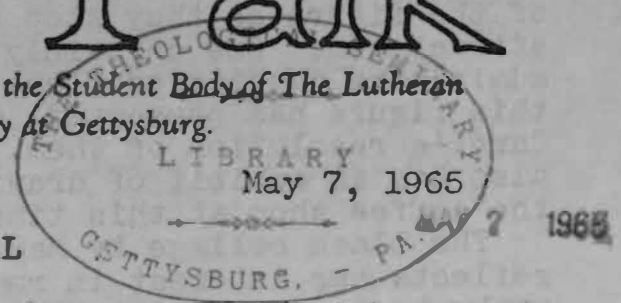


Table Talk



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News and Views of the Student Body of The Lutheran
Theological Seminary at Gettysburg.



FEATURE EDITORIAL

The fourth art exhibition of the year is currently hanging in the Library gallery, second floor. This is a particularly significant show since it is a group show of works done by various people related to the Seminary community. This is, perhaps, the most exciting aspect of the exhibit. The artistic ability in our midst is clearly evidenced. While having no pretensions about the merits of the exhibit, I feel that the varying uses of media as well as the variety of artistic approaches is interesting. I do not wish to make this in any manner a "review" of this exhibit, but rather to briefly make some comments concerning one work by each of the artists who are exhibiting.

Eileen Cooper, who recently had a one man show in the gallery, exhibits an expressive painting deriving from a stream, rock, trees setting. The painting uses a method of evident pigmentation and direct working which imparts an excitement and movement to the scene. The movement of the brush is visible, and the over-layer of brush strokes as well as the limitation of strokes brings a complication to the picture which is involving. The balance of the picture borders on the oriental scheme of occult balance with a light area in the upper left hand section and a heavy area in the lower right hand section. This certainly contributes to the integrity of the work. The eye follows the strokes hastily defining stream, rocks and trees as well as a bridge, and thus the strokes themselves create the illusion of depth. The play and saturation of the colors set the mood of the painting.

The child's head drawn with pencil by Dick Graf presents us with another media. The pencil strokes here are largely direct with a good use of the various surfaces of the pencil point. This picture presents a type of emergent feeling which is appropriate to the subject matter itself. The light dark contrasts are dramatic and effective. There is particular interest in the sweeping lines which move the eye through the upper three-fourths of the drawing. The forward thrust of the head contributes to the birth feeling. The expression of the child is well cast and somewhat between a questioning and an ambivalent expression which is strong in its portrayal of this subject matter. I was particularly excited with the contrast between the bold black areas and the more shadowed areas.

Carol Lange's thesis sculpture, "The Prophet," is being publicly displayed for the first time. The form is very meaningful and quite involving. The whole form is well integrated to portray the forward movement of the prophet. The expressionistic character of the figure brings to life the turmoil of the character or concept itself. The movement in the figure is well integrated. The play of light on the surfaces of the sculpture is vital. Carol has varied her surfaces to some extent to provide this interest. I was very much attracted by the recesses and protrusions in the form which appear as one circles the figure. These provide a great deal of interest to the figure and involve the viewer with the figure. They serve also to draw the viewer

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into the content and personality of the figure as they stop and attract him. One certainly must admire the casting problems which this figure has presented, and Carol's resolution of them. Carol also has an exhibit of drawings in the coffee shop at this time.

The black collage by May Martin reflects her interest in rocks and rock-strata derivatives which was seen in her recent one-man show here. This collage is particularly interesting. The artist is working with her materials to create an image somewhat apart from color.

The forms have a vitality and thrust as they push into one another, exert pressures. The thrusting upward and downward of diagonals is occasionally broken by triangular disruptions. There is actually a power here but one which is contained. In another sense, the artist has not been limited by the traditional stigma against the color "black." Here even black takes on a dynamism, and at times the color even appears to be varied by the form. The illusion of depth is created even within the single color. The artist has exerted great control over her media. From another point of view, the collage might be seen as a linear drawing which is created by light. The changing of the light intensity or its placement varies the quality of the lines and their relation to one another. The artist has not only shown an independence from color and asserted form, a type of classicism, but also has utilized color in a unique manner.

Betsey Myer's river, woods scene on the left wall by the door as one enters the gallery shows us another mode of working in oils. The color distribution and balance of this painting is very complete. The form of the painting is well balanced with triangular and horizontal band areas. Here again we see a balancing of darker, heavier areas with lighter areas. There is an interesting distribution and counter-pointing of predominantly warm and predominantly cool areas in this painting. The spontaneity of the stroke adds to the natural effect. This painting has value whether it is viewed at a distance or at extremely close range. The painting presents the viewer with a variance in this manner and thus can involve the viewer and partake of the complication and intensity of the natural form which it derives. Viewed at close range, there are some interesting transparencies which Betsey has effectively used and stimulated. The colors are really rather vital. The area which works into a purple on the left side of the painting, I find exciting. The painting as a whole conveys some of the potential and actual vitality of nature through its color, line and form.

Perhaps, just a comment from the artist's standpoint concerning my "Public Flag of Mourning," which is concerned with the Kennedy assassination. The collage employs public, popular materials: magazine photographs, a stamp, the official Kennedy portrait-photograph, and flag colors. From a distance, one sees the mournful image of Mrs. Kennedy somewhat veiled or webbed. President Kennedy's image is torn, incomplete and shadowed. The death-mourning images contrast with the colors which have national significance. However, the color bands

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always lead the eye to the images. At an extremely close viewing, the pictorial images dominate. Mrs. Kennedy's image becomes so blurred and broken and scratched that it is hardly discernable. One becomes more involved in the intricacies of the web, an ominous symbol. Mr. Kennedy's image now dominates, but it no longer appears real but more like a drawing, a false image, a lost person. The linear quality in the web and the torn portrait relate to one another. The torn edges and the blackness now dominate the brighter colors. However, at this close range, the image of the "eternal" flame emerges. Thus the collage speaks of the ambiguity of the event.

Fred Reisz

"All is for the best in the best of possible worlds." (F.M.V.).

.....

"Why, then, let them eat cake." (M.A.).

To the Memory of Francois and Marie: :

"How to Go Three Rounds plus internship with the Disaffected, and Lose. Or: The proper de-emphasis in theological education. Being sort of a closet drama consisting mainly of epilogue."

The SCENE being made quite a while ago. Doubtful whether any claim to hipness may still legitimately be maintained. Best results are obtained by imagining a vacuum gradually diminishing in size.

The CHARACTERS being increasingly so.

The CENTRAL VOICE being that which the chorus endeavors to become throughout in successive strophes, but never quite makes it.

ENTER CHORUS: Clad in suspicious looking gowns and mortar-boards, unmasked and unabashedly new-breedish. Speak in plaintive, patient sigh: "Hear! Hear! A plea for..."

(Interrupting):

ENTER JOE SMITH AND JAKE SMITH (not related). Ostensibly upright and discerning. Clearly the type to whose aspirations any man would be "proud" to hitch his wagon. Both picking teeth, scratching heads in deep concentration, etc., etc. Pause at walkway leading to parish house: They converse::

Joe: What did you say they was goin' to do?

Jake: Said they wuz gonna try an' make all the new ones into CUT-THROATS!! Jes' lik' in a graduatin' school!

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Joe: You mean they're goin' to warp their pussaralities? An' all kind o' stuff like that?

Jake: Same thing! They gonna cram all lots l' intellectual-type stuff down 'em an' push 'em in a SYSTEM, so I hear tell!

Joe: GLORY BE! That sure sounds lik' its' gonna obscure the real important stuff, all right!

Jake: You said it! You know...

Joe: Ssshhhh! (whispers). Here he comes!

ENTER KINDLY, RESPECTED REV. Ol (Oly) D. School, brushing up on B. D. thesis he had written some years back: "Problems with Leaky Water-Fixtures in the Sunday School". He speaks:

GOD IS LOVE!!!

Joe: (quietly to Jake): Lord, ain't he inspirin'!--Kindly, respected gent! Jes' packed full o' natural horse-sense!

Jake: Ain't it the truth! Lord! He jes' stuffed to the gills with wisdom and capability an' all!

Chorus: Hear! Hear!

KINDLY, RESPECTED GENT speaks: Mornin', Joe and Jake!

J and J: Mornin', kindly and respected sir! Nice mornin', ain't it?

K.R.G.: Yup! (Walks down the street a bit).

Joe: What was you sayin', Jake, about...?

K.R.G.: (turnign like a natural, but wise shepherd to the two as he waves goodbye with a kindly old flourish):

JESUS SAVES!

Joe: Ain't it the truth!

Jake: I jes' got the most RESPECT for that man!

Chorus: Hear! Hear!

K.R.G.: (further along the street. Waves again):

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY??!!

Joe: Jes' LISTEN! He's a man after my own heart!

K.R.G.: (With glint in eye, with eagle-eye, with heart of gold, with nose to grind-stone, etc., etc.):

JESUS SAVES!!

Joe: What he say?

K.R.G.: (further away):

A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED!!

Jake: Hell, I don't know. But it don't matter none. It's boun' to be full o' understandin', somehow.

Chorus: Hear! Hear!

K.R.G.: (further on and fading):

HALLELUJAH!! GET ON WITH IT! DON'T FIRE 'TILL YOU SEE...IF THE SHOE FITS... DON'T PUT ALL YOUR EGGS...ETC.

Joe: Bless his soul! Don't it beat all get-out the way he keeps in there, pluggin'?

Jake: It shore do! He's jes' short o' amazin' !!

Joe: Don't I know it! (Belches, snorts, yawns, etc., etc.).

Jake: Yes sirree! Clean; upright. Don't mess aroun' with no egg-heads, 'cause he got 'nuff sense for that! I could tell the first time I laid eyes on him he was educated for to PREACH, lik' natural-born preachin' person!

Chorus: Hear! Hear!

K.R.G.: (Waving, wringing in spasms):

NOTARY SOJAC!! WAR IS HELL!! HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS!!!
TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE!! THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO
POINTS IS A STRAIGHT LINE!! UP PERICOPE!! DOWN PERICOPE!! MAN
THE LIFEBOATS!! EXCELSIOR!!

Joe: Gadzooks! Ain't that the pure Gospel!! Man, they don't goin' be makin' 'em lik' they used to do! What with all this crammin' stuff into 'em, I jes' know they're gonna bust and lose all the essential stuff!!

Jake: Bust they will! I tell you, if I'm agin' anythin', it's somethin' lik' that! I'm agin' it! How they goin' keep their hand to the plow and their eye on the goal if they is achieving all this new academic stuff?? Pretty soon they ain't goin' have no community!! No atmosphere!! No balance!! There goin' be a mixed-up tenor!! I tell you, it ain't lik' it used to was!!

K.R.G.: (Now almost out of sight, breaks into singing "Hard Times A'Comin'" to the tune of "Zombie Jamboree." Puts a littel zip into his step--dropping chewing-gum, golf-balls, four-of-spades, etc., etc., along the street).

Chorus: (Beginning to fade out): Hear! Hear!

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Joe: What? What?

Chorus: (fading further): Enlighten your servant! Hear!

Jake: (Scratching head again): Huh?

Joe: (Scratching nose again): What? Huh?

Jake: Huh?

Joe: Huh? What? What?

E. D. Scheer

PSALM FIFTY-ONE
(A literal translation)

1. To the director of song for David
2. When Nathan the prophet with entering unto him after he had come unto Bathshaba
3. O God favor me according to your steadfastness according to your love wipe out my guilt
4. _____ cleanse me from my offense and cleanse me from my sin
5. For my guilt I indeed observe and I missed the mark my will (you continually burn)
6. To you, to you only I have sinned and the evil I do is with (in) your eyes
Therefore you have just cause in your speaking you are clean in your deciding
7. Behold, in guilt I was brought forth in labor pains and in sin my mother conceived me
8. Behold, firmness you take pleasure in _____ so, in secret make me to know skills
9. Purify me with hyssop and I will be clean,
Wash (me) out and like snow I will grow white
10. Make me to hear rejoicing and gladness,
you triumph over, you crushed the seat of emotions,
11. Hide your face from my sin and all transgressions blot out.
12. A pure heart create for me O God and give a new spirit within me
13. Throw me not from your presence and your holy spirit take not from me
14. Bring back to me the joy at your salvation
and provide me a willing spirit
15. I will teach transgressors your ways and sinners unto you will return
16. Deliver me from blood. God my God my deliverance
My tongue tells with joy of your righteousness
- 17.. Lord open my lips and my mouth will make known your praise
18. For you do not delight in sacrifice
and I give a whole burnt offering (that) does not please you.
19. God's sacrifice of communion is a broken spirit,
a broken heart and crushed, God does not despise.
20. Deal well in your favor to Zion, build walls at Jerusalem.
21. Then you will delight in the right sacrifice of communion
an offering wholly burnt and a whole offering
then we will bring upon the altar your bulls. (cont. on p. 7)

PSALM FIFTY-ONE
 (A possible slang translation)

Dear God,

Since you are the real solid type, erase, like all the way, my goofs.

Grab hold of a hardy detergent and take my soul to the laundromat

I dig the fact that I goofed, and I wish you'd quit bugging me.

You are the tiger¹ whose tail I have pulled, therefore your growl is not without cause.

In skid row I made the scene, and in the world's worst pad my mother launched me.

You dig a steady hand, so provide me with technology.

Shoot me with penicillin and I will be sterile, soak me in clorox and I'll be like a white shirt collar.

Let me catch some swingin' sounds, because you are the ace, you outplayed my infatuations.

Close your eyes to me goofs, and erase all my blunders.

I need a new pumper, and assign me to fly in a new altitude.

Don't toss me off your team, at least let me sit on the bench.

Let me back in the game with a good play.

I'll see your word gets into the grapevine, those dogs will dig your howls.

When you hit the scene with the ambulance, you'll get headlines.

Put the script in front of me and I'll make like frozen orange juice, I'll concentrate for your publicity.

Word has it you don't dig an orgy or fetish, so I'll not provide yoga.

I have been informed you appreciate a not so pithy core, like real squares are your raw material.

How about a break for the Church of the Abiding Presence, raise the hill higher at G-burg.

Then you'll buy the whole bit because none of it will be bull....

¹1964-1965 - the year of the tiger.