

It has come to the attention of a few of the students on Taylor's campus that the need for an underground paper is pressing. We have taken it upon ourselves to accomplish this task. This is the purpose of the Brazilian Manifesto. You may ask why the name. Brazil, for the movie of the same name. And Manifesto for the obviously denotative reason. The purpose of the paper is to bring to light separate issues that normally are not found in the Echo. We hope to provide a new view on these issues and also bring some issues to light that are not existent at this time. Anything that is said in this paper reflects personal opinions on the side of the writers and of the editor. The purpose is not to be a negative influence but to do that which is needed in an intellectually starved campus such as those existing in the twentieth century.

A RESPONSE...

Stuart Briscoe's powerful messages that were brought to the Taylor family stunned me as I realized that the majority of those listening would walk away thinking that his talks were of the same sort as a theatre monologue. Many people feel free to applaud and nod and even 'amen' at the proper time, but when it actually comes down to putting into action that which they have been confronted with the hearer reverts to his 'comfort zone' Christianity.

The thing that hit me the hardest was that S.B.'s Christianity is not a Sunday morning Christianity but a whole existence Christianity. Our Christianity, on the other hand is one of convenience. We tend to allow Christ to take that which is convenient for us to give him. But when it comes to searching and maybe even fasting to allow him to show us that which is undesired in our lives we tend to go to our friends and their conveniences. We must realize that Christianity is not just an ethic for guidance but that the Christian ethic is that tip of The Kingdom of God which is made known to the physical realm. It is also made known to us through his unbounded power which is available to us through the Name and the Blood of Jesus Christ. Christianity can and will be as powerful for us and God as we want to make it. The trick is to desire HIS power.

FURIOUS CHILDREN

You poor child what went wrong
Was it drink from evening until dawn
Or was it no love felt for so long
Time after time you tried and tried
You kept trying until you died
Was it your parents

Hard to confide
Did you have time to be a child at play
Were your hopeful dreams taken away
Was it love not felt every day
FURIOUS CHILDREN SCREAM FROM THEIR GRAVES
ABOUT THE PAIN IN THEIR LAST DAYS
What do you do when the pain
Chew this twice
Lose again
What makes peace and makes you sane
Do you ever think of heaven above
Is it true what they say about His world
Peace with God gentle as a dove
You're absessed with sadness
Burning with hate
You're so lost standing at hells gate
Some get help for some it is too late
Do you ever wonder what can ease the pain
Peace will come through the dove

NATURE TIP # 1

"The rhinoceros is the self appointed fire
marshall of the jungle." -The Gods Must be
Crazy-

THE END...

And the people explained how important
music was to them.
So the believers formed bands and made
music positive to their faith.
But the revered leaders of the believers
disagreed with this action.
Was this because it removed attention from
the leaders?
A war began and it destroyed; It destroyed
the could be faith of millions.
Who wants to join a group that is at war
with itself?
Who wants to join an organization that
cannot agree?
Who wants to join a supposed loving people
who will cut down each other?
Destroying with negative love.
And so it came to pass that these
hypocrites destroyed the Faith.

"A towel is about the most massively useful
thing an interstellar hitchhiker can have! "
HITCHHIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

SPORTS OF SORTS

Okay, so the men's basketball team
plays tomorrow night in the playoffs. We
are told that this is a wonderful thing,
but is it really? If any team makes the
NAIA playoffs, it is likely the team will
end its season with a loss... Only one
team will win its last game, while all the
others will be branded losers. Is this
Christian? Aren't we taught to lift our
brothers up? Why aren't we praying for our
enemies...turning the other cheek ...giving
our jerseys to the opposition? Why didn't
Christ pick the starting five apostles?

Perhaps it's my poor translation, but I see no New Testament reference to Our Lord giving thanks and then breaking the full court press. Nor did He yell at the referees, but instead He put mud in their eyes and restored their vision. Aren't we supposed to do likewise? Shouldn't we act accordingly? Shouldn't we turn the other cheek and strive for excellence not in winning, but in losing? Are you kidding? We'll be forgiven. Go Trojans!

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"Success lies in achieving the top of the food chain." -J.Harshaw-
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LUNCH

-Are you eating alone?
-Well, yes I am.
-You look lonely. I'll join you.
Why?
Does being alone imply loneliness?
Rather, no, I'm with my closest friends
Myself and God.
And we were just trying to know one another more fully.
I do have other friends, thank-you very much.
I'm jusk seeking time away.
Thank-you for asking, but
My greatest fear isn't being alone,
but rather disconnection from myself.



"So stop evaluating Christians by what the world thinks about them or by what they seem to be like on the outside. Once I mistakenly thought of Christ that way, merely as a human being like myself. How differently I feel now!"

2 Corinthians 5:16 The Living Bible
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RANDOM THOUGHTS

If you are the type of person that needs answers, please do not read on because this article contains only questions. During my time here on this planet I have made several observations that I have found no explanations: logical or otherwise.

One matter of this nature is why, and I repeat why, does Taylor administration leave one door out of every two locked. Morris Hall, the Union, and the D.C. always have a door locked. Does

this have a symbolic significance as do the huge spotlights that shine upon the bell tower? Some people have said that this mysterious act is done to save money on heating bills. How annoying students by forcing them to enter single file through one small door when the architect put a duo of entrances in his design saves money I do not know.

Why are all these herds of wild, barking pigs allowed to roam freely across campus? These beasts have by some unknown reason escaped the notice of Taylor, but my heightened journalistic senses detected something was amiss right away. The droppings scattered everywhere were the first things that tipped me off. Loud, rowdy barking noises outside my window at all hours of the night made me very suspicious. The final tipoff was the several issues of PLAYBOAR that were discovered underneath the Wengatz bridge. My question is, why, if they are going to allow these noisy animals on campus, don't they have to follow the rules in the Life Together Statement?

Those are my questions. If anyone out there believes they have a satisfactory answer to either of these pertinent issues, please contact this periodical. Until I once again come to you in confusion... have a chaotic week.

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"Violence never settles anything."-Genghis Khan-
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THE SOAP OPERA BOX

It was a dark and stormy night, but he really couldn't tell, since he was asleep.

The next morning, Clyde Johnson felt a strange sensation, as if this were the beginning of a brand new life. And for him, it was. Clyde, you see, had just recovered from a dreadful case of bone cancer. It was fortunate that his agent had been able to negotiate a new contract before the writers killed him off. And so now, he was set to resume his storyline.

Andrea Puffytush entered Clyde's hospital room. She was everything a man could want in a woman...that's right she was loaded -- in all the right places -- like the pocketbook. She greeted Clyde with a drippy-soap-opera-ish kiss, as if she were swallowing his head, and after four or five minutes of wholesome lust, she spoke.

"Looks like you're back to normal."

"Of course." he responded, "They couldn't show me looking like I really had chemotherapy. Next thing you know, I'd have no hair and my gums would be dripping blood red."

"Oh, you're right."What will happen?