



# THE HOUGHTON STAR

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# The Houghton Star

The Voice of the Students of Houghton College • Houghton, NY 14744

## Inside

	Page
Opinion .....	2
Campus News .....	3
Sports .....	4
Reviews .....	5
Letters .....	6
Humorous Essay Contest .....	7
Photography Contest .....	7
Chabourne Recital Review .....	9
Teufelei .....	10
Underground Grumblings .....	11
Peanuts .....	12
Old Man Earth .....	13
Reflections .....	14
Greetings .....	15
Night Shadows .....	16
Thoughts on Death .....	17
How to Spend 15,000,000 .....	18

This special double issue of the *Star* is an experiment that we have been planning since last semester. We wish the *Star* to function not only as a communicator of news and open forum for opinion and debate, but also as a medium for artistic expression. We chose this time in the semester for two reasons: one, the sparse amount of interesting news after Thanksgiving led us to cancel last week's *Star* (allowing more time to prepare for this week's) and two, after a semester of putting out a newspaper, we were, quite frankly, tired of the same old thing.

We would like to thank all our photographers, writers, reporters, artists and our dedicated production staff.

Linda Ippolito  
Glenn Burlingame

## The Houghton Star Staff

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Den Trail

The Houghton Star is a weekly publication representing the voice of the students of Houghton College. The *Star* encourages free exchange of opinion in the form of letters, articles, advertisements and guest editorials in student and faculty columns. Opinions and ideas expressed herein do not necessarily represent the views of the editorial staff or of Houghton College. Those with differing opinions are invited to express themselves in a letter to the Editors. The Editors reserve the right to edit, due to length, or reject, due to professional decorum, any contributions. The deadline for all letters is 9:00 am Tuesday. The *Star* subscribes to the National News Bureau and United Features Syndicate.



# Opinion

## Liberal Arts, a Fat Society, and the Star

Ever since I first considered the possibility of having a hand in editing the *Star*, I have tried to formulate some sort of purpose for the *Star*. Of the many purposes which the *Star* has had, I decided to focus on one: an open exchange of opinions. In my mind this is just one aspect of the life of a healthy liberal arts community.

I feel that there is a dire need for such exchange, for the health of the liberal arts is faltering, afflicted by the most modern of diseases—inactivity. Public discussions are just what is needed to trim away intellectual fat and inject a certain modicum of enthusiasm.

I am sure that some people feel that the *Star* has underemphasized its role as a news gathering and reporting service by overemphasizing opinion. Perhaps there were times when the *Star* could afford to be solely a news publication but now is not such a time. These times call for a reaffirmation of the liberal arts perspective of which intelligent public discussion is a vital part.

We live in a time of moral passivism. Most people seem content to manage their own affairs and pay little or no attention to others. I feel that we, as members of a liberal arts community, are called to a broader vision. Today, there are few people anywhere who have an expanded vision.

There was a time, not so long ago, when the situation was much different. In the late sixties and early seventies, an activist concern with world affairs filtered down even to this isolated campus. According to the documentation of the era, there was much public discussion: the war in Vietnam, racism, pollution, the threat of nuclear war. Political interest even resulted in an anti-war demonstration in front of Luckey building (organized, peaceful, and balanced by a Veterans' Day observance).

I do not mean to romanticize this bygone era. The time had its shortcomings. Stephen Woolsey, editor of the *Star* of 1972, described some of the contradictions of his generation's brand of activism:

*This generation of college students has been labelled and generalized about perhaps more than any other student generation in history. The fact that some of those labels and generalizations are contradictory doesn't seem to concern those who have us figured out. We are known as "militant" by those who can't forget what happened on college campuses from 1967-70. But we are also the "generation of peace", which staged the largest non-violent demonstrations against war in the history of the United States. We are "activists" who go from social cause to social caused looking for some sort of salvation by getting our hands dirty solving the world's problems; yet we are also the "new materialists" who value The*

*Good Life as our ancestors did. We are a generation without ethics, but the Jesus Movement is sweeping the entire nation, demanding obedience to a strict ethical code.*

*All of these ambiguities and disagreements about who we really are points [sic] to one thing: the college generation is searching for something to believe in. And the American Dream is not the answer. (Star, May 26, 1972)*

I am not urging a revival of sixties and early seventies-type activism, but I am urging that we, at least, search for something to believe in. Sure we believe in things today. We believe in what advertising tells us—get more things and you will be happy. The American Dream is still not the answer.

One of the main thrusts of the liberal arts perspective is searching. The liberal arts perspective also urges us to go one step further and search in an intelligent manner. A prerequisite for intelligent searching is freedom from given answers (i.e., the American Dream). Freedom can lead to paralysis. Freedom should not mean that all opinions are tolerated. Some opinions are better than others. Within a college community, I believe that there are certain shared standards of what constitutes a legitimate opinion, i.e., well-articulated, supported by a certain amount of evidence, argued for in some cogent fashion.

Thus in keeping with this high view of the worth of public discussion, we have established regular faculty and student columns. Although I feel that this has been largely successful, I do not feel that is enough. In this issue, we are introducing other features—short stories, poems, essays—which I hope can be incorporated into the format next semester. It might seem that the proper place for such writing is the *Lanthorn*. I would like to think that there is a special need for art in a news and opinion publication.

Art, in a way which news stories and editorials cannot, provides characters and situations which attest to the importance of individual experience. Individuality is a necessary prerequisite for responsible moral action. By putting artistic works and news stories and editorials together, I hope to lay a foundation for responsible moral action.

Thus the rather high-minded objective of the *Star* is to reaffirm the liberal arts perspective: liberal in presenting a range of opinion to provide some understanding among individuals and offering works from the arts to emphasize the need for individuality.

## Houghton is a Fine Place to Be

Editorials are traditionally written for one grand purpose: to arouse the readers, either toward some new conviction or toward action.

This one isn't. This editorial serves another purpose, that of presenting the opinion of its author. And, after belonging to Houghton College for 1180 days, my opinion is this: Houghton is a fine place for me to be.

Now, why should this opinion be of any interest to you? Because you—Houghtonians of many descriptions—are what I'm talking about.

My background little prepared

me for what I would find here. My years at Cornell (which featured literate hedonism) and Southern Cal (where football players are admitted if their SAT's equal their playing weights) made Houghton quite a surprise. And the pair of decades in AF blue let me see quite a bit which has no place in a community of believers.

So what have I found here? Students who challenge me to try to give my best. Students who live a testimony which I find challenging and uplifting. Students who want to learn, to study, to work, to worship, to share

their faith. In other words, I'm here because of students.

Oh, there have been disappointments—growing from the human foibles of narrowness, carping, hostility, pettiness, and chicanery—but that, I suppose, is what makes this a true place of learning. While we as a group have no great risk of perfection, I rejoice that we do accept the pure life as a goal worth pursuing and that we entertain a degree of divine dissatisfaction with what we are and how we are doing.

So there it is. My opinion. End of editorial.

R.L. Wing

If the salvation of society depends, in the long run, on the moral and spiritual health of individuals, the subject of contemplation becomes a vastly important one, since contemplation is one of the indications of spiritual maturity. It is closely allied to sanctity. You cannot save the world merely with a system. You cannot have peace without charity. You cannot have social order without saints, mystics, and prophets.

Thomas Merton

# Campus News

Mark Schiefer, class of 1984, was killed in an automobile accident on Wednesday, December 9. His car slid on icy pavement into a pick-up truck while he was apparently en route to a class in



Japanese at the University of Buffalo.

Mark was a student at Houghton's Buffalo Campus this semester and attended the main campus last year. He lived with his grandparents in West Seneca while attending the Buffalo Campus. His sister Debbie is a senior serving an internship in Buffalo. His parents are missionaries serving in Japan. ★

## Conklin Pursues PhD

by Chris Campbell

Mary Conklin, Assistant Professor of Sociology at Houghton, is writing her doctoral dissertation, a comparative analysis of the socioeconomic returns of a two-year associate degree, for completion of her Ph.D. from The Johns Hopkins University.

Conklin has finished the required classwork and recently passed the university board oral examinations. She plans to complete her dissertation in the summer of 1982.

Conklin noted that assuming both teacher and student roles was rather difficult. Being a professor, she found herself generally more critical of her own professors' work. Being a student has helped Conklin to empathize with the problems and demands a student has.

Conklin's major field of interest is the sociology of education. The Johns Hopkins University is research-oriented and doesn't stress

practical experience in the courses it offers, Conklin feels. She has discovered, however, that teaching forces her to integrate experience with the material she presents. She has found teaching to be "more enjoyable than I anticipated."

Conklin likes the college atmosphere and is pleased to be involved with various student organizations. Having had a difficult time adjusting to Houghton's rural setting after living in Baltimore, she says she can identify with new students who come here from cities and have to get used to seeing the same people all the time, all the while missing the diversity of urban life.

Conklin hopes to publish portions of her dissertation and, although she hasn't given the future much thought, intends to spend the next few years teaching. ★

Mary Conklin



## Food Co-op Opens

by Esther Emmett

The Northern Allegany County Food Co-op initiated a new aspect of service to the college, community and county on December 3. The new storefront location opened for the first time in the building owned by the Yanda family which also houses the Village Country Store.

The Co-op has been in operation for the past few years, utilizing the facilities of the Village Church for the breakdown and distribution of its produce. The program was established to provide a means whereby people could purchase nutritious foods at a reasonably low cost.

For some time, the Co-op has been looking for a more permanent residence. Co-op member Lisa Blackwood researched several prospective locations, noting the immediacy of the Co-op's need and Mr. Yanda's desire to find another use for the south side of the building.

This permanent location will of-

fer a number of advantages. Functioning as a store front, the Co-op will now have greater visibility to the county and will be able to reach a greater number of people. It will now be more convenient for the consumer to be able to make purchases more than once a month without the inconvenience of pre-ordering.

Through its expansion, the Co-op will be able to work with several distributors and thus provide an increased variety in food supplies. The recent purchase of an electric digital scale will now mean that any desired amount of a product can be purchased.

The ultimate advantage to the college student is that, as a single adult, he can now become a member for \$6.00 a year. If a student works two hours a month, he will be able to purchase everything at cost.

Store hours for December are Thursday—7:00—9:00 p.m.

Friday—12:00—4:00 p.m.

Saturday—10:00 a.m.—4:00 p.m. ★

## WJSL Boosts Wattage

by Kim Cobb

WJSL applied to the Federal Communication Commission (FCC) in May of 1979. The station received a permit to begin construction on the project in September of 1981. Two months later, on November 15, WJSL began operating under its new wattage... almost.

Houghton graduate Mark Hum-

phrey, soon to be the chief engineer at WVOR in Rochester, arrived on the campus Friday evening to begin the tedious task of adjusting Stereo 90's transmitter so as to facilitate the licensed output of 195 watts. Humphrey worked for ten hours in the room of Shenawana Dorm that houses the transmitter, but the output reached only ap-

continued on page 12

## Campus News Briefs

by Karen Blaisure

"The Star of Bethlehem" will be presented at 8:15 pm on Friday, December 11, in Schaller Hall. Retired astronomer Dr. Karlis Kaufmanis will present the lecture on the investigation of the circumstances and significance of the Christmas star.

A Senate Spot will be held on Saturday, December 12, at 10 pm.

Various Houghton choirs will present a Christmas Concert during the evening service on Sunday, December 13, at 6:30 pm.

A "Midnight Breakfast" will be held at 10 pm on Reading Day, Monday, December 14. Come and get it!

An all-campus prayer meeting will be held at 6:30 pm, Tuesday, December 15.



# Sports

Ps. 37:23

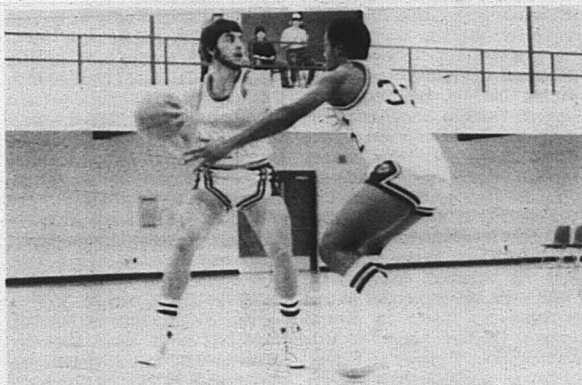
## Injuries Plague Highlanders

by Andrew VanSkiver

Injuries have taken their toll on the men's Varsity Basketball team. In the first game of the Grace Turkey Tournament, November 26-28, Houghton was pitted against the eventual tournament winner, Bethel. The Highlanders knew it would be an uphill fight for they made the trip without the services of starting guard Mark Carrier, who was out with a sprained ankle. After a tremendous two-handed slam dunk, in the first half Tedd Smith landed on his left hand, causing a possible break of his left wrist. Smith played the rest of the game with his wrist taped. The Highlanders still hung tough and went into halftime down 36-30. In the second half Bruce Makin suffered a deep thigh bruise, which forced him out of the game. The team could never get ahead and eventually lost 84-63. The team was lead on offense by Glenn Webb and Tedd Smith each with 20 points. The defensive player awards went to Webb and Jeff Anspach.

The second night Houghton took on Aurora, with Mark Carrier, Bruce Makin and Tedd Smith all out of action. The team played a gutsy first half, but the injuries took their toll. In the second half the Highlanders were out-manned and lost 74-60. Glenn Webb was both the leading scorer with 22 points and the leading defensive player. Jeff Anspach chipped in 13 points in the losing effort. Substitute Bill Horton, filling in for Smith led the team with 6 rebounds.

The last night Houghton came out and showed their class by beating California Baptist 80-58. Bruce Makin came back to play, heavily taped, and shared the defensive player of the game award with Webb and Anspach. Webb also made it a clean sweep for the week by leading the team with 32 points, followed once again by Anspach with 23. Webb's efforts were rewarded as he was named to the All-Tournament team. ★



Mark Carrier works to beat the Pitt defense.

## Houghton Hosts First BB Tournament

by Andrew VanSkiver  
and Kevin Willies

On Friday, November 20th, the varsity basketball team, full of high expectations, started the season with the Houghton Invitational Tournament first round game against Brock University. All of last year's starters returned, with the addition of freshman Jeff Anspach, a 6'5" center. The Highlanders opened up with an exciting running game led by guards Mark Carrier, Bruce Makin and Derrick Barnes. Anspach also proved himself at the offensive end hitting 12 of Houghton's first 20 points. With four minutes left in the first half, Houghton had a 38-28 lead. Bruce Makin, with his specialty steal, led the Highlanders as they rattled off 8 straight points for 46-28 lead. They then coasted to a 50-34 half-time lead.

The second half was more evenly matched. The teams swapped baskets until, with five minutes left, Glenn Webb broke the crowd's doldrums with his first tomahawk slam-dunk over a bewildered Brock defense. Houghton then cruised to a 98-81 victory.

Tedd "Magic Moose" Smith led the scoring with 26 points, followed by Barnes with 21, Anspach with 18 and Webb with 11.

Earlier in the evening the University of Pitt-Bradford defeated Spring Arbor College by a score of 82-73.

The following night, in the championship game of the Houghton Invitational, the Highlanders were pitted against a

powerful University of Pitt-Bradford Panthers team. As the game began it looked as if it would be a repeat of the previous night. Tedd Smith hit eight out of the first 20 points, mostly baseline jumpers, over his frustrated defenders. With the rest of the team running and rebounding well, the Highlanders went into halftime with a 49-43 lead.

Unfortunately the game did not end there. The Panthers came out in a full-court press which eventually took its toll on Houghton. After running a full game the night before, and half of the second game the press proved fatal. With the team starting to tire and foul trouble developing, Coach Jack opted for a zone defense. During the next few minutes the Highlanders were outscored 13-4; ten of those points came from Panther's Bob Hannon, who hit five for five outside the zone. Not to be outdone, Mark Carrier answered UPB's team by matching them for 10 points all on outside jump shots, but had to leave the game with a sprained ankle. The Highlanders never could regroup for a rally and lost by a score of 97-88.

Glenn Webb led the scoring with 27 points, followed by Smith with 22, Carrier with 15 and Anspach with 12. Smith and Barnes were named to the All-Tournament Team. Earlier that evening Spring Arbor College and Brock University played a consolation game with Spring Arbor coming out on top, 81-64.

The Highlander's next home game will be on December 12 against Utica Tech. ★

## Women's BB Hopes to Improve

by Katie Singer

This year's women's basketball team, coached by Tim Fuller, hopes to improve upon last year's 2-17 record. The team will be using the talents of seven freshmen: Sue Gifford, Lori Harris, Jane Kerchoff, Heather Lines, Carmen Renalli, Jackie Woodside and Dor Young. Their playing will be complemented by five returning players: Carol Wyatt, Tyrell Gulley, Kathy Banker, and co-captains Karen Woodmansee and Katie Singer.

The team suffered several setbacks on Monday, November 23. First, they lost high-scoring Karen Woodmansee, who will miss the first semester of play on account of a broken ankle. In addition, the team lost the opening game against the University of Buffalo, 65-24.

The quick change in the starting line-up, first game "jitters," and the Highlanders' inability to get on the board early in the first half of the Buffalo game kept the team from putting on a strong show. The play, however, did continue to improve through the second half, and the Highlanders gained a great amount of experience throughout the game.

The team feels that this year will definitely be an exciting one for women's basketball. They will play their next home game on Thursday, December 10, against Mansfield. ★

**Need a way  
home for Christmas?  
How about a shopping  
trip to Olean or Rochester?  
The BLUEBIRD Bus  
makes round trips daily  
at a low cost. (No round trip  
to Olean on Saturday.)  
Stop in at the Houghton Inn  
and pick up a schedule.**

## Zecher Excels in Senior Recital

by Christine Doughty

Mercy Zecher, accompanied by Linda Baxter and Cherie Brown, performed a dazzling senior recital on her flute last Wednesday evening. The program reflected many hours of careful preparation in both the flute and the piano parts. It was also obvious that the performers had rehearsed extensively together, feeling rubato and adjusting dynamics, to add polish to the performance.

The evening began with *Nocturne et Allegro Scherzando* by Philippe Gaubert. The building excitement of this dramatic French piece created a mood of its own, but also seemed to be a primer for the next piece, *Les Folies d'Espagne*, twenty-five short variations by Marin Marais. Confident and poised, though unaccompanied for this work, Mercy easily threw off sixteenths, rolled through an especially difficult double tongued variation (all in one breath!), and floated effortlessly on slurred thirty-second notes. Most impressive throughout this piece was her ability to quickly change the character of this Spanish lament melody in the subsequent variations.

*Sonata*, by Paul Hindemith,

brought the first half to a triumphant close. The interaction of flute and piano, sometimes daring, sometimes intense, but always rhythmically precise, was the feature of this piece.

A pleasant surprise awaited the audience as Mercy began the second half of the recital by singing *Trockne Blumen*, an art song by Franz Schubert. The resonance of her rich mezzo-soprano voice filled the hall as she demonstrated control similar to her mastery of the flute. An "Introduction and Variations" of this *Trockne Blumen* theme written for flute by Schubert followed the vocal work and expounded on and explored the theme in diverse tempos, meters, and stylistic frameworks. Mercy's interpretation was refreshing and enjoyable, and once again, excellent piano playing complemented her lulling melodies and spirited motifs.

The recital ended with a quick little *Sonatina* by Eldin Burton, which Mercy obviously enjoyed playing. Abundant applause greeting her final note proved that the audience had also enjoyed it, as they had her entire recital. ★

## Messiah Performance Benefits Future Students

by Keith Freeman

The auditorium in Wesley Chapel filled with music as the Houghton College Choral Union and Chamber Orchestra performed, under the direction of Dr. Donald Bailey, George Frederick Handel's *Messiah*.

The money received from ticket sales for the November 20 and 21 performances will benefit freshman music talent scholarships. Soloists Jean Reigles (soprano), Vicki McCormick King (contralto), Mark Ross (tenor), Benjamin King (baritone), and Lionel Basney (bass-baritone) performed voluntarily, contributing also to the scholarship fund.

The College and Chapel Choirs combined to form the Choral Union. The Chamber Orchestra consisted of students from the Eastman School of Music playing the oboe and string section, with Houghton's Rohn and Jon Vogan on trumpets, Sandra MacCarn playing timpani, John Chappell Stowe on harpsichord, and Linda Morgan Stowe on organ.

Only thirty-eight of the fifty-three movements were performed, thus cutting down total performance length to two hours instead

of the usual two hours and forty minutes.

The musicality of the performance was excellent with superb balance among the individual sections of both the choir and orchestra, as well as between the choir and orchestra as a whole.

Despite conflicts with the Friday lecture and the weekend invitational basketball tournament, attendance was good. ★



What has got six midgets, one Robin Hood, a Lego set, plastic slip covers, the Poor, the Evil One and the Supreme Being? No, it's not the 1981 Sears and Roebuck catalog. It's *Time Bandits*. It's got six midgets, one Robin Hood, a Lego set, plastic slip covers, the Poor, the Evil One, the Supreme Being plus much more. (How's that, Linda?)

Mark Chadbourne

## Record Review: Abacab

When I first listened to the album, *Abacab* I was surprised (to say the least) at how much the group had changed. They had drastically cut back their style, and I wasn't sure whether I liked it. They even had a song with (yech!) brass in it!

But as is always the case with Genesis, the more I listened to it, the more things I picked out of it that I liked. There were especially two songs that jumped out at me right away, and they were the first two songs of the second side, "Dodo," and "Lurker." In the songs (they are strung together so that they seem to be only one song) the band tells the story of, of all things, *The Empire Strikes Back*. With a grand Genesis type of opening, and marvelous vocal work by Phil Collins, the band tells the story with energy, and musical finesse.

The next song on that side, "Whodunnit," is a dramatic change from the norm of the group. With simple and repetitive lyrics, and its quasi-new wave type of sound, the band shows that they can play any type of music well.

On the rest of the songs of the second side, "Man on the Corner," "Like it or Not," and "Another Record," the band displays versatility, and a large amount of musical talent — two qualities that make them one of my favorite groups.

The first side (don't ask me why I started with the second) is enthusiastic and full of surprises. Songs like the high-powered title

track "Abacab," and the ballad, "Me and Sarah Jane," are characteristic of the Genesis style.

But perhaps the most unusual songs on the album are "No Reply at All," and "Keep it Dark." "No Reply at All" features the brass section from Earth, Wind, and Fire. In this song, the group shows that they aren't tied down to the restrictions of a single style. The instrumentals, especially of bassist Michael Rutheford, are very well suited to this style of music.

"Keep it Dark" has a highly repetitive bass line, but the lyrics are especially noteworthy. The song is about a man who is mistakenly kidnapped by a band of thieves, and then returns to his home. But instead of telling his children horror stories of his experiences, he tells them the opposite:

*I wish that I could really tell you  
All the things that happened to  
Me, and all that I've seen.  
A world full of people,  
Their hearts full of joy.  
Cities of life, with no fear of war.  
Thousands of people with happier  
lives.*

*Dreams of a future, with no need  
to lie,  
No need to hate, no need to hide.*

But then, he ironically tells his kids to "Keep it Dark," because they shouldn't know this.

All in all, it is a very good album. The band is headed back on the right track after a short loss of energy. Their sound is full, hard, and fast, and definitely worth listening to. Rob Lamberts

## Huizenga and Hayden Perform

by Joan Kirchner

The phrase "making the violin sing" can with no hesitation be applied to the performance of William Hayden on Wednesday, November 18th. C. Nolan Huizenga's performance on piano was equally expressive.

The first work, Beethoven's *Sonata in A minor*, was highlighted by clarity in the upper register, definite crisp attacks, and every note where Hayden wanted it in dynamics, pitch, and beauty. The art of accompaniment is no easy skill: working with the soloist to integrate piano and instrument and playing interludes as complicated as solo works requires as much preparation and musical feeling as a solo performance. Huizenga did not merely provide background, but was an integral part of a duet.

The second piece was Chopin's *Fantasy in F minor for piano*. Excellent use of pedal and voicing enabled each note of the runs to be heard with melody notes ringing above harmonic figures. The phrasing built the audience to exciting climaxes and then to moments of calm beauty.

Houghton is not well known for its string department, however the quartet performing a Dvorak work was excellent. Hayden was on violin I, with Deborah Shea playing violin II, Christine Hall on viola, and cellist David Paine. Though the group blended well, when given the chance, Hayden's tone rang over the rest.

A Mozart *Sonata* completed the program given by two of Houghton's most distinguished and talented faculty. ★



Dear Linda and Glenn,

Recently, I volunteered to help in tabulating phone call expenses in a more efficient way by utilizing the computer. In doing this I became aware of a portion of the illegal calls that were made from the college phone system. I am astounded!! But more than that, I am deeply hurt. I live under the assumption that the young adults in our community have the highest ethical standards. To some extent that viewpoint has been tarnished and I must write an open letter to the readers of your *Star*.

I still hope that the number of people involved in these illegal calls is small and I intend to assume that they still do not realize the gravity of their actions. Thus, I write and hope that those involved will do some serious thinking.

For those of you who are unaware of what has happened, let me relate a few of the facts I have discovered from the computer...

(1) On September 18, there were thirty-five illegal calls totalling about \$85.00.

(2) On September 19, there were thirty illegal calls totalling about \$60.00.

(3) The most expensive single call on the 18th was for \$19.98. (The computer also lists the number and location that was called.)

(4) One number has been called with such frequency that the toll charges amount to over \$400.00.

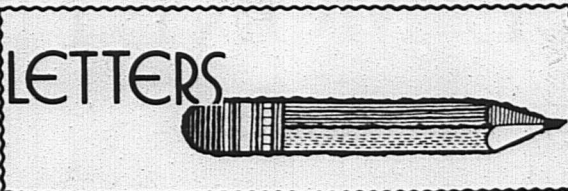
That should be enough to make you all realize the magnitude of the problem and that it is possible to find out who is responsible. The phone company will help furnish the needed information to enable the legal authorities to prosecute in situations of phone fraud. It seems to be really stupid to jeopardize one's choices of grad school, etc., because of phone fraud in one's history. Thus, the college has been quite understanding in allowing people to rectify their past mistakes. So far only eight people have taken advantage of this offer and have repaid about \$30.00. A rough estimate is that at least \$3000 worth of fraudulent calls were made in one month. Don't mistake the fact that the college has not noticeably reacted as a sign that it doesn't intend to. By the time the new semester begins, all the information will be tabulated. A conversation with Dean Danner indicated that he intends to begin appropriate disciplinary action as soon as all the data is compiled! I include this paragraph because I think you should realize that a crime has been committed. I trust all those involved will admit to their part as soon as possible before prosecution is needed. But I also hope their admission is not from a fear of being caught.

Instead I appeal to each of you to

rethink what your actions reflect about your integrity. The phone calls came from all the dorms as well as other campus phones. There were several people involved. It appears that the guilty parties are aware of others who are also involved. I would suspect that you can't have a very high opinion of each other as far as ethical standards are concerned. I hope none of you profess to be "Kingdom People." Our LORD certainly has higher aspirations for you than this. I trust none of you profess to being good citizens. Our country has too many of your calibre! Again, I think the community can tolerate mistakes. But not to admit guilt at this stage is not good. So, I encourage each of you involved to make a stand and rectify your part in this escapade. Such admission will help you to reestablish your own integrity and ethical standards.

I still intend to be happy to believe that the great majority of the young adults that I live with in this community have high ethical standards. For those of you who slipped in this one situation, you will make me even happier when I discover that you reevaluated your personal integrity and admitted your mistake by your own choice.

Truly yours,  
Jake



An open letter to the Houghton Community:

A mixture of sadness and joy fills my heart at the moment. It's tough to adapt to change, especially a change that comes as a permanent stop in life. Houghton has brought me many changes in my life and as I look

effect on shaping my future. I don't look forward to leaving as most of my class didn't last May. (sic) I've made many friends, acquaintances and come to love many of the people here at Houghton. It is because of this love that many concert artists we have would prefer to come back here to Houghton than they would many larger cities. It is because of this community love that Houghton has become the tightly-knit group of caring Christians. This love has always been an emphasis and mainstay of my home church and it is an answer to one of the prayers I've had for Houghton. Though I've learned much through courses and professors

Dear Linda and Glenn,

After reading "College Bookstore: Fast Food Mentality" in the November 20 edition, (it takes a while for the paper to get "out West"), I couldn't resist sharing with you all a similar experience. At one time the Caltech Christian Fellowship (CCF) pursued convincing the Caltech bookstore to squeeze some Christian or spiritually edifying books in with the science fiction and philosophy and of course Feynman's *Lectures on Physics*. The manager allowed as that might be a good idea, but nothing came of it. Some of the students in the CCF decided to instead open a "Christian Booktable" which would feature books they felt would be beneficial and yet at the same time avoiding the spoon-

An open letter to students from CAB:

We as your student representatives are concerned and would like to bring to your attention some problems regarding audience conduct at entertainment events. Students at Houghton are privileged to have such a facility as Wesley Chapel for use during entertainment events. Behavior should be

fed approach. After securing the Dean's permission and going through all the appropriate channels, the booktable opened. These books are available at cost to the students. Granted people haven't come in droves to pick up on all these "great books," but the service is being provided and that's what counts.

Now, I would put Merton's *Seven Story Mountain* on a list of books not to read and Caltech is not in Houghton, New York, so what I'm sending might be as useful to you as an ice cream cone would be to an Eskimo.

Anyway, I hope this is no ice cream cone, but rather something helpful.

Very truly yours,  
Glen E. Campbell  
California Institute of Technology

appropriate to the nature of the building and the show. Hosts of Senate Spots enthusiastically welcome your tasteful participation, but the Spot is not a pep-rally, nor is it a Gong Show. We understand that Spots and movies are a chance to unwind after a busy week. They are not, however, an excuse for rudeness and discourtesy.

Hosts, producers and senators are not janitors. Therefore, food and beverages are prohibited in the chapel. Likewise, paper airplanes, shreddings and other littering is forbidden. Cigarette lighters violate fire regulations.

These are specific actions. But more importantly, we need to address broader audience attitudes regarding response to performers and hosts. Much work is put into producing a Spot by all parties. In response, politeness is essential. Additionally, the rest of the audience has a right to see and hear the show peacefully.

As Christians, we are charged to confront one another in love concerning conduct which is unfitting to the Body. However, rather than a confronting atmosphere, we see a group psyche that turns usually kind people obnoxious. We believe that it is the responsibility of every student to see that the audience is considerate.

Spots (and all other entertainment) cannot exist without your help and support. For the remaining events of the semester, we ask you to consider our concerns seriously and choose how you will respond. CAB will not resort to "frisking" people, but rather will discontinue events which are deemed behaviorally dishonorable. Please, let us all reflect our Christian nature in cooperation.

I've had-(my cum never showed it!) I know that I've learned so much more from those I've met, shared with and come to love. My prayer for Houghton is a continual growth in closeness to God's calling and work in all of you here. My praise is for the friends and love I know I'll never find anywhere but here—yes Houghton. I finally found the meaning of Christ's love in this community. For that, I'll miss you, praise Him and love you all forever.

Because He Lives,  
Brian K. Palmer

Dear Houghton College Students,  
I wish to take this opportunity to thank each of you for your decision to come to Houghton College. The many rewards which I receive each day would be totally impossible without individuals like you who possess your attitudes and concern for others and Houghton College.

Love in Him,  
Don Weller



# Announcing A Humorous Essay Contest

## Categories

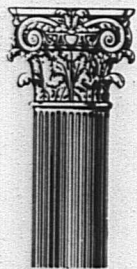
1. Short Stories
2. Essays

## Topics

1. Political Toleration Among Modern Edangelicals
2. Quantity, Quality, Relation, Modality
3. Our Wonderful Human Bodies
4. Nicene Fathers
5. Beige
6. Anything Else You Feel Funny About



## PRIZE MONEY!



### Judges

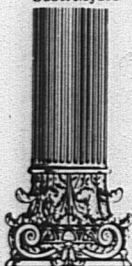
#### (and Collectors of Submissions)

Dr. Lionel "Butch Cassidy" Basney

Linda Ippolito

Glenn Burlingame

Scott Myers

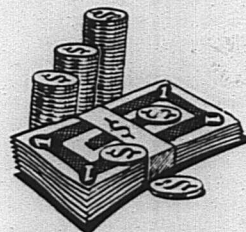


### Short Stories

First Place \$30  
Second Place \$15  
Third Place \$5

### Essays

You Bet!  
Same Prizes as Short Stories



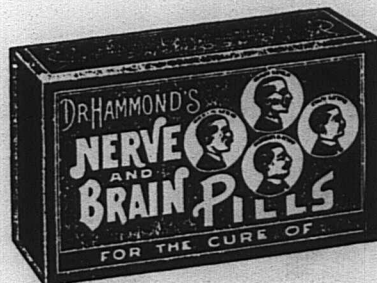
### Qualifications

Omniscient, Doctoral Work on  
Samuel Johnson, No Beard.

She's the Editor.

So is he; also has Monty Python's

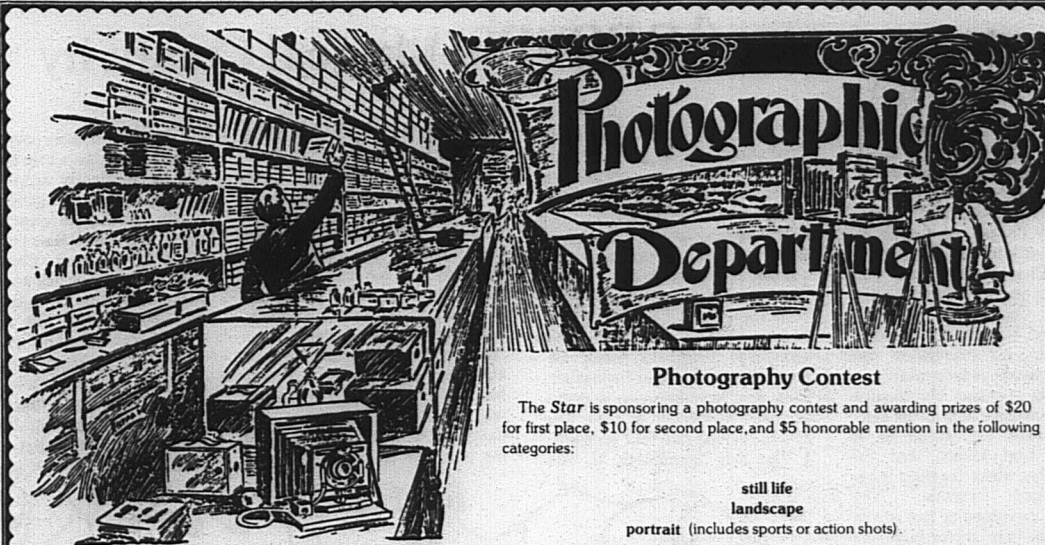
Philosopher's Song committed to memory.  
2.2 cum.



All entries must be submitted.  
Deadline—January 31, 1982.

ALL DECISIONS WILL BE ARBITRARY AND FINAL.





## Photographic Department

### Photography Contest

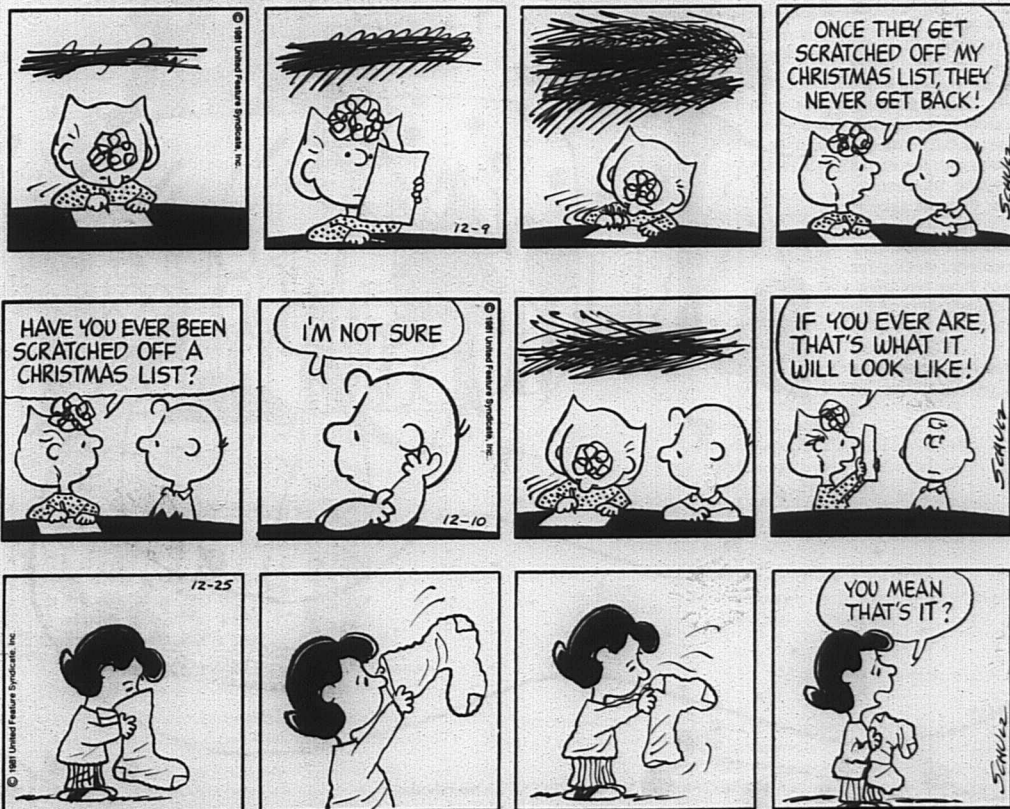
The *Star* is sponsoring a photography contest and awarding prizes of \$20 for first place, \$10 for second place, and \$5 honorable mention in the following categories:

- still life
- landscape
- portrait (includes sports or action shots).

All entries must be black and white, maximum size 8x10 and minimum size 5x7, and developed by the photographer. The photographer may submit two entries per category. A \$2 fee will be required of those who need to use the *Star* darkroom and chemicals.

All entries will be judged for contrast, clarity, originality and composition by John Caldwell, *Star* photo editor Mike Childs and editors Glenn Burlingame and Linda Ippolito. All photographs must be submitted to one of the judges by January 31, 1982. All entries will be put on display and winning photographs will be announced and printed in the *Star*'s Winter Weekend issue.

## PEANUTS® by Charles M. Schulz



# Chadbourn Demonstrates Musical Creativity

by Mercy Zecher

Mark Chadbourn, senior theory and composition major, presented his senior recital on Monday, November 16 at 8:00pm in Wesley Chapel. It was an enjoyable and stimulating recital in which Chadbourn and his assistants performed excellently. Because Chadbourn not only performed, but also composed all the music, his expression was personal and knowledgeable.

For this occasion Chadbourn did not compose any of the electronic music for which he is perhaps best known, but expressed his ideas through more conventional means. The program consisted of two major works. The first, *Bitter Suite: An American Concerto in Four Movements*, employed the piano and varying arrangements of trumpets and other members of the trumpet family. Chadbourn was assisted by Rohn Vogan (Flugel Horn, Cornet, Trumpet), Jon Vogan (Trumpet, Piccolo Trumpet), Craig Seganti (Trumpet) and Mr. Robert Vogan (Trumpet). Being both a pianist and a trumpeter, Chadbourn could write idiomatically for both instruments. The title "American Concerto" is aptly put, for the listener hears first a classical contemporary American style, then influences of jazz, and later, hints of rock and roll infiltrating the texture of the concerto. Although the entire concerto was quite impressive, certain sections demand special recognition. The second movement contained some very nice four part chordal writing for Flugel Horn and three trumpets. The third movement, perhaps the hardest for a first-time listener to understand, is Chadbourn's favorite. Interestingly enough, he used the same technique in

writing this as he uses in producing a tape loop. In this case, a pentatonic scale was repeated by the piano and cornet at different time periods.

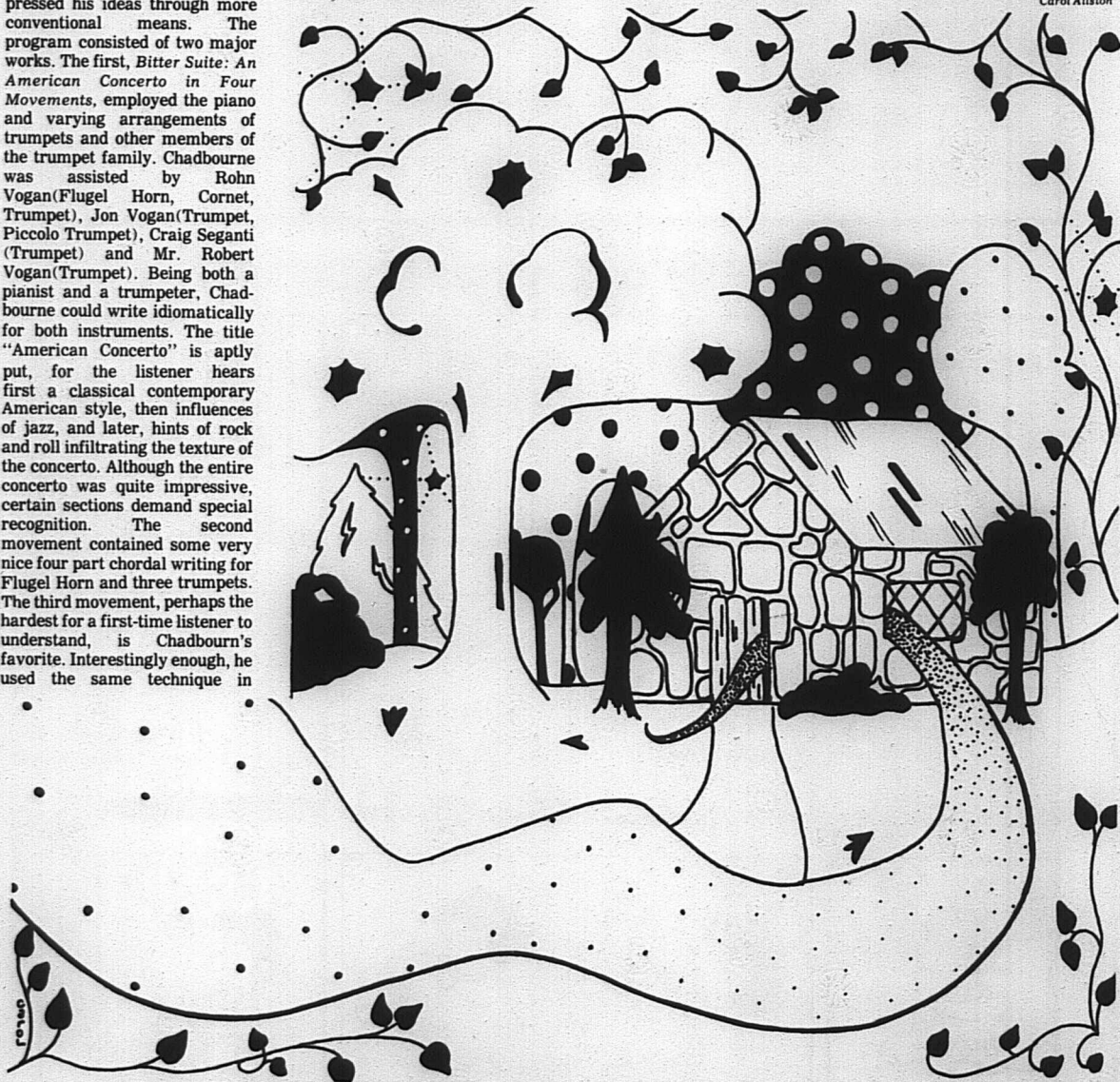
His second work, *Teufelei*, a song cycle for tenor and two pianos, employed Mark Knox (tenor), Jarrette Follette (piano) and Mark Chadbourn (Piano). Chadbourn composed *Teufelei's* music between September and November, 1981, and lyric between September and November of 1980. The test is divided into four sections: I. The Tale Transpires, II. The

Seven Guesses, III. The Revelling, IV. The Conclusion. The combination of the text and music produced a compelling piece. All three musicians performed excellently, but Mark Knox deserves special recognition. He superbly held the intensity of the music throughout the piece, and was able to switch moods, sometimes quite abruptly, from the woodsman to Teufeli. At strategic points he did not sing, but spoke the words. The melody was at times disjunct and dissonant to express the mood of the text, and Knox did well with

his handling of these passages.

In general, the whole cycle was not as musically tonal as the Concerto. This was good, for the music needed to describe the eerie and sometimes terrifying mood of the text. Chadbourn used several motives which were associated with certain characters and images. He also employed text painting. The piece was well thought out and produced a depth of meaning that might only be found after studying and digesting the work, not merely by hearing it.

Carol Allston





## TEUFELEI

by Mark Chadbourne

The tale of Teufelei, though sad and much too drear  
in ruins of madrigals is sung each seventh year.  
And here is so pronounced bequeathed eld accounts  
no other tale will vie —  
The tale of Teufelei.

## I — The Tale Transpires

The lone stone cottage stood deep within the wood thereon the trampled trail  
where wind and limb bewayled.

From deep sleep awoke he, besot by much spent ale.  
The sense of wafting air ever so roused him there.

Away and on, a noise — a voice, with sweet and soothing tone  
Did woo and coo him from his chair to leave his clouded home.  
It soughed and sighed, "lover arrive!" and sued him on thuswise.  
He followed intently the sound of the voice, for now he was mesmerized.

It rang and sang, erst here, then there — where'er it fell on ear.  
"Come hither love, bear up this way! Tarry not my dear!"

The figure cloaked in ashen smoke stood yonder in grim guise.  
Bested there it grimly stared with embers for its eyes.  
Yet, just as strange, a gradual change transformed it in that place.  
The hooded cape began to reshape around a fair maiden's face.

She: My suitor! Come hither! I tremble in fervor!

Her winsome charm did smite his heart to fall 'pon her with ardor.

He: "No better deed have I to fair than be with you tonight,  
Yet I know not thy name or face," he said in his delight.

She: If thou art wise and canst surmise my name by seventh turn,  
For seven days and seven nights my favors thou wilt earn.

He: Such great a loss! What will it cost a woodsman such as I?  
Have I some aid within this game on which I may relieve?

She: The clue is this — tis devilishness which is my own domain.  
Some say tis fools who speak of such, for what is in a name?  
Now if perchance by seventh turn my name is not declared,  
Whate'er it be I ask of thee, thou shouldst agree it fair.

He: In all respect, if I may say, you tease with learned skill.  
I do believe that wits at play add more toward the thrill . . .  
So, as to sport as best I may, allow me one day's time.  
My strategy I shan't soothsay, for soon it will unwind.

She: The place is here; the time is now  
to settle this affair.  
Your wit is keen and well endowed  
to battle, if you dare.

He stood in thought to set at naught her wit though quite sublime.  
No fool be he as not to see to sober up in time.

He: To sober up in time!

## II — The Seven Guesses

He: If I offend as Picus dared  
as Scylla and Glaucus  
If thou be Circe undeclared  
wouldst thou respond as thus?

She: Though Circe be of wicked fame  
(her vengeance unrestrain'd)  
Nay, I possess no sim'lar name.  
Thy first guess is in vain.

He: Are children fair caught in thy snare so as to be devoured?  
Can it be of Lamia three that thou art known this hour?

She: Do I appear as wild and mad to thrive on Kindes Blut?  
I shun all bedlam such as that most savage fiend pursued!

He: Yea, dost thou go to and fro to seek the love of Attis?  
For Cybele, if that be your name, change not my manly status!

She: Fear not! No motive I possess  
will take of thee so cruelly.  
Of other interests, I confess,  
do I endeavor duly.

He: Has time within a maze so long  
cured abnormalities  
in thoughts persisting firm and strong?  
Be thou Pasiphae?

She: I laugh to think Pasiphae wouldst be of great concern.  
Tis you, not sheep or bull of fields of whom my fancies yearn!

He: Forgive my insolence dear heart.  
I mean no great demise.  
Please set mine eyes to see thou art  
our Gaia in disguise.

She: To flatter so with thine intent  
for favors by my lot,  
Why thou shouldst find thine heart content  
that Gaia I be not.

He: Hast thou a suitor's eye on thee?  
Be not insidious!  
Galatea depart from me  
if be he Polyphemus!

She: Do rocks and streams and grassy banks  
distort your cognizance?  
Or could it be you overdrank  
to cause such imbalance?

Of seven turns just one remain.  
This be the very last.  
And if the guess is wrong again  
Your word must stand steadfast.

He: Not goddess good nor goddess bad  
be she in my despair.  
Tis Satan working here my lad  
through this Fraulein wayfar'.

Both sweet and foul art thou my pet.  
Thy ways are kind yet cruel.  
In haste I say as my last bet  
Thou art the Teuf'leszug!

She: The guise I hold deceives the eye.  
Therein lies thy mistake.  
Not Teuf'leszug, but Teufelei!  
Thy soul shall I now take!

## III — The Revelling

Now woman, now man, now demon!  
Now muddled and jumbled and huddled and tumbled.  
Tis deemed more as Hell than as Eden.  
Entangled in panic  
A frantic satanical cursing and swearing and fighting  
and tearing arose from the clearing on high.  
A flash! A crash! And a cry!  
I am Teufelei!  
I am Teufelei!  
I am Teufelei!

And gone was the man from inside.  
Albeit remained, the figured domain of the soul . . .  
stone cold . . . stone cold.

## IV — The Conclusion

The lone stone cottage stood deep within the wood  
Beyond the trodden trail where wind and limb bewayled  
the worn, forlorn figure, physique roughed out of shale,  
which there so long has stood among the brianwood

passages.  
cycle was  
ual as the  
ood, for the  
scribe the  
terrifying  
hadbourne  
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also em-  
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Carol Allston

# A Note to the Underground

by Scott Myers

Society is sick. When people get together, one of the first things they do is try to agree with each other about something. This is a sign of weakness on one of two counts: either a person can't let other people think differently because of a mistaken idea that he is right most of the time, or he can't let other people think differently because an unpleasant feeling of insecurity arises when he doesn't have constant agreement from others. These two forces work together in any group to pressure people to have similar opinions. Society tells us that  $1 + 1 = 2$  always and necessarily. It not only tells us that, but requires us to accept it, and the other things it tells us, as the truth. If a person doesn't accept his society's concept of the truth it tells him he is sick and even convinces some people that they really are sick. But we don't have to accept everything or even anything our society says, including this  $1 + 1$  business. What exactly does it mean,  $1 + 1 = 2$ ?

First, the purpose of an equal sign, I have been told, is to signify that the set of symbols to the left is equivalent to, of the same value as, the set of symbols to the right. What about our equation? Consider the 1's. Each 1 is separate, self-contained, and inert; neither has any property that would predispose it to join or associate with the other. 1 1 certainly doesn't equal 2 at least because they haven't been joined. The symbol  $+$  causes the joining of the individual, separate 1's. This act of joining is not nothing, it is something. It exists on the one, the left side, of the equation, but where is it on the other, the right side? There are three symbols on the left side of the equation: 1, 1, and  $+$ ; or, two objects and their joining. Yet the right side of the equation says "2," ignoring the joining.

"But," I hear my first grade teacher say, "we are joining objects. When we join one individual, separate object with another individual, separate object, we have two objects. Therefore 1 (one object) + (joined with) 1 (another object) = (we have) 2 (objects)."

Well, Mrs. Elms, that all depends on what you are joining and how you join them. If you set one apple next to another apple and think you have joined them, then I suppose you have two objects, in which case  $1 + 1 = 2$ . But don't deny that objects other than apples may be joined in other ways than setting them beside each other.

Suppose I join one body of water with another body of water, do I then have two bodies of water? No, I think I will have only one, in this case  $1 + 1 = 1$ .

Suppose I join one rock with another rock by cementing them together. Do I then have two rocks or one? Such metamorphic conglomerates of rocks found in nature are called one rock. One more  $1 + 1 = 1$ .

Suppose again I take these two rocks and, rather than joining them with cement, I join them with violent force so that either one or both rocks shatter. I would have quite a few more than one or two rocks. In this case  $1 + 1$  may = 112, depending into how many pieces the rocks break.

Or suppose I joined your two apples in this way, and they both smashed. Then I wouldn't have any apples. In this case  $1 + 1 = 0$ .

Immanuel Kant has shown (claimed, anyway) that we come into this world with no *a priori* knowledge, but that we learn everything from experience (some things we need to learn from experience only once, these we know *a priori*). We learn from experience that  $1 + 1 = 2$ , but we may also learn from experience that  $1 + 1 = 0$ ,  $1 + 1 = 1$ , or that  $1 + 1 =$  any number at all.

What, then, can we say to the underground? I think we can say that you may live in your basement or live in the crystal palace, whichever you want, and with Thoreau, don't live in any way you don't choose.

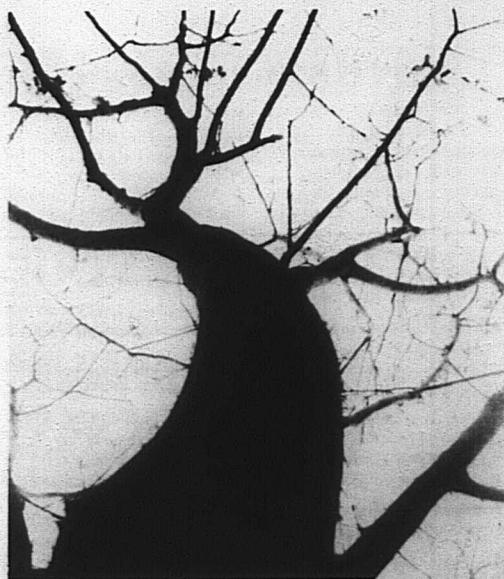
Cupid strikes his "Mark" again. On Saturday, December 5, in the Campus Center, a "just friends" relationship ended. We are at liberty (or should we say "Libertad") to announce the engagement of:

**Libertad Acosta ('83)**

to

**Mark Anderson ('83)**

Con Amor,  
2nd Old E.H.



Jeff Myers

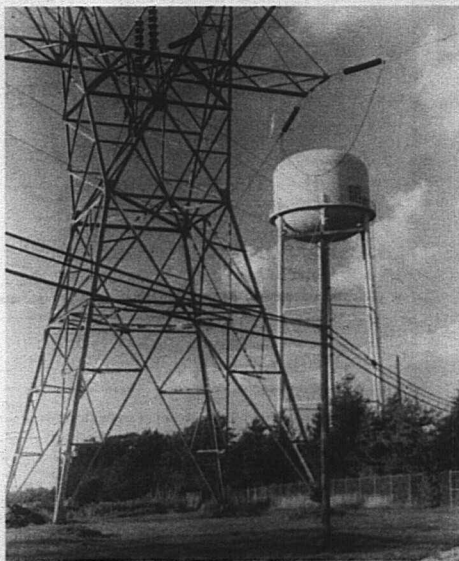
Dear Linda and Glenn,

Are you familiar with the advertising pamphlet just published by the college entitled *HOUGHTON: The Christian College in a Country Setting*? You can't miss it; the bold, blue HOUGHTON contrasts so well with the off-colored flesh tint of the special cover. I think that this counts against your article about the fast-food mentality of the bookstore. This shows that the college will print some of the things that are out of the ordinary, and even distribute them free. Just look at the color funnies on the front—who would expect this in a publication intended to represent the college nationwide? I refer to the subtle and doubtlessly intentional humor in the photograph of Doug Geeze. Here we see a junior psy-

chology major pointing to an organic spiro compound. This is funny in itself, as the compound he has drawn could not exist (there are five bonds off the center carbon). That a psychology major should be holding a music folder in his hand to remind him of what he is drawing seems only logical in this context. (I suspected trick photography at first, but no, this is the way the picture was intended to look).

One can only applaud an institution with the guts to put such satire on the cover of its national statement. This, along with the picture of the no-longer-extant mime class that appeared in Houghton's ad in last year's *Campus Life*, goes to show you that some Christian colleges can indeed be consistent.

James Barton



Jeff Myers



continued from page 3

proximately 85 watts, somewhat short of the desired power. The problem, according to Humphrey, was the "lack of several necessary tubes." Station manager Kevin Kingma immediately ordered the essential parts.

Humphrey commented that the higher power will not affect the

radio reception at Shenawana dorm. In keeping with FCC regulations, he installed a one kilowatt low-pass filter designed to prevent improper interference. "The only noticeable difference will be in the range of WJSL's reception," said Humphrey, adding that he could pick up the

station as far south as Route 17 into Angelica.

Kingma said that the final surge to 195 watts will not take place until the new tubes arrive and Humphrey can find another weekend to spend in the transmitter room. "It took more than two years to get the license," said Kingma, "what's another two or three weeks?" ★

## PEANUTS® by Charles M. Schulz

NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY  
POLAR BEARS TODAY



12-22

REMEMBER, THE LIMIT  
IS SIX PER HUNTER...



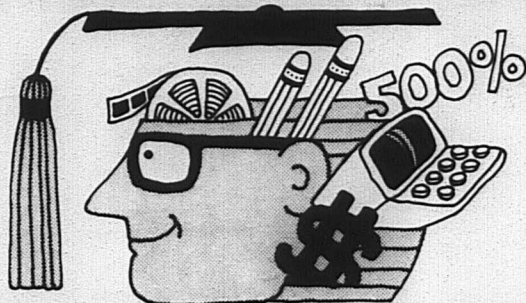
YOU'RE RIGHT...IF FIVE  
IS ALL YOU NEED,  
THERE'S NO PROBLEM



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YOU KILLED FIVE  
POLAR BEARS?!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT!  
PROVE IT TO ME...



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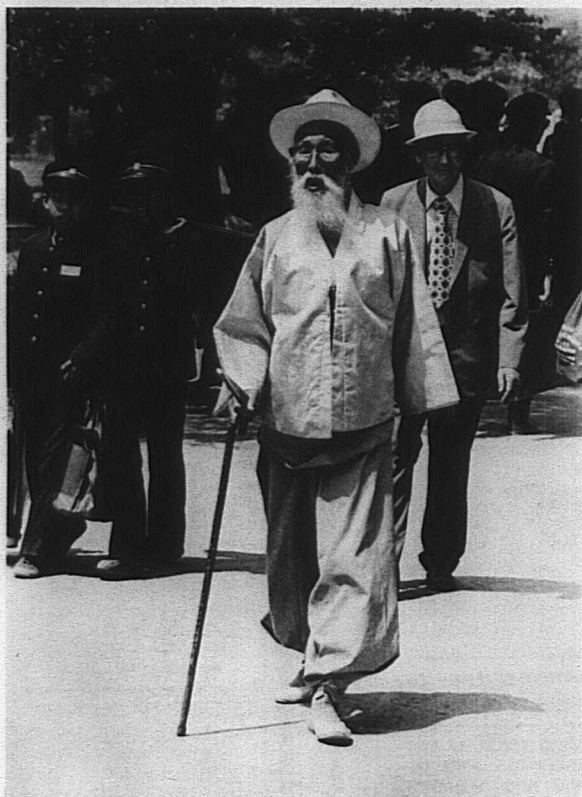


12-23

HE ATE THEM  
ALREADY



SCHULZ



Dan Trail

# Old Man Earth

"...and the world is old, a hungry old man, fatigued and broken past mending. Have I walked too much, aged beyond my years?"

Annie Dillard

Broken past mending  
Somehow you stand  
Leaning on your tilted,  
Spinning walkingstick,  
Old man earth.

And your empty  
Stomach growls loud  
Protest to  
Injustices, dear  
Old man earth.

Tatters falling like ash  
From tired eyes  
You smile the weak-  
Wrinkled smile of years,  
Old man earth.

Spun past your powers  
Fatigued, I run to steady you  
Meeting you further down  
The age of my youth,  
Old man earth.

Seasoned, you trip  
and stumble warily into  
Time—slipping sand into  
Your worn-out pocket,  
Adding hard weight to your  
Clumsy effort, sweet,  
Old man earth.

Kathleen Nicastro

## LONG SLEEP

Streams —  
veins of earth,  
clot with ice;

grass —  
shaggy beard of earth,  
frosts white;

trees —  
limbs of earth,  
stretched gnarled and cold.

'Old man Earth  
grows older.

Bitter coldness  
sprinkles like seasoning  
from December sky.

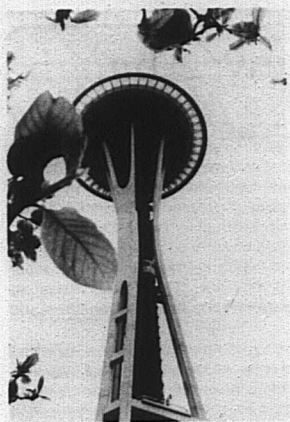
Old man Earth  
eases on  
long-johns  
for winter.

Dight Sadova



Dan Trail





### Isaiah's Song to Christmas

Pierced from the hard earthen crust,  
He sang alone in barren waste-lands,  
Desired no command performances,  
But instead received acid stares,  
Empty faces,  
With NO VACANCY signs melted  
in their eyes,  
And he limped,  
through the shattered,  
jagged edges of their broken glass  
souls.

All is well in their glass souls,  
Singer stand by,  
Their soft hands have to reach for



John Leax

### HER SEVENTEENTH WINTER

The old cat whose calm  
dwells among us  
has taken up residence  
by the stove.  
Her gums are spotted.  
She weighs no more  
than her dreams.

She is a seed  
of golden fur secured  
to the world  
by claws honed  
on the velvet chair.

Soon a wind will lift  
her from the warmth,  
and we will find  
her gone  
into the sleep she dreams.

### Interdenominational Relations

I am gonna' die, I thought as I scabbled around with my one free hand for the rain gutter they always put around the tops of buildings, even Wesleyan chapels. God knows they needed one now; it was raining and hailing. I reached up another few inches and found the runnel was inset in the roof and hauled myself up onto the roof above the columnade. I waved at the blob of white that must have been John's face, twenty-five feet below.

"You make it all right?" That was Kevin, who had been climbing up the other side.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Here take this," I said as I handed him the rope that was tied to one end of the rolled-up banner. As we crawled forward to the edge of the roof, I had a nervous thought about the security guards and their dogs, but it passed fairly quickly: it's pretty dark at three in the morning, and besides, they were probably in their warm dry building. After all, what kind of jerks would be out in weather like this?

After we tied about forty knots in the rope that secured the banner to the front of the porch, we lay on our stomachs looking at the indelible red letters two feet tall on the king-size white sheet. Then we crawled back to where the roof joined the wall of the three story chapel. I tried to climb down slowly, but my forearms and fingers were against the idea, so I slid down the drainpipe into the puddle below.

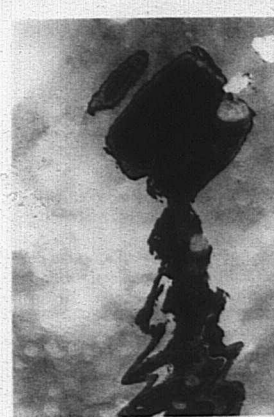
As we started to run back to the dorm, I turned around for one last look. Since tomorrow was the Baptist Convention, that thing would probably be down by nine, if they could reach it. The banner glistened red and white in the rain: BINGO EVERY WED. AND SUN., 7-9. CASH PRIZES. Oh well, I thought as I shivered and splashed back to break into the dorm, at least we had done our bit of interdenominational relations.

stars on shelves,  
Diamond hands play,  
Is it that day to pay?  
Rip open the tissues,  
Theirs is all to take and live,  
Is it that day to pay?  
Tribute.  
Singer stand by.

Ripped tissue,  
Blood-stained glass,  
Waves of tears.  
Flooding the flames of his eyes,  
Torn hands still gave,  
Blood-filled throat still sang,  
To the soft hands,  
To the diamond-damned hands,  
All the beats of his heart,  
Ticking down,  
For faces to be full,  
For glass souls to be pieced together  
Again.

Soft hands,  
they caress bows,  
throw the nails away.  
Dead voice boxes,  
Clutter in a corner,  
Giving dead things to each other,  
Yet their soft hands are not scarred,  
they are healed,  
And their glass souls are not shattered,  
they are in peace.  
But,  
Is it that day to pay?  
Tribute.  
Singer stand by.

Paul Childs



Dan Trail

### BEFORE BED

Standing on the porch steps  
I whistle for the dog  
then wait.

The night wind shakes  
the few hoarse leaves  
left on the maple.

From across the field  
(or more likely  
from the compost bin)

I hear the choke collar  
jingling like a bell  
homing for sleep.

John Leax

### PEARL

"I am a oyster," said Charles, in his deepest six-year-old voice. He sat cross-legged beneath the kitchen table, wrapped in a navy blue comforter. His mother stood at the sink, making a shopping list in her head for the coming week as she washed dishes. She was unaware of the oyster.

"I am a oyster, with soft mushy insides," said Charles a bit more loudly. His curly brown hair looked tousled, and a small gob of jelly spotted his cheek from breakfast. Beneath the comforter, he wore his favorite Road Runner "feet" pajamas. Another Saturday morning and the T.V. was still broken.

His mother thought about all the housework. The wash had to be done, the living room needed vacuuming, the den was just filthy, all the furniture needed dusting. She still seemed unaware of the oyster.

"I am a oyster, with a 'spensive white pearl in me," said Charles, pounding on the floor. His lower lip stuck out as he knitted his tiny eyebrows indignantly.

His mother thought of the friends she had invited over for coffee. She ought to make some cookies before they arrived that afternoon. Hearing Charles pound the floor, she absentmindedly said, "Be quiet Charles! Why don't you go watch T.V. for awhile?"

"I am a oyster," murmured Charles softly, "with a hard shell." He quietly wrapped the navy blue comforter over his head, protecting himself from irritation — beneath building layers.

Dight Sadova

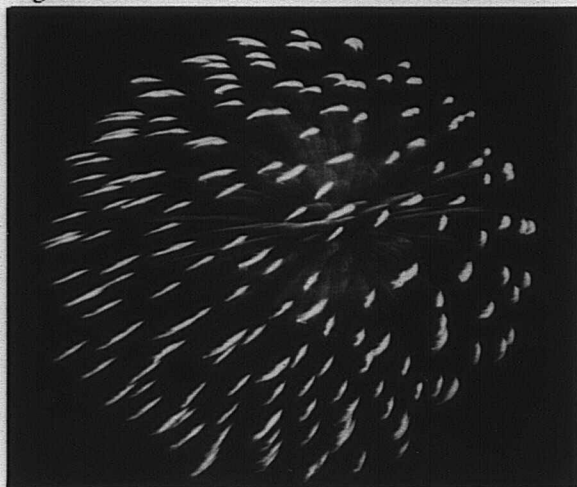
### REFLECTION

Dipping my hand,  
I reach for your reflection  
But it's gone,  
Cast away by the widening ripples  
That disrupt the surface of the water,  
And the image in my head.

You should be there  
Behind me,  
But I am frozen to turn and look.  
In fear  
I reach the other way,  
Only to see the illusion fade.

Do I want to be stopped  
And taken in by you?  
The dream persists:  
I turn, face you  
And, laying fear aside,  
Live reflected in your eye.

Linda Ippolito



Fire

Peter Hitch

Ashes in stone  
Fly fine up the  
Stiff-backed  
Chimney.

Light drifts  
In line drafts  
To the blank  
Sky, dying

As it goes. Stars spark  
Like wind-stirred  
Embers left behind.

Coals, end-black  
Remain a solid  
Negative  
To firelight.

Kathleen Nicastro

## They Gathered Together

by Carol Allston

"We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing," softly sang an elderly woman as she sat clutching her ticket. The veins in her hands matched the blue in her hair.

The black shoe-shine man in baggy pants polished a pair of studded cowboy boots attached to a turquoise encrusted urban cowboy. He stuffed the \$1.25 into his pocket and spat with precision into a nearby ashtray. No tip. A gray-rooted blonde looked up from her intense game of Pac-Man long enough to take a gulp of her drink and adjust a strap.

The shiny-faced woman served luke-warm coffee in the luncheonette and made passes at successful looking businessmen, headed for the bar. Her thin white dress, several sizes smaller than her less-than-petite body, held samples of what could have been yesterday's "Blue Plate Thanksgiving Special — all of this for \$1.97." She wore no slip.

In the corner, a gaunt Mexican in a bold yellow and black plaid suit whispered to an unseen party over the "insert 20" and wait for dial tone" phone. His three children chased each other around the trash can, shouting obscenities in Spanish while grinding remains of cigarettes, Coke cups, and cheese crackers into the tile floor. A college student in a pink gauze skirt and lug-soled hiking boots glared at them contemptuously over a copy of *Glamour*.

Two flight attendants with large, multi-colored crocheted turkeys pinned to their chests walked through the lobby. A woman in a flame red sweater, clutching Blondie's "Eat to the Beat" and a cheap romance, reached into her monogrammed black vinyl purse and pulled out a cigar. As she bit off the end and lit it, she leaned to the man next to her, elbowed him, and growled, "If it ain't one holiday, it's another."

The blue-haired woman stood up and walked towards the security checkpoint. She was still singing.



What would America do if the Santas' Union were to go on strike? Would it be Christmas without that jolly old elf? Everywhere there are Santas. It seems as if the mass production techniques introduced by Henry Ford have advanced to the degree of perfection in producing these Santa clones. There are Santas on street corners ringing merry tinkling bells. Store Santas greet shoppers in the midst of their pre-Christmas flurry. The minute people begin to relax from their Thanksgiving feasts, Santa Claus is coming to town ho-ho-ho-ing and jingling his way into the hearts of children and adults alike.

Who is this clown? When it comes to the fat man in red, fact and fiction often blur. The original name of the character we know as Santa Claus was Nicholas, meaning victorious. His last name, however, is unknown. He was born in 280 A.D. in the area we know now as Turkey. When Nicholas was nine years old, his parents died of a plague and he was left a homeless orphan. During his youth, he was very fortunate to have the opportunity to study Greek philosophy and Christian doctrine. In the early fourth century he was named Bishop of Myra. He held this post until his death on December 6, 343 A.D. While he was Bishop, Old Saint Nick was arrested twice and sentenced to jail. His first offense was given by Emperor Diocletian for religious reasons. The second time he was imprisoned overnight for allegedly hitting another bishop during a fiery debate.

Contrary to popular belief, Santa Claus was never married, he never wore a fur-trimmed red suit with a pointed cap, and he certainly didn't sail through the night in a flying sleigh. Believing that some of the miracles attributed to the saint were rather farfetched, in 1969, Pope Paul VI booted Saint Nicholas, along with Saint Patrick and Saint Valentine off the Roman Catholic feast calendar.

Katherine McGarvey



To all those who spend long hours investigating, writing, editing, proofreading, cutting-in, laying-out, typesetting, collating, distributing, discussing, moving (tables), waxing, eating (pizza), photographing and fooling around:

Thanks for everything  
and  
Merry Christmas

Pray for Peace,  
Linda and Glenn







...e? Would  
Santas. It  
Ford have  
a clones.  
Store San-  
ne minute  
is coming  
ldren and

nd fiction  
Claus was  
n. He was  
holas was  
neless or-  
rtunity to  
h century  
n Decem-  
twice and  
letian for  
night for

ever wore  
ldn't sail  
iracles at-  
VI booted  
ne Roman

McGarvey



Q. Why do leggy redheads always make  
sickening generalizations about the  
opposite sex?

A. It has to do with the patches on their  
jeans.

Dr. Sayers,

Ethics is over. What now?

Bemused Student  
of Ethical theory

Dr. Brown,

Plaids & Stripes forever!

Tim Baxter,

You blew it, you missed your chance.  
See if I ever throw my body at you now.  
I guess I'll save myself for marriage.

Mark,

If you didn't care what happened to me,  
And I didn't care for you  
We would zig zag our way through the  
boredom and pain,  
Occasionally glancing up through the rain,  
Wondering which of the buggers to blame  
And watching for pigs on the wing.

so, thanks.  
Linda

*"One has fallen, but the rest stand firm!"*

The men of Davis House are pleased to announce  
the engagement of:

**Theodore "Moose" Smith**  
to  
**Lori K. Wagner**

Congratulations, you old man!!!  
Good Luck! Jeff, Jamie, Tom, Jack, Wes and Mark

Dan Trail



Peter Hitch

**"Catch the mantra Peace on Earth"**  
**John Lennon 1940 - 1980**

Are you stuck on  
Houghton Island for Reading Day Weekend?

Think **HOUGHTON INN**

Take a Study Break — visit the Houghton Inn  
For Homemade Pie, Delicious Sundaes, and Shakes  
or come for breakfast, lunch, or dinner.  
10% discount with your I.D.

Warning!

Weber Wins Wife!  
Ward Will Wed Weber  
When Winter Wanes!

Warmest Wishes,  
"We"

The women of Bareiss House  
are pleased to announce the  
engagement of:

**Chris Ward ('82)**  
to  
**David Weber ('81)**

It's about time.



Pressure mounts in the Willard J.  
as exams approach.

# Grappling with Mortality\*

by Ben Patterson

Ernest Hemingway nearly died on the Italian front during the first world war. He was severely wounded by an explosion and by the time he had recovered, doctors had picked 237 metal fragments out of his body.

He never got over the trauma. For him the event became the microcosmic focus of the whole mad disaster in Europe, and from that time on he divided the world into two groups: those who had seen death at close hand and had learned to live gracefully in its presence; and those who had only smelled it at a distance, and then behaved badly, retreating into illusions and complicated emotions.

He looked back on his time in the veteran's hospital: remembering the men who had lost limbs or eyes and those who had their faces reconstructed, leaving them iridescent and shiny. They did not trust anyone who had not been in the war. They were a race of men set apart by violence and suffering.

Out of this Hemingway developed a formula for his novels. He would take a good man and put him in a difficult situation, preferably one involving violence, suffering and death. If the man were truly good and capable of integrity he would suddenly begin to see life in its bolder, truer outlines. False values would slip away and he would abandon all pretensions. He would become the individual, the true man.

Although tragically for Hemingway, God was agonizingly absent from the universe — he had hit upon a fundamental truth of human existence: how a man faces his death determines how he will live his life.

I can remember my last brush with death. It was my father's. It had little dignity to it, practically no grace — simple sudden coronary thrombosis in his sleep, discovered an hour later by a wife who noticed a cold body beside her. I was alternately enraged and crushed beyond words and finally hardened by the spectacle that followed.

For example, there was the mortician: shiny sharkskin suit, impeccably manicured moustache, conciliatory voice reassuring me that everything would be taken care of for under \$2,000 and in a hermetically sealed coffin at that, and would I please bring his best suit and rings.

Or there was the woman from the church who telephoned urging me to have the casket open at the funeral. She had visited the body at the "Slumber Room" and was amazed at how alive he looked.

But mainly there was the pathos of mute friends and relatives who stood looking at me, my mother and my sister fumbled and groped for the right words, the magic verse: those who in their anxiety to circumvent that corpse shot through with formaldehyde and dabbed with cosmetics behaved very badly, retreated into illusions and false emotions.

Not that the heaven they spoke of and the Resurrection which is our soaring hope as Christians is an illusion. It was just that they — and I — were so unwilling to face death.

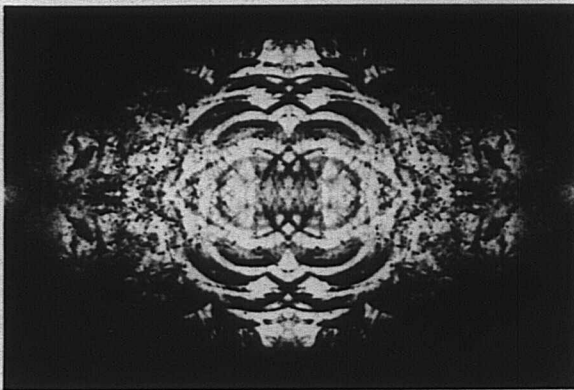
It was just that I was struck with how much the church of Jesus Christ has become a reflection of a culture in which death is truly the last obscenity. Our worship of youth and beauty, the land office business in cosmetics, beauty aids and retirement homes all speak of a society that is obsessed with its mortality.

Since then I've thought of my monster youth programs. What church hasn't recognized the "life" that adolescents with their adolescent faith can bring to a congregation? Perhaps the adolescent religious mentality in American Evangelism can be traced ultimately to our deep-seated unwillingness to live gracefully in the face of death. I don't know.

But I do wonder if we have done our youth any great favor by isolating them from the aged. I have serious questions about the church's unholy alliance with the uncommonly large numbers of shysters and grinning bull-shit artists in the funeral business. We ministers fill slots in their million dollar charades and leave the prophetic voice to the John Denvers and Evelyn Waughes. But above all I have profound doubts about an evangelism that is so virile, sun tanned and fairly bursting with celebration that it drowns out the more somber tones of a Saviour who said, "I tell you, a grain of wheat remains a solitary grain of wheat unless it falls into the ground and dies; but if it dies it bears a rich harvest."

Tonight as I wrote this editorial, I took my wife and held her in my arms. Then I played with my dog and thought of how I love to run on the beaches near my home. I feel so exquisitely and outrageously alive! Yet I am convinced more than ever that how a man faces death determines how he will live his life. There is no resurrection without death. And painful as it may be, I believe that we will never be able to live with integrity and individuality in a death-terrified culture until by the grace of God we have grappled with our mortality.

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Scott Myers

## Dust in the Quiet Room

I stood my flashlight on the bedside table so I could use the dusty cone of brightness to see the second hand on my watch. I picked up Mrs. Gorsky's wrist just below the hand on the thumb side and felt for a radial pulse. She never wakes up at night, I thought as I looked over the eighty-year-old, wrinkled body she lived in. She looked like she wore her bones between her muscles and her skin, like every bit of fat and muscle she once had covering her frame had recessed with age, withdrawing into her body as her mind seemed to be passing out of it.

I couldn't find her pulse there, so I shifted my fingers more towards the middle of her wrist. Old people have funny veins, and sometimes it takes nearly twenty seconds to find their pulse. I felt strange taking care of her because yesterday she had told me, in one of her more lucid moments, that she hadn't wanted to come to the hospital, but that she wanted to die when she could not use her body to keep herself alive. So we fought, humanely and determinedly, to keep her alive while she feebly fought to die. I was about to feel her neck for a carotid artery pulse when I finally felt a reedy squirming beneath my fingers. I looked at my watch and began to count her heartbeats with my mouth and her respirations with my fingers.

One, two, three (one finger up for one breath taken), four five,....(two fingers)....six. No more. Must have lost the vein, I thought as I felt around for it again. I looked up as I felt around and noticed that I still only had two fingers out (I put them up almost unconsciously as I see the chest fall and rise out of the corner of my eye); she wasn't breathing any more. She was listed as a NO CODE, which means that once she finally managed to die, we were not supposed to try to revive her with CPR, electroshock, etc. Once she had left her body, there was no way we could bang on the doors to make her come back and answer us, so we knew that she would eventually win our little contest of living and dying.

After a minute, I left the room to tell a nurse I only had two fingers up, and no more likely to be needed. Her much-used body lay empty by the dancing dust in the flashlight beam in the quiet room.

☆☆☆☆

I took the dead body down to the morgue, wheeling it sheet-covered through the halls on a metal gurney. They never label hospital morgues as "morgues," but have signs outside saying "Clean" or "In Use." The location is just known by the staff, and visitors walk past the "No Admittance" signs without qualms, never knowing what goes on inside. I backed the gurney into the white room with its stainless steel examining table (with a six-inch gutter running around it) and its large refrigerator.

I checked to see that a nametag was on the great toe before attaching the pneumatic lift to the steel stretcher the body lay on. Dead people don't look like dead "people" as much as dying people do. I touched the cool dry flesh as I straightened the body out before putting it into the freezer feet first (to keep the face from getting frostbit). Visions of cracked pale-blue robin's eggs, soggy cornflakes standing among other breakfast dishes by a sink of dirty water, dust bunnies in cobwebbed corners of quiet houses.

I flipped the sign outside to "In Use" and went off to wash my hands. Business as usual.



**You can spend it this way:**

Build and make operational 100 Food canneries in poor countries, which would preserve seasonal crops, providing a constant food supply, livelihood and dignity for approximately 400,000 families. ....	\$1,500,000
Support 10 Orphanages in Nairobi for the next five years, providing food and shelter for over 1000 children. ....	180,000
Feed 11,000 children presently suffering from malnutrition in the West Indies every day for at least the next five years. (Buy the food and build a warehouse capable of storing it without spoilage.).....	140,000
Provide interest free loan money that would allow 300 poor families in the rural south to build a home and start a small farm or business. (The money would be paid back and used again in a few years.).....	1,000,000
Completely renovate a 45-Room Building in downtown Washington D.C. to provide emergency shelter for evicted families and the homeless during the winter months. ....	80,000
Provide a full year of clinical care for 1000 critically ill children in Bangladesh. ....	1,250,000
Build new housing for 1000 families and rebuild twenty churches and schools destroyed by recent cyclones in India. ....	1,140,000
Supply a medical clinic in So. Sudan, Africa with needed drugs and medications to save the lives of diseased children for the next twenty years. (Presently 30% of all children there die before age 5.) ....	150,000
Dig and install 50 water wells in Gujarat, India where people suffer severe poverty and malnutrition because of lack of irrigation for farming. ....	410,000

Start a university in Azua, S.W. Dominican Republic that would educate and train 500 full time students in agriculture, mechanics, teaching and medicine in an area with presently an 80% unemployment rate. (Including loan money for tuitions of the first 500 students.) ..... 150,000

Establish a chain of co-op grocery stores (20 stores) in economically depressed U.S. communities to make quality food available at reasonable prices to low income families, and keep them operating for the next ten years. .... 140,000

Hire five top marketing experts who would find and implement ways to sell the products of third world countries, providing an economic base for literally thousands of people. .... 500,000

Establish 100 new schools in Haiti and operate them for the next ten years — providing an education for 10,000 children in a country with only a 19% literacy rate. .... 2,400,000

Send 1000 underprivileged young people to a week of camp at Forest Home Christian Conference Center. .... 75,000

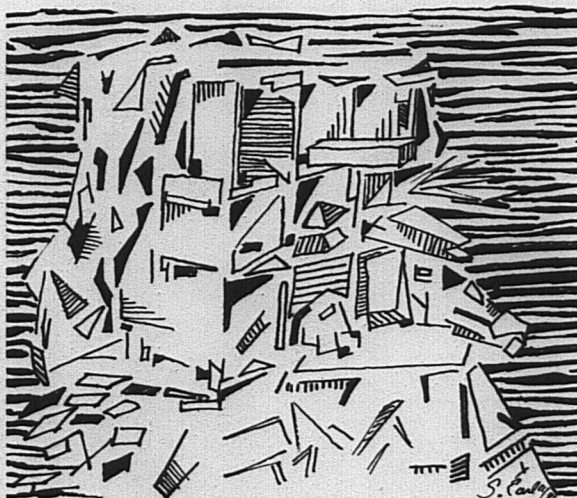
Open and supply ten kitchens and free clinics to provide care and nourishment for the poor and homeless in ten major cities in the U.S. .... 250,000

Send two teams of Wycliffe Missionaries to a previously unreached South American tribe (5000 people) for fifteen years to learn the language, translate scripture and publish 5000 New Testaments. .... 470,000

Put 50 ministerial students through the most expensive evangelical seminary in the world (Fuller) to receive an M. Div. degree, and support them for five years so that they can begin new churches wherever they choose. .... 3,220,000

# How to Spend \$15,000,000

by Wayne Rice



Steve Earl

Build a seminary in Africa, staff and operate it for the next ten years. .... 1,325,000

Build 10 orphanages which would house 750-1000 children over the age of six who would otherwise become slaves. (In Cap-haitian, Haiti, 1 out of 5 children are orphans, and most are acquired by wealthier families as bond-servants.) ..... 100,000

Print 200,000 Bibles for free distribution to every person presently incarcerated in State and Federal penitentiaries. .... 380,000

Build 70 new homes in Tijuana, B.C. Mexico to provide shelter for families left homeless following recent flooding. .... 140,000

Total cost ..... \$15,000,000

**Or you can spend it this way:**

Build a big glass church ..... \$15,000,000

Total cost ..... \$15,000,000

Figures are all documented, and most represent urgent needs that lack only funding for implementation. Sources: World Vision, Wycliffe Bible Translators, Dr. Anthony Campolo, Kefa Sempangi, Fuller Seminary, Koinonia Farms, Forest Home, Larry Holben (Catholic Workers House), American Bible Society, Voice of Calvary Ministries.

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Dan Trail

May you go safe, my friend, across that dizzy way  
No wider than a hair, by which your people go  
From earth to Paradise; may you go safe today  
With stars and space above, and time and space below.

Edward John Moreton Darx Plunkett  
Lord Dunsany

The  
Houghton  
Star

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