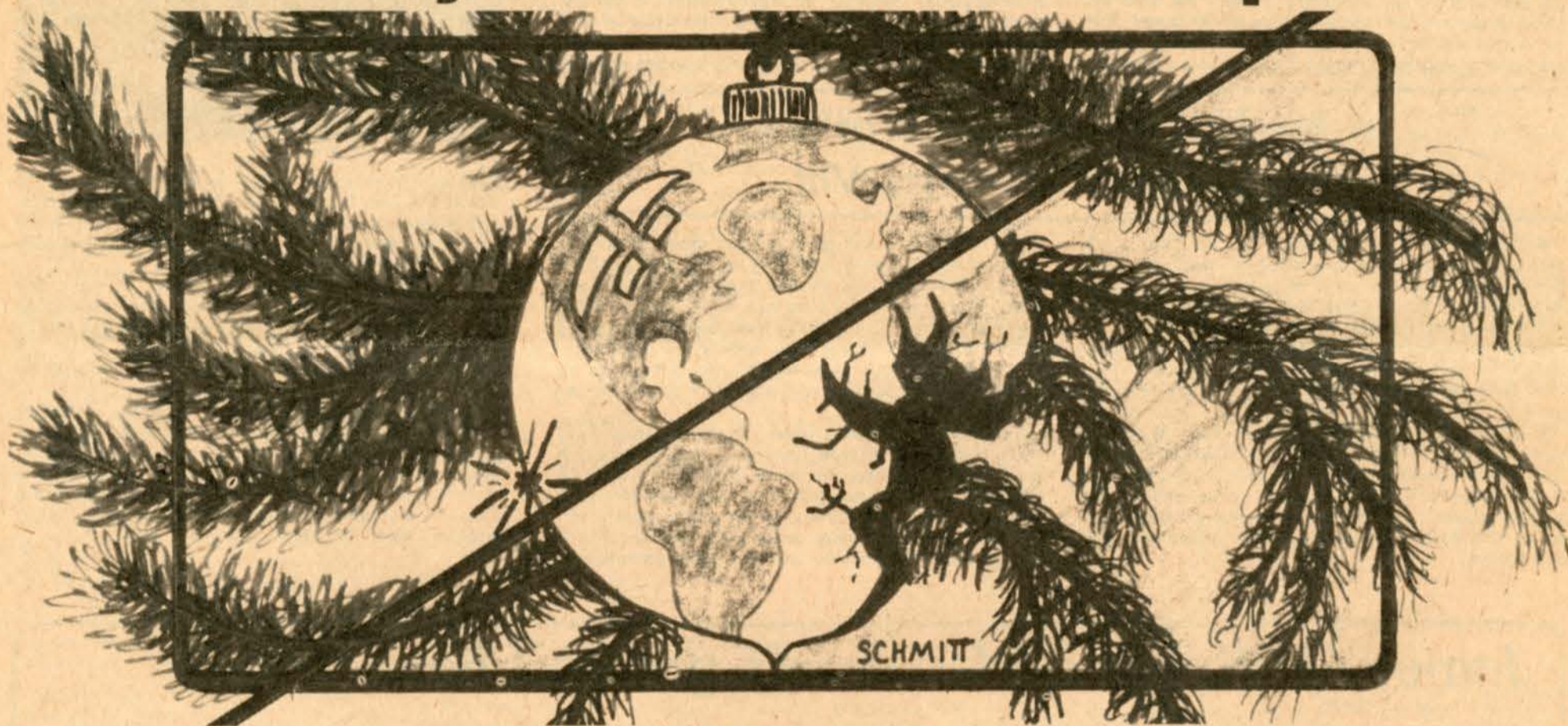


"Now when in the world is that blasted Humanities final?"
See page 3 for exam schedule

Brad Hill and Chuck Gelber look at the Basketball Lions and their first games, page 10

Thoughts for the holidays: two very different viewpoints



on pages 4 and 5

Two pages
of reviews

Schmitt tunes in "Network," takes on "Marathon Man," (p. 6) and listens to Chicago and Chapin (p. 7)

Mary Cova looks at some campus clubs and the Studio Theatre (See p. 8)

Sandy Strauss reports on the Lindenwood Singers Madrigal Feast (See p. 2)

First time ever

Lindenwood Singers to initiate campus Christmas Madrigal feast

by Sandy Strauss

The Lindenwood Singers, under the direction of Dr. Kenneth Greenlaw, are trying something this college has never seen before—a Madrigal Christmas Feast. For those who do not know much about the Singers, they are a vocal chamber ensemble consisting of ten people, six women and four men. They perform a variety of music, ranging from Renaissance modal style pieces to modern repertoire. However, for a feast such as this, the music will consist of early secular madrigals and Christmas carols.

"This is a kind of festive holiday celebration typical of Henry VIII," said Dr. Greenlaw about the feast. Madrigal singing came to England from Italy in the 16th Century. At first, it was used as just informal entertainment within the castles of the landed gentry. In fact, the lords and ladies often sang themselves as they sat at dinner. Performances and feasts with madrigal entertainment were particularly important during the Christmas season.

In the early feasts, lords and ladies were invited to neighboring castles for holiday celebrations. Lindenwood will invite students, relatives and friends of the college first, as the honored guests, and open to the public if there is still room.

Festal entertainment will be provided between courses involving performance of madrigals by the Lindenwood Singers, dancers doing various classical dances, coached by Ms. Grazina Amonas, and playing of lute music by Classical Guitar instructor Tom Strini, as a strolling minstrel. Dr. and Mrs. Greenlaw will preside as Lord and Lady of the Manor, and the servants will be Laura Clifton as a wench and John O'Neill as a page.

The 16th Century Madrigal period has given us some interesting traditions. "Wassail" was an old Anglo-Saxon drinking pledge, meaning "Be in good health." It was the custom to drink a wassail to the Lord of the house, and so the wassail bowl became an English Christmas tradition. The flaming plum pudding also has an interesting story. It



"... a kind of festive celebration typical of Henry VIII ..."

A madrigal is a song composed for a small group. Each part is independent and interesting by itself, yet when combined with the other parts becomes a very nice piece. Repetition of certain melodic and rhythmic patterns helps to tie the parts together. They are sung without accompanying instruments and often use popular secular texts of the period. Madrigals at first were spontaneous. They were not actually published till the late 16th and early 17th Centuries.

England's very melodious style of madrigal singing continued to live even today, as evidenced by the Madrigal Society, founded in 1741, which meets regularly in the Carpenters Hall in London. These groups are gaining popularity in this country, as many colleges and people who enjoy madrigal music are organizing their own groups.

began as just a mess of gruel pottage, wheat boiled then cooled, then boiled again with broth or milk and egg yolks. By 1670, it had evolved into the plum pudding we know today. It was said to be good luck to eat plum pudding every day during the Christmas feast, between Christmas and Epiphany. A wish was to be made on the first mouthful. It was bad luck, however, for the coming twelve months if one nibbled the pudding before the Christmas feast.

In the last few decades, many madrigal groups have given dinners of this type. They have steadily grown in popularity. Lindenwood, therefore, is not doing something new, but it will be unique. In the past few weeks, Mrs. Mae Jean Nothstine, the secretary for the music department, has designed and is making costumes for the members of the Singers. This is no easy undertaking, as patterns and

sizes must be altered to achieve an Elizabethan look. The women will wear long, full-skirted dresses, made of velvet with brocade panels and long, puffy sleeves. The men will wear tights, and long coats (mid-thigh) made of basically the same materials as those of the women.

The Lindenwood Singers are hoping to make this madrigal feast a traditional event here at Lindenwood. Of course, if the first feast works out well, it will probably be used by the group for tours to different areas and programs for alumnae groups to stir up support for Lindenwood.

This program will take place on Wednesday, December 15 at 7:00 p.m. at the Marriott, across from the airport on I-70. Other programs coming up are the evening of December 4 at 9:00 in the library hereon campus, with performance of madrigals and Christmas carols and a wassail bowl, and a performance of Plaza Frontenac at 8:00 p.m. Wed., December 8 near the staircase next to Sacs.

James G. Butler: Lindenwood's greatest benefactor

by Liz Haley

Of the many names linked with the history of Lindenwood, that of Colonel James G. Butler stands near the top in importance. As the college's greatest benefactor, his total gifts amounted to over \$3 million.

Colonel Butler was born in Saugatuck, Michigan in 1840 and lived there until the outbreak of the Civil War. Serving four years in the Northern army, he was promoted to colonel during his last eight months of service.

He married Margaret Leggat in 1868 and the young couple moved to St. Louis. She became a leader in the social life of the city while he began his rise in commercial circles. He accumulated his fortune from the establishment of a large tobacco manufacturing company.

His interests also expanded beyond business interests. He displayed more energy than any other St. Louisan in trying to prevent city defacement by smoke, and did much to induce the establishment of smoke consumers. A special delight to him was his office of Smoke Inspector. In 1880, he also was a

Retiring from business many years later, he concentrated on the "disposing" of his income to others. His benefactions, public and private, ranked him in his day as the "leading philanthropist of St. Louis."

Lindenwood had always been a favorite recipient of the Butler's generosity because as Butler once told a reporter, he believed women suffrage to be a good thing and he advocated a college education for girls, believing it enabled them to aid in building a noble citizenship.

Up until 1914, Colonel Butler had contributed moderately to Lindenwood. Then he began to formulate his own plan for the college. He persuaded Dr. Roemer to leave his pastorate and become president of Lindenwood, backed by Butler's promise to "stand behind the institution" with financial assistance for any of Roemer's improvements.

At this time he had already contributed for the erection of Jubilee Hall, and had purchased the Prosser home

(named Margaret Hall in honor of his wife) for the use of the college. His next donation was to be named for him.

In June 1914, ground was broken for the foundation of Butler Hall. It was dedicated on February 19, 1915. As a dormitory, the building accommodated 45 girls, contained a large gymnasium,

and a swimming pool which Butler had insisted upon.

He was unassuming about his unlimited generosity. "Chasing dollars has been my occupation for a long time," he once said, "now it is transmuted them to life."

Later he summed up his thoughts about wealth and philanthropy. "The world wants no more advice on how to make money. It has made too much for its peace of mind already. I would not tell a youth how to make money. I would tell him how to make himself, for he will need all the reserve of strong

character and brains to dispose of his wealth in the event of his financial

Butler was proud of the college he helped so much to expand and often found relaxation by coming out to visit the girls, observing their classes, and telling of his future plans for the college.

Sesquicentennial

He had visions of adding still other buildings to the campus but died before they were completed. Irwin and Roemer Halls were built with his endowments.

Mrs. Butler, his lifelong partner in all business and philanthropic ventures, carried on his wishes at Lindenwood and continued to bequeath large gifts to the college.

In recognition of the support James Butler and his wife gave to the college, October 21 was designated as "Butler Day" and celebrated annually after their deaths.

Remodeling to generate revenue

by Greg Barnett

(This is the first of a two-part article to be concluded in the spring concerning campus renovations and developments at Lindenwood.)

This must be the year for development at Lindenwood. Since the first shovelful of dirt was turned for the new stadium last winter, nine projects renovating or adding to the colleges' facilities have been undertaken.

They are 1) construction of the stadium, 2) construction of roads and parking lots surrounding the stadium, 3) renovation of part of the Cobbs "Tea Hole" area into a locker room, 4) construction of an indoor riding arena, 5) renovation of Butler Hall into office space, 6) completion of areas surrounding Jelkyl Auditorium, 7) renovation of the president's office area to accommodate other administrators, 8) renovation of a room in the library for study purposes, and 9) the addition of a patio and fence to the president's house.

(Lindenwood has also had its campus roads re-surfaced and new roofing material layed on top of the cafeteria and part of Young Hall.)

President Spencer, who must approve all college projects, recently discussed new development with The Ibis. According to Spencer, the new facilities are useful to the college community.

The stadium, for instance, provides a playing area for the soccer and field hockey teams and gives the college greater recognition. The riding arena makes the riding program more worthwhile for students interested in horsemanship. And the renovation of Butler Hall to accommodate the admissions office and faculty opens up more classroom space in Roemer.

But Spencer says there is another factor behind some of the projects—Lindenwood's need to generate revenue. He says tuitions, fees and gifts don't provide enough revenue and the college must find ways to augment academic programs with funds. The money Lindenwood has, says Spencer, should be used to erase its operating deficit.

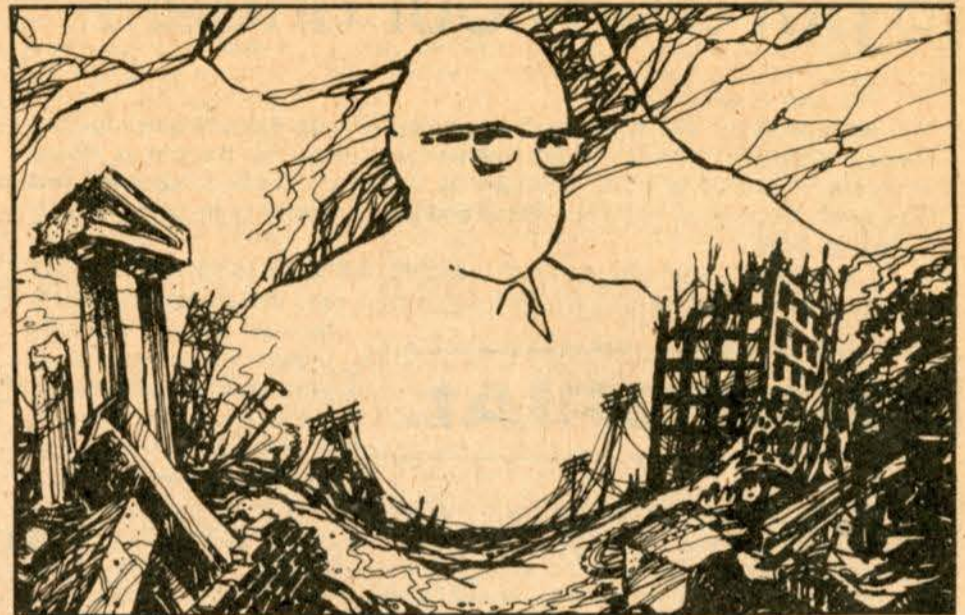
Spencer said part of the reason a

stadium was constructed—rather than a multi-purpose student center—was because of the stadiums revenue-generating capability.

Spencer didn't outline specific reasons for all projects, however, he did comment on the addition of a brick patio and fence to his (the president's) house. He said the house was a public area of the college and that the additions helped him and his wife entertain guests of the college. (It was paid for by the college.) "I requested it along with other people . . . the board, the staff," he said.

Whether it's due to revenue-generating projects or other means, Lindenwood is moving towards a balanced budget. During the 1974-75 school year (Spencer's first as president), the college had a deficit of \$623,000. This was cut in half last year and Spencer says the college has a chance to erase its deficit altogether this year; if the college accomplishes this, it may be able to spend more money on non-revenue projects.

What are the costs and source of payment for new projects? Spencer says the field (including excavation, the sprinkler system, sodding and all other costs, not including the stands) cost Lindenwood approximately \$240,000. Beyond the field, Spencer refused to reveal



During the tenure of College President Spencer—and even before—the Lindenwood campus has undergone renovation and development in an attempt to enhance the school's academic atmosphere—and to generate some much-needed revenue.

the cost of recent projects, saying that he did not feel obligated to let students know because the source of money was not student tuition or faculty salaries. "I'm less concerned about students un-

derstanding the numbers on this than I am a lot of other people," he added.

Spencer says the stadium was financed by loans, donated capital funds and other

(Continued on page 8)

Fall semester final exams scheduled

Classes that meet at:

Classes that meet at:	Will have examinations at:
8-8:50 MTThF	Mon. 9-11, Dec. 13
8:30-11:30 Sat.	Sat. 9-11, Dec. 18
9-10:05 MWF	Tues. 9-11, Dec. 14
9-10:40 TTh	Wed. 9-11, Dec. 15
9-12:35 T	Wed. 9-11, Dec. 15
9-12:35 Th	Thurs. 9-11, Dec. 16
10:15-11:20 MWF	Mon. 1-3, Dec. 13
10:50-12:35 TTh	Thurs. 9-11, Dec. 16
11:30-12:35 MWF	Tues. 1-3, Dec. 14
12:45-1:35 MTThF	Wed. 1-3, Dec. 15
1:45-2:35 MTThF	Thurs. 1-3, Dec. 16
2:45-4:45 MTh	Fri. 9-11, Dec. 17
2:45-4:45 TF	Fri. 1-3, Dec. 17

Classes with individual listings:

ART 311 Printmaking: Intaglio Fri. 9-11, Dec. 17

ART 320 Sculpture	Fri. 1-3, Dec. 17
ART 330 Drawing	Tues. 9-11, Dec. 14
DAN 106 Intro to Basic Design, Movement	Wed. 9-11, Dec. 15
EDU 073 Health Education	Fri. 9-11, Dec. 17
EDU 300 Strategies & Tactics-Secondary	Wed. 9-11, Dec. 15
EDU 303 Strategies & Tactics-Elem.	Wed. 9-11, Dec. 15
EDU 390 Student Teaching	Fri. 9-11, Dec. 17
HIS 371 Topics in History	Fri. 9-11, Dec. 17
MUS 060 Orchestra	Fri. 9-11, Dec. 17
MUS 013 Instr. Technique: Brass	Fri. 1-3, Dec. 17

Evening College

Monday Eve. Courses	Mon. 7 p.m., Dec. 13
Tuesday Eve. Courses	Tues. 7 p.m., Dec. 14
Wednesday Eve. Courses	Wed. 7 p.m., Dec. 15
Thursday Eve. Courses	Thurs. 7 p.m., Dec. 16
8:30-11:30 Sat.	Sat. 9-11 a.m., Dec. 18

Dialogue the star of Lou Florimonte's "Trojan Women"

by Denise Moorman

"The Trojan Women" is a Greek tragedy. It is an ancient play set in modern dialog. But more than anything else, it is a study of contrasts; a play whose full impact is not felt until the viewer leaves the theater.

Written by Euripides and produced in the amphitheatre of Dionysos in Athens in 415 B.C., Jean Paul Sartre wrote an adaptation of this play in Paris during 1965. It is upon this adaptation that Louis Florimonte, chairman and director of the theatre department at the Lindenwood College, based the play.

"The Trojan Women" is a "day in the life of the women of Troy," the day after Troy fell. With the men of Troy dead, Hecuba, queen of Troy, and her women, await their doom at the hands of the Greeks. One by one, Hecuba's daughters are taken as concubines or sacrificed to Greek gods.

Menelaus, leader of the Greek army that had raged against the walls of Troy until the day they rode triumphant into Troy in their Trojan Horse, comes to Hecuba at the palace to demand the return of his wife, Helen, whom Hecuba's son had stolen from him.

Helen for whom the Trojans fought 10 years to keep, immediately pleads a victim of Aphrodite, wins Menelaus back and saves her life.

Adhering to his story to cover his change of heart and save Helen from the murderous intentions of the Trojan women, Menelaus reassures the women that he is taking Helen back to Greece so her own countrymen can punish her for the deaths of their husbands and sons.

Once out of the palace, however, all promises are forgotten. Helen is forgiven and the women of Troy are taken captive.

The brightest star of the play was the dialog. Often, when the viewer is unfamiliar with the line story and loses

"a day in the life of the women of Troy"

grasp of the tale, period language proves no help. While some of the speeches of "The Trojan Women" grew too long, tedious or inaudible, a familiar phrase always snapped back the audience's attention.

Lines like "nothing pays off like crime," and "we Europeans are a sensitive people," reinforced Euripides' timeless theme of the senselessness and brutality of war in all ages as well as the contrasts built into the play

through the adaptations.

The staging and costumes contrasted sharply with the dialog. All the characters, with the exception of Menelaus, who appeared in a three-piece business suit, wore period Greek costumes and, in the tradition of the Greek thespians, masks. The costumes of the chorus, Hecuba's ladies in waiting, proved somewhat disconcerting. While the Greeks did believe in as little clothing as possible, they also believed in bodies that were in better shape than most of those of the chorus. Something a bit less revealing was in order.

The stage, as well as the movement on it, was at all times symmetrical, even and measured; classical. The lighting was breath-taking at times. Using Lindenwood's new Strand-Century Multi-Q lighting system for the first time, Florimonte designed a set to show off the system in all its glory. With its aid, fires raged in the background, evening passed night and broke into promising dawn, silhouetting the stark simplicity of the set that was used throughout the entire play.

It was the simplicity of the production, of the play itself, that allowed the viewer to leave not boggled by a thousand different themes and underlying meanings, but able to see, clearly and simply, Euripides' timeless message.

Christmas: the season to put away our angers

The end is within sight.

Along with the Christmas rush, shopping crowds, "secret pals" and no money, hiding in the back of our memories, comes the thought of finals occasionally jolted into the daylight by a remark from a teacher, and ultimately Christmas vacation—three and a half months of drugery for two weeks of bliss.

The recent "snow" chased most thoughts of finals and term papers out of our heads and replaced them with Christmas card pictures of kids (any and all college students included here, also) sledding and throwing snowballs, and good thoughts of warm fires and Christmas trees.

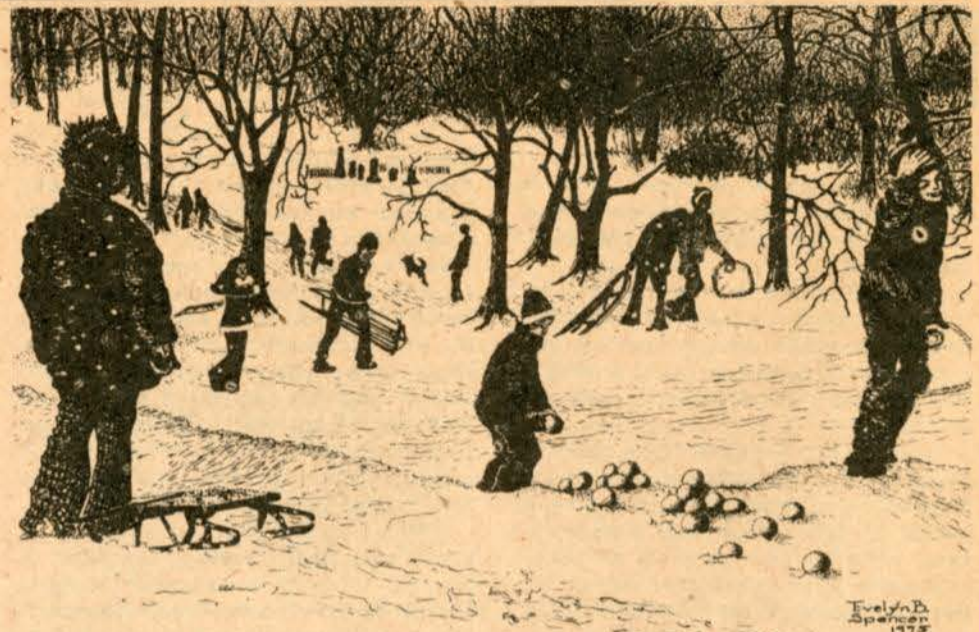
EDITORIAL

All the pain and torment of the previous weeks is forgotten as we lean back in our over-stuffed chairs, prop up our feet, and prepare for a restful evening at home. There is no sudden ice-tingling grip of horror as we remember the uncompleted assignment for tomorrow. It's all over and done with. How quickly we forget.

By December 18 we will have forgotten the excitement of the first day of classes; the panic of each and every forgotten assignment (no matter how many you forget, each one grips you with new terror); the list of broken hearts; the hope found in a smile; the parties, the club activities; endless lists of memorized verbs; but most of all our hates and angers.

Anger cools faster than any emotion, perhaps because it is the most abused emotion. Only a disappointment can bring us down from the exhilaration of good news, but anger quickly burns itself out, leaving little or no lasting feelings. More outraged words are spent on spur-of-the-moment tirades than students come up with in class all semester.

Anger can come in many shapes and forms; it strikes back at emotional pain as well as physical, imagined affronts and intentional embarrassments. A teacher will not concede a point on an examination when he



could do so graciously and not look bad. Still he refuses and our indignation flairs—until the next class and we have forgotten the incident.

There is still another anger, righteous anger. Anger at the way things could and should be; Scrooge's anger at the mistreatment of the nameless Bob Cratchit, unknowingly pointed at himself. It is this type of anger we should and cannot let die.

As Scrooge changed his ways and made amends, we should too. The next time you're asked to buy a box of 14 Christmas cards for a \$4 donation, don't think of how it will hurt to give up the money, but rather how it must hurt not to have the money to help with.

Direct your anger upon something that does not fade with time, but instead worsens. Then, when you lean back stuffed in your over-stuffed chair, you won't be gripped by that sudden realization of not having done something; you will have helped.

Let's let our angers cool this holiday season.

Have a Merry Christmas!

The Ibis Staff

Dialogue lacking between students and Spencer

In the three years that Dr. William Spencer has been Lindenwood's president, a large deficit has been substantially reduced to the point where Lindenwood has a change to balance its budget this year. For this, Dr. Spencer deserves praise, along with those others who have helped him. After all, a college must be solvent to continue as an institution.

There is another concern, however, just as important as solvency to the college—the quality of life and academic standards here at Lindenwood. At this crucial point in the college's life as an educational institution, we need to be asking questions such as: What kind of college is Lindenwood becoming? Will the college carry through its longheld commitment to a thoughtful liberal arts program? Will Lindenwood remain a personable community where communication is possible?

After all, colleges and universities are plentiful enough; what is needed are schools with unique academic programs that enable their students to learn and grow as human beings.

The Lindenwood community—students, faculty and administration—needs to have a common understanding of where the college is going in terms of programs, projects and educational philosophy. There must also be meaningful communication within the community.

The college, however, has a serious problem hampering common understanding and communication—the lack of genuine communication between Dr. Spencer and

Lindenwood students. Many students are unsure of where Dr. Spencer is leading the college and, are frankly, distrustful; they feel left out of decisions concerning the college's future.

Dr. Spencer, on his part, has failed to gain the trust of students. Town Hall meetings, from the start, have been little more than tense discussions between a relatively new and untested president and perturbed students who feel Dr. Spencer is being evasive.

Dr. Spencer has proposed important changes to the student community: an innovative student work program, an expensive stadium complex and the closing down of a dorm. He seems to want students to trust him and his ideas, but he doesn't make it clear what the college is undertaking.

Last year, he refused to specify where the money to build the stadium was coming from except to say that students weren't financing the construction. This led some students to conclude erroneously that the football Cardinals were footing the bill for the whole thing.

He also told students that the Cobbs student activity area would be converted back to student use from a locker room. This was not the case. Furthermore, he said the Cardinals would be gone by the first of the school year. Well, they weren't living here, but they returned

throughout September to use facilities at the college.

Often, it is not what actually goes on that disturbs many students but Dr. Spencer's assurances that things will remain as they are. Dr. Spencer needs to be more open about what's going on around campus or explain why he can't be. Students have a sizable personal, and monetary, investment in the college and they deserve to know.

Dr. Spencer is not the only one at fault, though. It takes two to communicate and students have also fallen short. At Town Hall Meetings, students are often needlessly rude and make little attempt to actually

STAFF COMMENTARY

communicate. A more mature dialogue might allow Dr. Spencer to put his plans into an understandable perspective and to divulge important information.

Dr. Spencer should outline his long-range goals for the college and their purposes to the student community. Students, in turn, should make Dr. Spencer feel comfortable and at ease with them. It may be that Dr. Spencer's goals are compatible with those of the students.

Dr. Spencer and Lindenwood's students need to learn how to live and work with each other to make Lindenwood a better college.

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



Some thoughts for the holidays

Due to a quirky printing paradox, I'm writing this column, on deadline, a few days before Thanksgiving.

But by the time you'll be wherever you are now, reading this, it'll be at least a week after that holiday, maybe more.

This will also be the last issue of *The Ibis* before both Christmas and the new year are upon us.

Traditionally, this is the time of year for inspirational or seasonal thoughts. If you're looking for them here though, you're in the wrong place. They're located in the editorial on the facing page, this issue.

Don't look for any kind words from me, this season, on this decidedly-schizophrenic pair of opinion pages; my thoughts are as bitter as Scrooge's because the world is going down the tubes and no amount of holiday spirit (or spirits) is going to bring me cheer.

You see, it's just a lot of little things, all rolled up together, that've got me down. Little things that manifest themselves in, say, for example, the fiasco I went through last weekend, trying to get my fiance a swine flu shot.

Because of a lack of information and/or supplied misinformation, we were subjected to a runaround (no one with authority was available or knew the correct data pertaining to the times and locations of the shots); belittled and chastised (losing an hours work, given no guidance and left to fend for ourselves, as were the rest of the group, we were all consequently berated for behaving like the herd of aimlessly-wandering cattle we were left to behave like, lacking proper supervision and organization); and ultimately rejected.

We put up with all that and then she didn't even get the shot because she's under 21 and didn't have a parents signature.

And I had been told, by public health officials and hospitals both, that a 20 year-old didn't need one.

Due to someone's incompetence and disorganization, we did it all for nothing. And there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it.

Two other recent little things also helped me to zero in on this frustration; one instance was in a comic book and the other was in a new movie.

In the comic, Hector Ayala, a Puerto Rican in New York City's Spanish Harlem becomes an unwilling superhero, union suit and all, called the White Tiger. Hector is then torn between the chance to be symbol to his people and to do something for them and the responsibility and added demands that a superhero's life would make on him.

See, Hector knows what's going down all around him and knows it isn't all going down right. In his new capacity as the White Tiger, Hector can now become a vigilante and work outside the law, but with it, to speed up the system of justice for all that most times gets forgotten about down on his block.

Hector also worries about upwards mobility, outgrowing his roots in his new role, and in the end, not being able to help the needy with his new position of authority.

Inherent and integral to the superhero mold is this vigilante fever, this desire to right wrongs, to oil the machinery of life so it'll run like it should; to try your hand at the things that for so long you've said "If only I had a chance, I could do it better, make it work."

A superhero is the common man given the power to dispel the incompetence in life and straighten out the misinformation.

And it's a bewildering power because it's only granted infrequently to us, the common people. Mostly, we just have to live with our frustrations.

The movie dealt with those frustrations, too. In the new release, "Network," newscaster/anchor man Howard Beale, after 20-odd years of service to the station, is to be fired due to poor ratings. So Howard, in one of his farewell broadcasts, threatens to blow his brains out live on the six o'clock news and later apologizes because he's run out of bullshit after 20-odd years of televised lies.

Because of his suicidal, breakdown rantings, and because the people hear in them the truth of their own suppressed rage, Beale's ratings go through the roof and he's allowed to continue his evangelical mind-meanderings about the ills of our time. Because he acts as a purgative.

He is allowed to vent our anger and our wrath for us, and we are vicariously cured.

Howard Beale, in his demented preachings on the economy, power politics, pollution and all our other daily madneses, in his madness, anger and rage, articulates the frustration of a nation with a chant of "I'm mad as hell and I'm not gonna take it any more"; a chant that he beseeches the viewers to yell out their windows and send, in telegram form, to the White House, and they/we reciprocate.



Howard Beale is mad. Hector Ayala is frustrated, And so am I.

Mad at gross and small incompetences alike, all at my expense. Frustrated by little things like misinformation that costs me money, laxity in attitude that costs me time, and sloughing off that causes me problems, work, headaches or heartaches.

Andy my hands are tied. Tied by convention, and the rules which are not adhered to by the people in charge, and the laws which everyone flaunts only to the eventual detriment of themselves.

And it makes me burn with vigilante fever. Only not vindictive; just wanting a chance to try it my way, to see if things can be done better or right. By everyone.

Because the world, collectively, acts as a cast of idiots with but a few simple rules that no one can, cares or wants to keep and follow.

And woe to anyone who tries to point out someone elses folly!

And we are all guilty of the sins, be they of commission or omission. Civilization and its inherent luxuries usurp the reason of man and become his downfall.

We have to keep pace with the world we've made and are now consequently restricted by it, shackled by it, fettered by it, strangled by it.

And we can't shake loose.

Coincidentally, Editor Lewis Lapham, in his column in the December issue of *Harpers'*, talks of the American impulse towards oblivion, judging that "... something in the modern American spirit reveals a peculiar genius or affinity for the self-inflicted wound," "... the United States ... bears a grudge against the very idea of a future ... " and "Among people determined to do violence to themselves the weight of anxiety takes palpable form."

What he's saying here rings true. Too many today want too much, too soon, or too frequently, with not hardly enough forethought, preparation, patience or consideration for the other guy, the past or the future.

In a situation like that, something's got to give. So we do a little less because we don't have the time. Or we do something sloppily because someone else will fix it up. Or we don't do something at all and figure nobody'll notice.

And pretty soon nothing works right, nothing is on time, or useful. Soon we surround ourselves with inferior quality merchandise and a shoddy lifestyle, and we scream bloody murder because we have to live with it. All the while repeating the same mistakes that got us into the fix.

Just a little of Emerson's hobgoblin, consistency, would do well for our small minds here.

And we have minds, we can think, we are not without reason as mindless animals.

Yet we're like pigs frozen to death in a line, nose to rump, thinking we're keeping warm. Or dogs with only our heads covered, thinking we're hidden. Or ostriches with heads buried in the sand, seemingly safe.

We are cows wandering as a single entity, aimlessly; lemmings driven suffocatingly to our demise.

So it is thusly we defeat ourselves in this world we've made for each other.

And we'll complain about the pushing and shoving and growing crowds at the stores, in this the commercial Christmas season in the year of Our Lord number 1976, as we push and shove and growl our way through one more year. And we'll never even see the inconsistency in our souls.

We all feel Howard Beale's frustrations of poor ratings in the face of 20-odd years of service or my depression over a poorly-administered flu shot program.

And we all feel Hector Ayala's vigilante in us sometime, wanting to break free and clean up the injustices.

But I'm afraid Lewis Lapham's right. We are rushing headlong into oblivion and we only pause to kvetch about the guy who butted up in front of us.

So I'm bitter this year, look for happy thoughts elsewhere. Thoughts to counteract the statistics which tell us child abuse increases abruptly in the week before Christmas every year. And the stats which say the suicide rate is highest in the first two, lonely weeks in January, after the New Years Day celebrations are all over.

It's a sad world and it's all ours. Hector's, Howard's, yours and mine.

Sure there'll be the good TV specials, or the dinners with family and friends, or the holiday carolers, or the spirit, the light and the joy; all the things that will bring a tear to all our eyes and let hope spring eternal from our collective breast once again.

But it's all gift wrapping on a life that's the wrong size and will need to be exchanged, or will lose its shine and break down come the February of our future and payment due.

The answers are in ourselves. Only with individual initiative will we ever cure our collective ills. And that's only if we all care to.

But it's gonna get a lot worse before it gets much better. If it ever does.

And Venture had Christmas trees on sale on their lots before Thanksgiving this year.

So Seasons Greetings, Hector and Howard and everyone.

Here's hoping for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to change our lives. For all our sakes.

But I don't think so.

Hoffman runs the gamut in new Schlesinger thriller

by Dave Schmitt

I tried. I really tried. I wanted to like "Marathon Man"; really like it.

I sat there, through the screening of Paramount's new thriller and made notes on the things it had going for it.

Dustin Hoffman, now a certifiably bankable star, is always, always a "good view" (as opposed to a "good read" for books). His study of the characters he plays probably resulted in his earning graduate credit at Columbia University himself this time around in his portrayal of Babe in "Marathon Man."

Lawrence Olivier, clipped and hard as the old Nazi Christian Szell coming home to the spoils of war after 30 years; Roy Scheider, tough and cool as Babe's brother Doc, is into international intrigue fronting as an oil executive unbeknownst to his young sibling; William Devane as "Janie" Janeway, Doc's tight, slick and professional boss, playing both ends against the middle (and winding up holding two messy ends); all were superb in their roles.

The choice of location settings were good, Conrad Hall's both grittily-close-up and beautifully distanced, horror and suspense mood photography used color, light, movement and image to the best effect (sometimes downright Hitchcockian) and Michael Small's score, strongly reminiscent of the late 60's spy movies, was not made up of whole melodies but tense, appropriate pieces of subtly-interjected program music instead.

I really tried. I mean, it's a well-done movie and a good if somewhat convoluted

tale. William Goldman ("Butch Cassidy" and "No Way to Treat a Lady") is both a good author and screenwriter and he does a true-his-own-book adaptation on this movie's screenplay.

See, Doc is a courier for Janeway's U.S. organization called the Division, one who has been protecting the Nazi Szell in South America in return for his information in fingering some small fish for the Division all these years.

When Szell's brother dies in a freaky auto accident in downtown Manhattan (he's recognized by a passing Jewish motorist from World War II and forced into a crash with an oil truck), Christian is the only one who can obtain a cache of diamonds from a New York bank, gems bought with the looted booty from The Big One (and gold from prison camp inmates teeth; Szell was a dentist in the camps who was everything one ever thinks a dentist will be).

Now Doc, maybe (this gets a little complicated), is going to highjack Szell's jewels, so Szell (with or without Janeway's help; no one is really sure) tries to kill Doc, finally getting the job done right by doing it himself with a steel blade concealed in a spring-mount apparatus up his topcoat sleeve.

Doc, gutted, makes it to Babe's bachelor pad near Columbia (where Babe is taking grad school classes, doing research on the McCarthy era (but really trying to find his soul in the men's motivations of that time that drove his innocent father out of teaching, to the bottle, and ultimately to suicide, due to a black mark by the House UnAmerican Activities Committee).



(I told you this gets complicated.)

Janeway and Szell figure Babe knows what Doc knew (whatever that is), and so they confuse, alienate him ("Janie" rescues Babe and then delivers him back to the Nazi goons), and torture him (Szell's devilish dentistry was never better).

But finally Babe becomes a true marathon man in a race to escape them.

His daily practice runs around Central Park Reservoir and his admiration of Olympic runners (he notes his times and keeps pictures of Abele Bikila hanging on his wall) get the true test in not an Olympic run or game but an event of Olympic scope nonetheless, running the streets of New York in a marathon for his life.

Eluding his adversaries with the help of some of his other adversaries (some Puerto Rican neighbors, used here in a funny, macho-testing, "mano a mano" faceoff with Janeway), Babe at last gets the upper hand on Szell outside the bank and takes him to Central Park for the film's resolution. And it's here, in this final

reel, where the confusion and doublecross move into excess.

The movie is billed as a thriller and if anything, there's more than enough thrills here for your money. Too many, in fact; too involved and given too many times, director Schlesinger taking us to the edge only to bring us to safety and then take us back again far too often.

Thus, when death walks the streets in an awesome, powerful pair of scenes; when the "white angel of Auschwitz" Christian Szell, is recognized, not once but twice (again coincidentally) in the Jewish diamond district of New York while pricing current diamond values two more old camp internees from the war (remember his brother's death?); when you're on the very edge of your seat again, as you have been too much, Schlesinger gives the retribution to Babe instead (in revenge for the death of his brother only instead of the much sinned-against masses of WW II) in

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Chayefsky's film perception of TV reception in focus

by Dave Schmitt

What can you say about a film like "Network"? If you're anti-television, you will no doubt think the movie rightly knocks the pompous stuffings out of the tube.

And if you're on television's side, you will, doubtless, become incensed at the film's vivisection.

But if you're somewhere in the middle, in that vast group of people who have a love/hate relationship with TV—that menace of bad programming you can't live with but that one-eyed, practically-a-member-of-the-family, living room friend you can't live without—you will probably view "Network" with the same (albeit less intense) schizoid, antic point-of-view that its creators have imbued it with.

The story, briefly (if that's possible), goes something like this. Director Sidney Lumet, blending realism with the movie's fictional pretense (using shots of CBS, ABC and NBC's anchormen) for credibility tells the tale of Howard Beale (Peter Finch), an old-time anchorman (complete with numerous references in conversations with old-time friend/news director Max Schumacher (William Holden) to young CBS and NBC) who has been fired from UBS after 20-odd years due to poor ratings.

So, in one of his last broadcasts, Beale announces his intention to commit public suicide on the six o'clock news, next week. (Here the film painfully apes the real-life horror of the "live suicide," on WXLTV, Sarasota, Fla., of Christine Chubbuck on July 15, 1974. This reality/satire-of-same paradox is important later in this discussion so remember it.)

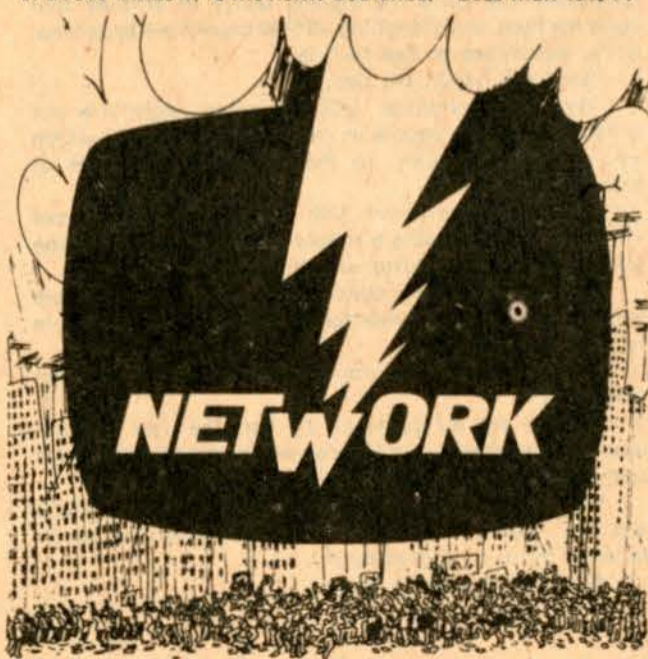
Pulled off the air and causing a public furor with his statement, Beale is then allowed, meek and penitent, to make a dignified apology the next night; when he goes on instead, he announces that he's run out of "bullshit." Then this last of Howard's bullshit hits the fan.

Ratings jump higher than the cow over the moon and Diana Christensen (Fay Dunaway), UBS's hyper, tough, hip, young, wired and with-it, tuned-in and turned-on Chief of Programming (read entertainment, folks) convinces

Fred Hackett (Robert Duvall), corporate boy Wunderkind and hatchet man, to run with the ratings ball, with Beale playing the "mad prophet of the airwaves" ("a latter-day prophet denouncing the hypocrisy of our times in an articulation of the repressed rage of a nation") on a "Let's Make a Deal"-style news set with sidekicks Sibyl the Soothsayer (a witch to predict the news) and Miss Mata Hari and her skeletons in the closet (guess who?).

And it's here, on the show, that Chayefsky's own voice can be heard, issuing diatribes from the mouth of Howard Beale, invectives against the erosion of television on our minds.

"Less than 3% of you read books," he shouts in front of a rose window, to the home audience, "Less than 15% . . .



. . . read newspapers . . . The only truth you know is what you get over this tube."

Here we witness the movies' most disturbing thesis displayed. Howard Beale: "There's a whole generation that never knew anything that didn't come over this tube. You're beginning to think we're real and your own lives are unreal . . . You're beginning to believe the illusions we're spinning here and doubt yourselves . . . This tube makes or breaks presidents and popes . . . It is the most awesome goddamned force in the whole godless world. And woe is us if it ever falls into the hands of the wrong people! . . ."

And there it is. TV is capable of manipulating the masses (to "program" means to "manipulate") with its own view of reality until we're unsure of the substance of our own lives unless it's vindicated by exposure on the 21" screen.

If someone or something weren't in control, using some guidelines and restraints, we could all be in very real, not televised, trouble, that we won't be out of before the hour's up.

In sum, Howard's rantings and ratings eventually go downhill with his viewing public. His rhetoric gets a scare from Jensen, a corporate "good ol' boy" (Ned Beatty) who speaks to Howard (after a televised jeremiad against the Arabs who now own controlling interest in the network) on the benefits of a corporate, global reality; speaks in the same tones and dialogue of the mysterious voice that started Howard the prophet off some time back used.

A converted Beale, haven spoken with his god, preaches the corporate mentality; Jensen won't allow him to be cancelled (despite the great god, ratings) and Hackett decides to cancel Howard himself: "live", on-the-air, (for the ratings, of course) assassinated by the terrorist-group stars of Dunaway's "Mao Tse-Tung Hour" (a very humorous subplot in itself, showing the

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Chicago "10" album: it's still the same old song

by Dave Schmitt

Stripping off the shrink wrap on a Chicago album, in their very early years, used to be an exciting moment. Doing the same in their middle years, depending on your school of thought, was anticipatory or just plain boring.

But breaking the cellophane on their current release is an unqualified disaster. Better to break the record instead 'cause there's no chance of Chicago's breaking the mold.

Chicago 10 (I think that's the proper number, I've been listening so long; pun intended) is the latest in the line of mediocre LP's the group has provided in the last four or so years. Starting on "V", with "Saturday in the Park", through "Harry Truman," right up to "If You Leave Me Now," the group has been more singles-oriented and less album-conscious than in their first three releases.

But in order to get my credentials straight, let me say that I was one of the first to discover Chicago way back when they were the Transit Authority (CTA — remember?) and touted them to my group of musician friends as something to listen to.

I was pooh-poohed back then but my peers quickly came around, getting behind the loose feel of Chicago's rhythms and the mild, subdued, classy flash of their work.

And through the years, I've held the line, hearing some occasional flashes of that old brilliance in their pressed vinyl and live concerts. But wishing for more.

Now I've held the line as long as I can. My prices for listening time have been raised like everyone else's, and "Chicago 10" proves the group can't ante up anymore.

Along with this comes some hurt and anger, a feeling of being ripped off for all the patience spent on nothing more than the group's cosmic raspberry to the listener's taste.

Chicago's packaging has always had class, but how many different times can you use the logo before it gets old?

About nine times, or until the unwrapped chocolate bar cover on "10" becomes semi-sweet. And using a double album jacket with a single record release and reprinting the inside panels with an old photo seen before on "Chicago nine" is a waste.

Speaking about the vinyl inside, don't look for anything new here either. This package of 11 tunes comes cleverly disguised as the same old thing. The songs are all flaccid

"One part of Chicago's trouble is everybody sings but nobody really can . . ."

and weak, they use every one of their old riffs in the book (and copy a few from others besides) and generally prove to be at their worst here.

One part of Chicago's trouble is that everybody in the group sings but nobody really can, which would seem to present some problems to a vocal group. Peter Cefera has about 3 different styles — weak, postured and bad. And all are on the album. James Pankow and Lee Loughnane both try to sing here but are mixed down in the sound by

someone who knows they can't. Even Robert Lamm, who is sometimes passable, reaches for and stretches things. A bit too far. And Terry Kath does some obscene things with his voice that he can't do and shouldn't even think about trying to.

They all sound too black, too tough, too clipped and bitter or too breathy. Everything but all too good. The use of their ever-present oohs, babes, lala choruses and too-long, run-on, pleading, gotta-get-the-last-word-in-before-we-close endings (complete with high notes and forced urgency) are in abundance.

The horns, a distinctive Chicago trademark, haven't fared any better than their logo or their vocals. The charts are throwbacks to their first three albums (incongruous-sounding here) or they're just plain bad new ones. They sound cheap, not very original and comical (listen to the "off-to-hunt" intro to "Mama, Mama") and sometimes they only get in the way.

(By now, even I could write their horn charts — I know 'em by heart — and I can't even read music!)

Nice musical gimmicks from their repertoire give way on "10" to sound tricks that were better left unheard. Drums are used with too much flourish on "You Are on My Mind"; they're scattered and very noisily in the way.

Terry Kath's fuzz guitar work on "Skin Tight" is aged (someone should mention we're into the 70's now) and cute, but incongruous, fading-echo-into-siren effects, glass chimes, dubbed-in crowd noises, growling synthesizers and wah-wah pedals stand out of the recorded tapioca all too clearly.

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Chapin makes a rest stop on "Road to Kingdom Come"

by Dave Schmitt

The main thing that strikes me about Harry Chapin's new one "On the Road to Kingdom Come" is the feeling that it is an interim album.

Coming away from some larger successes and spending his time with his stage shows and charitable events, Harry appears mildly unfocused, not as incisive as usual in his lyrics and choices of subject matter; almost like he needs a period of reassessment before striking off into that great emotional unknown of uncharted Chapin-land.

But as a signpost of his resting along his journey, "Kingdom Come" leaves a few respectable legacies of its own, in light of the past and in hopes for the future.

Harry's still telling his stories, but some of the tales, not unlike the Shakespeare line, are full of the Chapin sound and fury. Emotionally, however, they signify nothing new.

Chapin spends approximately one song per album in a long, psycho-sonic, "four-de-force"-type encounter session and this album is no different. Except that "The Mayor of Candor Lied" is too long and uses a choppy lyric to tell an overblown story with many odd, awkward melody changes and a forced irony that's telegraphed in both the first and second verses.

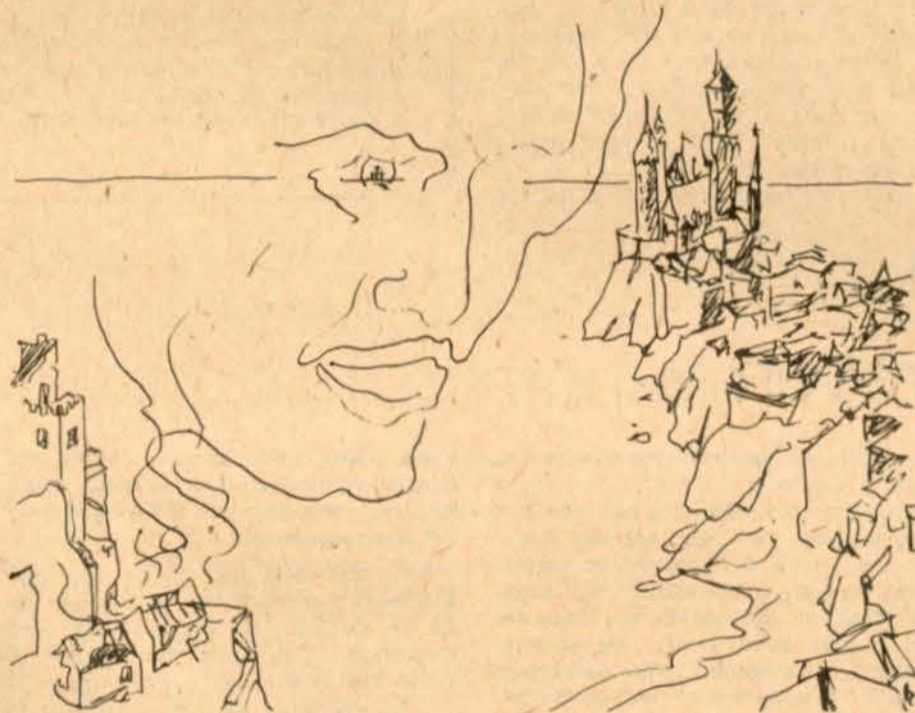
The whole tune is quite drastic and not the same song, sung, as the one written in the lyric sheets (numerous changes, subtractions and additions, stud these lyrics as well as other songs on the album). Discordant harmonies on the choruses and a gimmicked-up ending, along with the weak, marring irony count this one out of Chapin's best stuff.

In contrast, "Corey's Coming" offers a nice, bouncing melody, a really nice chorus with quick and pleasant phrasing, and bears the old Chapin grasp of the drama of the story and storyteller/minstrel technique.

Also, the chorus is used quite versatilely here, being slowed down to fit the mood

change three-quarters of the way through.

And the old "Chapin magic,"—irony,—is at work here in a tight switch ending. In fact, the only odd note this time out is the use of a "holy choir" in the middle; just once, but still unnecessary.



And everybody's singing about Phil Ochs now, since he decided to bow out for the final time, but none as eloquently as Chapin here, in "The Parade's Still Passing By." With no mention of him in the words, I picked up on this one 'for Phil' from the first line and in checking the lyric sheet, found the dedication.

Although Harry's unhappy with Ochs' choice of death over life (as everyone seems to be), his version of the story is pretty truthful with a poignancy in lyric and delivery that fits the tune and builds a real mood of sadness. The solemn marching and

the line about pleasures of the harbor, (both straight from Phil's life and mouth) bring home a solid statement on a man that life passed by, whose voice was hardly heard, neither early or long, save by a precious few.

I kinda think Phil woulda liked this song.

The remaining bulk of the album features Chapin trying some new things out and extending some old ideas one more time. Some of it workd; other times I wonder.

The title track, another long one, bites with a little too much sarcasm and abounds with harsh and trite images, given not with focussed precision, but scattered with a blunderbuss effect. Here too, the melody is rinky-tink; too cutesy, with bad, black choruses and back-up vocals fit to each section; and unbecoming, like too much of a sense of humor making something not funny,

at all.

Maybe that's the intention but it only ends up as overkill.

"Laughman," too, has Chapin's early "Sniper-like" breaks and circus rhythms but is too self-deprecating and strong in tone (especially the third verse). The "perils of Pauline" piano in the last, slowed-down chorus is nice, as is the ending, except it doesn't fit in with the rest of this wierd song.

"Caroline," co-written with wife Sandy, is an oddly medieval, almost chamber music melody, waltzy, delicate and gentle.

"Fall in Love With Him" features an odd tempo and old-time trade-off background vocals on the second choruses, but not much else to say about this song.

"Roll Down the River" has annoying, odd, background touches in the music that appear to be vehicles for reaching more expression than the words can convey. Harry lends a tough vocal here, but the alternate quality of the back-up black vocalists (good on the kinky choruses, bad behind the verses) make for an uneven song, on the whole.

By far the most schizoid song of the bunch is "If My Mary Were Here." To start off, one of the middle verses listed on the verse sheet (and an especially good one at that) is not used in the song. The tune is a blowzy, semi-sober, phonecall-at-3 a.m. type of nostalgia for an old comfortable time in the light of an angry morrow and the cold night that precedes it.

The melody is fine and gently-rocking/sad, but the words are short and don't seem to fit, tonewise, either, and the rhymes and images are too sharp or too vague (split-lit, and a heart like a rusty old tin can). The song has a mellow, laid-back ending but it comes to you by way of too many roads through the number. Maybe with a little more time . . .

And on the subject of time, we come full circle to the initial thesis of an interim

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Clubs can be a cure for campus boredom

by Mary Cova

Now that school has been in session all semester, chances are pretty good that you have settled into a routine. If you are one of the luckier students, you may have found that you've had a little extra time on your hands between classes, homework and partying. So, instead of rereading "Doonesbury" for the fifteenth time or ordering a subscription of the "National Enquirer," why not join an organization?

You may well comment "What organizations?" Since most of Lindenwood's clubs are the best kept secrets on campus. Here is a summary for you of a lot of fun, legal things you can do without leaving campus.

The Beta Chi Club is a horsemanship club. The greek initials stand for "Bump Club" as the organization was originally for people who fell off horses and wanted to learn how not to. A test is required for membership. If you missed the test this semester, you can take it in the spring. Talk to a Beta Chi member at the stables about it.

KCLC-FM is the campus radio station. It is open to every student, not just broadcast majors. Although the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) requires that all budding disk jockeys and

engineers take a test, there are many other things to do at the station. There is friendly companionship and good music. To get involved, talk to anyone at KCLC, located in the basement of the Memorial Arts Building.

Club D'Español is open to any interested person, not just Spanish majors. Its purpose is to promote the Hispanic culture. Instead of taking that afternoon siesta, go talk to Mr. Perrone in the MODern Language department or wait for the upcoming announcement. ¡Muy importante!



The Circle K Club is not another horsemanship club. Circle K is the college chapter of the Kiwanis Club, a national service organization. If you like to help people and would like to know some new people, talk to the club's president, Peter Bezemes.

The Psychology Interest Group is open to anyone interested in the workings of the mind. The group takes field trips and sponsors guest lecturers. They also celebrate B.F. Skinner's birthday. "Who?" Find out by signing the poster in Roemer Arcade or by talking to someone on third floor Butler Hall.

If you're looking for a little bit of fun, exercise or just a socially acceptable way to "get your ya-ya's out," check into the dance group which meets on Wednesday nights at 7:30 in room 209 at the Fine Arts Building. There's plenty of good people and movement.

The Black Student Union is open to black

students interested in their heritage and in their future. In past years, the Union has held a black culture weekend festival and has sponsored films for the campus, among other things. To learn more about yourself, where you're coming from and where you're going, talk to Linda Haynes or Frank Bacon.



The Music Educators National Conference has a branch at Lindenwood and is the concern of those students interested in teaching music. Each year the club takes a trip to the conference to share ideas with other chapters. For more information on this one, check with the Music department, in the Memorial Arts Building.

So, here are eight possibilities for you. There are many others which had to be excluded because of lack of space or because they were so secret I couldn't even find them. But maybe you can find out about them by keeping your eyes and ears open. And if there isn't a club on campus anywhere to suit you, why not start your own?

... and there's always the new Studio Theatre

On the itinerary for Parents Weekend, you may have noticed two plays being produced in the Studio Theatre. The Studio Theatre is located in the Memorial Arts Building. Its name is due to the fact that it is in what was formerly the third floor television studio.

No renovations were needed to transform the stage from television to theatre. The Studio Theatre uses the same portable lighting board as the Jelkyl theatre. The lighting board was bought with a bequest of Mr. Ross Jelkyl, the late patron of Lindenwood's theatre department.

According to Mr. Louis Florimonte, head of the theatre department, the function of the Studio Theatre is to provide a place for experimentation. He said "Anyone interested in playwrighting ought to have a place to go to see their work done." He emphasized the idea that the theatre was not there to entertain or to draw a large audience and that he didn't want it to become a large program, but preferred it to be "small and intimate," with feelings of trust and sharing. Florimonte said he felt that a writer has to be allowed to fail and that the Studio Theatre gives writers a chance to see and rewrite their plays, an important tool in gauging the effectiveness of the play's communication.

The Studio Theatre is open to any playwright at Lindenwood, both students and faculty. About seventy-five percent of the plays are written by students, and student directors, designers and actors are assigned to each play. There is a sign-up sheet in the theatre department to reserve the lighting board.

Mary Cova



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Remodeling for revenue

existing monies (the Cardinals are also paying for the facilities they use over a period of time). Other projects were financed by the same combination of funds but he did not exactly specify which ones.

Director of Administrative Services Crane Smiley told The Ibis that Lindenwood—like other businesses—has both an operating and a capital budget. The first covers operating costs and the second generally covers development.

Smiley said the stadium, Cobbs locker room, Butler offices and the road resurfacing were capital expenditures. The work on the president's office area was part of the operating budget, though.

How are projects proposed and approved? "The consideration of all kinds of expenditure comes from a variety of sources," Spencer said, including students, faculty and administration. Spencer, after weighing the proposal, must work with the proposing parties and the board to come up with a workable method of accomplishing the goal, if

feasible. If then has to be approved by the Board of Trustees.

As mentioned, Lindenwood has taken on many projects this year, but has there ever been more development in recent years than there is this year? "Yes," says Vice-President Richard Berg, "because when I first came (1967), the science building and Parker Hall were just being finished." With work done later on the art building and library, instructional footage was tripled at the college, according to Berg.

The difference between this year's projects and the development in recent years is the current general orientation towards administrative and athletic uses, rather than academic. But Berg says he looks at all of the projects as a whole. "If you take a longer perspective, a lot of these things (current projects) were put off," while other development was being done.

"The roads, for instance, is a repair job that we've been putting off a number of

years," Berg said. Spencer, Smiley and Berg all pointed out that the roads would have cost more to repair if they had been left alone any longer.

Berg also said the college had considered renovating Butler for different use for a number of years. "The first discussion of changing the function of Butler Hall I seem to remember was in '69 or '70," he said. Butler's renovation to include the admissions and faculty offices, according to Berg, is somewhat student oriented because it enables the college to consolidate administrative offices and open up more classroom space for students.

The college, says Berg, is considering projects more academically and student oriented too. "We're looking towards a learning-resource center in the library," he said. This would include an Ohio College Library Computer (OCLC) system whereby the college library would hook into other collegiate libraries by television.

Berg also spoke of a plan for a student center consolidating a gymnasium, center and snack bar along with other possible student activity areas—something that Spencer has spoken of frequently. "The critical thing, more than the space, is the program," Berg said. The student center must provide a reason for the students to come and use it. Student centers around campus, to this point, have failed to provide a reason for students, he said.

Berg emphasized, as Spencer did, that revenue-generating facilities such as the stadium were designed to augment student activities as well as to generate funds. (He also said Commerce Bank did this by providing close banking facilities for students.)

"The best kinds of arrangements are those where everybody wins," Berg said.

(The next article in this series, will consider some of the student and academic needs not reached by recent development.)

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Schlesinger's "Marathon Man"

a weak and less fitting end that sees Szell condemned to death literally by his own hand.

By this time, the denouncement is long overdue, anticlimatic and not at all satisfying cinematically in view of all that's gone before.

The movie even had one of my pet themes in it and if it was sort of well-handled. In "Marathon Man," we see Babe, the common man, the bumbling anti-hero, plucked out of his peaceful existence and thrust into the mettlesome shadowworld of intrigue and a moral fight for his life. We see a liberal pacifist turned

into a fearful yet determined activist by outside forces; an angry young man made to deal with the bigger concept of the world and finding himself not totally wanting, but willing to learn in order to live. Challenge set and matched.

I tried to like it, as I said. It sure grabbed me and held me at times. But overall, it was too confusing; too many prodigious themes were overstated but their significance and relevance understated and left to the viewer to guess at; and the suspense, while there, was undercut too frequently not unlike the boy who cried wolf.

Therefore, the whole movie was a viewing marathon. And the characters themselves were all marathon men.

Doc, Szell, even Janeway; all were on some personal treadmill, like Babe around and around the lake in the park. But the audience is expected to bear with the film and let it unfold at its own pace, gaining cinematic second wind perhaps long after the viewer has dropped from the race.

And I like a cerebral picture as well as the next person, but after having winded me or a movie crowd by asking us to run the distance, taking us a few laps too far and thereby dulling our sensibilities, the

reward has got to be greater than a consolation prize.

So for all its good points, but because of its flaws and excesses, "Marathon Man" rates no better than the bronze medallion.

But it could have come in gold (and probably still will at the box office) if Schlesinger had kept his stride and not broke wind.

Not a bad try but better luck in the next event, John. But I was pulling for you. I wanted to like the film.

Like you, I tried. I really tried. Only you tried too hard.

Cont'd from page 6

Chayefsky's "Network"

revolutionaries and their communist sponsors selling out to the network for exposure and big bucks, but haggling over distribution rights and overhead clauses.)

So Beale dies on the air, in close-up, zoom and instant replay, as the movie ends with his death scenes intercut with commercials and a voice-over saying this is the first instance of a man being killed—because of lousy ratings (some inside joke there).

Paddy Chayefsky, having worked inside TV, has used his gained knowledge and experience of the medium to paint a broad farce that hoists network televisions mental extremes on their own petty petards, in the sympathetic, adversary, or simply distanced medium of film.

Chayefsky is guilty of a few excesses of his own here but, by his standards, the excesses are nothing you'd find in TV.

He tries to pack too many messages into a film where there isn't the room, in the two-hour framework, to fully-flesh out all of them. Whereas in television, you have a paucity of content in seemingly-different (but vaguely

familiar) wrappings, Chayefsky uses those old wrappings to create a new gift, infusing the old characters with a new and unbecoming prescience that sometimes suggests the awe and disbelief you'd experience if you overheard a priest or rabbi telling a truly dirty joke.

Still, the movie, definitely a writer's film, works as it vacillates from absurdity and satire to truth and seriousness, much like life. It is a broad satire to be sure (although sometimes you can't be) and it points up a lot of flaws in our prime-time lifestyle.

Another subplot, an affair between Holden and Dunaway, which I thought at first to be counterproductive and a wasteful use of film, serves to, in fact, clearly illuminate the schizo TV mentality we embrace and the film's closing thoughts.

Holden with 20-odd years of marriage to the medium, balks at the circus and show biz attempts of UBS to popularize Howard, remembering the simple virtues of what TV used to and wanted to be. But he knowingly abandons his wife of 20-odd years of marriage for the show

biz glitter and glamour of the high-powered and "banal as TV itself" Diana with her scenarios for their life and her business spoutings right up to orgasm and after.

In one of the next-to-last scenes before Howard dies, Holden prophetically leaves Diana for the old life and Chayefsky seems to be saying much the same about our romance with TV.

He is warning us to throw off our television addiction before it mentally lays us in our grave, much like Howard Beale on the studio floor.

The real pity of "Network" is that it is a theatrical release. Because most of the people who the film would do some good are at home glued to the set. And that's sad, because "Network" is an uneven but still very important cinematic treatise on one of the greatest forces for good/evil of today, which should be seen by anyone who's ever had even a passing acquaintance with the tube.

But TV is the medium to reach the masses with our malaise. And "Network" will never be seen on TV.

Cont'd from page 7

Harry Chapin

album, something done on record company deadline or to fill a space rather than a well-thought out venture.

Harry's story-songs still mine a solid vein only not as deeply or effectively this time around as before.

He introduced humor into his work around the "Verities and Balderdash" album and

through "Portrait Gallery." Maybe he's trying to find the proper integration into his work.

Then, too, maybe he's run out of the flood of story-songs and he's relying on the persistence of misguided innovations (which have led to some predictability and a case of the musical cutes) to try to bring him to higher ground musically; but these things

have only made his odd, yet once-used-to-be-nice tempo shifts become just tired, except occasionally.

The album cover, with nice line art, solid, subdued photo and onyx-patterned tones is a more relaxed package than the earlier Milton Glaser, busy cut-out cover last time. But the music contained herein reflects the

energy of "Portrait Gallery" art (that album).

Maybe this album cover will predict a rest for Harry from his busy world so that the next Chapin record is more consistently eloquent, as best befits the man who makes the moving music we've all come to know and expect.

And love.

Cont'd from page 7

Chicago "10" album

The tunes themselves are ancient. "Once or Twice" boasts a repetitive beat. "Skin Tight" is a monotone, slow swing rhythm, with a real "original" ending. And a disjointed calypso time renders "Another Rainy Day in New York City" an insult.

"You Get It Up" is a throwaway, useless filler and nothing that they haven't done better before (but haven't ever done worse). And the old tavern-style, piano-tinkling sounds like a slowed-down version of the "Coke has Life" commercial on "Gently I'll Wake You."

Even Jimmie Haskell's usually tasteful strings suffer on this album. "Mama Mama" begins as a rip-off of "Love Theme" from the sound of Philadelphia group (TSOP) and the slow, quiet, ominously-building strings and french horns are leftovers from "Searchin' So Long" (Chicago 7) on the aforementioned "Gently I'll Wake You."

Only on "If You Leave Me Now" does the orchestra

ensemble sound truly lush but then this is this Chicago album's instant hit of the disc so of course, it's got to be right.

Lyrical (and finally), Chicago is on old ground. No one in the group strains on lyrics. They all are simple and repetitive, weak and forced, written to fit, useless, and evidence of not a new thought in their collective heads.

"Hope for Love," the records' closer, and this reviews' as well, offers the same lines, in triplets, as an overbearing chorus . . .

"I don't know,
No I don't,
Don't I know,
I don't know,
Don't I know,
No I don't,
I don't know."

This kind of writing states the present stance of Chicago's music (in all its banality and horror) quite eloquently at this point in time, at least. The song moans that love's been sought before, cried over and for before, but is still worth doing all that for again, just like before.

Maybe so for love. But not for Chicago.

And in recording and Chicago albums, it's all been done before, too.

But that's no reason to waste the time hoping for the old group to return once more. They offer nothing new and —

"So why are they wasting my time?
And why should I waste my time?
And why am I wasting your time?
So you shouldn't waste your time
on Chicago
again
anymore."

LC Lions B-ball off to slow 1-3 start

by Brad Hill

The Lindenwood Lions have gotten off to an unimpressive 1-3 start in the young basketball campaign. They lost their opening game of the season to Parks College 88-84, came back to defeat the Coast Guard 85-45, and then lost their next two contests, 80-75 to St. Mary's College and 84-82 to St. Paul's College.

Sloppy ballhandling and poor shooting have been two outstanding weaknesses of the Lions thus far. In each of the three Lindenwood losses turnovers have played a large part, and despite a large height advantage, every game, the Lions have been hurt on the boards in crucial situations.

"We haven't handled the ball, we haven't shot well and we really haven't controlled the boards like we should. Except for the St. Paul's game, we have just not played well," said Lindenwood coach Larry Hradek.

In the Nov. 11 opener against Parks the Lions started slowly and trailed by eight at the half. But they came out in the second half and cut the lead effectively. A Bob Ramsey free throw put them into a one-point lead with about seven minutes left in the game, but Parks put a smothering press on Lindenwood and the Lions were not able to get the ball up the floor with any consistency.

Parks went into the lead for good and was able to hold on as the Lions were forced to foul trying to get the ball back.

Mike Fallon led the Lions with 21 points. Dan Odom added 16 and Steve Rennie and Brad Hill each contributed 13.

Lindenwood got their only victory of the season against the Coast Guard. The Lions broke out to a quick 8-2 lead and were never

in serious trouble as they led 31-14 at halftime.

Fallon and Pat McMillon each scored 20 points for the Lions and Odom dropped in 19.

On Nov. 19 the Lions traveled to O'Fallon to take on the St. Mary's Hawks. They went out to a quick 10-6 lead, but then turned ice cold and went almost 10 minutes without a single point.

The Hawks streaked to a 16-point lead while the Lions were standing around, but Lindenwood got it together before the end of the half and cut the lead to eight.

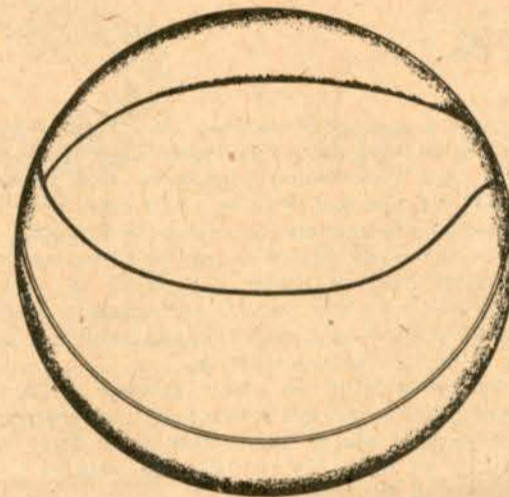
The Lions led several times in the second half, but turnovers in crucial situations destroyed their chances. St. Mary's went into a slowdown offense late in the contest and neatly killed the clock.

Brad Hill paced the Lion attack with 23 points, including 17 of 18 from the free throw line. Odom scored 22 and Rennie chipped in 12.

The following night the Lions had to travel to Concordia, Mo. and take on the St. Paul's Bluejays. The Lions played a tremendous first half and took a 50-40 lead to the locker room.

But the Bluejays came out running in the second half and used a tip-in off the offensive board with six seconds left in the game to take the victory. Odom paced the Lions with 23 points and Skip Hale scored 17.

"We haven't handled the ball, shot well . . . or controlled the boards like we should."



Basketball Lions Remaining Schedule

Dec. 7	College of East St. Louis	Away	7:30	24	St. Louis Christian	Home	8:30
11	Columbia College	Home	7:30	29	St. Paul's College	Home	7:30
13	St. Louis Pharmacy	Home	8:30	31	Parks College	Away	7:30
14	Missouri Baptist	Home	7:30	Feb. 2	Harris State	Away	7:30
Jan. 15	Missouri Baptist	Away	7:30	4	Maryville College	Home	7:30
17	Maryville	Away	7:30	5	Columbia College	Away	7:30
18	St. Louis Pharmacy	Away	7:30	17-19	CONCORDIA TOURNAMENT		
21	St. Mary's College	Home	8:30	26	Legan	Home	7:30
22	St. Louis State College	Home	7:30				

Rundown shows teams' strengths and weaknesses

by Chuck Gelber

Yes sports fans, another season of Lindenwood basketball is upon us and this year's team promises to be an exciting mixture of teamwork and potential.

Head Coach Lanny Hradek, who moves into his third year as mentor, sees the Lions surprising many people. He says, "We have some good quality players who can do the job for us. We're not that big, as teams go, as we have to reply on a total team game."

This year, the Lions are led again by Dan Odom. The 6'6" center begins his fourth year with impressive credentials compiled over the past three. Odom led the team in most offensive categories last year and was named to the first team all-conference lineup.

One of the Lion's weaknesses has always been their ability to draw quality talent coming out of the high schools. Things have changed, however slightly, with the addition of former St. Dominic High standout Mike Fallon. Fallon, according to Hradek, can become a truly great player but needs to work on the natural abilities he now has.

Adding to the Lion frontline will be the arrivals of Pat

McMillon and Steve Rennie. McMillon, a former all-conference performer at Orchard Farm, and Rennie, a transfer from South East Missouri State, will see lots of

"We have to rely on a total team game."

playing time.

As Hradek sees it, the key for the Lions will be for the Lion backcourt to get the ball into the middle. He says, "Our strength lies upfront, so if the guards can't get the ball inside, we are going to be in big trouble."

It will be the responsibility of guards Skip Hale, Sam Word, Bob Ramsey, Steve Wood, and Brad Hill who will alternate between guard and forward, to get the ball into

the big men.

Hale comes to the Lions from Billings, Missouri. Hradek sees Hale's main function as being able to bring the ball upcourt. Word, noted for his leaping ability and for having the largest cheering section of all the Lions, will also see plenty of time in the backcourt.

Ramsey, at 5'10", sees his job, and the jobs of other guards as making sure teamwork is utilized. He says, "We know what our jobs are. We have to keep the ball moving and work inside for our best shots."

Hill, a two-year letterman, contributes his experience and a strong outside shot to the Lion attack. Wood, as Hradek see it, "needs playing time to develop his instincts. He can only learn in game situations."

If there is one regret about this season, it is that the Lions have only nine players. Although it's not evident at the moment, later in the season could prove telling for the Lion chances.

As the Lions have already begun their season, Hradek hopes his team can accomplish what is necessary for successful season—"teamwork, hustle and the desire to succeed."