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## Houghton Hosts Honors Weekend

PHOEBE MULLEN

Fifty-five students and their families, a total of about 130 guests, flooded campus for the second of three annual Honors Interview Weekends last Friday and Saturday, January 18 and 19. Thirty-seven of the prospective students interviewed for Liberal Arts and eighteen of the students for Science Honors - one of the largest interview weekends to date.

The numbers can be attributed partly to fact that completed applications to Houghton are up 8% from last year, resulting in a larger number of students eligible for Honors consideration. Benjamin Lipscomb, professor of philosophy and Director of Honors, has written over 200 cards to students who have been invited to participate in the interview process but are not registered to attend a weekend. Professor Lipscomb said this campaign began in part because Houghton is impacted greatly by the number of students who visit campus. When they see the effort made by Houghton



Houghton Honors Logos

COURTESY OF BETSY RUTLEDGE

to encourage them come, they get a taste of Houghton's intimate and personal culture. "I was very grateful for how well everything came off--notwithstanding the threatening weather," said Professor Lipscomb.

"It's clear [the prospective students] love the interview weekend--from the discussion groups and labs they participate in, to the presentations they hear, to the overnight stays in the residence halls," said Betsy Rutledge, Associate Director of Admission Events and Office

Operations. "These weekends really help them envision themselves as a student at Houghton and help them see what it's like to be an Honors student here."

Jackson Caito, who flew out from Oregon, agreed. "I've definitely had an amazing time here. [My interviews] were really good; I felt like they helped me get to know the college a lot better."

The students got to meet others who shared their areas of interest, and interact with current

and former Honors students who enthusiastically answered any questions they might have. Parents had a place in the weekend too, which included special programming and information for them.

"I felt very welcome," said Merv Shenk, who drove his daughter up from Manheim, Pennsylvania for the weekend. "I think Katrina, our daughter, has had a really good experience here. I'm sure she'll use it in her decision making."

The honors weekend con-

sisted of sample classes and chapel, and the Honors Banquet on Friday night, after which most students spent the night with a current or former Honors student in one of the residence halls. On Saturday morning the students waited nervously for their interviews. Those interviewing for East Meets West or London hung out in the Chamberlain Atrium, the Science students in a lounge in Paine. Liberal Arts candidates participated in discussions after reading an excerpt from St. Augustine's City of God, while the candidates for Science participated in a team lab challenge. Candidates for all programs were interviewed twice. In one, all prospectives were interviewed by alumni of the Honors programs. For the second interview, candidates for Science were asked to talk about their lab experience; candidates for East Meets West and London were asked about the paper they submitted with their registration for the weekend. While they waited, former Honors students sat with them

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Jack Connell  
to Depart Houghton  
ANNA SCHILKE

Dean Jack Connell steps into his new position as President of Eastern Nazarene College on April 1st, with Professor Paul Young replacing him as Interim Dean of Faculty until a permanent replacement can be hired.

Dean Connell first came to Houghton as a student in the class of 1983. "I had an amazing experience..." he says. "I believe deeply in Houghton's mission and have always been grateful for the impact it had on my life and in the lives of so many others." After graduating with a degree in Business Administration and minors in Bible and Philosophy, Connell went onto to Asbury Seminary, where he received his MDiv, and to the University of Rochester, where he received a Doctorate in Higher Education Leadership. After spending a decade pastoring churches in Western NY, Connell moved to administra-

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## Students Advocate for Change



Two Students and an Alum Attend the Women's Rally

COURTESY OF FACEBOOK

KRISTEN SAVASTANO

Five Houghton students attended the March for Life in Washington D.C. on January 18th and two Houghton students and an alum attended the Women's Rally in Foley Square, NYC on January 19th. According to their website their mission is to "End abortion by uniting, educating, and mobilizing pro-life people

in the public square." The March for Life's vision is to see "A world where the beauty and dignity of every human life are valued and protected." The Women's Rally's mission statement, found on the official Facebook event, reads: "Organizations including grassroots advocates, non-profit community organizations, labor unions and more, will rally to demand justice

for women, communities of color, immigrant families, gender-nonconforming individuals, all-faith practitioners, and people with disabilities." The rally is not mutually exclusive to the Women's March, and the rally has Jewish, Arabic, and Asian organizations supporting it, but is not financially supported by Planned Parenthood.

Erin Smith '20 attended the March for Life. She

said her experience at the march was an excellent one - in fact, the hardest part for Erin was the journey. The bus she took from Buffalo was packed like sardines, just the beginning of a day spent in close quarters. She attended the Mass for Life in a beautiful Basilica, whose mission is described on the website as, "to encourage the youth participating in the national March for Life in their witness as disciples of Christ and promoters of the Gospel of Life." There was a rally held in the cold and mud about an hour before the march began. The march itself was packed with people holding signs, some homemade and some produced en masse. There were phrases such as "I am the Pro-Life Generation" and depictions of fetuses saying "Today I grew fingers mommy!" She was shivering next to a group from a Spanish church who led chants of pro-life support saying "olé, olé, olé, olé, Pro-Life, Pro-Life!" Eventually, the movement started and Erin chatted with people from all across the country to distract

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# International // Regional Kurdistan



GABRIELLE SHEELY

On Wednesday, January 16th, a terrorist attack on a restaurant in Manbij, Syria, resulted in the death of fifteen people. Those killed included two U.S. service members, a U.S. Defense Department civilian employee, and an American military contractor, according to U.S. NBC reports. Responsibility for the attack, which was the single deadliest attack on American forces in Syria since their involvement began in 2014, was claimed by the Islamic State (ISIS, or ISIL). It will be difficult to confirm ISIS involvement, but, given the popularity of the restaurant among foreigners, it is nearly certain that Americans were the intended target. This comes just weeks after President Trump declared “We have won against ISIS” in a tweet, and announced the immediate withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Syria.

According to Kilic Bugra Kanat, research director of The

Foundation for Political, Economic and Social Research (SETA) in Washington, D.C., this most recent attack emphasizes a shift that has been happening in the nature of terrorism – a shift away from territorial-based struggles, to something more complicated, requiring long-term solutions and more careful cooperation on the nation-state level between the two nations most involved: the U.S. and Turkey. Unfortunately, the current administration’s of both the United States and Turkey have not been known for their ability to cooperate.

In response to unclear and contradictory messages from the White House regarding the actual timeline of U.S. withdrawal from Syria, Turkish President, Recep Tayyip Erdoğan has resorted to ignoring U.S. security and foreign policy teams, and speaking directly with President Trump, in order to gain his assurance that U.S. troops will leave northern Syria and turn over control of the region to the Turkish government. Erdoğan takes the attack in Manbij as further proof that the States’ time in Syria is over. Trump wants U.S. troops out of Syria. Erdoğan wants U.S. troops out of Syria. Unfortunately, like any conflict in Middle East it seems, the situation in Northern Syria is a lot more complicated, and spans decades into the past.

Caught in the middle of the diplomatic mess that is current

U.S.-Turkey relations are a people group called the Kurds. The list of grievances the U.S. and Turkey have built against each other has been growing at an accelerated pace in the last five to ten years. However, the Kurds, a transnational people group spanning the mountainous region between Turkey, Syria, Iraq, and Iran, have had a troubling presence in the Middle East for centuries. They are the fourth largest ethnic group in the region, after Arabs, Persians, and Turks, and the largest minority group without their own independent state. They have not always expressed a desire for independence. But after decades of suffering under Turkish repression and erasure of Kurdish language and culture, many have spoken up with a desire for some form of political recognition, and the loudest voices

have been willing to fight for it. The infamous Partiya Karkerên Kurdistan (PKK), or Kurdistan Workers’ Party, emerged in the early 1980s, commendable for their desire to defend Kurdish rights, but questionable in their violent guerrilla tactics and oppressive policies, which were at times directed towards their own people. Despite the many peaceful organizations that have emerged in defense of the Kurds, any discussion of the “Kurdish issue” is unfortunately tainted by the actions of the PKK, which the U.S. Department of State officially recognized as a terrorist organization in 1997.

When the U.S. joined the fight against the Islamic State (ISIS) in 2014, they relied heavily on Kurdish fighters, called the People’s Protection Units, or YPG in Kurdish, and asso-

ciated Kurdish-Arab coalition forces called the Syrian Democratic Forces (SDF). There are reasonable suspicions that the YPG and SDF are simply remnants of the PKK from the 80s and 90s under new names. As far as the Turkish government is concerned, this is an irrefutable fact, and U.S. support of Kurdish fighters is seen as a threat to Turkish security and autonomy. Disagreement about the future of these Kurds is the sticking point currently preventing the U.S. from moving forward with the transition out of Syria. The removal of U.S. troops would leave these fighters at the mercy of a hostile Turkish military.

Although many people may be disappointed at this delay in plans to bring U.S. troops home from Syria, it is worth considering that we might owe something to those who have fought beside them. Furthermore, in the interest of defending the ideals of freedom and democracy, it is worth considering the cultural and political dangers that other, peaceful groups of Kurds will face if the violence against militias in northern Syria and southeastern Turkey are allowed to increase. Given the long history that is still affecting Kurdish regions to this day, it is worth considering what the long-term effects of our actions may be.★

*Gabrielle Sheely is a Senior Majoring in Intercultural Studies and English.*



Photo courtesy of Gabrielle Sheely

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tion, where he served as executive vice president and chief operating officer at various universities and colleges. In 2016, Connell returned to his first alma mater, and took up the role of Provost and Dean of Faculty in President Mullen’s cabinet. He cites her as the reason for his return. “When President Mullen invited me to come back and serve this place I love so much,” he says, “I jumped at the chance.”

Since his return to Houghton, Connell has been key to overseeing all of Houghton’s programs, including the ones that extend beyond the reach of main campus. When asked what he is proudest of accomplishing in his time here, Connell replied, “I’d like to think I was helpful in getting Houghton Online off the ground and in expanding our off-site program in Buffalo and Utica.” He was also involved in the “early stages” of new academic programs and in hiring people he refers to as “wonderful new faculty.” As his position is responsible for all the academic and enrollment functions of the college, Connell is also a source of encouragement and support to faculty and staff alike. Steven Woolsey, of the English Shenk had good things to say

department, puts it this way: “He always seems to combine genuine humility with a pastoral spirit.”

In the face of Connell’s departure, Professor Paul Young will be stepping in as an Interim Dean of Faculty. Young, who currently serves as head of the psychology and sociology departments and as associate dean for social and behavioral sciences, will taking fewer classes to make room for his new duties. He comments, “I anticipate being able to serve my colleagues and Houghton College students in some different ways, but it is sad to be teaching less.” According to Young, the search for a permanent replacement will likely commence during the next academic year.

As Connell looks forward into his future, he is bittersweet. “My wife Wendy and I are sad to be leaving Houghton,” he says, “but excited by this opportunity for expanded service in a part of the country we’ve always enjoyed. We also have a daughter in Boston, and I shouldn’t admit this, but I’ve always liked the Patriots.”★

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and talked about their experiences.

Prospective student Katrina

about her experience before heading off to her interviews. “Houghton’s a really cool place, and I’m glad to be here for this weekend.”★

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her from the bitterness of the cold. The sun pierced through the clouds when they passed the Art Museum and overall the time flew by for the group, packed street-end to street-end, to reach the capitol. Vice President Mike Pence came to support the march. Ben Shapiro spoke as well and Erin found him to be very engaging. There was also a recording of President Trump played in which he discussed plans to support the pro-life cause.

Hannah Sievers attended the Women’s Rally. She wanted to make it known that she does not support everything the rally stands for and that she supports the intentions of the March for Life.

The rally began with speakers blasting “Run The World (Girls)” by Beyoncé in order to get the crowd dancing and moving around so they wouldn’t be so cold, since they were not actually going to march. This rally consisted of various poetry readings and speakers. Hannah’s favorite speaker was Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, Congresswoman of the 14th Congressional District of New York.

She spoke about how justice is complicated and is difficult to achieve in a severely polarized society. She also touched on how different groups may have different ideas of how to fix problems women are facing, but how the problems are fixed is up to every individual person. One thing Hannah really loved about Ocasio-Cortez’s speech is how she mentioned that women’s “voices, stories, hardships, artwork, and poetry” make a difference in the changing of legislature. Hannah was amazed at how receptive she was towards

the whole crowd and comments, “We need more women represented in leadership!”

Hannah believes we need to “be supporting each other as students especially in this time period because our politics are so messy right now and everything is political.” She believes that it is important to discuss issues in a civil manner and create intentional relationships with others.★

## HOUGHTON HOSTS SPRING ACTIVITIES FAIR

KRISTEN SAVASTANO

This spring, unlike those of the past, an activities fair was held in the Van Dyke Lounge on Thursday, January 17. Participants and attendants may have noticed it was quite a lot smaller than the activities fair that is regularly held in the fall semester. According to Roth RD Jon Craton, the opportunity to advertise at the fair was only offered to clubs and organizations recognized by SGA. Alex Wood ‘20 said that there were fourteen organizations at the event. Craton continued by saying that this smaller fair, not open to off-campus organizations or clubs and organizations not recognized by SGA, was created in a

short period of time as a test-run of sorts to see if holding a regularly scheduled activities far in the spring semester would be a good idea.

The fair was held to make students more aware of the activities and opportunities Houghton has to offer. While it was planned primarily for the benefit of new students on campus, it also gave some organizations the opportunity to advertise themselves and their plans for the semester. There is no information available as of now on whether or not another event will be held next spring or if it will be open to off-campus and groups not recognized by SGA.★



# STAR Rerun

## Our Reason Why

L.K.H.  
*This rerun column features various Houghton STAR articles from our archives. These articles do not contain current information, but are meant to show the past culture and events on Houghton Campus throughout the College's history This particular article is from Volume 10 Issue 8 of the STAR published on February 15, 1918.*

We have been called paradoxical, incomprehensible and absurd. We have been criticised by the fiery ordeal of every notional say-so in the universe; we have been scrutinized by the microscope of conventional, yet unwritten precedent; with unrelenting precision we have been analyzed by the X-ray of what the world calls propriety. But even our keenest critics have been forced to admit that their research has been in vain, that their problem is still unsolved.

Philosophy has mastered all intellectuality; Science has arrested the elements and has surrendered them chained to mankind; Genius in her diverse forms has bridled all creation. But in us Philosophy has encountered a deviation from rule too profound, too puzzling for mastery; in us Science has discovered a proposition fortified against any possibility of arrest or any probability of surrender; mirrored in us Genius behold itself face to face and dares not attempt coercion. We are the astonishing marvel of the Age.

Whether or not comprehensible, we are not comprehended; for the older generation does not understand us. The same as in any form of confusion this misunderstanding has its own psychological cause and its own inevitable result. We are judged from the exterior. Vital underlying principles go unheeded. We cannot be judged as our grandfathers judged our fathers. No more than the twentieth century can be estimated in the light of the nineteenth century, can we be weighed by the same balances or measured by the same standards as were our predecessors.

Friction is the result of confusion and misjudgment. To the older generation is the privilege of authority and correction. Indiscriminately that privilege is taken advantage of, whether or not responsibility is seen written on the other side of the portal to its shrine. As long as motives are ignored, as long as causes are not investigated, friction will continue to be.

We were born dissimilar; our heredity of unlikeness was thrust upon us, yet we are blamed because we are proud of being out of the ordinary. We have been reared in a sphere more marvelous in actuality than any Utopian dream of only a recent yesterday,-- yet we are censured for being a part of our environment. We stand on the shoulders of an independent Present, -- yet we are condemned for looking the Future, not the Past in the face.

We are the despair and, at

the same time, the pride of society. While it censures us it glories in us. Still we know our predecessors would not eliminate the anomalousness they censure if with it must be eliminated the attributes they glory in. They would not have us as they are. Accordingly if the older generation can see naught but that which it condemns in us, the reason is because their spectacles have lost their rose color and have become dusty,-- and magnified dust is seen, not the younger generation.

We despise self complacency. We have seen it in the world, we have seen it in the older generation,---and we have hated it to such an extent that before the altar of conscience we have vowed that no portal of our inner lives shall be open to its subtle approach. To exist as the carbon copy of another's character would be far worse than not existing at all. Self complacency! Were it a part of our beings, life would seem merely a futile looking back at what might have been like Milton's Satan in "infinite wrath and infinite despair," We refuse to recognize failure, even as a passing acquaintance. Even if a hundred times a day he may force his way into some act of the game we are playing, we ignore the fact he is there. To disdain incompetency is to make way for its rival, efficiency.

In us the very essence of vitality and imagination is concentrated. Every impulse within us is vibrant with all that means Life. There is so much that demands

expression, so much that thrills, calls, dares us to what was never before done, to play the game as history has never before seen it played! That is why we seem ever and forever impelled by a force that with one headlong rush for excitement insatiably cries for the unusual, the spectacular, the supreme. For that, force to be so is only natural, only modern. In watching the great conquered, to determine to conquer the stupendous is wholly American in the broadest sense of the word.

We would rather hitch our aeroplanes to Mars or Venus than wagons to stars--for wagons are slow and unsafe, and stars might fall. We apparently take life as a glittering panorama of the amusing, a gay delirium of the frivolous; yet only too well do we realize the nothingness, the mockery of presupposing that perpetually flying after the dazzling comedy side of an existence can ever make restitution for the wrong of its unfulfilled promise, its failure to compensate in terms of what we demand life must give us. In spite of it all, our love for the everchanging and the modern has its own recompense; it is our source of inspiration for action, our incentive to ideality.

We are told we possess no ideals. Is it any wonder we are silent? What care we who thinks we have none? The less our aim is visible to foreign eyes the more sacred it becomes to our own. No matter what else may be risked on the craigs of fool's hill, our ideals cannot be hazarded. Thus through

the medium of self sufficiency and consciousness of power we see the impossible as if already vanquished, the unattainable as if already ours.

We are the offspring of Romance and Achievement; our birthright is our similitude to those our parents. We are the product of the twentieth century; to us the twentieth century has given the colossal responsibility of protecting her trust, of attaining her ideal. We are conscious of the fact that not only the fate of a mere tomorrow but even the destiny of an indefinitely infinite future past a mere tomorrow is on our hands. And we look upon the Herculean task not with fear, for fear means cowardice; not with indifference, for indifference means submission to the commonplace; but with loyalty to our standard of aggressiveness in the contest to place what the earth calls impossible underneath our feet. Accordingly, in us the twentieth century shall find power and preparedness to answer her challenge.

Yet leagues beyond the heights for us to win marked by the eyes of today is the goal we ourselves have fixed. For our horizon is not the visible skyline of what others think we can do, it is as boundless as the soul of Omnipotence. When our dawn of dawns shall break with Realization and Fulfillment as its heralds, Earth shall understand our reason why and Time's voice echoing to Eternity shall proclaim it is true.★

# Houghton's Hidden History

## The Forgotten Grave of Copperhead

CHRIS CILENTO  
"COPPERHEAD  
The Last One of  
The Seneca Tribe of Indian  
That Lived in the Town of  
Caneadea, NY  
Was Buried Here  
His Wife died some Years  
Before His Death  
He Died March 23, 1864  
He said He was 120 Years Old"



Photos courtesy of Allegany County Historical Society

So reads the patinated copper plaque on the large boulder that rests at the corner of Willard Ave and Genesee St. It is here that the last of the Genesee Valley Seneca was finally laid to rest after the stream near which he was originally buried near threatened to wash his remains away.

When the government removed the Seneca tribe from the Genesee valley, Copperhead was given permission to remain behind to live out the rest of his days near his childhood home. He was well known and well loved by the people that settled the valley, and the Houghton

College archives are rife with tales of those who knew him. One can well imagine him as he sat by the fire in front of his hut, smoking his pipe and telling stories to schoolchildren about the prowess of the old sachems of the Senecas.

When he died, in 1864, he was buried in front of his hut, just a few hundred feet down the hill from where Gillette Hall currently stands. No trace of his quarters remains but the stream by which he lived; most of us know it as Houghton Creek. One can still walk to

the area in which his hut used to stand.

In the years prior to 1914, it was noticed that the creek was threatening to expose Copperhead's grave. Students of Houghton Seminary came together to raise funds to exhume his body and rebury him where he would be able to rest in peace. Finally, in June of 1914, two Seminary boys disinterred his body and placed it into a metal casket. A suitable spot was found and a grave dug. Let us look back to Wednesday, June 10, 1914 to the ceremony:

As the afternoon is dissolving into the deepening twilight, we find a group of Houghton residents and seminary students gathering on the college campus. They have met to rebury Copperhead's bones under the sky painted with the same splendor loved by Copperhead. Draw closer so that we may hear what the spokesman of the group is saying. "Copperhead, the last of the Seneca, has been brought to a new resting place where no unkind stream will uncover his grave. The last part of his life he spent tell-

ing stories in return for his meals as the white man had confiscated Copperhead's own property. May nature, which rudely interrupted his previous resting place, receive her native son kindly."

- (Houghton Star Wednesday, December 14, 1938)  
A large boulder, borne down from the north by glaciers melted millennia ago, now marks his grave; a reminder of his life, and a solemn reminder of the atrocities committed by the settlers against our indigenous peoples. This author urges his readers to go visit this monument that most of us take for granted as just part of the campus. This tiny corner of our college is sacred ground. While you're there reflect on history a bit. While this man may have been loved by the local community, his family, and everyone he knew, he was forced out of the valley to make way for settlers.★



# Students Participate in MLK Day Creative Writing Contest

As a part of this year’s MLK Legacy Celebration, the Writing Center held their second MLK Day Creative Writing Contest. Houghton Students submitted their poetry to be judged by Dr. Dashnau, Dr. Zoller, and Dr. Hilsher. Abigail Reeth won first prize with her poem “Holy Hush,” Gena Hartman had two poems that tied from second place, “at this late stage” and “green cemeteries” (not printed below), and Grace McBride won third place with her poem “Dear Media.” Each read their poem(s) at the Open Mic, which the Writing Center hosted as a part of the MLK Day Block Party in the Van Dyk Lounge Monday night. The Writing Center also set up a station where students could try their hand at black-out, or erasure, poetry. Additionally the Writing Center was pleased to receive submissions from the Houghton Academy Middle School as well, which were judged separately by Dr. Dashnau and several Writing Center consultants, Melissa Hodde, Anna Schilke, and Kristen Savastano. The winners of the middle school contest were Levi Martino with “Harriet Tubman,” Sam Winkens with “Araminta,” and Caleb Hilsher with “Anne Frank.” Grace Jordan and Betsy Wright received honorable mentions for their works. The poems from the Houghton College contest are printed below. ★

“Holy Hush” - by Abigail Reeth

Why do I decide,  
hush is holy?

Seated by my mother on wooden pews,  
like a well-bred pup on a short leash,  
I listen to a robed choir proclaim angelically  
the greatest exception to human nature:  
a newborn *away in a manger*  
yet—true miracle!—*no crying he makes*.

So now I know,  
hush is holy.

Scanning rows of musty dust-jackets  
in a house of words—words seen, not heard,  
where heroes’ memories can live forever,  
like I’m told they live in that moment of silence  
which honors souls on Death’s terms  
with a stillness like the grave.

And then I recall,  
hush is holy.

But what of that Birmingham prisoner,  
and *the appalling silence of the good people*  
like me in the *security of stained-glass windows*?  
What of the dreamer’s call to *white moderate* me?  
My freedom of silence dripping like streets  
in the blood of should-be heroes.

Still I whisper,  
hush is holy.

And block my ears ’til my hush covers sounds:  
vigils in Charleston,  
water in Flint,  
gasps from Garner,  
bullets for Rice,  
for Martin,  
Brown,  
Castile.

’Til I wonder, maybe,  
not every hush is holy.

“Dear Media” - by Grace McBride

from the first time i stepped into my mother’s heels  
to the moment when i noticed the faint curve of my hips

you have sweetly convinced me to believe everything that isn’t real

You have told me that i am

useless  
unless  
undressed

nothing but a bragging right  
Just a body without a brain  
A vessel without a heart

Somewhere down the road I lost sight  
I became addicted to your lies  
Clinging to your exalted disguise and in turn  
Creating my own

Dear media,

You drag us down but we lift you up!  
We conform to your desires,  
We ache for your poison

But

Enough is enough

You say that it was her fault  
She asked for it  
She led him on

Yes means yes  
My clothing is not my consent

Girls everywhere, please learn

“at this late stage” - by Gena Hartman

at this late stage of  
our lives, it matters  
less who -

and matters more  
how we choose  
to act now.

our past generations  
have failed, have  
broken something  
inside us.

now we must  
succeed, we must  
discover what it truly  
means to

show each other  
grace: a double act of  
giving and receiving.

we must turn from blame  
towards the love we  
know is right.



KAYLA SIMMONS ‘20





# Ortlip Gallery Displays Faculty Art

ABIGAIL REETH

Opening January 11th and continuing until February 8th, the Ortlip Gallery is hosting the Art and Visual Communication Faculty Exhibition. This show features the recent work of Houghton’s five art department professors: John Rhett, Ted Murphy, Ryann Cooley, Aaron Harrison, and Alicia Taylor. Through this impressive exhibit, the professors demonstrate their artistic abilities which extend beyond classroom instruction. Showcasing a diverse body of work, the gallery display celebrates the various styles and interests of the art faculty. While Rhett’s ink paintings honor his long standing fascination with Asian art, Murphy’s watercolors and pastels “get color working in areas where people normally wouldn’t see color.” As Harrison investigates

“minimal form and a command of materials” through sculpture and ceramics, Taylor explores the possibilities of fiber and prints, and Cooley’s photographs of Greece and Italy transplant time and place “to encourage that moment of pause and reflect.” As the chair of the art department, Rhett observes that the diversity of work in the show “helps [the art faculty] to maintain a collective consciousness. It allows us to see and dialogue with one another in a more formal, finished setting as opposed to the more casual encounters that happen . . . day to day.” Likewise, Cooley recognizes the exhibit’s value in providing a venue for the professors’ artwork: “We’re makers. That making keeps us sharp, and it also keeps us focused.” Beyond supporting the art faculty’s interaction with their own work, Rhett explains that “it’s important that the rest of the campus understand what we do. It’s also important for

the students to see practicing artists. You have to maintain your credibility.” Similarly, Murphy states, “We’re professional artists, so it would be foolish for us to talk about making work and never make it ourselves.” Furthermore, Murphy notes that the exhibit “shows the students what ideas we’re exploring that are new.” However, finding the time to make work and explore new ideas while also teaching college courses is a challenge faced by all five art professors. Each of the artists has developed personal strategies for striking a balance in their work, so while Harrison can sometimes be found in his studio at 4:00 a.m. or midnight, Murphy frequently pulls out his paints during faculty meetings. Regardless of their individual approaches, all of the art professors are more than capable of maintaining the quality of both their academic and creative practices, as proved by their current gallery

exhibition. On the other hand, teaching and producing art can be complementary activities. Harrison explains that “teaching has revived in me the desire to explore again that first inspired me to make art. The excitement of students learning new skills and solving complex problems with their own art encourages me to continue to create.” Similarly, Rhett acknowledges, “I’ve learned a tremendous amount from teaching [art]” since this occupation requires an instructor “to investigate and communicate what it means to be creative, to be a human being, to be a part of your culture, to take ideas seriously.” Echoing this perspective, Cooley adds, “You always learn more from teaching than you do from sitting in a class. It’s slowed me down to reflect more on my intentions for making things, rather than just working intuitively.” While teaching experiences inform and help stimu-

late the professors’ artistic practices, the art department faculty are ultimately artists at the core and do not rely solely on students or shows to inspire their artwork. Cooley describes his motivation to produce art as “this inner beast that says ‘do it.’ I’m not content unless I’m making something. This is what God created me to do. If I’m not doing it, I don’t feel like I’m connecting like I should with how God made me.” This innate creativity paired with years of experience and scholarship is evident in the masterful collection now on display in the Ortlip Gallery. Recognizing the high quality of the Art and Visual Communication Faculty Exhibition, Murphy expresses, “I really appreciate my colleagues’ works. It’s very professional, very impressive work. I’m very honored to be among them.” ★

# Review // On the Basis of Sex

KYLA NIES

If you think the ratio of women to men at Houghton is bad, try being one of nine women in a class of over 500. Such is the case in the opening scene of *On The Basis of Sex* (directed by Mimi Leder), which depicts a young Ruth Bader Ginsburg wading through a crowd of men into her first classes at Harvard University Law School. Today, the ratio of men to women among Ginsberg’s peers has improved, as she stands as one of three women on a bench of

nine supreme court judges. For those you not familiar with the one of the most definitive political and social figures of the last 50 years, here’s your chance to redeem yourself in a short 120 minutes. *On The Basis of Sex* depicts Ruth Bader Ginsburg’s (RBG for short) lifelong battle for the equal treatment of women according to the law. As aforementioned, the movie opens with RBG walking into Harvard with her signature look of determination plastered across her young face. Right off the bat she is faced with the tremendously uncreative questions men still ask women today about “who you

are, and why you’re occupying a place that could have gone to a man”. To these absurd queries RBG sarcastically retorts, “To learn more about [my husbands] work, so I can be a more patient and understanding wife” and then proceeds to outperform every “Harvard Man” and graduate top of her class. Post graduation, RBG can’t get a job, which is absolutely the most relatable part of the movie. Eventually, she gets a job teaching law at Rutgers University, instead of being a lawyer. Ten years later, she is still teaching, has two kids and a husband, Martin Ginsberg who throughout the

movies proves that it is possible for a man to be completely supportive of his wife, take care of children and maintain a successful career at the same time (boys, take notes). In the mid 60s, Ginsburg begins to sense the culture change coming over the nation and starts to explore the legal position of women. Turns out there were 178 laws that differentiated on the basis of sex and barred women from things like credit cards in their own name or working overtime. Despite this, the court refused to see a problem; that is until one of those laws affects an unmarried man carrying for his elderly mother, who is barred from tax benefits because the law assumes caregivers will be females. The movie culminates in a legal throwdown between three male judges and the power couple we all wish we were. Martin Ginsburg, makes a strong opening argument before passing the mic to RBG. According to the underdog movie trope, cinematic RBG fumbles her opening arguments, although real-life RBG corrected film watchers saying: “I never stumbled”. Following the Ginsberg’s opening arguments, the opposing lawyer gets up and makes an argument in defense of gendered laws, saying that changing one of these laws threatens the very fabric of American society. RBG takes the stand once more and delivers one of the most important speeches in legal history. To hear the full thing you will have to go and see the movie

for yourself but here’s a sneak preview: Judge: The word woman does not appear even once in the US constitution. RGB: Nor does the word freedom, Your Honor. Powerful words from a powerful woman. This is exactly the kind of movie we need in a political climate such as this; one that empowers both women and men and asserts the value of women’s voices in all spheres. It is also an incredibly appropriate movie for Houghton students, as this week’s faith and justice symposium is titled “She is Equal”. That is not to say that the movie was perfect. The movie only focuses on one of RBG’s cases and though it is the case that launched the movement for women’s legal equality, that was not the only important case in RBG life. Viewers learn very little about RBG’s entire career between the closing of the *Reed v. Reed* and her appointment to the Supreme Court which is a shame considering her role in other important cases. Ultimately, “*On The Basis of Sex*” provides for viewers a basic but important story about excellence and perseverance that both men and women today need to hear. It also pays tribute to a woman who truly deserves it, the “notorious” Ruth Bader Ginsburg. This movie is playing in select theaters, but it is well worth the trip to Buffalo or Rochester. ★



PHOTO COURTESY OF IMDB.COM



# A Call For Involvement



MICHAEL SIEVERS

JARED HOBSON

Is there really nothing to do at Houghton College?

If you haven't expressed this complaint before, you probably heard someone say it at some point. But this claim is honestly not at all accurate, and there's usually some sort of event or activity to attend on any given day. So, why do we still hear grumbings?

Naturally, the knee-jerk response to this conversation is the location of Houghton's campus. And that's a fair

argument — the nearest WalMart is almost forty minutes away. But the benefits outweigh the negatives of campus geography. For one thing, we get the opportunity to enjoy nature more than students in a more urban environment. Rather recently, I discovered that I really enjoy camping and hiking. On Houghton's campus we have acres of woods and trails accessible. I think it's also worth noting that we don't have a ton of light pollution around here, so we can really

proven that the outdoors can drastically improve our overall health! An article published by the University of Minnesota explains that spending time in nature reduces stress as well as feelings of anger or fear. Moreover, being outside has proven to increase overall health. With all the woods we have accessible, it would be wise of us to spend a little more time outdoors!

Now, I understand that lately we've been dealing with some frigid temperatures and not everyone might be so

musical performances, special speakers and clubs, plenty of different athletic games, and all of the activities put on by Residence Life, SGA and CAB. I believe it would be in everyone's best interest to make a point of going to as many events as they can, at least once.

The point is that there are people on campus putting a lot of hard work and hours into planning and organizing events for the student body. But they are caught in a cycle that happens when nobody goes to activities. It becomes harder and harder to put together quality programs because it feels like nobody cares. And, let's be honest: If no one cares, then what's the point? But if plans are cancelled, people inevitably get upset over the cancellation. Do you see the issue here? People want fun things to do, yet don't commit to attending and the event gets killed, but then people keep asking for fun things to do. And so on. And so forth.

It boils down to this:

it's so much easier to sit in our rooms and watch Netflix or play video games. We live in an awesome era where all we have to do is sit on our couches and entertainment is provided by only a few taps and swipes. While I don't discount how great this is, the ease has blinded us to the need for spending quality time with one another. We need to start prioritizing fellowship again, we need to make an effort to set down the laptops and controllers and get outside. It's not going to be easy or comfortable to set aside what we know will give us immediate satisfaction, but in the long run it will be worth it — I promise!

So, is there really nothing to do at Houghton College? Definitely not the case. There's so much to do, but it all starts with stepping outside our rooms. ★

*Jared is a Junior majoring in Communications.*

“It boils down to this: it's so much easier to sit in our rooms... the ease has blinded us to the need for spending quality time with one another...”

see the stars at night. I'm admittedly a sucker for some good stargazing. And we should be taking advantage of this nature escape, because it's

keen to get outside — and that's perfectly fine! There are so many events happening everywhere you look: recitals and

# In Defense of Mess



ANNA SCHILKE

ALLY STEVICK

When I was a kid, my mother used to make lists of things for me to accomplish. “Practice piano,” a list might say, “finish math problem set, 30 minutes Spanish, clean room.” There were a lot of these useful lists over the years, and almost all of them included some form of “clean room.” I've always had a natural ability to go through any area like a tornado, and I used to feel bad about my messiness. Not because I minded living with mess, but because society frowns on messy rooms. Anyone you ask, whether they are personally messy or not,

will probably agree that cleanliness has a seat at the table of virtues. Often messy people will agree that a clean room is better, but still not feel called to clean up their own mess. This discrepancy might seem odd, until we consider the purposes of having a clean room.

I consider the purposes of being clean to be the following: health and fitness for living, convenience of finding things, to make a welcoming environment for guests, and a personal sense of wellbeing.

I fully endorse the first three as good and necessary reasons to clean. But a sense of personal wellbeing, the final reason, I argue is not universally derived from having a well ordered room. Thus, so long as the first three needs are met, a person may keep their room as messy or clean as

“I consider the purposes of being clean to be the following: health and fitness for living, convenience of finding things, to make a welcoming environment for guests, and a personal sense of wellbeing...”

makes them feel happy and productive.

What each person views as a comfortable amount of mess naturally varies greatly. I know that many of my dear friends would be miserable living in the amount of mess that I thrive in. Some people find that a clean room is necessary for their productivity. In fact, culturally we associate cleanliness with productivity. That is a valid correlation that many people experience, but I happen to not be one of them. If left

to my own devices, I will happily cover my floor with a mixture of books and papers, unfinished projects of every sort, martial arts paraphernalia, Nerf guns, and of course a vast assortment of my clothes and shoes. Difficult as it may be to believe, I am not at all bothered by this alphabet soup of my personal possessions. Nor do I feel distracted from my work if my room is unkept, the way many people do. Every person requires a their own specific level of cleanliness to be happy and productive, and that level is theirs to find and cultivate for their own wellbeing and success.

I am thrilled for people who prefer clean rooms to have that pleasure, but I am advocating that we see it for what it is: a preference. I find that I can still be

extremely productive even though, while writing this, I have several sets of clothes, my linear algebra notebook and a copy of Middlemarch spread across my room. In fact, I appreciate the freedom to work away on something without having to stop and pick up after myself. If I think that my mess is going to be inconvenient or unpleasant for someone else, be it my roommate, my guests, or someone who comes in to maintenance my room over break, then of course I will clean it. And if something crosses the line to actually being dirty, I will clean that too, like the pile of dirt and leaf pieces left over from a repotting expedition that I wiped off my desk this morning. But outside of those parameters I will freely choose whatever level of mess works best for me. And I am happy for every other person to find to do likewise, wherever they may be on the continuum from blissfully clean, to blissfully messy. ★

*Ally is a Sophomore majoring in Math and English.*

“I am thrilled for people who prefer clean rooms, but I am advocating that we see it for what it is: a preference...”



# You're Doing Amazing, Sweetie



TYGER DOELL

"I love you buddy" is a phrase you're sure to hear me repeat at least once a day, if not more. It's the kind of thing that we hear a lot at Houghton, but I'm not sure we hear it quite enough in our culture. For some reason, we have this tendency to avoid sharing our feelings towards our friends, family, or coworkers. It could be our Puritanical origins, which often view outward expressions of affection as negative, or our tendency to think that social media fulfills all of our social obligations.

Although I've become known among friends for this kind of exuberant support, don't get it twisted; I'm in the same boat. For years, I grew up thinking that "I love

you" was something you only said to your parents and your spouse. Sure, I learned the importance of dedicating time and energy to those you care about, but it was foreign to openly tell your friend or coworker that you appreciate them.

In college, I've had friends who were sure to tell me how much they appreciated me, but I never took the time to let it sink in. I got encouraging notes from people and then threw them away; when people spent time with me, I would be frustrated that they weren't spending more time with me. In essence, I was never satisfied with the love people gave me and I only wanted more.

With these habits, it was easy for me to get into a negative frame of mind. If I wasn't with someone else in that exact moment, my mind jumped to "nobody loves me." Even when I was with friends, I found myself wondering if the people around me really did want to hang out with me, and wondered how long it would take before they got

**"Next time you're starting to feel lonely or unloved, instead of turning to Instagram or angsty music, try reaching out to someone you love..."**

bored of me. I was a mess.

While all of this was going on, one of my friends contacted the others and set out on a mission. He had them write me letters of encouragement, and compiled these into a book which he presented to me. In my mental state at the time, I hurriedly thumbed through the letters, soaked up the positivity, then stuffed the book under a pile on my desk and forgot about it. My quest for the approval of others was relentless, and I refused to stop and take in the immensity of what my friends had just done for me.

It took a year of counseling and intense self-exploration before I finally stumbled upon the book again one lonely day this past summer. This time, I stopped to read each letter

in full, thinking about what these people actually meant to me. There were happy memories from friends I had pushed aside, words of encouragement from friendships I'd doubted, and pleas to keep in touch from people I had ignored for a while. I had allowed my desire to find constant fulfillment in others consume me so much, I'd failed to see the love they were giving me in the moment, sometimes to the detriment of my friendships.

Recently, I've made it a habit to use this book to find fulfillment in a different way. I realized if it wasn't for all of these people, I wouldn't have made it this far in my life. If they hadn't taken the time to encourage me and to write me letters, it would've been a lot harder to escape my self-doubt. So I have a new habit: each day, I choose one of the letters and reach out to that person, letting them know I'm thinking about them and how much I appreciate their presence in my life.

But you don't need a book of letters to do this.

With the rise of social media, shooting someone a quick text, or setting up a time to get coffee is easier than ever. Even just seeing someone in passing and mentioning how much you appreciate their presence in your life can make a big difference. I realize this can be a difficult thing to do, but I would argue it's worth it. Reaching out to others not only makes them feel good, but it makes you feel good as well. It reminds you to look for the ways in which others show their care about you, and reminds you of the ways in which your actions really do leave an impact.

Next time you're starting to feel lonely or unloved, instead of turning to Instagram or angsty music, try reaching out to someone you love. Drop a letter in their mailbox, send them a Facebook message, or find them in the Dining Hall to say hello. Tell them what you like about them, and I guarantee you'll notice the difference: you'll walk both away with a smile on your faces. ★

*Tyger is a Senior majoring in Education and English*

**"For years I grew up thinking 'I love you' was something only said to your parents and your spouse..."**

The mission of the Houghton Star is to preserve and promote the values of dialogue, transparency and integrity that have characterized Houghton College since its inception. This will be done by serving as a medium for the expression of student thought and as a quality publication of significant campus news, Houghton area news, and events.



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# Artist of the Week

## Chenoa Cox

// junior communications major and art minor



everlasting pea, chicory, red clover , digital art

“I tend to lean towards creating digital art pieces and so many of my works have had a slant towards digital imaging, photography, and graphic design. I’ve always loved making crafts and I chose to pick up the art minor in order to grow my physical approach to art. This led to experimenting with watercolor and most recently an interest in hand embroidery. Besides the constant stabbing myself with a needle, I have come to really enjoy the meditative process that comes with it.”



Narnia, digital art



mushroom, photography



string of pearls, hand embroidery



flowers, watercolor