

Making The Most Of The Night

Thoughts On One Listen Of *Emotion* by Carly Rae Jepsen

1. Carly is ok

with letting us know that love isn't nuanced.

All love sounds the same.

Pop music expresses this and that is why we love it.

The artist don't admit it because he fears what is simple.

Ironic or "ironic"?

He's afraid that his all his friends have boring feelings,

comfortable couches in "bad" neighborhoods.

Whenever someone says "give me love," they are probably just hungry
or tired.

2.

I. Democracy is a friendship between strangers.

II. We argue over if we want Taco Bell AGAIN. We take the vegans to the steakhouse as long as it's 5 to 4. They can bitch all they want as long as they're quiet.

III. A melting pot is a tremendously violent image for becoming a part of.

i. There is no agency for the lobster in the pot.

ii. The lobster is one of the few animals that enters the pot alive.

iii. When I was 12, I kept all the lobsters alive in our bathtub and wouldn't let anyone eat them. It was my father's birthday.

iv. My father shares a birthday with George Washington.

Lobsters were prison food until white people decided they were fancy.

Carly addresses all of this when she tells us she *"isn't just here to dance."*

III. I'm glad we didn't dance together
in the 5th grade.

I am glad you emailed me back to accept my invitation.

"Sure!!!"

I'm not glad Nat called me a pussy.

I'm jealous that Nat is a movie star now.

It was the last night where the night was just the absence of sun,
not the haunting of dim words, of music's breath on borrowed cashmere,
waiting for a body to arrive,
more mine than yours really,
of corduroy on cargo short.

I roamed for the first and last time, sitting on gym mats and wishing.

I will nurture this feeling of not dancing with you,

allow it to suckle,

give it water in which to fester,

let it grow into a quesadilla,

a text to my mom asking her to please

come

get
me.

IV. Every pop album has that “it’s late but not THAT late and my friends don’t want to go home yet so I guess I’ll try railing this Adderol even though the only time I took Adderol before was from an assorted bag of unmarked study drugs that this girl I was hooking up with junior year of high school gave me and I took it at 10pm to finish my AP U.S. History midterm and had to go into my parents room at 4am because I thought I was having a heart attack and when my mom asked what was wrong I lied and told her I missed my dead grandmother because this seemed like a better thing to say than “Mom I just took an unkown amount of either Focailin or Adderol or maybe Riddilin”” type of song. Aw yeah. Toss that one on. Party.

V. Amanda Bynes made smart sexy without having to explain it. I will never trust the media again after what they did to you, baby. I was six. I got my first boner watching Austin Powers. So did my friend Brett. *The Amanda Show > All That*. Come at me.

VII.

Be tormented

Drink tequila

cool and hot

Let your feelings be
a flower
in your head
until you

dream

that we

could

paint

forever.

VIII.

A cavern

for you.

Reflection in the

heart

was almost nothing.

Control.

Falling.

You should stop me.

Catch

blood

underneath my skin

pumping.

IX. "Who gave you those eyes?" is a smooth way to get someone to talk less about themselves and more about God. Tom Hanks is in the video for "Really Like You." He's trash, honestly. I'm gonna drink an IPA and call other white people racist on the internet for a few hours. We grow way too much corn in this country, but I guess we use it so

X. A Pitchfork review of Emotion complains that we don't know who Carly is by the end of the album.

You are not entitled to anyone's identity in their art. Do not throw the artist into your melting pot and expect she won't try to stay frozen.

Emotion is like love: a distant growl, lying facedown across a car stereo. "Streetlights" and realizing you just sat and heard without listening.