

SUMMER '67: ESTABLISHED GENERATION
ECUMENICAL INSTITUTE: CHICAGO

Selected Readings

First Week

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS

Karl Barth

Apprehension of the meaning of religion depends upon the clarity with which the dominion of sin over the men of this world is disclosed to our view. When we recognize the peculiar sinfulness of the religious man and see sin abounding in him, we are able to understand the meaning of grace more exceedingly abounding (v. 20), and the necessity that the divine mercy should act in spite of sin. But, before turning our attention once more to the goal of our investigation, we must make sure whether religion, although incapable of providing a theoretical answer to the problem of sin, may not be perfectly competent to provide a practical answer. We may have established religion to be in theory no more than the last human possibility; but it may turn out to be in actual practice the sure and solid answer to guilt and destiny. The Psychology of Religion, concerned as it is with the reality of religion, with the religious man in the peculiarity of what he is and has, must now be allowed to say what it has to say. Will the religious man agree that sin celebrates its triumph in religion? Has he not something to say to all this? Will he admit that he is branded as a slave and handed over to death (vii. 13) - through the good, by means of the noblest, most necessary, most hopeful of all human possibilities? Yes, he does say this; he does agree with the theorist. The romantic psychologist may make many attempts to hush this up: he may represent religion as that human capacity by which 'all human occurrences are thought of as divine actions'; he may define it as 'the solemn music which accompanies all human experience' (Schleiermacher). Against such representations, however, religion is always on its guard. Religion, when it attacks vigorously, when it is fraught with disturbance, when it is non-aesthetic, non-rhetorical, non-pious, when it is the religion of the 39th Psalm, of Job and of Luther and of Kierkegaard, when it is the religion of Paul, bitterly protests against every attempt to make of its grim earnestness some trivial and harmless thing. Religion is aware that it is in no wise the crown and fulfilment of true humanity; it knows itself rather to be a questionable, disturbing, dangerous thing. It closes the circle of humanity completely; so completely that it completely opens it-covertly! Religion confronts every human competence, every concrete happening in this world, as a thing incomprehensible, which cannot be tolerated or accepted. Religion, so far from being the place where the healthy harmony of human life is lauded, is instead the place where it appears diseased, discordant, and disrupted. Religion is not the sure ground upon which human culture safely rests; it is the place where civilization and its partner, barbarism, are rendered fundamentally questionable. Nor does the frank judgement of honest men of the world disagree with the opinion of religion about itself.

The curtain is raised; the music must cease.

The temple is gone: and far in the distance

Appareth the terrible form of the-Sphinx.

Fr. Schlegel on Schleiermacher's speeches.

Religion must beware lest it tone down in any degree the unconverted man's judgement. Conflict and distress, sin and death, the devil and hell, make up the reality of religion. So far from releasing men from guilt and destiny, it brings men under their sway. Religion possesses no solution of the problem of life; rather it makes of the problem a wholly insoluble enigma. Religion neither discovers the problem nor solves it: what it does is to disclose the truth that it cannot be solved. Religion is neither a thing to be enjoyed nor a thing to be celebrated: it must be borne as a yoke which cannot be removed. Religion is not a thing to be desired or extolled: it is a misfortune which takes fatal hold upon some men, and is by

them passed on to others; it is the misfortune which assailed John the Baptist in the desert, and drove him out to preach repentance and judgement; which caused the writing of that long-drawn-out, harassed groan, which is the Second Epistle to the Corinthians; which laid upon Calvin's face that look which he bore at the end of his life. Religion is the misfortune which every human being has to endure, though it is, in the majority of cases, a hidden suffering.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Paul Tillich

"Where could I go from Thy Spirit? O, where could I flee from Thy Face?" The poet who wrote those words to describe the futile attempt of man to escape God certainly believed that man desires to escape God. He is not alone in his conviction. Men of all kinds, prophets and reformers, saints and atheists, believers and unbelievers, have the same experience. It is safe to say that a man who has never tried to flee God has never experienced the God Who is really God. When I speak of God, I do not refer to the many gods of our own making, the gods with whom we can live rather comfortably. For there is no reason to flee a god who is the perfect picture of everything good in man. Why try to escape from such a far-removed ideal? And there is no reason to flee from a god who is simply the universe, or the laws of nature, or the course of history. Why try to escape from a reality of which we are a part? There is no reason to flee from a god who is nothing more than a benevolent father, a father who guarantees our immortality and final happiness. Why try to escape from someone who serves us so well? No, those are not the pictures of God, but rather of man, trying to make God in his own image and for his own comfort. They are the products of man's imagination and wishful thinking, justly denied by every honest atheist. A god whom we can easily bear, a god from whom we do not have to hide, a god whom we do not hate in moments, a god whose destruction we never desire, is not God at all, and has no reality.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Dietrich Bonhoeffer

When men are confronted by a bewildering variety of alternatives, the path of duty seems to offer a sure way out. They grasp at the imperative as the one certainty. The responsibility for the imperative rests upon its author, not upon its executor. But when men are confined to the limits of duty, they never risk a daring deed on their own responsibility, which is the only way to score a bull's eye against evil and defeat it. The man of duty will in the end be forced to give the devil his due.

What then of the man of freedom? He is the man who aspires to stand his ground in the world, who values the necessary deed more highly than a clear conscience or the duties of his calling, who is ready to sacrifice a barren principle for a fruitful compromise or a barren mediocrity for a fruitful radicalism. What then of him? He must beware lest his freedom should become his own undoing. For in choosing the lesser of two evils he may fail to see that the greater evil he seeks to avoid may prove the lesser. Here we have the raw material of tragedy.

Some seek refuge from the rough-and-tumble of public life in the sanctuary of their own private virtue. Such men however are compelled to seal their lips and shut their eyes to the injustice around them. Only at the cost of self-deception can they keep themselves pure from the defilements incurred by responsible action. For all that they achieve, that which they leave undone will still torment their peace of mind. They will either go to pieces in the face of this disquiet, or develop into the most hypocritical of all Pharisees.

Who stands his ground? Only the man whose ultimate criterion is not in his reason, his principles, his conscience, his freedom or his virtue, but who is ready to sacrifice all these things when he is called to obedient and responsible action in faith and exclusive allegiance to God. The responsible man seeks to make his whole life a response to the question and call of God.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

H.R. Niebuhr

Our thoughts also about the goods which Deity sustains are caught up in the great turmoil of a transvaluation. The self we love is not the self God loves, the neighbors we did not prize are his treasures, the truth we ignored is the truth he maintains, the justice which we sought because it was our own is not the justice that his love desires. The righteousness he demands and gives is not our righteousness but greater and different. He requires of us the sacrifice of all we would conserve and grants us gifts we had not dreamed of - the forgiveness of our sins rather than our justification, repentance and sorrow for our transgressions rather than forgetfulness, faith in him rather than confidence in ourselves, trust in his mercy rather than sight of his presence, instead of rest an ever recurrent torment that will not let us be content, instead of the peace and joy of the world, the hope of the world to come. He forces us to take our sorrows as a gift from him and to suspect our joys lest they be purchased by the anguish of his son incarnate again in every neighbor. He ministers indeed to all our good but all our good is other than we thought.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X

When the white man came into this country, he certainly wasn't demonstrating any "non-violence." In fact, the very man whose name symbolizes non-violence here today has stated:

"Our nation was born in genocide when it embraced the doctrine that the original American, the Indian, was an inferior race. Even before there were large numbers of Negroes on our shores, the scar of racial hatred had already disfigured colonial society. From the sixteenth century forward, blood flowed in battles over racial supremacy. We are perhaps the only nation which tried as a matter of national policy to wipe out its indigenous population. Moreover, we elevated that tragic experience into a noble crusade. Indeed, even today we have not permitted ourselves to reject or to feel remorse for this shameful episode. Our literature, our films, our drama, our folklore all exalt it. Our children are still taught to respect the violence which reduced a red-skinned people of an earlier culture into a few fragmented groups herded into impoverished reservations."

"Peaceful coexistence!" That's another one the white man has always been quick to cry. Find! But what have been the deeds of the white man? During his entire advance through history, he has been waving the banner of Christianity. . . and carrying in his other hand the sword and the flintlock. . . .

As the Christian Crusade once went East, now the Islamic Crusade is going West. With the East-Asia-closed to Christianity, with Africa rapidly being converted to Islam, with Europe rapidly becoming un-Christian, generally today it is accepted that the "Christian" civilization of America-which is propping up the white race around the world-is Christianity's remaining strongest bastion.

Well, if this is so-if the so-called "Christianity" now being practiced in America displays the best that world Christianity has left to offer-no one in his right mind should need any much greater proof that very close at hand is the end of Christianity.

Are you aware that some Protestant theologians, in their writings, are using the phrase "post-Christian era"-and they mean now?

And what is the greatest single reason for this Christian church's failure? It is its failure to combat racism. It is the old "You sow, you reap" story. The Christian church sowed racism-blasphemously; now it reaps racism.

Sunday mornings in this year of grace 1965, imagine the "Christian conscience" of congregations guarded by deacons barring the door to black would-be worshipers, telling them "You can't enter this House of God!"

Tell me, if you can, a sadder irony than that St. Augustine, Florida-a city named for the black African saint who saved Catholicism from heresy-was recently the scene of bloody race riots.

I believe that God now is giving the world's so-called "Christian" white society its last opportunity to repent and atone for the crimes of exploiting and enslaving the world's non-white peoples. It is exactly as when God gave Pharaoh a chance to repent. But Pharaoh persisted in his refusal to give justice to those whom he oppressed. And, we know, God finally destroyed Pharaoh.

Is white America really sorry for her crimes against the black people? Does white America have the capacity to repent-and to atone? Does the capacity to repent, to atone, exist in a majority, in one-half, in even one-third of American white society?

Many black men, the victims-in fact most black men-would like to be able to forgive, to forget, the crimes.

But most American white people seem not to have it in them to make any serious atonement-to do justice to the black man.

Indeed, how can white society atone for enslaving, for raping, for unmaning, for otherwise brutalizing millions of human beings, for centuries? What atonement would the God of Justice demand for the robbery of the black people's labor, their lives, their true identities, their culture, their history-and even their human dignity?

A desegregated cup of coffee, a theater, public toilets-the whole range of hypocritical "integration"-these are not atonement.

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Second Week

FROM WALTER RAUSCHENEUSCH

The life of humanity is infinitely interwoven, always renewing itself, yet always perpetuating what has been. The evils of one generation are caused by the wrongs of the generations that preceded, and will in turn condition the sufferings and temptations of those who come after. Our Italian immigrants are what they are because the Church and the land system of Italy have made them so. The Mexican peon is ridden by the Spanish past. Capitalistic Europe has fastened its yoke on the neck of Africa. When Negroes are hunted from a Northern city like beasts, or when a Southern city degrades the whole nation by turning the savage inhumanity of a mob into a public festivity, we are continuing to sin because our fathers created the conditions of sin by African slave trade and by the unearned wealth they gathered from slave labour for generations. Stupid dynasties go on reigning by right of the long time they have reigned. The laws of the ancient Roman despotism were foisted by ambitious lawyers on mediaeval communities, to which they were in no wise fitted, and once more strangled liberty, and dragged free farmers into serfdom. When once the common land of a nation, and its mines and waters, have become the private property of a privileged band, nothing short of a social earthquake can pry them from their right of collecting private taxes. Superstitions which originated in the third century are still faithfully cultivated by great churches, compressing the minds of the young with fear and cherished by the old as their most precious faith. Ideas struck out by a wrestling mind in the heat of an argument are erected by later times into proof-texts more decisive than masses of living facts. One nation arms because it fears another, the other arms more because this armament alarms it; each subsidizes a third and a fourth to aid it. Two fight; all fight; none knows how to stop; a planet is stained red in a solidarity of hate and horror.

This is what the modern social gospel would call the Kingdom of Evil. Our theological conception of sin is but fragmentary unless we see all men in their natural groups bound together in a solidarity of all times and all places, bearing the yoke of evil and suffering.

The doctrine of original sin was meant to bring us all under the sense of guilt. Theology in the past has labored to show that we are in some sense partakers of Adam's guilt. But the conscience of mankind has never been convinced. Partakers of his wretchedness we might well be by our family coherence, but guilt belongs only to personality, and requires will and freedom. On the other hand an enlightened conscience can not help feeling a growing sense of responsibility and guilt for the common sins under which humanity is bound and to which we all contribute. Who of us can say that he has never by word or look contributed to the atmospheric pressure of lubricous sex stimulation which bears down on young and old, and the effect of which after the war no man can predict without sickening? Whose hand has never been stained with income for which no equivalent had been given in service? How many business men have promoted the advance of democracy in their own industrial kingdom when autocracy seemed safer and more efficient? What nation has never been drunk with a sense of its glory and importance, and which has never seized colonial possessions or developed its little imperialism when the temptation came its way? The sin of all is in each of us, and every one of us has scattered seeds of evil, the final multiplied harvest of which no man knows.

FROM JOHN WESLEY

By some awful providence, or by His word applied with the demonstration of His Spirit, God touches the heart of him that lay asleep in the darkness and in the shadow of death. He is terribly shaken out of his sleep, and awakes into a consciousness of his danger. Perhaps in a moment, perhaps by degrees, the eyes of his understanding are opened, and now first (the veil being in part removed) discern the real state he is in. Horrid light breaks in upon his soul; such light as may be conceived to gleam from the bottomless pit, from the lowest deep, from a lake of fire burning with brimstone. He at last sees the loving, the merciful God is also 'a consuming fire'; that He is a just God and terrible, rendering to every man according to his works, entering into judgment with the ungodly for every idle word, yea, and for the imaginations of the heart. He now clearly perceives, that the great and holy God is 'of purer eyes than to behold iniquity'; that He is an avenger of every one who rebelleth against Him, and repayeth the wicked to his face, and that 'it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.'

Here ends his pleasing dream, his delusive rest, his false peace, his vain security. His joy now vanishes as a cloud, pleasures, once loved, delight no more. They pall upon the taste; he loathes the nauseous sweet: he is weary to bear them. The shadows of happiness flee away, and sink into oblivion; so that he is stripped of all, and wanders to and fro, seeking rest, but finding none.

Now he truly desires to break loose from sin, and begins to struggle with it. But though he strive with all his might, he cannot conquer; sin is mightier than he. He would fain escape; but he is so fast in prison, that he cannot get forth. He resolves against sin, but yet sins on, he sees the snare, and abhors and runs into it. So much does his boasted reason avail - only to enhance his guilt, and increase his misery! Such is the freedom of his will; free only to evil; free to 'drink in iniquity like water'; to wander farther and farther from the living God, and do more "despite to the Spirit of grace."

The more he strives, wishes, labours to be free, the more does he feel his chains, the grievous chains of sin wherewith Satan binds and 'leads him captive at his will'; his servant he is, though he repine ever so much, though he rebel, he cannot prevail. He is still in bondage and fear, by reason of sin; generally, of some outward circumstances, but always, of some inward sin, some evil temper or unholy affection. And the more he frets against it the more it prevails; he may bite, but cannot break his chain. Thus he toils without end, repenting and sinning, and repenting and sinning agin, till at length the poor, sinful, helpless wretch is even at his wit's end, and can barely groan. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

FROM MARTIN LUTHER

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.
This means -

I renounce the evil spirit, all idolatry, all sorcery and misbelief.

I put my trust in no man on earth, nor in myself, my power, my learning, my wealth, my piety, nor anything that I may have.

I put my trust in no creature in heaven or on earth.

I dare to put my trust only in the one absolute, invisible, incomprehensible God, who made heaven and earth, and who alone is over all creatures.

On the other hand, I am not afraid of any wickedness of the devil and his company, for my God is above them all.

Even though I be forsaken or persecuted by all men, I still believe in God.

I believe, even though I am poor, unwise, unlearned, despised or in need of everything.

I believe, even though I am a sinner. For this faith of mine must and shall soar above everything that is and is not - above sin and virtue and all else - so that it may remain simply and purely a faith in God, as the First Commandment constrains me.

Nor do I ask of Him a sign, to tempt Him.

I trust constantly in Him, however long He tarry, and do not prescribe the goal, the time, the measure or the manner of His working, but in bold, true faith I leave all to His divine will.

If He is almighty, what can I lack that He cannot give me and do for me?

If He is Creator of heaven and earth and Lord of all things, who will take anything from me, or harm me? Nay, how shall not all things rather serve me and turn out to my good, if He to Whom all things are obedient and subject wishes me well?

Because He is God, He can do the thing that is best for me, and knows what that thing is.

Because He is Father, He wills to do what is best for me, and to do it with all his heart.

Because I do not doubt, but put my trust in Him, I am assuredly His child, His servant and His heir forever, and as I believe, so will it be done unto me.

FROM ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISSI

He who fears not, shows that he has nothing to lose. The holy fear of God orders, governs, and rules the soul, and prepares it to receive his grace.

If a man possesses any grace or any divine virtue, it is holy fear which preserves it to him.

And he who has not yet acquired grace or virtue, acquires it by holy fear.

The holy fear of God is a channel of divine grace, inasmuch as it quickly leads the soul wherein it dwells to the attainment of holiness and all divine graces. No creature that ever fell into sin would have so fallen had it possessed the holy fear of God. But this holy gift of fear is given only to the perfect, because the more perfect any man is, the more timorous and humble he is.

Blessed is the man who looks upon this world as a prisonhouse, and bears in mind continually how grievously he has offended his Lord.

Greatly ought a man to fear pride, lest it should give him a sudden thrust, and cause him to fall from the state of grace in which he is; for no man is ever secure from falling, so beset are we by foes; and these foes are the flatteries of this wretched world and of our own flesh, which, together with the devil, is the unrelenting enemy of our soul.

A man has greater reason to fear being deluded and overcome by his own malice than by any other enemy.

It is impossible for a man to attain to any divine grace or virtue, or to persevere therein, without holy fear.

He who has not the fear of God within him is in great danger of eternal perdition.

The fear of God makes a man to obey humbly, and to bow his head beneath the yoke of obedience: and the more a man fears God, the more frequently he adores him.

The gift of prayer is no small gift, to whomsoever it is given.

The virtuous actions of men, how great soever they may seem to us, are not to be reckoned or rewarded after our judgment, but according to the judgment and good pleasure of God; for God looketh not to the number of the works, but to the measure of humility and love. Our surest way, therefore, is always to love and to keep ourselves in humility; and never to trust in ourselves that we do any good, but always to distrust the thoughts which spring up in our own mind under the appearance of good.

FROM ST. AUGUSTINE

Accordingly, two cities have been formed by two loves: the earthly by the love of self, even to the contempt of God; the heavenly by the love of God, even to contempt of self. The former, in a word, glories in itself, the latter in the Lord. For the one seeks glory from men; but the greatest glory of the other is God, the witness of conscience. The one lifts up its head in its own glory; the other says to its God, "Thou art my glory, and the lifter up of mine head." In the one, the princes and the nations it subdues are ruled by the love of ruling; in the other the princes and the subjects serve one another in love, the latter obeying, while the former takes thought for all. The one delights in its own strength, represented in the persons of its rulers; the other says to its God, "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength." And therefore the wise men of the one city, living according to man, have sought for profit to their own bodies or souls, or both, and those who have known God "glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened; professing themselves to be wise" - that is glorying in their own wisdom, and being possessed by pride - "they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." For they were either leaders or followers of the people in adoring images, "and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever." But in the other city there is no human wisdom, but only godliness, which offers due worship to the true God, and looks for its reward in the society of the saints, of holy angels as well as holy men, "that God may be all in all."

We have already stated in the preceding books that God, desiring not only that the human race might be able by their similarity of nature to associate with one another, but also that they might be bound together in harmony and peace by the ties of relationship, was pleased to derive all men from one individual, and created man with such a nature that the members of the race should not have died, had not the two first (of whom the one was created out of nothing, and the other out of him) merited this by their disobedience; for by them so great a sin was committed, that by it the human nature was altered for the worse, and was transmitted also to their posterity, liable to sin and subject to death. And the kingdom of death so reigned over men, that the deserved penalty of sin would have hurled all headlong even into the second death, of which there is no end, had not the undeserved grace of God saved some therefrom. And thus it has come to pass, that though there are very many and great nations all over the earth, whose rites and customs, speech, arms, and dress, are distinguished by marked differences, yet there are no more than two kinds of human society, which we may justly call two cities, according to the language of our Scriptures. The one consists of those who wish to live after the flesh, the other of those who wish to live after the spirit; and when they severally achieve what they wish, they live in peace, each after their kind.

FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X

"I don't have a degree like many of you out there before me have. But history don't care anything about your degrees.

"The white man, he has filled you with a fear of him from ever since you were little black babies. So over you is the greatest enemy a man can have - and that is fear. I know some of you are afraid to listen to the truth - you have been raised on fear and lies. But I am going to preach to you the truth until you are free of that fear..

"Your slavemaster, he brought you over here, and of your past everything was destroyed. Today, you do not know your true language. What tribe are you from? You would not recognize your tribe's name if you heard it. You don't know nothing about your true culture. You don't even know your family's real name. You are wearing a white man's name! The white slavemaster, who hates you!

"You are a people who think you know all about the Bible, and all about Christianity. You even are foolish enough to believe that nothing is right but Christianity!

You are the planet Earth's only group of people ignorant of yourself, ignorant of your own kind, of your true history, ignorant of your enemy! You know nothing at all but what your white slavemaster has chosen to tell you. And he has told you only that which will benefit himself, and his own kind. He has taught you, for his benefit that you are a neutral, shiftless, helpless so-called 'Negro.'

"I say 'so-called' because you are not a 'Negro.' There is no such thing as a race of 'Negroes.' You are members of the Asiatic nation, from the tribe of Shabazz! 'Negro' is a false label forced on you by your slavemaster! He has been pushing things onto you and me and our kind ever since he brought the first slave shipload of us black people here - "

When Mr. Muhammad paused, the Muslims before him cried out, "Little Lamb!"..."All praise is due to Allah!" ... "Teach, Messenger!" He would continue.

"The ignorance we of the black race here in America have, and the self-hatred we have, they are fine examples of what the white slavemaster has seen fit to teach to us. Do we show the plain common sense, like every other people on this planet Earth, to unite among ourselves? No! We are humbling ourselves, sitting-in, and begging-in, trying to unite with the slavemaster! I don't seem able to imagine any more ridiculous sight. A thousand ways every day, the white man is telling you 'You can't live here, you can't enter here, you can't eat here, drink here, walk here, work here, you can't ride here, you can't play here, you can't study here.' Haven't we yet seen enough to see that he has no plan to unite with you?

"You have tilled his fields! Cooked his food! Washed his clothes! You have cared for his wife and children when he was away. In many cases, you have even suckled him at your breast! You have been far and away better Christians than this slavemaster who taught you his Christianity!

"You have sweated blood to help him build a country so rich that he can today afford to give away millions - even to his enemies! And when those enemies have gotten enough from him to then be able to attack him, you have been his brave soldiers, dying for him. And you have been always his most faithful servant during the so-called 'peaceful' times -

"And, still, this Christian American white man has not got it in him to find the human decency, and enough sense of justice, to recognize us, and accept us, the black people who have done so much for him, as fellow human beings!" . . .

"So let us, the black people, separate ourselves from this white man slavemaster, who despises us so much! You are out here begging him for some so-called 'integration!' But what is this slavemaster white, rapist, going about saying! He is saying he won't integrate because black blood will mongrelize his race! He says that - and look at us! Turn around in your seats and look at each other! This slavemaster white man already has 'integrated' us until you can hardly find among us today any more than a very few who are the black color of our foreparents!"

"He has left such a little black in us," Mr. Muhammad would go on, "that now he despises us so bac - meaning he despises himself, for what he has done to us - that he tells us that legally if we have got one drop of black blood in us, that means you are all-black as far as his laws are concerned! Well, if that's all we've got left, we want to reclaim that one drop!"

morons, the announcer was a moron, the sponsors were morons, and I just damn well wasn't going to shine my shoes for them, I told Seymour. I said they couldn't see them anyway, where we sat. He said to shine them anyway. He said to shine them for the Fat Lady. I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, but he had a very Seymour look on his face, and so I did it. He never did tell me who the Fat Lady was, but I shined my shoes for the Fat Lady every time I ever went on the air again - all the years you and I were on the program together, if you remember. I don't think I missed more than just a couple of times. This terribly clear, clear picture of the Fat Lady formed in my mind. I had her sitting on this porch all day, swatting flies, with her radio going full-blast from morning till night. I figured the heat was terrible, and she probably had cancer, and - I don't know. Anyway, it seemed goddam clear why Seymour wanted me to shine my shoes when I went on the air. It made sense . . .

Franny was standing. She had taken her hand away from her face to hold the phone with two hands. "He told me, too," she said into the phone. "He told me to be funny for the Fat Lady, once." She released one hand from the phone and placed it, very briefly, on the crown of her head, then went back to holding the phone with both hands. "I didn't ever picture her on a porch, but with very - you know - very thick legs, very veiny. I had her in an awful wicker chair. She had cancer, too, though, and she had the radio going full-blast all day! Mind did, too!"

"Yes. Yes. Yes. All right. Let me tell you something now, buddy . . . Are you listening?"

Franny, looking extremely tense, nodded.

"I don't care where an actor acts. It can be in summer stock, it can be over a radio, it can be over television, it can be in a goddam Broadway theatre, complete with the most fashionable, most well-fed, most sunburned-looking audience you can imagine. But I'll tell you a terrible secret - Are you listening to me? There isn't anyone out there who isn't Seymour's Fat Lady. That includes your Professor Tupper, buddy. And all his goddam cousins by the dozens. There isn't anyone anywhere that isn't Seymour's Fat Lady. Don't you know that? Don't you know that goddam secret yet? And don't you know - listen to me, now - don't you know who that Fat Lady really is? . . . Ah, buddy. Ah, buddy. It's Christ Himself. Christ Himself, buddy.

THE JOURNEY TO THE EAST

Hermann Hesse

I breathed deeply and a faint smile passed over the whole of the illustrious assembly. That the most serious of my sins, even my illusion that the League no longer existed and that I was the only disciple left, were only regarded by the President as "stupidities," as trifles, was a tremendous relief to me and at the same time sent me most definitely back to my starting-point.

"But," continued Leo, and his gentle voice was now sad and serious - "there are many more serious offences imputed to the defendant and the worst of them is that he does not stand as self-accuser for these sins, but appears to be unaware of them. He deeply regrets having wronged the League in thought; he cannot forgive himself for not recognizing the President Leo in the servant Leo, and is on the point of realizing the extent of his infidelity to the League. But while he took these sinful thoughts and follies all too seriously, and only just realizes with relief that they can be dismissed with a smile, he stubbornly forgets his real offences, which are legion, each

"It is, we presume, an unfavorable judgment which you have passed on yourself?"

"Yes," I whispered.

Leo then rose from the throne and gently stretched out his arms.

"I now turn to you, my officials. You have heard and know how things have been with League brother H. It is a lot that is not unfamiliar to you; many of you have had to experience it yourselves. The defendant did not know until this hour, or could not really believe, that his apostasy and aberration were a test. For a long time he did not give in. He endured it for many years, knowing nothing about the League, remaining alone, and seeing everything in which he believed in ruins. Finally, he could no longer hide and contain himself. His suffering became too great, and you know that as soon as suffering becomes acute enough, one goes forward. Brother H. was led to despair in his test, and despair is the result of each earnest attempt to understand and vindicate human life. Despair is the result of each earnest attempt to go through life with virtue, justice and understanding and to fulfil their requirements. Children live on one side of despair, the awakened on the other side. Defendant H. is no longer a child and is not yet fully awakened. He is still in the midst of despair. He will overcome it and thereby go through his second novitiate. We welcome him anew into the League, the meaning of which he no longer claims to understand. We give back to him his lost ring, which the servant Leo has kept for him."

THE SAVIORS OF GOD

Nikos Kazantzakis

The soul of man is a flame, a bird of fire that leaps from bough to bough, from head to head, and that shouts: "I cannot stand still, I cannot be consumed, no one can quench me!"

2. All at once the Universe becomes a tree of fire. Amidst the smoke and the flames, reposing on the peak of conflagration, immaculate, cool, and serene, I hold that final fruit of fire, the Light.
3. From this lofty summit I look on the crimson line which ascends—a tremulous, blood-stained phosphorescence that drags itself like a lovesick insect through the rain-cool coils of my brain.
4. The ego, race, mankind, earth, theory and action, God—all these are phantasms made of loam and brain, good only for those simple hearts that live in fear, good only for those flatulent souls that imagine they are pregnant.
5. Where do we come from? Where are we going? What is the meaning of life? That is what every heart is shouting, what every head is asking as it beats on chaos.
6. And a fire within me leaps up to answer: "Fire will surely come one day to purify the earth. Fire will surely come one day to obliterate the earth. This is the Second Coming.
7. "The soul is a flaming tongue that licks and struggles to set the black bulk of the world on fire. One day the entire Universe will become a single conflagration.
8. "Fire is the first and final mask of my God. We dance and weep between two enormous pyres."
9. Our thoughts and our bodies flash and glitter with reflected light. Between the two pyres I stand serenely, my brain unshaken amid the vertigo, and I say:
10. "Time is most short and space most narrow between these two pyres, the rhythm of this life is most sluggish, and I have no time, nor a place to dance in. I cannot wait."

MY SOUTH

from Andrew Glaze

Before me, it was grandpa's old mad South,
the funhouse of principle.
A sort of Baptist revival in a whorehouse,
with violent rapes in the purities,
and John Locke snatching up the souls
and boiling them down into Presbyterian whisky.

We were so alone with our familyness-
(grandma standing by the cistern threatening to jump in)
and a deep, still, limestone-well of love and service in our dream.
(Grandpa letting out all his money
in personal notes
because he believed in gentlemanliness-
raising a houseful of children
without speaking to his wife.)
We were incessantly and purposely pursuing
any policy that hid our fundamental nature from us.
(Sin is being forced to notice
what you're thinking about all the time anyway.)

What we saw most clearly
wasn't real at all.
In the name of some imaginary world
my Uncle Mike in Florida was shooting at the neighbors,
pursuing property rights like the true cross,
and Aunt Billie stayed at home in Tennessee
to mind the rats, the wind in the cracks,
the old books, the phonograph in the parlor,
her vision of them all, glorious and loving.
In its name she kept her mother alive
on chickenfood and vitamins.
She thought she was nourishing a saint.
Grandma, that old crafty intellectual pirate,
she knew what it was about. Simply one more way
of getting fall-down drunk on sentiment.

One day in Alabama when the Johnson grass by the railyard
was green on the slag-pile,
one day in Birmingham Alabama
in an old green Plymouth, I was a witness.
A deputy of the sheriff's, dressed as neatly as a clerk,
knocked about in the street two dead-drunk colored men
who scraped the fender of their car on mine.
And when I testified what happened at the trial,
and later they had sued him on his bond,
that man came down to my room with warm hurt eyes,
I swear he was a very gentle man, and said
"Now how you can do this to me I don't see,
to testify for two drunk niggers.
Don't you know I got a family?"

dependent on the American psychiatrist. It is a bargain I refuse. The only thing white people have that black people need, or should want, is power-and no one holds power forever. White people cannot, in the generality, be taken as models of how to live. Rather, the white man is himself in sore need of new standards, which will release him from his confusion and place him once again in fruitful communion with the depths of his own being. And I repeat: The price of liberation of the white people is the liberation of the blacks-the total liberation, in the cities, in the towns, before the law, and in the mind. Why, for example-especially knowing the family as I do-I should want to marry your sister is a great mystery to me. But your sister and I have every right to marry if we wish to, and no one has the right to stop us. If she cannot raise me to her level, perhaps I can raise her to mine.

In short, we, the black and the white, deeply need each other here if we are really to become a nation-if we are really, that is, to achieve our identity, our maturity, as men and women. To create one nation has proved to be a hideously difficult task; there is certainly no need now to create two, one black and one white. But white men with far more political power than that possessed by the Nation of Islam movement have been advocating exactly this, in effect, for generations. If this sentiment is honored when it falls from the lips of Senator Byrd, then there is no reason it should not be honored when it falls from the lips of Malcolm X. And any Congressional committee wishing to investigate the latter must also be willing to investigate the former. They are expressing exactly the same sentiments and represent exactly the same danger. There is absolutely no reason to suppose that white people are better equipped to frame the laws by which I am to be governed than I am. It is entirely unacceptable that I should have no voice in the political affairs of my own country, for I am not a ward of America; I am one of the first Americans to arrive on these shores.

The following is a list of the books published by the Ecumenical Institute of Theology, Geneva, during the summer of 1967. The books are published in French, German, and English. The titles are listed in the order in which they were published. The first book is 'The Church and the World' by Hans Urs von Balthasar. The second book is 'The Church and the World' by Hans Urs von Balthasar. The third book is 'The Church and the World' by Hans Urs von Balthasar. The fourth book is 'The Church and the World' by Hans Urs von Balthasar. The fifth book is 'The Church and the World' by Hans Urs von Balthasar. The sixth book is 'The Church and the World' by Hans Urs von Balthasar. The seventh book is 'The Church and the World' by Hans Urs von Balthasar. The eighth book is 'The Church and the World' by Hans Urs von Balthasar. The ninth book is 'The Church and the World' by Hans Urs von Balthasar. The tenth book is 'The Church and the World' by Hans Urs von Balthasar.

SUMMER '67: ESTABLISHED GENERATION

ECUMENICAL INSTITUTE: CHICAGO

1967
Summer

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Selected Readings

Fourth Week

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CADRES
Mao Tse-Tung

We must know how to judge cadres. We must not confine our judgement to a short period or a single incident in a cadre's life, but should consider his life and work as a whole. This is the principal method of judging cadres.

We must know how to use cadres well. In the final analysis, leadership involves two main responsibilities; to work out ideas, and to use cadres well. Such things as drawing up plans, making decisions, and giving orders and directives, are all in the category of "working out ideas". To put the ideas into practice, we must weld the cadres together and encourage them to go into action; this comes into the category of "using the cadres well".

We must know how to take good care of cadres. There are several ways of doing so.

First, give them guidance. This means allowing them a free hand in their work so that they have the courage to assume responsibility and, at the same time giving them timely instructions so that guided by the Party's political line, they are able to make full use of their initiative.

Second, raise their level. This means educating them by giving them the opportunity to study so that they can enhance their theoretical understanding and their working ability.

Third, check up on their work, and help them sum up their experience, carry forward their achievements and correct their mistakes. To assign work without checking up and to take notice only when serious mistakes are made--that is not the way to take care of cadres.

Fourth, in general, use the method of persuasion with cadres who have made mistakes, and help them correct their mistakes. The method of struggle should be confined to those who make serious mistakes and nevertheless refuse to accept guidance. Here patience is essential. It is wrong lightly to label people "opportunists" or lightly to begin "waging struggles" against them.

Fifth, help them with their difficulties. When cadres are in difficulty as a result of illness, straitened means or domestic or other troubles, we must be sure to give them as much care as possible.

This is how to take good care of cadres.

A leading group that is genuinely united and is linked with the masses can gradually be formed only in the process of mass struggle, and not in isolation from it. In the process of a great struggle, the composition of the leading group in most cases should not and cannot remain entirely unchanged throughout the initial, middle and final stages; the activists who come forward in the course of the struggle must constantly be promoted to replace those original members of the leading group who are inferior by comparison or who have degenerated.

In the course of our study, these are realities to be kept in contact with. However, in this school we must primarily compare theory with our thought and work, that is, to use the theory we have acquired to make an analysis of the success and failure in our work and to discover the origin of our correct or wrong stand, viewpoint, and method. To do so is to sum up in order to improve our approach to these issues and to work with better results. We carry out the revolution with a view to transforming the world and society. To transform the world and society, we must first and foremost transform ourselves. Therefore we must, in the first place, integrate theory with our actual work and thought in order to transform ourselves.

To put into practice the principle of integration of theory with practice and to reach the aim of your study - that is, highlighting theory, ideological transformation, and strengthening Party spirit - it is necessary to have a correct attitude to study:

1. To be modest and frank. The level of ideological understanding of our Party is rather low; nobody can boast about being good at it. Therefore modesty and frankness are to be emphasized: to go deep into and ponder over Marxist-Leninist works and the lectures given by the professors from friendly countries, modestly to learn from them, recognizing what one knows and what one does not know. Conceit, self-assumption, and self-complacency are the number-one enemies of study.
2. Voluntarily and consciously to consider study as a task to be completed at all costs by a revolutionary cadre, thereby actively and on one's own initiative to fulfill the plan for study, highlighting industriousness and unflinching efforts when confronted with difficulties in study.
3. To stress independent and free thinking. To go deep into and thoroughly understand the documents without having blind faith in every word and phrase of the documents, boldly to put forth for discussion the questions one has not thoroughly understood until one fully grasps them. To ask "Why?" when faced with any question and to consider carefully whether it is in conformity with real life and reason, to refrain absolutely from obeying the book blindly. There must be mature thinking.
4. To defend truth and stick to principle; indiscriminate "yeses" and compromise are not allowed.
5. To help each other in study, to conduct bold criticism and sincere self-criticism from a desire for solidarity, with the aim of building new solidarity on a new basis.

This attitude toward study must become a habit.

THE ARROGANCE OF POWER
J. William Fulbright

In many parts of the world revolutions are being made and in many still-quiet places they are in the making, not by the silent and demoralized poor but by a new generation of powerful and charismatic leaders who are arousing the masses from their inertiz, inspiring them with anger and hope, and giving

sacrifices enforced by authoritarian leaders though mitigated in the better-run societies by some equity in the sharing of the sacrifices.

These prospects are probable rather than inevitable; they are anything but desirable. We must continue to do what we can--more indeed by far than we are doing now--to improve the chances of peaceful and democratic social revolution in the underdeveloped world. We would do well, however, to stop deluding ourselves about the likelihood of success. We would do well, for example, to stop proclaiming the triumph of the Alliance for Progress because five hundred thousand units of housing were built in Latin America in 1965--of which, in fact, only sixty thousand were attributable to the Alliance for Progress--when the more pertinent fact is that the number of families needing housing increased by one and a half million. We must stop fooling ourselves about economic progress in many of the countries that receive American aid and acknowledge that the magnitude of the problem is vastly disproportionate to what is being done or is now likely to be done to overcome it; we must face the fact that democratic methods are more often failing than succeeding in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, and that as rapidly growing populations continue to press on slowly growing economies, violent upheavals are not only possible but very likely indeed.

THE FIRE NEXT TIME

James Baldwin

How can the American Negro past be used? It is entirely possible that this dishonored past will rise up soon to smite all of us. There are some wars, for example (if anyone on the globe is still mad enough to go to war) that the American Negro will not support, however many of his people may be coerced--and there is a limit to the number of people any government can put in prison, and a rigid limit indeed to the practicality of such a course. A bill is coming in that I fear America is not prepared to pay. "The problem of the twentieth century," wrote W.E.B. DuBois around sixty years ago, "is the problem of the color line." A fearful and delicate problem, which compromises, when it does not corrupt, all the American efforts to build a better world--here, there, or anywhere. It is for this reason that everything white Americans think they believe in must now be reexamined. What one would not like to see again is the consolidation of peoples on the basis of their color. But as long as we in the West place on color the value that we do, we make it impossible for the great unwashed to consolidate themselves according to any other principle. Color is not a human or a personal reality; it is a political reality. But this is a distinction so extremely hard to make that the West has not been able to make it yet. And at the center of this dreadful storm, this vast confusion, stand the black people of this nation, who must now share the fate of a nation that has never accepted them, to which they were brought in chains. Well, if this is so, one has no choice but to do all in one's power to change that fate, and at no matter what risk--eviction, imprisonment, torture, death. For the sake of one's children, in order to minimize the bill that they must pay, one must be careful not to take refuge in any delusion--and the value placed on the color of the skin is always and everywhere and forever a delusion. I know that what I am asking is impossible. But in our time, as in every time, the impossible is the least that one can demand--and one is, after all, emboldened by the spectacle of human history in general, and American Negro history in particular, for it testifies to nothing less than the perpetual achievement of the impossible.