



News 1

Feature: Sanctuary 3

Arts 5

Opinion 6

Comics 8

Student Project To Give College \$25,000.00 Underway

Once again, tales are flying around campus about a disagreement between the administration and Student Government Association. During the fall semester, money was authorized to be taken from the Student Projects Fund without SGA's consent. The campus is buzzing with questions about the issue. Did the administration have the right to transfer these funds? What was their motivation? How exactly was the matter resolved?

According to SGA President Jason Shambach, Mr. Macbeth had discussed with him at a meeting last semester the possibility of using SPF money to help alleviate the college's budget deficit. "I indicated at that time that the Senate could discuss it and that any kind of use of those funds would necessarily have to follow the process of allocating those funds to projects as defined in our SGA bylaw." For those of you who are confused, the SPF is an amount of money allocated to the students every year for large projects that they may want to put through. It was put in place in 1997 by the Faculty Affairs Council. Twenty dollars per student per semester was added to the Student Activities Fee which was, at the time, included with tuition, room and board on student bills. Any registered student at Houghton can file a petition for a project.

In order for the project to qualify for funding from the SPF, a proposal must be drawn up with a petition. Once the petition has 200 signatures, it goes to the SPF Committee for discussion. From there, it goes before the Senate and, if it is approved, becomes an official project. Recently, \$20,000 of the Fund went toward the construction of Java 101. Every project requesting Student Projects Funds must go through this process. The SGA president felt that, should money from the Fund be used to help alleviate the college's deficit, it should be treated as any other project.

Some time after this meeting, the Administrative Committee – a sort of cabinet committee made up of the various Vice Presidents and the President of the College – met to discuss ways to alleviate the deficit. A decision was made to withhold at least the fall semester's roughly \$23,700.00 from the SPF, half of which had already been transferred.

SGA Treasurer Kyle Nagy said that he'd discovered the money was missing when

he received the SGA's account statement in November. "When I got my statement from the Accounting office for the month of October," said Kyle, "it said that the amount that was put in to the SPF at the beginning of the semester was subtracted out." Kyle inquired about the anomaly at the Accounting Office, and David Mercer referred him to Wayne MacBeth. Kyle then confirmed with Mr. MacBeth that he had authorized the transfer.

The Senate passed a formal resolution requesting that the money be returned to the fund on the grounds that there was a policy in place specifically granting money to the SPF. This resolution was presented to Mr. MacBeth, and he responded, saying he'd like to resolve the matter. He met with the Senate in late January to discuss the SGA's case. The financial situation of the College which led to the SPF cut was explained as the result of three factors which led to the college's current budget deficit, the first being that the College underestimated how much faculty benefits would cost. Secondly, there were six students who failed to enroll, and, given the money one student gives the college per year, that is a hefty sum. Finally, the College distributed too much financial aid to students. It was made clear that the decision to cut the fall SPF funding was made after all other avenues of action had been exhausted. When challenged on the SPF policy, Mr. MacBeth posited that the SPF policy was outdated and like the rest of tuition, these moneys were fair game for budget cuts like everything else.

He argued that the policy was outdated, since it was contingent on each student's Student Activities Fee. Before 1999, charges for attendance at Houghton included various fees in addition to tuition, room, and board, but the fees were all rolled into the tuition in 1999. Mr. Macbeth's opinion was that all the money was now included in tuition and was no longer dedicated to the fund. The Senate countered that, as Jason Shambach said, "although the letter of the law was no longer applicable to what was actually happening, the spirit of the law indicated that this money was still designated for the students and for a specific purpose." Somewhere within tuition was the money for the SPF, whether it was a precise figure or not. The money belonged to the SPF, and the proper channels must be followed in

order for it to be used. Mr. Macbeth disagreed, and Jason informed him that he intended to take the matter to the President of the College.

Before Jason's meeting with the President, Mr. Macbeth called him into his office. He stated that, having thought about the students' arguments, he felt that he should have followed the process set out for the disbursement of SPF money. He wrote a letter apologizing for appearing to disregard the feelings and opinions of the students and indicating his intention to return the money. He also asked that the Senate, under no obligation, consider following the process to allocate at least some of the money to help alleviate the deficit.

Jason Shambach had this to say about Wayne Macbeth's change of heart: "It was very courageous of Mr. Macbeth to reverse the decision he had made. I know that you can invest a certain amount of your own dignity in making a decision."

The Senate has recently passed a motion to draft a petition for \$25,000 to be given to help with the deficit. Anyone interested, in supporting the project should keep an eye out at meal times to sign the petition. ♦

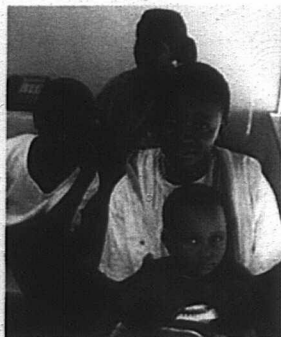
-Hillary Young
Staff Writer

Correction:

The *Star* staff would like to clarify that we do not necessarily subscribe to Adam Carmen's views in "Latin American Dictator Owns Houghton Gas Station: Students Organize Protest," published in the February 17th edition. We apologize for several of the statements in the article which were presented as evidential fact rather than the writer's speculation. Our original intention was to publish the title with a question mark at the end, and in the crunch surrounding the layout process this detail was omitted. This was not an error of the Layout Editor; it was the collective responsibility of the *Star* staff. Writing 101 students, please note the importance of punctuation.

-Christine DiFonzo
Editor-in-Chief

Journey's End: Somali Bantu in Buffalo, NY



Every Saturday morning, a van carrying a group of Houghton College students leaves the Campus Center at the break of day to make the trek to Buffalo, NY. They are tutors for Journey's End Refugee Services, an organization founded in the 1980's with a mission to assist refugee immigrants in becoming independent, contributing members of society.

Journey's End coordinates with area churches to sponsor different refugee families in their legal relocation to the United States. They provide initial resettlement aid, including language interpretation, citizenship assistance, health education, and cultural training for churches. Originally founded to aid Cambodians seeking refuge, Journey's End currently facilitates the resettlement of refugees from all over the world.

Nickole Crandell, one of the student participants, has been involved with their efforts through Americorps this past summer and two semesters of Saturday tutoring. She currently is assigned to a Somali Bantu family with five children, aged 2 to 12. Before immigrating to the United States, the Somali Bantu people in the Buffalo area lived in a refugee camp in Kenya for 12 years, where all their children were born.

The Bantu people were members of the lowest Somali caste and treated as second-class citizens. After fleeing from anarchy to refuge in Kenya, they retained their inferior status at the hands of the many other Somalis who populated the camps. Crandell testifies to their extreme appreciation of those who help them transition to life in the States, speculating that this is the first time they have been cared for as equals.

Journey's End provides adult immigrants with three months ESL (English as a Second Language) training through a different program from the Saturday tutoring. In addition, the adults receive support from career counselors who help them find a job. After this period of time, they are expected to be employed full time; the only exceptions are mothers who are pregnant or have children aged three or less.

Language barriers present other problems for the children. There is a five-year-old Crandell

tutors who was suspended from kindergarten for not being "developmentally ready." Upon further examination, the situation reveals that language barriers were the source of the problem. The five-year-old boy had to use the bathroom and only knew to say, "toilet." His teacher refused to let him go until he asked, "May I please go to the bathroom?". He either did not understand or could not repeat her question to be allowed to go and wet himself. This happened a few times, and he was placed in a preschool program instead.

The tutors spend a lot of their time helping children to adapt to structured school, as this is their first classroom experience. This is accomplished mostly through homework help. The public school system the families have access to provide little support for the incoming refugee children. There are some schools in the Buffalo area that have ESL programs, but these children attend public schools where teachers have little help and too many students to work with individually.

Children are grateful for their tutors' help and happy to see them weekly. Since one of Crandell's goals is to foster an accurate, as opposed to a media-driven, concept of Americans, she emphasizes the value of consistency in the tutor's work. One of her frustrations is watching their twelve-year-old boy to adopt the media-driven impression of the police, saying, "I hate the police. They're bad and just want to put you in jail."

Crandell doubts this can be attributed to friendships at school, as the children tend not to talk about having any companions outside

of their cultural groups. She grimaces at the thought of how much television they are exposed to, explaining, "The only time I know the TV's off is the hour and a half that I'm there because I make them turn it off. It's on in the morning before we get there and as soon as we leave."

Even with all the assistance they receive, there is little hope that any of the families will rise above the poverty level. The parents enter the United States with the cost of plane fare to be repaid and begin paying living expenses after three months. With their limited grasp of English, they may only ever be qualified for factory work. Crandell reflects gravely on the situation these immigrants but concludes that hope lies in the opportunities the second generation will have, as refugee children educated in the United States. ♦

-Victoria Kempton
Business Manager



ONE SPIRIT ONE WILL ZERO POVERTY

Bread for the World and The ONE
Campaign

Get Involved. March 20th - 24th
www.bread.org www.one.org

The Scarf Project

In the summer of 2004, Janelle Potts, a Houghton College graduate, called Kathie Brennaman because Potts' grandmother had some yarn that she could no longer use and wanted to donate it. Brennaman gratefully received the three bags full of yarn from Potts and talked to the SGA about starting a new service project. This was the beginning of the Scarf Project. During the 2004-05 school year, students took the yarn from the Information Center and knitted and crocheted about 250 scarves. With that many scarves, every child that received a Christmas gift also received a handmade scarf for the cold winter months.

This year, Potts was able to give more yarn to Brennaman for the project, some Houghton classes bought yarn, and others donated what they had. So far, about 50 to 60 scarves have been made. Many of the kids who received Christmas gifts this year also got scarves: some

went to Journey's End, and many went to those who get food from the food pantry at Houghton Wesleyan Church (also run by Brennaman).

Many students may have been discouraged by the scarf "deadline" that was created, but Brennaman would like to assure everyone that there is no actual deadline and she will receive scarves at any time. There may not have been as much yarn donated this year, but there is still plenty of it in the Info Center closet, along with some knitting needles for those who don't have any. Some people who give are beginners; some are experts. "But, you know, if you don't have a scarf, it doesn't really matter," says Brennaman. She affirmed that even if a scarf is donated later than it is needed, it will be saved to be donated next year. ♦

-Karis Koett
Staff Writer

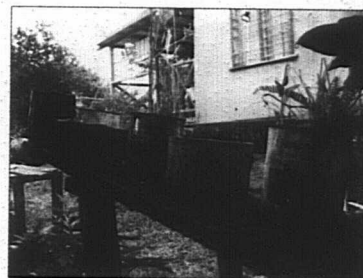




Sanctuary

*Simplicity knows contentment in both
abasement and abounding.*

-Foster



Setting foot onto the beach that was to be my home for the next three and a half months was surreal. I was actually at the "end of the earth" where each new day begins at the 180th meridian. After a ten hour plane ride from L.A., an 18 hour ferry boat ride across the South Pacific, and a 45 minute motor boat ride to our small piece of land, it finally hit that we were far far away from the normalcy of civilization in the U.S. Living in Fiji soon became normal too. It wasn't a vacation during which we had to soak in as much entertainment and relaxation as possible in a week's time. Rather, we slowly developed new habits of living because we lived in someone else's home.

One of the first things I noticed about the family whose land we lived on was their pace of life—*island time*. No body ever rushed; they sauntered. Mata spent most of the day cooking, Apa helped but also went out fishing, and the kids would run a couple miles to school during the week. Upon their return, they'd explore the bush, go spear fishing, or play cards with us. It was within this context that our group of nine lived. No electricity, no phones, no computers, no roads or traffic, cold showers, and a basin to wash the minimal amount of clothing we brought. It was more of a relief than an inconvenience. With all the extras stripped away, I started to notice and appreciate little things like jumping in puddles after a storm, watching shooting stars, chasing chickens, looking for shells, climbing trees, and husking coconuts. Even feeling clean was a treat.

A particularly poignant experience of intentional simplicity was the 24 hour solo during which we were individually scattered on little plots of land. An excerpt from my journal on November 11, 2005 describes my initial sentiments: "Well, here I am in the shelter I made: a tarp strung up by cordage between two trees. I'm slowly sliding sideways because I built it on a slope. I don't feel like reading. I kind of want to sleep, but I'm not really tired. What should I think about? Where should I sit? Maybe I should relocate my shelter. Blasted mosquitoes, I need more bug spray..."

To try and squelch feelings of nothingness, ambiguity, and purposelessness, I scrawled out a rough plan for myself—a list of what I could do for 24 hours by myself. (The plan worked for a couple hours.) I wanted to be productive in the way I typically knew how. I was left with a Bible, a journal, water, bug spray, a headlamp, and a shelter. No familiar comfort of food. No familiar comfort of talking to someone. Nothing I could offer. Nothing I could do.

It's amazing how many distractions one can find in the woods, though. I climbed the same thin-trunked tree at least five times. From a different tree, I could see two bays on either side of a ridge sprinkled with 50-80 foot tall coconut trees. I was tempted to climb a smaller one to gather fresh *bu* (a Fijian name for green coconuts) but had no way to open it anyway. A mongoose rustled around in the thick, green brush below. Mosquitoes whined around my head. Nighttime fell, and I couldn't sleep because

I kept sliding off my mat. Around what seemed to be 3 a.m., I climbed to my spot, tied a sulu into the branches, and fell asleep in the small, blue sack. The next morning, I tried to journal, but my pen died. No success or contentment. Why couldn't I relish this time while it lasted? An opportunity to find quietness doesn't come often, especially back at school with all the demands and noise.

The longest period of successfully keeping myself occupied occurred with a couple of sticks. Beating them against different spots of the tree to listen for the distinctive sounds they made, I entertained myself for almost an hour. I laid my ear against the smooth moss covered branch to listen more closely. Eventually, I molded my arms and legs to the shape of this small tree where it split into two smaller branches. I continued to clunk the sticks on the dense wood. Steady and constant, the rhythm reminded me of a heartbeat. Finally, I could simply be. There was no accompanying overwhelming feeling, just contentment.

It took the full 24 hours of doing nothing in particular to even begin to be at rest. Within the context of mundane details, the inward simplicity came. Rather than trying to escape the seemingly insignificant details in which I felt blindly immersed, I could let myself simply be wrapped up them—small but necessary moments during which the real stuff of the heart was revealed. ♦

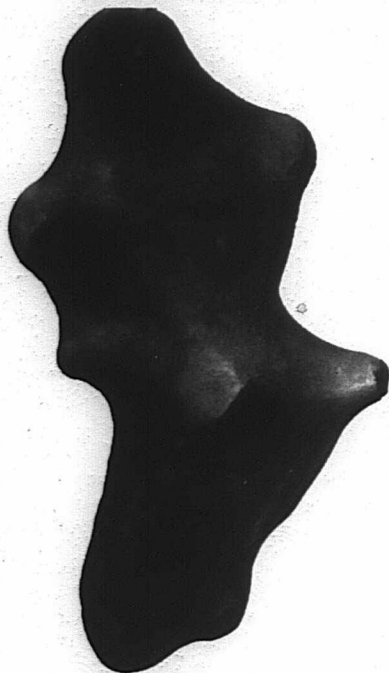
-Kara Sunday
Guest Writer



Arts

Featured Artist:

Lisa York



Stretched canvas by sophomore Lisa York. This project is a part of a foundational study in 3D design. Students cut a base shape out of plywood and construct a wooden frame which projects vertically from the base, usually from scrap wood found lying around the studio. A piece of canvas is pulled tightly over top and tacked down on the back. Professor Gary Baxter compares this step of the process to the shadows and indentations of skin stretched over human bones.

The canvas is coated with a layer of white gesso, which seals the canvas and helps it to hold its shape, and acrylic paint is added. Students generally say that the painting is the most challenging part of the process. The movement of light across the various planes has to be considered together with the complication of color. York chose to resolve this using complementary colors (those that fall opposite each other on the color wheel and combine to make brown) and keeping the surface shapes simple.

"It was hard to imagine how the project would come together," York recalls. She was also influenced by the idea of the human form in her initial design, but form changed as she began to respond to isolated shapes and colors. "It was interesting to see everyone's projects starting out as pieces of wood sticking out from a board and becoming actual forms," she says.

-Kelsey Harro
Managing Editor



today's music



Architecture in Helsinki

Listening to Architecture in Helsinki is, at times, being willing to lose yourself in a melodic explosion that is occasionally childish and always energetic. The eight member group plays a wild variety of instruments, ranging from sitar to violin to tuba. With all eight members contributing to the vocals, there is also a wide range of styles represented vocally including indie boy/girl duets, choral arrangements, chants, and theatrical styling.

Imagine a youth group or elementary music class that broke into a music store and went wild, and you may come close to the auditory extravaganza that is Architecture in Helsinki. It is nearly impossible to classify them which, ironically, gets them classified into the unclassifiable genre along with the likes of The Fiery Furnaces. That is a confusing way to say that the band is wonderfully interesting and unique.

The album, *In Case We Die*, the 2005 sophomore release, picks up right where *Fingers Crossed* left off. With many twists and turns, the songs rush you through tempo changes and melody after melody. Representative of the entire album, "It's," a bippy joyful song, might just raise you to your feet to dance through imaginary fields of lollipops or make you grab a box of Crayolas to scribble ice cream cones on the walls.

I do not want to diminish the musical continuity and uniquely intriguing song writing by all this talk of craziness. The album, for all its multifaceted cacophonous glory, is colorful and intelligent and a refreshing *Polyphonic Spree*-esque reminder of the joys in the music "scene."



The Go! Team

Thunder, Lightning, Strike is a powerful pop of nostalgia that mixes cheerleading samples with searing trumpets and driven guitars. The UK group of six relies on samples of city chants and cheerleading squads to back their catchy songs. Originally released over a year ago, the album recently made its US debut on Columbia Records.

The poppy and dancey songs may bring up memories of 80's tv shows and bus rides. But if you are like me the album will certainly make you want to double dutch and play hopscotch. Because of some of the samples and copyright issues, it was not an easy transition to the U.S. for the album, but all in all, the album stayed mostly intact in its harmonica meets dance beats meets power guitar style. While this album, much like Architecture in Helsinki's, is not for everyone, at least give it a try. You may find yourself jumping rope and playing skip it sooner than you think.

-Adam Sukhia
Columnist



THE STAR STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF
Christine DiFonzo

MANAGING EDITOR
Kelsey Harro

DESIGN EDITOR
Allison Brown

BUSINESS MANAGER
Victoria Kempton

ADVISOR
Prof. Dave Perkins

COPY EDITOR
Rosaline Kelada-Sedra

REWRITE
Laura Kristofferson

STAFF WRITERS
Hilary Young
Aaron Adkins
Karis Koett

COLUMNISTS
Stephen Sorensen
Adam Sukhia

COMIC ARTISTS
Andrew Davis
Joseph Freeman
Greg Kamprath

Pick A Professor

The Star has added a new feature--
The Faculty Book Review.

Send in suggestions for which professors you'd like to hear from to star@boughton.edu

Faculty Book Review

Hinds' Feet on High Places by Hannah Hurnard

My college years at Houghton exposed me to many books I would otherwise never have read. Most were course requirements; reading for pleasure seldom seemed possible. So when my roommate found free moments to read a small novel, I knew it must be worth a look. That was my introduction to *Hinds' Feet on High Places*, an allegory of the journey of faith which still impacts my understanding of how God and I relate. The title makes reference to a passage in Habakkuk which promises that God our Strength will enable us to go to high places with the agility of a deer.

The main character of the story is a disfigured villager known as "Much Afraid", who determines to follow her Chief Shepherd to the Kingdom of Love. Along the journey, she must face those who would deter her; they are identified by names such as Mrs. Dismal Forebodings and Craven Fear. Sorrow and Suffering serve as her guides, and as she travels, she collects stones of remembrance to mark the lessons she has learned. The Shepherd uses all at His disposal to teach her the truths of His Kingdom, from great thundering cataracts to the most delicate wildflowers. With the Shepherd as

close as her own voice, she diligently completes the journey. Upon reaching the Kingdom, she finds all is transformed, even her own name.

As much as I have learned from writers like Lewis or Bonhoeffer, this book reached beyond my mind to my heart. I carry its images with me often, images that remind me that the heart of the Gospel is God's unshakeable love for me, that indeed all He ever does is love. The power of that love inspires us to seek His Kingdom above all else. ♦

-Connie Finney
Professor of Education

IMAGE



Blues, Taboos, And Mandalas: *An Article And An Invitation*

*Blues, spirituals, and folk tales recounted from
mouth to mouth . . . all these formed the channels
through which the . . . wisdom flowed.*

-Richard Wright

I've been listening to the blues an awful lot lately. Perhaps it's because a (finally) cold winter causes you to ruminate; the specter of the final days of college seems to help the blues make a lot of sense right now, too. In any case, the granddaddy of the Delta Blues, Son House, speaks to me when he sings (moans, rather), "On a Sunday the boys be lookin' sad\ Just wonderin' about how 'much 'time they had." Listening to Son House, Robert Johnson, and Keb' Mo have also got me thinking about artistic tradition and identity. These men are defined by the blues. The melodies of the Delta and the hard-luck lyrics root them in their world. Keb' Mo encourages people not to see the blues as "depressing" but as a "healing process" - a way of "singing away the devil."

This line struck me as I attended the opening of the newest Ortlip Gallery exhibit on African Art. Charles Hudgins, the man who lent part of his substantial collection to Houghton for the exhibit, spoke about one of the figures, a traditional "power figure" as an art piece deeply rooted in community ritual. The power figure is an abstract replication of a human, standing between three and four feet tall. Alone, he is an unexceptional figure, but his role in the life of the community makes him ultimately significant and vital. If members of the tribe are

plagued by illness or misfortune, they drive a nail into the figure or spill blood over it. They believe that the figure then absorbs the pain, the bad luck into itself, absolving the individual. Standing over the figure in the gallery, I wished I had a hammer and a nail. Now, I won't go into the obvious connection between this figure and Christ. I would rather focus on a gap that I've noticed between the world of seeing that this figure resides in and our own.

In our Western artistic tradition, we often set art on a pedestal of idealism. Frequently, our appreciation of art will stem from its ability to replicate what we see directly in our world. In African art, reality is based on conception, not on perception. Art creates reality; it does not seek to copy it. Jackson Pollock once responded, when asked if he created art from nature, "I am nature." This really draws a line in the sand. Where do you see yourself - as a detached entity, floating above the natural/artistic world, making calculations and drawing conclusions (as Walker Percy puts it), or as a member of "the family of things" (as Mary Oliver puts it in her poem "Wild Geese")? I would like to see myself claiming the latter identity, but too often, perceive the world at more than an atmosphere's length away.

There are no easy conclusions here, but it certainly opens new doors. Here's a tangible sign that we're on to something. I was ruminating on all this today as I went in to work at the Audio

Visual office, and as I came through the door, I heard the fax machine buzz and out popped an MCC news release, titled, "Tibetan Monks to Teach MCC Students." It's an invitation for the public (which includes us) to come watch Buddhist monks from the Drepung Loseling Monastery create a "Mandala." A mandala is a sand painting created by a group of monks working continuously for more than a day, chipping colored sand into a funnel, creating designs that have traditional significance. The mandala that the monks will be creating in Rochester is titled "Akshobhya, the Unshakable Victor for Conflict Resolution and Peace." Quite a mouthful. Upon completion, the monks immediately whisk the sand into a heap and cast it into a moving body of water, in this case the Genesee River, so that its healing powers can be dispersed throughout the world. Here is a work of art that is also a prayer, much like the iconography of the Eastern Orthodox Church. This event takes place over our February break, from the 27th to the 28th. I plan on attending and would be happy to discuss the event with anyone who's interested. In the meantime, I would encourage you to check out the current show in the Ortlip gallery and to think about how the arts can support us. ♦

-Beave Sorensen
Columnist



The Price of Convenience

In today's world, westerners are the elite. Americans live lives full of opportunity and wealth, as we constantly find ways to better the standards of living that we have developed. We have the finest clothing, the best cars, the most expensive coffee and it would seem we are only becoming wealthier. But what are we working for? Why do we seem to need the money that we do? Westerners, specifically Americans, will pay anything for convenience.

In America, the damage to the environment caused by disposable cups is a small price to pay for the convenience of a cup that is relatively durable, easy to use and can simply be thrown away. Here at Houghton, students are often heard complaining about the use of styrofoam by food services because of the harmful effects on the environment. But opposing the use of disposable dinnerware and quoting statistics that no one can understand or relate to doesn't change America's wasteful culture.

It isn't exclusive to America or the American people that because we can afford it, excess is pursued for the sake of convenience. It is easier to just use a cup or a bowl and throw them away than to have to wash them for a second use. It is convenient to drive a large car because it's safe and has plenty of room and power. If we should come across mud or snow, we don't want to have to worry about getting stuck and being late to wherever we're heading. We each have

our own cars so that we don't have to change our schedule to fit someone else's, even if that someone is our own spouse.

This all seems quite condemning of America, but let's consider for a second how much of our own lives fit this description. This doesn't mean that American culture is inherently selfish or somehow more egotistical than others. I believe that if we step back for a moment, we can be critical of our practice and less concerned with our own convenience. I think we should be asking ourselves if we can get our coffee in a porcelain cup and just sit for a moment while we finish it. We should ask if we can survive with our Geo Metro instead of our Ford Explorer or LandRover.

This isn't a plea to "save the earth" or "hug a tree today" but rather a call to some reasonable amount of consumption. There must be some areas in each of our lives where we can sacrifice some convenience for the sake of just using less, spending less and focusing on the world around us. Each time we think to ourselves that we can't do without something or that time is everything and disposable containers allow for us to meet our deadlines, consider what the price of convenience might be. ♦

-Aaron Adkins
Staff Writer



Styrofoam

Each year Americans throw away 25,000,000,000 styrofoam cups. And that's just the cups.* Think about all the food industries that use styrofoam containers, the packaging uses in the postal service, and uses for miscellaneous things like building and decoration. Styrofoam is neither recyclable nor biodegradable, and the production of Styrofoam is known to produce carcinogens such as CFCs.

Styrofoam use is quite high on Houghton's campus. It is used in both the cafeteria and Big Al's, in the post office, in building materials and even as decorations for events hosted by CAB and other campus organizations.

If styrofoam is so bad, why use it? Well, the simple answer is that it's cheap. It is six times more expensive to use a paper cup than a styrofoam cup. Fred Libick reported that it costs around 330 dollars per week to keep up with styrofoam costs on campus, just in the food services alone. He stated that some of the replacement options will cost two times more than that.

So, what can we do? The first thing would be to use styrofoam only when it is absolutely necessary. This would cause a chain effect that would lead to less styrofoam being needed and used. Some easy ways of doing this are as follows: refrain from using styrofoam when you're going to stay in the cafeteria or Big Al's, use a napkin for non-liquid to-go items, and re-use styrofoam cups and bowls when you need to do take something with you- or, bring your own! ♦

-Katryn Belke
Guest Writer

Redemptive Nudity:

A Discussion of Nudity in Art in the Christian Community

To the Editor:

As a Christian, an artist, and an individual who has posed for many other artists, I find nudity in art to be a redemptive venue for images of the human (particularly female) form. Many of us can testify to the degradation of the female form in popular, secular culture. From Playboy centerfolds to clothing storefronts, the female body has been diminished and used as currency in the global market, as bait and object. I have found art modeling redemptive, preferring to be respectfully drawn and painted by artists. I do this and create work depicting the nude because I consider the human form to be valuable and sacred. I believe that the human form is also the most beautiful and complex subject for realist art. In our sexualized, popular society, the human body is anything but sacred. I believe that individuals inadvertently ascribe to the secular interpretation of the body by devaluing nude art as being necessarily sexual in nature. As Christians, it would be my hope that we would emphasize the sacred in art as in anything else.

Sincerely,
Sarah Richards

For further discussion on the matter please attend "Naked vs. Nude: What is the Difference? A Discussion of Nudity in Art in the Christian Community" March 16th, 7:30 - 9:30 CFA Recital Hall.

Martin Luther King Jr.
Service Day

be a part of the action March 18
and help at one of over 30 sites in western New York!

St. Ann's Episcopal Mission
SUNSHINE ACTIVITY
Camp North
Houghton College
milk

Dear D. Elliot Tait,

I want to thank you for responding to my article. Yet, it seems you resorted to a combination of flagrant ad hominem remarks, unexplained accusations, and a somewhat inadequate account of history. I was disturbed that you wanted to undermine my arguments by referring to my personal background. Ad hominem attacks shouldn't be used in intellectual discussion. You know, virtually no one in Latin America uses the term "Latino" to refer to their ethnicity—regardless of what your dictionary says. If anything, we are Latin Americans. Furthermore, I hold fast to many socialist principles because they are in communion with my Christian worldview. (By the way, I didn't embrace socialist ideas until I came to the U.S. to study.)

Your rebuttal to my proposition that Jesus would be opposed to the issues I mentioned—which I consider unjust and wrong—was left inchoate. What I consider "unjust" is not only what you quoted ("He would be opposed to the tax cuts for the rich and social program cuts for the poor.") but the rest of the paragraph, as well. In what way are "pollution, torture, genocide, sweatshops, on-demand abortion, sexual immorality, governmental corruption, consumerism, and global corporate abuses and exploitation" (and everything else in those last lines) tolerable or just?

After reading your referred editorial piece, however, I learned that you and I have very similar opinions. I believe Christians should sometimes be involved in political and social activism. However, our main duty is to share the good news of salvation with humankind. We should first love God with all our hearts, souls, and minds, and love our neighbors as ourselves. The reason I was so adamant about "being like Jesus, the social activist," was to make people uncomfortable and think about it for a second. Christ came to this earth primarily to save souls and to change people's lifestyles and conform them to God's will. (In a loose sense, He was a political and social activist.) Jesus exemplified God's love to this world. He never conspicuously defied the Roman regime. He humbly accepted his arrest and crucifixion. Therefore, I don't think He fits the description of our contemporary protester or activist.

I personally believe that we, as Christians, should sometimes demonstrate publicly for social justice—including all the issues I mentioned—and be vigilant, and not naïve or uninformed, of what the government does, domestically and abroad. When we express that we care for this earth and humanity through activism, we demonstrate that we love God, and our neighbors as ourselves. How can I share the gospel with someone who is starving, or whose country was attacked and invaded by a "Christian" nation, or who sees America

growing sexually immoral, or who is living under a government that is cutting food stamps for a single mother and her six children? Once again, by advocating for social justice, we can also express God's love and our own to others.

You used a very interesting term—"anti-American"—to describe my views. Similar words are typically employed in totalitarian states. For example, "anti-Sovietism" was a grave crime in the U.S.S.R. In countries that have some respect for freedom, this concept would be dismissed as ridiculous. Imagine the reaction in downtown Milan or Rome to a book called "anti-Italianism," and then observe the reaction in the U.S. to a book by Jean-François Revel, a respected author, called *Anti-Americanism*. Those who criticized the crimes of the Kremlin were not "anti-Russian" (as in, the Russian people). In the same way, those who oppose crimes of the most powerful state in the world are not anti-American (meaning, opposed to the American people). In fact, the crimes purported by the U.S. government are often vigorously opposed by a large majority of this country's population. Some actions should be strongly opposed, regardless of their perpetrators.

Thank you for pointing me toward the *Federalist Papers*. I am aware that for Madison, direct democracy was considered dangerous. References about this problem go way back in

history to ancient Greece. In *Politics*, Aristotle recognizes that the government had to eliminate poverty through a welfare system, in order to prevent poor people from threatening the status quo. Madison faced the same problem, but his solution was different: eliminate direct democracy.

Madison, as a pre-capitalist man of the Enlightenment, understanding of what the wealthy and educated representatives would do with their power was very different from what they have been doing. He thought our representatives would be enlightened gentlemen, benevolent philosophers, selfless moralists and so on. Even by the early 1790s, Madison was already considerably upset, condemning the wickedness of his era. He saw how his fellow aristocrats had become the tools and tyrants of government. They were using the power of the state to suit their needs. That's not the way it was supposed to work, but it is true to this day.

I would also like to recommend that you read Andrew Gumbel's *Steal This Vote* or Tracy Campbell's *Deliver the Vote*, which provide detailed accounts of the untold history of American democracy. ♦

Yours truly,
Inti Martinez

Houghton Abroad

Chimala, Tanzania

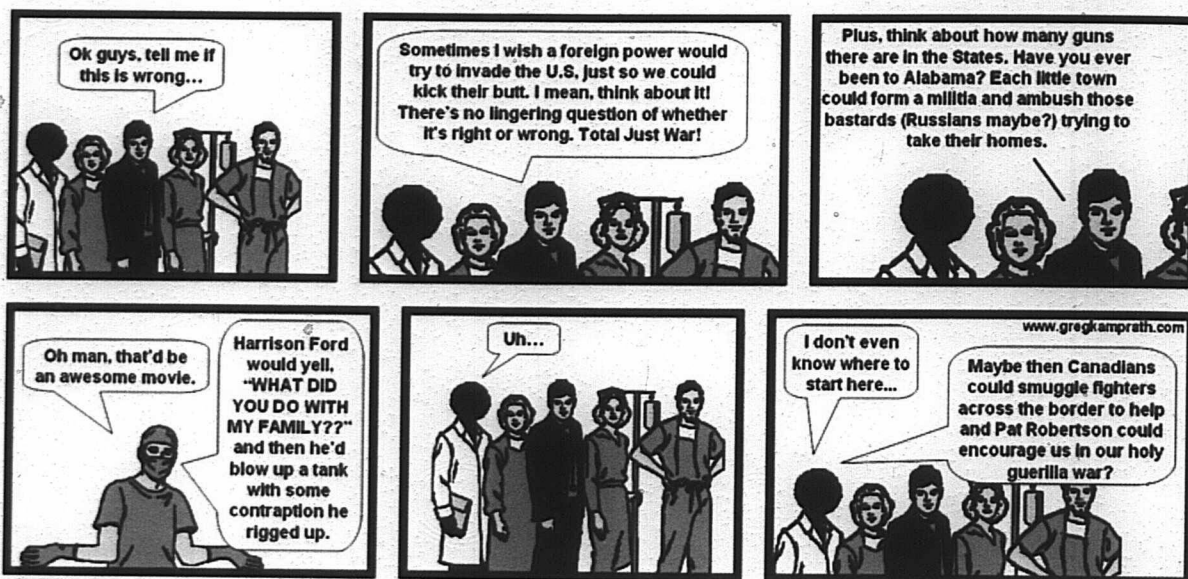
Houghton in Tanzania



Photograph by Paul Shaffner from Houghton's Tanzania Semester, spring 2005. Students were invited to a Maasai dance and celebration. This cow is being led into a grassy area where the Maasai then killed and butchered it.

Comics

The Camp Wrath Songbook



Stroke of Thursday

by Andrew Davis



Correction: Stroke of Thursday by Andrew Davis was mislabeled as "The Life and Times of Fitzgerald and Monalu" by Lizbeth Allen in issue 12, February 8, 2006.

Joe and Ducko

by Joseph Freeman

