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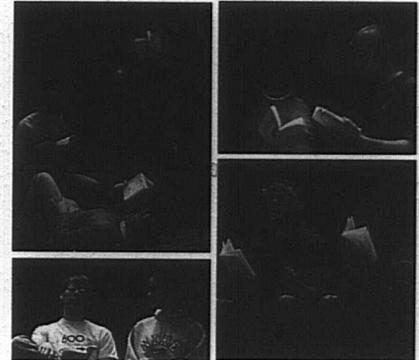
The Good Doctor

As is par for the course of our beloved Professor Brenneman, the upcoming spring drama production is a comedy. *The Good Doctor*, written by Neil Simon, is a modern play full of liveliness and hilarity. This play is actually called a "comedy with music." So, for all of you music students to enjoy, there are interludes between each scene. Considered one of the greatest modern-day writers, Neil Simon is a master of short scenes that captivate the audience. His writing style is full of humor, using a play on words or comical situation to draw in the audience. Yet, in a surprisingly small amount of time, he manages to introduce a bit of truth, leaving his audience with more than just sore sides. This kind of integration is difficult to do, given the small window of opportunity with which to work. There is not a lot of slapstick humor or farcical circumstances but a variety of amusing styles and realistic scenes in all of his plays, including *The Good Doctor*. This play is a revue of sorts, involving acting, music,

characterized songs, and physical blocking that keeps the audience enthralled with every movement that the characters make.

This semester's cast is a bit large compared to previous years. With a dramatis personae of fourteen people, this is one of the larger troupes that Professor Brenneman has had. Previous plays have included a smaller cast averaging at about eight to ten. With the exception of last spring's production of *Fiddler on the Roof*, which of course works with a different dynamic as a musical, Houghton College has fit better with smaller casts. However, this company is very well-rounded and atypical of the usual pattern that is set. Cast members include seniors Ethan Stowell, Amy Griffin, Laura Jarvis, Meghan Clark, and Rosaline Kelada-Sedra, juniors Alison Young, Hilary Young, and Stephen Rudd, sophomores Andrew Gaerte, Jason Fisher, and Seanna Faley, and freshmen Jared Wright and Nathaniel Lockhart.

Because of the set-up of this play, nine



different vignettes inside of a larger performance, the cast has had a less demanding rehearsal schedule than is typically required of such a sizeable performance. February sixth marked the third week of rehearsals. Each rehearsal is spent working on two or three scenes. ♦

-Emily Furman
Staff Writer



Presidential Search Continues

Not long ago, we got the news that Dr. Shirley Mullen, a favorite among those at Houghton eager for a new president, withdrew herself from candidacy. It was a difficult decision for her to make, as she has personal ties to Houghton. She is an alumna, and her parents live here in town. She wanted the campus to know that she really wanted to come to Houghton, that she truly does love this school and this place, and that the decision that was placed in front of her was the hardest one she has ever had to make. She has been at Westmont since 1984, so she has a certain loyalty to her school. The president of Westmont recently resigned, and Dr. Mullen felt like it was her duty to respectfully remove herself from Houghton's search in order to stay with her present college during their own time of transition.

Dr. Mullen consistently emphasized the phrase "at this time," so some are hopeful that she will be available for the position of Houghton's

president sometime in the future. Rev. Karl Eastlack, the chairman of the Presidential Search Committee, said that lengthy presidencies like Dr. Chamberlain's are very uncommon and that the average college president stays for about six years. "She has a lot of presidential years left in her," he said, among other things that suggest that she may allow herself to be put in Houghton's presidential pool if the opportunity arises again.

The disappointment of losing the person some refer to as "our best candidate yet" is not lessened by such hopeful possibilities, and many now wonder, what are we going to do now? The Search Committee was asked to bring forth up to three candidates for the next phase of the quest for a president. This they have done, so the Board of Trustees faces the responsibility of making the next decision. They have decided to keep the current Search Committee, mostly, no doubt, because of the outstanding job they have

done as yet. There is, of course, the possibility that they will decide to bring in an interim if they cannot find a permanent president before next year. Although the Committee would only plan to have a very short term interim, it would need to be someone able to make some necessary decisions for Houghton at this point. The decisions and developments of the committee have been necessarily and well hidden until appropriate times to share them with the community, although rumors have been spreading across campus. Houghton should not worry, however. The safety of our presidential search is in good hands. Dr. Mullen's candidacy has raised the bar for future candidates, says Rev. Eastlack. Despite the loss of Dr. Mullen's candidacy, the committee is gaining confidence in the future of the search. ♦

-Karis Koett
Staff Writer



The Good Old Days?

The Star Staff recognizes that this time of transition has led to a climate of uncertainty and a certain amount of discouragement. To combat this, The Star has decided to print excerpts from the 1949-1950 Student Handbook. In comparison, it is evident that things could always be much worse.



CHAPEL: 9:00 a.m. daily except Monday and Saturday. Attendance required.

ATHLETICS: Houghton College does not allow intercollegiate contests...our purpose in athletic training is to develop physical fitness rather than to achieve athletic fame.

DINING: Each Student is expected to sit in the seat assigned on the seating list. A student may change his or her seat for a meal if permission has been obtained from the manager.

ASSOCIATION (between genders): There should be no association before 3:30 p. m.

Associations may be had for 45 minutes after the dismissal of artist series, lecture course, or basketball series provided this does not exceed 10:30 p. m. on Monday through Thursday nights or 11 p. m. on Friday nights.

Permission must be secured by all students for the following:

1. All out-of-town trips.
2. All evening association after 7:30, except on Friday night and Sunday night provided they attend a church in Houghton.

CHAPERONAGE: A chaperon is required for:

1. All evening out-of-town association
2. All group association after 7:30 p.m.
3. Every carload leaving town after 7:30 p. m.

WOMEN'S APPAREL: All dresses shall have set-in-sleeves, which does not include the wing or cap type.

Stockings are to be worn at all times, including all athletic functions, except when slacks are worn.

The use of slacks is permitted on week days for participation in hikes, field trips, bicycle trips, picnics, outside sports and on other occasions by permission of the House Mother. They are not to be worn in the dining hall, class rooms, or generally on the campus and in the village.

DORMITORIES: To assist in maintaining quietness, soft heeled shoes or bedroom slippers must be worn in the dormitories.

Typewriters may not be used between 10:30 p. m. and 6:30 a. m.

Girls not attending church Sunday evening must remain in their own rooms.

AUTOMOBILES: Students are forbidden to have in their possession or to operate automobiles without permission from the dean of men.

GAMES: The use of pool and billiard tables and among games of chance, the playing of cards, are forbidden.

DANCING: We are firmly convinced that dancing is a great evil and that it has caused the loss of character of many. Neither dancing nor attending private or public dances is allowed.

ROLLER SKATING: While not regarding roller skating in itself as injurious, yet the College recognizes the fact that roller skating rinks are often places of unwholesome associations and that in such surroundings roller skating can be a detriment to the student.

The College therefore requires that students attend only such skating rinks as have been investigated and approved by the faculty.

THEATER AND MOTION PICTURES: We believe that the theater is detrimental to a high standard of morals, and is not suitable amusement for a Christian man or woman.

Non-resident students under twenty-one will not be permitted to attend moving pictures, except such educational ones as may be given in the College, without the permission of the parent sent in writing directly to the school authorities, and even then the right is reserved to refuse permission if the Faculty think best.

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and help at one of over 30 sites in western New York!

SIGN UP TODAY! at lunch
*** or email matthew.dougherty@houghton.edu
Saturday, March 18
Houghton College 2006

mk

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@houghton.edu

The Hope of Belief: Waiting for Morning

*I wait for the Lord, my soul waits.
And in His word I put my hope.
My soul waits for the Lord
More than watchmen wait for the morning.
More than watchmen wait for the morning.
Psalm 130:6*

I sleep on the top bunk, my face ten inches from the ceiling. Surrounded by pillows, a stuffed panda bear, and my red blanket. In my narrow loft, there is never much light. But it became nighttime hours ago, and I'm still awake. I know that if I opened my eyes, I'd feel no need to close them again. I turn over between sheets. Listen to the feathery snow brushing against the window.

I've always wondered at people who could lie down and fall asleep within the average five to seven minutes. I wonder what it is they think about that allows them rest so easily. I can't become drowsy and blank. Minutes spin out of proportion, and the hours change too quickly. When I lived at home, my mother told me to drink warm milk to fall asleep. She had the same problem that I did. Restless at night, she said, take some Benadryl. We often wandered into each other at two or three in the morning, sitting at the empty kitchen table with yesterday's newspaper. Pray, she suggested. Until you fall asleep.

I resist the advice most nights. Conversing with myself or the Holy Spirit would keep me awake, I think. But on some nights I've been wild enough with wakefulness to try praying. The closeness of the ceiling threatened my faith; the feeling of reflected prayers off the plaster discouraged me. I end up trying not to think about it. I know that I haven't been rejected. I sometimes think I know a little about what God is like. But the ceiling still leaves me waiting for Him, more wakeful than ever.

I comfort myself. I love to know that it is scriptural to wait, with your full soul awake in the dark. I like picturing the watchmen that are ever waiting for the morning. Pacing around the walls, watching the eastern horizon. No clocks to watch, just the different shades of sky. Maybe they knew how to watch the stars move across the heavens. Maybe they passed each other walking in different directions and made bets on how much longer it would be.

Morning wouldn't have come all at once. The birds start singing long before the sky

begins to lighten from black to blue, though I don't know what kind of birds David heard. And when the clouds turned orange and pink, revealing themselves, the watchmen must have gathered their things together, blinking away itchy tiredness for one last walk around the walls. Did they say then that morning had come, or did they wait until they saw the red disk of the sun?

In my top bunk, I imagine myself waiting for morning to come, like the watchmen... trying to let my faith sustain itself, waiting for the Lord... waiting for sun to rise, waiting for my prayers to rise past the ceiling. My soul is waiting; my tired eyes are waiting-- more than watchmen wait for the morning. ♦

*-Devotional essay written Fall 2004,
by Christine DiFonzo
Editor-in-Chief*



From Snow to Gnomes to Giants: Pursuing Enjoyment

A graduate once cuttingly told me that knitting was the activity she remembered doing most fondly while at Houghton. When I heard this I questioned coming here, but I found her boredom was a cause of her own character and not of Houghton's.

On Wednesday the 24th of January at 12:30 a.m., I received a phone call exclaiming that the snow was perfect for building snowmen. So, as my dormmates were starting to think about their beds, Amber and Liz were discovering that the new fallen snow was perfect for ART! Inspired, they called my room. "Chase, lets make a snow man!"

"Um..." I looked at the pile of work I needed to have done by Friday, my mind weighed the time schedule. I had a ton of work to accomplish in the next few days. "Sure," I said, "is anyone else going?"

"Not yet. Get some people from up in Shen." She shut her cell phone with a girlish laugh and a quick skip.

To tell you the truth, I came to this school not only for the education but also in the search for new and exciting experiences. So, tossing all my responsibilities aside, I ran down the hall to tell Justin and J.D. to stop, look, and listen. "We are going to make snowmen. Get dressed."

"But..." JD had a weak moment. (Hint:

When fun knocks, don't think about school work.)

"No! Go get snow stuff." Now I was the one skipping and laughing with glee.

The snow was perfect!

When we arrived at Gillette, the girls were still getting ready. Feeling impatient, I made a snowball and tossed it, hitting their window. (I guess I woke up Amber's roommate, sorry)

Amber, J.D. and I started to shovel snow off the pathways. We turned the little piles into snow-gnomes, while Liz and Justin built two hugging snow-lovers right in front of the announcement board next to the chapel. When the gnomes were done, we starting making the table-people. We rolled snow into body parts for our table-mannered friends, building one on each of the benches that encircled the small cement table. Finally, we conceived of our seven foot giant snowman. So, with plenty of time wasted and school work still to do, we set out to make, as Justin proclaimed, "the biggest snowman ever."

When Justin, J.D. and Amber had finished the head and the middle parts of the snowman, its base was sinking deep into the swampiest part of the quad. It took all five of us to push it out. "Is this really worth dying for?," Amber asked as we tried to lift the base onto the

sidewalk. "Crushed by a giant snowman sounds good to me!", J.D. said simply.

One. Two. Three. Push! Lift. Position. The middle was set.

"Um... We still have to place the head."

"Wow! It is taller than me."

"What are we going to do?"

One. Two. Three. Lift.

"Ahh, I don't want to die!"

"Hold it still."

"We still have three feet to go with this thing."

"No, No, No, YES!" And with a simple repositioning, the greatest feat of these five Houghton College first years was accomplished. We all faired the weather and the doom of school work, but what for? We did it to escape. The snowmen were an outlet, a way to relax. I have found that at Houghton, one must replace movie theaters, restaurants, and malls with a willingness to pursue enjoyment. The graduate I knew was not willing to find her own fun, and thus she was doomed to know only the sound of needles filling in the silence of her self-created boredom. ♦

*-Matthew Whitemore
Guest Writer*

Featured Artist: *Joe Hall*

today's



Work in progress by senior Joe Hall, clay vessel. These pieces are hand-built using coils which are smoothed together with a variety of tools, including one Hall describes as something like a cheese-grater. The pieces are in the first stage of completion, which called greenware. They still have to be fired, glazed, and fired a second time. Hall currently testing finishes made of a combination of glazes and slips, which are liquid clay and powdered color.

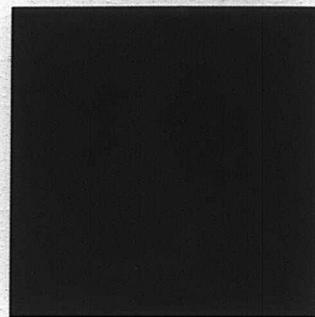
The intended patterns are inspired by the eye-catching brilliance of fashion magazines and pop culture. He also plans to include imagery found in quilt patterns. These shapes and colors can be interpreted as symbolic of gender, although the forms of the pieces, while distinctly figurative, are somewhat gender ambiguous.

"People always feel as though they have to categorize them. I want the viewer to come and

have to battle with uncertainty," Hall explains. In the same way we approach new situations with preconceptions based on external indicators like gesture or clothing, he wants viewers to be forced to create their own narrative based on inconclusive information. "It's like looking at a photograph in a magazine and making up a story about the people," he says.

Hall is interested in the way that the vessels are interpreted differently depending on whether they are viewed separately or as a group. He notes that, "the interaction between them can push the idea of sexuality or homoeroticism one way or another. In my mind, each of them has a certain identity," he says, "but other people bring their own set of associations." ♦

-Kelsey Harro
Managing Editor



Feist
Let It Die

If you took a little folk, some jazz, a bit of pop and disco, shook it all up and served it over ice at a café in France, you would have Feist. The strong, breathy, alto vocals of Leslie Feist (formerly appearing in *Broken Social Scene*) combined with precise drums, crisp synth and guitar create a wonderfully whimsical and romantic album.

Released five years after her solo debut, Feist's *Let It Die* is a much jazzier, broader, genre-hopping album from the charismatic singer. Moving from sad romantic songs like "Gatekeeper" to the perfectly poppy "Mushaboom," the album stays fresh and displays the wide range of Feist's wonderful and melodic voice.

The first five songs are originals and some of the best on the album. Six covers follow, including a superb rendition of The Beegees' "Inside and Out," as well as fellow Canadian native Ron Sexsmith's "Secret Heart." Other covers include the songs "Now At Last," and "Tout Doucement," performed by Blossom Dearie in the 50's and the American folk song "When I Was a Young Girl." Feist's album is strong and impacting, incorporating a perfect blend of musical styles and charming renditions.

♦

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• THE STAR IS ALWAYS •

• IN NEED OF WRITERS: •

• ONE TIME •

• CONTRIBUTIONS •

• ARE ALWAYS WELCOME. •

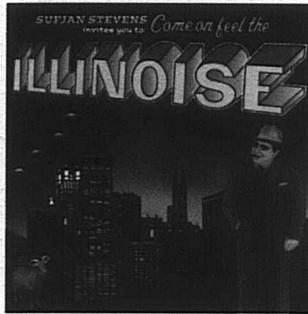
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music



Sufjan Stevens *Illinois*

(Come on feel the Illinois)

Sufjan (SOOF-Yan) Stevens' album *Illinois* is a lush, challenging, and beautiful creation. Complete with strings, horns, pianos and a number of back-up vocalists, the orchestral feel of the album is compelling and moving. With his narrative style, Sufjan gives us a Whitmanesque focus on the stories of people and place, bringing us to the top of the Seers Tower, to the heart of Peoria, and into the lives of people.

The melodies and stories are at times heartbreaking and at others make you want to dance through the streets, twirling batons and waving flags. Stevens is a remarkably versatile musician (playing upwards of twenty instruments for the album) with a voice that is in one moment haunting and the next assuredly joyous. *Illinois* incorporates complexity, splendor and intimacy.

Horns crescendo into a blazing introduction in "The Black Hawk War..." that sets the tone for the grandeur of the album, matched only by the length of the song titles themselves. "John Wayne Gacy, Jr." provides a distressing and factual look into the life of the serial killer, while songs like "The Predatory Wasp..." create a simple melody that grows into a rich soundscape of harmony, recorder and horns.

Seventy-four minutes long, *Illinois* is a vast concept album that achieves all it ambitiously sets out to do and becomes a wonderful tale of life, interaction, and *Illinois*. ♦

-Adam Sukhia
Columnist



Email your response
to this or any
other article to
the Editor at
STAR@HOUGHTON.EDU

IMAGE

Everywhere The Light Touches

*From time to time
The clouds give rest
To the moon beholders...*

*Clouds-
a chance to dodge
moonviewing.*

*Glorious the moon
therefore our thanks, dark clouds
Come to rest our necks.*

*Haiku, by Basho - translated from the Japanese by:
-RH Blyth*

-Stryck

-Bellenson

I've been thinking about stained glass lately. A week ago, I was turned on to some images of Marc Chagall's work with stained glass in the cathedral of Reims, France. My curiosity was piqued; in all the cathedrals that I visited in England, I hadn't seen someone do something so unique with glass. Here are three symmetrical windows, very formal, each topped with its own small rose window. You expect to find, as you do in most church windows, a narrative: the Road to Calvary, perhaps, or a saint in one panel gesturing to a knight or a rich patron in the other. Chagall's windows burst with passion. Christ and Mary and the Angels occur as phantasms in a dream but a visceral dream, one you can feel the light behind.

More googling (thank God for Google) landed me a collection of twelve sets of stained glass windows that Chagall completed in 1962 as a commission for the Hadassah Hospital in Jerusalem. The windows are meant to represent the twelve tribes of Israel, each with their own Hebrew letters and beasts. The tribe of Judah is my favorite. Blood-red, exploding in cubist shapes, the window seems to produce light of its own. The images seem to float to the surface, unable to be extricated from the whole.

I began to be very disappointed with my inability to see these lithographs as windows with the light coming through them. I knew, from seeing stained-glass before, that, every moment spent with it, every angle from which they are viewed, the picture changes. Light is never the same. You can never see the same stained glass window twice.

Which brings me to Basho. What Chagall is doing with his windows is very similar to haiku: inside a conscious recognition of traditional forms, he is deliberately making an attempt to be formless. Not to tell stories, as so many of the old windows do, but to make the story come out of the viewer's experience with the work, which can be nothing but a unique moment. When the direction is switched like that, you feel as much a part of the experience as the artist. Art is not telling you what to feel, it is facilitating an experience. And as the three haikus I began with illustrate, there are numerous interpretations of great art. It is not that any one of the translators is 'right' or 'wrong,' but that everywhere the light touches, there is a different story to hear.

-Beave Sorensen
Columnist



Faculty Book Review

Seeing Calvin Coolidge in a Dream by John Derbyshire

Have you ever wanted to learn about Calvin Coolidge, our thirtieth president? Here's your chance, in novel form. Coolidge once wrote: "The political mind is the product of men in public life who have been twice spoiled. They have been spoiled with praise and they have been spoiled with abuse. With them nothing is natural, everything is artificial." I'd vote for him in 2008.

This is not a book about Coolidge, however; it is about Chai, a man who, having escaped Communist China by swimming to Hong Kong, expatriates to the U.S. and marries another Chinese-American. Chai's father died in the Korean War, one of the "flecks of spume on one of those human waves your own

father told you about," and Chai harbors no love for his homeland. He discovers, however, that he harbors a love for Selena, a woman he trusted with in Hong Kong, who now lives in the U.S. as well.

Chai also forms an obsession with Coolidge, in part thanks to Coolidge's view of government—"Real reform does not begin with a law, it ends with a law"—which is so pleasingly opposite to the kind of government Chai suffered under in China. Chai's twin obsessions with Selena and Coolidge bring the novel to its payoff: a clever ploy that explains the book's title. ♦

-Dave Perkins
Professor of Mathematics

Opinion

In Response...

Dear Star staff,

This week's edition of *The Star* featured a cartoon titled "Joe and Ducko" by Joseph Freeman that was nauseating. Freeman chose to use child abuse as the basis of his depiction and, in turn, used the beating of a young girl by her adopted parents as a venue to garner laughs. That is despicable. While I cannot positively say which case Freeman based his cartoon off of, it does resemble the facts of the recent case of Haleigh Poutre of Westfield, Massachusetts whose adopted mother (the girl's biological aunt) and stepfather beat her to near death by kicking her and hitting her with a baseball bat... The latest development in the case was the state's decision to remove Haleigh from life support, despite protests from her stepfather, the very man who beat her into that coma.

The fact that Freeman would create such a comic and that the comic was approved for print by *The Star's* editors and, assumingly the faculty advisor, is disgusting and un-Christian in character. Exploiting Haleigh Poutre for the sake of a few laughs is repulsive...What's more disturbing, though, is that a newspaper sanctioned by Houghton College would allow such cases to be used as the basis for crude humor. Every day, children are tortured... The bottom line is that for an amateur cartoonist to exploit these children and their circumstances in a Christian newspaper is neither Christian nor funny.

-Jennifer Heckathorn

Dear Ms. Heckathorn,

The Star staff, artists, and advisor never meant to "exploit" abused children for humor, and we are sorry if Joseph Freeman's cartoon seemed to do that.

Upon reading the comic again, note that "disgusting" is exactly the word that the character Joe of "Joe and Ducko" used to describe his revulsion for "parents who abuse their children like that!". The artist meant for the joke of the comic strip to be what the phrase "nothing makes me angrier" means practically for Ducko. The joke was never meant to make light of what happened to Haleigh Poutre or any other victim of child abuse. It is not that the humor that was "crude," as you said.

Nonetheless, we see now that it was definitely in poor taste to mention a case of child abuse in a comic, even if the characters in the comic strip are reacting with anger, the appropriate response. Simply put, it is a comic, which is by nature too flippant and light-hearted medium to even mention such a serious issue.

We failed to look as closely at the comic submission as we should have, and we completely missed the potential for such disrespect. We're sorry that we printed that comic. Thank you for alerting us to that mistake; we will be more diligent in examining what we print on the comics page in the future.

-Christine DiFonzo
Editor-in-Chief

Dear Ms. Heckathorn:

First of all, allow me to apologize to you and to anyone else that found this comic tasteless and vulgar in nature. Allow me to note that I never meant to "make this issue lighter in nature" as you put it...because nothing can be done to lighten the situation. In fact, as I made Ken, the father, say in the comic, "That's disgusting!" Yes, I agree with you that child abuse is indeed a very serious subject and should be taken seriously. However, I want you to know that I take a strong stance against this issue and do not find any humor in it. In fact, when I read about Haleigh Poutre, the exact words that came out of my mouth were the father's words in the comic strip: "Boy, nothing makes me angrier than parents who abuse their children like that!" That is the reason that I wanted to use this story in my comic strip; to express my anger and revulsion towards the incident. Now, it does not excuse my actions, but I hope it explains them.

As far as the comic strip's joke goes, the child abuse story has nothing to do with the joke that is present in the comic strip. The joke is the phrase "nothing makes me angrier" and what the phrase implies to Ducko at the time because he did something that was going to infuriate the father.

Once again, I apologize to all who have been offended by this comic strip and I promise to be more careful with what social issues to discuss in my comics and how to go about doing it. Thank you for your comments and God Bless.

-Joseph Freeman
Comic Artist

A Christian Attitude?

This letter is a sample of several. The Star has received recently, urging the student body to be generally less critical:

Dear Editor,

We love Dr. Beach. We love being in the Campus Center between 2 A.M and 6 A.M (or at least a few of us do). We even love our JV sports teams. But they are going or gone. The Campus Center is dark during those morning hours, the JV program is throwing in the towel, and Dr. Beach may soon be a memory.

All of this is frustrating. At first, it just bothers you, but then what you perceive as injustice grates on your nerves. Soon, you take action. You want to make it right: to get that money back or to Save The Beach! So, what are you going to do? Complain? Write a letter? Become an activist?

I only want to add a word of advice. Whatever you do, do it with grace. Issues can

be divisive, but only if we let them. We can allow our differences to divide us, or we can use them to build our understanding and trust in each other. There are a lot of good attitudes on campus. I think a majority of the students have a desire to understand one another. But at the same time I have heard remarks whose aim, though disguised as jokes, are to disrespect our leaders. That kind of attitude expands our problems rather than solving them. I suggest that we work towards the attitude that we see in I Corinthians 13. We should emulate Christ and assume a humble, trusting, and selfless approach to our frustrations. It will go a long way in working through our differences, and glorify Christ in the process.

Sincerely,
Zachary Garber

Dear Mr. Garber,

It is our opinion that your letter misrepresents the nature of action on this campus. While we agree that sitting around

and joking about our problems is not the most productive response, those who care enough to "become an activist" show that they are invested in the future of this college. Activism does not have to come down to disrespecting our leaders—although history is filled with enough examples of controlling extremism to warrant a certain amount of distrust, even in Christian circles. Consider the religious motivations for nineteenth century British imperialism or the Salem witch trials. It is well accepted that good leaders consider a variety of perspectives, and it is the responsibility of those being led to articulate these perspectives. In attempting to facilitate this expression the majority of student activists, including *The Star* try to be polite, but we cannot always promise to be nice. Niceness is not the substance of meaningful debate. Meaningful debate requires well-articulated argument, and yes, even complaint. ♦

Sincerely,
Kelsey Harro
Managing Editor

Dear Star...

Just out of curiosity, was there any thought given to the image on page 4 of the side of a woman's naked breast? Did anyone raise the question of possible impact on the readers? I was just wondering.

Chris Nafziger
Co-Director, Wilderness Adventures

Dear Mr. Nafziger,

Yes, we actually thought quite a bit about the potential impact of the image. We care a lot about our readers, and we decided that it would be an appropriate time to begin a discussion of this topic. The issue of the place of nudity in art has been avoided in conversations between the art department and the rest of the campus, but it is not an issue that will go away as long as Houghton is seriously trying to communicate in a relevant way with the fine arts. We hoped that the combination of Hi Uan Kang's article on Buechner's exhibit and my discussion of Mary Gibson's work would work together as an introductory explanation of the motivation behind using the human body in this way. Please know that I understand your concern--I have spent time on both sides of the issue (If you are interested I can explain this further.)--but I have found that actual experience with the attitudes of the several art departments that I have been involved with has been both helpful and reassuring and has made the human body less a thing to be feared and more a thing to be understood. This is what we would like to communicate to the campus.

Sincerely,

Kelsey Harro
Managing Editor

Dear Ms. Harro,

I do not, nor will I probably ever understand how "nude art" can be anything other than a crass oxymoron. When does a nude image move from "tasteful and serene" to "distasteful and trashy"? Who draws that line? The artist? The critic? This topic is at the very center of what defines art. I'm still struggling to understand modern art, how it moves some people, but I remain unmoved. I often wonder how our Creator sees art. How can we as Christians use this creative outlet to bring Him praise? What I struggle with is how portraying a nude form in public can bring glory to God. I just don't get it.

Chris Nafziger
Co-Director, Wilderness Adventures

Chris,

You seem like a reasonable person and one not prone to make snap judgments. I enjoyed your friendship as my neighbor for a few years.

So far, you are the only one who has commented on the show. I see the need to stretch the college on the issue of the body. Currently, people here tend to think of the body as:

1) medical/biological, so doctors are allowed to "know" about the body; they are professionals.
OR

2) Sexual-entirely personal- for the spouse only.

While I do embrace both of these views, I see the body as also: Beautiful, Expressive, Iconic, Symbolic, Message-filled....etc.

Currently, the world has expanded- "the pornography of the body"- a use of which goes back to the very beginning of time, but with the internet it has become a cottage industry.

If Christians are to restore the body as a beautiful expression of God - indeed in the very image of God (...whatever that means) - we have to be involved in the process. Not all of the images in the show are even what I would call beautiful. One is actually rather ugly. Buechner's own daughter felt it caricatured the female form. I tend to agree (figure in the chair).

Our goal is to bring the college and its students to a point where we can begin

appreciate the aesthetic dimensions of the body- not erotic (though this is hard to control- Some find things erotic that most of us would never consider; you can't control the trigger.) It is possible to introduce them to a serious artist working in the field. You refer to Buechner as a modern artist. He is a contemporary artist, but modernism as such has held little influence on his career. Hope this helps you understand some of what we are about. ♦

-Ted Murphy

Dear Star,

Let me take this opportunity to express my deep appreciation to all those who have offered their support to me, particularly through the "Save the Beach" campaign. It has been remarkable to experience the encouragement and good wishes of so many students as well as staff, faculty, and community members. I was truly overwhelmed by the many people who participated in the recent coffee house. Such generosity by this community has meant so very much to my family and me. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Brad Beach

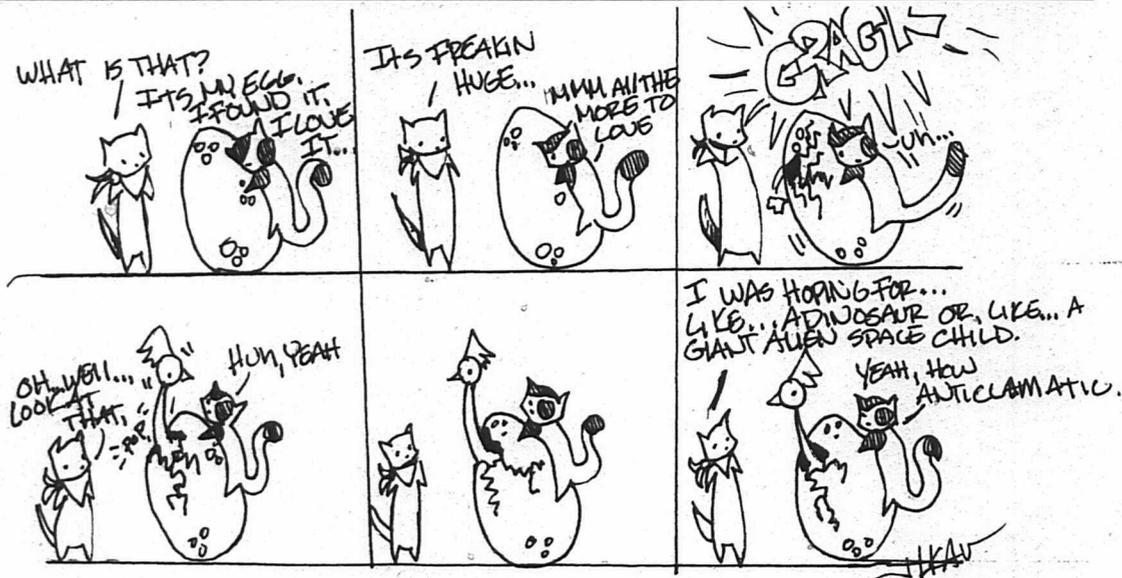
Houghton Abroad

Lago di Bolsena, Italy

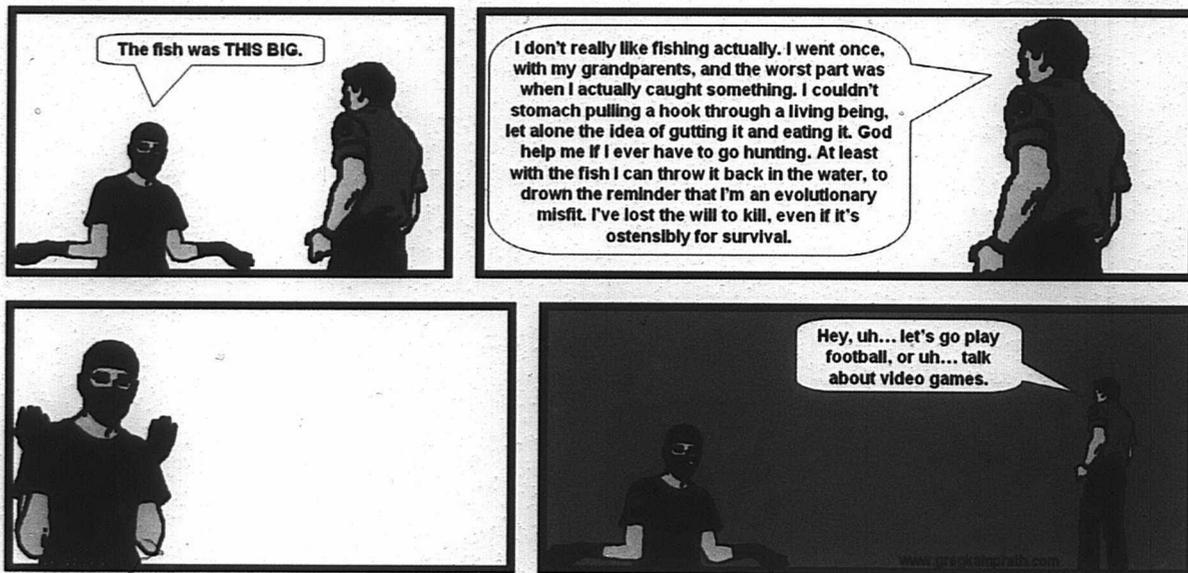
Franciscans On Holiday



Photo taken by Kelsey Harro
on Gordon College's Orvieto Semester
Spring 2005



The Camp Wrath Songbook



Stroke of Thursday

