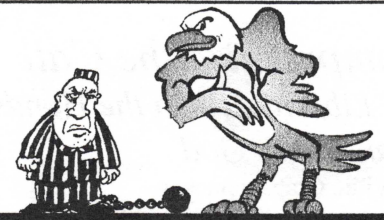


Anything But *independence*



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Drastically unaffiliated with other underground publications

respond to
anythingbutindependence1@hotmail.com

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A Note From Your Editor

Dear open-minded readers of NC:

Welcome to the first issue of *Anything But Independence*. I know what you're thinking—we're a little late in the school year to start an underground newspaper. Well, you're probably right. However, the apparent incompetence of another recent underground, the *Northwest Independence*, has prodded the *ABI* Staff to create a voice for students that parallels our intelligence. (Don't let our title freak you out. It's an answer to the other underground, and a satirical comment on the newsletter's purpose.)

Originally, the identities of *ABI* contributors were to remain anonymous to dodge bullets from Administration's political pistol. However, Administration would recognize the superior intelligence in the writing and bust the English students anyway. So we offer you our commentary on NC life with even less of a mask than will be allowed at Spring Banquet.

ABI will deal with controversial issues here on campus. Dancing, the "ring by spring" phenomenon, chapel, you name it—we'll cover it and maybe even cause some stir and change in the process. Sure, we may step on some toes as we walk down the path to independence (no pun intended), but nobody ever changes anything by tiptoeing around problems.

Our intent is not to offend anybody, but to speak with independent minds. Supposedly, the purpose of an academic institution is to equip students with this kind of mind; any attempt to squelch this voice is a blatant attack against NC's primary goal.

We will sometimes write satirically, sometimes seriously, but we will always write intelligently. We will act maturely, and will never leave the reader asking, "Would you like some cheese with your whine?"

Finally we would like to address anyone who is offended by this publication. We invite anyone with comments or complaints to e-mail us at anythingbutindependence1@hotmail.com or simply come talk to us. You can find

us "underground,"—beneath the D. V. Hurst Library—floating in and out of our amazing English classes.

Sincerely,
Timothy A. Lucas
Editor in Chief



Independence Day?

by Yacob Joung

Sexual freedom, drugs, alcohol, students' rights, women's liberation, Black Nationalism — underground newspapers have covered these kinds of issues for years. In the 1960's and 70's, the Vietnam War spawned nearly six hundred underground newspapers that influenced the opinions of college students, and gave voice to a slice of society previously ignored by the established media. These intense papers were the vanguard for the public opinion, and documented movements and feelings not recorded elsewhere.

Northwest College students, frankly, crave a voice. In 1998, the *I Scream Socialist* began NC's underground uprising. Authors changed their names and tackled controversy, i.e. social class, dancing, chapel, and other hot topics. A favorite article was an allegory about a group of "ducks" who were so cliquish that they would not play with the other birds. They would kick around a black and white checkered ball and wear "Albatross & Finch" baseball caps. Coincidentally, the Gray 500 floor's mascot is a duck, and the majority of its inhabitants were soccer players who frequented Abercrombie and Fitch.

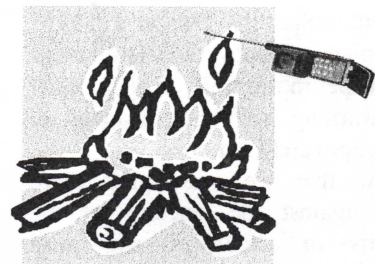
The latest upstart underground newspaper attempt is *The Northwest Independence*, which exists to "present a variety of ideas about issues relevant to NC students." The debut issue hit the "stands" March 21st. It contains a good deal of sarcasm and, well, sarcasm. For instance, an excerpt from "Search and Seizure" says, "Billy Bob might be smoking crack and square dancing at two in the morning in the buck nude. Big Brother would not approve." But would anyone approve? The issue harped on the concepts of "Big Brother" and the

please see 'Underground' on p. 3

Twelve steps to solving NC controversy

By Timothy A. Lucas

1. Use the other underground newspaper for toilet paper.
2. Create a chapel webpage where students can scan-n-jam right from their own PC.
3. Build a room in Perks that says "Prayer" on the door. Inside, a large projection screen will regularly show scenes from *Dirty Dancing*.
4. Install desks and lamps in the balcony of the chapel so students can study more easily.
5. Designate at least two parking spaces in front of Crowder marked, "KISSING GIRLFRIEND GOODNIGHT PARKING ONLY."
6. Hire an exorcist to cast evil spirits out of the English Department.
7. Send missions majors to take over "weak" East African nations. NC will begin colonization to pay for the Master Plan and rising tuition.
8. Turn the library into a two-story retro dance club similar to Polly Esther's.
9. Have a phone burning (akin to Hitler's book burnings) outside Butterfield Chapel; noisy cell phones will burn—David Baker's phone first.
10. Hold a one-month chapel series titled "Attaining Holiness." Keynote speakers will tell students who scanned-n-jammed that day not to scan-n-jam.
11. Add a mandatory class for incoming freshmen called "Principles of Matrimonial Development."
12. Elect Debbie Pope for President.



Compromise the Call NC Liberal Arts in the Hands of an Angry God

by Willie Grahamcracker

[Extensively edited by Kent Smaciarz]

I never expected to be a missionary on my own campus. I figured NC was a Christian school, one that trains for the ministerial vocation, but I was stunned to find that the College had experienced a conversion. My spirit groaned. I hope now to call out, for Christ's sake, to a backslidden campus--*Come home, come home.*

God called me to become a youth pastor, a field in which NC specializes. But upon arrival at NC, I was appalled that the school had changed its academic focus. No longer were my fellow students going to be brothers and sisters, but betrayers of the Gospel. Don't get me wrong; not all students are betrayers, not even half. Still, the ratio is beyond Judas' witness of one every twelve, and seems to be about one out of every three. These fallen students are products of the liberal arts—like English and Philosophy; they're like leaven in the campus loaf.

I first encountered an adversary on the way to chapel. While all the admirable Christians were walking up, *he* was walking out. My Bible was tucked under my arm, but other books were tucked under his. I stopped him for some fellowship, but what I encountered was more like spiritual warfare. I said, "Where are you headed?"

"To read," he replied.

"What's to read that is more important than the presence of God?"

"Who's to say I can't have God's presence with me when I read?"

"Reading what?"

As he showed me the books, I began to intercede in tongues under my breath. He had *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*, John Irving's *A Prayer For Owen Meany*, and J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*. Our conversation ended after he told me he had "scanned and jammed."

Can you believe that? God's presence in secular writing? I've heard those books are pretty vile. I think Harry Potter writes about witches and devils. I picked up Irving's book once, but on the third page I saw the *F*-word and put it down. And I think *The Catcher in the Rye* is a filthy book about baseball.

That experience got me thinking. The boy felt all right about skipping chapel to read evil, and he even called his behavior good. It turned my stomach.

After the encounter, I began to see *them* all over the place. They read Aristotle in Bible class, quoted Shakespeare in Speech—I began to loathe their vice-plagued souls. One Truth rings like the Gospel in my soul: if NC doesn't heed this warning, it will be consumed by fire like Sodom and Gomorrah.

I know that we must pray hard, especially against the teachers of the liberal arts—or should I say *false* teachers. I suspect that three are the most evil, and they're all women.

One teacher assigns worldly literature full of sex, murder, and incest. We ministry students only read wholesome stories like David and Bathsheba, Lot and his pregnant daughters, and Potiphar's

*We should be learning about
Jesus, not an Anglican
drunkard and smoker.*

wife. The teacher even reads "devotions" from Frederick Buechner, a Presbyterian minister who left the ministry to write. He expresses doubt as if we all experience it. If he has doubts about his faith, what kind of effect does that have on his readers?

The second prophetess of Ba'al teaches a class solely on C.S. Lewis. We should be learning about Jesus, not an Anglican drunkard and smoker. His books of fiction dabble in the occult. He wrote a story about *A Witch and a Lion and a Closet*. He also wrote a book that glorifies divorce!

The final teacher told her Creative Writing class to write honestly, even using vulgar language. If you ask me, we can get the full effect using words like *dang*, *freak*, and *poop*. We all know that gosh darn sinners who use poop language are freakin' doggone rear-end heads who are going to heck in a hand basket. Amen? Amen.

These heathen scribes are in it for their own glory. The ministry majors are suffering for Jesus, while the English majors are trying to become rich and famous like Stephen King. Everyone knows writing is a get-rich-quick vocation. But we ministry majors are in it for all the right reasons.

When I stand before God and present
please see 'Compromise' on p. 3

One Enchanted Evening

by Jenifer Ramm

Sunshine warms the air and April blossoms perfume the warm breeze. Birds chirp. Happy couples walk hand in hand to class, cuddle on the couches in Perks Lounge, and gaze lovingly into each other's eyes across the cafeteria tables.

Yes, it's nearing the apex of the semester—Spring Banquet. Girls all across campus get up early to prepare themselves for the night ahead, hoping to impress their dates—or at least make some young man wish she were his date. The doors open right at six, so masses of handsome couples can brave the picture line before dinner. From there on, the night's program is predictable: Banqueteers choose their table, listen to the articulate ASB emcees, and eat a delectable meal.

Amazingly, this sensational event is affordable for every student. In fact, it's already paid for. NC conveniently tacks the cost on to your student account. Even if you don't plan on attending, the school graciously keeps the amount to ensure the Banquet's future.

All non-NC attendees, however, pay a mere \$32 to walk in the doors. In

addition, the school's non-transferable ticket policy is in place to prevent just anybody from walking into the elite event.

For example, let's say Sally is a senior and decides she doesn't want to go to banquet for the fourth year in a row without a date. She wants to give her ticket to her friend Susan's husband. Not wanting the ticket to go to waste, she attends Spring Banquet, and uses her ticket stub to as kindling to set fire to the table centerpiece.

Spring Banquet gives the ugly people on campus an opportunity to look gorgeous—especially because the theme this year is Masquerade. Ugly students can wear facemasks to hide unfavorable
please see 'Spring Banquet' on p. 3

Sistere Veneficium*

--- Rebekah Lukers

ME me me
MY my my
It's all about
things I don't like.

*I'm advocating' for change, here's
news you can use; I
divide
everyone. Let us
publish more bad news.
Everyone knows
nothing good sells.
Discern
everyone. 'Tis true:
Nothing good sells.
Could we find
ever a better Christian attitude?*

Stop
it.
Sistere veneficium.
Together,
everyone must
repent.
Everyone,
veneficium is
everywhere;
Now is
everyone's chance.
Fast! Repent!
I beg you to reconsider.
Call
it
Underground. But be yet
mindful that ye honour.

Independence: Sistere veneficium.

*Down with Rebellion

*poet's note: The ABI purpose is
not to rebel but to inform.*



NC

Underground (cont. from p. 1)

"powers that be" so heavily that a non-NC student might get the impression that the school is a Nazi training camp.

I wonder if the same person wrote everything, because each article takes the same stance, uses the same cliches, and beats the same concepts to a pulp.

While most students agree that it is important for students to have a voice, they say the resulting paper does not represent them and is, at best, disappointing. Kent Smaciarz sums it up when he says, "The whole paper just completely sucks."

However, even the agreement errors, choppy paragraphs and dull sarcastic tones demonstrate the students' need for a voice.

Students might not deserve a voice, though, until it can be strong enough to compel respect. A faculty member seems to agree, and wonders why we need an anonymous and sarcastic underground in a free society and campus. (However, I wonder if everybody would want to hear students' voices even when there is a great deal of satire involved.)

In email correspondence with the *NI* "staff," I learned about the editor. "Del," wishes to remain anonymous, but he replied to my comments about his publication's quality by saying, "We tend to demonstrate absurdity by being absurd. We love this college, but intend to speak truth in love."

Del says my comments will be in *NI*'s next edition, right next to a faculty member's email. He even offered me a position to write for the *NI*, but then I had a better offer from *ABI*.

ABI underground distances itself from the *NI* by not accepting sarcasm—defamatory remarks with no constructive purpose—but will certainly make use of satire—a humorous and sometimes biting commentary that seeks to reform.

The accomplished novelist and literary critic, Elizabeth Hardwick, says, "Making a living is nothing; the great difficulty is making a point, making a difference with words." The *Northwest Independence* has certainly made its one, solitary point. As far as making a difference, well that's where this newsletter comes in. As you read on, keep in mind the underground papers of the 60's and 70's; change did occur, but it took time. If you would like to see change, and have a knack for satire, contact us at anythingbutindependence1@hotmail.com.

No matter what you think about underground newspapers, required chapel, sex in the dorms, or any controversial issue, read on. And look for the next issue of *Anything But Independence*, soon to hit the couches, cafeteria tables, and open minds of Northwest College.



Compromise (cont. from p. 2)

him my mighty ministry and all the people I saved, he'll exalt me. But what are those liberal arts graduates and teachers going to do? It's off to Hades for them, for sure. I thank God that I have been faithful to my calling despite being part of the lonely remnant.

To the lost I ask, why waste time in the liberal arts? Jesus has called us to preach the Gospel to all the world. Can you really call yourself a disciple? Are you the minister God predestined you to be? There are mouths to feed, churches to build, people to save, TBN to support...

I know it's hard, faithful ones, but we must try to love them. Always remember, hate the sinner, love the sin—or something like that. Don't condemn those hell-bound heathens. God is the judge. And that Judge has called us to be missionaries to the liberal arts departments. It's a wonderful and challenging opportunity to bring them to the full knowledge of Christ.

I hope to see a revival in our chapel (before the liberals turn it into a lyceum) where every English, Drama, and Philosophy student gets filled with the Holy Ghost. They will change their majors to Pastoral Ministry, give up their pursuit of foolish knowledge, and follow us as we follow Troy Jones, er, I mean, Jesus.

Spring Banquet (cont. from p. 2)

features, but only on the top half of their faces.

The word is that school officials frowned upon this year's masquerade theme. Apparently, a masquerade is traditionally thought of as a ball, which includes dancing, and even an allusion to dancing is sinful. Another problem is that a masquerade ball implies costumes, which will not be tolerated. One student has already given up her idea to attend as the NC eagle.

This policy might be good, because allowing students to wear costumes is entirely too risky. We must remember that this is NC's only formal function. While most students grew out of their need to play dress-up around their junior year in high school, we wouldn't want to ruin it for the few who still take this sort of thing seriously.

The wildly entertaining list of events is always unique. It includes a speaker who distracts from the meal and a video of the school year that you probably won't see yourself in; at least there's a toast with Martinelli's—real wine is the devil's drink, but if we can't sin we might as well look like we're having fun.

At the end of the night, you might even be the lucky one who snags the centerpiece. Everyone at the table imagines it decorating their dorm room. Getting it, though, usually requires

Propaganda Box

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snatching it up before your date does.

To distract from the greed for the centerpiece, the select NC poster singers perform. The group performs every week in chapel, but listeners applaud anyway. Nobody dances to the music, though. That's for after you leave. After all, the banquet is a time for NC to make a statement against sinful activities.

How long have they been dating? What! Two weeks?

While other schools host corrupt formal events, students at NC keep themselves looking as white as those fancy cloth napkins. Pentecostals don't dance. They eat. What an exquisite meal it is, too: dry chicken, greasy potatoes, and vegetable medley.

Remember, boys and girls, Spring Banquet is the due date to qualify in the "ring by spring" race. The fate of every girl will be decided—blissful marriage and a white picket fence, or spinsterhood with a rocking chair and knitting needles.

The highlight of Spring Banquet, in fact, is the Engagement List. Weeks before, secret agents compile it. Everyone anticipates the climactic announcement by Don Argue himself. Suddenly the lights dim, a drum roll ensues, and spotlights flash onto a lucky couple. Gasps of shock fill the room as people turn to their neighbor and whisper, "I didn't know they were engaged! How long have they been dating? What! Two weeks?"

As a senior this year at NC, I am anticipating the event, utterly. As the day approaches, I daydream about the glitz and glamour. Sue runs crying hysterically out of the building in her sparkly pink princess dress. Her engaged best friend, Celeste, follows to console. Sue throws her tiny frame onto the unforgiving ground. She desperately beats the earth with her fists. As Celeste approaches, Sue looks up, showing her face streaked with tears and mascara. President Argue has just finished reading the engagement list, and Sue's name isn't on it.

Quotes, Famous and Otherwise compiled by your loving editor

I don't know what the key to success is, but the key to failure is trying to please everyone.

-Bill Cosby

Try not to become a man of success but rather try to become a man of value.

-Albert Einstein

God doesn't want you to do great things so much as he wants you to be great things.

-Timothy A. Lucas