

THE NAME

What is an ice cream socialist? Well, I can imagine Webster's definition with a picture of a wrinkled grandperson with no teeth, eyeing the camera whilst licking the bottom of a five gallon tub of vanilla ice cream, but let's not waste time with Webster like most introductions do.

An ice cream socialist is a person who is concerned with his appearance first and foremost. I'm not just talking about dress and hairstyles, though these play an important part for him, but also political, social, religious views, etc. He wants to look "cool," whatever his form of "cool" is. I guess I must admit that I'm talking about the huge, abstract Holden Caulfield word -- phoniness. The essence of ice cream socialism is the representation of the phony, particularly in the area of political and social matters.

Phoniness in general is the issue -- "socialism" in all its shades. (symbolism used here. Wow!) I am not concerned so much with the red, but with the half-hearted pink. I am concerned with the attitude that says "Hey, this is college, man, and we're supposed to be extreme in college." Its cool, remember, even if you don't truly believe. Its cool to go to Jonathan Blanchard Society because that's where the not-so-ordinary people gather, and hey, its hip to be socially aware. (By no means am I knocking JBS, only those who have the less than pure motives of raising social status [no pun, really!] -- Please, this is only an example) The ice cream socialist is one who attempts to gain a name, entertainment, and fun using the good intentions of the few true believers, thwarting their work in the process. It is a rampant disease, oh my brothers.

Allow me to digress into some stereotypic indulgence. (You can skip this part if you want.) I take the typical group of 1989 "hippies" who "dig the Dead" and come complete with rubberbanded tufts of hair they refer to casually as "ponytails," etc, etc, who say "You know, I'm for peace and stuff, sure, that's cool..." and the typical skate rat who seems to receive extreme pleasure from screaming "Fascist!" at anyone who steps on his freedom. The "Hey man! Communism all the way!" (as long as its limited to his tender college years when its socially acceptable, when he's not supposed to know any better.) "This campus needs some liberals anyway." This is the kind of guy who is "repressed" by a mother because she forces him into an intolerable regimen of "3 stinkin' chapels a week." All of this preoccupies his mind whilst a bum is vomiting in the snow down the street and when even "Christians" couldn't care less about Christ. All this person is really worried about is his present boredom, and possibly the stench of the Sage conveyor belt.

Beware! There are multitudes of ice cream socialists around. There has been an infiltration, so to speak. I, by no means attempt to start another Red Scare or anything like that. McCarthy, sit down! But look around you. Many people love the great taste of ice cream. Its cool and refreshing. Its simple and fun-tastic. (The important thing is cool, here.) BUT, BUT, BUT! Do not be



"Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain." -- Wizard of Oz

deceived, oh my brothers. Evil lurks behind every bush, behind every manifesto, social or personal, every half-hearted slogan that "says something nifty" and nonconformist.

I am concerned with the philosophy that upholds extremity as the goal to existence, for this is only the road to a less obvious conformity. Again, phoniness is the issue with my limited examples and with this article. The important thing is to eradicate ice cream socialism from the church and the Christian monks, and especially ourselves. It cripples us in our journey for our God and in our striving for the ethics of His Kingdom. It is obviously rampant in our "fine Christian Cadillac of a school," in the forms mentioned above as well as a plethora of others. It is my hope that the titles of this paper can be read with irony, and perhaps even a poke of fun. Hopefully it will not provoke ice cream socialism. Hopefully it will not live up to its name.

Quinlin Tweens

ITS ALL OVER!

One day I woke up at 6 o'clock to get ready for school. I looked out my window, and much to my surprise, saw a great red cloud in front of the sun. It was very mysterious, but I decided it was just the sunrise.

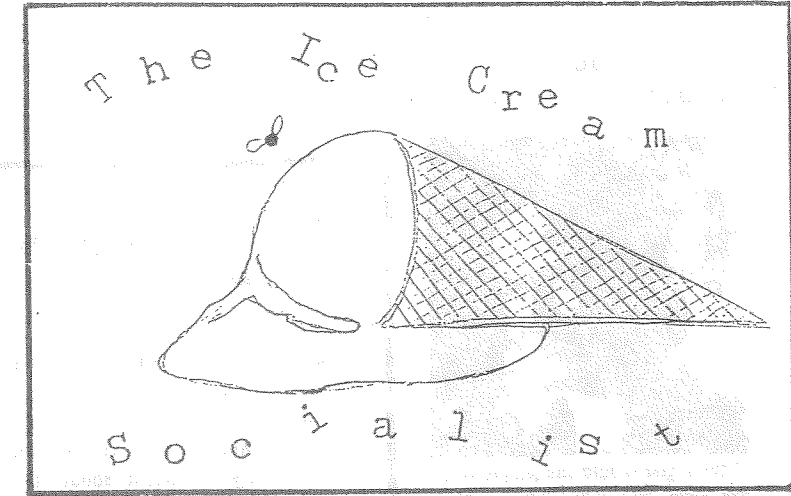
At 10 of 8, Dad took me to school. Suddenly, at 9:15, the principal rang the fire bell, and the school became a mad house. Then I realized what I had seen when I woke up. Everyone was screaming and yelling, for coming very fast was a great wall of red ants! We ran toward the junior high, and everyone came out and started running with us. Little by little, the people of the state were running with us. In 15 minutes, the U. S. was running together. All the children under 10 and all the grown-ups over 50 were already eaten by the ants. Finally, all the people of the world were running together. There was a riot, and half the ants were killed. So all the big ants from Africa came to help the red ants. Pretty soon all the bugs in the world were fighting with the people. We were slowly being overthrown. "Its all over," the 6th and 7th graders yelled as they died. Luckily, Liz Early and I stayed alive.

Suddenly, there was a blinding flash of green light as all the Martians of the universe came to help us. They used the latest vacuum cleaner on Mars and sucked up all the bugs. After an hour, all the bugs were gone.

President Reagan made a treaty with the Martians. Thankfully, everyone returned home. A day later, the Martians returned all the eaten people, for they had put them back together.

Suddenly, we saw something red appear. It was an ant 50,000 times bigger than the earth. "Its all over," we cried as the ant collided us with Jupiter.

- a 6th grader



Why bother? Why are we starting yet another publication on Wheaton campus? Is it because we are ice cream socialists (for definition see "The Name" article)? Hopefully not. We are here to slam on the "Record," "The Kodon," and every other pretentious, provincial institution on this campus. Kill those stupid fascists!! oops, i mean, uh, erm, eee.... Wait a minute, who said that? Get thee behind me!* We want to wrestle with issues (no pun intended), but not that way. *The Ice Cream Socialist* is a publication for you, the readers, as an open forum for free expression, if that really exists. The success of this publication depends on your reactions, submissions, DONATIONS (\$), etc. We will except expository stuff, poetic stuff, interview stuff, photographic stuff, all sorts of stuff (no sculptures, please), even quotes from other publications (with proper credit given of course.) Our purpose is to provide an outlet for candid ideas and expressions of Wheaton students. It is our hope that through these expressions, awareness and understanding will grow. We do not want this to become a regurgitation of the same issues over and over again, neither do we want it to become a machine for nit-picking nonexistent or insignificant problems for the sake of mere speech. We are not here to challenge other publications but to provide an additional medium for free expression. If you have anything to submit, whether it be something to be published, something you'd like to say to us or anyone else, please drop it in cpo, addressed to: Carl Marks cpo 559. Please include your christian name, cpo#, a pen name if you are shy. Donations are also welcome and, in fact, desperately needed, no matter how small, if you would care to be generous.

* --me refers to the collective editorship of this paper (by the way, if you are still looking for the wrestling pun in line seven, don't bother. There wasn't one.)

Next deadline, due date etc.- November 6th

ps. we are wheaton students, not necessarily representatives of wheaton college viewpoints.

What do you think the photo-poll should be like?



I think you should use people who have never been in photo polls before.



No repetition.



OK.

You can stop taking my picture now.

Be Encouraged, Readers!

In our pilot issue, I wanted to write an article protesting materialism, or militarism, or apathy or something else that I saw wrong on Wheaton's campus. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I have a great tendency to write negative, cynical and sarcastic articles so often that I lose my ability to convey anything constructive. So, I decided to write an encouragement article instead. Be encouraged, readers, not just by me but through everything positive you can find here at Wheaton or elsewhere. Yes, there are problems at Wheaton, so many that it is often overwhelming. But if we are really seeking to glorify God, then cynicism will get us nowhere. "Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good." (Romans 12:21) Let us work to rid Wheaton and the world of evil institutions and evil attitudes, but let us do it by building each other up, not by tearing each other down.

Carla Flower

BURNING ROME SLOWLY

I really should get a snooze alarm clock. Mine's a one shot job which I can usually turn off in my sleep, leaving me to waste an extra two hours in bed before Biology 201 at 9:15 am. Today was no exception and it was 9:13 before I left my apartment, hair dripping, and made my way to Edman chapel to knock off one of two required lectures during the lit conference (sorry Bio).

When I got there, the Heritage Room was almost empty. Flopping down next to two girls in short skirts and black tights, I prepared myself for the standard "scholarly" lecture in which the speaker uses words like "hermeneutical" and "hydrostatic union." I'd never seen Paul Fromer before and at this point hadn't connected him with the whole censorship spiel to do with the Record. He was talking about the role of the Christian prophetic writer today, relating him to the prophets of the Old Testament. A prophetic writer, he stated, is one who applies scripture to the modern day. As with Jeremiah and Elijah, the prophetic writer of today is often regarded as anything from a complainer to a trouble-maker. However, we tend to overlook that it was the job of the prophets to build up and encourage as well as to bring to light a bad situation (Jer 1:10).

Christian students today, said Fromer, are tied up in a straight-jacket of "niceness." "Why write about scandals involving Christians? That doesn't seem like a pleasant thing to do." The "Christian" journalist shouldn't ask tough questions or cause trouble but should rather "lie for Jesus' sake" and accept censorship. Fromer believes that censorship is a terror, by which the censor says to the writer "I don't trust you."

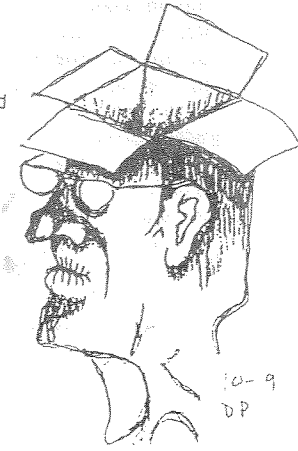
At this point the girls in black tights got up and made their exit. Concentration is hard. Drips had been streaming from my hair down my neck, causing the dye to run from my cool-looking-but-cheep Indian shirt down to my lower back. But I was hooked, eager to understand the task of the prophetic Christian writer.

"Burn Rome slowly," said Fromer. "Don't be like Nero who burned it in one day." Are we interested in creating noise or a change? Today, as the Christian writer is looking to highlight a bad situation he must first figure out what policies would be required for a change and then creatively brainstorm ways that might bring about change. Jesus didn't go weeping in the streets for Israel to repent, but when questioned by the Pharisees, used prophetic creativity in the form of parables.

Of course, if one is to appeal to other Christians with the credibility that Jesus had, he must have a studied, systematic understanding of the Bible.

I left the Heritage Room with an enlightened knowledge of the prophetic Christian writer's job and a considerably redder pair of boxer shorts.

-- Sparky



SET DESIGN

I saw that Shakespeare guy picking trash out from the brown dumpsters in the alley. It was a private showing, regal as the queen all pomp and arm ejaculations as if the solidity of naked orange bricks gave long lasting importance.

The song of a drunken fool lost in his *creeping petty pace*. The *tomorrow and tomorrow* that frays his blue tattered coat so that the white lint spills and hangs against his grey pants which run down his legs and cut his unzipped boots. The *tomorrow* that brings snow then warmth then snow.

And I saw him with that blue knit stocking cap cockneyed on his head like someone almost pulled it off, the tar splashes of asphalt, the barren sky the broken white pavement stones, the mumbling mawkish monologue, *strut* stuttering from his mouth.

Mr. Bill Shakespeare himself, bowing to the clanging applause of dented trash cans, a *significant nothing*, I can't help but think was meant for me to see.

Theo Bennett

