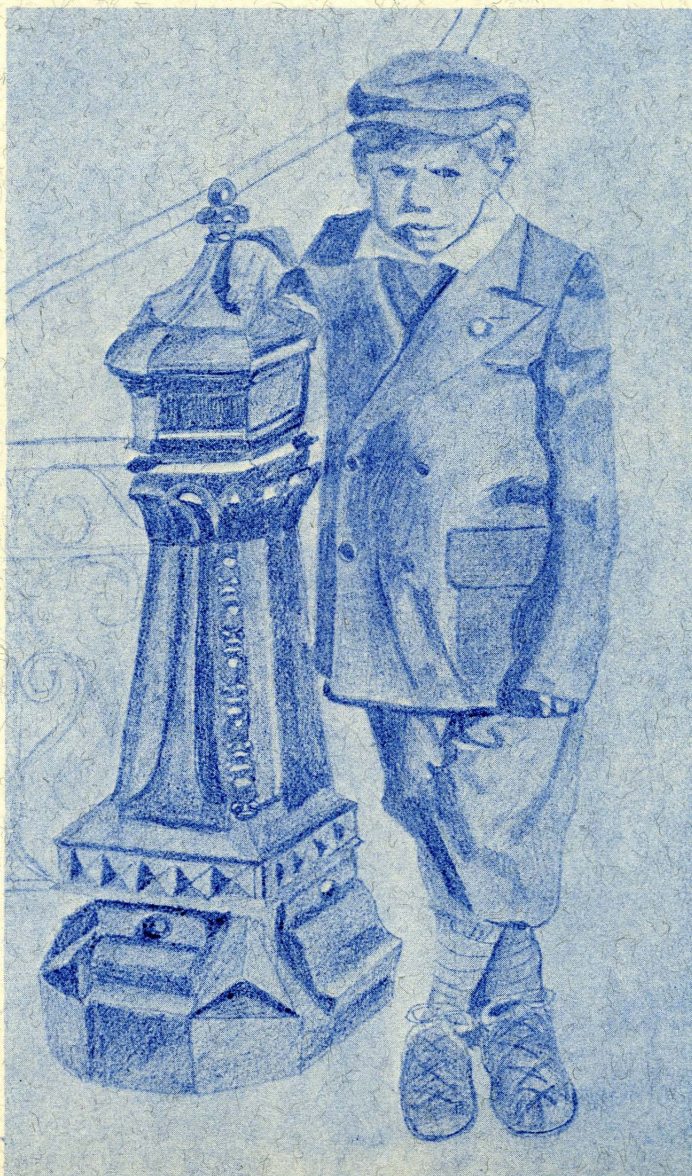


fioretti

The Marian College Magazine

Summer 1969



fioretti

Vol. XXVII No. 4

The most radical of all forces in the world is TRUTH

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THE ANTI-EDITOR NOTES I

The ANTI-EDITOR

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The time has come perhaps for a defense and evaluation of the course that this magazine has chosen to pursue this past year. We have received numerous criticisms and, judging from the number of issues left over from the relatively tame Spring Issue, we may also have lost a few readers. This is regrettable.

We do not presume to think that the magazine has been representative of any majority opinion. But at the same time we cannot allow anyone else to suggest that we have remained closed to that majority. The *fioretti* made itself available to all avenues of thought. We actively solicited articles on various topics. We begged for art materials and photography. We asked people to write us letters if they disagreed with the content of the magazine. Those letters never came. Some went to our moderator who is not ultimately responsible for the inclusion of any of the material. Other parents and alumni have chosen to direct their complaints to Dr. Guzzetta. We regret that these people have been inconvenienced by virtue of their office.

We have sought to involve the faculty in the magazine by making it known that we would welcome anything they might want to submit. Unfortunately not many faculty members will read this. Of necessity we had to charge non-students for the magazine this year since we were publishing twice the material on the same budget. An additional allocation had to be solicited from the Student Board in order to publish this issue. The magazine may be made freely available to faculty and administrators next

year. But it is evident that they did not choose to support us this year. Not more than twelve faculty members ever purchased a given issue.

We have at times extended our boundaries a little beyond what might have been reasonably required. But we had to test the freedom of this magazine to express itself honestly. Censorship has little place in a free society; we acknowledge the administration's endorsement of that policy.

Some of the material from recent issues, especially from the Black Special Section, was not deemed to be in the context of literature. But social values have compensated for any supposed deficiencies. The *fioretti* is no longer a simple *anthology* but is now more truly a *magazine*. And as such the extension of the term "literary" provides for such freely personal and political expression. If the quality has been debated, the quantity holds compensation. In 140 pages to date, we have published:

- 11 editorials
- 10 articles
- 5 works of fiction
- 3 book reviews
- 10 special features
- 48 poems
- 8 original photographs
- 18 original drawings

For the first time *fioretti* has reached outside the campus community. Its influence has been felt in local high schools, in various other colleges, in the black community, in the Indianapolis Police Department, around the state and country, and even the world (we have subscribers in Kenya and Lybia - one is a Peace Corpsman).

In terms of the first "Anti-Editor Notes" we have achieved some measure of success. We have provoked debate. We were contemporary. We did provide political and cultural exposure. We were at times irreverant, at times outrageous. And there has been some evidence of rape and pillage.

This is the first year that any other campus publication mentioned, let alone, reviewed, the *fioretti*. But this is the first time that the *fioretti* ever dared to do anything. And when you choose to do *something*, you take a risk. We accepted that risk. We accepted the challenge of presenting unpopular opinions when it was necessary and of making a case for literary and artistic freedom.

This is the last issue of the year under the present editorship (or anti-editorship). In the order of things we have perhaps lost the struggle. But the potential is there, the magazine is still very fertile. We offered it to you in four seperate issues, each one experimental, each one a little different, delivered not without numerous frustrations and personal expense. What is formed by the four of them together is the new concept of *fioretti*. If you have come to disregard it, then the loss is reciprocal. For the *fioretti* is *your* magazine.

Dennis von Pyritz

THE ANTI-EDITOR NOTES II

The primary purpose of Marian College is to offer young men and women a liberal arts education in a tradition of scholarship.

— Handbook

As stated in the Handbook, Marian College is a liberal arts college. This means that students are educated in the liberal tradition with a broad understanding of all facets of knowledge with specialization in a particular field of learning. Marian in my opinion has offered this training. However, as a "liberal" college it has failed. To me, liberal implies freedom, freedom to seek an education which will help me in the everyday world outside the shelter of the college. However, this freedom in today's modern world has to be broad. We must be able to seek a well-rounded form of experience-learning. Well-rounded. This means that if I am taught about democracy, I must be taught about socialism; if I am taught about power, it must be all facets of power. The freedom to obtain a well-rounded education must be maintained. This, it seems to me, is where Marian has failed.

It is true that Marian is a small college, a struggling college. However, academic freedom must not be sacrificed at the cost of overcoming this struggle. We live in a world where everyone has the opportunity to be educated. Schools are crowded, and money is needed to keep an over-crowded school running. There is much tension between the need for money and the sacri-

ficing of freedom for money. This is why campus revolts take place on larger campuses. Marian also needs money. But the method it has chosen has been to keep controversy out of the school in order to secure "donations." There was struggle involved in securing Dick Gregory, and it wasn't the inability to agree on a date. Why? Because Dick Gregory is controversial, he may upset people, and donations go down the drain. Apparently, this school feels it was slapped in the face when Malcolm Boyd knocked certain Indianapolis monuments and now these "monuments" refuse to give money, even refused to come to Dr. Guzzetta's inauguration. However, I can thank the school for not buckling under this seeming threat. In this regard the school judged wisely in deciding not to be a pawn of Indianapolis politics.

However, in my four years here, the biggest thorn in the school's side has been the system set up in the administrative offices. There has been much lack of communication, lack of consideration, and even sometimes misjudgement displayed by this political branch of the school structure. I have witnessed examples of people going over their authority's head. For what reason? Because they have been here longer than the authority and it is felt that they would know better than their superiors. If the school is going to allow such a thing to happen then why have a Dean? A controller? A President? Several times many students have tried to point out this fallacy, but to no avail. Are the administrative offices afraid to change with the times? A school, like a business, must change in order to grow. Marian has seemed to resist this change. And if it wasn't for the student

leaders along with some co-operative faculty and administrative people, then the school would never change. No school would.

This brings me to my next point. Today's students are much wiser, much more mature than the student of yesterday. Yet, older people refuse to accept this. They cannot understand why a student should have the right to be in positions of power. And why shouldn't students use coercion to achieve this power? The college itself uses coercion by imposing a set structure of learning on the student. No student can skip tests, can skip requirements without flunking. This is coercion by the college in naked form. Why then should the college fuss when students coerce to achieve ends? "I hope these are suggestions, students, and not demands," Dr. Guzzetta said at the first meeting of the SLCC. Yet why must the Marian student in an "atmosphere of free inquiry and teamwork" be coerced by the administration? If coercion must exist (and it inevitably will) then shouldn't it work both ways? We live in a highly, complex and technological age where the barriers of experience are being broken down. No longer is it correct to say that the adult knows more than the child, because with fast pace experience thrust at young people, they grow up much faster than adults. This is why students are seeking power on the campuses across the country. They are much older than students of yesterday, they demand to be treated as older. Yet Marian like Indianapolis is behind the times. We are represented on almost every committee, one might argue. But that representation is so set up that the student is still powerless; his voice can be heard,

but it is hollow. I would propose that for Marian to update and even surpass other colleges, students be given an equal basis of power on par with the faculty. I would also propose that the power of the school lay with the faculty-students, for it is they who make up an educational institution. The administration is merely the business end of a school and should not be involved in campus politics at all. In an essay on campus revolts, Gibson Winter, a professor of ethics and society at the University of Chicago, states, "At every level of authentic education, teacher and student share in such a dialogue of inquiry. Excessive faculty domination on higher levels of education stultifies learning, substituting a monologue for inquiry. Excessive student control could give rise to dialogue . . . in which faculty members pursue their research and students project formulations that are ungrounded in any discipline . . . A dialogue of faculty-student inquiry presupposes a virtual equality of powers . . ." Mr. Winters further explains, "Educational institutions and their faculties are so captivated by the productive mentality of the American Dream that they can no longer distinguish inquiry from programming of minds by textbooks. Marian has, it seems, made this mistake. It's time to be corrected.

James Widner

THE ANTI-EDITOR NOTES III

In order to pursue a meaningful discussion of the system of education at Marian College it is helpful to gain an historical perspective.

There are two essentially different systems of education that have affected and will continue to affect the educational processes at Marian College. Those systems are the Catholic educational tradition, and the utilitarian educational tradition.

The Catholic tradition consists of two primary sectors. The first is a synthetic approach to learning - everything must fit into the Catholic world-view or it is thrown out. The well being of the soul is regarded as the highest good. Anything that conflicts with accepted teachings is regarded as heresy in the tradition of Galileo. The second is the treatment of students as spiritual and intellectual children subject to the wisdom of the Church fathers. The child is to be educated into the all encompassing wisdom of Holy Mother Church. The child, not being learned, is told what is right and wrong, what is acceptable and what is not. The whole process of learning is one-sided, the child being ignorant. The result is that Catholic education, and consequently Catholics, has been both anti-intellectual and anti-Christian.

The utilitarian tradition has two primary sectors itself. The first is the duty of the educational structures to respond to the needs of the society as society determines those needs. The individual is directed toward certain disciplines by social pressures, financial reward, and by his own

estimation of his need for personal satisfaction and whether or not the programmed need will fulfill that personal need. The second is emphasis on the usefulness of people and things. What is not deemed useful, what is inapplicable is pushed aside. The emphasis is on whether or not a theory is workable in terms of the need of and the structure of society. Theories that have been shoved aside are often rediscovered after adopted theories have failed.

At present, Marian College is in a state of transition. The old tradition is officially dead, but its corpse remains tucked away in many academic closets. The new tradition is yet in search of itself because it has not yet displaced the old. The structure groans.

Marian College is a good school. It is a good school because it has many very good teachers. It is a good school because it has many interesting and interested students. It is a good school because it has an increasingly more efficient administration. Marian College is ALL of these people interacting. But it could be a better school.

To begin with the new expansion programs will hopefully soon fill academic and facility needs. But there are other needs.

The most obvious remnants of the outmoded tradition are the tripartite power structure, the pedanticism that permeates interpersonal relations, and the belief that the education process is an entity separate unto itself, and that it has no immediate application to the "real world."

The most obvious manifestations of the new tradition are the more businesslike interpersonal relations, the growing emphasis on utilitarianism - will it bring in money? will it hurt the image? etc. -, the streamlining of many overlapping

offices and functions, an orientation of faculty hiring policy toward professionalism - i.e., Ph.D.'s, etc., -, the shifting emphasis towards producing assembly-line graduates who will be qualified to assume their respective positions in society, etc.

What then is the thrust of this essay? The point is that Marian College is a good educational institution in spite of itself. That has resulted in part from the quality of the members of the community as a whole; quality in an abstract, quantitatively immeasurable sense. That has been the strength of the college, and remains its great hope. The college is an interaction of people, ideas, events, emotions, etc., for the sake of people - individuals.

Marian is not a shelter from the real world and should not consider itself so. For in becoming a shelter, it also becomes an academic failure. If a college is to prepare its students to assume any position in society, then it must not prevent the student from exposing himself to that position in society. The college must question more than it demands.

As far as the student is concerned, I have a growing fear that we are painting ourselves into the same provincial, bigoted corner which we accuse our parents of inhabiting and demand they remove themselves from. We have offered far too few intelligent critics of our own system of thought and in doing so have slumped into moral smugness. Is it possible to demand freedom? Is it possible to coerce love? Is it realistic to attack violently the establishment because we complain that it is violent? If so, we have reduced everything, every ideal to a simple matter of power - who holds the biggest bestest gun.

Perhaps my naivete permits me to as-

sume it is somehow rational to be idealistic. But if I am not, then what exactly is the point of existence beyond that of "take as the spirit moves - one big beautiful perverted trip."

This college has tremendous potential. It can become truly unique. But the personal gratification of selected egos could destroy that possibility. This college must not become anti-intellectual as it has often tended to be.

We could begin by establishing a forum to discuss the structure of an all-community Board of Trustees, composed of administrators, faculty, and students. We could move to an all-college senate of the same constitution. We could turn in on ourselves in a search for compatibility. We can begin to be a bit less restrictive and a bit more willing to experiment for the sake of quality as well as relevance. We must try to avoid student as well as faculty and administrative pedanticism.

If this college is to grow as an institution dedicated to higher learning, it must not stifle freedom of exploration in any way by any quarter, nor should it allow itself to over-react.

Unfortunately events unravel much to our dismay. We simply stumble from establishment to establishment leaving ideas, ways of life, personal freedoms and people dead or dying.

Why have we come this way? Where are we going?

We have come this way because it has taken us a very long and painful set of experiences to learn. But we are beginning to grow. We have used guns (or spears) when we should have tried butter. We proclaimed our own egotistic beliefs as eternal truths and hired armies to enforce them. We have

set up systems of deterrence (or preventive maintenance if you will) where we should have had respect and deep human concern. We have decided that being human is evil and so we have not been human at times and have managed to call our actions just or at least necessary.

It was not enough that we invented nuclear weapons and planted them in the ground to be harvested perhaps by future generations. We are now on the brink of controlling human reproduction while we remain moral Neanderthals. What is it all for?

It is the threat of the possibility of the insane that makes it so essential to pursue the intellectual. Marian College must not become an education machine, a giant computer that feeds back information in a programmed fashion in each of the socially acceptable disciplines. This college must recognize its responsibilities to the community and to mankind in terms of human dignity. We must show our concern here by working together, by dismantling the barricades.

I do not wish to try to predict the future. The danger is that I may believe, and that others may believe, that it will be so, and in so believing will fail to work for what could be so.

I hope *fioretti* has not been too upsetting. But you see, we must give each other the chance to be upsetting and react intelligently. If we cannot trust each other in an intellectual community, then there is little hope for the fate of mankind. Thank you for the opportunities you have given me. I shall not forget you. I wish you the peace and wisdom that I have not yet been able to find.

Richard Gardner

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P-CN-65

nope, morning won't be here
until a one-drip waterfall
has worn that stone down
three more feet: nope.

in the meantime, if that's
the way old mother nature's going to be about it,
let's find candles or fires and
flickery things
and make the warm clarinet darkness
into a speckled halfbreed son
of hell and hopes:
you hold my hand and i'll hold yours,
and we can do our studies
with the hands we have leftover,
pkay? and play the piano with your feet,
darling -- you're versatile.
oh, hell. cut the fooling around, let's.
just kiss me.

-- Anita DeLuna



Picture by Katrina Henricks

I have laid my hand upon her breast --
And will upon the fleecy-packed clover patch -- and feel
The jumbled green strings between my fingers

I have myself upon her lain --
And will upon the sun-loved sand -- and feel
The sporty grains roll and press the back of my arm

Every part of her smoothness have I glided though --
And will through the cool leaves -- and feel
The silent smoking smell of the grey autumn day

-- Bill Divine

McGurdy's Watch,

Dierdre's Joke,

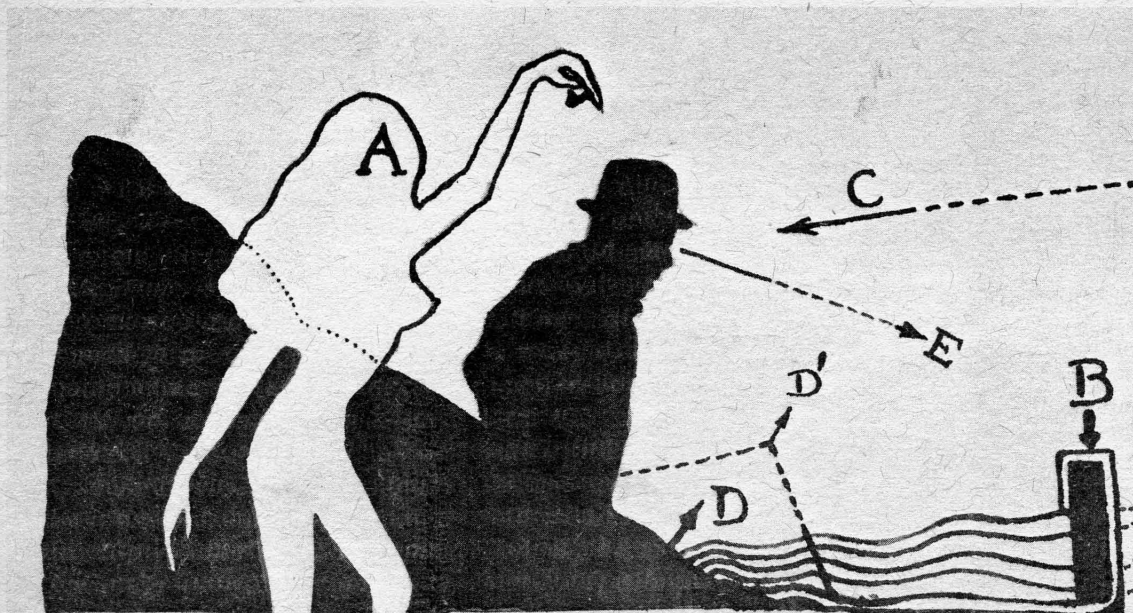
and

How a Dream

is

Made or Lost

Dennis von Pyritz



"McGurdy/Dierdre/watch/Toke/Dream—"

—David

Picture by David Ebbinghouse

MCGURDY'S WATCH I

"My father and brother are out there."
 "It's all right."
 "All right? they might be drown, they might be dead for all we know!"
 "When they supposed to be back?"
 "Thy're lost out there."
 "What about the Coast Guard?"
 "I don't know what I'll do."
 "I'll help."
 "Will you, will you really?"
 "Yes."
 "Will you stand watch?"

"Yes."
 "It may be all night."
 "Yes."
 "You might get cold."
 "It's all right."
 "What's your name?"
 "McGurdy."
 "Okay, McGurdy. It's McGurdy's watch."
 Watch the line. Watch for the dot to come across. Watch the water's rippling blackness. Watch for the lost boat and its orphans. Throughout the night keep your watch. It's McGurdy's watch.
 Where is she anyway? She said she'd be

back in a couple of hours. Maybe she took a pill to get some sleep. She needed it.

"My father and brother are out there."

"It's all right."

The dialogue never ceases—through the night. What was she doing at that party anyway?

"What's your name?"

"Dierdre . . . please help me."

"Dierdre—that's a very delicate name."

"My father and brother are out there."

"Where?"

"Out on the sea."

"What were they doing?"

"Fishing . . . please help me."

"Fishing at night?"

"They should have been back by now. They never stay this late."

Goddamn, it's cold out here!

"It will be cold out there."

I shouldn't have drank so much—I can hardly keep my eyes open.

"It may be all night."

I hope I last the night.

"Will you help me?"

"Yes, if I can."

"Will you really?"

"Yes, what can I do?"

"You must keep watch."

Yes, I'll keep watch for you, Dierdre. I was tired tonight. I was so glad you came, so glad I could help you. I like you. I felt like you needed to be protected—surely doing this for you can give some meaning to my dull life.

"I don't even know you—what's your name?"

"McGurdy, Tom McGurdy."

"I'm so glad you'll watch. You don't know what that means to me."

How could I refuse you, Dierdre? How

could I have honestly refused you? I am meaningless if I say 'no'. It will be morning soon. I fear they are lost—father and son. They're not coming home again. Did she call the Coast Guard?

"Did you call the Coast Guard?"

"I don't know what I'll do."

"It's all right. I'll stand watch. How far is it?"

"Not far—I'll drive you there."

My God, how she drove! We raced along the coast. I thought we'd both die.

"Are you tired, Dierdre? Why don't you go and get some sleep?"

It was 1:00 when we stood here last—that poor shivering girl.

"Are you cold, Dierdre?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go home and get some sleep?"

What would she have done? She must have come to the party to find help. I couldn't have rejected her—she seemed so defenseless, so desperate. And she had that innocent helpless look. She needed someone, I could tell.

"McGurdy, I'm tired. I think I'll go home and get some sleep. Will you stay here and watch?"

I shouldn't have drank so much. God, what if they never come back. What will I tell her when she comes back? I wish we would have had more time to talk.

"My name is Dierdre—please help me."

Dierdre, sweet Dierdre. What was she doing at that party anyway?—oh yes.

I think that we shall get to know one another much better when this is all over. I think that we are a lot alike. She is so weak and helpless. I could be her strength and she, in other ways, mine. She seems to

uncomplicated and gullible, there is a purity about her, a delicacy that would go with a name like Dierdre. We could do so much together. This is the beginning, this watch of mine.

I sit and I watch for those lost souls, a father and a brother on the sea lost. What will she do? What will I tell her? I've kept my vigil through the night and not a trace. The sun rises. The dawn is cold. I am McGurdy and this is my watch.

MCGURDY'S WATCH II

The morning cold which is white rolled in across the jetty where he stood. It edged out the evening cold which is black and sent it scuffling across the mosaic beach, on up the coast to where the dawn cold, like dusk's, is grey and misty. And out of this mist a band of concrete (the road on which they came last night, but now on which nothing traveled, making it not a road) lay quietly asleep, past patience with the night's watch.

McGurdy stood awake but drowsy. He had not moved for an hour. He tried at first to keep warm by walking, but became too tired. He crouched on top of the jetty and watched cold waves crash endlessly. He had lived through the night, through his watch, and the only sound was that of the rough booming of the heavy water. It was unceasing and regular, and was now part of the cold silence that rolled against his numb brain. He watched over the wind-etched sand as some dumb shepherd over a flock of dead sheep. The night's coldness was his charge, the morning to bring relief. This was McGurdy's watch, ending as it had begun, in obscure desolation and vague pretense.

DIERDRE'S JOKE I

I didn't believe he'd still be here. Maybe I should have. He was so willing last night, so docile, so completely prepared to believe. I can always pick them out - they're always at parties, alone with a drink in a corner. They just wait for some girl to notice them standing there with their dog-sad eyes. Someone they can talk to. They always have dreams. They always think they're different than anyone else, think there is something precious about their self-chosen alienation.

I have known them. They sometimes think that everyone else is an insensitive boor. They don't like guys that drink a lot and that will take advantage of you when you're a little high because they expect you to be on your guard. Guys like McGurdy like to think that they are better, that their intentions are more noble. But I have known them, these weak little boys. They expect you to take them home and fix them tea and talk about something "intellectual" and then lay down and open up your legs for them, because "something has passed between us." They'll ask to see you again because you're different, because there's something about you. But all they really want is to bury themselves inside you again, all the time talking about the "relationship." They never accept it for what it is. And if you tell them you don't want to see them any more, they kid themselves for a few weeks about being in love and being forsaken.

"My name is Dierdre—please help me."

I could have told him anything and he would have done it. They're so bored, so anxious to commit themselves to something noble and exciting, something unreal, unlike whatever it is that they do—work in a

bank, teach school, sell insurance—and all the time making excuses about why they haven't been able to follow their dreams, why they aren't raising sheep in Montana, or living in New York as an artist, or bumming across Europe, or any of a dozen lovely, silly little plans.

I could have told him anything. But if I'd have said, "*My name is Dierdre. What do you think of promiscuous girls?*" and before he had a chance to make some abstract, some rational comment, "*Let's cut out, McGurdy. Let's go to my place.*" How would he handle it? Would he decline on some weak excuse or would he say I'm an interesting girl and he is curious about me. And if I said, "*Spend the night with me, McGurdy. I want you. No, not because you're different or because you have dreams. I want you just for tonight. I don't care who you are or what you think of me. Let's make love and enjoy each other's body just because we want to. I'll make you breakfast in the morning and then you'll go. A week later I won't even remember you.*" What would he do then? Would he accept the romantic adventure of the proposal? Would he write me down in his life as a beautiful but mixed-up girl? And when he was married and his wife asked in bed, "*Was there anyone else?*" would he tell her of a quiet interlude in the confused blossoming of his innocent youth? When I had forgotten *him*, would he remember *me*, and think I was really *someone*, and tell his wife about me? Would he confuse the sex we had with the love he had for his wife? How would he ever know which of us is real, his wife or me?

I could have told him anything. But if I had said, after a drink or two, in our own

quiet corner of that noisy party, with our own candle and that gullible, lonely, pathetic look in his dim eyes, expecting of me feelings like his own, if I had said, "*_____ me, McGurdy, _____ me all night long, kiss me.*" And we will wake in the morning. And then once more before you go. You get dressed. I stand by my window naked and stare out and say, "*Do you love me, McGurdy?*" If you'd say 'yes' I would spit.

I could have told you anything but as soon as I'd said something as unmistakably real as "*_____ me,*" you'd run away. As soon as I'd finished half my proposal, you'd be gone. You can't accept things as they really are. You're a fool. You have to color things. You have to make them fit into your own precious scheme of things, you have to make sure that they have some kind of special meaning. You're afraid, McGurdy. You needed to be put down for once. What was I to do with you? I don't need your romantic masturbation. I made you watch all night for my father and brother. You deserve it, McGurdy—you're a dreamer.

DIERDRE'S JOKE II

"You look cold, McGurdy. It's after six—you've been here over five hours."

"It's all right. Have you heard anything?"

"I didn't know if you'd still be here or not. Did you miss me?"

"I knew you'd be back. I wanted to talk to you but then I thought it best if you were alone. Have you heard anything from the Coast Guard?"

"What?"

"There's been no word, has there?"

"You don't understand, do you? You really can't let go. The joke is over McGurdy!"

"What joke is that?"

"Can't you see—you've been had! You've sat here all night for nothing. I lied, McGurdy, I lied! My father lives in Iowa and I don't have a brotver. No one is out there. There was never anything to watch for. I just made it all up."

"Why did you come back then?"

"I don't know. Maybe to have old last laugh. But I don't feel like laughing now. I don't think that's the reason I came back anyway, I don't know."

"Why did you do it, Dierdre?"

"I'm not sure. It was probably just a silly idea. I'm not sorry though. You shouldn't have believed me."

"I did. I chose to believe you."

"How long would you have stayed?"

"Hours, I don't know. Around five the whole thing didn't make sense anymore. If they did come back, why here? And if so what could I do? I didn't know who or where you were if anything happened. If they'd drown, they'd wash up miles from here. And then sometime when it was beginning to get light, I thought that maybe it was just a big joke."

"Then why did you keep your watch?"

"Because I couldn't discount the whole thing. No matter how improbable it seemed, I couldn't say it was not real. It was somehow important for me to wait out the night. I wanted to finish my watch, I had to."

"You knew I'd come back?"

"Yes, maybe that's why I stayed. It was like some dream, waiting here all night. And

when morning came, when I first thought it might be a joke and I was a fool, in that cold dawn when I was wet with the mist and felt as empty as that sky opening up out there, when I knew that you would come back, I had the strangest impulse. It lingered with me, I was taken over by it. It didn't make any sense. I searched and searched for a reason and there was none. It was so strange, Dierdre. I wanted to walk to the end of the jetty and then jump off. I knew that I would drown because the sea is rough out there and crashes against the concrete foundation. I was all the way out there, looking down at the water. I don't know when I changed my mind or why, but I just found myself walking back to the beach. Wasn't that strange?"

"It was silly. But it fits you, McGurdy. You take things too, too seriously. I should be more careful with people I guess. I asked you to watch because I knew you would. I knew I could tell you anything and you'd believe me. You seemed to deserve the joke. It was silly."

"Huh, 'McGurdy's watch.' That's what I kept thinking over and over. It was something to hold on to. It's over now."

"Yes, let's go home, McGurdy. It's been a long night."

THE DREAM

They drove away in her little red car, and in a few moments the beach was behind them. The wind was blowing and it started to rain. They left no evidence of McGurdy's vain watch or Dierdre's sad joke. The waves continued to roll in, paying no mind to anything that had happened. For the wind and the sand and the ocean had already

weighed out the delicate probabilities of the night's circus of needs and concern, had measured out the chances of success in the courageous making of dreams. It might work. It might not.

She would take him home to make him tea and toast, and have a morning's talk about their small universe of joy and pain. They would go to bed to make some kind of love. The chances are as good as any that their dreams would meet, that something real would pass between them, and that he would stay. Or leave honestly. Or it might be also that he would leave under his mask of self-delusion and would re-

member always something of a name and girl so sweet as Dierdre. And she might have to laugh or spit, and concede the game once more to another silly little boy who had stalled the game by cheating.

For in the measure of a night and morning's coldness, and of the unchanging pattern of the birth and death of a wave, and of a wind that always blows and a rain that never fails, these are small things, this circus. They are fragile and elusive. And without care and sincere precaution they can pass away quickly, like so many grains of salt from so many nervous or insensitive fingers, and lost to the wind.

ETHERIA

The old woman was gathering
 Wild-flowers when death came.
 Such swans were there!
 They plucked away her clothes
 and sipped her nectar
 and left white feathers
 in place of the flowers.

And,
 leaving her body as it
 was never before,
 They went on
 the path of the sun.

COMMENTS

ten

uuhh

nine

uuuuuhh uuh

eight

uuh

waah

seven

serial no. A937-6-801 WARD-C

six

sign here please thank you

beep beep

damn traffic oh hi

yeh my new son thanks

five

well what the hell am i supposed to do about it

DONG

DONG

DONG

i pledge allegiance to the

dollar please thank you

mooo moo moooo

that's it keep em comin

there's one

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN

four

what the hell

just take a drag

you're afraid aren't you

RELAX RELAX

R E L A A A A X

that's it

oooh

uuh

aaaaaaaaaahhh

three

i just don't understand
help me
please
there he goes
he's just a kid
beep beep
he don't shoot like one

two

why
ungrateful bastards
WHY
fall in
why

one

you get him now boy
would you like your change sir
did you say change
that's it boy
goddammit shoot

zero

bang

-- Richard Gardner

The Role of Student Government at Marian College

Paul Kazmierzak

In November, 1937, the students of Marian College elected their first set of student officers. Thus began what is now the Marian College Student Association. That first year of operation for student government was one of development. At the end of the first year the faculty and Board of Trustees approved a charter of powers for the students which had been drafted by a faculty committee. Thus the Student Activity Council was created.

Among the important facets of this charter was the power to recognize clubs, the power to manage its own finances, and the establishment of a committee to meet with the faculty and discuss matters of common interest.

The Student Activity Council took advantage of these powers. One of its major achievements in its early years was the granting of charters to three religiously oriented clubs.

In the spring of 1938, the *Phoenix* was born. This first publication was financed and managed by students.

Another power granted in the Charter was the power to draw up a calendar of events and meetings. This implies power over social activities.

The Student Activity Council concerned itself primarily with social and religious extracurricular activities until 1939 when a coordinating body for the religious clubs was initiated. After the establishment of this body, the Student Activity Council concentrated primarily on social and recreational activities.

It is my judgement that student government remained primarily concerned with student social and recreational activities until the mid 1960's. As of spring, 1969, approximately thirty years after the granting of its Charter, the Student Association of Marian College is an integral part of the day to day life not only of the student, but also of the entire college community: administrative, faculty, and student.

Students are seated on seven out of ten faculty standing committees, including the Academic Affairs and Student Services Committees. There are also students on such ad hoc committees as the Purposes and Goals and Faculty Council Constitution Committees.

The re-structuring of the Student Board which took place this year is the latest step in the continuing evolution of student government. The Student Board has now

designated its power over social activities to the Social Council. It has also added a new position, that of Student-Faculty Academic Affairs Committee Representative. The Student Board now has a direct line of communication to both the Academic Affairs and Student Services Committees. The proposed Faculty Council Constitution states that in any matters of direct concern to students, two students appointed by the Student Board will be allowed to participate in the discussion of these issues in the Faculty Council.

As it stands today, student government is complex. It is student based and representative of students but oriented toward the whole college community.

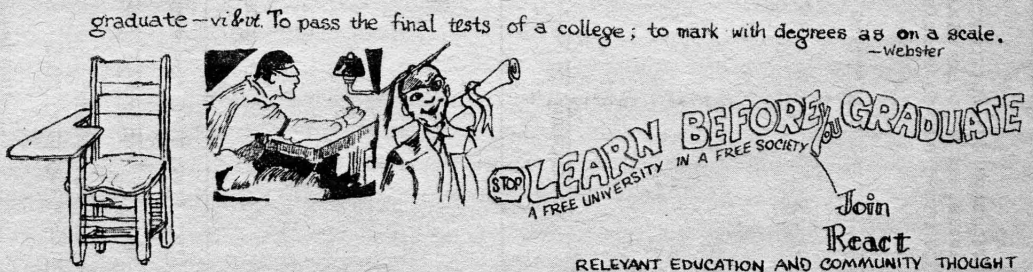
The future presents some interesting possibilities for student government. Perhaps the possibility that I lean toward the most is the creation of a College Council. As of now there are three legislative bodies in the college community. The Board of Trustees, the Faculty Council and the Student Board. Though each of these

bodies represents a different faction of the community, they are all, hopefully, oriented toward the community as a whole. It is logical, then, that the next step would be to combine these bodies to form a College Council with standing committees to handle matters which are concerned solely with one or another of the factions.

I don't foresee this type of arrangement in the near future. Student Government must continue to look past itself to the college as a whole, as must the Board of Trustees and the Faculty Council. Yet, I believe that this type of setup is possible and it should be studied now.

For the present student government must fully develop itself within its present framework. I am not suggesting that it maintain the status quo. I am only saying that it learn to use the tools it has now properly in order to move forward.

Student government here at Marian College is an integral part of the community. It is a strong force for students. But it is also a strong force for the progress of Marian College.



MRS. GOODES

She used to be our once-a-week cleaning lady.
Her hair was as white as the new dustcloths
she clutched in her bone-ridged hands.
She wore a hearing aid, and I had to shout to her
when she was being led about the house
by the aggressive vacuum cleaner.
We always had lunch together --
She liked lamb chops the best.
I would pretend I didn't like them
so she could have mine.
We moved when I was eleven,
and I missed the way she whistled
through her false teeth.
When I was eighteen we visited her,
and she didn't recognize me at first --
I had aged.
She shared with me her house
and her garden
and her new French umbrella that folded up
into a compact flowered tube.
With the finesse of a mellowed magician
she gaily exhibited her dexterity
with an ordinary umbrella.
She laughed.
I cried.

-- Carole Williams

*A short and perhaps meaningless description
of what, for lack of a better term, has
been called "Education"*

Richard Gardner

There appear to be two definitions to the word "education." The one would be "a process of programmed learning." The other would be more difficult to put into words, primarily because I cannot quantify it. Perhaps a description would be more meaningful than a definition. That description might be "a process by which an individual pursues an understanding of reality — of those things of which an individual is aware of existing outside of himself." The primary difference is that the first is teleologic extrinsically; the second is teleologic intrinsically.

A liberal arts education, it would seem, is a process of programmed learning directed at forcing the individual to pursue an understanding of reality, rather than memorize a description of it. The force of the education would then be to make the individual develop within himself a strong desire to understand, and to test that understanding in order to attempt to verify it. At some point then, the teacher must expect the student to challenge his credentials, while he himself challenges the student. The goal would seem to be, again, an approach to an understanding of reality.

In an age of rapid technological change, and in a society increasingly run by and for the benefit of computer technology, the

emphasis is on utilitarianism of people, as well as of machines; to make something stable in an age of flux, not only of surroundings but also of morality. The emphasis in education is on programmed learning, preparing individuals to run machines. The need to understand is viewed in terms of utility. No one person understands. It is the goal of individuals to understand only their own areas, and of no one to oversee the whole. Somehow, the whole will function meaningfully through a sort of synthesis of or interaction of area experts.

The result is that each area becomes more and more abstract, receding further and further from the whole. Programmed learning results in programmed instruction programmed toward programmed research in order to expand the program in a programmed meaningful way. The program begins to program itself.

The difficulty is that the program does not often account for reality. One begins to wonder if it can account for itself. Teleologically, the monster turns on itself, becomes directed towards itself in order to make itself more efficient. At some point, there were human beings floating around, rather than bits of information.

If programmed learning is oriented toward utilitarianism, what then is the goal

of the other form of education?

That question is difficult to answer. It would appear that the second form of education I have already mentioned is directed towards making a person try to understand what it means ultimately to be a human being, and secondarily to be an individual. Perhaps the two cannot be separated. Teleologically, it is teleology oriented.

The purpose of this rather lengthy introductory digression is to attempt to account for student unrest and the inability of many administrators and students to understand that unrest.

Until rather recently, education was generally undirected. Some people in education may have been goal oriented, but the process as a whole was not that strongly directed. One might suggest that its primary concern was transmitting information.

Sputnik changed that. Everything became utility oriented within the framework of beating the Russians. We bugged their computers, as they bugged ours, and of late have found the computers beginning to do their own bugging. They are now beginning to bug us.

Somewhere along the line, someone decided he didn't like being programmed and a computer went berserk, as did many of its functionaries nominally titled learned men. Cogs in a bigger and better wheel, only the old spokes are ground up and disposed of.

The war in Vietnam has brought the discussion to a head. The draft system makes the programming a bit too obvious to a bit too many people. For some strange reason it no longer appears satisfying for an individual to be told that although he is only

a part of a larger program, he is at least an important part of a larger program. His death WILL be meaningful though his life may not be. That does not compute.

The search then is for meaning in a programmed society. Any indication to the individual that the program is more important than the individual results in reaction by the individual. Any indication to the program that the individual is more important than the program results in the reaction by the program. The need is to resolve the conflict. If we follow the conventional methods, we shall proclaim that TRUTH lies in wait somewhere between the two reactions. Both sides desire resolution. The program needs order. The individual needs chaos, or at least freedom—which seems to be synonymous. Both seek an ordered chaos.

How can the conflict be resolved? I am not sure that we can afford the resolution. Neither would seem to be capable of individual existence. Neither would appear to be separate from the other. Yet, the tendency appears to be toward programmed chaos.

What then is the ultimate good? The program would reject the question; the individual would not answer it. There would appear to be value in both forms of education. But we must ask ourselves what the goal of education is. That, only the individual can answer for himself. But it would seem important that the individual can answer for himself. The goal must not be programmed, if for no other reason than for the efficiency of the program.

These ideas are subject to revision without prior notice. The author assumes no responsibility for lost minds.

Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me

by Richard Farina and the Educational Institution

"From five years old, except for summers, you've been in (educational) institutions. This is life? Here in the microcosm, with what you know, you are a waste. Lost, but truly lost. . . . What is sin but an attack upon the third dimension?"

In *Been Down So Long*. . . Richard Farina introduces us to Gnossos Pappadopoulos, a student at Ithaca University in Athene, New York. Through Gnossos (silent "G"), Farina presents the student, or being a student, as a way of life—with all the mania, the seriousness, the irreverence, and the pains of student life. And with all the inherent (?) evil of the educational institution, the Establishment, within which the student exists.

The educational institution, it seems from Gnossos' experiences, is an emasculating microcosm within society. It establishes norms which inhibit the creativity of the student: He is told where to live and how to live, what to learn and how to learn. Learning is equated with reading, and discovery and realization are neglected as learning experiences. What the student learns in the system is to produce and consume. He does not learn to live. The student is placed in the passive role of being crammed with information, most of which is fed to him in books. The process of reading is slow and dull; the world outside of the institution is fast and exciting. Thus, a conflict arises: the student eventually realizes that the storehouse of dry information he is acquiring is virtually worthless to him in the electric environment "outside." (See the Spring issue of *fioretti*.)

One method of dealing with this situation is the one Gnossos takes. He continues to exist within the institutional framework but detaches himself (or makes an attempt to detach himself) from all the institutional norms. Gnossos does not rebel against the University's authority; he simply does not recognize it as such. He declares himself "Immune and Exempt." This declaration is not as illogical as it might seem. After all, the educational institution does have a tendency to give a feeling of security and immunity to students. (The student draft exemption is an excellent example.) The novel careens through a wild sequence of event, and Gnossos' Immunity is proven false. He chick turns sour on him, leaving him with an incurable case of the clap, a narcotics bust, a draft notice, and various other symbols of morbidity. The institution is vital to the destruction of Gnossos. It destroys him when all that he does is to search for a more personal relationship than it offers.

The institution which has so many years placed Gnossos in a passive role turns around and attacks him, forcing him either to actively defend himself or be crushed. It turns itself inside-out. This is a unique characteristic of the institution. It teaches production and consumption, which have meaning in our Establishment but which are worthless and perhaps detrimental to the living of a meaningful life. It is this process of turning inside-out, of simultaneous assertion and negation, that Farina calls "an attack upon the third dimension." What is that but sin?



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times about 1/10
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Pictures by Katrina Henricks