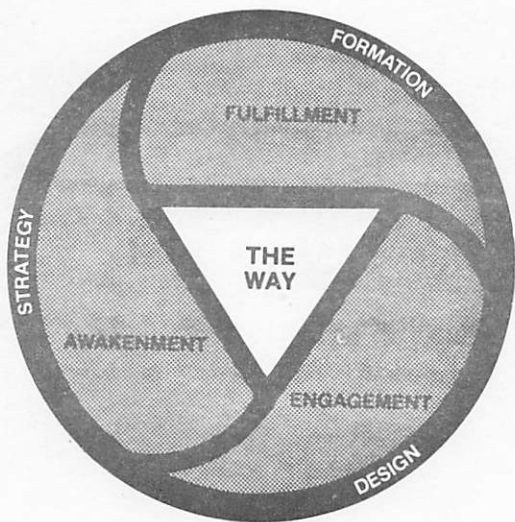


Stocking



Task Force VIII

**SPIRIT
EDGE**

a compend of
task force
products

prepared by
Global Research Assembly 1979
July 1-15, 1979

GRA: CHICAGO
JULY 1979

COMPREHENSIVE SCREEN FOR SPIRIT EDGE RESEARCH

SPIRIT EDGE
TASK FORCE 8

FUTURIC PROBES

YEAR'S EXPERIMENTATION

FRAMEWORK CREATION

UNIVERSAL WAY IMAGES

Spins for Council
Visual Image
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Art Forms

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Myth Factor Statement
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Myth Collection
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The New Course
Myth Workshop
Training Manual

SYMBOLIC LIFE EXPERIMENT

Rituals
Teams
Ecclesiola/collegium
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20th CENTURY JOURNEY STATEMENT

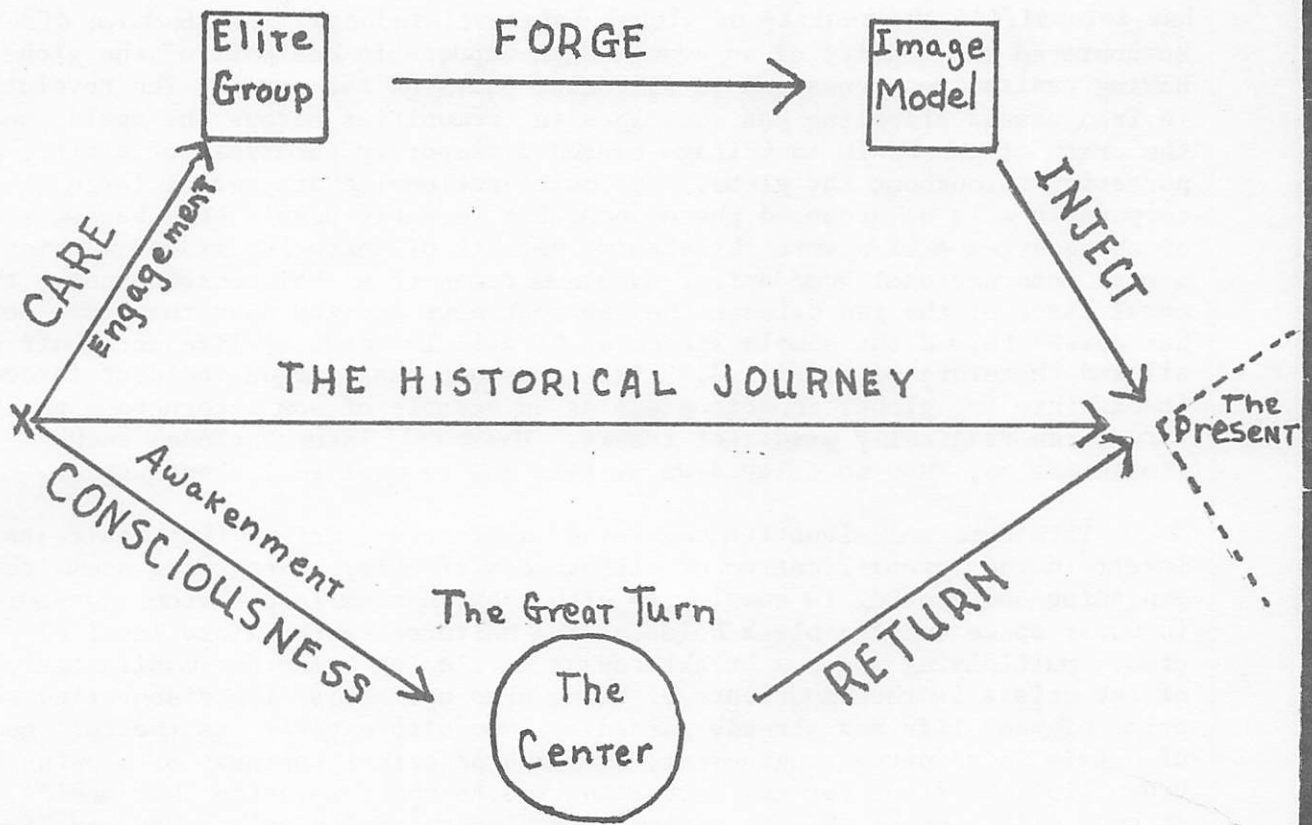
Spirit Journey Essay
7 Revolutions Readings
New Briefcase Library
Spirit Journey Essay

PRESUPPOSITIONS

The Spirit Edge Task Force has operated out of the following presuppositions:

1. Local man across the globe experiences the question of vocation at the moment he experiences awakening; therefore, the retreat is intended to empower the myth factor which releases, trains and sustains individuals and communities on the way.
2. There is a new myth present in civilization which has emerged out of the embodiment of the cultural revolution of our times and is being acted out in local community by those who care.
3. The releasing life method at this moment is one that turns life experience into profound poetry, allowing the new myth to be objectified and participated in.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL REVOLUTIONARY JOURNEY



THE SPIRIT JOURNEY
Journey to the Center

THE SPIRIT JOURNEY OF THE 20TH CENTURY

Essay Preface - First Draft

As the Spirit Movement we have been on a three-fold journey: 1) the revolutionary journey that creates new images and injects them back into the historical process, 2) the historical journey itself and 3) the spirit journey which goes to the center of Being itself and then returns to the historical process. We have come to the point where these three journeys converge. It is as much a turning point in our common journey as the Great Turn was or the actual beginning of our life as a corporate body. It is at this point of convergence that the burning question becomes one of myth. Or how, after having gained new insights along the way, can the wisdom and profound humanness of the Way be named and shared?

Over the last ten years the image of the Earthrise is one that people across the globe have experienced as totally new - an image of unity, of one earth, a universe blending into wholeness. This image of planet Earth has intensified the reality of global inter-relatedness. People have directly encountered the reality of an event which happens in one part of the globe as having radical repercussions in all other parts of the world. The revolution in Iran caused crippling gas shortages in communities across the world, while the crash of one DC-10 in Chicago caused a temporary paralysis of air transportation throughout the globe. The multi-national character of large corporations is an accepted phenomenon, but recently people have become aware of the emergence of a more threatening network of terrorist groups working across international boundaries. In these times of global consciousness, the moral issue of the gap between the few that have and the many that have not has passed beyond the simple stance of "I will lay down my life on behalf of all and therefore be fulfilled." The Jonestown mass suicide incident forced itself into the global consciousness as an example of how a corporate vocational thrust can tragically misdirect itself. The moral issue includes such dimensions as, "How do I lay down my life and to what am I obedient?"

This external situation occasions an internal crisis that manifests itself in the intensification of all aspects of life. Everything seems to be expanding and growing in complexity with each quantum leap - from industries in outer space and the black holes of the universe to the micro level of atoms multiplying and new breakthroughs in cloning. Another manifestation of the crisis is the experience of being used up. It's like discovering the prime of your life has already passed by. One also experiences the full gamut of crisis in perpetual engagement, from the practical business of mopping the brown linoleum floor for the umpteenth time to the revelation that medical science will soon be able to extend life almost indefinitely. Man experiences helplessness in its fullest from the absurd anticipation of the skylab re-entry into the earth's atmosphere to the terror of fear in a situation when guerrillas enter a Philippine village and kill its leaders while the villagers stand by utterly defenseless. None of the existing social structures seem to provide adequate care; traditional family structures continue to collapse, and every structure that man puts in place seems to again breed corruption. All this reveals the existential question, "How be I?"

What is worth my whole life?

THE SPIRIT JOURNEY OF THE 20TH CENTURY
Essay Preface
First Draft

The immediate response to such a question is to escape from it by entrenchment in reductionistic modes of living. Sometimes this may take the form of returning to the roots of race or class or family, together with the pursuit of every form of personal enrichment. This is often accompanied by fundamentalism, revivalism and other esoteric mythologies. It is reinforced by the conservatism and cynicism that says we tried everything, but it didn't work and it wasn't worth it anyway.

Thus we see that as human beings we are going through the agony of creating and becoming a new mythology that goes beyond the bounds of any previous myth we have lived by. Old myths are no longer operative, and effective new myths have not arisen to replace them. Now, we're in the process, struggling to create a new myth out of the reality of our life experiences. This accounts for the enormous market for fiction novels of all kinds, the recent films such as Star Wars, Superman, Godfather, and even TV's "The Incredible Hulk." The question remains how to find or how to make the public dream or myth one that tells the story of authentic humanness. What are the humanizing myths about our life situations which will allow us to be willing to participate in the future as a people? Campbell clearly states that a mythology will not be written and handed out for us to appropriate, but it will emerge from the truth of our life experiences in the poetry we use to tell our myths.

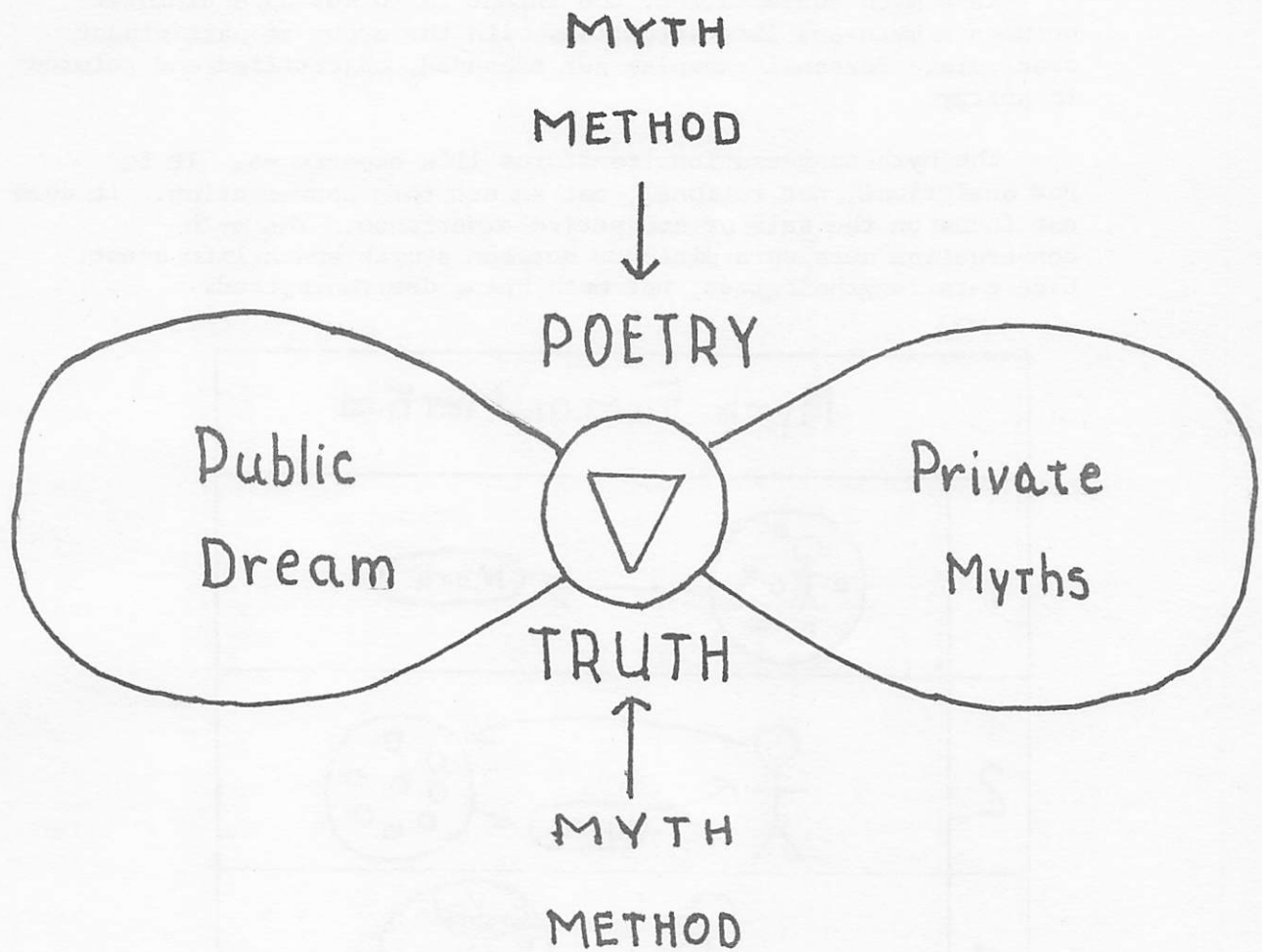
A STATEMENT ON THE MYTH FACTOR METHOD

The Spirit Edge today is neither in non-being nor in being, but in the intensification of the two, the incomprehensible. The convergence point in relationship to awe does not lie in the tension between dread and fascination but in courage. In society the world is yearning for universal community rather than for meaning within the family or polis. In philosophical methods the issue is not in the analytical or the existential but in the meta-language or myth factor. Historically, the analytical method says that even though we stand in different places, we can consense on our individual descriptions of a common experience. In existential methodologies (phenomenological) we have learned that if you stand where I am standing and see what I see you will experience what I am experiencing. The edge for us today is building the meta-language to describe the intensification of these two method systems or the "myth factor" methodology. What is called for today in society is to remythologize the public dream into a new myth form.

Campbell writes that public myths are to groups what dreams are to individuals, a means of communicating between the conscious and unconscious. He says that a myth is a "veiled explanation" of life truths, with four important functions. Firstly, awakening a sense of awe in an individual, secondly, offering a comprehensive image of the world, thirdly, supporting the social order and fourthly, guiding the individual through inevitable life crisis. Due to varied life contexts and backgrounds all former myths are inadequate and no new universal myth exists. Mythology cannot be created and given to people, but must emerge out of their own life experience. What can and must be provided is 1) a self-consciousness of the importance and function of myth and 2) myth building methods for local communities.

John Dunne, in his book The Way of All the Earth, discusses the processes of turning poetry into truth and truth into poetry. When one gains insight into the profound truths of authentic life from classical and contemporary art forms, epics, world religions, one has turned poetry into truth. The parallel process of turning truth into poetry occurs when one struggles to articulate the experience of the mystery that life is. The profound truth can only be expressed in poetic terms.

The art form methodology as a life method is our foundational means of equipping those who care. Analytically, the role of art forming has been to take the experience of an individual, objectify it and enable a new decision in relationship to the self. Existentially, the role of art forming has been to define everything in relationship to experience which enables a new decision in relationship to that experience--here the myth factor has become latent. What is needed now is a new perspective, a "turn of the dial," which objectifies the human journey through retelling a community myth, thereupon recreating both the individual's and group's mythology. Remythologizing is the intent of the meta, or myth factor methodology.



ANALYTICAL
METHOD

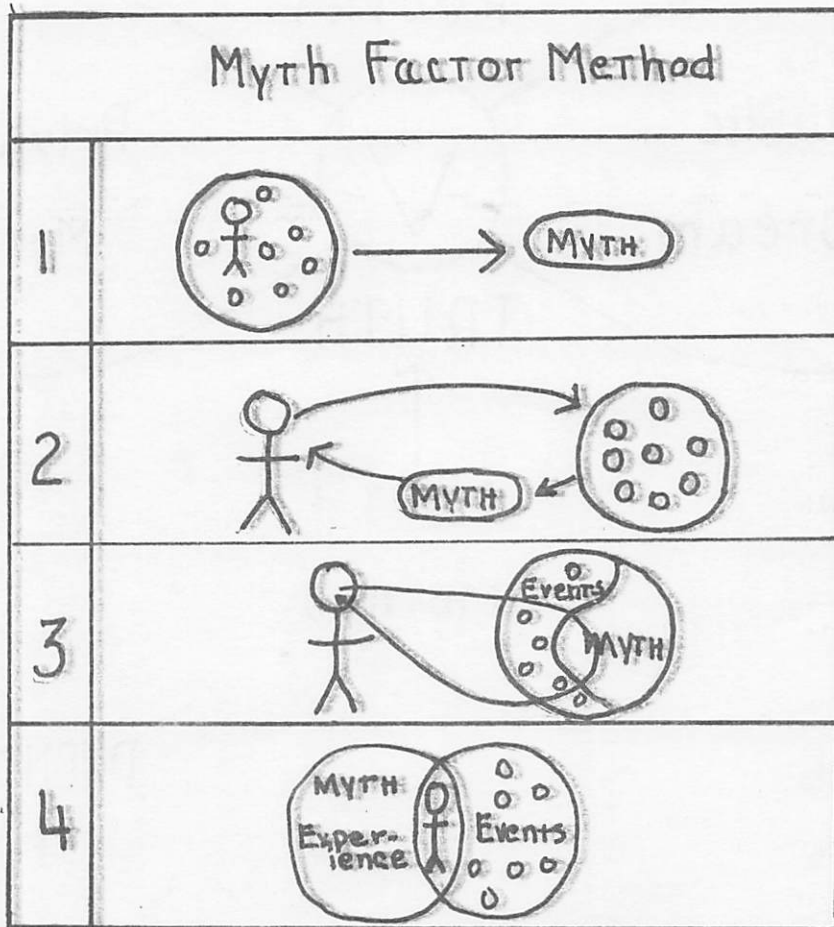
PHENOMENOLOGICAL
METHOD

CONTEXT TO THE MYTH CONVERSATION METHOD

The task of our times is to recover the power of myth -- allowing it to redeem individual lives and indeed, the lives of whole communities. Everyman is searching for ways to give significance to everyday mundane life expenditure. New poetry is needed to talk about the truth of everyday life.

In a myth conversation, the intent is to set up a dialogue between a myth and life situations with the group as participant observers. Personal examples get expanded, objectified and related to poetry.

The myth conversation transforms life experience. It is not analytical, not rational, not an art form conversation. It does not focus on the self or subjective experience. The myth conversation sets up a dialogue between a myth and a life event. Life gets remythologized, not myth being demythologized.



RATIONAL OBJECTIVE: To set up dialogue between myth and life experience.		EXISTENTIAL AIM: To recreate the individual and community's story.
Questions		Notes
POETRY	READ MYTH	CHOOSE A MYTH, PREFERABLY OF A GROUP, WHICH OCCASIONS A LEAP, A CALLING FORTH. It doesn't have to be answered. Do allow responses, if any.
TO	1. What was the ordinary life experience used in this myth?	
TRUTH	2. Who and what were the characters?	Wait to get out all the characters.
TRUTH	3. What events in history were you reminded of? What events from your community or your personal experience?	Take time to get out several personal experiences. Questions are different ways of "filling up" life experience container.
TO	4. Retell <u>story</u> you just heard using the characters and the concretions of your experience or event.	Relate to characters in the myth.
POETRY	5. GET THAT SITUATION IN MIND. What new perspective did the myth give you to see the event you were reminded of?	Once conversation starts and a few examples get into container, the myth and the experiences start spinning like a wheel.
POETRY	6. IN THE MYTH AN ORDINARY SITUATION WAS MADE THE OCCASION FOR A LIFE LEARNING. What is being said in this story that is true for every community?	New dimensions of myth "light up." Each example gets immediately expanded and objectified in relation to the other events or experiences.
TO	7. What is a decision or situation coming up to which this applies? What would myth say to it?	
TRUTH		Conversation relies on composite of individual experiences <u>not</u> each individual experience.

MYTH FACTOR METHOD

NOT

The intent here is not to occasion experience of experience (as in the art form method) where self or individual is the key focus or pivot place.

IS

The intent is to objectify the experience of a group, then recreate it through a dialogue with historical mythology.

Four feet of bamboo. . . .

He was carrying the last of two brimming buckets up the mountain path. The blow came from behind and landed squarely across his right ear. The tremendous pain was like looking into the sun. He blinked and found himself on the ground. The buckets were rolling happily back down the mountain and the Old Man was looking down at him with great satisfaction as if he'd wanted to do this cruel thing for a long, long time. He was leaning on a length of new bamboo, apparently cut just for this occasion.

It hurt badly but the worst part was the boy's helplessness to stop a few renegade tears. He wiped them away as if they were dirt and knelt to explain why he was so late in bringing the last of the water. But he'd hardly begun before the Old Man said, "Who cares about bath water! It only gets dirty and has to be thrown out!" and walked away leaving the boy nonplussed.

Frowning, the boy rose and started back down for the buckets. He'd hardly gone three steps before the bamboo struck again. It roared across his shoulders with shocking pain. The boy let out a howl and scrambled as fast as he could on hands and knees into the bushes. He peered back out. The Old Man was looking at him intently. The boy gasped as he realized that the old bastard had finally gone completely mad. He hadn't any idea what to do so he just crouched there and looked back intently.

He remained hiding long after the madman had gone into the hut and slid the door shut. While trying to decide a course of action, the boy crept carefully down the hill, automatically found and filled the buckets, and brought them back up. He was just emptying the first into the bath barrel when something told him to duck. As a consequence the third blow glanced off his shoulder. He fled around a corner of the hut. Peering back, he found the clearing empty. The old coot was fast. There was the faintest rustle behind him. Without waiting to look, the boy leaped forward, but not soon enough to escape an exquisite rap on the coccyx. Clutching his little tail, he fled moaning into the forest.

There were three more attacks before supper. By then, the boy was so jumpy that he decided against eating. Ordered to come in, however, he obeyed. The old hands held out his full bowl abruptly and he jumped away, blushed and returned. The old voice said, "Fool, even mad old teachers don't waste good food."

They ate in their usual silence then the Old Man said to him through the twilight, "An animal will jump at every sound, a leaf in the wind, a falling cone. A disciplined man will move only when it is necessary." There was a ruminative pause then the addendum: "The moment *before* it is necessary."

The rare words did not comfort the boy. Senility is sickness to the young, and suspect. He studied the wrinkled monster with one eye and went slowly around corners until bedtime. Then he found himself reluctant to sleep in the light of the fire. He pulled his mat into a dark corner and only dozed between fire-feedings. Twice he heard something unusual in the night and woke standing up.

It wasn't for many, many nerve-wracked days that the boy remembered his decision about the journey in the full moon. He smiled bitterly, remembering that he had been crushed by monotony back then. Sweet monotony! Now, flinching at every leaf in the wind and every fallen cone, he yearned for just a few minutes of comfortable, restful monotony.

Thereafter, he never turned his back on the Old Man again. He might be carrying a load of wood, reading a sutra or helpless in the bathing barrel, but part of his mind was always alert for that vicious stick of bamboo. When it came, he let fly what he carried, dived for cover and cleaned up the mess later when the Fiend was gone.

Yet in time he found it possible to duck instead of dive, to veer and not drop the wood, the water or the book. He was almost surprised to find it was possible to move with caution and still get all of his chores done in good time. The unwarranted persecution was only as much of an obstacle as his lack of skill allowed it to be.

And in time he counted fewer bruises and nursed fewer aches. This told him, with sober pride, that the bamboo stick wasn't connecting so often. This gave him a grain of pride and, without knowing it, the pride allowed him to discard a grain of fear. Eventually he realized wordlessly that there is a great difference between the self-contained alertness of a man and that lip of panic on which a wild thing lives and wastes itself. But only a fool loses fear consciously, and the boy remained safe in unanalyzed growth.

It became a grave game in which he gradually forgot to be angry with his teacher. When the bamboo fell with unexpected ingenuity and landed full and hard, his first thought was in admiration: *I am proud of my adversary*. Then no longer did he merely pass through a door thinking of something else. It became an act of dangerous importance. Nor top of a hill blithely, nor pass closely by a tree. Reverie was replaced by exquisite attention to what he was doing. Each act called for total concentration if he was to avoid pain, a fall of pride and the tattoo of a bruise. So, to avoid hurt, he learned to perceive Everything that is Now.

Later, there were times when he came to sense that which he could not perceive. He stood long minutes outside the dark door somehow certain that there was a raised and waiting stick within. He stood motionless for two then three, five then ten minutes, and at last realizing he was a fool to hesitate all night outside an empty room, shrugged, entered and fell beneath an outraged blow that repeated itself with mounting fury as the old voice grated, "You knew, you knew, and yet you used *this* door! Damn you, at least *try* to keep me interested in holding school!"

So he walked more softly and he broke up the patterns of shortness, ease and opportunity that are deadly habit. If the stick waited at some turning that he always took, he changed the route and went some longer, less expected way. Time was not important. And he learned to still his humming as he moved about his chores. There was no need to sing when his spirits rose, no need to make himself known to the forest world. The vanity of carving his name in air gave way to the pleasure of unwatched watching.

Unknown to him, the boy became quieter within as well. Concentration does not permit of fancies and debates, poetries and orations in one's inner auditorium when the stick might fall at any time. He stilled his quarrelsome mind so that he could hear the world outside, and he deeply liked the things he heard. *Not my song, but yours*.

His second year ended with a triumph that was too incredible to believe. Walking silently, he came upon his teacher waiting for him faced the other way! There was hardly an instant of joy before he fell into a terrible concern for the Old Man's skill! The poor man stood helpless! And further, how desperately humiliating to have so poor a student catch one in an awkwardness!

Silent as a shadow, he went back the way he came. The Old Man turned in time to see him go. His old eyes went wide then melted into a smile.

The next day he sat in the center of the clearing and summoned the boy from his work. The student knelt, bowed and sat straight before him. Their eyes met and held, and they exchanged many kinds of silent information. Then the Old Man held out to him a bamboo stick of his own, a new one cut for this occasion.

With the greatest effort, the boy reached out slowly and took the stick, slowly bowed and slowly rose to walk down the forest path in dignity.

The Old Man had only to glance at that young back to know the boy was crying quiet, sober tears.

He began to walk and then to climb. Perhaps things would be different on the other side of the Mountain. The path grew narrow among the crags and at last thinned to a tiny ledge, an almost unseen scar across the precipice with only mist below. Huddled here on the last open space were several frightened travelers. They watched with open mouths as a young man edged his way with burdens on his back and trembling hands searching for a hold. Moving a step at a time and frozen by the wind, he slowed and slowed and finally stopped unable to go on or back.

Without a thought of watching gods, the Ronin pushed the travelers back and slid along the path hardly wider than his feet. Alarmed, the wind whipped at his hair and clothes. The Mountain stared. The rock wall was smooth under his searching hands, the ledge a mockery, the goal but mist. Tense as a *koto* string stretched to its ultimate, he moved in the slow haste of a man possessed.

The self-trapped man ahead sank slowly to one knee. The Ronin, feeling little sections crumble beneath his weight, hurried on, one inch and then another. The young man sat and clung and stared down into the mist. With wind that drowned out sound and a burden on his back past which he could not see, he didn't know that someone had come to join him in his death until a great hand closed around his arm.

Startled, he turned to see, and slipped off into the void. The Ronin, pressing against the cliff, held on. The young man and his burden dangled in the air. The deep voice said, "Don't try to save yourself or you'll kill us both. Just hang. Don't try to move."

Hanging helpless, the young man laughed in terror and obeyed by fainting.

The Ronin turned. His face against the cliff, one hand clutching the rock ahead and the other holding the limp form of a total stranger behind him, he started back in one more experiment with death.

As minute followed minute and the travelers stared and the Mountain blew the wind to ice, he slid one foot on and the other after. Sweat soaked his body and his breath was gasps. One inch and then another along the loose and crumbling ledge. His arm no longer sensate, his eyes stinging in the wind, his opened mouth dry and needles in his lungs, he moved and did not think. Pebbles rattled off the ledge and bounded to a new and distant location on the earth, but he merely moved against wind and mountain, time and probability.

Many hands reached when he was still far too far away. They clutched and whispers said, "Just another step! Softly! Just an inch!" Then he was wrenched onto the open space and drowned in talking faces. It took two men to pry his fingers from the young man's arm, then he sat an endless little time battling with the altitude. They waited.

Then he began to curse them with every foul and angry word that he could marshal to his tongue. The substance of it was, "What kind of dog-brained fools are you to travel so sure a way to death!" When he had done, a young woman said without rancor, "There is no other way for us." He listened then and heard the price of sailing in the cheapest boat to the city on the other side of the Mountain. He looked hard from face to face when told many came this way knowing some must die. A voice said, "Look!" A finger pointed and he saw another party coming up this way.

There was only one thing to do. He went down to the village and worked, earned length after length of rope and brought it to the Precipice. Securing one end here, he edged to the far side against the indignation of the wind. Tied firmly there, it now became a minute gesture to ward off fear and perhaps even a death or two. He squinted and rooted in the past for a pulley on which to haul their goods. Without the load, even more might reach the other side.

In the meantime, he carried the babies and the old, and brought the others in tiny herds at which he yelled and cursed and tyrannized until each was brought across alive. When they thanked him and felt for coins, he said, "The last party paid too much. Let's say they paid for you, huh?"

They nodded and shrugged and went on their ways in the great discomfort of a gift as big as life. The Mountain, cheated of its daily toll, waited in silence.

One day he had the great good fortune to fall ill and lie listlessly in his bed of straw while a very lucky man slipped off the cliffs into the mists below. The sick man groaned because he'd not been there, and began to think of the eventual time he'd not return and the Mountain would claim its own again without another interruption.

The only solution lay in finding another man to replace him, and that man finding another to replace *him* in an infinity to match the Mountain's. But how could this be done? The torch is not lightly handed down and one failure is the end of all succession. He turned and turned upon his bed searching for a way to do battle with the Mountain after he had gone.

When the answer came, he rejected it and thought again. When it returned, he tilted his head and studied it. He said, "Very, very hard, the hardest thing a man could do. And very long." His eyes warmed. Those words recommended it; by them, he knew it was the answer. The illness fell from him like rags.

He rose, went to the iron smith and bargained for a pick. He climbed up to the ledge, surveyed the Enemy and, as the wind rose to a tempest, drove the pick into the rocky mountainside with all his strength and hate and love and yearning. The Mountain seemed to groan, then it flung back chips into his face. They cut deep. He squinted looking for the place the pick had struck. He struck again and the handle broke.

He stepped back and shouted to the peak: "I'm coming in there after you! Right through your gut and out the other side!" There was thunder; there was rain, but he shook his fist and laughed: "Fight back with all you have and you're still a fallen foe! You're finished, done, you're through!"

Then he laid his cheek against the cold, wet rock and said, "You didn't mean to kill. You're just a mountain that happened to be here." Then he stood back and shouted, "But *I'm* here now!" and went on down for another pick.

BALAAM AND THE DONKEY

20 That night God came to Balaam and said to him, "If these men have come to summon you, you may go with them; yet only on the condition that you do exactly as I tell you." 21 So the next morning when Balaam arose, he saddled his ass, and went off with the princes of Moab.

The Talking Ass. 22[†] But now the anger of God flared up at him for going, and the angel of the LORD stationed himself on the road to hinder him as he was riding along on his ass, accompanied by two of his servants. 23 When the ass saw the angel of the LORD standing on the road with sword drawn, she turned off the road and went into the field, and Balaam had to beat her to bring her back on the road. 24 Then the angel of the LORD took his stand in a narrow lane between vineyards with a stone wall on each side. 25 When the ass saw the angel of the LORD there, she shrank against the wall; and since she squeezed Balaam's leg against it, he beat her again. 26 The angel of the LORD then went ahead, and stopped next in a passage so narrow that there was no room to move either to the right or to the left. 27 When the ass saw the angel of the LORD there, she cowered under Balaam. So, in anger, he again beat the ass with his stick.

28^{*} But now the LORD opened the mouth of the ass, and she asked Balaam, "What have I done to you that you should beat me these three times?" 29 "You have acted so willfully against me," said Balaam to the

ass, "that if I but had a sword at hand, I would kill you here and now." 30 But the ass said to Balaam, "Am I not your own beast, and have you not always ridden upon me until now? Have I been in the habit of treating you this way before?" "No," replied Balaam.

31 Then the LORD removed the veil from Balaam's eyes so that he too saw the angel of the LORD standing on the road with sword drawn; and he fell on his knees and bowed to the ground. 32 But the angel of the LORD said to him, "Why have you beaten your ass these three times? It is I who have come armed to hinder you because this rash journey of yours is directly opposed to me. 33 When the ass saw me, she turned away from me these three times. If she had not turned away from me, I would have killed you; her I would have spared." 34 Then Balaam said to the angel of the LORD, "I have sinned. Yet I did not know that you stood against me to oppose my journey. Since it has displeased you, I will go back home." 35 But the angel of the LORD said to Balaam, "Go with the men; but you may say only what I tell you." So Balaam went on with the princes of Balak.

GRA: CHICAGO
JULY 1979

THE LONG MARCH
by Paul Engle

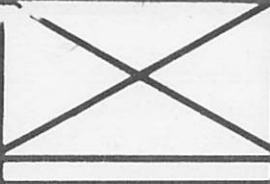

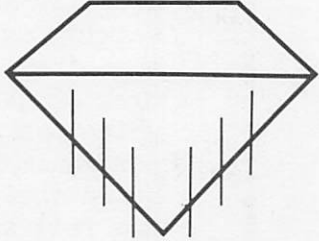
SPIRIT EDGE
TASK FORCE 8

In the year 1701, iron chains over 300 feet long had been stretched across the river, with boards tied down as a floor. The bridge swayed in wind down the gorge. Many of the planks had been removed. Nationalist troops were dug in on the opposite bank with a machine gun and a regiment. The bridge could easily have been blown up by the defenders, but it had not been; some of the flooring remained in place. Volunteers were called for, selected; pistols and grenades were strapped on their backs. They started across, hand over hand, under the great chains. The first were shot and fell into the river, but a few worked their reckless way to the point where flooring remained. One Red soldier pulled himself up on the boards and with a grenade eliminated the Nationalist post on the north bank. Soldiers there had thrown kerosene on the remaining planks and set them on fire, but too late. Red soldiers put out the flames, found the planks which had been removed and replaced them, so that in an hour the whole Red Army was crossing the uncrossable Tatu River, on their way into Szechuan.

As had happened before on the March, after the Reds attacked the defending Nationalist troops, many fled and some joined them. For the Red troops who had rushed through the red fire of the bridge, it must have seemed that they were now in the land of peace and security, for in the far west of Szechuan Province there were few Nationalist troops. But now landscape became the enemy--2000 miles of walking over seven immense mountain ranges lay ahead. It was June and warm, but when these southern Chinese in cotton clothing climbed the Great Snowy Mountain, over 16,000 feet high (they could stare west into the clashing and glistening-white peaks of Tibet), many of them died from the cold. Two thirds of the transport animals perished in the ascent of Paotung Kang Mountain, where they had to build their own path over deep mud and rocks. Crossing the Great Snowy Mountain, Mao fell sick and had to be carried. Winds were so strong in the afternoon, men could walk only in the morning. At night some were killed by rockhard hailstones.

On July 20, 1935, the Red Army reached the rich Moukung area in northwest Szechuan, where they met the Fourth Front Red Army of forty thousand well-armed troops. The army rested for a month in the safety of numbers and remoteness. In August, Mao drove on across the Great Grasslands, dense swamps over which rain fell and fog hovered all through August. Only on narrow paths could they travel, for ten days they saw no human habitation, and yet they depended on food from the wild and hostile Mantzu tribe. It was said that one sheep cost one man's life. The leader of the Mantzus, who hated all Chinese, threatened to boil alive anyone who gave them food. Medical supplies gone, the sick were simply left behind. They were attacked with poisoned arrows and the poisoned mud made their legs blister. They ate wheat green, for there was no firewood. Men stepped into mud and disappeared. They had survived battles and the great mountains, and now enough survived the Grasslands to make a column.

Once clear of the grass and mud, they had to fight Mohammedan cavalry on the high plains, while in Knasu Province more Nationalist troops had been assembled. All were defeated. More losses. Yet on October 20, 1935, they joined the soviet armies in Shensi and were at the end of a journey which had almost annihilated them, but which gave Mao a chance to test his military and political principles and to learn more of China than any of the city-based Nationalist leaders knew.

	<p>SESSION I: <i>Passing Over to the Universal</i></p>	<p>SESSION II: <i>Mapping Life onto T</i></p>
<p>Myth Conversations</p>	<p><u>ANCIENT OF DAYS:</u> "From the forest to the plain"</p>	<p><u>ANCIENT OF DAYS:</u> "We do not know what we hav</p>
<p>The Discourses</p> <p><i>discourse reflection: The Wall of Wonder</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">THE GLOBAL REALITY</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> earthrise consciousness <input type="checkbox"/> used-upedness/perpetuality <input type="checkbox"/> question of fulfillment/loyalty <input type="checkbox"/> re-entrenchment <div style="text-align: center;">  </div>	<p style="text-align: center;">THE HUMAN FACTO</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> historical journey <input type="checkbox"/> journey of TWC <input type="checkbox"/> happening of spirit <input type="checkbox"/> the human Way <div style="text-align: center;">  </div>
<p>The Exercises</p> <p><i>exercise reflection: Tools and methods</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">THE IMPACT OF THE TIMES</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> global trends <input type="checkbox"/> solitary concerns <input type="checkbox"/> historical claims <input type="checkbox"/> journal essay <p style="text-align: center;"><i>an exercise in practical comprehensiveness</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">GLOBAL INDICATIVES SCREEN</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">THE DEFINITUDES OF THE HUMAN JOUR</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> corporate montage <input type="checkbox"/> journey timeline <input type="checkbox"/> P.H. reflection <input type="checkbox"/> journal essay <p style="text-align: center;"><i>an exercise in practical transparency</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROFOUND HUMANNESS C</p>

SESSION I:
Passing Over to the Universal

SESSION II:
Mapping Life onto Ti

Myth
Conversations

ANCIENT OF DAYS:
"From the forest to the plain"

ANCIENT OF DAYS:
"We do not know what we hav

The
Discourses

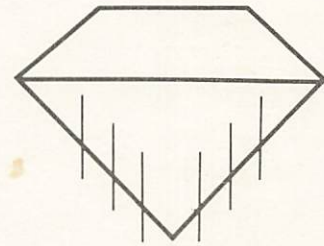
THE GLOBAL REALITY

- earthrise consciousness
- used-upedness/perpetuality
- question of fulfillment/loyalty
- re-entrenchment



THE HUMAN FACTO

- historical journey
- journey of TWC
- happening of spirit
- the human Way



discourse
reflection:
The
Wall of
Wonder

What has happened that has
given you "shimmerings" of the future?

What events have opened y
up to a new global reality?

The
Exercises

THE IMPACT
OF THE TIMES

- global trends
- solitary concerns
- historical claims
- journal essay

*an exercise in practical
comprehensiveness*

GLOBAL INDICATIVES SCREEN



THE DEFINITUDES
OF THE HUMAN JOUR



- corporate montage
- journey timeline
- P.H. reflection
- journal essay

*an exercise in practical
transparency*

PROFOUND HUMANNESS C

exercise
reflection:
Tools and
methods

ne	<p>SESSION III: <i>Communicating Insight</i></p>	<p>SESSION IV: <i>Behaviour to Action</i></p>
built”	<p><u>ANCIENT OF DAYS:</u> “You have marked the sun”</p>	<p><u>ANCIENT OF DAYS:</u> “We will build in stone”</p>
R	<p>THE PROFOUND STYLE</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> corporate cares <input type="checkbox"/> human exemplars <input type="checkbox"/> LMC qualities <input type="checkbox"/> revolutionary steadfastness 	<p>THE HISTORICAL LEAGUE</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> vocation of the Way <input type="checkbox"/> covenant with history <input type="checkbox"/> moral issue <input type="checkbox"/> destinal task 
ou	<p>What events have called into being new human styles in society?</p>	<p>What events have motivated people to action in local communities?</p>
NEY	<p>THE STYLE OF EXEMPLARY LIVING</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> role play <input type="checkbox"/> meditative council <input type="checkbox"/> implementing steps <input type="checkbox"/> journal essay <p><i>an exercise in practical sociality</i></p> <p>THE EXEMPLAR TABLEAU</p>	<p>THE DESTINY OF PEOPLE OF THE WAY</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> charting the journey <input type="checkbox"/> practical prophecy <input type="checkbox"/> myth declaration <input type="checkbox"/> journal essay <p><i>an exercise in practical mythology</i></p> <p>WALL OF WONDER</p>
HART		

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ART		

AN EVENING IN THE RAILWAY STATION

Nothing about the young Gandhi walking down a gangplank in Durban Harbor in May, 1893, however, indicated a vocation for asceticism or saintliness. The future prophet of poverty made his formal entry onto the soil of South Africa in a high white collar and the fashionable frock coat of a London Inner Temple Barrister, his briefcase crammed with documents on the rich Indian businessman whose interest he had come to defend.

Gandhi's real introduction to South Africa came a week after his arrival on an overnight train ride from Durban to Pretoria. Four decades later Gandhi would still remember that trip as the most formative experience of his life. Halfway to Pretoria a white man stalked into his first-class compartment and ordered him into the baggage car. Gandhi, who held a first-class ticket, refused. At the next stop the white man called a policeman, and Gandhi with his luggage was unceremoniously thrown off the train in the middle of the night.

All alone, shivering in the cold because he was too shy to ask the stationmaster for the overcoat locked in his luggage, Gandhi passed the night huddled in the unlighted railroad station pondering his first brutal confrontation with racial prejudice. Like a medieval youth during the vigil of his knighthood, Gandhi sat in the darkened station praying to the God of the Gita for courage and guidance. When dawn finally broke on the little station of Pietermaritzburg, the timid, withdrawn youth was a changed person. The little lawyer had reached the most important decision of his life. Mohandas Gandhi was going to say, "No!"

A week later, Gandhi delivered his first public speech to Pretoria's Indians. The advocate who had been so painfully shy in the courtrooms of Bombay had begun to find his tongue. He urged the Indians to unite to defend their interests, and, as a first step, to learn how to do it in their oppressors' English tongue. The following evening, without realizing it, Gandhi began the work that would ultimately bring 300 million Indians freedom by teaching English grammar to a barber, a clerk, and a shopkeeper.

The last snow-covered peak they crossed was Min Mountain. Never again did the Red Army fight in such country. The Long March ended at Yen-an, a small city of Shensi Province in northwest China, where they lived in caves cut out of the loess ("Wind-blown") clay.

THE LONG MARCH (October 1935)
by Mao Tse Tung

The Red Army does not fear
the Long March toughness.
Thousands of rivers, hundreds of mountains, easy.
The Five Ridges
merely little ripples.
Immense Wu Meng Mountain--
merely a mound of earth.
Warm are the cloudy cliffs
beaten by Gold Sand River.
Cold are the iron chains
bridging Tatu River.
Joy over Min Mountain
thousand miles of snow:
when the army crossed,
every face smiled.

Then, as darkness deepened over the still heaving ocean, and as the winds died momentarily from the gallant outstretched sails, the stars began to appear: first the mighty golden stars of the south, those warm familiar beacons that showed the way to Tahiti, followed by the cold blue stars of the north, scintillating in their accustomed places and competing with the quarter moon. As each star took its position, its friends in the canoe greeted it with cries of recognition, and an assurance that had been absent for many days returned.

The critical stars had not yet risen, so that in spite of their joy, men could not suppress the questions that often assailed voyagers: "What if we have sailed away from heaven we knew? What if the Little Eyes do not rise here?" Then slowly and uncertainly, for they were not brilliant stars, the sacred group arose, precisely where it should have been, climbing up out of its appropriate pit.

"The Little Eyes are still with us!" Tupuna shouted, and the king raised his head to offer a prayer to the guardians of the world, the core around which the heavens were built.

The astronomers then met to read the signs, and they concluded that the storm had blown fairly steadily from the west, but apparently there had been, as Teura had guessed, a definite drift of the sea northward, for the Little Eyes were going to culminate much higher in the heavens than would be proper were the canoe on course to Nuku Hiva; but to say specifically how serious the drift had been the navigators would have to wait until Three-in-a-Row appeared, which would not be for another two hours.

So the three plotters waited, and when Three-in-a-Row was well up into the heavens it became self-evident that the canoe was far, far north of the course to Nuku Hiva and thus committed to an unknown ocean with no opportunity to replenish stores. It was therefore a solemn group that went aft to report to the king: "The storm has carried us even more swiftly than Teroro imagined."

The king's face showed his distress. "Are we lost?"

Uncle Tupuna replied, "We are far from Nuku Hiva and will see no land we know."

"Then we are lost?" the king pressed.

"No, nephew, we are not," Tupuna said carefully. "It is true that we have been carried into far regions, but they are not off our course. We seek lands which lie beneath the Seven Little Eyes, and we are nearer to them tonight than we had a right to expect. If we do not eat too much. . ."

Even though Tamatoa had given permission to keep the sails aloft, and even though he had known that the canoe thus ran the risk of missing Nuku Hiva, he had nevertheless hoped that they would stumble upon that known island, and perhaps find it congenial, and possibly establish homes there. Now he was committed to the greater journey, and he was fearful.

"We could still alter course and find Nuku Hiva," he suggested.

Teroro remained silent and allowed old Tupuna to carry the argument: "No, we are well on our way."

"But to where?"

Tupuna repeated the only chant he had ever memorized for sailing to the north. In effect it said: "Keep the canoe headed with the storm until the winds cease completely. Then turn into the dead sea where bones rot with heat and no wind blows. Paddle to the new star, and when winds strike from the east, ride with them westward until land beneath the Seven Little Eves is found."

The king, himself an adequate astronomer, pointed due north, and asked, "Then the lands we seek are there?"

"Yes," Tupuna agreed.

"But we go this way?" and he pointed eastward, where the winds of the dying storm were driving them.

"Yes."

The course seemed so improbable, to head for a promised land by fleeing it, that the king cried, "Can we be sure that this is the way?"

"No," the old man confessed, "we cannot be sure."

"Then why . . ."

"Because the only knowledge we have says that this is the way to do it."

The king, ever mindful of the fact that fifty-seven people were in his care, grasped Tupuna by the shoulders and asked bluntly, "What do you honestly think about the land that is supposed to be under the Little Eves?"

The old man replied, "I think that many canoes have left these waters, some blown by storms, others like us in exile, and no man has ever returned. Whether these canoes reached land or not, we do not know. But some man, with a vision of what might be, composed that chant."

"Then we are sailing with a dream for our guide?" Tamatoa asked.

"Yes," the priest answered.

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS

The day comes when the sun is at its fullest and already begins to die. I bring my people together to watch the first light touch my marker. With the yellow light of the sun still glowing brightly on the top, I tell my people, "Tomorrow I will go into the forest and mark the trees that we will use to build—"

They shout their approval.

Then I say, "We will build so that what we build will be left standing long after our days."

"Yes, Ronstrom," the people answer. "Yes, Ronstrom. We will build so that it stands long after our days."

They fall silent again and wait to hear me say more.

I cannot speak

My head is suddenly filled with the vision of what happened to the structures we first built.

I see again how they were torn down.

I see how the uprights were uprooted from their holes.

I see how the crosspieces were torn from their notches.

I see the flames that chewed through the thick trunks of the trees that we used.

I gesture to my people, turn, and leave. The vision of burning wood is still in my head.

If it happened that way once, it could happen again. No matter how thick the trunk, fire can always chew it to ashes.

I stand at my hut and look.

If we build our structures of wood, they will not last after our days. They will become ashes before our eyes.

I shake my head and turn away from the forest.

The light of the sun is high above the edge of the earth. It touches the mountains where the Rock People live.

I glance back to where Gendy's bones are buried. Then I look at the mountains where the Rock People live.

"Stone," I whisper aloud. "Stone. . . ." The whisper becomes a shout. "We will build in stone! We will build in stone!"

My people hear me and come running.

"We will build in stone," I tell them.

They do not understand.

I point to the mountains. "There!" I shout. "It will come from there!"

Thorp is at my side. Behind us are several more men. We have traveled many days. Now we stand at the base of the mountains.

I look up at the living rock. At the top, where

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the face is straight up, the grayish-brown stone touches the blue of the sky.

If I could, I would take my stone from those heights, from the place where the rock thrusts itself out of the body of the mountain. I would, if I could build with such rock, as giants might.

Such rock is not for men to use and my eyes crawl unwillingly down the side of the mountain. . . .

Thorp asks, "How Ronstrom—how will we do it?"

He has asked the same question over and over again. I answer, as always, "We will find the way to do it."

He leaves my side and goes to where the stone begins. "This is not wood!" he cries. "We cannot burn it down. Our axes will not chop it down!"

I nod.

"Then say how we will do it?" he challenges.

If I am to use stone to build I must answer him. I can no longer just say to him, *It will be done*. I somehow must tell him how it will be done.

My eyes rise to the heights, where the living rock is touched by the dying sun. Slowly I lower them until I see Thorp.

He is, even as I am, and those behind me are, in the shadow of the mountain. One arm is outstretched and pointing to me. The other arm is extended in back of him. Its hand is balled into a fist. Below the fist and scattered around him are several huge blocks of stone cast off by the living rock that towers high above us and touches the blue sky.

"Then say how we will do it, Ronstrom?" Thorp shouts again.

I bound forward. I move so swiftly that Thorp leaps out of my path.

"There," I say, pointing to the pieces of stone scattered around the two of us. "There is what we will use. The mountain has given us what we need. We will take those pieces and build with them."

Thorp says nothing. His red tongue moves over his lips. He walks among the pieces of stone. Silently he looks at each one.

I watch him.

Once in a while, he glances up at me.

The shadows deepen. Twilight comes.

Thorp leaves the stones.

The other men make camp. In the darkness of the night our fires burn brightly. We eat.

Thorp looks up at the dark mass of the mountain. His face is the color of the flames. Their light glows in his eyes.

"Our days," he said with a soft sigh, "are not enough to finish what we will start."

"We will build," I tell him.

"We will build," he answers.

I nod, stand, and go to where the stones lie at the base of the mountain. "I will raise you up," I whisper. "I will make more of you than you are. . . ."

The wind suddenly comes. Laughter ripples through the night.

I look toward the fires.

They burn low. Except for the two who keep vigil, the others are already asleep.

GRA: CHICAGO
JULY 1979

SPIRIT EDGE
TASK FORCE 8

We move in a long line through the forest. The day is bright with sun and the sky above the light green of the new leaves is very blue.

I walk in front of my people. Thorp and Shute follow directly behind me. Slung between them is the board on which my carvings are mounted. I do not want my people to lose sight of their purpose.

The faces and eyes of many are clouded with doubt. They all are leaving a place where there is food and shelter; they are going to a strange place where they must not only provide for themselves, but must also keep their word to The Giver of Life. That they must turn their effort from hunting to building is something that troubles them greatly. It also troubles me.

I do not know whether I will be able to hold my people together when they actually begin to build. I do not know whether our skill can make out of felled trees what I carved out of small limbs.

The days and nights are warm.

I do not lead my people directly through the forest to the plain where Gendy's bones lie buried. I take a winding course. Some days we do not move at all; we rest. The hunters go out and bring back fresh meat. When we are well fed and no longer footsore, we move on.

When we started I did not think of moving my people from our encampment on the bank of the river to the plain in anything but a straight line of march. Even now I cannot say why I do not go to the plain. But each day we spend in the forest seems to give my people something they did not have before we left our encampment.

Nightly as I move from fire to fire, I hear talk about what we will build.

Some claim it is for one purpose; others say it is for something else. People often come to look at my carvings. The task that lies before us is beginning to bind my people to one another.

If I can think of any reason to remain in the forest, it is to overcome my people's fear of leaving the forest, of moving out on to the plain to live in a place where the spirits of the dead also live.

My people are of the forest. And I am taking them out in the open where they will do what they have never done before.

Our march through the forest brings other people of our tribe to us.

Some follow at a distance. These I have our hunters watch. I do not want to give these silent watchers the chance to raid our column.

There are also others who come and speak with me.

They ask our purpose and I tell them, "We are going to build for The Giver of Life." Most do not understand. They shake their heads even when I show them my carvings and go their way. Several ask if I will give them meat when the snow flies. I tell them that The Giver of Life will keep His word if we keep ours. A few join our line for no

other reason than to receive meat when the snow comes.

The days pass. The sun gives the day more light than there is darkness at night.

My people are weary of moving through the forest. I have taken them from one end of it to the other and back again.

Some of the men ask me if The Giver of Life has given me a sign where we are to build.

I shake my head and the next morning we are on the march again.

When the same question is asked over and over again, and when the people speak about it over their fires at night, I know they are ready to leave the forest.

The next day as the sun is almost at the end of its journey across the sky and the clouds are pink I lead my people out of the forest.

They do not follow!

I stop and turn. Even Thorp and Shute hang back.

"Come," I call. "Come!"

They do not move.

"The place where we will build is there," I tell them, gesturing toward the plain.

"Ronstrom," one of the men shouts, "no man lives here! Spirits of the dead claim this for their own!"

"We will build there!" I answer, pointing to the distant slight rise in the earth.

"This is not for the living," another man calls.

"We come for The Giver of Life!" I shout back.

"He will protect us. He has given us food. He will protect us from harm."

Still none move. The people talk among themselves. Then one calls out, "Let Him give us a sign that He is with us!"

Anger rises up within me. "I am your sign!" I thunder at them. "I am your sign." I turn and without looking back I continue to walk to the place where Gendy's bones lie buried. A wind comes up. It tugs at my hair and my beard. And in its sighing, I hear, "You have spoken well, Ronstrom. The people come."

I turn. Moving slowly toward me are my people.

"Ronstrom," Thorp calls out, "Ronstrom. . . ."

I stand on the small hill and wait for my people. I look up at the clouds. Shafts of light come through them and touch the earth where we will build. What must be built suddenly comes before my eyes and I say aloud, "It will be built!"

My words ride on the wind and rise up over the plain until the sky is filled with their sound.

My people fall to their knees and cry, "He has given us a sign. He has given us a sign."

There is nothing there . . . nothing . . .nothing is there except a few bits and pieces of rock . . .a circle of stones!

"The talisman!" I shout. "Where is the talisman?" The echo of my voice mocks me.

tears come to my eyes. I have not cried since I was a child, and now I stand and weep. There is no red metal, no yellow metal, and nothing of wood.

"I found the cave," I sob. "I found the cave."

Through the blur of my tears I look at the stones. Some are arranged in a pattern of three: two support a third. A round flat stone is in the center of the total arrangement. It catches the light from the torch on its smooth surface and throws it under the archway of --

Suddenly what I see seems familiar. Only the arrangement of the stones is strange, but everything else is not. The top of the huge circular stone has been worked to resemble the place where I left Gendy. I back away. The old man has tricked me! He has cast some sort of an evil spell on me. I begin to tremble.

Then I turn and start to run, but my legs fail me. I slip to the floor of the cave. My torch dies. I am in total darkness. I hear myself whimper. I look up at the circular rock and above it hovers a faint white light, a kind of mist. I rub my eyes, but it does not go away. I struggle to move but can not.

"Ronstrom!"

I hear my name, and I am weak with fear.

"Ronstom, you have found the cave and you must do what must be done."

My throat and lips are dry. I try to speak but only make ugly sounds. I cough and force myself to cry out: "I do not understand."

"In time you will," the voice replies. "You must gather the people to you . . .if they are to survive, Ronstrom, and become greater than they once were, they must follow you . . .tell them that you spoke to The Giver of Life; tell them that, Ronstrom."

I shake my head. This is like the pictures that fill my skull when I am asleep. But I know I am not asleep. The light above the circular rock flickers.

"Stand, Ronstom," the voice says.

"I can not," I answer.

"Stand," The Giver of Life commands.

I get to my feet.

"Come close to the altar."

I obey.

"Remember well what you see, Ronstom . . .Remember it!"

"I came here for the talisman!" I shout.

"That is your talisman," The Giver of Life answers me. "It is yours and you will give it to your people."

"I do not understand," I cry.

"Build what you see. Build it for The Giver of Life. It is the goal of your people, Ronstrom."

"I am not a builder," I shout. "I am Ronstrom, the hunter."

"You will obey!" The Giver of Life roars. "You will obey!"

"My people will not believe me -- they will not follow me. Give me a sign, something to prove to them that You have charged me with the task --"

The Giver of Life laughs, and the sound of his laughter echoes and re-echoes in the depths of the cave until the very walls begin to shake.

GRA: CHICAGO
JULY 1979

SPIRIT EDGE
TASK FORCE 8

greenfield, the ancient of days.

I drop to my knees. His laughter scourges me!

"You have your sign, Ronstrom," The Giver of Life tells me. "You have your sign!"

The light above the rock dims. I am wrenched from the floor and flung into the tunnel, and I feel myself tumbling toward the entrance. I shout, but the words remain caught in my throat.

In a matter of moments, I am on the ledge outside the cave. It is covered with snow and the wind is howling. I look toward the entrance: it is no longer there.

A new confrontation between Gandhi and the British was inevitable. Gandhi pondered for days waiting for his Inner Voice to counsel him on the proper form of that confrontation. The answer proposed by his Inner Voice was the finest fruit of his creative genius, the most bizzare, the most stupefying political challenge of modern times. So simple was the thought, so dramatic its execution, that it made Gandhi world-famous overnight. Paradoxically, it was based on a staple the Mahatma had given up years before in his efforts to repress his sexual desires as part of his vow of chastity, salt.

If Gandhi spurned it, in India's hot climate, it was an essential ingredient in every man's diet. It lay in great white sheets along the shorelines, the gift of the eternal Mother, the sea. manufacture and sale, however, was the exclusive monopoly of the state, which built a tax into its selling price. It was a small tax, but for a poor peasant it represented, each year, two weeks' income.

On March 12, 1930, at six-thirty in the morning, his bamboo stave in his hand, his back slightly bent, his familiar loincloth around his hips, Gandhi marched out of his ashram at the head of a cortege of seventy-eight disciples and headed for the sea, 240 miles away. Thousands of supporters from Ahramabad lined the way and strewed the route with green leaves.

Newsmen rushed from all over the world to follow the progress of his strange caravan. From village to village the crowds knelt by the roadside as Gandhi passed. His pace was a deliberately tantalizing approach to his climax. To the British, it was infuriatingly slow. The weird, almost Chaplinesque image of a little old half-naked man clutching a bamboo pole, marching down to the sea to challenge the British Empire dominated the newsreels and press of the world day after day.

On April 5, at six o'clock in the evening, Gandhi and his party finally reached the banks of the Indian Ocean near the town of Dandi. At dawn the next morning, after a night of prayer, the group marched into the sea for a ritual bath. Then Gandhi waded ashore and, before thousands of spectators, reached down to scoop up a piece of caked salt. With a grave and stern mien, he held his fist to the crowd, then opened it to expose in his palms the white crystals, the forbidden gift of the sea, the newest symbol in the struggle for Indian independence.

Within a week all India was in turmoil. All over the continent Gandhi's followers began to collect and distribute salt. The country was flooded with pamphlets explaining how to make salt from sea water. From one end of India to another, bonfires of British cloth and exports sparkled in the streets.

The British replied with the most massive roundup in Indian history, sweeping people to jail by the thousands. Gandhi was among them. Before returning to the confines of Yeravda prison, however, he managed to send a last message to his followers.

"The honor of India," he said, "has been symbolized by a fistful of salt in the hand of a man of nonviolence. The fist which held the salt may be broken, but it will not yield up its salt."

Context:

We are going to look at this movie thru the eyeglasses of the social Engineer. Look for myths that are both human and non-human. Look for ways in which myths create experiences and look at the myths people operate out of.

1. What were some one-liners you remember?
2. What characters captured your imagination?
3. In what scenes in the movie did you see Myth operating?
4. Which character's stories were true to life, which character's stories were not true to life?
5. How did that character's story (both true and not true to life) create his experience of life?
6. What did you learn about the power of myth as it relates to authentic living?

THE RETREAT

The intent of "The Retreat" is to practically train and equip people to stand as Those of the Way through a series of carefully designed discourses and exercises. The Event allows people to grasp their own lives as a voyage of discovery on the journey of care. It empowers one with practical methods and tools for courageously staying on the Way of service. It occasions the phenomenon of "passing over" to the standpoint of universal care and the transformation of "coming back" to one's own vocational standpoint. Through re-mythologizing, participants are released to articulate the profound story of their own engagement as the world-wide, history-long League of Those Who Care. At the conclusion of the "Retreat", participants have not only declared their own profound vocation but have participated in replicable methods for caring for oneself at the point of this resolve and also for leading others on the Journey which creates the Way of Service.

The intent of the first session, The Global Reality, is to ground experiences of the global interrelatedness. In this session the participants will experience their relationships exploded to the comprehensive and the permission to embrace the globe in particularity. This will be accomplished through a dialogue with our times as well as providing a screen for seeing the whole globe and focusing one's care for it.

The intent of the second session, The Human Factor, is to articulate the basic dynamics of the Way of the human journey as radical intensification of consciousness and care. In this session the participants will experience the happening of being on the human Way and the transparency of one's journey to the Universal Journey. This will be accomplished through providing a practical map of the journey of authenticity and how it is manifest in society, a screen of the manifestations of profound human living, and the methods for charting life on to time, and thus "seeing through" life and history to the fulfillment of living the life of service.

The intent of the third session, The Profound Style, is to deal with the issue of authentic style as the sign which embodies profound myth and thus impacts history. In this session the participants will experience the decision to be the sign which history requires. This will be accomplished through dialogue with images of profound human style of exemplary living over against the demands of the globe.

The intent of the fourth session, The Historical League, sets forth the people of the Way as those in covenant with history to create primal community. In this session the participants will experience the call to be in covenant with history as those on the WAY of service to the world. This will be accomplished through deciding the journey of history and deciding one's relation to this journey in writing a new mythology that articulates their covenant with history and primal community.

SOCIOLOGICAL MODES OF THE WAY

	AWAKENMENT				
	ENGAGEMENT				
	FULFILLMENT				
	PEDAGOGUE	GURU	GUIDE	GENERAL	ORCHESTRATOR
IMAGE	Objective Other	Journey Master	Traveling Companion	Transparent Winner	Ring Master
ROLE	Pushes for Concretion	Enables Insight	Provides Prospective	Points the Way	Catalyzes Care
STYLE	Forces Clarity	Elicits Truth	Reveals the Way	Forces Gianthood	Elicits Corporateness
INTENT	Awakens History's Revolutionaries	Deepens the Spirit Journey	Transparentizes Community Events	Enables Corporate Trust	Ensures Community Happening
VEHICLE	RS-1 Academy	Other World Spirit Conversations	Mythology Common Memory	Maneuvers Visioning HDTS/Campaigns	Town Meeting Consults

OTHER RECOMMENDATIONS TO COUNCIL

The Spirit Edge Task Force of GRA '79 recommends to the Global Priors Council of 1979:

- that the council formulate a consensus on common rituals for opening, closing and absolutions for use this year and how we commonly experiment with liturgy next year.
- that the following recommendations be given to Global Priors Council for task force implementation.
 1. Established Religions Research: provide a format to enable the Order to do research on the WAY as expressed in the established religions of the world.
 2. Art Forms: suggest a variety of specific art forms to enable standing present to the WAY.
 3. Training Manual: prepare the pedagogy manual for the "Retreat."
 4. Myth Factor Statement: spell out the dynamic and role of myth in life of community with implication (cf. myth conversation method design).
 5. Old Methods: complete relation to and use of existing spirit methods to being a Journey Master (socio-spirit dynamics).
 6. Profound Humanness Chart and Exemplars: provide Order with exercises and means of grounding these for practical use.
 7. Short Courses: provide the Order with list of short courses to enable communities to be people of the WAY.
 8. Myth Conversation: year's model for common intentional use and experimentation of myth conversations.
 9. Celebration: provide a context and suggestions for celebrations on the WAY of Service to the world.
 10. Readings: create and distribute list of readings and books for a new briefcase library, including also readings on the seven revolutions.
- that the Global Research Centrum foci for 79-80 include 1 and 10 above.