Marian Gears up for Spirit Week
by Rachel Wurts

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 drawings and door prizes under the bulletin 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.

Student Smoking Policy
by Angela Hatem and Christian Metall

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 and 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 who don't obey the rules, was a suggestion heard several times. About sixty miles south of Marian, there is a university whose basketball team is the pride of the school. The coach is a legend and its players put on pedestal 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 continued on page 4
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. Margaretha. 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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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 your's. 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. Kesecner

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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, the neighbor was got a whopping for those dead spots in my mom's backyard. I can't tell you how many times I not on my neighbor's house. I am also amazed by all of these people going? You are all these people going? You about the stop lights? I have sat the people in a hurry. Everyone ard you had to deal with was a Back home the only traffic haz- ten miles an hour in front of you. The Carbon

Emma Smelt?
The Carbon

Wuthering Heights

None the Wuertz for Wear

Dude, What is that Smell?
Well, that there'd be fresh, country air, pardner!

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.

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 Winter's 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-cafeinated airlines stewardess, and no one budge. I hadn't the finest 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.

Bring on the Voodoo
by Angela Hatem

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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.

The Chatterbox

First time ever. Admittedly, the major beatnik/poseur shelter, but 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 swimming across every available surface attest. Supposedly, every legendary R&B, blues, and jazz musician everyone has ever suggested makes a stop by, but I couldn't 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 club with a corner, fridge, or bathroom wall, but I couldn't 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 club with a corner, fridge, or bathroom wall, but I couldn't find the evidence. The owner or maybe the bartender might know of a few. You, too, can write on the furniture.

The music varies considerably from night to night. I should mention here that Marian prof Jim Larner plays saxophone here frequently, so be extra kind when you "forget" your ID, just wear a black sweater, and you're in.

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.