap? A bunch of the best restaurants in the city banded together to offer three course meals of their best stuff for \$29 each. While that isn't exactly as cheap as sum tastee burger'n'fries from Burgerville, it is nowhere near the price that some of the meals at these restaurants would usually be. So drag your smelly butt out of the library to some PDX fine dining. Wear your Reed crewneck, too, so everyone else in the joint knows where that grungy kid with the greasy hair and bad table manners is coming from. I'd say that we would be really making a name for Reed College among the hoi polloi of Portland foodies, but 1. Reed already has made an ivory-cast name for itself and 2. Half of the foodies in PDX are grubby sweatshirt-wearing greaseballs anyways.