

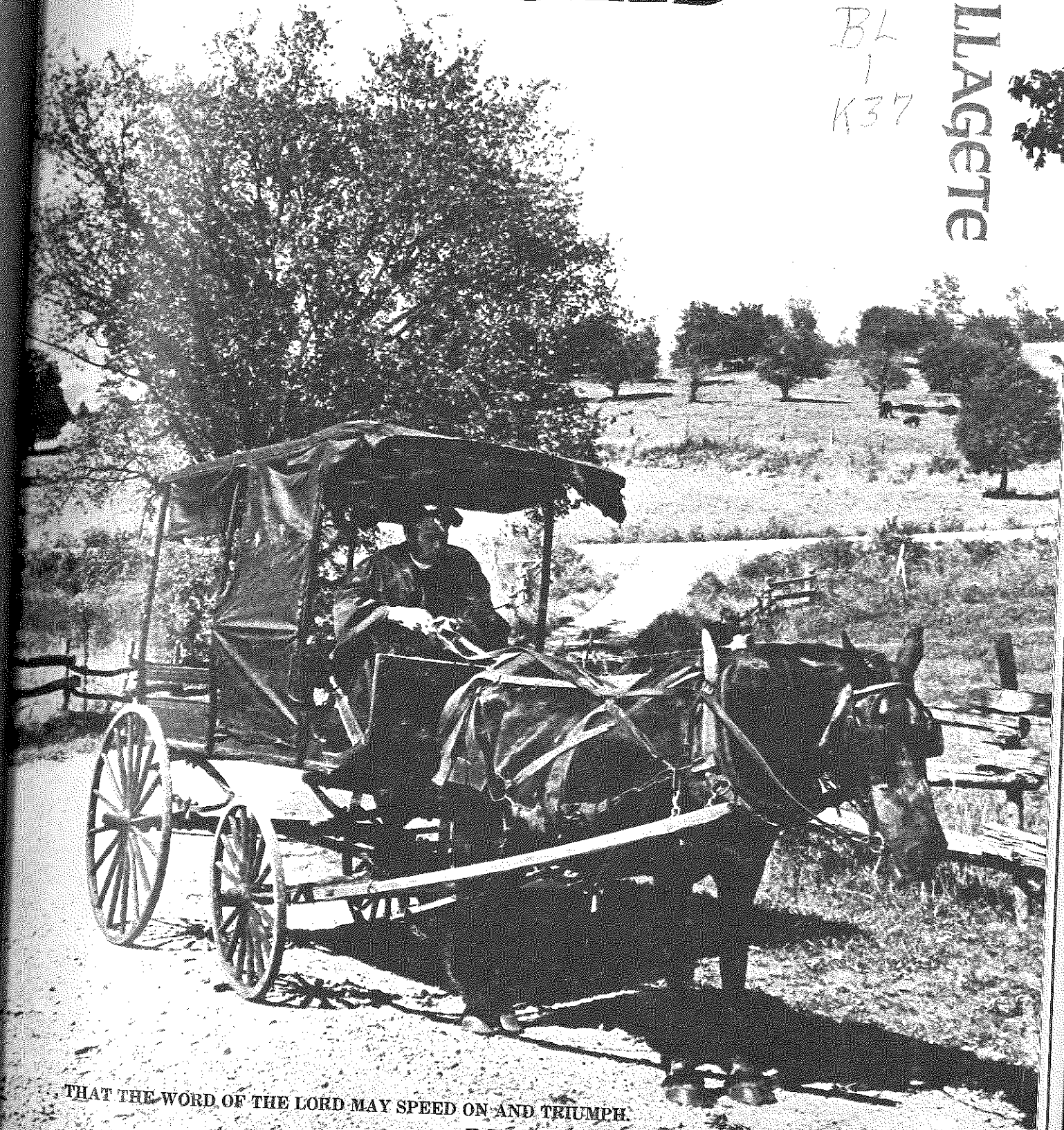
FALL
1969

BE RECONCILED

2/2

BL
1
K37

KATAIAGETE



THAT THE WORD OF THE LORD MAY SPEED ON AND TRIUMPH.

II. Thessalonians 3:1

2

charges, or seen by a private physician. On the other hand, the entire student body will be involved in any such decision.

CURRICULUM

NOTE: One hundred units are required for graduation. Except in a few cases, however, no fixed number of units are assigned any one course. The student himself decides when his ministry should begin and what proportion of readiness each course provides.

COURSES OF STUDY

314. **Grace as a Concept in the Letters of Paul.** Each student will be required to spend from one to three months in a jail of his own choice. It is expected that the crime which gains him entrance will be consistent with Christian principles. *Under no circumstances will "arrangements" be made by the faculty.* He will be allowed no books except the Letters of Paul, and since this may be prohibited each registering student should have an acquaintance with their content approaching memorization. He will not be allowed to see any professor or fellow student during the course. Prerequisite: Three months of intensive physical training. Credit: To be decided by the student upon completion, not to exceed forty units.

315. **The Wisdom Literature and the Psalms.** The location of this course is the site of a Folk or Rock Festival. Each student is required to attend two. The major works of Bob Dylan ("The times They are a-changin'," "Motor Psycho Nightmare"), Johnny Cash ("What Do I Care?" "The Big Battle"), Merle Haggard ("Mamma's Hungry Eyes") Kris Kristofferson ("Law is for the Protection of the People"), The Beatles ("Revolution," "Piggies,") and Odetta ("Poor Little Jesus," "Motherless Children," "Down on Me") will be emphasized. Each student must present one original composition on a contemporary theme. Each will have read Job, Proverbs and Ecclesiastes *at least ten times* prior to registration. Any student attending twenty-four successive performances of the Saturday night Grand Ole Opry will be given an additional five units toward the requirements in urban sociology. Instructors: Messrs. Cash, Haggard and Lennon will listen to each composition, with facial expressions the only grade given the student. Prerequisite: Basic skills on the guitar, banjo or mandolin.

340. **The Theology of the Sermon On The Mount.** Each student will be assigned one policeman in an urban ghetto to follow on rounds for five

KATALLAGETE BE RECONCILED

Journal of the Committee Of Southern Churchmen

FALL 1969		Vol 2, Number 2
Our Grade Is "F"*	3	Will D. Campbell James Y. Holloway
Black Jungle In The Halls Of Ivy	11	John Egerton
Town Square Education	16	Pat Watters
Higher Education	24	J. Andrew Lipscomb
Values And The University	27	Daniel Berrigan
Soul Brothers, Unite	30	Benjamin D. Berry, Jr.
Comments On The Black Church	34	Tom Boomershine
Theological Education		
Rich Man's Slave Or Poor Man's Servant		
Reflections On Reaching The Age Of Thirty	41	Julius Lester

Credits: Cover photograph, Al Clayton, cover design and art work, Fred Hall, both of the editorial board of KATALLAGETE, and Nashville. Father Berrigan's article used with the permission of the National Catholic Reporter; Pat Watters', Pantheon Books.

Published by the Committee of Southern Churchmen, Inc. Individuals receiving KATALLAGETE forward a contribution of \$2.00 to \$5.00 for four issues to cover the cost of printing and mailing. Correspondence relating to subscriptions and mailings should be sent to the Committee of Southern Churchmen, Post Office Box 12044, Nashville, Tennessee 37212. Editorial correspondence should be sent to James Y. Holloway, Box 936, Berea College Station, Berea, Kentucky 40403. Third class mailing privileges granted to The Committee of Southern Churchmen at Nashville, Tennessee. © 1969, The Committee of Southern Churchmen, Inc.

STAFF

EDITOR

JAMES Y. HOLLOWAY
Box 936, Berea College Station
Berea, Kentucky

PUBLISHER

WILL D. CAMPBELL
for the Committee
of Southern Churchmen

EDITORIAL BOARD

AL CLAYTON
JAMES McBRIDE DABBS
DUNCAN GRAY, JR.
FRED W. HALL
JOSEPH M. HENDRICKS
JOHN LEWIS
WALKER PERCY
KELLY MILLER SMITH

J. ANDREW LIPSCOMB
Circulation

The Committee
of Southern Churchmen

WALTER CLANCY,
President

WILL D. CAMPBELL,
Director

Post Office Box 12044
Nashville, Tennessee 37212
Telephone (615) 242-2448



AL CLAYTON

OUR GRADE IS "F"*

Will D. Campbell and James Y. Holloway

From the *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria* to the Mekong Delta, failure is a word never to be tolerated in American life. Throughout our history, we have always done whatever was necessary for success, even if we had to change what the word meant (as yesterday, in the wars against the Indians, and today, in Vietnam). Yet if one takes even a casual look at the American scene today, there is no cause to celebrate our successes. Instead, we are failing and there is despair in the land.

We are failing as a people, as a political entity, as a Christian community and as individual Christians.

Take the racial front: writers, reporters, social scientists, experts on human relations, preachers, rabbis and priests who moved into the big and hopeful arena of integrating American culture ten or twenty years ago are now slowly and sadly turning to more promising fields of interest and service—observing or reporting the Sunday afternoon drag strip, hobby farming, conversations in the pool hall, crafts, breeding dogs, etc., etc.

Ten years ago it was different. While Southern legisla-

tors and reactionary newspaper editors were screaming "Never!" we liberals were exuding optimism with our foundation grant and a well-written and organized table of procedure. The enemy stood as a clear target. The issues were clear-cut. To be sure there were not a lot of us, but the task was an obvious one. Get the nine black children into school. Get Governor Faubus to withdraw his troops. Get the federal troops here. Get the public schools open. All those things were accomplished, and some of us were a part of it. Ten years later things are not really better in America where the problem of race is concerned. They are worse. And in the name of progress—public housing, urban renewal, and model cities—a program of resegregation has begun. The target does not stand so clear today.

Ten years ago a handful of us in the occupied city of Little Rock, Arkansas, walked to school the first day with the nine black children. We felt fresh and clean inside. But today we would hesitate to take that same walk, not for fear of a governor's National Guard, but for fear of meeting the jeers of "Honkey go home!"

No longer can we identify the enemy so easily. No longer can we isolate the issues. We are denied issues. No longer do we battle against flesh and blood, but

*"F": "Indicates that the work done has been of the lowest quality relative to the essentials of the course." (cf. Luke 10:29 ff)

against principalities and powers, spiritual wickedness in high places. There is despair in the land. There is failure in the land.

What happened? Perhaps we started too late. Perhaps we chose the wrong enemy in the first place. Or perhaps, like Israel, our sins do not permit us to turn to God (Hosea 5:4): perhaps we could not turn from our wicked ways if we wanted to. There comes a time when even repentance is impossible and only judgment remains. Perhaps those we sought to help had already seen too much of us. Perhaps they alone knew who we really were. They had seen what Vincent Harding reminds us of: the burning of the Indians by our Puritan fathers while they gave thanks to God. They had seen the concentration camps we created for those first families. They had seen our rape of Mexico, the crushing of the Cuban rebellion in 1898 and the destruction of the Philippine Revolution in the years that followed. They had watched our constant domination of the Latin nations. They heard the accusation by one of their leaders that World War I was primarily the jealous and avaricious struggle for the larger share in exploiting the dark races. They watched us in World War II as we began a holy war but ended in setting loose the most monstrous of all weapons, so monstrous that in 25 years, only we have used it.

They see us now in Vietnam.

Is it any wonder that we are charged now with genocide? And let us be honest enough to examine that charge as it is used by Stokeley Carmichael, Rap Brown and others. When these men use it, they don't mean simply that America would choose to exterminate physically all people of color, though there is mounting evidence that this is precisely what we will do if we have to.

Let us remember that the charge was first made at the time when the most rapid strides were being taken toward integration, when civil rights legislation was being passed, when presidents and southern mayors were joining hands and singing "We Shall Overcome." Why do you suppose they talk about genocide? Because it began to be evident to black men what we meant by integration. Black men began to see what Markus Barth had pointed out to us five years ago, that while white, good, liberal Americans were open to the social needs, necessities and opportunities of the present hour, there was a condition to it. They began to see that we were willing, yes, even eager, to receive blacks into *our* schools, *our* neighborhoods, *our* jobs, *our* clubs, perhaps *our* churches (sometimes), and even into *our* families and bedrooms. But he also saw that our understanding of the end of segregation was usually identified with that kind of acceptance which presupposes, among other things, that there are two cultures, two races, two types of men, a hierarchy of creation. "Integration" came to mean that we actively pursue a course so that the two races encounter each other in such a way that the white partner forgives the black fellowman for being black—so that he becomes an honorary white man.

No more was required of blacks than they learned their lesson: keep their yards clean, keep their voices down, wash themselves at least once a day, enjoy the treasures of higher culture, stabilize their courtship and marriage customs, just as the white man is alleged to have done. The beginning of genocide is not ovens and concentration camps. The beginning of genocide is the beginning of integration: the expectation of the majority that the minority become like the majority.

So what we tried to peddle was racial migration, and we failed to sell it. We failed because it was a false commodity. It was no more than segregation turned inside out. And the first faint cry of black power scared us so badly that we quickly, immediately, distorted to mean not what it originally did mean, namely, the development of political movements capable of securing just demands for those within it as other American minorities have done. We distorted black power to mean what white power has meant all these centuries—a ruthless ruling by the powerful of the powerless. So we stand as failures because we deserved to have failed.

We have failed on the racial front in the second place because *every* institution of our culture has found a way out of meeting the crisis. The sin of the responsible institutions of culture is not that they have lied, but that they have carefully and cunningly manipulated the truth—each with his own shibboleth; each with his own idol. The god of the racist is racial supremacy. But we were smart enough and good enough to isolate the racist. Grant him his premise, and you cannot beat him. He has rightly identified his grave sin as idolatry. But we did not realize that we were in the process creating our own idol and idols. One idol after another was brought into play which in effect excused us of any real responsibility.

American industry today argues for and hides behind the false god of "merit employment." Let's give it a test. Those who make the highest score will get the job. Guess who gets the job? The tests are written for people who for the most part know about pheasant-under-glass; and you ask some ghetto child about pheasant-under-glass and he makes zero. But ask him about the breeding habits of cockroaches; ask him how a rat can crawl up an iron crib and gnaw the toes off a baby sister, and he will make a good grade. And the middle class applicant will make zero. So we have the modern idol of merit employment.

Another example. The American press with its ideal of objectivity. The importance of fair and impartial coverage of the news is valid. But it is not enough in a day of national peril simply to react to, report and show pictures of the various crises. In wartime, the press always filled with pages of patriotic slogans designed to support the leadership in an emergency. The press did not hesitate to propagandize for other good causes—UGF, Boy Scouts, National Science Week. But when it comes to the human situation of *race*, though there are notable exceptions, the press is piously faithful to the cult of objectivity and sends this great tragedy back

to the racist, white and black, to be solved.

Another example. The church in America with its concern for peace and harmony within the fellowship—a valid concept, no doubt, until we consider that the man many of us call Lord used the church primarily as a place to raise hell.

Another example is "education." The American colleges and universities (Christian and otherwise) have been carefully guarded against any involvement in the racial crisis by worshipping at the shrine of academic excellence. The president of a great southern university remarked to us a very few years ago—when it was decided, after all this time, to admit 5 or 6 *qualified black students* and we had been summoned by someone other than the president to serve as "consultant" to the situation—"We do not contemplate any problem here because there won't be many to measure up to our high standards." He spoke the truth. So higher education washes its hands pure in the *Pilate* basin of academic excellence and sends the problem back to the racist, black and white. But it is doubtful that the shibboleth of academic standards is ultimately any more sacred to God than the hue and cry of racial intermarriage—the shibboleth of the deep South racist—is sacred to God. Both, no doubt, contain an element of some sort of "truth": both are worshipping false gods.

The failure of education requires a closer look, in dimensions other than as well as the racial one. An important reason why the racial catastrophe is deep and probably irreversible is what America now means by and does with "education." Education's failure, and the perversion of education which came about in the process of failing in the racial crisis, is probably the most monumental calamity to befall an institution of American culture in the twentieth century. The refusal "to bus" to achieve some degree of balance leading toward an effective primary and secondary educational process, and the failure of higher education to seek out in order to serve the victims of this process, are simply the two most obvious manifestations of the same calamity. Several aspects of this failure are discussed in the articles which make up this issue of *Katallagete*.

We are concerned here, however, with the failure of education that falls as an especially acute judgment on the Christian in America. The New Testament proclaims the Good News that religion, that sickness which binds man to himself and to his idols and images, is conquered by the Resurrection. What concerns us is the fact that "education" has become a religion in the American democracy (and to the church) more sacred than American democracy (and Christ). The New Testament makes it clear that "education" is not "evangelism." What concerns us is the fact that the gamut of activities that goes by the name "education"—that activity which was to be the sure and certain guarantee that the American people would become free and continue to live in freedom and democracy—education, along with and urgently supported by the political order, is preparing our minds

and souls for the technological concentration camp.

We are concerned about more than a virtue become a vice, a thesis become an antithesis, a tragedy that is more than intellectual, because it involves the souls of the humanists and the birthright of Christians. We are convinced, for example, that the gut decisions that Christians will face in the next years and decades will not so much concern military service (it is more efficient to have a voluntary, professional army, anyway), but service to the idol of American "education." We believe that Christians will soon be forced to make decisions about whether to permit their children to attend institutions (kindergarten, upward, Christian and secular), spawned by educational systems and bureaucracies which are already hopelessly closed, totalitarian, beyond hope of internal or external renewal, and whose efforts bring forth a youth cynical at the manifest hypocrisy or brainwashed as to value and meaning in life. And Christians must make those decisions—like all decisions made as Christians—in the light of the fact that it is the Good News, and not "education", which liberates captives from the dungeons of idolatry.

Christians are more confused than anyone today about what "education" is. Or worse, perhaps most Christians are not even confused, but naively assume that they know what education *is*—and that, today, is to be far, far worse off than to be confused. But the real charge that must be leveled against the Christian is that it was not us, but the plethora of revolts by blacks, youth, police, Indians, etc., etc., which challenged all our easy, liberal assumptions about what "education" is. Is education, for example, the objective transmission of information, data, facts, skills, about sundry subjects, liberating the recipient from ignorance about certain information, data, facts, skills—so that choices may be made on the basis of "reason" and that every choice made by those receiving this information, data, etc., is thereby "rational"? Perhaps so. But who decides what information, data, facts, skills, will be transmitted, and by whom, and why may we trust one person's objectivity and reject another's as subjective and emotional?

Or: is education the appreciation of cultural, especially Western, traditions, enabling one to better understand the world and the time in which we live? Perhaps so. But who decides how to present *what* about *which* tradition? About ours, to take an example close to hand: shall we agonize and assign term papers about the "meaning" of the Protestant Reformation and the Age of Reason, and thus ignore the "meaning" of the introduction of the traffic in black lives from Africa to the "new" world by white Christian ladies and gentlemen? Shall we chart the battle of New Orleans and the Bloody Angle, and thus deny Christian genocide against the original inhabitants of what we now call North and Central and South America? Shall we memorize Talcott Parson's social theory of action and overlook J. Edgar Hoover's? (If you substitute the right names in the proper places in the preceding sentences, you have the very sort of questions our political and social sciences

tists are this very moment putting before our students as examples of today's "-isms", especially Marx's "ism.")

Some believe that education is the great equalizer in American democracy. Accessible to all regardless of race, creed and color, it is the one sure vehicle which permits a son or daughter of a black mother and white father to attend public schools anywhere without prejudice or impediment, secure admission into the crack universities or Christian liberal arts colleges, and become Abraham Lincoln, Richard Nixon, Betty Furniss, Jonas Salk or Neil Armstrong. The fact is that tax-supported education (and *all* education, some Baptists and others to the contrary notwithstanding, *is* tax-supported) aids upper and middle income children far more than it supports these lower income folk. Indeed, these folk—because of who they are and what America has done to them and where they live—are the victims of the very educational system which their own tax dollars support in a higher proportion than do upper and middle income families. This fact we hereby commend for the earnest consideration of trustees in the small Christian college who are exercised about the separation of church and state, government support, etc., etc.,—not that they accept government support, but that they recognize an indebtedness to those who support *them*. And what about the black man's blackness, the red man's redness, etc., etc., in education today? It is a "problem" which requires a "solution": those who are different because of skin color or "cultural deprivation" are made into "white"—in public institutions under the rubric of democracy, in Christian institutions under the rubric of brotherhood.

Some hold to a robust American pragmatism: we know what education is when we see what it does. On that score, also, we question an easy assurance. Education in the United States has studied war and the decision-making and political processes and power politics so thoroughly since the Second World War that a class of American mandarins has been created by our graduate schools. But this educational process (itself an object of critical professional inquiry only very recently, that is, after the barn had burned with the horses inside) this educational process has offered no alternative to the cold war, to world-wide insurrections of race and poverty, to an understanding of the Middle Eastern crises that is surely wrenching Hitler's victims there into his own violent image, not without racial touches. As for Vietnam, it is the crown jewel of those scientists of human affairs (especially political affairs) who reject even the moral judgments of humanity as weak and subjective intrusions into the world of political realism.

Education today might well be judged by what it does. And what we see it doing is adjusting the student to the system—which-is-everywhere—which is to say, dehumanizing the student rather than liberating him. Education, we think, should work toward an adjustment of the system—which-is-everywhere to serve humanity. But because education today is an adjustment of the

student to the system, the great people and the great literature and the great music and the great art since the Second World War have not been the work of the who are a part of the educational institutions in America. How could they be? And because this is so, our educational institutions are prisoners of the manifold fruits of a technology which the helpless and impoverished of the world and our land know only too well, from Hiroshima to Hanoi, from Canton in Mississippi to Ocean Hill Brownsville in New York. And because this is so, education, wherever it might take place, must begin as a process of *dis*-adjustment to the system—which-is-everywhere. And *that*, brothers and sisters, is about all we know about what "education" *is*, today.

Where are the Christian colleges in all of this? Where they have always been, led by Caesar and his educational institutions and bureaucracies. Except that, in most cases, we were early to segregate racially, in order to be relevant to our people; late to de-segregate because we had to preserve "unity"; and because of the strength of our conviction that our intentions are of the highest and purist, we are the last to understand that integration is, in fact, another way to control "them."

Whom does the Christian college serve? Whom does Caesar's colleges serve? Those same, and precious few others. Certainly not the victims of Caesar's educational Gestapos (SAT, CEEB), for these are "high risk." And no one (Caesar's servants or Christ's) gives any thought to how high the risk *any* student runs by devoting his irretrievable years of his life to the sickness of present-day educational establishments. Certainly there is little enthusiasm in the Christian colleges today to resume those of whom Jonathan Kozol speaks in *Death at an Early Age*. For which among the present-day colleges has been more anxious about the dodges and deceptions called "quality education" and "academic excellence" than the Christian liberal arts college? Which among them has been more anxious about accreditation than the Christian liberal arts college, even though it means a service to Caesar and a denial of the service to Christ? Which among the educational institutions has competed more enthusiastically and energetically with Caesar's high-quality students (so as not "to scrape the bottom of the barrel"), and for basketball players, faculty, coaches, science centers and athletic stadiums, than the Christian liberal arts college? Which among the colleges has ignored more effectively than the Christian liberal arts college the stranger lying bloody in the ditch (cf. Luke 10:29ff.), the victim of the very educational system which now denies him?

Whom does the Christian liberal arts college serve when it echoes Caesar's concerns about "qualifications," academic standards, SAT and CEEB scores? In whose service is the Christian liberal arts college when it fails to strike head-on the very concept of "qualification," especially qualifications defined by the educational brigands who consigned the victim, bruised, naked and half-dead, into the sewers of American society, dug in part by the edu-

cational brigands themselves? Whom does the Christian liberal arts college serve when it does not lead an onslaught against the totalitarianism of accrediting agencies? Where is the Christian liberal arts college which has compassion even on her own victims as well as Caesar's by pouring on oil (and, yes, wine) and paying the bill, not in reparations but as a neighbor (cf. Luke 10:29 ff.)?

What we are asking is where in the Christian college is the white youngster we call "Kluxer" because he doesn't know which side of the plate the salad fork goes on and spends a lot of time talking about sex and automobiles? And where in the Christian college is the black whom we call "culturally deprived" and thus ineligible for admission to higher education because he has been deprived (or spared) our culture and belches or crepitates in public?

(Let none think, however, that our questions are already given answer by the Bob Jones University types: we have another set of questions for them, centering around their own capitulation to the techniques of contemporary totalitarianism. The fact is a few, but not many, of our readers are inheritors of the Bob Jones traditions. A great many of us are debtors to the Christian liberal arts college.)

Our Christian colleges speak for mammon, not God. There is precious little evidence that they—which is to say, their trustees or administrators or faculties or alumni or students—will or desire the humility to do otherwise than be an agent of mammon. It may be argued against what we are saying that, well, at least the Christian liberal arts college is serving Christians—or at least the progeny of Christians in America. But when was the principal service to Christ ever the rendering of service to ourselves (cf. Luke 10:29 ff.)? So in our Christian colleges we are in fact serving ourselves and not Christ, in the middle-and-upper income orientation of our curriculum and faculty and administration and trustees. Our distaste for the victims of our economics is never more evident than in our loud shouts about how many "Negroes," how many "high-risk" students we admit over last year, over the state university, over the Ivy League colleges. If we were in the least bit serious about black and high risk students, why would we have to say anything about *them*? Why not *be* like the man in Luke 10:29 ff., *be* compassionate by binding up wounds and paying the bills and leaving, *incognito*?

Christian colleges, unlike the medieval universities we enjoy so much to deplore because of their authoritarianism, are contemptuous toward their environments—human and natural—which are exploited rather than served. Christian colleges have constructed buildings and obtained operational capital from a rape of the land and from the sweat and backs of Indians, blacks, rednecks, hillbillies, Kluxers, Chicanos, peckerwoods, etc., etc. The Christian colleges then use them as service or maintenance lackies, while their pathetic little culture-starved MA's and Ph.D.'s ridicule and scoff them and their music and their dress and their antics and drinking

and fighting and sex life and prose and vocabulary and their support of George Wallace, and tell lies about them (and thereby about middle-and-upper-income Americans and Christians) in their "required" courses.

Our Christian colleges serve themselves and not Christ when they explain in the most pained tones that they have only so "many" resources and that these must be allocated on the basis of priorities. And what and who are the priorities? Ourselves. Middle-and-upper-income Christian Americans. And these are the priorities set by Caesar, not Christ. They are, the Christian colleges insist, committed to "quality education." And spelled out, this means that our Christian colleges will continue their commitment to the very same cycle of events which put and keeps the victims of the educational system, bloodied and bruised and half-dead in the sewer of American society. And because he smells badly since he has been there so long, the Christian liberal arts college covers the victim not with oil and wine and compassion, but with surveys, institutional self-studies, statements of purpose and massive foundation requests (that were rejected). An allocation of resources based on commitments to "quality education" is simply the educator's "white" lie that a commitment to the victims of the educational system in America is a compromise of "quality education." And this is quite simply the racism of white intransigence, which feeds on a conviction of superiority that crucified Christ and recrucifies Him anew.

Christ have mercy on us! What is the quality of "quality education" that rejects Christ's own dying for *all* men? Where is the quality in what our Christian colleges have taught about what Christian white people have done in wars and slavery to the people of color the world over, and what we have done in our own peculiar wars against each other? Where is the *excellence* that judges it "excellent" to allocate resources to support and preserve the very institutions and ways of life that raped a people and a land and imported the children of God as draft animals, that digs new sewers in which to throw the new victims created by the new systems and methods and techniques of The American Way of Life?

Where is the service to Christ in that myriad of Christian liberal arts colleges whose only boast over the hated (because of the larger budget) state university is the lower student-teacher ratio (which never really works out to smaller classes in a meaningful way), easy access to the teachers, and the absence of student-faculty radicalism and hippie types? There is *no* service to Christ in all this, for the simple reason that there is no essential difference between what is happening on the campus of the Christian liberal arts college and the large state university. Recruit (and compete in recruiting) students, using the same formulas, for the same curriculum, taught by instructors indoctrinated by the same prejudices of the same professors in the same graduate and professional schools. Except that, instructors at the state universities were for the most part

better all-round students, have stronger and more realistic and relevant views of today's society and (unbelievable as it might seem) are on the whole better classroom teachers. (What is the sense in bragging about smaller classes if the students are presided over by imperalizing old maids, male or female?)

So there it is: Students sharing the same presuppositions because they must have them to finish high school and be "admitted" to college; faculty sharing the same ones because they have to get a "degree" and an "appointment" and tenure promotions and sabbaticals; administrators sharing them because they have to allocate resources according to the priorities set by society and by Caesar's universities, and by trustees drawn from the specialists in making and raising money in the American system. There it is: Christian college with state university, together and indistinguishable not under the Cross, but under the Great Yum-Yum Tree of Academic Excellence and Quality Education. No distinctions between "education" and "evangelism" wrought on the Cross. Rather, the "cross" in the "classroom" and not on *Golgotha*—evangelism in the service and at the beck and call of education-as-adjustment to the system—which-is-all-around-us.

But why should we emphasize failures only? Why not, for a change, speak of successes? Because . . . there are no successes. Because insofar as the Christian college is concerned, there will be no successes, absolutely not one, unless and until the nature and the depth of the failure is seen, and accepted. And this lies not in our hands, but God's. We are under His judgment.

It is clear that there will be no successes until the Christian college grasps the difference between teaching and evangelism as seen in the New Testament. Then it will cease evangelizing education by the cheap trick of trying to put "Christ in the classroom." Look for success, then, not in Christian colleges because they call themselves Christian. Look for success in a student here, a "call to discipleship" yonder, an insight there from a teacher which makes it impossible to "study" war or racism or the New Testament and come away the same person; impossible to study the political processes and sell one's soul to it; impossible to study physics or chemistry and not dedicate one's career to opposing their enslavement to the horrors of twentieth century technological inhumanity; impossible to study money and banking and come away lighthearted at what our economics have done to those who originally had property rights to the land which supports us so richly, and to those whom we purchased as chattel and continue to treat as such. Look for success not where "Christ," but a socratic Christian, is the classroom—that is, a teacher who will put *everything* under question, accepts *nothing* at face value, (especially himself and his discipline), not for the hell of it nor because he is possessed of a demon, but because the Cross and Resurrection put *everything* under question. Yesterday, today, forever. *Everything*.

Look for success in those places: for it is not under

any circumstance essential that this kind of success occur only on the campus or in the classroom of the Christian liberal arts college. *That is the point.*

And that is why we speak of failure.

We wish, finally, to talk about another failure. It concerns a subject that has been implicit in our effort since this journal began four years ago. This is the failure of the Church and society to distinguish between the so-called black problem and the problem of the poor whites. Our nation has refused to see this distinction, we suspect, partly because of our accumulated guilt and partly because we assume that the problem of race offered more promise of solution. We white liberals romanticised the racial problem and sought to identify with the Civil Rights Movement either by ignoring the poor white or by seeing movements which manifested themselves most often in such groups as the Ku Klux Klan as a police problem, pure and simple.

A few years ago the Columbia Broadcasting System did a documentary film called "The Ku Klux Klan, An Invisible Empire." It showed the horror of such things as the murder of Messrs. Goodman, Chaney and Schwerner in Mississippi; the castration of Judge Aaron in Alabama; the murder of four Sunday School children in Birmingham—who would deny that they were dreadful crimes? But as always, there were many important things which were not put before the audience, most important being the conditions which produced these people. The same thing produced them that produces and is producing, and will produce more violence in the black ghetto. These same things are producing the white ghettos and will produce the violence, the rioting and all the rest.

The film did not tell us about a man, who is a friend of ours, and a leader in the Ku Klux Klan. It did not tell about how his father left him when he was six years old, how his mother went to work in a textile sweat shop where for 37 years her job was to sew the seam down the right leg of those overalls. The *outside* right leg, for 37 years: Never the inside of the right leg, never the left leg, but her job for 37 years was to make the seam down the right side of the overalls and that was for 40 cents an hour and generally for not more than two days a week. They did not tell us about how this boy ran away because he was a big boy, joined the Army at 14, was jumping out of airplanes as a paratrooper when he was 16, was leading a platoon when he was 18. The film didn't tell how for 17 years he learned the fine arts of torture, interrogation and guerrilla warfare.

The film said that only the Ku Klux Klan has a record of violence as an organization. What of the textile industry sweat shops? What of the American Legion? (What of us—and how much do you pay your mail or your maintenance personnel? How many hungry children are there in your town tonight?)

The film did not tell us that the same social forces produced the Klan's violence that produced the violence

of Watts, Rochester and Harlem, Cleveland, Chicago and Dayton, Tampa, Houston, Atlanta, Baton Rouge and Nashville. Because the Klansmen are of the same stuff, victims of the same social isolation, deprivation, economic conditions, rejections, under-and-un-employment, broken homes, working mothers, ignorance, poor schools, no hospitals, bad diets, all the rest. Does one have to wonder why the film did not tell us?

The invisible empire? Yes, there is an invisible empire in America, but it is not the Ku Klux Klan.

There is a film of an invisible empire which needs to be made. It should be of the evil and cynical white aristocracy, the few not in the South, but in America, who profited from the sale of human flesh. It should include those who tried to do something about their plight in the Populist movement and Farmers' Alliance in the 1890's. It should report how the poor, ignorant rednecks were told that if they persisted in their egalitarian activities, their daughters would be ravished *en masse* by blacks. Then the camera should be turned slightly to the northeast, to the little city of Springfield, Massachusetts, where can be found what is said to be the richest street in the world, built not with Yankee ingenuity, but with the sale of rum and slaves. Let there be a few frames for a beautiful upperclass church edifice there and for its pastor who several years ago said at a very fashionable luncheon that his most annoying problem was that he had one usher who insisted on walking down the aisle in the offering procession in a gray flannel suit instead of the traditional morning cutaway which the other five ushers wore. Let that portion of the film conclude with this same pastor asking of a fellow clergyman from the South in all seriousness, "Do you think the churches of the South will ever wake up and do something about this race problem?"

And if it is to be a film on the invisible empire then let the electronic devices turn to the political processes in this country from the capitol dome to the JP courts, the police stations, the banks, the savings and loan companies. They are all run, not by Kluxers, but by people who are of the middle and upper class, respectable and responsible citizens all. And then do not forget again the universities (Christian and otherwise) which, at best, insofar as blacks and other minorities are concerned, recruit those whose cultures and manners are already white; and where poor whites are concerned, use their intellect and influence to convince this country's people that those who can't afford to go to or to qualify for college should be the ones to go and fight this nation's wars. And those who can afford to go to college can remain in the safety and security of the ivory towers. Finally, film those rejects of the intellectuals as they are taught to hate and kill and burn, interrogate and torture in the fine art of guerrilla warfare. Film them as they come back home and try to get an even break with the college educated. Watch them as they try to get back into "decent society." Document it with some words of President Johnson a few years

ago when he pointed his long, bony finger at the millions in his television audience and said to the Klan, "Get out of the Klan and back into decent society while there is still time"—a remark which rings loudly of a police state. Watch the reject as he tries to go back into "decent society," and watch the door as it slams shut in his face. Where else can he go but to the Klan? Who else will have him? Who else wants a boy because he was a big Somebody in uniform but who is nobody's darling now? And yes, give some footage to the church houses which taught him racism in one way or another from the day he was born, all very decent, all very respectable, all for very good reasons—to preserve the harmony (that is, the wealth) of the institution.

Then let us talk about those who run this invisible empire, and who created the Klan, Harlem, Watts, and Southside Chicago. We will show you an invisible empire that intervenes in an Asian civil war; an invisible empire which calculates exactly the amount of civil rights legislation that can be passed in this country without the white voting backlash becoming a reality; an invisible empire which deprives this country of an adequate health program and a guaranteed annual income so that no child in this rich land, be he Kluxer or Black Nationalist, must go hungry, uneducated, uncared for medically.

We are not talking about hating the rich. We are simply saying that the invisible empire in this country is far more subtle, far more insidious, cunning and treacherous than a few hundred people gathered in a cow pasture around a burning cross. It has *always* been against the law to dynamite churches and burn houses and shoot housewives on public highways. Why then all the HUAC investigations of a group of folks in the deep South? Why indeed: because what HUAC represents has always been pitted against Southern rednecks. Because we like to simplify problems. We like to find the Jonah and throw him overboard, assured that everything will then be all right.

In the beginning of our history we called ourselves the American "experiment;" so did Abe Lincoln. We still do. It was a new and novel idea. As in any experiment, however, it is necessary from time to time to evaluate the data. Any scientist periodically will take a look at what he is doing, make changes, start all over. Perhaps that time has now come in our history.

Whatever the reasons for our failure, however, let us turn briefly to the consequences. And the most glaring and obvious consequence, it seems to us, is that we are moving rapidly toward a contemporary police state. But we must be careful about that phrase. The images of an "American Hitler" or "Stalin" usually come to mind, with exiles, barbed-wire concentration camps and midnight knocks on the door, edicts suspending the Congress, Judiciary and Constitution, rounding up potential enemies of the State, government by the supergenerals in the Pentagon and HEW technicians, presided

over by the former Chief-of-Staff and the Vice-President of the regime that was overthrown. But there is no need for that sort of thing. It is mainly a figment of the liberal's anomie, or the *Schadenfreude* of their money-raisers after they lose elections, not to George Wallace or General Edwin Walker, but to one equally as "liberal" as their own candidate.

We have argued for years that this is *not* the way it is going: The danger is not an American "Hitler," or even an American "Stalin" or "Mao." Such a one would fail for the same reason that Goliath failed against David. We are too cunning, too realistic, too educated to permit the Goliath of an American Hitler to prevail over us. We would always have enough education to identify Goliath. We could always storm the concentration camps. We could always give our bodies to be burned as we chanted "Freedom! Freedom!"

The opportunity for that sort of martyrdom will be denied us in the technological concentration camp of our era and heritage. William Faulkner had a notion of it when he wrote about our white forefathers coming to these lands "not to escape from tyranny as they claimed and believed, but to establish one." But *ours*. Our tyranny. All quite fitting, proper, legal and democratic. And technological. For the concentration camps we are creating in this country are going up along the lines we have already suggested: a little rioting last summer. A little less this summer. Put it down quietly and quickly. Get better weapons: an armoured personnel carrier and lots of gas. Establish better central communications. Work out pacts with the police, fire departments and National Guards of sister states. Use computers. A policeman killed in Nashville or Los Angeles, and authorities say that Black Power is responsible. Raid their offices and their homes. What if the courts under prodding from the ACLU say that it was "illegal"? Let them undo what has already been destroyed or burned. Let the judges come down and stop the next raid with their pieces of paper: we are Law, too. Pick up blacks with Afro cuts and say they looked like Eldridge (or Kathleen) Cleaver or Rap Brown or Stokeley Carmichael. Then just pick up blacks, or Chicanos. A leader disappears in Chicago; another in Waycross, Georgia—not heard from again, nowhere for the family to go for help. But this is the exception, so that it will never be reported by Huntley-Brinkley or studied by the American Political Science Association, since there was not enough data for generalization. People become distrustful. They look suspiciously at everyone in the dime store and supermarket and cocktail lounge: maybe he belongs to Black Power; maybe he works for the police or FBI. Any incident is quickly put down because American technology and foreign policy is spawning a nice and successful industry in newer gadgets for people-control. Try them out to see if they work. Few killed. We can now spray ten square blocks with glue, sticking everyone together; or pour a sort of liquid banana peeling on the streets; or drop a plastic balloon from a helicopter—they can't burn and loot then! No riots now. Moreover,

it would be a very amusing and educational sight, knowledgeable but objective and impersonal. Walter Cronkite giving TV explanations of the workings of the newest technological miracles: Ten square blocks of people squirming and twisting and wiggling and falling trying to get out. Very funny—unless you are an African woman, or a baby, or unless such an experience left trauma on your soul that caused you to wake up screaming about it from a padded cell years hence: but of course TV News cannot be expected to cover such individual matters. But few killed; indeed, the number fatalities liberally reduced if not wholly eliminated.

Riding south of the city of Chicago a couple of summers ago, we were shown by our host all the magnificent new housing developments. Mile after mile of high-rise apartments. "Look at that one," he explained enthusiastically: "The children never have to go outside! A school and a supermarket are inside there. A doctor is there. A hospital is there. A Church. They *never* have to go outside!"

How in God's name can you riot there? You can control a half a million people with the turn of a master key, held by a democratically elected official. No killing. No riots. Everything goes merrily on its usual way. Law and Order. We are in that concentration camp, and the mark of its efficiency is that we don't know we're in it. How could anyone willingly and freely commit themselves to a concentration camp! We only did what had to be done. But, after all, we made the decisions, we voted in the progressives and supported their program. We are members of—or at least vote for—one of the two Parties which turns the switches and rolls the dice and feeds the computers. We studied the political processes in required college courses and learned about the world come-of-age from the religion teachers. We read *The Gospel According To Peanuts*. So we know we are where we are because of our own free, democratic choices. No concentration camp here. No barbed wire. No sadistic guards making us perform unspeakable acts. No camp administrators stretching tattooed human flesh over lamp shade frames. No ovens stoked with human bodies. No numbers burned on our forearms. No Anne Frank and Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Heinrich Himmler and Paul Goebbels. We are free because we did what had to be done. And if we did it, are we not the free?

If that is what is coming, why go on? Why do we go on trying? Well, we don't go on trying. Trying is not what we must do. We go on, not because of our idealism but because of the fact that God did for us in Christ. We go on because of that imperative of the verb which we have been speaking of throughout the years of this journal: "Be Reconciled!" *Katallagete!* Be what you are. Be what God's new creation in Christ made you. We cannot go on in the name of social action, for social action is a negation, a turning away from, a denial of God's new creation in Christ. We cannot make an order out of an ideal. But we can participate in the order already made, not by us, but for us—all, in Christ.

John Egerton lives in Nashville, Tennessee. He writes frequently on issues of race, poverty and education, and is completing a book of profiles of Southerners to be published by Mucmillan early next year.

BLACK JUDGE IN THE HALLS OF IVY

by John Egerton

The voice of a white collegian in 1969:

"This place is sick. When I came to college I was a liberal, and I thought the campus was the heart and soul of liberalism in this country. Now I know it's just like the church and the government; it's not democratic, it's not progressive, and it's not liberal. Higher education is just another form of big business. You're a number here, and nothing more—there's no warmth, no humanity, it's all cold and impersonal. I only have one professor; the rest of my classes are lectured to by teaching assistants. Everything is designed for the benefit of the professors we never see—they have undergraduates to pay the tuition, graduate students to do their slave labor, administrators to keep the machinery oiled and running, and the profs are free to do their own thing, to travel around the country giving papers or attending meetings or consulting. They're "experts," they're "authorities," they're specialists who know more and more about less and less, and sooner or later they know everything about nothing. From a distance, the people who make up the university community look and sound like great people. But up close, seen through the eyes of a student, they're haughty, arrogant, supercilious, aloof. They're scornful

of conservatism, yet they operate in a medieval departmental structure that is strictly lower-case presbyterian, ruled by elders. The university 'community of scholars' is actually a collection of separate and virtually independent departments, like feudal kingdoms, and each is insulated from criticism by the sacraments of academic freedom and tenure. Rank, seniority, credentials and tradition are more important here than in the U. S. Senate. And the price of admission to one of those feudal kingdoms is exorbitant: for professors, it's degrees, credentials, research, publication—teaching ability matters little at all. For students, the prerequisites are 12 to 15 years of intense preparation, a middle- or upper-class background and plenty of money. My old man is rich, but even he is having trouble paying the bills for my education—and you can't get scholarships or loans as easily as you used to, even if you're not rich. This university caters to white kids from affluent homes and suburban high schools, or private ones. Everybody's just about the same here—we may dress differently, and have different interests, and talk a different kind of politics or radicalism, but underneath we're all alike. And the university perpetuates this elitism in its selection of

students and faculty and in its system of rewards: money talks, prestige matters, rank is the big thing. So research is more visible than teaching, and the university sells itself to the highest bidder. That's why the military-industrial complex can be held together in university laboratories—in physics they call that fusion, don't they?—while the solutions to starvation and poverty seem to elude the grasp of scholars and researchers. Nobody gives a damn about social responsibility. They say the university can't become involved, it has to remain above the battle, but they refuse to see that in its present state it's a tool of the rich and the white, a club being used on the heads of the poor and the black. The university is involved, but on the wrong side. It is an instrument of social change, but the change it supports is the opposite of democracy and equality. And on top of all that, there are these goddam rules—be in by midnight, you must live on campus, take this course before you take that one. Everywhere you turn it's another regulation: fees, deadlines, requirements, prerequisites, academic warning, probation, residency, attendance, grades, points. We're old enough to fight in Vietnam or to go to jail, but we can't vote, we can't be treated like adults. They tell us no alcohol, drugs or women in your room—and then homecoming rolls around, and your folks drive up to see the hired hands struggle to be more violent than their arch-enemies from Podunk U., and all the old grads get drunk in the stands, and cry when they sing the alma mater, and then go back to the frat house or the motel and swap wives, and on the morning after, over tomato juice and aspirin, they tell us what a great place this used to be before the kids went bad and started protesting and all that. Sometimes I ask myself: What the hell am I doing here, putting up with this bullshit—and who would give a damn if I just got in my Mustang and drove off?"

That is a relatively mild expression of youthful malaise. Far more harsh are the revolutionary rhetoric of others, the nihilism, the anarchy, the violent outbursts of rage and unreason. On campus after campus, the senses are bombarded by the taste of pot, the smell of tear gas, the sound of glass shattering, the sight of blood running. The revolt of the card-carriers—draft cards, IBM cards, union cards, credit cards—is played out against a backdrop of Vietnam, the ABM, ROTC, the Middle East, public scandal, private greed, the generation gap, the income gap, the credibility gap, conspicuous consumption, concealed starvation. And every outburst of rage triggers reaction, repression, backlash. Amid all these conflicting forces, the American university, besieged from within and without, staggers to find equilibrium between reform and destruction.

Enough discontent has been alluded to in the paragraphs above to keep higher education in hot water for a long time to come. Its troubles are legion, and not all of them are either the fault of the universities or within their power to correct. Yet almost all of these difficulties

which shake the universities to their deepest foundations have emanated from white and affluent Americans. No while it stands exposed to the wrath of left-wing radicals and right-wing reactionaries, the university is forced to confront another skeleton emerging from its cobwebbed closet: higher education has a race problem. The problem has been there all along, of course, but nobody paid much attention—people were too busy calling on the church and the government to usher in justice; in fact, it was often academicians who led that liberal chorus. But liberalism itself is under siege now, and its very foundations—the colleges and universities—are the principal target. And just when the universities are up against their own ivy walls for a multitude of sins, here comes Judge, and he's black, very black, and angry, very angry, and he's clutching a fistful of unpaid bills.

Even if race were its only major problems, higher education would still be in serious trouble. It is a deeply complex problem, inseparable from many of the other ills of the university. What follows here is an examination of one aspect of the race issue: the overwhelming whiteness of the vast majority of our colleges and universities.

Except at the 100-and-some colleges created "for them" by whites, the black American has been virtually shut out of higher education. For decades—both in the South and outside it—he was shut out because he was black. Now he is often barred because his SAT scores are low or he didn't have trigonometry in high school, or he has trouble with abstractions and verbal construction, or his momma can't stake him on her \$30-a-week maid pay. "There's nothing racial about it, you understand, it's just that standards have to be maintained." "Anyone can attend, just so long as he's qualified." Elitism is what it's all about.

On the way to developing the most efficient and diverse higher education system in the world, this country has managed to exclude the overwhelming majority of its racial and socio-economic minorities. Colleges and universities, while not as rigidly class-oriented as those in most countries, are nevertheless exclusive, and they appear in many instances to be getting more so. They cater to students who, like track-wise grayhounds chasing the mechanical rabbit, are test-wise robots chasing the sheepskin credential. The students are prepped and groomed from nursery school on, honed to a razor's sharpness to do their thing—or their daddy's thing, or their momma's—and to do it exceptionally well, whether it be physics, chemistry or chemical physics or Victorian lit or management or structural engineering. It is an elitist, separatist pursuit, and it effectively separates and insulates the rich from the poor, the intellectuals from the masses, and the whites from the rest of America.

As recently as 1967-68, the more than 2,000 majority-white colleges and universities in this country enrolled more foreign students than black Americans. Nobody knows exactly how many black students those institutions

now enroll, but 2 to 3 per cent would be a safe bet, and less than 1 per cent of their faculties and their annual graduating classes are black. A survey of the 80 major, majority-white state universities last year showed that less than 30,000 of their 1,544,000 full-time students were Negroes—including less than 6,000 graduate students. In all only 1.92 per cent of all the full time students in those 80 institutions were black Americans. The private institutions, in spite of a lot of publicity to the contrary, have done no better.

These are facts. It is possible to proceed from here to a discussion of the predominantly Negro colleges, or the inequality in our elementary and secondary schools, or the real and imaginary values of a college degree, or the culture bias of standardized aptitude and achievement tests—but none of that alters the facts: black Americans are shortchanged when it comes to higher education.

It is also possible to debate the pros and cons of belonging to the middle class in America. But another fact limits that debate: the middle class—defined here in terms of education, employment and income—will always be with us, even unto the end of the world, and one of its basic prerequisites is the college diploma. The real question is not whether to destroy the middle class because it is exclusive or hedonistic or morally bankrupt or whatever; that is not a realistic option. The question is how to bust it open, to make it more diverse and inclusive, to broaden and enrich it with infusions of sensitive human beings, to give it heart and soul, to make it whole.

Last spring, those 2,000 majority-white colleges and universities awarded more than half a million degrees; fewer than 5,000 of them—less than one out of every 100—went to black Americans. Negroes make up more than 11 per cent of our population; as long as they are so grossly under-represented in each year's class of college graduates—who are the "new eligibles" for the middle class—then all talk about black people "making it in the system" will have a hollow ring.

Making it into the white citadels of higher education—and getting through to the certification with which it rewards those who persist—are not the only obstacles black Americans face. In the past, many of them have had to "be white" in order to survive. They have been offered integration on white terms: be like me, and you're in. The style has been to deny differences among individuals, to celebrate sameness and conformity. Subtle and often unconscious forms of racism seem to thrive in that climate, because it precludes pluralism and diversity. But no man wants equality on someone else's terms; he wants it without any terms at all, wants it simply because he is a man. Being equal does not mean being identical—it simply means being human. Most black people know that, and have known it all along in the depths of their hearts; it is a lesson that being on the bottom teaches. But many white people have trouble resolving the paradox of equality and diversity; they can't think of being

different without seeing it as being either better or worse—and that, no doubt, is a consequence of being on top.

The dilemma of the white liberal is embedded in this paradox. An allegory describes it: The white plastic surgeon labors over an anesthetized black, performing an intricate and delicate skin transplant to make him well (i.e., white). In mid-operation, the patient arouses and screams in anguish and rage. The doctor is startled and dismayed. In a hurt voice he says, "But don't you see? I'm only trying to help you."

Not many black people want that kind of "help" any more, and many white "surgeons" are having to learn that it is they, and not the black "patient," who need attention. In the universities, this lesson comes hard. Too much moral judgment against the South emanated from them at the apex of the civil rights movement, too much liberalism is engraved in their charters and their creeds, for them to explain away their racial and socio-economic exclusiveness, however logical the explanations may be.

This is not to say that colleges and universities should have no standards at all, or that the students themselves should determine what all the standards will be, or that every institution should take any would-be student. It is simply to say that higher education has been too exclusive, too rigid and inflexible, too heedless of society's needs and too willing to make demands of others while resisting change in its own house. Colleges and universities have turned away many potentially able students, and discouraged many others from even applying; they have been uncritical of their own inexcusably high flunk-out rates; they have often done a poor job of educating even those who survive this culling process. Blacks are not the only ones who have suffered from these practices, but they—along with most other racial minorities and many low-income people—have been the principal victims.

So now the black American is banging on the college gate, and inside that gate a palace revolt is in progress. Administrators long for more money, faculties covet more independence, students demand more power. Legislators, trustees, alumni are up in arms, demanding law and order and economy. And in the midst of all this confusion, blacks are coming into the institutions in small but increasing numbers. Cries of black separatism are heard, "non-negotiable" demands are made, autonomy is insisted upon, militancy is in the air, and it intertwines with the revolutionary rhetoric of white radicals.

To their credit, albeit belatedly, many institutions and individuals in the academic world are trying to overcome their poverty of experience with black Americans. But it is a sad vestige of white supremacy that so many people still see all blacks as an undifferentiated mass, and some blacks have nourished that monolithic view with the myth of black unity. There is a strong sense of unity in their common experience of discrimination, in the desire for equality and justice, and in the growing pride and self-respect, but there are also important differences, as

the cross-currents of separatism, nationalism, integration and assimilation make clear. There is no black wave which threatens the peace and quality of higher education; there is a mere trickle of black faces, and they represent more of a promise than a threat. The connection—ideological, tactical or otherwise—between black students and white radicals is tenuous at best. It just isn't possible any more to apply the old stereotypes. There are brave, honest and peaceable men who happen to be black, and there are also chauvinists, charlatans and cowards. There are whites with good instincts, good ideas and good intentions, and there are others consumed by fear and hate and guilt. There is the white racist with his Uncle Tom to reassure him, and there is the black racist with his white Rastus to do his bidding. It is a big mixed bag, full of human beings. Lacking the ability to discriminate, in the best sense of that word—to recognize and appreciate human diversity—we seem mired down with preconceived notions and stereotyped ideas of one another.

Colleges and universities need reform badly, and not alone for the benefit of blacks. Neither mindless capitulation to every demand nor reactionary suppression of student assertiveness will work any longer, if they ever did. Without expecting miracles, it is still possible to see a multitude of options open to higher education institutions. They will not erase elitism or devise the most perfect and equitable ways of serving society overnight, but they can change, and they have ample precedent for doing so. Throughout their history, they have risen to the demands of special interests. With the Land Grant Act, they changed to meet the needs of agricultural and industrial interests; with the GI Bill, they made adjustments to accommodate a tidal wave of veterans, many of them poorly prepared for college. Women have not always been welcome in our colleges, but they are now, and so are adults—thanks to the adult education movement. Foreign students by the thousands have been brought to this country and served by our colleges and universities, and the emergence of big-time intercollegiate athletics has made many a fleet-footed halfback or seven-foot center "eligible" for college. Special interests have been served. Now come black Americans—and browns, and reds, and the poor. They, too, are special interests, large and insistent and impatient. They, too, will be served, one way or another. Higher education cannot avoid the necessity of it.

America is an answer-oriented nation. We have grown up believing that every question has an answer and every problem has a solution, and our universities are the fountainhead of that faith. From these universities have come scientists and scholars who put men on the moon, and build fail-safe weapons, and cure tuberculosis in people and brucellosis in cattle and inflation in economies. They can make artificial organs and build new cities, they can advise presidents, they can reduce the most complex matters to retrievable holes in a computer's memory bank. Now they are faced with alienated human

beings, and the same demand for answers is heard. The cries of the unreconciled have been heard before, in the cathedrals of the church and the corridors of the government, and they have gone unanswered, sometimes unheeded. They will go unanswered again in the universities, for there is no one solution to this estrangement, no single cause, no ultimate cure. It may be that we will eventually learn—and too late—that the cumulative inequities and iniquities which reach back to our beginnings have already gone too far to be reconciled without destruction. Universities are not going to make up for an entire society's 400 years of neglect of its racial minorities. But it will not be possible for them to stand aloof from the most serious social issue in our history. They will not make great discoveries of total solution, but they won't be able to remain part of the problem either.

Nobody is going to come forward with miraculous answers for the future of the old Negro colleges or the new black colleges; nobody is going to design a perfect black studies program, or find the ultimate answer to separatism vs. integration, or figure out how to prevent further damage to the minds of small children, or how to repair the damage that has already been done. But people will be trying. Despair is a useless emotion for many. It is possible to accept the absence of ultimate answers and still work for change and improvement. Before we realize racial peace we are going to have more discord; separatism will split some campuses asunder and reactionary repression will divide—and perhaps destroy—some others. There are going to be administrators who try to buy peace at any price, and most of them will fail. There are going to be professors who incite violence and others who remain absolutely unyielding to all demands for change. And there will be black students moved by hatred and revenge, and whites who incite them, and opportunists both black and white who capitalize on the failings of the many.

But there *are* things which can be done. Every institution has some latitude to make changes. Talent search and recruitment programs have only begun to tap the reservoir of potential students; the criteria now widely used in admissions need to be overhauled; financial resources can be reshuffled; institutions can reduce their attrition rates; counseling, guidance, tutoring and other kinds of supportive services can be given more attention; the social structure of higher education needs extensive revision; many curricula are embarrassingly outdated and irrelevant; hiring policies, credentialing and other standards can be questioned. All of these problems exist in higher education, and all of them militate against the black passion for equality. There is no shortage of things the colleges and universities can do to eliminate the favoritism of affluent whites. The persistent fact is that black Americans have been virtually locked out of higher education. Colleges and universities are the principal producers of young people entering the main trunk

American society, and far too few of those young people are black Americans. That is a manageable problem; something can be done about it. It will not be easy, and it will not be done without cost to the institutions as well as the new students they bring in, but change always costs.

Black Americans coming into our colleges and universities today are causing the institutions to examine not only their white-oriented ways of doing things but many of their other flaws as well. The black presence is helping

in many ways to stimulate changes that will benefit all members of the university family. Universities—without regard to their racial problems—have needed a reform movement for many years. They have become rigid, cold, acquisitive. They have harped on elitism and prestige and ranking until they have pulled in the drawbridge after them. They have made prisons of their castles. It will be the perfect irony if ex-slaves turn out to hold the keys to those jails.

13 Behold, I am against you, says the LORD of hosts, and I will burn your ^m chariots in smoke, and the sword shall devour your young lions; I will cut off your prey from the earth, and the voice of your messengers shall no more be heard.

3 Woe to the bloody city,
all full of lies and booty—
no end to the plunder!

2 The crack of whip, and rumble of
wheel,
galloping horse and bounding
chariot!

3 Horsemen charging,
flashing sword and glittering spear,
hosts of slain,
heaps of corpses,
dead bodies without end—
they stumble over the bodies!

4 And all for the countless harlotries of
the harlot,
graceful and of deadly charms,
who betrays nations with her har-
lotries,
and peoples with her charms.

Pat Watters has written in and about the South for two decades as a columnist for the Atlanta Journal and other newspapers. The following article will appear in his *The South and the Nation*, to be published in January 1970 by Pantheon Books. An earlier book written by Reese Cleghorn, *Climbing Jacob's Ladder*, was published by Harcourt Brace in 1967. Mr. Watters is presently completing a book about the rise and fall of the civil rights movement.

TOWN SQUARE EDUCATION

Pat Watters

The retreat of the Nixon Administration on school desegregation in the South (de-emphasizing HEW fund cut-offs in favor of the slower process of court action, undercutting even of Justice Department efforts in the courts, rejection of busing to achieve racial balance, and most of all, a shilly-shallying course that amounts almost to no policy) would seem to be far less a drastic departure from previous federal performance than merely a less sophisticated way of contravening basic law and morality. (It is town-square, civic-club "slickness" rather than urbane smoothness.) And this smaller sophistication, itself, reflects a reality about the South that has come now, in the ascendancy of Nixon, to apply to the nation—that the small-city mind is now the mind of the nation.

During the years since World War II, the South has ceased to be predominantly rural and agricultural. But the transition to an urban, semi-industrialized society has not meant, as superficially one tends to think, a shift from the rule of crudely racist, conservative-minded farmers to the rule of something on the model of the old northern-city liberal, labor and Negro coalition. It has meant mainly rule by something between these two

—the bulk of power lies now in the hands (and mentalities) of those who dwell in the smaller urban units of the larger towns, the small cities. And even the large cities of the South—Atlanta and Houston the largest—are nothing like in density of population or sophistication or education the really large cities of the nation and the world. So, something less crude than raw racism and less sophisticated than the stylized hypocrisy of the industrial North prevails in the tone of southern racial relations, and one cannot help but feel that the Nixon Administration, reflecting and representing this tone of the smaller urban units of the nation, comes naturally and, indeed, in a strange way, honestly, by its school desegregation policy. If this is less than comforting to liberals, one has only to consider the enormity of failure when their tone prevailed in national government to realize that we are discussing here merely differences in degree of, or approaches to dishonesty. An examination in general terms of education and school desegregation in the small cities and towns of the South and the past record of the federal government in failing to meet its responsibilities to education and school desegregation will make this clearer.

Low educational standards and resources are an oft-cited, catchall explanation for the South's manifold failures and miseries, including the vagaries in the voting patterns. This explanation was a little better than blaming everything on the former restrictions of democracy, as long as one kept in mind the difference between real education and mere sophistication, and the realization that nowhere in America was education what it ought to be.

The towns and small cities were at the median of Southern performance in public school education; maybe even more than in the large cities if their strivings were to reach the inadequate level of the rest of America. These strivings amounted mostly to improvement of buildings through state and local bond issues, and increases in teacher pay. Neither activity, even if both reached the nation's highest standards, would of course answer the needs of the children.

The tone of the schools in the small places was below even the essentially anti-intellectual one of those in the large cities. At worst, this meant inferior imitation, particularly in personnel, men and women trying, with much posing and pretense, much juiceless heartiness, to project the sterile images of professionalism they had admired in teacher's colleges or at the big-city education meetings. Like their big-city cousins and the breed the country over, they concentrated their educational association activities and their graduate studies on the goal of higher pay—needed, God knows, but not the ends, really, of professionalism, not related to erudition. The struggles of the states each year to push teachers' pay a little higher (the money usually sweated out of the iniquitous sales tax) served chiefly as a holding action, to keep them from moving on to where the pay was better, rather than as a means of replacing them. Actually, replacing them would not solve the basic problems, which had to do with the national scandal of inept professional training and with the inadequate methods they had to use against insuperable problems relating to the society and conditioning from which the children came. The teachers were energetic, capable people for the most part; what they lacked was the kind of training that would impart excellence and true love of learning to their teaching, and a proper program for this. Little was said in these schools of libraries; the Cold War emphasis on scientific training had created some fervor for laboratory equipment. But the gymnasium and the football stadium were the physical focus of pride: sports, bands, pageantry for the parents—these were the main emphasis.

In a small-town high school, which housed the city school superintendent's office, sitting before a window with a view of the charred ruins of a grammar school that was recently burned, it was suspected, in protest of desegregation, I listened to one of those inferior-imitation, small schoolmen, with a bad haircut and not without his own problems of grammar. He told the trials and tribulations of his system, not the least of which centered on desegregation, and of progressive things

going on, special efforts in reading instruction, a new program of "manual arts" for the "unteachables." A phone call interrupted, and it was some man he was trying to hire as a band director, and this superintendent of a small school system showed all his familiarity and skill with the uses of small power: quickly, he pressured the fellow to come to work for less money than he obviously wanted. Then the superintendent went on to tell me of the "language problem" with Negro children newly enrolled in desegregated school and then of drop-outs and the causes, including parents who had never gone beyond eighth grade and could see no reason why their kids should. Silent a long moment and with none of the caution such a skilled small-school man should show, he said in a quiet, worried voice something that obviously had been much troubling him. "They sit in these classes and they know they will go to work in the mill when they get old enough, and they know there is no connection between what goes on in the classes and what they know faces them."

Very little innovation was going on, little that promised the South might avoid the country's mistakes. Four Atlanta professors of education drew up a blueprint for what a real educational institution, attuned to environmental problems and assets, might be in a typical Southern town. They based their plan on study of two counties, one in Georgia, one in South Carolina. They used plausible-sounding new ideas about curricula and theories of learning and emphasized such things as flexibility, extensive pre-school training, and low ratios of pupils to teachers, recommending extensive use of high school students as teachers' aides. The children would live at the school during the week, removed from homes that might cripple their learning capacity, and associating with representatives of a more sophisticated world in which they would come to move. There was also the suggestion that they spend a quarter of each year in a large city for the environmental experience and training. The report estimated that the cost of such a program would be not quite double per pupil expenditures for education in the two counties studied. The authors even suggested ways of raising the extra money, including federal grants that might be obtained.

"The educational problems of these communities ramify into the problems of the whole social and economic context," the report said. "We have tried to suggest that the transformation of education in some sense calls for the transformation of a community. We think such a transformation can be brought about in the South only with the help of genuine local effort and concern." ("Black Belt Schools: Beyond Desegregation," *Southern Regional Council*, November, 1965.) During the next three years, no community attempted to put their ideas into practice.

The Child Development Group of Mississippi was the most attention-attracting of a number of Southern Head Start programs which attempted to make real breakthroughs in pre-school training. CDGM was founded on

imported notions of child psychology and what seemed a pure form of Deweyism. Especially in the first year, these achieved some spectacular statistical results and offered heartening physical evidence of efficacy in the bright faces and articulate voices of the children themselves. These were Negro youngsters from Mississippi's depths of poverty, particularly severe in the rural areas and small towns; by the end of the second year, after the Office of Economic Opportunity and internal stresses had watered down the original vision, one could still encounter in these three and four-year-olds a remarkable brightness instead of the normal hand-over-mouth shyness and lethargic dullness of eye and response. CDGM introduced Little Golden Books in shacks where the only book before had been the Bible, and mothers who could not read sat with their pre-schoolers in that patient posture of the conscientious middle-class parent, pointing a finger to a bright-red drawing, saying, "What is that?" and the child chirped the exaltation of his dawning cognition of symbols: "B'loon! Balloon!" To know the emptiness of verbal content in the lives of such children theretofore (not emptiness, of course, of other important things, like closeness to nature) was to know the miracle of such a scene. CDGM laid great stress—against the wishes of the Office of Economic Opportunity—on having the parents of the children (many of them unlettered, few with any formal training in teaching) as the teachers and officials and boards of the schools. This obviously moved the educational experience into the home; not the least of its effects was to impart new respect (both self and filial) to the parents, and it showed the children the connection of their learning experience with their environment. Not the least of the tragedies of the situation—and these included CDGM's insecure position, ever fighting to stay funded, with the schools going on with no pay to anyone during the unfunded times of fighting, and the increasing use of the program as a political issue—was that the brightened-up little boys and girls with their big eyes and alert faces moved into the dreariness of first grade in the regular schools and soon disappeared into the dullness of response and role that was their norm. Again, tragically, much of that alertness and brightness noted in the CDGM schools was the result of nothing more than the introduction of the children to an adequate diet, the meals served at the schools.

Higher education, where it was available in the small places, was largely the patched-up, stamped-out variety of state colleges and junior colleges thrown together in a losing effort to keep up with increasing population and aspiration of the young. The kind of exaggerated importance of Negro educators as an intellectual elite was attached to a lesser degree to the white faculties of colleges in the smaller places. Certainly, the existence of a college, white or black, made a difference in the tone of a town, more of one, maybe, than outside the South because of such basic things as its just not occurring to parents and children to think about going

to college in the small places where colleges did not exist. People who otherwise might never see live theater, hear a lecturer, or even visit a library, gained access to them. But it should not be assumed that the existence of a college in a small city of the South might have the same progressive, liberal effect that it would in, say, New England. Not a few of the private institutions waited until the public schools desegregated before making the step.

One administrator confessed that his college had not had "large numbers" of Negro students. There had been eight the first year of desegregation, "twelve or fifteen" the second. They got "good reception." Also "lots of ignoring." They participated in all activities, though none had yet made the basketball team. The older faculty members didn't like it, but they were "professional" about it. The younger faculty members, the majority, had wanted it sooner. There had not been one complaint from Negro students about faculty or student treatment.

At another small college in 1963, a group of students from an all-Negro college spent a night on campus to attend a meeting with white students, and, though the experience created thoughtful reassessments, challenging the assumptions of (in the words of the college president) "young people from homes where there was great resistance to Negroes, competition with them," the poor whites, it also set off repercussions. The Klan and Citizens' Council threatened the president (he stood up to it), and about sixty students, some armed with chains with razor blades welded into them, marched on his home. The march was broken up by other students.

Aside from such early discouragements, one reason Negroes Southwide did not attend the formerly all-white private and even state universities in as large numbers as one might expect (colleges in the small cities often had to recruit their token desegregation strenuously) was that they came out of a tradition that saw the all-Negro institutions as the height of aspiration. Long before black consciousness gave an ideological base to the average run of youngsters preferred the cultural familiarity of the black schools. And those with an above-average educational or social motivation for getting into a formerly all-white college generally tended to think in terms of the big Northern universities.

The South's struggles with college and public school desegregation—lasting over a decade for the colleges in the late 1960s—had confronted the public schools of the small places directly only with the fumbling efforts of the Office of Education to administer the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The act was an administrative impossibility containing the contradictory mandate of Title Six—the dual systems of white and Negro school, a Southern condition, be abolished—and the prohibition in Title Four against affirmative action—busing—to overcome racial imbalance, a Northern condition. Nowhere was the irresponsible capriciousness of Congress more evident, and nowhere the effects more devastating, than

in Southern education. For it was obvious that a major factor in the continuing, inexcusable debilitation of Southern public education in the 1960s was the amount of energy and resources of educators and boards of education diverted from the overwhelming problems of education to the skirmishes and strategies of desegregation—either to evade the law, to circumvent its intent with tokenism, or in some rare cases even to obey it conscientiously against strong public opinion. This was evident in the amount of emphasis people in individual schools, colleges, or school systems placed on desegregation when one asked how things were going with them. What was on the minds of teachers and principals and school board members was not all the exciting new knowledge of ways in which human beings learn but, rather, the continuing battle with guidelines or the delicate social adjustments of fitting a few Negro children and teachers into an environment of white children who had been raised implicitly racist.

"We have lived one way, and now things are changing," said a young politician in one small city, himself full of the ambiguities of racial attitudes summed up in the new Southern tendency to pronounce "Negro" four different ways. His summation and that ambiguity were the psychological setting for the great social experiment of Southern school desegregation that seemed doomed from its start by the dishonesty of the law which compelled it. "You know," said a thoughtful small city educator, "a lot of white people have been surprised and pleased that their children and Negro children could go to school with each other without any trouble, and that they could have PTA meetings together." That was part of it.

But consider the implications of an occurrence at a different meeting—when officers of the white state education association convened with officials of the Negro one to discuss the National Education Association's weak-willed dictum to merge. (The Negro bureaucracies of the state associations have generally lost jobs where the mergers have taken place, a cause of Negro acquiescence in the South to white foot-dragging.) Negro delegates to the meeting found themselves seated separately from whites, and when they went to the rest room, they found that one of their white professional colleagues had scrawled with a black crayon in big letters over the urinal: "Black Power. LBJ Niggers. Watch Dem Niggers. Dem Smart Niggers."

Where in one town a teacher might be surprised and delighted with her reception as the (timorously volunteering) only white in a Negro school, another in the same situation comes home weeping in frustration and anger at the appalling conditions she finds in the school plant—including bad ventilation and a highway so close that motor noises make normal classroom discourse impossible. A Negro teacher in the reverse situation, the only black on a white faculty, is invited by white parents to attend a picnic for teachers, apparently an annual affair in the spring. It is far out in the country; the old fears (rational and irrational—it might be a trap) con-

sume her, but she forces herself to go. "It was so good. These are poor people, mostly. And they were just so genuinely gracious and kind. I learned so much that day—including that you can't keep on holding things against them."

From large city and small, the resistance to the law had been disgraceful. State officials and congressmen fought year after year against each scheme of enforcement, no matter how paltry. Nearly all state and local education officials resisted as much as they could the compliance requirements, did as little as absolutely necessary to keep from losing federal funds, and kept up steady complaints, carpings, and attacks on the federal officials trying to enforce the law. Slowly, they pushed the federal government back. From an inadequate but at least clear-cut set of guidelines enforced for two years by a special branch of the Office of Education, there came a retreat to far more flexible enforcement under general auspices of the Office of Health, Education, and Welfare. After a year or two, Negro children gave the most eloquent expression of the success of the resistance by refusing to return to the unpleasantness of a desegregated school. The cruelty of children is peculiarly merciless, and they know when they can get away with it. There were instances in which teachers goaded white children to commit cruelties against Negroes, and many more in which the teachers themselves inflicted the cruelty.

Acts of racism can become so terrible as to defy empathy, and be all-defeating. A teacher in a Black Belt town, "liberal" by its standards, has in her class one Negro child. She takes an interest in him, finds the problems that are hindering him scholastically, helps him overcome them through a special class in the school system. Then she tells how, on the last day of school, as always, she has the class of little second-graders come by her desk, one by one for a good-bye hug. "And do you know—that little colored boy came too, holding his arms out to me, just like the rest. And I just had to push him away. All the other children were there watching. I just had to. Can you imagine him doing that?" Even without cruelty, the white schools had higher educational standards than Negro ones; without harassment, just catching up could be an ordeal. A classroom teacher, like a state judge, is an unrestrained power. If she wants to fail each black child who comes under her, no one can stop her or say she has been unfair.

The American Friends Service Committee during the first year of school desegregation under the 1964 Civil Rights Act had a Southwide program to encourage Negro parents to send their children to the previously all-white schools. After the anguish of that first year the program was cut back—not as usual by bureaucratic edict in headquarters, but at least in part because of the bitterness of field workers. Family after family was severely hurt by the thing they had encouraged (jobs lost, welfare cut off, homes bombed). After one high school senior girl had endured a year of low-grade un-

pleasantness, the year book came out with her picture captioned: "I pays my money and I takes my choice." An egg was hurled at her evening dress at graduation. One of these field workers summed up: "I won't ever encourage another Negro kid to go through that." (The next year, the Friends' increased emphasis on providing financial aid to families hurt in efforts to get what the law said Negroes should have.)

Letters the Southern office of the AFSC received from these families tell their own sad story of the relentlessness of persecution.

A woman trying to get on welfare wrote:

Then I said, I know the reason you want help me, then she ask why, I said on the account of my childrens, then she said to me, Well, why don't you take them out of the white school . . . Well, my childrens are back in school so i don't know what are going to happen, the reason I say this they will not give me a job. And won't let my children work on their farms, or rake their yards, So Mrs. Curry, you might know what i am up against. And that is why i can't explain the happiness i have over the gift the Service Committee sent to me, Any way, all i have to give in return are my prayers and a millions thanks. Oh by the way, you asked about my son eyes. Well i am sorry to tell you this, but the doctor told me the 30th of Aug. that one of his eyes were gone, I ask for help when it first happen, but they turned me down. So thats the way it is. I were born here, but they all treat me like a stranger, except for one family . . . Honey, I don't know, Because my ways are so dark, it don't any one knows but God. So this are all i can say for now.

A woman from Mississippi:

. . . School have started. Now the kids going back to school. My baby going. Ruth didn't want to go back. I am sorry about this but she get sad when we talk about her going back . . . A white man came to the car ask Matthew [her husband, taking the children to school] had he prayed to the Lord about what he was doing. didn't he think it right. did he think our kids was any better than other Negro kids. He went on to say we were payed to send our kids to this school and our kids can get just as much education in the Negro school. My husband said he were afraid, being the only Negro there. But he did say no one payed me to send my kids to this school. The Freedom of Choice papers what he went by. he said them pappers didn't mean anything. My husband said he told the man and you don't have to tell me what kind of education the children will get at the Negro school, because he had five to finish there . . . be sweet . . .

P.S. My husband was told by a friend that the mayor here said he would die and go to hell before he hire my husband.

There are hundreds of such letters on file, telling much the same things year after year.

Most of the national publicity and much of the Southern writing about the school desegregation adventure have centered correctly on outbreaks of adult violence, persecution of desegregating Negro children. But among

the "nice" people majority of white teachers and administrators and school board members was a tendency in the opposite direction, at its least admirable simplification of the neurotic Southern desire to avoid overt expression of real emotion, the abhorrence of a "scene," and at best a growing feeling among the whites for the humanity of the Negro children. This didn't imply a widespread agreement with the philosophy of the Supreme Court school decision (that no child gets the education he is entitled to in a discriminatory school system) or even any confidence that the dabbles of token desegregation would in the long run succeed. Indeed there was often an implicit and explicit sense that the white school people were going through the motions of token desegregation as a demonstration, a proof that it couldn't work. But there was the desire in many of the small places, maybe in most, that it not be disgracefully violent or cruel. Voices would drop in the seriousness of calculating the dangers or of retelling the close calls. Much of the attitude was characterized by the words of a small city superintendent: "We desegregate peaceably here, with the help of Providence and substantial citizens who were determined to hold together school system, even if they had to integrate to do it."

By 1968, of the pitifully, disgracefully small total amount of public school desegregation in the South more of it (not merely numerically, but in percentage of black children in school with whites, was occurring in the smaller urban units than in the large cities. This was largely because most of the city desegregation came about under court orders before passage of the 1964 law and had not been achieved under the pressures of the various Office of Education guidelines (with percentages that were not binding, but were often misinterpreted to be so). If there was any hope in the sorry situation, it was that Southerners' sparse experience of one another's humanity on the level of the classroom would, in the years to come, culminate in the change of white habits of thought and emotion that full and firm enforcement of the law might have produced in shorter time. There were some heartening indications that this was occurring.

In the smaller places, far more than in the large cities for example, there was less ability to segment the desegregation experience, to make it a schools-only thing. It was interesting in some of the towns to hear white and black adults speak of integrated teenage canteens and school dances. The Negro children keep to themselves; they are not going to do anything that would cause trouble, a white parent says assuringly. "I wanted to ask my nephew about the senior prom, whether the mix-danced," said a Negro woman. "But he didn't offer to tell, and so I didn't ask."

A liberal white couple had their faith shaken by discovering their child's desegregated classroom was almost entirely Negro and debated whether to have him transferred to a school with more balanced desegregation. Then the little third-grade boy came home the second day of school to tell what a fine friend he had made in his room. Was the friend white or colored, they even

usually asked him. "I don't know," the third-grader answered. "I forgot to ask him." They decided to let him stay where he was.

A pretty Negro high school girl in a desegregated school in a small town talked freely of her experiences and impressions:

If you get friendly with a poor white, really get acquainted, you find them more easy to be friends with than the rich whites . . . In chemistry class, the whites were all my friends because they could call on me for help . . . In two of my classes I am the only Negro, and they have no choice but to be friendly with me. They couldn't just let me sit in a corner . . . If there are just one or two white kids against you, they have to come around in order to get along with the rest. Now when I'm downtown, white friends yell at me across the street. They don't stand back on speaking, even if their parents are with them. Today at the grocery store, a white girl and I were laughing and going on and kidding each other . . . The children are easier to accept new things than their parents. A white girl at school got married and another white girl came up to me downtown to talk about it, about her picture in the paper and all, and she introduced her mother to me after we had talked. Her mother had been listening and she could tell we were together about things, and she was all right. She was nice. I wish more children would introduce their parents . . . I used to never smile at a white person. Now I can—and mean it.

This was what should have been going on universally, might have been with rational law and enforcement. The sadder thing that seemed to be happening was that as whites, in the ways described by this gentle and sympathetic young woman, began their slow moves toward the great distance they had to go (the moves heartening in consideration of the greatness of that distance), Negroes were recoiling from their old, patient wish for integration because of the very slowness of the moves, and such other reasons as the fact that whites were not the paragons they had pretended to be, familiarity breeding contempt. "There is a reservoir of good will," said the white man who had observed white parents being pleased that their children could go to school peaceably with Negroes. "I hope we will not lose it. But I'll tell you—I feel less and less welcome in Negro groups every time I am in one."

Certainly, as each year passed, fewer Negro children were eager to enter the token situations of desegregation, and with good cause. In many instances, they were encouraged in this by the Negro teachers, some fearing loss of jobs, some indignant over the evils of tokenism, some feeling that transfer of the best students to white school reflected on their own schools and teaching abilities. Whites liked to point this out and to say, as several did in a town which was one of the very few in the South to abolish Negro schools altogether and fully integrate its system, that the Negro community had felt a sense of loss, a lessening of community spirit, at

no longer having their own school system with its own events, its function as a social focal point. What happened to the town was a commentary on federal law enforcement failure; it had taken the intelligent action it did toward immediate full integration out of the belief that all school systems would have to do this in a short time and that it would be better done quickly. The bitterness against federal enforcement and the political repercussions against those who had urged the action ("We believed in doing what was right," said one of these; "if anybody don't like it they can vote us out") were understandably great when it was discovered that tokenism seemed on a permanent basis in other systems.

The real meaning of the deepest implications of that seemingly simple edict of the Supreme Court in 1954 continued to unfold in the South. For when the little town closed the Negro schools to facilitate full integration, even this was hurtful of the real goal of integration, as evidenced by the sense of loss felt by the Negro community. The principal of an all-Negro school in a small city voiced the ideal solution when she said, "If only we had just one white family of stature in the town that would put their children in my school. Then some of the others would follow." In 1967 I talked to one of the attorneys who had been involved in much of the school desegregation litigation, and only then, after long and arduous thinking through the realities of Southern experience in the matter, had he been able to come up with the same answer—whites attending formerly all-Negro schools as well as Negroes attending formerly all-white ones. By 1968, the courts had advanced almost to the same point, declaring that the legal sanction against discrimination would not be satisfied until there was an end to dual school systems.

But there was, in the first feeble steps toward implementation of this decree, again the notion of closing Negro schools. In Swanquarter, North Carolina, a school boycott and demonstrations protested such closing of Negro schools under an HEW integration plan. Beyond the hurt to the Negro community, there was the old Southern penchant for waste in the shutting down of any facilities in a region with the highest ratio of school-age population to adult population anywhere in the country. Eventually, there would have to come a crisis of decision in the South which would determine once and for all whether real integration would be realized, with racial designations of buildings and attendance become meaningless and children going just to schools. It would be either that or, from tokenism, a retreat and retrenchment into the ruin of racism. Only with real integration, the end in practice of dual school systems, could the South get about the business of real education of the children.

In all of the failure of Southern white leadership, racism was the constant, common factor. How might this be, with all the federal legislation against discrimination, with all the new joining of the South to the nation? The old white conditioning to racism, in "nice" people

and "common" alike, was not that monolithically sold; the level of the ten-cent store and of the public schools and the biracial committees of power structures, there were fragile hints of something close to the dreams of a new racial order, a tiny, poignant potential in Southerners. But, most tragically, there was just not much everyday integration of the races in any situation. Where it happened, it was imposed. Few white Southerners were capable of it, (sadly even in their churches) voluntarily. This should come as no great surprise; it was, indeed, the rationale for passing laws requiring integration. The problem here was, of course, the failure to enforce the laws.

But the failure of the federal government in both the promulgation and enforcement of integration laws was profound, surely one of the most irresponsible adventures of a national government in all history. It was law capriciously, dishonestly created (as in the self-canceling provisions applying to schools in the 1964 act), not to be obeyed by those who disagreed with it. Beginning with the 1954 school decision and with each step of change in racial law that ensued, the South might have gone either way—the way of reasonably full compliance, or the way it actually went. No ruthless, totalitarian force would have been required for real enforcement, merely the technical, intelligent skills and means by which income tax law is so uniformly and efficiently enforced, or by which other social enterprise of the nation (selling automobiles, for example) is achieved. What was lacking was the firm will to enforcement, first by those who made the laws, then by those who administered them. All three branches of the federal government were implicated, lacking the responsibility men must expect from a system of law, a government, if society is to have any stability at all.

The South before the advent of the federal racial law had a functioning social order—an unjust one, true, and hurtful to all its people, but functioning. The new laws disrupted that old faulty but functioning order, but there was not the will or responsibility of those who imposed them to apply them so that a functioning new order could emerge. The result was a hodgepodge of practice and custom across the South, not by the late 1960s re-solidified into any kind of coherent social order. When such an upheaval and resultant shambles has occurred to primitive tribes, the anthropologists have told us, the society dies, its people literally pass from existence.

The situation in the South of the 1960s was like nothing so much as an antbed which has been most thoroughly stirred by a stick. The antbed was full of frantic activity, much of it random, full of panic, some of it a building back and restoring what had been, some of it a building anew, whole new constructions, a bastion still standing bridged over to a restored wall, a little of the old superstructure still intact to be connected with a new one. Most of the damage was above ground. The deepest part was almost intact, would be changed only subtly and more slowly by what eventually took shape above.

The South could go back toward what it once has been or in the direction of its best traditions and the best instincts of its people. But it was no longer, if ever was, a fate entirely in the hands of Southerners. In its first great failure to the people of the South in the aftermath of Reconstruction, the nation may be said to have nearly a century to have allowed Southerners, uniquely in America, to have had exclusive control of their region that time of separate self-determination, of distinction was ended with the vast economic and attendant social changes beginning with World War II and the vast legal changes that began in 1954. What happened in the South, what will happen to it, have become on every level of national life, economic, social, governmental, spiritual, not merely a responsibility but a part of the experience of the rest of the nation.

But, of course, this has always, in the deepest sense, been so. The new thing was that at last it had to be acknowledged—by the North as well as the South.

The federal failure to enforce the desegregation law was but the most spectacular of a long history of such failure of responsibility that has marked the relationship of the South and the nation. The watering down of TVA, the failure of will in the 1930's beginnings of land reform, the capitulation of federal force before private and state violence in such matters as union organization, the long years of non-interference with Southern law enforcement's ugly denials of the Bill of Rights—all of these helped prolong the sickness in Southern society.

The most charitable thing that might be made of the most glaring failure, desegregation, was that the federal government acted out of some mistaken notion of caution, a crippled and dwarfed ancestral memory of the problem of reconciliation of majorities and minorities. For throwing over institutional racism in the South was against the will of the majority of whites who were the majority of the population of the region. Delicateness of feeling about such a situation, timorousness, uncertainty must surely have been a part of the foolish passing of faulty laws and feeble enforcement of them. (There was law enough already, indicative of just how long the federal failure had been going on, in the Bill of Rights, modern and positive law as compared with the prohibitive, Old Testament dictums of the Fourteenth Amendment.) It was, for all intent and purposes, an all-white federal government that faced the task of imposing unpopular law on the white Southern majority; this, too, sadly, must have been part of the federal impotence. Perhaps it was thought that only totalitarian methods would suffice for firm enforcement, that precedent would be set for demagogues to enforce other laws against the will of other majorities, repeal of the Bill of Rights, for example. If so, of course, the meaning of the Constitution and the Civil War's supposed reconciliation of the problem of minorities were ignored. We are close to no government when the majority is afraid of itself, afraid to force its will. The risk that totalitarian government might ensue is implicit in self-government. If one should arise, it would not bother

about whether there were precedents for whatever controls it would impose. And totalitarianism, as any Southerner who sensed the willingness of the white majority to go either way each time a new change in law came, would not have been needed.

A more valid fear concerns the way in which the will of the majority of Americans seemed moving, racism not the least of dangerous tendencies. Once more, the South reflected the nation in extreme. We delude ourselves if, in contemplation of the mass of the people of America,

not merely the South, the state of their education, their awareness of new realities of the world environment, their ability to function as whole people, we think our democracy is healthy, the duties of citizenship in apt hands. The profile of failure of Southern leadership was precisely the profile of failure of national leadership, and it was that national failure, in the final analysis, which did the South the disservice of breaking up its old evil system without providing the necessary base for reformation on sane, orderly, cohesive lines.

- 5 Behold, I am against you,
says the LORD of hosts,
and will lift up your skirts over
your face;
and I will let nations look on your
nakedness
and kingdoms on your shame.
- 6 I will throw filth at you
and treat you with contempt,
and make you a gazingstock.
- 7 And all who look on you will shrink
from you and say,
- 8 Are you better than Thebes^a
that sat by the Nile,
with water around her,
her rampart a sea,
and water her wall?
- 9 Ethiopia was her strength,
Egypt too, and that without
limit;
Put and the Libyans were her^b
helpers.
- 10 Yet she was carried away,
she went into captivity;
her little ones were dashed in pieces
at the head of every street;
for her honored men lots were cast,
and all her great men were bound
in chains.
- 11 You also will be drunken,
you will be dazed;
you will seek
a refuge from the enemy.
- 12 All your fortresses are like fig trees
with first-ripe figs—
if shaken they fall
into the mouth of the eater.
- 13 Behold, your troops
are women in your midst.

HIGHER EDUCATION

J. Andrew Lipscomb

The white man stands at the side of the small rectangular hole in the ground. Tradition has said that preachers stand at the head of the grave, but parts of tradition are ignored at this funeral. The little black book lightly held between his hands contains the Words to be said. Behind the white preacher stands the funeral man—detached, professional, cash-paid-in-advance. Blue suit, white rayon shirt, conservative striped tie, white carnation, black skin. What looks like a diamond stick-pin—and probably is—impales the tie high up so to be seen when his coat is buttoned.

Across the breach in the ground stand the family and the friends. Josephine, the grandmother, is all the family there at the funeral. The mother, Mary Ann, couldn't come. Two of Josephine's black friends, dressed in clothes of the same hue, stand with her, soaking up tear drops with their handkerchief-wrapped pointing fingers. One wonders where they got the clothes. They drape their bodies with dignity denied by the usual cotton dresses, obtained, probably, through tote. Clothes like these appear to them to be as necessary as burial insurance—a convenience, by the way, lacking in this case. There is so much sorrow in their lives it's a wonder they

don't wear mourning clothes all the time. But the funerals would no longer be the luxury.

By virtue of their black skins and black sorrow, they stand together. They are bound tighter together because no man lives at home with them. They have been bearing children since the beginning. Pregnant and barefooted. They all have children with ten to fifteen years or more between the youngest and the oldest. The state pays them to mind their own kids. They are all brokehearted, mostly because at home lies Mary Ann who began.

A young white man and his wife stand a short way back from Josephine and her mourning companions. The sorrow and feel pain also. Vicariously, probably; emotionally projected, perhaps—but sorrow and pain, nonetheless. He is a minister, sent by his denomination to do what they call "mission work" among the people in the inner city of the Port City. Passers-by, if there were any by this weed-bedecked, down-the-dirt-road Negro cemetery, would think they were the children of the lady who hired Josephine from time to time as a domestic worker. There, probably, more out of respect than paternalism.

But instead he is a friend of Josephine, if friendship is possible.

Tears are shed by all except those across the open grave—the white man in the reversed collar, the black funeral man with the white carnation.

The Words are said by the white minister with the book. His presence there is an accompanying service of the cost of the funeral which his parish provided. Josephine had at one time swept the floors of the halls and Sunday School rooms of the church's education building. Josephine had no black church which she could call her own, but religion was strong in her. And faith, too.

The Spanish moss in the live oak trees nod in some kind of benediction and the rite is closed.

Josephine quietly asks the white friend if she could stay and make sure the coffin is buried. She is afraid that the seven pound little body will be removed from the \$37.50 casket and buried in a shroud. A grotesque and repulsive thought in the white mind of the white friend. Who would do such a thing as that? He is young. Surely the black funeral man wouldn't do that. Maybe a white man, ruled by his pocketbook, but not a Negro to one of his own skin. He is young.

Later Josephine still wondered if the funeral man didn't go back and dig the casket up anyway. She would never know.

The young white man began to learn then that maybe he could never be sure about any man—except to be sure about what any man is capable of doing.

In his own way he began to wonder about the funeral man. And himself.

Why had he been there? The whole matter had come to be a microcosm of the system that had brought him—and Josephine—into the world and together. The system had reared him, sent him to seminary, and wanted him back among itself when he was finished. And he knew that this had all been made possible—his health, his education, his future—by the callouses on black hands. White hands, too, of dirt farmers and truck drivers, crowder pea shellers and nylon clad waitresses.

But it wasn't that simple just to come back. He was supposed to have forgotten the callouses, as well as lose his own, but he couldn't. The problem began when he began to take seriously and believe what his Church, his family, his culture had taught him about life and death and the time in between.

Love one another, be kind, blessed are the poor and the oppressed, be courteous, cleanliness is next to godliness, say "sir" and "ma'am", God helps those who help themselves. Is there such a thing as "cultural shock" in one's own culture? That's what he began to have.

Josephine was a colored lady—not a Negro, not a black woman, nor a nigger. That simply was who she was. She knew how to use the techniques of a nigger when it offered benefit to her—thank God or God damn. She had pride and she had shame. But she did not know how to deal with either except to carry each with dignity.

She spent her life, but not her soul, in picking cotton

on a plantation in the Black Belt. She moved on South to the Port City. She had a man at one time, long enough to bear the fruit of half a dozen. He left, or died, it doesn't matter now which.

Her oldest, Mary Ann, inevitably got pregnant. The whole cycle beginning again. Mary Ann went to General Hospital and the baby was delivered.

Josephine called the young white minister because she knew she could get some needed clothes and food from him. Because of their friendship? Who can tell? His wife gathered up the accessories that wouldn't be had otherwise. Paternalistic, charitable, loving. No defense or rationale can be offered other than that the baby—and Josephine—needed them.

Mary Ann seemed only a figment. A bit player in a panorama production. She did cry when the baby died. Perhaps it would have said something new had she not cried. Perhaps it would have been easier to understand. But she did cry. Even this made her only a conduit from nothingness to life for that black baby, if one can judge. A conduit, nonetheless, that tapered back nine months vanishing on the horizon of that other event.

And then to death. No real reason for the death was ever given by the hospital. Maybe it was the beginning of genocide. Maybe it was an accident. A cynic—and a liberal—would have said that it was perhaps good that the baby died. What kind of life would he have looked forward to? The young minister would have replied with some measure of sarcasm "He had life to look forward to."

He went with Josephine to get Mary Ann out of the hospital. Josephine was frightened and started acting like a nigger. Maybe because the young white minister brought back the paternalism, maybe it was to save her life, maybe it was the way she related to the Man at all times.

The two of them—the large, black lady, in the mourning clothes, and the young white minister—sat in the chairs while some poor white couple—what the Bourbons call white trash—acted like niggers for the Man.

The Man in this case was only a short distance from both the poor white folks and the large black-skinned lady. Only two years of secretarial school separated them. Sitting behind the desk as the Man was a homely, simple, white girl with teased hair, narrow slanted glasses, heavy make-up, and what appeared as utter disdain for those who came before her.

Did she hate them because they did not do better? Did she hold them in contempt because they smelled over her cheap cologne? Because that was what she was supposed to do—as and for the Man?

Slowly, painfully, skillfully the poor white couple played the game. They had no money. They didn't know how much they could pay each month, but really knowing secretly. No, they had no insurance. The threat of garnishment. Would you sign here please? Is that all? Yes. Can we take the boy now? Of course.

Next, please. Then regretting the please when Jose-

phine moved to the desk. She usually said please, except to black folks. When she did say it, she said it in such a way that one wondered if she knew the system cared no more for her—except, of course, as she was successful in playing the game—than it did for the black grandchild of Josephine.

Josephine literally ballooned over the straight chair refusing the eyes of the white girl. Give it to her, the young minister said to himself as he moved to stand beside her. She played the game better than the poor white couple, probably because for her it meant more than money.

What is your name? Each question had to be repeated at least once more. This antagonized the white girl, probably intentionally. Josephine had no money. She didn't know how much she could pay each month, but she really did know. No, she had no insurance. The threat of garnishment.

And then, "And who are you?" The young white man gave a start, flushed, and angrily replied, "I'm a friend of the family." Even now the young white minister thinks of all the things that should have been said. He should have claimed to be the father, but he would never have had the guts to say that. What difference did it make to try to mess over the system in only a small way—to

break the rules that were being observed, and that had to be observed for the sake of this young girl's job behind the desk, if for no other sake.

The outcome was predictable, as it had been known by all the players. Josephine got away without paying any money. The white clerk had even gone the second mile for the Man.

Mary Ann was free to go, probably the closest thing to being free she will ever be. Free because she was permitted, if that is freedom.

"Don't worry, honey, you can have more," malediction the starched horn-rimmed nurse.

And Mary Ann cried.

The car was brought to the emergency entrance by the minister's wife. Mary Ann was wheeled out. And she went home.

Josephine didn't cry until she saw the baby in repose at the funeral parlor.

The young white minister's wife cried all the way home. The young minister cried.

But the funeral man didn't cry. The minister in the clerical collar didn't cry. Maybe they wanted to, but couldn't.

John 11:35.

Father Berrigan is pastor, United Religious Work at Cornell University. His most recent books include Consequences, Truth and . . . and Night Flight to Hanoi. False Gods, Real Men (Macmillan) contains his most recent poetry. He was sentenced to three-and-one-half years in prison for destroying draft records in Baltimore as one of the "Catonsville Nine."

VALUES AND THE UNIVERSITY

By Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

¹⁸ Your shepherds are asleep,
O king of Assyria;
your nobles slumber.
Your people are scattered on the
mountains
with none to gather them.

¹⁹ There is no assuaging your hurt,
your wound is grievous.
All who hear the news of you
clap their hands over you.
For upon whom has not come
your unceasing evil?

My services are presently retained by one of those enormous subsidized culture compounds known as an Ivy League university. Alas, the news about us is out. The ivy is poisoned, the league is scattered, the compound under assault. The presuppositions that formerly shored us up are grown increasingly absurd; our methodology, from the point of view of clear-eyed pragmatic eyesight, is not working.

We have come out of two months of utmost torment at Cornell; under pressure, our president has resigned and his successor is not yet in sight, nor is he likely to be for an indefinable time. We are proceeding, with a roll of drums from the right, into further torment. Good heads, in touch with events, give us one more year of survival. Into the valley of death, the Victorian poem goes, rode the six hundred.

In such circumstances, since some of us are not particularly attached to death as the reward of our virtuous lives, the question of values and the present educational process has a certain urgency. What do Christians have to offer secular men, beset and bewildered as these are by social crisis? — along with ourselves? What am I doing here anyway?

I will plead limitations of space as allowing a certain

crudeness in treatment. Limitation of time as well; when a noble institution may shortly be reduced to rubble (literally or in metaphor) one may be pardoned for offering something short of a detailed five year plan for graceful transition. No time; more, an almost encompassing ignorance afflicts us.

I may also be pardoned for confessing a certain bias in favor of those students, black and white, who have borne the heat of the past five years on campuses, as national and international issues thickened. Those to whom I am indebted are the sane voices of activists, rather than the insane parliamentarians of power. I shall in fact urge a middle course between the Crazies and Maoists of the left, and the Hesburgh-Nixonites of the right, as offering some measure of light on our question.

Thus, my answer takes these lines:

It is as important as it ever was, to come from somewhere, if one is intent on going somewhere. Christians who are determined only to be good Americans are as lethal, in the breach, as SDS members who are determined to be only Maoists. Both parties are in a most rigorous sense, nihilists. They substitute dogmatic stalemate (the guillotine, the barrel of a gun, orthodoxy) for

the freedom, verve and variety of historical movement. Both, moreover, betray a spiritual tradition in the name of short term neatness.

The Christian-Americans want things like a more acceptable substitute for the draft, a better way of disposing of poison gases, the same old wanton and wasteful technology under better auspices and control. Whereas a man uncorrupted by gas or cold war simply says; Why gas, why war, why a draft at all?

The Maoists, on the other hand, excommunicate anyone pleading for a rule of reason in the face of official eschatology. They hate America, hate the university; they want to crush the infamy. Pulling hard at the pillars to bring on the last day, they neglect to tell us what the program is for the day after that one. Some of us, perversely, would like to know.

The repairing of bad church history comes about by repairing bad world history. Which is to say, if the city is burning, don't indulge in good housekeeping. Get out and fight fires. I hesitate to call this sound theology, or the applying of spiritual values. It seems more to me like common sense or a sense of humanity. Which is not to deny that at times, it may require some heroism.

The next in this list of non-rules for Christians has to do with a sense of pride. I point with pride to the numbers of Catholic war resisters, in jail and out; the numbers of young people looking hard at the culture, at neglect of the poor, at Rocky's rocky road into Latin America, and why; the numbers of leaders, civic and religious, unheard of except when the ramparts are endangered; the numbers of whites and blacks whose conscience does not allow them to take out hunting licenses to stalk their brothers.

How do young people emerge from our tradition, to do such excellent things? The answer, I suggest, is fairly simple and fairly complicated:

You read the New Testament as though it meant what it says. You encounter parents, and cut loose where required, from their tearful appeals to tribal law and order. You avoid parish life like a plague. You sail safely past the big talk of immoral authority about moral superiority. You ride loose with comfort and security and the guaranteed future. You spit in Medusa's eye and refuse to turn to stone. Somewhere along the line, you connect with others who want so simple a thing as life and the letting of life. And something uncontrollable and unquenchable is under way.

If I stress resistance to war as an event that shapes men, I am not being foolish or obsessive. It is events of resistance which shape men. Boys do not grow up by being sealed in trinitarian cloud chambers. They come to manhood by learning to read (pre-McLuhan?) the text of events before them; Chairman Jesus — his life, sayings, death, presence. What one might call the Ongoing Comeback, the Forward Feedback of the Man. To translate, to ponder this, to accept and interiorize it. Only a few make it; but what they make is neither fudge

nor rhetoric. It is history.

I suspect in all seriousness that universities are coming down. So, I suspect, are seminaries. Those intending to enter either place should question themselves on the immunities granted by trafficking in indulgences sacred and secular. How can one in good conscience step out of questions of draft, tax payment, death, death dealing and complicity with death—much of this in the name of, God helps us, religion? What are religious men doing with their lives today, anyway? And if we don't know, how do we find out? I suspect a man wanting to enter "religion" should consider joining a small group of war resisters, who read the gospel and take the Word at its word.

The university and the seminary are falling down not because Platonic activists are raising hell for no good reason. No; Chicken Little is right because institutions and those who support them (professors, authorities, trustees, parents) are suffocating human vision and indicting change. And all this in the name of real estate, or in the name of God. (In plain daylight it invariably comes to the same thing.) No, the activists are playing a classical role, one of truth and faith. They are unmasking the real motives of the protagonists and antagonists, the presumptions of what the New Testament does not hesitate to call the demonic, to take control of lives and events.

When life and death are the main issues, everything else becomes for the duration, an inadmissible luxury. Cornell has 50 years of Latin American research to its credit, a peerless graduate library, prestigious departments of social and pure science, etc., etc. And all to what avail? The Latin American connections are linked to the Rockefeller empire, the graduate library is an Olin gift (he makes excellent munitions and guns), the social sciences enable the university to institutionalize local poverty, the science complex bears a plaque commemorating the aid of the Department of Defense, without which. No one of these departments has ever looked seriously at its own family history, questioned its own expansion, agreed on the urgency of its moral problems. Only SDS had the courage to look into things. Who speaks for life over death? Who is confronting the war makers, the poverty makers, the unmakers of man? Religious questions all.

Men are dying, who do not want to die. Who do not deserve to die. Foundation grants enabling studies of the dying man's ethnic or social situation (How long was he lying in the ditch? Toward the north or the south? Was he Jew or Gentile? Did you sample the passersby?) are at the least, beside the point. Men keep on dying, until someone steps in to reverse things. Possibly by facing death. Which is to say in a broader sense, it is not a time for building structures of justice to counter structures of injustice. The task is both more clumsy and more immediate. It is to say no to injustice, with all one's might.

The revenge of neglected history is a terrible one.

one. Everyone must pay up; in dislocated normalcy, in the suffering and destruction unleashed by change, when normal, reasoned, bearable change was denied. All of us pay for the neglect, in church and state. And in the nature of things, there is no time to construct step by step ABC logic, syntheses, *alma mater*, *alma domus* images for the church. The real task is an immediate leap of the mind, from A through all the letters to Z; where the action is. Is this latter method merely an expedient, or a new skill we are only beginning to actuate?

The resources of spiritual organisms—our own. What are they? The expectation almost defines the act of faith. "It is absurd and destructive to think one can move

so far so fast." But those who inch along, offer in effect no faith at all; or only an ancestral faith, with no mileage. What are the lineaments of the world, its requirements on the mind and heart; the needs of those who must live in it, move in it, assuage it; or consent to exterminate it?

The dramatic content of human lives; men as signs. Heroes beget heroes. Men beget men. Others (remaining nameless) raise up armies, sow the whirlwind, sharpen weapons, foster racism, prolong the race of minutemen and fearmongers. Pure America. Biology is subject to choice. The choice is the religious enterprise.

- 16 The nations shall see and be ashamed
of all their might;
they shall lay their hands on their
mouths;
their ears shall be deaf;
17 they shall lick the dust like a serpent,
like the crawling things of the
earth;
they shall come trembling out of their
strongholds,
they shall turn in dread to the
LORD our God,
and they shall fear because of thee.

SOUL BROTHERS, UNITE

Comments on the Black Church

Benjamin D. Berry, Jr.

I stand somewhat apart from the subject about which I am writing. As director of an ecumenical mission to the inner-city (a euphemism for the ghetto), I am not a part of the black church. But, as a black Christian, I am a product of that institution, and I am in constant contact with her even today. I feel that this being apart from the black church allows me to speak with an openness and candor that clergy who occupy pulpits cannot have, for my bread and butter does not depend on the acceptability of what I say to those who control the institutions.

From the years following the Civil War to the present, the church has been the center of the black community. This is true for several reasons, the most important being that the church was all the black man had in this land of the free. It was his and it had a peculiar style; one often made the butt of the white man's jokes, but it was a peculiarly black style. It reflected the basic concerns of black people, their sorrows, their joys, their hopes and their fears. It reflected these concerns in its preaching and in its ritualistic "non-ritual".

Leadership within the black community has tradition-

ally come from the ranks of the clergy. While this may be truthfully said of the white community during the early stages of social development in this nation, the leadership role has tended to shift away from the clergy as the society has become more pragmatic and secular. This has not happened in the black community until very recently, primarily, but not solely, because few others have had the platform from which to reach out and touch the minds of the masses. Also, until recently, the black minister was among the few who could lay claim to a degree of formal education. Those professions which tend to assume leadership in the white community—law, medicine, education, and business—have been traditionally closed to black people. The educator who did seek to assume the leadership role in the community was frequently held in place and rendered ineffective as a leader by the white power structure through overt and implied threats to his economic security or his life. Thus the black clergyman was the only person with sufficient freedom to offer a challenge to the evils of this racial nation.

This leadership began to emerge with greater clarity as the black American became urbanized and the

responding secularization of his church took place. Under the leadership of the clergy, the churches began to take a more activist stand on community affairs through participation in such agencies and organizations as the Urban League and the NAACP. The leaders of the Civil Rights Movement of black Americans were, for the most part, clergy. Its meetings were held in the sanctuaries of the churches and took on all the characteristics of worship. The now-famous speeches of Dr. Martin Luther King are simply sermons on a secular subject (some would argue that the subject is not really secular). The power of his delivery astounded whites, but it was regular fare to the black worshipper.

This leadership position of the black church and its clergy is now being challenged by the creators of the new mood within the black community. The fact is that, as the mood of the community has shifted from a basic desire to become a part of white society (and for all practical purposes to assume the characteristics of whites) to a new awareness of the value and meaning of blackness, the church has not shifted. An example: Those organizations with which the churches have identified have been under the control of liberal whites whose money has been their life-blood. This control has prevented the kind of action necessary to bring about the fundamental changes in American society that are necessary for the liberation of black people. The new mood of the black community is one that will not tolerate white control of any black-oriented organization or agency. It would seem wise for the black church to step into the vacuum created by the hostility of blacks toward such white controlled organizations as the NAACP (which refuses to adopt the concept of black power). However, many of the larger black churches have continued to identify with these organizations and are therefore losing the support of the people. These churches are usually firm in their commitment to racial integration at any cost. While it is a fact that integration will become a reality in America if the nation is to survive, it is also a fact that "integration on the white man's terms" is not integration at all, but rather another term for slavery. Integration occurs when and only when there is mutual respect for the power each integrating party possesses. Unequals cannot sit together at the table of integration.

The black clergyman who keeps the myth of integration before his people as a goal for human life, and who gives theological justification for continued acceptance of this racist society to prevent a "white backlash", derives his theology from an understanding of the Divine that has been constructed by white society solely for the protection of its racist institution. He is "preaching a white god!" He seeks to aide his congregation in making the necessary adjustments to live in this kind of society rather than giving them the courage to make much-needed radical alterations. In so doing, he lives in serious heresy.

The churches of the black middle-class are especially

guilty of this heresy and sin of idolatry, for they are constantly attempting to move away from the revolutionary mood of the masses of poor blacks and to inch closer to the white world and its sicknesses. It is my feeling that the majority of the black middle-class has as little concern for the welfare and dignity of the masses of poor blacks as does the white middle-class. I do not argue that there is some ontological bond that should create concern in the breasts of these people. But I do argue that there is a phenomenological bond—the treatment of all blacks by white society in the same way. Rich or poor, a nigger is a nigger to white society. And when he oversteps his limits his rich skull will be cracked as quickly as a poor skull. The churches of the middle-class fail to recognize this phenomenological bond and are therefore losing influence among the young blacks who tend to identify with the plight of the masses.

Another cause of the changing position of the black church has been the shameful lack of training among a significant number of the black clergy. This statement is in no way meant to take any credit away from the great men of the past who built the black church even though they were denied the freedom to acquire an education. These are some of the greatest heroes in black history. However, the clergyman today is called upon to perform the ministry of aiding his congregation in winning the struggle against the overwhelming rapidity of technological and social changes that can cause the kind of "unglueing" that fills the mental institutions of white America. He cannot perform this kind of ministry if he is himself ignorant of these very changes and does not possess the intellectual tools necessary for inquiry into their meaning for human life. Contemporary seminary education, both black and white-liberal, should try to prepare students for such a ministry, since it is obvious that it is doing a very poor job of preparation at the present time. Similarly, it would be well for the black churches to support seminaries, if and when they begin to prepare men to serve not the white middle class church (as was the case with my own seminary education), but serve the revolutionary black church of the future. Nevertheless, the black church is doing itself a greater disservice by not insisting on pastors who have at least received the feeble attempts of the present seminary structure. This is exactly what all too many of our churches are doing today! Consequently, their word to the society is irrelevant and meaningless. Their interpretation of Scriptures does not reflect the revolutionary character of the Gospel, and their ability to cope with the constant change in society hinges on their ability to cling to mystical and magical conceptions of the Deity.

Any attempt I make at suggesting elements that would comprise a new style for the black church is based on two basic assumptions. First, I assume that the black church is going to move toward the development of a trained clergy. And second, I assume that the present trend within the black community—that of increased

self-awareness and self-pride—will continue, and that its continuation will cause increased apprehension within the power structure which will be reflected in the backlash of middle-class whites. In other words, I am assuming a period of "Cold War" as opposed to the hot wars we call riots.

With these assumptions in mind, let me move to the question of a new life in the black church. The first element we must consider is that of the proclamation that the black church makes to its members and to the world. It has been the role of the black church to tranquilize her people in order that they might withstand the constant abuse of the white world, much as the white church serves as the opiate of her people. It is most necessary that a sister, after scrubbing the white world's floors for six days and taking their verbal (and oftentimes physical) abuse, find a release from her plight on the weekend. In the black community, this release has occurred through sex and the church, on Sunday morning, afternoon and night. This same sister had to be told that there would be a better world "by-and-by". Had she not believed this, she surely would have fallen long ago a victim of the American version of apartheid. That church was the glue that held body and soul together for the majority of black people. Even today, there are black people who, in order to survive, must continue in this kind of quiet suffering. They definitely need the opiate of preaching that emphasizes the promised "by-and-by", and whatever else might enter into the style of the black church, this element must not be excluded until the basic life situation of black people is changed.

However, added to this eschatological mysticism must be the message of freedom here and now. Many black people no longer will clean the white man's floors (which might explain why so many employers can't find blacks to fill the jobs he opens up to them), and will no longer suffer quietly the abuse of white society. They are demanding of their church and their nation a better life NOW. Should the black church turn a deaf ear to these demands, it will be replaced. The Black Manifesto which came out of the National Black Economic Development Conference should have the support of every black church in this nation for it reflects the kind of actions that must be taken by black churchmen in the future. The Manifesto does in effect what I see as the responsibility of the black church: to see and proclaim the sin and sickness of white society and its church, and to proclaim the coming of God's revolution.

The Gospel of Christ is about freedom from enslavement to an earthly system. This was at the center of the Christ event, and it must be at the center of the preaching of the black church. Her message to the black must say that God is with the oppressed of this world and that our freedom to be citizens of the Kingdom of God stands above allegiance to any nation. The fundamental revolutionary character of the *kerygma*, so long hidden by the white church, must be openly declared by the black church. That this kind of preaching will serve to arouse

the masses to revolutionary action is a distinct possibility and a risk that must be taken. But the chances of this are indeed limited. If anything does touch off revolutionary action it will be the response of the white power structure to such preaching—response that will and has touched off black violence. But the true leadership potential of the black clergy and the black church was also touched off by this violence in that we saw an increasing number of black clergy denouncing the stories of "outside agitators" and pointing the accusing finger at the whites who have robbed and killed black people for centuries.

Another element of the new style for the black church would have to be that of taking upon itself the role of a strong community organization. The brainwashing of the white power structure has been so complete that we find denominations and churches within the black community, along with other segments of that community constantly vying for the approval of the white powers. Each group believes that acceptance by the power structure as the sole spokesman for the black community will gain strength for itself within the community. For many years, this has been the manner in which whites have chosen who will lead the black community. As much as I admired and respected Martin Luther King, Jr., it must be admitted that he was chosen to lead the black community by white response. Given the choice to respond to either M. L. King or Malcolm X, the white community chose King. Now the white power structure is attempting in the same way to give us Roy Wilkins over Eldridge Cleaver.

The advent of the new black awareness is not allowing the white man to choose black leaders any longer. And if the black church is to resume its leadership position it must now be about the business of uniting the black community around its common goal: Freedom. The church has the potential of bringing all segments of the black community together for united action, a potential held by no other institution. But it cannot realize that potential, if it is itself divided. We cannot wait upon the white ecumenical movement to accomplish this task. The time demands a black ecumenicity, both national and local. Black Baptists cannot afford to engage in the traditional inter-denominational warfare with black Methodists. Any ideas of exclusiveness must not be allowed to hinder the process of uniting for action.

Neither can the black ecumenical movement be allowed to become hopelessly bogged down in differences of theology. This ecumenical movement must be totally one of organization around social issues growing out of belief in the present involvement of God in human events. I find that all too many black clergy are overly concerned with the fine points of ecclesiastical discipline. Such questions as the validity of baptism by sprinkling or immersion has little to do with the condition of black people in America. A sprinkled or immersed nigger is still a nigger in the eyes of white America. A baptized nigger is still at the bottom of the social totem pole in

this nation and his leaders have no right to waste precious hours and days debating the form of baptism to be used.

These petty arguments should be left to those organizations set up by whites for this purpose, and membership in these organizations, while in one sense necessary for the black church, should not consume as much time from the black clergyman's day as the task of uniting his people in their struggle for liberation. In fact, it might do the black church well if she withdrew from such groups as the Consultation on Church Union until such a time as the black churches have themselves become united. Then, they will be able to enter this organization with power rather than as spectators while the great white fathers decide their future. It is the height of absurdity for the best of black minds to be immobilized by the kind of idle chatter we see in COCU. It is beyond me how COCU expects to create a distinctively American Church when the only indigenous Americans—the American Indian and the Black American—are not adequately represented.

These suggestions on the elements that might go to make a distinctively black style for black churches is in no way exhaustive. We have not discussed liturgy, which is probably second in importance only to the development of the church as a community organization. But this must await another time, for it is a subject which demands the undivided attention of any writer and much more sophistication and knowledge than is possessed by this writer. I have presented these ideas as my contribution to the thinking that is now being done by black churchmen in this country. Perhaps, in the near future, someone will take the time to compile the thoughts of all who have expressed themselves on this subject. I hope it will be done soon. However, even such a compilation would be irrelevant if the local black pastor is not willing and able to do on his own street corner the work of building the black church into the repository of black culture it once was and should become again. It is upon his shoulders that the greatest burden must rest.

16 For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. 17 For God sent the Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him.

Tom Boomershine is a graduate student in New Testament at Union Theological Seminary in New York City. He has served parishes in East Harlem in New York City and West Side in Chicago.

THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION

Rich Man's Slave or Poor Man's Servant?

Tom Boomershine

Theological education is in trouble. The number of students preparing for the ministry is steadily declining. Many who begin quit after one or two years. Some seminaries have already closed. There have been many explanations for this fact: secularism, scientifically oriented culture, the minister as a generalist in an age of specialists, a decline in belief in God. The thesis of this article is that theological education in the United States has become separated from its own tradition by orienting its life style and general policy of action around the middle and upper economic classes rather than around poor people. The problem with theological education is that it has become divorced from the power which gave it birth, Jesus and the early Church, whose ministry was primarily directed to the poor. This is then an attempt to criticize theological education from a Christian understanding of the force that governs life and death. The possibility that this diagnosis of the illness that is afflicting theological education might be correct has been in the back of my mind for the last seven years during which I have worked either as part-time minister in East Harlem or full-time on Chicago's West Side while, for most of that period, also being a theological student. But

this possibility became manifest during a series of events this past spring at Union Theological Seminary (where I am presently a doctoral candidate in New Testament). Therefore the first subject here will be some stories about what happened this spring, then a more general diagnosis, and finally some suggestions about what could be done.

I. Some Stories.

A brief summary of what happened: the events of Union grew out of James Forman's presentation of the demands of the Black Economic Development Conference (hereafter the BEDC) for \$500 million in reparations from the churches at Riverside Church on May 4. On May 11th Riverside Church responded. Students of Union who were supporting Forman went to President John C. Bennett that evening and asked for an immediate meeting with the Board of Directors to consider the following demands: 1) that the Board of Directors endorse the principle of the Black Manifesto; 2) that the faculty and Board of Directors give \$100,000 from their own personal resources to the BEDC; 3) that the Board of Directors raise from the endowments and other

sources \$1,000,000 for the BEDC. President Bennett said that such a meeting was impossible, whereupon the students occupied the administration building that Sunday evening and held it all day Monday. When it was agreed on Monday evening by the Board that a meeting would be held on Thursday night, the students moved out of the administration building. For the next three days there were intensive discussions within the student body and the faculty, as well as worship services, during which more than \$5,000 in cash and more than \$10,000 in pledges were collected for the BEDC from the students and some of the faculty. Finally, on Thursday night, after a three hour meeting with the students and a four hour discussion in a closed-door meeting, the Board committed itself to raise \$1,000,000 and to ask each member of the Board to contribute to a fund, these monies to be distributed (with some qualifications) under policies to be determined by the black community of Union. The Board also decided to reinvest \$500,000 of endowments as loans to black enterprises in Harlem. The students replied, "You have not met our demands!" And walked out. In the next five days, more seminary-wide discussions were held to decide whether it was essential for the seminary to endorse directly and commit itself to the support of the BEDC. It was decided that the Board's action would not be actively resisted for fear that the total action would be rescinded; but a strong protest was lodged at the regular Board meeting on the following Tuesday, Commencement Day.

So the question is raised: how can an unprecedented action of this sort be called the symptom of a sickness within the institutional life of theological education? A closer examination of two of those evenings will help to clarify the situation. The first happened on Tuesday night, the day after the occupation of the administration building. The evening began as an open meeting attended primarily by students who had occupied the building to discuss strategy for the meeting with the Board, worship for the seminary community, and publicity to other seminaries. Earlier that afternoon there had been discussion of the Manifesto, tactics, theological issues, etc., and the evening meeting followed that pattern. The discussion went on and on, increasingly involving technicalities, definition of terms, and petty theological arguments. Finally Cain Felder, a black B.D. senior who had emerged as the leader of the group, gave a report from the committee which had been projecting strategy for the meeting with the Board. Suddenly in the middle of his presentation he was unable to continue; he stood in silence for a while and then walked out. The black students followed him. The meeting was temporarily over. Nobody knew what had happened.

The black students called a meeting of the group for 11:30 that night. The front of the chapel was crowded with more than a hundred students, sitting on kneeling cushions lying on the floor, and standing in the choir loft. The black students told one by one what had happened. They had left because they were deeply disturbed

at what was happening in the group, but they were not able to explain why until they had talked among themselves for a while. Two major themes from their statements stand out in my memory. First, they sensed that the rest of the group did not realize how important this action was and how seriously it had to be taken. For the first time, a "liberal" theological seminary was faced with a stern demand from within to contribute major amounts of capital to the black community. If the seminary acted, it would be an important precedent not only for other seminaries but for Protestantism in general. Second, they realized that there was a difference in levels of commitment within the group. They told about their lives before coming to Union and their dreams for the future. Each expressed his commitment to see this action through to its conclusion regardless of the cost, whether it be a fine, expulsion from the seminary, graduation, the draft, or imprisonment. They were ready to lay everything on the line as part of what it meant for them to be Christians. But many of the other students were clearly not ready to risk that much. They asked the rest of the group to say where they stood.

An incredible night followed. Until 5:00 a.m. young men and women stood up and told about their lives, their guilts, and their loyalties; and they made a decision. The emotional level was high; there were long periods of silence. Many honestly admitted that they had reservations that were too serious and left. Others stayed. Some people were almost incoherent; some of the obvious white hang-ups about blacks were disturbing. But that night a group of people wrestled with what it meant to be a Christian and a human being in relation to a concrete social issue. And on that Tuesday evening, theological education became more than a set of propositions or a discussion about profound theological issues; it became a commitment closely related to concern for poor people and to the Christian faith. The black students had cut through the morass of theological speculation to the issues of faith, commitment and discipleship. Nevertheless, I later heard from two different members of the faculty that this kind of "pentecostalism" had more profoundly alienated many members of the faculty from the student body than any other event during that week, including the occupation of the administration building. That response on the part of some members of the faculty is a profoundly disturbing insight into their concept of theological education.

On Thursday evening, May 15th, the climactic meeting with the Board of Directors took place. It was held in the living room of President Bennett's apartment. The Board intended that it be a cordial conversation. But we asked for tables for our materials and grouped ourselves at one end of the room. Our initial presentations recounted the events of the week and some personal experiences (e.g., a woman from Rhodesia told about her childhood there) which had brought us to this meeting. We sharply focused the essential issue; that the seminary commit \$1,100,000 to the BEDC for black economic de-

velopment, with black control of its use. Later in the meeting another woman from our group documented how a large percentage of the seminary's major endowment funds had been derived from fortunes made in cotton in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. The responses of the Board members were mixed. A few were quite positive. Most agreed that it was a good idea and went on to describe what had already been done, or why it was impossible to do more. A few said that they definitely opposed the seminary either raising or giving funds for black economic development or anything else outside of the seminary itself. In their view, the Board of Directors was responsible for the development of Union Theological Seminary and nothing more. There was considerable argumentation back and forth between the two groups. In fact, I have never been in a meeting during which such a high level of tension was sustained over a period of three and a half hours. On both sides and for every individual in that room, a lot was at stake. The general response of the Board was sufficiently negative, so we were certain the answer would be a flat refusal. When we left the apartment, we were in despair.

We had asked the Board to inform us that night of their decision and told them that we would be in Lampman Chapel, a small room almost directly beneath the President's apartment. About 12:30 a few of us started singing hymns. The group grew and soon the chapel was filled with students spontaneously singing hymns. That in itself is a notable event. But, even more unusual, the words of those old hymns suddenly came alive and we were aware of being a part of a great tradition. Phrases like

Not alone for mighty empires, not for conquests of the sword,

But for conquests of the Spirit, give we thanks to Thee, O Lord.

and

Riches we heed not, nor man's empty praise,

Thou mine inheritance now and always

rang with a kind of integrity and power that was genuinely surprising to this group of often cynical seminary students. Interspersed through the singing were shouts; "Yea, that's the way it is!" "Sock it to 'em," "That's it, baby," and "Right!" Students came from all over the seminary to join the singing and to argue about which song would be next. It was a beautiful time. And it went on until 2:45.

Our group went back to the President's apartment. Mr. Irwin, the chairman of the Board, read the resolution:

The Board of Directors of Union Theological Seminary affirms the imperative at this moment in history of black economic development under black control and expresses its gratitude for what it believes to be the movement of the Spirit upon the Seminary community on this issue.

To express its commitment to this imperative and to express its further concerns, the Board takes the following actions: 1. To ask each member of the Board to

express his personal concern by making a gift to the seminary through a special fund, the use of which to be determined by the black community of the Seminary, through a committee composed entirely of black students, faculty, alumni and Directors. 2. To recognize our particular obligation to our neighboring community by investing \$500,000 of endowment funds in black enterprises in Harlem. 3. To endeavor to raise at least \$1,000,000 as special funds to finance the involvement of the whole Seminary community in projects directly related to the life of the people in the surrounding area, under policies to be determined by the black community of the Seminary, through a committee composed entirely of black students, faculty, alumni and Directors.

As I listened, the singing echoed around the seminary quadrangle and into the room. Outside were the dim lights on the lawn, the quiet of the early morning and the powerful singing; inside we were listening to a resolution from the Board of Directors of one of the major Protestant theological seminaries in this country committing major funds to black economic development. An incredible scene and an unbelievable result. I remember thinking though: "In this setting they had to do something." Indeed the Board had recognized what had happened: "... the movement of the Spirit upon the Seminary community." But we had agreed that if they did not do what we had asked, (we had assumed they would do nothing), our spokesman would state the obvious: "You have not met our demands." And we would leave. Since they had refused to give the money to the BEDC, that is what we did.

It must be admitted that the Board faced a difficult dilemma. After considerable discussion they had agreed that substantial action should be taken. Several of the Board were unalterably opposed to giving the money to the BEDC, although they agreed that black control was important. The solution was reached by putting the control in the hands of the black community of Union. Many on the faculty and among the students interpreted the Board's action as a needed caution in view of the many unknowns about the BEDC, which was at that time not quite a month old. The administrative credibility of the BEDC may have been a major factor in the decision. But the essential issue was that of control and in fact the Board's action keeps the major control within the institution of the seminary. The reaction of the black students reflects this fact in that they were unanimously opposed to this mechanism. They did not want control given to them because it would put them in a difficult position in the black community as well as in the seminary community.

It is an old issue: the problem with the Board's action can be seen in its similarity to the policies of 19th century colonialism. Demands for control by nationals became unavoidable. Control was given to the nationals who had been educated in the homeland because they were far more susceptible to being controlled by those in the homeland. Control was not given to national or

organizations run by and for nationals because it was assumed that any hope of controlling policy would thereby be lost and the money would be misused. The most frequent result of this pattern of action, however, has been to undercut the credibility of those nationals who have been educated in the homeland with their own people, thereby eliminating them from positions of leadership. Thus, the overall result has been precisely the opposite of what had been hoped. The more productive pattern has been to give aid directly to national organizations and allow the nationals who have been educated to emerge as leaders with their credibility intact and without any binding obligations to the colonizing country.

Likewise black control will never be a reality in the U.S. until it is given to blacks who are not obligated to white institutions; indeed, obligation to white institutions is probably the major problem for most black institutions today. Control must be given to black institutions which are free to be responsible first and foremost to black people. The importance of the BEDC is that it has the potential to be such an institution. And through institutions of this sort the best leaders, some of whom will be those who have been educated at places like Union, will be able to maintain positions of viable leadership in the black community and the funds given really will be spent in the best interests of black people. For example, it is most unlikely that an organization controlled by blacks would decide that the first priority for its projects of black economic development would be to involve the students and faculty of a seminary. But the request of the students that the money be given to a black institution was denied and the control given to the blacks who are a part of a white institution, Union Theological Seminary. This was the major reason for the strong protest of the students at the mechanism established by the Board.

II. Diagnosis.

These events brought into focus some of the pervasive realities about theological education which are by no means solely limited to Union. Rather these events point to some of the basic characteristics of theological institutions throughout the United States. Consider, for example, the location and general atmosphere of theological seminaries. They are found in areas that were, at least originally, wealthy, usually in the suburbs or in the country. They were constructed as a refuge from the world, far more similar to a millionaire's estate than to a slum. As a result, the style of life of a theological seminary approximates that of the upper class, with its premium on leisure time and detachment from the world. The language of theological study is highly abstract in content, rational in its manner of presentation (whether oral or written), and restrained in tone. Such language is certainly not characteristic of the victims of the dominant class. The literature produced by theological education has its primary orientation toward the world of

scholarship and is almost never directed to the poor—except to use them as "examples". It is essentially a literature which is determined in its format and style by a sophisticated and professionalistic educational system, within which theological education operates almost exclusively. The faculty of theological institutions are keenly professional and technically proud men whose life style is that of the scholarly community which, while not overwhelmingly wealthy, is at least that of the upper middle-class. Thus, for example, a period of foreign travel and study is an important credential for the best positions in the best theological seminaries and is a frequent part of most faculty members' lives. Seminary students are primarily the children of the middle and upper classes; it is still very difficult for a black man or, for that matter, a white man from a poor family, to be admitted into a seminary. The major reason is that admission invariably demands a college education. Thus the seminaries can plead that it is really the fault of a college education. But it is an empty plea.

Finally, consider the Board of Directors. A Board is composed with few exceptions of business executives, ecclesiastical executives, ministers to wealthy congregations, and wives of both businessmen and clergy in similar positions. Each member's prime credential is close contact with persons who control large amounts of capital; they are the seminary's liaison to the upper class. This is largely for fund-raising purposes but since the Board is also the final policy-making body for theological education, the orientation of theological education to the upper class should come as no surprise. Policy making groups determine the basic direction of an institution.

In general then, theological education operates within the basic framework of graduate school education in America. It is a creation of the middle-upper economic class, run under policies determined by the upper class in order to serve the institutions of the middle and upper class. It is in relation to this underlying character of theological education that the events described above must be understood. This explains why it was necessary for a radical action such as the occupation of the administration building to be taken in order to get the Board to take such action as it did take. In other words, without the occupation, the Board would not have done what it did. The leadership of the black students and their ability to cut through the confusion and confront, first their fellow students and the seminary itself, was partly a result of their being able to see the seminary from a different perspective, the perspective of black people. The scandal of the faculty at a manifestation of an emotionalistic and confessional type of religious experience that is often characteristic of the poor is deplorable, but perfectly understandable. Furthermore, the concern of many of the members of the Board to avoid alienating the seminary's upper-class constituency is only the other side of its lack of concern about continually alienating the poorer classes and minorities throughout its history. The Board's fear of giving control

of significant funds into the hands of blacks it did not in some way oversee is likewise natural given its position. That is, the events described above make sense within the framework of an institution which is primarily oriented to the wealthier white classes.

How is this pattern of theological education to be evaluated? Being a doctoral student in New Testament, perhaps I inevitably see contemporary situations in relation to parallel situations in the first century. But after all, the New Testament should loom as large as stock market reports to Christians. For the purposes of this discussion, three different styles of theological education can be isolated in the first century: those of the Sadducees, the Pharisees, and the followers of Jesus. The Sadducees were a priestly group closely allied to the upper class. The education of a young Sadducee prepared him to relate to the Hellenistic rulers of Palestine as well as to perform ritual and legal functions in the Jewish community. Sadducean attitudes toward the lower classes ran from paternalism to disdain. The language in which they were trained was highly sophisticated; their communities were so isolated within the wealthy sections of the major urban area, Jerusalem, that they were largely able to ignore the needs of the poor, although being responsible for the distribution of some charities through the Temple. As a result they were politically and doctrinally conservative. Their basic orientation was always to the past.

The Pharisees drew students from the middle class (though very rarely from the poor) and these students had to have a certain gift intellectually, since a major part of their training involved fantastic amounts of memorization. However, they oriented their movement toward the lower classes far more than the Sadducees. They were primarily responsible for the expansion of the synagogue which was designed to educate everyone in the fundamentals of the Torah. As a result, their training was to a much greater degree oriented toward the needs of the common people. Therefore, they were politically and doctrinally much more flexible in their function as religious judges and were inclined to be more lenient than the Sadducees. They were very critical of the upper classes and especially of the Sadducees. The Pharisees as a movement were extremely concerned about cultic purity and the observance of the Law; they were men who were 'separated'. Thus, although their basic patterns of social relationship were quite different than that of the Sadducees, they were, for reasons of cultic purity in accordance with the Law, unwilling to associate with those who did not observe the dietary laws or the laws of ritual washings, those who collected taxes for the Romans, or those who were openly criminals. The result was an inevitable aloofness on the part of the Pharisaic groups from "the people of the land". But they were far less tied to the upper classes than the Sadducees.

The three year course in theological education Jesus conducted for his disciples stands in marked contrast

to both the Sadducean and Pharisaic schools. His students were recruited almost exclusively from the poor. They were selected, at least in part, because they were willing to give up everything—home, family, fortune, stability, in order to share in His ministry. Primarily they did things—healing, teaching, caring for people's needs—and then retreated into the wilderness for periods of reflection. They did things other than study, although it appears that a good deal of Scriptural work must have been involved to understand and interpret what was happening. Their exegetical work was carried on in the most intimate relationship to the events that were happening to them. The people to whom the disciples learned to relate were primarily the poor and the language that they learned equipped them to communicate effectively with the common people. Thus, Jesus' theological "school" was composed of poor people, conducted in the midst of poor people, and took its basic life style from poor people.

Why did Jesus orient his teaching to the poor? And why did both he and the early Church which, to some degree continued his mission, receive their primary response from poor people? Jesus proclaimed the coming of a government into the world, the Kingdom of God, which judged people not by their wealth or their wisdom but by their love for God and for their fellowmen. Indeed, wealth was a problem for a positive relationship to God and to one's fellows. For that reason he advised the rich young man to give it up. His proclamation was that true blessedness would follow not from the accumulation of material wealth but from the treasures of the spirit. Thus, poor people were more open to participation in Jesus' movement than the rich, and he was particularly though not exclusively, concerned about relating to the poor.

Seen from the perspective of the New Testament, how does contemporary theological education look? In many ways, seminaries in our day are close to the Sadducean style of life. The social and economic orientation, the style of language and the relationship to the poor are similar. The Pharisaic concern about relating the basic teachings of the religion to the common people finds a parallel in certain theological institutions; moreover the separation from those who are "unclean" is also present now. Therefore, Jesus' condemnation of the unwillingness of the religious establishment of his day to associate with prostitutes, robbers, addicts or just plain poor people rather than executives, eminent scholars, important politicians or other members of the controlling establishment stands in judgment on us just as much as it did of them. In no major way is there a parallel between the dominant style and direction of theological education today and the style and direction of Jesus' ministry.

This diagnosis of theological education, therefore, finds that it has affirmed Jesus Christ as its Lord and as the center of its beliefs, but has taken the models of "the world" and more specifically, the economically and politically dominant classes as its guide for action. In this, theological education today is no different than

the rest of graduate and professional education in America. Graduate and professional education does not affirm Jesus Christ as Lord, and theological education does not live it. By orienting its life around the economically dominant, which is to say, white America, theological education has accepted the basic values of that class. In that sense, it is in radical discontinuity with the ministry of Jesus and the early Church.

III. Suggestions.

Assuming that Jesus does reveal what God is like and that he has accurately shown us the shape of the age which is breaking in upon us and to which we must relate ourselves if we want to live, the basic direction for theological education is clear: it must disassociate its goals and modes of action from the values and needs of the upper class and direct itself resolutely toward a greatly increased association with the concern about the values and needs of the poor, of those who are the victims of those who dominate our society. In the light of this diagnosis, the Board of Directors' action is a significant event in the recent history of theological education. It is the first step in the direction away from a relationship to the world which has developed over almost 200 years in American theological education. It was a halting step, but in spite of all criticism, this action could become a decisive turn in a new and right direction. The task now is to move in that new direction. Given the alienation that presently exists between theological education and the poor, there are two ways of improving that relationship: 1) for poor people to become a part of the institutions of theological education and 2) for theological education to relate itself to the institutions of poor people.

First of all, then, poor people should be included in every part of theological education. There should be poor people on the Board of Directors, on the faculty, and in the student body. There are specific problems which need to be raised in relation to each of these groups, which have implications for all seminaries.

1) *The Board of Directors.* At present one of the major reasons a Board of Directors is composed of people from the upper class and their clerical representatives is for fund-raising purposes. This is a valid concern. But the Board of Directors is also the group which determines basic policy for theological education. This function should not be carried out by people who represent only one socio-economic group. A solution would be for these two functions to be separated. The Board of Directors as the major policy making body should be composed of a broadly representative group of Christian clergy and laymen, rich and poor. A significant commitment would be to replace one-third of the present Board with representatives from the poor. The present Board could continue in its fund-raising role as presently constituted as a separate committee of the Board of Directors.

2) *The Faculty.* In terms of the actual life style and implementation of policy, the faculty is the most important group in the life of theological education. One of the constituting definitions of a faculty member is expertise in increasingly narrow and technical areas of academic study. The result of this criterion for a teacher is to place exclusive emphasis on information, data, as the primary product of theological education. It is a critical situation when the only students who have models in seminary education are those who plan to be theological professors themselves. Faculty should be selected for various types of expertise, of which academic excellence would be one. But another could be extensive and intimate experience in, for example, the cultures of poverty throughout the world and an ability to tell graphically the stories and explain the dynamics of the relationship between Christian faith and that world. A person like one of the disciples could never have made it as a teacher in either one of the scribal schools of his day; even Paul would have been excluded. And yet these men were the teachers who founded the Church. What were their qualifications? Not great learning, but commitment, experience, verbal acumen. In one sense their situation was unique; there has been only one Jesus Christ. But men like them today have a lot to teach the rest of the church.

I speak here from personal experience. As a seminary student associated with Union Theological Seminary off and on since 1962, I can honestly say that I have learned more about the meaning and style of life of the Christian faith from a few of the members of the churches I have served in East Harlem and on the west side of Chicago than I have from my professors. It is imperative in my judgment, that theological education find some way of making this kind of teaching without academic degrees an integral and required part of theological education. Christian theological education must divorce itself from exclusive allegiance to the standards of academia. And coincidentally, the best check to paternalism is the recognition that the man you treated as a child has a lot to teach you.

3) *The student body.* The events of the past spring have provided concrete evidence for the conviction that a larger number of black and poor white students would be a major benefit to theological education. Some steps have been taken in recent years to admit more blacks, but few of them are from poor families. Most poor students, black and white, will never qualify according to present admission requirements. The requirements for admission must be made more flexible and special programs for support and assistance to the students who have been the victims of our educational system must be established as a regular part of theological education programs. In this area theological education is behind its university counterparts in some fields. In addition to inclusion of poorer students and students who do not meet traditional entrance requirements in the regular

programs of theological education, new, special programs are needed. For example, there is a great need for a theological education program which would train the black "deacons" of middle age who are working as assistants, program directors, recreation supervisors, etc. in many lower class churches so that they can become fully ordained pastors. Likewise many uneducated pastors would benefit greatly from a program of theological education if such programs were available. Theological education must help to meet these needs in poor communities.

Thus, one way of changing the orientation of the seminaries is to make poor people an integral part of their lives as institutions. However, this is unwise if done alone. (A major critique of this article, for example, is that it is primarily concerned about what poor people can do for theological education rather than what it can do for them. In my view the primary reason for including poor people within theological education is to help the institutions more effectively meet the needs of poor people.) Therefore it is even more important for theological education to support and be intimately related to the institutions of poor communities. The action of the Board of Directors at Union is a step in that direction. Seminaries can help to strengthen indigenous institutions which are working for social and economic development. The decision to loan \$500,000 of endowment funds to black enterprises is an important beginning. The commitment of significant capital funds is even more important. In taking these actions, theological seminaries must also attempt to make clear to other ecclesiastical and educational institutions the reasons for their action and encourage them to take similar steps. A second major area in which seminaries can help is to provide or arrange professional consultants for these organizations. But in these actions, theological institutions must commit themselves to give up control of the decision-making process by which the money is spent. The control must be in the hands of the members of the poor communities. Funds are needed to finance the involvement of the people themselves in projects for economic development far more than to finance the involvement of the seminaries in such projects. A large number of seminary students and professors working in black communities will not solve the problems of black economic development. The task of theological education, and the Church which it serves, is to act in the interests of other institutions than itself. It is called to be a servant of the poor.

The giving of substantial funds need not exclude, however, increased involvement on the part of the members of seminary communities in poor communities. A year of field work in a poor community is an important educational experience for any middle or upper class student. Members of the faculty and the Board of Directors would be far more capable of leading the seminary community in this new direction if they had some structured non-leadership relationship to the poor at some point in their experience. The striking parallel between the relationship of the Sadducees to the lower classes in the first century and the relationship between the religious leaders of our seminaries and the poor in the twentieth century must force us to find some way to break out of the disastrous alienation.

These are only suggestions of possible directions for action which are intended primarily to provide a starting point for concrete discussion in particular situations. The first event, however, must be a resolute commitment to change the direction of theological education not unlike the commitment which the students made on that Tuesday night at Union. It is a decision of discipleship to Jesus Christ which requires that we be willing to give up everything—families, salaries, sabbaticals, seclusion, possessions, buildings—for the sake of the Kingdom of God. We must be ready to go where the Spirit leads us. And such a decision would involve considerable institutional and personal cost. The alienation of contributing members of the wealthy from a policy of this sort would reduce funds, as would the diversion of funds to economic development for the poor. The result would inevitably be a reduction in faculty salaries. Extensive scholarships to poorer students would mean that graduate and B.D. scholarships would have to be reduced. Part of this reorientation would mean that theological education and the people involved in it would be poorer. Seminaries would also become much less peaceful places as the problems which plague the poor became more intimately the seminaries' problems. Such a reorientation might mean that theological education would die in its present form. Perhaps this will be necessary. But Jesus told the truth and his prediction directly applies to the situation of theological education today: "He who finds his life will lose it and he who loses his life for my sake will find it."

Julius Lester's Search for the New Land: History as Subjective Experience will be published in October by the Dial Press. His most recent book is Revolutionary Notes (Richard Baron); earlier titles include Look Out, Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama (Dial Press and Grove Press) and To Be A Slave (Dial Press), runner-up for the 1969 Newberry Award.

REFLECTIONS ON REACHING THE AGE OF THIRTY

Julius Lester

I am growing old. Every day I look at my children and their growing is the yardstick of my aging. When my daughter is fourteen, I will be forty. When she is twenty-four, I will be fifty. I am growing old. The bills which come in the mail are now addressed to me and it is I, not my father, who looks in the checkbook to see which ones can be paid immediately and which must wait. I read the paper and my eye skips the article about a demonstration and comes to rest on one about the six per cent increase in prices last year and I understand why I spend more and more money to bring home the same amount of food. I read the paper and I am not as interested in Congressional debates on troop withdrawals from Vietnam as I am in debates on extension of the surtax and tax reform.

I am growing old and I become aware of it when I talk to the young who say they are revolutionary. I do not disbelieve them, but I am reluctant to trust them completely. I look at them and wonder, will they still be talking about revolution when it is their time to earn the dollars to pay the bills? Or will these years of their youth merely be a pleasant interlude affording them nostalgic pleasures on quiet evenings in the days of their aging.

The young have said, "Don't trust anyone over thirty" and there is truth in that. It is those over thirty who have betrayed the moral principles in which the young believe and fight for and which the revolution will make real for every man. Yet, I can say with equal truth, "Don't trust anyone under thirty." It is easy for them to talk revolution, because they have little to risk. Their revolutionary commitment has not been tested by rising prices, increasing taxes and low wages. They can be pure revolutionaries because they do not have to worry about losing jobs because of their political beliefs and activities.

I am haunted by a statement of Robert Frost's: "I was never a radical in my youth because I didn't want to be a conservative in my old age." And what a shock it is to realize that there is life after twenty-five. In fact, most of it. (As adolescents all of us were certain that we would die beautiful tragic deaths by the time we were twenty-five. When we don't, it is horrifying to realize that we have fifty years, more or less, in front of us that we have to do something with.) It is at that point that the revolutionary commitment of our youth is tested to its utmost, for revolutions are not lived in the grand parades of the masses down broad boulevards, nor in the columns of the guerrilla band, with its fixed purpose, making its way

through the forest. Revolutions are lived day-by-God-awful-day, like the drops of water from a slow-dripping faucet. When we are young, we want wrongs to be righted instantly. We have no time to wait. "We want the world and we want it NOW!" sings Jim Morrison of The Doors. But what if we don't get it NOW? (There is no doubt that we deserve it NOW, but whenever the dispossessed take control of the world, there is every probability that those of us now alive will have provided sustenance for the worms and will be smiling vacant smiles toward a sky we cannot see.)

You reach the age of thirty and you slowly understand that you may not even be a memory in anyone's mind "when the revolution comes." Some never recover from the shock and with the knowledge that they will probably not be around to benefit personally from the new society, they decide to get all they can out of this one and let the new take care of itself. And they become good liberals. Others become disillusioned and bitter. Others, however, face the challenge of being thirty and revolutionary, of being committed to and working for total change in the society, while making a living from and raising one's children in that society. And challenge is not an adequate word to describe trying to live such a life. An agony of agonies it is. (I remember the months preceding the publication of my first book, *Look Out, Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama*. I wanted it to be read, to be sold, of course, yet if it were, I would make money from it. America is the only country that ever existed in which you can make a living by talking and writing about the destruction of the country. What kind of revolutionary am I, I wondered, who gets semi-annual royalty statements on his latest book about revolution? What kind of revolutionary am I who can get \$500 for giving a 1½ hour talk on revolution at a college? What kind of revolution is this? One must accept and live with the contradictions. Only the monk and the nun can live pure lives in this society. The rest of us have to live impure lives even as we work for the pure society. It is like a woman with tuberculosis getting pregnant.

There are those who have decided that the demands of the revolution are such that they must be monks without monasteries—no marriage, no family, no long-term romantic involvements. They will spend 100% of their time and their lives working for the revolution. That is good and necessary. But there are those of us who married before revolution meant something more than what happened in Russia in 1917. There are those of us who considered ourselves revolutionary, but wanted our lives, too. (I first met Nancy when she was 14. It was the same summer I met Joan, whom I married six months later. We were at a camp and Nancy was the most beautiful girl there—blonde, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, nubile as only 14-year-old girls are and totally apolitical. She was the image of Miss Junior America and at the time, I thought her mental capacity didn't exceed her image. She wrote me off and on after camp and when she entered Barnard three years later, we would talk

on the phone occasionally. She said she had changed that she was involved in SDS, had been on demonstrations and considered herself a revolutionary. I remember the morning the black students took over Hamilton Hall at Columbia the spring of '67, I was roused from my bed at 6 A.M. and asked to come up and give them some advice seeing as how I had all this experience in "the movement." All my experience told me that the best advice was for everybody to get some sleep like I was trying to do and take over the building later. That was my first thought and I commented to myself that, yes, I was getting old, but revolutionary commitment was stronger than common sense and I got out of my warm bed beside my warm wife and ventured out into the morning up to Columbia University which I didn't give a good goddam about. If they didn't want to set it on fire, I would come home and go back to bed, which is exactly what happened. And as I came out of Hamilton Hall, who should I see standing out front in the rain, but Nancy. A week later, as I followed events at Columbia in the pages of *Newsweek*, there was a picture of her making a picket sign and I couldn't believe that this was the same girl I had known when she was fourteen. She was and we went out several times and I learned that she was serious, one of the most serious of the young I've ever met. Revolution for her was synonymous with life. But one evening that summer she said to me, "I know that I'm a revolutionary, but I want to have kids." She laughed. "I know what you're going to say, but my life will not be complete if I don't. I really don't think I can be a complete revolutionary otherwise." I sipped my beer and told her about sick children who cry for eight hours, about diapers that always need changing, about baby-sitters you can't trust, about having children and finding that it isn't like the pictures in the Ivory Soap ads. She said she knew. A few weeks ago she called to invite me and Joan to her wedding. I'm glad that she's going to do both.)

It is not easy and the older one gets, the more difficult it becomes. I am so afraid that when I am forty, my daughter will have for a father a man who does not understand, who does not listen and who does not learn from her. She may have for a father a man who unconsciously sold his idealism and commitment for the security of a bank account, a home and a little comfort. She may have for a father a man whose love of humanity has turned to hatred because humanity did not respond with a resounding YES when he cried, "We want the world and we want it NOW!" Her father may be a man whose bitterness is so pervasive that he will be loath to see her generation succeed where his failed.

Being a revolutionary means not only fighting to bring about that change, but it means maintaining a constant vigil on one's self, searching for the weaknesses and faults within which must be destroyed if he is not to betray the dreams of his youth. The jazz musician and revolutionary, the late John Coltrane, wrote a composition

called "Vigil," of which he said: "(Vigil) implies watchfulness. Anyone trying to attain perfection is faced with various obstacles in life which tend to sidetrack him. Here, therefore, I mean watchfulness against elements that might be destructive—from within or without." Just as the monk keeps God at the center of his being, I must keep the necessity for revolution at the center of mine. (Is there any difference between the two?) I must fight to keep it there, no matter how large the royalty checks I may get, no matter how many "good" reviews my books may get. (Rosie was twenty-six and the mother of four girls. She, her husband and children lived in a three-room railroad flat. He worked at a wrought-iron furniture plant two hours away from our block. When he came home from work, it was only long enough to eat, shower, dress and go out. Three rooms filled with furniture and children is no solace after four hours travelling to and from work and eight hours on the job. Rosie had no place to go, except to seances once a month where she talked to the dead. And when it is easier to communicate with the dead, there is no word to describe what living has become. She had wanted children, but her husband had wanted a son. A man who has a son has a future. A woman has only the present. She hadn't minded the first two children, even though they were girls. However, when the third child was also a girl, she lived in dread of the fourth pregnancy. And she wanted nothing less than death when the doctor congratulated her on the birth of her fourth girl. What kind of woman was she that she

could not give birth to a boy? No one had ever told Rosie that the male determines the sex of the child. The fifth child was a boy, but Rosie couldn't care. She could only wonder why it had taken so long. Her pregnancies were over, but there were too many clothes to wash, too much food to cook, too little money to do anything with and too many children. There was no energy to care for them. There was no time to care. There could not be even any desire to care.)

I must fight to remember, now that I am thirty, that the revolution is Rosie. Rosie must be freed so that she can be Rosie and no matter how much the pain the living with the contradictions creates in me, it is nothing to the pain of Rosie, who will not even have the opportunity to fight for her life as I fight for mine. Thus, I become responsible not only for me, but for Rosie.

I am growing old and I never thought I would. When you are twenty, it is impossible to imagine being thirty. When you're thirty, it is not only easy to imagine forty, you can feel the inevitability of fifty. And feeling it, I am so afraid, sometimes, that when I am fifty, I will have forgotten that Rosie's life is in my hands, for I am a revolutionary. I will have forgotten that the beat of my heart does not belong to me. I must keep a constant vigil to see that this does not happen, for if it does, I will have betrayed by birthright and negated my reason for being and my children, in the fullness of their youth, will have no choice but to kill me as I lie sleeping.

hours each day. He will not be allowed to know the officers name and must never get close enough to read his badge number. He will not interfere in any way with the officer's work, but is there only to observe. He must, however, stand sufficiently close to hear all language of arrest and all physical acts. He will follow all prisoners through night court and arraignment. Each week-end evening is spent sitting in the emergency room of the General Hospital.

351. The Doctrine of Original Sin in the Writings of Augustine. The first semester is spent as a part of a peddling team at a Farmer's Produce Market. Such things as the price of a customer's automobile as compared to what the customer is willing to pay for a dozen ears of corn, a bushel of tomatoes, etc., and the accuracy of his arithmetic when dealing with an illiterate farmer are relevant data for the course. The second semester (one and one-half hours in duration) is spent at the receiving end of a bugged closed circuit T.V., observing the faculty committees at work on such matters as tenure, salary increases, promotions in rank, new assignments, teaching loads, and hiring new staff. Prerequisite: None. (The writings of Augustine will be read *after* the two semesters are finished.)

362. Seminar on Christology. Each student will read the Four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles continually during the first two months of the course. It is preferred that he has never read them before. He will read nothing else during this time, *including personal mail*. During the second half (minimum of three weeks) there will be daily lectures of three hours each concerned with "hermeneutical, methodological, and systematic issues in the foundation of a contemporary Christology." Each student then goes away for three months to try to relate the two.

368. The Gospel, Law and Order and Rapid Social Change. Students, in groups of three, memorize II Corinthians 5 and Galatians, and spend two months in a ghetto, Black, Puerto Rican, or Chicano. They find their own jobs and have no field work supervisor. No penalty is assessed for the use of survival techniques common in the ghetto. The second two months are spent in a white ghetto, preferably an economically depressed rural or small town area. A local Ku Klux Klan chapter is the only organizational contact. Fraternizing, socializing, or visiting other groups, clubs or organizations is not permitted. All friends or contacts must be from within this group. The third two month period is spent in a library occupied with readings in Eschatology and Apocalypticism, followed by three days and nights of continual psalm singing.

370. Practice Preaching. Each student will spend an unspecified amount of time at the Municipal or Federal Housing Authority observing eviction proceedings. He will deliver three impromptu sermons at any given eviction situation. One will be to the Director of the Housing Authority, one to the prisoners (generally county prisoners—drunks, derelicts, addicts, vagrants—are used to move the household goods onto the street), and one to the family being evicted. The sermons will not be written out nor tape recorded. Only the student will know their content and he reports his own grade directly to the registrar. Prerequisite: An examination on the contents of Mt. 23, Isa. 61 and Luke 4, plus all of the Prophet Nahum.

372. Demonology in the First and Twentieth Century. Over the portal to the Divinity School are these words: "... good news to the poor, release the captives, restore sight to the blind, proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." The Chapel spire casts its shadow upon a square mile area of slum housing. Rats chew the toes off babies, serious malnutrition is common and only twenty percent of the fathers are employed. Any student registering for this course prepares in whatever way possible to him, and using whatever means he chooses, to cast the demons from the chapel. No credit is given unless the demon is cast out and others do not return to take its place. Any student succeeding is automatically graduated unless he has been in attendance for less than two weeks. In such case he becomes Dean.

380. Ministering to Young Churchmen. (Same as **The Wisdom Literature** course except proficiency is required in a wind or percussion instrument.)

381. The Parish Ministry and the Temptation of Jesus. Since the Temptation of our Lord was not to see if he could survive the deprivation of the inner city but rather if He could survive the chance to possess this world's goods, each student will be assigned to a Westchester County area. He will be shown "... the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," and he will be given every opportunity to own them. A fashionable pastorate, a generous salary, a policy-making position in political affairs, considerable business interests which will be handled by parishioners in investment banking, will be among the things offered. His understanding and response to the basis of this course will be taken

the COMMITTEE OF SOUTHERN CHURCHMEN

Post Office Box 12044
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37212

Address Correction Requested



ALABAMA LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF VA
CHARLOTTESVILLE VA
22901

PAID
Nashville, Tennessee
Permit No. 1634