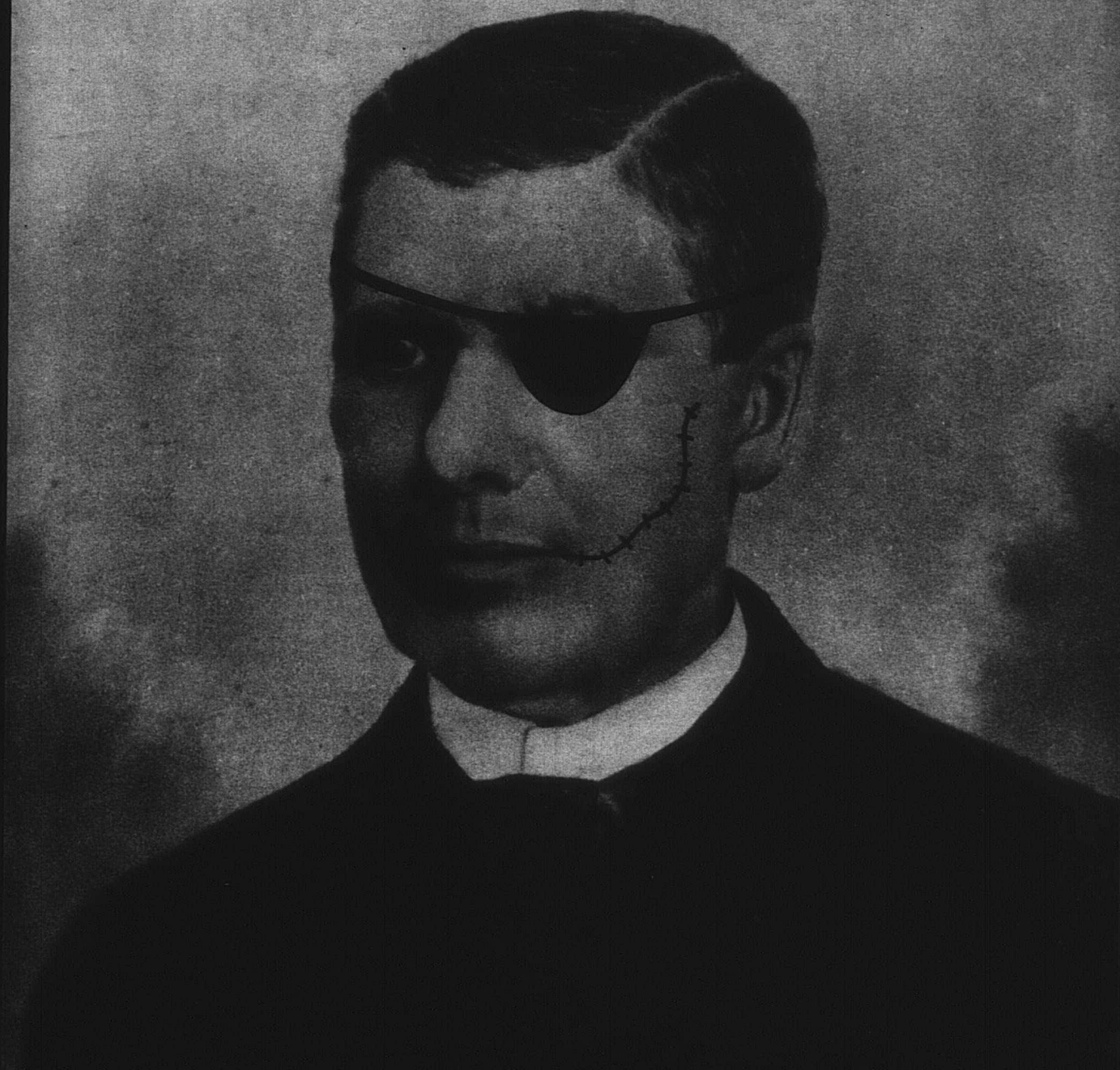


THE HOUGHTON SCAR



THE HOUGHTON SCAR

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THE HOUGHTON SCAR

Volume 76, Number 10

3 February 1984

Is There _____ (noun) After _____ (noun)?

A Story With a Moral

While out walking the other night, I came upon two _____ (plural noun) sitting on a park bench playing _____ (noun). While _____ (person) was voraciously _____ (verb, present participle) his _____ (noun), his friend _____ (another name) laughed uproariously and said, "_____ (yet another name) won't _____ (verb) us now!" I _____ (verb, past tense) _____ (adverb) and _____ (verb, past tense) behind a _____ (noun) to see what they'd do next.

The two made no move to _____ (verb). _____ (verb, present participle) on the ground was making me _____ (adjective) so I got up to _____ (verb). Just then, Security materialized, brandishing his _____ (noun). "What is the meaning of this, you _____ (plural noun)!" _____ (verb, present participle) is not permitted at Houghton!"

_____ (one of the above names) heaved a _____ (noun) at Security. _____ (adverb), I watched in despair, _____ (verb, past tense) by the very thought of _____ (verb, present participle), and afraid for the future of Security's _____ (noun).

The power of the law stopped the ruffians in the nick of time. _____ (adjective), convicted to the _____ (noun), the two _____ (verb, past tense) and Security _____ (verb, past tense) them to _____ (place).

What power, what utter _____ (noun)! I marvelled in the force and charisma behind the uniform, compelling even _____ (adjective) _____ (noun) to _____ (verb). I overtook Security, grasped his _____ (noun) and _____ (verb, past tense) him saying, "Truly, you are to be honored _____ (preposition) _____ (noun)!" Apprehending those two was a _____ (noun) of _____ (noun)."

"Ain't no thing," said he. "_____ (noun) at Houghton is, after all, _____ (adjective)."

So I reflected upon this episode, as I sat here _____ (verb, present participle) and pondering questions of truth, knowledge and _____ (noun). I pass along these socratic words for your rumination: "Don't _____ (verb) on park benches."

THE SCAR STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Larry Mullen
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Photo Editor	David Oetinger
Literary Editor	Tom Kettelkamp
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Reporters
Charles Bressler

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Charles Bressler

Production
Charles Bressler

The *Houghton Scar* is a bi-weekly, bi-sexual publication that represents the insipid meandering minds of a few flaming liberal professors. The *Scar* encourages leftism, rightism, in-betweenism, name-calling, mud-slinging, and anything else that can be remotely connected with bad journalism and Jerry Falwell. The opinions and ideas expressed herein are usually inane, illogical, and unintelligible. The *Scar* encourages signed letters that demonstrate the illiteracy and obvious lack of innate intelligence on the part of the writer so that the editorial staff may laugh, ridicule, and generally express contemptible opinions about professors and administrators alike. The *Scar* subscribes to the *National Enquirer* and *Cosmopolitan*.

Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

Willard J. Houghton, our founding father, as he truly was. Unretouched photo recently discovered in the Houghton College Archives by Mrs. Linda Doezeema.

for myopic eyes only

by Kathy Brenneman

It was revealed on Wednesday by Whitehouse spokesman Larry Speakes that President Ronald Reagan is in fact a llama in disguise. This shocking news resulted from much pressure and questioning by the press after the publication in the *National Enquirer* of a picture of Ronald Reagan grazing on the back lawn of the White House. The picture shows Reagan on his hands and knees fondly munching a mouthful of the green stuff. White House aides had originally explained the photograph away by saying that Reagan was attempting to gain Moslem votes by bowing to Mecca. However, the aides had to come clean when a *Houghton Star* reporter pointed out that Reagan was "bowing" west instead of east. For a moment this raised hopes among movie-buffs that somehow director Steven Spielberg had shanghied Mecca to Hollywood for the new horror film "I was a Call-Girl in Mecca" starring Richard Simmons. This claim was not substantiated.

Of course this insipid revelation that President Reagan is a llama has led newsmen to question if Ronnie-baby would run again in 1984. That question was answered Monday morning when Reagan announced his candidacy. What surprised most viewers watching the five minute announcement was Reagan's statement that he would run in both the Republican and Democratic primaries. "I feel I have as much of a chance on the Democratic ticket as any of those other (bleep), er, hopefuls," said Reagan.

Ronald Reagan Jr., the President's ballet-happy son, was asked to comment on the fact that his father was running again. Junior said, "Oh he is? I think that's wonderful. He's been training so hard you know; I really think he can break Rinaldo Nehemiah's record this time." When asked what he meant by this statement Reagan Jr. replied, "Well! I'll have you know that my father is America's hope for gold in the summer Olympics." With that, the interviewing reporter promptly snapped the elastic of Reagan Jr.'s tights and sent him crying to his, ahem, friend.

The question on many lips on the international scene concerns the whereabouts of Soviet party boss Yuri Andropov. Uncle Yuri (it's legal: they call us Uncle Sam) has not been seen by a western eye since late August. The official news agency Tass is still trying to convince the world that poor Yuri is just sick in bed with a cold. The official US response has been to send insulting Get-Well cards along with coupons for free bottles of NyQuil (good only in the US of course). We do so much appreciate the incredible heart of the State Department.

Recent intelligence reports, however, indicate that Yuri Andropov is hiding out right here in this hot-bed of liberalism—Houghton College. "I'm shocked," you say. "Impossible," you add. But nonetheless, this bizarre fact is true, for how can you discount the amazing "coincidence" that Yuri Andropov and E.J. Willett look so much alike, eh?

The other amazing "coincidence" is so straightforward that it is surprising that no one has made the connection before. ("You Americans are so stupid," says the Soviet Ambassador to the US Andrei Gromyko.) Last year Willett, a.k.a. Andropov, took a year's sabbatical in England—or so we all thought. It cannot be only coincidence that this is the same year that Andropov rose to the position of control in the USSR. It was very easy for Willett to slip up to Russia for a few months and then "take sick," and come back to the big HC (eat your heart out *National Enquirer*.)

But wait, there's more convincing proof. Willett is an Economics professor, right? Well, what else could he teach considering that Marxist/Leninist ideology is all based on Economics. And who can deny the fact that teaching Microeconomics students that "all economic ideas are essentially simple" is really undermining the greatness of American capitalism. It's ludicrous to say that Economics is simple!

But now the clincher! What is the real reason behind Dr. Willett's wanting to retire at the end of this school year? The answer can only be that Andropov is needed back in the USSR or that the other Soviet leaders are afraid that Willett will defect just so he can enjoy the world renowned community atmosphere of Houghton College.

NEWS



Llamas celebrate the triumph of rock.

Llamas Pull Coup at WJSL

by Charles Bressler

Tuesday afternoon 48 rock-n-roll fans, led by George Adams, stormed WJSL in an unprecedented coup.

While "musaked" versions of "My Father's Eyes" poured over the airwaves, 25 rockers surrounded the building. Adams, carrying a stack of albums, gained entrance to the studio and confronted the DJ.

"What's this stuff you're playing?" he asked.

Disc jockey David Shoemaker surrendered to Adams' top aide, Glen Baird.

According to Shoemaker, "There wasn't anything I could do. There were so many of them. And they had such great albums."

Listeners' first clue to the assault came as Amy Grant changed to Pat Benatar.

Station Manager Walt Pickut rushed to the scene and demanded Adams' surrender. Adams refused on the grounds that "WJSL is the voice of the students of Houghton College!"

"Dummy, it's the Star that's the

voice of the students!" answered Pickut.

Adams' only reply was to blast Led Zeppelin.

President Chamberlain commented, "Why can't the students just be happy?"

Adams appointed Baird Program Director. Baird announced program changes over the air at 3:00 pm.

"WJSL, currently under the management of George Adams, is now a rock station. Programming will commence at 6:00 am with rock and roll, and will end at midnight with rock and roll." Baird went on to say that new changes would bring about a 100 percent increase in listeners. "After all," Baird continued, "WJSL is here to please the students."

Student Senate unanimously voted in its Tuesday evening meeting to raise Student Activity Fee funding for the new WJSL to \$24 a student. Said President Darren Sherland, "I believe in it wholeheartedly!"

Adams next plans to play The Police from the bell tower.

Administration Expands

by Charles Bressler

The administration announced plans yesterday to move the offices of several student services to the basement of the campus center. "The campus center basement has been underutilized for many years," Dean Shannon commented. "There is a lot of wasted space."

Offices to be moved during Spring

Break are Financial Aid, Admissions, the Cashier, the Registrar's Office and the basketball coach's office. Pool and ping-pong tables will be moved to what used to be the men's and women's lavatories. A new home for the snack shop is still being sought. East Hall lounge is being considered.

continued on page 42



Lindlonovich caught in the act.

KGB Kay Konfesses

by Charles Bressler

Dr. Katherine Lindley revealed to a shocked administration today that she has been working as a KGB agent since being hired by the college in 1963.

Born in Leningrad as Katrina Lindlonovich, the history professor came to Houghton to "perpetuate the revolution."

Lindlonovich claims that she perfected a subliminal hypnosis technique which she has used quite effectively on Western Civ students. "I get rid of that democracy hogwash they've filled their heads with. They come to me as conservative Wesleyans, and I transform them into happy little commie pinkos," she said with obvious glee.

"Civ is never boring with Dr. Lindley! We yell, scream, and shout. She urges us to play croquet on the quad, say nasty things about Pioneer Food Service, and sneak into the dorms after curfew. I mean, she incites us to riot!" exclaimed an excited freshman.

Lindlonovich's upper-level students are also notably devoted to the Ph.D. and her ideological bent. "We call her KGB Kay," said Angela Gilmore as her eyes moistened and a tear trembled down her left cheek.

More Expansion

continued from page 42

Dr. Beardsley said, "This will be a real plus for students. No more walking all the way to Luckey to cash a check. These offices will now be close to other student services such as the mailroom, WJSL and the Phoneathon center."

In response to the rumor that the main floor of the campus center is

Glenn McKnight, president of Phi Alpha Theta, explained that the honorary history society has actually been serving as a front for "communist teachings and denunciations of capitalism, American imperialism and llamas."

An administrator who asked for anonymity and a socialist tract said, "We're not sure why Lindlonovich confessed. But my own personal assessment of the situation is that 20 years of forced Christian instruction in chapels finally got to her. Yeah, I'm talking guilt, pure and simple. It's funny though," he mused, "we never had to discipline her for not taking attendance in chapel."

Lindlonovich entered the United States in 1953 with three rubles, a copy of the Communist Manifesto and a towel. "I read a scholarly work that says a towel is the most important thing you can possibly carry with you when travelling," she said, finally airing her Russian accent after years of suppression.

Lindlonovich spent her first three years in America watching television 12 hours a day, trying to learn English. "The Electric Company and Sesame Street were especially helpful," she said.

to be converted into offices and a lounge for the trustees, Beardsley replied that such speculation was premature. According to him, no possibility of such a move for several years, at least.

Student Senate thanked the administration for their sensitivity to student needs.

Liberal Arts Goes to Court

by Charles Bressler

Fed up with the limited adjudicatory powers of the Houghton Star, Professors Basney and Perkins took their liberal arts arguments to court. Perkins decided to sue Basney for "relenting stupidity" and to "... settle this darn matter in our own very fair and competent court system."

It was Basney's idea, however, at the last minute, to take the case to The People's Court, and have the Honorary Judge Wopner decide the fate of Computer Science in a liberal arts setting.

So last Monday, promptly at 4:30, the theme music sounded and Perkins marched determinedly up to the podium to these words: "Richard Perkins, the plaintiff. He claims that the defendant does not know the meaning of the words 'liberal arts,' and furthermore, occasionally spells them wrong aloud in his sleep. He also is charging the defendant with conscious over-enunciation with intent to bore and is demanding as settlement the defendant's fake glasses and beard."

Perkins looked contentedly deified as Basney stepped in. "Lionel Basney, the defendant. He claims that the plaintiff's definition of 'liberal arts' refers only to sculptures of Fritz Mondale, and that how can you believe the word of a man who

sleeps with a beaver?"

Judge Wopner entered and sat down. He wasted no time. "I know you've been sworn and I've read your complaint. Now let's get real. Who really cares about any of this anyway?"

Perkins immediately piped up with, "Oh, but your Honor, everything is at stake here." He pointed a long, accusing finger at Basney. "That man has tried to get away with presenting a non-empirical, unintersubjectively verifiable, reified, parochial, homogeneous, ridiculous, ukky, stupid definition of liberal arts and frankly, the idea of being in the same room with him makes me want to spew my cookies on a bust of Samuel Johnson!"

"Blasphemy!" screamed Basney. "Intersubjectively verify this!" Suddenly, Professor Bionel Basney whipped out his enormous stiletto and lunged at Perkins' bare breast.

Somewhere in the audience a hushed voice said, "He's so good with his stiletto."

But just as Basney was about to strike, Judge Wopner interrupted with "Okay, Basney, you can take as much blood as you want, just don't take any flesh."

Professor Perkins is in critical condition at Olean General Hospital. Judge Wopner has yet to come to a decision.

Perkins imitates Basney's defense.



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Al after learning he isn't really big.

Al a "Big" Impostor

by Charles Bressler

Prof. Paul Young recently complained about the quality of Big Al's pizza and demanded to see Big Al's qualifications. The results were shocking: Big Al does not have the qualifications to be big.

"Big" Al does not possess the required Doctor of Leftovers degree from the World Renowned Establishment of the Task of Cooking House. Young discovered that this degree from W.R.E.T.C.H., present on "Big" Al's office wall, was actually falsified. Bartlesville Wesleyan College awarded "Big" Al

an honorary—and his only—doctorate of Garnishes, Gelatins and Grapefruit in 1981.

"Big" Al said he had received his Doctorate of Leftovers. He had not. He said he was a pioneer. He was not. He said he was a Brigadier General. He was not. "Big" Al said he was big. In truth, he was Chinese.

After Professor Young reported his findings to President Chamberlain, "Big" Al resigned. Students rioted. The Wooden Shoe cheered.

Maurice Sutono denies any kinship.

Flynt SLEWs Student Body

by Charles Bressler

Larry Flynt recently announced that he will be the keynote speaker at the forthcoming Secular Life Emphasis Week (SLEW), according to the Cultural Affairs Committee.

Flynt, renowned editor of *Bustler* magazine, promises to relate "truly revealing stories with appropriate object lessons," while giving the message for the week, entitled, "Hedonism: Having it My Way!"

"I'll be dealing," expressed Flynt, "with mundane methods that will lead to a meaningful life of decadence and degradation."

Prof. Larry Mullen, chapel coordinator, added, "Secular life is an important factor in any Christian student's life. I believe that, uh, His servant Larry, uh, Flynt can en-

courage our... uh, uh, thinking and, uh, prepare us for the, uh... encounters we have in our daily, uh... walk."

Flynt further noted that he was contemplating setting up a workshop during SLEW to demonstrate the latest backmasking techniques, and would undoubtedly be introducing as substitutes for face cards, his newly, nudely-created faceless, body cards.

Flynt has also demonstrated interest in a Student Development role for the co-eds on campus.

All in all, as an unidentified school administrator suggested, "SLEW should provide students with ample opportunity to integrate faith with learning."

Student Senate Dematerializes

by Charles Bressler

Student senators discussed banning Tammy Faye Bakker look-alike contests from being held within 33 miles of campus and recommending to the working group of the subcommittee of the Committee on Committees (composed of an unnamed female undergraduate said to closely resemble Telly Savalas and her psychic chihuahua, Flopping Gristle) that necking hours in the Campus Center be restricted to 11:45-1:15 on weekdays, before vanishing into thin air along with the science building last Tuesday night.

Although discussion on the Tammy Faye Bakker and Telly Savalas issues was quite stimulating, commentators are in perfect agreement that the real news lies in the sudden disappearance of Senate's advisors, cabinet, representatives and meeting building.

Tony Campolo called the Star office yesterday to air his feelings on the event. "Cee! I'd say it was the rapture and that only those involved with Senate were truly Christians," he said, "but I haven't been able to find a Biblical justification for science buildings being swept up to heaven. I know one thing, though. The

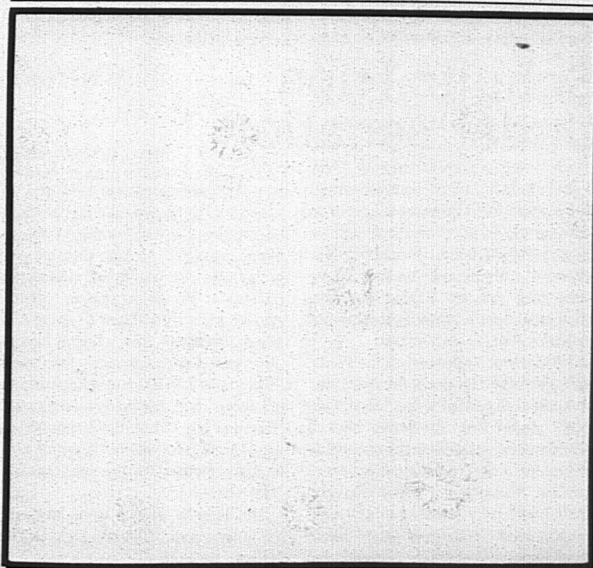
disappearance of those young politicians wasn't voluntary. It couldn't have been, because suicide at Houghton is redundant."

Campolo had more to say, but at this point our reporter hung up. "He talked too fast," she said. "And he kept spitting in my ear."

Carl Sagan had also heard of the strange occurrences here by press time, and felt led to relate his speculations long-distance. "Golly! I'd say a UFO removed them, possibly irritated by their legislation affecting inter-space trade routes, or maybe annoyed at the quasi-recent 'fetal pig escapade,' but what self-respecting spaceship has ever heard of Houghton, much less deigning to swipe a piece of it, and an inconsequential piece at that? No," he said. "I believe your young people disappeared due to a chemical reaction involving hot air."

Whatever the cause of the building's disappearance, chemistry majors have been noticeably disturbed since the event. Wearing sackcloth and ashes, the uprooted students have spent the last week and a half huddled in a small circle on the patch of burnt grass where the science building once stood, chanting the Periodic Table of Elements.

Student senate after dematerialization.



HC Cafeteria New EPA Dump Site

by Charles Bressler

In a move "completely unexpected" by marketing analysts, Hooker Chemical last week announced the creation of a new division: "Fine Foods." The principal product of Fine Foods will be Glo-Cream® —ice cream that glows.

Looking for a captive audience on which to test their "breakthrough," Hooker has selected the college-age group of Americans, because of their unusually resilient palates. As we all know, Houghton College's food service has always been a pioneer in developing creative alternatives to traditional foods (who can forget peanut-butter quiche?). Of course, they leaped at this chance to try something new. "Where do they get this stuff?" students have asked. Now we all know.

However, this is not the end of the strange story. In yesterday's White House news conference, President Reagan let slip that the new product division was actually the result of a deal between the EPA and Hooker Chemical. When asked about the deal, Reagan responded, "Yes...uh...it is a great leap toward solving the toxic waste problem that threatens to cripple the very background of our industrial might.... It is just one more effort by this administration towards removing barriers to productivity and restoring our great country to its former position as the greatest nation on earth.... What's that Bill?... Oh, jeepers, I've done it again. Thank you gentlemen, no more questions." In the meantime, Ruckelshaus had buried his head in

his hands. Well, that information certainly struck this reporter as somewhat odd, and I decided to investigate.

After removing dishes of fluorescent blue, green, orange, and pink Glo-Cream® from the freezers one quiet Houghton night, I turned over the investigation to the acclaimed David Oettinger, who promptly solicited the aid and expertise of the laudable Houghton College Chemistry Department. Several students worked the rest of the night analyzing the ice cream; restlessly, I paced the floor. Finally, the task was accomplished. Prepare yourself for the shocking truth....

First on the list: 1,2,7,8 tetrachlorodibenzo-p-dioxin, one of the most toxic substances known to man—we know it simply as dioxin. Fourteen percent of the ice cream is composed of this chemical; another 3% of the Glo-Cream® was found to be polychlorinated biphenyls: PCBs. The remainder of the product was what we normally call "ice cream," but I must add, for the record, the names of some of the trace amounts of materials found in the substance loosely called "fruit chunks." Consider: 5% diethanolamine and 1.2% 2,4 dichlorophenoxyacetic acid (both used in the manufacture of pesticides); Fluonolid®, an antifungal agent; hexamethylcyclo-trisiloxane, no one knows why; finally, Kiku oil, a Japanese folk remedy for intestinal worms.

Anyone who eats the Glo-Cream® may be subjecting him/herself to a serious health risk.

Schultz Trips Under Sedation

By Charles Bressler

Carl Schultz, while under sedation for a root canal last week, began to ruminate over his years at Houghton in a strangely philosophical fashion. Owing to the tape recorder his curious wife had planted in his clothing, Star reporters were able to obtain a transcript of his mutterings.

"Whatever happened to the Peace Group? Was the problem resolved? Whatever happened to the 'Short Cuts Kill' signs? Ask the brave men of Shenawana. Whatever happened to the paper towel and soap dispensers in Gao, Shenawana, Brookside, and East Hall? Isn't cleanliness still next to godliness? Whatever happened to the Wooden Shoe? The Bisquick ran

low. Whatever happened to chapel on Mondays? Does God see too much of us on other days of the week? Whatever happened to the glasses and soda dispenser on the left side of the cafeteria? Houghton students drank one too many. Whatever happened to Mark Cerbone? Ask Johnson house. Whatever happened to Copperhead? Who cares? Whatever happened to all those cute, little freshman girls? They got big. Whatever happened to Little Buddy tee shirts? They're now in a place called Hooton [sic]. Houton [sic]. Oh Heck!"

Dr. Schultz awoke here, and sat up with a jerk. "I dreamt I was Dr. Seuss," he said.

Obituary: Dr. P. E. Staff

by Charles Bressler

Professor Phoebe Edna Staff, a Houghton College faculty member since 1933, died quietly at her domicile in Fillmore, NY, last Thursday. She was 87 years old.

Long regarded as an elder statesman and authority in Physical Education, she authored: *The P.E. Staff Workout Book*, *The Gin and Butter Diet*, and the K-tel book and record set *Do the Hustle*.

Born in Shamokin, Pa., she moved to Western New York as an infant. In her younger days while a student, she was a talented singer and entertainer at Mulligan's Drive Thru.

In 1919 she graduated in absentia from Houghton College due to a gig at Mulligan's, only to later return to Houghton after receiving her Doctorate in Leisure Studies from Bartlesville Wesleyan.

In her years at Houghton, she has not only willingly and energetically

taught Phys. Ed. courses, but has also taught at least one course in all seven divisions at the Christian Liberal Arts institution. At times she has taught 2 or 3 courses simultaneously at different locations on campus.

In the spring semester (1981-82), Staff taught Principles of Writing, Literature of the Western World, Basic Writing, Foreign Language Methods, Western Civilization, Marketing Principles, Foundations of Education, Introduction to Psychology, Introduction to Biology, Machine Structures and Assembly Language, Biblical Literature, Ethics, Advanced Conducting, and twelve sections of Piano class, along with coaching the Women's Varsity Basketball team.

Lamented Dr. Chamberlain, President at Houghton College, "She was the best...." Academic Dean, Fred Shannon while vainly attempting to choke back tears, nodded in agreement with Chamberlain.

Trustees Caught Short

by Charles Bressler

Several trustees were discovered after hours playing leap frog in Luckey Building last week by Annabelle Tullar. The shocking scoop that Mrs. Tullar relayed at a press conference the next morning was that the guardians of all that is sacred at Houghton were wearing shorts.

"I screamed when I saw their fuzzy little knees peeking at me," she admitted. "I thought they were es-

capees from an Amazonian prison."

When asked why his fellows were wearing shorts, one trustee said, "Have you ever tried playing leap frog in a suit?"

"Good answer! Good answer!" enthused other trustees standing nearby.

Having escaped all disciplinary action, the group next plans a llama riding expedition in Peru.

Bare-legged trustees avoid the camera.



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LETTERS

Shocked

Dear Editor,

All who have known Big Al have been shocked and hurt by the events of the past few days. However, the article in this issue of the Star is no less offensive to me. What is to be gained by such spectacular reporting? Is the Houghton Star to become the forum for all tidbits of privileged information about broken lives, false identities, lying, cheating and bad cooking in our community? I hope not.

Sincerely,
David Shoemaker

Be a Snob

Dear Larry,

I am writing to share my new-found knowledge in the area of art.

Since taking Art Survey last semester, I've learned that "Art" is "in," especially "Modern Art"—even more so than the Moral Majority. Thus to be "in" you have to be a connoisseur, not of Harlequin Romances, but of "Modern Art."

This art of connoisseurship entails much twiddling of thumbs, fingering of nasal passages, and standing around discussing the art gallery's most recent acquisition in ambiguous, snobby language.

This, Larry, is the reason I've written you. I want all Houghton students to hold up the school's out-

standing reputation and be able to discuss art snobbishly. I implore you to go visit our own wonderful art gallery (not to be confused with the mailroom) and practice your art. Then you can go to the Albright-Knox to impress the innocuous multitudes with your obviously innate intuitive intelligence.

First, you need to speak the language. The following list of beginners terms will allow you to jet-set with the most "in" people in the world. Mr. Rogers says "luminous quality, can you say luminous quality boys and girls? electrifying element(s), juxtapositioning, delicate balance, unique tembre, vibrant, mystic, free-flowing, loose, uninhibited, brilliant placement, spatial relationships, design elements, sparkling quality. Very good boys and girls. Now, never say picture, that's stupid, or the idiot that painted this was gay."

Second, dress correctly. New-wave is "in." Scummy is "in." Flannel shirts (untucked), jeans, hiking boots, and greasy hair are "in." See Dave Reid for particulars. Do not prep it up and Judas Priest don't wear a suit.

Third, always carry a pen and pad to create the illusion of artist/critic. While looking at an art work, mumble several key words like "the design elements possess a luminous quality with that subtle mystic juxtapositioning, etc." Anything written on your pad is unimportant. If you wish, write about the fat bald man with the zit on his nose who can't see that he's flying low.

This massive gathering of data is all you need to step into the art world today! Go forth and be a new snobby art critic. Impress family, friends,

and relatives; propagate the whole-sale Christian middle-class image of Houghton. So walk up to that Kadin-sky that looks like swirled Walt Disney vomit and proclaim your own unique misunderstanding of it.

Captain Art Survey
(Please say it with appropriate deep timbre and echo.)

Track

Dear Larry,

I've decided to run again in 1984 so I would appreciate any extra space you have to be used for my new campaign.

Thanks,
Pres. Chamberlain

Flaming Liberal

Dear Larry,

I would like to clarify what I mean by the phrase "liberal arts." When I use that phrase I mean only sculptures of Fritz Mondale, nothing else.

Richard Perkins

Comrade to Comrade

Deere Comrad Larry,

Many tanks to you for fine effort in bring us de untarnish, unblemish truth in you work wit de Houghton Scar. Have you do it long? Such good job you do. You pick cheap laugh, but show Houghton as is. Nyet, in Russia we have no such thing.

Dat is wy I write. To tell you have good paper, and that story about me is write good. Students do love me, yes? You tell truth like not told in Russia. You also write true about E.J. Villit.

Sometime you stop by my dacha, eat borscht, speak of revolution and plan escape, yes?

Be happy and long live Motherland.
Katrina W. Lindonovich, Ph.D., KGB

Kudos to WJSL

Dearest Larry,

Stop picking on WJSL! They have really tried to take my needs into consideration and to please everyone, so leave them alone. They are a very unique radio station and now I will be explaining why. Number one, they play soft music. This is very important and now I'll tell you why. It is important because soft music doesn't hurt your ears. Also it is important because it doesn't have that jungle-type loud beat that forces me to dance to it. I can only slow dance to their music and when my boyfriend comes over for open house we slow dance a lot to this good music.

Number two, I can understand all of the words. This is a very important thing and now I'll tell you why. It is very important because otherwise I would have to listen to the music and concentrate on what the singer is singing, whereas now I don't have to really listen to the music and concentrate on what the singer is singing. Sometimes it hurts when I concentrate so I don't do it very much anymore.

And finally, number four, I'm glad that WJSL decided to have every song they play have the same theme: Jesus loves me. I have heard rumors about some groups that call themselves "Christians" but they only sing about the problems that Christians have and that isn't good because if Christians hear about bad things like that, they will probably want to do them. So WJSL is good because they always tell the truth and don't tell me that I have troubles being a Christian.

I read in one of your papers the word "Kudos" and it sounded good and so I asked a friend what it meant and they said it means, "Play that funky music, white boys," so that's why I say, "Kudos to WJSL!"

In Him,
Bill Mirola

Hi, Big Bri!

Love,
Larry

Star Staff Makes Getaway

by Charles Bressler

The entire Houghton Star staff fled campus in a panic today following publication of the Houghton Scar.

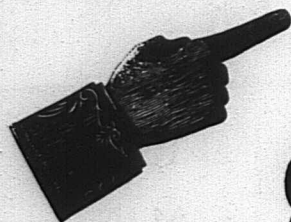
The editorial staff was last seen boarding a plane for South America. "It's where Nazi war criminals hang out," explained Sally Parker. "So it seemed the logical place to flee to."

Paul Young drove up at the last minute. "Don't take off without me!"

he panted. "It's not safe in Houghton any longer."

Beth Sperry, wearing camouflage shirt and pants and dark glasses, was the last to board the plane. "We gone," was all she said.

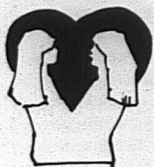
The staff plans to form a commune, raise llamas, and eventually create a theme park with wild terrorist rides and Central America documentary water shows.



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