

CARBON

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NOVEMBER 9, 1998

Marian Gears up for Spirit Week

by Rachel Wuertz

If you're looking forward to The Basketball Jam, The Homely-Coming Queen Pageant, or the traditional game show for cash prizes, you'll have to wait until January. "Spirit Week" has undergone renovation and the result is something "like Homecoming but not Homecoming," says Sandra Hester, Director of Student Activities. The week of Nov 16-21 is now going to be more of a "fall celebration."

The official week of "Homecoming" has been moved to January 25-30 in conjunction with the first Men's Basketball home game after the semester break. Alumni have had problems making the trip to celebrate "Homecoming" the week before Thanksgiving due to the bustle of the holidays. Organizers hope that rescheduling the festivities for after the holidays will allow for greater alumni participation since the celebration is traditionally based upon alumni "coming home." Fortunately, this also grants current students an additional week of entertainment. November's "Spirit Week" will be host to a variety of new events.

Calling All Card Sharks

Tuesday and Wednesday nights will center on a Euchre Tournament with free refreshments including donuts from Krispy Kreme as well as raffle drawings and door prizes. Tuesday is open play for any team that would like to participate. The highest scorers from Tuesday night's games will go on to play in a Championship on Wednesday where they will join club and

residence hall teams to compete for a chance to proceed to the National Euchre Tournaments taking place in April. All games are free.

School Spirit= Cheap Slushies

Friday has been tagged "School Spirit Day." If you wear an item of clothing boasting of Marian College, you will receive a Nature Ice slushy available in the Bookstore for half price or you may take 10% off the purchase of a Marian College clothing item.

Get Decked Out

Saturday evening students can wear their finest and attend the "Fall Formal" at the Five Season's Country Sports Club located at 1300 East 96th St. just off of 465N. Tickets will cost \$18 each or \$35 per couple and be on sale Nov 9-13 at the Ruth Lilly Student Center and Clare's Cafe.

More Info

Look for flyers and briefings on MC-18 and in the Campus Activities newsletter. Student Activities also intend to place doorhangers on the rooms of the residence halls to remind students of the upcoming events and encourage them to get involved. Volunteers are always needed, particularly on Monday night and for the Euchre Tournaments on Tuesday and Wednesday. Contact Sandra Hester at 955-6319 if you have questions or would like to lend a helping hand.

Spirit Week

Nov 16-21

Monday-

Make Your Own Root Beer Float
Pool Tournament
Tarot Card Reading
Caricaturist
-Ruth Lilly Student Center
8-10PM

Tuesday-

Euchre Tournament-Open Play
-Ruth Lilly Student Center
8-10PM

Wednesday-

Euchre Tournament Champs
-Ruth Lilly Student Center
8-10PM

Thursday-

Karaoke
-Ruth Lilly Student Center
8-10PM

Friday-

"School Spirit Day"

Airbrush Face-painting

Clare's Cafe 5-6PM
& Gym (during games) 6-8PM

Booster Club's Tailgate Party
Auxiliary Gym 7PM

Men's Basketball Tournament

6PM Ohio St-Lima vs. IU East
8PM Marian vs. PU North Central

Saturday-

Men's Basketball Tournament
continued . . .
1PM Consolation Game
3PM Championship Game

Fall Formal

-Five Season's Country Sports Club
8-12PM

The Making of Champions

by Jerrod Watson

About sixty miles south of Marian, there is a university whose basketball team is the pride of the school. Their coach is a legend and its players put on pedestals reserved for national heroes. Thousands of people flock to their arena to watch them play, and thousands are turned away. Here at Marian College, there is also a basketball team, but it is not looked upon in that same light. Marian's players go through the same things as any other college basketball player, but for far less recognition.

Last season Marian's men's basketball team had the most successful season in the history of the school. The team went 22-7, won the Mid-Central Conference championship and made the school's first trip to the national tournament. The team found little success at the tournament, but it was still an excellent climax to a terrific season. All of this success did not happen by chance. A lot of sweat, tears, and sacrifice come with being a college basketball player.

"Players are made in the off-season" is a popular phrase that all coaches swear by. Marian's players must maintain and improve upon their physical skills throughout the year if they want to be successful. To get better they have to get stronger. This only

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Student Smoking Policy

by Angela Hatem and Christian Mehall

The Board of Trustees was not pleased with the smoking policy. So in search of student input and further discussion the issue went before MCSA.

"As long as your door is shut you are allowed to smoke," is the way Doyle R.A., Matthew Browning understands the smoking policy within the residence halls. At the November 2, MCSA meeting, an open forum limited to 30 minutes, was held to debate possible changes to the policy. An estimated 32 people attended the meeting to voice their suggestions and offer their complaints.

Alternatives to the current policy such as non-smoking/smoking wings or floors, smoking lounges, a health wing, and smoke free dorms were recorded by MCSA officials and will be presented to the Chairperson of Student Affairs, Sandra Hester, and then to College Council.

The most common suggestions offered during the forum was to exercise courtesy and responsibility by consistently closing doors and opening windows while smoking. Better regulation of the current policy, and an increase in fines for those smokers

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Liberal Arts Lunches

I'd like to reply to the second issue raised in the "Profs Cut in Line" article that appeared in the October 26 issue of *The Carbon*. I readily admit to "cutting through" the student line at lunch each day to get a glass of water (I bring my own lunch from home and eat it in the faculty dining room), but I'm not in the habit of pulling rank by "cutting in" ahead of students who are waiting patiently in the food line. Someone else will have to reply to that offense. What I would like to explain is why I eat in the faculty dining room, rather than following the "great example of some members of the Philosophy/Theology Department" who eat with students in Clare's Cafe.

One of the joys of my 27 years of teaching at Marian has been what I call my "liberal arts lunches." If I'd taken a job at a large university with a correspondingly large psychology department, I'd be eating lunch every day with only psychologists. Don't get me wrong; I'm fascinated with psychology. I spend the vast majority of my day talking about psychology and other school-related issues with my students. But after a while, even I tire of discussing the functions of the hypothalamus, debating the causes of schizophrenia, or arguing the merits of various types of psychotherapy. I like to talk about other things too. I enjoy surrounding myself with colleagues from other academic disciplines, asking them questions, and learning from their answers. When I asked Jack Sederholm last

week, "Who do you think Shakespeare would say his mentors were?", I learned about Marlowe, Greene, and Peele (the "University Wits"), whose works influenced the Bard. When I want to know about a particular aspect of French culture or cuisine, I ask Sr. Margaretta. When I want an informed opinion of a new book, I can usually count on Fr. Bryan to have read its review in the *New Yorker*. When I contemplate an overseas trip, I ask Esther O'Dea, who seems to have been everywhere. When I'm trying to decide if I should transfer my meager savings from a money market to a municipal bond, I ask Tim Akin. I'm sure you get my point.

I arrived on campus a little before 7:30 this morning, and I left at about 4:30 this afternoon. During that nine hour period, I spent three hours teaching my students, three hours advising my students, one hour grading my students' papers, and one hour meeting with a student group—and I enjoyed every minute of it. I chose to spend my remaining hour eating lunch in the faculty dining room and enjoying the intellectual companionship of my colleagues. You see, my reason for eating there isn't to avoid my students, who are, as was quite correctly stated, "the heartbeat of Marian." I eat in the faculty dining room because I genuinely and wholeheartedly enjoy the activity I try my best to motivate my students to do every day: to learn.

by Dr. Appleby

Letters to the Editor

can be sent to carbon@marian.edu

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Letters to the Editor

A Generation of Non-Voters

Maybe I am just overreacting or perhaps I am a non-traditional type of college student, but when I read over the various comments about voting, I became quite aggravated. Of the six students quoted, only one was certain that he was going to vote and the rest were unsure.

Voting is a privilege and a right that we possess and it should be taken very seriously. Not only is it our civic duty, but voting is also our voice of freedom and independence. Our country was founded upon the principles of representative government to ensure the democracy of the people. By not voting, one is supporting the current legislation, whether they are opposed to it or not, and are helping to facilitate a generation of non-voters.

One of the students didn't feel that the general election was as important as the primary. That could be true if you don't have legitimate concerns about what takes place in your community or state. Even if you don't entirely agree with either of the candidates, you could choose the one that you agree with the most. It is hard to envision a candidate that would agree singularly and completely with everyone and that is where your discrimination comes in, to select the nominee whose beliefs are most similar to yours. The media works to discourage people from voting by broadcasting who is going to win, but don't let that inhibit your free choice and responsibility! Your vote could make all the difference. One vote made Texas a state, put Adolf Hitler in control of the Nazi party, and made English our language rather than German.

I know, my ideas must be totally askew, because it could take you a total of fifteen minutes or more to venture to your local precinct and vote and that would be asking too much of your precious time. Voting, to you, seems disposable, so minute and unnecessary, but the results of voting dominate your daily life. You whine though, when you feel stifled within the walls of societies' regulations and rules, failing to realize that it was your hands, your money, and your silent vote that constructed those walls.

by Stefanie K. Kesecker

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Concrete Jungle

by Jerrod Watson

Southern Indiana is where I come from. I chopped wood to heat our house. I hunted prey to put food on the table. I chased cows around the pastures. I listened to country music. I am a grass root kind of guy and proud of it.

Indianapolis is a city of concrete and stone and there are some things around here that just amaze me. Take, for instance, some of the houses. There is no more than two feet separating them. Back home my closest neighbor was two miles away. When my dad comes up here to see me he wonders how people live like this, mainly because he thinks it to be the most wonderful thing to pee outside. I like being able to piss outside too, but not on my neighbor's house. I can't tell you how many times I got a whopping for those dead spots in my mom's backyard.

Driving in this town scares the hell out of me. Cars are everywhere I turn. I wonder where are all these people going? You could honestly walk to some places faster than you could drive through all this traffic. And what about the stop lights? I have sat in deer stands for shorter amounts of time.

I am also amazed by all of the people in a hurry. Everyone here is driving like a maniac. Back home the only traffic hazard you had to deal with was a tractor or combine going about ten miles an hour in front of you.

I just cannot get used to some of the cars I see. If I had a nickel for every car that has 5,000 dollars worth of rims, tires, and radio on it I would be a millionaire. If you take that stuff away the car itself is worth about twenty bucks. That just doesn't make sense.

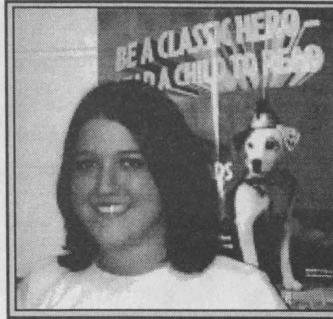
If no one else is going to start a charity to benefit Indianapolis youth with severe hearing loss, then I guess I will have to. My god, surely if their music is hurting my ears and I am in the car next to them with the windows up, it must be doing significant damage to their hearing. It is like Zeus himself is pissed off directly at these people and has sentenced them to a life of confinement inside their cars listening to the clap of his almighty thunder! There is more bass in those radios than in an Orlando Wilson fishing show. Turn it down please!

The smells lingering around this town are revolting. Some days the stench of this town is enough to make a man sick. Of course, there were some days back home when the animal waste got a little ripe, but this town just smells dirty. I need some fresh air once in while.

I tell my dad that he should be kicking himself for not going into the concrete business. I look around and see miles and miles of it. The only place you can see open space is on a golf course. There isn't a place in this town that someone hasn't built something on. People ought to try

continued on page 4

None the Wuertz for Wear



Bring on the Voodoo

by Angela Hatem

Angela's Ashes

I used to praise my psyche as invincible. An impenetrable machine incapable of being tampered with. A solid vault, with a combination so complex, that even the most talented and determined thieves would weep at the mere sight of it.

I once considered myself a true test for any hypnotist/mindbender that would dare challenge my strength of mind.

Now I know, instead of mind of metal, I have mind of moosh.

After my experience with hypnotist, Frederick Winters, I have been humbled.

Winters aced the test, which means my mental machine has a few kinks that need to be worked out.

No mere swinging pocket watch, no spinning circle with black and white stripes, or any other form of voodoo was able to put me to sleep.

It took a really powerful light bulb to do that job.

I believe this particular bulb, which had a red current running through it, was designed by the CIA and General Electric as device in interrogational warfare against the world's most brilliant and elusive terrorist agents.

If James Bond's worst couldn't resist the strength of the light bulb how I was to compete. I had to submit.

So when Winters said sleep. I snoozed. I felt as if my eyelids had 1000lb weights hung from them. Sorta like in the cartoons when Tom is really tired and has a two ton dumbbell tied to his lashes.

I was mildly coherent throughout the experience. Everything Winters said sounded utterly ridiculous and at the same time

completely rational. I did not have an inhibited nerve in my body.

To me the word "red" meant, "deadly bomb in Ruth Lilly Center, must evacuate all civilians." I waved my arms about, pointed out exit routes like an over-caffeinated airlines stewardess, and no one budged. I hadn't the faintest idea why everyone did not run in a flight of panic.

In a moment of complete deliriousness I thought our most beloved editor of the *Carbon*, Viviane Seumel, was a cute piggy at a petting zoo. And Viviane is not a cute piggy, not to say if she was a piggy she wouldn't be cute. Never mind.

As an additional part of the hypnotic fun, we dazed participants were given the opportunity to become any famous person we wanted.

For a few moments I could have been Maya Angelou, Oprah Winfrey, Helen Keller, Joe Pesci. I could possess the spirit of a person who is powerful, admired, esteemed, and renowned all over the world.

But no, my secret, unconscious, and no way Freudian in realistic terms, dream was to be Monica Lewinsky. I get the choice of legend or lusty, loony, Lewinsky, and I go with the intern. Of course, one of my fellow panelists thought he was Bill Clinton which made for some rather heated words about cigars.

That evening I became a gambler in an illegal casino and a really angry fisher person who killed the mermaid that innocently jumped in her boat.

Hypnotism is fun and games until someone turns into the White House Heidi Fleiss. So for the benefit and safety of my fellow students and the retention of my dignity I will think carefully before I look deeply into someone's light bulb again.

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All That Jazz

by Shannon Wilde

I don't spend all my time lounging around coffee joints. In fact, this week, I wasn't in a coffee mood at all. I went to a bar. First time ever. Admittedly, the Chatterbox, located right by Vermont and Massachusetts, is still a major beatnik/poseur shelter, but with liquor, great live music, and even more clove-reeking smoke and pretty/handsome angst-ridden loners than the cafes. My kind of spot.

The Chatterbox has been around for at least forty years without really changing its format, as the graffiti swarming across every available surface attests. Supposedly, every legendary R&B, blues, and jazz musician ever has signed the counter, fridge, or bathroom wall, but I could not find the evidence. The owner or maybe the bartender might know of a few. You, too, can write on the furniture.

The place a closet-sized jazz club with torn-up vinyl chairs and a teeny triangular stage in the storefront window. There's plenty of outside seating while the weather lasts, but it sure is slam-full in the wintertime. We could scarcely turn around as it was last week, and that was a Wednesday. This place is small. Don't let that disturb you unduly. The nightly jazz music generally overcomes the claustrophobia. The drinks help.

The two weekday bartenders, whose names I can never catch over the wailing clarinet solos, are

Rednecks continued

building up instead of out. Maybe big city people don't care about the land and the wildlife, but by god it means something to me.

I have walked through pitch-black woods with no light a million times. I have sat in freezing temperatures for hours without complaint. I have helped castrate a quarter-ton bull. You would think that I would not be afraid of much.

Wrong, it seems that I just walk around in fear. I listen to the news every night and someone else has gotten shot only blocks away from our school. There is gang violence, traffic accidents, rape, theft, and muggings to worry about also.

ânowledgeable, funny, and as fast as the cramped space allows. There's a very wide selection of beers (domestic, import, and microbrew) and they pour a pretty good drink, too. My friends ordered a Sapphire gin and tonic and a Paulaner mega-beer, while I had my usual autumn drink, a white Russian. The g+t came out nice and crisp, and the white Russian surprisingly well balanced—this is a tough drink to perfect, and I don't expect consistent results tastewise. After that, I switched to Grand Marnier with their pretty decent coffee on the side. Tres indulgent, n'est ce pas?

But this isn't a bar where drunken brawling is the daily special. Good music and relatively literate conversation is always on the menu and available to all due to the liberal carding policy (or lack thereof). Nearly any Marian student should be able to attend. If you "forget" your ID, just wear a black sweater, and you're in.

The music varies considerably from night to night. I should mention here that Marian prof Jim Lerner plays saxophone here frequently, so be extra kind when the hat comes around—you know professors can use the scratch. When I was there, a couple of the regulars were jamming—a young cutie on the clarinet and an older cat on the keys. They sounded just fine. I love the Chatterbox for keeping that cluttery intellectual climate available for the citizens of Naptown.

If seeing some strange things is not enough to make me homesick, then fearing other things certainly is.

It's not that I don't like this town, but I just find some things difficult to grasp. Most people who live here would probably think the way I grew up was strange. Some of the things I observe in Indianapolis, like the traffic and congestion, will always be foreign to me.

Don't worry about me though; I will make it just fine. I will just have to learn to like indoor plumbing. Just look for the dead spots in the grass or peculiar yellow stains and know there has been a redneck in the concrete jungle.

Champions continued

happens through vigorous post-season and summer workouts done by the players on their own time.

Marian's players just don't jump right in and begin practice come October. Their conditioning program begins after Labor Day and consists of distance and sprint running to the point of nausea. Conditioning workouts are held three times a week at 7:00am. The team usually runs about three miles worth of distance and another mile and a half of sprints. "You can never be ready for conditioning, you can always be in better shape. It even hurts the guys who are in the best shape," senior forward Kyle Nobbe said.

The coaching staff also pushes extensive weight training during this time. There are no organized sessions for weights, but Coach John Grimes lets the team know early that if they don't get stronger, they will not play. The team is forced to respond, and the results of their labors are recorded by tests in the bench press, dips, and leg press. A college basketball player's body must be strong to stand up to a long season.

Practices are intense and push the players to their physical peak. Marian's team practices from the beginning of October until the first of March. Practices generally last about three hours and involve constant physical activity. Shooting, dribbling, and defensive drills are the theme of the first part of practices. The remainder of the time is for scrimmages and sprint running. Coach Grimes makes sure his players are battle ready. "Practice is tough and it gets hard to go to after a while, but it is worth it when we have

success," senior forward Jeff Hammel said.

Marian's basketball team plays around thirty games every year. Their conference schedule is extremely tough and consists of Bethel and Taylor colleges, both of which can be found in the top twenty-five rankings of the NAIA virtually every year. Every game is intense and is hard on the players.

"You get pretty sore, especially after the games," said Hammel.

Along with these physical sacrifices the players make, there are also personal sacrifices. Players fight through the exhaustion of a grueling schedule to meet their scholastic goals.

Player's weekends are taken away by a demanding schedule. Most players have to kiss their love lives good-bye for six months. The players learn to make money last as it is almost impossible to fit work into their schedules.

Playing college basketball does have its perks. Most players are helped out financially by scholarships. The players get to develop bonds between teammates and friendships that will last a lifetime. They can also tell their children that they played college basketball, a statement that pulls a lot of weight in the Hoosier State.

Usually, less than 500 people will attend Marian's games. It is not uncommon for the opposing team's fans to outnumber Marian's at home games. College basketball on television is seen as a glamorous sport with players being the pride of the school. Here at Marian, the players do not do it for the glory. They do it for the love of the game.

Smoking continued from page 1

who leave their doors open was an opinion that was favored by smokers and non-smokers.

"If they enforced the policy it would be better, but they don't enforce it that much. Smokers leave their doors open and smoke gets out and it gives me a headache. It is their right to smoke in their room as long as they keep their door closed and their window open, because I don't want to smell their smoke," Freshman Rebecca Anderson said.

The discussion will continue at the next College Council, on Tuesday November 10th at 12:00 in St. Francis. Students and faculty are welcome to attend.

Rumors have circulated that the last poetry reading

the Poets Should Do Reading had to be broken up by the police



We are not at liberty to comment on this due to the terms of our probation.

Nevertheless, the Yet Another Poetry Reading will erupt on November 19, 1998 promptly at 8 p.m. in the Common Room of Kavanaugh Hall on the Marian College campus

Letters to the Editor

can be sent to carbon@marian.edu

Angela Hatem's
Musical Recital
will be held on November
15 at 2:00
in Stockley Mansion