

## Responsible Stewardship in the Trash

by Viviane Seumel

For the past few years recycling has been an important part of fulfilling Marian's mission. But today recycling is not what it used to be. Actually, it is not at all. Custodial supervisor Jeff Castner said, "At the moment we do not recycle at Marian. We stopped recycling last May due to its cost."

Browning-Ferris-Industries is the company that takes care of Marian's trash, and until a few months ago also worked with Marian's recycling program. But BFI now does not separate its trash anymore and therefore stopped recycling almost entirely. Cardboard is the only item still recycled by BFI, and it costs Marian \$2000 to have them do it.

"Basically our trash is still being recycled if you want to call it that," Castner said. "Eighty percent of Marian's trash is now sent through an incinerator and doesn't go to landfills. The steam from the incinerator is used by downtown companies such as the Lily Technology Cen-

ter and National Starch."

The main problem with recycling seems to be the cost. Where other states pay for recycling efforts, in Indiana you have to pay to be able to recycle. "We looked into a local company called Rays to recycle cans, white paper, and plastic. It all would have to be separated before they take it, and the service would cost Marian \$3000," Castner said.

It has been almost six months since Marian has stopped recycling, yet the majority of the community still thinks it is recycling when putting paper, cans, and plastic into the blue Project Earth recycling bins. "I thought I was recycling, but now I find out I'm not," sophomore Megan Anton said. "It ticks me off to hear that because I have been tak-

ing to the time to separate my garbage."

"We had continued letting people put things into recycling bins because we thought we'd quickly get another company to recycle," Sister Norma Rocklage of Mission Effectiveness said. "We didn't want people to stop recycling, so we wouldn't have to start the program all over when we got a new company."

"We probably will put cardboard only signs on the recycling bins that are still on campus or take them out," Castner said.

Aside from a larger maintenance budget for recycling, much help from members of the college community will be needed to

make recycling at Marian work again. "We might put recycling bins in the residence hall lobbies, but we would need student volunteers to empty them and take the contents to the big recycling bin on Lafayette Road," Castner said.

"To set up a new recycling program we will need student input and effort. Students committed to recycling could talk with the mayor and the governor to see what Indiana can do to encourage recycling at colleges. I'm not saying Marian should get paid for recycling, but at least we shouldn't have to pay to have a program like this," Sister Norma said.

Junior Rosie Uebel said, "We should have recycling bins because we want to and have been trying to recycle. In St. Francis we haven't had bins for a while, so some girls have been saving cans to take them home to recycle there. But I know we won't have recycling unless they find a new company."

## A Campus of Gazers

### Commentary

Last month, Ralph Nader warned "growing up corporate" and becoming a society of "gazers" who are force-fed corporate interests rather than worth-while educational tools. One week later, we get information that College Television Network (CTN), owned by corporate giant CNN, is pitching their "services" to Marian College. And we are buying it.

CTN is a single-channel television station running 24 hours a day, seven days a week. It runs a continuous loop: 40 minutes of music videos, 9 minutes of news and sports, and 8 minutes of commercials. The college pays nothing to CTN, nor does CTN to the college. Rather, CTN provides the equipment necessary to air its broadcast.

According to the CTN website, "the company's revenues come from advertising on the network from fast-food restaurants, credit card companies, movie studios, and music companies," and is "designed to serve as background entertainment."

The service would not take

over MC-18, Marian's existing student-run station; rather it would compete with it from separate monitors. Imagine sitting in Ruth Lilly Center trying to hold a conversation and having to compete with Nirvana or Janet Jackson screaming in your ear.

Della Pacheco, director of communications, said that this would be an "added service to the students."

How is this a service and who benefits from it?

The concept of inviting a corporate entity in and allowing them to establish themselves on campus seems, by most students and professors, contrary to a liberal arts education. Diane Prenatt, head of the English/Communication department said, "I don't think anyone's trying to do anything dastardly, but I don't think a lot of attention is being paid to enacting liberal arts values. We say we're attempting to engage students in a conversation that interrogates mainstream values, and yet we're calling this kind of aesthetically and politically offensive white noise a

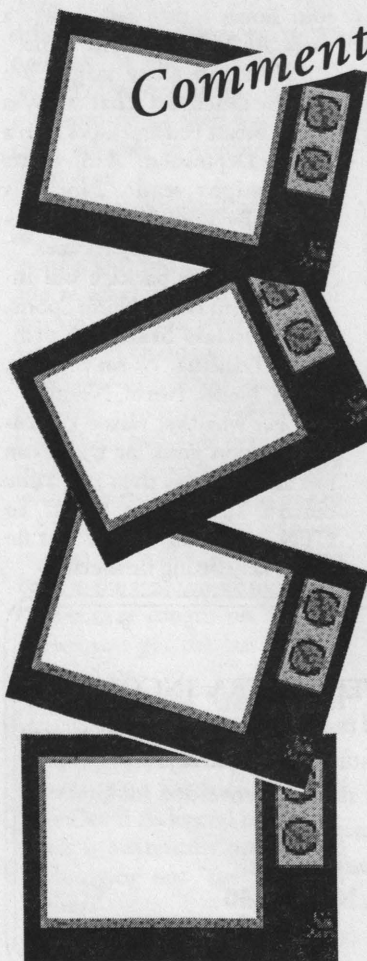
service?" She went on to say, "Who's being served? What values are being served?"

Butler University airs CTN. We watched an hour of it for a sample of program content. The top news story was National Collegiate Alcohol Awareness Week. The top sports story was coverage of a University of Kentucky basketball practice. After a few more minutes of commercials music videos started. We saw videos by Sherrie Austin, David Garza, Wild Orchid, Sarah McClaulan, and three Spice Girl Videos.

Where do we draw the line?

The decision to cater to CTN is hard to swallow after hearing Nader's words. But, another issue that is difficult to understand is how a decision that affects everyone can be made without including everyone in the decision-making process.

Sophomore Rachel Wuertz said, "I personally find it offensive that these trivial issues are assumed to be the types of things that college students are interested in."







## Profs cut in line

by Viviane Seumel

Going to lunch means I have to get in a long line that slowly moves into the ever-increasing realm of food smells and cooking heat. My stomach has been growling in class for the past half hour, and while I don't expect anything fancy for lunch, I do want to get my food quickly. When I finally make it to the cashier ready to flash my number and get on to the silverware, a professor or administrator jumps into the line in front of me using the powerful entrance of the faculty dining room.

As long as some apologetic words accompany the intrusion, I take it with a smile, a little forced I admit, but a smile. But when the professor or administrator just jumps in front of me as if it was a birth right or hierarchical privilege, I become disturbed.

I guess the assumption is that the persons employed at Marian rather than enrolled have more importance because their schedules are so filled and they are always under pressure for time. Well, let me correct this view: students are busy too and sometimes want to be in and out of the cafeteria in a matter of minutes to be in time for work or the next class.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays I have about 40 minutes to get from the library to the cafeteria, make it through the usually long line of students whose classes just like mine let out at 11:15 am, get something to eat, go to my room to switch books and folders, and make it back to work at the library. It's frustrating enough that most of the 40 minutes I have to

get everything done are spent waiting in line. And it's even more frustrating when faculty and administration members increase the time I'm in line by cutting in ahead of me.

And another cafeteria issue: the faculty dining room. Professors and administrators have their own separate cafeteria area that seems much lighter and less hot than the one students use.

I understand that teachers are around students all day and might want a change at least for lunch, but I think they can get that even when eating in the student dining room. I mean teachers do not have to sit with students, they can still sit with each other at separate tables, but at least they would not be so removed from the heartbeat of Marian, its students. I think it would help teachers and administrators to hear some of the students thoughts in an informal cafeteria atmosphere.

After all, eating together is a means of breaking down walls, of increasing communication, and of building community. Why else do so many American families get together each year for their Thanksgiving dinner and why else would people go to Fourth of July community picnics.

Therefore, I urge all professors and administrators to follow the great example of some members of the Philosophy/Theology Department and reach out to the students in Clare's Cafe. And students, don't be afraid to mingle with the teachers that do choose to eat with us. I'm sure they won't fail you for lunching with them.

## Letters to the Editor

### Pillows and Cupholders

First, let me say that I thought that Angela Hatem's column *Pillows and Cupholders* was very well written and made many valid and humorous points. Although she was very sincere in speaking about the difficulties of being big-chested, I felt almost insulted by how she concluded the article: "It's a rough life to live with a large chest. So go out there and hug a large-breasted woman. Show her you care. Don't make her life any more weighted down. She carries enough of a load as it is." This statement seems to be defeating the purpose of the column. She wants people in general to show some compassion towards large-breasted women, but this makes it seem as if the size of a woman's breasts should determine how much compassion she receives. I realize that this might not be the point Angela was trying to get across, but it encouraged judging a woman by her breast size; something society inflicts upon us daily. I feel that the social acceptability of a woman should not be predetermined by the aesthetic appeal of her large breasts or lack thereof, but rather the strength and will of her character and value as a human being.

by Gwendalyn Cook

### Hatem's Response

Thank you, Ms. Cook, for your comments concerning, "Pillows and Cupholders." The major theme of my column was to dismiss the stereotype that a large chest is something that everyone woman wants, and if she has one adores it. The last sentence was an attempt at hu-

mor and completely satirical. I would never wish to imply that simply because a woman has a large chest that she is entitled to any form of sentimental favoritism. My article was not meant to plead for world pity for women with large chests, but simply an observation of my everyday life.

### Channel 2: The Norman Conquest

by Norman Minnick

Television monitors all over campus, Broadcasting twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week and no charge to the school. The school pays nothing. CTN comes in, provides and sets up all the necessary equipment to run its broadcast.

If this is the case that we lose nothing and are providing an additional "service" to the students, then it is the case that anyone should be able to come in and set up equipment to broadcast their "service."

In that case I propose my "service." I will provide all the equipment necessary (my uncle owns a second hand electronics shop) to televise my program: Channel 2. This channel

will offer a variety of news and quality entertainment twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. All Norm--All The Time.

The top story might be: "Norm Discovers That he Was Never Breast Fed and Goes Into a State of Depression." A top sports story might read: "Norm is Chased By Wild Dogs on Saturday Night and Barely Escapes."

The entire package will include: Norm News, Norm Sports, Commercials Staring Norm, Norm Dancing, Norm Singing, Norm, Norm, Norm, Norm.

For whatever reason the administration gives me that I can not air my show, then that same reason should be given to CTN...if it really is true that no one is benefitting financially.

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# Cyanide In The Pixie Stix & Other Seasonal Crock in the Cauldron

by Rachel Wuertz

Unfortunately, once one has entered the adult world\* (\*you are here), indulging in holiday pranks begins to bring to mind the possibilities of being arrested, shot at, fired, or publicly flogged. So, the best that we so-called adults can do to get in touch with the trends of the season is cruise the cemeteries, rent *The Exorcist* or attend some corny costume party dressed as a character from *The Wizard of Oz* (the only costumes that are still considered P.C.).

But if you were like every other red-blooded teenster around Halloween, you will most likely recall nights spent creeping around in camouflage spreading toilet paper and pumpkin entrails across your neighborhood. Or you may have opted to utilize the full moon and cover your least-liked teacher's car windows with soap streaks. Odds are you did both, and enjoyed every minute of it. You probably cashed in on every opportunity to toss corn and rotten eggs at unsuspecting cars. No doubt you practically lived to scare the crap out of your siblings with your old hockey mask.

Of course, more than anything, you will never forget that delirious fervor to threaten "trick-or-treat" at every single door within a five-mile radius, collecting more candy than was physically possible to consume in a fiscal year.

Halloween was the one time of year when you didn't mind still being a kid. You could masquerade as anything. Put a baseball cap on, and you were a Major Leaguer. Paint on some of Mom's blue eye-shadow, and you were a princess. Smear some dirt across your face, and you were a coal miner. Put a sheet over your head with only eyeholes, and as one of a hundred short ghosts wandering the sidewalks, you could go back to the same house five times before they caught on but not before you got the last of their Reese's Cups.

Who would have thought that such fun and reckless abandonment were the equivalent of worshipping Samhain, Lord of The Dead? As legend has it, October is historically predisposed to bringing out "the prankster within."

As a kid, you had heard the rumors. Some crazy old man was

out there putting cyanide in the Pixie Stix and razor blades in the apples. You had to check every piece of your goodies before even attempting to sneak a snack (nevermind those tell-tell Tootsie Roll wrappers in the bottom of your bag by the time you got home). Aside from your own peer prompted attempts at hell-raising, the tale of the crazy old man was probably as close as you ever got to really experiencing the evil, occult undercurrents that have been said to course through Halloween since its Celtic origins.

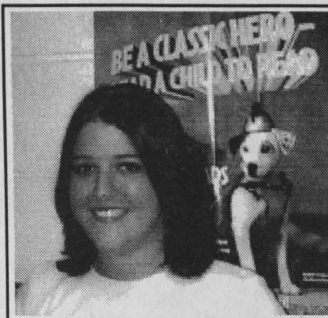
Little did you know that the act of "trick-or-treating" was an age old custom originally created to appease the wicked spirits of the dead, who were rumored to wander through the streets on the night of October 31. Superstitious villagers would leave food for these in-laws from the Great Beyond on their doorsteps, but the homeless, who also haunted the streets (and were much scarier), would come along and feast on the "treats" instead.

Bonfires, another important aspect of the season, were said to be those same fidgety villagers in attempt to scare the same evil spirits away (assumably BEFORE they tried to feed them). It was said that the villagers would put the fire on double duty and also use it to burn alive prisoners of war, town criminals, and animals, hence the word: Bone + Fire = Bonfire. Get it? Mischievousness abounded. It's teeming w/mish....

The Jack-O-Lantern probably symbolizes Halloween more so than any other image. We've all carved a pumpkin to display for the sake of tradition, only to find it smashed across the driveway the next day (of course, shortly thereafter we matured into the ones who did the smashing [see above]). Our Halloweenish obsession with pumpkins is associated with a story about a man, named Jack, outsmarting the devil. Jack eventually got his "just rewards," which in this case was roaming the earth after his death looking for a place to rest with only the light of a lump of coal inside a hollowed melon. The Devil still holds the title of Ultimate Prankster.

Rubber bats and spiders, window decals of full moons and black cats, and masks of witches and other ghoully monsters have

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## Angela's Ashes

As I trampled over the Michigan state line and stumbled into Canadian territory, I sensed Uncle Sam and Lady Liberty had turned their glances my way. I owed it to my country to enter a foreign land and set a standard of how wonderful, graceful, and suave Americans truly are.

While I wasn't arrested or involved in international espionage, it would be fair to refer to me as the bumbling tourist. In my defense, this trip to Stratford, Canada, with members of the theatre department, was my first experience out of the country, so I my tourist savvy had not been able to blossom fully.

Once I had arrived at Canada's currency exchange center, I realized that American quirky amusements didn't quite coincide with that of Canadians. As I held a fist full of Canadian currency, I instantly referred to the new cash as 'funny money' to the tiny native behind the register. She didn't seem to find her national currency quite as cute as I did.

Looking back at this incident I carry dollar bills with the picture of a president, who in today's standards, appears to be dressed in drag. Who was I to talk?

For four days I called the Traveler's Inn my home. While other hotels brag about being in walking distance to the Indy Speedway or some other large tourist attraction, I was told that Travelers is just a hop away from Joe's Variety Video Store, which is a provider of the most excellent porn in Canada.

We were never able to make it to Joe's, but settled on watch-

## Maple Leaf Rag

by Angela Hatem

ing *The Miser*, *A Man for all Seasons*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Man of la Mancha* at the Festival and Avon theatres. I was truly impressed. I had never seen such wonderful performances. In the end I believe we were all grateful that we skipped the large screen presentation of *Debbie Does Ontario*.

Stratford was a perfect atmosphere for camera-happy tourists with its streets lined with quaint shops, restaurants, and bars. One bar called Bentley's boasted a large sign that read, "Food, Wine, Beer, and Beds". Which in my terms is a hearty welcome to eat, drink, and get friendly. I envisioned beds that either fell out of the wall or rolled from under the tables. Both of my hypothesis ended up proving false; the beds were part of a hotel room.

Canada's most illuminating wonder was that the drinking age is 19. I could legally buy a beer. I felt emancipated. In rebellion I would thrust my valid I.D. in the face of any bouncer. Of course, bouncers and bartenders hardly ever questioned my age. I did get carded at the Beer Store. The beer store sells only beer. You select your brand of brew from three shelves strewn with a variety of different beers. Once you give your order and pay the cashier, beer is magically transported from a conveyor belt into your hands ice cold in a matter of seconds. Such a sight made me consider fleeing to Canada and declaring asylum.

I am a big fan of America. Life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the right to bear arms appeals to me, but a country that prepares you a Long Island Iced Tea on your 19th birthday, offers Broadway quality theatre for low, low prices, and breeds Celine Dion's by the dozens, deserves my citizenship.

## MCSA NEWS

"Members Committed to Serving All"

Meetings in RLSC every Monday at 8:30 pm  
Everyone invited to join  
Minutes from last meeting are posted in Marian Hall display case

Issues for October 26

- meeting with class officers to review roles and responsibilities of each class
- discussion of MCSA's views on the dissolving of College Council
- assembling of an inter-club council



# Mysterious Mansions

by Angela Hatem

In the dank and dark evening hours as Marian residents snooze in their lofts, one of Marian's oldest residents does not rest in peace.

Frank Wheeler lived, and by his choice died in Stokley Mansion. It is said his diagnosis of advanced diabetes and death of a friend plummeted Wheeler into a severe depression.

On May 27, 1921, Frank Wheeler ate a nutritious breakfast, took a shower, shaved, and dressed himself. He then entered what today is the President's Office of Stokley and shot himself in the head with a double barrelled shotgun.

Since his sudden death, rumors of ghosts and unexplainable noises have surrounded Wheeler's former homestead.

Meredith Mansfield, who's worked at Stokley for a year and a half, has never had an encounter with the paranormal. But she must confess that her predecessor, Sharon Van Anken, has had her share of odd encounters.

Below is an example of a ghostly run in Van Anken documented during her employment with Stokley

*Music students had been dressed in their medieval costumes rehearsing for the Madrigal. After everyone left, the P.R. director in the Presidents Office, saw a woman dressed in a long beige gown. She dismissed the woman as a Madrigal performers, and thought nothing of it. Later the Director mentioned to a nun that she had been working late*

*in Stokley. The sister asked, "Did you see the woman in beige?" Turns out a woman in beige has been spotted in Stokley several times, and is said to be Mrs. Wheeler searching for her husband.*

Van Anken is not the only employee that has experienced abnormal. During the years when Stokely was the music conservatory, Sara Reid, Head of the Music Department, found herself in many eerie situations.

*"I think I saw the Stokely ghost, and have 4 or 5 friends who could collaborate," said Reid. "We had just finished singing when a car pulled in with its lights shining through the windows. As the lights shown through I saw a man. He didn't have a face. He was dressed in a double breasted suit and long trousers. As I went to approach him he dissipated."*

One employee was so startled by an experience at Stokley he resigned.

*"A retired man used to come and make sure kids had left the building. One evening he saw a light on upstairs and heard the piano playing. As he came up the stairs, the music stopped and the light turned off. As he was walking down the stairs he heard the piano begin to play again, and saw the light come on. He quit that week," said Reid.*

Marian has been the owner of Stokley since 1963, but if these occurrences are more than just odd coincidences it would be fair to say that, Frank Wheeler has no intention of leaving his home anytime soon.

**Got something to say?  
Write the Carbon  
or quit complaining.**

## New Playwriting Class a Class Act

by D. Mamet

This fall we have seen a President in trouble, what a Thursday night without Seinfeld is like, and the initiation of a wondrous new class here at Marian. I took a poll of myself and found that an overwhelming majority of me thought that of the three things, the new class is the most important. "Educational opportunity should be on the forefront of every patriotic citizen's mind," I reportedly said to myself when polled.

The class causing such a commotion is the Basics in Playwriting class, aka Special Topics in Theatre 280. It consists of four students and a devilishly handsome and reputedly witty instructor. The class finished with the "basics" part in about two weeks and has since been writing monologues, character sketches, and short plays.

But with the Actor's Theatre of Louisville's announcement of their one-act playwriting contest, the class found itself galvanized into even more of a creative fury. Instructor Dylan Roahrig, a Marian alum whose credentials include a wide range of roles on the legitimate stage and an even wider range on the questionably legitimate stage, found himself speechless at

the fervor of the class response to this artistic challenge. When he asked the class if they would be interested in focussing their energies on writing pieces for the contest and they said "Sure, okay, whatever. Is there gonna be a quiz about this?" tears of Dickensian magnitude sprang from his eyes.

Together Roahrig and the four students (who have requested anonymity) have been making rapid progress toward the completion of their plays. One student, who wished to be referred to by the pseudonym Edward Albee, said, "Man, this class is an American dream, I mean, it's like we get to play in the sandbox and make up crazy zoo stories."

"The students have said that they would be interested in continuing this class into next semester," Mr. Roahrig said. "We hope to continue with more experimental playwriting techniques. And, as always, any newcomers would be welcome."

If you are interested in the class, talk to your friends at the Registrar's Office. I know that for me, D. Mamet, a herd of American buffalo couldn't keep me away.

PIXIE cont. from page 3

put Halloween right up therein second place (to its squeaky counterpart, Christmas) as far as retail sales.

Witches, just like those dopey villagers, believed that the end of October, particularly the Fall Equinox, was a time of transition when the boundaries between us and the spirit world were thin. The transition to winter seemed an appropriate time to honor the dead (You can surely understand being as even today, snow and below freezing temperatures result in a dead social life).

Witches make circles around their cauldrons with brooms between their legs muttering curses and pagan prayers. Black cats were believed by many to actually be witches in disguise. Understandably, if dead spirits could stroll the streets, people had no problem whatsoever with the idea of someone morphing into a cat.

According to the stories, October's act of sneaking in and stealing the green from the trees is not what sparks a sense of mischievousness in us all. The desire to be a stinker has been handed

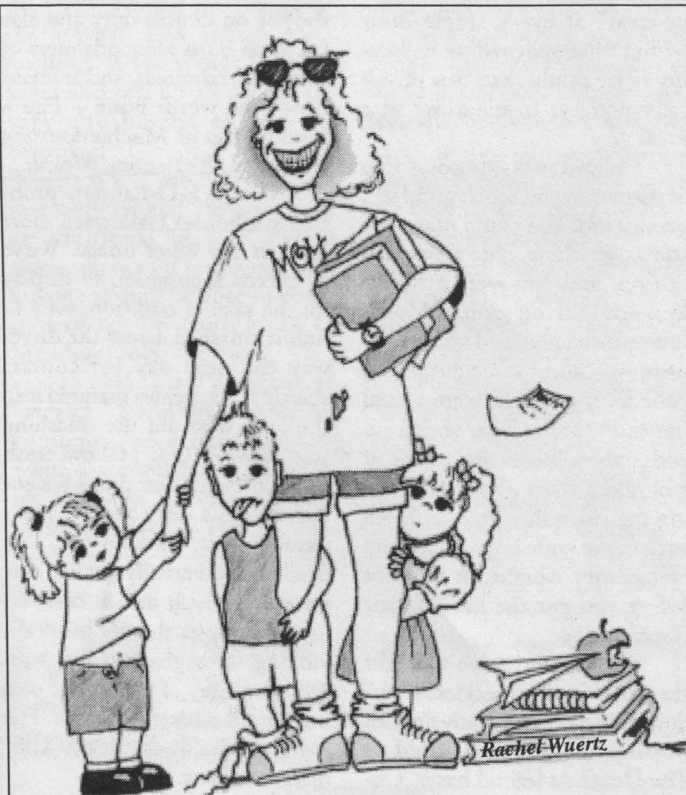
down through the generations by little villagers with wild imaginations.

Some say Satan has declared October 31 as "Evil Breeding Day." Sources claim that more human sacrifices take place in the Western world in October than any other month. Your dentist tells you that excessive amounts of candy have been proven to lead to tooth decay.

I say that perhaps it is just an anxious craving for that last chance for fun before your world decides to slip into the somber coma of winter, and October has just gotten a bad rap.

Personally, when I decide to step out of adulthood and adorn my latex mask of Richard Nixon (or some other frightening figure) to start knocking on doors, I'm not paying homage to Samhain. I know the need to take the good with the bad, the sweet with the sneaky, the sincere with the scary. When I celebrate Halloween, I'm just taking delight in the freedom that comes along with the holiday's "darkness" (dark chocolate Hershey's miniatures that is). If you don't treat, I get to trick. Rules are rules. Hand over the candy bars.

## NONE THE WUERTZ FOR WEAR



"I'd like to thank the Cartoon Network  
for my 'A' in French."