



THE GRAIL

VOL. X

SEPTEMBER 14, 2018

ISSUE I

INSIDE

DIMENSIONS OF A MAN

GARY SNYDER: A LIFE

Who cares about Steve Jobs anyway? If you've ever been curious about some famous alumni who actually graduated from Reed College, check out Ben and Claire's piece on Gary Snyder, class of '51.

PAGE 1

REFLECTIONS ON O-WEEK

FIRST WEEKS OF THE PAST

Ever wondered how O-Week was started? Want to know if it's always been the same programs? (Spoiler alert: it hasn't.) Lauren answers these and more on the history of O-Week at Reed!

PAGE 4

MOOD MUSIC

WEEKLY PLAYLIST

In a song rut? Looking for some new tunes? Our new column provides you with a playlist to start your year off on the right note.

PAGE 13

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www.reedthegrail.com

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

Welcome back! Our first issue of the semester arrives just as everyone is starting to settle in to life at Reed, and what a life it is! The library is still a haven of tranquility, your Hum conference hasn't started to grate on your nerves, and the sun sets at a reasonable hour. We kick off this first issue with a profile on the poet Gary Snyder, arguably the most famous of Reed's actual alumni (1). Then, read about the ghost of O-week past, and be glad you don't have to sit through lectures on "The History of Universities" any more (4). Misha Lerner writes about history and memory in Lithuania from his time spent there this summer (6), followed by poetry from Ben

Read and Emma McNeel (8, 9). Next, Alana Spoto features in Reed's favorite fashion column (10), and first time contributor Gianna Gregorio shares insight on date spots around campus (11). Finally, we have an essay about music by another first time contributor Natalya Hill (12), as well as a playlist for the start of the year (13). Oh, and don't forget about Miss Lonely Hearts (14).

P.S. If you're interested in writing for us, we meet every Tuesday at 7 p.m. in the Student Publications Office.

Love,
Claire P., Claire S., and Ben

CONTENTS

Gary Snyder, 1
O-Week, 4
Revisionism, 6
What I Mean When I Say Basketball, 8
Back Lanes, 9
DeSastre, 10

What Your Favorite Date Spot on
Campus Says About You, 11
The Soundtrack We Keep With Us, 12
Playlist, 13
Miss Lonely Hearts, 14

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Front cover: Interior of Hauser Memorial Library, circa 1930. Photo courtesy of Special Collections, Eric V. Hauser Memorial Library, Reed College.



Gary Snyder and Lois Snyder Hennessy, circa 1998. Photo courtesy of Special Collections, Eric V. Hauser Memorial Library, Reed College.

Dimensions of a Man

A Life and History of Gary Snyder and His Relationship to Reed College

By BEN READ AND CLAIRE STEVENS

In a letter from 1967, kept carefully preserved in Reed College's Special Collections, Gary Snyder writes to a fellow student Charles Leong of "the state of things in Poetland (I actually was intending to write Portland)."

Snyder, a student at Reed College from 1947 to 1951, went on in life to become a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet commonly associated with the San Francisco Poetry Renaissance, the Black Mountain Poets, and Beat Poetry, an

essayist, an environmental activist, and an avid calligrapher. Starting in his time at Reed, he became interested in Buddhist spirituality and would go on to study Buddhism in Kyoto, Japan for much of his life.

Place and space, from Japan to the Pacific Northwest, feature prominently in Snyder's work. Like many Beat writers of the time, Snyder traveled all up and down the west coast, visiting and writing about sites from Sourdough Mountain in North Cascades National Park to San Francisco. In "Bakers Cabin on Boone's Ferry Road," he writes of Portland: "Frogs all night / three white ducks / chanting down the pond / the yowling of the Siamese in heat / the hot iron thud on spitting shirts." His poem

"Athis," written during his time at Reed, refers to the "long library," which is presumably our very own Hauser Library. As well as traveling extensively, Snyder supported himself through Reed by working for the Forest Service and he attributes the time he spent logging Ponderosa Pine timber to some of the knowledge he gained about the Pacific Northwest.

Snyder's time in Kyoto also greatly influenced his work, both in content and in style. It is fitting that his thesis, which consists of an

impressive 150 typewritten pages, is titled *The Dimensions of a Myth*, since myths, from China, Japan, the Buddhist tradition, Greece and Rome (possibly from his studies in Hum 110), and the native cultures of the Pacific Northwest all intersect and interact in his work. He signed each handwritten poem or broadside with a stamp of his name in Japanese, translated as "Canyon Wren."

Snyder first became interested in Chinese and Japanese culture while working with Lloyd Reynolds. Snyder and Reynolds's relationship is well documented, manila folders containing their correspondences kept tucked in boxes in Reed's Special Collections. A brief note on Snyder, typed by the archivists working in Special Collections, is printed on a piece of paper folded around one of Snyder's more delicate letters and it introduces Snyder as "one of the many students who maintained a correspondence with his friend, Reynolds. Although Snyder wrote his thesis in Anthropology under David French, he absorbed Reynold's teachings about calligraphy and particularly Asian philosophy and religion." The letter tucked inside of this introduction, written in 1964 by Snyder, informs Reynolds, "I'm to be teaching poetry writing this fall at Berkeley (but what I mean to try is teach seeing, instead of writing)."

Reynolds worked as a professor at Reed College from 1929-1969, teaching a range of classes in the Humanities. Perhaps one of his most lasting impressions on Reed, however, is the courses he taught on calligraphy beginning in 1949. Reynolds is credited with bringing calligraphy to the college, sparking a tradition that lasts on through Scriptorium to this day. In the archive, among the collection of letters and envelopes, is a small cardstock postcard with the words, "Another boy!" written in calligra-



Gary Snyder, circa 1998. Photo courtesy of Special Collections, Eric V. Hauser Memorial Library, Reed College.

"I think the value of all of the arts as opening our senses, our imagination, our hearts, in keeping our hearts available is their deepest role."

—Gary Snyder, from a 1999 interview by poet and writer David Meltzer

phy by Snyder and addressed to Lloyd Reynolds, announcing the birth of his second son, Gen.

While at Reed, Snyder also befriended Philip Whalen, a contemporary Beat poet and Zen Buddhist and another major influence on Snyder. The letters between Whalen and Snyder compose another large portion of Reed's collection, and Snyder wrote several poems dedicated to his friend Phil, including "A Sinecure for P. Whalen" and "Birth of the Shaman."

Both of these relationships reveal something about the huge importance of friendships and loved ones to Snyder's life and work (and not just because what we know comes in the form of letters). The rare books of poems in the collection were almost all personal gifts from Gary to Lloyd, including a personal note in the inside cover of *The Fudo Trilogy* which reads, "Dear Lloyd — I was able to get an out-of-series copy on this little book ...& here by our fire a raw March day with chilly deer in the garden talking of you, of practical aesthetics & style. ...As always, Gary." In calligraphy, of course.

In 1957, Snyder, Allen Ginsberg, Philip Lamantia, Michael McClure, and Philip Whalen were the five poets who read at the now famous Six Gallery Reading. Legendary San Francisco poet, Kenneth Rexroth, introduced each poet, as Jack Kerouac sat in the audience passing around jugs of wine and yelling, "go, go go!" While many know of the Six Gallery Reading because it was the first time Ginsberg read "Howl," this reading also brought Snyder into the San Francisco Poetry Renaissance, and for the rest of his life he would more strongly associ-

ate with San Francisco poets than with the Beat generation.

Snyder's family also influenced him greatly. His was married to Joanne Elizabeth Kyger from 1960-1965, who traveled the world with him, Whalen, Allen Ginsberg, and Peter Orlovsky. Kyger herself wrote many poems and inspired as well as helped Snyder with some of his. On the back of a letter to Whalen is a smudged footprint of Joanne's, next to the black lines of her toes, are the brief lines, "Footprints of Joanne Kyger, a girl poet."

In Japan in 1967, Snyder met the woman in Osaka who would go on to become his next wife, Masa Uehara, with whom he had his two sons Kai and Gen. Both sons appear in many of his poems. In a letter to his mother, he tells her of a night spent fishing with them: "I took Kai & Gen fishing last night after dinner but it was a bit late & got dark too soon; nathless it was charming to watch them seriously sitting on the bank of old lake with handy technique of casting with their little rods far out, knowing what they were doing, under dusk & light of crescent moon low in west illuminating thin strands of cirro-stratus sunset clouds."

Snyder's mother, Lois Snyder Hennessy, played a large and supportive role throughout his life. When Gary and Masa first had their sons, Lois regularly sent money and other gifts to them to help until it got to the point where Gary had to ask her to stop and tried to send her money in return. It is in fact due to Lois's diligence and generous donations that Reed has much of its collection on Snyder. Lois Snyder, a newspaper reporter for a number of small-town pa-

pers, was deeply loved by both her son and his friends, and among the correspondences in Reed's archive is a handwritten letter to her from Allen Ginsberg. Lois, in a true journalistic spirit, endeavored to collect as much as possible about Gary for Reed and for other libraries around the country. Thanks to her work in collecting much of Snyder's correspondences and notes, The Library of Congress also has a sizable collection of Snyder's writing and art.

In 2011, Snyder returned to Reed for its centennial celebration. For the occasion, he did an interview with the *Oregonian*, and when he was asked about his work, he responded, "Most of it's OK. Most of it's not too bad."

A commentator of Snyder's work once noted that Snyder wanted "to be considered a poet of the ordinary man." While Snyder himself was no ordinary man, he certainly created a vast amount of work that can be enjoyed by many. When asked in a 1999 interview by poet and writer David Meltzer about the work of a poet, Snyder stated that, "I think the value of all of the arts as opening our senses, our imagination, our hearts, in keeping our hearts available is their deepest role." And in another letter to Reynolds, he wrote, "The brotherhood of man may not be some eccentric and idle illusion, but a real human potential. I believe it and will work for it ... More than that; 'the brotherhood of all beings' is what I want to see. A love that extends to wild things, wild flowers, fish, plankton, the stars even." This sense of brotherhood permeates both his life and his work. And the letter is appropriately signed, "Love, Gary."



Students moving into campus, 1969. Photo courtesy of Special Collections, Eric V. Hauser Memorial Library, Reed College.

First Years' First Weeks

Looking Back at Orientation Week's Past

By LAUREN MONDROSKI

The second to last week of August 2018 saw blazing red skies as the setting sun's rays fought through thick clouds of wildfire smoke. First-years starting this year at Reed will likely remember these smoldering hot days for the rest of their lives as Orientation Week 2018. O-Week is memorable for most matriculated students here, if not fondly, then at least as a chaotic crash course in Reed culture. Orientation Week has changed greatly throughout Reed's history, with the biggest and most recent change being the switch from House Advisors working as staff during Orientation to the hiring of an entire Orientation Team to develop and lead events. Lauren, *Grail* writer and Orientation 2018 Team Member, caught up with Hayfa Anhour, one half of the dynamic duo of amazing Orientation Coordinators, to discuss these and other new changes, and also to uncover both the distant and more recent past of Reed Orientation along the way.

Orientation Coordinators Hayfa Anhour and Isabel Velez are both seniors and political science majors; yet despite being the same year and major, they only actually met through working on Orientation 2018 together. Hayfa explains to me that this inspired one of her goals for Orientation, which was to work towards defying cliques and uniting Reed students early on to give first-years the advantage of forming relationships with many new and different people. The theme this year stressed that first-year students were not alone, or in a punnier way, "owl-lone," because everyone around them is as weird or passionate or different as they are. It was important to the Orientation Coordinators and Team to guide an inclusive community early on: one not divided by discourse but rather united by difference. However, this approach of trying to create an educational but fun introduction to our college was unfamiliar to early Reedies.

The beginning of the orientations of yester-year starts in 1917, with the implementation of a course for credit called “College Problems,” which consisted of lectures throughout the year about many compelling (read: not compelling) topics, such as studying, college loyalty and democracy, and productive scholarship. This lecture-style continued through the 1930’s, and although some of the arguably boring topics on the schedule still exist today, the incoming classes of the ‘30s and ‘40s looked forward to even drier topics such as “The History of Universities” and addresses by trustees about the particulars of Reed’s endowment. Orientation as we know it appears to have been born from a switch from this lecture approach to a student-led conference mode in the late ‘50s. Returning students working as Orientation Conference Leaders would be assigned 8-10 students to discuss topics like the Honor Principle, faculty and classroom relationships, the Reed Philosophy, and life on and off-campus. There were advantages to this, in that it was likely more engaging than hours of lectures, and helped new students to form relationships with upperclassmen, but variances in training, enthusiasm, and preparation made some conference leaders better than others. Professors remarked on conference leaders’ performance with wild inconsistency; some commented that conference leaders were well spoken and prepared, while other professors simply wrote in response to the student’s performance: “poor.” The “O-group” was based mainly around volunteers, up until as late as 1995, where students could lead casual hang-out groups off and on campus, with the plea from school administrators (often written to students in all caps) not to do anything illegal. These unstructured groups were eventually replaced by volunteer and paid Orientation Assistant positions, who had duties that were much more defined and departed from the conference and hang-out style of the ‘60s to ‘90s.

The most valuable change to Orientation in the late 1990s and 2000’s was the addition of lectures and events specifically centered around student life, diversity and inclusion, and sexual assault prevention, components that were severely lacking in the programs of years past. These changes were hard-won, and their inclusion in the O-Week program was made easier with the creation of organizations that could facilitate these discussions, such as Sexual Assault Prevention and Response (SAPR), the Office for Inclusion and Diversity, and International Student Services. In more recent memory, Orientation was led by House Advisors (HAs), who had the responsibility of setting up their dorm communities in addition to leading and working events all throughout the week. HAs are employed and trained by Residence Life, which provided Orientation an already assembled and excited group students to work, saving resources, money, and especially time. As

the years passed, however, the difficulties of coordination and the pressure put on HAs during the week, added to the duties they already had during the school year, took a toll on student workers. This and other factors led the Office for Student Engagement to hire a dedicated Orientation Team for 2018.

Orientation Staff went to training both in the spring and immediately before O-Week, and the goal of these trainings and for O-Week in general was to form a strong, passionate team that could help Orientation run smoothly. Many significant things were changed this year: students attending pre-orientations such as the Peer Mentor Program, International Student Orientation, and Students for Education, Empowerment, and Direct Service (SEEDS) could finally go on Outdoor Odysseys; O-Week started a day early, meaning that the schedule was spread out and less suffocating; the long lectures were reduced, and new events were added, including the SEEDS Critical Community Conversations and POC Confidence Lunch Seminar, which hoped to highlight the experiences of incoming students of color.

There were many difficulties of coordinating a brand new rendition of Orientation Week due to the lack of guidance that comes with crafting something brand new and the pressure to do it well. It’s really up to the first-years to judge whether their Orientation was a true success. But along the way of creating this new Orientation, through a few mishaps but largely through many smooth and successfully executed events, the coordinators agreed on how rewarding it was to work with the Team and with each other. All things considered, Orientation Team 2018 was truly dedicated to the idea of setting first-years up for success, and to leading the way for the success of future Orientations.



Reddie preparing for International Student Orientation, 2010. Photo courtesy of Special Collections, Eric V. Hauser Memorial Library, Reed College.

If you go to Vilnius and walk down Pylimo Gatve, there stands, only a few blocks away from the last remaining synagogue, a rather unassuming structure. Vilnius—a city that has particular fondness for the baroque churches of the Counter-Reformation—has on its streets a rather unassuming neo-classical reform church. Like most buildings in the city, it is mainly a brick structure, given its grandiose appearance from a thick layer of plaster that coats the entire surface—plaster that is slowly being chipped away by the elements. The stairs that lead up to the church are uniformly rectangular ranging in color from grey to a muted red. Here the question can be asked: why the difference in color if all of these stones ideally should have been extracted from the same quarry? Indeed these stones were all extracted from the same quarry—a quarry of the dead. Look closer at the stones themselves and it will become apparent that despite the perpetual precipitation that coats the southeast Baltic, horizontal demarcations can be made out—demarcations that are read from right to left. If this has not already become apparent, the stones here are not normal stones, but rather gravestones from a Jewish cemetery.

This example, while not completely pertinent to what I am about to describe, serves as a useful visual analogy to what is happening to the memory of the Holocaust in Lithuania. Slowly, little by little, the true memory of the Holocaust is being eroded, replaced by a new narrative that has more to do with contemporary East-European geopolitics than anything regarding the truth. This narrative is known as the theory of “dual-genocide”—a term little known in the West, but one that our leaders have fully accepted.

Before I continue, I should divulge the reasons for me writing this article. This summer I had the pleasure of learning Yiddish in Lithuania at the Vilnius Yiddish Institute. The first day, whispers amongst the students indicated that something was not right. One name was mentioned that inspired particular interest and speculation: that of Dovid Katz, the program’s original director. The murmurings around this man were novelesque. He was described as a haggard figure, isolated from the rest of the world, perched high in his apartment outside of the historical city center. A troubled soul—this was the main thing recounted—a genius, but quick to make accusations. According to Professor Katz’s website “defendinghistory.com,” he was removed from the program for political reasons. Namely, that in 2008, the Lithuanian government decided to investigate



One of the pits at Ponar. Photo courtesy of Misha Lerner.

REVI- SION- ISM

By MISHA LERNER

two Jewish anti-Nazi partisans for supposed “war crimes.” One of these partisans, Rachel Margolis, has passed away, while the other, Fania Brantsovsky, is still alive, and is someone who I met while participating in the program. While the Lithuanian government at the time viewed these partisans as collaborationists who assisted the Soviet occupiers, Dovid Katz and the Jewish community (and most reasonable people I would assume) viewed and continue to view these partisans as people who were merely trying to stay alive and fight the fascist brute as their families were being butchered in the forests of Ponar. Since the Vilnius Yiddish Institute is a state funded enterprise connected to the University of Vilnius, Professor Katz was accordingly pushed out for his objection to the investigation, and for his being able to get the Irish ambassador at the time to hold an event celebrating Fania for her heroism.

There were of course other reasons why Dovid Katz was exiled from the program he formed with his own hands, but to enumerate them all would be a Herculean effort, and there still remains the task of actually describing what myself and a few others heard Dovid Katz talk about on that Summer evening in Vilnius.

There are three issues at play here. First there is the equivocation of Nazi crimes and the crimes of Communism. Secondly, there is the glorification of “national liberationists,” many of whom were active Nazi collaborationists. Lastly, there is the redefinition of the term “genocide” to begin with.

In 2008, the Prague Declaration was proposed and signed by several prominent European parliaments, and of course adopted by the Lithuanian parliament. The declaration establishes the main doctrine of “dual genocide.” Some of the provisions that are enumerated include: a revision of all European textbooks to teach about the crimes of Communism in the same fashion that Nazi crimes are taught, for the 23rd of August (the day the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact was signed) to become a day of joint commemoration of Nazi and Communist crimes, and most importantly, the recognition that the crimes of Communism are inherent to communist ideology in the same way that the crimes of Nazism are inherent to Nazi ideology.

While it is true that Stalin’s reign did inflict great crimes upon Europe, it is inaccurate to state that inherent in Communist ideology as expounded by Karl Marx is the need for mass terror and violence. On the other hand, Nazi ideology explicitly calls for the elimination of entire people-groups. Additionally, while the theory of “dual genocide” does expound

that both genocides should be equally commemorated, that is not the case in Lithuania. For instance, while the Soviet occupation is commemorated by a huge museum (the former KGB and Gestapo building) on the central boulevard, the Nazi Holocaust is only commemorated by a small cell in the basement of that museum and the “Green House,” which, tucked away behind the Jewish museum, is only seen by people who are looking for it. In my experience at the National Museum of Lithuania, there is no mention of the word “Holocaust.” The extermination of Jews is mentioned, but there is no mention at all of Lithuanian collaboration and participation in the Holocaust. In Eastern European countries where the Jewish population is minuscule, the theory of “dual genocide” inherently means the overemphasis of the Soviet occupation to the detriment of Holocaust commemoration and remembrance.

A recent Salon article in which the grandchild of Jonas Noreika reveals that her grandfather, well loved as a man who fought against the Soviets, and who was murdered by the KGB in 1947, was in fact a Nazi collaborationist and anti-Semite. Still, Noreikia is honored with a memorial dedicated to him and a school named after him in his home town of Sukioniai.

Lastly, Lithuania has also set out to change the legal definition of genocide. In 2014, the Lithuanian Constitutional Court ruled that Soviet counterinsurgency against a small group of nationalist partisans should be considered genocide. The logic of the Court was that since this small group of nationalists were the political “elite” of the nation, the attempt to destroy them was an attempt to destroy the entire nation. This flies against the most commonly accepted definition of genocide, that being the mass killing of people usually of one ethnic or national group.

This politics of “dual genocide” has a purpose: to portray Russia as a country equal to that of Germany, and therefore, to extract reparations from it, and to antagonize the West against it. And while it might seem harmless that one country is retelling history to fight the evil of Putin’s contemporary Russia, for the Jewish community of Vilnius, people who stayed despite the fact that they had nothing to return to after the war, this history is all they have.

What I Mean When I Say Basketball

By BEN READ

after Geoffrey Davis

Not the purple and gold of the showtime Lakers, not
the way Dr. J rocked a baby

to sleep, not the wrinkled hands of Bill Russell weighed down
by silver, not the musculature of LeBron's shoulders

or the way Kobe's jersey sagged off
his lithe body, not even that, when I wanted to write an essay

about grief, I wrote about the time Westbrook missed
all three free throws, even though his name contains

running water, not even when LeBron yelled *Cleveland!* and I knew
what it was like to not only be from somewhere

but to want that somewhere to be also from you, not peach baskets
or gym shorts, or the way Steve Nash pulled his hair back

behind his ears so he could listen to the echo of dribble, how it sounds
like the middle of the word *basket*, not my brother's closet

filled with Celtics green and lists of numbers and last names on jerseys
like years of his life, not my father's knees that won't bend

when he shoots anymore, not the anger at Kevin Durant when he left
that felt as real as the betrayal of Terry's death, or Terry's baby hook

shot, no. The court, a word for ritual love, its lines like maps
I was forced to touch to prove I could run, the bones in my wrist,

the doing something over and over again to try to get it right.

Back Lanes

By EMMA MCNEEL

Trees barely moving in morning breeze,
curtains too heavy to drift, merely
shifting back and forth. Geese dark streaks
across a grey sky. Somewhere

someone closes a door
and leaves something else behind.
They keep their hand gentle
on the doorknob and without a sound

bring it shut. Do you remember
back cobblestone lanes, brilliant
in rain? Lonely streets wandered by passers
speaking Italian. Shop windows warm

against the night. Forget it. Stand here.
Look just above the treeline.
Watch greyscale. Sunrise. Is it warm

where you are? Has the light
already changed? You are taller
than I am. Longer legs, longer
hands. Morning is quiet

without anyone's breath
to keep time to. I open
the windows. I let in nothing.

DeSastre

By ALEX RICHTER



If when prompted for your favorite things, you respond: food, water, Dr. Martens, air, and existentialism, befriending Alana is a must. Their edge is frightening. If you see them around campus, you should know that Alana's style is fierce. Their vaguely goth style exemplifies their fascination with the '80s. While donning '80s style gothic clothing, they are likely to be listening to obscure German music from the Berlin Wall era. If you spot them wandering around campus at night with friends, know that you have seen the edgy queen of the class of 2022.

the library (to study together)

- neither of you have time for an actual relationship but you don't want to admit it yet
- you exchange an average of three words per hour
- at least one of you is a physics major

the library (to explore the bookshelves)

- you get lost easily
- undecided major
- easily distracted by shiny things

the amphitheater

- you think smoking weed is a reasonable first date
- you probably own multiple items made of fair-trade organically woven hemp fibers
- you think the canyon is like, really, really pretty at night, man
- like, nature and shit... is amazing
- amazing ...
- ... fuckin amazing

your dorm room

- you know what you're *actually* interested in
- it's not romance
- it's sex
- you want some dick
- but you actually have a really good taste in movies holy shit

music practice room

- "this one time... at band camp..."
- you either genuinely jam out
- or you think that the best use for an oboe is for foreplay
- "why don't these windows have blinds?"

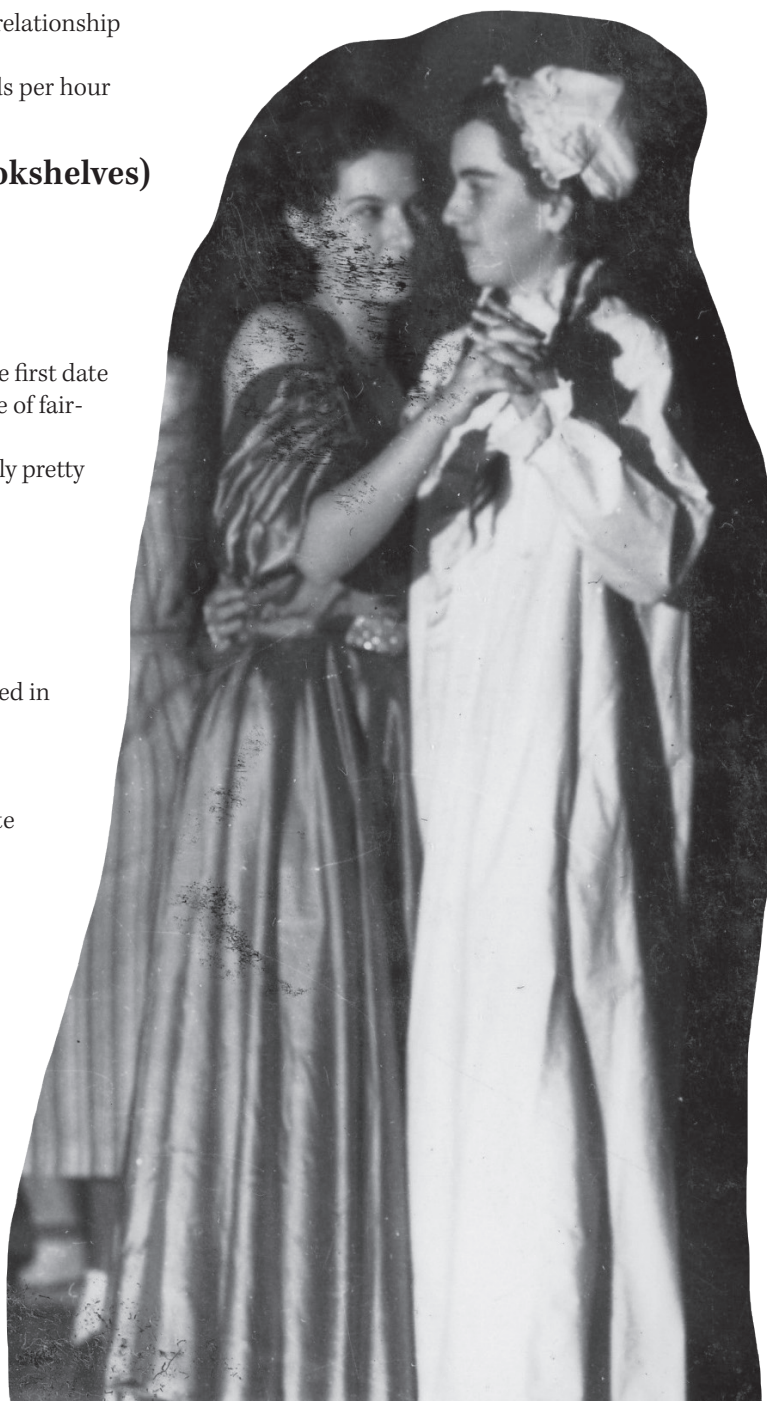
commons

- you planned this meeting in your bullet journal, carefully nestled between seven extracurriculars and 300-level classes

the comic library

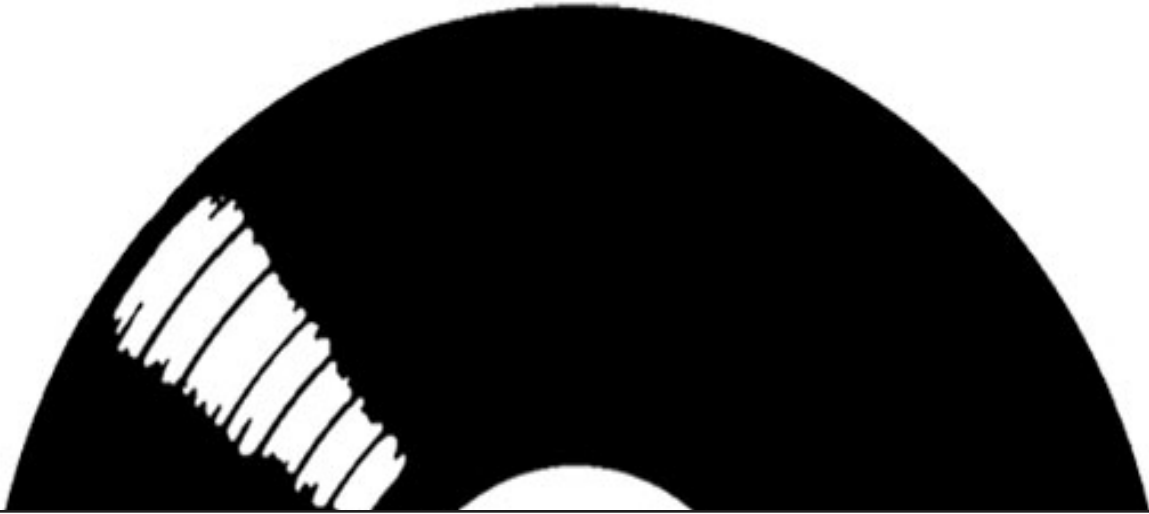
- probably a furry

Reed students at a story-book dance, sponsored by the Amanda Reed Association, 1937 Photo courtesy of Special Collections, Eric V. Hauser Memorial Library, Reed College.



**what your favorite date spot
on campus says about you**

By GIANNA GREGORIO



THE SOUNDTRACK WE KEEP WITH US

By NATALYA HILL

It's 2 a.m. You are driving home from work, weary from closing the theater for the night, and the familiar sight of your neighborhood, though darkened, is a relief. Johnny Cash's "Ghost Riders in the Sky" plays as you blearily attempt to parallel park, give up, and circle around the block to park farther away. Sleep is very near now.

You are driving along the Columbia River and the opening bars to Foo Fighter's "Everlong" greet you like an old friend. The music recalls the memory of a million other road trips: family trips cross country with your face scrunched up against the window to watch the passing fields, road trips with friends to beaches and deserts and singing at the top of your lungs. You sing now, as you weave your way closer to home.

It is early morning, the sky slowly brightening as you stand in the chill autumn air. It is the post-rock melodies that track the trajectory of the rising sun, that the world spins to slowly under your feet, that stirs your brain awake as you watch leaves scattering on the ground and the steam from a mug cradled in your hands curling up towards you.

The *Hamilton* soundtrack shatters the tired silence of the night as you press on to a nearing deadline.

Camila Cabello provides the beat as you hike your way across campus to your next class.

A Perfect Circle releases a new album after five years of silence and it's dark and incisive and political and it makes your day.

For a little over a year now, I have been making monthly playlists in order to track and remember what I was listening to over the course of the year. By looking back at this music, I am able to track not only when new albums came out or when I discovered new bands, but how I was feeling, what I was doing, what I was worried or thinking about. The songs have left soundwaves of invisible landscapes in my wake. By relistening through playlists, I can travel back in time and over distances just by sound alone, revisiting the feeling of the sun on my face as I stood hand-in-hand with my mother overlooking a forest in Taos while we listened to Balmorhea's "Dream of Thaw" together, an earbud in each ear, or travelling back to my creative writing class during the spring of my senior year, blasting Blondie's "Heart of Glass" on repeat as we worked on our senior projects. Just as the soundtrack provides the subtle tension, the heroic arc, the cheerful or desolate resonance for a movie, a playlist can similarly convey a message, a level of energy, or an appropriate tone for one's life.

I never really thought about how much of a role music plays in our lives (and mine in particular) until I started this year-long experiment, but now that I've started noticing, I can't stop. So a challenge to all of you: Whether you're a music person or not, whether you listen to pop or punk or obscure German opera, take a minute to think back on what you've listened to recently. Do you have go-to music for when you feel sad and need a pick me up? For waking up in the mornings? For working out? For studying? Certain music you play only when hanging out with certain people? Hell, maybe take the time to make a playlist. Share it with some friends. We all have a soundtrack to share.

1. “You Bet I Stare”Bane’s World – *Drowsy*

I wanted to put this in here because people-watching is a way a lot of us pass the time between classes, but I also thought it was a nice reminder that you should leave girls alone.

2. “I Don’t Know You”The Mariás – *Super Clean Vol. 1*

You know those kids that start dating online a few weeks before school starts, and then break up the first day of orientation? Are you one of those kids? Well, this one’s for you.

3. “No Face”Haley Heynderickx – *I Need to Start a Garden*

Heynderickx has such a dark, folksy style that I couldn’t resist putting her on this. “No Face” is a fairly sentimental song about loving people as kindly as you can and what-not. Be kind to others, and especially be kind to yourselves, my guys.

4. “Contact”Froth – *Outside (Briefly)*

This is the song you should listen to if you started smoking just to have something to do with your hands. Though you really shouldn’t do that.

5. “Wet & Wild”Holy Wave – *Relax*

I don’t really have any particular reason for choosing this song, but it’s my playlist and I like it so here it is. Enjoy it. Or not.

6. “Front Window Down”Tijuana Panthers – *Poster*

There are times when anticipation, for good and bad things, builds up so intensely around campus that you find yourself practically choking on it. Put on this song, jitter around, and get rid of those nerves.

7. “Minneapolis”Vagabon – *Infinite Worlds*

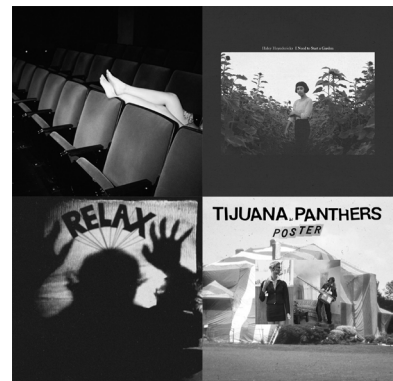
I thought this was a cheerful note to end on, and to think about changing and living in a more positive way.

For many of us, getting through Reed without a good pair of headphones or earbuds would be impossible. So here’s a playlist that will possibly help you deal whatever Reed is throwing your way. The main theme for this week’s playlist is change and uncertainty. Whether you’re a first-year or a senior, the first few weeks of school will always leave you with an unsettling mix of feelings. Personally, the weirdest part of the start of a semester is the time I spend walking to and from class. I always end up missing some old faces and having to adjust to some new ones. I made this playlist because to me it feels like the right mixture of sad yet sweet, anxious yet hopeful.

PLAYLIST

mood music: walking to class

created by A.C. • 7 songs, 22 min



MISS LONELY HEARTS

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

How can I cut someone out of my life when at first we became friends out of romantic interest but now it's kind of just weird and I don't know how to talk to them about it?

*Sincerely,
How Did This Happen*

Dear How Did This Happen,

Here's the advice I would give you if I weren't an advice columnist: slowly text back less and less and stop saying hi until you're strangers.

But, alas, I am an advice columnist, so here goes. If you only want to cut this person out of your life because there's still a lingering tension between the two of you, then diffuse that tension! Sit down with your friend and be straight with them, acknowledging that you became friends out of romantic interest but letting them know you'd like to be friends and only friends. If the opposite is true, and it's an all or nothing situation on your end, i.e. you'd only like to be involved with this person romantically, then you still need to sit down and have a conversation with them, telling them that it's too difficult for you to only be friends with them. The elephant is going to remain in the room, so you might as well acknowledge it. I hope that, by doing so, you learn to live with it.

*Love,
Miss Lonely Hearts*

it's gonna be ok even though it feels like it isn't

*::(
but also o_o
and hopefully (I'm positive) :D :D*

always :D :D

—okie doker

Dear Okie Doker,

Though I'm glad you're feeling positive (as you should!), this is not Missed Connections.

*Best,
Miss Lonely Hearts*

Lonely? Horny? Heartbroken? Bad gas? Need some relationship or life advice? Write to Miss Lonely Hearts at www.reedthegrail.com/askmlh or slip a note into mail stop 357 to get your questions answered.