

THE GRAIL

VOLUME III

MARCH 19, 2015

ISSUE IV



INSIDE

YOU MAY ASK YOURSELF...

HOW DID I GET BEER?

Government scrutiny, student ingenuity and the origins of Beer Nation: Brian Click takes us back to the early 1990s to explore the dramatic birth of one of Reed's iconic organizations.

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YOUNG BLOOD

AYSHA'S GROUSING

The incomparable Aysha Pettigrew takes on the Grousings. Find out how Aysha came to be Grace's intern, and how they solved the case of the missing toothpaste.

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ADDICTION ON CAMPUS

For students addicted to drugs or recovering from addiction, the difficulty of coping with substance abuse is compounded at Reed. What can be done to make it easier?

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FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

The blossoms are blooming, the birds are singing, and the rain is pouring. Don't let this all go to your head. As the song goes: "just dont let the human factor fail to be a factor at all / don't, don't you worry / about the atmosphere." From Aysha's fingers come the funniest typed words since the Graceful Grousings: Aysha's Grousings on Grace (6). Beer Nation has a long and storied past — find out the truth before entering this weekend's beer garden (1). The Culture Corner is back this week, posing

a simple question: what is with rap albums and March (10)? Students are struggling with addiction, and although it is often remarked upon, there seems to be little being done about it. How can we act to keep our colleagues in school while helping them on the road to recovery (4)? And in case you missed all of the action on Friday night, you can read about this year's Owl Fight here (8).

Join us on Mondays in PAB 105 at 9 P.M.

Love,

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

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Front cover photograph of residents of the dorm that is now Doyle, the 1920 captors of the owl, courtesy of Reed Special Collections & Archives.

Keeping Kids Off The Street for 24 Years

A HISTORY OF BEER NATION

By BRIAN CLICK

"I thought it was Steve Jobs and that guy from Blue Like Jazz. They use to do donuts in a '60s Cadillac owned by the prez at the time in West Parking Lot and then get high and play D&D. The Blue Like Jazz guy and Steve Jobs created a microbrew and called it Apple Computer. Then Steve Jobs took a calligraphy class and founded Beer Nation and the rest is history."

— Colin Townes-Anderson '13 delivers a cosmogony

"Beer Nation is not a joke. Never been a joke. That's not funny."

— Rob Mack '93

I hazily remember being told, during my freshman year Renn Fayre, that the reason Beer Nation members drink Old German is because one member was a professional bowler sponsored by Pittsburgh Brewing and so his Nation colleagues could get a discount. It was bullshit. I believed it wholeheartedly.

I don't know whether it was because anything seemed plausible in the shimmering New World of that weekend, or if it was just because Nation seemed so enigmatic. All year, I'd seen gardens rise and fall in my periphery, and been taught vague stereotypes by frustrated, underage sophomores. Beer Nation — so I'd heard, was a coterie of hulking rugby thugs — the pockets of their Carhartt jackets stuffed with Student Body funds. It was half frat and half pyramid scheme, and I should Deep 6 it because I wasn't going to get any of the free beer. I didn't quite believe it, but the rumors still left me in the dark.



Of course, I soon learned better, but even two years' worth of schlepping fence and selling passes didn't give me the full picture. For this arti-

cle, I've rolled out the keg of Reed institutional memory and hooked it up to the jockey box of journalism. Let me pour you a cup of history.

When the Beer Flowed Like Wine

The beer at Reed was "schwag" in the late '80s, Rob Mack '93 ruefully admits. Before he founded Beer Nation, he used to drink nothing but Milwaukee's Best. The first time he had a sip of craft beer it blew him away: "It felt like an orchard" in his mouth. Nevertheless, what campus lacked in quality brews it made up for in quantity. A skim through the *Quest* archives confirms that Reed Socials and SU dances notorious for cheap beer and cheaper bands, were by all accounts orgies of Student Body-funded suds with nary a fence in sight.

Mack was the student body's Beer Czar in those heady days, in charge of ordering the kegs of schwag. As a freshman, he'd stolen a keg and set up

his own all-ages beer garden on the porch of the old Commons, which used to overlook the Canyon. Thus was his reputation made, and during his sophomore year, he became Czar even before he turned 21. Yet when he took the reins in the fall of 1989, student life on campus was reaching a dramatic juncture. As the Berlin Wall came down, so too did some of the walls around Reed.

Alcohol Monitors

In January 1989, Reed student Michael Babic, on leave from the college, died of an overdose. Then-President Jim Powell's patience with Reed's drug culture was at an end, and in February of that year he convened a ten-member Commission on Drugs, composed of one trustee, two faculty members, three students, and three administrators. They were told to compile a report that would establish both "the minimum requirements that Reed must meet in order to be in compliance with all local, state and federal laws" on drugs and alcohol and "how much beyond these minimum legal requirements should Reed's policies extend."

By the beginning of the next academic year, the report was out. The Commission on Drugs, as well as urging Reed to pass a drug policy post-haste, also "recommended that the Administration make it all but impossible for students who are minors to get beer at socials." The *Quest* article announced the report took pains to note that "the Administration's policy of benign neglect" would continue for the foreseeable future and that "Beer will flow freely, as is customary, at the Orientation Week 'Meat Market Social.'" (*That* name would definitely not fly today.) Nevertheless, as in the 2010s, Reedies' open soft-drug use was about to become an unintended casualty of a hard-drug tragedy.

Throughout the fall of 1989, the issue moved at the glacial pace of all Reed policy, relegated to sidebars in the *Quest* and buried under voluminous arguments about South African divestment, the Berlin Wall, and

N.W.A.'s first album. According to Mack, it took another dramatic theft to push Powell's policy into practice.

At some point, a particularly dishonorable student helped himself to one of Reed's 35 MB hard drives — an expensive piece of hardware in the late 1980s. At home, he had trouble getting it to work, so he called Apple's tech support hotline. They asked him for the serial number, he read it to them, and they traced it back to Reed. The student was promptly arrested for grand theft, but before he went off to jail, he committed a bizarre act of revenge against the community that had caught him. He wrote a letter to the Oregon Liquor Control Commission (OLCC) telling them beer was freely available to minors at Reed. "I think he had a grudge against me," Mack explained.

It had always been Senate policy to only pay for events open to everyone, and a beer garden open only to a quarter of the student body was certainly not that.

That did it; now that the government was involved, the law had to be followed. In January 1990, a team of administrators and students met with the OLCC. They were informed that beer paid for and distributed through Student Body funds counted as a "sale of alcohol," even if it was being poured for free, and that beer distribution to minors at socials was thus illegal. As the *Quest* skeptically reported, "Reed Social events must be licensed if alcohol is to be served and must cease to illegally give minors alcohol. . . the Student Body must take out a one-day temporary license, set up a 'beer garden,' and strictly check the identification of all those who enter for their age, all subject to the scrutiny of the OLCC."

Inappropriate

"All throughout Reed, the chorus goes, *somebody narked!*" Thus began the *Quest's* coverage of the emergency Reed Union on beer; a Union long on questions and short on good answers. The most obvious move would have been to let the Student Body apply for a beer garden license, but there was a precedent roadblock: it had always been Senate policy to only pay for events open to everyone, and a beer garden open only to a quarter of the student body was certainly not that. Mack recalls that the debate "created a rift," which is putting it lightly.

Not only were beer gardens condemned as exclusive, but some Union attendees even called into question student competence to comply with OLCC rules in the first place. Bill Curtin, then Community Safety director, volunteered his force to check IDs and keep the Cleveland High kids out. That was shot down immediately; everyone recognized that having uniformed guards around a garden was, as the *Quest* report put it, "potentially damaging to the Reed Atmosphere.™"

In the end, Senate refused to fund beer. Their rationale still rankles Mack. "You can have a group, say something like underwater lesbian basketweaving, that I can't participate in — but who am I to say no to you? You get some money, buy some scuba gear, fuck yeah! That's how Senate works."

Campus was in uproar. The *Quest* published furious yet fatalistic editorial cartoons. (Not everyone sympathized with the drinkers: one student sent in a diatribe against the "inexplicable, fraternity-like urge to drink large quantities of beer — bad beer — bad, American, *factory* beer" and expressed hope that soberer social attendees would now learn to tango.)

The loss of beer at socials soon became symbolic. All of these developments were taking place at a seminal moment in Reed history. In the years 1989–1991, Policy came to campus in a big way. The first Drug and Alcohol

Policy, the first Smoking Policy, and a new Community Constitution all established rules and guidelines in what had previously been the realms of honor discussions and case-by-case negotiation. Some of this was unavoidable. The Drug and Alcohol Policy, for instance, was forced on the college by the Bush Administration's knuckle-draggingly conservative "drug czar" William Bennett, the man who once cited Reed's Student Body Handbook as an example of American colleges' "decadence and moral decay." If the policy had not been written, Reed would have risked the loss of its federal funding.

Nevertheless, it felt like the end of an era, and the imposition of external law in the form of OLCC rules felt like one more nail in the coffin of Olde Reed.

Trust Us, We're Drunk

Yet student creativity, like life itself, always finds a way. Many students firmly believed, and still do, that as Mack explains, "It is better, safer, and healthier to have [alcohol consumption] all in one place and in the open." They believed that instead of drinking beer at a social, surrounded by their peers, students would slam down shots at home alone before heading out to party — a much more dangerous state of affairs. One group of them became determined to deliver safe and legal booze to the masses.

To work around Senate's intransigence, Mack and his housemates at the Fridge, the legendary Reed house on the corner of 39th and Woodstock, formed the Reed Homebrewers' Collective. They received Student Body funds for brewing equipment and started making beer in batches large enough to supply campus. Apparently, the whole process from picking out a keg in the Fridge basement to serving the first cup at Reed took no more than eighteen minutes. There were still hiccups — Mack vividly remembers half-fermented hops squirting out through the tap, splashing customers' beer into their faces.

It was at this point, denied funds and operating out of a basement, that they coined the name "Beer Nation." Queer Nation was the name of Reed's LGBT organization at the time, and Mack and his friends took inspiration from them — not, he insists, as mockery, but as joking analogy: "We were being victimized for our love of beer!" That kind of parodic appropriation probably wouldn't fly today at Reed either, although Mack recalls discussing the issue with members of Queer Nation who didn't mind the joke. It is, after all, hard to stay mad at the man filling your cup of free beer.

Senate did eventually come around and begin to fund Beer Nation in the early 1990s. It was still a small-scale operation, with gardens few and far between and a looser membership than today. "I'm very last-minute-efficient," Mack said. "It all worked out." It was not until years after the first generation's graduation that Nation received recognition "as an entity" from the OLCC and was able to obtain a permanent beer garden license. Yet the seeds of an institutional Nation had been sown — or, rather, had begun to ferment — on those eighteen-minute keg runs from the Fridge to the front lawn. They'd built something that would last for a generation.

Keeping Kids off the Street for 24 Years

As institutional, exclusive, and uptight, as Beer Nation might seem to thirsty freshmen, it is ultimately a product of student creativity and a quarter century of student work. It's a far better solution than having the beer gardens run by the CSOs, or by Bon Appetit, or not having gardens at all. The pre-Powell era when the beer flowed like wine is gone forever, and we should all pour one out for it, but once we do, it's time to pick up that fence or shoulder that toolbox.

Reed is not a sovereign state, and from time to time student autonomy will be threatened not only by the administration's actions and policies but by those of the United States government. The Multnomah County D.A. will call the President and demand drug law enforcement, or changes to federal rules will force Senate to rewrite the DHSM. The challenge when it happens is to do all we can to keep governance in student hands. Rather than throwing up our hands and bemoaning the death of Olde Reed, we have to brew up a bold new idea. That's the Reed community spirit — and *that* kind of spirit can't be regulated by the OLCC. ▣

Then the walls came down...



Reed College Special Collections

Cartoon printed in the Jan. 30, 1990 Quest explores the end of free beer at Socials.

Struggling to Stay

Addiction on Campus

By AYSHA PETTIGREW

Harm reduction, like addiction itself, has many faces. The question is not are we as a community doing enough, but rather, *how* we do it.

Reed has, over the years, been made aware of the danger and potential consequences of not treating substance addiction seriously. The question of how substance use should be approached in order to keep students safe, while both complying with federal and state laws and creating a positive campus culture, is frequently discussed at Reed. The community agrees that students' safety should be made a main priority in addressing drug use, but we are unsure of how to do so.

That Reed is focused on students safely using recreational drugs is not in doubt. However, few resources are available for students struggling with serious addiction. This creates a false sense of security regarding drugs on campus and makes it a difficult place for recovering addicts.

Mike Brody, Reed's Vice President and Dean of Students describes harm reduction broadly as, "the idea that you shouldn't have to push abstinence as the only way to reduce harm, that some students are going to use, and that our goal is to reduce the harm associated with that use."

Brody clarified, however, that harm reduction does not mean that abstinence is not an option, because it is obviously a guaranteed way to minimize harm, but rather that it is not the only method of reducing harm. He expressed his concern that this point is not always made explicit in conversations about substance use on campus.

Brody started his career at Reed as a therapist in the Health and Counsel-

ing Center, and assumed his current position five years ago. In his role as Dean of Students he primarily meets with students who come to him with specific concerns about their friends' and classmates' AOD use. His approach makes sense, for despite efforts to reduce substance use and abuse on campus, illegal substances will always be present on campus and it is in the best interest of the community to make an effort to give students resources to keep themselves and each other safe.

Others on Reed's campus share his approach to harm reduction. Christina Johnson '15, signator for Reed's chapter of Students for a Sensible Drug Policy (SSDP), says, "I don't want to judge people's decisions to do

"Reed is a very difficult place for someone who is in recovery."

or not do drugs, but I want to provide resources where if you do choose to use substances, you can do it in a safer way." Like Brody, Johnson makes it clear that the primary goal of SSDP's actions on campus is to promote safer and more informed use among students using substances.

The SSDP provides a testing kit on campus for powdered substances, including cocaine and MDMA, hosts panels to inform students about safety during Renn Fayre and Spring/Fall, and in 2014 contributed information on safe drug use for the Renn Fayre guide.

Students define harm reduction

as a non-judgmental way of providing resources for Reedies choosing to use substances, however, the administrative definition differs. Some members of the administration believe the most effective way to reduce drug-related harm on campus is by enforcing policies that ban substance use and possession; working to reduce use in conjunction with efforts to make resources for safer use available. Gary Granger, Director of Community Safety, explained that he sees the way in which the CSOs enforce our AOD policy as an "engagement strategy" that is designed to lower use, and says "lower use equals lower risk" to explain why decreasing use on campus is an aspect of harm reduction.

The different tactics to dealing with drug use at Reed, as provided here by Granger, Brody, and Johnson, are examples of methods that are designed to decrease harm in cases of recreational drug use. In terms of reducing the number of medical emergencies related to AOD use on campus, these strategies are able to target specific occurrences (i.e., alcohol poisoning, contamination of substances, etc) which can potentially decrease the harm associated with recreational drug use. However, these strategies do not clearly address the way in which addiction occurs within the Reed community, the way in which students experiencing addiction are reaching out for help, and the tools that we as a community can provide to support them in their recovery.

Johnson mentioned the concern felt by many students that the only answer provided by the administration for support with recovery, whether through Gary Granger or through Reed's Health and Counsel-

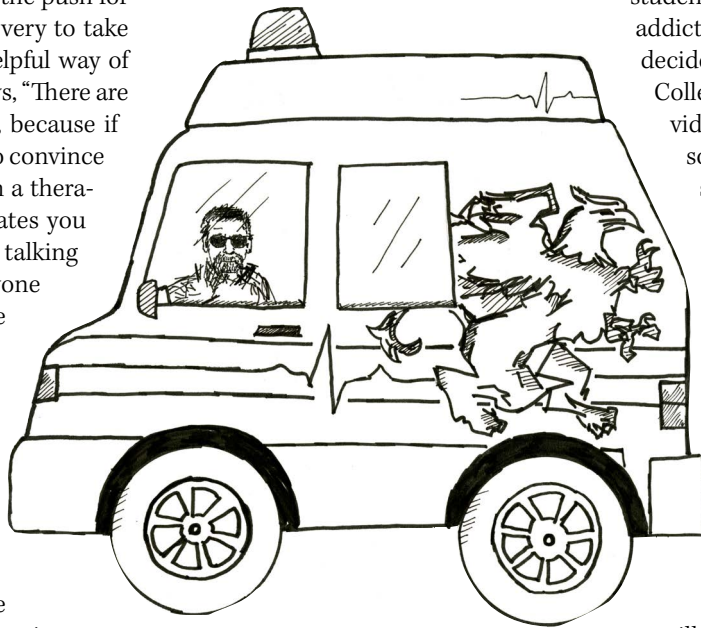
ing Center (HCC), will be a leave of absence. Johnson mentioned that she feels as though, because of the fear around the potential dangers of opiate use that, “the administration hears something and they don’t necessarily make the right decision to reduce harm for the person who is using.” She doesn’t believe this is due to a lack of administrative care, but rather that concern around liability to the school necessarily plays a role in the decisions made in situations involving opiate use.

A Reed student who experienced the realities of addiction early in his Reed career and has now been fully sober for two and a half years, explained some of the reasons why the push for students who are in recovery to take time off may not be a helpful way of providing support. He says, “There are a lot of barriers in place, because if you ask someone to try to convince someone to take leave, in a therapeutic setting, that alienates you from the person you’re talking to. . . I don’t know anyone who’s like, ‘Yeah, I do have a huge problem and I do need to take leave!’ That never happens, and you alienate yourself as a resource [when you assume taking leave is the only reasonable solution] and further, if you do take leave, specifically for that issue, whoever is financially supporting you, which for most people is their parents, are probably going to have to find out, and for me that is why I did not want to take leave.”

In explaining his own experience at the HCC, he said that because he was using stimulants, he had hoped that the HCC would provide support in dealing with the chemical depression that followed his decision to stop using. While the HCC provided him with pamphlets about addiction recovery, his ensuing depression was never directly addressed. He cites depression, as his main road block on

the path to recovery. This depression later led to his need to take a leave of absence from Reed.

This student mentioned, that Reed, much like any other “high stress, high pressure environment” is a particularly difficult place to recover from drug addiction. Similarly, Mike Brody says, “My sense is that and this is from my intuition and also from students talking to me. . . that Reed is a very difficult place for someone who is in recovery. The social norms on campus, and the sort of expectations on campus. . . make it very very difficult for people who are trying to stay sober.”



Brody clarifies that while he believes Reed is a difficult place to recover from addiction for many students, he doesn’t want to generalize the experiences of all recovering addicts. He adds, “We have great resources for people who are struggling with drug addiction, I just think the culture makes it tough.”

It seems to be commonly understood that Reed is a difficult place to recover from addiction. Between Reed’s high stress atmosphere, its culture of pride and sometimes mistaken self-sufficiency, and students’

reluctance to take time off, there are significant barriers to asking for help with addiction. The student who discussed his experience with addiction at Reed pointed out that, in addition, Reed’s AOD education during orientation week doesn’t spend much time dealing with addiction. Granger says that discussions about the potential harm of using addictive substances do happen as a part of the AOD process, which involves meeting with a resident director to discuss substance use. However, this discussion of abuse is maybe too late.

But all is not lost. Granger, Brody, and the student all emphasized that there *are* resources on campus for students who are recovering from addiction. The issue at hand is decidedly not whether Reed College should be directly providing extensive recovery resources, but rather how they should go about educating students on drug use. As highlighted here, there are counselors on campus who can talk about substance use and abuse with students. However, it seems that students who are dedicated to recovery and reaching out either to friends or resources in the greater Portland area still may not be receiving the accommodations from the college that they need to help them stay at Reed while they recover. The question of whether students should be pressured to leave campus to recover has been brought to the forefront as it becomes clear that doing so may not always be a safe, healthy, and helpful solution for students. Rather than setting these expectations of what recovery looks like, it may be helpful to meet students where they are with the recovery process, in a way that is both understanding and compassionate, as well as legally sound. ▼

A doll on the dance floor, a princess in the pool hall, an imp of an intern.

Working for Grace Fetterman

By AYSHA PETTIGREW

I came to Reed bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, like many of my freshman peers. Dreaming of long nights in the library, meeting my future husband, and learning to drink coffee without wincing, I boarded my flight to Portland. I was so eager that I almost forgot to chug my water bottle as I went through security. I would later realize that that was the reason I got up to pee four times on my hour long flight from Oakland, despite the embarrassment I felt in climbing over the passenger in the aisle seat: a woman who was irritated, pregnant, and surprisingly intrigued by the *Skymall* magazine. From the moment we landed at PDX, my week became a blur of trips to Target (which my dad would insist on pronouncing “Tarr-jayy” during all of our trips to purchase items for my new dorm room), shaking hands with my future classmates, and learning that the Reed community seems to enjoy nothing more than creating confusing acronyms for its newest and most vulnerable members. The blur of O-Week passed, and soon enough I was situated in my classes, knew exactly how long it took me to put cream cheese on a bagel and walk to Hum lecture from my dorm room in Naito, and was beginning to make friends with enough people that I didn’t have to sit alone in Commons.

About halfway through my first semester here at Reed, I met the young woman who would soon become my employer, spiritual guru, and, at the heart of it all, my friend. It was a Saturday morning not unlike any other. I sat in Commons, eating my usual tofu scramble with extra ketchup, talking with friends about classes. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a curly-haired and sharp-tongued young woman who I’d heard and seen around campus, but had never had the pleasure of actually talking with until that day. She looked at one of the friends that I was sitting with, and skipped the pleasantries, launching right in with, “I still can’t find an intern.” She was frantic and distraught, but retained the coolness of an upperclassman who knows what she wants. “Who the fuck will darn my Spanx, and vacuum the rice cake crumbs out of my bed?” In that moment, I knew I had an opportunity to establish my position in Reed’s social hierarchy. I made facial expressions at our mutual friend that I could only hope indicated my desire to be introduced. He acknowledged my silent pleas and said, “Grace, have you met Aysha?” before

turning to me. “Aysha,” he continued. “This is Grace Fetterman.”

As is expected in any application process for any professional position, Grace soon found time to interview me and discuss her expectations for the internship. Now, I had been interviewed before. I had answers prepared for traditional questions about my education and work experience. I came in ready to discuss time commitments and the possibility that this internship could eventually evolve into a paid position. Grace however, was having none of that. “I met a guy last weekend,” she began, sitting down across from me at a table in the quad. “I was at a rave, and I’ll have you know I have never in my life done a recreational drug, so I was at my sharpest, ready to tease, trifle, and tinker,” Grace continued, as I pulled out my resume, completely ready for her to finally ask me a question. “Anyway. I turn to him and ask, ‘Do you think they do weddings here?’ and he doesn’t laugh, because he’s obviously very asinine.” I listen carefully to Grace’s tale of unrequited love, hoping that in some way I’ll be able to help her in her romantic affairs, to demonstrate my capable and reliable character and secure the position as her intern. “Are you even listening?” she asked. “Have you even heard a word I’m saying? Anyway, you’re hired, no one else applied. What is your favorite flavor of Tic-Tac? I figure that’s the easiest way to pay you, the business of filing taxes is overwhelming — oh, add that to your list of responsibilities.”

With that, Grace left me. I sat for a minute, gathered my bearings, and then called my dad. “Dad,” I told him, “I think I’ve found my passion. I’m going to be a professional assistant someday.”

In the next few months I found myself vacuuming rice cake crumbs out of Grace’s belongings, removing her from the Buddhist Chanting Club mailing list, and most frequently explaining to her curious friends why a sophomore English major needed an intern in the first place. Everything was going smoothly. Grace and I were getting along. We had our first company meeting in December. I was invited to come to Grace’s holiday party. When I arrived, I realized it was just the two of us, and though I immediately felt underdressed in my Christmas sweater and black leggings, Grace was sweet and welcoming. “It’s been a great year for me,” she told me, pouring me my third cup

of eggnog, “but I want to hear your take on being my intern. Tell me about your experience working for me.” Of course, my instinct was to tell Grace that everything was going fine, because overall it had been, and obviously I wanted to keep my job. I tried to politely bring up the subject of payment, because I had been promised orange Tic-Tacs, which I was still waiting on. Grace had once brought me an extra-large container of white Tic-Tacs, though, and I didn’t want to seem ungrateful. She handled the issue immediately and gracefully, giving me a holiday bonus of a trip to the bookstore with her, in which she bought me the orange Tic-Tacs that I had long been craving. The party continued, and Grace and I politely chatted and mingled for several hours before calling it a night.

Soon after our party, I went home for winter break. After enjoying the holidays with my family, my return to Reed was difficult, but I enjoyed Paideia and soon felt eager to see friends again, return to my classes, and of course, resume my position as Grace’s intern. I got a call from Grace during my first week of classes, and as I had hoped, my help was needed.

“Aysha,” she told me, sounding exhausted and as though her dental hygiene was questionable. “You *have* to do something about the Bidwell freshmen.”

“Of course, Grace, anything you need. What’s wrong?” I answered, ready to help with whatever she needed. I imagined the Bidwell freshmen in my head: they were a close-knit group, I’d seen them in Hum lecture, but they seemed sweet, and I couldn’t imagine what they could have done to put Grace in such a frenzy.

“Everything is out of control. I sent one little email, and now the freshmen treat me like some kind of lunatic, acting as though I’m bullying them. All I did was try to scare them a bit. They’re the ones who started this whole thing—and...” she paused for effect. “*They’re* the ones who stole *my* possessions.”

“Grace, slow down, can you tell me what happened? From the very beginning.” I was beginning to feel like a detective, trying to piece together what was clearly a heinous crime.

“They stole my toothpaste, Aysha,” she told me. “The freshmen are loud and constantly in the common room, and I thought I could ignore the way that they have no understanding of college etiquette, but this was the last straw. They’ve been stealing my toothpaste, and God only knows what else and so I sent an e-mail and now they’re all mad at me.”

“What did your email say, Grace?”

“Weeeeelll.” She paused again. “It didn’t really say anything. It was a photo, a photo I found online of rotting

teeth.”

“Do you think it’s possible that you scared the freshmen?” I asked, starting to understand why the Bidwell freshmen might feel attacked by Grace.

“Well, if they’re scared, who’s fault is that? You know what’s scary, Aysha? Coming home after a long day of work and not having your toothpaste. Waking up in the morning with breath that smells like popcorn, sweet tea, and shit and not being able to brush for twenty full minutes before starting your day. You know what’s terrifying? Not feeling safe in your own dorm because you live with people who take away your most basic human right: the right to good dental hygiene practices.”

Listening to Grace talk about the issue, I thought about my own sense of fear around dental hygiene. As a child, I had anxiety dreams in which my mother ripped out my loose teeth. My fear of losing my teeth was only heightened when, at age seven, I lost my first tooth in the shower at the YMCA on a school trip to go swimming and I watched it go straight down the drain. My parents told me to write a letter to the tooth fairy, insisting that

she would understand. I forgot to write a letter, and yet, when I woke up there were two shiny quarters right under my pillow. I was suspicious, and rightfully so. My parents were the only people I’d told about the tooth. Were they in cahoots with the tooth fairy? Were they writing letters and falsely signing my name? Something was off. I was being lied to. As I realized my child-

hood anxieties had not been addressed and processed, but had simply receded deep into my subconscious, I suddenly comprehended why Grace reacted as she had, and felt like I understood her.

I bought her new toothpaste, which nobody in her dorm never dared to steal after the Email Incident of late January. I offered moderately sincere apologies on Grace’s behalf when I ran into the Bidwell freshmen, all of whom seemed to harbor a slight grudge. I knew, though, that Grace had done the right thing by reacting strongly and acting quickly to keep the freshmen away from her toothpaste. If her teeth fell out, there would always be the possibility that one would fall down the drain and she would have to confront her childhood anxieties like I was confronting mine.

Having worked for Grace for over a year now, I realize that I’ve learned more than most interns do on the job. It seems funny: all I had initially hoped for was for Grace to hire me and then to validate me by telling me I was a good intern. I see now that the true validation was realizing that I was able to connect with her and forge a friendship along the way. ▼

*You know what's scary,
Aysha? Coming home after
a long day of work and not
having your toothpaste.*



Helen 2.0

By LAUREN COOPER

The feats of Achilles and Hector pale in comparison to those performed by students and President John Kroger in pursuit of their prize.

Jordan Yu

On Friday night fewer students were quietly studying in the library than usual. Instead, many engaged their lesser-seen athletic sides in a battle for Reed's most valuable and mystery-shrouded relic, the Doyle Owl. The mystic lure of this artifact was felt by more than just the students: dodging elbows, copies of the *Iliad*, and overzealous rugby players, President John Kroger himself took part in the fray to plant a hand on this remnant of Reed's history.

It was warm and muggy, the sky clouded over, and the air full of the scent of newly blooming flowers and the shouts of students as they followed one another in a streaming horde, en route to the owl. Near the nuclear reactor a ring of students swarmed around the owl buzzing with excitement and the hope of victory. The fight itself looked a bit more like a frantic rugby practice than anything else, a scrum of students falling on top of the owl, with spectators and the occasional CSO looking on.

The fighting had reached its zenith when a group of three students, wearing rain ponchos with their faces covered, appeared as if from nowhere, and spraying the fighters with a foaming bottle of Diet Coke and throwing, oddly enough, pickles. As the maneuver had arrested the attention of the crowd, the group of three began their finale, and flung giant globs of mayonnaise everywhere. They jumped with glee as students began to leave in disgust. The CSOs looked on, flabbergasted.

When their supply of mayonnaise dispersed — much like the crowd — the masked mayonnaise marauders disappeared into the night, leaving no clue as to their identities or motives.

As the remainder of the crowd was dispersing, the appeal of the spectacle was wearing off. Only those with serious owl lust and scratches down their faces struggled on for possession. Then Dan Pogust '17 came hurtling down the hill, screaming at the top of his lungs, "it's a fake, it's a goddamn fake!"

A few of the receding students paused to turn toward the huddle of bodies heaped over the owl, curious to see what effect this news would have. There was a momentary lull in the fighting until someone yelled, "I want the fake Doyle Owl anyway," and the brawl resumed full force.

It would seem that, as a previous captor of the owl, Pogust was on to something. While most of the men's rugby team was fighting over the one owl, a group of students had discovered another by the Quad. Here it was less of a fight, and more of a tussle. Michael Carbone '16, seized the owl and dragged it ten feet with another student perched on top, ineffectively attempting to retain possession of the prize. Despite this adrenaline-induced feat of strength however, he lost control of the owl, vanquished by a group of students bent on demonstrating the superior power of teamwork. It was here that Kroger decided to become part of Doyle Owl history no matter the cost. He val-

iantly plunged his way into the mêlée to get to the owl as several nude students looked on from their perch in the naked tree. The frenzied glory on his face was proof enough of his triumph. Luckily for him, it was not one of the fake owls, but the real one, that he managed to place his hands on.

The last possessors of the owl were wily enough to create two casts of the owl, and place them strategically around campus throughout the fervor filled night. The two replicas were both released at 7 P.M., the first outside Bragdon and the second behind the reactor. An hour later, the real owl was released in the Quad.

Thanks to the seams left by the mold running down their sides, that the ones outside Bragdon and the nuclear reactor were fakes should have been easily discerned. But in the excitement of the moment, with rival student factions vying for victory and Reedies piled on top of it, few could look closely enough to tell.

The Doyle Owl has had a storied history after being snatched off an Eastmoreland lawn by a group of intrepid students in 1913. Since then it has endured innumerable indignities: being dangled off a bridge, taken to Disneyland, and frozen in a block of ice.

After several hours of fighting, a group of students captured the owl and fled with it into the night. What will become of it now, only the victors can tell. ♣

De Sastre

Yeezy Season Approachin'

“The pants: A highly elevated form of comfort.”

“Although Kanye is a fashion reference, I try to employ more color and pattern than the minimalist Yeezy aesthetic. I am drawn the cut, texture and general shape of Kanye’s outfits, but I incorporate more pattern and color since I’m young and can get away with it.”

Cristobal Mancillas '16



So if the Devil wear Prada, Adam Eve wear nada, Cris is in between but way more fresher.

As you may have noticed, ya girls from De Sastre love a good 'Ye reference. With the album release looming, it appears Reedies have taken to the god's affinity for leather joggers. Cristobal takes Yeezy's aesthetic further, remixing the statement oxblood basic with a concert tee and daring deep blue houndstooth socks. Finally, we have found someone who loves Kanye's style as much Kanye himself. 🙄

Until next time, ON SIGHT.

—AA & MUK

Cultural Corner with Charlie

A short discussion on the state of rap releases
in March 2015, among other things

By CHARLIE C. WILCOX

I could be using this space to promote Kendrick Lamar's new album *To Pimp a Butterfly*, which is undoubtedly one of the biggest releases of the year, and will be discussed intensely for the months (if not years) ahead. One of the reasons I am not, however, is because of this. It's an album that requires a significant amount of time and spins to parse out, and I couldn't build a cohesive statement on it after the few listens I've fit in between Sunday and now. As could be surmised by my hesitation, I also expected to be instantly taken with the album and after these few listens, I'm still not sure if I completely *like* the thing. I'm not a huge fan of the FlyLo over-caffeinated jazz style production that permeates this record, and sometimes Kendrick's appreciation of signature West Coast rap styles comes across as uninteresting. Beyond that, I also don't know what to make of the gender dynamics in the album yet, but songs like "These Walls" use women as symbols in a way that seems irresponsible at best and, at worst, actively works to undermine the overarching statements that Kendrick attempts to make. That being said, there are a lot of interesting, great things going on here, and even if Kendrick didn't fully deliver on the hype surrounding this album, it's a substantial document that will (and should) be investigated as the year goes on. Who knows, maybe I will warm up to it even more on repeat listening. If anything, the presence of this and D'Angelo's *Black Messiah*, which both make heavy and creative use of the sounds of '70s funk, soul, and rock might indicate a genuine trend, one that we should welcome with open arms.

So, what's up with the month of March? It's already been remarked on, but this is some seriously crazy stuff going on. Kendrick's here, Death Grips has set down a solid date for *the powers that b*, finally answering the great philosophical question of our time, "JENNY DEATH WHEN?" But check out that title track; it's prime DG in a way that we haven't seen in a long time, which is funny considering the band has barely existed for 5 years. Meanwhile, we also have Action Bronson, Heems, Kanye could drop at any point, and Earl Sweatshirt just came out of nowhere with a surprise album that's due out next week, and the

first song off of it intrigues me in ways that Earl never has before. It's a crazy month for rap and hip hop, one of those months that people decades from now will look back on and remark, "just think that this album, and this album, and this other album all came out within a few weeks of each other!" It's 2015, and we all live in a world of musical riches.

If the sounds of indie rock circa 2005 are more your style, both Sufjan Stevens and Modest Mouse have albums coming out this month as well. Both albums are vaguely "comeback" works, as it marks Sufjan's return to the pretty-boy folk music after years of sonic boom electronic-pop experimentalism. *Age of Adz* this ain't. Meanwhile, Modest Mouse emerges after nearly a decade of studio wankery to deliver an album that doesn't suck nearly as bad as *Good News for People Who Like Bad News* or (god forbid) *We Were Dead Before The Ship Even Sank*. I don't know if that means that *Strangers to Ourselves* is necessarily good per se, but it is at least listenable and provides a few moments of greatness.

What else is going on? Spring break's next week, as if I needed to remind any of you of that, and I got some mad plans for it. Mad plans meaning I'll be doing a lot of pleasure reading (I'm planning on tackling Miranda July's new novel and Jenny Offill's *Dept. of Speculation*) and catching up on work. But I'm looking forward to seeing the horror movie *It Follows*, which is opening on Friday at Cinema 21 and Hollywood Theatre. *It Follows*, directed by David Robert Mitchell, is being touted as one of the best horror films in years. Its premise is fairly simple, but seemingly effective, treading the same metaphorical ground as Charles Burns's *Black Hole*; there is a malevolent creature that follows you, and the only way to pass it on is by having sex with someone, and then the creature will start following them. Far from an anti-sex STI public service announcement, people declare *It Follows* to be incredibly sexually progressive (for a horror movie), featuring "sexually liberated" female characters that are not punished for their sexual experience (as opposed to, you know, 90% of horror movies featuring women). *It will be good. See ya after break, ya goobs.* ♣