

CARBON

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President Felicetti

A Close Perspective on our President's accomplishments, thoughts, and ambitions

by Robert Pedtke

In 1989, Dr. Felicetti, still living in the Detroit area, came across Marian's advertisement for a president in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*. The periodical had a host of positions; many fit his expertise, yet the Marian ad, referring to a small Catholic college driven by Franciscan values, won him over.

Now, at the end of his ten years, he reflects on his memories and accomplishments.

President Felicetti, having witnessed the closeness between the faculty/staff and students,

awards for its success. This program entails our college students training high school students who, in turn, train kids at the grade school level. We have also acquired a dozen new academic programs in the last ten years.

The area of student life has shown progress as well. The Ruth Lilly Center, once a partial garage, now has a restaurant, comfortable furniture, a pool table, T.V.s, and a forum upstairs for student meetings and get-togethers. The bookstore is endlessly helpful, supplying students with all their

scholastic needs, knickknacks, and friendly service. We now have a student activities director, Sandra Hester, who organizes and promotes campus activities. The cycling team is phenomenal, holding three national track cycling championships. The basketball team has done exceptionally well, having beaten the stalwart Bethel team, previously ranked number one.

The facilities at this college are where the metamorphosis is remarkably seen. Dr. Felicetti has staunchly campaigned for an unprecedented increase in contributions to Marian College. Just check out the language lab, the computer labs, the student center, the campus lighting, the fresh paint, the adult student housing, the new telephone system, our beautiful Franciscan fountain, et-cetera.

Along with this capital campaign and the record high enrollment seven out of the last ten years, Marian College is becoming more and more visible to the leaders of this city.

"...So many faculty, staff, students, trustees, members of the community, and alumni need to

be thanked," Dr. Felicetti said.

What's in store for the Felicettis? "I love Indianapolis, but eventually my wife and I would like to go back to Connecticut...All our family and friends live in the New York Metropolitan area," Felicetti said.

Dr. Felicetti expressed that the ten years he spent at Marian was enough time to accomplish his goals. Although he's only begun to think about the question of what is in store for him professionally, there does exist a tentative short-term and long-term plan. The short-term plan involves his sabbatical, when he will probably engage himself in some consulting and writing. "I love writing. I've always enjoyed writing," he said.

The long-term plan might involve one more presidency or executive directorship of a college, university, association, or foundation, most likely centered on education or community service.

"You have to make the most of what you've got," Felicetti said.

A national search will be made by a search committee, headed by Lynne O' Day, the vice-president of St. Vincent's Health Services.

President Felicetti, when asked what he would miss most about Marian College, said, "almost everything."

Little Shop of Horrors Controversy Remedied

by Viviane Seumel

As reported in *Carbon 13*, controversy had arisen over the audition process for the Spring musical *Little Shop of Horrors*. A group of students involved in Marian theater addressed the problem in a letter to President Felicetti, Sr. Norma Rocklage, Dean Woodman, Dean Balog, and all the faculty members of the Performing Arts Department.

In the letter the students complained about the unjust audition procedure, the uncommon announcement of the cast, and the fact that they were denied theatrical experience.

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Homecoming Spirit Not Thwarted by Game Loss

by Angela Hatem

The Knights might have lost the big game against Huntington College, 82-79, one second before entering the game's second overtime, but that did not make a dent Marian's Homecoming school spirit.

Activities such as the Starstage music video, in which students could be the star in their own music video, Blizzard of Bucks, in which Freshman Brad

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President Dr. Daniel Felicetti

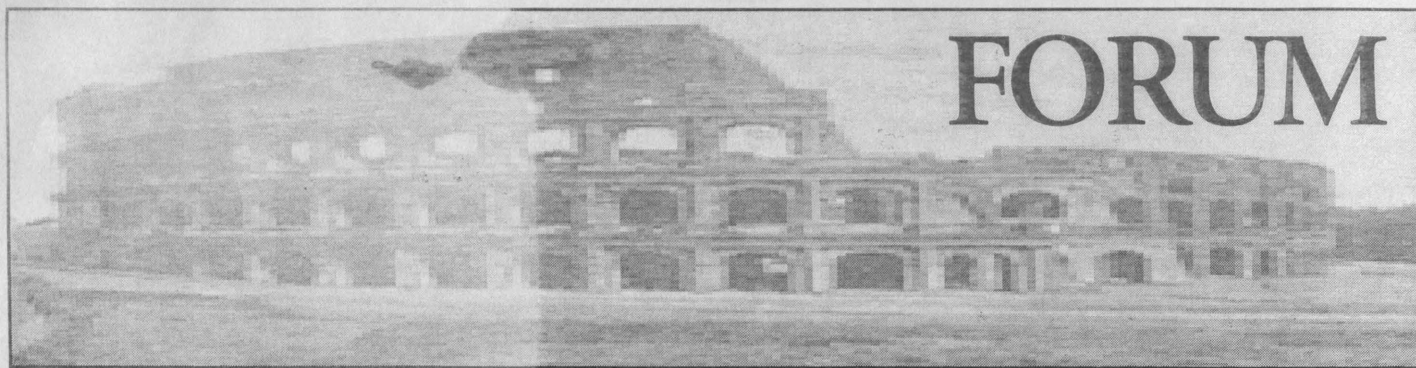


Students perform at Mock Rock

found it only proper to bring this relationship to the fore. Marian is now renowned as "The College that Mentors."

Evidence of this college's success can be seen in the judgement of the North Central Reaccreditation Location. Not only did they give Marian the maximum reaccreditation of ten years, but they referred to us as a model school. This is only one of the many achievements realized under President Felicetti's leadership.

The actual list of this school's accomplishments over the past ten years is too great to fully address here, but a few should be mentioned. Regarding the area of academics, the "Mentoring in the City" program has received



When will the school stop selling the students short?

After reading in the *Carbon* that the Homely Coming Queen contest has been canceled, it does not surprise me. The contest was done with taste and it was a tradition. Now it is something else that Marian has lost. In the last three years this school has changed from what it was when I began as a freshman. When will the school stop selling the students short and start caring about the ones that keep it going? For we do pay the tuition to keep everyone in a job. This is just my opinion, and after almost four years it's a precise one. Marian spent all the money building lovely fountains and amphitheatres but couldn't invest in expanding academic programs and building upon the resources of the library—which lacks in a lot might I add. I express my great appreciation for what the *Carbon* puts forth every week.

—Leslie Klahn

Black History Commentary

by Tosh Patterson

One month per year for 28 days (the shortest month of the year) we learn about both past and present role models of color. Upon further consideration I began to question why the accomplishments of a race are confined to one month. Are black people only notable for a span of 28 days? I think not.

Yet lo and hold here February is again noted once more for not only Valentine's Day, but Black History Month as well (probably Hallmark's most industrious time of the year). But in all seriousness, why is my viewpoint as a woman — a woman of color — more precious in February than December?

In my mind the greater question at hand remains why is the concept of Black History month not extended throughout the year?

To bring this conversation closer to home, take for example our own community. Unfortunately, Marian is seriously lacking influential minority role models. Over the last three years of my college career, I have yet to see a professor of Asian, Hispanic, or African-American heritage.

However, at the other end of the spectrum consider the number of black people who are janitorial staff members or Aramark servers. Do students decline cafe work study because they truly would prefer not to fight grease, or is it because of the negative stigma attached. With a lack of minority professors and a numerous amount of service workers, we at Marian College must ask ourselves if we are continuing to stereotype and pigeon hole our perceptions of minorities, black people in particular.

Although I appreciate the *Carbon*'s attempt to incorporate my "black experience" into the February edition, it remains that 365 days per year I have a "human experience." Those who know me realize that my beliefs and opinions have NEVER been confined...especially to the month of February.

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Norman Minnick and Viviane Seumel

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Leave the Marlboro Man Alone

by Norman Minnick

The Campaign for Tobacco-Free Kids is running their own advertising campaign to combat Philip Morris, criticizing them for continuing to gear their advertising towards kids despite its "Youth Anti Smoking Program." The campaign's ad headline reads: "If Philip Morris Really Didn't Want Kids to Smoke...It Would Dump the Marlboro Man."

The ad includes a photo of a rugged Marlboro Man in his patent Stetson and dangling cigarette protruding from his weathered face. In another photo a teenage girl dexterously handles a cigarette between two fingers.

This latter image as well as the many teenagers and children I have the privilege to see smoking is enough to churn my bowels. But I don't think these kids smoke because they actually want to be like the Marlboro Man. Show me a kid who wants to smell of farm animals and spend all day on the plains and I will show you an editor who has no opinions.

Kids will be kids and they will make their own decisions no matter what society says. Kids are going to smoke whether or not Joe Camel, who was banned from selling cigarettes because he appealed to kids, is promoting their smokes or not. Besides, how much harm can an animated camel bring? If Joe Camel is causing kids to smoke then American Dietetic Association needs to address those talking M&M characters. They are so cute and irresistible which is influencing American kids to eat these high-calorie, high-fat candies which will turn them into unhealthy, obese adults.

And that fat Kool-Aid guy! What about him? Kids drink gallons of the sugar-loaded drink just so they can bust through walls on command like he does on the TV commercials.

Furthermore, if advertisers are to blame, McDonalds and Burger King should stop tantalizing us with such yummy looking food, which is bound to block off our arteries.

It is time to stop trying to blame every one else for our problems. The problem is that kids will be kids and no matter what we try, we can't change the nature of their behavior.

We should not rush to blame the companies of these products or their advertising agencies. It is like the woman who sued McDonalds for their coffee being too hot when she dumped it in her lap. How can you blame someone else for your stupidity? This society is all too often trying to blame the next guy and not own up to any of their own problems. If we were to return to the good old days when people actually raised their kids and paid attention to them once in a while, we would not have to squabble over such useless things like The Campaign for Tobacco-Free Kids' advertisement.

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Mistaken Identity



by Wendy Nine

When I was just a baby and would cry mom would lay me down by my sister Mandy. Her presence always seemed to comfort me. We couldn't communicate with anyone yet but could with each other. We had invented our own sister language. When I was five or six, Mandy and I would be put in opposite parts of the house to take a nap. If we were together we would talk and not sleep. But we would always peek around the corner at the exact same time after awakening.

You see, Mandy and I are identical twins. We used to be as identical as two girls could be. Blonde hair. Greenish blue eyes. Fair skin. And dimples, one on my cheek, another one on her opposite cheek.

I can't imagine the time my mom went through raising me and Mandy. Mom didn't even know that Mandy existed until a week before our birth. Ultra sounds didn't exist 21 years ago. I still give Mandy a hard time and say that she was the unwanted child. The mistake. It was evident that I was the stronger one from birth. We were born a month early and I weighed a pound heavier and was an inch longer. It may not seem that much of a difference but to see pictures of the two of us is amazing.

As we got older, personalities took shape and our appearance began to differ. I liked my hair long. She liked hers short. I was outgoing. She was shy. I was a motor mouth. She was reserved. Most people think we are exactly the same, but actually we are as different as night and day.

It's hard to be a twin. In a

time of growing up you want to be your own person and establish your own identity, but having someone look just like you makes life all the more difficult. When we were young we would get stiffed at birthdays, one gift between the two of us. I'll get a pair of jeans. She gets a sweater. It still irritates us. We are different and want that to be noticed. Inside though we are proud to be like the other (Just don't tell anyone).

When we were little, our name was the twins, not Wendy and Mandy. In high school we had a friend that referred to us as the "twinies." We told her time and time again our names but to her we remained the twinies. Teachers referred to as the 18's and 81's. Because of our last name- "Nine." Understand. $9 \times 9 = 81$ and $9 + 9 = 18$.

Mandy is my truest friend and confidant. We fight and instantly forgive. She has always been there for me. Whether it's four in the morning or across the country, I am never alone.

People ask us if we have esp. No, I can't read her mind. I also can't feel her physical pain. I do know when she is upset and why. We worry about each other.

In eighth grade I almost died while Mandy was in Illinois. She was adamant that something was wrong with me. She said that an angel reassured her that I would be protected. The next day everyone was stunned when mom called and said I was in the hospital.

If you want to be a twin you will have to share your clothes, makeup and bedroom. The car will never be just yours. But as long as your identical, you will never need a mirror.



Fake and Bake

by Angela Hatem

Angela's Ashes

Three years of Indianapolis winters have taught me many valuable things. One—tank tops no matter what you wear over them are unacceptable. Two—tennis shoes are not effective footwear when walking over cold, wet, iced over surfaces. Finally—once the wind chill falls to ten below, Hoosiers risk life and limb to spend 15 quality minutes in the tanning bed.

Hoosiers and misplaced Floridians turn white as the snow on the ground, but that is no issue for me. I could be as golden as a newly basted turkey, or as pasty pale as powder. The fact that my veins are far more visible in January than August has never caused me to lose sleep.

Journalistic curiosity and \$1.50 a visit tan week lured me into the 14 bulb bed of wonder. I must confess that I did visit the fake and bake once my Freshman year. In that particular instance, I was a young sprout unaware of the protocol required for achieving a decent tan. I violated a cardinal rule by donning the protective eye wear. Such a mistake defeats the whole purpose of trying to look one's best, when 98 percent of your body bares a resemblance to a red light outside a brothel, and the remaining two percent is similar to the color of loose-leaf paper.

But lo, now I am two years wiser, two shades lighter than I was a week ago, and a wee bit more eager to give the fake and bake another chance. And the rumor that the tanning bed is a guaranteed stress deterrent isn't such an awful attribute either.

The thought of fifteen minutes of pure peace sounded too good to be true. And in my case they were.

For starters, there is some-

thing disconcerting about lying in a bed in which you feel there should be a satin pillow beneath your head, and your ten closest friends holding rosaries and throwing daises at you.

Meanwhile as I lie there partially disrobed striving for an even tan, I keep hearing the opening and closing of doors all around me. Which made me think a tanning booth employee was running in and out of occupied rooms with a Polaroid Instamatic. Currently in Brazil and Taiwan, I am featured in Larry Flynt's new porn coffee book collection entitled "Unsuspecting Co-ed Naked Tan-ners; They Are Hot For An A."

Ten minutes into my session, as I absorbed the ultraviolet rays, I could feel my skin turn to leather. I couldn't help imagining my skin slowly turning into material for boots. Eventually, I could easily be confused as a saddle and find my way under some jockey's rear end in the Kentucky Derby.

When my fifteen minutes were up, I was a little uptight about the whole ordeal and unsure about my place in a world of Coppertone babies. As I exited the building my tanning companion reminded me not to shower for approximately three hours because my skin was still baking. Cakes should bake. I was fearful if one droplet of water touched my slightly sauteed skin I would evaporate like the Wicked Witch of the West.

All together, the tanning experience is not for me. I can't risk some racy photograph of me in a tanning booth surfacing just around the time I am campaigning for Senator. Lest we forget the chance of melanoma, and all the other detrimental skin diseases. But then again if I keep tanning, at least I'll die pretty.

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Coming up: In celebration of Black History Month we will be focusing on several esteemed black Hoosiers such as poet Etheridge Knight and cyclist Major Taylor.

Little Shop continued from page 1

Junior Suzanne Walker who led the group said, "We weren't told of the auditions until a day before they happened and we think as paying students here we should have the right to be casted before anyone from outside the Marian community."

The group also questioned whether a policy on this issue existed and ascertained that if there was no policy, one should be established to avoid similar problems in the future.

President Felicetti sent an answer to the group stating that a new policy had been drafted by him and Sara Reid, Chair of the Performing Arts Department. The policy establishes that the first two nights of audition will

be for Marian students only. If all the roles in a performance cannot be appropriately filled by Marian students, auditions will be opened to the outside community. If people of equal ability audition for the same part, Marian students will be considered first for the role.

In addition, Phil Kern and Ron Spencer, the director of *Little Shop of Horrors*, invited all 21 students who signed the original letter to a meeting to respond to the concerns they expressed.

Suzanne Walker said, "I think the policy is something that we have needed. It gives us a sense of accomplishment to know that because of our efforts a change for the better has occurred at Marian."

Homecoming continued from page 1

Metzger walked into a money chamber for thirty seconds empty handed and walked out \$157.00 richer, and the always humorous "You laugh, you lose!" game show.

Friday evening the annual Mock Rock, sponsored by Clare Hall Board, was held in the Marian Auditorium. First place and \$75.00 went to Joe Keough, Jimmy Cassaro, Matt Axtell, and Bobby Huber. Second place and \$50.00 went to the resident hall R.D.'s, Joelle Andrew, Darin Geherke, and Keri Alioto. Third place and \$25.00 went to Kara Foster, Angela Hatem, Emily Medved, Kris McMillan, Tosh Patterson, Kandi Roembke.

On January 30, the Homecoming Court was named during halftime of the men's basketball game. Freshman King and Queen were Andy Hatem and Lauren Lehner.

Sophomore King and Queen were Mike O'mara and Christy Parks. The junior class royalty were Marc Kircher and Debbie Skurow. And the King and Queen of the senior class were Wes Ripperger and Kandi Roembke.

Despite the game loss, the entire week proved to be a great opportunity for students to kick back and show their pride as a Marian Knight.

Women's Basketball Update

by Brett Cope

MARIAN 79 GRACE 58

Marian College broke a 15 game losing streak by defeating the visiting Grace Lancers 79-58. Marian's lead at one point extended to as many as 25 points. The team shot 51% from the field and out rebounded Grace 43-34.

Both teams struggled early, and the game remained scoreless for the first two and a half minutes when Alisa Nordholt gave Marian the lead on a free throw. The Lady Knights extended the lead 10-3 before Grace came storming back to lead 12-10. They extended the lead to 23-16 with 5 minutes remaining in the half, but Marian went on a 14-2 run to take a 30-25 lead with two minutes and thirty seconds remaining.

The win is the first for Marian since November 28th when they beat Bethel (TN) 82-65. Marian is now 2-16 on the year and Grace drops to 12-13.



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