2-7-1969

The Phoenix, Vol.XXXIII, No.7 (February 7, 1969)

Marian University - Indianapolis

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OPEN HOUSE, "Becket", 'Purlie Victorious' Highlight Week's Activities

The Hohl Thing

Editor Plans Phoenix Future For Second Semester Issues

by Mike Hohl

As you might guess if you have read page one of The PHOENIX, this is a beginning-of-the-semester catch-all issue. You might have read pages two and three already. They were supposed to have come out three weeks ago -- the week after God interfered with the CARBON; the PHOENIX simply had technical difficulties. Pages two and three are for what they are worth.

Elsewhere on this page Dick Gardner comments on the Action-sponsored, Christ-instituted mass of three weeks ago, "Love is like a ring," I make note of this because Dick and I rarely agree, and this is one of those times.

Over the next semester we plan to put out nine more issues. We have modified our staff somewhat. Probably the most important change as far as we are concerned is the addition of Glenn Tebbe as our business manager. There are other changes which can be noted in the staff box on page four.

I plan to keep the PHOENIX in its present format with some modifications. Starting next week we are devoting half of page three to certain aspects of student life which will be intensively explored. On the agenda for next week is a report by Lynn Schwartz, NSA secretary, on the purposes and functions of the National Student Association. Also in the works are reports on student involvement at project's in the city's mental hospitals, Indiana Girls' School, and the Teacher's Aid Program. In March we are planning a series to explore the system of student government here at Marian. Another item to be discussed is the why and wherefore of the California Grape Strike.

I plan to work closely (as in the past) with the two new CARBON editors, John Mahoney and Michael Miller in order to emphasize that our two respective publications are indeed complements of each other. Realistically speaking, Messrs. Mahoney and Miller and myself got along well, despite our disagreement in most philosophical, particularly music.

Next week the sports page will return whole and intact. There will of course be some editorial commentary on Dr. Gazzetta's address to the students yesterday, our voice in the right. George Beem will return and our sports editor Steve Taylor will return as well.

In closing last semester and starting on the new, I must emphasize that this is a student publication. We are interested in your opinions -- verbal or written and, incidentally, we're pretty tolerant in accepting faculty evaluation also.

Open House, "Becket", 'Purlie Victorious' Highlight Week's Activities

Mr. Robert Moran directs (L. to r.) Daisy Myles, Linda Scott and Joseph Smith in Ossie Davis' "Purlie Victorious". The production will open the week of Feb. 21, (photo by Joe Kubala)

The nuptial ceremony of Philip Mahoney and Nancy Greubel took place last Saturday in Ft. Branch, Indiana. Among the wedding party were Marian students Danny Gonzales, William Bradley, Mary Drozer, Sarah Eckstein, Mary Helen Mosher, Sarah Greubel, John Greubel, Michael Mealy, Steve Miller, and James Erbe, (photo by Joe Kubala)

Gardner Questions Religion's Motives

by Dick Gardner

A fascinating phenomenon has begun to occur among the students at Marian College. The students are beginning to think. It may well be the beginning of an extended exercise of the intellect and could have profound long range consequences.

Let me offer a few examples in proof.

Earlier in the year, Action performed an electric Mass, dubbed "fold-rock," I objected to the Mass because only the music had been changed, and the Eucharist had been left untouched. It seemed to me that it was the same old vehicle patched up by a resounding yawn. Today's good movies even the bad ones are providing more philosophical/emotional meat than is the Mass, I refer you to "Janna," "Affie," "A Man for All Seasons," "Blowout," etc.

The FIorentini then appeared, querying a number of things. One article was entitled "Is Christianity Relevant?" It was intended to make the reader decide for himself whether or not Christianity is relevant for him, into a dying form and received in there is great potential in the Christian form of worship. I hate that word, if only we could communicate the fact of community. I do not believe that it exists even beyond the church structure and reaches out to us even when we are alone in bed or facing death on a battlefield. It should make us question why it should urge us to look down from the heavens and into the hearts of men, even our own, especially our own in relation to others. The Mass should never be the same way twice, Christ was alive, vibrant. We lose his meaning somewhere deep inside the PEOPLE'S EMMANUEL. We have become so attached to things and ritual that we are beginning to be ruled by our inventions. (Continued to page 4)

FEBRUARY 7, 1969

'MA Man And a Woman'

Profits Benefit 'Becket'

Marian College will present one of the first college showings of the Academy Award-winning motion picture, "A Man and a Woman", tonight at 8:00 p.m., in Marian Hall Auditorium. The original version of the color film as shown in New York stars Annem Aimee and Jean-Louis Trintignant in a story of the love between a widowed race car driver and a stunt man's widow whose children attend the same school, "A Man and a Woman" was named Best Foreign Language film of 1966.

The production of the Academy Award-winning motion picture, "A Man and a Woman," was directed by Z. Aimee and Jean-Louis Trintignant in a story of the love between a widowed race car driver and a stunt man's widow whose children attend the same school, "A Man and a Woman" was named Best Foreign Language film of 1966.

Present Religious Oratorio

by Dave Brubeck

Dave Brubeck with the Indiana Symphonic Choir will present his religious oratorio THE LIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS, Feb. 15 at 8:00 p.m., at Clowes Hall. Two Marian students, Mary Pass and Teresa Eckrich, are members of the Symphonic Choir. Related picture on p. 4.

The MC Music Club is sponsoring a free bus to the performance Sunday evening. Tickets are $2.50 and can be obtained from Michael Hohl at extension 304, Marcia Turner at 485, and Craig Blattner at 333.

Known as an expert jazz pianist, Dave Brubeck received top honors and recognition in the recent jazz and pop poll for 1969, followed by Ramsey Lewis and Sergio Mendes. Before he became an outstanding single in piano jazz, he was the organizer of the Dave Brubeck Quartet with Gerry Mulligan on the baritone sax.

Considered his best work so far, THE LIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS is a religious oratorio. After its world debut in March, Henry Humprey's called it "a very brilliant highlight of modern man's earnest search for an answer to the riddle of a 20th century man as an atonier by two wars."
Carbon Folds-Information Contest Tabled

Another Marian College newspaper had folded as a result of journalistic strife on the expanding campus at 3200 Cold Spring Road. Following the most recent fracas, CARBON, the campus' oldest student publication—currently under the editorship of John O. Kane—stopped publication. Kane was editor of the CARBON when it was dissolved, and he presents an editor's note discussing the reasons for its demise.

Jabberwalkies Swashbuckle Figureheads’ “Soul”

by Anita DeLuna

Kentucky, Indiana — Thursday evening at 11:35 p.m., several officers of the law reported finding two rain-drenched, lost students from a small nearby college meandering along Hot Rock Road near Four Rivers Golf Course. The students, Mary Ann Colig and Harry Mann, were immediately transported to their respective dormitories, where, upon being interrogated, they gave accurate accounts of the events of that evening. This is as near to the truth as they fearfully told. These two young people, Mary Ann and Harry, desired to spend an evening of friendship and companionship, and feeling some affection toward each other, set out early in the evening to find a place where they could discuss private and confidential matters. Young Mann suggested that the nearby television lounge, and tried to watch the Thursday Night Movie, but it was cancelled. The students decided to engage in a bit more private conversation, and to have a drink. They heard happy shouting and laughter coming from the nearby television lounge, and they decided to join in the fun.

Batesville To Indianapolis: The Move Right

Through special permission of its editors, or rather anti-editors, that clandestine campus literary magazine, known simply as the “ Establishment” which was being served during the morning recess of the meeting.

The demands were outlined as follows: (1) a maximum bight of 5'-2" for all teachers; children felt they were being mentally and physically overpowered by the presence of some of the teachers who they labeled “in the giant category,” and the lunch period to reduce classroom size was being abolished; (2) The Establishment which met in the noon-to-late past.

My vantage point was from one of the school desks, at which angle I was able to pick up the remarks of the demonstrators in the local Nairam Heights Kindergarten in nearby Georgetown Vansurred. The well-behaved orphans and uncles presented a grim picture to School Board officials. Their leader, in Little Lord Fauntleroy attire, explained to the school dissent on letter cards with letters from the alphabet soup which they were carrying served during the morning recess of the meeting.

All available media (chalk, crayons, quill pens) were used by the students to demonstrate independent problems in the school and proposals for remedying the unfortunate situations.

The “demands” were outlined as follows: (1) a maximum height of 5'-2" for all teachers; children felt they were being mentally and physically overpowered by the presence of some of the teachers who they labeled “in the giant category,” and the lunch period to reduce classroom size was being abolished; (2) The Establishment which met in the noon-to-late past.

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Batesville To Indianapolis: The Move Right

By Parnell McEvoy

The autumn air was oppressive with the gloom of the impending confrontation, but the voices of those who would again witness the meeting were hopeful for a mutual agreement of the two forces. The other sides prepared in the Monon Valley for the confrontation. The first group, known as the New World Order, gathered in the smoky cavern to assess their power, the mass and the latest weapons, while the other forces gathered in the heart of the city, the barricades and the weapons were ready.

Meanwhile, the opposition, knowing simply as the I.W.P., was gathered in the two utilitarian housing quarters to prepare for the confrontation. The confrontation had come.

The old thing was the same, just like the year before and the year before that. The tactics and the strategies had not changed, nor had the patterns of the battle. Once again, the gap between the forces opened and they polarized. The usual invasions on each other's territories were met by the usual hostility or indifferent reactions. And those who were watching began to question the meaning of the confrontation, and the confrontation began.
Carnival Gets Merry-go-round

by: Percival

Once upon a time, and a very good time it was, there lived a very little man who decided he wanted to do some thing for the people of his community. The community was in social isolation because their leader had turned the right to see "Blow-up", a sadistic film about a long-haired youth who tried to disrupt the Legion of Decency by showing the uncensored version of automobile dancing and loss of illusions. So he went to the leader who said, "Boy, won't that be a doozy-brood!" And the very little man saw that the leader was happy and sent the playing cards for the materials to put on the play. However, when the time came for the play, the very little man was afraid of his heart checked once more with what he would do, but over the summer had been divided into a new image, which he wanted to use as an example for the rest of the community, and the leader was not so receptive. He told the very little man that he had to have a moderator in order to do anything, and that there was a family and all families because of their close personal contact needed guidance. But the very little man only laughed and corrected the leader, "You mean advisor." But the leader suddenly became stern and repeated, "Moderator." The very little man was slightly taken aback but as all members of the community must do, he accepted this piece of friendly advice. So after much ado about nothing the very little man shook hands with the leader, who directed him out of his office, patted him on the back and sent him on his way. As all good little boys do, the very little man went in quest of an advisor searching all the rooms in the community. Finally, the very little man came to the chairman and discovered a distant priest who was crying very loudly.

"What's the matter," said the very little man. But the priest kept on crying, even louder.

"Why are you crying," asked the little man again.

"I'm an instructor," proclaimed the priest finally said looking up with holy water eyes, "because no one will pick me for your advisor." The very little man looked at the leader very sternly and correcting him, said, "Moderator." But the priests slugged him in the mouth and said, "Advisor!" Whenceupon the very little man asked the priest, "Will you be my advisor," who answered "Yes!" in a rebel-like voice. Then the priest sent him on his way. The very little man went back to the leader's office, who greeted him with a big smile and put on the back, "I've got an advisor, Mr. Moderator, sir.

"Greasaaat," the leader said in normal exaggerated fashion. "Whoo?" "The priests," responded the little man coyly. "Can I put on my production now?" But the leader became stern once more and said, "Not yet. Yes, you have to get the controller first and get the auditorium rented.

So the little man left after receiving a pat on the back from the controller who turned him back to the leader, who after putting him on the back sent him to the assistant leader for God knows what reason, who sent him back to the leader, who, in turn, after putting him on the back, sent him to anybody he could think of just to give him the run around. By this time the very little man was dizzy from all the running around he had to do, but finally was called into the priest's rooms who said he could no longer be advised because he didn't like political views. So once more the very little man had to find another advisor who would understand the leader's wildness. And bow did the little man find one, who surprisingly enough was a very big man, big enough to be three advisors. And so the very little man against his will returned to the leader who was disheartened after hearing the news because he could think of any other hurdle to throw in the very little man's way.

But don't get frustrated, the little man just happened to be an experienced hurdlle and the day finally arrived for the play to begin. But all the members of the community didn't come because their annual basketball game was that day, and they didn't come the second night either because the dance in honor of the game held the day before was THAT night; and on the third day he had an afternoon performance which had been rescheduled by the leader from another night because a Russian dance contest was to be held a week from the original night. The play was scheduled and it would take the Reaves man a week to set the stage up, but anyway, that night was supposed to have all the graduates of the community come to the play. In other words, all but only two people showed up the leader and his wife, but after it was all over, the very little man had still made money. But sadly enough everyone but the community had seen it, probably because a championship card game and a whirligig didn't even get started. The dance contest was held in the Pere on the same night.

There is a moral to the story, but the leader had the writer "up against the wall" with his mouth sealed by flesh-colored stretch tape.

Mother Goose Rhymes

By: Previously untrapped media for achieving neurotic ecstasy: unleashed by Mike Smith and John Hollisern, Miss Jeffers: I've run into some strange things. The dogs do bark. The beggars are coming to town; Some in rags, Some in Satin. Velveteen gowns. Signed, the P.C.S

Perc Inhabitants Suffer Neuroses

Dr. G.M. Brukowski, eminent psychiatrist with the I.U. Medical school, has announced the results of his Marian College Pere inhabitant study. In a press conference held in the Pere last Tuesday (the conference was held at 3:30 to avoid the pitfalls, Dr. Brukowski explained that his studies show that a surprising proportion (99%) of the Pere inhabitants suffer from severe neuroses, generally stemming from fixation resulting from prolonged anxiety during the second and third years of life.

"These neuroses," explained Brukowski, "are evidenced by the enormous amount of litter and waste deposited on the floors, tables, and seats in the Pere." Brukowski, noting that the studies were all college students, also said that it is likely that the students are still reacting to tensions and anxieties they face in their higher education. The doctor hastened to add, "the use of the word 'neurosis' is merely a figure of speech." However, a Pere janitor who was later questioned seemed to feel that the term was appropriate. He stated, "I've run into some pretty suspicious looking — on the floor of the Pere."

Social Development

Little Betty Bull Last her holiday shoes! What can little Betty do? Give her another... To match the other... And she'll probably just lose it again, Sister Mary, quite contrary, How do your studies go?

Little Sister Ettie In a white petticoat And a long black gown. Signed, the P.C.S

Little Jack Horner Sat in the corner Eating his heart out.

Little Jack Hornee Is his nose pierced By a jeweler's needle. Signed, the P.C.S

What are little girls made of? Sugar and spice And everything nice And a sound program of theological and liturgical formation in the spirit of contemporary scholarship and practice.

Perc Inhabitants Suffer Neuroses

Dear Student and Body of Marian College,

Today I felt a strange urge to write to some of my former classmates and almost friends, to explain my sudden withdrawal from that institution of sometimes higher learning. If any of you remember, my name is Perry Perey. My good friend Charlie Loudenberger wrote about me in the CAINON for awhile, that is before he got kicked out of school for smoking grass in the chapel during the Rock Mass.

I just had a write to explain to you that I couldn't stay at Marian College. I couldn't get used to saying "Hi" to everyone I met nor daily explaining to everyone my psychological state of well being. And I couldn't get used to everyone gawking at me because of my long hair and beard. I really like the teachers there—most of them, except the ones that treated me like I was still in grade school. But even though it seemed like I was getting a good education, I couldn't stand the fish-bowl existence, I felt like the only human in the world's largest eye bank, I did meet some beautiful people there and I did hate to leave them, but there are some beautiful people in the Bronx, especially at the zoo.

Peace and Love,
 Perry

(written on the back of a peanut bag)
The Mass should stimulate thought. Existence only when the questioning, it must make tesss. It means to be Christian; it must be on course, that Mass attempted by Action pushed in that Christ, rather than a traditional fundamentali type led by worship the things we do, of heavenly hosts, and hosts. The Mass should approach the why... if there are any...questions, we will help it, if we can understand it. We cannot assume that we already have it. Questions, if they are profound enough, provide an amazing amount of answers, or at least direction. The Mass must begin to ask, as did the last one, those profound questions.

Dr. Guzzetta responds to the results of the Drum and Bugle Corps raffle held Monday, as he learns that his was the winning ticket. Sr. Vivian Rose congratulates the President as Mr. Rheesmith, Corps moderator, looks on. (photo by Joe Kubala)

The perfect situation is for both aspects of college life to complement one another but sometimes there is conflict. The athlete maintains an average or above average grade and that they can reap the learning being much more important than grades. The athlete should take a place of secondary importance. It is a difficult choice especially when the grades of last semester have just been received and a new semester is beginning. To some people this may appear to be an easy decision to make but for most athletes it is a very difficult choice to make. Some find out too late that they have made the wrong decision and will have to suffer the consequences.

The basic fact of this dilemma is that the academics of collegiate life are the most important element of college life. Grades, which are often overemphasized, are the aspects that determines a student’s success in school and in some degree, learning being much more important than grades. The athlete should take a place of secondary importance. But a capable athlete who is unable to compete suffers a loss in his self and by his school.

The Marian College Drum and Bugle Corps completed one phase of their drive to make money for their forthcoming trip to St. Petersburg during Easter vacation with their raffle drawing on February 3. Net profits were estimated between $1200 and $1500.

A representative of Dick Hunt Chevrolet was present at the drawing held in the college cafeteria at the evening meal. The odds against what occurred are still being computed on IBM machines—Dr. D.J. Guzzetta’s ticket was drawn as first prize winner, Dr. Guzzetta has informed the Corps that the car will be donated to the college for its use. The second-prize color TV set was won by Mrs. Dora O’Neill, 3645 S. New Jersey, Indianapolis, and the third prize $50 gift certificate was won by James Carter of New Jersey, Indiana.

The Marian College Drum and Bugle Corps has in the last week been designated by officials of the Parade of States in St. Petersburg as the lead unit in the parade, a singular honor not only for the Corps but the college, but also for the state of Indiana at the annual “Festival of States.”

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