

■ London Rd
Faversham ■
UK

11-9-96

Dear J ■ C ■,

Thank you for the book you gave me and dedicated to me.

It is a story of enormous faith, enormous disregard for worldly things and huge courage in the face of death and loneliness (after all man is a social animal). The place I most admire the Lykovs is where the remaining two refuse to be taken to a new, more social place. They are almost certainly right in down to earth terms as well as in terms of their faith.

I end up not liking the writer at all- all through he writes about them in the third person. He never seems to manage to write from inside any of them especially not in describing the anatomy of that faith. I find the writer self-sufficient and arrogant, especially where he says that he was unable to investigate their old Russian. Complacently lazy.

In my view the old Lykov committed one very grave sin against God and life when he led his family into the wilderness. He denied them the chance to create further life and so denied them the chance to carry the Faith into the next generation. He thus did something that must have been deeply wrong in his own Old Believer terms. This is infinitely sad.

In family terms I sympathise with the angry son more than with the saintly one. He challenged the old tyrant's views.

When there is no challenge to the father there is great danger.

J ■ C ■, I hope your recovery is going apace. The group and I collected together the papers of the second week for both you and A ■. A large packet of these will arrive shortly or maybe has already arrived. Without the human context of the last three day they may not make too much sense.

You returned home on the Tuesday evening. On Wednesday we, as a group expressed our feelings about your going and it seemed that maybe Olga and I were the most fiercely affected.

Towards the end of this session W■■■■ had strong feelings to express about how for her thme first two days of the course had been clear and good but how thewn it had lacked structure for her. The business of observing rather than judging stuck in her throat- she really had a good go at me. In terms of her own learning this was very useful.

Wednesday afternoon saw one group working with An■■■ and the other helping Tulay to accept different parts of herself and to use them effectively in work with students and trainees.

And so through the last two days, with Friday dominated by O■■■'s work with the group. It was right to leave her till last. I will find it hard to foget her warm presence and the amazing way her hands " spoke " in tune with her speech.

Though this is a letter written in a warm mood, I fully understand that you may be in a state of anger as you read it.

A hug,

Mario.