

Cultural Week in Review

Dudes, this past week was great. I had the opportunity to go to a speech by a famous black transgender actress, a performance by a Russian polka-punk band, and a play about a lesbian Iranian-American video game developer, all in the same week. How cool is that? And what's more, they all score highly on my "This was cool enough to be a worthy excuse for spending my time because otherwise I would still be procrastinating by just sitting in my bed doing literally nothing for hours while this is a more valid reason to not be doing homework" (TWCETBAWEFSMTBOIWSBPBJSIMBDLN-FHWTIAMVRTNBDH) meter. I'm so glad I got to experience Culture™ instead of working on my thesis.

In case you didn't get to experience these highly enriching events, you can read all about them in my exciting, 100% accurate recollections!

Wednesday, November 11th Gray Fund Presents: Laverne Cox 7:00 pm, Kaul Auditorium

I stood outside in the line that crossed the Quad. It was like waiting for Feast, except it was cold and dark, and also I never have to wait in line for Feast because I'm a good citizen and do my volunteering. Anyway, eventually we got inside and filed into the auditorium. There were so many people around me and none of them were Laverne Cox... yet.

Then at 7 on the dot, she materialized on stage. I mean she just appeared there, out of thin air. I'm not even convinced she ever existed before that moment, even though she told us stories of her childhood and stuff. My memories of having heard of her existence, even of watching her performance in three seasons of *Orange is the New Black*, were probably just all planted in my mind last Wednesday evening.

Hearing Laverne Cox speak in person was just... something else. It was like someone was softly massaging my ears and eyes and brain and heart with a fluffy pillow, every now and then opening my eyes to the sharp, burning reality of institutionalized racism and transmisogyny.

Then the entire audience lined up and stepped onto the stage one by one, and Laverne styled everyone's hair. I got a fantastic 'do shaped like a whale. I swear. That woman is talented. (That sentence is true. The part before that was a lie. I'm so reliable.)

Friday, November 13th Polka Punk-toberfest ~10:00 pm, Winch

Ah, Friday the 13th. It didn't start out well, but then the partying started. I'm old enough for Beer Garden now, and then some other things happened, and by the time the local polka-punk band Chervona started playing, I suppose I was, as the kids these days say oh-so-palindromically, "faded af."

They started late but I hardly noticed. All of a sudden everyone stood up and started dancing, and in a daze I joined them. It was beautiful and a happy time was had by all. Too bad the songs were probably all about miserable winters, dead girlfriends, and standing in line for a loaf of bread. (I don't think they ended up playing the Tetris song. Truly a missed opportunity.)

Eventually all of the band's instruments turned into bottles of vodka and it actually started snowing inside Winch. At least, this is the way I remember it. At some point I wandered out and wistfully wandered the banks of the river Neva, contemplating the mistakes of my youth and the inevitability of death.

Saturday, November 14th Exile 7:30 pm, Blackbox Theatre

I'm not sure what I was expecting a play involving Iranian nuclear politics, video game design, and lesbians to be like, but this was an adventure. The use of mixed-media and fancy 3D-audience-surround technology was Creative and Futuristic.

And it might as well have been futuristic, because the main character's potential video game is set in the future. Well, *a* future, with a rather bleak apocalyptic premise but an ultimately positive outlook. I, personally, wouldn't want to wake up in the wake of a nuclear holocaust and discover that I was radioactive, but fuck, such is life. It happens to the best of us. Just yesterday I woke up in a muddy duck pond covered in algae, determined to complete my mission of world domination.

Anyway, back to the play. There were several important themes, motifs, and extended metaphors, including delicious mimosas, losing keys, and a white guy being a dick. To be fair, some of the lesbians were dicks as well, but shh. This play is about optimism in the face of fear. Or something.

Next time you have an argument with your significant other, don't hesitate to express your passions and desires through the versatile medium of a video game. I know it's fun to kill things when you're angry, but maybe you could put your powers to positive use. Make sure to press the octagon. I'm not sure what it does, but what the hell. You're radioactive. Do whatever the fuck you want.

All in all, this was a week for the history books of my mind. I guess. Maybe I'll forget all of this happened. But I probably won't. I wasn't in *that* bad of a drug-induced haze.

By ER

The Doom Marches Onwards

It's Sunday afternoon. You sit up on your bed at approximately 3:17pm, your head spinning and your hair the shape of a misshapen raccoon den. You rub your eyes and try your best to remember what you did last night. You were trying to do your physics homework last night but then someone came through the common room who was celebrating a birthday. And then the night kind of just went on in a happy daze, the happiest you remember feeling in a while.

You lie in bed for a really long time, counting the cracks in the ceiling. Why are there always so many cracks in the ceiling? The rain drizzles downwards, and the already dark sky is gradually darkening. You look at the clock, it's 4:23pm. You suddenly remember that you still have to do your physics problem set, about 100 pages of Linguistics reading, and study for your Math Midterm the next day. You find more cracks to count.

7:23pm, you finally crawl out of bed after marathoning five straight episodes of *Pretty Little Liars*. Your head hurts even more than before and you feel as if your brain is melting. It's dark and commons has already closed. You realized that you have not yet eaten anything today. You groan internally and head over to Homer's for some pringles. The cardboard taste of questionable potatoes and powdered barbeque sauce overwhelms your palette. You hear music coming from the Pool Hall and you poke your head in. Other are enjoying a nice game of pool, you walk the opposite direction.

You decide that you can maybe get some homework done in the library. You select a nice spot in a corner with your laptop screen facing the wall, so that no one can see what you are doing. You look at your problem set and you realize you have no idea how to do any of the questions. You watch two more episodes.

9:30pm, you finally manage to start on the physics. You even managed to finish two of the three questions. You decide to award yourself with more netflix.

1:30am, you realize that the library is beginning to empty out, and you are feeling a little cold. You walk back to your dorm. People are playing video games in the common room. You glare at them.

4:30am, you have attempted the rest of your homework to the best of your abilities. And you try to sleep.

5:30am, you try to count more ceiling cracks, but you can't see them in the darkness.

6:03am, you fall asleep.

You have 9am class the next day. A new week stretches before you.

By HZ

RAW Theme "The Many Faces of Darrell Hammond" For 3rd Year In A Row

Unveiled to the dulled surprise of many students, Reed Arts Week revealed that for the third year in a row all artistic projects would revolve around the theme of "The Many Faces of Darrell Hammond". This announcement means that for the third time all plays, visual installations, and video projects must in some way delve into the personality and character of the famed Saturday Night Live actor.

"We wanted something we felt was universal, something everybody could find a way to relate to," said one of the announcing Tzars. "And really, is there anybody better to embody that than celebrated comedic actor Darrell Hammond? We are well aware this has been the same theme the past two years but come on, the guy has played Bill Clinton, Al Gore, John McCain, and even Colonel Sanders! I just don't see how much more universal it could get."

While many were disappointed with the choice, some artists felt it was a fantastic choice.

"Honestly, I'm pretty excited." Said Will Regins '17, "I mean, themes like 'loss' and 'Daemon' are cool, but I've still got about a hundred project ideas for Darrell Hammond, so I'm psyched I get another year to try it out."

Darrell Hammond refused to comment.

By JG

Want to submit a guest article?

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"What's your dream Spring/Fall theme?"

EMMA RENNIE: Firebending.

MARGIE OXLEY: Sleep.

HELEN ZHANG: Sleep FOR DAYS.

JAKE GONNELLA: "Dad's home!"