

# THE GRAIL

VOLUME III

APRIL 9, 2015

ISSUE V



INSIDE

AIR TIMÉ

## REEDIES IN RADIO

From KRRC to NPR, Reed students haven't been shy when it comes to radio. Follow the stories of graduates new and old to learn about Reed's presence in the airways.

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KRAMER VS. KETCHUP

## GRACEFUL GROUSINGS

Ketchup and Mustard are getting divorced, and Grace is stuck in the middle. Remember the first eight minutes of *Up*? This love story is better.

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PROBLEMATIZE

## CONFERENCE BINGO

Professor late? Coffee shakes? Thirty seconds of silence? Find out where your conference stands with our Bingo board.

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www.reedthegrail.com

## FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

As the weeks drag on from March to April to the oft-dreamed-of May, you may feel you are sinking. Oh no, wait, you are swimming, you are doing a great job, oh and then, nevermind, you are sinking again. Well, reader, if these weeks are dragging you down, now's the time start daydreaming about the future — of radio (1). And even if things seem like the absolute worst, at least your condiments aren't getting divorced, like Grace's dearest friends from her Burning Man days (6). Speaking of Burning Man, got summer plans? Do you fantasize about meeting a cutie at the water-refill station, perhaps? Well, Miss Lonely Hearts has some sugges-

tions for you (7). While we are still bopping from class to class, though, De Sastre's critiquing their own styles this week, just to keep things fresh (8), and Charlie has it all from Moleskine notebooks to Yeezy to Electric Wizard in this week's Cultural Column (9). And if all this doesn't soothe you, remember, if you feel like jumping out of a window during conference, you're not alone. *The Grail* has created a Bingo board to keep you entertained (10). So sit, back, relax, and play a few games of Bingo; everything will be okay.

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 illustration by Mia Uribe Kozlovsky.*

# A Reed Radio Renaissance

By LAUREN COOPER AND CHARLES NUNZIATO



Reed students tend to be opinionated, outspoken, and inquisitive. What better place for them to critically question the world than radio? Reed has a long and storied history of radio personalities, from the quirky Dr. Demento (Barry Hansen '63) to the news-oriented Arun Rath '92, weekend host of NPR's *All Things Considered*. What is it then about the siren call of radio that attracts so many Reedies? Is it the glamour of a dying medium? The narcissistic impulse to hear yourself on air? Or is it simply an excuse to ask people invasive questions, satisfy your own curiosity, and get paid for it?

### Reed to Russia

Sasha Peters '15, history-literature major and recipient of a 2015 Watson Fellowship, is one of many Reedies working in the expanding field of podcasting. As part of her Watson Fellowship, Peters will be creating radio stories over the course of the coming year as she travels throughout eastern Europe and explores the history of various abandoned sites from the former Soviet Union.

At the start of her freshman year at Reed, Peters started writing for the *Quest*, which sparked her interest in journalism. By the time second semester of her freshman year rolled around she was an editor, a position she held for the next year and a half.

Like many other Reedies who later went on to pursue a career in broadcast radio, Peters also had a radio show on KRRC.

"It took all of the pressure off," says Peters of her former show, *Breast Friends Forever*, hosted with Leah Artenian '15. "It was really good practice."

Peters' practice eventually paid off. She landed an internship with *Rendered*, a Portland-based podcast (formerly *Destination DIY*), where since last summer she has developed shows. Peters has managed to find an opportune balance between her academics and her passion for radio. "I think being a history-literature major fits them well," says Peters of the influence of her academics on her inter-

est in radio. "Both of them are about storytelling, factual and fictional. They both have definitely helped in terms of identifying what I like and don't like and why."

Although her childhood wasn't spent glued to the radio, she has recently become a loyal fan of various radio shows and podcasts, such as *99% Invisible*, *Serial*, *Here Be Monsters*, and *Invisibilia*. "It seems like such a hard thing to want to do now," says Peters of a career in radio. "There are more instantiated shows. There are definitely a lot more people listening to podcasts."

### A Forgiving Deep End

Alexi Horowitz '14 is another Reedie in radio — and one who didn't waste much time before finding his niche. After graduating from Reed in 2014, Horowitz began working for KBOO, Portland's community radio station, before moving to Oregon Public Broadcasting (OPB). KBOO offers volunteers the opportunity to develop their own radio pieces and get a sense of what radio work is actually like. The open, community-based atmosphere lets volunteers walk in one day and be on the air with their own segment the next. KBOO is a great place for students who are interested in radio and have little to no experience to beef up their resumes and get some experience on air. "I started working at KBOO to sharpen my skills and get into the habit of doing daily reporting stuff. They just kind of throw you into the deep end," Horowitz laughingly reminisces. "But it's a forgiving deep end."

Horowitz's interest in radio began early on in his Reed career. "I found out about OPB my freshman year because it was an NPR affiliate. Radio has been a good way for me to stay informed — it's fast, it's passive, you can listen and have it in the background, and at a place like Reed where you're constantly running around doing things and reading things, it's nice to have some way to kind of fill the space."

Like Peters, Horowitz's interest in



Jordan Yu

Watson Fellow Sasha Peters '15 will travel to eastern Europe next year.  
Previous page: DJ working in KRRC radio station, 1985.

radio began with print journalism. “I had done a lot of journalism in high school. I worked at the city newspaper in Santa Fe, where I’m from, and I edited and wrote for my high school newspaper, did some stuff with the *Quest* here.”

Having studied history while at Reed, Horowitz managed to combine his academic and journalistic pursuits. “They’ve definitely informed each other. . . . The three things I’m interested in right now, both in life potentially and in general, are history, creative writing and journalism, and then law. They’re all oriented around research, evidence, facts — kind of sifting through the world and finding artifacts of different phenomena and then figuring out ways to interpret those facts and create narrative structures out of them that have different implications or suggest different ways of looking at the world or acting in the world.”

For Horowitz, radio and academics fit together perfectly: “I did an audio essay for my final project for Modern Humanities. I tried to incorporate audio stuff into my course work as much as I could here, and you know, despite how traditional and conservative the academics can be here, that was pretty easy. Instead of doing a paper I enlisted some of the different professors and different people at the school that had exerted some sort of psychological import on me at my time to read or represent these different authors. So Darius Rejali (Political Science, 1989–) was Rousseau; Peter Steinberger (Political Science, 1977–) was Kant; Ben Lazier (History, 2005–) was Nietzsche; Nathalia King (English, 1987–) was Hannah Arendt; Roger Porter (English, 1963–) was Wordsworth and Thomas Mann; Katja Garloff (German, 1997–) was Trotsky; John Kroger was Edmund Burke; Margot Minardi (History, 2007–), my thesis adviser, was Mary Wollstonecraft; David Garrett (History, 1998–) was Baudelaire.”

There are many similarities between the paths that Horowitz and

Peters took into radio. Horowitz, like Peters, was also the recipient of an academic grant that allowed him to undertake a project involving radio. “I got a McGill-Lawrence Grant to do this podcast pilot for the New Mexico History Museum, and for that I was doing a lot of interviews. One of the guys that I was working with, Jack Leffler, was a great friend of Edward Abbey and Gary Snyder and was really associated with Beat literature and counterculture, and that was one of the big reasons I came to Reed, having read *The Dharma Bums*. . . . While I was there I got to interview him and just see really how radio can be this whole lifetime relationship and way of accessing the world and a pretense to talk to the people you’re interested in.”

Horowitz’s enthusiasm for radio is infectious. He discusses traditional and online broadcasting without affect and reveals a passion for the possibilities presented by the medium. Horowitz is optimistic about the explosion of podcasts and online radio broadcasting, calling the current period a “Radio Renaissance.” Horowitz sees shows such as *This American Life* and *Serial* as creative new ways of working the medium. “We’re discovering new forms of storytelling all the time, it feels like it’s still fresh and there are places to go.”

### Kickin’ it Old School

This year’s Working Weekend, February 6 and 7, featured an opportunity for current students to cut their teeth in public broadcasting and radio editing with a two-day long intensive Radio Bootcamp hosted by Robert Smith ’89 and Miles Bryan ’13. Sasha Peters attended the same bootcamp with Smith two years ago in 2013.

Smith hosts Planet Money for NPR, a podcast that makes economic reporting accessible and engaging. The 15 minute podcast has come out twice a week since 2008 and focuses on how the global economy affects the daily lives of Americans. Previously, Smith covered a diverse array of subjects — the rebuilding of Ground Zero, the awe-inspiring landing of US Air Flight 1549 in the Hudson River, and the jungle that is New York politics — as NPR’s New York correspondent. Smith too got his start at Portland’s community radio station KBOO and Reed’s very own KRRC.

Bryan is new to life outside the bubble but isn’t wasting his time. He currently reports for Wyoming Public Radio and spent several months interning for NPR’s Los Angeles Bureau.

The two alumni walked a group of six Reedies through the basics of radio: how to ask questions, conduct interviews, record and edit short seg-



*alexihorowitz.com*

*Alexi Horowitz '14 conducting an interview.*

ments of tape, radio slang for audio recordings. Smith firmly believes that radio “is the most awesome career in life you can have,” because it engages with the world and all kinds of different people. He thinks public broadcasting appeals to many Reedies because “it’s a mixture of an intellectual discipline, a social discipline, and a sales job” and allows them to think critically about the world. Smith is convinced that the only thing holding Reedies back from taking over the radio industry is the performance aspect. It’s no surprise to any of us that Reedies are, in general, shy and introverted and so a job that requires them to spend all day talking to strangers may not be high on their list of things to do post-graduation.

Smith and Bryan began the boot-camp Friday evening with a general overview of radio. Smith regaled students with stories from his beginning days in radio saying, “I would wear a suit to protests. . . I tried to sound smarter than the people I was interviewing, it was a very Reed thing that was bred into me.”

He says the hardest thing to learn in radio was “how to ask stupid questions and write simple sentences. It’s super hard to ask stupid questions. I

look back on my thesis now and I literally do not understand it. I had to relearn how to write for radio.” Bryan agreed jokingly that “Reed prioritized obfuscation, the guy in the conference whom no one understood was always considered the smartest.”

For Smith, radio is a full-contact sport: “You’re in the game, you’re

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*Reed prioritized  
obfuscation, the guy in  
the conference whom  
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always considered the  
smartest.*

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trying to be your best and trying to get the best out of them. . . tape is cheap, you have to think you’re on the air in that moment. . . you want to be somebody’s ally, create a sense of play where you have fun together and you enlist them in the game.” Smith stressed this point multiple times: “people give you what you give them —

this is good life advice, not just radio advice.”

Bryan works a slightly different tactic. “What I like to do is be really stupid and rude, get people mad at me, people are so great when they’re mad on tape. If someone’s house has burnt down I like to go up to them and say, ‘So this isn’t so bad, right? I mean, you have another house, don’t you?’ And then they say, ‘No I don’t have another fucking house! This is horrible, my house burnt down!’ and you’ve got a great piece of tape.”

Both Smith and Bryan agree upon the sales component of radio. “The idea of radio is that the people listening are not you and are not your friends,” says Smith, “you have to be selling people constantly on the information you’re telling them, every bit needs to be compelling enough that you want to move on to the next bit and remember the last bit at the same time.” Bryan chimed in, “You’re crafting a story, that’s actually one of my favorite things about it.”

On Saturday, students were sent off to craft their own stories. They collected tape for vox pops, short segments featuring several people answering the same question. On Friday night Smith asked the assembled



Reed College Public Affairs & Jordan Yu

Left: Reedie receives help from Robert Smith '89 at the 2013 Radio Boot Camp. Right: Miles Brian '13.

students and alumni if they knew what it stood for.

Kieran Hanrahan '15 immediately raised his hand and answered, "*Vox populi*, it's Latin, voice of the people." Bryan sat up in his chair and said, "That's what it stands for? I never knew that, cool." Smith turned to him, disbelievingly. "Are you fucking kidding me? You didn't know that? How did you did graduate?" Bryan glanced at your writers and said, "don't write that down. Are you writing that down?"

Bryan and Smith both lamented the startling absence of their fellow Reedies in public broadcasting. "Public radio should be filled with Reed students, this industry is built for us," said Smith. Bryan chalked it up to the insatiable desire for knowledge that comes with being a Reedie. "Reedies are intellectually curious, they want an excuse to invade peoples homes and privacy and ask them questions, they want to learn; radio is about learning."

The students' vox pops went swimmingly. Every student left the bootcamp with their first foray into radio under their belts and a minute of tape.

### Long Live the Strange

Reed's own Dr. Demento is almost certainly the most successful alumnus to have worked in traditional radio broadcasting. Dr. Demento, otherwise known as Barry Hansen '63, began his highly successful radio career as station manager of KRRC. Hansen, a music major, eventually made his way down to Los Angeles, where he landed a radio spot of his own. With his eclectic taste and quirky on-air persona, Hansen eventually developed a wide listenership and a strong following; influencing the likes of Jimmy Fallon and Weird Al Yankovic.

The nature of radio has changed remarkably since the early days of Dr. Demento's career. Rather than listening to live radio broadcasts during daily or weekly time slots, people have shifted towards downloading

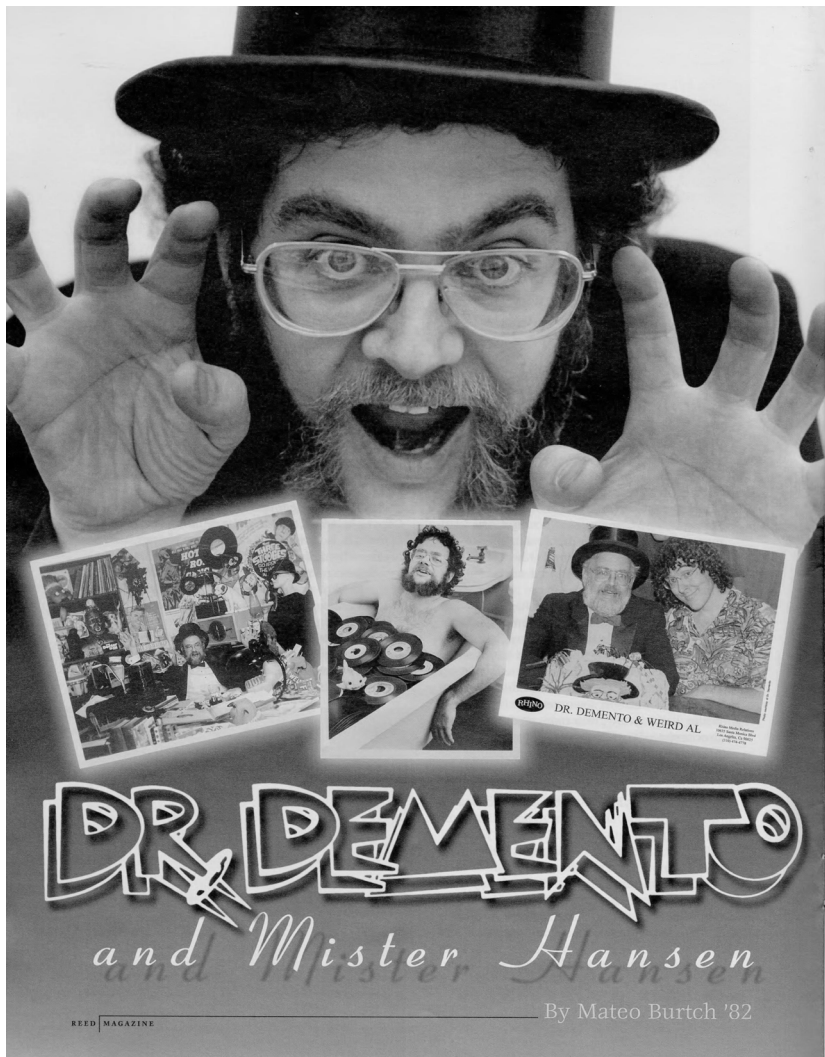
and listening to podcasts at their own leisure. With the advent of the Internet and portable devices, radio listeners are now able to listen to shows whenever and wherever they please, without needing to tune into a radio channel. As Horowitz notes, listening to podcasts on the go is particularly convenient for the modern multitasker who wants to stay entertained or informed while doing other things. The rise of podcasts, if understood as an evolution of traditional radio broadcasting, has ushered in a new era of radio, both in terms of the ways we listen and the content we listen to.

KRRC lost its broadcasting rights in 2011 but is working hard on obtaining a license and should soon be

back on the air. It is hard to say what the overall value of maintaining a radio signal is in an increasingly digital world, but hopefully soon KRRC will be a springboard for radio stars of future generations.

Those worried about the approaching death of radio are in the same camp as the mourners of Olde Reed. Smith assured us it wouldn't draw its last breath until the autonomous cars come, so we've got a good ten years to take over, and with the growing interest in podcasts it seems future possibilities are endless. ♣

A selection of this year's Radio Bootcamp vox pops can be found on our website, [www.reedthegrail.com](http://www.reedthegrail.com), and those from 2013 can be found on Reed Magazine's website [http://www.reed.edu/reed\\_magazine/](http://www.reed.edu/reed_magazine/)



Reed College Special Collections

Reed Magazine feature on Dr. Demento from the Summer 2002 issue.

# *A Bitch in the Boardroom, a Bore in the Bedroom, A Cougar in Court*

By GRACE FETTERMAN

Two of my closest friends are in the midst of a brutal divorce, and it is simply devastating. Just devastating. See, I've known Ketchup and Mustard for twenty-nine years. We met at the first ever Burning Man in 1986. Mustard was wearing a Metallica T-Shirt and no pants. Ketchup was wearing his stonewashed Gap jeans. Remember how they were faded before you bought 'em? Ah, jeez. So bodacious.

"That's the only way I'll ever *burn* calories," I bon motted to them, as we watched the wooden effigy smolder and glow. They thought that was pretty rich. What a scream. Not only semantically clever, but the delivery, THE DELIVERY! I might as well have been carrying a pizza and wearing a hat, because I sure knew how to DELIVERRRR. "You're a real card, you know that?" they said, first describing me, then asking if I was conscious of the characterization that they just articulated. Yes, yes, I was funny back then. Not just funny, but smart and driven too, studying Economics at UPenn while working four full-time jobs, all at night. Go Peninsulas (our mascot)!

We were just three young and invincible cameras who clicked. Ketchup and Mustard, who had been dating for three years at that point, recently moved out of the **Con**diment **Con**dominium in **Con**necticut, and I **Con**vincing them to join me in the Northeast / Mid-Atlantic region. . . ish. . . I think. Mustard was all for it, gung-ho right off the bat, but Ketchup, being Ketchup, was a little more, well, dubious.

"I don't know, Musty, I just worry it might be too conservative for us. My cousins, Honey Dill and Mignonette Sauce are living in Allentown right now, and say that the city has been broke since the '50s, and the climate is 'simply unbearable.'"

"Come on, Ketchup!" Mustard unduly rebuked, with a hint of repressed homoerotic urges. He practically barked it, causing me and Ketchup to jump in our seats a little. "Pennsylvania is known for soft pretzels that you can't get anywhere else in the country. This could dramatically improve our careers. And you know very well your cousins Honey Dill and Mignonette Sauce are nothing but two impudent strumpets. What is it that Dill always says? 'You could have knocked me over with a fender.' It's a FEATHER, Dill, IT'S A FUCKING FEATHER!"

"She is a different kind of smart, Musty. She is so good with animals, and you know that."

Ketchup reaches out, and gently touches Mustard on the shoulder with her little hands (think "Veggie Tales" hands), causing him to jolt and shudder, which startles

me, so I jolt a little too.

"I have to go the bathroom," Ketchup whispers. Unlike Mustard, I can tell she is about to burst into tears.

"Let me come with you," I start to rise from my seat, pushing myself upwards by using my wrists (I don't have "Veggie Tales" hands, and I'd like to think I'm more of a subtle kind of Christian).

"No, no." Ketchup scampers off.

Mustard watches the game playing. I look to the people sitting next to us. They look back at me. "Well. . . this is awkward," I think to myself, "Now where am I supposed to look?" So I look down at my lap in silence, hands folded delicately, like the primmest of princesses.

But three days later, Mustard proposed! With a flash mob! And let me tell you, the rumors ARE true, the mafia have incredibly perky breasts! With me as their witty witness, the two got married in Costa Rica. There is a picture of them in the iguana sanctuary there, which later became their first Christmas card. It read, "Iguana Wish You a Merry Christmas." That night, Ketchup broke her Heinz-men.

But, I can't help but feel responsible. I am their trouble in paradise, their bottle of vinegar at the American Fly Catching Foundation Convention (AFCFC.) A few months ago, Ketchup was running a little low on herself, so I had to refill her. As someone who still struggles with those half and half creamer thermoses at various coffee shops, this was no easy task. Every girl whose two best friends are Ketchup and Mustard bottles have different ways of refilling them. What I like to do is get another bottle, and tip it right into the bottle that needs filling. So I went to Smart & Final. They only had younger and blonder Ketchup bottles than Ketchup, so I had no choice but to buy her. After I replenished Ketchup from the other Ketchup from Smart & Final, Mustard decided his marriage was. . . Final. Fin? Don't worry, I'm almost done. . .

So Mustard is leaving Ketchup for Younger and Blonder Ketchup. I guess it was a long time coming. There was a lack of communication, lack of trust, and the religious and cultural differences proved too colossal to overcome. So now they are filing for joint mustardy.

Hold on. *Joint mustardy?* That doesn't sound right.

Oh, you know what guys? I got it all wrong. From the beginning, I meant to say that they were two puddings who would eventually file for joint *custardy*. Sorry 'bout that.

Guess even running gags run out of breath.

Lettuce try again in two weeks. ♣



# De Sastre Muribeko Edition



We've had our segment here in *The Grail* for almost a year. Yet this week we realized you — friends, Romans, countrymen — have no reason to trust *our* aesthetic.

As part of a two part series, we're gonna do a slight remix. This week I'll comment on Mia's style, and next issue she'll do the same for me, so you all can get a better feel for our thoughts on style. Maybe you'll learn to trust us. . . or love us. DUNDUNDUN. . . the pressure's on.

Mia is offsetting a leather collared short black A-line shift dress with a variety of eclectic accessories like her bottle cap earrings (stolen relics from her mother's closet), a pink patterned scarf, a jumble of bracelets and Zoe Kravitz inspired sunglasses. The dress isn't overwhelmed by the mix of color and pattern due to Mia's ability to balance the combination effortlessly, as it's the M.O. of her everyday style. Colorful, refined, and just the right amount of risk with color, texture, and pattern. Perfection personified. ♣

Hasta la vista suckers,  
—AA

# Miss Lonely Hearts

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

When I was home over winter break, a good friend of mine introduced me to two friends of hers whom she'd brought home with her from college. The three of us hit it off — well, we did much more than hit it off. I ended up having sex with both of them. At the same time. By the way, none of us had really planned on a threesome, and I'm not usually the kind of person to be so sexually exploratory. It was equal parts exhilarating and extremely stressful. But anyway, it turns out that the person who I did most but not all of the sexual stuff with had been a vir-

gin, and this was their first sexual experience. Fast forward four months, and this person has a summer internship in Seattle! They messaged me to let me know that they were coming to the PNW, and asked if I wanted to hang out. Since our relationship up to now has been purely sexual, I'd be kind of interested in having some kind of a summer hookup. But I have no idea what they want! Is this so that we can become friends? Is this for sex? Something more complicated? What should I do?

— Sexy in Seattle

Dear Sexy,

It's kind of exciting and scary to reconnect with a one night stand in the real world, isn't it? On the one hand, you shared a totally intimate moment together — possibly made even more intimate by a first sexual encounter — but on the other hand, you barely know each other.

Before you hang out with this person, no matter if you want to have more sex with them or not (even though it sounds like you'd like to have more sex with them), you have to let go of any expectation that this meeting will lead directly to the bedroom. Assuming that hanging out is just a precursor for sex is one of the most asshole-ish things that a person can do. Not only does it tell the other person loud and clear: "I only care about you because of the things your body can do for me," it puts undue pressure on that person to agree to sex that they're not 100% on board with. I feel like I shouldn't have to say this, but pressuring someone else into sex is *never ok*. It doesn't matter if you've already slept with them, even if you both had a great time doing it. Each new interaction with a partner is a blank slate, waiting to be filled up with exciting conversation and enthusiastic consent.

That being said, it's totally ok for you to think about the kinds of relationships you'd be interested in having with this person. Would you be interested in hooking up with this person regularly? Are you thinking about dating

them? I know this might sound like it's contradicting what I just said, but there's a huge difference between only seeing this person as your ticket to sexytown and thinking out what you'd like your relationship to be in the longer term.

The second option takes into consideration the *whole person* that you're going to be hanging out with and the way that you'd like to interact with them — not just their sexy bits. Having a sense of where you'd like this whole thing to go might make you feel better about seeing this person again, and it will allow you to ask (in a nice, non-pressuring way) what they want from your relationship. "Hey, is this a date?" might be a good place to start. Or: "I had a really good time when we hooked up a few months ago. Is that something you'd be interested in doing again?" As long as you're honestly open to *any* response that you get to these questions (they might say no, after all!), they're both reasonable ways to figure out each other's intentions.

Finally, try and relax. This is basically your reverse first date: you're finding out if you're really interested in this person and are getting to know them to see if you're compatible. The only difference here is that you already know what each other's orgasm faces look like. That might be a positive or a negative — take it as you will.

Out for coffee,  
Miss Lonely Hearts 🍷

# Cultural Corner with Charlie

In This Episode: deferred prophecies, metonymy through stationery, stoner metal Significant Others, slow-moving sex grandmas, and an American cartooning institution.

By CHARLIE C. WILCOX

Once again, Kanye West has proven me wrong. I prophesied that, come Easter morn', we would discover that his new album, *So Help Me God*, would ascend from its earthly tomb (in this case, being Yeezy's MacBook) and be seated at the right hand of MBDTF and Yeezus. It seemed to make perfect sense that the latest testament of Ye's devotion/heresy would make its way to the world on that most holiest of Christian days, but maybe he has bigger things in mind. Knowing Kanye as I do (we go way back), he most definitely has the biggest things in mind. But that hype though; can we get much higher?

So here's the thing, folks: If you think taking four upper division literature classes is a good idea, you are wrong and you will be punished. My punishment is that life is but a mere procession of word after word, page after page. . . one book ends and another begins, and the only clear way for me to mark time anymore is through the life spans of my highlighters. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, but the pile of dead turquoise highlighters continues to grow at the bottom of the smallest pocket of my backpack. I feel proud, though, that I have cultivated a particular brand and color of highlighter that is specifically "mine," you'd seldom see me without that particular rectangular Germanic highlighter in my pocket. Personal branding through stationery and such had seemed like an essential part of the academic experience that had eluded me. I made honest attempts in high school at adopting a particular personal paper metonymy through that old standby for faux-academics, failing creatives, and try-hard hipster youth, the Moleskine notebook. Yes, I remember myself as a jejune fifteen-year-old, carrying my Moleskine® notebook to every class, lunch, sport game, and casual friendly gathering in desperate hope that it would bolster my authenticity as an academic, creative, and hipster. In retrospect, it definitely bolstered my authenticity as a desperate person. But that was not the reason why I by and large abandoned my Moleskine notebook; no, it's because the damned things run ink like a motherfucker, and as a left-handed person, this is something that I cannot do. Although perhaps it is better that most of my early writing as a teenager was erased by my own hand by the time my pen reached the bottom of the page. The only evidence of its horridity remained as a stained pinky finger, as if my hand was rebelling against my brain with my best interest at heart, telling

it, "no, nobody wants to see this besides you, no matter how much you think other people will enjoy it. Even you will come to hate it in a matter of days, if not hours. Best to let me just get rid of this." It only makes sense that a highlighter, and not a notebook (not even a legendary Moleskine notebook) has become the metonymic office supply of my present self; the highlighter does not create so much as collect, it assembles the crucial information of the present text and makes it evident to any succeeding rereadings, much as I collect the crucial stuff going on for you to peruse at your leisure.

So what's going on, huh? Well next week, on April 15 at Hawthorne Theater, the legendary British stoner metal band Electric Wizard will be making their way to Portland on their first US tour in 13 years, and you will find me and my ethereal stoner metal Sig. Other there. Let me tell you, if you can find a Sig. Other for whom tickets to see a 20+ year-old stoner metal band makes a suitable Christmas present, nab that wonderful person up. (For reference, she gave me a recording of Kevin Drumm and Jason Lescalleet's incredible noise opus *The Abyss* and a nice copy of Proust's *In The Shadow of Young Girls in Flower* in return, so that's where we are in terms of relationships. Not to boast, but it's a pretty dank place to be.)

Besides that, something I'm jazzed about is Daniel Clowes's upcoming reading at Powell's downtown, on April 21. Clowes's work on graphic novels is frequently incredible and influential, and his style has become something of an American institution, and getting an opportunity to hear him speak (and sign my copy of *Ghost World*) is something I couldn't miss, and you shouldn't either.

I recently saw the horror movie *It Follows* that I talked about in the last column, and I'm glad to report that it was pretty great. My Sig. Other thought it a little too "Bedroom Poppy" for her, and I can see what she is getting at, as it is rather pretty and precious at points, and self consciously retro, but she is also more hardcore than I am and wanted a little more violence and gore than the movie delivered. But hey, if your idea of terror is an old grandma in a nightgown walking slowly at you (and by all means, it should, if that old grandma means to do grievous bodily harm to you, probably through sex), then this movie is definitely for you. How's that a note to end on? ▼

# Shitty Conference Bingo

By BRIAN CLICK

Conference can sometimes make you want to pull your hair out in frustration. *The Grail* knows this feeling all too well so we thought we'd provide a safe, relatively harm-free alternative. Now check off as many in a row as you can and don't let Pancho see! 🐼

White student can't decide: "black" or "African-American."	"Let's unpack that."	Professor calls on someone who obviously didn't do the reading.	Declarative statement prefaced with "I don't know, I feel like..."	That guy interrupts people in order to repeat himself.
Pet political issue shoehorned in again.	Really annoying voice.	Thesising senior starts chatting about obscure theorists with professor.	Use of the word "problematic" without describing the problem.	Professor is late.
Thirty seconds of silence.	"The tension between x and y."	FREE SPACE <i>Caffeine Shakes</i> FREE SPACE	Inappropriate allusion to the reading from another class.	Awkward pop culture analogy.
Astoundingly ignorant or rude statement that everyone ignores.	Conversation devolves into an argument about Reed.	Nobody answers professor's question.	Quiet kid nodding into and out of sleep.	Someone throws in some mispronounced SAT vocab.
"Can I leave early? I have a thing..."	Someone alludes to their drug use.	Student next to you smells.	Someone cries.	Move to a different room halfway through conference.