



# THE GRAIL

VOLUME V

FEBRUARY 4, 2016

ISSUE I

INSIDE

SUPREME CAFFEINE

## ON THE NIGHT BUZZ

Ditch the Reedies and hang out in the tropical coffeeland that is East Portland Coffee Roasters. Take a sip and dig in for a long night!

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CAFFEINE FIEND

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Ever wonder if the Paradox was always so hip? Discover the mysteries of Reedies past, spoiler alert, there will be motorcycle cliques and Bob Dylan sing-alongs.

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SLOPE HOPE

## SWEATER WEATHER

There's no such thing as bad weather, only bad clothing. Those of you looking to hit the slopes will be prepared with our Mt. Hood weather forecast!

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www.reedthegrail.com

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## FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

Welcome back! Hope you survived your first fortnight. This week we bring to you a review of the coffee shop that will give Southeast Grind a run for its money (5), paired with a little more coffee in the history of the Paradox (1). DeSastre (7) and Mt. Hood's weather forecast (9) will help you keep

fashionable and warm. Read this year's book and music wrap-up (10) then spend a little time with Portland Sleeps (6). And if you know when that hotline blings, check out Miss Lonely Hearts (8).

Join us on Mondays in PAB 105 at 8 P.M.

Love,  
Jordan, Lauren, and Vikram

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*Front cover photograph courtesy of Reed College Archives and Special Collections.*



*Reedies enjoy coffee in the New Commons, ca. 1965.*

*Reed College Archives and Special Collections*

# PARADOX REGAINED

BY JORDAN YU

While the brick-and-mortar institution known as the Paradox seems to have existed since the dawn of time, the history of coffee shops on campus is much stranger than the history books (or in this case student body handbooks) would lead one to believe. To understand that fateful eve, in the summer of '85, when the idea of the Paradox Café was hatched, one must dig deep into the annals of Reed.

The material evidence (textual, photographic, oral, or otherwise) for

Reed coffee shops fails to paint a continuous narrative. There are sizable gaps in the archives; many story beginnings but few endings. Institutional memory struggles to survive past four years and it's not surprising that alums from the '50s don't remember the details. What follows is a brief and incomplete account of the history of coffee shops on campus. Not all of the information in this article is, or can be, rigorously vetted, but hopefully it can shed a sliver of light on Olde Reed.

What's for certain that in the 1950s

a coffee shop existed in the Student Union building (no, not *that* Student Union). Where Vollum College Center now stands there was a wooden building known as the Student Union. Built entirely with student body funds, the old Student Union was home to all manner of lounges, student spaces, and organizations until the humble wood structure burned to the ground in 1969.

A small two-floor structure, the basement of the Student Union housed student mailboxes, the book-

store, and the coffee shop. With cozy booths and pine walls, the shop was well loved by students. Longtime community member Cricket Parmalee '67 fondly remembers the atmosphere. "The heart of the campus was the chapel and the coffee shop," she says. Students would leave conference in Eliot and rush down to the shop to continue the class discussion. At some point, before the olde SU burned down, the coffee shop transferred to what was then Commons (what is now the SU).

During the early sixties, the coffee shop stood almost exactly where the Paradox sits now. West-facing windows looked out into the bike shed under which students kept their motorcycles, among other things. The tables were small and square but could fit seven around them if people squeezed. According to Jim Kahan '64, the coffee was "okay" — at least better than that of Commons during mealtimes. For ten cents a cup and five cents for refills, the shop had a D.B.Y.O.C policy: don't bring your own cup.

All types frequented the shop: bridge-players, guitar-wielding folk singers, and Harley Davidson bike boys. When not continuing their conference discussions, students sung Dylan and Seeger over guitar melodies. For those with a more literary disposition, there was a magazine rack and newspapers available. One could read *The New York Times*, *The Oregonian*, and the *Oregon Journal* — this was long before the *Willie Week* or the *Mercury*. Kahan remembers listening to news of the Kennedy assassination in the coffee shop while crowded around a portable radio.

What is now known as the Gray Campus Center (GCC) was constructed in 1965, although the original building bares little resemblance to the modern structure renovated in 1998. With a "new" building came a new coffee shop in the location that now covers the middle of the GCC A/B. Aside from photos and oral accounts, not much is known about

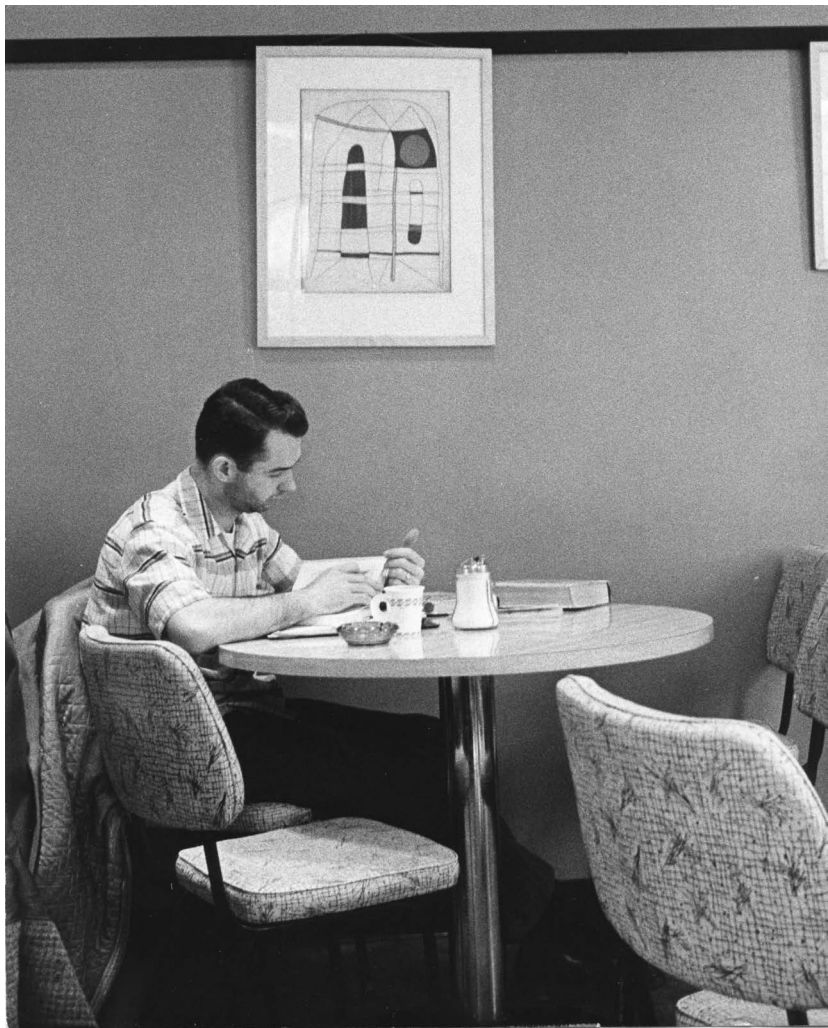
the "new" place. Photos show a diner-style space with leather booths, high windows, and old-school geeks with thick-rimmed glasses and pencil-thin neckties. If you look close enough, you can almost see the slide rules peeking out above their pocket protectors.

Gay Walker '69 worked at the both the bookstore and the coffee shop during her time as a student. While most of her time in the shop was spent in the back cooking greasy burgers, her descriptions of the atmosphere inside the shop are eerily familiar. The place was often busy, "sometimes boisterous." Students would come after class to continue their debates. Of course, there were

certain cliques "too cool" for the place and those for whom caffeine was an unnecessary stimulant.

It is not clear how this iteration of the coffee shop came to end, but it probably either moved or was replaced later. Following that, Reed entered a dark, uncaffeinated period: the early '70s. Again, little is known about the coffee during this time but one can infer discontent about its troubling absence.

In late 1976, due to student and faculty pressure, the "Ad Hoc Coffee House Steering Committee" was founded in response to what could probably be characterized as groggy demands. Their proposal: a new "prototype" coffee shop in the Faculty Of-



*A student in Reed's coffee shop, ca. 1960.*

*Reed College Archives and Special Collections*

fice Building (FOB). There'd be weekly events, in which coffee and snacks would be sold. When not in use as a coffee shop the lounge would resume its normal function.

An old WWII surplus building, the FOB was transplanted from Vancouver to Portland, and laid to rest in between what are now the library and ETC. Without another dedicated space, the FOB lounge would become the temporary coffeehouse's home.

On January 28th, 1977, the Reed Coffeehouse open its doors promising "fine coffee & edibles" as well as performances by The Howling Gael and Jena Camp. By all indications the event was a great success, but the ruckus garnered some scrutiny

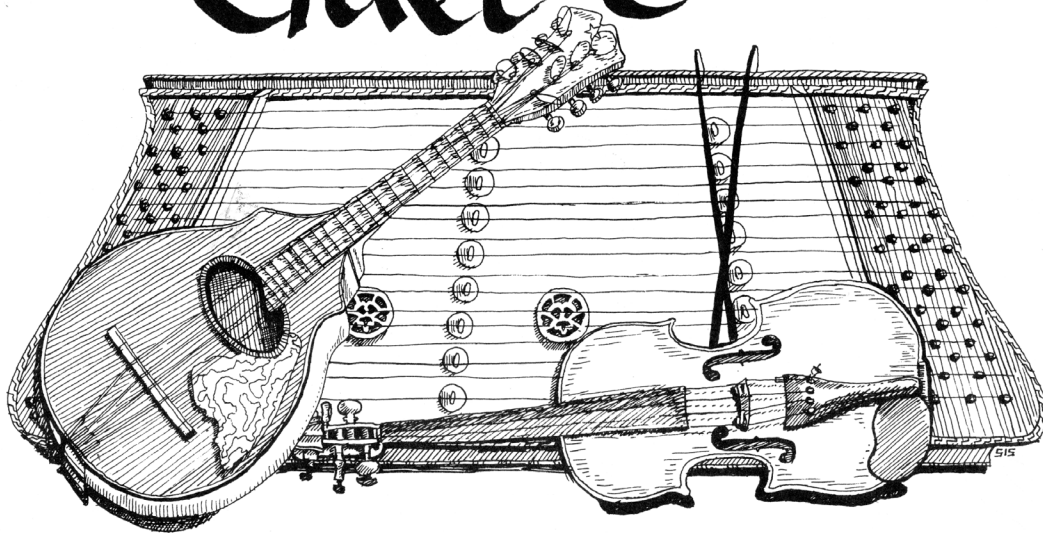
from staff. As would be the case many years later, the shop had to carefully share its lounge space with prized artworks. This was, after all, long before the Cooley Gallery.

As then Director of Exhibition Charles Rhyne wrote, "it seems clear that the two functions — art gallery and coffee house — are incompatible. I wish it were not so." By the way, Reed Special Collections & Archives is packed with these little correspondences. The Coffeehouse was eventually moved to the Student Union (the new one) but, for some reason, quickly faded into obscurity. The Faculty Office building was demolished in 1981, but an end section of the structure remains as Greywood.

After the Ad-hoc shop shut, a new player moved in: a coffee shop in the GCC where the International Students' Office now stands. The student-run shop overlooked the canyon and had a door that led directly to the SU porch. Professor Jacqueline Dirks '82 remembers the atmosphere in the greasy, grimy space. She says the "jukebox was a highlight, with songs from the serious to the silly: Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' 'Refugee,' and The Monkees' 'I'm A Believer' among others." Professors even came to eat with students.

Sometime after the Dirks's time, a new shop came into the picture: Enter the SAGA Corporation. A '80s analogue to Bon Appétit, the SAGA-run

# The Howling Gael



Friday, Jan. 28 — 8pm to 2am  
FOB Lounge

*The Howling Gael performed during the Ad-Hoc coffee shop's opening night.*

*Reed College Archives and Special Collections*

coffee shop in the GCC didn't employ student workers and — according to many — didn't serve great coffee. Paradox founder Matt Giraud '85, in remembering the SAGA shop, admits Bon Appétit is markedly improved. The drab décor and lack of selection in the SAGA shop made for an unsatisfying experience (and this was before the "hip coffeehouse" boom of the '90s). An alternative was desperately needed. Giraud himself best describes his attitude at the time:

I started the Paradox because we thought it was high time the student body had a place to call its own, free from Eliot Hall's bureaucracy, politics, interior design, and taste in java.

One evening in the summer of 1985 Giraud and his friend Holly O'Neil '86 were sharing a drink at the Lutz when the idea stuck them. What if there was a completely student-operated shop in SU? On "beer-soaked napkins" the Paradox was born. With help from friend Mike Magrath '84, the three began planning. Using a scavenged espresso machine, old paint, and a refrigerator, the three were able to procure a space in the Student Union in a part-time art gallery. With a copious number of favors asked and I.O.U.s given, the three quickly fashioned a working shop.

The Gallery Café, as it was initially called, was furnished with easily movable tables and appliances so that the space could be reverted to a gallery with just a few minutes notice. Surprisingly, Giraud received non-material support from the SAGA shop. He knew the owner of the shop and there was a tacit agreement between the two that the Café could co-exist with the other shop as long as it didn't sell food. The Café still sold baked goods, but it seems this wasn't a very contentious issue.

Although conceived at the Lutz in the summer, the Paradox gained its identity in the months after its first debut. The Gallery Café opened O-Week of 1985 with great success.

However, lack of money, décor, and precedent forced the early employees to invent an identity. What's the ideal coffee shop? What should it be called?

Clearly the Gallery Café needed a title that aligned with students. Possible names included: The Frisky Bean, Café Onassis, Einstein's Bong, and a number of others too vulgar to print. It isn't clear how, but eventually Giraud and Magrath came up with Paradox Café. It fit oddly well, in just the same way a name like Einstein's Bong didn't. As people flocked to the new Paradox Café for good coffee a community quickly formed. Weekly showings of the BBC cult hit "Prisoner" aired in the Café to an audience of dozens. The shop became a hotspot on campus, and trounced the SAGA shop. It's not clear what happened with the SAGA shop but Marriot Corp bought SAGA in 1986 for \$502 million.

Perhaps this marked the beginning of Bon Appétit's tenure at Reed?

In the following years the Paradox jumped from location to location within the building. From the gallery it moved to corner where the KRRC now rests. After some time it moved to its current location, facing the Quad, displacing the once mighty *Quest* office to the windowless GCC basement.

Throughout the decades, all manner of coffee shops, java spots, and espresso enterprizes left their mark on the Reed landscape. As difficult as it is to imagine Reedies past, from photos and the occasional oral account, it seems student attitudes are fixed. Some serve coffee, some stay and talk, and some are just too cool for it all. Names and locations change, but throngs of coffee drinking undergrads are a constant. ♣



Reed College Archives and Special Collections

*The coffee shop in the '80s. A Renn Fayre Quest sits on the table.*



*East Portland Coffee Roasters Facebook Page*

# East Portland Coffee Roasters

## *79th & Division*

By JORDAN YU

The most striking thing about East Portland Coffee Roasters (EPCR) is the unusual humidity. A bubbling fountain in the middle of the shop keeps the windows perpetually foggy, especially during the cold Portland winters. It makes me a little concerned for my laptop, but in reality it is no more humid than any coffee shop one would find 1,000 miles closer to the equator. Adorned with mythical sirens, the gentle stream of water from the fountain can be pleasing, but at times clashes with the slightly-too-loud music playing in the background.

The next thing that catches the eye is the décor. Seating consists almost entirely of live edge wooden tables and the same type of wooden chairs you can find in Eliot Hall classrooms (minus the attached desk space of course). Hanging from the walls are works of local art: paintings, weavings, jewelry, ceramics, etc. The first

time I went the wall featured large prints of macro-photography. The subject matter was various strains of marijuana. At the time of writing the walls are lined with spiritual tapestries reminiscent of Alex Grey, for the low price of \$85 a rug.

Their coffee is okay. I'm no discerning aficionado but a cup is \$2.15 and refills are \$1.00. The chocolate éclair (\$5.40 — kind of pricey, don't you think?) was small and tasty but the other pastries look less appetizing. At risk of exceeding the maximum pretension allowed in an article, I thought the almond croissant (\$3.90) was *uninspired*. If sweets are more your speed the shop has a wide variety of “natural” Italian soda flavors and chocolate candy. Not house-made chocolate bars, but tiny fare like M&Ms and Reese's pieces.

There are two main attractions that draw me back to EPCR: the hours and the distance. One aspect

is a convenience and the other isn't. EPCR—an ugly acronym, I know—is open 24/7 making it, to my knowledge, the only reasonable competition to Southeast Grind if you're looking for a warm place to study well into the night. The place is either a 10-minute drive or a 40-minute bus ride from Reed, making it accessible to Reed students with and without cars or those who work or live near 82nd Ave. But for whatever reason, there are few Reedies at EPCR. Actually, the only Reed students I've ever seen there are the ones I've brought with me. Compare that with Southeast Grind, which typically has a half dozen current or former students on any given weeknight.

If you are a nocturnal Reedie who likes to study off-campus, and if you like getting-away-from-it-all, humid air, and colorful woven mandalas, then EPCR may be the place to go. If not, just go to First Cup. ▼

# Portland Sleeps

By GUANANÍ GÓMEZ



Portland sleeps; the city dreams. Elevation bridges cross the Willamette, not necessarily leading to the other side. Streets are reshuffled, entire neighborhoods rearranged, towering redwoods growing beside downtown skyscrapers. Portland's dreams are full of rain, creating music in the puddles and reflections that refuse to stay still. Portland dreams of you, and you are not yourself.

In the dream you stagger down a long corridor in the industrial district, bumping into walls and leaving them streaked with blood. You clutch a crisp white envelope with the name 'J. Powell' scrawled across it. In the stairwell on the other end of the corridor lies the man who tried to kill you. Your mission is simple: deliver the envelope before the city awakens. You step out into the rain, into the breathing streets. Blood from your shoulder drips into the sidewalk puddles as you make your way to the train station.

The train car is empty except for a little girl and her dog, a greyhound that looks like it might break if it takes a deep breath.

"You're late," the little girl says. You grip a steel bar as the train lurches forward into the glittering city. The girl's name is Johnson. Everyone knows this. "Things are going to fall apart," she says. "You might need this." She reaches across the aisle and

drops something in your hand, something tiny and sharp. The greyhound has no eyes but seems friendly.

The train rattles past the airport, then crosses the Sellwood bridge, which bucks and squirms like a spooked steed. You pass downtown twice before you get to your stop, where the Sunset and Forest Lines cross at Pioneer Square.

"Good luck," says Johnson as you step outside. The envelope breathes in your pocket, impatient. The rain shrouds storefronts and road signs in fog. You let the city slide by below your feet; dreaming places already know where you need to go. The house is in the trendy part of Northwest. There is a rocking chair on the porch, and in the chair is a woman with a goat curled in her lap.

"I've been expecting you," she says.

"J. Powell," you say, and hold out the envelope. You feel dizzy, like the ground is slipping away. Is Portland stirring, or is it just the blood loss? A glimmer of sunrise peeks over the Tualatins, and Portland yawns and turns over. You hold on to the porch railing, only to slip and fall back into a spruce tree, and before you can get up again there are hands around your throat. You thrash, grasping at the attacker's clammy fingers. They're shouting something about order, about what you did to the man in the stairwell, about things that don't belong in the

waking world. Red tower lights blink along the top of the hill, blink twice, blink green as the pressure builds. Your hand finds its way into your pocket, finds something tiny and sharp. It's a miniature rose pin, impossibly detailed, with real thorns. With your last strength you reach up and sink the pin into the attacker's wrist, which immediately goes limp and lets go, dropping you onto the soaked lawn.

On the porch, Jessica Powell and her goat are watching you. The sun is rising and you can't get up.

"Take it," you gasp, holding out the envelope. "Take it!"

Jessica Powell doesn't move. She no longer wants the dreaming city's secrets. You lie in the grass, helpless, bleeding, out of time. Finally you tear at the envelope's soggy paper. If Jessica Powell isn't willing to bring the message to the morning, you'll do it yourself. The letter is brief, just one page long, and as you begin to read the city shudders again, streets settling into familiar grids, towers blinking off, Johnson sighing as she rides to the end of the line again.

As the dreams tumble off your lips the morning dew is illuminated by dawn. You are fast disappearing, becoming yourself again, but this time is different. This time, Portland is listening. This time the city will remember its dreams.



# DeSastre

## So... Thanks, Mom



The best style is often inherited. I mean, take a look at the Kardashians. Aziza Azfal '17, theatre major, is another perfect example of it. In a nod to her mother's advice that turtlenecks are soft, supple, and stylish; she wore one combined with black trousers and offset the neutral palette with clean, white sneakers, giving her a subtle, polished look. Sometimes the best outfits are those that are the least contrived, and the most comfortable—and make you look as dope as your madre.

hasta la proxima,  
aa & muk 🍷

# Miss Lonely Hearts

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

Before I came to Reed, I had a great girlfriend. I know you have to be close with your gf but we were *super* close... she used to call me all the time, sometimes even in the middle of the night. I knew when I left to come to Portland things would be different, but I guess I didn't realize how different they would really be. So many things have changed since I left. We didn't talk much during last semester, and I think things are pretty weird between us now. Even though I've lost contact with her, I've been hearing a lot about her from our friends that are still in the city.

Here's the thing: ever since I left the city, my girl got a reputation for herself. I mean, *everybody* knows. She's started wearing less and going out more, and I've heard from our mutual friends that she drinks glasses of champagne out on the dance floor. She even hangs out with some girls they've never seen before.

As you can imagine, Miss Lonely Hearts, all of this has got me down. She's got me stressed out! My mind just goes

in circles. I'm constantly thinking about how it was with her and all the things we did together. Most often, I find myself thinking about how she used to call me on my cell phone late in the night when she needed my love. I knew when that hotline bling that could only mean one thing. But now, she doesn't need my love. I wonder all the time if she's bending over backwards for someone else, or if she's getting nasty for someone else. She used to stay at home and be a good girl. Now, she's never alone! It seems like she's always with someone else. In my opinion, she doesn't need nobody else. She should just be herself! But right now, Miss Lonely Hearts, she's someone else.

I'm not asking for advice on how to get her back. Ever since I left the city, she and I just don't get along. She makes me feel like I did her wrong. Yet, I need help with this break up. She's changed for the worse. I still like her; I think about her all the time. I care for her, but she's not the girl I used to know. How do I go about this??

Much love,  
Jimmy Brooks

Dear Jimmy,

Let me get one thing clear: did you and your girl break up when you came to Reed? It sounds to me like, even if you never officially said the words, things are not the same between you two as they were when you were in the city. You haven't talked in awhile, and you've both gone on to do new things with your life. You go to Reed now, and she's meeting new friends and trying new things. This sounds to me like you're both working to establish lives and identities outside of being in a relationship with one another, which is an important part of breaking up. It's easy to think that all of your friends just kind of wait around for you to come home on winter break, but that's simply not how life works. You need to recognize that, although you've gone to a new place and she's stayed in the city, she has changed and grown as much as you have while you've been apart. I'm not surprised that you two aren't getting along—it can be difficult to stay close to someone who doesn't respect who you are anymore.

This might be hard to hear, Jimmy. You probably don't like to think of yourself as disrespecting someone who you

were very close to, but the way you're talking about her is possessive and, honestly, pretty creepy. She's hitting the town and living her life...so what? It doesn't really matter if you think that she used to be a "good girl" — the whole "good girl" thing is gross and patriarchal. Why is she only good when she's sitting at home, doing what you want her to do? It sounds like you think that you know better than her what she should be doing with her body and her life. You say that she should just be herself but the thing is, that's exactly what she's doing. It just so happens that her being herself doesn't line up with what *you* think she should be like.

She doesn't call you on your cell phone late night because she doesn't need your love anymore. Whether or not she has other consenting partners now, no matter what she may or not be doing with her body, it simply isn't your business. If you really want to get over this breakup, you should call off your spies and de-emphasize her role in your life. She's obviously living her life without you — when will you start to do the same?

Running out of pages in my passport,  
Miss Lonely Hearts

*Stumped yourself?*

Ask Miss Lonely Hearts at [reedthegrail.com/submissions/](http://reedthegrail.com/submissions/)



# Mount Hood Weekend Snow Conditions

Friday, February 5 to Sunday, February 7

By ERIKA HURTH

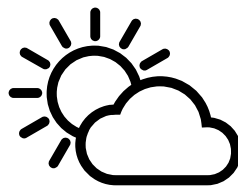
Looking to hit the slopes? *The Grail's* new Mt. Hood weekend forecast is here to move you one step closer to that majesty who sleeps above the tree line, that snowy, glimmering legend better known as Wy'east. Luckily for you snow-angels out there, the mountain has been accumulating a solid base during these wet winter months. This year's El Niño climate has meant heavy snow dumps all along the West Coast. Mt. Hood Meadows began the New Year as one of the snowiest ski resorts in the nation with a starting snow level of 227 inches. In just the past few weeks, that snowpack has increased by forty-three feet! Last Sunday, Meadows claimed to have "perfect, awesome, stellar packed powder groom" and it looks like this upcoming weekend will be even better. Hang on—what's that I hear? Is that the faint murmur of Zeppelin's "Misty Mountain Hop" prophesizing an excellent shred sesh this Saturday? I think so. *So I'm packing my bags for the Misty Mountains, where the spirits go now, over the hills where the spirits fly, ooh...* ▼

*Friday*



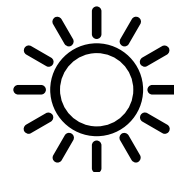
Cloudy  
30 °F  
Good Visibility  
3 mph Winds  
0 inches

*Saturday*



Mostly Sunny  
25 °F  
Poor Visibility  
3 mph Winds  
0 inches

*Sunday*



Sunny  
38 °F  
Good Visibility  
1 mph Winds  
0 inches

# Cultural Column

By CHARLIE C. WILCOX

Hey y'all. I'm back again for one last semester of this column, so, to quote Ray Arnold, played impeccably by Samuel L. Jackson, "Hold onto yer butts." Before we get into some new stuff, I want to look back a bit on the year that was 2015. To do so, let's delve into some lists. Here are my ten favorite books from 2015:

1. *The Sellout* — Paul Beatty
2. *The Musical Brain and Other Stories* — Cesar Aira
3. *The Argonauts* — Maggie Nelson
4. *Between the World and Me* — Ta-Nehisi Coates
5. *After Birth* — Elisa Albert
6. *Book of Numbers* — Joshua Cohen
7. *Against the Country* — Ben Metcalf
8. *Tender Data* — Monica McClure
9. *Fauxhawk* — Ben Doller
10. *Mislaid* — Nell Zink

I thought that 2015 was a pretty incredible year for unique voices in literature. That may be the one theme that most strongly connects all of my top ten books. Each of these works comes from an extremely different place, and they deliver us to that place and back again through a narrative style that is utterly singular. Joshua Cohen's *Book of Numbers* takes on the form of the modern tech world and somehow shows us the process of artistic creation by doing so. *After Birth*, by Elisa Albert, brings us into the pained world of post-partum motherhood, while *The Argonauts* gives us a different, hopeful and tender view of modern family life (and Maggie Nelson is at the top of her game, marrying multiple genres together flawlessly.) *Tender Data* and *Fauxhawk* present us with distinctly 21st century visions of poetry. *Mislaid* looks back on the previous century of American life, and pushes us to examine what our contemporary idea of identity politics is really all about. And Cesar Aira is, well, Cesar Aira.

If you haven't read him yet, do so, and then join me in rooting for him to win the Nobel one of these years. On that note, I made a concentrated effort to read more translated literature this year, and it's not a decision I regret. Two of the best works in translation I read were Eka Kurniawan's magical realist take on Indonesian history, *Beauty is a Wound*, and Alejandro Zambra's short story

collection-by-way-of-computer folder *My Documents*. Both could have been on this list.

On to music! I feel like music in 2015 was characterized by an excessive outpouring of good-to-great but not quite exceedingly excellent music, if that makes sense. Every single week seemed to bring about a handful of exciting or big name releases, to the point that there was never really a quiet period or moment of the year. By my own count, there were somewhere around 200 albums that I listened to that I thought were quite good, which is pretty crazy! That being said, there wasn't a whole lot that truly dug into me and affected me intensely. But these 25 albums represent some amazing tunes in all genres that did get to me. Take a listen:

1. *Sprinter* — Torres
2. *I Love You, Honeybear* — Father John Misty
3. *River* — Daniel Bachman
4. *Summertime '06* — Vince Staples
5. *Viet Cong* — FKA Viet Cong
6. *Full Communism* — Downtown Boys
7. *Never Were the Way She Was* — Colin Stetson
8. *Dream All Over* — Gun Outfit
9. *Bird Calls* — Rudresh Mahanthappa
10. *Lore* — Elder
11. *Product* — Sophie
12. *Age of Transparency* — Autre Ne Veut
13. *Frozen Niagara Falls* — Prurient
14. *Kicking Every Day* — All Dogs
15. *The Agent Intellect* — Protomartyr
16. *Field Guides* — Sarah Louise
17. *Early Risers* — Soldiers of Fortune
18. *No one is coming for us* — Trust Fund
19. *Over and Even* — Joan Shelley
20. *Mutant* — Arca
21. *Sleepy Kids* — Haybaby
22. *Beach Music* — Alex G
23. *DS 2* — Future
24. *Sprained Ankle* — Julien Baker
25. *Realm of Sacrifice* — Vanum

Next Issue: Kasie and I discuss the Oscar contenders! Don't miss it!

