

# THE GRAIL

VOLUME IV SEPTEMBER 24, 2015

ISSUE II



INSIDE

AMTRAK ATTACK

## NO TRAIN, NO GAIN II

Take a ride on the slow train to Portland. Follow the journey of a sophomore from one home to another.

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PLANT NEWS

## DOUGLAS FURY

If a tree falls in Eastmoreland is anybody around to hear it? A lot of people actually: Maddy reports on the protest saga.

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PUPPIES!

## DOGS & THEIR HUMANS

There are some new faces around Reed, not human faces, but dogs faces. Read the first installment of our dogs at Reed series.

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www.reedthegrail.com

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## FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

You are looking beautiful tonight! Did you get a haircut? New shoes? Something about you. . . is different. . . uhhh. . . anyway, want to get ice cream with me tonight? I read about these great new ice cream places in Portland (6). Ohh. . . you're lactose intolerant? Hmmm, well wanna go see that new movie *Grandma*? I read about it in *The Grail* (10). Wait, you don't like movies? That's cool I guess. Are you into, like, activist stuff? Did you hear about these developers cutting down a 100 year-

old tree right next to Reed (1)? You. . . you don't like trees? What? Okay, ummm. Oh! Have you seen the cute dogs around campus, they are soooooo sweet (8)! Wow. You don't like dogs? What kind of person. . . Do you like advice columns (9). Train rides (4)? Fashion (7)? What the hell. You are literally the most boring person ever. Goodbye.

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

Love,

Brian, Jordan, Lauren, and Vikram

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## CONTRIBUTORS

Alexis Angulo  
Maddy Appelbaum  
Jaime Archer  
Max Carpenter  
Vikram Chan-Herur  
Katie Charney  
Thanh Chu  
Brian Click  
Lauren Cooper  
James Curry IV  
Ruben de la Huerga  
Madeline Engelfried  
Grace Fetterman

Mike Frazel  
Guananí Gómez  
Ruth Hale  
Alexa Harris  
Moirra Hicks  
Annelise Hill  
Dylan Holmes  
Erika Hurth  
Isabel Meigs  
Emily Merfeld  
Maria Maita-Keppeler  
Charles Nunziato  
Aysha Pettigrew

Sam Ramirez  
Clara Rice  
Zoe Rosenfeld  
Noah Samel  
Brendan Sorrell  
Blake Stewart  
Mia Uribe Kozlovsky  
Charlie C. Wilcox  
Benjamin Williams  
August Wissmath  
Rémi Yang  
Jordan Yu  
Lia Zallar

# Tree People

By MADDY APPELBAUM

Early in the week of September 14, 2015, an exciting story burst into view within the Reed College bubble. This tale of intrigue was replete with all elements of newsworthiness: a villainous corporation, hungry for money at the expense of the community, heroic neighbors prepared to face dire consequences in order to stand up for what is right, and a clock ticking on impending doom, in the form of a wood chipper poised outside of a lot on 36th and Martins.

The scene is set on the morning of September 16, when people started to gather around the three massive 100 year-old sequoias in a lot not far from campus. Some had been there for days, since the first rumblings of a tree-cutting crew were heard through the neighborhood early Monday morning. Squinting into the sun, on-lookers could glimpse a man seated 40 feet in the air, on a platform attached to a mighty redwood. Within a few hours, somewhere around 40 police officers crowded the lot, streets were blocked off, and rally cries were heard. News outlets were shepherded around barricades to record the event from adjacent lots. Cue the lights, cameras roll, and the narrator's deep voice booms: Will the residents of Eastmoreland be able to save the trees from the evil corporation?

Before our story continues, let's meet the cast.

Playing the villain is land development corporation Everett Custom Homes. "They don't build custom homes, they have five cookie cutter huge suburban mansions that they put on these lots, where they leave no trees, they leave no spaces for gardens... it just doesn't belong in our neigh-

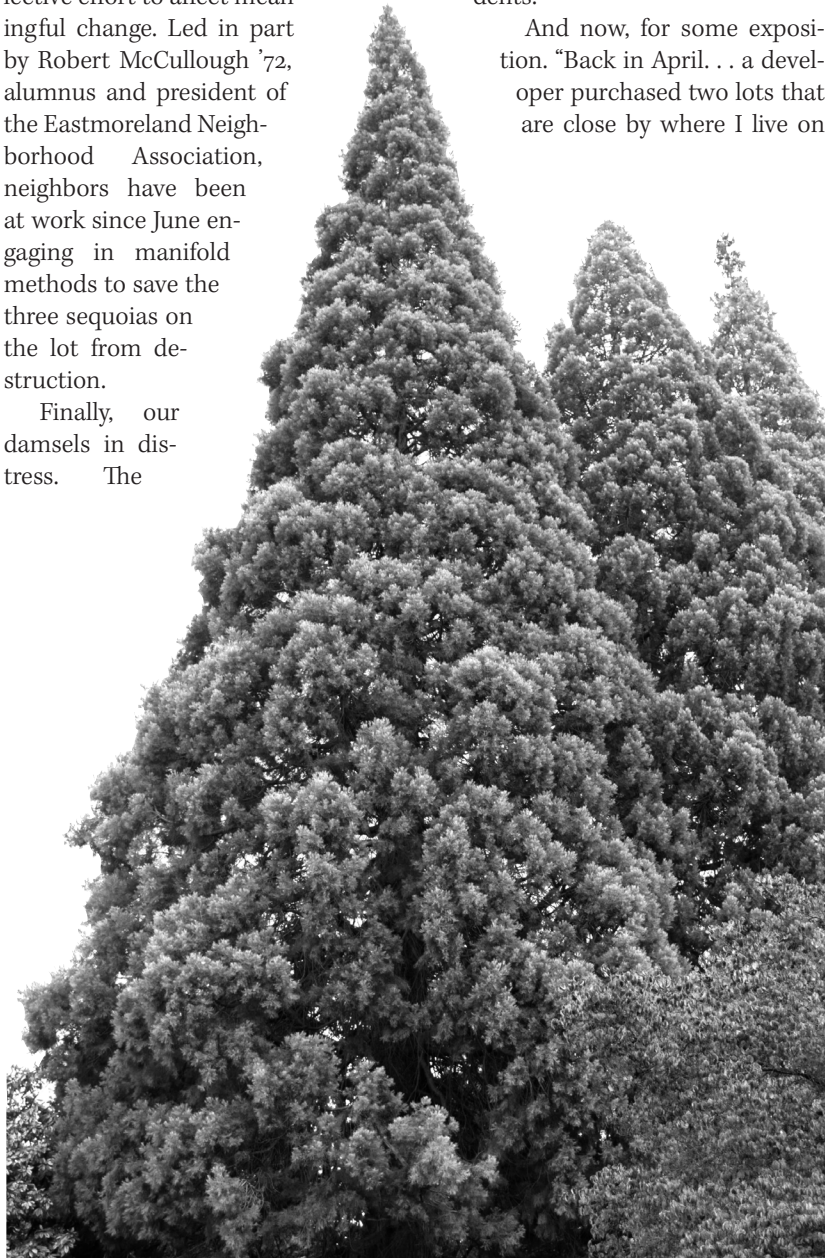
borhoods in Portland," said Doug Fix [2000-, history]. He has been involved in the protests for several months.

Playing the hero is the Eastmoreland community, a ragtag group who realized the power of collective effort to affect meaningful change. Led in part by Robert McCullough '72, alumnus and president of the Eastmoreland Neighborhood Association, neighbors have been at work since June engaging in manifold methods to save the three sequoias on the lot from destruction.

Finally, our damsels in distress. The

three redwood trees that have been standing for about 100 years on a residential property in Eastmoreland. Towering over the neighborhood at 150 feet tall, these giants hold special meaning to the surrounding residents.

And now, for some exposition. "Back in April... a developer purchased two lots that are close by where I live on



Alexa Harris

Carlton Street. . . the neighbors didn't realize until June. . . that something was going on," said Fix. "The neighbors got together with the developer that day in late June and tried to convince him to keep the trees. . . or sell the lot to them, and he wouldn't budge, in fact he gave them an outrageous price — \$250,000 more than he got the two lots for," he continued.

Fix got involved in the efforts to save the tree in late June, when a neighbor alerted him to the issue and solicited a donation, which he happily gave.

For months, the neighbors were involved in negotiations with Everett Custom Homes. After realizing it would be impossible to raise the money the corporation was insisting on, "we presented him with an alternative idea which was to realign the lots themselves. . . to keep the trees there as either a backyard or front yard and then put two smaller houses on the lot that didn't have the trees," said Fix.

Despite these continuing negotiations however, over the weekend of September 11, an ominous fence went up around part of the property, concerning neighbors. This prompted those involved to "[start] creating a list to alert people about urgent developments involving the trees," said Fix.

Then, the plot thickens. "Monday morning around 8:30. . . I got a notification. . . and I ran over," said Fix. Everett had sent over tree cutters.

In the stark face of the violence of that act, protesters mobilized. "There were cars in the way that would not allow the chipper to back up onto the lot. It was actually pretty hectic," said Fix. The protest continued to escalate and "when the president of the neighborhood association arrived he walked right on to the lot, and many of us followed him, and we were around the trees which prevented [the tree cutters] from actually doing any work," he continued.

By the afternoon the police had

been called in, and protesters were forced to decide if they were willing to be arrested for their cause. Though no arrests were made that day, the presence of the police galvanized protesters, and they redoubled their efforts.

Among those present when the police arrived were some members of the Reed community. Earlier, Fix had reached out to former student Mick Song '15, who, along with Paul Messick '15 and Alex Krafcik '16, had spread the word about the situation over social media.

"Maggie Hoffman '16 and several other Reedies were there at the Martins Street site on Monday morning," said Fix. "If Maggie. . . and the other three to four Reed students had not been there with us on Monday morning, when the tree cutters arrived, we might not have been able to save the trees," he continued.

Later in the week, more Reedies began to involve themselves in the protest. "We were speaking to one of the organizers and when we told her



*Protesters invoke the legend of the Lorax at the tree protest.*

*Alexa Harris*

we were from Reed she exclaimed "Finally! Where the hell have you all been! It's about time," said Robby Murphy '18, Greenboard member. "This really brought things into perspective. Such an important thing was happening in our community, but we had invested so little support, while others were taking time off their full time jobs," he said.

Once the sun set and the police left on Monday, neighbors concocted a new plan for community engagement, and it was most certainly a horse of a different color. On Tuesday families were encouraged to bring their children to come see the trees, in order to bear witness to their beauty, and serve as witnesses should they be removed. "That day a lot of people came over, the activists on the inside. . . opened up the gates, and it was actually a very beautiful day. . . somewhere around 400 people came by to look at the trees that day," said Fix.

It was that evening that "the tree sitter David Walter came over to the sight. . . he said he needed to go take care of a bit of business, but that he was coming back and he had time on his hands," said Fix. Walter serves as the unlikely hero in our story. "He had never climbed a large tree like that ever before in his life," said Fix. Despite this lack of experience, he was willing, under the guidance of activists, to ascent the limbless first twenty feet of one of the trees, and perch himself, indefinitely, on a platform 40 feet above the ground.

Walter's presence, and the continued insistence of the protesters, was beginning to bring the situation to a head. On Wednesday morning "people gathered fairly quickly" at the lot, said Fix. "Then there was a stand off and that lasted for most of the day," he continued. "The police tried to get the tree sitter to come down, and he was very smart, he paid no attention to them at all."

Though the protests had been an object of fascination and discussion around Portland all week, Wednesday brought particularly extensive

media attention. "I was there all of the morning. . . and gradually as the TV crews showed up we were able to guide them into neighbors lots, so they could get in to see the tree sitter more closely. . . I ferried in probably four different TV crews," said Fix.

That afternoon found McCullough in intense negotiations with Everett, mediated by the Mayor's office. Fix reports that none of the protesters were aware of the contents of those talks.

While the negotiations proceeded, though, in a final act of malice, Everett sent in tree cutters again. "I think this was just a tactic to force the people who were negotiating. . . to agree to his, what I still think is an outrageous, deal."

Don't despair, in the triumphant climax of our story, the music swells, there's not a dry eye in the house and — "there were so many people there on Martins Street at the time, that we got together and literally forced the tree cutters out of the area," said Fix.

Later that day a deal was struck with the developer, the police left, and, finally, the unlikely hero was able to come down from the tree. "It was merely meeting the demands of the developer to put up earnest money on Friday. . . papers will be signed in the next few days and then the lot will belong to the neighbors," said Fix.

So, did the kids save their neighborhood? This time, the answer was yes. However, this wide eyed view of protest in action, while exciting, does not encompass the whole problem, one endemic to our expanding city.

"Part of the reason people got involved had to do with the fact that Everett Custom homes, and the younger generation that has been managing it. . . has been tearing down houses, fine houses, houses that could be remodeled or left, and cutting down trees in this area for at least a couple years," said Fix.

The cause of this turmoil seems to go back to the same problem plaguing many American cities: too many people and not enough space. "When the city decided that it did not want

to expand beyond its boundaries. . . but knew that the future migration into the city was going to be large, because of Portland's relatively good climate. . . as a living site, they decided the policy to take on was. . . the fill-in, but they did not provide the right kind of guidance for that kind of a policy, and then the economy got better and developers decided to invest, and they invested rapidly," Fix said.

Though there does not seem to be a clear way to solve these problems before they occur, Fix is hopeful for other neighborhoods using the same methods that Eastmoreland employed. He believes that neighbors coming together, and organizing effectively, can have the power to stop bulldozers in their paths. . . or wood chippers, as the case may be.

When I think of trees back home in the northeast, I think of the green or red-orange, or sometimes naked blurs they become when I am driving down the highway. I think of a certain mid-sized model I climbed to the lowest branch of as a kid, and I think of the way I colored them in in elementary school, brown trunks with a black hole in the center and bushy greens on top. Generally amiable, typically friendly, occasionally tripping and taking out power lines.

I think if I had grown up in the Pacific Northwest I would have drawn trees differently. The firs, cedars, and sequoias that are first visible from the window of the plane as it sails lower over the landscape are magnificent even from great heights. The spirit of awe they inspire transcends the everyday. These trees prompt average people to give up mornings and afternoons and mental space to fight for their survival.

"I grew up in an area of eastern Colorado where there are almost no trees, you can count all the trees," said Fix. So now that he is here in Portland, "I just love the trees," he finished. ❧



# *Amtrak State of Mind*

By GUANANÍ GÓMEZ

My suitcase is too heavy. We enter the renovated Union Depot in St. Paul, full of marble and murmurs. The train's arrival is delayed in strange increments: 10:17, 10:23, 10:41 P.M. My mother and stepfather stand on either side of me, making jokes and pressing close. Finally, the striped silver cars roll into the station, glistening with fresh rain.

I thought saying goodbye would be easier this year, since we already know what to expect. I still find myself wiping tears from my eyes as I join the stampede of passengers following the employee yelling, "Portland, this way!"

With a friend's recommendation, I decided to take the train from Minneapolis to Portland on my way back to Reed, a 28-hour ride. It would be a smooth transition, I thought, from my humdrum summer to the busyness of Reed.

The Twin Cities slide by in a rainy blur, and I wave goodbye to the grain elevators that loomed over my childhood. The train is unbelievably chilly; everyone else knew to bring blankets and sweatshirts. I curl up as best I can with my damp raincoat and several pairs of frisbee shorts draped across my legs.

Waking up with the warmth of the sun through the window, I wriggle out of my seat in time to get out in Minnot, North Dakota. I step off onto the

station sidewalk and admire a broken window, stretch stiff legs, cough as a crowd of desperate smokers lights up beside me. In high school I heard that students usually choose to go to college within 500 miles of their hometown. Looking out at the dry, flat land and dusty storefronts, I'm glad that I chose to go farther.

"All aboard!"

My phone dies. Places replace time. I stare out of the observation car's window walls. At some point we cross into Montana. Golden wheat fields reach out into infinity. A ranger dispenses factoids about combines and yearly bushel exports through a microphone. Every once and awhile a ram sprints away from the train.

We roll through Glasgow, Havre, Shelby. Nowhere has a lot of names, and the urban kid in me is amazed that people live so far apart from each other. A woman with wild gray hair snaps pictures of the endless grass and hillocks every few seconds. A man at one of the booth tables unrolls blueprints, squints at them intently, then nods, licks the tip of his pen, and scribbles into a notebook. Most of us stare at the wheat in silence.

I clear my throat and decide to make conversation. The man sitting across the aisle is getting off in Whitefish, Montana. He lives on a mountain near Canada, and proudly proclaims he lives 50 miles from the closest Mc-

Donalds. Two days ago, a lightning strike started a raging wildfire that reduced his beloved forests to charcoal. His wife has been posting pictures of the devastation on Facebook.

"Were you visiting family in the Cities?" I ask, looking for something brighter.

"Funeral," he says.

I venture toward the dining car, stumbling down the narrow aisle and through science fiction doors between cars, ready for a break after three meals of trail mix. I'm seated with two older women wearing name tags and sipping out of plastic wine glasses, on their way to the first stop on an Amtrak-sponsored national park tour. To avoid the usual conversation about pronunciation and origin, I lie and tell them my name is Amy. We are joined by a Danish tourist, Niels, who is blonder than snow and on his way to a solo backpacking trip. One of the ladies, Nancy, saw Martin Luther King give a speech three months before he was shot.

Everyone is looking forward to the Rockies, a promised break from the wheat. Half the strangers I've spoken to are on the way to Glacier National Park. A family of three sitting in a booth explodes into laughter as they finish a game of Apples to Apples. In an unusual moment of boldness, I slide into their booth and invite myself into the next round. The two sib-

lings offer grins dotted with braces, and the mother explains how remote their home is in a delightfully strong Minnesota accent.

Sunset paints the east end of Glacier, and I try to absorb the glorious elevation change through the smudged glass. The girl across from me, maybe my age, is patiently spooning pear goop into the mouth of a tiny baby. She kisses the baby's forehead after each spoonful, cooing and smiling. A glob of goop falls onto the baby's giraffe print blanket.

"Oh, Vincent, you've got to close your mouth after!" She smiles at me. We end up talking for more than an hour. She's on her way home to Whitefish from North Dakota, where her cousin lies comatose after being critically injured in a boating accident. The driver was the only one on board who wasn't wasted, yet he sped across a lake in the dark at 60 miles per hour, plowing into a tree. Two of his passengers were killed, two injured.

"I went all the way there to see him, but couldn't 'cause of infections," the young mother tells me, shaking

her head. "Got to see mom, though. She loves the baby. You're such a good baby, aren't you, Vincent?"

The train is engulfed by the dark mountain pass. I get off at the West Glacier stop and stand in a pool of white light, munching on the last dregs of trail mix and feeling the presence of mountains I can't see.

At some ungodly hour in Spokane, the train splits into two, the front half heading north to Seattle while the rest goes south to Portland.

On the second morning, the sunrise cuts through the window and my eyelids, red and undulating. I rise to stare at the desert side of the Columbia River Gorge, watching the sage brush blur between the tracks and the river.

The observation car is full of new strangers, this time on their way home from vacations in Glacier. The Gorge walls grow taller and acquire strings of windmills along their ridges. A few booths ahead, a pair of young people with dreadlocks and beanie hats murmur about leaving home behind, and getting out of unhealthy relationships, and finding work. They remind

me of Reedies.

The Gorge abruptly shifts from layers of sediment and sage to evergreens and waterfalls. We pass Bridge of the Gods, and I get excited. The train, lit by blinding sunlight, is plunged into complete darkness as we enter a tunnel, and then slowly emerges into the light, over and over, like a series of miniature days passing.

Finally we are crawling along a railroad bridge that crosses the Columbia, and I realize it's the same bridge my friends and I ate lunch under during one of our epic bike rides last year. The views become increasingly familiar. Rocky Butte and the Steel Bridge welcome me as the train rolls into Downtown. I realize I've ridden 1,783 miles from home to home.

I step off the train and revel, for a moment, in standing still. The city is familiar and strange, the plants crispy brown from drought. I wonder if my soul is still making its way through Montana. I take a deep breath of Portland air, shoulder my backpack, and make my way toward the route 19 bus stop, dragging my too-heavy suitcase behind me. ▼



*Passengers enjoy the view.*

*Guanani Gómez*

# Ice, Ice, Crazy

## *Portland's Ice Cream Scene*

By JAIME ARCHER

According to our four year-old selves, one of the triumphs of adulthood is being able to eat ice cream whenever we want. And it's true — we can eat ice cream for breakfast, lunch, *and* dinner — but this perk of maturity is often wasted on \$6.75 pints of Ben & Jerry's during 2 A.M. runs to Homer's. I get it, sometimes you're in for a night of problem sets and Hum papers and you desperately need caffeine, pizza bites, and Phish Food, but I also think that we should occasionally embrace our grown-up-ness and treat ourselves to the fancy ice cream that only Portland has to offer in such scope. So, I waited in line and demolished the sanctity of my diet to give you the *inside scoop* on four of Portland's best ice cream shops: Cloud City, Ruby Jewel, Salt & Straw, and the newly opened Pinolo.

### **Ruby Jewel**

The real *jewel* of Ruby Jewel is its location. Right next to Por Qué No, a record store, and a slew of cool bars, if you're looking to explore the lesser-known side of Hawthorne, hoof it down to 47th and get a scoop. With regard to their ice cream, this is definitely a place for purists. Although it boasted a few original flavors, like hard cider and root beer (which are also vegan), Ruby Jewel is the place to go if you want to get a scoop of cookies & cream rather than an über hip strawberry balsamic/goat cheese/Himalayan salt concoction. That being said, Ruby Jewel was the only store I sampled that offered ice cream sandwiches; even if their ice cream is lacking, their use of tongue depressors in lieu of spoons gives them that weird Portland vibe. The outdoor seating area is large and the pricing average, though they do charge an extra dollar for a cone. Long story short, the 3-mile trek down to Ruby Jewel is only worth it if you're already planning a trip to Hawthorne.

### **Salt & Straw**

Salt & Straw is the magnificent foil to Ruby Jewel — you'll have to wait in line so long that you'll want to claw your eyes out, but the ice cream is perfection. I'll admit it, I did go to Salt & Straw on a Saturday night at 10, so I was kind of asking for it (please go at a weird time so you don't suffer as I did!). After waiting in line for 35 min-

utes, I finally got my turn to waste everybody else's time by tasting as many flavors as I could get my hands on. And let me tell you, this month has it going on. While Salt & Straw's classic collection has plenty to brag about — honey lavender, cinnamon snickerdoodle, and pear & blue cheese — the late summer harvest flavors were transcendent. And even though "late summer harvest" is an incredibly pretentious name and totally Los Angeles-esque, the smoked cinnamon apple flavor was the ice cream equivalent of making sweet love to a sexy lumberjack decked out in plaid — sugary but with enough of a kick to keep you entertained. If you go to Salt & Straw, please dear God, go soon before these flavors are deposed by their wintry counterparts.

### **Pinolo**

Pinolo, on Division just a few blocks from Salt & Straw, is the newest gelato place in Southeast Portland. Not surprisingly, it's been receiving a lot of press (its flavors are in Italian *and* it has rustic lighting, a true hipster's paradise), but I'm sad to report that the gelato does not live up to the hype. Even though everybody and their mother was at Salt & Straw when I went, Pinolo's space is so poorly laid out that only one customer can be served at a time, and it therefore had an unnecessarily long line. Pinolo also doesn't offer many flavors — five gelatos and six sorbets, to be exact — but if you're easily overwhelmed,

this might be the place for you. The flavors were nothing extraordinary, but their texture was what ice cream has always dreamt of being. At any rate, if you're hankering for traditional Italian flavors, like stracciatella (vanilla with chocolate chunks) or bacio (Nutella), I suggest you hit the Division food carts, stop by She Bop, and try Pinolo's gelato.

### **Cloud City**

Cloud City, quite obviously, has the best location given that it's only several blocks up Woodstock. And let me tell you, their flavors are just as good as Salt & Straw's, if not better, given that you don't have to drive or take the bus to try them for yourself. Cloud City has the nicest staff — none of the hipster mixologist types that you find at Salt & Straw — and the best pricing of all four stores (only \$3.25 for a scoop). They don't have much seating and there are always kids trying to cut in line like it's their God-given right to eat ice cream, but I'd say that the huge variety, fun flavor combinations, and unicorn chalk murals are worth it. Combining the best parts of Ruby Jewel and Salt & Straw, Cloud City offers traditional, boring flavors like chocolate *and* awesome flavors like flamango (mango + habanero), depending on your mood. Though the Woodstock neighborhood isn't as hopping as Hawthorne or Division, Cloud City is the perfect place for a quick ice cream run between hellish trips to the library. ☘



# De Sastre

## All Around the World



Today's awe-inspiring aesthetic comes from Olivia Dawson. While the foundation of her outfit is a thrifted simple black maxi, Olivia's style testifies to her globe-trotting friends and her appreciation for the unconventional. Her organza crop top is from Japan; the top's ethereal and voluminous cap-sleeves enhance the look by challenging the simple proportions of the A-line dress. Her chain and pendant hail from Cuba, a gift from her lovely human adding a sentimental touch to the whimsical aesthetic. Olivia's earrings, made out of beetles, echo the opalescence of her not one, but two, nose piercings. These accessories bring forth her inner Luna Lovegood and eccentricity.

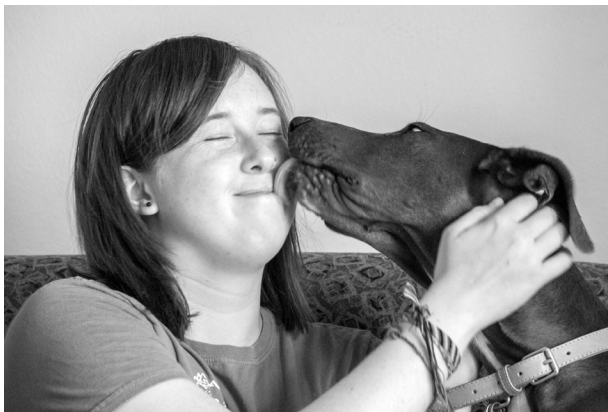
Now this weekend — has anyone planned any creative outfits for West Ball? Yeezy season approachin'. 🍷

xoxo,  
aa & muk

# Puppy Profile

By ALEXA HARRIS

As the fourth week of classes is upon us, one can feel the general stress level on campus quickly rising from “I have plenty of time to get that Hum reading done” to “that’s due tomorrow?” to “oh wait I have a Bio test right now” to completely giving up. In these trying times, I find it helpful to take walks around campus and see some of that “sunlight” thing that has become increasingly less familiar. While taking a stroll around, something quickly catches the eye of all of us animal aficionados: pups. So many pups. Small pups. Big pups. Pups everywhere. Yes, we have been blessed by the presence of many fluffy gifts frolicking around campus. I encourage you to bother every human walking their precious angel around campus by asking them the question we all feel in our hearts “Can I pet your dog?” But friends, I have decided to go on a mission, a mission to never have to worry about what the preferred pronouns of a pup on campus is, because I will know. I want to learn about as many of the pups on campus as humanly possible. I’m here to do the hard research, and friends, I am here to share my findings with you. So sit back, relax, and level up on your dog spotting game by learning about some of our furry campus friends with me. ▼



## Olive

Owner: Molly Worden '17

Part of what makes Great Danes, well, great, are their adorably awkward phases of growing. Olive, a four-and-a-half-month old, 50 lb pup doesn’t have time to adjust to her quickly growing body — giving her a dorky, noodle-esque essence as she slips and slides around on her lanky legs. This huge goof is an absolute sweetheart, eager to jump right on your lap and lick your face as if she’s a petite lap dog, or curl up next to like a cat. Currently, this sweet goofball is going through a teething phase, so don’t be surprised if she gnaws a bit on your possessions/you. Oh, and don’t worry if in her excitement she grabs a chunk of your hair in her mouth — this is just her odd way of saying ‘I like you — and your hair.’ Whether you find her excitedly sliding around campus, or tugging on the branch of a tree, go say hello to this cutie. Give her velvety fur a hearty pet, and let your entire being be overtaken by pup love.



Alexa Harris

## Roxy

Owner: Lindsay Hammond — RD of ODB

I’d be surprised if you haven’t seen this campus famous pup being walked around. Known as the “dog of ODB” (currently she is the only one), Roxy is a mascot of the ODB community. Often she can be spotted in the area around the dorm, and always makes appearances at dorm-sponsored events. This 5-year-old blue nose Pitbull is living the good life. Roxy is quite the socialite, and was stopped constantly for pets as we walked around the great lawn. While some can be intimidated at first by her big, muscular Pitbull physique — one quickly learns that Roxy is not even close to being anything to be afraid of. “Look at her, she’s so vicious,” Hammond jokes as her pooch happily receives a belly rub. Roxy can be found enjoying the great outdoors of Reed, treating the world as her toy, and devouring sticks on the great lawn in an oddly goat-like manor. Go say hello to her, as this people dog will enjoy every second of it.

# Miss Lonely Hearts

Exciting changes abound, readers! This week I, Miss Lonelyhearts, have entertained my first ever write-in guest: PSU's Agony Aunt, author of the popular advice column, "Ask Auntie." We had such a wonderful time writing together that we couldn't give you just one of our letters. Offered in the stead of my normal column, then, is a charcuterie of council — a panoply of pointers — a few short letters to get you through your day.

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

I am just coming out of a long relationship (over a year and a half) and don't know how to feel. Any advice?

— Footloose and Fancy Free

MLH: Footloose, it's natural to be conflicted when a chapter of your life is closing this way. Part of you is regretting the end of an era and the inevitable loss of intimacy with another human — no matter how necessary this end was — while another part of you is already thinking of clever OkCupid screen names.

AA: Instead of focusing on the past (and your past relationship) by agonizing over how you should feel, look forward to the future.

MLH: Like your OkCupid screen-name. I think I'd be "LonelybutLooking." Just like you — reflecting on your past, certain in the knowledge that it's not the same as what you've got now, but not feeling pressured to have any particular feelings.

AA: Embrace that not knowing how to feel is a way to feel. No relationship is black and white and neither are the feelings surrounding it. Accepting your uncertainty and any other feelings that might arise is the first step in moving on.

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

My boyfriend really wants me to do this sex tip he found in Cosmo. Overall I think Cosmo sex tips are kind of gross, but I want to make him happy. Help!

— Magazine Maiden

MLH: Here's my question, Maiden: why does your boyfriend have a Cosmo magazine at all? Not because I think Cosmo is only for girls, but because I don't think Cosmo is for anyone.

AA: But don't let your preconceptions about Cosmo totally overrule your boyfriend's suggestion (after all, Cosmo often has tips that focus on pleasing yourself, not just your partner).

MLH: Ok, so give Cosmo a chance. That's fair. If you look over the sex trick and still think it isn't for you, though, don't sweat it. You should only do exactly what it is you want to do, and you boyfriend should understand that.

AA: Even if it means him missing out on the Devious Dracula.

MLH: Or that tried and true Cosmo classic: "touch him on the penis!"

AA: Better yet, pick something new together, whether from Cosmo or another source. Being open about your preferences and fantasies is the easiest way to guarantee a sex life that will make you and your boyfriend happy.

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

One of my professors is distractingly attractive. I've never been attracted to a professor before and feel so weird about it. How am I going to make it through the semester?

— Enamored in Eliot

AA: Enamored, even if you've never been attracted to a professor before, don't stress about it too much.

MLH: Who hasn't had a crush on a prof at one point in their college career? My guess is if you asked around, almost everyone at Reed could think of that special scholar. So don't worry — you're not out of line here.

AA: Far from it. Colleges are stocked with fantastic, intelligent, and funny profs, and there are, shockingly, some hotties among them. My guess is that as soon as you stop fixating on how weird it is to be attracted to your professor, your obsession (and consequent distraction) will start to die down.

MLH: If all else fails, try keeping your eyes on your notebook rather than whiling away conference staring at your professor. Good luck! ♣

# Cultural Column

By CHARLIE C. WILCOX

Much has been written about the McConaissance, so much so that Google Docs doesn't even mark the word McConaissance as a typo, once I figured out how to spell the damned thing. Now that the idea of affixing the descriptor "prestige" to the phrase "actor Matthew McConaughey, star of *Sahara*, *Failure to Launch*, and *Fool's Gold*" is old hat, it has reached the time for the cultural consciousness to move on and bring a different performer to the spotlight. And that actor is one of our all-time greats, Lily Tomlin. Now, I know this comparison doesn't quite work; McConaughey went from rom-com dreck to mumbly, apocalyptic greatness, Tomlin has been consistently great throughout her entire career. Also, Tomlinaissance doesn't quite have the same ring (and Google Docs insists it isn't a word.) But for some reason, Tomlin doesn't quite have the resonance amongst the younger generations that she should have. After seeing the

new film *Grandma*, now playing at the Hollywood Theatre, I think that may change. In the film, Tomlin plays a semi-retired and penniless Californian lesbian poet-academic, basically the spirit animal/future self of many a Reed student. Over the course of the movie, she assists her granddaughter scrape together the money she needs for an abortion. Many reviews are positively assessing *Grandma* as being a progressive step forward following last year's *Obvious Child* in terms of abortion plots; the idea of abortion is thoroughly normalized throughout the film, and the narrative never second-guesses the character's intention to follow through with the procedure. The abortion is really a backdrop for Tomlin to work her magic, though. She wields tremendous emotional power in every scene, mixing mirth, sadness, and disgust into singular facial expressions. There's one episode in the middle of the movie

that features Tomlin squaring off with Sam Elliott, and it is definitely up there with the best scenes of the year. Hopefully films like this, will lead a new generation of viewers (shall we call them... the TOMLINELLIALS?) to delve into her deep back catalog of hits, especially *9 to 5*, the workplace comedy/proto-third wave feminist tract featuring her alongside Jane Fonda and Dolly Parton. *9 to 5* has firmly integrated itself into the lexicon of my partner and I, so

much so that we have decided who would be each character (I think I would be the Dolly, but she insists I'm the Jane. Whatever, she's definitely the Lily.) Rumor has it a *9 to 5* reunion might be coming soon, fingers crossed.

So yeah, I recommend going to see *Grandma*. Besides that, there's a hearty dose of concerts you should probably check out coming up very soon. This Friday, sexy sax man Colin Stetson and violinist Sarah Neufield are gonna be at Mississippi Studios. If you

are into experimental jazz post-minimalist drone music, check it out. On Monday the 28th, two very different shows are happening: disco-pop ingenue Shamir will be at the Star Theater (if you want to dance your ass off, go here) and doom-folk noise-queen Chelsea Wolfe will be at the Hawthorne Theater (if you feel nostalgic for your Evanescence days, go here). The following day Hawthorne hosts Godflesh and Prurient; I saw Godflesh last year and it was the most facemelting a show featuring a drum machine could be. Prurient put out one of the best albums of the year, so this ticket is the perfect thing to get you out on a Tuesday night. Finally, on Friday October 2nd, Titus Andronicus are playing at Mississippi Studios. By this point, you probably know how you stand on Titus's particular brand of rock; if you are on the pro side, hopefully I'll see ya there yelping along. ♣

