



# THE GRAIL

VOLUME III

APRIL 23, 2015

ISSUE VI

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INSIDE

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KER NING

## CALLIGRAPHY

Most students' experience with calligraphy is limited to reading a biography of Lloyd J. Reynolds or bumping into Greg MacNaughton outside the library. The great calligraphic tradition goes deeper.

PAGE 1

COOKIE

## GRACEFUL GROUSING

Grace traces her family's evolution through a similarly evolving dessert, the Peanut Butter Blossom Cookie.

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CLICKHOLE

## PERSONALITY QUIZ

Ever wondered what faculty member best fits your personality? Take our quiz and find out which Hum lecturer you should be listening to.

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## FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

I'm not going to lie to you, shit has been getting pretty real around here. People are wearing LAURELZ. Stop Making Sense is this weekend. This is the penultimate *Grail*. In keeping with our tradition of sensationalist click-bait titles, here is a list of "6 things only '90s kids will understand": Feast your eyes on a not-so-brief history of the conflict between digital and hand-written type (1). A pow-

erful story from Grace's past, reaching toward the future (7). Find out which faculty member is your soulmate in our limited edition quiz (13). DeSastre's final critique of a critic (11). Another of many Lonely Hearts (12). A peek at culture, in the form of an image (14).

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

Love,

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

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# Ancient Arts & Novel Concepts



By BRENDAN SORRELL



The hand-drawn work of scribes has always had an inexplicable allure. Since the time of Gutenberg, typographers have been attempting to imitate their intricate and elegant lettering. The scribe's pen or brush was then seen as the higher form to which type designers aspired but could not hope to achieve, and even today it still serves as an important tool in the typographer's kit. In the words of Jan Tschichold, a German type designer and calligrapher, "Anyone who has ever done lettering by hand knows much more about the qualities of right spacing than a mere compositor who only hears certain rules without understanding them."

Calligraphy has long been known to be the graphic design equivalent of life-drawing. "They only admit students to art schools who show proficiency in drawing, even if they're going for photography. The same principle applies to calligraphy. It develops a sensitivity to space, develops that for designers. When you learn calligraphy you become attuned to the spacing and layout," says Lance Hidy, designer of the Penumbra

font and graphic design professor at Northern Essex Community College. Hidy grew up in Portland where he was influenced by the teaching of Lloyd Reynolds (English and Art History 1929–69). Today, that legacy is threatened. As digital tools have become more abundant, everyone and their brother thinks they can design typefaces. Reborn traditions like Reed's Scriptorium help keep the essential link between calligraphy and typography alive.

### Meeting Orphan Annie

During Paideia, along with a full suite of calligraphy classes, students were led on a scriptorium-sponsored trip to the C.C. Stern Type Foundry. The Foundry is a museum of metal typesetting, as the field has been relegated to small-press printing operations, if any place at all. Yet before computers could be used for typesetting, the primary means of getting the word out in the 20th century was by using type-making machines called casters, which were on display at the foundry.

For a page of text to be printed,

first the type for it has to be cast. One such caster is nicknamed an "Orphan Annie" because it only produces one sort — one size of one character of one typeface — at a time. This process is done by pouring molten lead into casts.

When the students saw the Orphan Annie on tour they all shrunk away slightly from one of its spouts, which brings forth a smooth arc of molten lead when pressurized.

Other Monotype machines, capable of producing sorts of greater variety, are also on display at the foundry. However, the most useful type of machine for publications like *The Grail* and *The Quest*, before offset lithography printing came into its heyday would have been a Linotype machine, which allows for entire lines of texts to be imprinted on a long, square piece of metal known as a slug. Using the machine at the foundry, you would simply type the line of text on a keyboard in front of the machine and watch as the gears and levers of the machine clicked each letter into place on the slug.

*In other classes we learned knowledge —*

*In your class we learned wisdom.*

*Creative Writing Class - 1955-56*

*L.V. Doosania  
Edward G. McNamee  
Paul Finkel  
David Long*

*Linda S. Allen  
John J. Sofman  
Ralph James Turner*

**Dr. Puterschein & Mr. Dwiggin**

Once the type has been cast it's sent off to one of a few small press printing operations that still use letterpress machines for their book designs. The interplay between these two disciplines is spelled out in the letters to William Addison Dwiggins from his alter ego, Dr. Puterschein (German for "pewter shine"). Dwiggins was a type designer from the early 20th century who created Puterschein as a caricature of the type of thinking that must have plagued Dwiggins as he attempted to work with those who set metal type. Dwiggins coined the term "graphic design" in these satirical letters which showcase his dislike for working with metal type casters.

"I am able to say without any hesitation whatever," claims Puterschein, "that the features of his style which appear 'contemporary and original' are results of his association with me. Left to himself he would have gone on as he started: a student of historic design, conservative, timid." Puterschein, speaking on behalf of the typesetters of the modernist era, believes that the design achievements of the day were primarily due to technological advances made by people like himself and not the artistic talent of designers like Dwiggins.

"Modern aesthetic," Puterschein continues, "denies that anything is shaped by human hands — that anything possibly could be shaped by human hands. Its very life-source is a strenuous and perpetual denial of fact that any such soft mammals are alive on earth. Its life is a life of metal; hard, square-edged, unyielding. It turns away in disgust from suggestion that any material object could grow, or be punctured, or eat, or bleed, or digest . . . [Dwiggin's designs] try to straddle the two worlds, the old and new . . . And of course they fail to grasp the implication of the new age of machines and metal. They insist on dragging man into the formula — and on dressing him up in a fancy costume of triangles and other geomet-

rical absurdities — thinking that they have thereby fulfilled all the requirements of the 'modern' style. Is it not so? The brass works of an alarm clock could make better modern designs than these emigre Victorians."

The title page of a monograph held in Special Collections reads, "Dear Lloyd [Reynolds] — in answer to your plaintive request (last newsletter) for any news about the good Dr. — I hasten to enclose the last we heard from him in Beaumont [Texas]. Sorry its not exactly current, but its unmistakably [sic] the Dr."

It is easy to imagine a back-and-forth among the designers and calligraphers over the looming threat

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*When I started  
looking at type  
it seemed like a  
base imitation of  
calligraphy.*

---

of mechanization and their thoughts about the contemporary state of book design and layout. The Puterschein monographs not only offer an opinion in direct opposition to the views of Dwiggins and his contemporaries, but also stand in stark contrast to the type of teaching Reynolds conducted in his calligraphy classes.

**Master and Apprentice**

Reynolds gave a series of workshops at Haystack Rock during the summers. The notes from the last of these workshops — written out in a smooth italic by Hidy — are preserved in the Reed Library's Special Collections. Reynolds implored participants to "caress the letter with the pen as

though you think the police should stop you," to, "have a sensual orgy" and to "think of meaning, not just the pen. You are writing ideas not letters." Sumner Stone '67, head of Adobe's original design team and operator of his own type foundry, reminisced about the teachings of Reynolds in a 2014 article on the Trajan typeface he designed. According to Stone, the calligraphed letters produced during his time at Reed, "would be examined not only for their correctness of detail, but even more importantly [for] whether or not they embodied the quality that Reynolds called 'life movement.' He told students in his art history class that this characteristic is what imbues letters with spirit. It is what brings them to life." Similar rhetoric occupies a place in the minds of all young calligraphers serious about their work, and in Reed's calligraphy Scriptorium, where scribes attempt to breathe life into the words they are writing.

Today there is not much communication between letterpress operators and calligraphers. This is in large part due to the fact that letterpress printers are using ideas developed for digital printing in their analog print rather than taking cues from more time-tested arts. "People that work with metal are dying off and their ideas are dying off with them," says Hidy. This is why the C.C. Stern Type Foundry functions largely as a museum: their output is small, and while there has been a proliferation in the number of letterpress workshops in recent years, there simply isn't that much demand for metal types. "What attracted many of us to the digital medium early on," says Hidy, "was that the computer had brought together all the different tasks — brought them back to an individual person." This is why the jaded *ex-Quest* editors of Olde Reed still bear a grudge toward the Paradox for taking over their old office and shunting them down to the basements of the GGCs — they were doing what they would call 'real layout' rather than the streamlined

practice of using Adobe InDesign as campus publications now do.

The scribe can make adjustments to the page with greater freedom than the typographer and doesn't have to deal with middlemen — type foundries, printers — in forging his own vision of the best possible layout. It was this freedom that many early adopters of design technology sought as type designers and graphic artists, allowing people to see the whole page as their individualised creation, minimizing the separation between artist and product. Hidy states, "It can justly be said that any carefully prepared piece of writing has the possibility to surpass a piece of print in respect to elasticity, sharpness, decoration, and, indeed, personality." The earliest type designers, working in 15th century Italy, worked hard to produce facsimiles of the writing of scribes of the day.

The printed book offered advantages of mass, and consequently cheaper, production allowing more people to gain access to the literature at hand. Hidy quotes Stanley Morison, a historian of type design, saying, "...it needs to be admitted that, admirable as are Jenson's printed letters, they are less beautiful than the written characters of Sinibaldi," an eminent scribe of the time who managed to beautifully blend lowercase and capitals in a way that could not be achieved yet by the earliest type designers like Nicholas Jenson. The focus of the typeset book was on legibility rather than beauty, but Jenson and others managed to set the standard for printed works going forward. They achieved this by looking to the scribes, whose diligence in refined simple elegance kept them away from embellishments that could otherwise interfere with the legibility of the page and detract from the reader's experience. Throughout the early years of type design, designers were able to define their own vision of the page by looking at the work of contemporary scribes.

### **Typeface in the Digital Age**

A shift was occurring at the time Hidy was writing in 1977. Things we now take for granted, like re-justifying lines and being able to rapidly change font size, were seen as novel introductions to the fields of book design. What had once taken meticulous reworking could now be achieved quickly and easily. According to Hidy, "the use of computers and video-screens in photo-typesetting have practically given typographers the scribe's flexibility in placing letters on the page." Hidy notes that while magazines and journals were the most adventurous in their use of these new techniques to create more engaging layouts, book designers

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*I really wanted to connect the intellectual with the physical and physiological world in a way that was really missing in the classical liberal arts education.*

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were using them often to mimic the types of design that could already be accomplished using metal. The convention of indenting at the beginning of a paragraph, for example, was inherited by our digital age from the era of widespread metal typesetting. In the 15th century it was often seen as more visually appealing to leave part of the line to begin in the margin. In their choice of typefaces, they also stuck to those previously used in metal typesetting, but the new methods sometimes made the old scripts appear spidery and broken, creating a need for new alphabets to be created from the new mechanisms.

This was what led Adobe to come up with their Adobe Originals series

in the late '80s and early '90s, designing new fonts for use in their programs. The creation of one of these fonts, Trajan, is chronicled by Stone, the head of Adobe's design team at the time, in the 2014 essay quoted above. Trajan was not a typeface based on those of earlier times, but in the ancient Roman inscriptions found on surfaces like Trajan's column from ancient Rome, or more pertinently, the entryway inscription above Eliot Hall.

### **Eliot Hall: Home of Inspiration**

The story of the Trajan typeface begins during Stone's time at Reed in the late 60s, as he watched Father John Catich, at the time the foremost practitioner of Roman letterforms, engrave the words "Eliot Hall" into our very own building. Later, in the '80s, Carol Twombly, working for Stone at Adobe, digitized and reworked the lettering from Catich's books as an Adobe Original called Trajan for use as a display font that has gained in popularity since its inception, being widely used today.

Stone gained an interest in his field through his calligraphy classes at Reed, taught by Reynolds, and began his work as a type designer under the tutelage of Herman Zapf, one of the most prominent and prolific calligrapher and typographers of the 20th century. Zapf taught himself calligraphy at a young age using a book of Edward Johnston's that has since come to be known as the calligrapher's bible, and designed upwards of 60 typefaces over the course of his illustrious career.

"I looked to see if there was any place I could work to do my calligraphy and lettering. Zapf had just been hired by Hallmark Cards," says Stone, "and I sent in my portfolio. Two or three people were making typefaces from proprietary hand-lettering, custom designs from Herman Zapf, and it was my first exposure to type design. I was thrilled to be there and watch, and spent time doing fancy lettering for Mother's Day cards."

Throughout his career in the type design, Stone has seen the trends

in calligraphy and lettering change. “Before any of the calligraphy groups got started, calligraphy was primarily taught by Lloyd and his students. During the ’70s it was a big phenomenon, in large part due to Jackson, the Queen’s calligrapher. He was very active in saying that people should start groups.” The Society for Italic Handwriting started, and one of Lloyd’s spinoff groups, The Order of the Black Chrysanthemum (named for the shape an ink-stain makes when a pen explodes in breast pocket), gained popularity. Stone even helped start a group of his own in the San Francisco area where he was working at the time.

“The interest in type design as an academic field is very new,” says Stone. “Cooper Union, a small, prestigious school in New York, is the first to have a graduate program in typeface design. I’m teaching.” A grounding in calligraphy and lettering is essential to such an enterprise, but the approach has changed slightly from the time when Stone was taking classes from Reynolds at Reed. According to him Reynolds didn’t like type very much and was more interested in the movements of the brush or pen on the page.

“The handwritten letter has a certain presence,” says Stone, “the thing Lloyd was entranced by was the movement of the form as something you see that’s very appealing. When you see good calligraphy your brush starts to move again.”

“When I started looking at type it seemed like a base imitation of calligraphy. Handwriting was lost. They were no longer influenced by the fact that they were calligraphers. In the digital age there are a lot of those restraints, making it more calligraphic in a certain way. It’s much more possible to do the nuanced approach of the written form. Yet, there are things you can do with calligraphy that you simply cannot do with type.” The influence of calligraphy and lettering is always there, but, Stone notes, “we use typefaces that are not directly

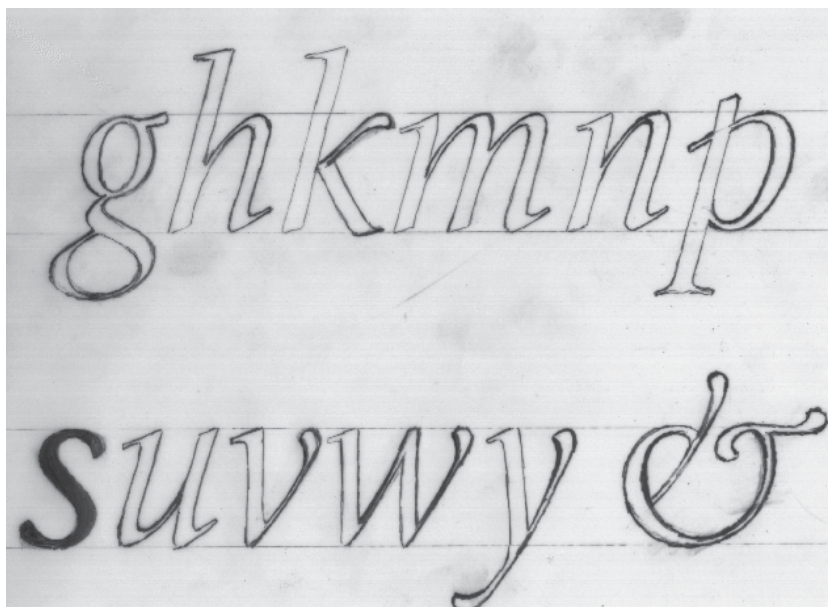
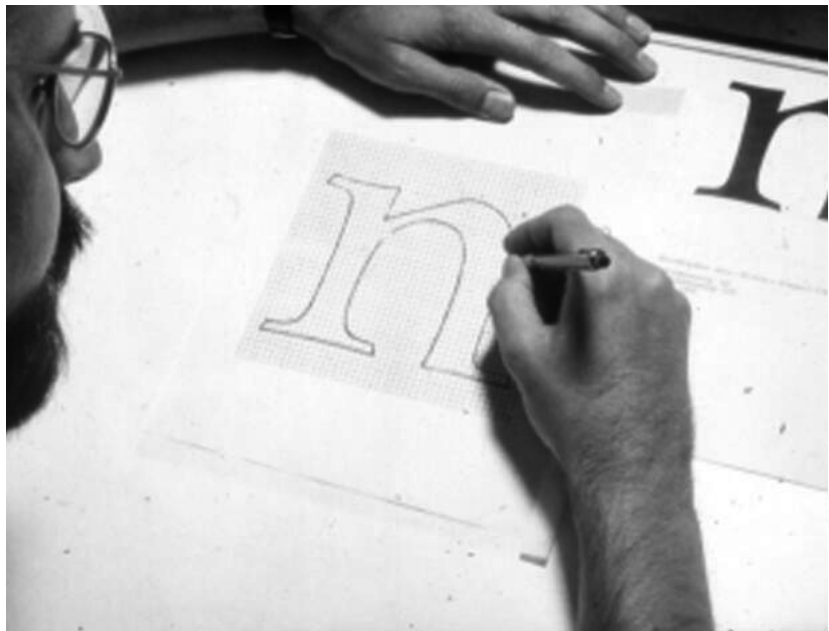
based in calligraphy. When you make a typeface that is strictly based in calligraphic forms it has, by its nature, a limited use because it’s not part of mainstream typography.”

### A Never-Ending Legacy

Even without the widespread use of calligraphic fonts, there is still an inherent value in studying calligraphy for any typographer. “Using type is a fundamental to graphic design and the first thing to know is where the

letterforms come from, how to make them, space them, get them on the page. The top type designers have a very strong grounding in calligraphy,” says Stone.

“I had already graduated and went back to school to study calligraphy, I had friends who learned calligraphy in helping me to learn it. When I was at Reed College, my father was a college professor, I felt like there was something missing in the pure academic atmosphere, I really want-



*Sumner Stone sketching and a sketch of his typeface.*

*Courtesy of Sumner Stone*



ed to connect the intellectual with the physical and physiological world in a way that was really missing in the classical liberal arts education. Calligraphy was a way of doing that, the substance, the physical form of language, it's one of those things that I still find magical. The study of writing and its history is very new and fascinating and has not focused on the visual part of the letters like it could. We've ignored the subject in our colleges and universities which is a shame because it's a rich subject that can lead you in many interesting directions. In this younger generation there seems to be a lot of interest in letterforms in their own right."

Hidy seems to be thinking along the same lines as Stone, as he has begun taking a more nuanced approach to the display of information in his classes at Middlesex Community College in Haverhill Massachusetts, incorporating ideas that are perhaps unique to the digital information age. "I went to Yale and all the people I associated with were verbally astute people who excelled in their studies," When I started teaching at college, I suddenly had students on the other end of the spectrum, people who had disabilities, or spoke English as a second language, people that didn't understand how to use books. I asked them to redesign the page. Started them with 11-point type and put in pictures and sample artwork. The assignment used to take multiple four hour classes; the new approach not only improved the graphic design, but the students completed the work in two classes. That was a major turning point for me as a graphic designer. The world shifted, I was on a different plane. I had to rethink everything."

What matters to Hidy now is whether comprehension happens, and he finds this indicative of a larger cultural shift, citing the widespread use of emoji as evidence. "The focus on type and calligraphy will always be a part of our cultural heritage, now if you want to be seen literate putting a bunch of phonetic images togeth-

er on a line is going to be viewed as one of the worst ways to communicate." The biggest barrier for Hidy and others looking to utilize new ways of communication that bring in more than mere phonetic symbols is the old guard of educators who are unlikely to embrace a more heterogeneous approach to communication. According to Hidy, one of the reasons it took so long for graphic novels to be embraced by the publishing industry was because of the restrictions of movable type. Digital technology has made the process easier, allowing for approaches like Hidy's.

Hidy has also adopted this approach in simple everyday text. There has been much debate over whether serif or sans serif fonts make it easier for people to comprehend the words on the page. However, based on his

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*The focus on type  
and calligraphy will  
always be a part of  
our cultural heritage.*

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own research Hidy has concluded that the distinction should really be between monoweight or tapered typefaces — those that are uniform in stroke weight throughout, and those that have higher degrees of contrast between the widths of different strokes, respectively. "Just because you're used to a certain type of typeface does not mean its more legible, it just means you're used to it. Caecelia, a monoweight font, is default for the Amazon Kindle. It still has the serifs to appeal to the traditionalists, but also the monoweight for improved legibility."

Even with his new findings on what is most easily comprehensible, Hidy is still focused on what is the most visually appealing. Advocating for an approach that takes into ac-

count both ease of use and aesthetic beauty, he compares the graphic arts to fly fishing, his other passion in life: "The goal of fly tying is to get the trout interested, and even excited. When a well-designed fly mimics the aquatic food that trout eat, and is presented in a believable manner in the water, the trout will consume the fly. Likewise, graphic designers try to interest or excite readers, to get them to stop whatever they are doing, and to consume the offered content instead. The choice of a typeface is only part of the art. Whether your target is a fish, or a reader, the design and presentation of your offering is not only a challenge, but an art."

### Further Reading

This article draws upon an interview with Hidy and two sources of his, "Script and the Book" from 1977 and "Calligraphy and Letterpress in Design Education," a lecture delivered in 2005 at The Museum of Printing. Hidy also has a history of type design he wrote for the centennial of the Boston Society of Printers and which is available in Reed Special Collections. The books are interesting not only for the history they provide but because they demonstrate a shift in consciousness from the excitement of the early adopters of technology for graphic design in 1977 to a desire for the older fields of calligraphy and letterpress to have a place in the design education of those utilizing the new technologies. Originally, Hidy seems to take the outlook that the computer, by taking out the limitations of metal typesetting, typesetting and letterpress printing, would bring the book designer closer to the scribe in the way they looked at the page. In 2005 his approach is different, as he credits the advancement of technology with distancing type design from the organic beauty and elegance originally aspired to with type designers who were familiar with the writing of calligraphy and the work of lettering. ▼



# Step by Step

By GRACE FETTERMAN

The Peanut Butter Blossom Cookie was like a breath of fresh air in the Los Angeles smog, polluted by dietary vigilance and epidemic proportions of body dysmorphia. Chewy, delectable, sugar-coated balls of peanut-butter dough, with a Hershey's chocolate kiss in the middle. My mother first acquired the recipe at her weekly Mommy and Me class.

Thin-Lynn, the self-professed “endorsing wife of the *endodontist!*” — an occupation no one had really ever heard of — was assigned to bring in snacks that week. Her baby, Quinton, had nanoscale nostrils, and out of all the infants, cried the most.

“How do they taste?” Lynn, edgy and oddly ebullient, asks my mother. “I’ve never actually tried one before,” she confesses, “I don’t eat cookies, any sweets, really. It’s the only recipe I know.”

Quinton crawls over to his mother, thereby accomplishing Teacher Kathy’s “Second Milestone.”

“Teacher Kathy’s Milestones” is the more playful, less competitive alternative for what the achievements actually designate: *The Developmental Targets*. At the first Mommy and Me session, each mother was given a chart, delineating what to expect from her baby during the “one to six months” stage. The chart featured a tripartite classification: 1) Achieved Skills, which most babies should be able to fulfill; 2) Emerging Skills, which the upper fifty percent of babies can do; and 3) Advanced Skills, which only the “rarest” of babies can fulfill.

I was two years behind in physical development and a year ahead in speech and language growth. My mother says I never actually crawled, but rather rolled from room to room, like a tubby tumbleweed, mingling with friends old and new. Back then, as now, I had a lot to say, but nowhere really to be. I started babbling at three weeks and when I was five months old spoke my first sentence, “Thank you,” after my mother brought me an afternoon collation of Cheerios. “Clear as a bell,” my mother recalls, “‘Thank you, thank you,’ clear as a bell.”

A refined demeanor; one I feign to this day.

. . .

After several trips to the Orthopedic Specialist, (in the same building as Thin-Lynn’s Endodontist Husband)

I am finally fully ambulatory at the rather delayed age of three and a half. At this time, my mother is also pregnant with her second baby, another girl. Teacher Kathy has just started offering an additional “Sibling Class” through Mommy and Me to help the eldest child prepare for the new baby. My mom and I practice changing diapers on my teddy bear, Toffy, and I make various “Welcome to the Planet!” cards. We refurbish the guest room into a nursery, put the crib back together, and buy a white mobile to hang above it. My mom claims that a couple weeks prior to her due date, she overhears me giving a tour of the house to no one in particular:

*This is my room, this is the family room, this is the kitchen, this is the room the baby will sleep in, this is the bathroom...*

On the night before my mother leaves for the hospital, we make the Peanut Butter Blossom Cookies. I fall asleep when they are in the oven, not seeing the finished product until the following morning. When I awaken my parents have already left; the Cookies sitting on a wire rack to cool.

Several hours later in the Santa Monica Hospital my mother endures a uterine rupture in labor. Her name was going to be Ella. A full-term, nine-pounds, stillborn who never took a breath of her own.

*This is my room, this is the family room, this is the kitchen, this is the room the baby will sleep in, this is the bathroom...*

Months later, my mom and I return to Mommy and Me. She opens the classroom door a crack, looks inside, and then slowly shuts it. My mom closes her eyes. She asks me if we can sit at a distance from the others, “Away from the other babies.” She explains she is “just too sad” to sit alongside them.

The door opens. We are met with deafening silence.

Teacher Kathy cancels “Sibling Class” for that afternoon.

. . .

Two years later, the millennium arrives. My parents have recently adopted a seven-month-old from Guatemala, Charlotte, already walking when gently held by the fingertips. Her eyes are the darkest shade of brown, almost black. She has full, generous lips; an elfin nose. My moth-

er styles her hair in two little pig-tails, sprouting atop her head like tiny carrot greens.

One summer's afternoon, when Charlotte was two and I was seven, my mom and I bake several peanut-butter desserts: peanut butter brownies, peanut butter chocolate chip cake, and the Peanut Butter Blossoms. My mother makes Charlotte an accompanying triangular peanut butter and jelly sandwich. We turn away from her briefly to check on the Blossoms in the oven. When we look back at Charlotte, the sandwich is gone.

"There is no way she could have eaten it that fast," my mother exclaims.

We walk over to Charlotte's high chair. She's swinging her plump legs, snickering.

"Charlotte, where is the sandwich?"

She chortles.

My mother gently touches her face. A little piece of crust dangles from Charlotte's nostril.

"Oh my God, she's shoved it up her nose."

The three of us laugh hysterically as my mom makes my sister blow the sandwich out into a napkin.

• • •

At two and half, Charlotte is still slow to talk. Teacher Kathy suggests that my mother finds a speech therapist. The only actual word she can articulate is "Dad," among other invented expressions such as "Moppen-Moppen" for "more," and "Noppen-Noppen," which we believed meant, "enough."

Charlotte turns four. The two of us are sitting on the couch, watching television. She holds her arm up to mine.

"Don't match," she says to me, clear as a bell. "We don't match."

• • •

When Charlotte is seven, and I am twelve, she becomes fixated with Best Western hotels.

"When can we go to a Best Western?" she asks us everyday on the car ride to school. My mom smiles at her in the rearview mirror.

"Why do you want to go so bad?" I ask her, giggling.

"Becausseeeeeeeee!!!" She yelps, kicking the seat in front of her.

The two of us are sitting on the couch, watching television. A Best Western commercial starts playing.

"Here it is! Here it is!"

A boy with an abnormally large nose, reminiscent of Steve Martin in *Roxanne*, is at the dinner table with his family. His mother, father, and sister, have distinctly smaller noses. The boy rides the school bus, all the other children have smaller noses. He sits by himself in the back, dispirited. The boy goes to class. The teacher, students, small noses, all around. The large nosed boy resumes his place in the back.

Cut to the young boy sitting alone in a taxi. He pulls up to a Best Western, gets out of the cab, and walks into the hotel lobby. He is greeted by a man, woman, and young girl. They all share his nose size.

"See! Grace! Grace!" The long-lost relatives on TV embrace.

"They all match! They all match!"

*Don't match.*

*We don't match.*

• • •

I attend the same school for nine years until high school, when I enroll in an all-girl's school in Westside Los Angeles. I learn how "girls learn best," with a 21st century approach to pedagogy, technology, and social issues, preparing us for leadership in an ever-emerging global world. The expectations are exceedingly high. We are graded on everything from skirt length to "Field-Trip Etiquette." I receive a C in the latter.

I find the place ridiculous and barbaric, frivolous and savage. The male lunch workers quit because students continually follow them back to their cars, leaving menacingly flirtatious notes on their windshields.

I am out of my element socially and academically. I feel profoundly incompetent in every way.

The first thing I do when I get home is eat anything I can get my hands on. An entire loaf of bread, a bag of Lays, half a pint of ice-cream, two containers of frosting. I microwave marshmallows with spoonfuls of peanut butter on top. I make the Peanut Butter Blossom Cookies and eat almost all 48.

I work my ass off to receive a C in English, what used to be my favorite subject, and a D+ in math. I am rejected from the school newspaper, creative writing classes, and the "Honors" section of Sophomore English.

The bus ride home on the 405 freeway is relentlessly bumpy. I have to covertly hold my chest to keep my breasts from bouncing.

I conclude my first year of high school twenty-seven pounds heavier. My mom and I donate my grey uniform skirts.

I secretly hide one in my closet.

• • •

When I am a fifteen, I borrow my friend's laptop during rehearsal for our school musical while she is onstage practicing her monologue. There is a folder on her laptop labeled "unflattering pictures." Intrigued, I double click. There is a subset folder titled, "fat pictures-grace."

There I am. Smiling. Oblivious.

I slowly shut the laptop and look up at my friend on stage. She looks back at me. She immediately looks down. Embarrassed, but not apologetic. Mortified, but not penitent.

I am cast as a boy in this play, a “small, thankless role,” to quote my friend with the laptop. At the end of rehearsal, the director pulls me aside, and asks if I will be willing to wear an Ace bandage around my chest when we start dress rehearsals, to “bind my bosom, just a little.”

The director does not pull aside the other two girls who are playing boys.

• • •

My junior year I am lured by total restraint and restriction. I start to record everything I put inside my body, gum included. I ensure I eat no more than 500 calories a day. I do fifty crunches when I first wake up, and fifty crunches right before I go to bed. I jiggle my leg when I am sitting in class to burn additional calories. I am constantly cold. My nails start to turn a subtle shade of purple.

I lose twenty pounds in four weeks. It’s an unconditional focus, the drive for absolute transformation. My bra size decreases two sizes, my GPA rises to a 4.6.

We are having family friends over for dinner. I do push ups until they arrive. I greet them at the door. They say, “I didn’t even recognize you! You lost half of you!”

I pass on dessert.

“You are so disciplined now!” They commend me, painlessly enjoying the apple pie and Peanut Butter Blossom Cookies.

Our guests are long gone, my family is fast asleep. I lie in bed wide awake, my hands on my hip bones, hunger gnawing at my stomach. I go into the kitchen, two Peanut Butter Blossom Cookies remain.

I take three bites. Each chew followed by a prick of shame.

I put on the grey uniform skirt I have saved for two years. It falls to my ankles.

Guilt pinches where the waistline once did.

*You lost half of you.*

• • •

My mom sends me the Peanut Butter Blossom Cookies, a red mug with a “G” on it, and pug socks in a care package my freshman year at Reed. I share the Cookies with my floor-mates in MacNaughton. As I walk down the hall to recycle the box, a card falls out. It is a collage of the Real Housewives of New Jersey (RHONJ) and Michael Jackson. I laugh out loud. Charlotte has signed her name at the bottom.

A nip of homesickness. A grip of guilt.

• • •

I’ve been home for five days in late May when Charlotte says to me,

“I have to tell you something. It’s very, very bad.”

We are walking the pug, Lucy, around the block. I assume she is exaggerating, just being dramatic. And then

she rolls up her sleeve.

“Look.”

Her arm is completely lacerated, every inch covered in cuts and scars.

“I have been using a razor.”

*Don’t match.*

*We don’t match.*

• • •

My first summer home from Reed becomes the summer to bring to light all the painful revelations. The months are without much sleep. Everyday is surreal. We insulate through isolation. I dwell and dwell and dwell, looking back with heartache and forward with fear.

I arrive in Portland for my second year at Reed fifteen pounds heavier than when I left. I withdraw. I am distracted. Others find me distant and halfhearted. The surreal sensation will not soften. I am not talking enough in conference.

I am not talking enough at all.

• • •

It is the reading week of first semester, sophomore year, and I am becoming exceedingly anxious, sleeping no more than three hours a night. I have not heard from my family in days. I know something is up, I know something has happened.

In the Bidwell study room, on December 13th, 2013, my mother calls to tell me Charlotte has been admitted to the UCLA psychiatric ward.

• • •

Winter break is spent driving back and forth to UCLA, with me always having to pee while stuck in the horrendous traffic along Wilshire Boulevard. My mom, her face pale and pinched, waits for me in the car while I dash into one of the many Starbucks stores that pepper our route to UCLA.

“Sorry sorry sorry” I say over and over as she pulls back into the traffic.

“It’s okay,” she assures me. But I know it is not.

Nothing during that Winter Break comes even close to okay.

• • •

It’s Spring Break and I am home again, sitting at the kitchen table, doing homework. It is Charlotte’s first day back at her high school after completing the partial hospitalization program at UCLA.

Within two hours, the school calls home. They tell my mother she has to come pick her up.

“She is not ready. She is just not ready.”

The Volvo pulls out of the driveway and then forty five

minutes later, back in again. I hear the front door close with a bang. Charlotte is screaming, it's beyond piercing. She runs inside the house. She stands in front of me, breathless, then hurls an object in front of my laptop. She storms into her room, shrieking louder now, pounding her fist against the wall. I tip forward my computer to see what she threw. A plastic tupperware container of the Peanut Butter Blossom Cookies, baked with my mother last night to hand out to her teachers and classmates.

The school emails an hour later, informing my mother they are not equipped to "meet Charlotte's needs" any-

more.

That night, my sister emerges from her room. I am in the same spot, doing homework at the kitchen table. She picks up the thrown tupperware and places a Peanut Butter Blossom Cookie on my keyboard.

"Sorry," she says to me.

"For what?" I ask.

"I don't know."

"It's OK. I'm sorry too."

She sits in the chair next to me, and picks up the Cookie. The dough is faintly cracked. ❧

## Peanut Butter Blossom Cookies

### Ingredients

48 Hershey's Kisses  
½ cup shortening  
1 cup Reese's creamy peanut butter  
½ cup packed light brown sugar  
⅓ cup granulated sugar  
1 egg  
2 tablespoons milk  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
½ teaspoon salt  
⅓ cup granulated sugar for rolling

### Directions

Heat oven to 375 F. Remove wrappers from chocolates.

Beat shortening and peanut butter in large bowl until well blended. Add brown sugar and ⅓ cup granulated sugar; beat until fluffy. Add egg, milk, and vanilla; beat well. Stir together flour, cocoa, baking soda and salt; gradually beat into peanut butter mixture. Beat until blended.

Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until set. Immediately press chocolate into center of each cookie; cookie will crack around edges. Remove from cookie sheet to wire rack. Cool completely.

Makes 48 cookies.

# De Sastre

## The Alyosha Aesthetic

Lil' Latina, Big Pants



After being scrutinized and dissected in our last segment, I shall now comment on my colleague's collection of creative clothing. Despite being the more camera-shy of the two of us, Alexis Angulo always puts thought and consideration into her everyday look. The neutral cream flowing pantalones combined with the white tube top and the grey infinity scarf present a wonderful winter to spring transition ensemble.

In addition to its chic nature, Alexis's style is a collage of nostalgia. The tiny gold dinosaur necklace and the atlas ring are both gifts from her mother and sister. The pants were her first clothing purchase while abroad in Barcelona. The silver nail polish was a gift from a friend now abroad in Rome. She received both of her piercings on trips to Black Hole Piercing with her best friends. Alexis's style is a combination of effortless class and items from loved ones. She is beauty and she is grace. 🦖

Until next time darlings,  
— MUK

# Miss Lonely Hearts

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

In high school I had this friend. She was more of a satellite friend than anything until the fall of senior year. You see, she and I had a class together (I think it was English). For this class we had to do these group projects. As fate would have it she and I were paired up. It was quickly decided (by her) that we would work at her house on the coming Saturday. I wasn't too psyched for it, but when Saturday came around I went to her house and my word I am happy I did. I got to the house and rang the doorbell and her mom answered. I mean, my friend was pretty cute, but her mom had got it goin' on. My jaw dropped a little bit and my heart fell madly in love. After that Saturday, Stacy (my friend) and I became very good friends. We would hang out during school, but more importantly I would come over after school. Maybe we'd hang around by her pool. Whatever our plans were, I would always be sure to suggest that we go to her place just so that I could talk to her mom.

After the school year ended, Stacy's mom asked me if I wanted to make any extra money during the summer. She suggested that I mow her lawn. I was quick to agree. There was this one time in particular that I will always remember. While I was mowing the lawn, Stacy's mom came out with just a towel on. I could tell she liked me from the way she stared and the way she said "you missed a spot over there."

Well unfortunately I left for Reed at the end of that summer which meant I also left Stacy's mom before anything could happen. Last semester I decided to leave it as just a fond memory and move on, you know? But just the other day I got this text message from Stacy! It rekindled all of my emotion for her mom. I haven't responded because I didn't know what to say. Miss Lonelyheartz, she's all I want, and I've waited for so long... I know it might be wrong but I'm in love with Stacy's mom. What do I do? What do I say?

— F. Wayne

Dear Wayne,

I'm just gonna lead off with: this is super creepy. Just had to get that out there.

You say you know it might be wrong that you're in love with Stacy's mom . . . have you ever stopped and thought about *why* it might be wrong? If you're not sure what I mean, let me put in plain English. The part of your story that looks wrong to me is that you finagled your way into a friendship with a girl you hardly knew so that you could swim in her pool and ogle her mom. Oh wait, is that your whole story? Yes, I thought so. You may think that you're not the little boy that you used to be, but from my perspective you're acting simply childish.

First things first: even if Stacy's mom is particularly young, she still has a daughter who's your age. In her mind, you're not all grown up. You are not her equal. In fact, from her perspective, all you are is Stacy's friend – maybe Stacy's friend who hangs around by the pool a lot and needs

a summer job, but a friend of her daughter's nonetheless.

And speaking of that summer job? Asking the your daughter's friend to do some light housework in exchange for lemonade money does not scream "I'm into you" to me. "I'm into having a well-kempt yard," maybe, but nothing more. You'd have to be pretty well steeped in teenage hormones (not to mention a culture that assumes that every woman's body is there just for a man to stare at) to assume that she came out in a towel just for you. Maybe she glanced at the lawn on her way out of the shower.

If Stacy's not the girl for you, that's totally fine. I'm not going to make you go out on a date with her. But I'm certainly not going to encourage you to go over to her house again, either! This is just a fantasy, and Stacy's mom couldn't use a guy like you. You're in a new city at a new school filled with beautiful, smart hipsters. I mean people. Why not talk to one of them?

Back from my business trip,  
Miss Lonely Hearts ♣

# Which Reed Professor Are You?

This is a modified version of the quiz given to prospective students by *The Grail* during RAD. ▼

## Personal

Your preferred mode of transportation is:

- A sensible and safe car.
- A bicycle.
- A chariot.
- A bright purple Porsche.

You wanted to come to Reed because:

- You liked the idea of discussion-based classes.
- You truly believed in the benefits of classical Paideia.
- You heard about Doyle Owl Fights and couldn't wait to win one.
- You thought Reedies were cool and wanted to hang out with them.

Your favorite snack between classes is:

- A kale and quinoa salad.
- An apple.
- A glass of wine.
- A sandwich and a bag of chips.

## Social

At a party, you can be found:

- Standing behind people who are telling stories about you, waiting for them to notice.
- Awkwardly adjusting your sweater.
- Finishing a box of wine while yelling at a freshman.
- Basking in romantic attention.

Your go-to party outfit is:

- A hat and cool sunglasses, your voice will attract the attention you need.
- A cozy sweater and some sensible khakis.
- Spartan war attire, nice earrings.
- Partially unbuttoned dress shirt and well-fitted jeans, you're always the best-dressed at a party.

On your first day in commons and you sat:

- On your own, knowing that people would see you and come join.
- With a good book; it was one of the Hum 110 texts, but you were reading it for fun.
- With a group of people who were already sitting by demanding that they make space for you.
- With the cool upperclassmen you met on your first day here, obviously.

## Academic

Five minutes before conference you can be found:

- Walking over to conference while chatting with a friend.
- Biking over to conference from across campus.
- Already sitting in your classroom because you're never late.
- Rushing to conference so that you won't be late this time.

On the day before the first Hum Lecture you were:

- Sitting on the lawn, talking about the Iliad.
- Looking over the Iliad in Greek, as well as the translation that was assigned.
- Checking out the lecture hall, making sure that you'd have the best seat the next day.
- Basking in the sun on the lawn, enjoying the final days of your summer vacation.

When you were given the Intro Chem safety manual, you:

- Wrote your name on it and then discussed the importance of having a safety manual.
- Read it cover to cover and then explained it to your friends who didn't read it, after all: Safety first.
- Memorized every word, and recited it to your professor the next day.
- Didn't have time to read all of it, but are definitely going to be safe in the lab.

If you answered mostly A: Pancho Savery (English), B: Wally Englert (Classics), C: Ellen Millender (Classics), D: Paul Hovda (Philosophy). If you answered inconsistently you are Ben Lazier (History).



# CULTURAL CORNER

HEY EVERYONE!  
 I'm on a time crunch to write this column, and I'm stuck in a required lecture where I can't use my computer without certain professors noticing, so the format is gonna be a bit analog this week. We cool?

WITH



KANYE'S  
 SO HELP  
 ME GOD  
 UPDATE:  
 STILL NOT  
 HERE!!!

### UPCOMING CONCERTS:

- 4/29 @ DANTES  
 LIGHTNING  
 BOYZ  
 w/ LITURGY
- 4/29 @ HOLOCENE  
 YOUNG  
 FATHERS
- 4/24 @ DOUG FIR  
 MIKAL  
 CROHN
- 4/23-4/25 @ MISSISSIPPI  
 STUDIOS

## APRIL IS NATIONAL POETRY MONTH!!

Read some poetry! This is coming from someone who kinda sucks at poetry (ask the readers of my English (Qual)). But reading some poems is legitimately great for you.

Check out:

- Ben Lerner
- Terrance Hayes
- Michael Robbins
- Claudia Rankine

I'M (DEBATABLE)  
 UNREASONABLY  
 EXCITED  
 FOR

# JURASSIC WORLD

