



THE GRAIL

VOL. X

SEPTEMBER 28, 2018

ISSUE II

*A cloud
withdrew
from
the
sky*

INSIDE

ALEX'S REPORT

RISING WATER

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Lauren Mondroski dives into the archives to take a look at rules and traditions from Reed's past. (Spoiler alert: let's let this piece from the past stay dead.)

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I JUST GOT A MULLET

This week's playlist is perfect to get you in a fighting, rocking mood. Check out these tunes if you're looking to revel in some bangin' hits.

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www.reedthegrail.com

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

Howdy partners. We kick off this issue with a report from long-time writer, Alex, about his experience at a green rally this past month (1). Then, read a letter from Misha (2), followed by a comic from Ema (3). Find Ben (4) and Gatlin's (5) poems back to back, followed by a short story from Claire (6). Next, a new column from Lauren about things from Reed's

past (8), and enjoy our weekly playlist to get you out of bed in the morning (9). Finally, learn how to make friends with Miss Lonely Hearts (10).

P.S. If you're interested in writing for us, we meet every Tuesday at 8 p.m. in the Student Publications Office.

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

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Front cover: Weathergram hanging outside of Hauser Library. Photo by Claire Pask.

People Gonna Rise Like Water

A Report from Portland's Movement for Environmental Justice

By ALEX MORGAN

Earlier this month, I hopped on a bus across Northeast Portland to get to a green rally in Glenhaven Park. Titled “Rise for Climate, Jobs and Justice in PDX,” the September 8 event was a local manifestation of the national People’s Climate March and promised to promote environmental justice and elevate the voices of marginalized Oregonians bearing the brunt of ecological destruction. I got there in the early afternoon, before the speeches started. A little over 200 people gathered in the park that day, and between 15 and 20 different organizations set up a row of tables to greet us. Looking around, I saw an unusual coalition of environmentally-inclined activists: established non-profits like the Sierra Club and Beyond Toxics, political groups ranging from 350PDX to the Workers’ World Party, and organizations which support people of color and low-SES groups, like Voz Workers’ Center and the Pinos y Campesinos Unidos del Noroeste (PCUN). I walked along this row of tables, accepting the pamphlets offered by many of the organizers, and then looked down at the papers in my hand. In one pass, I’d picked up, among other things, a leaflet describing the link between imperialism and resource exploitation, a guide to adopting a vegan diet, and an explanation of carbon taxes.

The event itself began at 1:00 p.m. It followed a familiar format: we gathered near the center of the park and chanted slogans printed on handbills passed out



Signs from the Portland People's Climate March. Photo by Alex Morgan.

by the organizers—“Hey Hey, Ho Ho, fossil fuels have got to go,” “People gonna rise like the water,” and more—followed by a series of speeches about the severity of climate change, the need for environmental justice, and practical measures and policies for the near future. For those engaged with Oregon’s electoral politics, this includes an ambitious proposal on November’s ballot for a Portland Clean Energy Fund to generate clean energy jobs and power most of the city with renewable power, and for those interested in direct action, protests are being organized against the Jordan-Cove Project, a pipeline which if built would transport vast quantities of fracked natural gas across the vulnerable habitats, farmlands, and aquifers of southern Oregon.

But the real value of the afternoon, and the factor that separated it from so many similar events, lay in the speakers themselves. Gone or minimized were the white middle-class voices that so often dominate the discourse surrounding green activism. In their place, the organizers centered the perspectives of people of color, immigrants, low-income groups, and rural Oregonians. Days later, I found myself still pondering what was said. Latinx farmworkers from the PCUN spoke about how the corporate exploitation of their labor went hand in hand with the exploitation of the earth; a Native American elder shared folklore and history from his tribe’s experience of Oregon’s natural world; rural farmers told the story of how they’d spent years fighting the aforementioned Jordan-Cove pipeline; Pacific Islanders warned that rising sea levels threatened their homes. The highlight of the afternoon came not long before the rally’s end, when a Marshallese immigrant* stood before the crowd and read from her poem “The Bird and The Whale” about refugees displaced by climate change: “And is this not Scripture waiting to be written / that islands that have until 2030 to be habitable will create more children like these / searching for safe harbor / how fate awaits us in boats as well / as how hate looks like woeful ignorance / in a nation that forgets its own settler heritage.” I then returned to Reed, these words rising inside me, like water.

**Poet's name unknown.*

Dear Fellow Jews,

By MISHA LERNER

The claim that Jews are white has recently been bandied about with little analysis as to what the implications of this statement actually mean for how society classifies race in the American and global context. I should first note that this essay will intergotate no claims regarding the genetic lineage and physiological composition of European (mainly East and Central European) Jews. Rather, this essay will only entertain itself with how Jews are racialized in the American and global context.

In 2015, my Rabbi (Rabbi Gil Steinlauf) released an essay titled “Are Jews White” with the implications that Jews should give up the identification as white as a sacrifice—that in essence, if Jews are insistent that they are not white, the privileges associated with that classification will erode away. The implication is that Jews would accordingly be above and beyond the classification of race. There is a lot of romanticism that Jews occupy a liminal space, an uncategorizable space when it comes to race. One of the Hebrew words for the Jewish people, *Ivri*, or in English, Hebrew, literally means someone who passed over a barrier. If in the ancient Mediterranean, Jews transgressed spiritual categorization, then the logic follows, Jews in contemporary America can defy racial classification.

The reason why the attempt to occupy this liminal space is dangerous is because, while it may be done out of good intentions, opportunists within the Jewish community may use it as a route to both claim the benefits from being socialized as white and as a way of taking up space in movements that are meant for people who are not socialized as white. Additionally, the move away from categorizing Jews as white will not lead to an embrace of Jews as a “liminal” people by the Jewish community, but will inevitably lead to many sectors of the white Jewish community identifying themselves with people of color, and thus trying to claim the the same factors that contribute to the oppression of people of color in the United States are also oppressing them.

On the surface, this argument has some validity. Did not the white supremacists who marched at Charlottesville say, “Jews will not replace us!” Are we not intricately bound up with all the other minorities in this country who are the victims of white supremacy? After the white supremacists go after the groups that have less privilege in this country, will they not turn on the Jews after amassing enough political influence?

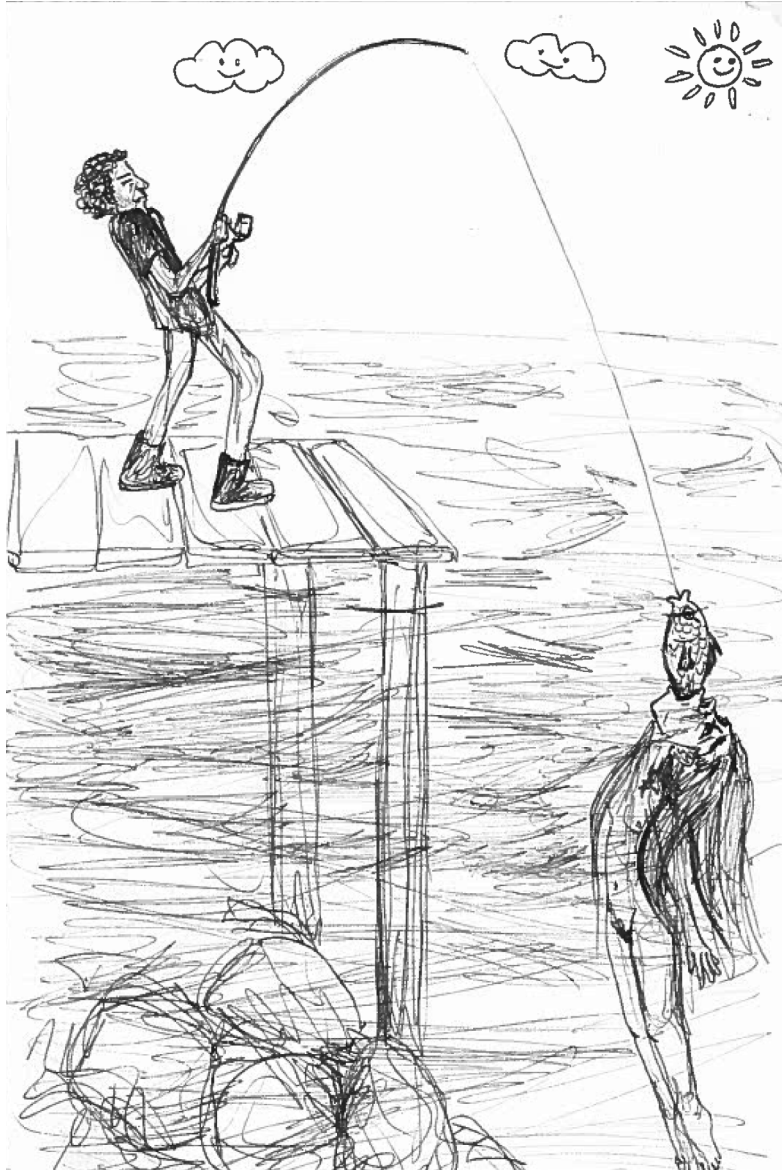
The answer to these questions is of course, yes, but this still does not mean that anti-Semitism operates in the same fashion as racism. For the white supremacist, the Jew is believed to be the “master of the minorities,” while people of color are considered their subjects. In this world view, the Jew manipulates people of color in order to accrue power for themselves. The benefitting of people of color by the Jews who are attempting to control society is merely a tactic for the Jews to accrue complete control.

In this respect, anti-Semitism is not the hatred of a group that is necessarily seen as inferior, but rather the fear of a group that is seen as a threat.

To this extent, the anti-Semitism that comes from white supremacists is harder to connect with more mainstream anti-Semitism (the anti-Semitism that is found in a more fundamental distrust of Jews because of their refusal to become Christian) than the racism of white supremacy is to connect with mainstream racism (which holds that people of color are inferior).

Additionally, in evaluating the difference between anti-Semitism and racism, while anti-Semitism in the U.S. is mainly an import from years of European anti-Semitism, racism in America is homegrown. Anti-Semitism in America (as opposed to Europe) does not have the central role of delineating society between the ingroup and the outgroup. While it is true that much of current anti-Semitism stems from the residual association that Jews are not white that existed in the early 1900s, the result of these acts and feelings of anti-Semitism does not further Jews away from the classification as white, but only serves to separate more and more between white people who classify Jewish people as white, and those who still hold that Jews are not completely white.

Jews have 5,000 years of history as a shared people. The societal label of “white” does not strip us of that. This fact, though, does not mean that Jews have to deny the fact that they are socialized as white. Rather, it means that Jews should look into their own culture instead of clinging to either pole of assimilation, or of misidentification with people who have distinct cultures and struggles.



By EMA CHOMSKY

Actaeon

By BEN READ

Artemisia vulgaris, also called felon
herb, naughty man, chrysanthemum
weed, old Uncle Henry, sailor's tobacco,
stole its name from a goddess.

Artemis, too, was called
by many names. Diana,
daughter, sister, sometimes
huntress. Ovid called her virgin.

I, like Linnaeus, wanted to name you.
I ripped you out of the ground, tearing your roots
to identify the underside of your leaves.

Horns grew through my scalp, as
your florets bloomed white.

Dye

By GATLIN NEWHOSUE

Does your hair die when you change its color?
Does cloth die when dyed?
Is there only homophonic connection here
In the diaspora of Platonic forms
Does the atomic address essence?

"We will all die" is about
as sure as "the sun will rise tomorrow"
That is,
Are you sure you will die?

Is death a lack or negation
A state or essence?
Can you pass through death
on to new things?
Is "being dead" a equivalence?

When death occurs,
does referring to the dead
refer to their corpse or ghost?
Is a corpse or ghost your essence?
Googling "how to speak for
the dead" (you)

how can justice be brought to a corpse?
does media know?

J breaks up with Ada at the Breakup Bus Stop.

Six blocks from their trailer, waiting by a plastic bench, under a sign that says: BREAK UP HERE, he faces the empty street and tells her he asked his parents if he could move back in with them and Ada wonders why he won't look at her.

"You want us...to move out of our place, and back to Paige and Donny's?" Ada asks.

He flinches.

"Um, I want to move back. You would...well, I don't know where you'd stay, that's up to you I guess..." he trails off.

Ada thinks she can hear the blood in the veins in her ears. She presses her shoe into a puddle iced over, watching the glaze crack under her toes, water coming up between the rifts.

"I don't understand."

"I think the longer I stay here...I feel stuck."

And because Ada has never been very good at noticing signs, J points to the one looming above them.

Ada doesn't know how to respond and the light above the metal sign that says: BREAK UP HERE flickers. Her phone buzzes. Little hazard icons dot the blue-lined route on Google Maps. Buses canceled—poor weather. Can you even get a bus at this stop?

"Ada, I got into UW. I—I want you to be happy for me," he says.

Ada didn't know he'd applied anywhere, much less gotten in to UW. She presses her fists into the seams at the bottom of her pockets, knuckles white-cold.

"I want to go home," she says.

The walk home is silent. Ada watches the sidewalk under her feet, worried about slipping on the ice, worried about tearing the tendons in her knee again or ripping her leggings but not worried about J. Not worried about J not worried about J not worried about J.

She walks in front of him and sometimes thinks she can feel his eyes on her back.

It starts to rain and the wet streets glow green and red and yellow under stop lights.

J and Ada live in a two-bedroom trailer painted pink and stacked on cinder blocks and the sign above their tin roof says: WORKING ON THINGS in bright neon letters.

Inside the trailer the screen door swings shut and for a moment they stand in the dark before J flips the light switch. Their kitchen smells like pot and wet socks.

It's raining harder outside. Ada can feel the water gathering under her home, sloshing against the metal frame of the trailer. She imagines the rain shaking their home loose, rocking it from the melting snow. She thinks they could have hung an anchor off the pink trailer, chains into the ground, looped around and between the overgrown outside like heavy leashes.

"I was reading *The Great Gatsby* and—"

"I'm not arguing about that book with you again, J."

"I'm just trying to make a point."

"It's not a love story and you only like the book because the rich guy has the same name as you. We've been here before."

"Fuck you," he says.

If Ada is honest with herself, this isn't exactly unexpected. Well, the parents' part is unexpected. Ada hasn't spoken to her own parents in four years; she can't imagine anyone wanting to move back in with theirs—even parents as kind as Paige and Donny. But J has been sleeping on an air mattress in the living room since November, around the time the sign above their trailer switched from: PRETTY SOLID to WORKING ON THINGS.

So they'd been slipping.

J plugs in an electric heater and a wheezy rattle fills the silence and Ada wonders how they got here because sometimes when she wakes up in the middle of the night she thinks they might be in her dorm room. She still uses the same alarm clock.

"I'm gonna brush my teeth," she says, pushing away from the kitchen sink.

BUS STOP BLUES

By CLAIRE STEVENS

On Ada's nineteenth birthday J throws up on her bed at three in the morning after watching *Les Misérables* for the second time in a row.

"Don't cry," she says when the movie gets to the part where Marius Pontmercy sings about empty furniture. J had cried the first time around.

"Too late."

He leans against her wall with the glass rum bottle in his lap and picks off the paper label.

Thirty minutes later he throws up down his chin and onto his chest. Bright red and blue from the slushies they mixed into their rum.

Ada hates musicals but J loves them and Ada loves watching J's face when they play musicals. It's like the singing somehow makes the story more real to him. She's just never understood how she's supposed to believe every character knows the same song and choreography.

Before J moves from their bedroom to the living room Ada gets a flat in a Walmart parking lot.

In the rain under a glowing pink billboard that says: HE DEFINITELY WANTS KIDS, J lays on the gravel in the parking lot, kicking the lug wrench with his Nikes.

"It's not coming loose," he grunts and Ada watches the metal end of the wrench press into the rubber sole of his shoe, so deep she worries it might break through.

"C'mon, it's your turn to try and get it off," he says, sitting up on his elbows.

"I got the other four off."

"I'm sorry," says a man walking by. Two kids stand next to him, their rainboots painted green with frog faces on the toes. "I don't mean to butt in, but it might be easier to loosen if you stand on the lug wrench. Like—may I?" He positions the wrench parallel to the ground before using one foot to stand on it until the lug nut gives.

When the man leaves Ada notices the billboard above their heads.

"Excuse me," she says to the stranger's back. "Is this yours?" she asks pointing to the hulking billboard. But the stranger shakes his head and waves a hand at his own kids.

Ada thinks J wants kids but she's not sure it's her thing. This sign probably isn't for them. There are twelve other cars parked on their same row and who worries about kids at twenty-five anyway?

On a Tuesday in November, J tells Ada his insomnia has gotten worse and he doesn't want to keep her up so he's moving to the living room—temporarily. That night he fills an air mattress with a tiny electric fan and says he's happy they have the air mattress so he can still be close to her.

"Are you sure you don't want to take the bed?" Ada asks.

"No, I'm fine." He kneels to stretch a sheet over the corners of the mattress and Ada puts her hand on his shoulder, standing next to him.

"We can switch off? I don't want you to hurt your back."

"It's fine," he reassures. "Only for a few days."

When J moves out he leaves behind a pair of pajama pants and his Fruit Ninja and an unopened box of Peeps leftover from last Christmas, the tag from his mother still taped to the outside plastic.

The sign above their trailer glows: VACANCY, and Ada has seen every letter that has ever floated above their pink trailer but signs are tricky to read. *Tricky to read.*

When J moves out he takes the car they bought together and the tomatoes they had started growing and the rest of the liquor and Ada watches the tail lights of their volvo swing out from their drive, a sign that reads: READY TO SETTLE, PROBABLY, floats over the car.

BUS STOP BLUES

By CLAIRE STEVENS

REVIVE OR LET DIE?

DORM CHECK-INS

This is a brand new column called "Revive or Let Die" where I go to the Reed Special Collections and Archives with the intent of finding curios from the past for their shock value, and for the longing for days past, or the feelings of "good riddance" that they inspire. I will then determine if the tradition is worthy enough to be brought back to life in 2018, or condemned to the annals of our sketchy institutional memory.

This week's artifact is a letter from Lloyd B. Williams, the Community Affairs Committee Chairman in 1962, addressed to the parents of the incoming class. The letter aims to address and give more details about the real "social life" at Reed. Williams first touts that Reed students have ample personal freedom, explaining that "both our men and women students are free to come and go as they wish in the evening."

Except that they're not? Women at Reed had to use the sign-in system to check in and out of their dorms at night, until God knows when, somebody realized this was a violation of privacy, among other infuriating things. In a stunning example of double-standards and misogyny (this is the '60s), Williams continues to explain that: "The Deans endeavor to speak to a girl whose signouts show more than an occasional night or weekend away from campus, and point out the possible effects on her academic and social life" and that (are we really surprised?) "there is no corresponding check on male students."

I know my History prof would want me to put this source in its own context and yadda yadda yadda, but could you IMAGINE having to do this in 2018? Having to explain to the any of the Deans the reason why you weren't at home? Can you imagine the horror of having to explain yourself?

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE:

"The reason I was away from my dorm was not because I was bewitching men with my sexual charms. Instead, I was [FILL IN THE BLANK]"

- Running far, far away from my responsibilities and not looking back.
- Hiding from this huge-ass spider in my room, and there was no other logical choice other than sleeping as far away as possible.
- Falling asleep in a pool of my own tears in the Lib.
- Literally nothing.
- Reading poetry by moonlight in the Canyon.
- Totally :) not :) smoking :) a :) shit :) ton :) of :) weed :)
- What was I doing? I don't even know.
- Bewitching the ladies ;)
- Fuck it, I was indeed bewitching men with my sexual charms—why do you even care???

Anyways, Williams talks about how some students take part in "panty raids" and "Wild Weekends," and although I'm tempted, I think it's safe to say this week's artifact deserves to be left behind to DIE.

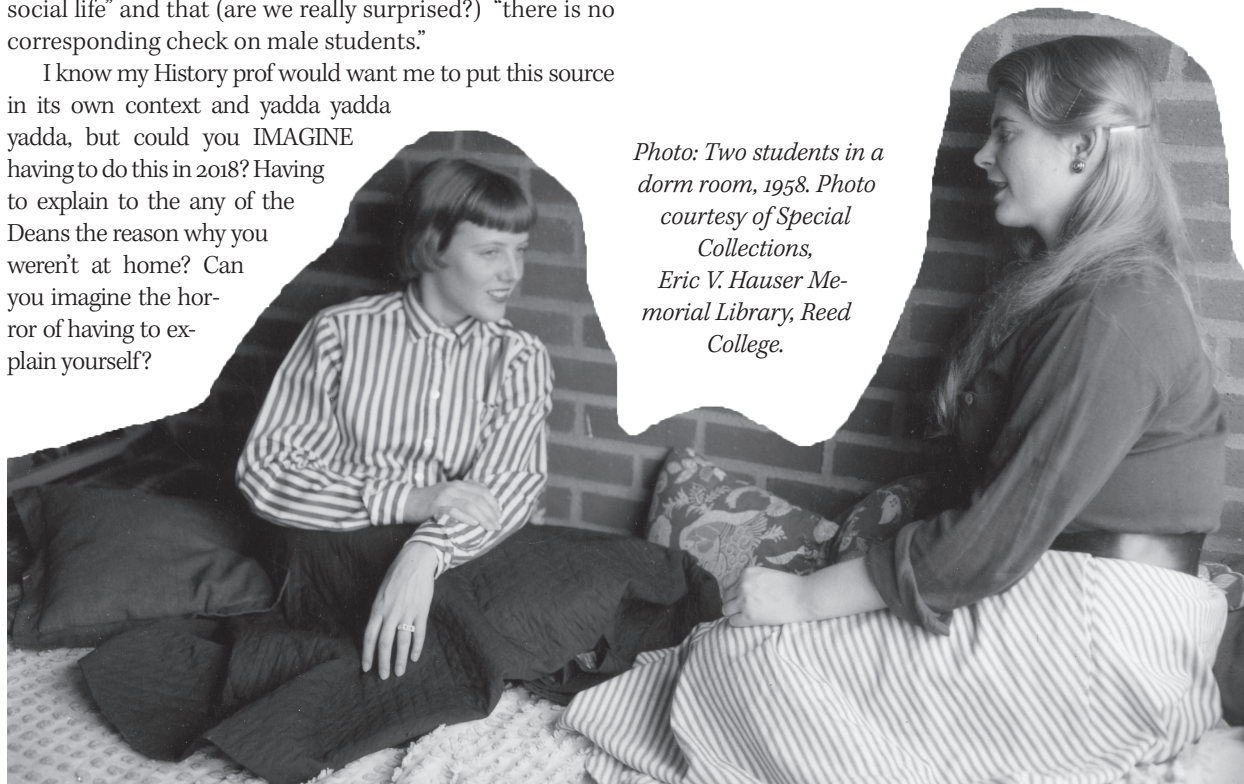


Photo: Two students in a dorm room, 1958. Photo courtesy of Special Collections, Eric V. Hauser Memorial Library, Reed College.

1. “Empty Head”Screaming Females—*Rose Mountain*

This song is strong and confrontational. It’s a great way to start your day off right. Make sure you kick something every time her voice hits a deeper pitch.

2. “Car Song”Elastica—*Elastica*

You may be asking yourself, how is this song mullet...adjacent? Something about this song feels ~oooky spooky~ to me, and I really enjoy it. I feel like I’m the main villain in a ‘80s teen movie. Which is also how I felt when I had a mullet.

3. “Hey Girl”Tacocat—*NVM*

God, this song is such a mood. It’s so easy to not yell at strangers. I do it every day.

4. “Love Song”Au Pairs—*Stepping Out of Line: The Anthology*

Wow, so much bass. So much eighties. Take it all in kids.

5. “The Day the World Turned Day—Glo”X-Ray Spex—*Germfree Adolescents*

Poly Styrene could punch me in the face and I would say thank you. Due to a combination of her vocal style and British accent, I can’t understand a word she’s saying in this song, but that doesn’t stop it from being a bop. Plus, saxophone!

6. “Sissy”Aye Nako—*Silver Haze*

This song is really good for semi—coordinated flailing around with your friends. 10/10 would recommend.

7. “Witch’s Tit”Kera & the Lesbians—*Kera & the Lesbians*

I think I heard the line about not combing her hair and was like hey, I also rarely comb my hair because why would I, I have a mullet. So I put it on the playlist.

8. “Too Tough to Die”Martina Topley Bird—*Quixotic*

While listening to this song please remember that, unlike Martina Topley Bird, you are most likely not too tough to die. I know it’s rough, but we all gotta confront our mortality sometime.

I had a playlist for rainy days ready when I realized it sounded a lot like every other playlist I make. I wanted to put out something that has a bit more of a distinct sound, beyond the usual “we’re an indie band and we use a lot of distortion” schtick. Plus this past week has been so sunny, I don’t think anyone is really quite ready to start fully embracing rainy day tunes. So I changed it up, and picked some songs off a playlist I made after getting a mullet last year. The playlist is appropriately titled, “I Just Got a Mullet.” Listen to it when you’re angry or when you wanna headbutt someone.

PLAYLIST

I Just Got a Mullet

created by A.C. • 8 songs, 23 min



MISS LONELY HEARTS

Miss Lonely Hearts,

As a first year, I have met a lot of new people, but I am having trouble fitting in and making connections with people. I have a lot of acquaintances, but few actual friends. What should I do? What are some good ways to make friends and not just meet people one time?

*Thank you,
Fitting in at Reed*

Dear Fitting In,

It's easy to spout platitudes, but they're often true: you're not alone in this. Everyone struggles to make friends, even the most outgoing of people. This means that your acquaintances probably want to make real connections just as much as you do, and they'll gladly accept most offers to do so. Here are some tips to making friends at Reed:

- Students at Reed are often busy, so arranging a study group with other people in your classes is a great way to initiate a low-pressure hangout that doesn't interfere with your studies. Study in the ETC, or in the common room of your dorm, so you can make conversation without being hushed by an frantic library-goer.
- Join a club! You'll meet people with similar interests to you without the stress of planning an event or asking someone directly to hang out.
- Don't be afraid to tell someone you don't know that well that you'd like to be friends. Leading with a statement that lets someone know you want to get to know them better will both flatter them and, most likely, lead to you making a new friend. That being said, don't forget to follow up: you don't want to be one of those people who constantly says "Let's hang out more!" only to never contact that person with any concrete plans. Suggest that you grab coffee or do your Hum readings together. In the worst-case scenario, they'll politely say no, and you can go about your business. In the best-case scenario, you make a new friend.
- If you've had a great chat with someone but nothing more, don't be afraid to go sit next to them in Commons. You both probably want some company so you don't have to pretend to be immersed in your phone while you're slurping down spaghetti, and if it ends up being awkward, just Hoover that bowl of noodles down fast and skedaddle. No harm done.
- Good luck! Remember, the beginning of college is a tough time for everyone, even people who seem like they're thriving. Most first years are feeling insecure and rootless, and will be happy to make a new friend.

Love,
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.