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AIDS Awareness Week Seminar Schedule

Seminars held on Tuesday Nov. 29th from 11am- Noon

Should Americans really care about the AIDS pandemic?

This seminar, led by Dr. Paul Shea will take a critical look at the current response of Americans giving to AIDS intervention. It will discuss our moral, ethical, and humanitarian obligation and what we can do in response to AIDS. It will discuss the economic and sociological impact the crisis could have on the world.

Room: Chamberlain 227

The social implications caused by the AIDS epidemic in Africa

Dr. Jon Arensen will take us on a journey to Africa and give us a glimpse of what it is like for those living with AIDS and those living in communities where AIDS is prevalent. He will discuss the social and economic factors causing and continuing the pandemic, and comment on what is being done to correct it.

Room: Chamberlain 123/125

AIDS Orphans

Student Aaron Adkins, MK from Kenya, will share with us his personal experiences with children affected with AIDS. He will share stories of his own siblings who were born with the AIDS virus and adopted by his family. The seminar will also candidly discuss the magnitude of the problem for children in Africa and take a look at what can be done to change the situation.

Room: Chamberlain 327

ARVs and Contraception: A Panel

This panel will take a look at the care of AIDS through the use of ARVs (Anti-retroviral drugs). It will discuss distribution, cost, and effectiveness. This panel will also take a critical look at the use of contraception, and their affects, both negative and positive on the AIDS pandemic.

Room: Chamberlain 330

AIDS Awareness Week

Established eighteen years ago, today World AIDS Day has become one of the biggest international days of action, as passion for its cause has ignited. This year World Hope International asked Houghton to devote an entire week to fostering AIDS awareness on this campus, and to lead other Wesleyan colleges in a united response.

Nov. 28th through Dec. 2nd will be focused specifically on the AIDS crisis in Africa, the continent most dramatically affected by AIDS. This focus is meant to encourage more precise action, with following years focusing on other continents. Houghton's informal committee on AIDS hopes that all community members will share their different encounters with the personal face of AIDS, whatever the cultural or geographical context, even if they have little connection to Africa.

As the Holistic Missions Study Group wrote in 2004 for the Lausanne Covenant, "At the end of this century, the question will be: Where were you when this diabolical holocaust worked its course in human history?" AIDS is with us, growing in horror. What is the Church doing to heal this gaping, infected wound?

When approached about sitting on the planning committee for AIDS Awareness Week,

I confess that my initial response was one of defeated doubt. What could "awareness" do for the wound? Since, I have been challenged to reconsider. Increasing awareness is not just storing away information so that we can label ourselves as "globally concerned." It means thinking in ways that connect with people we do not know. It means devoting ourselves to prayer, believing prayer is action. As Jesus says in John, chapter 14, "Anyone who has faith in me... may ask me for anything in my name, and I will do it."

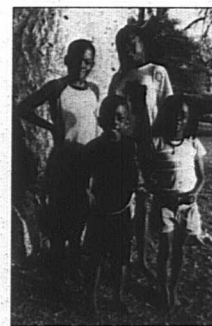
In isolated Houghton, we may feel that AIDS is far away from us, and doubt the effectiveness of raising awareness, but let us remember what our faith calls us to. Our faith is in El Rapha, the 'God who heals', compelling us to bind up the brokenhearted. Our faith is in Christ, who identifies with our suffering; through his live-giving wounds, he bestows on his people a crown of beauty instead of ashes, the oil of joy instead of mourning, and a garment of praise instead of a spirit of despair. I encourage you to open up your life to be a source of healing, through your participation and prayer. ♦

-Tineke Hegeman
Guest Writer

AIDS Orphans: A Houghton Student's Encounter

The images of starving AIDS victims are nothing new in the media today; but, they are often distant and the stories remote from our own. Such images and stories hit a lot closer to home for my family and me. Living just outside Nairobi, Kenya for most of our lives, my family first took an interest in HIV/AIDS orphans and the impact that they have on the city in 1994.

We had heard of a missionary-run orphanage called New Life Home which focused on caring for AIDS babies under the age of two. We went into the home expecting to have a look around and see how the organization worked, and we ended up going home with a new member of the family. Timothy Macharia was suffering from an array of diseases from a young age, having been abandoned by his mother and left to die in a hospital. After hearing his story,



(back) Timothy, Jennifer,
(front) Ben, and Emma, taken April 2005

we were hooked and had to take him home. A few months later, the orphanage approached us and asked us to come and see this young girl for whom they'd been struggling to find a home. My parents were slightly hesitant, knowing their inability to say no, but they were called.

Jennifer Ruth Athiambo was a frail, young
(cont'd p. 3)

Lewis Atop The NAIA

Houghton College's very own Coach David Lewis has been crowned with honors by the NAIA for his latest accomplishment of climbing to the top of the all-time wins record with his impressive statistics. Without even catching a game this semester, all are aware of the number two national ranking of our Women's Soccer Team and the achievement of their coach.

The number was 234. The team's recent win over Ohio Dominican University on November 4th armed Lewis with the one win needed to pass the current record holder. He now claims the title of all-time wins leader in NAIA women's soccer history.

The team's 2-0 victory over Tiffin University on November 5th tallied the grand total at 235 with the season unfinished. It also clinched the Region IX Championship and seeded the team fourth for the upcoming National Tournament. Coach Lewis has been contributing to the unwavering success of the Women's Soccer Team since he came to coach the team in 1991. He left behind a career of coaching men's soccer and wrestling at the high school level while he was

attending Seminary, as well as involvement in the Athletes in Action at UCLA. He began to coach women's soccer soon after and has been doing so ever since. Through this continuing path, Lewis came to coach our Women Highlanders.

Lewis boasts a current career record of 235-50-12 with five National Tournament appearances, five Conference Coach of the Year Awards and six Region Coach of the Year Awards.

Lewis' outlook on the future of this team and the women's program as a whole is progressive and positive. He foresees many future triumphs from the program. He maintains that they "have a solid foundation and a bright future."

There is no doubt that this two-fold situation arose from Coach Lewis' careful attention to recruitment and shaping of the skills, attitude and goals of his players. He stated, "The players we recruit work hard, they enjoy the sport, they are good students, they are coachable and willing to learn, they are team-oriented, and they want to develop their Christian character. Those are the qualities I'm looking for."

Over the years it has become apparent that Lewis has the ability to take players from all schools of soccer and, using each individual's talents and skills, presents a group of women in the shape of a vehicle for success. Athletic director Skip Lord affirmed, "David has built this tradition of success by recruiting student-athletes who fit our athletic department mission and then developing and using them in ways that emphasize team over individual."

The NAIA's most winning women's soccer coach and his team of 26 women are on their way to Kansas to play in the National Tournament. They are currently seeded 4th among the top sixteen teams in the nation and will face either Jamestown of North Dakota or Chicago's Robert Morris. Lewis anticipates that the Highlanders will be competitive with the collection of nationally ranked teams and hopes to bring yet another honor home to Houghton College. ♦

*-Lindsay Yandon
Staff Writer*



Student Life Listens: *A Fight Through Letters And Tea*

For most students, their time as Houghton residents has been too short to remember very many significant changes. We've been here long enough to remember the old names of some of the buildings surrounding the quad, but who remembers "Bedford" or "the College Farm"? Who remembers Hazlett or Leonard-Houghton as anything more than location labels? Less than a decade ago, these now empty names signified vibrant student communities that existed in the form of theme houses, where something like a dozen students per house, came together to live among people with common interests, worldviews, and goals for character building. While sometimes these students planned to live together in advance, more often than not at least a few new friendships were formed each time the community changed. Only last year, Waldorf, the last of these theme houses, was closed.

Waldorf women, whether current residents, future hopefuls, or faithful alumni, have fought to preserve their vital community during the many years in which the fate of the house has been questioned. Its closure, along with its traditions and inimitable contribution to Houghton, proffered a devastating loss, one which could not be allowed by such proactive women as these, nor their supporters in the community. As in years before, last

year's Waldorf residents enlisted Waldorfians of the past, fledglings yet hoping, Houghton professors, and snowy hamlet residents with whom they'd formed relationships through the house community to flood the Office of Student Life, President Chamberlain, Vice President of Finances Jeff Spear, and even the Board of Trustees with letters advocating their cause. They held teas, chatted in doorways, and did everything courteously possible to force the administration to realize the loss they were risking. Yet, it seemed at the end of last year that the voices of students, staff, and alumni were ignored.

Professor Ted Murphy birthed the idea of the humanities theme house seventeen years ago, when he lived in the third house down on route 19, the blue one just a stroll up the road from Deb's. At the time, the big, white house with the porch swing boasted a boisterous group of boys that Murph sardonically looks back on less than ideal neighbors. He often jokes that it was then he decided to ensure his peace of mind by pitching the idea of a Humanities House, where intellectual ladies would always live next door. What he actually started was a house for 16 girls at maximum capacity, half seniors, half juniors, so that a strong tradition was built and transferred from one year to the next of a living

community deliberately focused on broadening its members' scopes of understanding of the world, its issues, dynamics, needs, and beauties. Among the groups of women attracted to Waldorf, a place set aside by contract for the more intellectual, globally minded Houghton juniors and seniors, daily interaction is an enriching experience. In part, this is because of the size of the house which expands its occupants' circles of acquaintance, in part, because of the opportunities for informal (almost unavoidable) mentoring built into the community of two classes, and in part because of the house's structure, which encourages discussion in a kitchen, living room, and dining room all built to host large groups rather than isolated individuals. Yet Waldorf girls did more than just pick up what they might from living together. Within the tradition that emerged, discussions over film viewings, communal reading, and house dinners, with friends of the cook, professors, and guests from the community intensified the Houghton experience immeasurably for Waldorf women and laid the foundations for some of a college student's most edifying relationships.

Inevitably, a house of such tradition must be big, old, and drafty, without a straight line in the place, simply full of those odd quirks (such as

(cont'd p. 7)

The CCCU And Women's Studies

The climate is beginning to develop in which attention to issues of particular concern to women is drawn and community responses initiated. One such response is the rapidly growing academic pursuit of women's issues awareness programs throughout the CCCU. As of a year ago, fifteen of the CCCU's 105 member schools now offer some form of women's studies minor, and over seventy-five of these schools offer courses focused on gender issues.

Messiah, Roberts Wesleyan, and Bluffton University are among those offering thoroughly interdisciplinary minors, comprised of 18 credits of interdisciplinary study, from sociology to theology, communications to psychology, as well as other departments in the humanities. Programs of this nature can closely compare to their secular counterparts, without neglecting the exploration of theologically interesting topics from a Christian perspective.

There is also a movement within CCCU schools with developed sociology departments to offer coursework in women's studies. Dr. Ivy George of Gordon College has engaged many of his students in these issues; by his influence, women's studies credits are now necessary to obtain sociology majors or minors at Gordon College. Eastern University, in their newly refurbished library, has collected extensive women's studies resources for its own developing program. Other CCCU schools offering sociology majors and minors require, on average, at least two courses examining gender roles.

Regardless of the presence or absence of academic women's studies programs, many Christian students are expressing an active interest in the subject. Forums for women's issues are prevalent in many CCCU schools, including Westmont, Seattle Pacific, Calvin, and Goshen. CCCU schools are bringing in speakers, sponsoring special programs, and sending their interested students flocking to regional conferences and workshops mostly sponsored by secular organizations.

This is an example of the problems women's studies programs face, as they are cultivated in CCCU schools. Often their students have no basis for approaching the introductory literature in women's studies, preventing further exploration before it starts, since the Christian academic community is markedly behind its secular counterparts in pursuing this research and developing a women's studies field.

There are Christian scholars attempting to bridge the gap between Christian and secular students in this rapidly growing field of academic study. Prof. Kristina LaCelle-Peterson, of Houghton College's religion department, along with her colleague, Prof. Linda Quinlan-Rus, from Roberts Wesleyan's religion and humanities division, have recently contracted a

book with Baker Academic. Through their text, they will prepare Christian students, as they approach the academic literature in women's studies, and encourage them to think about women's issues from a Christian perspective.

In this, Profs. LaCelle-Peterson and Quinlan-Rus hope their audience will be an even larger one in the evangelical Church. "Since the topics are so general," says Prof. LaCelle-Peterson, "we are hoping it will be accessible to all Christians thinking about woman's place in this world."

Their topical analysis of women's issues includes an overview of family structure, how women can recognize a sense of purpose in their work, and the history of female education. Their discussion draws on Christian elements, while generating discussion about universally recognizable cultural concerns.

However, the conversation also takes deeply theological turns where appropriate. To critique the cultural ideal of ultra-thin and sensualized femaleness, they introduce a standard of stewardship with respect to our physical bodies, incorporating God's affirmation of his creation to justify it. There are sections of the book dedicated to exploring how women can discern vocation and God's voice in the midst of their busy lives, or how cultural factors impact a woman's relationship with God.

In addition to theological examinations of broad issues, there are interesting surveys of women's involvement in the New Testament Church and the history of western Christianity, as well as a history of Christian women's involvement in nineteenth century social reform. Profs. LaCelle-Peterson and Quinlan-Rus have clearly arranged their work with an interdisciplinary approach to women's studies in mind.

The biggest hurdle for women's studies programs in CCCU schools right now is the lack of recognition of it as an academic field of study. This barrier should not be allowed much persuasive power, as Prof. LaCelle-Peterson explains, "Fifty years ago, people thought it was unnecessary to have a separate department for history." Academic landscapes are continually evolving. Less than half a century ago, sociology was not yet a field of study. Programs for African American studies were not considered until the early seventies, and those for Asian studies were not common in American undergraduate institutions until the nineties. As there is increasing secular attention to the field of women's studies, some Christian scholars are beginning to engage in it equally seriously. ♦

-Victoria Kempton
Business Manager



(Orphans, cont'd from p. 1)

girl who had suffered more pain and neglect in her first six months than most people do in a life time. Having been left by her birthmother in the hospital, she was weak, sick and uncared for. Because she tested HIV+ the nurses at the hospital provided her with very little care and focused on the other children who had parents present and who were expected to live. She was fed cows' milk from birth out of the corner of a milk carton; her only form of nutrition was squirted at her with dire infrequency and from uncaring hands. At one point, a Japanese film crew came and filmed her, labeling her a typical AIDS baby who would most likely die within the month, and they weren't wrong in saying so, unless her situation was changed.

New Life Home took her from the hospital and to their facility to start the process of rehabilitation. Weighing little more than 7 pounds at 2 months old, she was severely malnourished and extremely underdeveloped. After she had regained some strength at the orphanage and become able to function relatively normally on her own, the home began to look for a family for her to join. A beautiful girl who had become very healthy and strong, as well as developing an actively visible personality, why would anyone turn her down? Jennifer was taken home by three different families and returned by them all, having been "incompatible" with their other children. And after all, she was HIV+, wasn't she just going to die soon?

When we took Jennifer back to our house, we knew she was going to be a part of our family. Within a short while, she tested negative for HIV, having had only the antibodies from her mother, and we began the adoption process. She was stubborn, hard and immovable. What she wanted, she got. Fortunately, so is my mother, and over time they have worked things out. Jennifer has since grown by leaps and bounds reaching each stage of development a little later than her peers but rapidly closing the gap. Jennifer's situation is rare, not because of her severe background, but because of the success she has reached since.

As a result of HIV/AIDS, orphans are on the rise all over the world. In Kenya alone, there are over 1 million children who have been orphaned as a result of HIV/AIDS, and that number is not diminishing. Each day, innocent children are brought into this world without parents who can care for them, and all of them need a way out. Jennifer's life seems to have come together in a way that surpassed all that was expected, and the joy that comes to our hearts when we see her pass a test, score a goal, or make a new friend is indescribable and unforgettable. ♦

-Aaron Adkins
Guest Writer



Thabisa

I'm writing to you on a day I feel so down and feel that life can be unfair. Once again, the virus has taken a friend and a dear person to me. A person I shared joy, laughter, and many other things with.

She died in her sleep. I am hurting, you have no idea. I do not want to tell lies. I nursed this woman back to life last week. She was so cold and kept telling me to put on extra blankets. The room was so hot I was sweating from trying to make her warm. Even massaging her feet would not help. I had to go inside her blanket and sleep with her to try and bring her to at least the body temperature while waiting for an ambulance. I cannot believe that she did not make it!

She was so beautiful, and moreover, she had a beautiful heart! I saw her before leaving for Grahamstown, and she looked promising. One could almost swear that she was faking it, the way she kept her smile on even though she was losing the battle. I do realize that I cannot be a jack of all trades and that there was absolutely nothing I could do, as I could not take her pain away. I just wish I was next to her bed when she gave up the fight.

Other than that, we had a lovely Christmas party at the centre (the Raphael Centre) on Friday. The children loved the presents and they sang so well!

Fond regards, Thabisa

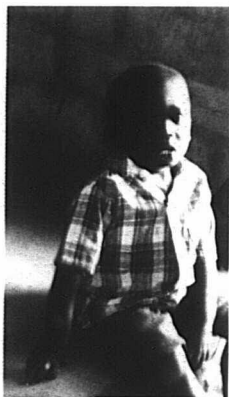
"Live and let live"



Keshia

Hello my name is Keshia. I'm a 27-year-old single parent of three living with HIV. On the outside I look happy, but on the inside, I'm filled with sadness. I ask myself all the time, how could something like this happen to me? I'm a very nice person, I help others all the time, and I have a good soul. I wonder how and why this illness was placed upon me. Knowing one day, I'll be leaving my children, whom I love more than anything, behind in this awful world to take care of themselves. But I can do nothing but be grateful of the days I do have with them and thank the Lord for giving me another day.

Muenda



My name is Muenda. I am from Kenya. My wife and child died 2 months ago from AIDS. There was no work for me to do in my village. My job was to provide for my wife. I got a job in another village. I was away from home a lot. My wife did not like it. I soon got another job driving trucks from one city to another. It was good money. My wife could eat and have a home she could enjoy. I would get lonely away from home. There were women all over who would give themselves to men. I began to be with these women.

When I came home, I would want to be with my wife but I felt bad that I had not been faithful to her. We were together many times. I would then leave for my job and return weeks later. One time, I returned home, and my wife told me she was pregnant. We were very excited, but I had to leave again. I would again be with these women and return home feeling guilty. My wife had a baby boy whom we named him Kaleb.

My wife was very tired after the baby was born. She was not feeling well. Our child was not eating well and was with fever many nights. My wife took him to the village clinic, and then we found out our baby was HIV+. My wife was HIV+. She was shocked. When we got home, I told her what I had been doing on my trips. My wife was so upset. She cried and wailed for days. She had finally been given the child she had always wanted, and now that baby would die. My wife and baby became more and more sick each day. I had so much guilt. I could not sleep at night. Our child could no longer fight, and he died one night in my wife's weak arms. She barely had enough energy to cry. One week later, she died. I will never forget the look in her eyes - the hollow look of grief and sorrow. Her eyes were sunken in. She could no longer talk. She just lay there and looked into my eyes, and then gradually they closed.

I have AIDS, too. My wife and baby were too weak to fight. I have a chance. I have medications that I take. The doctors think I might be OK for some time. I wonder at night when I will die. The guilt and pain of losing my wife lays heavy on my heart. I wish I could go back and change my decisions.





Elvan

Hi, I'm Elvin. I'm 12 years old. I am from Zambia. I am an only child.

My mother died of AIDS when I was 5 years old, and one year later my father died from AIDS. I missed my mother so much. I would cry for her every night. When she was sick, I would bring her water to drink, but she could not keep anything down. I wanted her to hug me like she used to, but she was too tired to speak. When she died, it was just me and my dad. He would play ball with me to make me feel better. Soon, he became ill, and he no longer got out of bed. I would cook for him and feed him. He did not want to die. But he was not strong enough, and he died one year after my mother.

The only living relative that I had left was my grandfather. I moved in with my grandfather. I lived with him for 6 years before he died of old age. After he died, I became homeless. I roamed the streets and begged for food. Everyone looked at me like I was crazy, and they treated me badly. One day, I decided to sneak on a train. I wandered on the train and went from one side of the country to the other. The conductors began to know me and my story. They showed me kindness. They let me work for food. I did this for many years before I met a World Hope representative who put me in their Orphan Trust program, where I am living with a family who is caring for me and my needs. I still miss my family but I am grateful for my life.



A Mother

I have never spoken about my HIV, but it has been hard.

I was living a normal life with two children. I married at 18 years old. Before that, at 16, I lost my virginity. I only slept with him once, as he got what he wanted. I never saw him after that. I knew him well as we were good friends. Our friendship went over the lines one night. After that, we lost contact.

So, I married and had two kids, and then in 1996, I was pregnant again. I had my baby. I was in labor for half an hour. He was the best baby; he just ate and slept. When he was three months old, he had a cold. I took him to the doctors, just to make sure he was OK. Then, I went back three times and was told I was overprotective. But I knew there was something wrong so I insisted he go into the hospital. He had RSV (a respiratory infection that can kill babies). After the third day, he was not responding to treatment and had to go to the ICU. They could not find what was wrong. They asked questions and gave him tests. Everything was normal. He was on a ventilator for six weeks. He had tests done and a lung biopsy which said he had PCP (a type of rare pneumonia). I had never heard of it. They said it was either cancer or HIV. I was so sure it was cancer, and so were the doctors; but, at the same time, they asked for tests for HIV. It was the biggest nightmare of my life. It was positive. I was HIV+, and my baby had AIDS. I could not believe I had done this to my precious child. How could this happen to me?

My husband and my other kids were tested. They came back clear, which was a relief, but I was told my baby would die. He did come off the ventilator, and I took him home with lots of medication. We were now waiting for him to die. For the first few weeks, he slept in my bed with me. He then moved to his own room, and I slept on the floor worried he would die alone. Then I would go into his room and wake him just to hear him cry. I was so afraid God would take him during the night.

Ginan

Hi, I'm Ginan. I'm 23 years old. I'm Indonesian living in Bandung City.

When I was 20, I wanted to go to university which had a requirement for a medical check up. It was then that I found out that I am HIV positive. I was shocked because I did not have information or counseling about HIV/AIDS. After the counselor talked to me about HIV/AIDS, I knew how I had contracted it. I slept with many girls when I was in school, but I never thought anything this bad would come from just having a good time.

It is hard in my country because people do not accept those with HIV/AIDS. People are labeled as unacceptable, and many families disown their own family members. My friend's brother was kicked out of his family's home, and his parents have never spoken to him since. We don't know what happened to him... he just walked out of the house. If you have HIV/AIDS, people do not want to come around you or touch you or even talk to you. They are too afraid of getting what you have. People here are scared.

When my family found out, my father was very angry. He hit me across the face and yelled at me. He didn't want me in his home. My mother cried and she wanted to hug me, but my father told her not to. He didn't want her to get sick. I left for many many days. I slept on the street and at a friend's house. His family did not know what I had. After a while, my brother came looking for me and said that my father wanted me to come back. I came home, but my father was still angry. I sleep outside sometimes when my father gets angry at me. My mother still cries. I have found support from others in my city who have HIV/AIDS. We support each other and cry to each other. It is hard. We want to make people aware of this disease and help people know how to protect themselves and to help families love their family members.

Films From The Library

The Magnificent Seven

If there's one thing America has done well, besides Chinese food, it's westerns. From *Stagecoach* to *Kill Bill*, the canon of the American western offers a delicious assortment of great films. Among the crème de la crème is John Sturges' *The Magnificent Seven*. More than being the greatest western film, this might be one of the greatest films of all time. And, like Chinese food, it all began in Asia. Sturges' film is actually an adaptation of Akira Kurosawa's great Japanese film, *Shichinin no Samurai* (*The Seven Samurai*). Kurosawa and many other great Japanese directors have been an inspiration to American directors for decades.

What makes *The Magnificent Seven* a stellar film is its impeccable weaving of the seven character's storylines. The outstanding cast (which includes Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, Charles Bronson, James Coburn, and Yul Brenner) is almost too good to be true. There is such a wealth of acting talent that it leaves you hanging on each line, anticipating each coming scene, wanting more. You have romance, honor, sentiment, cowardice, tragedy and hope. Yes, and lots of gunfights. My favorite scene is the

introduction of James Coburn's character, Britt. He's a lanky knife-thrower (a perfect adaptation of Kurosawa's original character) who challenges a loudmouthed premedonna gunslinger to a bet of who can draw quicker, the knife or the gun. His calm collected style is the epitome of cool.

Elmer Bernstein wrote the film's great score and also wrote the score for the parody, *Three Amigos*, a hilarious comedy starring Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short. One of the most important factors in a western is its score, and Bernstein offers some of the most memorable music from the western catalog, standing right up there with Ennio Morricone's score for *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*.

I suggest enjoying some Chinese food while watching this film and pondering all the ways in, which we in America have benefited from the wealth of quality craftsmanship that our Asian friends have produced over the years.

-Stephen Sorensen
Columnist



The 400 Blows

I demand that a film express either the joy of making cinema or the agony of making cinema. I am not at all interested in anything in between.

-Francois Truffaut

"The 400 Blows" (1959) is one of director Francois Truffaut's most intimate and moving films, and one of the greatest films about adolescence ever made. The story of the young Antoine Doinel is based on the troubled childhood of Truffaut. The film is not only Truffaut's beautifully made first feature film, but also important as one of the founding bases for the French New Wave.

Following Antoine's life in his early teens, we see a misunderstood trouble maker neglected by his parents. Antoine struggles to find acceptance, seeking solace in films and literature. An homage to Balzac is seen as plagiarism, and Antoine's attempts at a shrine for the author literally go up in flames. His parents, fed up with his behavior, send him off to a juvenile holding center where he eventually escapes to see the ocean for the first time. Staring into the camera, the famous final shot on the beach shows us a face of longing and hope.

This is one of Truffaut's finest films. The simplicity and necessity of every shot adds to

the story. Nothing is gratuitous or gimmicky. The movement of the characters shows their depth with perfect timing. Truffaut died young from a brain tumor at the age of 52. He made 21 films, however, and had a great impact on cinematic history. As his earliest and one of his best, "The 400 Blows" stands as a simple, beautifully intriguing homage to adolescence and an important film that everyone should see.

-Adam Sukhria
Columnist



The Star
is looking for essays,
poetry, and stories
written by students
to feature in
the Arts section.

Please e-mail
your submissions to
star@houghton.edu
or mail them to CPO box
608.

Featured Artist: Stefan Zoller



Lineprint by sophomore Stefan Zoller, ink on paper. This was a piece Zoller made several years ago under the direction of printmaker Scot Bennett. This type of print is made by carving into a synthetic material rather like linoleum. Ink and paper are applied over top, and the plate is sent through a printing press. "I liked the graphic quality of print making and the challenge it presents in creating lights and darks," Zoller explains.

The assignment required students to make an image based on *Paradise Lost*, and Zoller chose a passage relating to the fallen nature of humanity. He connected the loss of immortality in the biblical narrative with a literal strangling of Adam by the snake. The general sense of desolation is intentionally broken only by the small white cross in Adam's hand.

The style of this piece is reminiscent of Keith Haring, the volatile contemporary artist who risked arrest to create graffiti pieces on the New York subways during the seventies. Both use minimalist lines and stark black and white contrast to create images which are strikingly memorable. Zoller says he likes the defiantness of a fine art piece that is deliberately simple. "I guess there's a certain rebelliousness in being bold—in putting the lines out there; and, if it's a mistake, everyone can see it." ♦

-Kelsey Harro
Arts Editor



On the Subject of Yellow Ribbons

Veteran's Day. As I recall, not much ado is usually made about it at Houghton. Same goes for out in the real world. I saw absolutely nothing today to remind the general populace that it was Veteran's Day. It's not like anything actually closes anymore; God forbid that desperate housewives be denied their low-fat, low-carb orange mocha frappacinos with extra whipped cream for even one day in order to commemorate a holiday established over 90 years ago to remember a war that no one really pays attention to, seeing as it was something of a mild affair compared to what came 20 years later. No, in the pantheon of American holidays, Veteran's Day doesn't really rank that high (probably due to the lack of marketable consumer goods affiliated with it).

Right now, we're in the midst of a foreign policy debacle that has, thus far, created several thousand future veterans, although, as of the time of writing, 2,050 of them will never be able to tell stories to their grandkids. However, Veteran's Day deserves some coverage. The day is officially hailed as a time to remember those men and women who fought and died defending this country and the values it claims to uphold ("claims" being the operative word here, the validity of which awaits a whole other discussion). In the past, this has been fairly straightforward. Even the most jaded critic would have a hard time denying that WWII wasn't at least to some degree a clash between the ideals of democratic liberalism and fascist statism. Similar claims can be made about the proxy conflicts of the Cold War, although in this case, the West is quite rightly criticized for propping up brutal dictators (such as Saddam Hussein) in pursuit of the containment of communism. Nowadays, however, this country finds its forces deployed in (undeclared) wars that, White House fearmongering aside, have little or nothing to do with protecting the territorial integrity of the United States, nor the freedom of its citizens, and everything to do with maintaining and expanding its economic and political influence over people who, more often than not, do not wish to be under America's thumb. In simpler terms: Iraq was in no way, shape, or form a threat to America's God-given rights to watch sleazy reality shows and eat pork chops, but it is centrally located in an area with a lot of oil, so we took it over.

Now, if this fact doesn't even remotely bother you, I imagine you stopped reading my columns a long time ago. But if it does; if you, like a rapidly-growing contingent of the American public, are at least somewhat convicted by the thought that this war is unjust and immoral, then you have a problem --because, as

you've probably observed, the national mantra these days is "Support Our Troops!" Hate the war, hate the President, hate the Republicans, ...hate the entire government if you feel like it, but support the troops! The phrase is repeated so much that most scarcely give it a second thought; but really, claiming to oppose a war but support the troops fighting it requires a rather strong doublethink. If you hold an action to be immoral, then by extension, anyone committing said action is doing something immoral, for which a certain degree of responsibility and blame is assigned. If you think the war in Iraq is wrong, then the troops engaged in it are doing something wrong; and, claiming to support them is akin to endorsing wrongdoing. Now, some may be quick to trot out the line, "they're just following orders." Please read up on the Nuremberg Trials. "Following orders" is not a defense, especially not in an all-volunteer military where no one faces brutal execution or the torture of their loved ones for refusing to obey an immoral command.

Criticizing elected leaders has been a national pastime since George Washington left office and can be pursued with a great deal of enthusiasm and glee. Accusing America's servicemen and women of moral wrongdoing on a grand scale is a far more somber task, one which even the most irreverent of political commentators undertakes with a heavy heart. But criticisms of the war ring strangely hollow when the crier bears a yellow ribbon. And while respect and honor is certainly due to those who risk and lose their lives for a just cause, the automatic deification of the American military needs to stop if we are to truly build up a national resolve to put an end to this and future wars of immoral aggression. ♦

-Dan Perrine
Columnist



(Waldorf, cont'd from p. 2)

peeling wallpaper and unreliable plumbing) that lend character, kindle coziness, and stimulate creativity among its residents. They also bring the quality of the building into question. Last year, repairs and questions that had been piling up for years finally outweighed students' ardent desire to live in Waldorf, whatever its state, and it was announced that the house would definitely be closed at the end of the school year of 2004-2005.

Not a bunch to give up easily, Waldorf representatives have repeatedly renewed and re-enforced their contacts within the community, badgering the Office of Student Life with their advocates to no avail. At least it seemed so until recently, when one elated Waldorfian discovered that their arguments and pleas had not gone unheard. Vice President of Student Life, Wayne Macbeth, has given his word that the Waldorf community will be re-opened as soon as possible, whether within the walls of Waldorf house, itself, or elsewhere. "I'm committed to this. This will happen." When asked why, Macbeth candidly replies that this last theme house was incarnate one of "...all beautiful expressions of living-learning arrangements that happen outside the classroom and give students ways to integrate their thinking, their life, and their lifestyles - and to rub shoulders with other people that are doing the same sorts of things." Elaborating on his view of Houghton's unique community, he went on: "It's the genius of saying, let's take time and think about these ideas. We can play a game, drink some tea, and then talk. And then the talk becomes more and more important and interesting and engaging. I begin to work with ideas as a person, and that changes my life. I am passionate about this [way of] ...encountering God in another context... and slowly integrate that into a better and wider understanding of who God is and our place in the world." While due to pragmatic constraints, Macbeth cannot publicize a final plan for the renewal of Waldorf, he has eased many critical minds with his commitment to remedying a concern strongly voiced in a constructive way. ♦

-Rosaline Kelada-Sedra
Copy-Editor



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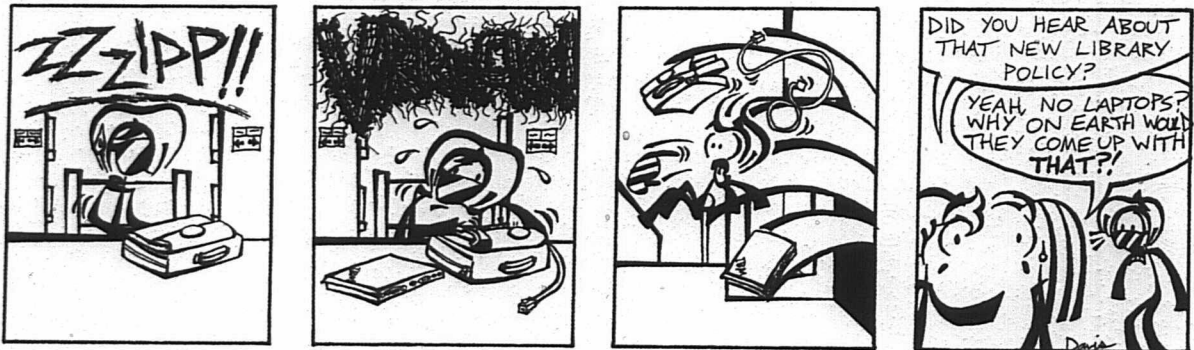
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