

THE HOUGHTON STAR



THE HOUGHTON STAR

Thoughts On the Death of a Grandfather

As an editor, somewhere between my tasks as a teacher, proofreader, typist, manager, and general all-around available-at-all-times consultant, I am required to write an editorial. You may have noticed that last week I didn't quite squeeze in the time or the energy to complete one, but instead I tried my hand at my other duties—putting the paper into your hands. This time, however, my dedicated staff has relieved a few burdens, and I'm finally free enough to write an essay.

An editorial is personal expression given to an idea or a set of conditions; I must relate my viewpoint, or whether I agree or disagree with a certain subject. It is hard for me to write on a subject that is at once important enough to be relevant to the academic community and at the same time, comfortable enough for me so I can with a sense of authority. As an editor, I must give you a piece of my mind, tell you what I've been thinking about.

Lately, as many of you know, I've been thinking about the death of my grandfather. I am no authority on death, and I am by no means comfortable with it. Death is a hard thing to write about when it affects you personally. The loss of a famous person like an actress or a president would sadden me, but I don't think I would lose any sleep. Likewise, the tolls and tallies in plane crashes, earthquakes, or car accidents are just that—numbers, and not deaths. But now death has touched me, and it is not a statistic, it has taken someone I loved.

Ten, no fifteen years have passed since someone I've had close contact with has died, and I've reacted much differently at twenty than at five.

It has taken over two and one-half weeks for me to cry about my grandfather's death. When I was little I cried because those around me grieved, but now I wrestle with my grief alone, and it is harder to cope. Two and one-half weeks is an awfully long time to carry grief bottled up inside you.

Perhaps it is the way that death enters the scene that has caused differing responses. Fifteen years ago, my mother's father had a heart attack and was suddenly gone. Nobody was prepared and we were shocked into grief. My Džadji had terminal cancer for three years. Death signalled to us long before He truly arrived. In the meantime, He sent His counterparts Pain and Dying to watch over my grandfather's weakening body and spirit.

A slow death like the one he suffered is hard to witness. A week before he passed away, I was fortunate enough to visit my grandfather and record these following thoughts.

I walk into the room and freeze.

Who is this frail, shrunken figure on this hospital bed? Is this the man who taught me the ways of the muskellunge that lived deep below the surface of the Canadian bay? Is this the man who told me stories on his knee as he sat in his favorite, faded, cranberry-colored chair—stories about the boyhood farm in the Old Land, in far-off Poland? Is this my Džadji, who smiled at me as he sliced the roast beef behind the counter at the store, and then asked me if I wanted some ice cream in exchange for a kiss?

He looks up, his eyes hiding pain, and baring my own. In them I see myself. You are my grandfather, my father's father; I am your grandson, I am part of you.

I will be strong, I tell myself, I will be strong for him. Yet I melt in his gaze as I realize that I am the weak one, the one that does not know pain, and does not know how to comfort.

We talk about how cold it has been lately. I mention that the well at home has gone dry. I tell him how our ducks have been getting into mischief and he smiles through gray whiskers.

"I'm starting to look like you," he says; "nobody wants to go to work and shave me."

I laugh, and stroking my own beard, say that I haven't had much practice lately.

We stop talking and just sit, listening and looking.

I began to tell him what I'm doing at school, about the Star, about my recital. I tell him that that the Lord is using me to accomplish many different things this year. I wonder if he understands. I ask him if he wants to hear

some of my music. His face brightens as he answers yes.

"This is the first piece I ever wrote," and the first piece you will ever hear. After the cello sonata, I play the piano concerto, giving all sorts of explanation over the tape machine.

He likes it and tells my mother so as she walks into the room. "You had better let him rest," she says to me. I go as he nods off.

Goodbye, I say later, holding a hand that has a surprising grip. I love you. Words I could have left unsaid. "I love you too." Words he was barely strong enough to say. Next time, I say. "Yes, next time."

Somehow I knew next time might be in the presence of God the Father. And it will be. Requiescat in pace.

Let it be so.

—Gerald Anthony Szymanski

Let it be so.

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The Houghton Star is a weekly publication representing the voice of the students of Houghton College. The Star encourages thought, discussion and the free exchange of opinion; but the opinions and ideas expressed herein do not necessarily represent the views of the Star or of Houghton College or the editors. The Star encourages signed letters to the editors, however, the editors reserve the right to edit all contribution. All letters for inclusion must be submitted by 9:00 am Tuesday. The Star subscribes to the Washington Post Writer's Group and the Universal Press Syndicate.

BEYOND CANEADA

by Holly Winters

As Mexico City begins to clear away the rubble of last week's two major earthquakes, Mexico's leaders are seeking millions of dollars in foreign aid for reconstruction. Just how much money is needed is not known.

Last Thursday's quake and Friday's powerful aftershock destroyed or extensively damaged more than 400 buildings and left more than 5,000 people homeless in Mexico City alone. By all accounts, at least 4,000 people have died; John Gavin, the US ambassador to Mexico says as many as 10,000 to 20,000 people may have died. The city's immediate needs are very serious. Many neighborhoods are still without water and electricity. International telephone lines remain out after the central telecommunications tower toppled and burned.

Many nations have responded by sending aid. Algeria, Brazil, Canada, Italy, Israel, the Soviet Union, Poland, Turkey and the US are sending monetary as well as material aid to ensure the relief and reconstruction efforts continue.

The "Big Five" industrial nations met privately Sunday, September 22, to devise a plan to lower the value of the US dollar and raise the value of foreign currencies, a senior Reagan administration official said.

Top finance ministers from Britain, France, West Germany and Japan met with Treasury Secretary James Baker and Federal Reserve Board chairman Paul Volcker.

The Reagan administration has agreed to intervene more often in foreign currency markets, to buy and sell more gold and maintain certain currency values, the official said.

The ministers and officials agreed that it is essential that protectionist pressures be resisted; but because of the lack of any real progress being made during this meeting, Congressmen have vowed to continue to push protectionist policies through Congress until a more concrete plan is laid out to solve the inflation of this country's currency.

Nicaragua summed up seven days of testimony before the World Court Friday, charging that US support for Contra rebels fighting the Sandinistas violates international law. Nicaragua argued that it is therefore entitled to 375 million dollars in compensation for damages caused by the Contras. A ruling is not expected for several months.

French intelligence agents sank an anti-nuclear protest ship in New Zealand, the French Government admitted. Prime Minister Laurent Fabius said orders to sabotage the *Rainbow Warrior*, a ship operated by the environmentalist group Greenpeace, had been given to agents of the French intelligence service; but he did not say who had given the orders or who had known about the plan in advance. The July 10 explosion killed one person aboard the vessel, which was to have led a flotilla protesting French nuclear tests in the Pacific.

Get the glass eyes; And like a scurvy politician,
seem to see the things thou dost not.

—Shakespeare

Talk Isn't Cheap

On August 27, 1985, Japan's Ministry of Education announced its annual English Teaching Assistantship program in Japan, which offers native English speakers the opportunity to work as paid employees for one year within the Japanese educational system. The program is administered in the United States by the Council on International Educational Exchange, a private, not-for-profit organization that actively develops and administers a wide variety of international educational exchange programs.

Offered by the Council annually since 1974, the English Teaching Assistantship program places participants throughout Japan in a variety of municipal and prefectural boards of education.

Duties in the classroom typically include answering questions, reading from textbooks, and making English-language presentations. Participants may also address a student assembly, hold discussions with students and faculty or assist with teacher training seminars.

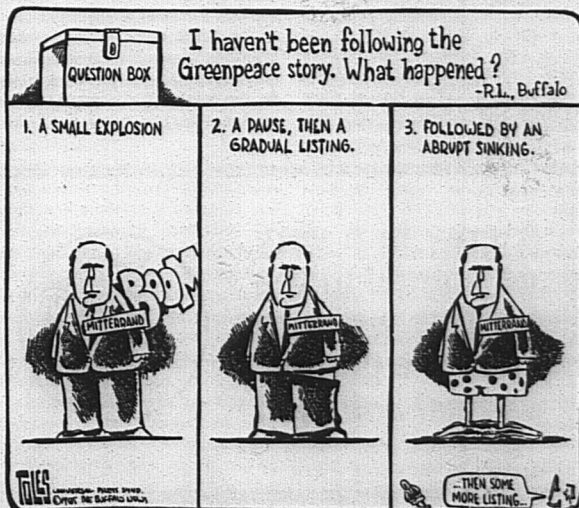
Teaching Assistants help out in local education offices preparing

sample lesson plans and developing classroom materials. In addition, participants may judge English speech contest, make English-language tapes and correct English-language papers.

As foreigners employed by the Japanese government, Teaching Assistants often fulfill important social obligations by attending school festivals, meetings of civic organizations and special dinners and receptions.

According to the Council, Teaching Assistants can expect to earn approximately \$14,000 during their year of employment. Round-trip air transportation from the U.S. is provided by Japan's Ministry of Education. While housing arrangements are the participant's responsibility, costs are modest.

Up to 150 assistantships will be available during 1986-1987. The Japanese Ministry of Education will make the final selections and placements based on recommendations from the Council. Interested applicants should write for complete details to: Council on International Educational Exchange, English Teaching Assistantship in Japan, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, NY 10017.





Snack Shop Facelift In Sight

by Denise Yourth

Major renovations in the snack shop are expected to be completed by January 1, according to Associate Dean Paul Leavenworth.

The remodelled snack shop will include booths, a new paint job, softer lighting, and a portable stage. The goal of these renovations is to make the snack shop a more pleasant, more widely used meeting place.

"We're hoping that the cafe atmosphere will make the snack shop a place where students can go and be comfortable, while taking a study break, or meeting with a friend," Leavenworth said.

In coordination with Student Senate and CAB, Student Development plans to schedule special events at the snack shop three or four times a week. Leavenworth mentioned such possibilities as Coffee Houses, tournaments, and student performances.

Once renovations are complete, the snack shop will be equipped for a diversity of programming. A future goal is the purchase of a VCR and large screen TV.

"This would enable us to broadcast special events, presidential speeches for example, and Monday Night Football," Leavenworth said.

Also being discussed is the possibility of converting the present TV lounge into a mini-restaurant which would be opened on the nights of special campus events.

"Students could come and enjoy a served dinner before a concert," Leavenworth explained. "We would arrange it so that they would receive a rebate for not eating upstairs."

The snack shop renovation was originally planned to be completed by this fall, but due to a back order on the booths, the target date has been reset for January.

A cow is a very good animal in the field; but we turn her out of a garden.
—Samuel Johnson



More Studies Abroad

by Barb Pinto

Houghton College students will soon have the opportunity to live and study in Latin America.

Dr. Daniel Chamberlain, President of Houghton College and Chairman of the Board of the Christian College Coalition, the organization making the Latin American Studies Program possible, says, "We have been looking into the program for a year, and it has been approved in principle. We hope to begin the program in the Fall of 1986."

In the Latin American Studies Program, students will live with Latin American families in Costa Rica, study language and culture at a university, and intern with various national and international agencies. Side trips are planned to Honduras and Nicaragua.

This program is similar to The American Studies Program also sponsored by the Coalition, which enables students to spend a semester in Washington D.C. taking college courses and interning in various government related positions. There are three Houghton College students on the program this semester.

The Christian College Coalition, which has set up the Latin American

Studies program, is an organization of seventy Christian colleges across the nation. This group originated from the Christian College Consortium, a dozen colleges united to allow students to spend a semester at another school.

Dr. Chamberlain says, "The Coalition began 10 years ago with the decision of faith affirming colleges to monitor State and Federal Government's activities that could effect Christian colleges." Chamberlain now acts as chairman of the board that he served on for the past ten years.

In addition to the various study programs, the Christian College Coalition helps to develop and supply textbooks to examine academic disciplines from a Biblical perspective. The Coalition also sponsors faculty exchanges, conferences, and workshops to help integrate faith and learning.

Regarding the Latin American Studies Program, Dr. Chamberlain says, "I'm certainly pleased with it. There is so much to be learned from the culture that people from any discipline would find it a good experience. I think we need to increase the attractiveness and the opportunity for students to see other cultures. This is an opportunity to see more of God's family."

Students interested in the program can speak with Professor Horst, inquire in the Academic Dean's office, or write to:

The Christian College Coalition
1776 Massachusetts Ave. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036.

Hopeful Homecoming

by Phil Toner

After weeks of stagnating dorm-rooms, content with the occasional pizza to forestall complete social deprivation, comes something to look forward to: Homecoming Weekend. No, seriously. The co-ordinators Dionne Chandler and Dwight Sherland have done a fine job in making the seemingly paradoxical statement, "I had a great weekend at Houghton College," a reality only a few weeks away.

An informational chapel Thursday, October 10, kicks off the festivities for this grand occasion. On Friday, Founder's Day, the activities include a Women's soccer scrimmage against Genesee Community College at 4:00 pm, and the Pittsburgh Opera Theater at 8:00 pm in Wesley Chapel.

The long awaited parade begins at 10:30 am, Saturday, each class representing a famous city with their floats as part of the general home-

coming "Cities of the World" theme. The seniors will use Paris for their float; the juniors Tokyo; the sophomores, Cairo; the freshman, Baghdad; and the Buffalo Suburban Campus, New York City. Lunch, "a tavern on the green," will be on the quad after the parade. Other events during the day include a 10K race entitled "The Boston Marathon," and a tennis tournament appropriately called "The Wimbledon."

Of course, the real reason for Homecoming, the Men's soccer game, should be an interesting match, Houghton facing Alfred at 2:00 pm on Saturday. After the game a formal dinner in the cafeteria will take place. The weekend's events turn to a close with a CAB movie, the uncensored version of "Singing in the Rain" at 8:00 with a Senate Spot following immediately after.

Grants for Grabs

Guidelines and application forms for the Younger Scholars Program of the National Endowment for the Humanities are now available for photocopying in the Placement Office. The Program will award up to 100 grants nationally to college and high school students to conduct their own research and writing projects in such fields as history, philosophy, and the study of literature.

Applicants must be 21 years of age or under throughout the calendar year in which the application is submitted; or, if they are over 21, they must be full-time college students pursuing an undergraduate degree at the time of application. Individuals who will have received or expect to receive a bachelor's degree by October 1, 1986, are not eligible to apply. The application

deadline is November 1, 1985.

Recipients of these awards will receive a stipend of \$1,800 and be expected to work full time for nine weeks during the summer of 1986, researching and writing a humanities paper under the close supervision of a humanities scholar. Please note that this is not a financial aid program and that no academic credit should be sought for these projects.

If guidelines are not available at the Placement Office, please write to:

Younger Scholars Guidelines CN
Division of General Programs
Room 420

National Endowment for the Humanities

1100 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20506

Dateline: Two Less Lonely People

by Randi Mathisen

Due to popular demand, the Houghton College Psychology Club once again is sponsoring the college's only dating service. The Houghton Connection. During Homecoming Weekend, Houghtonites will have a chance to meet members of the opposite sex (yes, really!) in an informal, non-threatening way. This is an opportunity, most of us will sadly admit, that doesn't often surface in this sea of timid social jellyfish.

For one dollar, the sage professors of the psychology department will match up each participant with a compatible date. The psych club cabinet had no trouble talking the profs into doing this. After all, everyone knows that the favorite subject of Houghton's psychology professors is, well, you know—that.

Three couples will be chosen to be interviewed by Dr. Paul Young in front of a panel of judges at the Homecoming Spot. The couple deemed by the judges to be the one "most likely to succeed" will be given an allotment of the funds raised to put towards a second date.

Now we promise, a la Bill Wichterman, that we are not asking you to commit yourself to anyone. Your date will not propose marriage during the first ten minutes of the evening. All we ask is that you take this chance to spice up your weekend, and hopefully make a new friend.

We suggest that both members of each couple split expenses, but the date needn't send either of you running to your bank for a second student loan. If you've got a car and want to go to Olean, great, but we've planned the Connection around Homecoming Weekend so that there will be plenty to do right here. You can yell yourselves hoarse at the soccer games, or sigh together over the amorous warblings of Gene Kelly as he sings in the rain. Do anything that you and your date will both enjoy. Use your imaginations.

Now that I've convinced you, here is the how, the when, and the where: Psych club members will be at a table at the bottom of the stairs during dinner on October 2, and lunch and dinner October 3 and 4 to take your dollar and give you a questionnaire. You'll then fill out the form, giving us information about your interests, and also letting us know whether or not you're willing to be in the Spot. Later, the professors will match everyone up (what fun!). You'll receive the name of your date in intracampus mail by Wednesday, October 9. Then it is up to the two of you to get together and decide what you'll do on your date. Finally, the winning couple will be chosen during the spot on October 12.

So take a chance, and maybe you'll set a trend towards real, honest-goodness dating at Houghton.



Buy Food, Get Gas

by Alice Putney

Houghton will soon have an operating gas station again, and this time there are plans to include a convenience store.

New owner Fred Winchip, who acquired the station when the previous owner sold out, remarked that this is his first attempt at running a store in conjunction with a service station. He hopes the store, which will carry

groceries and fast foods, will receive wide patronage from college students and town residents.

The station itself is still awaiting renovation. According to Winchip, the major project will be the repouring of the floor. Opening is tentatively set for early 1986, possibly sooner.

Winchip, who resides in Fillmore, also owns gas stations in Cuba, Fillmore, Belfast, and Pike.

Servicemaster Serves Houghton

by Lorry Arnold

Houghton College welcomes Servicemaster Corporation of Chicago as the head of college maintenance and custodial operations. Servicemaster is a management company founded 40 years ago on Christian principles. The company has 1200 college, hospital, and other plant contracts nationwide.

Servicemaster was hired on a five year contract to train and manage staff and students working in custodial/maintenance positions. For the past four to five years there has been very little custodial supervision. Custodial/maintenance personnel are still considered college employees, but supervisory positions are held by Servicemaster employees Dave Dibely and Philip Behe.

One advantage to contracting this company is the sophisticated techniques they utilize. The company uses a computer system which, among other things, provides for preventive maintenance. That is, the computer

will keep track of equipment that must be serviced periodically.

According to Behe, Servicemaster should save the school money in the long run because the company provides their own chemicals and supplies, which they manufacture.

With regards to training, Behe commented that he wanted to train the staff/students to "do better than they think they can." Behe is using a training format which he calls "unitizing." Unitizing is a guideline used to determine approximately how long it should take to do a certain job. These approximations are based on past experience that Servicemaster has had with other schools, but they are by no means rigid standards which must be followed exactly.

Servicemaster's motto states the company's objectives in order of importance. The motto reads, "To honor God in all we do, to help people develop, to pursue excellence, to grow profitably."



Paul Stang

Around the States in 300 Days

by Jacqueline Anselm

Circle America—Perimeter '85
—We don't care if we get no smiles, cause now it's time to do our miles.—

On February 2, 1985, an unusual group of sixty people, brought together by a need for real challenge and who knows what else, started off from Saint Simon's Island, Georgia on a ten month, ten thousand plus mile bicycle trip that was to take them around the perimeter of the United States.

The group, known as Wandering Wheels, consists of people from 20 to 70 years old. Some are college students and others were working at careers which in most cases ended when bosses were informed of a ten month leave.

The cost of the trip is about 4500 dollars with an additional 1500 dollars spent on meals, souvenirs, and junk food. A typical day usually starts at 6:30 am with breakfast, devotions, and a short group meeting where directions and maps are handed out. Then everyone is off on ten speed bicycles (donated by the Schwinn Co.) for an average sixty mile-a-day bike ride.

Down To BASICs

by Alice Putney

Several Houghton College faculty members will be enriching their knowledge this year by learning how to manipulate texts with a computer. This skill, otherwise known as word-processing, is being taught by Professor Anthony Petrillo. Over fifty faculty members will be participating in four workshops, with a fifth one

The real challenge in the Wandering Wheels-Circle America tour does not come so much from the riding as it does from living so closely with the same group of people for an extended period of time. Wandering Wheels leader and coordinator, Bob Davenport, referred to the cycling expedition and its riders as being "linked for the challenge of a ride. It hasn't always been easy though."

Despite the bickering and quarrelling that rises out of the close knit "brother-sister" relationships, an eminent Christian love for one another overshadows problems. Jane DeHaan, a former Houghton College student and Circle-America biker, explained that everyone on the tour gets along well and long lasting friendships result.

When asked to describe the overall rapport of Perimeter '85, Davenport, with all of his experience and years of riding since first organizing Wandering Wheels in 1964, summed it all up with three different ideas: "America is people. Agriculture is prominent; and there is an overwhelming sense of freedom."

in the "possible" stage, according to Professor Petrillo. The main purpose of these workshops is to give participants a basis in IBM Personal Computers, so that they can feel competent in using them. Word-processing will then be useful to professors in preparing lecture notes and handouts, or articles for professional purposes.

Academy Students Enroll

by Jonathan Robords Lightfoot

Eleven Houghton Academy students are taking courses at Houghton College this semester for a total of 40 hours of college credit. The students are taking classes in Western Civilization, French, Spanish, and German.

All Juniors and Seniors at Houghton Academy who want to are eligible to take Houghton College courses for dual credit. Last year 11 students from the academy took 71 hours of college credit. This semester's students are carrying on in this inter-relationship between the academy and the college. Seven of the eleven academy students are children of college faculty and staff.

Philip Stockin, Principal of Houghton Academy, stated in an interview that he sees the relationship between the college and academy as

one of mutual benefit. The option open to academy students of taking college courses for credit is a great opportunity for them and a decided selling point for the academy. On the other hand the academy also benefits college students. Many college students work at the academy, earning money necessary for their college expenses. Other college students use the near proximity of the academy as an excellent opportunity to gain experience with high school students, a requirement for some college courses. Houghton Academy began as Houghton Wesleyan Seminary, founded in 1883. Houghton College grew out of the seminary. In 1955 the academy split from Houghton College, and moved to its present campus in 1959. The academy currently has four buildings: a gymnasium, a classroom building, a boys' dorm, and a girls' dorm.

Current enrollment at the academy is 95 students, of which about one-third are boarding students. The school boards students for grades 9-12. Many of the boarding students come from around New York State, but a number of them come from all over the world.

Fuller Fills National Position

by Glenn R. Rutland and
Star staff editor

Last May, Tim Fuller, Assistant Director of Admissions at Houghton, was elected President of the National Association of Christian College Admissions Personnel (NACCAP). It's a position that not only distinguishes Tim, but one that distinguishes his employer, Houghton College.

Houghton is only one of 63 member Christian Liberal Arts and Bible Colleges that make up the coalition. Of the 63 potential candidates (one from each member college may be considered), NACCAP's executive committee nominated Ken Epp, Director of Admissions at Moody Bible Institute, and Tim Fuller two months prior to the elections which happen every two years at the annual organizational meeting, this year held at Northwestern College in Minnesota.

After each member school cast their vote, Fuller was handed the two year volunteer position. His responsibility, essentially, is to coordinate activities for all 63 member schools in such a way that they will benefit all members equally.

"One thing I've enjoyed about it,"

Fuller relates, "is that it adds variety to what I do and who I meet. There's a lot of good people working in other Christian colleges too, and I meet them where otherwise I wouldn't. For me, it's a good source of professional development."

Besides serving as vice-president of NACCAP the past two years, Fuller's previous participation in the coalition included volunteer work at college fairs and workshops. Now he is head of the executive committee.

NACCAP serves its membership by banding together to bring such evangelical Christian speakers as Steven Holbrook, former economic consultant to President Reagan and General Motors, to college workshops and seminars. Like an economies of scale, Christian Liberal Arts and Bible Colleges unite to make advertising, public relations trips, and numerous projects more affordable.

"Because of heavy competition among member schools, although healthy, misunderstandings may occur," Tim adds, "there is a benefit to sharing ideas and clearing up misunderstandings that might ultimately cause division."

Wichterman Stays On Course

by William Bentley

In this great democracy called America, we are all familiar with politicians. Unfortunately, we are even more familiar with the unkept promises of these politicians. President Reagan promised a balanced budget, and we have yet to see it. Governor Cuomo promised us jobs and industry in New York State, and we are still waiting. In spite of this dismal political scene, it is refreshing to learn that we, the students of Houghton, can find our solace in our man Bill Wichterman.

Back in April, when the contest was hot, Wichterman ran on a two policy platform. He promised better communication between the Senate and the student body. He also promised that the student body, through representation, would wield more influence on the various councils on which we sit. It is now time to see just where our skipper is taking our ship.

In the area of communications, Wichterman started out with a three pronged offensive. His first task was to appoint the director of communications Jeanine LeRoy. He described LeRoy's main duty as keeping students abreast of what is happening around campus. The flyers, notices, and posters informing you about upcoming

events and various meetings soon to take place on campus will all be dealt with by LeRoy.

Bill's next project is the establishment of a bulletin board. This board will be located in the basement of the Campus Center, and will inform students of events that are taking place outside of the campus. These include information on movies in the nearby or not so nearby theaters, lectures at different colleges and universities, church activities, and so on.

Wichterman's main concern is that students are not informed about issues that directly affect them. The plus and minus grading issue is an example. Bill said, "Students were not aware of the plus and minus issue until the day that it was brought up for discussion at the Senate meeting. It took most by surprise. Unfortunately, the issue is now out of our hands."

He also said that he doesn't want to encourage awareness for awareness' sake, but that he wants to see communication improved. He also wishes to enhance the students' opportunities to speak out.

For the enhancement of student and Senate communications, a table will be set up in the Campus Center that will be monitored by a Senate member who will be available for

questions. The Senate members will also be taking opinion polls and handing out various questionnaires for students to complete.

The second issue of Wichterman's platform was his concern about the influence that the students have on councils in which they are involved. He believes that there is a need for informed and articulate council members who can express an intelligent and thoughtful opinion.

One student with whom Wichterman is impressed is Kevin Schmidt. Schmidt is on the Academic Affairs Council and is working on such things as an anonymous testing policy, which may ensure more professor objectivity. Another idea which is in the works is a pre-semester book list. They are looking into the possibility of exempting magna cum laude and higher students from final exams in their senior year.

"The potential is there for us to affect change. Our challenge is to be educated with the facts, so that we can state students' opinions lucidly," said Wichterman. He is encouraging council members to do their homework concerning council minutes, as well as to keep abreast of student reaction.

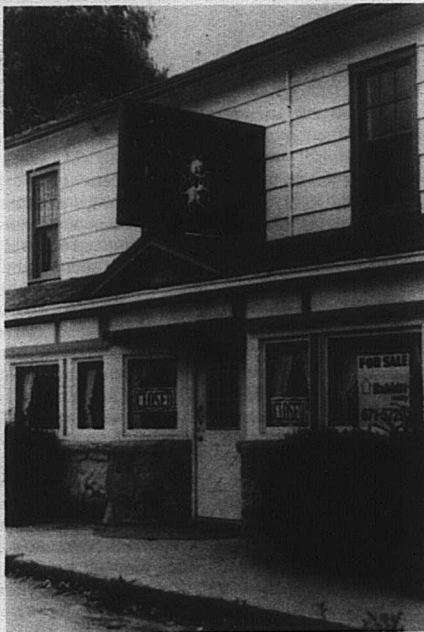
One of Wichterman's long term

projects originated as a result of his experience in his cross-consortium participation at Wheaton College last spring. At Wheaton every Christmas, there is a project in which students are sent to a foreign country to participate in a building project. Bill's idea is still in the embryo stage, but he is wrestling with the possibility of sending some Houghton students with the Wheaton group this year. Bill would eventually like to see such a program organized here at Houghton.

The vice-president of the Senate, Sue Budz, is in charge of student activities. She wants people to feel free to talk to her if they have any ideas that they would like to see organized. She would like people to get involved with planning activities.

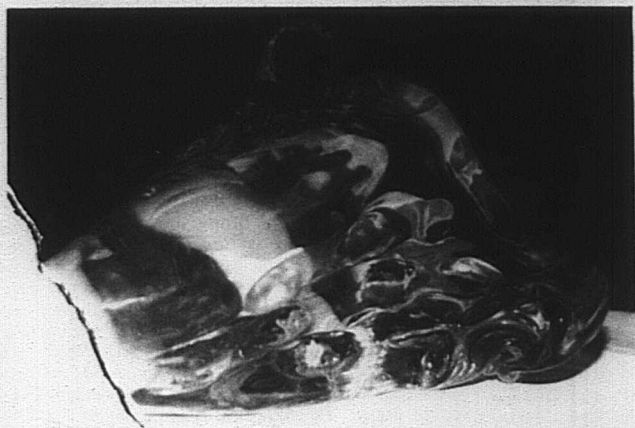
Some other Senate plans concern the renovation of the snack bar and the acquisition of a word processor for the Senate.

I am confident that you would agree that Bill and his cabinet are doing more than talking when they promised results, so I think that it is time for you and I to stop talking and get involved. In the words of JFK's school teacher, "Ask not what your school can do for you; rather, ask what you can do for your school."



BLOOM COUNTY by Berke Breathed





Collecting

Colorful. Dramatic. Intense. Such are some of the adjectives that come to mind regarding the latest art show, "Collecting," which will be up in the Wesley Chapel Gallery until the fourth of October. The art department faculty, Bruce Wenger, Mark Anderson, and Gary Baxter have assembled some paintings, ceramics, and sculptures which they have collected from friends, professors, and favorite artists over several years. The result is a flamboyant, eclectic combination that explodes with life and celebration.

Tom Reising, one of Mark Anderson's former professors at the University of Tennessee, invites us to explore with him three different experiences of a certain "Red River"

in his three abstract, formal paintings. He draws us into a journey where visual superimpositions of contrasting forms and colors carry us to tropical forests and totemic form created by Manuel Pagan and Liz Quackenbush's "sculpture basket" accentuate the primitive flavor found in the exhibit. And one almost gets the feeling of rich colors mixing together and whirling round in wild, tribal dances.

However, contrasting the jungle and the "wild beasts," could we be witnessing the emergence of a "neo-fauve" art movement? At Houghton, New York? The glass ceramics and sculptures designed by Judy Via and David Johnson add a definite smooth and flowing

quality to the show. The deliberate search for purity of form in the ceramics, added to the unusual choice of colors, culminate into what turns out to be three dimensional painting.

On a more informal level, Paul Wenzel in his "Art of Science" chooses a poetic approach to denounce the media and its brainwashing effects, while Fred Lorrine presents to us, in staunch black and white, "Portraits by Americans"—a collage made out of assorted newspaper clippings.

I can honestly say that my visit of the "Collecting" show resulted in a deepening experience of who I am as a person. It helped me grow. It made me ponder. In a liberal arts

setting, where we speak of holistic development, should we not reflect upon the amount of time we spend cultivating the rational and intellectual left side of the brain and consequently ignoring the creative, imaginative and instinctive right side? Of course, this means unlearning the worship of reason and being willing to step out into the world of imagination where one can only see through the eyes of a child. But who knows what will be discovered in such an endeavor? When you go down to the Chapel Gallery, instead of immediately asking yourself what it means, first take the time to allow yourself to experience.

—Christine van den Hogen

Choice Cuts

by Dave Cleveland and Gregg Burlingame

If you've never heard of Midnight Oil don't blame it on the American record industry. Midnight Oil, relying on superior musical ability and perceptive social vision, has worked their way to the top of Australia's rock industry without the commercial hype that has been typical of today's rock acts. With a similar approach in mind, the band discreetly released their first American album, "10,9,8 . . .", in 1983. Expectedly, this debut album went largely unnoticed, selling slowly and receiving almost no air-play.

Earlier this year, they released their second album "Red Sails in the Sunset", and spent the summer touring the East Coast with UB40.

Midnight Oil is a five piece band co-led by vocalist Peter Garrett and drummer Rob Hirst. The rest of the band consists of guitarists Martin Rotsey, Jim Moginie, and bass player Peter Gifford. The band, however, does not limit itself to a "guitar band" sound. Their studio work is full of layered keyboards, ranging from the simplest acoustic piano to some very interesting organ and synthesizer work. Midnight Oil is a band of many sounds.



Unlike other bands from down under, Midnight Oil is first an Australian band. Their songs present a political sentiment and world picture that is unmistakably Australian. But, as is often the case, their messages are directed to citizens of Australia and the world alike. One song, "Jimmy Sharman's Boxers" portrays the exploitation that the Australian aborigines suffered at the hands of English colonists—a situation mirrored by our own American abuse of Native Americans and blacks. "Who can stand in the way" illuminates the sovereignty of greed as decision maker in all levels of public policy. "Minutes to Midnight" starkly reminds us of the world's precarious position, only minutes from the end. Midnight Oil has a message to give to the nations.

Musically, Midnight Oil is exceptional. They began in 1978 as a heavy metal band, but their music has progressed amazingly over the years. Like few other bands, Midnight Oil has a diversity of sounds that seems inexhaustible. Where the guitar work nears virtuosity, the bass work succeeds. The drum tracks are rhythmically varied, never overpowering, and always driving. On this base is layered many variations of piano, synthesizer, organ, horns, and percussion, and finally, the passionate voice of Peter Garrett to complete the sound. All of Midnight Oil's music is excellently produced, and is embellished, but never dominated, by some spectacular electronic effects—you'll want your headphones.

After listening to "Red Sails in the Sunset", the most noted feature of Midnight Oil is their control. At all times, the band is in complete control of both their music and their ideas; and in an industry full of gimmicks and crazes, this is well appreciated. Do remember Midnight Oil because you probably will not hear them on the radio, see them on television, or read about them in magazines. But if you happen to run across their albums in a record store, do yourself a favor and buy one.

Tryouts: J.B.— a Play Within a Play

by Tim Curry

The English Expression Club will be holding tryouts for Archibald MacLeish's play, "J.B." on October 1 at 8:00 pm in Fancher Auditorium. Those interested in trying out for the play need not prepare anything, as they will be asked to read portions of the script, according to director Dave Shoemaker. The play requires eight actors and twelve actresses. In addition to actors, technicians (especially those in the Theatre Workshop class) are invited to come to the meeting.

"J.B.," the winner of the 1959 Pulitzer Prize, is a modernized version of the story of Job. The story is based closely on the Biblical text, including direct quotes from the King James Version.

The play closely resembles the plot of "Job" except that the ending is an enigmatic interpretation of the ori-

ginal. "Some people (wrongly) interpret the ending as existential; this despite the explicit warning against this interpretation in the author's preface," says Shoemaker.

The play takes place in a circus setting and features two out-of-work actors who believe they are preparing to put on the story of Job in a sideshow, one playing God; the other, Satan. When J.B., a customer, shows up, the actors find him a pleasing candidate for the part of Job, believing him to be a part of the play. He, however, does not see himself as an actor, but finds himself experiencing Job's trials in his own life. At times God speaks. J.B. recognizes the voice as God's; the actors believe it to be their cue from offstage. At the end of the play J.B. refuses to accept the actors' conventional interpretation and creates his own ending based on his definition of love.



Fledgling Flails Dave

My Dearest Upperclassmen:

First, I would like to thank Jim and Dan for their useful advice. I admit as Freshmen we are ignorant to many aspects of Houghton, especially the ones that the administration never bothered to tell us about. Your suggestions are very useful.

Now to all the Upperclassmen who agree with Eliza and David, this is to you. While here at Houghton, I've had the privilege (sic) of meeting some truly impressive Upperclassmen. But I've also managed to meet some truly arrogant ones too. They seemed to think that I (as a Freshman) should be so honored to be able to talk with them. Well I'm sorry to inform you of this, but I wasn't particularly impressed. In fact, not at all.

Just because you happen to be older and know the ropes doesn't make you any better than us. It's true you've had more experience but experience doesn't set you free.

If you think you are so much better than us "dinkoids", maybe you should step off your high horse and help us "18 year old brats" out.

You were Freshmen once too. Remember? No, probably not. (How soon we all forget.) But we all know that you once were a (God forbid) Freshman and that you went through everything that we are going through. Try and remember that first year and how you felt when the Upperclassmen ragged on you.

The truth of the matter is that I'm proud to be a Freshman and I'm proud to be at Houghton, no matter what the Upperclassmen think.

We as Freshmen, need your encouragement (sic) and support, not your rude comments.

Cindy Taylor
Freshman

The Bear Cares

Dear Editors:

You people have completely disgusted me. In your Ads and Personals section in your first issue you printed four personal ads placed by males. Three of these were overtly sexual in content.

I'm not against personals placed in a Christian newspaper, but it leads me to the question, "Is this a Christian newspaper?" Just because a Christian college publishes it doesn't mean that it has to be Christian, just like attending a Christian college does not (sic) make you a Christian.

The three personals I referred have three Houghton males seeking a "submissive female, preferably fertile," "any freshman coed" (I wonder if that includes male coeds), and finally "anything with a skirt." That one must be a philosophy major. In printing those personals you have not only succeeded in pimping the female population of Houghton College to their sexually inept male counterparts, but you have also betrayed any Christian ethical philosophy concerning communication with the masses you ever had. Sadly, your (sic) nothing but a hive of aimlessly wandering liberals. I hear the *National Enquirer* can use men like you. Good day.

Love,
Gicchino Urso

Dear Gicchino,



meanderingly yours,
Gerry and Craig

Craig and Gerry,

I hear from some readers that the advice we gave last week was in poor taste. I've also gotten enough sneers and evil eyes to make me want to reconcile the situation.

Just to set the record straight for the critics who don't know me: I don't; I won't; I don't recommend it; I'm not that kind of guy; and I like to joke around a lot. So, I'm sorry.

Yours,
Jim LaDine

P.S. You can't derail a train that isn't moving.

Dear Craig and Gerry,
What he said.

Dan Gettman

Hi, Hi, Miss Morality Pie



by Lisa Johnson

That new Miss America is smart. Just a coupla nights ago on national TV I heard her announce a personal moral code that will ensure her fame and endear her to other ideal citizens for centuries to come.

I'm sorry I can't remember her name right now, but you know who she is. She said she was against rock music because the lyrics are dirty; pro-choice on abortion; and against mixed marriages because they could lead to divorce.

As she talked, I noticed another good thing about her. Okay, sure she's formulated these *opinions*, and sure, now she's got power, but she didn't try real hard to sound *intelligent* or well-thought-out which I think is a good thing because we common people are intimidated by that and Miss America should represent the common people which is what we are and I think that's really good.

This cutie from Mississippi is the kind of role model our young women need. She's smart. She's cute. And she's moral.

Yup, *morality* is what's missing in this country, and it's up to Miss America to put an end to the decay of virtue. I'm just thankful that Vanessa Williams and her ilk are a thing of the past, and that finally a beauty queen has risen up to teach her people how to live. If we follow her example and repudiate rock music and marriages between those of dissimilar skin color, I believe America can be strong again, as it was meant to be.

You know, it takes courage to speak out about your convictions, especially when you're beautiful. People are so much more inclined to say catty things about those who are beautiful, don't you think? Anyhow, that's just another reason I'm proud to have that pretty lady crowned the Miss of my country.

It makes me feel so *patriotic* and full of awe to see that tiara sparkling on her blond hair around her blue eyes and white skin and shapely body. It just gets me to thinking how much she represents America and its people. . . unlike that Vanessa.

That Vanessa betrayed my trust, and she betrayed yours, too. She took a sacred symbol and a profound chance to do something *meaningful*, and she stamped on it with soiled high heels. I think she did it on purpose. And I don't think we should ever forgive her.

Instead, I think we should learn what *virtue is*. Let's acknowledge our debt to The Miss America Pageant and open our hearts to the role model, which in this case is in no way a synonym for role mannequin, that we've been given by the wise men who run that pageant.

And you know, they only run that pageant 'cause they're so philanthropic. People say that they're—uh—concupiscent. . . but that's just nasty talk. 'Cause what they are is guardians of our national conscience.

They're humble and realistic men, too. They're content to just stay quietly behind the scenes and run the pageant, which I think is admirable. Men with more pride and less wisdom would compete in the pageant *themselves* and try to get *themselves* crowned Miss America.

But I guess they realize that only women have the inborn virtue necessary to perform the sacred duty that comes with the tiara. Sure, men are in final control, and they're philanthropic and they're guardians and they're humble, realistic and wise, but they can't be Miss America.

Oh that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace.
—Shakespeare

Stretching Adolescence

Dear Gerry and Craig,

For some years now I have feared that I was becoming insensitive to the crudeness and vulgarity which has become so commonplace in American society today. I have wondered if the "Porky's" mentality was becoming so pervasive that I might not be incensed by it. The September 20 issue of the Star gives great hope, for I realize that there are some things which still make me angry.

A letter to the editors and several ads were in very poor taste for any

community, and totally inappropriate for one in which Christian values matter. They reminded me that adolescence stretches beyond high school for some students, and that God's marvelous gift of human sexuality is little understood and appreciated.

Some may respond that historically Christian colleges have been structured in ways that naturally extend adolescence, and that our churches and homes, as well as our colleges, have been silent about sexuality, as if ignoring it would make it go away. These are issues which should be discussed, and the Star can play a significant role in encouraging this discussion. But, whatever you do, please do it in good taste.

Charles Massey

Editors' Response

Due to the level of response regarding the last issue of the Star, we as editors thought that it would be appropriate to respond to some of what we heard.

First off, our policy is not to promote obscenity. In fact the reaction we heard about the September 20 issue had little to do with our editorial policy. Quite frankly, the inclusion of offensive material was an honest mistake. If we had known that they would cause such distress, we would not have run the letters and classifieds under question. We were trying to prove no point, and we apologize to those that were offended.

Dan Gettman and Jim Ladine's letter was intended only to urge students to take their physical relationships out of our public places. We feel strongly about the lack of respect that Campus Center lovers seem to have for themselves, and had hoped that a letter jokingly providing alternate locations would serve our purpose without harsh rhetoric. We didn't anticipate that the exterior of the letter would pose such difficulties for so many. Again, the letter was printed with light intention and if we could have foreseen the misunderstanding that would arise, we wouldn't have printed it. The same holds true for the sarcasm of David Shoemaker's letter. We had hoped only to incite a freshman reaction and elicit letter response. The response we got was not expected. We felt sure that the "impeccable logic" of the letter would work out an utter ludicrousness, but some still took it seriously.

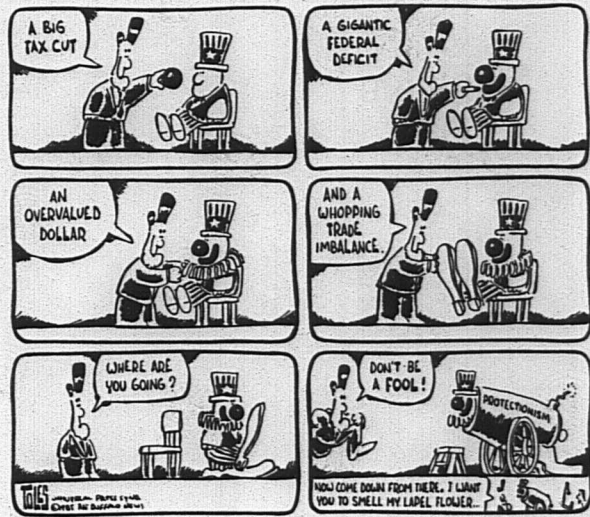
What surprised us the most were the reactions we had to the classifieds. We were surprised and shocked at the mass of innuendo that some people managed to wrangle from the ads—a list of inferences far too lengthy for even the authors to have created. Many who reacted to the ads startled us with their vulgarity of imagination.

What also surprised us was that many attacked what they saw as "overt sexuality" (an easy jihad to join), while no one articulated responses about the more subtle and gangrenous sexism inherent in such want ads. If anything, we had hoped that a discussion of this casual but dangerous form of sexism would emerge from the publication of the ads, but we were disappointed.

The most compelling response received in relation to last week's issue came from Charles Massey. His letter identified the immature attitudes towards sexuality that should upset all of us. We appreciated his comments and hope that a mature discussion of campus attitudes will stem from them.

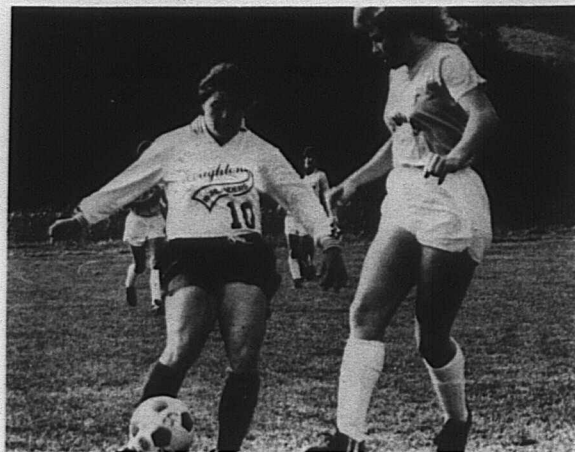
Again, we don't consider the objectionable material in the September 20 Star to be a result of deliberate policy making, but rather as an oversight—a hasty inclusion of material without complete consideration of its ramifications. We hope that we can move beyond these problems towards an engagement in themes and issues of much higher priority.

Respectfully,
J. Craig Henry
Gerald A. Szymanski
co-editors



"What problems? Let's go to the circus!"
—Gumby





Gidman Goes for the Goal

by Prashula Patel
and Joan Robertsen

On September 18, Houghton's Varsity soccer team traveled a long distance to Buffalo to play Buffalo State. Their journey was not in vain, for the Highlanders defeated their opponents with a score of 1-0.

It was approximately thirty-five minutes into the game when the only goal was made by Greg Gidman, assisted by Brian Thompson's perfectly timed pass. As Greg told the *Star* the goal "was a breakaway." (A breakaway is when a player is

against a goalie with no defense players between the two men.) Greg ran past the dumbfounded goal keeper and "touched" the ball into the net.

The team worked well together in the first half. They had some good strategies and opportunities to score. However, during the second half, the Highlanders seemed leery of a Buff. State come back, causing a break in communications between offense and defense. Fortunately, the Highlanders managed to hold off Buff. State, and give Houghton another victory.

They Do It Again!

by Amy Brooks

The women's volleyball team traveled to Buffalo this past Saturday for matches with Alfred University and Buffalo State. They began the afternoon by soundly defeating Alfred in the first game of the match, 15-4. However, the team relaxed a little too much in the second game, and therefore lost 5-15. As a result, a third game had to be played. The team pulled together and guided by sets

from Crystal Climenhaga, won the game and the match with a score of 15-11.

The lady Highlanders then moved to their second match of the afternoon against Buff. State. Co-captain Beth "Boo" Markell led the team with what was termed "the best hitting game of her career" by her teammates. The women went on to win the match in three games, 15-2, 5-15, 16-14.

Women Keep Up the Pace

by Ned Farnsworth

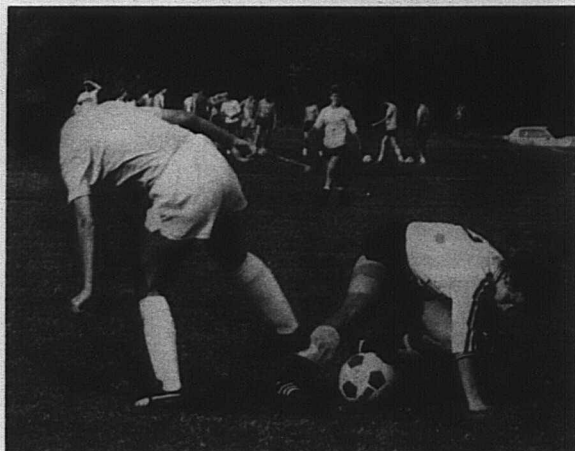
Hard times have struck the Houghton Men's Cross Country team. The Highlanders faced two dual meet defeats last week, despite freshman Hobie Beedon's impressive finishes in both. Beedon placed third against St. Bonaventure and moved up one place to second at Geneseo.

Houghton, sporting an ever-thinning squad, met St. Bonaventure on September 18. Beedon stayed with the front pack and lost second place by only one second in 28:36. Dave Wingard, battling stomach problems for the past two weeks, crossed the line as Houghton's second man in 29:48. Also scoring for Houghton were cross country newcomer Randy Duttweiler (31:28), John Monroe (32:03), and Ned Farnsworth (32:05). St. Bonaventure ran away with the victory, 18-43.

Houghton's latest effort took place at Geneseo on Saturday, September 14. Beedon again led the Highlanders, this time with a second place finish. Sophomore Wingard hit the finish chute in 38:29 for ninth. Farnsworth, (39:59); Monroe 41:02, and Edwards 43:16, with Wingard and Beedon suffered a 44-19 loss. The team needs at least two good runners capable of fitting into the top five scorers. The key word is DEPTH.

The lady Highlanders, three runners short of a full squad finished respectably at Geneseo. Karen Crafts shaved six seconds from her previous time to grab fourth place in 25:43 and Sarah Walter ran 25:43 in only her second cross country race ever. The "Dynamic Duo" would welcome any eligible runner to join them in their fight against defeat.

The Highlander's next meet is Saturday, September 28 at Roberts Wesleyan College.



Kelli Lies manipulates the ball.

(left) Sue Stephens shows who's boss.

Women's Soccer Kicks Keuka

by Prashula Patel
and Joan Robertsen

This past Monday, September 23, the women's Varsity soccer team hosted Keuka College. The game resulted in a tremendous 6-3 victory for the Highlanders.

Within the first three minutes of play, senior Noel Flemming scored the first of her four goals, assisted by Judy Gale. The first half ended with a score of 2-2, Noel having headed the ball into the net with less than two minutes left.

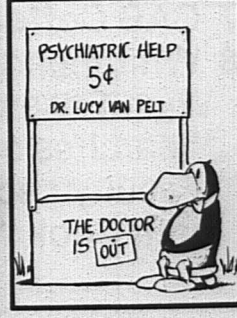
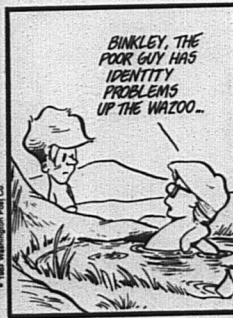
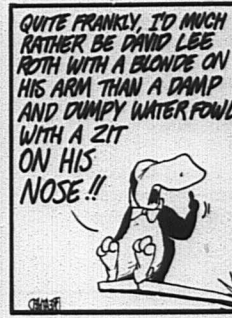
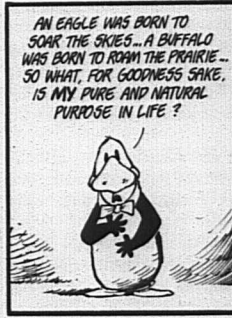
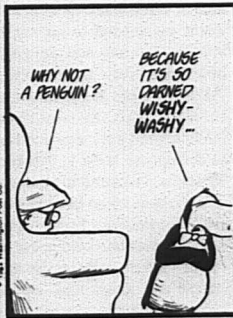
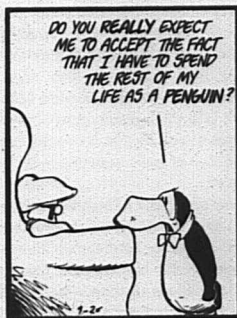
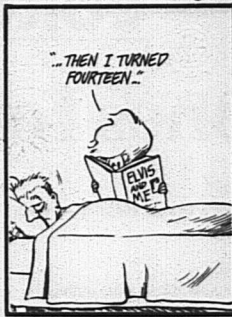
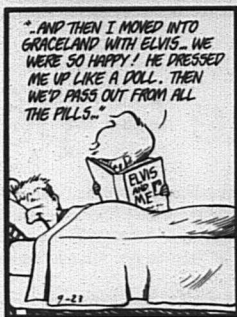
The second half was undeniably an

eventful one for the Highlanders. Proving themselves superior to their opponents, the women scored three consecutive goals within a four minute period. (An earlier one had been scored by Judy Gale.) Judy also made the last goal which was scored on a beautiful cross from freshman Kelli Lies, who assisted two other shots.

The women's determination stemmed from a 1-2 loss to Nazareth last Friday. As Noel Flemming asserted, "If you want to win, you have to shoot and 48 shots showed our determination!"

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



Cutting Stones for a Home — part I

Houghton College, eh. What town is that in?

Houghton . . . well, er . . . Houghton's not really a town. I mean it's a town, there's just . . . no town.

Ye got a post office?

A Nominal one.

Then ye got a town.

I suppose so.

Have less fear, gentle ones with cartographic aspiration. Houghton is due for a cosmopolitan rejuvenation . . . well . . . a slight increase in commerce. The gas station will be back in the middle of this winter.

This past year Houghton has witnessed the commercial death of a general store, a gas station, *The Wooden Food*, I mean *Wooden Shoe*, or rather *The Brass Unicorn*, and a sporting goods store. A post office, a new gift store, a log home business, a food co-op and an ivy covered phone both are all that is left of Houghton as a civic entity. (There's also a barn full of lonely cows just on the south edge of town that willingly stare back at visitors and speak to those who know the language.)

We have no home town to call our own here and somehow an academic community is just too amorphous an institution for any feeling of home town for the students. We have our town crazies, a host of town gossips, a bad case of the small-town-blues but quite frankly, no town.

A school-for-town undulates and changes constantly. It is never still. Every year the population goes through part of a cycle that flushes itself completely every four years (except for the few perpetual seniors who stay around for the good cooking). There is constant replacement of population and atmosphere so how are we to find a home for ourselves with so much change?

I start with the presumption that we do need a home. Everybody tells me, more often than not to my chagrin, that I am indeed a social being. I'll take their word for it from sheer force of repetition if nothing else. We will have to find a home in our people—in the friends and acquaintances that we move together with. Just like two vehicles that move along the highway at the same speed, our movement isn't so violent in relation to each other. The main element that stays constant in relation to us is other people. If we are to find constancy it will be in the people around us. We need a certain amount of constancy. After all, industrial upheaval is at our doorstep.

Beside our need for a meaning, also a need for human intimacy without conventional trappings—for the experience of a circle where power expresses itself in meaningful and beautiful forms.

"Human intimacy without conventional trappings." What does that mean and how do we achieve it at Houghton College? How does one experience such a power and intimacy where the general conception of meaning in relationships is another chapel airing of *Friends are Friends Forever* (a doubtful statement from the start).

Forgive me for my literary sins, and allow me a slight leap. I spoke this summer with a priest about architecture—about the building that he was living in and about the old and monstrous building across the road from him.

"Even if you wanted too. Even if you had the money to pay for it," he told me, "you couldn't build a building like that now days in America. Nobody does that kind of brick work. In fact, nobody works much with stone at all. I remember when we needed a cut stone wall replaced on our grounds near DC. We scoured the city and the only man we could find that could do the kind of fine stone work we needed, the kind that lasts, was over 70 years old. He had to train brand new apprentices to do the job with him as nobody else knew the craft. America doesn't build homes anymore—lots of houses and buildings but not many solid homes. It's almost as if obsolescence is built in—as though we build in full knowledge of how temporary our work is. That's what it is. We build in obsolescence."

His words come back to me now as I think of building a home for myself. I need to constantly keep in mind that I want to build a home with friends that won't be obsolete next week, next month, or next semester.

Our culture sells us the temporary, the fashionable, the pop. Pop culture infects our music, our clothes, our ideas and worship, and certainly our social life. People who espouse the latest in popular culture can get along well with others of the vanguard. They can gather a group of pop friends based on fleeting values and qualities.

Pop friends, with their currency and instant comfort, comprise much of our social life here at Houghton College. I wouldn't say that we stay within the bounds of most of America's pop culture, though; we surpass it with our own distinctive construct—Christian pop culture. But that is an issue in and of itself.

In short, many of the friendships that I see in my own life and around me have, like so much prefabricated interpersonal architecture, a definite built-in obsolescence.

I don't think that we need to pursue timeless friends, those few who last for years, as much as I think we need to pursue timeless qualities—qualities that we can use as our standards for years to come.

While pop culture and most of America can't afford to build things that last; we can't afford to build things that don't last.

J. Craig Henry

Part II in the next issue.

Coming Up:
Sep 27 CAB Coffeehouse
Sep 28 Whiteheart Concert
Oct 2 Wind Ensemble Concert
"Marches of the World"
Oct 3 Faculty Lecture— Eliza-
beth Cook "The Prairie"



POETRY: by David X. Braden

Trip to Knott's Berry Farm

One dry afternoon
In the midst of a summer
of dry afternoons
While puffing smoke rings
Through the sunset
Knott decided to move to California.
The next morning
He boarded up the house
Crammed his family
Into the jalopy
And ambled off to the highway.
Kicking up the lazy dust beneath the wheel
It floated for a moment
Returned to the ground
Resettled.
Knott's Berry Farm:
(Next right, 2 mi. -opposite church)
Was pronounced as slowly
As the time it took
To bend the back
Stoop to the ground
Reach the hand underneath the leaves
Surround and gently tug the berry
Straighten
And place the berry in the sack.
For a jar of strawberry preserves:
Repeat above action 500 times
Mash berries
Boil with sugar
Can
And wait,

KNOTTSBERRYFARM(Next Exit)

Rolls off the tongue and through the braces
As fast as the rollercoaster that breaks speed's neck
With the fear of a plane crash stimulated
As if dodging tons of metal down the highway
With hyper kids pulling on your ears to get there
First place in line in time before it opens
Wasn't enough.

MUZAK

I saw you standing on the down escalator in a Sears department store while I was on the up escalator. Then, as I got on the down escalator to see you, you had gotten on the up escalator to see me. As soon as I saw you, and realized what had happened I waited until we were across from each other, performed an about face and proceeded to travel against the flow, walking twice as hard while you stood there and laughed at all the comic effort expended on your account, and at the funny misunderstanding brought about only because you had wanted to see me just as much or else you would never have bothered to hop on the other escalator. I hadn't seen you in so long. I had so much to tell you: I recently bought a puppy to keep me company throughout the next decade of my shortening life and the fight I had with my girlfriend on account of the hot and muggy weather she was suffocating in and the air conditioner broke and I was too lazy to fix it or hire someone else to fix it and so the fight built up from there but maybe things will cool down a bit once the thunderstorm that seems to be building by the look of the black clouds, that were poised outside my kitchen window which I mused through over a glass of orange juice at breakfast, breaks; and the craziness of late driving all night just to see the sun rise as soon as possible, and the mouse that scurried across the car hood but not before stopping to stare at me through the windshield with its little black eyeballs, and driving all around today in search of a screen that would fit in the kitchen window the last one having been busted open with my fist and so here I am on this escalator to find it wasn't you after all but someone I had never met before and now I realize why you were laughing. You had realized the mistake I made before I had. It wasn't until I had fully recovered my breath and returned to the car I was hit with the significance of it all. A stranger saw you and went to enormous lengths of embarrassment to follow you and you never once gave me a look of fright, shock, or repulsion. Then the wonder of it all quickly followed: why did you return on the up escalator? Was it mere coincidence; perhaps you had forgotten to get something from the second floor. Or perhaps you had seen someone you thought you knew but really didn't. Perhaps you thought I was an old boyfriend you were hoping to see and tell the stories of your life without him. That's not why at all, but it's probably not too far from the truth.

13 ways of:

Slipping into strange company
Making mockery of raindrops
Burning in salt sipping marshlands
Hiding breaths of will o' the wisps
Dancing in reeds to click of dice
Rolling across moonlit hedge paths
Leading into incantations
Whispering in dervish circles
Casting up grotesque figures
Sneering through tomorrow's velvet
Muffling the chasm's echoes
Losing baubles through the fingers

ads & personals

Kurt Brown and Robert Browning, I know not who you are, but I hope by now you'll not say the same. *Votre grand frere* has been up to 10 just to send you this message. Have a perplexing time, Gerry.

Shy, sensitive, bearded theologian/composer/editor type desires. . . well. . . a companion. Desired qualities include: able to understand the mysteries of the Universe which include the intricacies of DNA, and how to make perfect waffles; likes herb teas; enjoys stimulating conversation, but knows when to be silent; comprehends the meaning of Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster as well as Rachmaninoff; thinks Canada is the greatest place on and likes Kate and Anna; and knows just what to do with the stuff called *Weetabix*. If you're here, don't let me know, at least not yet, 'cause I'm not really ready for someone to be a companion. But thanks for being out there, somewhere, anyway.

*Lacrymosa dies illa,
qua resurget in favilla,
Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce Deus,
Pie Jesu, Domine
Dona eis requiem.
Amen.*

Attention: Behind the walls college student, seeking correspondence and friendship from sincere and understanding individuals. Am 25, of Black and Native American heritage, will answer all.

Nathaniel M. Cuffee, Box 149,
No. 81A4933, Attica, NY 14011-0149.

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Homecoming Senate Spot! Saturday, October 12. Any prospective acts need to contact Lanae Ford (box 784) or Jamie Weiner (box 1577) by Friday Oct. 4. The theme is "Cities of the World" but any good act is needed. Help make this a gala event a success.

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Wanted: Correspondence & Friendship for a Psychology major, behind the walls college student. Am white, 27 years old and have several years to serve in prison. Letters are the basic communication that keeps me going. I am sincere and honest.
Ray W. Burse, Attica Corr. Fac.,
box 149, No.76B1177, Attica NY
14011-0149.

Rich,
I wish I could laugh, but that joke is not funny anymore.

Morrisy

**Cake Queen,
Tree virtues and threatening wings
bring me back to need -
reclamation for self sake
poverty as selfism.
Certainly glad to be back.**

a lawnmower.

My Dear Kent,
After reading your flagrant personal ads in the Star last week, I have decided to terminate our dull, monogamous engagement and begin dating the exciting men of Havenwood.

Love and kiss-off,
Dawn

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CONTEST RULES AND RESTRICTIONS:

- Any student is eligible to submit his or her verse.
- All entries must be original and unpublished.
- All entries must be typed, double-spaced, on one side of the page only. Each poem must be on a separate sheet and must bear, in the upper left-hand corner, the NAME and ADDRESS of the student as well as the COLLEGE attended. Put name and address on envelope also!
- There are no restrictions on form or theme. Length of poems up to fourteen lines. Each poem must have a separate title. (Avoid "Untitled"! Small black and white illustrations welcome.
- The judges' decision will be final. No info by phone!
- Entrants should keep a copy of all entries as they cannot be returned. Prize winners and all authors awarded free publication will be notified immediately after deadline. I.P. will retain first publication rights for accepted poems. Foreign language poems welcome.
- There is an initial one dollar registration fee for the first entry and a fee of fifty cents for each additional poem. It is requested to submit no more than ten poems per entrant.
- All entries must be postmarked not later than the above deadline and fees be paid, cash, check or money order, to:

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