

Seminex

"Concordia" is the Latin word for harmony. Anything but harmony has existed for most of the student body and faculty at St. Louis' Concordia Seminary, however, since its president was ousted. The charge: teaching false doctrine and malfeasance (wrongful conduct) in office. The crimes, according to one report, actually were considered heresy.

It seems that conservative members of the three million member Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod was unhappy over some of the liberal instruction at Concordia, a 450-student institution. When its president, the Rev. Dr. John H. Tietjen, was fired, most of the students and about 45 of 50 professors abandoned the campus, marching out en masse in a symbolic journey into theological exile.

It's interesting that one of the two sites at which they relocated is the St. Louis University School of Divinity, a Roman Catholic School. In the 16th Century,

Martin Luther criticized and later defected from the Catholic Church, charging it with false doctrine, among other things.

And now it's the Catholic institution that in effect embraces the dissenters—now unhappy that charges of false doctrine and repression stem from their own fold.

It would be foolish to speculate on which side is in the right. But both the students and their professors exhibited bravery in their decision to express their discontent so dramatically. Although the students will receive the same training as before at Seminex, the new name for the seminary in exile, some church officials say their chances of being placed in pastorates after graduation are imperiled—although other officials claim the dissidents will be placed, evidence that a split in the denomination is possible.

Thus does a church-school show that dissent has a price as well as place, but that the Establishment, the System can be bucked effectively. Hopefully the fracas will yield no martyrs.
Mary Voboril



News item: Kissinger offers to share U.S. fuel with allies.

Blues belongs in bottle

A week ago Tuesday night was when it all happened: Freddie King, Willie Dixon, the Megatonnes, Pershing Auditorium, explosions, violence, truth, beauty, all of it. Practically everyone missed the thing, the media ignored it, and those of us who were there had a ball.

The Megatonnes started the show with a set of the rhythm and blues they've been doing at the Zoo the last few weekends. It takes a lot of nerve, when you're a bunch of guys from Lincoln, to play in front of a group of wild-eyed blues freaks waiting for Freddie King.

But then Charlie Burton has a lot of nerve. He gets exactly what he wants from his men, coaxing primeval wails and delicate shrieks from Bill Dye's guitar, punctuating it all with his own harmonica. The Megatonnes were just right at that concert, building to a climax at the very moment they had to.

And then Dixon. Willie Dixon is one of the grand old men of blues, a composer and an artist of the first order. His big fiddle is so solid an audience leans against it and feels, in a way that must be heard, the blues.

Dixon's harp man, Carrie Bell Harrington, is probably brilliant. He'd have stolen the show from lesser men; he may have anyway.

Our second half pint was gone and Dixon had thumped down one last solo when some woman came out to announce that Freddie King, by God, was next. That half pint reminds me of something.

There is music that calls for sunshine, like folk music. There is music that needs decorum, like Bach. There is music for light shows, vacant eyes, altered consciousness: that's rock.

But blues belongs in a bottle and I challenge anyone to dispute it.

It isn't that you need gin or cheap bourbon to hear the blues: you need it to feel the blues. It's drinking music, born in cheap dives in New Orleans and come up the river to Chicago, where it lives, still, in South Side bars. Any good musician can run down the chords of the blues, they're simple enough, but it takes the sandbar taste of Gordon's Gin to produce the ache the sheet music leaves out. Let's get booze into Pershing or let's get the blues out.

People had known Freddie King was coming to Lincoln for a month before the concert and as the talk blossomed, a few of us became a little nervous. He can't be that good, can he? Maybe he won't show. The sound system will fail, the police will be obnoxious. Something will go wrong. Besides, he can't be that good.

He is, he is, he is, he is. Freddie King doesn't fool around with the edges of an audience, he goes straight for its soul. He sounds like he's playing six guitars, all of them loud, all of them magnificent.

"I don't play my guitar, it plays me," he told a dear friend of mine backstage, and that's as good a way to put it as any. And if Freddie King's guitar plays him, he played us that night. The two of them, he and his instrument, turned Pershing into a madhouse and Pershing loved it.

The concert lost a lot of money for the promoters, Travis Grey and J. J. Plant, so the music that can't be adequately written of probably won't be heard again in Lincoln for a while. That, my friends, is sad.

Heir looks gift horse in mouth, finds teeth

Editor's note: Arthur Hoppe's "Innocent Bystander" will be published in the Daily Nebraskan twice a week for the rest of the semester. Previously it was published only on Friday.

Woofie Tweeter, the young stockbroker, looked up from the letter he was reading. "Listen to this," he said. "My Uncle Twombly died and left me \$1000."

"Oh, Woofie," said his wife, Liss, putting down her macramé, "are you soory he's passed on?"

"He was a rich, worthless old coot who never did a lick of work in his life," said Woofie. "But I'm sorry he passed on that \$1000. What am I going to do with it?"

"Do with it?" said Liss.

"Well, I suppose I could pay off what we owe on the VW and my hi-fi set," said Woofie thoughtfully. "But I'd still have a couple of hundred left over."

"You could put it in the bank," said Liss.

"What! And fuel the flames of recession?" said Woofie. "This country's in terrible economic trouble, Liss. People are getting too rich."

"I hadn't noticed," said Liss. "Can I get you anything in the kitchen?"

"Now sit down, Liss," said Woofie, frowning. "I know you don't understand economics, but this is important. Do you realize that the national savings rate has leaped from 5.7 to 7.3% of spendable

income?"

"No."

"Well, it has. And as a Commerce Dept. spokesman economist pointed out the other day, people save more in a recession. So they're richer. That's because

arthur hoppe innocent bystander

they're afraid they'll lose their jobs. But when they save more, they buy less. And that causes the recession they fear. So if I save my money, I'll lose my job."

"Maybe you'd better spend it then," said Liss. "You could get that \$200 amplifier you've always wanted."

"What! And fuel the flames of inflation?" said Woofie. "Do you realize the inflation rate is now 8.8% and still climbing? We've all got to do our part and stop buying things, Liss, in order to curb the vicious inflationary spiral."

"Well, at least if you spent your money, you'd have what you wanted," said Liss.

"Temporarily," said Woofie, nodding. "But if we spend our money buying the things we want, prices will get so high we won't be able to afford to buy the things we want with the money we already spent. So we'll be poor. Do you see?"

"Oh, sure," said Liss, yawning.

Woofie frowned. "On the other hand, I'm not certain I should even pay off what we owe. After all, it's consumer credit that keeps the economy humming. Let me explain that."

"My," said Liss, glancing at her funky Mickey Mouse wrist watch. "I think it's time for bed."

"But what am I going to do with the money?" said Woofie desperately. "It's a tough decision."

"It seems simple enough to me," said Liss, rising. "Either you spend it, become poor and can't afford the things you want. Or you put it in the bank, become rich and can't afford the things you want."

"So?"

"So, if we can't afford the things we want anyway," said Liss triumphantly, "I'd rather be rich."

"I guess you're right," said Woofie with a sigh. "But I hate knowing I'm going to wind up like Uncle Twombly."

"How's that?" asked Liss.

"Rich," said Woofie glumly, "and unemployed."

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