

The Carbon

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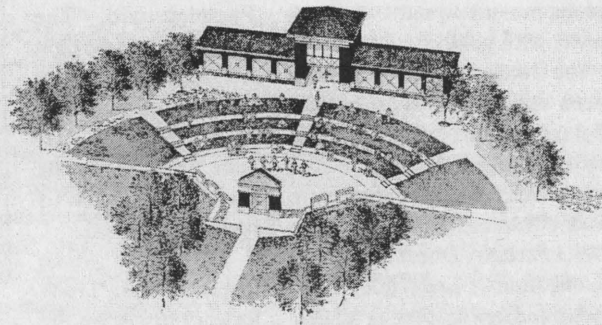
Amphitheater to Rise from Mud

By NEALY DECK

It isn't an archeological dig or another parking lot, but instead the piles of mud outside the library are the site where a new amphitheater will be placed.

The amphitheater will be for general purposes, from performances and concerts to professors simply holding outdoor classes. This facility will also be available and open to the public for renting.

The theater will seat up to 400 people, in removeable folding chairs. The amphitheater will have a ticket booth, plenty of storage area, restrooms, side stage entrances for the performers, as well as a powerful sound and lighting booth. Landscaping will make its way around the



AMPHITHEATER
MARIAN COLLEGE



amphitheater where many trees and bushes will screen the building and help with noise.

The design of the new amphitheater will be brick inlay and tiles. Chief Financial Officer, Russell Glassburn says, "The whole design of the amphithe-

ater will tie into the fountain as well as the arch, located by Admissions."

The plans were finalized in the middle of March and have been viewed by subcontractors to come up with a firm price. The amphitheater will be named af-

ter Allan Whitehall Clowes who donated to the construction of this building, and whose name will be placed atop center stage. Along the sides of the stage four standing concrete walls which will be engraved with Humanities, Sciences, Social Studies, and Professional Studies will face the audience. There may possibly be plaques on the north side of the amphitheater, for engravings of others names who have donated to the college.

Glassburn says "the construction of the arch should be finished and cleaned up by graduation and construction of the amphitheater will then begin. Our goal is to have it completed by the dinner auction, around the beginning of October."

Body found on campus

By ROSEMARY UEBEL

According to the police report, "The body of a man in his 40's, was found near Doyle Hall on April 20, 1998." The man was riding his bicycle around 7:30 pm when he suffered a major heart attack. Students, seeing him collapse, contacted Marian College police. The man was later identified by his mother as Marshall A "Rocky" Pettrie. Pettrie, at the time of his death, had no identification on him.

"He worked as an assistant manager for the Kappa Alpha Theta Fraternity National Headquarters for ten years," says the April 21st, 1998 Indianapolis Star Obituaries.

Two onlookers tried to revive Pettrie by performing CPR. They are reported in the police report to be Jane Roembke, mother of Kandi Roembke, a Doyle resident; and, Angela Johnson a nursing student here at Marian College. Pettrie was 48.

New MCSA

By HARRY LOUKIDIS

The newly elected MCSA officials had their first meeting, on April 21, in which they discussed various issues and announced upcoming topics and events.

The student association this year has many new faces. Among these new faces are President JoAnne Caporale, Vice-President Laura Burgman, Secretary Amy Willis, and Treasurer Jim Ward.

According to Bergman, some issues of concern for next year are "design of parking, availability of computers, the increase of students awareness in government, activities and issues, and the increase of visitation hours."

The primary goal of the body is the completion of "past goals and the improvement of communication between students and MCSA through more publicity of the topics discussed, in order students know what is going on, as well as better control of funding," Caporale added.

Going their own Way

By KELLY DEMAREE

Graduation is quickly approaching. Students are scrambling to finish projects. Teachers are encouraging the regurgitation of an entire semester's worth of knowledge. Seniors are getting ready to enter reality. As we say goodbye to graduating seniors we also say goodbye to many esteemed members of Marian's faculty and staff.

Marian's family is changing faces next year. Several administrative and faculty members are leaving Marian. Part-time theatre professor Bart Simpson is leaving Marian to follow more creative pathways. He plans to tour with an acting company. When I asked Bart if he could say anything about his decision, he just smiled. Stanley Lay will depart Marian to find work closer to his home in Terre Haute. Tony Natali of the P.E. department will transfer to Bethel College in northern Indiana. Joyce Johnstone, who hails from the Education de-

partment, will be teaching at Notre Dame.

Also leaving from the Education department is Linda Eichenberger. Kimberly Tyson, Director of the Learning and Counseling Center, is departing at the end of the semester. The expectant mother wants to spend quality time with her children.

Assistant Dean of Campus Life Cathy Bickell plans to finish her dissertation. The Biology department will miss Keith Landa as he will teach at Concordia College in Minnesota. Scott Stursa will leave his helm as Resident Director of Doyle Hall at the end of the semester.

It is true, these people will be replaced in some way or another, but let this remain: Each and every one of these individuals will be missed. The accomplishments they have achieved, the lives they have changed, the people that they are will remain within the students, friends and Marian's hallways forever.

Marian to Host National Collegiate Track Nationals

BY MATT BROWNING

The cycling team will have the chance to repeat as national champions on their home turf: Major Taylor Velodrome. It was announced that Marian College will be the host school of the 1998 Collegiate National Track Cycling Championships in September. Over twenty schools and two hundred cyclists plan to attend.

"It'll be great for the whole school to be there with all of the support and the advantage of home track," says Stephanie Derr, member of both the 1995 and 1997 national championship teams.

Marian cyclists have had to travel great distances in order to compete. In 1997, track nationals were held in California. The close location of Major Taylor will more than likely be looked upon as an advantage for the Marian team. Team members will also return to Marian a few

weeks early in order to train specifically for track nationals.

"I think it'll be great because we don't have to fly anywhere to compete because traveling is wearing on your body," says Brian DeRouen, part of the 1997 team pursuit squad that came away with gold.

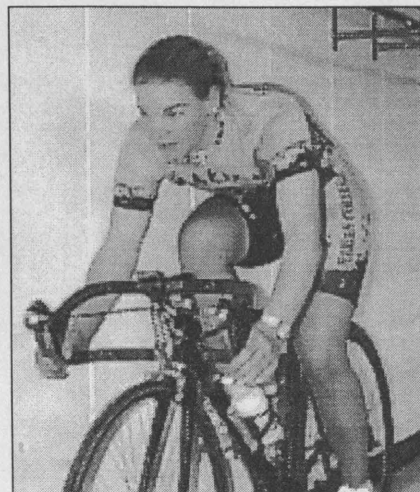
The Outdoor Life Network has been approached to air a high-lights program of the event. "We have to produce the program, but the network will give us airtime and commercial slots," says Della Pacheco, Director of Communications. Local television, radio, and newspapers have been notified of the event. However, it is difficult to gauge the extent of local coverage. Says Pacheco, "A lot depends on what is going on during the time around nationals."

Marian is searching for a title sponsor presently, with corporations like Finish Line and

Conseco expressing interest in sponsoring track nationals. "We are searching for a corporation with ties to both national and collegiate interests," Pacheco said, "The goal is finding the right fit." Sponsors help pay for the vast expenses an event like Collegiate Track Nationals accumulates such as housing and food.

Junior Mike Dukehart says, "I look forward to having the chance to see our cycling team in action. We don't get to see them on the track and only once on the road, so this should be an exciting moment for all Marian students."

Della Pacheco hopes that Marian students will share the same enthusiasm for the event.



Cyclist Stephanie Derr

"We are hoping to fill the stands," says Pacheco, "The first night, there will be a reception for all of the riders, and throughout the event there will be a festival type atmosphere with bands and giveaways."

Hurlers Make Marian Softball History

BY KELLI DEMAREE

The Lady Knights Softball Team made history by clinching the Mid-Central Conference recently. They finished the season with a 10-4 conference record.

On Saturday, April 25 the Knights traveled to Grace College and defeated them on their own stomping grounds. Senior Amy Depuy noted, "It's about time! The team has finished second ever since I have been here." The Marian softball season has been one battle after another. The season started with a new coach at the helm. Mike McKenzie filled the positions left empty by the retirement of Mike Henderson. Henderson, who started the program, retired from Marian last summer. McKenzie, an alumni of Marian, hails from the Admissions Office to coach softball, basketball, and direct the intermural activities. The team lost only two seniors and gained six freshman.

Then, the rains came... The Indy Classic was canceled leaving the team with five less games to play. A conference game

against Goshen was rained out, rescheduled, rained out again and finally played on April 11. The ladies marked two more up in their win column. Amy Depuy threw for a 7-2 victory. They scored seven runs on twelve hits with Beard going 2-4. In the second game Kurtz threw for a 3-2 victory. Fouch went 3 for 3 and Kelly Knapp scored on a single by Morphet.

The Lady Knights finished 20-7 in regular season play. The losses came to Indiana Wesleyan (conference), Indiana Tech, IUPUI, two games to University of Indianapolis, Indiana Tech and Grace (conference). In each loss errors and cold hitting caused the ladies to play catch-up as their opponents scored in the first few innings.

The Lady Knights are dedicated to winning this year. Jackie Sides put dedication into perspective at practice earlier this season. Sides ran into the sideline fence while going for a foul ball. It took 50 stitches to sew Jackie's lip up. She returned two and a half weeks later. Some

questions were raised about the need for protective piping along the fence. Three weeks later Coach McKenzie and Stanley Lay it was recieved and implemented.

The softball team has come a long way this year, but their season is far from over. Each player is praying for good weather, and hopes to be able to play the tourney rain or shine. If the tournament is rained out the conference winner gets an automatic bid to Regional. Even

though the road is paved for them the Lady Knights won't lay down for anyone.

For tourney play the Knights have the home field advantage in the first round. If they beat Goshen on April 30, then they travel to Indiana Wesleyan for double elimination play. If they win the tournament the ladies travel to Regional in Illinois next week.

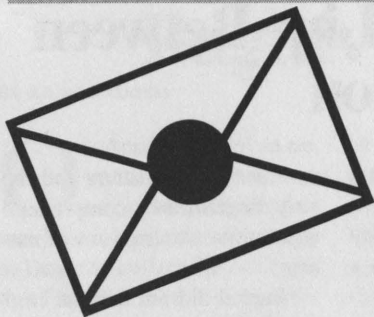
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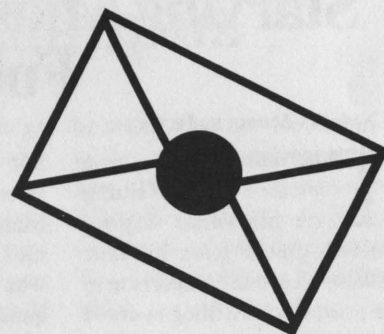
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Letter to the Editor



By KERI SANDERS

Why are there no African-American professors here at Marian? I ask this because I have noticed, in my years here, that we have hired a lot of new professors, both part-time and full, but I'm not understanding the lack of minorities on campus. Are blacks just not Catholic? Are they not available? I know that some people are going to wonder why does it even matter if the professors here are doing their job properly. For these people, I ask you, where do you see your fellow peoples. I see my friends transferring out of Marian to attend more ethnically supported institutions. Have the bureaucratic organizations of this campus ever wondered why the traditional African-Americans are so eager, as a tendency, to leave? Most of the black population on campus is non traditional. They have already begun their lives. In contrast, the traditional students are looking off campus for the guidance we need to become suc-

cessful minorities in America. I do not think that it's fair to use the athletes as the backbone for the minority population on campus, but it is inevitable. What about those of us who are not? Where are our role models? At home? Down the street? The west side of Indianapolis is the most racially diverse area in the city. Then why is it that the only place I see successful African-Americans on campus is as cafeteria servers, janitors, etc. I am not saying that that is a bad thing, but why can't we have the same representation in the faculty as we do in the student body? Again, why does it matter? We are not comfortable here. We do not have a lot of ethnic activities. We have UBI and that is all. With only small numbers in each major here at Marian, these departments do not go out of their way to show support for the ethnic community. In my experience, they tend to cater to the individual. So, as an individual, just tell me what is up with the stark white fac-

ulty. I know that I may make a lot of people upset, but I don't care. I signed my name to this because it is my concern. In my family, it's a tradition to attend Marian, although I'm the first minority to do so. If I am to continue this tradition, give me a good reason. Now, maybe the school never noticed that there was a lack of minority professors, and did not think it mattered. Maybe to most people it doesn't, but I asked around and I believe that by employing a minority professor, it would lessen the cultural stress on campus. I would also like to point out that an argument ensued on one occasion when I was inquiring about this topic amongst some acquaintances. I asked the question, "Would you feel more comfortable on campus if there were a black professor here?" They both answered, "Yes." However, one continued, "As long as they're competent." The other was a little disturbed by her answer, because, ...it assumes that black professors are not

competent to begin with." The discussion ended promptly, but as you can see, I'm concerned. Why do we, as minorities, second guess our own people. Why do we assume that a predominantly white institution would hire someone incompetent just to show that we as a people are incompetent? I do not believe this is so. I know that there have been minority professors in the past but who are no longer here. (e.g., Peter at the ELS last semester and a Spanish teacher 2-3 years ago.) Yet, I still feel that it would be nice to have one, or more to stay. I apologize for the forward nature of this letter, but I am a student here too. I have the right to fit in and be comfortable. When I am not, I also have the right to complain, so ignore me if you wish.

Maid to Order

By ANGELA HATEM

I am the domestic slut of the theatre. There is no shame in it. Actually I'm kinda proud. I don't understand why the image of the overly friendly maid has followed me. I try out for Lady Macbeth and end up being either her maid or Macbeth's concubine, whether the script calls for a concubine or not. I have been type cast.

I have been in a total of 5 Marian shows. In three of these shows I have been a maid. Two of the three I have been the trappy maid. In one of my last roles, I was flat out "Betty the prostitute." It has gotten to the point that when my grandparents come to collect their tickets at the box office they just say,

"Our granddaughter is the hussy."

Is it something in the way I look? Am I a cross between the "Ladies of the night" and the housekeepers of the Budgetel?

For the record, I have never walked up and down any street in fish net stockings and blue eye shadow.

If you want any kind of references about my cleaning skills, just call my roommate or my mother, who, if I really think about are the same person. It's a bit of an on-going joke that somewhere underneath all of my books and clothes you will one day find a desk. When it is my turn to wash our Clare Hall China Collection, my roommate

has inspect them to insure they are completely sanitary.

I know that's not a good thing. It always seemed a waste of time to train myself how to clean. With the compensation I will receive from my lawsuits against BMG Music and Sprint for harassment, suffering and mental anguish, I'll just hire some one to do this dirty work for me. So how this façade of being tidy follows me I will never know.

I like being the easily accessed maid. The role has been good to me. I flirt with actors for a few hours everyday, drag a few props off stage, get a few laughs, and call it a day (Flirt with gorgeous actors for a few

hours everyday... ahhh) That ain't nothing to complain about.

Look at where Florence, the maid on the Jeffersons is now. Maybe that was a bad example

So for now I will hang my black maids outfit, white apron, and cap back in my closet and wait for the next show. God knows I am probably going to need them.



Angela Hatem in *Three Sisters*

Starving Minstrels Discover the Fine Line Between Fulmination and Ejaculation

BY NORMAN MINNICK, JR.

The starving artist is a bloated fat guy sitting on his rump wiping chicken grease from his face with his sleeve in comparison to the poet, who is willing to crawl on his stomach devouring an assortment of road-kill. In order to supply the meager poet with some morsel of importance, *The Writers' Center of Indianapolis* hosts, each year, a poetry read-off for students from various Indiana colleges. Ravenous poets everywhere submitted their poems to *The Writers' Center*, which is located on Marian's campus, and in no way affiliated with the college. Thirteen students were chosen to read their works in front of one hundred or so peers sitting around empty tables at the Rathskeller restaurant downtown. Two judges sat in the crowd observing the exhibition.

Of the thirteen students chosen; six or so were from IUPUI, about three from Butler, seems

like two from UI, almost one from Franklin, and one from Marian. The math has escaped me. Sophomore Rachel Wuertz was chosen as one of the qualifiers.

So I and several students and teachers from Marian went to the read-off in support of Rachel. I was curious about the reactions of others in attendance, so I asked poet and Marian College instructor, Larry Atwood his thought on the poetry reading: "Some people seem to think that the mere mention of thighs, breasts, and bodily fluids constitutes poetry. It doesn't. But, if you like this sort of thing, then this night was a fantasy fleshpot of sticky delights."

A few days prior to the read-off, Yale University announced that of the seven hundred submissions they received for their annual young poetry contest, no one was worthy of the award. Curious about the state of contemporary poetry, I focused on

the poems at the read-off as a representative of what this generation is writing about; and why none of it is worthy of such a prize.

Sex. Atwood pretty much nailed that one.

Other than the lewd ramifications presented Wednesday night, I tried to direct my thoughts to the non-coitus poems, such as Rachel's, and concentrate on the execution of the poems and the quality of the reading. The idea of poetry reading is the combination of content and presentation. The judges this night seemed to select from each, but as separate entities. Again Atwood, upon being asked what his thoughts were of the judge's choices: "I've been to half a dozen of these contests and the only thing I've never been disappointed in is the judges' utter imbecility. It's as if they're illiterate goats from some undeveloped country where the flesh trade is the only

commerce that matters and the only English they comprehend is primitive descriptions of rutting."

Rachel did not win the contest, but for a poet whose poems do not employ sex too often, or any poet for that matter, being selected as a finalist and going home with a check for a hefty ten bucks is a major highlight in her career.

The read-off contrasted *The Voice is a Powerful Tool* readings: the latter being the much better. We are now aroused to conduct these readings next semester and bear our own contest.

Despite the let-down of the read-off, we are very proud of Rachel Wuertz and all those who have submitted. We are more enthusiastic about our upcoming readings. Maybe, just maybe we can offer the greasy guy a chance to read and the famished bard a bit to digest.

Dirty Commies...

BY VIVIANE SEUMEL

Most people I have met in America despise communism. They think it is all bad. But I have a lot of positive memories of growing up in a communist country. East Germany had virtually no unemployment and was almost crime and drug free. Health care and medication did not cost more than a few cents and so did admittance to public places and transportation. The education we received in East Germany was superior to almost anywhere in the world and it was free as well. Of course, there were bad sides such as limited travel and consumer opportunities. For instance, you had to apply to be able to buy a new car, and it took about ten years after applying before you could actually buy it. However, to this day, I believe communism as it was originally intended is a good thing rooted in Christian ideas. Christianity and communism - to me, that's not a contradiction. So I consider myself a Christian communist which probably makes me an idealist as well.

Beginning at least in elementary school, we were taught to hate capitalist nations. The strongest hate was directed towards America and its capitalist society exploiting the working class. I always had this picture in my mind of little dirty American children in the streets who were hungry even though their parents worked so hard. Americans were our enemies. America was bad. We had to hate anything associated with it and fight it wherever we could.

When people think about the fall of the wall, they often do not realize that this event was devastating rather than uplifting to many East Germans. Since 1990, unemployment in Germany has soared. East Germans have been hit especially hard because many of them cannot adjust to the new economic system due to their age or job qualifications. The costs of living have multiplied, while the savings of East Germans were cut in half when the East German money was changed to West German currency. East Germany is in debt. Certainly,

the young generation has profited from the educational, professional, and travel opportunities, but a majority of people did lose more than just a set of beliefs when the wall fell.

Outside of Germany I have met many ignorant people who called me a Nazi or Fascist. I am very aware of my country's history and I think that the events of World War II are terrible and sad. But I was born 30 years later, I had nothing to do with it. I could not have done anything about it even if I wanted to because I was not born yet. It is hurtful and upsetting when people in their ignorance hold me responsible and judge me for Germany's role in World War II.

Ideologies and taught hatred fall apart or lose significance quickly when I meet an individual like the red-haired American girl who laughs and talks and learns with me and whose life seems so much like mine. Suddenly I see how similar I am to her, my ex-enemy, and suddenly I realize that we have become friends.

BY EMILY NICOLE PERSIC

I'm a twenty-four year old Irish American, a Democrat, a Catholic, an army brat and a self-proclaimed Ayn Rand-ian capitalist. I believe in God and truth and justice and freedom. When the wall separating the two sides of Germany came down in 1989, I cried sincere tears because I believed that there was now a nation of people who were grateful and humbled by their new-found freedom. I thought that every human being would be overjoyed to throw off the blanket of communism and join the capitalist world. And despite the fact that I don't want to admit it, my childhood as the daughter of a soldier in the American Army taught me well to believe that godless communism is the root of all evil, that the Russians are and always will be our enemies and that you should never turn your back on a German, because they just might be a Nazi—even though the war has been over for fifty years.

So, my senior year of college I become friends with a girl. She's pretty cool, likes books

Fugitive Runs Loose On Campus

By ANGELA HATEM

On April 27, I had an unusual amount of energy, and decided it would be a good time to run over to Doyle to collect the umbrella that I had left there a few weeks earlier. It had been a little after 10:00 P.M. when I left Clare on my way to Doyle. I was merely walking along thinking my happy Peter Pan type thoughts, when I see police lights on Cold Springs Rd. directly adjacent to the newly constructed arch.

I thought to myself, "probably somebody speeding. Nothing to really be concerned about." Well the next thing I know some man with speed like the Road Runner comes sprinting in front of the library. "Maybe he needs help," I thought. I was about to yell to him, "There is a phone in the library!" His wife could have been giving birth in the back of his car for all I know, but as soon as I opened my mouth he had passed up the library, and was

on his way past Stokley Mansion.

"Oh well," I thought "He must know where he is going."

The next person I see to come rounding around the library, is a female officer. As she runs past the front of the library she stops and begins to look around. "He went that way!", I yelled as I pointed toward the mansion. (How many times does a person to get yell that in their lifetime? Actually this was my second, but who's counting?)

As she walked her way towards the direction I had motioned to, I soon realized, "hey, I am by myself, in the dark possibly, with the guy who killed Jimmy Hoffa." So I thought it might be a good idea to start running, too.

I finally made it to Doyle to retrieve my sought after umbrella, pretty soon Doyle lost its thrill, and I was ready to return to Clare. As I exited the outer door of Doyle I was stopped by

an officer, who asked me to go back inside. I told him, "I saw the guy he's gone."

I then proceeded to give the officer a description of the man I saw running a marathon past the library. The officer later told me that the armed suspect who has a warrant out for his arrest, had been at the Velodrome, where Park Rangers had spotted him.

The word that stuck out to me was ARMED. I was maybe 55 feet from an armed bad guy. What was he doing here, and why was I going to offer him the phone?

I began to think back to a little article back in first semester called "Mayberry in a War Zone," written by yours truly and Dawn Duncan. The article detailed how new campus security equipment was needed and the number of officers here on campus should be increased.

Jim Lekse, Head of Security, wrote a rebuttal article, in which

he stated, "we are located in a well-established and maintained area. Two golf courses and the White River act as a buffer on our south and east boundaries. The Lake Sullivan complex, which contains the Major Taylor Velodrome, is situated across from Cold Spring Road to the north east."

Crime happens and prevention is difficult, but aren't we being a little bit naive by saying, "thank God we had that golf course across from the campus acting as a buffer; it really scares off that bad element." It seems if you are looking for your drug cartels and gang bangers, go to the Velodrome or your pristine golf course one night; I am sure you'll spot them.

We have been safe thus far, but don't sit there and tell me to stay close to the golf course and all will be well. I was right across from a library; a place of education, a center of learning, ...a safe place?

....and Capitalist Pigs

and has a smart mouth like me. We gossip about teachers and tease classmates and share notes. We're pretty much two normal college buddies. It just happens that this girl is one of those godless communist Germans I'm not suppose to trust. Wow. Kinda makes me think twice. So we sit down one night in January, me on the floor and her on the bunk. And we talk. We talk about the wall coming down, the economy, what it's like to an army brat—in East Germany. And she's got some chocolate her mom sent her from Germany—I'm beginning to think she might be okay after all.

She talks about growing up on her grandpa's farm and the stories he told her about the war and we talk about sisters and books and boyfriends and weddings and the Cranberries and being Catholic and not being Catholic and communism and America. Her room is messy, like mine, and she's got some photos of herself as a kid and she's cute, like kids are. She doesn't look like a baby communist. In fact, she doesn't act the way I thought communists were suppose to act. She recycles stuff and yells at people who don't. She

believes in God and truth and justice and freedom.

Some twenty years ago there were two little girls who climbed trees and rode bikes and fought with their siblings and made drawings that their mothers hung on the refrigerator. They both got in trouble for wandering too far and each had the chicken pox and skinned knees and dolls whose hair they cut off. They went to school and learned to read and write and the difference between right and wrong and they grew up into two young women who like chocolate and good bread and travelling and Anne Frank and music and talking and teasing the *Carbon* editor. And they meet in college and discuss Yeats and nuns and I learn to ask the time in German and the year moves on and papers are written, tests taken, *Carbons* produced and somewhere in all that I forget all that I was supposed to remember about the lies and the stories and the legacies of hate and mistrust that two governments created to build a greater wall than the one that ever separated East and West Germany.

Marian During Off-Season

By MELISSA SPRONG

When the students leave in May, and the parking lots vacate, the fountain flows for no one - or does it? Camps, sports, conferences, wedding receptions, religious functions, and charities all earn money for the campus.

Roxanne Turner, Director of Conferences and Events, speaks of many coporations that schedule events at Marian. "Eli Lilly uses our facilities often," said Turner, "In fact, coming up they will rent out Allison Mansion and film a commercial with a well-known celebrity."

In the future Turner expects more business from the 500 and 400 races. Carl Fisher, who owned one of the three estates that make up the campus of Marian, loved and made his living selling and dealing in the car business. However, Fisher lost millions investing in the race track at Speedway, Hulman's bought and restored the track

years later. This tie in to the history of the track means that a lot of groups from the race day parades want to stay at Marian while visiting Indy. There is a possibility that Dick Wolfsie will host a show at Marian about the 500 race history roots.

NYSP(National Youth Sports Program) is a camp sponsored by the NAACP. The program lasts from June 19 through July 24. Young adults from 10-16 years of age will participate in sports and community service programs around Marion County. Public Service Announcements, Marine Corps camp, Promise Keepers camp, Antique Bicycle Club camp, Velodrome bookings, Coffin Golf Course, all lend to the growing popularity of the Marian Campus. And for those who thought about renting out Allison for a wedding reception - it's booked every weekend through most of '99.

Random Acts of Kindness

By TIM KOBERSTEIN

Coming down the sidewalk I saw an older gentleman walking in my general direction.

At a steady pace, with his hands in his pockets, he looked at the view from left to right with somewhat of a grin on his face.

All of the sudden, out of nowhere, a group of students flew past him in a blur of color moving out of his way if only not to run him over.

No one bothered to say hello, or maybe even, ask him how he was doing.

Nothing really hit me at first until the man stopped, turned around, looked and continued on his way.

I tend to think that kids today miss too much because they don't think seconds are as long as they really are.

I tend to think that people are too short with each other when it comes to conversation. Human compassion is at an all time

low when people can solve problems with money and catch phrases.

I remember, a few weeks before I started college, hearing about a young girl just out of High School who was going to Purdue on a full ride scholarship. She was driving to Lafayette and was stopped at a rail road crossing. Getting impatient she decided to go around the car in front of her and beat the train. She beat the train...on the first set of tracks. The second train, the one she didn't see, tore her car in half and killed her instantly.

There is nothing more important in this world than you. There is nothing in this entire world that is so important that you have to risk your life to get to.

I remember the last time I saw my manager at my old job. I was graduating in two days and I was talking to him about what

he did on his graduation weekend. I was in such a hurry to get out of work that night to to out with my friends. 9:30 the next morning, while opening the store with another co-worker, they were shot in the head at point blank range by robbers who got away with nothing. My co-worker died instantly, my manager made it through the day in critical condition. He died that midnight.

People need to learn to turn seconds into minutes and minutes into lifetimes.

People should not wait till they're told to remember what it was like when they were young. The young should be more concerned with where they are at now, today, and not worry about what is going to happen when they wake up in the next morning.

So, I challenge you all. I would like you to pick a day, sometime soon, where you walk

with your head up the entire day...find five people that you know and give them a big hug and wish them a happy what ever day of the week it might be (happy Tuesday, happy Thursday). If you can, find a child or go to the park and just sit and watch them play. And, for the whole day try and keep this in mind: Kahlil Gibran, author of the *Prophet and Sand and Foam*, once wrote..."Patients over patients is the captain of my ship."

Human compassion is at an all time low when people can solve problems with money and catch phrases.

—St. Timothy of Koberstein

By LEONARD PIGG III

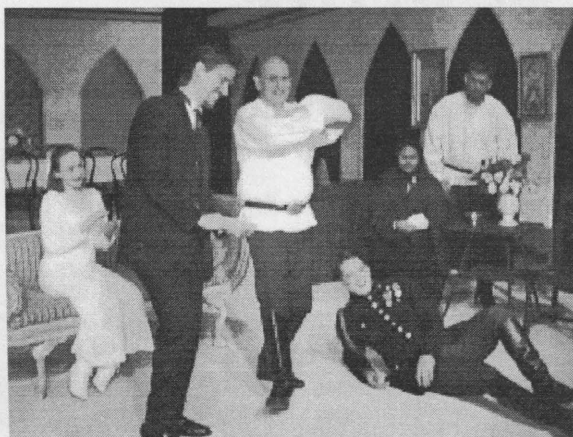
Chekhov Kills Theater Production

Anton Chekhov's *Three Sisters* was performed the weekend of April 23-26. Directed by Beth Taylor, this three-hour tour through the mind of Chekhov fell short of the solid performances normally offered from the theater department.

The story takes place in the early 1900s in Russia. However, the focus is on a trio of sisters dealing with problems in their personal lives and that of their family.

The set itself was flat and looked like a JC Penney display. Lace curtains hung down on one side, giving the set more of an ambiance appropriate to store windows. All that was needed were a few dummies in designer clothes.

The overall performance was disappointing, compared to previous productions by the department. The acting was satisfactory, but flat at times. Humor was one of the main ingredients missing from this comedy, but that would be more the fault of Chekhov and not the actors. The lack of chemistry between cast members made it difficult to sympathize for any of the sisters. If anything, the sisters were discontent with their station in life,



A lively scene from *Three Sisters*

but were unwilling to make any effort to change.

The three sisters had their moments of humor, but was in part to their costumes. Olga, played by Leslie Gillum, looked more like a flight attendant in her blue uniform than one born of Russian wealth. Masha, played by Jennifer Gregory, was always wearing black. Her appearance was similar to a portrayal of a waifish Winona Ryder character. Suzanne Walker played Irina, the youngest sister, whose costume bore a slight resemblance to *Alice in Wonderland*. Although the character was in her 20s, she dressed like a child in the first act.

Some of the highlights came mainly from the supporting cast.

Solyony, played by Dan McCorkle was a bully of sorts who breathed some occasional life into the play by picking fights with other characters. Andrei, brother to the sisters, was played masterfully by Lance Worman. Andrei had a nagging spouse, crying children and was burdened by his involvement in local politics. His wife Natasha, played by Denise Stockdale, was loud and obnoxious. However, she was always obscured or hidden on stage. Eventually, the unseen wife effect began to lose its novelty. The gimmick was reminiscent of Tim's neighbor on the other side of the fence from the *Home Improvement* sitcom. Hiding the character off

stage served no theatrical or artistic value and was unoriginal.

It was humorous when Natasha would yell at the rest of the family and then calmly speak baby talk to her child. More comic relief came from William Hurst's portrayal of Ferapont, an elderly courier who was hard of hearing.

Remaining characters such as Baron Tuzenbach, played by Jeremy Matis, also had a familiar appearance. He was dressed like a Russian soldier, but had the hairstyle of the *Little Rascal's* Alfalfa. Anfisa, a servant played by Keri Sanders, was similar in appearance to Mother Theresa. Brian Noffke who played Vershinin, wore military dress which resembled the captain of the *Love Boat*. Kulygin was played by David Hunter, whose appearance in the show was that of an effeminate Marx Brother.

Overall, the performance is one best forgotten by the department and the audience. *Three Sisters* was too dramatic and often too boring to pull off as a comedy. Despite some funny characters, the play lacked true cohesion to actually hold the attention of an entire audience.

A Final Word: This Way to the Maze

BY DANIEL PRZYBYLA

7:33am. "Darn, I'm behind already." The night before I stuffed my folder to capacity with resumes and clips from my work in *The Carbon*. No time to shower, the job fair awaits at 9:00am. Just hand-whip my hair into some organized disarray, grab the pasely tie, toothpaste and toothbrush, and sending a gracious farewell to the roommate, middle finger arched high in the air, I was out the door. Naturally, I illegally parked outside Clare Hall, naturally I got no ticket. After Clare's Cafe's gift to my stomach, I stormed out the side door, heading for the library.

The flyer read that 12 newspapers would be there. I had only made 8 copies of my work. This first test was performed with startling efficiency, as I made copies and brushed teeth in the library's bathroom. No strange looks from the masses, because no one's in there on a Friday morning at 8:26. A simple adjustment of the pasely tie and a glob of vaseline lotion thrown into the hair were my final actions before the last strains of sanity would abruptly depart that morning. Destination: Radison Hotel Downtown.

A little NPR morning news would give me a quick dose of intellectual dialogue to prepare for the interviews. Finding parking four blocks away, I fast-walked. Despite sweat seeping onto my shirt, I casually rushed. The hair was in place, or out of place. The shirt was tucked, the vest was buttoned and the suit jacket was secured.

The iron-man watch read 8:56. Passing people, their careers already determined—city-construction, restaurant vendor, Mothers, corporate lawyer, homeless man—I sauntered through the Radison revolving door, confident. Before having the time to secure my bearings, a hotel clerk approached me. I said, "I'm looking for the journalism conference. The Hoosier State Press Association is sponsoring it. There's a lot of newspapers that are here." Together we glanced over the event schedule with no sight of anything journalistic. In a composed manner he spoke, "It's probably at the other one at Keystone. Just hop on 70 East and take that to 465 North." Sending a genuine farewell, I waved in gratitude.

9:08. My first professional interview with the career I'm pursuing and I'm stinkin' late. The sweat from pores no longer seeped, but poured onto my suit. Running to the car would have been futile, so I decided to keep walking. "In other news, Israeli Prime Minister Bejanmin..." Before any more intellectual words could escape the speaker, I flipped it to the mindless tunes of X103.

My earlier calm and rational disposition had been traded in for the frantic and enraged smile. (It's in these moments when humans become less human and more animal.) With my foot instinctively gravitating to the accelerator, I hurried onto 70 East and the once 4-lane open road became compressed into that annual Fourth of July mess of traffic. Twenty minutes of unparalleled cursing to all the Indy motorists, who expressed their Heartland goodwill by preventing me from entering the moving lane. I declared war on the highways of Indianapolis. Flares ablaze on the ground. Blue flashes swirled about. A truck had run itself into the cemented median. Inside each car someone gave an estranged glance, as we all do when the ordinary occurs.

At last, an open stretch in the left lane and I hit 70 mph until I saw the Keystone exit. Through the labyrinth they call the "Fashion Mall" (an overly priced, overdone merchandise-zoo for the rich) I saw the end, the 15 floor Radison Hotel. Ahhh yes, parking is free! The moving doors opened and I sauntered through, looking around at the overpriced hotel. To my astonishment, the event schedule had not set aside writing regarding a journalism job fair. Some crappy optometrics conference with a booth as banal as the cafeteria lunch rolls stood in the lobby. I rushed to the hotel desk management. Because I was fitted in a formal costume, disguising my normal appearance, the hotel clerk, greeted me with weighty importance. He allowed me to look over the event scheduling sheet and no where did the word *journalism* appear. A theatrical thank-you, a pseudo-congratulatory smile for helping me, and

then turning around. "What a buncha crap!"

Other words from my rifle of profanity hit leather couches and glass lamps. Pausing from my deviation into cursory language, I directed myself to the phone wall. The "free" parking lot did indeed have a string attached — to the telephone. The once adequate 25 cent fee at a public phone had inflated to 35 cents. Since when did an additional dime become necessary? Bothering the gift shop attendant, the 63 year old woman took my one dollar and made appropriate change. I slowed this time to give another genuine thank you, a seldom sight of this day.

Then ensued a series of phone calls. The Marriott downtown. No luck. The Radison in Muncie. No luck. A friendly call to the Writing Center for guidance and dear Mr. Shumate had remained ardently fixed to his mentoring role by assisting me. While making these despairing calls, I noticed two gentlemen, clad in casual business attire using the phone beside me. One of them claimed over the phone "It's not a vacation." The other more pathetically looking, muttered some crap about "having a bunch of appointments," but I'll meet you for lunch." Am I going to buy into the system like they had — pink polo tops and Docker slacks? The first guy, I could see his wear and toil of bending over for too many people, but the second guy was feverishly dreaming a future of promotions and happy clients. I think the first guy thought, he'll learn.

Shumate said that Career Services wasn't aware of any such job fair. I was elated. Then the inimitable Mr. Atwood suggested I call the Indianapolis Star's city desk. The city's leading newsgatherer, the Star, only provided similar empty responses. All right, maybe the Convention Center. No, some education-deal was going on. While I was asleep the night before, the city of Indianapolis and its residents had formulated a dastardly plot against me. That became my conclusion to the madness occurring. During the time I was dialing and misfiring with every call, I had been trying to reach the sponsors of the event, The Hoo-

sier State Press Association (HSPA). Unmercifully, the information the association sent me had the time of the event, the date of the event, a list of the newspapers, but failed to list the location of the event. Just a side-note — Now before I flog another business or hotel clerk, I must say that at one time I did have possession of the original document, which listed the location of the job fair. What would life be though without confusion, mystery, intrigue, and the singular piece of missing evidence probably lurking at the bottom of my trash can. These events allow us to realize our shortcomings, keeping us humble to nature's thoughtless nuisances. All morning no one answered the phone at the association.

After one long-distance phone call and spending over two dollars on local calls, I finally made a connection. The female voice said that it was at the Hyatt Regency downtown. What's another twenty-minute drive to a man who has already invested nearly three hours of his morning hovering near the threshold of insanity. I drove South cutting up the Indianapolis asphalt with my reckless driving. Pulling into the third parking garage, I paced intently for the Hyatt. Another dynamo contribution to modern architecture resembling a hamster's paradise, the Hyatt/National City Bank, had packs of people scurrying from the bank to any number of shops, with the giant glass tube funneling people to and from their overpriced hotel rooms. I noticed signs for the event and the hotel clerk repeated me the directions. Floor three, a hesitation from the elevator, its standard jiggle, and I prodded my way towards the 29 year old blond woman. I began to relate my epic account to her (I felt like Odysseus never to find home) and the freakin' lady says "I'm sorry, it's at the Courtyard Marriott." Evidently, this was a general conference of journalism educators, sponsored by the HSPA. My newest enemy explained that "If you go to Washington Street, it's next to the baseball stadium." I ain't going to drive the car to any other freakin' garage, so I opted to walk.

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After heading five blocks south, I realized I didn't know the whereabouts of the baseball stadium. But to my left stood the Greyhound bus station, a transportation stop and service building where they could inform me of my destination. Persons were strewn about in church pews waiting to board the next bus leaving for Chicago at 11:42, waiting to start anew in the dank, melancholy darkness of the inside reflecting their future's dismal hopes. The customer service line was a joke. The customer asked a question, the attendant responded, but nothing happened. I couldn't wait like the rest of these starving people. His English, poor, the immigrant food stand vendor babbled some fractured sentences. I departed, leaving him a curt smile and a pathetic wave to consider. He'll never fit into American society, if he doesn't learn it fluently. He'll always be a poor immigrant food vendor, who speaks poor English.

People are oblivious to every other man's situation, what he's endured, what mindless and unneeded abuse he's suffered, yet I wanted a person to understand my situation, but it doesn't work that way. So for most of the morning I abhorred every single human being on the planet (Indy motorists, hotel clerks, secretaries, hotel operators, food vendors and any other person I crossed swords with).

I trudged onward. I strolled into some seedy bar across from the bust station with smoke fuming out my ears and balls of fire spewing from my mouth. "Oh yeah, just go up 3 lights and make a left," said the regular, drinking an Old Style at the end of the bar. (regulars always sit at the end of the bar, the corner spot, obviously a pedestal for the know-it-all). This Indy-know-it-all was full of crap. It was 4 streets up, then 5 blocks to the left. Two streets from the hotel, a parade of funeral cars made its way through Indy. They didn't know where they going, they just followed a police officer on a bike. Their whole lives they followed someone, anyone with bright orange flashes swirling about, anyone in black, boots and a helmet they followed.

12:08. I sauntered through the moving doors, my confidence now returning. The eager desk clerk said, "Down the hallway

and turn left, you'll see it." His final three words pissed me off - did they ever piss me off. "You'll see it." What kind of crap was that. If finding the ballroom was that easy, I would have found this stinkin' overpriced hotel three hours earlier. I politely smirked. Turning the corner, I hit the straight-away, savoring every step.

Finally, the ballroom to which held my future employment. No, — It can't be. Yes, — it can be, Dan. Being that it was the noon hour, all but two warm bodies had left for lunch. Hell yeah I was disappointed. At least I had solved the mystery. Throwing down a turkey club from the camouflaged Subway, which by the way was three blocks from the hotel, although the hotel clerk's only words were, "It's on the same street as us." I could dish out another slam on the pervasive stupidity of the Indianapolis community, but I refrain... idiots.

Enough for my weak attempts at humor. I talked with several papers. The Jasper Herald representative went on for nearly 30 minutes raving about the wonders of Jasper township. And oh, they are many. Did you know the Indiana baseball hall of fame is located there, Abraham Lincoln spent nearly one-quarter of his life there, and if I didn't overkill you with such thrilling news here's one more, Ruxer Farms is the No. 1 saddlebred horse farm in the world. How could I pass up this opportunity; in a place with the second largest manmade lake in Indiana (he gave me a complete list of this trivial crap). They like to do human-feature stories (their reknown for their "Saturday Feature"—pictures are a big-deal with this outfit). He expressed interest, but no positions are available right now.

The Thomson company has the Kokomo and Anderson papers. These two ladies tried to grill me well-done. But my savyness (bullshit tactics) prevailed. I really must be thankful that I had the opportunity the day before to publicly toot my horn at the honors conference. "How has your education prepared you for the next step?"—easy answer, I just fed them a bunch of bologne about time-management skills. Each paper's representative did a fine job of interviewing me. On one occasion the Terre Haute Tribune reps. (two men, one a corpulent man who had asked all the questions and tried "hard as hell" to

scare me with his tough questions and the second, a young fledgling three years at most out of college and he gave me this scenario to contend with—"how would you go about tackling the story?"—flying colors were piping out of my ass after I took on that one.

There wasn't a strong turn-out at all; after lunch I just went from table to table being interviewed. It was tremendous opportunity to sell myself. Making my rounds I chatted with the *Richmond Palladium*, the *Daily Ledger* of Noblesville, but I missed the *Muncie Star*, the *Shelbyville* paper and the *Huntington* paper. I got strong responses from Jasper, Terre Haute and a moderately pleasing response from Richmond and Kokomo as well. But it was my last stop that afternoon which seemed the most favorable. — The Herald Argus— ...Give up? Laporte, IN—Yes, a stitch located twenty miles west of South Bend. 13,000 circulation. 25,000 population. The guy interviewing told me the jobs available are a lifestyle beat writer and the court/cops/local govt. beat writer. When I popped the words "tenacious aggressiveness" his eyes boggled in wonderment. From there, he fell in love with me. I think they want that college graduate who will just overflow with energy and tenacity, to go after every story. They'll work me to death and then some. The job pays \$18,500; 40-48 hours a week, after 90 days I pick up the health plan. He said I'm a good prospect and he was eager to be in contact with me.

I sauntered out of the overpriced, overstaffed hotel with a fat smile. But now I worry. I don't possess much knowledge of government/political jargon or how things work in this area. I have a long way to go. So the proverbial fear of a kid and a new job opportunity possibly awaiting behind stage has been sent to my mailbox. Now I feel like your psychotherapist, (where's your pseudo-leather couch, the glass of Perrier water and your clipboard). So here I am now.

Listen to my theory about the job interview... see if this could work... it's like basketball... you sit down and he knows and you know, no matter how you answer the question, it won't be good enough. the analogy to b-ball. The interviewer dunks on you with a blizzard of questions. It's your ball and you know you can't

score, you can't answer the question perfectly. So the object then is to hold the ball as long as you can (shot clock is 35 seconds and really they want you to answer a question in about that time) and claim that as victory. Essentially, it's a possession of stalling. You pass the ball around, set some well-disciplined screens and melt the clock. If you get a shot off, well then it's just dandy because that means you said something that caused the interviewer to nod or smile. But to score, WOW....., is to say something heroically prophetic or miraculous. It rarely happens, but if it does occur it happens a lot by luck, having a clear-head and knowing what your defense (the interviewer) wants to hear.

The whole process of interviewing is bullshit tactics. All that we were instructed about with Franciscan values is discarded the moment you're engaged in an interview. You want to present the most glorified picture of yourself. You have to if you want a job. The question of your economic state supersedes the ethical choice of stating the complete truth. Your goals, your skills, your accomplishments all become embellished in order that you elicit the most favorable response from the interviewer. You have to exaggerate, stretch and sometimes, yes, break the truth. The interviewer can only read what's on the resume. Whatever is not on there, you simply invent. Ethics don't exist in the interview; self-preservation and economic security are your only concerns.

In parting, read *The Carbon*. It commands the strongest voice for the student of any organization on this campus. If you want to be heard, you have to be read. *The Carbon* -- it's the only voice you got.

