

# The Love Below

## Happy-Go-Jacky News from the Class of '03

### An Unexpected Call

By Chuk Kittredge

I awoke lazily, like a trout in a mountain brook. My mind broke the surface, fell back, and rose again. I opened one eye and quickly shut it. Steeling myself to sobriety, I opened both eyes and kept them open. That was better. My legs were numb, my head felt as if someone had pounded a half-ounce of sand into each ear. Stomach roiling, I glanced around the room blearily. There on the floor lay the evidence of last night's iniquity: the half-sack of White Castles, the malt liquor bottles, the crumpled and torn Victoria's Secret catalog. The afternoon sunlight shafted delicately in through the window. What day

was it?

I sat up, groaning, and felt my head cautiously, like checking an apple for bruises. Then I dropped both legs to the floor and staggered to my feet. I was in mid-yawn, stepping over the spilled ashtrays to the door, when my cell-phone rang. I froze.

It rang and rang, gobbling at me like a turkey, as I stood half-clothed in indecision. Finally, sighing, I flipped it open and checked the number.

*Unknown ID*, read the screen. I sighed again and hit *Send*.

"Mr. Kittredge?" The voice bubbled out into my ear, making me recoil.

"Listen," I stammered, "if this is about Trixi, down at the Thoroughbred Lounge, you've got to understand the whole thing is a big mistake. I know about the hands-off policy."

"Mr. Kittredge, I'm calling from Carleton College."

"Oh!" I gulped, "My alma mater! Heh." I think I pronounced it right. Mater, like 'tater.

"You people," I whined into the phone, "you can't just call up - why, I earned that

diploma fair and square, and you think you can just take-"

"I'm sorry," chirped the voice on the other end, "my name is Alicia, and I'm calling from the Alumni Annual Fund." Alicia paused, as if mention of that name would somehow gild our conversational path.

"How'd you get this number?" I asked, suspiciously.

"Well, I called your

*Continued on Page 3*

### Townie Corner

Time for another exciting update from our dear Motherland. In a previous update, I wrote that Chapati had closed for business. This was true, but is true no longer. Three days after we all thought it closed, Norman Butler, the owner of this fine dining establishment, learned that Chapati's lease had been extended through the end of the year. Unfortunately for me, I did not learn of this re-opening until

*Continued on Page 6*

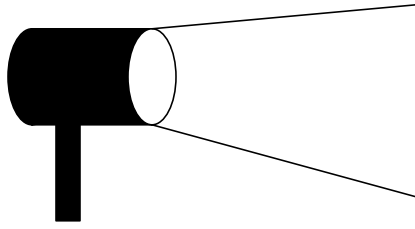
#### Inside...

Katie Berg has a Power Suit.....Page 2

Crossword.....Page 4

How to Find Friends.....Page 5

**And MoRe!!!**



## '03 Spotlight: Katie Berg

Like several of y'all, Katie Berg '03 is a grad student. However, she isn't going for a Ph.D., or even a Master's in her Carleton major. Rather, she's getting a Master's of Art Administration at UW - Madison. Katie spoke to me recently during a trip to the Bay Area.

### **Why an MBA?**

Well, it's not actually an MBA. It is a Master's from the Business School, but not an MBA, because my program deals with nonprofits. I don't consider myself a real Business student, and the other Business students don't either. Especially when they see my Financial Accounting test scores.

### **Hmm, Financial Accounting? Aside from titles, how do the classes differ from Carleton?**

Oh my God. Going to a big school is completely different from Carleton. The professors don't know my name, and I sometimes wonder if they really read any of my papers. It's hard to motivate yourself when you know the worst you'll do is a "B" because they don't give any grades lower than that.

### **How does the social life compare?**

Madison's great. There's a ton of bars, which is obviously a lot different from Northfield. As a result, most functions (school and otherwise) take place at the bars. This is a part of Business School that I have actually excelled in - I managed to

win the "Drinking Award for First Year Students" last year.

### **Wow, you must have learned that at Carleton.**

Actually, I hardly ever drank beer at Carleton. My newfound alcoholism is strictly a product of Madison. And I should point out that the award was really for best attendance at the bars, not necessarily drinking the most. My parents were very proud.

### **I'm sure, Katie. Considering that you're a better drinker than you classmates, tell me something else about them.**

The people in the Arts Admin program are pretty cool. Most of them also went to small, liberal arts colleges and were into artsy stuff like music or theater, so it seems like we can always find something to talk about. The real Business students can be pretty lame, though. A lot of them don't read books, they don't see plays, and they don't seem to be interested in anything that doesn't help them find ways to make more money.

### **So, they're like Mr. Burns.**

Exactly [tapping fingers]. Speaking of Mr. Burns, though, they're all older than

me, too. Most are around 30, many are married, and several have kids. Strangely, that doesn't seem to stop them from ogling all the 19-year-old blonde girls roaming around Madison.

### **Does the age-difference matter?**

Well, let's just say I've stopped telling people my age. When I do, most give me dirty looks. Essentially, a lot of the Business students feel that my opinions don't matter as much since I am younger.

### **Well, you're not the only young '03er in Mad-town. How's the Carleton scene out there?**

There are Carls all over the place, and I run into them in the streets and around campus. I'm also from Bloomington, MN, so I awkwardly run into high school classmates too.

### **What do you plan to do with your degree?**

I graduate in May, and will hopefully have a job with an orchestra all lined up at that point. Ultimately I'd like to manage a major city's orchestra.

*-Katie Berg has green shoes.*

## Wazzup

Apparently, nothing. This conclusion is drawn from the lack of mail received at [carletonnews03@yahoo.com](mailto:carletonnews03@yahoo.com).

Let our class know what you're up to. Who knows, you may just get spotlighted.

## Alumni Directory

Forgot your ex-roommate's address? Looking for other Carls in your area? If so, go to [www.carleton.edu/alumni](http://www.carleton.edu/alumni) and access the Alumni Directory. Forgot your password? Call (800) 729-2586 or email [lhasskam@acs.carleton.edu](mailto:lhasskam@acs.carleton.edu) for assistance.

## The Ice Cream Man Sells Drugs

After 5 months of San Francisco, I decided to move. Again. Moving is a skill I learned so well at Carleton, and I like to do things at which I'm good. This time I relocated to Oakland, or Oak-Town as we locals call it. Living in The City was good, but not quite my scene. However, I realized that after a month of Oakland, I don't have a scene here, either. So, I hopped on to [www.craigslist.org](http://www.craigslist.org) and before I knew it, I joined a bookclub. Which is odd, since I've never been a big reader.

This website has it all, though. I've found two apartments, a desk, and now a club with its help. Every major U.S. city has its own site, so there's something for everybody. And, speaking of something for everybody, I think the ice cream truck that comes down my new street sells more drugs than ice cream. Just a hunch, though, come visit and find out for yourself.

*~Scott Calvin Kleinheksel is the Editor of TLB*



## Photo Contest!!!

Congratulations, Ben Ho. Not only does he get a hug from everybody's favorite TeleTubby, Tinky Winky, he won The Love Below's Photo Contest for this issue. Think you can do better? Email your pic to [carletonnews03@yahoo.com](mailto:carletonnews03@yahoo.com), or send an actual print to:

Luke Hasskamp  
Alumni Affairs  
1 North College St.  
Northfield, MN 55057

recently, so for several months I was denied the fine Indian cuisine which we all came to love. I have been making up for lost time, although they hiked the price of their lunch buffet to \$8.50. Good thing I got that big tax cut last year.

In the local political scene, Lee Lansing won a landslide election for mayor, and Ray Cox won a hotly contested race for the Minnesota Legislature by just 500 votes over David Bly. Both are St. Olaf alums. We also had a political rally for John Kerry on campus. Ashton Kutcher, Max Weinberg, and Theresa Heinz's sons were in attendance, and they drew a standing room only crowd in the Concert Hall. Ashton Kutcher did not wear a trucker hat, to the dismay to everyone in the crowd but the Anti-Trucker Hat Alliance

(ATHA) and Bruce Willis. Yippe-kay-yay.

The big news on campus this term is the resignation of Dean of Students Mark Govoni. Govoni officially stayed on until the end of fall term, and now Hudlin Wagner and Bruce Colwell will take over his duties while the College searches for a new Dean. It came as a surprise to most people. Govoni said the past academic year had been the most demanding one for him professionally, and he was looking forward to his scheduled sabbatical in New Zealand starting in January. He was Dean of Students at Carleton for nine years, and he said, "I felt like I had been there for maybe a little too long." On a side note, I had the opportunity to sneak out of work early a couple weeks

ago to play golf with Govoni, Jack Goldfeather and John Ellinger. It was just after Game 4 of the Red Sox-Yankees series, and Govoni predicted the Red Sox comeback. I told him his next job could be that of a soothsayer. He never responded to that email.

The Carleton Football team handily defeated Macalester on Homecoming, and the Women's Volleyball team won the MIAC Conference this season. Students are learning a lot of neat things, I think, which is good. People keep asking the ethicist things. Did you ever realize that the ethicist was never the same person? They always had a new person respond. Do you think that is ethical? I don't.

*-Luke Hasskamp once won an election by a few votes*

parents, and they-"

"Ah." My parents, indeed. "Sold me out again, did they? Last week it was Creditor's Interchange, the week before it's the college loan people -"

"As I'm sure you know," Alicia burred on, oblivious, "we're doing a fundraising drive this year, and we're calling all our alumni."

"Go on."

"You see," Alicia prattled on, oozing warmth, "alumni giving is at an all-time high of sixty percent-"

"Hold it right there," I told her. "I just got a job, and God knows, what with the economy and the war and everything-"

"Oh!" Alicia cried, syrupy over the line, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bother you at work."

"S'alright," I confided. "I work third shift."

"Oh!" She tried a different tack: friendliness. "What do you do, Mr. Kittredge?"

"Can the Mr. Kittredge stuff. I save that for my old man. But I'm a bookstore clerk."

I could hear the confusion in her voice. "A bookstore clerk? On third shift?"

"Well," I paused, searching for the words. "It's a specialty bookstore. Gifts and toys and things, y'know. For adu- for grownups, like."

"Oh."

"But Alicia darling," I rushed on, "Tell me about Carleton. How is it out there? How are all the old places? The Hill of Three Oaks? The Arb?"

"Sorry, the Hill of what?"

"The Hill of Three Oaks!" I cried. "Why, you must know the Hill. A soft spring evening, a bottle in your hand and a gleam in your eye - the Hill! Everybody knows the Hill!"

"Oh, you mean that thing behind the Rec Center?"

"That thing -" I scoffed, "why, when I was your age, the Rec Center wasn't even there!"

"My God, the Rec Center not there?" The shock was obvious in her voice. "What was that like?"

"Alicia, we - we walked in quiet solitude, the forests and the streams, seeking grace in every step we took. It was like - like we talked to God and listened to the casual reply. I mean, even now, I can remember it. Friends around a campfire, and everybody high - it was like, like Rocky M-"

"Well anyways," she broke in, "I was, like, driving up to the Rec Center the other day in my SUV, and my friend Jess - so we're driving up there, and it just, like, snowed out, and my SUV, I mean, its only, like, a Lexus, so it doesn't have the best traction -"

"Alicia," I cried, pacing around the room. My left toe connected with an empty Oxycontin bottle, and I yelped in pain. "Alicia, enough of this remembering. I'm getting weepy."

"Oh, I'm sorry. But, well, I was, like, going to ask you, if maybe you could, like, give-"

"Alicia dearest," I cut in. "I know it's not usually how

things are done out there, but is there any chance you could give even a dollar? On Daddy's credit card, maybe?" No response. "Alicia?" But I must have hit a button in my frenzy, for the line was dead.

I put the phone down, dejected, and paced my little room in the afternoon light, memory resounding inside me like a major chord. The best years of my life, years I would remember fondly, old stone buildings and the smell of Malt-O-Meal in the cool morning air-

The phone rang. I seized it up.

"Alicia? Alicia, honey, that you?"

"Mr. Kittredge? This is Officer McNear, with the Harlan County Sherrif's Department."

"Oh." I gulped and looked for a place to sit down.

"Now Mr. Kittredge, I'm calling regarding a disturbance we had the other night..."

And as his voice droned on, telling a tale of restraining orders, of subpoenas and serving paper, I thought back. I searched the dusty crevices of memory, delving deep to call forth half-shreds of rose-colored memory. O Carleton, I thought, making conciliatory noises into the phone. O Carleton, where the times were good. I looked around me at the wreckage of a broken dream, nicotine-stained in the afternoon sun, and I wondered at myself. O Carleton! Why had I ever left?