

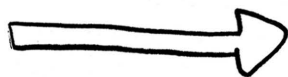
CARBON

A Diabolical Takeover!

Brodnax
Ransom
Soots

5-1-70

MONOPOLIZED



Collect \$200 instead
of a degree!
IT'S
EASIER!

INCOME
TAX

Pay 10%
OR
All You've
Grot

ORIENTAL
AVENUE

Private
Property:
Whites -
KEEP OUT!

DOYLE
HALL

Wanted: 4
(or more)
opressed females
Willing to be
FREE

MARIAN
JUST



VISITING
#1

ACTIVITIES

FRIDAY, 1 MAY: At 12:00 noon - Inauguration of the new Student Board in the MH Aud. State Department speakers are here today - check the bulletin board. At 3:30 p.m. in Room 207 Dr. A. Funston speaks on Calendar Change at Earlham. Tonight - Grand Prix, starring James Garner, presented by Doyle Hall at 8:30 p.m. in the MH Aud, for only \$.90.

Today we wish a phantastic Happy Birthday to Mary Knoll (MTK, formerly a Carbon Degenerate), and to Kevin McAnarney, MC's theatrical genius and Lone Harangen.

SATURDAY, 2 MAY: Kentucky Derby Day. The History Department takes a field trip to Chicago today. At 1:00 p.m. our Baseball Bat Boys vs. Anderson there in a double header.

SUNDAY, 3 MAY: At 11:00 a.m. in C Hall dining room the SEA Spring Breakfast gets eaten. (ate maybe?) Baseball / 1:00 p.m. / at Thomas More. Home Ec Style Show from 2-4 p.m. in the Music Bldg. Quote for today: "You're so stupid, it's a pleasure to talk to you." - Joe Rienechen, 4/30/70. By the way, Happy Belated Birthday, Joe.

Monday, 4 May: At 2:30--Agenda Committee Meeting in the Board Room. Calendar Committee Meeting in Room 207 at 4:30 p.m. with Mr. David Waas, who is from Manchester College. Women Sports / Gym / 7 p.m.

Tuesday, 5 May: At 1:00 p.m. Baseball here vs Ball State in a double header. At 6:15 p.m. the American Insurance Institute Exams are given in Room 251.

Wednesday, 6 May: At 4:30 AAUP Meeting in 207. At 6:15 in Room 251 again, the American Insurance Institute Exams. Female Sports ? Gym ? 7p.m. At 7:30 the Young Democrats meet in Room 206. (This means you, Mary Sweeney).

Thursday, 7 May: 9:00 a.m.--12 solid (and liquid, probably) hours of wild orgy--the Soph and Fresh Class Picnic in Spring Mill Park. The Junior Calss Picnic Orgy takes place somewhere off campus today. (How about our Senior Class Bacchanalian festival?) At 6:15 in 251 are the American Insurance Institute E-xams again. By the way, thanks to good old JC,

no classes today--Ascension Thursday!
Iloveyouchris, Jewish Redbird

MARIAN
COLLEGE

Home of cloist-
ered NUNS +
Oppressed
Females

COMMUNITY
CHEST

Better than
No chest
At ALL!

STATES
AVENUE

HOME OF
G. Wallace
All bombs
Welcome!

THE
PERC

Wanted:
Better Food
" Music
HIPPER PEOPLE

VIRGIN-IA
AVENUE

alias
Clare
Hall

WATER
WORKS

The Big
Deiffer

LAKE
MARIAN

Academic
Life
After
DARK

THE
PUB.

COME UP
AND READ
"THE WALL"
Be enlightened!

INDIANA
AVENUE

No
WHITES
After
DARK

STUDENT
BOARDWALK

PARK (ing)
PLACE

CHANCE

B.O.
R.R.

Pennsylvania
Avenue

Cold Springs
ROAD

WHERE THE
ACTION
IS!

TRY TO
FIND
ONE

Here
You
ain't got
NONE

BAN DOES
WEAR OFF

Spiro's MUST
Be checked
at the door

D.I.'s House
Walk Softly
AND CARRY
A BIG STICK

HELL
AND LIVE!

FREE
PARKING
Kill the
Bitch
Bitch

FORWARD:

In the past year, Marian College has witnessed several events and decisions that have seriously effected the entire college community. Whether it be the Pedtke situation or the current confrontation with Student services, or such problems as the appearance of Julian Bond or the screening of Blow-Up, such events have effected all of Marian. These are but a few of the obvious out-breaks of even bigger problem situations on this campus.

A basic issue underlying many of the events of the past year is the question of what, exactly, is the role of the student in determining the aspects of college life that directly effect him? What is the role of the Faculty in determining academic affairs. And what is the role of the administration? These questions go unanswered for, as witnessed in the past year, they vary from situation to situation.

One other serious issue which still confronts Marian College is the question of racism. This question was raised earlier in the year, and has again been raised in a recent CARBON letter. AND this question will continue to be raised until some answers are found. The charge of racism is an emotion-filled attack. No one wants to be labeled a racist, or to be charged with the tenets of racism. The word itself is misunderstood by many and its ugly connotation frightens off any logical thought.

There is racism in the institution of Marian College. This is not to say that Marian College is an institution of racists. De facto, racism can be seen in this institution. There are no black professors. There are no black students, etc. The charge of racism will continue until these and similar situations are corrected. These charges do nothing but hurt the community. BUT the grounds for these charges may well do more damage.

These few issues mentioned above are but a sampling of the many serious situations that will continue to face the college. I feel that it is the obligation of the CARBON to report these situations to the community and to make serious comment when warranted. As done in the past, this must continue. Also, I feel the activities and decisions of the Student Board must be made known to the community. I believe that the encompassing effect of the Board's activities warrants reporting in and comments from the CARBON. During the past year there were statements made concerning a lack of information on Student Board activities. Whether true or not, this must not occur. As an elected body, the Board is responsive to the students. And the students must be aware of their actions.

Of course there is more, but conclusions must be drawn. Finally, I feel that an essential role of the CARBON is to be funny and satirical, off-beat and maybe off-color. All are susceptible to the poison ribbon of the CARBON.

As a CARBON editor, I would hope to make the CARBON worth reading, and worth thinking about.

--Dave Soots

Students:

I would like to take this opportunity to inform you of my person. I'm alive and well in the Perc (most of the time). To those of you who don't know me, you will. You see, I'm that long lost soul you've all been waiting for to enlighten you as to what's happening on campus, in the world and in the mind's of those young people who'll be taking over the task of operating this foul old world in the next few years. I am the voice of the people---

I am, in fact, whatever you want me to be--because I know what you are. You may not always like what you read but you can believe it's for real--like now. Right on, Baby! Telling it like it is.....that's what I want to do...Hip you to what can be, because what is, really isn't where it's at.

This is no easy task, but I feel that there is a definite need for understanding and knowledge of those very relevant things outside the text books and classrooms.

I hope you will join me in this effort and show the world that Marian College does exist, and is inhabited by people who care, who have something to say and are going to be heard. This year's CARBON Editors have done an excellent job and I would like to give them both a zillion hugs & kisses but--YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!

--E. Ransom

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

Marian is in trouble. The prophets, gypsies, seethsayers, mystics, clairvoyants and the inimitable Carnac the Magnificent have foretold the doom of this world as we know it, mainly due to the fact that no one can get along with anybody else. Check it out: Jew vs. Arab, youth vs. the system, Communists vs. the free world, liberals vs. conservatives (or strict constructionists, as they are sometimes called), women vs. men, Gerald Ford vs. William Douglas, Protestants vs. Catholics, and last but not least, blacks vs. whites.

What has all of this got to do with Marian, you say? Well, friend, it's simple. Whatever affects the world, affects Marian, and the world is in a chaotic state. Now I don't want to preach because I'm sure everybody is sick and tired of hearing about this group demanding this, and that group occupying some building, and police beating up on somebody, etc. Everybody's sick of this jive. Who can blame them? It's spring, girls are wearing shorts, guys are riding motorcycles, and almost everybody wants to get outside and get a tan. I can dig it. I'm for this whole bit: nature, sun, brown bodies, all of it. Besides, "talkin' ain't never got nobody nowhere," as Rap Brown used to say before he slipped away to Australia with God, Santa Claus, the Beatles, and Gene McCarthy. I've watched the Carbon editors all year long as they sermonized on everything from the dress code to black studies. Who listened? A few, those who were concerned, or being affected in some way. The majority, however, simply read the Carbon week after week and assumed one of two attitudes: the "gee-that's-too-bad-but-I-can't-help-them" attitude or the "whatever-happened-to-the-old-hilarious-Carbon" attitude. Negative? True, but oh so real. (continued, page 4.)

EDITOR'S LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

Dear John,

It's time to go. My words have lain next to yours for almost three semesters now. Sharing a page, Friday after Friday, with you has presented THE CARBON public with its first and longest social intercourse. Like all page partners we have had our differences of opinion and in the long run I guess it can be said it made us crazy and old.

We've changed quite a bit since our onset and despite all criticism to the contrary I know it's for the better (not that all things tend toward the good).

I think in our time we have elicited the ire of every individual on campus and a good number off (campus, that is).

Our ideas were at times conservative, at times liberal and seldom radical but, as is usually the case, we were quickly categorized, labeled. So what, John, we're not politicians. I never gave much of a damn what the people of the campus called me. What irritates me most of all is that we were never openly challenged. This is a sad commentary on higher education.

Now, post Carbon, what can we know but disillusionment. Were we idealists or happy souls once?, and then we saw the real world of Marian.

I know that you, and I too, have cried when hard pressed facts about people we respected were reiterated time and again. Facts that gnawed at our Christian heritage or academic questions. Man, we made our biggest fucking mistake when we questioned tradition, mythology and the status quo.

Yes John, I'm disillusioned but not convinced we were ever at fault - maybe we were wrong - but nobody even dared to say so (I here defy admission to the slightest challenge ever offered by the "Other Side" full of its pure reaction not opposition).

A not so great man once said "we blew it" and like him all the Chemistry nuns and anal retentive overt narcissists can swell large chests with this phrase - but not us. All we failed to do was sell. That's it man - we didn't sell our ideas. They were like Checker automobiles - always on the market but never advertised. I guess that's a mistake if you want popularity.

No more criticism friend. I've discovered not without you that education is based on respect for others and that it takes place best between two people who believe that.

The brothers and sisters know we are not quitting anything, only allowing one method of expression to lapse behind.

John man, right on and keep teaching your life. Never stop saying "listen Christian" cause the old bastards and bitches of a dying (?) regime can't take their own hypocrisy from a young fool like you.

Yours in Christ,
Michael Miller Cf.

P.S. In not denying rumors, naivete churns a bitter fear - Do you think Christ was ever called an SDSer?

EDITOR'S LETTER TO THE EDITOR (ONE MORE TIME):

Dear Michael,

Toward the end of January, 1969 we printed a Carbon declared to be our "13th anniversary Carbon". Of course we later found out it was really the Carbon's 14th year of fun and games. So began our year and a half of chaotic outrages which for the most part remain in black and white. Too bad they are no more than that.

My first editorial was printed with my first paragraph last. After that time I never got upset by a mistake of that nature. No one even noticed. From this one might derive a great deal about the mentality of our readers. Those who we antagonize might speak of "poor writing technique". Those who we do not antagonize realistically remark "no one read it."

We've gone through the battles of letters from blacks vs. whites, people vs. "anti-everything editors", social change vs. established order, and now we are entering ecology, women's lib. and goal of the Christian College. But on these it seems the battle has subsided. Instructors make remarks in the classroom. We have flyers, meetings and secret discussions but open-debate seems temporarily buried at Marian.

Perhaps we should have been told logically and more often we were wrong, Michael. I say this not in respect to truth but in the order of social value. Open criticism might have pushed us more. For the college it would have been of great value. Open criticism is stifled by a fear of humiliation. Students, faculty, and administration, Marian college as a whole, we have developed to a point of bigotry unsurpassed in our history. This will probably be admitted on both sides but we each think it's the Other Side! The goddamn righteousness on our lovely Catholic campus is a strangling whore to the idea of a free society. It is a righteousness most of us keep in our back pocket and never set it out in the open. We are afraid it will be shot to pieces by some iconoclastic peasant who we dare not condescend to debate or even speak to. To whatever degree we have helped nourish this plague or have failed to extinguish it, to that degree we have failed, Michael.

If we have accomplished anything it need not be delved into as it is already realized. You have been a magnanimous cohort in the Carbon endeavor. Have enjoyed every ludicrous moment of the experience. Maintain.

Sincerely,
John Mahoney

ANYONE WISHING TO HELP WITH
ATH. John Moss's
Campaign & CENTER TOWN-
SHIP ASSESSOR
Come to Pearl's LOUNGE
SUNDAY AT 5:00
2100 N. ILLINOIS

"GRAND PRIX"
FRIDAY - 8:30

WE SAID YOU WERE FREE; ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?

or

SHUT UP AND DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD

Just who do you women think you are? Ever since you were given the privilege of wearing slacks to class, you have acted as if you want to run the world. Well, it just won't work! This is a man's world. Always has been, and, God-willing, it always will be. We men have made the mistake of letting you think that if you scream loud enough you can have anything you want.

It all started with that voting thing. You soon got the idea that voting meant taking an active role in government. That's about the time someone decided the Senate chambers needed to be redecorated. You attempted to force the frilly-fancy-feminine world on the already perfect masculine situation. That didn't work-----so you found a new ball game.

I-D-E-N-T-I-F-Y.....you saw that in Freud or Jung or somewhere, and knew you had found the answer. Then came that hat and suit trick. You wanted to look like men, yet subtly, so you started wearing tailored suits and masculine-looking hats. That was a start, but things did not move fast enough. So, you secretly plotted the events that led up to the second world war. With the men busy overseas, you took on the jobs and positions that men had held.

With the war over, you weakened a little and let a few men have their jobs back. Damn big of you! But you hung on, and fought for executive positions that we all know you couldn't handle. Things were really looking up. You then turned to your fellows in drag--those France designers, and had the nerve to start wearing pants.. From that point on, things moved furiously.

You elected a woman senator, Margaret Chaste Smith, or something. You started smoking. SMOKING! WAS NOTHING SACRED?! But that wasn't enough. You conned P. Laura Lard into making cigarettes just for women. Then there were cigars, little and dainty, with plastic tips so you wouldn't get the nasties in your mouth.

Then came the last straw--or is string more feminine to the ear? Well, anyway, you beared your bosom. Right in public, on the beach, the stage... anywhere you thought you could find an audience. You felt that would finally win us over and then you could do anything you pleased. Well, that almost worked, I gotta admit. Yes...almost did. But we men regained our composure and are back on the guard.

I can only imagine your tactics of the future. But I can only warn you, they will be futile. So give up, keep your clothes on, wear your slacks to class if it makes you feel better (we men do have a heart), but be sure and observe those hours. Afterall, you can't be trusted out late at night when we can't watch you. Hell, you might take all your clothes off, or somethin'. Keep the revolution inside the dorm at night--the lights are much brighter. Your Warden, Dave Soots.

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD (cont. from p. 2)

Now it's come down to this: Some crazy people on campus are considering turning the Carbon over to a couple of black students and one white student. Dare they? Does this mean you'll be subjected to this human rights garbage again all next year? Probably. It seems as if the terse observation of one of Marian's esteemed seniors may be coming true: "the blacks are taking over this campus." Tch. Tch. Tch. What next? First, men at Marian College then, unlimited hours for men, then girls wearing shorts to classes, then a black organization started on campus, now blacks on the Carbon. Is there no end to this madness?

Rest easy, my fellow students. There won't be an ultra-left articles written in the new Carbon. No, sir. John Mahoney, Mike Miller, and Tom Hanrahan have gone on to bigger and better things. Now we can make the Carbon like it used to be, a regular Mad magazine. Fun for everybody. Of course, every now and then we'll throw in a few pertinent phrases like "Free Huey", or "Nixon is a pig" or "Cambodia, no." That's just to put a little variety in this publication. We won't demand that Marian hire some black professors

or appoint some blacks in the upper level of the administration. However, every now and then, we'll issue a statement in the Carbon saying something to the effect that "Marian is running out of time. The blacks are getting restless." Nothing to alarm anybody, you understand. Just a little variety.

All letters to the Carbon will be appreciated and we'll be glad to print anything that's printable. Save all un-printables for the blackboard in the little boys' room. I sincerely hope that we will be as potent a force on the Carbon as our worthy predecessors, and maybe you might even grow to understand us.

--Bill Brodnax

A CARBON-CUT-OUT-AND-SPEND-IT

