Facing Evil

Confronting the Dreadful Power behind Genocide, Terrorism, and Cruelty

M. Scott Peck

Rollo May

Maya Angelou

Raul Hilberg

Sir Laurens van der Post

Barbara Jordan

Samuel D. Proctor

Includes insights from:
C. G. Jung
Saint Augustine

Edited by Paul Woodruff and Harry A. Wilmer

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Contents

NOTE TO THE READER

The materials in this book do not presuppose a special knowledge of the scholarly literature on evil. Your reading of the book will be enriched however, if you know something about what has been written on evil. The editors have supplied an Appendix, 'Thinking About Evil', which consists of texts from famous authors on the subject. The recent literature on evil is treated in an annotated bibliography prepared by Jeffrey Burton Russell.

Dr. Harry A. Wilmer, author of *Practical Jung*, is President, Director, and founder of the Institute for the Humanities at Salado. Dr. Paul Woodruff is Professor of Philosophy and Chairman of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Texas at Austin.

PREFACE

The papers presented in this volume contain everything of substance that was said at the Symposium on Understanding Evil convened in October, 1987, by the Institute for the Humanities at Salado, Texas. In most cases, we have printed the speeches exactly as they were given by vigorous speakers to live audiences. We have not imposed on them a standard or academic style, for these speeches are mostly personal expressions of the people who gave them. The subject is one we must face squarely without any of the defenses of academic life. Although many of these speeches were made by scholars, none of them is meant for a scholarly audience; and although they contain frequent allusions to history and to literature, that is not what they are about. They are about the facing of evil that we have done and must do and what others have done and must do. Part of this process is trying to understand evil; but the deepest evil defies our understanding. This book reflects the personal honesty and courage that are essential to the facing of evil. It is also about the paradoxical hope that good can be brought out of evil.

The subject is a dangerous one in many ways and on many levels. The first danger is that we see only the shadows cast by other people. Americans generally associate evil with Europe, especially with the activities of Nazis. Early in the symposium, Maya Angelou reacted to the addresses of Rollo May and Gregory Curtis, and admonished us all to be courageous enough to look at our personal histories:

> I feel as though I'm really in danger, because while I may agree with many of the things you both have said . . . I find it interesting that in 1987 we are able to talk about the evil in Europe and ignore in a kind of blithe and marvelous way the evil with which we are all engaged and have been engaged for three hundred years in this

country, and that is slavery. It is a particular evil. That, then, to me, is evil personified. To know and not to do is in fact not to know.

So here we are, in a marvelous group of brilliant and intelligent people, blithely talking about evil. We have begun this intrigue that will take us through three days of evoking and invoking forces of which we have no consideration, no understanding. And we must at least come to grips early on with this issue plaguing us and that shall plague us until we work with it or we don't. This is why our country is in such trouble: we have not dealt with it as thinkers. At some point, the thinker must think.

Courage is the most important of all the virtues, because without it we can't practice any other virtue. I wish I had said that first. Aristotle said it. But if we could be courageous about our own histories, our individual personal histories—mine, Maya; yours, Gregory Curtis; yours, Rollo May—if we could be courageous enough to think about it, we might question whether in fact there may be more than a dualism of good and evil. There may be many other things. I think so.

A second danger is that we fail to think about the evils that we—not other people—are engaged in. The effect of ignoring evils all around us is a way of being engaged in them. But of course we also need to be thinking of evils that other people do, about how to prevent them or contain them. Philip Hallie speaks with anguish about this. Although he admired the pacifist people of a French village that defied Hitler to save Jews during World War II, he resented them as well:

> They didn't stop Hitler. They did nothing to stop Hitler. A thousand Le Chambons would not have stopped Hitler. It took decent murderers like me to do it. Murderers who had compunctions, but murderers nonetheless. The cruelty that I perpetrated willingly was the only way to stop the cruel march that I and others like me were facing. (Below, p. 127.)

It is not enough to look at the evil within. At times we feel the need to take arms against external evils, and this at an enormous moral price to ourselves. "Today what life demands of us most urgently is to find a means of overcoming evil without becoming another form of evil in its place," writes Sir Laurens van der Post and he adds the thought that "one culture after another is still

running amok and men are still murdering one another in the belief that it is not they but their neighbors who are evil."

The ultimate evil could be the atomic destruction of civilization and the world by design or by inadvertance, as Herbert Abrams tells us in his chapter.

A third danger is overlooking the price of repaying evil with evil. Hallie speaks of his guilt over the killing of young German soldiers in World War II. He remembers beautiful heads severed, and he remembers people running with bits of flaming white phosphorous embedded in their living bodies. He does not want to forget:

> If I did not keep aware of the conflict in my mind about being a decent killer, then I would be more immoral than I am . . . Because I deserve that agony; I want to believe in the preciousness of life and be a killer too. And because I feel this way, I have to pay a price morally.[1]

Not forgetting what others have done carries its own danger as well. An evil you cannot forget or forgive lives on in your heart, and continues to affect you and those around you in countless ways. The more you think about particular evils done to you, the greater the risk that you will do evil yourself, and the less able you will be to see that this is evil. Understanding can perhaps bring forgiveness, but not every evil can be understood, and many cannot be forgiven. Al Huang offers the promise of an attitude towards evil beyond understanding and beyond forgiveness, a centered and harmonious way of living, moving, and being after facing evil, without being torn apart by our passions of anger and guilt.

A further danger in looking at evil is that we come to imitate it. We do this not merely because we tend to mimic what we look at, but for other more powerful reasons. When we look at evil, we find it terrifyingly attractive. This was a theme common to several speakers. Jeffrey Russell highlights this. Gregory Curtis explores it in his chapter:

> We must search for the good, while evil finds us out. In Eden, Eve did not go looking for the serpent; rather, it came to her. Evil accepts us. It does not require us to improve. No matter how great our

> faults, evil will embrace us. Evil validates our weaknesses and our secret appetites. It tells us we're all right. Evil does not ask us to feel guilty. You are what you are, evil says. In fact, if you want to, you can get worse. (Below, p. 94.)

You can, also, get better, and perhaps help others along the same road. This is the hope in different ways of Scott Peck, Samuel Proctor, and Maya Angelou who show how the good men do *can* live after them, and be passed from generation to generation. The danger here, of course, is that we congratulate ourselves on the small good that we do, and so lose sight of the greater evils in which we are implicated. Who could reasonably hope to escape the battle between good and evil? We will always be a part of it.

PAUL WOODRUFF AND HARRY WILMER

NOTE

[1] From the transcript of 'Facing Evil, with Bill Moyers', New York: Journal Graphics, 1988, p. 8.

Acknowledgments

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Particular appreciation is given to Joe M. Green Jr., president of the Rockwell Fund, Inc., whose support made it possible to create the Institute for the Humanities at Salado.

INTRODUCTION

Harry A. Wilmer

> It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil: that is to say, of knowing good by evil.
>
> As therefore the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forebear, without the knowledge of evil?
>
> —JOHN MILTON[1]

This book is devoted to the exploration of ideas, feelings, experiences, and perceptions of Evil. Without attempting to define Evil, we report on its present state of being in our culture and our lives.

The Institute for the Humanities at Salado invited world-renowned students of humanity to come and talk about Evil with each other and with members of this Institute for a weekend in the fall of 1987. Every chair in the auditorium was taken. The experience of the event was spellbinding. No dull or boring speeches. There was an unflagging attentiveness of both speakers and audience for two-and-a-half days as one person followed another. There was a rhythmic flow of emotions: hope, despair, sadness, tears, pleasure, laughter, anger, and pain. Small luncheon discussion groups of ten participants were held in various homes in Salado led by a member of the resource faculty or a speaker. There was only one event happening at a time; everyone shared a common moving group experience, a ritual without dogma. Eventually it was a personal experience.

The success of this symposium on evil is testimony to a public receptivity to candid examination of the dark side of humanity. This could happen because there is a better recognition of the shadow side of life now than in past times, and a willingness to forego happy-mindedness, sentimental illusions, and sham. We

gathered together to listen and to contemplate the principle of evil without attempting to explain away the dark side of life.

The Institute for the Humanities at Salado is an autonomous non-profit corporation for the presentation of public programs in the humanities. Its membership is limited and there is a long waiting list. At first the capacity of local facilities was a determining factor but soon smallness became our deliberate policy. Successful smallness is actually big news in Texas. Productive smallness is important anywhere.

Salado is a tiny village just north of Austin. Such issues as evil are best examined in a small town atmosphere because they offer better opportunities for interaction and mutual understanding. No one is lost. In this village there is a refreshing attentiveness and courtesy which is more characteristic of a small town than a city. Almost everything and every place in Salado is accessible within ten minutes. There are no traffic hassles, no smog and no congestion of people. Philip Geyelin, newspaper correspondent and speaker at an earlier symposium on Vietnam, wrote a column for the editorial page of the Washington Post headlined "From Saigon To Salado" in which he said "Salado is a far piece from where policy is made. But it might not be a bad place for policy-makers of the moment to repair from time to time to contemplate their handiwork."[2]

The symposium on evil grew out of our earlier conference on Vietnam, in which the shadow of humanity and elemental evil were evident. This was recorded on audiotape and published in a book entitled *Vietnam in Remission*.[3] Well, Vietnam may be in remission, but evil is not.

The word 'evil' itself frightens some people. There is consequently a widespread reluctance to even talk seriously about evil as if ignoring it would diminish its power or deny its actual being. Or perhaps we try to convince ourselves that evil belong to ages past. But evil has always been, and is, and always will be.

Evil is the central problem of our times. The iniquitous roster of evil all around us is an unending list of dark powers that are proliferating: racism, genocide, monstrous crimes, drug gang wars, merciless and random slaughter of innocent civilians, gas bombing of cities, pestilence, famine and war, governmental policies of racial cruelty, death squads, violent or insidious

suppression of human rights, forms of slavery, abuse of children, bestial military action against civilians, callousness to the homeless, the AIDS victims and the poor, abuse of the elderly, sexism, rape, wanton murder, cults, terrorism, torture, the unremitting aftermath of past holy and unholy wars, the Holocaust, heinous cruelty and hatred, and the seven deadly sins: wrath, pride, envy, sloth, gluttony, lust, and avarice.

We go on polluting the air, the soil, and the water. We think the unthinkable: atomic destruction of civilization and the earth itself. We trash outer and inner space. We literally are in danger of running amok. All the while we feed an unbridled and insatiable appetite for horror; demonic projections are made on enemies as "Evil Empire", and "The Great Satan"; governments conspire with organized crime, assassinate and massacre, destroy the souls of people for power and money, arm nations and individuals, and as a consequence human beings are now exploding in every corner of the globe. Such things as these are often nourished and cunningly abetted by the media: television, film, newspapers, and even art, literature, and music.

The manifestations of personal evil multiply and the outbreak of collective evil occurs on a scale never before known in world history. Laurens van der Post asks the great question: "Has there been another age that, knowing so clearly the right things to do, has so consistently done the wrong ones?" And he answers, "I doubt it; and because I doubt it, I feel it is important as never before to get our private contributions to the split clear in our minds, and as far as possible to close the gap in ourselves in every detail of our lives."[4]

Darkness is there, always there somewhere. It is ultimate hubris to think that evil is ever defeated or that we conquer the enemies of life. We should enjoy the wonder of that knowledge were it not for the pain in realizing it. Each celebration carries a shadow portending evil as each high carries a low. Each sunrise carries the realization of coming night. And yet, there is the luminous moon at night and the radiant sun in the day. There is no light without darkness, no good without evil; we know one by the other.

There is a dire necessity to try to understand and face evil. To the extent that we are successful in doing this we unleash

tensions between those evils whose origins are personal and those evils which are absolute and whose origins are inborn in the human psyche.

Personal evils are manifestations of the dark side of our individual human life, the negative and destructive elements of our unconscious. These are the consequences of our own life-experiences which are repressed and are projected onto others. Thus we see evil in others and not in ourselves.

This personal shadow side is in everyone. While all of it is not evil, the reprehensible parts are evil. Hence there is a subjective judgement which is influenced by time and culture. This evil is manifest in our personal lives, institutions, organizations, groups of people, and nations. We can do something about this personal and institutionalized evil. We can become conscious of it, aware that we project it, and heal the split within each of us.

But there is a deeper evil which is neither personal nor organizational. It is Absolute Evil. This is conceptualized as the archetype of Evil. There is nothing that we as individuals can do to eradicate Absolute Evil. We can, however, strive for good, and try to become aware that evil is deep within each of us. Armed with this understanding of evil we can work to prevent its destructive manifestations.

There is a tension between the personal and the archetypal evil. We can do something to eradicate the former, but we can only cope with the latter. The tension between what is possible to change and what is impossible to change is both foreboding and enlightening. In facing evil the energy from darkness can become a force for light. The speakers at this symposium look at this question.

The original cover of this book was a painting by C. G. Jung which he called *The Shadow: Light at the Core of Darkness*.[5] There is light at the core of darkness: Cambridge University physicist Stephen Hawking observes that the black hole appears to emit particles despite the fact that nothing can escape from within what is called its event horizon. Perhaps gravitational collapse, the final Shadow, is not so final and irreversible as we once thought. To explain this Hawking says that at the event horizon at the boundary of the black hole—at the edge of the shadow of impending doom—there are rays of light which do not approach each other.[6]

NOTES

[1] John Milton, *Areopagitica*. J. Max Patrick, (ed.), *The Prose of John Milton*. (New York: New York University Press, 1968), p. 287.

[2] *Washington Post*. November 6, 1982.

[3] James F. Veninga and Harry A. Wilmer (eds.), *Vietnam in Remission* (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1985).

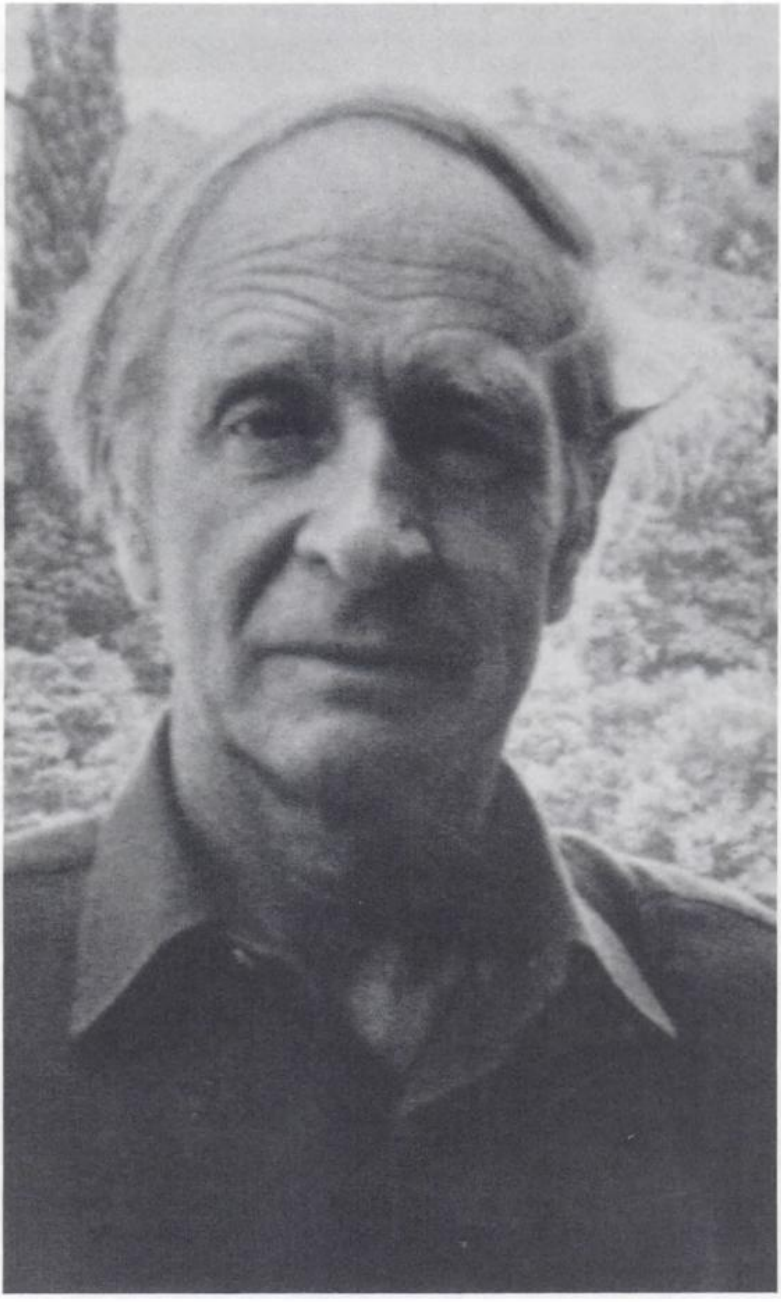
[4] Laurens van der Post, *Venture to the Interior* (New York: Penguin, 1978), p. 163.

[5] Aniela Jaffe (ed.), *C. G. Jung: Word and Image* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1979), pp. 66–75.

[6] Stephen W. Hawking, *A Brief History of Time: From the Big Bang to Black Holes* (New York: Bantam Books, 1988), pp. 99, 105.

PART I

UNDERSTANDING EVIL



1

THE DARK EYE IN THE WORLD[1]

Laurens van der Post

Sir Laurens van der Post is an author, film-maker, diplomat, and soldier. He is godparent to Prince William of Wales and a close friend of the royal family. His films include 'The Kalahari Bushmen', 'The Story of C. G. Jung', 'All Africa Within Us', and 'A Region of Shadow'. Van der Post was born in South Africa. His great-grandfather led the Great Trek of the South African Boers away from British rule in the Cape of Good Hope to the Interior. These Boers were massacred by the Zulu in 1835. His grandmother, her sister, and little brother, and a nurse were the only survivors. His father was a statesman, writer, philosopher, and soldier. He was the thirteenth of 15 children. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, van der Post was assigned by the British to Burma and then Sumatra. While organizing resistance in Java, he was captured by the Japanese and spent four years as a prisoner of war. This experience was made into a motion picture, *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence,* starring David Bowie. Van der Post was later on the staff of Lord Mountbatten and was knighted in 1980. His books include *In a Province, Venture to the Interior, The Face Beside the Fire, The Lost World of the Kalahari, A Portrait of All the Russians, A Portrait of Japan, The Heart of the Hunter, The Seed and the Sower, A View of All the Russians, The Hunter and the Whale, The Prisoner and the Bomb, A Story Like the Wind, A Far-Off Place, And Yet Another,* and *A Mantis Carol.*

My title is based on a film I made many years ago called 'A Region of Shadow' from a book, *The Dark Eye in Africa,*[2] which I had written not long after the last world war. The book was an exploration I had undertaken in my own mind, through an

evaluation of my lifelong experience of racial and color prejudice of all kinds in the human spirit. It was an exploration to discover what I thought was the origin of these extraordinary violent and damaging prejudices in the modern world. I had been driven to this very largely by my own experience of racial and color prejudice at the hands of the Japanese when I was a prisoner of war in Java.

I chose the title *The Dark Eye in Africa* then because of a phenomenon that occurs in those islands, which the Malaysians call *amok* and the Javanese call *mata kelap*. It is a phenomenon where a human being who has behaved respectably in the collective sense, obeying all the mores and the collective ethos of a particular culture and people, suddenly at the age of about thirty-five or forty finds all this respectability too much—and takes a dagger and murders everyone around before being overpowered. I wonder if you would feel as I did when I first heard the dreaded cry of "Amok!" going up in Malaya. When this happens, when someone runs amok in this way, there is an extraordinary feeling of panic that seizes the observer.

The same thing happened in Java, whose people are also Malaysian. Here they also call the phenomenon *mata kelap*, 'the dark eye', implying that when a human being does this the human eye has darkened. I called the phenomenon of racial prejudice in South Africa an example of the darkening of the human eye because I suddenly realized that prejudice was caused by the shadow of the darkness in the human spirit, where the human eye—as a symbol of human conscious illumination and penetration—does not enter. Suddenly the human spirit is overpowered by internal forces waiting for recognition, who have grown angry, as it were, by their lack of recognition. They rise up and extinguish the light in that person's eye and the person runs amok. The person wants to kill and destroy.

If there is one thing the human spirit cannot endure, it is the state of meaninglessness that occurs when conscious recognition of what it is and what it needs is denied to itself. This state seems to me to be the whole area in which not only racial and color prejudice arise, but also in which all the dangers confronting us in the modern world have their origins.

You are going on to the much larger question of Evil, and I do not want to equate this area I have called "the Shadow" with Evil.

I just want to say this to you: In my long experience of violence and meaninglessness in the modern world, of tension in modern societies, and of all the disorder accumulating and growing within societies and between cultures, never in the history of humankind has the world been so totally involved in a state of crisis as it is today. This statement does not apply only to the Western world, but also to the great civilizations of the Far East. It applies to all countries, primitive as well as sophisticated, democratic as well as totalitarian. We are all confronted with a strange kind of disorder and sense of meaninglessness that afflicts us.

I think, therefore, the greatest problem of our time is not only to understand evil, but also to recognize the fact that evil is not merely an absence of good. It is also a deep and fundamental part of human and spiritual reality.

How evil came about, and what it precisely is, needs all our attention and understanding. What we can say for certain about it is that three things seem to have happened simultaneously—the evolution of human consciousness, the awareness of good, and the awareness of evil. The moment that consciousness became a part of the spirit of humankind—the more conscious people became of themselves—the more real became their confrontation with the problem of good and evil. These three things seem to have arisen simultaneously in response to a need of life and evolution of creation that we do not adequately understand. Today what life demands of us most urgently is to find a means of overcoming evil without another form of evil taking its place.

We see it going on all over the world, where we find this ancient phenomenon to which the Greek philosopher Heraclitus drew attention. He called it *enantiodromia,* the tendency of life perpetually to go over into its opposites. This problem has us by the throat as never before, and this has been largely due to a darkening of the eye—that is, to a diminution, a decrease, or diminishing of consciousness.

Ever since the Renaissance, the evolution of the Western spirit has tended to be extroverted. After a long medieval age of introspection, it has tended to go over into its opposite—to be utterly extroverted, to be more and more exclusively focused on the outer world—on matter, substance, and material things

—and to be indifferent to the other great objective world, the other great objective spirit that people have within themselves. The tendency has been to equate consciousness more and more with reason, to regard consciousness as merely a kind of rationalism. Of course, consciousness is infinitely more than that. As the light of reason has become sharper, more clearly focused and more highly supported and validated by the immense inventions of technology and science that are so useful to humankind, there has been a rejection and elimination of awareness of this other area from which humans derive their meaning. Therefore, as the shadow in the human spirit has increased, there has been a massing all the other neglected aspects of the feeling and caring values of humans —waiting to play their legitimate role in life.

This is really what it is all about, because in a strange way, with this profound contraction of consciousness, the power of evil has increased. Carl Jung performed a great service for humankind in showing this, which you will have to consider very seriously in your deliberations on the role of the shadow. The shadow is not necessarily evil. One must always remember an old French proverb that says that human beings tend to become that which they oppose. One must remember Christ's prayer, "Deliver us from evil." He did not say, "Oppose evil." He said, "Deliver us from evil." He also said to his disciples a very strange thing, "Resist ye not evil."

We must search for another approach to deal with this problem of evil, to prevent what I call "darkening of the eye", because this led to the dreadful outburst of amok in two world wars in my generation, to the horrors of Vietnam and Korea, and to all the horrors that are afflicting civilizations all over the world where one culture after another is still running amok and people are still murdering one another in the belief that it is not they but their neighbors who are evil.

All this has a connection with what I call the shadow, because as I said, the shadow in itself is not evil. There is almost a sense in which evil is not evil! Evil is a fact. Evil is really a challenge of life for us to transform the thing that evil represents. While the shadow is not evil, it can be a source of evil. But it can and must also be a source of enlargement and enrichment of the human personality.

The human contribution to life depends not on reducing consciousness to a narrow state of reason, but rather on allowing all the naturally instinctive things that are at the disposal of the shadow to become part of our consciousness, expanded into something I prefer to call *awareness*. We must understand the role in which the shadow can be an instrument either of evil or—not merely the opposite of evil, which is good—but *wholeness*.

It is in this form of enlargement that we have to look for an understanding of evil and for a state of mind and spirit in which the human being will be able to contain these tremendous tensions set up by the responsibility of consciousness. It is here also that we hope to deal with the painful choice that consciousness has thrust on the human individual—that is, to choose between good and evil, between truth and error.

That leads not only to the concept of individuation and the necessity for the individual to withdraw the collective shadow from the external world into oneself, but also to take upon oneself as the greatest task the transformation of this shadow—this area of neglect in the human spirit—into a source of light in darkness. Through this vision of wholeness and seeking of wholeness we must win out because we have what St. Paul called *caritas*, a love not only of ourselves and of human beings, but a love of the other, a love even of this darkness that causes the dreadful darkening of the human eye—and through the power of this love to enlarge our consciousness. I suggest you have to examine this problem that confronts you, from now until the end of this significant symposium, with this element of elements as your compass. Let it quicken you as it quickened Paul of Damascus in that great chapter of Corinthians, remembering that *caritas* is Latin for 'charity' in the King James translation of the Bible, and for 'love' in both the English and the American Revised Standard Versions. There Paul says:

> If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give away all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.
>
> Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not

> arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.
>
> Love never ends; as for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away. For our knowledge is imperfect and our prophecy is imperfect; but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will pass away.
>
> When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man, I gave up childish ways. For now we see in a mirror dimly [through a glass darkly], but then face to face. Now I know in part, then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood. So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love. (1 Cor. 13:1–13)

And we, who owe so much to Jung, could complete the meaning with the recollection of how, at the end of his long journey, Jung came to the same conclusion, stressing that these words say all there is to be said and that nothing can really be added to them:

> For we are, in the deepest sense, the victims and the instruments of cosmogonic "love" . . . Man can try to name love, showering upon it all the names of his command, and still he will involve himself in endless self-deceptions. If he possesses a grain of wisdom he will lay down his arms and name the unknown by the more unknown, that is by the name of God. This is a confession of his subjection, his imperfection and his dependence; but at the same time a testimony of his freedom to choose between truth and error.[3]

NOTES

[1] This text is an edited transcript of a film of Sir Laurens van der Post, which opened the symposium on "Understanding Evil". This film was directed by Brian Huberman, professor of film at Rice University in Houston, Texas, while he was working with the National Film and Television School in London. Arrangements for this production were made by David Stewart, International

Activities director of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting in Washington, D.C.

[2] Laurens van der Post, *The Dark Eye in Africa* (London: Hogarth Press, 1955).

[3] C. G. Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1963), p. 354.

2

CLEARING THE SPRING

Liz Carpenter

Liz Carpenter, who lives in Austin, Texas, is a senior consultant to Hill and Knowlton International Public Relations, for which she was formerly corporate vice-president. She has been executive assistant to President Lyndon Johnson, staff director and press secretary to Lady Bird Johnson, a member of the International Women's Year Commission appointed by President Gerald Ford, and assistant secretary of education for public affairs under President Jimmy Carter. Liz has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the Institute for the Humanities at Salado from its beginning. She is a member of the Texas Philosophical Society, and serves on the board of the George W. Peabody Awards. She was a founding member of the National Women's Political Caucus and chair of ERAmerica. She was named Distinguished Alumna of the University of Texas. She received the National Headliners Award from Women in Communication and has been president of the National Women's Press Club. Carpenter was consultant to the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. She is author of articles in *Redbook, Family Circle,* and the *Washington Post*. Her books are *Ruffles and Flourishes* and *Getting Better All the Time.*

We are here not just to understand why evil happens in one place or in one condition on the face of this anxious planet, but why, in the larger question, it occurs at all—anywhere—in any one of us.

I have to give a word about Salado, for it is my own Lake Wobegon. I was born here under great oaks, and grew up playing along the limestone streams. Every so often, it was necessary for

us to go down and clean the spring, pulling out weeds and debris that choked the source, making it flow clear. I think that's what we are doing this time, this weekend.

For me, who thinks of this town in the tenderest of terms, it's hard to reconcile evil with Salado. Yet Evil dwelt here along with goodness. My gentle great-grandfather, who came here first, had slaves. He never called them that, but servants. One went with him to war, but they were humans held by him in the practice of the times. He was the same man who, as a humanitarian, gave the land and the leadership for the first college right up there on the hill. You can still see the skeleton of its chimney there. And there the classics were taught. My mother had six years of Latin on that hill where Salado College tried to live up to the challenge of the great Mirabeau B. Lamar that education is the guardian genius of democracy. He gave the church where we sang the hymns about evil: "I was sinking deep in sin," "Bring them in from the fields of sin." And the commanding words of the "Mighty Fortress": "And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us, we will not fear, for God hath willed, His truth to triumph through us."

Truth also visited Salado and it was listened to, even in this backwater village on the frontier. Before the Civil War, Sam Houston stood on that balcony of Stagecoach Inn to plead against secession. A hundred and ten years ago my Great Aunt Luella at age eighteen stood on Salado Hill. The year was 1877. At an alumni reunion, she delivered a brilliant essay on the mental capabilities of Woman and a plea for her higher education.

"Fathers, if by one feeble word of mine I could disperse the myths which hang like an incubus around you," she said in that embroidered language of the time, "if I could cause you to view more plainly the necessity of education for your daughters as thoroughly as your sons, I would not feel this essay was in vain."

'Evil' is a strong word for me. I shrink from it on the wide screen. The Holocaust I cannot bear to think about. I turn the remote control from films of violence and my eyes from headlines of horror. But on the scale of my own life, I am familiar with the flaws and frailties of the human condition. Evil as the suppression of the spirit, the denial of joy, the starvation of a child's curiosity, the freezing of a friend's or a mate's love (which, in the words of Rollo May, makes life meaningless)—how many of these acts are

evil, an evil perhaps embedded deeply in us and practiced by a teacher, an employer, a husband, a spouse? How much of this destroys imagination and creativity, and renders life meaningless?

I think back to my own Washington and to Allen Drury's marvelous definition of that great marble capitol stretching along the Potomac, "a city where good men do evil and evil men do good in a way so complex that only Americans can understand it and often they are baffled." As a reporter I felt deeply a special reverence for the First Amendment, and yet I felt also and continue to feel a special indignation for the reporters and the publications that prefer blood to ink. The darker side of human nature is never the whole truth, yet we give awards to people for committing printed harassment.

There is no way to cover news really honestly, we feel, without invoking unlimited torture—or is the alternative worse? We cannot concentrate on individual evils, although they come to mind within our human experience. But we can seek the source. We can begin to clear out the spring. And today, we have two brilliant women to help us do that: Maya Angelou and Barbara Jordan. Maya Angelou has told us about growing up in Stamps, Arkansas, where she was both terribly hurt and vastly loved. She took the evil that evoked her rage and anger and translated it into a very basic truth about human resilience. We already understand more because she pulled back the curtain and let us see and, it is to be hoped, act.

3

THAT WHICH LIVES AFTER US

Maya Angelou

Maya Angelou is a poet, author, historian, educator, editor, actress, singer, and dancer. She has risen to brilliant heights with a formal education limited to high school, and has received many honorary doctorates and the Chubb Fellowship from Yale. In the 1960s, at the request of Martin Luther King, Jr., she became the northern coordinator for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. In 1981, she was appointed the first Reynolds professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University. Her first autobiographical book, *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*, was made into a two-hour TV special for CBS in 1979. Other titles include *Gather Together in My Name, Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas, The Heart of a Woman*, and *All God's Children Need Traveling Shoes*. Her books of poetry include *Just Give Me a Cool Drink of Water 'fore I Die, Oh Pray My Wings Are Gonna Fit Me Well, Shaker, Why Don't You Sing?*, and *Now Sheba Sings the Song*. She wrote the stage play *On A Southern Journey* and was both author and producer of *Sisters, Sisters*, a full-length film for 20th Century Fox. She was also author and executive producer of the CBS miniseries *Three Way Choice* and of the PBS program *Afro-American in the Arts*, for which she received the Golden Eagle Award.

In an interview during the Symposium Maya Angelou recounted this experience:[1]

"When I was seven and a half, I was raped. I won't say severely raped, all rape is severe. The rapist was a person very well known to my family. I was hospitalized. The rapist was let out of jail and was found dead that night, and the police suggested that the rapist had been kicked to death.

"I was seven and a half. I thought that I had caused the man's death,

because I had spoken his name. That was my 7 seven-and-a-half-year-old logic. So I stopped talking, for five years.

"Now, to show you how out of evil there can come good, in those five years I read every book in the Black school library; I read all the books I could get from the White school library; I memorized James Weldon Johnson, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes; I memorized Shakespeare, whole plays, 50 sonnets; I memorized Edgar Allan Poe, all the poetry—never having heard it, I memorized it. I had Longfellow, I had Guy de Maupassant, I had Balzac, Rudyard Kipling—it was a catholic kind of reading.

"When I decided to speak, I had a lot to say, and many ways in which to say what I had to say. I listened to the Black minister, I listened to the melody of the preachers, and I could tell when they meant to take our souls straight to heaven, or whether they meant to dash us straight to hell. I understood it.

"This was a dire kind of evil, because rape on the body of a young person more often than not introduces cynicism, and there is nothing quite so tragic as a young cynic, because it means the person has gone from knowing nothing to believing nothing. In my case I was saved in that muteness. And out of this evil I was able to draw from human thought, human disappointments and triumphs, enough to triumph myself."

This is a poem written by Richard Wright in the thirties. It is called 'Between the World and Me'.[2]

And one morning while in the woods I stumbled
suddenly upon the thing,
Stumbled upon it in a grassy clearing guarded by scaly
oaks and elms.
And the sooty details of the scene rose, thrusting
themselves between the world and me . . .

There was a design of white bones slumbering forgottenly
upon a cushion of ashes.
There was a charred stump of a sapling pointing a blunt
finger accusingly at the sky.
There were torn tree limbs, tiny veins of burnt leaves, and
a scorched coil of greasy hemp;
A vacant shoe, an empty tie, a ripped shirt, a lonely hat,
and a pair of trousers stiff with black blood.

And upon the trampled grass were buttons, dead matches, butt-ends of cigars and cigarettes, peanut shells, a drained gin-flask, and a whore's lipstick;
Scattered traces of tar, restless arrays of feathers, and the lingering smell of gasoline.
And through the morning air the sun poured yellow surprise into the eye sockets of a stony skull . . .
And while I stood my mind was frozen with a cold pity for the life that was gone.
The ground gripped my feet and my heart was circled by icy walls of fear—
The sun died in the sky; a night wind muttered in the grass and fumbled the leaves in the trees; the woods poured forth the hungry yelping of hounds; the darkness screamed with thirsty voices; and the witnesses rose and lived:
The dry bones stirred, rattled, lifted, melting themselves into my bones.
The grey ashes formed flesh firm and black, entering into my flesh.
The gin-flask passed from mouth to mouth; cigars and cigarettes glowed, the whore smeared the lipstick red upon her lips,
And a thousand faces swirled around me, clamoring that my life be burned . . .
And then they had me, stripped me, battering my teeth into my throat till I swallowed my own blood.
My voice was drowned in the roar of their voices, and my black wet body slipped and rolled in their hands as they bound me to the sapling.
And my skin clung to the bubbling hot tar, falling from me in limp patches.
And the down and quills of the white feathers sank into my raw flesh, and I moaned in my agony.
Then my blood was cooled mercifully, cooled by a baptism of gasoline.
And in a blaze of red I leaped to the sky as pain rose like water, boiling my limbs.
Panting, begging I clutched childlike, clutched to the hot sides of death.
Now I am dry bones and my face a stony skull staring in yellow surprise at the sun . . .

To understand Evil, it is necessary to understand what human beings mean by good. In a recent play of mine, entitled *And Still I Rise*,[3] a woman and a man who had died meet a gatekeeper at the portal of that "undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns". The couple assume that the gatekeeper's charge is to conduct them to Heaven or Hell. He smiles at their questions and responds, "I am always amused at human naiveté, which can only imagine Heaven and Hell." He turns to the man and says, "Why, in your category alone, there is a possibility of five hundred different destinations."

When we use the word 'evil', do we agree with Webster's Dictionary's definition? Or with the idea that the person who causes or adds to human misery is evil? Or does that person use the power of evil? Is good a power separate from mankind existing in a dimension that we cannot even imagine yet? Do Evil and Good exist? (Maybe 'exist' is not the proper word, but I don't know what is. I can find none better.) Do Good and Evil exist as powers in some dimension which we cannot imagine? Are those two forces engaged in a struggle older than the stars? And are we, mankind, on this piddling orb of spit and sand, imitating our makers in a shadowy toy battle endangering our species and forfeiting our chances for true evolution? If it is true that we are the stuff of which dreams are made, I wonder who dreamt us. One, or the other, or both?

From primitive man and ancient Stone Age societies to primitive man in modern, electronic, nuclear, technological society, we find those questions asked and superlatively answered. I do not mean to suggest that the answers have been or now are, or will ever be correct. But it is to man's credit that—faced with bafflement at his own smallness in this expanding vast universe, at his inability to control the rain, drought, earthquakes, or his fears—he has, as Thomas Wilkes said, "gazed upon the senseless stars and written his own meaning into them." When Mark Antony declares to an angry mob that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones", I'm certain that neither Mark Antony nor Shakespeare meant us to believe that facile statement. Rather, it was employed with the same sardonic imperative which Mark Antony used in the often repeated "Brutus is an honourable man; so are they all, all honourable men" (*Julius Caesar*, III. 2).

I'm convinced that the evil we do lives after us, but then I believe the good we do lives after us. To what end, other than matter of relief, I cannot swear. We wrestle as best we can with these concepts, which are larger than our present capacity to embrace them. Our poets, preachers, priests, imams, rabbis, scholars, and honest folk inform us, in the words of the great Black poet, James Weldon Johnson, "Son, your arm's too short to box with God."

That we meet here today testifies to our belief, obviously, that our arms have lengthened somehow. We are capable of engaging a force that, in our brief period on earth, has helped to form and inform our best and our worst actions. Somehow, in the wrestling with the idea of that which lives after us being good, I'm obliged to tell you about an uncle of mine, Uncle Willie.

In a little Arkansas town not far from this site, about as large as this side of the room, my uncle raised me. He was crippled. He left the town of Stamps, Arkansas, twice in his life. He went once to Hope, Arkansas, which is thirty miles away, and once to Los Angeles to visit my father in the thirties. Other than that, he stayed in the town. I was sent to him from California when I was three years old. He and my grandmother owned the only Black-owned store in the town. He was obliged to work in the store, but he was severely crippled, so he needed me to help, and my brother.

So when we were about four, he started us to learn to read and write and do our times tables. In order to get me to do my times tables, he would take me behind my neck, grasp my clothes, and stand me in front of a pot-bellied stove. He would say, "Now sister, do your sixes." I did my sixes. I did sevenses. Even now, after an evening of copious libations, I can be awakened at eleven o'clock at night and asked "Will you do your elevenses?" I do my elevenses with alacrity. I was certain that because my uncle was crippled and strange looking that, had I not obeyed and obeyed quickly, he would have thrown me into the stove.

All children are afraid of that person who looks broken. That is, I'm sure, because children are so recently off the potter's wheel. They are frightened at the prospect that they, too, might have been a broken pot. I, of course, later found

that my uncle was so tenderhearted that he wouldn't allow a moth to be killed in the store. But I was forced to learn my times tables.

A few years ago, my uncle died and I went to Little Rock and was met by Miss Daisy Bates, who, you know, is an important American treasure.[4]

She told me, "Girl, there is somebody who wants to meet you."

I said that I'd be glad to meet whoever.

She said, "A good looking man," and I said, "Indeed, yes, certainly."

So that evening, she brought a man over to the hotel. He said, "I don't want to shake your hand. I want to hug you."

And I agreed.

He said, "You know, Willie has died in Stamps."

Well now, Stamps is very near to Texas. And Little Rock, when I was growing up, was as exotic as Cairo, Egypt, Buda, and Pest. I mean, I couldn't—this man knew where Stamps was and my crippled uncle?

He said, "Because of your Uncle Willie, I'm who I am today. In the twenties, I was the only child of a blind mother. Your uncle gave me a job in your store, made me love to learn, and taught me my times tables."

I asked him, "How did he do that?"

He said, "He used to grab me right here" [gesturing to her neck].

He said, "I guess you want to know who I am today."

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "I'm Bussey. I'm the vice-mayor of Little Rock, Arkansas." He went on to become the first Black mayor of Little Rock, Arkansas. He said, "Now, when you get down to Stamps, look up—" (and he gave the name of a lawyer). "He's a good ole boy. He'll look after your property."

I went down expecting a middle-aged Black man. A young white man leaped to his feet.

He said, "Ms. Angelou, I'm just delighted to meet you. Why, don't you understand, Mr. Bussey called me today. Mr. Bussey is the most powerful Black man in the state of Arkansas. But more important that that he's a noble man. Because of Mr. Bussey, I am who I am today."

I said, "Let me sit down first."

He said, "I was an only child of a blind mother. When I was eleven years old, Mr. Bussey got hold of me and made me love to learn. And I'm now in the state legislature."

That which lives after us . . . I look back at Uncle Willie—crippled, Black, poor, unexposed to the world's great ideas—who left for our generation and generations to come a legacy so rich. So I wrote a song for Miss Roberta Flack. You may have heard it.[5]

Willie

Willie was a man without fame
Hardly anybody knew his name.
Crippled and limping, always walking lame,
He said, "I keep on movin'
Movin' just the same."

Solitude was the climate in his head
Emptiness was the partner in his bed,
Pain echoed in the steps of his tread,
He said, "But I keep on followin'
Where the leaders led."

I may cry and I will die,
But my spirit is the soul of every spring.
Watch for me and you will see
That I'm present in the songs that children sing.

People called him "Uncle," "Boy" and "Hey,"
Said, "You can't live through this another day."
Then, they waited to hear what he would say.
He said, "But I'm living
In the games that children play.

"You may enter my sleep, people my dreams,
Threaten my early morning's ease,
But I keep comin', I'm followin', I'm laughin', I'm cryin',
I'm certain as a summer breeze.

"Look for me, ask for me.
My spirit is the surge of open seas.
Call for me, sing for me
I'm the rustle in the autumn leaves.

"When the sun rises
I am the time.
When the children sing
I am the Rhyme."

Just look for me.

Throughout our nervous history as sentient beings, we have constructed pyramidic towers of evil, oftentimes in the name of good. Our greed, fear, and lasciviousness have enabled us to murder our poets, who are ourselves—to castigate our priests, who are ourselves. We have often surrendered our consciousness in order to placate the surge of Evil in the world and in ourselves.

The lists of our subversions of the good stretch from before recorded history to this moment. We drop our eyes at the mention of the bloody, torturous Inquisition. Our shoulders sag at the thoughts of African slaves lying spoon fashion in the filthy hatches of slave ships, and the subsequent auction blocks upon which were built great fortunes in our country. We turn our heads in bitter shame at the remembrance of Dachau and the other gas ovens where millions of ourselves were murdered by millions of ourselves.

As soon as we are reminded of our actions, more often than not we spend incredible energy trying to forget what we've just been reminded of. Not only do we want to forget that we have perpetuated evil; sadly, we act to forget that we are capable of exquisite good. The poet reminds us that we come from the creator, each of us trailing wisps of glory. To quote the brilliant poet, Tony K. Bombara, "I ask, 'Why are we pretending we have forgotten?' "

If Evil, as I suspect, is a torrential force separate from mankind and Good is a torrential force separate from mankind, then with or without our presence that terrible turmoil will continue on the cosmic level. Martin Buber suggests that negatives and positives, Good and Evil, Masculine and Feminine are merely extremes, which must be engaged for there to be balance in the universe. That awful and wonderful moiling, I mean, full of wonder, *moiling,* is beyond my human comprehension. I do, however, agree with the lyrics of a Bob Dylan song that says, "You got to serve somebody."[6]

If I admit with Richard Wright in that poem 'Between the World and Me' that evil goes into me as does the good, then I'm obliged to study myself, to center myself and make a choice. For I must know that the battles I wage are within myself. The wars I fight are in my mind. They are struggles to prevent the negative from overtaking the positive, and to prevent the good from eradicating all the negative and rendering me into an apathetic, useless organism, which has no struggle, no dynamic, and no life.

David Gruben, the TV producer [of the PBS documentary 'Facing Evil'], told me of an encounter he had with a local young man here in Salado. He asked the young man if he was concerned over the nature of this conference, all this talking about Evil. And the young man's answer was, "No, I'm a Christian. I'm all right."

My first reaction was to smile at that sweet response, and then later I became alarmed. I thought of the many times that I've heard this statement, "I am a Christian. I am a Jew. I am a Buddhist, Shintoist, Muslim." The statements are given with the firm assurance that a condition has been reached and beyond that achievement, nothing extends. There is no more action needed. There is a poignancy in the belief that merely meeting good and identifying good as good, that this alone ensures protection from the threat of being overwhelmed by evil.

We must remember the great struggle between majestic forces—that that struggle introduces a dynamic into our intellect and into our souls. We are required to develop courage to care. Rollo May has shown us that we are obliged to develop the courage to create not only externally, but internally also. We need the courage to create ourselves daily, to be bodacious enough to create ourselves daily as Christians, as Jews, as Muslims, as thinking, caring, laughing, loving human beings.

There is a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay, which just must be read at this moment. You have to see Ms. Millay to picture her at that time in the twenties and thirties—frail, rather *distingué*, certainly regarded highly as a poet, about to become that recluse that she did become. She wrote:[7]

I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for Death.

I hear him leading his horse out of the stall; I hear the clatter on the barn-floor.

He is in haste; he has business in Cuba, business in the
Balkans, many calls to make this morning.
But I will not hold the bridle while he cinches the girth.
And he may mount by himself: I will not give him a leg up.
Though he flick my shoulders with his whip, I will not tell
him which way the fox ran.
With his hoof on my breast, I will not tell him where the
black boy hides in the swamp.
I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for Death; I
am not on his pay-roll.

I will not tell him the whereabouts of my friends nor of my
enemies either.
Though he promise me much, I will not map him the route to
any man's door.
Am I a spy in the land of the living, that I should deliver
men to Death?
Brother, the password and the plans of our city are safe
with me; never through me
Shall you be overcome.

I am pleased with the Black American spiritual and gospel tradition, which admits the presence of the Other. In fact, it does not suggest that the Other should not be here as much as the One. In one gospel song which emerged in this century, the poet admits to the topographical difficulty, physical difficulty, but the singer does not ask God's good to eradicate evil, the obstacle. As was pointed out to us previously in this symposium, we are encouraged in the Christian religion to ask God to deliver us from Evil. It doesn't say *erase* all the evil.

The gospel song says, "Lord, don't move your mountain. Give me strength to climb it. You don't have to move that stumbling block, but lead me, Lord, around it." That is profound to me. It encourages us to accept the world, the dualism, if you will. I'm not all that sure of the dualism, but then I'm not sure there is only Good and Evil either. But it does encourage us, if we must deal with the Good and Evil only, to know that they are there to be dealt with. We have to ally ourselves with something and work to project our allegiances, to have the courage to do so.

For centuries, Black people, as you know, in this country were obliged to laugh when they weren't tickled, and to scratch when

they didn't itch. Those gestures have come down to us as Uncle Tommy. Well, I don't know if we often enough stop to wonder how that Black man's throat must have been closing on him each time he felt he was obliged to say, "Yessa, boss, you're sure right. I sure must be stupid, yes sir." So he could make enough money so he could go home and feed someone. Or that Black woman who said, "No ma'am, Miss Ann, you didn't hurt me when you slapped me. I ain't tenderhearted, sure ain't." So she could make enough money so she could go home and send someone to Fisk or Howard or Atlanta University or Hampton Institute or Texas Southern.

I think that the courage to confront evil and turn it by dint of will into something applicable to the development of our evolution individually and collectively is exciting, honorable. I have written a poem for a woman who rides a bus in New York City. She's a maid. She has two shopping bags. When the bus stops abruptly, she laughs. If the bus stops slowly, she laughs. If the bus picks up someone, she laughs. If the bus misses someone, she goes "ahahaha". So I watched her for about nine months. I thought, "hmm, uh huh." Now if you don't know Black features, you may think she's laughing, but she wasn't laughing. She was simply extending her lips and making a sound, "ahahaha".

"Oh," I said, "I see." That's that survival apparatus. Now let me write about that to honor this woman who helps us to survive. By her very survival, Miss Rosy, through your destruction, I stand up. So I used the poem with Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar's poem 'Masks', written in 1892, and my own poem 'For Old Black Men'.

We Wear the Mask[8]

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,—
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be overwise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
We wear the mask.

We smile, but, oh my Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arrive.
And we sing, [*she sings, snapping fingers*
'Hey baby, bye, hmm we sing, hey.']
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world think otherwise;
We wear the mask!

WHEN I THINK ABOUT MYSELF[9]

When I think about myself,
I almost laugh myself to death,
My life has been one great big joke,
A dance that's walked
A song that's spoke,
I laugh so hard I almost choke
When I think about myself.

Seventy years in these folks' world
The child I works for calls me girl
I say "Yes ma'am" for working's sake.
Too proud to bend
Too poor to break,
I laugh until my stomach ache,
When I think about myself.

My folks can make me split my side,
I laughed so hard I nearly died,
The tales they tell, sound just like lying,
They grow the fruit,
But eat the rind,
I laugh until I start to crying,
When I think about my folks.
And the little children.

SONG FOR THE OLD ONES[10]

My Fathers sit on benches
their flesh count every plank
the slats leave dents of darkness
deep in their withered flanks.

They nod like broken candles
all waxed and burnt profound,
they say "But Sugar, it was our submission
that made your world go round."

There in those pleated faces
  I see the auction block
  the chains and slavery's coffles
the whip and lash and stock.

My Fathers speak in voices
  that shred my fact and sound
  they say "But Sugar, it was our submission
that made your world go round."

They've laughed to shield their crying
  then shuffled through their dreams
  and stepped 'n fetched a country
to write the blues with screams.

I understand their meaning
  it could and did derive
  from living on the edge of death
They kept my race alive.
. . . By wearing the Mask.
[*Three tormented laughs and then a gasp.*]

How we deal with evil, how we confront it and turn it into something good! Confessing to an incredible ego, it may be courage, but certainly it is amazing. Is it insouciance? I was so afraid on the plane coming to Salado. I prayed, "Lord, you remember me. You are sending me. I'm on your side. If this struggle continues and I'm lost, you're going to lose a big speaker." You have to speak sometimes directly to God, you know; you don't play around.

But out of this coming together in this conference, I hope we are able to be honest, honest. I don't mean brutally frank. I've never trusted anyone who says, "I'm brutally frank." Why be brutal? That's stupid. But to be honest and to use that gentleness with which we are all endowed to say to each other things that we are questioning inside ourselves, then the conference will be such a success. I think we ought to laugh as well, I hope.

I wanted to tell you a story about faith. This is a Black story. I don't want to talk about black as a color either, because I thought about it last night and I thought about it this morning—the darkness. Poor Black child who hears 'black lie', 'black heart', and so forth. 'White lie' is okay. But poor child sees the snow in the North falling like a cotton rain covering chairs and streets and

people and cars and buildings, and hears his teacher look out at this white world and say, "My God, it is a black day." It is very confusing, you can understand, for a Black child.

But this story is a slave-time story. This slave had great faith in the power of good and his owner decided to deride, humiliate, ridicule the slave.

So he asked him, "John, do you really believe God has power?"

And John said, "Yes, yes sir, I do."

He said,"Well, in that case, why don't you ask God for a hundred dollars."

John said, "But I have never asked God for any tangible thing, anything that I can touch."

He said, "Well, if you ask God for a hundred dollars and God gives it to you, I will free you."

So he said, "Well, I have to do it." He went down to his old praying place under a particular tree and he started to pray.

In the meantime, this slave owner got 99 dollars, put the money into a sack, and got up in the tree over where John was praying.

And John said, "God, now hear this. You will have to give me a hundred dollars. Now, I understand that you own everything. I never asked you before, but these circumstances are too pressing. You must give me a hundred dollars and right now."

Just then the slave owner dropped the bag.

The slave began to praise God: "Thank you for it. You said you would do it. I counted on your word," and so forth.

The slave owner then surreptitiously stepped up and said, "John, what is that you got?"

He said, "I've got my hundred dollars."

The slave owner said, "Count it."

They counted it: ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine.

The slave owner said, "John, your God is not all that powerful or else it doesn't care for you, because you asked it for a hundred dollars and it gave you ninety-nine."

John said, "He gave me a hundred dollars. He just charged me a dollar for the sack."

There is that in us which allows us to laugh when we are full of sadness, allows us to be good when we are immersed in the

Evil. There is that which allows us to be courageous in fearful, brutish times. Those elements are natural to us, I believe, as natural as the others are to us, and we can claim those properties. I believe that it is imperative that we ally ourselves with Life, with Love, with Courage, with our brothers and sisters. I believe so, if we are to have, as my grandmother used to say, "starch in our backbone".

Since life is our most precious gift and since, as far as we can be absolutely certain, it is given to us to live but once, let us so live that we will not regret years of useless virtue and inertia and cowardice. Then, dying, each of us can say, "All my conscious life and energies have been dedicated to the most noble cause in the world, the liberation of the human mind and soul to Good, that liberation beginning with me."

Each person in this room has gone to bed with fear or loss or pain or distress—grief—at some night or another. And yet each of us has awakened, arisen, made whatever ablutions we chose to make or could make. Then, seeing other human beings, we said, "Good morning, how are ya?"

"Fine, thanks, and you?"

Now wherever that lives in us—whether it's in the bend of the elbow, behind the kneecap—wherever that lives, there dwells the nobleness in the human spirit. Not nobility. I don't trust the word. I think it's pompous. But the *nobleness* is in the human spirit. It is seen in the fact that we rise to good, we do rise.

Still I Rise[11]

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But just like Life, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
My sensuality put you on edge?
Just because I dance as if I had diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak miraculously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

. . . And so [*one clap*] there I go.

Dialogue with Maya Angelou

Barbara Jordan

Barbara Jordan holds the Lyndon B. Johnson Centennial Chair in National Policy at the LBJ School of Public Affairs, the University of Texas at Austin. She was the first Black woman to serve in the Texas Senate, of which she was elected president *pro tempore*. From 1972 to 1978, she was a member of the United States House of Representatives. She has served on the United Nations panel to conduct hearings on the role of transnational corporations in South Africa and Namibia. She has been a member of the Presidential Advisory Board on Ambassadorial Appointments and of the Board of Directors of the Public Broadcasting System. She has hosted a series of PBS TV programs called 'Crisis to Crisis with Barbara Jordan'. In 1987, she received the Charles Evans Hughes Gold Medal of the National Conference of Christians and Jews for "courageous leadership in governmental, civic, and humanitarian affairs". In 1976, *Time* magazine chose her as one of "The Ten Women of the Year". That same year, she delivered the keynote address at the National Democratic Convention. In 1984 she was voted "Best Living Orator" by the International Platform Association. The *World Almanac for 1986* selected her for the twelfth consecutive year as "One of the 25 Most Influential Women in America". She is the author of *Barbara Jordan: A Self-Portrait*.

Barbara Jordan: We've had an incredible presentation by Maya Angelou. I hope you listened with great care to the themes she sounded for this conference. The overriding theme is that each of us has within us the power of evil and the power of good, and that which lives after us is reflected by the way we have lived our lives. Can we deal with these two powerful forces—evil and good—within us and not succumb, be seduced by evil? Maya, how are we to deal with two such

powerful forces in our bodies and try to guarantee that the evil gets suppressed and the good remains dominant? How are we going to do it?

MAYA ANGELOU: I think there is a kind of activity in the evil. There is an energy in the evil. I think we have to call upon the good. We do not have to call upon the evil. I believe that when we look at the two forces, if we use any energy at all we have to use a dual energy, and that is a little like riding a bicycle. We have to press down the one and haul up the other, and be aware that that's what we're doing and try to balance it out.

JORDAN: That's it. Well, that balance is what we ought to be about. But there seems to be such an overriding presence of evil in the world. It just seems like we are going to be overcome by it. It takes an extraordinary amount of strength to prevail. You know, I think politically all the time.

ANGELOU: I don't know why [laughing].

JORDAN: I would never say that the political leadership of this country is overcome by evil. I would not say that because everybody tells me that is not the case [laughing]. But, Maya, you see these policies, which are promulgated by these administrations, and you see the devastation that these policies cause in people. For instance, we have a new crop of poor people rising up in the world, the children. The new poor are the children. There are some policies back here that led to this new crop of poor people—children—the most defenseless, the weakest among us. I cannot help but think that those kinds of policies must be spawned by something evil.

ANGELOU: I agree.

JORDAN: You agree?

ANGELOU: Yes, I'm sorry to say. I wish I could disagree. We are, of course, much too sophisticated even to know that these things exist, but the fundamentalists in churches say that the Devil is walking the land. I have no argument.

JORDAN: So, they are all Nipsey Russells: "The Devil made me do it."

ANGELOU: [Laughing] Yes, Shakespeare said that sooner or later they will blame it on the stars, and we see that already. I do think that is why we meet in groups like this, that is why Harry Wilmer would have the idea—that it would come to him. Now I believe that it was in the air and it could have easily come to me [laughing]. I do. I believe the idea is put out there by these forces, one or the other, and it came to him and he was clear enough to see it and act upon it. He brought together this group of thinking human beings to try to look at something frightening.

JORDAN: To sort it out.

ANGELOU: That's right. So that's a positive. What we then try to do as a result of what we learn here in our varying lives, in our own worlds, will depend, of course, upon how much in a state of grace each of us insists upon being. You can't be in a state of grace just by accident.

JORDAN: I was wondering, Maya, do you think that there is one of these forces dominant in our nature in an original way? Do we have some instinctive dominance of good? I was thinking about that little kid who fell into the well in Midland, Texas, and everybody in the country was concerned about whether Jessica McClure would get rescued. And they hung onto every report about how she was doing. When her foot turned a little pink, everybody said, "Her foot's pink. Her foot's pink." That to me said there is something instinctive in us, and maybe that instinctive nature is good.

ANGELOU: Well, I don't know. I wish I could find good in that. I think that is an indication of a soft and lazy mind. I think people would rather worry about that little child in the pit, in the hole, than concern themselves with the children you just mentioned—the children in our own neighborhoods. In Washington D.C.: the fourteen-year-old prostitutes, thirteen-year-old prostitutes—male and female. The drug-dependent children. The hungry. These are our children, too.

JORDAN: Right.

ANGELOU: And they are in pits. Nobody gives a damn because it takes courage and energy to do so. This caring about one child

in a well is romantic, and an indication of a lazy and slothful and cowardly mind. That's my feeling. [Clapping]

JORDAN: I tell you, I wish you weren't so clear about things [uproarious laughter]. There's really just no doubt there, and it's wonderful [laughing]. When you speak of the fundamentalists—you know, we've got some fundamentalist people who are seeking public office. They seem to have a corner, or at least they pretend they have a corner, on good and evil. We've got Pat Robertson with the Republicans; we've got Jesse Jackson with the Democrats—and these are men of the cloth, men of God, let us say (at least they say they are). Now I wonder, can we respond to the bad stuff that happens as a result of these policies by placing in leadership positions men (they're both men—that's why I say men; there's no woman now running) who claim to have a mandate from heaven, so to speak? Is that what we need?

ANGELOU: Well, I don't know. I never trust people who . . .

JORDAN: Preachers.

ANGELOU: Well [laughing], people who tell me they have mandates. I mean people born as I am born, of woman, people who are juggling as I juggle these forces and dance so, tip on such point, on such a rare and thin wire. I doubt. There is an African saying, 'The struggle for the thief is not how to steal the chief's bugle, but where to blow it.' [Laughing] I think the person who feels sincerely that she, he, has a mandate from one force or the other will show us in her actions, in his actions, so that people then will say, 'Oh, you must be a child of God.' Or the Other [laughing]. And I do really mean it. I think that of all the other differences between human beings—yet we are more alike than we are unalike—we are either blessings or curses. And we choose those differences, so that you can hear as soon as one person's name is mentioned, somebody says "Oh, Hell," and the curses just begin. Another person is mentioned and people's faces are wreathed in smiles. They say, "Oh, bless her heart, she's so sweet." Well, I think that is the way we should look upon our leaders. They speak by their actions much more than by their rhetoric, who they really are and whether they dare to love us.

Jordan: Maya, do we dare to love each other? Love is such a powerful emotion. Love can really help us to understand evil. Love can help us to overcome all of the bad stuff we do to each other. Do you think we have it within us to love each of us?

Angelou: Yes. Oh, I love that question! I use the word 'love' and I believe that this is how you mean it, not meaning mush nor sentimentality but that condition in the human spirit so profound that it encourages us to develop courage.

Jordan: Yes.

Angelou: And the courage to build bridges, and then the courage to trust those bridges, and to use those bridges in attempts to reach other human beings and better their lives for our movement. That's it. Yes, we have it. It takes a great deal of energy and one has got to admit (I think I should have included this—I know others will make this point) that one will die. It is the one promise we can be sure will not be reneged upon. This will happen to us.

I went to a doctor recently because of something. The doctor was retired, old, about eight-five, white, Southern. He gave me all the examinations and I went back to hear him read them to me. He was a very famous old man, and he said, "Ms. Angelou, what you thought you had you don't have."

I said, "Well."

He said, "Now for a woman of your age you're doing pretty good. But I'll tell you this, that no matter what you do, something will take you away from here."

I swear, I had to laugh. He's so retired that there isn't even a secretary. I just laughed. I said, "Bill me, thank you, thank you." Now that is so.

When we honestly, each of us, honestly comes face to face with that and says, 'I will die, that I know'—then if that big bugaboo can be faced, we can face anything else, because anything else is less than that. I think that we too often decide that if I can just step on someone else's head, I will live a little longer. If I can just become supercilious and act superciliously to this group of people all those short people over there, I will live longer. If I can have two more degrees, I will live longer. If I can just have three more cars and an oil well, I'm sure I will live longer. No. No matter what you do, something will take

you away from here. And when we understand that, then we can be free enough to develop the courage to love somebody and have, in fact, the unmitigated gall to accept love in return.

JORDAN: Wow! [Clapping]

ANGELOU: I thank you.

JORDAN: When you first began to speak, Maya, you made the statement that to understand evil you must also understand good. Could you tell me why it is important to have the understanding move on two tracks in order to be complete?

ANGELOU: Thank you. I see in nature, balance. And I see rhythm. Interestingly, for years when Whites would say to Blacks, 'All you people have rhythm', a number of Blacks thought that was a pejorative because it was meant as a pejorative. Years passed, and I found and find myself saying 'Thank you so much', because everything in the world and this universe has rhythm. The sun rises; it sets. The tides come in; they go out. There is winter, and spring, and summer, and fall, and rhythm, and rhythm. So, in the universe as I see it (not being a pure scientist as my brother is here—hard scientist I think they call it—just a poet, mmm hmmmmmmm), I see that balance. I notice that nature abhors imbalance and does not deal with it. I don't mean that nature deals with it grudgingly. Nature just doesn't deal with it. I've been told, as we all have, that 98 percent of all the species that have lived on this little blob of spit and sand are now extinct because they got out of balance. As we are presently constituted, as our brains have been so far awakened, we can only really see the duality. There may be seventy-eight thousand more dimensions—we have no idea right now. If we could live long enough, we might learn something. But at this present time there is the duality that we can see, and so we must, in order to understand one and recognize the other.

JORDAN: I think that to deal with both forces, to understand both forces, the one helps to clarify the other. If we really do want to understand evil, which is the overriding theme of this conference, we must first understand good. That would help clarify our understanding of evil, recognizing that we'll never get rid of it—just as you've said in your talk and was said last

night. We're not in the business to try to eliminate evil from the world but to deliver us from evil. Now I wonder, Maya, given our Blackness and what we have experienced from the majority community, do you think that you and I can ever cut through that experience and find this reconciliation and love, which we talked about earlier? Is our perception going to be forever clouded by the Black experience, or is it possible to cut through it?

Angelou: I think there is no need to cut through it, as it were. I think the energy must be directed to understanding that we speak and act and live through—with—the Black experience. We're always talking about the human condition—what it is like to be a human being, what makes us weep. If I were Chinese, I would be weeping as a Chinese, as a human being, finally. If I were Asian or on a kibbutz in Israel or in a Palestinian concentration camp—no matter where I were—I would have to speak through my own experiences, always pressing toward that statement of Terence: *homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto:* I am a human being; nothing human can be alien to me. I would have to understand, speaking from my position where I stand on this little rock, you know, with all these years and my hopes dashed and my dreams deferred and the triumphs. I would not release or relinquish one iota of my experience. I want to come through it and see myself and all human beings as my brothers and sisters. Some not quite savory. [Laughing] Oops!

Jordan: But you would expect that others would be able then to get through wherever they are on their little rocks.

Angelou: Yes, it is according to their intelligence—not their intellect, but their intelligence, their deep intelligence. Intelligence affords people freedom. Courage and intelligence afford freedom. Ignorance makes people live in mean little narrow tunnels down some mean little narrow streets for about that long. That's a length of light about that long.

Jordan: Ignorance.

Angelou: Ignorance. So when I see ignorance I don't indulge it at all. I have no patience. I respond to it and I think, "Get away. Get away." It's like poison and it's unfortunate; it's contagious.

JORDAN: You're made uncomfortable often, aren't you?

ANGELOU: Terribly. So I respond to it.

JORDAN: To sum up what we have heard this morning, there are two powerful forces at work in us: the force of good, the force of evil. It is our hope that through the human mind we would be able to bring these two forces into some kind of balance so that the one will not overtake the other. The forces in us are a given. There is nothing we can do that would relieve us of having the one or the other in us. It's a given. And since it is there, the accommodation of the two must be a given. We must try to balance these two forces so that we will understand not only evil but good also—and be better human beings as a result.

NOTES

[1] From 'Facing Evil, with Bill Moyers', a co-production of Public Affairs Television, Inc. and KERA/Dallas, March 28, 1988. Transcript by Journal Graphics, Inc., New York, 1988, p. 3.

[2] Richard Wright, 'Between the World and Me', *Partisan Review* 2 (1935), pp. 18–19. Reprinted in Ellen Wright and Michel Fabre (eds.), *Richard Wright Reader* (New York: Harper & Row, 1978), pp. 246–247.

[3] Maya Angelou, *And Still I Rise* (New York: Random House, 1978).

[4] Daisy Gaston Bates, a leader in the 1957 desegregation of Little Rock schools, is the author of *Little Rock: A Memoir* (New York: David McKay, 1962).

[5] Maya Angelou, 'Willie', found in an earlier version in *Poems* (New York: Bantam, 1986), pp. 141–42.

[6] Bob Dylan, 'Gotta Serve Somebody' on *Slow Train Coming* (New York: Columbia Records, 1979). "You're gonna have to serve somebody, Well it may be the Devil or it may be the Lord, But you're gonna have to serve somebody."

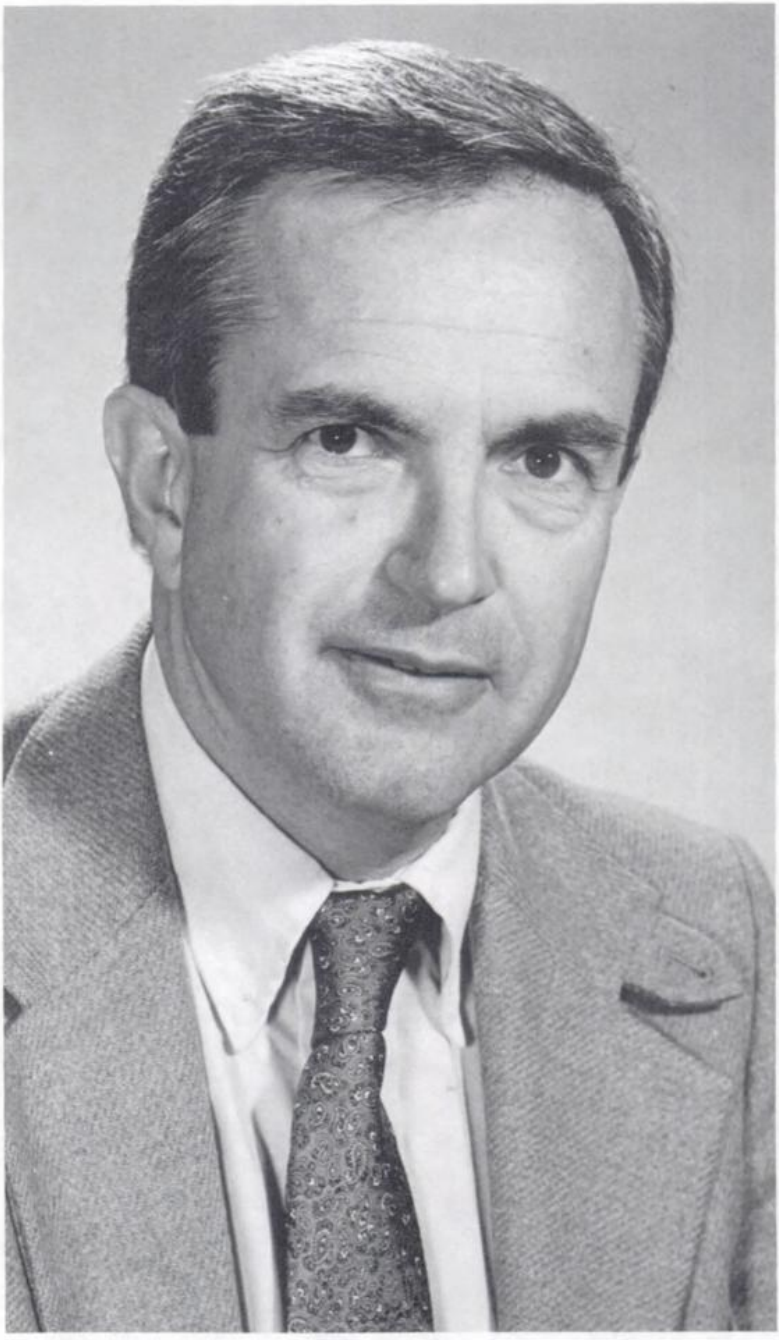
[7] Edna St. Vincent Millay, 'Conscientious Objector' in her *Collected Poems* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1956).

[8] *The Complete Poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1943), p. 71.

[9] Maya Angelou, 'When I Think About Myself', in her *Poems, Op. cit.*, p. 26.

[10] Maya Angelou, 'Song for the Old Ones', *Poems, Op. cit.*, pp. 100–101.

[11] Maya Angelou, 'Still I Rise', *Poems, Op. cit.*, pp. 154–155.



4

THE EVIL ONE

Jeffrey Burton Russell

Jeffrey Burton Russell is professor of history at the University of California, Santa Barbara. He has been chair of religious studies at the University of California, Riverside; director of the Medieval Institute and professor of history at Notre Dame University; and dean of graduate studies at California State University at Sacramento. He has been a Fulbright Fellow to Belgium, a Harvard Junior Fellow, a Guggenheim Fellow, and a Medieval Academy Fellow.

Among his articles are an essay on evil in the *Encyclopedia of Spirituality* and essays on the Devil and witchcraft in *The Dictionary of Biblical Tradition*. Russell's books include *A History of Medieval Christianity: Prophecy and Order; Witchcraft in the Middle Ages; The Devil: Perceptions of Evil from Antiquity to Primitive Christianity; A History of Witchcraft: Sorcerers, Heretics, Pagans; Satan: The Early Christian Tradition; Mephistopheles: The Devil in the Modern World;* and *The Evil One*.

I will not talk with you today about either the history or the theology of the Devil, though I will be glad to at any other time at the drop of a hat. History and theology are enormously important, but this conference is about identifying Evil, facing it, and converting its energies to the good.

The energy of Evil is tremendous. I am sometimes asked whether I really do believe in the Devil. Most of you remember the famous film interview with Jung when that great man was asked, "Do you believe in God?" Jung replied, "No, I don't believe. I know." So, I do not believe in the Devil. I know.

Stop. Do not panic. Don't run for the exits. Once when I was giving a public lecture a girl in the audience sitting next

to a friend of mine said, "If he really believes in the Devil, I'm not going to sit here and listen to such nonsense." A priest friend of ours had a discussion group which had greatly enjoyed reading Dr. Peck's *The Road Less Traveled.* When he proposed *People of the Lie* to them later, he said, "they would have no more of him." I hope that *you* will be more patient and consider how an idea that appears to be obsolete may not only be true but even practical.

But what do I mean when I say that I know the Devil exists? If I were speaking theologically, I might reply that being a Christian entails belief in the Scriptures and in the tradition of the Christian community. I am a Christian, so I believe in the Devil. And it is true that the term 'the Devil' was invented and developed in a religious context. But here I want to examine whether the idea has any validity beyond religion. What do I mean, then, when I say here that I know that the Devil exists? I mean that I know that a powerful, centered, destructive, focused force of hatred exists within us—in our minds. I know this from experience. This notion certainly resembles the traditional idea of a hateful personality that everywhere seeks to destroy and annihilate—what Goethe called *der Geist der stets verneint* ('the spirit which always denies'). But call this focus of destructiveness what you will: call it the Devil, call it original sin, call it the lie, call it the shadow, or call it—this is perhaps a term where more of us can find common ground—Radical Evil. Radical Evil exists in every one of us. I will refer to this Radical Evil in my own terms as the Devil. By "Radical Evil" I mean a fundamental warping of the will that underlies individual actions. I reject the argument that there are evil actions but no evil people. I believe that there are people who have allowed their wills and personalities and lives to be swallowed up by Radical Evil.

I want to discuss Radical Evil within individuals first and later turn to societal and transpersonal evil. The central point I want to make about Radical Evil is this: unless we recognize it, name it, and deal with it as a real phenomenon, we can never convert its tremendous energies to good. The fathers and the mystics understood this. Jung understood this. Lately Dr. Peck has argued this to a wide audience as I have to a smaller one. It is not, granted, a popular idea today. But we dismiss it to our own harm and to the harm of our neighbors and of our planet.

I am not allowed to hedge. Although honesty may be a fault as well as a virtue, I do not feel that I can speak here with integrity without telling you of two intrusions of the Devil into my own life. One is recent: I shall call it 'The Snake in the Manuscript'. The other, 'The Snarling State', occurred twelve years ago and was the center of the most destructive moment of my life. There have been other intrusions, but I choose these two as examples. First the destructive episode, then a happier one. First 'The Snarling State'.

Thirteen years ago, I was living, quite reasonably happily, in Riverside, California, with my wife and four children, a nice big house, and a tenured position as full professor of history at the University of California, Riverside, where I was one of the best liked and most influential members of the faculty. I mention these things not to boast but only to provide contrast to what followed. In 1975 I was offered a phenomenally attractive position at a university in Indiana, where I would occupy an endowed chair and also be director of a well-established research institute. Objectively, if there is such a thing, it looked good to me and to my colleagues. It did not *feel* good to me or to my family. To begin with (please forgive the chauvinism) we are all Californians; I am a fourth-generation Californian on both sides; my great grandparents on one side came to northern California just after the Gold Rush; those on the other side were among the first settlers of Anaheim, now the home of Disneyland; unfortunately they did not hold onto their real estate. The point is that with all its faults we loved California deeply. I also felt an intense loyalty to the University of California, where three generations of my family have studied. I was brought up half a block from the Berkeley campus and had studied and taught at the University of California for over 20 years. We had a wide and close circle of friends whom my wife and I loved; and our children were settled happily (on the whole) with their own schools and friends. 'Objectively' the new job was a good one; *really* it was a very bad one.

But there were two powerful temptations to take it, both of them destructive. The first was pride, ambition, the temptation of power and prestige. Understandable, given human folly, but nonetheless destructive. The other temptation was much worse: it was anger. For various reasons I was angry at my wife, angry at

a close friend and colleague and angry at the University. Additionally I felt—foolishly—that the University did not appreciate me enough. So I struggled to decide whether to go.

As the time came for a decision I had a vivid dream. I dreamed that I was sitting in my study with a jigsaw map of the United States before me on the table. I placed my left hand on California and my right hand on Indiana. For a while, in the dream, I seemed to concentrate. Then, with uncontrolled violence I swept my hands to and fro over the puzzle map, knocking the pieces on the floor. I knelt down to retrieve them. By the door from the study into the garden that I had worked many years to build and grow, lay California. I felt a pang of separation, but I reached over to my right and picked up Indiana instead. Gripping Indiana in my right hand and thrusting it aloft, I rose to my feet, growling the word 'Indiana' as an affirmation.

The next day I asked a close friend who was an amateur psychologist what he thought. "I think it means I have to go, don't you?" I asked him. "Oh, absolutely," he said. And so I made the decision. And I felt terrible. I needed professional advice, so I called the man who had been our marriage counselor and made an appointment with him. I told him the situation and the dream, and Jim agreed that I should go. But that night he called me and asked me to come back for another appointment the next day; he said he wasn't satisfied. The next day we went through the dream again, and Jim told me that on deeper reflection he was sure that it meant the opposite of what it seemed. He didn't like the way I had left California forlorn by the door, and he liked even less the hostile, phallic, gesture I had made rising with Indiana held aloft like a bloody sword.

That night I had another dream: a quick and terrifying one. I dreamt that the puzzle piece of Indiana was sitting by the basin in the bathroom and when I picked it up it had an eye that glared at me. In a harsh, guttural snarl, it called my name. I dropped the snarling state like a poisonous viper and woke up shouting.

Such is the folly of human nature that it will not surprise you to know that in spite of all this, I decided, after more to-ing and fro-ing, to take the Indiana job. It will amuse fans of Jungian synchronicity to know that the day we left Riverside the hills behind our house went up in a giant brush fire, and our last look at our house was of flames moving down the hill behind it. Or to

know that our car broke down crossing the desert and that we had to be towed across the California state line into Nevada, sitting in our towed car, facing backwards, towards California. The sad part is that the new job was a disaster in itself, that our marriage nearly ended, that our children were miserable, and that we lost a large amount of money. The most lastingly painful thing is that it turned out that, because our children were growing up, we never all lived as a family together again. After several years of agonized searching we finally found jobs back at the University of California. But our family was permanently separated.

The role of the Devil here is clear. I made a decision, against my rational judgment, and even against my deep emotional feelings, that was a destructive, evil decision. I did so because I had allowed a focus of hatred and anger and pride to grow within me and to take charge of my decisions. (I hope it is clear, by the way, that of course I do not regard California as 'good' and Indiana as 'evil', but that they had become symbols of good and evil in my psyche at that time.) Call it what you will, I call it the Devil that spoke to me in the Snarling State.

One does learn something. More recently I became very upset at my present job and had sunk into a bitter, angry depression. But I had learned to practice a meditative or prayer technique in which I lie back and let a picture come into my mind that illustrates my feelings. The picture that gradually surfaced was that of a medieval manuscript of a kind that you have all seen or seen pictures of, with an elaborate illuminated initial letter. The letter was an I. As I allowed the picture to take shape, I felt that my anger and hostility and malignity centered in that initial I. Part of this meditative technique is then to try out different names for the figure. You know you have hit the right one when your body suddenly relaxes. I tried all kinds of names for that 'I', trying to get to the root of the matter: I tried Anger, Fear, Sex, Marriage, Money, Promotion, Disease, Depression—none seemed quite to hit the spot. Then I noticed that the 'I' had begun to move. The top part of the I began to extend itself out to the right above the text; gradually it began to move its head back and forth. And then I saw what it was. I named it Satan, and my body relaxed, my teeth unclenched, my stomach unwound. It was The Snake in the Manuscript. At first I shouted angrily at it, "God damn you, you bastard, get out of my mind." But my anger only increased the

intensity of its malignancy. Then I took a different tack. "God love you", I said. "God cleanse you. God fill you full of light and love and make you happy and whole." As I repeated such prayers, and the serpent cringed and shrank and backed away until, turning into a cockroach, it scuttled off the imaginary manuscript and plopped under the imaginary table into the darkness—from which I know it will try one day again to emerge.

Now whether the Satan in the state or the Satan in the manuscript were 'real' in some 'objective' fashion, whatever those terms mean, they were certainly real in my mind. So then of course what one must do is to apply to oneself what one had applied to Satan. With the manuscript, for example, I readily understood that the Serpent represented the anger, fear, and hatred I had allowed to build up within myself. Remember that the illuminated letter was an 'I'—in other words a 'me'. So I asked God to pour the light and love into me. When I thought of myself, the picture that came to mind was a little leather sack, all closed and pulled tight by the drawstring. The light and love could not flow in through the closed opening. So I had to lie there and let God pull that sack gradually open with His hands and pour in the saving grace. I knew it needed to keep on being poured until my tightness and constriction were broken. The sack turned out to be much tougher, heavier leather than I had thought, much more resistant than I had thought, but under the weight and pressure of gallons upon gallons of grace (which appeared as water in the picture), the skin stretched and stretched, and finally burst. Then the water of grace just rolled in over it like surf, and the malignancy was gone. Immediately the depression and anger diminished by 90 percent—and floods of energy returned. That time at least, I allowed myself to be saved from the Devil.

Some observations about the nature of the Devil emerge from these stories.

A close friend of ours, a British psychologist, who has written books on depression, says that she is struck by the fact that a large number of her patients cling to their neuroses tenaciously. It is as if, she says, they have so identified with their neurosis that if they shed it they would cease to be themselves, cease to have an identity. I think this is precisely what Satan does. When you offer him truth and light and

beauty and love, he cringes, shrinks and runs. Malice, hatred, evil dominate him to the extent that they have become his identity, and he clings to them because he fears that without them he will cease to exist. We are all tempted, I suspect, to cling to our resentments, our angers, our lusts, our prides, because we fear that freed from them we will be transformed to something else—it might be better, but it won't be us, and we fear losing our identity. Most of us struggle against this destructive lethargy and keep our heads above water. But some do not. Dr. Peck has shown that there are people who, like Satan, allow the forces of hatred and malice to become a black hole that drains away all light and life. These people not only do evil things; by allowing themselves to be identified and taken over by the focus of evil, they become evil people. I have (thank God) not myself known many of them. But I have known at least one; from experience I know that Dr. Peck is right.

Of course this focus of evil within works with our own proclivities: to ambition, or avarice, or sexual irresponsibility, or backbiting, or power, or lying, or anger, or physical violence, or whatever. What I suggest that is different from what most psychologists believe is that underneath these individual destructive proclivities is a focus of malice and destructiveness that unites and energizes the variety of destructive, hateful forces within us. This focus of destruction creates its own hidden agenda, its own policy, which is destruction for its own sake. Take avarice as an example. I may begin with real financial need; it may then transfer into sheer greed; and it may reach the point where it gets out of control and begins destroying other people and oneself. At some point along the way, the focus of evil within us seizes that greed, energizes it, and utilizes it for its own purpose of destruction far beyond the scope of the original avarice. This focus of evil, having an agenda of its own, a purpose and a will, may we not call it a person?

The focus of evil may completely dominate some people. What is one to say of Adolf Hitler? With most of us it does not dominate, but it is always there, threatening to do so. It has become fashionable to deny the existence of this Radical Evil within, but it is there nonetheless. By denying it in ourselves, we fail to face our own problems squarely and so lose the opportu-

nity to resolve them. Worse, by denying the real evil within us, we project it upon others. When I deny my own hostility to Person A, I project it onto him or perhaps onto Person B, assuming their hostility to me and therefore justifying a destructive response on my own part that I falsely believe to be entirely defensive. This process is so well known that I need not dwell on it here. But we do need to keep in mind that the Devil disguises his intentions well. Repression of malice and failure to face it in ourselves produces the self-righteousness that provides us with ready justification for our cruelty and insensitivity. It enables us to claim vices as virtues, justifying our violence, our prejudice, our intolerance, on the grounds that the evil is not found within ourselves but in others.

It is my experience that the Devil never gives up. When you have won a victory over him he will lie low for a while and then return in full force when you give him the opportunity. Sometimes he will ride back on an old vice; sometimes he will attack you from a new direction. But the destructive force of malice is always lurking within you waiting for its next opportunity. It is also my experience that the Devil is always defeatable. He can never win over if you don't allow him to. But he is defeatable only if we open our hearts to life and to love. If we only perfunctorily and grudgingly ask him to be gone, if we secretly cling to our hatred, our anger, our vice, then we are really cooperating with the destructive force, and its power over us will increase unless we finally change and truly will to stop it. When we do really decide that we want light and love and not darkness, the Devil immediately loses his power over us.

The activity of the Devil within individuals readily transposes to his activities within societies. Governments, businesses, universities, churches—every human institution—is open to the Devil within, and to the process of denial, repression, and negative projection that immensely enhance his powers. The personal proclivities to self-righteousness, prejudice, and righteous violence express themselves socially in slavery, genocide, apartheid, violent revolution (such as the Cultural Revolution in China), war, and exploitation. All such things can be justified when the victims are demonized, and the demonization of others is possible when we fail to recognize the demon within ourselves. Ronald Reagan characterized the Soviet Union as the Evil

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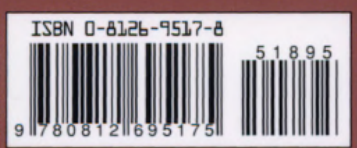

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