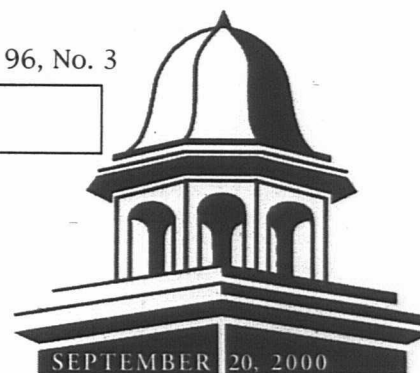


# S The Houghton STAR

Volume 96, No. 3



THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF HOUGHTON COLLEGE

SEPTEMBER 20, 2000

## Buffalo strike leaves student teachers out to lunch

Bethany Schwartz

Houghton student teachers have been permanently moved from inner city schools after the Buffalo teachers went on strike three times in the past two weeks. Teachers did not report to work on the second day of classes, then called two more strikes in the early morning, the last of which being on Thursday. Schools reopened on Friday, but because of the uncertainty in the negotiations, twelve of the thirteen student teachers Houghton had placed in the city schools have been moved.

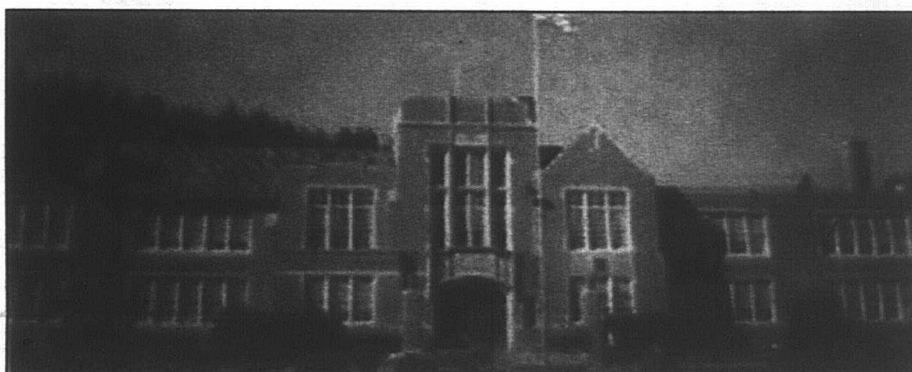
The teachers are upset about the lack of support that they feel they are receiving; they feel there is not sufficient retirement incentive or health care for retired teachers. The strike is also aimed at increasing salary, lowering class sizes, and having more instructors to teach music, art, and physical education. Because of the lack of agreement with the Buffalo Board of Education, the teachers chose to strike again this past Thursday. Once an agreement is reached, the teachers will be signing contracts that extend through the next four years. To strike in the state of New York is against the law, and the Buffalo Teachers Federation can be charged with contempt of court, or have jail sentences and fines issued against them.

Wednesday night the education department of Houghton College had a meeting with the thirteen students who were supposed to do their student teaching at these schools. During the meeting the faculty asked the students what they wanted to do about the

situation, and the students responded that they did not want to leave the schools they were originally assigned to. The faculty did eventually decide that it was necessary to the students' educational experience to be moved to different schools. The majority of Houghton student teachers who are placed in these schools are there because they want to teach in the inner-city and are disappointed now to be moved to other schools. Fortunately many of the schools in

transition for them to make from the inner city to the suburbs, but the Lord will work things out. Something good will come out of this."

Not only has this strike affected the Houghton students, but also many student teachers at other colleges, the children in the schools, their parents, and surrounding suburban schools have been affected. The inner-city, poverty-stricken children cannot go to school when the teachers are striking,



the suburbs of Buffalo are willing to help out and have made arrangements for all twelve of the students to do their student teaching at other schools. Although many of the student teachers are not happy that they have been placed in other schools, they are glad that there are other schools willing to have them in their classrooms. "The suburban schools have been great with finding classrooms for our students," said Susan Martin, who is in charge of the student teachers at Houghton. "It's a hard

and many parents do not know whether they should stay home with the children and perhaps lose their minimum-wage jobs, or leave the children home unattended. About two hundred children were left waiting for buses around 6:40 am on the two days when teachers went on strike early, but fortunately no one was lost or injured in any way. The "domino effect" resulting from the strike is not beneficial to anyone, so many people are hoping that these issues will soon be resolved and school will once again be permanently in session.

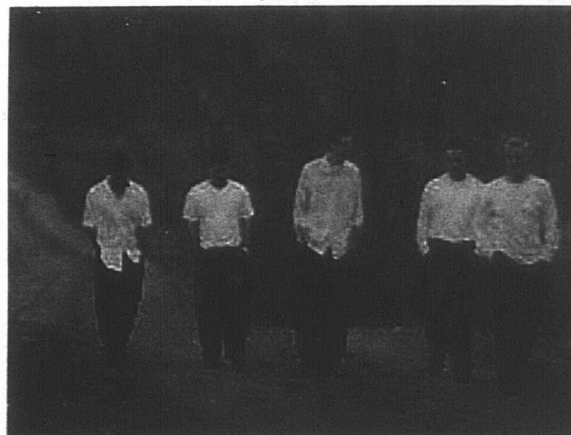
## Ready For Monday ready to rock

Steve Dunmire

This Friday night at 8 PM Houghton's own Ready for Monday is throwing a ginat CD release party in Wesley Chapel. A \$1 donation is being asked, and will not only get students in you in the door, but will also give students a chance to win an RFM T-shirt, CD, poster, and stickers. The show starts at 8 PM with opening act The Dune (folk singer/songwriter), followed by the "raffle," before the band takes the stage. David Bancroft (keyboards, acoustic & 12 string guitars, vocals), Chuck Gibson (electric & acoustic guitars, and vocals), Nate Meloon (drums), Mike Shipman (electric guitars, and vocals), and Ian Velez (bass, and

vocals) make up the 5-piece band, and Jamie Waldron is their manager. In the words of the band's drummer, Nate Meloon, "Our goal is to use our music to draw people in and show them that being a Christian has to be an every day experience. We could be playing the catchiest tune in the world, but if there's no message, there's no ministry." The band spent this past summer travelling to youth camps, and Nate comments that, "This summer was an amazing growing experience. Spending 9 weeks together helped us grow closer musically, and spiritually as a band and individually."

The band is hoping to develop an original alternative-pop sound, and



say that though they recognize that they are in many ways a "Worship Team," they believe that they are headed towards becoming a band with a unique and

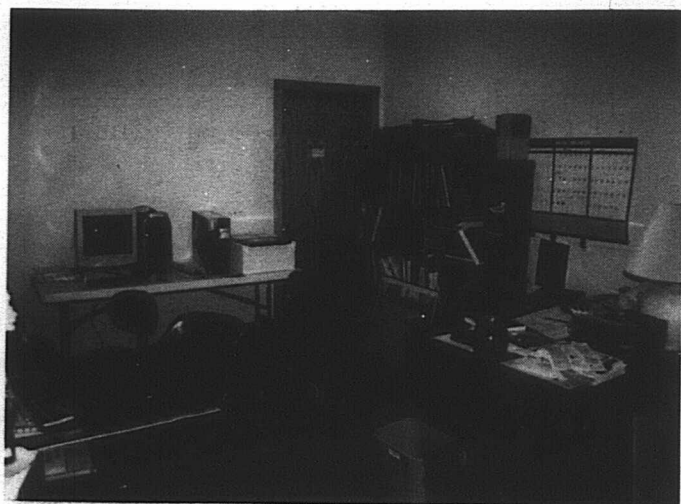
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## College facing year without "book"

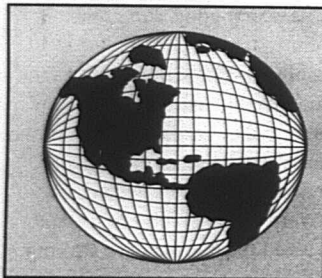
Rosa Gerber

The Houghton Boulder is ready to plunge into the new school year and put together another great yearbook. They are all ready, having purchased new equipment, including two computers, a scanner, and a digital camera. But even with all the right equipment, the Boulder is still missing the people needed to write articles, to organize pictures and pages, and to take photographs of all Houghton events. The positions of editor-in-chief and photo editor are still not filled, leaving many students to worry

about the possibility of there even being a yearbook this year—a possibility which leaves many students sour. Senior Mark Paliani says, "It is disappointing, this is the final year for the class of 2001, and we might not have a tangible way to look back on it." The Boulder is willing to train those students interested in working, and working hours are flexible, so students can work as their schedule allows. Regardless of interest in editorial positions, the contribution of pictures is also a vital need. Any student who is interested in helping, however, should contact Kris Clester or Jeanette Nolan.



The Boulder office has sat unused since the beginning of school.



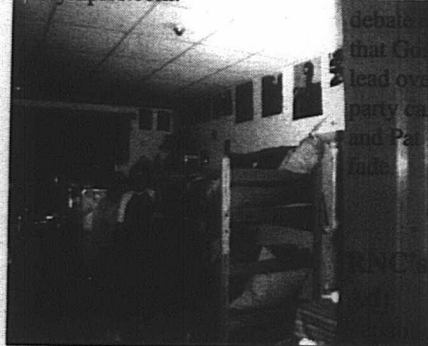
## THE WORLD OUT THERE

Rosa Gerber

### The Olympic Games

The 2000 Olympic Games opening ceremony took place on Friday, September 15, in Sydney, Australia, with the torch being lit by Australian runner Cathy Freeman. Days two and three of the Olympics saw action in archery, basketball, beach volleyball, boxing, track cycling, fencing, field hockey, gymnastics, shooting, soccer, swimming, triathlon, water polo, and weightlifting. The medal standings as of the end of day three were the United States leading with 11 (four gold, five silver, two bronze), Australia with nine (three gold, two silver, four bronze), and China and France tied with six each. For updates on the Olympic events, news,

and medals, check out [www.olympics.com](http://www.olympics.com).



Syd the platypus, one of three Olympic mascots

### Debates Set for Bush and Gore:

After two-weeks of discussion, Republican candidate, George W. Bush, and Democratic candidate, Albert Gore, have settled on dates on which to debate. While some details still need worked out, the two major parties' candidates have agreed to three televised debates, each lasting 90 minutes,

for Oct. 3rd, 11th, and 17th, while their running mates will debate on Oct. 5th. Polls show that Gore holds on to his modest lead over Bush, while minor party candidates Ralph Nader and Pat Buchanan continue to

### RATS Campaign

The Republican National Committee and Republican candidate, George W. Bush, clash once again over campaign advertisements, this time involving an ad funded by the RNC that flashes the word "RATS" over a Gore prescription drug plan. Bush commented the ad was not intended to send a subliminal message. "We don't need to play cute politics. We're going to win this election based upon issues," Bush told reporters, according to CNN News. The ad's creator, Alex Castellanos, claims that he did not intend to create a subliminal message with the commercial; he flashed the

word "rats" as part of "bureaucrats" so the ad would look visually appealing, and the letters that appeared first spelled "rats" was merely coincidental.

### Fuel Protests:

Last week in Belgium and the United Kingdom, protesters organized a weeklong oil refinery blockade that paralyzed traffic and closed businesses and schools. These demonstrations, which were held over fuel prices, ended Thursday after protesters agreed to smaller-than-demanded settlements. The military was used for transporting fuel to emergency services as the demonstration led thousands of gas stations to close and food to be rationed in some supermarkets. Though, by the end of last week, the protests in the UK and Belgium have backed down, demonstrators in Spain, Poland and Ireland were launching new campaigns and protests were continuing in Germany, where the first blockades began.

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The Houghton Star encourages the free interchange of opinions and suggestions in the form of letters, articles, guest editorials, and advertisements. Students are especially urged to participate. We also welcome the viewpoints of faculty, staff, townspeople, alumni, and all others having an interest in the Houghton community. Ideas printed herein do not, however, necessarily reflect the view of the editorial staff, or of Houghton College. The staff reserves the right to omit or reject any contributions for reasons of professional decorum. Letters (signed) should be sent to:

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# arthouse

A look at the intersection of faith and art

## Bait \* (out of four)

starring Jamie Foxx

Richard Mehring

When I go to see big studio movies in the theatres, I go in with certain expectations. I assume the plots will necessarily be recycled from familiar formulas, the characters will be of the stock variety, and on-screen action will serve as the primary force that dictates the progression of events. A few directors will operate within these boundaries and manage to create truly memorable and exhilarating pictures (John Woo and James Cameron are outstanding examples). But usually a filmmaker will produce passable entertainment following these parameters. Some, however, fail even at this. Antoine Fuqua's *Bait* is a prime example.

*Bait* touts itself as a thriller/comedy about an unsuspecting petty thief who's used to lure a big-time thief out of hiding. Unfortunately, it's neither thrilling nor funny, and the result is a near two-hour groaning ordeal without the slightest glimmer of inspiration.

The film opens after a frantic montage credits sequence of a soldering iron and circuit boards that has nothing at all to do with the rest of the movie, and on a character named Alvin by Jamie Foxx who's robbing a seafood storehouse. "They're prawns," he insists, trying to keep his buddy from walking away. He gets caught and thrown in jail.

At the same time, a professional thief raids the Federal Gold Reserve in Manhattan, stealing over \$40 million and killing two guards. His partner double crosses him, takes the bullion, and winds up in the same jail cell as Alvin on a DWI charge later that night. After confiding some vague secrets about the whereabouts of the gold to Alvin, he dies of a heart attack during an interrogation with the FBI. After pumping Alvin for information regarding the gold they decide to enlist him as an unwitting volunteer to lure the thief who's looking for the gold, out of hiding. They have someone hit Alvin over the head in the prison yard, and while he's unconscious, surgically implant a tiny tracking device in his lower jaw. After pinning responsibility for the double cross on Alvin without his knowledge, they set him free, hoping the thief will contact him.

What follows is an extended sequence of predictable events including a love interest, old enemies, and (yawn) the inevitable confrontation with the antagonist at the end, complete with the usual car chase, gunfire, explosions, you think he's dead but he's not, whatever and ever, amen. None of it generates any tension at all because it's already so tired and cliched and also because there's no effort on the part of the



Even Jamie Foxx can't save *Bait*

director to enliven the proceedings at all.

As an example of technical ability, *Bait* also falls flat. I mean, seriously, how can you change from amber to blue filters to capture the exact same scene in two successive shots? They create two totally conflicting tones and completely ruin any photographic impact the filmmakers were trying to achieve. The camera work too is also reprehensible. Some of the chase scenes are done in such extreme close-up that a viewer loses all sense of place, and the picture shakes around so much that you wonder if the director hung the camera from a piece of twine and then erratically jerked it around during shooting. In one scene Alvin has to drive a van with a bomb in it to a safe distance away from a crowded stadium before it blows up. Driving through fences, bumping over grassy ground, and finally crashing through a huge display screen, you have no idea of where he came from or where he went until eventually a shot from far away reveals it all. The effect is jarring and makes you feel as if you're being shaken around inside of a tin can.

Acting also deserves harsh criticism. Jamie Foxx (who was good in *Any Given*

Sunday) hits all the tired notes when he's required to be funny, and all the weak ones when it comes to melodrama. I don't know whether I speak for the average viewer here, but I find it sort of difficult to root for a character who curses and swears out the side of his mouth in a jittery little voice when things don't go his way. David Morse as the detective is given the role that I guess was supposed to be "the likeable tough guy." The only problem is that he's utterly unlikeable. He beats people up and lets them suffer heart attacks without allowing them medical attention, and when someone offers him a suggestion, he just scowls really hard to make them back down. The murderous thief, played by Doug Hutchison, is at least an attempt at creating a character of passing interest, but all he does is behaviorally swing back and forth from controlled professional to raving lunatic.

In all, the movie is an inane racket. The directing, acting, and script (oh, I won't even start with the writing) are atrocious and nothing about their failure is the least bit endearing. In the name of all that is good and decent about the making of movies, stay away. (Rated R for profanity, violence, and a sexual scene)

## Delirious: "Shiny" Happy Worship?



Glenn McCarty

One glance at the top sellers should be enough to show the influence that Delirious has had on Christian music. Beginning as a worship team in Littlehampton, England nearly five years ago, Delirious has strikingly influenced emerging bands, as well as shaping the worship landscape in both Britain and America with songs such as "I Could Sing of Your Love Forever" and "Did You Feel the Mountains Tremble?" Despite the immense impact they have had on the industry, Delirious has also been one of the most tirelessly creative bands, constantly seeking to push the boundaries of their mu-

sical identity. Not content to remain classified simply as a "worship band," (which, by Christian industry standards would be admirable), Delirious used their 1998 release *Mezzamorphis* to connect with mainstream radio, and succeeded in pushing two singles from the album to Top of the Pops, Britain's pop countdown.

With this in mind, their new release, *Glo* (releasing July 29, UK/October 10, US) is something of a throwback to their early days as a worship band par excellence in England. The Christian message runs closer to the surface than in either of the two prior pop albums and likewise, the musical pendulum swings back to more straightforward melodic pop-rock

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# DORM DECOR

Students show you don't have to be Martha Stewart to decorate

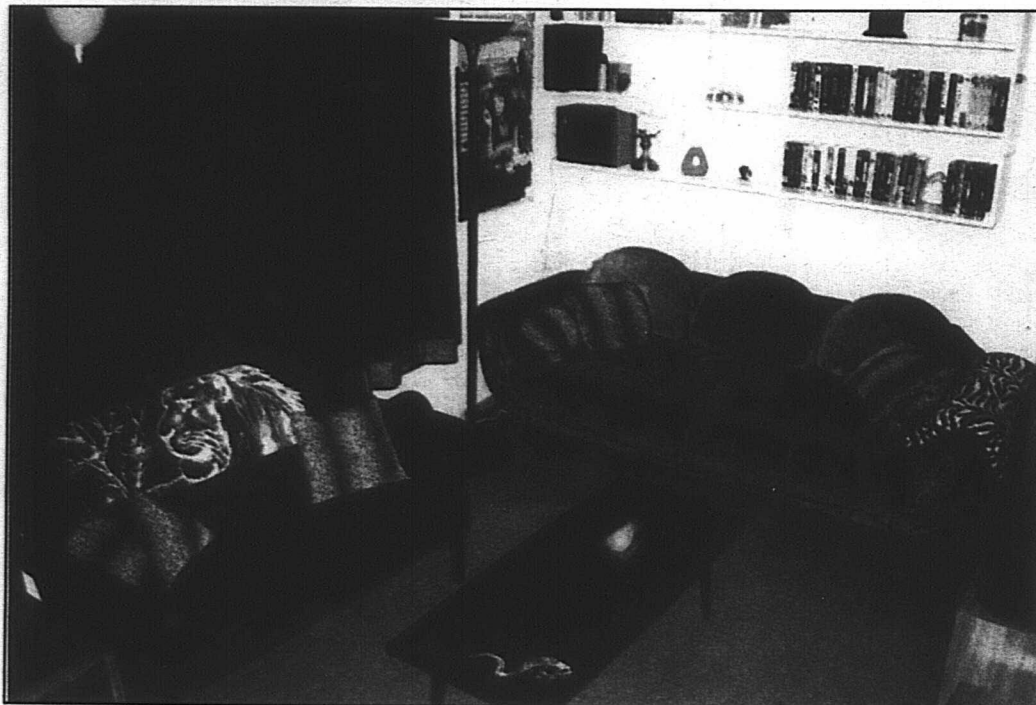
Shelley Dooley and Jett Jackson

I have always been one to keep a fairly clean room. The maxim "a cluttered floor is a cluttered mind" stuck with me through childhood and has driven me to instinctively and fastidiously impose order on my surroundings wherever I am. Although this has always led to peace of mind on my part, it may also be the very reason that I have had a new roommate for almost every semester of my college career.

For many, the term "dorm room" may trigger many responses, ranging from mildly unpleasant memories of cramped, dirty, or poorly lit living quarters, to olfactory hallucinations. In reality this is frequently the norm.

Dormitories are the college facilities that usually receive the least amount of money when the annual college funds roll in, and as is often the case, that's nothing. Sometimes, schools are even left having to increase room and board rates without making any improvements to the facilities.

Such an environment as this doesn't always easily lend itself to aesthetic improvement on the part of the inhabitants. Most students go to some effort to improve their rooms, but frequently (and particularly in the men's dorms) this consists of a haphazard array of posters, some scatter pictures, and in the unlikely event of a plant, a sickly, dying, or plastic one. Those students, however, who go above and beyond this level to make their living areas something of a work of art are rare and truly noteworthy. Here at Houghton College, we have some true visionaries of interior decoration, and although we weren't able to account for them all, we have selected a few



The retro lounge of 31 Park Street

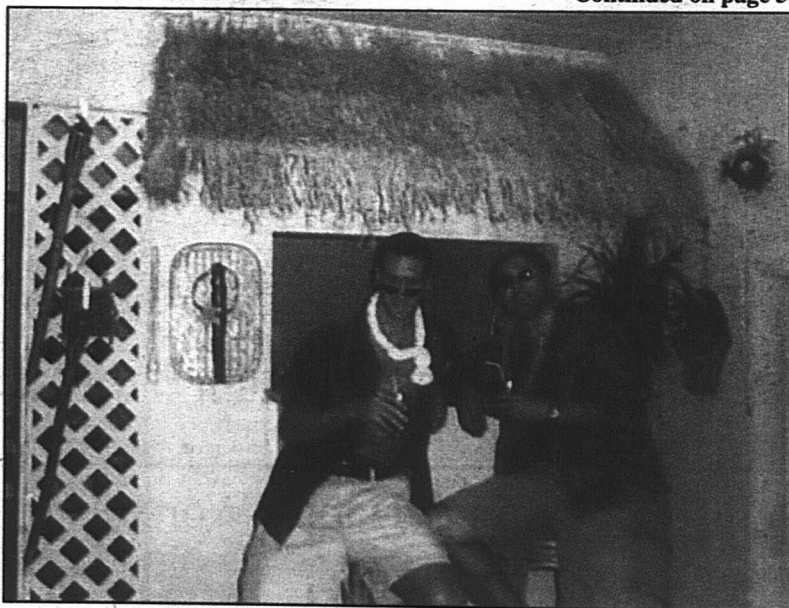
that stand out above the rest.

In the CLO category, the Beau Beckwith/Richard Mehring abode at 31 Park Street features the '70s retro motif. Walking in the front door, one will find an entertainment center, complete with a 26" television, DVD player, and surround sound, bordered on the left by an authentic 1978 Red crushed velvet couch with a Zebra print comforter and covered in leopard print pillows. Continuing to the right sits a black leather couch and a matching, hand-painted coffee table. On the opposite side of the room stands a table with a black and white, hand painted yin-yang design. The room is well lit by two floor standing lamps and the glow of a green lava lamp.

In Shenewana Hall, R.A. Brian Emerson has used some effective decoration strategies to make a typical dorm room into something quite elegant. First of all, several potted plants are

naturalize the surroundings. That's pretty uncommon for a men's dorm. A tall floor lamp in the corner diffuses light up to the ceiling providing indirect illumination, and a desk lamp

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The island paradise of Aaron Harrington and David Gleason

**In Question:** What is the coolest thing you have in your room here at Houghton?



"My United States Gymnastics poster."

Dana Basnight (senior)



"The Cappuccino poster that I 'borrowed' from McDonalds."

Jason Kennedy (Freshman)



Continued from page 4

with a yellow-tinted glass shade adds a sophisticated touch of class. (Quote).

In Stone House, the fairly domestic-looking living room of the Moisio, Palani, Wilton, Withero residence covers up a little basement room known as "the cellar." After descending some stairs in the adjacent garage, and crossing the concrete foundation, one will come to a small room with a card table in the center, and featuring a distinct, Prohibition-era look. On the green felt table stands a banker's lamp and the shelves on the rear wall are adorned with old bottles. An old, worn sofa to the left gives what could have been a hole-in-the-wall type room a warm, comfortable atmosphere.

In the Disco Barn seniors Aaron Harrington and David Gleason walk into a tropical oasis each time they enter their apartment. In true luau spirit, a straw roof covers an overhang from the kitchen and seashells dart the shelf landscape. Purple, orange and white leis hang from the walls and a unique homemade bonsai tree adorned with fake green leaves make all who enter feel as if they have journeyed to Hawaii, instead of what (without the creative genius of Harrington and Gleason) would be a rather drab apartment. Tiki torches hang next to a "tonight's specials" sign (last Friday, they were "offering ribs for \$3) and bright pink plastic flowers add a bit more color to the room. At the bar, two wicker stools sit beneath the straw roof that beckon their guests to pull up a chair and imagine they are drinking from glasses with paper umbrellas floating in the top. The seniors planned on livening up their white walls this year and are still in the process of decorating. Several large plants are on the way courtesy of Gleason's relative to cover every spare inch of the living room, further converting it into a Houghton paradise.

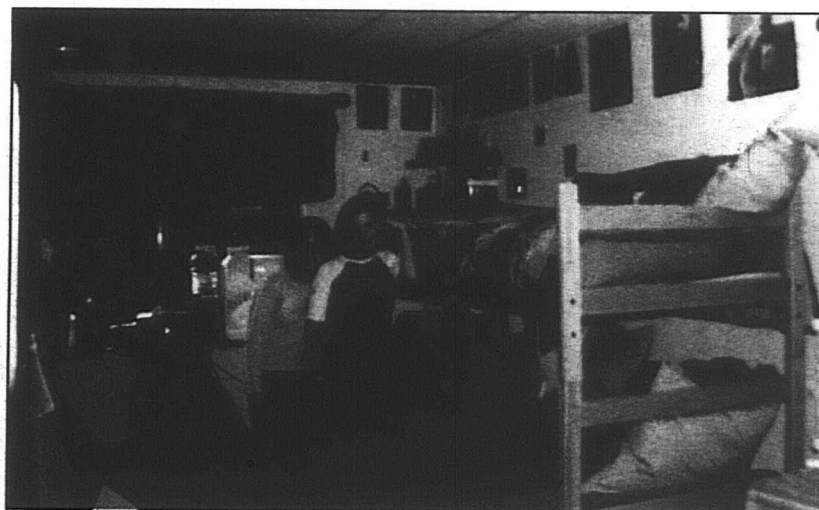
In the ghetto of East Hall (basement old, room 1) Becky Sedley, Cathi Hackett and Jessica Horton went for an

eclectic look with individual decorations that have merged into one of the most inviting rooms on campus. The most prominent feature of the room is a hammock chair hanging from the ceiling that not only conserves space but also looks like a fun place to sit. Each girl added her own posters to the walls and a playful large blue rubber ball sits on the floor. The girls' entertainment systems would make any guy on campus proud with over 300 CD's, a TV and a Nintendo 64. To bring a bit of their childhood back onto campus, the girls brought several beanie babies with them and added Sesame Street to their bathroom with a rubber ducky shower curtain.

In Lambein, rooms 606-607, the home of Crystal McCaffrey, Kristen Pillsbury, Karen Adams, and Beth Maples would please the eyes of even the harshest interior decorator. Both sets of girls decorated cheaply searching discount bedding stores and fashioning curtains from sheets showing that not everything fun in life has to be costly. Adams and Maples adorned their abode with the

color of royalty. From handmade purple curtains to similar, but not quite matching, purple quilts on their beds, the two sophomores' decor is easy on the eyes. Sprays of flowers pepper the walls and butterfly lights hang from the ceiling. Next door Pillsbury and McCaffrey decided to make everything match. Light green and blue comforters and curtains even coordinate with their bath towels and a matching Berber

to discuss decorating ideas with both parties involved. Maybe the Backstreet boys and Pink Floyd posters don't quite mesh well, but with the right attitude they can live in harmony. A room, whether it is ready for a luau or simply a place to sleep, is an important part of every college students' life, so make the most of it! Conserve space by using crates and under-the-bed containers, liven up walls

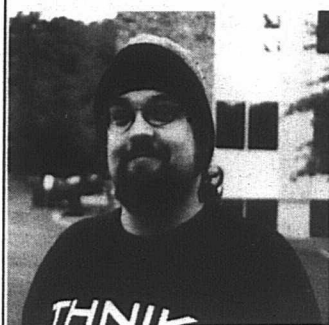


The Lambein shrine to Abercrombie

rug covers the rough carpet on the floor. The most important characteristic of both rooms is the Abercrombie and Fitch guys who peek from beneath every inch of spare wall space.

In order to make a room pleasing to the eye and pleasant for the occupant, it is important

with strange mementos from home, and bring in a few plants to generate a "homey" look. If one is truly a decorating disaster, even the Internet can help at <http://adserver.chickclick.com/html-ng/pos=1?968817043760>.



"My Bone#2.(comic book) first print."

Spike (Sophomore)



"A life sized cutout of JC from N'Sync with the head of Justin Spiegle pasted on top!"

Karen Adams (Sophomore)

VOX

expressions

voice

of a community of faith

## From the Desk

Glenn McCarty  
Editor in Chief

## When, Not If

Each week, I put the fate of the newspaper in the hands of a man I have never seen. To me, he is simply Mr. Foley, and all I know is this: if I take it, it will come (the newspaper, that is). Somewhere in Belfast, down the street from the local high school, is a little house, and connected to that house is a small porch, on which we leave a disk containing the files that comprise the Houghton Star. I do not know how he does it, I do not even know why, but I know this-it gets done. Week after week, I deliver to him this disk, and week after week, we receive a newspaper.

It is that simple... but also tormenting. For the hours of time we spend each week writing, photographing, scanning, proofing, editing, and laying out the paper, each week it is always in the hands of Mr. Foley to make sure the paper reaches its final destination. This can be extremely anguishing for someone who can be a bit of a perfectionist (my room notwithstanding) when it comes to matters such as these that are outside my power. From the time we drop it off until the time we pick it up, I must only wait and hope that all will turn out as expected. I am learning to realize, however, the value of trust, and it is having

profound implications for the way I think on the subject of faith. I have always heard that faith is the evidence of things not seen, but still have spent countless hours trying to solve this riddle, twisting the words around in my head, rearranging them so that perhaps they might make better sense. My conclusion is always the same-how do you have evidence for something you can't see? Almost laughing, the answer comes back to me-faith. The circular nature of faith has always frustrated me, until those rare moments when I stop to realize that it is not my job to figure out what faith is-it's just my job to do it. Until put into practice, faith is like, well, it's like a screen door on a submarine (to quote an old view of this subject). There are a thousand different facets to faith, but until we give up trying to understand it, and simply place our faith in God, we won't understand. I heard a beautiful illustration of faith by Maya Angelou last year at a conference. Speaking on slavery and the condition of the Africans who had been brought over to America and lived for generations in captivity, she asked how we, looking back, can think that anyone in that situation would be able to sing

songs and write poems about faith in God such as were written during this era. Her answer was simple-those who wrote the songs and poems were those who believed that they were going to be freed, and then lived their lives as if they already were. This certainty of deliverance that accompanied Daniel in the lion's den also accompanied the slaves as they hoped towards the day when and not if their deliverance would draw near.

This, then, is the key to faith-one simple word. When. It is not a matter of *if* we will see the deliverance, but *when* it will occur. For myself and the newspaper, I have a fairly short time to wait. We drop the paper off Tuesday morning, and by Wednesday, I see the reward. I am lucky. In other situations, it may be weeks, or even years until deliverance comes. For the Israelites it was four hundred years, but it came. This sort of mindset allows the fiercest and most joyful type of trust, as we realize that with faith all things are possible, and it's not a matter of *if*, but *when*.

## TOP TEN...

Signs your intramural soccer team stinks



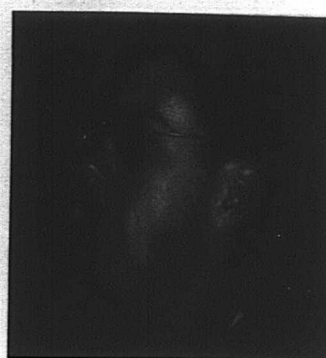
Stephen Maxon

- 10 After three games, you've collected zero wins and zero goals - but an impressive eight broken windows in the Lucky Building
- 9 Your team motto? "Picked Last In High School."
- 8 The only effect from your "lucky training fuel" of Spaghetti O's and Diet Coke is a bad case of scurvy
- 7 Your starting goalie is determined to make each and every save with his ample stomach
- 6 A simple misunderstanding of the term "tackle," and your biggest two players get ejected from the league
- 5 Your defenders regularly abandon their position to go chasing after "really cool-looking toads"
- 4 Opposing goaltenders routinely leave at halftime to go pick up dinner for the rest of the team
- 3 You lost a scrimmage to the junior varsity - from Fillmore Elementary School.
- 2 First mistake: naming your team "Pretty In Pink." Second mistake: trying to prove it with the one-piece uniforms and six-inch heels.
- 1 You're always opening up a pre-game can of "Whoop Us."

## 1 on 1

with Jeremy Martin

## "In the Heat of the Moment"



Sports are an intense, competitive thing. On nearly a daily basis in practices and games, athletes are pushed to physical and mental limits rarely approached elsewhere in daily life. It's a unique feeling to be caught up in the emotion of sport. Unfortunately, those emotions are not always channeled into the right actions. The intense moments in sports reveal not only strength of character, but sometimes a weakness as well.

Last year during a game with Roberts Wesleyan I was given a technical foul for arguing with a referee. The thought that I had disappointed the team and myself haunted me the rest of the game. Fol-

lowing the game I had one of the greatest learning experiences in my time at Houghton. Dean Danner was waiting just outside the locker room and I knew that he had seen what I had done. I started to tell him I was sorry, but before I could finish he stopped me. He explained that it was a mistake, but also an example of an area in my character that needed development. The key was to learn from the experience.

I don't know if that will be my last technical foul, but I hope so. The intense moments in sports can bring out the best or the worst in people. When weaknesses are revealed, there's a lesson to learn.

Houghton athletes and coaches carry both the Houghton and Christian name into every game, but they are not perfect and do sometimes make mistakes. In those moments, it's a time for compassion and learning. This is not an excuse for mistakes that any other athlete or I have made, but merely some thoughts from someone who has been caught in the heat of the moment.



# Driving with the Dean

## One Girl's Experiences on "The Bike"



Jea Adams

I've always liked to zip around. As a kid, I spent countless afternoons riding my bike on a beat-down dirt trail called 'The Doggie Path,' making ramps with a buddy of mine and seeing how much of a vertical flight we could actually take. Recently while I was visiting my boyfriend at Penn State, he talked the saleslady into letting us take a test-drive around the store on one of those new fangled scooters that everyone has now. Now, both my childhood mountain bike and that scooter I tried out were really neat, but nothing compares to what I got to ride the other day...a recumbent bike.

My ride with the recumbent

bike happened almost by accident. Last week I called the Danner residence to speak with Mrs. Danner about the art exhibit I was currently reviewing. Dean Danner picked up the phone and being friendly, I asked him how his bike riding was going, being that the majority of people on campus have seen him at least once on that cool looking contraption. "Maybe we could go biking sometime. You could take the recumbent; I'll take my mountain bike," offered Dean Danner. So it was set, and this past Saturday we did just that-- go for a bike ride.

The recumbent bike is different from the standard everyday model. It got its

start in England during 1905 and was then described "as comfortable as a rocking chair". This is true, since the rider sits down into the seat, there is no stress on the lower back, shoulders, arms or behind like can be sometimes experienced while riding a standard bike. In fact, the word recumbent means "to lean" or "recline" which is exactly what I did; it was a similar position to that of driving a car or sitting in a comfortable chair. Dean Danner first heard about recumbent biking when his younger brother Thomas, who lives in Ohio, found this way of biking to be great exercise. Danner took the advice of his sibling and tried one out to find that not only is it extremely comfortable, but fun too.

The bike he purchased in August of 1999 now has close to 2000 miles on it. "My goal was to ride 1000 miles before I had to put it away for the winter," he told me, and yes, thanks to some beautiful days in December of last year, he completed his goal.

The normal route for Dean Danner is a 14-mile loop towards Caneadea leading through the backroads of Fillmore then returning him to Houghton. Once while feeling ambitious, he even took a trip to Wellsville, which by the way, is around 50 miles. He even told me that speeds of 30 to 32 mph have been reached while coasting down the big hill that leads up to campus! This is no surprise being that the fastest land time was recorded while on a recumbent bike going 50.5 km/hour by Francois Faure in 1938, only to be broken in 1984, 46 years later!

For anyone interested in this not-so-normal looking but extremely invigorating bicycle, you can contact Peter Stull at the Bicycle Man shop in Alfred Station, the same place where Dean Danner purchased his bike. Stull not only has the largest selection of recumbent bikes, but he's a strong Christian with a heart for God.

(Jea Adams would like to extend special thanks to: Dean Danner, <http://www.bicycleman.com>, and Dana Basnight for her photography assistance and inspiration during the ride.)

## Highway Driving

Janet Decker

I didn't start out as a highway driver. After driving out to school alone for the first time, my hands ached after gripping the steering wheel so tightly for several hours. Now here I am, four years later. It is almost 2 a.m. and I'm more than halfway home. I'm urging Esmerelda on, past tractor-trailers, slow minivans, and exit signs at a good pace. My car is like an old hermit...something new breaks, rattles, or squeaks every day. She still likes the highway, though, and if I give her good enough fuel, and I've learned to trick her into going faster than she believes she can.

9:45 p.m. It's time to head for home, granted a late start, but we fly over the back country hills anyway, the blinding lights of towns rising up to greet us. It will be a long night. The windshield is filthy...I guess I need to change my

perceptions.

The sky is a patchwork of shadows, substance and voids, entertaining me as the road grows longer. The moon is a funny shape tonight...almost a full circle, with just one corner mashed in, like an orange that has been dropped on the floor. While we ride we talk...we talk of life, of love, of God, and of the random thoughts that we will never think again, nor remember a half-hour from now. We play pididdle. What do you call a car with four headlights? Signal towers make interesting shapes...like goalposts on a football field wrapped in red lights for Christmas.

12:12 a.m. We stop at a rest area for hot coffee and a cup of consciousness. What peculiar places rest areas are, especially in the first hour of the morning.

There is a middle-aged couple eating hot fudge sundaes from McDonald's. Clearly, they didn't stop to chat, but to have a reason to be comfortably silent for a few minutes.

There is a man in his early sixties. He is quite jolly for this time of day and smiles at us as we stare in our caffeinated daze. His hair is graying with a messy part on one side. He wears a grainy blue shirt with some sort of a company patch on it. Clearly, he has made this trip before. He fills his thermos at the counter and brings it back to be doctored. He dumps sugar into the mug cap of the thermos and then pours a cup of coffee in. He then transfers the steaming liquid back into the thermos. Once again, he pours more into the mug cap. He repeats the process a few more times and then fills up his travel mug. Leaving, he slips out the door like a shadow, just as he had entered. I wondered what he drove, but he slipped away before we could find out.

12:30 a.m. Pink streaks split the blue sky, and the stars seem to have been spilled out of the glowing moon. Construction signs scream of a Lane Shift ahead. Counting down the rest areas passes the time as the road winds on and off of the normal path.

What's the point to all of this? Perhaps it was logic induced by too much caffeine, but life in itself is quite the roadtrip. There have been random sights, bizarre yet noteworthy people, and the occasional danger of a tractor-trailer swerving way too close to me. The speed limit seems to keep flying upward, and like Esmerelda, I have to trick myself into believing I can keep up. But when some of the "rest areas" at college include midnight Perkin's runs, scrubbing a construction cone in a bathtub, and learning that certain fast food restaurants start serving breakfast at 2 a.m., who can beat the ride?

# Highlander SPORTS

For complete game scores and statistics, visit  
www.houghton.edu/news/athletics

September 13-19

## Men's, women's cross country teams victorious

### Staff report

At the Hobart and William Smith College Invitational, both the men's and women's cross country teams came home with first place finishes overall. The top finishers follow:

Girls Results- (5k)-1st overall 49pts 63 runners total  
Kim Sayre-20:02.39-3rd place overall

Amanda Miller-20:05.83-4th place overall

Eunice Thompson-20:29.09-11th

Emily Munro-21:02.74-15th

Erin Lawlis-21:14.70-16th

Liz Horner-21:46.90-25th

Kristin Pillsbury-21:52.24-27th  
Men's results:

1st place overall(32pts)

64 runners total

Pat Weaver-26:50.99-1st place overall

Geoff Thurber-27:00.86-2nd place overall

Joe Kidd-28:28.35-8th

Paul Inge-28:30.31-9th

Tim Cook-28:46.96-12th

Zech Zehr-29:26.23-24th

Chris Mancuso-30:08.47-32nd

Chirs Buell-30:09.52-

30:09.52-33rd

Mike Ryan-33:10.58-53rd

Peter Sumner-33:17.92-56th

Matt Dickerson-34:32.90-58th

## Sports Results

### Men's Soccer:

Friday:

T, Tiffin University, 2-2

Saturday:

L, Ohio Wesleyan University, 3-0

### Women's Soccer:

Tuesday:

W, Daemon College, 5-0

Wednesday:

W, Gannon University, 3-2

### Volleyball:

Friday:

W, Carolow College, 3-0

Sturday:

W, Mt. Aloysius, 3-0

W, U Michigan-

Dearborn, 3-2

### Field Hockey:

Friday:

L, Assumption College, 2-0

Saturday:

L, Bentley College, 2-0

## Highlander SportsWeek

### Men's Soccer: (4-2-1)

#### Varsity:

Saturday, Roberts  
Wesleyan College, 7:00 pm

#### Junior Varsity:

Tonight @ SUNY  
Alfred, 4:00 pm  
Saturday @ Roberts  
Wesleyan College, 2:00 pm

### Women's Soccer (8-0):

#### Varsity:

Saturday @ Carlow  
College, 1:00 pm  
Tuesday @ Roberts  
Wesleyan College, 4:00 pm

#### Junior Varsity:

Saturday @ Erie  
County CC, 1:00 pm

### Field Hockey: (3-3)

Tuesday @ SUNY  
Brockport, 4:00 pm

### Volleyball: (11-5)

Friday @ Mt.  
Vernon Nazarene Tournament

### Cross Country:

Saturday, Houghton  
College, 11:00 am

### Delirious continued

than the experimental sounds contained in *Mezzamorphis*.

Fans of big-time stadium rock in the vein of Oasis or Blur will find a lot to like in the 15 tracks of *Glo*. They certainly aren't afraid to bring the muscle, as evident on the massive licks that open "God's Romance" and "Glorious," but what separates *Glo* from prior releases, however, are the band's superb transitions from these moments of full-on, high-octane adrenaline to moments of equal intensity with less machismo. When it comes to the dramatic, the boys know how to shift gears better than a '65 Aston Martin, as it were. "God You are My God" opens with a choir of monks that leads immediately into a straight ahead amp-fed guitar and snare/tom and kick drum groove. After two and a half minutes of this worship-chorus-over-stadium rock atmosphere, the song immediately segues into the subtler tones of acoustic guitar and cello for a mini-verse, which kicks back into

the drum groove on top of the opening monastic chants. When the monks get through, a 150-voice choir joins the band for a few times through the chorus. A three minute instrumental "jam session" followed by a key change and lead singer Martin Smith leading the choir in the question "We're going to the house of God, are you coming?" closes the opening track. Whew! Clearly, this is not your mother's worship music.

Despite the massive up-tempo "head rush worship," it is in the subtler moments that *Glo* really succeeds, numbers where the tempo and intensity shifts are less pronounced, allowing the songs to develop at their own pace. "Investigate" begins with elegantly picked acoustic guitar over the pleading lines, "Investigate my life and make me clean, shine upon the darkest place in me," building to the chorus, built around a superb crunching guitar solo over Smith's soaring vocals. The melodic landscape shifts ever so delicately from one

segment to the next that such huge leaps in tempo and emotion as occur over the course of the songs seem natural.

Though there are some experimental moments to the album, especially the sparse, vibey "Jesus Blood," the club bass and programming is given a backseat to a more organic process of making rock and roll. American influences can also be seen creeping in: mandolin is the glue holding "Everything" together; dobro is the key to the slightly blues-y "What Would I Have Done?"

*Glo* finds Delirious? returning to their roots as a band grounded in leading the Church in self-proclaimed "everyday anthems," while at the same time seeking to make their mark on mainstream music as a quintessential British rock band, taking cues from U2, Radiohead, and even the Police. Whether they accomplish this sort of popularity remains to be seen, but with the new album, fans of hooky, melodic Brit-rock will have plenty to *Glo* about.

## RFM focuses on expanding their boundaries

Continued from page 1

band with a unique and contagious sound.

The new CD, "Free Me," contains 10 tracks (plus one hidden track, recorded in Houghton College's own chapel). The band says that this CD release party is to give ownership of the band to Houghton students, and to serve as a thank-you to them for all of their support.

"Right now we're writing some new songs... planning on pushing forward and looking at our options for next summer and getting our music and message out there," says Meloon about the band's plans. "Who knows where the Lord will take us, it's been an awesome ride so far."