

THE HOUGHTON STAR

APRIL 19, 1991 • VOLUME 83.15
L. David Wheeler & Ivan T. Rocha, Editors

**SPOOF
ISSUE
Inside!**

pp. 9-14



'91-'92 Senate Cabinet Assumes Duties

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**THE HOUGHTON
STAR** 

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THE HOUGHTON STAR is a bi-weekly student publication; its focus is on events, issues and ideas which significantly affect the Houghton College community. Letters (signed) are encouraged and accepted for publication; however, they must not constitute a personal attack; they must be submitted by noon on Monday, and they should be no longer than two double spaced pages. The editors reserve the right to edit all contributions.

Baring Our Souls

Part III: Dealing With Disappointment

by Ivan T. Rocha

Can you remember the last time you spent an entire week without being disappointed in any way? All right, all right, let's narrow it down a little bit more. Can you remember the last time you spent an entire day without being disappointed in any way? Right. The second one is a lot easier, isn't it? And even so, if you really gave it some thought, you would probably be able to come up with some way in which you were disappointed during a particular day.

Fact of life number 1: Disappointment is an intrinsic and inseparable part of life in a fallen world. Stated in these terms it probably doesn't sound like something you haven't heard of before. In fact, you're probably itching to turn the page and read something else, right? The sad thing is that people continue to live and deal with their disappointment as if it were not such an integral part of life, and as a result, they undergo far more pain than they really need to in dealing with it.

Fact of life number 2: Disappointment is only as bad as you make it. Before we go any further, let me clarify that I am not saying that disappointment will not hurt or that it will not disturb you and keep you from enjoying life for a stretch. What I am saying is that depending on how we deal with disappointment, life can be just a little bit easier.

Especially in the second half of this century, with the advent of what has come to be known as "pop psychology," and what I will term "the

counseling phenomenon," disappointment and human hurt have often been protracted far beyond what is sensible or productive. This is not to say that there is no benefit in counseling. There is, in fact, much that cannot be accomplished by way of introspection without the aid of a trained ear and a willing shoulder. Nevertheless, people often become so dependent on the professional ear that they are incapable of fending for themselves emotionally, and may become involved in lengthy "healing processes" involving countless (and often outrageously expensive) sessions with the shrink. Very often, counseling simply wastes time.

Two generations ago, the counseling phenomenon was virtually unheard of. Did people not live with disappointments then? Of course they did. Humanity has not changed a whit in its basic makeup regardless of home computing, the automobile, and pre-sliced bread. Does that mean, then, that people were less happy two generations ago than they are now? On the contrary. While it is difficult to say that people were actually happier then, it could be said that they were not as unhappy for as long as we often are now. The key to this curious phenomenon seems to be the ability to pick up the pieces and go on living.

Picking up the pieces does not mean ignoring disappointment. What it **does** mean is being able to take a long, hard look at the situations that cause us grief and carry on with the strength we can receive from the Holy Spirit. God never promised his people a bed of roses in

this world, but He did promise the comfort of the Holy Spirit. It seems that people often ignore this source of strength and comfort and turn to fallible humans instead. This is not to say that the Holy Spirit cannot use other Christians and other human beings to comfort and strengthen us. All I am saying is that people should not be our only source of strength and comfort for they (as well as we), as fallen creatures, will inevitably disappoint us.

As society becomes increasingly developed, the scope of our personal involvements and activities increases proportionately, as does the potential for dissatisfaction and disappointment. This, perhaps, is the key difference between our generation and that of our grandparents. In addition, this increased level of involvement in activities, forms of entertainment, and material possessions seems to contribute to a tired, passive society, lacking in energy when it comes to dealing with emotional difficulties. In our passivity we have come to expect others to come to our aid in dealing with the things that disappoint us. There is a sense in which counseling and pop psychology have become part of the entertainment industry, as commercial (and often as palliative in their results) as antidepressant drugs.

Picking up the pieces and carrying on involves an active, resolute response. It means not waiting for the passive healing power of the shrink's divan, but deciding not to be overwhelmed by difficulties. Finally, picking up the pieces means actively pursuing a living communion with God and deriving strength from the power he so gracefully grants us. Perhaps this is not what you wanted to hear. Perhaps you were hoping for some new pop psychology theory. No, this is self-help at its best. The next time you are confronted with grief or disappointment, help yourself by picking up the pieces and (as Dr. Boon put it so beautifully in his chapel service) lean on the everlasting arms. ☆

Newly Instated '91-'92 Cabinet Addresses Issues

by Barry MacTarnaghan

Anyone who has ever passed through the campus center basement (the recreation room specifically) probably has noticed that it is not the greatest-looking place on the campus. Student Senate is looking into the possibilities of refurbishing the rec room. One possible change is having a mural painted on the wall shared with WJSL. Other ideas are still in consideration, and Senate is still open for suggestions.

During Easter Break, Senate president Darren Chick visited St. Bonaventure University to discuss the feasibility of creating a Senate Consortium for Western New York. This meeting proved to be beneficial as well as informative. Chick was exposed to several new ideas for various campus organizations and institutions. For example, the security guards at some other colleges are equipped with nightsticks, which they've been trained how to use properly. These security personnel also know first aid and CPR.

Speaking of security, Senate wants Houghton to be rape aware. Some rumors have started (based on a recent newspaper article) that have sent some students into panic and others into excessive confidence. Panic generated by fear of being raped here in Houghton is not justified, because the campus security is fairly adequate to protect Houghton students. However, there is also danger in being overconfident.

Though security is competent, students still need to be aware of potential dangers and not be careless.

The Academic Affairs Council discussed the possible approval of an Articulation Agreement between Jamestown Community College and Houghton. This agreement would guarantee to Jamestown students who come to Houghton upon completion of their two years at the community college the ability of graduating from Houghton after only two years here.

For all students who want to pursue a major in secondary education, you are no longer required to have more than one minor. This frees you to take the elective courses that you so desired to take, but were unable to because you had to fulfill a second minor.

A suggestion was made to Academic Affairs that the class attendance policy be eliminated. This would keep students from losing credit for not attending enough classes. The professors would no longer need to take attendance, though they still have that privilege (for "class participation" grading).

Another suggestion made to Academic Affairs concerns graduation and the honors bestowed during the ceremony. The present system uses only seven semesters to calculate who is the valedictorian and salutatorian as well as all the *cum laude* honors. The suggestion was made to include the eighth

semester's grades in the final calculations for graduation honors. This would create difficulty in determining the valedictorian and salutatorian in time for speeches to be made.

Senate has made some minor changes to its by-laws. One change allows the parliamentarian to be an active member, if s/he is also a senator for a class or division.

Discussion occurred at the meeting concerning an enforcement policy for chapel attendance. The proposed policy includes informing students every two weeks of their precise attendance practices. This keeps students consistently informed of how many absences they have. The policy is more involved than what I have briefly stated, but I don't think it appropriate to discuss it in any further depth. For more information, talk to a senator about this proposed policy. The proposal is being sent to Student Development, and will need to be discussed there. The idea behind this proposal is that Student Senate would like to have influence as to how chapel attendance is being enforced.

Because parking seems to be a problem on campus, Senate is checking out some information. It is seeking to determine the extent of this supposed problem, and is also seeking solutions. One proposed solution involved the use of the maintenance parking lot. The original intent for the creation of such a huge lot (made in the 1960s) was for student parking, but no one has taken advantage of it. Discussion occurred about having all students park at maintenance, except for commuters (visitors may also park on campus). Upperclassmen (seniors and juniors) would have the prerogative of purchasing the privilege of parking on campus. This discussion is as of yet unresolved, and the whole situation is still under consideration. ☆

Faculty Depart

by Matthew Harvey

The end of this academic year will mark, among other things, the departure of a number of Houghton's faculty members.

One of these is Dr. Ray Horst, an associate professor of Spanish

who has been at Houghton for fourteen years. He is leaving Houghton to teach at Eastern Mennonite College because of various personal and family concerns.

Another departing professor is

Dr. Charles Detwiler, associate professor of biology, who has been teaching molecular biology, microbiology, and immunology at Houghton since 1985. He says that although the recent budget cuts were the cause of his looking for a position elsewhere the decision was his own, adding that "we feel we're doing what the Lord wants us to do." He will be teaching microbiology in the nursing program at Liberty University next year.

Dr. Susan Klotzbach is also leaving after this year. An associate professor of organ who has been teaching here since 1984, Klotzbach will be teaching at Carthage College in Wisconsin starting next fall.

Also among those departing are David Flor, assistant professor of economics since 1985, Herman Dillmore, assistant professor of strings since 1982, and Paula Maxwell, assistant professor of physical education since 1987.

Houghton's two newest art faculty will be departing at the end of the semester. Rebecca Coffman was here for only this one year to fill in during Gary Baxter's sabbatical, and Jerry Counselman is leaving to care for his ailing father.

Retiring this spring is Dr. Lola Haller of the education department, who has been teaching here since 1963. She says, "I have enjoyed my years here...I have mixed emotions about leaving." Also retiring are music professor and poet-in-residence Dr. William Allen and New Testament professor Warren Woolsey. Next issue will contain a special article devoted to Houghton's retirees. ☆

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AND IN OTHER NEWS

by mike ballman

International relief agencies report that up to a thousand Iraqi refugees are dying each day near the Iraq-Turkey border. Half of Iraq's Kurdish population has been forced out of the country into Turkey and Iran since the conclusion of the Persian Gulf War.

Turkish officials reported the number of refugees in their country is between 500,000 and 700,000. Close to one million have crossed into Iran or are *en route*; refugees trying to enter Iran are backed up on mountainous roads near Iran for at least forty miles.

This refugee problem will test the world's ability to join forces in a cooperative humanitarian operation. Kurdish refugees face the

immediate threat of starvation.

So far 1,029 tons of supplies have been dropped to the refugees in a combined effort by more than fifteen countries and several world relief organizations, according to the United Nations Refugee Agency.

The United States is providing 8,300 troops, including thousands of medical personnel with fifty helicopters. The U.S. will also provide 700,000 refugees one meal daily for up to forty days.

Last week President George Bush warned Iraqi president Saddam Hussein that any Iraqi interference with the humanitarian aid to the Kurds would be answered with retaliation by United Nations forces. ☆

Commencement, Baccalaureate Speakers Selected

an H.C. News Release

Ms. Peggy L. Jones, president of her own St. Paul, MN-based consulting firm, and Dr. Frank Robbins, executive vice president of Wycliffe Bible Translators and SIL (Summer Institute of Linguistics), will be the Commencement (May 13) and Baccalaureate (May 12) speakers, respectively.

Peggy L. Jones & Associates travel the country giving seminars on valuing diver-

sity in people, and on learning to use that diversity to produce a more effective working team. The firm has led multi-cultural training seminars for such well-known companies as AT&T and General Mills, and conducted faculty retreat workshops at Houghton last fall.

Before founding her company, Jones was an associate professor at North Central Bible College in Minnesota. A former family therapist, Jones holds a BA degree from the College of St. Catherine and a master's degree from the University of Minnesota. She is also a licensed Assemblies of God minister.

Robbins has worked with Wycliffe since 1950, when his first assignment was to the Quichepe Chinantec Indians of southern Mexico, where he spent many years analyzing the language. Concurrently, from 1951 to 1973, he served on the staff of the Univer-

sity of Oklahoma Summer Institute of Linguistics, first as associate director, then as director from 1971-73. Robbins has held several administrative positions in the Mexico branch of SIL, including director.

He was international vice president for academic affairs of SIL/WBT from 1967-75, coordinating linguistic, literacy, translation and anthropology activities around the world—nine linguistics institutes abroad—and the institute at Wycliffe's International Linguistic Center in Dallas from 1972-75. He assumed his current role in 1976.

Robbins earned his bachelor's degree from Houghton in 1949 and an MA and Ph.D. in linguistics from Cornell University. He has published several articles in that field. He and his wife Ethel (Anderson, Houghton, '48) have two daughters and two sons.

Some 215 seniors are expected to participate in Commencement activities. ☆

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Psych. Assessment Class Surveys Attitudes Toward Counseling Profession

By Dr. J. VanWicklin

As a class project, this semester's Psychological Assessment class created a survey form to measure attitudes toward professional counseling. We defined professional counseling as "a person's or group's exploration for personal growth or for emotional or adjustment difficulties with the assistance of those professionally trained in psychology."

We randomly distributed surveys to approximately one-third of Houghton students and to all Houghton faculty. We received back 147 completed surveys with response rates of 30% of the student population. Business majors account for only five percent of completed surveys, yet they represent 10 to 12% of the total student population. Because of the relatively low response rate and this skewed representation, one should exercise caution in making generalizations about the Houghton Community.

In general, most of the respondents express favorable attitudes toward counseling with an average score of 3.57 on a scale of 1 (most favorable) to 11 (least favorable). Attitudes range from 2.39 to 6.35. Faculty tend to have more favorable attitudes toward counseling than students, and freshmen have the least favorable attitudes. For example, only 14% of freshmen in

contrast to 59% of the faculty agree that "anyone regardless of mental or emotional state could benefit from a visit to a mental health professional." Only 8% of the faculty but 23% of students are afraid that "if they went for counseling, others would think poorly of them."

In general, the more psychology or Bible courses one has had, the more favorable one's attitude toward professional counseling. Those who have not had one psychology course tend to have less favorable attitudes. Psychology majors tend to have more favorable attitudes than biology majors. For example, 95% of psychology majors agree that "counseling provides an excellent opportunity to learn more about yourself," in contrast to only 44% of biology majors. A few gender differences were uncovered. For example, 65% of females would "recommend a counselor for a friend who is going through a difficult personal crisis"; only 48% of males do so.

Having a counselor in the family seems to be associated with more positive attitudes. For example, among those who do not have a counselor in their family, 11% believe that "counseling costs too much for its measly results." Not one of those who have a counselor in the family affirm this item.

Those who have been counseled

(37% of the sample) or report that a member of their family has received counseling (56% of the sample) tend to hold more favorable attitudes towards the profession. However, if one's experiences with counseling have been negative, one tends to hold more negative attitudes. For example, the 11 individuals who reported that their experiences with counseling are negative hold significantly more negative attitudes toward professional counseling in general.

It is interesting to note what percentage of the total sample affirm particular items on the scale. The highest percentage of individuals (92.5%) agreed with the statement that "counseling is one viable alternative to consider if one is going through a difficult time." Four-fifths of the sample "respect people who seek help from counselors," and two-thirds would recommend a counselor to a friend who is "going through a difficult personal crisis."

None thought that counseling is completely useless, and one individual felt that it is good for "emotional wimps." Seven percent do not believe that counseling "would have any greater effect than talking to a close friend." Ten percent believe that "counseling is a poor substitute for Biblical wisdom," and 16% believe that "counselors tend to redefine problems with spiritual components in entirely secular terms." Finally, there appears to be more fear of being stigmatized by counseling than there is a desire to stigmatize. Nineteen percent are afraid that "if I went for counseling ... others would think poorly of me." However, only 2% would "think less of a person if ...s/he had received personal counseling." Those interested in a copy of the survey or a closer look at the results should contact the professor or any member of the assessment class. ☆

DIOMYAT PART III

(Delectable Idiocies of My Youth and Times) A Four-Part Study in Four Parts

b W. Randy Hoffman

Time once again to round up those swiftly fleein' memories, pardners. A few choicer items I happened to skip: Nerfman, Stretch Spiderman and Stretch Hulk, and in the indestructibles department both Tonka vehicles and the Fisher-Price Record Player records that could play "children's favorites" on their way through the meat grinder. Now, back into the fray.

Part III: Toys, Games, and Diversions, Second Batch

I promised we'd visit the female domain, and here we are. Dolls as far as the eye can see. Mountains of dolls. Looks like Imitation of Life Central back here. We start out simple with dolls that just close and open their eyes, no big deal there, but then we move on to: dolls that talk until the pulling wears out or the recording goes "Hi there, I'm Suzieerrrrrrksnap;" dolls that bottle-feed and proceed to wet themselves with rust-water; My Real Baby, who nibbles on "baby food" that finds its way out again in a most heinous manner; Rub-a-Dub Dolly, who has no intakes or outlets and is completely nonbiodegradable; Baby This 'n' That, who has spastic reflex centers in her toes that make her arms jerk in a pathetic attempt to brush her plastic teeth and comb her plastic hair; Baby Get-a-long, who will crawl and walk and suicidally propel her stroller off of the landing as long as the battery pack in her little hollow bum is charged up; and many, many more. There were little dolls behind the plastic windows in those uselessly tiny white purses with the outrageous floral prints, for which dolls the purses were coveted, which hermetically sealed-off dolls were not designed to be removed, which eminently desirable dolls all but the most uncorruptible girls would chop, hack, and slice out of their vinyl prisons. There was the Tiffany doll, both blond and brunette due to the amazing dexterity factor of her fully twistable scalp. There was Kissing Barbie, whose back could be pressed to produce a smooching sound; she wore a pink dress with red lip outlines all over it and had a lipstick applicator which was, relative to her physical dimensions, the size

of a torpedo. The Barbie Town House had a string-pull elevator and would collapse if a ladybug landed on it. Barbie's friends P.J. and Skipper never developed lives of their own, but while they stayed in Barbie's clique they amassed *kickin'* wardrobes. The Barbie Make-up Neggin, or whatever it was actually called, was usually coated with so much base, blush, gloss, mascara, and Sherwin-Williams outdoor latex that it actually became possible to visualize her as a cheap tart, which effect was patently beyond achievement with the Barbie Super Vette. For the most fortunate of girls, there was the "Cindy Collection," complete with miniature china cupboards and microscopic silverware that had meat forks and salad forks. For any girl worth her social salt there was a plastic teaset; never mind that nobody knew what taking tea was all about, you could drink soda out of the little cups and say "Cheers." There were the Lemon Twists that you put around your ankle and did the jumprope / hula hoop combo with. There were the animal-motif kitchen appliances like the Hippo Sink and the Penguin Fridge. And then I must not leave off before mentioning My Puppy Puddles, which to me represents, if you'll excuse me for saying so, the high-water mark of imbecility in toy marketing.

Now to STAR WARS. You may recall that at least five million different posable miniature versions of Luke Skywalker existed ("Luke in Fighter Gear," "Luke in Tatooine Gear," "Luke in Strange Tropical Gear That Appeared in a Single Discarded Storyboard"....), the first one or two of which *Wunderkinds* carried a yellow plastic lightsaber that slid out of his arm; these would snap themselves off when you opened the package to save you the trouble of breaking them yourself. Action figures, playsets, ships, trading cards: the numbers were truly astounding. I would linger, but there's too much more ground to cover. The G.I. Joes, for example, whose 12-inch incarnations all had that same nasty scar on their cheek, so that you just had to figure they had this Patriotic Insane Initiation Rite going, and whose boots all had to be sliced open to get them off without extracting a foot. Then the

Micronauts—boy, were they loads of fun until their interchangeable parts fell down into the register. Transformers, of course, and their totally superseded rivals the Go-Bots, and by this time the shadow of that colossal stooge He-Man looms on the horizon and I desist with toys, at least after saying in passing that like every other red-blooded American boy I had a Tyco Power Passers racetrack with one car that worked okay and one that was a total lemon and always went dead between lanes.

Games, now, games were something. The early 70's was the Golden Age of tabletop games: the venerable Chutes & Ladders; Pop-o-Matic standbys like Trouble and Headache; speaking of pain, Operation and Doctor Doctor; speaking of cheesiness, Mouse-trap; speaking of disgust, the Casper game you had to play in the dark for which you were forced to fish for keys in substances like applesauce and soggy Cheerios; "slide" games like Survivor; "topple" games like Don't Break the Ice and Kerplunk; frenetic hoggy games like Ants in Your Pants and Hungry Hungry Hippos; the button-whooshing ecstasy of the Wonderful Waterfalls; and the mindless savagery of full-bore Gnip Gnop. Then electric games came into fashion, first the idiotic mechanical LED light of Blip, then the twelve or thirteen digital LED lights on Coleco Pocket Baseball, then the computerized boredom of Pong (provided to you by that well-known computer manufacturer, Telstar), then the more sophisticated computerized boredom of Simon, and finally the true apexes of computer wizardry, Merlin and the Mattel Game Machine. (I am not ashamed to say even in this place where stewardship is so valued that I was the first one on my block to deliberately lose more than two hundred million dollars on Game Machine blackjack.) Soon Space Invaders would come, and then the cursed fake wood finish of the Atari, and all this would be over, but it was nice while it lasted.

A last lingering look at some of our diversions:

Getting as sick as a dog on Sit and Spin. Bouncing around the living room on a Hippy Hop and falling off and peeling your scalp away with the corner of the coffee table.

Throwing Whiffle-balls at the Pitchback and sending them right through the holes between the net and the frame into the neighbor's yard.

Making Sno-Cones with the Snoopy Sno-Cone Machine and running out of syrup.

Positioning disks halfway into the Viewmaster so weird things would happen to your eyes.

Throwing yourself across the yard on Slip 'n' Slide and hitting a dry patch that would scrape your collarbone off.

Doodling with Spirograph until the pens dried up.

And, last but not least, my ultimate stereotypical ideal of Nineteen Seventies diversionary activity: attempting to answer the great questions of life, such as, "Does Jenny Bilterkiel have, or not have, cooties?"; with the all-knowing, all-seeing, white-prism-in-blue-liquid Eight Ball. If anything could set right a cosmos in chaos, man, the Ball could.

But, then, I guess none of it really mattered, because we always shook up the Ball until we got the answer we wanted anyway. ☆

THE HOUGHTON SNORE

APRIL 19, 1991 • VOLUME 83.15 SPOOF
GEenghis Khan and His Brother Don Editors



TRUSTEES VOTE: Houghton Becomes a Retirement Colony

"Willard Acres" in 1992

THE HOUGHTON SNORE ☆

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THE HOUGHTON SNORE is (for now) a bi-weekly student publication; its focus is on events, issues and ideas which significantly affect the interests of Chamberlain & Bence Distilling Co. of Houghton, NY. Letters and numbers (signed) are accepted for publication; however, they must in some way (however forced) constitute a personal attack, they must be submitted by Monday, and they should be no longer than two double spaced pages. The editors reserve the right to slay any vile miscreant who refuses to comply with these guidelines.

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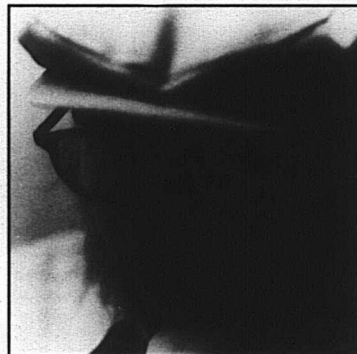
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Public Reactionaries



*Interviews and
Photographs
by Don Khan*



DON VLADIMIR DEKARR
MARXIST INTELLECTUAL

THE QUESTION:

*What do you think
about esoteric
movie reviews in
the Snore?*

Bourgeoisie noodles serving as implemets of imperialist rigatoni but let's not split hares they don't go well with meatballs...it's class I tell you class it's all an issue of class specifically it can all be traced back to the class of 1974...but Brutus is an honorable man and I knew him Horatio and they'll all be appearing in a *Lanthorn* near you...as a very great man once said, "I like Fidel Castro and his beard" but it's the same very great man that said they'll stone you when you're at the breakfast table...Peace, Love, and Revolution.

"Willard Acres" in 1992: Trustees Make Houghton a Retirement Colony

by Genghis Khan and his brother Don

What has been to this point shadowy rumor has been confirmed by former Houghton President Daniel Chamberlain at a press conference in Schaller Hall last night: in a gambit to bring in considerable amounts of revenue (necessitated by declining enrollment, state budget cuts, and a number of unrecorded trips to Nevada), the Board of Trustees has decided to suspend all of the academic programs and convert Houghton College into a lavish retirement village, with adjoining operations of the Chamberlain & Bence Distilling Company. All Houghton buildings, including college-owned housing and the Mobil station, are to be used for these purposes. This change is effective at the end of the Final Four; Commencement will consequently be moved to the Hank Miller Memorial Little League Field of Fillmore, as Wesley Chapel is to be renovated into a massive recreation center with shuffleboard decks.

This announcement came as a surprise to all three people who

showed up for the conference. Chamberlain defended the action, saying, "It is always unfortunate when an academic program must go the way of all flesh. However, we who hold responsibility for this institution must take the necessary steps to ensure fiscal well being." He went on for three hours and forty-five minutes, lauding the trustees' "sense of responsible stewardship."

Chamberlain was joined in his press conference by Board member Steven Herbertson, who indicated that "Willard Acres," as the institution is to be called, is expected to rake in billions from expectant and wealthy retirees, some of whom have had their bids in for space for "a very long time." When asked by a *Snore* reporter exactly how long, Herbertson indicated that the trustees made their decision in 1985 (they fully intended to inform the students but understandably enough forgot about it until now; they've had a lot of things on their minds) and began placing low-key advertisements in such publications as *Post-Modern Maturity* and *The*

Houghton Mildew.

The ads indicated that the Willard Acres Board of Directors (formerly the Houghton Board of Trustees) would grant luxury apartments to the highest bidders; and hundreds of bids came in from excited soon-to-be-retirees, with lofts in the Stevens Art Studios emerging as early and expensive favorites. A Mr. G.H. Walker Bush and his wife were among the first to bid, Mr. Bush pledging to retire in 1992 come what may and leave his position in the capable hands of a loyal assistant. Curiously, Shenawana apartments have all been requested by veterans of various foreign wars, who laud its "good barracks-type foundation." In addition, the administration announced that the Stephen Paine Science Center will be converted into a new plant for the Chamberlain & Bence Distilling Co. where Willard's Dew and Resolut Vodka will be produced.

"Let no one think for a moment," Herbertson continued, "that our commitment to the ideal of a liberal arts education has waned in the slightest. We fully intend to demonstrate our high regard for education by taking various courageous, decisive, and dramatic steps—such as forming a committee to look into the matter." The committee should take only ten and a half months to formulate and only three more to decide whether to serve herbal tea or Willard's Dew at the committee meetings; until that time, Herbertson promised, the Willard Acres Board of Directors (formerly the Board of Trustees) will be happy to send transcripts and hearty recommendations to such healthy institutions as United Wesleyan College. Houghton faculty, said Herbertson, are perfectly welcome to stay on as employees of the institution; they can pick up their hedgeclippers at the maintenance office.

Although offered a titular role

CONTINUES SOMEWHERE OR OTHER

CONTINUED FROM WHENCE IT CAME

as director of Willard's Acres, Chamberlain has declined. In a separate interview, Chamberlain said, "Although it was an extremely gracious move on the part of the Board of Directors, revenues from Willard's Dew and Resolut Vodka have been up significantly since the advent of this year's freshman class, and I really don't need the money."

Snore editors Genghis Khan and his brother Don were invited to continue publishing the *Snore*; it will serve as the Willard Acres newsletter, to be published whenever events warrant. The Brothers Khan expect to publish their next issue sometime in 1997.

The Student Senate Cabinet could not be reached for comment, and it is widely believed that President Darren Chick is either totally oblivious to the whole scenario or that he is the ultimate mastermind behind the whole endeavor, and eventually plans on kicking out all the retirees and establishing a School for Aspiring Machiavellians. Chick is believed to be travelling first class on a Swissair jetliner to Geneva on "unspecified business." Herbertson vehemently denied such a Board of Directors/Senate link, saying that he doesn't know any Darren Chick; and that Darren Chick is a fine, fine fellow; and that there never was any jetliner; and that it crashed anyway; and that there are no Swiss bank accounts; and that he hadn't taken anything out of them in a long time. Stevenson's convincing and tearful denial was enough for this reporter.

This move naturally terminates the institution's affiliation with the Christian College Consortium, the NCCAA, and the Wesleyan Church. Instead, Willard Acres will be affiliated with the Amalgamated Association of Organized Federations, the Fellowship of Octagenarian Weightlifters, and the Consolidated Distillers of America. ☞

Folk Singer to Wow Chapel Audience With Groovin' Godliness

by Ernest Q. Verhoff

Next Thursday Houghtonians will be able to enjoy a rare treat as Mr. Sepharvaim Cox comes to perform a select few of the 160,000+ Christian folk songs he's composed and arranged in a special two-hour chapel service.

Cox, who calls himself a "genuine veteran Jesus freak," has spent the last twenty-six years intermittently locked in a cabin in the Adirondacks with his dog Forsythia, working on songs. "The night I saw the Beatles on Ed Sullivan I knew the world was ready for a musically oriented revival," he explained in a phone interview. "I embarked on a personal quest to place every verse of the Bible in an American folk music setting."

Cox freely admits that crafting up to forty songs a day led him to use a few shortcuts. "You'll notice that II Samuel 18:28, 'Then Ahimaaz cried out to the king...', is done to the tune of 'Blowin' in the Wind.' Then I had to rip off 'I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing' for Isaiah 8:1, 'Then the Lord said to me, 'Take a large tablet...',' because I just couldn't do the name 'Maher-shalal-hash-baz' any other way, you know? And the only way I could really dig Esther 8:9, the longest verse of them all, was to run through the whole 'Al-

ice's Restaurant' set three times."

Numbers he is particularly proud of include James 4:16, 'As it is, you boast in your arrogance...', in which he plays a Jew's harp with his foot, and Luke 8:43, 'Now there was a woman who had been suffering from hemorrhages for twelve years...', which has been said by

"Edwin Starr, Karen Carpenter, the Association and a monkey-grinder doing Christy Lane in Westminster Abbey."

quoted in *Emmaus Minstrel*

Emmaus Minstrel magazine to sound like "Edwin Starr, Karen Carpenter, the Association and a monkey-grinder doing Christy Lane in Westminster Abbey."

Having worked his way entirely through the King James and Revised Standard Versions of the Bible, Mr. Cox is now hard at work on the NIV, which he thinks will take him another twelve years—"but that's a conservative estimate." ☞

THE VERHOFF Cinetexman Phargic

MAUVE BLOODGARDENS AND EL PARAGUAY
BARCO BLIZZARDO FOLLIES OF 1833

by Ernest Q. Verhoff

I finally woke up just the other day,
and it wasn't a pretty site, I can tell
you, apricot preserves on my best
puma—

**MAUVE BLOODGARDENS
AND EL PARAGUAY BARCO
BLIZZARDO FOLLIES OF 1833
(NC-157)**

© 2/7

Recommendative: Exo ego gaucha
Call-I-see-'em.

Approving: Que sera, sera sirrah
serum.

Capsule Commencement: Yee-
hah! Epa, epa, andele, Mandalay,
mandatory auditorium mortar
board Yeehah!

No, no, not *that* clear ... obscurity is the mother of detention...hello again, can you hear me, I think we've finally got this microscope working. Hold the image of boats drifting down into the snowdrifts on the rubber plantation, it's very sadistic artistic ballistic I stick you stick we all stick a thumb up our Eustachian tubes occasionally but not in mixed drinks or Hawaiian Punch. Is that so? Well, Mr. Dimple Doorjamb, I happen to think that if all South American revisionist musical documentaries opened with San Martin's army and leggy and Tango Cucaracha instead of the Jaws of Life and Death and Sickness and Health and if you are over 65 buy this Medicare supplement with my patented beetle groomer tora! tora! toga! how many honey roasted goldfish can we swallow at 5:00 Live? it would be so much better (I'll lay you 20 to 30 eggs, odds, evens, red, black, KING ME!)//

****HrAAck, HrAAwk** (&...And then those numbers with the skeletonized chorus girls and Busby

Berkeley choreographing it all with a hibiscus hanging out of his eye Socket to me! said Nixon on Laugh-In but Arte's trike-a, troika, Paris troika, Franco Harris embar-rass troika, meeka mocka mocha moika, rhymes with Plaster of Perestroika — noooooooo, I've never beeeeeeeeen to sea befoooooore, but don't Feeeeeeeence Me Inn, it's twooooooooooooo hundred a niiiiiiiiight in shining ar-maaaaaaaaadillo. And how about the preincarnate Evita showing up as a hunchbacked hat check girl and singing "Memory" while standing on Herve Villechaize's shoulder pads a good story with a lot of Filler McGee and Polly Unsaturated Fats Tri-omino, Dino, Sino-Soviet relations at an all-time medium ought to bring out the undersea Chee-tos if you catch my drifters?

Widdy biddy Watin dictatow twying to fudge Monwoe Doctwine wif a teaspoon? Naughty naughty! Camewas will catch you, see, one behind banana boat in youw office! One in youw bottwe of Sun-In! One dangwing fwom ve cheap wotating fan in youw Fuwsday cawwaige vat does nuffing to awweviate ve TWOPICAL HEAT and PASSION vat fills Patwick Swayze and Gwowa Steinem wif BWAZING COCOA-NUT NOOGIE FEE-WINGS fow each ovver!

#55. Iff yew kin reed thiss yore two klowse. \/+

*%312, Ief ewe ken rede thys your to cloass,, Gogh aweigh!=

Tanks further mummeries.
Adiosolomio!~

Mail

(or femail, if
you prefer,
we're gender
inclusive
around here)

Dear Don & Genghis:

It has come to our attention that the amount of public nose-picking in chapel has increased dramatically over the past several weeks. According to Dr. Kingdon (who has the prime observation point for such things), the highest nose-picking index was registered last Tuesday, April 9 when one unidentified college president, who for obvious reasons shall remain nameless, droned on and on about something or other.

Anyway, the trend is pretty revolting, not to mention that nose-bleeds in chapel can be pretty uncouth. I suggest that the Wesleyan hymnbooks be replaced by Kleenex dispensers, but I guess I should not pick at minor points. Although, you know, I sometimes feel like blowing this place away.

The bottom line is that you as editors should probe a bit deeper into this one and try to clear things out.

Sincerely,
Cyrus D. Berger, AC

Satan's Streetlight Sent to Scrap Heap

by Ernest Q. Verhoff

A streetlight on South Hall hill, implicated in the devouring of a young boy, has been determined to be demon-possessed and will be exorcised before it is torn up and sold for scrap, Houghton College authorities reported Tuesday.

The unremarkable-by-day sodium lamp, long a source of suspicion because of the way it mysteriously turns itself on and off at night, became the subject of a general hue and cry Monday afternoon when Mrs. April Pieglass of 5309 Tommytune Place accused it of having eaten her son Sonny, age 6.

"He was just standin' there like he does every day," said Mrs. Pieglass sorrowfully, "droolin' at the squirrels like a good little cupcake, when all of a sudden these STEEL TENTACLES come out of the pole like some kinda OCTOPUS and grabbed my little dumplin', and then this here MOUTH opened up along the ground like some kinda STORM DRAIN with SHARP TEETH, and then before I could even scream—I scream real loud, you know—my little lemon drop had been gobbled down like he was some kinda DESSERT!"

Immediately following the disclosure

by Mrs. Pieglass, whose reliability has never been questioned in better circles following her post-perjury-trial vision of Elvis sitting at the feet of Susanna Wesley in a Graceland ecstasy of sanctification and holiness, the area surrounding the monster streetlight was roped off with a special "barrier of righteousness" consisting of stitched-together pages from RSV Bibles, "Hymns of Faith and Life" hymnals, and an assortment of Mortimer Grundy's tracts against social dancing and buying cookies from "pernicious youth sororities." Houghton College security declined to search the immediate vicinity of the appliance for traces of the young boy until experts from the secret anti-Satanic arm of the Wesleyan Church, Opus Johni, could inspect the scene. Four members of Opus Johni arrived from Indianapolis in the wee hours of the morning and pronounced that the lamp was indeed possessed of the devil after finding that it gyrated to "Get into the Groove" by Madonna and shed paint peelings upon exposure to the Doxology "as sung at its proper cadence."

"I've seen cases like this before," remonstrated Opus Johni's Brother Dale Doogwall. "Once we were called in by a congregation that was sure their new stove was filled with Beelzebub because it kept burning the Communion loaves. Looked like an ordinary stove—cooked up the best veal patties you could ask for. But as soon as anybody put unleavened bread in the oven, whoosh!, instant cinders. We thought there might be something to it, and, sure enough, as soon as we touched its heating element with a copy of 'This We Believe,' it let loose a hideous barrage of cooking gas. So we cast the powers of perdition out of there and they've had no troubles since. Even the porta-bread for the shut-ins does up nicely. Well, I guess that case wasn't *exactly* like this one. There was that cursed set of Advent candles that burned the chapel down—no, that's not it either..."

No remains of the boy have been discovered; a putative crayon note from Sonny found in his room early this morning, claiming that he went to spend the night with Rick and Pete, has been dismissed out of hand as a diversionary tactic of the well-known Rushford witch coven. "THEY want to PROTECT their LYING MASTER'S precious LIGHT OF DARKNESS and allow it to continue CONSUMING our HELPLESS INFANTS!" snarled an observer from Jack T. Chick Ministries, on hand to provide objectivity.

The exorcism of the streetlamp will take place at 10 a.m. today to the accompaniment of the Houghton College Brass Ensemble, who will play "Lord Preseve the Meek from the Grasp of the Evil Called 'Electricity,'" a piece commissioned in 1880 by Wesleyans Against Going Out at Night (WAGON) and last performed in 1884. The lamp will then be yanked out of the earth by one of Contel's Possibly Dangerous Equipment Removal Systems, which is not expected to cause the least inconvenience or damage or casualties whatsoever; after being taken to a secure location the lamp will be sold for scrap and will not of course be recycled as anything unsafe like garden shears or cutlery. Mrs. Pieglass will not be in attendance due to a morning-headache disorder that has nothing at all to do with her regular evangelistic visitations to Boomy's Hotel Bar. ♡

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WILLARD'S DEW

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Houghton, NY

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Friend, Mentor, Critic: NY Artist Chris Anderson Visits Houghton

Guest commentary by Brangwynne Caves

Last week, April 11 and 12, the art department was entertained, educated and privileged by painter Chris Anderson, a guest artist from New York City. She came to be juror of the student art exhibit (now up in the Wesley Chapel Gallery) and in turn also became our friend, mentor and critic.

It was a wonderful two days made up of workshop, lecture, gallery opening and personal individual talks and critiques with this friendly woman with the bewitching eyes. During her time here the student body was free to utilize her every resource and insight. Being a Christian, and on the board of Christians in the Visual Arts, her perspectives were meaningful, challenging and affirming. You could find her at different places in the building either appraising works or sitting one-on-one or with a group of students discussing anything from a Christian's "calling" (whether it be in the mission field or as an artist) to how to take and prepare quality slides for graduate school portfolios. She was a splendid friend that blew in and blew out in a matter of days.

Chris arrived Wednesday evening and began her interaction with us on Thursday afternoon when she conducted an Alternative Drawing Methods Workshop, in our drawing

studio from 1:00-3:00. From this moment on her time was our time and she seemed never to stop being interested in who we were, both as people and artists, and what our personal passions were all about. On Friday evening she opened the student exhibition by presenting awards and then giving separate critiques for each winning work. But most memorable and meaningful was the lecture and slide presentation she gave of her work Friday afternoon at 2:30 in Woolsey Auditorium.

The talk she gave was confirming and exciting, full of life and flavor and her own heartfelt passion.

As art students we learned many things, come to understand personally the truths she explored with us and were affirmed in being artists. We were affirmed in "living life out loud" on our canvases, in our photographs and sculptures. She defined success not by fame and fortune and a one-woman show at some grand gallery in New York, but by pursuing the opportunities we have been given, by taking the talents and gifts we have been given, and making sense out of them, developing them, never denying who we are. She challenged us to be artists and artists with great integrity.

But her challenge went out to more than only art majors; there was a challenge to the Christian community as well, a community which so often has difficulty in affirming artists and supporting what they "do"—instead, often calling it futile, vain and useless. She challenged the Christian community to support its artists, to understand the important role they can play in the media and in the world. She helped to explain art as "the guest pass into the inner souls of others" and put into words what so often is emotive and sublime for the artist, and so foreign and unknown to the average person viewing art.

Having Chris Anderson with us these few days was utter joy and delight. She is truly an altogether enjoyable, wonderful, intelligent, and talented woman who gave many of us something to cling to, something to motivate and inspire us. She allowed us pride in being artists and gave us some identity in that which is valuable. Chris Anderson gave us the free pass to be the passionate we truly are! For this, she is to be thanked. ☆

Winners of the 1991 Juried Student Art Show

BEST OF SHOW

Robert Cubie (Senior)

FIRST PRIZE

Paul Maxwell (Sophomore)

SECOND PRIZE

Bonnie Deitzel (Senior)

THIRD PRIZE

Betsy Frey (Junior/Senior)

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Karen Hillman (Junior)

James Ohando (Senior)

Ivan T. Rocha (Junior)

Adages, Aphorisms, and the Kitchen Sink

"Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience."

George Washington

"It has long been an axiom of mine that the little things are infinitely the most important."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

A Case of Identity

"Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it: it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker."

George Eliot

Daniel Deronda

"I am a Bear of Very Little Brain, and long words Bother me." [Pooh]

A.A. Milne

Winnie-the-Pooh

"Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded That all the Apostles would have done as they did."

Lord Byron

Don Juan

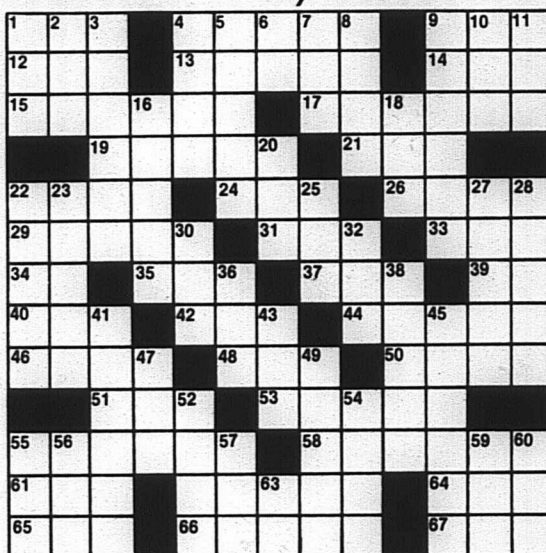


FREE LITER OF SODA

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20 Wings
at BIG AL's

Offer expires May 3, 1991

Crossword Companion



ACROSS

1. Cereal grain
4. Pretender
9. Portion of body
12. Town in Oklahoma
13. Fabric with crinkled surface (var. spelling)
14. Eat (p.t.)
15. Comfort in sorrow
17. Sunday Christian festival
19. Go in
21. Came upon
22. Convey (p.t.)
24. No relative height
26. Bold, saucy
29. Study of insects (abbr.)
31. Pave
33. Fish eggs
34. Middle Western state (abbr.)
35. Negative word
37. Took a seat
39. Southern Atlantic state (abbr.)
40. Droop head
42. Fasten in rope
44. Natives of ancient Media
46. Absent without leave (abbr.)
48. Education group including parents
50. Hole in skin
51. Altercation
53. Once more
55. Art of growing dwarfed trees
58. Confer holy orders upon

Crossword
Answers on
Page 6

61. Form of be
62. Rain
64. Prong of fork (Scot.)
65. Rocks on Top of mountain
66. Theme
67. Direction (abbr.)

DOWN

1. Organization of American States (abbr.)
2. Bustle; bother
3. Art
4. Accountant (abbr.)
5. Wicker basket
6. Symbol for tantalum
7. Open (poetic)
8. 500 sheets of paper
9. Mad
10. Inhabitant (suf.)
11. Each
16. Susan
18. Unofficial abbr. for 9th month
20. Decompose
22. Plant with compounded leaves
23. Bestow upon
25. Form of be
27. Message received
28. Annoy; pester
30. Clever saying
32. Male sheep
36. Edge
38. Lukewarm
41. Depressant
43. 7th Greek letter
45. Give away
47. Vegas
49. Ancient Greek marketplace
52. To erase
54. One of armed services
55. Night bird
56. Indicates mountain
57. Indefinite pronoun (plural)
59. Belonging to (suf.)
60. Born
63. A bone

Puzzle #135

that man behind the curtain

I really enjoyed chapel last Wednesday. For those of you with short memories, the speaker was an African-American friend of Dr. Tyson's who spoke on the issue of Christian education. At several times during this talk, he addressed the issue of racism. We all took this very seriously. In fact, any comment that he made about racism or race inequality seemed to be received soberly, thoughtfully, and with respectful silence. At one point in his talk, he attempted to answer the question of why African-American students at a predominantly white college would congregate together in the dining commons. To illustrate this serious, sober, and thoughtful point, he used the analogy of women going to the bathroom to escape the world ruled by men. This comment was met with high uncontrollable laughter. In fact, any comment he made about sexism or gender inequality was met with such laughter.

After the chapel service, I pointed this out to a friend of mine. She offered that maybe this difference was due to the fact that the speaker was an African-American, and if the speaker had been a woman, the audience would have taken women's issues seriously. If I believed this, it would trouble me even more, for it would imply that the problems of racism that our culture faces are laughable to this community as well. I also maintain that if the "Public Reactions" question asked in the last *Star* had been, "In what ways, if any, do you feel that African-American issues are dealt with (or avoided) here at Houghton?" no-one would have answered that they didn't care or that there were no issues to deal with.

The problem is one of awareness. If, during the pre-Civil War era, a Southern child who was brought up to believe that slaves were sub-human held African-Americans in contempt, it would be understandable, if no less repulsive. In the years since the civil rights movement, though racism still exists, the "excuse" of ignorance can no longer be in operation. Certainly there is no-one at Houghton who would claim that "the mark of Cain" is a darker skin color or that "slaves obey your masters" implies that the freedom of the slaves after the Civil War was against the will of God. Yet there seem to be many who would claim that because of Eve's sin, women are to be subjugated to men or that women should not be permitted to speak in church. While Houghton seems ready to accept that the idea of one race being superior to another (not to mention the attempt to support such claims with Scripture) is absurd, we do not seem ready to do the same with gender.

Peace, Love, and Understanding
Rand

Tweedledee & Tweedledumb

by Tweedledee (J. Terwilliger)

Trust is an integral part of our world. It can be found everywhere. When you sit in a chair, you're trusting that chair to hold you up. When you see a certain book title, such as "Holy Bible," you trust that certain words will appear within that book. You go to class without your knives, guns, and body armor, trusting that your professor has not lost it and is going to go on a bloody rampage today. Trust is something that can be found abundantly in today's world.

And yet trust in this world is waning. Chairs are falling apart on us, new translations of the Bible are coming out, and, more seriously, parents in New York City send their kids to school wearing bullet-proof vests. People are locking their doors more (even here at Houghton), and trusting people less. But is this lack of trust, or just not being stupid? In fact, in today's world, a healthy dose of mistrust is perhaps a good thing to have.

But what about trust in personal relationships? Is it necessary to have a "healthy dose" of mistrust in our personal relationships? An aloof stance will keep us from getting hurt or betrayed by our friends. If we do not place any trust in our friends beyond the most basic, we will enable ourselves to live safe, comfortable lives, without broken promises or any of the other problems that result when we open ourselves to others and trust them and allow them to trust us.

Of course, then there is the problem that we are denying ourselves, as well as our friends, any kind of true, lasting friendships. These types of relationships need trust - open communication, sharing of ourselves, being willing to let others open up to us without betraying them. Vulnerability and transparency, among others, are catch words for these relationships. If we are to be and have true friends, an element of trust must be there.

But to what extent is this trust earned or given? Or is there a balance? Trust must be earned in friendships - for example, by being a friend of any degree, a person has earned your confidence, more than a person of whom you have no knowledge. But just because a person has earned your trust does not necessarily mean you will give it to them; after all, they may be trying to deceive you and use you. Trust can be earned and not received. But it also can be given without being earned. This is the kind of acceptance that leads to deep, meaningful relationships. The risks are sure, but the advantages are surer. I'm not saying we should have blind faith in everyone we know, but perhaps a bit more trust would be in order. It tends to bring out the best in people, and maybe the world will be a little bit of a better place to live. At any rate, our little world-the community-will be a bit better. If we would only take a chance.

T. Dee

MAIL

Dear Dave, Ivan, et al:

I would like to address a few points about a Christian response to Hussein's invasion of Kuwait.

I uphold President Bush's quick action and the Security Council's determination to use force if necessary to get Iraq out of Kuwait. The U.N. generally does not get involved with the internal affairs of nations, except to condemn human rights abuses or the like. The invasion of Kuwait was an external affair—one country waging war on another involves all of us.

Remember President Bush's letter in the *Star* some months ago? He likened the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait to a burglar entering, looting, and raping your family and home. I would liken it to the invasion of your neighbor's home, because it was our neighbor Kuwait, not us. Did not Jesus say that we should love our neighbor as ourselves? And, as Jesus taught in the Parable of the Good Samaritan, our neighbor is anyone in need. I am thankful that America did not act the part of the Levite and avoid the issue.

It is a shame that the U.S. and some of her allies are the only ones who stand up for the rights of weaker countries, but it is a good example to the rest of the world that might does not make right. Romans 13 clearly defines this role in God's hierarchy of authority.

The Coalition countries should now offer to help rebuild Iraq, even though the Iraqis may

see that as adding insult to injury. After World Wars I and II, the Allies helped both Germany and Japan reorganize and get back on their feet. It is only fair, because it is not the people of the country who are the problem, it is their government.

To respond to the assertion of some that we are to remain passive even in the face of evil, Jesus' command to turn the other cheek is referring to personal assaults, not to aggression upon a neighbor (Matt. 5:38-39). Jesus did not resist when he was crucified because that would have been disobedience. He *did* resist at other times, though he seldom used violence. Turning the tables in the temple court was violent, though not injurious to anyone, and every time he cast out demons, Jesus was actively resisting evil. But bear in mind Jesus' agenda did not extend to civil government, where I believe our responsibility, as Christians in a broken world, does lie.

Many religions advocate passivity, and their actions show it. The greatest amount of proselytizing, famine relief, international aid and development comes from the "Christian" countries. It is precisely because Christians *do* do these things that we must come to the aid of our neighbors. As Edmund Burke declared, "All that is necessary for evil to prevail is that good men do nothing."

There are three views Christian hold on violence. The first is that, in situations of oppression,

violent liberation is a natural form of Christian activity. The second and opposite is that the following of Christ implies total rejection of violence. Most Christians are more comfortable with the latter than the former. Thirdly, there are those in the middle who believe that violence is always evil, yet face the dilemma of situations where violence may be the lesser of two evils. "If it is taken for granted that war is the worst of all evils, then the conclusion is quite clear; any participation by a Christian in the kind of violence represented by war is a betrayal of the gospel. But what if it should appear that there are evils worse than war? . . . If the choice is between having on your hands the blood of your friends, or the blood of those whom you judge to be enemies of the human race, what do you do?" (S. Neill, *Salvation Tomorrow*, 90).

What would the world be like if Hitler had not been stopped, or Kaiser Wilhelm before him? The world could not comprehend how evil and depraved they were; nor can most of us comprehend how evil Hussein *et al* are. That is one disadvantage of democracy and capitalism: we forget how good we have it, and what it has cost.

Carrying that further, what effect would passivity have on current pressure on companies that promote pornography on TV and in print to stop; on campaigning for morality in our government and in our nation?

I believe in peace, but I also believe in the total depravity of man, and that it is unrealistic to hope for true peace until the kingdom of God returns. The most difficult position is to hate war with a passion, yet realize that sometimes it may be the only solution. Sometimes we have to do things we dislike and even hate, because they are right.

In Love,
Alan J. Shea

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Dear Houghton Community:

Lately I have been thoroughly disgusted with one of the opinions that has been circulating this campus. That is—many of you who claim to be in total subservience to God are giving up the pleasures of life for a life of substandard subsistence. Good for you. Is this the only way to be a proper example of our Lord? Some people (like me) would prefer a more wealthy existence. Is that so wrong?

The feeling that I have been getting is that it is un-Christian. "Money is bad, poverty is best." Believe me, there *are* honest ways to make money. Business is not all bad. But since some people on this campus have such a demented attitude towards Godliness, wealth is deemed as evil. Maybe this school should eliminate the Liberal Arts study here, and become a seminary. It could take the stand as to damn to hell all those who earn in excess of \$24,000 per year. Wouldn't that make people happy?!

I plan someday to earn a large income; does this mean I cannot have a testimony for the Lord? I think not. This will put me with people who otherwise would not be reached. If I use my status in the upper echelon for the testimony of my Lord, it is no less important than a poverty-stricken individual who does the same. If through my example four people are converted and go to Heaven, and another individual who is poor converts four, his reward is no greater than mine. We are equal in God's eyes.

I take offense at the assumption that all those who make money are sinister, and if a representative individual is Christian, then that person has obviously backslid, because God doesn't like rich people. At least ten percent of my money goes directly to the Lord's work. It is we who make the money that finances the Church. No money

means no church, no converts, and our mission is dead.

So, instead of trying to convict those of us who would like to live comfortably, those of you that have this "holier than thou" attitude should devote your attention to why you have decided to give up wealth. I sincerely hope that you don't believe that your meager living will increase your rank in Heaven. For that is totally absurd.

For those of us who desire a wealthy habitat, we must not forget who has allowed us to receive this fortune. Is it only by God's grace. We should never neglect our tithes and offerings, for they are His.

People of all statuses have a place in the Lord's plan. It is the Christian's responsibility to find where this is. In my church at home, there is a small sign just above the front door. It says it all—"You are now entering a mission field."

Every Christian is a missionary; we should strive to be the best testimony possible, no matter our income.

Craig Stevens

**Dear Editors:**

After the last *Star* issue, I was really ticked off. Not at you by any means, but at an advertisement. It read: "ADOPTION Happily Married Christian Couple are longing to share a loving and happy home with a white newborn. Please call collect so we could talk..."

I never read a more disgusting advertisement from a Christian in my life.

Back home, my family raises foster children. So far, all the babies we've gotten have been black. I can personally testify that black children are just as lovable, and just as in need of love, as any other race

of child.

But not only have our babies been born black, they are cocaine babies with medical problems, cast out in a society that refuses to accept them as "wonderfully and fearfully made" (Psalm 139:14).

I can somewhat understand a couple wanting to adopt a healthy child. It is not everyone's spiritual gift or calling to work with medically fragile children, especially for inexperienced parents, but I can not understand a "Christian" couple wanting such luxuries as the color of the child's skin. What next? Do they want blond hair and blue eyes?

We are told in scripture to love another (1 John 4:7); to love our neighbors as ourselves, even when they come from a race we have previously had friction with (Lev. 19:18); and we are told that in Christ there is no distinction (Rom. 10:12). I find it very meaningful that Christ did not give his life only for the Jews, people of his own race, but that Christ came to bring redemption to all who believe (Rom. 10:13).

Numerous times in the scripture, we are taught that to the LORD, outside appearance means absolutely nothing. "The LORD sees not as man sees, for man looks on the outward appearance, but the LORD looks on the heart" (1 Samuel 16:7b). Christ demonstrates this by associating with "sinners" (Luke 5:30); regulations he gave concerning fasting (Matt. 6:16-18); his willingness to openly associate with women and Samaritans; the sermon on the mount; his willingness to cast off the form of God, taking on the form of a bondservant (Phil. 2:6-7); and probably mostly in his willingness to allow his body to be humiliatingly and unjustly crucified on a cross, when he certainly could have called in excess of 10,000 angels to blot out his oppressors and save him.

I find it hard to imagine why a

couple would prefer one race to another.

The most frequent reason I've been given is that as the child grows up it will be obvious to the child's friends that he was adopted, and he would be ridiculed for it. But that is a copout reason, and just a mask the parents use to cover the fear that others will know they adopted. If a child is adopted into another race, he will be able to see that he is loved by his parents, and that it is possible to deeply love someone with differences. Far worse damage is being done to children who are never adopted, and are moved from foster home/institution to foster home/institution, where they are often sexually abused, and often only taken in for the money involved. All this, and we wonder why the minority crime rate is so high. I would argue that it is largely due to the moral crime our society commits against these children who are wonderfully and fearfully made by God.

God is the provider of all. And furthermore, he paid a price for us so high that we could collectively never repay him for the salvation of just one soul. How then can we place binding limitations on what we will or won't receive from God? When we do place such limitations, we slap God on the face. Definitely not a smart move.

First of all, any child, whether by natural or adoptive means, is a gift and a blessing from God and God alone. I would like to emphasize the word *gift*. It brings so much more meaning into what a child is.

Because a child is such a blessed gift from God, we have no right to make demands upon God of what he is to give us. If we are called to care for handicapped children, praise God for his wonderful gift! If we are called to care for an adoptive child, again I must say, "Praise God!" But when we tell God what we want, we are in grave danger of falling out

of following His will.

Secondly, Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 25:40).

What is God like? Perhaps he is a black infant whom those that supposedly "worship" him are unwilling to adopt. I can not judge on the sincerity of Christianity of the couple who placed the ad, but perhaps, figuratively speaking, there is a minority-race infant who will judge the couple as he separates the sheep from the goats.

Thirdly, what about the white infant who is adopted? How will he feel growing up if he ever finds out he was chosen due to his appearance? He would probably become very self-image oriented, and constantly worry about how he appears to others.

Fourthly and lastly, sometimes when we put a restraint on what we will or won't accept from God, He grants us our request, and we end up missing out on the golden opportunity God had in store for us. Take Moses for example. He told God he

wasn't comfortable with words, so God provided Aaron to speak to the people on Moses's behalf. Later on, this really crippled the ministry Moses had with the Hebrew people. When we think we know better than God, there is only one possibility. We're wrong! (See Romans 3:4.)

Am I saying we shouldn't adopt white children, or try to match children with parents of their own race whenever possible? Not at all! But I would like to point out the fact that there are far more couples who want to adopt a white infant than there are white infants to adopt, and far more minority infants and children of all races older than the "cute" age margin than there are homes willing to adopt them. Something's not right.

Christian musician Steve Camp brings up a very good point, as well as a good closing remark of what it's all about: "Don't tell them Jesus loves them, until you're ready to love them too."

In Temple-Cleaning Anger,
Michael A. Peters

OOPS, WE GOOFED

•In last issue's article entitled Houghton Goes to Albany Senate president Darren Chick was incorrectly quoted as estimating next and subsequent years' tuition as being in excess of \$19,000. What he really said is that, should the budget cuts go through, Houghton students may have to pay an additional \$1,900. Furthermore, Chick was misquoted in the figures concerning the inequities in state funding of independent colleges vis-a-vis the payroll taxes collected. The actual figures are: \$275 million are designated to independent colleges, \$250 million are paid back in payroll taxes, leaving a net of \$25 million.

•Also in the Albany article Chick's former position as treasurer was referred to as that of vice-president.

•In the article about Wilson Greatbatch on page 7, Greatbatch was said to be researching sickle-cell anemia. In actuality, Greatbatch is researching T-cell leukemia.

SINCERE AND PROFUSE APOLOGIES TO ALL.

Houghton Star Critic's Choices: BOOKS

By Amy Flemming

It has been awhile since you've seen anything from me in the *Star*. I've tried to keep up with the new books, but I've also been trying to keep up with my papers. So the benevolent editors took pity on my condition, and asked me to write a list of my favorite books/books that have changed my life. That's great for me, as well as difficult; I love books and will try to read anything that has page numbers. Remember that the operative word here is try - I don't always get through them all. So here, for your perusal is a list of twelve of the most memorable books I've read, in no particular order; it's a pity the number could only be twelve.

1. **The Bible**. There are obvious reasons why this would be a favored group of books, but in addition to some of the obvious, it is a collection of some of the most beautiful and diverse forms of literature—containing colorful characters, interesting plotlines, profound philosophy, well kept data, etc.

2. **Wuthering Heights** by Emily Brontë. I read this for the first time in sixth grade, and loved it, and only kind-of-almost grasped

it. It is one of the first books I loved to pieces, literally.

3. **A Passage to India** by E. M. Forster. There is one particular passage in this book about the echoes of the caves distilling all sounds to "Om." It is beautiful and echoed my state of mind at the time (all puns are unintended).

4. **A Coney Island of the Mind** by Lawrence Ferlinghetti. This is the first book in a long love affair with his works, and all "Beat" writings for that matter. It opened my eyes to poetry and literature and made me aware of its capability of diversity and its power.

5. **Rommel Drives on Deep Into Egypt** by Richard Brautigan. I like this book for the same reasons as the previous and I realized as well that words are their most powerful in poetry.

6. **Cat's Cradle** by Kurt Vonnegut. First Vonnegut book I ever read, that shook up my world for awhile because I really internalized his concepts of people and religion, basically that religion and social structure are made up and that people realize this but believe in them anyway. It's a good book and

it's fun, but it made everything seem useless to me then.

7. **Four Quartets** by T. S. Eliot. All I could say after I read this for the first time was "Beautiful", and "Thank you for pulling me out of that existential way." (Thank you Jack Leax.) It was the culmination of his career and his Christianity. I loved "The Waste Land" as well, but I was as confused about it as Eliot was about the times.

8. **Silence** by Shisaku Endo. From this book I learned about Christ's humanity, something I really needed to learn and found comfort from.

9. **On the Road** by Jack Kerouac. After reading this book I wanted to start hitchhiking and see America. I wanted to enjoy life and really get into being with and meeting people.

10. **The Stranger** by Albert Camus. What can I say except I needed some existential angst; it's still a great work.

11. **Labyrinths** by Jorge Luis Borges. I like it. It'll take me a long time to understand it, but I like it.

12. **Siddhartha** by Herman Hesse. This is about an Indian, not the Buddha, but a follower dealing with the question of man's role on Earth. I found the the passage about time and the river and the Om to be quite beautiful.

To close with I want to make a short list of the books that people I respect have suggested *The Brothers Karamazov* by Dostoevsky (Vonnegut once wrote that if you wanted to learn about life you should read the *Brothers*. That sums that up.); *Women's Ways of Knowing* by Mary Field Belenky et al; *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* by Milan Kundera; *Iron John* by Robert Bly; *No Man is An Island* by Thomas Merton; and *Steppenwolf* by Herman Hesse, and in addition anything and everything that can be gotten ahold of. Good Reading. ☆

on the RECORD

by Jamie Lindsay

special edition

Note: Each group or artist has been limited to one album to avoid a list that would be dominated by the combination of only a few key performers. The list is in no particular order.

1) **The Beatles: *Abbey Road*.** *Abbey Road* is one of the most unified efforts the Beatles ever produced. This album is the Beatles acting together as one band, not as one particular member with a backing band such as on some of their other albums. All four Beatles produce classic tunes on this work: John Lennon with "Come Together"; Paul McCartney with the so-called *Abbey Road Medley* ("Golden Slumbers"/"Carry That Weight"/"The End"); George Harrison with "Here Comes the Sun"; and Ringo Starr with "Octopus's Garden." From the excellent harmonies to the skillful bass, drum and guitar work, the Beatles act together to typify their place as rock and roll's greatest band.

2) **Bob Dylan: *Saved*.** Although selecting the most important Bob Dylan album is no easy task (*Highway 61 Revisited*, *Blood on the Tracks*, or *Oh Mercy* could all claim this distinction), I would argue for *Saved*. In the space of ten songs music's most profound lyricist addresses the struggle against sin ("Pressing On"), the deity of Christ ("In the Garden"), the inevitability of His return ("Are You Ready?") and a desire to do His will ("What Can I Do For You"). It's that personal statement of religious faith and its potential to aid and comfort those willing to listen that makes this such an important album. Dylan shares our struggles and our victories on *Saved* and succeeds in addressing very important issues that all Christians must face.

3) **The Byrds: *Mr. Tambourine Man*.** The Byrds' fusion of the Beatles sound and Bob Dylan's lyrical style is their major contribution to music history.

Along with their characteristic 12-string guitar sound the Byrds created electric folk, an example of which is graphically seen on the title track, and influenced artists like Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers—and Bob Dylan himself.

4) **David Bowie: *Changesonebowie*.** The overall influence of David Bowie can best be seen in this collection of his ground-breaking 1970s work. Bowie has always been characterized by his changes in musical style and form of dress. From the folksy/wistful classic "Space Oddity," the catchy "Rebel, Rebel" and his ultimate hit "Changes," Bowie experiments with new ideas and addresses issues that have deeply effected rock music to this day.

5) **Yes: *The Yes Album*.** With *The Yes Album* this ever changing British rock band helped popularize the 70s music form frequently referred to as art rock. Music characterized by incredible (and lengthy) displays of musical virtuosity, rock renditions of classical music pieces, and a lyrical complexity that rivaled the musical arrangements, art rock was given a great boost by songs from this album such as "I've Seen All Good People" and the spiritual "Starship Trooper."

6) **Larry Norman: *Only Visiting This Planet*.** When Larry Norman, one of the principal founding fathers of Christian contemporary music, released *Only Visiting This Planet* in 1972, there was very little Christian music to speak of. Norman had to fight against a widely perceived notion that rock was not the place for a Christian. His landmark "Why Should the Devil Have All the Good Music?" attacked this fallacious notion rather skillfully. Other classics to rise from this album include "The Outlaw" and the convicting and haunting "I Wish We'd All Been Ready."

7) **Pink Floyd: *The Wall*.** Never has an album been made that expresses just

about every negative emotion so stark and eloquently as *The Wall*. From depersonalization of the common man ("Another Brick in the Wall"), escape from the pain ("Comfortably Numb"), and the utter loneliness, alienation and what the Russian philosopher Terestchenko would call "the quest for intimacy" found in "Hey You." The intense emotion and expression of feelings we have all felt is profound. And they even offer a solution. "Hey you, don't tell me there's no hope at all. Together we stand, divided we fall, we fall, we fall..."

8) **The Police: *Synchronicity*.** The career of the Police shows a definite progress in musical and lyrical prowess. With the release of *Synchronicity*, Sting, Andy Summers and Stewart Copeland had painted their masterpiece. Its lyrics tell of the torturing pain of love lost ("King of Pain"), spiritual skepticism ("O My God"), insecurity ("Mother"), and the inhuman personal possession of another ("Every Breath You Take"). This raw display of emotion and suffering is vividly portrayed in Sting's vocals and the complex musical bed the Police place them on. The album is outstanding, the *Sgt. Pepper* of the 80's.

9) **Paul Simon: *Graceland*.** After parting company with erstwhile musical partner Art Garfunkel, Paul Simon launched a successful solo career, but not one that really invited comparisons to his stellar work in Simon & Garfunkel. All that changed with the release of the multicultural *Graceland*. By fusing elements of rock and roll and the music of other cultures, along with his smooth voice and fine lyrics, Simon created a sound—on songs like "Diamonds on the Soles of Her Shoes" and the title track—quite unique in popular music up to that time.

10) **U2: *Rattle and Hum*.** The variety of vital issues U2 addresses on this album defy the space allowed for this article. Suffice it to say that this album is the culmination of their greatness. The original songs contained on the album (such as "God Part II," "Desire," "Love Rescue Me," and "When Love Comes to Town.") portray fantastically topics like hypocrisy, lust, religious doubt and spiritual renewal. All of this and vocals by Bono that convey so emotionally the meaning of the songs. You know he believes what he sings. Furthermore, some of their most incredible hits of the past are captured in U2's true element, the live concert.

Honorable Mention

- a) Peter Gabriel: *So*.
- b) Roy Orbison: *Mystery Girl*.
- c) Paul McCartney: *Tug of War*.
- d) Thompson Twins: *Here's to Future Days*.
- e) Traveling Wilburys: *Volume One*. ☆

THE HOFFMAN Cinematographic Vertex

MOVIES YOU MUST SEE (OR YOUR HAIR WILL FALL OUT)

BY RANDY HOFFMAN

For this special installment, I have allowed myself to be browbeaten into a dangerous task that is listed in the top five of Things Cinema Reviewers Should Never Do: compiling a Must-See List. What makes such a chore so risky? Well, first off, it's entirely subjective. What films I list or don't list is entirely up to me, which means several bad things. Number one bad thing, I've got all the films in the world to choose from, but—no matter what I claim in private—I've only seen a pitiful fraction of them. So either I'm going to omit films outside of my personal experience or I'm going to take others' words for them and fudge. Number two bad thing, my individual tastes rule. What has been profound or moving or enjoyable for me may be so much drivel-drivel for nine out of ten other folks. So you may be about as sympathetic to what follows as you would be to a weed popping up in your garden proclaiming to be the most beautiful flower in existence. Secondly in terms of risk, the audience may or may not be aware of the bad things about the first problem, which means other bad things. If they are aware of my non-omniscience, they are apt to be quite ready to expose my "obvious" shortcomings in light of their cultivated experience and superior knowledge. If they aren't, they are equally liable to assume that I've misstated a case—or left out the film that their maiden aunt requested be shown while she was on her deathbed—out of sheer, intense, personal malice. Thirdly, in the worst case scenario, all these bad things add up to my collapsing under the combined weight of a starving wolfpack of critics ripping at my jugular. Well, let it come. Boldly, I press forward—

1. Citizen Kane (1941). A young first-time director named Orson Welles created this relentless portrait of the death and life of a relentless tycoon; brilliantly acted, written, directed, and filmed, this movie is rightly praised as the best ever made in America. Ironically and tragically, the newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst interpreted it as a personal attack and wielded his personal influence to keep it out of the theaters in its time. Welles went on to other films, but the opposition had taken its toll; he would never craft another to equal *Kane*.

2. High Noon (1952). Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly shine as lawman and new bride in this best Western ever. If you didn't think a Western could evoke abyssal depths of psychology and social comment, think again. The use of camera as well as sound to capture mood is exquisite.

3. The Maltese Falcon (1941). John Huston directs Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet through the intricacies of a Dashiell Hammett Sam Spade yarn about a certain statuette—it all adds up to the primo detective movie, *Watson*.

4. Snow White (1937). The initial feature-length effort of the Disney animation organism is still unsurpassed for sheer mythic power; no animated film since, no matter how sophisticated, has been both so fresh and so rich.

5. The Incredible Shrinking Man (1957). The special effects, still as marvelous today as then, are really only secondary in this finest of science fiction films. The real focus is crystal clearly riveted on the central problem that science fiction has sought to answer from its beginnings: what place does man have in the midst of his own

ever-changing universe? The closing line is among the most inspiring you'll ever hear.

6. All Quiet on the Western Front (1930). Despite the unsophisticated techniques, especially the sound, this shattering study of the reactions of German soldiers to the horrors of WWI is at least as powerful as, and is probably more so than, any war film made since.

7. All About Eve (1950). Writer-director Joseph Mankiewicz assembled a truly stellar cast to bring his vision of the laughs and heartaches of the theater to life, most notably Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, George Sanders, Celeste Holm, and Marilyn Monroe. He got top-notch performances out of just about all of them. This one garnered seven Oscars.

8. Psycho (1960). Forget about your hockey-masked slashers; the "Shower Scene" is still the scare with the most flair (and one of the most imitated and parodied clips of all time). Alfred Hitchcock penetrates to the heart of horror and creepiness in the dark recesses of the Bates Motel and Norman Bates' mind, and does it with disturbing accuracy.

9. The Color Purple (1987). Didn't think I'd condescend to pick a really "modern" film, did you? But producer Steven Spielberg displays a truly mature vision; Whoopi Goldberg, Oprah Winfrey, and Cicely Tyson are awesome; and the black experience in America comes alive as the film builds to, and through, a series of stirring and powerful displayed-in-amber moments. Nominated for eleven Oscars and shamefully shut out.

10. Ben-Hur (1959). Extravagant Hollywoodization doesn't spoil the vibrant Gospel message in this film; for once, the money and talent of that "city of sin" were well used. The "Chariot Race" scene is unsurpassed as spectacle; the sickening thud as Christ's cross is lowered into the ground is unsurpassed as pathos; the joyous bells that accompany the streams flowing from Golgotha, carrying the precious blood, are tears and love and sorrow—thrill all together.

Honorable Mention: *Harold and Maude* (1972), *The Godfather* (1972), *The Godfather II* (1974), *The Wizard of Oz* (1939), *Casablanca* (1942), *Modern Times* (1930), *The African Queen* (1952), *Bringing Up Baby* (1938), *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946), *It Happened One Night* (1934), *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1943), *Father of the Bride* (1950), *What's Up Doc* (1975), *Gone With the Wind* (1939), *The Sound of Music* (1965), *His Girl Friday* (1940), and many others I'm sure I've wickedly neglected.

