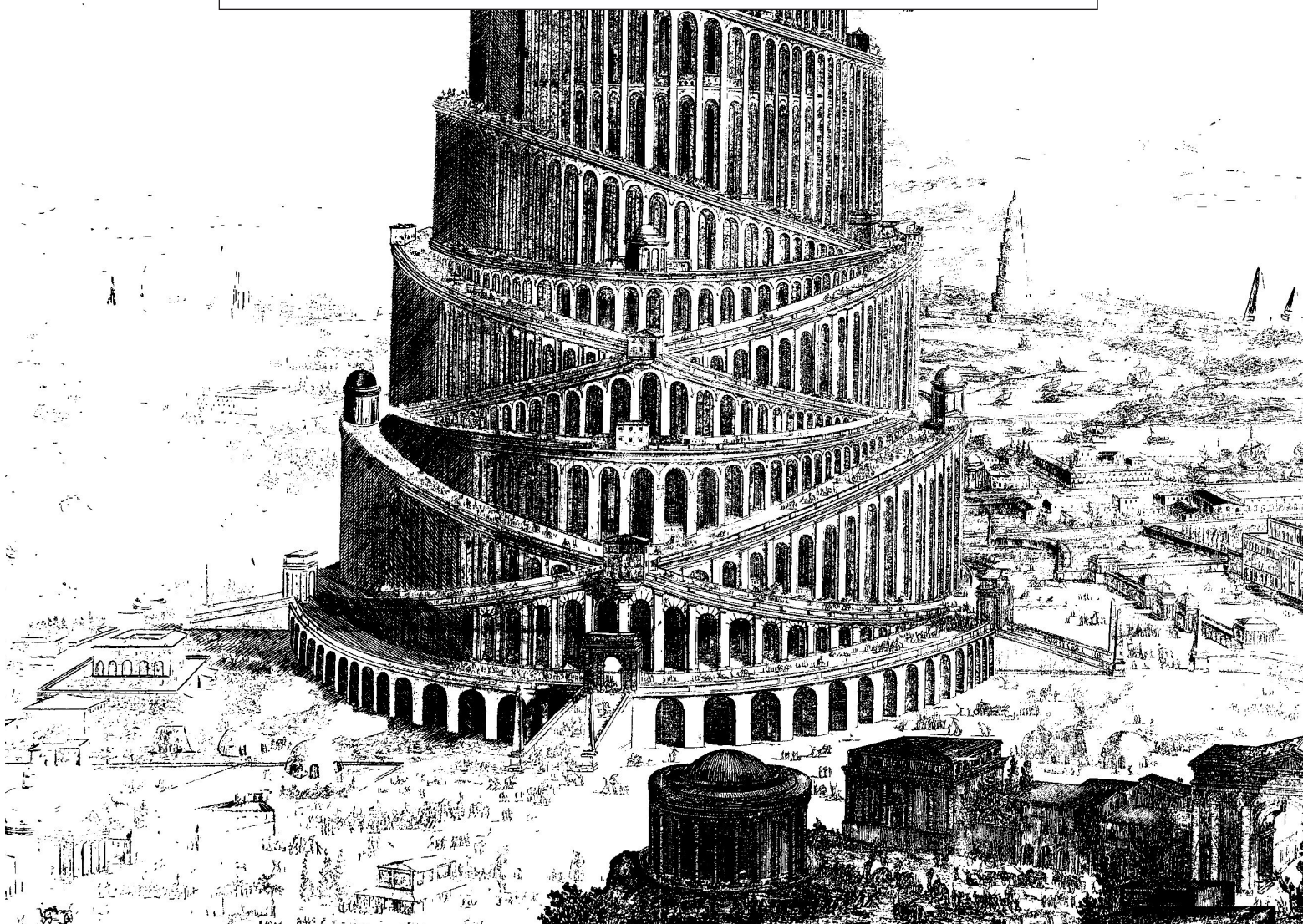


THE GRAIL

VOLUME V

APRIL 27, 2016

ISSUE V



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FEEL THE BYRNE

RENN FAYRE PART IV

Start making sense! Modern Renn Fayre arrives at the turn of the millennium. Find out which entrenched RF traditions are younger than you.

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Grail Special edition! Features writings in French, Chinese, Spanish, and Latin as well as translations in English!

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CULTURAL COLUMN

Size doesn't matter. This week's Cultural Column is smaller than usual but still packed full of enough wise tidbits to convert any pleb into a culture critic overnight.

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FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

This week's issue is a special one. Really. From henceforth *The Grail* will no longer be known as a solely English-language document. That's because this issue includes articles written in French, Chinese, Latin, and Spanish all by Reed students. Our contributors have gladly offered their time and energy for the development of this issue. These authors offer up personal experiences, stories, and

commentary surrounding language, culture, and identity. English translations are also included for all those poor monoglots out there (two editors included). We thank everyone who copy-edited in other languages .

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

Love,
Jordan, Lauren, and Vikram

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Virgil reading the Aeneid to Augustus and Octavia — Jean-Joseph Taillasson (1787)

Lingua Latina

By CLAIRE STEVENS WITH COSTANZA RASI

Amo linguam Latinam quod simplicem esse potest. Non facilis, sed brevis. Lingua Latina pauciora verba quam lingua Graeca habet, quod licet pulcherrimis carminibus scribi. Primum carmen quod legi, a Catullo scriptum est. Scripsit, “odi et amo” (Carmen 85). Cum recitatur “odi et amo” par uni verbi sonat. “Odetamo” quasi una sententia esset. Vergilius scripsit, “vasto rex Aeolus antro” (Aeneid 1.52). Haec dispositio verborum Latinorum pingit imaginem. Imago est parvuli Aeoli circumdati magna spelunca sicut verba ipsa sunt. Lingua Latina remanet ita pulchra ut carmina pulcherrima fingere possit.

I love Latin because it is able to be simple. Not easy, but concise. Latin has fewer words than Greek has, which allows for the most beautiful poems to be written. The first poem that I read was written by Catullus. He wrote, “odi et amo” (“I hate and I love”). When it is read out loud “odi et amo” sounds like one word. “Odetamo,” as if it were one feeling. Vergil wrote, “vasto rex Aeolus antro” (“King Aeolus in a vast cave”). This placement of the Latin words paints a picture. The picture is of little Aeolus enveloped by a big cave just like the words themselves are. Latin remains so beautiful that it can create the most beautiful poems.



"Sueño de una tarde dominical en la alameda central" — Diego Rivera (1947)

Terminando la Negación de la Identidad Latina

Por RUBI VERGARA-GRINDELL

Yo crecí en un pueblo pequeño donde jugué con los hijos de profesores de universidad, blancos, ricos y liberales (bastante similar a mi vida en Reed). Este ambiente no odiaba lo mexicano en mí (por lo menos no conscientemente), simplemente no podía relatar con él. Las historias fantásticas de mi abuela, el olor de tortillas hecha a mano y las mañanas pintadas con polvo y puntuados por el grito del gallo no tenían lugar. Nunca pensé

mucho de las partes de mi identidad que se escondían de la sociedad alrededor de mí. Nunca pensé que quizás mi ambiente no estaba simplemente negando mi identidad pero la identidad de millones de otros y, últimamente, el de sí mismo.

"El español ya no es una lengua extranjera," dice Diego Alonso, profesor de español y humanidades. Ya no hay una cultura estadounidense que no incluya el español y las personas

que lo hablan. 17% de la población (en realidad mucho más con las personas sin documentos) se identifica como Hispano. Desafortunadamente, una identidad restrictiva e inmutable ha sido atractivo a estadounidenses y por siglos hemos ignorado millones de voces para apoyar un ideal falso. Tal como yo no puedo borrar mi mexicano, los Estados Unidos no puede seguir negando que hay mexicano, y hay latino en su sangre también. La



Ending the Denial of Latino Identity

By RUBI VERGARA-GRINDELL

I grew up in a small town playing with the children of university professors, white, rich and liberal (not unlike life at Reed). This environment did not hate the Mexican within me (at least not consciously), it simply could not relate to it. My grandmother's fantastic stories, the smell of tortillas made by hand and mornings painted with dust and punctuated by the cry of the rooster did not have a place. I never thought much of the parts of my iden-

tity that hid from the society around me. I never thought that maybe my environment was not simply denying my identity but the identity of millions of other people and ultimately its own.

"El español ya no es una lengua extranjera" (Spanish is no longer a foreign language), says Diego Alonso, Professor of Spanish and Humanities. There is no longer an American culture that does not include Spanish

and the people who speak it. Seventeen percent of the population (in reality much more with people without documents) identifies itself as Hispanic. Unfortunately, an immutable, restrictive identity has been attractive to Americans and for centuries we have ignored millions of voices to uphold a false ideal. Just as I cannot erase my Mexican identity, however, the United States can no longer keep denying that there is Mexican

cuestión ahora es como podemos dar cada parte de los Estados Unidos y de Reed respeto.

La identidad es algo difícil de definir, no conforma fácilmente al lenguaje. Para dar voz a lo latino tenemos que definirlo, pero con cuidado. Diego advierte que tenemos que ser cautelosos con términos “que engloban”. Su identidad, argentino, francés, americano, no puede ser reducido a una palabra. Lo mismo se puede decir de la mía y de la identidad de cada persona en el mundo. Por eso, Diego dice que “La idea de una identidad tan fija, ser latino, es problemático. Por

latina y turca es útil para que Andrea puede conectarse más con las culturas que viven adentro y afuera de ella. “Definirnos detrás de una identidad si esa identidad sobrepasa el dominio individuo” puede ser un fuente de empoderamiento, dice Diego. Usar un termino, con conciencia de su historia, para unirse a una comunidad y después apoyar los intereses de esa comunidad puede ser curativo para uno mismo y para la comunidad. Necesitamos “convertir lo Latino en una forma de resistencia,” dice Diego.

Este proyecto no es fácil. El hecho de que Andrea ha tenido la oportuni-

armar un nombre y decir ‘somos un latín american studies’. Pero un latín american studies necesita profesores, necesita fondos,” dice Diego.

Por su parte, Diego anima este compromiso con su participación en LALISA (Latin American, Latino, and Iberian Studies Association), una asociación de diferentes universidades en el noroeste, y su interés en crear un ‘area studies’ que une profesores de Reed de diferentes departamentos que estudian Latinoamérica. El primer congreso de LALISA fue el ocho y nueve de Abril aquí en Reed y tuvo platicas de profesores de todos lados.

“El termino Latino fue creado por un francés en la época de Napoleon III cuando Francia quería poner un pie en America” y “Hispano America trata de establecer el vinculo entre España y el continente nuevo,” explica Diego.

que, pienso que las identidades son más múltiples, más complejas”. También tenemos que reconocer la historia de los términos. Las definiciones de Latinoamérica fueron creadas por sus opresores, ignorando historias indígenas y entonces las realidades de millones de personas. “El termino Latino fue creado por un francés en la época de Napoleon III cuando Francia quería poner un pie en America” y “Hispano America trata de establecer el vinculo entre España y el continente nuevo,” explica Diego.

La utilidad de explorar la identidad y crear conexiones a través de orígenes compartidos, sin embargo, no debe de ser menospreciada. Andrea Herrera-Guris '19 dice que, antes de venir a Reed, “nunca de verdad me di cuenta que yo soy turca y latina”. Con la ayuda de otros estudiantes a “descubrir que es el racismo y como funciona en las universidades” y para no convertirse en “una gringa mas”, Andrea ha conocido más de su historia y como debe luchar para que ninguna parte de su identidad tiene que esconderse. Identificarse como

dad de destapar su identidad no significa que Reed es un lugar que acoge a los latinos o a personas de otras minorías. En su conferencia de Hum 110 el semestre pasado, la profesora y los estudiantes fueron insensibles y racista. “Todos los profesores deben entrar en una programa sobre que es el racismo y como navegamos el racismo en nuestras vidas como personas blancas o de color,” propone Andrea. Crear un respeto por la identidad de minorías no solamente puede venir de diversificar el alumnado, pero al mismo tiempo diversificar el profesorado, cambiar el currículo de Hum 110, crear programas para combatir el racismo, y cambiar la mentalidad de los estudiantes, el profesorado, y la institución.

En su tiempo en Reed, Diego ha visto solamente algunos cambios en la dirección de diversificar la población de estudiantes, los profesores y los currículos. La clave, en su mente, es el apoyo fuerte de la administración. “La administración tiene que comprometerse de apoyar de una manera muy concreta. Es fácil

Para Andrea, Reed es un lugar que tiene la potencial para cambio porque sus estudiantes son abiertos a hablar de la marginación (el genero y la sexualidad siendo los enfoques mas grandes). “Se hace más fácil entrar en los dificultades de hablar sobre la raza porque mucha gente ya conocen la marginación en términos del genero,” dice Andrea. Para que estas conversaciones pueden ocurrir, los clubes, el Senate, y los estudiantes en general tienen que hacer un esfuerzo para ponerse consciente de las vidas de minorías en Reed y afuera de Reed y la política de nuestros líderes en respeto a nosotros.

“Cuando una institución decide que esta es una prioridad después uno encuentra las soluciones,” dice Diego. La institución de Reed y entonces cada miembro de la comunidad de Reed tiene que enfocarse en la complejidad de la identidad y la importancia de incluirlo todo. “Tiene que ser un esfuerzo individual,” concluye Andrea, un esfuerzo que busca una unión comunal y interno porque todos deben poder sentir enteros. ▼

and Latino in its blood as well. The question now is how we can attempt to recognize each part of the United States and of Reed as worthy of respect.

Identity is hard to define, it does not conform easily to language. To give voice to the Latino community one must define it, but with much care. Diego warns that we must be wary with terms “que engloban” (that universalize). His identity, Argentinian, French, American, cannot be reduced to a word, just as no one’s can. Diego says, therefore, “La idea de una identidad tan fija, ser latino, es problemático. Por que, pienso que las identidades son mas múltiples, mas complejas” (The idea of an identity so fixed, to be Latino, is problematic. Because, I think that identities are more multiple, more complex). We also have to remember the history of the terms we use. The definitions of Latin America were created by its oppressors, ignoring indigenous stories and therefore the realities of millions of people. “El termino Latino fue creado por un francés en la época de Napoleon III cuando Francia quería poner un pie en America” (The term Latino was created by a Frenchman in the time of Napoleon the Third when France wanted to get a foothold in America) and “Hispano America trata de establecer el vinculo entre España y el continente nuevo” (Hispanic tries to establish the connection between Spain and the New World), explains Diego.

The utility of exploring identity and making connections through shared origins, however, should not be overlooked. Andrea Herrera-Guri '19, says that before coming to Reed, “nunca de verdad me di cuenta que yo soy turca y latina” (I never really realized that I am turkish and latina). With the help of other Reedies to “descubrir que es el racismo y como funciona en las universidades” (discover what is racism and how it functions in universities) and to not become “una gringa más” (one more gringa), Andrea has gotten to know more of her

history and how she should fight so that no part of her has to hide. Identifying herself as Latina and Turkish, was useful so that Andrea could connect herself more with these cultures that live within and outside of her. “Definirnos detrás de una identidad si esa identidad sobrepasa el dominio individuo” (Defining ourselves behind an identity if this identity overcomes the domain of the individual) can be a source of empowerment, says Diego. To use a term with an awareness of its story, to unite oneself to a community and then support the interests of this community can be healing for oneself and the community. We need to “convertir lo Latino en una forma de resistencia” (convert Latino into a form of resistance), says Diego.

This is not an easy project. The fact that Andrea has had the opportunity to uncover her identity does not signify that Reed is a place that welcomes Latinos or other minorities. In her Humanities 110 conference last semester, the professor and the students were insensitive and racist. “Todos los profesores deben entrar en una programa sobre que es el racismo, como navegamos el racismo en nuestras vidas como personas blancas o de color,” (All professors should go through a program about what is racism, how we navigate racism in our lives as white people or people of color), proposes Andrea. Creating respect for the identity of minorities cannot only come from the diversification of the student body. At the same time the diversification of the faculty, changes in the curriculum of Hum 110, programs to combat racism, and changes in mentalities must occur.

In his time at Reed, Diego has seen only a few changes in the direction of diversifying the student population, the professors, and the curriculums. The key, in his mind, is the strong support from the administration. “La administración tiene que comprometerse de apoyar de una manera muy concreta. Es fácil armar un nombre y decir ‘somos un latín american studies’. Pero un latín american studies

necesita profesores, necesita fondos,” (The administration needs to commit itself to supporting in a very concrete manner. It is easy to create a name and say ‘we are a latin american studies’. But a latin american studies needs professors, needs funds) says Diego.

On his part, Diego encourages this commitment with his participation in LALISA (Latin American, Latino and Iberian Studies Association), an association of different universities in the northwest, and his interest in creating an area studies that unites Reed professors in different departments who study Latin America. The first conference of LALISA was April 8–9 here at Reed.

For Andrea, Reed is a place that has the potential for change because its students are open to talking about marginalization, gender, and sexuality being the largest focuses. “Se hace más fácil entrar en los dificultades de hablar sobre la raza porque mucha gente ya conocen la marginación en términos del genero,” (It is easier to talk about the difficulties of discussing race because many people already know marginalization in terms of gender), says Andrea. So that these conversations can happen, clubs, senate, and students in general have to make an effort to make themselves conscious of the lives of minorities both at Reed and beyond and the politics of our leaders towards us.

“Cuando una institución decide que esta es una prioridad después uno encuentra las soluciones,” (When an institution decides that this is a priority solutions will come), says Diego. The institution of Reed and therefore each member of the Reed community needs to focus on the complexity of identity and the importance of inclusion. “Tiene que ser un esfuerzo individual,” (It has to be a personal effort), concludes Andrea, an effort that looks for a communal and internal union because everyone should be able to feel whole. ▼

Les Rebelles sexy de la chanson française

Par HANNAH LOONEY

Vous connaissez toutes les chansons d'Édith Piaf par cœur. Vous en avez marre de la voix lyrique de Maître Gims, et même vos chats ne veulent plus regarder «Les Aristochats» car vous les avez faits chier en chantant Maurice Chevalier sous la douche pendant six ans. Regardez les choses en face: c'est bien l'heure de découvrir de nouveaux chanteurs français. Heureusement, il y a plein de trouvailles inconnues de la chanson française, artistes presque mythiques dont les mélodies sont aussi captivantes que leurs vies de star (ou bien de victimes tragiques). Je vous présente trois géants de la chanson française qui m'ont beaucoup inspirée, qui me sont très chers. Gardez l'esprit ouvert. Vos chats comptent sur vous. Commençons avec le Maître. Non! Je ne parle pas de Maître Gims! Arrêtez de parler de lui! Le Maître c'est Serge Gainsbourg, acteur, compositeur, légende sans égal. Célèbre pour ses chansons provocatrices (tellement provocatrices!) et pour ses romances, Gainsbourg était aussi doué d'un grand talent de parolier. Je cite un exemple de ses jeux de mots exquis: dans le domaine de la sonorité et de la métaphore filée, «Couleur Café» atteste le génie poétique de Gainsbourg:

C'est quand même fou l'effet
L'effet que ça fait
De te voir rouler
Ainsi des yeux et des hanches
Si tu fais comme le café
Rien qu'à m'énervé
Rien qu'à m'exciter
Ce soir la nuit sera blanche

Quelle beauté! Le café est bien noir, mais si on en boit trop une nuit blanche s'ensuit. Avec une femme excitante, suggère-t-il, on n'a pas le temps de dormir. Gainsbourg a des centaines de telles chansons qui parlent élégamment du sexe. Des centaines! Mais ses collaborations sont encore plus délicieuses que ses calembours: c'est avec Jane Birkin, chanteuse anglaise, que Gainsbourg a produit ses plus belles œuvres (y compris leur fille, Charlotte Gainsbourg, actrice/chanteuse formidable). Ensemble ils ont composé des chefs-d'œuvre, comme leur hymne de garçon manqué «Di Doo Dah», ou la romance sordide de la «Histoire de Melody Nelson». Si vous voulez savoir quelle chanson passait au moment de votre conception, c'était sans doute «Je t'aime moi non plus», qui fut interdite par le Vatican. Oui, c'était aussi sexy que ça. Pour quelque chose de plus sentimental, il y a leur adorable vidéo pour «L'Amour», pleine de regards tendres. Enfin bref, Serge et Jane pour toujours et à jamais. Quand vos sœurs insistent pour que vous changiez la musique (elles n'ont aucun goût!), vous pouvez passer à Renaud Séchan, dit Renaud. Contrairement à Gainsbourg, qui a vécu dans le monde sensuel, Renaud est toujours fâché contre la politique. Parfois c'est cool («Miss Maggie», par exemple, critique Margaret Thatcher d'une manière très drôle) mais parfois ça me fatigue. Heureusement, Renaud a beaucoup de chansons légères: «Adieu Minette», par exemple, raconte l'histoire d'un garçon qui fréquente une fille très riche mais pas très intel-

ligente. Une blondasse, quoi (offensant, oui, mais Renaud parle comme ça):

Sous tes cheveux beaucoup trop
blonds
Décolorés, ça va de soi
T'avais une cervelle de pigeon
Mais j'aimais ça, mais j'aimais ça

La diction ici est très caractéristique du chanteur: beaucoup d'argot, beaucoup d'irrévérence. Tout étudiant de français peut apprendre avec lui plein de mots, comme «culbuter» ou «pétard». Il faut avouer aussi que Renaud était très beau, surtout à son concert au Zénith en 1986. Il portait un pantalon en cuir, un T-shirt sans manches, sa «tignasse en bataille», et son bandana rouge emblématique. Pour cette seule représentation je pense qu'un jour, il devrait entrer au Panthéon. Voici un lien pour voir cette tenue adorable: (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g_CFUUT-l7qE)! Cherchez ses chansons. Elles sont simplement géniales. Et voilà, trois artistes qui peuvent vous sauver de l'ennui mortel de «La Vie en Rose» en boucle. Jacques Brel, Alain Bashung, et Léo Ferré méritent aussi votre attention, mais cet article est trop petit pour chanter leurs louanges comme il faut. Ce ne sont pas simplement des chanteurs. Ce sont des poètes. Profitez de leurs contributions à la culture française. Je trouve que le monde est beaucoup plus beau parce qu'ils y ont chanté un petit moment. ▀

Hotshots of the French Chanson

By HANNAH LOONEEY

You know all of Edith Piaf's songs by heart. You're sick of Maître Gims' operatic voice, and even your cats don't want to watch "The Aristocats" anymore because you've been pissing them off by singing Maurice Chevalier in the shower for six years. Face it, kid: it's high time you discover some new French singers. Luckily, there are loads of hidden gems in the French repertoire, artists of nearly mythic status whose melodies are just as captivating as their glamorous (or woefully bleak) lives. I present to you three musical superstars in the French tradition who have offered me endless inspiration. Give them a chance. Your cats will thank you. Let's begin with the Master. No! I'm not talking about Maître Gims! Stop bringing him up! I'm referring to Serge Gainsbourg. Famous for his provocative songs (so very provocative!) and for his high-profile love affairs, Gainsbourg was also incredibly talented as a lyricist. I cite an example of his exquisite wordplay: in the domain of sonority and lovely extended metaphors, "Coffee Color" attests to Gainsbourg's poetic genius:

Oh, how wild is the effect
The effect that it makes
To see you roll thus
Your eyes and your hips
If, like coffee, you do
Nothing but bother me
Nothing but arouse me,
Tonight will surely be sleepless

Such beauty! Coffee is black as coal, but if you drink too much you're in for a sleepless night (in French, a "white night"). With an arousing woman, he suggests, there is no time for sleep. Gainsbourg has hundreds of such songs in his corpus that discourse very elegantly on sex. Hundreds! But his collaborations are even more savory than his puns: with the English singer Jane Birkin, Gainsbourg produced his best works (including their daughter Charlotte Gainsbourg, a talented singer and actress in her own right). Together they made masterpieces, like the tomboy anthem "Di Doo Dah" or the sordid sex tale "Story of Melody Nelson." If you ever wonder what song was playing in the background at the moment of your conception, I am here to tell you that it was certainly "I love you me neither," which was banned by the Vatican. Yep, it was just that sexy. For something more sentimental, I recommend their adorable video for "Nonlove," full of tender glances. Allow me to share my opinion of the pair: Serge and Jane forever. When your sisters insist that you change the music (they just don't have good taste like you do!), you can switch to Renaud Séchan, known simply as Renaud. Unlike Gainsbourg, who dwelled mostly in the sensual world, Renaud is often Very Pissed Off about politics. Sometimes this is fun (like in "Miss Maggie," where he maligns Margaret Thatcher to great comic effect), sometimes this wears

me out. Luckily, Renaud has lots of playful songs: "Farewell Sweetie", for example, tells the story of a boy who briefly dates a girl who is as rich and beautiful as she is stupid. A bimbo, in essence (offensive, yes, but that's how Renaud talks):

Under your much-too blond mop
Bleached, (goes without saying)
You had a pigeon brain
Oh, but I liked it, I liked it!

The diction here is very characteristic of the singer: lots of slang and irreverence. Any student of French can learn lots of useful words from him, like "to shag" or "spliff." I must also confess that Renaud was very handsome in a bad boy sort of way, especially at his 1986 concert at Zénith. He was sporting leather pants, a cut-off shirt, his shaggy locks, and his iconic red bandana. For this alone he deserves to be forever immortalized. Look him up online! You'll be glad you did. There you are. Three artists who can help save you from the deathly ennui of listening to "La Vie En Rose" on repeat. Jacques Brel, Alain Bashung, and Léo Ferré are also worth appreciating, but it is beyond the scope of this article to give them adequate praise. They are not mere singers. They are poets. Take advantage of the legacy they have bequeathed to us and to French culture. The world is so much lovelier since they passed through. ▼

夜市游

作者：何辰霏

编者：婷婷

在台南有一家热闹的花园夜市。一个星期开三天，每天都有人络绎不绝地来品尝这家夜市的食品。

臭豆腐，烤鸡排，蚵仔煎，好像什么吃的都有。什么样的人也都可见到，每街有好几个小贩卖各式各样的东西，卖的是垃圾还是珍品，那就靠顾客决定。走下这些街不多的时间就会遇到街头表演的音乐家，唱的不错，可是有时候他们的声音比不上人群的噪声。其实街上的人群值得一提，但又难以用一句话来概括。看看，我就从一个人开始把。

啊，找到了一位家伙，穿着短袖，短裤，拖鞋。看起来还不到二十几岁。他一个人在夜市逛来逛去，好像不知道到底要干嘛。他漫步在一条街上，不理卖货的也不停下参观那些表演者。他一直在这条街走，走到底的时候就原路回去再重复来。走了不短的距离，每圈大概有三公里。我想，他应该在找东西，因为他脸上一直有焦虑的神色。

过了一段时间，他突然停在一个香肠摊子前面，凝视一个顾香肠的阿公。那位阿公转背的时候，这伙伴敏捷地把手伸出来抓了一条香肠。啊，他原来就是个小偷。他逛这条街，就是为了找机会偷东西！还有什么意思嘛？我们走吧，这没什么好看。啊，等一下。刚好旁边有女生似乎对这个家伙有点兴趣，她站在一旁目睹了他偷香肠的全过程。我们

就跟着她走吧，偷听他们的会话。

这位女子胆子还满大的，就走到这小偷后背轻拍了他的肩膀。那小偷转过脸面对小女平心静气的问，

有什么事嘛？

你认识我吗？我们见过好多次了。

对不起，我不认识你。你找错人了。

等等。别那么快走。你不认我，可是我知道你是什么样的人。我看到你偷了那条香肠-啊，别担心我不管那件事。我知道你不只是小偷，看你走在这条街很久了。我也一样走，可能遇到你十几次了。我们好像有同样的习惯，你陪我一下，跟我聊天，怎么样呢？

你知道我不只个小偷，那你怎么知道我不是个杀犯呢？还想认识我吗？

你也不知道我是谁，可能我才是真正的杀犯。还敢认识我吗？

他们两个一起走在街上，两位陌生人好像是老朋友。他们一起逛许多摊子，逛累的时候坐下看看走过的人群。那女生又开始说话，我们也找位子坐吧。

我逛这家夜市有时候就觉得好像在梦里漫步一样。街上的灯光划破了漆黑的夜幕，日夜变得模糊起来。人群的喧闹声和背景的音乐声交织，臭豆腐的香味和汗的酸味交织，什么都难以分

辨。你，到底是确实的存在还是梦里的幻觉？

妳想太多了，妳也找错人了。

那位小偷离开他的座位，可能准备回家了。那为女子安静地跟着他，回到他们原来见过的香肠摊子。

你不是喜欢香肠吗？只看到你从这里偷东西。不用偷，我买一条给你。

不需要，我不是为了香肠偷东西。

拿去吧，已经买了。

他们继续走下去，保持着距离。快走到夜市门口了，遇到特别大的人群。那女子就在小偷边走近一点，跟他说。

这么多人，我们可能在里边失去对方。

小偷不说话，他们两个就继续稳步地往前走。可是，他们走进那堆人的时候，那小偷突然把手伸出给女子。那女子摇着头，笑着说。

你是谁啊？认识我吗？

现在认得。

那以后再来找我吧。

他们各人走同样的路，渐渐被人群吞没了。

啊，读者，对不起。我也在这人群中迷失了他们，分不出来那位小偷和女子。就把故事在这结束吧。

Night Market Wanderings

By ERIC HO

In the city of Tainan there is a bustling night market called the Flower Night Market. It is open three days a week, and each day it is filled with people who come to try out the foods there. Stinky tofu, grilled chicken, oyster omelets, it seems they have all kind of food there. You can also find all kinds of people there. Every street is filled with hawkers selling their wares, though whether they're selling junk or precious goods is up to you to decide. Pick a street and walk down; you'll find busking musicians. Their music isn't bad, though sometimes it's drowned out by the noise of the crowd. I'd like to say something about the crowd of people in this night market, but it's a little difficult for me to sum it all up for you in a few sentences. Let's see, I'll start with one person then.

Ah, I found a guy; he's wearing a t-shirt, shorts, and sandals. Looks younger than twenty. He's by himself wandering around this market, and it seems like he doesn't know what he's doing here. He's strolling down one of the streets, neither paying attention to the hawkers nor stopping to watch those street performers. When gets to the end of the street, he returns the way he came to start all over again. The distance he's covered is pretty far; each round-trip is about three kilometers. I think he's probably looking for something; there's something about that look on his face.

After a while, he suddenly stops in front of a stall that sells Taiwanese sausages. He's staring quite intently at the old man tending the stall. When the old man turns away, this guy swiftly and nimbly reaches out his hand to grab a skewer of sausage. Ah! So it turns out he's actually a thief! All along he was wandering around this street, looking for the opportune moment to steal. Is there anything else to him? Let's move on, he's not that interesting. Oh, nevermind, let's wait.

There's a girl nearby who apparently has an interest in him. She's been watching the whole time, just like us. Let's go along with her then, and eavesdrop on their conversation.

She's a pretty bold one, and goes right up to the thief and taps him on the shoulder. The thief turns around calmly to face her, betraying no emotion.

Can I help you?

Do you recognize me? We've already met many times before.

I'm sorry, I don't know you. You've got the wrong person.

Wait. Don't leave so quickly. You don't know me, but I know what kind of person you are. I saw you steal that sausage skewer—oh, don't worry, I don't care about that kind of thing. I know you aren't just a thief, I've seen you walking up and down this street for a while now. I've been doing the same thing, and I've probably met you about ten or so times by now. It looks like we have the same habit. Let's walk together and have a little chat, what do you think about that?

You say that you know I'm not just a thief. How do you know I'm not a murderer?

I could say the same for myself. Still want to come with me?

And so the two of them walk down the street together, two strangers acting like old friends. They shop around the multitudes of stalls, and when they tire they sit down to watch the passing crowds of people. Let's find a place to sit too; the girl is speaking again:

Sometimes when I come to this night market it feels like I'm wandering through a dream. The lights of the street clashes with the darkness of the night sky, blurring the lines between day and night. The noise of the crowds become mixed with the music in the background. My nose cannot distinguish between the smell of stinky tofu and the sour smells of the

sweaty the people. And you, are you actually a person, or just a part of my dream?

You are thinking too much. You've found the wrong person.

The thief leaves his seat, probably to return home. The girl follows him quietly, back to the sausage stall where they first met.

Don't you like sausages? I've only seen you steal from here. There's no need for you to steal, I'll buy you a skewer.

That's not necessary. I don't steal because I like them.

Take it. I've already paid for it.

They continue their walk, keeping a slight distance from each other. Now they're about to reach the entrance of the market, and come upon an unusually large crowd. The girl comes a little closer to the side of the thief, and says to him:

Such a huge crowd, we'll probably lose each other in there.

The thief says nothing, and the two of them walk forward steadily. But just before they're about to enter the crowd of people, he suddenly reaches out his hand towards the girl. The girl shakes her head and laughs.

Who are you? Do you recognize me?

Now I do.

Then come find me again later.

They go their separate ways walking on the same path, and are gradually swallowed up by the crowd...

Ah, I apologize, reader. I've lost them in the crowd too, and I can't seem to pick out that thief and the girl from the mass of people. Let's end this story here. ▼

Note: Night markets are ubiquitous across Taiwan, and are a big part of the nightlife and food culture. I wanted to capture the feeling and experience I had at one of the many night markets I visited, which felt at times overwhelming when I think about the kinds of things and people you can find there. They are wonderful places to wander around by yourself; you can meet all sorts of characters and dream up all kinds of scenarios.

THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF RENN FAYRE

PART IV: 2000–2008

By BRIAN CLICK & ALEJANDRO CHÁVEZ

“Renn Fayre should be the festival of Dionysus, not a real-life reenactment of *The Bacchae*.”

—The Quest, December 5, 2000

“Everybody understood immediately that, oh shit, this is in danger of not continuing unless we get our act together. With that knowledge, people started acting accordingly.

— Gordon Feighner '02, RF2001 Czar

We ended our last chapter on a cliffhanger: just as the modern accoutrements of Renn Fayre were beginning to appear, just after the festival had cleared its quarter-century mark, it was thrown into jeopardy by a bunch of dumb vandalism. Of course, you know what happened. Renn Fayre survived. It was saved through both an official community renovation process and a renewed sense of responsibility among all the Fayre’s attendees. Ultimately, the damage report from RF2K1 consisted only of \$250 in lawn damage and one person hospitalized for appendicitis.

The only sour note was when the seniors who turned in their theses were issued paddle-balls instead of laurels. The registrar’s office had been giving out “gag gifts” for years, but the laurels they had awarded in 2000 had truly meant something, as furious graduates soon made clear. It’s been the golden crowns ever since.

Renn Fayre Resuscitation

The \$15,517.77 damage bill was published in the *Quest* at the start of the 2000–2001 school year. The itemized list included thousands of dollars each of graffiti removal and glass

replacement, a urinal partition torn from a wall, vandalism of a Phys Plant truck and of the beer distributors’ van, and stolen electrical equipment. There were a few token attempts at justification: an editorial the next week attempted to explain away almost all of the Renn Fayre damages and every single cost, implying that it was all circumstantial, a regular weekend’s worth of mess. According to maintenance themselves, that was completely bogus. “It used to take us four hours to clean up,” Gloria Torbeck, Reed’s maintenance supervisor at the time, informed the student body. “Now it takes two days of overtime. The staff doesn’t even have time to clean the bathrooms.”

By and large, however, everyone knew that the situation was serious. It became even more so in December, when the Board of Trustees ordered then-President Steven Koblik to “pursue compliance with the law as it pertains to the issues surrounding Renn Fayre and report back to the board in February 2001.” The author of the article noted that this had been the first time that the board had asked anything of Koblik. In his message to

the students, Koblik brought up the “liability” word and made note of a six million dollar settlement resulting from a fraternity death at MIT. Yet he also promised student involvement in the “Renn Fayre Renovation” project and said “we don’t want the board to assume control.”

The Renn Fayre Renovation Committee convened that fall. Consisting of the czars of Renn Fayres 2000 and 2001, as well as representatives of the community safety, facilities, and conference and events planning, the main goal of the committee was to ensure the Fayre would “work better, be safer, and be a community asset rather than a liability.” Institutionalized in later years as the Renn Fayre Committee, the renovation process ended the total student control over the party that had existed in the past. Its reforms did, however, help stop the exorbitant damages—together with the communal realization that rampant destruction would endanger Renn Fayre’s future. “We by no means take all the credit,” czar Gordon Feighner '02 says, emphasizing that the reason RF2K has never been repeated is mostly due to simple mindfulness.

Contrary to popular belief, wristbands and Border Patrol were not created in reaction to the disaster: there had been some kind of pass (first buttons, then wristbands) since the 1980s and the Patrol had been founded in the late '90s. Yet these had been mostly a formality, and Cleves, Clarkies, and other outsiders of all stripes strolled around with abandon during Renn Fayre. Serious problems were infrequent, but could be truly nasty: Chiara Thayer recalls that during the late '90s, a Reed student taking a psychedelic stroll in the canyon late on Saturday night was accosted and tied up by strangers, and left there until the morning. This mostly came to an end after Renovation, when it was rumored that party crashers had been responsible for the worst of the carnage. Enforcement was taken much more seriously, and

in 2001 and 2002, student volunteers checked wristbands at the entrance to every space and event, including the lodges and SU.

Increased alumni involvement may have helped keep damages down as well. Ironically, one of the administration's first responses in the aftermath of RF2K had been to blame the alumni — Regina Mooney, dean of student services, falsely accused the Meatsmoke Crew of fueling the carnage by giving drugs to students and attempted to expel the group from campus permanently. Her efforts failed, Meatsmoke survived, and 2001 saw instead a new swell of alumni volunteering for Karma Patrol. Johanna Colgrove '92 and several other alumni and staff members organized a Sub-Free Coffeehouse in which people could decompress, a predecessor to today's Blue Lodge.

One of the biggest changes to come out of the process was the creation of the Klean Up Krew. There had been on-and-off efforts to organize Sunday cleaning parties for years, but it is obvious from the resigned tone of the recruitment notices that they never really cut the mustard. Phys Plant had been unfairly taking on most of the burden themselves. In 2001, however, John Saller '03 came to the czars and volunteered to put people on duty — an example of the communal taking of responsibility which was more significant than official Renovation.

The National Junta Triumphs

Renovation, however, did not solve the political struggle over the beer supply. The administration had been mistrustful of student-run beer gardens since the beginning. They had



CHVNK tower in the early 2000s.

Jim Quinn '83



Eliot air vent covered to form a warm cocoon for RF2K6.

Jim Quinn '83

only been saved in the '90s by a sustained letter-writing campaign that solicited signatures from students, alumni, and every CSO on the force to argue that it was safer for everyone to drink in one location, monitored by people they knew and trusted. The case was helped by the fact that Chiara Thayer, a former student and Lutz bartender, agreed to assume all legal liability as an independent contractor for each garden. After she ended her stint as Beer Czar in 1997, the administration pounced and took over.

Thayer handed the beer reins over to the "ministers," Chris Flink '02, Paul Manson '01, Steve Seal '01, and Jim Soto '01. They had a few things going for them in their effort to reclaim the gardens for the student body. First, by their own admission, they "had a lot of trucks and were the biggest, loudest, dumbest students on campus." In addition, Soto, an autodidact nontrad student, was older than most Reedies and had the necessary maturity: "Not to cast any asparagus, but 21-year-olds are children, and children fuck things up."

Nevertheless, throughout their tenure as signators, they repeated-

ly clashed with an administration reluctant to let them take responsibility for events, and for a few years the gardens flip-flopped between student- and caterer-run. Outside contractors ran the Renn Fayre beer garden in 1999 and 2001, Nation ran it in 2000 and 2002. There were very few catering companies, however, willing to put their liquor licenses on the line for the infamous Renn Fayre, and those that were willing were both expensive and unpleasantly un-Reedie. As a *Quest* column put it, "when you start bitchin' about your thesis to some steroid-head who's on a power trip 'cause he's wearing an EVENTS t-shirt, don't be surprised when he says, 'Thesis? Yeah, I had a thesis once but then I took some antibiotics and it's all better now.'"

It took years of persuasion, but Regina Mooney and the rest of the administration eventually acknowledged that the Ministers' promises to be tough and legally compliant were sincere, and that Nation's permanent tavern license would make them liable, rather than the school. From 2002 onwards, the beer has been back in students' hands, the lia-

bility on the signators' heads, and the all-volunteer gardens saving us our student body funds. The only issue left: is there anyone at Nü Reed ready to break Jim Soto's record of closing the Lutz 63 nights in a row?

Start Making Sense

One of the biggest surprises in our research has been how recent many of our most cherished Renn Fayre traditions are. It's a cliché joke at this point to use "same as it ever was" as shorthand for nothing ever changing here at Reed — but did you know that the 5 a.m. Stop Making Sense, the emotional high point of the year, that moment of exhaustion and love and tears of happiness, is less than ten years old?

Reedies' love for Talking Heads has lasted since the group was still topping the charts. While they never played Reed, they did play Portland during the '80s, and after the show the *Quest* ambushed David Byrne in his hotel lobby for a guerrilla interview. Yet despite the decades of fandom on campus, no one threw a Talking Heads dance party until after the new millennium.

The first Stop Making Sense was in



Thesis parade in front of Hauser circa 2003 C.E.

Jim Quinn '83

2002, 19 years after the film's release. The brainchild of Ashley Bowen '05 and Harold Gabel '03, the screening took place during Reading Week and was a huge success. It was repeated every year afterwards, before or after Renn Fayre, as a separate tradition entirely without a fixed schedule. It wasn't until 2007 that anyone had the idea to run it again *during* the big weekend, but a few years later it was an indelible tradition.

Green Lodge didn't appear until 2008. The White and Black Lodges had, of course, been named after their counterparts on Twin Peaks, but in the 2000s the show wasn't quite as well-known at Reed as it is now in the era of streaming video, and "lodge" was just taken to be an odd bit of RF vocabulary. The founders of Green Lodge, a group of student DJs who played sets in the quad every 40s Night, decided to create a place that would fit their interests: "playing obnoxiously aggro dance music and smoking a lot of weed." The first year featured dancehall, jungle and dubstep sets, live hip-hop, live greenery and bongos built into flowerpots. For several years the lodge was "an

integral part of the dubstep scene on the West Coast." Tastes have changed somewhat these days, but the idea behind the lodge remains.

Drop Dead

As new traditions grew, old ones began to wither. One casualty of the 2000s was the Woodstock Ball Drop. Jim Quinn '83 has penned a short history of the event on his "Renn Fayre Visions" website, and in his account it began in the summer of 1981 when he and a friend bounced a few golf balls purloined from the Eastmoreland Golf Course down the steep Woodstock hill: "They didn't quite roll; the pitch was sufficient so that they bouncey-bounced all the way down. Most satisfying. We looked at each other, and right there and then a new Renn Fayre event was born." All year, they collected balls at the fringes of the golf course, and late on Saturday night of Renn Fayre they dumped them at the top of the hill to cheering crowds.

Since it involved property theft and pissed off the neighbors, the Ball Drop rapidly became an annual game of cat and mouse with the police, which probably accounts for some of

its longevity. One year, the cops were tipped off when they caught some students red-handed picking up balls at the driving range, and were able to intercept the crowd of Reedies after only one box had been poured out. Nobody was arrested, but after that, the organizers "thought about all the hassles inherent in the golf ball underworld" and switched to superballs instead—which had the added benefit of not being heavy enough to ding anyone's car.

The ball drop ended with a whimper in the mid-2000s when, after several years of the cops actually intervening and being "harassed" by students, it was moved for RF2K5 to Botsford Drive. With a shorter, gentler slope and no frisson of danger, the Botsford drop was far less exciting, and the ball drop never returned—to Renn Fayre, at least. Those pesky alumni haven't forgotten their tradition, and some of the original culprits reunited for a ball drop during the Centennial Reunions in 2011. ▼

The series will conclude in two weeks. Spoiler alert: Renn Fayre survives once more. You'll write the last chapter yourself.

Cultural Column


By CHARLIE C. WILCOX

So, in case you didn't know, thesis is due next week. This means that, when the editors of this grand publication emailed me to ask me to write a shorter column this week to make room for an advertisement, I wasn't exactly complaining. In fact, I wondered if I could just send in my thesis abstract and call that good enough for the column. But I'm not sure if any of you want to deep dive with me into the politics of social and textual exclusion in the American campus novel, and if you do, just get a taste of the real thing and spend some time on Reed Facebook (ZING!).

So instead, I'm gonna shout out some quick bits of cultural goodness to check out, and for brevity's sake I'm gonna bullet-point that business (unless the editors tell me no because it violates the style rules or whatever):

- Even though the album it comes from is middling as far as his output goes, Ty Segall's song "Squealer Two" kicks all kinds of ass. It's an equal opportunity ass-kicker. It's the best T-Rex song in the past several decades. It's the funkiest rock jam of the year, and I don't think anything could beat it. I want the Renn Fayre theme to be "Squealer Two." It's what Bowie, RIP, would have wanted.
- A more serious suggestion: I just finished reading the new book *A Murder over a Girl*, by Ken Corbett, a couple days ago, and it was absolutely devastating. Corbett tells the real-life story of the court case surrounding the murder of Leticia (fka Larry) Brown, a person of color who is killed during homeroom by her junior high classmate, Brandon McInerney, just weeks after coming out as transgender. The book examines the

troubling cross-section of white supremacy, transphobia, toxic masculinity, child abuse, and queer and racial erasure present in both small-town America and the court system that oversees it. Corbett doesn't go deep into queer theory or issues (even if he is rather knowledgeable about it) but instead lets the story, and the people surrounding it, unfold over the course of the book. A really emotionally challenging read, so be warned if you want to pick this book up.

- A release that has been stuck on my mind a lot recently is the new tape from The Savage Young Taterbug, titled *Shadow of Marlboro Man*. Taterbug is a lo-fi weirdo in the vein of Daniel Johnston, but he can tend to stray a bit weirder, if you could believe it. There's a raw edge on a lot of Taterbug's recordings, as if he is shouting at you from alternately the other side of the room and three rooms over, depending on how lo his fi is feeling that day. On some tracks, you can also kinda see Taterbug as being the roguish counterpart to Youth Lagoon, an act that, at least in its infancy, was reserved and fragile. They also have similar vocal deliveries. On this release, the recording quality is actually pretty high, and the songs carry a fair amount of bounce and groove. A standout is "Victor the Vapor Rubber," equal parts catchy and creepy. Maybe it's the mindset I'm in, because there's a fair amount of DNA shared by this song and "Squealer Two." Guess I'm ready to glam out for Renn Fayre. Stay safe and have fun at the Big Party, dudes, I'll see you on the other side. 



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