

THE GRAIL

VOLUME V

MARCH 3, 2016

ISSUE III



Knowledge: Nobuyuki Tanaka's ZERO PROJECT transforms the museum into a space of collaborative making. Following Tanaka's detailed instructions, we are building the actual life-size sculpture of a Mitsubishi A6M Zero warplane, the aircraft flown by Imperial Japanese Navy pilots, including kamikaze pilots, during WWII. Tanaka's father worked for a Zero machine during the war, and witnessed the devastation of the atomic bomb in Nagasaki in 1945.

Nobuyuki began ZERO PROJECT as a response to his perceptions of Japanese denial about the military's actions during WWII. He describes the work as a vehicle for communal memory, not just about Japanese history, but about trauma and sacrifice in general. The lines involved in creating the Zero bring people together to reflect, discuss, work, and make decisions—concrete and lasting. Nobuyuki states: "By looking back at the past, a spirit of ingenuity, intelligence and respect for a better future will emerge."

From 1999–2009, Nobuyuki built custom Zeros in Japan, the US, and Australia. He then transferred the work into a set of instructions for others to create. Nobuyuki found the Zero as a model airplane he played with as a boy. Photographing a similar airplane, he then scaled the plane to the original dimensions. The sculpture is an building consists of 25,000 other photographs joined by tape, the plane's outline is printed in white on the back of the tiles. At completion, we must have the Zero to detail as we build. An inscription, we must have the Zero after carrying it from the museum. Nobuyuki describes the final bearing of the plane as a "gesture to men's" choosing and building.

ZERO PROJECT is a gift of the Peter Norton Collection, part of a larger gift to the Reed College Art Collection. The gift is part of a larger gift of donations to college and university art collections. The university with a focus on supporting programs that highlight education, creative museum practice, and the use of contemporary culture to engage diverse audiences.

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ZERO PROJECT

Learn about the Cooley Gallery's experiential installation and the process of communal healing.

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RENN FAYRE PT. II

Part two of The Grail's future-award-winning Renn Fayre exclusive is out now! Inside you'll discover drug-fuelled '80s magic in abundance.

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www.reedthegrail.com

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

In this week's newsmagazine we've got a diverse line-up of all manner of news, culture, politics, and history. Kevin talks 4.48 Psychosis (warning: sad) (1). Responsibility for fighting stereotypes too often falls on the very minorities being stereotyped. Read the stories of Muslims at Reed and Portland at large (2). The saga of the Zero Project continues, toward the airplane's fiery end (4). Can't get enough of Renn Fayre history? Neither can we. Read part two of Brian and Dro's 39,470 part series (8). Reed's Special Collections is a portal to another

world. Much like C.S. Lewis's magic closet, behind the library doors lie artifacts and stories strange and mysterious (6). Mount Hood forecast is back (hint. Ski at night) (14). Culture Kasie and Charlie discuss T.L.O.P, The Witch, and the music industry landscape (13). Do you believe in love after Reed? Can long distance relations work? Let Miss Lonely Hearts guide you (11). The Grail's very own Kevin stars in this week's DeSastre (12).

Join us on Mondays in PAB 105 at 9 p.m.

Love,
Jordan, Lauren, and Vikram

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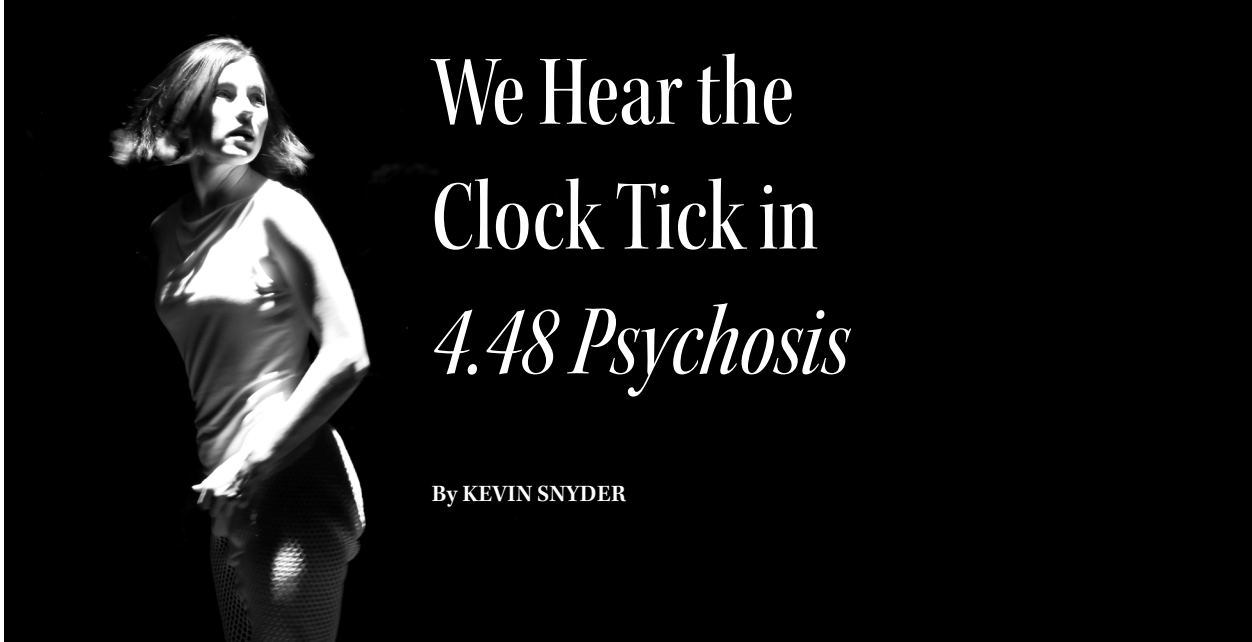
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Front cover photograph courtesy of Harrison Martin.



We Hear the Clock Tick in *4.48 Psychosis*

By KEVIN SNYDER

Lily Harris '16 in *4.48 Psychosis*.

Somerset Thompson

4.48 Psychosis by Sarah Kane, directed by thesis candidate Jordan Jozwik, opens Thursday, March 3 for a three-night run. The play was the last Kane wrote and the script is unconventional to say the least. There are no specifications about character, setting, stage direction, or even what is and is not dialogue. *4.48 Psychosis* repeatedly asks the question, how can one dramatize blank spaces, a series of numbers, or words that tumble down a page?

The production tells the story of a woman anguished over her lack of connection and her earnest attempts to communicate. The reason the play is titled *4.48 Psychosis* is because 4:48 a.m. is the protagonist's sole moment of lucidity during the day. Throughout the play she struggles with clinical depression and her experience with doctors and medicine. The play is fifty minutes long, ending with her moment of clarity, the minute every day she wakes and can think lucidly, 4:48 a.m.

The play's reception and productions have historically been tied to the suicide of the author which Jozwik sees as a disservice to both Kane and *4.48*. "It's not a play about suicide."

Jozwik says. "It's a play about communicating with people and reaching out. . .it's upsetting that people devalue Kane's work and say it's just about her, that she wrote a long suicide note. . .I think this is a really rational play. It's a rational way to react."

In the past there have been productions of the play where pills rain down on the audience or the characters are dressed in bloodied hospital gowns. *4.48* has been categorized by critics as "in yer face" theater. Jozwik's production goes a subtler route, delving into its darkness from a place of empathy. We hear murmurs of psychosis and clock ticks from a reality that lurks off-stage. There are microphones hidden within the set so that when Harris walks, falls, or beats her hands on the ground, we can hear her almost as if we were buried beneath her. In this production every motion and every minute counts.

The play is staged in the Black Box in the performing arts building with the set as a raised black square. Standing out against the darkness is the play's one actor, Lily Harris '16, dressed in white. Four risers surround the set with a large screen above each. Projected onto them is Harris' inscrutable

video portrait, which blinks and stares listlessly in grayscale. The video recording plays the roles of lover, doctor, and a shadowy 'other' in a shifting dialogue with the living Harris. They represent a diverging body and soul, both trying to reunite.

"These conversations she has," says Jozwik of the scenes between the actor and the portrait, "they probably happened, but what's on stage isn't *how* they happened. It's not what the doctor actually was saying, it's how the patient remembers it. The play is all one span of time, fifty minutes inside someone's mind."

The mind we visit in *4.48 Psychosis* is played without softening or apology for its pain. Harris is simultaneously the object of our intrigue and our Virgil. She carries the role into its depths with a flame of humanity. When she climbs atop the black square stage, we never want to see her go. When she descends, we long for our own minute of peace, after being left in the void. ▼

4.48 Psychosis by Sarah Kane, directed by Jordan Jozwik, runs March 3-5 in the Black Box in the PAB. Tickets are \$3 for the Reed community, \$5 general admission, available now.

Fighting Definitions

By RUBI VERGARA-GRINDELL

The “apologizing factor.” This is the term that Azra Ahmed ’19, a Reed freshman, uses to describe the imperative for Muslim Americans to condemn terrorist groups such as ISIS and therefore exonerate themselves from association. This apology is completely unnecessary, Azra explains, because “as a rational person, why would you have to condemn something so horrible? It is a given.” Why would Ahmed, as a Muslim, be expected to denounce ISIS openly while I, a non-Muslim, would simply be assumed to feel that way? Why are the 2015 Paris attacks labeled as Islamic terrorism and not simply terrorism?

The myth of Islam being monolithic leads to the “apologizing factor.” Islam, like all religions, takes infinite forms depending on the individual adherent. Simply because ISIS identifies itself as a Muslim organization and Ahmed identifies herself as a Muslim in no way makes their actions or intentions similar. Similarly, my Catholic grandmother has no responsibility for, nor does she support, the sexual abuse that has been a problem in the Catholic Church. Unfortunately, there are many attempts to reduce Islam to something easily defined. A phrase such as “Islam is love” is no more productive than “Islam is hate,” for no single phrase can contain its complexity. Those who might tote the “Islam is love” banner still limit and attempt to narrowly define Islam and the experience of Muslims; while people who claim that “Islam is hate” discriminate and violate lives due to a hateful and warped view.

“No one can hold the complete religion,” says Zhwan Sadiq, an Oregonian Muslim, urging for Muslims to stop being defined completely by their religion and for no one to

search for the whole of Islam within one Muslim. While yes, a Muslim is a Muslim, he or she is also a human. One’s humanity should not be compromised in light of events such as the Paris Attacks. They should not have to apologize.

What should be is, of course, not the same as what is. Sadiq, who grew up in a Kurdish Muslim family in Beaverton, has had various negative experiences due to people’s reductions and generalizations of Islam. There are the little things: the people who look at her blond hair and blue eyes framed by her hijab and ask why she is “converting.” Those who stare pityingly at her, thinking they are sympathizing with her oppressed existence, when really they are mocking her way of life. The employer who asked her “How does it feel being a first-generation college student?” when both her parents have PhDs.

These comments and attitudes are unwelcome but Sadiq finds them relatively easy to brush off. Unfortunately, this is not the end of it. For example, shortly after the shooting in San Bernardino this December, the tires of Sadiq’s car were slashed and the words “Thanks for California” were written across the windshield.

Zhwan refuses to nurture the “tree of hate” by being angry about what she faces and maintains that education is the key to erasing the false assumptions people make about Islam and Muslims. One necessary way to educate, she proposes, is to change the way the media portrays Muslims. On TV, Muslims are often “angry, revengeful people” she notes and wishes there were more realistic and positive portrayals.

Emna Hamila, a French language scholar at Pacific University, also notes the negative image of Muslims

in American TV. Having spent her winter break traveling around the US and Mexico, she says she noticed that “every time I was in an airport the TV screens were filled with really stupid statements about Muslims,” such as Donald Trump spouting xenophobic fabrications. She is dismayed that so many people, even those who denounce Trump, say “Oh my god! Did you hear what he said?” and continue to spread his messages.

Despite this, Hamila has been “positively surprised” by the reactions of Americans towards her and Islam. In France, “nobody works with a hijab except maybe in jobs where people don’t see you”, whereas immediately upon arrival in the U.S. she saw an airport worker in hijab. Going to the beach in her full-body swimsuit in France she is looked down upon, while in the United States she says “My first thought is not that people are suspicious but that maybe they are just curious.”

As a Muslim woman, Hamila is used to people assuming that her identity and life are being restricted. “I’m seen as the victim and they [Muslim men] are seen as my oppressor” she says. This assumption would not be held, she believes, if people researched the two main sources of Islamic belief, the Qur’an and the Sunna or Life of the Prophet. Oppression is a societal creation, not an Islamic one. “I come from Tunisia which is a fairly liberal country and it cannot be compared with a country like Saudi Arabia,” despite both of them being Muslim, explains Hamila. Because of the assumption of female victimhood, terrorist attacks carried out by Muslim women are under greater scrutiny than those by men. “People are fascinated when it is a woman,” says Hamila, because the neat illusion of who a Muslim woman is is suddenly threatened.

Growing up attending a Qur’anic School in a Muslim community, Ahmed ’19, experienced fairly minimal negativity towards Islam. “Most of my life I have not really felt a big

backlash for being a Muslim in America. I get weird stares and mean comments like ‘terrorist,’ but that’s the worst of it,” she says. Azra is, however, aware of the effects of Islam’s negative reputation on American Muslims. For her whole life, she has been taught through her Islamic education to uphold a code of morals and etiquette. The imperative to show this morality to the world is intensified following acts of terrorism connected to Islam. “Especially because we live in the West, we have to uphold a certain degree of moral uprightness,” Azra says. The actions of Muslims in America are judged more harshly than those of other faiths and immediately connected to Islam. In a Muslim-majority country this is not so, as “people understand your faith and know that your actions don’t define the faith.”

At Reed, Ahmed says, “No one is

ever mean to me or treats me differently because I wear the scarf [hijab].” Despite this, a feeling of alienation still arises. “I know I look different and therefore I isolate myself,” she explains. There is no Islamic club or organization to provide a place for her to interact with other Muslims. Her hijab is a comfort as it makes her feel “more connected to Islam and the values associated with Islam” that are not necessarily visible among the crowd of people around her.

These three women, Sadiq, Ahmed, and Hamila, cannot represent all of Islam or all of the experiences of Muslim women in the United States. These stories are nonetheless important to understanding how the treatment of Islam affects human lives.

One other short story, a hadith [anecdote about the Prophet Mo-

ammed] that Hamila shared with me, can serve as a further symbol of the diversity of Islam and the diverse ways in which Muslims live their lives.

The companions of the Prophet were having an argument about when the Prophet told them to pray. Some said to pray now and others at another time, both groups simply wanting to follow the Prophet’s request. When they came back to the Prophet they asked, “Who is right?”. He responded with “You were both right.”

“[Islam] is about intention,” Hamila explains, not about one rigid truth.

There will never be a concise definition of Islam for us to reference or a person for us to quote as paradigmatically Islamic (perhaps other than the Prophet). The only thing that we can hope and should try to do is uncover stories. ❧



Azra Ahmed '19

Rubi Vergara-Grindell

Not Repetition but Reimagination

Zero Project at Reed

By SARAH RICHMOND

Looking back, I'm not sure where I expected *Zero Project's* sense of communal mourning to come from, or how a collection of 25,000 photographs, a boxed model plane, and a set of minimalist instructions written by an artist residing halfway around the world would release the sentiments I had so neatly push-pinned into my perception of the exhibit.

Zero Project is about reconstruction, post-WWII communal healing, and grief in Japan. These were the themes under which I labeled the latest undertaking of Reed's Cooley Gallery before even stepping through the door. What we received as a college from artist Katsushige Nakahashi was a formula, and our goal was to follow it.

Zero Project is a response to Katsushige Nakahashi's experiences living in a post-WWII Japan and a way to substantiate a collective denial and grieving, that most seemed to want to push away. He based the project on a plastic toy model of a Mitsubishi A6M Zero warplane flown by the Japanese forces during WWII that he had played with as a boy. Twenty-five-thousand color photographs of the model captured with a macro camera were to be constructed into a life size recreation of the plane, and then burnt. Since its conception in 1999, *Zero Project* has been constructed and destroyed 18 different times across Japan, Australia, and the United States. Each time the outcome of the plane, and the process of creating it, is different.

This is the 19th installment of the project, and the first one in which Katsu Nakahashi was not present to oversee the entirety of its construction. Within moments of walking into the gallery during the process of the Zero's construction, it became clear

that the project was many things, and none of them were formulaic. It's difficult to describe how a space separated from the rest of the library by a door became a world within itself, how a team of artists and students at Reed College transformed a static set of photographs into a new piece of art, or why I immediately became so invested in it, but it probably begins with the feeling of bare feet on hardwood floors and packing tape.

The plane was spread out in gargantuan puzzle-pieces, and the slippery tape-coated surface of them tickled my soles as I walked across the gallery to greet Stephanie Snyder '91 (2003-), curator of the Cooley and overseer of *Zero Project*. She untangled herself from a heap of trash bags and paper that was in the process of becoming the body of the plane and padded towards me, stepping over the product of weeks of exhausting construction along the way. While anyone was welcome to contribute to the project, Stephanie and a group of ten students, alumni, and interns were at its core. Between themselves, they developed a language comprised of mechanical plane parts and every kind of tape imaginable. *Zero Project* unfurled into every aspect of their lives; they spent hours each day in the gallery and went home to piece together its unfinished parts in their dreams." Some days we talked, some we didn't," Snyder said about the dynamic that formed amongst the group, "We listened to a lot of music. Some days we had so many volunteers that we spent most of our time training and helping other people work on the plane. Some days we had no volunteers. It was a constantly shifting rhythm. It was an enormous effort and I'm so grateful to everyone

who participated."

Stephanie handed me a pair of scissors and soon I was squatting down on the floor cutting away the jagged paper edges on one of the wings. I have always been a compulsive art-toucher; I'll walk through the Portland Art Museum with my hand brushed up against the walls, snaking my fingers along the outside of the frames with the trepidation of a kid afraid of being caught sneaking into a candy bowl. Working on *Zero Project* was like getting to race down the museum hallway with both arms outstretched. I was touching the same artwork that different hands around the world had touched during 18 previous installments. And this time there was no security guard lurking around the corner to reprimand me. The more time I spent in the Cooley, talking with the team of artists and watching a plane form out of pile of plastic and paper, the more I came to appreciate the creativity that contributed to the project. While the project is Nakahashi's in many respects, it also belongs to each of its successive creators. In the process of constructing *Zero Project*, a ritual was also created.

Because the project is destroyed after completion, there is only ever one *Zero Project* at a time. Each time, a new group of people must discover for themselves what significance the project holds. The goal is not to replicate, it is to recreate. For this particular recreation, the most viable theme seemed to be that of community. A community formed around the plane, sustained on coffee and the lulls of easy conversation. "To be honest," Snyder said on the process of building the plane, "every day was different. Some days were simply joyous and we cruised along; some were kind of agonizing. We're people, and the nature of the project demands that the participants negotiate one another's moods and personalities. We literally worked over 3000 hours on the *Zero*, collectively. Some days involved very steep learning curves. Katsu's in-

structions are not very detailed, so we were constantly engaged in self-learning and adaptation to figure out how the plane was really constructed. Doing, undoing, learning, re-learning — these were all a part of the process.” Every time I visited the Cooley during the period of the plane’s construction, there was an excited energy scattered between the photo scraps and crumpled balls of newspapers. By selling the rights to *Zero Project*, and allowing reproductions to be produced without his presence, Nakahashi has made a profound statement about the ownership of his art, whether or not it was intentional. Even when stopping in for only a few minutes, I was taken by the sense of belonging that the project gave me.

We were taking part in a transaction, *Zero Project* and I; I gave myself up to the broad strokes of its production, and in turn, it gave a little bit of itself to me. I can’t say that’s how everyone who worked on *Zero Project* felt. In fact, the only thing I can say with the utmost certainty is that the project had a unique effect on each individual who interacted with it. Some cited the history that the project stirred up; the testimonies from World War II that it inspired, and the facts about Portland’s involvement during the war that it unearthed. Others experienced a connection to the project rooted entirely in the present moment and in the novelty of their own interactions with its creation. Each experience was built into the plane and the anticipation of its

burn.

As such some found the completion of Reed’s *Zero Project* slightly anticlimactic. After several weeks of back and forth with the school’s administration, a burning of the project on school grounds was approved. However, due to air quality concerns, Snyder decided to find an alternative means of destruction. “The revelations about toxic air in SE Portland presented a very serious concern. While the plane itself is not toxic, burning it would release a large plume of smoke and fire. I decided it was irresponsible to do this, when the community is, literally, in crisis over air quality concerns. It was very unfortunate timing for the project, especially with everyone working so hard to make the burn happen — students, administration, and faculty together. Katsu was deeply moved that the community found a solution for the burn. He told me that for him, the Reed community dialogue was even more important than the burn itself.

We will destroy the plane. It will return to Zero. We have found an ecologically responsible incinerator outside of Salem where we can watch and film the plane as it enters the burn tube. We have decided to do this during Reading Week, when the weather is fine and it’s easiest for our student interns to participate. Before we take the Zero to the incinerator we will reconstruct the plane on campus and have a party, a farewell ceremony, a wake — whatever we want to make it. We’re really looking forward to it!”

The Reed community and the general public was invited to the Cooley on February 20 to dismantle *Zero Project* for storage. Throughout the long process of deciding how to bring the project to an end, the question of the significance of the burn was continually raised. When I walked into the project’s construction site for the first time, I probably would have maintained that its immediate burn was necessary as the final stage in the cycle of healing that Katsushige Nakahashi had established. But as I have engaged with *Zero Project* and the phenomenal individuals who brought its 19th installment to fruition, it has become clear to me that healing is not a process that can be brought about through formulaic repetition. The ritual that Nakahashi created through his project does not lie in the instructions, or the photographs, or the boxed model plane set. Instead the ritual lies in creating an experience that is all one’s own. Personally, I think the healing started with feeling tape-covered photos slide underneath my bare feet. For the time being, the plane is all rolled up and waiting in storage. It may be the romantic in me, but part of me is proud that Reed is creating a ritual that diverges so greatly from *Zero Project*’s previous installments. Call it anticlimactic, or call it intensely original, the fact remains that the Cooley and all its constituents have not quite reached zero, at least not yet. ▼



The assembly of the Zero Project plane.

Harrison Martin

Hauser's Hidden Histories

By CLAIRE STEVENS

The first thing that catches the eye when entering the bibliophile's paradise that is Special Collections is a massive tome with frayed sheepskin binding lying on the table. Created sometime in the late sixteenth century, the book looks like something out of a Harry Potter movie. The book is an antiphony, a liturgical book of music used in the singing of a church choir. The antiphony is so massive in size because it was intended to be set in the front of the church and used by the entire choir at once. This is because of how expensive and labor-intensive such books were to make, rendering it impractical for every

member of the choir to have his own. The cover is constructed of leather wrapped wood, with decorative brass decals studding the front. Inside, the pages are made of sheepskin and partially hand-illuminated. The quality of the pages changes depending on the side of the skin they are made from. The pages created from the inside of the sheep are softer and whiter, while the pages created from the outside of the sheep are coarser and more yellow in color. The manuscript is not illuminated in its entirety, which is most likely due to economic conditions of the monastery in which the antiphony was created.

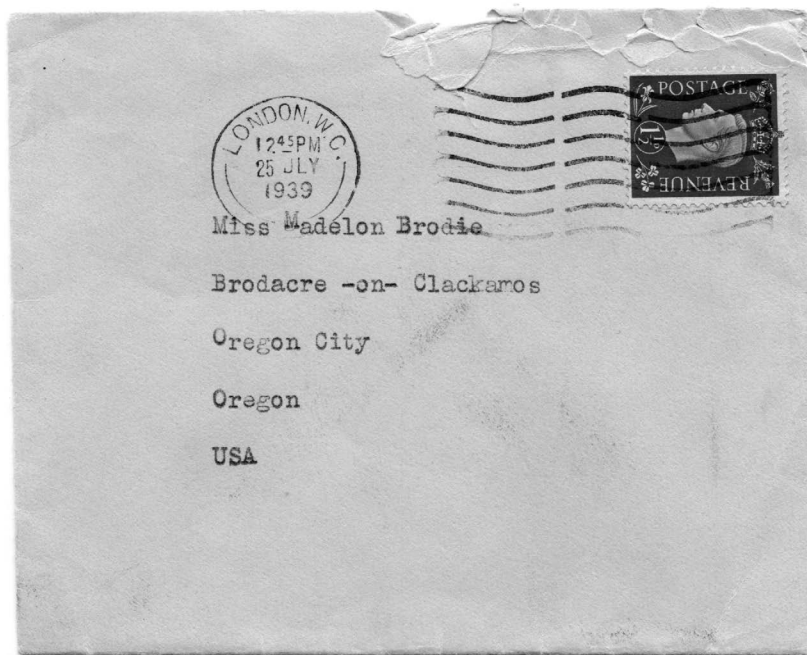
Based on the materials used to make the colors for the illustrations, it was most likely created by a Spanish monastery without very much money. Yellow and blue colors are used instead of the richer decoration afforded by shavings of gold and lapis lazuli. Angels and cherubs are woodblock printed onto the page instead of hand-drawn. If the stamps are original to the tome, they may indicate that the book wasn't meant to be seen by the public and instead mainly functioned as a monastery resource.

The antiphony was recently donated to Reed by an Eastmoreland couple who had owned the book for



Antiphony from 1500s, recently donated to the College.

Jordan Yu



Left: letter Virginia Woolf sent to Madelon Brodie '39 who wrote a thesis on the author. Right: china used in the Reed dining hall until the 1960s.

Jordan Yu

many years. The antiphony isn't in very good condition, but the damage to it allows the interior of the binding to be seen, making it a useful tool for Reed bookbinding and history classes, as well as the scriptorium, which uses the book as a demonstration piece to view binding and calligraphy techniques from the 1500s.

Special Collections is brimming with all sorts of wacky remnants of Reedies past from letters to ceramic dining sets Reedies ate off of in the early 1900s, to the dog collar worn by Simeon Reed's dog. Among these Reedicentric curiosities are letters written by a variety of famous individuals.

One letter was written by Virginia Woolf in response to a woman who graduated from Reed in 1939. The student, Madelon Brodie, wrote her thesis on Woolf's novel *The Years*. A bestseller during Woolf's lifetime, it is now one of her least discussed novels. Upon completion of her thesis, Brodie mailed it to Woolf. Woolf's letter in response is brief; she explains to

Brodie that while she wasn't able to read the thesis in its entirety she did skim it and praises Brodie for her understanding of *The Years*. Despite the brevity of the letter it is an interesting read because Woolf questions the success of her novel. She believes that in some ways her novel failed because its message was not fully understandable for the majority of its readers — something that didn't pose an issue for Brodie.

There are other letters too. One from Albert Einstein to the then president of Reed, Peter Odegard, March 19, 1947. Another from Supreme Court Justice William Douglas encouraging Odegard to accept the son of Douglas's friend into the college. Other letters too make up the collection. Many of these have no connection to Reed college, other than that they were donated to the college for safekeeping. One such letter is from Theodore Roosevelt to a neighbor of his dated August of 1916, encouraging the development of a sewer system that did not seem to be highly popu-

lar. He writes that his support should be kept secret because if the people knew a former president had any control over the matter, the government may have a revolt on its hands: "...The suspicion of and an attempt by an ex-President would cause immediate revolt." There are numerous letters from Mark Twain dated around the 1870s which were donated to the college in the 1940s by a former alum. Among the donated letters is a poem written by Ralph Waldo Emerson that has never been published. A newspaper article written in 1944 is attached to the poem. It states that the poem has Emerson's "characteristically clear-cut penmanship." I don't want to argue with the experts, but the poem is illegible.

If you haven't checked Special Collections out yet, it's in the basement of the library. Stop by and feel free to ask the Special Collections librarian Gay Walker and Special Collections Assistant Mark Kuestner about anything you might have questions on. ▼

THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF RENN FAYRE

PART II: 1978–1990

“2. TOYS – Toys may not seem essential to the everyday traveler, but believe me, to the Ren Fayre Explorer, they are mother’s milk. I always carry a bright pink pig myself but any number of other options are available...”

— “Pigbitch S. Thompson,” *The Ren-Fayre Quest and Herald of Christ’s Kingdom*, 1982

“There will be a Skydive in the afternoon. No one has come to see me about this. Last year the students provided there [sic] own security for this event. They may call you to help if they have problems with anyone.”

— A typically blasé internal memo from Bill Curtin, Community Safety Director, April 1989

“...which is kind of strange, because while it tries to be so unique, it also tries to be a tradition for Reed College — one of the few things that [keeps Reed] in touch with something that’s been going on for a long time, although Renn Fayre hasn’t really been going on that long...”

— Interviewee musings from *Give Up Steam*, a documentary filmed during RF1990

Renn Fayre is *big*. Despite the fact that it’s a celebration of our pointy-headed intellectualism and our deviant lifestyles, it’s undeniably big and extravagant, and — dare I say it? — even quintessentially American in its celebration of excess. That bigness dates back to the ’80s, of course, when everything was big and America was booming. In the second decade of Renn Fayre’s existence it expanded in scope, scale and debauchery, attracting new degrees of local notoriety, to the point where RF1990 as captured on film is very recognizable today. It was the ’70s that gave us Renn Fayre, but it was the Eighties that got us to where we are now.

Although the mythology in your Student Body Handbook will tell you the festival was canceled for a few years in the early ’80s and only returned after a mishap involving Reed Arts Week, a tasteless circus troupe, and a very irate little trustee, that doesn’t actually appear to be true. Our annual catharsis persisted and grew every year. As it became institutionalized, its student organizers took steps to ensure everyone’s safety; it was no longer an old-timey crafts market and things needed to be done differently. (It’s symbolically signifi-

cant that by 1990, nobody called it the Renaissance Fayre anymore.) Karma Patrol was founded in the ’80s, as was a Beer Security team, entrusted with keeping the Cleveland High School kids away from the kegs. The administration, far smaller in those days, mostly confined itself to preventing property damage, trusting students to look after each other.

Other new traditions introduced during the ’80s include the golf ball drop, the Glow Opera, and the formal foundation of the Meatsmoke Crew. The end of the decade saw the first appearance of the megalithic art projects that now transform campus every year.

An Autonomous Party: Karma and Explosions

In the Renn Fayre documents box in Reed’s archive, there are two folders, one simply marked “RF” and one marked “More Sensitive — 1968–1990.” The latter contains mostly liquor licenses and fireworks permits, yet interspersed between these forgotten forms are internal administrative memoranda that provide perhaps the most dramatic illustration of the differences between Olde and Nü Reed one can find. Student Services

and Community Safety both took an extremely hands-off role during the preparation for Renn Fayre, trusting students, by and large, to look after themselves.

With a few exceptions, Reed students rose to that challenge.

During the ’80s the party was planned, as it is now, by a group of student volunteers (not yet referred to as czars). Yet it appears as though there was no “Renn Fayre Committee” or institutional forum for the Renn Fayre Board to check in with members of the administration. Meetings between the Board and the small Student Services office did happen, mostly to plan things such as the fireworks, which needed legally binding signatures, but the specifics of the rest of the weekend were left up to the students. Just about the only thing that Director of Community Safety Bill Curtin (1987–91) ordered his officers to prevent was people climbing on the roof of Eliot Hall — apparently an illicit Thesis Parade tradition for several years. Memoranda from Curtin and from Dean of Student Services Regina Mooney are full of hints that they had not been in the loop on fairly large elements of the party (“We have no permit and as far as I know

there is no wood for a bonfire. . .”) and laid-back suggestions that someone amble over there when the event was scheduled to happen to make sure nobody was bleeding.

That blasé attitude prevails in all the administrative documents save the ones that concern property damage and theft. The physical plant of the college took a heavy beating over the course of the Huge Party back in the day, and administrators prioritized that accordingly. RF1984, for example, cost maintenance \$8,100 in today’s dollars, and so instead of any safety concerns, Mooney’s first memo to the next year’s Renn Fayre Board emphasized ensuring that such a “senseless waste of money by a few inconsiderate people” would not happen again. (Of course, it did.)

Yet before you condemn the administration of years past as a bunch of heartless materialists: all aftermath reports do seem to indicate that Reedies *are* really good at looking after each other’s health and safety when given autonomy. (It’s almost as though we’re a bunch of adults!) Things went

“without incident” on the safety front most years — just like they did last year at RF2K15, when we had no hospitalizations. Increasing administrative involvement in Renn Fayre has not necessarily made anyone safer. It must be said, though, that it probably has helped cut down on the property damage. (See next issue for more on that.)

The low rates of injury, overdose, etc. are likely owed in part to the development of Karma Patrol over the course of the decade. It’s unclear exactly how the group originated; Karma has not kept any internal records. Last year’s Karma Guru Mo Hicks ’16 points out “lowkey one of the big-

gest Renn Fayre problems [...] no one writes things down, or if they do get written down, Christ knows where we stick it.” What seems to have happened, however, is that Karma evolved out of, or in tandem with, Toy Patrol at some point in the early ’80s. Toy Patrol was a group of volunteers who wandered the Fayre distributing fun gadgets to people in altered states and ensuring that nobody was having a breakdown or a bad trip. While a nice addition to the party, that model was definitely not enough. Karma was explicitly more focused on resolving bad situations. According to the 1988 post-Fayre Karma report by leader Littlejohn Keogh ’90, there



Reed students play human chess. Reed College Archives and Special Collections

were around twenty-five volunteers, each equipped with “vitamin ‘come-down’ packages, a ‘ying-yang’ badge, and the burden of too much responsibility.” There were no bagels or water yet, and procedure when a first aid situation arose was just to call 911, but the creation of Karma was a huge improvement and just by being alert its members managed to defuse many a danger.

The autonomy of Renn Fayre was such an established fact that during the only really serious emergency I came across in the archives, students were more furious at the administration’s overreaction than at the stupid behavior that created the problem in

the first place.

During RF1984, at the midnight social in the old Commons — a rough equivalent to the Midnight Surprise today — a group of chemistry majors were entertaining the crowd with some pyrotechnics. Jim Quinn ’83 recalls that they were cutting out long lines of a powdered chemical called acetone peroxide, “very easy to make and very volatile,” and tossing matches at them to create miniature explosions. The display was cut short by rumors that the Fire Marshal, who had been patrolling campus, was coming to put a stop to it. Those responsible quickly began scraping all the acetone peroxide into a glass jar to put it

away, but the contents of the jar were ignited by the friction and the whole thing blew up. Six people wound up in the hospital with glass shrapnel injuries.

After the casualties had been evacuated, according to William Abernathy ’88, “they started the music back up, and nice and slow got people back into a good mood. Then Paula Rooney showed up.” The dean informed everyone that the rest of Renn Fayre was canceled. The reaction was a near riot — Quinn recalls cries that “The people who were injured wouldn’t want the party to stop!” Rooney eventually stood down, but the incident permanently soured relations between her and the student body and eventually she was essentially run out of town by a sustained campaign of slanderous rumors and bitter *Quest* editorials. (Students joked, for instance, that the chip on her front tooth had come from the kickback of a rifle at Kent State.)

The whole situation remains a bit of an embarrassment — a blot on several decades’ worth of self-sufficient partying. Yes, the students re-

deemed themselves by solving their own emergency, getting everyone to the hospital safely and restoring order. But the vitriol against Rooney for her well-intentioned attempt to take control of a crisis became truly jejune and cruel. In her notes for the next year's Renn Fayre, Rooney noted that it would be a good idea to "institutionalize memory of the explosion," and she's certainly correct. Yet, we should remember it not so much as a warning not to play around with acetone peroxide, but more as a warning that even apparent foes of student autonomy are still members of the community and are usually doing what they think is right. The Honor Principle applies to our interactions with administrators, too, and one can oppose the ratchet without stooping to personal attacks.

Traditions, New and Old

One of the interviewees in Daniel Levin's documentary film covering RF1990, *Give Up Steam*, sums up perfectly the process by which Reed's short institutional memory rapidly births traditions. "Students will start grasping onto something that happens at Renn Fayre, just some goofy event [...] This Glow Opera. It's a year old, already it's become a distinctive tradition that's essential for the Renn Fayre." New traditions appear every year here at Reed, and the years of Renn Fayre's second decade were no exception. The Glow Opera, founded in 1989, became one of the decade's most enduring traditions, but it was not alone.

As discussed in the *Quest* two weeks ago, the Meatsmoke Crew dates its official founding to 1982. The student-alumni organization then held its "primeval feasts" of smoked beast near the old swimming pool in the Canyon, meaning hungry feastgoers had to descend through the forest to "Camp Bloodye Speare by the Babbling Brooke" for meat, merriment and fire — doubtless more atmospheric than crossing the east parking lot. It took Reed another fifteen years or so to realize that the canyon

was a prospective salmon hatchery and that having a swimming pool and lots of foot traffic down there wasn't a good idea. Meatsmoke has, however, retained the pirate iconography in their new spot.

As today, there were bands performing around campus all day from Friday afternoon until Sunday evening, and each night there was a "social" dance party in the SU or the old Commons building. The human chess game, a relic of the first Renaissance Faire, was played every year like other Faire games like "Clench a Wench, French a Mensch." Even as the festival drifted farther away from its roots, jousting and sword fights on the lawn returned. By the '90s, however, they had been left in the dust and the jousting was replaced by the tall-bike jousting we know today.

Big adventure activities such as hot air balloon rides and skydiving onto the Front Lawn were regular features of '80s Renn Fayres. Passengers for either were decided by lottery, a bit like Gray Fund trips. These have largely dropped off the agenda since, in favor of student-run activities that are open to everybody at once. If anyone wants to get them back again, they ought to be prepared for a slog — they required a lot of legal paperwork for the Renn Fayre Board and the administration. Students would also occasionally rent a Ferris wheel, which sounds like a lot more fun for a lot more people.

The Wild Turkey Softball Tournament continued, and was renamed the William T. Lankford Memorial Softball Tournament after Lankford, a beloved English and Humanities professor and a Renn Fayre softball star, died in 1983. The prize remained a bottle of Wild Turkey, which was apparently Reedies' favorite liquor back in the day. It also played a starring role in the annual Renn Fayre treasure hunt. The exact rules changed from year to year, but generally the Renn Fayre *Quest* would include an elaborate series of interdisciplinary questions, each of which could

be answered with a number (these ranged from the number of pilgrims in Chaucer to molecular weights to "the number of e's on a new Camel Filters pack"). Those numbers were added and subtracted to each other to arrive at a mailstop number, and contestants then had to track down the owner of the mailstop during the chaos of Renn Fayre to find out the locations of the prizes — which always included Wild Turkey and occasionally included other goodies such as concert tickets or LSD. This ultimate final exam richly deserves a resuscitation this year!

RF1990 and Renn Fayre Art

In 1990, Van Havig '92, now the proprietor of Gigantic Brewing, and Ru Russell '96 decided to decorate the then-new library entrance for Thesis Parade. The idea was so obvious but so brilliant that it's stuck for every Renn Fayre since.

So have the interactive art projects — which are now such a part of Renn Fayre that one of our czars this year is the dedicated Project Manager (you're doing great, Arlo!). What constitutes a Renn Fayre project is kind of hard to define, but you know one when you see one, and the Guerrilla Theater of the Absurd's "Sculpture of Canine Edible Art" for RF1990 definitely was one. "We felt that dogs have been left out of Renn Fayre for a long time," Guerrilla Theater founder Igor Vamos '90, then at the start of his prank career, explains in *Give Up Steam* as the camera pans over a huge sculpture of dangling ribs. "We felt they deserved another chance this year." It took a few minutes for the dogs to start appreciating their art, but pretty soon they were chewing away on their own piece of Renn Fayre. ▼

Find the rest of the story in the next edition of The Grail, where we will tackle the end of free beer, birth of the lodges and the yearly themes, and the infamous Renn Fayre 2000.

Miss Lonely Hearts

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,

I'm in a relationship with a guy I really love. He's a year older than me (he graduated last year) and we've been together since my freshman year. I know that might sound like I just have never really been with anyone else, but we've been on and off before and we always get back together because we really love one another and we're committed to working things out.

I'm pretty worried about our future, though. Since he's been out of school a year he's gotten a job in Portland that he really likes and a lot of his friends still live in the area, so he feels pretty settled down for the foreseeable future. But I've been applying to grad school programs for next year

and I haven't gotten into any yet, so I have no idea where I might be next year. He's the only reason that I'd be staying in Portland, because I don't really want to stay here. . .so if I got into grad school in Seattle or New York or something I'd be moving there, and if I didn't get into any grad schools I kind of want to move back home and reapply next year? I don't think that it's fair to ask him to follow me home (on the east coast) and then just *keep* following me wherever I end up, but I don't know what else to do. I really don't want to break up with him, but I can't think of any way that we can stay together.

Help!

Back Away from the Future

Dear Back Away,

Thinking about the future — especially when you're in the midst of thesis — can be really scary and I commend you for your willingness to plan ahead farther than your next chapter deadline. Though it may seem like you're just prolonging your period of frustration and indecision, you'll feel better come commencement knowing that you have some kind of plan in place, rather than a nebulous "we'll work things out" that will lead to immeasurable stress as soon as summer begins. I also think that your history of re-committing to your relationship with this guy (hopefully with some serious conversation about what you both need from one another) puts you in a good position to work through this crisis together.

First, I think that you might do well by beginning to look concretely at the options that you have in front of you. What cities might grad school take you to next year? Which cities (if any) would your sweetie be willing to move to with you? If you both love Seattle, you might consider simply moving there next year. You'll both be happy with where you end up, and the commute won't be as long if you end up getting into a Seattle school in the next round.

If you're unwilling to move to a new city without an education waiting for you on the other end. . .yeah, I agree that asking someone to follow you from city to city (and

from coast to coast, it sounds like!) is a lot. If you're truly planning on moving back home, do you know for how long? If it's a year or less, you may be able to do long distance. If you want to go for longer than that, it might be worth moving back east together and putting down some roots. This, again, assumes that you'd only be looking at grad schools in the area when you begin to reapply. Would you be willing to limit your pool so that you and your guy can settle down?

If none of these options sound feasible, you may be looking at a breakup. I know that sounds scary and terrible, and it might be. Breaking up for a reason that makes sense to your head but not your heart is shitty — it seems like you should be able to work your way around it. Sometimes, though, you just can't. If that's the case, I want to remind you that you're not being mean or selfish by following your grad school dreams — you're trying to make yourself happy and fulfilled, just like your sweetie is by living in Portland now. You're not going to ruin your entire life by letting this relationship slip away, and it's better to think about that now than leave things weird and unspoken when you move back home without him.

It's going to be ok — it sounds like you have a lot of great choices in front of you.

Love and thesis karma,
Miss Lonely Hearts



Stumped yourself?

Ask Miss Lonelyhearts at www.reedthegrail.com/submissions/

De Sastre Of Dark and Bright



Who loves both the destruction of industrialized civilizations and Lisbeth Salander? Kevin James Snyder. Kevin's hobbies range from aromatherapy to lacrosse, perhaps explaining the mesh, and include fictional heroes, the cosmos, and the mimetic nature of camouflage. Kevin takes all of these influences and masterfully weaves the unexpected into a seamless look while combining characters and characterizations. Having been accused of "not dressing queer enough," Kevin attempts to mitigate sexuality stereotypes through clothing. Having featured Kevin for this week's issue of *The Grail*, we shall now return our ginger fashion icon to their home amongst the soulless and damned.

Cultural Column

By CHARLIE C. WILCOX

Hey buddies, it seems like a lot has happened since we last caught up. Let's get a little update, huh?

Kanye finally dropped *The Life of Pablo*

Whew, I didn't know if we were going to make it through that. I'm not talking about the album, or even the pre-release hype cycle of name and tracklist changes, or even Kanye's extracurricular twitter emissions (Innocent ?????? Yeah right), but I'm talking about the nonstop internet chatter and complaining about all of the above. Yeah, he changed the name at least three times, yeah, he was still putting it together, in a very public manner, up until, and past, the release date. Get over it, no one needs another "ugh Kanye enough already" comment on the music journalism website of your choice (and if you are a "Waves is the superior album title" truther, you can just get out). Was the rollout for *The Life of Pablo* kinda annoying? Sure it was. But you know what, it was also fascinating. I have read a couple different articles analyzing the rollout for *The Life of Pablo* as a potential game-changer for the way we conceptualize music releases, which no longer need to be tethered to the permanence of the physical record in our digital world. Following this idea, musical releases never need to be 'complete' so to speak, but can continuously be worked on, added to, improved, and updated. Thinking about this as a possibility is doing all sorts of crazy things to my head (like, what do we do with poststructuralism if the creator of the work still holds power over the work even as you listen to it on TIDAL, and can alter it at will? Is the author only dead now once they have logged off their computer? But I digress). This is also freaking me out a bit because the compartmentalizing, quantifying side of my personality likes having that little square in my iTunes that represents a whole project, that I can satisfyingly put into one of my various (don't ask how many) genre playlists. Having something morphing and changing right under my fingers like that would be a little unsettling for me. Not only that, but as others have pointed out, a release model based on *The Life of Pablo* could quickly turn sour in the way that the video games business has, in which music projects are sent out into the world incomplete, and "patches" for the merely sketched-in songs will be delivered later.

Do I think that *Pablo* will change music in the way that's been outlined above? Probably not. I mean, sure, it could cause a minitrend like Beyoncé did with her last surprise

album drop. Oh, bring me back to 2014, when it seemed like every other week another band or rapper let loose their own full-length without any advance warning. That trend seems to have played itself out by 2015, assimilating itself into business as usual as big name stars (well, as big of a name that Grimes is outside of the indie world) would announce their surprise album months in advance. Kanye is also guilty of this. I also remember 2013 (old grandpa senior getting on his stoop here), when Kanye dropped *Ye-zus* and plenty of very savvy music writers prognosticated that we would bear witness to a new wave of artists taking Kanye's hyper-aggressive, punkish sonics from that album and use them as their own. Did that happen? Nah, not really. You can probably blame Drake for that.

The Witch came out

IDK why "Arthouse Horror" has become such a thing lately, but it has and it should be much better than it is. I was excited for *The Witch*, I was. And let me tell you, as a piece of craft, that thing is immaculate. But if you go to movies for, ya know, themes and characters and such, *The Witch* may not be for you. I don't know if I'm the most suitable dude to go in on why *The Witch* fails as a certain type of feminist narrative, even if its director Robert Eggers thinks it succeeds, but I know someone who is. She likes her horror gory and her feminism obligatory, heeere's Kasie with her hot hot hot take:

Don't get me wrong: *The Witch* is a well-crafted, lovingly-created movie, aesthetically beautiful. What really gets me is the recent outpouring by Facebook friends and director/writer Robert Eggers that this is somehow a feminist film. I think this is absurd; I do not find *The Witch* to be *that* subversive or liberating. What I love most about horror movies is their ability to place me (y'know, the loosely-female-identifying-spectator) in two roles at once: that of the victim and the monster. In identifying with the female characters in *The Witch*, I only felt diminished and persecuted, never emboldened. This has something to do with the gridlock of violence against women upon which the film operates. The movie forces any choice protagonist Thomasin makes into a literalized, visually-depicted metaphor in such a way that reinforces, and even rationalizes, stereotypes of women and the violent consequences that these incur. Many scares rely on the pre-existing fear inherent and constitutive of negative representations of women—and *The Witch* finds fear equally in girls, wom-

en coming of age, sexy women, mothers, middle-aged women, and old women. And of course I agree, women and femininity doesn't always have to be hyper-positive to be valid, but *The Witch* does not provide an alternative model that is anything besides a paralyzed fall into full acceptance and embodiment of the "other" status that mark women (especially in the 1600s setting). I guess I'm so disappointed, even angry, because *The Witch* could be so many things—a sensitive portrayal of patriarchal pride and the ruin it brings, or irrational male fear of women, or a woman's own choice for a subversive lifestyle—and instead it rationalizes old agendas.

Oh yeah, there's new Kanye music

I talked at length about *The Life of Pablo* without even mentioning the music! I bet that's the first time that's happened! But honestly, it's good stuff. I think the noise about the rollout has sometimes overshadowed the actual noise (understatement of the year), but perhaps, like we could

say about many things regarding Kanye, what seemed off the cuff is actually intentional. The music on *The Life of Pablo* indicates a low-key release, at least the lowest key Yeezy could possibly reach for. This is kaleidoscopic Kanye, you try and see one version of him and it is instantly replaced with another version. For a quick sec it seems like *Graduation*-era Kanye has returned, but then he throws you face-first into 2009 Taylor-interrupting Kanye; some beats would be at home on the first half of *Yeezus*, while others carry on the glory of *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*. This is mid-career retrospective Kanye, and it seems that it may be a turning point to something different from him. I don't know what it is, but this album, as inconsistent as it is, makes me think we'll be getting a more moderate, consistent Kanye in the future. He's just as likely to prove me wrong (especially if we are truly getting another album this summer) but if he's still operating at this level, I'll take it. Kanye 2020. ❧

Mount Hood Weekend Snow Conditions

Friday, March 4 to Sunday, March 6

By ERIKA HURTH

This week's forecast will be a quick plug for one of Mt. Hood's most underappreciated resorts: Ski Bowl. Yes, Ski Bowl — that curious resort you drive past on your way to Meadows that's frequently dismissed as some inferior place dedicated to first-time skiers and sledding. In fact, Ski Bowl is "America's Largest Night Skiing Area" and probably the most affordable ski resort in the Pacific Northwest.

Let's face it: the ski industry is a rip-off. Anyone who has worked lift ticket sales will say so. If you're looking to shred on a budget, Ski Bowl is the place. Nighttime tickets are offered at \$35 for up to seven hours of mountain time! Plus, Tuesday night is "Ladies Night," offering female-identifying skiers only \$20 tickets. It might seem too good to be true but I assure you this is no joke. Get out there. ❧

Friday



31 °F
3 inches of snow

Saturday



35 °F
1 inch of snow

Sunday



28 °F
3 inches of snow