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Whatever life is like outside,  
in here to be incognito is beautiful.  
The PSU, she is beautiful.  
Sanctification, she is beautiful.  
Purgation, she is beautiful.  
The Desert Song, she is beautiful.  
The band, she is beautiful.  
The singers, they are beautiful.  
The M. C., he is beautiful.  
SURPRISE! You did not know who it was.

After our last plenary, following the Cabaret, we were all riding high on the awe that exploded in our midst. Then, Sunday night set the context for this week. The stalling of the buses in the traffic jam after the concert gave a new added dimension to our corporateness. As we began to sing people in their cars began to sing. It gave you a vision that the whole world was going to begin to sing as resurgence takes place. That was a great sign to us.

Then we went into our PSUs. We eased into them with our orientations. The PSUs came both as a great release and a great burden. It was release because we slowed down a bit and a burden because we had to pick up everything from scratch. The first two weeks everyone mumbled around when they wanted to get off the hook, "Room E is writing orders up there. I'm not building a model. I wish I was Room E so I could build a model." This week you sat there and no one brought a model to you and you kept saying, "Bring me something. Tell me what to do." Two days passed, three days, and still no one brought a model to you. Instead they either brought you a whole stack of papers from PSUs over the past, that you had to work through, or they brought you nothing and you had to start from scratch. Either way the PSUs gave us a way to make a shift into building our own models for carrying out our work.

Someone said, "We were a little tired beginning last week." It is like wandering around on water. You have the image of walking on water, but this is wandering around on water, in a desert, looking for an oasis. That is what the PSUs were like, a desert. The oasis came, but it came in a strange form. It certainly was not the way I would have talked about an oasis. It came in the sanctification course. I tell you we have ourselves a course. New people were caught up by that time and seminar leaders who had shifted from their previous teams could not tell the difference between the old and the new people. The address was as great, if not greater on the seminar leaders, the priors, as it was to any of the participants.

I would like to paint a montage to get hold of what happened in the sanctification course. For example, one of you said, "It made me more excited about the next twenty years because now I see an opportunity to live the fulfilled life." Another said, "Up to this summer I experienced getting burned out more each year when we came back to a research assembly. This summer I found myself becoming more alive." Someone else said, "People begin to experience their love of God in a stylistic response to the Mystery, more like sticking their being into history." Or again, "The poetry in sanctification gives me the kind of tools to relate to the whole dimension of sociality...For the first time in my life I have been

spiritually excited. Spiritual excitement bubbles up within me and at times I think I'm levitating, thirsting after the spirit. I'm more alive even in my agony and my pain and my rejoicing....I feel more at home in the sociological than ever before. Now I can work harder and harder....I feel myself motivated like I was never motivated. I see the important function of everything in the social process. It is like my eyes have been illuminated....The blowtorch of the weekend course motivated me, not to do any particular thing, but to be excited about life." He even said, "I was strangely warmed to be excited about every dimension of creation. That was the effect of the course."

In RS-I your eyes were opened. In the sanctification course he said, "It gave me a joyous heart." Another person said, "In RS-I it is like being led to a physician, but here you find yourself healed. In RS-I you emphasize witnessing and justing love, here you emphasize presence and transparency." In RS-I you know that God loves you, but you grasp that in a radical decision over the abyss. Here God's love for you seems to be an objective phenomenological happening in the midst of your life. There you emphasize the dread pole and here you emphasize the fascination pole. There life beats me and that is good. Here you know life not only beats you but you are at peace and non-chalant. It is like "I am work, boldness, hunger, desire. I am that ladder that we talked about in St. John of the Cross.

What did all this, you ask them, and they would give a number of answers. However, they would come back and say, "It was a course in which there were a few lectures and a book we read out of that told us a strange story of the bowels of the universe, the way they operate and how they operate in us." That was the sanctification course. Another thing that it did was give us permission in a strange way to engage in celebration.

The PSU was the desert. The sanctification course the oasis. And the Desert Song the water in the midst of that oasis. That celebration was the climax of the week and it was the appropriate climax. It became a slowing down after the Cabaret and held the pole of non-chalance and sophistication. Preparation took place that was simply beyond description: the decor, the dress of the orchestra and the singers, the M. C., the setting of the restaurant, the waiters and the delicious warm food. Everything was done well and yet it was not gaudy. It was simple and yet elegant. We were prepared to honor and we were prepared to expect transparency and it was given to us. The words, the love, the desert, duty, honor, incognito and on and on all became points of entry for us into the other world. The operetta is a different vehicle, but it acted as a cabaret dynamic.

Secular society in its grasp after resurgence created the secular form of the operetta to do the religious task of touching the fragile points of transparency in our election or destiny. In songs we touch the point of the deep human propensity and yearnings that exist and allow us to discern the fragile points of transparency. In the Cabaret we touch total inclusive weakness in the screen that divides the temporality of the community dynamic from the profound. In the operetta, in a similar manner, we touch the point of our calling, our vocation, our mission or our destiny. In the creation of the two Cabarets and an operetta it proves that the movement can do what needs to be done. People said we could not possibly do a Cabaret and yet we did it. Then they said we could not do an operetta certainly, especially since some of the singers had never sung in public before, or with an orchestra that just came out of the woodwork and only practiced for two days. We could not do it and yet we did it. We were good, we were more than good.

There is a sense of corporateness when the movement is present. You can do anything in a fantastic way. That reminds us that our task is not one happening here or there, but is history itself. In the gay nineties there was resurgence out of a dead victorian age and it failed. World War I happened. In the roaring twenties, from which the operettas and songs came, there was the last gasp of a dying world in another attempt at resurgence but it failed. A world wide depression and a second world war happened. Today resurgence is taking place again and if we are correct the past failures of resurgence took place because transparency did not happen. Today we have the tools and the methods and the troops and if we fail, what will happen to the world? The indicative is clear. Our mandate has been written in history. That is where we are.

Next week is going to be a great week. It will be the climax of our PSUs. Forty eight teams are struggling with a mass of data, recreating it into the practical implications from the first two weeks, digging many other things out of the movement and bringing them into focus, and laying them down so that we can pick them up in our march into the future. At the end of this we will finish with a two-day meeting. You might call it a pre-global council. We will have our global council in 1976. This council will be Council VIII of our series of councils and will be the final plenary of the last two weeks and of the whole summer. We will have a grand finale that points the way the march must go. We will have a Cabaret like we have never had before. These are the possibilities for this week.

Those of you to whom the holy life has happened indirectly, you have had happen to you what the category incognito points to. Immediately you intuit that the rest of your life you are engaged deeply in the social process or in global reconstruction. You are a person of duty and honor and you also know that duty and honor always comes prior to love and romance. When any of these latter two things come they are added graces for which we are grateful. Your life is honor and duty not to just this cause or to that, or to any creature or entity. Your life, as Thomas a Becket put it, is to defend the honor of God, to honor the Mystery at every point, to honor the Mystery as it comes to you in purgation, as it comes to you in fascination, as it comes to you in burning fire, in divine light, and as it sears both society and the self. You are people of courage and fortitude. Yes, you are more capable of collapse than any other of your colleagues who collapse, but you surrender the luxury of succumbing to the temptation of leaving. You refuse to succumb to the temptation of yielding to your cowardness.

On the other hand you are utterly willing to humiliate yourself before anyone or in any place to further the mission. You out-rationalize the rational every moment. You are shrewd and you are intelligent. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel if he made one mistake he was finished, so you and I give up the luxury of making one mistake or failing one out of ten times. You are also incognito, hidden and yet revealed. You are active and yet passive. You are the religious to the secular and you are the secular to the religious. As Bernard put it, if society and the world is walking around on its feet then you walk around on your hands. You will be impressive. You will be great, yet you will be incognito. But if you try to come off as a giant you will be a little boy. You are clearly elected and at the same time you are absolutely nothing. If you want to be something your election is lost. Everything is before us. When we leave we go out to be incognito. We may go now to be the halfwit before the establishment or to put on our masks of the warrior before the enemy, but whatever the form, the task is clear.

