

To cultivate the establishment requires Sophistication. I am not interested, here, in defining Sophistication, but rather in describing a dynamic that can be pointed to with the word Sophistication. I do not believe I have arrived at the kind of analysis of a dynamic which I think has to go on if we are to permeate the establishment. I am not even remotely interested in "artificial" sophistication. Most of what I have seen in my life has been that.

Sophistication is that invisible dynamic which produces the unobservable courage to do. I think it has to do primarily with the male rather than with the female, first of all, though I am aware there are exceptions to this. It is just that most women I know do not have to worry about Sophistication so much as Effervescence. These two are very close. Perhaps clarity on this comes first in dealing with Sophistication; and then, in what "X" is for the male and what effervescing sophistication is for the female.

One of the wonderful and humiliating things in my life is that from the time I met Lyn, she was sophisticated; but I have never been. I still intend to do something about it, however. Some people are born into a family structure where authentic, invisible Sophistication is just there. I think of the Kennedy family, for instance. Whether you like them or not, part of what I mean by Sophistication is there. Other people are "clothed" with it early in life. Some are thrown in certain circles which provide the setting for learning Sophistication. Lyn did not come out of a sophisticated family, but fate threw her into a sophisticated circle in Wilmington, Delaware. I never had that. This is a part of my shyness. I am a shy man. I tell you it takes guts for me to walk into a new situation or to make a speech or formal presentation. I was born a shy man, and my background intensified that. I suppose only a few of the dregs of society have not been warped into a certain kind of shyness. Some women, like Kathy Zervigon, had the experience of finishing schools where they tried to make ladies out of them.

I still think, however, the Sophistication I am after applies mostly to men. Women have it, though not all of them, perhaps. There is an area of courage which I believe women have that we men do not have. Sometimes when Lyn and I have gone to a hotel, I have sent her to make an inquiry, which I am aware I should have made, but did not have the poise and courage enough to do. When I think back on that, it hurts to remember I was that childish, that boyish. What really surprised me is that when Lyn would do so, it did not seem to bother her one bit! She just went and did it, as though anybody who is an adult should just go ahead and do that. That offended me.

In one sense, our "ugly"-Americanism, overseas, is not simply ugly-Americanism (though I do not want to take anything away from hitting that hard); it is our "little boyishness." It is our lack of Sophistication. I do not know enough about other cultures, but I wonder whether what I would mean by Sophistication (which has nothing to do with a particular culture) is not more of a normal reality among the men of those other cultures than it is in the West. It would have a little bit to do with whether or not a culture keeps its men little boys.

The time is come when we men have to be sophisticated, because we have to cultivate the establishment. I have polished the shoes of people in the establishment, all around this world. I do not mean by that that I am trying to get the establishment to like me. I do not mean that we have come to terms with the establishment. I intend to communicate to the establishment, with my being, that they are going to change. I am out to see that they change, while I am polishing their shoes. That is, I am an unabashed revolutionary. And as an unabashed revolutionary carry their suitcases and shine their shoes; not as a lackey, but in Sophistication.

Now, I do not know quite what I mean by Sophistication, but I do know that certain little things are necessary. It starts with just your presence on the most mundane of levels; your appearance. I believe that if I were the wife of any man in the Order, if he were going to buy a suit, I would not go with him most of the time. But at this point in time, I would see to it that, first, he had a dark blue suit. If necessary I would treat him just like a little boy until he got it on; then I would start treating him like a man. He needs a traditional suit, though I am a little afraid of that. The last thing he needs to look like is a broken-down Methodist minister of 20 years ago. I do not mean that. And, if I were that wife, I would see to it that he had one shirt that was "out of this world." Now, I never knew much about dressing, so do not take my details seriously, except that dark blue suit. Two years ago, a striped shirt seemed to be the thing; And a few years ago a dark blue tie. By Sophistication, in this given situation, as one of this Order, I would also have a dark blue shirt that was clerical. Probably, I would not wear it, but I would have it .

I have gotten over, for some reason or another, my thing about long hair. But I did not go up to my room and get my hair shaped so I could make this talk. That is unsophisticated. That is what I mean by unsophistication. I am speaking of intentionality. The way I dressed today is what I mean by intentionality. I had a little mission to do. You dress according to the mission you want to do. I find a great deal of real excitement about having a uniform. When you wear your uniform, you intentionally wear your uniform. We men have never had the type of flexibility you women have had. The way you dress is for a purpose. That is crucial. That is Sophistication; though you understand that it is ruined even to say this outloud, for if your intention shows then it is inauthentic Sophistication. Yesterday, it did not make much difference in the Movement. But the mission requires a kind of Sophistication.

Another dimension of Sophistication is knowing what to do and how to do it. This has to do with exposure, I think. Therefore, we should welcome every exposure. This has to do with registering and moving into a hotel, without anybody seeing you register. This has to do with paying the hotel bill without anybody seeing you pay it. Townley is one of the best I have ever seen in my whole life. You would be having dinner with some guest, having decided beforehand who is going to pay that bill. Missionally, you intend that someone else pay the bill. But Townley does not do so well with that. He likes to pay the bill, and therefore grabs it first. But, when we decide we are going to pay and it is time to leave the table, we find the bill all settled even though we never saw it and we just walk out. All we remember, is that Townley left briefly somewhere in the middle of the meal. That is Sophistication. He is an expert at that kind of thing and I envy him. I never had that. I worry too much about

how much it is costing--not when I am ordering but when I am paying. This Sophistication comes from exposure. This kind of just smoothness has to be there. You have seen people go up to the airlines to check in who left their poise outside. You have seen people sweat over paying a taxi driver. It is because they did not have it all thought out while they were driving along; they were looking at the tall buildings. You need to know what it is going to cost, to know exactly where your funds are, exactly how much you are going to tip, and you settle that inside your being so that at the end you are not there sweating over whether you are going to give him ten cents or a quarter.

This brings me to the next part of poise: planning. Now you would think Charles Moore would learn around here. It was two days before we left for the global trip that he was selected to go and that idiot did not have a passport! I will bet that once a month, over three years, in one of my corny humor situations, I have said that you need to have a passport. We cannot plan several years ahead. (We don't anyway!) Frankly, I have just enough of the devil in me that I was hoping he would not get it. He had just two days. I was hoping he would fail, and at the last moment we would have to call around and see who did have a passport. Sophistication has to do with having your passport. The guy who has not thought himself through is always trapped. Tactical thinking is not something you do when you want to start a revolutionary movement. It is having your passport. It is something you do before you go in to register at the hotel. It is always sizing up and casing a place without anybody seeing your sizing it up or casing it. Your eyes go every which way. Nobody knows what you are doing, but you are building your tactical model. I am talking on the very crass level of this subject; that is, the small mundane things of life.

Now the third thing about poise is detachment. What I just described gives you detachment. It is the embracing of your detachment. This is the meaning of "cool". The way I come at it is to say inside myself, "Now your destiny is not wrapped up in this little 'thing-a-ma-jig' you are doing," even if it is going to see the Cardinal. You can not be detached, however, if you do not have a tactical model. You would be a fool to walk in to see the Cardinal without a tactical model. Only when you know where you are going to move exactly can you be free enough to field an irregular ball coming at you.

In addition to that, what I would talk about as "prayer," is that of making the decision that your destiny is not tied up in that moment. When somebody walks me into what I would call a tiger trap I become angry. When I went in to see a Cardinal last year the people I was with did not inform me that he had visited us on the West Side of Chicago. Nor did they let me know that he had been misused. Now let us assume that these people did not know. But when I get upset I do not think of those things, I just get upset; and then later I find out that they did not know it either. You see, however, that I would not even have to get upset if I had seriously made the decision about detachment before I went in there. That is not quite the right way to put it, for I intend to be upset when I walk into a tiger trap when I do not expect it. But I do not want to act out of that upsetness. It is that kind of detachment that I think of as a part of poise.

Another has to do with etiquette, a prescribed method of action that has to do with bestowing the kind of honor without which you never have a society. For instance, I would not think of going into any bishop's presence without calling him "Your Grace," even with those who haven't made the decision to be the bishops they are. (I remember one of the finest speeches that I think that I ever made was to twenty-one Methodist bishops at a meeting, in which I told them that one of their biggest problems was that they were not willing to be bishops. And that, whereas they thought we every-day preachers wanted them to be nice, friendly fellows, we wanted exactly the opposite. We want them to be our symbols. We want them to be our bishops, not one of our buddies. I enjoyed that, and it was very interesting to me that they found that helpful for it cut across what most of them thought.) I had a hard time working out what to call an ambassador. "Your What?" None of us knew for sure. We finally decided that "Your Excellency" was right. That is a hunk of etiquette I should have known in terms of the job that is ahead of us.

For several years, I have been trying to learn from the Koreans how to address people. But they would not help me. The Westerners had so conditioned them, that they would say, "Just call me Henry". They get a Western name and put it before their surname. One of my concerns was David Cho who has a church in Korea like Ralph Sockman has in this country, or Fosdick. When he came to Singapore where I was preaching some years ago, I treated him like I would myself-- just a country preacher. It was not until over a year later that I found out that the very minimum anyone would call him is "the Right Reverend Mr. Cho." This was a lack of sophistication on my part. I finally learned from the Koreans the way I would address Kang Byoung Hoon, who was here for some months. Every time you speak to him it is "Kang Byoung Hoon, Moksanim, how are you feeling this morning? Kang Byoung Hoon, Moksanim, I am glad you are feeling so well this morning." I said to some of them, "shouldn't I call him just Byoung Hoon? because I know him so well and because I am older? "No." "Well, he calls me 'Joe', I reply." They say, that is because in your country that is the thing to do. And he is trying to do what you do in your country. In his country he would be called Byoung Hoon only if he were a kindergarten student.

Now, I have no desire to give in to the phony kind of liberalism which is afraid to make a mistake overseas. They will forgive you if you make a mistake. The problem is when you do not know enough to make a mistake. When you go in to see his Holiness, Beatitude Theophilis, the person who enters his audience first, is the one who has the most status; if he does not have obvious status, then it is the one who is older. The youngest, with the least status, goes in last. When you leave his presence, it is exactly the reverse. The youngest goes out first and the person with the most status or oldest goes out last. You would not think of being in that room in the presence of His Beatitude with the status figure having already gone out the door. That is just crucial. Or I am talking about such things, as when a bishop or a president of a bank in his office makes the slightest gesture of looking at his watch, or standing up, or reaching for his papers, you are on your feet in a flash of a second. You sense when that is coming, and you are on your feet just before he does it. This is what I am after here, in terms of deportment.

The last point I have to make is a hard one. It is something like being of service in every situation, or being a guru. I am a little afraid of this. For instance, a colleague backed a bishop's wife into the corner and began to give her a pedagogy course on the meaning of prayer. Later, when the Bishop got up, walked out to his car, wanting to take one of the guests home with him, our colleague still had that guest pinned on the porch explaining some last eternal truth while the Bishop waited at the car door. The Chinese man he was talking with was doing his best to tell him to "go to hell," while trying to be a polite Chinese man at the same time. If you every wonder why we get in any trouble overseas it is that we lack finesse. Up to now that has not been such an issue, but from now on, it is necessary that we have finesse. If any of you think I am not dealing with revolutionary tactics, right now, then you do not understand me.

This all has something to do with being the "guru." But your "guruing" must never stand out. We had a good time when we saw George Romney, because he is a Mormon and we enjoyed spinning about the stakes and the guilds. We had fun because we were not trying to teach him anything. Those of you who know me know I exercise this in myself even though I may be a bit corney at it. Rarely do I ride in a taxi that that driver is not glad that day he had that old man in his cab. I am out to make him glad he had me in that cab. I do not always do it, because I am lazy, and because I like to pretend I am tired. What I am trying to say is that everywhere you go you owe these people just a little touch of yourself. Frequently, I think "What do I have to give him?" But when I become a little detached--I discover I have a lot to give most anyone I meet. And so have you! You can leave just a little bit of yourself behind with a hotel clerk; with a stewardess on an airplane; when you go to see the cardinal you can have fun with leaving a little bit of yourself behind. This has to do, I believe, with Sophistication. You unobtrusively be sure you give a hunk of yourself. Most of the time when we go see people we are after something. It is the sophisticated person who leaves a little behind him. Winston Churchill, in the midst of the unbelievable pressure of unbelievable problems had time to speak to the lady who was sweeping the floor. These are crude illustrations, I realize, but I have had to say the superficial in order to get to what I mean. We have to become sophisticated people.

Most of what I have been saying has been more to the men than to the women. I tell you women, when one of you does not stand up like a queen, I get a little pain down inside. When one of you does not get up in the morning and dress like a queen, I get a little upset down inside. I like nice looking girls, at any age: little ones, big ones, old ones, and young ones. That has to do with "effervescence"-Sophistication.

What I am talking about has to do with the unconscious dynamics which create unobservable courage. This exercise I have gone through is what gives a man who is neurotically shy, such as myself, the strength to move into most any situation like this with people; and whether I do it well or not, get that job done. I guess what I am saying, finally, is that Sophistication is something you are constantly creating in yourself. One of these days, I hope some of you will get up and be able to give the talk I have given now, and do it well, analyzing it to the bottom. For the next forty years, that kind of almost holy, sacred Sophistication is going to be required of each of us. I see no hope of our being global, of our going global, save that which I call Sophistication is developed.

