In every age where people have come through a time of immense change, they have done so with a wisdom tradition with elders, a community, and a guiding story to focus their energies toward life and hope. In the Exodus story, ‘the Dusty Ones,’ as Thomas Cahill calls them, wandered ‘through Sinai’s lunar landscape, denuded of the ordinary web of life, baked in absolute heat and merciless light,’ sustained by a vision of a land flowing with milk and honey. In the New Testament, it is the city shimmering on the hill that calls to people. In Tibetan Buddhism, it is Shambala, and in Japanese Buddhism, it’s the Pure Land. Athens, Venice and Byzantium were images of the ideal cities to Mediterranean peoples. And in every instance, the vision of the possible was a beacon and a resting place, a sustenance through times when the flow of life was hard to trust and life’s goodness hard to remember. When the age of Modernism has ended and we have prepared the way for a new culture to take its place, our vision of the world we can create will help us through the deserts of the Between. We can begin right now to imagine a culture wise enough to make this passage and imagine our part in it. That is the first step in making it so.

The Three Kings—another aspect

Johannes M. Surkamp

The Three Kings Hall at Ochil Tower Rudolf Steiner School, Auchterarder, Scotland, has in its foyer a carved image in relief of three kings within a six-pointed star. The figure in the middle holds up a bowl and a star above his crowned head. To his left stands an old king reading the scroll of the past reflecting moon-wisdom, the alpha of creation, with a winged bird above his crowned head. On the right is a boy-king, his hand outstretched towards the path he is walking, under the sign of omega and the sun with the fishes above his head.

The execution by an amateur sculptor may be called primitive; the design, however, was an inspiration. The inspiring spirit was the German poet, Christian Morgenstern who was a close friend and pupil of Rudolf Steiner. In fact the design grew on its own, and only afterwards the inner relationship of each of the kings to one of Morgenstern’s poems was discovered. Describing the relationship we start this time from the left:

Thou wisdom of my higher self
Spreading its wings above me
Having accompanied me from the beginning,
As has been best for me—
When ill-humour me oft’ befell—
It was ill-humour of a boy!
A man’s mature gaze has the strength
To look on life in gratitude.

I raise my heart to you
As a true chalice of the grail,
Which lost its blood in thirst
For your pure meal,
Oh Christ!

Oh fill it new unto the rim
With Your Blood’s fire of roses,
So that henceforth I bear,
Through nights and days of earth,
None else, but YOU!

Don’t look what others do,
The others are a throng,
Your dealings will take long,
And never come to rest.

Just follow God’s right path,
Nought else shall be your guide,
Then walk you fair and straight,
Even though you walk alone.

The old king is reading the scroll of the past; the Holy Spirit, the winged being, is interpreting what he reads. Mirrored by the moon, his own old age has prepared him to recognise what once has come about in the light and warmth of the heavenly host. The mature king in his prime knows that there is no kingship unless given to him from above. He raises up his heart as a bowl to be filled anew with the blood of Him who gave Himself as a ransom to mankind, initiating involution. His feeling-life is changed. The boy-king knows of his mission. His will is directed to the omega, accompanied by the light of the sun. The fishes, symbol of the Christ, penetrate right down to his feet and hands. The future is his goal. Though he walks alone, he is one of the three. The six-pointed star unites them all and unites also the above and below in perfect harmony.

Having considered the images of these three kings, we call up the leitmotifs of Morgenstern’s poems:
A new view on Christianity

Julian Sleigh, Camphill Village, South Africa

Based on a lecture held at Camphill Hall, Aberdeen 13th March 2000

The Parliament of the World’s Religions

I
come from Cape Town which three months ago hosted the Parliament of the World’s Religions. It was a huge event, though the full number was only together for plenum sessions like the final address by the Dalai Lama; numerous ordinary lectures were held concurrently, so small audiences were the norm. The majority of participants came from America, although the emphasis was on Eastern religions. Christianity was weakly represented and there was ample space for a new approach. My audience knew nothing of Steiner’s work yet all but a few—who soon departed—proved to have open ears and open hearts. At the outset I spoke about reincarnation, and the very word echoed strangely in the ears of the traditional Christians. But their readiness to listen was for me a hopeful reminder that something new is stirring in the world.

Krishna

Today the word religion means more than making a connection to God: the wheel has turned full cycle. Long, ago, in the Atlantean epoch, we didn’t need religion because we were still connected to the spiritual world. Then came the Flood, and with that we began to lose our vision of spiritual beings. It was the Flood that really brought us down to earth. As long as the earth’s atmosphere was filled with water vapour, there could be no clear vision. When this vapour separated from the atmosphere, the ensuing flood submerged the continent of Atlantis. But in the cleared atmosphere human beings could begin to see the reality of their earth existence: the time of natural clairvoyance was over. Some of the survivors made their way to India where their leaders kept alive an understanding of the spirit-world. One of their scriptures, the Bhagavad Gita, is still with us: it relates a conversation between Arjuna, a charioteer, and the golden prince-god, Krishna. Arjuna is worried that his family are about to clash in a terrible battle and begs Krishna to intervene: but Krishna simply answers that dying is no great sacrifice—it only means a change of consciousness.

Krishna goes on to say about himself, I am the source of all beings: I support them all, though I rest not in them. But the fools of the world do not know me when they see me in my human body. They know not my Spirit supreme, the infinite God of this All... For I am the sacrifice, the offering, the sacred gift. I am the holy words, the holy food, the holy fire and the offering that is made in the fire. I am the creator of all. I am the way: I am the beginning and the middle and the end of all things. I am life immortal and death; I am what is and I am what is not. I am the Prince victorious who dwells in the heart of all things. I come into the earth, and with life-giving love I support all things on earth. I am the heart of all.

From this you can see that Krishna is a God, the great radiant Sun-God. Something familiar to us is already coming into the world: the Sun Spirit starts to connect himself with the earth and with humanity. The ‘I am’ sounds repeatedly, and Krishna is revealed as the I am: this power, this energy, this creative element, is manifest in him. But it could not yet descend to earth: there was much else that needed to come first.

Like this I tried to widen the horizon of my audience at the Parliament. Together we moved beyond the usual idea of Christ Jesus being born on Christmas Day, being good to us all, and eventually dying for our sins. They began to see all this in its historical context, against the background of the whole of evolution: and to see how the other world religions fit into this same picture, each playing its own part in preparing the time when the I am could be offered to mankind.

Zarathustra, Buddha, Abraham

Zarathustra came to earth in the next epoch and he beheld the great Sun Spirit in the aura of the sun—‘Ahura Mazda’. He knew that this Sun Spirit would one day incarnate and become the inspirer of humanity. His own task was to teach men how to live and work on earth, how to till the soil and cultivate wheat. Zarathustra’s teaching was incredibly modern; it was as though he reached out towards the coming centuries: he taught men how to look after the earth, and he has been aptly described as the first conservationist. But at the same time he prepared for his own future incarnation. Among his pupils were the priest-kings, the Magi; they had to span the centuries that followed and, through their own clairvoyance, to recognise the star that would announce his rebirth.

Buddha came as a contrast and a balance to the great wisdom of Zarathustra. He brought the utmost purity that a human being can aspire to. He knew the weakness of human beings, he felt their suffering and he taught his followers how to bring love and compassion into a hungering world.

Krishna, in conversation with Arjuna, had foreseen the time when mankind would become free of blood bonds. That time had not yet come. The new nation that began with Father Abraham still needed the blood-bonds. But the Sun Prince Krishna could look beyond this: his own time was still to follow. Blood bonds would soon be superseded: individuality lay ahead. The I am that Krishna had promised was destined to be brought to man. Christ, as the representative of man, would lead the way.

Jesus and Christ

The cosmic scenario began to take shape at the moment when the Magi recognized the star and the holy child, as described by St. Matthew. Zarathustra, with his infinite wisdom, had come to earth again. But Buddha, with his love, was needed too and the child who was born in the stable, as described by Luke, is surrounded by the light of his being. It is this pure soul, the ‘Anima Candida’, who calls forth the midnight song of the angels and brings the humble shepherds.

The nativity stories do not match. Nor do the genealogies spelt out by Luke and Matthew: the names from Abraham to David are virtually identical; the difference
starts with David’s sons. The Luke child is not descended from his kingly son Solomon, but from the priest-shepherd, Nathan. Both boys are called Jesus, and they are born to parents named Mary and Joseph—but the similarity goes little further. Both are born in Bethlehem, though only the Solomon parents have their home there; they would have been near at hand to present their first born son in the temple after forty days—but when the Magi have departed, they have to flee to Egypt to escape the coming massacre. The Nathan parents have their home in Nazareth: they only go to Bethlehem for taxing, and after the presentation in the temple they return to Nazareth. Perhaps no more than a year has passed, but Herod has already died: they have no need to flee to Egypt.

With Herod’s death the Solomon parents are free to leave Egypt but on their way back they learn that Herod’s son has now become king. They don’t quite trust him; Bethlehem is too near to Jerusalem, and so they go to Nazareth instead. There they meet the Nathan family: the stage is set for a momentous childhood friendship, and over the years the parents too draw ever closer together.

When the Nathan boy is twelve years old, both families go to Jerusalem for the Passover. When all is over the company set out for home, and they have made a full day’s journey before they realise that Jesus is not with them. Another day passes before they reach Jerusalem, and it is three full days before they find him in the Temple. Luke’s Gospel depicts the amazing scene that meets their eyes: their placid twelve-year old holding his own among the elders, listening to them and putting his own questions. Luke lets us hear the parents’ response but casts a veil over the cause of this dramatic change. For the last time the Nathan Jesus has been able to meet his companion and namesake, and with this Temple meeting their friendship reaches its fulfillment. A three day mystery event has allowed the Solomon child to give all his wisdom to the Nathan child; he himself, his task now accomplished, withdraws from the world. The families merge after the death of the Nathan mother and the Solomon father. And within the combined family the enlightened Nathan child grows up as Jesus of Nazareth.

My Cape Town audience needed to go further. Sharing the customary understanding of Christianity, they had made no distinction between Jesus and Christ, and I felt it important for them to grasp this clearly. They followed the life of Jesus of Nazareth as he grew into manhood, carrying the wisdom of Solomon in his pure and compassionate heart. They saw how, by the time he was thirty, he had become acutely aware of the suffering of the world and knew that it had lost the spirit. And how, with the support of his second mother, Jesus went to his cousin John to be baptized.

In those days baptism was no mere symbolism: John plunged the people right into the Jordan until they nearly drowned. But in that moment they caught a glimpse of the heavenly world. John saw the spirit, like a dove, descending on each one, and he knew that their lives would be different from then on. Just once, John had been told, there would be a special sign: he would see the spirit descending and remaining. This would be the sign of the Messiah, the ‘Christos’, the anointed one. John had not realised that his own cousin would become the bearer of the Christ but now he saw the sign and he bore witness, ‘Behold the Lamb of God; the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.’ The Gospel doesn’t tell us that this was in fact the great Sun Spirit that had imbued Krishna. Nor does it point out how this happening brought together the stream of the religions. The total picture was only to emerge in our own time: it had to wait for the epoch of the consciousness soul, the beginning of the Archangel Michael’s rulership, and for the end of the dark age, the ‘Kali Yuga’.

We are uniquely privileged: but our privilege implies a corresponding responsibility. We have to bear the brunt of mankind’s general unawareness. Infinite care prepared the time of Christ’s descent to earth: his earthly vessel was perfected by the Hebrew people over many generations. Yet now, after two millennia, what is the sequel? There is no sign of world conversion. Christianity is handicapped. And it will remain stunted and weak, unattractive and misunderstood—until the modern world can meet its new plumbed depths.

The Sun God, as the Son of God, relates to both the Father and the Spirit: to the Father as the substance of all creation, and to the Spirit as its meaning and design. I gave my audience a down-to-earth image: I asked them to look at an ordinary chair. They had to recognize that somebody designed it, the substance—wood, or whatever—was there for use, and somebody worked to make it. This could illustrate the interaction of the Trinity: the Spirit gives the idea or design; the Father provides substance, and the Son performs the work.

The Sun God, Krishna, had given himself another name from the beginning; he was also the I am. And when Christ—Sun God and Son God—came to earth, he too described himself as the I am. His I am was given to mankind at the Mystery of Golgotha: but it is only now that we gradually become ready to receive it into our own wayward I am. This could not happen until we had achieved outer and inner freedom, and this has taken two millennia. En route, we had to work our way through all the other world religions. Our own successive incarnations have taken us along, and each experience has left its mark. When we speak about these various religions, we in fact touch on truth that once was real for our own individuality.

**The age of brotherhood**

Today we live in the age of individualism, we want to be individuals, to be ourselves, not to be identified with our country, our party or class. We live in a vibrant moment of world history. But we have to go through a state of aloneness, totally dependent on our own selves. Only then can each of us become a self-actualising authentic person—author of our own biography, discoverer of our own morality. The vibrancy of our historic moment stems from a seeming contradiction. It is just because modern people are individuals that they instinctively reject a Christianity that is hampered by its traditions. The modern person wants to be an I am. He only hasn’t yet realised that modern Christianity is in fact the means of achieving it.

The task today is to develop, out of our own efforts, an insight into what is true and good, as Steiner indicates in the introduction to *How to attain knowledge of higher worlds*. He stresses that we can all achieve a vision of the spiritual world if we set our heart and mind to it. We no longer need to be bound to a powerful teacher. It is now on us to take up our own freedom—the individualism that we have achieved during the long ages that have led
us to this moment. Now we are free to receive the Christ in us. We can strive to make ourselves open to the spirit, out of the purity of our souls, out of the clarity of our thinking, out of the humility of our being. And through such striving we will become aware that our familiar ego actually contains a vacuum. It can be effective in co-ordinating our lives, but as yet it is unfulfilled: it waits to receive the higher, spiritual ego—the true I am.

Christ is trying to help us to prepare for this. He will never force His way in; He will never say ‘The time has come for you to receive me.’ But if you listen carefully you will hear the knock at the door and a voice that speaks to you: ‘If you are ready, we can go forward together. My sacrifice and love will transform your former loneliness into the ability to build communities: this will be your task, with me. The next great epoch of our civilisation will be the age of brotherhood, the age of community: but this won’t come about unless there are those who prepare it now.’

Dr König used to say that our handicapped friends are preparing the future, through their sacrifice. We, their helpers, are being trained by them. But this is only possible if we are totally ourselves and work out of our own inner call as authentic persons.

Can you see how religion has changed? In the past we learned from Buddha how to get away from the earth—to turn the palms of our hands and the soles of our feet upwards, and in deepest meditation free ourselves from the longing to be on earth. Today religion has to look forwards. We have to go forward through the loneliness, through the poverty, through the Internet—without sacrificing our individuality, until we get so far that we, as individual human beings, can form community.

But we have to work on ourselves. We need to awaken the heart chakra. Florin Lowndes has shown in his book *Enlivening the Chakra of the Heart*, Rudolf Steiner Press, London, the way to open the heart chakras through the six ‘subsidiary exercises’.

We have come to earth in a time of dynamic change. Religion is now not only the striving of human beings to find a connection again to God and the spiritual world. But also spiritual beings seek a connection to human beings. We have the gods as our religion: now they seek to have us. For the gods, now, their religion is human beings. We have lost spirit consciousness.

This is the turning point of time. Until the Mystery of Golgotha we could only hark back to a pristine paradise. Since then our task has been to move forward but there is a long way to go. We have come to the furthest distance from the spirit world; we have lost spirit consciousness. And yet we can begin to be redeemed when we receive the spirit of Christ into our souls, when we open the chakra of our heart.

Against this background we see that Christianity is more than just a great religion. We begin to recognise it as the fulfilment of all religious striving. Each successive epoch has made its own essential contribution, and the striving of religion has developed accordingly.

For the final session of the Parliament of the World’s Religions everybody gathered in Cape Town’s largest exhibition hall, the Good Hope Centre, for an address by the Dalai Lama. We all rejoiced at seeing him: very humble, yet with a real sense of humour—one could feel the fun in his heart. His plea was that we should unite and find our connection to each other. But he didn’t speak about the need for holding onto our individuality. We had to add this for ourselves.

I have not mentioned Islam. I am in touch with it, and this is my next study: I would like to find the way in which Islam and Christianity can recognise each other. At the outset it is good to meet in the Koran a beautiful description of Mary and the birth of Jesus. The Koran is altogether a convincing document and it needs to be known. And Muslims, with their discipline and their community, need to be understood.

*Julian is a priest of The Christian Community and a pioneer of Camphill communities in South Africa.*

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**Elements**

**Earth**

*In earth’s deep darkness rocks and stone*

*Hiding the crystal’s spark*

*Embraced with coldness all alone*

*Lifeless clay in the dark*

*But also scorching desert sands*

*And cooling sands by the sea*

*Crumbling black through the gardener’s hands*

*Muddy boots through destiny.*

**Water**

*Meandering flow never quite still*

*Twirling and swirling with a levelling will*

*Splashing, rushing for a sparkling spray*

*Rippling and lapping day after day*

*Drips and droplets on a cold window glass*

*Scoiling steam and the dew on the grass*

*Eternally circling there is no rest*

*Giving life to the world, to the worst and the best.*

**Air**

*Blowing streaming flowing wafting*

*Reaching in the littlest places*

*Giving growing taking blowing*

*Reaching in the littlest places*

*Blowing streaming flowing wafting*

*Giving growing taking blowing*

*Words from so many faces*

*Rushing waving gusting galeing*

*Driving sails and whipping seas*

*Always always never failing*

*Giving life to all that breathes.*

**Fire**

*Gentle tongues of flame are licking*

*Will they live or will they die*

*Yes, the growing tongues now flicking*

*Now the curling branch will cry*

*Roaring soaring flying sparks*

* Burning shadows dance on faces*

*Orange yellow tiger marks*

*Had its feast in hasty flash*

*Giving growing taking blowing*

*Till it dies to earth and ash.*

—Michael Frister
The origins of Camphill: The Haughtons of Williamston
Part 2: Emily Haughton

Robin Jackson, Aberdeen

In the previous issue of Camphill Correspondence, the reader was introduced to Theodore Haughton, the laird of the Williamston Estate to which Karl König and his colleagues came before the outbreak of the Second World War. This article focuses on Theodore's remarkable wife—Emily—who was born on 30th March 1882. It is important for the reader to gain some understanding of the character of Emily for she was to play a significant role in developments that led to the establishment of the first curative educational institute in Britain.

We are fortunate in having access to insightful descriptions of Emily before she moved north to Williamston, which have been provided by her nephew Edward Lydall in two hilarious autobiographical essays (Lydall, 1949, 1975). Emily is described as a person of unflagging energy, who brought up her sister Edith's children while she was living abroad. Emily had decided very early on that no one as vague as her sister Edith could be entrusted with the upbringing of her children, so while her sister 'floated benevolently' in the background, it was Emily who brought up her three nieces at Brightling in Sussex. According to Lydall Emily's authoritarian manner concealed a warm-hearted concern for the welfare of her charges. 'I'll baste you with a broom!' was her perpetual war cry but he cannot remember that this threat was ever in fact carried out. In due course the three nieces went to school to complete the education which had been begun so forcefully with Emily. It was also at this point that she at last felt free to marry. By the time she married in 1921 she was nearly 40, which may explain why the couple were childless. The scene then changes to Williamston, the Aberdeenshire property of her husband Theodore, who was known far and wide, to high and low, related and unrelated alike, as 'Uncle'.

Left alone with Uncle, Emily proceeded to fill Williamston House with strangers. First it was refugees from Hitler's Europe; then it was members of the Canadian Air Force; and finally, when peace returned, it was students from the Commonwealth and abroad without distinction of creed or colour. Lydall notes: 'I remember being introduced to Theodore, who was a man of nervous energy, and a man who had a way of frightening you when you met him unawares. He was as dark as a Negus and his eyes were like the eyes of a wild cat.'

The one event which was to have a profound effect on the life of Emily was the discovery that she had breast cancer. One clinic that had acquired a high reputation for its pioneering work in the treatment of cancer was the Arlesheim Clinic in Basle, Switzerland—a centre devoted to the study and application of anthroposophical medicine. And it was to the Arlesheim Clinic that Emily came for treatment. It is highly probable that Emily received the Iscador treatment for her breast carcinoma which involved the application of extracts from mistletoe (Viscum album). Recent independent research has indicated that this treatment is successful in prolonging survival (Grossarth-Maticek, Kiene, Baumgartner and Ziegler, 2001). It is clear from correspondence between Dr. Ita Wegman, Director of the Clinic, and Emily Haughton that a strong bond of friendship grew between the two. One curious aspect of the correspondence is the fact that Emily addressed Dr. Wegman as ‘My dear Reverend Mother’.

In a letter dated 3rd May 1937 to Dr. Wegman, Emily states: ‘if you want anyone sent here for a holiday or a rest we would love to have him or her, and please don’t hesitate to make use of us if we can be any help to you.’ It is interesting to note from the Visitors’ Book at Williamston House that Dr. Ita Wegman, Dr. Margarethe Hauschka and Werne Pache stayed there from the 13th to 17th August.
1938. Drs. Wegman and Hauschka were members of Arlesheim Clinic and Werner Pache was one of the first curative educators, and one of Rudolf Steiner’s students. Whilst one can only speculate as to the reason for the visit, it seems unlikely that these busy professional people had come all the way to rural Aberdeenshire for a vacation! A possible clue for the visit may come from a letter by Emily to Dr. Wegman on the 1st February 1940. In this letter Emily makes reference to a constitution for a curative educational institute based at Williamston that she and her husband had had drawn up in the Autumn of 1939. We will return later to the matter of the constitution.

The link between Arlesheim and Williamston was strengthened further with the arrival in September 1938 of Lisl Schwabl, who had been a nurse at the Clinic. As Hans Schauder points out in his autobiography, Lisl—his wife-to-be,

had succeeded in emigrating to Scotland with the help of a Scottish couple with whom she had become acquainted during an earlier visit to Arlesheim. Her Scottish host family cared for her enormously well. This well-off, childless couple with an interest in anthroposophy would have loved to have adopted Lisl.

(Schauder, 2002: 107)

When Karl König was staying at the Arlesheim Clinic not knowing where to go after his expulsion from Austria, Dr. Wegman suggested that he should try Scotland. Dr. Wegman indicated that she had a friend near Aberdeen who might be willing to help him start work there and to build up a new future. However Dr. König expressed doubts indicating how difficult it would be to obtain an entry permit for the U.K. These concerns were set aside by Dr. Wegman who argued that where there was a will then a way would be found. Just two days following this conversation, according to Dr. König, a letter was received from the British Consulate in Berne stating that he and his family had been granted permission not only to enter the U.K. but also to settle there permanently. Dr. König claimed that he never knew for certain who had made the application to the Home Office on his behalf. [A check of consular records for this particular period, which are held in the National Archives at Kew, has been undertaken but disappointingly nothing of interest found.]

It has been suggested that it was Cecil Harwood—Chair of the Anthroposophical Society in Great Britain—that was instrumental in obtaining the entry visas for Dr. König and his family (Bock, 2004). In support of this claim is the fact that Cecil Harwood knew the Home Secretary at the time—Sir Samuel Hoare—who was responsible for all matters relating to immigration. Indeed Cecil Harwood was later to make the ambitious claim that he was the person really responsible for starting Camphill. If it is the case that only 48 hours elapsed between the time that the idea of Dr. König and his family moving to the U.K. was floated and Dr. König receiving notification of his acceptance by the British Consulate in Berne then the Consulate had very little time to discuss the matter with the Home Office. It is perfectly possible that the Consulate arrived at its decision quite independently of the Home Office. That’s not to say, that some pressure might not have been exerted from influential contacts in Switzerland! In any event, on the 8th December 1938, Karl König arrived at Victoria Station in London where he was met by colleagues: his wife and children arrived on the 30th December having landed at Harwich.

**But this… is no winter now**

**Remembering Christopher Fry**

*John Nixon, Glencraig, Northern Ireland*

When I read last summer that Christopher Fry had died, aged 97, I felt something deep within—sadness, yes, that he is no longer among us, but also a kind of comforting glow as he passes on to other worlds. His had been a full life, almost spanning the 20th century—he was born on 18th December 1907, and died on the 30th June 2005. In a major obituary for the Guardian newspaper, their theatre reviewer Michael Billington speaks of how he ‘was with TS Eliot, the leading figure in the revival of poetic drama that took place in Britain in the late 1940s’.

Early last year his 1951 play *A Sleep of Prisoners* was produced in our area and also toured to other parts of Ireland. Later, for Michaelmas, we presented a passage from the play, which gradually took the form of an imagination very relevant to our time. The following lines speak tellingly in this regard:

*But there’s not a skipping soul*

*On the loneliest goat-path who is not*

*Hugged into this, the human shambles.*

*And whatever happens on the farthest pitch,*

*To the sand-man in the desert*

*or the island-man in the sea,*

*Concerns us very soon…*

*…Good has no fear;*

*Good is itself, what ever comes.*

*It grows, and makes, and bravely*

*Persuades, beyond all tilt of wrong:*

*Stronger than anger, wiser than strategy,*

*Enough to subdue cities and men*

*If we believe it with a long courage of truth.*

*The human heart can go to the lengths of God.*

*Dark and cold we may be, but this*

*Is no winter now. The frozen misery*

*Of centuries breaks, cracks, begins to move;*

*The thunder is the thunder of the floses,*

*The thaw, the flood, the upstart Spring,*

*Thank God our time is now when wrong*

*Comes up to face us everywhere,*

*Never to leave us till we take*

*The longest stride of soul men ever took.*

*Affairs are now soul size…*

In the 1980s I had the good fortune to be present in London at a celebration for Christopher Fry’s 80th year. Here I could experience something of the man himself. I was deeply impressed by the warmth and honesty of this good and gentle Englishman. Now in reflection, a few words near the end of the play—as the prisoners begin to awaken—come to mind:

*Let him come to himself gentle…*

Thank you, Christopher Fry. May you go gentle into that good night.
The Curative Educational Institute

In her letter to Dr. Wegman of the 1st February 1940, Emily concedes that she and her husband had made a mistake in drawing up a constitution for the curative educational institute and giving it to Dr. König in the autumn of 1939, for this action had finally forced him into deciding not to work with the Haughtons. Dr. König pointed out to Emily that he had been negotiating to purchase a house near to the Roths which was larger than Kirkton Manse. It had other important advantages: it was near the Roths and Aberdeen, it had central heating and electric light and was in every respect much more suitable for the purpose of housing a curative educational institute than the Manse. Emily comments in her letter that she listened very politely to what Dr. König had to say and then agreed that he was quite right to move if he felt the Manse was unsuitable. Emily reports that Theodore was very surprised at Dr. König’s decision.

Dr. König’s own initial assessment of the suitability of Kirkton Manse is somewhat at variance with views he was later to express to the Haughtons:

The house is not as small as all that: it has three fairly big rooms on the ground floor, some rooms on the first floor and also on the second. Although there is neither electric light nor central heating and only a single ancient bathroom, it seems to me to be thoroughly appropriate—even ideal—for us to make a beginning. (Müller-Wiedemann, 1996: 146)

Emily acknowledges in her letter to Dr. Wegman the tension that had existed for some time between Dr. König and his colleagues and Williamston House.

When they all first came they did, and still do, things not suitable nor acceptable here—and we had to say, ‘you really must not…’—but it only made them all angry and they would not listen so we have long given it up, and are just as nice as we can be when we meet—but we do not see them often—we ask them here from time to time, and they come down, but they do not ask us to go up there—only if they want something done, and want us to give them something then we hear from them.’

In her letter Emily reports the content of a conversation with Henny Weihs, someone they all clearly liked and who visited Williamston regularly. When Henny was asked why the Königs and Roths did not want to be friends with the Haughtons, Henny replied that they could not tolerate criticism, for criticism was considered as being disloyal to Dr. König. Emily writes to Dr. Wegman:

The Manse as you know was done up for the Institute, and is really in very good order, and one must think what to do about the house when they go—it would not be good to leave it empty—I wonder if you have any ideas—we would like it to be of real use to the movement and to the countryside—and we are very sad that the Institute scheme has fallen through. But I do not really think König ever had any idea of cooperation with us—I expect he always really looked upon us as temporary help—I think he could not tolerate any kind of interference from anyone—and wants, and always did want, a completely free hand—we are sure that Dr. König is a very able doctor and finds him a very interesting man to meet. It is interesting to contrast the interpretations of Emily and Dr. König on this matter. Dr. König noted that:

…a few days after war broke out a letter arrived from Mr Haughton on the 7th September in which he placed some pressing demands on us. His requirement was that from now on he would be obliged to take over the running of the financial affairs of our growing enterprise; that he alone would deal with the relevant officials and that his wife would now have an oversight of our educational and curative-educational affairs. If we were not to accept, he would no longer be able to shield us from the authorities. What choice did we have but to accept? At the same time, nevertheless, we resolved to leave Kirkton House as soon as possible and find another place for our work. Having to bow to this supreme authority brought with it the seeds of rebellion.

Müller-Wiedemann, 1996: 157

It seems probable that the letter to which Dr. König makes reference contained a copy of the constitution. Dr. König seems to imply that the terms set out in the constitution were reluctantly accepted but that is clearly not what Emily conveyed to Dr. Wegman.

The animosity shown towards the Haughtons may have arisen from the fact that Dr. König and Emily Haughton were both very strong-willed and authoritarian individuals who were used to getting their own way. Schauder noted that Dr. König could act destructively and without any apparent reason, although he acknowledged that Camphill would not have become successful had it not been for the powerful leadership offered by Dr. König, Stanley Messenger once asked Dr. König how he reconciled his authoritarian manner with Rudolf Steiner’s belief in spiritual freedom. He did not reply directly but looked at Messenger in a kindly way and said simply: ‘It can happen’.

Schauder also saw Emily as a complex person who could on occasions express herself rather sharply (Schauder, 2002).

A number of reasons can be suggested that may help to explain the ill feeling detected by Emily:

1) we have a small group of individuals who had been uprooted from one of the most culturally sophisticated and cosmopolitan centres in Europe and then suddenly transplanted to what must have seemed the outer periphery of Western civilisation;

2) there may have been a measure of resentment at having to be beholden to their hosts for the rather primitive conditions of the former manse in which they found themselves;

3) it is possible that the peculiar customs and rituals of English country house life (and Williamston was run as an English country house) were alien to the Austrian exiles’ experience;

4) the fact that they were living nearer to the Arctic Circle than Vienna meant that they had to endure the dark, damp and cold of long winters;

5) a number of Dr. König’s colleagues found the surrounding Aberdeenshire landscape bleak, unappealing and intimidating;

6) they were obliged to speak a language with which many were unfamiliar placing them at a social disadvantage; and

7) they are likely to have felt beleaguered because of the regulations brought in as a result of the war (e.g., restrictions on travel movements; etc).
It is tempting to suggest that this collective experience at a formative stage in the development of Camphill may have encouraged those who went on subsequently to establish Camphill to adopt a somewhat defensive, introspective and reactive outlook to the outside world.

It is not at all surprising that Dr. König and his colleagues should resent having a constitution imposed upon them. The possibility of Emily Haughton having responsibility for the direction of a group of highly qualified and experienced professionals would have been unappealing. However, one needs to be cautious here, for it has not been possible to obtain a copy of the constitution and establish precisely what powers the Haughtons would have possessed. If the visit to Williamston by Drs Wegman and Hauschka and Werne Pache in the Summer of 1938 had been concerned with discussing—even possibly helping to draft—such a constitution then it seems unlikely that they would have recommended the adoption of any kind of organizational arrangement that would have encroached on the professional freedom of institute staff.

What the correspondence between Emily Haughton and Dr. Wegman confirms is that it had been the original intention to establish an institute at Williamston. And up until 30th May 1940, when the move from Kirkton Manse to Camphill House took place, the Williamston estate had been home to the first curative educational institute in Britain! Hans Schauder (2002) also makes clear that Kirkton Manse was ‘the original component of what was later to become the worldwide Camphill movement’. However, the rapid increase in the number of children being referred to the Institute made a move away to more suitable accommodation inevitable. The clash between Emily and Dr. König merely accelerated the timing of the eventual schism.

It is to be hoped that when the definitive history of the Camphill Movement comes to be written that the crucial role played by Emily Haughton will be fully and generously acknowledged. Emily died on the 1st April 1971 at the age of 89.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank the following for the generous assistance given to me in undertaking this research project: Gill Blanchard, Friedwart Bock, Agathe Dawson, Alan and Ann Dean and Joanna Gordon. I am particularly grateful to Peter Selg of the Ita Wegman Archive for making available copies of the correspondence between Emily Haughton and the Arlesheim Clinic.

References


Robin is a consultant to the Camphill Rudolf Steiner Schools Aberdeen.

Christopher Jones: 50 Years in Camphill so far

Christof König, Mourne Grange, Northern Ireland

Christopher joined the Hatch Camphill Community in Thornbury on the 15th October 1955. He became part of a class of trainees there. He remembers a very special group of teachers whom he encountered in the Hatch. Among them were Baruch Urieli, Freddy Heimsch, Allan Cais and Johannes Witte. Heather Cais taught him how to bake bread at this time, a skill which he has used for a big part of his life, to the joy of the many house communities which he joined.

After three years in the Hatch, Christopher joined the young Glencraig Community as an adult. Apart from the many household duties which he performed, Christopher joined the maintenance workshop, under the guidance of an employed man called Mr. Templeton. During this time Christopher really learned how to use his hands, learning many new skills. The two men became close friends.

In Glencraig too, Christopher met more people who were to mean a great deal to him and to whom he could look up and learn from. These included Carlo Pietzner, Christof Andreas Lindenberg, and Hans Heinrich Engel.

He remembers when The Christian Community came to Glencraig, and again two people became very important to him: Taco Bay and Björnne Edberg. They helped him to become a server, in a service which he has been dedicated to ever since. During this time in Glencraig it became apparent how very selfless and caring a person Christopher is. Right from the start he shared his room with friends who needed extra care. They trusted him and many people less fortunate than himself have been cared for in a wonderful way right through his Camphill life.

After his time in maintenance, Christopher joined the Glencraig farm. Here too he was a great help and the outdoor life and the work with the animals really appealed to him. Here again he could take some of the team under his wing.

After this time on the land, we decided that Christopher should try to hold down a job in the wider society. He
The following was an email to friends, printed here with the permission of the author, who works with special adults in Sweden.

Your editor, Peter

Friends at Camphill—who ever! As you know I share my toomuchsalary* with my adult students, the handicapped. At my work everybody knows of this without complaining. Each year it is me who complains when my boss has to give me a rise, hearing from him: take it as you share it with your students.

Today happened something wonderful: the next step could be taken. The teachers group, in which we have to participate who work with the adults, complained to have too little money for their students. They longed for a special program for the computer. I took my courage and offered to buy it. After a short discussion they took the offer. To Camphill of today I want to express my gratitude: to Karl König and the 195–55 staff, educating me and implanting in my ‘etheric’ backbone the need to share. This was during yesterday’s Camphill. I feel that the spirit of Karl König is with me, expressed with the first verse of his poem Der Vollkommene Freund 1962:78 (Der Wanderer im Morgenrot, Privatdruck, Nr 19). A special thank you to Julian Sleigh, my dormitoryfather and one of the reasons that I can not behave as everyone does.

Stephan S. E. Linsenhoff

*salary is SEK 24200 – tax 7300 = SEK 16900 – needs SEK 7000 (rent, food, pocketmoney) = SEK 9900 too much

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Letter

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The Wanderer’s Song
Lord, we are the wanderers to your countenance
The steps are heavy
And far is the light.
Yet behind us the roaring sea,
And the waves that break on our heels.
Up there the peaks are beckoning,
They rise up high from the earth,
To blossom before your heavenly constellation
To become God’s gesture.

Lord, we have set out
And high the star, high the time;
The spirit of the soul has woken
And strives for eternity.

Mouths are opening in prayer,
While trembling arms spread out;
Healing streams from us children
Who walk towards the goal.

From the mountains heavy nights
Fall deep into the valley of peace.
If only the stars would bring the sign!
We stride out defiantly.

On the slopes the blossoms rising,
A thousand bells glow in song
While in the heart thaws goodness
All the world abounds in joy.
Lord, from heavens the vast hands are directing
To you in constant glory.
The sorrow and soul’s offering of the miraculous chalice
Rise up in eternity.

Karl König

Free translation/rendering by Friedwart Bock of the poem ‘Wandersang’
When Martha Hönig came to Camphill in 1952 she had a conversation with Dr. König who asked her, ‘Was it your father, or your mother?’ Martha said it was her mother, and they spoke no more about it. From that moment Martha experienced that Karl König understood her and felt a closeness to him for the rest of her life. Through the traumatic experiences in childhood, there were very, very few people Martha could trust, but she knew Karl König understood her struggles.

Martha was born in Basel, Switzerland on the 10th June 1921. It was in June 1921, that Rudolf Steiner first met with a group of young people in Stuttgart and held six lectures which led to the founding of The Christian Community in September the next year. The Christian Community and anthroposophy were central in Martha’s life.

Martha was born out of wedlock, and in Switzerland in 1921 that was difficult. Her mother was not good to her and tried to prevent her having contact with her father, whom she loved dearly. Martha’s first memory was from New Year’s Eve 1922, when she was just 1½ years old. She remembered her uncle coming in and saying that the Goetheanum was on fire. This astonishingly early memory may have to do with the treatment her mother subjected her to, but more than that can be appreciated when experiencing her later destiny.

After Martha came two sisters, whom the mother cared much better for.

When she was in her teens, Martha walked, through her own initiative, from where she lived in Basel to Arlesheim. She walked towards her future. In Arlesheim she felt at home and soon began to work at the Sonnenhof with children in need of special care. Of the personalities who were active in Dornach in the 1930s she was especially impressed meeting Ita Wegman. It may well be that Martha met Kate Elderton, later Kate Roth, at the Sonnenhof before the war. Later, Martha was asked by Kate and Peter to be godmother for their son, Simon.

Martha worked in Curative Education throughout the late 1930s and the war. In the 1940s she worked with Madame Vachadze in a castle in Switzerland where the children in need of special care were the princes and princesses. Children in need of special care were always Martha’s princes and princesses.

Martha came to England and worked for a time at Sunfield, the curative home in the Midlands. There she met Elisabeth Knottenbelt, who became her friend and who was instrumental in Martha later moving to Norway.

In 1952 Martha came to Camphill, and came home. Outwardly Martha was a homeless soul, inwardly Camphill was her home, also during the many years she lived elsewhere. Martha loved children. She often had five or six children in her nursery, including the most difficult ones. In order to manage, she had children sleeping in her room. Her contact with adults was often upset by her temperament. Martha’s frequent moves within Camphill, and in life generally, may be a result of that.

There was one little boy whom she cared for, who could barely speak. One day he got lost. This little boy wandered away, and in the hustle and bustle of looking after all the children, disappeared. Many began searching the slopes of Murtle and the fields leading to the river. Late that night Martha was still outside searching, when she heard a little voice say, ‘Martha’, and she found him. If she had not been so very close to the bush he lay in, she would not have heard him.

When Karl König was no longer in Scotland to hold his protecting hand over Martha, human difficulties led to her moving from house to house in Camphill and to her leaving Camphill for a while. Her friend Elisabeth had left England earlier. On the train Elisabeth met a person who advised her to travel to Norway and not home to Holland. She took this advice from the complete stranger and, far south in Norway, on an island, Elisabeth bought a smallholding, and later married the neighbouring farmer, Leonard Kleppe. Now Elisabeth Kleppe invited Martha to Norway, where she lived for the second half of her life.
Martha began working in Emma Hjorts home near Oslo. She was active in The Christian Community and was one of those who wrote to Margit Engel asking her to help bring Camphill to Norway. She took part in the preparatory meetings before Vidaråsen was founded.

Martha moved to Vidaråsen in the late 1960s. She lived in the flat adjoining the bakery and ran the doll workshop. Martha was very gifted with her hands, with sewing and all kinds of handwork. The Vidaråsen dolls, their round, healthy goodness, have received much from Martha.

As so many times before, Martha needed to move and moved back to Sandvika, near Oslo to work again at Emma Hjorts home. There she had her workshop, the leadership was grateful for her good work and she did not need to struggle with others. Martha worked there until she retired in 1988.

Martha moved to Nøtterøy soon after retiring, also at the suggestion of a friend, and lived close to the Rudolf Steiner school. Life was not easy for her in retirement. Her good friend Elisabeth invited Martha to Hidra. Martha packed up for the last big move and sold her flat. In the far south she rented, first a flat in Flekkesfjord, but after quarrelling with her neighbour, moved to a little house on the island of Hidra. Shortly after Martha had moved near to her, Elisabeth slipped when out walking, fell down a cliff and died on the 29th April 1994. Her friend, the reason for moving to the far south of Norway, was no longer living. But Martha could no longer move. Instead she began moving from her physical body. Her mind began wandering. She began to lose her memory and was moved to a nursing home after a time. The last years she lived there, peacefully, without recognising people.

Looking back it seems that Martha wanted to be born just there and just then. The difficulty was that her mother didn’t understand this. She didn’t want Martha and made her life difficult as a child, and her childhood experiences made life difficult for her as an adult. But many, many children can be grateful that, through her own difficulties, Martha could understand their difficulties. Karl König understood her struggles and it was not just by chance that she died on Karl König’s birthday, 25th September.

Further memories of Nina De Marez Oyens
see obituaries in September/October 2005

Judith Ingram, Camphill Kyle, Republic of Ireland

I would like to share a little glimpse into Nina’s rich and long life, which I was privileged to get whilst living in Ita Wegman House, Vidaråsen, where she spent her last years.

Although I scarcely met Nina before then, perhaps these years were after all of great importance and significance for her and for her surroundings, both far and near. For in much the same way that up until around the age of three, a little child prepares for its life on earth, so do older people, as they draw nearer, prepare for another life in another world.

An encounter with Nina always made one immediately aware of the fact that one was in the presence of a strong personality. She was full of interesting anecdotes from life, of her experiences of growing up in Holland, Germany (she loved Berlin especially) and of course, of Camphill. Her brothers once related to me on a visit how her path led her to Camphill. At the age of 24, Nina contracted consumption in Holland, and her father was strongly advised by the doctor that Nina would need to be in a sanatorium in the mountain air in order to make a recovery. She was the first of the four siblings, and being the only girl, her father was especially devoted to her and she to him. But she was also part Jewish, and this was not a good time to be travelling in Europe. However, her father was distantly related, on his mother’s side to the German ambassador at the Vatican, to whom he wrote for help. A short while afterwards, much to everyone’s consternation, two S.S. officers arrived at the school where he taught Greek and Latin. Their orders? To authorise and arrange for the young lady to travel to Switzerland and its healing mountain air!

While at the Dutch sanatorium in Davos, she got to know someone connected to the work of curative education, and from the moment of that first meeting with anthroposophy, her destiny was sealed and she resolved to take up this task. When she had made a full recovery she began work at Brissago on Lago Maggiore which Ita Wegman had founded.

Although her three brothers are all from entirely different walks of life, they respected their sister implicitly in her more unusual vocation as curative teacher and matron in Camphill. Nina also became Karl König’s secretary and wrote all his German correspondence.

Nina was extremely well-educated and cultured and one had the impression that through her interest, enthusiasm and her positive approach to her surroundings, she lived life to the full. This surely contributed to her skill and popularity as a teacher and educator of children, and in the various seminars in which she taught. She spoke at least five languages and went on to learn Norwegian in her 70s. Nina had an immense knowledge and a keen appreciation of music, and once told me how she had really wished to be a conductor in her youth. Her lyre playing was accomplished as was her extraordinary repertoire of songs, arias and choral works. It was not unusual for the carers in Ita Wegman House to be regaled with a recital from Handel’s Messiah or Mozart’s Die Zauberflöte when they knocked on her door in the morning, or went to say ‘good night’ late in the evening!

When Nina began to lose her orientation in time and space, she expressed how she came ‘to herself’ when singing the old Camphill songs, of which she still remembered all three or four voices and most of the verses. Equally, the recollection of the classics of German literature, the recital of poetry, and her appreciation of art—especially Italian and Dutch, sustained her enjoyment of life when she became less mobile.

The breadth and scope of her knowledge included the natural world of plants and trees as well as of the animal kingdom. The house cats became her favourite companions, while the occasional visit of the nurse’s dog would brighten up her whole day. To accompany Nina on a little
walk in the garden was to share through and with her the sheer childlike wonderment of nature’s beauty.

It was not always easy for a person of Nina’s stature to find herself more and more in need of daily help, and yet she learnt to bear this too, with dignity, and gratefulness towards her carers. I am sure I am not alone in remembering with a chuckle, her special wit and humour. She could play with words with the same happy abandonment as a child plays with its toys, yet a brilliant intellect shone through her jokes and criticisms. When I would roar with laughter, she would say ‘oh well, if I can make you laugh, it’s still worth being here’!

Nina showed tremendous courage in her unhesitating acceptance of the most demanding children in the community from the start, living there for the last five years. He had been ill over the last year and in hospital for the last few weeks.

Sadly, this is to let you know that Bruce Marshall, died on November 19th. Bruce arrived in Copake on his birthday, 12th September 1971. His vocation became that of a farmer, for which he was much admired by his father, Alton Marshall. Bruce died of a heart attack and was only 53 years old. It seems too soon. He was indeed a dedicated farmer, tall with a slight stoop, a familiar sight, herding the cows to pasture and bringing them in for milking. This was his work for 34 years. We shall miss but remember you, dear Bruce!

Margrit Metraux, Copake

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**Death notices**

Rosemary Melville Morrison, née Kirkcaldy, died peacefully in her room at Simeon Care for the Elderly, Aberdeen on Wednesday 2nd November. She was 83 years old and came to live in Simeon from Glasgow in June 2001.

Older Camphillers may recognise her maiden name: Rosemary grew up in the Aberdeen area and her father, Major Kirkcaldy, instituted an anthroposophical group in Aberdeen and knew Dr. König. He offered his farmhouse to some of the early pioneers of Camphill. Rosemary was a devoted member of the Aberdeen Christian Community Congregation and had a rich and varied life.

Jeannie Carlson

T. J. O’Neill, a resident in Grangemockler, died on Sunday 6th November. T. J. was connected with the biggest houses in Camphill. But at the same time, she became wise and knew that it is never too late to learn from life. It seemed as if Nina’s engagement with the present, her characteristic spontaneity and her ‘presence of mind’ became transformed into ‘geistesgegenwart’—‘presence of spirit’ or ‘spirit mindfulness’.

I have often pondered over the meaning and poignancy of the late blossoming of friendships in life, and of their possible significance for the future. Of one thing I am sure though, that those of us who lived with Nina during her later years feel warmed and enriched through our encounter with her.

With this tribute I would like to express my heartfelt thanks to her, and to her brothers for their support and care.

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**Review**

The Karma of Untruthfulness, Secret Societies, the Media and Preparations for the Great War

Twenty-five lectures held in Dornbach between December 4, 1916 and January 30, 1917

Rudolf Steiner

Introductions by Terry Boardman. Two Volumes. Rudolf Steiner Press. 2005

Reviewed by Gordon Walmsley, Copenhagen

Already during the first stages of the war, Dr. Steiner tried to tell us about the background of events and their repercussions in the life of the spirit. The disruptive, chauvinistic atmosphere of the audience... did not allow this to happen. With bitterness, he was forced to abandon [the talks]...a few people were present after the lecture when an elderly, greatly agitated American woman rushed up to him and said he was wrong in his evaluation of these things, that the situation was quite different than the way he had presented it. I had never before seen Dr. Steiner so upset. Something had to happen. As I was unable to go out the next day, owing to illness, my sister and some others delivered a letter to Dr. Steiner requesting that he continue to speak... Dr. Steiner told us it was this letter that made it possible for him to continue his plan. Otherwise he would have had to remain silent about these subjects.

Assja Turgenev, Erinnerungen an Rudolf Steiner

It is a wonderful thing to be an adult. You get to read the books you want to read, sitting and delving and discovering what is useful in them.

Thus we get to read books like Carroll Quigley’s The Anglo-American Establishment, Bonderev’s fulminating The Crisis of Civilization (which may still be available in typescript from the Wellspring Bookshop in London), Terry Boardman’s Mapping the Millennium, or Renate Riemeck’s Mitteleuropa—Bilanz eines Jahrhunderts, when and if it ever appears in English. We can read either Gordienko, Prokofiev or, if we like, Irene Diet, sifting and choosing, weeding out this and keeping that. We can move through the sympathies and antipathies a writer may have—ploughing, as we often must, doggedly onwards—to discover precious morsels we might not otherwise have found, bits of information or insights that help us create a truer picture of what is taking place on this earth. We discover, as we mature, that it is the truth that matters. Not the packaging. And that it is our striving for the truth that protects us from all ill.

Yes, it is a wonderful thing to be an adult.

Yet even adults don’t always possess the courage or tenacity to look the truth in the eye. Though we may indeed have reached a time in history when nothing else seems to work, too much reeks of fetid untruth. The tiny finger of our conscience begins to tap us gently on the shoulder, reminding us of certain things: that we really must get to the bottom of things. After all, there are no empty spaces.
And what are the qualities of the beings who inhabit the space we create by ignoring things? And besides, didn’t Steiner remind us many times that we are the eyes and ears of the angels? Without knowledge of some facts we obscure the holy dialogue. Or as Steiner says, ‘those who do not know at least a few actual cases cannot put the right questions to the spiritual world.’ (p.46, vol.1)

The recent reappearance in English of Steiner’s lectures, called by Maria Steiner The Karma of Untruthfulness, helps our efforts to discover what is going on in our time. The story of how these lectures were held back from publication both in Dornach and in England is a tale unto itself. Terry Boardman recounts part of the story in one of his excellent introductions to these two-volumed lectures.

These lectures can be an unpleasant wake-up call if you have gone for years with the assumption that in WWI the Germans alone were the bad guys. Steiner shows that things were indeed more complicated. He gets, however, into many things, not just politics, for this is Steiner. And thus the book has many layers, only a few of which I have the space, or ability, to note.

A major theme is, of course, what was going on behind-the-scenes during the first world war and in the events leading up to that war:

I have told you before that in certain secret brotherhoods in the West—I have proof of this—there was talk in the 1890s about the present war. The pupils of these brotherhoods were given instruction by means of maps which showed how Europe was to be changed by this war. The English brotherhoods in particular discussed a war that was to take place—indeed, that was to be guided into being and properly prepared. (p.7, vol 1)

The reasons for this war were manifold and deep. The false teachings of the Masonic lodges, Steiner says, was that ‘the whole task of the fifth post-Atlantean period consists in conquering the world for the English-speaking peoples’. (p.124, vol 1)

Of course Central Europe is also the place of the well, the spiritual well, and there were plenty of reasons for certain ‘egotistical groups’ to wish to stamp out of existence if they could. For human freedom can be a nuisance to those who would bend us to their will.

There is an abundance of fruitful themes in these talks. It is amazing to witness Steiner speaking about the workings of egotistical clandestines and then—Whoopse—suddenly begin talking about the Temple of Solomon, Denmark, the Christ and Jesus. Why does he do this? Why at just that time? It is no secret Steiner had a special relationship to the North, that he felt especially free there. And in The Karma of Untruthfulness he reminds us that an understanding of ‘the Jesus idea’, was founded in Denmark. (An understanding of the Christ aspect of the mystery came from the North. That ‘the Jesus idea’, was founded in Denmark. (An understanding of the Christ aspect of the mystery came from the North. And how it fits in with the spiritual guidance of man exactly at that spot, or as near to that spot as possible, whence the feeling for Jesus originally emanated.

This is why years ago, in response to an invitation from Copenhagen I spoke particularly there about the path of Christ through the spiritual evolutions. Why did the need arise just at that time to develop at that particular place the theme of the Christ idea as it is woven into the spiritual guidance of man and humanity? (p. 209, vol 1)

Steiner gives hints we ourselves can take up and deepen. He often takes the first step, leaving the rest to us. In such moments of intimation it pays to be awake.

One such hint, and there are many in these lectures, is the mentioning of the seed thrower of the north, Henrik Steffens, whom Steiner greatly loved and about whom Coleridge expressed the wish to sit at his feet so that he might learn from him. Steffens is mentioned almost in passing in the very last lecture of The Karma of Untruthfulness. Yes, the Doctor can be subtle.

Gordon is a regularly published poet and a eurythmist. Originally from New Orleans, he is settled in Copenhagen.

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I am a eurythmist

I am a eurythmist
It’s taken quite a while
It’s been agony and ecstasy
Both bile and smile.
Friends they have deserted me
Since Steiner came along
And my love affair with eurythmy
Has meant the life of a nun.

I’ve been all of a sensitive quiver
In this my final year:
What is that noise? That awful smell?
The light’s too bright, the taste’s too strong
And where is that draught coming from?

Sabotage has threatened
By foot, knee, neck and spine
But they all came through and supported me
And for that I thank them individually:
(‘Thank you, foot! Thank you, knee…!’)

I was told early on to be fully aware
That the Eurythmy Being was jealous and rare:
She demands a great deal of love and devotion
(especially from one in her ‘prime’)
that for others there is left little emotion.

’Tis true! There’s no man in my life—
I don’t have the time!
But each day I make love
To the fifth…the sixth…the prime.
Oh, I’m in love with the vowels and the consonants too
F major I live for, D—I’d die for…

Well, transformation is as yet incomplete
But I do feel—sparkling new!

Lee Whittaker
Written for Lee’s graduation last summer at the West Midlands Eurythmy School, at The Glasshouse, Stourbridge.
News from the Movement...and beyond

History of the first steps of Camphill Ceské Kopisty

Petr Nejtek

Let us first have a look at the chosen place. Sunsets behind the hills of Ceské Stredohori seem to remind one of millions of years ago when lava flow from the depths created the volcanic shapes of today’s hills. Activity of the fire element ended a long time ago and in the following millions of years the landscape was shaped by wind and water erosion. In contrast to the steep hills the streams of the rivers Labe and Ohre created a fertile lowland plain where the water element still shows its untamable power.

The village Ceské Kopisty is situated where the rivers meet. Up to the beginning of the last century there were more than twenty farms here. In the times of feudalism it belonged to the monastery of Doksety, about 10km distant. Grain was the dominating crop beside fruit trees; apples were sent downstream to Germany by ships. The ferryman had fishing rights which was a profitable business up to WW2, mostly because of the salmon run every spring.

A tremendous impact on the landscape and changes in the life of the village was caused by the construction of Terezin Fortress at the end of the eighteenth century. Two nearby villages were moved into new locations, the river Ohre was forced to flow in a new bed, millions of bricks were burned and used and huge volumes of soil were moved. A hundred years later the self-educated and free-spoken farmer Václav Škobis was the first to start growing vegetables on a large scale. The consequence of this was to increase both the number of inhabitants and their standard of living.

The occupation of the border areas by Germany after the treaty in Munich brought the border close to the village, to the river Labe (Elbe). Later after the rest of the country was occupied, the Small Fortress of Terezin became a Gestapo prison and the town Terezin itself was cleared of inhabitants and it was transformed into a ghetto for Jews. The suffering and horror experienced here had no limits. The wife of Václav Škobis was of Jewish origin, and after her husband’s death in 1941 she and two of her six children were interned in Terezin and ended their lives in Auschwitz.

After the war, there was time for revenge which brought suffering to many innocent Germans. The life in the village began to be normal again but the communist coup in 1948 brought new changes. The Bolshevik tyranny after the Soviet model led to confiscation of four of the largest farms, farmers were imprisoned and families were driven out. Among those were two sons of V. Škobis who only just managed to survive the war. The rest of the village was forced to join a collective farm which existed right up to 1989. The vegetable growing was attractive also during the communist time so that members of the collective farm were relatively well-off. Ecology was of course not taken into account. Artificial fertilizers and pesticides were used to a great extent. All common property was badly maintained.

After 1989 the collective farm fell apart and the confiscated farms were given back to the owners or their successors. Today’s situation is characterized by the struggle for survival of farms of all sizes due to the absurd market where it pays to transport vegetables hundreds and thousands of kilometers, pushing domestic prices below bearable limits.

Into this scenario I was born in 1941. Our family lived on the farm of my grandfather Václav Strádal, brother-in-law of V. Škobis. His farm belonged to the largest in the village. The large yard was a busy place with many people, horses, cows, chickens, tractors, cars, lorries.

During the war, the gaolers came together with some prisoners to our farm. The prisoners would get some food and the latest information about the situation. Some of them survived and visited us after the war, too. In 1945 there were Germans from Czechoslovakia interned in the Small Fortress waiting to be transported to Germany. A group of women used to work on our farm, their gaolers were some Czech ‘heroes’. My mother listened to their often cruel stories and tried to help them again.

In 1947 I started at our local school. Shortly after the communist coup in 1948 I had to learn not to say outside what I had heard at home. In 1953 we were moved to another part of the country. After three years we were allowed to come back to a small house close to the yard, where the collective farm had established itself with offices, a dining hall and a large hall for meetings and dancing. All reconstructions and new buildings were badly planned, badly constructed and never maintained.

My mother became a member of the collective farm and worked in the fields. I was not allowed to enter higher education after finishing high school (like many others in my generation with the ‘wrong’ origin). It took six years before I was allowed to begin. When the hopes of the Prague Spring ended with the Soviet invasion in...
In my first job, my colleague and good friend Otto Krog first told me about anthroposophy. Some years later, I got the opportunity to visit Vidaråsen, the first Norwegian Camphill village. One of the first co-workers there was Lars Henrik Nesheim, Otto’s cousin. I recognised the atmosphere and the way of living in this place as something unique, and I liked to visit it together with my family.

After the collapse of communism the spreading of the Camphill movement to the East European countries could start. I found it very important; in my opinion Camphill is one of the best things which the West can offer to heal the spiritual climate in these countries. Therefore I joined L.H. Nesheim on his trips to Russia to help with the first steps of the development of Svetlana village near St. Petersburg. We tried to find a Russian construction company which would be able to build to a certain standard, but at that time in the early nineties it was impossible. The first house had to be transported from Norway eventually and assembled on the site.

I started to wonder if soon there would appear some Camphill initiative in the Czech Republic.

In Czech Kopisty the successors of my grandfather got the farm back but nobody in the family wanted to be a farmer. I could see all the money and work which was needed for reconstruction and besides I was not sure about the locality, as Campbell places are mostly situated in beautiful landscapes, separated from towns and villages. Nevertheless the idea was there.

In the autumn of 1997 my younger sister Jana died. A mental disease and all the medicines she had to take destroyed a once young and beautiful girl. Her destiny was also one of many examples of the retarded approach and treatment of people who did not behave ‘normally’.

Shortly after that Lars Henrik Nesheim asked me on the phone if there was a possibility of Camphill in the Czech Republic. At that time there was already Wojtowka in Poland, Haueteroda in the former East Germany, Svetlana, Pahkla in Estonia and the newly started Roskalni in Lithuania. Lars was more or less involved in all these projects. I told him about the empty farm in C. Kopisty and my doubts regarding its suitability. To see and answer this question we called a meeting on the site in January 1998. Co-workers with private engineering companies.

It is obvious that there were and always will be difficulties, backlashes, conflicts and other problems, but the latest development is encouraging.

The milestones after the first meeting in 1998 are as follows:

- **June 1999** founding of Civic Association
- **January 2000** purchase of the yard
- **September 2000** purchase of land
- **April 2001** architect study of the property
- **October 2001** detail asking for planning permission for the dwelling house
- **Spring 2002** small scale reconstruction
- **August 2002** the flood
- **September 2002** receiving of planning permission
- **July 2003** finishing of the first flat, family Houkstra moves in
- **Autumn 2003** R. Hradil moved to near by town Litomerice, Aari Maali joins the project
- **January 2004** small textile workshop opened, daily care started, Lenka Hatašová and Jana Dánešová employed
- **June 2004** leaving notice of Houkstra family
- **August 2004** Aari and Lenka move in the flat, reconstruction of rooms for the villagers
- **January 2005** Jana Dánešová leaves, Lenka and Aari leave, new co-workers come
- **Spring 2005** finishing kitchen and dining room on the first floor
- **Summer 2005** finishing new office, reconstruction of the front of the house, Havrda family become house parents, Iveta Sadecká responsible for the workshops

_Petr is an engineer who works in Norway and the Czech Republic._

**Letter from Ceské Kopisty**

**Radomil Hradil**

It is roughly seven years since the first meeting of the founders of Camphill in Ceske Kopisty took place in a location near the river Labe, approximately 60 km north of Prague and 1 km from the former concentration camp of Terezín.

1968, I emigrated to Norway. Here I met my wife Turid, finished my studies and since that time I have worked with private engineering companies.

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It is roughly seven years since the first meeting of the founders of Camphill in Ceske Kopisty took place in a location near the river Labe, approximately 60 km north of Prague and 1 km from the former concentration camp of Terezín.
Today, after seven years of hard work and many successes and failures we are able to say that the first Camphill Community in the Czech Republic—a country close to Karl König’s heart—is up and running. Our community is still small in size yet we regard it as a significant accomplishment considering the unfavourable social and legal climate of our country at present. We have, for now, been able to accommodate our first three friends: Ladislav, Milos and Anicka. A fourth resident is currently in an admission process and we are counting on welcoming him by the end of the year, thereby filling the capacity of our first home. Apart from the permanent residents, we have an additional three people taking advantage of our day placement programme. These are Vlasta, Naďa, and Marek. Our first home is looked after by Havrda family, well equipped for this task by their extensive experience from Camphill Minnesota. Our weaving and textile workshop is in its second year and a wood workshop is gradually becoming operational. Furthermore, we intend to acquire a kiln for pottery work. An important part of our community is biodynamic gardening, seeing that we are located in a district of the country aptly named the Garden of Bohemia. However, during the past 50 years this land has been badly damaged by the processes of agricultural industrialization, marked by the extensive use of chemical fertilizers and pesticides. During this time many trees and bushes disappeared from the landscape. We are in our second season of growing vegetables and herbs, which we sell mainly in Prague. Our produce has become quite popular and well known in the capital and our carrots are regarded as the sweetest in town! Our gardening work has now slowed down for the winter and so we have redirected our energies to making preparations for our Advent fair, which will take place on the 10th December. People are busy rehearsing the Christmas Play, which will be performed on the 26th December. Simultaneously there is time for training and one of our co-workers has just returned from a fortnight’s stay in Camphill Orchard Leigh in England. We would like to express our thanks to Richard Swann of Camphill Orchard Leigh and Christoph König of Camphill Mourne Grange for all the support and care they have given us this year and to all Camphill communities which have provided financial help. Such gifts are crucial to our effort as we would not be able to grow and to extend our activities without them. The state subsidy we receive is barely enough to provide for the most basic daily running expenses. Wishing you a New Year blessed with peace and happiness.

Radomil is manager and gardener at Ceske Kopisty.

The working life of our centres in Britain and Ireland. In fact, Tonalis has always seen that one of its main reasons for existence is to help bring this about. Thus Tonalis is preparing for the first time a course that specifically introduces you to: Anthroposophical Approaches to Social and Therapeutic Aspects of Music Making including all the latest research and developments in this field. The course is designed to meet the needs of all those people working in the fields of therapy and community building in Camphill schools and villages. Thus you will hear of new developments in singing therapy influenced by the work of Thomas Adam, new research into music and physiology from Heiner Ruland
and Armin Huseman, and social therapeutic work with new instruments, including a 7-fold path that moves from warmth to light created by Manfred Bleffert.

The intriguing themes of this course are all fundamental to curative and medical work and include:

- The Study of Music is the Study of Man
- The Three-Fold Human Being in Music
- The Harmony of the Human Body—Musical Principles in Physiology
- Social Therapeutic Aspects in Group Music Making
- Music in Curative Education
- New Instruments for Music Therapy and Community Musicking
- The Healing Voice

A key aim of this course is to raise awareness of the fruits of this work so that it may begin to flow into the therapeutic, educational and social aspects of your communities, schools and medical centres, etc. and in so doing establish a new working relationship between the Tonalis impulse and music in Camphills and curative homes/schools. So, in this hope, we look forward to welcoming one or more representatives from each centre.

As a further development in this connection, you may also be interested to hear that Tonalis has launched a new series of 6 month part-time ‘Music Foundation Courses’. We are currently teaching the ‘Uncovering the Voice’ Foundation Course students and plan to start either the ‘Musical Future of Children’ or ‘Music as a Therapeutic Art’ in August 2006. We are finding this to be a very successful format as it meets the needs of those people who wish to develop and deepen their understanding in these fields, but who do not have the time to commit to a full training. (NB: The Foundation Courses can act as ‘Level 1′ of the full Vocational Training Course for those who then wish to go on.)

Endorsements:
The new music impulses inspired by anthroposophy are growing in recognition and importance across Europe—and are increasingly offering new insights to people who work in music education, music therapy and performance. We highly recommend working with Tonalis and Michael Deason-Barrow, who is bringing this work in England in such a profound, artistic and fine way.

Werner Bartof—Head for the Section of Performing Arts at the Goetheanum, Dornach
Michael Kurtz—Responsible for Music in the Section Dornach, November 2005

As a music therapist I am impressed at the sensitive and original investigation Tonalis gives to music. Its perspective is important for anyone concerned with the therapeutic use of music.

Dr. Gary Ansdell—Head of Research at the Nordoff-Robbins Music Therapy Centre

For a leaflet and further information please contact the Tonalis office on 01666-890460 or tonalis@aol.com or visit the new Tonalis website: www.tonalismusic.co.uk

Transformation
Ruth Wilson, Solborg, Norway

During 2005 a group of about 20 of us gathered together at Grobunn in Norway on three separate occasions to participate in a Camphill Education Course entitled ‘Transforming Ourselves, Empowering Each Other’. The subtitle was ‘A whole community approach to intimacy, advocacy, power-sharing, relationships, sexuality, resilience and preventing abuse. Creating a joyful culture of respectful, consensual social agreements’.

Phew! There was a whole lot of ground covered there. Our super competent facilitator was Julia Wolfson who kept us on our toes from 9 in the morning till 9 at night. Her imaginative and dynamic use of resources kept us busy, active, attentive, entertained and learning fast. We discussed many topics, in large groups and small, expressed them in pictures, in drama, in laughter and in tears. We kept those in need of support uppermost in our thoughts, words and actions.

Some of us began the course, thinking it was to be primarily about sexuality. But it was so much more than that. It was really about learning how to make choices in life, how to say yes with conviction, how to say no with strength. It was about values and beliefs in our society that create disadvantage. It was about the rights that should be available to every human being. It was about helping people build meaningful relationships and how to avoid abuse. It was about changing attitudes of individuals and of society, about valuing self respect and respect for each other. We had before us a shining example—Camphill Soltane’s Mission Statement, which among other things is committed to ‘awareness, approaches, practices and methods that uphold the dignity and respect of all people, particularly those of us whose dignity is under threat, and have limits placed on having a sense of power and control over our own destiny’.

We worked with many concrete examples of problems and challenges before us and dealt with practical ways of finding solutions. We tackled many subjects such as Well Being, Choice and Decision Making, Abuse Recognition and Response, Sexuality Education, and Organisational Responsibilities.

We came away from the course feeling enthusiastic and inspired, if not a little apprehensive of the enormous tasks ahead of us. We are the tiny seeds that will go towards creating a truly caring, supportive and respectful society.
During this year’s Conference there was the chance to hear about developments with the Anthroposophical Health Professions Council (AHPC), which is being established in the UK.

In his address to the Conference Simon Fielding, Chairman of the AHPC, presented us with several challenges. There is an anomaly in that while anthroposophical healthcare has the opportunity and responsibility to affect and improve the healthcare of many people it is virtually unknown and little understood outside the anthroposophical movement. It has been treated with some injustice by authorities, possibly through lack of communication and action on our part, and this situation motivated Simon himself to offer his expertise to the movement.

Yet in order to fulfil its potential and destiny people have to know about and understand anthroposophical medicine.

What Simon described as its ‘almost total lack of visibility and engagement with the outside world’ constitutes both the threat and challenge that lie at the heart of the current situation. How can we raise awareness of the unique and different perspective that we have, and of the ideal to bring back humanity and spirituality into healthcare?

Simon acknowledged that, although something has to change, there are no quick fixes. At the moment we tend to deal with issues of survival and don’t approach the future in a visionary way, either among ourselves or more importantly with officials and other professionals. In Simon’s view, if the anthroposophical medical movement disappeared now it would hardly be noticed and that would be a tragedy.

The conference revealed many examples of positive activity throughout the country and of recognition and appreciation for what anthroposophical medicine can offer. Not least, the growing closeness among all branches of the medical movement was visible. In particular, people from curative education and social therapy are increasingly being welcomed as colleagues, brothers and sisters in the striving to strengthen and unite the poles of professionalism and community building which are both essential for the future.

Michaela Glöckler welcomed the establishment of the AHPC as an important development for the medical movement in this country and internationally.

Botton was a warm and wonderful host: the village impulse and its potential which can serve the good in the world shone out and the conference was a fitting contribution to the celebrations of its fifty years.

Ruth is an experienced home maker.

It doesn’t seem long since my first letter to you and here I am with my second. Firstly I’d like to thank Antonia ‘Toni’ Brotchie for responding to our call for help with translation work. Secondly I’d like to let you all know that Judy Sweet has done the bulk of the work in getting the first room ready for its next stage of development. There was a rather humorous comment to that effect, which didn’t find space in the published letter last time (so that’s my dig at the editor/cutter over with as well!). No, really, we are a happy team. Third on the list of thanks is Christoph Hänni, who has laboured away at the cataloguing of the books and journals which have left the first room for their temporary home in St. Devenick’s.

You may be wondering what the first room is? Is it some occult stage of community development? Well in this instance it was once the corridor that led to Karl König’s rooms in Camphill House. Later, it was transformed into a very full library, a bit on the dark side when it came to natural lighting. There is a feeling of space in there now, as the large and packed double sided shelving unit that occupied the middle of the room has left the building. Wolodymir Radish has come up with drawings, free of charge, for a wonderful window which will address the natural lighting. All we have to do now is find a kitty out of which the financing of said window could come—and I don’t mean a house cat.

The microfilming I told you about last time is well underway. As I write this letter the first half is being completed and we are deciding what will go in the final batch. We are very grateful for a grant from the Camphill Foundation for financing that.

There is a confession I’d like to make: some of you may imagine that Friedwart, Vitus, Christoph and I work like fanatics every Tuesday afternoon in the Karl König Archive. Well, sometimes we don’t. We just sit and share the wonder at all this man has left to us. Last week we spent as much time reading as working. Once, two of us found a photo of König looking rather austere in what seemed to be bishop’s clothes. Imagine, for some days we wondered—Had we come across evidence of a secret order? It was Friedwart who burst the bubble of controversy the next Tuesday, when he merely recounted the Carnival when König dressed as a bishop and had his photo taken. The joke was on him when the real Bishop of Shetland and Orkney turned up at the door and asked to see him. Somehow König managed to enlighten
Dear Brigitte,

On behalf of the Karl König Archive Group the very best wishes for your eightieth birthday, on Dec 7th 2005. The untiring work you have done in the Archive is remembered with much appreciation. You have read and sorted out many thousands of Karl König’s letters. Your intimate knowledge and awareness of Karl König is second to none.

With fond regards and thanks,

Friedwart Bock, David Coe, Christoph Hänni, Vitus Werthmann, Marianne Sanders, Nora Bock, Stefan Geider, Angelika Monteux and Robin Jackson.

Kate Roth Seminar

Veronika van Duin, Camphill Community Glencraig, Northern Ireland

The tutors of the Kate Roth Seminar for Homemakers are very happy to offer a new course, starting in October/November 2006. This will be our fifth course and each has been good, bringing homemakers from all over the world together for study, learning and personal development. The seminar has been both a delight and a challenge. Working on the subject and task of homemaking in the light of the seven life processes has led to exciting and new ways of looking at our daily life. Two books have been published as a result of the course: The Art of Living which deals with the seven life processes, and a collection of excellent essays written by the participants on aspects of homemaking entitled The Heart of the Home. A further book entitled Homemaking as a Social Art is selling very well to homemakers far and wide.

Contacts have been made between working houseparents across nationalities, therapeutic centres and communities. The last course also included mothers who wanted to renew their task of building a social home.

This has widened our field of research to areas outside a purely therapeutic one. However, there are still aspects that need more research, notably the role of the father/housefather, something which we all know is very essential to a happy home. One or two men have joined the previous courses, but we could do with more of them to help us on our path of development. We have been enriched by homemakers employed in communities working with special needs people outside the Camphill centres. Burning questions are still a major part of the course, especially as new legislation comes towards us, threatening to deaden our enthusiasm on a day-to-day basis.

To date, the tutors group has been joined by someone from the group of participants, and we hope to continue this practise so that we can keep up with relevant issues. The aims of the seminar are as follows:

To research the social art of homemaking through spiritual science in such a way that the forms, structures and standards of therapeutic community living will be revitalised.

To create a platform where the art of homemaking can be explored and developed by means of an understanding of the seven life processes.

To deepen knowledge and understanding of the human being through all phases of existence.

The course comprises 7 workshops taking place 3 times a year, plus an introductory and concluding weekend, making 9 sessions all together. The venues will be in various communities and centres so that we can get to know each other’s place, homes, and striving. We are currently open to new participants and welcome applications.

Please write to:
Veronika van Duin, Camphill Community Glencraig, Craigavad, Holywood BT18 0DB
Tel: 028 9042 3396/028 9039 3764/
Fax: 028 9042 8199
email: office@glencraig.org.uk

Anthroposophical Health Professions Council has now become the Council for Anthroposophical Health and Social Care—CAHSC

We have decided to change the name of our Council to one which better reflects our involvement with both health and social care. Our new name also removes the risk of our being confused with the Health Professions Council. We feel that CAHSC—pronounced ‘cask’—encapsulates the unification and holistic nature of the anthroposophical medical and curative movements which we hope to help nurture in the future.

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Villages of the future?

Margit Engel, Öschelbronn, Germany

In 1964, at the end of the Village Conferences, Dr. König expressed a hope concerning the future of the village impulse. Not only did he imagine that those future communities would be able, through their culture, to realise the impulse of the threefold social organism, but his hope was also that apart from the administrative necessities, the villages would mainly be run by the villagers themselves.

Pahkla in 2005

During my visits and longer stays in Pahkla, the Camphill village in Estonia, I could for the first time sense the realisation of such a possibility: there was no official farmer, only a warm lady from the neighbourhood coming in Monday to Friday but, lo and behold, both Vova and Guido drove the tractor, and harvested with a few villagers all the hay for the winter. Then there was Malle: she stood for the cleaning of the barn as well as the feeding of about eleven cows, together with an enthusiastic German helper who milked. Marek also helped in the barn. One morning I rose early at six; there sat Vova in Marek’s room, patiently waiting for him to dress before taking him to work in the barn. All in great peace, just as a matter of fact. Or Kairi, cooking the lunch in Helle House but also milking, making yoghurt and baking: a miracle-working lady. Kristina too could make a fair lunch in Comenius House, as her housemother Katarina runs the candle workshop and is also a musician. Evgenie and Inga were also responsible for the candle workshop alongside turning their hands to the garden. In Tobias House, where I was able to stay, Kersti was on her feet early in the morning making porridge, an exceptional cup of coffee and herb tea. Everything was ready in good time before the morning prayer and afterwards Kersti was dish washing and then preparing vegetables for two houses. I noticed Ants collecting clean water from a distant place for all the houses. The villagers cleaned the houses and work was, for everyone, the joy of life!

In Pahkla there is no question, being able to experience the joy and justified pride of those people who are officially classified as ‘retarded’—forgive me for not being able to mention them all—was one of the greatest gifts I have received in many years.

What is our next step?

We are Fabian Lochner and Christopher Kidman, a gay couple currently living in Camphill Soltane in Pennsylvania but looking to move in summer 2006. Fabian, in his early forties, is a musician and choir leader and also a teacher of studies related to the Evolution of Consciousness; he has long experience in adult education, with ten years at Sunbridge College in Spring Valley, New York, and has now added to this education and artistic work with special needs young people. He has a Ph.D. in both Medieval Studies and Gregorian Chant and is well known on the North American anthroposophical circuit as a leader of courses and workshops. Christopher, in his late fifties, is a eurythmist. He has lived in Camphill centres for over thirty years and has the Camphill Curative Education Course (Seminar) Diploma. He taught for seventeen years at the Ringwood-Botton (now Camphill) Eurythmy School and has been a guest teacher at several eurythmy schools. He has taught adults in all kinds of courses and workshops, including substantial work combining eurythmy and Goethean Science; and at Soltane he has added eurythmy work with special needs people aged eighteen and up. The two of us also teach in collaboration and give concerts together, voice (Christopher) and piano (Fabian). We are interested in places, inside or outside Camphill, where we can make an educational and artistic/cultural contribution alongside like-minded colleagues who are passionate about these things and about bringing anthroposophical attitudes and approaches into the world. Ideally, we are hoping to work in the United States or in Britain, Ireland or Western Europe. Fabian is fluent in English and French, besides his native German. Christopher, an English speaker, has a good knowledge of German and rudimentary French; though learning a new language is not impossible to imagine. We can be reached at Camphill Soltane, 224 Nantmeal Road, Glenmoore, PA 19343, USA; or by phone at US 610 469 3156, or fax at US 610 469 1054 (attn. Fabian and Christopher). We are hoping to reach a decision by Easter 2006.

Calling all Co-workers!

The Camphill Central Scotland Social Fund was set up in 1996 for the relief of poverty and for the provision of old age for co-workers from Ochil Tower, Corbenic and Blair Drummond.

In order for the Board Members to fulfill their duties and responsibilities, they are eager to make contact with all co-workers who have lived in the above communities for longer than two years, so that historical records are as up to date as possible.

Please note that the CCSSF is a charitable organisation and that all grants are discretionary and are required to meet the criteria of the constitution.

Please make contact with

Neil Snellgrove
Ochil Tower School
140 High Street, Auchterarder,
PH4 1AD
tel: 01764 662363
neilsnellgrove@ochiltower-school.freeserve.co.uk

Please state in which community you have lived, when and for how long.
The Thomas Weihs House Team

In Camphill Botton Village, a rural community with adults with learning difficulties, is looking for a longer term co-worker to care for and support those members of the community who are more advanced on their life's journey and experience a significant change in their relationship of body, soul and spirit.

You would:

- Live in a house community of eleven, including the four co-workers
- Take responsibility in managing the household together with others of varying skills, including regular support from anthroposophical and conventional health professionals
- Be part of the rich, diverse, social, cultural and spiritual life of the village.

It would be desirable that applicants have accomplished some kind of training, and have some life experience.

Please feel warmly welcome to contact Marianne Brasen

Thomas Weihs House
Camphill Botton Village
Danby
Whitby
North Yorkshire, U.K.
YO21 2NJ
Tel. 01287 661253

Ruskin Mill College

An innovative residential specialist college inspired by the work of Rudolf Steiner, John Ruskin and William Morris, providing further education for students with special learning needs, has a vacancy for a Houseparent couple.

To live in and manage a household, Mature, responsible couple required to create a warm, homely environment for up to three students in one of Ruskin Mill's houses near Nailsworth.

We provide a programme of training and support within an extended community in the Stroud valleys.

Good package of salary and benefits.

Not just a job, but a way of life

For information contact:

Richard Rogers
Head of College—Residential
Ruskin Mill College
Old Bristol Road, Nailsworth, Glos
Tel: 01453 837528
richard.rogers@ruskin-mill.org.uk

Ruskin Mill Educational Trust is a Registered Charity No 1053705

Clare Lifersharing Initiative CLAI

The Clare Lifersharing Initiative (CLAI) has been working for some years to develop an anthroposophically based Lifersharing community in Co. Clare and we have now completed the purchase of a house in the village of Mountshannon where a small house community will be established. Mountshannon is situated on the shores of Lough Der and is close the Raheenwood Steiner School, and the ALFA Upper School Project.

There are strong local contacts and support for the initiative and the house is situated in close proximity to a number of families that have agreed to provide supportive links for the new community. The initiative maintains close links with Camphill and may seek, in future, to associate more closely with Camphill Communities of Ireland.

We are now seeking house parent(s) to establish the house community and would like to hear from anyone who is willing and feels able to join this pioneering initiative in the west of Ireland.

www.mountshannon.com
www.raheenwood.org
www.alfaproject.org

Contact:
Pearse O Shiel, CLAI
Cappaduff, Mountshannon, Co. Clare, Ireland

Casa de Santa Isabel

We are an active life-sharing community for curative education and social therapy, and working since 1981 in a rural area of Portugal. Our 80 companions, aged between 12 and 40 years, are taught and accompanied individually in the residential houses, during leisure activities, as well as in the school and the 8 craft shops.

We are looking for team oriented longer term colleagues, wishing to join us in August 2006, and willing to build community with us:

- 2 curative educators
- 2 social therapists
- as well as 4 colleagues who would like to do a practical year here.

We offer:

- Living-in, sharing and work in one of our six extended families
- Cooperative teamwork, transparency and quality of life in a beautiful part of Portugal
- After one year of service, participation in the Co-workers Council and our Social Fund
- Portuguese lessons with a qualified teacher

We are looking forward to your letter with CV!

Casa de Santa Isabel,
Apartado 537,
P – São Romão 6270-956 Seia
Tel.: 351-238-390012
Fax: 390075
Email: casa.isabel@clix.pt
www.casa-santa-isabel.org
Triform Camphill Community

Triform Camphill Community is a residential therapeutic community that includes young adults with special needs. The mission of Triform is to build a vital community life that provides each person the possibility for healing, self-development and fulfillment of potential.

By September 2006, Triform will be looking for people who are willing to take on the following tasks.

- Houseparents (family or a group of experienced coworkers)
- Weaver

Triform is a youthful growing community where enthusiastic individuals live. If you are interested in the positions, or would like to request more information, please contact Takeshi Suesada at volunteer@triform.org.

tel: 518-851-9320.

Please visit our website at www.triform.org.

Sophia Project, Oakland, California

Early childhood education and childcare, supporting children and families at risk for reoccurring homelessness.

Sophia Project is seeking 2 interns who wish to make a commitment of one year, beginning as soon as possible. Sophia Project offers early childhood education, parent support and education, after school program, respite care and weekend activities. Interns gain experience with children at risk using the principles of Steiner education as well as participate and contribute to the life-sharing component of Sophia House and Myrtle House.

For more information please contact:

Carol Cole, Executive Director Sophia Project
1724 Myrtle Street, Oakland, California, 94607 USA
tel: 510 268 3916, fax: 510 268 3918,
email carol.cole@sophiaproject.org
web: www.sophiaproject.org

Botton Village

Botton Village, a rural Camphill community in North Yorkshire, UK, is looking for someone to help establish a market for our craft products.

We are looking for someone who is good with people, liaising with the workshop managers here and in other Camphill communities, who is enthusiastic about what we do, and shares in our belief that work is meaningful, and what we make has value. Markets need to be re-established and an internet website set up.

We are looking for someone who wants to live and work in community, a community shared with adults with learning disabilities, built on ideals based on anthroposophy.

For more information and an application form contact:

Jane Balls
tel: 01287 661203
e-mail: jane.botton@camphill.org.uk.

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Newton Dee

a Camphill Community in the beautiful north east of Scotland welcomes enthusiastic individuals, single or with families, to take part in all aspects of our life—in particular:

- In our lively cafe and village shop
- In our office
- In our households
- On our biodynamically farmed land

You will need to be able to work as part of a team together with others of varying ability.

- You will need plenty of enthusiasm, a good sense of humour and be willing to commit yourself for at least a year.
- Appropriate training will be provided where necessary.
- An enhanced disclosure/police check will be necessary.

— Are You Interested? —

For more information contact

Vibeke Sunddal, tel: 01224 867074 or Maggie Pooler, tel: 01224 869216
www.newtondee.org.uk

An understanding of biography can help us to see the challenging turning points and crises in life as wake-up calls for change rather than failures.

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The Dove Logo of the Camphill Movement is a symbol of the pure, spiritual principle which underlies the physical human form.

The picture is a painting of Arcobaleno’s olive groves by Elizabeth Cochrane.

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