

**THE**

**COLLEGE PAPERS 1982**



**Houghton**



**STARE**

**Nobody does it better.**

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Ah, what an array  
of delectability...



Dee Ahrens

# Campus News

## Massey goes coup - coup

by Edward R. Murrow

Charles Massey, Dean of H.C. Buffalo Campus, seized the administration of the urban extension of Houghton last week. Massey called the move a "liberation of the socially and academically oppressed" and announced his plans to turn the campus into a "simple-lifestyle community." His plans detailed provisions for those seeking to integrate a back to nature cr., (including courses such as Existential Soy-bean Management and the Humanity of Crop-Rotation), with the Buffalo night life. "Think of the potential," commented Massey, "a simple-lifestyle community in the heart of urban America. All we need now is a bush planters program and our own travelling rock band..."

When asked to comment concerning his role in the take over, Massey said "These people needed a strong leadership figure." He declined further comment.

The junta received serious opposition from the once great colonial Mother-College. President Chamberlain quickly dispatched a fleet of faculty, led by Dick Wing, to reclaim the campus. Their estimated travel time is two weeks, as they had to

journey on foot because no one could afford \$1.31 per gallon at the Houghton gas station.

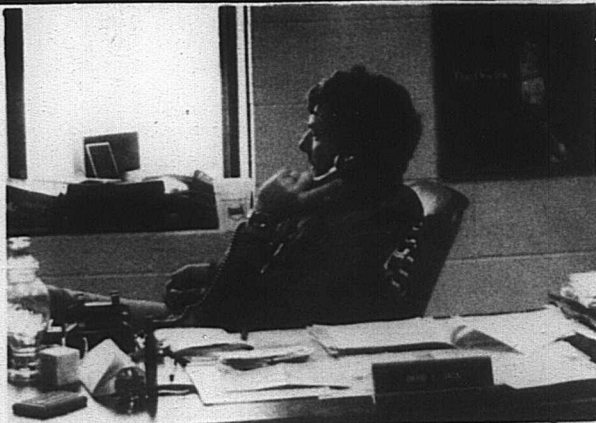
A commando task force, led by Security Sam, was deployed to infiltrate and play "Raid on Entebbe." Regrettably, the entire team was captured and imprisoned in the Buffalo Zoo. Reportedly, their presence was detected by Massey Intelligence, Inc., who heard the approaching click of cowboy boots and jangling of keys.

In the meantime, Larry Whitehead (LAW) was sent on a peace making mission to defuse the crisis. Whitehead proposed to handle the situation with a firm, yet gentle hand, stating that if Massey relinquished control of the area within the extended grace period, and agreed to transfer 15 million dollars to a Swiss bank account in Whitehead's name, there would be no military action taken. If Massey refused, Whitehead plans to set up a blockade and "starve the suckers out." When asked what considerations were being made for disinterested students trapped in the fray, Whitehead remarked, "Students? This is WAR! uh, we're making the world safe for the literate arts." \*



"They Kill good trees to put out bad newspapers."

- James Watt,  
interior secretary, at  
hearings of a House  
subcommittee.



## COACH JACK CRACKS!!

by Bob Woodward

The H.C.Phonathon took a bizarre twist last week, as two of the participating phoners were institutionalized due to complete emotional break down. "Hey, it's not easy to hear thousands of 'no's' when you're begging for money and your job is on the line," commented one nameless Athletic Committee member.

The volunteers knew the stakes were high, and they plunged in with all the energy of the Argentinian scrap-metal collectors.

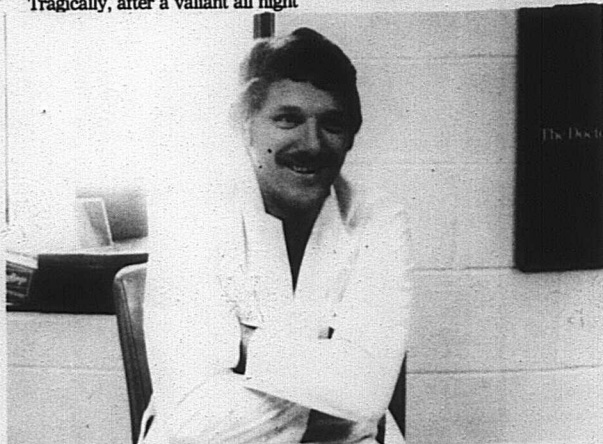
"I've never seen coach so psyched," said one basketball player.

But, alas, the pressure of the endeavor was under-estimated. Coach Burke was the first to slip. After many evasive answers and a total haul of only \$.46, Burke resorted to a fetal position and began to mumble something about why basketball got to go to Hawaii and soccer only went to Alfred.

Tragically, after a valiant all night

struggle, Jack also cracked. When he realized that another day had passed and the interest rates had yet compounded on the gym-debt, he climbed to the roof of the gym and refused to descend until he was assured a new, improved, urban recruitment program. Fortunately, the Houghton Fire Department, lead by the intrepid Fred Trexler, was quickly on the scene and employed its hook and ladder along with the promise of new uniforms, to rescue the broken Jack.

Since a meager \$19.84 was the total of pledges, plans are now being considered to dismantle the new Physical Education Center, brick by brick, and dump it on the banks of the Genesee River. Bedford gym will be resurrected on its former location, thus putting modern day Houghton students in touch with the distant past, an experience that the men of Gao enjoy daily. \*





# big noise disrupts Houghton

by Obie Mewt

A big noise broke the bucolic calm of Houghton yesterday and last Thursday. After the first big noise, the Houghton Emergency Squad was alerted.

The Squad was ready for the second big noise. They had been on stake-out for three nights previous to hearing the second big noise. Dr. Friedrich Tweekler led the stake-out, keeping a watchful eye

on his Big Noise Detector. The second big noise registered "Very Big" on the Big Noise Detector Scale. The first big noise was just "Big."

The Squad is not sure what they will do next. A committee has been formed—the Big Noise Committee—TO PROBE MORE DEEPLY INTO THIS OMINOUS THREAT TO THE Houghton Community. ★



Before the big noise

After the big noise



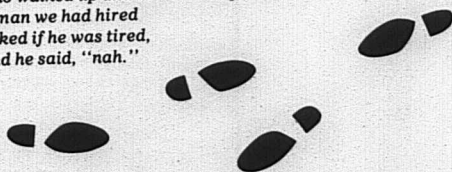
## Jones Named Humanitarian

The Star is pleased to announce its first (will be) annual "Christian Humanitarian of the Year Award" to that dynamic Ambassador of Christlike good-will, Bob (Jefferson Davis) Jones. Joshin' McDowell isn't the only one making great strides toward an understanding of politics. Jones' recent curse, applied to the head of Alexander Haig, demonstrated both a keen political insight and perspicuity as to where the true interest of the Kingdom of God lie. Besides smiting Haig to the marrow of his bones, Jones added that the Pope is the Anti-Christ.



These bold and courageous public actions along with Bob's past record of working toward an understanding of racial tension made him a cinch for the "Christian Humanitarian of the year."

There once was a man named McGill,  
Who walked up and down a steep hill.  
A man we had hired  
Asked if he was tired,  
And he said, "nah."



## Numero Trois Campus News Bloomess!

by Karen Blazing

The Big Noise Committee will meet on Thursday. Bring your binoculars.

Anna Houghton Daughters Sale: girls under five, \$1.50; between five and ten, \$1.75; ten and over \$2.00. Or you may buy by the pound: 5¢ a pound. Parents are urged to bring their children down a full hour before sale time. Sale will begin at 10:00 am Saturday in the Campus Center. Only married men over thirty with Ph.D.'s will be allowed to make purchases.

An organizational meeting for would-be pledge breakers who wish to participate in next year's Second Annual Dean Danner's Run will meet in the Student Development Office at midnight on Saturday. The meeting will go over recent advances in training methods.

All Western Civ final exams have been cancelled.

Alexander Vague will come to Houghton next week. He will be chief mediator in the Ippolito/Beach dispute. Vague will be available at lunch and during Chapel times for discussions with would-be warmongers.

Houghton Mifflin Publishing Company (not to be confused with Houghton College or Houghton Mifflin Publishing Company) is sponsoring a series of Gay Lifestyles Workshops from April 19-23. The seminars will be published in a Gay Lifestyles Workbook to come out next month.



What  
to  
do

When you're  
a little short...



The office of Student Development and Phi Alpha Theta announce the formation of the Sons of Zacchaeus Society. Following the assertions of a group in France who claim direct lineage to Christ, other groups have sprung up worldwide, claiming similar roots to various and sundry Biblical characters.

Houghton College, always on the razor's edge of dispute and controversy, has discovered evidence demanding a verdict that several prodigy of the esteemed tax collector, the venerable Zacchaeus, are alive and well on Houghton College Campus.

Peter Roman, President of the newly formed Sons of Zacchaeus Society, remarked that any male under 5 foot 7 inches who has a tendency to climb trees may be a potential descendant of the famous

Biblical Hobbit. "We're looking for a few good short men who like climbing," Roman said.

Professors Smiley, Stegen, and Young have agreed to serve as faculty advisors for the Sons of Zacchaeus Society. They hope to form a Christian Trilateral Commission to control the tree-felling activities of one Brian Sayers, philosopher.

Present members of the society include Craig Seganti, Mike Childs, Craig Mix, John Essepien, Rohn Vogan, Jamie Wiener, Scott Morgan, Mark Benson, and Rick Danielson.

Meetings will be held on alternating Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 pm in the crawl spaces on fourth Main of East Hall. Elections will be held next week for the position of secretary. Jill Kingdon and Sherri Jackson are the only two candidates.

# FAITH ENTERTAINMENT

We hear so much about integrating faith and learning at Houghton, yet as Stephan R. Toman can well testify, we see so few results. This is not so, however, when it comes to integrating faith and entertainment at the big H.

Freddy Trexler and Roger Rozendal, those not avant-garde protectors of not-so-sacred Christian muzak, enlightened despots, mature Christian men who definitely prefer their wives in Hanes.

have taken positive steps toward a workable Christian synthesis of edifying gospel sounds and that smut we hear so much on secular prime-time television.

WJSL ("We play contemporary Christian cliches-all the time") has begun to broadcast daily over Channel 7. Now the aspiring Christian who wishes to view "Dallas," but is afraid that the secular themes may cause him to stumble, can put aside his childish fears and thank God for those he-men over at JSL

who can make J.R. spout strains of Evie instead of his usual filth.

Reliable sources close to the

Star have hinted that Houghton College may undertake more such projects toward a complete integration of faith with everything. Slated for sacred control are such areas as the Salad Bar, the library. Brian Sayers, and dating relationships.

*James Seymour Jockey*

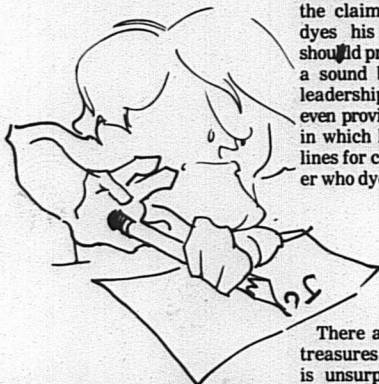
## Joshin' McDowell Does It Again —

by M. I. Serious

Book Review: Joshin' Answers Tough Questions the Skeptics ask about Government

Joshin' has filled a longstanding need in Christian publishing: a well-documented book giving Christians all the answers to political questions. Joshin' makes the answers to these tough questions so clear that one wonders why no one else ever solved them so simply and straightforwardly. Joshin' renders years of scholarship pointless.

And the questions really are tough. For example, take the question on the cover, "Is Ronald Reagan's hair color authentic?" Political scientists have been debating this ever since Ronnie was governor of California. Now Josh presents convincing Biblical and scientific evidence to support the claim that his hair color is authentic. Having answered this question, Joshin' has



done much to restore credibility in the government of these United States. After all, who could ever trust a man who dyed his hair?

Also, Joshin's treatment of this question has important ramifications for the average-Joe-Christian-in-the-

street. Joshin's biblical evidence for the claim that every leader who dyes his hair is a bad leader should provide each Christian with a sound basis for evaluating the leadership in his church. Joshin' even provides an excellent appendix in which he details biblical guidelines for confronting a church leader who dyes his hair.

There are many other excellent treasures in this book. This book is unsurpassed in the McDowell corpus. It even beats his Tough Questions which has the excellent answer to that central theological question, "Is the shroud of Turnin authentic?" Joshin' has just outdone himself here. ★

FORE  
For Your  
Dear

by Jim Pinkham

Although planning has begun for the construction of new men's housing to replace Gaoyadeo Hall, Dean Robert Danne announced

"If certain standards are important to the community, the persons responsible for them need to be willing to continue

Facing some of the toughest teams in the nation, the women have been playing well.

Dr. Shannon is initiating the search for a replacement

of his time in that office now and plans to take full responsibility by the next academic year.

A limited number be available for \$2.00. Persons interested in obtaining one should flowing between the college and its Alumni Office. Mrs. Melody Sellers is managing affairs there now.



This paragraph is slightly off the subject, but I include it to stimulate your thinking.

We fix salads and throw much of them away. We take desserts plunged into the fiery opening and proceed to interpret all the passionate moods of the piece with clarity and power.

All the work goes outside the class and is seen by people outside the college.

Consequently, he devoted time to these related areas which developed through the progression of his research.

Unfortunately, the Chancellor was influenced to lift the ban due to the massive student protest.

## Editor Attempts Slandorous Attack

Dear Glenn,

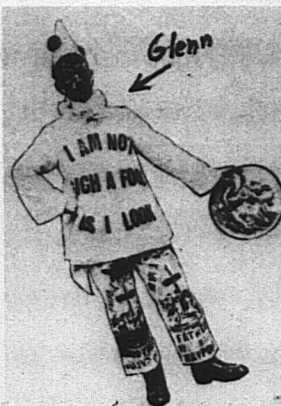
YOUR WARDROBE IS NOT IN THE LEAST IN KEEPING WITH THE EDITORIAL POLICY AND LACK OF FASHION SENSE OF THIS NEWSPAPER. In the future, we request you refrain from wearing the following:

your purple polo and lavender pants  
v-necked sweaters over turtle-necks  
deck-shoes without socks

the black lace camisole under the white cotton shirt  
the khaki pants with the red flannel cuffs  
that silly stretched out-looking French sweater that hangs to your knees.

Also, please stop leaving your pillowcases full of dirty laundry in our office. Its so unprofessional.

Whips and chains,  
Linda







# PLEDGE BREAKERS RUN FOR THEIR LIVES

by Frank Longer

The first (will be) annual Dean Danner Run was held on Thursday, April 16. The competition's unique format gives would-be Pledge breakers an opportunity to gain practical experience in evading Student Development.

Contestants, who usually prefer to remain anonymous, compete one at a time, beginning at a starting line three paces from The Dean. After performing the Pledge breaking act of his choice, the harrier runs until he is caught by Danner or until he completes 26 miles.

Dean Danner feels that the event's strongest aspect lies in the fact that

competitors may remain anonymous. "It's so positive!" commented Danner. "Students who do not otherwise fit into the Houghton community get the opportunity to participate in an athletic event in which contestants do not seek glory."

This year's winner, Steven Kerchoff, was chosen for his pledge-breaking act of smoking. According to eyewitness accounts, Kerchoff, gifted with an unusual lung capacity, was able to exhale enough smoke into Danner's face to momentarily incapacitate the Dean. Kerchoff gained a substantial lead, dropped by Chapel on Tuesday to pick up his award, and kept on going. \*

by Mr. Coach Dean Robert Danner

In the first competition of the spring season, Houghton's Canoe-Sir Team, lead by captian Paul King Miller and Coach Robert Danner, reduced the Geneseo squad to uncontrollable sobs.

After the humiliating defeat, a tear-stained Geneseo captain feebly defended his obviously poorly trained team, "Well, obviously they're a bit more experienced." True. The Houghton squad started training back in December.

For those new to the sport, here is a brief breakdown of the rules:

1. The canoe must be stolen.
2. The canoe must be made of high-impact, unbreakable plastic.
3. The main objective is to crash the canoe into a tree with as many people in the canoe as possible.

The more people in the canoe at the time of impact, the more points.

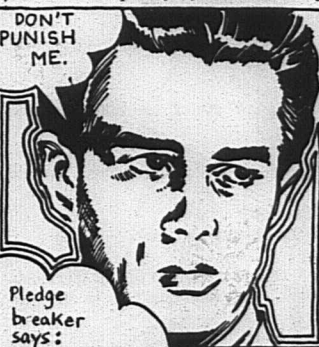
6. Also, the larger the canoe, the more points.
6. Points may also be won for the aesthetic quality of the crash:

broadside hits and spins are especially valued. To many people's surprise, this is an almost totally injury-free sport.

On its first run, the Houghton Squad, guided by fearless bowman, Kriag 'Kaboom' Steffen, glanced off several saplings before ending with a first-rate, presque world-class slam into a large oak. The canoe carried a very respectable twelve people at the moment of impact.

On the second run, the Squad blazed an even hotter trail. Halfway down the ski slope, the canoe, aided by a large boulder, headed straight for the woods. After taking off the tops of several shrubs, the Squad put the 'kaibash' on a young maple. After cracking several more medium sized maples, the canoe spun around for a stupendous rear-end collision with another stalwart oak.

After seeing how dismal the Geneseo squad was, Houghton did not even bother to take its third run. The Squad is destined for success given its fine leadership and rigorous training schedule.



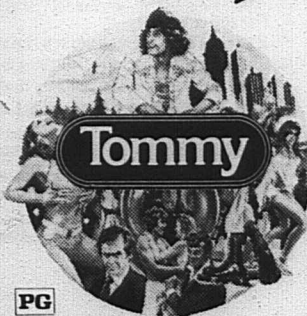
HOUGHTON↑  
STUDENTS  
DESTROY  
STOLEN  
PROPERTY

by Ben King

In a sudden change of plans, voice professor Benjamin King has announced that his opera workshop class will be performing the classic rock opera "Tommy" Sunday, April 26 in Wesley Chapel.

King has also revealed that he plans to sing the difficult lead part himself, widely considered the most musically intricate and physically demanding piece in the history of opera. "I don't think that anyone on this campus can quite capture the character, the excitement, the very essence of Roger Daltrey than myself," King explained to the Star in an exclusive interview last week. King has been training since last December for the difficult role by riding his bike down Park Drive every other day and by swinging mikes for hours at a time. He has also been seen hanging out at Parish House for several weeks. "I can just learn to stamp my feet to the spine-wracking beat, I think I can do it," King said. \*

KING TO  
SING  
IN



by Georgie Adament

Dr. Donald Bailey, erstwhile President of the Houghton College School of Music, showed that he's definitely in tune with the groovy generation as he performed last night in Wesley Chapel.

Playing to a sell-out crowd of senior citizens, Bailey, clad in a pink tux with purple sequins, ripped off selection after mushy selection by the world's richest commercial writer, Barry "Farry" Manilow.

Bailey's keyboard skills were excellent. He handled even the most difficult pieces with uncharacteristic aplomb. His voice cracked only three times, and even then, he managed to convince me that he intended to do this. Awesome!

I don't know about you, but I feel that the Houghton College School of Music needs more of this contemporary emphasis. How 'bout Stacey Gregory singing AC/DC with Dr. McNeil? How 'bout it? Until then, I take my hat off to the best Manilow interpreter at the big H. Great job Don!



BAILEY  
ROCKS  
WES  
CHAP

# Student Rebellion Humiliates Faculty

by Tim Frandsen

On September 17, 1994, I entered the Elmira Correctional Facility to interview one of the leaders of a student rebellion which occurred at Houghton College on April 23, 1982. What follows is a partial transcript of that interview.

Smith: How did the trouble start?

Frandsen: It was a hot Friday afternoon, and several students had been raked over the coals by the Trustees at their meeting for saying that the Bible is not inerrant. That seemed to rub them the wrong way so a couple of them came down really hard on us, then politely threw us out of the meeting.

S: What did you do?

F: We gathered some friends and broadcast our complaints over the radio.

S: The college report states that this was done violently.

F: Yes, it was, in fact, the JSL people called security, but by the time they arrived we were down on the quad demanding an official apology from the Board of Trustees. I think there were about 200 of us by then.

S: What did security do?

F: What could they do, shoot us? We hadn't done anything too bad by then except rough up a few radio people. Charles Beach got it worst, but then he was used to it because he wrote letters to the Star. What really bothered security was when we threw mudballs at the windows of the trustees dining room.

S: Why did you do that?

F: Because we had already called out the Academic Dean and the President without results.

S: What did they say?

F: I think they said we'd all get five chapel cuts if we didn't disperse in ten minutes.

S: What about the apology?

F: No soap. The President said we should be willing to forgive. . . which was true.

S: Then why did you go on with the rebellion?

F: The heat of the moment, I guess, it had been a bad year.

S: What happened next?

F: Let's see, first we set fire to Gao, then we blocked off all the roads and cut the telephone wires. We set up our headquarters in the JSL building.

S: What were the security people doing then?

F: They were trying to arrest students — face it, a half-dozen middle aged men can't stop three hundred students who are rioting in a dozen places. They were pretty ineffectual, really, after a while we had them all locked in a practice room.



S: How about the fellow who speaks in chapel, Mullen is it?

F: Oh, yeah, Mr. Magoo? We bought him a dictionary of African and Indian names broken down into simple syllables with large print.

S: I see, Charles Emerson Bressler?

F: Somebody had the bright idea that he thinks he's funny, so we painted him in blackface and set him up for two shows a night in Presser Hall. It worked out so well that now he's standing in for Tommy



Smothers in night-club engagements.

S: And our friend, Dr. Christensen?

F: We made him editor of the Star.

S: William Greenway?

F: He is now a waterboy for the Harlem Globetrotters, which was my idea.

S: Poet-in-residence John Leax?

F: Since he was so into silence we gagged him and locked him in a closet.

S: Mr. Wenger, the art instructor?

F: It seems I remember someone buying him a one-way ticket to Madrid, New Mexico.

S: Did he ever come back?

F: To Houghton?!

S: Sorry, I forgot. Did you humiliate Dr. Brown?

F: Who's that?

S: Bruce Brown, music. . .

F: Oh yeah, let's see, mustache, wingtips, Republican?

S: Right.

F: I think a couple of voice majors locked him in a listening room and played Bob Dylan on "8" for a few hours.

S: Professor Woolsey?

F: I saw some girls tickle him until he, he, I can't say it. . .

S: He what?

F: He smiled!

S: No!

F: Yes, that's when the tower fell off the top of Fancher.

S: The top of what?

F: Fancher Hall - it was across the street from Gao.

S: Oh, where the Danner Building is now.

F: The Danner Building, what's that for?

S: You know, corrections, weight loss, behavior modification, that kind of thing.

F: And I thought Uncle Joe was dead.

S: Huh?

F: Skip it. . . you want to know what we did to Smiley?

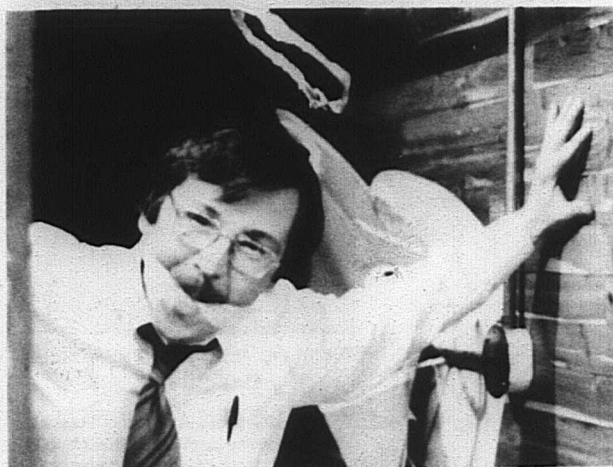
S: Who?

F: Richard Smiley, Christian Education, Auto Mechanics and Beverage Hospitality.

S: He must not be there now.



Sin 30x 14



F: Okay, you ask the questions.  
 S: How'd he get the name "Smiley"?  
 F: He was happy, what can I say?  
 S: Come on, nobody's real name is "Smiley".  
 F: Allright, allright, it was Poindexter Snodgrass!  
 S: I'm sorry, did I make you angry?  
 F: ~~\*\*\*~~!, no. (expletive deleted)  
 S: Okay, what did you do to him?  
 F: For starters, we bought him a second pair of grey, corduroy pants, then we gave him a book he'd always wanted; *Gems From Jagger* by Mick himself with Lionel Basney.  
 S: Lionel Bagley, who's that?  
 F: He was a literary historian by profession but don't call him doctor and write Basney by that so you'll know not to believe it when you study for the test.  
 S: What?  
 F: Don't read Sylvia Plath, tell stories about jack the three-toed sloth who worships a wendelberry and most of all do homage to Dr. Johnson, father of the forehead!  
 S: Are you all right?  
 F: I think so, forgive me, old habits are hard to break. You see, well, let's go on.  
 S: Did you work in the Shannon Science Center?  
 F: Yes, but it was just called the science building then.  
 S: Oh no, the Shannon Complex is all new, mostly research. It's up where Fillmore used to be, but anyway, how did the Bio. profs fare?  
 F: Pretty well, except for Dr. Oetinger. He got fired because we found a case of, well, movies, behind some books in his office. Things like "The Mating Habits of the Himalayan Rutabaga Root", "Elegm: An Introduction", and "Elephantiasis for Me and You".  
 S: Did you work for Vic Danna?  
 F: Yes, but he works in Hollywood now as an understudy for Sylvester Stallone. He did "Rocky's Revenge".  
 S: I saw that, wasn't it right after "Rocky III"?  
 F: No, it was after "Son of Rocky" and before "Rocky on Mars".  
 S: Did you see "Rocky of the Rings"?  
 F: No, but I did see "The Stallion, the Wife and the Water Closet".  
 S: Who wrote that anyway?  
 F: C. S. Gibson, Houghton Professor, lieterary critic and freelance bellhop.  
 S: I'm not sure if he's still there.  
 F: Tall guy, stale jokes?  
 S: Okay, right. Milton and who?  
 F: Somnolence: English Poet.  
 S: Oh. What ever became of Katherine Lindley?  
 F: I'm not sure, but what I was told is that she ran off shrieking something about "Willard J. in disarray" and throwing old, yellow pictures in the air.  
 S: What about Lola Haller?  
 F: She was dismissed after the uprising because she danced on the quad when some students played Stevie Wonder from the top of the chapel.  
 S: She was dismissed for dancing?

F: Yes, both she and Professor Wille. Wait a minute, I think Ken Lindley was in on that deal too. Yes, he was. Later he was excommunicated because he was missing church on Wednesday evenings for dance lessons. After all, there are no excused absences at Houghton College.  
 S: Why were the State Police so long in coming?  
 F: I don't know, maybe they took the wrong turn down in Dogpatch.  
 S: What happened when they arrived?  
 F: We were all arrested, then put in jails around the area.  
 S: How many students actually served time?  
 F: Most of the ones from the "lower economic reaches".  
 S: I don't understand.  
 F: The ones ~~who~~ didn't live in Valley Cottage or Orchard Park.  
 S: How long until you get out?  
 F: About seventeen months, if I behave.  
 S: And what then?  
 F: Start over, I guess, maybe pick up a degree.  
 S: In what field?  
 F: Writing or Anthropology.  
 S: You were an English major at Houghton?  
 F: Yes, but there was no life in it there. Maybe I'll go back into it, but I'm scared to. I let those clowns get to me the first time, but I'll make it. Take them a warning, tell them I've survived them, and I'll be back. \*

just for fun

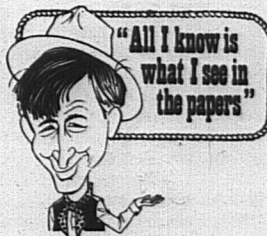
News papers don't have to be serious all the time. Once in awhile, just for the fun of it, have a fling! Add some "pizzazz" to an otherwise dreary outfit with our fun-loving jewelry. Go ahead... have a good time with accessories.

The Stare

Dear Linda and Glenn.

While the issue presented on Current Issues Day isn't wholly settled as to the gender of God, At least we can be sure of one thing: He's White.

Thoughtfully,  
 Bob Sanson and  
 Mike Chrzan



by Paul Miller  
TIM →



by Paul Miller

The alarm went off at precisely 6:30a.m. Tim rolled over, groaned, and flicked it off with his tongue. After showering, shaving, and sprinkling baby powder all over himself, he grabbed his books and headed downstairs.

"Don't forget your clothes!" Tim's mother called from the kitchen.

"Right Mom!" Tim called back and climbed up the stairs to get dressed. He dressed quickly, making sure to spritz Halston for Men beneath his chin. If this doesn't melt them, nothing will, he said to himself. He took one last look at himself in the hall mirror, adjusted the upturned collar of his Izod shirt to make it look more casual, stuck his toothbrush behind his ear, and ran out the back door.

It was a grand day and Tim chuckled to himself as he soaked up the lovely sunshine. Existentialists never have a nice day, he thought as he watched a dog urinate on an indifferent cat. Suddenly a bearded man jumped out from behind a bush and pointed a sawed-off shotgun at Tim's knees.

"Be ye Hatfield or be ye McCoy?" the man growled.

"I'm Tim," Tim said, nervously fidgeting with his toothbrush.

"Hatfield or McCoy?" the man growled again, louder this time, and with spittle running down his beard.

"McCoy," Tim guessed.

"Then say goodbye to ya knees," the bearded man hooted.

"But what if everyone shot off people's knees?" Tim asked and then slipped away as the man puzzled over this question.

Walking down Main Street, Tim ran into Candice Bergman.

"Where have we met before?" asked Candice Bergman.

"I'm Tim," Tim replied. "There's a little bit of me in everyone."

"Now I see," Candice Bergman

said. She kissed him savagely on the cheek and walked away.

In the laundromat, Tim decided to re-wash his hair. He stood on his head in a clothes washer and turned the machine on. Ten minutes later, as he was spin drying, the thought occurred to him that Nietzsche never had it so good.

"I'll give you fifty dollars for your shirt," he told the pretty girl who helped him get out of the washer. Before she could reply, he ripped it off her body and chased her around the laundromat until she hid in a dryer.

After lunch, Tim observed two masked men rob the First National Bank.

"BE HEALED!" Tim shouted as the men raced out of the bank. He struck each of them on the forehead with a hammer and they fell to the ground and lay motionless.

"It really wasn't anything," Tim explained to Barbara Walters later that day. "Actually, I had no choice in the matter; a nine-hundred foot Jesus told me to do it."

"Isn't he so self-deprecating!" Barbara Walters asked the TV audience without moving her lips.

After supper at Burger King, Tim was struck and squashed by a commuter bus carrying senior citizens to Cheez-em's Disco Palace.

"It really wasn't your fault," Tim whispered to the stoned bus driver.

"There's so much evil in the world, but it all works out for good if you don't think about it."

"I should have had a V-8," the bus driver said.

Tim died in Bellevue because the ambulance driver forgot how to get to N.Y.U. His last words were said to be: "It's so cold. I'm shrinking."

Good old Tim. Enigmatic to the end.

Moral: Things aren't always what they seem. ★

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Getting Satisfaction

by Todd Scull



The bullet went through my head and probably killed someone in the next room after passing through the wall. Blood was everywhere, and little chips of bone and viscous congealed brainmatter sputtered the plaque my mother gave me for my eighteenth birthday. It was a really sweet thought. She was quoting an inscription from the adoption agency she picked me up from.

*Not flesh of my flesh  
Nor bone of my bone...  
still miraculously my own.*

*Don't forget for a single minute,  
you didn't grow under my  
heart...  
but in it.*

In a fit of rage a week ago I broke it, so it's held up by Scotch tape now. It hangs a bit crooked and is quite sad to look at. I've cried just looking at it.

Last week she wrote me a letter telling me that she has a few tumors on her forehead that required examination by a specialist. For two weeks straight I didn't even include her in my prayers because I forgot about her tumors. I remembered them this morning in the shower—standing there letting the water pound on my head, like the Spring showers used to do on the tin roof of the family cabin. I was thinking about how my father and I always ended up fishing at the fish hatchery after spending all morning in a small rusty boat on a small polluted lake. It was common knowledge the lake had no fish, but it was very important we test this assertion each year.

"The fish you don't catch are the only ones worth fishing for," Dad always used to say.

I didn't understand that. I still don't understand a lot of things my dad used to say to me. He was a very private man. He died alone in the shower of cancer. I was the only other person

in the house at the time. I was alone when he died. I remember him yelling from the shower "please God, not now...please..." The fire department took an hour to arrive and break in the door to remove my father. He just sat in the shower all that time with water pouring all over him; pouring on him, pouring on me.

I just stood in the shower this morning like a goddamned fool and suddenly remembered the tumors on my mother's forehead. I didn't cry or anything. I didn't even feel sad as soon as I remembered. I just stood there thinking about when I would call home. When I finally did call home, the tumors never came up in the conversation. I told mom I loved her and then hung up.

I sat in my room looking out the window across the valley and watched the sun set. I didn't move for a long time. I stared the sun down; it retreated like the good-natured Welcome Wagon lady retreated after I shot her phony pompous ass with a pellet gun when I was ten. My cruelty is always leaving me alone. Then I remembered the shower, the Spring, my father and the tumors on my mother's forehead. I realized that everyone dies alone.

This whole life is spent in getting something and fighting to keep it past death, or else believing that death will come after satisfaction. People don't know they die in showers with a son locked alone in the house, or die celebrating their birthdays, or mass. They die in bed naked, fornicating. They die in costumes at New Year's Eve parties. They die in expensive restaurants before paying their bill. They die in hospitals shaking hands with tubes and having their last words muffled by airways stuck down their throats. All those poor bastards die alone, unprepared. Somebody must be laughing; somebody must be laughing because so many are crying.

So, this evening I took a gun, began laughing uncontrollably and caught that somebody off guard. ★



Dear Friend

Quite frankly, if you say 'no' to Jesus, I will be surprised. What's more, I know you will be disappointed.

Why? Because merely saying 'maybe' involves no commitment, yet entitles you to some marvelous free gifts, and a chance to examine our exciting 'born-again' christian faith — also free!

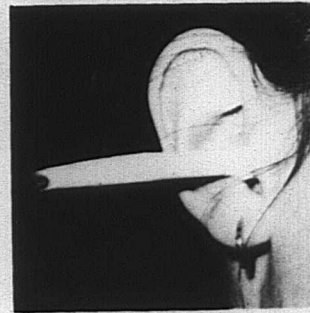
That's right. Just by making one simple decision you receive your own personalized, genuine, gold-lettered, leather Bible. You also receive a new set of enthusiastic friends for your fellowshiping convenience.

And there's more. Just say 'maybe' and we'll offer you free membership in a church of your own choosing: a church complete with padded pews, wall-to-wall carpeting, and intensity controlled lighting. We'll even throw in a year's subscription to **Comfortable Christian Living**. Examine and actually try out Jesus and these free gifts in your own daily lifestyle and see for yourself if what we say is true — that they turn an ordinary day into a memorable occasion, giving you a taste of heaven quickly, easily, and inexpensively.

Then and only then is there any need to make a decision about Jesus Christ. If you decide no, simply return Jesus and keep the Bible, the church, and your new friends; even keep the magazine with our compliments

I hope you now see why common sense urges me to repeat Don't say 'no,' say 'maybe.' In fact, don't say 'yes,' say 'maybe.' After all, why pay when you can get something for nothing? (It's the American way!)

Best Wishes,  
FO'C Righteous



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Otic Tobacco is the proper means of consuming the elegant tobacco plant.

No longer will you stoop to the yellowed fingers of smoking tobacco or the tar-filled, stained teeth of chewing the leaf.

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Those daring few who have tried Otic Tobacco will testify that they have heard the singing slaves of old trudging up and down the rows of the tobacco plants picking the likeable leaf.

### Enjoy Otic Tobacco Today!!!

Caution: Please insert your smottle of tobacco into one ear at a time. When both ears are used at once, acute loss of hearing occurs secondary to the obstruction of sound waves and the foolhardy abuser is so intent on listening to his Salem symphony or Marlboro minuet that any chance of distracting him from his euphoria is null.



Art, in a way which news stories and editorials cannot, provides characters and situations which attest to the importance of individual experience. Individuality is a necessary prerequisite for responsible moral action. By putting artistic works and news stories and editorials together, I hope to lay a foundation for responsible moral action.

The importance of fair and equal application of penalties incurred from breaking restrictions, rules and laws governing behavior can not be overstated. Rules are rules, huh? And if we value the principles on which they stand, justice must be applied equally to all under the given rules.



## A Perfect Ten



An unresolved quarrel between the sciences and the humanities was at the bottom of every controversy, each claiming against the other the truer progressive orthodoxy, the words, scholastic, formalistic, scientism, positivistic, being hurled back and forth in the same timbered hall that had shivered to Petrine, pseudo-Protestant, Johannean, Romanizing ...It was the perennial quarrel, in short, ...none the less passionate for the smallness of the arena and the fact that nobody cared, beyond the immediate disputants, how the issues were resolved.

—Mary McCarthy  
from *The Groves of Academe*

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