

London, January 23rd, 1976

Breakfast collegium spin:

I wish Maliwada could flow again...it'd be a treat for me to drink deeply. Thinking was it would not happen there, fear not come off, that nothing would happen, then it happened and oh, my mind goes back to stumping RSI with Slicker. Just 2 teachers then, and though I know RSI is different now, but I know then lives were changed. Lives are changed around that table People around tables in midst of warfare: pain, agony, embarrassment...You could get the ideological aspect of RSI anywhere but important things was changed lives. Never could get over anyone asking what do next after RSI. Inside you you not ask. lives change

1. I felt the same thing about Maliwada. Lives changed. First time in my life I knew change not by words but by presence. I'm caught up these days by Jesus. Jesus, not Christ Jesus, walking by. You, whatever bishop, whatever fundamentalis can talk theology...defending creedal statements. It wouldn't dent my being any more. And I am for creeds and popular theology. I have taken the most creative step of my journey. On the train to Hyderabad...3 men, Muslim, Hindu and Xn. You wouldn't know that unless you knew that. Those 3 men had been transformed in the 10 days together. Rarely do I wish to be young again or to live longer. Now I do. I'd like to get stated what I try to describe now.

2. Next thing was highly related. Several old men in that village, one Muslim, several Hindu. We fell in love with each other, they with me and I with them. So many wells, 60' deep. We fell into different wells. You get vertigo. We found through our own poetry we'd been conditioned all our lives, I as a slowly Methodist, they as mighty Hindu...We fell into a common water table of consciousness. Not talking was a mere inconvenience. It forced us to look into each others eyes, and we said all that needed to be said. The transparency was poetry for them and me. This is profound portent of tomorrow. Everyone been asking how weave great religions...now I don't ask it, though of course I do. But the happening has happened. You need to describe that happening. It happened to me...I am a living kwitness and not the only one.

3. Relative to that - a self-centered thing. I was not prepared for rural India. I'd seen sleeping in the streets of Calcutta thought that's the way rural India is but rural people are dignified. There is great dignity and self-confidence. Such wonderful poise, almost as though they had read Emily Post, they treated you with such poise in those mud huts. And they participated right from the first

day. Other places it took awhile. One time I said that Indians look like Einstein but they're stupid...I was so wrong. What was an objective fact was just to underscore what we say in the UR Course. About the pour soi of India...the intentionality of their selfhood is shocking.

Indians know the Christ happening but do not know they know. Here I have lack of clarity. I have always been afraid we'd send some ex-hippie or liberal goof out there who'd get sucked up into Hindu dogma and they'd chew you up. Not scared of that anymore. I found way to walk in this "climate". This is talking about something objective.

But to get on top of that I have to understand the impact of the past. How crucial this is. Just the indicative, not imperative or good or bad, but for instance we discovered a (whole water system, dams, etc.) which represented a great civilization. That whole water system was washed out and you could not find anyone who even could remember when it worked and all anyone talked about was how there wasn't any way of getting water. They had an incredibly complex culture when we were wearing bearskins. What happened that made them just not go out one day and repair after something like a monsoon. Obviously for years they kept it in repair, but what happened? Why? Something happened and the whole place turned into semi-desert and they began to scrape for water.

The first day we scratched at that and the selfhood began to bleed. What happened that built that callousness over their consciousness? I'm interested in their past. I remember the Johnstown flood, such a tragedy, wondering what such a happening like that could have happened. This has to do with the Christ presence today. Your colleagues, walking into the valley of death (riding with the 600)...will turn that desert into a valley and it will blossom like a rose. Care about those two things: cobblestone streets and (bunds?) (dam system)

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