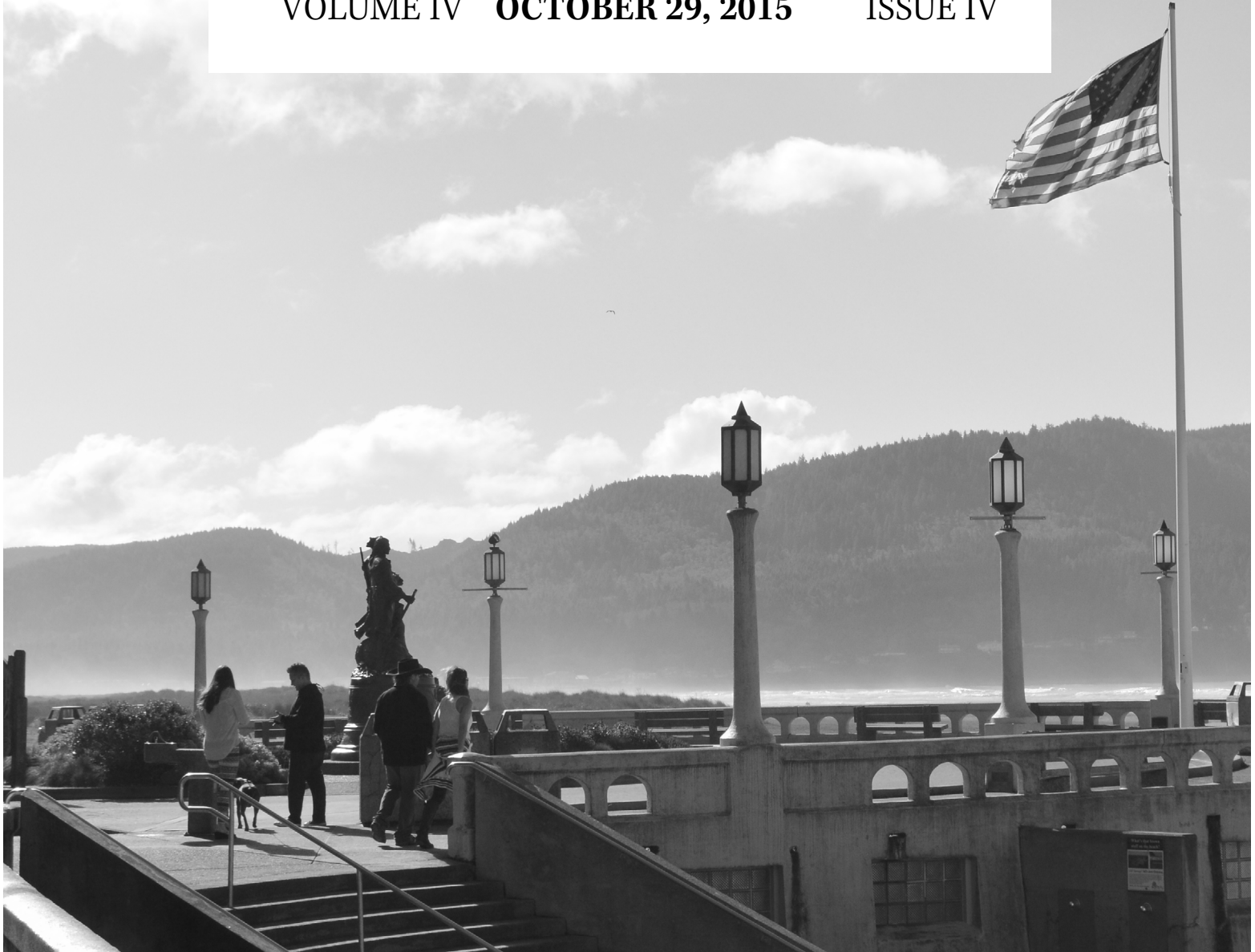


THE GRAIL

VOLUME IV OCTOBER 29, 2015 ISSUE IV



INSIDE

PS WHO?

RIVER CROSSING

This week our intrepid bubble-dwellers pop the Bubble. Despite only being a couple miles away, Portland State sometimes seems like another world.

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The famed radical theatre group Bread and Puppet visited Reed! Read on for vexed Vermonters.

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PUPPY PATROL

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You like Corgis? So do we. Welcome back to our second installment of “Whose pup is it anyway?”

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THE GRAIL

VOLUME IV OCTOBER 29, 2015

ISSUE IV

www.reedthegrail.com

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

Welcome back! Hope you had a swell time during your fall break. If you have a chance, get your derrière down to the Rhododendron Garden to before all the leaves turn brown and die. Yes, change is in the air. As for this week, two changes in this letter; the last columns come first and a few spooky special columns appear. For our weekly columns, Miss Lonely Hearts deals with a strange Hallowee-

nie (9) and the Cultural Calendar takes the form of an actual calendar (10). Last but not by any means least, is the FIRST EVER De Sastre: Halloween Edition (8). Bread and Puppet came to Reed (1). Our reporters befriend a small dog with stubby legs (7). And adventurous Reedies explore PSU (4).

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

Love,
Jordan, Lauren, and Vikram

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Front cover photograph by Jordan Yu.

Radical Puppets! Bread and Puppet Performs *Fire* at Reed

By KEVIN SNYDER

In 1965, Bread and Puppet was two years old. It grew from founder Peter Schumann's trailer-converted puppet-stage and street corner performances into an ensemble that was actively participating in protests of the Vietnam War, parading colossal ten to fifteen feet tall puppets through the streets of New York City. They also created a show intended for smaller spaces and more intimate performances entitled *Fire*, which is

an hour long performance dedicated to several Americans who protested the Vietnam war by self-immolating, killing themselves by setting themselves on fire. The play, with the original masks from 1965, was performed at Reed from October 16–18.

The play portrays a week in a Vietnamese village during wartime. The actors and the puppet figures they hold have matching moonlike white papier-mâché masks with somber

and soulful expressions that are stark contrast to their dark black robes and hoods, which obscure the bodies of the puppeteers and blur the line between actor and puppet making them into one continuous being. Their set embodies Bread and Puppet's tradition of what they call "Cheap Art" — simple scaffolding with exposed edges, pipes, and concrete blocks, holds a curtain that is pulled across to reveal the scenes. The sound of



Bread and Puppet at Reed.

Kate Bredesen

the performance was not produced by the Performing Arts Building's state of the art sound system. Instead Bread and Puppet brought their own homemade instruments to play, create mood, and mark the passage of a day. Their decision to make sound on stage as opposed to playing a recording adds further to the intimacy of the performance.

They move painfully slowly and with a precise intention. The only words the audience heard throughout the play was an announcement at the beginning giving a few lines of necessary historical context, and the only text is the days of the week, scribbled on scraps of cardboard. Everything is sound without language. Each day in the week begins in tableau and then the small movements become visible as the audience watches the events unfold. The audience slows to the pace of the actors on the stage, examining every motion they make.

We see figures passing water and bread to one another, dancing, and

then the war. We see the fire, a red cloth, that ravages the town and the new figures that enter, the Butchers. They are harsh and unforgiving representations of bureaucrats, styled with oversized chins and noses, white faces and gloved hands, top hats that cover their eyes, and impeccable business suits. We see them plot the destruction of this village and the horrible death of its inhabitants. Near the end the Butchers construct a cage built of logs and chicken wire around the lone figure of villager, who unfurls red tape around herself in silence, recreating self-immolation.

Historically, *Fire* ended with silent audiences in America and uproarious audiences in France. At Reed, *Fire* received a slow and momentum-gathering clap from a pensive audience, who were uncomfortable with the story ending. At the end of the show, Bread and Puppet does not offer a clean and happy ending, but they do offer bread. They make it themselves and give it to audiences for free as

part of their manifesto as a theater project, "ART IS FOOD... Art has to be CHEAP & available to EVERYBODY... Art is like good bread! Art is like green trees! Art is like white clouds in blue sky! ART IS CHEAP!"

The politics of Bread and Puppet theater are evident in their creations. "They're made from trash" one member of the ensemble says after the show in the talk-back session. The puppets are not capitalistic commodities. They are recycled from other Bread and Puppet shows. The Butchers reappear in many shows as a specter of greed, domination, and oppression. Yet, as valued as they are by their fans and audiences, the puppets are made on a shoestring budget — sometimes with real shoestrings — and with love for their imperfections. Along with the movement against the Vietnam War, Bread and Puppet has actively participated in demonstrations and movements against the war in Afghanistan, the Zapatista uprising, the Earth First! movement, and many more.



Bread and Puppet served bread after their show.

Kate Bredesen

Radical Performativity

The presence of the members of Bread and Puppet in the PAB is startling. They're easily mistaken for a group of rambunctious students. When asked how they were moving the puppets and set around on their tour, they answered, "We have a truck and a car — one for the puppets and one for us." They asked me where they might be able to borrow some tents.

This ensemble of six came from Glover, Vermont, where Bread and Puppet made a theatre home base and farm in 1975. They are on a west coast tour while other members of the group hold down the farm. The farm has hosted chickens, a cow, a sheep, some pigs, some puppeteers, many puppet animals, and volunteer apprentices in the summer. They have a large natural amphitheater, a print shop where they print their own zines and stories with woodcut blocks, and a museum storing five decades of puppets, masks, drawings, sets, and all sorts of 'cheap art.' These works draw from their long and continued history as political theater makers.

Their politics have led them to international acclaim and police opposition. During the 2000 Republican National Convention in Philadelphia, members of Bread and Puppet were among seventy-nine people to be arrested by a SWAT team in a warehouse where they were crafting and keeping their puppets. The event was covered by the Associated Press, which years later revealed that there "was tense talk of terrorist plots being hatched in the 'puppetista' headquarters, of bomb building and anarchist-fueled mayhem." Linda Elbow, company manager for Bread & Puppet, is quoted saying, "the cops went into the studio. . . arrested people, and took the puppets. So, now, puppets are criminals."

They don't wholly dispute the claims. In a self-published zine titled *The Radicality of Puppet Theater*, Peter Schumann writes that puppetry "is also, by definition of its most persuasive characteristics, an anarchic art,



Bread and Puppet at Reed.

Kate Bredesen

subversive and untamable by nature, an art which is easier researched in police records than in theatre chronicles, an art which by fate and spirit does not aspire to represent governments or civilizations, but prefers its own secret and demeaning stature in

Bread Head

Some of the customs Bread and Puppet has picked up by performing in protests, parades, and prisons seem out of place in our still-new PAB. They greet the audience with the Bread and Puppet Brass Band and the entire ensemble plays instruments learned from their time as volunteer apprentices on the Vermont farm. They perform a small *cantastoria* (a short story that is told and sung while gesturing to images) while the audience waits in line to go into the theater, switching the usual dynamic of the audience waiting for the performers to be ready. Most notable is the bread that they've baked and distributed for fifty years, their signature gift and their way of creating community among themselves and their audiences.

After their first of three shows at Reed, when asked why these ensemble members wanted to be part of Bread and Puppet, one member said this:

"One doesn't know exactly what one accomplishes when doing this kind of art or engaging with any activist work that is artistic. . . but there is still a call to do it because it's what you can do and you don't know what the world would be like if you didn't. . . but I suspect it would be bleaker." ▼

There was tense
talk of terrorist
plots being hatched
in the 'puppetista'
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fueled mayhem.

society, representing, more or less, the demons of that society and definitely not its institutions." The Bread and Puppet theatre is a non-profit that retains autonomy by receiving no government funding and no corporate sponsorship.

In Our Backyard

By CLAIRE STEVENS

My adventures in Portland usually include wandering around downtown, mostly lost, hoping my phone doesn't die before I can GPS my way back to Reed.

The walk I took three weekends ago was no different. Two of my friends and I decided, at around ten at night, to take a stroll down to Portland State University (PSU). This happened to be the same night as the vigil for the students who were killed in the Umpqua shooting earlier that week. Thirty or so Reedies had gathered in front of Commons with a wide assortment of candles, from tea lights in plastic cups to the heavy candles in glass holders. A Reed alumnus spoke, and then the floor was left open for anyone to speak. After that, we sang together. Understandably, it was a decidedly somber night. I guess we didn't really know where to go from there, so we decided to walk.

The thing about going to PSU on

foot is that it is an hour and a half walk into the heart of downtown Portland. You pass a lot of people, mostly drunk or in the process of getting drunk, and I gotta say, you don't learn a lot of life lessons. But it's a nice walk; especially if you're with people you like. The weather was nice, balmy in the mid sixties, and that night was particularly clear. It's a great tour of Portland, and if you ignore the ache the develops in your feet after three or so miles, it's really not bad.

Leaving Reed always produces this strange feeling of venturing into the wild. As a freshman, I've lived on campus for a solid two months and have limited experience with the "Reed Bubble," but there's definitely something to it. Walking away from the group of Reedies on the Quad, making our way down 28th, I really did feel like an adventurer.

We arrived at PSU around 11:30.

Physically, Reed and PSU look different. The PSU campus is mostly beautiful glass buildings and an expansive concrete courtyard cut down the middle by the MAX Yellow Line Rail Service. Lower levels of the apartment-style dorm buildings have restaurants. All around us students buzzed in and out of the buildings, dressed for a night out.

Reed at 11:30 on the weekend is pretty quiet. There are pockets of noise scattered across campus, places like outside of Winch in the SU. Occasionally there might be a major party going — or something like West Ball or Beer Garden — but otherwise, it's obvious where the parties are on campus because the spaces in between are silent. Reedies who are looking for a party on the weekend tend to gravitate toward common spaces on campus. At PSU it's different. There's not necessarily a "center"



Portland State University.

Igal Koshevoy / Creative Commons



Reed students gather in the Student Union.

Jordan Yu

to the campus. Students have such easy access to downtown Portland, that they tend to spread out, and find their own scene. The whole campus is buzzing with the energy of downtown Portland, as students seek out weekend activities.

The geography of the two campuses seems to play a large role in determining the community. Students at PSU live in the heart of downtown Portland. Reedies live in our “Reed Bubble.” Our campus is smaller. No railways or bus stops cut through the middle. We don’t have to fight through the everyday downtown Portland traffic of people, cars, bikes, and buses just to make it to class on time.

That night, we met up with a friend who goes to PSU. I was amazed when we took an elevator to his eleventh floor dorm room considering the tallest building on Reed only consists of four stories. He complained about having to wait ten minutes or more just to catch an elevator back down before his morning classes, due to the number of students inhabiting the building. I live in ODB. I share a stair-

well in Kerr with nineteen other Reedies. One floor above me is our student body president. Across the hall from her is our peer career advisor. Campus involvement is just so easily accessible. There were more than twenty PSU students on the eleventh floor alone. Comparatively, our environment is much more insular.

My friend at PSU loves its location because, as he says, “Even on the way to any class you’re bound to pass dozens of businesses and restaurants. Plus, there is a constant flow of cars and people that have nothing to do with PSU so, as a student, you’re always aware that you’re in the middle of the largest city in Oregon.”

As a freshman, living on campus without a car, my experience with Reed is that it can be an isolated community. Reedies are used to an intense workload making it easier to befriend other Reedies instead of striking out to make friends in the greater Portland area. Even trying to find work off campus is a challenge. Many of Reed students with jobs tend to get jobs on campus, furthering a network of Reed student, faculty and

staff relationships.

This is not necessarily a problem, though. Students at Reed aren’t big fans of the “Reed Bubble” — which can be stifling — but ultimately, students chose Reed partly because it’s a secluded, community-based campus. Our world revolves around the space between Woodstock and Steele. Not to say that either campus is objectively better, but individuals get to choose which campus is best for themselves. Reedies chose the “Reed Bubble,” and despite the trouble it brings, there was something beautiful and powerful about the thirty or so Reedies gathered outside of Commons that night, holding candles, sharing the grief we felt for those wounded or dead in the Umpqua Shooting.

For those living off campus, those with cars, and those with jobs or volunteer work that takes them to other parts of Portland, leaving the “Reed Bubble” maybe isn’t that hard. For others, maybe those who feel a little stifled by Reed sometimes, I’d always recommend a walk across the footbridge into Sellwood. ♣



FICTION

Forgotten Places

By GUANANÍ GÓMEZ

The broken man sat on the bus stop bench, his gray coat hanging in threadbare strips, his face the color of a gravestone. As soon as I walked by, looking anywhere but his face, he snatched my arm and pulled me close.

“My stories,” whispered the man, his putrid breath warm in my ear. “I lost my stories.”

“I’m sorry,” I said.

The man’s bony fingers dug into my wrist, as if feeling for a pulse.

“Give them to me,” he said. I cringed, trying to squirm away, but no one can escape a dead man’s grip. “Give me your stories.”

He was reaching for my throat with his free hand, cloudy eyes suddenly focused. I struggled and writhed, wishing I’d given him a wider berth as soon as I’d seen him. I tried to think of something to say.

“Wait,” I gasped. “Wait.” There was no one else on the street. I tried to remember something, anything, and found myself thinking of home.

“When I was little,” I began, turning toward the sidewalk, searching for salvation in its cracks, “I thought my uncle was a hero. He would visit us on Sunday afternoons, in the house behind the old church. I’d sit on his lap, and the dog would lay at his feet, and he’d tell me stories from when he lived out east.”

The broken man paused, no longer reaching for my throat. I took in a shaky breath.

“My uncle was an artist. He would paint murals, in alleys and on the walls of abandoned buildings. Once, he said, he was working on this painting of a whale, a sperm whale, I think, along the boarded-up side of a railroad bridge no one ever crossed anymore. It was a huge painting, took him weeks. He was just finishing the whale’s tail when he heard someone behind him, a woman with

wild hair and a broken bottle in her hand. He thought the whale might be his last painting. The woman looked out at the whale, at its immense length and its bumpy chin and shiny black eye. She shook the broken bottle at my uncle and said, ‘How dare you? How dare you try to make something beautiful somewhere so ugly?’”

I swallowed, saliva thick in the back of my throat. The broken man gave me a shake, and I felt the world tip, fear pulsing in my tongue.

“My uncle told me he looked at his whale mural and just started crying. He said he tried to stop, but couldn’t help it. The woman with the bottle stared at him, and they just waited there, the three of them, on the bridge. Finally, my uncle tried to explain to the woman, but all he could say was, ‘I love these places.’ He meant the abandoned places, he explained to me, because those are where you can see love the most, the places that have lost their people and their colors, the forgotten corners of cities that aren’t part of people’s stories anymore. I didn’t really get it — I was only eight. But I did understand that uncle was trying to save the places with his colors and his whales, and I always thought he was a hero, even later when my dad told me about the drinking and all the money uncle never paid back. I don’t know what the woman thought. When I asked, uncle said she just walked away, whistling an old sad song, and didn’t say anything else.”

I gritted my teeth, waiting. The broken man made a low sound, and I peered over my shoulder and saw that he was trying to laugh. His grip on my arm loosened, and I tore away, rolling on the cement and darting across the empty street. I didn’t look back until I was blocks away, at the riverfront market, surrounded by people, by colors, by an abundance of stories. ❧



CORGI SCHMORGI

By ALEXA HARRIS

Alexa Harris

“Is this the corgi I saw on Facebook?” is a question Julia Nicholson, Assistant Director of Residence Life, gets asked almost daily by excited students. This Facebook famous pup has been a huge hit on campus.

But what’s the big deal? I mean, he’s just a five pound fluffy log waddling around campus on his tiny floofy stumps. Sure he’s not much bigger than the average rabbit and may have the most awkwardly adorable run this world has ever seen, but is he really *that* great? The answer is yes. Yes he is. This puppy *is* that great if not greater. This is the pup we all know and love, the one, the only, Watson the corgi puppy! Watson is a ten week old purebred Pembroke Welsh Corgi.

He arrived on campus just two weeks ago when Julia got him as a surprise gift for her partner (who has always dreamed of having a corgi named Watson) because true love does still exist. Julia’s other dog, an older German Shepherd named Kaiya, has had to adjust to having the new member of the family. Kaiya has taken on a motherly role to Watson (who even tried to nurse from her), cuddling up to him and giving him tongue baths, but also putting him in his place when he gets too feisty.

As with any puppy, Watson can be a bit of a handful. His baby teeth are growing in and he’s eager to use them on whatever he can. Watson also plays a bit of good pup/bad pup with you, being affectionate and snuggly one moment then nipping at you and showing off his little baby bark the next. However, Watson is in the process of learning his manners, and is even going to be attending a bit of puppy kindergarten soon! (What I really want to know is

can I go to puppy kindergarten because that sounds like the best time).

You can find Watson out on walks by the cross-canyons, probably surrounded by a small crowd. Run to him, let him run to you, laugh at his ridiculous and precious gait, pick him up, get emotional over how cute he is, yell that he can’t be real, rinse, repeat. ▼



Alexa Harris

De Sastre Boo!



“I just really love Halloween. It’s what I live for.”

With pretty pumpkins parading every corner, scary skeletons scaling the houses of Eastmoreland, and a harrowing haunted tour of Reed (this Friday!), you may (or may not have) noticed that the Halloween season is upon us.

In preparation, Caitlin O’Shea ’17 wears a white sweatshirt with black outlines on the cuffs and the collar. Three ghostly ghouls greet anyone she happens to meet with a “BOO” each. Little yellow sparkling stars bedazzle the space around them. She says she found the sweatshirt at a thrift shop. Since then, she wears the top every October 1 and once in the last week of October.

A turtleneck peeks out from under the collar of the sweatshirt. Another white piece, yet this one decorated with little black cats and various orange and black Halloween themed designs. By placing both of these statement pieces atop basic, slim-cut blue jeans and black flats, Caitlin pulls off the effortless integration of her Halloween pride and her elegant style.

Happy Halloween!!! Create creepy costumes and treat yourself to some trickery! :) ▼

xoxo,
aa & muk

Miss Lonely Hearts

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

There's this guy I'm sort of friends with who acts really freaky towards me, I think without realizing it. Whenever he sees me on the Quad, he comes over and interrupts the conversation I'm having to say hello and then tries to change the conversation, so that suddenly I'm talking about his thing and my friends have disappeared. When we're hanging out with our mutual friends he sometimes jokingly puts an arm around me, which makes me really uncomfortable! When I've asked him to stop, he says that he was only joking and everyone laughs but me. One of our

Dear Halloweenie,

Zoinks — you're right! This guy has been acting super uncool towards you, and I'm proud of you for deciding to stand up for yourself. That can be really difficult, especially when you have mutual friends and when the guy in question has made it abundantly clear (as this one has) that he doesn't care about the boundaries that you *very clearly* set. You're 100% right not to let him get away with "I was just joking" when he touches you without your consent. It sounds like you're ready to get this guy out of your life, which is super important. It's so easy to convince oneself out of taking action by thinking: "I'm not sure if I should do anything about this, I mean, campus is small and we basically have all the same friends. . . ." You, however, have done an awesome job not listening to that little doubting voice. By choosing to stand up for yourself, you assert that your comfort and safety (not to mention your plans for Halloween) are more important than this guy's freaky fixation. Bravo!

Now comes the most difficult part: actually talking to this guy. The *easiest* thing to do would be to simply message him back, saying "no, I don't want to share a Halloween costume with you," but I don't think it'd be the *right* thing to do. Refusing to do a group costume with him would free up your Halloween and rid you of your specifically costume-related problem, but it wouldn't clear up his disrespectful behavior or his lack of respect for your boundaries.

Before you tell this guy to freak off for good, sit down with a few of your trusted mutual friends. Tell them that he's been making you uncomfortable and you're going to cut him off. This not only allows them to support you, it makes sure that he won't contact you through them, using them to apologize or to guilt you into "reuniting the friend group." It may sound reactionary to assume that he'll do any of that — and it's totally possible that he won't. Never-

friends told me that he has a crush on me which makes everything worse. I just want him to leave me alone!

Over fall break he Facebook messaged me, asking if I wanted to be a group Halloween costume with him. He said he'd thought of a really funny idea but nobody else would do it with him. The last thing I want is to spend all of Halloween matching costumes with him like we were dating! How do I tell him to leave me alone, both on Halloween and forever?

— Halloweenie

theless, it's better know that your friends have your back when you're entering a difficult or painful situation. It's important to remember here that you're not asking them to pick sides or to turn against someone who they might care a lot about. You're simply telling them that you can't be around this person anymore, and you need your friends to support you and respect your decision.

If you're comfortable speaking to him face-to-face about the way that he treats you, find a moment where you're together in a public space — maybe on the Quad or in Commons. Approach him and say something along the lines of: "The way you've treated me has made me incredibly uncomfortable, and we can't be friends anymore. Please stop talking to me." Know that, since you're physically in the same place, he'll probably try to argue with you. At this point, you can simply walk away. You don't owe him a counterargument or a chance to air his grievances. Your boundaries are your boundaries, so don't give him the chance to tell you that you were wrong in thinking that he was icky, or stupid for feeling uncomfortable around him.

If you'd rather avoid an in-person confrontation, a firm but polite email should do the trick. Just like talking to this guy in person, don't feel like you have to frame your argument in "I'm sorry"s or "it's just"s. You're protecting yourself and making your world more comfortable — you don't have anything to apologize for! If he responds, it's up to you whether you read it or not, but don't respond again. Just like in person, don't let him involve you in an argument.

Things might be awkward amongst your friends for a little while, Halloweenie. But you should feel proud and accomplished to know that you've done what's right for you — and don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

Enjoy Halloween — I know I will!
Miss Lonely Hearts 🍷

Cultural Column

By CHARLIE C. WILCOX

Hey folks, been awhile since I've done a conventional 'cultural calendar' of sorts, so I thought I'd take a nice swing at it (go Mets) and talk about some good concerts coming up in the second half of the semester. I'll try to feature mostly all-ages shows for our buddies young and old, but forgive me if a few drinking-friendly shows appear on my rundown. November may feel like the longest, coldest, darkest, most oh-my-god-first-chapter-of-thesis-isn't-done month of the year, but feel free to take a night off and catch a show. It'll be good for ya. 🍷

November 2–3

El Vy — Doug Fir Lounge

Oh hey, the dude from The National has a new project and long, quasi-creepy hair. It's with the guy from Menomena, but I don't really care about him/that band. Your mileage may vary on fairly conventional dude-indie music, and El Vy definitely isn't The National, but it ain't bad either. I do have to say, when I saw The National on the *Trouble Will Find Me* tour, it was pretty earth-shatteringly, tears-on-my-wine-bottle great; Matt Berninger is a fantastic live presence, and this would be pretty much your only chance to see him in a room this small. Plus, this is their tour kickoff, so you'd be among the first people to see them ever.

November 5

M.E.S.H.—Yale Union (ALL AGES)

Experimental dance electronics from Berlin at the Yale Union is a must see. If you are feeling a little 'over' OPN and Ferrero, this is the show for you.

November 11

Beach Slang — Analog Cafe & Theater (ALL AGES)

Oh wow, a band with 'beach' in their name that doesn't suck! My partner tells me that I'm being mean to Beach Fossils. Sorry, Beach Fossils.

November 12

Mr. Little Jeans — Star Theater

This under-the-radar pop act is surprisingly better than it has any right to be. If you find yourself jonesing for a Carly Rae Jepsen concert, but are miffed that she has no dates anywhere near PDX, this may be the singer for you to discover. Although her debut full-length *Pocket-knife* can wear itself a little thin, there are some legitimate gems in there for you to discover.

November 13

The World is a Beautiful Place and I Am No Longer Afraid To Die w/Foxing — Analog Cafe & Theater (ALL AGES)

No one is quite sure at any point if there are more words in the name or members in the band TWIABP. . . but if that's all you know about the band (and decide it's all you need to know) you are making a big mistake. With their new album *Harmlessness*, TWIABP move from a screamier version of emo towards a more baroque pop sensibility (probably because they lost the screamy member of the band). This show will be a veritable cornucopia of twinkly guitars.

November 17

Modern Baseball — Analog Cafe & Theater (ALL AGES)

If you need more emo shit after the TWIABP show, just come back a few days later for this show. "MoBo is a suckier Front Bottoms, for all you genre loving folk" sez my partner (perhaps facetiously), but I would have to flip dat hierarchy. Modern Baseball is better, and their new album should be pretty dang alright.

November 20

Low — Doug Fir Lounge

Everyone's favorite Mormon couple turned slowcore legends! Low continue to be the pinnacle of consistency, releasing a reliably great album every other year or so. See 'em, they may break into one of their political protest drone songs from the years they were opening for Godspeed. MN represent!

November 25

Oneohtrix Point Never + James Ferrero Doug Fir Lounge

You probably know by now if you are the type of person that would go to a Lopatin/Ferrero concert. If so bust out your best Nike tracksuit and head over to the lounge.