

CARBON

VOLUME 3 ISSUE 22

A MARIAN COLLEGE STUDENT PUBLICATION

APRIL 19, 1999

Graduate School Bound?

by Derek Witte

According to Dave Roberts, Director of Career Services, 10-15% of Marian graduates pursue post-graduate degrees. In comparison, the Butler Institutional Research Department reports that 25% of Butler's '99 graduates will enter graduate school within the next three years. Furthermore, according to the Institutional Research Dept., 23% of liberal arts graduates, nationwide, continue their education.

Graduate continued on page 4

Cycling Team Wins at Home

by Angela Hatem

On April 10th Marian hosted the Midwest Collegiate Cycling Conference. Seventeen teams from all over the midwest came to Indianapolis wanting to



Srdjan Lustica

compete and to win. In the end only one team can be victorious and this year it was Marian. The total team scores added up to Marian with 825 points, 119 points ahead of the second place team Indiana University.

In the Men's A Team race Srdjan Lustica peddled his way into first place. "This is the first men's A race I've won since I've been here," Lustica said. The remaining members of the team finished with Brad Ryno in 4th

Cycling continued on page 4

All Good Things Must Come to An End

by Jerrod Watson

Over the past thirty-eight years America has witnessed a lot: there was Elvis and the Beatles, John Glenn went into space, twice, President Kennedy was shot. Even the Berlin wall has come down. Through all this, one thing has remained constant: Jim Goebel has been at Marian teaching literature and loving every minute of it.

Jim Goebel was born and raised in Louisville, Kentucky into a middle-class family. He has been married for thirty-one years to "his Beverly," a marriage in which he takes a great deal of pride. He is also the proud father of four children, one boy and three girls all in their twenties. He has one granddaughter.

Goebel attended Bellarmine College in Louisville and graduated in 1958. He went on to the University of Detroit where he received his Masters Degree in 1960. He also has taken many further graduate courses at Notre Dame and Purdue. In 1962 Jim Goebel began teaching at Marian. The 1998-1999 school year will be Goebel's last.

In today's world, people frequently do not have the opportunity to meet a man with the integrity of Jim Goebel. Always smiling, Goebel makes people feel at home. He is always willing to help in any way he can. Whether it is lending out books from the hundreds that surround his office or simply being a friend, Jim Goebel is there to support Marian students.

When people speak with Jim Goebel, they experience a world of information, but he wasn't always a man for the books. When Goebel was growing up it was "sports, sports, sports." Not until he got to college did he begin to plot his destiny. "In college I looked at myself and thought I would be a good teacher. I started to realize the power, and beauty of literature," Goebel said. Literature is now one of Jim Goebel's greatest loves.

Goebel has an obsession with literature. One Marian student tells a story of when he was talking to Goebel about David Copperfield, the magician. They talked for some time until he finally realized that Goebel was

speaking of David Copperfield, the novel. "That certainly shows my obsession," laughed Goebel.

Teaching literature is not the only thing Jim Goebel likes about Marian. Goebel identifies with the students because most of them have the same middle-class background as he does.

He likes it when he is out at a restaurant and students from twenty years ago comes up to tell him they enjoyed his class. "I don't always remember the name, but I remember the face," Goebel says.

Marian's size has allowed Goebel to teach many subjects including English literature, film, humanities, and the Rise of the Novel, just to name a few. It is demanding, but he enjoys exposing students to so many different forms of literature. "You have to be a generalist to teach here so you can teach all kinds of courses," Goebel said.

Goebel enjoys the fellowship with his colleagues, and is interested in many subjects outside of literature and enjoys learning from fellow professors. "There are too many to mention, but I have made many friends here."

In thirty-eight years of teaching at Marian, Goebel has seen a lot of change around here. "The campus is more beautiful than ever, but the students are the same, nice clean-cut kids," he said.

Goebel also mentioned that he is proud to be a "self-taught expert on film." He enjoys looking at film as an art form. He taught a class devoted to the study of film in the past and said that the students enjoyed it.

Along with literature, Goebel



Mr. Goebel will be missed at Marian

is extremely interested in history. Film gives him a chance to embrace history along with his other interests. "All English teachers think they are film experts," Goebel said as he laughed.

After thirty-eight years at Marian, Jim Goebel will officially retire following the spring semester. He plans on enjoying a life that is not so structured for a while. He wants to travel, read, and watch some films. He also is looking forward to teaching his granddaughter to read and exposing

Goebel continued on page 4

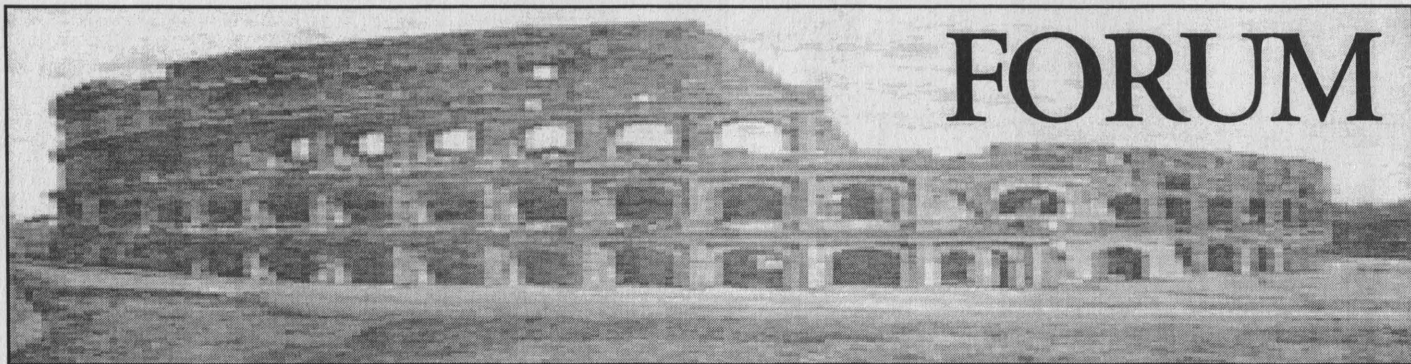
Corrections:

Due to overwhelming frustration with noncompliant computers, we misnamed the Ampitheater in the last issue of the *Carbon*.

The correct name is the **Allen Whitehill Clowes Ampitheater**.

In the story on the Presidential Search, Della Pacheco's name was misspelled.

Finally, though she may feel that her fiancé is often "deplorable," the correct word should be "deplorable."



FORUM

Letter to the Editor: Cycling Event Causes Inconveniences

On April 10, there was an event on campus which seemed like a hostile takeover. Police were posted at strategic locations on Cold Springs Road and at 30th Street with roadblocks on campus. Was there a riot at Doyle Hall? Had the notorious dorm finally blown up? No, it was just a cycling event. Actually, it was an inconvenience. This so-called event not only forced Doyle residents to park on the other side of campus, but disrupted the flow of traffic on two streets. It also wasted valuable police manpower to play crossing guard for most of the day. Meanwhile the forces of evil ran rampant across the city.

In the past couple of years, this Marian sponsored event took place in Speedway. Why did they decide to have it here this year? A feeble attempt at good public relations, I guess. Not only Doyle residents were annoyed, but also innocent citizens attempting to brave the flow of traffic. Meanwhile, there were events going on at both mansions and the poor souls that were taking the Becker CPA had to make a cross-campus pilgrimage to the library on a Saturday morning. Warning of the event was given at almost a moment's notice. Residents were sent a charming voice mail message that Thursday, warning them of the impending siege. That Friday, obnoxious pink notices were posted at all entrances around Doyle. At a glance, I thought we were all getting evicted. Those in charge even had the audacity to ask for the support of students as volunteers.

When was this hasty decision made to have this event placed, Wednesday night? Aside from Speedway the Velodrome could have been used. Since we had the event here, I assumed the Velodrome must have been in use. Sadly enough, the Velodrome was empty the entire day. Last time I checked it was a track and was suitable for racing. Maybe I'm wrong and the person in charge really knows how to organize an event. Then again, these are the same people who arrange lunch in the gymnasium to gain a crowd for ceremonies. Talk about a captive audience.

-- Leonard Pigg III
Student

The *Carbon* is a publication
of the students of Marian College
with assistance from
JOU 205 Newswriting.

Editors & Layout
Norman Minnick and Viviane Seumel

Views and opinions expressed are those of the individual writer and do not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of the *Carbon* staff or of the general Marian College community.

Letters to the Editor

can be sent to carbon@marian.edu

or be put in the **Carbon mail box** in the faculty mailroom.

A Visit Behind Bars

by Emily H. Roberts

When my close friend Christopher was incarcerated in the Putnamville Correctional Facility for three years, I desperately wanted to visit him. At first my mother despised the idea of her youngest daughter being exposed to the harsh realities of a prison. She later realized that it would be a learning experience, one that would hopefully deter me away from crime and prisons for good.

It took three months for me to be approved for visitation. Since I was a minor and a parent or guardian must accompany minors, my mother had to sign away her legal guardianship to Christopher's sister. I had no idea what to expect. I have researched and visited Alcatraz Federal Prison, but nothing prepared me to be inside a working prison.

The Visit

I wait in line for the guard to check my identification and search my car. Once they have established who I am and who I came to see, they give me a scan over with a hand-held metal detector to make sure I am not wearing any jewelry or concealing a weapon. The only jewelry allowed to be worn inside the prison is a wedding ring. After I have been processed, I walk the two blocks into the outer section of the prison that faces the dorms where I hear the inmates making any disgusting noise or gesture to get the attention of a female.

Inside I am given a locker to place my personal possessions. Only tissue and five dollars in change are allowed inside the visitation room. I am searched again by a female guard, then sent through a series of metal detectors before I can register to visit. When approved and assigned a seat, all I can do is wait patiently.

The long wait in the visitation room is the most terrifying part of the visit. I am left alone in a room surrounded by convicts and their families. I hate watching the children saying

goodbye to fathers they hardly know or the pregnant teen brides kissing their husband when their visitation time is up.

The visitation room is a large conference room with plastic tables and chairs with a specially assigned seat with "OFFENDER" written on it. There are two large desks at either side of the room where officers sit and observe all visits. Cameras are also placed throughout the room to monitor visits. The walls are lined with vending machines and microwaves where the visitor can purchase food. There is a small blue wall in the corner where the offender can have pictures taken with family and friends for a fee.

When my friend is finally allowed to enter the room, he must take his paper work to the guard, get searched again, and be freed from the handcuffs. We are only allowed a brief kiss and embrace when he sits down and from then on only handholding is permitted. Visitors are not allowed to place their hands in their pockets and the offenders must keep their hands on top of the table at all times. So we sit and talk about his family or my schoolwork, whatever happy subject we pick to discuss. Visits are only one hour on weekends so we try to make the best of our time together. Visits are not the time to discuss unpleasant subjects; they are simply a time to see the person you love. Serious or disturbing topics are dealt with in letters, which I receive about once a week.

Just when I start to feel comfortable, the guard starts calling names. "Roberts, Time's Up." So we have time for one more brief kiss and embrace. Then I am sent out of the room and searched again. Walking back the two-block road, I always cry.

People always ask my mother why she allows me to visit the horrible place. She simply smiles and says it is the best education I can receive about the 'real world' and she is right. I have learned more about society by visiting a prison than I have in my thirteen years of formal education. I never thought education could be this harsh.

Spring Formal '99

by Wendy Nine

At 5:30, I was losing my mind. I had prepared a dinner and I wasn't even sure if there would be anyone to eat it. Three of the people I had expected to attend dinner had to cancel. I was still unsure about the three others, and whether they would make it in time for dinner of homemade chicken and dumplings and mashed potatoes and bread. I still had not perfected my hair and makeup, and my dress hung on the post of my bed. This was supposed to be the spring formal, not the spring disaster.

Soon six people arrived, ate dinner in ten minutes and off we went for an adventure at the Arts Garden in Circle Center Mall. After asking a mall security guard, we were pointed into the direction of the purple neon lights where the Marian Spring Formal was held.

We gave the chaperon our ticket and were asked if we would be drinking. We, of course, showed our identification, and then received a beautiful orange wristband; it went perfectly with my black dress. I felt like it was Halloween.

The crowd had already formed a line extending across the room to the bar. People were having a marvelous time drinking and dancing. Isn't that illegal? Oh, wait, that's drinking and driving. Of course, you still had to be careful that the person next to you on the dance floor didn't have a drink so you wouldn't be spilled on.

The dance floor vibrated with energy, literally. Soon I realized that I didn't have to dance anymore; the floor moved for me with the power of everyone else dancing. That was probably the highlight for everyone. But, are floors supposed to do that?

Around 200 people showed up for the event. In the midst of papers and tests, everyone seemed to have a marvelous time. Some, however, may have a harder time than others remembering the event due to their intake of alcohol.

I have really only one complaint about this dance, the music. I think I danced maybe five times. There was no variety of music to acknowledge the different interests of Marian students. Toward the end of the dance, the D.J. started playing music we had heard before. I think he was too interested in dancing with some of the women.

Dr. Appleby did a marvelous job taking pictures, and at the end of the dance, everyone was given picture frames to remember their evening as a Knight in the City.

After an exciting night of music, lights, and friends, it was time for us to find our way back to the car and head home. We walked around for fifteen minutes trying to find it and then realized that we were on the wrong floor. Finally finding the car, I took off my shoes, and relaxed for the drive home, with the music still echoing in my ears.

Review: Sacred Concert

by Denise Stockdale

On Tuesdays and Thursdays from 11:30 to 1:30, while most students are filling their bellies with the fine cuisine Clare's Cafe has served up that day, a group of approximately 30 students sit in a rehearsal room on a secluded side of campus and strive to create beautiful music.

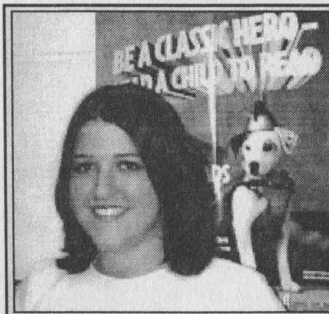
The goal this spring was to prepare for the Sacred Concert, a presentation of spiritual music. Throughout the three months of preparation, the two choral ensembles, Chorale and Chamber Singers, befriended the works of Bach, Mozart, Schubert, and Marian's own Timothy C. McGinley.

Chorale conquered the Latin language to perform Schubert's Mass in G. The group, led by Philip Kern, is a combined effort between Marian and IUPUI students. Timothy C. McGinley led the smaller group of Chamber Singers through seven challeng-

ing pieces. In spite of end-of-semester stress, the Spring Formal, sporting events, and job commitments, the students created an afternoon of inspiring music.

On April 10, an estimated 60 people gathered in the Marian Chapel to hear hymns of praise. A string quartet added to the splendor of the moment and also created a "spritely" feel to the music. The program lasted about an hour and featured Angela Hatem, Elizabeth Voors, Shauna Lawson, Benjamin D. Tebbe, Lorelei Ann Connor, Marc William Kircher, Carrie Gruell, and James Giessler as soloists.

The next music recital will be held on April 25 at 6:30 pm in Stokley Mansion by the voice students of Jane Goodman. The Chorale and Chamber Singers will perform at the dedication of the amphitheatre on April 27 at 11:30 am.



Small Things Count

by Angela Hatem

Angela's Ashes

If I were going to be a theater major, I would be a Denise Stockdale, dancing and acting my way through life.

As Denise, I am stirred in the morning by the clang of an alarm clock that could also be used to alert firepeople of a raging blaze on the south side of town. I lovingly place my one legged, blind, dog-mutilated Urkel doll upon my pillow and slip out of bed.

I fumble about my room in the haze of a contact lens less state. I dress in toad-colored hospital pants, a cream colored Marian t-shirt, and muddy, white Nike tennis shoes. I wear my hair in a tight lumpy pony tail, and leave my room for the day with the bedroom door wide open.

I go to theater class. I act, sing, I read scenes. *Where's my motivation? Where's my focal point? I could have been a contender. Does my Lady Godiva have a stuttering problem.* When primly dressed lines trudge out of my mouth sounding like drunken sailors, I get frustrated.

I design costumes. I sew. I build sets. I have a hammer and screws, and plastic goggles that get foggy from time to time. It's my job that every piece of wood on the stage is covered with black crepe paper, that brushes the floor, and is stapled to the floor securely. If the paper hangs on the floor, I start over again. God, forbid that the director be displeased by the frilly hanging of crepe paper.

It's three a.m. A door is hinged backwards, light cues for a phone ring and a cow mooing are mixed up, and no one has found a dentist chair for the first act.

I write the programs. Everyone's biography is pretty much the same. "Thank you

mom and dad for your support. Thank you granny for locking me in the closet when I was six so that I could have a reference point for when I need to feel abandoned. I have been in this show seven times it's still not funny."

Light cues have to be set so that no actor is more lit or under lit than the person standing next to them. Small things count. The lights have to be positioned so that the table down stage can still be seen when the rest of the stage is blacked out. So I climb a shaky ladder to place the lights, hoping that I read the yellow stick warning label correctly.

I have to wear makeup thick enough that someone could carve their name in my skin, so that the vision-impaired person in the back can see my face when my character discovers that her mother, whom she despises, is coming to pay a visit. I haven't cut my hair in seven months and it'll be two more till I do. The show is set in the seventies so it has to be long enough to touch the point where a bra clasp would be, and short enough that it won't get flushed in a toilet.

I have beauty marks under both eyes from the sleep I have been getting. I have a rosiness to my knees and a lavender to my thighs from the floor on which I have been kneeling and the boards I've been sanding. I have muscled up my voice with a raspy, Kathleen Turner quality, by giving three page monologues six times a night.

I have a Sociology paper due tomorrow; I'll get to that later. I think that I have to work at the grocery store tomorrow; I could show up. But the prop table is missing a water can and hair dryer; I need those by 4 o'clock. Small things count.

Got something to say?
carbon@marian.edu

Goebel continued from page 1

ing her to literature. "It will be nice to stand back for a while and not be so structured. It will give me a chance to do some things that I don't have time for right now," Goebel said, "All good things must come to an end."

Goebel mentioned many things he will miss about teaching at Marian, but it will be the students he misses the most. It will be hard for him not to be explaining something to someone. "I just love to answer questions."

For thirty-eight years Goebel has lived by the same motto: "Faith, family, and Marian." In this day and age it is hard to find a person who has stayed devoted to one job for so long. Goebel calls the Marian community his "extended family."

We are all certainly blessed to have kin like this. Thank you Jim Goebel for all you have done.

Cycling continued from page 1

place, Ryan Barrett came in 6th, Derek Witte finished 11th, and Danny Heaven in 18th.

The Marian cyclists on the B team completed the race in the top 4. Brian DeRouen with a last bit of extra strength took 1st. Joe McDonald and Matt Waczak weren't far behind in 3rd and 4th place.

In the women's race Elizabeth Morse took the checkered flag, Janine VerStraeten came in 5th, Chrissy Leonard finished 7th, and Kelly Wilson came in 10th.

This competition places Marian in a close second behind Indiana University in the overall standings.

Marian's cyclists have two races remaining in their season. Next they head for Road Nationals. While Marian is the reigning champion in the track division, the team has yet to conquer road racing. Hopefully this year, they'll bring home the trophy.

"We have a fair chance of winning. It depends on how we do prior to Nationals," Lustica said.

Graduate continued from page 1

History professor and Dean of Academic Affairs, Edward Balog suspected this, when he informally opined that, "Marian sends less than the national average of students on to graduate school." When asked if this was significant, Balog could only say that the students who do go on to graduate school are well prepared. He also conjectured that fewer students go on after graduating because our two strongest degrees, Nursing and Business, are considered terminal degrees.

Karen Campbell, chair of the Nursing Department, certainly agrees. Yearly, almost 100% of Marian's nursing graduates go directly into the work force, and although a PhD or Master's in Nursing is available, it can only be obtained after several years of work experience. With 50 graduating seniors this year, the number of nurses at Marian could account for the lower percentage of students planning to attend graduate school. The same cannot be said for the Business Department, however. Business students have ample opportunity to enter graduate programs, and the department would, no doubt, consider itself a success if a percentage of its students went into an MBA program.

Chair of the English Depart-

ment, Diane Prenatt, has observed the lack of interest in post-graduate work, first hand. "Usually, no one goes on in English," Prenatt stated. In fact, she has noticed that most students who declare an English major do not even understand what a PhD in Literature is. "They think that you become a college professor by teaching high school and then moving up." Prenatt's observations fit the statistics, and she agrees that this lack of interest in post-baccalaureate work is not part of a national trend.

It is noteworthy that we send fewer students to graduate school than our neighbor across the White River, and, more importantly, the national average.

The English Department, for one, has admitted that they are underachieving in this area, and have responded by creating a congenial, open department that educates their students about the realities of their field and offers an increasingly rigorous degree. Due to these measures, Prenatt has seen, "an increased interest in graduate studies."

Perhaps each department should investigate these statistics on their own, and if they interpret them to be meaningful—follow the English Department's lead and raise the bar.

Student Recital

for the voice students



of Jane Goodman

April 25th

6:00pm

Stokely Mansion

Web Developer Needed

The Sisters of St. Francis-Oldenburg are looking for a student who can design and produce a website for the Sisters of St. Francis.

For information or questions, please contact Sr. Mary Laurel Hautman at (812) 487-2062 or (812) 933-6401.

Senior Art Show: A Review

by Norman Minnick, Jr.

The closing for the second senior art exhibit of the spring semester was Friday, April 16th in the newly remodeled Fisher Hall Art Gallery. On display was works by seniors Gina Kolks and Michelle Butler.

The exhibit held was a variety of mediums ranging from photography and oil paintings to computer generated prints. There were, however, only a small sampling of each, not allowing much of an in-depth look into each style. The few that were on show, however, well exemplified their respective medium.

Gallery One held the work of Gina Kolks, including three paintings that are richly colored and inhibit a cubist-style. As a matter of fact, the one most notable was titled "A Cubist's Shoe."

There were two prints, two ceramic pots, two computer generated prints, and five black and white photographs also on display.

The highlight of Kolks' exhibit was the contrast between the humorous print "Newspaper—A Penny" and the ceramic pot "The Hive" against several black and white photographs of isolated and lonely subject matter.

Michelle Butler's exhibit was

in the second Gallery Room with one piece of sculpture "Sleeping Baby" which was the strongest piece of the show. The plaster child sat on a podium alone near the south wall of the gallery and seemed content to be apart from the two-dimensional works. The sculpture is at the same time eerie and peaceful, which was a nice addition to the rest of the work.

The north wall, the most visible, displayed two computer generated prints, "Tiger I" and "Tiger II." The former was a line drawing while the latter was filled in with vibrant colors that did not appear to be done on a computer.

Also on display in this gallery were photographs and a notable self-portrait.

The new gallery in Fisher Hall was well lit and offered a nice area to display student art.

The work on display is, however, the culmination of the students work during their careers at Marian, and none of the art on exhibit in this show was framed or hung with precision and care. The works were matted and hung on the wall without much consideration to spacing. The work was well done, and definitely deserved to be behind glass.