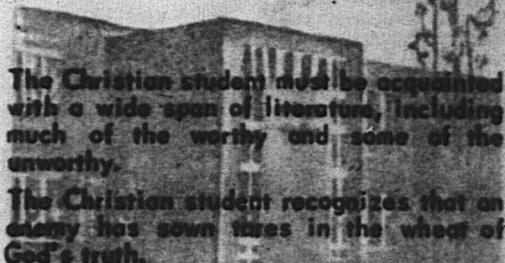


The Houghton Star

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, Houghton, N.Y.

The Willard J. Houghton Library



The Christian student must be acquainted with a wide span of literature, including much of the worthy and some of the unworthy.

The Christian student recognizes that an enemy has sown tares in the wheat of God's truth.

Inclusion of any words in the Star does not imply endorsement by Houghton College. The student must prove all things, holding fast the good; the teacher must rightly divide and interpret all in accordance with Holy Scripture.

The Houghton Star

Is being at college a sin?

Is it right for you to be in school? I'm not asking whether you have the brains or the money. I'm asking whether it's right in a moral sense; right, not appropriate or even beneficial. In Christian terms, "Is it a sin for you to be in school?"

This certainly sounds odd. Why, I am not doing anything sinful just by being at Houghton College: I'm not raping, killing or even swearing just by virtue of being here. My question is, "By being here—reading, writing, listening, discussing, thinking—are you neglecting duties which are your moral responsibility? *The Book of Common Prayer* urges us to consider the full extent of our sinfulness:

*Most merciful God,
we confess that we have sinned against you
in thought, word, and deed,
by what we have done,
and by what we have left undone.*

You still may be wondering how your being here leaves things undone. Consider the money involved in your being here (this being only one thing to consider): You spend approximately \$6,000 a year for your education. According to the information provided by the "How to Spend \$15,000,000" article included in the December 11 *Star* (reprinted from the *Wittenburg Door*), \$6,000 would feed approximately 460 children presently suffering from malnutrition in West Indies every day for at least the next five years.

One obvious response to this is that one's education prepares one for a lifetime of service; an education better equips one to more effectively minister to more people. I came to Houghton with that in mind. At age fourteen, upon hearing a missionary tell of lands where missionaries were forbidden unless they had a service to offer the country, I decided that I wanted to become a medical missionary.

Something happened to me at college. I asked myself what I would be bringing these people besides the medical care. In the course of my questioning, my conception of Christianity changed. I came to question many of the things I previously would have been teaching.

Now, I am not headed to medical school and I do not anticipate missionary service. Does that change of mind make my being at college unethical, sinful?

Does my effort to learn about God help others? An obvious response is that it does if I teach others what I have learned. Perhaps. But, what if I learn in isolation and never communicate my results. What if I make it my vocation to be a hermit?

Most of us would respond that this only benefits the individual. Interestingly, this answer is not given in the Eastern Orthodox Church. For the Orthodox, the hermit has a place in the wider context of the Communion of the Saints. This, from what I gather, is somewhat akin to what we, in Evangelical circles, mean when we refer to the Body of Christ. When we think of the different members of the Body, we tend to think in terms of different kinds of visible actions: serving tables, preaching, healing, etc. Thinking, we think takes place in the head, and thus, cannot qualify as a visible action. We do not leave a place for those whose sole function may be to think about God. We do not consider that their thinking about God might serve as a goad to spiritual growth just by virtue of their example of a deep, radical commitment to God. We feel threatened. They call for total commitment. For example, in seventeenth century France, there lived a woman named

Louise de Neant. Shunning all outward manifestations of spirituality, she lived in a lunatics' asylum in Paris, praying by night and comforting her fellow inmates by day. We tend to ignore such extreme examples of spirituality. (For by grace you are saved.)

Instead, we tend to view such people as eccentric; their lives as fruitless.

We can, on the other hand, see their lives as demonstrating the need for all of us to participate, to some extent, in contemplation—thinking about God.

What is the impact of all of this on my original question?

My answer: Learning, in and of itself (not as a means to another end, i.e., a preparation for a career), has an important role in the work of the Body of Christ and, as far as my learning contributes to the Body of Christ, my being at college is moral.

Thomas Merton, a twentieth century Trappist monk, puts the whole matter quite succinctly:

The monk is important more for what he is than for what he does. This is true, in fact, of every Christian. "Being" always takes precedence

continued on page three

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The Houghton Star is a weekly publication representing the voice of the students of Houghton College. The Star encourages free exchange of opinion in the form of letters, articles, advertisements and guest editorials in student and faculty columns. Opinions and ideas expressed herein do not necessarily represent the views of the editorial staff or of Houghton College. Those with differing opinions are invited to express themselves in a letter to the Editors. The Editors reserve the right to edit, due to length, or reject, due to professional decorum, any contributions. The deadline for all letters is 9:00 am Tuesday. The Star subscribes to the National News Bureau and United Features Syndicate.

In Retrospect

Above my office desk (which I will soon relinquish to the talented and capable Carol Allston) hang two posters. One is a map of Manhattan, hung slightly crooked, which helps to remind me that there exists an entire civilization outside my windowless, metal-walled office. Despite any crisis that threatens my newspaper or my person, an entire world of people press on, unaware and uninterested. This is a comforting thought.

The other poster that hangs above my desk bears the following lines from Charles Dickens:

*It was the best of times,
it was the worst of times,
it was the age of wisdom,
it was the age of foolishness,
it was the epoch of belief,
it was the epoch of incredulity,
it was the season of light,
it was the season of darkness,
it was the spring of hope,
it was the winter of despair.*

A Tale of Two Cities

In retrospect, these are the perfect lines to sum up the past year for me. It was a year of near-paralyzing blows, professionally, (if I may call one short year with the *Star* and my college career a phase in my profession, whatever that may turn out to be), and personally.

When I undertook this editorship, I had a somewhat vague mental image of the *Star* running itself, with Glenn and myself serving as benevolent overseers. I quickly learned that every ounce of life a publication has needs to be pumped in directly from the veins of the people who serve it. Few are willing donors: A rough composite of various comments I have heard concerning the *Star* goes like this: "The *Star* is an exclusive clique, not representative of the student body, critical, cynical, offensive, and master-minded by those who do not fully understand or endorse community life, the Christian faith or journalism." I could attempt to defend the *Star* by pointing out the diverse staff of writers and contributors, by maintaining that I personally deplore cynicism (which may not be wholly true, given some of the pat-answer options; I haven't decided) by giving a full defense of criticism, and by stating my understanding of community life, Christianity and the state of journalism.

I will not, however, do any of these things. If the *Star* has been dominated by a few, it's not because the opportunity for participation was lacking. It distressed me to be informed that members of the faculty have abstained from reading the *Star* because they couldn't cope with the critical tone. Further, it disappoints me to hear students complain that the "voice of the students" is actually the voice of a select few, especially because I know that getting a student to contribute a news story or feature article is a task akin to getting blood from a stone. And, as for complaints on the tone, these seem to be perennial:

It is indeed unfortunate that the Star is seen as the last refuge at Houghton College for disillusioned pessimists who can spew forth only criticisms and dark prophecies.

—Mark Michael, 1976

One of the major complaints against the Star has been that only the editor and his band of 'rebels' express their opinions, many times forcing a minority position on the majority.

—1977

I would like to thank all those who have worked hard, especially the dedicated writers and production staff who, by giving long hours, gained entrance to this exclusive clique. You have all taught me much, and I consider our paper a success.

In my first editorial, I wondered how I became editor of the *Star*. Now, in retrospect, it seems amazing to me that of all the things I've blown in the past two semesters, this paper is the one thing I've managed to hang on to. No matter what relationships suffered or died, and despite any belief that swayed, the *Star* always waited for me to come to work. Unfortunately, a paper isn't a person, and it doesn't make me a person (a distinction that is obvious to most, but one I struggled with around December and January). It didn't take long to realize that jobs are little consolation in the light of bankrupt relationships and a near beaten spirit (mine).

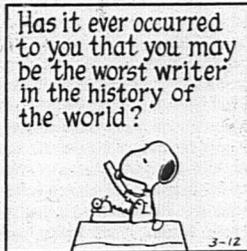
In May I will fade back to quiet anonymity, and no one will care what I think of the Trustees, the cardstore, or Charles Beach. I have many values to re-examine, many priorities to re-establish, and many relationships to re-build. To my successor, I have one piece of advice: "Give 'em hell!"

The above maudlin reminiscence of and developing cynic, does in no Star co-editor Linda Ippolito, future way represent the opinions of this editor of the Lanthom (pronounced newspaper, herself, her dog Frank, lantern), devout Zen Buddhist, dago, or anyone else in particular.

continued from page two

over "doing" and "having." We must first be sons of the heavenly Father. At least we must strive to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect. Our works follow from this. we strive to do as He does, to love all men as He loves them. So by the fruits of charity our divine sonship will be known to men. The main thing, however, is not that our sonship should be recognized, but that we should be sons of God. Recognition is not important.

This editorial by Glenn Burlingame, does not necessarily represent the views of his co-editor, his mother, co-editor of the *Star*, philosophy babbler, Canfield girl, well dressed man on campus, and listed among Who's Who in American Colleges, this newspaper, or the Tri-lateral Commission.



Hey guys, get the eternal view

Senior

About a year ago I was sitting in my brother's high school graduation. The valedictorian was giving a pretty boring speech, and I wasn't listening too hard but I picked up the last few lines of it anyway.

She was addressing the graduates and saying something like this: "Within yourself lie all the resources you need to succeed in life. You can succeed at anything in this world if you just believe in yourself." I realized that her ideas were not valid as our resources come from God. We need to believe in his strength and not our own. But as I sat there I realized that I was acting as if I believed that philosophy were true. I was making my own plans and relying on my own strengths to reach my goals.

Since then I've become very conscious of that "believe-in-yourself" type attitude. This past year I've noticed it again and again at Houghton. Here, we are so confident in our intelligence, in our liberal arts education, and in our abilities that we have stopped looking beyond ourselves to where we got these talents. We use human standards to judge the value of things, and more sadly we use these standards to judge the value of people. We judge our chapel speakers and our alumni by how much money they make, what positions they have attained, what boards they sit on, and how many books they've published.

And we make our own goals for the future according to the same standards.

As students we choose courses, and internships, and summer jobs that will look good on our resumes, that will help us most as we eventually graduate and begin careers. And that's really smart and very commendable, but I think we've gone too far.

Right now we are so involved in getting through school, getting into graduate school, getting prestigious jobs, making money and making more money, and buying clothes, and buying cars, and looking great, and getting married, and getting a house, and so on that we've lost our perspective.

We think we can be successful in life if we can just play up our good points and minimize our weaknesses. So we'll read books like *The Power of Positive Thinking* and we'll try and we'll try and we'll try. No doubt some of us will be immensely successful and financially secure in the world's eyes.

But what we forget is that there is more around us than just the physical world we see. We forget that we're going to live longer than the next forty-five years till retirement.

You guys, we're going to live eternally and someday we're going to have to tell the all-powerful, holy Creator of the universe what we did with our time and our talents. You are going to look pretty stupid telling him that while thousands of people starved to death and your co-workers and your neighbors went to hell, you spent all your educational training and all your time perfecting a microscopic computer chip and planting shrubs in your yard.

We're coming out of Houghton setting big goals for ourselves and small goals for God. We've learned to think critically, analytically, and pragmatically, but not Christianly. Most of us are very well-trained now to deal with this life, but not the life beyond this one. We just don't have an eternal perspective. Our thinking is limited to this world and what we can get out of it here and now.

Please don't mistake what I'm saying. I'm not telling you to toss your education out the window and go live in a hut in the woods and pray. I'm not telling you to change your career plans and go off as a foreign missionary if that's not what you've been planning already.

God has given each of us special abilities and capabilities. And I think we are responsible to use them to the fullest extent we can as humans . . . but we need to use them realizing that this world is only temporary. Don't pour all your God-given talent into things that won't last. There's nothing wrong with becoming a corporate vice-president, but use the money you make, and the power and the influence of your position for God if you want it to be worth something in the final analysis. If you want all the hours and the dollars and the sweat spent here to be worth anything at all in the long run, start thinking about the long run.

When we finally begin to think with eternity in mind we'll begin to realize that the kindergarten teacher in Fillmore may be as successful or more successful than the professor at Harvard . . . and a Wycliffe Bible translator can be far more important than a major corporation president. Thinking about our eternal destiny will enable us to maintain a sense of dignity and purpose when we are laughed at and rejected, to be powerful while weak and humble, free while captive, joyful while in pain, and rich though we may be very, very poor.

There's a story in Luke about a farmer who was apparently very successful. In fact, he was so successful he didn't even have enough room to store all the grain he raised and all the stuff he owned. So he came up with this great plan: he'd build a new and larger and larger storehouse and pack all his things in there. Then he'd retire and live off the interest so to speak. But that very night he died and God called him a fool. Now who would get all the stuff the farmer had prepared for himself? The guy must have had great business sense. He had it all together as far as this life is concerned. But in the long run he gained nothing. He didn't accomplish a thing. He had his mind set on retiring rich and living in luxury. He ended up living in hell.

Look, use your talents, your education, your brains, your looks, and whatever else you have, to their utmost . . . but use them keeping in mind your eternal destiny.

For what can it possibly profit us if we get into exactly the right med schools and grad schools, get the best jobs, the most votes, or the highest GPA's, in fact, what will it profit us if we gain the whole world but somewhere in the process we lose our souls?

There is no doubt in my mind that my alma mater, Houghton College, is among the finest of small liberal arts colleges in the United States. However, one of the questions that often crosses my mind is, can a rural college the size of my high school provide me with the basic knowledge I need to run the race before me in the "real world?" I think it can but only if two things continue to happen. First, the Lord's will must be first in my life. Second, I should seek to learn as much as I can from the experiences of my teachers, my fellow students, other people in my life, and all my learning resources, such as the library, available to me.

Learning is an ongoing process and Houghton has been a vital part of this process in many areas of my life. In the area of music, I have experienced substantial growth in knowledge and abilities. However, this growth was not just a result of classroom or individual instruction. Rather, it came from both the instruction of my professors and much effort on my part by attending classes, practicing diligently, and disciplined study habits, developing the mind and body given to me. I believe I would have suffered greatly had I gone through my college years just "getting by" with a minimum of effort on my part. Houghton did its share to provide the stimuli for learning. It was my job, however, to discipline myself and learn using what was provided for me.

I still question whether or not Houghton has prepared me for the "real world" and I do think it has done its part. Academically, spiritually, and musically it has provided the background for me to start my "race." From here, experience will have to provide me with further learning to handle real life situations. It is my job to continue to seek God's will and use what I have learned to face what is ahead of me.

Catherine Reid

Peter Omundsen

Essays

A call to a continuing search

As this semester rapidly draws to a close, we as seniors are acutely aware of the fact that the final curtain is about to fall on our performances here at Houghton. For some of us, our college careers could be classified as a love story. Others could be described more accurately as a comedy. The performance of some seniors have been such a smash hit that they might be "held over" the normal four-year period, depending on the final grades given by the critics. Regardless of how we choose to describe our sojourns here at Houghton, the fact remains that we must move on and seek other roles to play—doctor, lawyer, teacher, philosopher, husband or wife, parent, etc.—as bona fide adult members of the Real World.

Leaving Houghton with purple diploma tucked under one arm, the Class of 1982 is ready to conquer the world. After all, we have each taken approximately forty courses for a total of 1,860 hours of classroom instruction. We know all there is to know about every aspect of life—academic, social, emotional, and spiritual.

Unfortunately, however, the omniscience of college graduates is a fallacy. Possession of a piece of parchment with the appropriate signature and one's name spelled correctly does not necessarily imply the possession of all knowledge. In fact, based on the average age of the senior class of twenty-one years and the average life expectancy of seventy years, we have experienced 21/70 or 3/10 of the learning process. We still have fifty years of learning ahead of us. The diplomas we receive on May 10 are not certificates of completion but rather are tickets to further learning opportunities.

The learning opportunities that we as seniors will face out in the world differ from those provided by Houghton College. For many of us, formal structured learning is over and the external motivation of exams, deadlines, and grades has been removed. The necessary motivation and discipline must now come from within each of us. In Proverbs 2:1-6 we find advice to help us in our lifelong quest for wisdom and the benefits awaiting us if we are successful in our search.

My son, if you accept my words and store up my commands within you, turning your ear to wisdom and applying your heart to understanding, and if you call out for insight and cry aloud for understanding, and if you look for it as for silver and search for it as for hidden treasure, then you will understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord gives wisdom, and from his mouth comes knowledge and understanding.

Solomon urges us to search for knowledge as we would for silver or hidden treasure—possessions which are craved by the world. If our desires to expand our knowledge of God and His universe were of that intensity, we would find the knowledge of God. Such a degree of devotion to learning may not be humanly possible, but it does represent an ideal toward which we should strive.

Verse six of Proverbs two emphasizes that God is the unique source of wisdom. To obtain this wisdom from God, the only thing we must do is request it. In James 1:5,6 we read: "If any of you lacks wisdom, he should ask God, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be given him. But when he asks, he must believe and not doubt, because he who doubts is like a wave of the sea, blown and tossed by the wind." The request must, however, be supported by unwavering faith.

Once we have cultivated a desire to learn and asked God for his knowledge, He will then instruct us via many different channels. The Bible is the primary means through which God has chosen to reveal his vast knowledge. The New Testament, for instance, is filled with lessons for us to learn from the perfect example of Christ. Instruction in interpersonal relationships, child rearing, coping effectively with self-righteous religious leaders and resistance to temptation have been provided by God for our benefit. God also teaches us through daily situations, the people with whom we come in contact, and nature itself. Unless we are actively seeking this knowledge and keep our eyes open for the many lessons God provides for us, these precious learning opportunities will be lost. This awareness may involve simply noticing the song of a morning dove on a crisp wintry morning or gazing at a rainbow after a summer rain. On a deeper level, this search may also involve reflection on the intrinsic meaning of life and the cold threat of death as we try to explain to a sobbing five year-old why God allowed his puppy to die.

For me, life after Houghton must involve more than the mechanics of sitting at a desk from 8 am to 5 pm, eating dinner, staring at the television for three hours and crawling into bed. To prevent our lives from becoming stagnant and to enable us to cultivate love and adoration for our Creator, we must continue to seek knowledge on a daily basis. Only then will we be fulfilling God's purpose for our lives and be able to enjoy life to the utmost.

Christine Ward

Until I entered college I was in awe of college students. In my estimation they had arrived. When I came to Houghton I was forced to modify that illusion, and I concluded that I would find ultimate answers, achieve a mystical aura of knowledge, and be for the most part fulfilled by the time I was a senior if not before. As a freshman I saw fulfillment as something stationary; my goal was to find a few unchanging answers in which I could remain secure for the rest of my life. I did not expect this to be a terribly difficult task, for I had not yet encountered the questions whose answers I needed.

With each successive semester both practical and theoretical uncertainties multiplied while reliable answers became extremely sparse. I was not sure toward what career I was heading or what criteria were actually important in making this decision. Should I necessarily assume the accepted standards of prestige and success as my values, and if not, how could I uproot something which had been subtly nurtured for years? I had been taught to rely on God's guidance, but even my belief in God and his goodness was problematic. As I came to conclusions about the issues with which I was struggling I began to understand that my answers were tentative. Occasionally I stepped outside myself momentarily and noticed the essential changes I had undergone. Yet more important than this was the realization that these changes were not ends, but means. The people I have come to admire are not those who believe that they have found all the answers; in a sense they will never "arrive." An integral part of the fulfillment I am now beginning to find is an openness which can never grant a static security but that necessarily allows for change.

Faith Brautigam

Campus News

Profs plan 82-83 sabbaticals

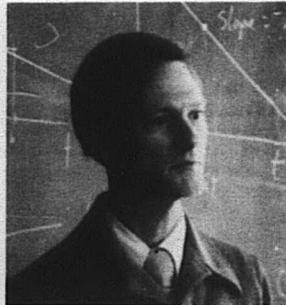
Four Houghton professors will be enjoying sabbaticals next year: Dr. Harold McNeil, Dr. Frederick Trexler, Coach Douglas Burke, and Dr. E. J. Willett.

Dr. McNeil, Head of the Brass Department, will be pursuing post-doctoral work in ethnomusicology at Yale University for the fall term. In the interim, Bob Vogan (Rohn and John's father) will be taking a leave of absence from secondary school teaching to fill the gap.

Dr. Frederick Trexler will be a research fellow at the University of Toronto studying physics and computer technology. In order to fill Dr. Trexler's duties, retired Physics professor S. Hugh Paine will continue to teach part-time.

Coach Burke will be on sabbatical for the spring of 1983. He will be attending coaching clinics and furthering his study of athletic conditioning. Coach Kettlecamp will cover his duties.

Dr. E. J. Willett will be studying at the London School of Economics for the fall of 1982. Plans are still being worked out for covering his duties.



Graduation speakers set

Two hundred and thirty degree candidates, family members and friends are expected for Houghton College's 82nd Commencement convocation, Monday, May 10.

After twenty-seven years as President of Bethel College, St. Paul, MN, commencement speaker Dr. Carl Lundquist has been named to head the Christian College Consortium. A graduate of Sioux Falls (SD) College, he holds advanced degrees from Bethel, Eastern Baptist and Northern Baptist Theological Seminaries, plus advanced credits from the University of Minnesota. Dr. Lundquist serves on fifteen boards ranging from the National Association of Evangelicals (NAE) to the American Behavioral Science Training Laboratories. A former NAE President, his professional travels have taken him to all continents.

Baccalaureate (May 9) speaker, the Rev. Merritt Donald Penner, Houghton College Class of 1951 has served at the Red Bird Mission near Manchester, KY, since 1954. In Kentucky, he's never pastored less than two churches—presently Beech Creek United Methodist Church and Greenbriar Presbyterian Church. Penner's contributions as radio pioneer, volunteer fireman, policeman, Kiwanian, bridge builder, school bus and bookmobile driver, hospital board chairman—all in addition to an array of church leadership positions—have led to awards as Rural Minister of the Year, presented by Emory University and *Progressive Farmer* (a magazine), plus recognition as a Kentucky Colonel.

Addressing the annual Foreign Missions Fellowship convocation Sunday evening will be Mr. Greg Livingston, Director of North Africa Mission (NAM) in North Africa. A graduate of Wheaton (IL) College where he earned a master's degree in Christian Education and Missions, Mr. Livingston spent twelve years in Europe, the Middle East, and India with Operation Mobilization. Later, at the Near East School of Theology in Beirut, he studied Islamics. Since 1977, he has been with NAM working to establish churches among converted Muslim Arabs. Mr. Livingston was the keynote speaker for FMF's 1979 annual missionary conquest week.

Phonathon raises \$177,000 in pledges

by Chris Campbell

For ten nights in a row recently, faculty, staff, and community people gathered on the third floor of Luckey Building at 5:30 PM, and proceeded to make over 600 calls to prospective donors to the college.

Nearly ninety callers over the nights reached over 3600 people who had been informed of the fundraising activity, and more than one third agreed to give definite pledges. One third refused, and almost one third were undecided. \$177,000 was pledged (not counting the undecided). About 60% of that will be in by June 30, with the rest coming in from June to the rest of the year.

Dave Jack, organizer of Houghton's two phonathons, commented that most people will keep their commitments, and the money will be used for present scholarship needs. Each phonathon is geared towards a speci-

fic need (for example, last year: the gym debt). Because of financial cut-backs scholarships were focused on this year.

Fund-raising was not the only reason for the phonathon, however. Calling updated the records of alumni who had lost contact with the college, aided those people who had questions about the college, and helped keep people informed. Some people called were upset, but most were familiar with Houghton and its needs and were generous. Most calls took about three minutes and averaged \$.70.

Jack emphasized the importance of taking full advantage of each call by receiving names of prospective students, or saying thank-you to recent donors. Nearly all fifty states were reached, including Alaska and Hawaii, as well as Puerto Rico and Canada.

Work for the phonathon would begin at 5:00 each evening with a half-hour training session. Workers were encouraged to work straight from 5:30 to 9:30 with breaks for refreshments from people who were on hand to serve. Bob Brown, Dick Wing, Bernadine Jack, and Dick Alderman were exceptional callers, often making more than 100 calls in three nights. A total of 100 people were involved with the phonathon.

Herschel Ries installed a panel of phone jacks last year, and phones were rented on a monthly basis. Administrators are interested in locating a site on campus where a permanent phonathon facility can be installed to meet various needs throughout the year. Another phonathon is planned for this coming fall.

HC hosts festival for handicapped

For the third consecutive year, Houghton College hosted the Allegheny County Very Special Arts Festival.

Yesterday, April 29, approximately 300 special students, their teachers, parents, friends and Houghton College student volunteers participated in the day's events—eighteen workshops/demonstrations and five stage performances. Concurrently, an exhibit of special children's art was on display, including pottery, woodwork, craft and stitchery, watercolor and crayon work.

Son Touched sang and Allegheny County BOCES special education teacher Mrs. Sally Johnson led opening ceremonies in Wesley Chapel. Houghton College student-led workshops included: Japanese fish kits; decoupage; pin wheels; felt dolls; string pictures; silly snacks; rock critters and clown make-up.

A bag piper, mimers, gymnasts

and roving clowns (including Rev. Richard Webster of Fillmore and Miss Laurie Arnold of Hume) entertained throughout the day. Hannigan's Green House of Belmont demonstrated flower arranging and the Geri Callahan Dancing School from Hornell presented workshops on various dancing arts. Ferrier and Director of Special Education at Allegheny County BOCES Mr. Charles Orlando demonstrated steel craft forging and former BOCES teacher Sue Hillman of Cuba demonstrated candle sculpturing. Volunteers from the Houghton Fire Department showed the firefighting apparatus on their trucks.

Members of English professor Mrs. Ruth Hutton's Small Group Communication Class were in charge of recruiting volunteers and advertising the festival. All Allegheny County schools were represented by BOCES students. ★

Tennis wins first and only match

by Tim Frandsen

Coach McEnroe was pleased with performance of his players on Tuesday, April 27, as the tennis team beat Nazareth to finish the season undefeated. McEnroe commented on the adverse weather conditions saying, "This place is the pits of the world."

Tom Darling, playing his first match of the year due to MCAT exams, lost a tough match to Nazareth's Ken Manne 2-6, 2-6 in first singles. Coach McEnroe's only comment was, "Golly Tom, nice try."

Houghton's Rob Thomson used his strong serve and double-fisted backhand to pound Mike Grose 6-3, 6-2. Thirteen pro scouts mobbed Thomson after the match for endorsement deals. Rob signed with Old Spice.

Dan Anderson profited from a late night call from fellow Swede and tennis legend Bjorn Borg on Monday by outlasting Eric Lenhard 6-2, 2-6, 6-3. Dan wouldn't admit just what Borg had said on the phone from Monaco but sources close to Anderson indicate that it may have had something to do with Coach McEnroe's mother.

In fourth singles, Dave Vautin outlasted Mike DePass of Nazareth 6-3, 6-2 with excellent control and

aggressive net play. Dave finishes the season undefeated.

An unknown Houghton player wearing a red bandanna stumbled past Nazareth's Mark Iascone in three sets 6-4, 5-7, 7-5. "Who was that masked man?" mused McEnroe.

Spider Coddington destroyed Scott Bartolotta of Nazareth 6-2, 6-1 in sixth singles. Pete joins Dave Vautin in the ranks of the unbeaten.

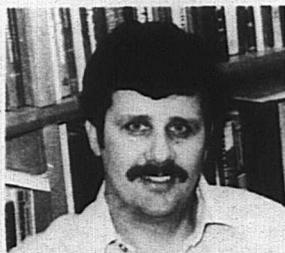
In the first doubles match Tom Darling and Rob Thomson lost a heartbreaker to Ken Manne and Mike Grose 5-7, 6-3, 6-7 after being up 5-1 in the third set. Coach McEnroe registered a "six" on the Richter Scale in Missoula, Montana.

Dan Anderson and Dave Vautin fell victim to Nazareth's second doubles team of Eric Lenhard and Mark Iascone by a score of 1-6, 4-6. Dan said later, "We lost." Dan is a Bio. Major.

Houghton's Dan Freed had to sit out the singles with a broken leg but came back with an "E" for effort in the third doubles with his partner the Lone Ranger. The pair lost a close match to Mike DePass and Scott Bartolotta 5-7, 6-7. The match was a crowd-pleaser, having all 7,000 fans on their feet by the end. ★

The Trustees of Houghton College come from a wide background of educations, jobs, Wesleyan churches, and athletic abilities. Their diversity

of experience, intellect, and insight, however rich it may be, is not necessarily indicative of the narrow-minded students they serve.



Six faculty leave; four return

Six Houghton faculty will be leaving next fall while four faculty will be returning. Also, one new faculty appointment has been announced for the fall term.

The following faculty are leaving: Dr. Daniel Ross, Ms. Deborah Raimondo, Mr. John Caldwell, Dr. William Hayden, Mrs. Stowe, and Mrs. Marta Crouch.

Dr. Ross will become a full-time psychologist for Wyoming County. He will continue to reside in the area.

Ms. Raimondo, Instructor of Spanish, will be attending seminary. She feels that she will probably become involved in a ministry involving teaching English as a foreign language.

Mr. Caldwell, Head of the Art Department, will be taking a position at Wheaton College. The position affords a greater contact with the contemporary art scene due to the proximity of Wheaton to Chicago.

Dr. Hayden has not signed a contract for the fall and, as of yet, has not indicated precisely what he will be doing next fall.

Mrs. Stowe was an interim In-

structor in Theory and Piano and this spring marked the end of her term.

Mrs. Crouch, Instructor in Psychology, will be pursuing further education in psychology at the graduate level.

Two Houghton professors will be returning from graduate study leaves. Mr. Tom Kettlecamp will be returning to the Physical Education Department having completed his course work for his doctorate. Mr. Gary Rownd will be returning to the Piano Department having completed all course work for his Doctorate in Arts in Piano from the University of Kentucky. Professors Saufley and Piersma will be returning from sabbatical leaves to resume their duties in physics and chemistry respectively.

The new faculty appointment is Dr. Darrell Stevenson. Dr. Stevenson, a graduate of Rosemead School of Psychology, will fill the position vacated by Dr. Nathan Schroer last term—Head of the Psychology Department. He has considerable counseling experience, including several years as a high school guidance counselor.

An Ad for Christian Community

In a recent issue of *Time*, there appeared an ad for yet another magazine. The ad's "come-on" was superimposed over the picture of a cute little baby. It read: "We're all created equal. After that, baby, you're on your own." The ad was run by *Fortune* magazine.

Every now and then, the hard-bitten big money people who generally run things come right out and tell us what it is they live for. Their answer: selfishness. And they warn that you'd better be out for yourself too, baby, because no one else will. And, as a general description of our society, I'd say that is pretty accurate. Here's some of the copy for the *Fortune* ad:

Nobody's going to hand you success on a silver platter. If you want to make it, you'll have to make it on your own. Your own drive, your own guts, your own energy, your own ambition. Yes, ambition. You don't have to hide it anymore. Society's decided that it's now OK to be up front about the drive for success.

Here are some lines from another advertising campaign first proposed two thousand years ago. Whatever its success then, it certainly doesn't seem to be in step with the current American scene so accurately summarized by *Fortune* magazine's ad writers.

Blessed are you who are poor, for yours is the kingdom of God.

Blessed are you who hunger now, for yours will be satisfied.

Blessed are you who weep now, for you will laugh.

Blessed are you when men hate you, when they exclude you and insult you and reject your name as evil, because of the Son of Man.

Luke 6:20-22

What kind of a chance would an ad campaign have today if it led off with "Blessed are you who are poor"? Would anyone here regard it as a blessing to be poor? How about hungry, sad, hated, insulted? Anyon here trying to be last so that others can be first? Anybody practicing—daily practicing—putting other people's interests ahead of their own?

The modern day Hell-bent-for-success American big-money people aren't. They even tell you they aren't. Each and every one of them wants success (read: profit), and he wants it for himself—no one else. Me, my, mine.

But Christ says be poor. Money corrupts. You lay up earthly treasure here and you'll worship them. And He says, look out for each other. Don't try to save your own life, or else you'll lose it.

I notice that there are Christians around here who are, in effect, saying "It won't happen to me. I can be an out-for-myself, individualistic, successful person and a good Christian too."

No you can't.

We all know that selfishness has always been with us, but now it is linked up with individualism, and its power and subtlety is greater than ever. You will succumb if you play the Lone Ranger Christian game. And I notice that most of us try to do just that.

If you truly desire to live out the Gospel, you will need to do it within a social setting that supports you. And the typical American church scene isn't where you'll find enough of this support. Sure, you'll probably be doctrinally okay, and you'll be encouraged to pray and study the Bible with others, but underneath it all—it's the same old individualism: see you next Sunday; God bless until then.

Isn't that what usually happens here at Houghton? How many people are overtly committed to your Christian pilgrimage—here, today? And how many people are you committed to? Not just for Bible study and prayer, as crucial as they are, but for fellowship, mutual correction, discipline? Is anyone deeply involved with your daily life, or are you going it alone? Does anyone know you for the person you really are? Does anyone care to know you?

If you are convinced that all the talk about "Christian Community" is a lot of nonsense, then best wishes to you. But if you think—as I do—that the Christian life must be spent in intimate contact with other Christians, then I want to encourage you to at least inquire into our fellowship at Hazlett-Leonard Houghton houses. (Ah ha! This was just another ad campaign all along!)

We are learning and practicing what it means to be committed to each other. We have long ago discovered that it isn't easy, that it runs against the very powerful flow of American culture—the one we were all socialized into and find it hard to break out of.

College is a time to try new things. Make no mistakes about it—you are headed towards a very hard-nosed individualistic future. The *Fortune* folks have that part quite correct. So, learn as much as you can about Christian fellowship while you are here at Houghton.

There are still several openings in our fellowship for men next fall.

Rich Perkins

The Houghton College Men's Varsity Basketball team enjoys a wide degree of integration of eastern and western New York basketball styles and personalities. This is not necessarily indicative, however, of the degree of integration and basketball skills of the rest of the student (?) body.

The girls of Second Floor Brookside are happy to announce the engagement of

Kathleen Bilodeau

to

Jeffrey Aeppli

Congratulations and Best Wishes!

Dearest George,

This letter pertains to a few comments that you made in your music editorial of *Natural Brige* [sic] (*Star*, March 25), and how these comments reflect on your actions at the C. E. Senate Spot of March 26.

George, thank you so much for giving us the perfect example of the "childish crowd" at Houghton! For those of you who missed it, too bad! George was at his obnoxious peak!

He started out early in the spot lending his usual gracefulness [sic] in downgrading comments [sic] to every act that occupied the stage. Later, we saw him meet an apex [sic] of ruddness [sic] during the singing act of Willard J. and the Spuds. This fine expose encompassed a number [of] unmentionable, expletive-filled phrases, and complemented by a flurry of hand gestures.

Ah! But now the clincher. George allow me to lower myself to your level for a moment. Are you out to give Peter Townsenda disreputable name with those unfamiliar with The Who. Taking into consideration it was a last minute filler act, I will be easy on you. At best your act was sad, and at worst melancholy! And your encore . . . I recall you invited the audience to dinner . . . well, shall we leave it at, inapropriate [sic].

"I feel this comment sums up the whole night very well." "It's really too bad you're allowed to make a fool of yourself in this place."

Sincerely,
Dave Sawyer

PS: Just a suggestion: If you don't like an act there are other means of making it known besides verbose abuse, but of course, this may [be] too difficult of a concept for you to grasp.

Dear Linda and Glenn,

I admit that there is a fine line between humor and insult. However, I believe that line was crossed with respect to the articles concerning Professor Trexler (among others) that you published in your last edition. You have assaulted his dignity, in my opinion, and you owe him an apology.

Rich Perkins

Editors' Reply: We're really touched that you are offended on behalf of Dr. Trexler, however, we think he's a good guy with a great sense of humor, and can probably take a joke.

Dear Linda and Glenn,

I would like to add my voice to the concern for the welfare of "non-traditional" Houghton students initiated by Gay Sparrer in a recent issue of the *Milieu*.

Kulturkampf, or the locking of horns of individuals from different cultures and subcultures, is a phenomenon at Houghton that has always interested me. *Kulturkampf*, I think, is a good catch-all concept for describing community problems that stem from the differences in attitudes, beliefs, skin color, and lifestyles of community members.

Gay Sparrer raised an important social aspect of this conflict. Certainly, older and/or returning students experience some degree of alienation among the majority of students fresh out of high school. *Kulturkampf* also has religious aspects, such as can be seen in the minority of Anglo-Catholics among the mass of Evangelicals; or in charismatics among non-charismatics; or in "late comers" to Christian life among those "born and raised" in religious atmospheres; perhaps even in Calvinists among Arminians. Racial aspects of this tension in community life could, I am sure, be well elaborated on by the foreign and Third-World-American students in our midst. Recent letters to the *Star* suggest that there may even be sexual aspects to *Kulturkampf* within the Houghton community.

Unexamined community life is, I think, not worth living. It pays to be conscious of how we respond to the differences between us. *Kulturkampf* in a community of people can lead to alienation, but it doesn't have to. The Spirit behind a Christian community is, I think, an inclusive, not an exclusive one. It does not include the attitude, implicit or explicit, "you do not belong." Even in all of our troublesome religious differences, I think the Holy Spirit is far more ecumenical than many of us would give him credit for. *Kulturkampf* in a community can lead to the development of a respect differentness. It affords us the opportunity to confront our tendencies toward discrimination and the provincialism. Through it we can learn how relative our own perception of life is, and what it means to be a "member" of the Body of Christ.

The tension of *Kulturkampf* is an old tension with endless ramifications. I like Oscar Wilde's description of it in *The Priest and the Acolyte*:

The world is very stern with those that thwart her. She lays down her precepts, and woe to those who dare to think for them-

... selves, who venture to exercise their own discretion as to whether they shall allow their own individuality and natural characteristics to be stamped out, to be obliterated under the leaden fingers of convention.

Perhaps the problem is perennial because it is important. Perhaps, then, it deserves more of our attention.

Rich Wright

Dear Linda and Glenn,

After discussion with several of my colleagues, I have decided to write to the *Star* in an attempt to rectify some of the damage done by a recent chapel speaker who addressed the topic of human sexuality.

Recognize, dear friends, that a far-ranging presentation compressed into twenty-five minutes is likely to contain errors of oversimplification. In this case, however, we have errors of substance offered as the foundation for a theoretical system, and this cannot be condoned. Consider two examples:

Embryological differentiation of sexual morphology is complex. The presentation under discussion confused the differentiation of homologous structures (e.g. the development of the primitive gonad into ovary or testis) with development vs. vestigation of the fetal anlagen of the reproductive system (fallopian tubes are not eaten by descending testes; rather, they fail to develop due to the influence of Mullerian inhibiting substance in the male fetus). For further refutation of error, see John Money's book, *Love and Love Sickness*.

Asymmetries in the brain certainly exist: brain proportions vary at least as much as fingerprints. However, "there is little to support the notion that either one or the other hemisphere turns on to perform a specific task all by itself... [there is] involvement of many areas of the brain in even the simplest task" (Springer and Deutsch, 1981, p. 95). The review by Springer and Deutsch, *Left Brain, Right Brain*, is an understandable and readable account of this subject.

Based on these reviews of the literature, it is my conclusion that the elaborate system built by Dr. Joy to legitimize functional differences between the sexes is untenable. I urge the thoughtful reader to examine the research evidence, and then carefully analyze Dr. Joy's system.

Sincerely,
Paul Young

Dear Linda and Glenn,

The bookplate in the front of the books in Houghton's library makes an interesting distinction between the "student" and the "teacher" (which Dan Trail's friend Tim—Star, March 19—doesn't seem to catch the drift of). A student is one who is learning from a teacher. As such it is implied that he knows less about some things than the teacher knows. This seems especially true of the Truths of the Scripture which take a lifetime (and more) to begin to comprehend, for they need to be worked out and tested through a lifetime's experience: (Knowledge + time (sometimes) = Wisdom). This is why those who have limited experience are not permitted, according to the Apostle Paul, into the ministry (I Timothy 3:6). They simply don't know what they're talking about a lot of the time, and they are too naive and conceited to realize their ignorance.

The Houghton bookplate makes this distinction, though it does not in any way limit the student's freedom to embrace information from any source he or she chooses. I think that while Tim may be right about the "integration of faith and learning" being an impossible goal, he is dead wrong in his insinuations that the 2000 year old self-evident claims of Christianity (to be the correct record of the Universal truth) might not be valid. That is one of the distinctives of the Faith of Christ which cannot be discarded, nor even questioned. To do so denies the validity of the Christian faith as more than a socio-ethical suggestion, and returns us to the fog of ethical relativism and unrestrained skepticism. There are such things as "tares sown in the wheat" and, according to the bookplate, the Christian student recognizes that he has an enemy whose sphere of influence includes the realm of liberal education.

Perhaps Tim and his friends (who want to be liberated from intellectual restriction and the tyranny of teachers' claims to some knowledge of what is sound information) don't belong in a Christian college—even one where, perhaps, too great an attempt is already being made to mix Christian worldviews with those of the world. For, as John Stott writes, such a confrontation ought necessarily to result in the "clash of irreconcilable value systems", not in a compromise settlement or an "experimental" faith without specific parameters historically defined.

R. Stephan Toman

Dear Linda and Glenn,

This is a reply to Stephan Toman's March 26 letter to the *Star*. Dear Mr. Toman,

It was commendable of you to congratulate Tom Burton for his words in chapel. I agree that he said some very good things; things that people needed to hear. But, Mr. Toman, where did you receive the responsibility to judge those around you? You used half of your letter to condemn an "unkempt young student... pawing his girlfriend." You were sure that he missed the message, but I wonder if you took your attention off of him long enough to hear Pastor Abbott's sermon. That student may or may not be closer to God than you are, but who is to judge that? Please, Mr. Toman, next time you feel the need to congratulate a person for his contribution to our Christian Community, don't fill your letter with un-constructive words about another individual.

In Christ,
Tom Fuoco



Congratulations to

Jeff Mathis
and
Laurie Heschke

We wish you much happiness together.



Janeen Stern and Patty Strange
are proud to finally announce
the engagement of
Sue Percy

to
Tim Benning



The women of Bareiss House
are proud to announce the
upcoming betrothal of
Jacqueline Bandstra

to
Cadet Steven Miller

The Moose isn't loose anymore!



The engagement announcements included in this *Star*, however touching and heartfelt, do not necessarily reflect the personal lives of the faculty staff, or students of this college, nor do they reflect the teaching of Josh McDowell or the theories of Dr. Donald Joy.

As the aura of graduation descends upon college campuses across the country, a group of "lucky" students, labeled seniors, prepare to shift gears and take flight. Inevitably before freedom is attained old ties need to be severed and one's "house" put in order. If only this job were an easy one, but like academia itself, the final is the most difficult endeavor of the year. Soon one must say good-bye to people that have become so much a part of their life and will soon become only postal acquaintances. The secure setting of a college campus within which one practiced a pseudo-independence will shortly be exchanged for a cold, dog-eat-dog world of harsh realities. The men and women who have nurtured one's intellect and encouraged one's questions will soon become some-what stifling employers and acquaintances. The once problematic and restricting college atmosphere now appears as a utopia of sorts when compared to a questionable and hazy future.

In the future we can look in retrospect at what wonderful friendships we had, yes those were good times, we are grateful for the experience. We? I am grateful.

To the faculty who made my four years here at Houghton more than just an education money can buy, I am indebted. To my friends who made what was at times unbearable, bearable and even enjoyable; I'll miss you.

To one man in particular, who throughout my four years at Houghton set an example that few could fail to note and commend. His dedication to his profession was only exceeded by his skill in it. His limitless comprehensive ability and finely tuned intellectual prowess (What can I say? The man is smart.) could have alienated all but the bold, but instead won the respect of many. The discipline of his trade was softened by his sense of humor and wit. His love for the Lord and concern for others was evidenced daily. To thank a man like Dr. Oetinger seems so inadequate, yet, for an individual such as he, nothing more is asked for. So, Dr. Oetinger—thank-you!

*With fond memories and best wishes,
Janet Sullivan*

The food served in this cafeteria is produced by Pioneer Food Service, an independent organization, and does not necessarily represent the beliefs, presuppositions, or palates of Houghton College or the Wesleyan Church.

Senior Essays

Continued

"We must keep our thought secret, and judge everything by it; while talking like the people."

Pascal, Pensees

The whole world is coming apart at the seams. Christianity is threatened with people who are stupid and very naughty; our government is indecisive, deceptive and dangerous to the country's well-being. Several people are killed every minute and my bank account is too low to support me in an apartment on the East Side of Manhattan. My whole existence is being threatened with certain thoughts I've carefully developed as a result of listening to Dr. Sayers. Sometimes I would like to scream at a bird I'm certain is trying to communicate with me from a tree outside my room's window. It is common knowledge that my diploma will cost an additional \$67.00 from my accumulated tuition debt of \$16,350. I have run out of toothpaste and underarm deodorant a week before the end of school, and Mr. Yanda is refusing to stock the bookstore shelves just to spite me because I once made fun of his sideburns; also, people refuse to take me to Fillmore. When they ask me where I'm hitchhiking to, I tell them Fillmore, and they let me in. When they ask me what I'm going there for, I tell them about Christianity and my need for toothpaste and deodorant. Of course they stop the car and ask me to get out.

You know I don't see much point in going into the theatre after graduation. The theatre is an archaic concept in society today. Everyone has become so good at acting

that it would be absurd to pretend I have some special talent or ability to entertain—just look around you! My conversation with Andre Gregory—a once famous director of Broadway plays—told me he left the theatre because "there is nothing left for actors to do except find jobs like everyone else, and continue to act." He has recently asked me to join him in Ching-Zau, China at a Buddhist monastery; but how can I go if I haven't any toothpaste or deodorant?

Graduation presents me with a dilemma I know can only be attacked and successfully resolved with the information the bird on the tree outside my room's window possesses and is trying to communicate with me. The dilemma is simple: If I stop acting, no theatre will hire me, and if I continue to act people will never know who Todd Scull really is (they may not care); then no theatre would hire me if they did not know who I really was—things would get rather tense around tax time. My only course of action is to simply get mad, find a wife who understands me and hope she loves me for my character. So, in conclusion, we must all answer the question: All things return to the One, but where does this One return? But, of course, the answer is: When I was in Buffalo, New York I had a suit made which weighed two pounds. Let me be more precise. A monk came to Shuzan (Shou-shan) and asked, "Please play me a tune on a stringless harp." The master was quiet for some little while, and said, "Do you hear it?" "No, I do not hear it." "Why," said the master, "did you not ask louder?"

Todd Scull

Many people and various circumstances have touched my life, at Houghton the past four years. Some impressions have been fleeting, others indelible. One lasting memory I hold is of a particular chapel on a Tuesday during May Term of my freshman year.

The excitement of graduation had permeated the campus the previous day. Now the cold reality of a few weeks of intensive study loomed large in my mind. As I walked to Wesley Chapel that dreary May day I envied the departed seniors who were beginning their quest for success. The speaker in chapel that day began by describing her fruitless efforts to find graduation cards that seemed appropriate to send to her friends. All she could find, she related, were greetings which wished the recipient happiness and success. She said she could not honestly send such cards for she was not at all confident that Christians are necessarily promised to be happy and successful. Indeed, it seemed to her that if a person followed Christ's example he might experience quite the opposite of happiness and success. The world's standards of success and happiness do not coincide with Christianity, she frankly noted. Instead, Christians are promised an enduring joy even in the midst of sorrow and an inner peace even in the midst of failure. These she said were far more valuable than temporary happiness or elusory success.

As I persevered through the ensuing May Term and the remainder of my college career I would often recall the message of that one chapel. I shed many tears of unhappiness and I felt the gnawing pangs of failure; but if there were times I felt alone it was because I neglected to talk to God, not because he deserted me. That inner joy and peace were mine for the claiming. Often I deprived myself of them because I failed to lift up my eyes. Through this I have not learned some magic spell for happiness and success, rather I have learned to live with unhappiness and failure. If it were not for the latter my experience would be devoid of tension. Without this tension I would never grow.

Sue Facer Kreidler

The seniors who wrote for this week's Star do not necessarily represent the opinions, intellects, writing abilities, spirituality, or waist sizes or the Star, the senior class, Houghton College, the Trustees, the Wesleyan Church, the basketball team, or Pioneer Food Service.

It is painful for me to recall. Nevertheless I feel compelled to relate the circumstances which led to my demise at Houghton College.

Midway through spring semester my senior year I contracted a severe case of dysentery; so severe in fact that the doctor had me confined to my room. But with my roommate's help I remained confident that I would complete all graduation requirements.

The first blow came that night when my roommate returned from the dining hall without a sick tray. He hadn't obtained a letter from the RA. I understood. After all, verifying illness requires the expertise of a qualified RA or otherwise medical personnel.

My plight worsened when news came that my RA went home for the week. After starving for three days I appealed for a refund on the remainder of my board money so I could afford to buy groceries. The request unequivocally denied on the grounds that the school had never done that before, I survived on tuna melts and fritos smuggled in by ruthless criminals.

In the days that followed I was able to secure black market lecture notes, keep up with class work, and do surprisingly well on take-home tests despite my ailing abdomen.

More time passed and I realized I needed to drop one class that I had mistakenly registered for. I called the registrar and told her to erase the class from my schedule, but she said I would need to bring in a sheet signed by my advisor. Embarrassed, I realized how precocious that would be to make a decision of such magnitude at so young an age. So I complacently accepted an F for that class.

Meanwhile my chapel and class absences well exceeded the limits. The Dean graciously allowed me to listen to taped chapel services and submit complete outlines for each one instead of expulsion, but I wasn't so fortunate in my classes. Though one dubious professor illegally withheld my attendance record, the other four dutifully reported by absences which meant I would lose a total of four credits and have too few to graduate.

Today, still without a college degree because I couldn't afford another semester, I work cleaning toilets in Luckey Building. The story goes on, but even now tears stain the pages I write on and I am unable to continue.

Shawn Manningham

To Kat, the birthday girl who makes every day a birthday by always wearing her birthday suit to bed.

Happy 20th from your over-Genesized, Journeyed, and Doobied friends on 3rd Old.

As usual, I went to my mailbox at 11 a.m. anticipating a reasonable amount of U.S. mail with which to amuse myself during chapel, and, as usual, there was no U.S. mail—only a plain white card with my name scrawled on one side. Nonetheless, it was amusing. No, it wasn't a request for me to see the Dean, nor the finance office begging me to pay up, not even an overdue library notice (many of which I have acquired)—rather, it was simply Linda Ippolito inviting me to contribute a senior essay to the *Star*. So indeed I decided to give this college one more contribution.

Before coming to Houghton four years ago, everyone that was anyone to me was essentially saying that "college is simply another adjustment in life..." (1) Naturally, upon arrival here I was a bit apprehensive of what "adjustments" I'd have to make. Of course my family wasn't here to live with, but my R.A. and floormates soon became a sufficient surrogate family. Alas, Mom's home cooking was no longer obtainable, and perhaps there were environmental adjustments—the nearest city (if you call Olean a city) being forty miles away, the water resembling a mouthful of highly chlorinated pool water, and having cows for neighbors. Although "Wesleyan" was a new word in my vocabulary, I didn't even find any major adjustments to make spiritually, coming from a Christian home to a Christian liberal arts college.

Not in my freshman year of college, but precisely during my junior year was when I encountered making real adjustments. Much to my surprise those adjustments—as everyone purported them to be—weren't actually academic, physical, or spiritual; instead they were more of a mental nature. Through my experiences of college thus far and with what I had learned, I began an attempt to rationally formulate perspectives about academia, physicalness, and spirituality. I consider the development of these perspectives to be adjustments, for prior to my college years the majority of the opinions and beliefs that I held were primarily those of Mom, Dad, and the Church. I was adjusting from being spoon-fed and believing whatever "they" said to vascillating over various issues and struggling

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to establish to my own opinions.

In nineteen days I'll finally be marching to the graduation tune and will then embark on a new phase of life; carrying with me still underdeveloped opinions and beliefs, yet far more developed than four years ago. Houghton has been a terrific experience for me—devastatingly thought-provoking. To you I say, don't leave here a deadhead,

stuff some *different* ideas into your head—a little adjustment can't hurt anybody!

(1) Mom, Dad, Big sister, Big brother, Youth Pastor, Older pals, High School Guidance Counselor, and the People next door.

"Keep your nose to the grindstone and all you'll get is a short nose."
Ellen Chappell

Pledge, or the spiritual conduct exemplified by the senior chapel devotional skit. No speculation in them is made concerning national life in Luckey, or Ontological Impli-

cations of Pioneer chili. They are printed to cover our assets [sic] from legal castigation. Anyone wishing to express conflicting opinions can take a flying leap at the moon.

The Search for the Holy Tale

by Dee Ahrens

Silence! Our meeting will now come to order!" Peter rapped his fist on the round wooden table where they all sat.

"But, Peter, Jesus isn't here yet." Thomas' quiet voice came from Peter's left.

Peter gave a long, patient sigh. "Need I remind you, Thomas, that we've already held four meetings, and so far Jesus has only come to one, the first, and even then he was late. Apparently he finds the multitudes more important than these meetings. I propose that we not waste our time waiting for him. Does anyone else besides Thomas disagree? All right then. Thaddeus, will you please read us the minutes from our last meeting?"

Thaddeus stood up and cleared his throat. "Well, I didn't get it all down . . . um . . . I wasn't feeling well, so . . . anyway, from what I can remember, we discussed tithing. But . . . there really wasn't much discussion on it because Jesus was pretty cut and dry on tithing in one of his talks last month. Uh . . . ten percent, wasn't it? Then we sort of touched on adultery, but that was easy too. I think there was a unanimous vote against it. Twelve to zero, right? I can't remember the rest . . ."

"Thank you, Thaddeus," Peter cut him off in the midst of his puzzlement. "Will someone please give that man some paper and a pen? And keep him awake. A record of these decisions *does* need to be preserved for the future. Remember our *purpose*." Peter glared at them all like a father losing his patience. "Now, today we'll be discussing . . ."

"Peter, there's something I don't understand."

"Yes, Thomas. What is it? (Peter's "I's" were precise.)

"Well, when we started these meetings we decided on the round table to symbolize the equality of all our ideas." He stopped and looked up at Peter who stood in the place to his right.

"Yes, Thomas," he said tersely. "Go on."

Thomas stared at the center of the table. "It . . . it just seems that you . . . that you're always . . ."

"Look at me, Thomas." Thomas looked up again. "I'm not sitting at table, am I, Thomas? You're right. Everyone who sits at this table is equal with everyone else who sits at this table. I am standing. Any more questions? Then we'll proceed. The issue on the floor today is—wake up, Thaddeus—predestination. If we finish early enough, we'll hit eternal security as well."

"Peter?"

"Thomas . . ."

"No, Peter, really, please . . . this is important. It's just that . . . I just don't . . . I just don't see the sense in these discussions." As he blurted those words he stood up and began to pace. "I mean, we're only *men*. We can't just decide on answers to these questions and then make them universal truth. It's *not* truth. It's our opinion. Fiction, really. Just a tale."

"Shut . . . UP . . . Thomas." Peter was gritting his teeth. "And SIT DOWN . . . please." Peter took a deep breath while Thomas, now embarrassed at his outburst, sat down without looking anyone in the eye. Peter patiently cleared his throat and assumed a paternal air. "Thomas, Thomas, Thomas," he said with forced control, patting the young man on the shoulder. "I think you're a little confused. It's very simple, really. You see, Thomas, we, the twelve of us, need to justify our existence. In a few months we'll be the beginnings of the Church. Now, we must get this system, this institution, started on the right foot. If we solve these issues *now*, people will be grateful to the Church for getting rid of all those moral and doctrinal gray areas. The Church's existence will be justified. Do you understand?"

"But Jesus said something about our function being to spread the gospel and make disciples and . . ."

"ALRIGHT, how many of the rest of you have, like Thomas so quickly forgotten the goals and purposes of these conferences? May I see a show of hands?" After an embarrassed pause Bartholomew timidly slipped up his hand. "Yes, I see that hand. OK. We'll *briefly* review our club's constitution. We don't have it in writing yet—ahem, Thaddeus—but as I remember, it was basically as follows." He began to circle the table. "First, people are stupid, Second, people don't like to think. Third, people need to be told what's right and wrong, good and bad."

"Isn't that all a little redundant?"

"FOURTH," Peter ignored Thomas, "people must believe that they're not stupid, that they like to think, that everything they're told was their own idea anyway, and that all of the above is logically true. Now, this last is very important because as long as people believe that what they're taught is their own idea and that it's logically true (without being proven,

of course), they won't question; questioning is *always* to be discouraged. No, in order for all this to come about, future Church leaders must all agree on these major issues. Otherwise there will be arguments and divisions, the general result of which will be disillusionment in the eyes of the people. And who knows WHAT might happen if they try to think these issues through on their own? Now, this is where we come in, see? Before Jesus even gets to Calvary, we'll have the Church's doctrinal statement all drawn up. That'll be a great advantage in luring people to our side away from the Jewish system. We'll have answers to questions that Judaism never has been able to answer. Now about predestination . . ."

"Peter," it was Thomas again. "Might I suggest that we spend a little time—just a little—*discussing* our differences and possible similarities with Judaism? It just seems that the Pharisees are always trying to trip us . . . well, Jesus, really . . . to trip Jesus up. What I see here is a battle between an older, more legalistic system, and a newer, shall we say, *freer* system. And you must admit that the Pharisees are a bit of a problem for us. There must be some way for the two systems to understand each other better. I mean, after all, it's the same God either way, only a different . . ."

"Oh for heaven's sake, Thomas! What is wrong with your brain? We're here to discuss issues of *universal* importance, for ALL followers of Christ, ALL over the world, ALL through the future, FOREVER. No one's going to care about Pharisees in 2000 years."

"Yes, I agree, but it might be some other legalistic religious system being questioned by a minority of its members. For example, the Church itself might someday evolve to a state where its original ideals become distorted, and some people just might question . . ."

"NOTHING! They'll question *nothing*! There won't be anything to question, Thomas, because that's what we're here for. That is, IF we can stop explaining our function long enough to get down to business."

"But . . ."

"I've reached the end of my patience with you, Thomas. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave. You've wasted too much of our time already; now there's no hope that we'll ever get to eternal security this morning—unless we skip lunch. So just get out of here with your questions, and your 2000 year old Pharisees and your old and new systems. You get out and start your own little quest for . . . TRUTH," he spit the last word. "We'll proceed with out quest my . . . OUR way, and you go your way. You won't find peace, Thomas, You'll spend your whole life questioning and you won't find any answers. But WE'LL know God's will. Someday you'll . . ."

But Thomas was already gone.



The Intramural Men's Volleyball Champs jump for joy.

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC is proud to announce that Miss Linda Baxter has been selected as the Presser Scholar for 1982-83 and will receive a \$1000 scholarship. The award is given to the outstanding music senior each year.

Also selected for honor was Miss Joan Kirchner, who was awarded the Robert Woods Memorial Scholarship of \$1000 for the area of church music.

Barefoot: Mildly funny but entertaining

by Beth Wind

"I feel like we've died . . . and gone to heaven . . . only we had to climb up . . ."

The characters undoubtedly do "climb up" in Neil Simon's comedy, *Barefoot in the Park*, performed in Fancher Auditorium on April 22-24. The play, set in the top floor of a New York City brownstone, introduces each character breathless from the ascent of six flights (if you count the stoop).

Corrie Bratter, played by Beth Sperry, enters first. She is young, hopeful and married just six days. With a holler down the stairs, Corrie introduces the next character. Brian Lewis plays the friendly, gum-chewing telephone man who has the misfortune of servicing their fifth floor apartment. Rich Walton staggers in wheezing as the gray-haired delivery man. Corrie's husband Paul (Ken Tryon) comes home next, to a smothering of kisses before he can catch his breath. Corrie's mother, Mrs. Banks (Carmen Ranalli) stops by on her way home . . . to New Jersey. After the incapacitating climb and a glance around the

apartment, she threatens, "I'm not so sure I'm coming back." Finally, Victor Velasco (Jamie Wiener), one of the resident weirdos, wanders in to use the bedroom window.

Technically solid, thanks to Rich Walton, the Houghton production boasts well-executed effects in lighting and sound. Director Andrew Rudd and company utilized the limited auditorium space to produce an excellent set, complete with skylight and outside ledge. The apartment, after furnishing, though, could have been made to look more homey. Whoever found the vintage 60's costumes deserves recognition, particularly for Mrs. Banks' tacky green coat. As for make-up, it wasn't remarkable.

Well-blocked by Rudd, the characters made good use of the stage space.

Overall, the acting looked best at its wackiest. Corrie's dance, her "Shama Shama" with Velasco, Paul's drunken foolishness, and Mrs. Banks in general highlighted the play. Conversely, in the exchange between Corrie and Paul at the outset of Act Two, the comedy lapsed.



Throughout the play occasional lines slurred into obscurity. And bland delivery reduced some very humorous lines to a mere tap on the funny bone. Lauded a hilarious comedy, the Houghton production only rendered it mildly funny, but quite enjoyable.

Sperry dived, uninhibited, into the part of a zany, impulsive newlywed. Her interpretation, though occasionally overdone, lent vivacity to the part. She interacted well with the other characters. Sperry, overall, exhibited good stage presence. And who can forget her hilarious rendition of a Cambodian fertility dance?

It seems, however, that Sperry caused some in the audience to stumble. Demonstrating a Houghton trend toward public undress, she stripped, in Act Two, to "the stodgiest slip I could find." She now stands accused of inciting lust for her action. "It didn't bother me," she stated.

Tryon's character offered great contrast to Sperry's. Unfortunately, his softer spoken, less articulate delivery increased the disparity to

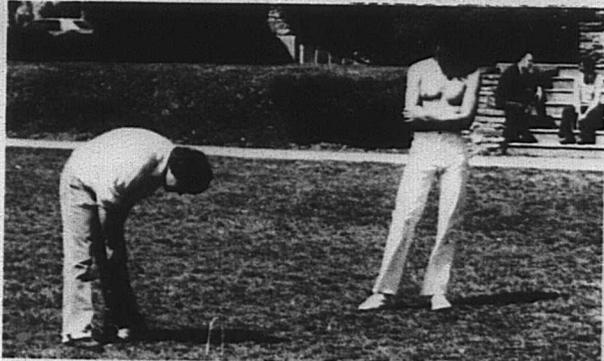
the degree that Sperry's performance overshadowed his. But, he did a nice job—despite several breaks in character. Making a comeback in Act Three, Tryon entered "stinking drunk." However convincing, his drunken mannerisms delighted the audience.

Walton augmented his walk-on part by hamming it up during scene change. Lewis' friendly charm put even the audience at ease. What a typical repair man he appeared to be. Wiener's low-keyed performance seemed rather odd for such an eccentric character. But he gained some punch as the play progressed.

Ranalli convincingly played a middle-aged woman in dire need of a perm. She looked, walked and talked middle-aged. Her appropriate facial expressions and Jersey accent captured the essence of Mrs. Banks. Her appearance alone invoked laughter. But she didn't stop there, for every line she spoke produced at least a giggle. Ranalli truly topped off the performance with her audience-pleasing portrayal.



..... Croquet Tournament was held last week. \$66,600 were raised. The money will go towards a scholarship fund for needy and talented croqueters who want to croquet in a Christian setting. A team may be formed around these few, hardy and deserving scholarship recipients. Professor Smiley is being considered as a possible coach.





So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—
Twenty years largely wasted, the years of *l'entre deux guerres*
Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
With shabby equipment always deteriorating

In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emotion. And what there is to conquer
By strength and submission, has already been discovered
Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope
To emulate—but there is no competition—
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
And found and lost again and again: and now, under conditions
That seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor loss.
For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business.

—T. S. Eliot
"East Coker," *Four Quartets*

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