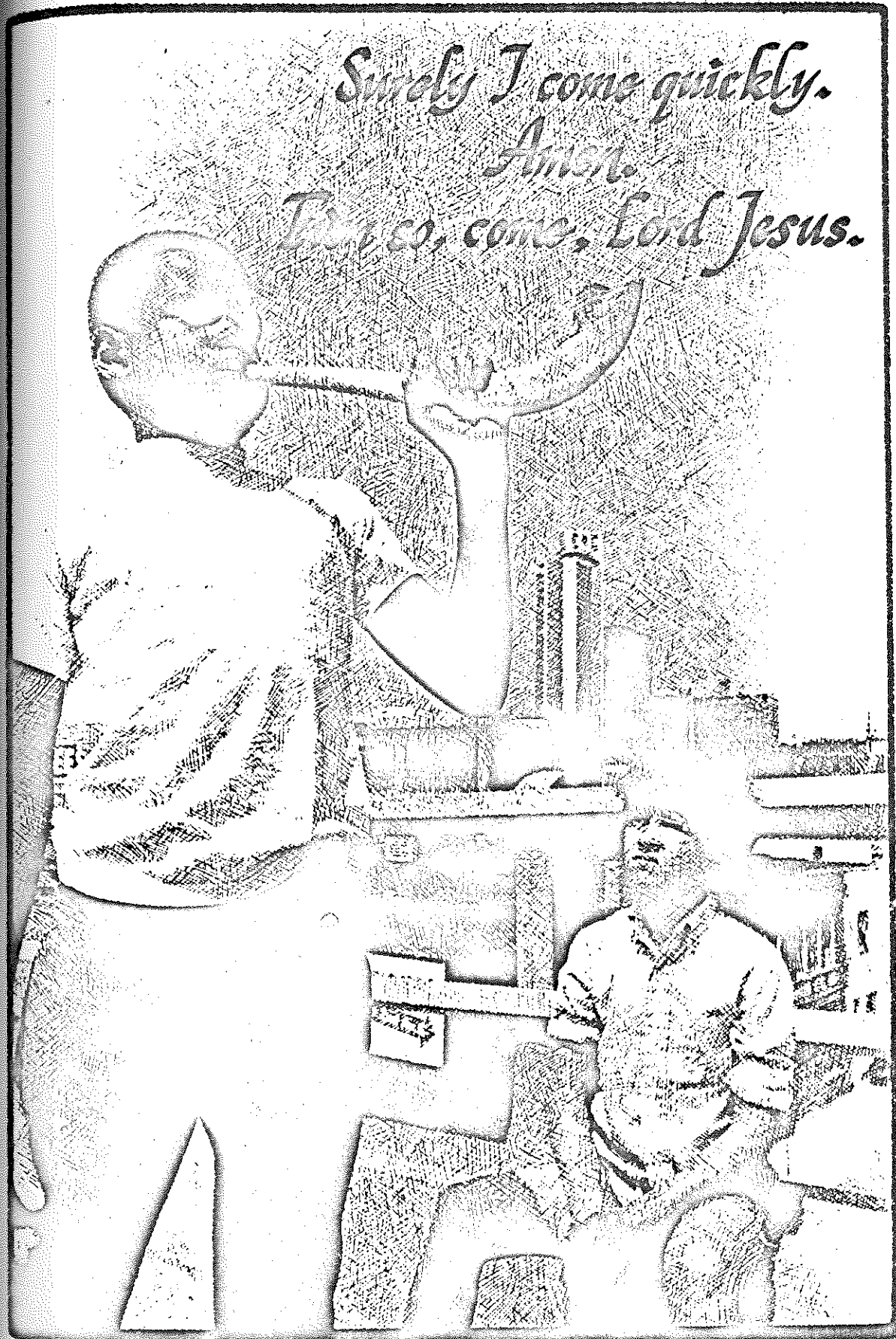


BE RECONCILED

W. O. 175
U. 341

KATALLAGETE

FALL 1970



Surely I come quickly.

Amen.

Thou also, come, Lord Jesus.

18 Woe unto you that desire the day of the LORD! to what end is it for you? the day of the LORD is darkness, and not light.

19 As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him.

20 Shall not the day of the LORD be darkness, and not light? even very dark, and no brightness in it?

21 I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies.

22 Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them: neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts.

23 Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols.

24 But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.

25 Have ye offered unto me sacrifices and offerings in the wilderness forty years, O house of Israel?

26 But ye have borne the tabernacle of your Moloch and Chi'un your images, the star of your god, which ye made to yourselves.

27 Therefore will I cause you to go into captivity beyond Damascus, saith the LORD, whose name is The God of hosts.

23 And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.

24 And his fame went throughout all Syria: and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatick, and those that had the palsy; and he healed them.

25 And there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from De-cap'o-lis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judæa, and from beyond Jordan.

AND seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13 Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

14 Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

15 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

17 Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

18 For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

19 Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20 For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

21 Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment:

22 But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

23 Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee;

24 Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

KATALLAGETE BE RECONCILED

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The End Of The World

2

Notes For A Novel About The
End Of The World

5

Walker Percy

Apocalypse In Our Time

13

Walter Wink

How We Became A Police State

19

W. H. Ferry

The End Of The World Before
The End Of The Century?

27

D. F. Fleming

The Rainbow Sign

31

Pete Young

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THE END OF THE WORLD

This Pharisees also with the Sadducees came, and tempting desired him that he would shew them a sign from heaven. He answered and said unto them, when it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be fair weather today: for the sky is red and lowring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times? A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall be no sign given unto it, but the sign of the prophet Jonah. And he left them, and departed.

This issue of *Katallagete* considers apocalypse: that is to say, to heed as the Bible the end of the world. The articles which follow are commentaries on apocalypse.

Over the years we have tried to take seriously Jesus' warning that there is a difference between interpreting "the face of the sky" and discerning "the signs of the times." Most of us have staked our lives upon convictions which read what Jesus called "the face of the sky." But when we are at the end of the world we are evil and adulterous, Jesus says, to interpret "the face of the sky" and claim that we are discerning "the signs of the times." To read "the face of the sky" for "the signs of the times" is to say that if we have made an occasional good guess about the weather we can prophesy what God is going to do *with us*. To read "the face of the sky" for the "signs

of the times" is to live appearances for reality, to live means as end. And this is just what we have been doing in the twentieth century. And this is death. This is the end of the world.

The signs of the times can be discerned only by Jesus' notification that there is *no* Sign except the Sign of Jonah. That is, the Sign of the Kingdom of Resurrection and Reconciliation. The Sign that with Christ's own death and resurrection God has already done *for us* what we in our disbelief persist in trying (and failing) to do for ourselves and each other with plans, programs, strategies, relevancies, doings-and-not-doings. He brought us together, with Himself and with all others. We are no longer enslaved to the deadly injunctions "to do!" anything about *that*. *That's* done. *That* is not an ideal to work for or a principle to achieve. It is a *fact*. *The* fact. We are empowered to be what we are, what God has made us: witnesses to what God has done in Christ. We are authorized to be a sign of God's grace that resurrects and reconciles "while still in life" (II Corinthians 5:15). We can be signs of the Sign of Jonah. The Sign of Jonah means that our world is at an end and there is Gospel. There is Good News.

That Sign—and only that Sign—requires us to interpret the signs of *our* times, and that is to discern the end of the world. *Our* world, not God's Kingdom. Our world:

all of our nice artifacts, practices, moralities, cultural gestures, principles and theories which define our relationships to one another in family, religion, sex, politics, education, war, business, friendships, etc. To interpret the signs of the times is not Ph.D. dissertations, but apocalypse: the end of this world is the end of us. The end of the world is the sign that God in Christ is the end of space, time, history, death and life.

It is the end of the world when as Hosea prophesied our sins do not permit us to return to God: to reach that point in our time when we are unable to do anything but spend our energies in serving ourselves. John the Baptist discerned the same signs when he preached the apocalyptic "fire to come" and the "axe at the root of the tree": the very "fruits that befit repentance" were just the fruits that his people could *not* bear: share clothes with the naked, food with the hungry, practice honesty and shun violence in public life. And the Son of Man Himself said that when we can only live for ourselves we shall lose our lives.

Consider two specifics drawn from the commentaries on the end of the world in this issue. One discussed by D. F. Fleming: the enthusiasm with which we spend millions of lives and trillions of dollars to anticipate and fight the world wars of our century and yet stand powerless, unable to stop the momentum to carnage so that we lean over and pull from the ditch a few of the victims in three-fourths of the world's population who, due to our passion for war, live in misery and degradation. It is the end of the world because most of us suspect it is UnAmerican, queer, anti-Christ and bad theology even to consider an end to political killings which leave death and horror in the ditches of the technological era. And consider the end of the world in the police state described by W. H. Ferry and Pete Young: the energy and certainty with which we white, liberal Americans encourage the defenders of law and justice as we are piped (and pipe) ourselves into a technological, racist police state so that "we" can be saved from "them." It is the end of the world when people and institutions—especially the institutions of religion, politics, education and technology—are able only to turn on themselves and on those they were created to serve and in "the end" only dehumanize, and destroy.

A word of vigilance is necessary. We must be careful not to talk cheaply when we talk about the end of the world and overlook the fact that what is at the end is *us*, not the abstractions "culture," "civilization," "life-style," or even "party," "bureaucracy" or "denomination." Characteristics of the end of the world are detachment, objectivity, abstraction, impersonality, uncommitment. Detachment today is the guile employed by the affluent to leach off the misery of the oppressed and powerless. Objectivity authorizes us to put on the armour of sophistry and sponsor institutes, courses of study, specialists, books of readings, television documentaries, guided tours, presidential commissions, syllabi and seminars about human misery. These same objectivities never encourage

the study of the blasphemies of *our* affluence, opulence, arrogance, cruelty and heartlessness. Lack of commitment permits us to titilate the conscience of the white, upper-income Americans (which is another way of saying, the mass media or higher education) with studies of "crises" out there, but never the crises we *are*. But to heed the end of the world through the Sign of Jonah is not to be concerned with "crises," with the end of culture, civilization, bourgeoisie or proletarian morality and life-style. Apocalypse is about human beings, about ourselves and what we are doing and have done to others and is being done to us. The end of the world is not the end of an abstraction, some principle, a cause over there, out yonder, away from *us*, involving only *them*. When it is the end of the world, it is not abstractions and principles that end, it is *us*: brothers and wives, mothers and daddies and first-borns, those who are nigh to us. It is the end, too, of all the relationships we have with those who are nigh to us: father and daughter; friend and friend; mother and son; teacher and student; soldier and officer; man and woman; chiefs and clerks; lover and lover. When it is the end of the world, law and order, generation gap, crises on the campus, new morality, sexual revolution, death of God, Agnewism, Maoism, Mickey Mouse, Weatherman, Billy Graham in the East Room, hydrogen bombs, Berrigans pursued by scores of F.B.I. agents—all these are not "lowrings of the face of the sky." They are "signs of the times."

Religion is both/and; it is blasphemy, when the world is at the end. Politics is either/or; law is bribery; order, tyranny. Music is technique. News, non-news. Education is brainwashing, adjustment to inhumanity. Schools the scene so accurately explained by Rap Brown where you practice what you have learned in the streets. Schools are the marketplace for dope, pills, trafficking in brutality, violence and frustration; they are eight-to-ten year prison sentences which disintegrate the cheer and corrupt the soul of the youth of the ghettos; they are sixteen-year games preserves for the children (and tenured, political sinecures for the adults) of the affluent societies. Sex is harlotry, business, death, hateful, technical, religious. Caesar is Christ; Christ, Caesar. Art is perversion, commercial. When it is the end of the world, power is value and its goal, efficiency. The powerful use power to slaughter and control the powerless. Friendship is ideological, connivance. The threats of crises perpetrate the very forces precipitating the crises. World wars slaughter millions in freeing them; war is our passion, our characteristic, the business of our business. The miracles of modern medicine destroy and maim; to breathe is to risk disaster. Language lies, indoctrinates, perverts. Reason and security require that "the enemy" be killed a hundred times over. Prison is the paradigm of freedom (the Berrigans. Jesus began his ministry only "after John was arrested," and in the end could himself only be arrested). Means are worshipped and ends are in the service of means. Children are the ones who discern "the signs of the times": adults, only "the

face of the sky" (consider, as we must, apocalyptically our Lord's resolution in answer to his followers' question about who is "greatest" in the Kingdom: "except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of heaven").

When the world is at the end, God is dead and America lives! Old Glory shrouds the Cross. Jesus remains in the tomb and it is Up With People! The moon looks down in blood and even the computer, like John the Baptist, knows what we ought "to do": *Repent!* but unlike John cannot tell us *why* we cannot "do" the very thing we must if we are to be saved from the fire that is to come and the axe already laid at the root of the tree.

We dare not take comfort at the end of the world with assurances that "the world has always been like this. This is what it means to be human, perhaps even to 'come of age'." Instead, we say only, "Who says the world has 'always been'? And who knows *how* the world has 'always been'? The historians, the philosophers and theologians? No. For they speak only of civilizations, cultures, patterns, life-styles. They cannot speak of and to the end of the world. They cannot speak to us, now, at the end of the world."

Amos, Jesus, John, Paul, Augustine and Reinhold Niebuhr warn that the end of the world could be viewed with equanimity, if not downright enthusiasm, by those God elected, if this meant only the end of a culture, a civilization, a political regime. But the end of the world is God's explicit judgment on those whom He elected. It is His sign that The End, like the end of the world, finds its meaning in the Sign of Jonah. The end of the world brings us back to the Sign of Jonah . . . and to the New Testament—not to leech upon, but to listen unto; to serve, not to use. To discern the signs of the times is to know that we have been called to live under the judgment of the end of the world. There is no longer ethics or morality, culture or civilization, political options or legal safeguards. There is only the call to live the Sign of Jonah that liberates us for everyone—no questions asked!

For such is the Kingdom of God at the end of the World.

Surely I come quickly.

Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Katallagete!

JYH

AND I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy.

2 And the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion: and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority.

3 And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound was healed: and all the world wondered after the beast.

4 And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast: and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him?

5 And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.

6 And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven.

7 And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.

8 And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

9 If any man have an ear, let him hear.

10 He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth

with the sword must be killed with the sword. Here is the patience and the faith of the saints.

11 And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon.

12 And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed.

13 And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men,

14 And deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast; saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast, which had the wound by a sword, and did live.

15 And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed.

16 And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads:

17 And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

18 Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six.

WALKER PERCY's essays have appeared in *Commonweal*, *Harper's*, *Psychiatry*, the *Journal of Philosophy*, and other periodicals. His novels include *The Last Gentleman* and *The Moviegoer*, which received the National Book Award in 1962. Mr. Percy is a Catholic layman, a member of the editorial board of *Katallagete* and lives in Covington, Louisiana.

NOTES FOR A NOVEL ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD

Walker Percy

A serious novel about the destruction of the United States and the end of the world should perform the function of prophecy in reverse. The novelist writes about the coming end in order to warn about present ills and so avert the end. Not being called by God to be a prophet he nevertheless pretends to a certain prescience. If he did not think he saw something other people didn't see or at least didn't pay much attention to, he would be wasting his time writing and they reading. This does not mean that he is wiser than they. Rather might it testify to a species of affliction which sets him apart and gives him an odd point of view. The wounded man has a better view of the battle than those still shooting. The novelist is less like a prophet than he is like the canary coal miners used to take down into the shaft to test the air. When the canary gets unhappy, utters plaintive cries and collapses, it may be time for the miners to surface and think things over.

But perhaps it is necessary first of all to define the sort of novel and the sort of novelist I have in mind. By

a novel about "the end of the world," I am not speaking of a Wellsian fantasy or a science fiction film on the late show. Nor would such a novel presume to predict the imminent destruction of the world. It is not even interested in the present very real capacity for physical destruction: that each of the ninety odd American nuclear submarines carries sixteen Polaris missiles, each of which in turn has the destructive capacity of all the bombs dropped in World War II. Of more concern to the novelist are other signs which, if he reads them correctly, portend a different kind of danger.

It is here that the novelist is apt to diverge from the general population. It seems fair to say that most people are optimistic with qualifications—or rather that their pessimism has specific causes. If the students and Negroes and Communists would behave, things wouldn't be so bad. The apprehension of many novelists, on the other hand, is a more radical business and cannot be laid to particular evils such as racism, Vietnam, inflation. The question which must arise is whether most

people are crazy or most serious writers are crazy. Or to phrase the alternatives more precisely: is the secular city in great trouble or is the novelist a decadent bourgeois left over from a past age who likes to titivate himself and his readers with periodic doom-crying?

The signs are ambiguous. The novelist and the general reader agree about the nuclear threat. But when the novelist begins behaving like a man teetering on the brink of the abyss here and now, or worse, like a man who is already over the brink and into the abyss, the reader often gets upset and even angry. One day an angry lady stopped me on the street and said she did not like a book I wrote but that if I lived up to the best in me I might write a good Christian novel like *The Cardinal* by Henry Morton Robinson or perhaps even *The Foundling* by Cardinal Spellman.

What about the novelist himself? Let me define the sort of novelist I have in mind. I locate him not on a scale of merit—he is not necessarily a good novelist—but in terms of goals. He is, the novelist we speak of, a writer who has an explicit and ultimate concern with the nature of man and the nature of reality where man finds himself. Instead of constructing a plot and creating a cast of characters from a world familiar to everybody, he is more apt to set forth with a stranger in a strange land where the signposts are enigmatic but which he sets out to explore nevertheless. One might apply to the novelist such adjectives as “philosophical,” “metaphysical,” “prophetic,” “eschatological” and even “religious.” I use the word “religious” in its root sense as signifying a radical bond, as the writer sees it, which connects man with reality—or the failure of such a bond—and so confers meaning to his life—or the absence of meaning. Such a class might include writers as diverse as Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Camus, Sartre, Faulkner, Flannery O’Connor. Sartre, one might object, is an atheist. He is, but his atheism is “religious” in the sense intended here: that the novelist betrays a passionate conviction about man’s nature, the world and man’s obligation in the world. By the same token I would exclude much of the English novel — without prejudice: I am quite willing to believe that Jane Austen and Samuel Richardson are better novelists than Sartre and O’Connor. The nineteenth-century Russian novelists were haunted by God; many of the French existentialists are haunted by his absence. The English novelist is not much interested one way or another. The English novel traditionally takes place in a society as everyone sees it and takes it for granted. If there are vicars and churches prominent in the society, there will be vicars and churches in the novel. If not, not. So much for vicars and churches.

What about American novelists? One would exclude, again without prejudice, social critics and cultural satirists like Steinbeck and Lewis. The Okies were too hungry to have “identity crises.” Dodsworth was too interested in Italy and *dolce far niente* to worry about God or the Death of God. The contemporary novel

deals with the sequelae. What happens to Dodsworth after he lives happily ever after in Capri? What happens to the 1,000 Midwesterners who settle on the Riviera? What happens to the Okie who succeeds in Pomona and now spends his time watching Art Linkletter? Is all well with them or are they in deeper trouble than they were on Main Street and in the dust bowl? If so, what is the nature of the trouble?

We have a clue to the preoccupation of the American novelist in the recurring complaint of British critics. A review of a recent novel spoke of the Americans’ perennial disposition toward “philosophical megalomania.” Certainly one can agree that if British virtues lie in tidiness of style, clarity and concision, a respect for form and a native embarrassment before “larger questions,” American failings include pretension, grandiosity, formlessness, Dionysian excess and a kind of metaphysical omnivorence. American novels tend to be about everything. Moreover, at the end, everything is disposed of, God, man and the world. The most frequently used blurb on the dust jackets of the last ten thousand American novels is the sentence: This novel investigates the problem of evil and the essential loneliness of man. A large order, that, but the American novelist usually feels up to it.

This congenital hypertrophy of the novelist’s appetites no doubt makes for a great number of very bad novels, especially in times when unlike nineteenth-century Russia, the talent is not commensurate with the ambition. Still and all one ventures to suppose that there is more ground for hope in the American “philosophical” novel than in the *New Yorker* short story which sets forth accurately and with good taste the movements of a Scarsdale housewife from the breakfast table to the car pool.

II

Since true prophets, i.e., men called by God to communicate something urgent to other men, are currently in short supply, the novelist may perform a quasi-prophetic function. Like the prophet, his news is generally bad. Unlike the prophet, whose mouth has been purified by a burning coal, the novelist’s art is often bad, too. It is fitting that he should shock and therefore warn his readers by speaking of last things, if not the Last Day of the Gospels, then of a possible coming destruction, of a laying waste of cities, of vineyards reverting to the wilderness. Like the prophet he may find himself in radical disagreement with his fellow countrymen. Unlike the prophet, he does not generally get killed. More often he is ignored. Or if he writes a sufficiently dirty book, he might become a best seller or even be bought by the movies.

What concerns us here is his divergence from the usual views of the denizens of the secular city in general and in particular from the new theologians of the secular city.

While it is important to take note of this divergence, extreme care must be taken not to distort it and especially not to fall prey to the seduction of crepe-hanging for its own sake. Nothing comes easier than the sepulchral manifestoes of the old-style cafe existentialist and the new-style hippy who professes to despise the squares and the technology of the Western city while living on remittance checks from the same source and who would be the first to go for his shot of penicillin if he got meningitis.

Yet even after proper precautions are exercised, it is impossible to overlook a remarkable discrepancy. It would appear that most serious novelists, to say nothing of poets and artists, find themselves out of step with their counterparts in other walks of life in the modern city, doctor, lawyer, business man, technician, laborer and now the new theologian.

It's an old story with novelists. People are always asking, why don't you write about pleasant things and normal people. Why all the neurosis and violence? There are many nice things in the world. The reader is offended. But if one replies, yes, it's true, in fact there seem to be more nice people around now than ever before, but somehow as the world grows nicer it also grows more violent. The triumphant secular society of the Western World, the nicest of all worlds, killed more people in the first half of this century than have been killed in all history. Travellers to Germany before the last war reported that the Germans were the nicest people in Europe. Now the reader is even more offended.

If one were to take a Gallup poll of representative denizens of the megalopolis on this subject, responses to a question about the future might run something like this:

Liberal politician: if we use our wealth and energies constructively to provide greater opportunities for all men, there is unlimited hope for man's well-being.

Conservative politician: if we defeat Communism and revive old-time religion and Americanism, we have nothing to worry about.

Business man: business is generally good; the war is not hurting much but the Negroes and the unions and the government could ruin everything.

Laborer: all this country needs is an eight-hour week and a guaranteed minimum income.

City planner: if we could solve international problems and spend our yearly budget on education and housing, we could have a paradise on earth.

Etc., etc. Each is probably right. That is to say, there is a context within which it is possible to agree with each response.

But suppose one were to ask the same question of a novelist who, say, was born and raised in a community which has gone far to satisfy the lists of city needs, where indeed housing, education, recreational and cultural facilities, are first class; say some such place as Shaker Heights, Pasadena, or Bronxville. How does he

answer the poll? In the first place, if he was born in one of these places, he has probably left since. It might be noted in passing that such communities (plus Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Bennington, Sarah Lawrence and Vassar) have produced remarkably few good novelists lately, which latter are more likely to come from towns in south Georgia or the Jewish sections of New York and Chicago.

But how, in any case, is the refugee novelist from Shaker Heights likely to respond to the poll? I venture to say his response might be something like: *Something is wrong here; I don't feel good.*

Now of course, if all generalizations are dangerous, perhaps the most dangerous of all is a generalization about novelists who are a perverse lot and don't even get along with each other, and who, moreover, speak an even more confused Babel nowadays than usual. But if there is a single strain that runs through the lot, whether Christian or atheist, black or white, Greek or Jew, it is a profound disquiet.

Is it too much to say that the novelist, unlike the new theologian, is one of the few remaining witnesses to the doctrine of original sin, the imminence of catastrophe in paradise?

If, anyhow, we accept this divergence as a fact, that the serious American artist is in dissent from the current American proposition, we are faced with some simple alternatives by way of explanation.

Either we must decide that the artist is mistaken and in what sense he is mistaken: whether he is a self-indulged maniac or a harmless eccentric or the culture's court jester whom everyone expects to cut the fool and and make scandalous sallies for which he is well paid.

Or the novelist in his confused Orphic way is trying to tell us something we would do well to listen to.

Again it is necessary to specify the dissent, the issue and the parties to it. One likes to pick the right enemies and unload the wrong allies.

The issue, one might say at the outset, is not at all the traditional confrontation between the "alienated" artist and the dominant business-technological community. For one thing, the novelist, even the serious novelist who doesn't write dirty books, never had it so good. It is business men, or rather their wives, who are his best customers. Great business foundations compete to give him money. His own government awards him cash prizes. For another thing, the old self-image of the artist as an alien in a hostile society seems increasingly to have become the chic property of those writers who have no other visible claim to distinction. Nothing is easier than to set up as a two-bit hippy Cassandra crying havoc in bad verse.

It is the grossness of conventional distinctions which make the case difficult. The other day I received a questionnaire from a sociologist, who had evidently compiled a list of novelists. The first question was something like: "Do you, as a novelist, feel alienated from

the society around you?" I refused to answer the question on the grounds that any answer would be certain to be misunderstood. To have replied "yes" would embrace any one of several ambiguities. One "yes" might mean: "Yes, I find the entire Western urban-technological complex repugnant, and so I have dropped out, turned on and tuned in." Another "yes" might mean: "Yes, since I am a Christian and therefore must to some degree feel myself an alien and wayfarer in any society, so do I feel myself in this society, even though I believe that Western democratic society is man's best hope on this earth." Another "Yes" might mean: "Yes, being a John Bircher, I am convinced the country has gone mad."

The novelist's categories are not the same as the sociologist's. So his response to the questionnaire is apt to be perverse: instead of responding to the questions, he wonders about the questioner. Does the questionnaire imply that the sociologist is not himself alienated? Having achieved the transcending objective stance of science, has he also transcended the mortal condition? Or is it even possible that if the sociologist should reply to his own questionnaire: "No, I do not feel alienated"—that such an answer, though given in good faith, could nevertheless conceal the severest sort of alienation. One thinks of the alienation Søren Kierkegaard had in mind when he described the little Herr Professor who has fitted the entire world into a scientific system but does not realize that he himself is left out in the cold and cannot be accounted for as an individual.

If the scientist's vocation is to clarify and simplify, it would seem that the novelist's aim is to muddy and complicate. For he knows that even the most carefully contrived questionnaire cannot discover how it really stands with the sociologist or himself. What will be left out of even the most rigorous scientific formulation is nothing else than the individual himself. And since the novelist deals first and last with individuals and the scientist treats individuals only to discover their general properties, it is the novelist's responsibility to be chary of categories and rather to focus upon the mystery, the paradox the *openness* of an individual human existence. If he is any good, he knows better than to speak of the "business man," as if there were such a genus. It was useful for Sinclair Lewis to create George Babbitt but it has served no good purpose for bad novelists to have created all business men in the image of George Babbitt.

Here is the sort of business man the "religious" novelist is interested in, i.e., the novelist who is concerned with the radical questions of man's identity, his relation to God or to God's absence. He sketches out a character, a businessman-commuter who, let us say, is in some sense or other *lost* to himself. That is to say, he feels that something has gone badly wrong in the everyday round of business activity, in his office routine, in the routine life at home, in his Sunday morning churchgoing, in his coaching of the little league. Even

though by all objective criteria all is well with him, he knows that all is not well with him. What happens next? Of course he can opt out. But thanks to Sinclair Lewis, we now know better than Sinclair Lewis. One is not content to have him opt out and take up the thong-sandalled life in Capri. Perhaps we do have better sense in some matters. Or perhaps it is only that Capri is too available. As a matter of fact it would be easier nowadays to write a satirical novel about some poor overaged hippy who did drop out and try to turn on. But the present-day novelist is more interested in catastrophe than he is in life among the flower people. Uncertain himself about what has gone wrong, he feels in his bones that the happy exurb stands *beck* in danger of catastrophe and somehow in need of it. Like Thomas More and St. Francis he is most cheerful with Brother Death in the neighborhood. Then what happens to his business man? One day he is on his way home on the five-fifteen. He has a severe heart attack and is taken off the train at a commuter's station he has seen a thousand times but never visited. When he regains consciousness, he finds himself in a strange hospital surrounded by strangers. As he tries to recall what has happened, he catches sight of his own hand on the counterpane. It is as if he had never seen it before: he is astounded by its complexity, its functional beauty. He turns it this way and that. What has happened? Certainly a kind of natural revelation, which reminds one of the experiences induced by the psychedelic drugs. (It is interesting to note that this kind of revelation, which can only be called a revelation of being, is viewed by the "religious" novelist as exhilarating or disgusting depending on his "religion." Recall Sartre's Roquentin catching sight of his own hand which reminds him of a great fat slug with red hairs.) At any rate I cite this example to show the kind of character, the kind of predicament, the kind of event with which the novelist is nowadays more likely to concern himself than was Hemingway or Lewis. Is it not reasonable to say that in some sense or other, the stricken commuter has "come to himself"? In what sense he has come to himself, how it transforms his relationship with his family, his business, his church, is of course the burden of the novel.

III

In view of the triumphant and generally admirable democratic-technological transformation of society, what is the ground of the novelist's radical disquiet? Can the charge be brought against him, as Harvey Cox has accused the existentialists, of being an anachronism, one of the remnant of nineteenth-century "cultivated personalities" who, finding no sympathetic hearing from either technician or consumer, finds it convenient to believe that the world is going to the dogs?

Might not the novelist follow the new theologian in his embrace of the exurb and the computer? Evidently the former does not think so. Offhand I cannot think

of a single first-class novelist who has any use for the most "successful" American society, namely life in the prosperous upper middleclass exurb, in the same sense that Jane Austen celebrated a comparable society. Rather is the novelist more apt to be a refugee from this very society.

The curious fact is that it is the new novelist who judges the world and not the new theologian. It is the novelist who, despite his well-advertised penchant for violence, his fetish of freedom, his sexual adventurism, pronounces anathemas upon the most permissive of societies which in fact permits him everything.

How does the novelist judge the new theologian? One might expect that since one of the major burdens of the American novel since Mark Twain has been a rebellion against Christendom, the emancipated novelist might make common cause with the emancipated theologian. The truth is, or so it appears to me, that neither novelists nor anybody else is much interested in *any* theologians, and least of all in God-is-Dead theologians. The strenuous efforts of the latter to baptise the computer remind one of the liberal clergyman of the last century who used to wait, hat in hand so to speak, outside the scientific laboratories to assure the scientist there was no conflict between science and religion. The latter could not have cared less.

Yet the contemporary novelist is as preoccupied with catastrophe as the orthodox theologian with sin and death.

Why?

Perhaps the novelist, not being a critic, can only reply in the context of his own worldview. All issues are ultimately religious, said Toynbee. And so the "religion" of the novelist becomes relevant if he is writing a novel of ultimate concerns. It would not have mattered a great deal if Margaret Mitchell were a Methodist or an atheist. But it does matter what Sartre's allegiance is, or Camus' or Flannery O'Connor's. For what his allegiance is is what he is writing about.

As it happens, I speak in a Christian context. That is to say, I do not conceive it my vocation to preach the Christian faith in a novel, but as it happens my worldview is informed by a certain belief about man's nature and destiny which cannot fail to be central to any novel I write.

Being a Christian novelist nowadays has certain advantages and disadvantages. Since novels deal with people and people live in time and get in predicaments, it is probably an advantage to subscribe to a worldview which is incarnational, historical and predicamental, rather than, say, Buddhism, which tends to devalue individual persons, things and happenings. What with the present dislocation of man, it is probably an advantage to see man as by his very nature an exile and wanderer rather than as a behaviorist sees him: as an organism in an environment. Despite Camus' explicit disavowal of Christianity, his Stranger has

blood ties with the wayfarer of St. Thomas Aquinas and Gabriel Marcel. And if it is true that we are living in eschatological times, times of enormous danger and commensurate hope, of possible end and possible renewal, the prophetic-eschatological character of Christianity is no doubt peculiarly apposite.

It is also true, as we shall presently see, that the Christian novelist suffers special disabilities.

But to return to the question: what does he see in the world which at once arouses in him the deepest forebodings and at the same time kindles excitement and hope?

What he sees first in the Western world is the massive failure of Christendom itself. But it is a peculiar failure and he is apt to see it quite differently from the scientific humanist, for example, who may quite frankly regard orthodox Christianity as an absurd anachronism. The novelist, to tell the truth, is much more interested in the person of the scientific humanist than in Science and Religion. Nor does he set much store by the usual complaint of Christians that the enemies are materialism and atheism and communism. It is at least an open question whether the world which would follow a total victory of the most vociferous of the anti-communists would be an improvement over the present world with all its troubles.

No, what the novelist sees, or rather senses, is a certain quality of the post-modern consciousness as he finds it and as he incarnates it in his own characters. What he finds—in himself and in other people—is a new breed of person in whom the potential for catastrophe—and hope—has suddenly escalated. Everyone knows about the awesome new weapons. But what is less apparent is a comparable realignment of energies within the human psyche. The psychical forces presently released in the post-modern consciousness open unlimited possibilities for both destruction and liberation, for an absolute loneliness or a rediscovery of community and reconciliation.

The subject of the post-modern novel is a man who has very nearly come to the end of the line. How very odd it is, when one comes to think of it, that the very moment he arrives at the threshold of his new city with all its hard-won relief from the sufferings of the past, happens to be the same moment that he runs out of meaning! It is as if he surrenders his ticket, arrives at his destination and gets off his train—and then must also surrender his passport and become a homeless person! The American novel in past years has treated such themes as persons whose lives are blighted by social evils or of reformers who attack these evils, or perhaps of the dislocations of expatriate Americans, or of Southerners living in a region haunted by memories. But the hero of the post-modern novel is a man who has forgotten his bad memories and conquered his present ills and who finds himself in the victorious secular city. His only problem now is to keep from blowing his brains out.

Death-of-God theologians are no doubt speaking the truth when they call attention to the increasing irrelevance of traditional religion. Orthodox theologians claim with equal justification, though with considerable more dreariness, that there is no conflict between Christian doctrine and the scientific method. But to the novelist it looks as if such polemics may be overlooking the *tertium quid* within which all such confrontations take place, the individual consciousness of post-modern man.

The wrong questions are being asked. The proper question is not whether God has died or been superseded by the urban-political complex. The question is not whether the Good News is no longer relevant, but rather whether it is possible that man is presently undergoing a tempestuous restructuring of his consciousness which does not presently allow him to take account of the Good News. For what has happened is not merely the technological transformation of the world but something psychologically even more portentous. It is the absorption by the layman not of the scientific method but rather the magical aura of science whose credentials he accepts for all sectors of reality. Thus in the lay culture of a scientific society nothing is easier than to fall prey to a kind of seduction which sunders one's very self from itself into an all-transcending "objective" consciousness and a consumer-self with a list of "needs" to be satisfied. It is this monstrous bifurcation of man into angelic and bestial components against which old theologies must be weighed before new theologies are erected. Such a man could not take account of God, the devil and the angels if they were standing before him, because he has already peopled the universe with his own hierarchies. When the novelist writes of a man "coming to himself" through some such catalyst as catastrophe or ordeal he may be offering obscure testimony to a gross disorder of consciousness and to the need of recovering oneself as neither angel nor organism but as a wayfaring creature somewhere between.

And so the ultimate question is what is the *term* or historical outcome of this ongoing schism of the consciousness. Which will be more relevant to the "lost" man of tomorrow who knows he is lost: the new theology of politics or the renewed old theology of Good News? What is most noticeable about the new theology, despite the sombre strains of the funeral march, is the triviality of the postmortem proposals. After the polemics, when the old structures are flattened and the debris cleared away, what is served up is small potatoes indeed. What does the Christian do with his God dead and His name erased? It is proposed that he give more time to the political party of his choice or perhaps to make a greater effort to be civil to salesladies and shoe clerks. To the "religious" novelist, whether it be Sartre or O'Connor, the positive proposals of the new theology must sound like a set of resolutions passed at the P-T-A.

The man who writes a serious novel about the end of the world—i.e., the passing of one age and the beginning of another—must reckon not merely like H. G. Wells, with changes in the environment but also with changes in man's consciousness which may be quite as radical. Will this consciousness be more or less religious? The notion of man graduating from the religious stage to the political is after all an unexamined assumption. It might in fact turn out that the modern era which is perhaps two hundred years old and has already ended will be known as the Secular Era which came to an end with the catastrophes of the Twentieth Century.

The contrast between the worldviews of denizens of the old modern world and the post-modern world might be sketched novelistically.

Imagine two scientists of the old modern world, perhaps a pair of physicists at Los Alamos in the 1940's. They leave the laboratory one Sunday morning after working all night and walk past a church on their way home. The door is open and as they pass, they hear a few words of the Gospel preached. "Come, follow me" or something of the sort. How do they respond to the summons? What do they say to each other? What can they do or say? Given the exhilarating climate of the transcending objectivity and comradeship which must have existed at the high tide of physics in the early twentieth-century, it is hard to imagine a proposition which would have sounded more irrelevant than this standard sermon preached, one allows, with all the characteristic dreariness and low spirits of Christendom at the same time in history. If indeed the scientists said anything, what they said would not even amount to a rejection of the summons—*Come!*—a summons which is only relevant to a man in a certain predicament. Can one imagine these scientists conceiving themselves in a predicament other than a *Schadenfreude* about creating the ultimate weapon? Rather would the words heard at the open door he received as a sample of a certain artifact of culture. Scientist A might say to Scientist B: "Did you know there is a local cult of Penitentes not five miles from here who carry whips and chains in a pre-Lenten procession?" Nor can one blame them for attending such a spectacle in the same spirit with which they attend the corn dance at Tesuque. The fact is that some of the Los Alamos physicists became quite good amateur ethnologists.

Imagine now a third scientist, perhaps a technician, fifty years later. Let us suppose that the world has not even blown up—it is after all too easy to set the stage so that the Gospel is preached to a few ragamuffins in the ruins. Rather has it happened that the high culture of twentieth-century physics long since subsided to a routine mop-up of particle physics—something like a present-day botanist who goes to Antarctica in the hopes of discovering an overlooked lichen. The technician, employed in the Santa Fe-Taos Senior Citizens Compound is doing routine radiation counts on synthetic

cow's milk. But let us suppose that the schism and isolation of the individual consciousness has also gone on apace so that mankind is presently divided into two classes: the consumer long since anaesthetized and lost to himself in the rounds of consumership, and the "stranded" objectivized consciousness, a ghost of a man who wanders the earth like Ishmael. Unlike the consumer he knows his predicament. He is the despairing man Kierkegaard spoke of for whom there is hope because he is aware of his despair. He is a caricature of the contemporary Cartesian man who has objectified the world and his body and sets himself over against both like the angel at the gates of Paradise. All creaturely relations crumble at his touch. He has but to utter a word: "achieving intersubjectivity," "interpersonal relations," "meaningful behavior"—and that which the word signifies vanishes.

Such a man leaves his laboratory on a workaday Wednesday feeling more disembodied than usual and passes the same church which is now in ruins, ruined both by the dreariness of the old Christendom and the nutty reforms of the new theologians. From the ruins a stranger emerges and accosts him. The stranger is himself a weary flawed man, a wayfarer. He is a priest, say, someone like the whiskey priest in Graham Green's *The Power and the Glory* who has been sent as yet another replacement into hostile territory. The stranger speaks to the technician. "You look unwell, friend." "Yes," replies the technician frowning. "But I will be all right as soon as I get home and take my drug, which is the best of the consciousness-expanding community-simulating self-integrating drugs." "Come," says the priest, "and I'll give you a drug which will integrate your self once and for all." "What kind of a drug is that?" "Take this drug and you will need no more drugs." Etc.

How the technician responds is beside the point. The point concerns modes of communication. It is possible that a different kind of communication-event occurred in the door of the church than had occurred fifty years earlier.

IV

The American Christian novelist faces a peculiar dilemma today. (I speak, of course, of a dilemma of the times and not of his own personal malaise, neuroses, failures to which he is at least as subject as his good heathen colleagues, sometimes I think more so.) His dilemma is that though he professes a belief which he holds saves himself and the world and nourishes his art besides, it is also true that Christendom seems in some sense to have failed. Its vocabulary is worn out. This twin failure raises problems for a man who is a Christian and whose trade is with words. The old words of grace are worn smooth as poker chips and a certain devaluation has occurred, like a poker chip after it is cashed in. Even if one talks only of Christendom, leaving the heathens out of it, of Christendom where everybody

is a believer, it almost seems that when everybody believes in God, it is as if everybody started the game with one poker chip which is the same as starting with none.

The Christian novelist nowadays is like a man who has found a treasure hidden in the attic of an old house, but he is writing for people who have moved out to the suburbs and who are bloody sick of the old house and everything in it.

The Christian novelist is like a starving Confederate soldier who finds a \$100 bill on the streets of Atlanta only to discover that everyone is a millionaire and the grocers won't take the money.

The Christian novelist is like a man who goes to a wild lonely place to discover the truth within himself and there after much ordeal and suffering meets an apostle who has the authority to tell him a great piece of news and so tells him the news with authority. He, the novelist, believes the news and runs back to the city to tell his countrymen, only to discover that the news has already been broadcast, that this news is in fact the weariest canned spot-announcement on radio-TV, more commonplace than the Esso commercial, that in fact he might just as well be shouting Essol Essol for all that anyone pays any attention to him.

The Christian novelist is like a man who finds a treasure buried in a field and sells all he has to buy the field, only to discover that everyone else has the same treasure in his field and that in any case real estate values have gone so high that all fieldowners have forgotten the treasure and plan to subdivide.

There is besides the devaluation of its vocabulary the egregious moral failure of Christendom. It is significant that the failure of Christendom in the United States has not occurred in the sector of theology or metaphysics with which, also, the existentialists and new theologians are concerned and toward which Americans have always been indifferent, but rather in the sector of everyday morality which has acutely concerned Americans since the Puritans. Americans take pride in doing right. It is not chauvinistic to suppose that perhaps they have done righter than any other great power in history. But in the one place, the place which hurts the most and where charity was most needed, they have not done right. White Americans have sinned against the Negro from the beginning, continue to do so, initially with cruelty and presently with an indifference which may be even more destructive. And it is the churches, which far from fighting the good fight against man's native inhumanity to man, have sanctified and perpetuated this indifference.

To the eschatological novelist it even begins to look as if this single failing may be the tragic flaw in the noblest of political organisms. At least he conceives it as his duty to tell his countrymen how they can die of it so that they will not.

What is the task of the Christian novelist who mirrors in himself the society he sees around him—who

otherwise would not be a novelist—whose only difference from his countrymen is that he has the vocation to be a novelist? How does he set about writing, having cast his lot with a discredited Christendom and having inherited a defunct vocabulary?

He does the only thing he can do. Like Joyce's Stephen Daedalus he calls on every ounce of cunning, craft and guile he can muster from the darker regions of his soul. The fictional use of violence, shock, comedy, insult, the bizarre are the everyday tools of his trade. How could it be otherwise? How can one possibly write of baptism as an event of immense significance, when baptism is already accepted but accepted by and large as a minor tribal rite somewhat secondary in importance to taking the kids to see Santa at the department store? Flannery

O'Connor conveyed baptism through its exaggeration, in one novel as a violent death by drowning. In answer to a question about why she created such bizarre characters, she replied that for the near-blind you have to draw very large simple caricatures.

So too may it be useful to write a novel about the end of the world. Perhaps it is only through the conjuring up of catastrophe, the destruction of all Esso signs and the sprouting of vines in the church pews, that the novelist can make vicarious use of catastrophe in order that he and his reader may come to themselves.

Whether or not the catastrophe actually befalls us, or is deserved; whether reconciliation and renewal may yet take place, is not for the novelist to say.

BEHOLD, the LORD maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof.

2 And it shall be, as with the people, so with the priest; as with the servant, so with his master; as with the maid, so with her mistress; as with the buyer, so with the seller; as with the lender, so with the borrower; as with the taker of usury, so with the giver of usury to him.

3 The land shall be utterly emptied, and utterly spoiled; for the LORD hath spoken this word.

4 The earth mourneth and fadeth away, the world languisheth and fadeth away, the haughty people of the earth do languish.

5 The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant.

6 Therefore hath the curse devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate: therefore the inhabitants of the earth are burned, and few men left.

7 The new wine mourneth, the vine languisheth, all the merry-hearted do sigh.

8 The mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth.

9 They shall not drink wine with a song; strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it.

10 The city of confusion is broken down: every house is shut up, that no man may come in.

11 There is a crying for wine in the streets; all joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone.

12 In the city is left desolation, and the gate is smitten with destruction.

13 When thus it shall be in the midst of the land among the people, there shall be as the shaking of an olive

tree, and as the gleaning grapes when the vintage is done.

14 They shall lift up their voice, they shall sing for the majesty of the LORD, they shall cry aloud from the sea.

15 Wherefore glorify ye the LORD in the fires, even the name of the LORD God of Israel in the isles of the sea.

16 From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous. But I said, My leanness, my leanness, woe unto me! the treacherous dealers have dealt treacherously; yea, the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously.

17 Fear, and the pit, and the snare, are upon thee, O inhabitant of the earth.

18 And it shall come to pass, that he who fleeth from the noise of the fear shall fall into the pit; and he that cometh up out of the midst of the pit shall be taken in the snare: for the windows from on high are open, and the foundations of the earth do shake.

19 The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly.

20 The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again.

21 And it shall come to pass in that day, that the LORD shall punish the host of the high ones that are on high, and the kings of the earth upon the earth.

22 And they shall be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in the prison, and after many days shall they be visited.

23 Then the moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed, when the LORD of hosts shall reign in mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously.

APOCALYPSE IN OUR TIME

Walter Wink

Every age, every culture, every custom and tradition has its own character, its own weakness and its own strength, its beauties and ugliness; accepts certain sufferings as matters of course, puts up patiently with certain evils. Human life is reduced to real suffering, to hell, only when two ages, two cultures and religions overlap . . . Now there are times when a whole generation is caught in this way between two ages, two modes of life, with the consequence that it loses all power to understand itself and has no standard, no security, no simple acquiescence. Naturally, every one does not feel this equally strongly. A nature such as Nietzsche's had to suffer our present ills more than a generation in advance. What he had to go through alone and misunderstood, thousands suffer today.

Hermann Hesse, *Steppenwolf*, 1927

What I mean, my friends, is this: the time left is exceedingly brief. In the interval, let those who are married live unencumbered by marital anxieties; those who weep, as free of grief; those who celebrate, as dead men; those who are in business, as though they were unemployed; and those who traffic with this world, as though they had no dealings with it at all. For the way things are right now is headed to oblivion.

I Corinthians 7:39-32
(author's translation)

It would be interesting to speculate when the modern world began to end. Nicolas Berdyaev marked "The End of the Renaissance" and the beginning of "The New Middle Ages" at World War I and the Russian Revolution. Hermann Hesse and the Jehovah's Witnesses independently agree. They date the beginning of the last days in 1914. William Lee Miller has recently argued that the great cultural revolution of the twenties and the socio-political revolution of the thirties were temporarily halted by the Second World War and the Cold War freeze of the forties and fifties, and that the current shaking of the foundations is simply the resumption of those revolutionary impulses on a massive scale, of which we have so far experienced only the opening skirmishes. If he is right, then we are not dealing with periodic swings of a pendulum which can soon be expected to re-establish an original equilibrium. Rather, we are faced with an accelerating rate of quantitative change which threatens to become qualitative. And like the first experimental pilots approaching the sound barrier, we are faced with both promise and disaster. For change also means loss, loss of that world in which our securities have been established, no matter how tenuously.

In our society this sense of a loss of world is not due simply to a sentimental attachment to the past. It is also the perception of the very real danger of catastrophe through war, population overload, world famine or ecological suicide. Loss of world is registered in campus revolts, where the whole value system of the western

educational enterprise, indeed western culture itself, is under fire. Loss of world is an aspect of mental illness ("his world fell out from under his feet"), a cause of rocketing crime ("if they won't give me a place in their world I'll take it") and the source of the cry for "law and order" (*cosmos!*). This loss of a sense of the whole in which all things cohere is at the heart of the vocational crisis which has affected even the most "average" man, for if the small piece of work he accomplishes no longer serves to complete a larger, valued whole, then his "vocation" becomes meaningless—just a "job." Loss of world lies at the root of the death of God theology, as Herbert W. Richardson rightly argues in *Toward an American Theology*, for periods of public atheism are periods of transition, marking the end of one cultural epoch and the beginning of another, organized under a new conception of God. And it is the attempt to adjust to a shift in world which is the initiatory impulse behind secular theologies as well. The switch from integration to Black Power is premised on the apocalyptic perception that the "white world" is terminally ill and that blacks must perform either a messianic or a revolutionary task in constructing a new world in which blacks "belong." Loss of world is ironically the fruit of man's technology which, although providing him more and more control of nature, reveals him to be less and less the master of himself. And now one of technology's greatest feats for the first time makes the apocalypticists' bizarre fantasies literally conceivable: the Bomb. A whole generation has now been brought to adulthood living, as it were, in the last day.

Once again we have been overtaken by apocalypse. Since the word "apocalyptic" enjoys a certain vogue today, it might be well to attempt a definition. "Apocalypse" literally means "unveiling," "revelation"—specifically, the unveiling of a predetermined plan for the consummation of history. But since that consummation, according to apocalyptic writings, is born of a great cataclysm, the term apocalypse has come to mean, by derivation, "the end of the world" and, by implication, the beginning of a new.

The basic structure of an apocalyptic vision therefore is that of an unavoidable and accelerating struggle between "good" and "evil" powers of cosmic proportion, usually culminating in a final battle ("Armageddon," "class war," etc.), in which the "good" triumphs and establishes total supremacy in a new "world." This framework is to be found not only in the Book of Revelation, (sometimes referred to as "The Apocalypse of John"), but in all apocalyptic writings, from Daniel, I Enoch, The Book of Jubilees and the Qumran "War of the Sons of Light Against the Sons of Darkness," all in the period before John wrote, to modern examples such as Karl Marx's *Communist Manifesto* and J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*.

In this apocalyptic vision of ends and beginnings, "world" has generally been taken uncritically to refer to the physical universe or, less grandiosely, to human

history. But world is neither reality itself nor history, though it has both a reality and a history. It is rather our *perception* of reality, our own quite limited "picture" of what reality is like. Reality itself, of course, is far more complex than any picture of it we have. But it is by means of these shared pictures of the world that human beings communicate. Indeed, madness has been defined by at least one writer as a situation in which the image of world possessed by the person is purely private and cannot be communicated to anyone else.

Ask somebody to close his eyes and tell you what he sees when you speak the word "world." Chances are that he will describe a globe spinning in space, with nowhere special to go except round and round the sun. This picture has the semblance of scientific factuality. But William Blake was already correct two centuries ago when he wrote (*Milton*, Book I, 31):

As of a Globe rolling thro' Voidness, it is a deception of Ulro.

The microscope knows not of this nor the Telescope: they alter

The ratio of the Spectator's Organs, but leave Objects untouch'd.

For every space larger than a red Globule of man's blood

Is visionary. . . .

Blake calls our image of world visionary because it concerns not so much the physical planet as the meaning and direction of *human* life. A spinning globe has no meaning and direction, only eternal return. What is needed is an image of "world" which possesses both temporal movement and a call to transcendence.

Let me then propose an alternative. Imagine "world" as the completed portion of a suspension bridge which spans an abyss. God himself has fixed the cables; that much is given man as the irreducible minimum and boundary of his life. Man must live suspended over the void between eternity and eternity. And on these slim cables man is to build a bridge, to fashion a "world," to create *cosmos* ("order," "form," "adornment"), to blaze a way to the other side where there waits for him—a City. The substructure which man hangs upon the cables is made up strand by strand of those basic presuppositions, common sense notions and generally held beliefs about time, space, causation and the meaning and value of life which most people hold to be self-evident, but are, in fact, culturally determined.

To a great extent then, our "world" is the projection upon reality-itself of what *we* perceive reality to be. This projection is only successful in securing human survival, however, if to some fairly high degree it corresponds to reality-itself, that is to say, to what human existence in the physical universe actually requires. When early societies claim divine revelation as the source of these strands across the abyss and of the substructures they have built upon them, they don't altogether err;

they are but acknowledging that the fact that the configuration works is a testimony that it has corresponded to the requirements of human life, and that reality-itself has (to some degree at least) confirmed the wisdom of the effort.

*So long as you catch what you yourself have thrown,
all is skill and justifiable winnings;
only when you suddenly become the catcher of the
ball that an eternal playmate
threw you, dead center, in precisely
mastered trajectory, in one of those arches
from God's great bridge-building:
only then is being able to catch an achievement—
not your own, a world's.*

Rilke

I would not wish to be misunderstood as advocating the view that "world" is but the figment of man's imagination, with all the implications which that involves (subjectivism, solipsism, nihilism). Reality-itself (in Biblical terms, the creation which God creates and calls good) is, on this view, the physical universe, the orders of life, and all the other "givenness" which man encounters as the inescapable limitation and definition of his existence. The "world" is not reality-itself but participates in it, and is continually in process of transformation in the light of concrete experience. In this process, prophets, poets and creative artists play a crucial role, both as the foremost shapers of "world" and as the first to sense and articulate modifications in it. As the "antennae of the race" they are the early warning system which registers changes in "world" of frequencies above or below normal perceptions. Even the inevitable distortions which characterize our world-images are not necessarily bad; they may serve, like the distortions of a painting, to show us the essential thing which might otherwise pass unnoticed.

Nor can this "world" or meaning-grid be changed at will. It becomes a veritable "principality and power," a transcendent "spiritual atmosphere," a field of determinants which dominates an entire age, culture or civilization. Its very invisibility is the source of its power. It exercises power from concealment, withdrawing from sight into the ideologies, institutions and images through which it makes its power felt. To seem not to appear is a part of "this world's" essence, for thereby we are left thinking of it as the *only* possible world, as reality-itself. Because it is presented as self-evident, "this world" functions at a level which is both pre-rational and pre-ethical, and sets the circumference within which reason and ethics are allowed to move.

Insofar as this network of shared perceptions constitutes and preserves *cosmos*, we may be grateful for it, for we could scarcely function apart from some configurational summary of being. But inasmuch as this *cosmos* is *man's* *cosmos*, and hence is tainted with man's own alienation, rapacity and guilt, "this world" is at the same time man's evil blown up large, evil on a cosmic

scale. And because this cosmic evil has a quasi-personal character, due to its ultimate origin in man himself, it can be personified (in the Book of Revelation, as Satan, Devil, Apollyon; or, on the animal level, as dragon, beast or serpent) and made to embody the spirit of the age. In the New Testament it is precisely this spiritual climate, and all that it means for human existence, which is spoken of as "this world," "this present evil aeon."

Man, by thus intruding his own sin into the picture of "world," has distorted it in such a way that he and his own works alone are visible. He builds the bridge and does tolerably well. As long as relative tranquility endures, the bridge seems secure as bedrock, and he ignores the abyss. When, however, under the impact of some staggering blow, the network begins to undulate, or tear, or collapse altogether, it is given to some men, already alienated from that culture and its perspectives, once more to glimpse "the pit of the abyss" (Rev. 9:1) as they dangle, let us say, from strands which have given way beneath them. From that vantage point they are able to see that their "world" is nothing more than a temporary stop-over on a bridge which spans the deep. Those who return—I speak in images, but of real things; many who fall through the holes never return—can describe the nature of the assault upon the lines and can assess the prospects of that culture's survival.

As literature, the writings of these apocalypticists may be no more "inspired"—and are usually considerably less—than other works of visionary art where "the way things really are" is described. But the true apocalypticist claims more. He insists that his vision is not simply a clear perception of what is, or even a penetrating diagnosis of society's ills. He claims to have been on "the other side." And he knows with an authority which is inexpressible that what he has seen is *true*. He is a veritable seer. He has viewed the banks from which the lines are cast, and he has glimpsed shapes moving up from the abyss.

Thus when the Apocalypse of Enoch (I Enoch 83, second century BC) declares, "I saw in a vision how the heaven collapsed and was borne off . . . I saw how the earth was swallowed up in a great abyss . . . and thereupon a word fell into my mouth and I lifted up my voice to cry aloud, and said: 'The earth is destroyed.'" our proper response should not be to dismiss him as a fanatic proved wrong by history, but to ask whether that time may not also have come upon us.

"A depreciating attitude towards the present fosters a capacity for prognostication," writes Eric Hoffer. "The well-adjusted make poor prophets. On the other hand, those who are at war with the present have an eye for the seeds of change and the potentialities of small beginnings. . . . Those who reject the present and fix their eyes and hearts on things to come have a faculty for detecting the embryo of future danger or advantage in the ripeness of their times. Hence the frustrated individual and the true believer make better prognosticators than those who have reason to want the preservation of

the status quo. It is often the fanatics, and not always the delicate spirits, that are found grasping the right thread of the solutions required by the future." (*The True Believer*, pp. 69 ff).

In short, apocalypticism arises as a result of the cracks that form under men's feet at those moments in history when the times divide, and apocalypticism is literally visionary: it is the awful perception of the end of that "world" and the vision of the coming of a new.

The history of apocalypticism is the history of crisis. As a modification of prophecy, apocalyptic literature takes its early rise with Ezekiel, staggering under the collapse of the Kingdom of Judah in 586 B.C.: Judah at the end of its "time" as a sovereign nation. Apocalypticism comes to flower with the Book of Daniel, written around 167 B.C. in response to the attempt by Antiochus IV Epiphanes to exterminate the Jewish religion. In the first centuries before and after Christ apocalyptic proliferates, fed by hostility toward Rome and by that general Hellenistic "loss of world" which characterizes the writings of that entire period. The recrudescence of apocalypticism in the eleventh and twelfth centuries coincides with the rise of capitalism and the beginning of the end of feudalism. And the *Schwärmer* so detested by Luther were the bellwether of the end of the middle ages and the birth of the "modern" era.

It is within this general historical framework that the Book of Revelation belongs. When toward the end of his reign the Emperor Domitian (81-96 A.D.) began to demand worship as a god and to prescribe the death penalty for those who refused, the seer John saw a fissure open beneath his feet, a fissure that ran straight through Rome and was large enough to accommodate the Empire. His task was to warn the Church of what he saw and to formulate a stance it could take in a world that was dying.

One can, after all, respond in quite a number of ways to the end of his time. Various apocalypses have counselled everything from non-violent non-participation to revolution. Unlike the Israelite prophets, who as citizens in a free land could call the king, priests and people to account, and who thus had access to the seats of power, apocalypticists almost without exception write in situations of foreign occupation or exile, where they stand outside the political process and exert no direct pressures for reform. "Their writings, like boiling lava from a volcano, were thrown up out of explosive historical circumstances over which they themselves had no control," writes D. S. Russell. Apocalypticism is thus a prophetic response to powerlessness.

To Christians living in the context of Roman imperial absolutism, John was in no position to counsel social reform. Such a course may still be open to us today. It was not to him. For the churches to which John writes, faithfulness in *that* situation meant simply to share "in Jesus the tribulation and the kingdom and the patient endurance" (1:9). Simply to continue testifying to the true Lord of all was to grasp the thread of the future

which would not fail when the rest unraveled and sank into the abyss.

Thus John can assert that it is the death of the martyrs which undermines Satan's power. "They [the saints] have conquered him [Satan] by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony, for they loved not their lives even unto death." As a result of their faithfulness, Satan is "thrown down" out of heaven, his power broken (12:9-11). This is the reason why, over and over again, John calls the faithful Christian "he who conquers," even though he conquers not through seizing the channels of power, but rather by offering his life as a testament of truth to a world which does not want to face the truth. In rage the world strikes back; but each new death only adds more weight to the sagging spans. Such a "world," John saw, could not long endure.

But if that world was coming to an end, its ending could ably serve as a paradigm of all endings, and of their relationship to the "end" or goal of history itself.

It is one thing to speak of the creation and destruction of "worlds" when what we are talking about are the occasional mutations in "world" within the historical continuum. But apocalyptic speaks, or at least intends to speak, not to relative "endings" but of an absolute End to history and all that characterizes it: polarity, death, disease, sorrow and forgetfulness. All of that, it claims, will pass away in the new age to come.

This throws us into the thick of the controversy about the relative validity of prophecy as opposed to apocalyptic. Prophecy, we are told, contemplates the end of this historical epoch as the judgment of God and its supersession by a new epoch, still on the plane of history, in which God's will this time will in fact be done. Apocalyptic, on the other hand, despairs of history itself, and of this world, and looks for a world to come which is built on different foundations.

But in fact the end keeps on *not* coming, a situation which has brought apocalyptic into disrepute with all but the lower classes, the oppressed, and others who have most to gain by the supersession of the present order. The dilemma can scarcely be resolved by identifying the apocalyptic cataclysm with the physical end of our planet, for the sole existential meaning of apocalyptic is that the end is *at hand*, and that all of life must be drastically re-ordered in the light of that "fact." Nor can we solve the difficulty by simply transcendentizing apocalyptic in the exquisite manner of Paul Althusser:

In principle the world comes to an end with the judgment, with the kingdom, with Christ. In this sense every historical time, like history in its totality, is the time of the End, because individually and as a totality these times lap like waves on the shores of eternity, each exposed directly to its judgment and its redemption. To this extent all the hours of history are one and the same last hour.

To be sure, we are in the presence of eternity the moment we let our lives hinge on the God who makes our humanity manifest in Jesus Christ. The decisive victory

has already been won. Liberation has begun. But precisely for this reason the Christian hopes for the liberation of the whole created order. Apocalyptic is love translated into cosmic terms. Only when Althaus' simile is held in some sort of complementarity with an image of the *final* end, the real goal, the absolute consummation of God's intention with man in time, does it reach its full depth and profundity. We are freed from anxiety about the future to live now; we are freed from the seduction of the present to live for the future of God. Either side of this tension, taken alone, degenerates into new forms of bondage. For we live with eternity in time. We exist under God in "this world." Repeatedly "this world" discovers its own terminus, undergoes convulsion and change, and becomes a new "this world," always in flux, in constant interaction through the feedback of the senses and the words of those capable of bringing being to expression and thus constituting "world." But these endings are not the End. That End, both as *terminus* and *telos*, stands over against all the relative endings and is what makes them relative, makes each new world once again "this world," and calls Christians once more "outside the gates" (Heb. 13:13) to be with and for those who have found no place in that "brave new world."

Such a complementarity would allow us without embarrassment or deceit to retain the vision of apocalyptic. The heavenly city, New Jerusalem, stands as both promise and judgment over all the works of men's hands. It is the promise of the divine-human potentiality which lies before man in his unknown future. This New Jerusalem is not a retrogression to the wishfulfillments of infancy (the Garden), but a startling vision of man's real destiny and his only hope (the Holy City). And it is also a judgment. It reminds us that today's "world" is passing away, and calls us to "come out of her" (Rev. 18:4), not as if we could be without world, or as if we should flee to some other artificially isolated world (which, as Johannes Metz remarks, is almost always the more comfortable religious situation of yesterday), but to go *forward*, as those "in but not of the world," toiling at bridge-building toward the promised city of God. As Metz puts it, "The Christian is moved to flee and to renounce the world not because he despises the world but because he hopes in the future of the world as proclaimed in God's promises. And this hope gives him a responsibility for the world and its future" (*Theology of the World*, p. 93). Grasping that in his culture which already prefigures the City which comes, and reaching out toward that which lies ahead, the believer must struggle continually to maintain the consciousness of a resident alien whose allegiance and citizenship are with God. It is because God loves "the world" that he calls Christians out of it, alienates them from it, frees them and sends them to proclaim a similar deliverance to the captives, all in the name of that kingdom which always comes and has never yet arrived.

Most of us have long since learned to distinguish scientific theories of the origin of the universe from the

Biblical myth of creation. The first tells us *how*, the second (using the best science it knew) tells us *why* and *by whom* the universe came to be. The Christian doctrine of creation rests on faith, not cosmological speculation. It asserts against the evidence—not the evidence of science but of tortured human existence—that human life in its factual brokenness nevertheless participates in the divine purpose, and that for all its tragedy, life is good because God and his creation are good. In the same way we must now learn to distinguish scientific theories about the end of the physical planet from the eschatological myth of the consummation. Wholly apart from anxiety about the times or seasons which the Father has fixed by his own authority (Acts 1:7), Christian faith hopes in a future mutation, the transfiguration of human reality into the Kingdom of God. Such a hope would be idle fantasy were it not for the fact that the transfigured Man has already appeared, "the first-born of many brethren" (Romans 8:29), and that the Holy Spirit has already been "poured out upon us" as a downpayment (*arrabōn*) or first harvest (*aparchē*) of the spendor to come.

An apocalyptic stance is thus the permanent fate of the Christian this side of Kingdom Come. It is neither a delusion of fanatics nor an escape-valve for emergencies. It may have even heightened relevance in times of cultural optimism and euphoria. Nor will Christian theology ever be able to jettison its apocalyptic heritage in order to go back to a prophetic perspective. For prophecy will always be relevant only within the larger, cosmic perspective provided by apocalypticism. Prophecy is, on this view, nascent apocalypticism.

The apocalyptic vision does not, however, place a man already in the new world of God which comes. Instead it places him at the juncture of the ages, in the time of crucifixion, bearing the cross. He is called to live "as if" his vision were not only a true potentiality but an emerging reality. But precisely for that reason he will find himself at odds with the old reality. If for the individual this requires a continual "dying to the world," it is only in order that he can become for others an instrument of liberation. "So death is at work in us, but life in you" (II Cor. 4:12). For though "the form of this world is passing away" (I Cor. 7:31) and "the whole world is in the power of the evil one" (I John 5:19), yet "he who is in you is greater than he who is in the world" (I John 4:4). "For whoever is begotten of God overcomes the world. And this is the victory that overcomes the world: our faith" (I John 5:4).

One could of course argue, as does Norman Cohn, that apocalypticism represents a loss of nerve, not world. On the basis of his study of apocalyptic movements in the West up to the time of the Reformation (*The Pursuit of the Millenium*), Cohn concludes that apocalypticism is a collective psychopathology arising from unresolved oedipal conflicts exacerbated by rapid social change, population growth and economic expansion. There is a good deal of truth in what he says. Apocalypticism has had a gruesome history of empty promises and useless

bloodbaths. All too often it has offered a simplistic cop-out from sustained efforts at reform. It has too quickly viewed needed change as impossible and used its more grandiose vision as an excuse for disengagement. Worst of all, it has offered the deranged a divine justification for all manner of brutal schemes.

Consequently we should not lightly take up the slogans of apocalypticism. We must protect ourselves from its excesses and aberrations, as we are indeed protected from those in the Book of Revelation by the biblical canon and the image of Jesus. We must assiduously avoid confusing endings with the End, and making predictions about the impending consummation.

But insofar as our analysis of world holds any value, there is a sense in which we can speak of apocalyptic visions as possessing an objective symbolic content. They are not always or simply the projection of a crumbling psyche upon the world at large (though even that is revelatory of the times); they may be the faithful reflection in symbolic terms of the menace and promise of the hour.

Let me then try to specify a few of the ways in which apocalyptic may be relevant to the contemporary cultural crisis.

In the first place, an apocalyptic perspective enables us to identify and clarify our own chaotic times. When Billy Graham announces in Knoxville, Tennessee, that the end of the world is at hand, he is, of course, right—about *our* world! In such a time, however, we can no longer make judgments using the moral canons of the world which is dying. It is hard to distinguish between degeneracy and new life-styles. What smacks of profligate, debauched behavior may turn out to be tomorrow's "puritan ethic." Jesus was regarded as a drunkard and glutton and was accused of covorting with traitors and whores (Matt. 11:19), when he was in fact creating a new relationship between God and man. In times such as these we need extraordinary sensitivity to "discern the spirits," to "read the signs of the times." The apocalyptic transvaluation of values must be carefully distinguished from "this world's" last fling. But this is not always immediately possible. Like one groping his way along a precarious path in the dark of night, our way will be marked by trial and error, many false starts, serious, sometimes fatal mistakes, and only a hope of arrival. But there is no helping it. It has become our destiny. In the face of such a challenge we must not mistake bourgeois timidity for Christian virtue. Sanctification-conscious Christians must dare to "sin boldly," as Luther put it, and to risk damnation for the glory of God.

Secondly, apocalyptic vision is profoundly political, having the most radical consequences for society, as even a casual reading of the history of apocalyptic should make clear. It is simply not true that apocalypticism is

"politically irrelevant," as has so often been alleged. For if politics is "the search for forms of human association and for uses of the powers of nature by society which foster the realization of full human life" (D. L. Migliore), then political activity always has its source in a vision of man-in-society. "If apocalyptic vision is totalistic in scope, it is only because the primacy of perception means that a new vision will precipitate a new history, a new time, a new world" (Ronald Grimes). Nothing is so revolutionary as a new paradigm of man's authentic existence in community. This is why, in periods of convulsion and transformation, the Book of Revelation perennially re-emerges to offer once more its vision of the new heaven and the new earth.

Apocalyptic images have enormous power to elicit action. The false impression that apocalyptic is quietistic arises from the fact that the behavior it evokes is radically different from what the old age regards as effective action; therefore it often passes unnoticed or receives only scurrilous rejection. At times Christian obedience in an apocalyptic period may take the shape of vigorous, divisive activity. At other times it may require withdrawal, a turning away and within in creative involution, to await "in the desert" the vision of the new thing which God is doing. And this withdrawal is also activity. In any case, the apocalyptic perception means the suspension of business as usual, and throws open every previously settled issue for new assessment. It enables massive focusing of energy at the very presuppositions of a culture and "hastens" the end by undermining the determining power of its idolatrous values and institutions. It is avowedly subversive. If that statement grates on our ears, we should perhaps re-read the history of primitive Christianity.

"At the fall of an age men must make sacrifice to renew beauty, to restore strength," wrote Robinson Jeffers. It's all too easy to speak of transcendence; Nicodemus could have told us all about it. But transcendence is an ec-static act, an act of the creative Spirit which blows where it wills. Vision is given. And we will have no vision until we catch the ball that our eternal playmate throws us, dead center, in precisely mastered trajectory, in one of those arches from God's great bridge-building. But that catching will not just happen. We must develop a new *askesis*, an "athletic discipline of the spirit." For unless we accomplish well the preparation, we may drop the ball when it is tossed. And that will not just be our loss. It will be a world's.

There is an ancient saying, discovered at Fathpur, India, in 1601, which runs:

*Jesus, on whom be peace, has said:
'The world is a bridge.
Go over it, but do not install
yourself upon it.'*

Two little white boys were watching their elders build a cross for a Klan rally and celebration at Stone Mountain on Labor Day week-end, 1970 A. D.

Two little black boys danced friskily and without care upon the scene. They stepped on and over the cross, walked upon the burlap, circled the work force with complete abandon. Soon the little black boys and the little white boys started to play. Chase and wrestling and tussling and messing around and getting in the way in general.

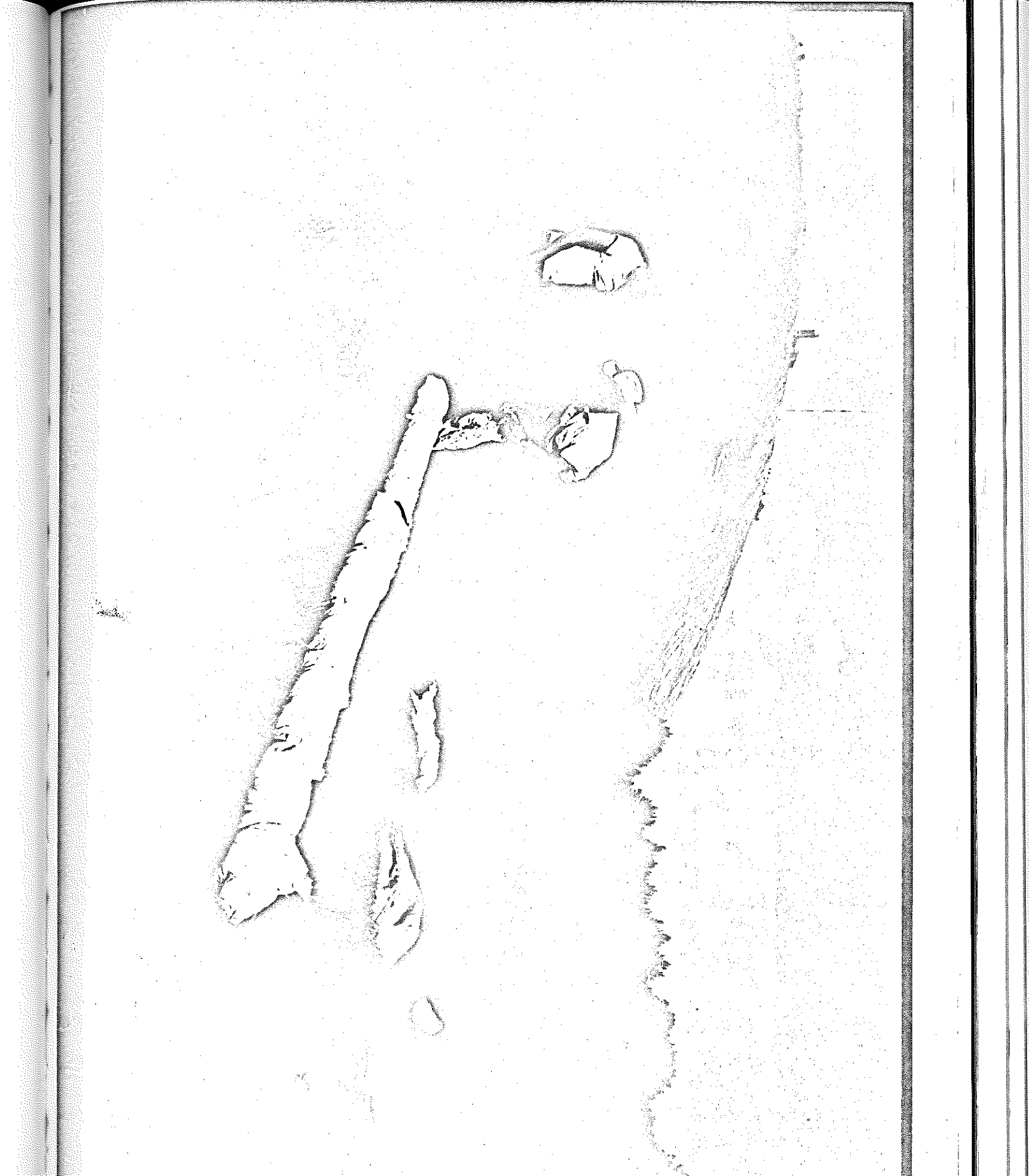
The elders fussed at them for getting in the way for if you don't get the burlap or carpet padding wrapped exactly light enough and exactly loose enough the gasoline and diesel fuel doesn't make the big fiery cross in the night it is supposed to make.

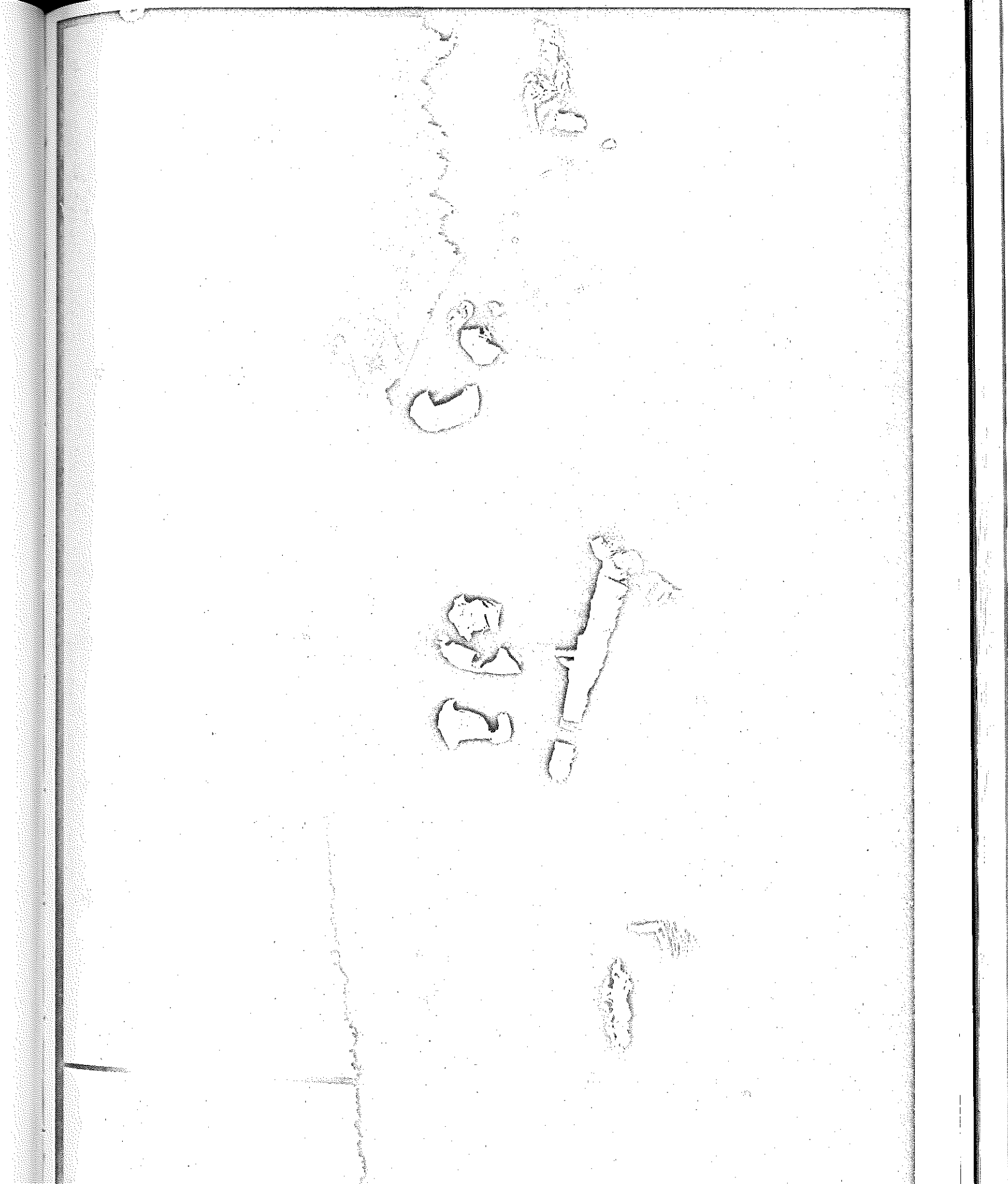
But one could sense that the elders were not bad mad because really mad dads talk a lot rougher than that.

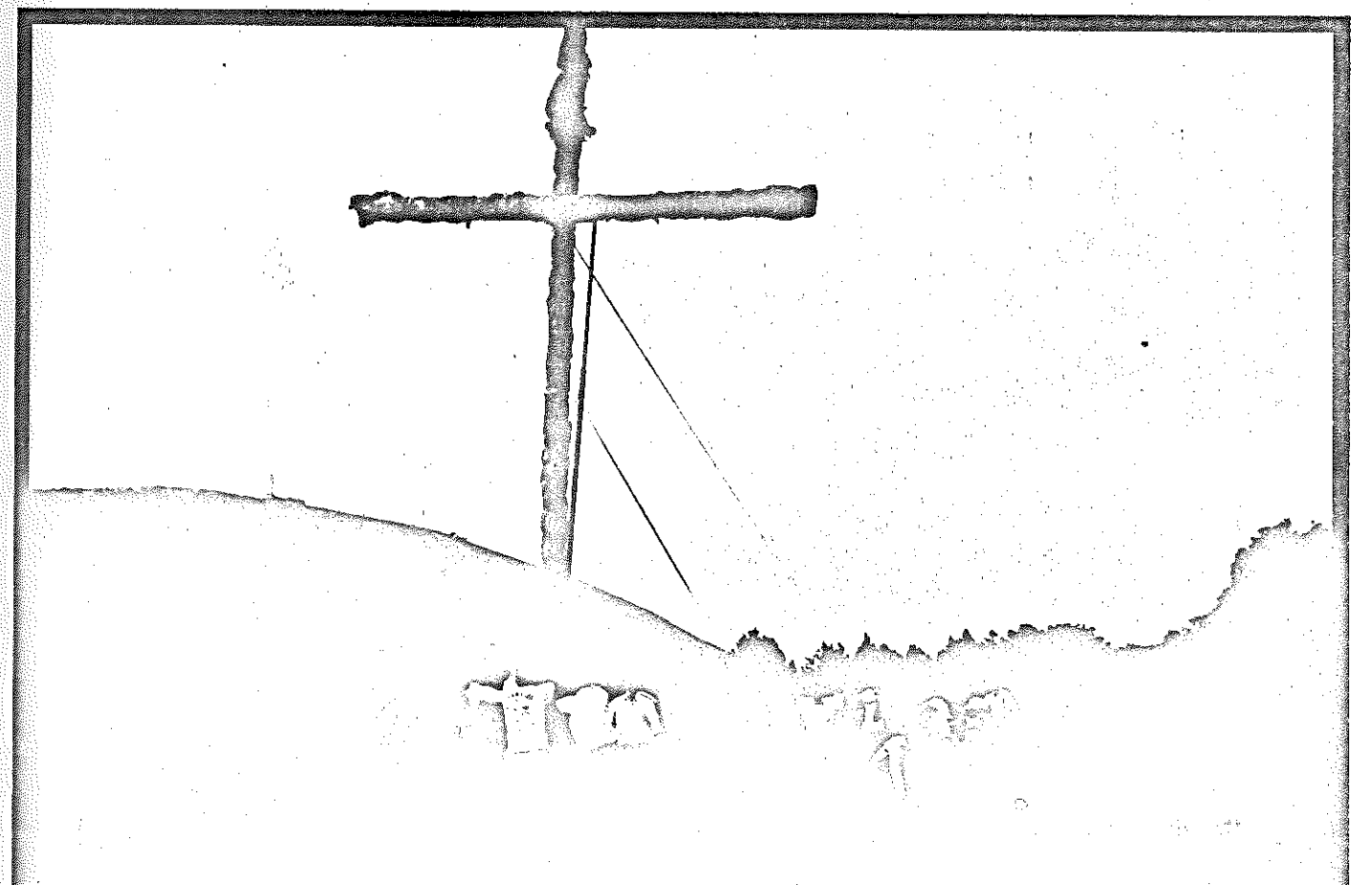
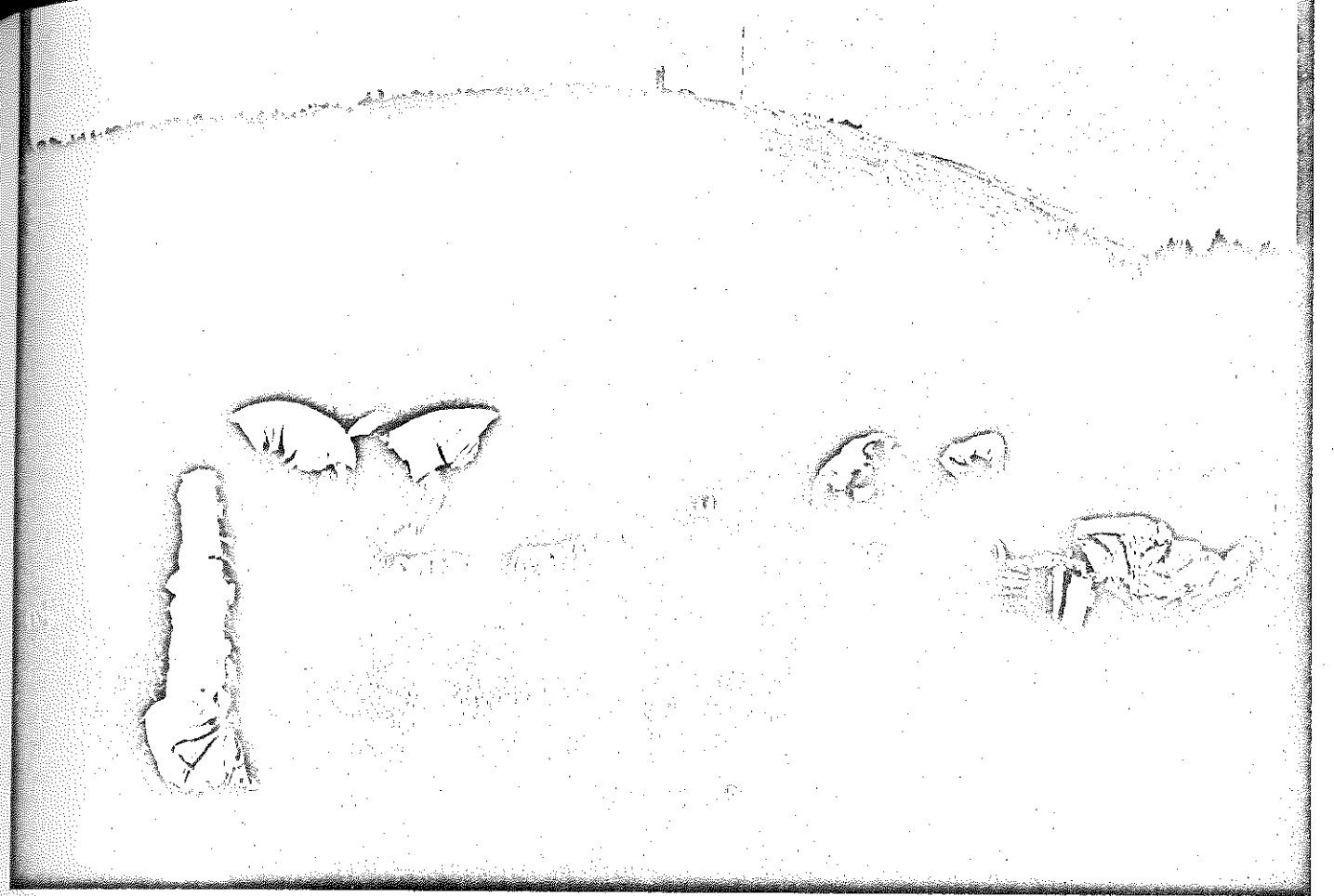
So the boys played on. And decided to play see-saw on the horizontal bar of the cross. Now an innocent game of see-saw makes the serious job of wrapping burlap and carpet padding around a cross even more difficult. So the elders fussed even more. But not really fussing for, after all, it was a holiday and a festive occasion so why louse it up for the kids.

And then, as psychologically healthy boys will do, they soon turned to helping with the task at hand.

And Al Clayton made some pictures of their work and play.







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HOW WE BECAME A POLICE STATE

W. H. Ferry

While I was meditating about the general lines of the following sentences a friend advised that the apprehensions in the country were such as to call for reassurances, not remonstrances. At the same time I noticed that newspapers are occasionally carrying what they describe as "The Good News" along with their usual cargoes of war, betrayal, mayhem, and venality. I suppose this practice has been adopted to allay a more and more persistent sensation that the country, if not the world, is coming apart at the seams, and maybe even coming to an end.

So I determined somehow to do my part, to find the optimistic veins running in our national life, to bring them forth for celebration, and to announce all will yet be well. Hunt as I might, I could not come down on such a theme.

So I am afraid that I shall have to speak in character, which critics call morose and cassandraesque. The mood of the following remarks is caught in a few lines by Kenneth Rexroth, the distinguished San Francisco poet:

*The writhing city
Burns in a fire of transcendence
And commodities. The bowels
Of men are wrung between the poles
Of meaningless antithesis.*

Time is the Mercy of Eternity (1958)

In another place I have suggested that the apprehensiveness and general malaise to which I have referred results from our conscious or unconscious realization that there are no answers to any of the great questions confronting us. My contention is that the issues have outstripped our capacities: that war, race, burgeoning science and technology, bureaucracy, urbanization, and similar central concerns are today so complicated and fast-developing as to leave us with a heavy sense of impotence: and that this sense in turn produces the frustration and despair that is in such ironic contrast with the visible manifestations of prosperity and progress.

This conclusion, I learn, is not a welcome one. But I do not intend either to review my argument or the angry responses to it. Rather, I intend to look at what seems to me the most ominous result of these widespread sensations of impotence and frustration.

The ominous result is that the large cities of this nation, and some of the smaller ones as well, have become police states.

This is an uncompromising statement. I wish I could be less bleak. I wish I could say that the metropolises of the United States "may become," or "show signs of becoming" police states. But this is not the way it looks to me. I am not even inclined, on close inspection,

to say that our cities are in the first stages of a police state. I believe they are already there.

There are, of course, millions of quiet Americans in millions of quiet American homes who do not fear the midnight knock on the door, who may never experience the thrust of a revolver or the bone-smashing crack of handcuffs. To those people my statement will seem a shocking caricature at best and at worst a slander of the police.

Before demonstrating why I believe our cities to be police states, I want first to stir up a dirty memory, and then to say why I think it is inevitable that our cities have become police states.

The dirty memory is that of the "good Germans." During Hitler's dozen years, the good Germans sat quietly at home, not fearing the knock on the door—not at first, anyway. The evidence is mixed as to whether they knew they were living in a police state. Few annals are so pitiable and sad and unconvincing as those of the "good Germans" who after World War II tried to explain what they felt, and thought, and did during the monstrous thirties and forties. Their explanations may be briefly summarized in a few quotations: "We trusted our leaders." "We felt that our leaders knew what they were doing and knew how best to deal with the enemies of the state." "Even when we learned about bad things, there was nothing we could do."

Now let me show why a police state is inevitable in our cities. It is because we have run out of other remedies. We have no other social or political medication for the most serious ailment to strike this nation in a hundred years—and one which a century ago almost ruined the republic.

We simply do not know what to do about 25 million black Americans. It is only a little less true that we also do not know what to do with our agitating children and hippies and other self-evictees of respectable white society. We are mystified by our brown fellow-Americans, as well. All these are subjects of the new police state, but to a lesser degree than blacks, on whose situation I now choose to focus.

As middle-class America looks across the tracks to blacktown, it does not understand what it sees there. But it is clear enough, I think, that middle-class America does not see human beings like themselves. It sees people different in hue, outlook, manners, dress, speech. Middle-class America also sees people who are mal-educated, badly housed, and poor: people who are angry and demanding, and therefore dangerous. Most important, it sees people who consistently display the most reprehensible of traits — ingratitude. Blacks are never sufficiently grateful for the kindnesses and favors done them by whitetown. As C. P. Snow remarked, "Gratitude is not an emotion, but the expectation of gratitude is a very lively emotion indeed." The key word is "different." Blacks are not like us, so all our

stored-up xenophobia comes into play when the question of "handling" blacktown arises.

Yet white America, eighty-eight per cent strong, has no choice but to deal somehow with this rumbling phenomenon. We have got away with ignoring it these many generations. But now blacktown has caught up with us, and will no longer be ignored.

The first means of dealing with blacktown, in this Christian nation, would be to try the Christian approach—by sharing, and giving, accepting blacktown in brotherhood and binding up its wounds. But this obviously is not acceptable. Many have remarked that Christianity is a Sunday morning thing. The proof rests in the welching that the organized church is now engaging in with respect to its promises of help to blacktown. Church funds promised to blacktown are not forthcoming, and church leaders say this is because their constituencies—Christians all—will not countenance the expenditure of money on undisciplined and irresponsible neighborhoods. Even when a little money trickles out of Peter's purse, it is a bookkeeping not a Christian transaction. The question is whether the donors can be assured that the money "will be well spent." This is known as Christianity the CPA way. The reason why it is hard to tell a Christian church trustee from a banker is because there is no difference.

Everyone remembers the nationwide howl when James Forman proposed a half-billion dollars from the churches to blacktown as reparation for generations of wrongs. The demand was denounced as outrageous, preposterous, extravagant, impertinent, and arrogant. I do not remember that anyone called it unchristian or unjust. One can understand these offended cries, but they can scarcely be classed as a Christian response.

On the whole I think that we must forget Christianity as the mode for coping with blacktown. It is not that we like Christianity less but that we love white superiority and affluence more. I do not easily abandon this approach, because everything about it is so appealing—the language, the examples, the laws. But then I think of Vietnam, this "Christian" nation's response to a distant colonial problem, and reflect that blacktown is even more a colonial perplexity, and moreover on our very doorstep. And then I understand why we deal with it with fire and sword, mace and teargas, helicopters and sub-machine guns. As R. de Montalvon says, "Nothing is more naive than to believe that Christians love peace. They distrust it, suspecting it of heresy." Please substitute the word "brotherhood" for "peace" in the foregoing quotation, and you come close to the heart of white racism.

If Christianity is not the avenue to rapprochement with the ghetto, perhaps we had better see what the social scientists have to offer. Some of my best friends are psychologists and sociologists. I regret to report that they are of little more use than the Christians. Considering the spate of materials now being produced

by this learned cult, this will seem an unwarranted condemnation. In fairness it might be acknowledged that they are doing their best, but their best is not nearly enough, and much of it is misdirected. Thus we are exhorted to "try to understand the blacks," and this is fair enough advice—but only if it is understood that the greater task is understanding *ourselves*. The Kerner Report declared the root of the matter to be "white racism." This is a psychological finding of great import for whitetown — blacktown has known it all along—but the psychologists, like the members of the Commission, seem unable to tell us what to do about "white racism." If they have a message for *us*, it has been so cautiously delivered as to leave no imprint either on public policy or private behavior. Insofar as they have concentrated their attention on blacktown, the psychologists and sociologists may have had the unintended effect of strengthening white racism. For they have confirmed that blacks, for all sorts of historical and cultural reasons, are unlike whites in significant respects. An example is black attitudes toward work. Employers who with the best will in the world are hiring the hard-core are confused by the tendency among blacks to disregard the time clock and the business world's standards of attendance, zeal and obedience. This tendency exists: but is it wrong, or pathological? Another example is found in the liberals and do-gooders who are put off sharply by the resentment, never before so openly expressed, of younger blacks. Many of blacktown's former friends and advocates, especially among elderly faculty liberals and integrationists and clergy, are falling away because their paternalism is now met with rebuffs. The sin of ingratitude is keenly perceived by such whites, and their defection from blacktown's cause removes one more obstacle to the police state. A churchman complains, "They don't want our help." He should have said, "they want help but no longer trust Whitey, even in a turned collar."

All of these attitudes can be explained by the psychologists, but the explanations are of little use, since they once again confirm the essential differentness of our largest minority and the impossibility and undesirability—in my opinion—of bringing this differentness into conformity with the accepted practices of white America.

Here is the problem of integration, which may be seen chiefly as an effort to turn black Americans into white Americans. Establishing integration as the goal of public policy is hypocritical and misguided. Whitetown would be far better occupied trying to figure out how to turn the differentness of the black community into an asset. This would mean giving blacktown substantial autonomy in all areas. It would mean separation, and black self-government under new federal principles, and black police, education, and political and economic power. But this is another argument and too emotion-laden and difficult to enter into.

summarize it by saying that it confers no dignity on blacks to let them know that they may, if they are energetic enough about it, satisfactorily adopt the modes of whitetown. The price of such a transfer is, I believe, clearly the giving up of black identity, and too great for the majority of blacks to pay. Least of all is any such bleaching policy a 'solution' to our transcendent domestic problem—race.

I conclude that the social scientists cannot help white America much in its all-important task of dealing with blacktown.

There remain legal and political and governmental measures for dealing with blacktown. We liberals find here our consolation and hope. What is needed, we say, are more and more legislative and administrative provisions against discrimination, along with positive action, mainly of the compensatory variety, to assure blacktown equal access to the bounties of middle-class America.

But I do not think that this approach is working or will work. I do not believe that, taken together, the laws and ordinances and programs for "solving the race problem" amount to much more than an effort to pacify and make more governable an unruly section of the population. They seem to me mainly the measures that would be adopted by any colonial administration to keep the natives in order. This is indicated by the ebb and flow of official action. As many blacks have sourly observed, their demands are listened to only when the fires are blazing. When the chairman—white, of course—of a mid-western committee for betterment of economic conditions in blacktown was asked why a promised grant had been rescinded, he said, "No need to spend the money, things have quieted down." Blacks notice also that the moment any significant white interest is threatened, the shallowness of white concern is disclosed. The recent effort in Pittsburgh by blacks to obtain a fair share of heavy construction jobs in that city is an instance, as is the continuing high incidence of school segregation north and south, fifteen years after the Brown decision.

There are many more examples at hand, but I can shortcut all of them by remarking that without exception they are fatally infected by white protectionism and white paternalism. I am forced to conclude that the legal-governmental reform methods of dealing with blacktown have been and are failing. We cannot cope because we no more have the requisite political imagination than we have the requisite moral compulsion.

But we must have some way of meeting this greatest of domestic crises. We must indeed, and have found it. It is the police state. The police are the effective rulers of blacktown today. Theirs is the paraphernalia of any police state: the procedures, the weapons, the psychological instruments of intimidation and repression.

knowledge that they have the backing of white America. I invoke here the memory of the good Germans.

The harassment of the Black Panthers is a national scandal. Many of their members have been killed or wounded, and the rest feel under sentence of death. Twenty-one Panthers have been murdered by the police in the past year, and there would have been more stir in whitetown if twenty-one panthers in America's zoos had been wantonly slain.

Particular groups of Jews were chosen as villains and scapegoats by the Nazis. Panthers are the villains and scapegoats of our frightened and vindictive national frame of mind. Whitetown never pauses to ask whether the assertions of the Panthers are true, or whether their claims are just. They are different, and threatening to white complacency, and so their harassment is virtually unquestioned. Other black groups are under constant surveillance. So frequent are "on suspicion" arrests that emergency legal services in great variety have sprung up in the ghettos, but they do not come close to meeting the need and encounter moreover the unrelenting hostility of the forces of so-called law and order. We read of no such harassment or violence against the organized white vigilante groups.

Frame-ups, impossible bail, unwarranted searches and seizures and similar practices are commonplace of ghetto life. Helicopters hover over black neighborhoods, searchlights glaring and bullhorns shouting, and the protests of the citizens below go unheeded.

The readiness of police to use their weapons is a tenet of blacktown life. "Every day I feel like a duck in a shooting gallery," a young black organizer says. The cop's trigger-finger is the gavel of justice in blacktown. One American city, Wilmington, Delaware, was under martial law for ten months, and white America was scarcely aware of it, because the martial law was applied to blacks not whites, except for a few ornery white protesters. Public functions in blacktown are held by permission of the precinct station. Curfews are enforced. Recreation programs are instigated and conducted by police departments, ostensibly on a get-to-know-your-local-cop basis, but also as a means of recruiting informers.

Perhaps the most insidious practice of all is the infiltration by police of black institutions and organizations. The use of informers, the setting of friend against friend, child against parent, is the most familiar of police state tactics. Its corrupting effects are widely felt in blacktown, where one self-help organization after another is ruined by the machinations of infiltrators or the suspicion that informers are everywhere present.

The police state is, moreover, achieving the results it set out to achieve—the implanting of submissiveness and suspicion in blacktown. Young blacks intent on improving the conditions of their community have no place to turn. The lawlessness of the lawmen threatens them at every juncture. Intimidation is not yet com-

plete, but the police—always with the sanction of the majority—are laboring mightily to make it so. Where hope flickered for a few months in blacktown, frustration and fear are now the presiding emotions. The cohesion among black groups that began to appear two years or so ago, with its promise of the establishment of self-respecting black endeavors, has broken down for reasons I have already given. White America wants a blacktown that is not troublesome, that never afflicts its conscience. It wants a colony that knows its place, and that will be little drain either on pocketbook or spirit. The police are charged with producing this result—hence the police state.

I realize that I shall be challenged sharply on all of these statements. It will be said that my police state amounts only to the precautions needed to assure the welfare and protection of ghetto residents themselves. It will be said that blacktown has brought on itself whatever police measures are being used. It will be said that my argument is mere mawkishness that disregards the real dangers of outspoken, tough blacks. It will be said that the true police state of the modern era, typified in Stalin's Russia, Hitler's Germany, and a horde of lesser Latin and other nations, is wholly unlike the description I have given. A police state of such a foreign, un-American character cannot, it will be said, happen here.

I do not propose to enter a dispute as to whether the police state in American cities does or does not resemble other authoritarian or totalitarian experiences. This is not an academic treatise but an angry comment on current events. The experience of ghetto blacks in the United States is what I am talking about. I believe that blacktown is experiencing a police state. How else does one explain the constant tension, the sense that a peril point is very near, a fuse ready to be touched off in blacktown? In this black paranoia? Are these wild imaginings, or a human response to overbearing violence and threat? Of course most of white America does not share this sense of impending upheaval. Comfortable but frightened white America, under the banner of law and order, has sent its front-line troops, the police, into blacktown to keep things cool. My thesis, you will recall, is that this is the *only* way that satisfied whitetown can find of dealing with the restless, unhappy inhabitants of blacktown. The result is a police state that is honey-sweet on one side—exemplified by police supervision of recreation programs and anti-crime clinics at which informers are recruited—and on the other is charged with brutality and harshness, as in the constant hassling of blacks who are disliked or distrusted by police. The verities are the brutalities of blacktown, apparent and covert. The emergence of the police state has destroyed the few beginnings of genuine dialogue between blacktown and whitetown. It is far easier to intimidate than to confront.

This phenomenon is of course not especially new. The novelty today is its pervasiveness in the cities, to say

nothing of the intransigent rural South, and the direct authority for it being extended by white America. I refer to the very large number of federal and local anti-crime and anti-riot measures that have been passed in the last two years. I refer also to Attorney-General Mitchell's program for making it easier for the police to go about their jobs. His best-known proposals, already signed into law, are the "no-knock" provision and another for "preventive detention" of suspects for as long as sixty days, without a charge being laid against them. These are police state tactics, no matter whether they are proposed by a Cabinet member, voted by Congress, and approved by the President. The mark of a police state is not that it is conducted illegally but that it is approved by the authorities. We can never forget that Nazi Germany was run according to law. Hence he was called Adolf *Legalité*.

A police state is present when the police move from a service role, that of protection and peace-keeping, to a political role. I shall touch later on the political powers now being asserted by police organizations; for the moment it is necessary only to point to the number of police chiefs running for mayor in the large cities and to ask who is actually ruling the big ghettos, the civil authorities or the police departments.

Because of its peculiarly American aspects, it would not be accurate, I think, to call this police state a totalitarian development. Though it has much of the stink of fascism about it, this too is a not quite applicable term. The control mechanism decided on more or less consciously by the majority of complacent white Americans for keeping down a threatening minority might be called, for lack of a better word, *satispression*—the repression of the dissatisfied by the satisfied. "Satispression" is not a handsome word, and I made it up merely to mark off the contemporary American police state from its near-relatives in other continents. Satispression has come into being because of many factors. One of the most important is also one of the least talked-about. I refer to the desire of whitetown's political and economic power-holders to hang on to their prerogatives as black voters begin to achieve urban majorities.

Another factor is the anomalous part that the press is playing. Middle-class and white to the core, the press is leading its readers into believing that blacks and blacktowns are, first and foremost, a menace to their welfare. That this is an effect unconsciously achieved for the most part does not alter its impressive weight. Thus we learn from our papers all about Black Pantherdom and its officers, and almost nothing about the heavily-armed anti-black vigilante groups, a far more numerous and threatening horde. But they have, where the press is concerned, the inestimable advantage of being white.

Americans seem to be pretty content with what they are doing in the ghettos. It is the contentment associated

with American flags appliqued on windshields, with handguns, and with bumper stickers saying "America, Love It Or Leave It." This is why I cannot "prove" that the police state exists; because no amount of evidence of brutality, maltreatment, injustice can prevail against whitetown's self-righteousness and indifference. One hears little clamor in whitetown against the lawlessness and the corrupting tactics of the police. Whitetown easily tolerates practices in blacktown that it would not stand for in its own neighborhoods. The good Germans, when they were willing to pay any attention, easily tolerated the frightful tactics of their police in dealing with Communists and Jews. They did not—most of them, anyway—think that they were living in a police state. They thought that they were sanctioning only those laws and practices needed to preserve order and to keep the nation secure against its enemies. Since these laws and these practices took effect only in distant ghettos and against strange, despicable people, how could good Germans consider them anything but the most reasonable preservations of law and order?

A year or so ago I felt that a civil war—whitetown against blacktown—was inevitable, and said so. I thought then that it would be precipitated by this time. My timetable is off, and I believe there are good reasons for it.

One is that blacks are scared for their lives. There is talk of survival now where there was talk of the "black rebellion" as recently as twelve months ago. Many blacks I know believe that the elaborate "lawn-order" projects are military preparations to move against the ghettos at any provocation. The result is that many are subdued and apprehensive that they and their families are likely to be killed or jailed, with the probabilities rising sharply with the known militancy or radical political attitude of the black in question. Thus the police state succeeds.

There fears are warranted, I believe. Blacks are correct in seeing themselves as the pretext for the wave of satispression sweeping the country. They are correct in seeing themselves, along with the radical young, as the object of statutes that give legal form to satispression. Our present policies and laws now being adopted are avowedly to keep down civic turbulence, and they may temporarily succeed in doing so. They seem to me also likely to ignite a civil war, or at least not at all designed to prevent one. But such conflict will not be started by blacks, though every effort will be made in such an event to make it appear that blacks are the aggressors. This after all is the chief justification of today's police state.

My idea as to how civil war might erupt owes much to Professor Arno Mayer of Princeton University, the great theorist of counter-revolution. But he should not be blamed for my misuse of his notions. I have felt that civil war was most likely to be precipitated by one or another of the numerous counter-revolutionary

groups, many of them ethnic in composition, standing in the wings of most urban centers awaiting a suitable provocation, a suitable pretext to launch a virtuous assault against the black community somewhere or other.

Such the tensions, especially between the ethnic groups ringing blacktown and young blacks, that I felt a pretext was readily available, so that at any moment that a counter-revolutionary group felt public sentiment was ripe and hot, an attack would be made. Thereafter the police, the legitimate bearers of violence, would come immediately into the picture—but how, and on whose side?

Let us visualize the scene: whites attack blacks in an organized way. The police arrive, and have three choices: first, to step between the combatants and try to calm things, like a UN peace force, or British troops in North Ireland; second, to go to the assistance of the black community, which has been attacked; third, to ally themselves with the attackers. Which one?

There is, I believe, only one plausible answer. The police would ally themselves with the white attackers. This would be, as a matter of fact, the most important calculation preceding the attack by the counter-revolutionary group—the calculation that whitetown's feelings toward blacktown had become so inflamed as to assure that the police would be their allies from the beginning. It might even be planned that way. Last year the UPI reported from Detroit, "Open hostility exists between the mainly white police department and the city's black population (of nearly 40 per cent)." The same hostility surely pervaded this Spring's actions at Kent State in Ohio, Jackson State in Mississippi, and the demonstrations of the construction workers (and those of New York's Finest assigned to maintain "order") in support of the Nixon Administration's violent domestic and international policies.

This seems to me a wholly probable little playlet, and still seems to me the way a civil war in this country is most likely to begin. It has not done so, in my judgment, merely because the police and legislatures have been willing to do the dirty business of the vigilante groups. The lawnorder impetus of the white majority, carried from policy to action by police and the sheriffs, has made needless—so far at least—action by the paramilitary organizations.

It is time to hear again from the critics of my thesis. There is more crime in the ghetto than elsewhere, is there not? The Panthers are a difficult and angry gang, are they not? The actions and statements of angry, discontented blacks are threats to the stability and welfare of the community, are they not?

To all these questions the answer is yes. But my proposition continues to be that white America's response has been to authorize a police state as the only means of coping with these situations. White America has ignored the true causes, has brought little compassion and less understanding to the massive chal-

lenges of blacktown, and has encouraged lawlessness and corrupting practices by lawmen. The prior question is what we want. Do we really want a police state, in blacktown or anywhere else? For there can be no greater folly than to think that, in elevating the police to positions of arbitrary power, we can prevent this power from running far beyond the boundaries of blacktown.

It is instructive to note the extent to which this power already is beyond the control of elected officials. This power appears more and more to reside in the police trade unions—the benevolent and fraternal organizations of the police. These unions are increasingly dictating to mayors and police commissioners what the police will and will not do: the weapons they will use, the circumstances under which they will use them, the methods to be employed with suspects or crowds. In many cities the police are already in a state of near-revolt against their elected superiors, and this mood is encouraged by the police unions. Last year Cleveland came within an inch or two of a police putsch against City Hall; no one today dares a guess about Mayor Lindsay's New York City. Many mayors will not give orders to police departments for fear they will not be obeyed.

It need scarcely be said that these unions are conservative and self-interested. These organizations naturally favor strong-arm over non-violent methods, direct action against conciliation, station-house confessions to the laborious job of proving criminal acts, the judgment of the man on the beat over the judgment of his civilian superiors. Their resolutions are a frequent source of the "coddling the criminals" complaints against the courts which compel police to use the more difficult legal methods. Theirs is the discredit of having defeated most proposals for civilian review boards.

Even the well-established conservatism of New York's Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the country's largest police union, is not enough for some 5,000 of its nearly 30,000 members. These 5,000 policemen formed a Law Enforcement Group, an insurgent group inside the PBA, to "get tough." Spokesmen for the Law Enforcement Group said it had been organized to meet the need for a national organization "that is anti-crime and pro law and order"—intimating that the Benevolent Association was not enough of either. I hazard the opinion that these unions will prove the most intractable and dangerous to the general welfare of any in the nation's history.

I have simplified a complex phenomenon, or rather, a series of complicated and interwoven issues. The rapid development of a legitimate and necessary police power into what I have chosen to call in all its starkness a police state is merely the most formidable and threatening of the multitude of developments going under the general rubric of urban crisis.

As I have not made as clear as I might, this development is nourished by many other ugly developments.

There are the obvious ones: for example, the mindless overcrowding of metropolitan America in the absence of any effort either to discover policies that will keep people on the land or to entice them back to it. There is the domination of ghetto economy by outsiders: white sharks in black waters. There is the apparently irresistible tendency of bureaucracy to dehumanize all transactions, whether social, political, or economic, and especially blacktown's transactions with official white-town, whether at the welfare office or with the police. There is the legacy of bad jobs, bad education, bad housing, systematic neglect by affluent rulers all along the line: and with it blacktown's realization that its needs are only attended to under the threat or actuality of civic turmoil. So when I argue that we are obliged to have a police state in our central cities because we know of no better solution, I am arguing also that the accompanying problems are equally beyond solution.

I am also aware that I appear to be making police the goats of this account. This is not my intention. Policing is a perilous, hard line of work, almost inevitably engendering cynicism and a hardboiled attitude. Bad hours, low pay, and no great public affection, I realize, is the policeman's lot. Nevertheless, it is natural if deplorable that the police should step into the civic vacuum created by white ignorance and distaste for blacktown's conditions. For their own welfare the police should be the first, not as now is the case among the last, to demand full-scale programs for the amelioration of blacktown, where admittedly great dangers await them.

The tendency of those armed by the state to take over the state was recognized from the outset of the nation. Hence the provisions in constitution and statute for civilian control of all bodies legalized by the state to do violence. As Professor A. C. Germann remarks, however, "Any police agency that accepts the task of 'community bully,' even if tacitly agreed to by community silence, and regularly bugs the hell out of its minority groups, peace groups, hippie groups, youth groups—unpopular groups—will sooner or later have 'a lot of chickens coming home to roost,' and that is now the case in many American communities."

I do not want to involve Professor Germann—once a police chief himself—in my contention that we already have a police state in most of our great cities, and in some of the smaller ones as well. But he speaks directly to the point:

"If," he says, "the majority community is more willing to supply its police with mace, armored vehicles, sniper rifles, barbed wire, and hollow-point bullets than it is willing to scrutinize police field operations and eliminate ineffective, illegal, and degrading practices, that community surely deserves the chaos that is certain to come."

I have no expectation that I, or anyone else, will soon convince white Americans of the existence and growth of a police state that is bearing down ever more heavily

on their black fellow-citizens—not to mention the other groups named by Professor Germann. A Gallup poll divulges that 81 per cent of Americans think that there is no such thing as police brutality. I imagine that a poll in Nazi Germany would have disclosed a similar complacency among the good Germans. These same Americans saw Chicago police in Grant Park at the Democratic Convention a scant two years ago. They read almost daily of murder by police in some blacktown or other. They know of stop-and-search operations, of curfews, of the constant hassling and roughing-up of young blacks. They may know that the number of civilians killed by the police in this country is more than three times the number of policemen who lose their lives while on the job, and that the opposite is the case throughout Europe. They may even know that "in all the upheavals that have rocked European countries lately, only one civilian died as a result of police action" ("How the Police Work," *The New Republic*, August 2, 1969). They almost never see police brought to account for their actions.

Once again I must stress that I am not solely condemning the police, though they, no less than Hitler's agents, must be held responsible for their actions. I am asserting only that our tradition of violence, abetted by the ignorance and willful blindness of whitetown—the American counterpart of the good Germans—and immensely stimulated by resistance in blacktown, have together resulted in satispression, a police state, and the establishment of the police as a political entity.

Few in whitetown will agree with the urban pathology I have sought to illuminate. I grant that my thesis is not heavily documented. For those wishing a closer inspection of the facts I refer to the Kerner Commission report and to the several studies of the Commission on Violence, of which Professor Germann's paper is an admirable example. I have only done what these reports did not do, put a line under all the findings and add them up. The sum is the police state.

Yet before Americans can be persuaded to do anything significant about this condition, I fear that even more pointed evidence will have to be offered. Thus I see the urgent need for a city-by-city Report on the Prevalence of Police State Practices. Assembling such a report would be worthy of Ralph Nader's attention, for it most requires independence, energy, and healthy disrespect of conventional opinion and authority. Perhaps he would consider bringing together a counterpart of that valiant band, Nader's Raiders, that has lately uncovered so many stagnant and hidden pools in official Washington. Only such a diagnostic technique, dealing with both the producers and consumers of police state practices, would stand a chance of bringing white America face to face with its most foreboding contemporary creation.

It would be nice to end these remarks on an up note, with the hope that public reason might prevail.

with respect to blacktown, troublesome as it is. This is not possible, because we have clearly opted for force and violence. The problems are all there, and intractable enough; but they cannot be solved by force any more than we have solved Vietnam with a hundred billion dollars worth of violence.

I am afraid that we are a long way from a reign of public reason with respect to blacktown. I am more

afraid that in the meantime we shall do our best to enforce docility and submissiveness in our black fellow-citizens with night sticks, weapons, and psychological terrorism.

I am *most* afraid that we shall soon have our own Reichstag fire, and that a shameful civil war will erupt, and bloody our conscience and honor for generations to come.

AND Jesus went out, and departed from the temple: and his disciples came to him for to shew him the buildings of the temple.

2 And Jesus said unto them, See ye not all these things? verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.

3 And as he sat upon the mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?

4 And Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you.

5 For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many.

6 And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.

7 For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places.

8 All these are the beginning of sorrows.

9 Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you: and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake.

10 And then shall many be offended, and shall betray one another, and shall hate one another.

11 And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many.

12 And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.

13 But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.

14 And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.

15 When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand:)

16 Then let them which be in Judæa flee into the mountains:

17 Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take any thing out of his house:

18 Neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes.

19 And woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days!

20 But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the sabbath day:

21 For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.

22 And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened.

23 Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not.

24 For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.

25 Behold, I have told you before. 26 Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not.

27 For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

28 For wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

29 Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken:

30 And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.

31 And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

32 Now learn a parable of the fig tree; When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh:

33 So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors.

34 Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled.

35 Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

36 But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.

37 But as the days of No'e were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

38 For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that No'e entered into the ark,

39 And knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

40 Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left.

41 Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left.

42 Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

43 But know this, that if the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up.

44 Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.

45 Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season?

46 Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing.

47 Verily I say unto you, That he shall make him ruler over all his goods.

48 But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming;

49 And shall begin to smite his fellowservants, and to eat and drink with the drunken;

50 The lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of,

51 And shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

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THE END OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE END OF THE CENTURY?

D. F. Fleming

It is no accident that young people are in revolt all around the earth against the world this fifty years has given them. For over fifty years have passed since the end of World War I, that sudden explosion of rivalries which inaugurated our catastrophic era, one which may yet see the end of the world before the end of the century.

[It is possible to grasp, in brief compass the enormity of the chaos which was turned loose in mid-1914, and which is still potentially around us.] What spoiled the bright promise of the early 1900's? Let us look backward a little, then forward. If it has been true that we never learn from history, we now have no choice but to do so.

In the first decade of this century we believed in progress and saw it working. It was nearly a hundred years since the last world war, and healthy change moved ahead nearly everywhere. In China a republic ended ages of imperial dynasties. In Turkey the ancient

despotism of the Sultans was overthrown. Nationalistic ferment was disintegrating the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In Germany militarism was being strongly challenged by socialism and by rising democratic sentiment. In France democracy was consolidated through the Dreyfus case and the separation of church and state. In Britain the power of the House of Lords was curbed and a program of social security extended. In the United States an upsurge of demands for reform led to the Progressive movement and a rush of reform legislation under Woodrow Wilson. In Russia the Revolution of 1905 had been crushed, but Tsarism was propped up only by loans from its allies abroad. The trend toward ending the control of privileged groups was almost universal and the prospect for the expansion of free institutions seemed bright.

However, the nations of Europe, the "powers" of the world, were living in a state of international anarchy.

After the three swift, victorious and profitable wars which Bismarck made, Europe was at peace for twenty years under his hegemony. Then defeated France and autocratic Russia drew together in 1894; Britain and France ended a long cherished enmity in 1904; Britain and Russia did the same in 1907. Now the dominant Triple Alliance of Germany, Austro-Hungary and Italy was balanced by the new Triple Entente — France, Britain and Russia.

A perfect "balance of power" had been achieved. Neither side dared attack the other; each had to respect its rival, but the balance was too perfect to last. In armed strength the Alliance was ahead, but the Entente was potentially stronger, especially when the French-financed Russian strategic railways should be completed down to the frontiers of the Alliance in 1917. That was the hour of doom for the German General Staff.

So the two sides armed and engaged in crisis after crisis. Germany tested the Entente in the First Morocco Crisis of 1905; Austria-Hungary did the same in 1908-1909 by annexing Bosnia, which it already ruled *de facto*. A second crisis over Morocco ensued in 1911 and Italy seized Tripoli from Turkey in 1911-1912, stirring the small Balkan states to defeat Turkey in the following year, aggrandizing Serbia to a degree unacceptable to Vienna. In 1913 there was a grave crisis over probable Serb access to the sea through Albania, a flare-up which was controlled by a conference of the Ambassadors of the Powers in London, leading Vienna to resolve never to be restrained in that manner again.

By this time the strain of the arms race had become very severe on both sides, the British managing to retain their naval lead and the Germans a strong edge on land. The grand rivalry was near the explosion point. In the words of a contemporary observer: "The equilibrium was so delicate that a puff of wind might destroy it." Time would tip the balance one way or another, and then neither side could save itself without bringing the world to the brink of dissolution.

It required only the pop of a boy's pistol at Sarajevo in Slavic Bosnia, killing the heir to the Hapsburg throne on June 28, 1914, to precipitate the catastrophe. The Vienna cabinet saw the perfect opportunity to eliminate Serbia, or reduce her to vassalage, and Berlin agreed. The German leaders did not plan a world war, though they were ready to accept one. Instead, they expected to face Russia down again, as in 1909, and to keep Britain neutral, but as these prospects faded, the military machines began to roll according to plan. The German Schlieffen Plan called for the swift destruction of France by a giant thrust through neutral Belgium and around Paris, before the slow moving Russians could mobilize and march. Mobilization meant war.

Yet the great lunge failed, in spite of French persistence in trying to execute Plan 17 for a massive and illusory dash into Germany through Alsace.

The period of open warfare was an indescribable

ordeal for many millions — marching for many days covered thickly with the white dust of the roads; passing interminable lines of fleeing refugees carrying babies and goods in the gruelling August heat—dumbly seeking some kind of safety—as the troops stumbled totally exhausted into the ditches. Barbara Tuchman has given us an unforgettable description of the foul odor of war that lay over the land day and night, the smell of legions of unbathed men, of "blood and medicine and horse manure and dead bodies."

What is to be said of this obscene squandering of life and wealth, which occurred also in the East from the Baltic to the Black Sea? There millions of Russian peasants plodded toward death or capture by their well armed enemies, short of ammunition and often marching to their doom armed only with oaken staves.

But eventually all the dreams of a swift knockout faded and the millions of men subsided into deep trenches and dugout systems, especially in the West, living in the mud and water with the lice and rats, year after year, as the army staffs assembled many thousands of heavy guns on narrow fronts to blast through the opposing trench systems for the big breakthrough that didn't come. Nearly always the cavalrymen assembled in the rear did not get to ride. Neither the new tanks nor poison gas could really do the trick. Nevertheless, the generals persisted, especially on the Allied side, hurling their men for months at a time at the enemy strongholds, with mounting carnage.

This supreme exhibition of human behavior went on through four years. On the sea German submarines sank 1,236,000 tons of Allied shipping in 1916 and nearly doubled the amount in the first half of 1917. A vast "market" for all kinds of goods was created on the bottom of the sea, in the midst of the watery graves of the people on torpedoed ships, bringing the United States into the war. Some 2,000,000 Americans, of which I was one, went to Europe, along with Australians, Canadians and many others, to take part in the struggle. But the yearning of the Germans to become a world power and to carve a great empire to the South and East was deep, and by 1918 they had done it, mainly at the expense of defeated Russia.

Then a powerful defense in the West might have held it, but General Ludendorff struck instead for the final knockout. He did break through the trench system and his great armies drove to the Marne again, before they were turned back once more.

Finally, the slaughter ceased. Nothing had gone according to plan. Ten million men had fallen in battle, and more than twice as many of the wounded were left to live stunted lives. A wealthy and prosperous continent had been reduced to poverty and left devastated. Wealth valued at \$400,000,000,000 had been squandered and great nations weakened, because the world had no machinery capable of meditating the squabbles of the governments or of curbing their ambitions.

The bankruptcy of that fatal semi-internationalism, the balance of power, lay in ruins around us, for all to see. If there was any sanity left in mankind, surely men and statesmen of good will would draw together to build solid bulwarks against the return of a deluge so devastating.

In defense of our sanity it can be recorded also that many people did see, with blinding clarity, that one organization of all the nations should be created to keep the peace. Woodrow Wilson never wavered from the objective of a league of nations to his dying day. He held it high in all of his great wartime addresses, went to the Peace Conference in Paris when no one wanted him to go, achieved the creation of the League of Nations Covenant only to see it defeated at home while some forty nations abroad went into the new League without the fears of entanglement for peace, so strongly expressed in the U.S.A., affecting a single other people or government. Only the great nation which had emerged mighty and undamaged from the war refused to take any chances in a league for peace.

None of the people who were deeply conscious of the pitiful tragedies and wastes of World War I could ever forget the poignancy of the knowledge that the greatest possible gain from the war was to be lost, not only to the partisan and personal hatreds felt toward Wilson, but to the backwashes from the war and to honest but deluded isolationist sentiment. Yet the League of Nations lived on until its main peacekeeping function was progressively destroyed in the Manchurian crisis of 1932-33, the Ethiopian affair of 1935 and the Munich surrender in 1938, all of which I observed in Geneva and London. Then a worse world war was upon us, precisely as Wilson had so earnestly prophesied.

Instead of leading in the task of holding the world level we chose to mind our own business, at home and abroad, with such zeal that we generated the great boom and bust era which exploded in 1929, leaving the world flat on its economic back and opening wide the way for Tojo, Mussolini and Hitler to plunge the world into World War II. Is it possible to imagine a greater or a sadder failure?

But the war itself was a great advance in barbaric conduct. Hitler's might virtually destroyed Poland in a day, as a million troops and 5000 bombers swept over her. Again German U-boats sank ships over the entire Atlantic, 145 in one month, until the incredible total of 23,351,000 tons had been sent, mostly loaded, to the bottom. In the U.S.S.R. the carnage and devastation was almost beyond belief, as the German armies ground back and forth across the face of the Soviet Union for three years. At least 20,000,000 people were killed, many more maimed and a larger number rendered homeless. The catalogue of physical damage reads like doomsday itself. In Poland 8,000,000 people died, and in Germany one murder camp alone burned 4,000,000 people, mostly Jews.

On our side, we and the British roasted 60,000 people alive in a bombing raid on Hamburg, ruined 60 other German cities and many towns, creating the pitiful legions of the mutilated, doomed to live on only partly alive. In Japan we burned 100,000 people in Tokyo on March 9, 1945, sickening many of our pilots with the "stink of burning flesh" from the vast fire storm below, and 69 other Japanese cities died by fire before we mastered the atom and were able to obliterate 80,000 people, of all ages and conditions, at Hiroshima with a single A-bomb, leaving nearly as many doomed to die lingering deaths for decades to come. Two days later we did nearly as well at Nagasaki.

In the business of destruction we humans had greatly exceeded our record in World War I. In another four years of devastation, property damage had amounted to \$230,900,000,000 and military expenditure to the astronomical sum of \$1,116,991,463,084—two gigantic wastes of wealth that could have given most of the world's peoples high standards of living.

But during this second Armageddon that should never have been allowed to happen we Americans seemed to have learned our lesson. Everyone knew that we should have at least tried to make the League of Nations succeed. In the midst of another orgy of frightfulness how could anyone deny it? We accepted membership in the new United Nations with scarcely any dissent.

Then Roosevelt's successors became absorbed at once in "containing" the Soviet Union, China and Communism. Waging a tremendous Cold War, they swung all the way over from isolation to globalism, building military and economic walls around the vast majority of mankind in the old world and forbidding, in the Truman Doctrine, revolution anywhere else in the world, lest one might turn Red.

In these giant endeavors the United States has led the world in spending another trillion and a third of dollars on armaments, more than half of it on our own, another sum that could have made poor nations viable. Yet it transpires that the great superiority of oblitative capacity that we thought we had acquired is illusory. The highly respected Institute for Strategic Studies in London now assures us that we have a little over 1000 ICBMs and the Soviets nearly as many. Each side can destroy the other, and everything else between, and neither can avoid destruction if the man in the White House or the Kremlin gives an order. A brand new factor has also been added. If the final war comes, the citizens of the mightiest powers will infallibly die first.

But in the meantime no sky can limit the possibilities of an unending upward spiral in the arms race. Both sides are now beginning to build Anti-Ballistic Missiles. As predicted recently by A. M. Weinberg, we can go on from 3000 megaton missiles to 30,000 megatons and then to 3,000,000—"where does the crazy spiral stop?" The answer is clearly: Nowhere. Our scientists can be counted on to produce endless "weapon systems" that

will eventually "consume everything," if time on earth lasts that long, and the Soviet scientists are just as smart.

In fighting the Cold War, we have once again constructed a perfect balance of power. This time there are only two Great Powers and each commands the resources to stay the course until the end.

Yet each of the two super-powers is quite clearly over-reaching itself. Determined to defend private capitalism and hold territories all around the rim of China, the United States has found the small Vietnamese people strangely resistant to five years of bombing by every kind of fire except atomic—high explosives, anti-personnel bombs, napalm, defoliants, "tear gas," etc. Two or three million people have been subjected to death, to mutilation or to miserable existence in refugee camps as their villages and cities were destroyed. Yet the struggle continues and half a million American troops cannot end it.

Attempting to impose our will and way of life on Vietnam, we have incurred the condemnation and aversion of many hundreds of millions of our fellow men, on every continent, while at home we suffer from deep division, embittered racial conflict and social decay, as we hover on the brink of international bankruptcy.

Then in 1968 we witnessed the men in the Kremlin suffer for months out of fear that swift liberalization in Czechoslovakia would abolish one party rule and state capitalism, thus setting off waves of change that would sweep through Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union itself. Finally, they ended by suddenly raining down tanks and troops from the skies and brutally seizing control of the life of Czechoslovakia, spurred partly by fears that their defense glacis against the West was in danger. At once, too, world-wide condemnation came down on their heads, even from the great Communist parties of West Europe, and both shame and dissent began to spread among their own peoples, who want more personal freedoms for themselves.

Until lately the two super-powers thought they had the power to do anything, at least in the part of the world they called their own. But the power to destroy is not the only one. The determination of people everywhere to live decently and in dignity, to manage their own lives and move with the times in an age of swiftly expanding technology, is also a great "power."

Within the past few years it has become plain that Washington and Moscow are not nearly so "powerful" as they thought they were. In that short time the long resistance of the little Vietnamese people has compelled us to look over the brink, beyond which lies national

oblivion. At the end of World War I, Paul Valery wrote that "We later civilizations now know that we too are mortal. We had long heard tell of whole worlds that had vanished, of empires sunk without a trace . . . and now we see that the abyss of history is deep enough to hold us all. We are aware that a civilization has the same fragility as a life."

Alas, we Americans did not see that. We had to learn the hard way: in the great depression, World War II, Korea and Vietnam. But now it is clear that the world contains plenty of Vietnams to bring us down, if we continue to insist on suppressing social discontent by force in "our" part of the world. The Pax Americana that President Johnson proclaimed with such a total assertion of will in the spring of 1965, both verbally and militarily in Santo Domingo and Vietnam, is already bankrupt, though our military-industrial complex does not know it. Similarly, too, the powerful men in Moscow will have to learn that oblivion also beckons them, unless they permit the Czechs and all the other peoples under their control to evolve with the times.

The forces loose in the world are too strong for either or both of our power behemoths to manage. To name only three, the nuclear arms fantasy, the population explosion, and the swift advance of technology can be controlled only by global action. But can we return to the highway of sanity in time?

Historically, our own rise in the world has been meteoric, but there is nothing to prevent us from flashing out of the pages of history even faster than we came in. The American dream can easily fizzle in the skies of Earth, or perhaps in those of the Moon and Mars.

Young people see this vividly. In the universities all the way around the world they are in revolt, often violently, against the profligate military waste of national resources and against an inexorable advancing technology which is largely prostituted to destruction.

In the intervening half-century, have the peoples learned the lessons of 1914-1918, written so plainly in fire and blood, with agonizing slowness? It would be a rash prophet who would foresee that we have another fifty years in which to avoid the final deluge. On the evidence since 1918 the deadly spiral of destruction in our century will destroy mankind and his otherwise very promising civilization before the year 2018.

Against this fate there is only one way of escape. We must rapidly stretch our minds beyond changing ideologies and evanescent power urges and advance into a world community which would encourage the really exciting tasks of humanity.

THE RAINBOW SIGN

Pete Young

A new crop comes along every year . . . It's later than you think . . . You'd be surprised, without our robes on we look just like people . . .

Dragon J. R. (Bob) Jones, 1968

We lost the Civil War 'cause our rocks give out.

A youth from Ormondsville, North Carolina, 1965

What follows is a slight revision of the final report I filed as a consultant to the President's Commission on Violence (specifically, the Task Force on Political Assassination). My principal contribution to the work of the Commission was a mass of documentary material, most of it on tape and most of it from old friends in the North Carolina Klan, who showed an amazing willingness to cooperate. The Commission on Violence was stacked with the usual academic types who churned out esoteric studies on numerous specialized subjects. I sought instead to gather up the raw voices of contemporary anger.

Now it is 1970, and all of the trends so painfully evident in 1968 have ripened by two more years. We are just that much closer to the war of each against all. Currently, the people I have chosen to speak to—which is quite different from saying that they have appointed

me to speak for them—that is, the low-income whites, are turned on by the great hippie menace. Lynch-a-hippie is now the new panacea for what ails us, and reports of Easy Rider encounters are numerous. But as with "nigger-knocking," I suspect it won't be too long before even the most ferocious hard hats recognize that lynch-a-hippie is no substitute for structural change.

I suppose the root of our problem is a galloping technology which advances (if that is the term) without conscious direction from the government which would ameliorate the numerous and painful consequences for ordinary citizens.

I do not think there is any possibility of destroying this technology with a new Luddite Rebellion; no more than the egg can be stuffed back into the chicken. There is only a going forward where technology is concerned, hopefully forward to a future where technology is the useful servant of all of the people.

Ten years ago, Terry Sanford ran for Governor of North Carolina on the platform of bringing that fine state into the "American mainstream." Shortly after his election, but several years before I wandered into the first Ku Klux cow pasture, it occurred to me to ask Sanford this question: "Why do we want to get into the

"American mainstream" if it's polluted?" I forget what his answer was, but I think it is still possible for a wide variety of determined groups to carve out little interstices in which experimentation can continue with alternatives to the terrible pollution, both literal and symbolic, of the "American mainstream." I really never knew any "extremists" in the North Carolina Klan; I trained myself to see only a large number of wounded folks struggling to survive in a very extreme time. No doubt the North Carolina Klan continues to go through its various factional gyrations; the hard fact remains that for a "white ghetto" of perhaps two million Tar Heels, Governor Sanford's resurrection of the "New South" dream proved as ephemeral as cotton candy. And, irony of ironies, tragedy of tragedies, the Ku Klux who fled Terry Sanford's "mainstream" proved to be more deeply rooted in the American mainstream than he was!

I happen to agree with the distinguished black writer, Mr. James Baldwin, on a number of points. Principally: That unless we soon start telling the truth (as best we can)—about each other, to each other and about ourselves—then this country of ours is going to dissolve into a quivering spasm of multiple civil wars followed by some form of totalitarianism.

In the midst of a revolutionary process, one's own version of the truth depends critically on the vantage point. As it happens, my chosen vantage point is deep within some dusty North Carolina cow pasture—surrounded by the men, women and children of "the white ghetto." Ultimately, I am accountable to *them*. This does *not* require me to endorse certain aspects of their life style, which I regard as pathological. It *does* require that I oppose to the end those who regard the behavior of white ghetto citizens as an inexplicable perversion brought to this innocent country by a demented, racist stork.

This country is not innocent, nor are those who own it and run it. Neither wealth nor power have been distributed equitably. The most solemn promises have not been kept, and the land is now littered with human wreckage. Yes, there is violence and hatred abroad in the land. And there is more to come. Naturally. Why did we expect anything else?

Group behavior, which is "extremist," finds its lowest common denominator in the reality of *powerlessness*. This goes for the white ghetto, the black ghetto and the rebellious young—to name just three of the groups which are now in motion towards a new distribution of the wealth and the power. The young theoreticians of the Students for a Democratic Society, led by Tom Hayden, were quite correct in 1962 when they drafted a manifesto at Port Huron, Michigan, which called for "participatory democracy." Denied realistic access to channels of expression within the formal society, various groups first retreated to form a veritable community-within-the-community, then came charging back in to

open up new channels with a variety of crude, ugly, vulgar, often illegal techniques.

The angry men, women and children of the white ghetto—rather thoughtlessly abandoned some years ago by the formal society—turned in upon themselves, examined their own limited resources and then "got their own thing together" with the current edition of an organizational structure that is known commonly (if somewhat misleadingly) as *The Klan*.

In order to protect such lucrative opportunities as come with the tourist trade and industrial development, Southern leaders have tended to minimize the importance of this phenomenon. A nice example of this was provided in North Carolina in 1965, when Governor Dan K. Moore said there were only "618 hard-core Klansmen" in the Tar Heel State. The Governor defined a hard-core Klansman as one who would drive hundreds of miles each week to attend Klan rallies and transact Klan business, all without pay, as a sort of labor of love. Dragon J. R. (Bob) Jones quite correctly replied that if the Governor's own definition were accepted, then there were more "hard-core" Klansmen in the State than hard-core Democrats or Republicans. Silence from the mansion in Raleigh, as Governor Moore sadly reflected on the fact that his king had been trumped by a Klan deuce.

A similar game is played on the national level, probably for reasons of world prestige. The gaping wounds of American black people can no longer be denied; but it is still possible for a little while longer yet to maintain the fiction that this is an isolated case and that the ordinary white American is doing very well indeed in this heavenly paradise of free enterprise and democracy. But truth will out—in fact, it already has—and it is a grim truth full of the most dangerous implications not only for this country but for the entire world.

The night before he was murdered, Dr. King mentioned—just in passing, on his way to the mountaintop—"our sick white brothers."

I want to describe three rather spectacular examples of this sickness.

In late 1963, the civil rights movement focused for a brief period of time on a town in North Carolina. One of the principal targets was a restaurant on the outskirts of town, operated by a man and his wife. Several rather vigorous demonstrations were conducted there. In the course of one of these demonstrations, a young white student demonstrator lay down on the floor. Before the police could arrive to haul him out, the wife of the restaurant owner squatted over the young man, pulled aside her panties and urinated on him.

In the spring of 1965, a young Klansman in the Raleigh area was spending a rare night at home with his wife, their two little children and a couple of friends. The television program they were watching was suddenly interrupted for a special report from President Johnson, who had earlier that day committed "American boys" in the defense of freedom to the Dominican Re-

public. The young Klansman dove for his living room closet, came up with a shotgun, and had to be physically restrained by his friends from blasting his own TV set to smithereens.

In the fall of 1966, a small number of black children attempted to integrate the public schools of a certain Mississippi community. These children were assaulted by a mob of white *men*, armed with baseball bats and tire chains. One black child, age 11, had his leg broken. As he crawled away from this bizarre battlefield, he was beaten mercilessly about the head and buttocks.

Now, is there *anybody* who will contend that the incidents I have described were the ordinary criminal actions of ordinary criminals? No, obviously not. These were *extraordinary* actions committed by citizens who had previously been very ordinary indeed, but who now at this point in time were utterly berserk.

There are those who will say that such remarkable behavior represents the full and final flowering of the "white racist" psychosis. (The young Klansman who wanted to take a shot at the picture of the President on his TV tube was recalling Mr. Johnson's famous "we shall overcome" speech to a joint session of the Congress; this speech outweighed the tattered "fight Communism" banner which the President waved to justify his Dominican intervention.) There can be no doubt that at the time of the actions I have described, the aggressive people involved were, quite literally, foaming at the mouth with expressions of hatred for "niggers." Yet I keep hearing the voice of a Virginia Klan officer saying to me in that same year of 1965:

"We do NOT hate niggers! When are you going to get *that* through your thick stubborn skull?"

This Virginia Klan officer was not trying to con me. What then did he mean?

I think he meant that he had lived his entire life on terms of some intimacy with black people, that he regarded all of them, *as a group*, as inferior to himself. One hates peers. One does not "hate" a faithful family dog, who suddenly stands up on his hind legs and demands equal treatment. One merely kills such a dog, with regret, because it was for years and years a member (subordinate) of the family.

One slumbers for years with the *latent* racism that one's black neighbors are inferior animals; when this incorrect perception of reality is challenged, the racism becomes overt and is often then a license to kill. Hatred doesn't enter into it (according to the Virginia Klan officer). "Niggers" are unworthy of hate, or any other human emotion for that matter.

But at some level of his being, the white ghetto citizen knows he is living a lie. Dimly, he recalls his many human contacts with black people all along the twisted trail of his life. He is on fire with hatred, as the result of a difficult life in an impoverished environment; this diffused hatred is suddenly focused on "the nigger," as if the latter were a lightning rod for all the ailments of the world. Yet in the very act of picking up his gun and

acting out his hatred, the white ghetto citizen protests that it is not "niggers" he *really* hates. And to a considerable extent, he is right. What we call "racism" is more the expression than the cause of the highly contagious, collective psychosis which afflicts the white ghetto these days in epidemic proportions.

Most white Americans (and many black people) have some difficulty in believing that in this year 1970, in this prosperous America, that *white* citizens exist by the millions in an environment which is so lacking in elemental respects as to be fertile breeding ground for hatred which is finally expressed in a murderous racism.

Permit me, then, to quote at some length from the report of a Presidential Commission, the National Advisory Commission on Rural Poverty, which issued its report in *September 1967*. The quoted excerpts are from the Commission's summary of its report:

"Rural poverty is so widespread, and so acute, as to be a national disgrace, and its consequences have swept into our cities, violently . . . Our programs for rural America are woefully out of date . . . They [the programs] were developed without anticipating the vast changes in technology, and the consequences of this technology to rural people . . . Most rural programs still do not take the speed and consequences of technological change into account . . . In contrast to the urban poor, the rural poor, notably the white, are not well organized, and have few spokesmen for bringing the nation's attention to their problems . . . The more vocal and better organized urban poor gain most of the benefits of current antipoverty programs . . . the Nation's major social welfare and labor legislation largely bypassed rural Americans . . . we have been oblivious of the rural poor. . . . Rural poverty in the United States has no geographic boundaries. It is acute in the South, but it is present and serious in the East, the West and the North. Rural poverty is not limited to Negroes . . . whites outnumber nonwhites among the rural poor by a wide margin . . . Hunger, even among children, does exist among the rural poor . . . The rural poor have gone, and now go, to poor schools . . . Unemployment and underemployment are major problems in rural America . . . Most of the rural South is one vast poverty area . . . The community in rural poverty areas has all but disappeared as an effective institution . . ."

Those who profess surprise that an organization such as "The Klan" should emerge from the environment described above are naive. What do they expect? Roses? The language of the Commission's summary is reminiscent of a runaway grand jury indicting the sheriff for keeping an uninhabitable jail. I can add several observations:

1. The appointment of each new Presidential Commission is greeted by most citizens with a withering blast of cynicism. We have had a plethora of Commissions, federal and state, telling us rather precisely what is wrong and what needs to be done. Yet nothing is done;

the recommendations are not followed. The problems continue. It is not so much that the recommendations are *ignored*; they are usually good for a "Special" from Walter Cronkite. Rather, The System seems *unable* to do what its own best experts proclaim is essential. It is not entirely facetious to suggest that we might need still another Presidential Commission to examine the question of why previous Commissions have proven so ineffective.

2. We hear a great deal of easy talk these days (often from men whose colonial ancestors whirl in their graves) to the effect that "there is never any excuse or justification for violence, no matter how bad conditions may be." It would be more correct, and not at all hypocritical, to say that people's violence is often misdirected in terms of target and frequently counter-productive in terms of result. The fact is that the grievances so well summarized by the Commission on Rural Poverty far exceed those grievances which caused our forefathers to separate (*violently*) from a distant and rather benign king. The same, of course, can also be said, and must be said, for our black and white brothers trapped in the misery of deteriorating cities. It was the Kerner Commission which dissected *that* environment.

3. I am not in the business of comparing misery, of saying that Group A in the southern countryside is more miserable (or less) than Group B in the northern metropolis. I am simply saying that for *both* Group A and Group B—and perhaps Groups C through G as well—the level of unrelieved misery has long since passed the tolerance threshold, and we are therefore—surprise! surprise!—confronted by an explosive level of alienation that is marked by frequent incidents of violence.

4. For the low-income Southern white—whose grievances are numerous, legitimate and painfully real—it comes therefore as an unbearable shock to hear repeated expressions of governmental concern for the problems of black people. Never mind that these expressions are almost invariably hypocritical, designed simply for vote-getting purposes. The point is that the low-income Southern white—that *bigot*, that *redneck*, that *racist*, that *hate-monger*—doesn't even get the hypocritical expressions of concern from the government which is also *his*. It is exactly at this point that the average white ghetto citizen displaces his hatred from government officials (where it belongs) to his black neighbors, who also are victims of the very same shell game. This shell game is *profitable* for some; the driving of a deep wedge between ordinary white and black citizens is precisely what perpetuates the power of a tiny minority, the country club elite. Quite often, the Klansman, as indigenous leader in the white ghetto, has a better understanding of this than do his followers. Example: the young preacher at the Klan rally at Four Oaks, North Carolina shouted to the multitudes—"When they say H... E... W..., they mean *nigger* Health, they mean *nigger* Education, they mean *nigger* Welfare! You and I are just going to have to suffer it out by ourselves, the

best way we can, like we always done." But is this Klan preacher, at rock bottom, furious with "niggers" or "they"? To ask such a question is to answer it. And it is similarly no accident that the *overt* expressions of hostility in the 1968 Wallace campaign were always directed at "pseudo-intellectuals, pointy-headed guideline writers," etc.

5. I recall that time in late 1965, when I took a Yankee journalist into a dingy Klavern Hall near Farmville, North Carolina. A casket was on display, and behind the casket was a crudely lettered sign: "Our government is dead." The Klansmen of the area were NOT referring only to the Government of the United States; their sign reached out to encompass all the subordinate jurisdictions right down to Recorder's Court at Snow Hill. It was *all* "dead," as far as they were concerned. Now please do not tell me that these "redneck extremists" are in a lot of trouble with the government. Masses of people do *not* (by definition) get "in trouble" with their governments. It works the other way around. *Governments* are the ones in trouble when lines of communication break.

A curious, largely unnoticed, contradiction gnaws at the heart of the Kerner Commission Report. This Report points—correctly, I think—to "white racism" as the principal underlying cause of the wave of "civil disturbances" in 1967. Having identified the problems as one that was (and is) rooted in the *white* community, the Kerner Commission goes on to recommend various massive programs for the *black* community! On things to do in the white community, the Kerner Commission is essentially silent.

Stripped of its jargon, the usual mixmaster blend of sociology and governmentese—the Kerner Commission seems to be playing this old, old song:

White folks become 'racist' when they sniff the air and encounter 'niggers' who stink. Clean up the 'niggers' with all those nice federal funds, and white folks will no longer be 'racist.'

Remarkable! In other words, the very Presidential Commission that pointed to "white racism" as the cause of our domestic agony ended up by itself putting forward a white racist position that usually is more pungently expressed by Mississippi sheriffs.

W. H. Ferry commented on the Kerner Commission labors in the pages of this journal.

"The Commission here betrayed first, its whiteness, and second, its lack of political imagination, by which I mean its inability to visualize a new and mutually beneficial relationship between black and white, which would not be either integration or *apartheid*." ("Will Black Colonies Be the Final Solution to the Problem of Integration?" *Katallagete*, Spring, 1968).

I would assume that the alternative which Mr. Ferry visualizes is that state of affairs expressed by the shorthand slogan, "black power," *i.e.* a considerable measure of autonomy for black communities. Change the slogan

from "black power" to *community* power, and you will catch the key demand emanating from the cow pastures and/or the 1968 Wallace campaign. There is wide agreement, even among the so-called "respectables," that it is past time to decentralize the power that has concentrated in Washington and permit it to flow back to the grass roots. And there is the instinctive folk wisdom of the people (white and black) that the cure for powerlessness—and all the irresponsible behavior which goes with that condition—is . . . *power*.

I have saved for near the end a more specific discussion of the problem of violence, as it relates to the white ghetto.

An environment which is impoverished on all levels—cultural as well as material—obviously breeds violence on a massive scale, almost as a way of life. There is the violence of car wrecks, the violence of Saturday night drinking sprees and squabbles, the violence of hunting accidents, the violence of spouse against spouse, the violence of suicide via alcohol or the pistol and, indeed (and almost as an afterthought), the violence of race against race. This description of violence in the white ghetto is a mirror image of similar conditions in the black ghetto. And for most of the same reasons.

No act of racial violence occurs in the South for which "The Klan" is not blamed. I do not contend that the Klans-people I have known are Sunday School types, just simple, misunderstood "agrarian reformers." But I will say that most of the Klan leaders I have known have behaved far more responsibly than this society had any right to expect. Further, there has been entirely too much attention paid "The Klan," and this has blocked the possibility of any constructive action in the white ghetto. To paraphrase George Orwell, "All Klans are created equal; but some Klans are more equal than others." We *all* know that some Klan organizations, such as the one in Mississippi under the leadership of Sam Bowers, have been responsible for numerous acts of premeditated criminal violence. But even with the Mississippi militants, it will be more productive to concentrate on the white ghetto *environment* from which this type of aberrant behavior springs.

As for the more narrow problem of assassination, I can not imagine the Klan officers I have known engaged in a meeting to plot the killing of a national leader. What I *can* imagine is the ease with which a paramilitary team of tough, professional killers can be recruited out of the white ghetto for almost any target with a high enough price on his head. But here the focus shifts from the team, which is almost incidental, to the rich extremist who finances it. I think we have seen this kind of assassination in recent years. Sadly, I think we will see it again. It's just too easy to arrange, too easy to set up, too tempting to resist.

Beyond the assassinations of such national leaders as the Kennedy Brothers, Dr. King, Malcolm X and Medgar Evers, there is the related white ghetto phenomenon of "nigger-knocking." I shall define "nigger-knocking" as

the random murder of a black citizen, usually on the road, for the purpose of intimidating the local black community. A publicized example was the killing of Army Colonel Lemmuel Penn on a Georgia highway in 1965. Unpublicized examples occur frequently on Southern rural roads; the Sheriff finds only a black body, with no clues available to hunt down the slayer. As a general rule, law enforcement agencies are virtually helpless either to prevent or to solve this kind of crime.

As lynching became counter-productive—because of the pervasive influence of television, and also because of the ease with which law enforcement agencies can infiltrate mobs—the grand old Southern sport of "nigger-knocking" came on to take its place. Its *utterly* random quality makes it more effective than lynching as a control device. And the fact that it is executed by only one man, or at most a carload, minimizes the chances of detection.

"Nigger-knocking" tends to preserve local institutional arrangements, but the dull terror it generates is an important addition to the more basic economic factor (mechanization of Southern agriculture) in stimulating the continuing black migration out of the South and into the dry tinder of the North. One of the most popular 45 rpm records distributed by the United Klans of America is entitled, "Move Them Niggers North." At every conceivable level of activity, both legal (if reprehensible) and illegal, this remains as a principal and primitive goal of the white ghetto. Said one white supremacist:

"Why waste all this poverty money on some nigger kid trying to make him into a good little boy? A 10 cent bullet will make him a good little boy forever."

My own *very* rough estimate would be that several hundred black people die each year in the South as a result of "nigger-knocking." I note also that the technique is spreading to the North, with "nigger-knocking" incidents reported recently in both Cincinnati and Cleveland.

There is a direct link between the gunning down of an unarmed black peasant on the highway, and the slick professionalism which ended the life of Dr. King. *Professionalism takes practice*. And many men, all too many men, of the white ghetto have unquestionably honed their killing skills to a fine cutting edge.

For the record, it should be noted that I have never known a Klan officer to advocate "nigger-knocking," either publicly or privately. The officers I have known are aware (on an off-the-record basis) that "nigger-knocking" is a frequent occurrence. But they are as helpless as everybody else when it comes to describing the remedy, even when (on occasion) they can make a shrewd guess as to which one of "the boys" was out riding with his carbine the night before.

Curiously, the militant black leaders with whom I have discussed "nigger-knocking" are remarkably unconcerned. One mentions several hundred black bodies a year littering the Southern roads, and the black leaders reply: "Hell, we lose that many each year just in Newark

because of narcotics or bad housing." This is a way of saying that the *real* victims of "nigger-knocking" are the "nigger-knockers." How sad, how true.

One final aspect of the "nigger-knocking" problem remains to be considered. A local Klan leader in North Carolina told me in September 1968 that he had expelled thirty-nine "drunks, radicals and troublemakers" so far that year from the one unit under his jurisdiction. He added, "And as soon as we get rid of that bunch of bad apples, we found we were getting a better class of members than ever before."

The difficult question is: Where do the drunks, radicals and troublemakers go when they are expelled from Klan groups and cut loose to act on their own? I suspect that in all too many instances they are out on the highway with real guns loaded with real bullets.

It is not generally appreciated (*and it must be*) that the white ghetto has hundreds and thousands of *seriously* disturbed men, all armed, many of whom are alienated even from local Klan organizations.

Dragon J. R. (Bob) Jones is careful to acknowledge a moral responsibility *only* for the actions of dues-paying members of the United Klans of America, Realm of North Carolina. Since the Dragon is under heavy pressure from the United States government and its subordinate jurisdictions, he sees no reason or incentive—and why should he?—to reach out and claim a moral responsibility for the actions of his white brothers who do not pay dues to the UKA. The fact that many of these disturbed men are "turned on" by the Dragon's rhetoric at cow pasture rallies is only of fleeting concern to him. The Dragon's immediate problems of survival, in the most literal sense, are such that he must define his responsibilities, both moral and legal, very narrowly.

And so we are full circle, back to this society's awesome failure to deal with what the Kerner Commission called "white racism" on any level other than that of ineffective police harassment or liberal sermons in the pulpit. That failure, unless *quickly* remedied, may take more lives than those of Dr. King and Medgar Evers. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the life of this nation is quite literally on the line in those dusty cow pastures of North Carolina. There is enough ill-suppressed ignorance-rage-paranoia in just one of those pastures to blow the lid all the way off this country. And my own alienation is such that in sick moments from time to time I have wished for precisely that.

What to do, what to do? Perhaps there will be government officials who will ask about the white ghetto that very same question they have asked so many times about the black ghetto:

What in the world do those people want?

And the answer, of course, is that "those people" want pretty much what everybody else wants: a little piece of turf to call their own, some sense of control over their own lives, a decent minimum of economic security, an end to government harassment and insults. Ordinary

folks (white or black) have absurdly simple demands but, paradoxically, these demands can not be translated into reality without massive changes in our socio-economic-political system.

Quick fixes? I can think of several.

1. *Stop the scapegoating.* The crisis we are in has *not* been caused by five angry Kluxers in North Carolina, thirteen bi-sexual Trotskyites in the East Village, or even eighty-one promiscuous teeny-boppers in Berkeley. The crisis is systemic: The System has failed to meet the basic needs of several different groups which now, admittedly, are aggravating the situation by throwing hand-fuls of sand into the delicate machinery.

2. *Lower by several levels police harassment.* All law enforcement agencies must use paid informers, but I believe this practice has gone out of control in America. We now have a police apparatus which rivals anything the Tsar of Russia or, for that matter, Joe Stalin, ever had. Half the political activists in America are on some government payroll for the purpose of spying on the other half. And this practice will be about as effective here as it was for the Tsar, which is to say that it will not be effective at all.

3. *Flood the white ghetto with resource people.* The existing network of social services in the white ghetto is grossly inferior to that provided in the urban black ghetto. There is a desperate need for health and legal services, for skilled family counselors, for dedicated social workers and youth workers, for tough young chaplains, etc. For example, if the emergency is as serious as the Commission on Rural Poverty found it, then the government might well begin by drafting young doctors for two years service at Rural Health Centers, to be run by the U.S. Public Health Service.

4. *Experiment with carefully supervised "cultural exchange" programs within the United States.* Example: What would 100 North Carolina Klans-people make of the Central Ward in Newark, or an Indian reservation? If I know the Klans-people, they might very well decide that the back folks in Newark and the red folks of the reservation needed some, er ah, *technical assistance* in how to use guns and bullets in order to get an intolerable situation straightened out quickly. But that's just one of the chances we'll have to take.

5. *Accept the limitations of the political process.* Campbell and Holloway of the Committee of Southern Churchmen have noted that many Christians have gone beyond the old rule that we should "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." All too many of the brethren have permitted Caesar to define the terms on which they would participate in the secular life. That is a fatal error, because it arouses expectations which can not be fulfilled. The political process is one tool among many—and perhaps not the most important tool at that—for building *community*.

So those are some of the things I think the government

of the United States and its subordinate jurisdictions could be doing. And what *will* it do? Oh, I think it will probably pass a gun control law. And when that doesn't work, then it will move into increasingly severe acts of repression. And after five or 10 years of this sort of nonsense—if any of us are still alive—perhaps there will be *another* Presidential Commission, and I will once again be a consultant. Only the *next* time my message to the authorities will be much shorter and simpler:

You blew it. You blew it because you didn't have the guts to go after basic causes; you only went after symp-

toms. So you deserve everything that is now coming to you. I can not help you and (even sadder) I can not find it in my heart to feel sorry for you. You have richly earned your fate.

Mr. James Baldwin, with whom I began this report, is with me now at the end:

*God gave Noah
The rainbow sign.
No more water,
The fire next time.*

• **A**ND he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

2 In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was *there* the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

3 And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

4 And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

5 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

6 And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

7 Behold, I come quickly; blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

8 And I John saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things.

9 Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellowservant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.

10 And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand.

11 He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy,

let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

12 And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

13 I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

14 Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

15 For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

16 I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.

17 And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

18 For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book:

19 And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.

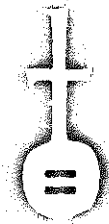
20 He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

21 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

THE COMMITTEE OF SOUTHERN CHURCHMEN

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