

MAY 22, 2009



# THE CARL

EIGHTH WEEK

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# THE CARL EIGHTH WEEK MAY 22, 2009

THE CARL | MASTHEAD | MAY 22, 2009

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## EDITORS' NOTE

The approach of summer is a time of heightened emotions at Carleton: relief, nostalgia, lust, regret, anticipation. We're at a liminal moment where beginnings blend with endings; as the year draws to a close, the summer lies yawning ahead; as college closes its doors, the real world beckons; as one generation of Carls moves on, another grows into new roles and prepares itself for the inevitable change their peers' departure will provoke. Here at the *Carl*, we have found ourselves particularly aware of this transition as we assume new responsibilities, such as managing the staff pizza order, planning the staff barbecue, and accompanying an issue from start to finish for the first time. We find ourselves keenly aware of the tradition we have to uphold, but also of the limitless possibilities that await us as we assume the mantle of editorship. We're excited for the year ahead, but we're also relieved we don't have to deal with it quite yet. Like summer itself, the many potential futures of the *Carl* lie tantalizingly and elusively before us.

For now, though, we're content to bask in the endings. We have a 143 inning softball game ahead of us, company to cherish before it heads into the real world, and the imminent release of Lil' Wayne's rock album. The final weeks of Carleton are looking pretty good, and we're not even considering the possibility of summer in Northfield, which we explore extensively in this issue as we take a look behind The Key and Betty's ice cream truck. So get ready, because, in the words of Semisonic, every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end.

Have some beginnings, have some endings, and have some more beginnings, Carleton. The *Carl* is there for you every step of the way. Making love to your chest.

-Kyle and Matt, the new Eds.

## THE TOP FIVE

Things to do while staying up for Rotblatt

1. Settlers of Catan Tourney
2. Pre-game
3. Chalk campus shamelessly for organization of choice
4. Purchase jumbo bottle of Chaser®
5. Solve:  $R(n) \sim 2 \prod_2 \prod_{k=2}^n \frac{p_k - 1}{p_k - 2} \int_2^n \frac{dx}{(\ln x)^2}$

## THE PHOTO POLL

### How would you describe this year?



“Pastoral.”  
-John Trevino '12



“Yo, we don't go here.”  
Tylor Ahlstrom (UofM)  
Ben Messerly (Bowdoin)



“EDWARD CULLEN!”  
-Jennie Miller '09



“Vote yes for MPIRG.”  
-Christa Owens '12



“An emotional rollercoaster  
a la Mrs. Doubtfire.”  
-Isaac Hodes '12

## THE SCHILLOMETER



JapaneseBugFights.com



Schiller finally appears



Sri Lanka “free of terrorism”



Spring Concert sans photo booth



Pillowman Nightmares

## Stuff Freshmen Like

BY LILY SCHIEBER

### #70: Being Sophomores

As the year comes to a close, the seniors prepare themselves for the world beyond Carleton, the juniors get excited for awesome housing, and the sophomores anticipate life with a major. These next few weeks mark the end of an era for the Class of 2012, the closing chapter of life as Carleton's frosh. After a few short weeks (and three months of summer), these youngsters will grow up. They will no longer have an excuse for drinking to the point of illness on a bi-weekly basis, not knowing where buildings are (e.g. Hulings), and forgetting to look at updated syllabi online. All too soon, they will be the ones complaining that the new class got better free stuff, that frosh parties are so obnoxious, and that papers were so much easier freshmen year. Indeed, the only plus about no longer being a frosh is, well, no longer being a frosh—and somehow that's plenty of incentive for the Class of 2012 to get pumped for September. Eavesdrop on a random frosh-to-frosh conversation, and you'll probably hear how this year has flown by, how next year is going to be weird (but don't worry, it's also gonna rock!), and how funny it will be to see all of this year's prospies as next year's newbies. As they climb the college totem pole, frosh may even find themselves already filled with college nostalgia (“Remember that party second week of fall term?”). But don't get too misty-eyed frosh; we've got three more to go!

# About Betty

MATT PIEH sits down with Betty Olson- cook, comedian and grandma to all.

## **I heard that you recently took classes at a comedy school. Is this true?**

About six years ago I took an improv class and loved it. My family basically said, "why don't you try it." I started thinking about it and I realized that your life is really short. If I wait too long to try some of the things that I've always been curious about it will be too late. So I went and I took a 6 week improv class and loved it. After that I took 8 weeks of stand-up comedy. We had graduation at Stevie Ray's Comedy Club in the cities. The morning of my graduation my dad passed away. I wanted him to see me because he is goofy like me. So anyway, I went up and I still did my

to smile or laugh they don't have any worries. So if they come in looking worried and you make them smile you know for that instant you've done something for them. So do you need a career in that to do it? No. I'm doing it here.

## **What about doing something with the improv groups on campus?**

Now I don't know about improv because it's been a long time. It's been six years since I've done improv so I think it would take more practice for me to get back into that. Stand up is a lot easier for me.

## **Do you have a favorite joke?**

No, because I've got too many of them. I've

dishwasher and bring the dirty clothes downstairs. About ten minutes before they were due home I hurried and filled the dishwasher. I couldn't find any dry dish soap so I squirted in liquid, closed the door and started it. By the time I got downstairs with the laundry there were soap bubbles dripping off the rafters. I ran upstairs and there were soap suds on the cupboard, on the floor and in the sink. Then my parents walked in. Not a pretty sight.

## **How did you get the ice cream truck?**

I bought the truck last February in Pennsylvania and drove it home- I've always wanted a business and when I saw it I had to have it. I'm having an electrical problem and I hope to get it fixed before this Thursday. If I can't get it fixed by then I'll have it here next week on Thursday or Friday.

## **What do you like about working at Carleton?**

I love the students and my coworkers. Without both it would be just another job. After I got the truck I found out about this job and it is ideal. I get summers off when I can run the truck, I've got holidays off with the kids around Christmas, New Years and Thanksgiving, and I have all the kids here. I couldn't have found a better job. I've been blessed.

## **Well we certainly appreciate you working here.**

Well, I love the kids- every one of them. The students make me so happy. There are some I've taken under my wing as grandkids because at first they didn't have anyone. I take care of you guys. I say "all my sandwiches have TLC in them."

I don't expect anything back because I get it in the joy. I don't expect nothing. But I know you guys appreciate me. The little surprises are just unbelievable. One day I was working and all of a sudden a 6-foot chicken walked in and handed me a bag that said "Betty" on it. Then he just turned around and walked out. It was a bag of cookies.

I hope I'm making memories for you guys. When I get out of here- lets say I retire or pass on- that's all that is ever left of a person is memories. So is that a bad thing? I don't think so, I think it is really a good thing.

This body was not built for speed. Endurance, maybe. You get a few more aches and pains but when you guys get me smiling I don't feel those either.

There isn't one kid here-girl or boy- I wouldn't claim as a relative. They're all great. And everybody has a bad day, but you guys help lift so that bad days are few and far between. I might be doing something for you, but you guys don't even come close to knowing what you do for me.



presentation and everything and all my family got to be there- they've always been very supportive of me. The audience just loved it and I got to dedicate it to my dad. After that I lost the interest to pursue it any further.

## **Would you consider doing stand-up in the Cave?**

I still enjoy it so I wouldn't mind doing it at the Cave. If they wanted me to try it, I would. If it went well, who knows, maybe I would do it again if the students enjoyed it. I think being able to joke around with people and see the smiles is basically what you do in stand-up. The thing is to get people smiling. The minute you get someone

got tons and tons of jokes. If I laugh at a joke I don't forget it. I've got a memory for backlogs of jokes.

## **Do you have any good stories from when you were a kid?**

Growing up I had to share a bike with my older sister. One day I took it to our neighbor and had him remove the handle bars and weld on a two foot pipe and a steering wheel. My sister could have shot me. After that she never rode it, things weren't all bad.

Also, when I was about 14 years old my folks left for the evening and I was supposed to fill the

**We recently reviewed your favorite songs. Do you ever read the Carl?**

Oh, I've kept all of those, even the Schillometer. I've kept every one of them. And my kids are so impressed. They are just in awe.

**Do you have any advice for students?**

1. Treat everyone with respect and you will

be respected.

2. Learn not only to use your mind but your hands as well. Some day you may need to use your hands for dirty manual labor, just to get by, and if you're too proud to take a manual job you're going to lose ground. Then when you do find a job it's going to take a while to get back up. But if you

take a manual job temporarily you learn a lot and you can be proud in making ends meet.

3. Make good memories and make people smile. When someone smiles they have no problems- even if it just for 30 seconds. Your memories are all that we have left on earth once you're gone.



## Pieces of Performance Art I Would Like to See and What They Would Mean

BY KYLE KRAMER

### **War simulation with fruit as weapons:**

As the artists simulate the killing act with bananas as their firearms and cantaloupes as their heavy artillery, a new understanding of the meaning of tragedy is reached. We discover that, much like our weapons, we are little more than a soft, malleable interior protected by a flimsy outer skin. In this way, the artist fuses with his or her weaponry, exposing the one-dimensional mindlessness of war, which ultimately turns all participants to a pulp. The ultimate irony is achieved with the realization that it is no longer the fruit that is the weaponry, but rather the weakness of man.

### **Synchronized swimming on the ground:**

In recreating the swimming act on the impermeable surface of the ground, the artists prove that the world is hard and unforgiving. The continuation of the swimming act outside of water sym-

bolizes man's refusal to accept this fact, and the group performance emphasizes the value of community in confronting hardship. Yet, this whole statement is rendered with ambiguity as we remember the evolutionary instinct to emerge from water onto land, which is here reversed by the longing for water. Is man truly in an evolved state? How can we transcend the boundaries the natural world has created for us? Will we ever subvert the land/water power paradigm?

### **Public cleansing of the anus with a college yearbook:**

Where do the boundaries lie between the crass and the canonical? How are memories formed and interpreted? What is the place of a cappella in a modern society? How does the "butt-wiping" act shape our understanding of the collegiate experience? What is poetry, and what is the role of the reader? What is the value of seniority? What does

it mean to have emotions in a post-emotional world? How can we deconstruct the notion of learning? What is an Algol?

### **Immolation of a tree:**

As the artist sets fire to a live tree, we witness the tortured conflict between the life impulse and the imposed limitations of death. Yet, as the tree provides fuel for the fire, we question the subconscious and the yearning for the death experience. Concurrently, we must examine the conception of active consciousness and pain in the context of a plant. We discover that we are unsure of the emotional state that defines existence. We learn to re-examine the hierarchical imposition of man over nature as a question of psychological fitness. Ultimately, the viewer becomes embroiled in paradoxes and left asking, merely, "What is cooler than setting a tree on fire?"

# The Carl's Guide to Style: The Sweater Conundrum

BY KELLY O'BRIEN

THE CARL | SOCIETY | MAY 22, 2009



This past Friday, I witnessed a fashion atrocity. A fashion atrocity committed by a good friend, no less. This friend and I were enjoying some homemade soup in our homemade bowls at the Empty Bowls fundraiser when she did the unthinkable. The weather was breezy but sunny, posing a predicament for our young protagonist, who had worn a red cardigan to protect her from the irregular chilly breeze. Once on the Bald Spot, however, it was all sun and no chill. Therefore, she shed the only reasonable layer she could think of—her red cardigan. I am sure you have been in this exact situation before, when you now have an extra piece of clothing and absolutely nothing to do with it. You can hold it, but that's just annoying; you can leave it on, subjecting yourself to unwanted sweat; or you could do the terrible thing that my poor friend did—tie it around your waist.

After I called her out on this fashion faux pas she simply told me, “Well, what was I supposed to do with it?”—that is exactly what I set out to answer. Before I could solve this problem, I had to learn more about it. I will admit that I have tied a sweater or sweatshirt around my waist, but only before the year 1999. I distinctly remember on multiple occasions running out to the playground during recess (remember recess?) and shedding a few layers before I dirtied up my neat button down and khaki shorts. Of course, to remedy the issue of losing said sweater/sweatshirt I would firmly tie it around my waist. That's why I wholeheartedly understand the appeal of this action—you can walk around without the fear of losing your belongings, as well as keep cool in the heat—but I am here to tell you that there are other, much better options.

Recently, Dsquared2, a Canadian fashion label premiered their fall 2009 looks incorporating the sweater around the waist look and multiple other terrible variations on how to balance the need for utility and temperature. Perry Ellis, a menswear line, also debuted its spring 2009 line with this

same sweater style spotted on multiple models. In addition, the more I looked around campus, the more I saw this particular “style” on both men and women who clearly had overdressed for the day.

As I see it, you have a choice when tackling this issue. First, you could just not wear the sweater. Although this may not seem like an ideal solution, if you are willing to be a bit chilly you could get rid of this problem altogether. But for those of us who feel that a cardigan or sweater is essential to pulling an outfit together, there are other choices. You could go for a more country club look by draping the sweater around your shoulders, either tying the sleeves together or leaving them free to hang loose. This preppy look may only appeal to some, but I dare you to throw caution to the winds and just try it. You may find that it isn't just for upper-class white people, and that it can make your look much more flexible.

The last option I have to offer is what I like to call a compromise. Instead of wearing a full-length sweater, why not try a shorter cropped one? Fossil (yes, they sell clothes) and Anthropologie have a good variety of lighter, short-sleeved sweaters that keep you cool without having to completely ditch your look. Plus, they have a greater variety of styles beyond just the simple cardigan. A cheaper place to look would also be Old Navy, which sells tons of cute, inexpensive, but basic cropped sweaters. So as you get ready for the last few days of spring term in all it's sunny glory, remind yourself that you don't have to look like an over-the-hill soccer mom with a sweater tied around your waist! And if you choose to do so anyways, remember, I am still judging you.



# Carls Marrying Carls: Investigating the Marriage Myth

BY ANNIE REES

When I first came to Carleton, I began hearing the marriage myths. I'm sure you've heard them—they float around everywhere, random numbers reducing Carleton to “til death do us part” couples. Just last week I overheard a tour guide answer someone's question regarding what percentage of Carleton gets married, and they hypothesized an insane (to me) figure, some 30-40 percent. To be fair, when I was a freshman, I heard it was 60%, perpetuating the notion that Carleton was simultaneously an academic institution and a localized Match.com. But aren't 70 percent of all statistics made up, anyway (by the way, I just pulled that number out of my ass)?

Anyway, after overhearing last week's tour guide, my interest in our marriage myth was rekindled. There's no way Carleton's that incestuous, right? So I began poking around (or researching with vigor and intensity) trying to find some legitimate statistics, in order to provide you, O Readers of the Carl, the kind of scintillating front page news I know you crave.

In a characteristically Big Brother fashion, the College knows the marital statuses of all of its alumni. But hey, I'm not complaining—this is the information I wanted. The table I found has numbers from 1970, though the college has kept track of these stats from decades before 1970 as well. The numbers aren't that earth-shattering or shocking, but they're true, and thank God, they're nowhere near 60 percent.

From 1970-1979, the average number of spouses (same-class and different class combined) is 16%. From 1980-1989 that percentage goes up just one to 17%, and the average from 1990-1999 is 20%. Well hey there, '90s. From 2000-2008 the average is at 9%, but many of these classes haven't been graduated more than a couple years. Also, I might feel quite uncomfortable if it were higher. The overall average from 1970-2008 is 15.7%, but if we subtract the most recently graduated classes, cutting off at 2004,



the number jumps up to 17%. There's one particularly strange year in the nineties: 1992, which had 56 same-class spouses and 61 different-class spouses. A whopping 25% of '92's class married someone else from Carleton. What was in the water that year? In 2000, by contrast, only 11% of its class married someone from Carleton, the lowest figure in the table (disregarding 2003-2008).

In conclusion: don't worry, Carleton, 'cause we're not quite as incestuous as we're cracked up to be. We're pretty much comparable marriage-stats-wise to many other small liberal arts schools like us (although it wouldn't surprise me if St. Olaf has an edge). Let's be real though: we probably beat out Carleton University, so you can take comfort in that. Remember: there's a good chance that one to two of every ten people you know will become one of these statistics. Think about that (or, if you're like me, don't) the next time you make eyes at someone across the sunny Bald Spot.

# Dating Grades Are In: Summer's Almost Here

BY SASHA KOROBOVA

Summer is almost here. That means that there will soon be plenty of opportunities to meet and hook up with fabulous non-Carls. "But," you may interject, "there are still three weeks of school left!" I couldn't agree with you more. As Carleton students, we veer towards maximizing our time usage, so why should our love lives be any different? These three weeks are an excellent opportunity to maximize your love life, not just your academics. However, since the paths of the various class years are quite different after these three weeks, their goals should be also. Let me elaborate.

Unless you have not already experienced the "excitement" that is Carleton social life, and are still enjoying campus parties, the next three weeks are a countdown. After these weeks, most of you will return to the real world, excited to be surrounded by "real" people, "real" friends, and maybe even "really" attractive people.

## Freshmen 1

I do have to warn you though – chances are that most of them will not have "spark" that your fellow classmates have. On the other hand, they may also not read Greek philosophy for fun, and thus by nature be a lot more exciting. This summer, take an opportunity to enjoy your home social life – this is likely the last time you will be able to do so to its full extent; afterwards, the Carleton goggles don't come off anymore.

As a junior, I know this year is difficult, and the next one is about to get only harder. So what do we do? By now many people have realized that if they are in pursuit of a significant other, junior year this is best done one at a time. Between classes and figuring out, well, what we're going to do with our lives,

## Juniors 3

there is little opportunity for a constant search. In fact, a consistent hook-up or a relationship is likely the best option. However, if you do not develop one or the other in the next three weeks, take this as an opportunity to hook up with the graduating seniors. They are here for only a few more weeks, and they are likely easier than usual.

You guys are probably in the best position. By now you have likely submitted your Writing Portfolio, declared your major, and finally got completely comfortable with your place here at school. But you are in for a surprise – junior year is going to get a lot more academically serious,

## Sophomores 2

and you will not realize or understand how or why this happened. So this is your chance to have all of your final underclassmen fun. Go to every party. Throw lots of parties. If there are 12 hotties between your three classes, go for all of them. You will not have as much time available for pursuit next year. As a sophomore, it is also socially acceptable for you to hook up with just about any year, so enjoy this carefree time.

In anticipation of love in the real world, take a chance down memory lane – hook up with anyone and everyone you like. If you're confident, your posse can likely crash anything from a Freshman brawl to a private Junior party and, if choosing strategically, have your pick.

## Seniors 4

This is also a great time to fulfill some of those drunkenly-made goals. Perhaps you can hook up in the bed of each of your housemates. Or you can hook up with one person in each dorm. In any case, this is the last time when doing anything like this will be within your reach, let alone somewhat socially acceptable. Enjoy the next few weeks!

# The Rise and Fall of the Titties

## J. Woodcock Strong's musings on mammary intercourse

Tittyfuck. As a result of recent campus discourse, we now know that the phrase hit its peak of Google searches in 2006, followed by a steady decline as searches increased for "ass fuck."

Now, let's take a second to think about "titty fuck." As I, J. Woodcock Strong, am clearly a male, I see the appeal. But from the woman's point of view, really, why? "Mammary intercourse," as it is termed on wikipedia, is pretty fucking weird. Anatomically, those boobs don't just stick together to create a vaginal opening when a girl lies on her back, no matter their size. Gravity takes hold and they slide just a little bit into her armpits. So the first step, clearly, is for the woman to hold her breasts together while lying on her back. Then, as the man approaches above her, she must continue to lie there as the man thrusts to ejaculation (or not) right into her face. This leads to the fear of semen in the eyes or just that weird unpleasant feeling of having something unexpectedly wet on her neck.

One might say that penis-to-breast contact is sexual contact that could turn women on in the same way that a little nipple-sucking or a light caress of the breasts can. Sorry guys, probably not. Really it's an appendage being thrust through skin that feels weird and unnatural. Why would a woman go through this? Perhaps the only natural reason to agree to a tittyfuck is if you're getting something in return. Or if a man says something along the lines of "your breasts aren't big enough to tittyfuck." To which most women would respond: you asshole, I'll show you they are! And then here you are, in this unpleasant situation of a penis in your boobs.

Moral of the story, you better be real comfortable with the penis and with your breasts and your partner and then maybe tittyfuck could be fun and silly and illicit and sexy.

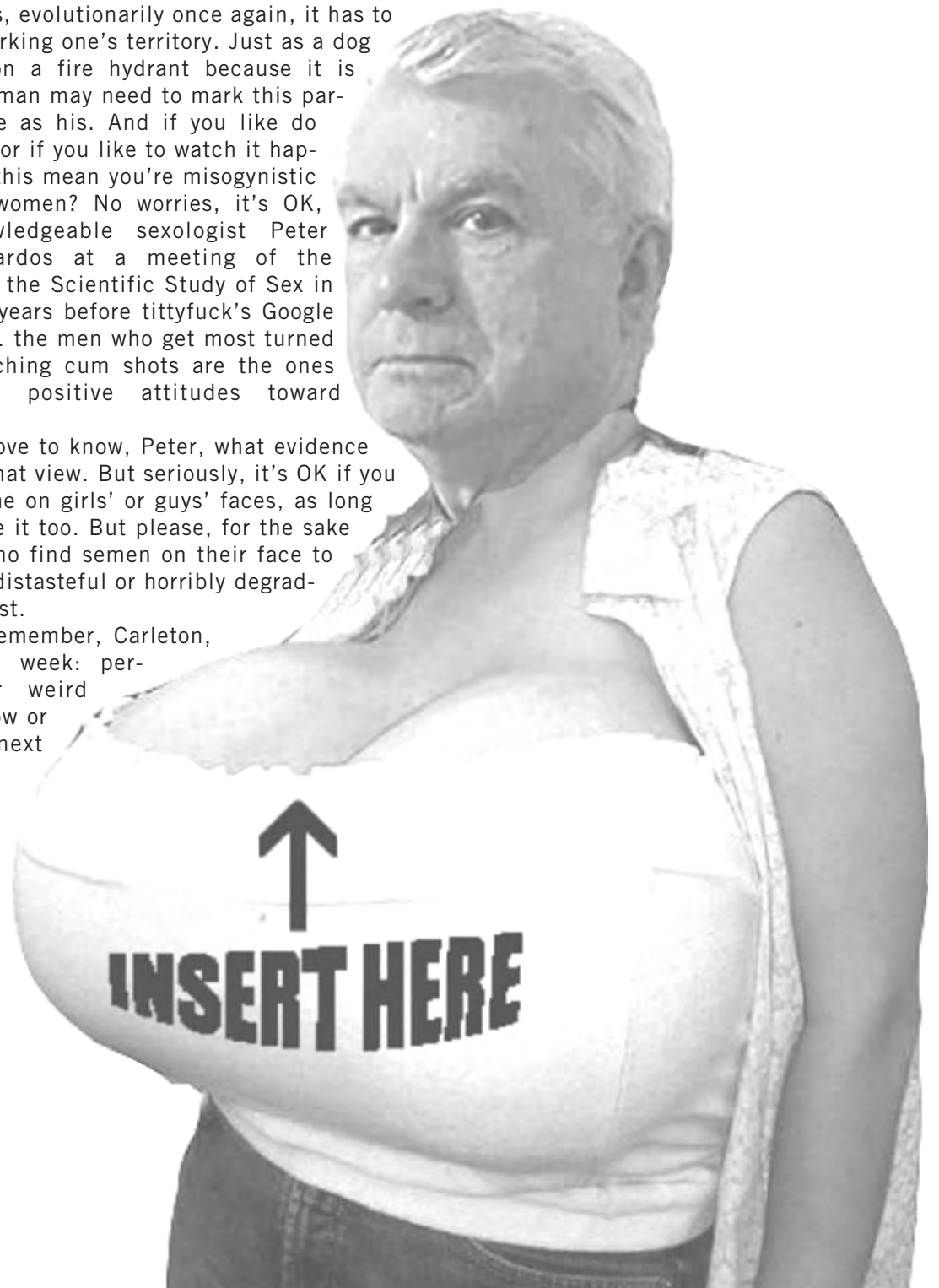
And this leads to another weird thing: coming on someone's face. Let's take a look at evolution. Semen's sole purpose is to carry on the species, and the species will not be carried on in your partner's mouth or anywhere, as a matter of fact, except in a woman's vagina. The "money shot," typically referring to a man coming on a woman's face, is supposedly called

this partially because it will make the most money of any type of pornography. Why do so many people want to watch this?

Perhaps, evolutionarily once again, it has to do with marking one's territory. Just as a dog may pee on a fire hydrant because it is "his," the man may need to mark this particular face as his. And if you like to do this, guys, or if you like to watch it happen, does this mean you're misogynistic and hate women? No worries, it's OK, says knowledgeable sexologist Peter Sándor Gardos at a meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex in 1992 (14 years before tittyfuck's Google peak!). "... the men who get most turned on by watching cum shots are the ones who have positive attitudes toward women."

We'd love to know, Peter, what evidence backs up that view. But seriously, it's OK if you like to come on girls' or guys' faces, as long as they like it too. But please, for the sake of those who find semen on their face to be a little distasteful or horribly degrading, ask first.

And remember, Carleton, it's eighth week: perform your weird sex acts now or wait till next year.





# Who supports the Key?

BY TOM FRY

I've lived above the Riverwalk for almost a year now, and, through the hottest days of summer and the coldest of winter, through the arrival and departure of roommates and seasonal waterfowl, one presence has remained constant on the banks of the Cannon: pesky kids. They take part in all manner of teen degeneracy: they screech and laugh in the calm hours of the afternoon; they roll their skateboards around where they oughtn't; they make out in front of one another (and me); and they smoke their cute little cigarettes (do they know how adorable they look when they smoke? I'm assuming not—if they did, I'm sure they'd stop). There is one thing, however, that they never do: they never, ever, go home.

It didn't take me long after I moved to figure out why this is; these twerps have a base: The Key. For many months now, I've been walking past The Key, nestled, homely and inconspicuous,

between the two titans of the Riverwalk strip: Basil's and Froggy Bottoms. Though my bemusement with the place's existence rose and fell with the seasonal migrations of the largest tween herds, my curiosity about it only grew, egged on by the fact that no one I had ever spoken to seemed to know much about it. After a few conversations with Northfield residents and students, I quickly realized that the people I was speaking to were about the only ones in the dark—as it turns out, The Key has far more of a story to tell than I ever would have thought.

The Key—the front for the Northfield Union of Youth (NUY)—is the stuff of classic teen films, a makeshift haven for kids with nowhere else to go. The NUY moved into what became The Key in 1995, shortly after the building was condemned. It was conceived, according to Josh Hinnenkamp,

the current executive director of The Key, as “a place for kids to hang out and be themselves.” In a close-knit community like Northfield, this might seem like a rather quaint objective, but it's not.

“A lot of times, kids come here because they don't have anywhere else to hang out,” says Ruth Amerman, a Northfield High senior and current President of The Key, “they can't hang out at home. A lot of the kids who hang here come from families where—I guess non-traditional or broken families, families where their parents are working a lot. They come here because it's safe, and there's always something to do, people to talk to.”

Ruth, who has been a member of the NUY's youth board for three years, could be The Key's poster child. She's articulate and thoughtful, at ease with herself and others. Sitting on one of The Key's many half-dead couches, she looks absolutely at home. By her own assessment, The

Key has had a lot to do with that. “A big thing for me is that I’m much more confident than I was before, and the people around me, too. I’ve watched them transform from kids into new community leaders.”

Ruth’s dedication to the place is echoed by Josh, who has been working with The Key since 2004. Soft spoken, but by no means timid, Josh’s faith in the work that The Key does is contagious. “This is a very different kind of organization,” he says, “very empowering for the youth. My job is to empower the youth. Could be the best job I’ve ever had. The connections you make are unimaginable.”

As the Key’s executive director, “Empowerer of the Youth” isn’t an unfitting title for Josh. He and the NUY’s adult board exert very little power over the students, who he says have “complete control” of the organization’s policies and agenda. They organize and staff Key events, in large part, on their own.

They don’t just maintain The Key, either. In an effort to make themselves more visible in the community, the youth board has stepped up their efforts to both speak and act in the real world. “I think that the youth involved with The Key have tried hard, particularly over the past five years, to build relationships with the larger community,” says Anne Ruppel.

As a parent of a Youth Board member and a board member of the Healthy Community Initiative, another youth-centered community project, Anne has seen Key kids spear a variety of efforts, “from helping the Garden Club with plant watering downtown, to assisting with the annual Carleton garage sale, helping at the Middle School with free swim days, help with the seat belt challenge with Prime Time Kids, and organizing “speed candidating” during the last election cycle, as an opportunity for citizens in town to meet candidates for local and state office.”

The cup of Key love runneth over, but one of the unfortunate truths about places like The Key is that that love is countered by equal shares of harsh reality and community opposition, both rational and irrational.

Perhaps the most central problem The Key faces is justifying its utility to the community. While The Key itself is a substance-free space, many of the kids that frequent it—kids often described by interviewees as “on the fringe”—aren’t. The Key maintains a philosophy of non-judgment when it comes to substance use, in hopes that it can create a space that draws “fringe kids” away from drugs and into a more supportive community. But when residents and local business owners see kids leaving the Key for cigarette breaks by the river, they draw the obvious conclu-



sions.

“We’ve been struggling with stereotypes a lot,” Ruth says. “I think the thing that people don’t realize is that the more time kids spend here the less time they spend doing all the other stuff. We concentrate on keeping them here as much as we can.”

And of course, The Key also faces that classic conundrum that’s faced every loose organization of teenagers since time immemorial: adults. Several drug dealers have tried to take advantage of The Key crowd over the past few years, setting up shop in nearby parking lots. Local business owners question The Key’s location, both because of its proximity to the Riverwalk, which has long been a center for local drug trafficking, and because of the congregations of unruly teens that mill about The Key’s entrance, sometimes blocking traffic in the street and on the sidewalk.

Even The Key’s most pro-youth neighbors have their qualms about the place. “We’re not at all against the youth,” says Kurt Larson, of the nearby Larson’s printing, “what we worry about here is The Key’s location.” Larson’s Printing used to operate out of The Key building, and Curt believes the place is, in many ways, unsafe. “That building is falling apart; you have the river—which has been a problem area for a long time—on one side, and you have the highway on the other.”

Solutions to this problem, however, are elusive. Some community members, like Curt, want The Key to be moved farther out, to a larger facility, one that allows the kids—and local adults—more space to stretch out. Others, like Anne, think that The Key “has to stay downtown to be visible and accessible and transparent.” Even Police Chief Marc Taylor says he’s unsure where The Key should go. “There could be better locations,” he says “and there could probably also be worse.” And of course, these discussions are, for the time being, rather worthless—The Key’s budget won’t allow for a new building for a long time to come.

So, not really wanted where they are, but not really able to go anywhere else, The Key will stay where it is, a mostly unwelcome guest in a cramped, shambling building. Of course, the kids are just happy they have the place at all. “This place is a dump,” one youth told me, “it’s the best.” The Key, whatever else it is, is theirs—to have, to rule, to put their faith in.

At a weekly Youth Board meeting, three kids are sitting in the middle of a large circle of board members. The kids, having been caught smoking, are being sentenced by their peers. The inside of the place is painted over with huge murals and poems scrawled in spray paint. Against one wall, an aquarium hums inside a gutted television. From the adjacent room, I catch a few snippets of



# Around the Well Is More of the Same, in a Good Way

BY KELLY O'BRIEN



I will be straightforward with you; Iron & Wine is probably my favorite artist of all time. Something about Sam Beam's soothing lullaby voice and melodic guitar chords make my heart ache for endless country roads, high porch swings, and long summer days spent lying in the grass. I like to blame my southern roots for an inclination to praise this South Carolina native but I'd also like to think that there is more than just my upbringing that makes Iron & Wine a particularly appealing artist.

His latest album, *Around the Well*, a two-disc compilation of unreleased and b-side songs, is a clear extension of previous albums, and the agrarian feel common to Beam's music is not lost in this album. Laced with Beam's signature hushed voice and minimal instrumentation, the first disc of *Around the Well* throws no curveballs at its listeners.

to the second; while the first disc is like spring rainfall with a sleepy but quiet beauty, the second disc is like the first rays of sunlight that shine after the rain, urging you to run outside to savor the renewed earth.

Beginning with naïve and simple tunes such as those found in *The Creek Drank the Cradle* and maturing into its more sophisticated counterpart, *The Shepherd's Dog*, which featured strong African drumbeats and a pagan-like lyricism, *Around the Well* provides a satisfying map of Iron & Wine's musical progression. It completely solidifies Beam's musical range, as well as his security in his own personal sound as an artist. I highly recommend this album to both loyal fans of Iron & Wine and to those new to him; it is truly an engrossing taste of this folk-rocker's contribution to the world of beautiful music.

Although the first disc is fairly standard and rugged with a scratchy home-recorded sound, the second disc of *Around the Well* is much more polished, with greater instrumentation and backup vocals to support its melodic structure.

The album contains several surprising covers, including New Order's "Love Vigilantes," The Flaming Lips' "Waitin' for a Superman," and Stereolab's "Peng! 33," all of which are given a new interpretation through Beam's acoustic aesthetic. The tempo significantly changes from the first disc

## Shared iTunes Library: "Whatever"



BY LILY SCHIEBER

With all of the shared iTunes libraries floating around the campus network, sometimes it can be hard to choose just one. In an attempt to get the attention of our peers, a fair number of us try to stand out in the crowd with witty or all caps names. When I saw the library known as "Whatever," therefore, I was oddly intrigued by the owner's blasé attitude. Let me make clear that I do not know whose music library this is; in the interest of avoiding bias I did not choose one of the libraries labeled with a name. I just wanted to see whatever "Whatever" had to offer.

Scroll through Whatever and you'll come across a fair mix of alternative, electronic, rap and hip-hop, and rock (and an impressively small amount of unlabeled tracks). The dominating artists in the collection include the Beastie Boys, Radiohead, Lil' Wayne, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Editors, Joy Division, Deerhoof, and the Wu-Tang Clan—if you're searching for a song by one of these guys, chances are "Whatever's" got what you need, not to mention a whole bunch of Justice, M.I.A., and Bloc Party. My favorite find were the two albums by Blue Man Group (they make CDs?!) because no one has a more impressive live show to live up to, and they pull it off pretty well. And don't worry about passwords; "Whatever's" owner seems to avoid buying from the iTunes store, leaving the music open for all. If you're willing to put up with an occasional "rebuffering stream" notification, this library provides a nice mix of in your face and relaxing tracks. I give a thumbs-up to the creator of "Whatever," whoever you are.

# Grassroots Voices: China's Hip Hop Underground

BY KELLY O'BRIEN

With the advent of China emerging as a world leader, the effects of globalization and western forms of self-expression have begun to manifest themselves in a very unlikely place in Chinese society – music.

When I first heard about China's large, underground rap scene, including such artists as In3, Canadian-born XIV, and Shuangzi, I was intrigued at how a form of music deemed as obscene by many in America had taken root in a socialist, traditional society. Upon closer research also I found a great disparity between the polished popular music stars and many rappers part of the underground scene. It was clear that while the fan base was sizable for these young Chinese rhymers, they did not receive the same amount of support from record companies and the mass media.

Alex Liu, a freshman from Beijing explained, "I think Chinese underground rap (especially Beijing) is growing more and more popular for the same reason Eminem or 2Pac became popular: they sing what the pop stars never sing, and they give you a sense of what's real, not fake" adding "China's economy is growing very fast and people's lives are getting better and better, yet this has also brought about a lot of side effects like the diminishing of traditional culture in urban areas and the social polarization of the rich and the poor. The Younger generation is especially influenced, and there is a huge difference in lifestyle and perspective between the old and the new generations. The rappers catch these issues."

Certain popular artists such as Young Kin, raised in China by his Chinese father and Swiss mother, clearly mirror these sentiments in their music and public websites stating, "my parents and their ancestors have learned to mind their own business and keep quiet in order to survive and keep their families safe. I believe that after reaching economic and social stability, it is time for China's youth to speak up again." Although these social commentaries coming from young urban men in metropolitan nightclubs have faced much opposition from well-moderated pop music bigwigs, they have been able to flourish on their own through their own grassroots movement. They openly admit they have difficulty making a living on just rap alone but what has become more important is their message of individuality and progress away from an older, conservative way of life in a newly modern China.

# Relapse Is Not A Return



BY FRANK FIRKE

When I first heard that Eminem's new album was titled *Relapse*, I was mostly unaware of his troubles over the past few years, so I figured it was a figurative title meaning that he couldn't help but end the sabbatical he'd taken from the music industry. Boy, was I wrong.

For those as ignorant as I was, the album's title and much of its subject matter refer to Eminem's problems with a laundry list of prescription drugs over the past five years or so. And, in his own inimitable way, he does his best to make those problems our problems by making aggressively fucked up music. Multiple—multiple!—songs about serial killers, featuring first person narration of home invasion and rape ("Same Song and Dance") and offhand mentions about masturbating to Hannah Montana ("3 AM") only scratch the surface of *Relapse's* peculiarity.

Perhaps unfortunately, his disturbing content yields some of his more clever lines, such as "I was born with a dick in my brain / yeah, fucked in the head," which opens "Insane," a song about being raped by his stepfather. Or there's the late-

to-the-party "...then I fall into bed / with a bottle of meds and a Heath Ledger bobble-head," from "My Mom," a song that casts some blame on his mother for his struggles with substances.

Those last two examples aren't meant to indicate that he blames everything on other people, and I don't mean to suggest that he sounds insincere about his problems, but the sad fact is that the subject matter is the weakest area of the album. Dr. Dre's production, perhaps needless to say, is solid, providing a nice background without ever trying to overwhelm the lyrics. The skills that made Eminem the biggest

rapper alive for a couple of years are still there: he still has his tightly controlled flow and his capacity to make any given line a great one.

Optimistically, one can hope that this record is merely Em getting rid of some rust that had accumulated during his time of troubles and that new music he makes will be a little more consistent. It's possible the upcoming *Relapse 2* will be more of a return to form and feature a few singles that manage to be huge hits despite their aggressive lyrics. (However popular "We Made You" and "Crack a Bottle" might be, they're not in the same league as "Lose Yourself" or "Without Me.") That would be a nice thing, since mainstream rap seems to have somehow gotten more vapid since AutoTune became popular and Em's return to the scene might start to change that.

*Relapse* on its own, however, seems more significant outside of the context of its music, and ultimately it left me wishing my original interpretation of its title had been the right one. I can't imagine playing any of its songs very often, but maybe that's my fault—Eminem's always put out difficult music on his own terms, and why would a substance problem change that?

# Best of 2008-2009: Staff Favorites from this School Year

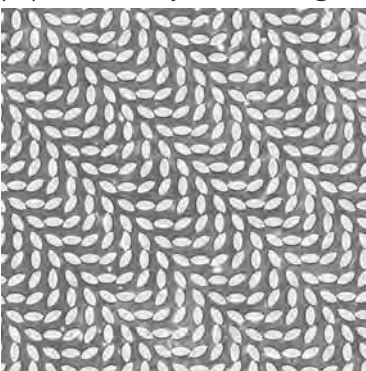
BY FRANK FIRKE, NOAH SAPSE, KELLY O'BRIEN, AND KYLE KRAMER



**The Hood Internet**  
– *The Mixtape Volume Three*

Since they're not a real band, it would be too much to expect a proper album from the Hood Internet. That said, the Chicago-based

blog mashup duo still dropped a fun and addictive mixtape of pop vocals over indie instrumentals in November. Of the 33 songs on the album, the songs with Ghostface vs. Caribou, Usher vs. Los Campesinos!, and R. Kelly vs. Rogue Wave emerge as some of the strongest, but there's definitely something there for everyone, whether you love pop music or just mocking it. –FF



**Animal Collective**  
– *Merriweather Post Pavilion*

If this was the album that saw Animal Collective emerge as a major cultural force, at least in the world of the Internet, it was also the album that saw the group

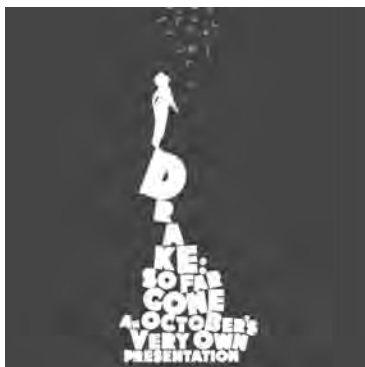
finally coalesce around a signature aesthetic. The sample-heavy, experimental pop of this album is geared for critical success, but it's also surprisingly fun and catchy. Here, Animal Collective has achieved the perfect balance between weirdness and accessibility. –KK



**TV On The Radio** – *Dear Science*

As with TVotR's previous releases dating to their 2003 debut EP, *Dear Science* is full of catchy songs, unorthodox instrumentation, and art-rock lyrics that somehow manage

not to be too pretentious. Horns, percussion, and the irrepressible voice of lead singer Tunde Adebimpe lead the way, and, while it didn't floor me the first time I heard it, every time I've listened to it since I've appreciated it a little more. –FF



**Drake** – *So Far Gone*

It's fitting in 2009 that an album this good would actually arrive as a free mixtape sampling a diverse palette that includes

Lykke Li, Jay-Z, and Coldplay. Drake beautifully fuses these influences to create a glossy, introspective, heavily AutoTuned, downtempo hip hop album that suggests what *808s & Heartbreak* was supposed to be. Logically, such trendy music is generating the kind of buzz that will have Drake on top of the charts within a year, even as he's still amazing hip hop heads with shockingly clever punch lines and crooning the kind of melodies that will have him "dating your dream girl." This is glamorous, sophisticated music with widespread appeal. This is the future. Get used to it. –KK



**Lady Gaga** – *The Fame*

Maybe it's the thigh-high leather boots, maybe it's the continuous lack of pants, or maybe it is the fact that her music went beautifully with

ManDance, but Lady Gaga has done the unthinkable and staked her place among the elite of pop culture. Although she seemed to be a one-hit wonder with her over the top look, Lady Gaga has proved everyone wrong and continued to thrive in the lime-light, going platinum in a matter of months. We're not ashamed to admit we love Lady Gaga's infectious catchy music. Plus, girlfriend really knows how to rock the leather. –KOB



**Phoenix** – *Wolfgang Amadeus Phoenix*

France's pop-rock group Phoenix might as well be straight out of the OC with their funky sound and danceable beats. Their fourth album

release, *Wolfgang Amadeus Phoenix*, delivers the same happy-go-lucky sound that fans crave, making it one of the best albums of the year. Vocalist Thomas Mars' bright falsetto combined with well-structured chord progressions gives Phoenix just the right amount of exuberance. –KOB



**Deerhoof** – *Offend Maggie*

This album is Deerhoof's crowning achievement up to this point in their careers. It has more frenetic energy than a room full of sixth graders on

dexedrine, but the precision and tightness of a well-rehearsed symphony orchestra, which sometimes Deerhoof almost resembles in electrified miniature. The overall result is smooth, spunky, full of surprises, and overall addictively listenable. –NS



**Of Montreal** – *Skeletal Lamping*

This album represents the official departure from the incredibly accessible psychedelic dance pop of Kevin Barnes' past. That doesn't detract, however, from the fact that

this album is complex, fragile work of genius where Barnes was able to mix numerous contrasting textures and feelings into an incredibly cohesive work. You could still dance to this, but it would be ironic, and that may be the point. –NS

# Seniors Art

BY SASHA KOROBOVA

THE CARL | ARTS & LIT | MAY 22, 2009

The Senior Studio Art Show, *We Heart Art*, is now on display at the Art Gallery. The exhibit, which opened last Friday, May 15th, presents the Integrative Exercises (Comps) of senior studio art majors. The show is a collection of works by several very different students, and this is immediately apparent upon entry. The space is filled with works that look nothing alike, with little repetition in subject or medium. Some works included personal statements by the artists, notifying the viewer of the ideas of the artist. Others did not, allowing one to make personal interpretations and associations. All, however, represent intense effort to present high-quality, thematic art.

As usual, all works cannot be described, but some individual artists and works can be highlighted. One of my personal favorite works consists of four individual pieces by Fumiko Yashiro. Yashiro is a studio art and chemistry double-major – a fact that is clearly present in her work. She writes: “we’re often limited in seeing something from a single perspective. Somewhere in between our limits we might be able to find something novel and beautiful.” In her work, Yashiro combines art and chemistry: each of the four pieces on display consists of a highly detailed, complex

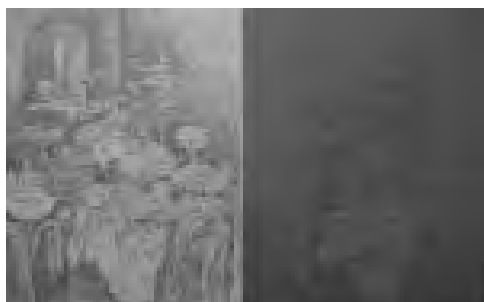
pencil drawing of food and/or vases. Immediately next to them is a gray, slightly transparent drawing or collage of writing, and chemical formulas, emulating the layout of the fruit or vases. Situated on the wall next to the pieces is a computer which lays the transparent piece over the black-and-white drawing, showing that when the pieces are layered, a beautiful and unusual combination emerges, creating one complete work. Thus, Yashiro mirrors her disciplines of choice coming together in her work.

Another piece that struck me was Elizabeth Alspach’s “Landscape.” As Alspach explains in her personal statement, in creating this piece her goal was to view the body as a landscape. Furthermore, she wanted to investigate and illustrate the relationship between the body’s beauty and function. The parts of the body that she has made are not usually seen by themselves, which is what makes this piece particularly striking. Some of these include a knee-joint, a heel, and a stomach.

The small room in the gallery is dedicated entirely to the work of Stephanie Meta Mayer. Mayer explains that her goal in the piece was to explore the blurry line between the real and imag-

inary. The entire room is wrapped in tin-foil, with foil windows and cotton-ball structures hanging from the ceiling. On the wall are photographs of young women in what looks like symbolic spaces, yet surrounded by very concrete objects, and bearing names such as “Halfway Around the World,” “Likes Strange Things Sometimes,” and “Rooted in Using Stubby Pencils.” By combining abstract and concrete imagery and objects Mayer is able to walk the line between the real and imaginary in her piece.

The exhibit is full of other unique pieces including Jay Melso’s study of baseball, Aisling Quigley’s bird etching, Juliana Houston’s investigation of the body, and Savannah Steele’s study of eggs. All the works on display represent intensive labor and thinking. There is simply no room to discuss the exercises of all the artists, but the show includes works by Erica Abshez, Becky Alexander, Ashly Bacon, Rhonda Chan, Caitlin Fleming, Eunice Hong, Marissa Tapia, Kaying Vang, John Vigeband, and Kat Zerebiec. So, if you are friends with senior Studio Art Majors, like art, or are simply intrigued, you should stop by the Carleton Art Gallery and enjoy this collection. The show will be on display through June 12th, 2009.



One of Fumiko Yashiro’s Series



Part of Elizabeth Alspach’s  
“Landscape”



Section of Juliana Houston’s “The  
Ostrich”

# Jimmy Corrigan: Not Heroic, But Still Hip

BY ANDREW TATGE

The term graphic novel is a polite euphemism for a comic or cartoon. Perhaps the term has helped comics earn acceptance in mainstream society over the last 20 odd years. Of the non-super hero cartoonists, one of the names that frequently pops up—perhaps too often—is Chris Ware, the author of *Jimmy Corrigan: The Smartest Kid on Earth*, which perfectly captures Ware's identifying traits. Pages are as friendly and pleasing to look at as the content is depressing.

*Jimmy Corrigan: The Smartest Kid on Earth*, won a major literary prize from an English publication in 2001, which, along with Art Spiegelman's Pulitzer winning *Maus*, placed it in a very exclusive club of graphic novels that have won literary prizes traditionally awarded to non-comic works. The plot follows Jimmy Corrigan, an imaginative but lonely and socially inept man living in Chicago. Contacted by the father that abandoned him, he reluctantly goes on a trip to meet him. Intercut with this narrative is the story of the strained relationship between Jimmy's Grandfather and Great-grandfather, who is working on the construction of the 1893 World's

Colombian Exposition in Chicago. All together, we see five generations of the Corrigan lineage at different stages of life. Throughout their history, issues of race, and more prominently, the difficulty of damaged sons becoming fathers recurs. Among and between sections there is movement (some smoother than others) into and out of fantasies and subjective memories.

Most apparent and disarming in Ware's work is the warmth of his images.

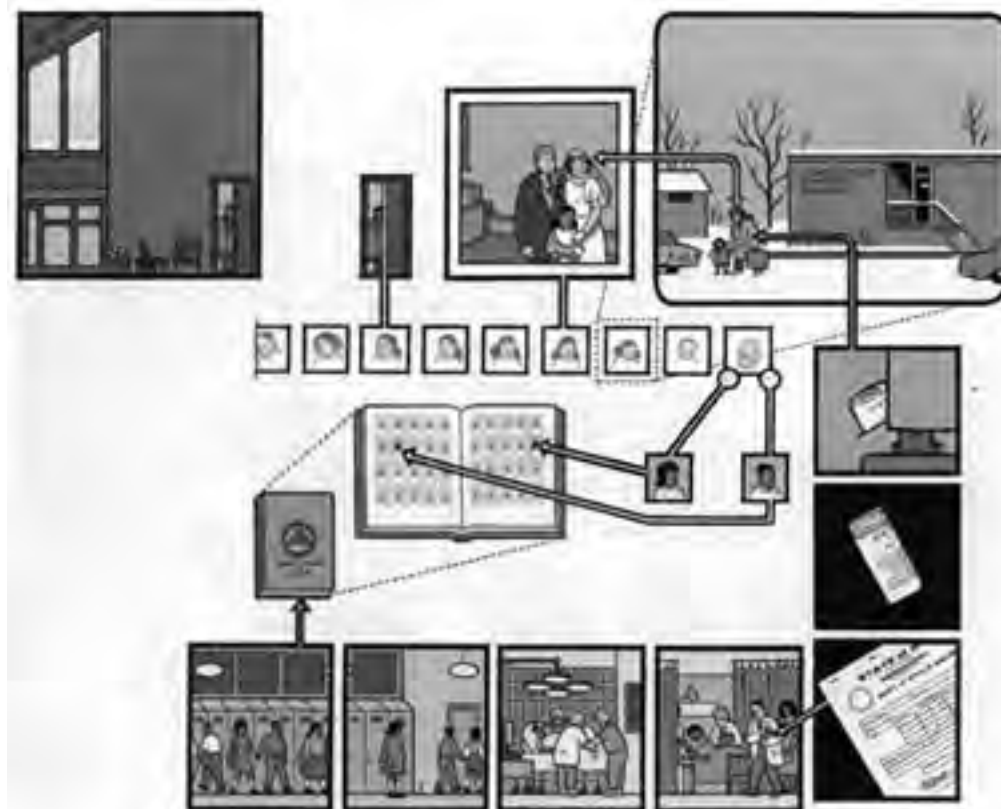
The meticulous arrangement of panels sometimes draw attention to themselves as devices for pacing and rhythm. Over three small panels a drop of water may form and fall; four larger panels might show the passage of a (hundred) year(s).

Time and space shift, but certain imagery recurs throughout—lending an eternal feel to the innocence and alienation that Jimmy and his grandfather experience.

For all his exceptional use of the comic form, that is not to say that Chris Ware doesn't break away from the conventional sequencing of panels. There are sections where more linear narration is set aside for complex graphs that chart relation-

ships across time and space. (Just take a gander at the dust cover in the front pocket of the Gould Library's hardcover edition). Ware's complex diagramming of information has become somewhat of a trademark in addition to his pleasantly smooth drawings and color schemes. Ware manages to straddle detail and simplicity without hindering either. Characters have a simplicity and roundness about them that is both endearing and unfortunately familiar. This is not a world of buxom babes and ripped men fighting, it is the ever-developing Midwest, and it is filled with bodies that awkwardly gain age, weight, and fragility over time while the buildings (as the nostalgic Ware frames them) become less spectacular and drab.

If you're curious about the capacity of comics, can tolerate a comic about modern alienation without mythic superhero brawls, and wouldn't mind having one more hip reference in your conversational arsenal, consider exploring the pages of *Jimmy Corrigan the Smartest Boy on the Planet*, if not giving it an intimate reading.



## CINEMA

*Mystery Train* (1989)*Green Porno*

"There's nothing porno about it. It's just fun!"

## Confessions of a Celluloid Junkie

BY ANDREAS STOEHR

Last week, the Carleton Film Society enjoyed Jim Jarmusch's offbeat comedy *Mystery Train* (1989). It consists of three interlocking stories about strangers battling with ennui and misunderstanding during 24 hours in Memphis, Tennessee, sort of like Robert Altman's *Nashville*, but quieter and moved a little to the south. Memphis, described by one of the characters as being like Yokohama but with 60% fewer buildings, is a great location for Jarmusch to explore some of his favorite themes, culture shock and boredom, and he depicts the city as a kind of shrine, figuratively and literally dominated by Elvis's ghost. Jarmusch also brings together several icons of cool - if you've ever wanted to see the Clash's Joe Strummer, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, and Steve Buscemi (described by one audience member as "the most desirable man in Hollywood") in the same dingy hotel lobby together, this is your chance. *Mystery Train* doesn't offer any weighty morals, but it tells a few funny stories about people who aren't quite where they belong.

## Voyeuristic Thrills in the Animal Kingdom

BY KENZIE ZIMMER

If you think regular porn is kinky, try being a male praying mantis, who is cannibalistically decapitated while doing the horizontal polka.

A wacky short series about the sexytimes of bugs, *Green Porno* began airing on the Sundance Channel in 2008, which just a few weeks ago came out with a wetter *Green Porno 2* that explores what goes down underwater. Ever wonder about the intricacies of snail reproduction? (Hint: it's pretty sadistic.) Did you know that barnacles have sex? Did you even know that some barnacles have penises? I didn't, and I was pretty surprised with what I saw.

*Green Porno* is the brainchild of Isabella Rossellini, who co-produced, wrote, directed, and starred in the films. Daughter of well-known actress Ingrid Bergman, Rossellini is a long-time model and actress, probably most famous for her role in David Lynch's *Blue Velvet*. Sundance originally approached Rossellini with the idea of making less-than-two-minute films that focused on the environment, and she knew what topic would grab an audience's attention: sex!

Apparently, one of Sundance's aims in making these short films is to explore a new movie format primarily based on distribution through small screens, but I can hardly imagine anyone wanting to show their friends they have a video of a woman sixty-nining in an earthworm suit on their phone or iPod.

Each episode starts off innocently enough, with Rossellini wondering, like children do, what it would be like to be a bee or a limpet. The costuming, set, and props have a cartoon-like, hand-made feel. But you have to laugh as a fifty-seven year old woman, dressed in various colorful costumes, sighs, impales, and humps her way through an array of cardboard partners. Ever the

actress, she performs her roles with gusto: an example is "Snail," where, as a male snail, she jabs her partner with a dart-like penis while moaning, "I inflict pain on my partners before mating. It turns me on. I love to be hurt too. Sadomasochism excites me!!!"

*Green Porno* is what you wish you had been shown in your giggly seventh-grade biology class to make the material more interesting, instead of that drolly narrated video from the 80's, and it does provide a humorous, if not weird alternative to the epic nature bible that is *Planet Earth*. (Compare those whales majestically breaching to the sweet sounds of David Attenborough's voice with Rossellini dressed as a whale, toting a six-foot pink penis and copulating with a piece of cardboard.)

Probably the most interesting thing about *Green Porno* is that, while it is acted out rather vividly, it's completely scientifically accurate. After watching *Green Porno*, it's clear to me that 1) mammals are soooo tame in comparison and 2) females are much more powerful in the animal world. When compared to what goes on in *Green Porno*, our porn is about the least hardcore you can get.

Most males portrayed in Rossellini's films are reduced to mere sexual organs, either dying after they inject their penis into the female (bee), getting eaten during sex (praying mantis), dissolving into the female and serving as a simple sperm bank (barnacle), or becoming, basically, an attachable phallus (anglerfish). So guys, consider yourself lucky--sex is painful, dangerous, and nowhere near as fun if you're not a mammal!

*Green Porno* can be found at: <http://www.sundancechannel.com/greenporno/>

# Five Zombie Movies to Prepare for the Eventual Uprising

BY NOAH SAPSE

There is certainly a cult surrounding the zombie movie. Perhaps it's the creatures themselves, or maybe it's the fact that the genre allows for minimal, although often ingenious plot, with maximum gore and almost no moral repercussions. Maybe we see the classic virile hero in a sea of undead as a symbol of the trapped artist in modern society, or maybe we all just fantasize about getting our anger out sometimes by shooting armies of undead with gnarly guns attached where our arms once were. No matter what your reasoning is, zombie movies are great. If you're already into them these may be nothing new, but here are five movies to get anyone into the zombie genre.



"They're coming to get you, Barbara!"

1) **Night of the Living Dead** (1968): George Romero's classic is arguably the mother of the modern zombie genre. Despite the fact that it was shot for a relatively small budget it still stands up today as a classic well worth watching. When radioactive fallout makes the dead come alive and walk the earth with an insatiable hunger for human flesh, a group of strangers find themselves trapped in a farmhouse trying to survive. Packed with poignant social commentary lacking in many later zombie films (though arguably not those of Romero), *Night of the Living Dead* will make you think almost as hard as you shudder, maybe harder due to the 1968 special effects.

## 2) **The Evil Dead Trilogy**

(1981, 1987, 1993): When five teens find the "Necronomicon" an ancient (Sumerian?) book of the dead bound in human flesh in the middle of the woods, you know no good will come of it. When they play the translation from a tape recorder, it eventually turns four of the five into zombies and the remaining one must fight the zombies to survive. Thus begins Sam Raimi's excellent trilogy which begins with *The Evil Dead* and ends with *Army of Darkness*. While a lot of people will shudder when they see me suggesting the farcical *Army of Darkness*, it's a pretty fun movie with a completely different take on the horror genre. Together the three films make for a great watch.

3) **Dawn of the Dead** (2004): A remake of the Romero classic in which a group of strangers is trapped in a mall trying to survive yet another outbreak of zombie-ism, this film is one of the freshest and most fun zombie movies to come out in a long time. It may seem strange to describe flesh-eating undead and gore as "fun," but it really is. If you don't believe me, read the famous review by Maddox: "Cancel the 2005 Academy Awards, the contest is over." The zombies in this movie are fast like cheetahs but hunt in packs. There's more shooting and blowing-up of undead than in any other movie I've ever seen. This is very much a "guys" movie, but I think anyone in the mood for some gore and a Sisyphean moral will instantly fall in love.

4) **Dead Alive** (1992): This movie may bring more laughs than shudders, but it's still worth watching. When an evil "rat monkey" gives "the bite" to the mother of our do-gooder hero Lionel, she turns into a zombie. She then

turns more and more townspeople into zombies. How will Lionel both take care of the Zombies, including his beloved but oppressive mother, while still getting the girl? This whole movie reeks of cheesiness but it's so bad it's great. Peter Jackson directs, and the story goes that when the producers at Miramax found out they had put the director of *Dead Alive* in charge of a near-billion dollar trilogy they almost shut down production.

5) **I Am Legend** (2007): I'm going to draw some flack for suggesting this film for a lot of reasons. So, let me address what criticism I'm sure to get. I know this film has been widely seen, and I know that the studio decided to royally fuck the ending up and destroy the intended moral of the author, but personally I don't care about either of those things. Despite the fact that *I Am Legend* is a star-driven studio blockbuster, not a low budget film made by a creepy genius from Milwaukee, that doesn't detract at all from its entertainment value or its authenticity as a zombie film. More importantly, yes, the creatures in it are zombies. As both *28 Days Later* and *Resident Evil* showed us, zombies can be created by viral outbreaks as well as radiation, voodoo, or Sumerian books of the dead. Dr. Robert Neville, played brilliantly by Will Smith, is the last surviving uninfected human on the island of Manhattan fighting against shrewd but heliophobic zombies while searching for a cure to the virus that made them into a herd of flesh-craving beasts. Neville is easily the most sympathetic zombie movie protagonist yet, and the zombies, in a stroke of genius, are even mildly sympathetic. They would actually have been incredibly so had the studio not pulled some philanthropic, zombiephobic bullshit, but that's a different story. All I have to say is: watch the movie, enjoy every moment, but then watch the alternate ending and think about it.



Will Smith loves puppies, but not zombies

## CINEMA

*Angels & Demons*

Symbolology is serious business

*Rashomon* (1950)

## Angels & Demons: Better Book Than Movie?

BY ANNIE REES

So I have a confession: I didn't actually see the first ten minutes of *Angels and Demons*, due to the fact that I-35 is a shit show and I missed the Lakeville turnoff. Don't worry though—I'm pretty sure I only missed the part where a mysterious man from the Vatican arrives at a Harvard pool to show Tom Hanks (who, by the way, has not aged all that well, though his horrible mullet from *The Da Vinci Code* is gone) a picture of the "Illuminati", which, says Robert Langdon excitedly, is "an ambigram - the same image forwards and backwards!" Thanks for the definition.

The movie itself isn't all that great, but it's fun - just don't go in with high expectations. It's a popcorn blockbuster with a high budget, so it's visually stunning, though the plot pales in comparison. After careful sleuthing on illegal websites, I managed to see the ten minutes I missed. The movie opens with funeral preparations for the Pope, who has just died of natural causes (or has he?), so the Cardinals have to gather for conclave to elect a new head honcho. When Langdon gets to Italy, however, he finds that the four preferiti (the four candidates to the papacy) have been kidnapped by the Illuminati, a defunct secret society formerly "at war" with the Catholic Church. One preferiti Cardinal will be executed every hour, starting at 8pm. But wait - there's more: the Illuminati have also stolen and hidden a canister of antimatter set to detonate at midnight, reducing Vatican City and part of Rome to pixie dust. Langdon and posse thus have four hours to find/save the preferiti and the anti-matter. Whew. As Langdon says to the less-than-cooperative Vatican Guard, "Fellas, you called me." Can they do it? Who will triumph? Are religion and science really at war? Ultimately, the movie boldly states that religion and science can coexist; they just have to respect one another.

The acting isn't awful: Tom Hanks is fine reprising his role as Robert Langdon and Ewan McGregor is good as Patrick McKenna, the complex Camerlengo (the Pope's right-hand man). The main problem here is that Dan Brown's books just don't translate well to the big screen - intricate subplots have to be nixed and dialogue ends up failing to propel character development and is reduced to a deluge of necessary facts. Somehow, *Angels and Demons* is easier to swallow when reading its ridiculousness than when watching it. Bottom line? If you take *Angels and Demons* for what it is, and isn't, you'll enjoy yourself. Just don't get lost on I-35 - you probably won't want to miss the pool scene.

## Rashomon and Subjectivity

BY JOSIAH BURNS

What is reality? What is truth? What is justice? Throughout *Rashomon* (1950), Akira Kurosawa poses these ontological and ethical questions. Thematically, the film investigates the rape of a woman and the murder of her husband. Kurosawa does not, however, objectively and conclusively recount these crimes. Instead, he presents us with contradictory confessions by the film's major characters. Superficially, *Rashomon* has no resolution, as neither rapist nor murderer is convicted. Kurosawa's cinematic approach, however, implies a more subtle and subversive conclusion.

*Rashomon* explores the subjectivity of filmic forms and techniques in the context of the cinematic crime genre. Most prominently, Kurosawa and cinematographer Kazuo Miyagawa achieve subjectivity through the employment of first-person camera. On set, the director encouraged his cameraman to "catch the action" through measured improvisation and experimentation. The results are stunning. The camera points at the sun as a physical embodiment of a character's perspective. Throughout the film, this sunlight is scattered and reflected, connoting the indiscernability of truth amidst the chaos of human nature. Miyagawa's camera creeps through scenes as it follows characters, simultaneously conveying their anxieties while establishing a sense of place and narrative. Most strikingly, characters address their confessions directly to the camera. As Kurosawa refuses to cut away (except to visually illustrate certain accounts), his characters answer questions from an unseen and inaudible interviewer. By extension, we, as audience members, become interrogators. Thus, Kurosawa directly engages us in his quest for justice through the employment of subjective filmmaking techniques.

In *Rashomon*, Kurosawa argues for the inseparability of subjectivity from filmmaking and filmgoing. He challenges our faith in the reliability of the filmic narrator and calls attention to our role as a judge of character and plot. We, as characters in the film, see what we want to see and hear what we want to hear. Shrewdly, Kurosawa leaves the film's resolution to us and our prejudices.

# Cartoons

“Kitten Assassin” by Jacob Canfield



# Fun & Games

BY LILY SCHIEBER

*better than Boredom & Games!*

## Which Carleton Eatery Are You?

Take the quiz and find out!

- 1) At breakfast you like to...
  - a) Read the paper with a cup of coffee.
  - b) Chat with friends.
  - c) You don't eat breakfast. You sleep. Obviously.
- 2) Your ideal vacation spot is...
  - a) Mexico.
  - b) Tokyo.
  - c) The Grand Canyon.
- 3) We've got spirit, yes we do, we've got spirit, how 'bout you?
  - a) Not today.
  - b) I bleed blue!
  - c) You must be joking.
- 4) Your car is...
  - a) Dark red.
  - b) Silver.
  - c) White.
- 5) How do you feel about foreign languages?
  - a) I'm almost done with my requirement.
  - b) I'm for 'em!
  - c) These colors don't run.



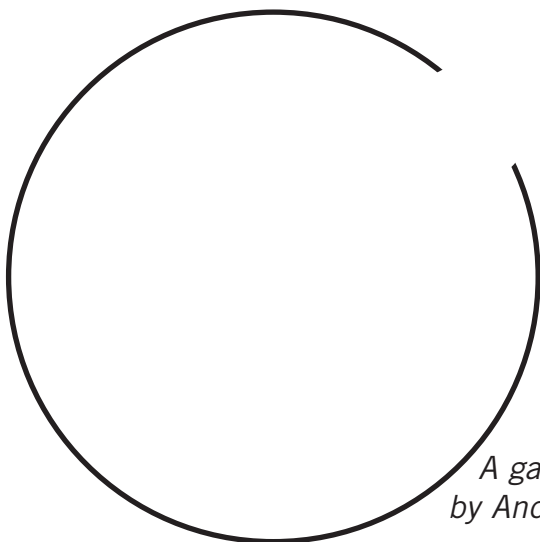
**Mostly A's:**  
You're Burton! You like to have fun but you know how to relax. Just make sure your chill attitude doesn't come off the wrong way when you meet new people.

**Mostly B's:**  
You're the LDC! You're upbeat and always ready for a good time, which makes campus social situations slightly less awkward. Make sure to keep your enthusiasm in check and take a deep breath from time to time.

**Mostly C's:**  
You're Sayles-Hill Café! You keep yourself busy with extracurriculars, yet manage to stay on top of your personal relationships. With such a busy schedule, make sure to take time for yourself.

## Complete the Circle!

Are you up for the challenge?



*A game  
by Andrew Tatge*

**Carl-anagrams:** Pick your favorite anagram of "Carleton" from the ones listed below, and then come up with your own!

NOT CLEAR

NEAR CLOT

ACT LONER

TAR CLONE

CLEAN ROT

\_\_\_\_\_

# The Countdown

BY MAX BEARAK AND FRANK FIRKE



From left: Lil Wayne and his badass tattoos; David Slawson and his badass moustache; Nick Lidstrom with the badass Stanley Cup; Allen Ginsberg and his badass hat, beard, and scarf; Al Franken and his...yeah.

1

day until David Slawson, designer of Carleton College's very own Japanese garden, will be giving a tour and explanation. Actually called the Garden of Quiet Listening, the assembled rocks, plants, fountains and shack are located behind Watson Hall, towards Bell Field. Tomorrow at 10 in the morning, get over your hangover or take a break from Rotblatt by getting in touch with your zen side. In fact, maybe show up a bit early, or stay late, and enjoy the Garden of Quiet Listening in typical Carleton fashion – by breaking the silence with a circle of coughing, red-eyed friends.

10

days until the Minnesota senatorial race enters its final stage after almost seven months of pure ridiculousness. On June 1st, each side will give final oral arguments supporting their claims to be our state's rightful U.S. Senator. It is safe to say that, barring some miracle, Franken will prevail in court and give the Democrats the 60 votes in the Senate they need to block filibusters. Most Minnesotans realize this too – that's why 2 out of 3 people here think that Coleman should just concede instead of prolonging the inevitable. While Franken may not continue the Farm and Labor legacy of (St.) Paul Wellstone, he would bring welcome witty Jewishness to the overly polite and not-so-funny state we live in.

12

days until the end of classes for the term and the year. As if that weren't enough reason to celebrate, you can also observe the birthdays of Rafael Nadal (who will probably be in the second week of the French Open, gunning for his fifth straight title there), Allen Ginsberg, and Curtis Mayfield, along with celebrating peculiar historical events like the publication of "Casey at the Bat," the last military engagement on Canadian soil, and John Adams beginning his presidency while living in a tavern. However you choose to solemnly observe June 3rd, know that one more year of Carleton is over, a fact that brings bittersweet tears to our eyes here at the *Carl*...not. We're too busy shitting ourselves over the Large Hadron Collider and our imminent destruction.

14

or fewer days until the Stanley Cup finals start. We know that Carls are surprisingly apathetic about hockey given that we're in Minnesota, and that might be especially true for Carl readers, but this year's finals should be a pretty good place to jump in. The remaining four teams all play exciting, fairly-high scoring hockey, and (with the exception of Carolina) all have bonafide superstars who can score and hit: Nick Lidstrom and Pavel Datsyuk on the Red Wings, Jonathan Toews and Patrick Kane for the Blackhawks, and Sidney Crosby and Evgeni Malkin on the Penguins. (For the record, Toews and Crosby went to the same high school in Faribault.) So, if you've never given hockey a good chance, the next few weeks are a good time to start. Check the games out on Versus (channel 52 here) or NBC.

18

days until *Rebirth*, the new Lil Wayne album, is set to come out. While, like seemingly every rap album, it's been pushed back a few times, this is not like every other rap album for the reason that it's going to be the beginning of Weezy's career as a rock star, an artistic *Rebirth* that hopefully won't involve him playing guitar. Honestly, we here thought "Prom Queen," the lead single, was pretty crappy, and the folks he's collaborating with aren't exactly rock heavyweights: Pete Wentz, Avril Lavigne, and Lenny Kravitz all contribute. The prospect of a new album sounded better when he was going to release another album called *Tha Carter III*, and that was a **terrible** idea. Hopefully he can put out something as good as "Phone Home" or "3 Peat" on this one, but it seems foolish to expect anything even as good as "Lollipop."

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~All good things must come to an end~

MARK HEIMAN/FACEBOOK

**PLEASE RECYCLE YOUR CARL**