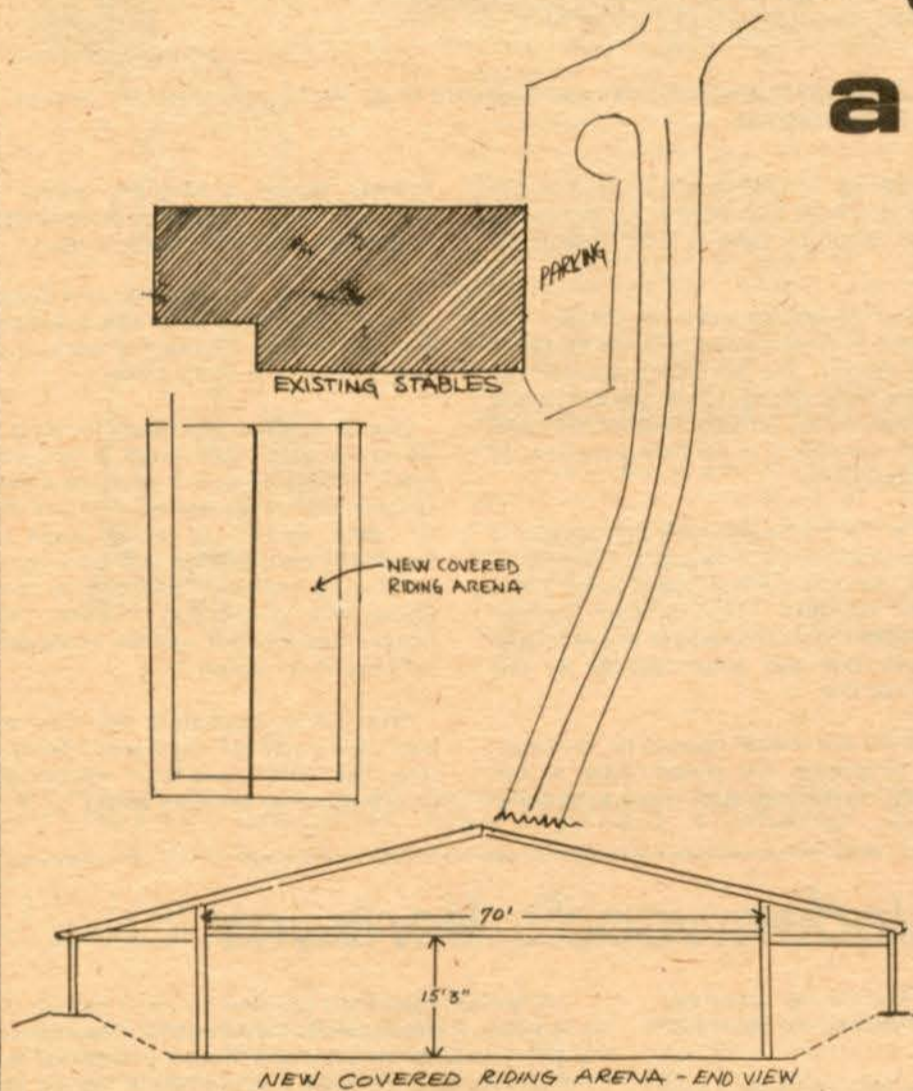


IBIS sports

*Gelber begins and ends
Volleyball, Soccer seasons
in a pair of stories on p. 8*

College equestrians riding arena: a reality by Christmas?

Story by Dennis Miller [p. 2]



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Pat Grace
experiences
Ririe-Woodbury
Dance Co. (p. 3)

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**Robert Wilke on
"Escape from Evil"
by Ernest Becker
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New building

Long-awaited riding arena soon to be campus reality

by Dennis Miller

Students in the riding program have patiently waited for a vision to become reality. They have endured the elements; the rain and the mud and the snow. Finally, the wait is over. Their dream will come true.

placed on each side of the arena. The actual riding area will be 200 feet in length and 70 feet in width.

Dr. Spencer, President of the Lindenwood Colleges, said, "The reason why we went to the berm was that we

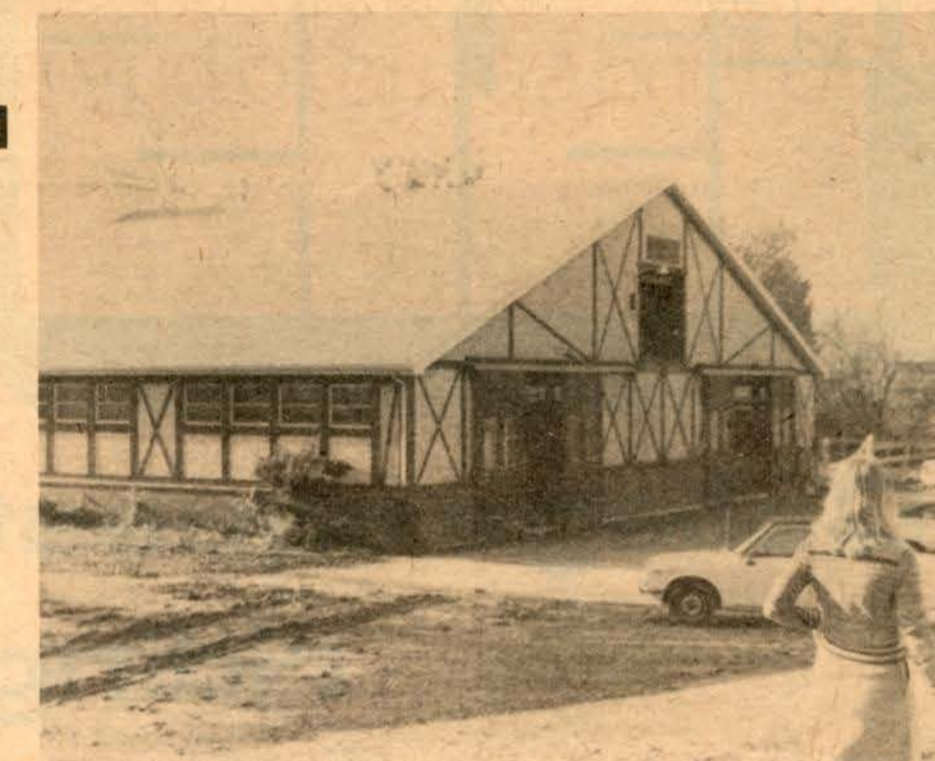
"The riding program is the most expensive department we have and we have to get it operating on an effective level."

Despite Old Man Winter, another new structure will take its place on the campus, an indoor riding arena. Dr. B. Richard Berg, Vice-President of the Lindenwood Colleges, said the covered arena will be completed by Dec. 12, with construction beginning on Nov. 11.

The building will be a green, metal structure with a large roof and open sides. The cover, or roof, will be built over the existing outdoor ring. There will be 52 fiberglass skylights in the roof to provide adequate lighting. A row of pillars will be

discovered there would be no cost for it. We had all that dirt left over from the football field. The berm is set up to provide water run-off, so there will be no problem with rain. We can plant grass on the outside of the berm to make the arena more attractive." A berm is a slope or a bank. Seating can be built on the earth berm surrounding.

Spencer said it would cost much more for seating. "We might go to some type of bleacher seating, and then see what we actually need. I see no purpose in putting



A new riding arena will soon stand adjacent to the stables to augment the campus riding program.

in seating for 1,000 people when we might not need more than 100 seats. Labor cost is high. We'll just have to build little by little."

Cost of the structure is \$80,000. The Board of Trustees appropriated \$60,000 to the project. The remaining amount has come from selling horses donated to the college, from private individuals, and from the efforts of the riding students in raising funds.

Last spring the administration planned a fiberglass, tent-like structure. However, it was later learned that type of arena would cost too much. That original concept the administration looked at two years ago would have cost about \$300,000 for the desired size.

There are several reasons for the delay in completing the project. One is the change in the type of structure to be built.

Another reason is that the college is waiting for other projects to be completed in the area known as "back-campus."

"Believe me, I'm eager to get it done," Spencer said. "People have to be patient. We have different contractors working on each project in a limited area."

Spencer said that by keeping the sides of the arena open, the college is left with many options. He said it would be a very simple matter to enclose the sides later on. Dr. Berg agreed the arena could be completely enclosed, but said there would have to be additional planning for ventilation and lighting. "As it is now, ventilation is no problem, and the arena does not have to be heated."

"The riding program is the most expensive department we have," Spencer said. "We simply have to get it operating on a reasonably effective level."

"Jubilee" (Ayres) Hall adds to Lindenwood's horizons

Despite its changing hands and changing face, Lindenwood Colleges still remains the same bastion of education, in spirit, as it did back when it was a single-building school for women.

by Liz Haley

A quarter of a century after the Sibleys had founded their school for girls, they realized their lives were drawing to a close and the work begun on so small a scale had grown beyond their limitations. They turned over the school, together with all their estate to the Presbytery of St. Louis, upon condition that the standards which they had established should be maintained — in brief "to endow a college where women could receive the same advantages as their more favored brothers."

In three years the Presbytery became aware that it had assumed too great a responsibility and turned over the entire property to the Synod of Missouri. They decided to continue the school under the historic name of Lindenwood.

The enterprise flourished until the Civil War when it suffered a brief period of depression, but with the close of hostilities it continued to grow. At the time of its transfer

to the Presbytery of St. Louis, the old log cabin was condemned and the central part of what is now Sibley Hall was erected.

There were no further changes until 1881 when a wing was added and six years later a corresponding one was built on the other side.

For 80 years Lindenwood remained a single building campus. Sibley Hall housed the dormitory, classrooms, and administration offices under one roof. Then on the 75th anniversary of the college, the proposed construction of a new building was announced. It was to be named "Jubilee Hall" in honor of the celebration.

As the 1906 yearbook stated: "To the year 1907 falls the honor of seeing the greatest stride in Lindenwood's history. It is to witness the erection of a thoroughly modern combination dormitory and school building to be

Work on the new building began immediately. The old carriage house (acting as a gymnasium) had to be removed from the planned sight of Jubilee Hall right next to Sibley. Dr. George Frederick Ayres, president of the college, supervised the remaking of the campus. Dr. Ayres "saw a great opportunity back of the fine old traditions and plunged into the task of bringing order out of chaos."

Jubilee Hall essentially followed the same pattern of use as Sibley. It also combined the dormitory, classrooms, and administration offices. For a time it even acted as home for Dr. Roemer and his wife when he served as president of the college.

On October 21, 1927, the building log known as Jubilee Hall became Ayres Hall in honor of the former president of Lindenwood. At the dedication ceremony Dr. Ayres was credited as being the father of the junior college and called a pioneer in leading educational institutions in Missouri to adopt the accrediting system. It was on this foundation, Roemer asserted, that Lindenwood had grown into a four-year college.

Sesquicentennial

In concluding his talk, Dr. Roemer paid tribute to the "loyal friendship, the magnificent faith, and the brave death" of his friend, Dr. George Frederick Ayres.

Ayres, who had succeeded Dr. Matthew Howell Reaser, served as president of the college from 1902 until his death in 1913.

\$200 fund set up to buy additional library texts

by Greg Barnett

Lindenwood students wanting the library to expand its collection to include more books in a particular subject area or specific books not owned by the library may use a special \$200 fund set up by the Academic Resources Committee to order library books.

Cindy Mitchell and Kurt Junger, student members of the committee, recently said that less than half of the \$200 allocated for the student fund has been spent and are encouraging students to submit titles of books they would like to see in the library. Records may also be requested.

Requests for books and records should be submitted to box 265 as soon as possible. Information on the title, author and publisher of requested books is helpful.

Some of the books already requested this year are "The Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are" by Alan Watts, "The Politics of Experience" by R.D. Laing and "The Sunbird" by William Smith.

The Academic Resources Committee's allocation of money for student acquisition of library books is unusual. The main duties of the committee are to evaluate the library collection and make recommendations on strengthening certain resources, to review the adequacy of and make recommendations for the budgets of each department for acquisition of resources for the library and to evaluate other resources available to the faculty such as audio-visual equipment.

Student committee members Mitchell and Junger say they joined the committee out of a real concern for academic standards and resources at Lindenwood.

"I wanted the facilities in the library to match what the students wanted in a library," Mitchell explained.

One of the main reasons Junger joined the committee was to get a place for students to study. "There was a lack of any place to study . . . where you could concentrate," he said.

While both students recognize that resources in the library are limited by the size of Lindenwood, they believe improvements can be made. Acquisition of more books is important to them. Junger also said reference material should be better organized, new record players and turntables would make listening to records more worthwhile and expanded hours at the night owl study area are needed.

Mitchell said that one thing bothering her was the failure of some faculty departments to spend the money allocated to them for new resources in the library. One department was allocated about \$700 in a recent year's budget and only spent around \$400 of it, according to Mitchell. "It makes me mad when they don't spend all their money," she said.

Mitchell suggested that students ask professors to buy specific books.

Librarian Patricia Delks agreed with Mitchell and Junger about many of the needs they said the library has. She said expanding the library's books and resources are also very important to her, but the library's funds are limited. "You've only got so much and it's being eaten

away by cost increases," she said.

Delks agreed that the periodical section needs greater organization but said this was not possible until the library received more funds to bind periodicals or get them on microfilm. She also said she saw no reason why the hours of the night owl study area could not be extended.

Delks said she was not aware of any problem with the turntables and head phones. She added that while faculty departments sometimes fail to spend their entire budget, it is because of business and failure to acclimate themselves to the March deadline for submitting requests for resources. She said she spends the money on behalf of a faculty department when it fails to spend all of its funds.

'76 Parents' Weekend a success

by Sandy Strauss

Parents' Weekend 1976-77 was said to be quite a success. After years of the traditional spring weekend being set aside, it was decided to experiment with a new season. The weather and temperature were different, but the feeling was the same; the feeling of warmth and welcome extended to the parents by students and faculty.

The weather held out perfectly for the late autumn weekend, with Lindenwood showing off fall in its usual way. The sky was clear and sunny and the air was crisp, and Lindenwood was a colorful backdrop with its changing and falling leaves. This provided a great atmosphere for a weekend highlighted by a soccer game, student directed plays, art lectures, faculty and Dean's receptions, a non-demonstrational church service, and the biggest event, the Champagne Dance for

parents and students at Howard Johnson's Restaurant.

The events for Parents' Weekend were coordinated by the student governments in conjunction with Dean Crozier's office. Dean Crozier had nothing but good things to say about the weekend and the cooperation of the students. When asked about the new time for the weekend, she responded by saying, "I thought it was much better," and went on to say that it appeared to be the biggest attendance ever to a parents' Weekend.

Dean Crozier also commented on the weekend in general. She said the students were very concerned that their parents have a good time, and that most went out of their way to make sure the parents were comfortable. She also added that the weather was a big factor in making the weekend a success. Parents could visit all of the campus, and

could enjoy themselves more because it was nice. She said that the reception at her house brought the largest group of parents in that she ever had, and that everyone had an excellent time.

Dean Crozier picked the Champagne Dance as the best event of Parents' Weekend. The consideration showed by the students in picking the band, music and everything else for the parents was great, she said. She added that the parents seemed to enjoy it all the more, knowing the time spent in making everything pleasing for them.

The last thing Dean Crozier said was that she thought the fall was a better time for Parents' Weekend, because of the higher attendance it brought in particular. Maybe Lindenwood should have broken with tradition a few years ago.

Writer experiences Ririe-Woodbury Dance Co.

Text and Photo
by Pat Grace

We untangled slowly from our heap of bodies, carefully unrolled and crawled apart as applause came from the sidelines. Our exercise/dance was over and our teachers, Phyllis Haskell, Doris Hudson, Shirley Ririe and Lynn Topovski cheered, saying, "Great, bravo . . . you were wonderful!"

These four members of the Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company had just finished their second day of residency at Lindenwood in late October, teaching classes and lecture demonstrations. Those of us taking dance courses had spent two strenuous hours doing simple warm-up exercises, combining individual movements into a group dance.

Later over wine and cheese, at a reception for the company in the Fine Arts Building lounge, we laughed about our dance efforts with the visiting dancers. We agreed the experience had been exciting for both groups.

The Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company from Salt Lake City, Utah, was established in 1969 to raise the existing standards of audiences, students and artists. Through a varied repertory, the company stresses theatrical staging, media and humor.

For the 1975-76 season the company has

had more weeks of touring than any other dance organization, and has performed in almost all fifty states. Seven to nine dancers tour with the company.

Shirley Ririe and Joan Woodbury, the co-founders and directors, taught and danced together for many years before

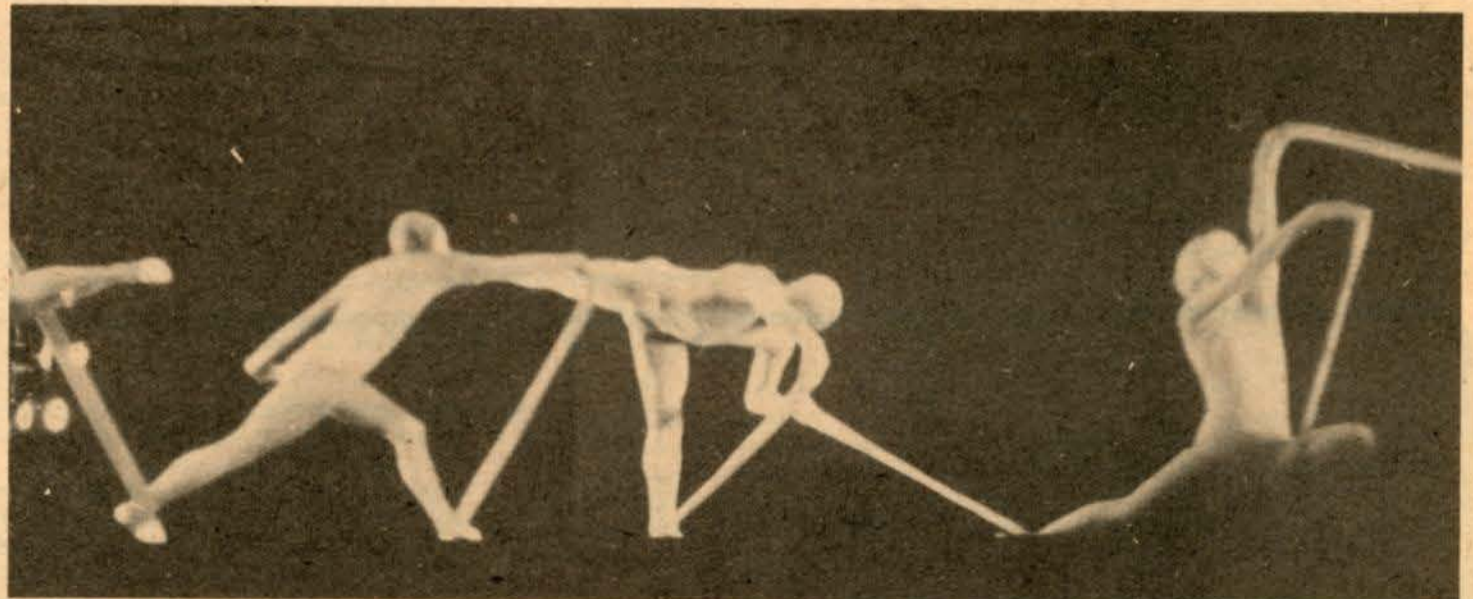
forming the company. Shirley is a national leader in Children's dance, and a known dancer/choreographer and professor in the Department of Ballet and Modern Dance at the University of Utah.

Joan Woodbury, who remained in Salt Lake City, is also a professor at the

University of Utah, and has proved herself as a choreographer, dancer and teacher of exceptional merit.

Each of the other dancers has been with the company for varying lengths of time, some at the University of Utah at Salt

(Continued on Page 6)



Ririe-Woodbury Dance Co. perform "Obliquities" in an Oct. 23 Lindenwood concert.

Campus road repairs a comedy of errors

It's always kind of sad when someone's good intentions backfire and the project turns out less than helpful. Such is the case of Lindenwood's driveways and parking lots.

In an attempt to improve the campus roads, the driveways have been covered with many millions of teeny-tiny pieces of gravel and great big, BAAAD speed bumps.

EDITORIAL

A few weeks ago the roads were in fine shape. Granted, the parking lots had a few holes, but nothing you could lose the wheel of your car in. Then suddenly one day, "mini" road crews appeared and began doing strange things to Lindenwood's roads.

First they were oiled. A day or so later, after our cars had picked up as much oil as possible, gravel was put down. Then, you no longer had to worry about getting the oil off the paint on your car because the gravel took the paint off.

Gradually the rocks worked their way into the oil in the roadway, as was originally planned, and things began to settle down. Then the speed "bumps" appeared.

And in case you haven't had the pleasure of driving over one of these monsters, they are curbs, not bumps. Believe it.

The first afternoon the curbs were built, this writer was casually driving past Sibley Hall at the modest speed of 15 m.p.h. Suddenly, the car shot up into the air, fell back to earth with a thud and then refused to move. The car had encountered a speed "bump" at such a speed (15 m.p.h.?) that the



transmission had been knocked into neutral. Quite a good feat for a mere "bump."

The "Caution Bump" signs, placed next to the bumps are also an understatement. Upon examination, it was found that the "bumps" were constructed identically to the curbs on campus. Identical—the same height, slope and width.

Certainly the administration's intentions were good. Everyone likes nice, repaired roads. And of course the speed bumps are for the protection of slow moving students.

But didn't things get a bit carried away?

After all, what happens this winter when the driveways are plowed to clear the snow? Chances are, the gravel will come off with the snow.

And where will that leave us?

Spinning our wheels, trying to get over bare bumps.

A foreign language is still a most valuable tool

by La Donna Mills

Do you ever come out of that foreign language class vowing you'll never return? Irregular verbs and unpronounceable words can make your head spin, but don't let these complications overwhelm you. A foreign language is one of the most valuable tools you can gain. Easy to say, right? Yes, it is, but after acutely experiencing the "pain" of trying to communicate in a foreign language, I can sincerely say it.

On June 20, 1975, I left for Madrid, Spain, a wide-eyed college freshman with essentially no knowledge of the Spanish language. I began the year in the University of Madrid, tackling college-level courses, completely in Spanish, with a pre-school vocabulary I'd assimilated in a couple of months. For weeks I sat in the lecture halls, listening to those beautifully melodic words, but not comprehending any of them.

When some unfortunate professor would decide to question the young "Americana" who always seemed to be pertly listening, he was met only with a blank stare and a poorly pronounced "I don't understand." The reason I always appeared so attentive was because I was grasping for some word, some sound that would mean something to me.

My class notes in those first few weeks were interesting, though not too helpful in preparing for a test. They read something like this: "In 14—, King ——— fought ——— for possession of

—————" Entertaining, but certainly not informative.

These frustrating experiences weren't limited to the classroom. I'll never forget one of my first trips to the open-air grocery store where you go from one booth to the next and buy fresh fruits, vegetables, and meats. I had lost my carefully prepared list of the Spanish names and resorted to hand motions. Establishing the difference between a bunch of grapes and a watermelon is not too difficult, but when you're trying to get a lemon and the shop-keeper shows you a lime, an orange, an apple, a peach, a nectarine . . . and so on, it can get rather exasperating, for both of you. At least I never had to try purchasing pork chops by "oinking" at the shop-keeper like one of my American friends did. And Spanish animals don't even make the same sounds as our American ones!

Traveling on the public transportation systems brought me closer to the Spanish people and the necessity for speaking Spanish. More than once, I found myself absolutely lost in that sprawling city as a result of misinterpretation of well-intended directions. Instead of getting off at the fourth stop on Atocha, I would get off at the sixth stop on Estrecho. Then, when I'd realize that I wasn't where I wanted to be, I'd struggle to understand a

new set of directions and try again. And the cycle continued . . . until I reached my destination.

The times I spent with Spanish-speaking friends were at the same time productive and disconcerting. We compared our life styles and ideas, haltingly at first, then with increasing ease. Often, though, I would have something special and perhaps a bit abstract to tell them and I just couldn't find the words. This is by far the most frustrating feeling I've ever experienced.

GUEST COMMENTARY

As my year in Spain came to an end, I became more and more comfortable with the language and the beautiful country to which it belonged. I found that through knowledge of a foreign language, I had been converted from a panicky, obnoxious tourist to a welcome and self-assured guest. I also became familiar with the inner enchantment of the country — its wandering bands of gypsies, whizzing underground subways, and its timeworn castles. My year in Spain was like a door to a new world and the language was the key that had opened it for me.

A foreign language is a valuable tool. I hope you'll learn how to use it, soon.

The Ibis, student newspaper of the Lindenwood Colleges. Kingshighway at First Capitol Drive, St. Charles, Mo. 63301. Offices in the 2nd floor of the Health Center. The goal of this student-produced newspaper is to inform the Lindenwood community through news, commentary and reviews of the arts. Opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the administration or faculty.

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dave schmitt

View from the Highway

Telephones and lovers

One of the loneliest sounds I know is that silence, in the first few seconds of a dead phone line, when someone you love has just hung up.

In those few seconds, all the things you wanted to or tried to say come rushing to you in crystal-clear, 20-20 hindsight.

Or maybe it's the total awareness of being all alone now, when you weren't just two seconds ago, or being too far away to do anything but use the impersonal phone.

But the fact remains: when you've got no other choice, the telephone really is the next best thing to being there.

It's one heavy ad campaign that uses the truth honestly to sell!

I don't know why — perhaps it's because of the preponderance of Dr. Bell's gadget, out of the crushing necessity of 20th century life that makes us use it so frequently to get the important things done, sometimes efficiently, in this mobile and hectic world — but it seems that the most personal moments, the most important things, all get conveyed over the telephone.

"Mom! It's a baby boy!"

"Son . . . I - I'm sorry son, . . . your father's dead . . ."

"Honey, I got the job."

"I'm sorry I got mad. Can't we talk it over?"

"David, I don't want to hurt you but I, — I think . . . it's over."

Out of nothing more than need, we are forced to use the phone to give news both tragic and glad.

Or we use it shamefacedly to apologize, plead or simply reject.

But all of the most vital information of our lives, at one time or the other, by someone, somewhere, is transmitted over telephone lines.

Which has brought us to the sad state of communication affairs we are presently in today, with regards to our phones.

With the ease the instrument affords us to unburden and divest ourselves of news or opinions, or to try and gather information, the telephone has evolved into a "lifeline"; a thin umbilical attached to a bale of wires that criss-crosses continents with electrical impulses of our love, hate, expectation, exultation, hope, despair and defeat.

And we don't take it seriously.

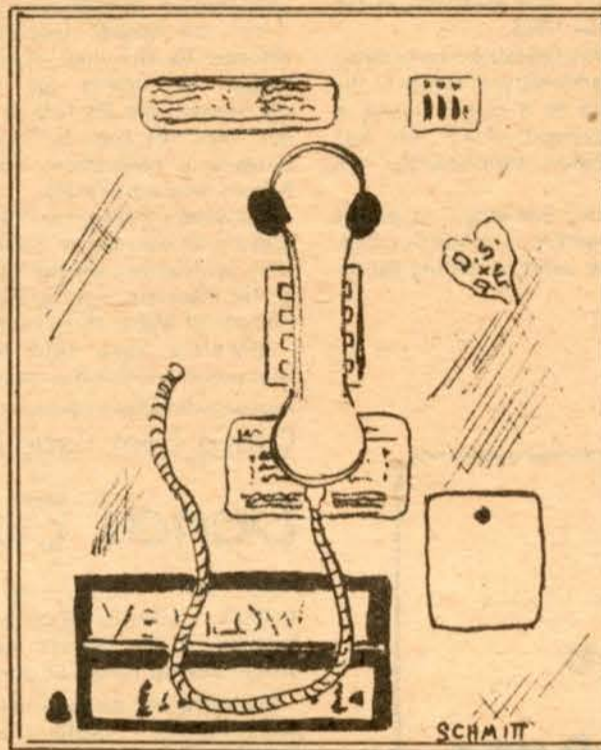
It would seem that one of the few things that serves us so faithfully and unceasingly would be a most respected invention indeed.

But that's not the case.

Because anything as common as a telephone is a prime target for abuse, be it from kids on Halloween with nothing better to do with eggs, soap and their time, or one of the lonely ones who breathes heavily into the receiver in an inadequate but perhaps last attempt to reach someone out there or touch them.

But abuses of the telephone aren't seasonal and they don't just happen late at night.

The salesperson who doesn't know how to handle a telephone customer, the secretary who ties up the



business phone, the switchboard operator who puts you on hold and then forgets you're alive: these too are all phone abuses.

And probably nowhere is the telephone abused in such a physically apparent way as with today's pay phones.

The old wooden booth that Superman fondly remembers, full of privacy, and a seat, a fan and a light, has given way to glass and chrome boxes full of only harsh neon glare and noise, or to the ultimate, finally; we are left with a phone on a stick with an orange or blue plastic hood on it.

All because of broken glass, splintered panels or busted doors, stolen or shattered neon tubes, ripped-off or raped phone books, ravaged or vanished receivers and a

coin return filled with either ashes, spit or used chewing gum.

So our concept of the telephone as "lifeline" is affected by all the above-listed items and they weigh heavily in our thinking and add to our decisions, pro and con, about our phones and their service, in general.

But the fact remains that approximately one out of every two pay phones in New York City is out of order at any given point in time!

Now I'm not playing advocate for Ma Bell, by any means, and I don't want to see them raise the prices to cover the loss. Some of the romance went out of my life when they raised the rates here by 100% last year. Now I'm more inclined to solve my problems in person instead of reaching for a pay phone. Or more inclined to have less problems to begin with. And maybe those are both steps in the right direction.

But when it counts, I mean really counts, who among you wouldn't miss a telephone, somewhere in the great "out there", when you needed it.

Still, someone's got to pay for the labor and parts on half the booths in N.Y.C. Or something's got to be done. Otherwise the booths will come down, the costs will go up and our "lifeline" will vanish very quickly into our ever-receding past, leaving us without a word for tomorrow if we ever need it.

I've got no real answers, no comprehensive plan, no pat solution, save a plea for personal vigilance with regards to phone abuse and good phone manners. On an individual level. A campaign to begin to respect the phones.

Because we all need the phones in the lives we've made for ourselves, from the college student looking for a dollar on a kind word from home to the motorist stuck, out late at night on the road, with his only hope being the instrument that stands along the side of the road.

I remember some of my own long, abusive, late-night conversations on the phone, nights when I felt like my whole life was on that line.

And times when it literally was.

And I remember one particular, cold and windy, winter 2 a.m., when I needed to talk to her so badly to keep it all from coming apart and only the pay phone was there.

The wind howled viciously and it whistled loudly through the door and the bitter chill (or maybe the conversation) brought tears to my eyes that stiffened and nearly froze on my cheeks.

But by God, I was desperate for a "lifeline". And it was there.

As I said, the romance went out of pay phones when the price went up, but I never fail to remember that night and my need as I pass that booth today.

Though I finally lost the girl (that romance also went out 'cause the price got too high), I don't ever regret the chance I had to make that call.

And I'll miss the warm light of that and all the "lifelines" if they're ever gone from my life.

Because then, the loneliest sound will be the sound of no one there at all.

To beleaguered professors of the humanities, continually confronted with fresh evidence of society's neglect, recent debates in newspapers and national magazines over "Why Johnny can't read" have provided a bittersweet vindication.

Americans have gradually become aware that, in one of the few countries in the world committed to universal free education, a substantial minority are functionally illiterate. Millions of men and women, many with high school diplomas, can't read and write well enough to complete a job application, follow simple written instructions, read signs, or otherwise perform the essential tasks of ordinary daily life.

These figures, of course, do not include those millions, many college graduates, who are unable clearly to articulate their ideas or understand those who can.

This would be disquieting under any circumstances. But the United States was founded as a republic whose survival depends on an enlightened electorate. Today, even Presidential elections fail to

attract more than approximately 40% of those eligible to vote, and when the issues on the ballot are purely local, the figure shrinks to twenty or twenty-five percent.

While this is often attributed to disillusionment with government, it is clear that comparatively few people read well enough to master complex political and economic issues. Television, which

dramatizes issues but rarely analyzes them in sufficient depth or detail, has reduced elections and political debate to a contest between personalities.

Recent events have accelerated this trend. The egalitarian revolutions of the sixties not only tended to destroy the distinctions between "standard" and "non-standard" English but also glorified non-verbal expression and denied the importance of written language. One ought to consider whether this weakening of the nation's literacy-level does not in effect deny one of the ideals on which our form of government ultimately rests.—Jonas Spatz, Associate Professor of English, University of Missouri-Kansas City, Contributing Columnist.

Humanities Forum



"Escape from Evil" examines fear of death

by Bob Wilke

Is there any hope for man in this century of concentration camps, torture, mass butchery, and the bomb? Or do we have to admit that he is hopeless and force him with beatings, drugs or "positive reinforcement," to reform?

Maybe, as Ernest Becker quotes Thomas Hardy, "If a way to the better there be, it lies in taking a full look at the worst."

And in a final book written before his death of cancer at age 49, Becker does just that. He examines "what a horribly destructive creature" man has been, and yet tries to leave some hope for reason in human affairs, and for a "science that is not manipulative or cynical."

"Escape from Evil" continues the themes developed in "The Denial of Death," which won Becker a posthumous Pulitzer Prize in 1974. In that book he drew upon the work of Kierkegaard, Otto Rank, and Norman O. Brown, and convincingly

the historical effects of this denial. He traces man's social evolution, revealing an easy and natural transition from primitive egalitarian societies to large scale misery and tyranny, not simply because their members did not have the power to break the chains, but also because man is "a frightened animal who must lie in order to live."

Becker says man is a symbolic animal, afraid to live biologically. Terrified of his helplessness in an overwhelming, chaotic universe, he shifts the struggle to the symbolic, cultural realm, to the "immortality symbols," and meanings of the society in which he lives.

Man cuts an unmanageable nature down to size by focusing his natural terror at the randomness of life on a power figure, a nation, or a movement, which then has the power to bestow significance, and thereby life.

If he pleases his "god-king," loves his country above all others, or follows certain rules—even to the point of killing other-

disorganized—the chapter on money, through fascinating, seems out of place; and a fragmentary section on transference does not do justice to a reworked concept central to the book.

Maybe these problems are due to the book's publishing history: Becker left the book unfinished, but his wife and an editor believed it good enough to print as is.

More important, though, Becker builds his entire structure of thought on a debatable, though interesting, assumption—that the fear of death has been a universal, rather than a cultural, phenomenon throughout history.

Yet the reader forgives Becker his disorder for the vigor of his thought. And though he insists too much on the paramount role the fear of death plays in our lives, his book is thought provoking because it illuminates much of human history and motivation.

Let others weave his insights into more orderly structures as Becker so masterfully synthesizes the thought of numerous social theorists, past and present, into a merger of Marx and Freud.

Marxists have said that society's repressive institutions cause social evil:

human nature is at least neutral, and maybe good. But conservatives more often agree with Freud, who wrote in his "Civilization and Its Discontents" that the problem of evil is "born afresh with every child."

Becker's achievement is that he has rewritten social theory since the Enlightenment by synthesizing the two. He shows us that no matter how corrupt a society, changing its structures will not eliminate human evil because it lies in the hearts of men.

But that evil is not caused by the innate aggressiveness of a vicious beast who needs to be tamed, but rather by man's pathetic fear of his mortality.

Though still pessimistic about man's future, Becker leaves hope even while looking at the worst in him: "If men kill out of animal fears, then conceivably fears can be examined and calmed, but if men kill out of lust, then butchery is a fatality for all time."

And he still leaves possible the optimism of the Enlightenment, to make the world a better and saner place to live by appealing to man's reason—without drugs or other forms of coercion.

Cont'd from Page 3

Dance Co.

Lake, some transferring from other schools. Suzanne Renner from New Zealand, is the newest member of the group, having joined in June.

Watching the dancers rehearse for the performance I could see the simple techniques we had used, put into more detailed, exciting movements. All seven members of the company performed a three-part selection called "Suite de Danse," with the score by Bach, and choreography by Murray Louis.

The movements were elegant and traditional, but became spirtely with a hint of humorous exaggeration. The precision of the fast-paced motion was a joy to watch, and I could see Robin Johnson and Shirley Ririe perform their duet, enjoying their elaborate turning and bowing to each other.

"Obliquities" was dance scored by John Cage, and choreographed by Ann Brunswick. The dancers in red, orange and purple hooded costumes, were linked together by long sleeve extentions to one on anothers' feet.

The rehearsal of "Fabrik" gave more than a hint to the power and excitement in the premier performance of this work. "Fabrik" was commissioned by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and the University of Utah Research Committee. The choreography was done by Joan Woodbury, the original score by Miriam Brunner, visual design and costumes by Barbara Yerbury, lighting design by the company's Technical Director/Designer Robert Allen, and music by Nyle Steireron.

A combination of plain and patterned color filters on the stage lights, with beautiful, unusual recorded sounds by Nicholas Cavallaro, the Stage Manager/Media Designer, enhanced the shapes of the moving dancers.

The dance evolved in sequences titled "Gauze," "Rope," "Games," "Mirage," "Cape," "Blue lace," "Cacoon" and "Fabrique."

All in all, the company's presence on campus was a meaningful pleasure for participants and viewers alike. Ririe-Woodbury would be welcomed again.



rewrote Freud, theorizing that fear of death not sexuality, is the basic repression.

Becker presented man as an ambiguous creature who can imaginatively project himself into the cosmos, but who is also well aware that he is encased in a fleshy body that bleeds, withers, and dies.

This thought paralyzes man, and Becker made a convincing case that much of human activity is designed to obscure and deny the fact of death.

In "Escape from Evil," Becker shows us

s—he is saved. Man has even been "willing to die in order not to die."

Becker explains the brutality and desperateness of history as a clash between "immortality ideologies." Each society promises its citizens "heroic significance"—a victory over evil and death. So to win is to be right, that is, immortal.

"Escape from Evil" is an enthralling book, one that reveals the inner dynamics, the "why" of history" but it has some defects. It's sketchy, and at times

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Team, gym both await new season

by Brad Hill

Lindenwood Lions basketball coach Lanny Hradeck is facing a couple of new situations this year as he prepares his club for the fast-approaching roundball season.

Hradeck will be fielding his tallest team ever at Lindenwood, with 6-7 center Dan Odom and 6-5 forward Mike Fallon leading the way. Also expected to see a lot of playing time in the Nov. 11 opener against Parks College are Pat McMillon, a 6-4 forward and 6-6 center Steve Rennier.

But the Lions will have a severe manpower shortage. Hradeck expects to dress out only nine players for the games, and usually has only six or seven out for practice sessions.

However, the third-year coach does not expect this to hamper the team's success.

"We usually play most of the time with only six or seven guys, so it should not hurt too much unless we get into bad foul trouble, which happened a couple of times last year."

One thing that Hradeck will not have to worry about is the gym situation that hurt the Lions last year. They will be playing their home games at Jefferson Junior High School until the new gym at St. Charles West is completed later this winter.

But more importantly than a place to play, Lindenwood has a place to practice this season. They are working out at several area courts, all of which are regulation size. (Last year the Lions were forced to practice at Butler Gym, which is like playing in a good-sized Volkswagen van.)

"I'm very pleased with the way that the gym situation has been worked out. The only thing that could be any better would be a gym of our own," said Hradeck.

Although the Lions will be few in number, the size and ability of the front-line is a luxury that Hradeck has never enjoyed.

"The big guys up front will be our bread and butter. We are going to get the ball into them as much as possible."

Odom holds most of the Lindenwood career scoring and rebounding records and has started 55 games in a row over the last two seasons.

Fallon is a "blue-chip recruit" from St. Dominic High School in O'Fallon. He averaged 19 points a game during his senior year and was named to the All-Midwest Athletic Conference and All-

"Our guards are going to have to give us good ballhandling and good defense and get the ball inside," said Hradeck.

The starting duo will be backed up by juniors Steve Wood, Bob Ramsey, and Brad Hill.

Hradeck does not see the Lions, 14-13 last year, as a running ballclub during the upcoming campaign.

"We are going to have to be a very patient team. We are too slow to get into a running game with anybody. The guards

"Our guards are going to have to give us good ballhandling, good defense and get the ball inside."

District teams. He was also honorable mention on the Class 3A all-state squad.

McMillon was named to the All-Gateway Athletic Conference team as a senior at Orchard Farm last year and has been a pleasant surprise for Hradeck during the pre-season.

"Pat has been our most impressive player so far. He averaged about 20 points a game during our practice games and has played good defense."

Skip Hale and Sam Word, two little used reserves from last year's team, will be the starting guards for the Lions.

have got to work the ball around and get it inside."

Once again this year Lindenwood is a member of Division II of the St. Louis Area College Athletic Association along with Missouri Baptist, Concordia Seminary, Harris Ste, and Parks.

"You can bet that the conference race will be tight, just about everybody will be tough," said Hradeck.

But he expects the Lions to be tough this year, too. That is, if they get the ball inside to their bread and butter.



Lindenwood's campus radio station airs 6½ hours of election-night coverage

by Mary Cova and Chuck Gelber

Perhaps you were sitting in your favorite chair the night of November 2, watching election returns with Walter Cronkite. Maybe you wondered about all the people it took to put together such massive coverage. While on a slightly smaller scale, though just as intense and interesting, was the coverage supplied the St. Charles and St. Louis area by KCLC, Lindenwood's student-operated radio station.

Election night is always a big event at KCLC as November 2 saw almost the entire staff working to bring listeners up-to-date with national and local returns. The credit for putting together this maze of political reporting goes to Susan Schiller, Diana Van Iseghem, and Director of Broadcasting, Robert White.

From the main studio came political guest speakers such as Dr. Richard Weir from the Lindenwood political science department, Dr. Edward Baleg and Dr. James Hood from history, John Nichols — who in addition to being a teacher at Lindenwood is a Democratic representative from St. Charles County, University of Missouri, St. Louis, Associate Professor of History Dr. Tom Uhlman, and Rolland Kjar — chairman of the Republican Control Committee for St. Charles.

White explained the need for thorough planning in

attempting to cover as many elections as possible. "We knew we had to present an interesting and professional sounding program both for the listeners and for ourselves."

While political discussion was the order of business in the studio, numerous KCLC personalities were collecting election returns, rewriting news stories, obtaining phone interviews, and helping in as many ways as possible, while the night wore on. In addition, news teams headed by Ralph Holm, Terry Moses and Jim Knoblauch were busy filing live reports from numerous election headquarters.

Although the doughnuts and coffee went quickly, Schiller and White mediated the political discussions throughout the six and a half hours of continuous coverage that stretched into the following morning.

All the KCLC election night coverage would not have been made possible without the engineering expertise of FM-89 staffers Paul Grundhauser and Jim Carlucci. In fact, Grundhauser spent whole days in preparation, checking wires, restringing lines and making sure all was in order when coverage began.

Carlucci pointed out some of the problems involved. "When you undertake such a tremendous project, it is incumbent upon everyone and every piece of equipment to



work well. You really find out what you can do when you engineer election coverage."

Because KCLC is a public service station, it may not accept commercial revenue. The station is licensed as a community service to St. Charles. As a result, KCLC has prided itself in local election coverages.

Judging from listener response to election night, KCLC did not diminish its reputation one bit. Asked for his opinion on KCLC's performance on election night, Dr. Uhlman stated, "I've been around a lot of stations staffed by college students to know that KCLC is a very fine station and one deserving of the credit it should receive."

Lindenwood Field Hockey team rips thru Alumni

by Chuck Accardi

It was a circus atmosphere that prevailed on Saturday, November 8, at Lindenwood's multi-everything field. The event: a field hockey match between the defunct Lindenwood team and the alumni of yesteryear.

While no elephants or high wire acts were present, there was plenty of clowning around on every front. It was hardly a grudge match. Indeed, the only real mystery of the afternoon would be the Alumni's ability to rummage enough players to meet the challenge.

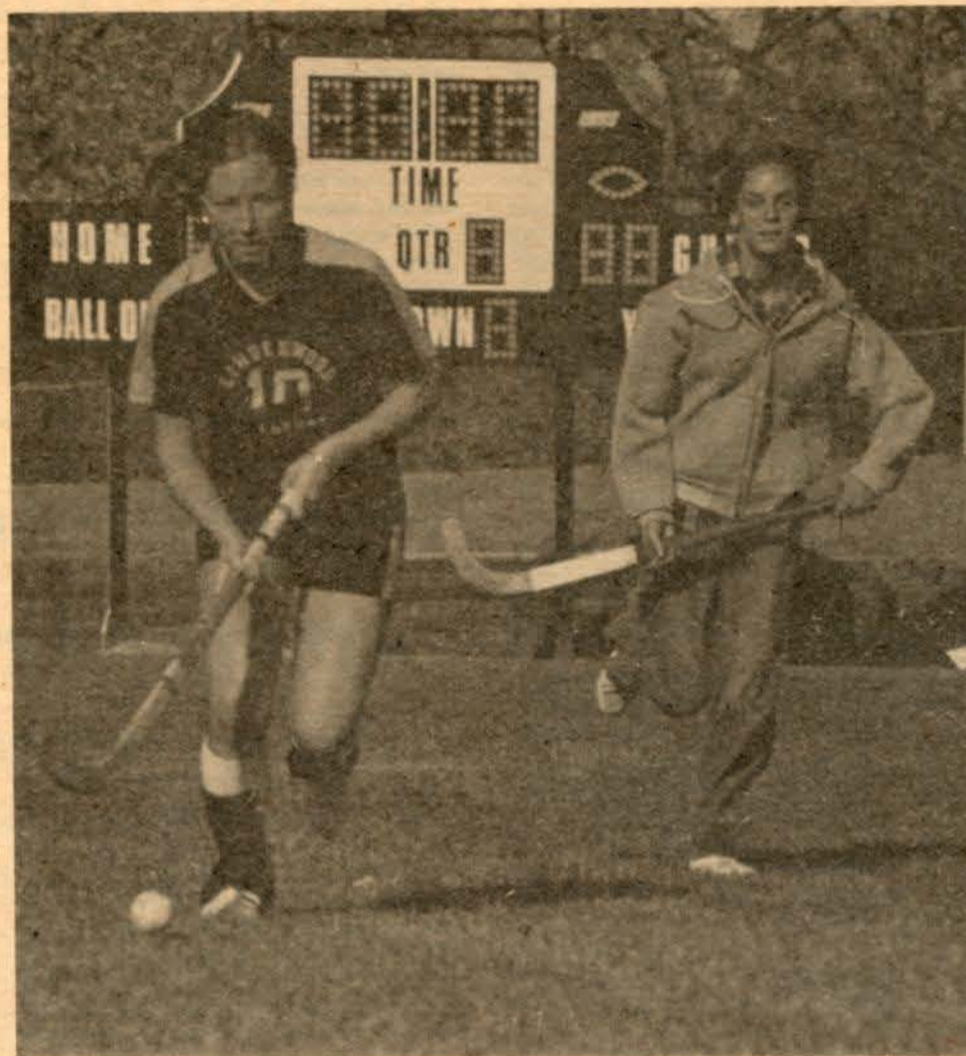
L.C. coach Joy Ebest relieved the situation somewhat by showing up ready to play goal for yesterday's Lindenwood ladies. So now there were ten and one more was needed to fill out the squad for this game which is a mixture of hockey, soccer and rugby and, perhaps, a little kamikaze as well.

With game time approaching and still one athlete short, the Alumni summoned Sarah Wunderly who, by the way, had never played the game in her life. Now, nobody doesn't like Sarah Wunderly (or that's what the song says), but on this occasion Sarah was snatched from her comfortable seat in the stands to do battle with the youngsters who were ready and waiting.

Well, perhaps waiting would be sufficient. Any seeing-eye dog could have told you that the varsity wasn't exactly poised and polished. Rusty and out-of-condition because of weeks of inactivity, the students were hardly better off than their older counterparts.

You see, there hadn't been a Lindenwood field hockey team for over a month. The problem: not enough girls showed up for games or practices. This resulted in the cancellation of the remaining schedule and tarnished the enthusiasm for a sport which could be in real danger of extinction on this campus.

So the game on this sunny Saturday was nothing more than a formality; a goodwill



gesture and a showcase for the Lindenwood athletic program. At least the uniforms were nice!

Finally the squads were evened at 11 stick-wielders apiece and the clock was mercifully set for the 20-minute first half.

Right from the start the students took control. Looking like a black and gold swarm of hornets, they buzzed around the

alumni goal. Goalie Ebest must have felt like Suzanne Plesheet in "The Birds"—everybody picked on her.

Four minutes into the game Paula Pettit (I want to call her Prentiss) found herself in the right place to roll a shot into the corner after a goalmouth scramble to give her side a 1-0 lead. Another four minutes elapsed before Kim Dregallo blasted

another shot behind Ebest for a 2-0 score.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the field, varsity goalie Prudence Taylor was finding her chores quite relaxing. She had time to start and finish "War and Peace" as well as fix her nails for the dance that evening with the protection she was receiving from her stalwart defense. It was so bad that a number of spectators began to look for "NO TRESPASSING" signs near midfield to explain why the alumni kept playing in their own end.

Halftime was as uneventful as the pre-event activities. There were no floats, no baton-twirlers, no drum majorettes and no sign of a special post-election appearance by one of the two presidential candidates. One president did show up, however. Doctor and Mrs. Spencer were spotted in the stands at halftime inconspicuously enjoying the proceedings. Someone later said that Spencer was wearing a button which read, "I owned a Ford but I like the ride of a Carter better." Maybe the president-elect will appropriate funds for a new gymnasium.

The next 20-minute half went by quickly as the Lionesses seemed content to sit on the 3-0 lead and give the "old ladies" a break, Pettit having scored again late in the first half.

But an old adage in sports is that you never lay back and relax; it'll cost you every time. And it did, too. With five minutes remaining in the contest, Glenda Smith swept down the right side and slid a shot past Taylor to ruin a varsity shutout.

The alumni score gave former student Steve Hoelscher something to cheer about. He had switched allegiance somewhere in the game and was happy to see the girls from another academic era finally rip one home.

But the alumni had no more goals on this day as the clock ticked away the final seconds. No interviews or post-game champagne celebrations followed, just relief that it was finally over.

Now, if we could get a few elephants next year

Two by Chuck Gelber

Coed Volleyball season opens with Sunday round-robins

Are you looking for something to do in Fun City? May I suggest coed volleyball at Lindenwood! Yes, volleyball—a new athletic intramural program to the campus with student interest far beyond that of most campus activities. Well, some anyway.

The idea for coed volleyball was first proposed by Physical Education Instructor Joy Ebest, and then acted upon by a few girls who became interested in the possibilities. The program is designed to give students something to do on Sundays after watching a full-day of football or studying all day for Monday's classes.

One of the organizers, Linda Haynes, stated the reasons for such an intramural program and why it was needed. "It became evident to us that we needed another campus activity. We had 39 girls trying out for 12 positions on the school volleyball team and this left us wondering

what we could do."

The teams, now numbering three with six to a team, play round-robin best two out of three matches. As previously mentioned, the league is coed with a limit of three males per team. Haynes believes a program such as this can have an impact of the social life of some Lindenwood students.

One of the potential benefits of starting intramural volleyball, says Haynes, will be increasing student awareness of campus activity. She says, "Let's face it, this school does not emphasize its sports program too much. As a result, this may draw the interest of students here today and future students as well."

Although the volleyball league started November 14, it is still open to anyone who is interested. All matches are held every Sunday night in the campus gymnasium beginning at 8:00.

Soccer Lions close their play in the "agony of defeat"

The light at the end of the tunnel finally appears in sight for the Lindenwood soccer team. Although it has not changed the record of the team this year, Head Coach Larry Volo and players are awaiting the start of next season.

To have the record the Lions had this year, was evident of some serious problems. Volo explained, "It's simple, we just suffer from a lack of talent. It's not that my guys don't try, they give 100% all the time, but we just can't compete against some of the schools we have on our schedule."

Particularly in the Lions play, this year over last, has been the competitiveness in most of their games. While in the past, they were blown out of the stadium, this year saw the Lions battle most teams to within a goal or two. In fact, Volo believes his team could have won three consecutive games if it weren't for careless mistakes.

Says Volo, "We just make the mistakes there is no excuse for—whether it's mental or physical. We just make mistakes we should not make!"

Home, though, is running high for next year as the only two players will graduate.

Individual improvement, according to the players and coach, was noted in the playing ability of Chris Miller, Kevin Collins, and Greg Barnett."

Hope for the future rests in recruiting and in the implementation of soccer programs in the schools. Volo said, "It's incredibly tough to get quality players to Lindenwood because of the lack of scholarship money. Teams like St. Louis University have nothing to worry about."

And so, we close the final chapter on yet another season of Lindenwood soccer—a season Jim McKay might say was filled with "too little thrill of victory and too much agony of defeat."