

The manual for social demonstration now being written will be available by March, and it will be the key document for the Local Church Experiment or the Primal Community Experiment. Since we made the huge decision to go for broke on that issue we have been laboring toward this point. I believe that we'll never really be doing anything else but primal community, and long before the day when we made that decision, that's all we were about.

A year ago it was almost like a balloon when we suggested that one of the tidal waves of history had to do with local man. It is no balloon now. Local man is on the rise at this moment in history when it seems as if the local person has been and is and is going to continue to be ground into nothing. I want to see local man rise again, but that is not the point; the point is, he already is. In South Korea there is the Samau Movement where for the first time in perhaps 3000 years, local man is being taken seriously. The government has turned its attention toward the villages and has created the New Village Movement by which all at once the 35,000 rural villages in that nation are being redone, and unbelievable fresh new hope is coming to some 35 million people. The reason why South Korea was interested in us was their difficulty with the motivation of local people themselves (sustained motivation), but I don't mean that in any way to depreciate what is happening there.

I also want to mention one manifestation of the liberal mindset that is our fundamental enemy. You remember a few years ago we said that the enemy was going to be the academic. The liberal mindset and the academic are the same. Another manifestation of it is in the political. The liberal will always attack the political freely. Because he deals in abstraction, if the government won't deal with him the way he thinks it ought, then he sits around and pouts. He doesn't start a revolution. You would almost admire him if he would. He sits around, and from the security of abstraction, throws bombshells. When one carries this to the extent he carries it, then it means that you can not act in a nation unless that nation agrees with your abstract idea of what a nation ought to be. My feeling is that if I waited for my own nation until it measured up to some abstract idea I have of what a nation is, I' be dead for several centuries before I could do anything. But I'm not going to sit around and do nothing until my nation happens to agree with the ideas I have of ideal nationhood. In South Korea, you and I would be idiots if we could not find reasons to criticize that government or that of the Philippine Islands. But the liberal stands aside doing nothing until his abstraction is realized, and no abstraction is ever realized, and so of course he never has to do anything. But I want to say to the world, that the most important local movement that I have encountered anywhere in the world, and that certainly includes my own country, is in South Korea under the kind of government that South Korea happens to have.

I might also say that while our nation sat around and from the position of abstraction criticized Mrs. Gandhi, Mrs. Gandhi made a move in her nation that excites all of the blood in my veins. I talked with her second in command,

the Honorable Mr. Ready. He is the Minister of Affairs and an old friend of Ghandi. He said that when Ghandi died, Nehru got the people together and they had to decide whether to do heavy industry or to follow Ghandi's idea of doing the villages. They decided to do heavy industry. Mrs. Ghandi is now moving to pick up Ghandi's idea of developing the village. A village movement hasn't found form yet, but it is emerging in India. My brother wrote a letter to the press in our country and took them to pieces for criticizing Mrs. Ghandi. Mrs. Ghandi got a copy of it and sent it to all of her government officials. I think it is going to help us in the long run. Now, the liberals, that is, the abstract intellectuals and the rich people in India, are going to beat Mrs. Ghandi if she does not beat them first. Up to now she is winning.

It is the same way in the Philippine Islands with the wealthy and the abstract intellectuals. After the war, I went into Manila which was one of the filthiest places I ever saw in my life. Today, it is cleaner by far than the streets of Chicago, and that's just the beginning. Local man, local man, local man is on the rise! Interestingly enough, and tragically enough, it is not frequently happening in the brand of democracy that is operative in our own country. There is not such a thing as local man without local community. That is what I mean when I say with passion we are at the right place at the right moment with the right product to care for humanity and the needs of history.

The island of Jeju is quite large, down at the end of Korea, with a population of 400,000. When we got there for the consult, much to my consternation, they had not decided where to have their social demonstration. There we were with 200 possibilities and the consult starting in two days. So, on the first day, we dealt with the practical vision of the whole island. There were about a hundred people or more in the consult. In a day's time we visited 108 of those 200 villages. People came out in droves. We would just move into the village, and 30 or 40 people gathered around to talk. The consult discerned the practical vision of 100 villages in just one day. The next day, as you know, we dealt with the contradictions (we still hadn't found that village). Jeju province or Jeju Island is divided into three counties: one on the south side, one on the north below the mountain, and then one on Jeju Si which is Jeju City, the only city that is a county in itself. Then these counties are divided into what they call "Myeons," or if they are small, they call them "eubs". We selected an eub to do the contradictions and still had a day to look for a village. We finally decided on a village called Seong Eub II, an ancient capital of Korea, and so we moved in there to deal with the proposals and tactics. But that wasn't the village that we finally selected. It was too far from the airport. After we had written the document, we went back and located the village that we sing about now - Kwang Yung II. It is located up the West side of the mountain towards China. It is very close to the airport, but is a very remote village because of its poverty. The roads are next to non-existent, which is just one of the reasons why it is so remote and undeveloped.

Now concerning the meaning of "Kwang Yung II", "II" means "one;" there is a Kwang Yung II and a Kwang Yung III close by. Years ago the great Communist revolt was on this island. The Tiger General would come down out of the mountains and the villages would move. When things straightened out there were three Kwang Yung villages, I, II, and III. We are NUMBER ONE. It is really a gorgeous place. "Kwang Yung" means "THE GLORIOUS COMMAND." I like that: I am a man of the Glorious Command Number One myself. It goes "You are to go into all the world and make disciplined people out of every nation in my name. And every man, woman, and child you meet you are to baptise in the name of profound humaness, which anybody knows is in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. And you shall discover that profound consciousness is with you just as long as you stay on that journey."

I hope that in the midst of everything else you will do, you will read this document very carefully and compare it with the others. One of the most important things was the framing of the social demonstration. It is as if God sent us to South Korea early to grow us up. I would judge that outside of China, and maybe Russia, there would be no more difficult place in the world to get what we call "authorization". In Korea that sounds like a pale category for what you are after. Kang Byang Hoon Mok Sa Nim said there are two governments in Korea. There is the symbolic government and then there is the other one. The governor of Jeju Do, whole name is Lee, is a very fine man. He's the symbolic official, but on Jeju Do there is an unassuming man whose name is Mr. Chu. I have seen Mr. Chu, in a meeting with me tell Mr. Lee over the telephone that he should be in that meeting. Governor Lee suggested that he was in another meeting, but he nevertheless put up the phone and within five minutes was in our meeting. That gives you a view of the Mr. Chus of this world.

The Mr. Chus of this world all look alike, whether you are in Africa, Australia, India, or the United States. I can remember in the early days when the Mr. Chus of Washington used to come by here when some crack-pot called in about us. They come well-dressed. They are all good looking and suave. They all say the same thing. "Now we just want to ask a few questions, nothing important, whatsoever." If you look twice into their eyes you see cold steel and you don't want to look too hard down at their coat. Exactly the same thing occurs in Korea, and exactly the same thing in India. I never met them in Australia, but I hear they are the same breed. In Korea, they happen to be running things overtly, in other nations, not so overtly. But the Mr. Chus are all there and they are really quite some people. They are loyal to the structures, and I mean loyal to the structures. And the structures are loyal to them. When the structures are not loyal to them, even in the covert places, something usually happens that you don't read about until ten years later. As a matter of fact most of you know that one of the heroes of my later years was Lumumba. And I expected all along and now know it is true about my hero, Lumumba. I remember up in the jungle country - they had a song, "Go away Kasavubu, go away Tshombe. Come back Lumumba, come back Lumumba. Go away Kasavubu go away Tshombe. Come back Lumumba..." Now the nation created that song about my hero, and they did away with that nation and a couple of other nations.

Our colleague has been called at six o'clock in the morning and been told that in thirty minutes they would see him in the House. I'm telling you this story for some people are a little timid about some two-bit authorization in Paduka. Anyway, he goes to a room and strangely enough there was an American there that I never dreamed would be at that meeting! You talk and tell them what you are doing, and soon you get the feeling that they know more about what you are doing than you know how to tell, so you sort of lose a bit of your enthusiasm. Our colleague went into another office by mistake and he saw a file on us two inches thick. Some of the people down in Kenya were quite surprised that the CIC (that's what they call them there) came along, but my guess is that in Kenya they have a file on us at least an inch thick. In India I guess it is a bit thicker.

The Man, as they call him, spoke and said something like this: "We are very happy to have you in Korea; we are very happy to have you do the kind of project you intend to do; and we want you to know that if there is any way in which this office can be of help to you to clarify or to clear the road, you let us know immediately." He said this three times. Within ten days after the document was finished, the Governor of Jeju Do took a group of people down there and had our people brief his whole staff from all over the island. Then he gave them the equivalent of \$20,000 to start the project. That is interesting! Now the thing we pressed for throughout and stood our ground on was that it was to be our project. So they permitted us to do what we were out to do.

This brings me quickly to India. As you know we are not going into Taj Gunj. Your colleagues must be feeling badly, because for them to decide to not go to Taj Gunj meant that they gave up \$50,000 which is equivalent to 400,000 rupies. And when you think that for years they were struggling to get their daily bowl of rice and telling stories back to Chicago about past bills of ITIs in order to get another \$500 or \$1000 to buy milk for their children... you understand what giving up \$50,000 has meant!

As I mentioned before, we went to see Mr. Ready who is the Local Affairs Minister for Mrs. Gandhi. If Mrs. Gandhi died tomorrow, he would be the Prime Minister temporarily. He was so excited about what we were doing that when I showed him the promotion book, he grabbed it out of my hand when we came to an aboriginal picture and started to study his face. He was interested in what are called the tribal people in India, and he thought they looked very much like this man from Oomburri. He asked us "Why don't you go out and work with our tribal people?" Then finally he said, "I think that Taj Gunj would be all right, but you really ought to go to the more rural areas." As you know Taj Gunj is right on the edge of the huge city of Agra. However, while I was leaving, he put his hand on my arm and I turned to him and said, "Mr. Minister, do we understand you to be saying that it is all right for us to go and do the community development project in Taj Gunj?" His answer was classic and has become part of my vocabulary. He balled up his fist and thrust it forward and said, "WHY NOT?"

However, my young colleagues, and I put myself along with them, because we stand together in all these things, made a couple of mistakes. One of them is that they did not move into Taj Gunj immediately. In London they are making the same mistake. I would have moved into the Isle of Dogs if I had to live in a tent for the first couple of months. Then secondly, due to the advice of someone from the Indian Tobacco Company who were to give us the \$50,000, we went to see the local bureaucrats. There is one thing you want to keep away from and that is the local bureaucrats and the regional leadership. In any of these things it is very easy to deal at the top - they think broadly; and it is very easy to deal with the local community leadership - they are ready to move; but, you are in trouble if you have to deal with the local or regional bureaucrats. In Taj Gunj the local bureaucrats first of all told us to go slowly. They are threatened because what you are proposing to do is what they were told to do a long time ago. The best terms on which we could go into there at the local level was to take each step of the plan and integrate it with the plans of a large committee in the bureaucratic structure who would talk about it and then decide what we should do. Now for that kind of work, we might as well stay in bed. Those are the ways that have been failing for years, and all they wanted was for our people to fail along with them. You have to go in there on your own terms. However, you have to get their permission. When I went to India and bumped into this situation, I knew that later we were going to be in trouble; so, your young colleagues there started out in what now would be called depressed areas in and around Bombay to look for another demonstration site. They selected four or five possible villages in Maharastra state, of which Bombay is the capital, and finally decided upon the town of Maliwada, which is close to my heart.

The Global Odysseys of the future are going to go from one social demonstration to the other. There is more richness to behold in Maliwada than in Delhi or Calcutta. It is at the base of a most unusual mountain. I regard it as one of the seven wonders of the world. There is a big round mountain that comes out of the plain like a bell. Years ago, the Hindus sliced this mountain all the way around so that now there is 60 feet of bare straight rock at the base. Then up on the top, they built a fortress, and on one side at the bottom they built a huge fort out of the stone that they chipped away from the mountain. Then they built a series of seven walls that you would have to get through. There was no way to get to that top fort unless you took the fort at the bottom, and even then you weren't sure of getting up. They also dug out of solid rock a mote 30 feet deep and 30 feet wide with "demons" in it, and built tunnels down through the mountain out for about 1/2 mile underground. Some centuries later, however, the Moslems took the fort.

Now in the early days the Hindus called this place Deogiri, "Giri" means "abode" and "deo" means "God." The ABODE OF GOD. When the Moslems took it they changed the name of it to Daulatabad. "Abad" means "abode" too, and "daula" means "fortress." That seems to fit. I'm interested in these abode places. Kawangware is the "abode of the guinea bird" and the black people who came to the United States, mostly from West Africa, looked upon guinea as heaven. They sang songs about returning to Guinea, or returning to glory.

Actually, I like to think about Kawangware as the "abode of glory," the abode of the guinea bird. "Kawa" means "place" and "gware" means the "guinea bird." Oombulgurri is the abode of what? The "place of dry ground". Malidwada itself means the place of the farmer.

Right outside the walls of that fort there were two villages. One was a merchant village called Maliwada, too, and we call that "Maliwada Number Two." The other is "Maliwada Number One," which means "the place of the farmers," and in the ancient days their ancestors were the people who raised the food for the people who lived within the fort. It is about thirty minutes by airplane from Bombay through the district capitol of Aurangabad and then about a 15 minute car ride from Aurangabad. It, too, is a remote place.

I would like to go into great detail about the underlying human problem in each of the social demonstrations. In Kwang Yung Il the underlying problem is that the world, ever since the Western world touched Korea, has looked down on Shamonism. When the missionaries went to Korea, Shamonism was a fine religion that built an unbelievable culture. The 19th century talked about the "progress of civilization," and it is tragic that in most parts of the world they became ashamed of their own culture. Shamonism was a great religion and they became ashamed of it! This is the basic problem in Jeju Do. They have to grasp the glory in Shamonism before once again they can appropriate themselves with dignity in history. In Maliwada, I see the problem something like this: every day several hundred people there get up and behold this unbelievable wonder of the world that their fathers built and yet live in absolute tumble-downness. I think the first job for the community is to go out and pick up a broken stone and put it on top of another stone. How do you symbolize the rebuilding of your village? I hear there are some gnostics that still believe that being saved in our Lord Jesus Christ is having right theology or standing at attention when you say some creed. No, being saved in Jesus Christ is transformed life.

Lives in the consults are transformed. RS'Is have to go on because in RS-I lives are impacted. In the consult, lives are impacted most when you come to the underlying contradiction. In Korea one man raised up out of his seat when I was shouting at one of my colleagues trying to get him to articulate the contradiction. Absolution has to go on after such an event. I like to think now that we teach RS-I, not with our mouths, but with our presence. Someone asks you, "Who are you?" You know what they mean. You didn't have an answer to their question, but you knew what they meant. You are a sign that one can move. You are a sign that the impossible is possible. You have to be able to point to a new kind of living to impact a life today. You just show up there -- and you are a sign that there is another way to live a great life and die a great death.

We had to go to the Prime Minister in the state of Maharashtra, who is the man who runs that nation. I call it a nation because in that one state there are 50 million people and 40,000 rural cities in addition to the urban cities. When we showed him the Oombulgurri Document, he carefully looked at it. He was a Hindu, a very gracious man, and it was obvious that I was "an

ugly Westerner." It was also very clear that I was a Christian man. Yet, the way he reached out in fellowship and in brotherhood was almost beyond my power to describe. I didn't have to sell him. His immediate interest was, "How can I replicate this in the 40,000 villages?" Anything we ask he will deliver to us. He sent out word to his underlings, provided meat for our colleagues who are now living in Maliwada, offered government housing for the consult at government rates which is next to nothing, and offered to do whatever he could to get behind such a project. He even suggested that there were ways now in which the monies from AID could come back into India through private organizations like ourselves. This gave us some leverage as you can see.

Kawangware is "mud up to here." The only place to have the consult was a brothel. They called it a hotel, but that was a facade. I now have a new respect for the girls: they care! They moved out for a whole week so we could have our consult. It is a rough community. You would not want to be more than three or four feet away from the door at night. The man who is the leader, (he doesn't wear any badges but it is obvious he is the leader) carries a certain kind of cane. The word is that there is a knife in it 5 inches long. What a man! I wouldn't mind walking with him at night. These are Kikuyu people. The Maumaus. I kept asking myself, "Who is this man? Where did he get his power?" Kawangware was a village of detention for the British in the revolution and they brought the Kikuyu people there with machine guns. It was like a camp. The British had no way of knowing they were Maumaus, but suspected they might be. The leader was the underground Maumau leader in that community back in those days.

Forty of these local people, along with thirty others who came from the outside - from Hong Kong, Singapore, Australia, and Europe - met every day. At night when the people came home from work, they came to the consult and sometimes there were 160 local people working on the contradictions, proposals, tactics, and actuating programs. It was wild! They would sing and dance during the breaks. The most absolutely crushed and discouraged people in Kawangware are the young men. Seventy per cent of them are unemployed. The young men we saw with droopy shoulders stood tall by the end of the week. When it came time to translate the document into Swaheli, they volunteered to do it.

Next comes the framing. Our colleagues have been very obedient, and for three years they have kept a low profile, so we had a job to do. Since Nairobi has boundaries about twenty miles in every direction, Kawangware is part of the city of Nairobi. Therefore, we had to see the Mayor whose name is Margaret Kenyatta. She is the daughter of His Excellency and a tremendous woman. Three days after we talked with her she fired the district officer who had given us a little bit of trouble. It became apparent that she had called her staff together and told them something like this: "You stupid idiots! I have hired you for ten years to do something like this and you haven't done a thing. Now, I want you to get behind this group."

There are a lot of people who care who you and I don't know because they do not get up and say the boy scout oath the way we do. We saw Charles Njogu,

the Attorney General of Kenya who is the one who really holds the place together. He is an older gentleman, 84 now, and since the assassination of Mboya, he is second in command. He is a fine man. As we grow older, we learn not to go in on our own steam. We get clout to go in before us, and, if possible, with us. There were two bishops sitting in the room with us when we went to see him. He came loose at the seams. You might be interested to know that I saw a brochure on the Saemaul Movement on his desk, and I suspected then that we had it made. As we left he put it this way, "If anybody gives you any kind of trouble, you get back to my office immediately." At that point we had the support of the municipal level and the federal level. All we needed was the private level. We discovered that the guilty white-skinned Kenyans that are still there were willing to give money immediately. The original citizens in Kenya wouldn't give you a dime. Do you know something? We didn't have a nickle and I was not about to ask Chicago for these kinds of things. Well, we went out to the printers and paper people and this document did not cost us a cent. I don't think that we went anywhere where we did not get something. Before the revolution, the white people lived on the other side of the river in gorgeous houses and the black people lived in sheer mud. Now both the whites and the blacks who are wealthy live right beside the abject poverty area. They are sitting there scared because the Mau Mau glow has not gone out of the eyes of the people in Kawangware. There is a kind of pride there that is exhilarating to watch. But the wealthy not only have huge dogs and night watchmen, they also have strange buzzers that let off a screech that scares you to death. We figure in our development plan that we can go to these houses and ask each house for a thousand dollars to do something in Kawangware.

Writing these documents is hard work. The Ombugurri Document took us 14 days working 20 hours a day. Some of your younger colleagues wished they hadn't come along about the 13th day of writing. The Jeju Document took us 16 days. We were slow! Then we rolled up our sleeves in Kawangware, and this document only took us 7 days. I don't think my colleagues are going to like it but I'm going to go back with the idea that we do the Maliwada Document in five days! I believe that you ought to study these consult documents like you studied Rahner's book, to get ready for social demonstrations and primal community experiments everywhere throughout the globe.

They are ready to go in Trastevere. But I'm not so sure that Trastevere is the place, although it has served us well. We looked through the south of Italy where the poor are suppose to live. (That is a myth that the Northern Italians have created.) But I think we have located the general area for the demonstration. It is about 70 miles outside of Rome in a valley where the annual income averages \$325 a year. It is accessible from Rome. A site has to be where people can visit it, or it can't be a demonstration.

The Isle of Dogs is going forward. The Port Authorities of London have 50 acres of the most unbelievable land in the whole world, and it is right in the middle of the Isle of Dogs. For over a hundred years they have dug out the Thames and have piled the dirt in the Isle of Dogs. Now it is a plateau 30 feet high. During the war it was an antiaircraft emplacement. The Port



Authorities own the land and a 17 room house that isn't being used. We are hoping that they will let us have the house and the 50 acres to allow a group of 20 young men to plant a garden of exotic vegetables that could be marketed across the river in Greenwich Town.

We have had to change the schedule of the consults. The one in Maliwada begins the end of this month. Marjuro will be in February because the local legislature meets in March to vote on the \$150,000. The \$1.8 million has gone through both committees of the federal government, and we have been promised that it will go through the floor unanimously. This will happen in January, which makes February a fine time to have our consult out there. The consult in the Isle of Dogs will be postponed until March. Then Fifth City. What a time that's going to be! I feel that in the last few months things have gone better than before the riots. We have never done one of these consults in Fifth City, and the time is just right. It will follow the Guardians Meeting in Chicago. Hopefully a select group of guardians can be brought into Fifth City and it can take off once again. After that in April, we go to Trastevere. We have the permission of the Vatican, but getting the permission of the civil government in Italy is something else. We think we have found a way in that AID works with Italy. But, if nothing comes off this way, we will postpone Trastevere until the Fall and we can do Cebu or Washington D.C. While we were at the World Council of Churches we saw a colleague from Jakarta. He went to see Kawangware and came loose at the seams, so that we could do one of the demonstrations in Indonesia. That is where AID wants us to go. Then Cebu is just sitting there waiting to be started. If things settle down in Bangladesh, we might go into Dacca. Bishop Samuels of Pakistan and the President of Lahore Christian University visited Kawangware so we could very easily do one in Pakistan. Then the Houses in Lusaka and Berlin and Caracas have indicated they are ready to move. You can see the time coming when we have to do North America in a new way. I would like to do one in each of the six areas of this continent next year. By the year after next, the 24 around the world will be done, and by that time there might be a social demonstration in each area and with it a social methods school.

In Korea the government pushed us hard to spell out a replication scheme. The scheme included going to each of the 200 villages on Jeju Do in a one year period and telling the story. Out of the story you will get the ones who will do Town Meeting. Then the leaders of the villages will do a Social Methods School. The staff will then go out and work with the people who are trained. The next step is mini consult (that doesn't mean it is any less) in each village and then they start the social demonstration. This schema begins to tie together all that we are doing. It is going to begin with the Town Meeting and then these things will follow.

You are going to be asked a hundred times, "Who are you?" "Well," you say, "You really want to know? Then you come to Barcelona in three weeks from now to this retreat...Odyssey..(what are we going to call them?)..You come..." Anyway, it is what we do there that is important. You know what the new form of the Church is? I don't know, but I do know that it has to do with the

Preaching Mission, the Town Meeting, the Social Methods School, the Consult, the PCE, and the Odysseys...or something like that. "Jesus Christ is my savior" or something like that. "We are the people who live" or something like that.

We are walking out there (not back here where someone asks what the relationship between centrum and the area is, or how am I going to get my next bowl of rice, or now let's see, what is it we are all about?) We are out there, and have you ever noticed that when you are out there, centrum takes care of itself? I already talked to the Area Priors about not worrying about money. Any money the Order or the Institute has is yours. You have to take what you need to get the job done. Nobody else needs to go out to work. Get out and get the money. Get it out of Chicago if you have to. That is the last place I would suggest, but if you have to... Move it...Move it... Move it... That's our job. Two thousand years from now suppose we get together...We will say something like, "You know what happened back there in 1776?... no, that's not right...in 1976?... You remember? We were having Town Meetings!"