



THE GRAIL

VOLUME IV SEPTEMBER 9, 2015

ISSUE I

INSIDE

NOIZE PARADE

STRANGE BEGINNINGS

You've been called on to defend the uniqueness of Reed. Find out about the competing definitions of that uniqueness that have shaped how we think about our college.

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GHOST BIKES

MARK ANGELES '15

This summer's remembrances in pictures: No More Ghost Bikes and other memorial services.

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HATS OFF

GRACEFUL GROUSINGS

This is the last Grouching for a while. Grace is writing her Thesis and Bartending! Wonder what The Hat Museum is like? Wonder no more.

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THE GRAIL

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ISSUE I

www.reedthegrail.com

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

Welcome back! Hope all of you had a summer season of equal or greater quality than you'd expected. If not, *The Grail* is back and ready for volume four. Inside, you'll find various summer goings-on and all the kit you'll need for the coming year. Confused about the blood-splattered Amanda Reed in the Quad? Look no further than page (2). Grace had quite the time in a hat museum, the misadventures of which are detailed within (5). Our full column circus is back in style with a DeSastre ar-

ticle (in glorious black and white) (8). The Cultural Column takes a look at works of fiction by black authors (10). Miss Lonely Hearts deals with that all-familiar spectre haunting Portland: Clarkies (9). Finally, we remember a fallen friend, colleague, and community member. Mark Angeles '15 was killed while riding his bike just days after graduating last May. Inside is a small attempt to give recognition to him and those who will miss him (1).

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

Love,

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

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No More Ghost Bikes

By JORDAN YU

On May 29th, hundreds of Portlanders gathered on their bikes at Colonel Summers City Park. From close friends to complete strangers, all came to ride in memory of Mark Angeles '15, who died two days earlier. Leaving the park at rush-hour, the pack of cyclists rode along 39th Avenue, proudly slowing the flow of cars to a crawl. They passed the white bike memorializing Mark on the corner of 39th and Gladstone, the intersection where Mark was struck and killed by truck on May 27. On June 14, friends and colleagues gathered to speak at a memorial service, which preceded another group ride around Reed. Yesterday, the Bike Co-op was dedicated to Mark, and the ceremony was followed by one last group ride. The numerous memorial services and bike rides held this summer, as well as the newly-founded Mark Angeles Memorial Fellowship, serve as a testament to the profound impact Mark had on this school and everyone who met him. Let us honor his memory every time we ride. 🚲



Amanda Reed Has to Die

A Collegiate Cosmogony for the Class of 2019

By BRIAN CLICK

My first night on campus — just over three years ago — I went out looking for *the party*. I don't really know what I expected, but what I found was a clutch of crusty upperclassmen, crouching in Sallyport sipping 40s (oh! the lost days of Olde English in glass) and keeping a weather eye out for impressionable kids like me.

One of them, who introduced himself as Big Ben, pulled me aside. Big Ben was a stout guy with a huge beard, a Classics major, I think. I've never seen him since that night — and never met anyone who knew who he was — but he singled me out to receive a lecture which, if you're a freshman, you've likely heard sometime during the past few weeks. It's the Olde Reed lecture; a warning that this community you've just joined is under threat, a call to arms to defend what makes it unique. "Reed has always been a problem and hopefully

always will be," he said, conspiratorially, before informing me that it was now *my* job to keep it one.

A few days later, my whole class was given the same charge at Noize Parade: "*Become a Reed and Reed will live and Reed will live forever!*" I wasn't quite sure who all the characters in the ritual were supposed to be, or what this ideal I was supposed to work towards was. I didn't really know, yet, how to "be a problem" or "Become a Reed." The point of this article is let you know that it's okay not to know yet, and to offer up the origins of a few common views of what we're doing here.

Nobody can tell you what your time at this extraordinary place will end up meaning to *you*. However, there are a few ideas, ideas that weave through the past century of this college's existence, about what it's meant to some of the people who

have passed through. People have been defining Reed since this campus was a cow pasture, and whether you're discussing divestment, drugs, or deadlines, you might be using the same arguments as the dead man your dorm is named after.

Who Wants to Go to a Trade School?

The quest for the college's mission began with the interpretation of Amanda Reed's will. At her death, our benefactor set aside the Reed fortune to establish an educational institution as a "means of general enlightenment, intellectual and moral culture, the cultivation and development of fine arts, and manual training and education for the people." She was also careful to rule out any "sectarian influence, regulation or control." As a Unitarian, Reed was motivated by both a philanthropic attitude towards



Reed College Library Archives & Special Collections

William Trufant Foster (President, 1910–1919) surveys the future site of Reed College.

her community and a skepticism of sectarian religion — her pastor and friend, Thomas Lamb Eliot, had often been a target for more traditional churches around town. Those were thus the two pillars of the first founding document of Reed College: the “enlightenment” of Portlanders and the rejection of religious dogma. It was up to Eliot, who had originally suggested the idea of a “Reed Institute” to the family in 1887, to translate those two ideas and three million dollars (78 million 2014 dollars) into a college.

The decision to build a liberal arts college was not, however, included in Amanda Reed’s will or dreamed up by Eliot. Your B.A. in liberal arts is the brainchild of Wallace Buttrick, who worked for a philanthropic organization called the General Education Board. Eliot and the trustees brought Buttrick to Portland to assess the state of higher education in the Northwest and determine what type of school was most appropriate. Buttrick declared that the region was already amply supplied with trade schools, and that a small college focused on undergraduate liberal arts education was sorely lacking on the West Coast. Eliot heartily approved, and despite a lawsuit by the Reeds’ disgruntled relatives (who had wanted a piece of the endowment pie) and complaints by trustee Martin Winch that Amanda Reed had *actually* wanted a trade school, the Reed Institute was chartered as a liberal arts college.

(Personally, I think that we ought to rename the administration building “Buttrick Hall” in honor of this unsung figure. “Oh yeah, I’ve got Hum 220 in the Butt in an hour.”)

Buttrick’s vision provided Reed with its focus on small-scale liberal arts education, and in doing so tossed out the “manual training” part of Amanda Reed’s will pretty much entirely — a development that has been codified by decades of tradition. Even now, students and facul-

ty remain skeptical of any attempts to focus Reed towards professional training rather than academic pursuits. (Examples include the ongoing reluctance to add more computer science classes, as well as the backlash to President Dexter Keezer’s reforms in the 1930s.)

However, the rationale for Buttrick’s idea, i.e., that Portland and the Northwest in general would be best served by a liberal arts college, thus fulfilling Amanda Reed’s desire to help the community, seems to be almost irrelevant these days. With the student body mostly composed of students from out of state, few ties to local civic organizations, and an increasing emphasis on attracting international students, Reed serves the world at large, not Portland in particular. The notorious “bubble” around campus came about by historical circumstance, not by the founders’ design. On the other hand, while Amanda Reed would probably not be impressed by “Communism, Atheism, Free Love,” future generations have fulfilled her wish to avoid sectarian domination of the college. One out of two ain’t bad.

Why Stay in College? Why Go to Night School?

While Eliot and the Trustees accepted Buttrick’s *structural* recommendations, they and their appointee as President, William Trufant “Truf-



fles” Foster, had a very particular vision for the *purpose* of their liberal arts college. Not for them was “the life of the mind.” Eliot and Foster had a more outwardly-focused vision for Reed: it was a factory for reformers, for people who would go out and change the world.

While Foster wanted Reed to be run on genuine “intellectual enthusiasm” and student-faculty cooperation, rather than “the assembly line, or loudspeaker, or sheep-dip method of education,” he did not see that intellectual enterprise as an end in and of itself. An enthusiastic believer in progress, he later poked fun at himself by recalling that “To reform the world — and quickly — I mounted my horse, spear in hand, and rode forth in all directions at once.” Excited by the lack of traditions at his new institution, he designed Reed according to his radical plan — designed it to produce people like himself.

In his article “Some Characteristics of a Good College” — which you’ll be able to read in the Student Body Handbook very soon — Foster describes a good college as an activist one: “a college imbued with that kind of democratic spirit that cooperates for the common good with all the agencies of social progress; a college with a view of its responsibility that is not shut off by campus walls... a college that, with all its idealism, makes daily, practical contact with the many sided life of a city and state, here and now.” In his day, Foster encouraged professors to involve themselves in city affairs and held annual conferences at the college to discuss reform issues. The first, in 1913, was ambitiously titled the “Conference on the Conservation of Human Life” and tackled everything from temperance to tuberculosis to the abolition of war. Foster organized twelve separate lectures on his own favorite topics, sexual education and “social hygiene.”

Foster was president of an outfit called the Oregon Social Hygiene So-

Ruth Hale

ciety (OSHS), which along with sex ed promoted several causes which Reedies would be, frankly, disgusted by today. The OSHS fervently endorsed eugenics, the segregation and cloistering of the mentally disabled, and the suppression of homosexuality. In fact, after a scandal involving a secret gay “scene” among the elite of Portland, it was Foster to whom embarrassed city fathers turned in order to promote sexual mores — and repair the image of the local YMCA.

Herein lies the danger of an activist college on the Fosterite model. By associating itself too closely with fashionable political ideas, as Reed did in the 1910s with eugenics and homophobia, the college risks being viewed as a political agent and possibly losing its impartial reputation, especially if public opinion on certain issues shifts over time. Foster’s pet causes were seen as progressive in their day, supported by those who worked for women’s suffrage and labor laws, yet today they are an embarrassment. One can see echoes of this argument on both sides of the current debate over divestment from fossil fuels — is divestment an unduly political stance, or is *not* divesting a stance that will damage the college’s legacy?

Foster’s reformist college didn’t last long. After a collapse in the college’s finances, faculty, reputation, and morale during World War I, he was succeeded by Richard Scholz. As well as introducing Hum and building the SU, Scholz gave Reed its other mode of thought: that the purpose of the college is to promote what we now call “the life of the mind.”

Comrades of the Quest describes the Scholzean philosophy as that of the “hero-scholar,” rather than the political activist. Emphasis was placed upon the advancement of human knowledge on a longer term rather than its immediate application to the outside community. The discovery of ideas, and the diligence with which they were discovered (it’s symbolically appropriate that Scholz died of “general exhaustion” a few years into

his tenure) were prized above all.

Further Scholastic Metamorphoses (F.S.M.)

The Scholzean ethic has undoubtedly been the stronger of the two throughout Reed’s history. During his short Presidency, he appointed a slew of professors who went on to serve for decades and create a strong system of faculty governance that entrenched his ideas as the Reed orthodoxy. Moments of Fosterite outward focus have been less frequent.

One came during the 1930s, when the New Deal bureaucrat Dexter Keezer was appointed President and attempted to enlist Reed in the creation of reform-minded activists. Keezer was disdainful of the impractical “bookishness” of his students, claiming that “if the Reed College buildings were burning... the job of putting out the fire might have to wait upon the conclusion of a very interesting and stimulating discussion of the effects of fire on wood and brick.”

Instead, he resumed Foster’s conferences on national issues, and attempted to fire Scholz appointees and replace them with his own men; a fruitless endeavor that got him driven out in disgrace. (Note that Keezer is the lead villain in the Noize Parade ritual, and that your dorm is *not* named after him.) His abrasive attitude, skepticism of the “life of the mind,” and apparent vision of Reed as a vocational school for public servants did not win him allies. His only successes were the introduction of arts courses and a new emphasis on PE — both of which are the most visible ways Reed interacts with the Portland community today.

Further moments of large-scale Foster-Scholz conflict came in the late 1960s, when black students and their supporters occupied Eliot Hall to demand a Black Studies program, and in the 1980s, when students protested for divestment from South Africa. Neither group was immediately successful. Divestment was never seriously considered. The Black Studies program was created, despite Schol-

zean faculty criticism that it would be too “newsy” and activist, but soon collapsed due to funding issues and institutional neglect. (The end of Black Studies deserves some study itself — thesis topic, anyone?)

However, these students and faculty members, and others like them throughout the past century, kept the debate alive about just what it means to be doing academic work here at Reed, and what should be done with a Reed education. The strictures of the faculty “old guard” began to lessen in the 1990s as a new wave of professors, including the first significant numbers of female and minority faculty members, were hired. While Reed is still geared towards abstract learning rather than crusading political activism, the flavor of that Scholzean ethic has changed to some degree, embracing topics and viewpoints previously considered too political or niche.

Foster-Scholz: Common Room?

The dichotomy I’ve been using here is absolutely, positively not the only way to look at Reed’s history. What it’s intended to show is that whatever you feel *your mission here* to be, you’ve probably got a long history of people agreeing with you. As different as our philosophies about Reed might be, they’ve all got a shared baseline: a vision of a small college governed by honor and bound by intellectual curiosity, passion, and diligence.

The next time you hear someone (including me) talking about the way Reed “should be” in a way you disagree with, remember that not everybody agrees with them, and you’re not wrong to disagree — but also recall that the two of you do have a lot of values in common. You’re both here, aren’t you? ▼

Most of the information in this article is derived from Comrades of the Quest by John Sheehy, an oral history of Reed that covers the first 90 years of the college’s existence. If you’re interested in the articles I’ve written, you might want to check it out.

A Bitch in the Boardroom, a Bore in the Bedroom, the Shrew in your Shaft

The Final Grousing

By GRACE FETTERMAN

"A self-centered life will have a tendency to confuse its selfish desire with God's will," Pancho admonishes me, as we shared a plate of Potato Champion Poutine.

"Yada, yada, yada," I mutter under my own curdy breath, Instagramming our weekly snack and chat. Hash tag: PanchoPoutine!

"Hey, Pancho, is Reed actually an expensive proctologist's office?"

"Um. . ."

"Because there are so many bleached assholes here!"

"You're just recycling your Moodle posts as jokes. Anyways, I think we both know why we are here. You're a Senior now, Grace, and it's high time you interact with subject matter that is in some way outside of your own self. Have you given any thought to my suggestion?"

"Yes, I have, but what if it gets infected?"

"Wait, what?"

"What?" I reiterate. The old me would have said, "Moron says 'what?'" in a swift and soft manner, inducing Pancho to say, "What?!" thereby categorizing him as a "moron," but my Academic Adviser told me I can't do that joke/magic trick anymore. It makes him cry.

"I mean, have you given any thought to my suggestion about volunteering?"

"Ohhhhh." My tonality moves from a high pitch to a low one, conveying both my newfound understanding and wide vocal range. "I thought you meant. . ."

"No, no. No need."

"Well, OK then. Anyways, yes, I think I'm going to volunteer at this yarn store on 39th."

"Oh, that sounds like an excellent idea. You are so good at knitting. Why, I'm wearing what you made me right now! I just love it," he sings my praises while futzing around with the fluffy fringes. "All the professors always compliment me on it. If I'm not careful, Margot might pull the wool over my eyes and steal it!"

"But surely you would recognize it on her, Pancho," says the advisee, becoming the adviser.

"Yes, yes, that's true. You are so wise. I have so much to learn from you. Say, have you had a chance to take a look at my screenplay yet?"

"Pancho, I promise you I will get to it! I have to read Wally's first, you know that."

"Yes, yes. I'm sorry I keep bringing it up. If you're thinking to yourself as you read it, 'This is very *Legally Blonde* meets *Tootsie*,' then I've done my job! But I really hate writing. I love having written. You know what I mean?"

"Yes, Pancho, don't I ever?"

"Can I share this joke with you I've been working on?"

"By all means."

Pancho rubs his hands together, and closes his eyes.

"So, I changed my iPhone's name to 'Titanic' the other day. And it's *syncing*."

I get the pun right away. It might be a "thinker," for others, but not for me!

"That's pretty funny, Pancho. Good thing you are leaving the delivery to the actor, though. You kind of trail off at the end."

"Yes, good point. *Anyways*, I'm so sorry I always do this; make it about me. You are just such a good listener."

"Please don't apologize, Pancho. And to go back to your original question; yes, it seems like offering my services at the yarn store on 39th, will be a real ball! From what I understand, it's where you go to knit to 'get back into the swing of things.' And it's a great place to meet other couples who love knitting. They even have hot tubs!"

Well, turns out the Velvet Rope isn't a yarn store. Boy, did I look foolish with my knitting needles and my periwinkle mittens.

But you know what? I've had enough with being so trusting, so unworldly, so. . . callow. I want to be, I want to be. . . **citified**. Yes, yes. I want to be. . . **IN THE KNOW**.

I want to be **sub rosa**. I want to be a . . . a . . . **Muckraker!**

And so, I've set out to expose every seemingly wholesome spot in Portland for what it truly is.

First destination: *The National Hat Museum*, which one would assume, of course, is a euphemism for *penis shelter*.

I text my wingman and part time acupuncturist, Maddy Appelbaum:

"Maddy, we're muckraking the Penis Shelter on Tuesday, September 1st. Muck Boots are not required, but strongly recommended."

After getting lost in all the Ladd's Addition circles, Pancho drops us off outside a fairly unremarkable looking house. It is painted in shades of purple and pink, surrounded by a wrought iron fence. A variety of shrubs soften the corners of the house.

"I'm on to you, penis shelter," I suspiciously sussurate like a stealthy sleuth. "I'm on to you."

A woman opens the front door. Her face is obscured as she stands behind the screen. This is clearly a powerplay, but we'll see who shits on the sidewalk.

"Hello, and welcome to *The National Hat Museum*. You must be Maddy and Grace. Come on in!"

Maddy unlocks the iron latch, adorned with a purple, decorative hat. We advance towards the penis warden behind the screen door.

The woman steps forth. She is no spring chicken, my guess she is in her mid to late seventies. Or maybe even eighties? No, no, probably not eighties. Sorry.

Her willowy figure is dressed like a widow, wearing a black, long and demure dress. On her hands are lace gloves and hefty jet stone rings.

"I'm Alyce, and I will be your tour guide this afternoon. You young ladies have a lot to see."

She leads us inside the house. Needless to say, the foyer is brimming with hats; here, there, and everywhere. The air is palpably unventilated, making my tongue feel a bit fusty and stale, like when you gulp too much coffee.

"Here we are," I think to myself, "trapped in the brashness of the moment." There is no why. The ice caps are melting, but these caps, under the tutelage of Alyce, are clearly indissoluble. We are hemmed in by the hemming, bitches becoming stitches. My scalp itches.

Alyce tells us we have over 1,000 hats to see today. The museum houses five different collections: on the main floor there are over 160 years of women's hats, upstairs harbors the men's hat section, the novelty hats, "additional women's hats," and the "International Hat" collection in the house's basement.

The penis caretaker gave us a history of the neighborhood, and told us about William S. Ladd, the mayor of Portland, the first president of the Port of Portland, head of the Ladd bank and water bureau.

"Mr. Ladd owned this rectangular piece of property and he kept putting off what he wanted to do with it. Then he had *some work to do* in Washington DC." This vague

and intriguing statement had my imagination running on overdrive.

"Have you ever been to Washington?" Alyce asks us.

Maddy nods. Even though I had also been to DC, I shake my head by accident, kind of like when you tell the waitress you'll have the fajitas when you mean to order the margherita pizza.

And like an indecent Mary Poppins, Alyce whips out a birds-eye view sketch of DC, attached to a yard stick, from her compact purse. She holds the diagram out, just a little too close to our faces.

"Then you may remember these diagonal streets and circles. Ladd came back from Washington with his plan for Ladd's Addition." Alyce flips the stick over to its opposite side, revealing a 1922 map of the Ladd neighborhood.

Pointing with her bejeweled and laced hand, she informs us, "Here we are in this house at 1928 SE Ladd. This major boulevard here is Hawthorne. At the time, it was called Asylum Street because there was an insane asylum about three blocks from here and it was managed by the compassionate Dr. Hawthorne, so that's how the street got its name," Alyce educates us in the passive voice.

In the manner of a gloating stage mom, Alyce recounts the house's TV appearances, including HGTV'S program *If Walls Could Talk*, the national Leeza Gibbons show, *AM Northwest*, *Good Day Oregon*. It has also been featured in many newspapers and magazines, including the *Wall Street Journal* and *VIA*, *AAA's* magazine, and the *National Inquirer*.

"Now for a hundred and sixty-five years of women's hats."

We walk over to the oldest hats in the collection, dating back to 1845. Behind the glass case is a small, bonnet-like Chantilly lace hat, with two blue bows, one in the front and one in the back.

"Look closely." Alyce reveals a magnifying glass from her shamanistic purse, and hands it to Maddy.

"Can you see that the love knot stitch is no bigger than half an inch?" Maddy holds up the magnifying glass to the transparent case, and gives the hat a once over. Maddy smiles at Alyce, as if to say, "Well, would you look at that! No bigger than half an inch!" My wingman tries to hand me the magnifier, but Alyce seizes it from her before I can get a gander. From this point forward, Alyce completely disregards my presence. She conducts the tour as if it is Maddy's private one, and never looks at me again. I'm a bit peeved, but not all that surprised, as I seem to make more adversaries everyday. Instead of avowing our friendship, Maddy just kind of goes along with it. It is then that I realize these two have been in cahoots all along. What a couple of twittlefucks. Guess I am my own part time acupuncturist. It's up to me to write the revolutionary exposé and liberate all the penises in this godforsaken penis penal institution.

After we, or rather, *Maddy*, sees this Civil War hat, we

move on to the “Victorians,” and the “Edwardians.” The latter collection is marked by the age’s extensive optimism.

“The Edwardian period was also called the Belle Epoque or the Good Years. Most of the world was at peace. There was no income tax and you could spend a lot of money with little consequence. Everything was over-the-top: architecture, interior design, clothing, and especially the hats.”

Alyce winks at Maddy. Out of the corner of her eye, probably a glass eye, (knowing her) the tour guide catches a glimpse of me frantically inscribing her every word in my handy-dandy, muckraking notebook.

“You don’t have to take notes, you know,” she scoffs.

“Yeah, Grace, that’s a bit rude. You should be giving Alyce your undivided attention,” Maddy rushes to the defense of her new best friend.

Well I never!

But before I could formulate a saucy remark, the crone continued her spiel.

The titanic hats that typify the Edwardian period are juxtaposed with the cloche — which is French for “bell”— flapper style hat of the 1920s. The hats are tight fitting, “a confident style that hugs the face,” with simple adornments. Most of them have a single strand of ribbon along the side. Alyce explains how the women’s cloche hat reflects the events of the decade. “Women finally won the right to vote, and the speakeasy culture fostered independent, cigarette-smoking, alcohol-drinking women who were not afraid to express themselves and defy the law.”

“You’d know all about that, wouldn’t you, you dirty wrongdoer you.”

“Maddy, what on earth is she talking about?”

“I don’t know Alyce, she just get likes this sometimes.”

Even my close friend in whom I trusted, who ate my bread, who alleviated my chronic lower-back pain, has lifted her heel against me. . . .

The next compilation of hats is from 1960–1970. This period is characterized by the pillbox hat. This display features a picture of Jackie Kennedy at her husband’s presidential inauguration in 1961 in her white, pillbox hat, which later became her trademark.

Alyce leads us into what used to be the house’s kitchen, where we explore the chef’s hat. Of an ancient Assyrian design, this hat had what Alyce calls “special symbolic meaning in France.” Each one of the hat’s pleats represented a different way to make eggs. In order to be considered a master chef one had to demonstrate that he or she could make eggs in a variety of ways.

“Wearing this hat was like wearing your diploma right on your head. The person with the tallest hat, in all cultures from Egyptian to Polynesian, was the one with the most power. The Head Chef managing the kitchen had the tallest hat.”

The nurse’s cap is an additional example of “wearing your diploma right on your head.” Every nursing school

had their own distinctive cap.

“This is why graduation was called the ‘capping ceremony,’” Alyce edifies.

“It is now time for the man’s hat portion of the tour. We begin with the trilby, Frank Sinatra’s favorite. Photos of Frank in his many trilby hats are in his book, *The Way You Wear Your Hat*. He was so accustomed to wearing hats that he even wore one when he was recording in the studio. People who worked with Sinatra said that you could tell what kind of a mood he was in by the way he wore his hat. This was a good thing since he was known to have a bit of a temper.”

“I am such a Sinatra fan,” I speak up, for I’ve stayed silent for far too long. “I think my favorite of his is ‘Crocodile Rock.’”

“Grace,” Maddy looks nauseated, “that’s Elton John.”

“Um, no it’s not.”

“Grace, it is.”

“No it’s NOT! ‘I remember when I was young, / Me and Suzie had so much Donne,’ as in they had so much John Donne reading to do!”

“You’re such a numbskull.”

“Anywaaaaayyyys,” Alyce is unamused. God forbid she isn’t the center of attention for two seconds, jeesh!

“Now we will look at Dean Martin’s favorite style of hat, the Pork Pie hat! Why is it called a Pork Pie hat, you ask? Well. . . .”

“Alright, alright, cut the crap Alyce,” I interrupt.

Enough is enough.

“Where are the penises?”

“Excuse me?”

“For God’s sake woman, we’ve known from the get go that *The Hat Museum* is a front for a penis shelter. Now, do what I say. I command you to show me your penises!”

“Grace, if you continue speaking to me like this, I am going to have to ask you to leave.”

I start to lift up each of the hats, one by one.

“Hats off! Hats off, Alyce! Are they under here? Or how ‘bout here? Or they under this one? The fedora? The bowler? Or HOW ABOUT THE PORK PIE?”

“OK. You caught me, Grace. This is a penis shelter. In fact, it’s the only one in the States. Come this way.”

With hat in hand, Alyce shows us to the exit.

“Good luck on your Theses, bitches!” she clamors, and slams the screen door from whence she came.

Well, turns out *The Hat Museum* is *all hats and no cattle*.

And alas, no penises. ❧

This concludes the Graceful Grousings column. . . for now. Thank you so much for reading; consider yourselves hugged.

De Sastre Shirt to Skirt



Emilio Pucci. James Beard. Gary Snyder. Stripadillas. Reedies have always had a reputation for innovation and creativity. Case in point, Emily Merfeld. At first glance, one might think her skirt is just a skirt, but she has in fact has turned a shirt *into* a skirt. The creativity does not stop there! She continues to build on it with the contrasting plum purple of her shirt adding to the orange sherbet palette, starting the year in a burst of color.

Remember that party where that guy was dancing on the table in his underwear? We're more interested when Reedies wear clothes. So welcome back to De Sastre! Find us around campus so we can shoot your style! [Prerequisite: Clothes] ♣

x,
aa & muk

Miss Lonely Hearts

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

In the Spring, I signed up to take a course at Lewis and Clark College through Reed. I went to our registrar's office and filled out my paperwork, and Ben promised me that all would be figured out over the summer. On the Monday of O-Week, however, a scary thing happened. I checked my mail and addressed to (my name and mailstop) 3203 SE Woodstock Blvd was a tuition bill for \$22,000 from Lewis and Clark! Following this obviously startling bill, I've started receiving installments of the Weekly Bark, which I *must* say is both more concise and perhaps more exciting than SB Info. I've even considered buying a Pioneers sweatshirt, and have entered their bookstore raffle to see if they will pay for my textbooks for this semester. I want to maintain my Reed spirit but their campus is beautiful, their lawns aren't filled with smokers, and I swear, even their squirrels seem a little more alive than ours. They crawl up the trees filled with youthful vigor and don't seem to be plagued with a sense of stress about upcoming paper due dates.

What should I do, Miss Lonely Hearts? I just want to be able to enjoy Daft Ball without hearing jokes about what a Reedie and a Clarkie have in common. (answer: they both applied to Reed.)

Signed,
Reed's Confused Pioneer

Dear Pioneer,

This is a scary new time for you — you're returning to your long-term relationship with Reed, settling back into a routine, and remembering that, though you love it, it does things that drive you just crazy. It's like: take your Commons dishes off the porch sometimes, Reddie! Do you think I'm your servant? Amidst all of this confusion and stress, a new player waltzes into your life. A romance with it would be carefree and easy, full of walks on a campus/nature preserve and football games played on an actual football field. It sometimes seems like Reed doesn't even know what football *is*, much less that it cares.

Look, I'd be the first to admit that Reed is sometimes hard to love. Reed can be high-maintenance and difficult to reason with. Often it seems like Reed's favorite thing to do is stress out about its thesis. And as you've noticed, we haven't yet successfully trapped all of the smokers in the underground bunkers where they belong. But as with any long-term relationship, you have to love your college. . . flaws and all. Do you remember why you fell in love with Reed in the first place? Was it the wild abandon of Renn Fayre? Long conversations you had in your common room, not realizing that the sun was rising? Livy, inexplicably? Reed hasn't lost any of those things! You just have to remember how to find them! Amongst your paper deadlines and thesis proposals, all those magical moments are still there.

You have to understand, Pioneer, you can't have both. You can double down and recommit to your relationship with Reed, or you can set out on something new with Lewis and Clark. But don't expect Reed to welcome you back after you've been on another college campus. You'll be like "it's fine, baby! I haven't changed!" while you're climbing on the roof of Kaul and groping girls at Daft Ball. But you know what, Pioneer, you *have* changed. Reed *won't* hook you up with some molly, so you'd better find Eliot Circle and get back on your party bus, because if you decide to run off to Lewis and Clark, YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE ANYMORE.

Choose wisely.
Miss Lonely Hearts ♣

Cultural Column: Black Comedy

By CHARLIE C. WILCOX

If you were asked what the most important political or social development in the United States has been in this past year, what would you say? Donald Trump, right? Nah, or at least I hope not. A healthy amount of you would probably say the continued development and growth of the Black Lives Matter movement, and rightly so. As such, one of the most timely and essential books to come out in the recent months is Ta-Nehisi Coates's *Between the World and Me*. Taking on the form of James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*, Coates writes a long essay-letter to his son, describing his hopes and worries about his son's continued existence in a society that actively destroys black and brown bodies. Coates's sentiments are heartrending, and one leaves this book feeling both furious and numb. Put simply, *Between the World and Me* is a Serious Book. But it is also a serious book, which is why I'm not discussing it here today. I'm discussing funny books.

Although the social and racial climate of America seems to be in dire shape (as per usual, one could add), not every work of literature that deals with these issues has to be equally as severe. Case in point: Paul Beatty's new novel *The Sellout*, my favorite novel of 2015 so far, and also the funniest thing I've maybe ever read. Like an Ishmael Reed satire turned up to eleven (and minus most of the misogyny), Beatty sets out to skewer any and all stereotypes that have been forced upon black people since the antebellum era. To give you an idea, the plot centers on a young black man living in an agrarian ghetto of Los Angeles who, through a series of misadventures, is brought against the supreme court for bringing back slavery and segregation to the United States in order to turn his neighborhood around (and it worked!) The opening prologue, basically one long joke about Clarence Thomas, is worth the price of admission itself. It seems like Beatty read Henry Louis Gates' *The Signifying Monkey* and decided to bring the lineage started by Richard Wright to its next logical conclusion. Someone might eventually come and be able to signify upon *The Sellout*, but for now, Paul Beatty has firmly established himself as one of the greats.

Another book to look out for is *Oreo*, by Fran Ross, recently reissued by New Directions. Marketed as "one of the few works of satire by an African-American woman" (a dubious claim if I've heard one), *Oreo* is a near perfect encapsulation of the mid-1970s in which it was written. Fran Ross wrote material for Richard Pryor, and it shows in this joke-a-minute retelling of the Theseus myth, with Theseus being played by a black Jewish teenage girl called Oreo. Ross's cinematic verve makes the novel feel like a vintage Woody Allen flick with a little bit of blaxploitation

thrown in for good measure. The key difference between this work and those reference points is the strong female voice threaded throughout *Oreo*. You better believe this work is anti-misogynistic, with beatdowns of pimps and a troupe of women wandering New York at night castrating men. *Oreo* depicts a vital American experience, and it is near-criminal that it has gone widely unread. If you are looking for a groundbreaking intersectional text that can also make you double over, look no further.

The last novel I want to bring up is one that I am currently reading, *Welcome to Braggsville*, by T. Geronimo Johnson. *Welcome to Braggsville* can cut dangerously close to home for many a Reed student; it centers around D'aron Davenport, an earnest white boy from the south who finds himself part of the wider world for the first time when he enrolls in Berkeley. From there, the novel launches itself into a satire of campus politics not so far removed from arguments you might see on certain Reed facebook pages. For example, D'aron meets his three main friends at a dot party (which is when you wear a dot somewhere on your body if you are open to making out, a practice that hasn't quite made it to Reed yet, apparently) because they are all accused of being offensive to Indians for wearing their dots on their foreheads by a white upperclassman. From there, this new group of friends enroll in "American History X, Y, and Z: Alternative Perspectives," and for their final project, decide to return to D'aron's hometown of Braggsville in time for the Civil War reenactment. At the reenactment, they plan to perform a mock lynching in order to criticize the southerners' romanticization of the "War of Northern Aggression." As you can guess, things do not go well. This book juggles both a critique of contemporary liberal academia as well as the conservative south's more outright racism and does so with aplomb. If you are interested in *Welcome To Braggsville*, T. Geronimo Johnson is giving a reading this Thursday September 10 at the Powell's on Hawthorne, at 7:30. I'll be there, hopefully you will be too.

There are a ton of other readings happening this month as well, including some legendary names. Here are just a few that you should check out: Salman Rushdie on September 13, Andres Neuman on September 16, Bill Clegg on September 20, Joy Williams in conversation with Karen Russell on September 21, and Mary Karr in conversation with Cheryl Strayed on September 25. Powell's doesn't always have months as great as this, but every once and a while they lay down straight fire, and this is one of those times. ♣