

REARMEMENT MORAL · CAUX

Centre de Rencontres Internationales

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TÉLÉGRAMME CAUXVAUD

MOUNTAIN HOUSE
RUE DU PANORAMA
CH-1824 CAUX

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Monday, 21st August 1989

Dear Friends,

The pen-ultimate letter. The season is moving on, and the summer is coming towards its close. As I went to bed last night, thunder was rumbling and grumbling up and down the valleys and side-valleys, and the storm lights were flashing in all the small ports around the lake. But this morning when my alarm rang (or rather 'beeped') it was still dark, and the moon was throwing pale shadows over the freshened scene. The long-distance runners of the summer here are flagging a bit; it has been an amazing blur of people and countries. Yet new arrivals still comment on the peaceful atmosphere.

The industrial Round Table people have been, and mostly gone. 17 this time came with their spouses. We had supper with one senior couple who had just come out of the kitchen, and he was justly proud of the fine soup he had just produced for 500 people. There aren't any other conferences like this that he attends, he said. On Friday night, the housecount went over 540, the highest this summer, and we had to accommodate a few people in hotels in the village, but now numbers are dropping; it's downhill all the way to the line.

A Pakistani diplomat who just happened to be passing by noticed that his nation's flag was flying outside the front door of Mountain House, and out of curiosity stopped and came in. After a lengthy visit, he asked if he could come back for the weekend. An Algerian lawyer arrived, brought by last year's article in 'Le Monde', the influential French newspaper. The arabs, he says, are great traders, but the future lies with industry. How to find the moral and spiritual foundations for industry - that was his reason for coming to Caux for this industrial session.

We've said goodbye to most of the Poles. The trio of girls sang a final song, a prayer, thanking God for all that He has given us, and asking for the love that can change us. One young Pole who has been helping to translate stays on to work with MRA for one year. After a long speech of thanks from the girls in Polish, he says, 'This was very long so I'll make it brief.' But he goes on to say that all his friends are leaving, so he hopes that we'll take care of him. To a standing ovation, the girls present a cassette recording of their choir to Dorli Hahnloser, and the translator kisses her hand.

A small group of Burmese has stayed on, some Thai army people (including a woman colonel) have arrived, along with a

saffron-robed Bhuddist monk, and a group of five Jordanian students for whom one of the Lebanese has been translating into arabic. Several senior Africans, including three Tanzanians, all with government posts, are taking part in this last session, as is a Pakistani former admiral. The usual mix, only more so!

There has been a sense of threads leading on to an unknown future, and threads from the past leading back here. We had a concert from a Swedish singer - his wife had been deeply impacted by Vendela Tyndale-Biscoe's change in drama school, after Vendela's first visit to Caux, and the wife has been one of the driving forces behind the Swedish play about St. Brigitta. Then there was a young red-headed Dutchman: two of the standards were very simple and clear; two he didn't yet understand (purity and unselfishness!), but he felt that he was starting out on a new road, and he'd felt a calling to go towards those who are lonely.

We have also had a series of well-attended afternoon seminars, on the United Nations and peace-making, with Archie Mackenzie, on Sri Lanka, India and the Asian scene with R.D. Mathur, on Namibia, with Southern African friends, and on Cambodia and the Paris peace conference, with Allan Griffith, who has just been there, working in the wings with some of our French and Indo-Chinese friends.

The opening of the industrial session took place in a packed great hall on Friday night. The young Dutch Minister for Foreign Trade, a friend of Hennie de Pous, told the non-Europeans present that they had more to win than to worry about in the post 1992 Europe. In Europe, we share a common view of man, she said, in which every individual is precious. People were called to take responsibility for themselves, for their neighbours, and for future generations.

The many Scandinavians have been responsible for a memorable 24 hours, starting with 'an irreverent look' at industry in the theatre, an introduction to the splendours of teamwork among neighbours (with 'A Nordic word war'). Two battery hens gave us some pointed points about working conditions. An agonised housewife confessed that she loved her husband, that she even loved doings things for him, and - horror of horrors - she didn't feel exploited. A headhunter answered a battery of 'phones, and found himself in a puzzling dialogue with a superior power that was trying to head-hunt him.

Then yesterday, the same group led two first-rate morning sessions, and gave the more serious sides of their experience. 'God didn't just want to free me from past mistakes, but from self will,' said a woman consultant, referring to costly decisions that she had shared from the Caux platform last year. She invited people to come back again next year for another instalment! A Swiss engineer told how he had turned down a bribe of \$500 per bed in the construction of a 750 bed hotel, and went on to challenge the industrialists present to raise \$5 million over the next five years to invest in the future of Caux.

Yours ever,

Andrew Stallybrass