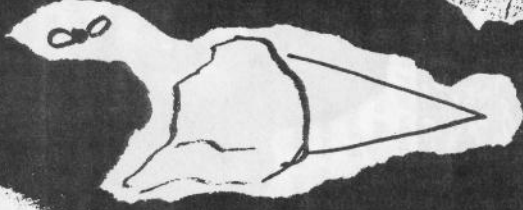


the ICE CRAM ANARCHALIST

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Prince Kropotkin was a leading anarchist in the late 19th century.

Lent: Why Fast?

We are now in the midst of what the church calendar considers the Lenten season. Yeah, so? I have been attending an Episcopal church for the previous three and a half years, and this is the first year I have chosen to delve into the meaning of Lent. What is Lent for? Why do thousands of people go to church on a certain Wednesday and return with ashes on their foreheads? Why do some people abstain from food or seriously limit their diet for the forty days of Lent? Why do I?

According to tradition, Lent sprang from Jesus' words in Mark: "But the day will come when the bridegroom is taken away from them, and on that day they will fast" (2:20). Originally this fast was between Good Friday and Resurrection Sunday, i.e. forty hours between sundown Friday and sunrise Sunday. Soon, however, in the history of the church, that amount of time was expanded to forty days remembering Christ's fasting and temptation, Moses' and Elijah's fasting in the wilderness, and the forty days grace period given to the people of Ninevah for Jonah's preaching. (1)

OK, so what? Why is it good to be hungry before the Lord? Fasting hurts and may even be unhealthy for a few people (though the key word is few). I'd like to say that it's the idea of "having nothing and yet possessing all things" that Paul speaks of in II Corinthians 6:10. Rarely do I go without a meal. Rarely do I deny myself those physical "necessities" of food to function throughout the day with the proper amount of energy "required." Yet also rarely do I remember that, although God has made me in His image and that through His creation I am good, I am also dust and to dust I shall return.

In light of my own experience on this campus, may I be so bold as to say that we are more concerned with our potentials for doing the proper things for Christ (and those potentials are great) than we are aware of the fact that one day we will be mere dust? Again in light of my own experience, may I say that we are more concerned with "getting our money's worth" than we are with denying ourselves, taking up our empty stomachs, and following Jesus? Fasting is a scary thing. You become very weak when you fast. It is harder to think. It is harder to communicate with others. In short, it is immediately, in the realm of stewardship of immediate time, foolhardy. But it is considered a preparation. We are awaiting the glory of God by our own weakness. And when we are weak, and when we cannot rely on the next meal to give us the strength to deal with life, what will we eventually rely on to cope? Won't we be truly reminded that it is indeed God who is in control and not we ourselves?

But I've been wondering: there is enough pain and dislocation in the world already - why fast and make it worse? Well, for one thing, fasting is a deliberate choice I make for the sake of faith that God will help me understand the why's of this odd denial, rather than an external choice placed on me to deal with the situation around me. For another thing, when I don't have food in my stomach for forty hours, I gain a profound awareness of those sins which plague me most; it's easy to get lazy when fasting, and it's easy to rationalize other weaknesses and give in because I'm "weaker" now, but it's also easier to be humbled because I realize how small I am when I don't get what I want to be comfortable. Fasting and prayer seem to go together, and both seem to have something to do with seeing through God's eyes, not our culture's.

I think my dad summed it up best in layman's terms: "It's a time to remind us of how much God gave up for us."

1 Cowie, L.W. and Gummer, John Selwyn. *The Christian Calendar*. Springfield, Mass.: G & C Merriam and Company, 1974.

The Unclaimed Trinity
a trilogy by Amy Madsen

FATHER

Trapped Ozzy, trapped
hanging neckfully
from a telephone wire.
None other than
he could be.
That ozzy boy.

Prime Mover trapped
suspended translucently,
who made the neck
none other than
he could be.
That Ozzy boy.

Trapped you Ozzy
a space, a light, a breath
it makes no difference
which world
You are
none other than
you could be.
Those two.

SON

The undone son
mute to night
whose bright white blights
profusely burning thy redemptive plight.
Salvific whispers
fall echoless.

Scintilla pain
piercing
Scorched mortals
Squinting
in the night.
Truth
eclipsed by light.

His blond hair
flops
I think he's going to
kiss me
He laughs
and fogs my sunglasses.
Shadows cast no shadows.

In the bright Right Seat
the glare cannot cease
eternal prisoner hath no release
glory only repeats, repeats...
turn to the left, turn to the -
Sentenced to hear only yourself speak.

PHANTOM

Place is reality
or any other
Could be
standing in front of
the refrigerator.
The vapor inspires
what he has not.
.hope.

"Curiosity I guess"
I hadn't asked
"that's what keeps me alive"
she handed me a tomato.

To know
is to know.
He knows.
He knows no hope.
(is there any milk left?)

His umbrageous affair with reality
left fog in the bed.

SURFING, OF COURSE!

I jump in
and climb on top
stroking down
at first shallow...
and slow...
then deep, and faster
and driving up
bashing the lip-
wet and salty-
dropping down,
deep in her slot
a moment of total ecstasy
blowing down the door,
kicking out
playing with mother ocean
ripping up another wave

by Dave Vanderveen

i met a girl who seemed to like me and we talked for a while. I put on a good act and so did she. after a while i awkwardly asked her out and she said ok and we had an ok time. so i kept up the act and she lost hers, i guess she eventually must have bought it. after we went out two or three times things wore pretty thin and we quit it. Thank God. anyway after neglecting it for a while i expected to drop the act, much like the girl. i had told her an alias and lied about my profession by telling her i was a freedom fighter. i don't know why one would lie about such things but i did, i don't know why anyone would drop it, or even start it, but we did. so using my skills as a freedom fighter i snuck up to her house one night and looked through the window and listened. while listening i noticed an army jeep parked by the curb in front of her house. i looked again and saw the girl inside the house in the arms of a soldier and above his left breast pocket i could see his name stenciled onto his camouflage jacket. D-O-H-M-I-T-Z.



JULIE'S TOP 10 SAGA QUOTES

1. Oh my stars! Jen dropped her thermometer in the fry vat! Oh well, what they don't know won't hurt them.
2. Just remember, its the sauce that makes the sushi.
3. No Annette, the recipe calls for eggshell food coloring!
4. Is it just me or does every director we get look like Mike Ditka?
5. Remember, when there's time to lean, there's time to clean.
6. Why is it that all the goofy people work here?
7. Can we get a group discount at Jenny Craig? I wonder...
8. What is chicken fried steak?
9. Never make a bet with a food service director. They'll never give you your money.
10. Joe, give me my five bucks!

Poetry

I am sorry that I can't see you.
I hope you are having the best time of your life.
I'm not having a good time.
And I think all my gladness was with you.
And somehow it slipped away with you.

-written by Nonique Evans, 11 years old.

finally an ice cream socialist philosophy!

we on ics staff had the feeling that it might be a good idea to write our philosophy down. so that our purpose could be clearly defined for us and so that we would have something to refer to for guidance. so we did. and now we want to share it with our readers, since many of you are confused as to what our purpose is. so here goes:

basic purpose: to glorify God
goals toward this purpose:
1) to provide a medium for the expression of the ideas and emotions of members of our community, in order to work at tearing down those structures which those members consider to be harmful, and to build up those structures and attitudes which are of God. we wish to encourage campus unity, though we realize that this is not usually accomplished when we all pretend to agree with one another.
2) to provide an outlet for art in general, since we believe that human expression, even if it has no "practical" purpose, can be glorifying to God. all of us would also like to see a greater awareness of other people's expression and a greater appreciation of "non-practical" art as a legitimate form of that expression.

basic method of reaching these goals:
we are trying to construct an open forum paper, with no agenda beyond that which is established by our contributing writers and artists, and which is a synthesis of all printable forms of art, none of which should take precedence over others. although we reserve the right not to print certain things because of lack of space, because of our artistic tastes, or because of our personal moral convictions*, we will try to print as much as possible of the material which is given to us.

so there you have it: our list of beliefs and aspirations concerning the paper. if you are one of those highly critical types, please keep in mind that they are only goals, and we do not claim to have fulfilled them. if you have a problem with something that we have said, or feel that there is something which we have not properly dealt with, please let us know - we would be more than glad to hear your input.
* so far our only moral criterion in terms of publication is that we will not print something that we consider to be blasphemous, since we feel that we too would be blaspheming by printing someone else's blasphemy. however, the only reason as of yet that we have failed to print anything that has been given to us was lack of room or our artistic sensibilities.



SUBMIT to CARL MARKS

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559



OPEN MIKE
APRIL 6

You Can Pick Your Verses

Picture it: you're having a discussion about a moral issue with another student. Is it right to pick your nose in public or is it wrong? The debate is getting heated; you are all for it and your friend is dead set against it. However, your friend (let's say your friend is female, because I am female and I don't want to bother with this whole he or she thing) cannot come up with any sound logic or Scripture to support her view that all nose picking should take place behind closed kleenex, if at all. She's getting desperate. She decides to pull out Old Reliable, the secret weapon, the fool-proof final word.

"Well, since some people consider it a sin, it is wrong to do it, because you may be..." (and the glint of victory comes into her eyes at this point) "causing your brother to stumble!"

The wind is knocked out of your sails. You may even try a few desperate stands for your right to dig into your nostrils as you please, but who can stand against the old "causing your brother to stumble" line? You are defeated, and the discussion ends with an agreement to disagree, with the qualification that your opponent is a much more spiritual person than you are.

Of course, serious debates over snot-removal etiquette are not heard on a daily basis here at Wheaton College. I used this example to present a scenario which I consider to be altogether too common. The phrase "causing your brother to stumble" is, in my opinion, one of the most overquoted verses and one of the verses most frequently taken out of its correct context here at this Evangelical Mecca we like to call home. It's the verse we use to avoid making decisions on moral issues (it doesn't matter ultimately whether you think it's wrong - it's wrong for you if anyone within a ten mile radius thinks it's wrong). It's also the verse we use to support making (or, as the case may be, not removing) rules for the entire student body based on the personal conviction of a small minority. According to most of the people whom I hear quote this verse, it is a license for making extra-Biblical restrictions that may be imposed on large groups.

Now hold on. Wait just a cotton-picking minute! Before we come to any such conclusions, oughtn't we to look at the verse itself? Let's do that, shall we?

"Therefore...." Uh, oh. What did we learn about the word "therefore" in Bible study? It means, "in light of what has just been said...." So before we look at verse 13, it looks as though we'll have to take a glance at 1-12. Hmm.... Verse 1: "Accept him whose faith is weak, without passing judgement on disputable matters." So

does this mean we aren't to have opinions on disputable matters? Apparently not. "Each one should be fully convinced in his own mind" (verse 5). But the rest of the passage talks about the fact that two people can have different opinions on disputable moral views, and even act on these opinions, and each will be doing what is right in God's eyes if that person is doing it for God.

So. To continue. "Therefore, let us stop passing judgement on one another." Again I must ask to stop. Paul is reminding us that the point of the previous paragraph has been that we should not judge one another.

"Therefore, let us stop passing judgement on one another. Instead, make up your mind not to put a stumbling block or obstacle in your brother's way."

O.K. We have actually read the whole verse now, and it is clear that a transition is taking place, that the focus is shifting. The question is, how is it shifting? Is it shifting from the individual in Christ to the community in Christ? I think so. Is it shifting from personal to institutional? I think not. For Paul is using as his example food, and saying that although we should not pass judgement on those who have different views on what is all right to eat, we also should not eat pork in front of someone who considers pork unclean, Big Macs in front of someone who considers it wrong to abuse one's body, etc. In other words, we should not abuse our freedom by exercising it wrongly in personal relationships.

I am going to start a new paragraph now just to get your attention, because I have just used a key phrase: "personal relationships." If we start trying to expand our sensitivities to everyone in the church, we are going to be in trouble, because (let's face it) there are too dang many things that cause people to stumble. If everyone on this campus were just to give up doing the things which cause me to stumble, whatever would they do if they were to find out that I have friends here who are caused to stumble by a whole new list of things, or worse yet, a list of stumbling blocks that opposed my list? And what about those of us who do not plan living in an evangelical subculture for the rest of our lives? The list increases. No, we must be sensitive to the beliefs of those people we are with; but we must not pretend that Romans 14 gives us license to avoid thinking through what we believe, or that it gives us license to impose those beliefs on others. We need to be realistic about how much we can humanly do.

By the way, I think it's fine to pick your nose in front of people, but you probably ought to ask them first.

penny knayme

Oh, about that ROTC thing

Re: G. Henry Mauterer

I would like to open by stating that I have no particular stance on the issue. I am uneducated on the subject. I have a friend in the Marine Corps and that is the extent of my knowledge of the military.

From a purely academic standpoint, unqualified denial of Lars' arguments will not convince me. I do not know him and so do not know how qualified he is to make a judgment; then again, neither do I know you, and your being a member of the "organization" is not enough grounds to go on. I do not believe that Lars called ROTC "a walk in the park." Neither is medical school, neither is drug dealing. Difficulty does not have moral significance, nor do grades. Build me a argument and I will listen.

However, what I am primarily concerned with is the tone of the article. "I can only assume that your name" was a bit of a gratuitous sarcasm and snobbery that stopped me in my tracks. I do not think that attacking Lars' name or his writing style will destroy his argument. You state that "emotional venom" is "not what Christ would have me do." Is sarcasm? Is condescension? Christ was "socially indiscriminate," but he was also humble.

I is an lit. major, and my vocabulary and use of it have gotten me called such things as "arrogant" and "elitist"; we can throw fifty cent words at one another until we run out of ink, but who is it really going to convince? Every time I see something like this, I resolve once again to be more careful of my quick tongue and temper. Perhaps this is emotionalism from a person lacking credibility, but... oh, my beloveds... if we do not have love, what do we have? Is there a difference between righteous anger and flaunting your own superiority? Is there a gentle rebuke? In the end I have only two things to offer you; the tears I cannot seem to cry, and an ancient platitude that we sometimes forget has any meaning outside Sunday school, "Love thy neighbor as thyself..."

Do we really hate ourselves that much?

Cathe, cpo 1265

She was tired and her arms beheld the stars

The masses that passed through her fingers shaking to drums 9/8 time.

Blue men jump forth (the whistle sounds.) and shake and stamp and twist and frown in a polite, patronising manner

Walls dirtied by the masses Smell of the masses stain. The masses breathe and sigh the masses.

A Tear and masses don't cry.

Blood spills in black ink. These are the dry scales of dead skin, blown as chaff

Dust to dust and here we are in between. But he is waiting with patient, open arms.

Theo Bennett

The beliefs and opinions expressed in this paper are not necessarily those of the Editors or Wheaton College.

