

Cultists Burn Incense to unknown gods in the Labs.

Cults abound on campus

Alarmed by student indifference to Christian activities, many are seeking solutions to stem the tide of religious apathy. Yet while they search, an ominous cult is growing and strengthening on campus under their very probosci. Beware Christians, for this sect is already powerful and influential! They are the Biologists, and they believe in Biology.

Central to Biology is the doctrine of Grade Consciousness (distantly related to Krishna consciousness). Biologists believe that by practicing Grade Consciousness and following the Laws of Nature one may have the hope of entering into Medical School upon leaving this temporal place. If a Biologist does not maintain these strict requirements, he will pass into one of the lower levels of the scientific echelon such as Graduate School, Nursing School, or Technical School. Only the worst offenders are doomed to everlasting punishment as Biology Teachers.

Despite the rules against secret societies, the Biologists hold meetings regularly. Newcomers to the faith are indoctrinated in Sunday school-type classes called General Biology Discussion Groups. Under the guise of Senior Seminar, Biologists who are well-grounded in the Laws of Nature meet to discuss methods of spreading the Principles of Biology to those at home. These same believers gather for communion (Chips Ahoy and hot chocolate) each Thursday at 4 p.m. Ritualistic sacrifices are also held, with fetal pigs, cats, sharks, and frogs being offered up.

Biology is not the only cult in our community. Chemistry, Physics, and the most recent sect, Psychology are to be included.

The Chemists take issue with the Biologists on one major point. They believe that Graduate School is just as desirable an end as Medical School, and each Chemist is free to choose his own path (on the road of life) without fear of discrimination. Those who desire Medical School practice Grade

Consciousness just as the Biologists. The most noble calling in this life, the Chemists believe, is to Burn Incense. Chemists spend their days in labs devising new ways to Burn Incense, synthesizing new Incense, and talking about Incense (distantly related to Nonsense). Chemists must also carry mugs filled with Holy Coffee, the greatest Incense, wherever they go. No one knows why.

The Physicists are a small, extremist group. In order to be a good Physicist, one must always Measure Things and Lock Doors. Physicists do not believe in using modern techniques, but instead rely on Outdated Equipment when they Measure Things. They must always Lock Doors in order to safeguard the Outdated Equipment which everyone is trying to steal. Most Physicists are destined to become Engineers and Locksmiths.

Since Psychology is still in its infant stages, no clear doctrine has developed. It is believed, however, that the Psychologists will try to determine the real reasons why Biologists are Grade Conscious, Chemists carry Holy Coffee, and Physicists always Lock Doors. The Psychologists do have a motto: "Schizophrenia is better than being alone."

Dear reader, be on your guard lest one of these cults ensnare you with its wiles. Deep within, each of us has the instinctive desire to be Grade Conscious, to Burn Incense, and to Measure Things. Do not yield to the temptation to join their ranks. And do not blaspheme as the Biologists do, who are taught to say when they pray,

Our Father,
Who art a Biologist,
Hallowed be Thy Genus...

Exclusive!

Inside Intramurals

by Hawk the Hack

The Intramural program plays an important role in Houghton's continual effort to produce the perfect student. Houghton is proud of its growing reputation of academic excellence in the world of academia, and they are just as proud of the Intramural program offered here. The masters of the puzzle palace took great care in financing and devising a program that is diverse enough to include most every student in an athletic contest at the Intramural level that is both suitable to the students' style of life and shape of body. The program offers soccer, football, indoor soccer, volleyball, water polo, racketball, swimming and, reportedly, chess. Houghton students who take advantage of this program enter a phase of their college life that they will never forget. They become the Intramural Athlete.

THE INTRAMURAL ATHLETE

What specifically is the Intramural Athlete? He or she is a relatively normal student or studentette who, upon signing his or her name on an official Intramural roster is eligible to participate in her or his (notice the inverted word order, all you feminists, especially Ann Morris) chosen sport.

These students are amiable in most every area of their lives, but once inside the gymnasium, their personalities are transformed into the Intramural Mindset. This curious phenomenon manifests itself once the sneaker laces are tied, and the athlete is about to begin the game.

THE INTRAMURAL MINDSET

Once the game begins, the Intramural Athlete plays to win. Intramural games are not just for exercise; they are to be played seriously, with intensity and as much skill as the Intramural Athlete can muster. To characterize the style of play that In-

shouldn't be continued, but is



Luckey in its present natural river stone state.

Houghton goes Art Deco

by Graham Greene He Shore Ain't

Houghton College's recently created branch to External Affairs, the Bucking for Federal Funding Subcommittee, has decided to transform Houghton's natural river stone campus into a show-place for Art Deco.

The art department made the initial report. Their proposal, according to Professor James Mellick, was quite informal. In fact, it was fairly unpremeditated. "Funny thing," mused Mellick, scratching his head in wonder, "but we'd hardly mentioned the idea in the snackbar one day when a member of the Subcommittee caught wind of it. Before we knew it, the committee had passed the motion."

The plans call first for the removal of the natural river stone from all college buildings having such exteriors. Next, the buildings will be whitewashed. Cement moldings and plywood panels will be put up next and painted in pastel colors such as aqua, pink, parrot green and mauve. Line designs reminiscent of Hemingway's

Lost Generation will decorate the walls as well.

"We want Houghton College to rival the historic Art Deco Hotel District of Miami Beach," said an exuberant member of the Bucking for Federal Funding Subcommittee. "We can then apply for a Historic Counterfeits Grant."

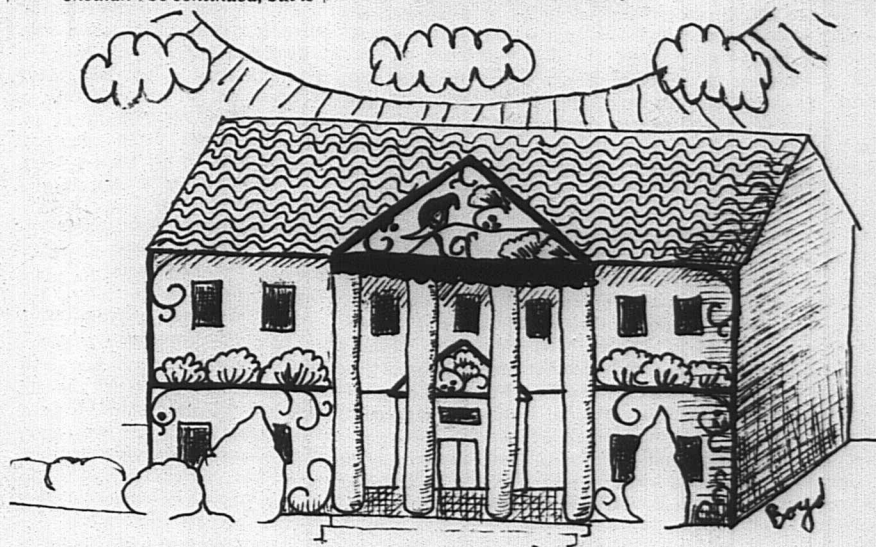
Historic Counterfeits Grants are one of the few grants that are unexplainedly escaping Stockman's scythe in the Administration's proposed cutbacks.

But the prized grant for an undisclosed amount may have to wait while a controversy over building signs ensues.

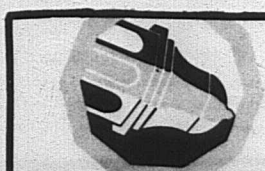
"The Subcommittee is split pretty evenly between the 'large metal Parisian lettering' camp and the 'neon' camp," says Mellick. In fact, he says, one member is adamantly holding out for "blinking signs." The rest of the neon faction has opted for steady light signs.

But what will happen to the thousands of natural river stones attached to Luckey, Willard J.,

continued somewhere



Artist's conception of the new Art Deco Luckey.



Volume 1, Number 2

The Fallen Star

April 1, 1981

Introducing the Morale Majority

Editor's Note: This week I am donating my space in the name of American morale. The Morale Majority is different, interesting and unique—qualities which I hope all of us are emulating.

Graham Greene He Shore Ain't

Who are we?

We are a group of concerned citizens—cardiac specialists, corporate lawyers, orthodontists and everyday people like you. We are distressed nigh to frenzy over America's dearth of morale. Go into any Bloomingdale's or Marshall Field these days and what do you find? No morale. The IZOD Lacoste alligators aren't smiling. Go into any Hickory Farms store these days, and what do you find? No morale. Nobody even wants to try the free beef stick. Go into any Lincoln Continental dealer from Tacoma to Topeka to Tallahassee and what do you find? No morale. People are driving Subarus these days. Things are Bad. Something Must Be Done.

America's appalling decline of morale is evidenced in the words of Dr. Dan Five, self-taught brain surgeon and Chairman of the Northeastern Chapter of Morale Majority:

I was in a meeting of great comedians and entertainers and inspirational writers from all over the nation, and they had boredom written all over their faces. I saw Jerry Lewis and Barbara Streisand and Woody Allen and Helen Steiner Rice, and they all had boredom written all over their faces. And one of them said to me, "Dr. Five, America only has two months left before it becomes the dullest hole in this hemisphere. It's you, the brain surgeons and periodontists and all the little people, too, who must go out and lift up America's spirits. Dr. Five, America's problem is morale, and you're our only hope." I went out of that room preparing to get depressed. I sent my wife and children to the Ground Round, and I began traveling the highways and byways of this great land of ours to dam the floodwaters that are rising over America's morale.

Morale Majority believes that the greater part of the American people have good morale. And we believe that, by being vigilant, by raising money and making speeches and printing lots and lots of pamphlets—but above all, through good, solid yankee-doodle dandiness—we can get this great nation of ours through a time of psychological drought.

What do we stand for?

People often ask us how we are going to solve this great problem of American Morale. We reply that obviously we can only solve these difficulties by taking a firm stand and not budging one iota. Our stand is pretty common-sensical, as any sane person would readily admit, but in case your morale is so low that you can't even figure out our hidden agenda, here goes:

- *We are pro-laugh.
- *We are pro-good times.
- *We are pro-you.
- *We are pro-golf.
- *We are pro-you (oh, we said that already. Sorry.)

Common sense never needs explanation, so we won't bother with any intellectual gobbledygook to try to "give reasons" for any of this. This is our stand. Take it or leave it.

What are we not?

Morale Majority isn't trying to condemn anyone or change anyone's mind. We believe that everyone has the right to be as discouragingly morose as he wants. After all, our country is a pluralistic society. And we are simply exercising our right in a democratic, pluralistic society to our opinion that says that we have the only answer to America's lack of morale.

We are not a lobbying or pressure group trying to take over the government. We do not endorse candidates. But we also maintain our God-given, first amendment right to disseminate the truth about candidates and political parties. If we tell you that your Congressman or Senator has a lousy voting record in pro-morale issues, we are only giving you information. You are the free-thinking individual. Got that? You are the free-thinking individual. Sure you got that now? You are the free-thinking individual. Neither our organization nor some godless-liberal-secular-humanist-anarchic political information agency like *The New York Times*, *PMLA*, *Christian Century*, *Jack and Jill*, *The New England Journal of Medicine*, *National Wildlife*, *The Wittenburg Door*, *Carolina Golfer*, *Scientific American*, *Guideposts*, *North American Voice of Fatima*, *The New York Antique Almanac*, *Russian Literature Triquarterly*, *Mother Jones*, *DePauw University Alumnus Magazine*, *Lutheran Women*, *The Harvard Lampoon*, *Penthouse*, *United Airlines Mainliner*, *Poolife*, *National Geographic*, *Forbes*, *Modern Bride*, *The American Spectator*, *St. Anthony Messenger*, *Village Voice*, *God's News Behind the News*, *Horticulture*, *Karate Illustrated*, *Unmuzzled Ox*, *Newsweek*, *Yankee Trader*, *Rockhound* and *The New Yorker* can sway you. You know what's good for you. You. You know what's good for you.

How can you join us?

Of course we don't have to explain our position to you. You are already America's Morale Majority. So speak up for America by attending your local chapter this very instant! You may not be an anesthesiologist, but what difference does that make?

To contact a Morale Majority Chapter in Western New York, look within your own fun-loving soul or write to

G. Hammond Hayes, J.D.
Suite 1106
Drawer 1106
Salamanca, NY 14779

All the "p" sins

Dear Graham,
Amen to Mr. Trail's prophetic warning of all the vices that beset the unwary here at Houghton. In Christian love I join with him and Stephan in helping to enumerate ways that you could sin if you are not careful. No doubt many of your readers have been amassing huge numbers of wrongdoing possibilities already. But in case some have not yet reached the letter P (a most favored letter, since it is the first letter of Pontius Pilate, Pharaoh, [St.] Peter, and of course, Paul Miller), consider the following:

proliferating perspiration
painful parboiling
paranoic priggishness
perverse petting
peevish penalizing
pedantic poppycock
portentuous palaver
pornographic posing
pharisaical piffing
picayune profanity
piddling preparation
poop deck piracy
pinching posteriors
parsimonious praising
permissive peeling
pretentious preening
polygamous philandering
peerless plagiarizing
pitiless pecking
pompous praying
pernicious persecution
prodigious passion
primitive ploys
parading promiscuity
plotting power plays
prolific punching
purchasing plenty possessions
pushing putrid pears
presumptuous preaching
parrotting perfect pettifoggery
paralyzing passivists
preemptory peeking
and many many more!

Be vigilant!
Brian Sayers

More dumb letters

Not much luck for the Canuck, eh?

Dear Yank—I mean Graham:

I hardly know where to begin this letter—there are just so many things I find distressing here, eh? Most of this is due to the underlying prejudice found on this campus against Canada and her Canadians.

Let me expound on this. Whenever I have gone to lunch and dinner and had French Fries, there has been no vinegar available for sprinkling on my chips. I can soak them with the pitcher of vinegar but have more than once confused it with the pitcher of oil.

All the "s" sins

Dear Graham:

In an effort to do as Dan Trail suggested in his letter to the Star last week, I would like to volunteer a list of fundamental errors beginning with the letter "S."

First, of course, there is "sin," but since this is entirely too general, let me suggest the following reprehensible activities, processes, and states of being: sabotage, saccharicism, sacerdotalism (take heed, Father Erroneous), sacreligious behavior, sacrosanct pomposity, sadism, salacious conduct, sallow humor, saloons, sappy people, sarcasm (take heed you writers of letters), sarcus thoughts, satanic urges, satiety, saturnalia, satyrism, scabs (of the union-busting sort: this is an "evil" only if one member of the proletariat—and not afflicted with false consciousness at that), scabies, scallywagism, scandalous activities (some of which have already been mentioned).

Let's face it—this is too much for one person. I'll have to pass the touch onto someone else who will pick up where I have left off.

Until then,
Rich Perkins

More important than this (I tremble at the thought) is that living in the United States for nearly three years may have reduced me to the state of a commoner, no longer of the British Commonwealth. (I'm related to Ann Burleyn through the Lovelace side of my family.) Why should this matter you ask? Well, there goes my chance to marry Prince Andrew, eh?

Also, I ask what are the Canadians, anyway eh? We are not considered foreign students, but neither are we American. Are we in a state of limbo (not to be confused with South Dakota)?

After the Canadian Ambassador to Iran (Ken Taylor) successfully rescued several Americans from Iran through his typical Canadian daring and prowess, bars, taverns, restaurants, etc. were offering Canadians free drinks, meals, and more, eh? However, here at Houghton (where the Christian Spirit is to be prevelant), I have not had any free rounds at the Snack Shop, nor has my board plan been cheerfully refunded. This sort of activity occurs in taverns, but not in Houghton, tch, tch.

Besides all of this, I guess things could be worse—I do thank you for being democratic enough for letting me air my views and also for allowing me (?) to attend this school, eh?

Gayle "Canuck" Irwin

All of the "f" sins

Fairest Graham,

It seems a few of our friends have figured that alphabetical lists of failures of the flesh will further the faith, foster forbearance, and forestall fulmination of these faux pas. Fine, I say. Let us not forget those failings, finding F as their initial glyph. They are as follows: fault-finding, failure, falsification, false facades (as well as true (look under your bed for the rest)

The Fallen Star

PIZZA SQUAD

Head Pepperoni
Take-out Orders
Anchovy Referee
Art of the Pizza
Send it Back
Cheese & Mushrooms Only
Pizza Coordinator
Pizza Propaganda
Pizza Candida
Who Ends Up Paying For It?
Pizza Consultant

LAST STAGES OF ARTERIOSCLEROSIS

Milana Spaghetti
Mark Old
Ken Dannyboy

CLICK AND RUN

Morris Ontopotit
Sue Mild

Graham Green He Shore Ain't
Glenn Billiardgame
Ann Minor-Stevenson
Hawk the Hack
Woodshed
Denise Woodshed
Bev Bruker
Steve Wetbar, Dave Epsomaalt
Elizabeth Honky
Fur Trapp
Jim "Black Hills Bandit" Gibson

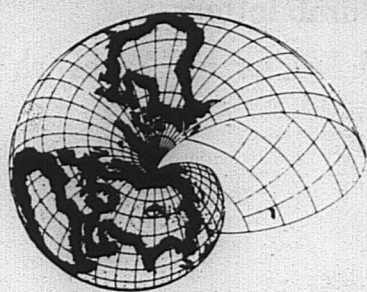
JEWISH MOTHERS

Beth Vitamins
Deb Swagger
Susan Answerman
Pammy J. Crybaby
Debbie VonSkinhead
Karen RealDownerman
Janet Void
M. Ann Moral
Bobbie Kicky
P. Jo Anne Burger

INCHOATE PULITZERS

Jim Pinecone
M. Ann Moral
Pammy J. Crybaby
Dug Roanback
Dick Stemo
Jennifer Trouble
Todd Myhearse
Debbie VonSkinhead
Bob for Apples
Deb Swagger
Zig the Whig
Dee Air Wuz So Fahn
Mugs Mafiano
Linda Apoplectic
Delaware Darling
Paul Milkem-Foralltheyre worth
Karen Leisure
Road Hoppin' E. Mets
Father Erroneous

The *Fallen Star* could care less what you do. Send us letters, send us cards, send us incendiary bombs—whatever. It don't make any difference. You sniveling little runts of a cloistered Protestant academe think we're here to stoop to your beck and call, don't you? Don't say "no," 'cause you do. And you better be nice to our staff, see. We ain't pretty, we ain't proud, but we're pretty loud. That's our *apologia pro vita sua*—what's your excuse?



Worldly Scene

by Ann Moral

Sec'y Haig is not not-cautious

The Kuwaiti Embassy recently invited Secretary of State Haig to its monthly reception in Washington. Haig's response, marked by "careful caution," as he put it, was soon in coming.

"Though I have been accused of exacerbating restraint in definitizing an answer, I just wanted to look the thing through without saddling myself with a statistical fence."

Haig noted that this practice has been "longstanding in time."

"This is not an experience I haven't been through before," Haig concluded.

Nancy does her part

Nancy Reagan has an extremely busy schedule these days. First, she has to fly to New York City to have her hair done. Next, a considerable portion of her time is taken up with finding new designer gowns to wear to state dinners. The largest chunk of her time, however, has been going to a whirlwind tour of social agencies. "You see," Nancy explains, "I have to get in four years' worth of publicity pictures with me holding children and visiting retirement homes, public health clinics and day care centers in a very short time. Funding for most of these programs is running out this summer, and, as part of Ronnie's recovery plan it won't be renewed. I'm just doing my part to help the nation."

Doctors project baby boom

An FDA report yet to be released has come up with startling results in a number of areas. In one study, government researchers recently discovered that cancer is hereditary in white rats. "This could account for the results obtained in previous experiments," exclaimed one excited scientist. "We just don't know where to go from here."

A second study holds frightening implications. Instead of reducing fertility (as previously thought), marijuana has been found to possess a "Promethean ability" to increase fertility. Doctors are already drawing up plans to handle the projected baby boom. The government is also looking into allegations that the increased availability and potency of marijuana is part of a plan by a private colleges to increase enrollment.

Gas problems trouble Buffalo

The National Guard was dispatched to the American/Canadian border in Buffalo and Niagara Falls last week. Their mission was to keep motorists from crossing into Fort Erie to buy cheaper Canadian gas. Naturally, all did not go smoothly. Several cars with Toronto Blue Jays stickers were attacked by angry mobs.

Two hotels in Buffalo were set up as an emergency shelter for hordes of newlyweds who were denied entry to Canada. Concerned citizens have also organized a community action effort to send couples over the American Falls in barrels and then transport them safely across the Niagara River, where they will be escorted to honeymoon haunts by the Mounties.

Local industry is chipping in to help the stranded lovers as well. Gas stations are donating empty oil drums, and Hooker Chemical has offered the group all the barrels it needs.

STORY OF A SPACE

"Hey, whatta we gonna do with this space?" we were all frantically asking at 12:30AM on paste-up night. Well, the Managing Editor, that clever fox, screamed, "We can't just leave it blank!" So we thought and thought while Bruce Springsteen got out of the badlands in the background. We didn't want to do something dumb, like "write your own sports article" or "guess this quote" (like some other newspapers once did—we can't recall who or when) and suddenly—lo and behold! The space had disappeared, never to vex the production staff again.

THE END

All the "n" sins

Dear Graham,

I was noticeably nudged in noting Dan Trail's concern for informing us of his concern concerning the need to cover all the letters of the alphabet to attempt to fully expose the shortcomings of our fair community. I also am aware of the nefarious nature of nonsensically numerating all such occasions of caution, but I do not think it fair Dan and Stephan should cover this assignment alone. So here, for what help it may be, is a small installment on areas to keep a close watch on.

Above all else, if there is a scale of values in such matters, excesses in naology, needless neology, neomenian nuptial nificating, newting, nauseating nattering nabobs of negativism (Thanx Spiro), nutcracking, nocuous name calling, necrophelia, nodding, nagging, nagging, narking, nicknaming, nickelnabbing, nocturnal naughtiness, noisy naysaying, naphtha nipping, narcotic naughtiness, necromancy, neutral noometry, nunning, neurotic nervous nurdishness, nastiness, neglectful netting, nuzzling, and neat nice necking, as well as association of advocates of normalism, nativism, nepotism, Naziism, nanism, nihilism, nasalism, nosism, nominalism, and narcissism should also be negated.

Nearly nocuously,
Ron Taylor

OUT OF YOUR MIND

This week, OUT OF YOUR MIND focuses on local events. The editorial staff of the *Fallen Star* encourage you to get out and see Allegany County.

Short Tract

ALL NIGHTER at the Maple Tree Inn, April 30, 7PM to 7AM. All the pancakes you can eat (\$5 for a minimum of eight hours), free coffee. Guess who made the Sacred Heart of Jesus wall hanging and win a side order of ham or bacon.

Fillmore

REVIVAL OF PUBLIC CINEMA AT Fillmore with a quadruple feature shown at the Wide Awake Club, Genesee Street: "The Ten Commandments," "The Way We Were," "Psycho," and "Steamboat Willy." Admission \$1.

Wiscoy

Beer bottle throw, 4PM, Apr. 14 at Wiscoy Creek. Bring all the Millers that the hoods have been leaving on the Doezeamas' lawn.

Belfast

FORMAL GALA on top of Conrail Trestle, 6PM, Apr. 7. Black tie a must. Hors d'oeuvres begin at 6PM, followed by dinner, remarks and a ceremonial explosion of the towers. Tickets \$8. All proceeds to be donated to the County Historical Association and the Independent Benevolent Brotherhood of Demolition Specialists.

Birdsall

DEERSKINNING AND VENISON SALE, all day Saturday, Apr. 4, somewhere on the road to Nunda.

Houghton

THE SAME OLD THING.

Too pooped for Prep

by Paul Milkem-Foralltheyre worth

The note in my mailbox was short and to the point. It said, "You are cordially invited to this year's first meeting of the Preppy Club. Please wear proper attire and no socks."

Fear and wonderment struck me simultaneously. Preppy Club? Who in his right mind would invite me to a Preppy Club meeting? I mean, not that I have anything against Preppies (in fact, some of my best friends are Preppies) but I'm not a Preppy by a long shot, and I probably never could become one—even if I tried.

Fortunately for me, however, the meeting was not till next week. This gave me quite a lot of time to learn all I could about Preppies. I set about my task with Moral Majority-like fervor.

The first thing I did was find the Preppiest-looking girl on campus and ask her to a movie. She wasn't hard to find. Actually, she was quite large and fat and stuck out in any crowd. She was shaped sort of like a barrel, but she had toothpicks for legs. Very Preppy.

I picked her up on Friday evening. She was wearing the usual Preppy clothes—L.L. Bean Maine guide boots, beige Dickies, blue Lacoste shirt, and a cigar.

"What's the cigar for?" I asked quite innocently.

"N.T.C.-Y.B.G.!" she retorted.

"Huh?"

"Not Too Cool-You Big Galoot!" she said. "All Preppies smoke cigars, dummy."

I made a mental note of this. The movie was boring and the large girl fell asleep and began to

snore halfway through it. After it was over, we went shopping at Brooks Bros. and Talbots, and then I tried on my new Top-siders while she ate a large pizza. (All Preppies shop at Brooks Bros. and Talbots and eat pizza.)

Girl number two was short and giggly. Actually, she was rather squat. She looked at me disdainfully as she hopped into the car, and then she turned up her nose and looked out the window.

"T.T.F.W." she said.

"Huh?"

"Too Tacky For Words."

I guessed that she was referring to my clothes.

This girl turned out to be rather nice, though. We went shopping again—this time at Paul Stuart's, and she helped me pick out 15 Lacoste shirts, 3 touring caps, and 6 turtle-necks with little red, white, and blue hearts and mushrooms on them. I was beginning to feel Preppy.

Girl number three was a tall, skinny, big-boned thing that looked very out of place in her Weejuns and Diane von Furstenburg wrap-around dress. We went shopping again and I came away with a pair of Nantucket Reds, a dozen Oxford shirts, a foul-weather parka for yachting, and two squash racquets. (All Preppies play squash and pretend to know about yachting.)

Girl number four was another squat one. We went out to eat at Pier 4, and then, at her suggestion, went shopping. I bought a three-piece tweed suit, a monogrammed cable-knit cardigan, and a 630 csi (you'll find it)



The IZOD alligator is making every college his swamp these days.

Preppies

(continued from nowhere)

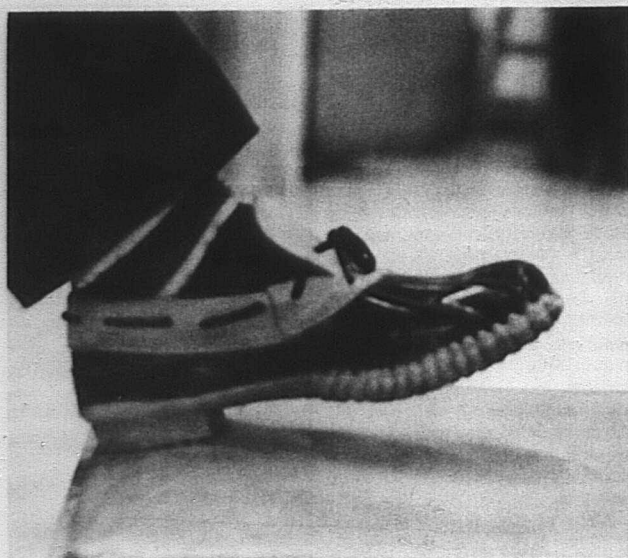
Bimmer. Now I was cooking with gas.

Girl number five was pink. Pink all over—from her toes to her nose. Pink pumps, pink socks, pink pants, pink belt, pink shirt, pink sweater, pink make-up, pink nail polish, and pink hair ribbons. Everything pink. We went to The Attic to get my hair cut, and then we went shopping for badminton birdies and golf clubs. Deece. (That means decent.)

The day of the meeting of the Preppy Club rolled around, and suddenly I began to get very uneasy about this whole Preppy thing. Surely there was more to life than idolizing alligators, emulating Englishmen, and patronizing constipated stores. I sweated all day over the thought of going to the meeting, trying to convince myself to stay home. I couldn't.

Right before supper, I checked my mailbox. The notice in it was short and sweet. It said, "You are cordially invited to this year's first meeting of the Punk Club. Please wear proper attire and dye your hair."

I breathed a sigh of relief.



Deck shoes—necessary gear pro pede preppio.

"Outside" best unseen

by Road Hoppin'

This week in the lower foyer of Wesley Chapel, the division of Fine Arts will present an art exhibit entitled "The Light is Better Outside." This exhibit will continue until the public grows tired of it, or the display is stolen, whichever comes first.

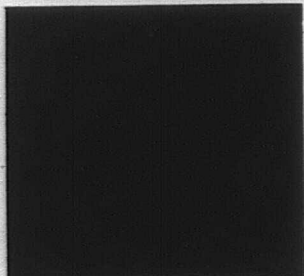
"The Light is Better Outside" is a collection of oil and watercolor pieces, as well as some paintings from twenty-three negligent artists who never got around to even sending their work to the exhibit. However, the white burlap on the walls will sufficiently impress one's artistic nature to adequately compensate for the lack of any art work per se.

On close inspection, one is entranced by the delicate weave of the material, its coarse beauty, its

subtle shades of white and gray. The sexual implications are obvious; it is in fact surprising that such an exhibit was allowed a showing at Houghton College. The artists' obvious Freudian bent is at times a bit strong, but the French influence tends to soften the rough edges.

An aura of surrealism pervades the whole exhibit; any themes are somewhat obscured, if not lost in the very whiteness of the thing. Such an expanse of white burlap cannot but overwhelm the senses.

Obviously this exhibit is not for everyone; many will be unable to grasp the intensity of feeling portrayed; will not notice the subtleties of expression, but for those who hold themselves to be true art scholars, this exhibit is a must.



"Tenebrae factae sunt #8" by Paulette Yoko Ono Gallini.

Sportswear fated to tackle any sport...



Eliminate fashion woes with Destiny® All-Weather Sportsuits. Whether schussing on the slopes or slamming on the courts, you'll always make a hit!



Shoot, it's a classic!

DESTINY.

"DESTINY"

Foil your opponents with great looking, 100% dacron polyester Destiny® shorts for men and women.



Keep pace with fashion in Destiny® Perspiration Attire—comfort that never misses the mark!

Getting into "Intra"

(looks like you made it)

tramural teams wish to employ, one has only to look at the names of the teams: Kicks and Tricks, T-Tallers, Pink Panthers, Accumulated Garbage, the Nads, Dry Bones and others reflect the attitude of the players. The games become reminiscent of a good old-fashioned gladiatorial contest as players pounce upon each other, elbow opponents, strike foes and occasionally break the pledge with cries of—well, such things are not fit for reproduction in so reputable a publication as the Fallen Star.

Frequently, threats are batted back and forth like a tennis ball by irate Intramural Athletes. This behavior is supposedly controlled by a referee, who is paid to watch academically frustrated people try to do to opponents what their Marketing exam just did to them. Since intramural play is rather aggressive, it is of the utmost importance that the Intramural Athlete protect himself with the Intramural Attire.

INTRAMURAL ATTIRE

To be an official Intramural Athlete, one must adhere to a Rigid Dress Code. Only sneakers labeled Adidas, Nike or Converse qualify for the Athlete's feet. The blue-light specials of Woolco and K-Mart just don't cut it on the Intramural field. In the Intramural circle, it is common knowledge that shorts and T-shirts bought at the Champion Outlet Store in Perry are the only acceptable things to wear. The expensive shorts and shirts monogrammed with Nike or even an alligator set the wearer apart from the majority of Intramural Athletes.

Art Deco

(congratulations, Sherlock!)

Reinhold, Wesley, Brookside, the Fine Arts Building, the Science Building, East Hall, Leonard Houghton, Hazlett and, for that matter, Yorkwood? Subcommittee member Dorothy Hostetter explains that "we're giving it to the Alumni Association. The Alumni people will sell the stones at \$75 a piece, and the proceeds will go to finance the new gym."

Mr. Tromble adds that a great deal of interest in the river stone has come from Alumni Chapters in California and Arizona. Due to the relative lack of rivers in those states, natural river stones are hard to come by.

Orders have come in almost faster than the subcommittee's Ad Hoc Committee for Counting the Blinking Things can tally them. Pledge money has been following right behind. Both Tromble and Jon Balson, Director of External Affairs, agree that the gym should be completely paid off "by May 1 or 2."

This expensive sportswear is for the varsity lettermen of Houghton; they are all revered.

There is, however, an exclusive, elitist group that includes few students. These students wear the appropriate sneakers and Perry rejects, but they also show tremendous skill in the sport of their choice. They are on a par with the varsity lettermen in ability, but because they are not Lettermen, they are known to an even greater degree in Intramural circles.

The Rigid Dress Code, along with the Intramural Mindset, may lead to some rather lasting psychological effects upon the Intramural Athlete. The student participating in the Intramural program should beware of the Intramural Effect.

THE INTRAMURAL EFFECT

The Intramural effect deals with the pre-game and post-game effect upon the Athlete. Preparing for an Intramural confrontation, the Intramural Athlete spends time stretching rarely used muscles only found in anatomy and physiology textbooks, as well as warming up to play.

Physical injury is a constant worry of the Intramural Athlete, but only after the game. During the game little thought is given to bodily harm, except to various methods employed to harm others' bodies. The psychological effects can be devastating.

The Intramural Athlete is under tremendous stress to play well, demanding excellence from a body incapable of more than pushing pencils and turning pages.

All the "f" sins

ones!), factions, feudalism, favoritism, femme fatales, fifths of fermented firewater, fuhrer-following, (de)fenestration, fables, falling, fads, fainting, factories (Death in the City, Francis Schaefer), fandangoes, fatigue, felonies, fear, fatalism, fetishes and fixations, feuding, fornication, formica, fertilization (you!), fishing from foreign fishnets, fire atoms, firecrackers, foaming at the mouth, fillibusters, fiddle faddle, flatus, falsetto fakirs, feastings, four, five, fifteen, fifty, forty, fourteen, four thousand, fossil evidence, free masonry, friendlessness, foxes (in certain instances), fright, frijoles, fritters, flapjacks, fussiness, frogginess (froggish character), fury, (finally) and the furbish lousewort, etc. and others as well as many more and so on and so forth (not to mention foolishness).

In spite of it all,
Scott Myers

The Fallen Star

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