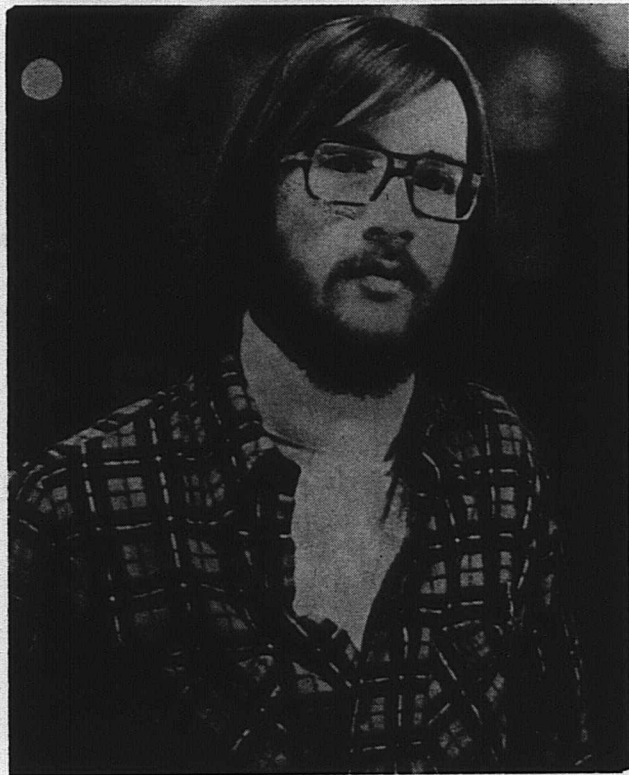


# The Houghton Star

VOL. LXVIII

Houghton College, Houghton, NY 14744, March 26, 1976

No. 20



Steve Horst, next year's Student Senate President

## Horst Discusses Plans After Election Victory

On Friday, March 19th, Houghton students exercised their democratic rights and elected Steve Horst for Senate President, Kathy French for Vice President, Rick Dickson for Treasurer, and Jan Webber for Secretary. Some people would see 640 voters out of 1,200 students as an indicator of low student interest. But Steve Horst views the turnout as good considering that by the Friday supper voting time a large number of the 1,000 boarding students had already left for the weekend.

Steve brings to the job the optimistic expectation that the extensive changes in college personnel next year will give Senate a unique opportunity to present the student viewpoint in an atmosphere relatively free of possible preconceptions. And because of trends in recent decisions, Steve sees hope for improvement in the seriousness with which student input is considered in the future.

Another problem that Steve hopes

to grapple with is the tendency to regard the propagation of the institution in its present form as being more important than the development of students' critical thinking and involvement. Closely related to this problem is the practice of giving students little responsibility and then using the resultant apathy and irresponsibility to deny students a part in the decision making process. To deal with these problems Steve plans to demonstrate that students are responsible, and he plans to convince people that students have much at stake in Houghton College and should be given a part in making decisions.

Steve would also like to improve the quality of the education here at Houghton. He wants to see the quantity of material deemphasized so that a greater emphasis could be put on the understanding and integration of material into a Christian world view. In facing these problems Steve said he is "scared stiff" and would like a lot of help next year.

## Richardson To Deliver 'Theology in Art' Lecture Monday Night in Schaller Hall

"Theology in Art" will be the topic of the Faculty lecture on Monday night at 7:00 in Schaller Hall. Considering the various aspects and problems of Christian art and the responsibility of the Christian artist will be Mr. Roger Richardson, Instructor of Art at Houghton College. Mr. Richardson intends to deal with the question philosophically, and therefore he will not limit the direction of the

stylistic emphasis.

In explaining some of his ideas on the topic, Mr. Richardson stated, "First, Christian art should be good art. Secondly, in order to be good Christian art there is a definite responsibility to provide a universal element which the public can identify with as having Biblical connotations." In order to determine what visual art would be, Mr. Richardson believes that the artist must go back to the nature of Christianity itself. In his own art, some of which will be

## Security and Curfew Policies Will Change Under Title IX

Title IX will do more than put men in Gao and girls in outside housing. It should also help to eliminate the double standard that has been in evidence in Houghton for many years. Regulations and security practices must be equalized in the same way that housing is being equalized. Although the final plans have not been made, a preliminary report and study presented last week proposed some changes.

In the area of security, the men of Houghton have been the victims of unequal treatment. While the women are locked in their dorms each night, guarded closely by security patrols against any would-be intruders, Houghton men are left to fend for themselves in a world of unlocked doors. Under Title IX men must now be given the same secure protection women now receive; to help equalize the inequality in security, several students and the dean's office have proposed a new plan. Since freshmen and sophomore men and women will all be in dorms, they will be provided with the same close protection only the women now have. Upperclass men and women who choose to live in dorms will also have this safety. For those who live in outside housing an emergency number will be given which may be called twenty four hours a day. This number would connect the caller with East Hall which would contact a security patrol. To deal with the unlocked door problem, the deans have proposed that each student in an outside house be given a key to the entrance of his or her house. The main entrance could then be locked at a reasonable hour and everyone could still get in to their own house. Further security plans are to double security patrols during "prime" hours of weekend nights.

Title IX will force Houghton to deal with another bone of contention, rules. Presently, women have curfews, off-campus sign-outs, shower hours, late minutes and other devices designed to make their lives more safe and pleasant, the men on campus have never heard of. This system will change too. Men and women must now have equal rights. This change does not mean that "hours" will cease to exist. It is more likely that freshman and sophomore men and women still have more stringent

rules, while upperclass men and women will be allowed relatively more responsibility and freedom.

The biggest problem with this plan is that some upperclass men and many more women will be housed in dorms which also have freshmen

and sophomores in them. It will be difficult to have two sets of rules for persons in the same building. Exactly how the rules will be equalized between upperclass men and women in dorms and outside housing has yet to be seen.

## Douglas Feaver Speaks At Lecture Series March 29

Houghton College Lecture Series will present Dr. Douglas D. Feaver, the Director of Humanities Perspectives on Technology at Lehigh University on Monday, March 29 at 4:00 p.m. in Fancher Auditorium. Dr. Feaver's address is entitled "The Gifts of Prometheus: Technology and Human Values in Antiquity."

Dr. Feaver was born in Toronto, Canada in 1921. He entered the University of Toronto in 1939. He interrupted his studies to spend four years in the Royal Canadian Air Force. In 1948 he received his B.A. from the University of Toronto. Later he earned a masters and doctoral degree from John Hopkins University. Dr. Feaver studied as a fellow of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, Greece. He taught Classics at Yale for four years before taking a teaching position at Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Dr. Feaver is a National Humanities Scholar and has published in several professional journals. He has dis-

tinguished himself as a speaker on over thirty university campuses.

The guest lecturer is also active in Christian ministries. As an undergraduate student, he was the student pastor of several Baptist churches. He has also served as church organist, Sunday School teacher and superintendent, and as Chairman of the Board of Deacons. Dr. Feaver spent many years affiliated with the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship as a student member and as a faculty sponsor at Toronto, Johns Hopkins, Yale, and Lehigh Universities. He is known in Evangelical circles as a speaker and a writer.

Dr. Feaver visited Houghton campus several years ago as a guest speaker. His lecture at that time was on the music of ancient Greece. He displayed and demonstrated some instruments that he had made himself. Judging from his last lecture, the forthcoming one should prove to be both interesting and informative.



Dr. Douglas D. Feaver

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## Editorial

Small groups of students gather in the campus center lounge, in the dining hall, on the way to a class in Fancher. Sometimes in the Star office. They briefly discuss recent events, grabbing at any new bits of information, hoping for some illumination in the murkiness of late winter. But no light comes. They walk away, usually disillusioned often disgusted, occasionally embittered. And the question is why? Most students exist oblivious to problems, singing "In my Heart There Rings a Melody". But for some the bad feelings don't disappear so easily. Because the point has come home to them directly. At Houghton, the student is nigger.

The bad feelings are not evoked by the ideals of the college, just as no man despises the ideals of the U.S. Rather, it is an attitude, fostered by the practical expediences which the ideals have degenerated into.

Not all students are niggers. Some are Negroes. They know their place. They do not demand, they request; their rights as well as their privileges. They are allowed input into decisions, because their ideas are reasonable and responsible. As defined by the authorities. The game is played by their rules, and only a sizeable blunder will begin to even the sides. If the input is malleable to the framework and definitions of the authorities, then everyone is happy, since "our" idea was accepted. But don't begin to question the definitions.

But there are niggers. They come in all colors, shapes, sexes, and hair lengths. They have rejected any attempts to deal with the authorities on their own terms. For some this rejection leads to active alternatives, vocally calling into question the definitions, which segregate and divide various groups in the community. For others, it becomes, as is mentioned in the letter to the editor, a quiet vice, a symbolic rejection of what the system stands for. But sometimes the niggers go too far, and when that happens, outside help needs to be called in. Just to keep problems at a minimum.

So would-be Kojaks invade the campus, hoping to discredit the niggers by busting up an international drug syndicate. They hope for hundreds of hits of acid, or pounds of hash, but they can't find it. So instead of discrediting, they attempt humiliation. They dump nigger's clothes out of his drawer into a pile in the middle of the floor. They leaf through books, go into pockets of jackets. In the end, they find two grams of the dreaded controlled substance, marijuana. Hardly enough to get four people high once. Hardly an international drug ring. Nevertheless, it becomes a head to proudly display on the mantle for interested visitors. Sgt. Joe Friday would be proud. Officers Toody and Muldoon would only laugh.

Then later the same day, a real stake out takes place. Just like in the movies. Two protectors of the great society follow him. You can tell he's a rigger by the way he walks. A chase ensues, vaguely reminiscent of the Keystone cops. They catch up with him, and tackle him. In the middle of the campus center. Just as well. It'll teach those other niggers to stay in their place.

One wonders why, if there is such an emphasis on law and order, should not higher taxes be assessed, in order to equip Houghton's finest with the finest in radar controls. Why not crack down on the crime of speeding through Houghton? And one mile over the speed limit is just as illegal as thirty or forty. But that's not a real crime. That's a white man's crime.

As I sit here, having stripped the walls of my posters and pulled half written and forgotten editorials out of the back of my desk, I finally realize it was all an exercise in futility. All the writing, the late nights, the arguments with friends over what should and what should not go in the paper. The only possible value may be to inspire future editors, as past editors have me. Sitting in my office late at night, ghosts are conjured up out of the past, out from old editorials. But nothing else. No redeeming social value. Because at Houghton, the student is still nigger.

Mark Michael

Last Saturday I started writing an editorial about spring. The vernal equinox was past; I was sure the winter of our discontent was over. As you may recall, the weather was beautiful; the air was soothing, and in it there was a vague smell of promise, of budding forsythia and summer rain. I was going to write about new beginnings. I wanted to say that Houghton is about to undergo a renewal in the same way that the earth is about to be reborn: next week there will be new editors in the Star office; soon there will be a new cabinet in Senate, by next fall the College will have three new administrators and a new governance plan. I intended to speak of hope; blue skies and warm breezes always make me optimistic.

I was going to finish that editorial today. But today the sky was gray and the wind was icy. There were more dead branches on the ground; snowflakes swirled around me oppressively. The happy exuberance died in me as I realized that it may be a while yet before Houghton sees the spring.

It is time for spring to be here, and it is also time for a change in Houghton College. But I should not let a few migrating geese and a sunny day deceive me into expecting flowers to bloom tomorrow. And I should not let a few changes in Houghton's structure convince me that better days are just ahead. They aren't; I was reminded of that fact by the events of this past weekend. Houghton has problems. Too many problems for me to expect them to disappear quickly.

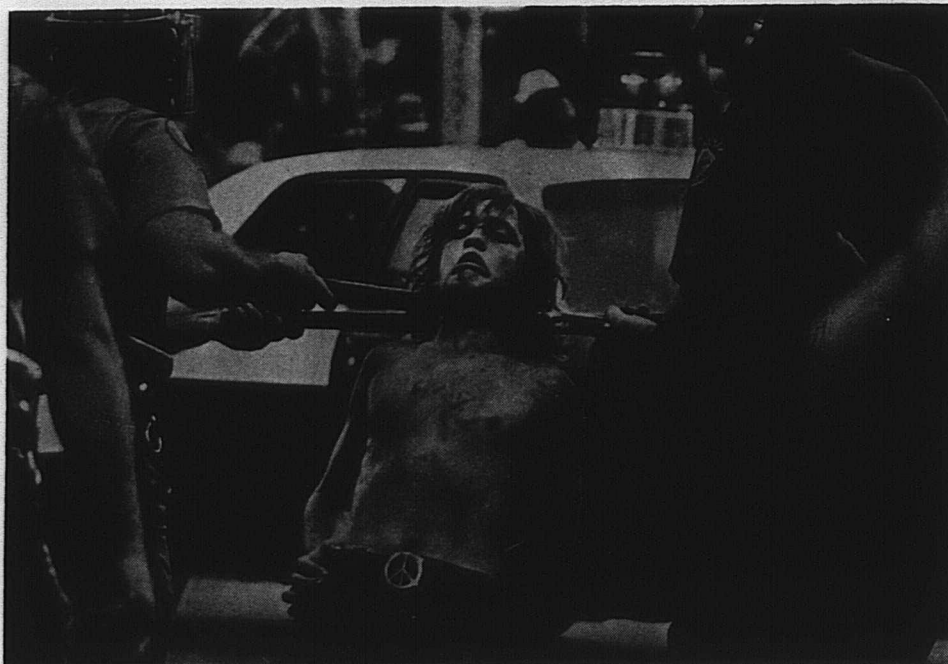
What are the problems? I haven't the time, nor the heart, to go into them all. The most serious issue is one I have already written about: there is no trust. But where can we learn trust? From an administration that is rumored to pay students to spy on other students? From a security force that "maybe" makes a practice of sneaking about in student's rooms? From fellow students, any one of which might be an "informant"?

There is a war going on. It has been going on as long as I have been here. And I am tired of it. Students should not be hunted down like members of the Mafia. Neither should they be treated like brainless imbeciles, or as latent powers of evil that will explode unless suppressed.

It may take time, but spring will come to Houghton. Of that I am sure. By next month Houghton will be a better place to live. But I am not so sure that by next year Houghton College will be a better place to go to school. It takes no effort from us to make the snow melt; it would take a great deal of effort to get rid of the icy chill of suspicion and distrust. It would take more than talk, more than the nice phrases that are often tossed around. It would take a total turnabout as far as attitudes toward students are concerned. And that can only happen if people realize that there are bigger problems on campus than "discipline". Will they? Will Houghton College change? I am not at all sure.

I wanted to make my last editorial an optimistic one, a cheerful one. I couldn't. And for that I'm sorry.

Carol Capra



Proper lounge conduct?

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sirs of the Houghton Star:

I think the time has come to articulate the truth about The Island. I think it is time the folks on the outside heard a few facts, and understood some of the confusion we have been subjected to as students at this college.

First that term, The Island. When I came here two years ago I was led to believe that such an appellation referred to a state of Christian kinship in natural community, a community apart from the political mainstream because we have learned that the existing order is only an abstraction of the stronger, immediate bond shared between Christian believers.

I know that this term "Island" is indeed significant of a certain isolationism, but instead of the spiritual unconformity of a community it is a metaphor for the complete singleness of the individual, usually the student.

Before I came to Houghton I was told that this was a place where the professors would deal with students on a personal level, and the administrators were men of rare vision who were also accessible, also sensitive to the problems of young adults discovering themselves. I was told that this was a community of saints.

Well, perhaps there were saints at one time. I see their portraits hanging in the old brick buildings where I have classes twice a week. But there's an obvious problem inherent in an institution founded upon the sacrifice and vision of saints. Saints die, and must be replaced. And it seems to me there have been precious few replacements. Fact is, I don't know any saints. The professors are as vulnerable as the students. The majority of my teachers are smart isolationists who have learned the lag between institutional Christianity and culture is just too great. You just can't get by on love anymore, not if you have hopes of making it in the professional arenas of the outside.

So they retreat behind quoted scripture or the jargon of their disciplines. They all have homes to watch out for. They can't afford the risks. And the honest ones will tell you their world is the classroom and the house down the street. They don't want to hear about new government or the personal hang-ups of students who have ideas that run counter to the norms advanced in the Student Guide.

As for the administrators, they are even farther removed. They are distant men in suits who send their names on little white cards that inform me how many chapel cuts I've

taken, or they are the chapel speakers themselves, who stand up maybe three times a year to make academic presentations or deliver monologues on the Four-Way Test.

As I said, I don't know any saints. And I don't expect them. Not anymore. But it maddens me to think that the myth persists: that old legend of a community working under the unction of Christian charity, a community free of secular taints and political power-thrusts.

Students wonder who's in charge. The issue of Campus Security alone has created an atmosphere of paranoia and mistrust. For whatever reasons, the bright orange and blue of police cruisers are a common sight on this campus.

Last Friday evening I was sitting in the Campus Center reading my Greek text. I heard a bustle and commotion in the coat-racks and a fellow student ran half-way across the lounge before he was tackled by two grown men, big men. I think this student is a sophomore, at any rate he looked like a child compared to these men. They wrestled him down,

dragged him to his feet and hustled him away. In the middle of the Campus Center. Friends and I were not sure what this chase was all about, but it's not hard to imagine the sick, angry feeling one gets in the pit of the stomach seeing a fellow student tossed around by two middle-aged men in the middle of the Houghton College Campus Center.

Well this all ties into other things which I have no heart to essay in this letter: talk of narcotics agents dismantling rooms and state troopers holding students until they can produce identification.

I simply want it known that this is no Sunday school, and if I make it two more years it will only be as a result of heeding the oft-repeated advice handed down by upper-classmen who know: find yourself a quiet, legal vice to lose yourself in and above all don't get involved in futile ideological arguments, "don't make waves".

If you will publish my letter I will be able to follow that advice in better conscience.

Thank You,  
Robert Kniese

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## Thinking Christian

## An Approach To Satire

by Dan Hawkins

"The Houghton student must be acquainted with a wide span of literature, including much of the worthy and some of the unworthy. The Houghton student recognizes that an enemy has put salt in the sugar bowls on the Table of Learning. Therefore, the Houghton student had better keep his eyes in his head while reading this book. By the way, inclusion of this book in the library does not imply endorsement by Hal Lindsay, Neil Sedaka, Joe DiMaggio, or 'The Total Woman'."

These words (or at least some of them) can be found on a label pasted inside every single book in the Willard J. Houghton Memorial Library, even inside the Bible. What they seem to be telling us is that The Houghton Student should be a discerning reader, able to recognize his reading material for what it is. The Houghton Student should recognize the first paragraph of this article as parody.

But if he doesn't, he must not be blamed too severely. Parody is one form of satire, and satire's business is to make salt appear to be sugar. That is, satire masquerades in many literary forms as essay, fiction, poetry, and drama. *Gulliver's Travels* is the best example, for most children who read it miss its satiric intent and simply find it a great adventure story. Popular satire appears in cartoons (*Doonesbury*) and on TV (NBC Saturday Night).

In all its variety, however, satire has one main thrust; it pokes fun. The fun is for the reader; the poking is for the satiric target, and can be quite savage: Oscar Wilde once said of a man whose morals he despaired of, "He hasn't a single redeeming

vice." We laugh because of the incongruity of the phrase "redeeming vice", and because we feel superior to the man under attack.

Attack is the method of satire. It is not for anything so much as it is against vice, folly, falsehood, and hypocrisy. These have been the traditional targets of satiric attack, and was to the reprobate, fool, liar, and hypocrite who fall to it. But, while satire may tear down the taverns of the town, and build up nothing instead, it at least points the way to better places. As G. K. Chesterton said in *Orthodoxy*, "Satire may be mad and anarchic, but it presupposes an admitted superiority in certain things over others; it presupposes a standard."

That standard is the satirist's alone. Swift, the greatest satirist in English literature, was a Christian, and applied Christian standards in his judgments. On the other hand, H. L. Mencken, famous journalist of the 1920's, saw Christianity as the folly he must attack.

Satire has been used on both sides of Christianity. What is a proper Christian approach to this business of poking fun? Too often, people reject satire because they mistake its target. They take an attack on hypocrisy in the church to be an attack on the church. A Christian satire magazine, *The Wittenberg Door*, often suffers subscription cancellations because of this type of erroneous reading.

A more important question in evaluating satire has to do with its human targets. Does a satiric attack on a hypocrite or liar violate Christian charity? Does it offend people? John Dryden, Christian poet of the seventeenth century, did not think so. "A witty man is tickled while he is hurt

(by being satirized)", says Dryden, "and a fool feels it not". Besides, he continues, the jest goes round, and he who begins poking fun is laughed at in his turn.

Although he did not approach it so cheerfully as Dryden, Chesterton also seems to justify satire. He says, "A man is angry at a libel because it is false, but at a satire because it is true." If truth alone could decide the issue, there would be little question that satire, in principle if not in practice, is right.

But we are commanded to speak the truth in love. Is it good to provoke someone to anger by satirizing their follies? Satire may also encourage us to feel superior to the target and make us proud. Swift seems to admit as much when he explains the popularity of satire by saying that each man sees the follies of the rest of mankind in it, and congratulates himself on having avoided them. In the end, however, this turns out to be a satiric comment on the narrow vision of some readers.

And, in the end, we may also admit that the satiric stroke may be a kinder cut than a blunt stab at someone's faults. To avoid hurting people, satire must be written and read carefully. But it should be done so that everyone, including the target, can go home laughing.



Bill Pearce

## Bill Pearce To Play Trombone At Houghton For WJSL Radio Fund

Bill Pearce, the famous gospel trombonist, will give his first performance at Houghton College in Houghton, New York Saturday, March

27, 1976. The college's radio station, WJSL is sponsoring the concert, and tickets are \$1.50 at the door.

The concert will begin at 8:00 p.m. in Wesley Chapel, the college auditorium. Mr. Pearce will play a varied program ranging from traditional to contemporary Christian music.

Pearce, a recording artist for Word Records, is also host of "Keep Praising" and "Something to Sing About," daily radio broadcast tapes, made in connection with The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. These programs are aired daily on WJSL, as well as on many other subscribing radio sta-

tions across the country.

Pearce represented Word Records at the past National Association of Evangelicals and National Religious Broadcaster's Convention held February 22-25 in Washington, D.C. When two representatives of WJSL spoke to Pearce during the convention, he mentioned he was very anxious for his first appearance at Houghton College.

WJSL, a student run radio station, is sponsoring the Bill Pearce concert to raise funds for its conversion to an FM frequency.

## Relax: Pre-Examination Stress Hurts Your Stomach, Chest, Back and Brain

(CPS) — Hold on to your sanity — final exams are closing in for another semester. Brace yourself for caffeine-crazed, wild-eyed cramming. Prepare to watch your friends crumble in spasms of nervous tension.

But it doesn't have to be that bad. According to a group of university psychologists, the solution to final exam madness is to relax.

Even the psychologists know that it is easier said than done. Final exams trigger tension in students that can lead to physical problems as well as mental frenzy.

At Wayne State University in Michigan, a psychology professor recalled a study showing organic chemistry students' stomachs churning with acid as crucial exams crept closer. The students were taught to swallow a rubber tube that enabled researchers to follow the secretion of acid in the stomach. Students who thought the exam was important produced an abnormally large amount of stomach acid and felt large amounts of stress.

And according to medical reports recently reported, stress can be the

root of other serious physical and mental illnesses. Dr. Thomas Holmes of the University of Washington School of Medicine devised a scale recently that measures the amount of stress certain events are likely to produce. The death of a close friend measures in at 100 points, so you can judge for yourself how much more pleasant finals are.

Holmes claims that a person accumulating more than 200 stress points during the year is probably headed for a physical or mental breakdown.

At least at some colleges, administrators haven't been content to sit back and watch their students turn into tension-torn wrecks. At the University of West Virginia a program of "systematic desensitization" has been started to keep students on this side of sanity during finals.

Students can go to a small, cozy room on the campus and sink down in a soft chair on the carpeted floor. Once they're settled, a voice oozes from a tape player urging them to "feel relaxation flowing into your shoulders, neck and brows. Feel it

in your lower back, your chest. Relax. Feel the heaviness in your arms. Relax."

The tape is part of a process designed to teach students how to relax to control anxiety and fear. Dr. Marion Kostka said that the program works well with students who get too nervous to do well on tests.

Kostka and other doctors in the program can put a student in a state of relaxation with the tapes. Once the student has settled back, Kostka will suggest, "You haven't studied for tomorrow's quiz."

After that burst of tension, Kostka eases the student back into relaxation. Eventually the student learns to relax at will — even during a final.

And at Ohio State, students are being taught by local gestalters to face up to exam tension in order to control it. Participants in workshops act out tension-filled experiences, such as exams, to help them deal with stress.

Theoretically, instead of worrying and being confused over potential tense moments, students can act them out to see what will happen. Workshop leaders say it enables students to deal with their problems in the present, instead of being buried under anxiety caused by a final that hasn't been given yet.

But if you still find yourself hunched over a chemistry text at 2 a.m. it may be comforting to know that your instructor isn't getting off scot-free either. According to Ohio economics professor Malcolm Burns, "Grading exams is a real burden. It's one of the most mindless activities there is."

## Presidential Hopefuls Demise Of Democracy

by David Mills

The future and final importance of any election lies not in the particular candidate elected, nor even in the beliefs the people voted for, but in the voters themselves, and in why they voted as they did. Because America is her people, not her leaders, her future is determined, in the end, by them. But what was once America's greatest promise may be her downfall, for this year's campaigns have already demonstrated the growth of the cancer of apathy and estrangement, and the end may be the death of democracy in America. It will happen subtly, behind the facade of democratic process, disguised as American. But it will happen.

Democracy is not endangered by external forces, by communist conspiracies or fascist wars; no one will take our freedom, for we will give it away. Internal forces have always tried to twist America's promise when they needed, but now we are beginning to just let them. America's impoverished and oppressed minorities have been taught that equality is a dream, put into writing 200 years ago and ignored since. Viet Nam showed

America's youth that repressive government was a joke, that they could be sent to defend democracy by a government they didn't choose. Freedom of thought becomes an illusion; a nation founded on the supreme act of dissent, revolution turns on its own dissenters brutally; Chicago and Kent State have become symbols for an entire generation. Often in America's past we have almost destroyed democracy while claiming to defend it.

That may by comparison reveal the saddest lesson of the '76 campaign — that we may destroy democracy simply by forgetting it, by surrendering in the constant war between freedom and tyranny. The bicentennial has been commercialized beyond understanding; instead of deep involvement with our future, we settled for a national orgy of patting ourselves on the back. We will settle for the myths of America, and drive red, white, and blue cars while waving flags and watching fireworks. The rare voice that asks us to examine our nation, to actually believe in democracy will be ignored, and troubled consciences will be soothed with another firework, or a quick wave of the flag.

## News Briefs

MILWAUKEE (UPS 3-25)

Morris Udall, and Jimmy Carter both say they plan to campaign hard in Wisconsin . . . and President Ford says he, too, will make a big effort to win the stat's April 6th primary. But there are indications money troubles will limit the campaigns of George Wallace and Ronald Reagan.

WASHINGTON (UPS 3-25)

The FBI says serious crime went up nine per cent nationwide in 1975 — only half the record rate of increase of 18 per cent the year before. There was a slight decrease in murders, but other crime categories went up faster in small cities and suburbs than in big cities.





## Books

**To Prod the Slumbering Giant,**  
by Friend, Olthius, et. al.

reviewed by Kathleen Confer

Until I had read this book, I had consigned the concept of the Christian day school to the academic junk heap. It seemed that the typical Christian school was an ill-equipped retreat where children were indoctrinated in that noxious ideal — "Christian Americanism." Two kinds of children were sent there: incorrigible PK's to be "straightened out" and naive little ones to be sheltered from the secular storms of sex education and lavatory graffiti.

Fortunately, *To Prod The "Slumbering Giant"* offers a better way. The book itself is a collection of essays by several educators affiliated with the Association for the Advancement of Christian Scholarship (AACS).

The writers are diametrically opposed to the public school. This is not surprising. What is surprising is their reasons. They strike at the ideological roots of secular education and reveal many of its inadequacies.

"... the best that can be done (in the public school) is to stress the need for commitment, for purpose in life, and for a concern with ideas and values — without further elaboration. To elaborate further and to give content in any instance would offend certain segments of the populace which are committed to opposing viewpoints (22)."

Their main point is that if Christians really believe that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, that without Christ as its integration point knowledge is doomed to be fragmented and without adequate basis, they must build their own schools founded on such ideology.

A question which often arises is — can't parents complement their child's public school education with proper home and church instruction? The authors see this as an extremely difficult task; a far better situation exists when parent and school are not in competition.

The book stresses the necessity of radical curriculum change; adding required Bible courses and chapel alone does not make education "Christian." Another impressive point is the demolishing of the monastical ideal:

"Such schools are not antiseptic isolation booths, insulating the pupils from the big, bad world (28) ... the curriculum must deal with the ideas of the Greeks, with philosophers such as Sartre and Marcuse, with the themes of today's rock music, with modern novels, with modern art, with modern science and technology. The student must learn to differentiate between what is acceptable and what is unacceptable in our society, what must be developed, what must be reformed. (76)"

These essays are well-reasoned and realistic. Unfortunately, the average Christian school has been founded for the wrong reason — escapism. I used to say I would never send my children to a Christian day school. However, I believe that this new alternative shows promise. *To Prod The "Slumbering Giant"* gives Christians an avenue worth considering.

**Born Again,** by Charles Colson

reviewed by Andrew Campbell

"Within the iron gates of the White House, quite unknowingly a siege mentality was setting in. It was now 'us' against 'them.' Gradually as we drew the circle closer around us, the ranks of 'them' began to swell." For Charles W. Colson the ranks would eventually usher him from a mahogany desk in the white house to an Alabama prison. An ex-Marine lieutenant, Colson's dogged loyalty to Richard Nixon, his Machiavellian tactics and idealistic fervor had coined him, "The Hatchet Man" in the Nation's press. The *Wall Street Journal* headlines in October 1971 bannered "Nixon Hatchet Man, call it what you like, Colson handles President's dirty work." Working for the most powerful man in the world was no small privilege for Charles Colson and when he shows us an unabashed Nixon — he exploded, pounding his fist on his desk and leaning forward in his chair, his face flushed. "I don't care how it's done. I want these leaks stopped. Don't give me any excuses. Use any means ... I want results, I want them now." — we begin to understand the pressure a White House official felt in 1972 under the dissipating Nixon administration. He drives the point home when he says, "I suppose loyalty, like love, creates its own image of what we see." Colson narrates the journey through a remarkably candid version of that slice of American history that will head a chapter in our children's history books under something like *The Great Abberation. Born Again* is more than just a primary source document for the annals of history. It is the autobiography of a man torn by the roots, stripped of identity in the political nightmare of Watergate.

In July the Ervin Committee received Bob Halderman's testimony that there had been a secret taping system on all the President's conversations. Colson, totally unaware of any taping system, was crushed. The man he had served so faithfully had betrayed him. Finally facing indictment "That frightful realization, which until this very moment I resisted, brought a feeling of nausea. Nothing that could be done to me: trials, prison, ruin, nothing would match the dreadful knowledge that the country I loved was charging me with a breach of my trust and duty."

## Movies

# One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

by John Kelly

Ken Kesey's book, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, was published in 1932. Speaking with great insight, he dealt with the question, "Who is crazy?" The novel won millions, such popularity that a play was produced and after fourteen years, a movie.

The film centers on the great mythic character, R. P. McMurphy. McMurphy, the last great angry, profane, wise guy rebel, is serving time at a work farm for assault. He is placed in a mental ward after feigning nuttiness. He thinks he has

fooled his way into relaxation, but what he finds is the ultimate prison — where the fear of life forces the patients into willing submission to Big Nurse and her machinery of control. McMurphy, like a crazed loon, refuses to allow his energy and life force to be repressed by Big Nurse. He refuses even after shock treatment, forced when his rebelliousness infects the other patients.

Born to play the irreverent McMurphy, Jack Nicholson gives his ultimate performance. Refused permission to watch the World Series, he gleefully calls a play-by-play from

the blank TV screen. He turns the daily group therapy sessions from a mass period of mental control (by Big Nurse) into a screaming strike for civil rights. Nicholson moves with the energy found in his film, *The Last Detail*, but lost in last year's *The Fortune*.

Louise Fletcher heads the ensemble of excellent co-stars. As the malevolent Big Nurse, her impassive coolness turns into a subtle force of destruction. Brad Dourif is superb as Billy Bibbit, the boy with a Freudian stutter. (These two, along with Nicholson, were nominated for Academy Awards.)

To make the film, the facilities of the state hospital at Salem, Oregon were opened to Director Milos Forman. A well-made film is the result. Forman relies on his performers and antiseptic surroundings to carry the film, rather than on the camera and its possibilities to create the mood. In fact, the direction is used sparingly, as Forman lets the actors play off of each other's talents.

In spite of this, Forman loses something. Somehow he has lost that great terror, that terrifying laughter, found in Kesey's book. The humor of the novel was as much of a microcosm of reality as Houghton is. But, the film, though flaring at times, misses that nightmarish tension, that passion and complexity that Kesey created. *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* is an excellent film, but ... the book was better.

This was a matter of legal power Colson intended to fight just as the six others did, but Colson remembered — "The meeting with Tom Phillips had remained vivid in my memory. His warmth, his kindness the sincerity of his face, the startling words, 'I have accepted Jesus Christ and committed my life.' I hadn't understood them, but they had a ring of shameless sincerity. Tom represented everything that Watergate and Washington were not: decency, openness, truth." Charles Colson visited Tom Phillips and experienced his first relationship with Christ. Born again, Colson became a living disciple for the Lord.

A call to the White House went like

this, "Fred, please tell the President right now so he gets it from me first. I'm pleading guilty this morning, but I'm not turning against him, only telling the truth." So it was jail for Charles Colson. As he left the courthouse surrounded by a mirage of reporters he said, "I have committed my life to Jesus Christ and I can work for him in prison as well as out."

As Christians we must rejoice with Charles Colson as the Lord works today through the crises of the world. Perhaps this line by Colson sums it up: "I needed no more vivid demonstration that it is the hearts of men which for better or worse change the course of human history, not the man-made organs of government."

# DeSanto's Compositions Stereotype Nature with Photographic Realism

by Meredith Bruorton

Stephen DeSanto, graduate of Huntington College and Ball State University, has just had an exhibit of his paintings in Wesley Chapel's basement gallery. Reminiscent of Andrew Wyeth (and Richard Saunders), DeSanto's style of realism attempts to capture the over-looked "snatches of nature."

At present, Mr. DeSanto paints with acrylic on masonite. By thinning the paint with water to the consistency of milk, he obtains the untextured matt surface characteristic of his work. This technique quite obviously achieves the realistic and orderly emotion he wishes to evoke from his viewers.

But that order bothers me. He has stereotyped Nature by drawing individual blades of grass and has forced the wild and unyielding cosmic force into a passive and helpless position. "Clifton Walk", "Fig Bucket", and "Four in Shade on a Summer Day" expose this quasi-photographic realism. It makes me wonder why he didn't use film and camera instead of tubes of acrylic paint.

In one particular summary of his style, he is said to paint the grain of wood and a field of grass in a way that takes on new significance. I will admit he has caught the summer breeze, the late afternoon sun and a romantic sort of gentleness in the out-of-doors, but is his appraisal fair? His whole style virtually ignores the barbaric brute force of the elements except perhaps in "Winter Mystic" which has a gothic solitude and isolation typical of a cold and lonely night.

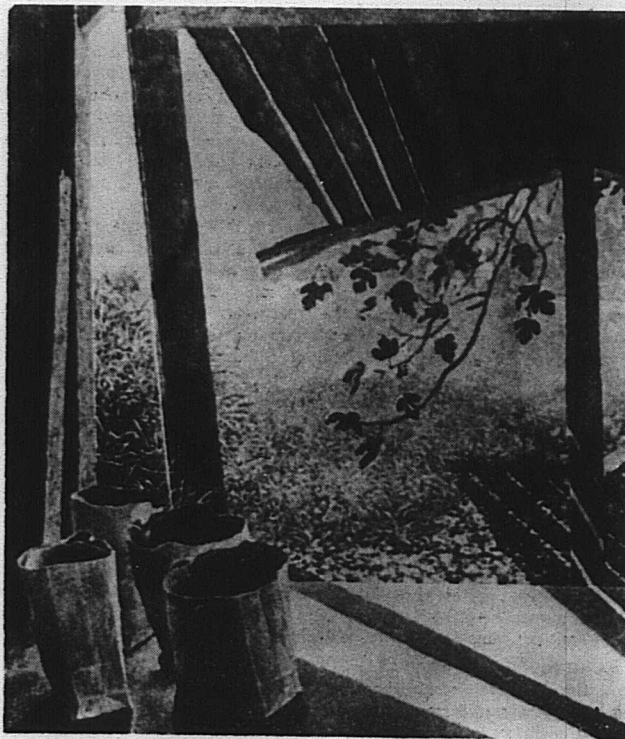
DeSanto's style is neat and clean. His shadows are perfect and the emphasis on foreground detail makes one want to count each nail in the clapboards. The glaze consistency of his medium has made many transparent layers on the masonite which is delightful to the curious eye. Ev-

ery piece of grass can be accounted for. The chain link fence and the hand rails on the bridge expose corrosion and rust. His form and composition are pleasingly precise.

Influence from the Impressionists can be seen in "Bare Almond Tree at Sunset." He further achieves a pointilistic effect in "A November Night." But what can be said for his content? He hasn't made light the theme of his work as the Impressionists did. He hasn't the variation of the abstractly real quality found in Andrew Wyeth's painting. Upon viewing one painting, a friend

of mine said, "It is quite explicit and cool but all it tells us is that some chump forgot a bale of hay."

I do not mean to be overly harsh in my appraisal of Mr. DeSanto's work. I am aware of the large audience his painting draws in some circles today. But he seems to be stuck in one medium and one style. The challenge to understand the complexity of his work diminishes after the tenth rendition of grass. I wonder if he is saying what needs to be said in a world of goblins and ghosts. But then, who can say what is significant? Which story is worth repeating?



"Four in Shade on a Summer Day"





"Heritage"

## Overvoorde Represents Christian Faith Through Bold, Precise Art

reviewed by Fanny Nathagle

"A church is to be judged by its intellectual fruits, by its influence on the sensibility of the most sensitive and on the intelligent, and it must be made real to the eye by monuments of artistic merit." (T.S. Eliot)

For so long, contemporary Christian art has stagnated at the level of Sunday School paper sketching. But Chris Overvoorde has masterfully represented the Christian faith, given it a new vitality and a refreshing appropriateness for today. His medium of expression forms itself in lithography, wood cutting, etching and intaglio engraving.

Mr. Overvoorde is from Calvin College and is the guest artist-lecturer during Houghton's Fine Arts Festival; his works are currently on display in Wesley Chapel basement. I sense in his style an assuredness and a boldness in presenting such historical occasions as the Crucifixion and the Last Supper. Respectively monochromatic and black and white, he penetrates the mind of the viewer with the impact of the events in themselves. Our thoughts need not be confused by shocking colors or confused composition.

In contrast to his flair for boldness, Mr. Overvoorde precisely captured the wildness of Nature in "De Rivier", "De Berg", and "Winter". Although these etchings are delicate and frail, strength and beauty are expressed in every wispy line.

Mr. Overvoorde demonstrates a

variety of subject matter which is equally refreshing. He has two self portraits, one a dry point etching and the other a lithograph. He continues in his Biblical orientation with "Now what Noah" and a marvelous series of intaglio engravings on the seven vices and virtues. Apart from the religious, Overvoorde has shown us "Heritage", a look into the mind of an elderly man, "Readin", a Gulliver type character, and "The Other Elder" which is sadly enough reminiscent of W. C. Fields.

These paintings are the types of things which should be viewed over and over again. I viewed the display three times and still felt at a loss for

analytical comments. I have only two criticisms of Mr. Overvoorde's work on display here. First, his color choices tend to be commercial. I speak specifically of "Amos" and "Hosea". Perhaps there is a certain impact achieved in the bright colors, but I think a more subdued scheme would lend a permanence to the subject matter. Last, I noticed that every picture was centered. That type of uniformity is not always necessary or appropriate. But perhaps my asymmetrical preference is not adequate ground for criticism.

This show is worthy of our attention. It is, as T. S. Eliot said, artistically meritorious.

## Samuel Hazo, Int'l Poet, Will Return Here April 5

by Dan Hawkins

"My boys, we lied to you.

The world by definition stinks

Of Cain . . ."

from "To A Commencement of Scoundrels" by Samuel Hazo

Can you hear any of your professors admitting such a thing? Are your nostrils twitching? Do you feel "a sudden erection of your small dorsal hairs" caused by the sneaking suspicion that you are being trained as a scoundrel? If you've read the poem, you can no doubt answer the questions.

If you haven't, you'll have the chance to hear it from Samuel Hazo himself when he comes to Houghton College to "say" his poems for the April 5 Lecture Series. Hazo is an American poet of Lebanese descent who teaches at Duquesne University. He has been recognized nationally; his book *Once For the Last Bandit* was nominated for the National Book Award for Poetry in 1973. As Director of the International Poetry Forum, he has gained international standing. His poetry (twelve volumes since 1959) has been translated into Russian, French, Polish, Turkish, Spanish, and Arabic. He has appeared at many colleges (once before at Houghton, in 1972) in the U.S. and the Middle East.

Hazo knows the harshness of a fallen world. He does not spare his listeners the truth about the world. He lowers the boom on his audience with his stentorian voice, declaiming the poems he has written about it. He knows them all by heart.

His poems are from his heart. They are highly personal; for example, in his latest book, *Inscripts*, (available in the bookstore), Hazo tells of his solitary voyage across the Mediterranean. Many of his earlier poems are addressed to people he knows, and to his students: "For My Last Class of Freshman", "For My Godsons", "Open Letter to a Closed Mind." As he says in "Godsons":

"I speak  
as any father might to sons  
with names and blood not mine,  
with love  
my final right."

Yet he refuses to let his personality get between him and his reader. He will not write confessional poetry that takes his reader through the morass of his psyche. Instead, he flings the roughness of life at you, forces you to see the problems it poses for a redeemed man. He is a Christian poet who has been given the grace to find strength in love and the toughness of mind needed to face the doubts that come over him. (See especially the poems in his 1968 volume, *Blood Rights*)

Hazo holds a true view of life; he is the poet of blood and bone. The struggle to stay alive does not make him despair; he comes to the end of "Commencement" wishing for his students and himself

"hard questions  
and the nights to answer them,  
the grace of disappointment  
and the right to seem the fool  
for justice. That's enough.  
Cowards might ask for more.  
Heroes have died for less."

### Records

## Jerry Garcia; Queen

Reflections: Jerry Garcia  
reviewed by Mark Michael

I was only twelve years old when the first notes floated out of San Francisco, soon to find fertile ground and blossom through all America. A recent issue of *Rolling Stone* describes the vitality that permeated Haight-Asbury just ten years ago. The Grateful Dead, lead by guitarist Jerry Garcia, greatly contributed to the vision and expressed the creative impulse which filled the streets. But the vision was lost in a matter of months as political, social, and economic realities came home.

Many of the musical groups spawned by the creative energy lasted long after the demise of the Haight experience, carried on by that energy. However, even energy must eventually run out. It can only be repackaged so often, and at every repackaging, it loses more of its vitality. This seems to be the case with Jerry Garcia, as evidenced by his new album, *Reflections*.

The album is to a large degree a melancholy reflection on what has developed in recent years, and the comment resulting from that reflection is hardly optimistic. It succeeds fairly well in being a reflection. The problem is, what comes next.

There are two songs on the first side which are exceptionally good, in the context of the album. The first is "Mission in the Rain". The music is mellow, quiet, and well fitted to the rainy Saturdays he talks of.

"Ten years ago I walked this street,  
My dreams were riding tall.  
Tonight I would be thankful Lord,  
For any dream at all . . ."

"Tomorrow will be Sunday, born of  
rainy Saturday.  
Get some satisfaction in the San  
Francisco rain.

No matter what comes down the  
Mission always looks the same."  
The second song like this is "I'll Take

a Melody." The theme is much the same, with the addition of a response to those who would tell Garcia, "Smile, God loves you". The first part of the song begins with a beautifully interwoven combination of piano, organ, and acoustic guitar. Although Garcia doesn't have the powerful voice of most blues singers, the thought is still expressed as he sings, "As you ramble through your sorrow  
Seem like everything come out wrong."

I'm livin in yesterday's tomorrows.  
As soon as he finishes, the instruments break into a horribly inappropriate bossa nova beat and melody line and Garcia says

"I'll take a melody and see,  
what I can do about it."

The second side is not as strong as the first, although it has some interesting spots. For instance, "Tore Up over You" is an old Hank Ballard song set to a rock and roll beat. It is a solidly blues based rock and roll song, relying for its vitality on a guitar, drums, bass, and piano. It is perhaps the only song on the album which exudes even a faint glow of optimism.

The last song on side two, "Comes a Time", is enigmatic, and at least hints at there is still hope.

"Went walking all morning,  
Went walking all night,  
I can't see the difference,  
Between dark and light.  
And I feel the wind,  
And I taste the rain,  
Never in my mind,  
Did it cause so much pain."

But after this pessimistic statement we find Garcia saying in the chorus, "Don't give it up,  
You've got an empty cup,  
Only love can fill."

The album is not one of Garcia's best. It is expressive of an age wondering where do we go from here.

Undoubtedly, the answer given to that question by people like Jerry Garcia may contribute to the answer which is finally given by society at large.

A Night At The Opera: Queen

reviewed by Dave Knudsen

Three years ago Queen was relatively unknown. But now, with a recently released fourth album, Queen is fast becoming a leader in the field of heavy contemporary rock. Undoubtedly they are soon to approach the likes of Led Zeppelin, et al.

The release, *A Night at the Opera*, contains some very well produced songs and is their best effort to date. The compositions are primarily those of Freddie Mercury and Brian May. They range in style from high energy rockers to imaginative ragtime tunes typical of the vaudeville era. Sophisticated vocal orchestrations and their ability to create catchy tunes in many styles take command of any listening ear. As on previous albums, the band's strength lies in Brian May's guitar work and the broad vocal spectrum of lead singer Freddie Mercury.

The album is presented as a parody on the traditional operatic performance. The sequence of songs is controlled by alternating heavy rockers with catchy pop/rock tunes like May's "'39", the best song on side one. The songs are tied together so that the images formed allude to a plot that, due to vague lyrics (the album's only weakness), is lost to the subjectivity of the listener's imagination.

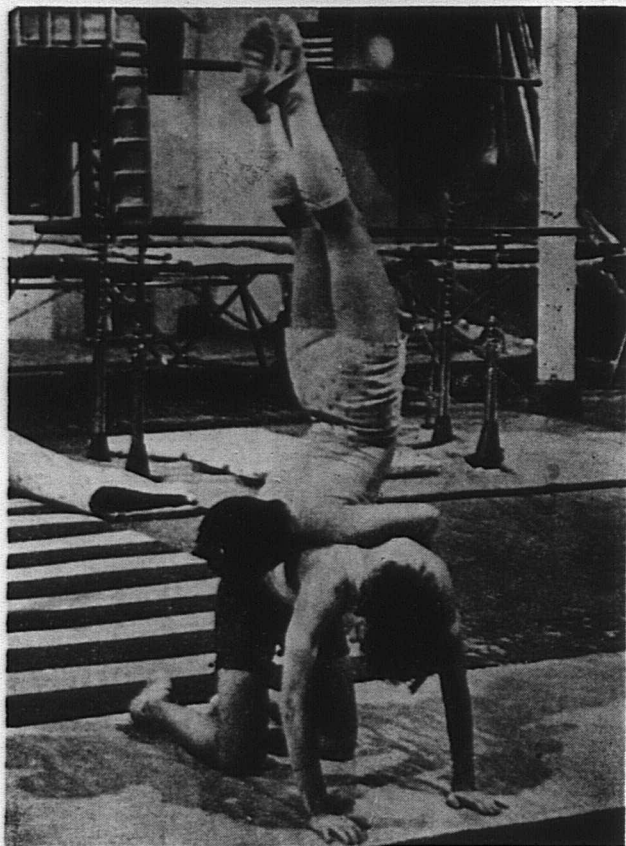
*A Night at the Opera* in a unique way resembles the classic album, *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. The resemblances appear specifically in the lay out and the production techniques of the two albums. The unpredictable sequence of the variety of songs and the creative experimentations used to produce flow-

ing from track to track characterize both albums. The vaudeville style that McCartney often revived, as in "When I'm Sixty-Four", inspires Queen three times on their album. The strongest is "Seaside Rendezvous" where brass and woodwind orchestrations are created by manipulating the multitracked vocals of Mercury and May. Another strong similarity exists in that sequence of songs are presented by a specific theme. However, the songs are only abstractly related and lyrically they do not follow the introductory theme.

This comparison to *Sgt. Pepper* is not meant to elevate *A Night at the Opera* prematurely to the level of the *Beatles*. While the album is very strong in its own right, a prophetic utterance such as this is unfair in as much as time must determine the status of any work of art.

However, *A Night at the Opera* will set Queen apart from other heavy metal groups. The effects achieved by their use of acoustic piano and harp, operatic and acapella voices, are rarely utilized by a band of this type. For example, on "The Prophet's Song", Mercury's lead vocals effectively used in choral rounds complemented with the presence of May's powerful guitar work produce one of the best cuts on the album. The most effective use of multi tracked harmonies is found in "The Bohemian Rhapsody". This song brings the album to a climax as the effect of a full sized mixed choir achieved by the overdubbing of the three male vocalists, is backed by May's guitar and the hard driving rhythm section of the band. Unquestionably, *A Night at the Opera* raises Queen above the dime a dozen high energy bands to artistically progressive musicians and possibly the best heavy band to emerge in the 70's.





Members of gymnastics club practise in preparation for Saturday night's exhibition.

## Gymnastics Club Will Demonstrate Stunts And Skills In Academy Gym

On March 27th at 8:00 p.m., the Houghton Gymnastics Club will present a special exhibition for the Houghton community in the Academy gym. The team will not be charging admission for the program, but will set up a donation box for FMF.

The team, which is headed by co-captains Kim Beach and Lew Hise-

rote is comprised of 14 members which specialize in many different areas of gymnastic skill. Most of the program will be in timed sequences and will be performed to live piano music and recordings. Unusual lighting effects will also be used in some numbers to provide an added perspective to the gymnastic movements.

Several members will be presenting individual routines, but there will also be many "doubles" and group stunts. Some individuals have mixed gymnastic skills with comic antics to create some very entertaining sequences!

Houghton's Gymnastic Club is not just an outlet for physical fitness, but it is also a Christian outreach group that presents gymnastic shows and a Christian witness to area schools. A few personal testimonies will be presented during the show giving the members an opportunity to share their experiences from club tours. There will also be a demonstration of the type of stunts and techniques which are presented by the team when they tour, in which the basic concepts of timing, coordination, flexibility and balance will be graphically presented. Special performances will be presented by Matt Wolcott on the trampoline, and by Bev Cunningham and Mary Randall on the balance beam.

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## H.C. Indoor Soccer Players Participate In Tournament At Buffalo State College

On Saturday March 20, the Houghton College indoor soccer team travelled to the campus of Buffalo State College to compete in the Buffalo State Indoor Soccer Tournament. Houghton was one of 16 schools represented at the tournament. Among these schools were Brockport, Buffalo State, Canisius, Roberts Wesleyan, University of Rochester, RIT, University of Buffalo, Erie Community College, Fredonia and Geneseo. Buffalo State eventually won the tournament. Houghton played three games. They won their first and lost their second and third games.

In the first game, Houghton was paired up with the team from Erie Community College. As the game got under way, it appeared that Houghton was in for a rough time. Erie Community played well and jumped out to an early 1 to 0 lead. However, Houghton regained composure on defense, enabling them to concentrate on offense. It was a come-from-behind victory for the Highlander's as they scored three goals. They didn't allow Erie Community any more than their original goal, and the final score was 3 to 1.

Houghton's second game was their best of the tournament. It was exciting and close. Their opponents

were their regular season rivals, Fredonia State College. It was an excellent game. Houghton utilized good passing combinations and control. On defense, the Highlanders displayed much determination and hustle. However, in spite of their admirable effort, Houghton suffered some tough breaks and lost the game. Fredonia won by a narrow 2 to 1 margin.

In the final game, Houghton played less than what they are capable of because of the disappointing outcome of their second game. They were matched up against Geneseo State College. Houghton's defense was weak and they couldn't generate any offense. Although Houghton did beat Geneseo in the fall soccer season, they lost 6 to 1 in their final game of the indoor tournament.

Indoor soccer is very different from regular outdoor soccer. Since it is played in a gym, the playing area is considerably smaller. To make up for this, the walks are considered to be

in bounds. The ball can be banked and ricocheted off the walls at any angle. Also, indoor soccer is a much faster game than outdoor soccer. Players are more aggressive and their shots seem to travel much faster in the confined playing area. Indoor soccer is useful in keeping the fall players in practice during the off season. The team is open only to freshmen, sophomores and juniors, since seniors are unable to participate in the following season.

Among this year's indoor soccer players, Buff Sylvester and Steve Lennox are standouts. Buff is a fullback and is a strong defensive player. Steve is the goalie and stops many of the opponents shots. Other players on the team include Doug Barkley, Ron Barnett, Dave Irwin, Dan Irwin, Paul Stevenson, Scott Records, Tom Wieland and Bob Johnson. On March 27 the Highlanders travel to St. Bonaventure and on April 3 they play at Hobart.



Indoor soccer mighty frantic, they say.

## Mike Pitts Wins Place On NAIA All-American Team

Super Soph Mike Pitts capped a brilliant year by being named to his third all star team. Mike has once again been named to the First Team on the PCAC All Star Team and the District No. 19 NAIA All Star Team. This year he joins Harold Spooner in the select circle of the NAIA Honorable Mention-All American Team. Mike's scoring average of 26.8 placed him 12th in the nation in NAIA statistics. Mike set several new Houghton records this season:

season field goals: 261

season points: 644  
season average: 26.8%  
season rebounding: 296

All of the old records were set by a Frosh named Mike Pitts. He also tied his own single game rebound record by snaring 24 against Eisenhower again. Pitt's 1,064 points place him in third place in career scoring.

Senior Steve Wilson and Soph Jeff Hoffman were named to the NAIA District No. 19 Honorable Mention-All Star Team as well as to the PCAC Honorable Mention-All Star Team. Wilson finished an outstanding Houghton career by setting a new career mark with 687 rebounds to top Dave Smith's 607 mark. Wilson's 1,072 points place him second in career scoring to Harold Spooner's 1,343 points.

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