

# Table Talk

News and Views of the Student Body at the Lutheran Seminary at  
Vol. 6 No. 3                      Gettysburg, Pa.                      November 24, 1969

Attention

Tune Six, C.M.

The next issue of Table Talk that will come out after Christmas vacation will deal with what Seniors, after internship, and several classes of recent graduates in the parish feel are courses that they had were helpful and what courses could have been helpful. If you have any ideas what questions should be asked on this poll or want to help, let me know. I would like to thank Peter M. Comings for this suggestion. I'd also like to thank Ted McGill for his short story and Gary Gorman for his article. I am open to all your ideas.  
Ken Hilston Ed.

Thoughts from the  
Stevens Library at PDS

Here a committee contemplates a seminary cluster in an urban setting so that the Church will be, in the words of a Gettysburg faculty member, "where the action is." Back in Gettysburg, meanwhile, seminarians dance gaily about a chapel decorated in the most avant garde ecclesiastical fashion and rarely, if ever, appear at local civic (political, educational, social) functions. In the past three years there have been countless such meetings yet the number of seminarians present could be counted on one (cont'd on page 2)

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Skinny Billy is back!!! Isn't that awful?!? Those of you who remember him, remember him in a spontaneous issue of "Spontaneity" in the spring of 1968 (just before the war with the Head-Breakers). Those who don't, lose big. Or, you can read up on him, buried there with protean copies of Table Talk, right between the Lutheran Standard and the Lutheran Witness in your favorite Liberry. Due to protest (excuse local colour) pro and con, and other problems, he has consented to be interviewed. Yes! after retiring, giving up writing, and the series of five stories, the last of which promised "never again" to be "so damned mystical", and to be the end of the Saga (excuse local colour) of Skinny Billy, he is back, in a somewhat altered physical form, but actually the same cute little bugger we knew so well. Never say never. Anyway, Skinny Billy retired to his jungle, replete with one Maine cat-tail, many forms of ships - pictures and otherwise, much Russian Orthodox stuff, and a partridge in a pear Ooops! apple tree. Whereupon a visit from the Pressed Corpse (a subsidiary (cont'd on page 2))

Thoughts

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foot of a two-toed sloth. I know, we are all-faculty and students alike-awaiting the eschaton and the migration to Valhalla, "where the action is."

Some days ago the Church celebrated the Feast of All Saints, and a seminary bannerman, while purchasing material for the show, was heard to call the local populace "a bunch of nitwits." To this epithet one such nitwit responded with appropriate indignity and candor, leaving said seminarian to wonder why Gettysburgians are so hostile. Thus while liturgical renewal surrounds (engulfs?) us, it has not been accompanied by a spiritual renewal. Of course, "the spirit" is language of a bygone pietism which we heartily ridicule as obsolete. Are we waiting until we are "where the action is" so that the spirit can be resurrected in a new guise?

Community involvement and spiritual grace-strange that these two qualities are so absent from our midst. Usually we attribute the withering of such concern to walls that have obscured the light, but here there are no walls. From my apartment on a clear day I can see not forever, but at least all the way to the seminary without any visual obstructions. But walls there are, my friends, walls as formidable as those glass-topped bulwarks protecting General Seminary from the ravages of New York life. Our walls are those of the mind, those high, bleak barriers that keep our thoughts from touching the fences that keep us from

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Tune Six, C.M.

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of Grip & Gripe Conglomerate) was allowed. Not only that, when the room was walked into, there was Skinny Billy, sitting in his favorite blue chair, smoking his favorite cigar ("Some days a cigar is just a cigar." - Freud), finishing his latest comments on "Abstracts from the Obscene" by Zero Agnostic-opulatz, and there were lying about copies of his "39 Experiences with the y<sup>c</sup> Absurde, 4/11/69"?), "War Games and Peace Offensives", "Litters to the Idiots", "Daze at a Small Mid-Christian School", "A Kentucky Mountain Funeral, Beyerling a Thyng Whatt Ought Bee Donne", and "Pop's Assay on Hogs" (ugh!). After Skinny Billy got done showing all these tracts, treatises, papers, and semi-books to the reporter, the reporter left. I mean, my stars (that's a Victorian Joke)! What if anyone took him seriously? Or, for that matter, what if anyone on Skinny Billy's block took anything seriously, for chrissake (and I say it reverently)? At the risk of being obscene, one might assume that many anxieties would be raised. This includes those of the Lords of the Isles. So, see why the reporter left? That's in lower case letters, too. He left, post haste, even. But that's all right, too. Actually, Skinny Billy prefers to remain anomalous (definition 2b) anyway, and is secretly a real smasher in a kilt.

Ted N. McGill

Thoughts

(cont'd from page 2)  
realizing that here can be  
"where the action is," that  
here there are people (not  
just nitwits). But, as Frost  
once remarked sardonically,  
"Good fences make good neig-  
hbors." Another poet, however,  
admonishes us to "rage, rage  
against the dying of the light."  
Our light (with some excep-  
tions) has already gone out;  
can we rekindle it, or will  
we ignore the ashes and  
instead wave banners and play  
bit parts in a liturgical  
farce?

G.E. Gorman

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Dont forget Bowling  
Day: Every Tuesda y  
Time: 9:00pm.  
Place: Either meet at Baughman  
Hall or at Edgeware Lanes.

Free Shoes, and Bowling lessons,  
so come out and bowl. (It's  
an excellent way to "let off  
the steam of papers and finals")

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