

Table Talk

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



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Impressions... Our USA Trip

By Dieter Andresen, Kirsten
Voss, and Ernst Widmann

We regret that in the November issue of Table Talk, several lines of the German students' "Impressions" were somehow lost. Therefore we are repeating the first section along with Part Two in this issue.

Arriving at Lutheran Theological Seminary in Gettysburg, we really were longing for rest. After a two-day stay in New York and a weekend in Baltimore, the seminary and the town of Gettysburg had a peaceful effect upon us, in spite of being surrounded by battlefields.

Tomorrow we have to leave, and looking back, we must say we have had a very pleasant time on your campus. You were all so kind and hospitable to us. You always tried to be helpful when we asked you for something: to use a telephone for a call to Germany or to borrow a bike for a little ride. Of course, the word 'no' does exist in the English language, but apparently members of your seminary don't like to use it.

We felt well with you and we are thankful for everything. We are glad to have the opportunity to make you share our impressions we had at your seminary. There are some critical aspects too, that we won't keep back.

First, we appreciate the remarkable number of second-career

students at your seminary. We aren't accustomed to this, and we think it must be an enrichment for your work at this place.

Looking around for the share of female students, there seems to be not much difference to the conditions in Germany. (But my question from woman to woman; how can you stand the completely male character of learning, worshipping and life-style at the seminary?) We also wonder where they will stay after leaving seminary. We almost didn't meet any female pastors in the congregations we saw.

For us it was disappointing that only so few students took part in our three presentations. We were told they couldn't, because they had to prepare classes. It is very strange for us to see people studying theology under such a pressure of schedule and permanent tests and examinations.

The coffee shop seemed to be a nice place to meet people in the evening, but when we went there, we mostly didn't meet anybody. That's the reason we often went to the pub, where we sometimes met seminarians, too. We think there should be a meeting point at the seminary in free time.

(continued on page 2)

Social Impressions

Big and high buildings with glassy facades, broad avenues, numberless cars, one Chevrolet after the other, banks and business centers, well-dressed people walking down 5th Avenue and Broadway: these were our first impressions when we arrived at New York. Fascinating, indeed! The next day we walked down to 14th Street to see the famous "China town."

When we left Broadway and passed the smaller streets, we saw "the other side of the story": a lot of people lying in the streets, covered with newspapers. Poor people, most of them black, alcoholics, begging for only some coins. Was this America, too? Obviously, it was. We couldn't believe it at first, that this large and rich country produces not only prosperity, but brings out poverty, too.

These social contrasts we got to know in New York we met again on our weekend trips to Baltimore and Washington, D.C. Pretty houses with beautiful gardens around, and only one block behind, poor people, black and white, living in slum buildings or in the streets in desperate situations.

Seeing all that, our first question was: What does the US Government do about this? Doesn't it realize this disaster at all? Where is the social network keeping the poor from being lost?

In the Inner Harbor of Baltimore, we saw an event called "Paddle for the people" organized by TV Channel 2. The goal of it was to get money for the poor people, to make them able to pay for fuel and electricity in the coming winter. We saw that even social welfare is here a matter of business. Private initiative must replace sufficient social programs. Is this the "American Way" of solving the problems of society?

COMMON CUP TO BECOME UNCOMMON?

In an article headlined "AIDS Fears Force Change in Church Communion," Washington Post reporter Marjorie Heyer wrote in the October 29, 1985, issue of the Post: "In St. Paul, Mn, the nation's largest graduate-level Lutheran seminary has abandoned use of the common cup in favor of a chalice with a pouring lip that the pastor uses to dispense the wine into small individual cups or glasses brought by worshipers to the communion rail."

The article continues: "'We would never think of providing only one glass of water for everyone to use when we invite guests over for dinner,' wrote Dr. George Michaelson, a retired University of Minnesota public health officer in urging the ALC, of which he is a member, to abandon the 'filthy' and 'unhygienic' common cup."

His views, expressed in a denominational magazine, were a major influence in the decision of the Luther-Northwestern Seminary to abandon use of the cup."

What makes Dr. Michaelson think that those little individual glasses are any more hygienic? Has he ever watched the Altar Guild people washing up after the service? We've never heard of anyone getting sick from a communion cup, but we have heard of cut lips from a chipped individual glass.

Medical opinion is that AIDS is not spread through contact of this sort, and we fear that Luther-Northwestern may only be adding to the irrational hysteria surrounding the disease.

For ourselves, we refuse to panic, and prefer to maintain the integrity of the sacramental symbol as instituted: one bread, one cup.

TOWARD INCLUSIVE LANGUAGE

It occurred to me that, just as was true in my own experience, the struggle against exclusive language may be puzzling to some: puzzling because it is not at all the root issue. It is a symbol, a sacrament of the main issue, and a good one. But without understanding the root concern, the push against millenia of habits probably seems queer.

I hope to fill that gap. I am far from an expert on women's concerns, so I ask others in the community better informed than I to make up what I miss, as I go deeper into the problem.

An obvious problem in our culture, and therefore for Christians, is that women have a tougher time in the world of work. As Kris Franke put it so plainly: "When we (women) are interviewed, the congregation must ask itself: 'Do we want a woman pastor?' This is a concern which male candidates do not face." Also, the issue of 'comparable worth,' whatever the merits of proposed solutions, raises a keen point: secretaries, nurses, and teachers are paid less than their skills and value suggest, simply because traditionally these are women's jobs. The work world simply is unfair to women.

Here let me say something I think is critical. The above is still superficial; not unimportant --by no means---only still far from the root of the problem.

Move deeper. It is almost exclusively women who are victims of rape, incest, and domination by pimps. Why? Because women are reared to submit to men. Their bodies are not even their own, but belong to a man. (The woman's 'hand' is passed from father to husband.) "Behind every great man is a great woman" is meant as high praise. In other words, a woman's best is her husband's glory; the highest mark for a woman is complete self-sublimation.

Deeper yet. Why submit? Because women are inherently less significant than men. The significant one in the household is the one who "wears the pants;" if it is a woman, she is only a surrogate man. It is the man to whom the waiter hands the check; the woman is economically insignificant. Speakers sometimes look only at the men among their hearers.

Still deeper. In fact, women simply are not significant. Check the Bible: how few stories of women's experience, and those few at some point filtered through a male lens. It is a terrible loss to the Church that half her experience is ignored and lost! And the textbooks we study here, far from seeing that loss as sad or even odd, legitimate it by themselves ignoring it.

Finally, we hit bottom: women are not significant because they are not really human. Aristotle, back in the bad old days, considered women to be defective men: there are humans and then there are women. In fact, whereas a man can stand alone, a woman is incomplete without a man. Men are normative; women are alterations.

Perhaps it is now clearer why exclusive language is so heinous: To say 'men' when one intends 'humanity' is to agree with Aristotle. It is not a linguistic convenience, it is proclamation of patriarchy's gospel: to be male is to be highest, best. It is to gainsay God's gospel that Christ is enough.

In Christ all are one: none better, none worse. No more ranking, no more hierarchy, no more professor over student, bishop over pastor, pastor over lay, but one with the Trinity in unity. Especially we who aspire to be Lutheran must fight anything which shrinks the Gospel, anything which says that wealth, health, whiteness, college degrees, maleness or anything else in all creation is more important than Christ.

Todd Murken

Letters

To the Editor:

On November 11, a program entitled "An Early Frost" was aired on NBC. It dealt with the trauma of a family who discovered that their son was gay and had contracted AIDS. The show was factual and sensitive, and brought some concreteness to an issue that seems very distant to many of us.

There have been articles in nearly every major magazine and newspaper, and a significant amount of funding is going into research to combat this terrible disease. Yet, aside from a small article in The Lutheran, the Church in general has tended to sweep the issue under the rug.

What about AIDS? The issue cannot be ignored any longer, and we, as future pastors and lay professionals, need to give it some attention.

Last year, "The Burning Bed" was shown on television, and much attention was given to the program by the seminary community. In fact, the Library taped the program for future use. This was not the case for "An Early Frost", and I am as much to blame as anyone else. There was no notice in The Redactor or on the bulletin boards, and the program was not taped. This was a loss to the whole community.

I applaud the much needed attention that we have finally given to women's issues and racism on this campus, but isn't it also time for us to dialog and struggle with the issues surrounding AIDS and homosexuality as well? What about gay and lesbian civil rights? What is the Church's role in ministering to homosexuals?

I must confess that there are no easy answers to any of these hard questions, but I do think that it is time to start talking. If we as the Church are going to be a relevant voice and witness to our contemporary society, these issues need to be addressed. What do you think?

Dave Eck

To the Editor:

I have been asked for information concerning free concerts in Washington. I pass on the information that tickets to the Library of Congress chamber concerts now are free, and may be reserved by telephone (287-5502).

Under the new system, reservations for most concerts can be made by calling on the previous Saturday between 11 am and 1 pm. There will be a limit of two tickets per call, and they can be picked up at the door of the Coolidge Auditorium one hour before concert time.

Roy Enquist

ShopTalk

Here are some more of Karen Kepner's theological 'daffynitions.' Where are the rest of you seminary wits with your contributions? Shake out the detritus left in your brains from papers and exams for some vestigial humor. Think up some definitions and send them in.

Bullsgeschichte--common professorial criticism.

Codex Bezae--Kodak's new line of betamax video tapes and equipment.

Compline--a computer software package capable of generating random sermons for seminary preaching classes. (Neo-Latin: complain; verbal protest of professor--see Bullsgeschichte.)

Dogma--female dog with litter of young.

These are more of Karen Kepner's theological 'daffynitions'. Where are the rest of you campus wits with your contributions? Put on your screwball cap and think up some definitions of your own. Send them to Table Talk.

Marketing Revelation Could Save Religions

By JACK CASHILL

Although the Roman Catholic Church has continued to maintain a 24% share of the U.S. market, it has witnessed a decline in annual, per-capita, "real dollar" donations. And the problem, one must confess, lies in the church's painfully random and unscientific product innovation.

This is all the more unfortunate since for nearly 2,000 years the Catholic Church was "It"; the church, the "real thing." It had survived—nearly unchanged—persecutions, heresies, and even the Protestant Reformation (though this last cost a good chunk of its market share). And over the years, too, the church had developed an enviable level of brand identification. Then along comes Vatican II and the ecumenical movement and all the rules are changed without even test marketing the new ones.

To survive the church will need a promotional blitz, the intensity of which has not been seen since the Pepsi Challenge. At the heart of this crusade there must be a rational strategy of market segmentation. And, in this regard I have recommended a clear positioning of the church and a cannibalization of the brand name.

The church's first task is to demarcate its contemporary thrust, the one that generally features hip priests, guitar playing, hand-shaking, hugging, and other manifestations of universal niceness. The likely public is those upscale consumers who drive Saabs, stay up late to watch M*A*S*H

reruns, and who actually voted for John Anderson. Nothing heavy here.

As a brand name for this segment I originally decided on Diet Rites. Alas, during rigorous marketing surveys, "Diet Rites" has tested too obscure and arcane. The name that truly caught consumer fancy was RC Light, a bit trendy perhaps, but nevertheless a catchy and telling way of summing up contemporary Roman Catholicism. Phil Donahue has already agreed to endorse this product.

More difficult is the positioning of the conservative tradition of Roman Catholicism that thrived up until 1960 and that survives, though a bit underground, even today. I would have preferred promoting it as Roman Catholicism, but I feared that this would delegitimize RC Light. And for reasons obvious even to a novice marketer, I could not call it RC Dark or RC Heavy. So I prayed for inspiration, and descending upon me, as though a tongue of fire, came the name RC Classic. The perfect choice for reviving a formula that has been imprudently discarded.

Ever aggressive in my marketing plans, I have decided to probe further into potential territory by establishing a three-sect strategy. My idea here is to pioneer the radical segment and to shape a sect around the needs of those young people more interested now in liberation theology than in Papal Bulls but whose potential earning power cannot be ignored. My choice of brand name: RC Free.

The attractive diversity of these new product lines should transform Catholicism from a warehouse of equity to a viable, ongoing contender.

I have little doubt as well that Catholicism's "new aggressiveness" will affect middle-of-the-road Protestantism. Many of the Protestant churches (PCs) have maintained a standback style since the Reformation and have been watching their market shares shrink for about 400 years. After the big RC push, we can expect to see some of the more marginal, undifferentiated PCs go belly up.

To right the situation, the individual churches will have to understand that there is just so much theological shelf space, that product differentiation is not viable for go-as-you-please Protestantism. Currently, none of the mainstream Protestant churches—your Lutherans, your Episcopalians, your Southern Baptists, your Methodists—can really claim more than a 10% market share. Yet their prospects are better than their shares might indicate. After all, these are some well-known and respected brands with good national distribution networks already in place.

My strategy is to consolidate the various brand names, even the strong flagship brands like Southern Baptist, into one identifiable, Exxon-like entry. The target audience here is Mom, Dad, Butch and Sis—solid suburban Americans who want a little God in their life and a place to go before brunch. And after test-marketing various possibilities, I have decided upon the name Middle American Christian Church, or MacChurch for ad purposes. I will not be certain of MacChurch's theology until the focus groups are run, but I plan on following the promotional path blazed so successfully by Holiday Inn. In other words, this will be your basic "no-surprises" church. When Dad brings the family here, he can be sure that they will not be asked to speak in tongues, handle snakes, or give money to the Sandinistas.

As for American Judaism, my plans are more modest. After all, with its Orthodox, Conservative and Reformed lines, it is Judaism that has pioneered the science of rational segmentation. Still and all, perhaps this faith, concerned as it is about an insufficient birth rate among its members, could use one more branch. But of course, for the baby boomers.

Mr. Cashill is an advertising executive in Kansas City, Mo.

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Poetry

THE FISHERMAN

He pulled his Valiant-wagon to a
 gravel-sputtering stop,
 cranked down the road-grime-streaked
 window,
 blew a blue cloud of Swisher Sweet
 smoke skyward,
 chewed the butt to the corner of his
 ragtoothed mouth,
 and smiled.

"Is this the road to the old Koenig
 place?" he asked.

"I hear there's mighty good trout-
 fishing thereabouts!"

Then I saw the tackle-box riding
 shotgun,
 the flyrod tip jiggling to a slow
 stop.

Don't know for sure. I'm going
 door-to-door for a company--
 census work.

"Well, hop in! I'll give you a
 lift.

Since my wife died, I been rest-
 less.

Can't just sit around the house."
 The cigar leapt across his mouth and
 he puffed twice.

"So I go fishin' when I can.
 Does me good, bein' outside."

He stopped at the intersection.
 I thanked the fisherman for the lift
 and wished him a good catch
 at the old Koenig place.
 The old Valiant pulled out, exhaust
 riding cloudlike,
 the sun's rays smiling through.

David M. Frye



TRANSPARENT EGGSHELLS

It's certainly strange to be aware
 at your own conception,
 and as you grow,
 to be aware of these
 transparent eggshells
 that surround you.

And not only of that--
 but also of what's outside
 around you
 your probable future
 why you came
 what you'll get into.

Yet, it's in "the future,"
 so close/so far
 With my new wings
 yet untouchable
 With my new feet
 yet unreachable
 With my new voice
 yet unspeakable.

Oh, I know--
 I know there's still more to
 develop
 more until all these
 eggshells break away;
 Yet my patience grows thinner
 than these tough,
 transparent walls.

David Hewitt

TABLE TALK

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Contributions are welcome; decision
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There will be no issue in January.
 Deadline for the February issue will be
 January 29.

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A CHRISTMAS STORY

(inspired by Luke 2:1-20)

Night was cold--
The shepherds all agreed.
Yet with frozen breath they laughed
it off.
"It is my mother-in-law," said one.
"She hates me-- thinks I'm lazy,
Can't understand why I sleep at
home.
I come in in the morning to her cry
of 'Take me to the market!
We need grain!'
And when I refuse -- ah, the house
shakes with cursing,
Her cries to God for vengeance!
'Deliver me, O Lord!
Justify me! Save me from this
wicked son-in-law!'
Such a mouth,
And such curses!
Indeed, perhaps God has grown tired
of hearing her
And sent death for me this night--
And with death this chill.
You need not worry -- only I shall
be taken,
For the grass at your stoops is
greener,
She thinks you all angels--
'Be like Joshua!' she saus.
'Or like Amos and the others-- they
are your friends!'
And yet though I'm more like you
every day
(For I would never deny her any
good thing)
There is still a difference--
A bright smile no longer hides
My black heart.
And though day by day I fill her
command--
Be more like you--
And refuse her commands,
She rants and she raves
Till she makes my head sore!
And prays for my death
As I head out the door.
I tell you--

Women like her are why
We like the smell of sheep!"

"Nay," came a voice through the
laughter of shepherds,
"Not on this night
Will you greet sweet death's
warmth,
For I think death warm
And we undeserving,
Have you ever seen frost
In the beard of a corpse?
We've not earned the right
To be snug in tight wrappings
And hid from the wind
In the warmth of the tomb.
Nay, many nights
Will pass such as this one
Before we may sleep
In such a nice room.
"Nor has your wife's mother
The kindness to grant you
Freedom from nagging
Or keeping her fed.
No, she has not brought
This cold curse upon us,
I tell you it is our
Employer instead.

"For he's an old fat boy
--now getting near eighty,
And his weight can only
Be matched by his greed.
And though our poor families
must live by bowl-scraping,
He fills his cups full
And by our work he eats,
And yet he still hates us!
For you know what I'm told--
In a very bad place he has two
painful sores,
And he envies our youth
And our love for our wives
For he-- though now old--
Never knew love's delight.
And so even now
He has gone to the priests,
With three sacks of gold
To buy us this breeze,
And four sacks of gold
To buy us this cold
So he will be happy,
And his plight we'll know.

And the warm shepherd's
laughter
Pierced through the night.
The sheep were all quiet,
And the moon gave them light.

Then, as the shepherds were prepar-
ing to sleep,
A thought came to one, and with
that thought grief.
"My friends!" he cried, "I am the
cause of this night!"
This cold is judgment on my soul.
For God looked down on my house
This past week--
Healing my daughter from sickness,
And still I have not offered a
lamb."

Another said, "Friend! I have done
God the same!
For my son was sick
And I have not repaid.
Thus God brings to us this coldest
of nights!
We must pray! Beg forgiveness!"

And the shepherds all knelt--shiv-
ering.
Cold wind beating at their bodies,
Guilt and pain
Beating at their souls.
Even the sheep seemed
To be stirring now,
Some lifting mournful calls
Sounding like the shepherds felt.
For the shepherds had
always been at home in the
fields.
God had protected them.
But now God was not there--
They were sure,
For they had offended him,
And never had they missed God,
Or needed him, more.

Then suddenly the heavens broke
forth in light!
And the shepherds all fell--
afraid.
"Fear not," said the voice,
"Glad tidings have I,
For the Savior is born today!
Go to Bethlehem,
See this great sight,
With you God is pleased and ordains
it.
For people like you
He has given the Christ.
Go forth and rejoice and proclaim
it."

Yes, go, you dear shepherds,
Go forth to the child.
He comes to save and not judge you.
He comes for us all,
We will not be denied,
Sing praise to the Father above you.

And go forth you shepherds,
Go forth to the world.
Rejoice, for our story's the same.
God has come to us,
And has given us love,
Let every knee bow at his name.

For lying in a manger
Is the creator of old,
A babe--the promise of David.
Asleep in the manger
Where straw tickles his nose,
Lies he who has come as our Savior.

Glory to God in the highest,
And peace among all
With whom he is pleased.
Glory to God in the highest!
On a child our salvation is seen.
--Michael Martine

*A Blessed
Christmas*

and a Joyous

New Year

to all

from Table Talk

It's hard to believe that anyone would play football on a day like that, but we did. Football "in the mud and the blood and the beer," like it oughta be. Although we lost to Philly by the slim score of 26-23, we have nothing to be ashamed of. No one was hurt, everyone played a good game, and the reffing, though a little laid back, kept the game moving. On a dry day, with a good field, it might have been a real brawl--so maybe the mud was good for it.

It looked like it was gonna be a long day when they got ahead of us 20-6 by half-time. Nothing had happened for us in the first half after Jay Serafin snagged an interception on Philly's first series, and Steve Verkouw got our first TD on a flag pattern.

The second half rally got sparked by a safety by Ernie Worman. Then it was Hein to Verkouw lightning again! The most inspiring play of the day had to be Arlyn Eisenbrandt, who came off the bench to score a TD and a 2-point conversion with his fleet feet. We were ahead 23-20, then Philly scored again.

With four minutes left, "No sweat," said Joe Hein, "Plenty of time to score and close 'em down." We got the ball down to within 15 yards of the goal and made two unsuccessful attempts at it. Joe sent Tim Smith on an in-and-out pattern that had nearly worked earlier. But it was not to be, as the defender tipped and pulled in the interception, stopping any chance at scoring with ten seconds left. Victory was snatched from our grasp.

But Philly has offered us a chance to redeem ourselves on the softball field this spring. This writer's gonna go out on a long limb and predict a total humiliation or eternal perdition for the phighting Philly phreaks! ko' amar alexis (thus says me!)

Lans Alexis

Since last time I did some raucous record reviews, I've latched onto another string of fine musical entertainment from people who deserve to be top of the charts,

First up on the turntable is Talking Heads' "Little Creatures." Byrne and company have taken another turn and shown everybody else their dust. The songs are accessible: pop tunes with rhythm and intelligence. Only one song, "Name," doesn't grab me. The singles "And She Was" and "Road to Nowhere" are quirky and danceable in extremis. "The Lady Don't Mind" positively infected me with the melody and the lyrics. But the best track for me is "Stay Up Late," one of two songs about babies. It lifts you up and shakes you out with a Motown beat and precious lyrics: "Cute. Cute. Little baby. Little pee pee. Little toes./ Now he's. Coming to me./ Crawl across. The kitchen floor... I wanna make him stay up all night." Woo! All this and country-'n'western, too. It can't miss.

Since I wasn't into the acid scene when it was around, I appreciate compilation LPs like "The Door Classics." It brings them back fresh and digitally re-mastered. Two songs don't deserve the honor of this album, but otherwise its name holds up. Jim Morrison's dark vision still speaks after his death/disappearance those many years ago. "Peace Frog," "The WASP" and "Five to One" drive intently to shadow realms where Jim still lives. But there is hope, all you gospel people. "Love Her Madly," "Waiting for the Sun" and especially "The Crystal Ship" are glorious anthems of love and openness that those swinging 60s were all about. Vision lives, dark or light, to tell us where we're at and why it's OK to be there. Thanks, Jim!

R.E.M. is a stripped down rock'n'roll band that still likes to do garage band songs in concert.

(continued on last page)

Ms. Proper

Dear Ms. Proper:

In rubric 12 of the Service of Corporate Confession and Forgiveness, we pray:

"Oh God, from whom come all holy desires..."

Is this the 'proper' form of the verb? Or should we use "comes" to emphasize the singularity and unity of God?

Signed,
Anti-modalists Anonymous

Dear Anti-M:

Your old Auntie Em, to say nothing of your high school English teacher, must be spinning in her grave. Remember parsing? The subject of that plural verb 'come' is not God, but "all good counsel, etc.", definitely a plural subject. The unity of the Trinity remains unaffected.

Ms. Proper

Dear Ms. Proper:

I hear a lot of people throwing around the word 'entrepreneur' lately. What does it mean, and is it really pronounced like 'revenooer'?
Weak in French

Dear Weak:

A 'preneur' in French is someone who 'takes', so an 'entrepreneur' is one who undertakes, i.e., assumes the risk of an enterprise or business. (People who don't take risks are ready for embalming.) The correct pronunciation is ahn-treh-preh-NUR, as in 'ner(d), not ahn-treh-preh-NOOER.

Ms. Proper

Dear Ms. Proper:

I picked up a copy of the October 1985 Iable Talk at the Seminary. Having been a librarian, I would like to correct the title of the McLuhan book. I believe if you check you will find it is The Medium is the Massage and not Message as is

often quoted! (Not meaning to be "prissy", just correct.)

Dorothy K. Peterman,
York, Pa.

Ms. Proper hopes she is blushing a becoming shade of pink as she confesses that this is news to her, but that the card catalog corroborates Ms. Peterman's information.-
How many of you other readers knew that correct title?

POP CULTURE (Continued from preceding page)

"Fables of the Reconstruction of the Fables of the ..." (it's a circular title) is their most commercial album yet. (When Pop Culture gets a bigger budget, it'll have those first two LPs, too.) This band doesn't try too much to be understood: lyrics aren't easy to pick out, the jacket is hard to read, and song structure doesn't fit any standard pattern. But--yeah, it's a big 'but'--they soothe, they snarl, they kick your feet out and thrill your eyes with good videos, too. Stand-outs are "Feeling Gravity's Pull," "Driver 8" and "Can't Get There from Here." If you can't afford 'em, ask for 'em on WZBT, the fine G-burg College radio station. I'm gonna listen to 'em now!

And now for something completely different: Fred Schneider and the Shake Society. The lead singer of the B-52s steps out to create a weird and wild dance album. This record is for your feet only. Do the "Monster." "Cut the Concrete." "Boongal" Or perhaps you'd like to spend a "Summer in Hell." "You'll see all your friends there/Summer in Hell." Do whatever your pedal extremities can stand, but don't let the conga line pass you by.

Until next time, don't forget to Po-o-op Cultu-u-ure!

Lans Alexis